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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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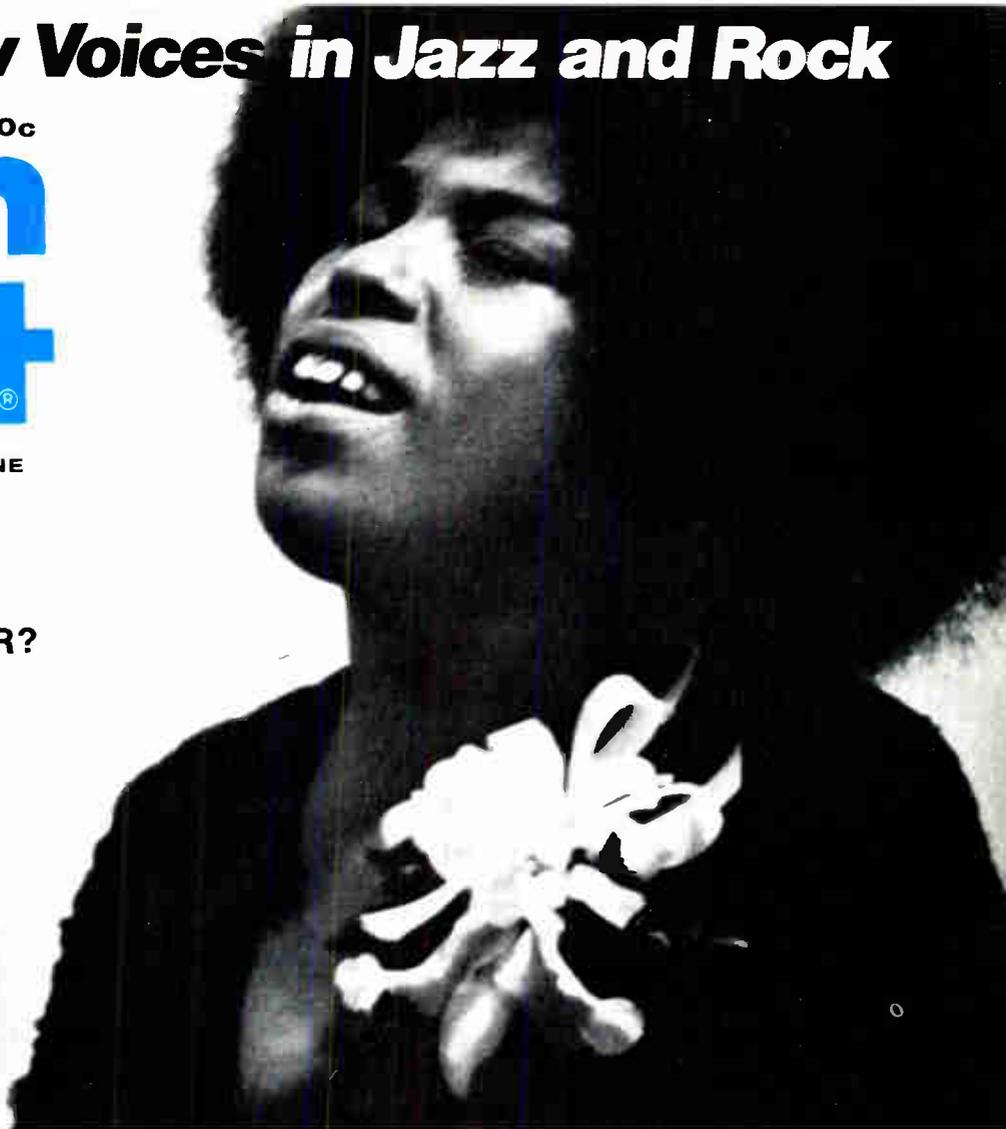
WHAT IS A JAZZ SINGER?
11 VOCAL STARS ANSWER

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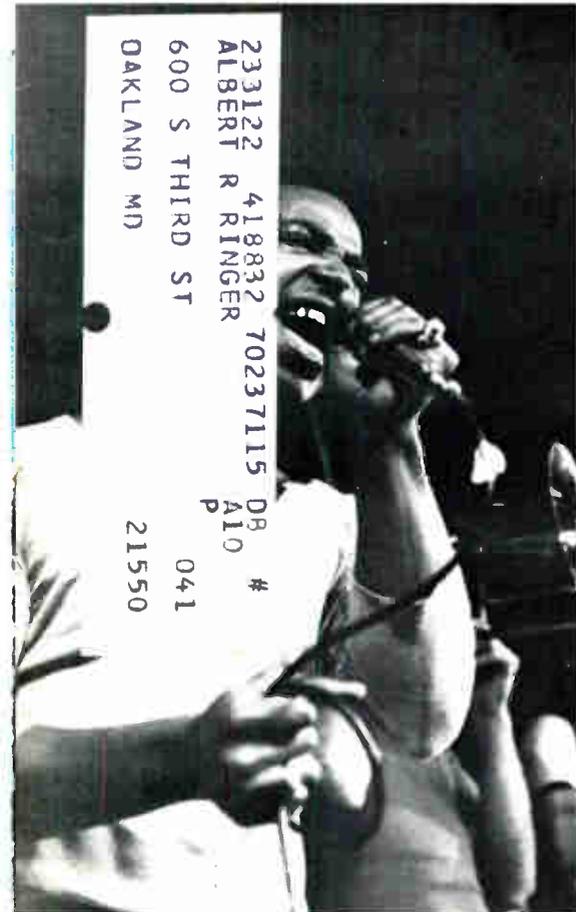
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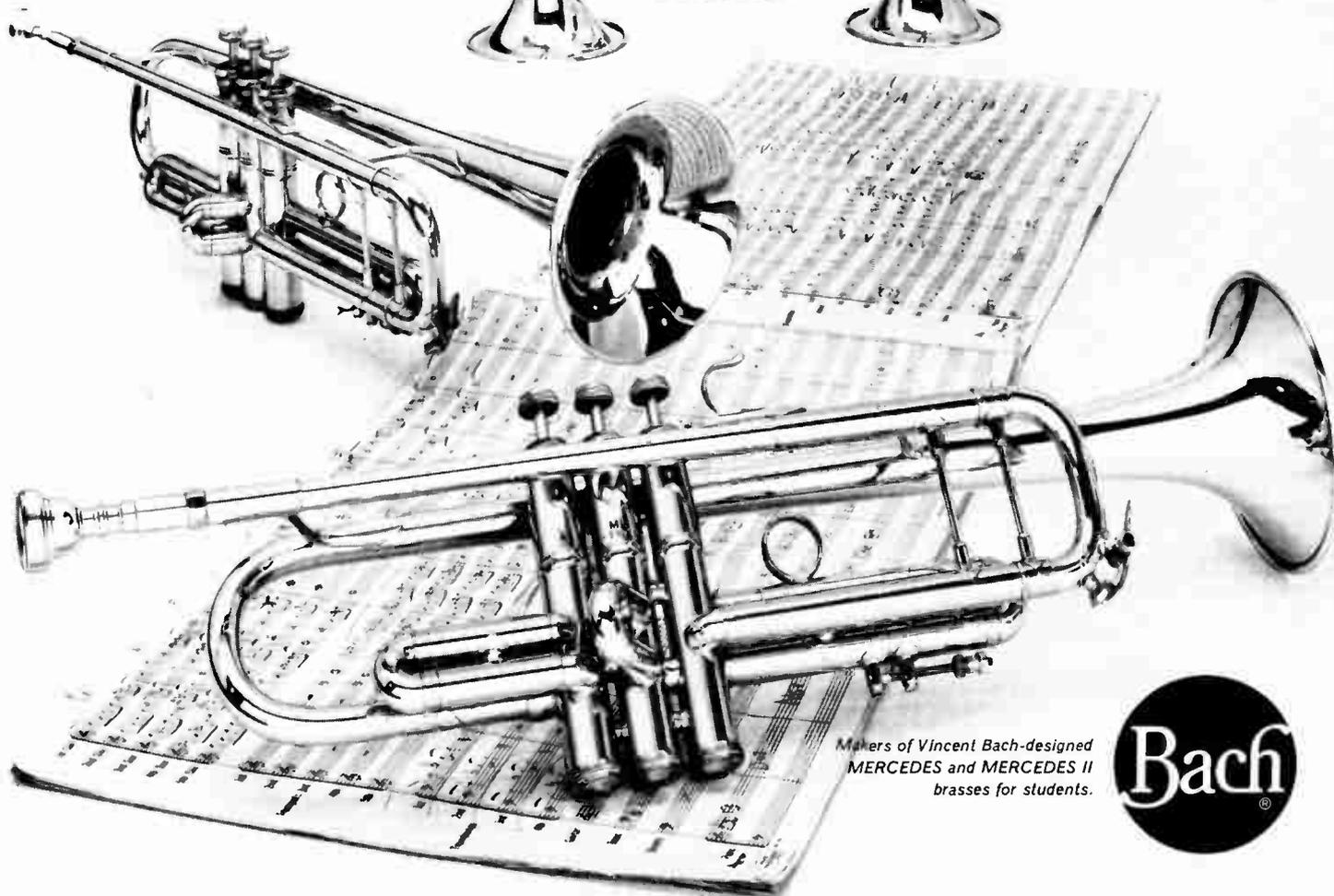
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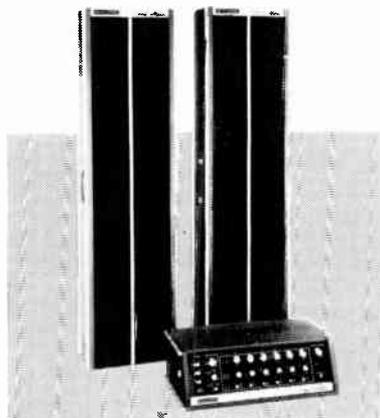


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BALDWIN

By CHARLES SUBER

Ambivalence. *Simultaneous attraction toward and repulsion from an object, person, or action.* While universally applicable to many things, people, and happenings, the definition peculiarly applies to jazz and the business of jazz. Here is a case in point.

Recently the New York chapter of the Record Academy (NARAS) held a special meeting before 200 members and guests "in an attempt to find new ways and means of spreading the jazz gospel throughout the land in which it was born." The cry was "justice for jazz" (alliterative rhetoric is catching). Billy Taylor, this writer's favorite jazz *mensch*, moderated a panel of jazz producers and players who collectively stressed several vital needs or goals: extensive promotion and distribution of jazz records; educating the great American public (there's that rhetoric again) by bringing jazz to the schools; establishing a viable relationship between jazz and the younger record buyer; and the need for cooperation by various media, especially radio and TV, "on the presentation and dissemination of live and recorded jazz."

Obviously we agree with these aims (if not with the rhetoric) but the best of intentions are meaningless without the ways and means to do something. It's like trying to really do something about the environment. Everyone knows and talks about the problem but when it comes to actually paying the price there is an embarrassed shuffling of feet.

All the panel members and the audience of that NARAS meeting know the score but the power boys made up the rules. As one president of a large record company told me last year, "We're not selling talent, we're in the marketplace with a product that profitably breeds its own obsolescence." It certainly should come as no surprise that corporations are for profit and that sales and marketing managers take the straightest line between production and profit.

As for jazz in the schools, the record industry people speak ambivalently. In the hundreds of school jazz festivals I have been connected with in the past 15 years, I can only remember five occasions when any record company executive was there.

The main problem isn't really in the product, it is in promotion and distribution. And let's face it. More than 75% of the record sales in this country are controlled by the rack jobbers—those arbiters of good taste who stock the racks in supermarkets, drugstores and other musical outlets. (The local music store is the last place you go to get a record). As for promotion, I wish you could read the letters we get at **down beat** from disc jockeys who would like to program more jazz if they could be sure of a steady supply of records.

NARAS, how about this? We'll act as a clearing house for you for the distribution of records to disc jockeys who demonstrate a genuine interest for jazz programming. And to make sure that the records can be purchased somewhere once they have been heard on the air, please note the expansion the **down beat/RECORD CLUB** to include any jazz record currently available from any record manufacturer (P. 31).

How about you readers? What suggestions do you have? Let us know. 

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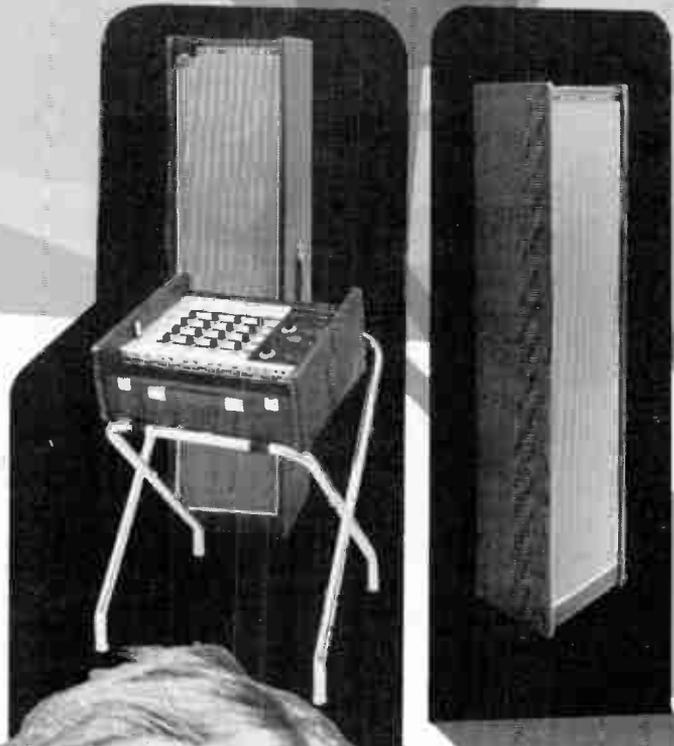
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A Forum For Readers

Omission

On behalf of my fellow musicians and myself, thank you for mentioning our names and our performance at the Aug. 16 *Jazz Vespers* at St. Peters Church in New York (*Strictly Ad Lib*, db, Oct. 1). Inadvertently, you omitted the name of the group's leader, Ray Armando, who contributed his many talents to the proceedings. This skilled conga drummer doubled on Brazilian guitar and bongos, and also arranged all of the music. He also

composed all but two of the tunes.

True, a group cannot function without its sidemen, who too frequently never get mentioned while the leader basks in glory. In this case, as members of a young group seeking to break new ground in the jazz world, we feel our leader deserves some mention also.

Bobby Matos

New York, N.Y.

Blues Views

Even from my remote locale, we have been hearing about the Chess Vintage series now for over six months. It seems that more recent efforts in the blues reissue category could be given more publicity, notably Arhoolie's recent acquisition

of the Folk-Lyric catalog. And, in view of the reluctance on the part of major recording companies to reissue important masters from their own catalogs, it would seem that a magazine such as *down beat* would be more concerned with initiating groundswells that would lead to reissue programs rather than critiquing the 20-year-old performances of legendary Chicago blues figures.

In the Sept. 17 issue (*Blues 'n Folk*) John Litweiler reviewed five of the Chess Vintage LPs, pronounced them good (for an odd variety of reasons), and urged us to enjoy. I must take issue, however, with his offhanded rejection of the highly sensitive and powerful early sides by Muddy Waters. Since I got hold of the first edition of this LP in 1964 I have considered much of it sacred. The so-called confused rhythmic stiffness and empty slide guitar work are not to be found. The guitar work on *She Moves Me* and *Rollin' Stone* are superb examples of the controlled expression of intense emotion that Muddy has never been able to duplicate. The classic *I Can't Be Satisfied* is the epitome of simplicity and beauty in the early, very unsophisticated Chicago blues tradition. The mannerisms of which Litweiler speaks are difficult to assess. Muddy's voice is rich and effective; more need not be said. Only in the later recordings of the period this LP represents, such as *I'm Ready* and *Hoochie Coochie*, does Muddy lose the intensity of his first recordings. These may fit Litweiler's definition of "swing," but the "feel" is gone, and it's that feeling (whether it be "passionate singing" or "rhythmic stiffness") that to me delineates the best of Muddy Waters.

One more note on Litweiler's column, and may all the post-1968 B.B. King fans take note. Buddy Guy (Chess 409), "in his more craftsmanlike manner, is a rewarding guitarist and singer, quite superior to B.B. King . . ." I cannot agree more. But why is Litweiler so down on my man Muddy?

L. S. Summers

Tampa, Fla.

No Knock

Mark Thiel (*Chords and Discords*, db, Aug. 20) criticized Sonny Sharrock's rock knock, but I don't think he hit the heart of the matter.

Of course, there are rock groups doing good, non-dance, non-vocal music; Captain Beefheart may not even be the best example. But that's not the point. Danceability and lyrics are matters of style and personal taste; I can't imagine any criteria which are less important to quality. (Strauss or Verdi, anyone?)

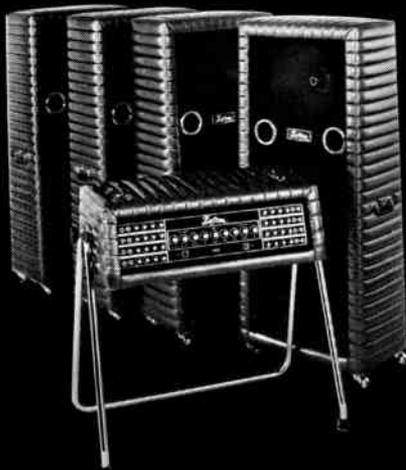
I challenge Sharrock to "give me a whole record by" Duke Ellington "where they just start out and just play, without a steady rhythm you can dance to and without words, and make it just a purely listening music." Any debate about Ellington's musical stature?

Finally, understand that I'm not knocking Sharrock's musicianship. But competence in one field doesn't guarantee critical expertise in another.

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FINAL BAR

Singer **Janis Joplin**, 27, was found dead in a Hollywood motel room in the early morning of Oct. 5. A coroner's report attributed the cause of death to "an accidental overdose of heroin."

Miss Joplin's death came within less than three weeks of that of another rock superstar, **Jimi Hendrix**, also only 27.

It was Miss Joplin's appearance with **Big Brother and the Holding Company** at the 1967 Monterey Pop Festival that catapulted her to fame. At the time, she had been singing professionally for less than a year.

Born in Port Arthur, Tex., she was an



early rebel against the stifling small-town environment in which she grew up. She tried her hand at painting, drifted in and out of college, briefly worked as a computer programmer, and collected blues records. In June of 1966, an old friend, **Travis Rivers**, who had formed the **Big Brother** group, sent for her to come to San Francisco and join the group, and she soon became its star attraction.

In singing and performing, Miss Joplin found the perfect outlet for her passionate temperament. Her voice was untrained and strident, but she put everything she had into it. Her stage manner was flamboyant, uninhibited, and overtly sexual. In a sense, she was an undisciplined performer, but this very fact made her so appealing to her audience.

Essentially, Miss Joplin's forte was the adaptation of blues to rock conventions. Though she claimed, no doubt sincerely, to be influenced by **Bessie Smith**, a more direct ancestor of her style was **Big Mama Thornton**, whose *Ball and Chain* became Miss Joplin's first and biggest hit.

Miss Joplin was at her best, and probably happiest, while working with **Big Brother**, a rather unsubtle San Francisco

blues-rock band that gave her the right kind of backing. After her success at Monterey (followed up by an appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival later that year), she signed a recording contract as a single, and a new backup band was put together for her. It was too slick and she did not feel comfortable with it.

Recently, she formed a new group, the **Full Tilt Boogie Band**, with which she made a surprise appearance at the Festival for Peace in New York's Shea Stadium Sept. 6. She was in the middle of making an album with the band for Columbia in Los Angeles when she died.

Alto saxophonist **Scoops Carry**, 55, died Aug. 4 in Chicago after a long illness.

Born **George Dorman Carry** in Little Rock, Ark., he graduated from Chicago Music College in 1932, played with **Lucky Millinder**, his brother **Ed Carry's** band, **Fletcher Henderson**, **Roy Eldridge**, **Art Tatum**, **Earl Hines**, **Horace Henderson**, and **Hines** again from 1941 to 1947.

He then studied law, graduating from **John Marshall Law School** in Chicago and establishing a successful practice in that city.

Carry's most famous recorded solo, on **Hines' Jelly Jelly**, was often mistakenly credited to **Charlie Parker** in the early days of bebop. He can also be heard on many other **Hines** disks, playing in an attractive fluent mainstream style, and on **Roy Eldridge's** famous 1937 recordings (*Wabash Stomp*, *Heckler's Hop*, etc.).

Trumpeter **Gail Brockman**, 53, died Sept. 29 in Chicago. He played with the big bands of **Horace Henderson**, **Earl Hines**, and **Billy Eckstine**, and was in the first group led by **Gene Ammons**, with which he recorded in 1947.

He later worked with numerous Chicago-based bands, including those of **Red Saunders** and **Bill Russo**, toured with **Nat King Cole**, and briefly played with **Count Basie**.

