FEBRUARY 25, 1965 35c

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

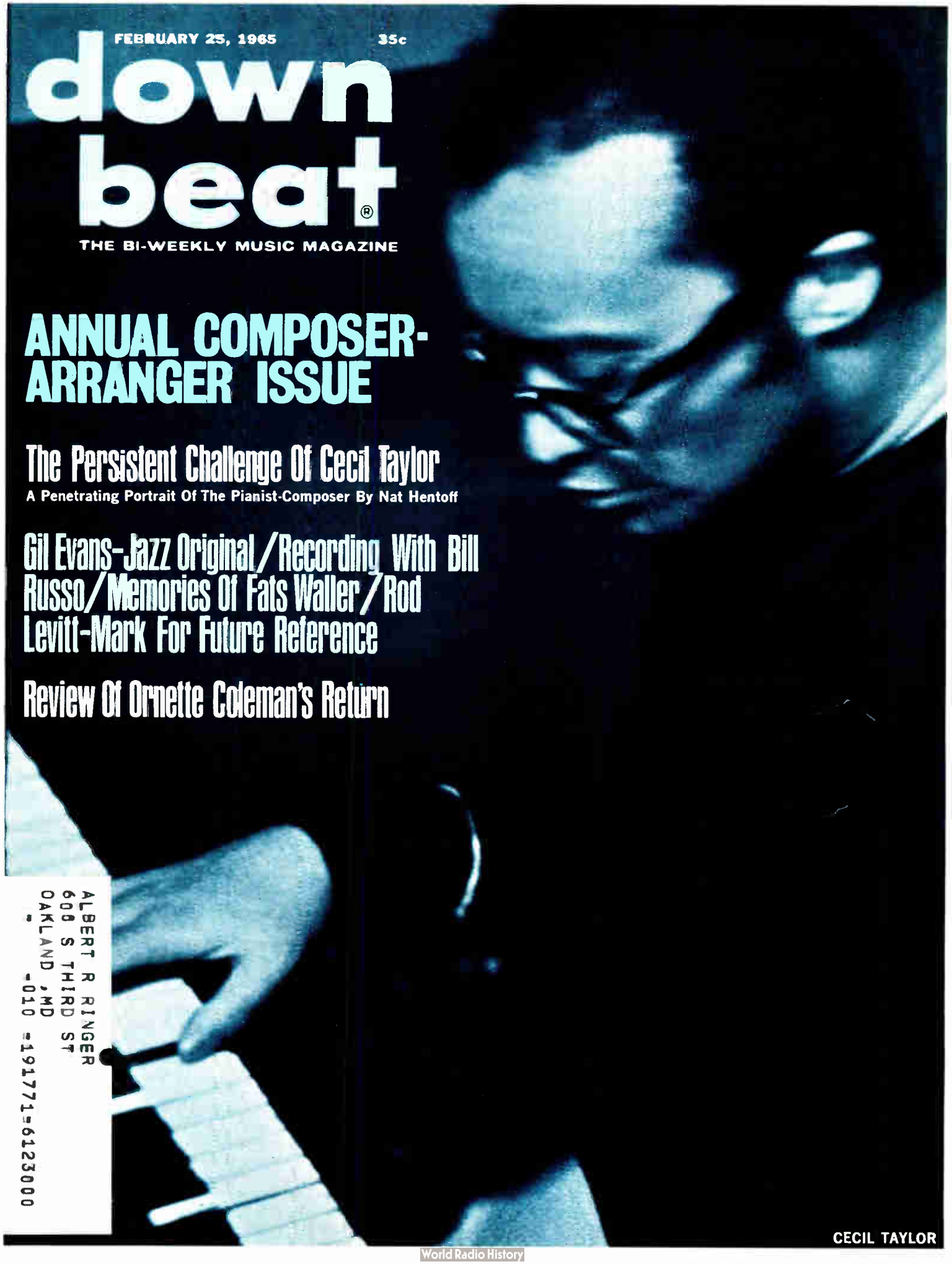
ANNUAL COMPOSER-ARRANGER ISSUE

The Persistent Challenge Of Cecil Taylor

A Penetrating Portrait Of The Pianist-Composer By Nat Hentoff

Gil Evans-Jazz Original/Recording With Bill Russo/Memories Of Fats Waller/Rod Levitt-Mark For Future Reference

Review Of Ornette Coleman's Return



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February 25, 1965 Vol. 32, No. 5

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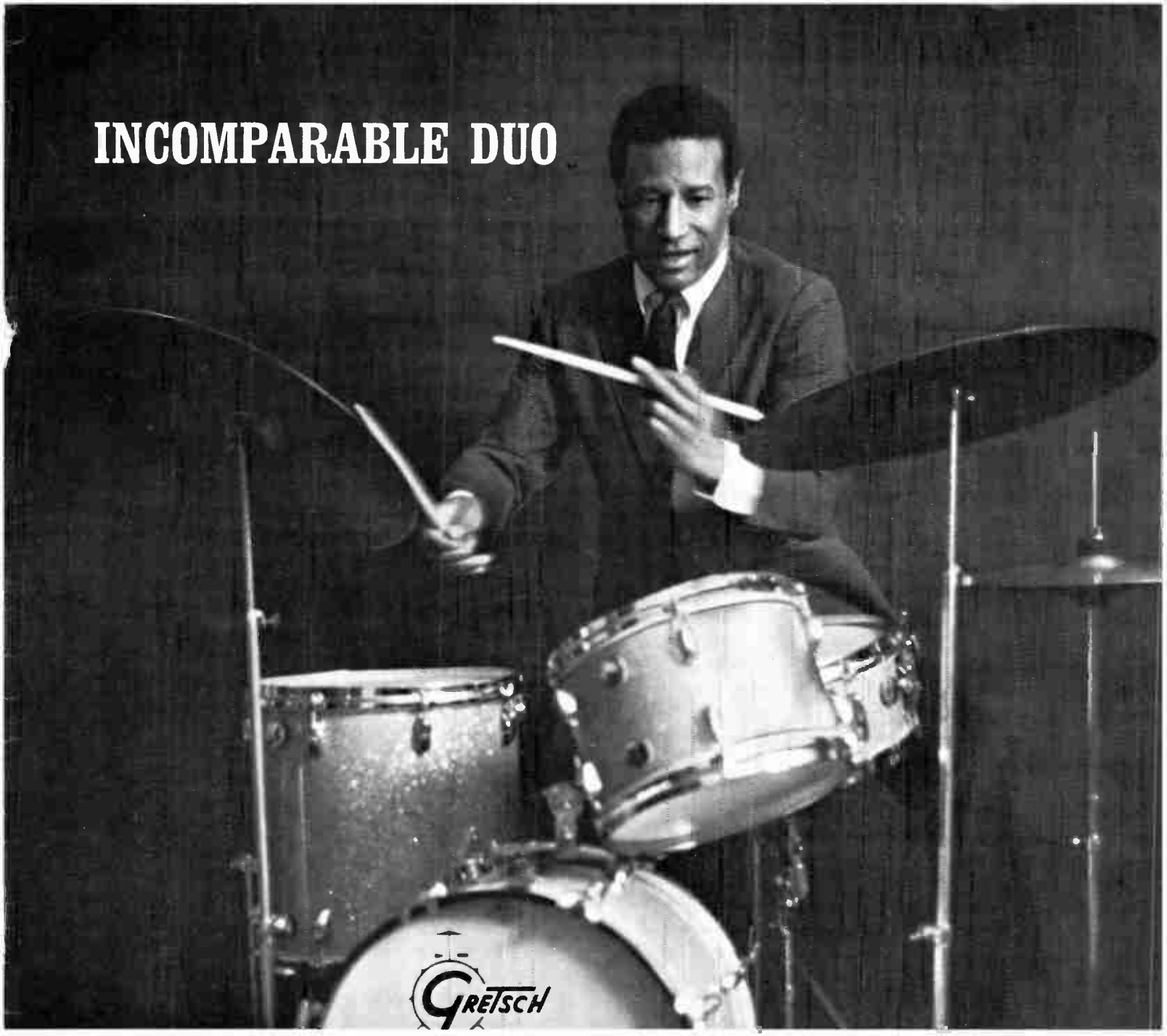

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education in jazz

by Johnny Richards

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Johnny Richards

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It's a great kick to me to see the way the Berklee students pay attention to the finer points of intonation and phrasing. Talent and the will to work and work hard are important—but, believe me, even more important for career musicians is a solid music education.

Johnny Richards

For Information . . . write to:
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284 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHORDS & DISCORDS

Readers Make Right Choice . . .

That Eric Dolphy was elected to the Hall of Fame in the year of his death is really great. I've always admired his mastering of all his instruments as well as his composing and arranging.

Also on the poll, wouldn't it be better to drop the vocalist categories or use a new category—pop-singers?

Another point that I cannot understand is why Dave Brubeck and his three fellows get so much admiration.

James Bill
Zurich, Switzerland

. . . Wrong Choice . . .

The *DB* (Dave Brubeck) Readers Poll made me sick. I can't agree with the public's selection of Brubeck and his boys for most of the laurels, but Brubeck second in the Hall of Fame was too much. It defies my comprehension how an individual could vote for him and Coltrane on the same ballot. This is eclecticism of the highest order.

It's not really that Brubeck is lousy, but there are musicians of the excellence of Mal Waldron, Thad Jones, Dexter Gordon, and Bud Powell who receive little recognition. Artistically Brubeck just doesn't rate comparison.

H. G. McQuage Jr.
Atlanta, Ga.

. . . And Square Choice

The results for singers and vocal groups in the Readers Poll indicate just how square *DB's* supposedly hip readership really is—and how far from the main currents of contemporary popular music. Fourth-place female vocalist, for example, is Barbra Streisand—a charming and often exhilarating performer who is not even remotely a jazz singer. Dionne Warwick—probably the best singer in the country—isn't even mentioned.

The line-up in the vocal group category is pathetic. The winner [the Double Six] is a flimsy novelty outfit; the runner-up likewise. A similar story right down the line until we get to the Raelets (who presumably rode in on Ray Charles' coattails), and Peter, Paul & Mary, who, though tops in their field, are strictly a folk-music group.

That 81 people voted for the Beatles is remarkable, considering that the Beatles have more style, originality, and genuine jazz spirit than any other group mentioned. But Martha and the Vandellas, the Supremes, or Smokey Robinson's Miracles might just as well be performing on Mars as far as *DB's* voters are concerned.

Skeeter Gold
New York City

Shepp, Jones, And White America

This letter is in response to some of the comments made by Archie Shepp, *(DB,* Jan. 14).

I love jazz, but I get the feeling that I am being put down because I am white. True, I do not bring with this love of jazz Shepp's background or cultural heri-

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tage, but jazz is not something that the Negro said to us, "Here, take." In the beginning the Negro couldn't have cared less whether we heard him or not. But we did hear, and we grasped what we could, the same way he took "our" Bach, "our" Mozart, "our" Beethoven, and "our" musical instruments. We do have a right to jazz—it is part of our culture now.

Finally, I disagree with the way Shepp stated that jazz is "the Negro's contribution, his gift to America." This is a very limiting thought. There are other Negroes doing other things, you know.

Joyce Derksen
Leamington, Ontario

It was beautiful to read the article on Archie Shepp by LeRoi Jones.

Arturo Martinez Rodriquez
San Clemente, Calif.

When Archie Shepp's dug his way out from that pile of thank-you letters, perhaps he'll have time to express his gratitude to us ofays, whose rather gracious gift of oppression made his music possible.

David Lahm
Indianapolis, Ind.

LeRoi Jones' article on Archie Shepp, *Voice from the Avant Garde*, is a venom-filled thrust from his dagger of hate. It has become apparent that the small success that Jones received for his plays makes him feel that in whatever field he treads, he must hate the white man. Perhaps this is fine for the stage, but jazz has no place for these feelings, and even more important, where has jazz shown this belief? I have always felt that all good jazz is a gas, and that's it.

