

FEBRUARY 11, 1965 35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Fond Reminiscence With Eddie Condon

*The guitarist-raconteur reflects
on his distinguished career*
By Dan Morgenstern

Lalo Schifrin's Jazz Mass

*The composer and featured soloist
Paul Horn discuss the composition*

The Personal Basis Of Jazz Criticism

*An illuminating comparison
of film and jazz critiques*
By Joe Goldberg

Joe Mooney— Quietly Unique

By Gene Lees

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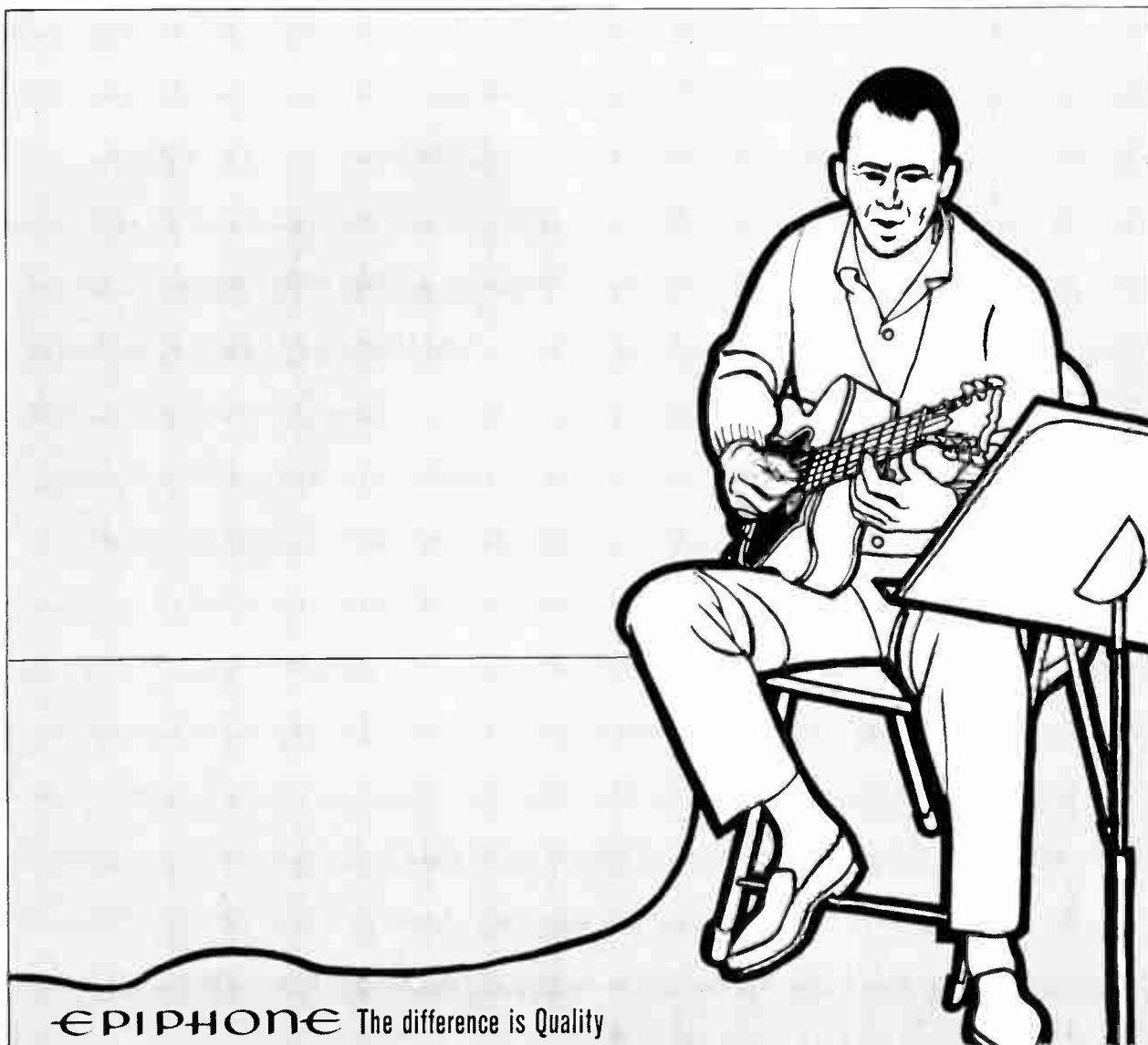
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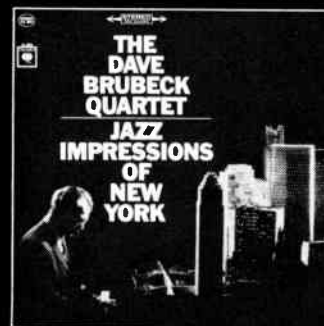
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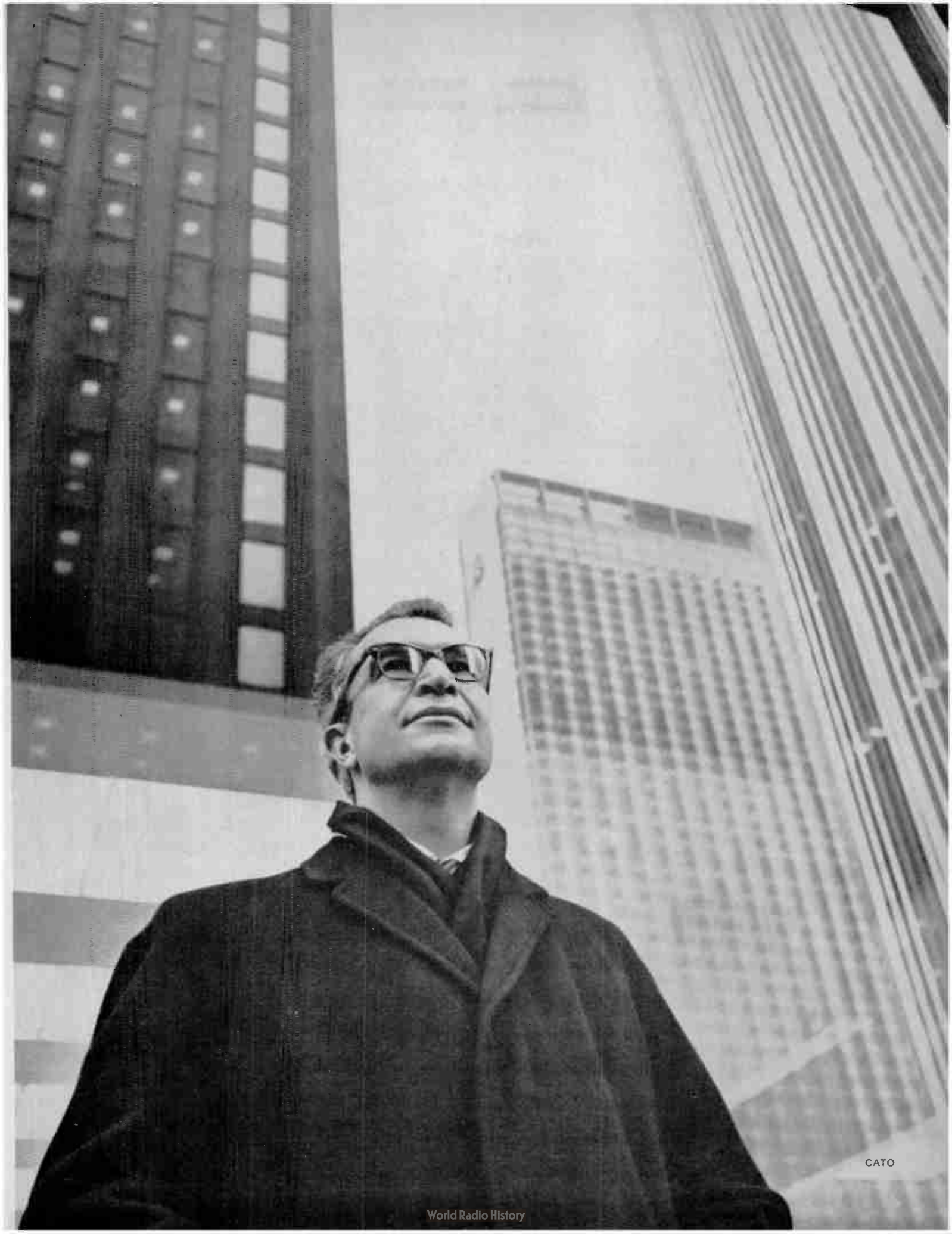
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Dave Brubeck

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A FORUM FOR READERS

Hall Of Fame Objections

Down Beat's Hall of Fame balloting seems rather absurd. I believe that Eric Dolphy won his place in the Hall of Fame this year simply because his death came just a few months before the Readers Poll, and sentiment regarding Dolphy and his music was at an all-time high at voting time.

The whole idea of voting for a Hall of Fame is unfair to the older, forgotten candidates, for the relative merits of the candidates tend to be obscured by time.

Wayne Terry
Cincinnati, Ohio

The election of Eric Dolphy to the Hall of Fame starkly underlines a basic fault of the Readers Poll. Dolphy's musical development had not reached its maturity. Even more important from the standpoint of Hall of Fame criteria, his historical impact on jazz—for all his recent impact on various young players—is less than that of even his friend and influence, John Coltrane.

The danger of sentimentality on the part of the readers is not only lessening the prestige of the Hall of Fame itself, but it also is creating a myth concerning Dolphy, which obscures his musical worth by enshrining him.

R. M. Johnstone
Key West, Fla.

Though Eric Dolphy was on the way to making a valid contribution to the fabric of jazz history, the fact remains that the early originators whose contributions are well known remain absent from the Hall of Fame roster. These selections should be in the hands of jazz scholars and historians who are able to evaluate the whole scene with care and proper selectivity.

Miguel M. Hinojosa
San Antonio, Texas

Hodges' Soprano Votes

Of all the musicians listed in the Readers Poll, none is probably more bewildered than Johnny Hodges, who received 57 votes on soprano saxophone, an instrument which he has studiously refrained from blowing in public for the past quarter century. It would never have occurred to me to cast a vote for Johnny Hodges on the soprano saxophone in 1964.

Irv L. Jacobs
National City, Calif.

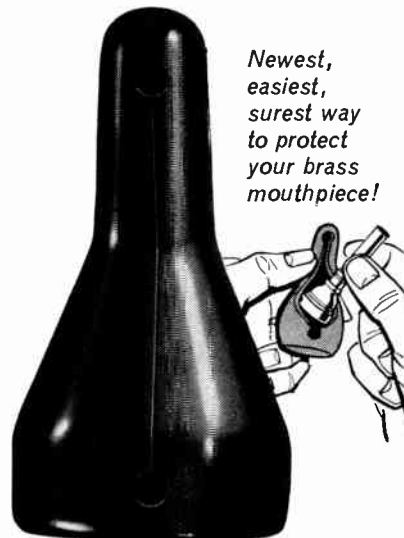
Redman First Scatter?

The sad news of Don Redman's death (*DB*, Jan. 14) brings to mind the little-known fact that Don quite possibly was the first person to record a scat vocal.

Many jazz articles and books have claimed that Louis Armstrong put the first scat vocal on wax on *Heebie Jeebies*

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(Okeh 8300, recorded February, 1926). However, Redman can be heard doing an entire scat chorus nearly two years earlier, on *My Papa Doesn't Two-time No-time* by Fletcher Henderson's band (Columbia 126-D, recorded April, 1924).

Eugene Kramer
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Hot Box Revelations

The "new thing" and other various forms of experimental jazz owe their existence and gratitude to the pioneers and innovators of the 1940s, many of whom were true giants, men of musical genius and introspection. And George Hoefer's *Hot Box* column, with articles such as the one on Clyde Hart (*DB*, Dec. 3), is one of the best revelations and help toward modern music education, appreciation, and understanding.

Johnny Boyce
New York City

Now Where's The Place?

Five-star credit should be given to both LeRoi Jones and Nat Hentoff for their ideas concerning the musicians' co-operative (*DB*, Dec. 17). As a jazz player, I feel the need for this means of playing, and as an aficionado, I feel the need to have a place in which I can hear another man's ideas.

Perhaps this is a fitting remedy for all the disunity we hear about. Each musician would help someone else, as well as himself, to have a place, a time to play, and an audience to listen. The audience exists, the players exist, the time exists. Only the place is wanting.

Nils Young
Dayton, Ohio

Setting The Record Straight

Regarding Eddie Bride's letter (*Chords*, Dec. 3), I'd like to clarify one error. Bob James, the 1962 Notre Dame Jazz Festival winner, did not receive his prize of a week's engagement in a New York club. He did play opposite Herbie Mann, as Bride said, but in the group of Omar Clay, the 1961 winner of the combo award at that festival, and though the group was well received, it only worked one week.

The Bob Pozar Trio, 1963 winner of the Notre Dame festival, worked opposite Stan Getz and was held over at the Village Vanguard.

Omar Clay
New York City

Review Protest

Although I enjoy *Down Beat* very much, I do believe that some of the record reviews are unjust and in poor taste. I wish to protest two reviews that have appeared recently. They are Bill Mathieu's review of *Crescent* by John Coltrane (Oct. 8) and Barbara Gardner's review of *Stretchin' Out* by the Jazz Crusaders (Dec. 31).


Reviews like these are the only thing that hampers my enjoyment of *Down Beat*. Although it was two individual writers who downgraded these records, as far as the public is concerned it was *Down Beat* that blasted them.

James W. Cole
Riverside, Calif.

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February 11, 1965 Vol. 32 No. 3

THINGS POPPING FOR POPS

The last 30 days have been particularly busy—and rewarding—for trumpeter Louis Armstrong.

First he and his band of all-stars halted their tour of Japan in late December to fly to Corpus Christi, Texas, where they played for the coming-out party of two debutantes, Grace and Helen Ford. The girls' father, wealthy lawyer Edmund J.

to play for the Johnsonian celebrators.

In the second week of January, show-business trade papers reported that Armstrong and his group would tour Communist countries. There also was speculation that the USSR would be included in the tour, which is supposed to begin March 15. But at presstime, Joe Glaser, Armstrong's manager, said he could not confirm or deny that a tour was scheduled. Unofficial sources in the State Department, which usually must approve any tours of Russia, said it was doubtful that the government knew of the Soviet tour.

One March engagement by Armstrong was definite, however—the trumpeter will perform with the American Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, at Carnegie Hall on March 9. At presstime, no program had been announced.



OLE BRASK

Armstrong: From Washington to perhaps Moscow but Carnegie Hall for sure

Ford, is said to have paid Armstrong one of the highest fees the trumpeter has received for a one-nighter.

On New Year's Day, Armstrong and singer Sarah Vaughan appeared at a unique holiday party—one held for the inmates of California's San Quentin State Prison. Armstrong was a stunning success singing *Hello, Dolly* (with four encores); his second most successful performance was *Mack the Knife*, to which the prisoners gave rousing cheer. Even Warden Lawrence Wilson, who said there were 24 stabbings at the prison last year, kept calling Armstrong back for more *Knife*.

Ten days as the star attraction of a Minneapolis, Minn., auto show preceded Armstrong's performance at one of the four Washington, D.C., balls held in honor of President Lyndon B. Johnson's inauguration Jan. 20. Armstrong's was the only jazz unit hired

BILLY ECKSTINE MISSES OPENING; CLAIMS HE WAS ASSAULTED

Singer Billy Eckstine missed his scheduled opening at the Royal Box of the Hotel Americana in New York City Jan. 4, and speculation of foul play ran high. Eckstine reappeared the following day, however, and said he had been assaulted on the street the night of Jan. 3, hauled into a car, robbed of about \$600 and a watch, and then drugged.

Eckstine said he was trying to hail a taxi at 125th St. and Fifth Ave. on Jan. 3 when he was approached by three men, who pulled up in a car and asked for his autograph. While he complied with the request, Eckstine said, one of the men hit him on the back of the neck and pulled him into the car, where he was robbed and made to drink a drugged liquid.

Eckstine said he does not remember anything from that time until he found

himself on a bench in Mount Morris Park in Harlem in the early morning hours of Jan. 5. His physician reported that Eckstine had suffered one broken and three bruised ribs. An official complaint was filed with the police and an alarm sent out for the three men on charges of assault and robbery.

Eckstine was on the job at the Americana the evening of Jan. 5. On the previous night, several of the singer's friends, including Sammy Davis Jr., Robert Goulet, and comedian Nipsey Russell, stepped into the breach and entertained the opening-night crowd.

SLOPPY NEWSPAPER REPORTING GIVES JAZZ BAD PUBLICITY

The problem of public relations for jazz and jazzmen is an old and aching one because, often in the daily press, such PR turns out to be bad.

Christmas night in Hollywood proved a sorry case in point. RIOTING JAZZ FANS WRECK PALLADIUM, screamed a two-line banner headline in the Los Angeles Evening and Sunday *Herald-Examiner* the day after Christmas. Added the Los Angeles *Times* a day later (the story broke too late for the morning newspaper): JAZZ FANS RIOT AS PALLADIUM SHOW FALTERS.

In a smaller, three-line headline the *Herald-Examiner* amplified on the theme of destruction: SMASH FURNITURE, WINDOWS WHEN PERFORMERS BALK, it said of the "jazz fans [who] wrecked the plush interior earlier today when performers for a way-out concert stayed way out."

The rioting was ignited when singer Bobby Bland told the audience he was leaving because "there isn't enough bread to sing for."

Damage caused in the riot was variously reported by the press. The *Herald-Examiner* put damages at "more than \$10,000." The *Times* reported damage "to the tune of \$8,000." *Daily Variety's* report was the most conservative: \$7,000. The show-business newspaper, moreover—unlike its metropolitan counterparts—placed the truth where it belonged: in the lead of the story on the riot.

The *Variety* account read: "Damages of \$7,000 are reported following Friday night's riot at the Palladium when some performers in rock-roll show, *New Perspective* for '65, walked out because of wage dispute."

The couplet, rock-roll, may slide by the eye quickly. But it tells a true story missed by reporters, rewrite-men, and editors of the metropolitan papers.

Such "reporting" brings to mind a



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press incident of some 10 years ago, since become classic. On that occasion the Los Angeles headlines read: BOP SINGER FRANCES FAYE ARRESTED.

CONGRESSIONAL ACT HELPS LAUNCH A SOUTHERN FESTIVAL

The civil-rights act and the enthusiasm of leading local citizens have made a major jazz festival possible in the Deep South—the festival to be held in New Orleans May 27-30. According to reliable sources, New Orleans business and professional men had been eager to have a jazz festival for some time, but Louisiana's segregation laws made it virtually impossible. When Congress passed the civil-rights act, the barriers were cleared.

One of the main forces behind the New Orleans festival is Olaf C. Lambert, who began the project two years ago. Lambert, general manager of the Royal Orleans Hotel, was elected president of the festival.

The list of festival officers reads like a *Who's Who* of the Crescent City's civic and professional leaders: vice presidents include Mayor Victor Schiro, Tourist Commission head Harry England, the New Orleans Jazz Club's Harry Souchon, and Roosevelt Hotel manager Seymour Weiss; directors are Dr. Alvin Ochsner, Louis Read of WDSU-TV, and architect Arthur Q. Davis.

George Wein, the festival's producer, said the event would include three afternoon performances in addition to four night concerts, all to be held at City Park Stadium. There also are tentative plans for parades, workshops, lectures, and other events to augment the concerts.

One of the festival's main aims, according to Wein, is to present jazz artists not usually heard in the South. Wein will work with a local-talent committee made up of Harry and Edmond Souchon, Dick Allen, and Tom Sancton; there also is an advisory committee that includes trumpeter Al Hirt and clarinetists George Lewis and Pete Fountain.

PIANIST DAVE BOWMAN DROWNS IN CAR ACCIDENT

Pianist Dave Bowman, 50, drowned Dec. 28 when his car plunged into a drainage canal in Miami, Fla. Police said Bowman evidently missed a turn in the road.

Born in Buffalo, N.Y., Bowman studied at the Hamilton, Ontario, Conservatory and at Pittsburgh Music Institute. He became known in jazz circles for his work with Bobby Hackett and Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude Band at Nick's in Greenwich Village, where he was steadily

employed from 1937 to 1940.