A capable section trumpeter and fine soloist, who never achieved due recognition, **Brockman** can be heard on **Ammons' Red Top** and *Idaho*, and **Russo's S'posin'** and *An Esthete on Clark Street*.

JAZZ&PEOPLES MOVEMENT PROMISED NBC ACTION

In its second foray against network TV, the Jazz and Peoples Movement confronted NBC's **Johnny Carson Show** Oct. 1 and came away with more concrete promises than previously obtained from CBS (db, Oct. 15).

Again led by **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**, JPM members blocked the doors of the New York studio where **Carson** tapes and began to play music at the scheduled time for the taping.

A conference was quickly called by network officials, and after some discussion,

the demonstrators allowed the taping to proceed unhampered. **Joseph Cuneff**, director of night-time programming for NBC, said after the discussion that a series of meetings with musicians would begin the following week.

"I want to have more meetings—meaningful meetings," **Cuneff** said. "I'm not here just to put together shows; I'm here to help."

A spokesman for the JPM expressed satisfaction with NBC's initial response. The movement's goals include more jazz and black music on TV and other media, regular programming of shows that would educate the public about black music; more black musicians on daily and weekly network TV, and more recognition of jazz musicians when they do appear as guests on television.

At presstime, further demonstrations were being planned.

THE JAZZ CLUB SCENE: SOME HOPEFUL SIGNS

Though there appears to be little letup in the general night club doldrums, some rays of light are appearing in unlikely corners of the jazz world.

In Minneapolis, the **Cafe Extraordinaire**, a no-liquor coffee house operated by **Bob and Doris Jackson**, is wrapping up a big Fall Festival of Sound that has featured the groups of **Elvin Jones**, **Joe Henderson**, and **Eddie Harris**, and concludes with **Kenny Burrell** (Nov. 1-5). In the same city, a group of businessmen plan to open a middle-of-the-road jazz club this fall.

In Springfield, Mass., **John Gamilis' Famous Door**, once a well-known jazz spot but in recent years mainly an outlet for rock, is changing its name to the **Village Gate** and will resume a jazz policy this month. Among the groups scheduled to appear are **Cecil Payne's Zodiac** with violinist **Aubrey Welsh**, the **Kenny Dorham-Hank Mobley Quintet**, and the **Howard McGhee Quartet** with singer **Joe Carroll**.

And in West Patterson, N.J., veteran jazz buff and club owner **Amos Kahn** is back in the game with the **Gulliver**, featuring such local talent as pianist **Reno Brooks** and tenorist **Mike Melillo** on weeknights, and bringing in guest stars like **Roy Eldridge** and **Willie The Lion Smith** on weekends.

In Chicago, the **Sutherland** has been back in action since September, with **Jimmy Smith** and **Sonny Stitt** among the attractions. In the New York area, the established clubs are standing fast, while new scenes include **Diggs' Den** in Harlem, where **Barry Harris** holds forth on weekends with **Gene Taylor** and **Roy Brooks**, and the **Galaxy** in Queens, where **Roy Eldridge** and **Illinois Jacquet** recently coled a swinging group.

POTPOURRI

A marathon memorial tribute to Booker Ervin, stretching from 6 p.m. to 4 a.m., was held Sept. 28 at the Lorelei on East 86th St. in Manhattan. Among the many musicians who performed at the well-attended event were Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Ray Bryant, Kenny Dorham, Bill Barron, Billy Taylor, Toshiko, Eddie Harris, Jimmy Owens, Bobby Brown, Roy Brooks, Cecil Payne, Horace Parlan, Ernie Wilkins, Richard Williams, Peck Morrison, J. C. Moses, Sonny Red, Chris White, Bob Cranshaw, Bobby Jones, Ray Copeland, Walter Perkins, Monty Alexander, Warren Chiasson, Michael Shepherd, Aubrey Welch, Ruth Brisbane, and many others.

Tony Bennett appeared in concert at New York's Philharmonic Hall Sept. 26, backed by Louis Bellson's 21-piece big band. A special solo and obbligato role was assigned to cornetist Ruby Braff, who has been touring with Bennett. Tap dancer Bunny Briggs was also featured.

Herbie Mann unveiled a brand new combo at Shelly's Manne-Hole in September following a successful three-week Japanese tour with his old combo. The

new group boasts a brass section (Mel Lastie, Ike Williams, trumpet, fluegelhorn; George Bohanon, trombone, baritone horn) and also includes Al Vesco, guitar; John Barnes, electric piano; Darnell Clayton, electric bass; Dick Waters, drums, and Victor Pantoja, congas.

Vibist Karl Berger, who holds a doctorate in musicology and philosophy, is conducting a weekly seminar in improvising music at the New School for Social Research in New York City during the fall and spring semesters. Berger will also present several modern jazz lecture-demonstrations and concerts, utilizing prominent guest artists, at the school's auditorium. These will be open to the public and are described by Berger as "a new type of music appreciation." The German-born musician is also teaching a course in musicianship at Hartt College in Hartford, Conn.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Rahsaan Roland Kirk worked the Vanguard for the last two weeks in September. Kirk was followed by Pharoah Sanders' group . . . Barry Harris has been at Diggs' Den on week-

ends in October. With the pianist are Gene Taylor, bass and Roy Brooks, drums . . . Joe Lee Wilson and his band were held over uptown at Wells on weekends through Sept. . . . The last week in September had James Moody at the Half Note with Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles and Mousey Alexander. The week before, Jimmy Giuffre's group held forth . . . Chuck Wayne played the Guitar the end of September . . . Dakota Staton and Dizzy Gillespie played at Club Baron through Oct. 4 . . . Leon Thomas did a Town Hall Concert Oct. 5 . . . Slugs had Ornette Coleman's Quartet through Oct. 4 with Dewey Redman, tenor sax; Charlie Haden, bass, and Ed Blackwell, drums . . . Willis Jackson's group played Arthur's Roundtable in Sept. . . . Billy Gault played Brooklyn's Muse Oct. 1 . . . Jazzline, the information service for what's happening in jazz in town has a new telephone number. Call 771-3244 for the news. Jazzline is sponsored by Jazz Interactions, a non-profit organization dedicated to furthering jazz . . . The Jual Curtis Instant Swing Ensemble, Shafi Hadi, and Charles McGhie played Jazz Vespers services at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in October . . . The Village Gate had Yoel Sharr's Trio at Top of the Gate the week of Sept.

Continued on page 43



NOSTALGIA FOR SALE—PART II

Bystander

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

THE SWING ERA is a much-publicized project of Time-Life, a series of albums (two released as this is written), which re-create hits, near-hits, and some non-hits from the music, mostly the big band swing music, of the '30s.

And why not? I mean get the old charts out—or if there are no old charts, transcribe the records. Get some good men, let them read and interpret the dots, and then let them solo. Of course, you don't get musicians whose solo styles are too far out of the context of the times. Right?

Wrong. They're peddling nostalgia on these records, baby. Nostalgia not only doesn't call for creativity, it can't even handle it. The soloists don't improvise. They undertake to play the old solos note for note.

What results is a kind of interpretive music. Judged as such, it is, at turns, competent, dull, and downright ugly. Oh, everything is correct, right in place. The original mistakes are all corrected, there are no bad notes, and poor intonation is almost impossible to find.

It is rather like listening to Benny Goodman play a Fletcher Henderson score if you know the original. Hender-

son's original will have errors, but it will have a depth and spirit of discovery. Still, if Goodman's version lacks Fletcher's depth, and is polished and correct, it does have a life of its own, it has solos of its own, and they may be very good ones. So the comparison won't quite hold. For these Time-Life performances rarely rise above competence in interpretation, and often they sink well below it.

Furthermore, they produce dullnesses and grotesqueries, many of them. The trumpeter who takes Rex Stewart's lovely moment on Ellington's *In a Sentimental Mood* has a thankless task, to be sure, but he comes up with something ugly indeed. And the effort at Buck Clayton's *One O'Clock Jump* solo is very close to incompetent. It is also shocking that studio saxophonists can't do a better job of imitating Lester Young these days. (Only a few years ago, half of them would have imitated him whether they were asked to or not.)

On the other hand, Gus Bivona's and Abe Most's re-creations of Goodman's clarinet are almost uncanny—or maybe not considering how many years Bivona particularly has been practicing it. Bivona even does Buster Bailey as if he were Goodman on the Henderson *Christopher Columbus* and (some of you guys are not going to like this) consequently makes the solo swing more than Bailey did.

Selections, too, make for strange results. A re-creation of the Bob Crosby *Gin Mill Blues* results in someone's imitating Bob Zurke interpreting Joe Sullivan!

One could go on cataloging the ugly moments and the failures. An imitation of Lionel Hampton on the Goodman

quartet's *Moon Glow* sounds more like the work of a computer than that of a flesh-and-blood musician. The rhythm section on *One O'Clock Jump* might be more appropriate to Bob Crosby, or even Artie Shaw, than Basie.

Several times the records are a kind of backhanded tribute to Ellington, for they show how perceptively he has used the sounds and souls of his players. A saxophone passage, say, that sounds eloquent on the Duke's original may here sound like some rather ordinary sax voicings competently read.

One musician involved in these performances does meet his problem head on—either he did or someone filled out his part for him most remarkably. That is pianist Ray Sherman on *One O'Clock Jump*. He takes Basie's single-note solo as his melody line, embellishes it tastefully in the treble and chords in the bass in a kind of Earl Hines-Jess Stacy style. He thereby provides one of the few interesting moments in the first two volumes of the *Swing Era* series.

He is also providing one of the possible answers that a good musician can come up with if he is faced with a strictly interpretive approach to an initially improvisational music. And that, I venture to suggest, is a problem that jazzmen are going to have to face increasingly in the future. I mean, shall a masterpiece like Ellington's *Blue Serge* be dead in 1980 except on phonograph records? And if not, how shall it be played?

In any case, there are other questions raised by *The Swing Era*, and I plan to come back to them in the next issue.

Note: At least some (for all I know, all) of this music has been previously issued on Capitol under Billy May's and Glen Gray's names.

CB

"QUOTET"

conducted by harvey siders

Theme:

Is there such a thing as a jazz singer—and if so, what sets him or her apart from other singers? Who are the best among them?

Soloists:

O. C. Smith: "First of all, no one should be categorized, mainly because singing is a feeling. Therefore, I wouldn't categorize other singers. I wouldn't even call myself a jazz singer. I really don't like that label, but if I had to choose the best jazz singer, I'd say Eddie Jefferson."

Irene Kral: "My first thought is a question: 'Why do you want to know?' There is no way to communicate about your art. It's too intangible. No singer is really a jazz singer; that's presumptuous. But there are jazz-oriented singers—those who improvise and use their voices like instruments. They have to be set apart from the others. That would include Carmen McRae, Billy Eckstine and Joe Williams. As for me, I'd like to be considered simply a good singer. If someone wants to go further, let them get hung up on categories."

Ann Richards: "Oh sure, there are jazz singers. Take Anita O'Day, Chris Connor, June Christy—Ella or Carmen. The main thing is they move right ahead without being conscious of lyrics. If you have to think of lyrics or sing to an audience, you're not a jazz singer. Me—I'm too conscious of my obligation to the audience. I grew up surrounded by jazz, but right now I'm trying to break that stigma. I don't like to interfere with a lyric. Right now I'd have to consider myself a jazz-oriented, pop-rock method singer."

Joe Williams: "You can judge a jazz singer by one basic thing: the sound. By that standard I would have to say I don't have the legitimate sound of a jazz singer. Using that definition, I'd say Ray Charles, James Brown and young Billy Preston have the necessary sound. Sinatra? I would call him jazz-oriented. Aretha Franklin, to me, is an extension of Bessie Smith, when you consider her church roots. Which brings up a point. Take a singer who has the church and gospel roots, give him the training of a big band, and wow! There's a fully developed jazz singer."

June Christy: "Whenever that question is asked, I find myself going back to Louis' classic reply: 'If you have to ask what it is—you know the bit. I guess the best way to describe jazz singing is to compare it with love. You know when you're in it, but you still can't define it. Among the best are Ella and Carmen. With Ella, you keep expecting that *someday* she'll do something that won't sound so good, but it never happens. As for Carmen, she's just too much."

Irene Reid: "I wouldn't want to classify myself as strictly a jazz singer. Betty Carter is my idea of a jazz singer—and Carmen McRae and Marlena Shaw. I don't consider myself a jazz singer because I'm really not too confident about scatting.

I am confident about working with any kind of background, even though I've worked mainly with organ trios. There's another thing that might be important to some singers—reading. Now I don't read, but I find it's no disadvantage. I tell you what I *do* find an advantage—my strong church background."

Mavis Rivers: "As far as I'm concerned, I don't know any other way to sing except jazz. Without fear of egotism, let me say 'I swing.' Furthermore, I never do things the same way twice. I guess that's what jazz singing is all about. Among the ones I enjoy listening to are Mel Torme and Frank D'Rone. As for scat, as soon as you use it, you're pegged as 'another Ella.' Talk about being pegged, you know what they called me during one of my recent tours? 'The Doris Day of New Zealand.' How about that?"

Letta Mbulu: "What is a jazz singer? I really could not define that, but I have



Betty Carter: "... I've got very strong feelings on the subject ..."

favorite jazz singers: Ella, Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae. It's a funny thing, but if I sang all my numbers in English, it would probably be thought of as jazz. A lot of people probably interpret my African as your scat. I used to sing scat when I was very young—that's when I tried to imitate Ella on the records I had by her. What I do now is so mixed up with African music, I just wouldn't know how to describe it."

Marlena Shaw: "A jazz singer is one who creates by improvising around the melody line. Therefore, I'd have to consider myself a jazz singer. I couldn't possibly sing straight—you know, note for note. As for the best, I'd choose Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Ethel Ennis and Gloria Lynne. And for a different reason, I'd have to include Tony Bennett. Now in the case of Aretha, I can't consider her a jazz singer. She is a gospel-oriented rhythm and blues singer—which brings up an important point: jazz singers don't *have* to

be rooted in gospel and church backgrounds. Want to know something I've been thinking for a long time? There should be a fund for unknown jazz singers—or maybe workshops available to spotlight those who are up and coming."

Carmen McRae: "Jazz is a feeling—so is jazz singing. At one time I thought improvising was sufficient, but it's more than that. It's how you syncopate the notes that gives it a jazz feeling. As for myself, I'm not really a jazz singer. I am when I want to be. I would say it depends on the room I work. There's really only one jazz singer—only one: Betty Carter."

Betty Carter: "I can tell you about jazz singers—I've got very strong feelings on the subject. There are a lot of singers who can sing ballads, but how many can do a variety of things? In order to sing jazz, you have to work at it. You have to be around jazz musicians, you should know keyboard theory, and harmonic training certainly helps. To be able to explain to musicians what you want is a definite asset. But I suppose most jazz singers are just naturals. Take Billie Holiday—real raw, but she could take a tempo and ride with it. And Ella, of course, she can swing, she can think, she can improvise. Then there's Carmen—and Sarah, but where do you go after that? There are no male jazz singers. The men have the horns. As for me, I guess I'm the last of the Mohicans. It's understandable: jazz singing is not profitable. Young singers tend toward commercial singing—and let's face it, it's one way or the other: if what you're singing becomes commercial, it's no longer jazz."

Jimmy Witherspoon: "Jazz singer? The whole idea is a myth. Of course they call *me* a jazz singer—or at least a blues singer. Well that's all right because in order to know jazz, you've got to know spirituals first and blues second. You know who the greatest blues singer is? And I'm not puttin' y'on: Kay Starr! Go ahead and print that. Kay Starr is the best blues singer around. And Capitol tried to change her style—they said she was 'too colored.' Well I'd put her in the same category as Dinah Washington. But when you talk about jazz singers, you're talking about a myth. How could they call Al Jolson a jazz singer? Now what kind of — is that?"

Coda: "Spoon" is always good copy, but while his delivery is pure blues, his word is not necessarily gospel. Jazz singing is no myth. It is very real, vital and creative. It comes in many flavors and each is valid: the humor of Satchmo; the exuberance of Jimmy Rushing; the slickness of Jackie and Roy; the suavity of Peggy Lee; the softsell of Grady Tate; the brashness of Sammy Davis Jr.; the logy-ness of Big Mama Thornton; the Hoagy-ness of Mose Allison; even the *melisma* of today's "soul" singers. Each has its personal groove, and whether it's the phrasing, the syncopation or the improvising, each manages to swing. And that's the real name of the game.

ES

ROBERTA FLACK: SURE BET FOR STARDOM

by Dan Morgenstern

ON A NIGHT NOT long ago at Chicago's Auditorium Theater, a star-studded miniature jazz festival was held. On hand were such heavyweight names as Cannonball Adderley, Herbie Mann, Les McCann and Eddie Harris with their groups, but it was a small, rotund girl with a giant Afro hairdo who walked away with all the marbles.

Roberta Flack sings and plays the piano. "I want everybody to see me as I am," she has said, and when she performs, she gives off that very special quality reserved for those who can combine a seeming artlessness and natural manner with absolute artistic control of their medium.

That night in Chicago, the audience just wouldn't let her go, and it has been the same at jazz festivals in Hampton, Va. and Rhode Island, at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles, in New York's Central Park, and in clubs and on concert stages throughout the country.

Miss Flack was the sole guest on Bill Cosby's TV special last spring, and she has been seen on David Frost, Mike Douglas, and other similar shows. Her debut album for Atlantic, *First Take* released last year, captured the fancy of the public, and her just-released second effort for the label, *Chapter Two*, is even better. This month, she'll have her own Carnegie Hall Concert.

Only two years ago, few people knew about Roberta Flack. Just the patrons at Mr. Henry's Upstairs club in Washington, D.C., where she was appearing regularly, were able to enjoy her artistry. In the summer of 1968, Les McCann dropped in at a benefit concert, caught her performance, was beguiled, sent a tape to Joel Dorn at Atlantic, and she was on her way.

In fact, however, Roberta Flack has been on her way for most of her 30 young years. She was born in Black Mountain, N.C.—a tiny spot on the map immortalized by Bessie Smith, but better known as Billy Graham's birthplace. She began to play piano at 4 by ear, having listened to her father, an amateur admirer of Art Tatum.

The family moved to D.C. when she was 9, and little Roberta soon began to skip grades and win musical competitions. At 12, she started piano studies with Hazel Harrison, one of the first prominent Negro concert pianists and a Bach and Scarlatti expert. When she was 13, Roberta won second place in a scholarship contest (segregated, she notes), playing a Scarlatti sonata. "I was a very serious little student," she told Leonard Feather.

At 15, no less, she won a scholarship to Howard University, and at 19 graduated from that famous institution with a BA in music education. While there, she studied voice with a teacher who had worked with Leontyne Price. Brief-

ly, she returned to her home state to teach, supposedly English literature, but she notes, winding up "teaching basic grammar to 12th graders."

Back in D.C., she found teaching music in the capital's school system a bit more rewarding. In 1962, she began to moonlight, working as accompanist for a group of opera singers at the Tivoli Restaurant. By 1965, she was sold on the idea of becoming a professional singer and pianist, something for which she'd had a yen since giving a concert during her Howard years which was greeted with a standing ovation.

With her varied background in studying, teaching, and performing, Miss Flack is very probably the most accomplished musician among today's pop artists. She does her own arrangements, she writes, and she can tell musicians and a&r men what she wants.

But when she is on, it is not her classical background that stands out. There are, for instance, none of those little piano-exercise touches that Nina Simone used to indulge in. What comes through, what is there, is a whole lot of soul (in the real, gospel sense of that abused word), expert but never flashy musicianship, and a marvelous sense of pacing and structuring a performance.

Almost from the start, Miss Flack has her audience firmly in hand, and she never lets go. Unlike some other strong performers, however, she leaves you with the feeling of having been

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BOB RICHARDS



Irene Reid:

“I’ve Been Here All The Time”

by
Chris
Albertson

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO, a seventeen-year-old girl from Savannah, Ga., took a bow before an enthusiastic and notoriously critical audience at Harlem’s Apollo Theatre. For the fourth week in a row, Irene Reid had won the theatre’s famous Wednesday night Amateur Contest, a contest which has also launched the careers of such notable vocalists as Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan.

“I was very lucky,” she recalls modestly. “I had a powerful voice and people were then associating me with Dinah Washington, who happened to be appearing at the Apollo in their regular show during that time. They asked her to stay and hear me sing, but you know Dinah, she said ‘I don’t want to hear anybody sing,’ but she stayed, and I happened to sing *It Isn’t Fair*, one of her tunes. I tore the house down, then she complimented me, and I’ve been going ever since.”

Miss Reid *has* been going ever since, but the going has not been easy. Perhaps the similarity between her voice and that of Miss Washington had something to do with it, but I suspect it also has something to do with her non-aggressive nature—talent is, unfortunately, not the only criterion for making it in today’s show biz.

