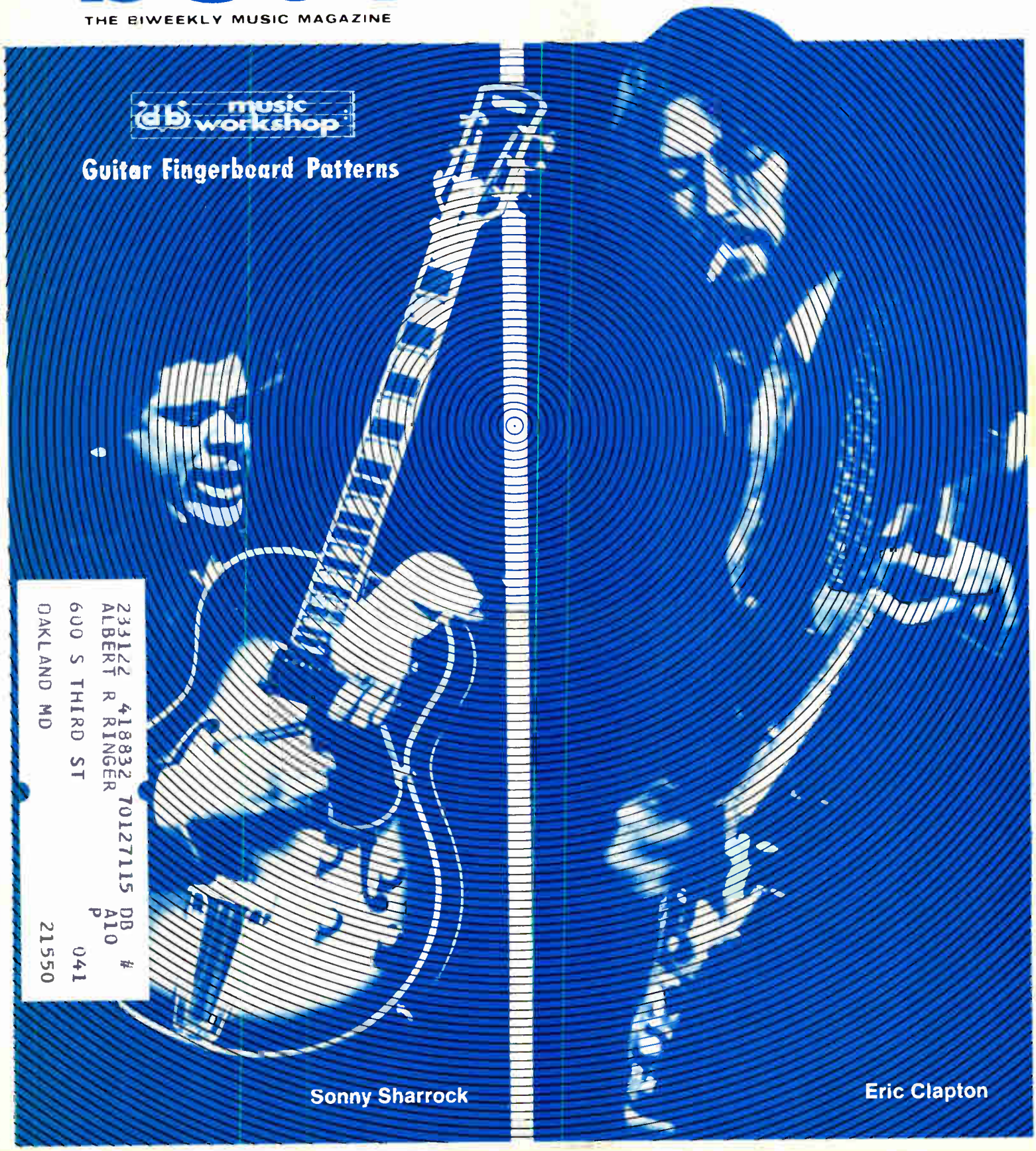
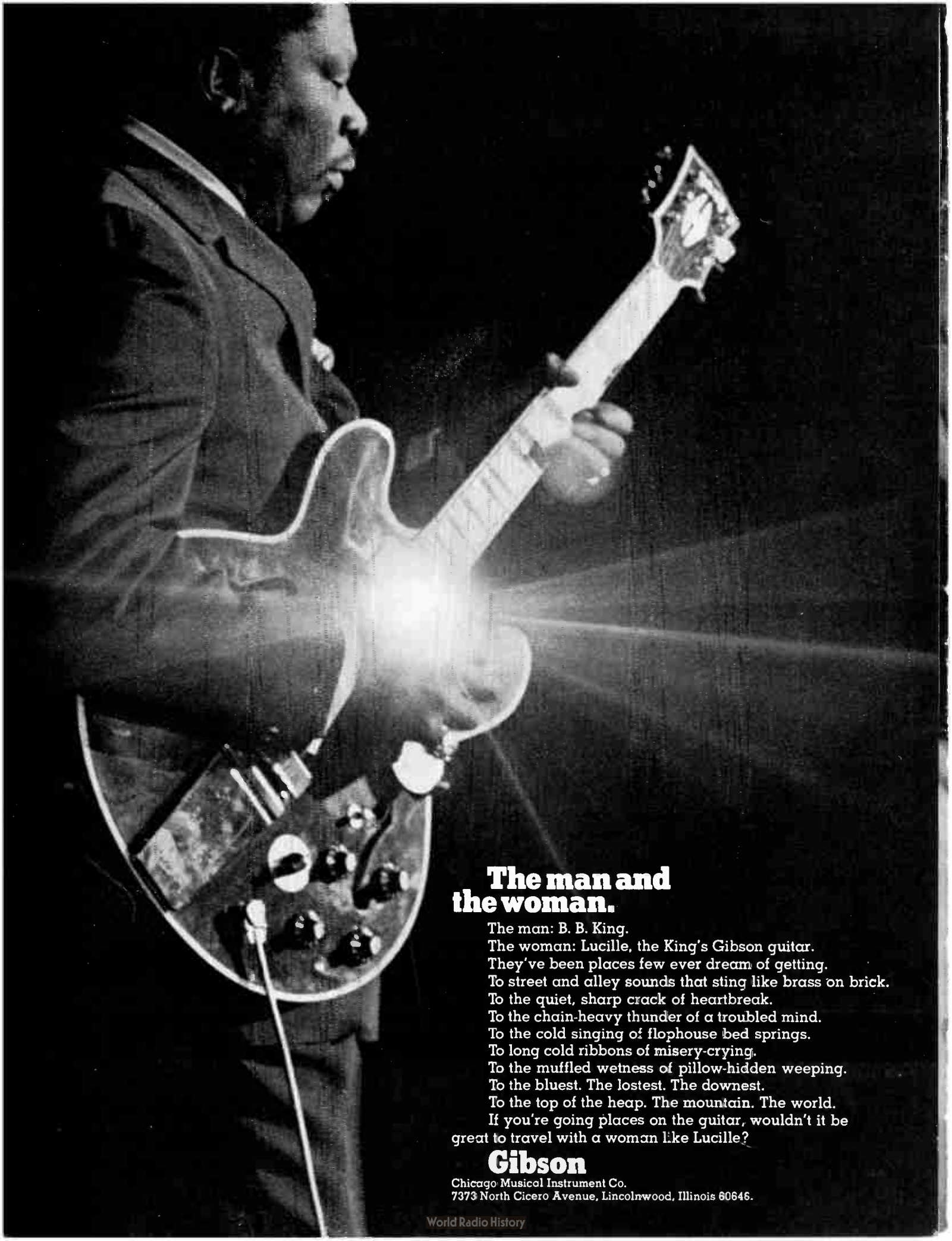
JUNE 11, 1970 50c

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Guitar Panorama: Exclusive interviews with rock star Eric Clapton and jazz innovator Sonny Sharrock . The Legacy of Charlie Christian . Barney Kessel Blindfold Test . Reviews of Wes Montgomery, George Benson, John Bishop, Blues Classics.





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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

SEVERAL TOPICS that have national relevance were discussed at a recent State of Illinois Workshop for Teacher Preparation in Music Education.

The keynote speaker, a high school principal from a suburb 25 miles northwest of Chicago, spoke from personal observation when he defined a major challenge facing teachers and school administrators: teachers must respect and understand students as individual persons who have certain rights, not the least of which is to participate in decisions that affect their learning. He also cited the accelerating "erosion of rules and regulations based on the past" that must be supplanted by flexible, meaningful concepts and structures in which students, teachers, and administrators can creatively participate.

In the group discussion sessions following the keynote speech, it was obvious that the college music educators present were in general sympathy with "change" but had few real suggestions on how to achieve it. These are some of the things that were bruited about.

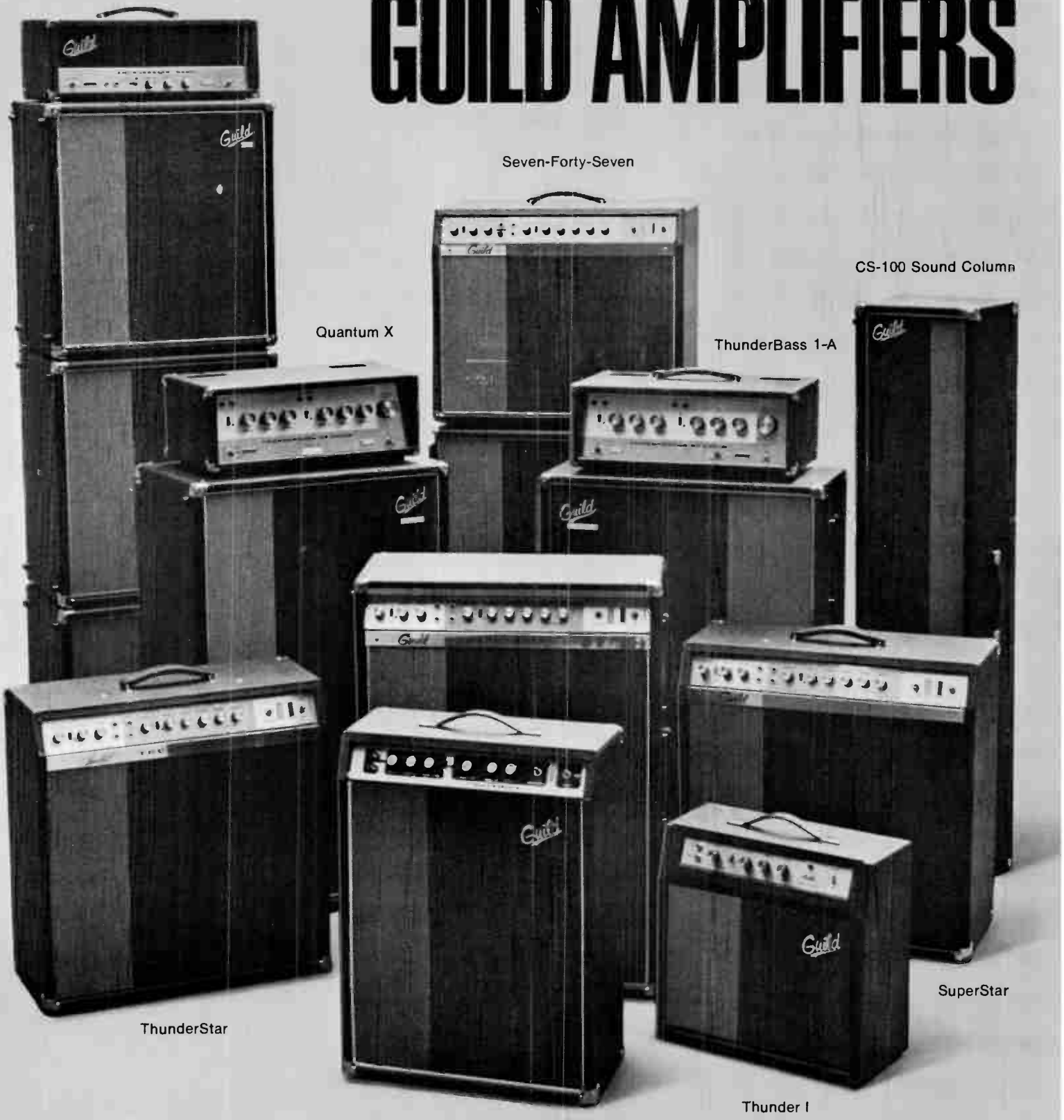
• Stricter standards for new music teachers. With the threat of a 500,000 national teacher surplus facing us by 1975, this is the time to tighten up on qualifications for teacher certification. A teacher should be a thorough musician with skills in *all* forms and concepts. But standards must extend beyond musical skills and music education courses; there must also be standards of *human* performance. There must be ways and means to measure the ability of a prospective teacher to empathize with students. The teacher of today and more certainly tomorrow, cannot rely just on knowledge of subject matter—there has to be the ability to present that subject matter in a manner honest and meaningful to the student. Let us not continue to certify teachers just because they mustered a passing grade in Mus Ed 105 and clarinet fingering.

• New curricula for music teachers. In order to enforce "stricter standards", there has to be revision in the courses of study for music teachers. Vaclav Nelhybel—the prestigious and exciting symphonic band composer—spoke on the need for more comprehensive programs for training new teachers as conductors of music ensembles. The many music skills and humanistic attitudes necessary for good conducting can be taught and learned in college, he said, even though the necessary experience to be a great conductor has to come with time. Nelhybel was advocating the complete musician as music educator. (He also made some interesting remarks about the role of jazz in school music performance. In the past five years, he has made it a point to ask members of a school band he is about to conduct about their jazz experience. If the school has a going jazz program, Nelhybel reckons that his band rehearsal time will be cut in half!)

Generally, the educators spoke of new courses in jazz, improvisation, arranging, electronic music, and music therapy as acceptable and needed. They also spoke of a new positive attitude of accepting (and recruiting) music professionals to train new teachers.

There was a good deal more discussion. Some of the talk will be channeled into action. Maybe. db

GUILD AMPLIFIERS



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June 11, 1970 Vol. 37, No. 12

down beat

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READERS IN 142 COUNTRIES

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Cover Photos: Sonny Sharrock, Lee Tanner; Eric Clapton, courtesy Robert Stigwood Organization. Design by Robert Robertson.

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Published bi-weekly. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos.

Subscription rates $8 one year, $13 two years, $18 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add $1, for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add $1.50 for each year.

DOWN BEAT articles are indexed in The Music Index and MUSIC '70. Write DOWN BEAT for availability of microfilm copies (by University Microfilms) and microfiche copies (by Bell & Howell).

If you move, let us know your new address with zip code (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

MAHER PUBLICATIONS:
DOWN BEAT, MUSIC '70;
MUSIC DIRECTORY; NAMM DAILY

Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL. 60606. (312) 346-7811. Dan Morgenstern, James Szantor, Editorial. D. B. Kelly, Subscriptions.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 250 W. 57th Street, New York, NY., 10019, (212) 757-5111. Jane Welch, Editorial. Jack Maher, Advertising Sales.

WEST COAST OFFICE: 11571 Wyandotte St., North Hollywood, CA. 91605, (213) 875-2190. Harvey Siders, Editorial. Martin Gallay, Advertising sales, 14974 Valley Vista Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA. 91403, (213) 784-0042.

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

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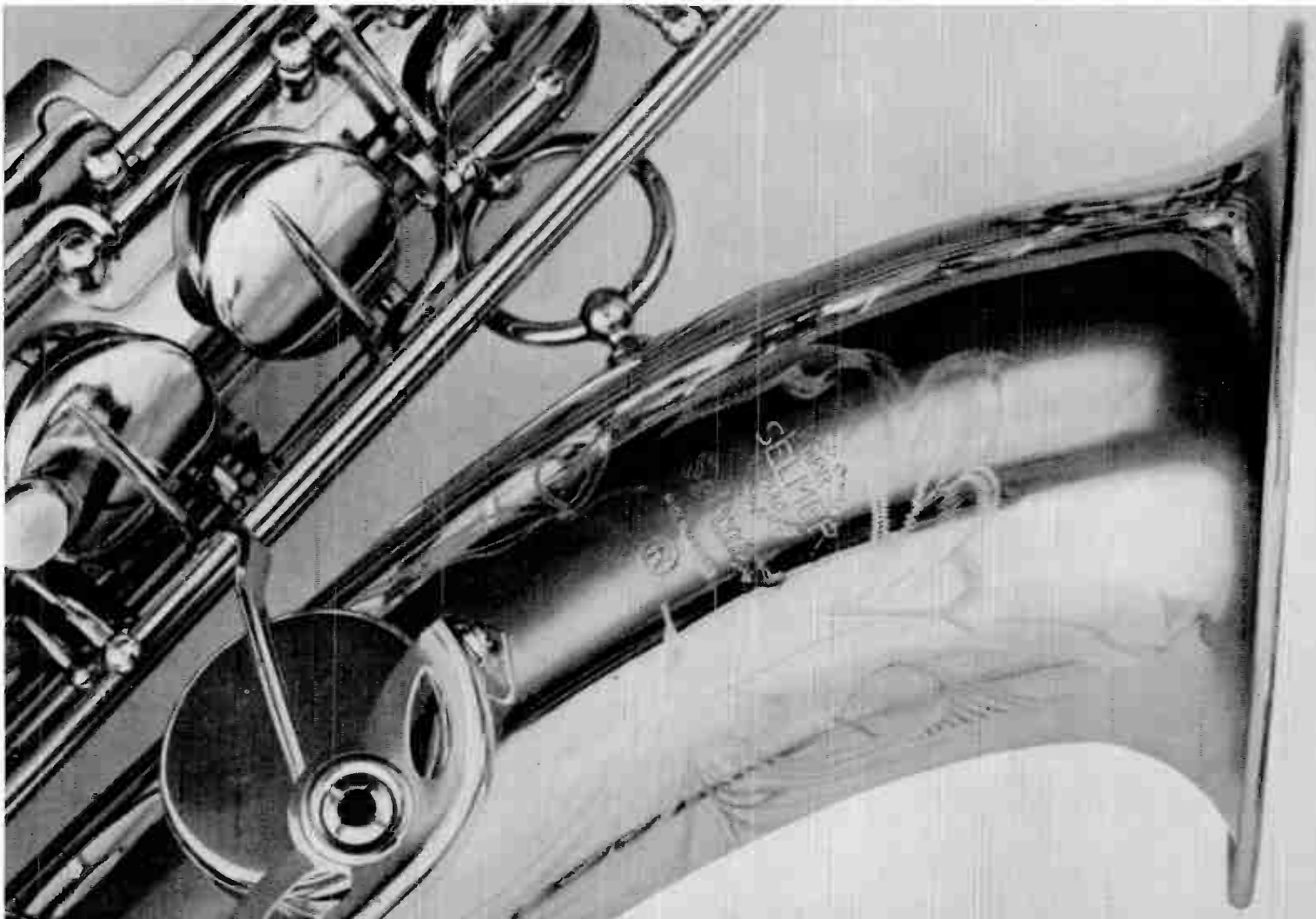

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Thanks

It was with deep sadness that I learned of the passing of Jerry Newman in Dan Morgenstern's column in the April 2 issue of **db.**

Though I never saw him, I was well aware of what he was doing and had always hoped that he would release his efforts to the public. Ah! Those nights at the Royal Roost on Broadway, if only to hear them again!

If his recorded legacy is to be executed, then its going to take a man like Don Schlitten at Prestige to do it. Let's face it, he is the only major force among the large record companies that would attempt such a project. "Bop" is still a dirty word to many.

Thanks Jerry, for all you have done.

W. Douglas Meriwether Jr.
Annapolis, Md.

Cheers For Creach

Congratulations. **down beat** is finally giving recognition to one of the great unsung artists of our time—Johnny Creach (April 30, 1970). I heard him on several occasions last summer when I was in Los Angeles and was amazed to find that someone with his ability to swing has gone unrecognized among record people for such a long time. I made it my business to get to know him and to spread the word about his talent. I feel it is only a matter of time before he gets his just due, and he has paid his dues for quite some time now.

There is nothing wrong with the Red Holloway trio, either; they cook like mad and back the other performers there at the Parisian Room beautifully. Red made quite a name for himself in r&b some years back, but he can blow jazz too.