In 1940 he joined Jack Teagarden's big band and then worked with trumpeter Muggsy Spanier and subsequently turned to radio studio work in New York City. He was on the staffs of ABC and NBC, during which time he was singer Perry Como's accompanist. In 1954 he joined the Bud Freeman Trio. Since the late '50s he had freelanced in Florida. During 1964 he played with trumpeter Phil Napoleon's Dixieland band but was working in a Miami hotel band at the time of his death.

Strongly influenced by Earl Hines and Jess Stacy, Bowman recorded with Hackett, Freeman, Spanier, and drummer George Wettling.

CROW JIM TRIPP BY DJ PETER TRIPP

A curious example of race discrimination in reverse—and how it backfired—came to light recently in the case of Peter Tripp, a Los Angeles disc jockey.

Tripp was on the air over KGFI from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. daily with a predominantly jazz-oriented show. After building from a negligible audience to one of satisfactory size, he was given his notice last October, on the grounds that the station wanted to switch to a "100 percent Negro sound."

Tripp suggested that, because he wanted proof that he was not fired for incompetence or for suspicion of taking payola, the station send him a letter confirming the reason for his firing.

The station management obliged, with a letter recommending him highly for his integrity and performance and adding, "The only reason for Peter Tripp's leaving KGFI is wholly due to the policy of the new management toward a 100 percent Negro sound."

Tripp promptly announced his intention of filing suit under California's fair-employment-practices act.

The suit never came to court. In December it was revealed that the station had agreed on a settlement. All Tripp would say for the record was: "We have settled our differences amicably." The amicability was reliably reported to be \$10,500 worth.

A Poll Correction

Several readers have inquired about Phil Woods not being listed in the alto saxophone category of the 29th annual Readers Poll (*DB*, Dec. 31). Because of a clerical error, Woods' name was omitted; with 560 votes he should have been listed in third place among altoists.

At presstime, however, the continued presence of Hunter Hancock, who is white, still separated the station from its 100 percent Negro sound objective.

SINGER NANCY WILSON GROSSES MORE THAN \$31,000 IN TWO DATES

If there ever was doubt that singer Nancy Wilson is a top draw in her own back yard, it was dispelled when the box-office take was counted following a Dec. 26 concert at 6,700-seat Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, the city of her residence.

With the house close to a sellout, the concert grossed \$20,603 after \$1,454 in taxes were deducted. According to concert promoter Charles Stern, the event drew 6,172 paid attendance at \$2.50 to \$4.50 a head.

Miss Wilson was accompanied by the Kenny Dennis Trio and Gerald Wilson's big band. (A review of the concert appears in the next issue of *Down Beat*.) The package was presented the following evening at San Francisco's Masonic Temple, where it grossed \$10,933. The 3,190-seat Temple was standing-room-only.

SLEEPY STEIN BACK AT KNOB—AT LEAST FOR NOW

The legal battle for control of all-jazz radio station KNOB-FM in Hollywood (*DB*, Jan. 14) took a turn in favor of Alex (Sleepy) Stein, whose firing as station manager last October precipitated the dispute.

By order of Judge H. Collins of Los Angeles Municipal Court, Stein was back at his manager's desk at the station.

In winning his third legal action against Ray Torian, majority stockholder in the corporation that owns KNOB, Stein heard Judge Collins rebuke Torian's attempt to quash the decree obtained a week earlier by Stein holding his firing to be illegal.

GRANZ PRODUCES FIRST TOUR OF UNITED STATES IN YEARS

Since Norman Granz called *finis* to his annual Jazz at the Philharmonic tour of concerts some five years ago, the impresario-manager has concentrated his jazz-business activity in Europe, where he lives. But this month Granz was back, presenting his clients Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson in a six-night concert tour that also featured trumpeter-fluegelhornist-vocalist Clark Terry.

Under the banner of Valley Productions, the all-star package played Boston, Mass., on Jan. 19; Rochester, N.Y., the next night; and then Toronto, Pittsburgh, and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, before finishing at Philadelphia on the 24th.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Brazilian singer **Joao Gilberto** played what was certainly the shortest engagement in the history of Chicago's London House—four short sets. Booked into the club for nine days, including New Year's Eve, Gilberto complained that the house was too noisy. What Gilberto probably did not realize was that the London House, surely one of the noisier clubs because of low ceilings and rattling dishes, was at its quietest during his one-night stand.

Ornette Coleman, his alto saxophone, trumpet, and violin were scheduled to be heard at New York's Village Vanguard for a week beginning Jan. 8. If the opening took place—it was after presstime—it



Gilberto
A noisy night in Chicago

would be Coleman's first public playing appearance in two years.

The Pennsylvania State University Jazz Club will hold its first intercollegiate jazz competition May 15. Big bands (eight or more members) will compete at the afternoon program and combos at the evening session. Instrumentalists must be students, but arrangers and conductors may be faculty members or students. Those wishing to enter must submit a tape recording of performances. The tape should consist of at least two selections, last from 15 to 20 minutes, and be received by the jazz club by March 1. Further information can be obtained by writing the Penn State Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, Penn State Jazz Club, Hetzel Union Building, University Park, Pa.

Last month's elections of various AFM local officials saw no upsets. The power structure of New York's Local 802 remained unchanged; the incumbent president, **Alfred J. Manuti**, and most of his slate of candidates were re-elected despite strong opposition from a group of dissidents. The opposition slate, however, elected one member to 802's executive board, **Patsy Fasanella**, an incumbent who went over to the rebels shortly before the election . . . Chicago's Local 208 re-elected **Harry Grey** as its president; he was the only candidate opposed in the election. (The predominantly Negro local

will merge with Chicago's Local 10 in January, 1966) . . . In Los Angeles, Local 47's incumbents, headed by president **John V. Tranchitella**, were re-elected by a landslide. Pianist **Russ Freeman** and saxophonist **Bernie Fleischer**, both known for their jazz work, were elected to the local's executive board . . . San Francisco Local 6 re-elected **Charles (Pop) Kennedy** as its president in a heated contest. Kennedy, who has headed the local for 13 years, was opposed by **Jerry Cournoyer**.

Nina Simone petitioned the New York Supreme Court to grant an injunction halting the sale of the album *Starring Nina Simone*, a 99-cent seller. Miss Simone claims the record is from old tapes of "extremely poor artistic and technical quality." The singer-pianist also is seeking \$1,000,000 in damages from those involved with the production and sale of the album. The defendants include **Philip Landwehr**, **Lewis Harris**, **R. H. Macy & Co.**, and **Premier Albums, Inc.**

Early in December, altoist **Charlie Mariano** returned to his native Boston from Japan, where he and his wife, pianist **Toshiko** have been living. There is a strong possibility that Mariano will remain in the United States, either in Boston, where he has been offered a teaching position with the Berklee School of Music, or in New York City. Mrs. Mariano will join her husband later.

Another altoist, **Paul Winter**, took off for Brazil with his sextet for a four-to-six-week tour. In Winter's group are **Jeremy Steig**, flute; **Pat Rebillot**, piano; **Luiz Henrique**, guitar; **Cecil McBee**, bass; and **Fredrick Waits**, drums. This will be Winter's third trip to Brazil; he and his sextet played there during a 1962 tour for the State Department, and Winter spent last summer in Rio de Janeiro recording.

The jazz avant garde will have its own radio program in New York City. Scheduled to begin Feb. 2 on WKCR-FM, the program (*The New Scene*) will be aired Tuesdays, 8:30-9:30 p.m., and consist only of the "new thing." The program's host is **George Klabin**, who also announces the station's Saturday afternoon *Speaking of Jazz* show, which on Feb. 13 will be devoted to the work of **Scott LaFaro**; Klabin will play unissued tapes by the late bassist.

Despite evidence to the contrary, some advertising men have souls. At least that

Mariano: Back home again



would seem to be the case of a group of the gray-flanneled who get together periodically to play jazz in Minneapolis. Based firmly in the swing era, the **Ad-Noise Jazz Group** includes executives from such large companies as 3M and Gould National.

Pianist **Bill Evans** has acquired a harpsichord, is practicing assiduously, and may record with the instrument . . . **Charlie Watts** of England's **Rolling Stones** reportedly is writing a book about **Charlie Parker**.

NEW YORK: The jam session, in hibernation hereabouts for some time, seems to have returned full force to the New York scene. Hard on the heels of the Birdland benefit in his honor (*DB*, Jan. 28), promoter **Peter Long** organized a well-attended Monday night session on Dec. 28 at the Cafe Au Go Go. Participants included trumpeters **Kenny Dorham** and **Richard Williams**, tenor saxophonists **Clifford Jordan** and **Hank Mobley**, trombonist **Benny Powell**, singer **Bill Henderson**, and drummers **Willie Bobo** and **Clifford Jarvis**. Pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio (**Paul Chambers**, bass, **Jimmy Cobb**, drums) served as the house rhythm section. The Kellys then went to Birdland Jan. 1 for a 10-day stand opposite **Woody Herman's** band . . . Another recent scene of jamming has been Slug's Saloon in the East, located on Third St. between Avenues B and C, where a recent weekend bash included trombonist **Matthew Gee**, flutist **Jeremy Steig**, trumpeter **Charles Tolliver**, tenor saxophonist **Jan Pepper**, pianist **Pat Rebillot**, bassist **Midge Pike**, and drummer **Louis Worrell**.

Tenor saxophonist **John Coltrane's** quartet, scheduled for a three-week stint at the Half Note, turned up at Birdland instead, where the group is scheduled for a month's stay, starting Jan. 12. **Cannonball Adderley's** sextet was scheduled to jump into the breach at the Half Note. In another substitution, flutist **Herbie Mann's** sextet took over at the Village Gate from the **Thelonious Monk Quartet** after the first of the pianist's scheduled three weeks, when Monk, after several tardy arrivals, was "taken ill" . . . The Cellar Club, which had been the weekend outlet of the jazz avant garde, was served with a summons for presenting music without a license and closed, but the "new thingers" soon found another club for weekend exposure—the Triangle, which is located above the Village Vanguard. Friday and Saturday nights at the Triangle in January featured the sextet of tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp**, the **New York Art Quintet** led by alto saxophonist **John Tchicai** and trombonist **Roswell Rudd**, the **Free Form Improvisational Ensemble**, and pianist **Paul Bley's** quintet.

Singer-pianist **Nina Simone** gave a Jan. 15 Carnegie Hall concert at which she was backed by a string section as well as by her regular quartet . . . Trumpeter **Joe Thomas** subbed for **Bobby Hackett** at a recent benefit for the *Herald Tribune's* Fresh Air Fund. Thomas' quintet now features his singer-wife, **Babe Matthews** . . . Pianist **Ram Ramirez** continues to

(Continued on page 40)



Can jazz (or should jazz) be utilized as liturgical music?

Saxophonist-flutist Paul Horn and composer-arranger Lalo Schifrin believe that it can, and they set out to prove it—by composing and performing in jazz a mass of the Roman Catholic Church for an RCA Victor album.

In Hollywood, Calif., where the work was written and recorded, Horn and Schifrin sat down recently with Down Beat for a free discussion on their jazz effort, what it may mean specifically in a Catholic context, and what general applications to liturgy may be made through jazz.

Down Beat: Lalo, why did you compose this jazz mass?

Schifrin: It was an idea of Paul's to write a cantata using a jazz group, voices, and orchestra. We went specifically to the idea of the mass because of the form. I think that the mass has a unity, implies a unity, that was a good point of departure for my work.

Down Beat: Are you referring specifically to the Roman Catholic mass?

Schifrin: The mass is a musical form that has been used since the Middle Ages in different techniques by different composers. One of the best examples of the mass is the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven.

Horn: Also Bach's *B Minor Mass*.

Schifrin: In contemporary music, Stravinsky wrote a beautiful mass. The masses of the Middle Ages, from anonymous writers, the Ambrosian chant, the Mozarabic chant, the Byzantine mass, the Gregorian chant, they all have different. . . . The mass grew from different approaches to singing in the congregation and became definitely a musical form around the 14th century.

Besides that, there's the use of jazz. Jazz is the music of our time. I think it makes sense to introduce the vitality of jazz into this form.

Horn: Jazz has gotten to the point where it is seeking new forms because the forms until fairly recently have been very limited. In classical music we have forms that allow much more room for development because the form itself is that much greater. And the mass is a form, a musical form. To incorporate jazz with the mass was utilizing a spiritual meaning.

Down Beat: There is, of course, not only implied but very definite and obvious connection between the musical form of the mass and the religious content of the ceremony. What relationship could you ascribe between spiritual or religious content and jazz expression? Is it merely a case of different dress, different garb musically?

Schifrin: Jazz has always been related

to religious music. As a matter of fact, jazz is one of the branches of the old spiritual. The people in New Orleans used it for all kinds of different services, funerals and so on. And besides that, the religious aspect is only one of the human manifestations to our music.

Music is used for different rites and different religions and different ceremonies all over the world. Since music is so universal and implies so many different feelings, I don't see why the religious feeling should be out of jazz. Besides that, I have the feeling that the music of John Coltrane—and I don't know if he is religious or not—is an approach which is almost mystic.

Horn: The fact that the mass is a religious form of music makes you open up more to the spiritual feeling of music. All music is spiritual in feeling, in nature, in its basic nature.

Down Beat: Would you want to make a parallel, then, between the jazz mass and the work that you, Paul, have been doing with cantor Alan Michaelson—that is, improvising jazz on Hebraic musical forms?

Horn: During the past year my quintet has been a part of a movement that Fred Katz has been developing in Jewish liturgical music. We're not playing any different as a quintet. It's just that these other people are sensing that they can apply what we're doing



RCA VICTOR PHOTOS

PAUL HORN

to their ideas of liturgical music, to bring music of the church or synagogue, or any of the organized religions, to a more contemporary level. The mass has been done in different types of rhythms. Someone was telling me recently about a mass that was done down in Brazil to the bossa nova rhythm.

Schiffrin: Not only that. The same day we were recording the mass here in Hollywood I read in the paper that for the first time at the Vatican, during the ecumenical council, they did the Ethiopian Rite. The Pope assisted in that rite, and they were using cymbals and drums.

The Church is an institution that has lasted for 2,000 years, and the reason it *has* lasted—besides political, religious reasons—is because the Church adapts itself to contemporary life, whenever it is. Since jazz is the music of our time, I don't think jazz can be ignored. And we did the recording with a serious, almost mystical, approach.

Also, as a jazz musician, I think the mass, as such, is very inspiring. As Paul just said, jazz is needing a new approach to form in general—and also to sounds. Sometimes, for instance, when I was writing the text—of course I was respecting the idea of the text, the spirit of the text—the *sound* of the text, as music, was beautiful. There was already music as such—the vowels and consonants. And this is what I was trying to do: using that text not only for its meaning but also from a musical point of view.

Down Beat: How did you obtain the translation from the Latin?

Schiffrin: Father Norman O'Connor sent it to me. This is the official translation approved by the new ecumenical council.

Horn: This will be the first mass, to my knowledge, that will have been recorded in English since this new ruling was handed down—that is, that the mass may be performed in the language of the country in which it is to be celebrated.

Down Beat: There have been other works written within religious contexts. Are you familiar, for example, with Ed Summerlin's work along these lines?

Schiffrin/Horn: No.

Schiffrin: We've had many tunes lately in the pop-jazz field. You remember *The Sermon*? And *The Preacher*? But that was a different approach. Still, I think the Gospel is in the basis of jazz.

Horn: Since the Gregorian chant is modal in its nature, I felt a definite affinity between the music we're play-

ing now—or a parallel between that and sounds of the Gregorian chant.

Schiffrin: Yes, I felt that there was an affinity between Paul's playing and the idiom of the religious, but at the same time I tried to combine that idiom with. . . .

Horn: Not that you were to write in the style of the Middle Ages.

Schiffrin: No, I tried to combine that idiom with different techniques and the jazz pulsation. I used the modes, of course. Sometimes the introduction of a foreign note into the mode was leading me to contemporary modes, modes that would limit the transposition. The modes of the Gregorian chant could be transposed to our times by introducing foreign notes to those modes, "strange" notes from our century. . . .

The idea of density. . . . Instead of using that harmonic concept, I've been using the density concept—also in the mass. . . .

Horn: Lalo wrote so beautifully for the quintet. What we wanted to do in the album was to maintain the identity of my quintet within the larger ensemble. He allowed so much freedom for us. There was very little written for the quintet and really very little written for me; a few thematic fragments. . . .

Schiffrin: That was an idea that comes from the concerto grosso, in which a small group plays concertant in relation to the choir or the orchestra.

Horn: But it wasn't with an antiphonal approach. In other words, it wasn't that the quintet had to make a statement to be answered by the larger ensemble but an integration of everything, still maintaining the *sound* of my quintet with the vibes and my instrument, and piano, bass, and drums.

Down Beat: Were you the only solo voice?

Horn: Yes.

Down Beat: How did the concept of the soloist fit in the general context of the mass?

Schiffrin: It was like a comment. Paul was doing a comment, like in the congregation. As he said, it is not really antiphonal but responsorial with different sections of the choir. I also used a brass choir besides the human choir and percussion and two harps.

The quintet was just an element behind Paul that was giving him the pulsation. He was doing the comments about what was going on from an "event" point of view. Many musical "events" were taking place, and Paul, in different cases, was commenting about those events. And also not music of the religious event because, after all, there is a whole ceremony

that is going on.

Horn: It wasn't that we set out to ground ourselves firmly in the rituals of Catholicism. In my mind I wasn't trying to relate to any particular religious ceremony or doctrine. It was just that the form was No. 1. It utilized voices, and, because in its essence it was spiritual, to me it seemed that on *that* level we could combine it with jazz. There was a spiritual *attitude*, because that's the attitude of music—in the abstract sense: not to pin it down to any doctrine.

I wasn't that familiar with the text when I was playing it, so when I was playing, I wasn't relating literally to the text of the particular movement we were doing. I was just going with the sounds that were coming from the orchestra. . . .

Down Beat: Do you think that music such as this, a concept such as this, would have validity also for, say, a Protestant service?

Schiffrin: It depends. It requires a different approach and a different concentration, a different meditation. Each assignment should be considered properly in the right time. This was a concrete thing, and it took some time to think about it, some time to write about it, and some time to record it.

Down Beat: What about religions other than Christianity or Judaism? Buddhism, say?

Horn: It could get into the Oriental religions, but whether there is a musical form as definite and concrete as the mass. . . .

Schiffrin: They *do* have such. In different forms and different rites, of course. I think it could be done, but right now, as I'm telling you, it requires a lot of meditation. It's so different. The Catholic mass is Occidental. It marked the beginning of our civilization in Europe. If we are going to consider other civilizations, then we have to really study what is the purpose of that. They have different scales, different instruments, different rhythms. It's a completely different approach.

Down Beat: Is it true, then, that what attracted you basically to this assignment was the form of the mass, the musical form and unity of the ceremony?

Schiffrin: The implication of a musical form: It's not really a form in the sense of a sonata form because it's only the format.

Horn: It might be analogous to a suite. There are five basic parts to the mass from which this work was written. These are the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, the *Sanctus*, the *Credo*, and the *Agnus Dei*. Lalo added three other sections which did not utilize voices. They are

instrumental sections. These were very fragmentary.

For the *Offertory*, which features the quintet, it was just a four-bar little melody motif—that was all. It was free-form which developed out of that motif, again sticking to certain notes and certain modes. The *Prayer*, a bass flute solo, again had a little motif written out, but the bulk of it was improvisation based on the original statement or motif.

I don't doubt that it (the mass) will be incorporated and utilized in churches. I hope that we can and will perform it in the churches around the world.

Schiffrin: I think that there was a mystical approach to the performing of the mass. We didn't have any lights in the studio. There was a moment that reminded me of the time I went to Notre Dame in Paris—or when I go to church and I listen to Bach cantatas. There is a kind of musical mystical emotion there that I cannot define. It's sublime. And this kind of emotion was contagious, I think, during the performing of the mass. . . .

Horn: It wasn't as if we were doing just another record date. When I listen to it played back now, I have a strange feeling that I don't relate myself to what I hear. When I hear the flute or the saxophone coming back, it's not like it's *me* playing. It seemed that everybody transcended themselves in the performance of it. It was like the music was just coming through everybody. It wasn't a conscious effort to play but rather that the music just played itself.