Irene Reid’s talent wasn’t entirely overlooked, however. While appearing in the Bronx, at a place called the Blue Morocco, she made a demo of *Alexander’s Ragtime Band*, which somehow reached the ears of Count Basie and aroused his interest. “When I heard that Basie was interested, I couldn’t believe it,” she recalls, “I went to the Roundtable for an audition with him. He sat down, played a couple of bars and said ‘that’s it,’ then he took me on the road with his band. It was really one of the most terrific experiences of my life.”

Thirteen years of hard, unrewarding club gigs had prepared her for this big break, but fifteen months with Basie did

not bring Miss Reid the renown one might have expected. Touring extensively in Europe, she won a certain following, gained valuable musical experience, and documented her association with the band in the form of a handful of recordings (which, incidentally, don’t credit her as vocalist), but the American public was essentially still unaware of Irene Reid.

In 1962, having left Basie, she returned to club work, appearing with organ trios throughout the country. She also recorded for Verve with large studio bands led by such talented arranger/leaders as Lalo Schifrin and Oliver Nelson, but the album sold only moderately well and, once again, Irene Reid was lost in the record industry shuffle. Last year she made an album for a small, independent company, appropriately entitled *I’ve Been Here All the Time*, and a single from it, *I Worry About You*, came close to being a hit, and woke some people up to the fact that Irene Reid’s talents were being overlooked.

One true believer was a&r man Esmond Edwards, who had successfully revitalized the career of Etta Jones in the ‘60s. “Ben Tucker told me that Esmond was interested in recording me,” Miss Reid explained. “I didn’t even know him, but I’ll never forget what he’s done for me.”

What Edwards has done could, and should, break Irene Reid into the “big time.” Their first collaboration, an album entitled *The World Needs What I Need*, has just been released on Polydor and it must rank among this year’s finest vocal albums.

Miss Reid agrees that her latest effort is her best. “The album was Esmond’s idea,” she explains, “and I am completely happy with what he got together. Because he took his time, and when you find a producer who will take his time, you know you’ll come up with a good product. I’ve always been rushed into a studio and then rushed out, and there’s never been enough concentration on what we were doing and no one ever said ‘Well, Irene, how do you feel about this or that. Before, it was always ‘do this or do that or don’t do anything,’ but this time I had complete freedom and I was so relaxed.”

It is not a jazz album, nor is it intended to be. “I like jazz, as long as it’s not avant garde,” she says. “I have worked with people like Harold Mabern, Walter Bishop, Hank Crawford, Wynton Kelly and Les McCann, something you can really snap your fingers and groove to . . . light jazz, but I have never classified myself as an out-and-out jazz singer, as I would say Betty Carter is—she’s what I really call a jazz singer, but I think I’m diversified.

I can do anything like jazz, pop, and blues, but not this psychedelic stuff. I was working in a club in Detroit and they had these guys with a wa-wa on the floor, playing this underground music. I had gotten off the plane at seven, I opened at nine and, because I really couldn’t get with them, I closed at nine-thirty. The place was jammed with people and I just said to myself ‘They’ve got it,’ and I split, caught a plane at ten-thirty and was back in New York looking at TV at one in the morning.”

If one *must* categorize Miss Reid’s new album, one would have to say that it’s modern “soul” music, with some extremely sympathetic arrangements of current material by Horace Ott, in-



DON LYNN

cluding what is probably the definitive version of Paul Anka’s *My Way*, and an Ott original, *Hey World, Let Love In*, which takes its beat from Sly and the Family Stone.

I must admit that I never paid much attention to Miss Reid until I heard some advance tracks from this album. She has obviously been ignored too long, but she can no longer be ignored.

She has four sons, ranging in age from 15 to 21, and a daughter, 13, all of whom “want mama to be a star.” Mama has been a budding star since that night at the Apollo, 23 years ago, and she has reached full bloom this year. Make lots of room for the big, ripe voice of Irene Reid. 

DREAMS COME THROUGH

by Joe H. Klee

MOST "JAZZ/ROCK" BANDS fall into one of two categories. Either it's a jazz band trying to play rock without any real affinity for or identity with the idiom, or it's a group of rock musicians whose conception of jazz has not progressed far beyond Basie riffing and watered-down copies of the great creative jazz soloists.

The main reason that the band called Dreams has been able to avoid this dilemma is that they do not play jazz (although a number of Dreams' members are eminent in the jazz field), nor do they play rock 'n' roll (though the names of rock bands that some of the individual Dream-makers have played with would indeed include some chart-busters). Dreams is made up of eight musicians from similar and dissimilar backgrounds who have blended the totality of the musics that have made up their lives into a new music . . . Dreams music.

Somewhere between the night when organist Jeff Kent and bassist Doug Lubhan played opposite each other at Steve Paul's Scene (in two separate bands) and the night when it all came together at one of Fillmore East's New Talent Tuesday Nights, all the diverse threads that make up the fabric of Dreams meshed into a musical experience both truly musical and truly an experience.

It could have been as far back as the days in Berkeley, California, which had Jeff on organ, Vic Thompson on tenor sax, Bob Seal on guitar and Mark Whittaker on drums. It could have been when Jeff, Vic and Mark came back to the East Coast as Snow. And it could have been the trio of Jeff Kent, Doug Lubhan and Mark Whittaker (the first group to be called Dreams), which played a few college dates, added some horns, played a few more dates, went into the Electric Circus and then into Tarot Discaunt (where most of the musicians in Dreams will tell you it really came together).

By that time, Dreams had added Randy Brecker on trumpet, Mike Brecker on tenor sax and Barry Rogers on trombone, and had replaced Mark Whittaker with drummer Billy Cobham. All these newer members had worked together in a band called Birdsong, led by an organist of the same name.

After the Fillmore, it was back to the woodshed to work out a few of the kinks. Dreams emerged from the cocoon some six months later with two additions: guitarist John Abercrombie and lead singer Eddie Vernon. The fully evolved Dreams dropped into the Village Gate—New York's newest and best room for rock dancing—one night for a guest set for a guest audience including Jim Fielder of Blood, Sweat&Tears, and Clive Davis, president of Columbia Records.

A few weeks later they returned to the room in a blaze of glory, breaking every attendance record since the room had switched to a rock policy. People came and listened and came away impressed. In talking to management—Lee Housekeeper, former manager for Buddy Guy, and Mark Hyman, who is an agent with Associated Booking—you get a very rosy picture of the future. A Columbia Records contract,

college concerts (the bread and butter of this business), auditoriums, stadiums, etc., booked well in advance—and this for a band barely a year old.

In addition to winning the down beat International Critics Poll in 1969 as trumpeter most worthy of wider recognition, Randy Brecker has the distinction of having been part of that noble if not completely successful first jazz/rock band, Blood, Sweat&Tears #1. True, at the same time Randy, Al Kooper and Steve Katz were doing their thing at the Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village, just across Bleeker Street at the Bitter End, Mike Bloomfield, Nick Gravenites and Buddy Miles had a group with horns, The Electric Flag.

A quick listen to the one LP turned out by each band will show, however, that Electric Flag, for all its horns, was not a jazz/rock band but was using the horns in a Memphis r&b context while Kooper, inspired by the Don Ellis band, was sincerely trying to integrate the intensity of rock with the more sophisticated and elusive style of big band jazz.

Today, Randy looks somewhat askance at reporters who ask him what he thought of BS&T then, or what he thinks of them now. Yet he cannot escape the knowledge that whatever jazz/rock was, is, becomes, or begets, Randy Brecker was an important part of the birth pangs. While Randy has grown since 1967 and continues to grow every day, his past is still a part of him. One of the better tunes Dreams plays, *Make My Life*, begins with a Randy Brecker cadenza that shows his love for the lyrical that makes him the fourth B of jazz trumpet . . . in a line with Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berigan, and Clifford Brown.

Randy's younger brother Mike, a tiger on the tenor, has suffered from under-exposure. I must admit that the first time I heard Mike was with Dreams, though I had heard about him from Randy and other musicians who hold him in high esteem. Like his brother, Mike plays a whole history of the instrument, showing familiarity with the great classic styles of Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, yet remains individual in his own Mike Brecker-ness. His driving saxophone is the motivational force at the beginning of *Dream Suite* and leaps in and out of the ensemble through-

out this long piece which culminates ten to 15 minutes later in *New York City*.

Both Breckers make ample use of electronics where needed. Randy has even extended this to playing his amplified trumpet through a wa-wa pedal, for a very striking effect. At first, it seemed a bit gimmicky—but then one realizes that Randy Brecker conceives of the wa-wa pedal as an extension of his horn. It can be argued that Bubber Miley got a wa-wa effect using a plunger . . . but Randy uses a plunger as well and the results are different.

Not enough has been written about drummer Billy Cobham. His work with Miles Davis and Horace Silver has endeared him to jazz fans while r&b people will cite his recordings with Joe Tex and the Sam&Dave Revue. Cobham is always searching for better ways. He's been into the electronic drum thing since the inception of the instrument and has used a pedal tom tom for tympani effects as well. Currently, he is using neither of these with Dreams, but only because he doesn't feel he has them as much together as he wants them as yet. Billy Cobham always blows for the band. Until his solo comes up, you are aware only of his underlying, pulsating, swinging drive that gets the dancers moving to music that is so incredibly complex one would have thought it to be for listeners only . . . until the beat grabs you and you find yourself involuntarily tapping your foot.

John Abercrombie, out of Boston, is a fantastic guitarist whose sole previous exposure to the world has been a Prestige record with Johnny Hammond Smith. In this day of overloud, overbearing, overdone guitar virtuosity there are too few guitarists like John who just get up there and play. The only sounds that come out of his amplifier are musical.

Eddie Vernon had been lead singer with the Children of God, an excellent New York rock and soul group that never got anywhere because the record didn't happen . . . or some manager blew his cool . . . or for some unexplainable reason. Eddie's style is a highly personal one which has yet to be fully realized in Dreams. He came into the group when their repertoire was pretty well set. The second Dreams Columbia LP (the first is due to be released in October) should give some in-

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Monterey Diary

by Harvey Siders

Friday Night:

The task of opening a three-day, five-concert jazz orgy must be considered thankless. Inheriting the job for the 13th annual Monterey Jazz Festival was relative newcomer Tim Weisberg. Fronting his quintet of Los Angeles studio swingers, Weisberg turned his assignment into a critical success.

The quintet (Weisberg, flute; Lynn Blessing, vibes; Art Johnson, guitar; Dave Parlato, bass; Mel Telford, drums) is more cerebral than visceral and shies away from orgasmic intensity. Possibly because of Weisberg's low-key manner of soloing, the combo pleases more than it excites. This is not to say Weisberg avoids anything technically demanding: one is reminded of the deceptive simplicity of a John Lewis solo. Conversely, Johnson—whose finest contributions came in his ability to comp—tends to go overboard in his solos. He attempts to put in so much that his melodic lines occasionally become directionless. Blessing is a thinking man's vibist—cool, detached, always on top of things, whether accompanying or soloing.

The quintet's most eloquent moments came when Blessing and Johnson provided a web of sound (from filigrees to arpeggios) behind Weisberg's probing flute—particularly on Johnson's original, *August*. The highlight was the three-movement *Trinity Suite*. It began with slightly Renaissance overtones on a *Three Blind Mice* motif; featured excellent use of echo-plex by Weisberg in the second movement; and ended with the group's finest cooking as Johnson resorted to wa-wa, and Telford gravitated to rock drumming.

Good visual and aural contrast followed as the Modern Jazz Quartet imparted its down-home dignity. Amazing how they go on year after year, calmly swinging their collective butts off. In their passionate disdain for the eccentric, they never swerve from the straight ahead.

The only deviation this time was non-musical: the taciturn Milt Jackson made quite a few of the announcements. It didn't affect his musical sense of humor, as evidenced by his inclusion of a phrase from *Rhapsody In Blue* during *Willow Weep For Me*. On *A Visitor From Mars*, Connie Kay countered Percy Heath's double stops with some extra-terrestrial percussive effects. The tender waltz, *Romance*, evolved into a tight, swinging 4/4 middle section before ending quietly. And the opening pedal point of *The Jasmine Tree* provided an excellent springboard for John Lewis' driving single-line excursions.

The MJQ was joined by the Alan Copeland Singers. Employing the Esperanto of *da-ba-da-ba-da*, they scattered their way to an immediate comparison with the Swingle Singers. While the Swingles delve more into the original baroque and classical harmonies, Copeland's voices try for more daring, updated harmonies and more adventuresome passing tones.

With the MJQ for their rhythm section, the singers (four male, four female) swung most serenely as they hummed Bach's *Air On A G-String* while John Lewis noodled reverently behind them.

The overlapping of voices on *Three Windows* was quite effective against the gently propulsive two-beat of Heath. They effortlessly maneuvered the intricate changes of the release, sounding as massed as the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, showing a healthy respect for dynamics. In *Vendome*, all these elements were shown to their best advantage.

Copeland went the solo route, waxing eloquently over *Little Orphan Annie* and revealing a Mel Torme influence (especially the trombone tremolo at the end) in *Milestones*.

One of the milestones of jazz, Duke Ellington, closed the opening night, but not before he and his eternally youthful band had staged a mini-festival of their own. This was one of those occasions when the whole band was "up." They sounded as fresh and inspired as a new band at its first recording session.

Organist Wild Bill Davis, bassist Joe Benjamin and drummer Rufus Jones goosed it; Cat Anderson and Cootie Williams added their usual antics; Norris Turney seemed to be at the mike every time you looked up (but then Johnny Hodges left some mighty big shoes to fill); Duke was strutting around with his usual combination of suavity and frivolity; only Paul Gonsalves looked as though he wanted to get back on the bus and sleep.

Aside from a number of outstanding performances on some old warhorses (*C-Jam Blues*, featuring Cootie Williams; Wild Bill Davis on his Basie chart of *April in Paris*; Cat Anderson on *El Gato*), the instrumental highlight was a new suite, *The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*. This was Ellingtonia at its suite-est: a number of movements strung loosely together, mainly vehicles for his soloists or outlets for Duke's instrumental colorations. Of course, Duke was convinced of its *raison d'etre*: he confided at the outset that it was based on a McLuhan pronouncement that "the whole world is going Oriental." Dig?

Well, we did hear some quasi-Oriental flavor in the beginning, thanks to a front line of Turney's flute and Procope's clarinet, but from that point on, any orienta-

tion was purely occidental. One movement was a tight staccato mambo that sounded like Perez Prado; another featured a happy gospel shout; trombonists Booty Wood and Malcolm Taylor plungered their way through a shuffle blues; and Rufus Jones was given stretch-out room to bang away any residual hostilities.

Following the suite, a touching bit of ecumenicism found surprise guest Woody Herman paying tribute to Johnny Hodges with *I Got It Bad*. Woody successfully recreated Hodges' phrasing and nuances (a style never too far removed from the Herman approach to the alto), and it was strangely heartwarming to look up and see him in front of Ellington's band, sliding and slurring around that famous Hodges solo.

Another surprise came when Joe Williams appeared to sing *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* and *Ev'ry Day* (the latter punctuated by the familiar Basie riffs) with the band. Woody remained on stage, reading over Gonsalves' slouched shoulder, and this double guest shot brought on the first standing ovation of Monterey '70.

This would have been a most satisfying finale to the opener, but Duke and his kids were in no mood to stop. Following some Ducal dallying on *A Train*, singer Tony Watkins did his spectacular thing—which means exercising his deep-throated vocal muscles and unlimbering his swivel hips. It was also a workout for Duke, who lip-synced the lyrics to *Makin' That Love Scene* and imitated Watkins' boneless bug-aloo on *Be Cool*.

Saturday Afternoon

If Friday night turned into a one-man show by sheer energy, Saturday afternoon became a one-man show because it was planned that way. And it was in the process of planning his traditional "blues afternoon" that Monterey General Manager Jimmy Lyons made his traditional mistake: saturation. To expect a large audience to absorb a long, intermissionless program limited to variations on the 12-bar blues is comparable to Andy Warhol's presumptuousness in making an eight-hour



Woody with Duke: A heartwarming tribute to Johnny Hodges

film of a man sleeping.

To be sure, there was nothing somnolent about the happy, infectious music of Johnny Otis. But four hours of blues, or rhythm and blues, is simply too much of a good thing.

The Johnny Otis Show featured eleven singers, each of whom was "packin' a suitcase," or "goin' to Chicago" or "movin' on down the line." The singers were good, the blues they sang were gutsy, soulful, earthy, elemental and funky, but the repetition became unbearable. Among the less exciting were Big Joe Turner, Margie Evans, Delmar "Mighty Mouth" Evans, Jimmy Rushing, Pee Wee Crayton, Ray Milton, Roy Brown and Otis himself, de-

sitting in towards the end of the session); Jim Bradshaw, guitar; Paul Lagos, drums; and 16-year-old Shuggie Otis, who gave a wearying demonstration of bottleneck guitar—almost as wearying as his father's circus-barker introductions.

Saturday Evening

Chronologically, this night seemed to pick up where much of the afternoon left off. Slim and Slam were the curtain-raisers—and to a whole generation that came along after Messrs. Gaillard and Stewart were at their collective peak (in the early '40s) they were also eyebrow-raisers. First Milt and Jo (the rotund Mr. Buckner and the dapper Mr. Jones)



VERYL OAKLAND

Slim Gaillard (l) and Slam Stewart: nostalgia, humor, and musicianship spite his great crowd pleaser from 1958, *Hand Jive*.

Among the more memorable vocal efforts were those of Little Esther Phillips, who broke things up with some traditional blues; Ivory Joe Hunter, who provided a nostalgic field day with his tantalizing *I Almost Lost My Mind*; and above all, Eddie Cleanhead Vinson, whose hard-edged singing and alto playing led to the inevitable dancing in the sun-drenched aisles. (With appropriate symbolism, one of the female dancers, like Cleanhead, was topless!)

The most satisfying aspect of the Johnny Otis Show was the wall-to-wall r&b band. It boasted a strong front line of Melvin Moore, trumpet; Gene (Mighty Flea) Connors, trombone; and Preston Love, Clifford Solomon, Richard Aplenalt and Jim Wynn, saxes. Tenorist Aplenalt occasionally added a soprano and allegedly blew both simultaneously, but all I ever heard was the tenor. Connors gave out with some spectacular solos, particularly on *The Preacher's Blues*.

The strong rhythm section revolved around the consistently first-rate bass playing of Slim Dickens. He was supported by Roger Spotts, piano (with Leonard Feather

jammed on organ and drums; then the guitar, bass and vocal antics of Slim and Slam were added to recapture the humor from that era when the world was young: *Flat Foot Floogie*, *Cement Mixer*, and other examples of Early Vout. It was dated, but it was fun, and two unchangeable facts emerged from this historical reunion: Slim Gaillard still has an irrefragable sense of humor; and Slam Stewart still has the most uncanny intonation—a gift he put to the test and easily passed in his specialty, *Play, Fiddle, Play*.

Armed with exciting charts by Thad Jones, Ernie Wilkins and Frank Foster, and backed by a Herman-less Herd, Joe Williams simply "took over." Nowhere in all musicdom are there more confident vocal cords. He displayed good use of falsetto on the jazz waltz *Young Man On The Way Up*; way up is the best way to describe *What The World Needs Now*; *Please Send Me Someone To Love* had a satisfying gospel flavor; and *Smack Dab In The Middle* swung jauntily.

But the number that was the set's highlight and one of the memorable peaks of the festival was Miles Davis' *All Blues*. Williams superimposed *Ev'ry Day* over the lilting 3/4, then threw in some C.C.

Rider, and ended with *All Blues*. It was one of those rare occasions when you wished something would not come to an end. The floating background was inspiring; Joe was inspired. The combination was unbearably beautiful. Almost lost in the excitement of the set was the curious fact that John Handy was playing lead alto in Woody's band. His sound was not distinguishable, but his fez was familiar.

Cannonball was next. While brother Nat, Joe Zawinul, Walter Booker, and Roy McCurdy were cooking, Julian sauntered on stage with no special urgency, but when he tackled the business end of his alto there was instant groove. Cannonball issued a disclaimer on his recent lack of talk, then launched into a delightfully pedantic preface to Zawinul's soulful *Country Preacher*.

Would you believe it was a *third* Adderley who stole the limelight? Nat Jr., age 15, proved he was precocious but not yet ready for Monterey. However, Monterey was ready for him and applauded lustily as he played piano and sang his own social document, *The Price You Gotta Pay To Be Free*, and accompanied his father on guitar as Nat Sr. sang *Down In Black Bottom*.

Closing out the evening was the Herman band with its rightful leader out front. They went through a number of well-sculptured charts that revealed the youthful vigor of the new crop of sidemen and the eternally youthful soloing of Woody himself: *Light My Fire*; *Aquarius*, with Woody on soprano sax and a fine solo by pianist Alan Broadbent; *Greasy Sack Blues*, showing off the trumpet section, some low-register clarinet trills by Woody, and an outstanding trumpet solo by Tony Klatka; some more soprano by Woody on *Body and Soul*; and a crisp recreation of *Four Brothers*.

