

according to latitude and longitude. Some of O'Farrill's best ideas can be heard on the Latin tracks that feature flute solis, such as *Aromatic Tabac* (Brazil) and *Manzanilla* (Spain) and in the lively small-combo writing that finds the happy unison of tenor, trombone, and trumpet on *Dry Citrus*.

The solo work is brilliant throughout: Hambro's Hodges-like alto on *Panache*; Terry's Irish-jig introduction to *Green Moss*; the "Wes-side" octaves of guitarist Coryell on the same track; Powell's flute on *Panache* and his tenor on *Clear Spruce*.

*Clear Spruce* is O'Farrill's most daring concoction—use of a tone row, not for atonality, but as a basis for free, simultaneous improvisation by Terry, Seldon Powell, and Johnson. Some of the complex rhythmic unison devices get sloppy, but the track is wild and comes off beautifully.

O'Farrill really makes scents when he's left alone in his olfactory. —*Siders*

### Jimmy Rushing

EVERY DAY I HAVE THE BLUES—Blues-Way 6005; *Berkeley Campus Blues*; *Keep the Faith*. *Baby*; *You Can't Run Around*; *Blues in the Dark*; *Baby, Don't Tell on Me*; *Everyday I Have the Blues*; *I Left My Baby*; *Undecided Blues*; *Evil Blues*.

Personnel: Rushing, vocal; Dickie Wells, trombone; unidentified orchestra including Clark Terry, trumpet; Hank Jones, organ; Grady Tate, drums. Oliver Nelson, arranger.

Rating: ★★★★★

Among the many delights of the vintage Count Basie band were the occasions when Rushing's voice and Wells' talking trombone would join in inspired conversation.

This old acquaintance is renewed here, with no loss of empathy. Wells gets featured billing on the cover, and that is as it should be. It is Rushing and he who rate all the stars in this review.

That is not to say that there aren't nice contributions from Terry, Jones (he plays groovy organ), and an unbilled guitarist and bassist. But it is to say that the arrangements are, by and large, uninspired (especially so when compared with the original settings in the five instances of revived Basie-Rushing classics) and the approach to rhythm almost wholly pedestrian.

It doesn't bother Rushing, of course, what kind of rhythm section with what sort of conception he is saddled with. As the liner notes point out, "in recent years, Rushing has had difficulty finding understanding musicians to work with" (I like the term "understanding"—a euphemism indeed).

John F. Szwed, the notes' author, goes on ". . . a drummer who 'plays all top and no bottom' and thinks big Sid Catlett was a bartender," quoting Rushing in citing an example of lack of "understanding."

Here, Rushing has a drummer (an excellent one, ordinarily) who is all bottom and no top—or rather, a drummer so persistent in spelling out the time that all subtlety and buoyancy is lost. There can be little doubt that, in a studio recording situation, the arranger (and sometimes, the a&r man as well) instruct the musicians in what feeling they should aim

for, so Tate is not the one who should be blamed (I take him to be the drummer on the evidence of his photograph on the back liner—there is no other indication of who the drummer might be.) But he does tackle his assignment with enthusiasm.

The point is: it's all very good and well to have veteran jazzmen record in "contemporary" settings, and there can be no doubt that the rhythmic conception here was meant to be up-to-date. But when one is dealing with masters of the art of swinging, it behooves one to make them feel at home. No drummer needs to spell out time to Mr. Rushing, who all by himself could make a convocation of musical carpenters appear to have rhythm, and whose timing and art of phrase-placement are a joy to the senses.

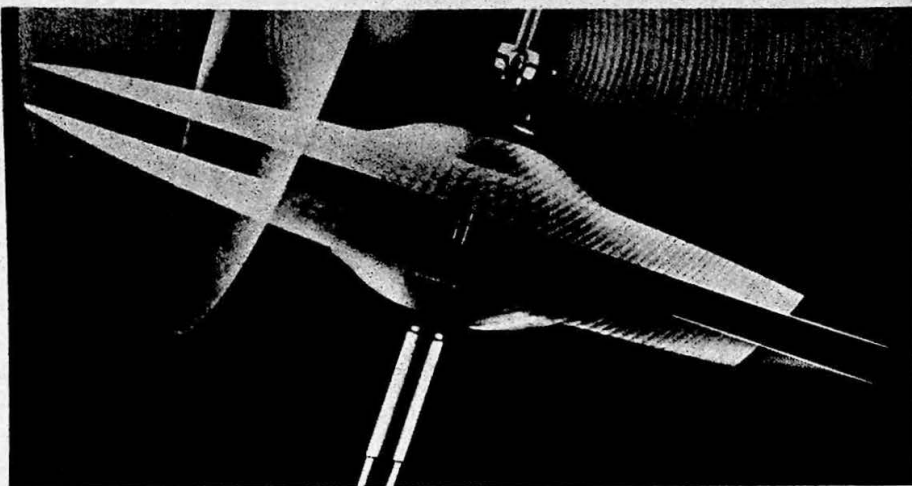
But maybe Oliver Nelson never heard Jo Jones work with Rushing—who probably was off in a booth with headphones on, as modern recordings go (if I'm wrong, I'm sure Bob Thiele will correct me)—or maybe he didn't bother to listen to the superb elegance of the original record of *Baby, Don't Tell*, or the literally fantastic mood and tempo of *Harvard Blues* (to which the *Berkeley Campus*, melodically, is an almost identical twin). No: he gives us that heavy afterbeat, and writing that any good craftsman could have turned out in a day's work.