Johnny Creach is from Washington, Pa. but did all his playing in Chicago and in California, where he settled during World War II. He is well known to all musicians in the California area, and did record. I have a 78 circa 1945 on the G&G label which fascinated me for many years until I was able to hear the artist in person.

Frank Driggs
New York, N.Y.

Bags' Bags

It really is a disappointment to find that Milt Jackson's "bag" (**db,** April 30) extends to comparing Stan Getz's playing unfavorably with "a whole bucketful of 'brothers'." Almost as unhip as saying that a certain individual was "born with rhythm in his bones."

Come on, Milt! This is 1970.

Gordon Brisker
Cincinnati, Ohio

Why is it that articles like the Milt Jackson interview are the exception rather than the rule? Reading it was like putting on a pair of glasses.

Steve Austin
Vacaville, Calif.

This is the first time I've ever written to a magazine of any kind.

In regards to the Milt Jackson article, I can't recall a more racist statement—even LeRoi Jones might gag: "Even as good as Stan Getz is as a saxophone player, I can name a whole bucketful of 'brothers' that for my money he can't touch. And the same goes for whatever instrument you want to name, as far as jazz is concerned."

Well, Milt, it must be a small bucket. Who are the "brothers" he can't touch? The best "brothers" around are Rollins, Moody, Webster. Would you be so blatantly racist as to say Getz couldn't hold his own with them?

As for alto and guitar, where's the bucketful that could cut Woods, Mariano, Konitz, Desmond; Hall, Kessel, Farlow, Coryell? Let's throw in Bill Evans, Morello, Rich, and Manne. I don't think they should bow to anyone, Milt.

Now, let's take you and the MJQ. Thanks to dull, dull groups like yours and the shieks of the avant garde, jazz is at its lowest ebb in history. What jazz sorely needs instead of articles like yours are groups like John Handy, Gary Burton, and Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, who play with feeling and appreciation for one another.

Bill Scalise
Chicago, Ill.

SATCH, SOUL, FIDDLES IN STORE AT NEWPORT

Most of the artists for the 17th annual Newport Jazz Festival, to be held this year July 10-12, have been set by producer George Wein.

The festival will open with a Salute to Louis Armstrong, who will be present. A contingent of New Orleanians including Mahalia Jackson, Pete Fountain, and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band will pay tribute to their famous landsman, and in addition, trumpeters Punch Miller, Kid Thomas, Bobby Hackett, Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry and Joe Newman will be on hand. Other special guests are expected.

Saturday noon (July 11) will be the starting time for trumpet, violin and drum workshops in the informal pattern established by the Newport Folk Festival, followed by a concert featuring "contemporary trends in jazz." The evening performance will feature Miles Davis, Gillespie, Sonny Rollins, Herbie Mann, Nina Simone, and a special violin summit with Joe Venuti, Stephane Grappelli, and Jean-Luc Ponty, accompanied by Barney Kessel.

The following afternoon will be devoted to soul, with Ike and Tina Turner and Roberta Flack as the stars. A blues guitar jam session with Albert King and others will follow.

The final evening concert will bring Ella Fitzgerald back to Newport for the first time since 1967. Cannonball Adderley and his quintet, the Buddy Rich big band, Les McCann and Eddie Harris together, and singer Leon Thomas complete the roster.

For information about tickets and accommodations, write Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I. 02840.

HIGH-POWERED MUSIC PROGRAMS FOR N.Y.U.

A unique four-year program, *Music from the Contemporary American Perspective,* will be introduced this fall at New York University's division of Music Education.

The program, which will cover jazz, blues, rock, folk music, Afro-American music, avant garde, and multi-media forms, will lead to a B.S. degree in music education and will include specialized courses and applied music instruction at the graduate level.

Clark Terry, Jimmy Giuffre, Ed Shaughnessy, bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik, and trombonist Alan Raph are among the jazz artists who will teach in the program. Dr. Joseph Scianni, director of the NYU Jazz Ensemble, Joseph Allard, John Gilbert, Michael Czajkowski, and Ursula Mamlok will also be on the faculty.

Applications are now being accepted for Sept. 1970.

NYU will also conduct its second annual in-service course on African and Afro-American music for music educators, sponsored by the NYU School of Education and the N.Y. State Education Department. It will be tuition-free to music teachers in New York City and State who qualify under the department's in-service education program.

The course is comprised of two classes. The first, *The Jazz Orchestra,* will be conducted July 6-24 by Scianni. It will be a workshop course including a historical survey of jazz and arranging techniques for teachers.

The second class, *Music of Non-Western Civilizations,* will meet July 27-Aug. 14, and will focus on ethnic music with particular reference to the music of African and Afro-American peoples. Both classes will be limited to 25 students, and applications should be made as soon as possible to Dr. Jerrold Ross, Div. of Music Ed., NYU School of Education, 80 Washington Square East, New York, N.Y. 10003.

SAMMY DAVIS, MOTOWN IN MULTI-MEDIA DEAL

Even in this age of mergers, the deal signed by Sammy Davis, Jr., and Berry Gordy's Motown Record Corp. must be considered a landmark in the formation of a new music industry complex. Out of this association comes a new company, Ecology Records; and two new music publishing firms, Ecology Music Co. (BMI), and Synergy Music Co. (ASCAP).

Just before Davis and Gordy finalized the deal, Davis recorded an album, *Something For Everyone,* on the Motown label. For the first release on the new Ecology label, Davis will put together his recent Carnegie Hall appearance, *Sammy Davis, Jr. at Carnegie Hall—Live.*

Now negotiations are under way between the two music industry giants for other entertainment outlets: motion picture production; television production; legitimate theater; and packages for the night club and concert hall circuits.

Motown will distribute Ecology; Jobete Music Co. (Motown's publishing arm) will handle the copyrights for Ecology Music and Synergy. According to Gordy, Davis "will assume the top creative post in the new alignment," and in addition, have "prime responsibility for seeking out and developing new talent for Ecology."

FINAL BAR

Blues pianist **Otis Spann,** 40, died April 25 of cancer of the liver at Cook County Hospital in Chicago.

Considered the greatest contemporary blues pianist, Spann was born in Jackson, Miss. He learned to play by ear at the age of 7 and won a prize in a local blues contest the following year. He began to work professionally at 14, and moved to Chicago in 1947, where he joined Muddy Waters' band.

Spann was with Waters for some 20 years, after which he formed his own group and also worked as a single. A brilliant accompanist, he recorded with many blues artists, including Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, Chuck Berry, Buddy Guy, James Cotton, Big Mama Thornton, and Bo Diddley. He toured Europe several times with Waters and others.

A pianist of remarkable strength and personality, Spann was also a moving singer. He recorded under his own name for

JAN PERSSON

Candid, Prestige, Testament, BluesWay, London, Bluestime, and Vanguard, the Candid (his first) and Testament LPs being perhaps his best. He also led the Waters band on several records.

Pianist-singer and recording pioneer **Perry Bradford,** 77, died April 22 at Queens General Hospital in New York. He had been ailing for some time and had been confined to a nursing home.

Born in Montgomery, Ala. and raised in Atlanta, Ga., Bradford began touring in vaudeville at an early age and first came to New York while still in his teens. In 1920, having established himself as a show producer and songwriter-publisher, he persuaded Okeh Records to let singer Mamie Smith record his *Crazy Blues,* the first record made by a black blues artist.

Not least due to Bradford's own promotion, the record was a big hit and initiated the so-called "race" recording business. Through the '20s, Bradford organized, supervised, and sometimes played or sang

on numerous record dates including many famous musicians, such as Louis Armstrong, Johnny Dunn, Willie The Lion Smith, James P. Johnson, etc.

Bradford composed and published hundreds of songs, the most durable of which was *It's Right Here For You*. He lost his publishing business and most of his money in the depression years, claiming that unscrupulous business men had taken advantage of him.

In 1965, he published his autobiography, *Born With The Blues*, a rather strange document combining interesting facts with long tirades against presumed enemies and the music business. There can be no doubt, however, that Bradford played an important role in the history of black music.

POTPOURRI

Wayne Shorter has left **Miles Davis**, reportedly to form his own combo. His replacement is soprano saxophonist **Steve Grossman**, and percussionist **Airto Moreira** has been added. **Chick Corea, Dave Holland** and **Jack DeJohnette** remain. The new sextet was unveiled at Shelly's Manne Hole in Los Angeles in April.

•

Intrepid entrepreneur **Dick Gibson** introduced a new 5 to 7:30 p.m. cocktails-and-jazz policy at the Roosevelt Grill in New York City in April. There is no cover, no minimum, and singles are welcome. Two bands (for the kickoff, the **World's Greatest Jazz Band** and the **Bobby Hackett** Quintet) perform continuously, and by all odds it's the town's best music buy. The WGJB and Hackett also were filmed April 24 at the Roosevelt for an upcoming CBS-TV *60 Minutes* program, while the WGJB (with new face **Vic Dickenson** replacing **Kai Winding**) recorded live for Atlantic at the club, and appeared at the White House to accompany dramatic readings by **Nicol Williamson** at the actor's special request.

•

The **Clifford Thornton New Art Ensemble** and the **Rashied Ali** Quartet will perform in concert at New York's Carnegie Recital Hall June 7.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: **John Surman** was in New York for a few weeks in May . . . **Charles Tolliver** was at Slugs with **Stanley Cowell**, piano, **Cecil McBee**, bass, and **Jimmy Hopps**, drums . . . **Peggy Lee** reigned supreme at the Waldorf's Empire Room in April, singing like a dream . . . **Pink Floyd** did concerts at Fillmore East in the Metropolitan area before moving on to California in May. Their following here is swelling . . . **Pentangle** did Carnegie Hall and a few nights at the Village Gate in April . . . **Horace Arnold's Hear and Now Co.** is touring upstate New York, giving concerts in the school system . . . **Ray Charles**, his orchestra and the **Raelettes** packed Fillmore East for two nights, sharing the bill with **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet . . . Trombonist **Roswell Rudd** did a rare concert at St. Peter's Lutheran Church April 23 with **Lee Konitz** in his group . . . The **Archie Shepps** have a new baby daughter, **Dja-Maa** . . . Singer **Nata-**

/Continued on page 37

ROCK'S IN MY HEAD

By ALAN HEINEMAN

I'VE JUST LISTENED to the second album by the MC5 (*Back In The USA*—Atlantic 8247) several times. Upon each audition, it becomes more bizarre.

Not bizarre in the same way as their first wretched effort, which was strained, mannered, self-indulgent and irredeemably unmusical. No; producer Jon Landau is to be congratulated for supervising a session that—sheerly on musical grounds—is tight, controlled, economical. Boring as hell, but certainly economical.

What angers me is the approach of the entire album, and the tactics implicit in that approach. There are 11 cuts. The opener is Little Richard's chestnut, *Tutti Frutti*. (Pardon the mixed metaphors, or flavors, or whatever.) This track establishes the context of the rest of the songs—good ol' rock 'n' roll—as well as the group's credentials. The next nine tracks (all in the same idiom save *Looking At You*, which is closer to contemporary hard rock) alternate between condemnation of the prison that American life—particularly high school—represents to adolescents and celebration of the state of adolescence itself. The closer is the title song: more credentials, plus a little irony. Get it?

Well, fine. Young people, and especially poor young people, are probably the outstanding victims of America's malevolent institutions, and elementary and secondary education are probably the chief perpetrators of the psychological havoc wreaked upon these victims. Educational structures *must* be condemned and changed. Fast.

Nothing wrong, either, with the idea that the mid- and late-teens ought to be a time of celebration. They are, ideally, a time of spiritual, intellectual and sexual exploration, but in the current scheme of things, such exploration is unduly restricted, channeled into conventional outlets if not discouraged altogether. Thus, drugs and rock replace irrelevant organized religion; thus, anti-intellectualism replaces the regimentation of secondary education and the hermeticism of higher education; thus, sexual tabus are defied—"by any means necessary."

All this is good, too, assuming that the manifestations of rebellion are psychologically positive and self-validating, rather than remaining merely negative responses to an intolerable situation. (No, I am *not* saying, "Work for change within the system," or, "Violence is naughty." Simply: what one does ought to generate a sense of rightness, or at least necessity, within one.)

But this is where the cynicism and manipulative tendencies of many radicals come into play. Like the MC5. Just as Progressive Labor disciples attempt to camouflage themselves—unsuccessfully, for the most part—as Just Plain Folks, or the Working Class, MC5 is masquerading on this album as Just Plain Kids, or the High School Class. Accordingly, their diction is simplistic—words of one syllable. (Compare the pseudo-poetics of some of the material on their first album.) Of course, if a little radical social analysis can be slipped in, as in *The American Ruse*, so much the better. Just keep it simple, so the youngsters can get it.

Well, horseshit. Young people reached out for Dylan, and the Airplane, and the Beatles. These musicians didn't stoop down to their supposed level. And compare a genuine, complex, dense, profound, moving revolutionary song like Grace Slicks' *Eskimo Blue Day* (on *Volunteers*) to *American Ruse* or *The Human Being Lawnmower* on this album (or, to be fair, the title song on *Volunteers*). How incredibly condescending.

Worse. In songs like *Call Me Animal and Teenage Lust*, MC5 is celebrating adolescence, all right—they extol the violent sensuality inherited by the young as something valid in itself. To be made aware of one's animal drives is healthy; to repress them is not. But to act all of them out in an unsublimated way is critically damaging, to the self and to others.

But who cares about a little thing like psychic damage when The Revolution is at stake, right? We can *use* this unbridled aggression, use it to kick out the jams, right? *After* the blitzkrieg we'll get ourselves spiritually together. First things first. Right?

Some time ago, I used a column to rebut a piece by Albert Goldman in which he expressed horror at the demonic energies released by some rock music, particularly the Stones. I stand by that rebuttal. It is good that these energies are released. It is also good that rock has incorporated a sense of social and political concern; art and life are too frequently separate entities in this culture.

But when music is used in the service of politics, and used in the half-truthful way, and more importantly, in the manipulative, cynical, condescending, inauthentic and blatantly "strategic" way MC5 is attempting to use it, then it demands censure on moral as well as artistic grounds.

Fortunately, the same kids MC5 wants to disguise themselves as are hip enough to see through their mask. (The ordinariness of their music helps.) So perhaps this column is unnecessary. Still, the easy, self-congratulatory answers MC5 offers are undeniably attractive, and, consequently, maybe all this wants being said. db

ON WITH CHARLIE CHRISTIAN

by Ernest F. Dyson

IN SURVEYING the so-called bebop era of jazz, one sees developments which dramatically changed the course of the music.

Among the musicians who were primary contributors to this innovative movement was a young, happy-go-lucky guitarist named Charlie Christian, whose extraordinary talent can legitimately be described as genius. He not only elevated the guitar to a solo status equal to that of horns and piano, but introduced concepts of rhythmic and melodic phrasing which deeply influenced all the vanguard instrumentalists of that period and beyond.

Christian was able to accomplish this because he possessed the qualities necessary to become an innovator: originality, complete command of his instrument, and a profound feeling for the blues, which permeated everything he played.

The blues affinity is easily explained. Christian was a product of the southwest —blues territory. He was born in Dallas, Tex. in 1919 and grew up in Oklahoma City. This part of the country was stomping grounds for the great blues singers and guitarists like Blind Lemon Jefferson and Lightnin' Hopkins; for Lester Young, Hot Lips Page, Jimmy Rushing, and the swinging big bands from Kansas City.

Christian's blues has many of the characteristics of early blues, both in sound and presentation. His long, flowing lines warm each harmonic figure like the sun's rays.

Unlike the earlier blues guitarists, however, Christian pioneered in the use of electric amplification, using it first with his own group in 1937 around Oklahoma City. While playing in Alphonso Trent's sextet in Bismarck, N. D. about this time, Christian was heard by another young jazz guitarist, Mary Osborne. Miss Osborne has said that Christian's solos already then sounded like a horn, specifically a tenor saxophone.

Musicians traveling back and forth across the country spread the word about the guitar prodigy. Eventually, jazz enthusiast John Hammond ventured to Oklahoma to hear Christian for himself. Hammond was sufficiently impressed to persuade Benny Goodman to book the guitarist for a guest shot on his Camel Caravan radio show in the fall of 1939.

Christian was subsequently installed in the new Goodman Sextet, which produced the bulk of the great classics waxed by the guitarist. He also worked with the full Goodman band on occasion.

But what was perhaps to become Christian's most profound contribution to the music was produced in afterhours jam sessions at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem, where he served as innovator-in-residence, along with such like-minded colleagues as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Kenny Clark and Thelonious Monk. Here, Christian was able to stretch out and expand his ideas freely.

On a recording from Minton's in 1941, Christian can be heard characteristically restructuring the chord patterns of familiar pieces, as on *Swing to Bop*, based on Eddie Durham's *Topsy*. This music demonstrates his single-note horn sound in a comprehensive series of choruses, building intense melodic and rhythmic excitement. The excitement results in part from hearing a stringed instrument of normally thin timbre produce a new amplified, mellow sound of sweet and warm bliss.

Christian's often riff-like phrases have a rhythmic impetus previously heard only in the tenor saxophone work of Lester Young. Each chorus is a new emotional experience for the listener as he attempts to anticipate Christian's unexpected accents. This holds true today, almost 30 years later, but one can only imagine the effect his playing must have had on his contemporaries.

FRANCIS WOLFF

Charlie Christian at the memorable "Profoundly Blue" recording session on February 6, 1941, with Meade Lux Lewis, celeste, Edmond Hall, clarinet, and Israel Crosby, bass.

Among Christian's studio recordings, one of the most exciting is Goodman Sextet's *Breakfast Feud*. For the version issued on LP, solos from three "takes," each a chorus of 20 bars, were spliced together, divided by four-bar ensemble breaks. It is a tour de force display of the guitarist's imagination. Each chorus is different, each perfect. Christian magnificently invests each stanza with a melodic lilt equal to the prose of the late Langston Hughes—sharp, biting, sassy, but never losing its point of reference, a swinging blues tempo.

Two showcases for Christian's art as a blues moaner or shouter are his solo on the Goodman Sextet's *Gone with What Wind* and the plaintive theme statement on the Edmond Hall Quartet's *Profoundly Blue*.

Gone with What Wind, an obvious reference to Margaret Mitchell's southern melodrama, has Christian moanin' low, possibly depicting Scarlett's lament in his first two chords, "ma—ma." He also sets a riff pattern at the end of the piece in boogie-woogie fashion, a technique developed by southwestern and delta blues men.

The recently reissued *Profoundly Blue* is a superb example of Christian's "down home" vein, as moving a blues statement as has ever been recorded.

Christian's flame burned brightly but briefly. On March 2, 1942, he died of tuberculosis at the age of 23. His playing as documented on records was the product of a mere two years, from late 1939 to late '41. Yet it sufficed to leave a lasting mark on the music. From his time on, jazz guitar has basically come to mean electric guitar, played Charlie Christian style.

A strong echo of Christian's genius is heard in the jazz guitarists of today. Men like Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow, Herb Ellis, Kenny Burrell, George Benson, Jimmy Raney, Grant Green, and Wes Montgomery have utilized and further sophisticated the various innovations and devices Christian introduced. Montgomery, who taught himself to play from Christian's records, in particular has perpetuated the Charlie Christian legacy.

Discographical Note

The Minton sessions are on **Charlie Christian** (Archive of Folk Music 219). The guitarist's work with the Goodman sextet and big band may be found on **The Charlie Christian Story** (Columbia CL 652), including *Breakfast Feud, Gone with What Wind,* and two fascinating rehearsal jams, *Blues in B* and *Waiting for Benny*. **Solo Flight** (French CBS 62 581) has most of the remaining Goodman pieces and is now available in the U.S. at better record stores. Lionel Hampton's **Swing Classics** (Victor LPM 2318) includes a fine Christian solo on *Haven't Named It Yet*. **The Spirituals to Swing** set (Vanguard), discontinued in the U.S. but available in England, contains Christian's only recorded work with Lester Young plus some Goodman Sextet pieces. *Profoundly Blue* and three other pieces from the same session are on Edmond Hall's **Celestial Express** (Blue Note 6505). ds

Rock Roots: An Interview with Eric Clapton

by Jim Szantor

RARELY HAS A rock instrumentalist working as a sideman made more of an impression on fellow musicians and audiences than Eric Clapton. Prior to his recent association with Delaney and Bonnie and Friends (an American rock-soul group), the British guitarist worked and recorded with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, Cream, the Yardbirds, Blind Faith, and the Plastic Ono Band.