And that led to the *piece de resistance*: Alan Broadbent's excellent suite-like chart on *Blues In The Night*. Woody started it off vocally over an ambient 3/4 background based on *All Blues*. This led to a hard-hitting rock section followed by a cleverly developed fugal section. A way-up release led to an excellent Steve Lederer tenor solo, and when the chart came to its triumphal end, the crowd roared its approval of a band that seemed to have come back from its recent rock odyssey—at least at Monterey.

The night was still not over. Jimmy Witherspoon used the Herman band to deliver a blues bonus with *No Rolling Blues*, *Past 40 Blues* and *Beep Beep Blues*. Spoon was in excellent voice, but he's too good to waste on an anti-climax.

Sunday Afternoon

The second of Jimmy Lyons' mistakes resembled the first, outwardly: a matinee of saturation. But musically it was as far removed from Saturday as the Ayler Brothers from the Boswell Sisters.

The afternoon was devoted almost entirely to the new and unfamiliar, as various jazz groups and the Oakland Youth Chamber Orchestra formed tributaries feeding the Third Stream. There were interesting sounds and pretentious sounds; some exciting, many boring; a few success-

ful integrations of jazz and classical, but mostly aimless juxtaposition of the two idioms.

Emerging from all the groping was one fact—loud and clear: the afternoon was an unqualified success for the 52-member Oakland orchestra. Under its director, Denis deCoteau, the large contingent of strings (29) played flawlessly in tune; their collective sound was rich, resonant and thoroughly professional. The same can be said of all the rest. Their response to deCoteau or occasional podium guests made one forget the amateur status of the organization, as well as the high school-and-younger age breakdown.

The MJQ was the first to join forces with the orchestra and the resulting blend was ideal in terms of the *concerto grosso* concept. They performed *Vendome*, Miljenko Prohaska's *Concertino*, and the hauntingly beautiful *Adagio* from Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*. None of the pieces was calculated to induce dancing in the aisles, yet despite the broiling sun, the cerebral session elicited much more than polite applause.

The next group to cross-pollinate was one that was making its Monterey debut: the Bill Evans Trio. And considering they'd waited 13 years for the occasion, it would have been more satisfying had Lyons put them on at night as a solo act that could stretch out. But under any circumstances, Evans, Eddie Gomez and Marty Morrell are a pleasure to dig. After playing *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life* and a fast 3/4-4/4 version of *Someday My Prince Will Come*, the Evans trio joined the Oaklanders for three lush, full-bodied arrangements of *Granados*, *Elegia* and *Time Remembered*—the latter's meandering intro gave Evans the only real opportunity to hold any conversations with himself.

A complete change of pace followed with Prince Lasha's *Firebirds*: Lasha and Sonny Simmons, saxes; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Buster Williams, bass; Charles Moffett, drums. For the most part, Lasha and Simmons played an avalanche of notes; Hutcherson was all over the vibes with four-mallet chords, trills and non-stop runs; Williams walked sparingly, using mostly pedal tones and short glisses; and Moffett went into paroxysms of pounding—and I must admit I did not understand what they were striving for collectively. I can only vouch for their individual technical skills, which are formidable. The one impression of serene beauty I remembered from their set happened when Lasha blew flute over Williams' melodic lines and Moffett's Eastern-flavored percussion.

Back to the Third Stream, as Dave Axelrod conducted his own *Tensity*, with the Cannonball Adderley Quintet and the Oakland orchestra. Axelrod immediately revealed his inability to handle large forces—both in his writing and his conducting. The heavy rock foundation might have been good for Cannonball's solo alto, but Axelrod could only build foundations. His orchestral structure was weak and uninteresting. As for his cues, they were the height of obscurity: I hope no one in the orchestra was watching him; all they would have seen would have been a clenched fist



Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt: A happy reunion

coming down on the music stand—and seldom on the beat.

A much better integration of orchestra and quintet followed as the musically more mature William Fischer conducted his *Experience in E*. He controlled the dynamics; manipulated a synthesizer below his music stand while Joe Zawinul toyed with his ring modulator; held up cue cards (*a la* TV) to remind his youthful musicians of the numbers of measures remaining in the rests; and coaxed a strong, massed sound for a big climax.

Fischer stayed on as Gabor Szabo and the larger ensemble premiered Fischer's *Circle Suite*. This was an exercise in orchestral colors and Fischer showed how individual textures could be separated aurally despite the heavy overlay of sections, and the hyperactive rhythms. However, it reached a peak of intensity quite early and remained at that frantic level to the very end. Excitingly, yes—but it went nowhere. Ravel's *Bolero* is also a study in orgasmic construction, but its crescendo is more gradual, more subtle, and there's a strategically placed modulation. By this time in the long afternoon the audience was not interested in subtleties, and when the release from tension came, they sprang to their feet and gave Fischer, Szabo and the youthful symphonists a standing ovation.

Sunday Night

Every time you see Gabor Szabo these days he's fronting a new group. At least he's consistent where it counts: the sound he coaxes from a combo is similar to the sound he squeezes, flails and electronically induces from his guitar—a nervous, highly infectious fabric of sound, with individual strands woven from pieces of rock, Eastern, straight ahead, Latin and some Magyar.

The conglomeration swings sensuously. Gabor's guitar playing is unique. His bent tones and complete mastery of feedback provide all the front line that's necessary. Wolfgang Melz takes care of the backfield with excellent bass lines. Felix Falcon's conga drumming and John Dentz' conventional drums have been given an extra outlet for exciting cross rhythms thanks to the tambourine of Sandra Crouch. But it is the quick-thinking comping of vibist Lynn Blessing that gives the Szabo combo its distinctive spun-glass timbre. (Blessing gets

my most valuable player award for adding more than usual interest to both the Weisberg and Szabo groups.)

From a gypsy guitarist to a jazz yodeler. Man that's contrast! And that's what followed Gabor: Leon Thomas. He must be the most individualistic singer in jazz today. Yodel is the only word to describe his sound. He can cross the glottal threshold into the land of falsetto with astonishing ease.

Backed by a combo that put the accent on African attire (except for saxophonist Martin Fierro in full Indian headdress), Thomas maneuvered his rubber larynx through *The Creator Has A Master Plan*, a soothing chant; *One*, adding yodel to scat (scodel?); and a good straight-ahead blues, *I Won't Be Goin' To Viet Nam*.

Fierro (who substituted for James Spaulding on one day's notice) was featured on a rather grating soprano sax in *Pygmy Lullaby*—an overly long rhythmic exercise that pivoted on one change. One thing must be said of Thomas' voice: aside from the gimmickry, he possesses one of the most eloquent vocal sounds around—plus crystal-clear diction.

Hampton Hawes fronted an intensely swinging trio, with Leroy Vinnegar and Donald Bailey. Hamp's approach is still a full keyboard attack, wide-open voicings, harmonic extensions laced with rapid runs. Leroy is still the champion walker who plays *ostinato* figures as if they've been chiseled out of the Rock (you should pardon the expression) of Gibraltar. Bailey still tends to overpower, but actually this type of rhythmic ammunition is good for Hamp—who was making his long overdue Monterey debut.

The trio stayed on to back another important reunion: Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt. Jug came out first, clad in a glittering gold lamé jacket, and launched into *Green Dolphin Street*, then a tender *My Funny Valentine* (I almost forgot how beautiful Hamp's intros can be) before recreating the happy JATP tenor sound of the '40s with an up-tempo blues. Stitt's stint began on plugged-in alto with *Sky-lark*, in which he had to fight the feedback from his Varitone; then *Lover Man*, slow, graduating to good double time; and an up-tempo blues on tenor.

Together they raked up some *Autumn Leaves* and Stitt pushed Hamp into more

/Continued on page 36

record REVIEWS

KARL BERGER

TUNE IN—Milestone MSP 9026: *Tune In; With Silence; Get Up; Fly; Beyond the Moon; Clarity; Never the Same; From Now On; Tune In.*

Personnel: Carlos Ward, alto saxophone, flute; Berger, vibraharp; sarangi; Dave Holland, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is a free jazz LP, but the performances are more disciplined and tightly constructed than on most free jazz albums.

Berger got his Ph.D. in music in 1963 and has since worked with Don Cherry and Steve Lacy, among others. His music on this album, while not earthshakingly innovative, is well thought out and fairly original.

Berger's vibes playing is harmonically interesting; his choice of notes is fresh. Much of his work is complex; he plays a lot of notes and sometimes employs runs that could be thought of as "sheets of sound." On *With Silence*, however, his work is quite spare.

His tone on vibes varies from full to celeste-like. He uses a special, custom-built instrument on this LP.

Berger plays sarangi, an Indian string instrument which is played with a bow, on *Fly* and both versions of *Tune in*. His playing is nervous and uninteresting, and on *Fly* it has a twittering, inconsequential quality.

Ward's alto work is busy and vigorous but dull. He often plays a mess of notes but his work is stale; in fact, it's almost a caricature of new thing alto playing. His flute work lacks warmth and musical substance.

Blackwell does a fine job. He's a very important part of the music here. Not only does he function as an accompanist, but he sometimes almost moves up into the front line during both solos and those portions of the music in which Berger and Ward improvise simultaneously. His work is aggressive and complex but tasteful.

—Pekar

GEORGE DUKE

SAVE THE COUNTRY—Liberty LST-11004: *Save the Country; Soul Watcher; Since You Asked; Shades of Joy; Come Together; Games People Play; Alcatraz; The Woman Who Sends Me Home; A Little Bit of Seven.*

Personnel: Jay Daversa, Charles Findley, trumpets; Glenn Ferris, Ernie Tack, trombones; Ernie Watts, tenor, flute; George Duke, piano, electric piano; Jay Graydon, guitar; John Heard, bass; Richard Berk, drums.

Rating: ★★½

DUKE PEARSON

HOW INSENSITIVE—Blue Note BST 84344: *Stella by Starlight; Clara; Give Me Your Love; Cristo Redentor; Little Song; How Inensitive;*

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**.

(For membership information see details elsewhere in this issue or write to down beat/RECORD CLUB, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606)

Sandalia Dela; My Love Waits; Tears; Lamento.
Personnel: Duke Pearson, fluegelhorn, piano, electric piano; Al Gafa, Dorio Ferreira, guitars; Bob Cranshaw, Bebeto Jose Souza, basses; Mickey Roker, Airtio Moreira, drums, percussion; Andy Bey, Flora Purim, solo vocals; the New York Group Singers' Big, Band conducted by Jack Manno, voices.

Rating: ★★½

To make pop jazz seems an easy formula of familiar hot or other snappy tunes plus cliché rhythms and considerable schmaltz—but to make *good* pop jazz requires the more uncommon element of taste, which is the stuff of the new Pearson and Duke albums.

Duke is the proverbial up-and-comer on piano: sincere, forthright, swinging, soulful, all the varied superlatives, proving an expressive range from close introspection to the toughest roots. No sensational adventurer, Duke may perhaps be better described as an ultimate mainstreamer, a musician unwilling to quickly burst into the avant without first exploring that creative spanse of neo-bop, new blues, r&b, and rock—the latter a territory through which he has lately ventured with Frank Zappa.

Save The Country features all this: sensual spunk on Judy Collins' *Since You Asked*, the best of Duke's simple arrangements; smooth funk on *Soul Watcher*, also spotting good moments by guitarist Graydon and bassist Heard; a quiet trio on Laura Nyro's *The Woman Who Sends Me Home*; a rocking invocation to the Indians on *Alcatraz*; and even a performance of *Games People Play* worth hearing (in fact, good enough to save the LP from destruction, as I had previously vowed to instantly melt any further recording of that odious ditty).

Pearson, on the other taste, is hardly a new riser, but rather an old master of a kind, even though I sadly doubt if his work is yet known well enough. Constantly changing, the styles of his last several albums have moved from two fine big band dates to a small ensemble session (*The Phantom*) to a hip Christmas LP to the light sound of this latest—not to overlook the excellent records he has produced for Donald Byrd, Bobby Hutcherson, et al.

How Inensitive features all this: the near-Muzak but pleasant chorales on *Stella by Starlight* and *My Love Waits*; the warm baritone of Andy Bey on *Clara*, spotting Pearson on fluegelhorn; the beautiful Pearson classic *Cristo Redentor*; the three bossa nova vocals by Flora Purim on *Sandalia Dela, Tears*, and *Lamento*; plus Pearson lyrically a cappella on the title song.

Realistically, neither of these albums will shock anyone, nor perhaps even turn

the general middle-of-the-road ear by now unaware of excellence from hearing so much formula. Nevertheless, *How Inensitive* and *Save The Country* are among the most honestly enjoyable albums recorded in an era, and for me, that is respite and therefore merit enough.

—Bourne

DON EWELL

JAZZ ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON: Fat Cat's Jazz 109: *Honey Hush; Save It, Pretty Mama; I Want a Little Girl, Cherry* (medley); *Oh! Baby; Davenport Blues; 'Deed I Do; Honey Babe; Caution Blues, My Monday Date, Rosetta* (medley); CCNY *Rioter Blues; Sweet Georgia Brown; Love Will Last.*

Personnel: Ewell, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

Ewell, a great solo pianist who seldom gets to work as one, has been in New Orleans the past couple of years with the Dukes of Dixieland. His *Sunday Afternoon* LP is brilliant. On the 1968 *Grand Piano* (Exclusive 501), he's teamed with Willie The Lion Smith in a two-piano session that ranks with the Albert Ammons-Pete Johnson, Duke Ellington-Billy Strayhorn and Bob Brookmeyer-Bill Evans (which somebody should reissue) recordings. Neither LP is on a label that receives wide distribution, which is a shame because these albums deserve to be heard. Solo piano, as Evans pointed out recently, is a dying art. But albums like these might well find it a new audience.

Ewell is a pianist so accomplished, so untied to any period or era of music that he is all but unclassifiable. If any one influence is apparent, it is that of the Fats Waller-James P. Johnson axis, but even this powerful force has been assimilated into a pure, unpretentious approach in which technique is no problem, humor is a primary ingredient, and the left hand is formidable.

Honey Hush is something of a left hand tour de force. Ewell was in New York at the time of a violent disagreement between students and police at City College, and he marked the occasion with a composition called *CCNY Rioter Blues*, which is a good deal happier than the event that triggered it.

There are two medleys; one of pieces featured or made popular by Don Redman and McKinney's Cotton Pickers, the other of three compositions by Earl Hines. The Hines medley is most successful. On it, Ewell summons up Hines' style without either mocking or copying it, and the performance stands as a tribute to both men. *Monday Date* is heavily laced with spirits of Waller.

I have a recurring dream in which I've

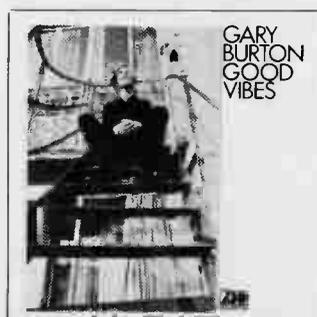
Gary Burton



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rented a hall to present a solo piano concert by Smith, Ewell, Jaki Byard, Bill Evans, Dave Williams, Earl Hines, Ray Bryant and Armand Hug. And nobody comes. This great album is highly recommended as an example of what we hope is not a dying art—unaccompanied jazz piano.

The LP is available from Fat Man's Jazz, or the down beat/RECORD CLUB.
—Ramsey

ARETHA FRANKLIN

SPIRIT IN THE DARK—Atlantic SD 8265: *Don't Play That Song; The Thrill Is Gone (From Yesterday's Kiss); Pullin'; You and Me; Honest I Do; Spirit in the Dark; When the Battle is Over; One Way Ticket; Try Mally's; That's All I Want From You; Ob No, Not My Baby; Why I Sing the Blues.*

Personnel: Miss Franklin, vocals, and piano (except on track 7), plus reeds, brass and strings with the following collective rhythm personnel: Jim Dickinson, Mike Utley and Barry Beckett, keyboards; Dave Crawford, organ; Charlie Freeman, Eddie Hinton, Jimmy Johnson, Duane Allman, Cornell Dupree and Jimmy O'Rourke, guitars; Tommy McClure, David Hood and Harold Cowart, bass; Sammy Creason, Roger Hawkins, Tubby Ziegler and Ray Lucas, drums. Vocal accompaniment by Almeda Lattimore, Margaret Branch and Brenda Bryant (tracks 1, 2, 7, 8, 11); Pat Lewis, A. Lattimore, Wylene Ivy and Evelyn Green (tracks 3, 9, 10, 12); *The Sweet Inspirations* (tracks 4, 6). String arrangements by Arif Mardin.

Rating: ★★★★★

I first heard Miss Franklin sing about 11 years ago. We had just lost Billie Holiday, and I recall telling my Philadelphia radio listeners that I felt this young lady's arrival was most timely. Since then, Aretha Franklin has continued to develop and she has since been a major force in pop music.

But her art extends far beyond pop. Her painful, heart-ripping executions of even the most banal material capture the essence of the black blues and gospel roots that belong to her people. No mere interpreter, she is one of the few current pop artists who *communicates* through her songs—not just their lyrical content, but her own feelings.

Back in the early '60s, Columbia looked on Miss Franklin as a jazz singer, and recorded her accordingly. Although many fine recordings resulted, it wasn't until Atlantic "put her back in church," as Jerry Wexler has commented, that she really came into her own. Columbia was not wholly wrong. Miss Franklin is a jazz singer, and her voice is an instrument capable of improvisation in the finest jazz tradition. After all, accompaniment does not determine a jazz performance—to wit Charlie Parker with strings, or Johnny Hodges with the Lawrence Welk band.

Jazz followers owe it to themselves to listen to this remarkable performer, and *Spirit in the Dark* is as good an album to start with as any. Aretha Franklin still tears me up, and that can be taken both ways.
—Albertson

DEXTER GORDON

A DAY IN COPENHAGEN—Prestige 7763: *My Blues; You Don't Know What Love Is; A New Thing; What's New?; The Shadow of Your Smile; A Day in Vienna.*

Personnel: Dizzy Reece, trumpet; Slide Hampton, trombone, arranger; Gordon, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is a blowing session on which good

original compositions by Hampton (*A Day in Vienna* is particularly attractive) as well as some standards are heard.

Gordon's playing is inspired and intelligent. His solos build well and have fine continuity. He improvises imaginatively and resolves his ideas logically. As usual, he swings with rawboned strength on this record. On *The Shadow of Your Smile*, his solo showcase, his playing is restrained and poignant.

Gordon's solos are the highlight of the session, but Reece's playing is also praiseworthy. His playing seems to have been influenced by Freddie Hubbard, and has a crisp, biting quality. His attack is vigorous and his tone bright. He improvises inventively and tastefully. His execution is, unfortunately, sometimes a bit sloppy.

Hampton's work is often many-noted. He is never at a loss for ideas, but while they are visually not clichés, they are rarely fresh. His tone has a muffled, colorless quality. In general, his playing, while competent, lacks warmth and personality.