When Jones does get down to discussing jazz, he brings to mind a question. How does Shepp have a style individually his own when what "listeners really hear is a musician whose emotional registrations are so broad that he is able to make reference to anybody's style"?

Perhaps if Shepp stopped expressing "the weight of black in his thinking, which is also, of course, in his playing," we might find out if Shepp has any talent. If Shepp would only allow his music and what talent he may have speak out for him, and Jones would stick to his own bag of hate the white man, we might not become confused by the two.

If jazz is our gift, then it's everyone's gift. It's there to dig, love, and cherish with each bit of soul we may have, and it's not just for LeRoi Jones' avant garde.

Jerry Guild
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Tony Williams Not Sloppy

In Marian McPartland's *Blindfold Test (DB*, Dec. 31), she stated that she would like to hear George Shearing do an album with "some drummer that is earthy and sloppy." Then she mentioned Tony Williams. Though I respect her opinion, I would like to say that Tony Williams is an up-and-coming drummer who uses a lot of new things in his drumming, but I do not believe he should be called sloppy.

Bill Wellons
Richmond, Va.

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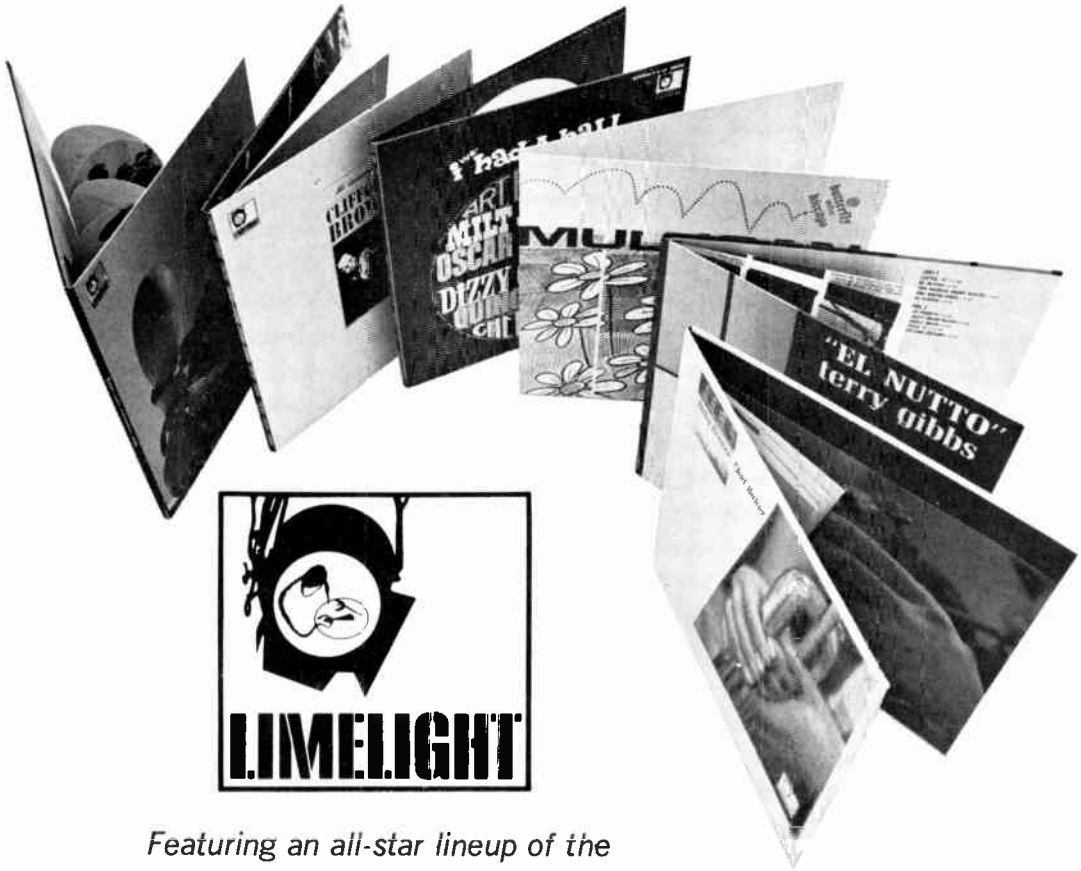

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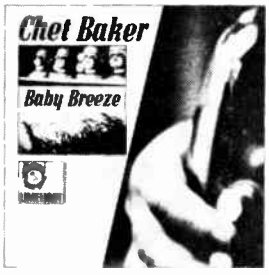

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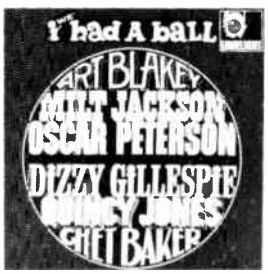

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LS 86001/LM 82001—**Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers—'S Make It**—An electrifying set of great jazz sounds. Multi-page insert includes pictures and biographies of the Messengers with jazz talk by Leonard Feather.

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LS 86004/LM 82004—**Gerry Mulligan—Butterfly With Hiccups**—A wild cover illustration blends in with Mulligan's musical versatility. Six of the eight bands were written and arranged by Gerry, he also doubles on piano on several tracks.

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February 25, 1965 Vol. 32 No. 5

MAYNARD FERGUSON 'GETS AWAY FROM IT ALL'—BREAKS UP BAND

Without fanfare, trumpeter Maynard Ferguson broke up the big band he had been leading since March, 1957.

"Trying to support the band was no longer a sensible proposition from a business standpoint," Ferguson told *Down Beat*. "Besides, the basic sameness of what the orchestra was doing had become a bore, artistically. It used to be ecstasy . . . but lately I'd just been wanting to get away from it."

Freed from the demands of bandleading, Ferguson has mapped a busy schedule of musical activities for 1965.

"I'm doing seven albums for Time-Mainstream records," he said, "with combinations of various sizes. Currently, I'm working with Willie Maiden and Don Sebesky [both of whom wrote and arranged for the Ferguson band] on an album with a large orchestra—about 20 pieces, with six rhythm, including tuba and various percussion instruments. It's going to be quite different from what we were able to do with the 12-piece band."

Ferguson
From ecstasy to boredom

The trumpeter also plans to do personal appearances "as a soloist, with a small group, and whatever may fit a particular situation. I'm also going to do some college dates out of New York and Chicago, using the 12-piece book, plus some new arrangements. And I'm going to spend more time on my other instruments [valve trombone and baritone horn] . . . something I didn't get a chance to do as much as I wanted with the band."

During its life-span of more than seven years, the Ferguson band moved from a brass-laden conception emphasizing the leader's high-note pyrotechnics to a lighter sound and a Basie-like swing orientation.

The band brought to the fore a number of talented musicians, among them trombonist-arranger Slide Hampton, tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell, drummers Frankie Dunlop and Rufus Jones, pianist-arrangers Jaki Byard and Mike Abene, trumpeters Dusko Goikovich and Don Rader, and Maiden and Sebesky, who played tenor saxophone and trombone, respectively, with the band in addition to their writing assignments.

Though the Ferguson band often came in for heavy criticism, it had more than a few moments of power and brilliance, and there is no doubt that its demise will leave a large gap in today's big-band scene.

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ FESTIVAL 'POSTPONED'—TILL FURTHER NOTICE

The first major jazz festival in the South (*DB*, Feb. 11) has been "postponed," a spokesman for the event announced. To have been held in New Orleans in May, it would have been the first integrated festival in the southern states.

(According to a spokesman for George Wein, who was to produce the festival, there was no postponement, only a cancellation.)

Among the official reasons given by the New Orleans spokesman for postponing the festival till next year or 1967 was that the additional time would allow for better planning.

Unofficially, there was speculation that last month's walkout of 21 Negro football players scheduled to participate in the American Football League's All-Star game was the major contributing cause. The players refused to play in New Orleans because they allegedly were discriminated against in the city. The game was later played in Houston, Texas.

JASS FOUNDED IN DETROIT

The latest development in the Detroit jazz renaissance is the birth of a new organization, the Jazz Arts Subscription Series, Inc. The aim of JASS is to bring contemporary jazzmen to an audience under circumstances that present-day conditions otherwise make difficult.

It is a nonprofit organization, the major function of which will be to present a series of 10 concerts, one each month from September to June. Conceived and initiated by Lutz Bacher, the organization will be run by a five-man board of directors: Bacher, Detroit musicians George Bohanon and Kenny Cox, writer John Sinclair, and Bill McLarney. An advisory board also will be appointed.

Profits from the concerts will be shared with the participating musicians, with a portion of the money reinvested in the corporation for expansion of the program into other major cities. A spokesman for the group said JASS' goal is to provide a warm musical environment for artists who deserve a wider hearing but have little chance of realizing it.

JASS will sell memberships in advance of the concerts, at prices ranging from $10 to $25 for the 10-concert series. A limited number of tickets will be sold at the concerts themselves, with a slight increase in price to nonsubscribers. No groups have been signed yet.

JASS is housed at the Artists' Workshop, 1252 W. Forest, Detroit, Mich.

SARAH VAUGHAN WORKS GOOD GIG ON PENNSYLVANIA AVE.

"I've never been so excited in my whole life—this is the biggest," Sarah Vaughan said after she had sung seven songs for a distinguished audience of the President, the First Lady, cabinet members, senators, representatives, and other VIPs assembled in the East Room of the White House. The occasion was a state dinner last month for Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato. Miss Vaughan was one of the dinner guests as well as the star of the after-dinner entertainment.

Following her performance, as she came up the stairs from the lower-floor dressing room to rejoin the crowd, Miss Vaughan was greeted by President Johnson.

"Miss Vaughan," he asked, "may I have the honor?" leading her out to the dance floor.

Earlier, Mrs. Johnson had performed a knowledgable introduction of Miss Vaughan to the guests: "We are very fortunate to have many wonderful singers in America, but only a few of these singers attract other singers. Sarah Vaughan is a singer's singer and a musician's singer."

Miss Vaughan opened her recital with the Japanese folk song *Sajura (Cherry Blossoms)* and ended with *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*. Perhaps because of excitement, she forgot some of the words to *Sajura*. "I knew that song perfectly when I sang it this afternoon," she said, "but I must admit that tonight I goofed on a few words." No one seemed to mind. *Motherless Child*, particularly, received a huge ovation. Among her other selections were *Tenderly*, *The Days of Wine and Roses*, and *Quiet Nights (Corcovado)*.

Miss Vaughan was accompanied by

Miss Vaughan
Seven tunes and a Presidential swing around the dance floor

her trio: pianist Bob James, bassist Larry Rockwell, and drummer Omar Clay. The recital was arranged by the President's social secretary, Mrs. Tyler Abell.

According to White House sources, other well-known jazz musicians, including pianist Bill Evans and tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, will give performances at the Executive Mansion this year.

IN MOVIES IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT SWINGS

In Johnny Mandel's relatively brief career as a movie composer irony may be no stranger. This was seen recently when the list of 10 films proposed for consideration as nominations for the Academy Award for scoring was made public.

Prominent in the 10 pictures, selected by the music branch of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as preliminary contenders for Oscar nominations to be announced Feb. 23, is Mandel's score for *The Americanization of Emily*.

In 1958, when actress Susan Hayward won an Oscar for her portrayal of a hard-boiled moll in Walter Wanger's *I Want to Live*, many observers in the film industry felt a slight of Mandel's talent had been committed—he didn't even win a nomination for his music used in the picture. It was a score many also felt was historic in its use of the jazz idiom in films.

Mandel's music for *Emily*, though, is not a jazz score. Perhaps partly because of that, it is felt, it stands a better chance of getting a nomination.

Other scores up for nominations are: Manos Hadjidakis' music for *Topkapi*; Henry Mancini's for *The Pink Panther*; Alex North's for *Cheyenne Autumn*; Lawrence Rosenthal's for *Becket*; Elmer Bernstein's for *The World of Henry Orient*; Jerry Goldsmith's for *Rio Conchos;* Frank DeVol's for *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte*; Dimitri Tiomkin's for *The Fall of the Roman Empire*; and Robert and Richard Sherman's for *Mary Poppins*.