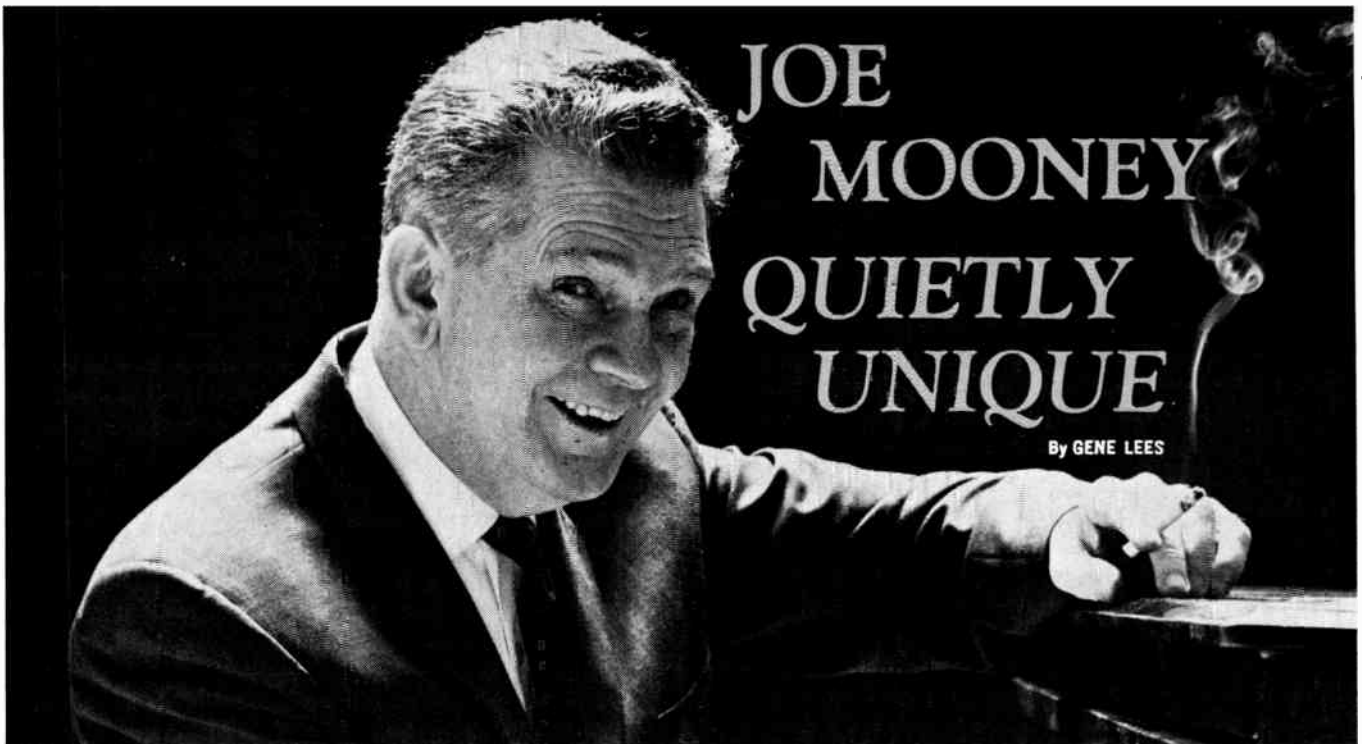
Lalo wrote so beautifully that the feeling just came from there. The freedom that was allowed the quintet by letting us just respond to the sounds that were going on around us, and not having to read certain things that would pin it down, so that when it was swinging, it was swinging. There was a freedom there, to the jazz part of it. . . .

Schiffrin: Besides the use of the old and the new modes, there is some use also of atonalism and microtonalism. In the *Credo* the singers are ascending by steps smaller than half a tone; and Paul is playing completely freely, almost suspended between tonalism and atonalism. So the idiom we could use in this mass was very broad. And still it was not eclectic. I think it has a unity; nothing was arbitrary.

The very idea of a jazz mass I don't think is arbitrary, since, as I said before, the Catholic church—any church—is the product of the people that form that church. . . . So I think that we were not too far from a religious manifestation that is contemporary.



LALO SCHIFFRIN



JOE MOONEY QUIETLY UNIQUE

By GENE LEES

COLUMBIA RECORDS

IN JULY, 1963, Joe Mooney, organist, accordionist, pianist, and singer, emerged from a pleasant, self-imposed exile in Florida to play a four-week engagement in New York City at an east-side tavern called the Most. He stayed 17 weeks, and at the moment he is in his sixth month at the Penthouse, a wine-and-dinery on Central Park South. This is in a well-established tradition. Mooney has a way of staying on a gig.

What made his appearance at the Most exceptional was that it was his first New York performance, for all practical purposes, in 12 years. John S. Wilson wrote a rave welcome-back review in the *New York Times*, and musicians and singers—Tony Bennett was conspicuous by his presence—turned up en masse.

Many members of the younger generation of listeners, however, had never heard of Mooney. What, they may well have asked, was all the fuss about?

Mooney is an original. He is derived from nobody, and no one—no one current, at any rate—has been able to imitate him. He is too personal for successful imitation.

His singing, an odd and memorable style of semiwhisper, is casual and deceptively simple in its phrasing. Though singers trained as instrumentalists usually go for the music in a song, Mooney goes for the meaning of the words with an acutely poetic perception of a song's story value.

"Music," Mooney said, "is a language, and I feel it is meant to be spoken conversationally. I'm tired of speeches. That was the theory behind the quartet."

The quartet to which Mooney referred was a group he had in the mid-1940s, oft and fondly remembered by music lovers. So strong was its impact that it is hard to realize it lasted only a little more than two years.

The idea for the group came to Mooney in bed. In 1943 he was severely injured in a New Jersey automobile accident and hospitalized for 18 months. When he emerged, his plans for the quartet were firm.

"World War II was ending, and I got the guys one by one as they came out of service," Mooney said. "Andy Fitzgerald, the clarinetist, was the first. Because of the delicate sound I had in mind, I got him to use a smaller mouth piece and a soft reed."

The group was assembled and working in Paterson, N.J., by early 1946. The personnel comprised Fitzgerald and Mooney, with Jack Hotep on guitar and Gratán Frega on

bass. "I started to make head arrangements," Mooney said.

Word of the group got around, and Mike Levin, now a television consultant but then New York editor of *Down Beat*, began telephoning Mooney, who ducked his calls. "I wasn't ready to show the group to people in New York yet," Mooney said.

In July bandleader Hal McIntyre's manager, George Moffett, became interested in the group. Mooney told him he wouldn't be ready to move until October. The next night, Moffett came into the club—with Mike Levin.

"Mike wrote some wonderful things about the group," Mooney said. "And he enlisted the support of every editor in the business. He put up a tree behind the bar. Everyone who gave us a good review, Mike hung his picture on the tree. He called them the Out-on-a-Limb Club."

"By the time we got to New York, he had everyone in the business interested. We had the late George Evans—he did the build-up on Frank Sinatra—as our press agent. But what he did was nothing compared with what Mike had done for us."

To understand the nature of the impact of Mooney's group, it is necessary to remember that big bands were still in their prime. There were few small groups.

"There was the King Cole Trio and, just coming out, the Page Cavanaugh Trio," Mooney recalled. "The Page Cavanaugh vocals were patterned after ours. In fact, they spent months in the House of Dixon, where we were working, just digging us. Those are about all the groups I remember."

The House of Dixon had been on the verge of folding when Levin suggested to its owner that he book Mooney. "You mean," the owner said to Mooney, "people will sit still and just listen to music?" Mooney went into the room for four weeks; he stayed 27, playing to capacity crowds. The group's first move out of town was to Hartford, Conn.—during Holy Week.

Did it bomb?

"Doesn't everybody in Hartford?" Mooney asked.

There has been speculation over why Mooney broke up the quartet.

Bassist Frega had always wanted to be a priest. He had an opportunity to enter the Capuchin Order in 1948 and retired from music. (He and Mooney remain close friends. Mooney recalls that Frega was always afraid of airplanes.

Today he is teaching at a Capuchin seminary in Virginia and, according to Mooney, "he's still afraid of airplanes.") After Frega left the group, Mooney tried several bassists. "But the sound of the group was changed, the feel was different. I'd knit the thing so tightly. The whole thing was based on free thought. We'd come off the stand and musicians would say to us, 'That's a new arrangement, isn't it?' We'd say, 'What arrangement?' I'd set the mood with an idea, and the others would contribute. It was four guys contributing to one idea. If the group had got a little older, we'd have had no arrangements as such at all.

"Because the sound of the group was so delicate, we had trouble finding the right rooms to work. I don't think the booking agents ever knew what they had. After Frega left, it became a case of taking fewer jobs and lesser jobs to break in a new bass player. It was a matter of holding back the rest of the group while a bass player learned a couple of hundred arrangements. Finally I said, 'The hell with it.'"

The quartet's legacy is 16 sides on Decca, not currently available. "They will be, though," Mooney said. "Every-time something happens for me, they reissue them."

After the dissolution of the quartet, Mooney had a duo for a while—bass and piano. "Then I bought a Hammond organ and went to work as a single in 1950. I broke that in in Paterson too. I went down to Florida the last week of '51. I went for 14 weeks and stayed 12 years."

FOR THOSE who think that Mooney was out of music during those years, he was not; he worked steadily all that time. For a while he was co-owner of a club in Miami Beach. He and his wife, Helen, bought a home, which has space allocated for a swimming pool. "But I hadn't got around to putting one in," Mooney said. "Every morning I'd go out and dive into the grass."

Early in the 1950s Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan were recording with their big band. RCA Victor was pressing them to get a singer. Riding in a taxi, Sauter and Finegan heard one of Mooney's vocal records on the radio. They telephoned to urge him to record with them in New York, which he did. The song was *Nina Never Knew*. It became a hit. It is so closely associated with Mooney that people think he wrote it, though "it was actually written by Milt Drake and Louis Alter, who wrote *Manhattan Serenade* and *You Turned the Tables on Me*, among others," Mooney pointed out.

The Sauter-Finegan experience was brief. He returned to Florida.

During all these years, Finegan's wife Kay kept urging Mooney to return to New York. "Every year she'd get after me," he said. "She'd say, 'Why aren't you in New York and recording?' I'd say, 'Nobody's asked me.'"

Then came what is perhaps best described as l'Affaire Columbia.

Kay Finegan decided that if no record label had the gumption to record Mooney, they'd simply have to make an LP of their own. She took the unorthodox step of selling shares in the project and raised \$5,000. The album was made and titled *Joe Mooney and Friends*. The idea was to have various friends of Mooney, Tony Bennett included, talk between the tracks, creating a cocktail party atmosphere. Another of Mooney's friends, arranger-composer Gordon Jenkins, counseled against it. He thought the talk would impede the pleasure of repeated listening. Columbia became interested in the package and bought it, permitting Kay Finegan to pay back the investors. It was then decided that the talk should go on a separate seven-inch disc, to ride piggy-back in the packet of the LP.

The album, however, has never been released—it occupies a shelf somewhere at Columbia, though it contains

some stunning tracks, including some instrumentals in which Mooney plays accordion while (thanks to dubbing) accompanying himself on organ.

Instead, Columbia made an LP called *The Greatness of Joe Mooney*, which sounds like an exaggerated title but, thanks to Mooney's utter individualism, actually isn't. But this LP has been given the indifferent treatment by Columbia. Record company distributors—the final and ultimate villains of the music business—have no interest in it, nor does Columbia seem to have attempted to inspire any; as a result most stores don't carry it.

One of the major grievances of both jazz and pop artists is that record companies will make a disc, throw it casually on the market, and wait to see what happens. They will spend little or no money on promotion (smart artists and their managers have learned to demand clauses in contracts specifying that so much money will be spent on an album for advertising and promotion) and then, later, bad-mouth the artist throughout the business with "he (or she) doesn't sell 25 albums."

In Mooney's case, Columbia evidently didn't even send out review copies of the disc. *Down Beat* didn't get one—the editor had to make a special request for one, having heard almost by accident that the disc was out. A check in New York showed that several other important publications were not sent the album. After spending at least \$10,000 to record Mooney (including purchase of the unissued LP), Columbia evidently couldn't spend \$10 on review copies, which is about what it would have cost to service the key national publications.

The album, however, is a classic. See John A. Tynan's review of it in the Dec. 3 *Down Beat*. If by unexpected good fortune the record is available at a local shop, a purchaser will hear a unique sound. Otherwise, he'll have to make it to New York City and the Penthouse to hear Mooney, playing organ and piano and putting out those strangely personal vocals.

"I haven't got a voice," he said, "just a delivery." The Penthouse engagement was booked by Kay Finegan, who is now Mooney's manager.


Mooney has not decided whether he will stay in New York or return to Florida—his wife is in favor of the latter, more or less. "I'm working by ear," Mooney said.

"I'd like to have a hit record. But I'm not the hit type. There are some experiments I'd like to try. Down home—in Florida—I did a TV show for 16 months. I got to play around a little on it. I had the idea of taping an organ background and then playing accordion over it. It created a sort of conversation with myself. I also started taping tracks and then playing them back through the organ speakers while playing some new organ things over them, so that it could be as close as possible to live performance. I'd like to try it in a club.

"All the cameramen on the show were either ex-musicians or part-time musicians, and they did some marvelous camera work. While I was playing accordion over the organ track, for example, they'd focus for a while on the empty organ bench.

"I have a new string-bass attachment on the organ, which was made specially for me by a friend of mine, Al Refino, who's an electronics man with IBM. It gets a much truer string bass sound than any of the standard commercial attachments for organ.

"I want to experiment with the two-organ tracks some more. I don't think it's been done much in public."

That's where it is. What Mooney will do is in the laps of the gods—and perhaps the myopic oracles up there in record-company Executiveland. New Yorkers can only hope selfishly that, Mrs. Mooney's wishes notwithstanding, Florida will get the fluff-off. 

The Personal Basis Of Criticism

By JOE GOLDBERG

In one of the remarks most frequently attributed to him, Charlie Parker said, "Music is your own experience, your thought, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out of your horn."

This sounds like the most unexceptionable of statements, particularly when one considers the combination of genius and torment that lent authority to the speaker. I have, therefore, been rather surprised to see the high-level debate, gutter imprecations, and critical street-fighting that have been raging the last few years over an analagous conclusion by several of the younger film reviewers. The system they follow is called "la politique des auteurs" and has been imported from France as "the auteur theory."

It was interesting to see that the auteur theory closely parallels a system employed for the last several years, in far more casual, unsystematized fashion, by jazz critics, probably without conscious knowledge on the part of critics or readers that any kind of formal discipline was being used and certainly without benefit of a name. The two, when viewed together, seem indicative of things far more basic than either jazz or films.

Since it is unlikely that many readers of jazz criticism follow the specialist film magazines, it might first be well to

attempt to state what "la politique des auteurs" is. The phrase, which translates literally as "policy of authors," appeared first in 1954, in an article written by the French director Francois Truffaut, who was, at the time, a critic for the magazine Cahiers du Cinema. Since Truffaut has since directed The 400 Blows, Shoot the Piano Player, and Jules and Jim, it is natural that his critical opinions would now carry considerable weight. Although the original article never has appeared in English, Truffaut gave an interview in 1961 to the New York Film Bulletin in that recapitulates his views:

"The politique des auteurs was a critical concept, essentially polemic; that is to say, for some critics there are good and bad films, and I had the idea that there are not good and bad films—there are simply good and bad directors. It might happen that a bad director could make a film that gives the illusion of being good because he had the excellent fortune of having a good scenario, fine actors. . . . nevertheless, this 'good' film would have no value in the eyes of a critic because it was just chance—a coincidence of circumstances.

"Conversely, you might have a situation whereby a good director makes a 'bad' picture, because of the same circumstances in reverse, but nevertheless this film would have more interest for the critic than the 'good' film by the bad director. Still, in the same way, because the concept of success or failure has no importance—what is interesting in the career of a good director is that it reflects his thought from the beginning to his more mature phase. Each of the films marks one phase of his thoughts, and it's of no importance that any

particular picture is successful or not, or a good picture or not. I have summed it up in an example for which Jean Delannoy never forgave me; I said that the best film of Jean Delannoy would never equal the worst film of Jean Renoir. And this is what is really meant by the politique des auteurs."

Elsewhere in the interview, Truffaut said that "primarily, the idea was that the man who has the ideas and the man who makes the picture must be the same. This being so, I'm also convinced that a film resembles the man who made it—even if he didn't choose the subject, did not exclusively direct, let the assistants do the editing—even such a film would profoundly reflect in depth—for instance through the rhythm, the pacing—the man who made it. . . ."

It should be easy to see the correlation between Truffaut's view of film criticism and the assertion, which most jazz critics would probably make, that the worst Dizzy Gillespie record is superior to the best Al Hirt.

Still, most established film critics are unwilling to accept the auteur theory; partly because of the method (critic Dwight MacDonald has written that the U.S. version "seems to be no more precise an instrument than a massively impenetrable prejudice in favor of certain directors") and partly because auteur critics have been involved in destroying the barrier between so-called art films and plain old popular movies. They have attacked such directors as John Huston, David Lean, Akira Kurosawa, and Vittorio de Sica and have attempted to replace them with less-fashionable names like Howard Hawks, Alfred Hitchcock, John Ford, and

Otto Preminger.

The situation has become so heated that MacDonald ceased his association with a film magazine when the magazine made an auteur critic a regular contributor.

We all are familiar with the ugly spectacle of critical squabbling, to which I have contributed in my day, at least some of which is traceable to the fact that it is often easier to attack another critic's statements than to address oneself to the work he was discussing. But the unusual rancor of the auteur controversy, coupled with its similarity to much jazz criticism, makes me think it is symptomatic of more basic questions.

The Cahiers du Cinema critics admired the brash vitality of U.S. films—possibly because they were in no position to see how little correspondence to reality those films contained—and wrote long, metaphysical articles about them, which are now aped by some Americans.

Similarly, two of the greatest influences on jazz criticism have been the Frenchmen Hugues Panassie and Andre Hodeir. In the mid-1950s, Hodeir revolutionized jazz criticism from abroad, and now we see George Shearing, Stan Getz, and Chet Baker replaced by Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, and Miles Davis. The reasons, I think, are somewhat the same—French admiration for U.S. creativity, and U.S. awe of the French critical faculty.

There are several parallels between jazz and films, which make it understandable that similar criticism should develop.

To begin with, both areas are somewhat unfashionable, so that a partisan critic may constantly feel

defensive, having given such importance to mere "entertainment." Both, if the discussion is limited for the moment to jazz as recorded music, are attempts to reproduce a feeling of immediacy through mechanical means and thus make it permanent. The speed of history in both forms is astonishing, and new breakthroughs often cause the critic to re-evaluate his position. Some of these breakthroughs are technical, and the art has changed accordingly; the LP is certainly one cause of the discursiveness of such current soloists as saxophonist John Coltrane; wide-screen has simultaneously revised concepts of how figures may be arranged in a single frame and altered the importance of editing. The critic follows along, with discussions of how long a solo should be, and whether, in a given situation, it is esthetically preferable to have two images in one shot or one image in each of two juxtaposed shots.

I believe that while the auteur theory is too limited to apply with much validity to so co-operative a venture as film making, it is superbly applicable to jazz, and based on the foregoing statements, a certain case could be made for Truffaut as the great jazz theoretician.

For a long time now, much jazz criticism has been of the auteur variety. Having decided that, for instance, Miles Davis is an important musician—perhaps because others have decided the same thing, or because Davis' personal harmonic sense and the personal sound he gets from his trumpet are pleasing—the critic then assesses a given Davis recording not so much on absolute merit, if such exists, as on its relevance to the total context of his

work, the indications it gives of his current thought and where he may be going.

As an experiment, I wrote a review of Davis' Seven Steps to Heaven on a strict auteur basis and found that the system worked quite well. It would be an easy trap to fall into; having arrived at a list of great jazz musicians, one would simply rationalize their output to fit the party line. But it is also easy to see instances in which the theory makes excellent sense: Miles Davis, nominally a sideman on Cannonball Adderley's Somethin' Else LP, is obviously the auteur of the session. The main drawback to the theory was first noted by Andre Bazin, spiritual father of the Cahiers critics. "One sees the danger," Bazin wrote, "which is an esthetic cult of personality." Again, Miles Davis is a ready example. Many fans feel they have got their full money's worth if Davis simply shows up in one of his Italian suits. If he shows disdain for his audience, better yet. And if he is overheard in one of his obscenities, the listener is ready to give him the trumpeter-of-the-year award.

