

ICD OCTOBER 16, 1969 50c

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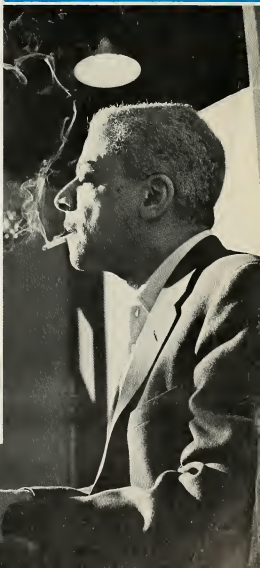
EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

KEYBOARD ISSUE

**Lennie Tristano: "I Listen to Rock" □ Perfection Personified:
Teddy Wilson □ The New Junior Mance □ The Moogs' Coming-
Out Party □ Jazz on Campus □ A Great Erroll Garner Solo**

**Readers Poll
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The first question that was asked of Mr. Drexler in this interview was: "Would you define technique?" "Basically," Mr. Drexler replied, "there are two kinds of technique—finger technique, referring to the manipulation of the keys, and technique as it applies to the embouchure and the mouth. Of course, the coordination of the two is most important. The interview continues in a most interesting

pattern with more closely detailed answers to questions regarding the flute.



Copies of this brochure, one in a series regarding the flute, are available to music educators at music dealers throughout the country.

Since 1947 George Drexler has been with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra as first-chair flutist.

An interview with George Drexler regarding technique as it relates to the flute



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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

IN THE LAST ISSUE we spoke of some ways to better your music education within your school. This time we'll briefly mention some of the positive ways you can get a better music education outside school, or further your way along should you have school behind you.

If it's foundation you need, either in instrumental instruction or theory, hunt up a good private teacher. Generally, most good modern music teachers are affiliated with a music studio, a teaching annex of a music store. Most studios are well equipped (particularly with the new technology such as electronic keyboard systems, etc.) and they are ethical. If you have doubts about a particular teacher's ability, check him out with former students or local professionals.

If you just can't find anyone able and willing to teach you modern music (and that, of course, still includes the fundamentals, without which there is no music) in your community, check the Yellow Pages and the musician's union in communities within commuting distance. If at all possible, don't settle for just any teacher that happens to be close by. A poor teacher—and there are still many left—will set you back in your learning, and, perhaps worst of all, may turn you off and away from music.

If all your searching fails, then you will have to go it yourself. But there are good aides available. If you can at least get the rudiments from some teacher or friendly musician, you can proceed on your own using self-study materials.

For example, the Berklee Keyboard series (four volumes, four supplements) will take you right along the correct theory path with ample, well programmed technical exercises and performance pieces. Similar methods are available now on all instruments from any publishers. (The *Down Beat Music Directory* lists all available materials, with price and source). In areas not usually covered by good local teachers, such as jazz arranging and improvisation, there are some excellent self-study books available.

Of course, going it on your own is not easy. It all depends on how much motivation you have to begin with. If you want the guidance and discipline in learning that most of us need but can't attend formal classes, look into the excellent 20-lesson correspondence course on theory and arranging offered by Berklee. Or check out what might be available from your closet college evening sessions. It could even be that a college jazz musician, teacher or undergraduate, could use some extra money by tutoring you informally.

If you are involved with a group of musicians eager to learn more of what's happening, you could pool your money and bring in your own teacher at least once a week. You should be able to get a good jazz musician teacher to do this for \$100-\$150 a day (depending on transportation costs). He could devote a whole day with your group to rehearsal techniques, arranging, analysing your strengths and weaknesses etc.

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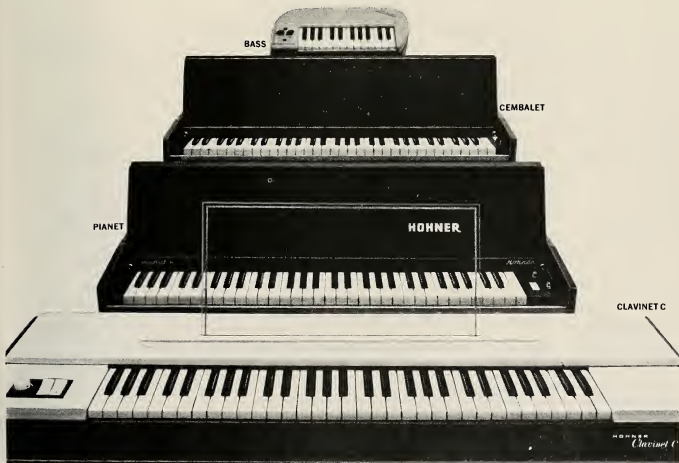
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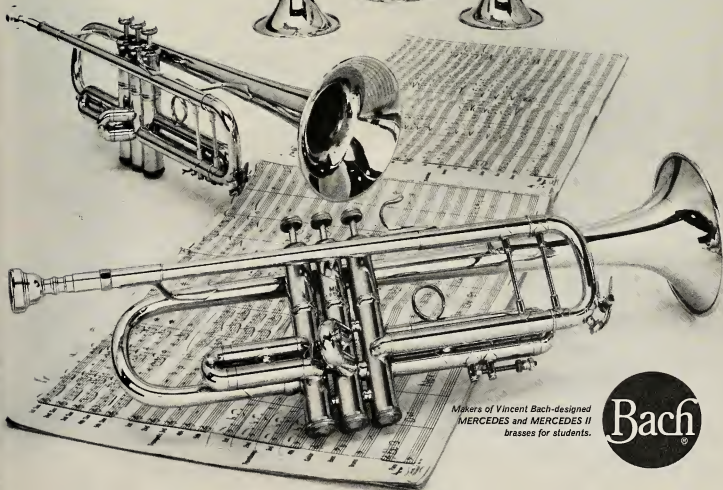
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education in jazz

by Dave Brubeck

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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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Berklee graduates that I've met have the common three vital qualities: mastery of the techniques of jazz . . . complete command of their instrument . . . the ability to create and thereby contribute to the future of jazz.

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Dave Brubeck

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A Forum For Readers

Uncalled For?

I would like to take issue with Chris Albertson's review of Charles Lloyd's *Soundtrack* album (*DB*, Sept. 4).

Albertson gave this extremely fine side four stars, which was fine. But . . . he found it necessary to take some uncalled for personal jabs at Lloyd.

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And was the reference to Keith Jarrett as the *real star* of the side necessary? . . . Since both obviously have so much to offer us, why must this sort of course be followed?

. . . I'll not go on any further, but let me just state in closing that if Albertson just paid more attention to the musical content of the album . . . and did not concern himself with all the unnecessary personal cuts at Lloyd, a far more worthwhile review could have been turned in.

Barry McManus

Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Best?

I enthusiastically agree with Alan Heine-man (*DB*, Sept. 4) that *After Bathing At Baxter's* by the Jefferson Airplane is the best American rock album ever released. I know of one other person who agrees.

I wonder if he would find anything to agree with in what I consider the next five best albums of the contemporary music scene: *Blood, Sweat & Tears* (second album); *Crown of Creation* by the Airplane; *The Freewheeling Bob Dylan*, and the two latest by the Miles Davis Quintet, *Miles in the Sky* and *Filles de Kilimanjaro*.

The two Davis' and the BS&T album represent the closest to what has been called "jazz-rock." The Airplane albums are certainly the finest examples of non-blues-based rock. The Dylan album I feel is the best album of the folk music movement, and heavily influential, as all his work is, on folk and "folk-rock" music.

Richard Kuntz

West Virginia University

Give Him That Wine!

I would like to make use of your pages to thank those critics who voted me Male Vocalist Most Deserving of Wider Recognition.

Having lived in London and worked in Europe for the past two years, this, of course, made me very happy.

In fact, I haven't been so happy since the critics in the *Melody Maker* International Poll voted me Number One Male Jazz Singer in the World (Ray Charles, number two; Frank Sinatra, number three).

Jon Hendricks

London, England

Time for Jimmy Hamilton

It's about time that people—jazz fans in particular—began to appreciate Jimmy Hamilton. He was hidden behind Duke Ellington for over 26 years, and now that he's on his own, I hope that people will begin to toot their horns for this exceptionally talented and exceptionally considerate person.

Ellen Bromsen

New Rochelle, N.Y.

The Living Past

Many thanks to Martin Williams for his fine coverage of the Second Annual Conference on Discographical Research (*DB*, Aug. 7).

I shudder to think that there are just a few thousand people who are really interested in the preservation of recorded jazz history, especially here in America. If one cannot listen to the past, the present and future will have very little meaning. The past is living, not dead, through the miracle of instant sound via LP. Discographers make this heritage far richer. . . .

Superlatives are in order for Williams and for Dan Morgenstern, Stanley Dance, Frank Driggs, and Orrin Keepnews for all they have done, especially in the reissue programs that are currently taking place at the major record companies.

W. Douglas Meriwether Jr.

Annapolis, Md.

Open Letter to Larry Coryell

Subject: *Lady Coryell* (Vanguard Apostolic VSD-6509)

Dear Mr. Coryell:

I bought this record with great expectations.

I bought it with high hopes.

I bought it with \$3.98.

I bought the Brooklyn Bridge.

Why, Larry, why? Is there any reason for a man who has displayed such obvious talent and taste in the past to release such an unimaginative, unoriginal, banal (with the exception of *Treat's Style*) recording to a public that views these things transparently? (They see right through you, man.)

It's three years late and it wouldn't have made it then either.

I know you can do better. Put some tape over your mouth, get yourself a new recording contract, and try again.

Thomas Lunt

Webster Groves, Mo.

P.S. to Whitney Balliett: There's this guy name of Montgomery I want you to hear . . .

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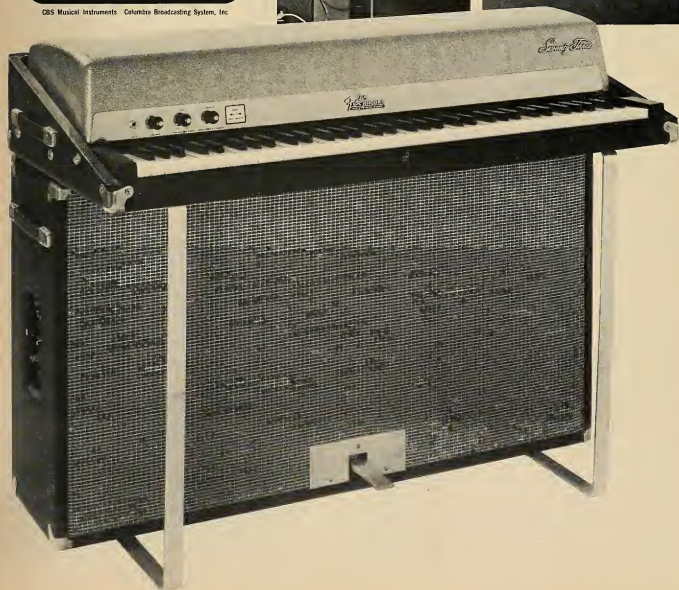
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POLITICS NO BARRIER: PRAGUE JAZZ FEST SET

The tense political situation notwithstanding, Czechoslovakia's intrepid jazz fans are hard at work organizing the fourth International Jazz Festival in Prague, scheduled to take place Oct. 30 through Nov. 2.

The festival is slated to open with two concerts by the Duke Ellington Orchestra, followed by a jam session. On the second day, several local groups, trumpeter Dusko Gokjovic's Munich-based ensemble, and the Oscar Peterson Trio are expected to perform.

A showing of jazz TV programs from Hamburg's Norddeutscher Rundfunk series will be the attraction in the afternoon of Nov. 1, while the evening concert will feature Dave Pike's International Quintet, a trombone workshop including Jiggs Whigham from the U.S., Albert Mangelsdorff from Germany, Erich Kleinschuster from Austria and Svatopluk Kosvanek from the host country; works by composer Pavel Blatny, and Jon Hiseman's Colosseum from Great Britain.

The Gustav Brom big band, an internationally famous Czech organization, will perform Jaromir Hnilicka's *Jazz Mass* Sunday morning. The concluding evening concert will be headlined by the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band. Groups from Denmark and Yugoslavia are also scheduled.

Ticket requests must be in the hands of the festival organizers no later than Oct. 15, and should be addressed to: International Jazz Festival, Secretariat, 39, Dlouha trida, Prague 1, Czechoslovakia.

BALTIMORE HOSTS JAZZ SOCIETY CONFERENCE

The Left Bank Jazz Society of Baltimore, Md. was host to the third annual Eastern Conference of Jazz Societies Aug. 29-31 at Johns Hopkins University's Turner Auditorium. The conference was attended by more than 200 members of jazz societies from New York City (Jazz Interactions), Philadelphia (Jazz at Home Club), Newark, N.J., Hartford, Conn. (Hartford Jazz Society), Washington, and Long Island, N.Y. (Friends of Jazz).

Musical events included a presentation by Donald Criss and his African Jazz Ensemble, *The Evolution of Jazz*; and concerts by Hank Levy's Towson State College Band; a group co-led by tenor saxophonists Mickey Fields and Buck Hill, and the Count Basie Band.

Walter Carter, sociology instructor at Loyola College and a prominent spokesman for Baltimore's black community, gave the keynote address on "the social implications of jazz," and trumpeter Donald Byrd, director of Afro-American Music Studies at Howard University, and Elliot Galkin, chairman of the music department

at Goucher College and music critic for the Baltimore *Sun*, delivered the Marshall Stearns Memorial Lectures on Sunday afternoon.

The Count Basie Award, established last year by National Beer to recognize contributions by individuals and groups in the field of jazz, was presented to the Left Bank Jazz Society which "over the past five years . . . has emerged as the moving force in the resurgence of jazz as a performing art in the Baltimore area."

BERKELEY FETES DUKE; MUSICIANS PAY TRIBUTE

Duke Ellington has been given numerous honors in 1969, but few could match the symposium held Sept. 28 and 29 at the University of California Berkeley under the sponsorship of U.C. Extension. It was a living *Festschrift*—a compendium of praise and appreciation for America's greatest living composer.

In addition to an informal discussion period with Ellington and a concert by his orchestra, there were lectures on the social and cultural background of his career and the style and content of his music by musicians John Lewis, Charles Mingus, John Handy III, and Gunther Schuller; critics Stanley Dance, Ralph Gleason, and Leroy Robinson; and musician-sociologist Ortiz Walton.

Historical, social, and cultural background was the theme of the opening session on Sunday morning. Walton, a former member of the Buffalo and Boston symphony orchestras, spoke on "Coronation of the King: Duke Ellington's Contributions to Black Culture"; Robinson discussed "Black Pride in the Music of

Duke Ellington", and Handy gave a talk on "Ellington's Career and Its meaning for Us".

Sunday afternoon was devoted to style and content. Dance discussed "Ellingtonians: The Duke's Men", while Schuller devoted his remarks to "The Ellington Language". In the evening session, Lewis spoke on "The Ellington Impact", and Mingus followed with "Mingus Plays Ellington", a "musical discussion illustrated with words". A detailed report, on the symposium will appear in a future issue.

LONDON FESTIVAL MIGHT BE "WORLD'S GREATEST"

London's *Jazz Expo '69* claims to be the "world's greatest jazz festival", and the rich and varied lineup of performers assembled for the eight-day program, Oct. 25-Nov. 1, indicates that the claim may not be hyperbolic.

The festival, produced by George Wein, Harold Davison, and Jack Higgins, will begin Oct. 25 at London's Royal Festival Hall with a concert featuring Sarah Vaughan and her Trio and the Maynard Ferguson big band. The following night's concert, with the Gary Burton Quartet, the Clarke-Boland Band, Salena Jones, and the Charlie Shavers Quartet, will be held at the Hammersmith Odeon, as will all remaining concerts.

The next four nights will feature special programs: On Monday, a Guitar Workshop with Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow, Kenny Burrell, and others, and the Newport All Stars with Ruby Braff, Red Norvo, Wein, and Joe Venuti; on Tuesday and Wednesday parts one and two of *Jazz from a Swinging Era*, with, on the



Louis Armstrong, fit as a fiddle again, chirps one with Duke Ellington's band at New York's Rainbow Grill. Pops, who was on hand to present Duke's Down Beat Critics Poll awards, taped for the Andy Williams Show last month.

first night, Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, the Alex Welsh Band, Bill Coleman, Albert Nicholas, Jay McShann, and Shavers, and, on the second, Lionel Hampton and his band, Teddy Wilson, Ben Webster, McShann, Humphrey Lyttelton's band, the Dave Shepherd Quintet, and Elkie Brooks. Thursday, Oct. 30, will see the American Folk, Blues and Gospel Festival, featuring Altk King, the Stars of Faith, Otis Spann, John Lee Hooker, Champion Jack Dupree, and the Robert Patterson Singers.