Drew's solo work is generally pleasant and easy to take though not very original here.
—Pekar

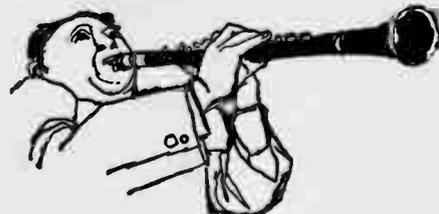
GEORGE LEWIS

MEMORIAL ALBUM—Delmark 203: *Jerusalem Blues; Careless Love; Dippermouth Blues; None of My Jelly Roll; Dallas Blues; Tin Roof Blues.*

Personnel: Kid Howard, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Lewis, clarinet; Alton Purnell, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Alcide Paveau, bass; Joe Watkins, drums, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Most lovers of New Orleans jazz are old friends of this recording, a portion of the

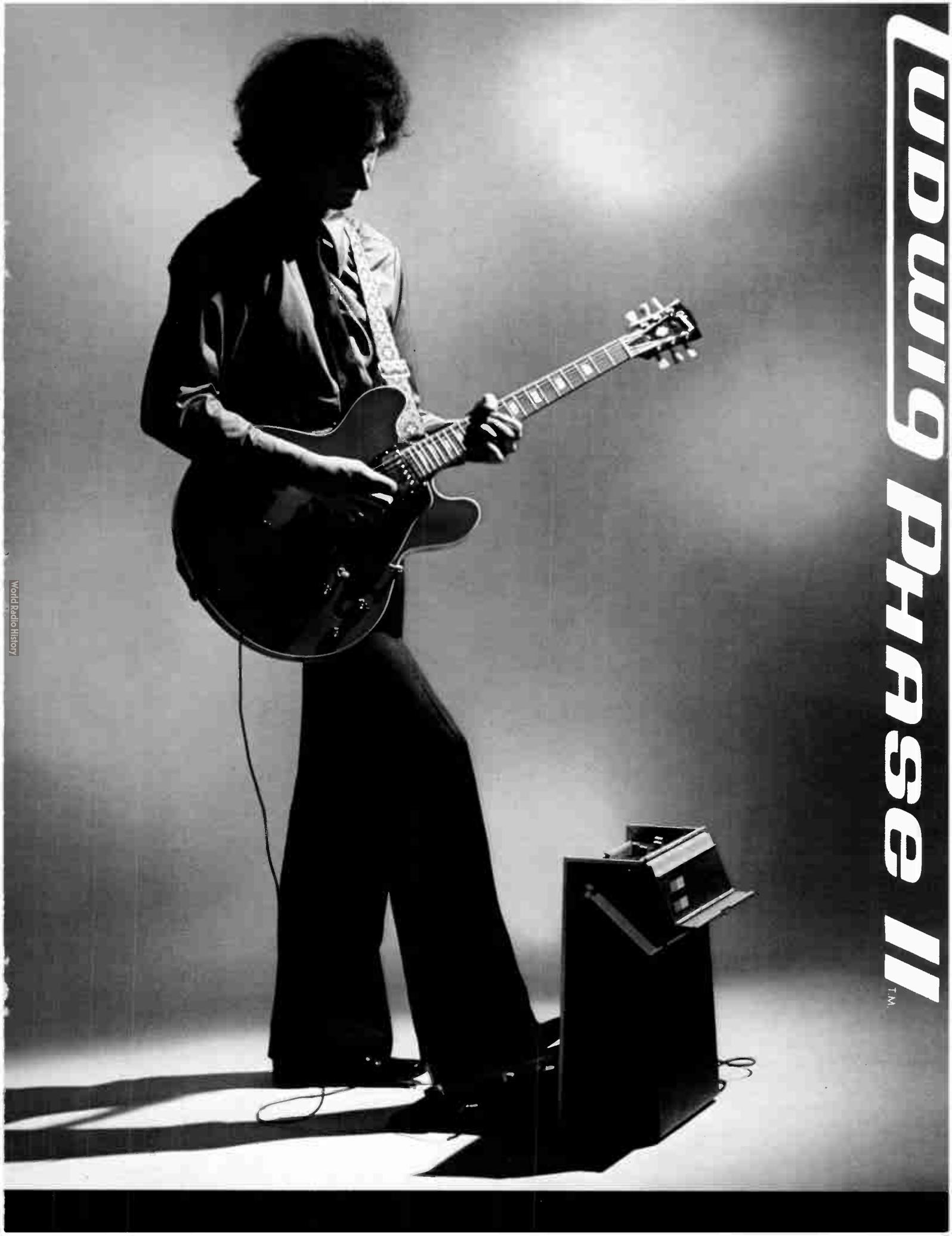


1953 Antone material later acquired by Delmark and expanded to three 12-inch LPs. Despite the new notes and cover (a sensitive photo portrait of Lewis) it remains the same record as the old DL-203. It has, however, been out of print for some time, and should be welcomed with joyous hearts and ready cash by the newer collectors.

There is only one flaw, though not a crucial one to the majority of those attracted to this music—Lewis' pervading and inexplicable poor intonation varying from relatively insignificant to horrible (on *Jerusalem*, the effect is torturous). Were it not for this, the rating would be a full five stars. Yet, there are many who feel that this is some of the best music the Lewis band ever put down, and I cannot wholeheartedly disagree with them.

Incidentally, DL-201 (*On Parade*) is still available, and DL-202 (*Doctor Jazz*) will reportedly be reissued in the near future. All three belong on the first shelf of any respectable traditional jazz collection.

Playing time is skimpy at under 32 minutes, but in this instance it seems foolish to quibble.
—Jones



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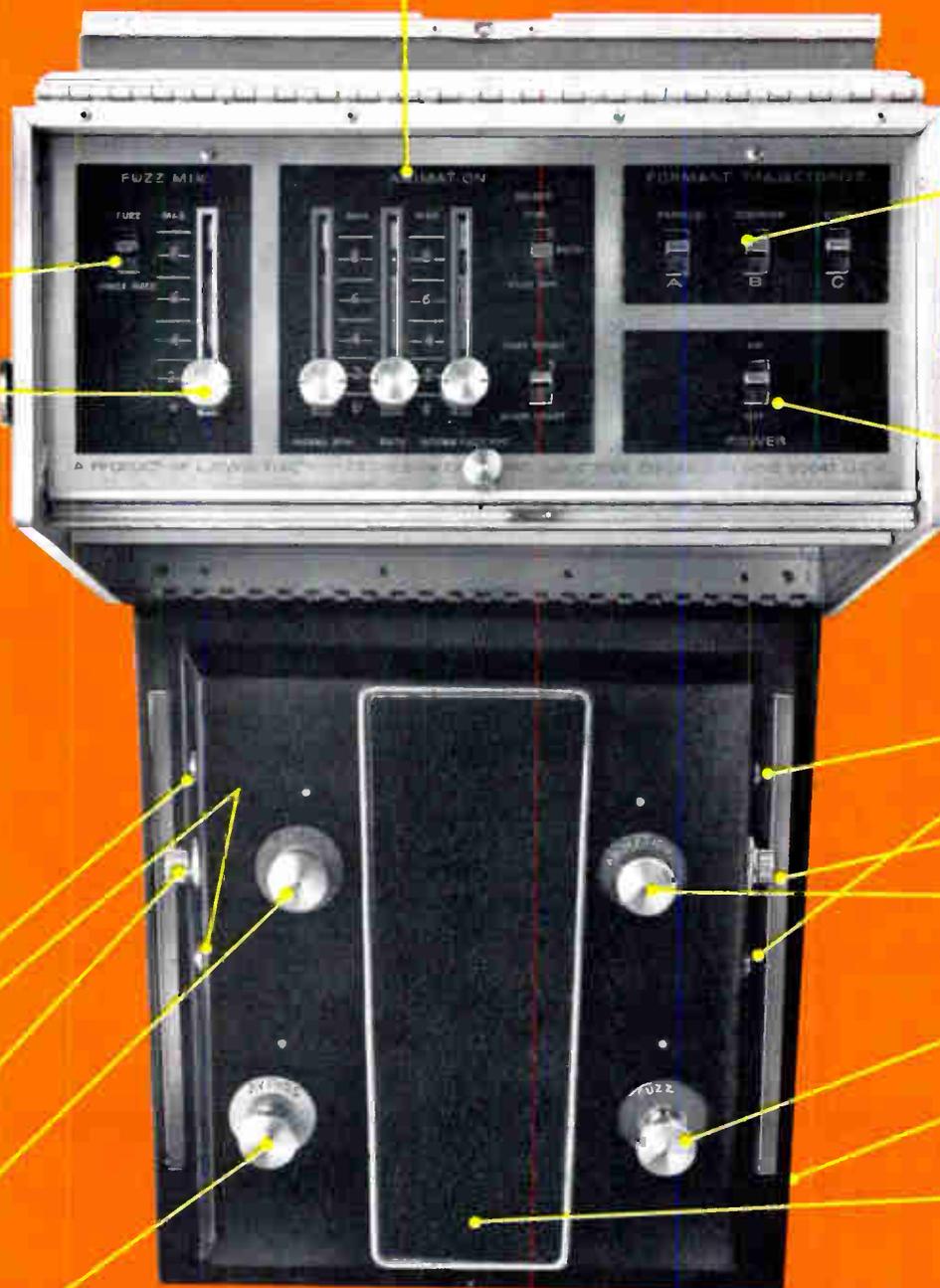
STEREO ON/OFF

Feeds input signal directly out of stereo output without deactivating other Phase II functions.

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Deactivates all functions of PHASE II and feeds input signal directly out of primary output and into amplifier.

Operating controls for Ludwig Phase II Synthesizer are *human engineered* to put operating controls within easy reach of the performer. All switches are lighted with either a jeweled pilot or are self illuminated with changing colors to indicate their exact position even when being used under the low ambient lighting conditions so prevalent in many of today's performing areas. Rate and intensity functions are adjusted with slide controls which immediately indicate their position at a glance.



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Electronically created formant frequencies are modulated either manually through use of foot pedal, or automatically through use of animation to produce synthesized sounds. A) *Parallel* moves frequencies in parallel arcs. B) *Counter* moves frequencies in opposite directions causing them to cross and spread. C) *Vowel* moves two frequencies in non-parallel, non-crossing arcs.

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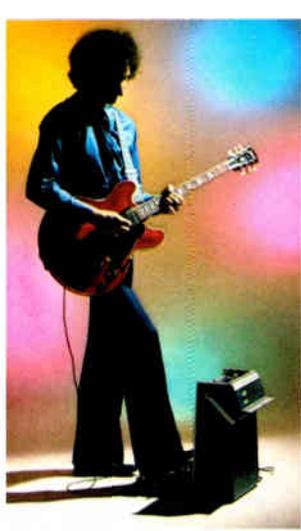
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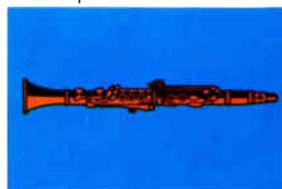
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CHARLES LLOYD

MOON MAN—Kapp KS 3634: *Moonman I; I Don't Care What You Tell Me; Sermon; Sweet Juvenia; Heavy Karma; Hejira (Flight from Mecca); Ship; Moonman II.*

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Michael Cohen, keyboards; Ken Jenkins, bass; Zitro, drums; Ned Doheny, Bob Jenkins, unidentified instruments.

Rating: ★

I admit that had I not known this LP was by Charles Lloyd I would have heard the first few cuts and immediately cast it to give-away box perdition—into that cardboard crypt reserved for albums failing to capture instant fancy. But in deference to Lloyd's previous excellence (a pseudo-privilege of sorts not granted boorish one-shot rock groups and such), I persuaded myself to appreciate *Moon Man* more closely, mostly urged, I suspect, by my disbelief that an artist of Lloyd's quality could ever produce what initially seemed a melange of generally wretched neo-hip jazzy-rock.

Then I realized my mistaken perspective, at least regarding the first four pieces: that like the albums of Melvin van Peebles, the mainly non-musical recitation of Lloyd's poetry had taken precedence over the instrumental accompaniment, most of which came on fairly ordinary, now and then incompatible, or even obstructive. Yet the dull and unspecified musky-throated vocalist babbled so absurdly that whatever power the lyrics might have created was lost—and this fault proved not my ear missing black colloquial rhythms, but simply his unintelligible mumble-speed. *Heavy Karma* by Zitro, the only non-Lloyd composition on the date, concludes the first side with a 9:18

excursion into tiresome Eastern funk, and further left me puzzled.

Truly, I have yet to recognize a stasis in the recording history of Charles Lloyd: once wowed by his impressionistic directions with Chico Hamilton and later on his own, then somewhat bored by his show-biz love-in phase, until now rather dumfounded—but this, of course, is no demerit. I assume that if the clarity of design had been stronger on *Moon Man*, I would have responded better, especially if the poetry had been more effectively focused and the music more engaging than the licky playing throughout.

Ultimately, the instrumental *Hejira* could excite with a mystical ensemble motion, yet it remains a singular attraction—and so for that, at least, one plain star, while for the bulk of *Moon Man* for now, sadly phooey.

—Bourne

ESSRA MOHAWK

PRIMORDIAL LOVERS—Reprise 6377: *I am the Breeze; Spiral; I'll give it to you Anyway; I have been Here Before; Looking Forward to the Dawn; Thunder in the Morning; Lion on the Wing; It's up to Me; It's Been a Beautiful Day.*

Personnel: Miss Mohawk, piano, vocals; Jerry Hahn or Doug Hastings, guitar; Mel Graves or Jerry Penrod, bass; George Marsh or Dallas Taylor, drums; George St. John, oboe (track 1, 8); Peter Pilafian, violin (track 7); Mike Dubkin, John Meyers, flutes; (track 8). On track 4 only: Al Arons, Warren Gale, trumpets; Ken Shroyer, Phil Teele, trombones; Gale Robinson, French horn; Bert Wilson, tenor; Michael Cohen, organ; Joe Keefe, vibraphone, finger cymbals; Lee Underwood, guitar; Bruce Cale, Ken Jenkins, bass; Zitro, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

My procrastination in reviewing this album bournes upon the criminal. First, I refused to resort to cliché superlatives in

praise of Miss Mohawk, but I discovered that it was virtually impossible to discuss her music without some allusion to Laura Nyro, to whom Miss Mohawk reflects a superficial but distinct resemblance. Comparisons so often obscure or confuse the intimate facets of a style, and here—particularly for those well-aware of the excellence of Miss Nyro—those moments at which Mohawk and Nyro seem most similar attain a kind of salience which might tend to mark Miss Mohawk an imitator. This she is certainly not, and that becomes quite evident once one honestly listens.

Mainly, the reflection resides in the delicate yet potent cutting edge of their voices, like two ornate scimitars: graceful and eloquent in motion and yet so sharp as to whisperslice through silk—even bejeweled, in an antique pop sort of fashion. Otherwise, where the priority of Miss Nyro's music seems the melodic tension (so much so that often she may distort the enunciation of her lyrics to fit a tighter musical scheme), Miss Mohawk offers instead a better balance with her poetry and the most sensitive accompaniment.

With obvious care and precise intent, the musicians are introduced when a necessary accent and not as the usual mandatory sound backdrop, thereby bringing into focus the self-sufficient temper of Miss Mohawk's compositions, especially on the two pieces with a single augmenting instrument: Peter Pilafian's violin on *Lion in the Wing* and George St. John's oboe on *I am the Breeze*. Furthermore, Miss Mohawk's implementation of poly-track voice recording reveals another unique element in that she often strays from mel-

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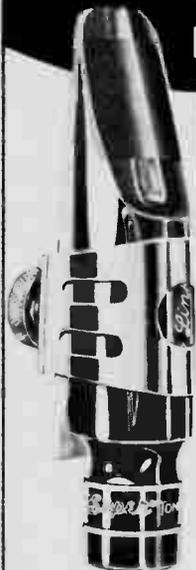
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liffuous mini-chorale blendings to a more dynamic direction rather than merely harmonized for effect, and emphasized by an angular and pithy phrasing seldom witnessed.

The repertoire is tender but soulful, my favorites easily *Breeze*, *Wing*, and the solo *Looking Forward to the Dawn*: all original and characterized by the superlative design of this superlative artist, Essra Mohawk, marking *Primordial Lovers* as a superlative album—even hypnotic (this latter superlative a superlative not written lately until here once again highly apt). —*Bourne*

MARK MURPHY

MIDNIGHT MOOD—Saba sb 15151: *Jump for Joy*; *I Don't Want Nothin'*; *Why and How*; *Alone Together*; *You Fascinate Me So*; *Hopeless*; *Sconcolato*; *My Ship*; *Just Give Me Time*; *I Get Along Without You Very Well*.

Personnel: Jimmy Deuchar, trumpet; Ake Persson, trombone; Derek Humble, alto saxophone; Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophone; Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone, flute; Francy Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Jump for Joy, this album's first track, accurately describes Murphy's feel for music. His voice communicates joy in the very act of singing.

He has all the equipment: pipes, a genuine grasp of what material is best for him, sure phrasing, dynamics and time—and tenderness. He is a singer who, while millions may not know of him, somehow endures because he must.

Mood will surprise no Murphy fans. It is not a great album; Murphy is not a shattering innovator. His musical support tends to be out of the bedrock big-band suitcase.

But as an interpreter of ballads and blues, he is quite a specimen. In style, he's almost unique, although often in his choice of intervals, especially on wordless vocals like the second chorus of *Jump*, he seems to wave a hand to Anita O'Day.

An example of the Murphy talent for wedding lyric to treatment is *Get Along Without You Very Well*. I don't know whether it was Murphy's original idea; but if it wasn't, he surely recognized it when he heard it.

It begins with the singer intoning that sad verse, to Boland's beautifully monotonous bass-register repetition of a couple of notes. The stark piano underlines the intensity of the mood loneliness. A trio interlude follows, in which the plaintiff seems a trifle appreciative of two other people at his side; then he returns to the gloom, turning a half-ironic face toward himself.

Though this particular song may not be joyful, Murphy fulfills the joy of singing. The musicians behind him are yes—Boland and Clarke, particularly. —*Nelsen*

JIMMY SMITH

GROOVE DROPS—Verve V6-8794: *Groove Drops*; *Days of Wine and Roses*; *Sunny*; *Ode to Billy Joe*; *Who Can I Turn To*; *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*.

Personnel: Smith, organ; unidentified orchestra. Arranged and conducted by Johnny Pate.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This album is long on easy-listening air-play potential but woefully short on mean-

ingful jazz. Smith runs through several 1960s pop hits and one original but he has played far better on other recordings—with much more creativity and involvement than he displays here. I've also heard much better from Pate, whose arranging here consists almost entirely of repetition of three devices: a flute-muted trumpet pairing; staccato trumpet punctuations, and a subdued trombone back-drop.

Smith comes off best on the sole original, *Drops*, and *Sunny* and *Ode*—delivering pleasant, straightforward solos. The ballads, however, are soporific—when the orchestra lays out on the ultra-slow *Roses*, one conjures up a funeral parlor with no difficulty. An anonymous guitarist (Ed McFadden?) enlivens *Ode* and the drummer (Candy Finch?) is excellent throughout.

In the final analysis, this LP is further proof that Smith is at his best with his trio. —*Szantor*

SMILEY WINTERS

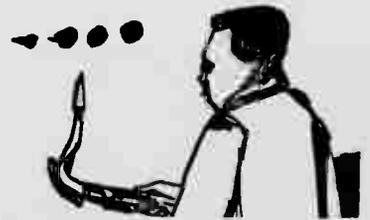
SMILEY ETC.—Arhoolie 8004/5: *Two Trains*; *Love Is Enlightenment*; *Smiley Etc.*; *Frank's Blues*; *Some Blue Shoes*; *Just Steppin'*; *Smiley's Mini Drum Suite*.

Collective personnel: Barbara Donald, trumpet; Bert Wilson, tenor and soprano saxophones, bass clarinet; Rafael Garrett, thumb piano, vocal, flute, bass, horns, miscellaneous instruments; Mike White, violin; Frank Jackson, piano; Michael O'Barra, piano, bongo and conga drums; Chris Amberger, Jerry Sealund, bass; Harley White, bass, clavay; Winters, James Zitro, Paul Smith, Eddie Marshall, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

"Two Records for the Price of One"—the first a diffuse free jazz set, the second some uncommitted bop.

Winters is a talented drummer, able to



communicate a rush of rhythmic power, or to accompany strongly in a comparatively unstructured Max Roach style. He is also capable of uninspired drumming, the kind that ten years ago used to be called "good taste." For example, despite Winters' swing, something more is needed in *Frank's*, the piano trio piece.

Mainly, Winters' work suffers from a diffusion of resources. *Mini Drum*, a good solo, goes off in so many ways initially, with ideas either unresolved or unjustified, that admiration for Winters' skill and unflamboyant taste is the only possible response. This criticism extends to the two LPs as a whole, for neither Winters or anyone else exerts strong guiding force or is an urgent stylist.

In *Etc.* Garrett offers the wild, free *Do* It attitude that might have saved the other tracks. He plays bits on various instruments, sometimes bringing the plodding others into assent. He attacks a thumb piano, and then sings a marvelous, funny, far-out vocal in his own original language. *Etc.* is one long side of the first LP, and despite some good playing, seldom comes to life.

Barbara Donald's problem here is simply lack of scope. She is a somewhat cruder version of Howard McGhee At The Philharmonic, with hard tone, bright flourish, and a continuous flow of familiar bop ideas. Her energy and swing are attractive, and she is quite the most consistent of these players—the only one committed to structured playing—but her range of melodic choices is limited.

Wilson must have formed a rough, rudimentary, but personal, hard bop style some time ago—he seems to be trying to reconcile this with more updated models. His *Shoes* is a mess, ringing split notes and lots of early Dolphy in a bad blues solo. His *Trains* is better: over a fast waltz he plays a Pharoah Sanders solo, and Pharoah is a truer model for him. Wilson has plenty of problems in trying to find which personal direction to take.

