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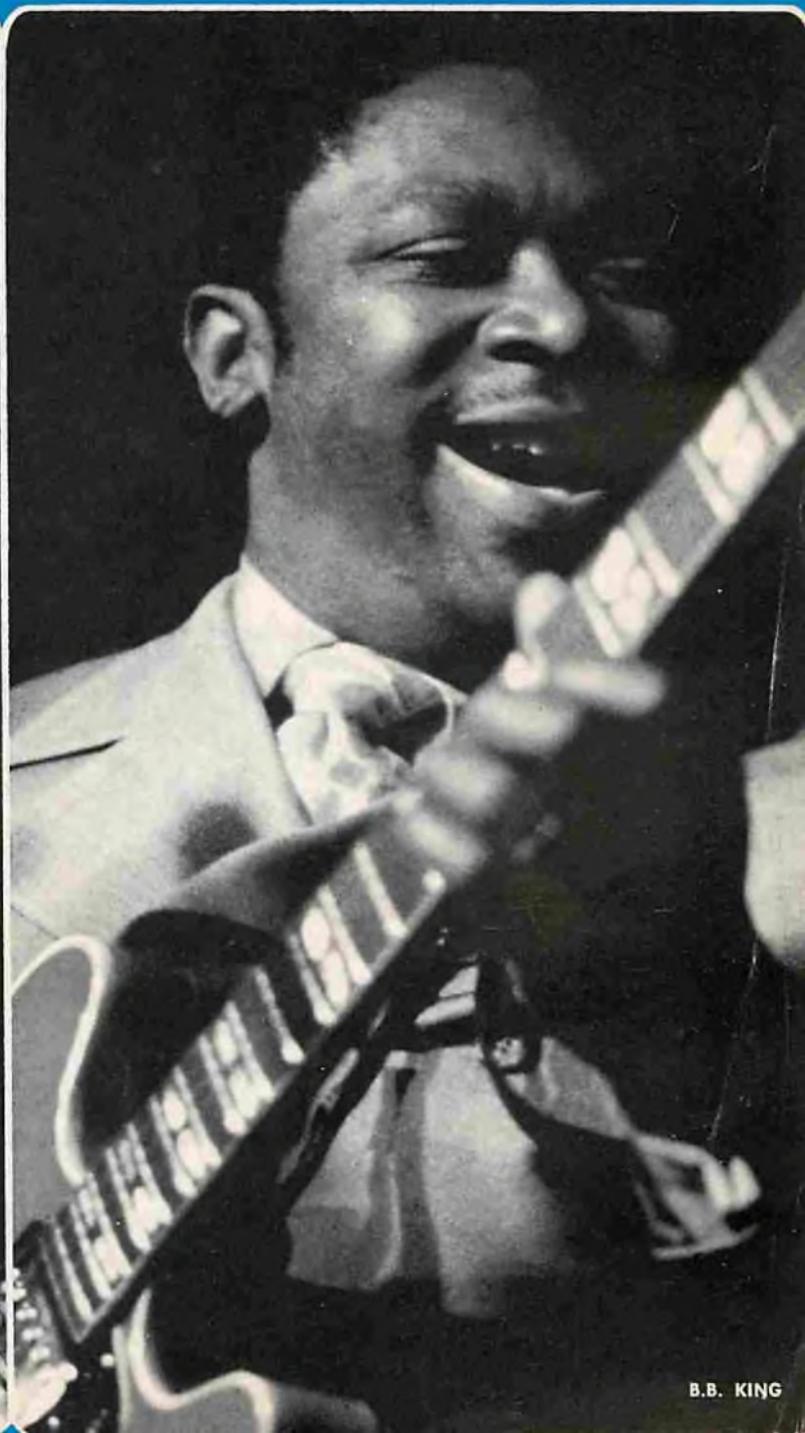
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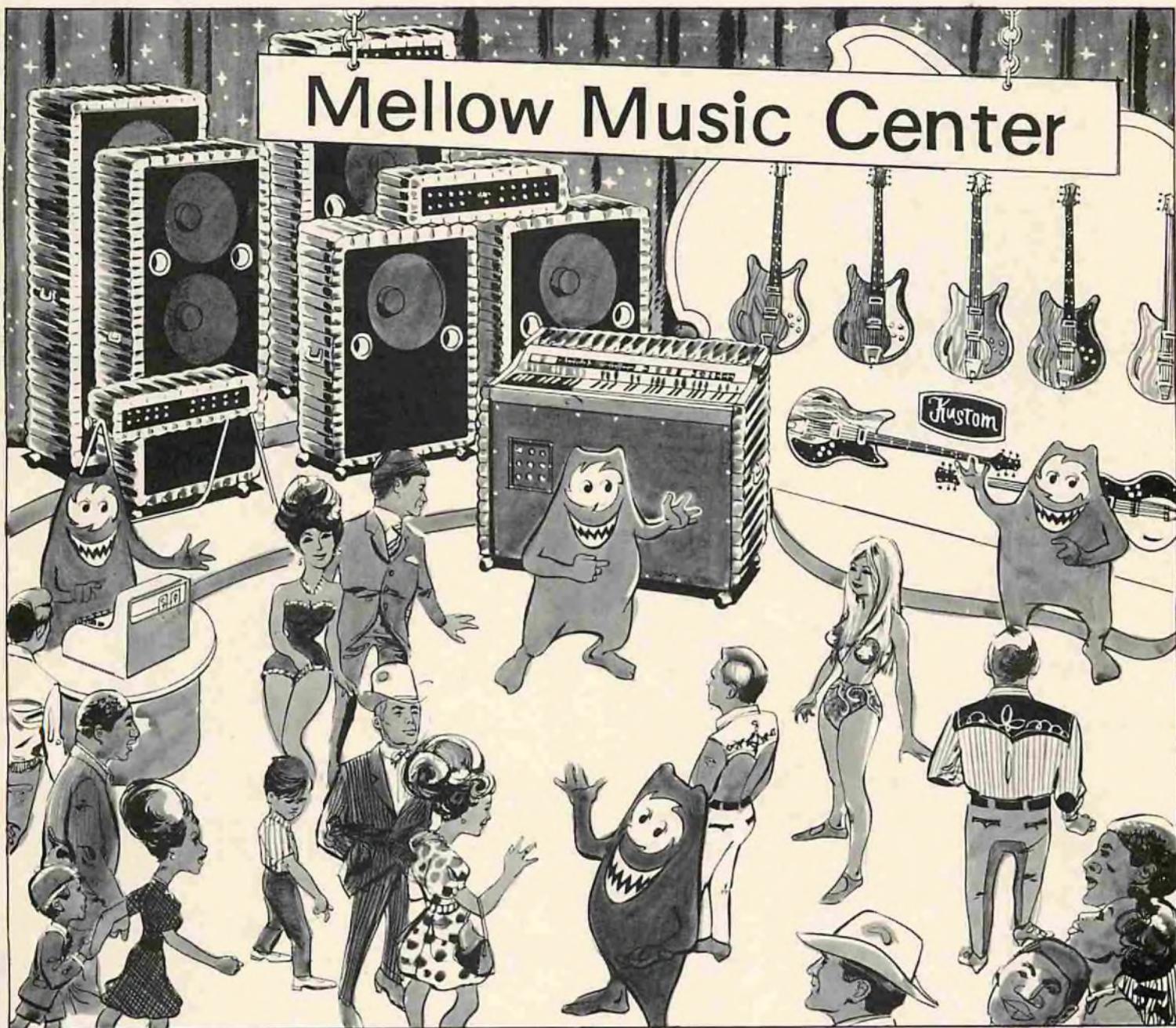
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

LAST MONTH the National Association of Music Merchants had their annual trade show in Chicago. About 275 exhibitors showed their musical merchandise to about 5,000 music store buyers who in turn offer these items to you. (As a group, the *Down Beat* readership of over 320,000 per issue is the largest consumer of music and music products.) Here's a brief rundown of what your music store has available.

Keyboard. The piano (and organ) manufacturers have made keyboard instruction (and learning) a more simple procedure than the traditional one-teacher-to-one-student approach. The introduction of electronics, head-sets, and console circuitry makes class teaching (and private practice and rehearsing) a here-and-now situation. The installation of cassette players and recorders provides additional flexibility for individual or group learning. It's too bad, however, that so few music instruction tapes are available. Most teachers are doing their own. Various styled "acoustic" pianos are plentiful, but, for us, the traditional black grand piano still is the most impressive looking musical instrument yet designed. There have been numerous improvements made to most organ lines, particularly in the combo models, such as built-in linear controllers, variable sound patterns, varied percussion voicings, and so on.

Band Instruments. Manufacturers are preparing for the increased use of wind instruments within many of the new existing combos. Most new groups being formed are adding three to five horns or reeds to a basic rock rhythm section. (Blood, Sweat & Tears are selling more than recordings.) The quality of virtually all instruments is excellent and the retail prices have remained surprisingly constant.

The hit of the music show was the introduction of an electronic sound modulator—for use with either wind instruments or guitar—more musically sophisticated than previously introduced equipment. The practical use of the new boxes would be significantly enhanced, however, if music and arrangements written for the new medium would be available to the searching student or teacher.

Guitars and amps. All the guitar suppliers were showing new models with somewhat more emphasis on acoustics. Prices remain about the same. There were some noticeable improvements and changes in amps. While most emphasis still seems to be on size, there is a healthy desire for improved purity of sound. The salesmen were demonstrating clarity of tone and fidelity of response rather than extremes of high wattage. Prices are generally higher but the consumer will be getting a cleaner bang for his buck.

Percussion. There seemed to be more emphasis on available voicings rather than on styling. More skin percussion is available with variably tuned heads. More mallet percussion is coming in electronic models. The quality and extent of percussion accessories continues to amaze us, particularly the improvement of instruments available for pre-school music.

Studio model synthesizers are now available, priced between \$3,500 and \$6,600. Look for lower priced, more portable units for performance purposes within a year and a half.

education in jazz

—by Dave Brubeck

Nothing short of amazing is the way the Berklee School of Music equips its students to achieve success and security in the competitive music field. Even the short space between recent visits to Berklee, I've seen startling improvements in individual students . . . natural talent harnessed into vital creative musicianship. Every effort is made to



make the most of their inborn gifts.

On one occasion, I gave Berklee students some of my material; their sight reading and interpretation of it was equal to that of any professional musicians I have seen. Especially

gratifying to me is that with all the freshness and spontaneity of their improvising, their understanding of melodic and harmonic principles is consistently in evidence.

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Dave Brubeck

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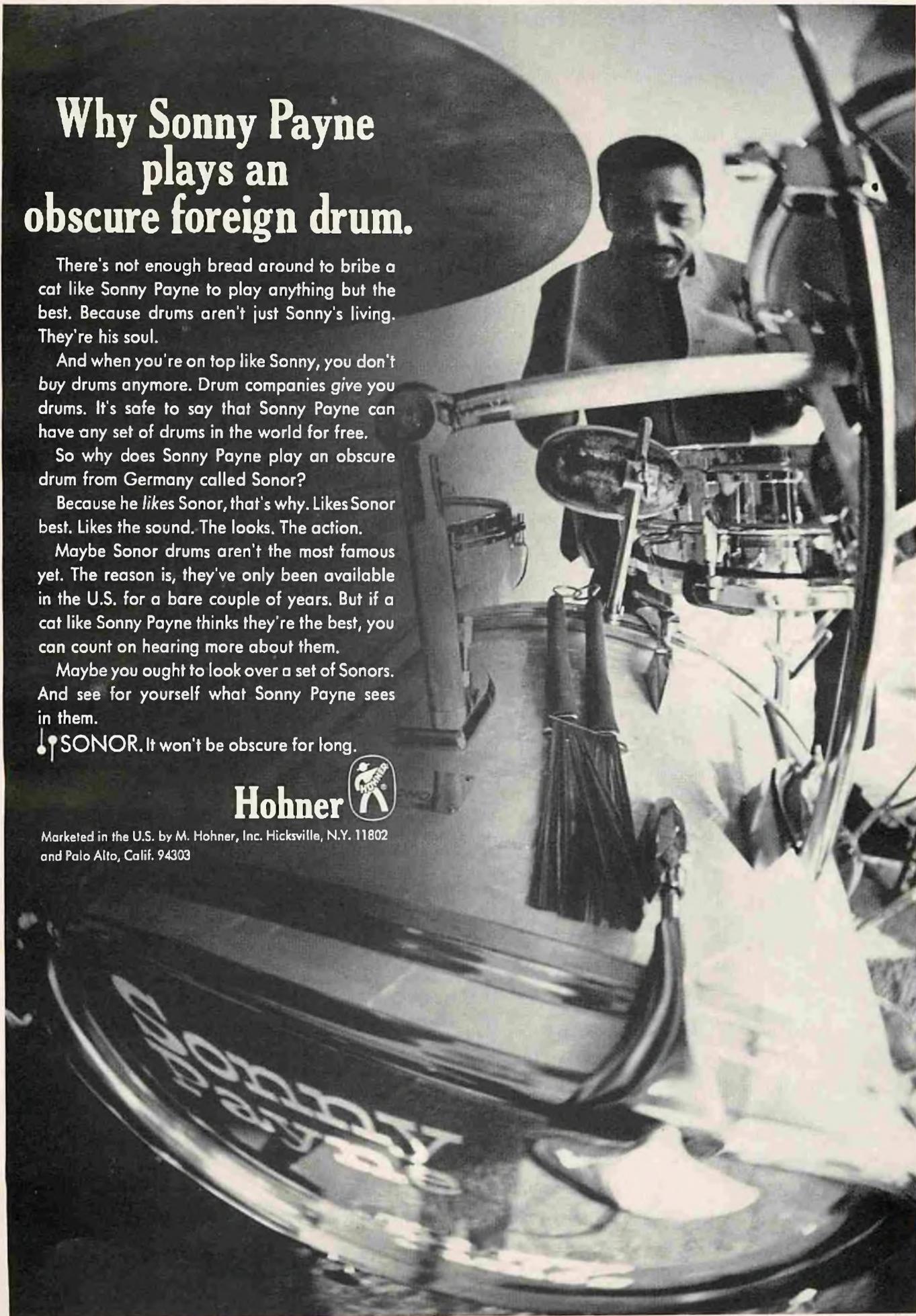
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Blues for Bean

It was at one of those catch-all *JATP* concerts in D.C. in the summer of '66 when I was 18 that I saw Coleman Hawkins. As he approached the mike, looking like a cross between Paderewski and Budah, I tried to get myself into the reverent frame of mind I considered appropriate for receiving an elder statesman from a past age. After all, he was the first in the '20s to use the sax as a legitimate jazz instrument and not as a repository for gag effects, thus paving the way for the current gods as well as for those of the past. He had been the top star 30 years ago. Such past achievements must be paid homage, even by those like myself who did not have antiquarian tastes.

He put mouthpiece to lips. To my surprise, what came out were not the sounds of an old man living in a dead past, but those of a man forever young, always receptive to the ever-changing world around him, blended with his own unique style. I did not venerate that night, I simply enjoyed.

In recent years, my main men in jazz have been primarily of the avant garde. Even so, I considered the Hawk playing a beautiful ballad one of the greatest joys.

When an old jazz man dies, the reaction is one of celebration that he lived, his best work usually done long before. When a young man dies, the reaction is one of grief at being deprived of hearing him reach even greater heights. When Hawk died, I felt both reactions. I thought of the many fine records he had made over the years with musicians ranging from Fletcher Henderson to John Coltrane. Then I thought of the many beautiful solos that never would be played. After 40 years of playing, he still died too young.

Charles E. Hemming
Chestertown, Md.

Moments after the death of Coleman Hawkins was announced over the local Johannesburg radio service, special memorial services were held by African jazz afficianados on behalf of the man they called the father of the saxophone.

Hi-fi record players and gramophones blared with the records of the Hawk. In some homes, jazz fans shed tears for the great tenor saxophonist. These Coleman Hawkins memorial services ran for almost a week.

The tunes made famous as jazz standards by the late Hawk brought tears to many a music lover, even those whose taste is rock, pop, and soul. At one memorial, a moving speech on Hawk's historical background was given by a prominent African medical practitioner. There has also been a great rush to local record shops for Coleman Hawkins records. Never since the deaths of Charlie Parker, Clifford Brown and John Coltrane have records of a great dead musician sold as

those by Hawkins. Orders for more Hawkins records have been made overseas. . . .

If any album or single would sell, it would be that with *Passing It Around* on it. . . .

Tshela Mike Phalane
Johannesburg, South Africa

New Orleans Echoes

I would like to commend Dan Morgenstern on a point well put in the June 12 *DB*. I am referring to the short and concise article entitled *The Meaning of New Orleans*.

This is a very clear insight on the city that "care forgot." I am a true jazz lover and a very serious reader of *Down Beat*, so it is very gratifying for me to hear someone "tell it like it is" about the jazz aspects of New Orleans.

Tyrone A. Lavigne
New Orleans, La.

Why all the fuss about the so-called jazz festival in New Orleans? How can it be a bloody jazz festival when there is no Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, Miles Davis, Pharoah Sanders? Are they so bloody backward down there that they cannot dig the people I've named?

Frank Bristol
Manchester, England

Ray Charles' Jazz

Let me start out by saying that I have been an avid reader of *Down Beat* since its inception, and it has been, and still is a natural "gas", although I prefer the good old days when (John) Hammond and the other critics used to warn the readers to "hang on to their little beaver hats" when the new Basic band was headed east.

My gripe is one small phrase Mike Bloomfield said about Ray Charles being a medicore jazz man (*DB*, June 26).

During the early '50s, Ray toured the country with a pick-up band, and I was fortunate to play drums in the group, which included Rick Harper, trumpet; Cliff Jetkins, tenor, Roy Johnson, bass, and Ray on piano and alto. One cold night in Wichita, Kan. I shall never forget.

It was Sunday, the house was small, Ray looked around (pardon the use of the word "looked"; anyone who has been in his company for a length of time does not consider him blind—for that matter, he's not handicapped at all) said, "Let's play for ourselves," and took off on *Donna Lee*. Believe me, we played over our heads that night.

The groove was there all night and Ray not only played a lot of "box," he was just starting on sax but he wailed on it also. I only wish it could have been preserved on tape for posterity.

Last year, Suzanne and I sat and watched while he held 20,000 people in the palm of his hand for two hours at the Newport Jazz Festival, but in the back of my mind that long-ago night in Wichita remained alive, as it always will. If Ray Charles is not the true essence of "jazz," he will have to do until the real thing comes along.

Jon Mosely
Kansas City, Mo.



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BERLIN JAZZ DAYS TO HONOR DUKE ELLINGTON

The Berlin Jazz Days, scheduled for Nov. 6-9, will be dedicated to Duke Ellington.

The Duke himself will appear with his orchestra, and additionally, a variety of artists will contribute to the Ducal theme of the festival.

Among these will be Miles Davis, Stan Kenton with the Berlin Dream Band, Sarah Vaughan, Lionel Hampton and his Inner Circle, Tal Farlow and Barney Kessel, Red Norvo, and Dave Pike.

A special concert, "Piano for Duke," will star Lennie Tristano, Thelonious Monk, the Cecil Taylor Unit, stride pianist Joe Turner, and Joachim Kuhn. There will also be concerts of religious jazz and jazz and pop.

AL HAIG ACQUITTED OF WIFE-MURDER CHARGE

A Paterson, N.J. jury of 10 men and two women acquitted pianist Al Haig of the charge of strangling his wife, Bonnie, at their Clifton, N.J. home last Oct. 9.

The verdict, hailed by Haig's many friends and fans, came after 8½ hours of deliberation. The 47-year old musician testified that his wife was intoxicated and died in a fall down a flight of stairs.

GOODMAN, HAMP OPEN CENTRAL PARK FESTIVAL

It was Swing (and swinging all the way) as Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton inaugurated the fourth annual Central Park Music Festival in Manhattan—the second under the sponsorship of the F.&M. Schaeffer Brewing Co.—on the evening of June 26.

Hampton opened the concert with a 20-piece band including such soloists as Richard Williams, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone, and Frank Foster, tenor saxophone. There were two drummers, and Hamp himself doubled on a third set out front when not playing vibes.

Goodman came with a septet consisting of Joe Newman, trumpet; Kai Winding, trombone; Zoot Sims, tenor; Toots Thielmans, guitar and harmonica; Hank Jones, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass, and Bobby Donaldson, drums. Lynne Roberts was the vocal counterpart of Hamp's Valerie Carter.

At the end of B.G.'s set, Hamp reappeared to jam on *Air Mail Special* with his old boss. The rousing climax left the audience shouting for more.

Concerts in the series, which continues through Aug. 23, take place Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Herbie Mann, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Cannonball Adder-

ley and John Lee Hooker were among those performing during the first three weeks.

Upcoming concerts of special interest include Cal Tjader and Mongo Santamaria (July 25); Butterfield Blues Band and Jethro Tull (July 28); Buddy Rich and Procol Harum (July 30); Mothers of In-



Lionel Hampton
One More Time

vention and Buddy Guy (Aug. 2); Dizzy Gillespie and Carmen McRae (Aug. 4); Herbie Mann (Aug. 9); Al Kooper and James Cotton Blues Band (Aug. 15); and Nina Simone and Montego Joe (Aug. 18).

Tickets are scaled at a low \$1.50 and \$1.

Other outdoor musical events in New York City during the summer include two series of concerts on the old World's Fair site in Flushing Meadows.

The first, at the former New York State Pavillion, kicked off July 11 with a rock concert headlining the Grateful Dead. Three Dog Night, Fleetwood Mac and Sea Train perform July 25-26; Buddy Miles Express, Pacific Gas & Electric and Santana Aug. 8-9; Charlie Musselwhite, Savoy Brown Blues Band and Sir Douglas Aug. 15-16; Albert King, Junior Wells and AUM Aug. 22-23, and Paul Butterfield, Muddy Waters and Raven Aug. 29-30.

The other series takes place in the 17-, 500-seat Singer Bowl and will include such acts as Steppenwolf, Moody Blues and "a top English group" Aug. 2; Tom Hardin, Incredible String Band, Odetta, Buffy St. Marie and others Aug. 16; Chambers Bros. and others Aug. 23; Led Zeppelin, Buddy Guy, Larry Coryell Aug. 30, and James Brown Show Aug. 31.