But God bless Little Jimmy and Dickie Wells. They came to work, and together, they work the old magic once again. Nostalgia for the past is pointless when

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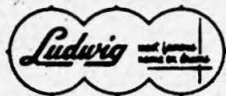


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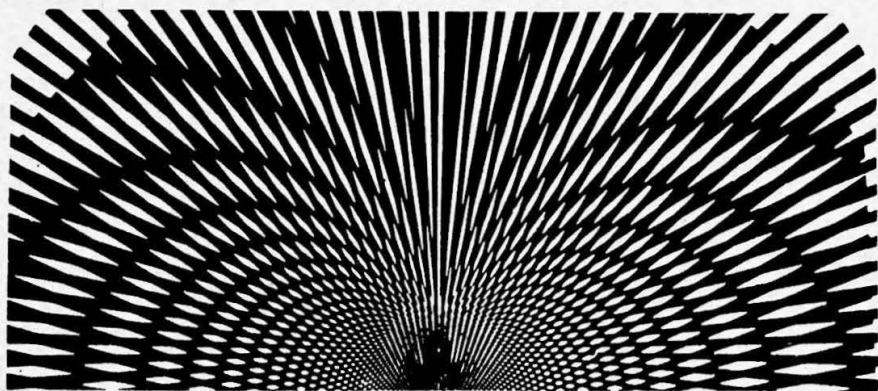
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## down beat

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applied as a yardstick to the present, but that isn't the issue here, and if it were, it need only be pointed out that Rushing and Wells are very much of the present.

The point is that in the arts, the glories of the past create a standard against which the work of the present must be measured. The veterans live up to that standard, set by themselves: Rushing's voice is grainier, but that gives it added authority; it cracks now and then, but that supplies a dimension of poignancy, and in his song today there is a lifetime of experience, both in music and in wisdom.

Wells is perhaps more stylized, with a cynical edge to the humor that remains a notable aspect of his playing. He, too, has a depth now that only time can give. Why didn't he write the arrangements? He can, you know—he is only one of the best.

These, then, are the pleasures and treasures of this record; the rest can be tuned out. (To be fair, the setting for *Keep The Faith*, a pleasant blues tune that can be enjoyed by Adam Powell's friends and foes alike, is very nice, and *Blues in the Dark* is a good job if you can forget the eerie mood set by the original.)

*Berkely*, the follow-up to George Frazier's Cambridge lament of 1940, is not in the same class. In fact, it contains, of all things, a plug for Ronnie Reagan (though not for Borax), which makes it perhaps the first right-wing blues in history. Rushing is enough of a professional to sing the banal lyrics as if he meant them, and his stately cadences give them an authority they do not deserve.

He is marvelous on *Keep The Faith*, the album's most relaxed track. *Run Around* is robbed of some poetry by the faster tempo, but there is an exceptional Wells obligato, and, as a bonus, a trombone solo by the master. Wells also solos on *Dark*, and most notably on *Left My Baby*, one of Rushing's greatest pieces. But how I miss that unearthly saxophone section floating over Basie's organ!

Rushing records too seldom; so does Wells. But for several years, Rush has been singing with the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims quintet at New York's *Half Note*, with his boy Dave Frishberg on piano. Yet no genius has had the flash of inspiration to record them together—with perhaps Wells and a trumpet man thrown in. And while Rushing is a great blues singer—one of the greatest—he likes to sing some standards, too. Meanwhile, we have to make do with this, and I hope to have made the point that the gold in these tracks is not hard to mine. —*Morgenstern*

**Bud Shank** MUSIC FROM TODAY'S MOVIES—World Pacific WP-1864/WPS-21864: *Theme from Warning Shot; George's Girl; Any Wednesday; Watch What Happens; Two Weeks in September; Venice After Dark; The Pin; Love is Stronger Than We (Plus Fort que Nous); Luu; Theme from The Sand Pebbles; This Year; Hurry Sundown*  
Personnel: Shank, alto saxophone; Jimmy Zito fluegelhorn; Bob Florence, piano, arranger; Victor Feldman, vibraharp, percussion; Mike Melvoin, organ, electric harpsichord; Dennis Budimir, Herb Ellis, guitars; Ray Brown, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Formula albums can work—there's no