Friday, Oct. 31, will highlight pianists, with the quartets of Thelonious Monk and Cecil Taylor on the bill, along with singer Cleo Laine, accompanied by the Laurie Holloway Trio. The final concert will present the Miles Davis Quintet, the Mary Lou Williams Trio, and Jon Hendricks with the Reg Powell Quartet.

TACITURN JIMMY SMITH TO HEAD BIG PACKAGE

We encountered organist Jimmy Smith between sets at the Village Gate and asked him if he would like to chat about what he is doing and what plans he has for the immediate future. "Where is jazz going?" was his reply, which we answered with another question, "Underground?", not referring to the subterranean regions of the Gate.

If Smith was reluctant to be interviewed, his new manager, Zip Johnson, was not so chary and from what he told us, Jimmy is definitely not headed for the caves. "What we'd like to do," he explained, "is to put together a Jimmy Smith Show, featuring the trio and including a singer, a comedian, some dancers, and perhaps, if we played a big Las Vegas room, add the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra." An ambitious plan, but with a star of Smith's scope, extremely logical and entirely possible.

FINAL BAR

Singer-guitarist, Josh White, 61, died Sept. 5 while undergoing surgery for a defective heart valve at Northshore Hospital in Manhasset, N.Y. He had been professionally inactive for the past three years following a serious auto accident.

Born in Greenville, S.C., the son of a preacher, he began to sing in church as a child, and between the ages of 7 and 12 often acted as a guide for blind blues singers, including Blind Lemon Jefferson.

In 1932, he came to New York and began a series of recordings for Perfect records, both blues (under his own name and as Pinewood Tom) and spirituals (as The Singing Christian). He also accompanied Leroy Carr and Scrapper Blackwell.

From 1936 to 1939, he was inactive as a guitarist due to a hand injury, but in the year of his recovery he began his rise to fame with a part (Blind Lemon Jefferson) in the musical show *John Henry*, which starred Paul Robeson. He made a big hit as a single at New York's Cafe Society Downtown, and soon was much in demand, recording prolifically and performing in clubs and in concert. In 1941, he teamed with singer Libby Holman in a

highly acclaimed program of blues, but the interracial combination was ahead of the times.

During the '40s, White was strongly identified with left-wing causes, including in his repertoire a number of effective protest and political songs. From 1950 through the mid-'60s, he frequently toured Europe and was particularly successful in England.

Though his roots were in blues and Gospel, White was a highly sophisticated



VALERIE WILKER

artist. His choice of material ranged widely, including folk songs and popular songs as well as blues, work songs, spirituals, and Gospel. His voice was smooth but masculine, his diction clear but unstilted, his stage manner confident and dynamic. His brilliant guitar playing was the perfect complement to his beautifully phrased and expertly timed singing.

Often accused by blues and folk purists of being too polished, White in fact opened the doors to a generation of artists and introduced real blues and the then neglected treasures of folk music to a whole new audience. A proud man, he proclaimed in words and music his ethnic identity and social convictions long before this became fashionable.

White introduced into the standard folk repertoire a number of now-famous songs, including *I Gave My Love A Cherry*, *The Lass With the Delicate Air*, *John Henry*, and *Waltzing Matilda*. One of his biggest hits was *One Meat Ball*, and he had a uniquely effective version of *Miss Oiss Regrets*.

Both as a singer and guitarist, White often did his best work in the company of jazz musicians, such as *Milk Cow Blues* with Sidney Bechet (Blue Note), *I Left A Good Deal in Mobile* with Edmond Hall's band (Decca), and an Elektra LP with Al Hall and Sonny Greer. One of his best efforts in the protest blues vein was *Defense Factory Blues* (Keynote), while *Jim Crow Train* was an effective showcase for his guitar.

White played an important role in American music. He was successful, but if not for his strong convictions, he would probably have attained greater fame and fortune. His son, Josh White Jr., who made his debut with his father at the age of 4, is a gifted singer and actor who has appeared in several Broadway and TV shows.

Ex-band leader Mitchell Ayres, 59, was killed when struck by a car in Las

Vegas, Nev. Sept. 6. A violinist, he led one of the better hotel dance bands from the mid-'30s to the late '40s, then became recording director for Columbia Records. Subsequently, he was musical director for the Perry Como Show, and was much in demand as a conductor for singers. At the time of his death, Ayres was conducting for Connie Stevens.

Photographer Fred Seligo, 34, was killed Aug. 19 by a hit-and-run motorist near Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles. He was on his way to the club to photograph Sonny Rollins' opening. Seligo was well known for his many record album covers and was a familiar figure at recording sessions and festivals. He frequently contributed to *Down Beat*. His photographs of Buddy Rich illustrated Whitney Balliett's book *Super Drummer*, published last year. For a short time, Seligo worked as manager of Shelly's Manne-Hole.

Pianist Tommy Chase, 60, died of cancer in Providence Hospital, Washington, D.C. Sept. 2. He had been featured for the past four years at Blues Alley. Chase went to Europe in 1930 with Harry Coffey's band and remained until the outbreak of World War II, working in France and Spain and touring Scandinavia, the Baltic states, the Balkans, and North Africa with, among others, Valaida Snow, Mabel Mercer, Bennie Peyton and George Johnson, also leading his own bands. He recorded a solo album in 1968, scheduled for release on the Fat Cat label.

Singer June Davis, popular in Chicago jazz circles, was killed with her husband in a head-on collision with a speeding car July 14. Funds are needed to support a surviving child, and friends of the singer are urged to contact her mother, Mrs. Thelma L. Washburn, R.R. 1, Bonfield, Ill. 60913.

Trumpeter Stan Foster, 36, died of a brain hemorrhage in New York City Aug. 26. Born in Cincinnati and active for some years in San Francisco, Foster came to New York in 1964 and had worked for the past four years with tenorist Danny Quebe's Jazz Ministers. He also appeared with Pharoah Sanders' group.

POTPOURRI

The Elvin Jones Trio spent the two first weeks of September at Ronnie Scott's Club in London. Jones and bassist Wilbur Little were joined in London by reedman-flutist Joe Farrell, already in Europe vacationing with his family. They were followed at the club by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, who broke attendance records on their opening night.

The 360th Musical Experience (Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Roland Alexander, tenor sax; Dave Burrell, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Beaver Harris, drums) will be heard in concert with trombonist Roswell Rudd's group at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. in New York City Oct. 17 and 18. The recently formed Experience, which has been quite busy of late, appears regularly Mondays through Thursday at Nick Quesado's Nucleus Experimental Theater.

LENNIE TRISTANO: FEELING IS BASIC...

BY ALAN SURPIN

"I THINK Diana Ross is the greatest jazz singer since Billie Holiday. Examples: *Keep An Eye, How Long Has That Evening Train Been Gone, Does Your Mama Know About Me, Will This Be The Day.*"

The above comments appeared as a letter to the editor in the June 26, 1969 issue of this magazine. What made the letter special was the signature: Lennie Tristano, Hollis, N.Y.

"The fact that I wrote that note to *Down Beat* is very unique; you have no idea how much so. And a lot of people think I'm a little out of it for saying what I did about Diana," the pianist said, pacing the floor of his studio.

The real significance of that letter, however, is not merely the fact that Lennie Tristano seldom writes to magazines in praise of a musician. The message is that two of the greatest jazz singers in his estimation should be from generations widely apart.

"I may talk about Bird, Pres and Bud, or mention Billie in a letter, but I haven't stopped listening. I still listen. And more than most people, I'd say," Tristano commented.

"Most musicians, especially jazz musicians, don't listen unless they want to 'cop' something—find out about somebody else's harmonic progression. A lot of people are copying Herbie Hancock and McCoy Tyner. That's not why I listen. I listen to rock because it's part of the music, and I love music.

"Also, it gives me an idea of what's happening and a way to understand the young people and where their culture is at."

Tristano is 50 years old now. A major force in the development of modern jazz, he has mainly confined his activities during the past decade to teaching, emerging on rare and cherished occasions for a concert or club engagement.

Last year, he played a concert in Harrogate, England, invited by local musicians who love his music. His last night club appearance in the U.S. was at New York City's Half Note some three years ago. His most recent album, *The New Lennie Tristano* (Atlantic 1357), was made in 1962. But he keeps in touch.

"It's interesting," he says, "that a lot of people aren't convinced about Diana Ross because of the material she uses. But Billie's material was a lot different from Bessie Smith's."

In November, Tristano will perform at the Berlin Jazz Days, a major annual festival dedicated this year to Duke Ellington. It will feature such other notable pianists as Thelonious Monk, Cecil Taylor, Joachim Kuhn and stride veteran Joe Turner.

The trip to Germany will very probably provide the occasion for the long-



LEE TANNER

awaited next Lennie Tristano L.P. It will more than likely be a solo effort, as was the 1962 album. The combination of feeling and masterful technical ability which frees him from having to worry about how to play and lets him concentrate on the spontaneity of the music makes hearing Tristano one of the most exciting listening experiences this writer has encountered.

When his last album appeared, Tristano said, he attempted to interest some New York club owners in having him appear as a solo pianist. They were not enthusiastic about the idea. Though they liked the record, they didn't believe that people would come out to hear a pianist perform solo.

That conclusion was probably incorrect, and seems especially so today. At the Top of the Gate in Greenwich Village, for example, one usually finds a piano trio and a solo pianist as the featured attractions. (If Art D'Lugoff wants Lennie's phone number, it's in the 802 Directory.)

Of course, one often hears the cry that jazz is dead and jazz clubs dying. Aside from the fact that clubs generally are too expensive for most young jazz fans (the Top of the Gate is a happy

exception), Tristano has an interesting theory concerning them.

"We live in what I consider to be a hazardous time," he points out. "People don't want to stay out late. Jazz clubs start at 10 or 11 p.m. and stay open to 3 or 4 a.m. Suppose they opened at 5 in the afternoon and closed at midnight? Of course, it might not work. But maybe it would, and more people might go.

"Jazz isn't dead. People just aren't going out to hear it. I get calls and letters and am interviewed by people who want to talk about jazz and are obviously listening. I'm constantly in touch with people who are interested in jazz," the pianist continues.

In the U.S., he comments, his records have not done very well in the past few years. "The royalty statements are few and far between, while I always seem to get them from sales in Europe."

To Tristano, the uniqueness of jazz is improvisation, spontaneity:

"Some of the music today is like jazz Muzak. It's often arranged too much, and there is almost no improvising," he claims, pointing out that his listening ranges widely and that he tries not to

/Continued on page 30

The Unchanging Perfection of Teddy Wilson

By Lars Lystedt



DAVID WHEAT

"I'VE NEVER traveled so fast in my whole life."

The speaker was Theodore (Teddy) Wilson, and the date was last May 13. The distinguished pianist had come a long way from Austin, Texas. We were riding—at 120 miles an hour—in a new Mercedes-Benz, approaching the Arctic Circle and "the end of the world"—the little town of Boden, far up in the north of Sweden. The concert in Boden was to be the farthest stop during a four-city tour by Wilson and his temporary Swedish rhythm section, bassist Ray Carlsson and drummer Sten Oberg.

Wilson was taking the incredible speed in stride, an example of the famous Wilson composure, no doubt. The tour had started in the small university town of Umea a few days before, where Wilson also had been featured with the Umea big band. It had been a rare event, indeed.

"As far as I can remember, it's been 30 years since I was featured with a big band," Wilson said. "That was in 1939, and I had my own outfit then. I had arrangements by Buster Harding, Edgar Sampson and myself."

The Teddy Wilson story is familiar, but that does not preclude entering a few observations by the graying, sophisticated veteran of the swing era. Reluctant to talk about the golden years with Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and Lester Young, he preferred to speak of the present and the future. (In fact, it took a great deal of persuasion to get his consent for an article at all; he is not overly concerned whether anything is written about him or not, and he has refused many interviews in the past.)

When one compares the Wilson of the '30s and '40s and the Wilson of 1969, one finds little change. It would take the ears of a Wilson expert to detect significant change in the Hines-Waller-Tatum-based style he honed to individual perfection between 1935 and '42. He doesn't believe in tampering with a style of playing he is so at ease with, and it is remarkable that none of the different styles of jazz that

have come and gone during the last three decades has affected him perceptibly.

"But that doesn't mean I'm complacent about my own playing," he said. "There is always room for improvement, and there are always new discoveries in store when you're playing the piano. You should never be satisfied with less than the best of your capabilities."

It is clear that perfection was nothing new for Teddy Wilson when he joined Benny Goodman. The dreaded "BG-ray" could hardly have been applicable to the impeccable pianist. As early as 1935 Wilson made no less than 100 takes of *Don't Blame Me*, a piano solo of approximately 2½ minutes duration, before he approved one for release.

"Needless to say, recording executives had a more lenient approach at that time," Wilson muses.

A typical Wilson set today may start—as they did on his Swedish visit—with a beautifully executed solo recital in which his fondness for good standards, such as *Someone to Watch over Me* and *Body and Soul*, is in evidence. Joined by the rhythm section, he delights listeners with the ease with which he can delicately explore *Moonglow*, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, or *Undecided*.

Listening to him, it seems a pity that he hasn't recorded since 1964, but he offered an explanation:

"I've had several offers from different record companies, but most of them insist on some sort of gimmick, and I don't go for that. I don't blame them really, but I'm only concerned about music, and I'd rather refrain from recording if I have to rely on gimmicks. The music itself should be enough."

"And a few months ago I did make a new LP, for the Danish Metronome label. [To be released on Prestige.] It was a trio date with Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass, and Bjarne Rostvold, drums. I also believe that the interest for the kind of jazz my generation grew up with is gaining ground. There are many signs of that. The success of the World's Greatest

Jazz Band is an indication in that direction, and they deserve all the praise they're getting. Lou McGarity and Carl Fontana are truly fabulous, and not since Teagarden have I heard a trombone player manipulate a slide the way Carl does. He's a wizard!"

In recent times, Wilson has been busy as a lecturer, working clubs, and doing concerts. During the last four years he has played in the West Indies eight times, and he did a month at the late Timme Rosenkrantz's club in Copenhagen early this year. Apart from the swinging excursion through northern Sweden, he worked the Golden Circle in Stockholm, which has resumed its jazz policy, throughout May, backed by Red Mitchell, bass, and Rune Carlsson, drums.

Upon returning to the U.S., Wilson worked this summer in New York, Boston, and Toronto and at Dick Gibson's annual Jazz Party in Vail, Colo., where he has been a regular playing guest for years.

He is due back in Europe in late October to play *Jazz Expo '69* in London, followed by a 16-day tour of England with clarinetist Dave Shepherd, a Goodman disciple.

Though Wilson seldom makes headlines nowadays, he is not living in a musical igloo, secluded from developments in music.

"I'm quite familiar with the new trends in jazz, up to Ornette Coleman, at least," he said. "I spent several hours listening to him at the Five Spot, and I also had a couple of rewarding talks with John Coltrane. I have never heard Archie Shepp and his colleagues, so I'd prefer to reserve judgment about them. The record by Blood, Sweat and Tears we listened to the other night was quite fascinating, although I don't think I'm going to buy it. It surely is the music of today, but will it stand the test of time? No reflection on this particular group, but what I miss most of all in today's jazz is discipline. You can have freedom within discipline, and I could cite many examples by Armstrong, Ellington, Waller, and others."

"It's hardly a new invention, you know. We had freedom in Benny's big band too. There's a segment from the 1938 version of *Sing, Sing, Sing* where the soloists were free to play anything they felt, without regard to either key or chords. At the Carnegie Hall concert, it was done by Benny, Vido Musso, and Jess Stacy (and my compliments to him!). The only restriction was that they had to adjust to Gene Krupa's drum patterns."

Well versed in music, Wilson prefers the works of the great classical composers when he's relaxing at home and underpins his views on the merits of discipline by citing Chopin, Robert Schumann, and Beethoven.

"Talking about discipline, when you have listened to Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for three hours," he remarked, "you feel compelled to listen to it all over again, just to marvel at the beautiful construction, how everything falls into place. It's so together. Among pianists, my favorites are Walter Gieseking, and Art Tatum, of course. Those are the masters of the keyboard."