LINEUP SET FOR FALL FOLK-BLUES FEST TOUR

Blues artists Carey Bell, Magic Sam, Earl Hooker, Clifton Chenier, and Juke Boy Bonner will be featured in this year's American Folk Blues Festival, which will tour England, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia beginning October 2.

An annual event since 1962, the American Folk Blues Festival, sponsored by Horst Lippman and Fritz Rau, has presented in past years such performers as Muddy Waters, Sleepy John Estes, Howling Wolf, Junior Wells, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Curtis Jones, Roosevelt Sykes, Sunnyland Slim, and Lightning Hopkins.

MANNE STEALS SHOW AT NARAS KENTON LUNCH

A Los Angeles NARAS (National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) luncheon recently honored Stan Kenton. Some of his early producers at Capitol were on hand to reminisce and pay tribute, but it was Shelly Manne who stole the show.

He showed circa 1948 home movies of "life on the road—in the iron lung" (the bus) and kept up a riotous commentary over the silent film. Then Shelly presented mementoes to Stan of their early tours while Pete Rugolo led a group of Kenton alumni through some rusty renditions of *Intermission Riff* and *Minor Riff*. Personnel included: Don Dennis, Earl Collier, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Harry Betts, trombones; Bob Cooper, Dave Pell, tenor saxes (Shelly commented "this was a typical big band: two, two and two"); Rugolo, piano; Don Bagley, bass; Manne, drums.

There was considerable shuffling of parts, interruptions and clowning around before they began. Shelly shouted "Is that opening double high C too much for you guys?" Leonard Feather jumped upon stage and announced "I'd like to review it before they begin—1½ stars." Dave Pell gave out with Vido Musso's fat tones on the opening phrase of *Sorrento*, then followed with the octave jabs of Les Brown's theme, *Leap Frog*. Bob Fitzpatrick pulled Al Porcino's famous routine: he stood up and asked Kenton "Are we running down the whole arrangement?" Kenton replied "No, Fitz—just the first half." Whereupon Fitzpatrick picked up his part and tore it down the middle. Rugolo got into the act with: "I can't play this; it's in six flats." Shelly responded with "Makes no difference to me—I just go boom-boom."

When the music finally started, the anemic voicings of "two, two and two" broke everyone up, but there was enough of the old Kenton sound to please the large audience.

POTPOURRI

Jazz is back on New York's 52nd Street. Nick's Curtain Call at 227 W. 52nd (site of the old Junior's) recently opened under the aegis of ex-trumpeter Nick Presti, with a house band led by pianist Cecil Young and including Eddie Shu, trumpet, clarinet, alto and tenor saxophones; Scotty Holt, bass, and Sir John Gregory, drums.

The Cecil Taylor Unit left June 24 for a month of TV and concert dates in France. Making the trip with the pianist were Sam Rivers, soprano and tenor saxophones; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone, and Andrew Cyrille, drums.

David Izenzon's newly-formed Bass Revolution recently held a session at Jerry Newman's studio in New York hailed by the participants as a great learning experience. On hand were one drummer (Barry Altschul) and 10 bassists: Jimmy Garrison, Buster Williams, Dave Holland, Steve Swallow, Richard Youngstein, Jim Fount, Glenn Moore, Woolf Friedman, Peter Warren, and the leader. The group plans to record soon.

Composer-pianist Cy Coleman has formed his own record company, Notable Records.

Last year's successful concerts in Seattle's Seward Park amphitheater, sponsored by a local brewery and the AFM's Recording Industries Trust Fund, are on again for 1969 and have branched out to Portland, Ore., where Washington Park is the site. The free concerts take place on Saturdays in Portland and Sundays in Seattle. Charles Lloyd kicked off July 12-13, to be followed by Cal Tjader (Aug. 9-10); Chico Hamilton (Aug. 23-24); and Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land (Sept. 6-7). Local jazz and blues groups are also on the bills.

A concert for the graduating senior class at Hotchkiss Prep School in Lakeville, Conn. featured music by pianist Toshiko, with Lew Tabackin, tenor saxophone; Bob Dougherty, bass, and Joe Hunt, drums. Pianist Jaki Byard and his trio performed at the school in May. Both concerts were enthusiastically received.

Timme Rosenkrantz, the Danish Jazz Baron, arrived in New York June 26 and within four hours found himself in Cen-

tral Park, digging the opening concert of the Schaeffer Music Festival. The Baron is in the U.S. to tape shows for the Danish State Radio.

Film maker Louis Panassié, son of famed French jazz critic Hugues Panassié, is in the U.S. working on a film about his father. Interviews with and performances by many noted jazzmen will be included.

Tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley did 40 concerts in four weeks in the Virgin Island under the auspices of Jazz Interactions. With him were Ted Dunbar, guitar; Teddy Wald, bass, and Les Jenkins, drums.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: On June 24, Zoot Sims stomped back into the Half Note backed by the house band, the Ross Tompkins Trio . . . Recent Jazz Interactions Sunday matinee sessions have featured the Pete La Roca Quartet, McCoy Tyner's quintet and the Keith Jarrett Trio (Charlie Ha-

/Continued on page 38



By LEONARD FEATHER

END OF BRAINWASH ERA

Feather's Nest

DURING THE TEENAGE formative years when I first developed a love for jazz and some understanding of its meaning as an art form, most of what I learned was picked up simply by listening to records. As I mentioned in this column a couple of months ago, there was no American music publication that dealt with the subject. I might have added that it would have been equally frustrating to turn to the *Pittsburgh Courier* or any other black newspapers published in this country.

Much has been written and said concerning the lack of interest shown by black society at large in an art that was bred in its own ghettos. When the first Hampton Institute jazz festival was presented last year, it was pointed out that never before had any predominantly Negro college taken such an initiative.

Of the several theories that have been advanced for this long-lasting apathy, one of the most convincing was offered recently by Vi Redd. Miss Redd herself at the time was in line for an assignment to give a course in jazz history at a Los Angeles college.

"Throughout my childhood," she says, "I was brought up as a member of the

fundamentalist church, and I became aware of the feelings that people had, and to a great extent still have, about show business as a whole. Everything associated with it was frowned on by religious groups, and since these groups were an integral and influential part of the community, many of us were influenced.

"They would tell us, 'Jazz is worldly music, it's ugly, it's associated with the devil, he people who play it are alcoholics and drug addicts.' This kind of talk left the validity of our own culture in doubt, because we were brainwashed by this religious idea."

Vi Redd happens to be a deeply religious woman herself, but her beliefs, she points out, have nothing to do with the manner in which she earns her living, or in anything she creates as an artist.

I asked whether it might not have been white society that was to blame for brainwashing black people into being ashamed rather than proud of jazz. Since white Americans unquestionably did brainwash black America in many other areas, this seemed a viable assumption.

"Heavens, no!" said Vi. "Not as far as jazz is concerned. Even today, in the fundamentalist churches, they are still spreading the belief that this is all associated with wickedness, that you'll die and go to hell if you work in a night club or perform the devil's music. This is why we didn't develop any black jazz critics.

"The church was people's only hope in the midst of all the discrimination and oppression, so their ties to it remained very close and they felt obliged to go along with whatever precepts it dictated.

"I was brought up in this environment, but not as strictly as some of the other children, perhaps because my father was a musician. Some of the kids I associated with were not even allowed to have a

record player in the house. They used to come over to my place to listen to King Cole Trio records. That was their only opportunity to listen to jazz."

The irony underlying all this, of course, lies in the relationship between jazz and the music of the church. Mahalia Jackson, as Vi Redd points out, sings in a style that is a first cousin to jazz, the music from which she has so often expressed a strong desire to be dissociated. "Her music has the same harmonic structure, the same feeling, in many of those gospel songs. By the same token, Milt Jackson is a product of the Sanctified church. Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington and a lot of the greatest jazz artists came directly out of a church background; yet the people in the church, in all sincerity, still refuse to accept it when it's known as jazz."

Fortunately this dilemma is rapidly resolving itself. The more progressive-minded and articulate black musicians of today, without necessarily rejecting the church, are taking it upon themselves to keep black and white America informed concerning the background and development of jazz. It is a strange paradox, though, that to get many basic facts they may have to turn to Frederic Ramsey and Charles Edward Smith, whose book *Jazzmen* in the late 1930s shed the first bright beam of light on the music's New Orleans origins; and it is doubly ironic that jazz has now gone back into the church, through the efforts of Duke Ellington and many other writers of sacred jazz works.

Today, 30 years later, the era of brainwashing is, thank God, at an end. Whatever ideas are being pumped into the heads of Americans, whether in black churches or white suburbia, the new generation is going to seek out the facts for itself.



FATHER AND SON: An Interview with Muddy Waters and Paul Butterfield

by Don DeMichael

THERE'S ONLY ONE way for a young man to learn true blues: from older men—black men. This sort of teacher-student relationship is rather common today, or at least it has been since the blues gained such popularity with the seemingly ever-fickle young white audience. One of the most popular of the young blues men is Paul Butterfield. But Butterfield is an old hand at the blues, having drunk from the deep well on Chicago's south side several years ago. This spring, he and guitarist Michael Bloomfield were reunited with two of their main teachers—singer-guitarist Muddy Waters and pianist Otis Spann (Waters' half-brother and long-time sideman). The reunion took place in the Ter-Mar Recording Studio at Chess Records, and for three nights a rather remarkable recording session rolled from one artistic peak to another. Following the last night, Butterfield, Waters, and, later, Spann discussed the session and the ways they learned the blues with Don DeMichael. What follows is an edited version of the conversation.

DeMichael: Paul, when was the first time you sat in with Muddy?

Butterfield: About 1957.

DeM: How old were you?

PB: About 18. The stuff I play now . . . my bands' got horns and things, and we do a lot of different stuff, 'cause I got guys in my band who can really play—but they can't play that old stuff. It's just a certain thing I came up in, that I learned, and what I was really listening to—and I mean *live*; I ain't talking about listening to records—was Muddy. Muddy had a real good band then. You had Pat Hare on guitar. . . .

Waters: Willie on drums.

PB: No, it wasn't Willie.

MW: Then it had to be [Francis] Clay.

PB: No.

MW: Was it S.P. [Leary]?

PB: No.

MW: Then it got to be Clay.

PB: Then it was Clay. And Little Walter used to come in and sit in.

MW: Magic Sam, Otis Rush, all those boys used to come and sit in. They all sat in because I'm not the kind of guy who'll hold the bandstand for myself. I'm not like a lot of the older guys who've been in the business for a long time, 'cause I'm not jealous of nobody—you play what you play and I'll put you on my bandstand.

DeM: How did you get turned on to the blues, Paul?

PB: I'll tell you the truth, man. My brother, my family used to play a lot of blues records. Old 78s. They used to listen to people like Muddy, Gene Ammons, Charlie Parker. . . . It was more jazz than blues, but the feeling I got was from blues. So I got it early. There used to be WGES, and they used to play from 11 to 12 o'clock at night nothing but blues. And Nashville, Tenn., John R. used to play nothing but blues. We used to hear it when I was 10 years old. My brother started buying blues singles when I was out playing baseball. I don't know what

turned me on, but I just liked that kind of music better than any other kind of music. I like a whole lots of kinds of music. I like Roland Kirk, Stanley Turrentine, Gene Ammons . . . a whole lot of people. But that was the music that really got me interested in playing.

DeM: Interested in playing harp?

PB: Naw, I never *thought* about playing the harp. I just started playing the harp. I just enjoyed playing it. I didn't have no plan or say, "I'm gonna learn how to play the harp like so and so or learn how to do this or that," y'know. I just started playing it. I mess around with any instrument I can get next to. It wasn't, "I want to learn like Little Walter or Sonny Boy Williamson." I just wanted to learn how to *play*.

MW: In music of this kind, everybody got to be influenced by somebody.

PB: I was influenced a lot by Little Walter, and when I got to play some more, by Sonny Boy, the second. Then a little after that I started getting influenced by Gene Ammons, Stanley Turrentine. . . .

MW: After you've mastered your instrument, you can go the way you want to go at that particular time. When I began I was influenced by Son House and Robert Johnson. That doesn't mean you have to be exactly like them, 'cause when you get out there, you learn other people's work and you put more of your own material in it and then you're on your own.

PB: There ain't no musician in the whole world that isn't influenced by a whole lot of people. They're influenced by anybody they hear that's good.

MW: That's right. What makes me happy is to see how many kids been influenced by me.

PB: There was a scene in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis—the Midwest—where guys would say, "I'm gonna get up there and *burn* this cat." A lot of underneath stuff.

DeM: Cutting contest.

PB: Yeah. That mostly came from Chicago. Isn't that true, Muddy?

MW: Yeah. Years ago—I'd say back in '47 or '8—Little Walter, Jimmy Rodgers and myself, we would go around looking for bands that were playing. We called ourselves the Headcutters, 'cause we'd go in and if we got a chance we were gonna burn 'em. Today, people's not like that. You just get up and play. I'm not like that no more. Just play what you can play, and if the people like it, fine; if they don't, try again next time. But today, Paul, we have some people—I won't call no names—that still got that feeling: want to be the best. You can't be the best; you can just be a good'un.

PB: Just be you.

MW: And that's it. Whatever you do, try to do it good.

PB: I played this place in California, man, that all these kids came down and the only thing in their minds was to wipe me out. So I said go ahead and play, and I'll play what I play. Musicians are supposed to be loving each other. . . .

MW: Together.

PB: . . . and giving stuff to each other and making each other feel good. What I'm talking about is music, not just blues. I'm ready to do something that maybe somebody's not gonna dig at all, but if it's music I'm supposed to be sharing it, learning about it. That's the only way you can do it. One of the main reasons why I never really tried to play Little Walter's solos or Sonny Boy's or any other cat's exactly the way it was is that, in the first place, I couldn't . . .

MW: Paul, in this field today, if you pick up a harmonica, you got to go through John Lee Williamson [Sonny Boy No. 1], Rice Miller [Sonny Boy No. 2], or Walter Jacobs [Little Walter].

PB: Right.

MW: Because they set a pattern out here, and there's nobody been born yet that can do too much more stuff to go with it. So if you say I try to play like Son House—sure, I'm glad of that 'cause Son was a great man. Robert Johnson was one of the greatest there's ever been. So that makes me feel proud, 'cause I got my pattern from them. I can't go around it too far because I got to come back around to something in that particular field. Between the three of us, I'm doing Muddy Waters, but because I use a slide, I can't get away from the sound of those two people 'cause they made it popular years and years ago. This sound is 200 or 500 years standing.

DeM: I'm curious to find out if the learning process was similar for the two of you. When you went into playing blues, Muddy, how did you go about learning?

MW: I was first blowing harmonica, like Paul here. I had a young boy by the name of Scott Bowhandle playing guitar, and he learned me the little he knowed. One night we went to one of these Saturday night fish fries, and Son House was there playing. I was using the bottleneck because most of the Delta people used this bottleneck-style thing. When I heard Son House, I should have broke my bottleneck because this other cat hadn't learned me nothing. Son House played this place for about four weeks in a row, and I was there every night, closer to him than I am to your microphone. You couldn't get me out of that corner, listening to him, what he's doing. Years later, down around 1937—I was very good then, but I hadn't been exposed to the public—I heard this Robert Johnson come out, and he got his teaching from Son House. He had a different thing. Where we'd play it slow, Robert Johnson had it up-tempo. The young idea of it, y'know what I mean? I didn't know Johnson much; I saw him one time in Friars Point, Miss. I knew Son House very, very good.

DeM: Paul, was your experience similar, only 20-30 years later?

PB: The people I most listened to were Muddy, Spann, people who were around—Robert Nighthawk was playing, and Wolf was playing, and Magic Sam . . . like, Magic Sam is pretty close to my age, and Otis Rush is—but I listened to anybody I could listen to. I used to go out and

play with Muddy when I couldn't play nothing, but he'd let me come up.

DeM: When I first met you and Mike Bloomfield in 1962 or so, you were both living on Chicago's south side . . .

PB: Naw, Michael never lived on the south side. Michael was in rock-and-roll show bands when he was 16, 17 years old. He was from a whole different area, the north side. I never even worked out of the north side until I started working at Big John's. Michael really got interested in blues like Muddy and those cats, after he'd been playing in rock-and-roll show bands. He was never down on the south side before then. I never saw that cat on the south side.

I never practiced the harp in my life. Never. I would just blow in it. I was blowing some lousy stuff. Just blowing it, drinking wine, getting high, and enjoying myself. Nick Gravenites was the first cat to take me down to see you, Muddy, about 1957. We were more interested in getting high, dancing and having ourselves some good times than anything else. I never sat down and tried to figure out what he's doing with this stuff. I just played it. Muddy knows that I used to come down to him and play some nothing stuff but nobody ever said "Well, man, you're not playing too well."

MW: But you always had this particular thing, this something that everybody don't have, this thing you're born with, this touch. 'Cause you used to sing a little song and have the joint going pretty good. As soon as you'd walk in, I'd say, "You're on next, man."

DeM: Now after all these years, you two finally have made a record together.

MW: It sure was an enjoyable time for me.

DeM: How did the record come about?

MW: The idea came from my "grandson", Marshall Chess.

Chess: Michael was at my house, and he said he'd like to do a record with Muddy and Paul. The title, *Fathers and Sons*, was his idea.

MW: Is that the name of it? That's a very good title, 'cause I am the daddy, and all these kids are my sons. I feel there are so many kids tracing in my tracks that I'm the father out here.

DeM: How do you think the session went?

MW: I think it was one of the greatest sessions we did since Little Walter's time and Jimmy Rodgers'. We was close to the old sound.

PB: I tell you man, I think some good things came out of this.

DeM: When was the last time you two played together?

MW: In California. I was playing in a

club out there, and Paul was off this particular time, and he came in and sat in with us. It was a beautiful night, but it was nothing like the session. At the session, we was right down to it.

DeM: You did mostly old things?

MW: We did a lot of the things over we did with Little Walter and Jimmy Rodgers and [Edward] Elgin on drums. We tried to get ready for that particular thing, as close as possible. It's about as close as I've been to it since I first recorded it.

PB: Duck Dunn, the bass player, came in from Memphis. I came in from New York. Michael came in from San Francisco. Muddy came up from Texas. Now, I don't have any time off, none, but it was an honor for me to get together with Muddy and have a good time and play some music.

MW: One thing, I hope it's not the last time we get together.

PB: Duck Dunn had never played this kind of music, really. And most of the cats haven't been playing this type of music for a long while. It really made me feel good to get back and really be playing some stuff on the harp that was what I came from, the thing that really turned me on to be playing in the first place. Now I'm playing different things, different

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JAMES POWELL

Waters and Butterfield

The B.B. King Experience: by James Powell



JAMES POWELL

MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE, I think, B.B. King has made the blues resonant with contemporary experience. To say this much does not in any way belittle the expressive accomplishments of other bluesmen, but rather explains in part the immense influence that B.B. King and the blues have achieved in popular music. To understand what's going on, you have to approach the blues—and certainly B.B.'s blues—as a living music rather than a folk art.

King's ways of expressing blues, almost from the beginning, have been remarkably pure but complex. He doesn't use devices to alter his guitar sound and produce reverberation, tremolo, or other effects; he doesn't dance or move around much, or shout repeatedly to evoke audience response ("Let me hear you say yeah!"); and he doesn't play the guitar from a multitude of showy positions.

"There was a time, when I first started out, when my way of playing was like the old musicians used to play," he says. "And you sometimes get a little bit ashamed to play that to certain people. At some time they would look down on it, you understand, but you want to do the thing that you feel they're used to seeing or want to hear, and this is why a lot of the guys will do that. But you come to a certain age—I don't mean you have to be as old as I am (44)—after a while you get to believe that you are *you*. As regards the airs you might put on, it doesn't change the fact that you're still you: So some of us come back to earth." King communicates *all* the feeling he has through his delivery alone.

As a professional, he has always played electric guitar and has worked chiefly at single string runs. The first electric guitarist B.B. heard was his uncle's brother-in-law, a preacher who played for his church, and the first man he heard playing blues with an electric guitar was T-Bone Walker. T-Bone, like the durable Lonnie Johnson has done from the 1920's on, plays single string runs, but jazz guitarists Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian, with their extended inventions distinguished by an assertive but mellow quality, also affected B.B.'s playing—and reflect his early feeling for jazz.

T-Bone also plays his guitar as a responsive voice, rather than as accompaniment, and this specialized function is one distinction between country and urban blues. Such people as Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker use their guitars as accompaniment *and* responsive voices and are, for other reasons as well, essentially country musicians playing electric guitars with electrified bands (though Hooker often plays alone). Initially, B.B. played his guitar to accompany himself, but by the time he cut his first records, he was playing single string runs responsively.

According to his own account, he played this way for practical reasons: "From the very beginning, when I first started playing, my coordination wasn't very good, so trying to sing and play at the same time didn't get to me. I'll put it this way: While I'm entertaining, while I'm trying to get my breath, or think of a new line to tell you, then the guitar takes over, until I think of what I'm going to do. If

I'm singing, then I have to hit a chord and hold it, because I could never try to sing and play to myself at the same time—now, I could hit on the guitar, but I'm talking about making sense with it."

Having committed himself to playing single string runs responsively, B.B.'s most important instrumental advances have been different ways of punctuating phrases. He sometimes plays a barrage of chords (as Elmore James did) to introduce a whole section of extended improvisation, and he also will lay down a few chords to effect a transition. B.B. was also interested in the sound of a slide guitar, and was first introduced to in-person slide playing by his cousin, Bukka White. But he couldn't work with a slide himself, because of his fingers, so he learned to trill his fingers to produce a vibrato approaching the slide sound. This idea, which B.B. started using in the late '40s, appears to be original.

By the late '50s, he had developed another way to punctuate phrases—"bending" notes. He would hit a note, press the string across the frets with his fingers to raise it in pitch, and hang on it to climax the phrase. This idea was not original with him, since a number of guitarists had done it before—again Lonnie Johnson was an early one—but the frequent use of bent notes has become a B.B. King trademark. He says that the way Lester Young, for instance, bent notes on tenor, inspired him to do it on guitar.