Wilson and Barbara Donald are more or less foreground figures, though the personnel changes from track to track (from two to ten players). Amberger, the principal bassist, plays a nice solo on *Frank's*. But *Steppin'* and *Love* are poor, and though it's good to hear what the more avant-garde west coast players are up to, this collection is for the most part not a very good one. —Litweiler

BLUES 'N' FOLK

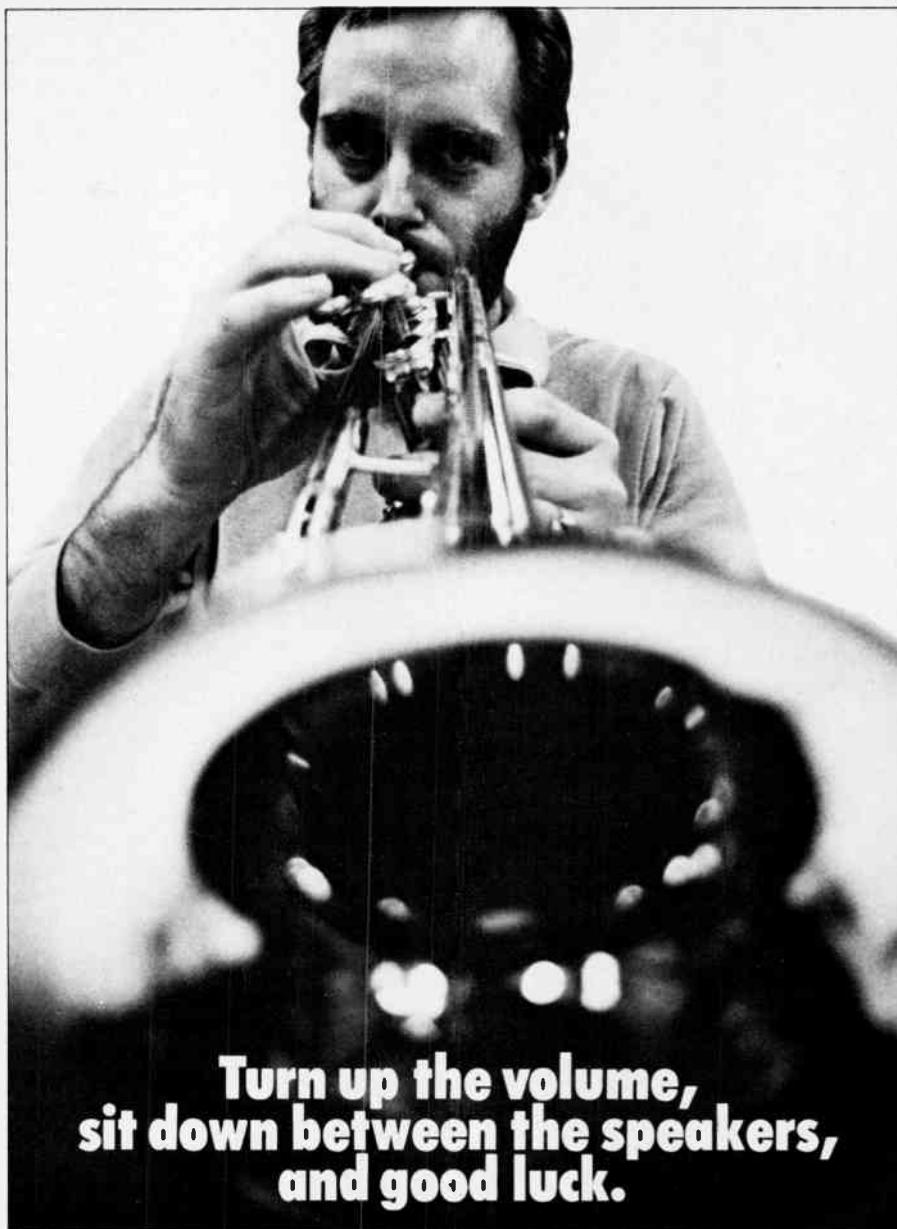
BY BRUCE IGLAUER

CHRIS STRACHWITZ HAS BEEN producing high-quality blues albums on his Arhoolie and Blues Classics labels for over a dozen years. Like a handful of other small-label owners, he's cared more about documenting the work of virtually unknown blues men than about producing hit LPs. Material for the Arhoolie albums has come from his frequent trips through the south in search of undiscovered or forgotten talent, while Blues Classics has specialized in reissuing post-war recordings previously available only on 78s. Most important, Strachwitz has good taste and an ear for originality, so his albums are always interesting and often very exciting.

I found the latest release of Arhoolie and Blues Classics LPs a little disappointing, but only by the standards previously set by Strachwitz. For one thing, all of the Arhoolies represent artists that Strachwitz has recorded equally well or better before. But if you haven't heard these blues men, or their earlier albums left you wanting more, these new releases could be a pleasant education.

John Jackson, the Virginia songster and guitarist, is virtually a Strachwitz discovery and he has previously recorded two LPs for Arhoolie. Jackson's music combines the traditions of Carolina blues, old-time white hillbilly music, medicine show entertainment tunes, and ragtime. His new album, *John Jackson in Europe* (Arhoolie 1047) was recorded a year ago in Germany while he toured with the American Folk Blues Festival, and it captures his warm, gentle, back-porch sound.

Jackson, an instrumental master who sings with a strange, biting accent that



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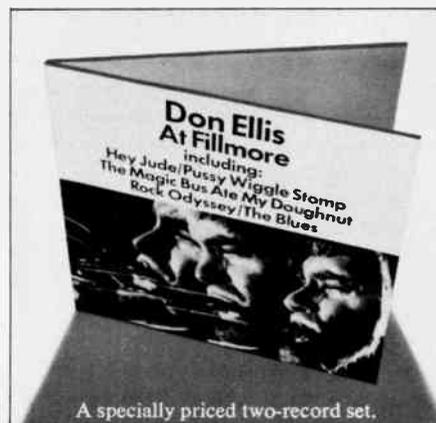
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grows on you, is particularly effective on *Graveyard Blues*, a medicine show tune that isn't quite as morbid as the title implies. The album contains a lot of instrumentals, most of them rags, and they tend to blend into each other and become a little monotonous. The exception is a great *Knife Blues*, played with an open tuning and a pocket knife sliding on the strings. Still, except for some repetitive instrumentals, this album is a good way to get acquainted with a fine and still underappreciated artist with a unique style. The liner notes are excellent, too.

Fred McDowell isn't an Arhoolie discovery: Alan Lomax recorded him in Como, Miss., in 1959. But Strachwitz was the first to cut a McDowell LP, and it's still the best available recording of this great bottleneck guitarist. In fact, Fred McDowell is one of the finest Delta bluesmen ever put on record, and considering the numerous recordings he's made in the past few years, he has set amazingly high standards for himself.

His newest album, *Fred McDowell And His Blues Boys* (Arhoolie 1046), puts him in a not-too-rewarding band setting. The backup group is led by Mike Russo, a white blues man from Seattle who recently recorded his own Arhoolie LP. The band (second guitar, bass, drums) doesn't get in McDowell's way, but neither does it offer much support. McDowell gives Russo some of the guitar leads, but his own tense guitar lines, which often parallel his vocals, are much more appropriate to his voice than Russo's folkier sound. Also, the rhythm section is under-recorded.

But McDowell still does some great singing, especially on *Levee Camp Blues*, and his guitar lead on *Ethel Mae* is a reminder that his solo recordings are still his best.

Big Joe Williams was already established as one of the great Delta blues men long before LP recording or the surge of white interest in the blues. He created his particular driving, brash style years ago, but he is constantly writing new songs and adapting old ones to describe his experiences, his travels, his women, and his views of national and international events. Williams is a working, creative blues man—not an artifact of a lost tradition. Thus, every one of his albums has something to offer.

Thinking Of What They Did To Me (Arhoolie 1053) is not Big Joe's best LP, but there are some nice moments. The high point is a new blues on the death of Martin Luther King, with a strong guitar line and some sensitive harp from Charlie Musselwhite. But Williams' voice seems to lack its usual depth, possibly because of inadequate recording. Big Joe has been appearing in Chicago recently, and his vocal talents are certainly as great as ever. In fact, he has reached his creative peak in the past 15 years, but he's made better LPs for both Delmark and Arhoolie.

Whistling Alex Moore's second album, *Alex Moore In Europe* (Arhoolie 1048) is a pleasant but strange recording. Moore is a blues and boogie pianist from Dallas whose style is totally personal. His piano seems to follow his stream-of-consciousness lyrics, and his lyrics drift through 70 years

of Texas life and move from woman to woman, from streets to saloons to friends in no particular order, and occasionally rhyming (sometimes two or three times in a line, sometimes not at all). He's the only blues man I can imagine rhyming "piano" with "manner" and "banana" in a single verse. Every track is like that—joyous but more than a little strange. Like Big Joe, Alex Moore is a creative, evolving blues man and deserves your prompt attention.

While the new Arhoolie releases feature blues men who have recorded LPs before, the new Blues Classics albums introduce some unfamiliar artists. *Juke Joint Blues* (BC 23) is an anthology of late '40s and early '50s blues from most of the major postwar recording centers: Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York, and various Texas cities. The album focuses on the period when the electric guitar began its dominance, but these are still definitely "country" blues, played in an acoustic style and with a rural beat.

Although much of the album is excellent, it doesn't hold together like the Blues Classics reissues of Detroit and Chicago blues (BC 12, BC 8); the material is too diverse. There are some fine cuts, though, and the question remains: what happened to these fine blues men? For example, one of the best tracks is *Hattie Green*, by Dr. Hepcat (Lavada Durst), recorded in Austin, Tex. It's a good-time, spoken/sung piano blues, sort of an early Big Bopper with soul. What happened to him? And what about Jimmy Wilson, a west coast artist with a voice vaguely similar to Otis Rush and a sense of timing like Charles Brown's? His tense *Trouble, Trouble* is a high point. Unfortunately, Harvey Hill, whose rocking *She Fooled Me* is the best thing on the album, died just weeks before he was to appear at this year's Ann Arbor Blues Festival. His track alone makes the album worthwhile, though it is not quite as exciting as some other post-war reissue albums.

Ralph Willis was one of that group of east coast musicians who moved to New York after the war, and with the exception of Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, faded into obscurity. He recorded a number of sides between 1946 and 1952 and *Carolina Blues* (Blues Classics 22) displays his variety of approach. Willis' voice is thicker than McGhee's, his guitar work less incisive but still effective. Apparently his vocal style changed through the years, as some tracks are in a dull, heavy voice while others have a biting, lively sort of Blind Boy Fuller attack. *Amen Blues* and *Cold Chills* (which features Terry and McGhee) are satisfying if not memorable.

Although these recordings generally lack the fire of great blues, they give an insight into a more neglected aspect of the post-war scene, and they also indicate the thinking behind Strachwitz' two labels. These blues men deserve to be recorded, whether or not their records have any great sales potential, and Strachwitz has assumed the task of making their work available. As long as the major labels are more interested in a fast buck than in the blues, his particular kind of dedication will be necessary. 

ROBERTA FLACK

by Leonard Feather

BLINDFOLD TEST

The sudden rise to eminence of Roberta Flack has few parallels in jazz or in any related musical area. Less than two years ago she was an unknown, playing at a club in Washington, D.C. Last July, playing at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, she broke the club's all-time record, working to packed houses every night of the week.

Miss Flack's singular charisma is the product of an articulate mind, an affable and communicative personality, and above all, a remarkable level of musicianship both as pianist and singer.

Born 30 years ago in Black Mountain, N.C., she won a statewide piano contest at the age of 13, playing a Scarlatti sonata. Skipping grades all through high school and college, she graduated from Howard University at 19 with a B.A. in Music Education.

Most of her adult life has been spent as a teacher, first at a segregated school in Farmville, N.C. and later at three junior high schools in Washington. She began moonlighting in 1963, playing for a group of opera singers at a Washington restaurant. Within the next two or three years there was a gradual move from classical to pop as she undertook a career in night clubs.

Les McCann, who discovered her in 1968, brought her to Atlantic Records. Bill Cosby used her as the sole guest on his television special last April. This was Miss Flack's first Blindfold Test. She was given no information about the records played



1. RUTH BROWN. *Miss Brown's Blues* (from *Black is Brown and Brown is Beautiful*, Skye) Ruth Brown, vocal; Gory McForland, arranger; Chuck Roiney, electric boss; Richard Tee, organ.

I put down here that it sounds like Ruth Brown; I don't know if it is or not. Did she say at the end "That's *Miss Brown's Blues*?" I think she did. I do know that she has a new album out that's supposed to be fantastic; if it is her, she sounds good . . . excellent. I'm very glad to hear that, because she did a week at Mr. Henry's in Washington and she didn't sound that good; but then she didn't have that band . . . she didn't even have a piano player; she had an organ player. She had Chuck Rainey on bass, which isn't a bad thing to have, and a drummer who wasn't too good.

But that's great, great. I would say that even if it's not Ruth Brown it would have to be someone of her era, because you don't hear blues like that nowadays—I mean, you hear it, but to be able to sing blues that relaxed, and to get all those little riffs, the repetition of words . . . two word phrases . . . without it sounding studied or too accurate, it really would have to be somebody from the same school of singing as Ruth Brown. It's really, really great. Whoever it is, it's fantastic, and I'd give it a five.

2. GEORGE DUKE. *Come Together* (from *Save the Country*, Pacific Jazz) Lennon-McCartney, composers; Duke, electric piano.

I know the tune. That's *Come Together*, a Beatles' tune, but I really don't know about the thing. I know that Cannonball did a thing recently with his band, and the reason I don't know who the Fender piano player is is that it sounded a little bit like Joe Zawinul. He's one of the few piano players that I've ever heard play the Fender piano like it was a piano and not a toy. Whoever that was, there was some very good Fender piano in there. I think the band arrangement was not as avant garde in places . . . not the kind of thing that, say, Oliver Nelson would do.

I'd just rate that fair—two stars.

3. PEGGY LEE. *Love Story* (from *Is That All*

There Is?, Capitol). Miss Lee, vocal; Randy Newman, composer.

That was Peggy, of course. And the song obviously is *You and Me* or something . . . sounds like that would be the title, and it sounds very much like something she would write herself. I think the song is cute, but it sounds a little bit too much like *Is That All There Is?* to me . . . the instrumentation; that thing that Leiber and Stoller did that she recorded and did so well, which sounds a bit like a throwback to some Kurt Weill, which is all right.

I liked it . . . what can I say? But I like to hear Peggy do deep things as well. As a matter of fact, I think I prefer her doing heavy things; with the quality of her voice she just sets up something; even if it's very simple but nonetheless a little heavier. Even *Is That All There Is?* is a heavier subject, but this is like a put-on. I'll give it three stars.

4. DUKE PEARSON. *Cristo Redentor* (from *How Insensitive*, Blue Note). Pearson, composer, electric piano; New York Group Singers' Big Band, vocal.

I have no idea at all what that was. It's pretty, but there's only one thing disturbs me, the Fender piano and the voices were not in tune, and I think that's bad in terms of the recording. The average person wouldn't hear that I think . . . you would hear it, though.

What it is, it's pretty, although rather monotonous. I think if you turned it way way down and you were romancing a girl—or a fellow—trying to impress for the first time . . . it sounds like something from a movie; you can see the guy ushering the girl into an apartment, pushing a button and this music starts playing softly in the background—gorgeous! I'd give it one-and-a-half stars.

5. NINA SIMONE. *In The Dork* (from *Nina Simone Sings The Blues*, RCA). Miss Simone, vocals; Buddy Lucas, horn; Bernard Purdie, drums.

That was Miss Simone, The High Priestess, in quotes, and I remember that song from years ago, and I'm trying to think of who recorded it. That was one of my dad's favorite songs, and I'm trying to

remember whether it was Charles Brown, remember Charles Brown?

LF: Yes, and do you remember Lil Green?

RF: Yes, but it was after Lil Green, because dad used to play it all the time. It was somebody like Charles Brown, because he had that kind of voice . . . This sounds like one of the few things I've heard Nina do where she didn't at least try to make you feel what she's singing. It just sounds like she doesn't mean what she's saying. That's very unusual, because she gets inside of lyrics 95% of the time.

This sounds like it might have been a contrived effort—I don't know where I get all my critical ability—but being very honest with you, it sounds to me like she calculated how she wanted it to sound . . . the harmonica, the drummer playing heavy on the quarter notes . . . I think it would have been better if she had not tried to sound like she was Lil Green singing the song, because that's a mean blues tune. I'd give that two-and-a-half.

6. PHINEAS NEWBORN JR. *Little Niles* (from *Please Send Me Someone To Love*, Contemporary). Newborn, piano; Rony Weston, composer.

That sounds like McCoy Tyner, or somebody who plays like McCoy Tyner, although I have to confess that I really honestly don't know. It sounds like McCoy Tyner because I think of him as a very heavy-handed piano player. Whoever did this is a very heavy-handed piano player, and it sounds . . . good. It didn't bowl me over.

I think the tune is interesting, which is the nicest thing I could say about it. It sounds like an exercise to me. I'll give that three.

7. MARLENA SHAW. *I've Gotten Over You* (from *Out Of Different Bags*, Codet). Shaw, vocals; Richard Evans, composer, arranger.

That sounds like Eloise Laws or Marlena Shaw. I haven't heard Marlena as much as I've heard Eloise. The reason I thought it was Eloise is because I thought I heard Hubert in the background on flute. Anyway, I like the song and the arrangement; it's fresh. I'd give it four.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Notre Dame Blues Festival

Stepan Center, University of Notre Dame

Personnel: Fred McDowell; Otis Rush Blues Band; J. B. Hutto and the Hawks; Hounddog Taylor Blues Band; Jimmy "Fast-Fingers" Dawkins Blues Band; Lightnin' Hopkins.

Blues at Berkeley—sure. A major blues festival two years running at Ann Arbor—not surprising. But now there's blues at Pittsburgh and Portland State, Wesleyan and Wittenberg; there's blues at Bryn Mawr, Beloit, Baldwin-Wallace, and on practically every college campus this side of Bob Jones U.

Blues lives at Notre Dame. When blues establishes a foothold in the citadel of football it should be sufficient sign that its invasion of academe has reached impressive proportions.

It was a long time coming. Until two years ago, bottlenecks were strictly for pouring from on home-game weekends, and Bessie Smith's name was known mainly to those who'd read Albee. Then, in the spring of 1969, J. B. Hutto brought his Hawks down from Chicago and a couple of hundred people found him to their liking. A year ago, Son House stopped off on his way to the west coast and an audience of 500 stomped its approval. But South Bend was still on the map for football, not blues. So much so that last spring, when Luther Allison and Robert Pete Williams were contracted to play at Notre Dame, they were given directions to Indianapolis. The concert finally came off, two hours late, but without Williams; he spent the night in the Indianapolis bus depot, 150 miles south of the home of the Fighting Irish.

It doesn't take much exposure to honest blues, however, to make dedicated fans out of neophytes. Within the span of about 18 months, a sizeable blues-digging audience has grown up at Notre Dame. Ample evidence of this was manifest at the blues festival which greeted returning undergraduates on the first weekend of the fall semester. Despite almost no opportunity for advance publicity and despite the relative inexperience of the enthusiastic student promoters of the event, the audience was there, nearly 1000 strong for each of the two nights of the festival.

The Friday night session began late. Fred McDowell, chipper after a 17-hour bus trip from Como, Miss., arrived on time; but no one had told the Chicago performers (J. B. Hutto and Otis Rush) about the time difference between Illinois and Indiana. So there were more than a few anxious moments for promoters Bob Brinkman and Mike Cervas before things got underway. Mississippi Fred ("I don't play no rock and roll") did a couple of numbers to keep the audience happy, and then Otis Rush took the stage for what was to this observer the best set of the two days.

The dynamo of Rush's five-piece group that night was drummer Sammy Lay, who provided crowd-pleasing vocals on *Mojo* and *Hoochie Coochie Man* in addition to sure-handed rhythmic control. Rush's band was the only one at the festival to use horns; a honking tenor sax and a spirited trumpet (the latter in the capable hands of Bill Naylor) filled out the group's sound.

But Rush himself was clearly at the helm. Repeatedly he brought the crowd to its feet, both with his tight-throated singing and with his biting, stinging guitar. By the time he closed with his now classic *So Many Roads*, he had taken the place apart and put it back together again; a tired, impatient crowd (which had waited an hour and forty-five minutes for the concert to begin) had become oblivious to everything but Otis Rush and his talent.

J. B. Hutto followed. The audience seemed to enjoy the prancing and mugging of Lee Jackson, Hutto's 63-year-old rhythm

hind whichever vocalist was performing, and puckishly horned in on a chorus or two. The crowd loved him, and he reciprocated.

Following McDowell on Saturday night was Hounddog Taylor's raucous trio. There was nothing subtle about their South Side Chicago blues; not that there should have been. Hounddog's bottleneck yelped and growled and his voice barked happily above the blare. It was loud, funky, straight-ahead barrelhouse blues—and it was great fun.

The somewhat lower-keyed (and musi-



Otis Rush: Biting, stinging guitar

guitarist, but Hutto himself appeared to be down that night. Technical problems with bassist James Brickhouse's equipment were no help either. But nothing could dampen the excitement which Rush had kindled in the crowd, so when Fred McDowell returned to the stand sometime past midnight, things were still cooking beneath the geodesic dome of Stepan Center.

McDowell's set was not an unqualified success. Though he plays an electric guitar now, McDowell's style is still clearly in the country blues tradition. It is the intensely, even painfully, personal style of the Delta, and it wants no accompaniment. Not only was McDowell accompanied, and by the now inappropriately hammy Lee Jackson; he actually found himself upstaged by Hutto's sideman (and Fred's not easily upstaged). Musically, they never got together. Nonetheless, enough of McDowell came through to keep the audience calling for more, until finally, around 1:30, the house lights came up, somebody unplugged the mike, and the hall was cleared.