We are prone, I think, to have mutually exclusive criteria. Many of us are too ready to rely on brand names, as revealed in Leonard Feather's Blindfold Tests. But on the one hand, we value craftsmanship, no matter to what end it is directed, and on the other, we are always willing to give points for good intentions, whether realized or not. Whatever its excesses, the auteur system probably demonstrates a deep need in us, for our highest accolades are usually reserved for the man who is both a personal and artistic rebel, dazzling us with new techniques, reinterpreting

old conventions, displaying in his personal life the same kind of audacious flair that informs his work.

Our old ideas of excellence are rapidly changing. Most of us fear limitless freedom and would tend to go along with the position set forth by Igor Stravinsky apropos his oratorio Oedipus Rex, in An Autobiography:

"The need for restriction, for deliberately submitting to a style, has its source in the very depths of our nature and is found not only in matters of art, but in every conscious manifestation of human activity. It is the need for order, without which nothing can be achieved and upon the disappearance of which everything disintegrates. But one would be wrong to regard that as an impediment to liberty. On the contrary, the style, the restraint, contribute to its development, and only prevent liberty from degenerating into license. At the same time, in borrowing a form already established and consecrated, the creative artist is not in the least restricting the manifestation of his personality. On the contrary, it is more detached, and stands out better when it moves within the definite limits of a convention."

Not surprisingly, this is the same man who wrote, in Poetics of Music, that "a real tradition is not the relic of a past irretrievably gone; it is a living force that informs and animates the present."

Most of us still find it preferable for a man to make meaningful changes within the boundaries of a convention—as, for instance, Dashiell Hammett did—rather than shattering

the convention. The true radical is likely to have imprecations thrown at him, be he Ornette Coleman or Jean-Luc Godard.

But often we confuse tradition with the aping of a few superficial stylistic mannerisms. It can be seen how Coleman has a deep understanding of the blues that informs his work, or how Godard, in Breathless (pointedly dedicated to Monogram pictures) had carefully studied our B-picture gangster films if only to use them as a referent against which to set off his own personality.

None of these is a new problem. There is a further analogy in the debate that continues to center on the "new critics" of the 1930s—F. R. Leavis, I. A. Richards, and their followers, who believe in strict textual explication as opposed to the inclusion of biographical information about an author. This approach, as it has filtered down, has reached an extreme in which the how of technique has become all important, and the critic takes little note of what is being said. This is not far removed from auteur criticism, which often overlooks a banal script while concentrating on intriguing camera angles. Nor is it far removed from the practice of U.S. business in considering "management" a skill separate from that being managed, so that an executive of a food company may turn up next in a record company.

It is interesting, in what is supposed to be the age of specialization, when we have largely replaced morality with expertise, that we, as the public, are still sufficiently confused in our criteria to demand, so to speak, the entire man, to deny him any area of privacy, and to judge a Miles Davis as much on his haber-

dashery as his playing.

We could discuss endlessly the justice of such criteria, but they are certainly relevant; there are those who would argue that Richard Nixon missed being President in 1960 because he seems, on television, to sweat a lot and need a shave.

We are, as many, including Dwight MacDonald, have observed, a nation avid for "the facts," and we tend to assuage our self-contempt at our own questionable curiosity by judging those we have been so curious about.

Most of us witnessed, when Lee Harvey Oswald was shot, what one newspaper called "the first nationally televised murder." I think a certain case could be made in arguing that this is only the latest and most terrible instance of a change in criteria that has been effected by the mass media. I cite, as varied instances, the popularity of Confidential magazine, the televised investigations of Frank Costello and Joseph Valachi, and the mea culpa of Charles Van Doren. From our avarice for these facts about public figures, it is only a step to the situation in which private activity—or what is generally considered to be the inside story on a celebrity—becomes the critical and box-office correlative of talent; Charles Chaplin and Elizabeth Taylor will do for examples.

To return to where I began: I think that Miles Davis' choice in clothing is no more my concern than Mickey Mantle's publicized choice of hair tonic, and I think that the trends in criticism of our most vital popular arts indicate things about all of us that we would do well to consider.

db



By DAN MORGENSTERN

WHEN EDDIE CONDON played a concert in Japan last spring, leading a band of star mainstream jazzmen, the local emcee introduced him to the audience as "the king of bop and the mayor of Greenwich Village."

This gaffe was as amusing to Condon as it will be to those who recall the guitarist's celebrated definition of the difference between bebop and the brand of free-wheeling, tradition-grounded jazz that has been synonymous with his name for more than 40 years: "The boppers flat their fifths—we drink ours."

The second half of the Japanese accolade, however, was more to the point. Though he never has held that honorary title, Condon has been a resident of the Village for many years, and he has played an important role in the jazz history of the area, from the time he went to work at Nick's in 1937 until early 1958, when the night club that bears his name moved uptown.

When his club first opened in 1946, it was located on W. Third St., off Washington Square, where Condon occupies a spacious, high-ceilinged apartment in a house that is part of the last remaining row of the fine 19th-century buildings that once graced the square on all sides.

"I used to say," Condon recently reminisced, "that I could walk to work in two-and-a-half minutes and reel back in two-and-a-half hours."

The remark is characteristic of Condon. Guitarist, former clubowner, band-leader, a&r man, promoter, author, erstwhile columnist, and celebrated raconteur, Eddie Condon is a man of so many parts it may be hard to realize that all

his energies and talents have been dedicated to life-long service in the cause of the music he loves. A tireless fighter and missionary, Condon has drawn thousands of listeners into the jazz orbit, and even those who may have forsaken his particular kind of music in favor of other styles will acknowledge their debt to the man who lit the spark.

Last year began as a good one for Condon, who left March 6 for a six-week tour of Australia, New Zealand, and Japan with a typical assembly of jazz individualists. They were trumpeter Buck Clayton, trombonist Vic Dickenson, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, pianist Dick Cary, bassist Jack Lesberg, drummer Cliff Leeman, and singer Jimmy Rushing, and the trip, though tiring, was a success.

"It was sensational," said Condon, who uses superlatives sparingly. "I'd never seen such hospitality as we encountered, particularly in New Zealand. You couldn't light your own cigaret, and if you wanted to cross the street, there'd be a chauffeured limousine to take you. A drink was never less than a triple shot, and the steaks—they are very proud of their beef—big enough for three people. . . ."

Prior to its departure, the band played for a few nights at Earthquake McGoon's, trombonist Turk Murphy's San Francisco club. "I never had much use for California," Condon remarked. "In fact, it always made me think of Fred Allen's reply to the question of what he thought of the state: 'It's all right if you are an orange' . . . but the audiences we had in San Francisco were the best behaved I've seen in this country."

But not long after the tour, Condon, who turned 59 on Nov. 11, was taken ill and went under the surgeon's knife for a delicate and painful operation. His friends were worried, and in August a "Salute to Eddie Condon" was presented at Carnegie Hall, which resulted in some rather doleful publicity. More accustomed to donating his services to others than to be on the receiving end, Condon was annoyed with the way the event was handled.

"They practically had me in an iron lung," he stated.

Since then, Condon has put together several bands for weekend gigs in the New York-New England area, including a stint at a West Point homecoming, and seems well on the road to recovery. The recuperative powers of the compact, wiry guitarist are legendary. Twice within 15 years he was stricken with acute peritonitis, and each time his doctors were doubtful of his survival.

"The first time they had me in the death room—a little windowless alcove in the ward where the other patients wouldn't be frightened out of their wits by looking at you," Condon recalled. "When they realized I was going to be all right, I became a prize exhibit."

Condon attributes his resiliency to the regular intake of large quantities of milk, though he is probably more closely identified with the consumption of stronger stuff. He makes no bones about his drinking, but exaggeration annoys him.

"In England some years ago," he said, "an interviewer asked me, in all seriousness, 'Mr. Condon, how many quarts of Scotch a day do you drink?' I told him that even a single quart of whisky a day would be enough to do away with a man in a very short time."

Condon was asked if he had seen the recent Columbia records reissue set devoted to jazz in Chicago, in which the personnel listing of his first recordings (the famous McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans dates of late 1927) had been newly revised to include Mezz Mezzrow on tenor

saxophone in place of Bud Freeman on two performances, including the famous *China Boy*.

This was news to Condon. "Mezz wasn't on those records," the guitarist said. "He did make the next session we did [for Brunswick in April, 1928], but that was Bud. I thought everybody knew that by now. Those things still stand up pretty well today, I think. If I walked into a bar-room, and they were playing them on the jukebox, it wouldn't embarrass me a damn bit. It was fair for a bunch of kids. . . ."

Considering the fact that these recordings, and others in which Condon participated in the late '20s, are the cornerstones of the so-called Chicago style of jazz, the guitarist's reaction to the term is interesting:

"The critics invented that. We were just a group of musicians who happened to be in Chicago at the time. When I was being interviewed on the Mike Wallace show some years ago, he asked me what the difference was between New Orleans and Chicago style. I told him: 'About 1,000 miles.'"

LIKE MOST JAZZ musicians, Condon is not a record collector, though "we keep a player in the house for the girls when they come home from school [the girls are Condon's two pretty daughters, Liza and Maggie]. But I never use it myself. I had some records once—things that I liked by Louis Armstrong, some Bessie Smith, a few others—but I lost them. It was right after prohibition had been repealed. Max Kaminsky and I were rooming together at a hotel in midtown Manhattan. Things were pretty bad then. One bitter cold morning at 4 (it was 14 below zero) we came home—peacefully drunk—to find that we had been locked out. I told the desk clerk: 'It's cold out there.' He said he was sorry, but he had his orders. We could see that he wasn't a bad guy and couldn't help it.

"Still, we couldn't face that cold, and we were very tired. Who could put us up? Our first thought was a clarinet player who had a cozy bachelor apartment on 57th St.—we'd been up there a few days before. All we wanted was some floor space to sleep on. Maxie called him up, found out that he was alone, and told him of our sad plight. I could tell from Maxie's reactions that he was hemming and hawing, so I grabbed the receiver and hung up. What now?

"Then I remembered that Gene Krupa was in town, with Buddy Rogers' band, and that we knew where he was staying. There was just one small problem—Gene was on his honeymoon. But it was getting cold even in the hotel lobby.

"I called Gene. 'Sure,' he said, without a moment's hesitation. 'Come right over.' I would like to say here that Gene Krupa is one of the nicest guys I've ever known in my life. Well, Maxie got a job with Joe Venuti, and I managed to get some work (Gene and I wore the same size clothes), but by the time I made it back to the hotel to bail out my stuff, the records were gone. And that's how I stopped collecting records. . . ."

(Thus related, the story lacks the personality and presence of Condon at firsthand, for he is a great story-teller. In action, Condon's stance and expression are reminiscent of James Cagney, to whom he also bears a distinct resemblance.)

Though he is a modest man, Condon takes just pride in some of the achievements of his career. Among them is the organization of the first real integrated jazz record date.

It took place in New York in February, 1929, for Victor records.

"The Victor people didn't like the idea," he remembered. "What do you want those guys for?" they complained."

But Condon was persistent.

"'Because they can do something, that's why,' I told them. Finally, they let me have my way."

The two sides, originally issued under the name Eddie's Hot Shots, featured Harlemites Leonard Davis, Happy Cauldwell, and George Stafford on trumpet, tenor saxophone, and drums, in the company of Jack Teagarden, Mezz Mezzrow, Joe Sullivan, and Condon.

Once the ice was broken, a number of integrated recording dates were held, though the practice continued to be an exception rather than a rule for some years to come. Condon himself was present on many of these, including a date with Louis Armstrong, and several with his good friend Fats Waller.

Condon also looks back with satisfaction on his pioneering efforts to bring jazz to the concert stage. In collaboration with his friend Ernie Anderson, Condon organized Waller's 1942 Carnegie Hall concert, which turned out to be more remarkable as a social than as a musical event, as Condon recalls it:

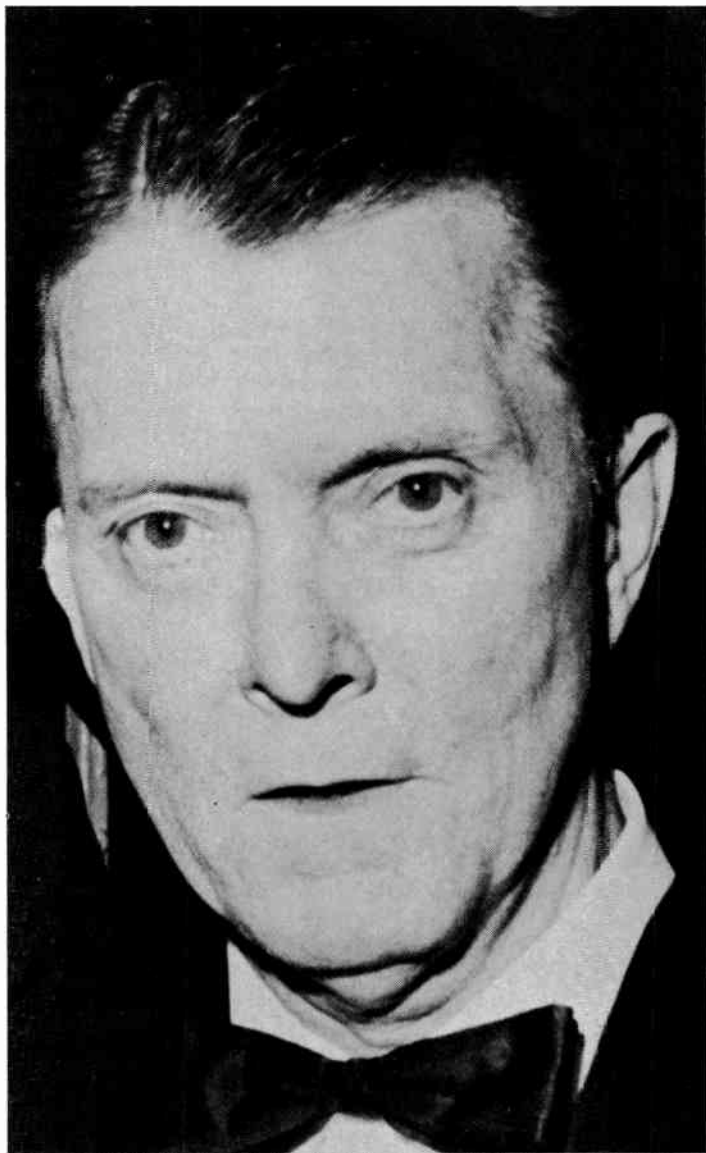
"Fats was a gin man, but this was a gala occasion, so champagne was called for. You couldn't even move backstage, and the champagne kept flowing. After the intermission, Fats played what sounded to me like *Summertime* all the way through the second half of the concert. . . ."

Shortly after this memorable occasion, Condon initiated a series of jazz concerts at New York's Town Hall, using a format similar to the club jam sessions he had been organizing since the late '30s. The concerts were successful, and the series continued for several years, setting a precedent and making jazz history. During World War II, Condon also was in charge of a series of jazz broadcasts on the Blue Network (now the American Broadcasting Co.) and made numerous transcriptions for the Armed Forces Radio Service.

In 1948 Condon had the first regularly scheduled jazz show in television, *The Eddie Condon Floorshow*. Well directed and produced, the show reflected the informality-plus-organization that had become a hallmark of the Condon approach to jazz. Though this was at the time when the jazz world was deeply embroiled in wordy debates about moldy figs vs. boppers, during which Condon was often depicted by well-meaning press agents as a kind of symbol for the traditionalist faction, it is characteristic of Condon's integrity that the show had an open and broad musical policy.

Like Freddie Green, the great rhythm guitarist, Condon never takes a solo (the closest he ever came was a two-bar break on the record of *We Called It Music*). But he makes his presence felt whenever he picks up his guitar—which still is a four-string model. And he is the only man who can stand in front of a group of jamming musicians and "conduct" without appearing absurd. With a flick of the wrist, a casually pointed finger, or a sotto voce humming of a riff, Condon can set the pace and pattern for solo order, background support, breaks in rhythm, organized unison ensembles, chase choruses, or whatever may be appropriate, causing a seemingly ill-assorted collection of individualists to perform like a well-rehearsed group making swinging musical sense. He is the picture, at times like these, of a man who knows what he is doing.


RAYMOND ROSS



TODAY, EDDIE CONDON looks back on his more than four decades in music with serenity. He knows, as he always did, what he likes in jazz and what he doesn't like, and his wit can still be barbed. But he is not much concerned about the "new thing" and prognostications about jazz. He is more interested in his good old friends and musical comrades in arms, "the guys who can play," and in the man whose work has always been an inspiration to them and himself.

"As far as trumpet playing is concerned, there's Louis Armstrong," he said. "And if Louis ever gives up playing trumpet, he can sing better than anybody thinks they can. If there's any doubt in your mind, ask anybody who thinks they can sing. Louis Armstrong accomplished more in his sleep than any dozen bums who think they're wide awake."

Condon is happily married ("marrying Phyllis was the best move I ever made") and proud of his two talented daughters—Liza plays guitar ("she studied with a pupil of Segovia"), sings folk music ("there was a contest at a folk festival this summer, and from a field of 2,300 they picked nine guys and Liza Condon"), and has worked at the Belgian Village at the New York World's Fair; Maggie attends the Rhode Island School of Design and is a gifted photographer.

He is a man at peace with himself and the world, a man who can say about himself: "Look, I've never 'put on' anything . . ." and make it ring true. 

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelson, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Jackie Cain-Roy Kral

BY JUPITER & GIRL CRAZY—Roulette 25278: *Everything I've Got; Nobody's Heart; Here's a Hand; Careless Rhapsody; Jupiter Forbid; Wait 'til You See Him; I Got Rhythm; Embraceable You; Could You Use Me?; Bidin' My Time; But Not for Me; Treat Me Rough.*

Personnel: Miss Cain, Kral, vocals; Kral, piano; unidentified guitar, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Two can swing as neatly as one, a fact of show business that has been clearly demonstrated in past albums by Jackie and Roy. But in the current release, despite a promising framework (selections from Rodgers & Hart's *By Jupiter* and the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*), the duo's slick stylings are cramped by lackluster arrangements, especially noticeable on the endings.

Arrangements notwithstanding, their vocal art is up to par, especially their concern for words. The sensitivity and intelligence they display bring new dimensions of insight to the wit and warmth of the lyrics. Internal rhymes are given their proper due. So, too, are the verses. Fortunately, 10 of the 12 songs are prefaced by their original introductions.

Locked on each other's "frequency," their unison reveals a oneness of phrasing to the point where vibratos are virtually identical. As for shadings, J & R know when and how to employ dynamics. They also know when to scat. But they don't always know when to stop being cute. This weakness can be heard on *Treat Me, Everything*, and *Could You?*

Another type of weakness can be discerned in *Here's a Hand*: Roy's limited vocal range. The tune—one of Rodgers' less inspired creations—should have been taken a key or two higher. The same song also focuses on another weak point in the album: Roy's playing. While it is always tasty and correct, it fails to fill the vocal gaps. Although he comps effectively behind the combined singing, Roy is not strong enough in solo piano capacity.

The high point of the album is Jackie's solo fling on *Embraceable*, especially her impeccable intonation when accompanied by bass alone. Another solo—*Not for Me*—might have qualified had not a frantic, up-tempo postscript ruined Jackie's poignant interpretation.

From a dual standpoint, the articulation on *Jupiter* should serve as an elocution lesson for all vocal teams. Also noteworthy is the judicious use of passing tones on *Everything*, *Here's a Hand*, *Bidin'*, and *Careless*. The latter two show Jackie and Roy at their subtle best. *Bidin'* swings gently; *Careless* is a soothing bossa nova.

In general, however, the album suffers by comparison with their earlier efforts. Fair or not, all artists compete with themselves. And by that criterion, this is not first-rate Jackie and Roy. (H.S.)