PLAQUE HONORING TEAGARDEN DEDICATED IN NEW ORLEANS

Mrs. Addie Teagarden, widow of Jack Teagarden, was honored at a luncheon and the first anniversary of her husband's death was commemorated at special ceremonies in New Orleans last month.

The luncheon was given by Al Hirt at his Bourbon St. club, and a plaque was installed at the site of Teagarden's last appearance, the Dream Room (now Your Father's Moustache).

On hand at the dedication in addition to Hirt were Mrs. Helen Dodge, Teagarden's sister, now a resident of New Orleans; trombonist Santo Pecora, an early idol of Teagarden's; clarinetist Pete Fountain; representatives of the New Orleans Jazz Club and Jazz Museum; and musicians and friends of the late trombonist.

Mrs. Teagarden said, "It would be a good idea if this could be followed through all along Bourbon St. There are so many jazz greats they could use . . . if inscriptions could be put into the walks."

JAZZ CLUB IN AN ALLEY IMPRESSES WASHINGTONIANS

For clarinetist Tommy Gwaltney the opening of his own club, Blues Alley, in Washington, D.C., last month, was almost every jazzman's dream come true.

As stunned first-nighters—who had expected to find just another jazz joint—gushed over the size, decor, and charm of the handsome restaurant rebuilt by Gwaltney out of an ignored 18th-century Georgetown building, the clarinetist explained it this way:

"There is only one reason I built this club . . . so people could listen to what we are trying to do. And we will sink or swim on that basis."

The club is located in an alley near the center of Georgetown, now the capital city's most active night-club and restaurant district. The address is No. 1 Blues Alley. The alley is off Wisconsin Ave. a half-block south of M St., N.W.

Three months ago this was just another semihistoric Georgetown building, believed to have been a stable for undertaker's horses in 1800. The rebuilding job meant tearing down the front brick wall, but each 18th-century brick was retained and used in the reconstruction.

While Gwaltney worried about the acoustical, electrical, and construction problems, his wife, Betty, chose color schemes and furniture. Large photographs, some rare, of jazz musicians liven the lounge, and a dozen old instruments decorate the walls of the main room.

Gwaltney's trio, which has won a sizable following in Washington during the last two years, has been augmented to a quartet. In addition to the new clubowner's clarinet and vibraharp, the group is composed of guitarist Steve Jordan, pianist Newton Thomas, and bassist Norman Williams.

A Slip Of The Tongue?

From a review by Elliot Tiegel in *Billboard*, Dec. 26, 1964:

"Miss [Diahann] Carroll looking svelte and beautiful in a tight black gown, proved the emotional highlight of the evening. Her powerful readings of *My Mama Done Told Me, Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home,* and *Brown Baby,* done with effective gestations, rocked the audience."

Nice gesture by the audience.

SPIRITUAL AND GOSPEL GROUPS BREAK IT UP IN EUROPE

"Even the Beatles couldn't get a wilder crowd," said a critic after one of the concerts of the American Spiritual and Gospel Festival 1965, which promoter Horst Lippmann brought to Europe.

In Stuttgart, Germany, for instance, the Gospel groups had to give encores for 1½ hours to enthusiastic, hand-clapping audiences. In many cities the concerts were sold out days in advance.

Lippmann originally had planned 31 concerts in Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and England, but after just five days of the tour he decided to book the groups for five additional weeks.

Comprising the touring concert are Bishop Kelsey and his congregation from the Temple Church of God and Christ in Washington, D.C., Inez Andrews and the Andrewettes from Chicago, and the Original Five Blind Boys from Mississippi, plus soloists Sister Lena Philips, the Rev. John Little, Elisabeth Dagan, Elaine Davis, the Rev. Willie Mincy, and Henry Johnson.

The highlight of the first part of the tour was the filming of a television show in the 900-year-old Alpirsbach Cathedral in the Black Forest.

The production was for jazz critic Joachim E. Berendt's series on German TV showing "the most vital, most intense, and most ecstatic contribution to Christianity in our time."

As Berendt said, "St. Paul's letters show that services, 2,000 years ago, when Christianity was born, were as vital and as ardent as they are today in the Negro churches of the United States."

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: Three jazz clubs closed last month. San Francisco's Bop City, a favorite afterhours spot run by **Cousin Jimbo,** shut down because the building in which it is housed is slated for demolition. In Minneapolis, Herb's, a jazz club for 15 years, was burned out by a $50,000 fire. The Penthouse in Cincinnati gave up the ghost Jan. 1 after several weeks of bad business, despite the name attractions playing the club. But another Penthouse, this one in Seattle, Wash., is set to reopen in March with the **Gerry Mulligan** Quartet. The club's roof caved in after a fire last fall, necessitating extensive remodeling.

Philly Joe Jones and **Charlie Persip,** two members of a four-drummer team touring Japan, were arrested Jan. 8 in Kobe for violation of that country's narcotics laws. A third American, strip-tease dancer **Alice William,** also was apprehended and charged with selling narcotics to the two drummers. One Japanese jazz critic noted that the apprehension was the first time "a foreign jazzman had been arrested in Japan . . . It seems to me that the police and people will watch the American jazz musicians with careful eyes hereafter." The tour, which also included drummers **Buddy Rich** and **Louie Bellson,** trumpeter **Blue Mitchell,** tenorist **Junior Cook,** bassist **Gene Taylor,** and Japanese pianist **Masao Iagi,** continued without Jones and Persip.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Duke Ellington *A ball, a couple more awards, and maybe a Curtain raising*

Now on his annual European tour, **Duke Ellington** may play Czechoslovakia and Poland, according to the tour's producer, **Norman Granz.** It would be the first time Ellington has been behind the Curtain. There also is a possibility that Ellington and his band will play in Spain, Granz said. For the European trek, cornetist-violinist **Ray Nance** was scheduled to return to the band. Before leaving for overseas, Ellington and men played for Illinois Gov. **Otto Kerner's** inauguration ball Jan. 11 in Springfield, the state capital. Ellington also was the recipient of a dual award from England's *Jazz Journal.* A panel of critics selected *The Symphonic Ellington* as best current record of 1964 and *The Ellington Era* as the year's best reissue.

The **Modern Jazz Quartet** is set to make its first sojourn south of the border this month. The group will tour in Mexico Feb. 18-28 . . . Next month the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet flies to Japan for 10 days of concerts in the islands. The first date is March 25 . . . New Orleans clarinetist **George Lewis** will play in England and the Scandinavian countries. Before he left the United States, Lewis gave a Jan. 26 concert for the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club in Hamden, Conn. The veteran was accompanied by the **Easy Riders Jazz Band** . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill** is scheduled to leave for his first European tour this month . . . Pianist **Bill Evans** is to start a European tour Feb. 13, with bookings in Stockholm, Paris, and London, among other cities. **Larry Bunker** rejoined the pianist's group for the tour, replacing **Arnold Wise.**

Attorney **Bernard Stollman** has formed the American Society for Serious Improvised Music. The organization made its public bow with a concert of avant-garde music at New York City's Judson Hall Feb. 1. Among the participants were a string quartet, tenor saxophonist **Guiseppi Logan,** alto saxophonist **Byron Allen,** trumpeter **Eddie Gales,** pianist **Don Pullen,** bassist **Eddie Gomez,** and drummers **Marvin Petillo** and **Milford Graves** (who led a percussion ensemble).

Celebrated Gospel singer **Georgia Peach,** born **Clara Hudman** in Georgia, died in New York City Dec. 31. The singer made her first solo recordings in 1931, after having been a member of the Rev. **J. M. Gates** recording unit, and would have celebrated her 50th year as a professional singer this year.

The recently-formed Kansas City, Mo., Jazz Fan Club has made available to its members, and their guests, a series of concerts which are being presented on alternate Sunday afternoons at 3 p.m. at the city's Discotheque Ballroom. The annual dues of $10 are used to present local musicians who do not have a chance to display their jazz-playing abilities regularly and to bring in name musicians, if possible. Featured at the first program on Jan. 17 were the piano trios of localites **Frank Smith, Betty Miller,** and **Pete Eye.** The nonprofit club, begun by **Rod Padilla,** will limit its membership to 175.

A decision in U.S. District Court in New York City early last month denied the preliminary injunction sought by the Orchestra Leaders of America to forbid the collection by AFM locals of the work tax paid by traveling bands when they play in a local's jurisdiction. The court held that if a local has such a tax—which cannot exceed 4 percent of scale, according to AFM bylaws—it is collectable from all members of the federation, whether they are leaders or sidemen.

The sixth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival will be held at Notre Dame University April 9-10. Competition this year will be limited to 18 groups—nine big bands and nine combos. The audition-tape entry deadline has been set for Feb. 15. Trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Clark Terry** has been contracted to head the panel of judges. Further information can be had from Tony Andrea, Box 115, Notre Dame, Ind.

The Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, to be held at Villanova University in Villanova, Pa., has been extended from one to two days. Originally scheduled for March 12, the date of the 10th anniversary of the death of **Charlie Parker,** the festival will now take place on March 19-20. The festival's theme, however, will remain a tribute to the late alto saxophonist.

NEW YORK: **Eddie Condon** returned Feb. 1 to the club that bears his name at the helm of a band including **Max Kaminsky,** trombonist **Herb Gardner,** clarinetist **Bob Wilber** (doubling tenor and soprano saxophones), pianist **Dill Jones,** bassist **Bucky Calabrese,** and drummer **Morey Feld** . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones,** who recently signed with Decca records, brought his quartet to the Blue Spruce Inn, Roslyn, Long Island, for a month's stay starting Feb. 9 . . . Singer-organist **Joe Mooney** opened Jan. 21 at the Kirby Stone Fourum after a long run at the swank Penthouse Club.

Lucky Thompson began the first of a planned series of Sunday morning jazz-and-breakfast sessions at the Cafe Au Go Go Jan. 31. With him were pianist **Hank Jones,** bassist **Richard Davis,** and drummer **Walter Perkins.** Singer **Sheila Jordan** (backed by pianist **Sean Petan,** who was formerly known as **Jack Reilly,** and drummer **Paul Motian**) also was on the bill. The 4-8 a.m. events are booked by **Wally Price** . . . Alto saxophonist **Cannonball Adderley's** sextet made its first appearance at the Half Note when it opened Jan. 22 for two weeks following guitarist-vocalist **Kenny Burrell's** quartet. Another first for the downtown Manhattan jazz spot will be the April 9-22 engagement of pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet. The **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer** Quintet was set to follow the Adderley group . . . Pianist **Dave Frishberg** took over the band at the Gordian Knot, one of the few New York jazz spots where music is played for dancing. His group includes tenor saxophonist **Carmen Leggio,** bassist **James Giuffrida,** and drummer **Don McDonald.**

When *Cue* magazine threw a party at the

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Ornette Coleman

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone, trumpet, violin; David Izenzohn, bass; Charles Moffett, drums.

Coleman never sounded better than he did last month at the Vanguard, his first public playing engagement in more than two years. The strikingly personal conception of this extraordinary musician has seemingly not undergone any radical changes, but it has matured and crystallized, has become at once more economical and more expressive, more controlled and more emotionally affecting.

On his opening number, an untitled ballad of compelling melodic strength that he performed on a metal alto (his plastic horn also was on the stand), Coleman played with impassioned lyricism and a big singing sound, his control of the instrument as remarkable as the lucid flow of his invention. There was sadness in his song, and joy as well, but more than anything, there was serenity—an aspect of expression that has become exceedingly rare in modern music.

