THURSDAY

30

OCTOBER

★

"AMERICAN FOLK, BLUES AND GOSPEL FESTIVAL '69"

featuring

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ALBERT KING AND HIS BLUES BAND

★

THE STARS OF FAITH

from "Black Nativity"

★

OTIS SPANN

★

JOHN LEE HOOKER

★

CHAMPION JACK DUPREE

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THE ROBERT PATTERSON SINGERS

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FOLK, BLUES AND GOSPEL

The Blues is a musical formula, a very simple one, which consists of twelve bars of music. Within those twelve bars the vital shifts of harmony occur in the fourth and eighth bars. So far as the words are concerned, they too are simple in structure, a line of iambic pentameter running through the first four bars, the same line repeated in the second section of four, and then a climactic line, in the same metre to fill in the last four bars. A musicologist could digest the whole business in about ten seconds, and even an instrumental beginner could pick up the rudiments in a few days. Why, then, is the Blues so difficult a form to master that it is accepted as a truism in jazz that nobody is a really outstanding player unless he posseses mastery of the Blues?

The answer lies in its very simplicity. The artist has very little technically to hang on to. When the chord structure has a change of harmony every bar, or perhaps even every two beats, there is plenty of verbiage with which the soloist can camouflage his inadequacies. But with the blues, the form is so sparse that it offers no cover at all. This means that it presents the severest of all tests for the musician, who has nothing but his own innate talent to call upon.

There are other considerations which help to explain the astonishing durability of the Blues over the last fifty years, and why its form has inspired some of the greatest jazz performances we know of. The most fascinating one is that despite its basic simplicity from a harmonic point of view, there are irresistible emotional implications in the way its chord changes fall. That vital change in the fourth bar, for instance, where the entire structure turns off in a new direction. The effect of this is as of a deep sigh of resignation which never fails to move the listener. When I was an apprentice musician a long time ago, I remember the impact that *'Blues Of Israel'* had on me. The moment where the trumpet of Nate Kazebier arrives at that fourth bar and moves with a melancholy flourish into the chord change is a key moment in my own appreciation of jazz, because it explained in a few notes what people mean when they talk about the emotional intensity and the sincerity of expression in the Blues.

Again in the eighth bar when the harmonies prepare themselves for the return to their starting point. Here is another poetic moment, because that return implies an acceptance of all the misfortunes which may have been expressed earlier on. It is no wonder that supreme masters of the idiom like Charlie Parker and Louis Armstrong turned back repeatedly to the Blues and left us with a priceless legacy, Armstrong in the late 1920s, Parker in the middle 1940s.

But in this evening's concert we have to consider not only instrumental blues but vocal blues. In the old days the great blues singers might not always know what the lines were till they arrived at them. As they sang that first four-bar statement, they knew that they had another four bars in which to think of their last unifying statement. The sentiments expressed are usually uncomplicated, but redeemed from simple-mindedness by their honest poetry. On paper there is nothing particularly profound about some of the famous Blues lines, but sung by their inventors, they take on an utterly new dimension. Jack Teagarden's

I was born in Texas, raised in Tennessee,
I said I was born in Texas, raised in Tennessee,
And I aint gonna let no woman make a fatmouth out of me.

has a worldliness that no merely printed version can ever convey. Likewise, Jimmy Rushing, by using that unique succulent voice, could sing a set of lyrics like

I walked all night, my feet got soaking wet,
I walked all night, my feet got soaking wet,
I was looking for my baby, but I aint found her yet.

and make them seem positively tragic, especially if you had a mental picture of the

THE ROBERT PATTERSON SINGERS

BLUES IN THE NIGHT
American Folk, Blues & Gospel Festival 1970
SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE
SISTER ROSETTA THARPE
BUKKA WHITE
CHAMPION JACK DUPREE
WILLIE DIXON'S CHICAGO BLUES ALL-STARS:
Shakey Horton, Lee Jackson, Clifton James, Lafayette Leak

(Produced by Harold Davison in conjunction with Lippmann and Rau)

ON the page, 'folk, blues and gospel' looks like a catalogue compiler's desperate attempt to classify the unclassifiable, similar to the admission of defeat implicit in the term 'miscellaneous'. It is, however, more of an astute recognition of the way distinctions—in real life as opposed to catalogues—have a way of becoming inconveniently blurred. And it's a very much better grouping than the one we would have got had such a touring package been possible just before or just after the war, when the blues was felt to be a subdivision of jazz rather than a parallel development, and gospel music wasn't really understood. And 'folk music' at that time meant either rough-voiced Norfolk wildfowlers croaking the unintelligible, or the white American handing back some of the English songs which had been exported to what was intended to be an English colony 300 years earlier.

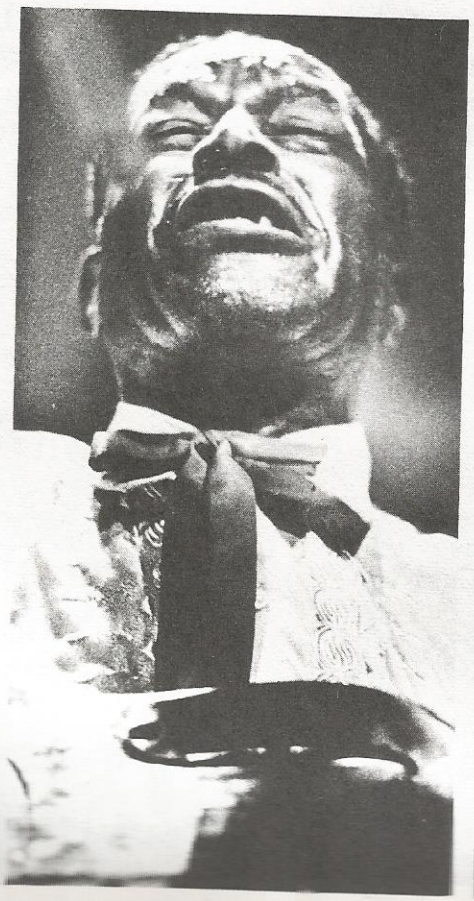
Largely through the work of scholars like Paul Oliver, and promoters like Lippmann & Rau, we've come to understand that the blues had, and still has, an existence completely independent from the main body of jazz. That perhaps three-quarters of the greatest jazz performances happened to have been based on the blues led musical historians to confuse possession with mere borrowing. Nowadays we have a popular music which borrows just as heavily from the blues as jazz ever did, though in a different way.

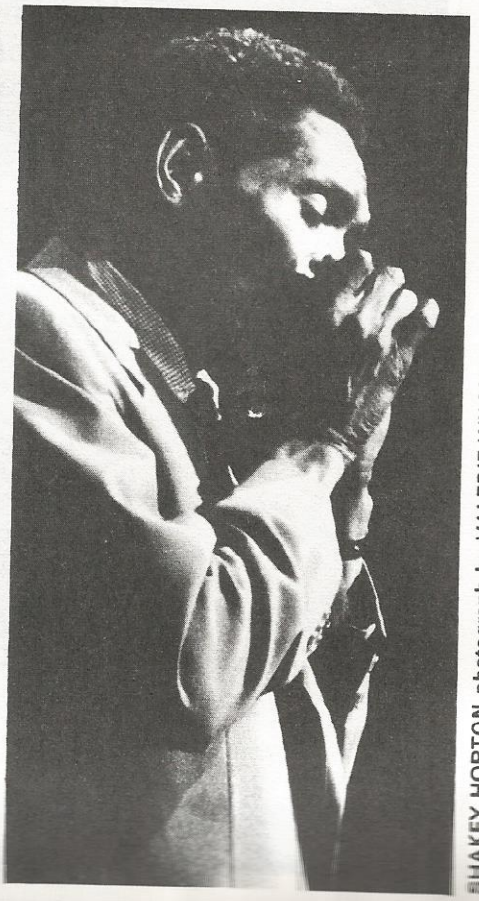
And that other element, gospel, was at one time considered—when it was considered at all—to be just a part of the larger expression of jazz. The old distinction—which has been very real to some gospel performers—between the sanctified and the sinful was looked on as a species of hairsplitting. It all sounded the same to us. The rhythms were like jazz, weren't they? Gospel singers, who admittedly seldom used the 12-bar form of the blues itself, nevertheless pulled all the vocal tricks of the blues singers, didn't they? And since the blues was, by hasty definition, just another part of jazz, that cleared up that little matter. The interesting part about all this is that just like the blues, gospel music is now one of the supremely important elements in present-day pop music. Not only in rhythm and 'feel' are there superficial resemblances; the very voices of pop have in many cases simply made the short sideways step from the church to the stage and thence to the studio.

