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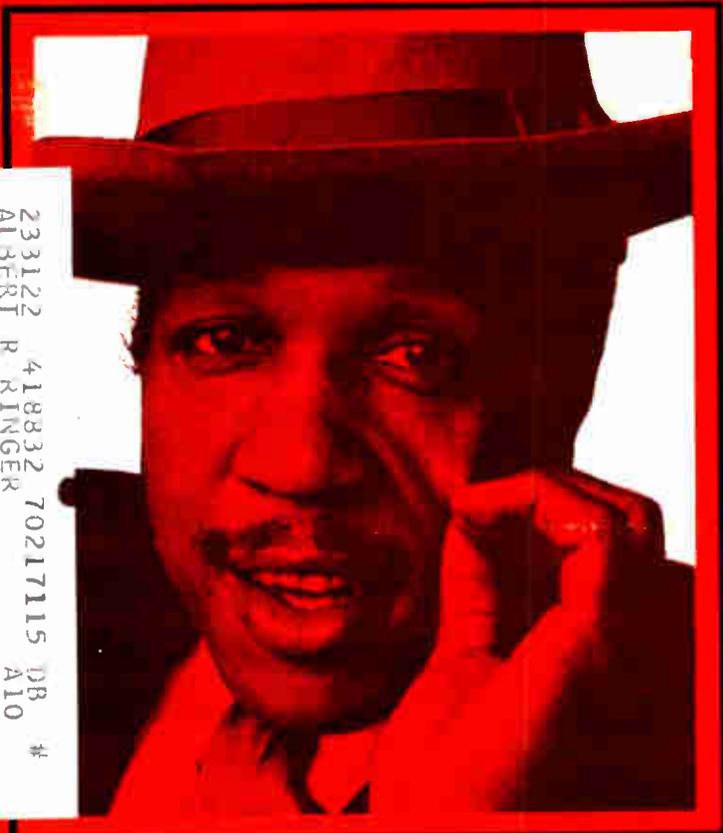
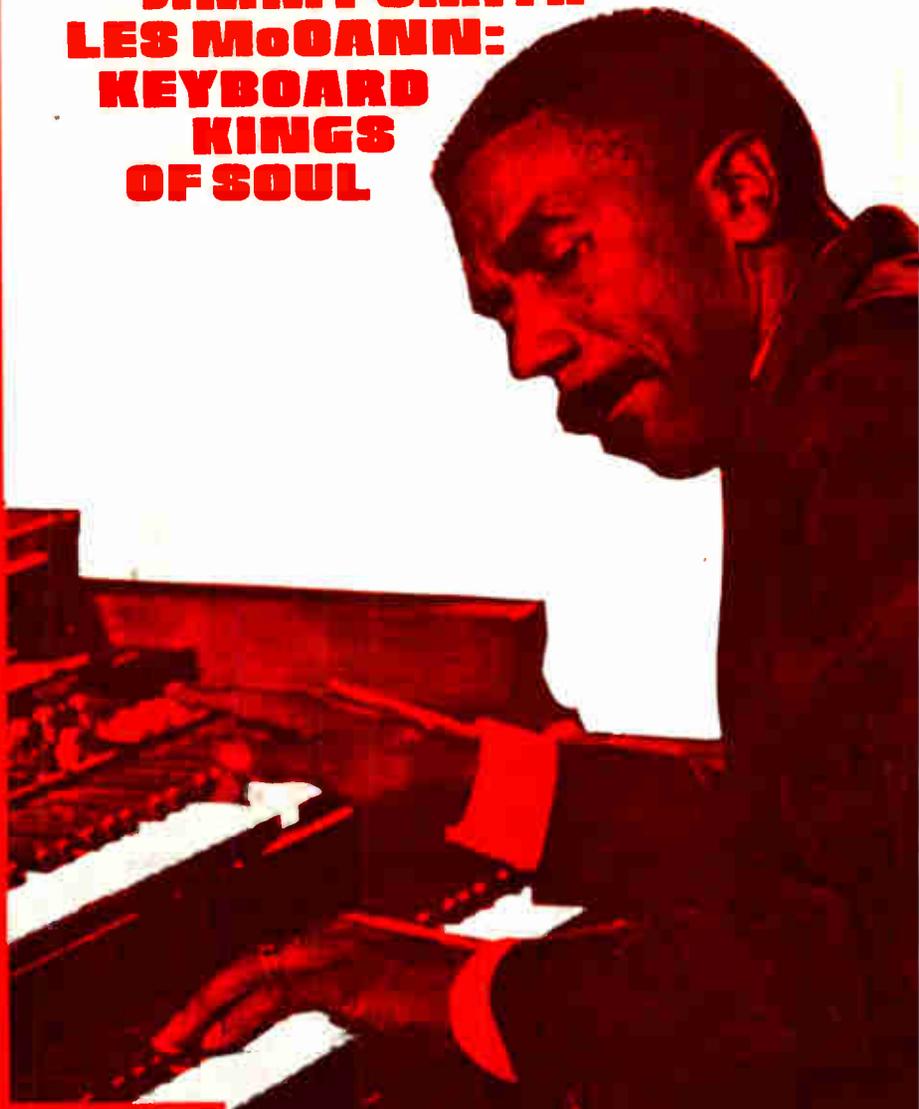
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BALDWIN

By CHARLES SUBER

SEVERAL ISSUES AGO (*db*, Aug. 20) this column cited some faintly humorous references to the rock festival hype. The mail response has been interesting and revealing. Here is a sampling of what some *db* readers have to say.

What do you and down beat have against rock? Nothing. We plumb for good music whatever the code name and so, in passing, pin-prick illusions about artificially sustained reputations and "culture".

You must never have gone to a rock festival. Their (sic) beautiful. Yes, I've been, but a more accurate generalization would be they're boring.

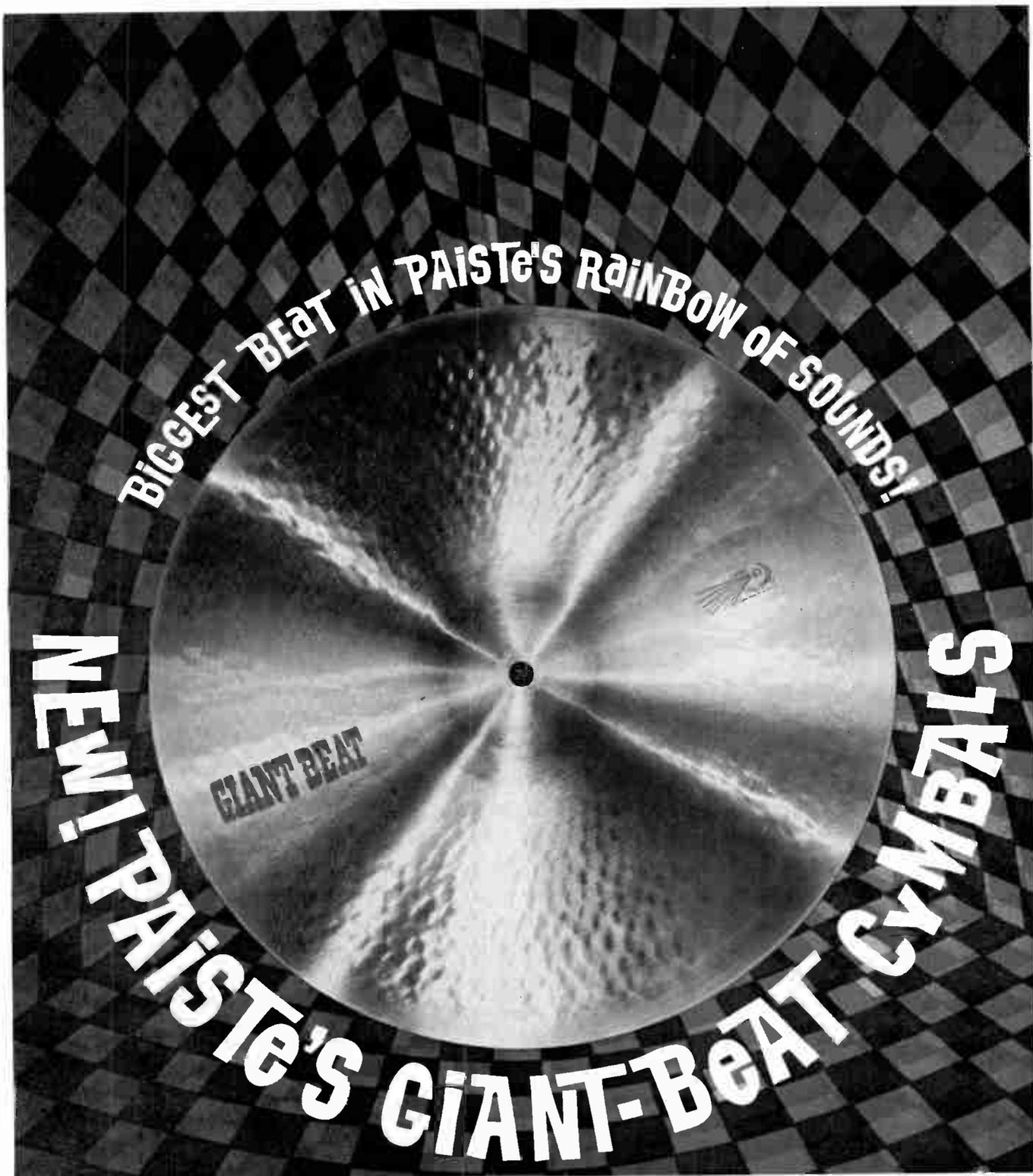
*When down beat embraced rock noises it by-passed the gutter and fell directly into the sewer. The next logical step is for *db* to push dope, as it goes hand-in-hand with rock.* The soundness of your argument is only exceeded by the logic of your position.

*What right does *db* have to criticize.* A sad thing, though, is that the hype in all forms of music as there is in rock. The truth of your second sentence provides most of the answer to your question. A sad thing, though, is that the hype in music—as in other forms of human endeavor—exists because the audience either doesn't know better, or worse, does nothing about it.

*I think *db* should defend rock concerts from suppression, not only because it is the good thing to do, but because this suppression is a danger to jazz as well.* We'll go on fighting suppression of any kind just as we will go on proselytizing for better, more honest conditions for the learning and performance of music.

(Jazz) elitism was partially responsible for the birth of rock. You have a valid point. Jazz has suffered from its cultists and some far-afiel sorties from roots. It remains to be seen if rock can withstand somewhat the same thing to which it is now being subjected. I suspect that rock—at least in its comic-book form—is doomed to continued forced feeding and artificial breeding by its self-appointed guardians. The more musical elements of rock have been, and are, passing back to the roots from which they came. And thus blues, country music, and jazz are being revitalized.

While it is true that rock promoters are cashing in, your jabs at the music and the rock press are totally unprovoked. At least the promoters are avowedly after the buck and can be easily spotted for what they are. I wish for your sake that many of the rock musicians and their camp followers were as honest as the promoters. The rock press in particular does something infinitely worse than promoting concerts for a profit. It pushes and glorifies drugs under the guise of supporting young people in their quest for personal freedom. Jazz, and this magazine, are no strangers to the effects of drugs on musicians, "straight" people and society. And from this experience I say strongly that is the worst hype of all: the lie that drugs substitute for talent or there is an hallucinatory shortcut to understanding. We've seen too many talents busted by their own habits and deserted by the hypes who thought the scene so cool. But the so-called rock press goes even further, it gives off the illusion that to turn off would be traitorous to a Woodstock nation. What a hype that is!



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A Forum For Readers

Speaking For Us, Too . . .

I can't help wondering what's at the root of Leonard Feather's statement concerning the irrelevancy of a clarinet category in jazz polls. Is his disaffection based on the failure of critics and fans to return the clarinet crown to Buddy DeFranco after the passing of Pee Wee Russell?

Whatever the reason, I suggest that



down beat conduct a survey to determine which is more irrelevant to the Jazz Scene 1970—the clarinet, or Leonard Feather's comments on the clarinet.

You might start off by asking Benny Goodman, Russell Procope, Tony Scott, Jimmy Giuffre, Roland Kirk, Eddie Daniels, Albert Nicholas, Perry Robinson, Herb Hall, Louis Cottrell, Rolf Kuhn, the cats at AACM, Barney Bigard, Woody Herman, Frank Chace. . . .

Speaking only for myself, I would hate to see clarinets up there next to the banjos and C-melody saxes in the pawn shop window.

Wayne Reed

Chicago, Ill.

Spacey

There are many things I can say against down beat, but instead I think it would be better to offer suggestions that could possibly improve future issues of this informative and interesting magazine.

I have just read the Critics Poll (db, Aug. 20) and although bothered by some of the choices I realize they are simply opinions and I am sure many people would disagree with mine. I was happy to see Johnny Hodges elected to the Hall of Fame. I, like all who have heard him, just wish he was still here to continue his work.

My main regrets as far as this poll goes are the absence of many names. I truly can't understand why names such as Cal Tjader, Terry Gibbs, Louis Bellson, the Don Ellis Band, Joe Farrell (on flute and tenor), Illinois Jacquet, Armando Peraza, Grant Green, Herb Ellis and so many others were not listed. I was also sorry to see the relatively low positions of Urbie Green, Paul Desmond, Stan Getz, Oscar Peterson, Gerry Mulligan, and most

surprisingly, Buddy DeFranco.

Perhaps after this lengthy list of talent, one might wonder what my suggestion is. It is simply this. When this year's Readers Poll and future polls come out, the entire ratings would be issued down to those who received one ballot. It may be a rather spacey article but I am sure that there are a number of other readers that feel as I do.

I honestly hope you will do this—there is nothing as important, at least as far as I am concerned, as people's opinions. After all, this is what makes jazz different from all other music.

Marshall Zucker

Rosedale, N.Y.

Polling DeMicheal's Leg

Considering Don DeMicheal's known and proven qualifications as a jazz critic, it is deplorable that he was not included in the 1970 Critics Poll. Furthermore, I do not believe there is a bass player named Rufus Reid.

Richard J. Hutchinson

Washington, D.C.

For those who may have missed the point of the above, Don DeMichael did indeed vote in the Critics Poll but restricted his choices to one musician—Rufus Reid—who not only exists but who has become one of the most in-demand bassists in Chicago.—Ed.

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BOOKER ERVIN 1930-1970

Tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin, 39, died Aug. 31 in Bellevue Hospital in New York City, a few days after surgical removal of a diseased kidney.

Born Booker Telleferro Ervin Jr. in Denison, Tex. Oct. 31, 1930, he played trombone in high school and later studied tenor at the Berklee School of Music. He played in a U.S. Air Force band on Okinawa in the early '50s, then settled for some years in Dallas, touring with the Ernie Fields band, and later was active in Denver and Pittsburgh.

Ervin came to New York in 1958 and worked and recorded with Horace Parlan,



but it was his association with Charles Mingus (from 1958-62) that brought him to international prominence. During this period, he also often worked with Randy Weston, with whom he appeared in Lagos, Nigeria in 1960.

Ervin was in Europe from 1964 to 1966, working in Scandinavia, France, Germany, Spain and other countries, and again visited in 1968. Intermittently, he led his own groups in the U.S.

One of the strongest and most individualistic of contemporary tenorists, Ervin never achieved the popular recognition that was his due, though his work was

much admired by serious jazz followers throughout the world. He was an uncompromising artist, but his highly emotional style communicated readily to the listener.

His big, powerful sound, which had in it some of the characteristically Texan "cry," was the perfect vehicle for his passionate, unceasingly inventive music. His playing was charged with energy, and he was a master of constructing long, flowingly coherent statements, often utilizing a personal approach to polyphony. Ervin was a magnificent blues player and a master of the art of the jazz ballad. At his best, he had few peers.

Ervin recorded with Mingus (*No Private Income Blues*), Parlan, Jaki Byard, Weston (*Berkshire Blues*), Don Patterson, and Dexter Gordon (*Settin' the Pace*), and led dates of his own on Savoy, Candid, Prestige, Fontana, Blue Note, and Pacific Jazz.

The greatest of these was the "Book" series on Prestige, on which producer Don Schlitten provided Ervin with ideal settings. These include *The Cook Book*, *The Blues Book*, *The Freedom Book*, and *The Space Book*, with the latter two perhaps outstanding.

Singling out individual tracks is made difficult by the high standards maintained throughout, but two from *Space Book*, *I Can't Get Started* and the second version of *Mojo*, the best-known of Ervin's own compositions, rank high in the legacy of a truly outstanding artist.

Memorial services were held Sept. 4 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Manhattan. James Moody, with Bobby Pierce on the church organ, performed Mike Longo's *Travel On*. Additional tributes were rendered by trumpeter Richard Williams, baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne and pianist Jaki Byard, and by bassist Bill Wood, who performed an oud solo. Many musicians, including Don Byas, Ornette Coleman, Charles Mingus, Kenny Burrell, Rahaan Roland Kirk, and Lenny McBrowne, attended the services. Pastor John Gensel delivered the eulogy.

Ervin is survived by his widow, the former Jane Wilkie; a son, Booker, a daughter, Lynn, his parents, and a brother and sister.

HEAVY SOUNDS CLOSE JAZZMOBILE SUMMER

The New York Jazzmobile concluded its successful summer season of free street concerts with a special week of performances by high-powered attractions, leading

Due to an unfortunate oversight, drummer Wilbur Campbell was omitted from the Critics Poll listings showing musicians who received 10 points or more. Campbell had a total of 15 points. —Ed.

off with a concert by Duke Ellington and his orchestra on 129th St. between 5th and Lenox Avenues in Harlem.

Ellington was presented with an award citing him for "his many years of dedicated service to the music of the black experience, jazz" at the Sept. 6 event.

The other performances, held on consecutive evenings in the Harlem area, featured Les McCann Ltd., the Horace Silver Quintet, the Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop, the Jazzmobile Workshop (a student band) with guest soloists Don Byas and Billy Taylor and instructors Joe Newman, Lee Morgan, Benny Powell, Jimmy and Kuumba (formerly Albert or Tootie) Heath, Billy Gault, and Richard Davis, winding up with Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Sept. 11.

DISCOGRAPHERS FORM INTERNATIONAL GROUP

An international group of discographical researchers, dedicated to the pooling of ideas and information and the informal organization of research has been formed.

The International Discographers Association (IDA) has already initiated several projects, including the compilation of corrections, addenda, updatings, etc., of standard discographical reference works, and the collection of data concerning transcriptions, piano rolls, and jazz on film.

IDA's officers include John R. T. Davies, George W. Hulme, Malcolm Walker, Walter C. Allen, and Karl Emil Knudsen. IDA would like to hear from any persons engaged in jazz research, and is seeking volunteers to assist with the various projects. Those interested should write c/o Storyville Publications, 63 Orford Road, Walthamstow, London E 17, England.

Other good news for collectors and discographers is that Vol. 1 of the long-awaited new edition of Brian Rust's *Jazz Records, A-Z, 1897-1942 (A-Kar)* has recently been published. It is available only from the above address. Volume 2 is due about November.

POTPOURRI

Pianist Randy Weston, a resident of Morocco for the past several years, has opened his own club in Tangiers, the African Rhythms Club. To the best of our knowledge, it is the only jazz club in North Africa.

Louis Armstrong and Pearl Bailey, a new and potent team, opened a two-week stand at Las Vegas' International Hotel Sept. 8. Though they have worked together on television, this was the first joint night club date for the two stars, and also Satchmo's first lengthy engagement since his return to action, and also the first

time he played his horn again in public.

Tranquility reigned at three rock-jazz concerts produced by Bill Graham of Fillmore fame at the Berkshire Music Center in Tanglewood, Mass. this summer. A total of 51,000 well-behaved people attended to hear groups including The Who, Miles Davis, Santana, Jethro Tull, It's A Beautiful Day, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, and Chicago.