Though the tempos ranged from slow and stately to fast and furious, the balladic mood was sustained throughout. Tempo changes and playing out of tempo are commonplace in so-called advanced jazz, but in the hands of lesser practitioners, such devices too often break the flow and mood of a piece. Coleman, with the near-intuitive aid of his accompanists, is able to make both gradual and abrupt adjustments of tempo without ever ceasing to maintain the swing so essential to jazz. He can do it because his phrases swing from within and because his sense of melodic continuity rarely fails.

There could be no greater contrast produced by one musician than the contrast between the almost classic and measured flow of that opening ballad, and the near-frenzy of the violin passages during Coleman's third selection, on which he also played trumpet.

Between these extremes came a simply constructed up-tempo piece based on a repeated, rifflike phrase, on which Coleman again played alto exclusively. This performance, consisting almost entirely of runs, licks, and phrases from the jazz vocabulary—mostly Coleman's own but also including a quote from *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm*—was wholly invigorating and played with tremendous drive.

Coleman attacks (there is no better word) the violin with intense concentration. His playing cannot be judged in terms of conventional violin technique. For one thing, he plays the instrument left-handed—but without reversing the order of the strings. For another, his bowing technique is unorthodox—a rapid, circular arm motion that almost enables him to touch all four strings simultaneously.

Coleman rarely plays one string at a time. He produces a cascade of sounds—sometimes surprisingly pleasing to the ear, sometimes almost abrasive, but never with the scratchy uncertainty characteristic of incompetent violinists. He seems to have tuned the instrument in his own manner, but it is, so to speak, in tune with itself.

Coleman may not know the rules, but he knows the point of the game. The music he produces on the violin is idiomatically his; there are patterns and passages reminiscent of his work on alto. And he swings ferociously. His playing might best be described as a mixture of Stuff Smith at his wildest and an old-time country fiddler at a way-out hoedown.

His trumpet playing, on the other hand, left this listener a bit cold. For the most part, he stays in the upper range of the horn, which gives his playing a high-pitched quality that is not aided by his uncertain articulation, possibly caused by mouth-piece problems. The character of the music, again, is strictly Coleman, but rather jagged and fragmentary in expression. When, on occasion, he descended to the middle range, his tone was round and appealing.

Both Izenzohn and Moffett were with Coleman at his last public appearance at Town Hall in December, 1963. Throughout his hiatus, they have remained in touch with him, playing, talking, growing together. Their sympathy and understanding for Coleman's music is deep, and the trio, at its best, functions almost as one organism.

The sidemen are very different from each other.

Izenzohn, classically trained, has phenomenal technique and an uncanny ear. He can run all over his bass, plucking, strumming (sometimes with both hands on open strings), sliding, and bowing with truly remarkable tone and pitch. His unison work with Coleman on the opening ballad and his bowing in fast tempo behind Coleman's violin created unique shapes and sounds. His solos were engrossing, his time solid and firm.

Moffett isn't polished, isn't slick, but he has more important qualities. He is solid as a rock, and he knows where the music is going. At times, he sounds refreshingly "old-fashioned," playing press rolls and rim shots, even banging on a cow bell. Some time ago his dynamics left something to be desired, but now he has learned to control them. His occasional solos were bouncy and engaging, and he never covered up his teammates.

As interesting as Coleman's excursions on the other instruments may be, one can hypothesize that the restlessness engendered in a musician as creative as Coleman by a long period of private or semi-private music-making may have led him to wrestle with these other horns but the return to professional activity will result in an increasing emphasis on the alto saxophone, unquestionably his best means of expression.

Whatever he chooses to do, it is good to have Coleman back. Hopefully, he will not withdraw again. His presence is needed: first and most importantly, because his music is strong and fresh and joyous and good to hear; second, it may have a salutary effect on the "new thing." But the jazz community must not allow itself again to make of Coleman's music a political issue or a critical football. Such strategies, however sincerely motivated, erect unwarranted barriers in the minds of potential and actual listeners and obscure the music. Coleman, after all, did not develop his unique and beautiful music in order to "revolutionize" jazz; he did it because he had to, because that was the way he heard and felt it.

Some may like his music, others may not, but all owe him the respect of allowing him to be himself, not a symbol of something he may or may not be part of. Ornette Coleman is a musician, not a movement; a man, not an abstraction.

—Dan Morgenstern

Neophonic Orchestra

Music Center, Los Angeles

It is unlikely that one will consider last month's debut of the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra at the city's Music Center a milestone in U.S. music.

More exciting in prospect than in reality, the fault of the Neophonic's debut lies with what the audience had been led to expect: all new music. The works by Johnny Richards and Pete Rugolo had seen performance years ago, and while this does not detract from their merit, it seems hardly in line with the stated conception of the Neophonic Orchestra (*DB*, Jan. 14).

Of the new music performed, Marty Paich's *Neophonic Impressions '65*, Bill Holman's *Trilogy*, and Lalo Schifrin's *The Sphinx* were outstanding. Friedrich Gulda, featured soloist of the evening, performed his own "neo-concerto," *Music for Piano and Band, No. 2*, a work naturally enough geared to the composer's considerable talent as a pianist and jazz improviser. As a composition, the concerto is shaped classically; melodically and harmonically it appears to owe more to the tradition of European light music than to jazz, the latter being in a sense superimposed on the former. Withal, Gulda's work proved a fitting climax to the concert; the audience evidently concurred, demanding an encore of the racing conclusion of the third movement.

Stan Kenton conducted the entire evening, in itself an odd fact considering the availability of all but one of the contributing composers (Richards) present at the concert. All are quite capable conductors; each would no doubt have done better by his individual composition than did Kenton, who occasionally appeared to be in difficulty with complex time signatures.

The other compositions played varied in quality. Hugo Montenegro's tour de brass-cum-percussion, *Fanfare for the New*, went all the way in full panoply. Richards' *Commencement* enabled one first to appreciate the outstandingly good acoustics of the Music Center's concert hall (when maracas cut through screaming *fff* trumpets, it is tribute indeed to the designer). Rugolo's *Lush Waltz* featured guitarist

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The Persistent Challenge of Cecil Taylor

By NAT HENTOFF

I FIRST KNEW Cecil Taylor in Boston in the early 1950s. He was attending the New England Conservatory of Music. I lived in the neighborhood, and our point of intersection was a narrow jazz-record store jammed into a side of the building that contained Symphony Hall.

Cecil, then as now, had firm opinions about music, about life, about anyone and anything that came into his view or hearing. He had neither the time nor the patience for euphemisms. People who were not used to persistent candor found him somewhat abrasive. Others came to regard him as a constant challenge. If your ideas differed from Cecil's, a stern testing ground for how thoroughly you had examined those ideas was a dialog with Cecil.

I do not mean, however, that he was somber. Then as now, the slight, wiry young man with glasses—looking like a post-graduate owl—exercised a quick, dry wit. He could be enraged at hypocrisy, but he also found it difficult not to see, simultaneously, the unwitting humor in the dances of evasion performed by the pompous and the cowardly.

Cecil went back home to New York City. I went there in 1953 to work for *Down Beat*, and I followed what there was of his career for the next decade.

Recordings have been rare. Tom Wilson, now an a&r man at Columbia, produced the first Taylor album on the now defunct Transition label, which was based, as I remember, in Cambridge, Mass. Most critics recoiled from the album's music. Only Whitney Balliett reacted with comprehending enthusiasm. Later I did an album by Cecil for Contemporary; he got a date at United Artists; Gil Evans turned over to him half of an Impulse album under Evans' name; I did another Taylor session for the late Candid label; and most recently, Fantasy issued a recording Cecil made in Denmark a couple of years ago. That so far is Cecil's collected work on records.

Public appearances have also been rare. At first, the general hostility of the critics and the apathy of the audience were allied with the skepticism of a good many musicians. Gradually, most of the musicians have become convinced, even when they don't quite understand what it's all about, that Taylor is a force to reckon with. Some of the critics have also awakened to the compelling originality of his music. But it is the changing audience reaction to Cecil that has most fascinated me.

Balliett distilled the kind of response Cecil used to get at first in a review of a 1958 Great South Bay Jazz Festival performance. Always there was a nucleus of listeners who were utterly absorbed—almost mesmerized—by Cecil's music. As for the rest, to quote Balliett, they "fidgeted, whispered, and wandered nervously in and out of the tent, as if the ground beneath had suddenly become unbearably hot." So fiercely—and sometimes tenderly—alive is Cecil's music that even bland people cannot react to it blandly.

In the past couple of years, whenever Taylor has had an opportunity to work in New York, the audiences have been larger, and a much higher proportion of listeners have opened themselves to his way of feeling as well as playing jazz. And in the meantime, despite the paucity of records and the highly infrequent chances to work, Cecil has achieved an international reputation as being in the front rank of the bristling, diversified jazz avant garde.

RECENTLY I TAPED a conversation with him for a BBC series on American jazz musicians. After that talk, we had another for this article. As in Boston and through the years since, Cecil's ideas were carefully thought through and expressed without evasiveness.

I asked Cecil about the Bill Evans interview in the Oct. 22, 1964, *Down Beat* in which Evans had said: "The need is not so much for a new form or new material but rather that we allow the song form as such to expand itself."

Cecil laughed. "I'm sure," he began, "he knows what he's talking about, but *I* don't know what he's talking about. That statement is a further indication that the whole question of 'freedom' has been misunderstood by those on the outside and even by some of the musicians in 'the movement.'

"If a man plays for a certain amount of time—scales, licks, what have you—eventually a kind of order asserts itself. Whether he chooses to notate that personal order or engage in polemics about it, it's there. That is, if he's saying anything in his music. There is no music without order—if that music comes from a man's innards. But that order is not necessarily related to any single criterion of what order should be as imposed from the outside. Whether that criterion is the song form or what some critic thinks jazz should be. This is not a question, then, of 'freedom' as opposed to 'nonfreedom,' but rather it is a question of recognizing different ideas and expressions of order.

"It is true that there are some musicians in 'the movement' who are still undisciplined, who don't know what to leave out as well as what to put in. But that's a result of their not yet having looked hard enough at their own personal way of ordering their music.

"As for Evans' focusing on the song form, he does not seem to recognize that this is just one possibility out of myriads of possibilities in jazz. In my own work, I'm continually involved in using different types of forms and in working out different kinds of sound problems. It seems to me that it is no longer pertinent to put all that stress on the sonata-allegro form or the rondo form. There are so many other things to explore. I have pieces composed of four or five parts and not one of them is concerned with 32-measure frameworks or that sort of thing. Similarly, I'm involved with pieces that have no chords at all. The harmonic foundation is made of clusters on which various scales are superimposed. You just don't have to be hamstrung by thirds and that kind of nonsense, just as you don't have to be hamstrung by the 'song form' to have a great deal of order.

"Obviously, Evans has the right to

CHARLES STEWART PHOTO

go his own way, but I do not think his playing is a particularly powerful argument for his thesis. I've heard him in clubs, and I know at least 10 pianists—without even thinking about it—who better deserve the amount of page space he gets. I can't take what he says too seriously because what I hear when he plays is so uninteresting, so predictable and so lacking in vitality. He's a competent cat. That's all. As for his philosophy, he's holding on to his own shortsightedness, which he's welcome to do, but he shouldn't falsify what else is happening in jazz by setting up simplistic and inaccurate polemics about 'freedom.' "

From Evans' advocacy of the song form, Cecil went into an analysis of recording techniques in jazz. "Evans," he asserted, "is a good example of the kind of musician who sounds quite different on records from his work in person. The weaker musicians have always benefited by the technical things engineers do. On the other hand, if you're powerful, the engineer usually feels he has to cut you down. By the help given weaker musicians, I mean not only splicing but the way the levels are fooled with. Recording gives Evans' piano a scope of highs and lows that his original touch cannot achieve. This is particularly clear with bass players. Take the late Scott LaFaro. He was thought to have a fantastic technique, but my definition of technique is not only the ability to play fast but the ability to be heard. To have a fat sound. LaFaro, however, had a minute sound. By contrast, Charlie Haden really had something going.

