



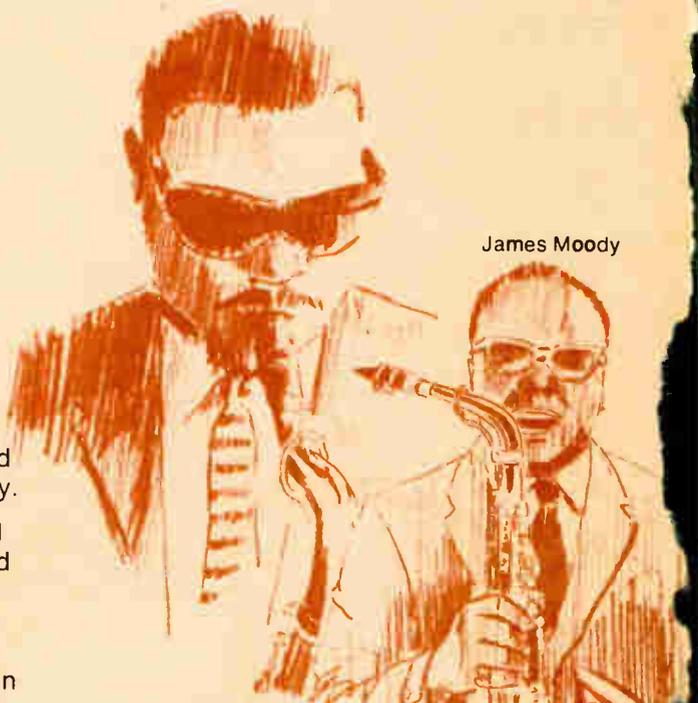
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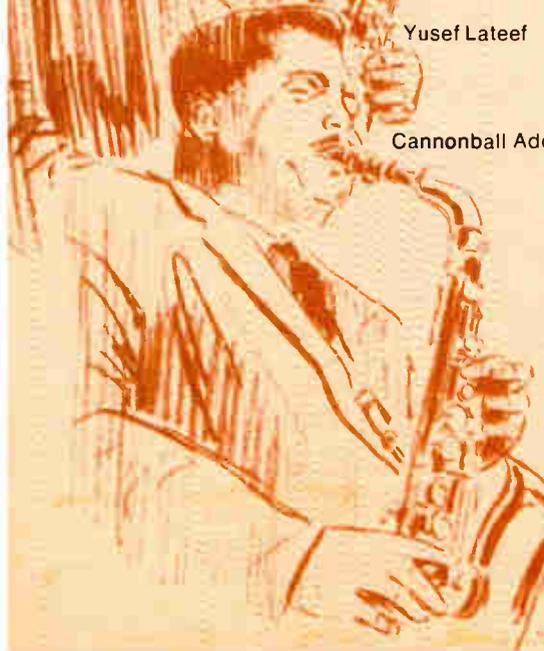
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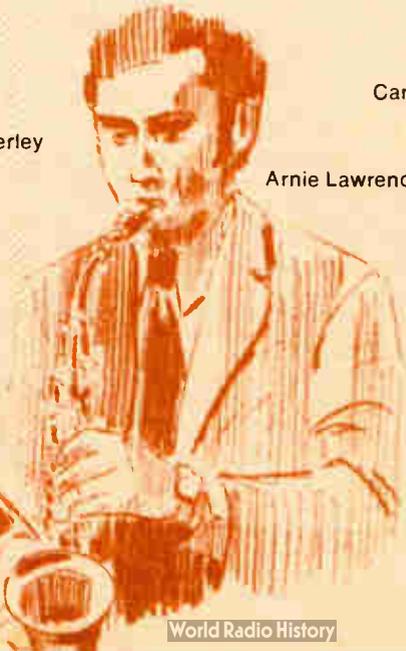
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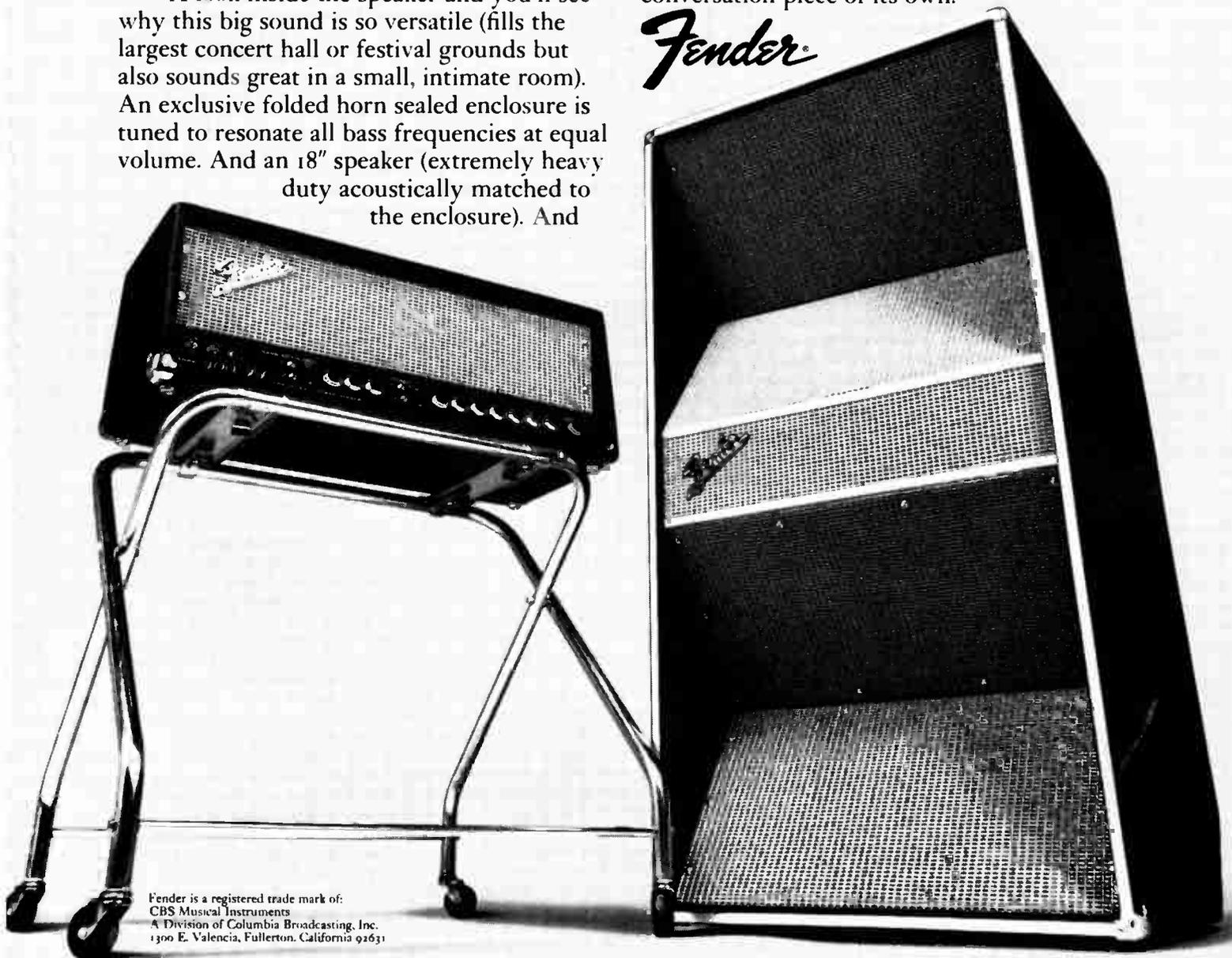
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Most of the questions raised at the Jazz Education seminar held during the Newport-in-New York Jazz Festival were concerned with "how music education can be improved" and "where can one go for a jazz education". In response to those questions from that audience and to similar ones asked by down beat readers, let's see what we can learn from two Examples previously examined here.

There was the Chicago affair featuring a local cast of 600,000 students who were in imminent danger of having music removed from all public schools by a beleaguered and sometimes intransigent school board coupled with an ineffectual Superintendent, with the whole subject of education treated as a political pawn by local and state government. The other Example is the Utah affair where hundreds of students are being robbed of the chance at a better music education by a spiteful and petulant music faculty backed, albeit reluctantly, by an administration too timid to obviate mediocrity.

The lessons learned by these two Examples are exportable and useable by anyone who really cares to do so.

Lesson #1. Don't wait for a crisis before you start to do something. As the posters say: Take Preventive Measures! Whether you are a student, teacher, parent or citizen—or any combination thereof—you can do one of more of the following: (a) ask whomever is in charge of curriculum why certain courses are not offered. (b) Don't take evasions as answers. As an education consumer you have the right to know what you are buying. (c) Shop before you buy. If you can swing it financially, choose the school that comes closest in offering you what you need. (d) Be sure that your local school board members are aware of what music can do for education and that they are made aware of what positive things are happening around the country. Remember that a school board member (usually non-paid) is only as effective as the information he receives. (e) Don't avoid membership or participation in any group that can bring pressure, implied or explicit, on school policy. You may avoid the monthly P.T.A. cookie sale but you could ask pointed questions about the quality of education they want.

Lesson #2. If a crisis does develop, do something fast. Find out who is for and who is against. Be honest and careful in your head count. Don't assume that the nice, smiling ones will help when the crunch comes. Organize the real friendlies into a working group. Don't get hung up with by-laws and charters or other time-wasters. Determine what your now objective really is. (Is it to get money for this year's budget? Is it to get a better curriculum sometime? Is it to get a capable teacher retained or hired?) When you know what you're after, go after it directly. Avoid side issues and personality clashes whenever possible. Show all concerned the positive advantages of what you're after.; be for something.

Don't let somebody else's organization table restrict your movement. Go to the top with your plea. Don't forget that the guy at the top is judged on how few problems surface. Let him in on any credit that may accrue by virtue of a "settlement". And above all, don't be put off or dismayed if you are told that "our hands are tied; ask the legislature" (or some other foreign body). Remember that whoever actually spends the money has the strongest voice in how its spent.

What has all this got to do with music or music education? If you need to ask the question, I doubt if you will accept the answer. But please, when you graduate from the school of your choice and complain that you were cheated and find you lack the skills necessary to make a living from music, don't grouse about the system or "them". As the saying goes: We have met the enemy and they is us.

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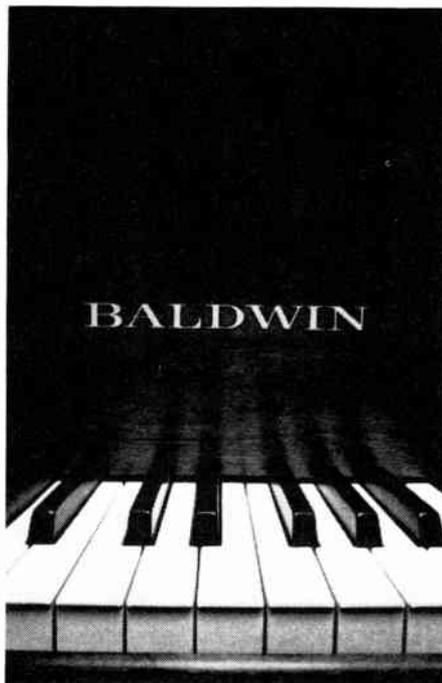
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William J. Gallagher
CHOW

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How Now, CHOW?

The June 22 issue contained a letter which spoke of the Gallagher Clearing House of Wants (CHOW). Please be advised that since then I have moved and the new address is 468 South Ocean Ave., Patchogue, N.Y. 11772.

The response from *down beat* readers, concerning that letter, has been overwhelming to say the least but I'm afraid the postmaster at the old address is not quite happy about forwarding said letters.

... One thing is certain—*down beat* has not lost its appeal to the record collector and still

Person to Person

Thank you! I really enjoyed your interview with Houston Person (June 22). It's nice to hear he's getting some long overdue recognition. The article shall be glued to my wall forever. Person's type of musicianship is rare indeed. I hope you'll print more about him in the future.

Fern Goettel

Buffalo, N.Y.

Make Room For Bunny

June marked the 30th anniversary of the death of Bunny Berigan. It seems unjust that one of the great jazz trumpeters has not as yet been voted into the *down beat* Hall of Fame.

Jazz writings of that period, including articles and comments in *down beat* and other periodicals devoted to jazz, are nearly unanimous in acclaiming Berigan one of the top jazz trumpeters of that age.

It seems ironic that despite the acclaim of musicians and the music establishment of that period Bunny has been overlooked by the pundits of today . . .

I request and urge that *down beat*, its editors and readers, make a place for Bunny in the pantheon of greats, where he justly belongs.

Alvin I. Apfelberg

New York, N.Y.

A place in the Hall of Fame is an elective honor which can only be bestowed by a consensus of critics or readers in our two annual polls. Berigan is just one of many deserving artists who have yet to be voted into the Hall—King Oliver, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmy Blanton, and Benny Carter, for a few examples. The surest remedy is to vote and get your friends to vote as well. See p. 25 for your ballot. —ed.

Plectrum Plaudits

Your June 8 article, *Plectrum Spectrum*, is one of the best I have seen in any publication.

Being a guitarist myself, I appreciate this greatly. Keep up the good work.

Burt Teague

Chicago, Ill.

P.S.: How about an article on Jim Hall (greatest jazz player going, guitar wise).

The "round table" discussion with four of our greatest guitarists, Joe Pass, Kenny Burrell, John Collins and Gabor Szabo, talking to Harvey Siders, made very pleasurable reading.

You should try to have more of them . . . It was one of your better articles.

Mianna Pontoppidan

Weston, Mass.

Your *Plectrum Spectrum* had a terrific format. Though I thought a little more specific information about guitar fingering and picking should have been coaxed out of the players, the interaction between them was superb.

May I also note that your *Blindfold Test* on Joe Pass was an added treat. Most of the versatile guitarists I know consider him tops. If it is at all possible, I, and surely many other guitarists would like to see a close profile of Joe.

Bruno Corry

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Name of the Game

Your last two issues (May 25 and the previous one) were *superb*. I've received every issue of *down beat* for six years and don't recall ever having enjoyed two issues so much. A large part of my enthusiasm comes from the fact that both issues were mainly jazz issues (although this is certainly not my own criterion: the writing in the articles was generally excellent).

down beat folks, we need a *jazz* magazine! Thanks for the last two. Straight ahead, brothers!

Kap

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NEWPORT IN NEW YORK TO STAY, SAYS WEIN

Newport in New York, the biggest jazz festival ever held, finished in the black — if just barely.

According to producer George Wein, a thin profit of "somewhere between \$10,000 and 40,000" was turned by the 27-event festival, which employed some 600 musicians.

Newport is in New York to stay. "I have no plans for returning to Rhode Island," Wein said. "The Newport Jazz Festival-New York is now a permanent, annual event."

Wein said that the festival may run 10 days rather than nine next year, with a day out in the middle for everyone "to catch their breath." He also wants to explore avenues for greater community involvement.

The producer was enthusiastic about the cooperation the festival received in New York. "This town has been so wonderful to me," he said, "that they'd have to run me out of here on a rail before I'd leave."

NEW YORK MUSICIANS STAGE OWN FESTIVAL

The presence of the Newport Festival in New York had many beneficial side effects.

Chief among these was the New York Musicians Jazz Festival. Organized on the spur of the moment, and originating in the feeling among many of the city's musicians, notably younger and more avant garde oriented players, that Newport had not taken sufficient cognizance of their talents, it presented nearly 75 events between July 3 and 10, mostly in various Manhattan locations.

These included the Harlem Music Center, Slug's (where music was heard from noon to 4 a.m.), various studios (including Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea, Studio We, and the Studio Museum), Central Park, East River Park, Free Life Communications, the Folklore Center, University of the Streets, and the New Federal Theater.

Participating musicians, numbering in the hundreds, included such names as Rashied Ali, Andrew Hill, Archie Shepp, Sam Rivers, Milford Graves, Noah Howard, Bill Hardman, Cedar Walton, Wilbur Ware, Tommy Turrentine, Leon Thomas, Grachan Moncur III, David Izenzon, Joe Lee Wilson, Byard Lancaster, Zahir Batin, Joe Rigby, Cal Massey, Clifford Thornton, Larry Young, Barry Altschul, Frank Foster, Warren Smith, Roger Blank, Ken McIntyre, Clifford Jordan, Gilly Coggins, Anthony Braxton, the Art Jenkins-Sam Brown Big Band, Ted Daniel and many more.

Though it began as a reaction to Newport, the Musicians Festival soon found its own momentum and motivation, and according to Noah Howard, one of its organizers, it will become an annual event, with the first planning session for 1973 scheduled to be held in November. "We learned a lot," Howard said, "and by next summer we'll really have things organized."

The festival was unique in that it was run wholly by the musicians themselves, with proceeds divided on an equitable basis. Among its many notable events was "Kenny Dorham Day" in Tompkins Square Park, dedicated to the ailing trumpeter.

Other action taking place in the wake of Newport included a highly successful *CTI Summer Jazz Concert* at Felt Forum, held on June 30, the night before the festival proper began. A sold-out house greeted Freddie Hubbard, Hubert Laws, Stanley Turrentine, Milt Jackson, Johnny Smith, Esther Phillips, Joe Farrell, Airtio, George Benson, Grover Washington, Jr., Hank Crawford, Jack De Johnette and others with an enthusiasm re-



JACQUES BISCEGLIA

Clifford Thornton

mind of the Apollo Theater in days when jazz was king.

The clubs also benefited: Sonny Rollins and McCoy Tyner packed them in at the Village Gate, and on one memorable night at the Club Baron, incumbent tenorist Gene Ammons was joined on the stand by Dexter Gordon, Sonny Stitt and Stanley Turrentine, horns in hand.

The Jazz Museum drew big crowds, Sam Goody's reported jazz record sales way up, WRVR and NBC radio broadcast portions of the festival, media coverage of the festival was exceptional (the New York *Times* did an especially outstanding job), and in general, it was a bonanza period for jazz.

GRANZ BACK IN RECORD BIZ ON MODEST SCALE

When Norman Granz sold his Verve catalog to MGM in 1961, it represented one of the richest lodes of jazz recordings made in the preceding decade.

The Granz labels (there were Norgran and Clef before Verve) recorded what Granz liked, not what commerce dictated, and his stable of artists included Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, Roy

Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Lee Konitz, Buddy Rich, Stuff Smith, Anita O'Day, Harry Edison, Teddy Wilson and many others, not to mention Ella Fitzgerald and the entire changing cast of Jazz at the Philharmonic.

In recent years, it was periodically rumored that Granz was trying to buy back Verve from MGM, which by and large has ignored the treasures in its vaults. Not long ago, Granz announced that he had arranged with MGM (recently acquired by Polygram) to regain the rights to most of the Tatum material recorded for Verve (the 15 solo albums, but apparently not the LPs made by Tatum with various all-star instrumental combinations), and that he would reissue these on his own label, for which he will also produce new sessions.

Nothing like the Verve largesse of the past should be anticipated — Granz stated that he would release perhaps 25 albums per year, no more. But he will continue to record only artists whose work he likes, and aim the product at a connoisseur rather than mass market. This is good news. (Note to MGM: If you don't want to sell, how about reissuing some of that great music — but not in haphazard fashion?)

Granz, who presided over a JATP reunion at last year's Monterey Festival and recently toured a Count Basie-Roy Eldridge-Joe Williams-Eddie Vinson package in Europe, also seems to be stepping up his activities as a concert producer. On July 15, he presented Dizzy Gillespie, Eldridge, the MJQ and others at the first big jazz festival to be held in Lebanon, and from July 18 to 23, he took Ella, Roy, Oscar Peterson, Al Grey and others to the Nice Festival on the French Riviera. —d.m.

JAZZMOBILE ROLLS ON DESPITE BUDGET CUTS

Despite financial problems, New York's Jazzmobile rolled into its eighth season of free street concerts July 10 with a performance by Les McCann at St. Nicholas Ave. at 116th St.

The reduction in funding (surprising considering Jazzmobile's record of excellent service to the community) has forced the organization to cut back its schedule to 40 concerts in New York (81 were presented last summer, 98 in 1970). But the good news is that Jazzmobile this year is taking its concerts to out-of-town locations as well. These include upstate N.Y., Westchester County, Newark, Washington, D.C., Baltimore and Boston. Appearances in hospitals and prisons are part of the 1972 program.

If you're in New York this summer, call 866-4900 for information about Jazzmobile events.

ANN ARBOR FEST COMES BACK WITH JAZZ ADDED

The Ann Arbor Blues Festival, a financial failure/artistic success in 1969 and 1970, has been revived this year as the Ann Arbor

Blues & Jazz Festival, to be held Sept. 8-10 at Otis Spann Memorial Field (next to Huron High School on Fuller Road in Ann Arbor).

The lineup, which includes Charles Mingus and Miles Davis, is:

Sept. 8 (7-12 p.m.): Howlin' Wolf, Junior Walker and the All-Stars, Sun Ra, the Contemporary Jazz Quintet, and the Siegal-Schwall Blues Band. Sept. 9 (12:30 p.m.): Muddy Waters, Hound Dog Taylor, Art Ensemble of Chicago, Mighty Joe Young and his band with Lucille Spann, others to be announced. Sept. 9 (7 p.m.): Bobby Blue Bland, Charles Mingus Ensemble, Dr. John, and Little Sonny.

The final day's afternoon program (12:30) will have Archie Shepp, Freddie King, Sippi Wallace with Bonnie Raitt, Luther Allison, and the Mojo Boogie Band of Ann Arbor. The final evening set (7 p.m.) includes Miles Davis, Otis Rush, Leo Smith with Marion Brown, Lightnin' Slim, Lefty Diaz, and Boogie Woogie Red with the Boogie Brothers. All programs are subject to change.

A special memorial service dedicating the festival site to the memory of Otis Spann will be held during the Sept. 9 afternoon concert, with Spann's widow, Lucille, participating as special guest of honor.

The festival is being produced by the Rainbow Corp. of Ann Arbor in association with Project Community and the University Activities Center, both student organizations at the University of Michigan.

Ticket prices are set at \$15 for all five shows, \$7 per day for both afternoon and evening shows and \$4 per evening show. There will be no separate tickets sold for the afternoon shows. In case of rain, the show goes on, but at Crisler Arena. For further information, write the Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival, Box 381, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48107.

NAMM SHOW NOTES

Lyman "Butch" Strong, a 32-year-old organist from Syracuse N.Y., won first prize in the U.S. finals of the Yamaha Electone Organ Competition, held during the June National Association of Music Merchants (NAMM) music convention in Chicago. Strong won a cash prize of \$1,000 plus a trip to Japan to compete in the international Grand Prix finals.

Strong is currently appearing at the Happy Landing in Interlaken, N.Y. and has been performing in the upstate area for several years. He began playing organ at 13, also plays piano and studied at Berklee for two years.

Over 12,000 music dealers and suppliers had met for the 71st annual NAMM Show. Some of the musical products introduced at the convention as well as certain distribution agreements of particular significance to down beat readers are listed here. For further details and examination of the products, see your local music dealer or write down beat/New Products, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606.

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NEWPORT AFTERTHOUGHTS

It was a gargantuan festival, and it surely offered something for everybody, whatever their musical persuasion.

From the standpoint of logistics, production, etc., George Wein and his small, hard-working staff did a tremendous job. The concerts started on time (sometimes even too much so), and there were no major mishaps.

The sound often left much to be desired, but much of this was due to problems inherent in the configuration of jazz instrumentation versus concert-hall acoustics. When one considers that each group presented a new and different problem to the sound engineer, it is remarkable that things went as well as they did.

From the artistic standpoint, the only events that seemed superfluous were the Yankee Stadium concerts, and as we noted in our comments on these, it seems to us that future Newport-New York festivals could get along without such events very well. In other words, a "pure" jazz festival seems economically feasible.