Finally, in recent years, as far as I can tell from recordings, he has punctuated increasingly just by varying the volume

of sound. He will drop notes softly one moment, and some bars later will let them fly loudly and assertively, approaching a climax that is relieved by some more delicate, understated notes. After working up to a climax one or two times more, B.B. King has any audience at his mercy; this kind of punctuation, too, is a trademark, and I suspect an original one.

B.B. can play as fast as anyone—and he often does so during extended solos—but usually he plays just easily enough so that, with his sensitive picking and punctuation, he can suggest a human voice to an incredible, uncanny degree (as Little Walter did with his harp), and in a hip audience, sometime during the night someone will shout: "Make her talk to you, B.! Make Lucille sing!" (Lucille is B.B.'s nickname for his guitar.)

B.B. has developed a potent vocal style, most distinctive, again, in the ways he tends to punctuate phrases: his clear falsetto wail and shout-singing. He acknowledges the influence of Doctor Clayton, a blues singer who cut 10 sides in 1946 and died shortly thereafter, and the similarity between their falsettos is apparent. He also says he was influenced by Jimmy Rushing and his shouting style—a confident, even mellow, but not frenzied one. Shout-singing, however, is evident on records consistently only after 1960, in such tunes as *Five Long Years* and *The Jungle*, recorded for Kent, and particularly after 1964, when *Live At The Regal* was cut.

Throughout the '50s, he nearly always sang with melisma such exclamations as "Oh!", "Yes, woman," and "I say," whereas now he shouts them. His shouting is sustained, controlled, and even resonant, and is not broken, wailing, or crying. His shout-singing announces that even when hurt, he is in command.

Only recently, since his records have appeared on the BluesWay label (1966), has B.B. had arrangements that complement his guitar and vocal work. He says that when he was with Kent, through the '50s, he could take guitar solos as he wished—the arranger usually left a spot in each tune for one—but that he wasn't much concerned with the arrangements which, for the most part, were standard swing.

The main reason for his neglecting the arrangements then—he still doesn't write them himself—was that he didn't feel he had much of a future as a bluesman: until the advent of underground radio stations, few disk jockeys would play blues, and without airplay a musician's future is limited indeed. Developing his playing and singing styles was a full-time task anyway. Although he was a major seller at Kent, when he signed with ABC in 1961 he became a small fish, and he says that until he discovered his groove there, he thought it would be best to go along with what his producers wanted, lest he be cut off. The producers and arrangers wanted a sweet sound from him, and they wrote for his voice: the first material for ABC was largely easy-listening and involved relatively little guitar work—other guitarists even played fill-ins. The standout result from the ABC period, of course, was the *Regal* recording, and that was made without the restrictions of studio arrangers.

The most conspicuous differences in arrangements before and after *Live At the Regal* have been a departure from the rigid swing beat to increasingly complex rhythmic variations, and a sophisticated manipulation of breaks and brass riffs to achieve phenomenal dramatic power. The effect can be literally stunning.

His most recent record, *Live And Well*, is a monster; in my opinion, the most important blues recording in many years. For the first time, B.B. was allowed complete freedom to develop his own format, and he only begins to sing after he and the band have achieved a groove. There is nearly as much instrumental as vocal work, and while his improvisation is extraordinarily inventive and coherent, the singing is right on. Thus, B.B. is no longer just performing numbers, but is manipulating all the resources at his disposal with astonishing subtlety to achieve an immense climax and release.

He is not just stretching tunes, which is common in live performances, and he is not jamming to have a good old time. He and his band deliver each part of a "blues" with feeling and importance; his voice doesn't carry the main burden any more, his guitar no longer just fills between lines or answers vocal phrases, the brass doesn't repeat a line throughout but has its own special function, the bass lays down complex syncopation, the organ does its own work, and only the drums relate the band to a straightforward beat.

B.B. King's fluid approach to the blues might turn out to be the most important development since electrification.

His lyrics reveal as much mastery of nuance as his playing and singing. With the exception of tunes like *Sweet Little Angel* and *Dance With Me*, where he develops figures to convey much of the idea, nearly all his lyrics achieve their effect with language used in a simple, speech-like way. Like those of most other blues composers, his lyrics state a situation or a feeling, and resolve it in call-and-response fashion; he never uses a narrative line—he doesn't relate what has happened to someone else, but states his own feelings about what has happened to him. He speaks for himself.

Unlike many other bluesmen, he is almost exclusively concerned with women. The exceptions—his recent single, *Why I Sing the Blues*, is one—are very few. He doesn't sing about poverty, frustration, life in the South, or experiences in the city. Rock lyrics frequently portray woman as distant and as someone to dream about; in blues, certainly in B.B. King's, woman is always an immediate experience—he celebrates sex and love openly, and seldom, if ever, with double meanings.

B.B. King is proud of himself as a person, and he addresses his woman as a person, too. When he has done wrong he admits it, but does not go on to put himself down. He does not, for instance, go on, as Bobby Bland often does, to portray himself as *the fool*. And when his woman does wrong, he tells her so, like a preacher might, without putting her down, as in *That's Wrong, Little Mama* or *I'm Gonna Do What They Do to Me*. He doesn't attack his woman, as so many rock lyrics do—the Rolling Stones' *Com-*

plicated and *Stupid Girl* are fine examples. When he is most hurt, he just asserts his independence as a person, as in *Paying the Cost to be the Boss*:

I'll drink if I want to, and play a little poker too,

Don't you say nothing to me, baby, as long as I'm taking care of you,
As long as I'm working and paying all the bills,

I don't want no mouth from you, about the way I'm supposed to live,
You must be crazy, woman, you just got to be out of your mind,

As long as I'm footing the bills, I'm paying the cost to be the boss.

Or, in *Why I Sing The Blues*, he speaks as a figure for his people:

When I first got the blues, they brought me over on the ship,

Men was standing over me, and a lot more with a whip,
And everybody want to know, why I sing the blues,

Well, I've been around a long time, I've really paid my dues.

He expresses his dignity as a person by asserting ownership for his feelings, whatever they might be.

His pride as a person and honesty toward his own feelings go far to show how the blues is a living and not a folk music. Each time a bluesman is on stage, what he sings is true. I've seen B.B. King deliver many tunes any number of times, and *he* has done it thousands of times; yet each time what he sings and plays is a true experience. I've seen women faint when he climaxes a solo or hits his wailing falsetto. In one instance, in Louisiana, a woman was dancing deliriously, and when he hit his falsetto and held it—I believe it was on *Worry, Worry*—she went limp, falling back into a chair. The proprietor arrived, and, slapping her cheeks gently, asked if she was alright. She only replied, "I'm fine, baby, I just dig his singing is all." And she smiled, gloriously.

B.B. King is a great bluesman because he has developed such a distinctive style and because he achieves intensity without depending on gimmicks; but his reputation will stand immense, I think, because he has done so much—as I must emphasize he is doing right now—while remaining faithful to his chosen idiom.

He might indeed be developing a new blues form. As far as he is concerned, fidelity to blues ideas can assure the idiom's future: "I'm trying to say that your greatest guys, when it comes to really playing blues—if you can ever catch Oscar Peterson and get him to play a blues for you, he'll play more blues than any blues guy ever plays, with equally as much soul and feeling, but his execution is better, because he knows how to play modern chords in the blues, and make them fit. But if you take the blues and try to make the blues modern, then you leave blues. If you take some of the modern chords and put them in the blues and leave them the way they are, with the same sound and feeling, then you got modern and good soul blues."

I intend no putdown of any other bluesman when I say that, for me, B.B. King at his best, developing before your very eyes, is a miraculous experience. 

TIME FOR BOBBY BLAND

By J. B. Figi

"AAAAAAWWWWW," the woman at the next table yowls as Bobby Blue Bland sings something which touches her tummy, "go on with your bad self, baby!"

The consecration of black style by a young white audience for whom it is essentially exotic (it moves them, but is peripheral to their actual lives; fabric for myth) has seen James Brown, that wild puppet of Afro-energy, become a soul icon. Nearby are niches for Wilson Pickett, Joe Tex, the late Otis Redding. Even B.B. King has a pedestal, erected by a hardening core who recognize his authority.

Bland, however, just goes on with his bad self, largely unknown but to people of color (where he's a household item; like Royal Crown pomade, even those who don't use it well know what it is) and young men who remember parking along country roads to drink beer, flinging cans to convenient cornfields while running down the battery listening to Nashville.

In times when white folk take the word of black for what is good, it's strange that Bland, so strong in the backyard, remains thus uncanonized and nearly unnoticed, unfashionable as processed hair. Is it due to his nonaggressive disposition, or the inability of somewhat insular management to realize (until recently) that there is something out there which is passing them by, or just that the breadth of Bobby's humanity (as Ralph Ellison's) homogenizes the extremes of style tourists want to hear? Perhaps the more subtle reason why Bland's popularity has not spread beyond its natural boundaries has to do with the very personal, romantic nature of his appeal. His fans tend to keep it quiet, the way a man won't flaunt his wife as he may have done earlier with girlfriends. But casually mention his name, and you'll discover a legion. They're all about; people soft on Bobby who cherish his music, for whom his voice has somewhere been a backdrop to their lives:

Skip Williams drifts off to nights at the Hi-Fi Lounge, in the shadow of Chicago's Cabrini projects.

For Mary Jo, tough and not given to nostalgia, it keys memories of a black VFW club on the edge of Freeport, Illinois, where set-ups, a wild jukebox, and girls in bobtail dresses used to wail on weekends.

Dashhiki'd Robert, stopping in midsentence to cock his head at the jukebox in Brown's hangout lunchroom and lounge, does "Oweee, Bobby BLUE Bland," eyes funny with flashbacks of Naptown.

Another Hoosier, John Litweiler, the Herb Shriner of jazz and blues writers, remembers Bland recordings as well as he does granny's oatmeal cookies, "You know how I feel about Bobby Blue Bland!" he enthuses.

Ali Ahmed Z., often seen on Chicago streets in Arab drag, looking every bit a Saudi shaykh (those who suppose Muslims separate from soul might consider Br. Joe Tex), just shakes his head to confirm the relevancy of what Bobby's saying.

Novelist James Bey adds, "Bobby's voice is the lion which lies down with the lamb, a large sunwarmed brindle beast, tough but oh-so-gentle, smooth muscle under suede, and plenty of male equip-



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ment. He's the only singer I have fully trusted since Lady Day. I guess his songs hang in the closet of all of us who came up a certain way in certain times."

Memphis, after World War II, was getting ready for what became Rhythm & Blues. Robert Calvin Bland, born in nearby Rosemark, Tennessee, moved to Memphis while a baby and grew to be one of the "Beale Streeters", a loose assemblage of young talent which included B.B. King, Johnny Ace, Roscoe Gordon, Junior Parker.

In 1951, Bland went into the army for three and one-half years, some of that time spent overseas with a Special Services unit. Still in uniform, he made a guest appearance at a Houston talent show which gained the attention of Don D. Robey, President of Duke Records. Robey quickly signed him to a contract and put out two records, but it wasn't until Bland's

discharge from the army in 1954 that his recording career with Duke began in earnest.

April 1955 saw the release of *It's My Life, Baby*, his first hit. Bobby turned this handhold into a bearhug with items such as *I Smell Trouble*, *Little Boy Blue*, *Cry Cry Cry*, the romping *Don't Cry No More*, *Call On Me* and, more recently, *Too Far Gone*, *Poverty*, *If You Could Read My Mind*, and his exquisitely underplayed *Rocking In The Same Old Boat*.

Once established, Bland took to the road, touring the wellworn circuit of one-night stands, concerts, dances, and theatres such as Harlem's Apollo and the Regal in Chicago. With him went a band which has earned a legend of its own, a band so strongly identified with Bland that one seldom comes to mind without the other. Often independently contracted, the band has nonetheless always been "Bobby's"

"The most gorgeous male sound since Eckstine . . ."

through the firm hand of trumpeter-arranger Joe Scott, whose importance as Bobby's longtime musical director cannot be overstated.

It is a driving, bluesy band; loose and loping, with a jump and bite reminiscent of the exciting Billy Eckstine aggregation of the '40s, a snapping band which can scale fish and fry them, induce whiplash, send forth a wind hot hard dry enough to husk grain as it stands, a thoroughly functional unit equally capable of being Bobby's old easy chair or a rowdy roller-coaster.

It seemed significant, opening the envelope of promotional material sent by Duke Records, to find that the protective cardboard inserts had been cut from a rodeo poster. Memphis may have been his hometown, but Bland is firmly tied to Texas. The Memphis style itself was largely an extension of the durable, infectious tradition of the Southwest.

Johnny Ace, earliest of the Memphis stars (he secured his legend by losing a game of Russian roulette backstage at a Houston concert, Christmas Eve 1954) and a prime influence upon Bland, sounds like Kansas City Joe Turner's twin on tunes like *Don't You Know* and *How Can You Be So Mean*.

The Southwest style is something special; deft, swinging, articulate, spare, absolutely without fat or frills, with a unique dusty blues feeling. It is a tradition which has enriched and enlightened American music more than any other, a tradition in which jazz and blues have ever been one and even the simplest of blues have melodic sophistication and subtle delineation of mood; a spawning-ground for strongly individualistic players who transcend technical wizardry without relinquishing one inch of innate blues feeling.

It is the tradition of Blind Lemon Jefferson, Lightnin' Hopkins, wistful Curtis Jones; that of the fierce territory bands which used to ply the area served by the M-K-T (Missouri-Kansas-Texas) railroad, the tradition of Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Omaha; of Kansas City, the Basie band, Jimmy Rushing, Lester Young. The tradition of Jack Teagarden, Charlie Christian and Charlie Parker, as well as that of Sonny Simmons, Prince Lasha, Don Cherry and Ornette Coleman. If Coleman is currently its strongest player, Bland is its vocal flagship and his band a remnant of those spunky territorial bands.

The Southwest tradition also helps clarify the inevitable comparison of Bland with B.B. King (inevitable given their early association, Bobby's sincere bows to King, and the fact that between them, double-harnessed, they have drawn the carriage of modern blues), for King, unlike most of his Memphis cohorts, leans toward Mississippi. You can hear it in his harsh, ringing stridency, the unwavering urgency, the sameness of songs which sometimes seem arbitrarily lopped from one giant gamey salami, and in his sour blackbread sound as contrasted with Bland's whole wheat.

If King has defined the character of urban blues, Bland finds the definition

too narrow for his don't-fence-me-in Texas approach. For Bobby, the blues are individual pieces of music, many shapes and hues, whether savage, swinging, pensive, plaintive, shouted or softspoken, or an undercurrent which can swell to swamp a ballad. Traits of the sturdy, blues-inflected tradition to which he belongs. The sound of the Southwest is never stronger than when Bland opens out, band rearing up behind him. For one who's lived in North Texas, it can recall the taste of jube jubes, pecans toasting in a big flat pan, old men called Cap'n, the caned seats of parlor cars on the "Katy" (M-K-T) line, and towheaded Texan youth in crinkle-crepe shirts popping fingers to "nigger music."

Any account of Bobby Blue Bland must culminate with a live performance, all ingredients come together—people, band, and Bobby. Last March, Bland had a one-week engagement in neutral territory, the Plugged Nickel, a jazz club on Chicago's tourist-trodden Wells Street, the seam between the Northside native quarter and the atmospheric Old Town residential section.

I arrive 11:30 Saturday night, find the door locked, affixed with a hastily made sign: the club is filled but the door will re-open for the one o'clock set. A chill night, people waiting outside. Inside, at last, place crowded with black people of all admissible ages, descriptions, combinations. And a few young white men clearly of the brotherhood James Bey claims "used to daydream of hitch-hiking to Houston to see if Dzondria LaSac (who writes liner notes for Duke Records) is as wild as her name." A quartet on stand, holding the customers at bay until arrival of the star. They operate out of Tulsa under the name Ernie Fields Jr., Inc. Fields is an affable modern tenorman doubling flute and trumpet. Other stockholders are fluent guitarist Odell Stokes, Miss Bettie Moore—an organist with a ladylike but grooving touch, and drummer Buster Peoples. They do the restricted repertoire which goes with the job. Miss Moore sings *Go Away, Little Boy* and a stalwart *Chain Of Fools*, musicians leaning into mikes to deliver the "Hooop!" punctuation a la Aretha's recording. They are jazz oriented; it might be nice to hear them burn, but that isn't why they're being paid. The audience stirs when the quartet is joined by trumpeters Joe Scott and Shakey, and Peoples is relieved by Bobby's personal drummer, Hal Poitier. A bringdown to see the band shrunk to six pieces, but Scott keeps the sound starched and hearty. They jam, veteran Shakey playing nimble jazz, then, upon signal from Scott, jouncing into the joyous, urging *Turn On Your Love Light*.

Bobby saunters to the stand, passes a hand over one side of his process, sleek as a Cadillac hearse, twits his nose, curls his tongue, toys with the microphone cord, then sliks Prez-like into the vocal; "Without a warning. . ." It's as though someone had indeed lit a love-lamp. You can feel body temperatures rise throughout the room. Bobby glows like a party lantern, eyes grand, smile pleased to be there. Larry Kart, hearing a few Bland recordings, promptly hit upon a resemblance to

Gene Ammons. Same robust sound, ability to hug a ballad or blues to his chest while dancing with it, the same open communication with an audience. My table partner, a dapper young gentleman, nods at the start of every second or third tune, confiding each time, "That's my favorite song, man!" Bobby's deep, touching *I'll Take Care Of You. These Hands. St. James Infirmary. That's The Way Love Is. The mighty I Pity The Fool*, band shouting at his shoulders; "Look at the people! I know you wonder what they're doin'. They just standin' there. . . Watchin' you make a fool of me". *THE FEELING IS GONE*. His great *Ain't Nothing You Can Do*. The band rises up screaming—like to tear your head off.

A joy to watch Bobby's way with women. He is equally popular with both sexes, a Clark Gable thing, but men are more cool about showing it and the women more fun to watch. Having brought my lovely, soulful little wife Tuesday night, she remarked she hadn't realized how much she had missed that kind of music, perhaps thinking of courting days when we'd rendezvous at a greasy spoon (Lord knows, I've had my fill of speckled cafe coffee; my plastic cup runneth over) where the jukebox alternated Bland's tremendous *Ain't That Loving You* with Ammons' *Twistin' The Jug*. When Bobby went into *Save Your Love For Me*, she melted away. There's his manner, bashful boy playing at being bold, and that voice, the kind of voice which gently undoes their underthings. The most gorgeous male sound since Eckstine, yet more pungent, smooth and lustrous as fine marcel but underneath and around the edges you can feel the good natural nap, just as behind the suave singer onstage in applegreen shawl-collar outfit is the Bobby Bland between sets in a cramped dressing room, sitting in do-rag and underwear. Women work with Bobby, urge him on, encourage his innuendos, call out requests—not all of them for songs. *Stormy Monday*. Bobby drops to one knee before a fullblown gal at a front table ("Sunday I go to church, and I kneel down. . ."). The woman at the next table scolds, "You better be praying, down on your knees like that!" She and her girlfriend, working-girls in their late twenties, are out for a good time and, gently juiced, are having it. Yet become suddenly demure when Bobby comes into the audience to work. Ending the set, he pins them with *Driftin'* ("Bye bye baby. . ."). Bobby BLUE Bland. The blues gather and thicken around him, Joe Scott glancing about with impish eyes, the band just ripping it up, Bobby throws his head onto right shoulder to loose his politely raucous squall. The blues come down.

I had a finish planned. Open up to Bobby Blue Bland, I wanted to urge. Turn on your love light. Call on him. He'll take care of you. But a speech from the woman at the next table unwittingly summarized Bobby's appeal. Tugging my sleeve to offer thanks and apologies for relying upon me to light her cigarettes all night, she explained, "I believe in letting a man be a gentleman," adding, after a pause, "and all things good." 

WEST SIDE SOUL: MAGIC SAM by Michael Cuscuna



MAY FLEHLAGE

MORE IMPORTANT than the fact that many rock musicians are quite serious, proficient, and to a degree creative is the phenomenon of blues and jazz reaching a large young audience. The recent successes of B.B. King, Junior Wells, John Handy and Gary Burton verify this trend.

Of course most blues, especially country blues, and most jazz, especially experimental jazz, will never enjoy as widespread acceptance and large royalty checks as rock's leading exponents, but out of Mississippi—and more recently out of Chicago's west side—has come a young man with firm command of the blues and of his audience.

Samuel Maghett was born in February 1937 in a small Mississippi town, where he found enough time after school and chores on his parents' farm to make himself a primitive guitar and begin playing.

Had his life been limited to this locale, he might have remained a regional name as a talented country blues player or an interesting hillbilly musician. (Considering the presence of Charlie Price in *Grand Ole Opry*, Sam's activity in that southern white musical form would not have been so unlikely.)

"I really dug hillbilly music," he says. "Everyone played together and got along. There wasn't much prejudice where I was brought up. I still like hillbilly music and all kinds of music from jazz to country blues."

In 1950, Sam's family moved to Chicago, and there he found a new style of existence. Music became a more important part of his life, and he was now able to hear many of his early idols, whom he

lists as Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup, John Lee Hooker, and later, B.B. King. (Crudup, incidentally, has recently come out of retirement to record for Delmark records and perform for a new generation of blues fans.)

While still in high school, Sam met Shakey Jake, a colorful and active member of the Chicago blues scene.

"Jake really encouraged me to work at my music and was more like a father to me than anything else," Sam said. "I used to practice with Jake and bassist Mack Thompson quite a bit in the early '50s."

Simultaneously, he was developing his singing with a Chicago family Gospel group known as the Morning View Special. In 1954, Jake became an even more instrumental figure in Sam's career when he persuaded Muddy Waters to let the young musician sit in at the 708 Club. The club owner was so impressed that he hired Magic Sam's group for the next week.

Army service took Sam from the local scene for several years, but by the early '60s he was a favorite performer on the west side. Putting more emphasis on singing, he began working with some frequency at north and west side clubs, doing radio broadcasts, and cutting single records for the Chief label.