Folk music, too, though now perhaps the hardest of the three to define with any accuracy, and the only one not to have been automatically scooped up into the jazz category, is another rich source for present-day pop. So what we have in this part of *EXPO* are not so much a group of jazz subdivisions, but an assembly of forms which, allied to jazz in some respects, are nevertheless the raw materials of the best of present-day pop music.

I implied earlier that a concert of this sort would have been impossible thirty-odd years ago. Hardly fair, because a concert conceived along the same lines was, in fact, assembled by John Hammond in the late thirties. There were two, in fact, in 1938-9, which in the vocabulary of the day were called 'From Spirituals to Swing'. I find it both astounding and pleasing that one of the participants in 'Spirituals to Swing' is actually on this bill tonight. He's the harmonica player-singer Sonny Terry, who then worked as a solo performer, but who soon after met the brilliant little singer-guitarist who's been his partner ever since—Brownie McGhee. Brownie has a smooth, mellow voice, exceptionally melodic, and is one of the blues guitar's minor virtuosos. Sonny, blind and inward-searching, has a harsh, often falsetto voice

BUKKA WHITE





SHAKEY HORTON photograph by VALERIE WILMER

gargantuan Rushing splashing about in the puddles.

This evening, therefore, the audience has to be listening acutely on two levels at once. First there is the impact of the music, and second there is the pathos of the words. In the best blues performers, these two entities should merge to form a third, that indefinable property we call Vocal Blues. In a way the artists on tonight's concert are more than just artists, although they themselves would probably see themselves as performers and no more. But a writer like Paul Oliver has shown in his books on the subject that the Blues are so significant a form, and the content of their lyrics so uncompromisingly honest, that an examination of their texts becomes a sociological as well as a musical study. The words to be sung by the artists this evening will create a picture of a whole philosophy of life, and where the whole thing becomes doubly fascinating is that this life they depict has already gone, or is in the process of going. We are listening to an era in dissolution, history on the wing.

Nobody knows quite how the blues began or where it originated. But it is fair to assume that once again the sociological clues are the ones to follow. The Blues came about because of the historical accident that a century ago an oppressed minority, dumped in an alien land, suddenly found itself with the letter but not the spirit of the law on its side. Emancipation was a myth on the Statute Book, so that the American negro after the Civil War found himself enjoying just enough freedom to realise that God intended him to have a great deal more. I make the reference to God because the religious inspiration, particularly through the Baptist Church, has been one of the potent factors in shaping the styles of many of the great Blues artists. The old popular idea of jazz and the Blues being nothing more than syncopated sin is just as wildly wrong as most other popular beliefs about jazz. The Blues has its secular arm, certainly, and the lyrics quoted from Teagarden and Rushing illustrate that. But it also has its devout side, which is why the juxtaposition of the words 'Blues' and 'Gospel' in this evening's programme is perfectly logical.

As to the word 'Folk', all this means is that the music being played has its roots in the subconscious musical sentiments of people who have never needed the mass commercialisation of music to help them express themselves. All races have a folk music. Fortunately for us, the Folk music of the American negro has flowered into one indigenous American art form to date, Jazz. (The fact that the American public at large has never had the sense to recognise that Jazz happens to be the one original contribution to art that its culture has so far made, may be due to cloth-headedness, or again may have more to do with political prejudice and racial bigotry than we sometimes realise.) Most of the artists on this evening's bill are veterans, which is why they are all so good at it. The Blues is a lifetime's study. A man must have lived if he is going to convey the experience of having lived in his words and music. Honesty, frankness, emotional directness, these are the virtues to look for, and the ones we will find this evening.

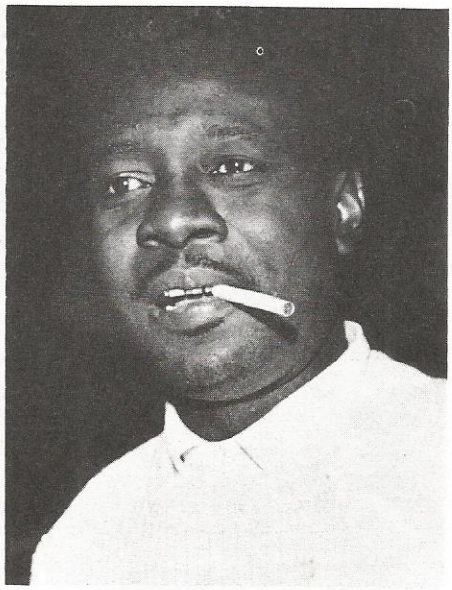
JOHN LEE HOOKER

One of the most priceless examples of an artist whose style embodies an archaic tradition but whose actual performance has a contemporary validity. Hooker represents a style of singing and playing which has more affinities with the nineteenth century than our own, but so consummate is his performing technique that he tempts the listener to think that perhaps after all the best music is timeless.

Born in Clarksdale, a small Mississippi town, in 1917, Hooker was raised in a religious atmosphere. His father and his brother were ministers of the church, and when he was fourteen he began his own devotions by singing spirituals. At sixteen he was studying guitar under the tutelage of Will Moore, and after doing local work for a while he moved, at the age of twenty-one, to Knoxville, Tennessee, where he remained for the next two years.

In 1941 he moved to Detroit, and it was now that he began to be more widely known, first to connoisseurs of the blues idiom, then to the more perceptive reviewers and finally to the public at large, which has followed his exploits ever since. Usually the dangers inherent in a move like Hooker's to Detroit are that the intensity of the performance will become diluted by commercial pressures. The example of Huddie Ledbetter is a case in point, but it is greatly to Hooker's credit that today, a world figure in music, his work reflects the same emotional integrity which it always did. The jazz historian Marshall Stearns, in a famous appraisal, once put Hooker's essence into a few words. 'He is one of the few truly authentic exponents of archaic guitar style, a style which may well go back to Civil War days.'

JOHN LEE HOOKER photograph by VALERIE WILMER



OTIS SPANN

CHAMPION JACK DUPREE

which he merges imperceptibly into the savagely percussive outbursts that come from his mouth harp. In thirty years of appearing together they have brought to their performances the professionalism of the more orthodox musical stage without the slickness of the commercial act.

The idea that gospel singing was merely jazz singing with 'God' instead of 'baby' in the lyrics may have started with Sister Rosetta Tharpe. In the late thirties, when she was in her early twenties, Rosetta crossed the line herself repeatedly, singing things like *God don't like it* on the one hand on record, and blues and secular numbers with the likes of Cab Calloway, in public, on the other. For years, spiritual singers had recorded the occasional blues under the protection of a pseudonym, and blues singers had now and then gone sanctified—again under phoney names. But Rosetta, with one of the best voices ever to be raised in praise of the Lord or anyone else, did all this openly and with ease. She has worked with no compunction whatever with jazz musicians (in particular the pianist Sammy Price) and is an exciting if rudimentary jazz guitarist herself.

Bukka White's rough, exciting voice, which sounds as though he holds it in his cheek, like a plug of tobacco, before letting it go, is something we should never have heard if there hadn't been a furious burst of discovering and rediscovering in the blues field in the sixties. He'd recorded for Victor in 1930, then again in 1937 for Vocalion. By 1939 he was in prison, where Library of Congress workers found him and recorded him. In 1940 Lester Melrose, brother of the better-known Frank (pianist), secured Bukka's parole and he recorded again, being paid $17.50 per title. In subsequent years he drifted out of sight in the manner of so many other blues artists and was only recently rediscovered after some shrwed detective work based on geographical references in a blues. Bukka White was last in England in 1967.

'Her mouth is so pointy she can eat an apple through a picket fence.' Assuming it's possible ever to forget a name like Champion Jack Dupree, I'll certainly always remember the first time I heard that line, in a song of his called *Mother-in-law blues* on an Atlantic LP about ten or eleven years ago. That the man who sang that sort of thing, and who played ringing, sprawling barrel-house piano, should be able to settle down and make a living in this country would have seemed utterly impossible then, had anybody bothered to think of the idea. But in the middle sixties, that's just what he did. He may not be making a fortune, but he's doing better at it than he did in America in the thirties, when Depression conditions led him to take up the fight game for a while. He was born in New Orleans about 1910, and sang and played professionally long before he made his first records in the early forties. From then until his departure for Europe some time in the early sixties he recorded regularly, and has appeared on a number of records since, some of them made in Denmark. He now lives in the north of England.