The fifth anniversary of the Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. in Manhattan will be celebrated Oct. 11 with a 12-hour marathon jazz festival, starting at 5 p.m. Among those scheduled to perform are Clark Terry and his big band, Alice Coltrane, Joe Newman, Kenny Burrell, Howard McGhee, Eddie Bonnemere, and singer Ruth Brisbain.

The 31-date, 6-concert 1970 Schaefer Music Festival in New York's Central Park, which concluded Aug. 23, was the best of five seasons for the annual event, both in terms of attendance and luck with the weather. For the first time, not a single concert was rained out. Many well-known

jazz artists were among the performers in the series.

Clifford Thornton's recent six-week trip to Europe and North Africa included appearances at festivals in Tunisia and Antibes with Archie Shepp's group, a Paris record date with Shepp, and a stint at the French Festival Avignon with his own band. Thornton was scheduled to return to Europe in early October for concerts, club dates, and radio and TV work with a quartet co-led by drummer Rashied Ali.

Philadelphia's most active jazz club these days is the Aqua Lounge, where Dexter Gordon recently made his last U.S. appearance prior to returning to Denmark. An interesting new group, the New York Art Quartet (not to be confused with the defunct group of the same name co-led by John Tchicai and Roswell Rudd), was scheduled to make its debut there Sept. 14 through 19, with Wayne Shorter, soprano and tenor saxophones; Sonny Greenwich, guitar; Ron Carter, bass, and Joe Chambers, drums. Shorter has not been seen much since leaving Miles Davis, and Greenwich, a truly remarkable Canadian

musician who briefly worked in the U.S. with John Handy some years ago, is a legend among his contemporaries, who seldom leaves home.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Jonah Jones and his Quartet, featuring Cozy Cole, was back at the Rainbow Grill for a three-week stint beginning Sept. 8. The trumpeter followed Duke Ellington . . . Multi-reedman Kenneth Terroade was in from Europe for the month of September . . . *Jazz in the Garden*, the Museum of Modern Art Series, concluded with Jimmy McGriff and his organ trio plus Jam Factory Aug. 27 . . . The East Village "In" featured singer Joe Lee Wilson Aug. 26-30, backed by a band including Monty Waters, alto sax; Danny Mixon, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Rashied Ali, congas, and Al Hicks or Marvin Pettilo, drums. The Kenny Dorham-Hank Mobley Quintet followed Sept. 2-6, and Roy Ayers' group Sept. 9-13 . . . The Suffolk *Jazz in Greenport* program featured the Benny Powell Sextet with singer Joe Carroll Aug. 30 . . . Charles Mingus continued at the Top of

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By LEONARD FEATHER

THE NAME OF THE GAME

POLARIZATION SEEMS TO be the name of the all-American game, whether on the national level or simply on the music front. In the latter area, I was astonished to read, in *Jet* magazine's *People Are Talking About* gossip column, the following paragraph:

(People Are Talking About) . . . "the second fiddle trumpeter Miles Davis is playing to Johnny-come-lately white rock groups in recent concerts where he has fronted a combo that is far from Black. Not only is The Great One listed in small print as an 'extra added attraction,' but he comes on first instead of holding down the star's spot."

This is the kind of arrant nonsense that not only misleads the reader factually, but tends to foment trouble in an already explosive area.

Although the writer named no specific event or events, he could have had in mind a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, for which The Band was the main attraction, with the Miles Davis Quintet appearing in a supporting role.

It is common knowledge to all but the most ignorant or willfully nearsighted observer that rock acts, particularly those that have attained massive record sales as has The Band, have tremendous box

office drawing power, compared to which even the greatest jazz names are, from the promoter's viewpoint, relatively lacking in potency. It's a Barnum and Bailey world, a world in which Jimi Hendrix, the Who, the Guess Who and the God Knows Who are playing at giant bowls and forums with close to 20,000 capacity, earning staggering five-figure nightly fees, while Freddie Hubbard, Gary Burton, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Bill Evans, Dizzy Gillespie and a hundred other jazz giants never get to see the inside of such places, let alone top the bill there. It's a matter of rock outgrossing jazz, not white demoting black.

The fact that Miles Davis did land a booking at the Hollywood Bowl, while no other jazz artist played any major evening concert there during the entire season, was cause for rejoicing in many circles, and was attributed almost entirely to the fact that *Bitches Brew* had sold in unexpectedly large quantities to what was believed to be a predominantly youthful, rock-oriented audience.

As for Davis' place on the show, it has been a well-know fact for many years that he always prefers to go on first, whether he is the star or not, simply because he likes to be able to get away early. *Jet's* reporter could have checked that out with anyone who has been to a concert in which Miles has taken part.

The same news item fans the flames still further by reporting that the most outspoken criticism of Davis has come from Eddie Harris, "who put down Miles' new 'white image' in a New York press conference, adding that these same non-Black musicians currently playing with Miles soon will be cutting Black brothers out of gigs they should have."

Whether Harris actually said this or not, the manner in which it is reported

is shoddy and misleading. The use of such terms as "far from Black" and "non-Black" is *Jet's* way of getting around the fact that Davis' group at that time included musicians of Afro-American, Puerto Rican and Brazilian origin as well as a couple of whites, one English and one American.

Nobody who has ever known Miles Davis, has read his acidulous comments through the years, is aware of his constructive militancy and his basically humanistic, non-racist attitude, can possibly believe such scurrilous absurdities. For Eddie Harris or *Jet* or anyone else to level charges of this nature with any justification, positive evidence would have to be adduced that there was a sinister motive in his hiring of these musicians. Of course, it couldn't be done. Dave Holland, Airtio Moreira, Jack De Johnette, Chick Corea and Steve Grossman gained their jobs with Miles' combo (and Joe Zawinul and John McLaughlin were added for his album) because they were, in his mature opinion, best suited to a particular group sound he had in mind.

We are going through a period of unparalleled agony in our society, with hatreds mounting on either side of an ever-higher racial fence, while white critics try to outrance one another in a sort of "Tom-Uncle" attempt to show a more-militant-than-thou face to black musicians. Clearly this is the worst of times for unfounded, ill-researched tattling.

If he designed to talk to them, I'd like to hear what Miles Davis might offer by way of a response and lecture to these messengers of ignorance. Since he must certainly find the accusations unworthy of reply, we are not likely to enjoy this particular pleasure. If he ever did decide to sound off, his answer would emerge, in these nerve-wracking times, as a desperately needed sound of sanity. 

GRASS ROOTS JAZZ PROTEST HITS TV

When Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Lee Morgan led a group of some 60 musicians and friends of jazz in a demonstration which interrupted the Aug. 27 taping of the *Merv Griffin Show* at the CBS studios in New York (*db*, Oct. 1), they initiated a movement for more jazz and black music on television that shows promise of gathering effective momentum.

The decision to invade a nationally known talk-show and peacefully demonstrate on behalf of jazz was not made on the spur of the moment. For some time, Kirk and other jazzmen have attempted to obtain guest shots on shows of this nature through conventional channels, but these attempts invariably resulted in a "not interested" response. So they decided to use an unorthodox approach.

On Aug. 27, the people who had assembled at 6th Ave. and 47th St. were greeted by Kirk with a wooden flute and instructed to blow hard on it when given the signal. Each person was also given several petitions to hand out to the audience. The demonstrators then moved on to queue up for the Griffin show. Tickets had been passed out but up to then nobody knew exactly what show was to be struck. Everyone filed in in orderly fashion and proceeded to observe the taping.

About a half hour after the taping had begun, Kirk rose, aided by Joe Texidor, and made his way to the stage, playing his horns. The demonstrators accompanied him from their seats with flutes and police whistles and started to pass out the petitions.

Several younger musicians and students displayed signs with slogans such as "This protest is just the beginning", "Stop the whitewash now, hire more black artists on TV", etc. Meanwhile, the house band played *Lover*, louder and louder. But even a whole studio band couldn't cope with the demonstrators—above it all, Kirk cut through loud and clear. The band finally gave up.

Now, Lee Morgan joined Kirk on stage, followed by Ron Jefferson. Some people in the studio audience made comments like "In Russia, they would have put you in jail five minutes ago", and "How can they do this to poor Merv!"

The object of their affections, meanwhile, was making such comments as "We're stopping the taping. Everyone please go home . . . we've got Dick Gregory and an ambassador from Africa on the show tonight . . ."

In the interim, various demonstrating musicians had taken to the stage and were talking to the audience and to wire service and television reporters who had arrived quickly. Billy Harper led a discussion on stage while Kirk and Morgan were talking privately with Griffin staffers backstage. Harper politely explained the aims of the demonstration.

Morgan and Kirk returned to the stage reporting they had been reassured that the talent booker for the show would make an effort to hear and consider jazz talent for the show. The demonstrators left peacefully after being assured that their representatives would be contacted for further discussion by network spokesmen.

The net result two weeks later had been a series of discussions with Griffin staffers and other CBS personnel. At presstime, the negotiations had yielded a promise of more jazz on the Griffin show which is shortly moving its operational base to Los Angeles.

However, the Griffin show is not the prime target of Jazz And Peoples Movement, as the thus far loosely-structured organization headed by Kirk calls itself. At a meeting held Sept. 8 at the Village Vanguard (the fourth such at the club, which has donated its premises for the purpose). Kirk said that Griffin was merely "a symbol of TV", and that the movement's aim was to obtain across-the-board recognition for jazz and black music on television and radio.

Among the stated demands of the JPM are the appointment of a board of jazz musicians to coordinate production of at least three to four jazz specials per season, designed to educate the public to jazz, r&b, gospel, etc., to expose deserving talent (not always established names), and present the music in its historical context; using hosts or presenters knowledgeable about the music and qualified to discuss it rather than "personalities"; more highlighting of black musicians on regular TV programs (i.e., talk shows, game shows, serials, etc.); more visibility and credit for jazz musicians on network staff bands such as Clark Terry on the *Tonight Show*, etc.; options for musicians appearing in guest spots to also participate in discussion panels or be interviewed by the host; adequate promotion including advertising in black media, and the hiring of black producers, directors, talent coordinators, etc. by television networks.

At the Vanguard, some 125 persons, including many musicians, discussed strategy for implementing these demands. The discussion ranged far afield, but while all present agreed that pressure on behalf of jazz should be brought to bear in many areas, it was decided to concentrate on the TV and radio targets for the present.

Since the first demonstration had proved effective, especially in terms of national publicity, it was decided to attempt another "invasion", and a tentative date was set for late September (for obvious reasons the exact date and name of the show were not made public). The legal ramifications of such tactics were debated, with advice from a lawyer present, and while it was thoroughly understood that there could be risks involved (arrests for breach of the peace, etc.), the majority opinion was to go ahead. ("There'll be a demonstration if I have to demonstrate by myself," Kirk said at one point.)

However, it was also agreed that registered letters and/or telegrams stating the aims of the movement and requesting meetings should be sent to top-echelon executives at all major networks prior to the next demonstration to prove that normal channels had been exhausted.

Committees were formed to draft letters, research existing coverage of jazz by the broadcast media, set up press conferences, etc. Among those present were a number of persons involved in various fields of communications including advertising and the music business, some of whom volunteered their services.

It was the substance of the discussion that the movement should not be based on a narrowly racial platform and should take an artistic rather than political approach. Those present represented a broad spectrum of views, but consensus was readily obtained.

Among plans discussed for the future were petitions to the FCC, especially in cases involving renewals of licenses for radio and TV stations, coordinated on a nationwide basis (it was pointed out that numerous local movements working in this direction already exist); campaigns directed

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UPI PHOTO

LES McCANN: an appreciation

by mike bourne

I RECALL FIRST HEARING Les McCann several years ago on a Sunday night Saint Louis jazz radio program I often taped—playing, I remember faintly, *Con Alma*.

But why I recall that particular moment rises not from any memory of a spectacular McCann performance, but rather because my recording of that nonetheless good piece ultimately stimulated a great revelation for me: that despite the pleasure (because I had never then heard of Les McCann Ltd., although immediately intrigued by the group title), I began speculating whether his music was worth keeping! And suddenly, with that question, I recognized a rather virulent esthetic hypocrisy within myself: that I had been far too long appreciating the image, or more ridiculous the name, of my favorite artists, rather than sincerely listening to their music—and this attitude, of course, remains a constant poison of pop culture today. Therefore, after such a caustic internal confession, *Con Alma* or whatever McCann had played (the tape is long since demised) remained, for the first time perhaps because the music was simply fine and not because McCann moved or did not move the heavy dudes of the day.

But somehow I never heard McCann again until college, when from a series of collusions in that popular diversion of bilking record clubs, I was able to procure a “free bonus” copy of *Les McCann Plays The Shout* (Pacific Jazz T-90055). And once again I was impressed, although once again the impression seemed initially extra-musical: that the warm communication McCann created with his audience was a charm more engaging than any I had ever previously witnessed. His introduction to tunes, his casual rapping, the veritable stage presence of the man—and this all on a record!—described the currency of an uncommon performer.

Yet I had not overlooked the music as before, but became more conscious the more I listened of how McCann could translate this personal appeal, the time-worn charisma, into his musical context. And this perhaps became my first comprehension of the affective powers of self in art, even my first critical judgment—for in a club environment as on *The Shout* (live at The Bit on Sunset Strip), one does not generally command any great constant attention, especially for “cocktail” jazz

or whatever category popular songs and booze define. Yet he proved a commander at the gate, most remarkably midway into the first number, *But Not for Me*, when a passage of absolute silence happened, Les descending softly to piano whispers and then to the pure human tension among the players sans volume or even sound, without losing the audience involvement. Thus, the McCann energy playing this kind of music, usually deemed quasi-hip Muzak, the landscaping for on-the-town tavern frivolity, more so exposed a very special talent.

Furthermore, *The Shout* also featured my favorite bop tune, *Night in Tunisia*, among the stellar repertoire, and eventually seduced my drumming

urge to play along—so that by practicing my timekeeping and conversation attitudes, even through such a limited one-way directive as a record, I could soon touch the McCann style much more intimately than merely hearing. And therefore later, after my fascination for Les thrust me after copies of *Les McCann Plays The Truth* (Pacific Jazz: T-90462) and *Les McCann Plays The Shampoo* (Pacific Jazz ST-90480), and finally the excellent Afro-soul *McCanna* (Pacific Jazz PJ-84), having actually purchased two of them, my practicing and ardent listening rapidly evolved to a point of knowledge at which I might have joined Les McCann Ltd. without rehearsal, so close did I

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GIUSEPPE PINO

Jimmy Smith: A New Deal For The Boss

by Harvey Siders

EVER TRY TO TALK to Jimmy Smith? I mean really rap with the guy? We got together recently in an unlikely setting: a Chinese restaurant on the Sunset Strip. Between bowls of Won Ton, dry noodles, almond cookies, and a couple of gallons of tea, we talked of many things: jazz, rock, Miles, Denny McLain, astrology, *down beat*, Baldwins and Hammonds, and cabbages and kings.

Actually, I listened. Jimmy talked. Well actually, Jimmy *choreographed* the conversation. He was as restless as a bubble-gummer at Woodstock. Talking to him was like watching an acrobat work out on a trampoline. No wonder he's so thin. As a matter of fact, the Smith physique is on the treadmill to extinction. When Jimmy was discharged from the Navy in 1947, he weighed in at 155. The now Smith tips the scales at 146 soaking wet. "Keep sweating," he advised. "That's what takes it off."

Of course the conversation had to begin somewhere. I decided to use the sophisticated approach. "What the hell's a *mojo*?" When he straightened me out and informed me that it was a "spell—like a hex," he proceeded to enlighten me about the new direction that *his* was taking.

"When you become tops in your field, they tend to put you aside. People take you for granted. Oh sure, I keep winning in *down beat* and all the polls, but you don't have to prove yourself anymore. In 1955 I *had* to prove I could do it. I played all the clubs—all the joints and all the top clubs—and my records did real well. But I reached the top. I proved I was the genius and that's when they start taking you for granted.

"Well, what's wrong with leveling off at the top of the heap? 'Genius' sounds like a nice plateau to stay on."

"That's just it," Smith replied the challenge is gone. Now I have to prove that I can play with these kids. This is the new direction I'm going in."

"Where's the challenge in that direction? You can play rock with one hand and one foot."

"Aha." And that was the signal for a

balletic leap worthy of Nijinsky. "These kids plays such simple things that I find it difficult. Dig? I had to practice to play *Bridge Over Troubled Water*. You hear me? It was so simple I had to *practice*. Man, you talk about a *gap*: they can't play jazz, but we can't play rock. Don't let *nobody* kid you."

At this point the table became his manuals and the floor became his pedals. He screwed his hands until they resembled an arthritis poster.

"See—here's what the kids play: C-E-G. Just a simple triad. Now watch." And his hands stretched until they practically embraced the 88 imaginary keys. "Full chords—aargh." And he pounded out some 11ths and 13ths, singing the tension in a manner that defies spelling, but it seemed to delight the other patrons while astonishing the waiters.

"You know something about the kids today? They may not know it, but I can hear it. They're all heading towards jazz. Where is the young jazz musician coming from today? He's coming out of the rock groups. And you know how to prove that? Find out what the kids are listening to these days. Find out who they're trying to imitate. Monk, Miles, Trane."

Which led Smith to one of his favorite dreams: establishing a school of music, either in San Diego or in Los Angeles. "I've had that in the back of my mind for years. A school like Berklee. They really need one out here. I want to teach these kids the right way to approach music—especially jazz. What I mean is, you can't teach a kid to improvise, but you can get inside him and give him the fundamentals. You know, harmony, theory, and his instrument. I'm telling you—simple as these kids are, they're heading right toward jazz.

"Another thing about today's kids," Smith continued. "They help each other out, the way jazz musicians *used* to. The rock kids jam together and show each other runs and changes. But did you ever see young jazz musicians do that?" On this cue, he slouched down in the booth, nearly out of sight. With most of his wiry

torso hidden below the table, he peered at me furtively over his shoulder. I looked around self-consciously, but the incredible one, the uninhibited one was in one of his acting moods and he was putting body English into every pronouncement. "See here? Here's the young jazzman today. They hide their knowledge."

I tried to get him back to a normal, upright position with some biographical-type questions. He not only got upright; he got upright.

"I hate interviews. No, some are Ok, but they're usually so boring. They'll start off by saying, 'Oh, Mr. Smith, you uh, played a Bb, uh'"—and Jimmy began walking around the table holding up an imaginary pad. Then he was off on a related tangent.

"Tell me something. Why is it so many artists get so much attention when they die? Why do you fellows have to wait until it's too late to honor a musician. I say give me the honors, the memorials now while I'm alive. I can use the money to start a school. Don't wait until I'm gone."

Now he was cooking—just like one of his up-tempo blues solos. Thoughts overlapped as if a Pandora's Box of gripes had been opened.

"Another thing. Why should the readers pick the musicians for your polls? How would a non-musician know if someone is good or not? People rely on *down beat* for expert opinion. Why doesn't your magazine put together a panel of musicians to pick the poll winners. Y'know, like ballplayers picking the All-Star team, dig? That way Stan Getz wouldn't keep winning on tenor. Write that down. A panel." At which point, Smith's nose was about six inches from my notebook.

"And here's another thing you can write: I'm the first organist to make your cover. And it's about time. Mind you I'm not angry. In fact, make sure you thank the head man at your magazine for the honor. It's just that I know I'm a genius, man."

Coming from anyone else, the self-evaluation "genius" would make me nauseous. But there is something about his use of the word that sounds accurate. It doesn't derive from believing his own billing. It's more a question of knowing what his capabilities are and proclaiming it as matter-of-factly as he would "Jimmy Smith, musician." No one would deny that as a jazz organist, he is a genius. And if you could see him under ideal conditions, *e.g.*, emoting in a Chinese restaurant, you wouldn't call him conceited; merely self-confident: Completely his own man. "I'm a Sagittarius, you know. I'll do whatever I think is right and I don't give a ——— what others think or say. I'm the genius. I'm the artist people have to respect."