By 1966, he had recorded several moderately successful singles for the Crash label, and a year later began playing to young white audiences at college concerts and similar functions throughout the midwest.

"When I was playing for some kids at

the Holiday Inn in Milwaukee," he recalled, "one of the ladies in charge asked me what was wrong. She couldn't understand why the kids weren't dancing and making noise. They just sat, listened, and observed. They are really into what's going on. They're ready to hear things; they want to hear things."

As for white youth's active participation in the blues, Sam is more open-minded than many in his field. "What Mike Bloomfield and those guys are doing is alright," he said. "They are doing what we are doing, only in their own way. And they're doing a hell of a job. But as for white artists, I really dig the Righteous Brothers because they are into something else. But I'm not interested in talking race. I couldn't feel comfortable with racial prejudice or racial anything because it would be too much of a burden and would get in way of my music and my life. Besides, it wouldn't be an honest feeling on my part. A man-to-man relationship is what's important."

One of the most significant boosts to Magic Sam's career beyond the Chicago area is the release of *West Side Soul*, his first album as a leader for the Delmark label (DS 9615). Thanks to that LP, he has been finding more work in rock auditoriums and at colleges. He is not about to forget Chicago, though, and plays at west side clubs with his own band and Mighty Joe Young's band whenever possible.

West Side Soul includes Mighty Joe, second guitar, and Stockholm Slim, piano, and several of Sam's tracks on a forthcoming anthology feature the tenor saxophone of Eddie Shaw, but his basic blues band consists of bassist Mack Thompson, a drummer, and himself.

"I may add a piano player, but the live band will just be the trio for now," he explained. "I don't want to use horns because that's almost jazz. It's kind of cheating because you can get lazy and hide behind the horns. A smaller group requires more work, but that's how I want to perform."

And a small group is all Sam needs to transmit his forceful, solid city blues. His love for funky jazz and his early Gospel experience contribute to the distinctive sounds he produces from his guitar and his moving singing voice. Interesting is his tendency to retain the basic blues progression but vary the length of the line from 12 to 16 bars or any other length.

As opportunities open up for Magic Sam's blues band, he says he is becoming more concerned about the music and its presentation. "I don't worry about success although I want to play to as many people as possible," he said. "If it's going to happen, that will take care of itself. I'm concerned with getting myself together, being comfortable in all situations, and giving a good performance. I want people to listen to me, not talk about how I mess around or play drunk or use dope or anything. I can't use any of that."

If you wonder how Magic Sam acquired his professional name, listen to his music.



"Then he made the sky blue."

After the Rain
Muddy Waters

Cadet Concept
LPS-320
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"Concept 12"
Stereo



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Giller, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Irvin Moskowitz, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ good, ★ fair, ★ poor.

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Gene Ammons—Sonny Stitt

WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN—Prestige 7606: *Red Sails in the Sunset; But Not For Me; A Pair of Red Pants; We'll Be Together Again; A Mess; New Blues Up and Down; My Foolish Heart; Water Jug; Autumn Leaves; Time On My Hands.*

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; John Houston, piano; Buster Williams, bass; George Brown, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Here is an exciting and rewarding meeting between two old cronies, originally recorded, according to Bob Porter's Ammons discography, in August, 1961. It's a straight-away, uncomplicated, unpretentious unaffected swing session, backed by an excellent rhythm section.

Ammons demonstrates the considerable size of his tone throughout, and especially on the second chorus of *Pants*, which suggests Lester Young magnified to about the 10th power. Stitt, too, digs in hard for this one, but his travels across the scales take him to a dead end by the finish of his second chorus. The transition from his solo to the ensemble rideout is illogical and abrupt. His chorus doesn't conclude; it just stops.

But to single out minor and fleeting flaws such as this is inappropriate, since the overall quality and impact of the music is high. *A Mess* is a medium to up-tempo riff blues, which literally swings from the first bar and never lets up. Stitt takes solo honors, but both men fight to a draw in a series of mighty exchanges near the end. Here some marvelous ideas emerge.

Up and Down is another swinger in which Ammons and Stitt (in that order on all solo sequences) wail through an ensemble blues chorus and slash away at each other in a series of choruses, to the great delight of the listener. They end up shouting at each other in an exciting, though perhaps a somewhat monotonous, wrap up. Other tracks in this mold are *Water*, a 32-bar format, and *But Not For Me*, in which the heat is somewhat less intense.

Stitt plays alto on *Time* and *Foolish*, both ballad treatments, as are *Together* and *Autumn*.

By now, Stitt and Ammons can be considered elder statesmen of the bop generation. As one would expect, Parkerisms abound throughout the tapestry of this LP. But it is not a collection of clichés, not in the hands of these vital and swinging pros. —McDonough

Herb Hall

OLD TYME MODERN—Sackville 3003: *Old Fashioned Love; All of Me; Buddy Bolden's Blues; Crying My Heart Out For You; Swinging Down Sbau's Hall; Beale Street Blues; How Come You Do Me Like You Do; Willow Weep For Me; Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans; Sweet Georgia Brown.*

Personnel: Hall, clarinet; Claude Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The Saints and Sinners

THE SAINTS AND SINNERS IN EUROPE—MPS 15174: *Sugar; Blues In My Heart; Little Rock Getaway; If I Had You; The Hucklebuck; Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans; Soft Buns; After Hours; Canadian Sunset.*

Personnel: Herman Autrey, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Rudy Powell, clarinet, alto saxophone; Red Richards, piano; Dan Matri, bass; George Reed, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Two little groups of old pros, going about the business of music-making in the time-proven way. Hall's is four-sixths of the Jazz Giants, an all-star band of veterans assembled more than a year ago for a gig in Toronto; the Saints, co-led by Richards and Dickenson, have been organized more than a decade, and have worked fairly regularly.

Hall's group has, not surprisingly, the air of the pick-up about it; its routines, excepting a casual intro here and coda there, are blowing ones. Richards, on the other hand, has polished the S&S' repertoire and charts through the years, put things where he wants them and kept them there.

My liking for Hall's album has increased with each playing. It may sound, at first, a bit desultory—at least it did to me; maybe I was anticipating something else. Some of the tempos are brighter than one might expect—*Bolden's* takes on an entirely new cast, sounding like some cute but anonymous jump tune; *Love*, too, is well up; *Beale* gets the familiar Condon tempo. But this is wise, I think, in that it helps to sustain interest. *Georgia* begins with some relaxed clarinet-and-toms *Sing Sing Sing* stuff and fades out the same way, with three oddly subdued choruses in between (after a building intro like that, I expected the four to hit—bam!—on one, but they reacted oppositely, and fell away from it. It's almost a shy performance, or a disinterested one.) Hopkins and Shaw play energetically and strongly—a lot of stride from Claude—and Buzzy sounds a bit more like his younger self (full of p. and v.) than on the Giants' LP. There are a few minor musical flaws, none serious enough to call for another take. In his own notes, Herb says ". . . I have no particular guy who is my idol . . . I don't have an influence. . . ." Ah, Herbert, come now!

I've heard the S&S sporadically, flesh and wax, since the old days with Norm Murphy, Joe Barifauldi, and Barrett Deems. Reed is the newest member here. (I last saw the band in Columbus around '65, when Buster Bailey was still alive, and they had a beautiful little drummer named Jackie Williams. We used to run over after our gig to catch their last set, and it was always something!)

The band's weak point has always been its reedman, though Barifauldi was frequently a stimulating soloist. Bailey was,

in his later years, often a cold, mechanical player (Murphy has said he loved Buster's ensemble work). Powell is a capable saxophonist who plays just enough clarinet to get by; his efforts on *New Orleans* tip him. On alto, he establishes the band in the mainstream, where it was inevitably headed since its inception. The nods to "Dixieland" are token ones. (Reed's fluent but colorless drumming is the most contemporaneous sound the band has; with a Jo Jones, it would be more of a piece.)

Vic and Autrey sing *Sugar* and *New Orleans* respectively; *Gateway* is Red's, with the predictable band riff and halftime going out; *You* is a feature for Rudy. *Buns* is an original of Red's that sounds like four bars of Kenton spliced to four more of down-home; it and *Hucklebuck* have most of the up-tempo blowing space. *Heart*, though, is the album's standout—nearly nine minutes of bare-bone jazz, with a central solo by Autrey that should resolve any lingering doubts about his greatness.

The S&S session was recorded last year on April Fool's Day, in the Black Forest, by those crafty elves Jo Berendt and Hans Maurer. Hall's was made mid-January last, with *Coda* editor John Norris overseeing. Good shows, gentlemen.

I nearly forgot—the prettiest moments on Hall's album come in the *Crying* track. It, as the S&S' *Heart*, is alone worth the album's cost. —Jones

Chico Hamilton

THE GAMUT—Solid State 18043: *Dah!-Doo-Dah; The Second Time Around; Jonathan's Theme; People Will Say We're In Love; Blow, Jim, Blow; Third Wing On The Left Side Of An Eagle; Broadway; MSP; Theme For A Woman.*

Personnel: Jimmy Cleveland, Britt Woodman, William Campbell, trombones; Jimmy Cheatham, bass trombone; Danny Banks, flute; Stephen Potts, Russel Andrews, saxophones; Jan Arnett, bass; Hamilton, drums; Jackie Arnold, voice; Cheatham, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The gamut that this album runs is flatteringly narrow: from swing that cooks to swing that erupts, garnished with liberal portions of musical humor. The whole thing leaves such a pleasant afterglow that it must have been a fun session.

One thing Hamilton is obviously serious about is providing showcases—one of his better-known characteristics. He's given Jimmy Cheatham free rein in terms of charts, and Cheatham has responded with nine tasteful swingers that vary the blend of his challenging instrumentation.

The drummer has declined solo space for himself, yet every track is generously sprinkled with solo statements from his sidemen. He produced the album, but his liner comments are exclusively devoted to his soloists' efforts and those of Cheatham.

Dah!-Doo-Dah, reminiscent of *Blue Lou*, immediately establishes the Cheatham for-

mula of using Miss Arnold's voice an octave above the deep blend of the trombones. Equally gratifying is the free-feeling dialogue between Potts and Andrews over trombone jabs. *Second Time Around* is a relaxed swinger that phrases with a concerted sound about as close as you can get to the actual lyrics. Enhancing that feeling, of course, is Miss Arnold's doubling of the lead alto. Outstanding is the gap-filling by bassist Arnett.

Another Cheatham gets into the act on *Jonathan's Theme*; it was written by Jimmy's wife, Jeanie. It's a smooth jazz waltz that features all-too-short statements by Potts and Andrews and some excellent backstopping by El Chico. An unidentified male voice joins Miss Arnold's for a subtle unison fling at *People Will Say* over equally subtle rhythm. Arnett's full-bodied tone again is a highpoint; so are Chico's choked cymbal crashes over the put-on corn of tenorist Andrews.

Blow Jim Blow is Cleveland's chance to shine, and shine he does, right out of a fast Latin head with a cluster topped by Banks' flute. Cleveland's solo, over Chico's pulsating Latin foundation and Arnett's probing bass lines is a virtual trombone lesson. Another type of trombone lesson—this one on plunging—comes in the Ellingtonish *Third Wing*, featuring Woodman. *Broadway* is the only disappointment: Miss Arnold's forte is obligato or doubling; when she sings "straight" she tends to strain, and her falsetto reveals uncertain intonation.

MSP stands for "Meet Stephen Potts," and his "coming out" is impressive. Although his tone is cluttered by too much echo, it is clear that he has a lot to say—even over a monochordal montuna affair. *Theme For A Woman* is a moody, sensitive piece with a feeling of movements built in. It begins as a broad legato melody over a smooth up-tempo pulse, then segues to an impressive vehicle for Banks' flute. The whole affair ends on a wild, half-free, half-controlled level, with Chico's rhythmic interferences cutting across the ensemble.

—Siders

Johnny Hodges

RIPPIN' & RUNNIN'—Verve V6-8753: *Cue Time*; *Rio Segundo*; *Jeep Bounces Back*; *Rippin' and Runnin'*; *Touch Love*; *Tell Everybody's Children*; *Moonflower*.

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Willie Gardner, organ; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

Rating: ★★

This session takes Johnny Hodges out of the Ellington fabric and out of the company of his musical contemporaries, places him in a rhythm-section-plus-organ context, and results in a pleasant series of tracks that are likely neither to diminish nor enhance Hodges' enormous reputation.

It's not that these are inferior Hodges offerings. He performs with an implacable professionalism. Most of Hodges' best sessions, however, have been in the company of other established greats of his era—Earl Hines, Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison, Harry Carney, Duke, et al. The result has been a more rich and varied musical tapestry for the Hodges horn. The setting here may be "contemporary," as the liner notes point out, but the Ellington context is ageless.

Still, there is a rich portion of Hodges

in top form here. *Touch* offers a spirited chorus over a lively pattern of rhythm. Hodges sits out most of *Children*, which is taken up by a lengthy, rippling, and very busy organ solo. A lot of notes get played, but not much gets said.

Moonflower is the outstanding track, an attractive tune played in straight 4/4 at an easy tempo. It's all Hodges, except for a swinging guitar chorus by Ponder. *Rippin' and Runnin'* does a lot of both, but never really catches hold.

Jeep Bounces Back will sound familiar to many. For those who can't place it, it's essentially the same tune as the title track in the 1964 *Everybody Knows* session for Impulse.

—McDonough

Paul Jeffrey

ELECTRIFYING SOUNDS OF THE PAUL JEFFREY QUINTET—Savoy MG-12192: *Made Minor Blue*; *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry*; *The Dreamer*; *Ecclesiology*; *Green Train*; A. V. G.

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpeter; Jeffrey, tenor saxophone with Gibson Maestro attachment; George Cables, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Billy Hart, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This, Jeffrey's first LP, is apparently overdue. It's an impressive debut, in any event. Jeffrey has been around for some time and has played with Illinois Jacquet, Howard McGhee and Maynard Ferguson. He's a capable tenor man and a fine composer.

Five of the compositions here were

THE HORACE SILVER QUINTET
SERENADE TO A SOUL SISTER

BST 84277

BLUE NOTE

HORACE SILVER

THE HORACE SILVER QUINTET
YOU GOTTA TAKE A LITTLE LOVE

BST 84309

BLUE NOTE

the jody grind
HORACE SILVER QUINTET SETTEL

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written by Jeffrey and include some fine pieces. On the up-tempo *A. V. G.* an 18-bar form is used. Most of *The Dreamer* is written in 3/4 but it has an up-tempo, eight-bar 4/4 section. *Green Ivan* is notable for its good, fresh chord changes.

Jeffrey employs a Gibson Maestro attachment, which allows him to play octave unison lines. During *Tears*, on which he turns in his most impressive playing, however, he works without the attachment. His tone on this track is broad and smooth and warm. It's a fairly unusual tone, and I wish I'd been able to hear more of it. I don't want to sound like I'm against progress, but I don't think Jeffrey employs the Gibson device creatively on this LP and I wish he hadn't used it.

Anyway, in addition to producing a pretty tone on *Tears* Jeffrey improvises some melodically attractive lines; he seems to be a fine ballad player.

On the other tracks Jeffrey plays competently. His style seems to be drawn from a variety of sources and he doesn't sound to me like anyone else in particular. He plays vigorously and is fairly inventive. At times, however, as on *A. V. G.*, his work doesn't have good continuity.

Owens performs very well. He is one of the finest trumpeters to emerge since Freddie Hubbard. His work here is inspired; he improvises passionately, sometimes violently, and plays fresh, meaty lines.

Cables' playing is reminiscent of McCoy Tyner's. His solo work is lucid, firm and inventive, and he performs discreetly and effectively in the rhythm section. On the basis of his playing on this LP he appears to be an intelligent, sensitive musician.

Ridley does a sound job in the rhythm section. He solos thoughtfully, constructing his spots solidly. —Pekar

Albert King

LIVE WIRE/BLUES POWER—Stax 2003: *Watermelon Man; Blues Power; Night Stomp; Blues at Sunrise; Please Love Me; Look Out.*

Personnel: King, guitar, vocals; unidentified rhythm guitar, organ, bass, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a solid but unspectacular album by one of the major blues players. He is not in Riley B.'s ballpark, however, and it is disconcerting to see the frequency with which the Kings (B.B., Albert, Freddie) are lumped together as peers. You can make a case for Albert as a slightly better country blues singer than B.B.; his voice is richer, and he is typically less mannered than B.B. But on guitar, forget it.

And Albert has been better on record. There's a lot of waste space, and the album doesn't really get going until the third cut. The 10-minute *Blues Power* is broken up by long, cliched raps to the audience ("... eeeev-rybody has the blues..."), and his guitar work doesn't become interesting until after the second such mini-monologue. Even then, there are a couple aimless choruses, two choruses using the slurred, held fifth as the focal point, *a la* B.B., and finally, in the fifth chorus, some individual and appealing figures.

There are, unhappily, only two vocals on the set, *Sunrise* and B.B.'s *Love Me*. Both are good, and *Sunrise*, with its deep country roots and sincerely conveyed melancholy, is especially fine. The two-chorus guitar intro is also wonderfully mournful.

The best cut is *Night Stomp*, set in a churning tempo. On approximately every other chorus, the first four bars are solo guitar without rhythm, and King carries those sections with great power. Some of the phrasing is unique—so much so that he loses the rhythm section on their sixth chorus entry. Some lovely downward-slurred chords along the way, and in the eighth and ninth choruses he brings the mood way down in the alley, picking quietly and sparsely with only bass and drum backing. Good use of feedback in the last chorus, and a sudden ending . . . pause . . . big coda using a suspended chord. Damn fine performance.

The dynamic contrast between the seventh and eighth choruses of *Night Stomp* is characteristic. It is one of King's best tools, and he uses it frequently and nearly always effectively. The programming on the album is admirable, too: good tempo variety, aided by a sympathetic rhythm section. (Why no identification?)

But those who were awakened to King by his last Stax LP, *Born Under a Bad Sign*, are advised to sift through earlier King sides, or to wait for the next, which, one hopes, will have more vocals on it. Be nice if this one sold well; King has paid his dues. He's better than he shows himself here, though. —Heineman

Freddie King

FREDDIE KING IS A BLUES MASTER—Cotillion SD 9004: *Play It Cool; That Will Never Do; It's Too Late, She's Gone; Blue Shadows; Today I Sing the Blues; Get out of My Life, Woman; Hideaway; Funky; Hot Tomato; Wide Open; Sweet Thing; Let Me Down Easy.* Collective Personnel: Joe Newman, Melvin Lastie, Martin Banks, trumpets; King Curtis, David Newman, Willie Bridges, saxophones; James Booker, Jerry Illingworth, keyboard instruments; King, guitar and vocals; Billy Butler, guitar; Gerry Jemmott, bass; Norman Pride, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Blues have enjoyed a certain commercial popularity recently with men like B.B. King playing before large audiences of young middle-class white people. Of course, this is a welcome occurrence in that some fine performers are getting more recognition.

However, it's unfortunate that some bluesmen without a great deal to offer have become popular while certain others who are major figures deserve far more attention. Magic Sam, for example, is one of the best and most original modern blues singers and guitarists around today, but relatively few people are aware of his excellence.

Freddie King is another bluesman whose work deserves far more recognition.

King has a rather unusual background. He was born in Texas but moved to Chicago where he got into the blues scene, playing with Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters and Sonny Boy Williamson. He has also enjoyed a certain amount of success in the r&b field, recording some commercial, sometimes gimmicky selections (which were nevertheless often interesting) that were aimed at r&b and r&r fans rather than hard-core blues lovers.

King is mainly important as a guitarist. He has, in fact, recorded a number of instrumental selections. His playing has something in common with B.B. King's but he is obviously his own man. A col-

lection of his work on the King label (King 964) demonstrates that he was deeply involved in experimenting with the electronic characteristics of the electric guitar some years ago. Some of his piercing high-note playing, in fact, indicates to me that he influenced Mike Bloomfield. (In fact, after becoming aware of the similarities in their playing I questioned someone personally acquainted with Mike Bloomfield who confirmed my belief, remarking that Bloomfield was familiar with and influenced by Freddie's work.)

King is a fine technician and his playing swings more than most blues guitarists'. For this reason, jazz fans may dig him.

On this LP, King performs in small band and big band contexts. The quality of the selections varies quite a bit. I wish I could say that this is the Freddie King LP, but it leaves much to be desired. As a matter of fact, the Freddie King LP hasn't been cut yet.

Some of the selections are novelty instrumentals; catchy but far from profound. King's playing on them occasionally shows that he's been influenced somewhat by c&w music.

The best tracks on the album are those on which King sings and plays. He has a big timbre and an adequate range and sings with a fair amount of grace and flexibility. He's a tasteful, sometimes relaxed singer but he can shout powerfully too.

His guitar playing on these selections is impressive, and his solos indicate that he really knows what he's doing. Unfortunately, he is sometimes badly recorded and some of the bite of his playing is dulled in the process.

The record industry should provide the opportunity for a performer of King's stature to perform consistently at his best throughout at least one LP. —Pekar

Blue Mitchell

COLLISION IN BLACK—Blue Note 84300: *Collision in Black; Deeper in Black; Jo Ju Ja; Blue on Black; Swabill's Suite; Monk'n' Around; Keep Your Nose Clean; I Ain't Jivin'; Digging in the Dirt; Who Dun It; Kick It; Keep Your Soul.*

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; Jack Remond, Dick Hyde, trombones; Anthony Ortega, tenor saxophone; Monk Higgins, tenor saxophone piano, organ; Jim Horn, Ernie Watts, flutes; Al Vesco, guitar; Miles Grayson, piano, percussion; Dee Ervin, organ, percussion; Bob West, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; John Cyr, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

The Soulful Strings

IN CONCERT—Cadet 820: *Listen Here; I Wish It Would Rain; You're All I Need; Pavanne; There Was a Time; Oboe Flats; I'm a Girl Watcher; Claire de Lune; MacArthur Park.*

Personnel: Lennie Druss, oboe, flute; Bobby Christian, vibraphone; Phil Upchurch, Ron Steele, guitars; others unidentified.