In England, where he plans to form his own group, Clapton's first solo album (recorded in California near the end of his stint with Delaney and Bonnie) is due to be released shortly. His solo on *Spoonful* on the Cream's *Wheels of Fire* (Atco-2-700) is regarded as one of his best.

It was during his U.S. tour with Delaney and Bonnie and Friends that I caught up with Clapton between shows at Chicago's Auditorium Theatre.

J.S.: When did you start playing guitar?

E.C.: I was in art school near London and it was like a secondhand occupation, really. I wasn't really keen to be there—I was there because I wasn't sure what I was going to do with my life, so I just slotted myself into an art school and didn't do very well. So, when they kicked me out, I started playing guitar. I've been playing for about eight years.

J.S.: You've played with so many groups . . . is it difficult to adapt to each one?

E.C.: It hardens you. It professionalizes you—you just become a lot more confident. The first time you get with a group, that hardens you because you realize you're maybe doing something not a lot of people are doing . . . you're sticking your neck out. And the next time, when you join the group, you've got that much added respect—you've achieved, and it just builds and builds. It doesn't help you play any better, but you can stand tall for awhile.

J.S.: Which group thus far in your career has given you the most satisfaction musically?

E.C.: Up until now . . . John Mayall, really. It was very simple, down-to-earth blues. There was no fooling around, no bantering. We just did very lonely tours of England, playing little clubs—very little money, six or seven nights a week; two, three, or four sets—just playing the blues.

J.S.: Did you think this experience would provide a sort of jumping-off point for going out and doing your own thing?

E.C.: Well, I had that illusion at the time. I played with Mayall for about a year and a half and then I thought: well, now I can go on to my own thing, but I was sadly wrong. Well, you can't do anything on your own.

J.S.: The press has referred to you as a demigod. Is this why you've remained in the background with Delaney and Bonnie?

E.C.: This is actually very close to the truth. This is very close to the way I actually feel about playing. It has been built into an image, but it's not far away from reality itself. The truth is that I actually do get my _____ off a lot better when I'm supporting somebody—anonymously—than actually exposing myself. I get more kicks out of supporting someone and playing behind them and controlling what's going on than I do by being up front and singing *my* song. That's been true up until now. But slowly and gradually, I'm getting a thing together, so maybe later this year, or next year, I'll be able to go out on my own. And sing and play and be up front. Because I realize, to myself, that I have to do that before I die.

J.S.: When you do venture out on your own, what kind of a group would you like to have and who would you like to have in it?

E.C.: Well, if Delaney and Bonnie didn't have their band, I'd have them. That's the way I feel about them. Because they are really the finest musicians I've ever played with, I think—playing rock 'n' roll. Otherwise, economically and everything, I'd be better off forming a group in England. I really don't have any ideas about players yet, because I'm in such a small scene. I know everybody . . . all the cats I know are already leading or playing groups: Ginger Baker, John Mayall, etc.

J.S.: Speaking of Ginger, what led to the demise of Cream?

E.C.: Well, the music became something else . . . the music didn't belong to us after a certain point. We went for about six or eight months constructing our own kind of feel and having a certain kind of thing which was definitely ours. Then we came to America and—the first show we did at the Fillmore—the whole thing changed completely and we found we were doing long, sort of jazz-based improvised solos with everybody jamming, battling, sympathizing—all kinds of things. But it was no longer anything to do with the concept we had of it and it ended up, after about three or four tours of this country. . . . Well, we just made too much money for the amount of production we put in and it screwed our heads up completely. We didn't have any real hits. *White Room* was deliberately released as a single, along with *Sunshine of Your Love*, which was really the one that got nearest to a number one seller, though I don't think it ever actually made it to number one. It did go high enough to boost our egos.

J.S.: Ginger Baker has said (**db**, March 19) that jazz musicians tend to play for themselves. How about rock musicians?

E.C.: I think it's different for each individual in the way he approaches his music. I think it's safe to say that all musicians play for themselves and for their fellow musicians first. And if they can get that right and make it project into an audience, then they'll use that as a jumping-off point to entertain. You know, you can't entertain an audience if the music isn't together. So, if you're not pleasing the rest of the band or not pleasing yourself, you're going to be a hypocrite if you then go out and entertain the audience.

I think it's a bit strange for Ginger to be talking about jazz people when he's really not playing jazz. It's been difficult for Ginger to make a clean breakthrough because he's always been *between* two kinds of music. He's always felt very betrayed by the jazz musicians in the circle he was with because they didn't accept the way he approached jazz. And then he moved into rock 'n' roll without knowing a lot about it and since he's between the two musics it's hard for him to ascertain exactly what bag he's in.

J.S.: Have you heard his new group, the Airforce?

E.C.: From what I've heard I think it's a lot closer to what he really wants to do. I think he's happy with it, and as long as he's happy with it, I think it's going to be good.

J.S.: You hear a lot about British vs. American rock—

E.C.: Yeah, well the British groups really got their start from American rock, of course. There was nothing happening before rock in England except trad jazz . . . like Humphrey Lyttelton, and trad just sort of turned into skiffle and that was like three or four acoustic guitars, a washboard, and a string bass or gutbucket. And that's what turned into pop music and rock 'n' roll. I think Buddy Holly, Gene Vincent, Carl Perkins, and Elvis Presley and all those people were the ones the English listened to. Also, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, the Coasters, the Drifters. . . .

J.S.: Some of the groups you just mentioned are touring of late under a "rock 'n' roll revival" banner. Is this a genuine trend in rock or—

E.C.: I think trends are really forced. I think the reason a lot of people are booking . . . and going to see people like Carl Perkins and Bill Haley is because they've been *told* it's a revival and the reason they've been told that is because . . . say, John Lennon did the Toronto Peace Festival and did all his numbers and everyone thinks, "Oh, it's rock revival time, so let's dig up all the old rock artists" . . . whereas they've always been there and they've probably always been gigging, so there's no such thing as a revival. If you want to listen to a big band, it's always possible. You don't have to ask anybody to bring them back because they've always been here.

J.S.: Don't Delaney and Bonnie delve somewhat into this "revival" thing?

E.C.: Yes, we do a revival thing as an encore. But I do a lot of stuff written by Bonnie and Delaney or by myself and Delaney—not necessarily just revival rock 'n' roll but actually a new form of music which you can call what you like. It's *their* music.

J.S.: A lot has been said about the status of John Lennon and Paul McCartney as songwriters. Most of it, of course, is highly complimentary and some put them in a class with Cole Porter, Gershwin, Kern, etc. On the other hand, some are not too pleased with this lionization. Are they in the Porter-Gershwin class?

E.C.: I think it's more than that. In fact, I think it was more than that three or four years ago. Now, it's something else altogether. If you really take it seriously, you could even regard them as being a new religion, you know. If you really want to get into that, and a lot of people have, it's all there. I mean, they've done enough to change the world . . . it's a movement, it really is.

J.S.: What was the motive behind their various style changes—from the early *I Want To Hold Your Hand* period to *Sgt.*

Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, etc.? Was it a change motivated by musical aspirations, a desire for experimentation, or what?

E.C.: Every one of them has a different motivation. Every one of them is totally different from the other. As a unit, they're *one* thing—as individuals they're totally opposite. They really do have a lot of different ways of thinking. John will play something because he thinks, you know, it will really shock someone . . . or else . . . to please someone. Whereas Paul is a lot more seriously into writing music—quality music—something that will be regarded as fine and artistic. George is a rocker—just a simple rocker. He likes to jam and play rock. He's a great, great guitarist. And Ringo's the same way—he'll jam whenever you like.

J.S.: How about the Rolling Stones?

E.C.: I think they're just starting to find themselves. For a long, long time they were really hung up imitating people or trying to work out what they should play. I think with their last album, *Let It Bleed*, they finally did it. They really came on.

J.S.: Which of these groups do you enjoy the most?

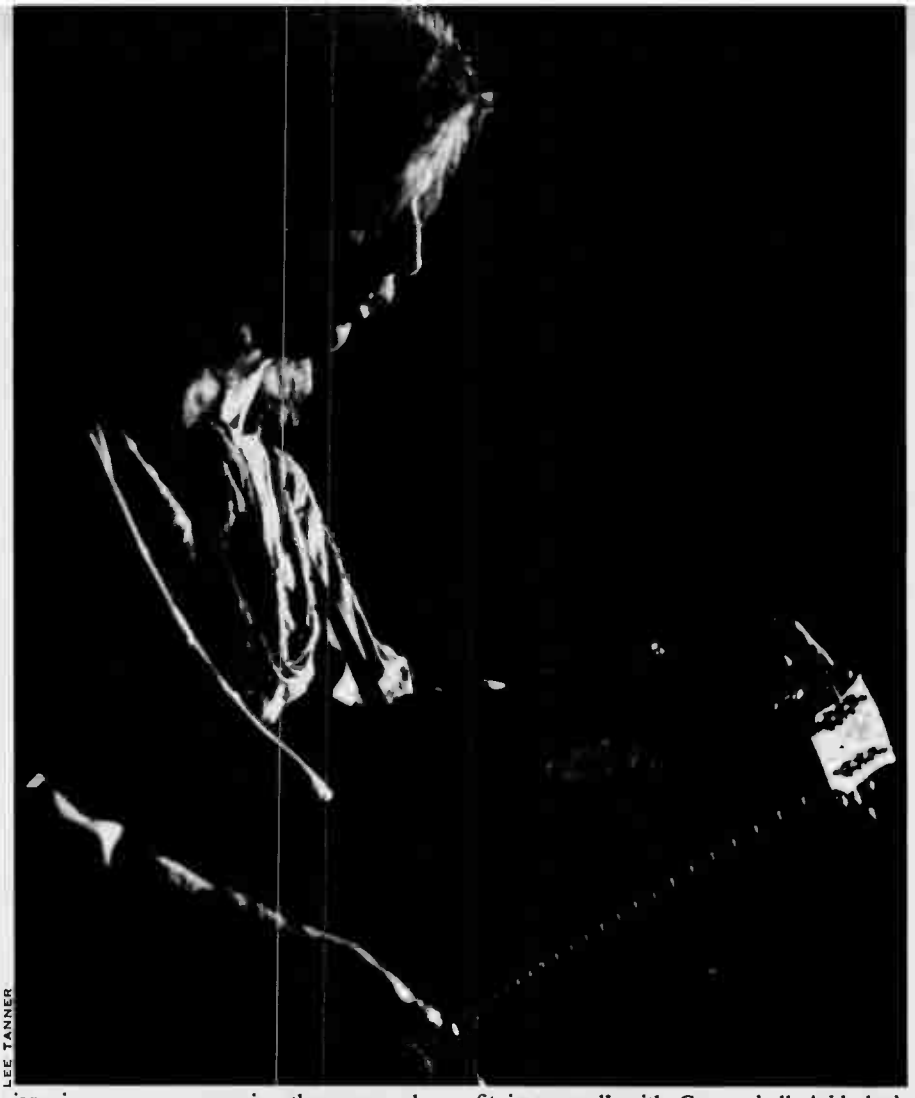
E.C.: I would say the Beatles. Because there is nothing they haven't made that I couldn't play and groove to. But there are a lot of things the Stones have done that wouldn't necessarily turn me on, and the same with Frank Zappa, who I have a great deal of respect for. I think he's a brilliant musician. But some of those things are above my head, or just don't turn me on. Whereas the Beatles always have and always will.

J.S.: Have you ever listened to any early jazz guitar players?

E.C.: Not enough. I've heard a little Charlie Christian, who was fantastic. He really was just beautiful and his kind of thing really inspired me—that early electric guitar sound. And Django Reinhardt was a genius, but you see . . . all these early guitar players looked to one another and you can't really say that any one of them is a pure innovator. Because Django—his music really came from gypsy music and it wasn't necessarily jazz to begin with. It was the context it was put into that made it jazz. And then you have, for instance, B.B. King, who everyone says is an innovator. But then, if you ask him about it, he owes a lot of his playing to Django Reinhardt. He's one of his biggest influences. And some people talk about me being an innovator. Well, that's rubbish, too, because, you know, I copied B.B. King. The first four or five years I was playing—I just copied! Until I found my own kind of expression. . . .

J.S.: Have you listened much to modern jazz guitar players, like the late Wes Montgomery, Kenny Burrell—

E.C.: To tell you the absolute truth, about the time Wes was becoming a hit I was somewhere else. I was very purist about guitar playing and there were only about three or four guitarists I would actually sit and listen to—John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy, and B.B. King—and anybody who had that soft, mellow tone didn't interest me, period. Now, or since then, I've changed a lot. But I don't think



LEE TANNER

jazz is any more superior than any other kind of music. Of rock guitarists, I think the guy that's turned me on the most is the guitarist with the Isley brothers. I don't know who he is, but he's so together on backup guitar. I have no *idea* who he is, but he really gets through to me.

J.S.: Would you say that blues artists, like B.B. King, have influenced you most?

E.C.: Well, even B.B. is . . . you see, to play that way I'd have to be imitating B.B.—to play that kind of guitar, there's only one way to play and that's like B.B. But if I'm going to play the way I feel—the way I want to get satisfaction out of playing—it would probably be a lot simpler, a lot more funky, and easier to play.

J.S.: There have been white blues artists who have been put down by purists because of their race and/or background.

E.C.: Well, the blues is not completely Afro. Because, if it was, it wouldn't be the blues. The blues came out of a situation that was half black and half white—it's like country music and Afro music mixed. It's the music that came from the settlers, the plantation owners, and the slaves together. Without those two semicircles you wouldn't have a circle. So, therefore, it's quite valid for a white musician to go out and play the blues; the same as it is for someone like Ray Charles to play honky blues. It's valid either way, as long as you give credit. If you try to steal it, then you're a hypocrite.

J.S.: It was interesting to see how one of your fellow countrymen, Victor Feldman, fit in so well with Cannonball Adderley's group in the early 1960s. On some of his recordings with them, he came off sounding funkier than anyone else in the group.

E.C.: Right. That feeling is the cause of it all. You can get that feeling anywhere. If you've had a hard life, a hard childhood, you'll have that feeling . . . no matter where you are or who you are—Negro, white, yellow, green or red. If you're mistreated it'll come out . . . speak for itself. How you channel it is up to you.

J.S.: Rock musicians, thus far, haven't really been noted for their improvisational ability. You're an exception—how did it come about?

E.C.: Well, I had no choice but to improvise. When it comes down to it on guitar, all I'm doing is trying to fit into a situation. Like, with the Yardbirds. They gave me an audition and I thought, "I can't play the _____ guitar, what am I going to do?" So I thought that, in desperation, I'd play whatever I could. And they liked it and it's been the same ever since.

Improvisation is really an excuse. Unless you actually have a reason for playing music and are trying to convey something to somebody, you're improvising because you don't know what else to do. That's always been *my* situation. I had to improvise as long as I've been playing—because I didn't know what to do. I never learned to read music. I learned about four years after I'd been playing what a

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SONNY SHARROCK'S STORY

by Mike Bourne

SONNY SHARROCK has played guitar for the past few years with the Herbie Mann quintet and now marks his debut as a leader with *Black Woman* (Vortex 2014). We rapped in his New York apartment.

M.B.: You sort of sprung up. Like suddenly you were there. But you must have been somewhere before. Where were you?

S.S.: On the lower east side for a couple of years. I was playing with Pharoah Sanders. I did the *Tauhid* album with him. And Byard Lancaster, other cats on the east side.

M.B.: Did you begin in New York?

S.S.: No, I'm from upstate, about 30 miles up. I came down and went to Berklee for a semester back in '61. And then I came back to my home town and stayed there for a few years. Then I just came down to the city. The first gig I had was with Olatunji. That was kind of hip. And then I didn't have any more gigs for a year because I stopped playing. I had a day gig and was doing that. And then I wanted to play again, and I started with Pharoah and Byard and a few other cats.

M.B.: How did you get with Herbie?

S.S.: Now that's weird. Because I was working with Byard and we were supposed to do this thing down in Philly, some big jazz festival. And the guy that was running it had told Herbie about me. And Herbie had just broken up his group—his guitarist had left or something—and sent me a telegram. And I said, wow, this is kinda strange. Because I had been playing with all the new cats, and as far as I knew about Herbie was bossa nova. You know, *Comin' Home Baby*. And I said, what is this! So I called him and it was for real. First I thought somebody was kidding. So I took the gig. I really needed the gig *bad!* Unbelievably! And that was over two years ago.

M.B.: That's a strange band. Each cat is into his own.

S.S.: It's five different bands, man. It all depends on who's soloing. That's good in a way, but sometimes it gets kinda weird. You know, sometimes the direction just gets *lost* completely. Nobody knows what you're gonna do. It's weird for me, man—I don't know about the other cats—because for two years I've been playing *against* things. Cause I don't really play that way. That's the way I play, but it's not the *full* thing. And I haven't been able to do my full thing, because you have to hold back. These cats don't like that. Everybody's got something different. It's easier when everybody in the band is thinking in the same direction.

M.B.: I notice you avoid comping.

S.S.: Yeah, I know. I don't do it well, man. I hate it. I don't think it's necessary nowadays. And I don't do it well anyway. I'd rather just stay away from it.

M.B.: It gets to where you're doing an r&b tune and playing old Steve Cropper licks.

S.S.: Yeah, just standing there making them. Waiting for it to be over.

M.B.: Are you gonna stay with Herbie?

S.S.: No, I have to have my own band. Every day it comes over me more and more. Cause I've got my own music and my own way of playing, and I have to do it. And I can't do it with Herbie. You know, like my wife was with Herbie's band for about six months. And she would come on and do two of my tunes. But it didn't work out. It wasn't the full thing. For two years it's like I've been holding back. It's been a good gig, and Herbie and all the cats have been beautiful. But it's just time for me to do *my* thing.

M.B.: You mentioned the other night everybody hated each other.

S.S.: Well, it's not like hate. It's just like no respect for . . . well, I'll tell you how it is. When I joined the band, people used to come up to Herbie and say, "Why did you hire Sonny Sharrock? You know he doesn't fit your kind of music." Because he still had a conga player. They were still into that. And I think a lot of the band would go up to him and say it. Because guys in the band used to tell me, "Look, you better get these changes together or you're gonna have to look for a new gig." Which really makes you feel good when you have to go to work. When you hear that, you know you're doing it completely wrong. But it wasn't *wrong*. It was just my way of doing things and it didn't fit where their heads were. I joined the band and *Girl from Ipanema* and *Comin' Home Baby* were the tunes the band was doing. And I had come from playing some wild free music on the lower east side. I can't solo any other way than the way I do. It's not necessary for me to, that's just the way I play. So like we would try to do a thing like *Summertime* and I would take one of my solos and it would completely *shatter* the tune. That's the way it was. And there was a lot of hate. But now it seems like in two years, all of a sudden maybe Miles Davis has said, yeah, it's alright to play free now. Because I remember when he was gonna step on Eric Dolphy's shoes. He said Ornette was crazy. But now Miles says let's not play choruses, let's play clusters and free the time. And now everything is alright. So now Herbie's band is changed.

M.B.: I hear in your music a kind of textural playing rather than mainline playing of notes.

S.S.: Well, there's nowhere else to go, man. People have been playing notes for hundreds and thousands of years. So that's finished.

M.B.: And also some awarness of electronics.

S.S.: I've just started getting into the electronic end of it. Because I used to play pure force and energy. But now—I still don't use wah-wahs or distortion or none of those pedals—all I do is use a little bit of reverb that's on the amp. No special speakers or nothing. I put just a little reverb in it and now I'm starting to hear the electronic thing. In the next few years, I'll really start working on it.

M.B.: Do you feel you restrict yourself in this style, when you move from single lines of notes into clusters and textures?