Life Begins at Forty: Junior Mance

JUNIOR MANCE'S LANDLORD and landlady, in order to understand him better, decided to order a subscription to *Down Beat* so they could learn more about his professional life. Junior and his family are welcome to read the magazine first if they happen to see it in the mailbox before their landlords. So New York landlord-tenant problems aren't always so bad.

Then again, Julian Mance is a very likeable cat. And just like the four-legged variety, when he has a problem, he'd just as soon suffer through it alone. His public personality—ever since I came to know him in his early '60s Riverside records recording-star days—has been even, in a major mode. The ready smile seems to have undergone a change through the decade, though. That's partially due to the autonomy attained by growing more mature, and also in accordance with Junior's prevailing belief that life begins at 40. Since he's turned that corner last year, the smile has been more reserved, but when it comes, it is very special. His eyes fairly jump.

Likewise his music. Tumbling waters fall from high peaks. The pace is wild, and the lovely chortling splashes create dynamics which mill grain into heaps of satisfying flour. His new trio excites, builds, leaves audiences content. He is more secure in his art than ever before.

The new trio has delighted New York audiences, so far, in a long stint at the Top of the Gate and an extended summer stay at the Downbeat in midtown Manhattan. In Victor Venegas on bass (Fender, too), Mance has an experienced tropical jazz man who had been playing with Mongo Santamaria for years. On drums is a relative newcomer on the scene, Billy

Cobham, who, young as he is, has an intensity and intelligence that focus immediate interest on his always-musical statements. His sensitivity to dynamic changes, utilizing a very clean bass drum sound, at times creates a unique presence. A tight trio.

Mance has come a long way from the attempt to please his mother by becoming a medical man. Looking back, all he regrets now "is not having stayed on for more than a year-and-a-half at Roosevelt College. To learn arranging more. I would love to arrange for strings. But that's my only regret in my career. I dropped out to make bread. I played with Gene Ammons and Lester Young at 17 and 18 years of age. I was impressed. I sure don't regret playing with them. It was just that I didn't study, too. But the playing experience was invaluable.

"Actually, I played professionally at a very early age. At 13, my father used to take me to jobs and sleep in the car, waiting for me 'til I was finished. I'd nap after school so I could make the gig.

"In Chicago, age didn't mean a thing. They didn't give a damn then how old you were. I got fired from only one job for being under age. For the whole year after high school—I worked a year before college—I never had age problems. But I had them here in New York when I came the first time at 18. They didn't believe I was of age until I was about 24. I think that's why I dig my gray hair now. It's a hold-over!

"Chicago was good to me. The big band I played with there—the Jimmy Dale Band—was run by a guy whose real name is Harold Fox. A beautiful cat. We had everybody's arrangements because every-

body gave him theirs since they liked him so much. He is a tailor and made uniforms for most of the big bands of that day.

"This band was like a Who's Who: Lee Konitz, Gene Ammons; a trumpet player named Gail Brockman (in Billy Eckstine's big band and Dizzy's big band once). A lot of them college students like myself. I replaced Lou Levy. Gene Wright was the bass player. He had a big band once called the Dukes of Swing. Before he broke up his band, he worked with both. They were really the greatest bands around."

We talked about the changing times—the blues and its mass popularity today. "The blues scene in Chicago was very very strong then. It's funny to me how certain blues players are new to people now. Names like Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley, Memphis Slim, Lightnin' Hopkins. They were all around then."

And, similarly, "Ahmad Jamal was cooking when he first came to Chicago, in the late '40s. When he made *But Not for Me*, people would say, in the late '50s, 'You hear that new guy, Jamal? I'd known a long time. Israel Crosby was playing bass with him then. I grew up in a priceless musical environment."

An interruption in the train of thought was triggered by some crazy sounds of an r&b tune on the radio. "Dig that rhythm; a rhythm thing mostly. Drummer Bernard Purdy'd be doing that and he'd have a whole other thing going on the guitar. This is some weird sound effect with guitar, psychedelic—so many interesting things." The music was by the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band, played for a piano player who began as a blues pianist. "I used to be anti-electronics. But there's so much you can do with it. It really depends on who's operating it. Like anything. It's whose hands it's in.

"I guess you know I really hate labels. That's what creates the confusion. I hate to label each 'kind' of music. I like them all equally. It should be all modern music. Just music. Remember I said that jazz has become boring to me? That I was getting tired of the same old format as it is in jazz? Even with the avant garde. I don't find anything new—just the same old things. R&b is much more creative. Especially the rhythms. And psychedelic stuff in r&b is really into wonderful rhythms too. Some of the guitar playing like we've just heard. *A Day in the Life* as the Beatles did—could've been r&b too. Mothers of Invention. Mother Earth. They have guitars.

"I dig r&b as much as I dig jazz. I wish it had happened sooner—finding out about all other types of music. R&b is closer to the blues; it has more of the blues in it than rock, which doesn't necessarily have to do with the blues. Although I like rock too; I'm not putting that down. You know, though, there was a time I was against it. Before, I was trying to be a so-called purist in jazz and I listened to nothing but jazz. You really can't do that. So many other things are around—maybe more imaginative, even.

"I'm still a big fan of Ellington and Basie—they're irreplaceable. I was always crazy about everything Wes (Montgomery)

(Continued on page 38)



LEE FARMER

FOUR MOOGS IN A GARDEN

By Don Heckman

AT FIRST SIGHT you just knew it was going to be an unusual evening. Picture it: the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art, one of New York City's few havens of pastoral and aesthetic beauty, the busy tumult of the city muffled by high walls and the branches of overhanging trees. And sitting in the middle of all this bucolic simplicity: four devices of modern technology, covered with jumbles of complicated wire connections, mysteriously blinking lights, rows of switches, keyboards and cables.

They were, of course, the focus of the evening's entertainment—four especially modified models of Robert Moog's remarkable synthesizer. Now, a synthesizer should not be confused with a "synthetic." That is, it doesn't (or shouldn't) produce an artificial copy of something which already exists in nature. At its best, a synthesizer is as much a creative instrument as, say, an organ, which also has special methods and devices for the modification of relatively pure tones. Unfortunately, it's not always that simple.

For this program, the synthesizers were assigned fairly specific functions. One instrument had a double keyboard (since the standard Moog produces only one musical event at a time—that

is, each key sounds only when it is played alone—the double keyboard provided a kind of polyphonic capability). A second instrument was attached to a commercial electric organ, with the sounds (necessarily diatonic) from that keyboard modified by the tone-altering circuitry of the Moog. A third machine was a fairly straightforward Moog, but it was pre-programmed (via patchcords and sequencers) to provide low, bass-like lines and sliding, indeterminate pitch sounds. The fourth instrument, in some ways the most interesting, was a "percussion synthesizer"—a set of modules that produced simulations of bass drums, snares, cymbals, etc., the whole thing controlled by both a keyboard and traditional drummer's foot-pedal controls.

Obviously, it all *looked* great. And there was enough of an air of excitement to all the fumbling around with the instruments, the testing of circuits, the connecting and re-connecting of wires, the television cameras and press reporters to make one think that an event comparable to the premiere performance of Stravinsky's *Sacre* was about to take place.

Alas, no such luck. Yes, indeed, it was a historic event, certainly one that would have wide repercussions, since it was, so far as anyone knew, the first time an ensemble of synthesizers had played a public, "live" performance.

But the event's historical significance was in no way matched by its musical value. Quite simply, it was a musical disaster. Herb Deutsch's cute little suite demonstrated how badly the superficial gimmickry of pop music and jazz can sound when it is in the hands of com-

posers who possess neither the skill nor the subtlety to make the material come to life. To make things worse, Deutsch, playing the "lead" two-keyboard synthesizer, chose to take most of the solos himself. As a hedge, he apparently had written out his "improvisations" ahead of time, and they might well be memorialized as classic examples of mediocrity on the wing.

Poor Hank Jones, imported by someone whose soul was obviously in the right place, was relegated to comping for Deutsch's depressing flights of egotistic fancy. On the one or two occasions when he got the opportunity to solo, Jones provided the evening's only indication of the synthesizers' true musical potential.

Chris Swanson's pieces (one written, the others spontaneously improvised) were considerably better. But he seemed intimidated by the fact that the synthesizers were set up to duplicate "real" instruments. Swanson's quasi-rock piece was entertaining, but I still prefer to hear an acoustic drum rather than a synthesized drum sound and a "real" electric guitar rather than a synthesized one. In the improvisations, mostly concerned with dense, textural build-ups, Swanson directed his players into some fairly provocative sounds. Both improvisations were terminated abruptly (and, for some listeners, poetically) when the power line plugs were accidentally—I assume—disconnected.

So—an unusual evening, indeed. Visually intriguing, technically revolutionary, and musically a mess. Two out of three: not a bad average for a beginning. But I suspect the best is yet to come.



PAUL BELLISSANT

STANLEY COWELL: More to Come

By Michael Cuscuna



A FAVORITE PASTIME among people in the music world is to debate what promising young musicians might someday rise to importance. I have not yet received a negative response to the suggestion of Stanley Cowell as a candidate for future greatness.

The lean, bespectacled pianist was born 29 years ago in Toledo, Ohio. His father was a violinist and his mother and sister were singers. The boy began taking piano lessons at 4 and was also exposed to a great deal of music at home, especially Afro-American music.

He remembers that when he was 6, "Art Tatum came by our house. He played our piano and played so damn much that he scared my mother." By the time he was 14, he was working dance jobs and playing a little jazz. Not more than three years later, the ambitious young musician was sitting in with the likes of Yusef Lateef.

In 1958, Cowell went to Oberlin to study classical piano and composition. Of this experience he says: "For a black person, the academic world is very interesting—from the standpoint of Western European music, which that world is geared to. I am very glad I went, because I now have the tools to communicate to any musician on a universal level, and these things are important. I'm sometimes dragged because my own people don't know the music of Karlheinz Stockhausen."

During this period, the pianist began to work with Roland Kirk. "It was not until then that I'd had the opportunity to work regularly with a really strong horn. That was a valuable lesson," he points out.

After obtaining a B.A. degree from Oberlin, Cowell headed west to study at the University of Southern California and work with such respected professionals as saxophonist Curtis Amy and guitarist Ray Crawford. In 1966, he ventured to Ann Arbor to earn a Master's degree at the University of Michigan.

"That's when I met bassist Ron Brooks and worked with his trio in Ann Arbor," he said. He also played in nearby Detroit with trumpeter Charles

Moore's Detroit Contemporary Four, who often became five when reedmen Joseph Jarman or Marion Brown were added for special occasions. (Both Moore and Brooks are now in the Contemporary Jazz Quintet with Kenny Cox, which recently recorded for Blue Note.)

In 1967, the pianist started to work with some frequency in altoist Marion Brown's group. That association produced Brown's *Why Not* (ESP-Disk) and *Three For Shepp* (Impulse). Cowell was now in New York City, where he had the opportunity to play with a variety of musicians. Several strong musical associations grew out of this initial period of freelancing.

One such association that lasted was with the great drummer-band leader Max Roach. "I've been playing in Max's quintet for quite a while now and find it very close to what I would want to do on my own," Cowell said. "On Max's album *Members, Don't Get Weary* (Atlantic), we did three of my tunes: *Effi*, *Eupoise* and *Abstrusions*."

Another regular in the Roach quintet is alto saxophonist Gary Bartz, whose second album for Milestone records features four quartet selections and an extended work for sextet from which the record takes its title, *Another Earth*. Cowell was an extremely important factor in the album's artistic success.

For more than a year, Cowell has been pianist for the Bobby Hutcherson Quintet whenever he is available. "So far, I have been on two of Bobby's Blue Note sessions, though neither has been released yet. One featured James Spaulding, and the other had the working group with Harold Land. Two of my tunes were used on those dates: *Effi* and *Wedding March*."

Cowell, bassist Miroslav Vitous, and drummer Jack DeJohnette have become an informal working trio. "We did a European tour with Stan Getz and were the rhythm section for Jack's record, *The DeJohnette Concept* (Milestone). We are thinking of working as a unit when other commitments allow. (Vitous is with Herbie Mann, DeJohnette with Miles Davis.) I really enjoy

Jack and Miroslav. We can play what each of us wants and still be together."

One of Cowell's more challenging experiences was two weeks with Miles Davis as Second pianist. "In Canada, I used a regular piano, and in Boston, I used electric. It was very interesting and very different. Unfortunately, by the time I got into it, it was over. We had no specific arrangements. Miles just told us to play, and the results were amazing."

Beyond his respect for Art Tatum, Cowell feels influenced by Cecil Taylor and McCoy Tyner, because "both of them play the *whole* instrument." Crediting academic training for his harmonic knowledge and African music for his awareness of rhythms, the pianist is expanding his instrumental approach. "I used to think strictly harmonically. Now color and mood are my goals, whatever is necessary to achieve them."

Cowell has a debut album in mind for himself and would also like to produce it, if possible. "I would do one solo piano piece, two trio numbers (one with voice), two quartet pieces and two quintet numbers with a three-piece male chorus. The vocal pieces are *Wedding March*, *Blues for the V.C.* and *Stealin' Gold*. The last song deals with black history."

If recognition fails to come rapidly, Cowell will not flee to Europe, he says. He spent some time there and "did not find it so very interesting." That is an unusual attitude for a young black musician these days, but he elaborates: "Of course, there are many opportunities over there and more playing outlets, such as live radio concerts. For some players, Europe is better. For instance, Marion Brown would never have gotten such recognition here. But it just wasn't for me."

There is no revolutionary style, no Stanley Cowell school of playing, yet the young pianist-composer has a distinctive, recognizable way of playing and writing that is unique to him. The mere fact that he has played with Miles Davis and Max Roach, perhaps the two greatest talent scouts in jazz, is a credit to his work and assurance of a successful future. Listening to his stride work on Marion Brown's *Spooks* (*Three For Shepp*), his free, rockish contributions to *The DeJohnette Concept*, or his thick-textured, straight-ahead work within Gary Bartz' *Another Earth*, one realizes the wide scope of Cowell's musicianship.

As is made evident in that he writes songs with topical lyrics and often uses the electric piano, Cowell is oriented towards his own time and does not dwell unduly on the past. He has only just begun to reveal and develop his creativity. There is more to come; much more.

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Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMichael, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Irvin Maskowitz, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Horvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding. Reviews are signed by the writers.

Rating: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★★ very good, ★★★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Gary Bartz

ANOTHER EARTH—Milestone 9018: *Another Earth*; *Dark Nebula*; *UFO*; *Lost in the Stars*; *Perihelion* and *Aphelion*.

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Bartz, alto saxophone; Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Freddy Waits, drums.

Rating: ★★½

A nice session led by one of the better contemporary altoists. Not a lot of excitement, but some very tough modern playing by all concerned, except Sanders, whose current popularity is an enigma.

One would expect more, because of its length, from the title cut, which takes up all of side one. The themes are intriguing enough, and sometimes ingeniously voiced, but there's little sense of continuity when one considers its rubric ("A sextet in three uninterrupted movements"). One nice thing is that there are a number of very short solos rather than a few long ones, and thus there is a constant feeling of movement and variety.

Bartz' second solo is quite fine: interesting textures over an understated, placid rhythm backing. After the second theme is introduced, Tolliver makes an intelligent, economical statement that begins with some Freddie Hubbard phrasing but is developed in an individual way, with attractive rhythmic variations. Workman, who has gotten little acclaim despite a decade of sterling work behind Art Blakey and John Coltrane, *inter alia*, plays a full, rich, quiet, logical solo in this section that is probably the best thing on the album. Sanders has two solos, the first, in the first section, filled with the by now tediously obligatory repeated Eastern figures, the screaming harmonics, the aimless doodling. Toward the end, he gets into some shorter phrases that are more interesting. The second solo, in the final segment, is uncharacteristically understated, even wistful in spots. Attractive, in a trivial sort of way.

The second side is just Bartz plus rhythm. (*Lost* is an alto-bass duet.) *Nebula* is a compelling line in 3/4; *UFO* sounds very much like an up-tempo Bird tune. Bartz plays compactly and with power on both. Workman also shines on the former, and Cowell on the latter.

Lost, a Kurt Weill-Maxwell Anderson Collaboration and the only tune not by Bartz on the date, is effectively melancholy. The most original composition is *Perihelion*, an ABA line with a slow four bars in 3/4, a fast four-bar bridge in four, and two-bar reprise of the staccato theme. The improvisations use this formula wisely and effortlessly, and some of the resultant dynamic contrasts are striking.