His not caring about others' reactions was really in response to a question about "selling out." Smith made it clear that by changing his direction he was not *playing down* to the kids—rather *keeping up* with them. He likened himself to Miles Davis on that score. "You can't say Miles is selling out can you? He's keeping up with the kids, playing all those modal things. That's what a lot of the rock groups are playing nowadays: modes.

"Another thing about Miles. He doesn't



RON HOWARD

snub the people. When he turns his back on them, it's to give his sideman a chance to blow. Anyway, he's Gemini. But that doesn't change the picture as far as the public is concerned. They're obliged to understand the artist."

Smith finds more understanding from a college audience than a club audience. "People come in clubs, ask for a tune" he said. "You play it. The guy is either making out or eyeing the waitress, then later he asks why you didn't play his request. Burns me up. Anyway clubs are noisy and there's too much activity. College audiences really pay attention.

"You know, for a while people thought I was away from the scene because I didn't record. Hell, I was just touring, playing clubs. And I don't mind telling you, I'm sick of playing *The Cat*, *Virginia Woolf*, *Hoochie Kooche* and *Walk On the Wild Side*. You know something else? A lot of black folks consider those white tunes.

"I learned one thing from this tour: Duke was right. If you don't record, people have to come to the club and hear you."

Now with this "new direction," Jimmy Smith has been more than anxious to record. Under the musical direction of Johnny Pate and the benevolent prodding of his new manager Lola Ward, Jimmy has fashioned two new albums for MGM: *The Other Side of Jimmy Smith* (all ballads); and *Jimmy Smith Gets It Together* (all rock).

"The ballad album is the best thing I've ever done. As for the rock album, it's a bit more sophisticated even though the heavy rock beat is behind me."

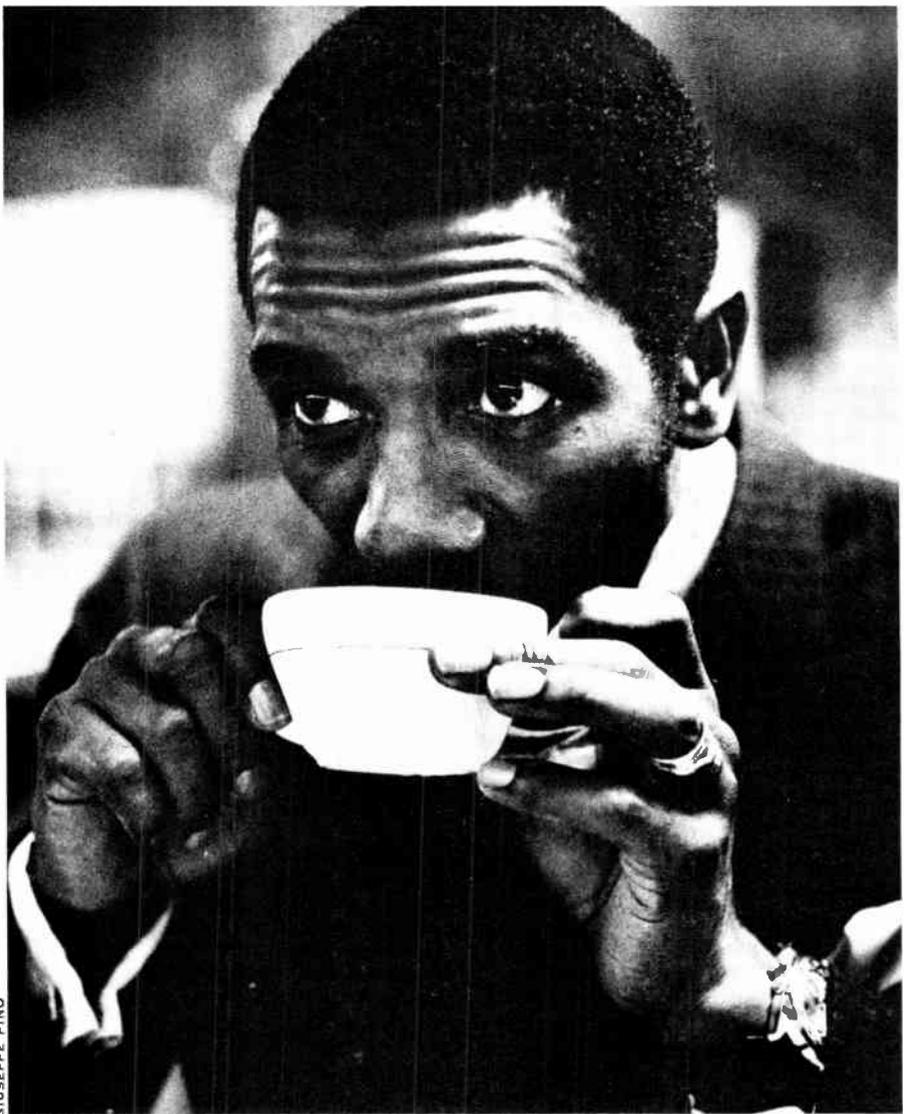
What's really behind Jimmy at the moment is Lola Ward, San Diego's empressario of jazz. What ever Lola wants, Lola usually gets, and she has three important things in her favor: looks that would give Lena Horne competition; her attorney-husband Bob who adds a dimension of legal security; and a passionate love for jazz going back to the time she owned San Diego's top jazz club, Ward's Jazzville.

That's where she met Smith and their relationship blossomed to the point where she is now exercising her persuasive charms to mold his revitalized career. He tries to give her a hard time (he recently disconnected his phone when he simply did not wish to be bugged), and she displays infinite patience, chalking up all his transgressions to his artistic temperament.

They both have high hopes for the new image, and while Lola has already finalized plans for a near-future tour of Japan and Australia, Jimmy wants a crack at Las Vegas. "I want to take a show into one of those lounges. I know I can satisfy both the old fogeys and the young ones too. That is, if the album clicks. And there's no reason why the rock album can't be another *Bitches Brew*."

"Any static from guitarist Ed McFadden or drummer Candy Finch on the new direction?" I asked.

"Hell no. They want to make money just as much as I do." And Smith can use it right now; he's going through an expensive divorce proceeding. What will probably result in some meaningful loot



GIUSEPPE PINGO

is being worked on at this very moment. The Baldwin Company is hoping to give Hammond a run for its money, and the focal point of their plans is Jimmy Smith. The Baldwin factory is currently re-styling the model it made for Jimmy to his specifications.

"You know one way to make this Sagittarian angry? Mention the name Denny McLain. Would you believe that a company gave McLain a fortune and put him in Vegas to endorse their organ?" (It so happens I heard a recording by the Detroit Tigers' pitcher and by way of review, let me say that Jimmy's anger is completely justified. On the entire album there were no hits, no runs, and the only error was in allowing McLain to record it.)

Trying a change-up (that's a baseball pun) after the McLain bit, I asked him about his personal tastes in jazz. The first thing he said did not surprise me at all. "I don't like to listen to other organists. No—wait, there is one. Only one: Les Strand. He was the Tatum of the organ."

When he said "Tatum," I asked, "Well, what about him?"

"Well of course. I usually start with Art Tatum, then I go to the underdogs." He flashed a boyish smile and confessed, "I hope Oscar Peterson doesn't read this. I don't mean to slur him. I have to include Oscar and Ahmad Jamal. Now they are truly great pianists."

When Smith talked about the "truly great" jazz men, he seemed to betray a certain longing for the proper recognition of jazz artists. He paused momentarily, played with some noodles, then leaned over toward my notebook once again. "Hey, write this: why do jazzmen have to play rock in order to communicate?"

I thought it was going to be a rhetorical question, but suddenly he volunteered the answer: Because people still don't know _____ about jazz—especially those young, know-it-all hippy jazz cats."

It was one of the most serious moments in an otherwise spastic conversation. Sure Smith had it up to here playing *The Cat*, *et al*, but he's still a pure, unadulterated jazz man, cut from the same cloth as the heavyweights he listed: Tatum, Oscar, Jamal, Les Strand.

A new direction can be most beneficial—even exciting, but Jimmy and Lola Ward will have to do considerable soul-searching to make sure it's the right direction. A jazz genius could easily become a flawed rock.

Considering the fact that "the future" was on both our minds at the time, it's remarkable that neither of us bothered to read the fortunes inside the cookies. I can imagine that Jimmy's might have read: "Pull out all the stops for your new undertaking." Mine would have predicted: "A mojo man will come into your life and you will have a talk on the wild side." 

ROLAND HANNA: INSIDE INSIGHT

by John Hasse

Born in Detroit in 1932, Roland Hanna is one of the up-and-coming pianists in jazz today. He is perhaps best known for his work with Charlie Mingus and his present position as pianist for the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra. I have come to know him as a sensitive person, an excellent teacher, and an exciting pianist. Deciding that he is one of the most underrated musicians in jazz, I felt that publication of an interview with him would help to remedy this situation.

J.H.: When did you first play piano?

R.H.: When I was about five years old in Detroit, I used to play games in an alley in the wintertime and once I found a book of music. I took it home, dusted off the snow, and started to teach myself to play the piano. When I was two years old, my father had taught me to read and write, so finding a book at five was nothing for me because I could read it.

I taught myself for years. By the time I was 8, I could play Bach preludes and inventions, Chopin nocturnes, a little Mozart, a couple middle Beethoven sonatas. It wasn't until I was 11 that I got a piano teacher.

During the first two or three years in high school, I also played alto sax a lot. At Northern High School in Detroit, I used to skip all my classes and practice the piano from 7 a.m. until 11 p.m. I'd be in the auditorium all day. If I had music class, I'd go; if the class was academic, I'd skip it. The janitor got to know me so well that on certain days he'd give me a key to the front door of the building.

J.H.: When did you first become interested in jazz?

R.H.: Until I was 13, I didn't like jazz. It wasn't until I met Tommy Flanagan, a classmate of mine. I used to stand behind him and listen to what Bird, Lester, Young, and Coleman Hawkins played in their solos. He had a great ear; he played with such facility and technique that I became interested in jazz.

At the same time, during the summer we used to go up to a place called Birdhurst where Major Holley was Recreation Counselor. Birdhurst was a school which in the summertime was a community center. And we used to get "blues conversation" from Major Holley—how to play the blues. So those things coupled together started my interest in jazz. And since that time, there hasn't been much of anything else.

During the years 1945-1950 until I went into the service, the kind of musicians I came in contact with were of the highest quality. For example, in 1945, after I got this interest in jazz through Tommy Flanagan, I used to go to Freddie Guinyards' and listen to Willie Hawkins, a pianist. Willie was a very good friend of Art Tatum, and every time Art was in town, he would come to Guinyards' and play, starting at 2 or 3 a.m. and not finishing till 6 or 7. Sometimes we'd sit there and listen to him all night. So this is how Art became my biggest influence. By my saying that he is my biggest influence, I'm not saying that I try to sound like him, but that I try to carry on in the tradition that he started—in the tradition of

piano playing that Tatum actually began. That tradition is to *compose at the moment one is actually improvising.*

Charlie Parker carried on in that tradition, Coleman Hawkins carried on in that tradition, Dizzy Gillespie carries on in that tradition, Miles Davis carries on in that tradition, and so does the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra. I try to do this in my playing too. After I came out of the army, I realized how important it was to have a thorough background in the classics. I decided to go to the Juilliard School of Music. But first, I went to Eastman, and in order to support myself I played in night clubs. One in particular was Joe Squeezers'. At that time, Eastman didn't have a liberal faculty, as they do today; and the instructors, who recognized me as one of the students at the school, told me the next day that they didn't allow their students to play jazz in public or in private. That was 16 years ago.

I left Eastman right away quick! I went back to Detroit. Then in 1955, I went to Juilliard and got the classical training I wanted.

During the time I was at Juilliard, I began playing with various groups around the city and formed my own trio, which was very fine. George Tucker and Bobby Thomas were a part of that. Then I was called to go out with Benny Goodman and I worked with Benny for a year, did the Brussels World's Fair and a tour of Europe. After that, I was with Charlie Mingus for about a year. I was still in Juilliard all this time, having had a leave of absence while in Europe.

In 1960, after finishing at Juilliard, I went with Sarah Vaughan, which in a sense was my introduction to being an accompanist. And there I met Richard Davis and Percy Brice. Richard and Percy both became close personal friends. I learned many new musical directions from Richard, a true innovator.

After gaining some practical experience with Sarah Vaughan, I worked with Al Hibbler for a couple of years and I gained a different approach to the experience of accompanying. It is my belief that the experience one gains from accompanying an excellent singer is invaluable in relation to performing with other instrumentalists—knowing when to listen, what to listen for, and how to interpret what you're listening to.

J.H.: About this time, didn't you renew an old acquaintance with Coleman Hawkins?

R.H.: In 1963, when I had my trio at the Five Spot working opposite Thelonious Monk, I renewed an acquaintance I'd had with Coleman Hawkins. During the years 1959 and 1960, I used to play a TV show, *Art Ford's Jazz Party*, and would often play with Coleman Hawkins; I was on the show at least 12 or 13 times. Coleman would often appear as a guest, and we became friends. Then, at the Five Spot, I met him again and began to work with him on various jobs around the country.

Coleman Hawkins was a musician without peer, and I feel that it was not until my contact and relationship with him as a friend that I was able to put to use all the materials of music that I had previously learned. He was probably the only musician

I have met who I could feel complete empathy with because of his background and love for classical music. And through him, it became even more possible for me to use many of the classical techniques I had learned in my expressive playing. (I don't want to categorize it, because it's not "jazz improvisation.")

We spent many hours listening to the Bach cello sonatas, and the Ravel, Debussy, and Bartok string quartets. As a matter of fact, Coleman's record library was so extensive in terms of the classics that he had almost everything that was needed for the complete musical repertoire—such as the Beethoven and Mahler symphonies, Richard Strauss, and of course Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Ives—anybody who was supposed to be anybody, he had them. Not only did he have a complete record library, but he had an extensive library of literature on music, which was a great deal more accessible to me than the library at Juilliard. Not only scores, but also treatises and discourses on the composers and their works.

The most important thing I think I learned from Coleman is that the real musician who intends to perform in any way must learn to listen to other music as much or more than he intends to play.

J.H.: Didn't you work on a project in Japan with Thad Jones about this time?

R.H.: In 1964, I was asked to do a score for a movie by some people from Japan. Although I didn't actually do the complete score, I did several of the important compositions for it. I took a group with me of Thad Jones, Ernie Farrow on bass, Albert Heath on drums, and myself on piano. We made the soundtrack for the movie, and in addition we played several concerts in and around Tokyo. I don't know how successful the movie was, but the concerts were fairly successful. While working with Thad on this project, I strongly urged him to form his own big band, but it wasn't until 1966 that he finally made up his mind. Now I'm a part of that band.

J.H.: It seems to me that you're busier than ever before.

R.H.: I participated in a clinic at Washington University in St. Louis held by Oliver Nelson and Ron Carter. I also recorded what I consider my first classical recording—the music of Erik Satie. . . . I'm with the New York Jazz Sextet, and we've been quite active doing concerts around the country for the last four years. The Sextet has four regular members: Billy Cobman, Hubert Laws, Ron Carter, and myself. Besides the Sextet, I've been very active with my own trio (Buddy Catlett and Eddie Locke), playing jobs at the Half Note, Club Baron, in and around New Jersey, and concerts in Long Island. We were also the rhythm section for the last recording that Coleman Hawkins made.

Besides the four albums I've done with Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, I've recorded with Elvin Jones, Ray Nance, Eddie Daniels, Eddie Lockjaw Davis, Les McCann, and Herbie Mann. Among others, I did a TV commercial for the Pittsburgh Paint Company with my trio, and its a jazz commercial—not nonsense—it's really jazz. This

commercial was seen on the Liberace Show. It sounds incongruous, doesn't it? In addition to that, I teach piano privately at my own studios in Manhattan. I spend a lot of time composing—writing tunes. But the real work comes in the arranging of these tunes.

J.H.: Earlier you mentioned composing at the exact moment you're improvising. Could you elaborate a little?

R.H.: When you write the printed note on a page, that note is there. It is supposed to be there as long as the paper lasts, you know? It's supposed to be just so, just right. If you play a C7 chord on

ly what sounds you want in a given structural composition or song. The notes develop—your mind is constantly working, thinking of how you want these notes to move—and the notes develop and you begin to hear things that actually create mental images or pictures or whatever. And if you have developed yourself to the point where you are playing everything you hear, then the music starts to flow and your playing makes logical sense to someone listening.

The tradition I was talking about is that with Charlie Parker you sense and you hear and you *know*—after many repeated

great classical, romantic, baroque, impressionistic, or modern composers. It's in that tradition because the composer who sits down to write music has to hear in his mind before he puts it on the paper exactly what he wants. He has an advantage over the musician who's improvising because he has time to correct the notes if they aren't exactly what he hears in his mind. You see—he's got all the time in the world to put the notes down and then change them. If it's an F he hears, and then he reworks the chord or the sound of the whatever and the F isn't right for that instrument, he can change it to make it right. Whereas the improviser must be able to hear that right then and there, and strive to reach the same point that the composer or arranger or orchestrator is working for and has the time to work for.

J.H.: So it's a lot more than having a good ear; it's being able to hear it in your mind—hear it ahead of time. It's kind of a good ear in advance.

R.H.: Much more. It's like having a thought or an idea, having no words for the idea, and then taking your time and letting the thought come through, evolve, so that it comes through coherently.

J.H.: How did you develop this ability to compose at the moment you're improvising? Did you work on it systematically, or did it just evolve and then you realized it had come? How would you tell a young player that he could develop this—is there any set way, or one day do you just realize that you're doing it?

R.H.: No, there isn't any set way because each person has to approach this kind of thing in his own way. But that person must study and constantly be aware of what he's doing. He must always be listening not only to the notes, but to the unheard tones—the ones that don't produce vibrations on your eardrums—the sounds that you "hear" that are not even there. You have to listen and listen and listen—learn to recognize, just as you'd learn to recognize people. Out of the three billion people on earth, I imagine if you met 10,000, and you really got to know them by spending a day with each one of them, in your 10,000 days you'd *know* 10,000 different faces.

Well, in music you meet 10,000 different combinations of notes. And consequently, you have to recognize them. You have to learn to know what sounds will make what. When the police are trying to trap a murderer and someone has seen that person and he describes that person's face, the police make a composite of noses, mouths, eyes, chins, hair and everything else, and they produce the face of the person. Out of the thousands and thousands of noses, colors of eyes and whatever, the police produce the face that looks like the one the witness saw. Not the exact face, but its close facsimile.

Well, the same thing happens with the piano. You put all these combinations together, and you choose and pick until you can select the right one. And it's only through that constant effort of trying to develop your inner ear to the point that you hear it inside before its played—it's

(Continued on page 34)



JAN PERSSON

the piano, C E G B-flat, you hear the notes and they sound—ping. If a band plays a C7 chord, it's got to be voiced a certain way. If it's not voiced a certain way, it's not going to get a quality. And in order to learn what quality you want, you have to work a long time listening, trying to understand how the instruments play the notes, what kind of overtones they give, and how the notes work together.

So it's the same thing when you're playing spontaneously at the moment, when you're actually performing; you have to hear in your mind the notes that you want to perform. You have to know exact-

listenings, of course, because everyone who plays music doesn't hear it the same way but develop so that it all goes in the same direction—you hear in listening to someone like Charlie Parker that the sounds he makes have been well-coordinated in his mind before he's produced them. And having as many avenues of movement as he has through all the years of practicing and working and listening to himself, he's able to move through all the channels of music that he makes.