Pete Fountain

PETE'S PLACE—Coral 57453: *Lady, Be Good; Fascination Medley (Fascination, Basin Street Blues, Tin Roof Blues, Way Down Yonder in New Orleans); Just a Little While to Stay Here; That's A Plenty; The Sheikh of Araby; The Preacher; Black and Blue; March to Peru.*

Personnel: Fountain, clarinet; Godfrey Hirsch, vibraharp; Earl Vuioovich, piano; Paul Guna, guitar, banjo; Oliver Felix, bass; Nick Fatool or Paul Edwards, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

It is difficult to account for Fountain's success. The music he presents is a modest and unassuming blend of Dixieland devices and secondhand Benny Goodman licks. His tone is attractive, notably in the lower register, and he plays the melody. He is an honest musician; in fact, he left the Lawrence Welk fold because he had tired of the commercial restraints imposed upon him. Perhaps it was those two years as a featured player on the popular television program that have sufficed to sustain consistently large sales of his albums through the last five years. This is No. 21 for Coral.

Jazz reviewers are often accused of despising success, and it is said that we go out of our way to criticize musicians who have reached the pinnacle of public acceptance. This writer does not begrudge Fountain his acclaim; he is not a peddler of meretricious musical merchandise. Yet his gifts as an improviser are so slight, and his conception so far from original, that one could hardly put him in the same league with such clarinetists of his own generation as Kenny Davern and Bob Wilber—not to mention the old masters.

This latest album, recorded live at the clarinetist's three-room night club in New Orleans, is standard Fountain fare.

The most appealing aspect of Fountain's playing, as revealed here on *Black and Little While*, is his lyrical approach on slow tempos. In this mood, he reflects admiration for the late Irving Fazola, one of the truly great New Orleans clarinetists, whose legacy is sadly overlooked today.

There isn't much to say about the rest of the album. Fountain's regular quintet is a smoothly functioning unit, with Hirsch's vibes its most interesting component. Pianist Vuioovich's occasional brief solos indicate talent and dexterity, and the rhythm moves along nicely. Swing-era veteran Fatool sits in on a few tracks, displaying his good technique and time. The

Fascination Medley is the kind of gimmick that works well with an audience on hand but palls on repeated hearings.

Nothing here to offend the ear, but when one thinks of all the cats out there scuffling on the street, one must conclude that Fountain is a very lucky man. (D.M.)

Vince Guaraldi

JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF "A BOY NAMED CHARLIE BROWN"—Fantasy 5017: *Oh, Good Grief; Pebble Beach; Happiness Is; Schroeder; Charlie Brown Theme; Linus and Lucy; Blue Charlie Brown; Baseball Theme; Freda (With the Naturally Curly Hair).*

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; unidentified bass, drums.

Rating: ★

Basing jazz impressions on a hip comic strip should be a swinging idea—as far as concepts go. But in the process of transferring *Peanuts* from the drawing board to the turntable, Fantasy has sacrificed the one quality that has made the Charles Schulz characters so lovable: innocence, an artless, wide-eyed innocence as ingenious as it is ingenuous.

Compounding the felony is the realization that even without alluding to the cartoon, Guaraldi's performances are disappointing, frequently sloppy, always unimaginative.

In a few instances, however, the visualization of the *Peanuts* moppets comes off: *Happiness Is* conjures up its warm puppy; *Schroeder*, unaccompanied, captures the hesitancy of a tot trying a Beethoven minuet (with a humorous jazz lick thrown in); the *Charlie Brown Theme* neatly etches the fledgling philosopher.

The remainder constitutes not only blurred impressions but also undesirable sounds. Fantasy engineering is no help. With one exception, the fade-outs are too abrupt; levels and mike placement seem to shift for certain tracks. The tunes—all Guaraldi originals—are basically simple, as well they should be for the subject at hand, but Guaraldi seems to forget that he has a stronger commitment to jazz fans than to cartoon addicts.

He fails to inject any dynamic gradations into his playing, and he generally fails to swing. His left-hand clusters continuously prod, while approximating a Charleston beat. As for his treble, he has the irritating habit of confining his ideas to a small area of the keyboard.

For the height of irritation, though, listen to the last chorus of *Blue Charlie Brown*. It is cast in a traditional, 12-bar mold, but the trio inexplicably plays just eight bars of the out chorus.

In his album comments (should they be called Linus notes?), Ralph Gleason neglects to name the other two members of the Guaraldi Trio. Perhaps it is a merciful deletion. The drummer is at best merely competent and for the most part uninspired. The bassist, while attempting

New Initials

With this issue Harvey Siders joins *Down Beat's* panel of critics. A pianist by avocation, he has been a journalist for some time, working for various newspapers, including the *Boston Globe*. Siders has written critical reviews for *Down Beat*, the *Globe*, and *Jazz*. Until recently he resided in the Boston area but now lives in Los Angeles.

to maintain a moving line, is hampered by poor intonation. Combined, the rhythm section proves as undistinguished as its leader's harmonic and melodic inventiveness.

Too bad the rating system is restricted to stars (although I'd gladly donate all five just for the collection of 8x10 color reproductions of the *Peanuts* pantheon that accompanies the album). Maybe the definitive review has already been coined by Schulz himself: "Good grief!" (H.S.)

Juggy's Jass Band

RIVERBOAT JASS—Mainstream 56029: *Rovin' Gambler; Dixie; Golden Slippers; At a Georgia Campdown Meeting; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Go Down, Moses; Lonesome Road; When the Saints Go Marching In; He's Got the Whole World in His Hands; Short'nin' Bread; Tom Dooley; Deep River; Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair; Aura Lee; Nellie Gray.*

Personnel: Pee Wee Irwin or Bernie Privin, trumpet; Curry Cutshall, trombone; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Joe Mazzu, piano; Al Chenet, Don Arnone, Everett Barksdale, banjos; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Cliff Leeman, drums.

Rating: ★★½

A bit too late for Christmas comes this disc for the man who has nothing. Although good musicians have been gathered for these sessions and they play well within the limitations of the concept of the album (in the case of tubaist Phillips, the performance is excellent), the concept is so elementary, the repertoire even more so, and the performances so sketchy that one would have to have relatively undeveloped tastes and practically no records at all to find this collection of more than passing interest.

The format is similar to the folk-Dixie approach of the Village Stompers—the three banjos plunk out an opening chorus with or without rhythm, and then the band moves in and Dixies it along.

Except for the heavy quality of the banjo trio, the musicians do what they have to do more than capably. But what a hackneyed collection of tunes they have to cope with—a situation that is not improved by the paucity of imagination displayed in the treatments, which come out sounding more or less the same. (J.S.W.)

Gildo Mahones

THE GREAT GILDO—Prestige 7339: *Blues for Yna Yna; Blue; I Should Care; I Wish You Love; I Wonder What's Become of Our Love; Alone Together; Walkin'; Something Missing; The Sweetest Sounds; Rainy Day Love; Mambo; Water Blues Fall; Oye Ami Piano; Good Morning, Heartache; Bali Hai; Tales of Brooklyn.*

Personnel: Leo Wright, alto saxophone; Mahones, piano; Larry Young, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Jimmy Smith or Sonny Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This set contains two LPs but sells for the price of one. Several of the tracks were released within the last year or so on an earlier LP; the rest are previously unissued.

Mahones plays rather spare, sometimes blues-tinged lines, mostly in the medium and upper registers. He isn't a particularly original musician—not that he plays a mess of clichés, but many of his ideas have been heard frequently before. His voicings are sometimes similar to Red Garland's, whose style he resembles.

Still, there's much to be said in Mahones' favor. He constructs his solos neatly, gets a pretty sound, and plays gracefully.

There are a variety of tunes on the

album, from blues (*Walkin'*) to standards to Tadd Dameron's Latin-influenced *Oye*. Mahones has contributed some attractive originals, e.g., the catchy *Brooklyn* and *Blue*, a pretty, melancholy song. His waltz version of *I Should Care* is refreshing.

Young is present in a supporting role on *Bali Hai* and plays unobtrusively. Wright and Burrell make appearances during the theme statement on *Brooklyn*.

Mahones, as suggested above, does, at times, employ some rather stale devices, but in general, his work is quite tasteful and attractive. He swings lightly but with firmness and conveys a good deal of warmth on the slower pieces.

The rhythm men provide him with sympathetic, unobtrusive, resilient backing.

(H.P.)

Albert Mangelsdorff

NOW JAZZ RAMWONG—German CBS 62398: *Now Jazz Ramwong; Sakura Waltz; Blue Fanfare; Three Jazz Moods; Burungkaka; Raknash; Theme from Vietnam; Es Sungen Drei Engel.*

Personnel: Mangelsdorff, trombone; Gunter Kronberg, alto saxophone; Heinz Sauer, tenor, soprano saxophones; Gunter Lenz, bass; Ralf Hubner, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Though having heard it was an excellent group, I had not heard the Mangelsdorff quintet's previous highly praised album and was, thus, pretty much unprepared for the freshness, originality, consistency, and over-all excellence of its work. Individually and collectively, these five men comprise a quite remarkable group, one that has produced some of the most interesting, richly detailed, and enjoyable music I've heard from any unit associated, however loosely, with the jazz avant garde.

The quintet's music is at once both daring in concept and traditional in feeling. The playing of all the band's members has been more than slightly touched by the thinking of the "new thing," and its imprint is stamped on everything the group plays. All the musical thought, however, takes place within more or less traditional framework and is so well ordered that one is never put off by any feeling of strangeness (for strangeness' sake) or forbidding intellectualism in the music.

There is a buoyantly appealing quality, a joy and spontaneity, to what the Mangelsdorff quintet plays that is indicative of its having assimilated the new expressionism into a natural and cohesive playing style that incorporates the best (i.e., melodically attractive and rhythmically invigorating qualities) of the avant garde and the traditional modernist approaches. The synthesis works effectively because the men have a real empathy, play magnificently together when joined in common cause, respond totally to the challenges of Mangelsdorff's richly detailed music, and work toward the same goal.

All five musicians are more than capable modern expressionists who have a great deal to say.

Mangelsdorff's big, soaring, beautifully toned trombone is the cornerstone of the group, and his strong improvisations are always well-balanced, intelligently structured statements that make sensitive use of rhythmic contrast and dynamic shadings.

Sauer works patently in the shadow of John Coltrane but develops his solos with strength and easy spontaneity; the influence

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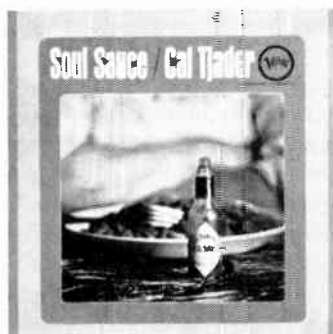
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of his mentor is not at all hidebound or constricting.

Kronberg's lines have a kind of singing clarity to them that one associates inevitably with the work of the swing-era altoists, but his are completely modern statements that often take on a corrosive bite around the edges. The closest U.S. altoist to his style is perhaps Charlie Mariano.

Lenz and Hubner make up a potent rhythm team that responds completely to the challenging complexities of Mangelsdorff's richly colored, many textured music.

The greater portion of the music in this album revolves around the group's impression of the various musics it encountered on its 10-week tour of Far Eastern countries early last year, a junket sponsored by Germany's Goethe Institute.

There is a delightful interplay among the instruments in the arranged sections of the compositions that is often continued in the improvised segments as well. A number of the pieces are scalar-based, thus permitting the group considerable freedom.

Mangelsdorff's compositions, based in the ethnic musics of the countries visited, intelligently avoid the pitfalls of obvious cuteness, gimmickry, and blatant exoticism that often result when western musicians (even such classical composers as Colin McPhee) turn their attention to the music of the Orient.

What he has done, for the most part, is to approach the music very subjectively and has produced a series of impressionistic accounts of the musics that appealed to him. He has applied certain elements of eastern music to his own group writing—use of scales in place of harmonic sequences; extensive employment of the semitones, quarter tones, and rhythmic patterns of Oriental music (listen especially to *Raknash* for a fine example of this—the piece is Lenz and Hubner's joint tribute to India's brilliant improviser, Ravi Shankar, with the bass imitating the sound of the *tabla*), etc.—rather than attempting literal translations of the music to western musical concepts.

In allowing the music to play on him and to abstract those aspects that struck him as being applicable to the jazz idiom, Mangelsdorff has been enabled to produce a series of compositions that flow with inexorable logic, melodic sureness, and complete authority—solidly constructed jazz compositions that fascinate through their subtly shifting rhythms and unfamiliar but wholly attractive melodic contours.

Perhaps, though, the success of this music is most due to its judicious balance of discipline and freedom: here the mean between the two is so harmoniously struck as to provide American groups a fascinating and instructive object lesson. The "new thing" has rarely been so appealingly presented. (P.W.)

Marian Montgomery

LOVIN' IS LIVIN' AND LIVIN' IS LOVIN'—Capitol 2185: *Teach Me Tonight*; *Just a Dream*; *There! I've Said It Again*; *The Moment of Truth*; *Lovin' Is Livin'*; *I Still Get Jealous*; *Put Your Arms around Me*; *Honey*; *I Wanna Be Loved*; *I'm Falling for You*; *Do It Again*; *Love Is an Old Maid's Dream*.

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Dave Cavanaugh, conductor; Miss Montgomery, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Miss Montgomery is an appealing no-

vice. The beginning singer seldom understands that the only successful way to be flip and carefree is to care a lot. There are 11 little flighty sketches here, euphemistically described in the liner notes as "sizzling vocal magic." This boils down to nine too many in this vein.

If you are not economy-minded, the selections are mercifully brief. The entire album is just over 25 minutes long. This hardly gives the singer time to warm to her lyric before pulling out.

In the past, Miss Montgomery has evidenced an impressive singing style and real potential as a first-rate jazz-oriented vocalist. Her rich, husky voice is a good instrument, and she has an innate ability to swing. Here she displays flashes of her positive qualities on *I've Said It Again* and *Put Your Arm around Me*. On the latter, she achieves a remarkable groove with the band, and the normally too-cute selection becomes an interesting and witty diversion.

The only word to describe the arrangements is ridiculous. The singer deserves much more representative attention and assistance. (B.G.)

Johnny Richards

MY FAIR LADY—MY WAY—Roulette 52114: *Get Me to the Church on Time*; *On the Street Where You Live*; *I Could Have Danced All Night*; *Wouldn't It Be Lovely?*; *Show Me*; *The Rain in Spain*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*; *With a Little Bit of Luck*.

Personnel: Bob McCoy, Jerry Kail, Ray Copeland, Burt Collins, trumpets; Jiggs Wigham, Bill Watrous, Tom McIntosh, trombones; Ray Starling, mellophonium; Jay McAllister, tuba; Jerry Dodgion, Frank Perowsky, Joel Kaye, Shelly Russell, reeds; Johnny Knapp, piano; Chet Amsterdam, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums; Warren Smith, percussion; Richards, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★½

In for yet another treatment, the durable *Lady* meets a pedestrian Pygmalion in Richards. What he has sculptured reveals an uneven hand. There are touches of the master craftsman who turned out some great swingers for the Stan Kenton Band, but in this album, the roar of yore falls faintly on the score.

Street, *Danced*, *Lovely*, *Accustomed*, and *Show Me* (the latter in 3/4) are too polite, pleasant, and harmless for the Richards reputation. In spite of a brief flurry of brassy virility in *Show Me*, all five should be relegated to a dimly lit ballroom.

But the most disturbing feature of this collection is the thought that its total sound becomes a primer for student arrangers. The wide-open voicings and the constant reharmonizations render a vertical analysis more interesting, more rewarding, even more necessary than a linear appreciation.

If the end result swung more freely, the cerebral aspect of the vertical would be less prominent.

Richards' pursuit of preciseness—a source of both strength and weakness in this album—simulates the grand proportions of a symphonic wind band. The tuba and bass saxophone on the bottom provide so solid a foundation that they tip the scales toward the ponderous.

The situation of the soloists might be termed claustrophobic. Too many short solos inhibit individual ideas, resulting in dull, abortive breaks during which sidemen evidently feel obliged to cram. The

hurried, harried solo flights in *Church* are typical. In less than four minutes Richards spotlights 10 sidemen. The desperately exuberant solo statements of Starling, Collins, and Perowsky bring this particular fault into focus. Beneath some of them—in a scoring trademark found scattered throughout the album—the tuba tends to sound muffled, grating, and particularly unmusical.

On the other hand, Richards' brilliant writing comes to the fore in the brief fugal passages to be found in *Church*, as well as in other contrapuntal moments on other tracks.

The hardest driving, plus some of the most inspired soloing, permeate *Luck*, with drummer Bedford pushing the whole ensemble. The wittiest entry is *Spain*, but it seems more suitable for audiophiles than for lovers of collective swing. Maybe that's the trouble with this *Lady*. Everyone should be satisfied except fans of big-band jazz. (H.S.)

Freddie Roach

BROWN SUGAR—Blue Note 4168: *Brown Sugar; The Right Time; Have You Ever Had the Blues?; The Midnight Sun Will Never Set; Next Time You See Me; All Night Long.*

Personnel: Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Roach, organ; Eddie Wright, guitar; Clarence Johnston, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is the organ-tenor combination that rarely misses when it comes to the basic element of swinging—and communicating. This time out, though, there is a difference, a change in pace heard in two ballads, *Midnight Sun* and *All Night Long*, with Henderson's full-bodied tenor ably taking over.

Roach is in the heartiest tradition of cooking organists. One of the subtler of the genre, he embroiders with a sure touch the title tune—a blues message—and the other songs in the set. This is no mere straight-ahead-and-damn-the-torpedoes type of session; instead, Roach imparts a finesse and almost gentleness of conception to even the rompingest track.

All in all, a good set, made the better by the Henderson tenor; the Wright guitar, which, however, lies quiescent for the most part; and the rock-steady drumming of Johnston. (J.A.T.)

Eje Thelin

EJE THELIN AT THE GERMAN JAZZ FESTIVAL—Metronome 15.158: *The Opener; It Ain't Necessarily So; Filmballad; I'm Old-Fashioned; Gazoline; Marques De Villamagna.*

Personnel: Thelin, trombone; Ulf Andersson, tenor saxophone; Joel Vandroogenbroek, piano, flute; Roman Dylag, bass; Rune Carlsson, drums.

Rating: ★★

These performances, recorded by Joachim E. Berendt at the German Jazz Festival in Frankfurt in 1964, tend to boil down to routine contemporary mainstream blowing sessions. Exceptions are *Filmballad*, a pleasant showcase for pianist Vandroogenbroek (who wrote it), and *Marques*, which has an interesting opening ensemble leading to a driving riff that spawns a nice display of flute (also by Vandroogenbroek) and some agile trombone work by Thelin.

Otherwise, the conceptions are routine, and Thelin and Andersson, on tenor saxophone, play competently but with no enlivening sparkle. (J.S.W.)

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The Persistent Challenge Of Cecil Taylor

Cecil Taylor is among the important composers and pianists to develop in the last five years. Writer Nat Hentoff, a friend of Taylor's for many years, offers personal observations of the artist as well as a penetrating, incisive interview with him.

Rod Levitt—Mark For Future Reference

The composing of Rod Levitt has critics beside themselves in joy—and a couple even have been bowled over by its excellence. Don Heckman offers an insightful glimpse into the workings of Levitt's music, which though based in tradition is still beyond the boundaries of so-called contemporary music.

Recording With Russo

Before returning to this country after an absence of several years, composer Bill Russo recorded his long work for orchestra and voice, *The Island*, with the 21-piece London Jazz Orchestra. Observing the sessions was Bob Abel, who offers a fascinating portrait of the man Russo and his adventurous, difficult music.

PLUS: Provocative columns by Nat Hentoff and Leonard Feather; *Caught in the Act* reviews of performances by Nancy Wilson-Gerald Wilson, Shirley Horn, Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete, and the new Neophonic Orchestra as well as the stimulating record reviews, commentary, and news coverage that are regular features. Don't miss the Feb. 25 *Down Beat*; it goes on sale Feb. 11.

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Wardell Gray, *Memorial Album* (Prestige 7343)

Rating: ★★★★★

Art Farmer/Donald Byrd, *Trumpets All Out* (Prestige 7344)

Rating: ★★★★★

John Coltrane/Mal Waldron, *Jazz Interplay* (Prestige 7341)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *Hard Cookin'* (Prestige 7342)

Rating: ★★★★★

Prestige offers a bonus to the jazz fan; each of the four sets reviewed here consists of two LPs but sells for the price of one.

The Gray sides are of much historical as well as esthetic interest, since not too many of this wonderful tenor saxophonist's records are easily obtainable today. These were cut in the late '40s and early '50s and contain some of the last pure bebop on record.

Gray's primary influence seems to have been Lester Young, though his tone, if almost vibratoless, was notably fuller than Young's. Charlie Parker also made a strong impression on him, as these records demonstrate.