I get the impression that Willie Dixon is a sort of complete one-man blues business in Chicago. He writes blues for just about everybody, he arranges blues recording sessions and produces them, plays bass, comperes, everything. Mind you, he's a huge man, as anyone who saw him in those pioneer blues festivals in the early sixties will remember. Born in Vicksburg, Mississippi, in 1915, he appeared at first to have been designed in accordance with a specification for heavyweight boxers, and for some years he was quite a successful fighter. By 1940 he was playing bass in small club bands around Chicago. These bands appear to have been named in an odd, descending numerical sequence; there was the Five Breezes, then the Four Jumps at Jive; finally the Big Three Trio, with which Willie also started his recording career. Whether or not he does his big comedy routine number, *N-n-nervous*, this large man is almost bound to emerge during the evening, not just as the fine bass player he clearly is, but as something of a comedian.

SISTER ROSETTA THARPE photograph by VALERIE WILMER

Drummer Clifton James is the one member of the Chicago Blues All-Stars who actually comes from Chicago itself. Born there nearly 40 years ago, he started the important part of his professional career as drummer to Bo Diddley. He has also recorded with Muddy Waters and the late Sonny Boy Williamson and was in England with the 1964 version of the Folk Blues festival.

Walter Shakey Horton plays that indispensable blues instrument, the harmonica. He was born 52 years ago in the State of Mississippi, but near enough to Memphis to belong to that city's blues traditions. He worked there both as a musician and in less satisfying jobs, like cab driving. Early in the life of the Memphis-based record label, Sun, which began in 1952, he became one of its recording artists. Like a lot of them, he eventually went on to Chicago, where he recorded with Muddy Waters, Otis Rush and others. He's been to Europe a couple of times previously.

Guitarist Lee Jackson has never been to Europe before, although he is the oldest member of the Chicago All-Stars. Exact details of his career are not easy to come by, but he has made records from time to time, one or two even under his own leadership. One band on a date of his own is interesting for containing Harold Ashby, the jazz tenor player who is now with Duke Ellington. Blues artists with whom he has recorded as accompanist include Roosevelt Sykes, Sunnyland Slim and Homesick James Williamson.

Pianist Lafayette Leak is almost the ultimate in blues session men in Chicago—indeed, his activities range some way outside standard blues circles, since he has worked a great deal with spiritual and gospel groups and his musical interests embrace the work of just about all the great jazz pianists. He has worked with Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Homesick James and Junior Wells, and he's a blues composer of considerable merit.

ALBERT KING

The half-brother of B. B. King, Albert King was born in Indianola, Mississippi, in April, 1923, and was eighteen before he became involved in music. This is late development in the Blues world, where so many of the masters have been playing literally for as long as they can remember, but King wasted no time once the message had been received. 'Something about the sounds got me. I wanted to be able to play and make the sounds I heard in my head.' He remembers that he used to slip off on Saturday nights to hear Dorothy Daily playing guitar blues, and also names Peter Wheatstraw, 'The Devil's Son-in-Law', as another influence.

King is a self-taught guitarist, which explains why when he plays he breaks all the rules.

'Nobody showed me what to do,' he says. 'Everything I do is wrong. When I play the guitar, I play it left-handed. People often ask me why, but there's not really any reason for it except that I learned to play that way. I just picked up the guitar and started playing.'

At first he played as a relaxation from his work, driving a bulldozer, and by the time he was into his professional career proper he was also into his thirties.

'Those years were lean. Country folk were really poor then, and you had to be real careful with the customers. They shouldn't think you were uppity.'

In 1956 he made his first, unsuccessful recordings, and it was not till the mid-1960s, with Stax Records, that he began to sell in any quantity. His first Stax album, '*Born Under A Bad Sign*', started slowly and gathered pace as it went along, and the releases that followed reflected this trend. King tours a great deal, but has his heart set on a slightly less nomadic life. He owns a club, 'Albert King's New Harlem Club', in Osceola, Arkansas, fifty miles north of Memphis, Tennessee, and it is here he always heads for when touring itineraries permit.

ALBERT KING

THE STARS OF FAITH

There are five of them, and they are among the most hypnotic performers to go on to any stage. They were first formed in 1958, and have since travelled all over the world, from Carnegie Hall and Madison Square to Berlin (with Martin Luther King), Copenhagen (a Command Performance for the Royal Family), Italy, Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Switzerland, Greece, Austria, Luxembourg. Their biggest initial success, the one which established them on an international level, was their three-year stint in Langston Hughes's '*Black Nativity*', but it was their appearance in Jazz Expo last year which really established them in this country. Their show in the BBC TV series 'Jazz At The Maltings' was a fantastic triumph of fervour and high spirits over the inhibiting influence of technicians and cameras, and their concert appearances were best described by Sinclair Traill, who, in attempting to describe their effect, sounds rather like a man who has been hit over the head and finds he likes it:

. . . The Stars of Faith, who exposed us to such a riot of singing and handclapping as I don't remember witnessing before. The group with deliberate care build up to a surging climax, when one of their number roams amongst the audience, lays on the beat with repeated calls and urgent handclaps.

You have been warned.

THE STARS OF FAITH photograph by VALERIE WILMER

CHAMPION JACK DUPREE

One of the most convivial characters ever to tour Britain, Jack is a much-loved man over here. He has done tours and concerts in this country frequently and over a long span of years, and has never failed to be successful, on the social as well as the musical plane. Born in New Orleans in July, 1910, he was still a schoolboy when he was listening to the pianists of the Red Light district, where an obscure player called 'Drive 'Em Down' became his idol. 'Drive 'Em Down' was soon showing Champion Jack the rudiments of vocal and blues piano, and to this day Jack includes several of his old themes in his repertoire.

Champion Jack turned professional in 1930, just about the worst moment in modern American history for anybody to turn professional at anything, and after a short while he realised that things were too difficult to cope with. He needed a new profession, and he soon found one. He became a prizefighter. For eight years, through the 1930s, he boxed as a lightweight, and to quote him on the subject, 'I did pretty well too; only lost one fight in the eight years I was a professional'.

In 1940 he returned to music, and in that year made more than twenty titles for the Okeh label. His British releases appear on Blue Horizon, among others, and one of his more recent issues has been '*When You Feel The Feeling You Was Feeling*' (Blue Horizon S 7-63206).