This tradition, again, that I'm talking about is in the sense of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms—any of the

THE WORLD OF TOMMY FLANAGAN

by Elliot Meadow

It is among the many ironies of the contemporary jazz scene, that one of the music's greatest pianists has been active for most of the past seven years as an accompanist to singers—from 1963 to 1965 for Ella Fitzgerald, then for Tony Bennett, and currently again with Ella.

Backing such great singers is an exacting and demanding task, and Tommy Flanagan handles it superbly. Yet it seems a

impression is of a calm, thoughtful, witty and warm human being. It is not easy to draw him into talking about himself—his career or his future. Modesty is an almost forgotten virtue today, but not in Flanagan's case.

Flanagan's early influence, when he was growing up in Detroit, were Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, and Hank Jones. At that time, Detroit was over-

working with Thad, Billy Mitchell, and Kenny Burrell. Kenny and I left together for New York early in 1956. Most of the opportunities had been exhausted in Detroit and it was time for a change."

Flanagan's talents were quickly accepted in New York, though he "had to pay the usual dues." During the late 1950s, he established himself as a potent force on the New York scene, playing with a large cross section of musicians. He participated in many recording sessions, including dates with John Coltrane (most notably on the famous *Giant Steps* date on Atlantic), Coleman Hawkins, Gene Ammons, Art Farmer, Donald Byrd, Kenny Burrell, Sonny Rollins, James Moody, and Gerry Mulligan.

Never one to stay in one place for too long a time, he spent 1958-'59 on the road with J.J. Johnson. The Johnson quintet had a stable personnel most of that time—Nat Adderley or the late tenorist-flutist Bobby Jaspar as the front line horn and a rhythm section of Flanagan, bassist Wilbur Little, and Elvin Jones.

"We had a good team there," Flanagan recalled. "That music, it was good, but it would probably have hardly any place right now. It would be dated."

Preferring to speak of the present instead of the past, Flanagan referred to the current jazz scene. "As far as the avant garde is concerned, it's really a matter of taste whether you like it or not. You know, it's pretty hard to describe someone's playing as angry if they did not tell you it was supposed to be angry. It's like *Death and Transfiguration*. If it didn't have that title, you wouldn't even think of it in that context."

Flanagan does admire many of the influential younger musicians today. "Look at the pianists who have come up. Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea are marvelous musicians who have taken the piano a step further harmonically and lyrically. The lines they play are highly involved and highly developed."

Asked if he felt the great musicians lost to the jazz world in recent years (Johnny Hodges, Trane, Coleman Hawkins, Wes Montgomery), though irreplaceable, could be followed by equally talented performers from today's ranks, Flanagan said: "You mean at that high level? I guess it would be hard to do it. Hawk, Rabbit—they laid the ground work even for the Tranes. That consistently high level that they reached would be hard to come by. You know, much as we love certain players, you might not always be satisfied with their consistency. Yet, on the other hand, there are some players today, Freddie Hubbard for example—he has established himself as far as I am concerned. Herbie Hancock, again, is another one who has made it, both as a pianist and a writer. So maybe . . . I am hopeful that there

/Continued on page 37



GIUSEPPE PINO

pity that such a gifted improviser should be so restricted in exposing his talents. The only LP under Flanagan's name currently available is a reissue, on Prestige, of a 1958 trio date. This summer, he played on a Dexter Gordon session for the same label—his first jazz date in many a moon.

When you meet Tommy Flanagan, the

flowing with young musicians who were destined to exert a great influence in years to come. Along with Flanagan, there were, among others, Hank, Thad, and Elvin Jones; Donald Byrd, Pepper Adams, Kenny Burrell, Yusef Lateef, and the late bassist, Doug Watkins. Flanagan recalled his last days in the Motor City. "I had been

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record REVIEWS

ALBERT AYLER

MUSIC IS 'THE HEALING FORCE OF THE UNIVERSE—Impulse AS-9191: *Music is the Healing Force of the Universe; Masonic Inborn, Part I; A Man is Like a Tree; Ob! Love of Life; Island Harvest; Drudgery.*

Personnel: Ayler, tenor saxophone, bagpipes, vocal; Bobby Few, piano; Henry Vestine, guitar; Bill Folwell, acoustic and Fender bass; Stafford James, bass; Muhammad Ali, drums; Mary Maria, vocals.

Rating: ★ ½

This album is an almost unlistenable disaster and in itself doesn't call for much comment. Miss Maria chants tautological slogans and in comparison to *Spiritual Unity, Bells,* and *Ghosts* Ayler's playing is so crudely simplified that one can hardly believe this to be the same man. It seems likely that the absence or suppression of an inner censor enabled Ayler to "hear through" fifty-odd years of musical sophistication and magnificently rediscover (as Max Harrison has put it) "the pre-harmonic 'innocence' of jazz", but that same quality has led to such sorry efforts as this LP.

Either there are extra-musical factors at work or Ayler is simply unable to judge the virtues of his own music. Certainly the elaborate motivic constructions, the sudden contrasts of emotion, and the soaring melodies that once distinguished his playing are nowhere apparent here. It is always unwise to write off men who have done major work since they can unexpectedly renew themselves, but it may be that, in telling us through works of great strength that the jazz past is not only a history but a presently usable language, Ayler has done all one could ask of him.

If the future of jazz lies (as I think it does) with men whose musical sensibilities are as sophisticated (consciously or instinctively) as Ayler's is innocent, that future will nonetheless owe him a great debt.

—Kart

ANDY BARTHA

AT THE OCEANIA LOUNGE—Art ALP 41: *Muskat Ramble; Beale Street Blues; The World Is Waiting For the Sunrise; Sobbin' Blues; Royal Garden Blues; Bill Bailey; Just A Closer Walk With Thee; St. James Infirmary; When the Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Bartha, cornet; Ed Hubble, trombone; Larry Wilson, clarinet; Billy Hagen, piano; Larry Schram, banjo; Gene Dragoo, bass; Joe Powers, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

AT THE MOONRAKER RESTAURANT—Art ALP 86: *Take Me To the Land of Jazz; Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me; Memphis Blues; Milenburg Joys; Careless Love; Bye Bye Blues; The Word Got Around; Melancholy; Wolverine Blues.*

Personnel: Bartha, cornet; Ray Brooks, trombone; Larry Wilson, clarinet; John Dengler, bass saxophone; Billy Hagen, piano; Larry Schram, banjo; Chuck Karle, bass; Carl Pettica, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Doug Ramsey, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor.
Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

Most recordings reviewed are available for purchase through the **down beat/RECORD CLUB.**
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Bartha, a capable journeyman cornetist and little known outside his years of association with Pee Wee Hunt, has been leading a moderately commercial jazz band for years in Florida (the first album was done in Miami in 1965; the second in Ft. Lauderdale in '69), apparently with no little success.

Both sets claim to be "live", with Bartha's announcements included. Those have fortunately been trimmed to a minimum on the newer disc. Each album offers the compulsory banjo number and 'One Jazzman You've Heard Of (Hubble and Dengler, respectively), but the second takes the edge with a far less hackneyed program. (*Word*, incidentally, is Hagen's composition and is sung by him.)

There are faults to be found with the rhythm section, individually and collectively, on each record, but that would require a separate thesis. Mostly it has to do with disinterested and/or insensitive drumming, and neither drummer was with the group at last word. In any case, the band is more than adequate as a jazz band, and appear to have sufficiently pleased the tourists to secure their gig. The ratings take into consideration the quality of the jazz, as well as its commercial appeal. The first LP, with all those groundhog numbers that the conventioners think they want to hear, rates four stars in that department; *Sobbin'* kept it from five.

It should be noted, perhaps, that the second group, if not the first, is an augmented one; three men were added for recording to beef up the working quintet. Both records are stereo, and may be ordered from Art Records Manufacturing Co., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33310. —Jones

BONZO DOG BAND

KEYNSHAM—Imperial LP-12457: *You Done My Brain In; Keynsham; Quiet Talks & Summer Walks; Tent; We Were Wrong; Joke Shop Man; The Bride Stripped Bare by 'Bachelors'; Look at Me, I'm Wonderful; What Do You Do?; Mr. Slater's Parrot; Sport; I Want to Be with You; Noises for the Leg; 'Busted.'*

Personnel: Vivian Stanshall, Dennis Cowan, Neil Innes, Legs Larry Smith, Roger Ruskin-Spear, Rodney Slater, various unspecified instruments and weirdness.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In the midst of the program pop boom, during which countless attempts at rock concerto/opera/suites revealed a basic lack of wit and dramatic sense, the Bonzo Dog Band has consistently proven itself a unit of masterful satirist-musicians. Like the quasi-Dada of Captain Beefheart and the Mothers, their comic oratorios, mostly written by Vivian Stanshall and Neil Innes, offer bizarre esoterica or often the simplest mad fancy, all of which is then synthesized in an efficient musical context:

that is, very much like Zappa. The dialogue and miscellaneous freakery become integral elements to the composition—with the innuendos of the playing as subtle or as overt as those of the script.

Mixing a curious flavor of the English music hall with tastes of campy jazz and rock, and reinforced by a bent liner narrative, *Keynsham* purports to relate some sort of absurd goings-on in some sort of absurd territory (of the brain perhaps)—as witness a random sample: "On the wall the Rabbit showed forty-five films describing Don Quixote in 17 positions in marble, celluloid and plaster bas-relief; lectured on the Symbolism of Trousers in Renaissance Thought, the Importance of F in Art & followed with a short quiz accompanying himself on the euphonium. . . ." Yet how such silly prose unites with the silly songs and other assorted nonsense is never readily apparent, unless precipitated to some berserk internal logic, none of which makes sense (if it could, if indeed sense is important, which it is not at least when appreciating the Bonzo Dog Band).

And really, to witness *Keynsham* is not so easy an experience as that for most albums (of any genre). The perspective progressively alters: at first merely laughing at the comedy, which soon wanes like any comedy repeated more than once or twice. Then you're suddenly aware that the music is far better than initially noticed, which soon waxes like any music more and more familiar, until you're ultimately wiggled by the whole and the brilliance never quite expected.

Several moments deserve special note, even though citing individual parts cannot truly illuminate the excellence of *Keynsham* as a total piece: the burlesque ditty of *Mr. Slater's Parrot*; the stoned '50s r&b of *We Were Wrong* ("In all kinds of weather, we Rhino 'together'"); the elfin waltz of the title cut; the neanderthal r'n'r of *Tent* and *You Done My Brain In*, plus bursts of parody, strange instrumental flurries (a theremin on *Noises for the Leg*), with a mixed variety of interjections and perverse continuities.

Finally an album of the disarming ridiculous, *Keynsham* offers a delightful diversion from the muck of recent witless poop, but with a sad air since the Bonzo Dog Band no longer exists. —Mike Bourne

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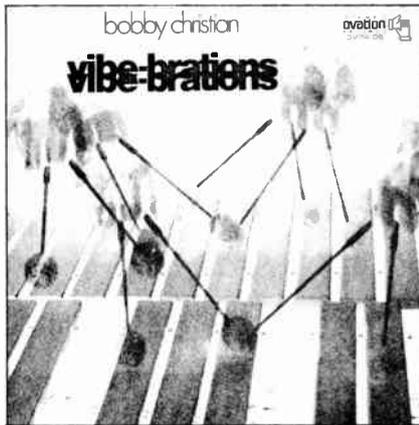
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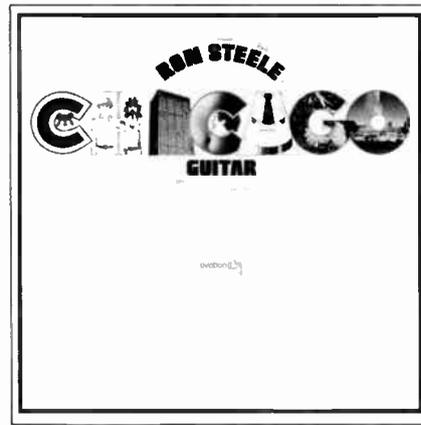
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erson, tenor saxophone; Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a pretty typical 1960s Blue Note product, much influence of Tony Williams, Hancock, Miles' *ESP* band, the New York modal school. It is, of course, a very skillful, sophisticated music, primarily dependent on the rhythm section for its unity of effect.

The rhythm section is an embryonic Hancock-Carter-Williams. It starts, stops, changes tempo, time, and key almost continually and abruptly in an effort to unite individuals in a group music. Some of the routines are self-defeating. *Snuck's* unity is enforced by repeating one note over approximately four measures, followed by four measures or so of improvisation, all up-tempo, then a sudden very slow held-note measure. The soloist must run this obstacle course several times until his freely-defined chorus is completed. The *Sojourn* routine has every several measures of improvisation separated by several measures of rest and a drum cadence. But in the other routines (*Gravity* has a recurring background cadence, *What* moves from 3/4 to 4/4, the title track changes tempo and time continually), soloists can play through, asserting control over their solos.

This control is important to Moore, who tries to construct solos in layers, structural elements being length of sequences, reintroduction or slight development of chosen thematic phrases, and ascent. The failure of his solos derives not from this highly calculated structuring but from his inherent melodic weakness: often ideas are devoid of content other than their structural importance. It's an original and rather subtle style, but the essential material is slight and a bit shopworn since Miles in the 1940s.

Henderson is a better, and far less daring or original musician. He is all hard bop but unaggressive—something like Harold Land with Hutcherson's impressionists—and lends himself readily to the languid air Cox casts over the group. The acrobatic routines make him stumble now and then, for he is too bound to the bass drums' specific time to play freely in this context. His best solo is his flowing lyric work in *Spellbound*; elsewhere his continuity tends to break. His tenor style is not at all like brother Joe's.

Cox is in the contemporary tradition of Evans, Tyner, Hancock—especially Hancock: note *Spellbound*, *Sojourn*, *What*, Cox's lines (Moore wrote the other, somewhat academic, themes). There is considerable understated harmonic and dynamic variation—harmonies, of course, straight from the land of the lotus eaters. Rare, momentary spots of angular playing suggest that his severe rhythmic deficiencies are a result of choice, not nature. Almost all the time those pretty notes and chords fall in triplets or else in right-on-the-beat fashion. His free-moving structures mix single-note lines with various chord densities, and it all moves quickly.

This is an enjoyable LP, there's interesting music happening here. The hangups in the group's unifying methods are not a serious obstacle. More important is the feeling of persistently hearing hip varia-

tions on the tone of Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage*, and there's a lot of that going around these days. —Litweiler

COLEMAN HAWKINS

THINK DEEP—Riverside RS 3049: *Chant; Juicy Fruit; Think Deep; Laura; Blue Lights; Sanctity.*

Personnel: Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; J.J. Johnson, trombone; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

1957, the year this record was made, was a very good year for Coleman Hawkins. Nearing his mid-50s, he seemed to reach a plateau of playing even more forceful and vigorous than any he had scaled before. He contributed some of the best work of his career on two Jazztone sessions that year (*The Big Challenge* date with Rex Stewart and Cootie Williams and the famous Fletcher Henderson reunion album), at the Newport Jazz Festival with Roy Eldridge (on *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me*), on a Felsted session in England for Stanley Dance early the next year, and on this LP recorded in March.

In addition to Hawkins, the success of this LP owes more than it can repay to Jo Jones, who in 1957 was the smoothest, most streamlined timekeeper in all of jazz—and recent evidence suggests nothing has changed in that regard.

These two elements come together most effectively on a brisk riff figure, *Sanctity*, which opens with a bracing Basie-like intro by Hank Jones and the rhythm section. Then the ensemble spells out the melody, which is the usual 32-bar AABA chorus but is unusual in that the release is identical to the riff used in the first 16 bars except played in a different key. And it's a simple swinger, too, propelled by Jones' swift and subtle stick work and perfectly punctuated by well-tuned rim shots.

Bean is inspired, opening his solo with three nerve-racking, tension-stretching ascensions, each one building to a certain height and then dropping back part way to begin another climb, and ending with a throbbing wail that breaks the suspense with a jolting catharsis.

The Chant and *Juicy* are a bit less kinetic but offer equally exciting Hawkins. A note held for three choruses by Sulieman is strictly grandstanding, however. Two ballads, *Laura* and *Think*, find Hawk in a reflective mood. The playing is lush and full bodied, although less than inspired.

Johnson and Sulieman contribute a modern feel to the session, the latter playing in a cool, dry tone not unlike Miles Davis in the early '50s. Happily, the superb rhythm section includes a guitar, something that seems to have fallen from fashion in recent years. —McDonough

CHARLES MCPHERSON

MCPHERSON'S MOOD—Prestige 7743: *Explorations; McPherson's Mood; Opalescence; My Cherie Amour; Mish-Mash-Bash; I Get A Kick Out Of You.*

Personnel: McPherson, alto saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

No Rating

I cannot and will not put down a group

of fine musicians just because I do not happen to dig their styles.

McPherson is an excellent musician and jazzman and his cohorts are among the finest on their respective instruments one is apt to find. But they are not among my personal favorites and I find it difficult to get excited over their fairly typical but rather lackluster performance here.

Recorded on another day, I have little doubt that this LP would have provoked



a more enthusiastic review. This is a mid-of-the-road record with some fine, workmanlike playing on it. It also could have been recorded in 1949.

McPherson plays with a light, breathy, reedy sound and his lines remind me of both Sonny Stitt and Dick Johnson (a fine, Boston-based altoist who worked and recorded with Buddy Morrow and Herb Pomeroy and recorded two albums on his own—one each on Mercury and Riverside circa 1957).

If you enjoy the work of any or all of the artists on this LP, regardless of the level of inspiration, you'll be somewhat pleased with this. If you're looking for scintillating, adventuresome music, however, look elsewhere. —*Szantor*

SONNY SIMMONS

RUMASUMA—Contemporary 7623; *Rumasuma; Back To The Apple; Reincarnation; For Posterity.*

Personnel: Barbara Donald, trumpet; Simmons, alto saxophone; Mike Cohen, piano; Jerry Sealund, Bill Pickens, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★

About half of this LP is a fairly typical 1960s Blue Note product. The title track is another *Maiden Voyage* thing: languid theme, solos that float over the rhythm with flurries of grace notes to conclude each key's (mode's) sequences, rhythm section-induced climaxes, etc.

Simmons does little of his New York post-Coltrane thing. Instead he plays, well, sort of like Joe Henderson might play if Joe Henderson had listened to Ornette instead of to Coltrane. This style is good for *Rumasuma* and *Back*; on side 2, then, Simmons is back into early Ornette for the most part, with predictably enjoyable results. Simmons very well understands the surface character of his strong style. His sensibility is by no means Ornette-like, but his imaginative dynamics and inner structural methods result in a jittery,

low-grade Ornette-like music.

Barbara Donald is a more consistent player, again. Her art and artifice come straight out of the second-line Gillespie-influenced trumpeters of the 1940s. This style gets along well in this kind of semi-free music. In *Rumasuma* her solo is structured in sequences along the same general lines as Simmons' solo—brief phrases, spaced, very fast longer lines then, and finally longer-note lines—and hers is the better solo for being more decisive. Her roughness, determination and swing are attractive, and her pop-derived sense of structure is convenient.

Modern pianists are unfailingly influenced by Hancock and/or Tyner and/or Cecil Taylor. This is true of Cohen, including the and/or's, in a style that's neither stabilized or original. The bassists are good enough (one is a LaFaro man, the other a more familiar type), and neither is heroic. Billy Higgins is okay also, though and Tony Williams' 1966 style might have been more appropriate. Simmons and Barbara Donald are the principals, the others support.

Back, then, has a theme built of bits and pieces and a carefully structured trumpet solo. *Reincarnation* uses Parker fragments to make a fragmentary-seeming blues theme. Simmons' solo immediately abandons the blues chords for free playing, and Miss Donald reintroduces blues to open her solo. *For* has the LP's fastest tempo, free solos, and an extended trumpet-alto duo improvisation.