"But engineers made LaFaro sound big.

"It's a seeming paradox. High fidelity is supposed to clarify sound. But in terms of getting into the entrails of a man's sound, the way high fidelity is used falsifies by compensating for the weaker musicians."

I mentioned to Cecil that a common charge against the avant garde was not only that it is chaotic but also that it lacks a strong enough sense of the jazz tradition.

"It's a funny thing," he answered, "that most of those guys who talk so much about tradition don't know much about it. For example, they're hazy about even the 1940s and 1950s with regard to which people were really putting things together. I don't mean the obvious influences, but, let us say, they seem to have forgotten Milt Buckner."

"Look," Cecil said as he leaned forward, "tradition is not necessarily a prison, and I'm constantly aware of that. Right now we have Louis Armstrong playing at the same time as Duke Ellington and John Coltrane. So I can listen to how it was done maybe 40 years ago and listen to how it was done by Trane's teachers 10 years ago. And I can see how that organism which is the lifeblood of jazz has been changing through the years. I can see myself in relation to it. I can react emotionally to things Louis plays as well as know what they signify technically. You cannot deny the validity of all the beautiful things that have happened in the past. And you cannot claim that the energies of the past have no relationship to whatever you're engaged in now.

"For example, in terms of the organization of music, the Ellington band conception is still very valid, and I look at it when I get in the hole for ideas. It's one of the sources I go to, and I feel very much a part of it. Another thing about tradition is that if you listen, there are always ideas that somebody started and never quite finished. And there are always ideas in the past that somebody never quite finished in the way *you* would."

Turning to Cecil's own odyssey in jazz, I asked him what effect the years of such infrequent working opportunities had on his approach to music.

"Well, I've had to simulate the working jazzman's progress," he said. "I've had to create situations of growth —or rather, situations were created by the way in which I live. At the piano, in music, or away from the piano. What I mean is that if the making of music is your over-all goal, the way you live becomes a kind of musical process. You're continually searching to absorb everything that happens to you and incorporate it into music."

But, I persisted, hadn't he missed the frequent interaction between himself and a live audience? His answer was a description of how he had felt during a seven-week period at the end of 1962 and the beginning of 1963 in Denmark. Just before that trip, he had an unprecedentedly long run of 13 weeks at the Take Three in Greenwich Village. For once, he had been working in public for a substantial, relatively uninterrupted period.

"We didn't make a lot of money in Europe," Cecil said with growing animation, "but having that chance to work continuously before an audience was a remarkable experience. When you work, what happens to your psyche—the metamorphosis of you as a human being—is so complete that you live on a different plane. All your energies and capabilities are realized or in the process of being realized. You have much more energy—off the stand as well as on—than you had imagined. In Denmark, for instance, though playing practically every night, I was writing a great deal during the day.

"I don't know what this would be really like in America, and I don't know if the powers that be would want it to happen because then you would be able to operate at maximum capacity on all levels. You could begin to think constructively in other areas too. You could think more clearly with regard to political action, for instance. You would be able to think in terms of what you could contribute to your community on all levels—not on just the level of a musician. The artist, if he were working regularly at what he wants to do in public, could become an engaged part of the community. And because the artist is so close to reality, he would be able to spell out in language the community could understand exactly what his work is about and how it has relation to them. How it comes out of perhaps the same problems they're struggling with."

"As we became involved," he elaborated, "in that 'October Revolution in Jazz' at the Cellar Cafe [*DB*, Nov. 19, 1964], something beautiful began to happen. First, those of us in 'the movement' began to realize that as musicians we were not isolated. And then the recognition came that as people we need not be alienated from each other. It had never quite occurred before, but by being part of this, we began to grow and move toward each other as human beings. It became a social thing that could reach out and affect other people. We later scheduled a concert series at Judson Hall, and people began calling me up, all excited, about when was it going to take place. Young kids, all fired up. You see, being exposed to a musician functioning at full musical as well as human capacity can act as a catalyst to spur other people to function at a much higher level in what they want to do and what they want to be."

"And for us," he added, "out of that 'October Revolution' came the idea of a jazz co-operative, the Jazz Composers Guild. So far it includes Sun Ra, Paul and Carla Bley, the Free Form Group, Archie Shepp, Bill Dixon, and the Roswell Rudd-John Tchicai unit. The way it's conceived, whenever any of us gets an offer of any kind, we have to bring it up with the guild, and we decide whether accepting that offer will be beneficial

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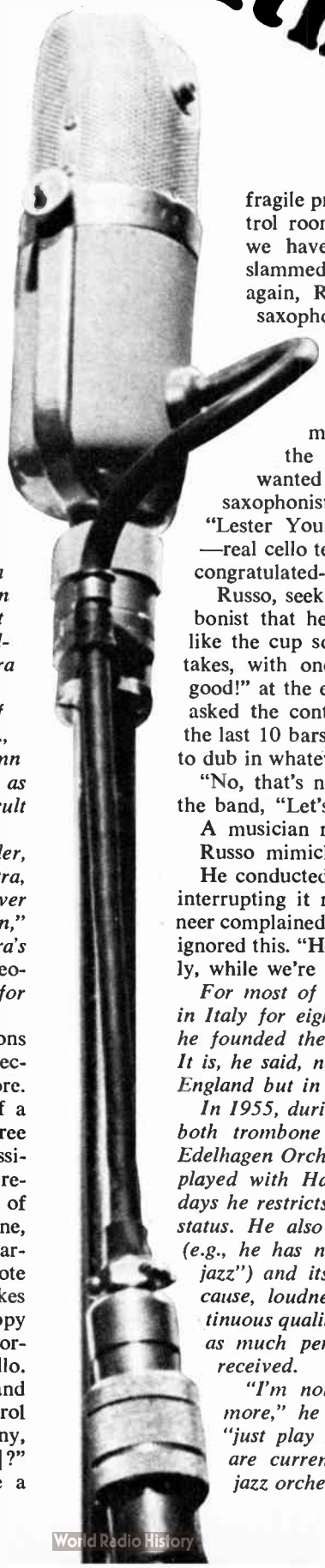
Recording With Russo

By BOB ABEL



The tenor had come in at the wrong place, and this was politely pointed out to the tenor, who promised to make amends. Then Bill Russo, in a green sports shirt and slacks, asked for "Leon [Leon Calvert, the lead trumpeter, as he is with Johnny Dankworth's band] and strings." Russo wanted "more ping" from the strings.

Before each new take, Russo—a courteous but firm conductor—would talk-hum out the parts, sometimes asking a musician for his ideas. After several soft passages, the band swept into one of those rather elegant choir-like choruses for which Russo has been known since his days as Stan Kenton's chief arranger.

"Too harsh, too harsh!" Russo said, calling for more rehearsal before cutting a take.

Over a three-day period last fall, Russo led a 21-piece band—the London Jazz Orchestra, in Russo's not-at-all modest estimation "the greatest unheard orchestra in the world"—through a grueling recording session of his long work for orchestra and voice, The Island.

Why grueling? For one thing, the net effect of no air-conditioning in London's tiny Ryemuse, Ltd., recording studios and the balmiest English autumn in half a century was to make for hot, as well as hard, work. And it had been an unusually difficult date, both Russo and the musicians agreed.

"It's so specialized, you know," Freddy Alexander, one of the four cellists in the London Jazz Orchestra, said, at the same time expressing marked pleasure over the session. "It's a date I wish we had more often," said Alexander, who also took part in the orchestra's first recording, issued in the United States as Stereophony *(FM 302). "All the boys want to play for Bill. We learn something every time."*

This was Monday—the midpoint in the sessions—and today the band would frequently play to electronically prepared tapes recorded the day before. As much a perfectionist as one would expect of a man who has composed three symphonies and three ballets in addition to an imposing number of classical and extended jazz works, Russo carefully rehearsed the band before even attempting the first of what usually proved to be an arduous series of nine, 10, and sometimes more takes. His soft-spoken, articulate manner—armed as it is with a heady note of erudition and even superiority—sometimes makes Russo sound as though he might be just as happy lecturing on medieval poetry as leading a jazz orchestra, even one with four chaps who blow cello. However, his enthusiasm when he decided the band was ready was quickly communicated to the control room: "Great . . . nice . . . can we make one, Johnny, please [this to John Gregory, owner of the studios]?"

But even the seeking after perfection can be a fragile process—a voice boomed in from the control room, "You'll have to do it again because we have a rock group coming in, and they slammed the door." Before trying the section again, Russo made a suggestion: "I think the saxophones should hold it up [he demonstrated the stance he wanted]—you know, Lester Young style."

Meanwhile, the recording engineer heard something he didn't like. "That's my voicing!" laughed Russo. Actually, the take had been quite good, but Russo wanted another one. This time, three of the saxophonists stood up, though not necessarily in "Lester Young style." Another take. "Bravo, Fred—real cello technique going on there!" a fellow cellist congratulated-kidded Alexander.

Russo, seeking certain effects, suggested to a trombonist that he try standing up on his solo. Also: "I like the cup sound. I've gotten it before." Two more takes, with one of the musicians declaring, "No, no good!" at the end of the second one. Russo agreed but asked the control room how it had been, apart from the last 10 bars. The engineer told him fine and offered to dub in whatever was needed.

"No, that's not possible." Russo answered, and told the band, "Let's make it again."

A musician moaned, "The whole lot?"

Russo mimicked him: "Yes, the whole lot."

He conducted this take with more emphatic gestures, interrupting it midway through the section. The engineer complained: "Aw, hell, that was a *good* one." Russo ignored this. "Here we go," he directed the band, "quickly, while we're in the mood."

For most of the last 3½ years, Russo lived abroad, in Italy for eight months and then in England, where he founded the London Jazz Orchestra in mid-1962. It is, he said, not only the first such rehearsal band in England but in Europe as well.

In 1955, during a previous stay in Europe, Russo was both trombone soloist and conductor with the Kurt Edelhagen Orchestra in Dusseldorf, Germany, and later played with Hans Koller's quintet in Cologne. These days he restricts his playing to a self-professed amateur status. He also restricts the pronunciamentos on jazz (e.g., he has never believed that "a blue note makes jazz") and its shortcomings (e.g., "loudness without cause, loudness without relief . . . an almost continuous quality of strain") that have earned him about as much personal criticism as his music has ever received.

"I'm not interested in idiom or doctrine anymore," he said, adding that his orchestra doesn't "just play Russo," and that some of the members are currently writing for the three new student jazz orchestras recently organized in London. "The

exciting thing about what's going on here is that it's been like a movement—like Gluck reforming the opera."

It was now time for *Song of the Islanders,* and Russo discussed the section with Barbara Moore, the vocalist who would be singing apart from the band, in another studio. Russo demonstrated what he wanted by singing in both a male and falsetto voice. The band rehearsed the ensemble sections but not to Russo's satisfaction.

"It seems like everyone's panicking," he said. "I know it's difficult."

Things still weren't progressing well.

"Please, please—the only ensemble in the whole piece!" he chided them.

More rehearsal. Then Russo decided to do a take. The musicians were chattering among themselves, and Russo whipped out a cap pistol and fired it to get their undivided attention. This broke up everyone and also served to alleviate the tension. Miss Moore went upstairs to another studio, and Russo donned earphones to listen to her. The first two takes were ragged, and Russo said he could hear a telephone ringing somewhere. He went over to the control room to listen to a playback of the first two takes.

John Gregory came in and chatted with several of the musicians, telling them, "Although we're being supercritical, the over-all sound is marvelous."

"Jolly good!" one responded.

"Bill's musicians have to take sides," a source close to Russo has said. "In the beginning, some were bored or amused by the rehearsal band, but now they're adamant for Bill."