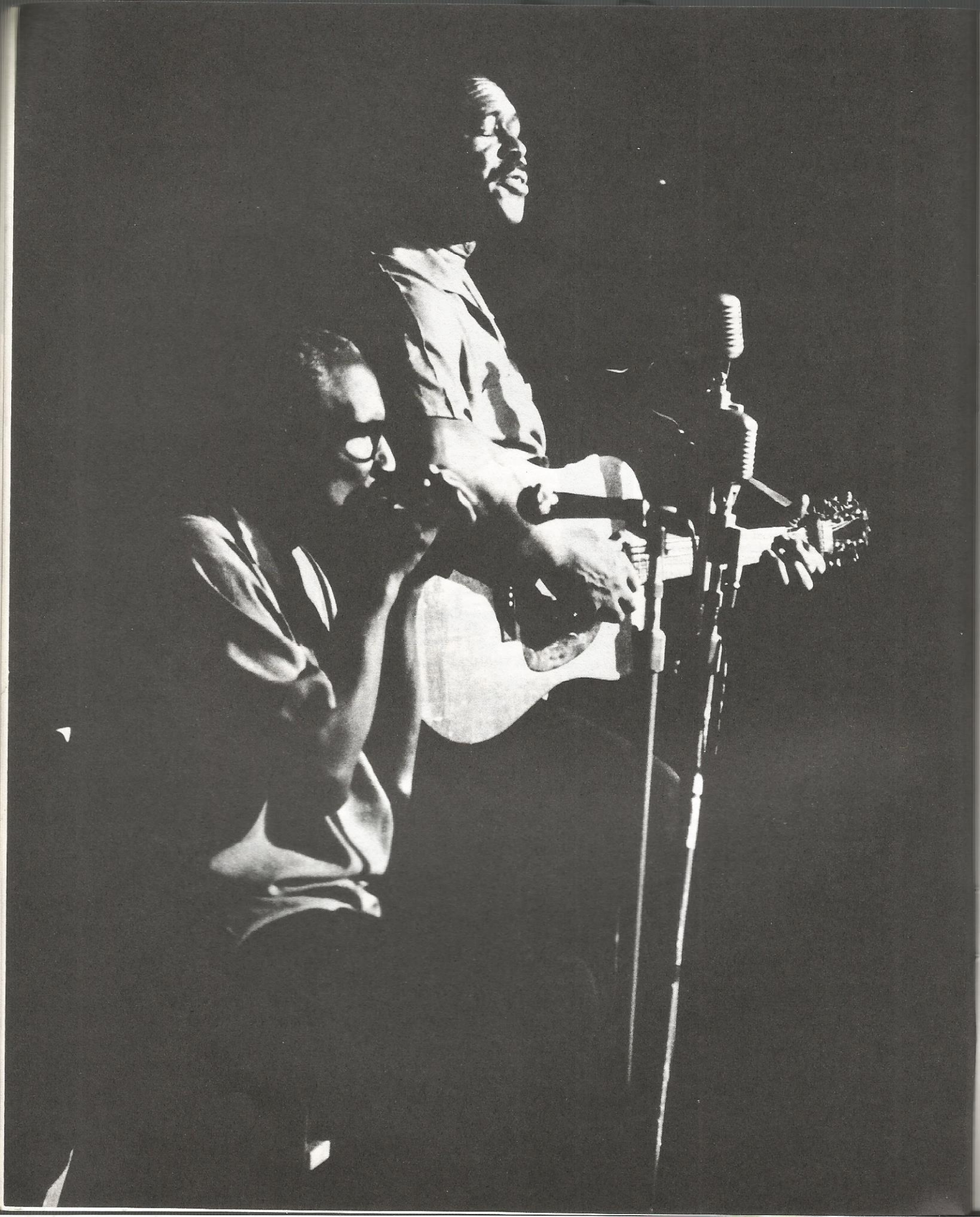
OTIS SPANN

Blues singer-pianist Spann was born in Jackson, Mississippi, in March, 1930, into a musical family where his mother played blues guitar and his father played blues piano. By the time he was seven, without any formal training, he was playing piano himself. At eight he won first prize in a local blues contest, and by the time he was fourteen was already a professional, working in a local blues band.

In 1947 he went to Chicago and joined forces with his half-brother, McKinley Morganfield, known to us today as Muddy Waters. This was to be the vital association of his life, a professional partnership which survived right up to this year. Only in 1969 did Spann decide to branch out in a solo career. However, during his long years with Waters, he also found time to work with many other outstanding blues performers, among them Chuck Berry, Howling Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson and Little Walter.

Critic Pete Welding once said of Spann: 'I have long been of the conviction that Spann is the most wholly stimulating blues pianist currently operative, an impressive and markedly individual soloist of great rhythmic strength, and by far the most responsive and sensitive of accompanying musicians in the whole modern blues idiom . . . easily the most forceful contemporary representative of the sturdy Southern piano style exemplified in the playing of such masters as Roosevelt Sykes and Big Maceo Merriweather.'

Leonard Feather adds: '. . . equally effective as a blues singer, a powerful and individual stylist.'



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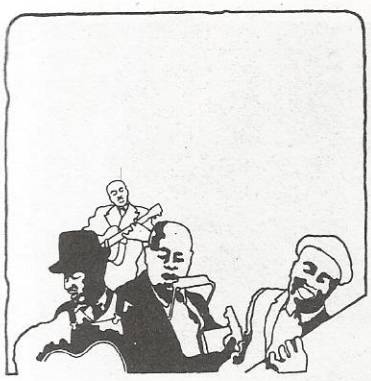


THURSDAY

24

OCTOBER

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

6.45 & 9.10 pm

★

"THE AMERICAN FOLK BLUES FESTIVAL '68"

featuring

JIMMY REED
JOHN LEE HOOKER
T-BONE WALKER
CURTIS JONES
BIG JOE WILLIAMS
THE EDDIE TAYLOR BLUES BAND

PRODUCED BY LIPPMANN & RAU

BLUES NIGHT

As the word "Blues" is used so freely, not only inside the jazz world, but also by people who stand on the fringes from time to time and pontificate about it, perhaps it would be as well to try to define what we mean by the very word "Blues". The confusion begins immediately, because we find we mean two different things which happened to have been given the same name. Both these meanings have some relevance in jazz terms, which only compounds the problem, because it is therefore possible to hold a conversation about jazz, use the word "Blues" twice in the same sentence and still mean two very different things indeed.

In the broader sense the word Blues means depression or melancholy. It is a much more venerable word that many of us who use it realise. Entymologists are still arguing about who coined it and when, but certainly in the eighteenth century a writer like Washington Irving could use it to describe a fit of despondency without implying he was introducing neologisms into his writing. To have the blues in Washington Irving's sense had then and has now nothing to do with music, although there are times when it does come into the musical context, as we shall see.

The other meaning of The Blues is the jazz meaning. The word is nothing more than a shorthand term for a harmonic formula which lasts twelve bars and goes through a formalised succession of chord changes, so that when a musician announces he is about to play the Blues in whatever key, the other musicians in the group know intsantly what to play against him. Originally this harmonic formula consisted of only three primal chord changes, hence the theory, which still contains a great deal of truth, that playing the blues is the acid test of a jazzman's ability, because with only a skeletal sequence to support him, the improvisor has nothing left with which to make jazz but his own powers of invention. But in the last twenty years some of the truth has departed from this claim, although not all. This is because as modern musicians have progressed, they have amended the Blues sequence, added passing chords to it and embellished it with all sorts of arcane refinements, so that although, say, King Oliver and John Coltrane are using the same sequence when they played the Blues, Oliver might use four chords where Coltrane would use twenty four.

Most of the confusion in the public mind, and particularly that part of the public mind which involves itself with instruments of the mass media, has arisen because the Blues as depression has been mixed up with the Blues as music. We all know what imbecilities have been perpetrated over the years by Hollywood, which always seemed to believe that in order to play a slow blues a musician must have just received some crushing item of news, usually the departure of his girl friend to the next town, and to play a fast blues some equally inspiring piece of news, usually the arrival of his girl friend from the next town. This is all nonsense. So far from worrying about the progress of his private life while playing, the musician has no time to think of anything but the changing chords as they fly past on the wings of the tempo.

Tonight's musicians, however, are the type which do, in a way, bring the two differing conceptions of the Blues together into one meaning. They are artists who use the traditional as distinct from the modern, amended form of the Blues, and much of the content of their songs is concerned with that other meaning of the Blues, the personal despair, the wry acceptance of bad times, the deep depressions which come when life is going badly. But not all their songs are sad. Some are joyous, and these latter may serve to remind us that the Blues, despite its mordid reputation, can convey feelings of the utmost high spirits and optimism.

The great difference between the Blues being played the rest of this week and the Blues being played tonight is that tonight most of the variations on this ancient theme will be expressed with words as well as with music, and here we come to the very heart of the Blues as a musical form. Instrumental jazz has produced many blues masterpieces in all stages of the music's development, from Louis Armstrong's great recordings of the late 1920s, *Melancholy Blues*, *Wild Man Blues*, *Potato Head Blues*, right down to the modern era, when Charlie Parker made a parallel series of recordings like *Now's the Time*, *Cool Blues* and *Billie's Bounce*. Naturally the contrast in harmonic content between Parker and Armstrong was vast, even though the basic musical formula they were using was identical. This contrast appeared at least on the surface to be so great that for many years some of the most acute critical brains in jazz firmly believed that what Parker was playing was not jazz at all. But today an examination of the evidence shows that the more the Blues has changed, the more it remains the same.

Vocal blues is a very different affair. Here we find another formula which has been grafted on to the harmonic formula of three basic chord changes moving in four-bar sections. The lyrical convention of the blues is that the lines be written in iambic pentameter (Five stresses to the line, for example, "*I was BORN in TEXas, RAISED in TENNessEE*"), and that each line, occupying two bars, be repeated, except for the last line, which rounds off the thought being expressed and occupies the last four bars of the sequence. For instance, in the verse whose opening line is quoted popularised by the late Jack Teagarden, the full verse occupying twelve bars would go—

I was born in Texas, raised in Tennessee,
I said I was born in Texas, raised in Tennesse,
and I aint gonna let any woman make a fatmouth outa me.