S.S.: No, I think the other thing is limited. When you play single lines and notes, you're very limited. In Western music, there are only notes before you start repeating yourself. Now, that's pretty limiting. Well, not thinking about classical music, but thinking about jazz, they've been playing these 11 notes. And *that's* kind of restricting. You know, there ain't but so many combinations of 11 notes that you can make.

M.B.: What about clusters of notes?

S.S.: See, when I say cluster . . . that's a bad word. I just use it because there's nothing else. On the guitar there are two metal frets and between these two frets is a note. Now, when I play a cluster—I'll call it a cluster—I don't hit directly in between the frets to get that specific note. I'm all over that space. And I'm not just getting that note. I may be getting three and a half notes out of that one space. And I'm not worried about the combination. Cats sit down and they figure out chords. They say, "Oh yeah, man, 1-3-5-9-11-13," and on up. The whole chord and combinations. And they got ten fingers to get all the notes they can pos-

LANDESBILDSTELLE

sibly get. Now there ain't but 11 notes. So that leaves one note out . . . and Monk gets it with his elbow. Well, I'm not thinking about these 11 notes. I'm not thinking combinations. I got a *feeling*. Because I don't hear notes in my head. I hear feelings and I want to do the feeling. I think like a painter when he feels inspired. I don't think he would see a whole painting in his head. I think maybe he'll just get a feeling. Musicians are always talking about, "Yeah, I hear all these lines in my head." Well, I don't hear lines like that. I get a feeling and I try to do the whole feeling. And sometimes it's soft. Sometimes like on *Blind Willie* I took very little solo space. Just the melody played over and over again. That's the kind of feeling I had. It's not limited. I used different tuning, an acoustical guitar, and I tuned all the strings to the note E. So I had like one note over and over and then I just played in different spots to get other notes. It's not limiting. I still have ideas that I want to work out that's gonna take me about ten years to get to.

M.B.: It's funny that you'd mention Monk. Because Monk is always playing that note between the keys, that quarter-tone.

S.S.: The one you can't write about.

M.B.: But the one you do have in Indian music. Have you been into that at all?

S.S.: Well, you see, that's limiting, too. Because now take what those cats have done. I wanted to find out *the* music that I wanted to play. And eventually I had to just come back to myself and get a music. But I'd gotten interested in Indian music, I guess through Trane. But those cats are limited because they've figured out a mathematical system and they've got so many ragas they can play and so many rhythms they can play, and that's it. After that, you're not playing Indian music. Well, I don't hear things in order. And another thing, I'm not Indian and it takes 50 years to become a master Indian musician. And I can't do that. I didn't listen to jazz before I started playing. I started playing when I was 19 or 20 years old and I started listening the year before that. I never listened to jazz. I listened to the rock 'n' roll singers. And that's where my musical experience comes from.

M.B.: Is that why you started guitar?

S.S.: No, I wanted to be a saxophone player. I think everyone maybe wants to be a saxophone player or a drummer. But I have asthma, so I couldn't do that. And I couldn't afford a set of drums. And I got a $12 guitar. So I play guitar. It was the easiest thing to get to.

M.B.: You taught yourself?

S.S.: I had a teacher and we went through one book. Took a *year*. And then I went to Berklee for like three months. And I went to one guitar lesson and didn't go back. Just studied composition. That was a groove, but I didn't go back to guitar lessons. So that's about all the lessons I had.

M.B.: Another thing I notice is that you succeed, especially on *Tauhid* and your new things, to bring the guitar, the instrument, into the avant garde.

S.S.: It was kind of weird, man. I didn't have anybody to look back to, to draw my technique from. Because the hardest part is where you're gonna base your technique on. Like I knew cats starting out on saxophone can say Ornette. He has this technique and you can base it on that. But there was nothing for me to base it on. The same with Linda and the way she sings. And lots of people don't like to say that it's singing. When she was with the group, Herbie used to have a helluva problem introducing her: "And on . . . uh . . . *voice!* . . ." But to me it's singing because you open your mouth and that's the instrument you use. And she had nothing to base her thing on.

M.B.: Abbey Lincoln.

S.S.: No, but what did Abbey do? Abbey on that one tune that she did, what she did was cry and moan. But Linda is singing. It's a musical thing. It's not just crying and screaming and moaning. It's music. It's a pure musical thing that she does. And she never heard that record and there was nothing for her to base it on except herself and all of the things that you hear. Like I've heard Coltrane and Ornette and Archie Shepp, and I based the *sound* of it on that. But the way to do it . . . I had nowhere to go to get the technique. The same with her. There was no source to drawn from.

M.B.: "Clusters" is the bad word, still. I was thinking "sheets of sound" like Coltrane would be closer.

S.S.: That's a good thing. Another thing about it is the way I hear. Because I don't hear a single line, but like I hear maybe a million lines all at one time. You know, maybe like that's a sheet. Because I hear it all as one wall, as a force, a wall of sound rather than a line. Sometimes it's soft, too. But then soft to me is different than other softs. It's not Herbie Mann soft.

M.B.: There's a very sensual quality in your playing as well. As opposed to the artificial sexiness of like Jimi Hendrix. A real sensual quality in both your playing and Linda's singing.

S.S.: I guess that comes out. We never aim for it. I guess it's just kind of there.

M.B.: Like on *Black Woman*.

S.S.: Well, you see, that's about black women. And that's all part of the thing.

M.B.: But like I'll play some free music for people and they'll say "Wow, what was he thinking when he played that?"

S.S.: I think the main thing is just trying to get it out. Now you could say, "Yeah, man, this was Angie and this was the color blue and this was a tree"? I think that's kind of ridiculous. You can do that if you use notes, but it's kind of weird the other way.

M.B.: You're doing something very dangerous now. You're leaving a very stable group to go with your own.

S.S.: Yeah, that's true. That's a *very* dangerous thing. But it's gotta happen. It's gonna be hard, I know. The notes I wrote for my record . . . I said it was the best band I've ever heard. And I believe that. And that's not to put down anybody else's band. But for me, for the thing that I hear, it's the best band. And I can't resist it. It's just time for me to play my music. Because if I just stay with Herbie, I'll be secure. I have a good gig, go a lot of places and do a lot of things, TV—things like lots of groups don't get into. You know it's been a groove, man.

M.B.: I can't think of any other avant garde musician that's been on the *Tonight* Show.

S.S.: Right, dig it! But it's time. The new music seems like it died. Something happened, man. Guys aren't playing like they used to. I remember the first time I came to New York and was playing on the east side and the music was so *strong*. And then Trane died. And it seems like a lot of the cats just sort of backed up. I know this is gonna be a weird thing to say and I don't know if you're going to understand this, but like Trane *had* to die, man. Musically, anyway, to release everybody else. Because everybody was just sitting down waiting to see what Trane did. Just like with Bird. But the bad thing was when Bird died, they still sat down and they'd play old Bird licks. But nobody moved ahead. And then all of a sudden came Ornette and a few other cats and it started to move again. Trane became the god again and everybody was just sitting down waiting to see what Trane did before they did anything else. Trane had tambourines and everybody else had tambourines and bells and all that. And then Trane dies, and most of the cats just said, "Well . . ." That's *why* he's gone, man. It's time to start again. It seems like so many of the cats I used to play with and that were around, they don't care anymore or they've changed. Something's happened. I don't like the music that they're playing. The Music isn't as rough and as strong as it should be. Because the main characteristic of the new music was the *strength* in it. Guys had found strength again. Music had gone into such a thing everybody was sounding like the MJQ. And then the new music came along and said, yeah, man, we're free! Everybody is wild! We're brand new, we're just born, and we're young and crazy, man! And we're gonna play very strong, very beautiful music! And they did. And now everybody just settled into a little thing, man. Ain't no strong new music, man. I gotta have my band.

M.B.: What about the AACM cats in Chicago?

S.S.: Those cats were the only ones that kept going. It seemed like they were always trying something, at least. I don't particularly dig what they're doing. It seemed like they never had enough musicians to get it going. Like they didn't have a good, solid drummer. There was a saxophone player. (Lester) Bowie, the trumpet player, is a bitch. But it just seemed like they didn't have the drummer. Like when I first came to New York—there's always one cat on each horn who's gonna inspire everybody else on that instrument. And the drummer was like Sunny Murray or Milford Graves. These cats don't seem to have a Milford or a Sunny out there that would give them, not rhythm, but that fire that you need under what you're doing on top. Even if it's kind of smoldering, it's still gotta be there. But they seem to be the only cats who keep trying. In New York, everybody says, "Well, yeah. . . ."

M.B.: Milford and Sunny are still there, but what about the direction of like Tony Williams?

S.S.: Well, Tony's coming from time. It's

really like Trane. I don't know if people are gonna understand this, but Trane never did quite do it. Because Trane was so based in *time*. I can listen to the last records he did and I can still hear the time. And he was trying to free himself from it. I think maybe he had gotten away from the chord changes, but he was still fighting to free the time. Whereas the younger cats who weren't based in time, they could do it. They were out of time. But when Trane was playing, time was where it was. He really made a drastic switch on the *Giant Steps* album. They were playing the most advanced bebop in the world; bebop meaning time and chord changes. And he tried to go from that into a completely free music. And it was very hard because you could still hear the time. I don't hear time as time. I don't hear chord changes. My musical thing came after that.

M.B.: And you have the advantage of having Milford in your band.

S.S.: Right! Milford—and this is a contradiction—but Milford can play beautiful time. He knows time, but he's one of the people that was able to free himself from it. Like Tony could never do it. Tony's a magnificient drummer, like technique, ideas, the whole thing. But he's a time drummer. He plays free, but the difference is like with Tony now and, say, like Philly Joe Jones. Philly Joe says 1-2-3-4. Tony may say one one ONE ONE ONE oneoneone. There's still that *number* regardless.

M.B.: How do you see your own playing evolving? Tony you can hear coming out of Philly Joe. But you can't hear you coming out of Charlie Christian.

S.S.: Well, I didn't do it all wrong. I used to read **down beat,** and they used to tell you all that you do is you get a moderately-priced instrument and you read **down beat** and you take a few lessons, learn how to read a little bit, and you listen to the guys you listen to and you copy their licks. And then after five years you can play exactly like them, and as you grow older you naturally become more yourself, then you can play your own licks based on their licks. Well, I never did that ———, man. I just started and couldn't play anybody. I didn't have enough technique to copy anybody. So I just didn't bother. And I used to just make up my own little things and eventually I just started playing like I do, and I never did play anybody's licks. So I don't have influence like other cats. I feel that it's a waste of time. But that's been the jazz way. It's a stupid thing, man, and it's gotta change.

M.B.: Yeah, like I can find my influences, but many aren't writers. Some are musicians.

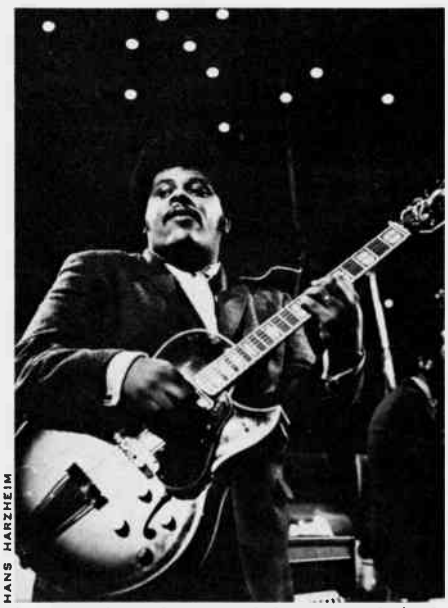
S.S.: That's what I mean. I think it's getting to the point where you're not gonna have musicians or painters or writers, you're just gonna have artists. I think man is finally coming to the point where he realizes that art comes out of him, therefore *he's* the greatest thing and not the art itself.

M.B.: Still, did you listen to cats like Christian, Wes Montgomery?

S.S.: No, I didn't like guitar. I *don't* like guitar. You know, I'll tell you my favorite guitar solo: the little bit that Oscar Moore did on Nat King Cole's recording of *The Christmas Song*. Like it's about eight bars or something. That to me is beautiful, man. But other than that I don't like jazz guitar. I like classical music, Segovia and that whole thing, but just to listen to as a kind of surface thing. But saxophone players I like. On guitar, I *like* cats, but they weren't like an influence. Like Blind Willie Johnson. . . . that tune is for him. He played some bottleneck that was unbelievable, man, back in '26 or whenever it was. And then John Lee Hooker; I like him for his violence. You know, he really plays *hard*. His technique is terrible, as far as Western standards for technique go, but he plays so hard, and I like that.

M.B.: You listen to rock guitarists?

S.S.: No, not at all. You know, there are certain places on the guitar where you can play blues runs and licks, and all you have to do is go buy a Mickey Baker blues-volume-one-book and figure out where on that neck they are and then you



HANS HARZHEIM

just get them faster and faster. And that's pretty much what's happening. The only way eventually that you're gonna be able to tell between guitar players is by the kind of amplifiers they're using, man. They're gonna have to start making amplifiers that sound different from others, you dig? Because it's gone so much into that.

M.B.: Get an amp like Peter Townshend or 20 amps like Jimi Hendrix.

S.S.: See, that's what's happening. There's no personal thing going on. I've seen a few rock groups, not too many. The difference in person and on records is so great, man.

M.B.: Too much rock is still showtime.

S.S.: Well, here's another thing about it. How serious do people get about it? Look at the difference between rock critics, who are really just ex-jazz critics, a lot of them . . . like Ralph Gleason grew his hair long, whatever that means, and now he's the super rock critic. Look at the difference between the rock critics and the kids who go to rock palaces. These kids go to *dance*. They just like to jump up and down and dance. They wouldn't give a —— what's happening musically. The critics are putting all these other things into it. The bands are playing for these kids to dance and feel good. The music is loud and young and exciting, beautiful. The critics? "Here comes Beethoven again, here comes Bach." And it's *dance* music, man. It can't go any further than dance music, because they have this beat. If a rock group, I don't care who, were to cancel words in their songs and cancel strict rhythm, forget it.

M.B.: That's not necessarily true, because cats like The Who have been getting onto that violence, into free things.

S.S.: For how long? I mean, you give me a whole record by any rock group where they just start out and just play, without a steady rhythm you can dance to and without words, and make it just a purely listening music.

M.B.: There is a difference, though, between moving and doing steps. You can *move* to your record.

S.S.: Yeah, right. Rock is good music, man. It's good music to dance to and to be with your chick to and to be young to.

M.B.: And to be revolutionary to.

S.S.: Right, man. But to say that this is the high art of this decade; no, man. Because it just isn't. Because look at the cats who these guys draw from. Like Chuck Berry, Little Richard . . . now that is dance music. Nobody really ever claimed that Paul Anka or Teddy Randazzo or Elvis Presley or any of these cats were great artists that contributed to the art of the world. They were just singers and musicians who played dance music and made money and were big stars and very happy and the whole ——.

M.B.: Do you feel that you. . . .

S.S.: No, no, I got another thing for myself altogether. I play music to make myself happy and to make people happy. I don't play music that people can dance to. I play music that people can listen to and feel, and that's it. I'd like to make some of the money that the rock groups are making. That would be beautiful, man. I know that's impossible. But I'm a serious musician and I paid my dues and the whole thing. And it's music, my music. It's all *mine*. I haven't drawn my technique from anybody and my music is very personal music, and it's hard to talk about.

M.B.: Do you have any expectations on the success of *Black Woman*?

S.S.: I really think, and I've seen the response when Linda was with Herbie and we played some black colleges in the South . . . the response was unbelievable. And this wasn't the right ——, man. Because Herbie's group hated the music, they hated the tune, and they hated to play it. Well, Herbie had big enough ears to see that it was something there. But the rest of the group hated it and they would lay down every time we started playing. And it's *strong*, it's supposed to be very strong. And they just sort of sit back and take it easy. But the response from the young people was really unbelievable. People just stand up and feel that they had to do it, too. They want to be in it, too. I think it could be very successful. Now Atlantic Records is not noted for making anything successful.

/Continued on page 25

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Reviews are signed by the writers.
Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

George Benson

THE OTHER SIDE OF ABBEY ROAD—A&M SP 3028: *Golden Slumbers, You Never Give Me Your Money; Because, Come Together; Oh! Darling; Here Comes the Sun; I Want You (She's So Heavy); Something, Octopus' Garden; The End.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Mel Davis, Bernie Glow, Marvin Stamm, trumpets; Wayne Andre, trombone; Phil Bodner, Hubert Laws, Sonny Fortune, Jerome Richardson, Don Ashworth, reeds; Herbie Hancock, Bob James, Ernie Hayes, piano, organ; Benson, guitar, vocals; Ron Carter, Gerry Jemmott, bass; Ray Barretto, Andy Gonzales, percussion; Ed Shaughnessy, Idris Muhammad, drums; string quartet; Don Sebesky, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There are a lot of nice things on this smooth pop album: Benson's fine guitar and pleasant singing; the craftsmanship of the studio ensembles; some first-rate Beatles songs.

As is customary when Creed Taylor produces, the album is conceived as a whole and every detail is well planned and executed. There are no cheap recording tricks; the thing is tastefully done.

But the thing itself is a problem. Benson's great talent has not been handled well on records. Columbia made a fair start but seemed to lose interest; Verve overproduced and commercialized him, and A&M has been grooming him as Wes Montgomery's successor. But there was and will be only one Wes Montgomery.

However, Wes didn't sing, and Benson sings very well indeed. His *Oh! Darling* is a gas; he dispenses with the original version's amiable touch of satire, turning it into a straight r&b ballad in a style somewhat like Nat Cole out of Ray Charles (and Nat was Ray's man), but with definite George Benson touches. Those who remember *I Wonder* will like this—that kind of feeling. Maybe his singing will enable Benson to really get his guitar across to the people.

Some of his playing here is excellent. On the intro to *I Want You,* he sounds startlingly Django-like, and on this, the most jazz-flavored track, there is nice obbligato and solo work by Hubbard. The guitarist's pretty and inventive melodic improvising in *Money* is perhaps his best solo spot on the LP.

Something, one of the best pop tunes in a long, long time, almost makes it on the strength of the melody and Benson's good playing, but flutes and strings needlessly pretty it up, and I'd like to have heard Benson sing more of this demanding song than just the short bridge. On *Here Comes,* the string quartet is prominent, voiced in rich Borodin style, with just a touch too much sugar.

This pleasant album will probably appeal neither to jazz nor Beatles fans, and is of interest mainly for Benson's singing. *Oh! Darling* would make a great single. The LP seems tailored to the sort of people depicted in *Playboy's* guides to the swinging life—but do they really exist any more, if indeed they ever did? —*Morgenstern*

Charlie Christian

SOLO FLIGHT WITH THE BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET, SEPTET & ORCHESTRA—CBS 62 581: *Solo Flight; Rose Room; Flying Home; Star Dust; Shivers; The Sheik of Araby; I Surrender Dear; Memories of You; Boy Meets Goy (Grand Slam); Honeysuckle Rose; I've Found a New Baby; Royal Garden Blues; Benny's Bugle; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; As Long as I Live; On the Alamo.*

Collective personnel: Cootie Williams, trumpet; Goodman, clarinet; George Auld, tenor saxophone; Lionel Hampton, vibraharp; Fletcher Henderson, Count Basie, Johnny Guarnieri or Kenny Kersey, piano; Artie Bernstein, bass; Nick Fatool, Harry Jaeger or Jo Jones, drums; full Goodman band on tracks 1 and 10.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nobody makes much money on reissues these days, and this seems true of major companies as well as the minor ones serving specialized interests. The former do it with little enthusiasm and view it as one of those responsibilities that must be met; the latter do it for love of the music and expect little financial reward.

The majors own most of the choice items. Columbia, Victor, and Decca have served jazz well in the past decade, but the reissue boom seems to have passed its peak. Unfortunately, the valves are being shut while many treasures still remain in the pipes. What is the answer?

The answer may be for the U.S. majors to let their always more active English, German and French branches carry the reissue burden for awhile but allow product that does not duplicate material already in domestic circulation to be imported and sold in this country in record stores.

Peters International, a New York import house, and American and French Columbia (CBS over there) have made such an arrangement, and this brilliant LP is one of its first fruits. Issued about three years ago, its introduction into the U.S. market now just about completes the fabulous recorded legacy of Christian.