When Russo first formed his rehearsal band, there was suspicion of his motives. Russo was asking them to play for nothing. And to rehearse for what? Despite the objections of many of the musicians themselves, the union approved of the band. Russo appreciates the materialistic concerns of British jazz musicians—"they're much put upon," he pointed out; "the contractors are only interested in gigs"—and he estimated that probably half the musicians in London are still antagonistic to the band. But his own musicians overcame their suspicions or fear or laziness in order to gather each Sunday morning—about the only time none of them was working—to rehearse with Russo. There also were Saturday sessions, when Russo would discuss all forms of music and teach them something about conducting, which he has studied under formal tutelage. On occasion, he would even have them singing Bach chorales, which shows how far things have progressed. As one musician has said of the weekend sessions, "We don't make the sacrifice—we make the effort."

The bass player was not the usual bassist, and several times he made apologetic reference to his "rhythm section training." Russo's discussion with him ended with a decision to leave out a C note and make the part easier. Still, the next two takes left Russo far less sanguine than the recording engineer, who coaxed, "Bill, will you go one right away—we're so nearly right!"

Russo asked the musicians with solos to play a "little more personally," and a small debate followed as to exactly what this meant. Russo instructed them: "Give a little—be more personal."

More takes, with each running aground on various shoals of imperfection. In one case, Miss Moore "popped," according to Russo, and the engineer found her "a shade flat" on another take. Take 10 was his own goof, he conceded, but Take 11 inspired him to extol everyone: "Well, they don't come better than that!"

The lyrics of The Island *were composed by British author Adrian Mitchell, and they depict the plight of a group of supposedly uncivilized islanders who are forcibly relocated on the supposedly civilized mainland. Instead of glorifying the virtues of the simple, but good, life led by the islanders, this musical parable hands down the realistic message that we all have to live in, and make the most of, our frenetic 20th century.*

The Island *was commissioned by the BBC in April, 1963, as the British entry for the annual Italia Prize for best radio programs. It came in second. Cleo Laine, the popular British vocalist, sang on that version, but Russo was generally unhappy with the recording, particularly the quality of the sound. The new version, an independent production to be released under one of the various British record labels, also will be filmed for television and—Russo hopes—will enjoy another incarnation yet as a west-end stage production in London. It also is to be done by Swedish Radio—in Swedish.*

The session was clearly going into overtime, but Russo was told that some of the band had appointments at 2 p.m., so 1:30—another half-hour—was the limit. Russo told the band their sound had become "coarse," prompting the bassist to quip, "vulgar fellow."

One of the reed men complained to a bearded cellist, "I never played so *loud* in my life—I can't *hear* it." The cellist reassured him, "I can hear it." A bright, cheerful type who does a lot of commercial work, the cellist kept referring to the rest of the band as "the jazz boys." The remaining few minutes were devoted to *The Jeering Song.* Russo led and cheer-led at the same time.

"Blow, blow!" he exhorted them. "Don't worry about the notes—just get the rhythm!"

Take 1 was a disaster—Russo informed the brass section, "You guys are rushing like mad." Another take, then some intercuts. John Gregory came in and told the band, "If I may say so, that was absolutely beautiful." Russo was less enthusiastic. A musician complained about the humid conditions in the studio. Russo kidded him: "It's like this in Hollywood." Came the reply: "There's twice the money in Hollywood."

Time had run out, but Russo asked for another take: "One more time, absolutely the last time." The last take was good, and the Monday session was over. As he left, the bassist told Russo he had been kidding with several of his remarks.

"It's a very hard thing," Russo assured him on the difficulties of playing Russo.

The bassist replied, "I enjoyed it," and waved goodbye.

When Russo's orchestra first began rehearsing, there was an impressive contingent from Johnny Dankworth's big band. Today the mainspring of Russo's band is Tony Russell, who formerly managed the Dankworth organization and now handles those chores for the London Jazz Orchestra in addition to being trombone soloist and writing for the group. Ken Wheeler, who also writes for the band, stands beside Leon Calvert in Dankworth's trumpet section.

Listening to playbacks in the control room, Russo was disturbed by the failure of a planned stereophonic effect—Miss Moore's voice was supposed to be heard as though she were wandering through the orchestra. Since her voice stayed on the left channel too long, this spoiled the hoped-for wandering effect. A decision was made to edit the tapes that day and also to try again on Tuesday for the wandering voice.

Arthur Watts, the band's regular bassist since its first rehearsal, is so busy, according to Russo, that "he's booked up six months in advance." Russo's drummer, Tony Kinsey, is one of England's best-known percussion men and a leader in his own right. Johnny Scott, on alto saxophone and flute, has also led his own groups—Russo affectionately describes him as "the West Coast of England."

Tuesday found bassist Watts on hand, but it was again a tough session. After about an hour, Russo excused

everyone except the bass and cellos in order to work on pizzicato cues. "The horns are excused," he said, "but just take five minutes—no 20-minute tea breaks!" Russo wanted a "guitar sound" from the cellos. Take 1 got this verdict: "One more." Take 2: "Not together." Take 3: "*That's* the one." Then Russo said to the control room, "Will you play them back to us—we want to superimpose."

Russo announced a cup of cheer after the session: "Oh, by the way, I brought some whisky if anyone wants to join me for a drink afterward." Then he added, "But *not* now."

Russo regards his role in England as having been "a kind of Johnny Appleseed—teaching them what we—not I—know. I really believe we all have a responsibility to keep jazz going—to pay people back for what I've gotten from Konitz and Tristano and Kenton."

The band was girding its collective loins for the homestretch.

"Keep that blend—sometimes it's gorgeous," Russo told the trombone section. A moment later, he was asking the band not to worry about dynamics so much—"it's too soft; I want to hear all the notes." It was by now obvious that the session would go into overtime again, and again a half-hour was set as the limit. Russo rehearsed the band to correct "yesterday's technical error"—i.e., the unwandering voice. "We're all right," he said after several minutes' work. "Let's make it."

Russo's "greatest unheard orchestra in the world" has actually been getting much less "unheard." In addition to its first record release, the band played a number of times on the BBC's famous Third Programme *series and participated in the Bath Festival and the "jazz jamboree" at St. Pancras Town Hall in London in 1963.*

A week or so after recording The Island, *the band cut another record, for EMI, entitled* Stonehenge. *The title piece, a four-movement work by Russo, occupies one side of the record, and five short compositions, two by Tony Russell, comprise the other side. The band then had a successful concert—with turn-away crowds—in November at the St. Pancras Town Hall. Singer Annie Ross appeared on the bill with the band, which performed* Stonehenge, *Russo's* Seven Deadly Sins, *and a number of smaller pieces.*

There is also the rather significant matter of Land of Milk and Honey, *which will be an hour-and-a-half television production on BBC this spring. The BBC will inevitably call it a "jazz opera"—which Russo feels is tantamount to saying "music opera." Dealing with the race issue and interracial love in London's Nottinghill Gate area,* Land of Milk and Honey *has a libretto by British writer Stuart Douglass and lyrics by Douglass and Russo.*

The last half-hour was a charged period as the band, though clearly tired, performed like a finely honed instrument. Russo wanted a large sound for a final try at *Song of the Islanders.*

"Warm up the instruments," he told the band.

"Remember, a lot more orchestra, a lot more echo on the orchestra," he directed the control room.

Miss Moore was rushing a bit.

"Come in late—don't be in a hurry," Russo instructed her. "It's not a quartet."

Thus far we have been speaking of Russo in London, but now we shall have to speak of Russo in New York, since a variety of personal considerations have forced him to return with his family to the States. He will of course be going to London from time to time—e.g., to tape Land of Milk and Honey—*and he believes the London Jazz Orchestra will continue, directed by the men, such as Tony Russell, who have "been organizing things" all along. But whether the band continues in its current large form or as a somewhat smaller organization, Russo said that the "movement" will not just blow away in his absence. "Negatively or positively, in the past few years I've succeeded in making a great impact on jazz in England," he declares by way of a nonpronunciamento but also adding, by way of characteristic candor, "I don't know whether it'll be permanent or not."*

BBC PHOTO

Take 5 of *Song of the Islanders* found Russo raising his voice: "Stop, stop, this is the last panic!" The band was getting so tired as to be listless, but Russo drove it through a series of takes of specific short passages. It was now past the agreed overtime period, but he insisted on redoing the last eight bars of *The Official Decree.* A "harmonic fluff" spoiled the next take. Two more, and the band was home free. "That's the best we're going to do," Russo said, not unhappily. "Thank you very much."

It's somewhat ironic in view of Russo's avant-garde or Third Stream reputation in some musical quarters that he himself views his jazz world "as connecting more with Lester Young than with other forms of jazz."

Russo says firmly that listening to jazz should be a joyous experience and that jazz should tell a story and not shout. "What's happened in the last 10 years hasn't interested me," he declared. "Bebop never moved me, with such exceptions as Dizzy, of course."

What does move him?

"I just want jazz to get some chances and to grow up," he said. "I want to see it take itself more seriously, to see the musicians knowing more about other forms of music and learning more about their art—other kinds of jazz."

Those who could do so stayed to listen to playbacks and to have some Scotch. Things sounded very impressive in that control room.

"It's the best thing I do," said Leon Calvert. "I enjoy it even more than playing with John [Dankworth]."

Russo will be 37 in June, and he has been in jazz for almost two decades. "My purpose in life," he said, "is to write some music that has value and to teach." He has been pursuing the former goal for more than a decade and a half—"the fact of the matter is I've continued writing—most people in jazz don't—I've written copiously for 15 years."

In addition to his latest recorded jazz works, Russo recently had his Music for Violin and Jazz Orchestra, *which had been commissioned in 1963 by Yehudi Menuhin and Lord Astor, recorded by EMI (by violinist Stephan Staryk), and his* Kurt Weill Violin Concerto *also will be recorded on a classical label. And since teaching also involves writing these days, he's completing his second textbook, to be published by the University of Chicago Press.*

There's also talk of Russo opening a jazz school—"No pretense," he said "just a large room and a blackboard"—in Chicago. For the immediate future, though, he's thinking small. "If someone asks me what I'm doing," he said kiddingly, "I'm a jazz trombonist, and I live in the Bronx. There's no place to go but up." db

ROD LEVITT-MARK FOR FUTURE

By DON HECKMAN

THE JAZZ COMPOSER requires—more than anything else—an instrument for the realization of his music. The classic example, of course, is the Duke Ellington Orchestra, which has produced a brilliant series of compositions out of an intimate musical relationship between composer and performers.

Recent jazz composers have had tougher going. Gil Evans, George Russell, John Lewis, Charles Mingus—to name only a few—have made individual, and usually fruitless, efforts to maintain regular groups for development of their musical thoughts.

Last year a Riverside recording called *The Dynamic Sound Patterns of the Rod Levitt Orchestra* surprised many jazz professionals. Levitt's eight pieces had been rehearsing, unpublicized, and slowly evolving a cohesion and craftsmanship usually found only in groups that have endured the long trials of road tours.

Rehearsal groups are not exactly a new idea. They meet in studios and lofts throughout the country, calling themselves workshops, lab bands, and clinics. Somehow, Levitt's group managed to succeed where so many others foundered, but its success was hardly an overnight phenomenon.

Under Levitt's firm leadership, many months of rehearsals preceded its first recording. Fortunately Levitt, besides possessing an ability to work hard, has been around too long to expect things to happen by themselves. Now 35, he has come a long way from pre-med studies in Portland, Ore.

"I started playing trombone when I was 10," he said. "When the war started, it gave young guys like me a good chance to get started. I wasn't particularly good at first, but I kept at it. My dad finally bought me a new Conn trombone, and then I was able to get with one of the three local bands. I'd get 5 bucks when I played. I was about 15 when I started writing. I just wrote simple arrangements like *I Surrender, Dear* and *Moonglow* with simple chords. And I used to copy records; Woody Herman's first herd was the rage at the time.

"I even remember writing an arrangement of *Blue Skies* when I was in grade school with every part in a different key. I thought arranging was writing the melody on different steps of the scale. Then my trombone teacher straightened me out on that point. And I wrote another arrangement of it with just kind of dumb chords. My brother, who was taking piano lessons at the time, straightened me out on the chords. By the time I got to high school, I understood that part of it pretty well. We had our jazz band at school—the Mad French Lepers—with trombone, alto, and rhythm. We wore berets and little coat-sweatshirts."