In passing it might be worth mentioning that imabic pentameter happens to be Shakespeare's favourite blank verse rhythm, which is why so much of Shakespeare is easily transposed into blues form (See Cleo Laine's *Shakespeare and all that Jazz* with particular reference to John Dankworth's *Dunsinane Blues*).

The greatest blues artists will always sing of the basic sorrows and joys of day-to-day existence, which is why the ancient blues singers in the tradition have turned out to be priceless fields of research for sociologists and musicologists. A student of the idiom like Paul Oliver can, and often has, deduced the psychology of a whole age and a whole race from his study of the content of the blues lyrics of various times. One has only to study the technique and the content of Bessie Smith's output to discover what a woman thought of men fifty years ago in the United States. Bessie Smith is one of the most magnificent examples of greatness in the entire blues history, because of her unshakeable integrity while delivering the words. She could not have given an insincere performance even if she had tried, and so when she records a song like *You Been a Good Old Wagon*, she is pushing aside with a single gesture all the fake romanticism of the popular song lyric and giving us instead the realities of a woman's love for a man, which turns out, as it does so often in real life, to revolve not round a nice profile or good manners, but a consistent sexual willingness.

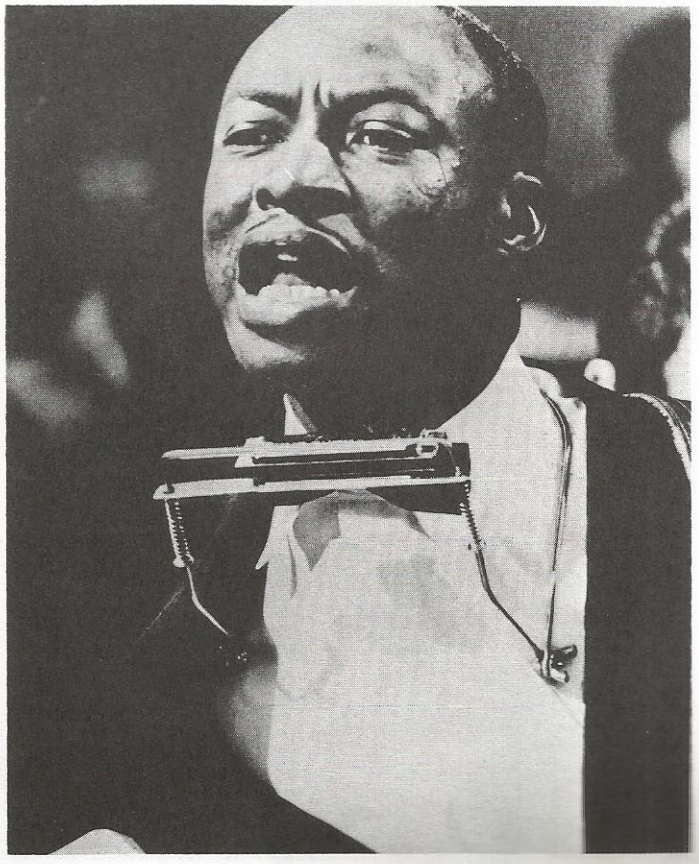
Many of the artists involved in tonight's performances have been to this country before. Every time they have appeared, people have hailed them not only with delight, but also with a certain degree of

wonder that so old a tradition should have survived into the technological age with so few scars to show for it. One of the most unusual of all these artists is T-Bone Walker, a singing guitarist with an indestructible instinct for musical self-preservation. Some time ago Mr Norman Granz surprised us all by including T-Bone in a group of musical virtuosi whose styles did not seem on the face of it to have much to do with what T-Bone stood for. But when I asked Mr Granz how T-Bone would manage to look after himself in such exalted company, he simply said that T-Bone would keep in his own bag while the rest of the players could either follow or stand aside, as they wished. Granz proved to be absolutely right. T-Bone, completely unabashed by the problems of integrating with the musicians around him, played his one way and the others willingly co-operated. Probably the truth was that T-Bone was much too preoccupied with enjoying himself to give a thought to weighty problems of group identification and stylistic integration.

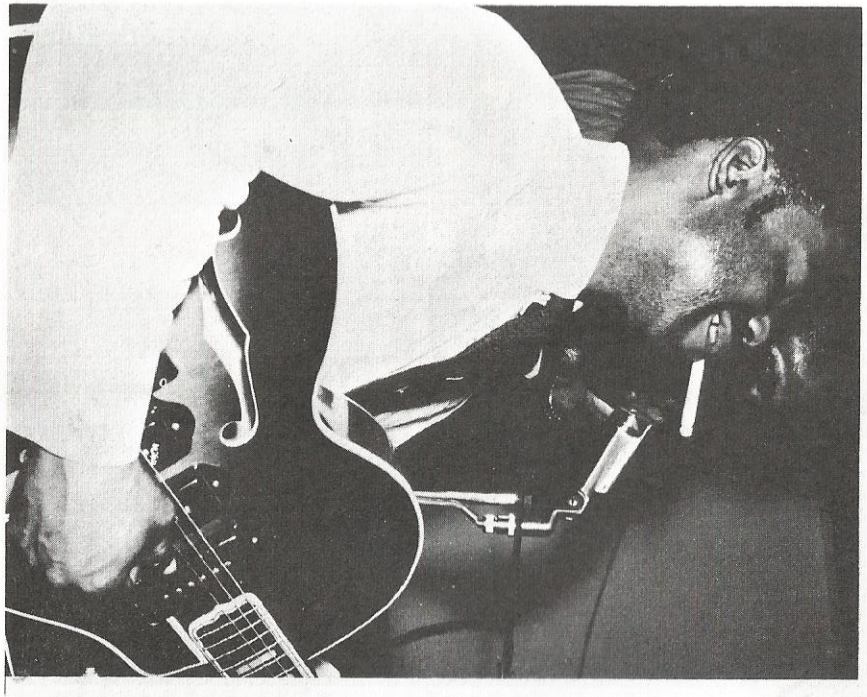
This evening's concert takes us back to the very roots of the music. It may serve as a timely reminder that Jazz has come from the womb to maturity and perhaps even decadence in only sixty or seventy years, which is why it is possible for us to hear the avant garde one night and the old traditionalists the next. Some idea of the time-span involved here may be gathered from one or two facts about and comments on the music of John Lee Hooker, who was born in Clarksdale, Mississippi in 1917, the son of a minister. At fourteen Hooker was working in a group specialising in spirituals, and two years later was playing guitar. He made his debut in Knoxville, Tennessee in 1941, since when he has become recognised as one of the foremost exponents of traditional blues. The statement of the jazz historian Marshall Stearns manages to convey something of the time-span involved when we hear Lee Hooker performing—"He is one of the few truly authentic exponents of archaic guitar style, one which possibly goes back as far as Civil War days"

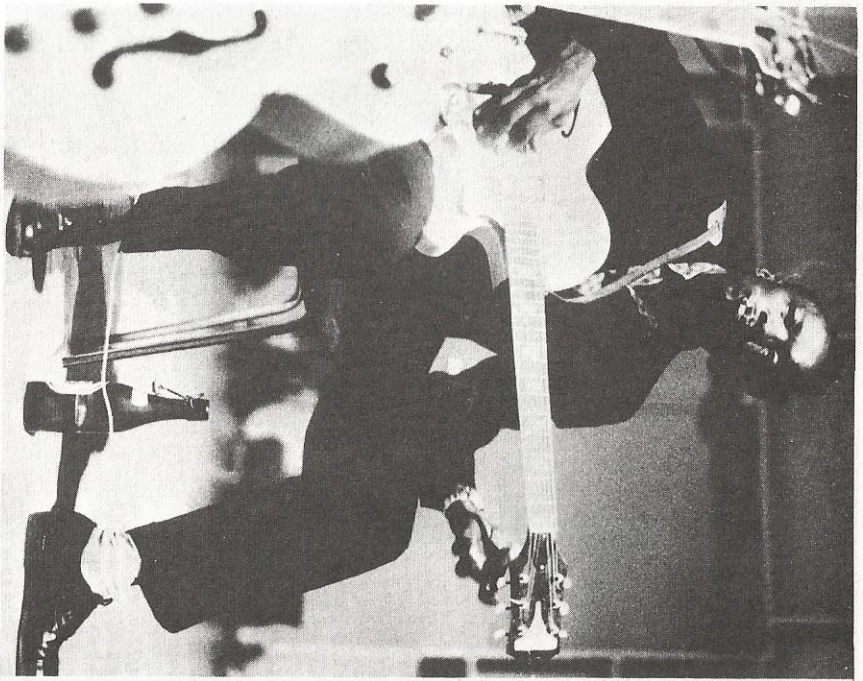
Tonight's musicians then, are producing music intimately connected with their own lives and group experience, which is more than can be said for most contemporary musicians, for whom jazz-making long ago resolved itself into a series of purely technical problems. Jazz is the one indigenous American art form, and the blues lie at its heart. Tonight we will hear the blues in an unadulerated form.