Simmons in the early 1960s was one of the first altoists to get Ornette Coleman's message. Since then he has neither used an original style or exhaustively probed others' musics. This is an indecisive LP, skillful in its way, however, and enjoyable, as Simmons' music usually is. —*Litweiler*

SONNY STITT

STARDUST—Roulette SR 42048; *Star Dust; Jumpin' with Symphony Sid; What's New?; Cocktails for Two; Georgia; Mame; Morgan's Song; Fever; Round About Midnight; World on a String; If I Didn't Care; The Beastly Blues.*

Personnel: Joe Wilder, Eddie Preston, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Stitt, Varitone alto and tenor saxophone; Illinois Jacquet, tenor saxophone; George Berg, baritone saxophone; Ellis Larkins, piano; Ernie Hayes, organ; Mike Mainieri, vibraharp; Les Spann, guitar; George DuVivier or Jan Arnet, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Stitt fans will recognize this repackaged and retitled album as identical with *What's New*, recorded and first issued in 1966.

This was the first recorded sample of Stitt's employment of the Varitone device, which since has become his trademark. It doesn't sound substantially different on record than it does live. While it delivers a heavier, less intimate sound than the unamplified horn, it does give the musician the opportunity to use a variety of effects (octave-divider, echo, etc.). Stitt insists that the device will add a full 10 years to his playing career.

While Stitt has become more skilled in the use of the Varitone during the intervening years, the music itself is fine, with the emotional *Star Dust* and free-wheeling *Fever* outstanding.

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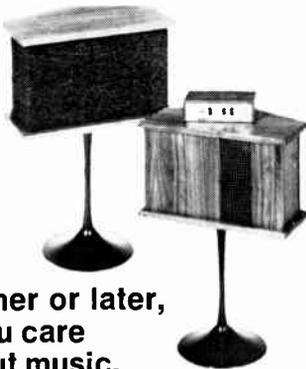
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are Mainieri, whose graceful vibes spice *Beastly* and *String*, and guitarist Spann. Wilder's trumpet is open on *Beastly* and muted on *String*. J. J. Johnson's only solo statement is on *Symphony Sid*.

The balance of the LP is a showcase for Stitt.

—McDonough

ROCK BRIEFS

BY ALAN HEINEMAN

FOUR FROM BRITAIN, one from . . . Russia?

The Aynsley Dunbar Retaliation has split up, which is too bad for two reasons: it was a good group, firstly, and secondly it never had the recognition it should have had and now will never have.

The problem with ADR was that the band wasn't dynamite. They never blew people out of the room, like the Who, or out of their minds, like Dr. John or Hendrix. What they did was play British blues, play it maybe better than anybody, but they played it low key and dirty. They had no instrumental virtuosi; they were simply four polished, subtle and inventive musicians. The leader, drummer Dunbar, is a Mayall alumnus. Not a brilliant technician, he is nonetheless skillful, original and consistently underrated. Guitarist John Moorshead comes out of B. B. King by way of some of the country players; his is one of the most personalized styles among the legion of guitarists *a la* King, but, like Dunbar, because he is quiet and tasteful, he goes unnoticed.

Their last album, *To Mum, From Aynsley and the Boys* (Blue Thumb 16), isn't their best, but, like the others, it's quite impressive, and, like the others, it won't sell. The band has weakened itself by adding Tommy Eyre on piano and (mainly) organ. Victor Brox, who does all the vocals, used to be the organist and while he wasn't as strong as Eyre, he was considerably more original and incisive.

Anyway. Mostly blues on the album, except for *Unheard*, introduced by Dunbar on mallets and sustained in an airy, free piano solo by Eyre—his best playing on the date. Other good things: the lonely, melancholy *Journeys* (sic) *End*, with Eyre unaccompanied doing Bach things on organ and sliding into some blue phrases and finally into a full-fledged blues. A sensitive dialogue between organ and guitar ensues. Dig also the lyrics to *Don't Take the Power Away*, especially those of the first chorus, Moorshead's understated guitar on *Sugar on the Line*, and his series of remarks (rather than a full-fledged solo) on *Leaving Right Away*. On that cut, Eyre begins with some fine gospel-tinged blues piano. Reminiscent of Timmons, but without the latter's sense of drama, so that the solo begins to wallow a bit. But quite a nice album, all told.

A regrouped Small Faces, featuring Rod Stewart, has released *First Step* (Warner Bros. 1851). Stewart's solo album, released some weeks earlier, is better. Small Faces' album is variegated and interesting, well and cleanly performed, but it's too studio—not enough sparks flying. Stewart's vo-

calcs are greatly more subdued here. He can be, in much the same way, nearly as exciting as Joe Cocker, but *First Step* contains few transcendent moments.

Some nice cuts, chiefly *Stone*, a bluegrass thing, alive and joyful, with Stewart contributing resonant banjo work: *Around the Plynth*, with Ron Wood playing impressive steel guitar, which sounds just slightly distorted, so that the piece both snakes around itself and, because of the kicking rhythm, is propelled strongly; and *Looking Out the Window*, a fine, medium-rock tune with innovative organ by Ian McLagan, sensitively and strongly supported by bassist Ronnie Lane.

David Bowie has gained enormous popularity in England. His debut album (*David Bowie*, Mercury 61246) shows him to be a sensitive lyricist, a reasonably effective singer in the soft-voiced, plaintive Hardin-McCartney mold, and an imaginative if sometimes over-dramatic arranger.

The lyrics of *Space Oddity*, *Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed*, *God Knows I'm Good* and *The Cygnet Committee* are all first-rate. *Oddity* is especially poignant in view of our most recent orbital disaster; *Dazed* has grotesquely imagistic lyrics, strong but somewhat marred by the narrator's smugness about his own ability to shock the uptight straights; *Good* is touching, a chronicle of a True Believer trapped by poverty in a materialistic culture. She is basically good, so when she shop lifts, "God may look the other way," but when she's caught, and faints, "Surely God won't look the other way."

Cygnet is complex, dense—and quite simply sensational. It is the statement of a leader/god-figure after the "Love" revolution has been accomplished, sowing not love at all, of course, but tyranny and death. He speaks one especially poignant line: "Because of you (the revolutionaries) I need to rest," which is an ironic and effective way of reconsidering the Seventh Day. Bowie's vocal begins in a wistful vein and becomes progressively more anguished and strident, ending in a big bolero crescendo (which is somewhat hampered by the two drummers' lack of togetherness). Altogether one of the finest contemporary songs I have heard, ever, although this may not be its definitive performance.

It is not a great album: too much easy irony, a trifle self-indulgent (though Bowie is less culpable in this regard than many others in the field), and musically far from innovative. (*Memory of a Free Festival*, for instance, is a thinly disguised reworking of *Hey Jude*, a sad-happy ballad ending with a long, long, long chant in the white soul mode.) The instrumental backing is competent but unspectacular. Yet Bowie is a sometimes superb lyricist, and *Cygnet* makes hearing the album a necessity.

Van Morrison is another unique and original songwriter; his second album (*Moon-dance*, Warner Bros. 1835) contains enormous variety, and Morrison delivers his compositions, some Motown-oriented, some jazz, some subdued rock, in a refreshingly casual manner, though evincing the necessary punch in reserve.

His lyrics aren't poetic, but they usually get the job done effectively and economically; his melodies aren't self-consciously new, but you haven't heard most of them before—which is a larger claim than it may appear, given the current scene. *Stoned Me* and *Glad Tidings* are incurably joyful. The title track is set to a bubbly jazz rhythm, with Colin Tillton weaving bouncily behind Morrison's vocal. *Into the Mystic* will be familiar to AM listeners, since Johnny Rivers covered it. Needless to say, Morrison's version is both less polished and immensely more authentic, although the song itself isn't one of his strongest.

My favorite on the session is *Everyone*, which has a Bach-like clavichord intro by Jeff Labes, who supports Morrison's vocal intricately and interestingly. Nice lyrics, nice melody.

Morrison, a refugee from Them and the composer of some hard rock classics, among them *Gloria* creates the same sort of effect as John Sebastian—not that the contents of their music are similar, but rather that both sneak up from behind and become your friends before you even know you like them.

Finally, Troyka, a trio (what else?) consisting of drummer-vocalist Mike Richards, guitarist-mandolinist Bob Edwards and bassist Rumor Lukawietzky, the only *echt* Russky in the bunch.

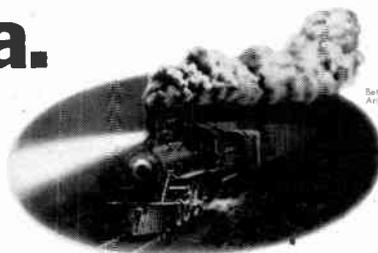
The album (*Troyka*, Cotillion 9020) is mainly hard rock, much of it in the leering, evil bag of the Doors, and most of it quite good. There are several introductory and concluding interludes of electrified Russian folk tunes; if there's a message there, I missed it.

Natural has Richards being pretentiously evil, but the instrumental build climaxes in a free section before the tune winds down is awfully well done. *Early Morning* is a pretty, wistful carny tune on organ (played by whom?); the next cut, *Life's O.K.*, is a rock setting—hard—for a *March of the Tin Soldiers* concept. The next two tracks are more evil stuff, the second of them with nonsense lyrics. The side ends with a Russian folk melody.

Side two begins with another 30-second folk line, followed by an original in the *Who Do You Love* tradition; Edwards' guitar is derivatively S.F. on this number. *Dear Margaret* is an Eastern European tune with English lyrics, and the last full track, and the best, is a medley of two songs, beginning with a conventional rock tune and moving into a sort of freaky circus rhythm that Edwards, on guitar, rides over, playing countryish guitar but going atonal at several junctures and playing off-key phrases at others. This segues to a misterioso passage led by Richards using sticks on the rims of the drums. The cut ends with a brief reprise of the original thematic phrase.

A lot of the album, as I've indicated, is somewhat overblown, but the musicianship is good, some of the concepts are new and intriguing, and the band plays well together. If they can do as much with the eclectic elements they've chosen to work with as, say, Kaleidoscope, Troyka may come off as quite an impressive group.

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JOE ZAWINUL

by Leonard Feather



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

1. JOHN MURTAUGH. *The Sine Wave's Connected to the Pulse Wave* (from *Blues Current*, Polydor). Murtaugh, composer, Moog synthesizer; Herbie Hancock, piano; Gerry Jemmott, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums.

RMcC: I really have no idea who that was. I like the feeling that the bass player and drummer get, especially the drummer; he really knocked me out with that rock feeling. I'd like to take a guess and say that's Bernard Purdie, because he's doing a lot of things like that now, he's very popular. The feeling was very good although I didn't particularly like the composition. It sounded like someone was just trying to make a rock tune. I really have no idea who it is, but I'll give it two stars for Bernard Purdie, if that was him, because I liked the feeling he got there.

JZ: First of all, the musicians seemed very capable, especially the drummer. The melody was a very watered-down thing . . . I didn't care for it that much.

LF: Did you know anything about the instrumentation?

JZ: I haven't heard too many things done in that way, but at one point is sounded like it could have been done with a synthesizer. Today it's difficult to tell because you can do so many things in the studio, but it could have been a Moog. However, I didn't care for that record. They're very good musicians; very good musicianship, but a very light composition. One star.

2. KARL BERGER. *From Now On* (from *Tune In*, Milestone). Carlos Ward, alto saxophone; Berger, composer, vibraharp; Dave Holland, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

JZ: That sounds nice. I like the tune, it sounds like a tune that Ornette is writing. The bass player could have been David Holland. I don't know who the vibraphone player was, but I like the whole feeling very much. They got into some nice exciting moments in there. That might have been a European vibraphone player . . . just a guess, because I haven't heard him too much it could have been Karl Berger. I'd give it four stars.

LF: Why did you say European? What is there about it that makes it sound that way?

JZ: It's a certain feeling. There's nothing wrong with it. That wasn't said in a negative way at all.

RMcC: I like the feeling of the record too. I like the way they were playing around with the tune, the time feeling in the rhythm section, against what the tenor player was doing. I don't recognize who it was . . . the bass player—this would really be a wild guess because I haven't heard him in a long time—reminds me of the way Henry Grimes used to play. I'd give that three stars.

JZ: The drummer is really beautiful, too, and the saxophone player . . . alto, wasn't it? I think I recognized David because I had a chance to play with him with Miles. And the tone and the concept of walking.

3. ELVIN JONES. *Yes.* (from *Poly-Currents*, Blue Note). Fred Tompkins, flute, composer; Joe Farrell, bass flute; George Coleman, tenor saxophone, Wilbur Little, bass; Jones, drums.

RMcC: That sounds a bit like Elvin Jones' new group. Sounds like Joe Farrell playing flute and maybe overdubbed tenor. The feeling was good, although I didn't particularly like the tune. I couldn't hear the bass player at all. Was he playing? Joe sounded good, he's got a nice sound on flute, it's clear. I'll give that two stars.

JZ: I agree with Roy. It sounded in the beginning like Elvin used to play a while ago. You know, it's kind of difficult to rate anything, really. But that was a nice little tune. Usually when I listen to Elvin Jones I get more fire, but I know how it is on recordings; you cannot get it over. But for him, and for his musicians, always ten stars. We just had the good fortune to hear him in person, and it was just *unbelievable*. So, anyway for the tune and the feeling, I'd rate that three and a half stars.

RMcC: I've admired Elvin for years, and he's one of the nicest guys I know. When I first came to New York and was with Art Farmer's band, it was guys like Elvin, Art Blakey, Max Roach, that took me aside and showed me what was happening with the drums. I don't know if guys do that any more, but they really were a big influence on me.

4. TOM SCOTT. *Be-In* (from *Hair To Jazz*, Flying Dutchman). Scott, flute; Roger Kellaway, piano, harpsichord; Chuck Domanico, bass; John Guerin, drums.

JZ: I don't know what that was at all.

In the past two or three years (that is to say, since the initial impact of *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* began to wear off), Joe Zawinul has managed to establish a public image more fully representative of his total potential.

To most observers who have followed his progress during almost a decade with Cannonball Adderley, he is respected not simply as Vienna's No. 1 Soul Brother, but as the writer of such outside works as *Rumpelstiltskin*, as leader of a small combo that produced the splendid session on Atco (S-3004) and of the more ambitious group heard on Vortex (2002) in his remarkable *Rise and Fall of the Third Stream*.

His collaboration with William Fischer on the latter's album led to a major participation in Adderley's recent "Quintet-and-Orchestra" album, for which Zawinul and Fischer co-composed and the latter conducted the much discussed *Experience In E*.

Following is the first part of a joint Blindfold Test with his Adderley colleague drummer, Roy McCurdy, concluding with a record by Yusef Lateef, who was a member of Cannon's 1962-4 sextet. Zawinul's last solo Blindfold was in the 6/1/67 issue.

It sounds nice. I didn't particularly care for the harpsichord.

RMcC: It really sounded like chamber music in the beginning—and it sounded like rock musicians too.

JZ: Isn't that from the musical *Hair*? I like the flutist and also the piano player. I don't know who that could be. Sounded at times a little like Roger Kellaway. It even sounded at one point like Monk, but it wasn't Monk. I enjoyed when they started getting into it more than at the beginning. It sounded too contrived in that German classic sense that I don't like too much. It's an enjoyable track and I would say three and a half stars.

RMcC: It's good for what they were trying to do.

JZ: I don't particularly care for music when it just completely changes character in the middle of one tune.

RMcC: I don't have anything else to say about it, because I don't recognize anyone at all. I think I'd rate it three stars.

5. YUSEF LATEEF. *Back Home* (from *The Blue Yusef Lateef*, Atlantic). Lateef, composer, tenor saxophone; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

RMcC: We both recognized that as Yusef, and I love Yusef. I can't say enough about him. He's my man—and my neighbor. I didn't recognize anyone else playing with him, in the rhythm section. I know he used to have James Black with him, but that didn't sound like him, especially in that rock-type beat. Because it was Yusef, I'll give it three stars.

JZ: To me Yusef is always so pure in his ways that I always love his music. First of all, though, I didn't like the sound of this, I couldn't hear bass. It seems like the bass is not right up. I was just fortunate to make an album with Yusef and every tune is so together, so prepared. He's such a spiritual and wonderful human being, all his music has to be the same. I would have to rate that, for Yusef, four stars at least. It was really a beautiful experience for me to work with Yusef in Cannon's band. He always was—and still is—trying to do new things all the time.

RMcC: He's a beautiful man. The sound he gets on all his instruments is fantastic.

db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Tommy Vig

Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Louis Valizan, Merv Harding, Wes Nichols, Jim Fuller, Walter Johnson, Red Rodney, trumpets; Archie LeCoque, Gus Mancuso, Dan Trinter, Hoot Peterson, trombones; Ted Snyder, tuba; Dick Paladino, Charlie McLean, Rick Davis, Tom Hall, Willy Perry, reeds, flutes; Adelaide Robbins, piano; Vig, Emil Richards, vibes; John Worster, bass; Elek Bacsik, guitar, electric viola; Sandy Savino, drums; Richards, Roger Rampton, Vig, percussion.

Catching musicians "in the act" is down beat's not-so-furtive way of letting readers know how certain groups sound in live, spontaneous situations that cannot be erased, overdubbed, edited, or most important, taken again. Some musicians are unaware of the curious ears and note-taking on the other side of the lights. Others, versed in the advantages of publicity—favorable or otherwise—practice personal p.r. and invite critics to "catch" them. Still others, miles outside the social mainstream, couldn't care less about their press.

Then there's Tommy Vig, the "Magyar mother," the "Hungarian hurricane," who disposes of convention the way he would a plate of goulash. You couldn't put him in any of the above categories and expect a perfect fit; he is a category all by himself. Thus, for his Fifth Annual Tommy Vig Concert, we had the spectacle of yours truly on the stage of the Circus Maximus behind a desk with a huge down beat sign. (Leave it to Vig: even the lower case logo was accurately duplicated.)

There was as much method as there was madness to the scene. Vig not only provided me with a seat close to the band; he saw to that I had a desk, writing paraphernalia and credit. My task was to review his musical offering, and enlighten the audience when Tommy wanted certain numbers introduced.

As the curtains parted, I wondered how Vig planned to begin his concert. At last year's affair, he made a "swinging" entrance on a rope. Two years earlier, thin, wiry, deadpan Tommy, clad in a flowing Mandarin robe, ran across the stage to take a hefty swat at the biggest suspended gong this side of J. Arthur Rank.

Vig did not disappoint me or the overflow crowd this year: on cue, all 22 sidemen stood up and came forward, lining up according to height with instruments at port arms, while a photographer clicked away. Another cue, and another pose—this time yearbook style, with "shorties" crouching down front.

The next cue was a down beat, and for the moment, the Tom-foolery was over, despite the fact that the opener belonged to Johann Strauss. The *You and You Waltz* is one of Tommy's most characteristic swingers: plenty of barking brass; tight concerted writing at a brisk 3/4; and every time you turn around, the chart modulates. Intense big band excitement, goosed by Savino and sparked by outstanding solo work: first the alto of McLean; then back-to-back and simultaneous vibes solos by Vig and Richards, while guitarist Bacsik comped with Montgomery-type riffs.

The next tune, *Memories*, was written by Tommy's father, violinist George Vig, who was in the audience. He must have enjoyed hearing his flowing melody with piccolo doubling the brass lead (a bal-

ladic trademark of the younger Vig). And he must have appreciated Harding's sensitive fluegelhorn solo.

Long Short Plus turned out to be an aptly named up-tempo original named after "the typical American jazz phrasing of long-short." The chart was riddled with trochaic meter. In the midst was a memorable trumpet solo by Valizan, and it all ended on an upward brass sweep once known by the onomatopoeitic phrase "doit."