Rating: ★

Although the largest outlet for both these releases will be the AM radio stations, they are radically different. Mitchell has clearly aimed at making the Top 40. More power to him. The longest cut on the album is 3:38, however; why don't jazz players get smart and put a couple singles-oriented cuts on albums containing more extended music that reflects what they're really into? The rock bands learned this a long time ago.

The Soulful Strings sides, on the other hand, will be played—if at all—on those

music-to-iron-shirts-by daytime shows, It's sufficiently *au courant*, in terms of the songs chosen, to make the housewife think she's digging on what her kids are hearing without distracting her by including anything remotely of musical interest.

The Mitchell things are very nice to listen to. There's a certain sameness to Monk Higgins' arrangements, but a couple of the tunes explore 7/4 signatures (*Collision, Digging*), and *Soul* is a gassy blues waltz. The voicings, especially the use of flutes, are rich and appropriate, for the most part. *Swahilli*, however, sounds Spanish, not African, and *Jo Ju Ja* is oddly remindful of Henry Mancini.

The solos aren't terribly meaty or impressive. The leader has a couple nice statements on *Jo Ju Ja* and *Soul*, and his phrasing of the pretty ballad *Blue on Black* is masterful. On many of the other cuts, though, he doesn't demonstrate nearly enough economy. Higgins, who wrote seven of the tunes, is featured several times on tenor, but shows no originality, although there's a passable exchange of fours between him and Mitchell for two choruses on *Monkin'*, a blues. (Higgins also makes damn sure you know he's around: exclusive of composing credit, his name appears five times in the other credits.)

Consequently, the tunes and charts are all that're left to talk about, and they are, as mentioned, attractively funky. Among the other good ones are *Clean*, a 44-bar composition with blues choruses and an 8-bar bridge, and *Kick It*, an up-tempo blues

that will probably get the most singles promotion. The only ringer is *Deeper*, a blatant spin-off from Duke Pearson's *Cristo Redentor* and not nearly so moving as the original.

This is—and there's utterly no depreciation intended—a great set for a car's tape system. Let's hope Blue Note hypes it; Mitchell is a fine trumpeter, and deserves to be able to afford to play the music he's best at.

Do *not*, however, purchase the Soulful Strings sides for your car, or you will surely fall asleep at the wheel. The real crime here is that several genuinely good Upchurch solos are buried in the surrounding mediocrity. He has a fine, funky intro and a nice wawa solo on *Rain* and another good couple choruses on Eddie Harris' *Listen Here*, which is set to a lively Latin rhythm.

Whatever happened to Richard Evans? He used to be a first-rate arranger; his charts for Gene Shaw's *Carnival Sketches* were superb. He's handicapped by the instrumentation here, of course; strings, rhythm and Druss' lonely horns, but even so, there's just *nothing* happening. *Claire (sic) de Lune?! Come on, man.* (You haven't lived till you've heard that song played over a slow rick-tick-a-tick beat. Gawd.) Even *MacArthur Park*, not necessarily a great tune but replete with possibilities, is soporifically performed—not even any solos except for Druss' flute riding predictably over the crescendo sections.

The only semi-intriguing chart is Druss' for *Oboe*. The rhythm alternates between

a fast twelve over a slow four and a medium four, and Upchurch does some nice things in his short stint. Druss himself has a gorgeous, round tone on flute but isn't much of a soloist. —Heineman

Thelonious Monk

MONK'S BLUES—Columbia 9806: *Let's Cool One; Reflections; Rootie Tootie; Just A Glance At Love; Brilliant Corners; Consecutive Seconds; Monk's Point; Trinkle Tinkle; Straight No Chaser.*

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Oliver Nelson, conductor, arranger; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★★

While the piano solos are by no means among Monk's best, and in at least two cases must be the worst he has ever recorded, they are nonetheless by far the best reason for purchasing this disgraceful LP. There is a good Rouse solo in *Straight* which sounds like Monk's own current style, a good bass solo in *Point*, and a good, if typical, Oliver Nelson trick in the midst of *Point*: a unison-tenor counter-melody based on the rhythm of the theme pops up in one chorus for no reason at all, and is never heard again.

Otherwise, Rouse is characteristically empty, though at that it is a positive relief to hear his solos follow those of the slick studio trumpeter in *Rootie* and *Point*. Most of his tenor solos are heavily echo-chambered—in *Trinkle*, it sounds as if an electric harpsichord is playing unison. That Nelson's work seems thoughtless and insensitive is not necessarily his fault; these scores would make a respectable background for many less personal soloists.

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The content of Monk's steady decline, at least on LP, since 1959 is stylistic simplification, structural dissipation, and, very often, recollecting the devices of past successes. It began in a period of stylistic flux, while Monk was adjusting his own music to that of his new tenorist, Rouse; the early '60s were the peak of Monk's popularity, and the public success of the Monk-Rouse partnership may help explain why they've stayed together so long. Yet the height of Monk's creative powers was some years before. The past decade has found Monk rethinking his whole approach to music; if the process has been a decline, it is nonetheless one through which only the finest artists pass.

(As LeRoi Jones pointed out in *Down Beat* a few years ago, there remain those rare, golden times when Monk, as though performing for his own satisfaction, forgets his current conservatism and presents truly intense, daring, dissonant, disjunct piano—Monk is still the compleat pianist, and his modern-day work is a product of choice, not nature.)

Monk's response to the Nelson band's volume and lushness is to begin each solo by restating the theme, usually for purposes of contrast, right-handed, then continuing with largely melodic improvisations. The two Teo Macero songs (*Love; Seconds*) excepted, and in spite of the unfortunate speeded-up tempos, Monk does play good piano solos—but the sometime rhythmic consonances, the recurrence of long-familiar ideas, the relative lack of internal variety, and the general failure of Monk's personal sense of tension and design indicate an abandoning of vital qualities while retaining others at least equally personal but less, pardon the expression, magical.

Faced with the demand to score yet another session, Nelson hauled out the handful of familiar devices he had perfected by 1962—remember that at the time he was a highly promising composer-arranger—and expected that they would be enough. Nelson's basic lack of sympathy for Monk's music is forgivable—a heavy-handed manipulator of sound and texture, Nelson's sense of structures is classically simple, random, and in most records other than this, effective. What is not forgivable is the consistent banality of Nelson's work here, for there is almost nothing original in his scores to make a fair case for his own music as opposed to Monk's.

And it is opposed to Monk's. Nelson's vulgarizations of Monk's music is a pain in the ears: the rhythm guitar that piddles about while Monk solos, the held chords during the themes, the band interruptions of Monk's solos, the tempos, the choice of material (*Point* is a poor line), the instant-big-band-shlock intros to *Trinkle* (a fanfare, no less), *Reflections* (a flute tone-poem, good grief!), and *Rootie* (since it has no imaginable relation to the theme, Nelson uses it for a coda also), the distortion of the *Corners* line. With all this going on, Monk hardly had a chance to begin with.

The two foulest tracks are songs by Macero, who dreamed up and produced the whole travesty—one an unbelievably trivial pop ballad stolen from an old show

hit, the other a melodyless boogaloo. Man, that far-out Monk is sure hip. Man, Monk is sure a freak: dig the way-out cover, the super-hip liner notes about Big Daddy Sphere (man, even his name is from outer space). The whole original idea of making a freak-show LP with a genius of small-band music and a fashionable, totally incompatible big band indicates a desperate attempt at a trashy hit record. That these efforts fail, despite mindless vulgarities that stagger belief, is due to Monk's innate musicality—and nobody, friends, screws around with that.

—Litweiler

Louie Shelton

TOUCH ME—Warner Bros-Seven Arts 1793: *Theme for a Rainy Day; Bora Bora; Son-of-a-Preacher Man; Medley—Traces; She's Leaving Home; Those Were the Days; A Walk in the Country; A Whiter Shade of Pale; Interlude; I Wanna Be Free; Everyday People; Touch Me; The Weight; Evolution; Respect.*

Personnel: Shelton, guitars, balalaika; John Gally, keyboard bass, organ; Bill Lewis or Jim Gordon, drums; The Johnny Mann Singers or The Blossoms, vocals; other unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Since the press release that accompanied this album states that "in Louie, Warners believes they have found a talent who will soon be comparable to the late Wes Montgomery," and since I am a fan of guitar music, I put this disc on almost immediately.

Well, Shelton's abilities notwithstanding, the label's claim is excessive. Shelton is hardly likely—at least at this stage of his career—to fill Montgomery's shoes, though he does turn in a number of creditable performances as featured voice in this program of salon rock. In the main, what we have here is listenable rock-flavored background music—lush, tasty, very hip-sounding but, finally, pretty lightweight stuff.

A veteran of the Nashville recording scene and a busy studio musician since arriving in Los Angeles several years ago, Shelton displays good chops and tone on acoustic and electric guitar, and plays with taste and directness throughout the album but scarcely demonstrates the improvisational gifts that Warners' comparison would suggest (in all fairness, one should not hold his label's ballyhooing against Shelton). His playing skates pleasantly over the surfaces of the tunes, but little of moment or substance is developed in the course of his solos—certainly nothing that would merit sustained replaying of the performances.

The album is, in its way, a model of Hollywood salon rock: smooth, glossy surfaces, beautifully played; obviously the result of long, careful production—but all icing and no cake. Shelton himself reveals great promise; if he wanted to become a jazz player he probably could. He's got the technical equipment in abundance, and he's written a number of nice, contemporary pieces; all he needs is something to say and the musical-rhetorical gifts to say it.

—Welding

The Sound of Feeling

SPLEEN—Limelight 86083: *Hurdy Gurdy Man; Hex; Up Into Silence; The Time Has Come for Silence; Along Came Sam; The Sound of Silence; Spleen; Mixolydian Mode.*

Personnel: Joe Roccisano, soprano and alto saxophones, flute, percussion; Emil Richards, microtonal vibraharp, percussion; Gayle Levant, harp; Gary David, piano, vocals; Fred Katz, cello. Ray Neapolitan, Dave Parlato, basses; Maurice Miller, drums; Paul Beaver, Moog Synthesizer;

Alyce and Rhae Andrece, vocals.

Rating: none

This music is serious, ambitious, complex and abstract. It is, as well, music which conventional jazz and rock reviewers are likely to be ill-prepared to deal with, utilizing as it does advanced harmonic theory, microtonal theory, and other unfamiliar modes. Leonard Feather produced and annotated the album.

I'm unmoved by most of it, but I'm not at all confident of my ability to evaluate it. Two things bother me chiefly. One: most of the songs are sad-sounding—even, I think, when they're trying not to be. Two: the Andrece sisters have lovely voices and can do all sorts of strange and provocative things with them, but they either cannot or will not hit intervals cleanly when they improvise. They slur, slide and quaver, and some of those effects are brilliant, but I don't hear the songs' innards really being explored.

Hurdy Gurdy illustrates point one. The thrust of Donovan's song is that the cesspool that is society may be rescued, on an individual basis at least, by pure and uncomplicated love and joy, symbolized by the hurdy-gurdy man. Yet the song is voiced mournfully all the way through, and the improvised vocal by one of the sisters continues in that vein. Not until the last chorus does the contrast between what is and what might be come through; in that chorus, the rhythm picks up and propels the reference to the hurdy-gurdy man. That contrast must be stated through-out, I believe.

For me, *Hex* is the most successful track. David explains on the jacket that it's based on a group of six microtones. It's in 7/4, which David characterizes as "an abstract of a boogaloo rhythm"; the effect is similar to that on Freddie Hubbard's *Soul Surge*. It opens with some gay scat harmony by the two chicks, then moves to a microtonal vibes solo by Richards which I don't understand. That ends suddenly, and the voices re-enter, one sister laying some lovely dark counterpoint over a reprise of the opening motif by David and the other sister. The rhythm picks up, and there's an impressive build—one of the few places on the album where rhythm is used as a progressive linear force—but the ending is something of an anti-climax.

Some other fine moments on the sides: good cello work by Katz on *Time Has Come*, a very attractive *basso ostinato* underpinning on *Sam*, and fascinating counterpoint by the sisters to David's melody statement on *Sound of Silence*.

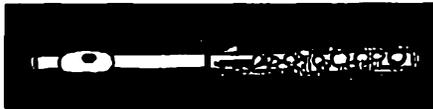
Mixolydian is the longest and most ambitious effort. It's a restructured transcription of a section of Bartok's *Microcosmos*, and most of it is in a kind of trucking 10/4 (or 10/8, maybe); the *Sound of Feeling* is miles away from the rhythmic excitement Don Ellis can create in odd time signatures, however. (Not surprisingly, the personnel includes several Ellis alumni and associates.) The best part of the cut is the beginning: wonderful harmony between the two girls. Later, when David and one sister hold one chord, and then reprise the basic riff, the other sister improvises over it, but those improvisations lack direction, though there are, as usual, some startling and beautiful passages. (I'm

unfamiliar with the Bartok, and so I don't know how much of what is sung is direct transcription.)

Some minor quibbles. David's original lyrics are preachy and often silly. Also, there are three songs about silence—advocating silence—and if we take the lyrics to *Time Has Come* seriously, what the hell are these people doing singing and playing?

But I have to return to my initial responses. The group calls itself the *Sound of Feeling*, and yet what they do is abstract and highly intellectualized. It may be that the ears of their audience and their own skill and scope will grow larger, and their name will be an accurate reflection of their music. At the moment, it sounds to me in large part like theoretical exercises. The exercises are very well performed—they bring off impossible harmonies with precision and grace—although the musical settings Oliver Nelson provided on their first album are richer than those here. The *Sound of Feeling* is an important group, but they don't strike me as being essentially about feeling.

I might be remiss if I didn't say a word about the physical aspect of the Andrece sisters, irrelevant though that be to their recorded work: wow. —Heineman



BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

B.B. King, *His Best—The Electric B.B. King* (BluesWay 6022)

Rating: ★★½

Ike and Tina Turner, *Outta Season* (Blue Thumb 5)

Rating: ★★½

Otis Rush, *Mourning in the Morning* (Cotillion 9006)

Rating: ★★½

Buddy Guy, *Left My Blues in San Francisco* (Chess 1527)

Rating: ★★½

James Cotton, *Cut You Loose* (Vanguard 79283)

Rating: ★★

Junior Wells, *Coming at You* (Vanguard 79262)

Rating: ★★½

The great vogue for electrified modern urban blues continues unabated, as this batch of recent LPs suggests. In responding to the sudden demand for ever more exciting, ever "new" albums of contemporary blues, the recording industry has been busily signing up just about every modern bluesman capable of bending a note or shouting a verse. The flood is upon us, and more is yet to come.

By and large, B.B. King's *Electric BluesWay* LP is disappointing. Chief reason is the palpable lack of excitement, of real commitment to the bulk of the 11 performances. The horn arrangements are unimaginative beyond belief, very dated in feeling, occasionally sloppy in execution, and contribute little. King himself performs adequately but with little of the

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fever he can bring to the blues; the final impression with which one is left is that King's role here is almost perfunctory, as though he could work up little enthusiasm for the recordings. Incidentally, but two of the tracks—*The B.B. Jones* and *You Put It on Me*—are recent recordings and of these only the second possesses any interest and contemporaneity. The balance of the LP is made up of older cuts, some issued as singles (*Sweet Sixteen* is a live performance, probably recorded at The Club in Chicago in 1966), others from previous albums—*Paying the Cost to Be the Boss* appears to be the exact version of this piece included in the earlier LP *Blues on Top of Blues* (BluesWay 6011), from which also derives *All Over Again*, apparently an alternate version of a song called *Worried Dream* in the earlier set. Pretty tired stuff, all around.

While Ike and Tina Turner have been touring with a large, successful revue package for some years, and often are galvanic performers, their recent album for Blue Thumb is only moderately successful. The bulk of the selections are classic modern blues, given simple, straightforward performances by the Turners. Tina Turner can be an eminently satisfying blues shouter—she has a strong, expressive, husky voice and an understated yet powerful dramatic style that often explodes into great excitement—but she seems under wraps here. Then, too, Ike's arrangements are only mildly interesting—fairly conservative for the most part. The pair sound a bit bored with this kind of material, though occasionally one gets a taste of what things might have been in such pieces as *Mean Old World* and *Crazy 'Bout You Baby*. This set just misses, though it's on the right track.

The eagerly awaited first album by Otis Rush is in the main pretty good. That is, it is a fairly exciting album of tasty, modern blues, very much a product of the recording art. The horns and rhythm section are used to produce a great deal of motion and color behind Rush's singing and playing; every recording and arranging trick has been employed by producers Mike Bloomfield and Nick Gravenites to contribute to a sense of excitement. The music often seems too busy, even frantic, the textures too dense; one would have welcomed a more relaxed, open kind of approach on some numbers, if only as a respite from the music's determined motion.

The LP's chief fault, however, is that it isn't really an Otis Rush album in that it takes little cognizance of Rush's distinctive instrumental and vocal skills, reducing him to just another element in the arrangements. Any other modern bluesman could have been substituted with little or no change in the final result, which should suffice to indicate just how completely every vestige of Rush's musical personality has been effaced. Six of the album's 11 pieces, incidentally, were written by the producers, thus explaining Rush's pronounced vocal similarity to Gravenites on these pieces. Maybe next time around something of Rush will find its way onto disc; here he's just one of a number of instruments involved in the production.

Chess have been a lot more successful in capturing on record the intensity and force of Buddy Guy's singing and playing than have Vanguard, for whom the young bluesman has done two albums. Here, for example, Guy's guitar sound is right—strident and ballsy, a real amplified sound, with a strong cutting bite. The music is rough-edged, occasionally ragged, and the textures are often busier than they need be, but the whole program is a fairly successful celebration of the modern Chicago blues style at its funky, raucous best. Charles Stepney and Gene Barge's arrangements are sometimes too explicit and heavy-handed and one could have wished for better intonation and more polish in the execution (it is a studio session, after all) but there's plenty of raw excitement to the set nonetheless. I'll take that over bloodless perfection any day.

Since James Cotton is not a very original or even distinctive blues stylist, he needs the assistance of interesting, inventive arrangements; good, fresh songs; and meticulous production if he is to come over to best advantage on record. This set, unfortunately, fails to ignite, not because of any shortcomings on the part of the supporting musicians or through Wayne Talbert's arrangements, which are sturdy and attractive, but simply because the singer himself has elected to run through a program of well-known pieces associated with other performers. Cotton brings nothing original or new to bear on such as *River's Inviatton* or *Honest I Do*, and so on, but instead offers more or less literal readings that only begin to approximate the strength of the originals. The supporting work of Talbert's band the Melting Pot is far more interesting than that which it buttresses, and Talbert reveals himself as a fine pianist, recalling Red Garland on the long instrumental *Coast Blues*, and organist, as on *Cut You Loose*. Saxophonist Martin Fierro acquits himself commendably too. Best cut on the album is Talbert's *Negative Ten-Four*, featuring Fierro and himself, on which Cotton is not even present. Jimmy just doesn't ever get off the ground here. The rating is primarily for Talbert and the Melting Pot.

Junior Wells' second Vanguard album is relaxed and upreptentious, well played and recorded but I have to say it didn't move me very much. While he has a bit more going for him than does Cotton in terms of a real style, Wells' singing and playing of a batch of blues standards on this set only rarely rise beyond the pale of the routine. He has managed to personalize the songs more fully than has Cotton but still he doesn't add anything of substance to them in his mannered performances. His harmonica playing is tasty and resilient, and Buddy Guy's guitar helps a bit, but there's not very much shaking here. The arrangements are generally unobtrusive but occasionally they get in the way, as on *Little By Little*, *Stop Breaking Down*, and *When My Baby Left Me*, where the out-of-tuneness and overall busyness of the expanded horn section (probably added at a "sweetening" session) are particularly grating. The smaller group performances are much more satisfying.



NAT ADDERLEY BLINDFOLD TEST

Although he has been a permanent member of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet ever since he rejoined his brother in 1959, Nat Adderley has gained significantly in stature with an individual career.

As composer, leader of various recording groups and occasional sideman on record dates, he has reached many audiences through sources other than the quintet. Pop and jazz singers by the hundred have propagandized his name by including *Work Song* in their repertoire. His other tunes cover a wide range of moods, from the gospel jubilation of *New Orleans* and the rocking blues of *Electric Eel* to the evocative laments of *Biafra* and *Haiifa*. All these numbers have been heard in his recent albums as a leader for A&M.

Record No. 4 below was included as a deliberate surprise. Though Nat played on it, I was sure he would not know it had been issued, as the record label wrongly listed Oliver Nelson's *Patterns for Orchestra* instead of *Twelve Tone Blues*, the tune actually heard.

Nat's last previous Blindfold Test was a double-decker with brother Julian in the April 12 and April 26, 1962 *Down Beats*.
—Leonard Feather



RYUICHIRO MAEDA

1. LEE MORGAN. *Zambia* (from *Delightful Lee Morgan*, Blue Note). Morgan, trumpet, composer; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

I thought that was very refreshing. It was a kind of eight-years-ago sort of music; straight ahead playing, with changes, not playing on one chord or two chords, no modal effect.

It sounds to me like a European band of expatriate musicians who still play that way. My reasoning is that the trumpet player sounds a lot like Idrees Suliman, and that style of today's here-and-now. It's either an old record from here, or it's a record from Europe. I really think it's Idrees and that's what's throwing me a curve.

The tenor player I didn't recognize. I didn't recognize anybody on the date, with the possible exception of the drummer. The way he was playing, again, was the way the guys played before. It sounded like the way Art Taylor used to play.

I think it's a good record, so four stars.

2. WALTER WANDERLEY. *Capoeira* (from *When It Was Done*, A&M). John Glasel, fluegelhorn (melody); Marvin Stamm, fluegelhorn (solo); Wanderley, organ; Eumir Deodato, arranger-composer.

The solo trumpet player sounds like Donald Byrd. It's a good idea; it's a very melodic sounding song, good arrangement. Shouldn't have had the organ solo, but the organ player might be the leader. What they should have done is go on and do the melody, a short melodic solo, and gone straight ahead from there, and it would have been a very good record. That would have rated five stars, because it's a beautiful sound.

I'll have to rate it low, although I really like the basic concept, I like the tune, the arrangement and the trumpet solo. I'd say 3½ stars.