Gray's playing was quite relaxed at any tempo; few jazzmen have come close to equaling the ease and buoyancy with which he swung. He had a natural sense of pace and could build effortlessly for choruses on end. His melodic ideas, while relatively simple, were very attractive, and he had the imagination to play long solos without repeating himself noticeably.

Along with his other virtues, Gray was a consistent performer and didn't vary his approach much on medium and up-tempo tunes. It isn't necessary, in a column like this, to discuss his solos at these tempos individually. Let it be sufficient to say they were of uniformly high quality, and any jazz enthusiast who doesn't feel the urge to tap his feet when he hears them is a pretty cold fish.

Gray's ballad-playing ability, however, is not so well known, and anyone who gets this set should listen closely to pieces like *Easy Living* and *A Sinner Kissed an Angel*. On the former he plays some beautiful songlike lines, resolving them very well. No wonder Annie Ross put lyrics to several of his improvised solos; they're such pretty melodies in themselves. He plays with affecting poignancy on *Angel*, producing a rich tone and showing fine control in all registers.

He is presented with a number of groups here, and some of his sidemen also contribute memorable work. The first session, a quartet date from 1949, produced *Twisted*, *Easy Living*, *Sweet Lorraine*, and *Southside*. Pianist Al Haig contributes some luminous solos here and some exem-



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plary comping too.

Blue Gray, Grayhound, Angel, and Treadin' come from a 1950 quartet session cut with Detroit musicians. Phil Hill plays a few strong and fairly imaginative, if not especially polished, piano solos.

Then there are exciting 1950 live jam-session versions of *Move* and *Scrapple from the Apple* (whose titles are reversed on the label of my copy of this set).

Dexter Gordon, Gray's tenor dueling mate, turns up to blow a booting solo on *Move*. He sounds much like Gray here, which is not surprising, since both were strongly influenced by Lester Young. (However, other recordings from the bop period reveal that Gordon was more of an innovator than Gray; his lines were more angular, and he was more harmonically adventurous. In fact, he could be said to have hinted at the important developments made in the mid-1950s by Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane.)

Clark Terry's good-natured trumpet work is present on both tracks. Sonny Criss, a talented altoist, also appears. His solos rocket along with excellent momentum but are repetitive.

A Gray sextet of 1951 featuring trumpeter Art Farmer and pianist Hampton Hawes performs on six selections. Among them are some catchy originals: *April Skies* (which is based on *I'll Remember April*), *Jackie*, *Bright Boy*, and *Farmers Market*. *Sweet and Lovely* and *Lover Man* are the other selections.

Farmer and Hawes acquit themselves well, though they don't have much solo space. Both were well on their way toward establishing their original and influential styles of a couple of years later.

The remaining four tracks—*So Long*, *Broadway*, *Paul's Cause*, *The Man I Love*; and *Lavonne*—are from 1953. They were made by a sextet including pianist Sonny Clark, alto man Frank Morgan, and vibist Teddy Charles, whose originals, *Broadway* and *Cause*, are quite attractive.

Morgan, who has since dropped from national prominence, was, in 1953, a young Charlie Parker disciple with a brittle, penetrating tone. He had an earthy approach that was similar to Cannonball Adderley's mid-'50s style. His playing here is a little rough but forceful and fairly imaginative.

Charles sounds good. His lines are rich and well constructed, and he articulates them with vigor and precision.

Trumpets All Out features three exponents of the post-bop trumpet style: Art Farmer, Donald Byrd, and Idrees Sulieman. Farmer and Byrd, together with altoist Jackie McLean, pianist Barry Harris, bassist Doug Watkins, and drummer Art Taylor, are on one of the LPs.

Farmer was one of the formulators of the post-bop trumpet style. His phrasing is more staccato than the boppers', and he often fragments his lines in unpredictable ways. His choice of notes is also quite fresh.

Perhaps Farmer's most noticeable characteristic is his tone—dry and small, yet warm. He is a wonderfully intimate ballad player, and shows it on *When Your Lover Has Gone*.

Byrd, a thoughtful musician, is more a synthesizer than an innovator; he seems to have been mainly influenced by Miles



Wardell Gray

Playing of high quality and consistency

Davis and Clifford Brown. During his feature, *'Round Midnight*, he plays economically with a tone that is dark and attractive. However, here his ideas are rather commonplace.

Other tunes are *The Third*; the complex *Contour*, written by Kenny Drew; and *Dig*, which is based on *Sweet Georgia Brown*. There's plenty of meaty blowing here. McLean contributes some searingly intense work. Harris' solos are restrained (even by his standards), melodic, and impeccably constructed.

On the second record McLean is replaced by Sulieman, and the rhythm section consists of Hod O'Brien, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; and Ed Thigpen, drums.

Sulieman is older than Farmer and Byrd and was one of the first bop trumpeters but came into his own during the '50s, when he seemed to have absorbed some of Clifford Brown's ideas. He's an aggressive player with a big, fat sound.

This LP isn't as good as the first one. Sulieman plays spiritedly, but his solos are marred by sloppy execution. Farmer and Byrd adopt a "hotter" approach at the expense of subtlety. Both acquit themselves well, however, on O'Brien's *Diffusion of Beauty* and *Forty Quarters*.

Among the other tracks are *Palm Court Alley*, a medium-tempo blues; *Who's Who*; and the long *You Gotta Dig It to Dig It*, which is based on *Cherokee*.

A note to anyone who buys this set—the labels are pasted on the LPs incorrectly; labels on Sides A and C should be switched, as should those on Sides B and D. (At least, that's the way it should be on my copy.)

The first LP on the *Interplay* set, cut in 1957, has Sulieman, cornetist Webster Young, and tenor sax men John Coltrane and Bobby Jaspar in the front line. The rhythm section consists of Mal Waldron, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; and Art Taylor, drums.

This is a jam-session date with plenty of room for the soloists to stretch out. There are four tunes: *Interplay*; *Anatomy*, which is based on *All the Things You Are*; *Light Blue*, a relaxed blues; and a ballad, *Soul Eyes*.

Sulieman's solos here are better than on the *Trumpets* set; they are more compactly structured. Coltrane's solos are up to par for him, which is another way of saying that they're excellent. Jaspar isn't intimidated though; he makes some telling contributions of his own. His style is an unusual one, containing elements of the Zoot Sims and post-bop approaches.

Young draws heavily on Miles Davis for ideas; still, he plays with taste and some lyricism.

Burrell's solos are clean-lined and relaxed. Waldron has a warm spot on *Eyes* and an intriguing solo on *Interplay*.

On the second LP, two Waldron-led sextets are featured; Coltrane, McLean, bassist Julian Euell, and Taylor on drums play *J.M.'s Dream Doll*, a slow waltz; Billie Holiday's *Don't Explain*, beautifully arranged by Waldron; and *Potpourri*, an up-tempo tune. Bill Hardman, a Clifford Brown disciple with a rough, aggressive style plays fairly well, and McLean contributes good improvisation—his poignant solo on *Doll* is one of the highlights of the set.

From This Moment On, *The Way You Look Tonight*, and *One by One* are performed by Sulieman, Sahib Shihab, Coltrane, Waldron, Euell, and Ed Thigpen. The horn work is solid; Shihab blows some gutty, jumping alto sax spots, and Coltrane maintains the high standard he'd established on the first LP.

Waldron, on this LP, has some interesting ideas, but some of his solos don't seem to go anywhere; they lack momentum.

Hard Cookin' has the common denominator of Art Taylor, who appears on all selections.

Five of the six tracks on the first LP (*Batland*, *Exhibit A*, *Cubano Chant*, *Off Minor*, and *Well, You Needn't*) are performed by Byrd; McLean; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; and Taylor.

Rouse contributes some exciting work but unfortunately relies too often on pet phrases.

Byrd turns in a creditable performance, but he's played with more imagination and grace than he does here. McLean also has been heard to better advantage on other records, but he earns his letter on *Needn't*, sailing powerfully along on this difficult-to-play piece.

The star of the date, for me, is Bryant. He plays flowing, crisply articulated solos that are blues-tinged.

CTA, the remaining track on the LP, is played by Coltrane, pianist Red Garland, Chambers, and Taylor. The track has slashing improvisation by Coltrane and a strong, neatly structured Garland spot.

The second album has a two-tenor front line—Rouse and Frank Foster. The rhythm section contains Walter Davis on piano, bassist Sam Jones, and Taylor. Rouse is in better form here, playing with more imagination. When he bears down, shifting accents frequently, his lines seem to turn every way but loose. He has a fine "compositional" solo on *Rhythm-a-ning*.

Foster does a fine job too. His style is somewhat like Sonny Stitt's, his phrasing being looser than Rouse's. Possibly his best solo here occurs on *Fidel*, an easy-going, melodic effort.

Pianist Walter Davis, employing a Bud Powellish style, turns in a creditable, no-nonsense performance.

I certainly hope that these LPs sell well enough for Prestige to issue more two-for-the-price-of-one sets. They have a wealth of good material to choose from, including some fairly hard-to-get sides, and would be doing modern-jazz enthusiasts a great favor by releasing them at bargain rates.

—Harvey Pekar

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ROBERT SKEETZ

BLINDFOLD TEST

TERRY GIBBS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Terry Gibbs occupies a special place in *Blindfold Test* annals. When the feature was transferred from *Metronome* to *Down Beat*, he was the subject of the first interview to appear in *DB* (March 23, 1951). Gibbs, whom I described as "the 26-year-old Brooklyn flash," was then doing television work with Benny Goodman.

Today Gibbs, who recently passed his 40th birthday, is as nimble a vibraharpist and as enthusiastic a personality as ever. The intervening years have seen several stages in his career, not the least of which was a short-lived but memorable attempt to keep a big band going on the West Coast in 1959-'60.

A few months ago Gibbs became the first major jazzman ever to land a gig as five-nights-a-week leader of the house group on a syndicated nightly television series. The exposure offered him by the *Regis Philbin Show* has helped to re-establish his name and to bring to the attention of a mass audience his own exuberant brand of contemporary music. Hopefully, it may even enable him to try the big-band idea again.

This was Gibbs' first *Blindfold Test* since Aug. 21, 1958. He was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Oscar Peterson. *Brotherhood of Man* (from *Trio+One*, Mercury). Clark Terry, trumpet; Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Well, not much guessing about who's on this one. You know, I was talking to Herb Ellis the other day, and he said, "Hey, Terry, you like Clark Terry? Oscar Peterson?" And I said, "You kidding? Oscar's my favorite piano player." So he said, "They got a new album out you've got to buy."

Know what I like about this? It sounds like they didn't go through a whole scene about arranging the tune; they just played it and enjoyed it.

What's the most? Five stars? For all of them—Peterson and Terry and Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen, for me they never played anything bad.

2. Andrew Hill. *Yokoda, Yokada* (from *Judgment*, Blue Note). Hill, piano; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Elvin Jones, drums.

Really? . . . First I thought it might be Bill Evans—not on a good day—because he had some good chops, but he was missing a lot. And the drummer sounded like Larry Bunker, but then at the end it sounded like there was vibes, and Larry plays vibes. But then there were drums and vibes on the end. Confusing. . . . Two-and-a-half stars for a nice long solo. The guy was thinking—he's trying—he's got some good chops, whoever he is.

3. Roy Ayers. *Reggie of Chester* (from *West Coast Vibes*, United Artists). Ayers, vibraharp; Curtis Amy, tenor saxophone.

Don't know who it is, but I liked it. The tune was nice; they played it well together. At first I thought maybe it would be Victor Feldman, but it didn't sound like Teddy Edwards or Harold Land; I know he uses them. Then the attack on vibes sounded a little harder than Victor's. About vibe players, so many of them are trying to sound like Milt Jackson that I can't tell one from the other sometimes. Could it be Mike Mainieri? A few runs in

there sounded like he had some technique. Three, 3½ stars.

4. Paul Horn. *Now Hear This* (from *Profile of a Jazz Musician*, Columbia). Horn, flute; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Paul Moer, piano, composer.

Again, I'm not sure who it is. Vibe player didn't sound like Milt Jackson, but I don't know who it is. Flute player could be maybe Buddy Collette, because I know he has recorded with that type of group. L.F. Did you notice the meter on it?

T.G. Yeah. Waltz or was it 5/4? You can tell I wasn't keeping time; it just sounded good. What kind of time was it? I like music where it just hits you; you don't have to think about what kind of time it is. I liked the arrangement . . . and the flute player . . . they all sounded good. Four stars.

5. Victor Feldman. *Ritual* (from *Soviet Jazz Themes*, Ava). Feldman, vibraharp; Joe Zawinul, piano; Andre Towmosian, composer.

Most of the record was arrangement; it was hard to tell who the soloists were . . . but the piano player sounded familiar to me. Victor recorded with that style group, but, again, I'm not sure because they were such short solos. I liked the tune, they're writing a lot of things like that today. . . . Sounded like an Art Blakey or Horace Silver band with vibes. I wish there were some more solos on there, because I can tell they can all play well. Three-and-a-half, four stars.

6. John Coltrane. *Up 'gainst the Wall* (from *Impressions*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Well! Sounded like three guys trying to play like a John Coltrane quartet! Without the piano. It really didn't get to me too much. Sounded angry, to start with, like the fellow wasn't playing himself.

I recently saw a TV show with Art Pepper, and I was really disappointed, because he didn't play himself at all; and Bill Goodwin, who I think is a good drum-

mer, was falling into that thing; and everybody was going for themselves. John Coltrane is the only one that I would appreciate doing that; I look up to John. Even though it's not my cup of tea, there's some brilliance shown there; the guys know what they're doing. But these guys sound like they're trying to play that way. Two stars for trying, anyhow.

7. Herbie Mann. *Shein Vi Di Levone* (from *The Family of Mann*, Atlantic). Mann, flutes; Dave Pike, vibraharp, marimba; Nabil Totah, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

If my mother was reviewing the record, you could have stopped after the first chorus! *Shein Vi Di Levone*, she would have given it 12 stars! What does it mean? Beautiful as the . . . world? Sky? Who knows? Anyway, the vibe player, sounded like marimbas in there, sounded like Dave Pike, like he was doubling. Sounded good. Flute sounded OK; if it was Dave Pike, it was probably Herbie Mann. But I liked the marimba solo best.

I want to mention the bass player. He was *walking* there. Don't recognize him, but he sure sounded good. Drummer sounded familiar: I know that time from somewhere. Four stars.

Afterthoughts

I'm a firm believer in Duke Ellington's song—I don't care what it is, from Dixieland to bebop, to rebop, to whatever—*It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*. Any time you have to try to figure something out. . . . Years ago we used to listen to the Lennie Tristano group . . . actually they were more modern than many of the guys trying to play modern today. And made more sense with it. Now it seems like all the tenor players are trying to sound like John Coltrane and not trying to find themselves. And something's happening to music, an *anger*, that I don't like. It seems like some of the prettiness has gone out, like somebody yelling and hollering, getting something out of their system.

db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

The Jazz Composers Guild Judson Hall, New York City

Personnel: Cecil Taylor Unit (Mike Mantler, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Taylor, piano; Buell Neidlinger, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums). Bill Dixon Quintet (Dixon, trumpet; Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Bob Ralston, tenor saxophone; Reggie Johnson, bass; Raschid Ali, drums). Paul Bley Quintet (Manny Smith, trumpet; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone; Bley, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Milford Graves, drums). Jazz Composers Guild Orchestra (Mantler, trumpet; Roswell Rudd, trombone; Willie Ruff, French horn; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Jimmy Lyons, John Tchicai, alto saxophones; Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; Fred Pirtle, baritone saxophone; Bley, piano; Gomez, bass; Graves, drums). Free Form Improvisation Ensemble (John Winters, flute; Gary Friedman, alto saxophone; Burton Greene, piano; Alan Silva, bass; Clarence Walker, drums). Archie Shepp Sextet (Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Benny Jacobs-El, trombone; Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Reggie Johnson, bass; Roger Blank, drums). Le Sun-Ra Arkestra (Al Evans, trumpet; Teddy Nance, trombone, Sir Harold, flute; Farrell Saunders, tenor saxophone; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone; Sun-Ra, piano; Alan Silva, Ronnie Boykins, bass, cello; Cliff Jarvis, Jimmih Johnson, drums; Arht Jenkins, space voice). Roswell Rudd-John Tchicai Quartet (Rudd, trombone; Tchicai, alto saxophone; Don Moore, bass; Graves, drums).

The condition of at least one wing of contemporary jazz received a year-end review in the Jazz Composers Guild's *Four Days In December*. Not unexpectedly the series of concerts revealed that the music continues in a state of ferment, mostly because few of the post-Ornette Coleman players have chosen—for whatever reason—to grapple with essential artistic problems.

With the exceptions of Taylor, Bley, and possibly Shepp and Sun-Ra, rarely did a voice in this series approach the artistic level of players from the '40s—Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, J.J. Johnson, Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke, etc. So far as the development of "free" playing is concerned, I didn't hear more than one or two choruses that derived any benefit from harmonic or rhythmic "liberation."

The first evening opened with the Dixon quintet, which was handicapped by last-minute personnel changes. Fortunately, alto saxophonist Robin Kenyatta and tenor saxophonist Bob Ralston interpreted Dixon's music with considerable sympathy.

One of the most interesting aspects of Dixon's compositions was the use of connective thematic material between and interspersed throughout the improvisations, resulting in a better-than-average degree of compositional coherence.

Kenyatta played one exceptional chorus that covered the range of the instrument; his playing otherwise, however, was too compulsively concerned with the investigation of higher harmonics.

Dixon's solos were restricted, presumably by intention, to the exploration of a limited musical universe. He is working out a kind of sliding lip-slur technique that flows up and down the harmonic overtone series on selected notes. At times the technique is boring, but occasionally—as in the static compositions of Morton Feld-

man—it is hypnotically attractive.

Taylor's first piece was performed in a theatrical setting, the stage dimly back-lighted, the musicians appearing in vague silhouette. Taylor stood before the open piano (the sustaining pedal apparently braced so as to permit the strings to vibrate freely) and rattled a handful of sticks; from time to time he stroked and hammered the piano strings. The music was surprisingly gentle—a brief moment of calm before the musical storm that followed.

Taylor then moved to the piano keys to play a set that ranged in style from a post-impressionistic lyricism (including some remarkable harmonic improvisations by Taylor) to a wildly passionate display of pyrotechnics in which he seemed literally to be on the verge of tearing the piano apart. Chaotic as the music appeared, however, Taylor's dominating leadership maintained a sense of logic throughout all the solo and ensemble sections.

Alto saxophonist Lyons, one of the more traditionally-oriented of the series' horn players, proved a proficient technician; his lines tended to avoid the noise elements commonly used by most of the other saxophonists, and he frequently imparted a sense of structure and continuity to solos.

Mantler's trumpet playing was sympathetic to the Taylor approach, but he responded too often with a literalness—imitative thematic material and sequential ostinatos, for example—that reduced its musical impact.

The second night featured the Bley quintet and the Jazz Composers Guild Orchestra.

Regrettably, the Bley quintet's music included little solo space for the pianist and far too much for altoist Allen and trumpeter Smith. Since Bley's playing style usually inclines toward flowing, even lyrical, lines, his use of players who seem concerned with displays of musical athleticism is curious. Bley's quintet also provided a fairly clear view of drummer Graves. There can be little doubt that Graves has begun to work out a potentially original approach to jazz drumming, but he seems at this point to be attempting to control musical events rather than work with them or permit them to find their own flow.

The orchestra played two lengthy compositions, one by Mike Mantler, the other by Carla Bley. Mantler's piece, *Communication #3*, effected a considerable degree of variation through sequences of duets, trios, solos (alto and trumpet, alto and trombone, saxophone tutti, etc.). Mrs. Bley's *Roast*, more melodic in style, lacked density contrast; its compositional structure was distended by inordinately long solo sections. Her lines for her husband's quintet were considerably better.

The third program opened with the Free Form Improvisation Ensemble. The avowed intention of the FFIE is to work toward a totally improvised music that is, so to speak, composed on the spot by the members. The music that resulted frequently resembled—in both emotional character and artistic quality—film underscoring. Lacking thematic structures, the players relied on ostinato patterns—a natural enough procedure, but hardly conducive to the production of a sustained, cohesive

music. On the rare occasions when the group played with a continuous metric pulse, its swing feeling (especially in the playing of alto saxophonist Friedman) was stilted, reminding one of the plodding rhythms written by concert-music composers in the '20s and '30s when they had just discovered jazz.