Displaying as much virtuosity on vibes as he does in planning a well-paced program, Vig spread out four mallets for an unaccompanied *Here's That Rainy Day*. The tempo was free, the mood pensive, the harmonies luxurious. He also made fine use of the damper pedal while "releasing" one note way on top to contrast against the oscillations.

With a pause just long enough to set the tempo, Vig launched the rhythm section into *What*, and took a long solo over the cooking foundation. McLean soloed, using his biting alto tone to show his mastery at developing idea upon idea. When the rest of the band caught up with the rhythm section, the momentum built to a number of powerful climaxes.

Paladino was featured in an overly long

Angel Eyes. His tone was sensuously beautiful, but one got the impression that no signal had been pre-arranged between Paladino and Miss Robbins. (The backing was rhythm section only.)

The (sur)real Tommy Vig manifested himself during the first-half closer, *Collage Two*. After taking great pains in adjusting Bacsik's seat in front of the band, it became clear that the guitarist was not about to play one note. There were no notes for the rest of the band either as they stood motionless. At this point, yours truly had to read at random from a dictionary. I never did understand my contribution, but it didn't matter: Vig was throwing sounds on his highly personal musical canvas, and the collage included a fine straight-ahead jazz solo by trombonist Mancuso; trumpet swipes *a la* Woody with Richards on bongoes and Rampton on kettledrums; wild brass riffs on a line you would ordinarily expect to hear from a bass; vibes glissandi by Richards and cymbal crashing by Rampton. Then, with the changes strictly blues, McLean, Mancuso, Davis, Hall and Perry blew their way off stage in single file.

Musicians will be musicians, and part two of the concert found some late-comers straggling back self-consciously—all except



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Vibes Vortex: Emil Richards (l) and Vig

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Davis. The tenorist took the best way out and marched right up on stage blowing, making it look like a film of *Collage Two* run backwards.

The number he and the others were playing was one of the big band highlights: Vig's *C-Side*, featuring an excellent piano solo by Miss Robbins plus some booming bass lines by Worster, who lent a feeling of double time to the relaxing chart.

Gypsy In My Soul provided the ethnic and electronic high points: Bacsik did some things on electric viola that they said couldn't be done, while his compatriot tantalized him with some remarkable tambourine playing. After Vig switched to vibes, the pair exchanged fours at a frantic tempo, ending after each had contributed a dazzling cadenza.

Another way-up chart heard McLean and a highly responsive Red Rodney on *Pick Yourself Up*. Following a fine Savino explosion, the theme could be heard in the brass as a slow counter-point to the saxes, the whole affair ending unresolved on a minor seventh—like a dancer with one foot in the air.

Rodney returned and distinguished himself on a haunting *'Round Midnight*, betraying his love for the bop idiom. More bop was heard as Richards was showcased on vibes with *Well You Needn't*. Vig was on drums for this one and nearly stole Emil's thunder as he turned a small hole in Savino's snare into a rim-to-rim crevice.

Back to the big band sounds for *Happiness*, a Vig original that revealed some of the composer's fingerprints: tight, bop-oriented writing; wide-open chords at the end of jagged brass phrases. Brief solo honors went to Mancuso, McLean and Savino. And as the curtain descended for the last time, Vig called for a reprise of the *You And You Waltz*.

In sum, it was an outstanding concert, and the sidemen and featured soloists were really "up" for the affair. To give some indication of the reading ability of these hand-picked musicians, all five regular trumpeters (Rodney was added) are lead men in five different hotels on the Strip!

While Vig's programming was excellent, he scheduled too much, and some solos became as wearying as they were well-played. Finally, a highly technical point: from my vantage point (I was practically in the rhythm section) I could see and hear a conflict of voicings between guitar and piano—and, in some jam situations, different substitutions. Perhaps Tommy should indicate root tones in case these non-complementary instruments should meet in future rhythm sections.

Here's hoping Vig's annual orgies never end. Thanks to his dedication and the cooperation of AFM Local 369 and Caesars Palace, the cream of Las Vegas' jazz-starved musicians have an outlet they can gamble on, knowing they'll come out ahead.

—Harvey Siders

Jimmy Heath

Jazz Tagskaegget, Aarhus, Denmark

Personnel: Heath, soprano, tenor saxophone; Lars Agerbaek, piano; Palle Laursen, bass; Jorn Elniff, drums.

Heath is a no-nonsense musician. With-

out much fanfare or publicity, he came to Aarhus, unpacked his horns, and scored a solid, personal success.

Maybe he was a little underrated beforehand. Danish listeners tend to consider him the third of the Heath brothers. Drummer Albert is well known and popular here, has been featured at the Montmartre in Copenhagen and played at the Tagskaegget on numerous occasions. Bassist Percy is known by all as a member of the Modern Jazz Quartet. But who have heard of Jimmy Heath?

The little, intense 43-year-old musician



caught us off guard and blew his way into our hearts.

The combination of American saxophonist and Danish rhythm section has been heard on many occasions during the last 10 years, but sometimes it is still worth hearing. This time the rhythm was not up to the soloist, especially the unsatisfactory bass playing of Laursen.

Pianist Agerbaek has been working quietly in Aarhus for several years, and he is still making progress. Using the Red Garland-Wynton Kelly tradition as his basis, the young pianist still tends to pack too much into the phrases, but he is on the way to becoming a good and tasteful accompanist.

Drummer Elniff, 32, is the enfant terrible of the Danish jazz world. Very close to the late giants, Oscar Pettiford and Bud Powell, Elniff perhaps received too many laurels at too early an age and seemed too cocksure for his not always too broad-minded colleagues in Copenhagen. But the public in Aarhus is happy to have this Oliver Hardy-looking drummer in town, and when he is in the right company, he is still by far the best drummer in the country. His technique is flawless, his imagination works small wonders behind the soloists, and the swinging balance of his cymbal playing is of such rare quality that he almost can make the listener forget a sloppy bass player.

Heath is primarily a tenor saxophonist. He played only an average of one number a set on soprano, using it on medium-tempo tunes—for instance, *Autumn Leaves*—and although he seemed to be most daring and unconventional in his improvisations on this instrument, it was his

playing on tenor that inspired the audience.

Utilizing direct rhythmic phrases and staying in the natural register of the tenor, he was able in medium and moderate uptempos to bring the rhythm section into a unit, after all, and with masterly support from Elniff's drumming, the music at times became inspired jazz. When that happened, Heath often left the usual tenor register and used flageolet notes or the bottom register with an almost surprising power. In these numbers his four-and/or eight-bar chases with Elniff were pure rhythmic joy.

He also played some ballads, on opening night especially a tender version of *Autumn in New York*, and again, Jimmy Heath proved himself to be much more of an artist than many in the audience had expected. —Finn Slumstrup

Stan Kenton

Left Bank Jazz Society,
Famous Ballroom, Baltimore, Md.

Picking up on the new Stan Kenton band is a little like picking up a book you enjoyed as a teenager—nostalgic but disappointing.

Understand, I'm not criticizing Kenton for not having the same effect on me as he did when I was in high school in New Jersey and we used to catch the band at Birdland and at the Steel Pier and buy the 45 albums and go to see *Blackboard Jungle* to groove to Sal Salvador and Maynard Ferguson playing *Invention for Guitar and Trumpet* (from the *New Concepts* album—remember?), while all the other kids were digging Bill Haley or somebody. I know you can't go home again.

I am criticizing Kenton for fielding a band whose main distinction is its ability to reproduce the Kenton sound of 15 years ago, stylistically at least, but without the substance and soloists of those great bands—and it seems to me that they were great. Kenton, in short, is no longer innovating; he is, if anything, recapitulating.

There are plenty of new faces in the

band (saxophonist/arranger Willie Maiden was the only old-timer I recognized) but no one—perhaps it's asking too much—to compare with the Rosolinos, Candolis, Konitz and Simses of yesteryear. Arrangers like Bill Holman and Bill Russo have gone on to other things, and no one has taken their place—if indeed anyone could. The esprit of the new band seems forced; their material stagnant.

The band opened with *Here's That Rainy Day*, which began with very soft trombone voicings, followed by a muted trumpet solo by Warren Gale, and then the famed Kenton fortissimo, the screeching brass, the outspread hands, the broad smile (applause) set the tone for the afternoon—a return to the '50s.

Willie Maiden's *A Little Minor Booze*, with Gale again (he is the band's outstanding soloist) was a nice blues and *Tico Tico* featured a strong conga solo by Brazilian drummer Efrem Logreira. Kenton had a new piano introduction for *Artistry in Rhythm*. And midway through *Hey, Jude*, the tenor player (Richard Torres, I think), the Fender bassist, and Logreira again got a nice rock feeling going but the full band seemed unable to extricate itself from the final riff, which was repeated ad infinitum.

And so on. There were some nice moments in the second set: a single note struck by Kenton emerging from the screaming brass on *Somewhere*, from *West Side Story*, and a fine trumpet duet by Gale and Warren Kastner, who complement each other nicely, on *What's New*. Other selections, from *Malaguena* to *McArthur Park*, were more or less musically predictable and offered few surprises.

If any of this bothered the crowd at the Famous Ballroom, they didn't show it. It was Kenton's first trip east in a while (the band has a European tour set for the fall) and his first appearance for the Left Bank Jazz Society.

But a leader needs more than nostalgia to trade on these days. And no amount of forced smiles from the section men will make something happen in a band where, regrettably, not much is. —James D. Dilts



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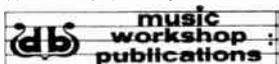
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BOOK REVIEWS

The Jazz Tradition, by Martin Williams.
Oxford University Press, 232 pp.; \$6.50.

This excellent book—a collection of 16 essays forming a cogent whole—is a kind of *summa* of Martin Williams' achievements as an interpreter of the art of jazz.

Williams is among the ablest critics jazz has produced. He is one of the few jazz writers whose perspective encompasses the totality of the music, and he approaches each style and individual not merely with understanding but with empathy.

In these essays, including an introduction on meaning in jazz and ranging from Jelly Roll Morton to Ornette Coleman, Williams examines the contributions of 16 major artists, placing each within the context of the jazz tradition, which he illuminates in the process. In addition to the two already mentioned, they are Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, John Lewis (and the MJQ), Sonny Rollins, Horace Silver, Miles Davis, and John Coltrane.

Inevitably, some of these attempts are more successful than others. In my opinion, the Holiday and Monk chapters are perhaps the finest, the one on Coltrane the most provocative, and the one on Hawkins the least satisfying. And Ellington may be too big a subject for an essay. But each discourse will in some way reward even the most seasoned appreciator of the artist with some new insight.

Inevitably, too, Williams relies on records to build and illustrate his points. Records are the only form in which jazz acquires permanence, and Williams is as thoroughly acquainted with the literature as any but the most specialized writers—who lack his scope. And what a good listener he is! One wishes, however, that he had not relied on records almost exclusively in dealing with the work of artists he must also have heard performing live—later Hawkins, for example, and Parker. The records are not the whole story.

This brings us to one of the book's few weak spots: Williams' ambiguous attitude towards the jazz environment, as it relates to the crucial (if one makes it so) differentiation between popular and serious art. Concomitantly, he underestimates the jazz audience, putting "fans" in quotes and otherwise adopting an elitist attitude. (His discovery that John Lewis and Count Basie have things in common was made long ago by the hip "fans" on 52nd St., who called Lewis "Count Basie Jr.," for an instance.)

Thus, in the final passages of the Parker chapter, when Williams says that for "a large segment of its audience (jazz) is not quite an art music or a concert music . . . still something of a barroom atmosphere music," and concludes that the boppers failed to establish "a new function and milieu for jazz," and that they had "few traditions of presentation, of personal conduct before an audience, of stage manner, even programming to guide them," speak-

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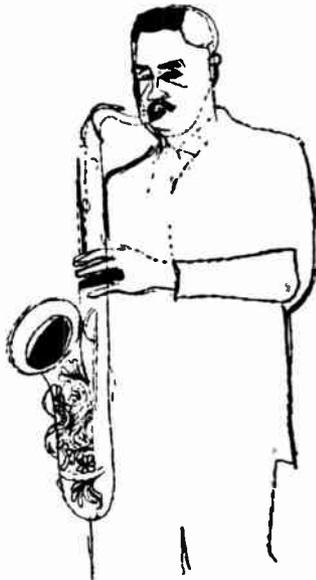
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ing of the "vaudeville," "hoopla presentations," and "grinning and eye-rolling of earlier generations of jazzmen," he is being unfair both to the men of bop and their ancestors.

This is somewhat astonishing when one considers that Williams' emphasis throughout the book is on the two-way flow between tradition and innovation that interconnects all jazz. When he hears Louis Armstrong in Miles Davis, finds small-band swing and Kansas City jump in Horace Silver, and Basie and general SWJQ-era practices in the work of the MJQ, he has gotten inside the music.

The more baffling, then, that he should fail to realize that the paradoxical combi-



nation of "barroom atmosphere" and intensely serious playing and listening is inseparable from the jazz tradition, and that techniques of performance and presentation, highly sophisticated and effective—if different from those of western high culture—were worked out by jazz artists long ago and continue to serve those who know how to adapt them. In his way, Monk is as great a showman as any mythical eye-rolling vaudevillian. The point about *some* modern jazz players is not that they had no viable performance tradition to draw on, but that they deliberately abandoned it.

But perhaps such misunderstandings are the price the serious jazz critic has to pay; he does his work in an atmosphere considerably more rarified than that in which the artist lives and creates.

If Williams deals better with the music itself than with other (if sometimes inseparable) aspects of jazz, however, that is after all the essence. And when he does allow himself to become sympathetically involved in these other aspects—as he does in the Holiday chapter—the results are such one wishes he'd do it more often.

As most books published nowadays, this one is marred by typographical errors, often in the case of proper names. You get no index, either, for your \$6.50. The only factual errors I noted are the misdating of Ellington's *Symphony in Black* film (1935, not 1939), and the attribution to Buck Clayton of Roy Eldridge's lovely solo on Billie Holiday's *Body and Soul*.

(Martin is a Clayton fan. . . .)

More significant is the absence from the Hawkins chapter of all but the most glancing references to the 1934-38 European recordings, which include some of the saxophonist's most valuable and revealing works. And if Buddy Rich's drumming really was so "rhythmically inappropriate" to Charlie Parker's music, how odd that he should have been the drummer on *Just Friends*, Parker's favorite among his own records.

But it is a mark of the quality of this book that a reviewer is tempted to go on and on, agreeing and arguing. No person genuinely interested in jazz will fail to profit from reading it. For the true or relative novice, Williams opens many doors to

perception. For the seasoned listener, Williams provides the stimulus to re-investigate familiar music with new insight and test ingrained responses. One could ask for nothing more.

When used in conjunction with the recorded music to which it so richly refers (each chapter has an explicit discographical note) this not very large but highly concentrated book becomes one of the best guides extant to a fuller understanding and appreciation of the music to which Martin Williams has for so long brought perception, taste, and intelligence. If the style is at times a bit dry, the matter is always juicy. Highly recommended, especially to those with very closed or very open minds about jazz.

—Dan Morgenstern

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Sittin' In

There's Been Some Changes Made . . .

By Art Hodes

SOMEDAY, SOME COMPANY will bring out an LP that will trace the growth in jazz piano from the earliest contributor to today. If they do, they will have to include the late Jelly Roll Morton. Jelly is a legend. A lot has been written about him, but after all is said, good and bad, if you ever bothered to hear him play the piano, you came away with the realization that he was a piano giant. In his heyday he was no one to mess with.

My friend, clarinetist Volly de Faut, tells me that Jelly would go out to Chicago's south side looking for some young piano player who thought he was it and cut him to ribbons—and incidentally win himself some money doing it.

If Jelly were alive today, you know something? He'd be playing electric piano. He'd at least be playing it part time—instead of the dogs we piano players encountered. And if some jazz buff would object, he'd certainly read him off. For above all, Morton was a player; an innovator (he actually called himself that.)

For sure he wasn't backward about trying new things. He cut tracks on which he introduced street sounds, whistles, conversation, jive. Jelly was a musician-showman. And a fine piano man. He has to be in any list of the all-time greats.

A player of that stature wouldn't put up with the nonsense boxes we run into on any given gig. And there's a today sound to the electric instrument that would attract Jelly Roll. Not strange at all. Many of the better pianists of our time have concluded this is true. Otherwise. . . .

Just the other day the phone introduced me to someone I'll call Mrs. Smith, who was throwing a party. I was free—or, in any case, was available. So here I was, making music for a large group of happy people, with the booze free. She had told me about her "grand" piano. "I don't know what shape it's in, Art," she said. "The kids bang away on it. Maybe it needs . . ." etc. No: it was beyond that. If it were a car, you'd have retired it years ago. And this beast never was a Cadillac to begin with. There were a number of people who knew me real well—"that's Art Hodes playing." Luckily, what I was playing was my electric piano. I'd tried Mrs. Smith's abortion. Forget it; back I went (and stayed) on my e.p. Of course, I do say a prayer that it doesn't break down, an Edison I'm not. But let me tell you: you could sense the difference in that room that the sound of my e.p. created. There was a happy buzz-buzz; it felt as if I'd gathered my children in.

Then, one evening on a gig, with what I call my "new-jazz combo" (it's a quintet, with George Finola, trumpet; Jim Beebe, trombone; Rail Wilson, bass, and Hillard Brown, drums) with me playing mostly the e.p., we run into a "sniffer." If you're not familiar with the breed, a sniffer is a dyed-in-the-wool jazz buff, who may have a great mint-condition record collection. He may be involved in recording or he may be a writer on jazz.

This sniffer pointed his nose in the air, breathed in our general direction, and announced, "This is not true jazz." There you are. He's made a "study" and come to some very definite conclusions. He knows the true stuff. And unfortunately, he's not going to be budged.

Come back with me to "early" Chicago. The time when they "danced on a dime" and it was "the toddlin' town" and music (live) was everywhere. Louis Armstrong was at the Savoy, Earl Hines at the Grand Terrace, Jimmie Noone and Johnny and Baby Dodds at the Stables. Ah yes, the Windy City was blowing up a jazz storm. But then one day you looked around and it was like the tune, "there'd been some changes made." Mainly, jazz had been here and gone.

Most of the jazz players took off to NYC. I hung on a bit longer. Don't ask me why—old memories, I suppose. Also, I had much yet to pick up on. When things get tough, people get down, and very likely you'll hear some blues. That I dug. It was a time when you could roam Chicago's south side freely. I walked the streets, and I listened. The wonderful people taught me, and I learned. Eventually I hit New York.

Man, would you believe there were folks there who collected jazz records, who'd been listening, hearing the same music you love, and that a number of them were trying to do something for the jazz players and the music.

I'd never heard of a jazz mag or for that matter a jazz record label 'til I hit New York. Actual people—Herman Rosenberg, Ralph Gleason, Steve Smith, Milt Gabler, Gene Williams, doing something to promote greater understanding of what they chose to call "the real jazz." What a change. Here I found movement. Jazz players were working at playing jazz. Unheard of; we had an audience. People actually came into night spots and paid to listen to the music and applauded. What a revelation; you could connect the music you loved with making a living. I was awed, for how many times had we searched out some woe-begone joint in ol' Chi and asked the boss if we couldn't set up and play our music "and we'll buy our own drinks." Yeah. . . .

Then, in a few years, change was again upon me. A "new" jazz had arrived, and a group of writers were proclaiming it. And we had a jazz war going. Jazz players were divided into two camps. The "old" was hurt, no doubt about it. Wars are painful. And expensive. Where I had listened to Jelly, Earl, James P. Johnson, this now was taboo. You worshipped the immediate present.