The objections voiced by the New York Musicians Festival—that not enough of the less famous artists indigenous to the city were employed by Wein—have some validity, but it must be kept in mind that the success of an undertaking like Newport depends to a great extent on "name" values. Furthermore, a goodly number of artists without much drawing power were presented. What does seem warranted—and possible—is for the festival to bring more free or inexpensive events to the local communities, Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant in particular, and to pay the musicians participating in these reasonably well.

Wein did bring some free music to Harlem and Brooklyn, but more can and should be done in this respect. On the other hand, the Musician's Festival proved that there is enough of an audience in New York to support events taking place alongside the festival, without hard feelings.

To this observer, the most gratifying results of Newport/New York were these:

It proved that New York is still the jazz mecca of the world. It proved that the music itself—without gimmicks or commercial injections—has enough drawing power to make a huge jazz festival viable. And it proved, beyond all dispute, that there is a large new young audience for the music—in all its facets.

In addition, the festival demonstrated the variety and vitality of jazz in all its many forms, and the ability of all these forms and schools to co-exist.

If, as Wein says, Newport in New York will be a permanent annual event—and there is no reason to doubt him—the louts who destroyed the festival at Newport itself unwittingly did the music a great service.

It is no exaggeration to say that the advent of Newport/New York is the beginning of a new and important chapter in jazz history. The response of the artists, the audience, the community (cooperation was beautiful—down the line), the media (tons of coverage and publicity) indicate that, far from being dead or dying, a very much alive art is at last beginning to find its true and rightful place in the scheme of things.

Much remains to be done, but Newport/New York was a great leap forward. Long may it swing!

—d.m.

from *Moog*; Sonic VI, portable classroom unit; percussion controller; organ satellite unit . . . Baldwin spinet home organ with Syntha-Sound (built-in synthesizer unit) . . . *Farfisa* Super-Piano ("pure piano sounds" plus auto-chord rhythm and percussion) . . . *Ovation*, two models of its first solid body guitar . . . *Leblanc* "Direct Air" C Trumpet (air flows directly from mouthpiece to bell rather than through tubing) . . . *Wurlitzer* synthesizer organs, Models 4026 and 4027 . . . *Gretsch* "Super Chet" (Atkins) electric guitar . . . *Hammond* professional and home organs with L.S.I. (large scale integrated circuitry) . . . *Hohner* Contessa 96 combines 44-key manual organ with traditional 96-button bass accordion; Contessa guitars; Electravox DeLuxe electronic instrument . . . *EV/Game* wireless FM condenser microphone . . . *Kawai* "See Thru" (clear lucite) X-500 grand piano . . . *Deagan* Bandmaster and Studio marimbas . . . *C.M.I.* (Chicago Musical Instrument Co.) VIP Method for Guitar . . . *Pro-Mark* drum sticks—Jazz-Rock 707; Hard-head 105; 727 plus *Orange* hi-hat stand . . . *General Music Corp.* audio-visual course for teaching piano; new distribution plan for its Guitar Magic audio-visual course . . . *Univox* electric piano .

Marketing Changes

Kaman Corp., parent company of *Ovation* Instruments and *National Musical String Co.*, acquired *International Musical Instruments, Inc.* (IMI) of Marion, N.C., manufacturer of *Currier* Pianos . . . *G. Leblanc Corp.* signed a long-term contract with *Nippon Gakki* to supply Leblanc with "certain wind instruments and their component parts" . . . *King Musical Instruments* acquired world distribution rights to *Benge* trumpets/cornets . . . *C.M.I.* acquired exclusive U.S. distribution of *Pearl* Drums from Japan . . . *Randall Instruments, Inc.* acquired the *Standel* Company, amplifier mfr. . . *FAME, INC.* (Famous American Musicians and Educators) extended its guitar teaching programs into Canada . . . CBS Masterworks Musical Instrument Division acquired exclusive Canadian distribution of the audio products of *AIMS* (American International Music Sales) . . . *Kustom Electronics* acquired *Mosrite* guitars . . . *C.M.I.* appointed exclusive national music distributor of *AKG* microphones.

Convention Performers

Many jazz musicians were invited to the convention by musical instrument companies to perform at their exhibit areas or at the annual down beat/NAMM Happening, a five-and-a-half hour convention party held at the Conrad Hilton hotel. Among those present (with sponsors in parentheses) were Carol Kaye and Phil Upchurch (Fender), Gene Krupa (Slingerland), Johnny Smith, Bruce Bolen, and Howard Roberts (Gibson), Groove Holmes (Hammond), Don Lewis (Hammond and ARP), Roger Powell (ARP), Malcolm X College Jazz Ensemble, Charles Walton, dir. (Whitehall and down beat), Jack De Johnette and Compost (Hohner/Sonor), Stu Katz (Deagan), Bobby Grasso (C.F. Martin/Fibes), Chicago All-City Jazz Ensemble, Burgess Gardner, dir. (down beat), Miriam Batucada, Tiago De Mello, and a Brazilian jazz ensemble (Di Giorgio), Les Strand (Yamaha), Paul Beaver (Moog). Present at a special Hammond party to introduce new organs were Shirley Scott, Jimmy Smith, Jimmy McGriff, and Clare Fischer.

c.x.

FINAL BAR

Blues singer-guitarist Fred McDowell, 68, died July 3 in Memphis, Tenn.

Known professionally as Mississippi Fred McDowell, he was born in Rossville, Tenn. but lived for many years in Como, Miss. and Memphis.

Discovered in 1959 by Alan Lomax, McDowell made his first records that year and later performed in a New York concert sponsored by the Newport Folk Foundation. He toured Europe in 1965 and 1969 and appeared in many clubs and at festivals including the 1969 and 1970 Ann Arbor Blues Festivals. His song, *You've Got To Move*, was recorded by the Rolling Stones.

McDowell was considered one of the primary surviving exponents of the Mississippi bottle-neck style of guitar playing. He recorded for Prestige, Atlantic, Vanguard, Testament, Arhoolie and Capitol and performed gospel songs as well as blues.

potpourri

Guitarist Jimmy Raney, who's been relatively inactive in several years, turned up in New York in June for an engagement at The Guitar and has been in the area since, delighting all who've been fortunate enough to catch him (at several gigs at Bradley's and at Gulliver's in New Jersey). Raney also did a special July concert (with Clark Terry, Don Friedman, Milt Hinton, and Alan Dawson) at the Univ. of Maryland, and recorded for MPS in late July with Richard Davis and Dawson. It is rumored that Raney will be writing a new book for Stan Getz, an old associate.

The New York Jazz Museum (125 W. 55th) shows rare jazz films weekdays at 12:15, 1:15 and 5:30 p.m. and weekends at 1, 3, 5 and 7 p.m. Admission is 50 cents, and through Aug. 19, Duke Ellington's *Symphony in Black* (1935, with Billie Holiday), Cab Calloway's *Jitterbug Party*, and a short with Jack Teagarden and Hoagy Carmichael will be on the menu. Aug. 20-26, you can see *Smash Your Baggage*, a 1931 short with Elmer Snowden's band (including Roy Eldridge), the Jimmie Lunceford Band, and Cab Calloway's 1935 *Hi-De-Ho*. Aug. 27-Sept. 2, it's Louis Armstrong's 1932 *Rhapsody in Black and Blue*, Artie Shaw's *Class in Swing* (with Buddy Rich, 1939), and Ellington's 1933 classic, *Bundle of Blues*.

Sonny Rollins and Herbie Hancock's Sextet are the latest additions to the lineup at the Monterey Jazz Festival, Sept. 15-17. Also signed at presstime are the MJQ, Stan Kenton, Laurindo Almeida, Paul Desmond and Brew Moore. For ticket information, write P.O. Box Jazz, Monterey, Calif. 93940, or call (408) 373-3366.

Much of the very rare, privately recorded and never previously released material from the late Jerry Newman's archives will be released beginning this fall on a new label, Onyx, in an exclusive arrangement between producer Don Schlitten and the Newman Estate. Among the artists featured in the first

few releases will be Art Tatum, Roy Eldridge, Lips Page, Thelonious Monk, Kenny Clarke and Charlie Christian.

Groove Merchant International Records has allocated \$100,000 for a concert tour featuring its major artists, which will kick off with a two-concert show at Chicago's Auditorium Theater Oct. 14. Lucky Thompson, Groove Holmes, Jimmy McGriff, Dakota Staton, Reuben Wilson and O'Donel Levy will be among the performers, and dates in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas and Houston will follow. In February 1973, the package will make a 14-city tour of England and the European Continent. Groove Merchant president Sonny Lester is producing.

Application forms are presently available from the Cultural Council Foundation, Creative Artists Public Service Program, 250 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019 for the 1973 CAPS program of professional payment to creative artists residing in New York State. Music composition is one of the 12 fields included. Students (including graduate students) are not eligible. Deadline is Oct. 2, 1972.

Guitarist Attila Zoller introduced his new rock-influenced sound (including a wa-wa pedal) during a recent two-month tour of Europe, and was reportedly the highlight of two festivals in Germany, at Altena and Freiburg.

The N.Y. Hot Jazz Society introduced its Jazz Touring Program July 11 and 12 at Grambling College and Louisiana Tech. Univ., with guitarist Danny Barker handling the live music and lecture portions of the presentation, which also includes a slide show, historical films and a question-and-answer period. For information, contact the society at 250 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. The Society also honored the memory of Louis Armstrong on his birthday, July 4, with concert at the N.Y. Jazz Museum featuring Bobby Hackett.

A distinguished member of the freshman class at Berklee College of Music this September will be Edward Ellington II, grandson of Duke and son of Mercer, who recently toured with the Ellington Orchestra as a guitarist. Also entering Berklee will be Edward Heywood, son of pianist Eddie Heywood.

Benny Carter, in New York for the Newport Festival, was the guest of honor July 4 of the New Amsterdam Musical Association, Harlem's oldest musicians' club. Among those on hand to celebrate with Carter were Doc Cheatham, Bobby Booker, trumpets; Dicky Wells, Shorty Haughton, trombones; Happy Caldwell, Warner Seals, William Pyatt, Ben Richardson, Heywood Henry, reeds; Casco Williams, Herbert Levy, Lester Fautleroy, piano; Al Jarvis, organ; John Smith, Skeeter Best, Floyd Morris, guitars; Harry Ford, vibes; Harry Holt, Carl Pruitt, Dunc Butler, bass; Tommy Benford, Lloyd Cooper, Abdul (Little Sammy) Salaam, drums. A good time and lots of barbecue were had by all.

WRVR-FM (106.7), New York City's most active jazz station, recently increased

scheduling of the music with an afternoon program. *Jazz in Drive Time*, co-hosted by Ed Beach and Max Cole, heard Monday through Friday from 2 to 6 p.m. On Saturdays, the station broadcasts 24 hours of jazz.

Erroll Garner made his first location appearances in Texas, at the Loser's Club in Dallas for a week starting July 31, and at Houston's O.D.'s Club Aug. 7-12. On Labor Day, the pianist performs at Wolftrap Farm near Washington, D.C.

A major jazz festival was held Aug. 8-12 in Loosrecht, Holland, featuring seven U.S. groups including the Charles Mingus Sextet, Max Roach Quintet, Jimmy Owens-James Moody Quintet, Charles Tolliver Quartet, Marion Brown-Steve McCall Duo, The Trombone All Stars (Urhie Green, Slide Hampton, Ake Persson, Frank Rosolino, Kai Winding) and a CTI All-Star Package also appearing at the Munich Olympics (Freddie Hubbard, Hubert Laws, Stanley Turrentine, Joe Farrell, Grover Washington, Jr., Hank Crawford, Ron Carter, Esther Phillips et al.). Six Dutch jazz groups also performed, and there was a contest for Dutch jazz musicians judged by a jury including Owens as chairman.

strictly ad lib

New York: Singer-poet Jon Hendricks, absent from these shores for a number of years, is back in town. He presented his *Evolution of the Blues* at Town Hall during the Newport festivities (bad timing, but the production is slated for Off Broadway later in the year), popped in at one of Newport's Midnight Jams at Radio City, and did a stint at the Village Vanguard July 25-30. . . . Other Vanguard action in July: Freddie Hubbard (who also did a week at Slug's) and Pharoah Sanders. Thelonious Monk was on hand Aug. 1-6. Muddy Waters is set for Aug. 17-20, and Yusef Lateef comes in Aug. 22 for a week. . . . At the Village Gate, Junior Mance's trio followed Billy Taylor through Aug. 13, and the entire Brubeck clan performed both upstairs and down Aug. 11&12. . . . Pianist Ellis Larkins, with Al Hall on bass, is packing them in at Gregory's, 1st Ave. at 63rd, the newest "in" spot in town. Al Dailey takes over the keyboard on Mondays. . . . A couple of boss pianists held forth at the Cellar in July: Monty Alexander (with trio, including, for a while, Billy Higgins on drums) and Jaki Byard (solo, Mondays and Tuesdays). . . . At nearby Stryker's Pub, vibist Warren Chiasson's Trio (Jimmy Garrison, Beaver Harris) followed the Frank Wess-Roland Hanna threesome. . . . Prior to joining the trek to the West Coast (L.A., specifically), tenorist Lou Tabackin did a weekend at the Steer Inn in Babylon. Also moving west: pianist Toshiko. . . . At the Guitar, Bucky Pizzarelli and Bill Mathews followed Kenny Burrell and were in turn followed by Jim Hall and Ron Carter. This redoubtable duo also performed in Playboy's *Jazz at Noon* series July 21. Pianist Barbara Carroll and singer Sylvia Sims did the bunny hutch July 14. . . . Trombonist Buddy Morrow is the

Continued on page 46

September 14 □ 11

NEWPORT IN NEW YORK:

July 1

Schlitz Salute to Jazz 1 (second show)

In a sense, this concert was bebop revisited, or Billy Eckstine alumni night. It featured the Giants of Jazz (among whom Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt and Art Blakey were in the legendary Eckstine big band), Sarah Vaughan, who was the band's girl singer, and Mr. B. himself, joined by Diz and Sonny. And for an added attraction, there was Max Roach.

The Giants opened, and while all hands (except a subdued Thelonious Monk) were in fine form, Dizzy and Stitt, the latter especially, were the standouts. Conga drummer Big Black, added for the occasion, is certainly one of the top practitioners of his chosen instrument, but I can do without congas most of the time.

Blue 'n Boogie, with solos by all, had broiling Stitt tenor and great, propulsive riffs behind the horn excursions. Kai Winding offered a relaxed, authoritative *Lover Man*; Stitt essayed a superb *I Can't Get Started* on alto; Monk was featured on *'Round Midnight*, with solos by all, climaxed by a wondrous Dizzy cadenza. Dizzy also copped on *Tin Tin Deo*, backed by Al McKibbin, Blakey and Black only, and moving to the piano bench to back up the bass solo. Just to see all these true giants together on stage was something, but it was obvious that they inspired each other and that this is a band, not just an all-star jam group.

Eckstine, looking at least 10 years younger than a week away from 58, mixed old favorites and current pop hits in a smooth, flowing set occasionally marred by Charlie Persip's overbusy drumming but always enhanced by Bobby Tucker's piano (the man is one of the all-time great accompanists). Eckstine's upper range has grown somewhat thin, but the middle and bottom are as mellow as ever. The highlight of the set was *Jelly, Jelly*, with contributions from Stitt and Dizzy. The crowd loved it.

Max Roach, on stage alone, offered three drum solo pieces, which not only were superbly crafted exhibits of supreme skill, but thoroughly musical as well. I doubt that there is a more musical drummer than Max at his best.

After this staggering display, the Roach-Blakey drum battle (with the Giants) on *Night In Tunisia* was a bit of anticlimax, though Blakey's elemental drive held its own.

Sarah Vaughan's set was a delight. The lady with the greatest voice in popular music was relaxed and happy, and every song was a gem. As jazz singing, *There'll Never Be Another You* was the standout. Pianist Carl Schroeder, her new accompanist, was excellent, and Jimmy Cobb's drumming a model of taste.

A good show—and both performances sold out. d.m.

Schlitz Salute to Jazz 2 (first show)

The Modern Jazz Quartet, perhaps the only jazz group truly at home on the concert stage, opened with a flawless set neatly balancing their classics with new material.

Among the former were *Bags' Groove*, with a delicious Milt Jackson solo, and *Django*, which wears its 18 years with undiminished grace; among the latter *Walking Stomp*, on which John Lewis came up with a solo that surely was funky enough to satisfy those who still insist on finding the MJQ lacking in soul; *Valeria*, a gentle ballad; and *In Memoriam*, dedicated to great jazzmen of the past.

Stan Getz handily overcame the chal-

lenge of working with what nearly was a pick-up group—bassist Stanley Clarke and percussionist Aírto Moreira have been with the tenorist since his return to U.S. action earlier this year, but pianist Hank Jones and drummer Lenny White were new faces.

Chick Corea has left Getz a lot of fine music, and *Captain Marvel* and *Daywave* were excellent vehicles for the group, Jones fashioning some outstanding solos. His touch and technique can well be compared to Tatum's, but he is his own man, and certainly one of the outstanding pianists in jazz today. Clarke, who, as Getz announced, was celebrating his 21st birthday, is a marvel, in solo and ensemble, and Aírto, his crop of imitators notwithstanding, continues to be unique. White played with taste and discretion.

Getz shone on two ballad features, *Lush Life* and *I Remember Clifford*. The latter, in particular, was proof positive that the tenorist is at a new peak in a great career, having overcome the personal problems that plagued him in recent years. His famous lyricism has acquired a new, steely edge, and his control of the instrument is awesome.

Gary Burton, who made his name with Getz, came out to do a solo number demonstrating his astonishing four-mallet work and then joined the group for a swinging closer marked by splendid interplay, melodic and rhythmic.

Pharoah Sanders' new group (trumpeter Marvin Peterson had not yet returned from Montreux) is no match for its predecessor, though pianist Joe Bonner, in what little he was given to play, sounded like an interesting musician.

Most of the set was given over to singing, chanting, and the rattling of various percussive devices. Sanders played almost no tenor and not much more soprano, spending most of his time shaking a chain with bells attached. He also, unfortunately, did some singing, but most of that department was handled by Dee Dee Bridgewater, who did her best with the slight material. Drummer Jimmy Hopps played with lots of enthusiasm, and Stanley Clarke (costumed more ethnically than with Getz) also tried hard, but aside from the West-Indian sounding closing piece, little happened—and by then about a third of the audience had left.

The afternoon concert had barely half a house, but the evening was sold out. d.m.

July 2

Connoisseur Concert A

A sold-out house, mostly made up of young people, responded enthusiastically to a varied program of good jazz.

The JPJ Quartet, a tightly knit, swinging mainstream group, opened with *Montreux '71*, a brisk up-tempo original, then featured Budd Johnson's warm soprano sax on *I'll Be Seeing You*, one of the finest ballad performances of the festival. Pianist Dill Jones, backed by bassist Bill Pemberton and drummer Oliver Jackson, outdid himself in his own neat arrangement of *I Won't Dance*, his stride passages finding particular favor, and then Johnson's eloquent tenor sermonized on *Body and Soul* and *Lester Leaps In*.

Mary Lou Williams, backed by Milton Suggs, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums, was not complimented by the poor amplification on the piano. She elected to play rather conservatively, sticking to standards, among which *Willow Weep For Me* was the standout. Unquestionably a great artist, Miss Williams was more impressive at the Midnight Jam Session a day later.

A different approach to the piano—and to music—was introduced by Cecil Tay-

lor, whose unaccompanied 40-minute piece, *The Spirit of the Ram*, was a no less than fantastic display of virtuosity. Run after dazzling run cascaded up and down the keyboard, but the absence (to these ears) of melodic/harmonic development made concentrated listening difficult. Nevertheless, it was spectacular.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk did one of the strongest sets of the festival. He started with tremendous momentum and never let up. The energy and skill he poured into his multiple horns was amazing. He was a one-man horn section, a compelling soloist, a musical acrobat—all wrapped into one. Not content with playing his many horns, he also operated a high-hat with his foot.

Aside from the virtuosity, there was some warm, lyrical tenor work on *Misty*, some fascinating a capella self-duetting, and excellent clarinet playing in a New Orleans vein on an Ellington tribute that included traces of *The Mooche* and *Black and Tan Fantasy*. The audience loved it, and was reluctant to let him off. It was Rahsaan all the way, but pianist Ron Burton got off a few nice solo spots. d.m.

Jones-Lewis and TV Jazz

(first show)

The Bobby Rosengarden-Dick Cavett Show band did a fine set highlighted by a fantastic clarinet solo by Eddie Daniels on Johnny Charles' *Stompin' At The Savoy* arrangement and Al Klink's breathy, inventive work on Gary McFarland's *Snooks*. The band is a tight ensemble but it doesn't get much of a chance to play anything at length during the talk show and it shows. As a studio unit, it has an above average number of outstanding soloists (including trombonist Bill Watrous, who scored on *Mountain Greenery*) and the leader's drumming is a model of taste, intelligence and control.

Billy Taylor's compact crew (which labors on the *David Frost Show*) did not fare so well, however. The pianist-leader, who was miked to the point of distortion, played too much, the reed section mikes were at solo height so that that part of the ensemble went largely unheard and the band just never jelled despite a good rhythm section. Jimmy Owens turned in some hot trumpet work on Garnett Brown's *Breakaway* and Seldon Powell was energetic and inventive on the up-tempo *Billy's Tinkle*. Even with some good material and a couple of fine solos, this set was a vast disappointment.

The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra needed only a fraction of their 37 actual playing minutes to underline their superiority. They played some "old" things (*Don't Get Sassy*, *A Child Is Born*) and some new things (most notably the magnificent Thad Jones *Suite For Pops*) and conveyed to all that a big band, with inspired guidance and the right combination of players, can move mountains and split hairs in the same breath. Theirs was a remarkable group effort, but there were fine solos too (Cecil Bridgewater on *Sassy* and *61st and Richard*, Roland Hanna on practically everything) and lead trumpeter John Faddis and lead altoist Jerry Dodgion were fantastic. j.s.

Swing Lives!

(evening concert)

Count Basie's big swing machine was well-oiled for this occasion. There are those who would put away Count's music with such ill-chosen terms as "mechanical" and "routine," but make no mistake—this is still a thrilling band, a swinging band.

a complete report by Dan Morgenstern and Jim Szantor

The soloists—Lockjaw Davis, Al Grey, Eric Dixon, Bobby Plater, Pete Minger, Waymon Reed, Curtis Peagler—left nothing to be desired, with Grey outstanding on the sly, greasy *Makin' Whoopee*. Old Man Basie himself tickled some mean ivories on *Good Time Blues*. But it was the band in toto, in full cry on *Whirly Bird* especially, that brought home the message: formula or no, it still works.

Joe Williams, introduced by Count as "Number One Son", did his great hits with the band, and for once both he and they seemed to enjoy it. When Al Hibbler came out to pay tribute to Jimmy Rushing, who'd been scheduled to appear, it was anticlimax—the more so since Hibbler elected to imitate rather than emulate Rushing on *I Want A Little Girl*.

The concert's second half was certainly one of the festival's key events, particularly to the older fans—Benny Carter presiding over a specially assembled group of "Swing Masters."

Here were some of the hardy survivors of the swing era and before: Harry Edison, Joe Thomas, Taft Jordan, Jimmy Nottingham, Carl Warwick, trumpets; Benny Morton, Dicky Wells, Tyree Glenn, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Earle Warren, Howard Johnson, Buddy Tate, Budd Johnson, Heywood Henry, reeds; Teddy Wilson, piano; Bernard Addison, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Jo Jones, drums—a crew of rugged individualists which probably no other man than Carter, universally respected by his peers, could have got to function as a unit.

And that he did, from the opening reed soli on *Honeysuckle Rose*, led by his own incomparable alto, to the splendid *Sleep* that concluded the set.

By and large, Carter elected to furnish frameworks for extended solos rather than using the neat, compact arrangements for which he is justly famed, *Sleep* being the exception.

But given such solo riches, what else could he have done? Fortunately, Carter did feature himself on *I Can't Get Started*, and his playing is everything it was, still the epitome of grace and beauty.