With all the really first-rate young players on the date—each one is a real comer, except for Waits and Tolliver, who have

already found individual voices, and Sanders, who, one wishes, would lose his—it's surprising that not much fire is generated. The rhythm section is tight and sympathetic, and Bartz and Tolliver have assimilated the best of the post-bop and free developments. But the set is strangely sedate, without enough profundity and core strength to carry off that mood wholly successfully. The music is almost there, and there are many grabbing moments, but the record evokes the image of a sprinter, flexing in the starting blocks, practicing his starts, taking off for a few yards, jogging back, flexing. One awaits the gun.

—Heineman

Don Cherry

WHERE IS BROOKLYN?—Blue Note 84311: *Awake Now*; *Taste Maker*; *The Thing*; *There Is The Bomb*; *Unite*.

Personnel: Cherry, cornet; Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophone (piccolo, track 5); Henry Grimes, bass; Edward Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Don Cherry in November, 1966—leavings from the *Symphony For Improvisors* period. Why wait so long to release this fine LP? *Awake Now* was born in Cherry's *Citium* solo with the New York Contemporary 5, reincarnated as Albert Ayler's DC—all three are fine recordings, but this newly issued version has the advantage of an outstanding Cherry solo and a unique Sanders thematic improvisation which mixes witty twists of the head with his typical cultivated hysteria, a most rhythmically stimulating track. To conclude, Cherry and Sanders exchange little squeaks of delight, like two kittens making friends.

The Thing has an excellent Cherry solo, with more sudden rhythmic darts and flurries. Sanders' solo, in similar spirit, opens with Ornette-like lines, then moves on into simple, typical Sanders-style variations. The theme is a catchy one, and the feeling which motivates both these tracks is that of earlier Ayler-Cherry collaborations: the European *Ghosts* LP; Sonny Murray's *Sonny's Time Now*; *New York Eye And Ear Control*. Sady, Ayler has moved away from this sort of thing, into more emotionally constricted areas.

Cherry, too, has chosen to perform a less free music on his earlier *Blue Notes*, but he seems to have found Sanders' slappy mood at this session a satisfying goal for his own ideas. Solos grow out of duo improvisations, both men are alert to each other, and Sanders' receptiveness and invention approaches, on a low level, that of the younger Albert Ayler.

Eventually, though, Sanders' heavy-handed style and repetitions begin to pall. Through sheer volume and near-omni-

presence he dominates this recording, so that a disorganized tenor solo such as in *Taste* (it cops some Shepp tricks, prior to the simulated hysteria) brings down the whole track. *Bomb* is brief and inconclusive, with tentative solos by cornet, tenor, and bass. The very long *Unite*, with several themes and tempos, includes generally creative Cherry and conclusive proof that Sanders is hardly his ideal partner.

At his best, Cherry offers long flowing melodies with a profusion of rhythmic values, mixing in natural fashion spurts of complex sounds with broken passages of longer, but varied, note values. At less than his best, Cherry's continuity remains, but a consistency of note values and spaces becomes apparent, obliterating the finely-controlled tension he needs. (One aside: briefly in *Unite* Sanders plays that unfortunate [a euphemism] piccolo, as florid and dull as his worst tenor stuff. Cherry responds with three obscenely low blats, a form of instant jazz criticism.)

These remarks obscure the important features of this LP. Sanders opens up here far more than on any of his own recordings and Cherry invents light, witty improvisations—a freer kind of music than either has customarily presented in recent years, and ripe with potential for future Don Cherry works. Bassist and drummer are beautiful together. Grimes is a powerful 4/4 player, seldom leaving that basic pulse, yet sounding big and energetic. Blackwell, of course, is the perfect drummer; Despite the throbbing energy of his lines he is a spare player, totally sensitive to the group effort and aware of the potential of rhythmic shifts and tempo changes. His only solo, in *Unite*, is a fine vignette, and in fact, could any other drummer have made that long, diffuse track so continually interesting? It hardly needs to be added that Cherry is the New Music's *tr*-brass player, and any recordings on which he appears are ipso facto important.

—Litweiler

Dixieland Rhythm Kings

TRIP TO WAUKESHA—Blackbird C12006: *Dr. Jazz*; *Nagasaki*; *Do!n'*; *The New Low Down*; *Straight*; *With Some Barbeque*; *Oh, Baby*; *Yellow Dog Blues*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Friendless Blues*.

Personnel: Dick Baars, cornet; Bill Coburn, trombone; Pat Patterson, clarinet; Clarence Hall, piano; Vic Tooker, banjo; Gene Mayl, tuba, bass, leader; Glenn Kimmel, drums.

Rating: ★★½

First, you should know that this session was not taped with a prospective album in mind. Leon Kelert, an industrial engineer, jazz collector and DJ, hauled his machinery to one of Bob Rippey's dixieland concerts, set up a couple of mikes, and hoped for the best. The result: dis-

tant piano and tuba, clarinet a bit under and drums a bit over, but on the whole, not bad.

Separately and together, most, if not all, of these men have worked under the DRK banner from time to time, but I believe this is the first time this particular team ever hit the field. Some awkward moments result, but the absence of polish is more than made up for in enthusiasm and spontaneity.

The strong point of this group was its front line. Baars is a young veteran of several traveling Dixie bands in the last dozen years, and has it all—taste, swing, and attack. Coburn, then 52, plays with the energy and verve (he has a blowsy, starting-gate intensity that reminds me of Abe Lincoln) of a man half his age. The other men are better known through exposure on various independent traditional-jazz labels—especially Mayl, who has led consistently good bands since the late '40s.

Baars and Coburn work hand-in-glove, as two frisky colts might play together, and poking out amongst them all the while is Patterson's clarinet, with the awkward grace granted to the few fortunate legatees of Pee Wee Russell. Mayl and Kimmel scoot around the bottom and the edges, prodding the band like herd dogs. Tooker's sock-the-afterbat style is proper for the rhythmic attitude of the group, but he commits some severe assaults on the changes—he apparently was unfamiliar with some tunes entirely, and with parts of others.

Tooker forces in a slam-bang chorus on *Dog*, and contributes to the utter chaos

on the first bridge of *Baby*. The latter, along with the unintentionally polytonal intro on *Barbeque* (F wins, and A-flat is held in abeyance until the last chorus) are the most uncomfortable moments in the set, but they pass quickly, and are compensated for by such as Coburn's four driving choruses on *Royal*, and the driving polka-ish lick that he and Baars toss around on *Nagasaki* and allude to time and again throughout the album. *Low Down* is a fresh breeze in a somewhat over-worked repertoire. (One serious goof kept an otherwise excellent version of *San Antonio Shout* off the program.)

The cover is something else. If Blackbird can maintain the standard it has achieved here, some of the other of boys are going to have to get the lead out. Not a great record, but a rewarding one nonetheless, especially as an introduction to Baars and Coburn. Five stars for them.

—Jones

Capt. John Handy

ALL ABOARD, VOLUME 3—G.H.B. 43: *Bourbon Street Parade; Moonlight and Roses; Come to the Mardi Gras; Ting-A-Ling; Cap'n Blues; Tiger Rag; When the Saints Go Marching In*. Personnel: Kid Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Sammy Rimmington, clarinet; Handy, alto saxophone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Sammy Penn, drums.

Rating: ★ 1/2

For those who haven't heard volumes 1 and 2 the occasion here seems to be an informal concert or party, probably at the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club. You had to be there. You had to, because whatever it is that's setting the crowd

atwitter isn't visible to the ears. Firewater can smooth over a lot of clams—the crowd sounds very mellow.

The Capt. himself, who may be stirring up a little more fuss than he deserves is, as usual, out of tune, but in this particular scene one is inclined to be more charitable. Rimmington is the only hornman who plays at or near his peak; the others have parted too heavily. The "rhythmic" group from the Easy Riders is its customary self.

I am tempted to guess that these tracks were first- and second-round rejects, saved to issue last; surely the evening must have had some better, more together moments. If you like the *Bill Bailey* song form, side one here should tickle you; *Washington and Lee Swing* and the others are on the preceding volumes (*Moonlight* wasn't meant to have those changes, but Sinclair and Griffith are not known for their respect for the composer's intent). Or perhaps they had simply hypnotized themselves by playing those sound-alike songs again and again.

There are so many better albums by groups similar to this that I advise passing up this one. Fate deliver us from Volume 4.

—Jones

Eddie Harris

HIGH VOLTAGE—Atlantic SD 1529: *Movin' On Out; Funky Duo; The Children's Song; Ballad for My Love; Is There a Place for Us; Listen Here*.

Personnel: Harris, amplified tenor saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; Billy Hart, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

If it shook up Ralph Gleason, imagine what it'll do to you.

Critic Ralph Gleason gave our nomination for the man most likely to have heard everything.

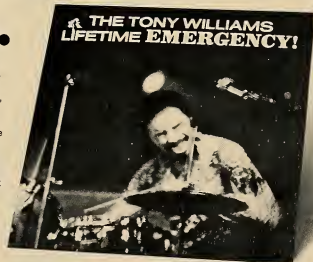
That's why we're pleased to tell you that he called Tony Williams' music: "Absolutely unlike any other instrumental sound I have ever heard."

Tony Williams was one of the three most popular drummers in his field (according to *Down Beat* and *Jazz & Pop* reader polls) when he dropped out of Miles Davis' group.

Ralph Gleason tells what happened then: "I knew, when Tony Williams announced he was forming his own group that the sounds would be different, even unusual. But I could not have imagined the wild, mysterious power of what he has produced."

It's music that even Ralph Gleason wasn't able to imagine.

But, for about a dollar more than you'd pay for an ordinary album, you can actually listen to two records of it.



Polydor

Rhythmically, this LP is dull enough to obliterate any interest it might otherwise have held. Heavy rock-style thumping pounds monotonously through the meager 13:59 of side one's two tracks, and half of side two.

I still believe that jazz should swing, and the rock influence here seems to be working against this purpose by locking the players into a stiff, starchy posture in which their phrases invariably emerge as little square musical boxes. Whatever happened to eighth notes played legato?

Furthermore, Harris' gimmick use of amplification is hard to listen to for any length of time. It produces a kind of muffled distortion, as if someone had dropped a heavy curtain between the performer and the listener. His bag of tricks aside for the moment, most of the playing here is as dull as the beat, a sort of tonal monochrome.

The eternal search for the new sound, I suppose, is what prompted the final few bars of *Funky*, in which Harris seems to be gargling while playing.

Yet, through all this murky caterwauling one ray of light glimmers like a beacon: *Children's Song*. Here is a charming piece in which Harris' electronic gadgetry finds a noble reward. It is basically a series of softly articulated contrapuntal themes woven together in almost Bachian fashion against a restrained drum pattern. For once in the album, manner becomes the servant of matter. In spite of the rest of the LP, at least a listen to this track is recommended.

A Place for Us appears to have un-amplified Harris. In any case, it offers a glimpse of full-toned tenor in a straight ballad vein. Nothing terribly special, but it sounds nice.

—McDonough

Pete LaRoca

TURKISH WOMEN AT THE BATH—Donnas '82; *Turkish Women at the Bath; The Dancing Girl; Love Planet; Majoun; Bliss; Sin Street; And So* (two takes)
Personnel: John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Walter Booker, bass; LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★★

Musical history has accelerated at quite a rate when music like this—serious, abstract, experimental—is best described as background listening. All four players on the date are accomplished musicians, the lines are pleasant and mildly interesting, and the solos are well conceived and executed.

Yet background listening it is. Many of the compositions, all by LaRoca, are Middle Eastern in feel. He seems to be going for the same kinds of effects that Coltrane so brilliantly achieved on sides like *African/Brass* and *Ole*—modal lines with few changes, with solos depending for their impact upon judicious use of repetition when intensity is required, and the ability to create counter-melodies when tranquility is the desired end.

Nothing like that happens here. LaRoca is not aiming at the urgency of the Coltrane sides cited, and, of course, it's unfair to compare a merely mortal musician to "Trane in any case. (If anything, Gilmore's virile, robust tone recalls Sonny Rollins. Corea, however, does evoke shades of McCoy Tyner in his block chord comp-

ing.) None of the players has a fertile enough imagination both to use the austere simplicity of the lines intelligently and to transcend them, making something new. No development, in other words.

Corea is especially guilty here. He is far more interested in texture than horizontal movement; his chord series are often provocative, but his single-note work is frequently only filler. Gilmore has some nice spots: a good, controlled statement on *Planet*, which is an Eastern line with a distinctly occidental bridge, and a tough, strong solo on *Sin Street*. The latter solo, however, suffers from the aforementioned lack of development.

It is a credit to LaRoca that this doesn't sound like a drummer's date. He takes very little solo space—perhaps wisely, since on his one extended outing, on *Sin Street*, there's a lot of logic, a lot of control, and precious little innovation. As a supportive drummer, though, he's fine. (He also suffers more than anyone from the thin recording sound.)

Booker comes off best of all. A supremely undermentioned bassist, he has great tone, good chops and a wonderful sense of variety. On *Majoun*, Corea leads off with some frenetic chording which Booker complements beautifully in all ranges of his instrument; some of the high, keening notes he lays down under Corea bring to mind Denny Zeitlin and Charlie Haden at their best. Booker also states the melody of *Bliss* handsomely. (The statement is marred slightly by Corea's clichéd summer-rain-tinkle-tinkle backing.)

The music here has many virtues; simplicity, strength, and occasionally, a most attractive sensuality. What it doesn't have, most of the time, is interest. —Heineman



Junior Mance

LIVE AT THE TOP—Atlantic SD 1521; *Before This Time Another Year; I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free; That's All; Turning Point*

Personnel: David Newman, tenor saxophone (tracks 3 and 4); flute; Mance, piano; Biller Little, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★★

Side one offers Mance an opportunity to stretch out for a full 19 minutes of playing, broken only by a brief interlude by bassist Little. *Before* opens in a moody fashion and dwells on a single chord spurred forward by a softly shuffling rhythm. The mood breaks when Collins begins to pour it on, and we get a solid example of good contemporary blues-rooted piano.

I Wish I Knew, which sounds vaguely like *Deep River*, continues in the same vein, although with greater harmonic and rhythmic variety, and even some hand-clapping from the audience. The main problem seems to be that of sustaining interest. This is more true of *Before*, which becomes a bit repetitious after four of five minutes. This genre is a basically simple one and should not be overextended.

Side two settles into an easy listening groove and shifts our attention from Mance to Newman, whose warm tenor sound enhances *That's All. Turning Point*, a Newman original, finds him turning from

tenor to flute for another blues-flavored up-tempo workout. Nothing memorable happens, but it's pleasant listening.

—McDonough

Sonny Stitt

COME HITHER—Solid State SS18057; *Mendocino; Gentle On My Mind; Tu Gonna Make You Love Me; Wichita Lineman; Tasty Cakes; Private Number; Gimme Gimme Good Lovin'; For Once In My Life; California Soul; Jo-Ann; Severe*

Personnel: Joe De Angelis, Don Corrado, French horns; Stitt, Varitone alto saxophone; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone, flute; Paul Griffin, piano, organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Joe Marshall, drums; Jimmy Mundy, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★½

The latest Schwann catalog lists 41 available Stitt LPs. I haven't heard them all, but would guess that at least 40 would be better than this one.

Great old pro that he is, Stitt could have made this date in the half hour or so it takes to play the record, and perhaps he did. There isn't a memorable moment on it, and he probably forgot all about it as quickly as I hope to, and as quickly as you will if you decide to waste your time listening to it.

I don't understand what motivates records like this. Though the tunes and treatment are all "contemporary", the end result lacks the coarse vitality of rock or r&b, and could be of no appeal whatever to a jazz-oriented listener, while the beat is too persistent for Muzak purposes and only passable for dancing. In sum, this waste of talent, time and effort is yet another example of the total mindlessness prevalent in the recording industry.

The rating is above zero for Stitt's professionalism and for the pleasant textures obtained by Mundy from voicing French horns with baritone sax.

The liner note, by disc jockey Jack Walker, speaks of "the dearth of recorded Stitt sides in recent years," indicating that DJs run schlock record producers a close second in sagacity. It also raises an interesting question: what's an unrecorded side? If there be such a thing, this album should have been it.