It introduces to LP for the first time (in the U.S.) the following: *Rose Room, I Surrender, Boy Meets Goy, I Can't Give You Anything, New Baby,* and *Solo Flight.* (An alternate take of *Solo Flight* was issued on CL 652). The other tracks have been out of print since CL 500 was dropped about 10 years ago.

It's difficult to know where to start with something like this.

Take Goodman. One is hard pressed to find examples of his studio playing that are more consistently alive and fresh 30 years later. From this collection of brilliant performances, I would single out *Royal Garden,* which receives a gently prodding but intensely swinging reading that contrasts sharply with the usual ripem-up Dixieland treatment. Goodman rises to the heights in a stabbing, snarling, twisting, growling chorus that winds and slithers like a great serpent of sound.

Christian infused the Goodman quintet —which was somewhat at sixes and sevens after the loss of Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson and the direction they gave Goodman's first small groups—with new life and made it a group to be spoken of in reverent tones, as one talks of the Hot Seven or the Original Basie Band or the Miles Davis-Gil Evans teamwork. Perfect empathy!

Listen to the guitarist's intricate lines weaving through the fabric of *New Baby* or the floating stream of sound drifting through the band's riffs in *Solo Flight.* One looks in vain for a superfluous note or a misplaced stroke.

All this plus Cootie Williams in several economical but intense muted choruses. There aren't many records around serving up the kind of jazz potency gathered here. Get it. See! —*McDonough*

Miles Davis

BITCHES BREW—Columbia GP26: *Pharaoh's Dance; Bitches Brew; Spanish Key; John McLaughlin; Miles Runs The Voodoo Down; Sanctuary.*

Collective Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Benny Maupin, bass clarinet; Wayne Shorter, soprano saxophone; John McLaughlin, electric guitar; Chick Corea, Larry Young, Joe Zawinul, electric piano; Dave Holland, bass; Harvey Brooks, Fender bass; Larry White, Jack DeJohnette, Charles Alias, drums; Jim Riley, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Listening to this double album is, to say the least, an intriguing experience. Trying to describe the music is something else again—mainly an exercise in futility. Though electronic effects are prominent, art, not gimmickry, prevails and the music protrudes mightily.

Music, most of all music like this, cannot be adequately described. I really don't want to count the cracks on this musical sidewalk—I'd rather trip over them. Fissures, peaks, plateaus; anguish, strange beauty—it's all there for a reason. And it can be torn up for a reason.

To be somewhat less ambiguous—but to list only my lasting impressions: Maupin's bass clarinet work generally; the eerie echo effect employed on Miles' various phrases throughout *Brew;* the rhythm section's devices during parts of *Brew* (highly reminiscent of Wagner's *Siegfried's Funeral March* from *Goetterdaemmerung*); Shorter's solos on *Key* and *Voodoo;* the electric piano work on *Key;* Miles' lyricism on *Sanctuary,* and McLaughlin on *McLaughlin.*

Parenthetically, my liking for recorded Miles came to an abrupt halt with *Ne-*

fertiti. I didn't think I could go beyond that with him. I'm still uncertain, but this recording will surely demand more of my attention than the three intervening albums. It must be fully investigated.

You'll have to experience this for yourself—and I strongly advise that you do experience it. Miles has given us the music, and that's all we need. —*Szantor*

Herbie Hancock

THE PRISONER—Blue Note BST 84321: *I Have a Dream; The Prisoner; Firewater; He Who Lives in Fear; Promise of the Sun.*

Collective Personnel: Johnny Coles, fluegelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Tony Studd, Jack Jeffers, bass trombones; Hubert Laws, flute; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone, alto flute; Jerome Richardson, flute, bass clarinet; Romeo Penque, bass clarinet; Hancock, piano, electric piano; Buster Williams, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Hancock is the kind of musician who appears on so many record dates that some jazz fans may tend to take him for granted. However, as his composing, arranging and playing on this LP illustrates, he's one of the most creative young jazzmen on the scene today.

Aside from *Firewater*, which is a Williams composition, all of the pieces on this LP were composed by Hancock. *I Have a Dream* and *Promise of the Sun* are good melodies, but the thing that impresses me about Hancock's writing on this LP is his overall concept. It's sometimes difficult to separate the themes from the arrangements on this LP because they seem to be organically blended. In other words, Hancock isn't just taking melodies and trying to present them in attractive packages, i.e. orchestrations; on this record he seems to be thinking of composing and arranging as two interwined processes in a larger overall process. In a sense, it's as if he's trying to make melody fit the arrangement as well as making the arrangement fit the melody.

His arranging on this LP has been influenced by Gil Evans but is original. His arrangements here have a somewhat more compact, less airy quality than Evans' work. There is also a good deal of movement in that he uses varied and often rapidly changing combinations of instruments. He contrasts and mixes bright and dark tone colors very effectively.

The solo work is impressive. Henderson is a real standout. He's become a consummate artist in recent years. His style contains elements of mainstream, modern and avant-garde elements, as his playing on *Prisoner* illustrates. Some portions of his long solo on this track swing and some don't, but it really makes sense and holds together well. His tone is big and tough and he plays with great vigor. On *Dream* he builds very well—pacing himself intelligently and using rests well.

Coles' performance is praiseworthy. When he came to the fore in the '50s, his style was his own but the influence of Miles Davis was apparent in his playing. His work then was often tightly controlled but on this album it's difficult to detect any particular influence and his work is more forceful and outgoing than it was about 10 years ago. He uses the upper register more and takes more chances now.

Hancock's solos are well thought out and are harmonically and rhythmically interesting, although at times his playing is rather spare. —*Pekar*

Freddie Hubbard

THE BLACK ANGEL—Atlantic SD 1549: *Spacetrack; Eclipse; The Black Angel; Gittin' Down; Coral Keys.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet and fluegelhorn; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Kenny Barron, piano, electric piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; Carlos Valdes, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★

This isn't a great LP but the selections on it are varied and none is less than good in quality. Hubbard wrote three of the five compositions. His *Spacetrack* contains alternating exuberant and mournful sections; *Eclipse* is a pretty ballad, and *Gittin' Down* is a happy, infectious piece.

The Black Angel is an attractive tune by Barron. *Coral Keys*, a graceful Walter Bishop composition, is accompanied by a rather gentle but buoyant Latin beat.

Hubbard has by now established himself, I think, as a great soloist. He's not only an original stylist but an audacious, extremely inventive improviser whose work is characterized by fresh, bold lines. He is less dependent on stock phrases than the vast majority of jazzmen. On this LP his playing is inspired and imaginative. His meaty, well-thought-out solo on *Coral Keys* is particularly impressive. His solo on *Gittin' Down* is marred by his overly frantic excesses, but generally his playing on this record is tasteful and logical.

Spaulding's alto work here is very passionate. I've never heard him play a guttier alto solo then he does on *Gittin' Down*.

Next issue . . .

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On *Spacetrack* his alto playing has a savage, slicing quality. However, his flute work on this LP, while pleasant, is not especially inspired or interesting.

Barron performs well. His driving, harmonically interesting electric piano solo on *Spacetrack* is a gem. —*Pekar*

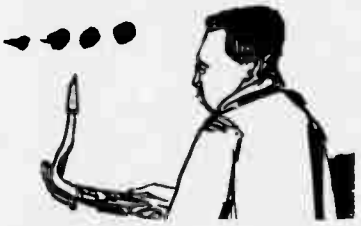
John Klemmer

ALL THE CHILDREN CRIED—Cadet LPS-326: *All the Children Cried; For God; Journey's End; Moon Child; Here Comes the Child; I Whisper a Prayer for Peace; Mind Explosion; Pulsations of a Green-eyed Lady; Soliloquy for Tenor and Voice.*

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor saxophone; Art Johnson, guitar; Richard Thompson, piano, organ; Pete Robinson, piano (tracks 4, 7 only); Bob Morin, drums (track 7 only).

Rating: ★★★★

The music on this praiseworthy LP might be termed "electric jazz". Klemmer



sometimes employs an echo-plex attachment here; Johnson's playing, which has been influenced by rock guitarists, has a psychedelic quality at times, and electric piano, electric organ and electric bass can also be heard.

The electronic effects these musicians employ are certainly used intelligently and add interest to the LP. However, there are other, more important reasons for its success, including Klemmer's writing. He wrote all of the compositions on this LP and, considered as a whole, they are impressive. They vary from *All the Children Cried*, a tender selection, and *Here Comes the Child*, a gentle, pretty waltz, to *For God* and *Mind Explosion*, which are violent, explosive pieces.

Klemmer is also a fine tenor player. His style has been drawn from a variety of sources. John Coltrane has obviously influenced him, as has Sonny Rollins—directly or indirectly. Some of his wild improvising on *Mind Explosion* is reminiscent of Albert Ayler's work. His delicate playing on *Here Comes the Child* has been influenced by Stan Getz. But Klemmer has put together his influences in his own way; he is his own man on tenor.

His playing is generally quite virile; on some tracks he plays tearing, multi-note solos. However, he can also play in a controlled, lyrical manner, as his work on *All the Children* and *Here Comes the Child* demonstrates.

Soliloquy, an unaccompanied tenor saxophone cadenza by Klemmer which is punctuated by his vocal cries, is one of the most exciting tracks on this LP even though it's only 1:17 long.

Klemmer's sidemen do their share to make this a fine LP. Johnson's harmonically interesting work seems to have been influenced by Coltrane as well as rock guitarists. On *For God* and *Mind Explosion* his improvising is quite violent. On *Journey's End*, however, his playing is thoughtful and relatively restrained.

Thompson doesn't get much solo space on this LP but he performs well in the rhythm section. Morin's explosive playing adds a good deal of excitement to the album. His style, an original one, is a synthesis of rock and jazz drumming.

—*Pekar*

John Mayall

THE TURNING POINT—Polydor 24-4004: *The Laws Must Change; Saw Mill Gulch Road; I'm Gonna Fight for You J.B.; So Hard to Share; California; Thoughts About Roxanne; Room to Move.*

Personnel: Johnny Almond, flute (tracks 1, 2, 7), tenor (tracks 1, 3, 5) and alto (tracks 4, 6) saxophones; Mayall, harmonica, guitar, tambourine, vocals; Jon Mark, acoustic guitar; Steve Thompson, electric bass guitar.

Rating: ★ ½

Remember those English skiffle bands of some years ago? That cult of amateurism, that naivete, combined with a respect for plain instrumental facility, motivates this quartet. All but one song here is set in the 12-measure blues form. The words are simple, indeed slight, almost to the point of non-communication—except that Mayall is a rather mushy lyricist (*J.B.*)—and his singing, I'm afraid, is much like yours or mine. Surely rock lovers and others familiar with Mayall's music and reputation will consider this LP simplistic and dated, though, come to think, that's hardly a criticism in these days of decaying standards.

This band's sense of blues is on a low suburban-kid-of-the-'50s level. More pertinent are less demanding folk music ideas and emotions, a truth not seriously modified by Mark's limited guitar solos (like a primitive Charlie Byrd) or Almond's meanderings. Almond is a hip player who spends much time duplicating the second guitar's lines; otherwise, he is Adderley-prone on alto, dim on flute, copping from good blues saxists, David Newman, and everything in between on tenor.

In the boring *California* routine Almond's applause-begging almost fails, until one high held note finally garners a few claps—a most unpleasant moment. The bassist, of course, fills his limited role well enough.

Mayall then does the applause-begs in *Room* with greater success by panting, grunting, and hissing through his teeth in tempo. That's finalizing evidence that this LP is a sorry waste of time.

These are good musicians; perhaps the trouble here is that they haven't played together long enough, but the diffusion of resources and plain grubbiness of ideas seem to argue against any substantial progress. —*Litweiler*

Wes Montgomery

EULOGY—Verve V6-8796: *Little Child; Matchmaker; Mi Cosa; Sun Down; Boss City; Theodora; Tear It Down; Golden Earrings; Moca Flor.*

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; others unlisted, but including Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, guitar; Jimmy Cobb drums.

Rating: ★★★★

GREATEST HITS—A&M SP 4247: *A Day in the Life; Georgia On My Mind; Windy; I Say a Little Prayer; Road Song; Eleanor Rigby; Yesterday; When a Man Loves a Woman; Scarborough Fair; Down Here on the Ground.*

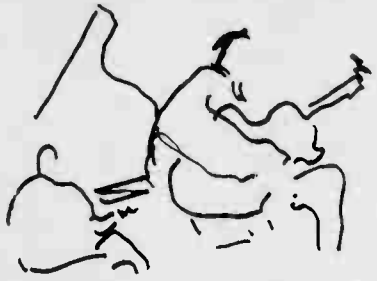
Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; others unlisted, but including Herbie Hancock, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Maybe I'm rating these collections of

commercial successes from a great musician's legacy too highly, for they *are* commercial, and sometimes the arrangements become intrusive or restricting. But this is Wes Montgomery, and how he could make his instrument sing!

Regardless of setting, he never played a meretricious note, and though it would



have been better if he had not been forced to prove it so often, he could transform tap water into vintage wine.

But better for whom? For the jazz purist, or for Wes, who was thus enabled to enjoy, if only for a brief while, the fruits of mass acceptance? And touch perhaps even half-deaf ears with a message of musical worth?

In any case, it's no longer his problem, and the positive qualities of his artistry consistently outweigh the dross. There's better Wes to be had on record, but there are moments on both LPs that are about as good as anything he did. The slush can be tuned out, and sometimes, as on *Sun Down* and *Tear It Down* on the Verve, and *A Day In the Life* and *Scarborough Fair* on the A&M, he is allowed to stretch out with little interference. *Georgia* is as direct and moving a reading of a great tune as you're likely to hear.

For Wes straight, go to the Riverside material. But this, too, will stand. The Verve has no liner notes, which is better than bad ones, but Wynton Kelly and his cohorts are perhaps as worthy of mention as the arrangers named on both sleeve and label, are they not? The A&M has nice notes by Leonard Feather, but why refer to Orrin Keepnews as merely "a New York record producer?" Credit isn't often due in the record business, so when it is, let's at least give it fully.

—Morgenstern

BLUES 'N' FOLK

Lowell Fulson, *Hung Down Head* (Chess 408)

Rating: ★★★★

Shoe Shine Johnny (Shines), Robert Nighthawk, Honey Boy Edwards, Floyd Jones, Big Boy Spires, Blue Smitty, *Drop Down Mama* (Chess 411)

Rating: ★★★★★

Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, Willie Dixon, *Blues from "Big Bill's" Copa Cabana* (Chess LPS-1533)

Rating: ★★★

Little Walter, *Hate to See You Go* (Chess LP-1535)

Rating: ★★★

Albert King, Otis Rush *Door to Door* (Chess LP-1538)

Rating: ★

Howlin' Wolf, *Evil* (Chess LP-1540)

Rating: ★½

Chicago was the terminal point of migrating blues singers from the south and southwest long before the record industry discovered that their music was marketable. Even today, over half a century later, the city's blues life thrives as nowhere else.

With the current upsurge in blues popularity, it is therefore not strange that a great number of records representing that field should come from the catalog of the Chicago-based Chess label.

Throughout the '50s, when the blues had not yet reached a wide white audience, and the '60s, when it began to, Phil and Leonard Chess captured a vast amount of blues and r&b talent for posterity and the label has recently begun a large-scale reissue of some of these recordings. Not all are of the highest caliber, but even some of the least successful performances outshine most of today's output by white imitators.

The Otis Rush/Albert King album, **Door to Door,** is very disappointing. It contains 14 tracks, eight of which have not previously been issued and most of which should not have been. Rush is fine on *So Many Roads,* the only really worthwhile piece in this collection, but his singing is uninteresting and even flat on his other tracks. King contributes nothing, and the blame belongs with producer T. T. Swan, who has sloppily thrown this mishmash

together without regard to the artists' reputations. The label and sleeve don't even tell you who sings what.

There can be great beauty in simplicity, but it can also be a tremendous bore. Howling Wolf's **Evil** is a good case in point. There is a certain beauty in his powerful, rough voice and it tends to make up for the pedestrian lyrics of his songs, but the monotony of the accompaniment on the 12 sides makes for tedious listening.

There is monotony, too, on Little Walter's **Hate to See You Go**, but this is a much better set and the 15 tracks, recorded between 1954 and '59, contain some good blues, particularly Big Bill Broonzy's *Key to the Highway* and Walter's own *Blue and Lonesome*. Too bad, however, that so much echo was added to his harmonica solos, marring their ethereal, sax-like beauty.

Drop Down Mama is a 14-track anthology featuring some outstanding 1949-53 recordings by six blues singers who are not as well known as they should be.

The best of these is, in my opinion, the late Robert McCollum (Nighthawk). He was a formidable blues artist who in the late '30s recorded for Bluebird as Robert Lee McCoy and Rambling Bob, and appears on some 1940 Decca sides as Peetie's Boy. His relaxed, expressive voice and Lonnie Johnson-inspired guitar combine with Sunnyland Slim's superb piano to make the four sides in this set (recorded in 1949-50) worth its price.

But the album's value doesn't stop there. It is, in fact, excellent from beginning to end, the end being Floyd Jones' *Dark Road*, as fine a blues performance as you are ever likely to hear. Don't miss this one.

Finally we come to a live session recorded more recently at Big Bill's Copa Cabana, a favorite Chicago blues hangout.

The result of this all star get-together is mixed, although generally favorable. Muddy Waters, Willie Dixon and Buddy Guy start things off with Joe Turner's *Wee Baby Blues* (here called *Wee Wee Baby*), singing it in unison with Waters eventually taking the lead. The tempo is much too fast and the rendition is void of feeling. Turner's own 1941 Decca recording with Art Tatum's band is still the definitive version.

Waters is fine on *Sitting and Thinking* and a couple of other tunes, but we could have done without his *Got My Mojo Working*, a blues warhorse which has become as unbearable as Dixieland's *Saints*. Young Buddy Guy does two fine numbers, Howlin' Wolf fares less well on a couple and veteran Sonny Boy Williamson's confidential delivery of Willie Dixon's *Bring It on Home* provides a highlight. The album is further graced by Otis Spann's fine piano and Chess is to be commended for capturing these bluesmen in live performance, although one could wish for a better stereo balance, should they decide to give us more albums of this kind. And please —no more *Mojo's*.

It is encouraging to see the market open up for black blues, but let us hope that the indiscriminate release of records which either were or should have been rejected originally does not get out of hand. It could spoil a good thing.

—Chris Albertson

SHARROCK

(Continued from page 18)

Things have to do it on their own. And it's gonna be very difficult for this record to get out there. They don't do any promotion at all.

M.B.: Are you into the Black Art thing? The cultural thing?

S.S.: No. My mother was black, and my father's black, my wife is black, my kids will be black, my brothers and sisters are black, I grew up in a black neighborhood, I know white people, I have white friends, and I'm Sonny Sharrock. What else do I have to say? I don't have any religious . . . I'm not into that ——. I got a color TV and I enjoy it. I ain't got time, man . . . I gotta watch TV.

M.B.: This is my pet concluding question. What would you dig as the legacy of Sonny Sharrock?

S.S.: Oh, man, that's pretty weird. I never thought about that. If I say something it's gonna be something funny. I've already left some music here on earth. I've already done some of my music and people have heard the way I do it. And that's about all I can expect. Except one of Leonard Feather's awards or something! What more can I hope for? Maybe Ira Gitler will like me. He's threatened my life, you know. He wants to put me in a bathtub with my amplifier. A friend of mine told me he said that on the radio. So you can see where he's at.

M.B.: You know it's gonna be difficult.

S.S.: Yeah, because I don't want to work in any night clubs, man. I don't think it's right. I think it's ridiculous. I think night clubs destroy you. There's no way in hell you can present music seriously with people sitting down there. When they come into a night club, they *bought* you. I want to do concerts, preferably small concerts. Like not those George Wein slam-bang Newport things. Small concerts in small halls where I do the people, they don't do me. Because that's what's supposed to happen. I'm supposed to bring the —— to them, not them to me, to play to them. I'd just like to work concerts, man.