McDowell, it should be said, established himself as the festival's unofficial but ubiquitous spreader of joy. When he wasn't onstage (and he stayed over an extra day to make an unscheduled appearance at the beginning of the Saturday night session) he was backstage teaching guitar licks to clusters of would-be blues guitarists, or promoting after-sessions parties, or dancing out front with delighted students. And frequently he crept onstage, snuck up be-

cally more interesting) Jimmy "Fast Fingers" Dawkins was next up. What Otis Rush was to Friday night, Dawkins was to the Saturday night session: impassive of visage, restrained in his movements, and spectacular as hell on his axe. Like Rush, he worked the crowd at will, taking it up with a hard-driving blues, down with a plaintive blues, and every which way with a nasty blues—then back up again. He received able backing from bassist Roosevelt Bromfield (who added two effective vocals of his own) and drummer Lester Dorsey.

Lightnin' Hopkins closed the festival and he did it—though with some difficulty—alone. Lee Jackson wanted to accompany him; Lee Jackson got chased. Then Fred McDowell sidled onstage (still busily spreading joy); and he got chased. Perhaps Lightnin's desire for solitude on the stand had something to do with the fact that a camera crew was filming the Texas blues man for educational TV. At any rate, Lightnin' played to the camera, not the house, and thus failed to establish the complete rapport with his audience that he is capable of achieving, and with so little apparent effort. (His best number, not coincidentally, was *Baby Please Don't Go*, which came while a camera was being adjusted or loaded or something.)

Still, Lightnin' proved himself to be, as always, a wonder. His soft voice was in fine form, his amplified acoustic guitar was mellow, and his familiar line of patter wove its familiar charm:

"I'm going into a key now I don't 'low nobody to play in but me.

[Pause; fiddles with tuning pegs.]

Now don't you gittar players get mad at po' Lightnin'.

[Chuckle; pause; etc.]

I don't 'low nobody to play in "A" but me and Blind Lemon Jefferson

[Pause; sideways shake of head]

—and he dead and gone."

You know it's his act, you know he's gone through it thousands of times in coffeehouses and clubs and on campuses, and yet it gets to you: the sly humor, the rib-nudging inuendo, the double take, the chuckle. Despite the tomfoolery, there's nothing fake about the man. He's absolutely authentic—in his music, in his style. And at the mention of the legendary Blind Lemon you remember that Hopkins really does go back that far, that the man from Houston—no matter where he has been or how many times he has performed—does represent a link with a fading past. And then you forget the rest.

The festival was a satisfying one, not only because of the individual performers' and groups' merits, but also because in the space of two nights one had encountered such a representative cross-section of the history of blues. From the remote past there was Fred McDowell, from the somewhat less remote past, Lightnin' Hopkins. The raw city blues of a generation ago was there in the persons of J. B. Hutto and Hounddog Taylor. The present generation of Chicago bluesmen was ably represented by Otis Rush and Jimmy Dawkins. And then there was the audience.

If the performers represented past and present, the listeners—young, and in almost all cases very new to the blues—represent the future. They won't be the blues musicians of tomorrow, the kids at Notre Dame and hundreds of other schools, to be sure. But the blues, whose incipient death is forever being predicted or announced, will die only if there is not sufficient demand for those who can play it to do so. College students everywhere comprise a large and growing market for the blues, and they assure its future.

—Richard Bizot

Ornette Coleman

Mandrake's, Berkeley, Calif.

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone, trumpet, violin; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone, musette; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

It was the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet's magnetic gig at Mandrake's in August (successfully repeated since) that steered the club toward a broadening in its jazz policy; bringing in high-caliber performers such as George Duke and Coleman. On his first foray into the Bay Area since '67, Coleman came three-cornered, playing alto, trumpet and violin on sets thronged with originals written mainly by himself, with a few contributed by bassist Haden.

His violin playing isn't in the Jean-Luc Ponty league as regards finesse, but he came close to the Frenchman in searing attack and atonal excitement on *What Reason Could I Give* with a saw-toothed dissonance that bit its tingling way up a range of crescendo peaks. (Haden un-



VERYL OAKLAND

Ornette Coleman: Splintered romanticism

blinkingly described this and another number poured out at boiling point as "ballads.")

Of his triple talent, the trumpet took up a small degree in area of interest. On *Love Call* and on an untitled number, he adapted a hard blistering line, mature in tone and approach, but operating in an irritatingly small range with hardly a variation from the same descending passage. Redman's musette, a Chinese reed instrument, was on the same narrow kick of cramped, compressed register on these pieces, both sprinkled with an Eastern incense that the snake-charmer aura of the musette emphasized—a Persian market practically devoid of goods.

The splintered romanticism of Coleman's alto flights—a lyrical launching into ferment and atonal tangents and back to a melodic base—was elating, moving with ease from the fairly straight to avant garde extremes with no hint of the disjointed.

Few harness the consonant and dissonant as adeptly as Coleman. *Crisis* and *Haight-Ashbury* were replete with berserk touches, amok runs ending in shrieks, and slithering passages that erupted in protest at various points along their sinuous way. The brilliantly sustained speed and dexterity on some of his solo stretches moved the audience to applause in mid-run. A surprising number of times he moved close to and into the lyrical with a softly-contoured purity of tone. He's positively melowered since the innovative stir he roused more than a decade ago.

Haden is Coleman's ideal compadre when it comes to cocking a snoot at time signatures. They both move so elegantly and are so mutually understanding in the "free" realm. The bassist illuminated everything superbly, laying down exquisite tracks that would have made the running smooth for a less capable unit. His rhythmic introduction and the perfect little composition in miniature of his later solo on the turbulent *Crisis*; his background figures to the alto-tenor unisons and the two hornmen's solos on the plaintive *Song For*

Che, and his pacing of Coleman during the altoist's furious 4/4 were marvelous.

Tenorist Redman often coasted along in a more suavely conventional vein than the others. So much so that Coleman sidled up to him during a reverie, whispered a few words, and presumably threw an atonal switch, galvanizing the tenor into abandon.

Blackwell's shifting cymbal accents and drum explosions provided the cratered surface the altoist prefers to fly over. There was more lucid Coleman on *Forgotten Sons* and *Happy House* as well as a few energy-packed untitled originals worth sticking a label on.

Coleman should come west more often.

—Sammy Mitchell

Electronic Instruments Demonstration

Streteville Studios, Chicago, Ill.

Personnel: Art Lauer, flute; Gary Burton, Modulon; John Bishop, Ron Steele, guitars; Jim Atlas, bass. All instruments played through and with Phase II Sound Synthesizer at one time or another.

A recent meeting of the Chicago chapter of the Record Academy (NARAS) featured a demonstration of new electronic instruments from Ludwig Industries. Dick Schory, vice-president of Ludwig, owner of Ovation Records, and a recording artist with his percussion ensembles, organized the workshop with the cooperation of several Chicago studio musicians plus Gary Burton.

The principal "instrument" explained and demonstrated in detail was the Phase II Sound Synthesizer (P-II-SS). Coles "Bud" Doty, the developer of the unit, and general manager of the Electronic Instrument division of Ludwig, supervised the various aspects of the demonstration. Ron Steele, studio guitarist, led off by demonstrating five developments of sound modulation prior to the P-II-SS: Introduction of a fuzz tone for deliberate distortion; the wa-wa sound, which rotates the basic tone, that is, it filters the harmonics; Echo-Plex—a tape device using changing tape heads for delayed response; the Maestro modulator

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FLACK

(Continued from page 14)

most pleasantly seduced rather than violated.

She chooses her material well. She's had much luck with songs by Gene McDaniels, a gifted young songwriter whom she has called "sort of a black Bob Dylan." His *Compared to What*, to which Les McCann turned her on, and more recently *Reverend Lee*, a delightful, original song about temptation, have done well for Miss Flack, and she has done well by them.

In contrast, she can take an overworked hit like the *The Impossible Dream* and make it palatable once more, or find new dimensions in Dylan's *Just Like A Woman*. Good judgment regarding material is a rare talent among new singers, but Miss Flack has it.

Perhaps that is because a song has to mean something to her before she will attempt it. "I have to like a song for some reason," she told an interviewer, so that the words mean something and the melody's not a thing you're ashamed to play. But this can be any kind of song, really. . . ."

Miss Flack's favorite singer is Frank Sinatra, who, she says, "transcends all the technique, all the thinking, all the training . . . he naturally gets out of the music exactly what the composer is saying." But she has little use for singers like Tom Jones and Joe Cocker.

Not because she minds white singers trying to sound black. "When my husband sings, you'd think Ray Charles was in the room. But if you're going to be an impersonator, at least be a good impersonator," she told Bob Micklin.

Miss Flack has been married for five years to Steve Novosel, the jazz bassist. Except for a summer concert at New York's Schaefer Pop Festival, they have never worked together. They have "an understanding," she says. But when she's on the road, she calls him three times a day.

It is risky to make predictions of this kind, but I'm not going out on a limb in forecasting stardom for Roberta Flack. Though she modestly disclaims having star charisma or star mentality, she most certainly has the former and fortunately doesn't need the latter.

When one hears and sees Roberta Flack, one is in the presence of that rare thing: a totally unique personality with a supreme gift of communication. Roberta Flack sounds like nobody else, and sounds like she was meant to sound that way. She will be hard to imitate, but pretty soon somebody will try. And that will be an additional indication that the talented little girl from Black Mountain has found success. Fortunately, not only jive makes the grade. 

DREAMS

(Continued from page 16)

dication of what Vernon can do with material more tailored to his style.

Barry Rogers, trombone and (would you believe) Wagner tuba, is another musician I had never heard before I heard Dreams, yet among Latin bands he has a reputation as strong as the Breckers have in jazz. His darting trombone style furnishes a burry buzz to the Dreams sound that will keep it forever from going bubble gum. His use of the Wagner tuba, a smaller, higher-pitched version of that mainstay of football marching bands, gives a most unusual tonal color to the ensemble breaks. He has been called the arranger of the group because he thinks and plays like an arranger and is the pivotal sound in the horn ensemble. Yet, as he is quick to point out, there are no charts per se. The arrangements are the same kind of delicious "heads" that Neal Hefti and the Woody Herman trumpet section used to cook up during rehearsals. No parts are written down. The musicians just hear where they belong and seem to turn up there as if by fortuitous accident.

Jeff Kent is probably one of the most provocative and probing organists in the business. He is not a cooker a la Wild Bill Davis nor a soul-funk player like Don Patterson. Kent is an organist whose moods on the Hammond always underscore the lyric, either his own or that of his partner in rhyme, Doug Lubhan. Jeff is primarily a singer. He writes melodies and lyrics with an eye to how they will sound when sung and he always plays organ with a sense of what the song is communicating to the listener.

Bassist Doug Lubhan—and I must write about these two men together for they are as one in their music—is so musically together and rhythmically strong that Jeff does not need to bother with the pedal board of the Hammond . . . two bassists would be superfluous when one is as strong as Doug. In addition to being the guiding spirit of Clear Light, a rock group that was too good to die the early death it did (but then maybe that's why it did die), Doug has been a session man for the Monkees and has been on nearly every album the Doors have put out—I hope you didn't think that was Jim Morrison playing bass!

Like with Ellington and Strayhorn (if on an entirely different level) it is hard to differentiate a Doug Lubhan song from a Jeff Kent song. Just when I had come to the conclusion that Jeff was writing the more involved, concertized selections and Doug was responsible for the 45-type hits, Jeff would pull off a zinger like *Try Me* that will probably be on everyone's favorite Top 40 station before long.

The most surprising fact about Dreams is the durability of their material. During the time I was researching this article, I heard every set Dreams played at the Village Gate during the space of two weekends plus one week of nightly performances, and I'm still waiting for these songs to wear off. They still sound fresh and interesting . . . but then, that's the stuff Dreams are made of. 



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MONTEREY

(Continued from page 19)

sophisticated substitution for his choruses. It was interesting to hear the difference in response harmonically. By way of tone, Ammons had it all over Stitt, but that was mainly because of the electronics involved. On a way-up, head-arrangement blues, they swapped eights and at one point Ammons began *The Air Force Song* and without skipping a beat, Stitt proved he could play in the Jug-ular vein and finished the phrase.

It should be mentioned at this point that we were treated to a guest emcee—Duke Ellington. His tongue-in-cheek oratory was a welcome change from the

"my-good-friend, God-love-him" drone of Jimmy Lyons. And for correct chronology it must also be mentioned that Duke brought 'out the Clown Prince of Jazz—Dizzy Gillespie, resplendent in a blue cap and a red tassel straight out of *The Chocolate Soldier*, green over-blouse with pink print, darker green pants that billowed into orange boots.

With Hamp and the trio still anxious to service soloists, Diz led off with *On The Alamo* and let it be known that his comic tendencies were strictly visual as he unleashed the pyrotechnics of an earlier 52nd street era. During a dirty blues, Diz decided to sing, but when he realized a boot-leg trumpeter in the audience was about to steal his thunder, Diz immediately re-

turned to his upraised bell. Following *'Round Midnight* on the tiny cornet he occasionally whips out, Dizzy took *What Is This Thing* at hurricane velocity.

While waiting for the Buddy Rich band to set up, Duke recited his classic *Pretty and the Wolf* as Diz made muted comments for an obligato. Then the two rode offstage on Duke's private *A Train*.

Buddy and band came on like a juggernaut, and Monterey got its Rich desserts: a sizzling *Rotten Kid*; a propulsive *Preach 'n Teach*, with a great flute solo by Don Englert; a way-up *Sister Sadie* with mid-course corrections that showed every hair in place; and a floating *Midnight Cowboy* suite that heard Buddy's busy figures superimposed over a lumbering feeling of three. The suite earned a well-deserved standing ovation.

For sheer excitement, for collective precision, for a band that is not just pushed from behind, but launched right off its gantry, there is no aggregation that can compete with the Buddy Rich Band. And now adding a deliciously funky dimension to the combustion is the organ. This is a band—more important, a leader—that won't stand still.

Dizzy can't stand still either, so of course he wandered out and played *Two Bass Hit* with the band. That might have served as the frosting on the cake, but Diz wanted more and he got it. And Monterey got one of the most thrilling post-climaxes in its 13-year history. The rhythm section laid down a provocative jazz waltz and Diz took a galvanic solo. Then, while the organist soloed, Diz climbed up to the trumpet section and organized a simple but effective riff. Meanwhile, the saxes were agreeing on a riff among themselves. The trombones couldn't let things slide and in a matter of seconds we had an instant, pre-shrunk, fully assembled chart. It grew in intensity and Diz pierced through the massed voices and the cool night air with some appreciative licks.

But how to end such spontaneous combustion? Leave it to the old pro: Buddy inserted an exclamation point . . . the band cut out cleanly . . . and Diz responded with an eloquent "do."

How rare when the high point of a festival comes at the very end. How satisfying and how correct to end on "do."

* * *

Regarding the other kind of dough, Jimmy Lyons' decision to exclude rock did not hurt the box office. More than 34,000 buffs paid their way to a gross of \$154,000—actually exceeding the 1969 figure. And that includes the 1,500 overflow fans who paid to watch the proceedings via closed circuit TV.

This year, the sound system was flawless, the set was imaginative, the weather behaved, and the fuzz had nothing to do but listen. What I said about Lyons' DJ-type emceeing cliches still holds true, but no one can deny he presented an outstanding festival—the best one I've seen at Monterey.

But don't take my word: Newport impressario George Wein was on hand from beginning to end and publicly expressed his approval. Like the pot saying to the kettle: "Right on!"



1971 Grants Total \$6,500.00

down beat's 14th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Grants to Berklee College of Music

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

The Hall of Fame Scholarship program provides for fourteen (14) scholarship grants to be awarded to student musicians on the basis of their potential and current abilities. Members of the Jazz Hall of Fame whom these scholarships honor are elected by *down beat's* annual Readers and International Jazz Critics Polls. The Berklee College of Music offers a four-year music and academic curriculum leading to the Bachelor of Music degree in Composition, Music Education or Applied Music; and a four-year professional diploma curriculum with recognition in Arranging/Composition or Instrumental Performance.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE? Anyone, male or female, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the following age requirements is eligible.

Junior Division (under 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated high school and who has not reached his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1971.

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DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION: Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1970. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1971 issue of *down beat*.

HOW JUDGED: All decisions and final judging are the exclusive responsibility of *down beat* and will be made on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS: All Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are applicable against tuition fees for one school year (two semesters) at the Berklee College of Music. Upon completion of the school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

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The 1971 Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are made in the following amounts.

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| Two scholarships valued at \$1,000.00 each | \$2,000.00 |
| Six scholarships valued at \$500.00 each | \$3,000.00 |
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Bessie Smith by Gunther Schuller

THE FOLLOWING IS AN excerpt from the chapter on Bessie Smith in *Early Jazz*, by Gunther (Oxford University Press, 1968). The entire chapter is highly recommended to those seriously interested in Bessie Smith's work. *Jailhouse Blues* is included in the recently issued second volume of Columbia Records' complete Bessie Smith series.

As early as *Jailhouse Blues* (September 1923) we can hear the embellishment traits that form the essence of Bessie's style. In the first line after the scene-setting introduction, "Thirty days in jail with my back turned to the wall," the importance of the words in the sentence determines the degree of embellishment each receives. Almost every word is emphasized by an upward scoop or slide, but each one differently. The words "thirty," "jail," and "wall"—the three main words of the sentence—are also those most modified by slides. "Thirty" starts with a relatively fast upward slur from approximately *e* flat to *g* flat. (The piece is in the key of *E* flat. All pitches are approximate, since Bessie moves fairly freely within the microtonal subdivisions of the scale.) "Days" slides more slowly from the blue flat-third to the major-third, *g*. The next word, "in," is a slightly flat *g*, in preparation for a large major-third upward scoop on "jail": the most important word, *ergo* the strongest embellishment.

These four elements are now reused, but with different words, of course, and in a different sequence: a flat *g* for "with," and *e* flat for "my," a minor-third slide on "back" (similar to "thirty"), and a longer *g* flat to *g* slur on the word "turned." In the sense that "with my" is similar to "in jail"—the only difference being that the final return to *g* in "jail" is not consummated on "my"—we have here a reshuffling of four degrees of slides from the initial order of 1, 2, 3, 4 to 3, 4, 1, 2. The next two words, "to the," transitional and less important, are appropriately unembellished *g*'s, rhythmically short and connective.

So far all embellishments have been upward slides. Now, on "wall" Bessie uses one of her other frequently employed ornamental devices, a double slide which at first descends to a final pitch. Here, in *Jailhouse Blues*, because Bessie is heading for the tonic, the approximate sliding pitches are [shown in example A]. (Bessie used two other variants of this embellishment. Another one, also on the tonic, was [example B], a quick downward dip to the sixth of the chord and up again. It is used, for example on the word "wall" in the repeat of the first line of *Jailhouse Blues*. But her most frequently used double-note ornament was reserved for the third of the chord [example C]. This latter ornament appear with great consistency starting around 1925, and can be heard on any number of recordings: *Reckless Blues*, *Sobbin' Hearted Blues*, *Cold in Hand Blues*, and many others).



On the word "wall" in the repeat line, we encounter another of Bessie's favorite devices, a phrase-ending "drop-off" or "fall-off." It is usually associated with the tonic and drops quickly to the sixth of the scale [example D]. But occasionally she did similar "drop-offs" on the third and even on the fifth of the key, as in *Cold in Hand Blues*, where the "fall-off" drops to the third [example E].

Two further phrase idiosyncrasies appear in *Jailhouse Blues*. The one is a variant of the "drop-off," longer and more pitch-inflected. We hear it here on the word "turned," an interpolated phrase repeating the last of the first line as a fill-in. (This two-bar "fill-in" would normally have been an instrumental response to the singer's first line, but since *Jailhouse Blues* was accompanied only by a pianist, Clarence Williams, Bessie occasionally decided to fill in the two bars herself.) On the word "turned" she sings [example F], thus turning the word into a blues moan. Here, although the pitches are still connected by slides, they are nevertheless more articulated than in her other ornaments so that an actual melodic motive emerges.