—Morgenstern

Bobby Timmons

DO YOU KNOW THE WAY?—Milestone MSP 9020; *The Spanish Count; I Won't Be Back; Last Night When We Were Young; Do You Know What It's Like to Stay Together; Something to Live For; Soul Train; This Guy's In Love With You*

Personnel: Timmons, piano; Joe Beck, guitar (tracks 2-5, 8); Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★

A few years ago, the critics regularly slammed Timmons because he wrote popular tunes (including the standard *Moaning*) and played funky piano. Nowadays, what with the most popular jazz piano trend being the romantic modal submergdissonance school led by McCoy Tyner and Herbie Hancock, Timmons' outlook on music appears by contrast quite healthy and forward-looking. Far from being a fashionable bandwagon-jumper, Timmons presents almost a single-mindedly melodic attitude with only the most necessary or provocative harmonic touches added. In fact, his ideas in many, many passages on this LP are pure Bud Powell, offered with something of Powell's pure fire, and

investigating—albeit with less complexity and rawness—the same emotional areas Bud discovered.

Burt Bacharach, the Worst Thing That Happened to Modern Pop Music, wrote two of the songs. Timmons' native anti-sentimentality results in a strong *This Guy's* improvisation, and he even manages to dilute the cloying qualities of *San Jose*. His unromantic straight-forwardness is not entirely a virtue, however, for his out-of-tempo musings in *Last* and *Something* really need something like Thelonious Monk's wistful attitude in order to work at all. The four originals—*Spanish, Come, Soul*, and Beck's ballad *I*—are more provocative material; *Spanish* is not an inspired performance, but the others are satisfying, with vigorous, if sometimes familiar, improvising. A cappella solos, plenty of volume shifts, a strong taste of Latin tempos, a varied program, and an emphasis on very professional entertainment values mark this as yet another addition to the great tradition of bop piano LPs.

The most rewarding track is *Come*, which is medium-tempo rhythm&blues complete with busy bass line, loud wham-bang drums, and a hugga-bugga guitar accompaniment. Timmons' very lively solo opens, and Beck, catching the spirit, offers a hot, well-organized work which strongly implies rock. Kenny Burrell-fashion, without succumbing to rock. Elsewhere Beck's guitar is simply derivative—little inspiration in solo or accompaniment. DeJohnette is, as expected, strong, but Cranshaw has his amplifier turned

down so low that his lines are dull and dead-sounding. Not that an electric bass will even at best sound truly alive and resonant, but isn't a big sound the reason for using the damn thing in the first place? —Litweiler

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY JOHN LITWEILER

Roosevelt Holts, *Presenting the Country Blues* (Blue Horizon 7704)

Rating: ★★ ★

Champion Jack Dupree, *When You Feel the Feeling You Was Feeling* (Blue Horizon 7702)

Rating: ★★ ★

Curtis Jones, *Now Resident in Europe* (Blue Horizon 7703)

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Duster Bennett, *Smiling Like I'm Happy* (Blue Horizon 7701)

Rating: ★★ ★

Chicken Shack, *O.K. Ken?* (Blue Horizon 7705)

Rating: ★

George Smith and the Chicago Blues Band, *Blues with a Feeling/A Tribute to Little Walter* (World Pacific 21887)

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Blue Horizon is an English company that now distributes its LPs through American Epic—earlier Epic issues of Eddie Boyd and Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac originated on Blues Horizon, as did

the Elmore James-John Brim set reviewed here in January (and, hopefully, to reappear on Chess one day).

Blue Horizon's tastes appear to be catholic, in keeping with that admirable British high seriousness about blues, so these five LPs present a taste for all tastes and, in the Jones and Holts sets, decidedly valuable music.

Quite the most interesting performer is Roosevelt Holts, the most traditional of the lot. He offers a music of high sensitivity, featuring continual surprises of accent, sound, accompaniment, originating in a sophisticated Mississippi blues style and—somewhat unusually—featuring vocal lines as imaginative as his guitar work.

If the over-all mood conveyed is one of a peaceful resignation, the interior rhythmic features of each song imply an alertness and hope to mingle with Holts' profound sadness.

I shall state my bias clearly: I feel that the Mississippi and Texas blues styles, which originated roughly about the 1930s, represented the music at its highest development.

At this time a multitude of talented blues men were improving on the classic traditional manner with details of vocal and instrumental lines, all stated in the most rhythmically free manner possible within a harmonically/structurally limited music—indeed, perhaps Mississippi blues is the freest of all kinds of tonal music.

Holts, of course, presents this freedom: tempos drop suddenly to emphasize lines, the 12-measure structures are lengthened

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or shortened according to Holts' needs, units overlap or splice each other. Since Holts is a craftsman, the result is strong music.

Vocal and guitar lines pass freely from one song to another, sometimes incongruously:

Lord, have mercy, baby, on my bad-luck soul
Well, the good Lord teach you, got to reap just what you sow,
I got a little red rooster—he crows every morning before day
Well, I can always tell when my baby's gone away.

Thus, the melange of classic verses presents no personal insight into Holts, nor are the sources perfectly traceable (I suspect that, aside from Holts' vocals, there is little original about this music).

The drawn-out "Well" begins most verses, except when he anticipates a chord change for dramatic effect, and this has the odd effect of making each verse seem complex and interesting. There is no strong surface tension in this music, but its power is unmistakable—and *Little Bitty Woman*, *Prison Bound*, and *Lead Pencil* should appeal to all listeners.

Blues singers who settle in Europe tend to become stylized entertainers, something like Jelly Roll Morton in his last years, given to evoking nostalgia for what mainly is only mythology to the audience.

Dupree is hardly a blues singer in any case but rather an energetic big-mouth with endless resources for jiving a crowd. *Roll On* has the basic Dupree, a most swinging medium tempo, good guitar solo by one Paul Kossoff, attractive piano, and the leader's spoken nonsense. The rest of the set offers some dull double entendre, Dupree's forceful if not very imaginative piano, some unconvincing blues, and plenty of entertaining conversation. *Yellow Pochontas*, a set piece with Dupree on piano and drums, is the most interesting track, but the whole LP is a good one to play for friends at a party.

Curtis Jones is a real blues singer, a striking mid-'30s Texas pianist who plays guitar (on two tracks) in an older, more rudimentary style.

While the guitar tracks are admirable, Jones' dramatic piano work is superb in several songs, particularly the opening and closing pieces. Though Jones' voice is none too big, he sings with a showman's flair where called for and in the blues sounds very blue. A sensitive musician, Jones possesses little sense of structure but much idiomatic spontaneity.

Medium and medium-fast tempos predominate. Jones' piano coasts over the rhythm section, often leaving bass lines only to the bassist, with ringing chords following vocal statements and then spaced or dynamically contrasted traditional blues figures.

A relaxed mood permeates each song, even the slow blues and the mellow, familiar jump piece *Cherie*. "Mellow" is the word for the entire LP. Comparing this set with Jones' last U.S. LP (Delmark 605, from early 1962), we hear that his piano work has grown in relaxation and power since he settled in France.

Two of these sets offer the British re-

vival thing in performances that range from dull to hilariously foul. Unlike their U.S. counterparts, these youngsters feel little need to reproduce Negro blues that in any way reflect the idiom's innate splendor. The needs of discotheque and concert hall more truly determine the music's content. With "poetic" lyrics, on the level of Janis Joplin's *Turtle Blues*, appearing here and there for comic relief, these LPs bow to U.S. pop music conventions.

Duster Bennett performs *Worried Mind* with much happy energy, accompanied mindlessly by Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac and others. A what-the-hell harmonica player and bathtub-quality singer, he wears thin throughout this program of originals. He slaughters Magic Sam's *My Love Is Your Love*; presents an unbelievable *Times Like These*; and does one song, *Shady Little Baby*, in which the juxtaposition of mood, statement, blues form, and vaddy British delivery results in a pleasing, concentrated performance. Bennett shows potential for the pop-folk-rock field.

Chicken Shack doesn't, however. Imagine Peter Cook singing blues or a young woman pianist who mixes *Fats Domino* licks with the hippest kind of white hill-billy piano and then sings blues in a badly dissipated Dinah Shore style (*I Wanna See My Baby* will make your flesh crawl), a guitarist who vulgarizes licks from all kinds of electric blues indiscriminately, with a brass-and-sax band adding nice but useless r&b lines.

For at least one listening, this mixture of elements makes a good joke to blind-fold-test your friends with. Big Walter Horton contributes nice harmonica on one track, but that is Little Walter's *Mean Old World*, recently reissued, and it's a little like hearing, say, Hank Crawford improvising on *Parker's Mood*.

Six of the 11 songs on George Smith's *Tribute* also appeared on that Little Walter reissue (Checker 3004, in fake stereo). Not to make any great hero out of Little Walter, but his own performances did present a special tone of tension and group awareness that served his songs perfectly, and despite Otis Spann's contributions to Walter's versions of some of Smith's chosen pieces, neither Smith nor Muddy Waters' band presents anything faintly resembling the concentrated power of the originals. Instead, they offer swinging, light pieces in optimistic moods, like night club warm-ups for Muddy's own vocals.

The harmonica solo *Juke* compares favorably to Walter's own version, though, of course, Smith is a busier, more aggressive player. Luther Johnson's guitar work throughout (incidentally, the credits list is a mess) presents warm support, in the spirit of Robert Lockwood on the original Walter recordings, and if Smith is just too high-spirited a man to perform *Last Night and Can't Hold Out Much Longer* with any sense of what the words mean, he does groove on the jump pieces *Mellow Down Easy* and, especially *Too Late*, which is the Waters band at its best.

West Helena Woman, which is not a Walter song, is the best thing on the record, with strong singing and harmonica work, and the whole collection is quite enjoyable for anyone but diehard purists.

CLB

HAMPTON HAWES/BLINDFOLD TEST

Since his last appearance in this department (*DB*, Oct. 7, '65), Hampton Hawes has been around the world. Between Sept. 1967 and June '68 he country-hopped with his wife Jackie, who was on a sabbatical from her school-teaching job to study teaching methods overseas.

During the hegira, Hamp made seven LPs, in Germany, France, Spain and Japan. Only one is available in this country (on SABA); others are due out soon. Since returning home he has freelanced, appeared at Newport, and was recently heard in his first post-tour American album, cut for the Vault label with a jazz rhythm section and string quartet.

During his blindfold visit, Hamp observed: "Musicians are more critical among themselves sometimes than the critics are against the musicians. When there's any doubt in their mind, they tend, it seems to me, to give a lower rating rather than a high score. After all, the basic question is did you like it or not? And if they give it four or five, that means they do. But sometimes they don't want anybody else to know, because it may not be hip to like it; so, in order to stay cool with their peers, they have a tendency to put things down."

Hamp had no such misgivings about offering his honest reactions. He was given no information about the records played. —Leonard Feather



1. MILES DAVIS. *Mile. Mabry* (from *Filles De Kilimanjaro*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet, composer; Chick Corea, piano.

I don't know exactly who that is. It sounded like Miles at first, but I really am not sure. I've heard a couple of his albums with electric piano. There's three good piano players that experiment with electric piano: Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea and Joe Zawinul, and to my knowledge, since this instrument has just been brought into the jazz scene, it's very difficult to distinguish between them, because the sound is the same, whereas on a regular piano, you can usually detect a guy's touch. The electric piano blurs some of the lines. I feel, however, that as time goes on it will be much easier to distinguish each player as they begin getting different sounds out of the instrument.

It seemed to me that this was more like an improvised free form tune, rather like a vamp. The drummer was playing a vamp background with a certain rhythmic beat going against the music. I'd have liked it if that had changed from that definite beat that was going through the whole tune to maybe a different beat, a little more flavored; that's why I give it four stars instead of five.

2. CRAIG HUNDLEY. *Lazy Day* (from *Craig Hundley Plays With The Big Boys*, World Pacific).

That was a nice piece, but to me it's not jazz. I've turned on my TV set and heard background music and commercials that sound like that. It's good music, but I'm more into taking everything I listen to towards jazz.

The piano player was good; there wasn't much improvising in it. It wasn't a bad piece, but it's not jazz to me, so I'll give it three stars.

3. MCCOY TYNER. *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face* (from *Time For Tyner*, Blue Note). Tyner, solo piano.

I haven't the slightest idea who that was, but he's a good pianist and has good technique. I like to hear pianists play solo every once in a while. I think there should

be more of that. I think it's a real true test of a pianist if he can play solo well.

The only thing I'd say was maybe just a little bit overdone was the arpeggios. I would have liked to hear more improvisations instead of the arpeggios, although they did sound good and were executed nicely. But after a while it gave me a feeling that he was making a beautiful introduction, and I was waiting for him to go on to something else, which really didn't happen, because he went out the same way he came in. I think if he had made it with the stride, in the middle part, and settled down and tried to make it in tempo, it would have added a little more fire. This is not taking anything away from his ability, but the tune could have been formed better.

So, I'll say three stars for the piano player, and an extra one for the approach to the tune. Four stars.

4. OSCAR PETERSON. *Travelin' On* (MPS). Peterson, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Bob Durham, drums.

Well, unless I'm very much mistaken, that has to be Oscar Peterson. If it's someone's trying to copy him, Oscar better look out! But I'm sure it's Oscar.

I know jazz has gone through all kinds of changes, but I don't see how you could possibly say anything like this is out of date. He is one artist who really has great command of the piano, and I can think of hardly anyone else living who has this much technique and talent. The closest, I would say, are Phineas Newborn and Martial Solal.

That was a wonderful, exciting performance, brilliantly played. It must be Sam Jones on bass. He gives some fine support; so does the drummer—I forgot his name. Five stars.

5. WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND. *Hanky Hank Train* (from *World's Greatest Jazz Band, Project 3*). Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Mory Fel, drums.

Well, I'm stumped on that one, because there have been so few recent boogie woogie records, and I think that must be

a record that's not too old, because the boogie woogie I used to hear, when I was coming up and Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson were playing it, usually the piano player was just playing by himself. I noticed there was a rhythm section with him on this; drums and bass.

It was a good boogie-woogie record. I'll give it three stars because I liked it, but not as much as I used to like boogie woogie 20 or 30 years ago when I first started hearing it. I used to knock me out then, because it was new. I still like to reflect and listen to it. I'm not saying it isn't good music, because it all played a part in coming to where music is now. So, I'll say three stars for the effort.

6. RAMSEY LEWIS. *Bald & Black* (from *Another Voyage*, Cadet). Lewis, piano; Phil Uchurch, guitar; Cleveland Eaton II, bass; Maurice White, percussion.

Again, I don't know who that is. True jazz players are becoming more versatile now in making different types of records. They're playing different ways, which I think is great. If it was more jazz oriented, instead of rock oriented, I'd probably be able to tell who it is.

I liked the melody and it had a beat which kids could dance to. I think there was a guitar in there. I haven't listened to enough guitar and electric piano together to always distinguish, because they sound a lot alike.

I'm going to get an electric piano, because it's definitely going to stay around. Anyway, it was a good melody and I'd give it four stars.

7. BUD POWELL. *Be-Bop* (from *The Jazz Legacy of Bud Powell*, Verve). Powell, piano; Roy Brown, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

That's from Bird's era, the tune was called *Be-Bop*. The piano player sounded like Bud Powell, or a Powell-oriented pianist. I'll give it four stars because I still think that music is important. They don't play it much now, but once in a while you'll hear a tune that was written in that era. It makes me feel nostalgic, because that's the era I came up in.



VALERIE WILSON

Tony Williams: The little boy is the rattlesnake

Tony Williams Lifetime

Jazz Workshop, Boston, Mass.

Personnel: Khalid Yaseen (Larry Young), organ; John McGlocklin, guitar; Tony Williams, drums, vocals.

Khalid: imploding church. John: ban-shee in love. Tony: purposeful, angry rattlesnake. Tranquility in the eye of an amorphous hurricane. Who is crying? Someone sobs hysterically, but everyone is laughing. The city, which forges hard minds; the country, which forges profound souls; the blues, and thus both, and neither, and all: I am you as they are me.

Chikchikchikchikchikchik

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

AhahahAHahahaoooa-ah-ooWA

I am sitting here, in the Jazz Workshop. I am listening to three people play musical instruments. I am a critic. They make this sound by doing this and that sound by doing that. Listen to hear if one misses a note or a beat. Listen to hear internal logic. Listen to hear influences. Tony played with Miles. Khalid has made a number of Very Interesting, nay Promising Blue Note albums. I've never heard of John. Well, then; he'd best be good, because I've heard a great many guitarists. I am a music critic. My head has come loose from my shoulders. The table is melting. The church is crystallizing, falling apart, restructuring itself. Stay in one avatar, damn you. I am a rat. I will hide in the church. Rattlesnakes eat rats and that rattlesnake is maddened. The church shifts shapes again (that commercial for housepaint—the house breathes in and out).