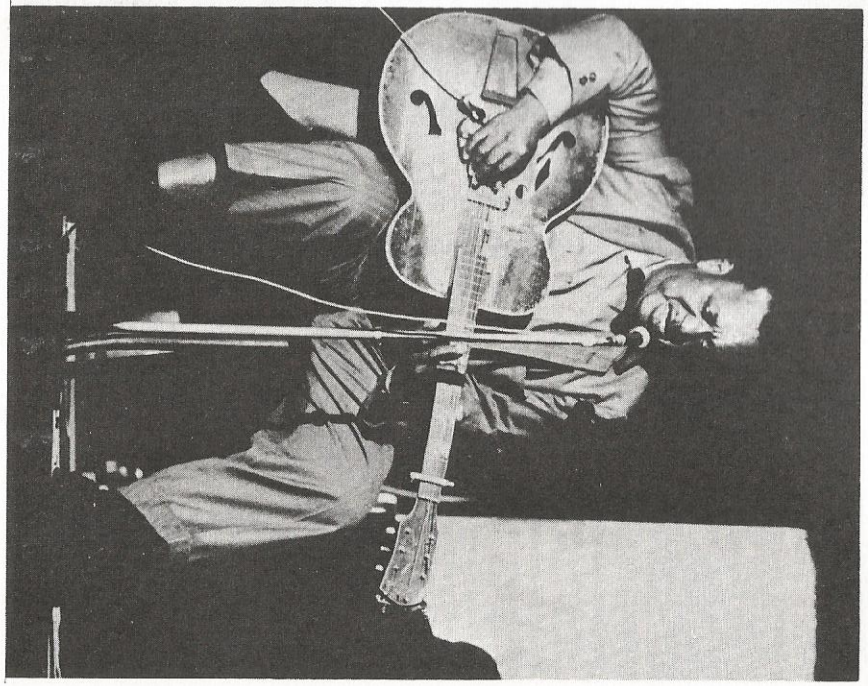
CURTIS JONES

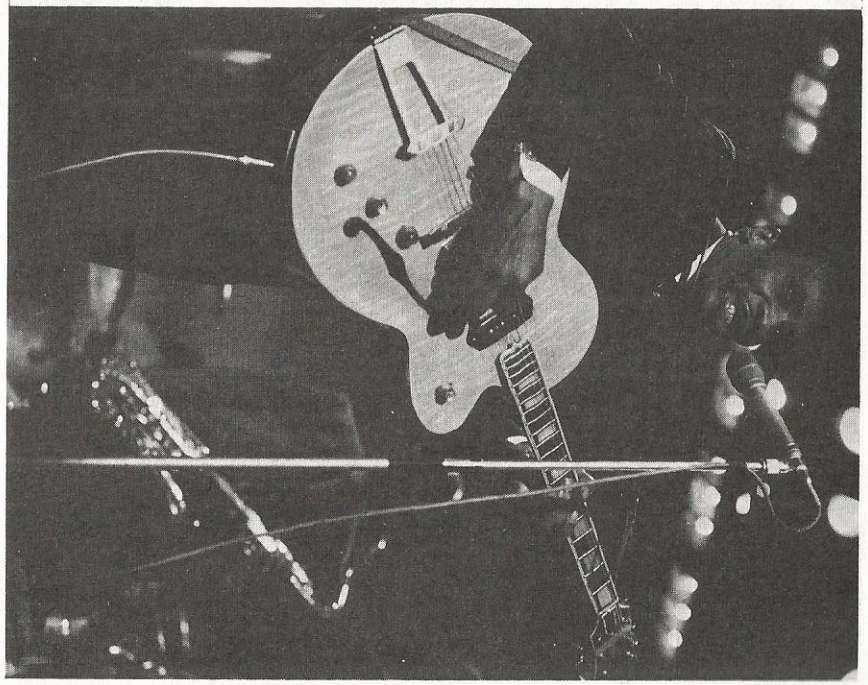


JIMMY REED





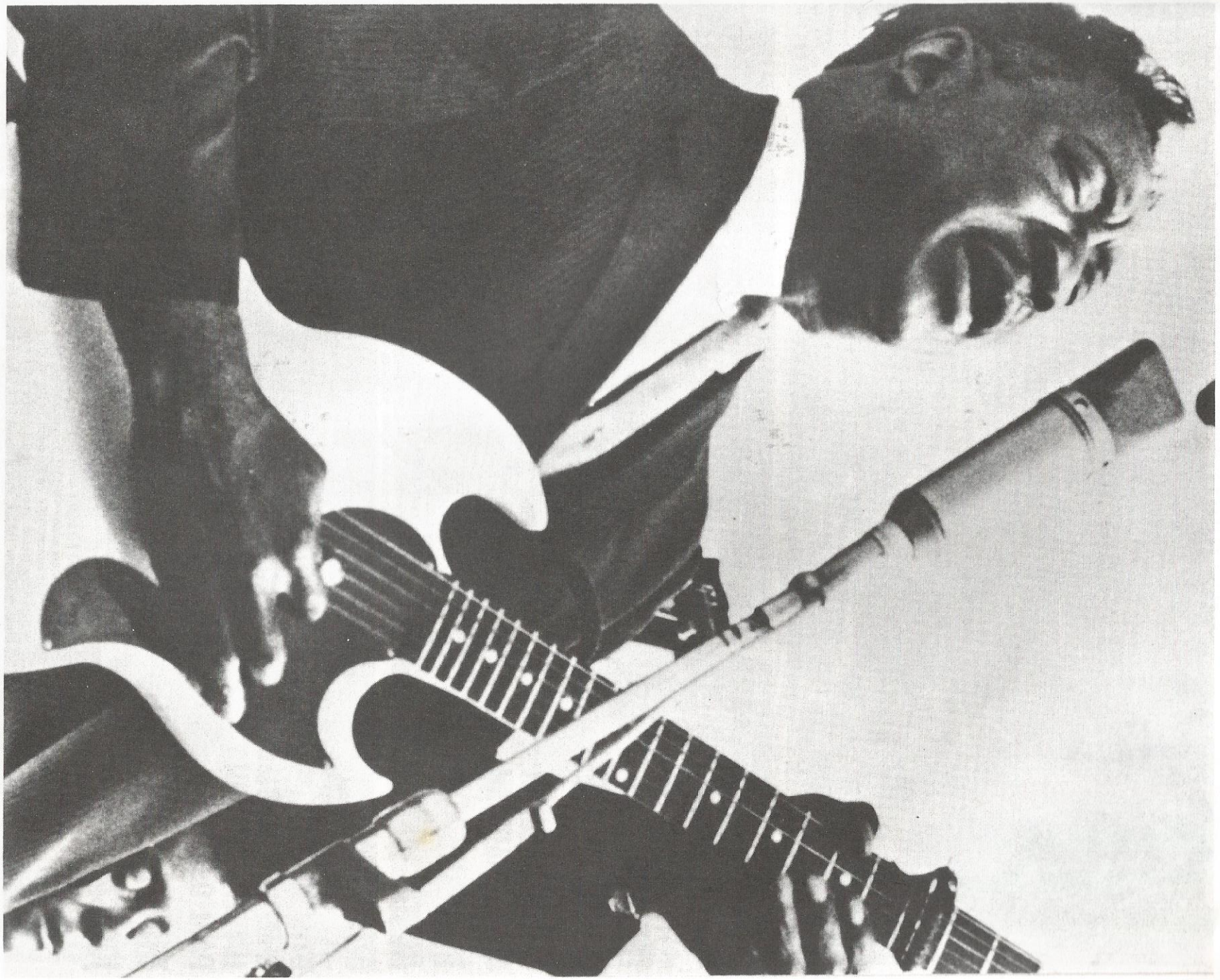




JOHN LEE HOOKER T-BONE WALKER EDDIE TAYLOR'S BLUES BAND BIG JOE WILLIAMS

SOUVENIR BROCHURE FIVE SHILLINGS

JET EXPO '68



TUESDAY

22

OCTOBER

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

8.0 pm

★

"THE STORY OF SOUL"