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Bessie also had a unique ability to break phrases into unexpected segments and to breathe at such phrase interruptions, without in the slightest impairing overall continuity, textual or melodic. In the repeat of the "Thirty days" line, Bessie breathes twice at unexpected places: between the words "my" and "back" for a real break in the phrase; then again between "turned" and "to the wall," a smaller interruption. The reason for these breath breaks is the previously mentioned interpolated half-phrase, "turned to the wall," which prevented her from going to the end of the second repeat line without breathing. Thus the overall partitioning of both lines is as follows (' is an incidental breath mark, * is a more pronounced interruption):

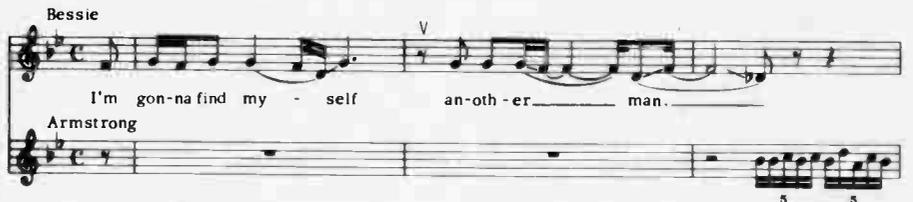
Thirty days in jail' with my back turned' to the wall'

Turned* to the wall/

Thirty days in pail with my* back turned' to the wall.

Note that in the one place where one might have expected a breath, marked /, Bessie goes right on, bridging the natural division of the sentence.

Once could cite hundreds of such examples in which word and melodic patterns are broken up in unexpected and often asymmetrical ways. It should suffice to cite one more, the fourth chorus of *Cold in Hand Blues* (not counting the opening verse). Note the breath interruptions here too, the first time after the word "myself," the second time in the middle of the word, yet without the slightest loss of continuity. (The trumpet responses are by Louis Armstrong.)



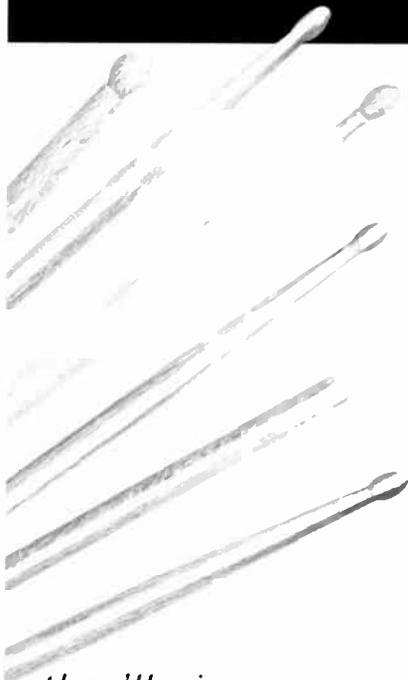
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Gary Burton and Art Lauer

ELECTRONICS

(Continued from page 34)

which added four percussion sounds plus wa-wa, tape delay, echo repeat, and octave jumping; the Condor modulator, which is basically a more sophisticated Maestro with the pickup coming from the strings rather than changing the tone after amplification.

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Art Lauer, studio flutist and composer, took over the demonstration with the statement that the P-II-SS allows him to create a genuine new tone not otherwise possible from his flute, and therefore his musical opportunities are greatly expanded. Lauer prefers not to make a direct connection to his flute but plays through a mike which feeds into the P-II-SS. He explained that any woodwind instrument is effective in this manner but there is a problem with brass. The original brass sound overpowers the amplified sound so it is not effective in live performance. However, if the brass instrument is being recorded, then it is fine, and often preferable, to feed it directly to

the mixer board via a studio mike.

Schory then played a track from his new Carnegie Half Concert album written by Lauer, *Futura*, which used several P-II-SS units recorded live using 27 E-V mikes. The playing got an enthusiastic response from the audience who particularly appreciated the technical problems involved without the use of any overdubbing.

Gary Burton then took over on the Modulon, a mallet percussion instrument that took five years to develop. It uses a new patented (pending) system with individual transducers under each bar feeding through three pre-amps—one for each octave. (The highest octave reproduces through the right speaker when stereo is desired, the lowest octave on the left, and the middle octave split evenly left and right.) Burton put it through all of its paces plus connecting it through the P-II-SS. Burton's playing, of course, is something else but it does seem as if the Modulon can open the first new sound and flexibility in mallet percussion since the vibes. Burton also demonstrated the new Musser amplified vibes which utilizes the Oliver pick-up system. It seemed much cleaner and truer than anything I had heard previously.

In the playing session that concluded the evening, John Bishop sat in on guitar and made very interesting music with Burton. Lauer switched from flute to electric celeste, which was set one octave lower than normal, reportedly at the request of Henry Mancini, who has used it in several recording sessions.

It was a good musical evening. It was clearly demonstrated that musicians are now able to use electronic technology to create, and not denigrate their talents while doing so.

—Charles Suber

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

28. On Monday nights at the Top of the Gate, **Billy Rubenstein** and **Hal Gaylor** hold forth . . . **Grateful Dead** with the **New Riders of the Purple Sage** (a vocal group) was a sellout at Fillmore East Sept. 17-20. **Mungo Jerry**, a very good jug rock band, gave out kazoos and broke up the Fillmore Sept. 25-26. Also on the bill were **Clouds** and the **Steve Miller Band**. **Pink Floyd** had a choral and orchestral concert on Sept. 27 at the Fillmore . . . The **Dinizulu African Dancers** appeared at Willowbrook State School for the Retarded Sept. 22 . . . **Eric Burdon and War** were at Madison Square Garden Sept. 25 . . . **Kenny Dorham** and **Hank Mobley** were at the East Village in the week of Sept. 28. The **Grachan Moncur III Quartet** was in the week before with **Dave Burrell**, piano; **Bob Cunningham**, bass, and **Andrew Cyrille**, drums . . . **Roy Ayers' Ubiquity** was at Pee Wee's in September . . . **Robin Kenyatta** did a concert at Hamilton College Sept. 19 . . . **Gene Krupa** was to play the West-Chester School for Retarded Children Benefit Sept. 26 but he was still ailing, so his friends came out to help him. Krupa was replaced by **Joe Jones**, **Eddie Shu** played tenor, **Donald Jordan**, piano, and **Herbie Lewis** was on bass. As a special treat, ex-Krupa vocalist **Anita O'Day** sang with the band. Miss O'Day also does weekends at the Half Note opposite the incumbent groups, while **Ray Nance** is a special guest on Sunday nights . . . A new audio/visual concept utilizing the laser beam debuted at the party for the opening of the **Galaxie Theatre** at 131 Prince Street. Two bands played at the opening: **Sam Rivers**, flute, tenor sax; **Alan Silva**, cello; **Richard Youngstein** and **Dave Izenzon**, basses; **Selwyn Lissack**, drums. In the second band, **Lissack** played again with **Silva** and **Youngstein**, **Rick Colbeck** was added on trumpet, **Karl Berger** was on vibes and **Dave Burrell** played piano . . . The **Vanguard** had an unusual Sunday bill Sept. 27 when **The New York Bass Violin Choir**, directed by **Bill Lee**, performed **Baby Sweets**, a narrative jazz opera written by **Bill Lee** and **Sonny Brown**. The members of the Choir: **Richard Davis**, **Ron Carter**, **Milt Hinton**, **Lisle Atkinson**, **Michael Fleming**, **Sam Jones** and **Bill Lee** with **Sonny Brown** on percussion. **Baby Sweets** is expected to continue through fall . . . **Archie Shepp** did the music for a new play, **Blue Soap** . . . **Supershow**, a British film featuring stars of rock and jazz, played three days at Hunter College. In the film were **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**, **Buddy Miles**, **Steven Stills**, **Buddy Guy**, **Jack Bruce**, **Eric Clapton**, **Colosseum**, the **MJQ** and **Led Zeppelin**.

Los Angeles: The **Jazz Crusaders** followed **Herbie Mann's** new group into **Shelly's Manne-Hole**, with **Zoot Sims** and **Al Cohn** scheduled to follow . . . **Dee Barton's** band played **Donte's** twice in one week—a policy unusual even for the club where unusual bookings are the norm.

Craig Hundley made a quick return engagement there and **Mike Barone** brought his band back to the familiar Wednesday slot . . . **Billy Eckstine** followed **Oscar Peterson** into the **Hong Kong Bar**. **George Shearing** will open there for three weeks Nov. 2, and the **World's Greatest Jazz Band** will do likewise Nov. 23. **Teddy Wilson** will play the **Hong Kong Bar** sometime around **Valentine's Day** next year . . . **Merle Ellis** has replaced **Pancho Haгод** at the piano bar of the **Stockyard Steak House** . . . Following his stint at **Monterey**, **Jimmy Witherspoon** played for one week at the **Parisian Room**. **Lorez Alexandria** followed 'Spoon and is scheduled to remain there until after Jan. 1 . . . **Carla Thomas** and the **Bar Kays** played P.J.'s for ten days but **Miss Thomas** stayed on to undergo a series of TV and film tests for possible dramatic work . . . The **Chick Corea Quartet** moved into the **Lighthouse** after **Joe Henderson** debuted his new quintet there . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** has slimmed down considerably and intends to stay that way for her Nov. 9 opening with **Duke Ellington** at the **Now Grove** . . . **Miles Davis** brought his quintet to **UCLA** for a one-nighter . . . **Della Reese**, recovered from her accident at home (she fell through the plate glass window that wraps around her indoor pool), did a one-nighter with **Bill Cosby** at the **Anaheim Convention Center** . . . **Jethro Tull** was at the **Forum** in **Inglewood** for a one-night concert . . . At the same location, different day: **Blood, Sweat & Tears** . . . **Irving Granz** brought in **Cannonball Adderley** and his quintet, plus **Roberta Flack**, for a one-nighter at the **Santa Monica Civic Auditorium** following their appearance at the **Seattle Jazz Festival**. While **Cannonball** was in town, he held an unusual recording session at **Capitol**. It was open to all **Capitol** personnel and their guests, and **Cannonball** made use of them on one of the tracks as they sang along with the musicians. The crowd was witness to a first as **Nat's** 15-year-old son, **Nat Jr.**, played piano and sang one of his own songs—the same one he played and sang at **Monterey** . . . Speaking of **Monterey**, while **Donald Bailey** joined **Hampton Hawes** and **Leroy Vinegar** for the festival **Stix Hooper** took **Bailey's** place at the **Pied Piper**; **Gildo Mahones** and **Larry Gales** subbed for **Hamp** and **Leroy** at the **International Hotel** . . . **Merry Clayton** worked at the **Troubador** for a week. She's a former **Raelet** (**Ray Charles'** vocal group) and the wife of reedman **Curtis Amy** . . . **Gene Harris**, leader of the **Three Sounds**, is getting into the producing end for **Mercury** and will produce the **Quartet Tres Bien's** next album . . . **Sam Fletcher** has bid **Los Angeles** adieu. He's received some good offers from **New York**, so he's moved his family there for an indefinite stay . . . A bunch of **Angelenos** kept the **Monterey** sounds going after hours at the **Mark Thomas** and at the **Del Monte Hyatt House**. Both sessions were under **H. B. Barnum's** direction and included **Spanky Wilson**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, **John Klemmer**, and **Bobby Lyle** . . . The final two concerts at the **Pilgrimage Theatre** will feature the **Bud Shank Quintet** Nov. 1;

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and Mike Barone and his Orchestra Nov. 8 . . . Hal Frazier returned to the Playboy Club in Hollywood—a room that has become his second home—for two weeks, backed by the Joe Parnello Trio . . . Ray Charles was on a real charity spree during his recent tour: while in Nashville to tape the *Johnny Cash Show*, Ray learned that Cash had just donated \$10,000 to the local Kidney Foundation, and added his own check for \$1,000. On the following day, after a concert at the Palace Theater in Albany, New York, Ray chartered a plane to Winston-Salem where he hosted a concert for the Sickle Cell Disease Research Foundation. Charles also presented a check for \$2,000 to the SCDRF, then took off, via chartered plane, for an evening concert at Indiana University in Bloomington . . . A new show on the local educational channel, KCET, Channel 28, called *Boboquivari* (an Indian phrase meaning “from the old to the new”) featured the Roberta Flack Trio and the Roger Kellaway Cello Quartet on successive segments. The format of the show prohibits cutting, so everything is uninterrupted. It’s local for now, but KCET execs are hopeful of “selling” it to the entire NET network . . . Another show on Channel 28, *Jazz Talk*, features Gene Russell as host-producer. Gene’s trio will play on it, and he will have guests who will rap as well as play. Russell is still working weekends at Ernie’s in Holly-

wood: Russell, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Steve Clover, drums; Fran Carol, vocals . . . Ray Callahan is in town, negotiating with a number of movie studios for the rights to the film bio of his brother-in-law, Jack Teagarden. Callahan won’t say which studios; he won’t even reveal who might be considered for the lead. Sounds like the same kind of mystery surrounding the much discussed Billie Holiday film.

Chicago: Sarah Vaughan opened her two-week engagement at Mister Kelly’s to a packed house. Miss Vaughan, who is the only artist ever to record at the Rush St. nitery, received exquisite backing from 22-year-old Jan Hammer (a native of Czechoslovakia), piano; Gene Perla (ex-Woody Herman sideman), bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums. Larry Novak’s Trio (Joe Kaply, bass; Tommy Radtke, drums) is the house band . . . Count Basie played two concerts nightly Sept. 26-27 at the Antioch Country Club and Steak House. The bands of Stan Kenton and Woody Herman have worked the room recently . . . The Afam Studio & Gallery presented the Gallery Ensemble (Jose Williams, soprano sax; Wesley McClendon, alto sax; Gene Scott, bass; Bobby Miller, drums) in a Sept. 27 concert . . . A new club, the Red Baron, opened Sept. 20 featuring Tiny McCurdy and the Jazz

People (Richie Corporalongo, tenor sax; Al Finey, piano; Jim Schipper, bass; McCurdy, drums). A blues band works the club two nights a week . . . Dizzy Gillespie worked the Apartment Sept. 18-19. Also on the bill: tenorist Charlie Rouse with organist Don Patterson . . . The Sutherland Lounge, 4659 S. Drexel Blvd., featured Jimmy Smith’s Trio (Ed McFadden, guitar; Candy Finch, drums) for two weeks . . . Bandleader Tito Rodriguez flew in from Puerto Rico to headline the show at the Coco Loco. Congaist Bentin Santiago leads the 7-piece house band . . . Ramsey Lewis’ Trio played a concert at Northwestern University’s McGaw Hall . . . The New Zealand Trading Company, the vocal-instrumental group that worked the London House from mid-September to mid-October, included pianist Maurice Moore, guitarist Thomas Kini, bassist George Cacas, drummer Gonzalo Sifre, congaist Kawana Waitere, and vocalist Alberto Carrion. Pianist Monty Alexander’s Trio followed the New Zealanders . . . Pianist Donny Hathaway’s Quartet was featured at Lurlean’s . . . The Aragon Ballroom was forced to terminate its rock policy due to drug problems. Promoter Scott Doneen, who had taken over from Mike Butler’s American Tribal Productions, said he could “no longer guarantee the security and safety of people attending the Aragon rock shows.” . . . Pianist Eddie Fritz’ group (Dom Geraci, trumpet; Pete Frank, tenor sax; E. J. Frank, bass) broke it up in North Riverside—“the best sounds in 13 years” according to observers.

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San Francisco: Herbie Hancock’s Sextet (Ed Henderson, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Benny Maupin, alto and tenor sax, flute; Buster Williams, bass; Bobby Hart, drums) played three nights at Bill Graham’s Fillmore West, sharing the bill with John Mayall and the Elvin Bishop Trio. With Henderson subbing for Johnny Coles (who joined Ray Charles’ big band temporarily), Hancock moved over to the Both/And for a week, splitting the bill with guitarist Freddie Robinson’s Quartet (Ernst Van Traise, organ; Billy Terry, bass; Harold Rett, drums). Leon Thomas, (with Arthur Stirling, piano; Rafael Garrett, bass; Arthur Lewis, drums; Richard Landrum, Sonny Morgan, African percussion) followed them in and Gene Ammons was slated for a Both/And stint following his Monterey Jazz Festival appearance . . . Recent attractions at the El Matador were the Cal Tjader Quintet (Al Zulaica, piano; Jim McCabe, bass; Dick Berk, drums, Mike Smith, conga); Gabor Szabo’s Quintet (Lynn Blessing, vibes; Wolfgang Melz, bass; John Detze, drums; Felix Falcon, conga) and the Chet Baker Quintet (Mike McCormick, tenor sax; Bryan Cooke, piano; Robb Fisher, bass; Eddie Marshall, drums) . . . Drummer Benny Barth led a big band for the third concert in the Jazz at Aquatic Park Series Sept. 6. Personnel: Rudy Salvini, Pat Houston, Lee Katzman, Zane Woodworth, Waldo Carter, trumpets; Fred Murgy, Shep Shepherd, Van Hughes,

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Baltimore: The local jazz scene has been picking up lately with more clubs booking name groups and local musicians . . . The Gentlemen of Jazz brought in **Count Basie** to the Embassy on Park Heights Ave. . . **James Moody** with organist **Bobby Pierce** and drummer **Roy Brooks** played the Royal Roost. The house band, the **Jimmy Johnson Trio** with organist **Bill Byrd**, now features guitarist **Earl Wilson** who moved over from the Red Door. The vocalist is **Ruby Glover** . . . The Carnival Lounge booked **Richard Groove Holmes** and his Trio the first weekend in September . . . Tenor saxophonist **Mickie Fields** has been playing weekends at Everyday People . . . Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** played two concerts at the Friendship International Airport Hotel Sept. 11 . . . The **Left Bank Jazz Society** closed out August with the **New York Art Quartet**. **Danny Brown** and the **Dynamics**, with singer **Jodie Myers** a local group, was the club's first attraction in September, followed the next weekend by **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers**, with Baltimorean **Al Dailey** on piano. **James Moody** is due in at the club Oct. 4, **Lee Morgan** on Oct. 11, **Dizzy Gillespie** on Oct. 18, **Woody Herman** on Oct. 25, and **Roy Brooks** and **Jimmy Heath** the first two Sundays in November . . . **Al**

Hibbler played an engagement in August at the new James Brown Motor Inn.

St. Louis: **John Heeter** continues to bring in jazz attractions to the Gourmet Rendezvous. The **Lou Donaldson** Quintet booking packed the place nightly. **Hank Crawford** followed **Donaldson** and **Richard Groove Holmes** is a possible future headliner . . . Bassist **Kenny Ray's Trio** continues at the East Side Stadium Lounge with pianist **Clayton Love** and **Pete Johnstone** . . . **Touch**, one of the areas leading contemporary groups, took top honors at the recent **Kaintuck Music and Craft Festival** in Kentucky. **Ray Schulte**, guitarist and vocalist with the group, was presented with a new guitar and the group received several recording offers. Other member of **Touch**: **Jerry Schulte**, electric bass; **Tom Roady**, percussion, and **Paulette**, vocals . . . The **St. Louis Jazz Quartet** was featured in concert with the **St. Louis Symphony Orchestra** at the Mississippi River Festival. **Greg Bosler** came in from Las Vegas to write special charts for the group which includes **Ken Palmer**, piano; **Terry Kippenberger**, bass; **Charley Payne**, percussion, and **Jeanne Trevor**, vocals . . . Pianist **Jim Gross' Trio** continues at Le Apartments in the Mansion House with bassist **Harold Thompson**, drummer **Jim Zucker** and vocalist **Gretchen Hill** (who appears with the group on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday) . . . **Carol Kaufman**, better known as **Koffie**, split the local scene and is currently appearing in the Chicago area. Backing her is the **Latin Nova**, with **Vince Charles**, vibes, steel drum; **Rick Holmes**, piano; **Manny Quintero**, drums, and **Don Valadez**, congas . . . Percussionist **Frank Muriels Timbale Quartet** (**Marvin Docter**, alto sax; **Jeter Thompson**, piano; **John Mixon**, bass) took over the stand at the Garage . . . **James Moody**, **Sonny Stitt**, and **The Three Sounds** were at the Black Eagle Lounge on separate engagements during the summer season . . . **Drummer Bensid Thigpen** (younger brother of Ed) with saxist **Alan Merry** and **Curry Jones** continues to please avant garde followers in the area . . . **Vincent Dee** is the new drummer with the **Chasers Four**, replacing **Tom Radman**. The rest of the group (**Al Bang**, saxophone; **Rich Lowenstein**, cordovox; **Joe McCreary**, bass; **Sharon Andre**, vocals) continues at the Breckenridge Motor Lodge . . . The **St. Louis Jazz Club** held their annual picnic and featured performers were trombonist **Skip Derringer**, clarinetist **Sam Gardner**, pianist **Charles Ford**, bassist **Pat Murphy**, and drummer **Joe Buerger** . . . Vocalist **Gene Lynn** continues at the Stork Club, with backing provided by organist **Terry Williams** and drummer **Andre Macklin** . . . After months of closed rehearsal, the newly-formed **Woodstock** band led by **Warren Hartman** made its local debut. Personnel: **Mike Brown**, trumpet; **Craig Sergel**, trombone; **Tony Rome**, saxophone; **Larry Smith**, sax, flute, vocals; **Hartman**, organ, electric piano; **Bob Eagle**, guitar; **Ted Schlaughnessy**, bass; **Jim McCurdy**, drums; **Holly Vaughn**, **Jerusalem Clarke**, vocals.

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