A little boy is calling. "Take me home with you. Take me ho-o-ome with you." That's Tony singing. Tony can't sing too good. I am a music critic. Critics are not moved by people who can't sing too good. I will go help the little boy because he is lost. The little boy is the rattlesnake. How can that be? How can a church be the ocean, warm and salty? How can a banshee be a music box with little ivory figures carved on it? I am a music critic.

How many heads do I have? The rattlesnake has more.

ChikchikchikchikbaDAadaDAadachikchikbaWHAY

Organchordsorganchordsorrnganorrnganorrngagagaga
Eee.Chingachingachinga. Eeedood-lyoodlyoodlyeeeee

How can music be light and dark simultaneously? Listen to hear. A woman is pouring medicine down my throat. I don't want the medicine. It tastes wonderful. Why don't I want it? I do. I will either have orgasm or suffocate. Breasts. I am naked in a meadow. Tall flowers. With thorns. Hurts so good. Breasts.

Chikchikchikchikchik

Let me put it rationally, if I can: this is the most exciting group, new or established, that I've heard in a long time. A long time. All three are players of the first order, and they interact completely and convincingly. The music is a little of everything—rock, chordally-based jazz, free jazz and some other stuff. Vocals, such as they are, flow freely into instrumental improvisation, moods flow freely into other moods.

Some small criticisms might be made: Yaseen (and Williams, too, but to a far lesser degree) relies for climaxes of intensity on a relatively few devices. And McGlocklin's guitar is an inferior instrument; the three lower strings get horribly muddy response. If these faults were remedied, the group would be perfect and the world would end. Go see them. Listen to hear.

—Alan Heineman

Third Annual Laurel Jazz Festival
Laurel, Md.

The first year it froze, last year it rained, and this year it poured. I now know the sound of one hand clapping (while the other holds the umbrella).

Friday night started off—in a steady rain—with Eddie Harris' group and a loose, relaxed set of standards. The Friends of Distinction did several of their specialties such as *Grazin' in the Grass*, with the best of the bunch being *Eli Is Coming*, a pleasant spiritual that moved into a swinging rock chorus and back to a spiritual again.

The Friends have a tendency to sound annoyingly flat at times, but they obviously have a good time and an ability to communicate their enthusiasm to the audience.

Perhaps it was the general dreariness of the occasion or a poor sound system but Count Basie's band—for the first few tunes anyway—sounded sad indeed. The drums were overmiked, for one thing, and the sections tended to get lost in each other. But with *Cherokee* the band got itself fairly well together. A good, solid, chunky blues (*In Hoss' Flat*) was followed by *One O'Clock Jump*, and things were starting to swing. Unfortunately, it was the end of the set.

The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis organization opened with a homage to the just-concluded Basie band, playing *Don't Get Sassy*. The sound problems had been corrected, and from the first tune, the band swung hard.

Bassist Eddie Gomez contributed a fast but well-articulated solo—each note sounding clear as a bell in the damp air—on Fats Waller's *Willow Tree*. Joe Henderson and Eddie Daniels engaged in an old-fashioned tenor battle on *Toni-Away Zone*, and *Jive Samba*, a surging blues featuring some outstanding Jerome Richardson flute work, closed the set. As the tune subsided, Jones called up altoist Jerry Dodgion, who kept things cooking through several more choruses.

There is not much more one can ask of a band as swinging and as strong on soloists as this one. There was the best performance of the evening.

Nancy Wilson's vocal gimmicks and excessive emotionality are at least tolerable, if not always effective, on some tunes (*For Once in My Life, Peace of Mind*). On others, for example, *I Saw You*, a sophisticated and subtle vocal vignette, they were overpowering and in fact worked to subvert the lyric. At any rate, during her lengthy and musically uneven performance, the rain stopped.

Herbie Mann, with a young band consisting of Steve Marcus, tenor saxophone; Roy Ayers, vibraphone; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Miroslav Vitous, bass; and Bruno Carr, drums, brought some life back into what was left of the crowd.

After several tunes in the Afro-Cuban-rock idiom, they closed with Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Look to the Sky*, which incorporated everything from quotes from the *Star-Spangled Banner* by Mann to some free-form guitar by Sharrock. Thus ended the Friday night concert.

The Saturday night performance never started. A light rain quickly turned into a downpour, and the infield was soon awash. The die-hard huddled under the grandstand, and Horace Silver, whose group was to start things off, wandered disconsolately in the tote-board shed, wondering aloud whether the concert was "on or

no." It was no. Finally someone lent him a raincoat and he splashed his way back to the car and the motel.

The James Brown concert for Sunday afternoon was canceled, and the Saturday night performers agreed to stay over and play the next day.

The Silver group, always a joy, opened up with tenor saxophonist Benny Maupin's *Earth*, which featured its author on flute and Silver charging away on piano. Trumpeter Randy Brecker offered several good stop-time choruses on *You Gotta Take a Little Love*. Maupin had difficulty with some runs on *Psychedelic Sally* but put together an effective statement incorporating some electronic free sounds—just a trace—at its conclusion. There was a brief Brecker solo, and then Silver, playing spare blues rudiments and adding quotes from earlier Silver compositions, took it on out.

Cannonball Adderley's set was dedicated to the music of his pianist, Joe Zawinul. It opened with *Directions*, Cannonball stating an Eastern theme on soprano and then swinging on alto. Brother Nat continued the Eastern motif, added

the band functions as a showcase for his talent.

With Rich peering over his drum kit like a foreman monitoring a precision piece of machinery that most times performed well but occasionally got out of hand, the band bit in solidly from the first note.

Ruth was interrupted by frequent Rich drum breaks. *Machine* opened with a walking bass line, offered a desultory tenor solo and extended Rich interpolations. *Wonderbag* was a nice blues, and the band wound up with its medley from *West Side Story*, with Rich setting the tempos of the different segments and taking a long but consistently rewarding solo at the end that gained him a well-deserved standing


ovation, the only one of the festival. The band was clearly the hit of Sunday's show.

Roberta Flack, a favorite of the crowd from Washington, where she lives, offered a pleasant contrast to the hard-charging Rich band with a well-balanced set.

Backed by bassist Marshall Hawkins and drummer Bernard Sweetney, she ranged from swingers such as *Get By With a Little Help From Myself* to spirituals (*I Told Jesus, Ain't No Valley High*), to show tunes (*The Impossible Dream*). Miss Flack has a good voice, which she uses effectively in a variety of timbres and moods; her piano playing is adequate; and she has a good deal of presence. She gets better every year.

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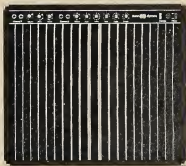
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VALENTINE WITKUP

Horace Silver: Always a joy

some space sounds, and dug in briefly before Zawinul, playing straight-ahead jazz, and bassist Walter Booker, guitaring chords, had the final say.

Walk Tall was a funky blues featuring Zawinul and the Adderley group closed with the inevitable *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*—nothing extraordinary but a thoroughly enjoyable set.

Sam and Dave, in yellow suits and backed by an elaborately choreographed big band that they seem to use as much for visual as musical excitement, did several of their hits such as *You Didn't Have to Love Me Like You Did, but You Did, and I Thank You* and *I'm a Soul Man*.

But for sheer expenditure of energy, let alone musical returns, not even *Double Dynamite* could match the Buddy Rich Band. There is an interesting contrast between this band and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation. The latter has a number of excellent soloists who, together, fashion the framework of each tune; the Rich group has only one, and the rest of

Saturday night who wasn't able to make it Sunday afternoon was Dizzy Gillespie, who had to return to New York. James Moody, backed by pianist Michael Longo, bassist Jymie Merritt, and drummer Candy Finch, closed the concert.

The first offering was an amusing scat vocal from Moody on *Moody's Mood for Love*. To *A Tune* he contributed several effortless, flowing, swinging flute choruses. Longo added a nice, bluesy solo, but there was an annoying electronic echo from Merritt's bass. *Let Me Out*, featured Moody on tenor and more good piano by Longo. Merritt, when he stayed in the upper register, managed to eliminate most of the electronic feedback.

The last tune was *Sunny Honeymoon*. And the sun broke through the clouds for the first time.
—James D. Dilts

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J. B. Hutto and the Hawks Second Fret, Philadelphia

Personnel: J. B. Hutto, guitar, vocals; Leo Jackson, guitar; Hayes Ware, bass; Frank Kirkland, drums.

A rare delight for the Philadelphia music community was a taste of authentic Chicago blues in the person of the Hutto group.

Although a member of the current generation of blues men who began playing in the early 1950s and only now are receiving any significant recognition, Hutto is not under the common spell of B. B. King. Rather, he has been strongly influenced by the bottle-necking master, Elmore James.

At this small Philadelphia coffee house, Hutto exhibited his excellent blues style with a number of originals (such as *Married Woman Blues*, *20% Alcohol*, *Too*

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Much Alcohol, Too Much Pride, and other songs about women and drink) and several blues standards, including a number of Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup tunes.

Though not a polished technician, Hutto is a proficient guitarist and certainly a wizard with the metal slide. His playing is economical, generating emotion through power, understatement, and several sudden, short runs. In Jackson, Hutto has a rare find, a versatile musician who demonstrates great empathy with his leader in the role of rhythm guitarist. Hutto's long-time drummer, Kirkland, and bassist Ware provide a solid rhythm and add just the right amount of r&b flavor to the band's sound.

As a vocalist, Hutto is a unique joy. His voice, phrasing, intonation, and enunciation are surprisingly similar to the singing of Dizzy Gillespie—if Gillespie were to clear his throat. In fact, his casual, off-hand yet intense instrumental style is similar in attack to Gillespie's trumpeting as well.

Hutto is one of a generation of blues men who are rising from Chicago locals to national importance and influence. Hutto is among the more original and enjoyable blues men out there. Catch him if you can.
—Michael Cuscuna

THE PRIDE OF THE PROFESSIONALS: LA VOZ.



Terry Gibbs

Masters Inn, Santa Monica, Calif.

Personnel: Gibbs, vibes; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Herb Mickman, bass; Tommy Vig, drums; Irene Kral, vocals.

To say that less-than-ideal conditions prevailed for this gig would be as necessary as reminding readers that Terry Gibbs is a bundle of nervous energy. But it belongs in this review strictly from a repertorial angle: the p.a. system was an insult to any professional musician; the piano was hopelessly out of tune; the crowd was as noisy as at a Tijuana bullfight; and to make a bad thing worse, Miss Kral had a sore throat. Somehow all these adversities were overcome, and the night was still an occasion that reinforced one's belief in straight-ahead jamming.

Gibbs has always been a model of consistency when it comes to jazz. Whether his medium is big band or small combo, he surrounds himself with first-rate sidemen; keeps a steady stream of chatter going, like the infield of a pennant-bound ball team; infuses each set with a brand of humor just "in" enough to tease his colleagues and please his audience; and above all, through the babble and the bubbles (he must be the world's champion gum-chewer) Terry knows how to swing.

His set began with a blues-flavored original that switched to Latin for an interlude. Highlight of the opener was the interplay between Gibbs and pianist Strazzeri, exchanging fours, then calling for twos and finally carrying it to a measure apiece, still retaining continuity.

On *Green Dolphin Street*, Terry left some inviting gaps for Vig to fill, and the drummer jumped in with a tasteful display of brushwork. When he got down to the serious business of building a solo, Gibbs put on a tremendous, flashy display of mallet wizardry. Strazzeri's fine chorus had excellent backing from Mickman, who

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bowed what ordinarily would be plucked, i.e., a typical walking line.

Miss Kral provided an instant groove with her opener, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, revealing a steady intonation against the first chorus backing of bass alone. She displayed good pacing as well as good taste by following with a chestnut inexplicably neglected by today's singers, *Moonlight In Vermont*. Her respect for the lyrics made her interpretation a pleasure. *Sunday* was a genuine cooker and a reminder that Miss Kral is one of our better, straight-ahead, genuine jazz singers.

For a set closer, Terry chose *Yesterdays*, and with it a return to exchanging fours and twos with Strazzeri who cleverly re-harmonized the tune—something the Kern classic lends itself to, considering its cycle-of-fifths. The tune, the set and the gig (twas closing night) ended with a great flourish: one of Gibb's patented, pyrotechnical cadenzas. —Harvey Siders

Johnny Winter/Raven
Boston Tea Party, Boston, Mass.

Yes, Johnny Winter does exist. Yes, he is an albino, a fact which, thanks to the music world's P. T. Barnums, will probably sell more records for him. Yes, he did get \$300,000 to sign with Columbia. Yes, he does play very mean blues guitar, does sing exceptionally well. No, he is not going to set the rock world on its ears.

He's a tough, unrelenting blues guitarist in a field teeming with fine guitarists. His 12-string work (*Rollin' and Tumblin'*, *Black Cat Bone*) is especially nice; he piles chord upon chord, and at times the effect is overwhelming. And he's one of the most successful white blues singers; his vocals are tough and hard-driving, but he delivers them apparently effortlessly—no strain, no reaching for effects, no posturing. (His singing style is pretty close to Charlie Musselwhite's. Winter says he didn't hear Musselwhite until long after his own approach had crystallized, a readily believable statement, since he is quick to acknowledge his other influences.)

Those influences, oddly, are mostly Mississippi and Chicago bluesmen. Not so oddly, maybe: he grew up in Southeast Texas, and never heard the Texas blues players in person, cutting his teeth exclusively on records. You can hear both Sonny Boy Williamson and Muddy Waters in his vocals; Elmore James and Muddy, among others, in the guitar work. His setting for *Cat Bone* comes pretty directly out of Elmore James, and consequently is very close to earlier Canned Heat versions of things like *Dust My Broom*. (Winter wrote his own lyrics to *Cat Bone*, however.)

He did a good rendition of Williamson's *Help Me*, backed sympathetically by "Uncle" John Turner on drums and Tommy Shannon on bass, his long-time accompanists. The best performance of the set, though, was *Baby, You Done Lost a Good Thing*, especially the slow solo guitar intro. That intro pinpointed what is at once a fault and potential virtue: in many of the up-tempo numbers, Winter would leave certain phrases unfinished, or complete

them somewhat perfunctorily, so he could catch up with the rhythm. It sounded very much as if he feels most comfortable with the varying bar length format of the country blues, but can't fit it in. Too few young bluesmen are aware of the flexibility of traditional blues; Winter showed in his intro to *Good Thing* that he is, and if he turns that tendency loose, some very interesting things may develop.

At the moment, then, Winter is worth hearing. You will be moved and sometimes exhilarated, but you're unlikely to be stunned or to discover anything really new. That's not necessarily a criticism of Winter, merely of the way he's being hyped. (And by the way, his first record on Imperial isn't significantly different from

the new Columbia release—there's no "new" Johnny Winter, except that the music may be a shade lighter on the Columbia album, and, of course, is better recorded.)

On the bill with Winter was Raven, a Buffalo group. This writer heard them there last fall and was unimpressed; since then, there has been lots of talk about what a together band it is. Yeah. Like Joe and Gene McCarthy they're together. The lead guitar and organ are interesting, and some of their original material is nice, but the lead singer is mightily dull, and their drummer competes with Brian Keenan of the Chambers Brothers as the worst on the current rock scene. (Maybe that's unfair. At least Keenan can keep time.) —Alan Heineman

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TRISTANO

(Continued from page 14)

miss anything. No matter how bad a given listening period, he feels that eventually something original will come along.

"From the jazz Muzak extreme, the other side of the coin is free form playing, which is mostly gibberish," he continues. "This seems to be more concerned with expressing emotion rather than sound and time and the other elements of jazz.

"If it portrays anything, it is hostility, which I find quite meaningless. One can experience that in other human situations, so why sit down and listen to it?" The pianist emphasizes, however, that he has "no reservations about the use of free form." He merely feels it is not being used well, and his opinion is of particular interest since he was perhaps the first to use the free form approach creatively in jazz.

"For my purposes," he elaborates, "emotion is a specific thing: happiness, sadness, etc. But when I listen to the old Count Basie band with Pres, it is impossible to extract the particular emotion. But on a feeling level it is deep and profoundly intense. Feeling is practically basic to jazz.

"I've been listening to Pres and Bird for years—consistently. I've yet to de-

termine what they were specifically portraying. And that's because I don't think they were portraying anything. They were just playing."