The outstanding soloist in the band was Wilson, who goes with Carter like ham with eggs. Rarely in recent years has the great pianist sounded so inspired, so committed to the music. Benny Morton was sterling, and Dicky Wells was in rare form, uncorking several memorable solos in his unique conversational style. A surprise was Howard Johnson's strong alto solo on *Blues For Beginners*—this veteran of the Teddy Hill and Dizzy Gillespie bands is not to be confused with his younger namesake. Sweets Edison, not unexpectedly, was the most impressive of the trumpeters, but Nottingham also scored with some fancy, funny stuff. Jo Jones held it all together, proving that when he's willing, he still has no peers.

Maxine Sullivan came on for some songs, backed by the rhythm section only, and here Wilson and Jones shone again, while Joe Thomas contributed some pretty, unexpected obbligattis. Maxine, as always, was sweet and tasty.

This was the sort of special event that a festival of this kind is made for. Next year, could we have Benny Carter and Teddy Wilson in a set of their own, please? d.m.

Midnight Dance

I wouldn't hazard a crowd count, but the Commodore Hotel Ballroom was packed, Count Basie and Sy Oliver (with his little big band) did their thing for dancers and listeners alike and if the room was a little stifling, nobody really seemed to mind.

This proved to be an aspect of the festival

that could perhaps be expanded next year. The dance is a great place to socialize as well as listen (I don't dance) and other festival big bands or small groups could be employed. It was very interesting to note how enthusiastically the effortless swing of Basie and Oliver was received in contrast to the squirming that often took place during some of the festival's more modern moments.

The dance also pointed up the value of a working-together rhythm section—something infrequently heard during some of the small group performances. Drummers would flail and bassists (with heads bowed) would strum and slap. But have they ever met? Independence and freedom are fine—within bounds. j.s.

Monday, July 3

Connoisseur Concert B

I unfortunately missed the Don Burrows Quintet from Australia which opened the show, but the group reportedly was excellent and was well received by the small turnout at Carnegie Hall.



Mary Lou Williams and Stan Getz at Midnight Jam Session I.

Lee Konitz' set was a delight from start to finish. Of special note was *12-Tone Rose*, (a Konitz composition arranged cleverly by trombonist Marshall Brown) which featured lyrical Lee, sensitive piano backing by Dick Katz and tempo changes. Konitz closed with *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, which highlighted his marvelous tone and unique improvisatory skills—but this time on soprano sax. He has been playing the straight horn but a short time but managed to produce a beautiful clear tone on it and if he switches to the soprano exclusively, you'll hear no complaints from me. Konitz was perhaps the most imaginative, interesting and humorous soloist I heard during my stay at the festival.

I enjoyed Ruth Brisbane's Legacy of Bessie Smith set but somehow expected more than I heard. I guess when you come on with that sort of challenge and the audience has the sound of the recent Bessie reissues ringing in their ears, you'd better not have too many off days.

The set wasn't really superficial, at least on Ms. Brisbane's part, but it surely wasn't Bessie Smith reincarnated. Drummer Charlie Persip abandoned his usual discretion and almost ruined this act entirely by his busy, obtrusive drumming. Bassist Victor Sproles took care of business and

Roland Hanna was, once again, a special delight.

Ms. Brisbane did a rollicking *Yellow Dog Blues*, a medley of *Empty Bed Blues*, *Daddy Won't You Please Come Home* and one other and closed with a coupling of *Poor Man's Blues* and the current *What's Going On* (a poor mix that didn't really make it). At the end of her segment, Ms. Brisbane knocked over two mikes—it was that kind of a day for her.

Bennie Green closed this program (which was to have included Charlie Haden's Liberation Band) with an okay set almost as rewarding for the trombonist's banter as for the music played (*Samba de Orfeu*, *Groovin' The Blues*, *Stardust*, *Green Dolphin Street*, *I Wanna Blow Now*). Ms. Brisbane's pickup rhythm section stayed on to back Green and this time Persip was more subdued (and was especially inventive on *Street*). Green is a thoughtful improviser who sounded best on the ballad but nothing memorable happened during his set. Can we have Jimmy Cleveland next year? j.s.

Chase, Bill & Elvin (first show)

Elvin Jones' Quartet opened and a surprisingly small house was in attendance. Dave Liebman was the standout here, playing strong soprano (intricate lines, catchy repeated phrases) on his own *A Bright Piece* and brilliant flute on *A Time For Love*. *Children's Merry-Go-Round March* (composed by Elvin's wife, Keiko) found Liebman cooking on tenor and Elvin delivering a rolling solo. Steve Grossman was also aboard, contributing some probing tenor on *Piece*, as was bassist Gene Perla, who did not solo but played strongly throughout.

Bill Evans provided one of the mellowest and most introspective sets of the festival, marred only by a lack of variety in mood and tempo. Though Evans played well (especially on *Emily*) bassist Eddie Gomez did the best playing, though he was at times a trifle too loud. Drummer Marty Morrell was perfect and he soloed well on the second tune (whatever it was—Evans was one of the few leaders who did not announce titles or identify sidemen).

Chase was tight and tough, with the leaders' astonishing virtuosity and G.G. Shin's impassioned vocalizing leading the way. They opened with a new piece, *Close Up*

Tight, which featured Chase and Jerry Van Blair in trumpet solos and trumpeter Ted Piercefield on valve trombone. Dennis Johnson laid down some groovy bass lines there and elsewhere.

Woman of the Dark featured Shinn's vocal and a four-way trumpet jazz exchange (Alan Ware also contributing and sounding finer than I've ever heard him). The group was more into jazz this time around with Van Blair shining on his fluegelhorn feature, *Twinkles*; and also on *Venus*, from the *Ennea Suite* composed by Bill Chase. Overall the group was powerful but not strident, together but not stiff and seems to have made the most homogeneous product out of the jazz, rock, and big band ingredients. However, another feeling element, like a swinging, medium-tempo blues, would have made their set ideal. j.s.

Stan and Woody (evening concert)

An interesting opportunity to compare the two most durable white big bands in the business.

The Kentonites, attired in black vests and white long-sleeved shirts, looked imposing spread out on platform risers and took up nearly the whole Philharmonic stage.

In contrast, Herman's men (though only three chairs fewer) were much more compactly arrayed and somehow looked less uniformed.

The music reflected the appearances: Kenton's massive, brassy, well-drilled, with few individuals emerging from the ranks; Herman's relaxed and swinging, with the emphasis on individual talent.

Kenton's set seemed overly long. *Samba Siete*, in 7/4, generated the turbulent momentum that Stan traditionally has substituted for swing, and Bill Holman's *Malaga* piled climax upon climax. From the standpoint of discipline, the playing was first-rate. Soloists Willie Maiden (baritone) Quin Davis (alto) and Ray Brown (trumpet) brought fleeting moments of jazz feeling to the proceedings.

June Christy was reunited with the band, to the obvious delight of many fans. She should have stayed home. Her intonation problems were more apparent than ever, she was not helped by the blaring charts, and the voice ain't what it used to be. Stan also did some singing, essaying a humorous *St. James Infirmary* in tribute to Woody.

The Old Woodchopper's guests were more welcome: Tenorists Flip Phillips, Al Cohn, Stan Getz and Zoot Sims; Red Norvo and Chubby Jackson. Al, Stan and Zoot did *Four Brothers*, ably abetted by regular baritonist Tom Anastas; Stan had *Early Autumn* to himself, and then the other alumni joined in on a fast, happy blues. Flip sounded as warm and swinging as ever, and two rounds of fours between the tenors made a fine conclusion to the jam.

(Fashion note: Al and Zoot came out in their notorious unpressed business suits, while Stan was splendidly up-to-date in his white Captain Marvel outfit.)

The musical highlight of the evening, however, was Woody's own set. The band right now is quite the best Herd in some time. Tenorist Gregory Herbert was impressive in his feature, *Summer Of '42*; drummer Joe LaBarbera (brother of Pat and John) swung the band with taste and drive, pianist Harold Danko is another talented newcomer, and veterans Al Porcino and Bobby Burgess round out a fine personnel.

In Alan Broadbent's interesting extended composition *Variations on a Scene* they all had something to sink their chops into, and the result was warm, exciting big band jazz. d.m.

Midnight Jam Session

Overall the jam session (sold out at the vast Radio City Music Hall) was a good experience but uneven sound (remedied at the Thursday jam) was the primary overriding complaint. The first set was a swing sojourn with Roy Eldridge, Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Benny Carter, Bud Freeman, Red Norvo, Jim Hall, Teddy Wilson, Larry Ridley, and Gene Krupa. *Honeysuckle Rose* featured good solos from all, with Eldridge and Freeman especially fine. Krupa soloed here, but though the great veteran was off form and did not play well in any capacity, he could do no wrong as far as the crowd was concerned. Eldridge was smoking again on *Jumpin' With Symphony Sid*, in which he also displayed his phenomenal range.

Bebop ruled the second set, with Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Green, Stan Getz, Milt Jackson, Kenny Burrell, Mary Lou Williams, Percy Heath, Max Roach and Big Black. After a so-so *Autumn Leaves* they really got into it on *Bag's Groove*, with Getz and Dizzy leading the way. Violinist John Blair (a mysterious figure in a black cape who hovered at stage right trying to sit in) played a shrill solo that gassed the crowd. Then, on *Night in Tunisia*, Dizzy got off a great break into a greater solo and the rhythm section really got cooking with Ms. Williams' comping especially laudable. Max closed this set with another of his incredible solos. The third and last set was a letdown, partly because of what did happen and partly because of what could have. First, there were just too many hornmen on stage (Sweets Edison, Kai Winding, James Moody, Flip Phillips, Zoot Sims, Dexter Gordon, Rahsaan Roland Kirk) and though most were considerate of their fellows and played short solos, Kirk, in a crass, boorish display of upstaging, chose not to cooperate. On *Perdido*, he played not one but two long solos and came down on Winding's solo with some distracting riffing. Bad manners and all, Kirk played very well and got several mid-chorus standing ovations (led by ringside pot puffers).

But there were good things. Tony Williams was a revelation and a joy as he took utmost care of business with some very in-context drumming—stepping out of his usual style to accommodate the setting and the sidemen. The rest of the rhythm section (Herbie Hancock, Chuck Wayne, Larry Ridley) was also superb. Hancock and Moody were especially inventive and inspired on *Just Friends* and throughout the set some nice riffs were launched by Sweets. It all ended around 3:15 a.m. with a solo by Roy Haynes, who had come on to spell Williams. j.s.

July 4 Hudson River Boatripe (1 p.m.)

It was a smooth sailing nautical nirvana for sightseers, traditional fans and the curious alike as the Gods smiled on Newport and provided a perfect day for the first outdoor event.

Whether you were upstairs, downstairs, on the main deck, fore or aft (the only nautical terms I know), the good ship's great sound system delivered the crackling good sounds of the Danish Papa Bue's Viking Jazz Band, the Kid Thomas Preservation Hall Band, and Papa French and the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band.

I didn't do any extended ringside listening—only enough to be knocked out by the Papa Bue trumpeter, Keith Smith from Great Britain. Overall, there was some aisle dancing, some tape recording (individual type), some eating and drinking but mainly a lot of good vibes. Had this been a rock cruise there probably would have been 30 people overboard by the end but there was no such nonsense here. It was kind of funny, though, to hear a British trumpeter in a Danish dixieland band playing *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* as we passed the Statue of Liberty (with a French vibrato, of course). j.s.

Ornette & Mingus (first show)

In many ways, this was the most anticipated concert of the festival. Ornette debuted his *Skies of America* with the American Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Leon Thompson) and Charles Mingus fronted a large (I counted 24 pieces) big band.

The Coleman work was, to these ears, more rewarding for the improvisation (especially Ornette's) than the composition (competently but not fantastically played by the orchestra), though the latter is surely a landmark achievement and deserves many more listenings before a truly valid evaluation can be made. I'm sure I lost sight of many orchestral nuances while listening to the quartet and if Coleman's harmonic modulation theory was being practiced (it allows the orchestra to choose any octave of a given note), it did not work at this performance. This theory is supposed to make the work sound different each time it is played but if it was indeed employed here, too many players were opting for lower notes because the occasional clarinet/flute passages were a welcome relief from the lower voicings heard most of the time. But the quartet (which included three other virtuosos—Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, Ed Blackwell) and the or-

Art Blakey (l) and Max Roach battle it out





Smokin': Freddie Hubbard and Alex Blake

chestra complemented each other nicely in this concerto-grosso-type structure and if the orchestra faces a challenge each time out, that goes double for the improvisers. Not to mention the listeners—this work demands total concentration and the foregoing are impressions, not criticisms.

The Mingus performance was more like an open rehearsal than a concert—the leader's approach was that casual. If the gig was in fact adequately rehearsed, it appeared that there were last minute changes, either in personnel or repertoire, because at several points various sidemen made no attempt to mask their confusion. Either with what was happening or with what Mingus was trying to signal from the other end of the stage.

Nevertheless, I enjoyed the band, especially the solo work of Joe Farrell (tenor), Bobby Jones (tenor, clarinet) and trumpeter Eddie Preston. *Us Is Too*, a tongue-in-cheek *Saints*, *Eclusiastics*, *Strollin'* (a self-conscious vocal by Honey Gordon) and an unfamiliar work (which featured drummer Roy Brooks with his inflated drums, saw with mallet and bow, and bow on cymbal) were performed, with special praise due lead trumpeter Danny Stiles and Brooks for keeping the unwieldy crew on course. Mingus did not solo.

The Mingus set ended with a string quartet (with singer performing a Mingus composition based on poetry by Frank O'Hara. j.s.

Freddie, Sonny & McCoy (second show)

Freddie Hubbard subbed for Miles Davis, who bowed out the day before the gig, claiming that he never agreed to appear. (George Wein said that "we had more than a verbal contract because Miles accepted a deposit and the date.") Whatever, some say Miles quit because he didn't want to go up against Sonny Rollins (possibly true), and some say that he hadn't been working and didn't have a group together and didn't want to appear unless he was in shape. True also, but Miles knew all that in advance. I say that he agreed to appear with the intent, from the beginning, of cancelling at the last minute. The contract business was a handy excuse. But, who cares? Miles Davis needs jazz more than jazz needs Miles Davis.

Hubbard's set was rewarding in part—Junior Cook's tenor solo on the opener, *The Trumpet Fox*, and when Hubbard chose to improvise creatively. There was also some nice electric and acoustic bass work by Alex Blake and some tasty

comping by pianist George Cables but Lenzy White's drumming was alternately exciting and bombastic.

There was some rewarding Hubbard (on flugelhorn) on *People Make The World Go 'Round* but there was also much calculated, flashy-lick Hubbard in evidence and unfortunately the quasi-rock audience digs the latter so the temptations and habits are reinforced. During his best moments, Hubbard did some of the best improvising of what I heard of the festival.

Rollins was Sonny the teaser. Sonny the satirist this night. He dabbled with *There Will Never Be Another You/Oleo*, *In A Sentimental Mood*, *There Is No Greater Love*, and *St. Thomas*, leaving most of the playing to Albert Dailey, who seized the opportunity to play some of the most inspired and lyrical piano (especially on *Love*) imaginable. What little Sonny did play was "good" but this was superficial, not-my-night Rollins at best and everyone in the house knew it. Trusted sources reported that Rollins played much more during the afternoon concert and his playing throughout the week at the Village Gate was the talk of the town.

McCoy Tyner's set was as much a disappointment, for other reasons. Al Mouzon's drumming overpowered everything but the obligatory, shrill (but this time well done by Sonny Fortune) soprano sax solo. Tyner was all but buried under the rhythmic barrage but did manage later to dig in with some impressionistic, unaccompanied playing which was nowhere near the standard set shortly before by Dailey. Had there been more of Fortune (who never did get around to the alto sax he brought on stage) and much less of Mouzon, Tyner's set would have been the evening's best. j.s.

July 5 Connoisseur Concert C

Gato Barbieri opened and his spirited set was rewarding, due primarily to the drum set work of Airtio Moreira, who gave a remarkable display of inventive, lilting drum cookery. Barbieri's tenor work could be summed up as riff-based with occasional melodic runs and much sustained high harmonics work. His music relies on sheer power and a rhythm section capable of cooking up some hypnotic brews. If this power/energy approach, not too far removed from hard rock (in this case Barbieri's horn replaces the acid guitar) is capable of garnering a larger audience for jazz musicians—fine, some great musicians will be heard by larger numbers amidst the thunder. But aside from a few

isolated moments of true grit, I see no other virtues in this trend.

After Gato had agitated the crowd, on came Eubie Blake, who could have satisfied almost all with just a monologue. But along with his unique patter came some marvelous piano, and with it the debut of some new tunes (*Eubie Doobie*, *The Classical Rag*, *Valse Mary*). Blake remarked that he was probably older than the combined ages of Barbieri's players and, in closing with his version of *Semper Fidelis*, demonstrated that he probably had four times as much fun, too.

Sensitivity and taste ruled Kenny Burrell's set, from the leader's beautiful guitar to the accompaniment (Richard Wyands, piano; Larry Ridley, Freddie Waits). Burrell was especially eloquent on *The Nighthawk* and *A Child Is Born*, the haunting Thad Jones classic played (to the best of my knowledge) for the first time out of the big band context.

Herbie Hancock's set, based apparently on material from the group's new album, was a potpourri of percussion and effects and did not hold the audience. A Bennie Maupin soprano solo was the only memorable moment. j.s.

American Airlines Tribute to Lionel Hampton (evening concert)

Charlie Byrd and his trio opened with a nice, musical set of samba and blues, and then it was Hamp's party.

Ever unpredictable, Hamp rehearsed for hours, then (according to some of the participants) wound up doing the program quite differently (and did it differently afternoon and evening as well).

There was a lot of hokum and some good music. Hamp's own current band of three trumpets, three reeds and rhythm opened with a passel of numbers highlighted by the leader's work, especially on a soft, tender *Yesterday*, and by the organ playing of Bu Pleasant, a very talented lady. (True to form, Hamp didn't announce the names of a single member of "the hardworking band", nor did he bother to introduce most of his guest stars.)

The first of these were Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa, the latter not at ease, the former perfection personified on *Moonglow*. Roy Eldridge joined for *The Man I Love*, managing to play very well in spite of Hamp's confusing leadership or lack thereof, and following up with a fast *I Got Rhythm*. The trumpeter's presence obviously relaxed Krupa, who did his best work with him.

After intermission, Hamp presided over an all-star big band including Dexter Gordon, Illinois Jacquet, Garnett Brown, Curtis Fuller, Cat Anderson, Richard Williams (also with Hamp's own band) who got three solos, Joe Newman (who got none), Milt Buckner, Richard Davis and Bernard Purdie.

All this added up to less than the sum of its parts. Illinois got the best deal, starring on *Robbins Nest* (with help from Buckner) and *Africa Now*, a fancy bassoon feature. Dexter got three choruses on a *Cherokee* that never jelled, Krupa was brought back for a *Sing, Sing, Sing* that he audibly asked Hamp not to call, and Cat Anderson got in some fantastic licks on a long blues and the concluding (what else?) *Flyin' Home*. In all, a waste of great talent. But Hamp can sure play the vibes—nothing bothered him.

Eddie and the Gang (afternoon concert)

Eddie Condon was in fine fettle, actually playing his guitar and fronting in his inimitable James Cagney style. The too-short opening set had Eddie presiding over Wild Bill Davison, Georg Brunis, Barney Bigard,

Dick Hyman, Larry Ridley and Buzzy Drottin. All hands played well, Buzzy laying down that good beat and Brunis, though somewhat subdued, proving himself still the master of this kind of jazz ensemble playing.

Lee Wiley, in her first stage appearance in some 15 years, was understandably nervous and plagued by a sore throat to boot. Still, it was a treat to hear that unique voice again in person, and I was told that the second show found her in much better form. Bobby Hackett supplied some perfect solos and obbligati, Teddy Wilson (one of the heroes of the festival) did his best, and Bucky Pizzarelli, George Duvivier and Don Lamond rounded out a truly classy backup band. *You're Lucky To Me* and *A Woman's Intuition* came off best, and we hope that Miss Wiley is back to stay.

A Condon-led jam session, bringing back memories of Town Hall, concluded the first portion. Eddie can't be beat at this kind of setup, calling the solo order and setting the routines. His troops included the aforementioned nucleus plus Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Joe Thomas, J.C. Higginbotham and Benny Morton, each of whom had his innings in a medium-up blues with concluding breaks and tags. Higgy, who hasn't

own; a rather mixed bag including a rousing spiritual, *Raindrops Keep Falling* (ouch), a Haydn *Kyrie*, and *Precious Lord, Take My Hand*. Miss Alice Wilson, Dizzy's first music teacher, was introduced from the stage, looking very fit, and we also learned that Dizzy's twin nephews are named Wesley and Presley.

Dizzy and his group now joined the choir, and it was here that Dizzy demonstrated new facets of his mastery. The vocal backgrounds gave his horn a different quality, and he soared on his own *Olinga*, *The Brother King*, and the concluding *Manteca* (newly titled *I'll Never Go Back To Georgia*). In between, he also did a curiously moving vocal on *Motherless Child* and conducted the choir with much élan.

Too bad more people didn't hear it. d.m.

Oscar, Cannonball and Mahavishnu (afternoon concert)

Two packed houses for this, mainly due to Mahavishnu.

Cannon opened with his usual set, well done but predictable. To me, the highlight was his own feature, *Lover Man*. Beautiful playing, if a bit florid. The guesting of Airto with the group added color and interest, and Nat Adderley did some pesky blowing.

including those giant Leslies.

For my ears, their music was too loud, especially when violinist Jerry Goodman got on his E string, but there is no question that it was music, not mere energy/noise.

Billy Cobham's drumming was remarkable. He is, I find, the only drummer who really can make rock rhythms swing—in the jazz sense. Goodman is an excellent violinist, with a romantic conception. Jan Hammer is a very musical player, and the sound he elicits from the electric piano is attractive. Rick Laird plays good time. As for Mahavishnu himself, double-barrelled guitar and all, it is obvious that he knows what he's doing and acts as the catalyst of the band, but in terms of guitar playing per se, I didn't hear anything that impressed me to the extent that it has people whose opinion I respect.

I liked best *Dance Of Life*, a series of duets. Goodman, playing pizzicato, joined with Hammer, and the leader duetted with Cobham in a rhythmically exciting manner. But—and this goes for Chase, the other jazz-rock band on the festival, as well—why, when playing an acoustically sensitive hall like Carnegie, turn the damned sound up so bloody loud? Or is it that these musicians can't hear any more how loud they are? A pity if true. d.m.

An Evening Of New Orleans Jazz (evening concert)

An entirely different audience here, in the main white and middle-aged, but with a goodly sprinkling of young people—and children brought by their parents.

New Orleans music today is charming; a faint echo of past glories, perhaps, but retaining a spirit and vitality that is unique.

For openers, we have the Papa French Band, which emphasizes solos rather than ensemble work. The standout is trumpeter Dave Bartholomew, the man responsible for many of Fats Domino's hits, and at home as much in r&b as in this kind of jazz. He has great power, and though I've heard him play *Stardust* better, he gets off some good ones. Pianist Jeanette Kimball has a strong beat and pretty fluent technique. The numbers played are all standard war-horses—*Dixieland One Step*, *Basin Street*, *Fidgety Feet*, and *South Rampart St. Parade*.

More like the real thing is Harold Dejan's Olympia Brass Band, which follows a rather desultory set by blues singer-guitarist Robert Pete Williams. His appearance is a sop to the blues (nothing else on the whole festival), and this is not his audience, though he gets to it a bit with his last number, *Louise*. Country blues is an acquired taste, and most people here can't follow the lyrics.

The Olympia has no trouble communicating. They've brought along their Grand Marshall, Fats Houston, and his cohort, Anderson Minor, and they strut around in full regalia while Dejan explains the ritual of a New Orleans funeral. The band is not in tune by any standard, but it hardly matters—the joy and drive are there. Two men stand out—the baby of the band, trumpeter Milton Batiste, and its senior member, 91-year-old bass drummer Booker T. Glass, a handsome, erect old gentleman who can really swing the marching band rhythms.