3. GRADY TATE. *Work Song* (from *Windmills of My Mind*, Skye). Tate, vocal; Nat Adderley, Oscar Brown Jr., composers.

You know, Grady has been a great,

great surprise to me. I've known Grady a long while, and I know that he's very talented. When I met Grady, he was a Shakespearean actor, a very good one. His concept of what a song should be is closer to what I thought in the beginning the whole thing should be. Of course, we played it as a jazz tune because that was what we had to do, with solos and stretched out.

Grady's record, Nina Simone's and Billy Eckstine's records are to me perhaps the definitive versions. In the interests to all concerned, I'm more than grateful to Mr. Alpert for his recording, and it is not a put-down to him, who is the biggest seller, because at last count there were some 127 other recordings of it. I've now recorded it several times, and none of my own versions is really definitive.

The very first record I did of it on my own date for Riverside, on which I had Wes Montgomery, Sam Jones on cello—and I got a little closer to the sound I had in mind on that date.

I'll rate that five.

4. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ ALL STARS. *Twelve Tone Blues* (from *The Sound of Feeling*, Verve). Nat Adderley, cornet; Ron Carter, bass; Leonard Feather, composer; Oliver Nelson, conductor, arranger.

That's a helluva tune, a hell of an arrangement, the solos are a bitch. I hate to say that, because when you play something . . . I'm not an egotist or an illusionist, but my solo was greatly in context with the tune, and Ron Carter is a bitch! But the way it was played, the general feeling . . . the tune is out, the way the arrangement is. Now, played with a small group, straight without the changes moving in that direction, it could be like a regular bebop tune. But in this context with that arrangement, it's a five star record—I don't care who played it or who wrote it!

5. DON CHERRY. *Complete Communion* (from *Complete Communion*, Blue Note). Cherry, cornet, composer; Leandro (Gato) Barbieri, tenor sax.

That's an excellent record, beautifully done. If that's Don Cherry, then his sound has improved. It's very difficult for me to tell the avant-garde players, because I don't have a point of reference to draw from. The only one of that school I can recognize immediately is Ornette—on alto, not trumpet!

You can tell that the guys really know what they're doing. It's not a thing where they're kidding around. It's well played, and even though I don't recognize anyone's style, it's good. I love the trumpet player. 4½ stars—the only reason why I say 4½ is because at one time the tenor player went into something and it sounded to me like he was lost, regardless. They basically play the changes, which is very odd for that kind of record, and it sounded like he got a little lost in the changes, then covered up.

6. WINGY MANONE. *Sweet Lorraine* (from *Wingy Manone Vol. 1*, RCA). Manone, trumpet, vocal. Recorded 1937.

4½ stars! I don't know who it is. What I really like about those records from that era, especially with the singing, is that the guys sang like they played. That's really difficult to do in these times, because you can't get all that stuff in. But it's pleasant, good jazz and I love it. The trumpet player was the singer, I think.

7. FREDDIE HUBBARD. *Latina* (from *High Blues Pressure*, Atlantic). Hubbard, trumpet, composer, arranger; James Spaulding, Benny Maupin, flute; Kenny Barron, piano.

That is five stars! The arrangement is beautiful. That's a hell of an arrangement. Whoever the arranger is he's probably a piano player, a good one, because horn players don't usually write that kind of bass line.

All the solos were great. The trumpet player I thought for a while was [Donald] Byrd, then Freddie, but he didn't play enough notes for Freddie, too many for Byrd; could be Charles Tolliver; quite a number of guys who play in that style. It fooled me, though.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Miles Davis: right on the edge

VERYL OAKLAND

Miles Davis Plugged Nickel, Chicago

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, soprano and tenor saxophones; Chic Corea, electric piano; Dave Holland, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Outside of Charlie Parker's best units, I don't think there's ever been a group so at ease at up tempos as Miles Davis' current quintet. Their relaxation at top speed enables them to move at will from the "hotness" up-tempo playing usually implies to a serene lyricism in the midst of turmoil.

This "inside-out" quality arises from the nature of human hearing, since, at a certain point, musical speed becomes slow motion or stillness (in the same way the eye reacts to a stroboscope). Yet the group doesn't move into circular rhythms wholesale. They generally stay right on the edge, and, when the rhythm does seem ready to spin endlessly like a Tibetan prayer wheel, one prodding note from Davis or Shorter is enough to send them hurtling into "our" time world, where speed means forward motion.

Recent changes in the group's personnel and instrumentation have had important effects. Chic Corea is playing electric piano, and while this move may have been prompted by the variable nature of club pianos, Corea has made a virtue of necessity, discovering many useful qualities in the instrument. In backing the horns, its ability to sustain notes and produce a wide range of sonorities frees Holland and DeJohnette from these roles. Corea is now the principal pattern maker in the rhythm section, a task to which Ron Carter and Tony Williams had given much attention.

As a soloist, Corea has found a biting, nasal quality in the instrument which can be very propulsive. I heard a number of first sets, and each time it seemed that the rhythm section really got together for the night during Corea's solo on the first tune.

As mentioned above, Holland and DeJohnette don't often set up the stop-and-go

interludes of Carter and Williams. Instead, they burn straight ahead, creating a deep, luxurious groove for the soloists.

Holland is as fast as anyone on the instrument, but it is the melodic and harmonic quality of his bass lines one remembers, as cohesive and austere as Lennie Tristano's. Shorter, in particular, responds to this kind of musical thought, since it so closely resembles his own. At times it seems as if he and Holland could improvise in unison if they wished.

Tony Williams had a greater range of timbres and moods under control than DeJohnette does, but the latter is just right for this group. He sounds something like Elvin Jones with a lighter touch, and he really loves to swing in a bashing, exuberant manner.

Wayne Shorter's approach to improvisation, in which emotion is simultaneously expressed and "discussed" (i.e. spontaneously found motifs are worked out to their farthest implications with an eyes-open, conscious control), has a great appeal for me. The busyness and efficiency of a man at work can have an abstract beauty apart from the task. Of course, his playing has more overt emotional qualities of tenderness or passion which can give pleasure to the listener.

The problem with such an approach lies in keeping inspiration open and fresh and maintaining a balance between spontaneity and control. Here, Shorter's recent adoption of the soprano saxophone is interesting. As a master craftsman of the tenor, he already has great technical control of the second instrument, and its newness seems to have opened areas of emotion for him on both horns. Often, while Davis solos, one can see Shorter hesitate between the soprano and tenor before deciding which to play. It's a fruitful kind of indecision. Shorter once referred to his soprano as "the baby", and I think I know what he meant.

About Davis there's not much new to say, except to note that he is to some degree responsible for every virtue of the group's members mentioned above, and that he uses all of them to achieve the effects he wants. He is the leader in the best sense of the term. Playing almost constantly at the limit of his great ability, he inspires the others by his example. There is no shucking in this band, and if Davis occasionally is less than serious in his improvising, as he was one night on *Milestones*, mocking the symmetrical grace of his mid-'50s style, one soon realizes that he is serious after all.

With this version of the Miles Davis Quintet, one aspect of jazz has been brought to a degree of ripeness that has few parallels in the history of the music. Now let's hope that Davis and Columbia decide to record the group in person.♦

—Larry Kart

W.C. Handy Blues Festival

Mid-South Colosseum, Memphis, Tenn.

Personnel: Cassietta George; Sun Smith Quartet; Bukka White; Toni Mason; Brenda Patterson; World's Greatest Jazz Band; Albert King; Bar-Kays; Rufus Thomas; Carla Thomas; Johnny Winter; Booker T and the MGs.

Something went radically wrong with this festival between conception and actuality. The primary evidence was the fact that only 2,000 persons showed up at the 11,000-seat Colosseum for the one-night performance. In some circumstances, an audience of 2,000 would be a respectable number. But in an 11,000-seat house, the yawning emptiness hung over the occasion as mute evidence that this was not the turnout that had been anticipated.

Was it the fact that the festival was scheduled for a 5 p.m. start? Was it the fact that the fourth annual Memphis Country Blues Festival had been going on for three days and two nights preceding the Handy event?

Was it the fact that those interested in the Handy era of the blues were put off by a performing roster that included Johnny Winter, Carla Thomas, the Bar-Kays, Booker T and the MGs, and Albert King? Was it that followers of Johnny Winter, Carla Thomas, etc., were put off by the idea of a W.C. Handy Blues Festival?

When it was all over, the producers were not sure which of these factors (or possibly something else) had tripped them up. In any event, the attempt to honor Handy in the town where he won his early fame (and to which he brought considerable fame with *Beale Street Blues* and *Memphis Blues*) had to be deemed a failure from an attendance and financial point of view. It lost \$15,000, and profits were to have gone to a W.C. Handy Foundation, whose somewhat vague objectives were "to promote, through music, communication, understanding, and co-operation among people."

It was also a failure as a recognition of Handy's work as a composer. The festival opened with three of Handy's pieces—*Mr. Crump*, that song's outgrowth, *Memphis Blues*, and *St. Louis Blues*—sung by Laura Dukes, an incredibly lively and youthful-looking 62-year-old, and played by a distressingly inept quartet led by Sun Smith, a blind octogenarian trumpeter who was a colleague of Handy's.

After that, the only one of the remaining 11 performing groups that paid the slightest attention to the reason for the occasion was the World's Greatest Jazz Band, which included *Beale Street Blues* and *St. Louis Blues* in its crisply punched out program.

Having thus dismissed Handy, the production made tentative gestures toward being a blues festival with a broad sense of perspective. Gospel song was adequately represented by Miss George. Bukka White made a brief but exciting appearance as representative of the great tradition of country blues men. But that was the end of the gesture. The rest of the program was all highly immediate and contemporary so that "blues festival" in this case did not imply any sort of survey.

As a display of contemporary blues performers, the festival did well with the powerful guitar work of Albert King, the showmanship of the prancing Bar-Kays, the smooth styling of Booker T and the MGs. Carla Thomas is a fetching girl whose roots may be in the blues, but her style is now well suited for the more sophisticated clubs.

Winter threw the evening completely out of joint by stopping everything for half an hour while his mass of equipment was set up. When it was turned on, it blew half the audience out into the lobbies to escape the shattering sound while the half that remained complained vehemently that they could not hear Winter's vocals.

Memphis would seem to be an ideal locale for an annual blues festival. It has the historical background, and it is a breeding ground for contemporary talent. The basic problem of this festival was a lack of a definite point of view. It tried to go in every direction at once and became stalled in the consequent pushing and pulling.

—John S. Wilson

Larry Coryell/Tiny Grimes/Pat Martino
Lennie's-On-The-Turnpike,
W. Peabody, Mass.

It started out to be a truly gassy afternoon, but Father Time threw a monkey wrench into the amps. The program for Lennie's Annual Guitar Workshop was individual sets by each guitarist (Martino accompanied only by second guitarist Bobby Rose; Grimes and Coryell by bassist George Mroz and drummer Alan Dawson) and then a jam, but the jam was only two numbers long, and then they had to clear the club for the evening set.

The solo sets were lovely, however, especially that by Martino, who continues to grow and grow. Using the sensitive comping of Rose as a foil for some fascinating rhythmic warping and twisting, the lyrical and dextrous Martino worked through several originals, beginning with a piece from his magnificent recent Prestige album, *Baiyina*. The tune is based on a 12-tone row with a meter in 16 that may be subdivided a number of ways. Martino explored all the emotional corners of the song, from driving joy to intense melancholy, and ended with a building accelerando, Rose running some strange and effective chords behind him.

Martino also performed a couple of

things in 3/4; on the first, he began by using runs almost exclusively, then chorded for several choruses of complex harmonic interest. On the out chorus, Martino and Rose created several moments of wild dissonance. His last tune utilized more blue phrasing than is characteristic, but he carried that well, too. His stuttering figures on the coda bent the rhythm excruciatingly beautifully.

It was a joy to hear Grimes again. He hasn't worked around these parts much lately. His set was a contrast to Martino's; all the songs were familiar, and he emphasized singable melodies and conventional harmonies, with Mroz and the always perfect Dawson laying down a congenial carpet of swing in back.

Grimes took his 4-string axe through *Everyday, Sweet and Lovely, Bluesette* (which segued, by means of quotes from *Surrey With the Fringe on Top* and *I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy*, into *I Feel Pretty*) and *Watermelon Man*. He played nothing startling, but every note was in utter good taste and conveyed exactly the intended feeling. *Bluesette* was gentle and delicate; *I Feel Pretty*, also in 3/4 and at



Larry Coryell

roughly the same tempo, was gutty and rollicking in contrast. Grimes was very funky indeed on *Watermelon*, and Dawson's two choruses were models of precision and attention to the overall context.

Next-to-closing was a warm *Lover Man*, featuring a rich, easy bass solo by Mroz. Grimes ended his solo with an amusing, implausible string of interpolations, among them *Christmas Song, Prisoner of Love, Humoresque* (evoking all sorts of Tatum-associated nostalgia) and a longish coda based on *Rhapsody in Blue*. Grimes finished with a familiar swing line; his solo included some glorious country picking and chording, and there were great fours between him and Dawson.

Coryell's set was in many ways typical: exciting ideas and intelligent eclecticism somewhat offset by an as yet unperfected sense of time and a tendency to let his mind run just a hair ahead of his chops, so that certain figures didn't get finished or fully executed.

The most consistently fine performance was on *Lady Coryell*, a 6/4 thing with a gentle melody thoughtfully voiced by Coryell and an improvised section that was

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frantic, free and wide-ranging, but controlled throughout. He followed with a country-flavored melody, on which the solo moved sharply toward hard blues-rock; the next tune was also in that vein and in about the same medium-rocking tempo. The closer began in 3/4, moved to a hard four, back to three, into a faster, lighter four, then back to three again. Sharp, crying chording subsiding into some swift and provocative lines; good Mroz solo, fine fours between the guitarist and drummer.

The jam began promisingly. The head the three guitarists agreed on, a bit surprisingly, was an early and infrequently played Coltrane line, *Mr. P. C.* Grimes made the fast and slightly unorthodox changes with ease, and there were moments of marvelous interplay. Coryell and Martino provided the most sparks: their sounds are just similar enough to make an intriguing blend, but dissimilar enough to produce some stimulating tension. However, there was no time spent on routineing, apparently, and there were long moments when everybody comped, waiting for somebody to jump in.

They ended by playing individual ballads, with only each other and Mroz for support. (Dawson had split.) Martino played *Funny Valentine*, in single-note lines for the first 24, chords the last eight; Grimes did a poignant *Whats' New* with some nice paraphrasing; and Coryell, a warm, refreshing ballad player when he cares to be, took honors with *I Can't Get Started*—sobbing bent notes on the first eight, then straightforwardly lyrical till the last eight, when he got into a funky, bring-it-home thing with Grimes and Martino joining in, and everybody making some groovy runs on the coda.

It whet the appetite sharply, but left the audience feeling more than a bit empty. But owner Lennie Sogoloff picked his talent wisely: Tiny is still here, still playing and Coryell and Martino are two very strong comers—who, incidentally, ought to consider seriously a recording date in tandem.

—Alan Heineman

African Jazz Ensemble

City Springs Elementary School
Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Mickey Fields, tenor saxophone; Donald Criss, piano; Jimmy Wells, vibes; Freddy Williams, bass; Jimhimi Johnson, drums; Pasha, narration, vocals.

"Our story will trace the history of jazz from the time they sent drum beats to modern music," explained Pasha, as the band played *Cantaloupe Isle* in the back-ground and about 250 grade school children, most of them black, settled back in their chairs in the auditorium.

"Jazz grew out of the beating of drums," she continued, "black men beating on a hollow log. No one else in the world can duplicate these sounds. People in Haiti still make music this way. We are the descendants of those people, the only people who were not happy to come here.

"Drums were the big instrument of black men. All the things they want to express within them came through the drums."

This cued in Johnson's solo, played with mallets on tom-toms. An excellent drum-

mer, he seemed to be having a slow afternoon; his usually crisp playing was somewhat muddy. Nevertheless, he built slowly to a satisfactory crescendo, then subsided as Pasha picked up the narrative.

"Black men have always made up songs about their world and their life. But here they had to learn a new language, English, and a new religion, Christianity. They made up spirituals, sorrow songs, and jubilees, which were livelier. Spirituals derived from the black man's need to express his sorrow, despair and hope."

Pasha, trained in a church choir and no stranger to spirituals, sang a few choruses of *Deep River* and the band moved into *Twelve Bar Blues*.

"Behind the sadness in blues, there's laughter and strength. Perhaps that's what makes people all over the world love this native black music." Of course, added Pasha, "the blues could not exist if African captives had not become Negro slaves."

And so it went, up through ragtime (*When the Saints Go Marching In*, with the kids clapping—in unison!), Dixieland boogie woogie, and modern jazz.

Fields, the strong man in the group, a muscular but lyrical tenor saxophonist in the Hawkins-Rollins tradition, blew hell out of *Ornithology*. Vibist Wells, whom I have also heard to better effect, ran the scales in a solo distinguished mainly by its lack of dynamics. Criss' solo was adequate. *Bye Bye Blackbird* featured Fields on flute. It was followed by a fast *Airegin* with Fields acquitting himself well on tenor, Wells perfunctory and Criss contributing a quiet but effective solo.

Impressions and *My Favorite Things* illustrated the "sheets of sound" approach, said Pasha. *One, Two, Three* a funky blues in the rock and roll school, had the kids finger-popping again, with two on the off beat.

"Then came the period of changing values. A period of convictions, of recollections about the old pressures, ties, humiliations and miscarriages of justice. A period of soul-searching, a period of political fervor, dynamic expression, individual and communal. A period of complete breakaway from all the conventional devices that have made freedom an illusion. A period filled with almost sacrificial fervor toward causes that spell out the true emancipation of the black man. This latter period is the reality of freedom."

Pasha sang *Four Women* which had a great effect on the audience, and then came an extended musical free-for-all, with Pasha singing, Williams bowing and the kids jumping out of their seats. This ended the concert.

Pianist Criss, the leader of the group, has assembled the music and commentary (taken mainly from LeRoi Jones' *Blues People*) into an effective concert form that offers equal shares of entertainment, education and social message. He and the group, composed of some of the top jazz players in the Baltimore area, have been presenting the concerts in the city's public schools since December.

"In think it's above their heads," said a teacher afterwards. But it clearly wasn't above their hands and that, as they say, is pretty much where it's at anyway.

—James D. Dilts

Mahalia Jackson

Royal Albert Hall, London, England

Personnel: Miss Jackson, vocals; Gwendolyn Lightner, piano; Cleveland Clancy, organ.

The day the first soul explorers came back with the news that Gospel is an audience participation thing was a sad day for England. They effectively stopped the possibility of a British audience ever getting really involved with the sound of good news.

On the beat, behind the beat, on the off-beat too, the ham-fisted would-be saved ones set up a barrage of handclaps that would stop any singer feeling the spirit, let

trying to clap along with *My Living Shall Not Be In Vain* is painfully obvious in his lack of feeling. And that's where some members of the audience were at.

Miss Jackson's simple reading of *My Living* was one of the concert's memorable moments along with a compelling *How Great Thou Art*, but there was an underlying air of melancholy in her approach to telling the Gospel story. It is always sad to see an artist who had been felled by illness, yet Miss Jackson is well on the way to coping. Just when you think that she is slipping from the magniloquent to the mundane, she'll hit one of those indescrib-



GIUSEPPE PINO

Mahalia Jackson: message of joy

alone an artist of Mahalia Jackson's dignity and stature. To be fair, there *have* been occasions when the locals have made it with the handclapping bit, but they had to be urged and inspired by the explosive Aretha Franklin to do it. The audience that turns out for Miss Jackson is a trifle more bourgeois.

I'm laying stress on the audience because its lack of taste, feeling and plain old soul turned the singer's otherwise peaceful and dignified recital into a circus at some points, especially when she was at last getting off the ground with a gentle, bounding *He's Got The Whole World In His Hands*. Miss Jackson's recent heart attacks have obviously left her a little weak, and she was a subdued mood for most of the concert. Accordingly, she paced herself carefully but the audience just would not let her make it in her own good time; they had to be seen and *heard* and make it known that they, too, were feeling the spirit. But anyone who can ever think of

able, penetrating notes that pins you back in your seat and makes your underarms prickle.

Mahalia has, regrettably, lost something of that inexplicable magnificence that made hers the most majestic and unsurpassable voice in the world, and yet she keeps coming back. On one funky, slow song which had a bluesy piano accompaniment nearer to the secular than the sacred, she sang the words 'I had a *friend*' with such poignance that "friend" went right through me in a way that recalled the harsh defiance of the queen of secular song, Bessie Smith.

It's at moments like these that the simplicity, the reality of both Gospel music and the mighty Mahalia herself is realized, and the outside world—the ignorant, would-be hip parody of an audience—is forgotten. Gazing upwards into the vast reaches of ancient Albert Hall, lifted by Miss Jackson's presence and message of joy, living indeed, seemed not in vain.

—Valerie Wilmer

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FATHER AND SON

(Continued from page 13)

changes. It made me feel so good to be playing something that wasn't just "Well, we'll get together and do this recording". We've been enjoying ourselves. Really felt good. . . . A lot of it had to do with Muddy's singing. Muddy might not be a young cat anymore, but he's doing it. He still gets an awful good feeling for me for playing. He's the main cat; we're playing with Muddy. It's his feeling, and the way he's doing the stuff is making us feel really good. Feeling is 99 per cent of it. If you're not feeling the music, how can you expect the other cats who are playing to really feel it? You doing an article or what?

DeM: I'm gathering material for some articles.

PB: This may be jive, man, so tell me if I'm wrong. If you write an article I hope you write something about human beings—'cause I love Muddy, and I'm tired of hearing about this black-and-white bullshit, I want to hear some stuff about human beings. If you want to write an article, man, and getting back into that separation bit, then forget about me. Don't even mention my name, 'cause I don't want to have anything to do with it.

DeM: This is a conversation, isn't it?

PB: I'm trying to tell you. . . .

DeM: I'm answering your question right there. You're both sitting here talking, right?