M.B.: Who's gonna let you do that?

S.S.: Nobody, man. I'm gonna have to do it myself. I don't want to go into Slug's or the Gate or the Vanguard and that ——, man. That's ridiculous. Four sets . . . the way I play, the strength I play, I can't play anymore than two sets a night. And in a standard concert you play two 45-minute sets. If I play longer I'm bullshittin'. I'll fall back like anyone would and rest a little. Two hours in a concert where the audience is small and responsive, I can create. I don't think people can *hear* anymore than two hours worth of music, man. You know, I don't see how people can come to a club and sit here for six hours. You ain't hearing nothing after a while. You're looking at the chicks and trying to get the waitress. You run out, man, you really do. It would be ideal to work once a week—a two hour concert. That way you have plenty to say.

M.B.: You expect to get that much work?

S.S.: Maybe in about 10 years.

M.B.: What'll you do in between time?

S.S.: I don't know. Watch TV. db

BLINDFOLD TEST by Leonard Feather

BARNEY KESSEL


VALERIE WILMER

After many years spent shuttling between two worlds as a respected jazzman and studio musician, Barney Kessel left the U.S. in March 1969.

Headquartered in London, he led various small groups in England, France and Italy. He recorded several albums, among them one in Paris featuring a large string orchestra and violinist Stephane Grappelli, for which he wrote the arrangements.

Although it had been announced that his move was permanent, after ten months of work overseas (including dates in Japan and throughout the Far East), Kessel returned to California in January. "I decided," he said, "that it would be better for my wife and children to live here. But it's a very rewarding experience working in Europe. The audiences were extremely appreciative; I plan to go back there often for visits."

Not long after his return home, Kessel formed a new quartet, the Cornucopia, which made its local debut at Donte's. He plans to keep it together for domestic and overseas tours.

The following was his first Blindfold Test since 7/10/61. He was given no information about the records played.

1. BILL PERKINS. *Emily* (from *Quietly There*, Riverside). Perkins, bass clarinet; Victor Feldman, piano; John Pisano, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; Johnny Mandel, composer.

I would give that 2½ stars. I'd say it's very pleasant. I think the most rewarding parts for me as the listener are number one, John Mandel's song, number two, the tasty piano background. The color of the bass clarinet and the gut string guitar is mildly pleasant, but doesn't deserve as much exposure for that kind of color. It is at best a color.

I thought the bass player, pianist and drummer played very well together, except the brushes were over-recorded. We could have gotten a little more of the bass player's tone. The bass clarinet, under these circumstances, in playing so delicately, was a little bit harsh; it did not have the control. Certain notes come out and peak. It's very difficult unless one really has maximum control.

The guitar was tasty. I don't know who it is . . . if he had only had enough time to give an account of himself other than to do more than simply present a mild, pleasant solo.

2. LENNY BREAU. *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* (from *The Velvet Touch of Lenny Breau—Live!*, RCA). Breau, guitar.

I like that record very much. I don't know who it is. I've never heard anybody play exactly like that and I suspect it might be a fellow from Canada—although I've never heard him—Lenny Breau. I'd give that an enthusiastic four stars, because it's the kind of artistry that's more extrapolation than innovation. It is the putting together of several fabrics that have previously been put together, but not in this way. So I commend him for his technique, his versatility . . . I question some of the continuity, I question some of the taste. But just as a guitar player I can appreciate what it is he's doing with his fingers; and I appreciate the content and most of the taste. But I reserve five stars for *innovation*, such as a Charlie Parker, a Lester Young, Billie Holiday.

I get a sense of a very fine, excellent, complete guitar player, but I don't get the feeling in this record of a human being who is making a personal commitment of his own.

3. JIMMY WITHERSPOON. *I Made a Lot of Mistakes* (from *Hunh!*, Bluesway). Mel Brown, Earl Hooker, guitars.

I know the vocalist is Jimmy Witherspoon and he is always wonderful. I believe I've heard him much more inspired on many other occasions. The guitarists—I think there are two, both playing, for want of a better way to define it, in a sort of a B.B. King style. Actually I really wouldn't know if B.B. started that particular style, or simply developed it and brought it to fruition, but they are playing far beneath B.B. King or many of his runners-up. I feel that all the people concerned are capable of much more inspiration. These particular guitar solos were rather nondescript. They're quoting someone else's speech and not even with much inspiration. I feel that if I heard them in a club they might surprise me.

So, I'd say 3½ stars just for Jimmy Witherspoon.

4. HOWARD ROBERTS. *Country Scuffle* (from *Spinning Wheel*, Capitol). Tom Scott, flute; Roberts, composer, acoustic guitar.

This seems to me to be country rock; I couldn't really hear any jazz. I hear a lot more country in this than I did in the Lenny Breau record; whereas Lenny's does approach more of the jazz sound, this is more country.

I know that I don't know this artist, but I'm going to take a guess. I've never heard him, but is it Buddy Fite? Based on what I've heard it would seem like it would be him. I think the guitar was very well played; I like the feeling of it. There's no real melody, no real solo line. I feel that in this and several of the others I've heard, there's no point where they use the arrangement as a vehicle to step out and make a commitment for themselves. This is a "cute" arrangement, a formula arrangement; it's contrived to sell records. It's fun to listen to. I could listen to this without engaging in conversation, or I could listen to it as a backdrop for conversation. It's very pleasant, very musical in a country-rock sort of way, but there is no commitment from the player.

Guitaristically, it's very well played. I'd give it three stars.

5. HOWARD ROBERTS. *Captain Bacardi* (from *Spinning Wheel*, Capitol). Tom Scott, tenor saxophone; Dave Grusin, organ; Roberts, electric guitar; Chuck Domanico, bass; John Guerin, drums.

That sounds like a bunch of very good studio men trying to do a jazz version of Booker T. & the M.G.s. It reminds me very much of some of Booker T's things except that it's much slicker and more sophisticated and I don't really feel the sense of urgency and genuine commitment to the music, as I feel with Booker T. Also it's more jazz oriented than Booker T.

I like the stop on the organ: I thought the tenor was underrecorded. The drummer was good; couldn't hear the bass. The organist was good, I liked the sound he got in the ensemble. And the guitar player showed much prowess . . . he played a very short solo, and he did make a commitment of himself, but within that I felt very much as though I was reading a paragraph that had perhaps ten lines in it, and one line was Shakespeare and one was Keats, and one was Allen Ginsberg, and one was Lennie Bruce and one was Chester Gould, who wrote *Dick Tracy*, and one was Segovia . . . I didn't hear any commitment; I saw a necklace woven together of many different beads, which is a little better than making no commitment, but I still haven't heard the real him.

Overall, I'll give it three stars for slick, well-cohesive playing, but not much commitment. I really don't know who it was.

LF: I have a surprise . . . those last two tracks were played by the identical group of musicians on the identical album.

BK: Really? That's very surprising. They sure sounded different. db

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Tony Williams Lifetime

Tufts University, Medford, Mass.

Personnel: Larry Young, organ; John McLaughlin, guitar; Jack Bruce, bass; Williams, drums, vocals.

Jack Bruce has been having no easy time of it since Cream disbanded. His solo album, *Songs for a Tailor*, generated little excitement, and a stint with Larry Coryell's group (touring with Colliseum) ended in a fatal dearth of gigs. Now the ex-superstar is providing bottom for Tony Williams' quartet, which opened an April 19 concert (Mountain closed it) at Tufts University's Cousins Gym.

The crowd was small, very small (I meant it when I said ex-superstar), but it was still a crowd, and it obviously contained a fair number of Bruce enthusiasts. All the more pity, then, that the major shortcoming of this brilliant jazz evening should be an acoustically deplorable hall (memories of old high school dances) which in particular rendered Bruce's bass work all but unintelligible from start to finish.

The instrument least affected by the gym's wide-open space was, of course, Williams'—which circumstance placed this extraordinary young man's virtuosity even more in the forefront than is usually the case. His sure, steady rhythms dominated almost every instant of the long, driving set; even when drums were not what a particular passage was about, the Williams touch remained at the center of things, defining the group's direction with fire, ferocity, and unremitting accuracy.

Had organist Young and guitarist McLaughlin remained as deep in the sonic shadows as did Bruce—which seemed a likely possibility at first, before the foursome adjusted to the gym's peculiarities —the evening would still have emerged as a one and a half hour drum solo par excellence.

They didn't, though, and the surprise of the night proved to be McLaughlin's dazzling guitar work, which pierced the hall's fuzzy sound barrier with amazing sharpness and clarity. Williams remained front and center, his pyrotechnics providing both starting point and raison d'etre for each number; McLaughlin strode confidently over this superb groundwork, chopping and riffing with enough ease and pure energy to give even those fantastic skins a dose of healthy competition.

This was where the evening's true teamwork lay: Williams and McLaughlin together are among the few musicians who really understand the forms that must be reinvented with each shift in content or attitude, and who are capable of letting their ideas flow freely—without the usual structures and strictures of modern jazz-rock synthesis—while sacrificing not one iota of their individual musical personalities in the process. It was an evening of eminently free music, but sonic anarchy never once raised its gruesome head. Such is the Williams-McLaughlin strength.

Organist Young treated his instrument in appropriately percussive fashion during much of the set, weakening only when he was called upon for solos. These proved to be rather tricky for the most part, depending more on freaky sound effects than on real inventiveness. Fortunately, they were kept to a minimum, except during the last number, where the long build-up of a single driving riff dissolved into an extended organ cadenza which sounded like the long, suspenseful moment before a climactic resolution, but turned out to be a very anticlimactic stopping point for the whole piece.

Bruce *moved* fast and furiously during most of the evening: his fingers went like lightning, and the occasional sounds that did manage to get through to the middle of the hall were meaningful and well-placed. But his performance was impossible to judge. This was his kind of music, too—intense, fresh, experimental, endlessly innovative jazz with all the visceral communicative power of the most driving rock-and-roll. But even the evening's small amount of vocalizing was handled exclusively by Williams' thin, strident voice; the throat that did so much for Cream (though many critics disagree) was silenced entirely. They ought to let Bruce sing once in a while, if only in halls where his bass is doomed to anonymity.

It was an evening of joyously successful experimentation. Had the acoustics been favorable, it would have been a truly exceptional experience. Hopefully, Williams and McLaughlin will remain together for a long time, further refining their already remarkably interplay. As for Bruce—better luck in the future. —*David Sterritt*

John Bishop

London House, Chicago, Ill.

Personnel: Bishop, guitar; Newell Burton, Jr., organ; Robert Hamilton, drums.

It's a safe bet that few 24-year old guitarists on the scene today can match the chops and versatility of John Bishop.

I first heard the young guitarist last year, when he enjoyed a long run locally, first at the Flower Pot, then at the London

House, and was impressed. Not only with Bishop's playing, but also with his sidemen and the cohesion of the group.

This time around, minus a conga player on hand last year, Bishop&Co. was even more enjoyable. The combination of jazz feeling and youthful enthusiasm is seldom

encountered today, and is as welcome as it is rare.

Bishop loves fast tempos. Most of the group's selections range from way up to medium up, with an occasional ballad thrown in for contrast. The guitarist has the technical equipment to handle hurtling tempos, and drummer Hamilton never sags. The over-all effect is effervescent.

Repertoire is varied. A typical set might include good standards, such as a fast *Embraceable You,* Bishop handling the changes with aplomb; a slightly slower but still jaunty *Diane,* and a lovely, ballad-styled *Polka Dots and Moonbeams;* jazz staples (*Oleo; Jive Samba*) and pop material (*Wichita Lineman; Walk On By*). One might also hear things like Jobim's *Wave* (again taken much faster than customary); *Bluesette;* a soul piece, or a Beatles tune.

Bishop has a gift for melodic exposition even at high speeds, and he is a real improviser. Moreover, he always swings, be the rhythm 4/4, 5/4, 3/4 or whatever. He often alternates between pick and thumb, which varies the sound of the instrument. (When he deploys his thumb, comparisons with Wes Montgomery become unavoidable, but Bishop doesn't copy, and his attack is harder.) He consistently communicates a sense of involvement and enjoyment in playing, and his bandstand manner is relaxed and affable.

As mentioned before, the trio is a real unit. Organist Burton is excellent: his touch is crisp and light, never overwhelming the guitar sound (Bishop doesn't overamplify, and only rarely employs the sonic effects so dear to the psychedelic school). Burton comps with imagination and taste, and his solo work is fleet and inventive.

Drummer Hamilton is called upon to keep things moving, and does. He, too, never gets too loud, and always seems concerned with the group. When he steps front and center, in fours or solo, he takes over with confidence. His fours were particularly effective.

Bishop has been featured with the Ray Charles Show and records for Charles' Tangerine label. His first album was hard to come by; hopefully the second, just released, will receive better promotion and distribution. Bishop certainly warrants attention. This is a fresh, bright talent that will be heard from. —*Dan Morgenstern*

Bill Berry

Roosevelt Grill, New York City

Personnel: Berry, Danny Stiles, George Triffon, Jim Bossy, Joe Ferrante, trumpets; Bill Watrous, Joe Ciavardone, Jack Rains, trombones; George Dorsey, Carmen Leggio, alto saxophone; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Roger Pemberton, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Joe Temperley, baritone saxophone; Dave Frishberg, piano; Mike Moore, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

No matter how pessimistic one may be about the size of the audience that exists for big bands, there is no doubt that a great number of players, young and old, like nothing better than the chance to blow in a big-band context. The impulse is quite unrelated to the sentimental nostalgia that still stirs certain sections of the public. But musicians who address themselves primarily to other musicians cannot and—with a few militant exceptions—do not expect largesse from the money bags of the commercial world.

A band platform such as Bill Berry's is nevertheless a kind of seed bed for artistic growth.

After the phase with Duke Ellington, Berry became successfully involved in the New York studio scene. There were occasional brief opportunities to follow the development of a trumpet player who commanded international attention with his muted obbligato to Bunny Briggs' tap-dancing in Ellington's *My People* album. What the present writer, at least, was unaware of was his ability as an arranger, and this ability was to a considerable extent responsible for the formation of the band. Like Ellington, Berry wants to *hear* what he writes.

Thanks to Dick Gibson's good offices, the problem of venue was solved by opening the Roosevelt Grill on Sunday afternoons, and a sequence of concerts began, following a few rehearsals. The personnel inevitably fluctuated, and on this occasion some of the regulars like Britt Woodman were unavoidably absent, and Jake Hanna was making his cheerful but authoritative presence felt at the drums for the first time. The variety of the book was a great asset, and it soon confirmed Berry's statement that the *raison d'etre* of the band is "to swing and have a good time."

John Bunch's *Feathers* and *John's Bunch* were excellent, well-written vehicles for the band as a whole. Roger Pemberton's *I Wish I Were in Love Again* featured all five saxes, while his *This One's for Neal* reproduced Hefti characteristics and showcased his own horn and that of the impressive Danny Stiles. Al Cohn's *Battleground,* which Berry confessed to kicking off too fast, was an inconclusive trombone duel between Watrous and Ciavardone. The Ellington connection was affirmed first with *Chelsea Bridge,* whereon Joe Temperley played sensitively and made a few courteous bows in Harry Carney's direction; then with *Violet Blue,* featuring a reflective but surprising solo from Dave Frishberg; and again with *Rockin' 'n' Rhythm,* on which Pemberton took the clarinet role, and Watrous and all the trumpets wielded plungers with spirit.

The Ellington influence was also evident in Berry's impressionistic *Daybreak,* another vehicle for the able Temperley, one of the best British exports of recent years. A knowing touch here had George Triffon playing the theme on fluegelhorn while Temperley improvised an obbligato. Another Berry original, *Sho,* produced a dazzling solo from Bill Watrous, a formidable virtuoso of whom enough has certainly never been heard on records. His marvelous control and range, added to a vivid imagination, frequently brought to mind that noble exile in Boston, Phil Wilson. *Ballad* was Berry's showcase for George Dorsey, one of the best first altos in the business, who interpreted it with positive lyric values and beauty of tone. On a fourth Berry arrangement, *Stella,* Carmen Leggio, Richie Kamuca and Mike Moore, and the leader were handsomely featured. It is a measure of Berry's individuality as a soloist that it is quite hard to nail down the influences in his playing, especially since his style is thoroughly within the jazz idiom and devoid of eccentricity.

When a ballad medley for dancing was announced, Willis Conover, acting as emcee with his customary professionalism, gallantly took the floor with Mrs. Conover. The customers, whether over or under 30, generally preferred to sit, however, and their attention was therefore not diverted from elegant solos by Kamuca and Frishberg.

To wind up, there was a long, loose performance of *Tiny's Blues.* It began loosely, anyway, but following an exciting duet between Stiles and Berry, it turned into a major conflagration. Stiles, who also plays on the Merv Griffin Show, is now reckoned to be one of the best first trumpets in the business. In this case, he played fluegelhorn with an ease and relaxation worthy of Clark Terry, while Berry not only contrasted with the more brilliant tone of the trumpet, but also with meaner and more intense phrasing.

During the intermission, Dave McKenna ran the gamut of piano styles. On another occasion, the unexpected intermission pianist was George Shearing, who also sat in with the band for its last set. Equally unexpected was the appearance of Joe Williams as band vocalist.

The Roosevelt Grill, in short, has been a good place to be these Sunday afternoons. Despite the specifics and soloists mentioned here, the happiest feature of all was the sound of a bright, capable and enthusiastic band rolling on good, unpretentious material. —*Stanley Dance*

CLAPTON

(Continued from page 15)

chord was called. But up until that point it was desperation. I always found that I was in a situation where I was out of my depth. I always have been . . . I've always run out with people three or four years older—all of my life.

J.S.: A lot of American jazzmen have gone the expatriate route and you've spent some time over here. To a creative artist, just how important is the environment?

E.C.: Well, England has so many things that America doesn't have. To begin with —tranquillity and peace, privacy and isolation. You can go to your home and just cut yourself off, if you wish. But *here* you're forced into something or another—you're pressurized into some groove or another—and it's an extreme kind of situation where you have to state what you believe or where you stand. You've got to make it clear to somebody, sooner or later, who you are and what you're doing. That you don't mean them any harm, for instance. You see, since I've been here I've had several experiences that I never would have had in England. Because of the extremes here. I don't necessarily like America, but it's something you can't avoid.

It's much easier for an English artist to go to America and come back as an established artist than it is to accomplish it in your own back yard. You can't impress people in the area in which you live. You have to go out and impress someone else and then come back and say: "Look, I impressed them, now be impressed!" And that's the way it is with a lot of American artists. B.B. King . . . I hate to keep coming back to him but he really is a big thing to me. He had to go to Europe and play the Albert Hall before he could get gigs here, and he's been playing since —1949? He's always been the best . . . always. He's the most adaptable musician I've ever met. For a man who has gone unrecognized . . . he's paid all his dues, twice over, and there's not a sign of bitterness . . . nothing, man. I've met cats that have been twice as successful that have been bitter and twisted and just *angry*. But he's humble—he just wants to please. It's really a great lesson to see someone like that.

You have a choice of being successful or unsuccessful. If a musician is really dedicated to his music and really knows the traps that are involved in becoming famous overnight, he'd wisely stick to playing in his own home town. Whereas someone who's just out to get his name in the paper will leave his home town and go out and play somewhere else. But it's not always easy to forewarn yourself. You just want to go out on tour, but when you become successful, it starts happening to you —this weirdness. But if you had stayed home and just carried on playing, you'd probably improve twice as fast musically —but never be famous.

J.S.: A lot of musicians are unhappy with their playing on records or with the conditions under which they have to record. Is this true in your case?

E.C.: I think recording is very easy. It's a lot easier because you don't have anything like an audience to confront. You can do whatever you like . . . you have the freedom, as long as it pleases the musicians or whoever's there. But on stage, you're exposed, literally, and you've got to state your case. You have to make sure that you're presence is worthwhile, which is often very hard. Because if you don't necessarily have a lot to say, you're wasting your time completely. But if, on the other hand, you *do* have something to say and you do want to communicate something to somebody, you've got to go on and do it or else you will not get the satisfaction of getting your message across.

J.S.: What, then, are your ambitions as far as getting a message across . . .