We had a good 10 years of this nonsense. No question; it got bad. I know; I was right in the thick of it. It was during this time that Pee Wee Russell and I walked from 52nd St. to the Village and knocked on the door of "this guy I know who had this place, and maybe he'll let us have it." Pee Wee was right; he did,

and he would. So, Pee Wee and Art's Back Room became a spot. Lasted a year for me. And that's where I was when a call reached me from dear ol' Chi for me to take an all-star group into the Blue Note.

It was agreed that I could bring Pee Wee with me. Also Freddie Moore, drums, and Bertha (Chippie) Hill to vocalize. We were to be joined, in Chicago, by Floyd O'Brien, trombone, and Lee Collins, trumpet. We were the Dixielanders. I could work in a mixed band; that was something new. We still had segregated unions then, and I was told about the no-no's. Well, anyhow, it should have been a good gig. There was the promise of a bright future. I was shown the big picture. I had to part with friends when Zutty Singleton replaced Moore and Georg Brunis replaced O'Brien. But that was as far as it got. We talked about bringing in Wild Bill Davison and Sidney Bechet, plus Pops Foster. A dream lineup. But we were dealing with human beings, and dissension set in. The bubble burst.

"Hey, Art, how'd you like to do a fast two in Minneapolis? A single."

My 10 per cent friend, Freddy Williamson, who had brought me back to Chi came up with this lifesaver. Then a little later another friend, trumpet man Doc Evans, arranger for me (I had a band then) to bring my group up to Minneapolis for an eight-week gig. During this stretch, the Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe hit town, and several of the players hit our spot. After the set, they told me they'd dug it, but one cat pointed out, "Man, I couldn't hear the piano. Man, get yourself a good mike and put it right inside that box. Blast it out at them."

I got to thinking . . . here I am, laying down background for the other cats to hop on, and they're heard (and applauded) and then it comes my turn, and outside of the band, no one hears. Nuts. Get me a mike. Let's be heard. It's great to do a good job, but it's also nice to be appreciated. And don't tell me an artist doesn't thrive on applause. So now I'm mike conscious. But I'm still running into bad pianos. Dogs. Firewood. So . . .

It was Davey Tough who said, "Man, you got to be careful; you can get electrocuted." And he was talking about the guitar; he'd bumped into the equipment. But in the next 20 years electricity really took hold. Me? I didn't go looking for it—it just happened.

I was "between engagements" and decided to teach. Actually, I'd looked at my hands and said to myself, "Man, you ain't doing nothing with these; you may as well give them away." So the thought of sharing my knowledge and experience came at me, and I started to teach "the art of playing pop/jazz music on the piano." That was in 1957, and I never quite gave up on it. Very rewarding (no, not financially).

Anyway, here I am in one of the large music stores when an electric piano is brought in. I try it; like kicks. But it's not quite it. So then I'm looking, and I find one that gasses me. It's that simple.

You look back and you see it's been nothing but change. For that little kid

who played for the dancers at Hull House and had his first jam session with another kid, Benny Goodman. Who took piano lessons and had to take singing lessons where he was the only boy in a choir. And so, being constantly switched from the alto section to the soprano and tenor, he heard three-part harmony and developed his ear. You hate this because you hear the youngsters outside, playing and you're stuck with a bunch of girls. But you're growing, musically. You're picking up on pop sheet music your older sister's been buying, and you're making it come alive.

One day, out of high school, and having tried a hundred jobs, you get lucky. You're offered a gig, seven nights a week, seven hours nightly. Man, with tips you're hitting \$125 a week. But more important, you're playing almost steady. No intermissions—otherwise someone will holler, "There's a lull in the joint!"

The chicks (girl table-singers) complain you can't play in their keys, but you keep learning. Later you get around and hear other pianists, and you develop a style. And that changes as you go along. Now you're beginning to buy records and a record player, and you're spending hours digging and trying out things. Finally, you're not working as much, but you're spending hours, days, chasing down "the real stuff." You've discovered the blues, and it's never gonna be the same for you. You know what you want to play.

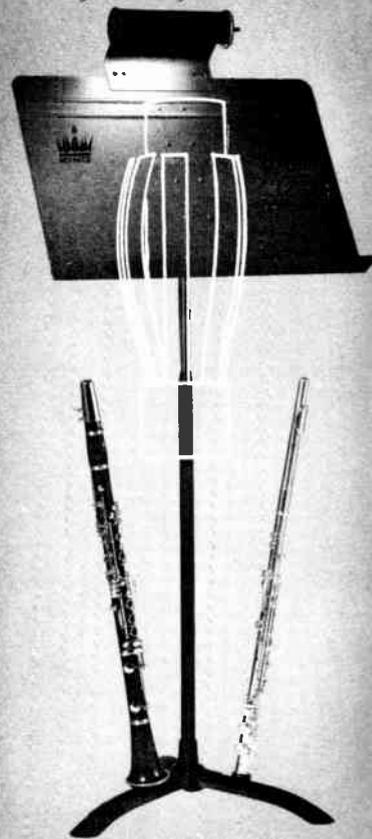
Man, you've got to change. You can't live this life without changing. A few years back, there were millions of youngsters who'd swear that all there was to music was three guitars and a drum. Looked as if it was here to stay. But no. Something's happened. Blood, Sweat & Tears arrived on the scene. And other such groups. The whole picture changes. Way long ago we had jug bands. Pick up records with kazoo, comb, washboard, homemade fiddle. Good music too. That's gone—had their day and went away. You want to revive it? Great. But you'll have to hit the road and beat the bushes to try to find even a little of the real thing.

And if you do, the real thing may be exhausted from waiting around to be re-discovered—rusted. Like a mechanical something that hasn't been touched for years. It's better when it keeps running all the time. Layoffs kill you. The battle of jazz killed a lot of guys because they didn't get a chance to play; they fell out of the business and never did make it back. Only the staunch of heart.

I think Duke Ellington said it for me when he said, "Dance hall and clubowners come and go, but the bands, musicians, go on and on." Yeah. I'm remembering James Petrillo sending my quartet to a gig after calling the owner who had a girl combo and didn't want to part with the idea. "I'm sending you four guys that smell just as good," Petrillo said.

We've come a long way. Music has come a long way. Great music will always rate great. But it all hasn't been said, not by a long shot. And no musician with any greatness will cease listening. And if you continue to listen, you continue to grow. But you never go back to where it was when you first came up. 

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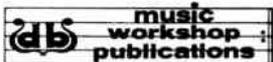
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HANNA

(Continued from page 17)

only through this effort that you will be able to play whatever you hear. Now I don't say any man can do everything he hears, because some things are physically impossible. And you can get to the point that you hear things that are physically impossible to play.

J.H.: How would you characterize your playing . . . as conservative, modern, avant-garde, or what?

R.H.: First of all, *musical*. I'm quite a musical person; I recognize that. And I don't believe any of these categories that you mention could, in a sense, contain me. I've never fit into these categories—any of them. Even before I knew what I was doing, when I was playing *Alouette* or *Frere Jacques* and the rest of them. But the only way to characterize it is to know more about music, and then one who knows something about music might recognize Beethoven, or Dave Brubeck, or Gustav Mahler, or Debussy, or Art Tatum, or whoever's played music who has been what I consider a good musician. At least if not a great musician, a good musician.

J.H.: How would you rate Brubeck?

R.H.: He's a good musician, a very good musician.

J.H.: More a composer than an improviser?

R.H.: Brubeck is an improviser too. Not so much an innovator, but an improviser and a fairly good one. And I don't know—to say something about his compositional technique—I can't talk too much about that. What he has done is good for what it is. But I didn't single out just Dave Brubeck; I could have used Erroll Garner or anybody else for that matter. At that point I was thinking of him. My relationship to music and my sound and quality stem from not only all of the people I've heard but from the impression that their music has made on me through my whole life. So much so that when you hear me play, or when anyone hears me play, not knowing about all these other people that I mentioned or that I've listened to or that I've learned from, naturally they would say, "Gee, that's something I haven't heard before." Or, "That's a quality I haven't heard before." But it's the same quality—it may be naked or raw—but it's the same quality you find in—and I don't feel like I'm putting laurels on my back, I just feel its as honest as I can be—the same quality you find in Rachmaninoff, or Art Tatum, or Phineas Newborn, or Erroll Garner.

It's like when you find a good piece of cloth. Well, you can make several different kinds of clothing out of that piece of cloth. You cut the cloth into 50 different pieces and you give a section to one tailor and another tailor and the other tailor and the other tailor. Now, the cloth is of good material—the best material—but the kind of garment that's made will depend then on the tailor, on the person making the garment. But it has no bearing, no effect at all on the cloth—the cloth can still be good material. You see, no matter what the tailor does to it, it's still going to be good material.

readers poll instructions

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The 35th annual down beat Readers Poll is under way. For the next four weeks—until midnight, Oct. 30—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot, printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices, and mail it. You need not vote in every category, but your name and address must be included. Make your opinion count—vote!

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 30.

2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.

3. Jazzman and Pop Musician of the Year: Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz or pop in 1970.

4. Hall of Fame: This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller, Wes Montgomery, Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden, Ornette Coleman, Johnny Hodges.

5. Miscellaneous Instruments: Instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions: valve trombone (included in the trombone category), cornet, and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).

6. Jazz and Pop Albums of the Year: Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW!

McCANN

(Continued from page 13)

feel toward his music.

But revelations were not to cease, for when I obtained a copy of *Les McCann Sings* (Pacific Jazz S-31), I discovered that my favorite pianist had likewise become my favorite vocalist. Having attempted to sing myself—mostly rock, all ass and showtime—I had intently pursued the influence of other singers like Dizzy Gillespie and Bob Dorough and Mose Allison, musicians who could overcome their lack of beautiful throats by their expressive musical personalities, a fraternity to which Les quickly aligned even though he by no means exhibited any retarded dulcet prowess. Singing a diverse collection of standards, lesser knowns (notably *Wonder Why*), and originals, ably arranged by Gerald Wilson, the vocalist McCann continued to expose a true keystone of his style with a forthright, even righteous, delivery of remarkably cool poignancy.

True, McCann occasionally fell prey to overt and generally tiresome soul trappings (one may so easily reach a surfeit of “baby” and similar r&b baggage), just as his piano directions often over zealously worked a gospel flavor—and yet this virtually redundant ele-

ment nonetheless catalyzed his musical charm, as even a turkey like *Sweet Georgia Brown* came brightly.

Still, his ballads were always the best of his numbers, and when Les gave them special focus—like *Nobody Else But Me* on *Live At Bohemian Caverns* (Limelight LS 86046) or *With These Hands* on the more recent *Much Les* (Atlantic S-1516)—they often singly carried the album, unlike the ponderous *Comment* (Atlantic S-1547) when the ostentation of arranger William Fischer defied the McCann simplicity, almost as if to challenge Les against dudes like O. C. Smith, and thus tainted for that date the delicate spirit of Les’ singing. But then an expressive compassion so potent as that of Les McCann, particularly when in company with his “discovery”, Roberta Flack, cannot so easily be overwhelmed.

It was a bit tragic, then, in my later college and early graduate time, that juncture of esthetic cross-currents, my lust for the avant garde and first infatuations with rock did somewhat obscure McCann in my library, essentially demoting his music even to comparisons with Ramsey Lewis and Young/Holt, to whom any resemblance is the most absurdly superficial. And ultimately, such a denial dictated the rejection of

several McCann albums for review, although truthfully a few really seemed the most blatant “hot hits” jive and less amusing without the concert format of the *Plays* dates—until I caught Les live at the Top of the Gate last year and became instantly recaptured.

As a still duckling critic, I became naturally compelled to interview McCann, ironically for practice of a sort—he being only my second subject (my first two years before with John Lewis in Chicago), but even more so to explore whether the buoyant individual I expected would be so, which he most certainly was. Unfortunately, I was by then sadly separate from the close musical acquaintance of my play-along years, and with the extra labor of being a neophyte, the relatively short chat became confined to the most salient casual rapping, and yet nonetheless revealed that characteristic honesty—so much so that when Les concluded the oft-cliche of desiring only to make people happy, I believed his every word.

On his next set that evening, McCann began with my request for *Wonder Why*, and as he caught my eyes across the crowd, we both laughed as if we had been friends for years, which in one sense was more true than either of us had ever suspected. 

FLANAGAN

(Continued from page 18)

will always be a place for good music.

Regarding his own future, Flanagan is getting together some ideas he wants to bring to fruition. “I’m in the process of getting something together involving two pianos. Roland Hanna has written some things. That concept hasn’t really been dug into enough. A certain amount of what would be played would have to be prepared beforehand—the freedom to express one’s self would come afterward.

“Also, I feel a lot could be done with voices—another area that has received little attention apart from some things that Max Roach and Donald Byrd did a few years ago.” Would these new concepts take up enough of his time so that he would have to leave Ella? “Well, the way I work,” he replied, “it would take me a longish time, so maybe I would have to leave.”

His role as Ella Fitzgerald’s accompanist has, of course, led to extensive travel, particularly in Europe. Thus, he has been able to evaluate the European jazz scene, and he is impressed with the higher musical standards now prevalent on the Continent. “The number of American musicians who have settled in Europe is the reason for that,” he believes. “The local musicians are waiting eagerly just to hear what’s new. The effect is particularly noticeable in the Scandinavian countries. The bass player, Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, for instance, is a very exceptional musician.”

Flanagan returned to New York this past July to visit with friends. He also played a Jazzmobile gig with reed man Frank Wess and he was particularly pleased with the opportunity to bring music out onto the streets.

“There was a nice feeling—playing for a neighborhood. The people enjoyed it. You really got a feeling of what they wanted to hear and how best to play for them.”

Unlike other musicians, Flanagan has no preference for the concert hall over the jazz club, per se. “I don’t distinguish between them. You can either get your thing together in a club and not at a concert, or vice versa. It’s really a matter of how the vibrations are working at the time. Maybe the sound might be better in the concert hall, but, of course, you then sometimes lose the rapport between the musicians that you can get in an intimate club setting. But I’ve had it happen both ways.”

Though he has worked and recorded with a wide variety of artists and can adapt himself very capably to any musical situation, Flanagan does not feel that he functions better in any one setting. “I try to stay at a level where I can do something musically. Also, in terms of what I’ve done before, I just try for improvement. And I don’t like a mediocre musical environment. There’s no place for me in that. I don’t like to listen to it and I don’t like to play it.” And he’s not interested in sublimating his high standards for the sake of reaching a wider audience. He’s satisfied with his present appeal and is not concerned whether it grows or not. He

does not think it will diminish, because of his constant striving for improvement. If his appeal does diminish, “then it will be entirely my fault,” he says.

Flanagan recently moved his family from Los Angeles to Tucson, Ariz. He still prefers the environment back east, though. “It’s definitely a more cultural, more artistic, more happening situation.”

His future goals? “I want to write more,” he says, “but it’s going to take time because I still like to play. Writing, the way I want to do it, might make me stop playing entirely, though, so that I can concentrate on it. If I wasn’t with Ella, I’m not really sure what I’d be doing. I might be teaching or something. Roland Hanna is into that pretty deeply and I think he’s a great teacher. In fact, I feel I’m reaching the stage where teaching might be a good idea. I can’t always feel that I’m going to be satisfied playing—just to be employed.”

At the start of an Ella Fitzgerald concert in London earlier this year, Flanagan, together with the other members of Ella’s rhythm section (bassist Frank DeLaRosa and drummer Ed Thigpen) played a short set of their own. It was a cooking, unified set with Flanagan playing in his quiet, calm, yet intense way. No pretensions, no jive—just straight-ahead cooking. If he was recorded on his own today—and it’s way past the time for such an event—the results would be something to hear. There are not enough people around who have the depth, versatility and talent to make whatever they play come out sound as right as Tommy Flanagan makes it. 

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music workshop

Focus on Wynton Kelly Transcribed and Annotated by Rudy Stevenson

WYNTON KELLY, formerly pianist with Max Roach, Dinah Washington, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Mingus, Miles Davis, and co-leader of a group with the late Wes Montgomery, is currently freelancing and leading his own group with drummer Jimmy Cobb and bassists Cecil McBee or Buster Williams.

The 12-bar transcription of *No Blues* was taken from a live album (*Smokin' At the Half Note*, Verve 68633) featuring Kelly and Montgomery. Again, Kelly sets the stage for the soloist with question-and-answer figures between his left and right hand.

On *Little Tracy*, Kelly gives bassist Chambers a bass line of four notes that is the basis for the complete song.

These transcriptions were made easy by the help of Kelly himself who possesses perfect pitch and an uncanny memory.

Note: Originally included was a Stevenson transcription of Kelly's intro and comping on the Miles Davis recording of "Someday My Prince Will Come" (from LP of the same name, Col. CS 8456) which had to be omitted for lack of publisher's permission.—Ed.

mod. Blues *No Blues*



Info. on above song: "No Blues" was written by Miles Davis (ASCAP) can be found on album Wynton Kelly Trio - Wes Montgomery Smokin' At The Half Note Verve V6 86338

Little Tracy

The melody and solos, are based on these 4 bars which repeat over and over



CLAYTON

Info. on Altona song: "Little TRACY" was written by Guyton Kelly (BMI Publisher; WYNKIE MUSIC) CAN be found on Altona Titled "Come on The Back Door" VERVA 8576 B

PROTEST

(Continued from page 12)

at major sponsors of TV specials, both their advertising agencies and the corporations themselves; and efforts to obtain more jazz programs on educational, community and other non-commercial broadcasting outlets. Also, the organization of a benefit for the JPM was discussed.

With Kirk, who commands the respect and affection of the jazz community, at the helm, the JPM could well become an effective vehicle for the implementation of its much-needed and overdue goals. Those interested in joining this effort should write to Jazz and Peoples Movement, c/o Solano, 220 W. 24th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

In conversation with a newsmen, Lee Morgan aptly summarized the demonstrators' creed: "The airways belong to the public, and we're here to dramatize that fact. Jazz is the only real American music, but how often do you see jazz musicians in front of the camera? And we're not talking about jazz musicians playing in the house band!"



AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

the Gate, with tenorist Bobby Jones replacing Carlos Garnett. The downstairs room at the Gate had Jam Factory and Attila Aug. 25-29 and Unspoken Word Sept. 1-5 . . . On Sunday Aug. 30, Duke Ellington made a guest appearance on *Time For Joya*, a children's TV show starring Joya Sherrill, who was featured vocalist with the Ellington band in the '40s . . . The Milford Graves have a new baby daughter . . . Don Byas, still in New York at this writing, sat in on Cal Massey's set with Curtis Fuller, Hakim Jami and Rashied Ali at the *Black Is* Festival mid-August . . . Tenorist Dexter Gordon returned to Europe Aug. 31, concluding his U.S. tour with a second album for Prestige with Wynton Kelly, piano; Larry Ridley, bass, and Roy Brooks, drums . . . Slug's had the Elvin Jones Quartet featuring Frank Foster, George Coleman, and Wilbur Little the week of Sept. 1 and the Donald Byrd Quintet featuring Sonny Red Aug. 25-30 . . . The Vanguard had Pharoah Sanders' group the week of Aug. 25, including Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums, and several African percussionists . . . Ungano's had the

Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band the week of Aug. 24 . . . *Electric Lady*, the first rock-oriented recording studio with floating ceilings, multi-ramped convex control rooms, carpeted surfaces and complex lighting systems, opened Aug. 26 at 52 W. 8th St. in Greenwich Village. Jimi Hendrix is co-owner with his manager . . . Bill Harris is slated for the Guitar Sept. 30-Oct. 3 . . . *Jazz Spotlight* Productions gave a concert Aug. 29 at the Marc Ballroom. Featured were the groups of Betty Carter (Norman Simmons, piano; Lyle Atkinson, bass, Al Harewood, drums); the Elvin Jones Quartet, and Lee Morgan's Quintet, featuring Billy Harper, tenor sax; Harold Mabern, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums . . . The First Annual Jazz Festival at Hempstead was held indoors due to rain. Loads of area jazzmen performed. In the Dedrick-Dixon Ad Hoc Festival Band were Rusty Dedrick, trumpet; Wayne Andre, Lou McGarity, trombones; Joe Dixon, Nick Brignola, Lee Konitz, reeds; Toots Thielemans, guitar, harmonica; Reese Markewich, electric piano, flute; Eddie Gomez, bass, and Walter Perkins, drums. Tenorist Billy Mitchell's sextet had Dave Burns, trumpet; Charles McLean, piano; Arvell Shaw, electric bass; Roland Prince, guitar; Earl Williams, drums . . . Nick Brignola, playing alto, baritone, and saxello, had Don York, piano; Eddie Ananias, guitar; George Leary, drums. Cornetist Wild Bill Davison had producer Joe Dixon on clarinet; McGarity, trombone; Nat Pierce, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass, and Marcus Foster, drums. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra topped it off. Featured vocalist was Maxine Sullivan . . . Joe Farrell subbed in the Jones-Lewis Band on Aug. 31 at the Village Vanguard, where its Monday night bashes continue at full steam.