Certain emotions can overpower a person and inhibit him from creating with maximum effect. Would such be the case with hostility and jazz?

"I don't think it inhibits anything or anyone from creating," Tristano responds. "It's just another approach. My enjoyment, though, is on a feeling level. If I hear someone play jazz, no matter how complicated the line, time, etc., if there is no feeling, it doesn't mean anything."

Nobody, Tristano feels, has yet come along who can match Charlie Parker in originality and feeling.

"In the beginning there was Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines. Then players such as Roy Eldridge, Charlie Christian, Pres, and Bird.

"Then Bud (Powell), Fats (Navarro), J.J. (Johnson) and Max Roach. Then the second generation of modern players had Clifford Brown. The next generation, this one, was primarily derived from Bird, but Freddie Hubbard has the potential to influence a lot of musicians. He's probably one of my favorite musicians and from the way I experience jazz, I feel that no one has shown the influence that Bird did until Freddie."

About the rock scene, Tristano feels that the drummers are the most innovative musicians.

"Pop music has produced one original thing—the drummers. In some cases, the drummers are really very musical. I enjoy listening to them, more so than to the guitar players, who are generally pretty bad."

Tristano still teaches two days each week. "It's beautiful to assist people in developing the ability to create," he says.

"When I teach, I tell my students that they will probably not be able to make a living from playing. I've advised people against trying to make a living at playing jazz, because there just isn't that much work."

Quite often, however, music means more to an individual than a means of making a living.

Tristano is a demanding teacher, and his students must be willing to devote tremendous effort and time to their work. Occasionally, one hears talk of his strong influence over his pupils, but he puts it this way:

"My whole scene is to have my students and myself create music that is spontaneous and to be as independent as possible. I almost never hang out with people who study with me. I don't want disciples, and I don't like the feeling that I'm a Messiah."

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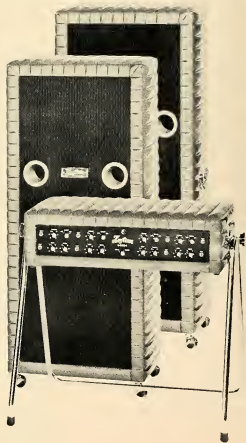
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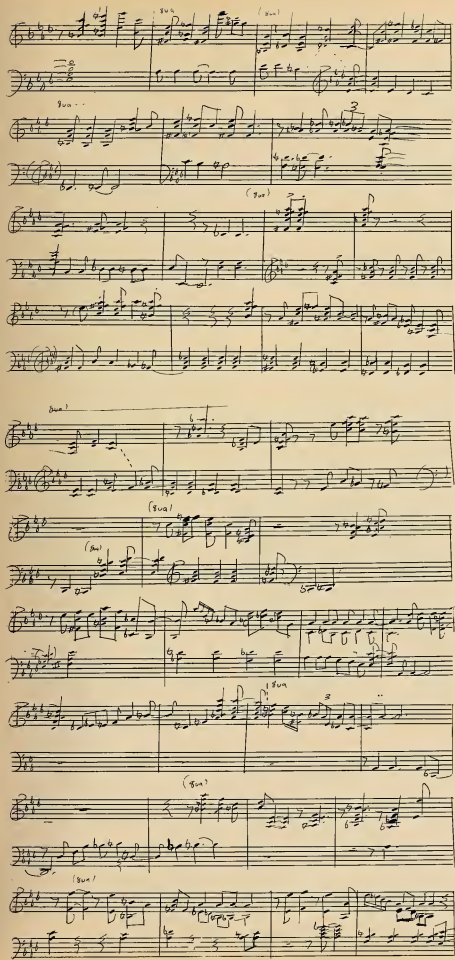
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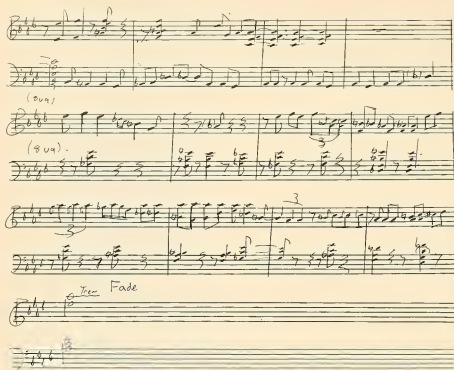
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Lee Eliot Berk, vice-president and legal counsel for the school, will teach one of the new courses open to juniors and seniors at Berklee, "Legal Protection of Music Materials". This course, unique to Berklee, includes copyright protection, royalties, public domain considerations, problems of joint and commissioned works, and income tax aspects of copyright ownership.

Other Berklee news: The new building will house enlarged film lab facilities for the various courses involved in film writing, scoring, and editing . . . Kendall Capps has been assigned full-time to supervise and write for the new Experimental Electronic Woodwind Ensemble



Quincy Jones

and to coordinate its activities with the experimental work being done with the 60 or so guitar ensembles. There are now 235 guitar majors at Berklee, most of whom will graduate with music education degrees. Imagine the effect when more of these guitar majors enter public school music . . . Faculty members Herb Pomperoy, Ray Santisi, John LaPorta, Alan Dawson, Lennie Johnson and Phil Wilson served on the staff of the 1969 Summer Jazz Clinics . . . LaPorta and Lee Berk are finalizing plans for the second annual New England Stage Band Festival to be held in Boston next spring.

The new major in jazz begun this fall at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, under the aegis of Dr. William Fowler is

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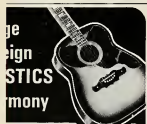
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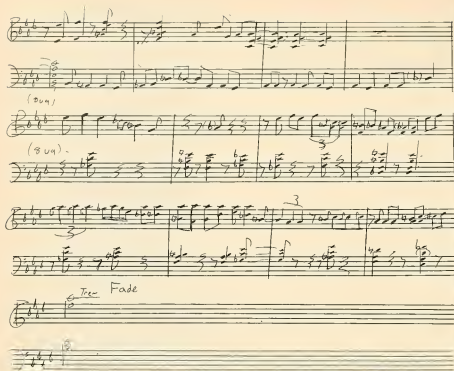
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MANCE

(Continued from page 16)

did, and Erroll Garner—and especially Ahmad Jamal, Oscar Peterson, Kenny Burrell, Dizzy. I want, really, to revise what I said about jazz being boring to me today. I've recently found a lot of records that I'm enjoying. Not new ones, mind you. But a gem like a '49 Don Byas, for example."

It's just that Junior Mance has a thing about labeling things. He likes good music and finds totally irrelevant those letter writers to *Down Beat* who criticize a reviewer for giving a rock record as high a rating as a jazz one. Or that certain DJ who said he wouldn't play a certain record since it wasn't jazz.

"That's crazy. What's that mean? There were even some people who were putting down dancing to the Edwin Hawkins Singers' record. Why, I saw people dancing to it the other day. That's jazz in those chords. It's just plain beautiful music."

The Duke Ellington Jazz Society, Junior told me, at some point changed its name to the Duke Ellington Society at the Duke's request. And in jazz, too, Junior has discovered a greater acceptance of the mixing. "Herbie Mann has always believed in this. Larry Coryell and Sonny Sharrock, I think, are really into something.

"I'm doing a lot of writing now. It almost sounds more like r&b than anything else, without trying. I'm performing the new things now. People ask me 'Are you

changing your image?' No, not at all. If there are other things you like to play, do it! *Image* doesn't really have much to do with a musician. People force it."

Which brought the discussion around to clubs. And how stupid was the New York City law not allowing drums without a special license (which everybody knows is a political game anyway). Junior mentioned how much he had enjoyed the very free and loose atmosphere at the Needle's Eye in downtown New York when he briefly played there. No drums are allowed at this backwoods place in the middle of the wholesale market district.

Junior is recording for Atlantic now, hoping soon for an r&b date—drums allowed! He will possibly use a Memphis rhythm group. "When you make an r&b record, you must remember not to allow too much solo space. Mostly what's exciting about r&b is the ensemble work. Especially the rhythms: guitar, fender and drums and how they work together.

"I've heard r&b versions of Elvin. Just that much hipness. And Purdy, whom I've mentioned already, I heard on a Gospel date backing up Marion Williams. He's just a bitch! I'm sure I'll do some Gospel. Gospel tunes are very close to r&b.

"Accompanying is one of my things. I consider myself—without being egotistical—a very good accompanist. I've worked with some very good singers: Dinah Washington, Joe Williams, Jimmy Rushing, Witherspoon, Johnny Hartman."

Of the whole lot of Riverside LPs Junior recorded, his favorite was the big band album (*The Soul of Hollywood*) with Melba Liston arrangements. This album confirms Junior's opinion that the only good arranger is one who can write for the specific artist on date. "Sometimes you can run into an arranger who's just perfect in this kind of compatibility. Like Melba with the overall thing on this album."

In the days when Junior worked closely with producer-arranger man Orrin Keepnews at Riverside, a relationship between artist and producer developed that was as close to perfect as Junior's description of that ideal artist-arranger setup. Each year, Junior would win the blue ribbon (or blues ribbon?) for being by far the most cooperative artist to record for the label. And now, the pianist says that "the same kind of happiness that I found at Riverside I have at Atlantic."

Another close working relationship Mance has recently formed is that with his friend and manager Art D'Lugoff. A warm, mutual-respect thing. "Junior's going to be into a new scene within a year. Much more creative. He's getting together a lot of new music," D'Lugoff said not long ago.

Mance has a talented daughter, Gail, who is a senior in the High School of Music and Arts in New York—a solo violinist. When Junior went to a concert by "those high school kids" this spring, it was "just phenomenal! They scared the guts out of me." He's very devoted to his daughter. "But I stay out of her life with regard to choices," he said.

With a new trio, new music and a new scene, the very contemporary Junior Mance is ready to take on the '70s. **RM**

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down beat's 13th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Grants

In 1956 *down beat* established an annual scholarship program in honor of its Jazz Hall of Fame, suitably located at the internationally famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION:

Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1969. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1970 issue of *down beat*.

HOW JUDGED:

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New York: The South Street Seaport Jazz Festival ended its successful *Jazz on a Pier* series of outdoor concerts Aug. 22 with a double-header after an Aug. 15 rainout. The Booker Ervin All Stars and the Howard McGhee Sextet performed for almost two hours each. Richard Davis played bass with both groups. Others in McGhee's group were Bill Barron, tenor; Charles McPherson, alto; Duke Pearson, piano; Beaver Harris, drums. Ervin had Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; To-Shiko, piano; Ben Riley, drums; and tenorist Brew Moore, subbing for trombonist Melba Liston. Concert coordinator Morty Dagowitz said the Seaport directors were pleased at the response to the series, and is looking forward to repeating the Festival next year . . . Roland Alexander has been subbing for Joe Henderson in the Thad-Jones-Mel Lewis Band at the Village Vanguard . . . Bill Graham's Fillmore East opened the fall season with The Incredible String Band, followed by B. B. King, Albert King and Bobby Blue Bland; Ravi Shankar; Ten Years After, Fats Domino, and the Flock . . . James Stevenson's Jazz Circle played a concert at The Church on West 4th Street Sept. 6 . . . Jazz Interactions' recent Sunday matinee included performances by the Walter Bishop Jr. Quintet and Harold Mabern's Quintet . . . David Izenson's new group did a week at La Boheme starting Sept. 2. With the bassist: Gato Barbieri, tenor sax; Carlos Ward, alto sax, flute; Karl Berger, vibes; Arthur Lewis, drums . . . Drummer Steve Schaeffer left Sarah Vaughan and is playing and conducting for Fran Jeffries, who did the Plaza's Persian Room in late August . . . Andrew Hill presented a concert of six original compositions arranged for octet at Riis Plaza Amphitheatre Aug. 20. The members of the unusual unit were Carlos Garnett, tenor sax; Selwart Clarke, Julian Barber, violins; Al Brown, viola; Kermit Moore, cello; Richard Davis, bass; Freddy Waits, drums and Hill himself on piano. Bill Fischer was the conductor . . . Tyree Glenn continues at the Round Table . . . Sonny Rollins was due at the Village Vanguard in late September . . . Slug's blew out the summer in style. In August, Lee Morgan's Quintet was followed by the David Izenson's Quintet plus the 360° Music Experience, and Pharoah Sanders completed the month's activities. After Labor Day, Betty Carter and her Quintet came in, followed by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers . . . David Baker and Jerry Coker invited pianist-composer John Fischer to demonstrate his group's free improvisation techniques to the jazz workshop in Tanglewood Aug. 12. With Fischer were Perry Robinson, clarinet; Mario Pavone, bass, and Lawrence Cook, drums. They have an album coming up on Real Thing . . . Carmen McRae and Young-Holt Unlimited came in for two weeks at the Village Gate, followed by Ramsey Lewis Sept. 16. At the top of the Gate, Mike Lipskin, better known as producer of the RCA Victor *Vintage* series, played solo stride piano for two weeks starting Aug. 26 . . .

jazz improvisation A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players by David Baker, Forward by Gunther Schuller. Chicago: 1969, db/Music Workshop Publications, 192 pp. (104 music plates). 8½x11, spiral bnd., \$12.50.

September, is the publication date for JAZZ IMPROVISATION, the first in a series of down beat/Music Workshop publications, original materials for the study and performance of jazz.

The methodology and music of JAZZ IMPROVISATION have been developed by David Baker from his experience as a professional musician, composer, arranger, and teacher. The programmed concept of JAZZ IMPROVISATION has been thoroughly "field-tested" by Mr. Baker in his jazz study classes and demonstrations at universities, clinics, and seminars throughout the U.S.A. Manuscript copies of JAZZ IMPROVISATION were used as primary texts for Mr. Baker's 1969 summer school improvisation classes at Tanglewood. JAZZ IMPROVISATION addresses itself to the needs of:

- all players at all levels of proficiency who want to learn the essence of jazz in its many styles. Professional players will similarly profit from its disciplined studies.
- music teachers who want to be relevant to America's music, and who want to equip their students with the basics of musical creativity.
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Table of Contents: I Nomenclature, Chord Charts. II Foundation Exercises for the Jazz Player. III Use of Dramatic Devices. IV An Approach To Improvising On Tunes, Three Original Compositions: I.V. *Swing Machine/Le Roi Roy Poly.* V The II V; Progression and Other Frequently Used Formulae. VI Construction of Scales and the Technique of Relating Them to Chords, Scale Chart. VII Cycles. VIII Turnbacks. IX Developing a Feel for Swing, List of Bebop Tunes. X Developing The Ear. XI The Blues, List of Blues Tunes, Blues Chart. XII Constructing a Melody. XIII Techniques to be Used in Developing a Melody. XIV Constructing a Jazz Chorus, Three Solos Analyzed: *Kentucky Oysters/121 Bank Street/Moment's Notice.* XV Chord Substitution, Substitution Chart. XVI The Rhythm Section (Piano), Piano Chart. XVII Bass. XVIII Drums. XIX Psychological Approach to Communicating Through an Improvised Solo. XX Some Advanced Concepts in Jazz Playing; List of Standards, List of Jazz Tunes.

JAZZ IMPROVISATION will be a standard text for the various jazz courses offered during 1969-70 at Indiana University (Bloomington). Other colleges also plan to adopt JAZZ IMPROVISATION as a text or "required study." Many high school music educators and private music teachers have placed advance-of-publication orders.

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Cannonball Adderley's group, Sonny Stitt, and Letta Mbulu started a two week stint at Harlem's Club Baron Sept. 2 . . . John S. Wilson's jazz radio show on WQXR will be heard in a new time slot this season. The 15-year old *The World of Jazz* will be broadcast simultaneously on AM and FM from 10:05 to 11 p.m. on Saturday nights . . . Mel Torme took over the American's Royal Box for most of September . . . The Al Dreaux Trio is at the Zebra Room of the Lenox Lounge, 125th St. & Lenox Ave., with Danny Small, piano; Jim Smith, bass, and the leader on drums . . . Buck Clayton was due for minor lip surgery Sept. 17 . . . When Ray Nance was hospitalized for a few weeks, trumpeter Ray Copeland subbed for him at the Gaslight with Sol Yaged's group . . . Herbie Mann was at Plaza 9 for two weeks . . . Chico Hamilton is making and scoring a film short, *The Elevator* . . . The Urbie Green Band moved into the Riverboat Sept. 8 . . . The Vinson Hill Quartet premiered Hill's composition *Washington Park Bossa Nova* in the park Aug. 27th . . . Wild Bill Davison and his Jazz Giants returned to the Downtown Sept. 5. Junior Mance's trio continued on . . . Club Ruby's scheduled lineup for a jazz spectacular Sept. 14 was Betty Carter and her Trio; Roy Hayes' new group, Freddie Hubbard's quintet; the Milt Jackson Quintet; Roland Kirk's quartet, and singer Joe Lee Wilson . . . The New York City Free Music Committee presented two "free-space" music concerts at Forest Park Music Grove in Queens, *Inkwhite/His Purple Why* performed August 16 and 23rd. Members were James DuBoise, trumpet, voice, melophone; Mark Whiteace, saxophone and flute; Steven Tintweiss, bass, melodic, voice; Ran D.K., drums, vibraphone, voice; Laurence Cook, percussion . . . Arlo Guthrie, Tom Glazer, Pete Seeger and many others took part in the Fourth Annual Hudson Valley Folk Picnic on September 6. The affair was a benefit for the Hudson River anti-pollution sloop *Clear-Water*.