featuring

THE HORACE SILVER QUINTET

with

SANDY BRECKER
BENNY MAUPHIN

THE MUDDY WATERS BLUES BAND

with

OTIS SPANN
'PEE WEE' MADISON
LUTHER JOHNSON
PAUL OSHER

THE STARS OF FAITH

JOE SIMON

SOUL NIGHT

The word "soul" has many shades of meaning in the jazz context, but what it is generally supposed to indicate is a certain sincerity which has its inspiration in the original spirit which animated jazz in its days of innocence. Soul music is sometimes confused with the Blues, which is not quite as it should be. The Blues is a specific musical form, while Soul is not a form at all so much as a way of using a form. Soul means as far as one can tell, playing with conviction, but it also means more than this. Many players who play with utter conviction would never conceivably be asked to wear the Soul label. Soul means then, playing with conviction in a certain way, and the best way to describe that way is to think of the artists who have at different times been included in the Soul category.

This evening s bill should prove vividly enough that Soul is not a style but an attitude. Horace Silver and Muddy Waters are divided by immense distances of time and environment, and yet both fall within the area of Soul. Both manage to convince the listener that what they are playing is a direct, highly personal expression of their own experience. Both are Blues masters in their highly contrasting ways, and both compromise not at all in the intensity of their delivery.

Silver is essentially a modern jazz musician who has managed to express an originality by writing clever themes and then performing them better than anyone else. His writing and playing are characterised by an unusually high melodic content. His *The Preacher*, for instance, by coincidence a paraphrase of the chords of *Show Me The Way To Go Home*, is almost a hummable, whistlable theme in the popular sense, and his *Sister Sadie* adapted for their own uses by many other leaders, has a repetitious insistence which leaves its patterns echoing in the head long after the performance has ended.

Silver is also extremely adroit at taking existing standard songs, retaining the harmonic sequence, and grafting on a new melody with a grace of its own. Early on his career, around 1952, he wrote and recorded one of the outstanding examples of this gambit when he took Romberg's *Lover Come Back to Me* and turned it into *Quicksilver*. This reshaping of known themes is a long and honoured practice in the jazz world, from Ellington's *In a Mellotone*, which is *Rose Room* in disguise, down through the early bebop paraphrases like *Donna Lee* for *Indiana* and *Dig* for *Sweet Georgia Brown*, through to players like Silver, who can do this sort of thing as well as anybody alive today.

Probably one of the outstanding composer-pianists of the last fifteen years, Silver is a keyboard artist who puts a frightening amount of physical energy into his playing. Those who saw him appearing with his own quintet at Ronnie Scott's club some time ago will remember how he had to change his clothes after each set, how his jacket and shirt stuck to his body as he pounded away, how he would sometimes be too breathless to acknowledge the applause at the end of a solo. But in spite of this intensely physical approach to piano playing, Silver paradoxically enough, is one of the most refined and delicate of modern pianists. Refinement in jazz is measured, not by outward decorum but by inner organisation, and Silver's mind is razor sharp as it explores the possibilities of the sequence he happens to be playing.

The contrast between him and an artist like Muddy Waters is so vast that only the loose term Soul could conceivably cover them both. Muddy Waters is in fact so typical of the whole southern Blues tradition that it might be worth taking a closer look at the details of his career. He was born in Rolling Fork, Mississippi, in Aprii 1915, and was already singing and playing harmonica by the time he was ten years old. His father taught him the guitar, and later, while working in the cotton fields, he was discovered by the Blues and Folkloreist Alan Lomax and recorded for the Library of Congress. In 1943 he moved to Chicago and he has been based there ever since. For several years he worked the south side clubs of that city and soon signed a recording contract for the Chess label, for whom he has recorded regularly since. His first visit to England was in 1958, and a year later he scored a great success at a Carnegie Hall Folk and Blues concert. The picturesque name of Muddy Waters, by the way, is the result, not of a happy natural accident, but the artifice of literary invention. Muddy Waters' real name is McKinley Morganfield.

When asked the usual question about influences, Waters named as the prime influence the pianist-singer Otis Spann, who is also his half-brother. Spann was born in Jackson, Mississippi, fifteen years after Waters, the son of a Blues guitarist mother and a Blues pianist father. At seven he was teaching himself to play piano and at eight won first prize in a local Blues contest. A professional at fourteen, Spann moved to Chicago in 1947 to join Muddy Waters and has been with him ever since.

HORACE SILVER photograph by DAVID REDFERN

JOE SIMON

THE STARS OF FAITH

JAZZ is the toughest music around. Ever since World War I bystanders have been forecasting an early death, yet still it throbs on. For jazz is not just a style, a trend, a bag of phrases, but a whole approach to music, almost an artistic way of life. So it survives being fashionable as well as being passé, and it surfaces in all sorts of places—in the newest kind of pop as well as at the Proms. Only an enormously vital music could get borrowed from so much. Nevertheless, the out-and-out jazz player still has to struggle—for an audience as well as a living. And people who want to hear the up-and-coming musicians have often had to search hard. That's why the London Jazz Centre Society was formed.

London Jazz Centre Society

The Society's Winter concert programme "Jazz Now" begins with:

Thursday 13th November, 7.30 p.m.
LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
Houghton Street, W.C.2.

Mike Pyne Octet
Alan Skidmore Quintet

Thursday 4th December, 7.30 p.m.
LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
Houghton Street, W.C.2.

Mike Taylor Memorial Concert
—by some of his friends

Thursday, 18th December, 7.30 p.m.

PURCELL ROOM, ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

"I am here, you are there"

The London premiere of a new suite by
KEITH TIPPETT

Concert tickets **12s.** each (members and students 10s.) by post from the Society or personally from Dobell's, Collet's, and Chris Wellard's record shops.

JOIN THE SOCIETY

The L.J.C.S. is a registered charity. Membership costs 30s. and gives preferential admission rates to society events and club sessions.

COME TO CLUB SESSIONS

MONDAYS: 100 Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1.

WEDNESDAYS: The Goat Inn, Sopwell Lane, St. Albans.

SATURDAYS: Bedford College, Regent's Park.

The London Jazz Centre Society Limited, 5 Egmont House, 116 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. 01-437 6096

SOUVENIR BROCHURE FIVE SHILLINGS

ODEON HAMMERSMITH

HAROLD DAVISON, GEORGE WEIN and JACK HIGGINS present

JAZZ EXPO '69

2nd Performance 9-10 p.m.

THUR., OCT. 30th, 1969

STALLS 14/-

Block	Seat
15	W23

No Ticket exchanged nor money refunded
THIS PORTION TO BE RETAINED

JAZZ EXPO '69

JAZZ is the toughest music around. Ever since World War I bystanders have been forecasting an early death, yet still it throbs on. For jazz is not just a style, a trend, a bag of phrases, but a whole approach to music, almost an artistic way of life. So it survives being fashionable as well as being passé, and it surfaces in all sorts of places—in the newest kind of pop as well as at the Proms. Only an enormously vital music could get borrowed from so much. Nevertheless, the out-and-out jazz player still has to struggle—for an audience as well as a living. And people who want to hear the up-and-coming musicians have often had to search hard. That's why the Jazz Centre Society was formed.

Jazz Centre Society

Hon President John Dankworth
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Our current concert programme 'Winter Ceres' continues with

Friday November 6th

Mike Westbrook Concert Band

Friday November 27th

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Both at 8 p.m. in Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Place, Leicester Square W.1
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JAZZ EXPO '70

1st Performance 6-45 p.m.