Los Angeles: Cannonball Adderley seems to be taking a page out of Miles Davis' book—a blank page. His recent gig at Shelly's Manne-Hole was conspicuous for its absence of Adderley's professional announcements. The quintet now plays non-stop 45-minute sets . . . As for the Manne who gave his own name to the club, he returned from Europe where he toured with his quintet. He's still raving about the reception they got. The tour was in the form of a long-overdue birthday present to himself (Manne just passed the half-

century mark): this was his first "road trip" in seven years . . . Ahmad Jamal followed Cannonball into the Manne-Hole, with Ernie Watts and John Klemmer still holding forth Sunday afternoons and Monday nights, respectively . . . Mel Torme played two weeks at the Westside Room, and if he signed more autographs than usual it was because people were coming up to him requesting his autograph for copies of his new book, *The Other Side of the Rainbow*, or *With Judy Garland On The Dawn Patrol*. In 1963-64, Torme wrote special material for the *Judy Garland Show* on CBS-TV, and his new book nostalgically documents his experiences with Garland . . . On the other side of the Century Plaza, in the Hong Kong Bar, Oscar Peterson will close a four-week stand October 3. This marks his fourth gig at the HKB . . . Donte's revived a concept straight out of *Jazz At The Philharmonic*: a battle of tenors. It was billed as "Tenor Madness," and featured Don Menza, Sal Nistico and Joe Romano for two weekends. Rhythm sections varied slightly: Gene Cherico, on bass, was there both weekends; Tom Garvin and Mike Wofford alternated on piano; Pete Magadini and Leon Chancler alternated on drums. Chancler's reputation is beginning to spread around town. He works with Gerald Wilson's band and has been used by Willie Bobo and Herbie Hancock. The 18-year old drummer is a music major at Cal State . . . Donte's September lineup was again heavy on big band sounds: Mike Barone, Dee Barton, Louis Bellson, Boh Jung, Dick Grove and Woody Herman. Combos included Joe Pass, Victor Feldman (recording live at Donte's), Dave Mackay, Emil Richards, June Christy with hubby Boh Cooper, and George Van Eps. Van Eps almost missed his scheduled gig because of a broken fingernail. As you might have guessed by now, guitarist Van Eps does not use a pick . . . Joe Henderson's Quintet followed the Modern Jazz Quartet into the Lighthouse, and Orrin Keepnews flew in to record them for Milestone. Personnel included: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Henderson, tenor; George Cabels, electric piano; Ron McLure, electric bass; Lennie White, drums . . . The Pasta House, in East Los Angeles, is featuring some high-calorie jazz on Tuesdays with Jay Migliore, reeds; Joe Lettieri, piano; Bill Plummer, bass; Al Cecchi, drums . . . Esther Phillips and Q. Williams seem to be sharing the Ike Isaacs Trio at Memory Lane. Lately they've been alternating as the featured vocalists in that club for about two weeks each . . . Aretha Franklin was featured at the Sports Arena for a one-night concert . . . Sitting in with Gene Harris and the Three Sounds at the Pied Piper recently: Sarah Vaughan, Dexter Gordon and Eddie Lockjaw Davis (all in one night). And during another night at the Pied Piper, for KTYM personality Wally Thompson, Sonny Criss, Hampton Hawes and Teddy Edwards did the sitting in . . . Stan Kenton was booked for the Fresno Convention Center December 5 . . . Lou Rawls just did two benefits in San Diego for the Home For The Helping Hand . . .

Henry Mancini blended his usual mixture of lush sounds and big band jazz at a Hollywood Bowl one-nighter . . . **Roberta Flack**, **Les McCann** and the Los Angeles cast of *Hair* were among those performing at this year's Watts Festival . . . **Louis Jordan** and his wife **Martha** just took off on a two-month tour of the Orient. They took off immediately after returning from a tour of Mexico . . . The **Etta James Revue**, with **Sticks McGowan**, **Slim Brown**, **Daniel Bonds** and **Jerome Brooks**, worked the newly decorated York Club for four nights . . . The **Ernie Scott Trio**, along with vocalist **Viola Willis**, are now at the New Chalon . . . The **Perri Lee Duo** (**Miss Lee**, organ; **Dave Howard**, drums) moved to **Chez Pico** . . . The **Contraband All-Stars** (**Pete Robinson**, electric piano, organ, melodica, ring modulator; **Dave Pritchard**, guitar; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Brian Moffett**, drums) played a recent one-nighter at the Pasadena Ice House. The group, an avant-garde jazz-rock combo, featured a series of "space-age, electronic compositions" under the collective title, *Sangria* . . . Two dance clubs—in the tradition of the '40s and '50s—are now flourishing in Southern California, dedicated to bringing back the big bands and bringing out the couples. The **Swing Era Showcase Society** had its most recent events in the Knollwood Country Club in Granada Hills, and at the Sunset Hills Country Club in Thousand Oaks. Its next dance, with **Don Scott's** band (featuring trombonist **Bob Havens**), will be

at the Wilshire Hyatt House, in Los Angeles, Nov. 20. The other outfit, the **California Swing Club**, has moved into a new home in Norwalk. However, for its big promotional affairs they usually rent the Palladium in Hollywood. That's where **Harry James** was featured in June, and that's where they'll have **Count Basie**, October 29 . . . The **Hotel Tropicana**, in Las Vegas, will also have **Count Basie**, but it comes much sooner, October 2, for three weeks, and the band will be reunited with **Joe Williams**. **Lou Rawls** will follow, making his Tropicana debut October 23. . . . **Tom Scott** just returned from two weeks at McLellan Air Force Base in Sacramento as part of his National Guard commitment, but it wasn't wasted. Along with **Gary Barone**, **Alan Estes**, **John Morell** and two **Don Ellis** sidemen, **Fred Seldon** and **John Clark**, he spent the entire time playing in the 62nd Air Force Band (the same organization that was invited to join the **Los Angeles Philharmonic** for a joint spectacular of *Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture*). **Scott** recently scored his second TV assignment: *Dan August*, for ABC-TV. **Dave Grusin** did the theme. **Scott's** first assignment was for a *Bold Ones* segment. **Scott** also just completed arranging a **Roger Williams** single, using a woodwind quintet . . . **Joe Parnello** just made his scoring debut with the *Koala-London* film, *Cactus In the Snow* . . . **Billy Preston** was honored by the **Voices of Hope** Choir at the Wilshire Ebell Theater. **Quincy Jones** was on hand for the event which included a taped

tribute by **Ray Charles** to his protege, **Preston Charles**, at the time, was on tour in behalf of his pet charity, **The Sickle Cell Disease Research Foundation** . . . **Dave Axelrod** has left **Capitol Records** and joined **Screen Gems-Columbia Music** as a contract writer. One of the last things he did for **Capitol**—a composition for a recording by **Cannonball Adderley's Quintet and Orchestra**—was scheduled for performance at the **Monterey Jazz Festival**, under **Axelrod's** direction.

Chicago: The *August is Charlie Parker Month* series concluded the weekend of Aug. 28 with a group featuring **Lee Konitz**, **Philly Joe Jones**, and vocalist **Ed-die Jefferson** (along with trumpeter **Art Hoyle**, pianist **John Young**, bassist **Rufus Reid**) doing Friday and Saturday sessions at the Apartment and a Sunday stint at the North Park Hotel . . . Trombonist **Dave Remington's** big band is appearing Monday nights at **The Wise Fools** . . . The **Blackhawk Restaurant** inaugurated a Friday jazz cocktail hour featuring **Ted Buttermen's** six-piece outfit . . . The **John Stubblefield-Edwin Daugherty Quintet** played a Aug. 28 concert at **Robert's Penthouse** . . . Tenorist **Prince James** did a weekend at the **Urbanite Lounge** . . . Guitarist **John Bishop's Trio** took time out from their three-week engagement at the **London House** to appear on the **Marty Faye TV show** Sept. 5. **Faye's** house band leader, pianist **Larry Novak**, got a rare opportunity to stretch out on a recent show . . . **B. B. King** did a two-weeker at **Mister Kelly's** and a Sept. 12 concert at the **Cook County Jail** . . . **Leo Smith & Company** (**Smith**, trumpet; **Peter Cozy**, guitar; **Steve McCall**, drums) did a Sunday morning concert Sept. 6 at the **Afam Art Gallery**, 1037 E. 75th St. . . . **Blood, Sweat & Tears** appeared in concert at the **Auditorium Theatre** . . . **Lee Bailey** hosts a two-hour jazz show on Saturday afternoons from 1-3 on **WXFM-FM** . . . The **Jane Addams Center of Hull House**, 3212 N. Broadway, held a blues jam recently featuring **Muddy Waters** and **B. B. King** . . . Blues man **Johnny Young's** band, including guitarist **Louis Myers** and drummer **Fred Below**, has been doing Fridays and Saturdays at the **Wise Fools** . . . Blues tenorist **Eddie Shaw's** group (**Jesse Robinson**, guitar; **Big Mojo Elem**, bass; **Charles Hicks**, drums) has been subbing for the **Mighty Joe Young** band at the **Alex Club**, 1815 W. Roosevelt Rd. . . . **Kansas City Red** continues at the **I & P Lounge** . . . A blues group featuring **Fenton Robinson**, **Dusty Brown**, and **Little Mack** have been appearing at **Tom's musicians Lounge** . . . A traditional jazz group featuring trombonist **Danny Williams**, clarinetist **Jerry Fuller**, pianist **Earl Washington**, and drummer **Steve Varela** has been doing Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at the **Inn Place** in nearby **Chicago Heights**.

Las Vegas: **Woody Herman's Herd** did a three-weeker at **Caesars Palace** featuring the arrangements and compositions of pianist **Alan Broadbent** (most notably

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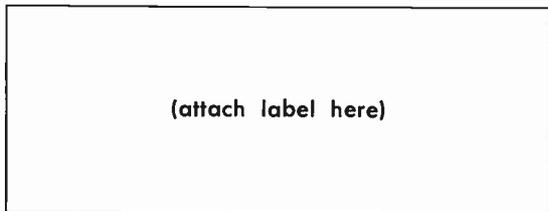
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his extended chart of *Blues In The Night* which Herman first recorded in 1941) . . . Also ensconced at Caesars Palace was singer Frank D'Rone, backed by pianist Tommy Todd, guitarists Don Overburgh and Don Baldwin, and drummer Pete Lewis. Tony Bennett and Louis Bellson have also had successful stints recently at Caesars . . . Vocalist Frankie Randall did a month-long engagement at the Riviera's Starlite Theatre, accompanied by Frank Colloff, piano; Billy Christ, bass; Roy James, drums, and Dave Shank, percussion . . . The Castaways lounge features the Maurice Stewart Trio (Stewart, piano; Fred Carter, bass; Bill Blackstead, drums) . . . Si Zentner's Orchestra, featuring soloists Dennis Grillo on trumpet and Don Overburgh, guitar, backed Julie London at the Tropicana's Blue Room . . . Trumpeter-trombonist Jimmy Monari's outfit, better known as Buck's Band, did an Aug. 30 concert at the Desert Inn. Personnel: Bobby Shew, Carl Saunders, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Gus Mancuso, trombones; Dave O'Rourke, Jimmy Mulidore, reeds; Don Overburgh, guitar; Ron Feuer, piano; Billy Christ, bass; Sandy Savino, drums, and Ernestine Anderson, guest vocalist. The concert featured charts by Monari, Rick Davis, Bobby Smale, Bob Enevoldsen, and Melba Liston . . . Ike and Tina Turner's Revue returned to the International Hotel . . . Doc Severinsen was Johnny Carson's musical director for his two-week August stint at the Sahara Hotel.

Dallas: Joe Morello's new group, composed solely of musicians based in the Dallas area, is now booking a series of concert tours and club dates. The quintet (with Lou Marini, reeds; Jack Petersen, guitar; Rich Matteson, piano, bass trumpet; John Monaghan, bass) made its first appearance at the Texas Bandmasters Convention in San Antonio, then left the area for engagements at Lennie's On-the-Turnpike in Boston and the London House in Chicago . . . Trumpeter Don Jacoby has moved to the popular Keynote Club as both official host and as featured soloist once each set with the Dave Williams house band . . . Singer Bettye Pearce, along with husband Dave Zoller's Trio (John Rigney, bass; Chuck Griffin, drums) worked two weeks at Fort Worth's Town Pump before journeying to Lancers Showroom in Wichita, Kas. Four of Zoller's charts, for singer Marion Love, were recently performed on network TV on the Johnny Carson and David Frost programs . . . Rehearsal band activity has revived in Dallas with many of the city's recording musicians taking part in the Sunday sessions. The first big band consisted of George Cherb, Don Jacoby, Bob Pickering, Don Thomas, John Thomans, trumpets; Wayne Harrison, Lloyd Herbert, Jerry Chamberlain, Chuck Mandernach, trombones; Lou Marini, Billy Aimsforth, Tom Watkins, Harvey Anderson, Wally Roberts, saxes; Freddie Crane, piano; Ernie Chapman, bass, and Banks Dimon, drums . . . Lou Rawls returned to the Fairmont Hotel in September, following O. C. Smith and preceding, tentatively, Barbara McNair. Mel

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Thorne has been signed for a return engagement at the Fairmont next March . . . Guitarist Carlos Montoya and the Fifth Dimension were among the highlights in the SMU Spotlight Concert Series, kicked off in September by Sammy Davis, Jr. . . . Summer jazz in Houston included Dizzy Gillespie's two-weeker at Le Bastille, the Bubba Thomas *Summer Jazz Show*, with Thomas' Lightmen, the Leon Spencer Trio featuring tenorist Arnett Cobb, and folk singer Thomas Meloncon . . . Pete's Steakhouse is now a fairly active jazz spot in Houston now, with regular and visiting artists including trumpeter Carl Adams, reedmen Ronnie Laws and Pete Thomas, bassists Ed Rose and Charles Freeman, and drummers William Jeffrey and Mike O'Connor.

Baltimore: Jazz and rock combined to make August a lively month in Baltimore. Herbie Hancock, with trumpeter Woody Shaw, trombonist Garnet Brown, tenor saxophonist Bennie Maupin, bassist Buster Williams and drummer Billy Hart played a brilliant set at the Embassy Room Aug. 2. . . . The attraction the same afternoon at the Famous Ballroom for the Left Bank Jazz Society was Rahaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society. After a long rap about rotten TV programming and a misplaced (to these ears anyway) putdown of electrified rock groups, Kirk announced "you can't pull the plug out of me", and launched into a long afternoon of back-alley blues, vocals, and lyrical ballads. The other Vibrators were pianist Ron Burton, bassist Pete Pearson, drummer Jerry Griffin, and percussionist Joe Texidor . . . Two rock concerts, by the superb Afro-Cuban rock group Santana at the Civic Center Aug. 14, and by singer composer John Sebastian at the Merriweather Post Pavilion at Columbia Aug. 15, were commercial and artistic successes. Moreover, there was none of the gate-crashing or stage-charging that had marred previous rock concerts in the area. Through careful work by the promoters and general good vibrations, the Baltimore-Washington rock climate has improved . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society's annual boat cruise aboard the *Port Welcome* never left the dock Aug. 16, but everybody had a good time with organist Richard Groove Holmes and his group. Horace Silver and Stan Kenton are due in at the Left Bank Sept. 20 and 27 respectively . . . Local tenor man Mickey Fields has been playing weekends at Everyday People on Ashland Ave. His sister Shirley, with organist Greg Hatza, guitarist Earl Wilson, and drummer Bunny Cox, sings weekends at the Red Door at St. Paul and 25th sts. . . . Elzie Street and Charles Howard have instituted a jazz policy at the Royal Roost, formally the Aces Wild, at 4227 York Rd. James Moody, Etta Jones, and Johnny Hartman are due in for long weekends (Thursday through Sundays) during September and October.

Denmark: The Jazzhus Montmartre in Copenhagen featured reedman Lucky

Thompson (accompanied by the Kenny Drew Trio) and Teddy Wilson during August. Following his Montmartre stint, Wilson went to Aarhus for a two-night stint at the Tagskaegget . . . The Baga Quartet, comprised of four African musicians from New Guinea who won first prize in last year's Pan-African Festival in Algiers, appeared in concert in Aarhus, Vallekilde and Copenhagen and then did a two-weeker at Copenhagen's Montmartre . . . Altoist John Tchicai, spiritual and musical leader of the "variable and flexible artmechanism" known as the Cadentia Nova Danica, directed 21 outdoor concerts in the Falledparken in Copenhagen during August and September. The concerts were sponsored by the city council of Copenhagen . . . Guitarist-vocalist Mickey Baker, a resident of Paris for the last eight years, made his first appearances in Denmark during the annual music-clinic at the Vallekilde Folk High School, located 60 miles west of Copenhagen. Baker, who teamed with bassist Red Mitchell, was invited to Denmark by the leaders of the Tagskaegget in Aarhus, where he also worked for several weeks in August . . . Other guest clinicians at Vallekilde were English blues man Alexis Korner and pianist Dollar Brand . . . Bill Evans did a 30-minute program for Danish TV. The Evans Trio (Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morell, drums) played several Evans compositions together with a big band arranged and conducted by Danish trumpeter Palle Mikkelborg.

Australia: Drummer Buddy Miles, now a resident of New Zealand, appeared at Expo '70 in Osaka, Japan as a member of the Ozzie Cheesman Quartet, a group sponsored by the New Zealand government . . . The Don Burrows Sextet also appeared at Expo, under the auspices of the Australian government. With his usual quartet (Burrows, reeds; George Golla, guitar; Ed Gaston, bass; Warren Daly, drums), Burrows did several concerts in Sydney for the *Music Now* series of the Sydney branch of the International Society For Contemporary Music . . . Alto saxophonist Bernard McGann has joined the 12-piece jazz-rock group, Heart&Soul, on tour . . . Pianist Bobby Gebert is resident percussionist with Harry Miller's Australian production of *Hair* . . . New Zealand bassist Andrew Brown performs twice weekly at the Galleleo restaurant in Auckland . . . Vocalist Terry Kall of Mike Perjanik's Complex did several guest stints with the Daly-Wilson big band . . . Drummer Frank Gibson Jr. continues to hold Tuesday night jams at his home in suburban Auckland . . . English trumpeter Kenny Ball was in Sydney recently to record a TV special . . . Jeff St. John, Wendy Saddington, and Copperwine were the feature attractions at the recent Perth Arts Festival which resulted in three Perth promoters combining to offer St. John a contract for American appearances . . . The four-month-old commercial radio station royalty ban on Australian and English recordings has curtailed the production of singles, although LP releases continue.



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