A highlight of the set is the singing of *Closer Walk With Thee* by Ellyna Tatum, a lady from New Orleans whose second-line dancing has no equal (it has already earned her several TV spots, a picture in the *New York Times*, and many fans at the Hudson River cruises) and who has a strong, pure voice that hardly needs a microphone.

It all winds up with *Didn't He Ramble* and a march through the hall, and is a good if



ALAIN LERNER

The Olympia Brass Band with Ellyna Tatum (far right)

been playing much recently, sounded nice, and Davison and Kaminsky were in excellent form.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band took care of part two in professional fashion—almost too professional. Their set consisted mostly of chestnuts, though I heard that on the second concert they played all new material. In any case, this was a very good band not at its very best, with Vic Dickenson, Billy Butterfield, Bob Wilber and Bud Freeman making the most noteworthy contributions. d.m.

July 6

Dizzy Gillespie's Sacred Concert

It is too bad that the smallest audience of the festival turned out for this delightful afternoon with Diz.

It was a celebration dedicated to his home town, Cheraw, S.C., from whence John Motley, director of the New York High School Choir, also hails. The mayor of Cheraw was on hand to make a little speech—very nicely, too, and the whole concert had the air of a family party.

Dizzy opened with a good set by his current group, augmented by Big Black (Dizzy loves percussion). There was nothing new, but the trumpeter was in top shape, and top-drawer Dizzy is always fresh.

Next, the choir did some things on its

Oscar Peterson, performing solo, did a stunning set. It consisted of *Mack the Knife*, *Con Alma*, a blues, *Who Can I Turn To*, an original (blues changes with *I Got Rhythm* bridge) and *Close Your Eyes*.

Pianistically, it was awesome—one must go to Tatum for comparable technique, and indeed Tatum was written all over Peterson's runs, arpeggios and flourishes. His absolute command of the instrument, the resilience of his touch, the speed of his steely fingers were all marvelous to behold.

But—and this is a large but—there was, to me, no musical content whatever in the playing. Dazzle, dazzle, dazzle—and that was all. No genuine idea was developed, no mood was created or sustained, and the playing, despite its momentum and speed, didn't really swing. It was all surface, no depth. But the pianists in the house, George Wein included, thought it was the greatest thing they'd ever heard. One young man even told me: "Tatum with soul!" Well, go home and listen to Art, y'all!

Mahavishnu was what most of the audience was there for, but it gave Peterson several standing ovations.

In more than one way, Mahavishnu's music was a tremendous contrast—the most obvious being one man on stage with an acoustic instrument as compared to five men surrounded by all kinds of electronics,

incomplete rendering of one of New Orleans' special joys.

The Kid Thomas Preservation Hall Band has a long set to itself. It is no doubt the strongest of the several PH groups, and the Kid is a personality—an old show biz hand no doubt trained in vaudeville and minstrelsy.

The school that holds him in high esteem as a trumpeter is a bit too esoteric for me, but he does some nice things with a wa-wa mute and his time is good. The group's most attractive soloists are clarinetist Albert Burbank (who also sings pleasantly in patois) and tenorist Emanuel Paul, who has a huge, archaic tone. The repertoire, once again, is standard. Raymond Burke, a very personal clarinetist, sits in for a few numbers. The Kid takes a solo standing on his chair and does his gingham gown-and-bonnet routine—it's either harmless fun or dreadful tommying, depending how you look at it, but what puzzles me is that here it's considered authentic, and when Louis Armstrong did much less (and did it incomparably better), he was put down for it. So it goes. d.m.

Midnight Jam Session II

The sound is much improved this time out, and instead of sitting on the steps in the third balcony (from whence Little Jazz truly was), we have nice seats up front in the orchestra.

There are three all-star sets tonight, and the last one really gets to the heart of things, though it is made up of an unlikely combination of people.

Not that what precedes it is negligible—far from it. First, there are Joe Newman, Nat Adderley, Tyree Glenn, Budd Johnson, Illinois Jacquet, Gerry Mulligan, Jaki Byard, Chubby Jackson and Elvin Jones, and they blast off with *Perdido*, Mulligan setting nice riffs behind the solos and also taking the best of the lot. Elvin *burns*. Jacquet does *Misty* as a ballad feature, and then it's *Now Is The Time* (i.e. the blues), and Joe Newman gets off a peach of a solo. After Gerry's effective stop-time spot. Al McKibbin spells Chubby, and Jon Hendricks comes on to do his *Roll 'Em Pete* routine—suddenly it's 1958 again—and Tyree does his plunger stuff and Joe Newman scores again. Elvin keeps the pots on.

Round Two has Clark Terry, Howard McGhee, Sonny Stitt, Dexter Gordon, George Duke, Gary Burton, Jimmy Smith, McKibbin and Art Blakey. Several good men never really get to it here, but Stitt does, especially on *Blue 'N Boogie*, and again on *Wee*, first on tenor, then on alto. The tenor spot is it. Dexter fares a bit better here than on Monday (no Rahsaan), but this festival has not really been good to him. Burton plays some very long (and good) solos, and Smith some very modest ones, and Duke comps ferociously and solos well. With Blakey aboard, it's no problem keeping up these vintage bebop tempos, though there's a lot of stretching out. But Art does inadvertently mess up a potentially supercharged exchange between Stitt and Dexter by getting in the middle with his fours.

Now comes the big surprise: Cat Anderson, Jimmy Owens, Charles McPherson, Buddy Tate, Roland Hanna, Milt Buckner, Charles Mingus and Alan Dawson. They start off with *Jumpin' at the Woodside*—pretty damn fast—and Tate solos first, with that Texas thing, and the rhythm finds it groove behind him. Look out—it's *swinging*. Then Owens takes over—and he is inspired. Maybe it's because of that wonderful carpet of swing for him to step out on, but he's playing like a demon, soaring like a free spirit. Dawson is incredible, Mingus is plucking away with bliss on his face,



Ray Charles

Buckner glides underneath, laying down big, smooth chords like the old Basie reed section, and suddenly it's not a bunch of stars jamming but a band—a great *band* working out together. McPherson sings, Cat gets into it—using his high notes, sure (and why not?) but also playing the music—like those who know him know he can. Buckner (*the jazz organist*) does some startling things and swings something terrible, Mingus solos, then trades fours with Dawson, and the ensemble out is a real ensemble, down to the fade-out ending.

Whew! And the audience knows it's been hearing some other stuff. Then, in a stroke of genius, Owens starts a slow, groovy blues, maybe surpassing but certainly equaling his previous effort, the baby of this band but wise, playing with a gorgeous sound and heavy soul. Buddy Tate follows, this groove tailor-made for his strong, honest blues—turn the lights out—Cat gets and passes on the message, McPherson is into his Bird thing beautifully, Buckner keeps it greasy. And then Charles Mingus plays the blues, deep blues, his notes ringing through the vast theater, eight or so choruses (who's counting) of I think the greatest bass playing I've ever heard. And then they go home. home with the blues.

Shouts of "more, more", and "Mingus, Mingus" greet George Wein as he steps out, and Mingus, who's had his battles with George over the years, hugs him and plants a big kiss on his cheek.

And that's it—one of those mysterious happenings that make jazz the greatest music there is in our time. d.m.

July 7

Interesting Directions

Well, pretty interesting. A long concert, this, again to a packed house (these \$3 general admission 1 p.m. events are especially popular with the young listeners).

Weather Report opens with an intense set of collective music-making. The highlights, to me, are the unison passages melding Miroslav Vitous' astonishing arco bass sounds (like a human voice) with Wayne Shorter's soprano. Joe Zawinul fusses a lot with his equipment, and you can't blame him—the sound is not what it should be. Electronic instruments, the festival has made clear, are not (at least at this point and with these engineers) at home in the concert hall.

But Joe does get off some impressive things, and Eric Gravatt and Dom Um Romao contribute much. This is a very together group, and into its own thing.

Tony Williams offers a kind of rock sound, with a very nubile dancer-singer named Tequila out front. What stays with me is the organ playing of Webster Lewis, a name to remember. The set is short and

doesn't really establish anything. Tony is a great drummer.

Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble really is. In a very long but very well paced and organized set, the quintet comes across as a tightly knit unit, each man knowing the other well and helping him do his best.

The music ranges from neo-boppish to near free-form, but a strong rhythmic pulse is never absent for long.

Trumpeter Marvin Peterson has strong chops and great endurance. His ripping runs are effective at first, but soon become repetitious—it seems as if he is playing the same solo on every tune. Tenorist George Adams doubles effectively on bassoon—though he doesn't yet master the difficult instrument (Illinois Jacquet does), he makes nice sounds on it. His tenor playing hovers between straight-ahead and fashionable.

Roy saves his power for the end, when he unleashes a fantastic solo. His foot work on the bass drum is unbelievable—he maintains a steady tattoo, taking it way down and bringing it up again without dropping a stitch—and that's just in accompaniment to what else is happening. Which is plenty, including some licks on a kettle drum. Something else.

Archie Shepp, who has come to play at Newport despite his involvement in the New York Musicians Festival, fails to get anything together during a long, sprawling set. His intention—to present a lot of his friends—is honorable, but nothing really happens.

The set includes a long number by Archie's current quintet (Jan Hammer sitting in on piano), in which his own playing is insufficiently featured. Jimmy Garrison takes an impressive solo, including his strumming bit, there is reciting by (I think) one of the Last Poets (direct and intelligible) and by Shepp himself (unintelligible), and some shouting by a percussionist. Beaver Harris works hard, as does trombonist Charles Greenlee, but a set I heard a few weeks ago at the Village Vanguard was a lot better.

Without proper segue, Cal Massey and his gifted little daughter Waheeda come on to do a very pretty song by Cal, but the child is not at ease and the microphone is not turned up enough, so the effect is mainly lost, except on those sitting near enough to hear well. Shepp plays a nice tenor solo here (he doubles soprano on the set).

Pianist Billy Green comes on to do a solo with rhythm backing (Garrison has been replaced by another musician, who isn't introduced). Then, altoist C-Sharp and his wife, singer China Lin, do *I've Got It Bad*. By then it's pretty late, a lot of people have left, and the final instrumental selection doesn't get off the ground. For a man who has been active as a playwright, this is a pretty undramatic and un-directed set. d.m.

Yankee Stadium I

Not a good place to enjoy music, and the turnout is less than expected—about half of the 30,000 capacity, if that. Muggy, rain-threatening weather is no help.

We arrive early, but the sounds we hear on our way in confirm our worst apprehensions—Wein is using the Jimmy Smith Jam Session set for warmups, and it's been going on for a while already. We do get to hear Clark Terry, Joe Newman, Zoot Sims, Illinois Jacquet, Kenny Burrell, Smith and Roy Haynes play the blues with a back beat, and B.B. King sits in. Zoot plays a pretty *What's New*, C. T. does *Misty*, Illinois doubles the tempo for a rousing *The Man I Love* (he's played very well throughout the festival), and Newman does *Ode to Billy*

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cousin joe: blues humorist

by Paul Lentz

A Bourbon Street stripper, taking a break from her gig at one of New Orleans' better gyration joints, sat down across from me in the Italian quickie restaurant.

"You're the guy who writes about jazz in this town, aren't you?" she asked. "I've been accused of it." I replied, wrestling with some greasy, leathery lasagna. Above her dangling, anvil-sized earrings floated a cumulus-clouded coil of ammoniated-peroxide hair that must have taken some hairdresser three days to put together. The exposed cleavage heaved a hearty salute to the American silicone industry. It was like staring into Grand Canyon. My eyes popping, the lasagna kept falling off my fork.

"It's always a pleasure to talk with someone who likes jazz," I said, in my best imported-from-New York State suth'n gen'l'man accent. The fork went a foot out of orbit as I tried to spear a genuine Greek olive. It wound up imbedded in the table. "Who are your favorites?" I asked, prying the smashed fork from the checkered tablecloth. "Well, she said, "I like things that really *swing!* . . . Like Herb Alpert . . . he's *heavy* . . . a real *monster*, don't you think?"

"Yeah. . . . real monster . . ." I muttered. The olives tasted like they had been cured in motor oil. "But," she continued, "I really dig a good jazz singer. Like Johnny Mathis . . . I think he's really *cute!*" She fluttered a set of inch-and-a-half black nylon eyelashes.

"Uh-huh . . . he's *cute*, all right . . . he's heavy, too—a *monster*, no question about that." I grunted. The pit went down my gullet along with the olive. The taste of motor oil lingered. It didn't take much to figure out where this chick's brains had shifted to.

A long time ago, I realized that there are some situations in life that are utterly hopeless—and this was one of them. By an arduous process, I've learned to cut my losses short, early in the game. I paid the tab and steered her to the street. "We must," she said, "have a talk again, real soon." "O.K. . . . fine . . . don't wear anything out on the job!" I yelled, as she slithered off to her daily grind. A cabbie, catching a quick glimpse of her wiggle-wriggle-jiggle, almost piled up his Checker Special. Sonora was a five star rhythm section struggling with a poor head arrangement.

All of this got me to thinking about a funny blues Cousin Joe had written, called *You Ain't So Such-A-Much*. The concluding lyrics flashed through my brain:

*I listened to your conversation
Heard every word you said;
You got a fifty-five dollar wig
Sittin' on a nickel head!*

That started me to thinking about humor . . . and that *other* side of the blues. There's a hell of a lot of meat that has been carved off that bony 12-bar carcass—with more of a message and more meaning than most of the allegedly *meaningful* farina you're apt to hear today.

18 □ down beat

While for me there is still nothing in the world like a four o' clock in the morning piano man laying out some sad, funky old blues, there is that *other* side. Like the inverted mirror images in Shakespeare's plays, humor plays Falstaff to the prevailing sense of tragedy. Lester Young, Sweets Edison and Roy Eldridge recorded an album for Verve some time back. It was called *Laughin' to Keep From Cryin'*. The whole concept is succinctly stated in the title. In that hard-bitten humor, eternal man is portrayed sloggng his way through the quagmire of life with a sardonic smile, an acerbic laugh.

I wouldn't give a blind sow

An ucorn;

Wouldn't give a crippled crab

A crutch

That's the first four bars of *You Ain't So Such-A-Much*; not a radical's social welfare program! And the wry, cynical and slightly jaundiced approach to the blues is the trademark of a multi-aliased blues singer-pianist known at various times as Pleasant Joseph, Smilin' Joe and Joe Pleasant, among others. The monicker most frequently in circulation is simply Cousin Joe.

The age-guesser at the carney is never going to get hip to Joe's vintage, but at a youthful 63, arrayed in some of the *baddest* rig-up's this town ever gets a chance to see, he has the ability to charm an audience from the first go-round.

Looking like the personification of the movie cartoon character, *Hennery Hawk*, Joe is guaranteed to grab you. The setting is irrelevant: whether at a jazz festival, a funky after-hours spot catering to a predominantly black audience, or his regular longtime gig at the Court of Two Sisters, a high-toned French

Quarter setting where he is accompanied by trumpeter Henry (Hawk) Hawkins.

Cousin Joe seems to be particularly enamored of gustatory lyrics, perhaps as a result of having missed a solid meal or two. As an appetizer, he might serve up a short-order of his *Chicken ala Blues*, which contains this lament:

I ate so many hot dogs,

I can't look a cold dog in the face

"I wrote that tune when I was in New York," Joe said. "I literally was living on them when I first hit town."

I had some with chili gravy

And some with tomato paste

"I was supposed to take the place of one of the Four Ink Spots, who had left the group. When the deal fell through, my money got low and I was disgusted. I was living in a five dollar a week room you actually couldn't turn around in.

"Now, the only person I knew in New York was Danny Barker. We used to play together when we were kids. We were still in grammar school, but we'd go to the gambling houses and play our music, and sometimes, someone would throw us a chip or a quarter . . . that's how we made our Sunday change.

"Danny was at the Zanzibar, working with Cab Calloway's band. I went over to see him, and he 'lightened-me-up' on a whole lot of things. First thing he did when he got off the gig was to stop at a drugstore and buy a roll of adhesive tape. He tore some strips off and pasted them over my mouth. 'You know what this means?' he asked me. 'It means, keep your eyes and ears open—and your mouth shut!' Danny said. 'You know, in New York, you don't ever know nothin' . . . the smart

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PORTER STUDIO



Otis Rush, active bluesman for half of his 38 years, is due. Has it occurred to anyone else, as it has to me, to wonder when this superb musician is going to break through and get the kind of recognition he obviously has coming? I cornered him recently to get his reflections on his career and to see where he thought it might all lead.

First we go over the past. Born April 29, 1934; Philadelphia, Miss. Began playing, near as he can remember, at about 8 or 9. He had an uncle who knew a few tunes and an older brother who owned a guitar ("He never *did* learn to play it.") But young Otis did—taught by himself, listening to records: "You know, John Lee Hooker, T-Bone Walker, Lightnin' Hopkins and those cats." Along the way he fooled around some with harmonica and drums and "what-you-call-it" (Rush pantomimes playing a jews-harp)—though no one I know has heard him test his chops on these lately. He moved to Chicago with his family in 1948.

I can't get much out of him about the next five years of his life, though he admits to working for awhile in a packing house days and playing nights. In 1953, age 19, he put his first group together. "We didn't know what we were doing," he laughs, "but we were learning." Learning for Rush meant, among other things, perfecting left-handed technique, with the guitar backwards and upside down, but not reversing the strings' order.

What does this do for your playing style, I ask, hitting the treble strings first instead of the bass? "Not much difference," he says. "There's some chords I can't get, some I can." He's not a loquacious man.

Rush's band first played in Chicago's Club Alibi. Does he remember who was playing with him back then? One name turns up after a moment's thought: "Bob Elem," he says: "we called him Po' Bob" (now known as Robert "Big Mojo" Elem). And he has had the group together pretty steadily ever since, with countless changes in personnel over the years. Mighty Joe Young was in the band "for four or five years"; Fenton Robinson was a sideman for awhile and so was bassist James Green (now with Buddy Guy). Whose bands did he play in? This draws a puzzled look, and then: "My own." Nobody else's? Apparently not.

In 1956 came the first recording dates, for Cobra. (Little Brother Montgomery leans into our huddle to make the point that he played on Rush's first or second recording session. Point acknowledged.) *I Can't Quit You Baby* was one of the first tunes he cut, and it's still a powerful number in his repertoire. After Cobra folded Rush signed with Chess, for whom he recorded his now-classic *So Many Roads*. He left Chess for Duke, and that move is one key to the relative lack of exposure he has received.

Hearsay has it that when Duke signed him to a long contract, and with what then must have seemed a large advance (about what he can make in two campus gigs nowadays), Rush felt legally bound and then some. In any event, nothing much came from his association with Duke except anonymity. Why they signed him in the first place, only to keep him under wraps, is a good question. Rush just shrugs about it.

Short-term associations with Vanguard and Cotillion followed the Duke years, and then came what many, including Rush, thought might be the break he was waiting for. He

otis rush: unsung giant



RAY FIERLAGE

by richard bizot

signed with Capitol. Has he done any recording for Capitol? "Yeah. We cut an album early in '71."

Any word about a release date? "Nope." Do you mind if I mention this? "No; go ahead. Can't hurt." One gets the feeling that the man, burned once, isn't about to commit too many hopes to this latest association.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rush and his band have been hammering out a solid reputation on the basis of live performances. In and around Chicago, of course; most recently at Alice's and The Wise Fools. And literally from coast to coast: from San Francisco's Fillmore to a week at New York City's Apollo Theatre—with many a stop between (campus concerts, for example, in Rochester, N.Y.; York; Madison, Wis.; South Bend, Ind.; Ann Arbor, Mich.).

And quite a band it has become. There were years, earlier, when its composition was as changeable as the words to an old blues song. "You know how it is," Rush says, shaking his head, "somebody offers a cat a dollar more and"—hand slaps knee—"bam, he's gone." But things have been more stable, "oh, for the last six or seven years."

The present ensemble includes drummer Charles Hicks, bassist Ernie Gatewood (who has been with Rush for four or five years), and the well-travelled and talented Jim Conley on tenor sax. Occasionally there'll be a sub, or he'll add a sideman for a specific job (trumpet, for instance), but this is the basic group. And it's a tight one, with its own sound, matching Rush's distinctive style.

We turn to the subject of the future, specifically to what Rush would like to see it bring. He doesn't want to talk any more about record companies; he doesn't seem to expect anything to come from them. What *does* he expect? More of the same: club dates, colleges. It *does* seem to be getting "maybe a little easier," he allows, to make a living playing blues.

Well, what if you weren't in blues (I ask)? Is there anything else you'd like to do? He leans back and stares at the ceiling, and just the trace of a smile crosses his features. "I've thought about owning a club, maybe, or a restaurant. I've played in enough of them. Yeah, maybe I'd go for that." But then his eyes return from the ceiling. The trace of a smile is gone and he's talking about another young bluesman, another Mississippi-born Chicagoan, who bought into a club with what proved to be disillusioning (and financially disastrous) results. What went wrong? "Oh, I don't know. Lots of things. But it was making those payoffs, I think; everybody had his hand out." Where's that other man now? "Back on the road, playing."

It's nearly time for Rush and his band to play. I want to get a sense of what kinds of music, other than blues, he likes to hear. "Jazz? Sure. Jack McDuff, Jimmy Smith, Kenny Burrell—I bought one of Burrell's records a little while ago. He's fine. Sure, I've learned stuff from him." But he digs it all: "Rhythm and blues, rock, country and western—any kind of music." Now it is time. We shake hands and Rush heads for the stage, while I duck out front to catch him.

It's a campus concert, midway in the evening. So far the students have sat politely, but they haven't gotten very excited about the previous performers. Rush doesn't do anything, initially, to rev them up. That is, he

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record

REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Gary Giddins, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Joe H. Klee, Michael Levin, John Litweiler, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Bobby Nelsen, Don Nelsen, Bob Porter, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Robert Rusch, Joe Shulman, Harvey Siders, Will Smith, Jim Szantor, Eric Vogel, and Pete Welding.

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)

WAYNE COCHRAN AND THE C.C. RIDERS

COCHRAN—Epic E 30989: *Do You Like the Sound of the Music?*; *Long, Long Day*; *Somebody's Been Cuttin' in on My Groove*; *Sleepless Nights*; *Boogie*; *Circles*; *Sittin' in a World of Snow*; *I Will*; *We're Gonna Make it*.

Personnel: Cochran, vocal; Stuart Aptekar, Bob Scellato, Buzz Troy, Don Capron, trumpets; Mike Katz, Skip Weisser, Bob Brawn, trombones; Robert Gable, Dennis Wilson, Michael Palmieri, Randy Emerick, winds; Charlie Brent, piano, lead guitar, flute, percussion, arranger/leader; Artie Goleniak, bass guitar; Allyn Robinson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It has a certain exuberance.

And some irony, too—because when Ike & Tina Turner and James Brown first burst big-band r&b onto the rock scene, Cochran seemed the most obvious “blue-eyed” imitation of them all; grotesque white hair-do, stage prancing and the whole routine.

Now the reverse seems evident—because the contrived showtime of Ike & Tina and the rhetoric (no matter how admirable) of “Soul Brother No. 1” has essentially defused their music from sound into personality.

Cochran revitalizes. Not that he doesn't shout like Otis Redding (his best friend) or grunt “good gawd” more than often enough, but this is real r&b music—and I mean no psychedelic/psychosexual jive—real rhythm & blues! From the very first, the C.C. Riders burn—the charts by Brent are straight ahead, now and then formula, but well-wrought and played hot. Up front, Cochran shouts spectacularly—hard, as if his voice were actually sweating with the effort—especially on *Do You Like the Sound* and the blues-prayer, *Long, Long Day*.