E.C.: I have a purpose which I hope to fulfill sooner or later. Maybe this year I'll get down to writing and making a big change in my music. Because, up until now, I've been playing as I see fit, you know . . . just as it comes to my ear I'll play it and it's never had any thought or planning in it. It's been very ad-libbed and spontaneous. And I've been playing like that for as long as I can remember—without knowing why. And I've had a few revelations recently about why I'm playing guitar or why I'm doing anything. When I finally put that into action, which will take some work, I may be a different musician altogether.

I'm amazed that I'm getting into **down beat.** I used to hate that magazine—but not recently. I get it regularly now and it's really well-written. They used to look down their nose at rock without really knowing very much about it . . . especially about my fellow white rock musicians—without being fair about it. I'm glad I'm getting in it because that might mean a sign of change.

J.S.: Well, you know, a lot of formerly straight-ahead jazz artists—people like Buddy Rich—have changed quite a bit in their outlook, too.

E.C.: It's really a breakthrough when Buddy Rich does something like that because he's been around a long time and he's obviously respected a great deal by jazz fans. And when he makes a move like that all the people are going to think twice. I think he deserves a lot of credit. A lot of that barrier-breaking is going on in the jazz field while not so much in the "pop" field. People like Buddy, Tony Williams, Miles. . . . This is what every artist is searching for—the freedom to do what he wants—literally—no matter how banal it may seem. And if an artist is that good, he can't do wrong. Literally, he cannot do wrong! Even if he plays a song from Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel,* he's going to do it so well.

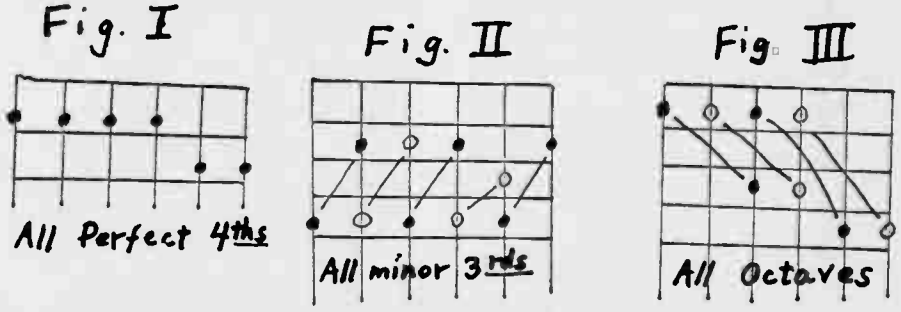
Yet, people expect too much from the musicians they follow. They turn them into heroes and politicians and forget that a musician has to have the freedom to do what he wants, first of all, before anything else. You don't have to live up to the record you just made. You can change whenever you like. People should always look forward to change. If I'm in an audience, or if I'm going to buy the next Beatles' album, I'm *hoping* it's going to be different from the last. I'm not hoping it'll be the same. More people should get into that. db

db music workshop

Transferral Of Guitar Fingerboard Patterns

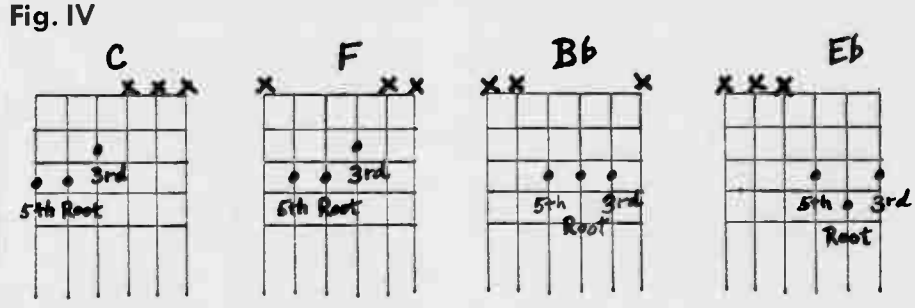
By Dr. William C. Fowler

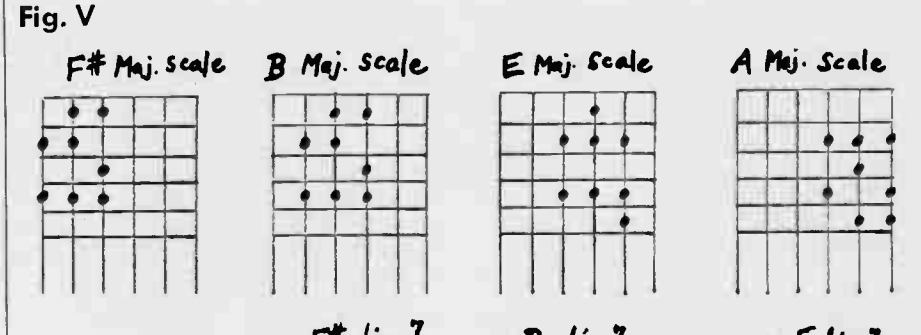
A THOROUGH knowledge of the guitar fingerboard cannot be acquired without concentrated memorization of patterns, both melodic and harmonic. All guitarists, from beginners to the most advanced professionals, have memorized finger placement for melodic

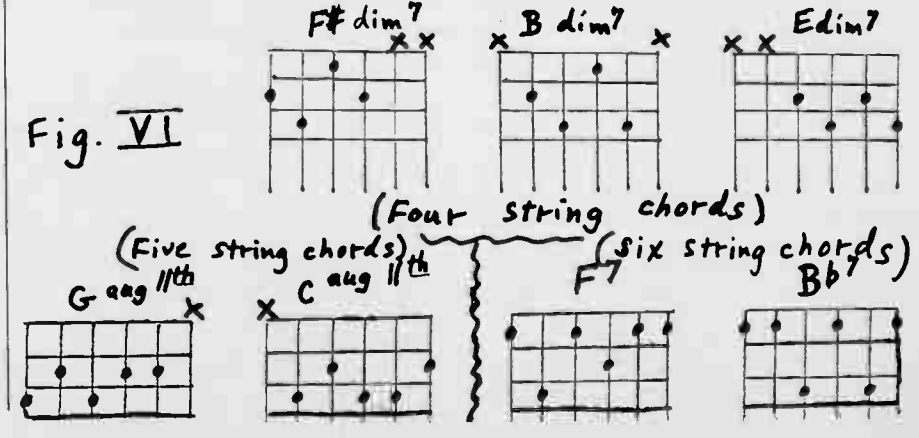


lines and chords visually and by touch. An understanding of the relationships of adjacent strings allows the guitarist to transfer accurately and easily the patterns he has already memorized to other sets of strings, thus cutting down the time necessary to learn the entire fingerboard. This article explains a system for pattern transferral.

All adjacent strings except the second and third are tuned a perfect fourth apart (5 frets). The second and third strings are tuned a major third apart (4 frets). There-







THE TOP TEN

Turn on your radio and discover the 10 winning groups and soloists in this year's Schaefer Talent Hunt!

KOFFIE. Born Carol Kauffman, she's created a pop vocal style as unique as her nickname

VIC MOHICA. Born in New York and raised in Puerto Rico. He's right at home singing in English or *en español*.

THE THREE DEGREES. From Philadelphia, they're all 22 and they really raise the temperature when they turn on the soul.

BOB DALTON. A West Virginia country singer who really goes to town when he picks up his guitar.

CARL HALL. A choir soloist at age 8, he's become a tenor soul-ist with unusual range and power.

THE MAIN INGREDIENT. A great new R&B group. *Its* ingredients: a gospel singer, a fireman, and the grandson of a former Panamanian president.

THE STRAIGHT EIGHT. These 4 guys and 4 gals met two years ago. They've been working in close harmony ever since.

BETTY LAVETTE. A 24-year-old soul stylist from Detroit who sings with everything she's got.

JOHN BURROWS WITH BILL HINEY. A folk singer from New Hampshire and a rock specialist from Long Island with a vocal blend all their own.

KEN STELLA. 24 years old, from Queens, N.Y. A self-taught rock singer-composer who's learned his lessons well.

The 1970 Schaefer Talent Hunt is over. Once again, musical performers from all over the country entered. And now it's your turn to discover the Schaefer Top Ten—our ten new winning soloists and groups. Starting on Monday, May 11, we're giving the winners a chance to be heard on radio all over the East, singing the famous Schaefer Beer Jingle in their own special styles. So have a good look at our exciting new Top Ten. Then turn on your radio and have yourself an exciting listen!

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fore, making a perfect fourth between all adjacent strings would require playing the notes on the second and first strings one fret higher than those on all the other strings (Fig. I). Likewise, any two-note fingering pattern on adjacent strings will give exactly the same type of interval when transferred to any other adjacent strings except the third and second strings—where lowering the third string one fret or raising the second string one fret would be necessary to get that interval (Fig. II).

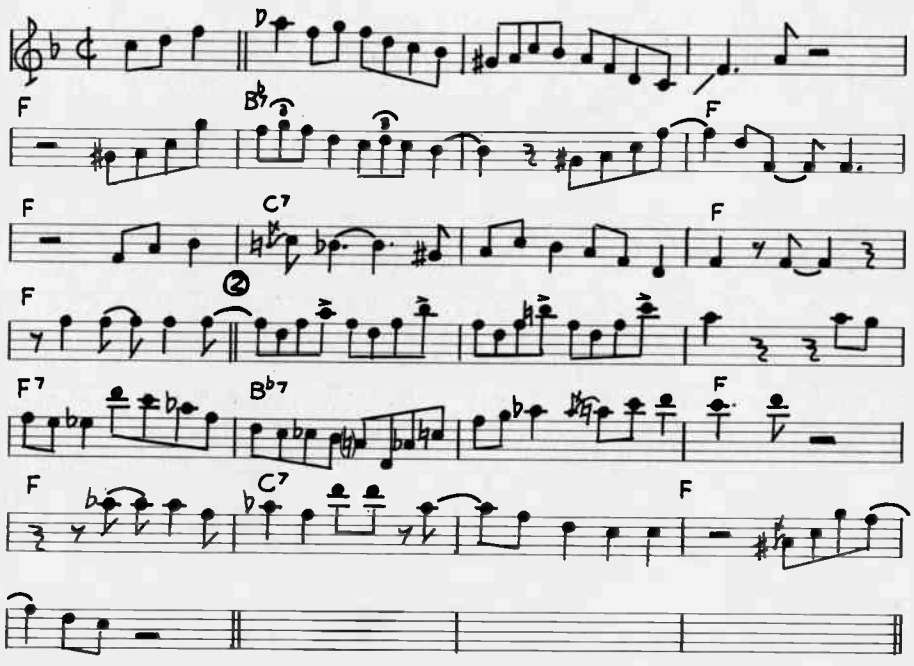
Fingering patterns on non-adjacent strings have the upper string raised one fret or the lower string lowered one fret when the third and second strings are contained (Fig. III).

The principle should now be clear. To transfer a fingering pattern from lower strings to higher strings, raise the second string fingering one fret when you come to it, keeping all other portions of the fingering on the same fret. To transfer a fingering pattern from higher to lower strings, lower the third string one fret when you come to it (Fig. IV).

When transferring a melodic line the same principle holds true. Note the shift of fingering between second and third strings when a major scale is transferred (Fig V). The transferral system can also be used on four, five, or six string chords (Fig. VI).

If the guitarist will transfer the patterns he already knows—scales, licks, individual chords, and chord progressions—he will gain vastly increased knowledge of the fingerboard and will often find easier fingerings of difficult passages. And if he will transfer the new patterns he learns, he will accelerate his mastery of the guitar fingerboard.

A Charlie Christian Blues Solo



THIS TYPICAL Charlie Christian blues solo (two choruses of 12-bar blues) was transcribed from the 1939 Benny Goodman Sextet recording *Boy Meets Goy* (later retitled *Grand Slam*). It is available on the French CBS Charlie Christian LP reviewed on p. 20 in this issue.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

THE FOURTH ANNUAL Intermountain College Jazz Festival at Salt Lake City, Utah, April 24-25, had a non-competitive format similar to Notre Dame and Mobile. Performances were held on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon; then judges Clare Fischer and Jack Wheaton chose outstanding ensembles to play again at the Saturday night finale. From those "finalists", **down beat** publisher Charles Suber, representing the National College Jazz Festival, chose groups to attend the NCJF at Champaign-Urbana, Ill. on May 16-17. His choices were the big band and combo from the University of Northern Colorado (Greeley), led by Derryl Goes and Fred Hamilton.

Other finalists included the Brigham Young Univ. (Provo, Utah) big band; a promising first-year band from Metropolitan State College (Denver); a quintet, Fly and the Zippers, from the Univ. of Colorado with Steve Getz (son of Stan) on drums; the interesting Neo-Classic Quintet from the Univ. of New Mexico, and vocalist Judy Holland from Utah State Univ. (Logan). The University of Utah band was also chosen but could not field a full ensemble because so many of its musicians had Saturday night gigs.

Additional participants were big bands from Northern Arizona Univ.; Utah State Univ.; Fresno State College (Cal.), and the Experimental Jazz Ensemble from the Univ. of Northern Colorado. Other performers included the Merrill Smith Quartet, vocalist Kathy Schoenhals and the 1970 Eight (vocalists) from the Univ. of Utah, and the Steve Call Quartet from Utah State.

Festival director Dr. William Fowler, in cooperation with the sponsor, the Salt Lake *Tribune*, arranged for the net receipts to be equally divided among the

winners of the individual player awards. This sum came to about $625, split five ways among Tom Gelt, vibes (Univ. of New Mexico); Bill Frisell, guitar (Univ. of Northern Colorado), and three players from Metropolitan State College (trumpeter Ron Towell, bassist Joe Lopez, drummer Lee Orlano).

All five individual award winners indicated they would use their scholarship moneys to attend the Famous Arrangers Clinic at the Univ. of Nevada South (Las Vegas) June 23-July 3. The judges also awarded the best original composition prize to *Sweet Peace* by Fred Hamilton and *7/4 Blues* by Alan Russek (Univ. of Utah). (Both compositions will be published by **down beat** in its new Festival series.)

The festival was smoothly run, with handsome lighting and good sound handled by Lamar Nagle and his student staff from Highland High School, the scene of all performances.

Campus Ad Lib: Arranger **Billy Byers** has been added to the full-time faculty staff of the **Famous Arrangers Clinic,** to be held at the University of Nevada South (Las Vegas), June 21-July 3 . . . The University of Oklahoma has granted a one-hour course credit for all players enrolled in the **Summer Jazz Clinic** to be held on the Norman campus, June 7-13 . . . Tenorist **Nathan Davis,** a faculty member at the University of Pittsburgh, will direct the Jazz Workshop (jazz history, improvisation, combo and big bands) at the Paris American Academy's fifth annual Summer in France program July 1-August 12 . . . The first Summer Jazz Clinic Camp will be held at the music schools in Ingesund and Lunnevad in central Sweden July 13-25. Camp director **Johnny Woods** will be assisted by pianist-trumpeter-arranger **Lars Resberg** in conducting big band, theory, and combo sessions . . . Pianist **Billy Taylor** was the principal speaker at the commencement exercises of the 1970 graduating class of the Berklee College of Music. Following the ceremonies, New England Life Hall was the scene of Berklee's Annual Spring Concert of Instrumental, conducted by faculty members **William Maloof, Anthony Texeira, Herb Pomeroy, Phil Wilson,** and **Fred Buda.**

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

lie Lamb and the **Red Onion Jazz Band** held another session April 24 at the Park 100. It was so well attended the band may try for regular Saturday night affairs there . . . **Jeremy Steig** is having his first one-man showing of paintings, pastels, and drawings at the Conception Gallery in Woodstock, N.Y., through June 1 . . . **Charlie Byrd** did two weeks at the Plaza 9 . . . **Jonah Jones** and **Felicia Sanders** shared the bill at the Rainbow Grill . . . **Mary Lou Williams** gave two *Music for Peace* concerts at St. Paul's Chapel of Columbia Univ. April 25 and 26 . . . The Lincoln Terrace Lounge in Brooklyn had singer **Joe Lee Wilson** for the last weekend in April and the first in May, with bassist **Bob Cunningham's** trio (**Aboul Majeod,** guitar; **C. Scoby Stroman,** drums) . . . A Passover celebration was held aboard the Peace Ship docked in New York City's East River April 21. Performing both original and traditional festive music was **Inkwhite/His Purple Why** (**James DuBoise,** trumpet, mellophone, flute; **Perry Robinson,** clarinet; **Steven Tintweiss,** bass, vocals, melodica; **Charles Gererdi,** bongos; **Laurence Cook,** drums; **Amy Sheffer,** vocalist, finger cymbals, tambourine). Flutist **Tom Moore,** drummer **J.C. Moses,** and several singers and Israeli accordionists joined with the group for more music . . . Guitarist **Jim Hall** made a rare appearance at The Guitar, 10th Ave. & 51st St., April 29 through May 3, his first N.Y. club gig in five years. With him was bassist **Eddie Gomez** . . . **Miriam Makeba** and her company did two weekends at the Village Gate . . . **The Dick Griffin Sextette** played the Turn Table, Broadway at 52nd St. . . . **Rashsan Roland Kirk** held forth at the Village Vanguard the week of April 21, and the **Elvin Jones** Trio (**George Coleman,** tenor; **Wilbur Little,** bass) blasted off the following week . . . **Sy Oliver** and his band and the **Lou Stein** trio continued through April at the Downbeat . . . A four-day festival of the arts for the benefit of the Harlem Jazz Music Center, Inc. took place April 23 through 26. The **Society of Black Composers, Inc.,** the **Warren Smith Composers Workshop,**

Betty Carter and her trio, and the **Herbie Hancock** Sextet performed. The festival was held at McLeod Bethune School . . . **Philly Joe Jones,** recently returned from Europe, was heard at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn in late April, with **Woody Shaw,** trumpet; **Charles Davis,** tenor and soprano saxes, and **Boo Pleasant,** organ and vocals . . . **Chick Corea, Dave Holland** and drummer **Barry Altschul** recorded for Vanguard.

Los Angeles **Gabor Szabo** played two weeks at the Lighthouse, followed by **Eddie Harris** . . . **Gene Ammons** and **Louis Jordan** shared the bill at Red Foxx's. Jug also shared **Red Holloway's** yacht during his gig here. Holloway fronts the house combo at the Parisian Room . . . **Sergio Mendes** presented his find, **Bossa Rio,** at the Hong Kong Bar. They were followed by **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet. The **Modern Jazz Quartet** will play three weeks at the HKB beginning June 8; then **Charlie Byrd** returns June 29 . . . **Red Norvo** is heading a trio at the Continental Hyatt House, on the Sunset Strip, with **Walt Namuth,** guitar, and **Red Wooten,** bass. **Eddie Safranski** subbed recently on Fender bass . . . **Herb Jeffries** is headlining the show at Billingsley's, in Van Nuys . . . **Page Cavanaugh** and his trio did one night stands at two hotels with the same name—Le Baron Hotel—in San Diego and Burlingame . . . Upcoming concerts at the Pilgrimage Theater include **J.J. Wiggins** Trio and **Don Cunningham** Quartet, May 31; **Ray Brown** Quintet plus **Craig Hundley** Quartet, June 7. **Dee Barton** will front his big band June 14. The opening concert of the series drew one of the biggest crowds in the Pilgrimage's history, with hundreds turned away. Featured were **Gerald Wilson** and his orchestra, plus guest **Calvin Jackson.** Wilson is now teaching string scoring and jazz at the Univ. of Utah. In addition to commuting to Mormon-land, Wilson teaches an introduction to jazz course at San Fernando Valley State College in Northridge . . . **Trummy Young** still has a sextet at the Hilton Village in Honolulu . . . Featured at a recent New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California meeting was clarinetist **Matty Matlock,** backed by **John Henderson,** trumpet; **Roy Brewer,** trombone; **Tom Kubis,** tenor sax; **Alton Purnell,** piano; **Dee Woolem,** bass; **Hal Groody,** guitar, and **Ike Condioti,** drums . . . **Jimmy Scruggs** was featured at the new Etc. in Hollywood for two weeks, followed by **Ann Richards.** The house trio is led by pianist **Bill Marx** . . . Craig Hundley at 16 has become the youngest lecturer ever to appear at the Univ. of Southern California. He gave a jazz workshop there. He recently gigged at UCLA and at Grant High (his alma mater). He also played at the Now (formerly Cocoanut) Grove for the winners of a contest sponsored by a local newspaper. In June, Hundley will record for World-Pacific at the Troubador. And if that doesn't keep him sufficiently busy, he's doing singing commercials for a cereal co. . . . Drummer **Al Cecchi** has a trio at the Club Tiki, in Canoga Park, with **Sam Most** doubling flute and piano and **Gene Cherico** on bass. Among sitters-

in with the group: **Ron Anthony,** guitar; **Dave Mackay,** piano; and most regularly, altoist **Joe Romano** . . . Mackay is one half of a duo at the Carriage House in Burbank, Wednesday through Sunday, with bassist **John Brown** . . . **Barney Kessel** and his **Cornucopia** took care of weekends at Donte's for the month of April. A new voice heard at the club: jazz singer **Pookie Nimitz,** wife of saxophonist **Jack Nimitz.** Pookie was backed by the **Joe Castro** Quartet, featuring **Joe Pass.** Also at Donte's, guitarist Pass and **Don Menza** co-led a combo one night. Pass signed with independent record producer **Albert Marx** . . . Our sympathies to **Lena Horne,** whose father, **Ted Horne,** died recently. He was well known here in sporting and show business circles.