Levitt's reminiscences describe an environment far removed from what one usually associates with the young jazz musician. After graduation from high school, he went to Reed College, a small, progressive school in his home town of Portland. But the experience was not an ennobling one. Despite family pressures to lead a more "conventional" life, Levitt found the urges and demands of music more and more powerful.

In college as a pre-medical student, Levitt played on weekends but then decided, "Well, I can't make this—staying up all hours and just barely passing. Reed is full of a bunch of professors' sons, and these guys would tell me they wouldn't stay up past 12 for *any* school work. They were just brilliant, but I couldn't make it any longer; I was a wreck. So I transferred to the University of Washington [in Seattle]. They had a pretty good music department with a lot of good musicians."

At Washington, Levitt made important contacts with musicians who had interests and abilities to match his own. A significant friendship, one that had an effect upon his later life, was with Quincy Jones—still in high school at the time.

"Quincy used to come to hear the University of Washington sessions that we had once a week at the student union," Levitt recalled. "I heard the first arrangement he ever wrote. It was for the Garfield High School Band. Ernestine Anderson was the singer in his small jazz group. I used to play jobs with him; he played good ones—all the college sororities and stuff."

Like most other young college graduates in the early '50s, Levitt's only choice of employment was that provided by the armed services.

"After college," he said, "I joined the Air Force and went into the band at Ellington Air Force Base in Houston. All through the service, I studied the trombone—actually it is where I learned my craft. I got very interested in symphonic music. A lot of guys goofed off, but I practiced two or three hours every day. We had a pretty good service band, and I was able to write for it; we had a radio show, and I was in charge of the band for that. I didn't play trombone much in the jazz band—when we lost our piano players, I had to play piano."

Levitt was fortunate to find life in the service tolerable, but he was soon to discover the difficulties facing the civilian musician. During his last few months in the Air Force he began to audition for symphony orchestras. Among them the Philadelphia; the Baltimore; the Washington [D.C.]; the New Orleans; and the Boston Pops.

He flew 1,600 miles for one audition—his first visit to New York City. He walked into the audition at the Great Northern and recalled, "This cat says, 'Oh, you're in the service?'

" 'Yeah, I'm getting out in a few months.'

" 'Well, are you a member of the union?'

" 'Well, I was, but you know, I'm an honorary member now.'

" 'I'm not allowed to hear any players who aren't members of the union.'

" 'Man, you mean I flew all the way up here to hear you say you can't audition me?'

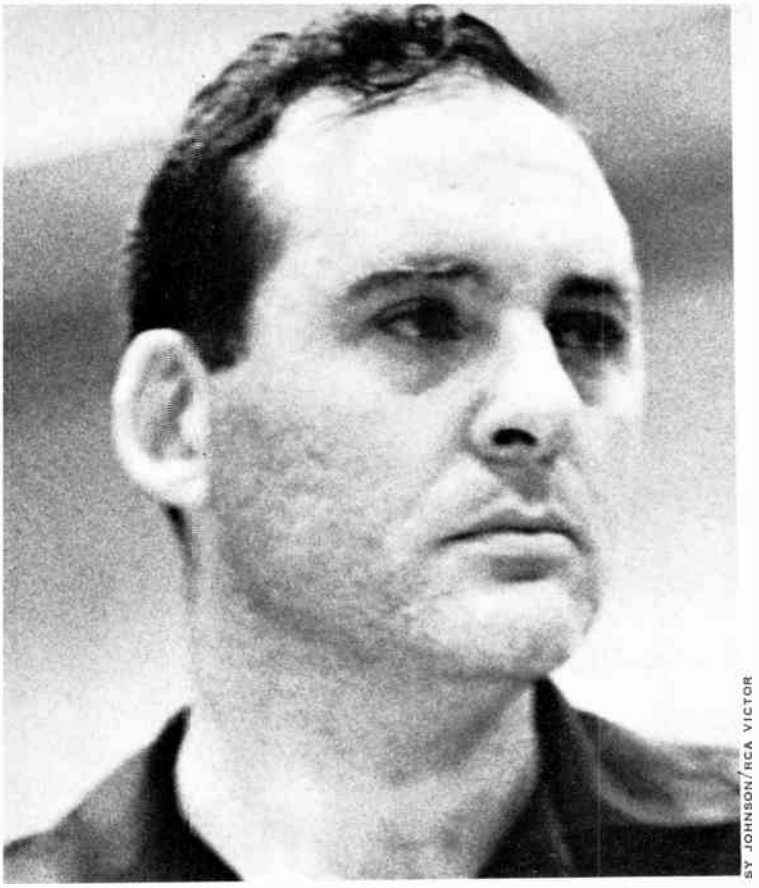
" 'That's just a rule. Naturally I'll hear you since you're here and everything.'

"I got real mad and played a good audition, one of the best I ever played—all the symphonic excerpts—I read alto clef—I wailed it off. Then he said, 'Gee, I'm sorry that I just hired somebody.' "

WHEN LEVITT FINALLY went to New York for good, he concentrated on legitimate work. "I just went around the city, was in the National Symphony, which is a training orchestra, played in some of the amateur orchestras around, and got a few jobs here and there," he recalled. "Then I ran into Quincy Jones, and he said, 'Man, let's go to the Middle East with Dizzy Gillespie.' "

"I thought he was kidding," Levitt added, "and it was sort of weird, but here was the first name band I ever played with, and it was Dizzy Gillespie's."

Levitt played with the band through an eight-week tour


BY JOHNSON/RCA VICTOR

REFERENCE

in the Middle East, four weeks in South America, and a subsequent tour of the United States. He described some of his experiences:

"I stayed with the band for about a year, but I did very little soloing. I used to do a Dixieland thing with Dizzy; the other trombone players didn't want to play it, and I think that's how I got stuck with it. Occasionally I got a lead part, but since I had my big trigger horn, it was better that I played third anyway. One night a big fat cat in Philly demanded that I play a solo. He kept bugging Dizzy, so Dizzy finally said, 'Okay, you play a solo in this tune and get this guy off my back.' It was *Because of You*, and I played the first 16. It was sort of a faked arrangement—although Melba Liston had written a sketch. I think I played a good solo, as far as that goes—but, you know, nothing special."

After leaving Gillespie in 1957, Levitt freelanced for three months and then took a job with the Radio City Music Hall orchestra.

"I jumped at it," he said, "because it was steady and the kind of job I felt I was cut out for at the time. I was in the Music Hall orchestra about 6½ years. In some ways it was a pleasure; there were a bunch of good guys there with similar backgrounds, and I sort of blended in with the scenery. I was getting record dates from the association with Dizzy, so it was a period of pretty good financial rewards."

By 1960, however, the financial rewards—without equivalent musical satisfaction—had begun to pale. Levitt's interest in writing—an interest that, despite his extensive activities as a player, had always been central to his thoughts—began to predominate. He explained how the octet began:

"I figured I'd get a group up of Music Hall guys. We began having rehearsals every week or so, but in some ways it was a drag. Some guy would always say, 'I'd rather go bowling.' But after five or six months, we managed to make a demo. I wanted the thing as a workshop for my own writing but also as a break-away for tired commercial musicians. I felt I could get a number of guys to come if I told them they'd get to hear themselves play and get an occasional solo. At first it was hard to get guys; the people I wanted didn't know me from Adam. I used to call bass players frantically at the last minute. The personnel finally got set the way it is now sometime before the first concert in 1963, so it's actually been together around two years."

Levitt spoke unassumingly about his approach to composing for the octet, saying that the only approach he takes to structure is just to make it different. That's probably the reason, he said, that he shies from standards—their structures are too binding. With his own compositions, he can try something different—"maybe a six-bar phrase or something"—and try to let the composition force the soloist into a certain kind of improvisation. "I give as few chord changes as possible and make them simple," he said. "Some tunes have a definite chord pattern, but I don't use a lot of altered changes. I try to give the soloists as much freedom chord-wise as possible."

Among today's jazz composers, Levitt has perhaps an unusual bent for writing ensemble material and says he offers this one excuse for it: "I played in an authentic Dixieland band in Portland—the Castle Jazz Band. I was worried when I came to the band because I was known as a bopper, and the leader said, 'Well, you'd better cool it now. Don't start playing any bebop.' I fell into it pretty naturally, but I began to worry about my solos. So the leader said, 'Look, kid. Don't worry about the solos; they're just for the ensemble to rest. That's all solos are for.'

"Before the octet's first concert I was worried that we didn't have enough jazz solos. It really contrasted with, say, George Russell's groups, where he had so much emphasis on solos but still kept ensemble interest. For me, I just find my attention waning when I hear a long solo. If there's anything I don't want to do, it's bore the audience. Since you're dealing with a very small group of people, you'd better not bore the people you *do* have."

Some of the reviews of his Riverside album found a similarity in his music to Gil Evans'. But his admiration of Evans' work notwithstanding, Levitt is hard put to find it.

"I was so taken with Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, and possibly Basie—the earthier approaches—that when I heard Gil Evans' charts for the Claude Thornhill band," he said, "they sounded like pretty polite stuff to me. Gil's textures at that time didn't have any meaning to me at all. Of course, I was younger then. Now I think I hear these things in their proper place.

"When I played with Gil, I was pretty taken with the way he writes, but sometimes when you're playing, you don't get the full impact. When I bought all his records, then I really enjoyed his music. His orchestration is just earthshaking."

Levitt's ambitions for his octet and for himself are tempered by his realistic appraisal of the scene. "I'd like to do some college dates," he said, "and I'd like to do more concerts. I think we have a better listening chance in concerts. We can do more, and people are more receptive. I'm pushing my commercial work too. Mainly, I just want to write music."

The key is in that last sentence. Levitt is forthright and uncomplicated in stating his goals: he is a composer who wants to spend as much time as possible composing. His octet—the most satisfactory instrument for his music—is an integral part of these goals, and there can be little doubt that he will scratch and struggle to keep it together. db

HOT BOX

By GEORGE HOEFER

GIL EVANS: JAZZ ORIGINAL

WHEN BENNY GOODMAN made his famous "jazz breakthrough" at the Palomar in Los Angeles in the summer of 1935, there was a young, unassuming bandleader fronting a Modesto Junior College band in the Los Angeles area. The youth, a pianist with a comping-for-the-band style, was Ian Ernest Gilmore Evans.

Evans' chief musical interest was directed to various musical sounds; tonal arrangements intrigued him. The sounds emanating from the Goodman band, playing Fletcher Henderson arrangements for the most part, took him over, and he set to build his band in the sound image of the newly crowned King of Swing.

Nothing happened for the band, however, and, as time went on, Evans concentrated on orchestration. He worked many years for Claude Thornhill, a specialist in orchestral innovations. But Evans' developing talent was mostly unheralded until his association with trumpeter Miles Davis brought him to the attention of jazz listeners in 1949.

Since that time, his momentum has steadily increased, his influence has been felt, and he has reached a high plateau of musical distinction.

Evans was born Gil Green, the son of a doctor, in Toronto, Ontario, on May 13, 1912. By the time he was grammar-school age, he had taken the name of his stepfather (Evans) and had lived in British Columbia, the state of Washington, and Stockton, Calif.

His fascination with sound came early. He told Nat Hentoff in 1957, "As a kid I was attuned to any kind of sound. I could tell what make of car was coming down the street with my back to it."

Evans is mostly self-taught as a musician, learning by practical application rather than by study of theory. He was drawn into music by the sounds from the radio and phonograph. He has recalled particularly noticing Louis Armstrong's horn, the recording units led by Red Nichols, the Don Redman voicings in records by McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and Duke Ellington. When he began to hear the work of the Casa Loma Band, he was impressed by arranger Gene Gifford's imaginative method of breaking up the instrumentation for ballad performances.