Not that this music never drags—*Boogie* is superfluous and almost silly; other moments move ineffectually. But it is all brilliant—not creative/brilliant, but bright/brilliant; radiating energy, hard-core rock-and-rhythm. As Cochran sings: “Do you like the sound of the music? Is it funky enough you can taste it?” Emphatically yes—because sometimes a well-shaken butt is worth more than all the genius in the cosmos! —bourne

BING CROSBY

WRAP YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS—RCA Victor LPV 584: *Mary*; *Ol' Man River*; *Make Believe*; *Lovable*; *I'm Afraid of You*; *It Must Be True*; *Fool Me Some More*; *The Little Things in Life*; *I Surrender Dear*; *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*; *Just a Gigolo*; *One More Time*; *Thanks To You*; *I'm Gonna Get You*; *I'm Through With Love*; *Just One More Chance*.

Personnel: Crosby, vocal, with Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (tracks 1-5) or Gus Arnheim and his Coconut Grove Orchestra (all others). Recorded 1927-31.

Rating: ★★★★★

My generation grew up listening to Bing Crosby, and while these recordings are a bit earlier than the Deccas we bought for 35¢ (three for a dollar at some stores), we did hear Bing sing many of these songs, some of which

remained in his repertoire throughout his career (*I Surrender Dear* and *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*). Others here have proven less than unforgettable (*Fool Me Some More*, *One More Time*) and still others, while memorable, would never have been associated with Bing by his later fans (*Ol' Man River* and *Make Believe*).

This, then, is the genesis of a popular song stylist who became as familiar to those growing up between the two wars as the N.R.A. blue eagle and the voice of Gabriel Heater. If I am nostalgic about this album, it's because I come from a long line of Crosby freaks.

Much in the early Crosby will be recognizable as Bing to someone hearing these records for the first time. True, by the time he became Hollywood's pet he had become a smoother, more self-assured performer than the kid who breathlessly tries to keep up with Whiteman's businessman's bounce tempo on *Mary*. Even by the time of the Arnheim *One More Time* and *I'm Gonna Get You* his phrasing was still a bit stiff and he was not always quite comfortable with a hot tune. But the jazz influences (Louis, Teagarden, Bix, et al.) were becoming more noticeable. For example, on *Get You*, he injects the ad lib words, “Cause I'll never stand for that” to a phrase that is musically nothing but a trombone smear. He also puts a tag on the tune in a style which is a vocal approximations of Louis Armstrong's trumpet—a device which he retained.

This is early Bing, for sure, but certainly necessary for a true perspective on one of the major song stylists of American popular music. And as a bonus, there are glimpses of Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer on the Whiteman sides. —klee

LEONARD FEATHER

THE NIGHT BLOOMING JAZZMEN—Mainstream 348: *Nam M'Yoho Ren-Ge Kyo*; *Funkville, U.S.A.*; *Calypso*; *Evil Gal Blues*; *Donte's Inferno*; *I Remember Bird*; *The Night Blooming Jazzmen*; *Signing Off*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Ernie Watts, alto & tenor saxes, flute, piccolo; Charles Kynard, organ; Feather, piano; Fred Robinson, guitar; Max Bennett or Al McKibbon, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; Chino Valdes, conga; Kitty Doswell, vocal (track 4 only).

Rating: ★★★

Over the years, critic Feather has supervised many a record date, including quite a few under his own name (the first was done in England way back in 1937). These have invariably featured his own compositions, and he's had quite a respectable song-writing career (*How Blue Can You Get* is probably his biggest hit; my own favorite is the obscure *Mound Bayou*, waxed by Pete Brown and Helen Humes in 1942).

This date is not one of Leonard's most memorable, being devoted, in the main, to some pleasantly funky and quite unoriginal blues-derived material. It's hardly the kind of album one would expect from a famous jazz critic given a free hand by a record company.

It is not so much a pure jazz LP as an attempt to come up with some commercially viable tidbits suited for air play.

The best compositions are not the new ones, but *I Remember Bird* and *Signing Off*. The former gets a nice enough outing in Watt's capable hands but is no match for the 1967 version featuring Phil Woods (also from a Feather date), and the latter, originally a vehicle for Sarah Vaughan, is heard in an abbreviated version.

Also attractive are the title tune, a minor blues, and *Donte's Inferno*, also a minor piece, with plenty of drive. *Evil Gal*, another big hit for Feather, is pleasantly enough sung by Ms. Doswell, but this song belongs to Dinah Washington.

Mitchell is the top soloist, but there are no challenges; in the main, he goes through his Horace Silver motions. Watts, though a bit strident at times, is accomplished on all his horns. Kynard doesn't get a chance to stretch out, and Robinson's comping seems a bit hard to these ears. The rhythm moves along nicely in a patented groove, and the leader comps somewhat cautiously, emerging at times for some introductory passages. On the head of the title tune, he plays electric piano—an interesting fact in view of his frequent negative comments about this instrument.

This is an album of music that won't do anyone any harm—it makes pleasant background listening and nice dance music—but it won't contribute much to the reputations of those involved, either. Feather notes that there will be another NBJ album. Hopefully, it will set its sights a bit higher. —morgenstern

ISAAC HAYES

IN THE BEGINNING—Atlantic SD 1599: *Precious, Precious*; *When I Fall in Love*; *Medley (I Just Want to Make Love to You; Rock Me Baby)*; *Medley (Going to Chicago Blues; Misty)*; *You Don't Know Like I Know*.

Personnel: Hayes, piano, vocal; Duck Dunn, bass; Al Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

In the Beginning is the LP Isaac Hayes released without much commercial success some years before *Hot Buttered Soul* began his ascent toward pop canonization as the Black Moses. And whereas his recent music has more and more become an excess of style, almost as if he were the black Andy Williams, this earlier album proves his brilliance without all the proverbial Hollywood tinsel.

Instead of the incessant choraling and the almost interminable orchestral suspensions, Hayes sings alone with the two MGs. Recorded impromptu at an after-hours session, the music is easy—it is the very tasty playing of three master soul artists.

As such, the trio performs with Hayes' characteristic simplicity—what he more and more elaborated into absurdity as his commerciality increased. His vocalizing is sublime, smoky and exquisite, especially on

When *I Fall in Love*, certainly the prototype of his later ballad stylings. And his blues is very much down-to-it.

It is disheartening to hear *In the Beginning* soon after the plastic excess of *Black Moses*—because Isaac Hayes is an artist of very special beauty and not just another media icon. It is the difference between roots of vital oak and the artificial Xmas glitter at the top. —bourne

DAVE JASEN

FINGERBUSTIN' RAGTIME—Blue Goose 3001: *Raymond's Rag; London Rag; Dave's Rag; Festival—A Ragtime Cakewalk; That American Ragtime Dance; Owindo's Rag; Make Believe Rag; Susan's Rag; Charleston Rag; Elite Syncopations; Peacherine Rage; Kitten On The Keys; Maple Leaf Rag; Poison Ivy Rag; Brittwood Rag; Everybody's Rag.*

Personnel: Jasen, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

David Jasen, a man in his 30s, is one of the leading experts on, teachers and chroniclers of, militants for, and performers of piano ragtime.

That he is an expert interpreter of the music of Eubie Blake, Zez Confrey, Herbert Ingraham, Scott Joplin and Alonzo Yancey (to list them alphabetically) is celebrated on side two of this LP. Rather than clinging slavishly to the published score, which (according to Jasen) was always simplified to make it playable by the average parlor pianist, he has preferred to learn ragtime the jazz way—in the aural tradition from recordings by the best performers.

The first side consists of Jasen's original compositions, among which I find *Dave's Rag* the most enjoyable. One of these pieces, *That American Ragtime Dance*, is not a true rag but a composite of various dance rhythms. Jasen is quick to explain that the main characteristic of ragtime is the contrast of even rhythm and syncopated rhythm, played against each other.

Of the compositions on side two, some are so well known as practically to be clichés—*Maple Leaf Rag* and *Kitten On The Keys*, with its incredible left hand figure which sounds like boogie-woogie in reverse, and such beautiful works as Joplin's sensitive *Euphonic Sounds*, easily a more interesting piece than his *Maple Leaf*.

But the glory of them all is the little known *Everybody's Rag*, recorded by Alonzo Yancey (whose brother Jimmy also played piano). Jasen takes co-composer credit, because what happens after the theme is stated as set down by Yancey is pure Jasen and golden ragtime.

A most enjoyable album. —klee

RAMSEY LEWIS

UPENDO NI PAMOJA—Columbia KC 31096: *Slipping Into Darkness; People Make the World Go Round; Please Send Me Someone To Love; Got To Be There; Concierto De Aranjuez; Upendo Ni Pamoja (Love Is Together); Trilogy, (Morning, The Nite Before, Eternal Peace); Put Your Hand in the Hand; Collage.*

Personnel: Lewis, acoustic&electric piano; Cleveland Eaton, acoustic&electric bass; Morris Jennings, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★

A friend of mine heard this and said, "Smash!"

Sorry, but I don't hear that at all. Too much

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of this album attempts Jamal but lacks the requisite delicacy. There is also much that recalls Martin Denny, but there isn't enough of the straight-ahead, funky Ramsey Lewis.

The best thing on the album is Eaton's *Trilogy*, which has genuine jazz feeling. The rest is below par for Lewis.

Only for Lewis fans.

—porter

JOE HILL LOUIS

THE ONE MAN BAND—Muskadine 101: *Big Legged Woman; She's Taking All My Money; Don't Trust Your Best Friend; A Jumpin' and A-Shufflin'; Going Down Slow; Hydramatic Woman; When I Am Gone; We All Gotta Go Sometime; Gotta Go Baby; Heartache Baby; Railroad Blues; She May Be Yours; Cold Chills; Keep Your Arms 'Round Me; Chocolate Blonde; Dorothy Mea.*

Personnel: Hill, piano, guitar, harmonica, misc. percussion, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

Joe Hill Louis was a unique bluesman. Singing in an almost field holler-rubble voice, he accompanies himself as a one-man band, sounding at times like a one-man jug band.

Pure blues in a sometimes fun but always non-nonsense vein, this is a collection of some of his recordings between the period of Nov. 1941 and ca. 1956. (Hill died on Aug. 5, 1957, incidentally at the same hospital where Bessie Smith supposedly was refused admission—an interesting fact I learned from the very informative and complete liner notes by Steve LaVere.)

Anyway, Joe's all here, stomping himself on down. Very enjoyable.

—rusch

THE MOTHERS

JUST ANOTHER BAND FROM LA—Bizarre/Reprise MS-2075: *Billy the Mountain; Call Any Vegetable; Eddie, Are You Kidding?; Magdalena; Dog Breath.*

Personnel: Frank Zappa, guitar, vocal; Ian Underwood, winds, keyboards, vocal; Don Preston, mini-Moog, keyboards; Jim Pons, bass, vocal; Aynsley Dunbar, drums; Mark Volman, Howard Kaylan, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

In his inexorable odyssey toward *gesamtkunstwerk* (the Wagnerian "total" artwork), *Just Another Band* is the most perfect example of the synthesis of theater and music in the art of Frank Zappa.

Billy the Mountain alone is exemplary: the hilarious sage of the duel between a mountain and a draft board agent pursuing it across America. Up front, the narrative is bizarre—and at least not about genital size, the Mothers' too often prevalent theme. But above all, the music is the energy of the piece, reinforcing and contributing to the comedy throughout.

On the other side, the reverse is somewhat evident, with the music more to the fore, and with Kaylan and Volman at once musically and theatrically exquisite. Except for the parody of an LA fashion commercial on *Eddie*, the medley rocks as hard as any so-called "high-energy" band, and yet with consummate creativity. Dunbar especially moves, with Zappa directing the music into brilliant rhythmic and tonal colors throughout, particularly on *Call Any Vegetable*. And *Magdalena* for once integrates their bawdy burlesquing (this time about incest) with the

22 □ down beat

music, without their lasciviousness eclipsing it.

In all, *Just Another Band* again proves the Mothers among the best ensembles and Zappa among the best composers in popular music.

—bourne

CHUCK RAINEY

THE CHUCK RAINEY COALITION—Cobblestone CST 9008: *Eloise; How Long Will It Last; Genuine John; The Rain Song; Got It Together; The Lone Stranger; Harlem Nocturne/Zenzile; It's Gonna Rain; Theme From Peter Gunn.*

Personnel: Melvin Lastie, trumpet; Trevor Lawrence, tenor sax; George Stubbs, piano; Richard Tee, organ, piano; Cornell Dupree, Eric Gale, Billy Butler, guitars; Rainey, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, Ken Rice, Herb Lovelle, Jimmy Johnson, drums; Warren Smith, Specs Powell, percussion; Montego Joe, congas; strings, conducted by Selwart Clarke.

Rating: ★★★

This album is a couple of years old and was originally intended for release on the now-defunct Skye label. The personnel consists of topnotch New York studio pros.

Rainey is one of the best electric bass players anywhere and easily the most influential man on his instrument, but his album is something to groove with rather than listen to.

The problem is similar to the one faced by Richard Davis in his Cobblestone album: the instrument really isn't that suitable for extended solo playing. Rainey solves this by allowing plenty of space for Gale and Dupree, but there isn't much for the horns to do and the results often sound like good rhythm tracks in search of a soloist.

Recommended for enthusiasts of contemporary funky rhythm sections.

—porter

PHAROAH SANDERS

BLACK UNITY—Impulse AS-9219: *Black Unity.*
Personnel: Marvin Peterson, trumpet; Sanders, tenor sax, balaphone, koto; Carlos Garnett, tenor sax; Joe Bonner, piano, Cecil McBee, Stanley Clarke, acoustic bass; Norman Connors, William Hart, drums; Lawrence Killian, congas, talking drum, balaphone.

Rating: ★★★½

When I first heard this album I immediately liked it. It was the rhythmic phrase the basses were playing around the pentatonic fragment which eventually becomes f# g# f#-a#. Allegedly the pentatonic scale is the most widely used scale on the African continent, especially by the tribes south of the Sahara. It has so little use in the west, juxtaposed to major and minor scales, that it still sounds fresh and new. And it has been a recurrent theme in Sanders' albums.

However, after I had begun listening to this recording and never really getting past the long bass introduction, I thought that it was too monotonous, because it takes such a long time before the horns come in and the two bassists are really playing one pattern with slight variations. Bells are rung and suddenly, from the left speaker comes a sound which rings like a melodica or even an accordion but is really an Indian harmonica. At first heard very faintly, it increases in dynamics and then fades out again. This will be a periodic theme. At the same time that this is happening, Sanders is playing a koto, the Japanese stringed instrument which sounds much like a harp.

There's a tremendous amount of technology going on here. I get bothered with that, because it raises the question of whether it is really improvisation. If things are overdubbed and fitted in they cease to be collective improvisation but become the creation of a composer in a strictly individual sense.

The use of the horns is very strange. Most of the time they are hardly audible. Garnett could have stayed home for all the contribution he makes—a very small part underneath the one solo by Sanders. Marvin Peterson plays very strongly but not too inventively. Sanders' solo is really different and new, but you have to listen hard to hear the intricacies of it.

The most interesting playing, outside of the articulations of the bassists, is by pianist Bonner. His solo begins at the end of the first side and is stunning. He doesn't have the technique of Tyner or Cecil Taylor but his ideas give credence to his playing. Both bassists give outstanding performances, though they have to labor in a boring rhythmic pattern throughout the piece. I can't understand why Sanders would put such excellent players in positions so subordinate.

Sanders is obviously trying to create different sounds, using both western and eastern instruments. The sounds he creates are pleasant to listen to and many times interesting. But he has cast his supportive musicians in such subordinate roles that the potential of the situation is never realized. Since he has been recording for Impulse, one album has been much the same as the others. I remember having a conversation with Sam Rivers about records in which he said that he would never want to record an album that sounded like its predecessor. That's the problem Sanders has to face.

—cole

THOMAS SHAW

THOMAS SHAW 1971—Advent 2801: *Born in Texas; Stop and Listen; Worried Blues; Hungry Wolf; Motherless Children; Richard Nixon's Welfare Blues; Tom Shaw's Penitentiary Blues; Let's Rock; Old Original Penitentiary Blues; Worried Life; Dirty Mistreater.*

Personnel: Shaw, vocal, guitar; Bob Jeffrey, piano.

Rating: ★★★

Thomas Shaw, country blues singer, was born in 1908 in Texas. A playing partner of Blind Lemon Jefferson, he now lives in San Diego, Calif., and this is his first recording—how come?

This is a fine blues artist whose rolling, loping style of playing is at times, to my ears, reminiscent of Big Bill Broonzy. On this record Shaw displays a fine talking/shouting voice, and although it at times sounds a bit weak or undermiked, it is a voice which convinces the listener he knows of what he sings.

Here he runs through 11 traditional blues in non-stop fashion. Assuming these independent companies are not ri off the artists, they are certainly perform valuable service in documenting an a that will eventually be extinct.

MEMPHIS SLIM

BAD LUCK AND TROUBLE
2G31291: *I Feel So Good; Rockin*

Baby Gone; Cow Cow Blues; Miss Ida B.; Forty-four Blues; Trouble in Mind; Worried Life Blues; I Don't Want My Rooster Crowin' After the Sun Goes Down; Lonesome in My Bedroom; Diggin' My Potatoes; In the Evenin'; Born With the Blues; Just Let Me Be; Red Haired Boogie; Blue and Disgusted; New Key to the Highway; I'd Take Her to Chicago; Harlem Bound; El Capitan; I Just Landed in Your Town; John Henry; I Believe I'll Settle Down; Bad Luck and Troubles; Late Afternoon Blues; Memphis Slim U.S.A.

Collective Personnel: Slim, piano, vocal; Jazz Gillum, harmonica, vocal; Arbee Stidham, guitar, vocal.

Rating: ★★

OTIS SPANN

WALKING THE BLUES—Barnaby KZ31290: *It Must Have Been The Devil*; *Otis' Blues*; *Going Down Slow*; *Half Ain't Been Told*; *Monkey Face Woman*; *This is the Blues*; *Evil Ways*; *Come Day, Go Day*; *Walking the Blues*; *Bad Condition*; *My Home is On the Delta*.

Personnel: Spann, piano, vocal; Robert Lockwood, Jr., guitar (tracks 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11).

Rating: ★★★

The Spann L.P. is unusually expansive, wonderfully swinging, the best he ever made—one listens with amazement and delight. By contrast, the Memphis Slim 2-L.P. set is up tight, self-conscious, disappointing in approach and execution.

Both men present urban blues styles, somewhat similar in effect, drawn from any number of prewar country and city pianists. Technically they may have been equals, but the misfingerings in Slim's sets are frequent and striking. His singing often seems distracted, tailing off, ignoring climactic points, and so on; this lack of continuity is enforced by the music's unswinging quality. It's a "cool" blues style, without the necessary consistency of conviction. More's the pity, since the first L.P. is a well-selected homage to earlier blues stylists.

Slim's associates are quite wrong; a very rough country harpist-singer and a high-powered jump blues singer. Guitar and harmonica are badly out of tune, but Stidham's vocal efforts in *Troubles* and *Diggin'* are appreciated—the album almost comes to life, and sax and a drummer might have been useful. Slim hit the folkie circuit about this time (1961), so each song is preceded by patronizing explanations. The sad feature is that at least half the tracks feature moments—though only moments—of really fine piano, tossed away in the prevailing lethargy. This is one reissue collection to pass up.

The Spann set also comes from 1961, and was never previously issued—a shame! He begins with the high spirits of *Devil*—"Well, I heard a mighty rumbling, deep down in the ground," etc.—and hardly touches ground after that. A much tougher, cruder, more r&b oriented pianist, Spann was full of set pieces: his minor chorus (*Half*), his Lloyd Price intro (*Evil*), his smashing repeated treble chords, his standard chorus structure. It's all offered in a spirit of creative detailing and variation, and of course powerful swing, that transforms everything into moving excitement.

Never elsewhere on records, as leader or sideman, or even (in my experience, beginning in 1960) in clubs and concerts, did Spann play with such intense freedom. This dramatic presentation derives from 20 years as the heartbeat of Muddy Waters' heroic band, and indeed, the record distills the soul of a thousand small, smoky 4 A.M. clubs. It's almost too bad Lockwood didn't play on each piece, for in solo and accompaniment he com-



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SONNY STITT

BLACK VIBRATIONS—Prestige 10032: *Goin' to D.C.*; *Aires*; *Black Vibrations*; *Calling Card*; *Where is Love?*; *Them Funky Changes*.

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Stitt, alto&tenor saxes; Leon Spencer, Don Patterson (tracks 2, 4), organ; Melvin Sparks, guitar; Idris Muhammad, drums.

Rating: ★★½

SONNY STITT-GENE AMMONS

YOU TALK THAT TALK—Prestige 10019: *You Talk that Talk*; *Body and Soul*; *The People's Choice*; *Katea's Dance*; *The Sun Died*; *Out of It*.

Personnel: Ammons, Stitt, tenor sax; Leon Spencer, organ; George Freeman, guitar; Idris Muhammad, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Although it is not likely to break any new ground in Stitt's great career, *Vibrations* is nevertheless a credit to his discography and above his impressive average. This in spite of the LP's two ringers—*D.C.* and *Changes*—which shackle Stitt in a lurching, quasi-rock beat, which he handles best by ignoring. There are moments, particularly in *D.C.*, when he simply shakes loose and explodes in a flurry of doubletime playing or swoops off briefly on a surprising tangent. But too often he barks out his solos as if to surrender to the beat.

Happily, however, the entire set is without electronic amplification, so when Stitt sparkles, he really comes through with all his powers intact. His alto glisters on the brief *Where Is Love?* and his tenor is in swift and swinging form on *Calling Card*, which also provides good solo space for everybody else.

He takes up his tenor for a generous ballad rendering of *Aires* and continues on tenor for a satisfying version of the title track. These four numbers largely atone for the sins of fashion committed on the balance of the record.

Stitt's support is in good order throughout, with Muhammad contributing some percussive excitement near the end of *Card*. Trumpeter Jones is aboard to help out in the ensembles with an extra voice and contributes adequate solo work.

Stitt is joined by his old teammate Ammons on the second LP for a nostalgic reunion that is nevertheless very much of today.

Although the substance and content of Stitt's playing is of a relatively high order throughout—he never really gives a performance less than good—it reaches our ears through the distorted buzz of his familiar and maddening use of electrical amplification. Only on *Talk* and *Body and Soul* do we hear acoustic tenor.

The format of the record includes one solo track each for Stitt and Ammons and four others featuring varying degrees of interplay. *Talk* opens with some familiar riffs being tossed back and forth in two-bar exchanges and then launches into solo territory. Am-

readers poll instructions

BALLOT
ON OPPOSITE PAGE

The 37th annual down beat Readers Poll is under way. For the next month—until midnight, Oct. 29—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite musicians.

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

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 29.

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

3. **Jazzman and Pop Musician of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz or pop in 1972.

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

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

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

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW

mons' approach to the blues is earthy and simple. Stitt is more sophisticated and the better technician. He invariably cuts the big, strapping Ammons with a foxy agility that simply outwits the broad, brawny, rhythm&blues-tinged Ammons style. Ammons may break up the house at a gig, but Stitt is always the ultimate victor.

Dance is another swinger in which Ammons and Stitt come to grips with one another in a chorus of eight-bar (not fours, as the sophomoric liner notes say) exchanges. Ammons kicks off his solo with a quote from Cole Porter's *Daddy*, and goes on to play some smooth and restrained lines. His best up-tempo work of the LP is on *Out Of It*.

The rhythm section (note the absence of bass on both LPs) is good though not distinguished. It doesn't seem to challenge the two horns. There have been better meetings in the past and will probably be better ones in the future, but this is nevertheless a welcome release with several things going for it.

— mcdonough

BEN WEBSTER

BLOW BEN BLOW — Catfish 5C054.24159: *John Brown's Body*; *Worksong*; *The Preacher*; *Straight No Chaser*.

Personnel: Webster, tenor sax; Kenny Drew, Frans Wieringa, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Donald McKyre, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The uniquely personal sound of Ben Webster is too seldom heard these days stateside. This collection documents an October 1969 session in Copenhagen.