PB: That's just the way I feel about it, y'know? I feel people are trying in this country right now, they're trying to get together, and there's going to be some heavy shit going down. There's some bad stuff with the black people and there's some bad stuff with the white people. A lot of separation; there's a lot of understanding that's got to come down. But I'm just talking about what we're talking about—music, human beings. I love Muddy the way I love my father, my brother. And he's no black cat or white cat or anything; he's just a human being, man. The cat plays some music I respect, and I dig playing with him. These papers come out and say this is black over here and white over there, I don't want nothing to do with it. I'm proud of being a human being and where I'm at. I am what I am, and Muddy is what he is. And the whole thing is to get some people to love each other and really be able to give something to each other. I'm playing the music I love, and I'm not black; I am just what I am. They put that stuff on Muddy. He goes to New York and they start rapping on him about some bullshit.

MW: I think about the white group the way I think about the black group: if you're good, you're good.

PB: Right.

MW: If you're trying, you're trying.

PB: Sincere. . . .

MW: And that's the way it is. They've come to me thousands of times: "Do you think a white boy can play the blues?" I tell them they can play the blues better than me, but they'll never be able to sing them as good as me. I'm just telling the truth about it. White boy can run a ring around me playing the blues.

PB: Nobody can run a ring around nobody.

MW: It comes down to I play my way, my style. That's it.

PB: Music has got to do with love, human beings digging each other. That's the only way you can play music; you can't play music with somebody you hate. Every writer who ever writes something on the blues writes some jive. Every article I've ever seen on the blues is from such a narrow viewpoint that it never gets down to what the music is, never gets down to the feeling that's going down. Maybe I shouldn't even be talking about it, but I'm disgusted with all this separation stuff. Everytime they do a writeup on me, Muddy, they're talking about my father was a lawyer. Man, my parents never had any money. My parents got put out of business for \$1,000 from the income tax people. Which has got nothing to do with nothing. If Muddy is the richest man in the world, he's still got the feeling, he's still the man. I wish I was rich. I never had any money, but if I get some, I sure am not going to feel bad about it. I'm sure gonna groove. I'd go buy me a fast car, some good food, get high and enjoy myself and play music. . . . I'm only talking about the only person who can mess you around is yourself. Little Walter, man, I had the greatest respect for that cat. He always treated me good. But he messed himself around by juicing too much. He was a great cat, a great musician, but he messed himself around. That's sad, y'know?

MW: You're saying the truth, but I got to say he was one of the greatest harmonica players that ever lived.

PB: You got it, man.

MW: You got to take advantage of anything you start and not let it take advantage of you. I used to be a good liquor drinker, but when the doctor told me to come off the liquor, I said this is it, no more whisky.

(Spann enters)

DeM: Otis, how do you feel about the session?

Spann: I feel the same way my brother feels about it. It was a beautiful session.

MW: I think it was one of the closest sessions that we had since Little Walter and Jimmy Rodgers' time and your time, Otis. 'Cause we did those numbers over again and everybody tried to get close to 'em. It wasn't just playing or just blowing.

OS: It did remind me of old times. I had more feeling in the session than I've had in a long time. It's a funny thing, the people say the white kids can't play blues, but that's wrong.

MW: I'll say this: we got to bring a boy child into the world who can sing the blues like a black man. 'Specially my age, that came up through this scene that one day I eat, the next day I don't. Ain't got them kind of blues today. The colored ain't. The black people ain't got it today. Eat every day. Eat good. If you don't give it to 'em, they take it. I was afraid of taking something, afraid of going to jail, but the black man ain't scared to go to jail no more. That's why I say he can't have the blues I had 35 or 40 years ago.

DeM: Otis, what do you think of the title of the album, *Fathers and Sons*?

OS: Let me be the son.

MW: A lot people want to know how Otis got to play the blues so good. They never knowed this particular thing: he used to come to my house and park in front of the door with a bottle of whisky, and I'd sit there and teach this man, tell him exactly what to do.

OS: That's the truth. Ride around, be daybreak before we got home. Sit there talking.

MW: Telling him what to with the piano when I was singing the blues.

OS: I don't believe there'll be another musician, up to date, that can follow my brother Muddy singing, because he's a "late" singer. If you don't wait for him, he's not there. He sings behind the beat.

MW: This is the wonderful thing about the white kids that played on this session, they got that understanding.

OS: They lay right there and did it. Paul came up on us, and I used to teach Paul. He got it. He knows. He used to be like me. When Muddy taught me, I didn't think nothing about no timing. Pat my feet faster than I play.

MW: Watch his feet, you will not play nothing.

OS: That's the truth.

PB: The first record we put out—*Butterfield's Blues Band*—everything was fast as a mother, man. Just pushing everything. We weren't ready to wait for anything, just go. Remember that thing we did for Chess, Muddy? *Walkin' Blues*? The same thing.

MW: Taking all the feeling out of it.

PB: Yeah, making it real fast. We couldn't help it, I was so energetic.

MW: I want you to know one thing, we did one blues tonight that was a real killer, man, that blues we did with all the relaxing, take your time and do it. *Mean Disposition*. It's a stone killer. It may not sell five records, but, me, I'd buy as much as 10 myself, and I ain't bought a record in years. But what you cats were putting in behind me just can't be beat.

DeM: Otis, you were saying in the old days you and Paul used to get together. What'd you do?

PB: Drink wine. Play and get high. That's when you were living in that basement.

DeM: Does the same sort of thing still go on, guys hanging around wanting to learn the blues?

MW: Sure, I could have a hotel room full at all times.

PB: I'm learning from people right now. I hear stuff I'll be learning for the rest of my life. And I bet Muddy's listening to some people.

MW: You can look in your 'cyclopedia and history books, but you never finish that music. You can hear somebody playing and make one particular thing and you say I dig that. Then you say I'm going home and get my old guitar and gonna see can I lick this note. If you miss it, then you go back tomorrow night. I used to say to Son House, "Would you play so and so and so?" 'cause I was trying to get that touch on that thing he did. Bukka White got a thing I been trying to learn for five years, and I ain't learnt it yet.



db music workshop

MORE 5/4 SWING By Ed Shaughnessy

As in $\frac{3}{4}$ playing in faster tempos, the double hi-hat beat (in this case on beats 2 & 3 also) is confining, so treating the first three beats of each $\frac{5}{4}$ measure as we did the waltz, we can play on beat 2 and beat 5 with the hi-hat and have a more flowing pattern in $\frac{5}{4}$, especially for faster playing. The foot pattern alone would then be as below:

Basic Foot Pattern **A**
for Faster Beat

The student is reminded that in this fast tempo version of pattern A, we are still treating or phrasing each $\frac{5}{4}$ measure as the 3 beat plus 2 beat group. Thus the "final" cymbal beat will be the same as when hi-hat was played on beats 2 & 3 & 5. Example below:

We are playing this pattern

Which is still built on:

We develop the faster tempo pattern in the same way as the basic $\frac{5}{4}$ pattern.

Fast Foot Pattern **A**
with Straight Cymbal Beat

Fast Foot Pattern **A**
with Cymbal Beat (simple)

Fast Foot Pattern **A**
with Final Cymbal Beat

If the student at any time is losing the feel of the $\frac{5}{4}$ measure, it is because he has not played enough of the basic foot pattern and should return to it for more concentration.

We now come to pattern **B** as originally shown in the beginning of the $\frac{5}{4}$ section. This was based on a group of two beats plus three beats, as below:

PATTERN B

It would be well to mention here that although it will suffice in general playing to have only pattern **A** developed, it would be the wise drummer who will learn to play pattern **B** as well, since fluency in a rhythmic pattern is only achieved by mastery, and equally important, pattern **B** may be more suitable to a rhythmic pattern played by the bass, piano or ensemble.

- ① Basic Foot Pattern B
with Straight Cymbal Beat

- ② Basic Foot Pattern B
with Cymbal Beat
(simple)

- ③ Basic Foot Pattern B
with Final Cymbal Beat
*(see footnote)

The fast tempo pattern **B** is still based on the phrasing of 2 beats plus 3 beats as given below:

The Pattern **B** played is:

which is still built on

- Fast Foot Pattern B
with Straight Cymbal Beat

- Fast Foot Pattern B
with Cymbal Beat
(simple)

- * Fast Foot Pattern B
with Final Cymbal Beat

* Here too, the "final" cymbal beat is only one of many possible combination.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC: AN INTRODUCTION

By Chuck Lishon

ELECTRONIC SOUNDS and instruments affect today's music in many separate areas. Before we can investigate any of these, we must draw some guidelines and set up a basic working vocabulary, give you explanations rather than definitions, so that you may have a better understanding of electronic instruments, how they work and their applications.

Electronic organs, pianos, etc. fall into the category of fixed pitch instruments, and electronic stringed instruments such as guitars and electric basses fall into a second category that we will pass over for the moment.

In the organ, a series of oscillators set at a fixed pitch cause a tone to be produced at various frequencies, thereby creating a group of tones that form the range of the instrument. From this, you can see that an oscillator (or series of oscillators) is the heart of an electronic keyboard instrument. An electronic oscillator is a device capable of generating a variety of wave shapes over a frequency range that covers the entire audible spectrum. These wave shapes, which may take various forms, are the result of the distribution of the harmonics relating to the fundamental frequency, and enable us to imitate the characteristic qualities of known acoustical instruments and create new sounds which have no counterpart in an acoustical instrument. The oscillator may generate any one of the four basic wave types of which all sound as we know it is composed. The first and simplest wave form is the sine wave. Viewed on an oscilloscope, it looks like an "s" on its side. It is pure tone, has no overtones or harmonics, and consists of pure fundamental pitch.



Instrumental sounds that occur naturally and have primarily a pure sine wave are very difficult to find. The closest example would be the sound of a tuning fork after the initial sound of attack or the transient note (definition of transient note to follow) has died away, or the sound of a flute, which very closely resembles the pure sine wave form.

The triangular wave form, when viewed on a scope, looks just like its name and has a very reedy, clarinet-type quality. There are, however, contradictions to these rules and our explanations are meant to be a basic foundation for understanding, not a course in physics or theory. The triangular shape contains only odd harmonics, which we will discuss later.



The sawtooth wave contains all harmonics, even and odd, to infinity, and

by proper conditioning, it can imitate most acoustical instruments. As a raw tone, the sawtooth wave form closely resembles a stringed instrument sound.



The square wave is a particular case of rectangular wave form and is also a basic reedy sound that contains only odd harmonics. The more asymmetrical the wave, the richer in harmonics the wave shape becomes. The rectangular wave is one of the most flexible of the wave forms and may be changed and conditioned most effectively.



Let us now clarify some of the terms we have used. Remember that a musical tone consists of a series of acoustical vibrations recurring in a cyclical pattern of fundamental frequency which determines the pitch. The shape of the wave form carries in itself the information that makes it recognizable as belonging to a particular instrument. So it is that we associate a recurrent sine wave with the sound of a flute. The square wave is a basic clarinet sound, and the sawtooth wave shape is that of a stringed instrument. Noise, however, is a series of random acoustical vibrations not occurring in any organized pattern or sequence. Theoretically, many things that occur in our everyday world that we regard as noise may actually be regarded as having musical value, though I am not wholly in agreement with the existing definitions and explanations in this relatively unexplored area.

In actual music, tone and noise are combined into a musical form of expression. This expression is usually perceived by the ear in the form of a pitch or series of pitches. A pitch or note consists of a fundamental tone and overtones or harmonics, which determine the quality of that note. The fundamental is the lowest or main frequency produced by a tone generator. Overtones accompany the fundamental frequency and are not necessary in an exact multiple of the fundamental frequency. Harmonics are a particular kind of overtone and occur at twice or three times, etc. the fundamental frequency. (Example: A frequency three times the fundamental will be called the second overtone but will also be called the third harmonic.) A harmonic is an overtone, but an overtone is not necessarily always higher in pitch than the fundamental frequency. In addition to the fundamental

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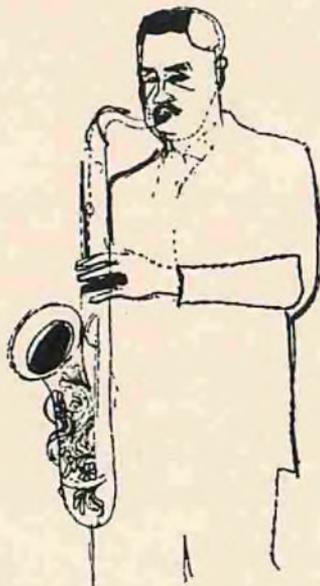
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and overtone series, a note also has a quality which is known as timbre. The relative amplitude and the frequency of the parts in a complex wave form determine its quality of timbre.

We mentioned earlier that the sound of a tuning fork after its transient note or attack sound died away was close to a sine wave form. The transient note is a highly damped musical sound which decays to zero, usually in a relatively short pre-determined time. A transient note may be a percussive sound of attack, breath, or plucking, as in the case of a guitar, harpsichord and/or related instruments. Attack is the relation in time that it takes a tone to build to its full intensity and decay is the time relationship for a tone to die away completely from its maximum level.

The human ear is a marvelous piece of equipment. As a point of information, the average Western ear is able to discriminate over 1400 separate frequencies. The Oriental ear, on the other hand, can perceive three times that amount because of the inherent qualities of the music and the conditioning received from childhood.

Learning to use these basics as tools for producing music is our goal. The road leading there is wide and virtually has no end. We now can begin to apply some of the things we have spoken about and go further into some of the basic applications of electronic music in various areas. But that is another chart in another set.  (Mr. Lishon is an electronics engineer, professional musician, consultant and producer based in Chicago.)



AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

den, bass; Paul Motian, drums) . . . Helen (Green Eyes) O'Connell opened June 30 for three weeks at the Rainbow Grill . . . The first midnight concert of the Aboriginal Music Cultural Society was held July 5 at the Tinker St. Cinema in Woodstock, N.Y. Featured with bassist

Dave Izenson's group were Monty Waters, soprano and alto saxes; Karl Berger, vibes; and Barry Altschul, drums . . . Wakefield Taylor's group did three weeks at Minton's Playhouse in June. With Taylor on electric piano were Steve Furtado, trumpet; Dave Hubbard, tenor; Tom Butler, bass; Melvin Oliphant, drums . . . Polydor Records presented a jazz benefit for MUSE, the Brooklyn neighborhood organization, at the Village Gate June 30. Performing were The Substructures; Ten Wheel Drive; Mark and Sunley, and the MUSE Quartet. Proceeds will go to help support the more than 30 free workshops at MUSE . . . Charles Mingus' two weeks at the Village Vanguard in June were to be followed by an additional two weeks at the Village Gate starting August 12 . . . The Gary Burton Quartet and Toshiko played the Top of the Gate through June 29, followed by the Junior Mance Trio and Jaki Byard's solo piano through July . . . Downstairs at the Gate, the Sonny Rollins Quintet with Bill Hardman on trumpet and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet came in July 1 for two weeks. The Herbie Mann Octet replaced Rollins opposite Diz's group for another two weeks beginning July 15 . . . The Grateful Dead gave a free concert in Central Park June 22 . . . The Tommy Williams Duo played weekends during June and July at the Needle's Eye . . . Chico Hamilton did a week at Slugs' in late June. Roy Haynes' quintet came in for a week starting July 1, and the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet took over for a week July 8. Monday evenings at Slugs' are handled by Sun Ra . . . The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble was at the Bitter End through June 30 . . . James Brown was the 4th of July headliner at Madison Square Garden. Featured with Brown were comedian Nipsey Russell; Young-Holt Unlimited; Marva Whitney; the Unifics, and Tyrone Davis . . . The Museum of Modern Art's *Jazz in the Garden* Series opened June 26 with the Pazant Brothers and singer Betty Barney. James Moody played with trumpeter Joe Newman July 3, and Chicago Transit Authority was scheduled for July 10 . . . Sue Raney sang for two weeks at the Americana's Royal Box . . . Joe Bushkin came in to Plaza 9 July 8 and will be around till the 27th . . . The 4th Annual Memorial Tribute to Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown and Booker Little was held June 14 at Club Afro-Disiac (formerly Club Ruby) in Jamaica; among the featured players that night were Kenny Dorham, Bill Hardman, Woody Shaw, and Tommy Turrentine . . . The Bob Francis Quartet held the fort at Shepherd's June 9 through July 5 . . . A listener-response poll proved that Ed Beach's *Just Jazz* program has the largest percentage of the WRVR-FM audience. Beach pulls in 36 per cent of that station's total listeners . . . Jim Harrison and Ernie Jackson's *Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon* series at the Vanguard sported Artie Simmons and the Jazz Samaritans; the Benny Powell Quintet, and Billy Cobham's quintet during June. Pete La Roca was next. The promoters' *Big Band Jazz* series had Warren Smith and the Composers Workshop Ensemble handling the

Sunday Matinees at the Vanguard in July . . . Bobby Scott will compose the music for Ed Padula's upcoming Broadway production of *Catfish Bend* . . . The New York Hot Jazz Society presented the Chicago Blues All Stars at its summer jazz party June 22 at the Half Note. The band had Sunnyland Slim, piano; Johnny Shines, guitar; Walter (Shakey) Horton, harp; Willie Dixon, bass; Clifton James, drums. Muddy Waters is promoting the group's tour . . . Rev. John Gensel's Sunday Jazz Vespers series had the following groups in June: Dorothy Stallworth; Bobby Brown Quartet; Monty Waters Quartet; Leon Thomas; and the Dick Griffin Quintet . . . Bill Graham hosted a fish and chips party for Britain's Procol Harum June 23 at McGregor's Garage in the East Village. The group played Fillmore East June 27-28 along with The Byrds and Raven . . . Other groups appearing at the Fillmore have been Jeff Beck; Jethro Tull; Soft White Underbelly; Iron Butterfly, Blues Image; Man; John Mayall; Spooky Tooth, and the New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band. Coming up were Creedence Clearwater Revival, Terry Reid, and Aum on July 18-19.

Los Angeles: Sumer is icumen in, and musically, most of it will happen at the Hollywood Bowl, with some attractions set for the Greek Theatre and the Forum. George Shearing was scheduled to play the Bowl with his quintet for two nights. Lou Rawls headlined a teen-post benefit at the Bowl July 20 that was slated to include Joey Bishop, The Checkmates Ltd., Bobby Darin, Jackie De Shannon, Lainie Kazan, Richard Pryor, Lyn Roman, and Keely Smith. Providing musical backing was an orchestra fronted by H.B. Barnum. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 will be at the Hollywood Bowl July 25 for a one-nighter. On July 28, at the Forum in Inglewood, Woody Herman and band, Hugh Masakela, Dionne Warwick, and the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band will be seen in concert . . . The summer began auspiciously with Herbie Mann appearing five nights at the Whisky A-Go-Go followed by Buddy Rich and his band for 10 days. And Count Basie and the Mary Kaye Trio shared the stage of the Golden West Ballroom in Norwalk . . . While most club owners were singing the blues, a new jazz club opened in south Los Angeles: Baby Grand West. The headliner who helped make the unveiling successful was Billy Daniels. Joining in many of the numbers was Billy's long-time accompanist, Benny Payne. On the same bill was a rhythm and blues group featuring distaff trumpeter/singer Clara Bryant . . . A huge benefit was staged in San Diego to aid children in the depressed areas there. Appearing in the show: Sammy Davis, Jr., Ahmad Jamal, Shelly Manne, Michelle Nichols, Oscar Peterson, Cal Tjader, Young-Holt Unlimited and Clara Ward . . . Getting away from the mainland, Sarah Vaughan took over headliner duties at Duke Kahanamoku's in Honolulu recently, the nitery where Don Ho is the permanent fixture . . . Shelly's Manne-Hole has been on an Eastern kick: following Max Roach and Willie Bobo, Bill Evans

and **Herbie Hancock** played the club, with **Tony Williams** and **Yusef Lateef** due to follow. Evans had **Eddie Gomez** on bass; **Marty Morell** on drums. Something to please everyone: after Evans and Hancock, a piano-less combo will hold forth on Sunday afternoons til further notice at Donte's. Fronted by ex-Buddy Rich tenorman **Don Menza**, the quintet includes **Jay Daversa**, trumpet; **Mike Barone**, trombone; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Dick Berk**, drums. Barone is back at his old stand: Wednesday nights at Donte's. Personnel in his band (barring studio commitments): **Buddy Childers**, **Larry McGuire**, **Steve Huffsteter**, **Gary Barone**, trumpets; **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Bill Tole**, **Ernie Tack**, **Charlie Loper**, trombones; **Tom Scott**, **Bill Perkins**, **Mel Flory**, **Bill Hood**, **Jack Nimitz**, reeds; **Mike Anthony**, guitar; **Mike Wofford**, piano; **Chuck Berghofer**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums. Scott left Impulse and is now recording for A&M. He's particularly concerned about his next album (as yet untitled) because it features not only all original material and his own charts, but because he also sings on it . . . Bassist **Tom Azarello** and guitarist **Walt Namuth** left town to tour with **Lou Rawls** . . . **Louis Bellson's** band drew enough standees to the Pilgrimage Theatre for a Sunday afternoon concert to once again arouse the concern of the fire department. In fact, all of the Pilgrimage concerts have gone over capacity this season. Bellson and company were in a playing mood and went nearly an hour over the scheduled length. Among the crowd-pleasing highlights were **Pete Christlieb's** *Body and Soul* in tribute to Coleman Hawkins; **Sweets Edison** living up to his name and throwing kisses to the audience after his solos; and of course, Bellson himself, working up one of his patented sweats. **Harvey Siders** emceed the affair and a new singer in town, **Charlene Gibson** from Milwaukee, made her L.A. debut. She's at the Pied Piper on Sundays and Tuesdays, backed by **Phil Moore**, piano; **Stan Gilbert**, bass; **Mel Lee**, drums. Another singer on the program was **Chuck Rowen**, whose trio just closed at the Bill of Fare . . . **Joanne Grauer**, who played piano and electric piano with Bellson, is currently working in the pit band of *Hair* (the L.A. company) . . . Other jazz musicians making ends meet in a pop situation included bassist **Milan Rezabek** and drummer **Frank Severino**, working behind singer **Mark Carroll** at Duke's Glen Cove in West Los Angeles; and at the Hungry Tiger South, pianist **Dick Shreve** and alternating bassists **Monty Budwig** and **Buddy Clark** backed **Priscilla Paris**—the latter doing a single after 15 years with the Paris Sisters . . . A number of jazzmen found themselves in a very special pop context: **Tommy Vig** fronted a septet for a private party at actor **Bob Cummings'** home for 400 guests (if 400 people can be considered "private"). Vig rounded up **Steve Huffsteter**, trumpet; **Kim Richmond**, reeds; **Pete Woodford**, guitar; **Vladimir Vassiliev**, piano; **Herb Mickman**, bass; **Steve Hideg**, drums. Vig has been attending an informal seminar at **Earl Hagen's** home, studying the mechanics and psychology of film-scoring. Others attending, also on an irregular basis, in-

clude **Oliver Nelson**, **Terry Gibbs**, **Willie Ruff**, **Shorty Rogers** and **Don Ellis** . . . Big band night at Donte's now starts at 8 p.m., which has given rise to more subs since many of the sidemen are taping shows or are in recording sessions at that hour. **Clare Fischer**, **Dee Barton** and **Paul Hubinon** will front bands at Donte's during August. For Fischer and Barton, that represents a return engagement: both bands appeared there during July . . . The **Southern California Hot Jazz Society's** **New Orleans Marching Band** made one of its rare public appearances recently. The occasion was the **Hugh Smith Memorial Jazz Concert** at Cal State in Long Beach. Presenting the modern portion of the concert was the **Cal State Stage Band**, featuring special guest **Frank Rosolino** on trombone . . . A singer named **Connie Wills** has hit town, and if her artistry can match her energy, she ought to be quite a sensation. She is making extensive plans (releases, brochures, photo layouts, selling ads, etc.) for her "debut" at the Cocoanut Grove, a one-night two-show bash to be called "Sunday Evening with Constance." Backing her for the one-girl show will be **Gerald Wilson** and band. Connie has been rehearsing for the Grove concert as well as a recording session at Columbia, with **Wynton Kelly** and **Harold Mabern** . . . **Shelly Manne** has been hobbling around—one of his show horses accidentally stepped on Shelly's foot (the bass drum foot, yet) and broke it. The night after the accident, Shelly still managed to play, thanks to a special shoe that took all the pressure off the foot. Also recuperating: **Quincy Jones'** wife, **Ulla**, following surgery at Cedars of Lebanon . . . **Joe Sample** may soon have a Swedish wife. He recently traveled to Stockholm to meet his future in-laws. While there, he recorded an album with expatriate **Red Mitchell** on bass, and **J.C. Moses** on drums. It is a pure jazz album, and Joe is not too optimistic about being able to sell it to an American label . . . **Mel Torme**, who has been writing more and more for TV, sold a project to CBS-TV called *The Singers* that will air as an hour-long special in the fall, then possibly return in early 1970 as a series. Torme also completed his debut LP for Capitol.