Chicago: **Oliver Nelson,** making one of his rare public appearances since joining Hollywood's TV and motion picture scoring community, was featured in a free concert at suburban Highland Park high school. Playing soprano and amplified alto saxophone, Nelson was backed by **Kenny Soderblom's** group: **Art Hoyle,** trumpet; Soderblom, alto sax; **Richard Corpolongo,** tenor sax; **Ronnie Kolber,** baritone sax; **Richard Abrams,** piano; **Cleveland Eaton,** bass, and **Wilbur Campbell,** drums . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** led a 10-piece band in two religious services, *Let There Be Joy,* at the Calvary United Protestant Church in nearby Park Forest . . . Guitarist **John Bishop's** Trio (**Newell Burton,** organ; **Robert Hamilton,** drums) followed pianist-singer **Hazel Scott** into the London House . . . Pianist **Judy Roberts'** Trio (**Nick Tountas,** bass; **Rusty Jones,** drums) took up residence at Punchinello's East . . . **Woody Herman's** recent one-nighter at the Rush-Up was highlighted by the performance of pianist **Allan Broadbent's** extended arrangement of *Blues in the Night.* As usual, there were several new Herdsmen (trumpeters **Tom Harrell** and **Forrest Buchtel;** electric bassist **Tom Azarello,** brother of pianist **Joe**), and lead tenorist **Frank Vicari** was back in the fold . . . **Peggy Lee** was in town for a six-nighter at the new Mill Run Theatre . . . **Dionne Warwick** did a concert at the Civic Opera House before teaming with the Woody Herman band for several road engagements . . . The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** with 74-year-old trumpeter **Kid Thomas Valentine** and clarinetist **Harry Shields,** was featured in a recent concert at the Auditorium Theatre . . . **Billy Eckstine** took time out from his engagement at Mr. Kelly's to tape a 30-minute program for WTTW-Channel 11 . . . Trumpeter **Warren Kime's** outfit, featuring fellow trumpeters **Bobby Lewis, Oscar Brashear,** and Art Hoyle, is doing Monday nights at the Wise Fools. Trumpeter **Gene Shaw** and **The New Americans** continue on weekends . . . Singer **Burnie Bailey** has signed with T & L Productions . . . **Orpheus,** a nine-piece rock combo, is the attraction in Mother's Music Room at Mother's, a downstairs lounge on Division street . . . Recent concerts at the Auditorium Theatre featured the **Temptations,** the **Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band,** and **Smokey Robinson**

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and the **Miracles** . . . Singer-composer **John Sebastian,** former leader of the **Lovin' Spoonful,** and a country rock group, **Poco,** did a concert at the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall . . . Chicago *Tribune* jazz columnist **Harriet Choice** recently began hosting an 11-12 p.m. Sunday jazz show on WRSV-FM.

Boston: The invincible **Lennie Sogoloff** scored still another triumph at his Turnpike club by bringing in **Gerry Mulligan** for a rare and justly celebrated Boston appearance. Joining the baritone saxist for an engaging week of mood-spinning were **Horace Parlan,** piano, **Jack Six,** bass, and **Alan Dawson,** drums . . . **Buddy Guy** and **Big Mama Thornton** were happily reunited for the opening of a new Boston blues-based club, the Berkley . . . Bassist **Buell Neidlinger** has left his berths with the Boston Symphony and the New England Conservatory to set up shop at the California Institute of Music . . . **Tony Williams** appeared at Tufts Univ. with bassist **Jack Bruce,** formerly of the **Cream,** as the newest member of his **Lifetime** . . . **Bill Evans** brought his trio (**Eddie Gomez,** bass; **Marty Morell,** drums) to town for a turn at the Jazz Workshop. Other Workshop stints lately have been logged by **Yusef Lateef, James Moody, Leon Thomas, Herbie Hancock, Ahmad Jamal,** and **Jimmy Smith** . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike continues to offer a varied card, mixing such talents as **Raahsan Roland Kirk** and the **Vibrations Society, Homer and Jethro, Elvin Jones, Kenny Burrell,** and **Rick Nelson** . . . At Paul's Mall, appearances have been registered by **Sarah Vaughan,** the **Four Tops, Doug Kershaw, Erroll Garner, Joan Rivers** and the **George Shearing** Quintet . . . At the Hub's smaller clubs, the **Bob Thomas** Quintet continues at Estelle's, the **Gilly Green** Quartet with **Nellie Mills** is at the Robin Hood Lounge, and the Western Front is manned by the **Joe Ferguson** Quintet. A new room, Mothers Lounge, offers the **Don Moore Ensemble** . . . **Ray Charles** did a recent nostalgic stint at the Sugar Shack, followed by one of the more compelling of the new soul groups, **The Friends of Distinction** . . . Old West Church continues to offer chancel jazz, with **Hassan Rahim** and the **Brothers of the Shadow** and the **Mark Harvey** Octet as recent celebrants . . . Boston's various sports palaces and university forums have been home to such springtime tourists as **Blood, Sweat&Tears, The Doors, The Byrds, Steppenwolf, Frijid Pink, Steve Miller, John Mayall,** the **Moody Blues, Guess Who, Benefit Street, Sha-Na-Na,** the **Association,** the **Chambers Brothers,** the **Youngbloods,** and the **Grateful Dead** . . . The Berklee College's **Thursday Night Dues Band,** under **Phil Wilson's** direction, presented an evening-long concert at New England Life Hall. Berklee faculty members **Lennie Johnson** and **Andy McGhee** were featured.

Detroit: Like a prelude to Detroit's coming jazz May-hem, the April music scene was unusually bright. A highlight was the appearance of a newly named group, **Music Inc.,** at the Detroit Institute of Arts. The group has **Charles Tolliver,** trumpet; **Stanley Cowell,** piano; **Cecil McBee,** bass; and **Jimmy Hopps,** drums. This Strata-produced concert was both musically and financially exceptional . . . The appearance of **Roberta Flack** at Baker's Keyboard Lounge proved to be a most rewarding experience . . . Trombonist **John Hair's** quintet (**Joe Thurman,** tenor; **Boo Boo Turner,** piano; **Robert Allen,** bass; **James Youngblood,** drums) continue quite forcefully at Clarence's Blue Bird Inn . . . At the Cafe Gourmet, **Dorothy Ashby** (harp, piano, vocals) keeps her music program out of the ordinary and consistently fine . . . **Clyde Savage,** trumpet; **Jim Stefason,** tenor sax; **Charles Miles,** flute, saxes, piano; **Manuel Barberian,** timbales, bass, and **Jorge Pardo,** timbales, congas exhibit a variety of sound textures at the El Sol . . . Returning to the Frolic after a long absence were **Lyman Woodard,** organ, **Ron English,** guitar, and **Danney Spencer,** drums . . . The Chateau has the **Sounds of Music** (**Gordon Camp,** trumpet; **Donald Walden,** tenor; **Dedrick Glover,** bass, and **Hindal Butts,** drums) . . . In Ann Arbor, the **Iris Bell** Trio holds forth at the Rubaiyat . . . The **Contemporary Jazz Quintet** (**Charles Moore,** trumpet; **Leon Henderson,** tenor; **Kenny Cox,** piano; **Ron Brooks,** bass; **Danny Spencer,** drums) performed at Hart House on the Univ. of Toronto campus. This concert was coproduced by Strata and **Pierre Rachon** . . . **Toby Steel** and his sidekick **Harrison Crabfeather** presented **Cy Nan Belwor** at the Hurry Home night club.

Baltimore: April in Baltimore opened with **Hank Levy's Towson State Jazz Ensemble** at Goucher College on the 5th. After a program of Brahms and Vivaldi performed by the Goucher-Hopkins Symphony, the Towson State group joined the orchestra to play Levy's *Theme and Variations for Jazz Ensemble and Orchestra,* a light, pleasant piece with echoes of bossa nova and **Henry Mancini** . . . **Freddie Hubbard** was the April 5 attraction at the Left Bank Jazz Society . . . On April 12, **Ray Pino** and **Benny Pope** presented the **Oscar Peterson** Trio, the **Oliver Nelson** Band, **Betty Carter, Gene Ammons** and **Charlie Rouse, Jimmy Heath** with **Curtis Fuller** and, from Baltimore, **Yusef Salim's** big band with guitarist **Earl Wilson** and tap dancer **Baby Laurence** at the Morris Mechanic Theater. Rouse, backed by **Roland Hanna, Richard Davis** and **Mickey Roker,** stole the show as far as this reporter is concerned. The interplay between Hanna and Davis was something to see. And it was good to see Salim again after a long absence from the local jazz scene; unfortunately, he seems to have added little new material to the book during the interval. **Rufus Harley** was the following attraction at the Left Bank on the 12th. The next weekend it was **Dizzy Gillespie,** and the LBJS closed the month out with the **Roy Brooks Renaissance. Stan Kenton** is scheduled for May 24; **Horace Silver** for May 31 . . . Pianist **Claude Hubbard,** bassist **Phil Harris** and drummer **Purnell Rice** have been playing week-ends at the Roosevelt Grill on Camden Street

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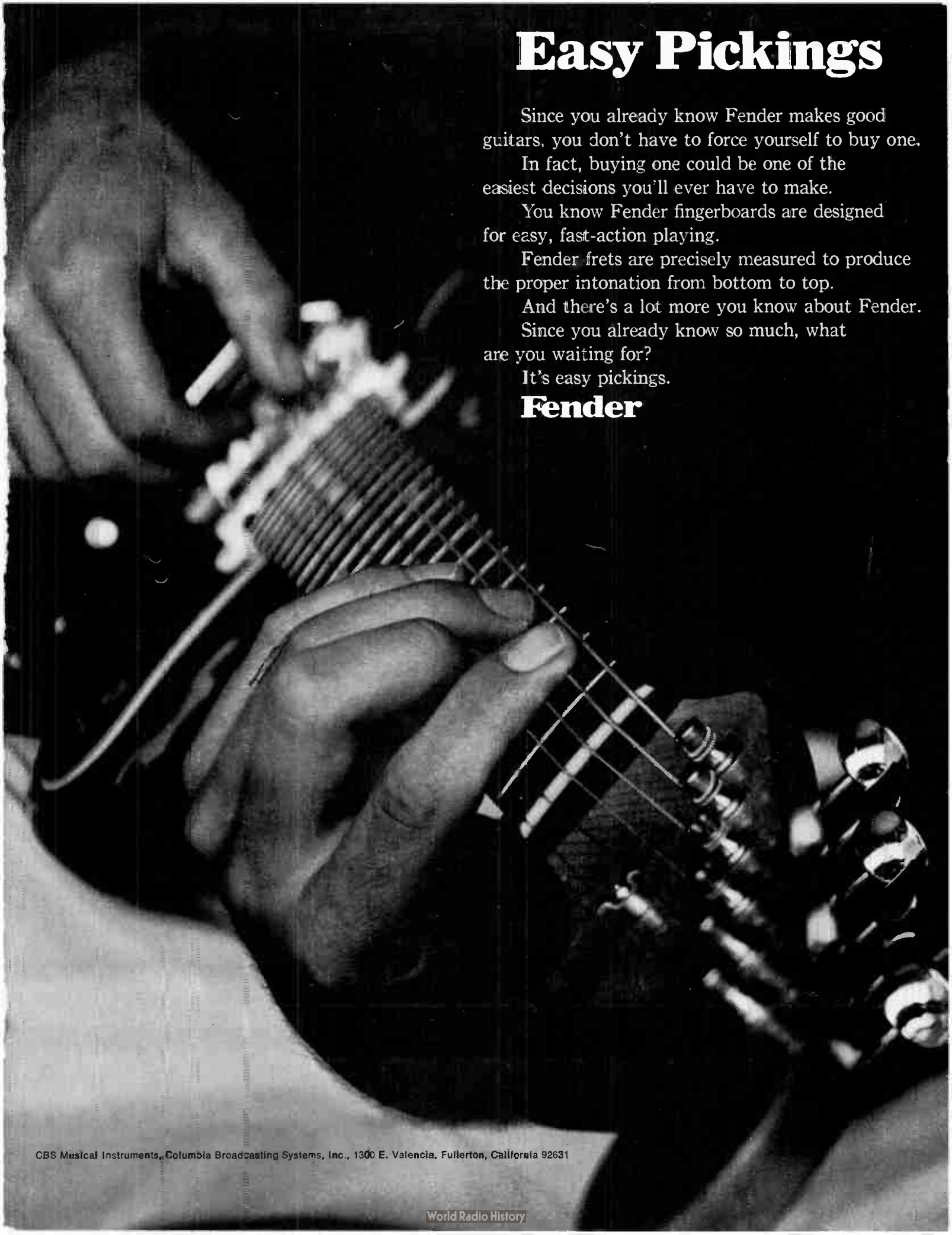
. . . The **Ultratones,** a young local jazz group, played a concert for the Left Bank Chapter 954 (Maryland Penitentiary) . . . Organist **Greg Hatza** and **Earl Wilson** have been playing Wednesday nights at Lenny Moore's.

Cleveland: The winter was rather dull for Cleveland jazz fans. **Clark Terry** and **Johnny Lytle** were among the few names who came through town, and local jazz was heard regularly at only a few clubs. The most steady spot has been the Casino Royale, where the **Dale Magnum** Trio (Magnum, piano; **Devere Pride,** bass; **Chuck Turner,** drums) hold forth Friday and Saturday and serve as house group for the "anything can happen" Sunday jam sessions . . . **Bill Gidney,** piano, and **Chink Stevenson,** bass, play Wednesdays and Thursdays at Nighttown, 12383 Cedar. Gidney also teaches jazz history at Cleveland State Univ. . . . The Jamaica Breeze, 109th and St. Clair, has featured local jazz on a regular basis. **Weasel Parker's** quartet played the club through the holiday season. Unfortunately the group was reduced to a trio by the untimely death of trumpeter **Ishmael Ali.** Ali played in the Great Lakes Navy Band alongside Clark Terry and **Gerald Wilson,** and briefly with the **Billy Eckstine** big band. The **East Jazz Trio** and **Charlie Beckles' Pep Tones** were the most recent groups to play the Jamaica Breeze . . . Organist **Eddie Baccus** has been the mainstay at the Mardi Gras Lounge on Chagrin Blvd. **Pharoah Sanders** sat in several times in early April. Sanders was artist-in-residence for a time at Case-Western Reserve Univ. . . . **Roy Ayers** brought his quartet into the El Patio Lounge for five nights in March. With the vibist were **Bill Henderson,** piano; **John Williams** bass, and **Al Mouzon,** drums. Many people missed the group due to lack of advance publicity . . . **Groove Holmes** played to capacity crowds at Sir Rah's House the first week in April . . . The Continental Lounge at 12804 St. Clair was the scene of a unique recording session April 3. Admission was $7, but an album of the night's activities was to be mailed to each patron. The **Gaylords** trio, featuring **Sam Blackshaw,** organ, and **Lloyd Pierson,** Varitone tenor sax, served as house band for singers **Bobby Wade, Dot Ram, Frankie Pighee, June Valentine** and **Little Jimmy Scott.** It was a rare appearance for Scott, who once was with **Lionel Hampton. Charles Beaver Fields,** long a catalyst for local jazz events, was emcee. The Gaylords play jazz at the Continental from noon to 2 p.m. and 5 to 7 p.m. every day but Sunday . . . The East Jazz Trio (**George Peters,** piano; **Cevera Jeffries,** bass; **Raymond Ferris,** drums) now plays Thursday through Saturday nights at the Fountain Bleu, E. 65th and Carnegie. In addition, the group may be heard at the club's 2 to 6 p.m. Saturday matinee . . . **Anita O'Day** appeared at the Theatrical Lounge in downtown Cleveland for two weeks in April. The **Junior Mance** trio was scheduled for a week beginning April 27, and the **Urbie Green** Quintet was to move in for two weeks beginning May 4 . . . **Blood, Sweat&Tears** appeared in Public Hall April 10 . . . Karamu House, a center for the arts, presented a concert of jazz and rock April 1. **The Case-Western Reserve Univ. Jazz Ensemble** and the **Imperial Wonders** appeared. W.A.B.Q. jazz D.J. **Bob Taylor** and this writer were emcees . . . A free four-day folk festival in early April at Baldwin Wallace College in Berea featured the **Muddy Waters** Blues Band, **Fred McDowell, Danny Cox, Jerry Jeff Walker, John Greenway, Mike Seeger,** and **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee.** Later in the month, **Olatunji** and **Young-Holt Unlimited** were scheduled to appear during a week designated *Black Reflections.*

Norway: In Oslo for three weeks, vocalist **Sheila Jordan** performed at the Down Town Key Club, the Blue Note and the Sogn Student Club and gave an intimate concert at the Oslo New Theatre with American pianist **Jack Reilly,** bassist **Sture Janson** and drummer **Espen Rud.** Another concert by Miss Jordan featured material from her religious concert at Hovikodden. Tenorist **Jan Garbarek** was added to the accompanying ensemble for the concert. Following her Oslo appearances, Miss Jordan proceeded to concert engagements in Molde and Ireland prior to returning to the U.S. for a March 16 concert . . . Vocalist **Karin Krog's** varied activities in Germany consisted of an appearance at the Berlin Jazz Festival where she performed with the **European Poll Winners Orchestra,** who also recorded with Miss Krog. In Baden-Baden, she participated in the Free Jazz Weekend along with guitarist **Terje Rypdal.** A February radio concert in Hamburg with the **Dave Pike Set,** appearances with Pike and **Albert Mangelsdorff** at the Frankfurt Jazz Festival, an April Jazz Workshop appearance with **Hans Gertberg** in Hamburg, and a record date with tenorist **Dexter Gordon** round out the vocalist's recent activities . . . **Sahib Shihab,** with the **Roy Hellvin** Trio, did a concert at the Sogn Jazz Club recently, his first Norway engagement in nine years . . . The **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet, with bassist **Red Mitchell,** performed a highly successful concert at the Aula Concert Hall in Oslo and also appeared in Trondheim and Bergen. It was Gillespie's first appearance in Norway since 1958 . . . Trombonist **Slide Hampton,** accompanied by local musicians, gave two Oslo concerts in April and instructed the Oslo University big band in a clinic devoted to his own compositions and arrangements . . . An upcoming concert at the Norway Radio House will feature the **Ostereng** big band, Karin Krog, **Rowland Greenberg** and others. Greenberg, a veteran Norwegian trumpeter who appeared in a 1949 Norway concert with Charlie Parker, had his *Swing Is The Thing* LP released recently. He also did a March concert in Stockholm with **Teddy Wilson, Ove Lind, Bjarne Nerem** and others, and his quintet will represent Norway at the 1970 Montreux Jazz Festival . . . **Raahsan Roland Kirk** presented a concert at the Aula Concert Hall with a group including pianist **Ron Burton.**



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