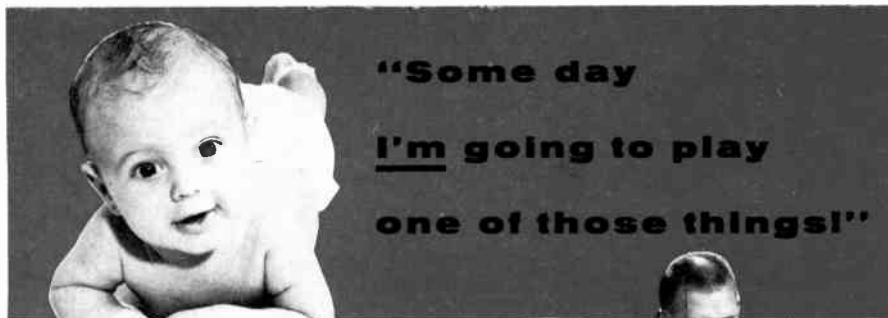
Shepp's half of the evening was a frustrating melange—brief moments of excellence separated by long, oppressive stretches of musical self-indulgence. But the compositions, apparently all Shepp's, were unusually good. He wrote for the group in a modified big-band style; it responded with performances that had the qualities of Dizzy Gillespie's big bands from the '40s—an overflow of enthusiasm, drive, some questionable intonation and fluffed notes, but genuine musical excitement.

Shepp played with a kazoolike sound, humming and growling his notes in pitch relationships that had little diatonic feeling. But the group played too long, and Shepp failed—as a composer—to deal with the problems of solo variation in a music that allows free improvisation. (If you don't intend to play a variation—of whatever type—on your opening and closing material, then why bother to use it in the first place?) Also, Shepp chose not to exert a firm direction over the music; altoist Brown's 10-minute exploration of the harmonic overtones possible on the three or four bottom notes of the instrument was not the most intriguing musical experience I have had, and its relationship to the total composition was nil.

The final night presented what was probably the most exotic musical organization participating in the series—Le Sun-Ra Arkestra. It included 12 musicians—costumed in turbans, wool hats, gold and silver lame tunics and robes—who played traditional instruments, whistles, shakers, pipes, conch shells, and percussion.

Sun-Ra's music is integrally related to his mystical and philosophical beliefs, as his titles (*Space Mates*, *Other People's Worlds*, and *Water Lilies on Mars*) suggest. Exoticism aside, the group was firmly rooted in the jazz tradition and played Sun-Ra's music with verve and enthusiasm. There was no question about who was in control; Sun-Ra exerted a permissive but firm hand, allowing extended solos only where they contributed to the compositions. One such chorus, a highlight of the evening, was played by flutist Sir Harold into an echo-chamber set-up; he produced a wildly entertaining gamut of flute sounds, voice sounds, grunts, screams, and harmonized flute and singing. Sun-Ra's few solos involved massive attacks upon the piano keyboard, occasionally interspersed with brief lyrical melodies played with one hand on a celeste-like instrument.

The final group on the program was the Rudd-Tchicai quartet. Rather than play in traditional solo-accompaniment fashion, the group maintained a kind of free-rhythm contrapuntal relationship among the various instruments. Unfortunately, this relationship was usually so indistinct as to verge on musical anarchy. Nor was it abetted by the fact that bassist Moore's lines were extremely tonally-oriented. Again, drummer Graves combined mo-



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ments of brilliance with interludes of tasteless banging. In the few solo spots that could be identified as such, Rudd and Tchicai—the former in particular—played interesting lines, but these flashes of individual excellence were lost in the morass of sounds.

In one way at least, Graves symbolized the thread of confusion that wound through the series: sound effects are fine, but they are only one musical element and not an end in themselves except in a most limited sense. When they are used in a musical context that is bound by tradition—with regular rhythm patterns, simple fundamental accents, ostinato repetitions, etc.—they provide no more interest than does traditional material. What many players exploring new techniques need to discover are some of the artistic goals that can be reached with these new tools. Coherence and artistic direction that can be identified as such by a sensitive and sympathetic audience are necessary parts of the complete musical experience. Far too often I found them missing in the *Four Days In December*.
—Don Heckman

Dexter Gordon

It Club, Los Angeles

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Hampton Hawes, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

The 2½ years seemed to have flown by without tarnishing anyone's wings—when Gordon settled back into his native setting, it seemed as if time had stood gracefully still since he had departed for Europe.

The years of residence in Copenhagen have done nothing to weaken his sound or reduce his impact. As his more recent records have made clear, his ears are wide open, and he listens to today's tenors. But essentially, at the It Club, the sound he achieved and the ideas he conveyed were not different in character from the Gordon we had always known.

There were occasional sheets-of-sound touches, but by and large, he swung with as much of his own special authority as ever. Once in a while, as on *There'll Never Be Another You*, a tendency to resort to quotes became mildly unsettling, though often the quotes were apt and amusing.

Hawes' own special articulation and his highly charged style—a direct extension of early Bud Powell—overcame the handicap of the piano's chronically undependable intonation. Vinnegar, a last-minute substitution for Herbie Lewis, made out beautifully, and Jones, though inclined at times to obliterate every other sound for several blocks around, supplied a foundation whose quality was equal to the quantity.

Gordon added a pleasant plus factor to the engagement by displaying a most amiable personality. That masterful speaking voice, with a deep and elegantly sardonic sound very much like Duke Ellington's, virtually shamed the talkative audience into paying closer attention.

Unless his plans are changed unexpectedly, Gordon will not be back in this country very long. On the basis of his showing here with this hastily assembled, unrehearsed rhythm section, one can only hope he changes his mind about deserting again too soon.
—Leonard Feather

BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

Robert S. Gold's *A Jazz Lexicon* already has been reviewed in these pages, and the review has provoked a comment from Gold in the letters column. It is not my intention to contribute another account of the book or get involved in the dispute, but I would like to offer a few remarks about the book.

The first remark should be that I am finding it a diverting browser's book of the sort usually called "bedside reading."

Gold approaches his subject largely in the time-honored and time-tested manner of the scholarly word-hunter. That is, he depends largely on written sources.

Now, if I am going to get up a dictionary of, say, Elizabethan slang, I'm going to have to depend on written sources. So I turn to the books and pamphlets about low life and criminal life (of which there were surprisingly many published during the time), and I turn to the popular entertainments of the day—like the plays by Shakespeare or the sometimes dreadful "broadside" ballads by nobody-knows-who. I pick up the slang words, and I try to deduce from their context what they meant.

At the same time, if I am any good as a lexicographer, I know that the results of my research are bound to be somewhat imperfect, and I know that, in dealing with slang, I am dealing with a wonderfully colorful, sometimes expressive, but particularly slippery proposition. Slang changes and dies quickly.

When Gold undertook a lexicon of jazz slang, he similarly turned to the printed word. Not that he shouldn't have consulted it at least in part. And not that he did not consult men on the scene as well—in his opening acknowledgements there is a list of musicians and writers with whom he spoke.

But the argot of jazzmen is not a dead language like Elizabethan slang. And reading books and magazines, even when the readings are partly supplemented by consultations on the scene, can get one into trouble.

For example, Gold has an entry for "gate." The way I have heard it, gate derives from alligator and is not from gatemouth (as one might expect). It was coined by Louis Armstrong to describe the kind of musicians who lined the docks and river banks, and, with rather cold-eyed, expressionless faces, soaked up the music of the New Orleans players who worked the excursion boats, in order to steal their ideas.

Out on the scene, one might learn that "false fingering" does not mean the "choked," half-valve sounds of Rex Stewart and, subsequently, Clark Terry.

It means just about what it says: the kind of forceful but intuitive brass or reed playing by which a man can push down the wrong valve or stop and, by lip and will power, get the right note—it means the playing of Hot Lips Page, for example. Similarly, it seems to me that one might learn more about what "mop" means in jazz by a careful listening to the figures on mid-'40s pieces like *Mop Mop*, *The Street Beat*, or *Red Cross* than from the few sentences of jive talk that happened to appear in the *Village Voice*, which Gold quotes.


However, from reading magazines one should learn that "mainstream" was coined by Stanley Dance as a term for the kind of jazz he likes best, a music that most the rest of us have been content to call swing.

However, my main point in bringing all this up is to say something about the word ofay. It is a Negro term for a white person, as most of us surely know by now. The usual explanation, and one that Gold offers, is that it is pig Latin for foe.

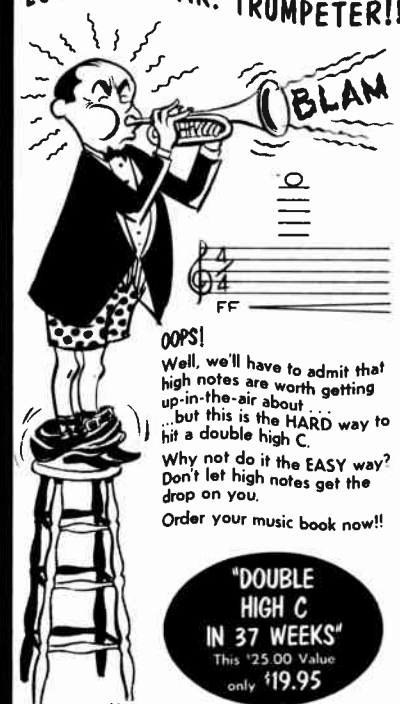
In the last days of *The Jazz Review*, we received a letter to the editor, which we never got to publish and which seems to have disappeared in the collapse of the magazine. That letter offered another explanation for ofay that is a bit more subtle, I think more interesting, and possibly more believable too. The letter-writer suggested that ofay was a corruption of the French expression *au fait*, which was current in French colonial America, including the area that became the Louisiana Territory. The expression means, roughly: in the way things are done, in the proper way, the right way, according to good manners. It is used as an admonishment.

From the French colonials, the Creoles, the expression was easily transferred to the mixed-blood "Creoles of color," a sometimes affluent class, many of whom became terrible snobs about their blood lines, their money, and their social position. The expression would also have been picked up by Negroes who were household workers.

But the mass of Negro slaves and ex-slaves were field hands, farm workers, and hard laborers. And to them, *au fait*, "the proper way," was the white man's way. Therefore, besides becoming the term for white man, "*au fait*," might also take on a derisive tone. After all, it had to do with someone else's manners, manners that did not necessarily have any place in a field Negro's real experience of the world around him or of the white men who ran it.

Think about it: a man's relationship to a "foe" is relatively clear cut. At least it is clear cut compared to his relationship to someone who is explaining morality and good manners from a position of self-assumed superiority. 

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Pittsburgh Catholic Youth Organization, the event's sponsor. Last year's festival was held on two nights. The Rev. **Michael Williams**, CYO director, said profits from the festival, to be held June 18-20, will help finance the diocese's youth program . . . More than 1,000 persons attended KDKA's Christmas party at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel. The party had a New Orleans motif, and music was furnished by **Nick Lomakin's** Dixielanders. Guests wanting more of the two-beat stuff found it at the hotel's Riverboat Room, where New Orleanian **Roy Liberto** and group held forth . . . Former **Hal McIntyre** pianist **Reid Jaynes** signed a one-year contract with the Tender Trap. Jaynes will play solo during the week and lead a trio at the club Friday and Saturday nights . . . WQED, Pittsburgh's educational television station, began a series titled *Jazz Beat* on New Year's Eve. The first group featured was the **Bobby Jones** organ trio with vocalist **Tiny Irvin**.

CHICAGO: Despite the **Joao Gilberto** fiasco (see page 16), the London House is still the most consistent booker of quality musical talent in the city. Following **Marian** and **Jimmy McPartland** at the club is the **Gerry Mulligan** Quartet, with valve trombonist **Bob Brookmeyer**. Mulligan opens Feb. 2. Then it's **Erroll Garner** for two weeks, pianist **Neil Wolfe** for three, and, on March 23, the **Cannonball Adderley** Sextet for three. This is the first time the rotund altoist has played a Loop-area club. **Ramsey Lewis** and then **Peter Nero** are scheduled to come into the club after Adderley (see *Where & When*,

page 46, for dates). Trumpeter **Paul Serrano** has been leading the house band at the London House on Wednesdays and Thursdays, using such local lights as pianist **Billy Wallace**, bassist **Cleveland Eaton**, and, when the group is a quartet, drummer **George Hughes**. Serrano also has been working the Sutherland Lounge on weekends. Pianist **Eddie Higgins'** trio is at the London House the other nights of the week . . . Drummer **Hughes** and bassist **Eaton** also are members of the **Sandy Mosse** Quintet, which has taken the place of **Mosse's Pieces of Eight** at the Outhaus on N. Wells on Wednesdays and Sundays. Trumpeter **Joe Burnett** and guitarist **Joe Dorio** complete the group . . . Mother Blues departed somewhat from its folk-music policy and booked African trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** with a rhythm section to play during the holidays; it was the trumpeter's first Chicago booking . . . Altoist **Bunky Green** signed a recording contract with Argo. Green, one of the best jazz musicians in town, usually can be found working with **Manny Garcia's** Latin band . . . The **Duke Ellington** Band tele-filmed two shows for WGN's *The Big Bands* on Jan. 12. The first of the programs was scheduled to be shown late in January. Both shows are in color . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** and his trio played two weeks at McKie's earlier in the month . . . Drummer **Roy Haynes** and his group did a week at the Plugged Nickel before tenor saxophonists **Sonny Stitt** and **Zoot Sims** came in . . . **Dexter Gordon** is at McKie's.

BLUES NEWS: **Howling Wolf** is back at Sylvio's on weekends after an extended series of engagements in Europe . . . The

blues world was saddened by two recent deaths. Pianist **Johnny Jones**, 40, best known for his long associations with **Tampa Red** and **Howling Wolf**, died in Chicago of natural causes late last year. In Memphis, Tenn., **Jennie Mae Clayton**, wife of Memphis Jug Band member **Will Shade** and a singer in her own right, died during the Christmas holidays . . . **Big Joe Williams**, returned to his home in Crawford, Miss., was stricken with pneumonia and rushed to a hospital in Mobile, Ala., where he soon recovered. He is convalescing at the Mobile home of his brother . . . In addition to his stint at Big John's in the Old Town section, singer-harmonica player **Paul Butterfield** has taken his band into Turk's at Dearborn and Division Sts. on Mondays and Tuesdays . . . Among performers at the University of Chicago's annual Folk Festival, to be held Jan. 29-31, are blues performers **Mississippi John Hurt**, **Robert Pete Williams**, **Avery Brady**, and one-man band **Dr. Isaih Ross**. In addition to appearances on the evening concerts, the men will participate in a Sunday afternoon blues workshop presided over by **Pete Welding**, who also will give a talk on urban folk-music collecting.

DETROIT: Pianist **Barry Harris**, bassist **Ernie Farrow**, and drummer **Roy Brooks** stayed here after their December engagement at the Drome Bar and are working around town. They played at the reopening of the West End Hotel in December. The **George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields** Quintet was the original houseband at the West End's afterhours sessions but soon left the club; no replacement had

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been named at presstime. Meanwhile, the Bohanon-Fields group has been drawing well on weekends at the Village Gate, where Sunday night is "artists' showcase" night, when organized groups instead of individuals sit in . . . Disc jockey Jack Springer is starting a series of lectures and concerts aimed at the growing teenage jazz audience in Detroit. He plans to present programs at various high schools . . . There may be a series of bookings of New York avant-garde jazzmen at the Un-stabled Theater soon. Negotiations are under way to bring in the groups of Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, and John Tchicai-Roswell Rudd.

CLEVELAND: Reed man Dave O'Rourke added a new arrival from Chicago, bassist Gil Kelly, to his quartet (which also includes guitarist Don Banks and drummer Leon Stevenson) at the Tangers. The group is scheduled to move to Fred and Ed Sabath's Brothers Lounge on the west side, where O'Rourke will also play piano . . . Organist Jimmy McGriff brought his group to Leo's Casino in January . . . Former McGriff sideman Rudy Johnson, who plays tenor and soprano saxophones (often simultaneously), is appearing at the Club 100 with a new group called the Soul Brothers; the other members are Boston drummer Dick Gale and organist Yogi Cowan. They followed the group of drummer Rufus Jones, who featured saxophonist Claude Barteel . . . Vibist Bud Wattle's 18-piece band gave a highly enjoyable Christmas concert at the Hermit Club; the presentation featured

arrangements by Wattle and pianist Dick Lezius.

INDIANAPOLIS: Name jazz has been making the city swing during recent months. Max Roach's group with Abbey Lincoln played Dec. 29-Jan. 1 at the Pink Poodle. With the drummer were trombonist Julian Priester, alto saxophonist Gary Bartz, pianist Ronnie Mathews, and bassist Bob Cunningham. The Ramsey Lewis Trio followed Roach. Meanwhile, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, an Indianapolis native, was a recent attraction at Mr. B's, where he was supported by altoist James Spaulding, pianist Harold Mabern, bassist Larry Ridley (another Naptown product), and drummer Tom Whittit. The Hubbard quintet was replaced on Jan. 4 by the trio of Austrian pianist Matt Nicholls.

LOUISVILLE: The busiest pianist in town is Bob Millard, who plays 5-8 p.m. at the Office Lounge five evenings a week and 9 p.m.-1 a.m. at Dixie's Elbow Room, six nights. Both jobs are solo piano . . . The Jack Larue Trio played at the Arts in Louisville club early in January. The group also served as backing for waitress-singer Lee Drane . . . Trombonist Tommy Walker's group, which features former Woody Herman tenor saxophonist Bobby Jones, opened at the Arch Club after the first of the year. The group accompanies singer Richard Smith . . . Tenorist Everett Hoffman has joined organist Boogie Martin's group at Sheik's Diamond Horseshoe . . . Bassist Gene Klingman heads a quartet at Lucky's

Tavern. The sidemen are David Klingman, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Jack Brengle, guitar; and David Wunderlich, drums.

NEW ORLEANS: Saxophonist Al Belletto and pianist Fred Crane have started a recording company that will attempt to exploit the wide variety of talents in this area. While the main emphasis will be on pop and country-and-western music, Belletto and Crane are also planning jazz and blues releases by such artists as trombonist Carl Fontana and guitarist-singer Snooks Eaglin. Other jazzmen entering the recording business here are Leo O'Neill, trombonist with Mike Lala's band, and pianist Larry Muhoberac, an ex-Woody Herman sideman who has been active in Memphis in recent years. O'Neill and Muhoberac are aiming at the ever-broadening local market for radio and television commercials. Meanwhile, the AFO label, a co-operative firm established by a group of N. O. jazzmen three years ago, has moved to Los Angeles, where it continues to record prominent rhythm-and-blues artists . . . Clarinetist Pete Fountain played with the Syracuse University Band at the Sugar Bowl's half-time ceremonies. Fountain was signed for another appearance at Jazz Week at the New Orleans Pops in July . . . Veteran pianist Tony D'Amore joined drummer Paul Ferrara's jazz and show combo at the Silver Frolics.

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attests the music's quality. In recent weeks audiences have heard the **Max Roach** group and singer **Abbey Lincoln**, **Ray Charles**, **American Jazz Ensemble**, organist **Jimmy Smith**, and blues shouter **Lloyd Price** backed by trombonist **Slide Hampton's** big band. Due in the area soon are the groups of trumpeter **Blue Mitchell**, pianist **Ramsey Lewis**, and trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie**. The **Count Basie Band** also is expected. **Lionel Hampton's** band opens at Miami's Harbor Towers on Jan. 29. The **Louis Armstrong All-Stars** will play at Miami Beach Convention Hall on Feb. 13, and trumpeter **Al Hirt** will bring his band from New Orleans to perform at the hall in March. Singer **Mel Torme** was so successful at Miami Beach's Carillon Hotel recently that he is booked back for an April engagement. Added to all this is the work of local jazzmen, such as the avant-garde quartet of reed man **Charles Austin**, who has with him pianist **Eric Knight**, bassist **Bob Thomas**, and drummer **Dave Huby** at the Hampton House; and **Phil Napoleon**, whose Dixieland jazz is a regular drawing card at Roney Plaza (the trumpeter also is seen on **Jackie Gleason's** television show and heard Thursday nights on WQBS radio) . . . Pianist **Herbie Brock** is working around Fort Lauderdale, where trumpeter **Don Goldie's** quartet closed a month ago . . . Tenor saxophonist **Flip Phillips** has been heading a trio at the Open Hearth in Boca Raton . . . Former Chicago trumpeter **Ira Sullivan**, now living in Fort Lauderdale, headed a group that played the title tune on the soundtrack of the movie *Montage*, which is being filmed locally . . . Singer **Marian Montgomery** was a recent feature at the Diplomat in Hollywood, Fla.