Chicago: Over 3,000 people jammed the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel for a **Duke Ellington** concert during the National Association of Music Merchants' convention. Among the other musicians playing at the convention were **George Van Eps**, **Joe Morello**, **Bobby Christian**, **Attila Zoller**, **Groove Holmes**, and the **Roy Burns** Quartet with **Eddie Higgins** on piano, bassist **Richard Evans**, and **Phil Upchurch** . . . Ravinia Park's jazz, blues, and rock series has featured the **Butterfield Blues Band**, **The Pacific Gas and Electric**, **The Rotary Connection**, and the **Benny Goodman Sextet** (Goodman played the first jazz concert at Ravinia in 1938). Upcoming concerts at Ravinia include **Ramsey Lewis** on July 25th, **The Association** on the 26th and **B. B. King** on the 30th. The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** will be at Ravinia on August 1st, **Ravi Shankar** on the 4th, the

Mothers of Invention on the 6th and the **Vanilla Fudge** on the 8th . . . **Clark Terry** played two nights at Grant Park . . . **Dionne Warwick** and **Woody Herman** were featured in a concert at the Auditorium Theater. Herman also played two nights at the Plugged Nickel. . . . **Blind Faith** gave a performance at the International Amphitheater. . . . **DJ Meece Dee**, of radio station WBEE gave a benefit for cancer research at the Living Room. Local and visiting musicians played from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Performers included **O. C. Smith**, **Red Holt**, **Yusef Lateef**, **Prince James**, **Odell Brown**, **Clarence Wheeler** and the **Enforcers**, **Tommy Jones**, the **Lloyd Wallace Trio**, **Billy Mitchell**, and **Ken Chaney**. . . . **Sonny Stitt's** trio played two four-night engagement to open a new jazz club, **Soul Junction**. . . . **Vernell Fournier's** trio continues to play at the Salaam Supper Club and the **Monte Michaux** combo is still at Lurlean's. . . . **Art Blakey** and his **Jazz Messengers** played a weekend at the Apartment and **Buddy Rich** and his band were featured for one night at the **Burning Spear** (the old Club De Lisa). . . . The **Young Holt Trio** is currently playing a three-week gig at the London House where the **Judy Roberts Trio** has replaced **Eddie Higgins** as house band. . . . **Art Hodes** has been filling in at Jazz Ltd. until they can find a regular piano player. Five of Hodes' *Jazz Alley* TV programs, directed by WTTW's **Robert Kaiser**, will be syndicated in the fall over National Educational Television stations. Some of the jazz artists featured in the series are **Pee Wee Russell**, **Jimmy McPartland**, **Doc Evans**, **Georg Brunis**, **Bud Freeman**, **Eddie Condon**, **J. C. Higginbotham**, **Tony Parenti**, and **Smokey Stover**. . . . The **Salty Dogs** were the hit band at the St. Louis Ragtime Festival. **Sloppy Joe's**, where the Dogs play every weekend, is having a traditional festival on the 27th of this month. **Art Hodes'** trio, singer **Kerry Price** from Detroit, pianist **Bob Wright** and other musicians will join the Salty Dogs for the session that is scheduled from 4 p.m. until 2 a.m. . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians is now presenting concerts on Wednesday nights as well as weekends. The AACM held a three-day "explosion" this month, a black community arts festival featuring continuous music by AACM members plus displays of art and jewelry made by the musicians and other people in the community.

Detroit: The revival of jazz at the historic Clarence's Bluebird seems to have taken hold. Currently leading the house group is bassist **Ernie Farrow** with trombonist **John Hair**, tenorist **Joe Thurman** and pianist **Teddy Harris**. Farrow's regular drummer, **Bert Myrick**, has been occupied with more lucrative work and his chair has been filled by a number of percussionists, including **Ike Daney**, **Johnny Cleaver**, **Ed Nelson** and **Doug Hammon**. Harris also took a leave of absence recently; his replacement was **Bu Bu Turner**. From time to time, some of the jazzman who grew up in the Bluebird drop in. Among sitters-in have been pianist **Barry**

Harris, altoist **Charles McPherson** and baritonist **Pepper Adams**. Another guest was pianist **Claude Black**, currently living and working in Toledo, Ohio . . . Cleaver, along with organist **Clarence McCloud** and reed man **Charles Brown**, was involved in a short-lived attempt to revive jazz at Farrow's former stomping ground, Paige's Lounge . . . The organ sound continues at the 20 Grand, where, after one of the longest runs by a jazz group in recent years, the **Nu-Art Quartet** finally yielded the stand to the **Charles Harris** trio (Harris, organ; **Larry Smith**, reeds; **James Youngblood**, drums) . . . Student musicians at Fraser High School got a chance to play with a couple of real pros when trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** and drummer **Bobby Rosengarden** did a concert with the school band . . . Roseville High School was the scene of another big band concert, featuring the 20-piece outfit co-led by reedman **Lannie Austin** and **Emil Moro**. Also featured was vibist **Jack Brokensha's** quartet . . . A different sort of big band, that of **Sun Ra**, was resident in Detroit for several weeks in late spring. Sun Ra's music found an outlet mostly on the rock circuit. Appearances included one at the Grande Ballroom and one at the 1st annual Rock and Roll Revival, held at the Michigan State Fairgrounds . . . The **Contemporary Jazz Quintet** (**Charles Moore**, trumpet; **Leon Henderson**, tenor; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Ron Brooks**, bass; **Danny Spencer**, drums) celebrated the release of their Blue Note album with a May 11 concert at the Art Institute . . . The following Sunday, Cranbrook Galleries was the scene for a concert by drummer **Doug Hammon's** group (**Al Crawford**, alto; **Larry Nozero**, reeds; **John Dana**, bass; **Ron English**, guitar). The concert featured new compositions by Hammon, Crawford and English . . . Still another May concert featured the **Black Choreologia**, the **Ashanti Dancers** and reed man **Otis Harris' quartet**. Harris is also ensconced after hours at 285 East, a new coffee shop on the near east side . . . Jazz comes to the waterfront Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights as the Sewer presents reed man **Brent Majors' trio** (**Kemp Lester**, organ; **Frank Isola**, drums) . . . On Wednesday the group is augmented by vibist **Dick Tapert** . . . **Lenore Paxton**, after several years as a duo pianist, has finally found a drummer to her liking. The results of her association with **Dick Riordan** can be heard at Bob and Rob's in suburban Madison Heights. The third member of the group is bassist **Dick Wigginton** . . . Another hard-to-please pianist, **Howard Lucas**, is back as soloist at one of his old haunts, Cafe Gourmet . . . Peripatetic bassist **Melvin Jackson** has forsaken Chicago and returned to Detroit with his family. Best known nationally for his work with tenorist **Eddie Harris**, Jackson was prominent on the Detroit scene in the early 60's. He plans to continue to tour with Harris.

Philadelphia: A concert of the works of **Henry Mancini** by the **Philadelphia Orchestra** took place June 7, with Mancini conducting . . . The calendar of the Temple University Music Festival has in-

cluded such attractions as **Benny Goodman** with the **Zagreb Philharmonic**, July 5; **Preservation Hall Jazz Band**, July 9; **Herbie Mann**, July 14; **Count Basie**, Aug. 6. Many other offerings include classical, folk, rock, ballet, afro and chamber groups. Also planned for the Philadelphia summer season are a number of **George Wein** concerts at the Spectrum . . . **Evelyn Sims** and the **Jazz East Trio** moved to the Gay Paree in North Philly after a long run at the Sahara . . . This writer's local column was moved from *Scoop USA* to *Nite Owl*, a local entertainment weekly which once featured the columns of **DJ Del Shields**. My new column is titled *The Wonderful World of Black and White* and features a small photo section . . . The **Mills Brothers** were withdrawn from a booking at Palumbo's at the last minute due to an emergency eye operation on **Harry Mills**. **Vic Damone** was brought in to fill the vacancy . . . Saxophonist **Danny Turner**, in town to be with his wife who had been hospitalized, has had a long engagement at **Drews Rendezvous** . . . A Freedom Week Show at Mitten Hall featured **Ernie Banks**, **The Arthur Hall Dancers**, **Dap Sugar Willie** (from North Philly) and others . . . **Jimmy (Bad Man) Oliver** and **Eddie McFadden** were the recent attractions at the First Nighter Supper Club . . . Pianist **Al Thomas** featured vocalist **Sheila Wilmer** with his trio at the Clef Club . . . **Rufus Harley** has been playing at Club Monaco in the Germantown section and other area spots . . . **Art Blakey** was followed by **Lou Donaldson** at West Philly's Aqua Musical Lounge. This room seems to have the most consistent good jazz policy in the area . . . Vocalist **Ken Shephard** was featured with pianist **Sid Simmons' trio** at the Sahara. **Wayne Doekery** played bass and **John Goldsmith** kept the tempos crisp at the drums . . . In the shadow of Billy Penn's statue at City Hall, a large center-city block is being leveled to make way for more new buildings. There is little today to remind one of the musical activity that once took place there. The **Clique Club**, which featured many name bands on its giant revolving bandstand during the big band era, and the **Club Shangri La**, which came before it, will be leveled. **Spider Kelly's Mole Street club**, which once featured **John Coltrane**, **Jimmy Smith** and **Arthur Prysock** in their earlier days, and many others, will go. This writer's loft recording studio, which housed many jam sessions in the early '50s and where later the **Abundant Sounds Swing Club** meetings were held was a fun place, but it too will go. They will tear down the site of **Bates' Musical Bar**, where **Kokomo** played piano and sang. The little restaurant once known as **Willie the Weepers**, where musicians sat until sunrise after their gigs will go too. Only the shells of these places will be leveled, as all of these spots are now but memories of the past. **Billy Krechmer's Jam Session Cafe** was only a block away, but the building now houses a **Go Go** room. The little studio where **Charlie Roisman** held many sessions is now vacant, and further down near Broad and South, both **Peps Musical Bar** and the **Show Boat** are closed. An era may be making way for

progress, but this writer assures you that you will be hearing new young jazzmen from Philly for a long time to come.

New Orleans: Tulane Jazz Archive director **Dick Allen** recently announced the acquisition of a collection of tape recordings of New Orleans artists made in 1949 and 1950 by **Herbert Otto**. Otto, now a researcher for the **Clement Stone Foundation** of Chicago, was a Tulane student when he made the recordings at various jam sessions, bars, and parties. Among the artists included on the rare tapes are **Big Eye Louis Nelson**, **Tom Brown**, **Johnny Bayersdorfer**, **Albert Burbank**, **Papa Celestin**, **Herb Morand**, **George Lewis**, and **George Girard** . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club's annual *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* series began in early July with a concert by **Percy Humphrey** and the **Eureka Brass Band**. Future concerts will feature **Dutch Andrus**, **Armand Hug**, and **Sherwood Mangiapanne's All-Stars** . . . Pianist **Ellis Marsalis**, currently with **Al Hirt**, played cocktail hours at the Devil's Dungeon during a recent return visit to New Orleans . . . Tenor saxophonist **James Rivers' avant garde** trio is playing weekends at the suburban **Stereo Lounge** . . . **Yvonne Allen** is vocalist with the **Red Tyler** combo at Sylvia's . . . A teen spectacular at the Municipal Auditorium spotlighted the rock group **The Turtles** with appearances by two local groups, **Deacon John** and his **'Lectric Soul Train** and the **Glory Rhodes** . . . The lineup at the **Al Hirt** club includes percussionist **Mongo Santamaria**, **Young-Holt, Unltd.**, and the **World's Greatest Jazz Band** . . . Clarinetist **Tom Sancton, Jr.**, recently had two articles about traditional jazz published in the *Harvard Crimson*. Sancton, who was a protege of the late **George Lewis**, is a junior at Harvard majoring in American Studies.

Paris: Pianist **Randy Weston** recorded an album for Polydor with **Henri Texier**, bass; **Art Taylor**, drums; and his son, **Niles Weston** . . . **Ted Curson** played the **Chat Qui Peche** in June, backed up by the **Georges Arvanitas Trio** (Arvanitas, piano; **Jacky Samson**, bass; **Charles Soudrais**, drums) . . . At the same time, Polish pianist **Mieczyslaw Kosz** played the **Cameleon**, accompanied by **Abby Cullaz**, bass; **Bernard Lubat**, drums . . . A show dedicated to **Irving Berlin** was taped by French TV. **Johnny Griffin**, tenor sax; **Slide Hampton**, trombone; **Martial Solal**, Arvanitas, **Claude Bolling**, piano; **Bill Coleman**, trumpet; **Stephane Grapelli**, violin; and vocalists **Jon Hendricks** and **Billie Poole** were the guests on the show . . . Pianist **Stanley Cowell's** trio (**Steve Novosel**, bass; **Jimmy Hopps**, drums), back from London, where they recorded two albums, gave a concert at the Museum of Modern Art . . . Altoists **Roscoe Mitchell** and **Joseph Jarman**, bassist **Malachi Favors**, trumpeter **Lester Bowie** and Mrs. Bowie (better known as singer **Fontella Bass**), arrived in Paris from Chicago. They have concerts planned by a young French drummer, **Claude Deleloo**. Expected to join them soon were **Arthur Jones** and **Anthony Braxton**, alto; **Leo Smith**, trum-

pet; Leroy Jenkins, violin; and New Yorker Burton Greene, piano. Trumpet player Jacques Coursil, who spent a couple of weeks in Paris, intends to come back soon . . . American guitarist Jimmy Courley and trumpeter Don Jetter have left Paris for the Canaries Island, where they are opening a jazz club named the Half Note in October.

Denmark: It started August 1968, and now it's already over. Timme Rosenkrantz has been forced to stop the activities of "Timme's Club" in Copenhagen because of financial difficulties. In the eight months of the club's existence he presented Mary Lou Williams, Teddy Wilson, and during the last weeks, tenorist Ben Webster, who was accompanied by two Danish veterans, pianist Bent Schjarrf and bassist Erik Moseholm, among others . . . The Underground Railroad, a jazz-rock quintet featuring Allan Botschinsky, Ray Pitts, Kenny Drew, Neils Henning Orsted Pedersen, and Bjarne Rostvold, went to Stockholm for the last week of June and the first of July to play at Cirkeln. . . . Tenorist Booker Ervin has been at the Montmartre for a couple of weeks. Dexter Gordon's planned engagement was cancelled for unknown reasons. During the weeks in July when the room is usually filled with tourists aplenty, trumpeter Joe Newman, in Scandinavia to visit his in-laws in Gothenburg, will be featured with the Montmartre house rhythm section. During a concert at the ABC Theater in Copenhagen, it was possible to hear some of the best known Danish avant garde groups: the Contemporary Jazz Quartet, and groups led by bassist Finn von Eyben and Poul Ehlers. . . . The Maxwells, a Danish jazz-rock group, was in Germany during the first week of June in order to record for SABA under the supervision of Jo Berendt. . . . Several rock and beat groups have been visiting Denmark during May and June, but the most attention has been paid to two American singers, both of whom also appeared in radio and television. First, singer Janis Joplin brought her group to Scandinavia, and then poet-composer-singer Richie Havens brought his guitar and scored a big personal success. . . . Danish television went into immediate activity when the sad news about the death of Coleman Hawkins reached the country. On May 27, a 30-minute memorial program entitled *Body and Soul* was seen. Timme Rosenkrantz, violinist Svend Asmussen and trumpeter Arvid Meyer gave their impressions of the Hawk, and parts from a program he made with the Oscar Peterson Trio in 1967 were shown. Other guests on the Danish television screens during early summer: organist Jimmy Smith and bluesman B.B. King.

Australia: Down Beat scholarship bassist Bruce Cale leaves Australia August 20 to return to the U.S. Bruce's six-month visit, with his wife Kathleen, coincided with his grandmother's 100th birthday and the Australian publication *Music Maker* took this opportunity to publish a four-page interview on his activities since obtaining the scholarship in 1967. . . . Drummer Warren Daly is again resident in

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Sydney after 12 months with the **Buddy De Franco-Glenn Miller** and **Si Zentner** bands. Daly has organized an 18-piece rehearsal band which is booked for its first appearance at the Musicians Club in early September. . . . Two European jazz groups, **The Jacques Loussier Trio** and the **Namyslowsky Quartet** in conjunction with the **Novi Singers**, recently completed a tour of Australia and New Zealand. . . . Pianist **Bryce Rohde** has returned after several years in Los Angeles, while one of Australia's leading pianist-arrangers **Terry Wilkinson** moved to Hollywood, where he is staying with New Zealand pianist **Julian Lee** . . . United States Information Service director and pianist-organist **Lewis H. Lederer** left Australia July 27 to retire from the diplomatic service and live in Washington D.C., where he will concentrate on the supper club circuit . . . Leading modernist reed and viola player **Charlie Munro** hosted another series of six half-hour programs for the State Music Department of A.B.C. National Radio and is now supervising the final sessions at E.M.I. studies of his jazz ballet score . . . Also in the recording field, outstanding altoist **Graeme Lyall** had his first jazz LP released by E.M.I. The session includes Lyall, alto, amplified alto, tenor and flute; **Bob McIver**, trombone; **Dave McRae**, piano; **Ed Gaston**, bass; and **Graeme Morgan**, drums. McRae leaves with Bruce Cale August 20 for the U.S. . . . Juilliard student and freelance film music writer **Sven Liback** has released his most ambitious recorded work to date, *Australian Suite*, utilizing top available studio musicians . . . **Don Burrow's** quartet is now appearing on the college and chamber music circuit. Recent performances have been at Trinity Grammar School's 3rd Annual Music Festival and at Sydney University . . . Vibraphonist **John Sangster** temporarily discontinued all studio commitments, excluding his Sunday Night Jazz Quintet, to perform in the Australian version of *Hair* . . . Pianist **Alan Pennay** has taken his trio to Australia's leading ski resort at Thredbo for the three months winter season . . . Band-leader **Jim Gussey**, after a career that had witnessed the growth of jazz in Australia, retired this month from the Australian Broadcasting Commission Dance Band.

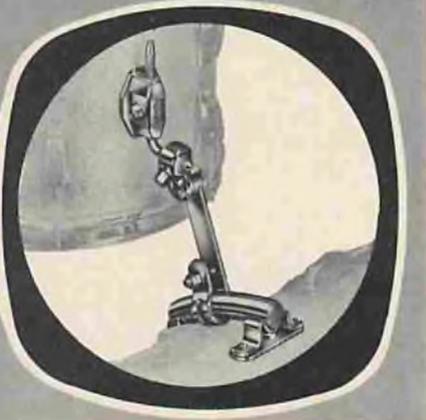
Argentina: The recent tours of **Duke Ellington**, the **Oscar Peterson Trio** and the **Earl Hines Quartet** were big successes here, and as a result, various managers are in contact with American jazz musicians to play in this country. Next visitors: **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Count Basie** . . . Ten Records has a big success with the album *Trauma*, by the **Alfredo Remus Trio**. Remus is a bass player and composer . . . Another Ten LP, *Fusion II*, features pianist **Clare Fischer** with **Oscar Alem**, bass, and **Eduardo Casalla**, drums. It was recorded by Fischer when he was in Buenos Aires in 1964. On the other side is the **Jorge Calandrelli** trio with Remus, bass, and **Oswaldo Lopez**, drums. For information on these records please write to Ten Records, Florida 520, 5° piso, oficina 524, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

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