Los Angeles: Lose one, gain one: Bill of Fare, a very comfortable residential area jazz club in Los Angeles, was forced to close because of a tax debt. At the same time, a new room is now functioning in Los Angeles' newest hotel, the Sheraton-Universal, built right on the Universal Pictures lot: the Circus Lounge, a 20th-floor affair, which gives patrons a spectacular view of the smog. Alto saxist Dick Stable's quartet is now ensconced there for an indefinite gig. Although Stable fronted the house band at the Cocoon Grove for six years before being replaced by Freddy Martin, the combo he fronts is conservatively jazz-flavored. Forrest Westbrook, formerly with Gil Melle's plugged-in combo, is on piano; Paul Breslin on bass; and Maurice Miller on vocals and drums. Lionel Hampton, in town for the Astrofete, sat in with Stable's group . . . Buddy Collette, still with every intention of keeping his 21-piece dream together (they were unveiled at the recent San Diego Jazz Festival), worked at a recent *Jazz At The Park* series sponsored by

Local 47 to help spread the jazz gospel among minority and ghetto children. Personnel included Freddy Hill, Buddy Childers, John Audino, trumpets; George Johanson, Mike Wimberly, Lou Blackburn, trombones; Vince DeRosa, Henry Sigesmonte, Arthur Maehle, French horns; Tony Ortega, Dave Sherr, Plas Johnson, Jackie Kelso, John Bambridge, reeds; Joe Sample, piano; Dave Koonse, guitar; Red Callender, bass, tuba; Bobby Haynes, bass; Carl Lott, drums; Joe Baerga, percussion . . . Terry Gibbs brought his big band into the Little Hobbit in North Hollywood for a Monday gig . . . Tommy Vig is also flexing his big band charts. He played a concert at the city-run Barnsdall Park as part of its 17th annual All-City Art Festival, and was preparing for his fourth annual concert at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, Oct. 12. Vig's personnel: Larry McGuire, Steve Huff-steter, Ronnie Ossa, Jim Katchner, John Rosenberg, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Lou Blackburn, Bob Fitzpatrick, Jim Amloette, trombones; Don Waldrop, tuba; Tony Ortega, Ira Schulman, Ernie Watts, Herman Riley, Bill Fritz, reeds; Mark Levine, piano; John Duke, bass; Jim Stewart, guitar; Vig, drums (Frank Capp plays drums for combo-within-band numbers only); Emil Richards, percussion . . . The Ambassadors big band, coordinated by Ed Greewood in conjunction with the Imperial Youth Theatre Workshop, entertained at MacArthur Park for three nights as part of *Festival in Black*, sponsored by the Dept. of Recreation and Parks . . . Tim Weisberg and the Jazz Trinity played three recent campus gigs—Valley State College in Northridge twice, and also at the University of Southern California. The Trinity has replaced Vladimir Vassilief and his Aquarians as the Sunday matinee group at the Light-house. Why it's a trinity is anyone's guess; there are four slemmen behind flutist Weisberg: Lynn Blessing, vibes; Mitch Holder, guitar; Ray Neapolitan, bass; Dick Berk, drums. The group participated in an unusual happening recently: a father and son bar-mitzvah! Cellist Fred Katz (ex-Chico Hamilton) and his son were bar-mitzvah'd at the same double ceremony—the son because the calendar said so; the father because he had never been and wanted to be. Weisberg also played at Don'te's recently, subbing for Lennie Breu who had to cancel a "Guitar Night" gig due to illness . . . Chuck Niles, D.J. and impresario, is co-ordinating and emceeing a new gimmick hereabouts: a jazzmobile underwritten by Hamm's Beer and the station where Niles works, KBCA-FM. The jazzmobile stops at a different shopping center each Sunday. The first two parking lot bashes featured Jimmy Witherspoon and the Red Holloway Quartet for one; the John Klemmer Group for the other. Speaking of "Spoon," the blues singer is back at the Parisian Room, following a long, successful stay by Ernie Andrews. Still on the bill: jazz violinist Johnny Creech . . . King Pleasure was doing all right at the Club Casbah, but inexplicably cut short his gig. Maurice Davis, a newcomer from Portland, Oregon, filled in with the same backing: Willie Jones,

piano; Alan Jackson, bass; Carl Lott, drums/leader . . . Lorez Alexandria was feted at the Pied Piper with a special birthday party during her extended stay at that club. Her supporting trio remains the same: Jack Wilson, piano; Ike Isaacs, bass; Donald Bailey, drums . . . H.B. Barnum's protegee, Spanky Wilson, is currently at the Baby Grand West. Sam Fletcher, still backed by Dolo Coker's trio plus Sweets Edison, is at Memory Lane . . . The Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band played one week at Disneyland. Peggy Lee gigged there for two weeks, backed by John Scott Trotter's orchestra. The Disneyland engagement followed her first appearance at the new International Hotel in Las Vegas . . . Erroll Garner combined his appearance at the Concord Music Festival with five performances at the Circle Star Theatre in San Carlos with Frankie Laine, then headed south to tape guest spots on the Steve Allen Show and the Della Reese Show. Miss Reese was recently hospitalized because of a slipped disc, but while she was recuperating at Hollywood Community Hospital her show continued on the air uninterrupted thanks to a pre-taped backlog . . . O.C. Smith will share top billing with Herb Alpert as they launch a 14-consecutive-day concert tour starting in Oakland Oct. 7, reaching New York Oct. 10, Toronto Oct. 14, and ending in San Diego on the 20th . . . Quincy Jones has been signed to score an animated short for IBM to be shown at the Japanese World Exposition . . . George Shearing received his first film-scoring assignment: *80 Steps to Jonah*, for Warner Bros.-Seven Arts . . . Oliver Nelson is scoring *Skullduggery* for Universal . . . Shelly Manne will score the new NBC-TV series, *Jambo* . . . Sarah Vaughan will record the title tune of *Cactus Flower* for Bell Records. Sassy sings the tune in the Columbia film.

San Francisco: During the last week of August, the Both/And featured pianist McCoy Tyner's trio (Herbie Lewis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums). Drummer Tony Williams and his Lifetime trio followed for two weeks, and the quintet of Miles Davis was to play a two-week spread beginning Sept. 23. Next up: the group of bassist Charlie Mingus for two weeks starting Oct. 7 . . . The September roster at the Matrix included the Mendelbaum Blues Band, Ace of Cups (an all-guitar group), and Sons of Champlin, who have completed their second album for Capitol. The group consists of leader Bill Champlin, vocals, organ, guitar, reeds; Jim Beam, trumpet; Tim Cane, tenor; Geoff Palmer, alto, vibes, organ; Terry Haggerty, guitar; Al Strong, bass; and Bill Bowen, drums. The Sons were set also for a weekend engagement at the Family Dog on the Great Highway, along with *It's a Beautiful Day* and *The Fourth Way*. On the following weekend, the bill included singer-guitarist Terry Reid . . . On Aug. 29 and 30, Stockton was the site of a festival that featured Max Roach, Aretha Franklin, Dave Brubeck, Earl Hines, Sonny Simmons and Barbara Donald, Oliver Nelson, Byron Allen, John Handy, and the Third Wave, a

young female vocal group, with pianist George Duke. The many ensembles included Bill Cosby, Jim Brown, Bill Russell, and Wilt Chamberlain. The Third Wave and the George Duke Trio (John Heard, bass; Al Ceechi, drums) also appeared at the Concord, California festival, August 26-31. In addition Duke's trio joined violinist Jean-Luc Ponty in the Oakland Symphony's performance of Lalo Schifrin's *Dialogue for Jazz Improviser and Symphony Orchestra*, with the composer on piano, trumpeter Gary Barone, flugelhornist Eddie Henderson, and reed man Tom Scott, all under the direction of Robert Hughes. Others at the festival included Erroll Garner (with bassist Larry Gales and drummer Jimmy Smith); Vince Guaraldi, Cal Tjader, Bola Sete, Willie Bobo, Stan Kenton, Carmen McRae, Don Ellis, West, The Oakland Youth Chamber Orchestra with Robert Hughes directing; the Cal State Jazz Quintet, Shelly Manne; Mel Torme, and Buddy Rich. NET taped two whole evenings for airing here, in England, and in Japan . . . On Aug. 24, in Palo Alto, there was a benefit for Explorer Post 36. Don Ellis was guest soloist with the drummer Dave Eshelman band, and the trio of KSFO disc jockey-drummer Dick McGarvin (Art Fletcher, piano); Terry Hilliard, bass) also appeared . . . Guitarist Mel Brown plays at Palo Alto's The Exit, Thursday through Sunday . . . Fillmore-West's first fall slate included Santana and Yusuf Lateef . . . Ramsey Lewis' trio was at Mister D's the first week of September . . . Indian Puddin' and Pipe, a jazz-rock group, has been playing at another North Beach club, the Headhunter . . . Due for mid-September release by Chris Strachwitz's Arhoolie label is *Smiley, Etc.*, featuring drummer Smiley Winters; trumpeter Barbara Donald; reed man Bert Wilson; violinist Mike White; pianist Frank Jackson; bassists Raphael Garret, Jerry Sealand, Chris Amberger, and Harley White; and drummers Jim Zitro, Paul Smith, and Eddie Marshall . . . The Loading Zone (Pat O'Hara, trombone; Ron Terramina, alto; Steve Busfield, guitar; Paul Farrow, organ and vocals; Mike Eggleston, bass; George Marsh, drums) are at work on their second album.

Detroit: The Detroit Creative Musicians' Association continues to present a variety of groups at 285 East. Among recent participants were pianist Dave Durrah's ensemble, with trumpeter Rick Ferrante, tenorist Lee Gallin (formerly with B.B. King), bassist Ron Milner, and drummer Doug Hammond. Hammond had just returned from a road trip with vocalist Damita Jo, during which he also put in a week in New York with tenorist Sonny Rollins. The following week, Hammond returned to co-lead a group with guitarist Ron English, including trombonist Patrick Lanier, altoist Bill Wiggins, and bassist John Dana. Sunday sessions at DCMA continue to turn up new talent. A recent session featured the Jazz Front Quartet (Greg Hopkins, trumpet; John Weldon, bass; Larry Buck, drums, and Keith Warnick, guitar) . . . The Ham-

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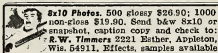
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mon-English group was also co-featured at a jazz concert held at Wayne State University's Community Arts Auditorium as part of the Detroit Discovery summer arts festival. Other participants included pianist Harold McKinney's group (Marcus Belgrave, Pat Williams, trumpets; Donald Walden, tenor; Rod Hicks, bass; Archie Taylor, drums) and the Contemporary Jazz Quintet (Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums) . . . McKinney has joined the committee of the Michigan State Council for the Arts, which lists his quintet, harpist Dorothy Ashby's trio, and the Interlochen Jazz Quintet among their sponsored artists. The pianist's other plans include a soon-to-open jazz club, the Black Horse, on Detroit's east side. . . . Drummer Frank Isola left read man Brent Majors' group at the Sewer after six months. Larry Buch was his first replacement; currently filling his chair is WDET jazz disc jockey Bud Spangler.

Philadelphia: Tal Farlow has always been one of the all-time greats on guitar, in our opinion. So it was a pleasant experience when the Newport All Stars brought Tal to the Spectrum and I realized how long it has been since my ears heard such delicate musical expression on the guitar. After the All Stars' too-brief set, Tal let us know that he has also been playing gigs with Eddie Mathias on bass. . . . Big band enthusiasts had the wonderful Count Basie and Duke Ellington bands at Steel Pier in Atlantic City, and the great Woody Herman at Lambertville. A number of local big bands have been keeping active. Among the more exciting of them are the Philadelphia Musical Academy Jazz Workshop Band, which is undergoing changes of personnel due to graduations, and the group of veteran big band musicians led by drummer Joe Sher which has been doing occasional one-nighters in the area. . . . AFM Local No. 274's (our black local) popular after hours spot, the Clef Club, reopened with the Furness Brothers combo after having been closed for repairs due to vandalism. Trudy Pitts and Mr. Carney were slated to follow. . . . Lee Morgan was slated to follow vocalist Irene Reid into the Aqua Lounge. . . . Colmore Duncan, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; and Lex Humphries, drums, played the Show Boat Jazz Theater with vocalist Justine Taylor. Duncan is rapidly becoming a pianist to watch.

New Orleans: Jazz museum director Barbara Byrnes and photo curator Justin Winston have been collaborating with nationally known designer Tom Lee on plans for the museum's new quarters in the Royal Sonesta Hotel. An elaborate press party is reportedly in the making for the grand opening. . . . On the pop scene, Sonny and Cher are at the Blue Room in the Roosevelt Hotel, just in time for the opening of Cher's new movie, *Chastity*, at local theatres. . . . Two members of Jefferson Airplane were given suspended sentences by a New Orleans judge after

their recent arrest on charges of possession of pot. . . . Arranger-composer Jack Martin has returned to New Orleans after many years of residence in New York and points north. Martin, who wrote for Al Belletto's successful combo in the 1950's, will be band director at Nichols high school and will write for various local groups. . . . Bob Hope and Pete Fountain were among those who performed on a benefit telethon in Jackson, Miss. for victims of hurricane Camille. Fountain also did a radio spot recently for the New Orleans Public Schools' Volunteer Services. . . . Pianist Pete Monteleone left alto saxist Don Suhor's band at the Sho'Bar to join Paul Guma's combo at the Top-Of-the-Mart. Suhor and trombonist Al Hermann have been participants in recent after hours sessions at Ronnie Kole's club on Bourbon Street. The ubiquitous Hermann, a physicist teaching at Tulane, was also in the band that backed up Freddie Bell and Robert Lynn at Al Hirt's lounge. Others in the group were Larry Valentino, bass; Bert Braud, piano; Ben Smalley, trumpet; Frank Mannino, tenor sax, and Frank Amos, drums. . . . The Maison Bourbon's new combo cuts across both styles and generations in jazz, teaming guitarist Danny Barker with modern trumpeter Sam Alcorn, son of traditional trumpeter Alvin Alcorn. . . . Pianist Stan Mendelson, one of the original Dukes of Dixieland, is currently doing a single in El Centro, California.



Toronto: The Colonial Tavern continues its combined blues and jazz policy. Summer visitors included Larry Coryell, The New Directions, and the Coldwell-Winfield Blues Band, followed by Jackie and Roy and Maxine Brown. Others scheduled for the fall are Oliver, Earl Hines, John Hammond with Dick Gregory, John Lee Hooker, Big Mama Thornton, and the Atlanta Blues Group. . . . The Cav-A-Bob will continue to present jazz on an occasional basis (currently Henry Cuesta's quintet and singer Olive Brown), along with supper club trios and quartets. . . . Rob McConnell's big band, the 17-piece Boss Brass, has been booked back into the Savarin Lounge for three two-week appearances. . . . Recent visitors at The Town included Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Teddy Wilson, and Cootie Williams, but jazz names will disappear soon. Norm Amadio's trio will continue as house band, but the emphasis will be on dining-dancing-casual listening. . . . Local jazzmen continue to appear regularly at George's Spaghetti House, where reedman/flutist Moe Koffman and the Art Ayre Trio are frequently featured. Guitarist Sonny Greenwich and singer Salome Bey are slated for the near future. Miss Bey was acclaimed for her recent stint in the Bill Cosby Show at the Canadian National Exhibition. . . . The Brian Browne Trio, after a long run at Top 33, has returned to Castle Frank. . . . Pianist Herbie Helbig continues at the Windsor Arms.



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