DALLAS: Tenor saxophonists **Fathead Newman** and **James Clay** have been featured in the octet playing Sunday afternoons at Club Savoy . . . **Red Garland**, here to be with his ailing mother, is heading a trio at Arandas Club. **Louie Spears**, bass, and **Perry Leverett**, drums, round out the pianist's group . . . Singers **Nancy Wilson**, **Margaret Whiting**, and **Julie London** appeared during the same week at the Music Hall; all attracted large audiences . . . The **Les Elgart** Band played for a recent dance at the Sheraton-Dallas . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** will play a concert at the Music Hall Feb. 13. The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** does one at the hall Feb. 20.

LOS ANGELES: **Al Hibbler** will sing one week at the Lazy X club in the San Fernando Valley beginning Feb. 2 . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** replaced **Maynard Ferguson** at the Lighthouse Jan. 15-24, bringing in his own vocal-instrumental package . . . Indian composer and virtuoso **Ravi Shankar** will appear in concert Jan. 30 at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium and will be followed Feb. 27 at the same location by Japanese kotoist **Kimeo Eto**. Both concerts are co-sponsored by **Ed Pearl**, owner of the Ash Grove folk club, and by **Richard Boek**, president of World Pacific records . . . San Diego's only jazz spot, Jazzville, brought in **Dizzy Gillespie** as its first 1965 attraction. Following are the trios of **Ramsey Lewis** (Feb. 12-14) and

organist **Jimmy Smith** (March 12-14). Between visits of the famous, **Larry Gallo-way's** trio, the house band, fills in.

LAS VEGAS: Bassist-trombonist **Phil Masecelino** has joined tenorist **Vido Musso** in the Sands Hotel Lounge . . . Also in the Sands Lounge, clarinetist **Jerry Wald** has brought in a group for an indefinite stay. With Wald are **Dick Baker**, tenor saxophone; **Rudi Egan**, piano; and **Tom Montgomery**, drums . . . Versatile **Bobby Sherwood** is working on the first segment of a long-term contract at the Dunes Hotel. Sherwood's group features many of the trumpeter-guitarist's compositions . . . Trumpeter-arranger **Henry (Hot Lips) Levine**, heading a large jazz band, is featured in the new Shangri-La Lounge at the Tally Ho Hotel . . . Now filling four weeks at the Flamingo Hotel, singer **Della Reese** heads north for 10 days at the Cave, Vancouver, B.C., then returns to Nevada March 9 for a fortnight at Harvey's Wagon Wheel in Lake Tahoe.

SAN FRANCISCO: **Miles Davis** drew a capacity audience at his Basin Street West opening, even though the club charged admission. Singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** and pianist **Junior Mance's** trio opened at the Jazz Workshop the same night and also drew a full house . . . Pianist **Artie Schutt** was hospitalized here recently with internal bleeding. His condition was described as critical. Schutt, best known for his work with jazzmen such as **Benny Goodman** in the early '30s, has been living here for two years. Largely unemployed during that time, Schutt refused to get medical help before the hospitalization and was despondent, according to his wife . . . **Harry James** and his big band are scheduled for a late-January weekend at Redwood City's Tin Pan Alley . . . **Louis Armstrong** and **Sarah Vaughan** were the opening bill of fare at the Hyatt Music Theater-in-the-Round in nearby Burlingame. There was a full house at the opening of the six-night run despite heavy rain.

AROUND THE WORLD:

Tokutaro Honda, head of the Japan Booking Corp., is reportedly set to stage another star-studded World Jazz Festival in Japan this summer in spite of the financial loss incurred by the 1964 presentation . . . Among several Japanese musicians and singers planning visits to the United States and Europe this year are **Sleepy Matsumoto**, **Yasushi Ashida**, and **Maturo Goto** . . . Drummer **George Kawaguchi** has his big jazz-oriented group installed as house band at the Tokyo Prince Hotel.

The Gospel song play *Black Nativity* has been touring Switzerland for the second time and has been quite successful. Still heading the cast are **Marion Williams** and the **Stars of Faith**, while replacements have included **Ann Bolden** for **Princess Stewart**, **Sylvia Waters** and **Morris Donaldson** for **Cristyne Lawson** and **Ronald Frazier**, and the **Jubilation Singers** for the **Alex Bradford Singers**.

The trio of Russian pianist **Yuri Vikharieff** (**R. Vilks**, bass, and **M. Birzha-**

kov, drums) won an award from an international music organization in Switzerland . . . A recent concert at the cafe Rovesnic in Leningrad featured the **St. Petersburg Stompers**, the **Arkady Memches Trio**, and the **Vikharieff** trio.

Composer-conductor **Gunther Schuller** said he plans to move to West Berlin for a year so he can work on a jazz opera commissioned by the State Opera at Hamburg, Germany . . . Moscow radio station Yunost (Youth) broadcasts a regular jazz program. A recent broadcast featured records by the late **Eric Dolphy**, though Soviet jazzmen are usually featured . . . The quintet of Polish pianist **Andrzej Trzaskowski**, which played at festivals held at Washington, D.C., and Newport, R.I., in 1962, will tour South America in February. It will be the first time a Polish group has toured that continent. Reports from Warsaw indicate that the quintet, once a hard-bop unit, now is near free-jazz land.

A series of jazz concerts was held in Montevideo, Uruguay, during November and December. Among the participants were the groups of **Mario Nicoli**, **Herbert Escayola**, **Manuel Guardia**, **Luis Pasquet**, the **Fattoruso Brothers**, and the **Hot Blowers** . . . The Hot Club of Montevideo has been holding Monday jam sessions. Recent performers included **Daniel Lencina**, **Eduardo Giovinnazzo**, trumpets; **Pedro Linale**, trombone; **Hector Gingert**, **Horacio Pintos**, saxophones; **Francisco Manosa**, piano; **Roberto Capobianco**, bass; and **Oscar Burgenos** and **Jorge Fattoruso**, drums . . . A jazz-and-poetry recital was held at the Palacio Municipal in Montevideo during the Book Fair in January. Trumpeter **Giovinnazzo** played along with the poems of **Humberto Megget**.

THE OTHER SIDE: The Dramatic Arts Center in Ann Arbor, Mich., presented a program of premieres at the Ann Arbor Public Library Dec. 11 and 12. Featured works were electronic-music composers **Gordon Mumma's** *Sound Temps*, **Robert Ashley's** *Big Danger in 5 Parts*, and **Annina Nosei's** *Duet for Pillows*. Mumma will perform sections of his long work, *Megaton* for **William Burroughs**, as part of a program of readings from Burroughs' work at the Artists' Workshop in Detroit, Mich., Feb. 7.

The Michigan State University Gamma Epsilon chapter of Phi Mu Alpha is sponsoring a national composition contest open to all student members of this national music fraternity. Winning compositions will be performed by the chapter's symphonic wind ensemble and recorded in conjunction with the university and RCA Victor. Mills Music, Inc., has agreed to publish one or more works from the contest. The entry deadline is March 15. For information write Sinfonia Contest, Dept. of Music, Michigan State University, East Lansing . . . The Concerto West, a coffee house on New York City's 125th St., now features Sunday afternoon recitals of contemporary classical music, in addition to the regular jazz fare provided by tenor saxophonist **Jesse Wilks'** quartet. Among the participants in a recent recital was cellist **Charlotte Moorman**.

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.
LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—til further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Basin Street East: Vikki Carr, 2/4-27. Peggy Lee, 3/1-31. Ram Ramirez, hb.
Birdland: John Coltrane to 2/7.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn. Eddie Wilcox, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, tfn.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds. Jam sessions, Mon.
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups.
Duplex: Raymond Johnson, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.
Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, tfn. Upper Bohemian Six, Mon.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Roger Kellaway to 2/10. Leroy Parkins, 2/11-tfn.
Half Note: unk.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Metropole: Max Kaminsky, hb. Gene Krupa, 2/19-3/3.
New Colony Inn: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, hb.
Page Three: Wolfgang Knittel, hb. Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.
Playboy Club: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Tony Parenti, hb.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Hank Duncan, hb.
Village Gate: Johnny Richards, Arthur Prysock, Dick Gregory, wknds to 2/27.
Village Vanguard: unk.
Wells': Joe Lee Wilson, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Carillon Hotel: Mel Torme, 4/10-25.
Castaways: Gospel Jazz Singers, tfn. Joe Nero, tfn.
Doral Beach Hotel: Count Basie, 2/15-28.
Eden Roc: Frank Sinatra, 1/29.
Hampton House: Charles Austin, wknds.
Harbor Towers: Lionel Hampton, 1/29-2/7. Big Six Trio, Jimmy Crawford, hbs. Joannie Harrison, tfn.
Johina Hotel: Don Vincent, tfn.
Knight Beat: Ramsey Lewis, 2/19-21. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/15-17. Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook, 4/2-4.
Miami Beach Convention Hall: Louis Armstrong, 2/13. Al Hirt, 3/20.
Open Hearth (Boca Raton): Flip Phillips, tfn.
Opus #1: Pete Lewis, hb.
Rat Pack (Ft. Lauderdale): Herbie Brock, tfn.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.

BOSTON

Beachcomber: Ken Wenzel, tfn.
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Frank Foster, 2/2-7. Junior Mance, 2/8-14. Clara Ward Singers, 2/15-21. Sal Salvador, 2/22-28.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Joe Bucci to 1/31. Roland Kirk, 2/1-14. Jo Jones, 2/15-21. Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook, 2/22-28.
Number 3 Lounge: Jones Bros., tfn.
Through the Looking Glass: Tony Eira, Jack Petersen, tfn.
Westgate Lounge: Lou Columbo, Thur.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Jazz Crusaders, 2/22-27.
Cellar (Levittown): Chuck Wicker-John Mack-Kirk Nurock, Sun. afternoon.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Tony De-Nicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.
Drake Hotel: Joe Derise, tfn.
George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, tfn.
Latin Casino: Nancy Wilson, 2/22-3/7.
Metropole: Coatesville Harris, hb.
Pep's: Yusef Lateef to 1/30.
Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time Six, wknds.
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
Second Fret: various folk singers.

TORONTO

Bohemian Embassy: modern jazz, wknds.
Colonial: Red Richards' Saints and Sinners to 2/13.
The Cellar: Don Thompson, wknds.
George's Spaghetti House: Alf Coward, 2/8-13.
Lord Simcoe Hotel: Frankie Wright, tfn.
Night Owl Coffee House: modern jazz, wknds.
Ports of Call: Larry Dubin's Dixieland Band, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
Bohemian Caverns: Dorothy Ashby to 2/13.
Cafe Lounge: Ann Read, Billy Taylor Jr., tfn.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Charles's: Newton Thomas, Steve Jordan, tfn.
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.
Lincoln Inn: Joe Speck, tfn.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, tfn.
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schmeer, Keith Hodgson, tfn.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Bird Cage: unk.
Brothers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.
Capri: Jesters, tfn. Angel Sanchez, Mon.
Casa Blanca: unk.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Rudy Johnson-Dick Gale, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Corner Tavern: Johnny Holiday, tfn.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush, wknds.
Esquire: Eddie Bacucus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon St. Bums, wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
King's Pub: Hugh Thompson, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-James Peck, tfn.
Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
Lucky Bar: Marvin Cabell, Thur.-Sat.
Masiello's: unk.
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.
Music Box: unk.
The Office: Jack McKee, wknds.
La Porte Rouge: Bill Gidney, wknds.
Punch & Judy: Eddie Nix, hb.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.
Shaker Steak House: Bill Dinasco, tfn.
Squeeze Room: Ronnie Bush-Bob Fraser, wknds.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.
Tangiers: jazz, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Jonah Jones to 2/6. Jimmy-Marian McPartland, 2/8-21. Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hbs.

CINCINNATI

Apartment: Jimmy Jamaal, tfn.
Blue Angel: Amos Milburn, Sonny Cole, tfn.
Herbie's Bar: Modern Jazz Apostles, Wed.-Sat.
Jai Alai (Newport, Ky.): Philip Paul, Doc Smith, tfn.
LaNormandie: Pat Wilson, tfn.
Living Room: Lee Stolar, hb. Cozy Cole to 1/28.
Playboy Club: Dee Felice, Woody Evans, Alex Cirin, hbs.
Whisper Room: Cal Collins, Jack Prather, Grove Mooney, Tue.-Sun. Sessions, Sun.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. Ronnie Fields-George Bohanon, 1/31.
Gordon Mumma, Robert Ashley, electronic music concert, 2/7. Detroit Contemporary 5, Pierre Rochon/Bob McDonald, hbs.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Boyne Highlands (Harbor Springs): Larry Wojcek, tfn.
Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
Bruce's Lounge: Ron DePalma, Sun.-Mon. Don Robins, Fri.-Sat.
Cafe Gourmet: unk.
Caucus Club: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Checker Bar-B-Q: John Truedell, afterhours.



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Stanley Spector Writes—

Why do drummers play so loud? I think they simply want to be noticed. I doubt that a drummer goes to great expense to surround himself with a battery of chrome plated and exotically colored drums for the purpose of hiding in public. Apparently the drums are a tool for making the drummer bigger than he feels himself to be, and if he has such feelings I would imagine that they would also tend to cause the drummer to produce a level of sound that would make himself feel bigger than he is.

I have been told that a fashionable drummer, who has a habit of playing for 15 minutes on end at a constant roar, has a beautiful and sensitive soul and, therefore, a great feeling in his performances. I wonder? I would think that playing at a fortissimo drone represents a total lack of feeling and human proportion for both himself, the musicians with who he is playing, and the audience. For me feeling comes through when a jazz drummer cannot only play extremely loud or soft, but when he is able to arrive at a wide range of dynamic expression between the extremes. Some drummers have found that forcing the drums to a volume beyond the acoustical limits of their design is simply being out of control, or the need to be noticed, or an expression of hostility. Some drummers have come to understand more about such feelings in their study of

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Chat Chat: sessions, Tue. George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, hb.
Drome Bar: unk.
Falcon Bar: (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Fri.
Frolic Bar: Norman Dillard, tfn.
½ Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Thur.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Jimmy Johnson, Fri.-Sun.
Jim's Office Lounge (Jackson): Benny Poole, tfn.

LaKosa's: Willie Wells, Fri.-Sat.
Larry's Bar (Saginaw): Kent Wilson, tfn.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Linford Bar: Emmet Slay, tfn.
Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.
Mr. B's (Lansing): Danny Pallack, tfn.
Odum's Cave: Bill Hyde, Fri.-Sun.
Office Lounge (Flint): sessions, Sun.
Page's: Frank Morelli, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Booboo Turner, Matt Michaels, hbs.

Red Shingle (Port Huron): Bob Pierson, tfn.
Rouge Lounge (River Rouge): sessions, Sun. afternoon.

Scotch & Siroin: Harold McKinney, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
The Track (Flint): Gene Day, tfn.

Tropicana Lounge (Lansing): organ trios, Tue.-Sun. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.

Unstable Theater: Detroit Contemporary 5, Wed. Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb., afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat. Jack Springer, Sun.

Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.

West End Hotel: afterhours sessions, wknds.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.

CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: The Jaguars, tfn.
Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed.-Sun.
Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, hb.
Buccaneer: Mel Torme, 1/25-2/6.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.

London House: Gerry Mulligan, 2/1-14. Erroll Garner, 2/16-28. Neil Wolfe, 3/2-21. Cannonball Adderley, 3/23-4/11. Ramsey Lewis, 4/13-5/2. Peter Nero, 5/25-6/13. Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hbs.

Maroo's: Mike Bloomfield, Wed.-Sun.
Mandel Hall: Folk Festival, 1/29-31.
McKie's: unk.

Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.

Olde Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Mon.-Tue.

Larry Boyle, tfn.

Outhaus: Sandy Mosse, Wed., Sun.

Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.

Plugged Nickel: unk.

Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Fri.-Sat.

Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.

Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Blue Room: Roy Liberto to 2/14.
Congress Inn: Ronnie Dupont, tfn.

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.

Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.

French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.

Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.

Harmony Inn: Kid Sheik, wknds.

Al Hirt's: Fred Crane, Mary Fassett Crane, afterhours.

King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.

Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.

Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.

Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.

Pepe's: Larry Muhoberac, tfn.

Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, Billy Newkirk, hbs.

Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

MILWAUKEE

Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri.-Sat.

Club Chateau: Soul Brothers, wknds.

Column's Room: Les Czimmer, tfn.

Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.

English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.

Layton Place: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.

Ma's Place: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.

Motor Coach Inn: Zig Millonzi, tfn.

Music Box: Bev Dean, wknds.

New Flame: Lorretta Whyte, wknds.

Oriental Theater: Miriam Makeba, 2/12.

Sardino's: Les Czimmer, Sun.

Sunny Italy: Frank Vlasis, Tue. Bob Ullenberg, wknds.

Tina's Lounge: Will Green, tfn.

Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedebsch, tfn.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

Big Al's: Shirley Scott, 2/17-27.

Blue Ox: Harry Blons, tfn.

Davey Jones Locker: Irene Reid, 2/28-3/7. Lurlean Hunter, 3/8-14.
Earl's Valli Pizza: Herb Schoenbohm, wknds.
Herb's: Pat Moran, tfn.
Hoagie's: Bobby Williams, wknds.
Lighthouse Gallery: Dixie 5, wknds.
Peacock Tavern: Hall Bros., wknds.
Pigalle (Radisson Hotel): Bob Terri, tfn.
The Point: Percy Hughes, tfn.
Prom Center: Count Basie, 3/24.
Sherwood: Rio Pardi, tfn.

KANSAS CITY

Aladdin's Lamp: Pete McShann, tfn.

Bagdad Lounge: Five Scamps, tfn.

Barbory Coast: Jay McShann, Priscilla Bowman, tfn.

Colony Lounge: Marilyn Mayer, Sammy Tucker, tfn.

Golden Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Able, tfn.

Inferno: Fred Muro, tfn.

Jerry's: Joshua Johnson, Baby Lovett, tfn.

Leopard Lounge: Bob Simes, Fri. Sessions, Sat.

Loreli: Bucky Wyzar, tfn.

Pepe's Lounge: Harold Henley, tfn.

Playboy: Frank Smith, tfn.

Playgirl: Mike Ning, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat.

Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.

Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbin, tfn.

Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.

Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.

Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.

Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.

Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, Fri.-Sat.

Hi-Paisano Club (Lawndale): Frank Rio, Steve King, wknds.

Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.

Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz, tfn.

Hollywood Plaza Motel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.

Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.

Intermission Room: Roy Ayers, Phil Moore, tfn.

International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.

It Club: sessions, Sun. morning.

Jazzville (San Diego): Ramsey Lewis, 2/12-14.

Jimmy Smith, 3/12-14. Larry Galloway, tfn.

Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.

Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey, hb. Various groups.

Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.

Marty's: William Green, tfn.

Metro Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-Sat.

Norm's Green-Lake Steak House (Pasadena): Joyce Collins, Monty Budwig, Mon.-Tue.

PJ's: Eddie Cano, tfn. Jerry Wright, tfn.

Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer, Nick Martinis, Thur.-Sat.

Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.

Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Gene Russell, tfn.

San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring, hb. Various groups.

Shelly's Manne-Hole: Cal Tjader to 1/31. Zoot Sims, 2/2-14.

Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.

Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.

Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie Wills, sessions, tfn.

Wilshire House Hotel (El Gaucho Room): Lennie Bluet, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Dizzy Gillespie to 2/7. Clara Ward Singers, 2/8-14. Jimmy Smith, 2/17-3/9.

Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/10-20.

Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, Fri.-Sat.

Dale's (Alameda): George Stoichich, wknds.

Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.

El Matador: Vince Guaraldi, Bola Sete, tfn.

Gold Nugget (Oakland): Santa Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.

Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.

Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, Tommy Butler, tfn.

Jazz Workshop: John Handy, Mon.

Jimbo's Bop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours.

Parker's Soulville: Dewey Redman, afterhours.

Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.

Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): unk.

Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman, tfn. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robbin, tfn.

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