Happily, Ben's sound remains intact and readily identifiable. It is the sound of a classic stylist who nudges his notes along with a gentle wisplishness that is rough-edged and heavy but generally not lumbering. A note from Webster's horn is an entity in itself. Each note seems to have a beginning, a middle, and an end; thin at the tips and thick in the middle. This is the essence of his sound, and it is well represented here.

Coupled with Webster's sound is his equally unique way with a phrase. At its apex, it produced lines of improvisations marked by extremely graceful flourishes that contrasted well with his gravelly tone. In this respect, Webster is not always up to snuff here. Too often, he puts his way through his solos, falling back occasionally on familiar devices when satisfactory ideas don't materialize.

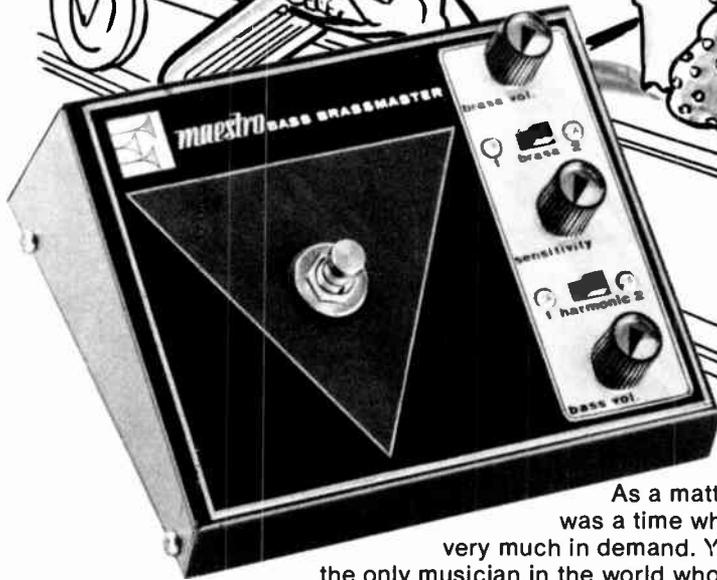
Part of the problem might be in the rhythm section. Although Pedersen is solid and steadfast all the way, McKyre's drumming is on the listless side and doesn't push the group very hard. Perhaps this is why Webster sits out much of the action. On *Worksong*, particularly, he takes only four short choruses midway through the 10-minute track. Throughout the record, the two pianos carry the ball much of the time without terribly impressive results.

Measuring this outing against previous Webster sessions, one would have to say he's played better. Yet, it is substantially superior to his 1968 performance with Don Byas on Prestige 7692, where he seemed disjointed and rambling. Webster remains a highly productive musician, however, and this LP captures enough good moments to make it worth investigating. Although made in Holland, it is readily available in better U.S. shops stocking imports.

— mcdonough

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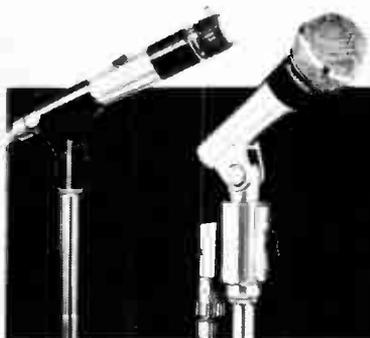
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Blood, Sweat&Tears

Paul's Mall, Boston Mass.

Personnel: Lew Soloff, Chuck Winfield, trumpets; Dave Bargeron, trombone, tuba; Lou Marini, soprano, alto&tenor sax, flute, clarinet, bass clarinet; Larry Willis, keyboards; Georg Wadenius, electric guitar, vocal; Steve Katz, acoustic guitar, harmonica, vocal; Jim Fielder, bass; Bobby Colomby, drums; Jerry Fisher, vocal.

Just about half a year ago, a band named Blood, Sweat&Tears ended a four-year love/hate affair on stage at New York's Philharmonic Hall. Tired of their latest hits, they felt in need of something fresh and revitalizing. Six months and six personnel changes later, a fresh, revitalized BS&T took the stand at Paul's Mall, one of Boston's nicer folk-rock-jazzy clubs, and blew their horns and my mind with a completely different type of fusion music.

I don't know how the rockers will feel about it, but from a jazz listener's point of view this band burns like the Chicago fire. The ensembles are as clean and crisp as ever, but the solo work has improved something close to 100 percent.

Credit vocalist Jerry Fisher and arranger Larry Willis for most of the new sound. Willis has an approach to this music which, while not simple in the sense of lacking sophistication, is simple in the sense of rejecting that which is merely ornamental.

Fisher is a singer with a voice that can cut through a horn section without overstraining. He will neither be overwhelmed by the sound of this band nor dominate it. There is enough physical showmanship in Fisher to send an audience that wants to see a show, and enough musicianship to satisfy those who are more into things musical.

Lou Marini, a veteran of Woody Herman's band, plays just about all the saxes and doubles with the ease of a man who has no first instrument but does many things equally well. If we were especially taken with his clarinet and bass clarinet, it is only because we are especially fond of those particular horns.

But not only the new musicians are new. Lew Soloff, in particular, is soloing like never before, and Chuck Winfield, though not enough is heard from him, has also improved. In addition to his fluent, inventive trombone work and his gutsy tuba playing, Dave Bargeron is now contributing to the band chartwise. His *Road Blues* is quite good enough, but his masterpiece is a sadistically pointed song aimed at those of us who are over 30, *Over the Hill*.

The new lead guitarist, Georg Wadenius, also writes and sings. His *The Crow's Funeral*, sung in Swedish, has a moving narrative about a boy who comes across a dead crow and proceeds to give it a fitting burial. A similar message (sung in English) is conveyed by *The Great White Hunter*.

The only material from Philharmonic Hall still in the book at this hearing was *M* (for Melissa), one of Steve Katz' tender love lyrics.

Jim Fielder continues to display his amazing ability not only to play well but also to somehow eliminate the mechanical "thongk" that marks the electric bass. In Fielder, the acoustic and amplified instruments meld, and his ability to compensate for the difference between them makes it all happen.

Least changed of all the gang is Bobby (Mr. Cool) Colomby. Always together, whether it's behind the drums on stage or behind the

caught in the act

board in the studio, Colomby is the tower of strength and stability in the band.

There may be further changes: New things are bubbling just under the surface of today's BS&T and these new things may be as different from today's BS&T as that is from the BS&T of *Spinning Wheel*. —joe h. klee

The Big Horn Jazz Festival

Ivanhoe, Ill.

Collective Personnel: Wallace Davenport, Wild Bill Davison, Smokey Stover, Bobby Lewis, Nappy Trotter, trumpets; Georg Brunis, Jim Beebe, Sid Dawson, trombone; Bob Wilber, Jerry Fuller, Russ Whitman, reeds; Art Hodes, Bob Wright, piano; Rail Wilson, Walt Murphy, bass; Barrett Deems, Hillard Brown, drums; Don DeMichael, drums, vibes; Jean Kittrell, vocal; Eddie Condon, host.

Ivanhoe, Ill., sits at the junction of routes 176 and 83, about 50-odd miles northwest of Chicago. It boasts two gas stations, a general store, a wood frame bar and restaurant called the Big Horn, and lots of open space. That would be about it for Ivanhoe if it weren't for Dale Snavely, a jazz buff who recently turned the drowsy little Illinois town into the site of one of the most exciting summit meetings of traditional jazz artists the Chicago area has

seen in many years.

It would be easy to dismiss these somewhat sentimental proceedings as nothing more than a sort of white Preservation Hall. Indeed those who formed the nostalgic core of the evening—Brunis, Condon, Davison and Hodes—were all born between 1900 and 1906. But the comparison only points out two things: that age is no excuse for sloppy musicianship and that the New Orleans Preservation Hall band has been getting away with murder for a lot of years.

But there was really no need to fall back on nostalgic copouts during this epic performance; no need to endure the sad sight of toothless men no longer in control of their horns and pretend that nothing has changed. Davison played with all the crisp swagger and chomping arrogance that sparked his great Commodore and Blue Note sessions of the 1940s and 1950s. His tart, raspy tone is as dense as a block of cast iron, and his defiant, carving attack ignites any group he sits in with.

Brunis, looking great at 72, is, if anything, a more sensitive player than at any time past. His sound is softer, and less blustery than in the old days but his solos still flow smoothly and on target with a nimble, accurate attack that articulates each note clearly and with unyielding swing. His ideas, of course, remain true to the traditional musical vocabulary, but as both ensemble player and soloist, Brunis, who first recorded with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings 50 years ago, was a constant challenge to his younger colleagues.

And of course there was Art Hodes, who continues to be one of the great living jazz and blues pianists. His richly crafted solos on *Tin Roof* and *Closer Walk With Thee* particularly, were the work of a major artist.

Hodes, Brunis and Davison all played several sets individually, and teamed up together for a biting excursion into the past during the seventh set. For this, a frail Eddie Condon, who did not play and spent most of the night sitting in a booth off stage chatting enthusiastically with musicians and fans, mounted the stand to improvise a few choice witticisms and introduce his old comrades.



Georg Brunis (l), Wild Bill Davison and bassist Rail Wilson.

This is not to suggest that the oldtimers were the stars and the others sidemen. Happily, there were no second stringers and no ringers. Everybody mixed it up with everybody else through 11 sets, and laid down several climactic moments amid the almost constant excitement. There were two of America's greatest clarinetists in Jerry Fuller and Bob Wilber, teaming up for an all reed set along with Russ Whitman, who lumbered on stage with his enormous bass sax. Although Whitman maneuvered his cumbersome instrument with supreme aplomb through the risky waters of *In a Mellotone*, it was Fuller's clarinet and Wilber's soprano sax that struck a perfect empathy as they seesawed back and forth in easy and spontaneous intimacy.

Then, in another set, it was Fuller who nearly brought down the house with a furious version of *China Boy* and *I Got Rhythm*. Backed by Don DeMicheal's fine work on vibes and Barret Deems' pneumatic drumming, the energy was reminiscent of the dynamo generated by the old Benny Goodman Quartet. Fuller is like Davison in that he creates a special sort of excitement. It seems impossible that the swift, agile, and stinging attack could be coming for this imperturbable looking man. His control in the upper register is positively remarkable.

The crowd was also brought to its feet by Wallace Davenport, whose iron embouchure has led the trumpet sections of the Basie, Ray Charles and Hampton bands. He demonstrated the versatility of his talent with an unusually lyrical and somber four choruses on *Tin Roof*. You could hear a pin drop in the house as he delicately climaxed his soft-sell solo with a sensitive key change and soft fade-out. It was a truly unique treatment of the old war house. Davenport also demonstrated his control at high speeds with several striking solos, also incorporating several key changes, a favorite device of his. These were the great moments of Davenport's set. Unfortunately there was also much that was commonplace, including a hokey, cliché-packed version of *Saints* and some ponderous vocals.

The other three trumpets all scored with fine moments. Smokey Stover, demonstrating superb control over his instrument and firing out explosions of finely honed notes like bullets spit from the barrel of a machine gun; Nappy Trotter, more rough-edged and a bit less articulate than the others but making up in emotion what he lacks in elegant phrasing and structure; and Bobby Lewis, an excellent musician with an ear for the interesting and unusual, as indicated by his playing of the rarely heard Ellington blues, *Saturday Night Function*.

Bob Wright, a regular member of the Big Horn house band and a virtuoso pianist, is a relative youngster, but has a broad and deep understanding of traditional jazz styles. He walloped out some of the most kinetic piano work of the night. Trombonists Jim Beebe and Sid Dawson each performed virtually flawlessly in supporting roles and contributed several stimulating solos, particularly Dawson whose leathery, rip 'em up attack comes on strong.

Drummers DeMicheal, Hillard Brown and Deems never permitted the beat to lag, with Deems, especially, imparting a special enthusiasm and drive. Deems took more than his share of underrating during his year's with the Louis Armstrong All Stars, perhaps because he followed in the path of Sid Catlett

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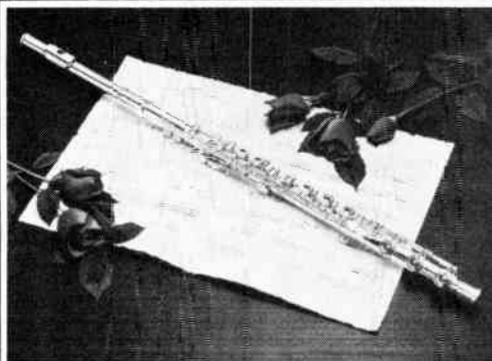
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and Cozy Cole. He was called stodgy by some critics but there was certainly nothing stodgy in his playing on this night.

And a hearty salute to Rail Wilson, whose bass served as the implacable anchor through nearly every set. Through it all, he never let a beat slip past unplucked. The final blow-out began to emerge in the 11th set, with a fluid clarinet statement of *What Can I Say Dear* by Wilber and a broadly phrased *Blue Again* by Davison. The two then teamed for a furious whack at *Runnin' Wild*, which recalled Davison's 1950 record of the number with Wilber's mentor, Sidney Bechet. A pounding momentum having been established, a request for *Shine* caught Davison's ear. A quick tap of the foot, a break from Wright, and the final blast began. Stover, Davenport, and Trotter joined in. Fuller then mounted the stand and locked horns with Wilber for a slashing exchange of fours.

Then all barriers of restraint crumbled against the onslaught of one of the most blistering musical orgasms I've ever heard. Suddenly, everybody was caught up in an ensemble of intensely competitive playing that is rarely heard these days. By the time it was over, everyone was so wound up that it took nearly five minutes of false endings, breaks (Fuller and Wilber drew surprised chuckles with a fleeting unison quote of Benny Goodman's opening break to *Avalon*, restarts and rideouts before the music finally rolled to an exhausted stop.

Dale Snavelly gave Chicagoland a truly memorable night (actually two nights, although these remarks deal only with the sec-

ond) of traditional jazz, and without a single striped coat, funny hat, banjo and kazoo.

—john mcdonough

Anthony Braxton

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Braxton, reeds, percussion; John Stubblefield, reeds, percussion; Dave Holland, cello, bass; Barry Altschul, Phil Wilson, percussion; Jeanne Lee, vocalist.

Though sparsely attended, this concert of new jazz by members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians could serve as a model to concert promoters. There were no freaky effects, light shows, corny emcees. No one spoke a word of introduction. All you needed or wanted to know was in the printed program (one minor error was listing Braxton on soprano sax for the opening number, where he played clarinet).

The opening selection was a duet for Braxton's clarinet and Holland's cello, a superb combination of two veterans of the enigmatic group called Circle.

There were minor problems of energy adjustment when they were joined by Stubblefield, Altschul and Ms. Lee. (If there was a disappointment during the evening, it was the singing. I must say that I have heard Ms. Lee sing to far better effect than on this particular occasion.)

The Stubblefield-Braxton combination was impressive. Not only is each man creative in his own way, but neither impedes the work of the other.

The entire last half of the program was played by the trio of Braxton, Holland and former Paul Butterfield and AACM drummer Wilson. They performed a series of interlaced Braxton compositions. Braxton's titles look like complex mathematical formulae and do not lend themselves well to reproduction. Suffice it to know that the titles are there (I'd hate you to feel cheated) and sometimes, through dedications to various other artists, why they are there.

The program concluded with Braxton doing a rather simple version of *All the Things You Are*. The antithesis of the complexity of the rest of the program was the statement of Jerome Kern's lovely theme by one of the strongest improvisers in the field today, Anthony Braxton.

—joe h. klee

African-American Cultural Festival

Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.

Personnel: Joe Brazil Quintet: Brazil alto&tenor sax; Gerald Brashor, tenor sax, conga; Dick White, piano; Milt Garrad, bass; Martete Singletary, drums. Sonny King, alto sax; Sam Rivers, soprano&tenor sax; Dave Burrell, piano; James Garrison, acoustic bass; Edward Blackwell, drums. Improvisational Ensemble: Whitman College students and guest artists. Franklin High School Dance and Drumming Ensemble, Seattle. Cameo, Seattle.

Walla Walla is a semi-busy, very rich farm town in the southeastern corner of Washington State. Marcus Whitman is its hero and Whitman College is its pride. Whitman was a missionary who brought measles to the In-

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JAN PERSSON

Sam Rivers: Highly sensitive, uniquely talented

dians in this area and was, as they say, "massacred" for it. Whitman College has a student population of 13 African-Americans, about 25 Oriental-Americans, and about 900 middle-class whites. The school is conservative but not reactionary. Many of the students were ready for new information and that's what they got.

Music predominated at the festival, which included four concerts, films, lectures, discussions, a soul-food dinner and a cabaret. Monday's activities began in the late afternoon with a lecture by University of Washington professor Joe Brazil. He gave a stimulating talk on the history of jazz coupled with some interesting slides and "on time" side comments. That evening his band performed and did a credible job. Brazil played very strong through a host of pieces which included *Straight, No Chaser, Equinox*, and his own compositions. The rhythm section was not on the same musical level as the horns but certainly held its own. Percussionist Singletary occasionally overpowered the soloists but kept good time. Bassist Garrad heard very well and played good lines but with all the new young bassists around, he was clearly just another player. Pianist Dick White was the most disappointing. His solos were rather uninteresting and his accompaniment was only adequate.

Tuesday's concert was a most memorable one. Everything was spontaneous, Garrison starting the performance with a long solo combining pizzicato and arco in a very sensitive manner. He walked the bass, sang to it, strummed it like a flamenco guitarist, bounced the bow off the strings playing chords, played arco like a seer delivering the message to the people. Often he sounded like two bass players because he created that many different timbres. His fingers are extremely strong, so his intonation was pure. Garrison is not just a technically fine bassist but a very creative one. But this was only the beginning.

Sam Rivers, the highly sensitive, uniquely talented player whose recognition is long overdue, was next to step on stage. His playing was inspirational and a first class example of his contribution to music. He started solo, a long beautiful melody, robust and round in tone. He was then joined by Blackwell in a duet in which Rivers played totally new music. They were joined by Garrison and Burrell and, a little later, by Thornton who entered playing short statements against Rivers' long, complex lines. Thornton's tone was fresh and clear and his ability to create alternative lines to other players was uncanny. He is a strong

rhythm player and often stood between the bass and drum. Playing short, jagged lines, he wove and intertwined his ideas, combining them almost perfectly with the other players. At one time during his collaboration with Rivers, they exchanged high, complementary notes.

King and Davis were last to enter but soon got into the thick of things. I can recall Rivers pulling down his hat when the music really got moving. At one unbelievable moment when all the horns were playing, Blackwell laid out and the horns moved into a melancholy stream of harmonic colors. The cooperation was so superb that one felt that the definition of music was being written right on that stage.

Davis' first solo was on soprano and it started stiffly but quickly spun into a tapestry of beautiful colors and shapes. Undoubtedly, this was due to the prodding of Blackwell. But Davis' playing spans many traditions and is always innovative in its melodic structure.

Blackwell, the next soloist, is a master percussionist and an astute student of drumming. He played effortlessly, always with rhythms, complex and simple. Sonny King performed next and his playing was best summed up by Davis' remark that he was one of the best alto players he had ever heard. It was a well-developed, thought-out solo which danced, sang and screamed to the people. Dave Burrell followed with a promising but compromising solo which ended with a beautiful but familiar rendition of *All The Things You Are*. The ensemble negotiated through that and finished with a sparkling solo on tenor by Nathan Davis.

The concert ended with a truly remarkable flute piece by Rivers in which he sang and shouted as well as lyrically exploited the instrument. It was a very magical solo.

On Wednesday, these same musicians performed with the student Improvisational Ensemble. Since I was the prime organizer of this group, it would be out of place for me to criticize the playing. However, I would like to say that, in this musically reactionary school, it was unusual to see so many students participate. There were some innovative solos by students Denney Goodhew, Ernie Roberts, David Clodfelter, and Peter Wilson. On Thursday an excellent dancing and drumming group from Seattle's Franklin High School performed. They were as practiced as any group I have seen performing West African and Samoan music. The festival concluded with a dance at which a group called Cameo played. For this occasion, they were excellent.

-bill cole

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Brotherhood of Breath

The Grass Roots Jazz Club, London, England

Personnel: Harry Beckett, Mongesi Feza, Mark Charig, trumpets; Malcolm Griffiths, Nick Evans, trombones; Mike Osborne, Dudu Pukwana, Gary Windo, Alan Skidmore, reeds; Chris McGregor, piano; Harry Miller, bass; Keith Bailey, drums.

Something exciting is happening south of the Thames. It is called the Grass Roots Jazz Club and it comes into being only on Tuesday evenings, when a devoted throng of jazz enthusiasts congregate one flight up from The Swan, a pub directly across the street from the Stockwell tube station.

For a modest admission fee, you enter a large, rectangular room, illuminated by gas-light, where folding chairs have hastily been ordered into rows facing that side where the musicians' accoutrements have been strewn. Patrons may bring drinks from downstairs—provided they clean up and return the glasses afterwards—but the only real reason for being there is to dig the music.

The existence of the Grass Roots is due entirely to Hazel Miller and Jackie Tracy, the enterprising wives of two local musicians. Miffed at the lack of live jazz in South London, they resolutely decided to rectify the situation and, so, formed the Lambeth New Music Society. For funds, they created a charity and obtained a grant from the local council of Lambeth.

This Lambeth Council deserves a few words. As it does not view jazz as a haven for junkies, adolescents, and other nefarious types, the council has also given full support to a jazz summer school—for the young people in the borough, weekly workshops, and a series of concerts to be implemented in the parks and halls.

In the few months since its inception—Hazel and Jackie started the ball rolling in March—the club has been enthusiastically received by the community and the English press. It is invariably packed on Tuesdays. The remarkable thing is that it is a community effort and one fervently wishes it well. One also hopes that its lesson might be learned elsewhere; not only as a refreshing alternative to the commercial clubs that open and close in the wink of an eye and would just as soon be featuring topless dancers anyway, but in the smaller towns and cities of America where there is talent with no place to go and an audience not able to pay the door charge, two-drink minimum, coat check, and tip of the regular night clubs.

No less remarkable was the 12-piece band featured the night I was there: The Brotherhood of Breath. As a band, the group is not terribly disciplined but its eclectic, free-wheeling approach is what makes it so much fun to listen to. The music they play might be considered mainstream avant-garde, because what was so controversial and far-out ten years ago has become the roots for a generation of younger players.

All of the soloists have something interesting and different to say; stylistically they range from post-bebop to post-Albert Ayler. The arrangements and compositions—by Chris McGregor and Harry Miller—are reminiscent at times of early Ros Rudd and Cecil Taylor but they sway from moments of near chaos to full-bodied lines that sound suspiciously like swing.

Basically, the guys in the band have in-

corporated everything they've ever heard and liked, added to that their own often virtuoso ideas, and wound up with a stimulating, damned-near euphoric body of sounds. An example of the band's scope can be seen in the reeds alone: an essentially boppish tenor solo colored by overtones was followed by an alto solo that was played entirely in the hidden register but which actually managed to swing; this was followed by a striking performance by Dudu Pukwana, the group's finest soloist (at least on one hearing). It began in a calm and soulful mood, danced through a history of the alto, and then soared into directions that revealed an original and vital conception.

An American tour is definitely called for.

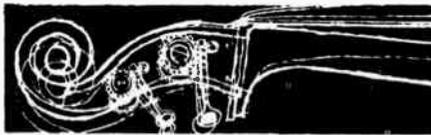
—gary giddins

The Art Ensemble of Chicago

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Personnel: Joseph Jarman, E-flat and B-flat soprano, alto and tenor saxes, flute, piccolo; Roscoe Mitchell, B-flat soprano, alto, tenor and bass saxes, flute, piccolo; Lester Bowie, trumpet, flugelhorn; Malachi Favors, bass, gongs, percussion; Don Moye, drums, gongs, percussion.