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 30

STALLS 14/-

Block	Seat
14	CC 42

No ticket exchanged nor money refunded
THIS PORTION TO BE RETAINED

JAZZ EXPO '70

SOUVENIR BROCHURE FIVE SHILLINGS (25p)

SHOUTIN' IN THAT AMEN CORNER
RAY CHARLES
with
HIS ORCHESTRA
AND THE RAELETS

(Ray Charles, his Orchestra and The Raelets appear by arrangement with Norman Granz)

RAY CHARLES & HIS ORCHESTRA

Ray Charles—*piano/leader*

Richard Mitchell—*trumpet*
William King—*trumpet*
Herbert Anderson—*trumpet*
John Coles—*trumpet*

David Newman—*saxophone*
Curtis Peagler—*saxophone*
J. Cloyd Miller—*saxophone*
Andrew Ennis—*saxophone*

Glen Childress—*trombone*
Henry Coker—*trombone*
Joe Randazzo—*trombone*
Fred Murrell—*trombone*

Edgar Willis—*bass*

Ernest Elly—*drums*

James Martin—*guitar*

Truman Thomas—*organ*

THE RAELETS

Mable John
Estelle Yarbrough
Susaye Greene
Vernita Moss

THE way some sections of the music press go on about it you'd think that the combination of jazz with pop had come in with tied-and-dyed T-shirts. In the person of Ray Charles, though, this heady compound was effectively in existence nearly a decade and a half ago. And it wasn't just a straight amalgamation of two elements; the formula was a complex one involving gospel music and the blues as well. Nor was it a deliberately planned, experimental recipe, dreamed up in a wily manager's office on the something-for-everybody principle.

It is, indeed, a much more natural anthology of styles than it looks on paper, and the key to it, the basic ingredient, is the one which ironically derives not from the entertainment world at all but from religion. Without attaining the status of a scientific law, there is nevertheless a general principle which says that inside every great black popular singer is an ex-member either of one of those marvellous Negro church choirs or at least of the congregations which sang and clapped along with them. You've only to think of Aretha Franklin, say, or perhaps half of the artists on the Tamla-Motown label to know what I'm getting at. The Baptist church and its myriad subdivisions has become the classic point of departure for a career in popular music and even in jazz itself. Ray Charles is interesting as not only one of the earliest, but one of the best, and certainly the most successful, examples of this process at work.

The wonder is that in his case it didn't happen even earlier. Having grown up in the Baptist church tradition, he might be expected to have revealed the influence of it in his first records. But these show him, at the age of 17 or 18, to have been almost indistinguishable from the late Nat King Cole. The evidence has only recently reappeared on an LP from the Xtra label, and listening to most of it, even quite carefully, you'd find it hard to recognize the man you are going to hear in *JAZZ EXPO '70*. That performer seems to have come into existence during the mid-fifties, after Ray Charles had formed his first big band. Jazz historians are always sniffing around in odd corners, like gas fitters, for traces of influence, and it's easy to be over-zealous in the search. All the same, you can't help noticing that the band's first job after its foundation in 1954 was accompanying Ruth Brown. Four years Charles' senior, Ruth Brown had a background even more steeped in church tradition than his own, and was then just becoming one of the biggest of all the names in the burgeoning rhythm and blues field. She was, in fact, a pioneer along the religion-to-rock trail which was later to become practically a six-lane highway. It's impossible then to avoid the conclusion that Ray Charles was either immediately influenced by Miss Brown, or that he got the job of backing her because he'd become attracted to the sort of thing she was doing. Anyway, from then on his music acquired more and more of a personal identity.

'Doing you own thing' was probably not part of the vocabulary of those days, so we've had to wait until this year for a Ray Charles LP called *Doing His Thing* to arrive. On Stateside, it only succeeds, of course, in letting him do a selection of his things, because one of the most remarkable characteristics of the man is the way he can isolate some of the elements in his musical makeup and offer them two or three at a time if he chooses. Derrick Stewart-Baxter, something of a blues purist, is in print as saying: 'Ray Charles is one of those artists whom I find it difficult to criticize, for he seems to belong to so many worlds as a jazz and blues pianist, a sentimental pop singer, and rhythm and blues artist, and even as a saxophonist.' Obviously too many talents to fit into any one record, or into any one evening for that matter, which makes it difficult for me to say exactly what you are going to hear in these concerts. I think it's safe to mention some of the music on the *His Thing* LP, however, because it was only made last year and should give some indication of the lines along which he's working. The saxophonist is missing (I don't recall hearing him on alto for a long time), there's less of that highly effective bluesy piano than some of us would like (there'll be no shortage at the concerts, I'm sure), and there's no sign of the sentimental pop singer—the side of him which, frankly, I enjoy least. Instead, there's that expressive voice, firmer than I've ever heard it, running all the way from a deceptive smoothness to full-blooded gospel shouting, and plenty of signs of a faintly grim humour which I find much to my taste. The supreme example comes in a masterpiece of a song whose title conveys its flavour exactly: *If it wasn't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all.*

But this must not turn into a record review, and it would probably be best now to trace Ray Charles' very early encounters with music. The blindness which followed an accident at the age of six, and the fact of his being orphaned soon after, resulted in his going from Albany, Georgia, where he'd been born in 1932, to a music school for the blind in Florida. At 15 he left school and started playing piano in local Florida bands; two years later he formed his own trio. That would have been about 1949, and it's hardly surprising that a young musician who could sing, play piano, and had a strong leaning towards jazz, should want to model himself on Nat King Cole. Although Cole was beginning to be surrounded by bigger and bigger orchestras, and was playing less and less piano, he *was* still a very fine jazz pianist, and the impact of the Nat King Cole Trio was still fresh in musicians' memories. Some people have suggested that Ray Charles' abandonment of that particular line of development sprang from his awareness that he didn't have the necessary technique to emulate his chosen idol. I think it much more likely that—as an artist must—he simply grew up and realized that there were other ways of going about music which were more natural to him. It's that period of self-revelation which, if it came more often to more people, would result in fewer performers being content to 'sound like' someone else.

The amount of technique available to Ray Charles is irrelevant. He does what he wants to do supremely well; his instincts make him a jazz musician, for he has the basic feel, without which all the technique in the world would be useless, and he carries with him a very vigorous jazz band. Make no mistake about that. On a good night the Ray Charles band has no need to raise its hat to the Count Basie Orchestra. It's been a variable unit in its time, and I've heard it give one or two rough rides, but always it has power, it sets up that special clamour which makes a band a jazz group and not just 16 men sharing a stage.

Among those men on this trip are Charles band veterans like bass player Edgar Willis. His name seems to have been cropping up in the band's personnel ever since I can remember. Tenor player David 'Fathead' Newman was part of the first Ray Charles band in 1954 and stayed ten years; he has continued the association since and has been on most of the band's British tours.

When you first hear the names of the members of the orchestra over the telephone they are usually being read from work permits or similar documents. It takes a moment or two, therefore, to translate the unfamiliar Richard Mitchell into the rather better-known Blue Mitchell, the trumpeter with the beautiful tone who first came to jazz enthusiasts' notice in the Horace Silver Quintet in the late fifties. Among Mitchell's colleagues in the trumpet section is Johnny Coles, a private favourite of mine ever since I made his acquaintance on those very distinguished Gil Evans records,

The Individualism of Gil Evans and *Great Jazz Standards*. More recently he's been heard in sparkling form on Herbie Hancock's album *The Prisoner*. Leroy Cooper has been Ray Charles' baritone saxophonist for many years; trombonist Henry Coker has been touring with the band on and off since 1966.

Writing nearly two months before the event it's always a chancy business to say that this or that musician will be in the band you actually hear. Any one of them could catch a cold, miss the plane, die of thirst or get his foot caught in a bear trap between now and the moment the house lights are due to go down on whichever concert you are about to see. The names printed at the end of this section and mentioned above are correct at the moment of going to press, but more than that I've never been prepared to say since the night the curtain went up on a Ray Charles band in 1963 and there, slap in the middle of the reeds, was the English tenor player Vic Ash, a last-minute substitute for someone.

Only history is certain, so may I just remind you that the man you are about to see has been called a genius by a thoughtless publicity machine, has been famous and successful for close on fifteen years, and has perhaps the most varied following of any artist appearing in this year's *JAZZ EXPO*. For everyone in the audience tonight who remembers that succession of early 1960s pop hits—*Hit the road, Jack; Georgia; Take these chains from my heart; Busted; Lucky old sun*—there's another who thinks of him as a great blues man, or remembers affectionately the occasions when he's been teamed with full-time jazzmen like Milt Jackson. The only problem is how many of the known Ray Charleses can be fitted into one performance.

RAY CHARLES