Hearing "modern" music in a "modern" church does not at first to be an incongruous conjunction of circumstances. In fact, one could use the same set of adjectives ("alarming," "stark," etc.) for both, if the



music in question were not that of the Art Ensemble of Chicago. For their music and they themselves have a superb sense humor and a sense of theater, qualities the responsive Madison audience warmed to immediately, and which went a long way towards humanizing the architectural severities of the catholic center itself.

Their first number (two flutes, tenor, bass and drums) was very brief and ended with the entire band barking and howling like hound dogs and leaving the stage. Itself howling, laughing and applauding, the audience, after perhaps five minutes of music, was totally at the disposal of the musicians. (Four people did walk out—the crowd was about 4000—but even they had absorbed enough wit to wave a white handkerchief.) This collective introduction set the stage for the series of individual performances by each of the hornmen that constituted the first half of the concert.

Returning to the stage with Favors and Moye, Mitchell played an absolutely spectacular alto solo. He began by contrasting a sustained tone with brief, controlled clusters of notes. Each of these groups of sounds made up a fragmented theme and as the solo developed, he forged the fragments into an awesome whole. Mitchell plays with an extremely full tone, warm yet simultaneously remote. Those two qualities do not often go together, but the result of their combination was a solo that spoke from a position of severe indignation, fully understood in its causes, but with an understanding in no way implying acceptance.

Jarman was next with his composition for alto, *Red Man Gone*, a work inspired by his reading of *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. After raising his arms in prayer, he picked up

his horn and incanted a lovely, melancholic line over, against and through the quiet drone of gongs played by Favors and Moye. Moye was also reading a poem by the altoist which was a lament for the disappearance of the Indian. I am tempted to speak of this work as a threnody except that Joseph turned his line into a climax of fire as Moye read of the formerly unfettered and proud Indian way of life, and of past Indian heroes. 'Red man, dead man, gone!' The piece closed with a haunting repetition of its main theme.

The boppish *Theme de Celine* from *Les Stances a Sophie* (Nessa-4) provided the basis for Bowie's trumpet solo. Joined briefly by Mitchell (alto) and Jarman (tenor), as well as by Favors and Moye for the initial statement, the field was soon all Bowie's, as indeed it was meant to be. Writing of him, people are often inclined to mention Armstrong, Brown, Miles, etc. They do so with reason because Bowie sounds (and sounded in this solo) like each of them, at times. But he is an original, and analogies only provide a convenient way of categorizing his genius, of making it less frightening. During his solo he played beautiful melodies, searing runs, vocal cries and scathing, flatulent condemnations of beauty. Music, he implied, exists in life, not apart from it. Bowie left out nothing, not even the literal scream (sans horn) with which he ended his solo. Horn and man were one.

Following these introductory numbers and an intermission, the audience was prepared for and received roughly an hour of superb collective improvisation from the group. Due to inadequate transportation facilities from Chicago to Madison, the group was deprived of its constellation of "little instruments" and had to rely on its primary ones. The result was a blessing—much Mitchell bass sax and tenor, fine Jarman alto and tenor, and, best of all, Favors sticking close to his bass. (Bowie and Moye stay pretty close to home most of the time anyway.)

The Art Ensemble players are daring musicians. They are willing to enter music, willing to play for the sake of the act of playing and to risk failure as they venture into the unknown. They take with them, and, in some sense, seem to be playing before, all the great black musicians of the past. When they succeed, as they did in Madison, the music re-defines itself in terms of these five men. They extend the history of jazz by creating their own part of it.

Essentially, they always play together, but the focus shifts constantly from one musician to another. Little ballads become hard bop themes, and these in turn are transformed into vanguard whirlwinds. Jarman was in fine form all evening, and both Mitchell (alto) and Bowie (trumpet) extended their own works from the first half of the concert. Moye also took an excellent solo, very tightly constructed upon subtle, controlled figures. My only complaint about the entire concert was the lack of a solo from Favors. And if you've heard "Tutankhamen" on the *Congluptious* LP (Nessa-2) you'll understand my gripe.

That aside, the group performance was magnificent. It brought thunderous applause from a very happy audience which received an encore in the form of a speedily played *Theme de Celine*. That tune united both halves of the concert and perfected the shape of joy and warmth that had been created during it. Art Ensemble of Chicago, thank you very, very much.

—richard rand

NEWPORT

Continued from page 17

Joe. And that's it, with a promise of more at the night's end which doesn't come true.

Brubeck, with Desmond and Mulligan, tries very hard to make something happen, but though everybody plays well and hard, the audience is still filing in, the vendors hawk their wares, the beer lines are long, and the people, mostly black, obviously consider this a warmup act.

We are fascinated by the contrast between bearded, flowing-haired, mod-attired Mulligan and balding, narrow tie-and-narrow lapels Desmond, but the music bridges such visual gaps.

B.B. King gets the audience's attention, after his peppy little nine-piece band has played a boppish, swinging piece, sounding much like the Savoy Sultans of 1972. He does his customary great set, if not as stirring as we recently heard him do it in New Orleans, and we are once again impressed by the musicianship of the band and the guitar magic of B.B. himself.

When Ray Charles comes on, after a long delay to rearrange the stage to protect him from the rain—which stops as soon as the work is done—it is clear that he is what the audience has come to see and hear.

Every number, after the opening instrumental by his ready but somewhat rough big band, is greeted with cheers and recognition applause, and it is a superb show.

I Feel So Bad, Georgia, Feel It, Look What They've Done To My Song, I Can't Stop Loving You, Eleanor Rigby, a truly unbelievable *Indian Love Call* (big production number, done with the utmost sincerity and near-reverence, transforming the Rudolf Friml operetta chestnut into a soul aria), and the concluding *What'd I Say*—each reveals a facet of a great artist and master showman. (Throughout, the pitch of his singing is far more assured than that of his instrumentalists.)

Nina Simone cancels out, due to sudden illness, but the announcement, made in mid-show, seems to cause no great distress. This is Ray Charles' house. d.m.

July 8

Connoisseur Concert D

The Terumasa Hino Quintet from Japan is supposed to open this concert, but we arrive to find Duke Ellington's band in full cry, exploding through *Rockin' In Rhythm*. It seems that Duke's rehearsal ran late, and with the band set up on stage, it is ruled impractical to break it down again and let the musicians roam.

Hino's loss is Ellington's gain, for this is to be the best concert the band has given New York for quite some time.

We hear the *Togo Brava Suite* entire, followed by Paul Gonsalves in top form on *Happy Reunion*, the inevitable *A Train*, and *La Plus Belle Africaine*.

Then, the first letdown, followed by a triumph. This is supposed to be an alumni event, and Sonny Greer is introduced, stepping out from the wings looking fit and happy. Then, some machinations result in his taking Rufus Jones' place at the drums, and Cootie Williams intones *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*, the band's old theme. Duke stops that short, plays a snatch of some ragtime, Greer barely getting settled, and then stops, indicating to the nonplussed drummer that he should step down. Greer hesitates, but Duke, mumbling some pleasantries about not wanting him "to cut our drummer", has his way. A nice way to treat one of your oldest friends. But then, Sonny got a better bargain than Ray Nance, whose name appears in the program and who came to the rehearsal but is left wait-

ing backstage. Perhaps a repayment for some recent embarrassment, but not very gracious or charming.

Now, however, we get *Harlem*, perhaps the most successfully realized of Ellington's longer works, and in an inspired performance—the best we can recall having witnessed. This is by no means the greatest band of Duke's career but at this moment it equals the very best, and the ensuing standing ovation is for once truly warranted.

Duke, forever inconsistent, follows up this magic by introducing various friends and celebrities in the audience and doing *Satin Doll*, then introduces Lucille Armstrong and makes Money Johnson do his Louis imitation on *Hello, Dolly* (which comes off better instrumentally than vocally). One would think that Ellington—one of the few who really comprehends what Louis Armstrong was—could find a more fitting way to pay him tribute.

Barney Bigard turns out to be the most fortunate of the alumni (Ben Webster, listed in the advance publicity, was never even contacted—Wein's fault, not Duke's). He is featured in *Rose Room*, one of his specialties, and comes off quite well, though the leading-up-to-a-high-note stuff goes on a bit too long.

Bobby Short is next, in a tribute to Ivy Anderson. He does better with the numbers in which he accompanies himself at the piano than when working with the band, as he does in the opening *You and Me, You Can Count On Me* (with verse) is lovely, and *I Don't Mind* has always been a favorite of this Ivy fan. Short, a master of his own special art, has Ivy down just right. *It Don't Mean A Thing* is smothered by the band, but *I've Got It Bad*, with the beautiful (and rarely heard) verse is a fitting conclusion to a sincere tribute to the greatest singer Ellington has had.

As if to emphasize this fact, Duke now brings on two new girl singers; first Betty Plummer, who does a rather uninteresting *St. Louis Blues*, then Anita Moore, who has more personality and does *I'm Beginning to See the Light*.

Then comes a dramatic coup. The lights go down for *Mood Indigo*, and Tyree Glenn (back in the band, at least for a while) is featured in a smooth plunger solo. Then, from off-stage, floats the voice of a woman, almost ethereal, on perfect pitch, with a style that blends Kay Davis with Sarah Vaughan. When the voice materializes, it turns out to be housed in a most appealing body, both belonging to a Roumanian lady introduced only as Aura (her full name is Aura Rully, and we are told her husband doesn't want her to travel with the band—or any band).

The Ellington portion ends, anticlimactically, with *One More Time* and a shower of flowers. Quite a concert.

After intermission, the Japanese group has the unenviable task of finishing the show. Many people have come just to hear Duke and have left or gone backstage, others listen for a while but find the music too modern. A pity, for this is a strong, musicianly group in a neo-bop mold which would have worked perfectly at one of the other afternoon concerts. The most original and interesting soloist seems to be guitarist Kiyoshi Sugimoto, but leader Terumasa Hino has mastered his instrument and listened well to Freddie Hubbard and Lee Morgan, and his brother, Motohike, has Elvin Jones down very well. Better luck next time! d.m.

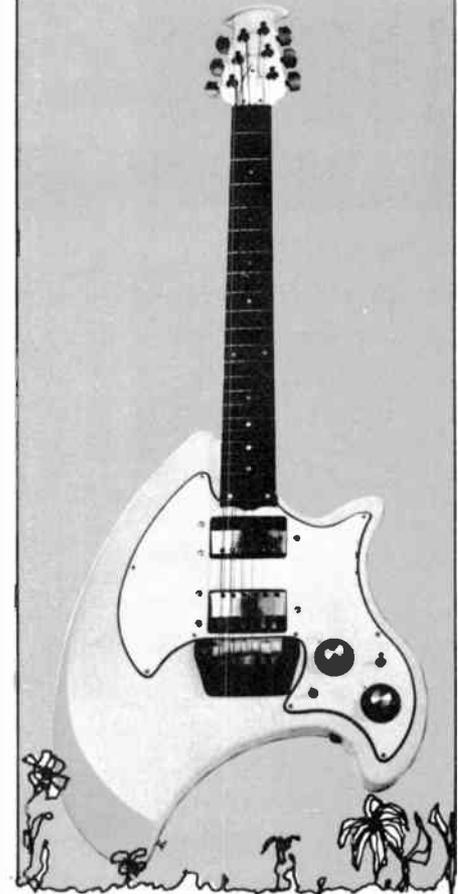
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broke it up and Herbie Mann didn't; Roberta Flack got it on and Lou Rawls even more so, and that The Giants of Jazz held the fort. Attendance, again, was about half of capacity. Maybe George Wein will realize that he doesn't need these kind of commercial programs on a jazz festival, but I doubt it. He'll blame the weather. Yankee Stadium is no place for music. It has subway trains rattling by, planes flying over, a cavernous echo, terrible sandwiches, and hustling ushers.

July 9

Gospel Concert

Sunday morning at 9 a.m. in Radio City Music Hall, some 2,000 people are on hand to witness a splendid but too short concert (it ends at 11, to allow the Hall to prepare for the noon movie, for which a line had already formed) that in effect is a miniature history of gospel music, lovingly prepared by Tony Heilbut.

This is truly uplifting music, and it has much to offer the lover of jazz and blues. As for soul music and r&b—well, this is where it came from, or to be blunt, was stolen from.

For roots, there was Willie Mae Ford Smith, still a moving performer. For classic gospel, there were Dorothy Love Coates and Marion Williams, and R. H. Harris, introduced as "the father of quartet singing," but appearing with only a guitarist to accompany him. (He is seemingly also one of the fathers of Ray Charles.)

There were the ever-so-professional Dixie Humming-Birds, a male quintet with a potent message, each member a soloist in his own right. (Backed by guitar, they also used an electronic pre-set rhythm device.)

And for contemporary gospel, there were Jessy Dixon and the Dixon Singers, the male leader and two female singers, backed by electric bass and organ—a splendid group, full of life and fervor. (Dixon also accompanies Marion Williams on organ—it was once his steady job.)

Few of the performers really had a chance to warm up in the short time allotted them, but the message came across warmly and convincingly. This root form of Afro-American music is very much deserving of a place in a jazz festival, and I would suggest an afternoon event for better audience potential.

Spiritual Concert

In St. Peter's Lutheran Church, seat of Jazz Vespers and many a jazzman's memorial service, the gospel tradition met modern jazz, and the two forms got along famously.

The Max Roach Quintet and the J. C. White Singers had met before, in the studios for an Atlantic album, and on stage at Town Hall, but neither setting could match this one, and the results surpassed the previous efforts.

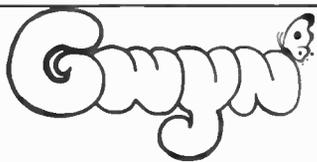
The program mixed traditional spirituals, arranged by Roach and others, with contemporary gospel songs composed and arranged by J.C. White, who also is an impressive singer and conductor.

The acoustics of the church did not particularly favor the instrumentalists, especially the drummer, but what came across sufficed. The singing, as the voices warmed up, was stirring, and several soloists shone.

Instrumental solos, by Cecil Bridgewater, Billy Harper, Reggie Workman, Stanley Cowell, and Roach, were also excellent, but an unbilled organist almost stole this aspect of the show with a swinging, stomping outing.

It was a fitting finale to a great festival, affirming the unbroken continuity between the root and the branches of the music it was held to celebrate.

d.m.



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RUSH

Continued from page 19

doesn't grab the mike and yell something original like, "Can you dig the blues?" (Chorus: "Yeah!") "Can you really dig the blues?" (Chorus, louder: "Yeah!") You know the sort of thing I mean. Matter of fact, he doesn't say anything at all; just starts playing.

Generally, he'll begin with a couple of vigorous instrumentals, and that's what he does tonight. The crowd perks up. Then Rush leans into the blues, starts singing and flinging off the lyrical guitar runs for which he's noted. It's hard to think of anyone as consistently interesting with a blues guitar these days, particularly since the untimely passing of Magic Sam and Earl Hooker. You could start with B.B. King, you could mention Buddy Guy and Jimmy Dawkins and Luther Allison, you could add another favorite or two (I'm not trying to draw up an exclusive list) and you'd have come up with the names of Otis Rush's peers. But certainly his name belongs in a most select group, no matter how you devise it. And when you place the emphasis on consistency of brilliant performance, then I, for one, believe he has no equal.

By the fourth or fifth song he's really working; the sweat is glistening on his face. But his expression is as impassive as when he first took the stand. Visually speaking, that's the most striking thing about his laconic man's performance: the tension between his impassioned singing and electrifying playing and his understated stage presence. But then, he doesn't need to sell himself to an audience; his music invariably captures the customers for him.

"I go up there for a sound," he had told me backstage, "not to dance." When one thinks of the endless succession of blues acrobats, of the mike-stand-grabbers, the audience-roamers, the shirt-shedders, — in short, the legion of jive artists whom one has observed, then one is convinced anew of the rightness of this man's lack of ostentation. Interestingly (and typically), however, he'll not say a word against his more agitated brothers' gymnastics. ("That's OK," he had said backstage.) But clearly, it's not him.

As usual, the ones who are getting agitated tonight are those in the audience. Rush is as good as the best at working a crowd at his will — but strictly by means of the music. And he has brought this one to its feet. The frenetics are all out front. Rush is pacing the set well, changing mood, changing tempo to suit the minute. He'd gone on without a pre-determined program in mind. Not the least of his powers of improvisation, one realizes, is the sure instinct with which he puts together a set that makes sense: coherent, consistent with itself and with the audience's responses.

One sign of that instinct is always knowing when to stop; there's no record of an Otis Rush set that has gone on too long. This one is drawing to a close. He has turned the crowd on with natural stimulants, and though he honors its demands for an encore, he then leaves the patrons whistling and shouting for more. I've come around to the side of the stage to observe his departure, and there's a pleased look on his face (which he's mopping with a handkerchief): the look of a professional who has done his job, has done it well, and knows it.

I head for home wondering when this man will be fully acknowledged for what he is: One of the giants of his generation.

Wes Montgomery's "Naptown Blues" Solo Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker

The blues is the popular music of the black subculture. The blues is to the black man what conventional popular music is to the white man. It is an expression of the separateness of blacks but unlike most other music with such a high degree of ethnicity, it has unparalleled universality.

The blues is without doubt the most widely used song form in black popular music and jazz. As a form and an influence it can be found in much music of the theater, country and western music, etc.

It is the foundation of much gospel music, most rhythm&blues compositions, much rock 'n' roll music, all boogie woogie, as well as other universally popular song forms and it has had a decided influence on some European art music.

It seems likely that it is not an accident that almost without exception the players who have influenced the flow of jazz have been great blues players and/or composers well rooted in the blues (i.e. Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman, Wes Montgomery, et al.).

Wes Montgomery, with his extremely personal sound and unique approach to the guitar, was the objectification of all those things for which the blues stands. His ability to transform even the most trite or pedestrian composition by drawing on his blues roots mark him as one of the great jazz players of all time.

This solo transcription is taken from *The Best of Wes Montgomery* (Verve V/V6-8714). The composition is Montgomery's and points of interest include:

1. The solo represents one of the most successful formulae by which Montgomery developed a jazz chorus (single line to octaves to chords).
2. The use of call and response patterns so often found in "nitty gritty" blues (see letter C, letter D, and letter E).
3. Pervasive use of the blues scale.
4. General progression from placidity (letter A) to maximum tension (in letters F through G).
5. Dynamic and forceful use of rhythm (note the use of riff figures which allow the rhythm section to underscore, highlight, and reinforce the rhythms of the soloist - see letters C, D and E).
6. Illusion of two soloists at letters C, D, and E created by Montgomery's technique of playing the line in two different textures (letter C exemplifies the use of thirds plus a single line; letter D utilizes octaves plus chords, and letter E utilizes octaves plus chords).
7. The fantastic chordal passage at letter F.
8. The tag is in the finest blues tradition.

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jazz on campus

Kenny Burrell will do a three-day guitar seminar (Aug. 31-Sept. 2) at Bill Harris's Guitar Studio, 2021 Hamlin St., NE, Washington D.C. . . Joe Viera, director of the Education Center of the European Jazz Federation, advises that the Jazz Course at the Mundesakademie für musicalische Jugendbildung in Trossingen, Germany will be held Oct. 16-21 . . . The Academy of Music and Theater in Hanover, Germany will enlarge its jazz program this fall to include three teachers—Joe Viera for theory, history, ensemble work, and saxophone; Ed Kroger for ensemble work and trombone, and Heinrich Hock for ensemble work and drums.

The Triton College (River Grove, Ill.) Jazz Band has been selected to be the sole representative of the U.S. at the International Music Festival and Competition in Dijon, France, Sept. 7-10. In order to raise the \$12,000 needed to make the trip, director Bob Morsch has used a variety of fund raising techniques including golf tournaments.

David Baker did a well-received one-week workshop (jazz education, improvisation, arranging/composition) in June at the Univ. of Wisconsin-Superior . . . Justin DiCiccio, former member of the Rochester Philharmonic,

U.S. Marine Band and freelance New York City percussionist, has joined the faculty of the Music & Art High School in New York City as director of the Percussion and Jazz Ensemble Departments . . . The jazz ensemble from Mesa (Ariz.) Community College, Grant Wolf, dir., participated in the Paris (France) "Festival De Jazz" in July. The junior college will offer several jazz courses for credit this fall: Perspectives in Jazz and Popular Music; Jazz Improvisation; Small Ensembles; Stage Band Workshop (two bands) . . . The Kashmere High School Jazz Band, Conrad O. Johnson, dir., from Houston, Tex. was named the "best high school stage band in the nation" at the recent All-American High School Stage Band Festival in Mobile. This new national festival brought together 11 top HS bands chosen by audition tapes including: Vestavia (Ala.); E. Jefferson and Broadmoor (La.); Champaign (Ill.); Mt. Vernon (Ohio); Langley (Va.); Jefferson City (Mo.); Crown Point (Ind.) and Delavan-Darien (Wis.). The musicians were housed at Springhill College and attended daily clinics by the Airmen of Note, Urbie Green, Cathy Preston (Mrs. Urbie Green), Richard Payne, Ira Swingle, Johnny Smith, and Bill Fowler. The Kashmere band received a Hammond portable organ as a special prize, arranged by down beat with the Hammond Organ Company (Chicago).

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Continued from page 11

summer incumbent at Jimmy Weston's . . . Hazel Scott is at the St. Regis Penthouse . . . At Musart in the Village, a recent house band included owner George Braith plus Tyrone Washington, Ray Draper and Steve Haas . . . Pianist Mike Ahene was at Bradley's . . . The focus was on organs in mid-July at the Club Baron, with Jack McDuff and Gloria Coleman sharing the bandstand with their groups . . . Reedman Danny Turner's group followed Curtis Fuller's Hornblowers into Diggs' Den, another Harlem jazz spot . . . At Wells', also uptown, trumpeter Louis Ware led Curtis Peagler, alto; John Hicks, piano; Mickey Bass, bass, and Billy Hart, drums at a July 23 bash . . . Lots of free summer outdoor music around town. The N.Y. Hot Jazz Society presents sessions in the parks, and among those who've led groups are Ray Nance, Joe Thomas, Buddy Tate and Hayes Alvis. Noon concerts in Bryant Park have presented Max Kaminsky, Ray Copeland, the Howie Mann Big Band, Clark Terry, Sol Yaged and Jimmy McPartland. And the Stan Shaw Trio with guest Arnie Lawrence was in Carl Schurtz Park . . . As we mentioned earlier, Folk City in July. Richard Davis had Clifford Jordan, Joe Bonner and Billy Hart in his group, and two fine musicians from Pennsylvania rarely seen in our town, Pat Martino and Eric Kloss, brought in their groups for a week. Martino had Ron Thomas, electric piano; Seth Kimball, electric bass, and Sherman Ferguson, drums (a cooking group), while Kloss led Richard Wyands, piano; Perk Morrison, bass, and Ron Kresinski, drums . . . Roberta Flack and Quincy Jones will join forces for no less than seven concerts at Carnegie Hall in September, from the 20th through the 24th . . . The Smith Street Society Band, a traditional group, is doing a whopping 39 summer concerts this year, most of them in N. Y. State . . . *Soul at the Center*, a two-week "celebration of black theater, dance, poetry and music," took place at Lincoln Center July 23-Aug. 5. Participating artists included Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Nina Simone, Carmen McRae, Esther Phillips, Esther Marrow, Donny Hathaway, Mongo Santamaria, Cecil Taylor, and Taj Mahal . . . Mahal also performed at the Bitter End . . . The Gaslight presented a new group, Maruga (led by the percussionist of the same name), which includes reedmen Perry Rohinson, Mark Whitecage and Alan Praskin, violinist Toni Marcus, guitarist Paul Boulety, bassist John Shea, and Joe Klee on electric kazoo (a first) . . . Several of the above (Rohinson, Whitecage, Marcus) performed music by bassist Richard Youngstein at the Kitchen in the Mercer Arts Center (a nifty place, and air-conditioned too) July 17, with singer Sheila Jordan, bassist Gene Perla and drummer Bruce Ditmas also abroad. Also on the bill: trombonist James Fulkerson and violinist-percussionist Gregory Reeve, who were joined by most of Youngstein's group plus Gunter Hampel and other friends in a monster free-form jam . . . Baritonist Cecil Payne has been appearing at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn, with Earl May, Roland Prince and Al Dreares . . . Stardrive, with Robert Mason, synthesizer; Trevor Koehler, reeds; Carlos Hernandez, guitar; John Miller, bass, and Barry Lazarowitz, drums, was at Max's Kansas City July 12-16 . . . A benefit concert June 28 at St. Clement's Church and Joe Newman's quartet (Harold Mabern, piano; Earl May,

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bass; Al Foster, drums; Stella Marrs, guest vocalist); Roswell Rudd's New Primordial Ensemble (Perry Robinson, Richard Youngstein, Cleve (used to be Boh) Pozar, Sheila Jordan), and singer Tally Brown ... Bill Barron, with Jimmy Owens, trumpet; Harry Constant, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Andrel Strohart, drums, performed at a Soul Sunday Picnic sponsored by the City Center of Music and Drama July 9 ... Doc Cheatham, Bobby Jones, Max Kaminsky and Kenny Davern were guests of Balaban&Cats at Your Father's Mustache in July ... The Revolutionary Ensemble (Leroy Jenkins, violin; Sirone, bass; Jerome Cooper, drums) gave several concerts in downtown Manhattan during July ... Performers at Jazz Vespers have included pianist Errol Parker, Zahir Batin, Joe Klee (with a group including trombonist J.C. Higginbotham, Perry Robinson, and Toni Marcus), Anthony Coleman, Leon Thomas, Enrico Rava, Sonelius Smith, Stella Marrs, and Rene McLean. Upcoming at the St. Peter's Lutheran Church Sunday specials: Reggie Moore (Aug. 20) and Marvin Peterson (Aug. 27) ... Sy Oliver guested with the Ron Roullier big band July 26 at Clarkstown High School ... The International Art of Jazz has presented Stanley Turrentine, Ruth Brown and Seldon Powell, Billy Mitchell's septet with Dakota Staton, Marian and Jimmy McPartland's All Stars, and Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers in its ongoing summer jazz program on Long Island. Upcoming: repeats by Mitchell-Staton (Bellport, Aug. 20) and Brown-Powell (Riverhead, Aug. 27) and the Buddy Tate Septet (Southaven, Sept. 3). For information, call (516) 261-5582 ... The Brooklyn MUSE presented concerts by Lester Forte, Cal Massey, Archie Shepp and Stella Marrs in July and August, Kenny Rogers plays Aug. 17, and there is a jam session each Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. ... Gulliver's in West Paterson, N.J. had Jimmy Raney and Howie Collins (plus bassist Mike Moore), Junior Mance, Jazz Impact (Hank Jones, Harold Lieberman, George Duvivier, Ronnie Bedford and guitarist Ron Prestia), and Maxine Sullivan in July ... The Papa Bue Viking Jazz Band from Denmark was presented by the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club July 7 at the Holiday Inn in Meriden. The Club held its annual River Boat Cruise Aug. 12 with music by the Black Eagle Jazz Band.

Los Angeles: There must be a "place" for Scott Ellsworth. After KFI cancelled Ellsworth's extremely popular "Scott's Place"—an all-night jazz interview show—Scott took over a room at Torches West, in Woodland Hills, booking big bands and trying to generate a nostalgic interest in dancing "as it used to be." Well the torches went out, so Scott has now moved his "place" to Jimmy's Ballroom, in Monterey Park, and his plans are just as ambitious. For openers: **Les Brown;** for followers: the **World's Greatest Jazzband; Stan Kenton,** and **Harry James** ... Stan Kenton continues on his indefatigable tour combining clinics and concerts: Balboa, Calif., August 12; Sacramento State College, August 13-18; Oakland, August 19-20; Bakersfield, August 21; Disneyland, August 23-September 3; then a swing through Oregon, Washington, California and Arizona, during September ... Local 47, in Los Angeles, is boosting bands in a big way. The union

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sponsored a series of free concerts on the mall at Fashion Square, in Sherman Oaks, during July and August, featuring: Louis Bellson, Joe Marsala, Terry Gibbs, Henry Brandon, Don Ellis and Brandon's Big Brass Band (35 pieces) . . . And from July through September Local 47 has the *Cavalcade of Big Bands* featuring big bands every Tuesday afternoon and evening at the Union Auditorium. Among those participating: the Alf Clausen-Roger Neumann Jazz Ensemble, the Melba Liston-Leslie Drayton Big Band, Bill Tole, Steve Spiegl, Dick Carey, Bud Osgood, Bob Jung, Billy Brooks, Kim Richmond and Clyde Reasinger . . . Disneyland kept a couple of bands working briefly, booking Alvin Rey and The King Sisters; and Tex Beneke and the Modernaires with Paula Kelly. Displaying something for everybody, Gary Puckett and the Union Gap could also be heard there . . . The Hollywood Bowl paid its own tribute to big band sounds with its 13th annual *Battle of the Bands*, with local bands, combos and singers from Southern California competing for honors. This year's judges: Leonard Feather, Ernie Freeman, Bob Florence, Tom Scott and Gerald Wilson. Guest conductor: Dave Grusin . . . Kenny Burrell hopped from the Parisian Room to Shelly's Manne-Hole following James Moody who worked with a local rhythm section: Gildo Mahones, piano; Louis Spears, bass; and Mdugu, drums . . . The Lighthouse presented Cannonball Adderley for a week and brought in Charles Lloyd and Michael White for consecutive one-nighters . . . The Baked Potato filled its typical week with Tom Scott, Don Randi and Harry "Sweets" Edison . . . Ike and Tina Turner are scheduled to make things

simmer September 29 to October 1 at the Valley Music Theater . . . Thelma Houston was in the Hong Kong Bar for two weeks, backed by pianist Lanny Haetley; guitarist Greg Poree; fender bassist Eddie Khan; and drummer Michael Carvin . . . The Ash Grove had a continuous blues policy through July and August with the Pure Food and Drug Act (Don "Sugarcane" Harris and Harvey Mandel); the Johnny Otis Show; Jimmy Witherspoon; and Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry . . . The most recent exploration into chamber jazz took place at UCLA when the Baroque Jazz Ensemble presented its usual hybrid sounds from Mozart, Bach and Ravel to Herbie Hancock and Jimmy Van Heusen . . . Billy Eckstine is due to headline at the Hong Kong Bar September 11-30. Among the recent highlights at Donte's: Carmen McRae, backed by John Hammond, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Andy Simpkins, bass; and Frank Severino, drums; and the first time appearance at Donte's for Lee Konitz, along with Richie Kamuca, Dolo Coker, Larry Gales and Jake Hanna . . . Tom Scott was all over Donte's. So were Joe Pass and Herb Ellis as co-leaders, as well as another shared combo: Laurindo Almeida and Bud Shank . . . Kent Glenn's 14-piece band melted the Ice House in Pasadena . . . And we are told by Tommy Vig in a hurricane of Hungarian hyperbole that Howard Johnson melted Peck Park with his tuba solos. Johnson was among soloists Benny Powell, Bob Cooper, Milt Bernhardt, John Collins, Dave Wells, Jackie Kelso and Oscar Brashear in Vig's 19-piece band. In the next city-sponsored gig, Vig led a sextet that included Herb Ellis, Blue Mitchell and Walter Bishop, Jr. . . . Harold

Land brought his quintet into Shelly's for a week . . . July at Funky Quarters, in San Diego, resounded to a variety of styles: John Lee Hooker, Cannonball Adderley, Gabor Szabo, Charlie Byrd, Tim Weisberg, Sweat Hog (that's right) and Gerald Wilson's big band . . . John Klemmer gave a lecture-performance on contemporary jazz at UCLA. He was scheduled to gig at Funky Quarters in mid-August, shortly after his latest album, *Waterfalls*, was to be released on Impulse . . . Johnny Lane, the Dixieland clarinetist, is still going strong in the traditional vein. Recent appearances included the El Dorado Club House, in Long Beach; and Fashion Square, in Sherman Oaks . . . Walter Bishop, Jr. is getting deeper and deeper into his *Music Is Religion* concept, working that theme into a number of recent seminars at his West Hollywood pad. Among those participating or observing: Harold Land, senior and Junior; Buddy Collette, Blue Mitchell, Tommy Turrentine, Kirk Lightsey, Reggie Johnson, Joe Pass, John Collins, Herman Riley, Oscar Brashear, John Duke, Britt Woodman, Larry Gales. Bishop worked with Sonny Stitt at Shelly's; then led a group for two concerts at the Lighthouse: Ernie Watts, reeds; Woody Murray, vibes; Bishop, piano; John Williams, bass; and William Jeffrey, drums . . . The Crusaders (nee Jazz Crusaders) shared The Hollywood Palladium with Hugh Masekela . . . And on the rock scene, July-Aug., we've had all degrees of decibels: The Guess Who, Seatrain, Buddy Miles, Alice Cooper, Three Dog Night with John Kay, Yes with Edgar Winter, Jeff Beck, Faces, The Allman Brothers, and the Isaac Hayes Movement: Isaac Hayes with Hot Butter and Soul. Of course, hot butter and soul could give rise to any number of movements.

Washington, D.C.: The Kennedy Center Concert Hall came to life with Buddy Rich, singer Etta Jones, and groups led by Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk . . . Mr. Henry's on Capitol Hill, which terminated name bookings late last year, is at it again, having presented on-week stands by Young-Holt Unlimited and Ahmad Jamal's trio. Jamal and his men (Jamil Nasser, bass; Frank Gant, drums) also performed in the Left Bank Jazz Society Jazz Survival Concert IV, joined by George Benson's quartet (Dave Hubbard, tenor sax; Lonnie Smith, organ; Alvin Queen, drums). Survival Concert V featured Leon Thomas and his sextet, poet Gil Scott-Heron, and the Gato Barbieri Sextet . . . At Bill Cannon's Blues Alley, attractions have included the Chuck Mangione Quartet (Gerry Neiwand, reeds, flutes; Joel diBartolo, bass; Ron Davis, drums); Maxine Sullivan, Tyree Glenn, Bobby Hackett, and Marian McPartland. Ms. McPartland recorded with the Air Force Airmen Of Note while here, as did Ethel Ennis. The airmen, among the area's busy service bands, participated in the Rockville Arts Festival with a free concert. Their Navy colleagues, The Commodores, held an all-day jazz stage band workshop here recently, and also did a free concert at the Departmental Auditorium . . . Bill Harris, who recently received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, premiered his *Wes Montgomery Suite* at Cramton Auditorium, where the guitarist also participated in a benefit concert for the D.C. Special Olympics for Retarded Children, with Rahsaan Roland Kirk, the Sharon Ridley Trio, and Black Heat .

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Chicago: Recent attractions at the London House included Ramsey Lewis, Urbie Green, Charlie Byrd and Roy Eldridge, who closed a two-week stint Aug. 13. Eldridge used Chuck Folds, piano; Ted Sturgis, bass, and Eddie Locke, drums. Mongo Santamaria follows Eldridge with a Aug. 15-Sept. 3 booking . . . The Pharoahs, a 12-member jazz-soul unit, played a two-weeker at the Happy Medium. The group was also spotlighted on Earl McGhee's *Transition* jazz program on WNIB-FM (97.1). Broadcast hours are 11 p.m.-2 (Friday), 10 p.m.-2 (Saturday) and 11:30 p.m.-2 (Sunday). Sunday shows in July were dedicated to single artists, with Eric Kloss, Keith Jarrett, Gary Bartz and Hugh Masekela featured . . . Artists featured recently at the Brown Shoe included Charles Mingus (with John Faddis, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto sax; Bobby Jones, reeds;

John Foster, piano; Roy Brooks, drums etc.). Ahmad Jamal (his first Chicago booking in several years) and Pharoah Sanders . . . Bill Russo's rock opera packed them in during a lengthy run at the Kinston Mines Theater. The work is written for two guitars, keyboard, percussion, bass, flute and horn . . . The Siegal-Schwall Blues Band and the Gallery En-



semble were among the musical artists featured during the Chicago Poor Arts Festival, held at the Uptown Center July 15-Aug. 13 . . . Stan Kenton's Orchestra, in the area for a Civic Opera House concert and a clinic-concert at Northern Illinois University in DeKalb, has a new drummer—Peter Erskine replacing veteran Jerry McKenzie . . . The

Four Torches continues to feature the Eddie Piccard Trio and Genesis . . . The annual Summerfest in Milwaukee, Wis. had Dionne Warwick, Ray Charles, the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra with the Siegal-Schwall Blues Band, a rock revival with Jerry Lee Lewis and Fats Domino, Aretha Franklin, the Riverboat Ramblers and Buddy Montgomery, B.B. King, Edgar Winter, J. Geils, the Glenn Miller-Buddy De Franco Orchestra and a rock spectacular with The Doors, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Dr. John.

San Francisco: The El Matador was hit by fire in June but soon reopened. Cal Tjader's group was featured through July 15 with Carmen McRae slated to follow . . . A concert

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at the Berkeley Community Theatre featured **Curtis Mayfield, David T. Walker and Merry Clayton** . . . Azteca, a new Latin-rock-jazz band, made its debut recently at the Kabuki Theatre in the Japanese Trade and Cultural Center. The group includes 14 musicians, some from the Santana and Cesar's Combo bands. Led by percussionist **Coke Escovedo**, the group also has trumpeter **Tom Harrell**, brass men **Bob Ferreria** and **Jules Powell**, pianist **Flip Nunez**, guitarists **Neal Schan** and **Michael Shrine**, congaist **George Muribus**, percussionist **Armando Perazza**, and vocalist-percussionist **Pete Escovedo**. The group has also played to large crowds in San Diego and is slated for a tour of Japan. **Gabor Szabo** opened each of their shows at the Kabuki . . . **Mark's Club** Francisco closed its doors in June with a gala farewell party with music and free buffet . . . **Bayette (Todd Cochran)** is making his initial club appearances in the Bay area. His quartet (**Mgunda (Dave Johnson)** reeds, **Honza Phillips**, electric bass; **Augustus Collins**, drums, percussion) has appeared at the **Keystone Korner** in S.F. and the **New Orleans House** in Berkeley . . . The new jazz policy at the **Keystone Korner** (which also features rock) found the groups of violinist **Michael White (Ed Kelley, piano; Roy Drummond, bass; Kenneth Nash, percussion), Periphera, Charles Moffett (Moffett, trumpet, vibes, drums; Keyshave Mizlok, violin, sax, flute; Amil Ramm, bass), Hadley Caliman, and Bobby Hutcherson** appearing in July and early August with **Chico Hamilton** and **Cecil Taylor** due for September gigs . . . Pianists **Art Fletcher** and **Lou Jones** (alternating) with bassist **Edgar Williams Jr.** are featured on weekends at **Solomon Grundy's** in the Berkeley Marina . . . **Earthquake McGoon's** had the **Barry Martyn Jazz Band**, a group composed of British, Japanese and American musicians who also played recent dates in Wisconsin and New Orleans . . . A Palo Alto club, **In Your Ear**, featured **Jon Hendricks'** group which is occasionally augmented, L.H.R. style, with the addition of Hendricks' wife **Judy** and daughter **Michelle**.

Dallas: **Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band** of San Antonio, which drew 2,000 in the Alamo City for its May 27 World Series joust with the **World's Greatest Jazz Band**, appeared in July at Dallas' First United Methodist Church in the Chautauqua series "Celebration of Life" . . . Arranger-pianist **Dave Zoller**

acted as guest conductor for singer **Marian Love's** engagement at the Fairmont Hotel. **Zoller** lead the **Jerry Grey** band and wrote most of Ms. Love's charts . . . **Jimmy Reed** and **Freddie King** were among recent guest headliners at **Mother Blues** where **Tony Joe White** participated in an impromptu session with resident attraction **Buckwheat Stevenson** . . . The **Four Freshmen** played a week at the **Loser's**, following **Buddy Greco** . . . Pianist **Lloyd Hebert**, bassist **John Gianelli** and drummer **Jim Vaughan** form an outstanding trio behind singer **Marcus Capatillo** at the **Marriott Hotel's Sirloin & Saddle Club** . . . Elsewhere at the **Marriott**, guitarist **Jim Shannon** and singing wife **Mary** form the cocktail hour duo in the **Los Columbo Room**. On weekends, **Jim** is one-third of drummer **Bob Stewart's** jazz trio (with organist **Raymond Green**) at **Fort Worth's Flamingo Club** . . . After a lengthy stint as **Marilyn Maye's** accompanist, pianist **Mark Franklin** is back working with his own trio at several Dallas area spots.

Germany: The fourth East-West Jazz Festival in Nuremberg drew about 10,000 visitors. More than 100 musicians performed the concerts and jazz-ambiente. During the ambiente, 10 groups played at four different places of the concert hall during the five-hour program . . . Bassist **Gunter Lenz** of the **Albert Mangelsdorff Quartet** left the group to join **Kurt Edelhagen's** big band. **Mangelsdorff**, very active currently in Germany, is looking for another bassist . . . The Swiss-German group, **Four For Jazz**, will disband later this year . . . **Wolfgang Dauner's Etcetera (Fred Braceful, Frank St. Peter, Peter Warren, Mathias Thurow)** and the new **Dave Pike Set** were featured in the **MPS Rockin' Pop Jazz Express** which toured the country in late May. **Attila Zoller** was also heard with **Etcetera**. The **Pike** group toured South America in June for the second time. The tour included 12 concerts in Brazil, with other dates in Buenos Aires and Mexico. The tour was sponsored by the German Goethe Institutes . . . Another jazz festival was held in early June in Heidelberg . . . **Joachim E. Berendt** will produce a jazz festival during the Olympic Games in Munich. **Jazz Now**, from Aug. 17-20. Featured will be **Jimmy Witherspoon, John Lee Hooker, Joe Turner, T-Bone Walker, Africa Now (with Ginger Baker and Art Blakey), Charles Mingus, Freddy Hubbard, Albert Mangelsdorff, Stanely Turrentine, and others**.

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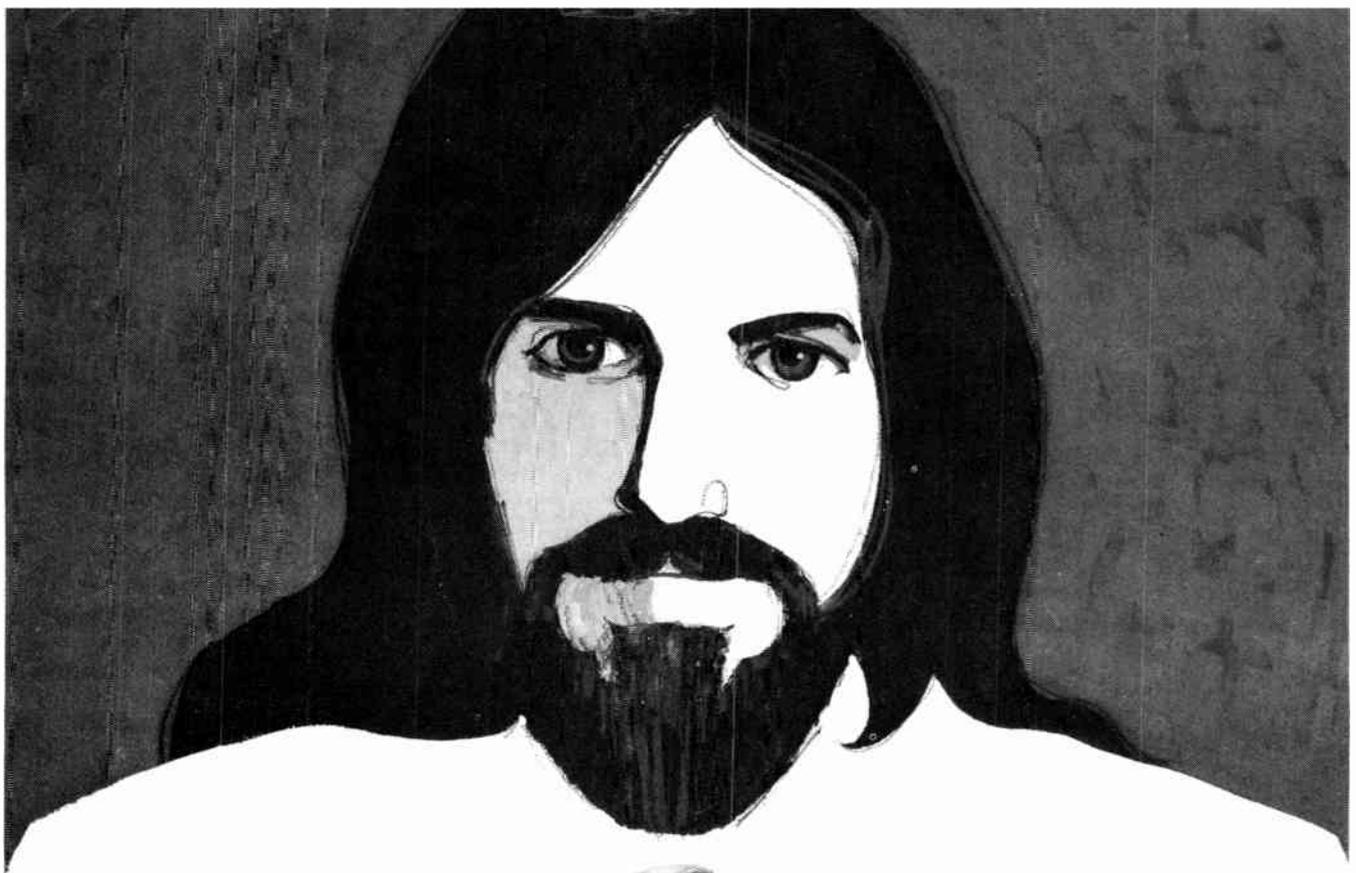
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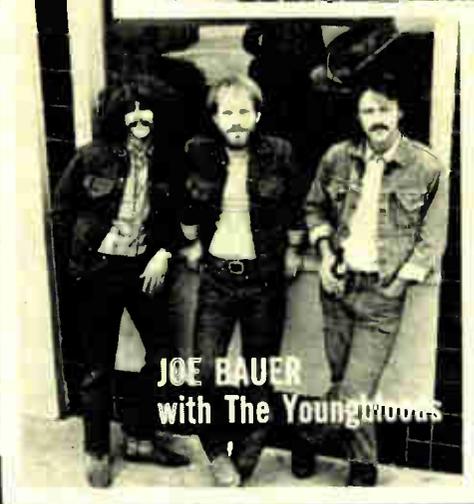
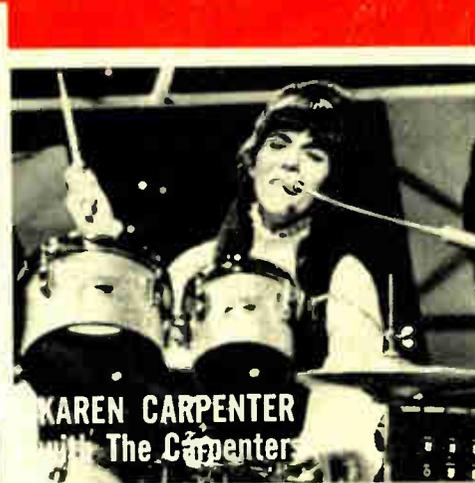
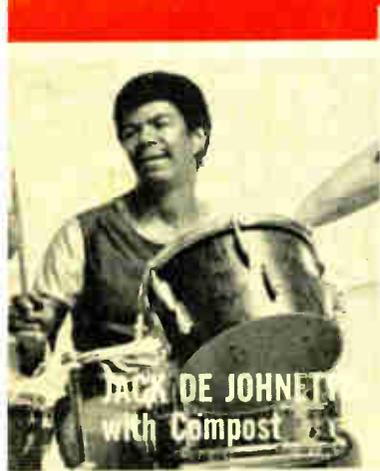
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