Evans organized a small band in 1933; the band's book was made up of popular songs and jazz tunes. Of this band, Evans has proudly said, ". . . they could play the music just as I'd write it."

The band was good enough by April, 1936, to hold a summer job at the popular Rendez-vous Ballroom at Balboa Beach, 60 miles down the coast from Los Angeles. The personnel included, among others, trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell, trombonist Pete Carpenter, and tenor saxophonist Vido Musso, who soon joined Goodman.

After playing dates in the Northwest, the band went back to Balboa in spring, 1937. There was talk that the band was to be groomed for nationwide booking by MCA. Evans had hired Buddy Cole to take over the regular piano chores so he could concentrate on arranging. *Tempo,* the Los Angeles music magazine, carried a review of the band by Charlie Emge, which said, "Evans has a promising band modeled somewhat after the formalized swing style of Goodman. He has pushed his way steadily into the front rank of West Coast bands."

The hoped-for MCA sponsorship did not come through. Instead Skinnay Ennis, a former drummer-vocalist with Hal Kemp's band, took over the band. Evans remained as music director and, at first, pianist. Under Ennis, the outfit became a favorite at the posh Victor Hugo Restaurant in Beverly Hills.

Evans looks back on his two-year period with Ennis as fruitful. He has observed, "I received an introduction to show business, as the band was a commercial success. We played for acts on Sunday nights at the Victor Hugo, and the chance to write for vaudeville routines gave me a new insight. Also, as Ennis had the band on the Bob Hope radio show weekly for Pepsodent, there was a chance to learn how to write music for that medium."

Ennis' success called for a larger arranging staff. Thornhill, who had once arranged for Kemp, was added. Evans was relieved of his piano duties by such men as Charlie LaVere and Skitch Henderson.

When the band played the Palmer House in Chicago during fall, 1941, Evans received an accolade in the music press. A reporter from *Music & Rhythm* interviewed Ennis on the strength of the band's Hal Kemp style. The headline on the article read "My Band Doesn't Play Kemp Music—Why Should We Copy Anyone When We've Got a Fine Original Arranger Like Gil Evans?"

Ennis went on to say, "We do use some stuff that is vaguely reminiscent of Kemp—muted brass, and subtone clarinets behind my vocals—but we never use those telegraphic brass figures so commonly associated with the Kemp name."

And in speaking of Evans, the late whispering vocalist stated, "Lots of my boys are good jazzmen. And our arranger! His name is Gil Evans—a former terrific jazz arranger. It's taken me several years to tone him down to my speed. He does everything for the band now and has for some time done all the stuff on the Hope show."

It's interesting to note, in view of the later *Porgy & Bess* Davis-Evans collaboration, that the *Music & Rhythm* reporter, after talking to Ennis, noted the band rehearsing a *Porgy & Bess* medley arrangement by Evans using two clarinets, bass clarinet, and tenor saxophone for some passages.

Within a few weeks of the story's appearance, Evans left Ennis to join Thornhill, who had left the Hope radio assignment in September, 1939, to return to New York City to organize his own band.

A sore point with Evans has been his feeling that Thornhill has never received the proper credit for contributions to jazz arranging. Evans told Hentoff, "Even way back then [referring to the Thornhill-Evans days with Hope and Ennis], Claude had a unique way with a dance band. He'd use the trombones with the woodwinds in a way that gave them a horn sound."

When Evans joined Thornhill around November, 1941, Thornhill had fairly well established the style of his band. He had worked for six months preparing arrangements—his own and some by Bill Borden—and hiring his personnel before debuting the band in spring, 1940.

Thornhill said in early 1942, "As for our instrumentation, it isn't exactly orthodox. On some arrangements we utilize six clarinets. And we have two French horns, two trombones, three trumpets, and four rhythm. The six clarinets aren't always in action. We use five saxes and one clarinet more often. And sometimes four saxes and two clarinets. Right now, I have Gil Evans and Andy Phillips with me, and most of our newer scores are from their pens. The whole idea behind the band is 'lightness,' and that's why we score for six clarinets, playing the upper register, with long, sustained organ chords behind them. . . ."

The 1939-'42 Thornhill band caused a good deal of comment. Its personnel was laden with very capable jazz players. The great New Orleans clarinetist Irving Fazola was a featured member and became so involved with the atmosphere that he bought a

(Continued on page 37)

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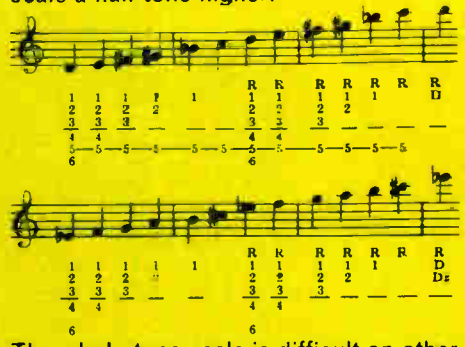

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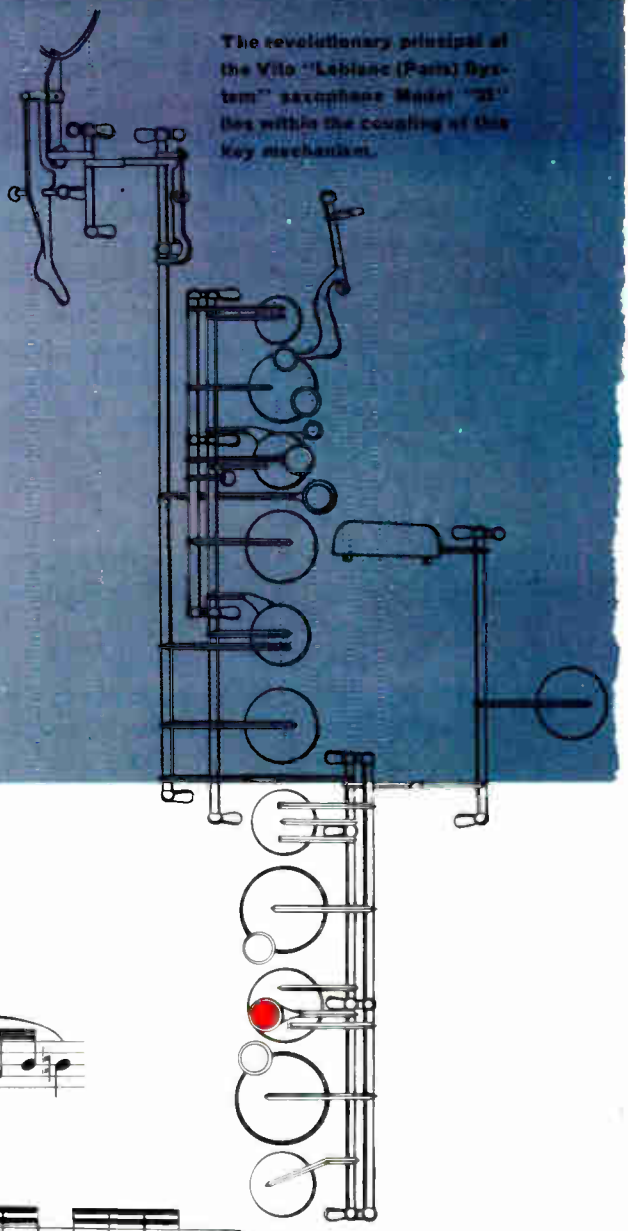

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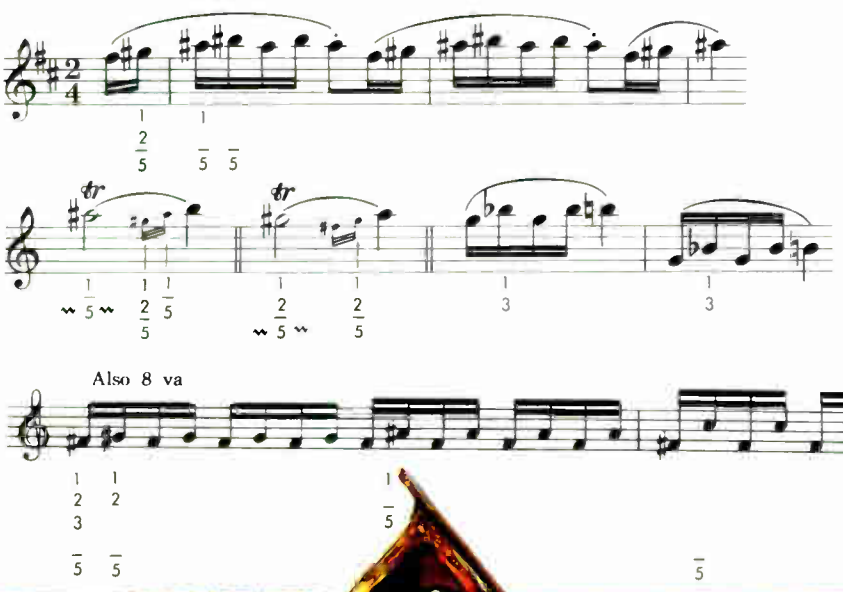

LEBLANC

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LIFE WITH FEATHER

Part III of a critic's autobiography
By LEONARD FEATHER

For the next couple of years, 1936-'38, I shuttled back and forth between England and the United States, with occasional side trips to the Continent. Because of the British musicians' union regulations against the importation of U.S. musicians, some of my idols played in Paris or Scandinavia without ever setting foot in the United Kingdom.

There were a few exceptions, consisting almost exclusively of those musicians who could qualify as music hall or variety acts. Under this heading came Fats Waller, whose visit to England furnished one of Britain's few bright musical moments in 1938.

My memories of friendship and collaboration with Fats (or Thomas, as his wife and intimates called him) stretch back to 1935, when I spent Christmas Day at his comfortable apartment on the outskirts of Harlem.

Fats had a new piano and was as exultant about it as his two small sons were about the gifts under the tree. We spent several hours wandering from piano to phonograph—he had a big pile of his own records—and over to a cupboard where there was a liberal supply of what Fats always called "libations."

As long as he had plenty of good friends and libations around him, Fats was happy; yet the sight or even the mention of poverty, hardship, or prejudice could stir his emotions to the point of tears and temperamental storms.

The complex personality behind Waller's cheerful front was rarely discernible. Perhaps Ed Kirkeby knew it better than any other man. One of the few intelligent and musically oriented businessmen then in the profession, he was a former leader of the California Ramblers and had given up a job as music director at Victor records to become Fats' personal manager.

One day Kirkeby and Waller invited me to a record date. I had often heard rumors that Fats recorded with the aid of a bottle of gin on either side of the piano. The myth was soon dispelled. His requirements, I found, were a beautiful chick on one side and a bottle of brandy on the other.

With this dual inspiration, Fats soon worked his way through the piano copies of several songs perched on his Steinway grand. The combo now went to work on *Lost and Found.* None of the happy abandon that characterized the typical Waller records could be found in the studio atmosphere. The musicians sat quietly, talking only to check details of Fats' hastily sketched routines for the songs—all dog pops, unfamiliar to both Waller and the men, who were provided with skeleton parts consisting mainly of the changes.

Fats was faced with the tough task of reading the music and lyrics simultaneously. Trumpeter Herman Autry and tenor saxophonist Gene Sedric blew backstage into one mike, with bassist Cedric Wallace just behind them, while the guitarist and drummer, Al Casey and Slick Jones, shared a mike of their own. The records, of course, were cut on wax masters.

The men ran through a single chorus. "One thirty," said Fats. "That means we can stand about two choruses." Again they played a chorus, and on arriving at the last measure, Fats called out, "Take it, Sedric!" Within 10 minutes, a master had been made.

"Cigarets!" called Fats, taking another swig of the rapidly diminishing brandy. "Now watch out for that second chorus. In that last part, I want it solid. No variations, no flowery embellishments, nothing."

They tried it.

"Yeah, that's what I'm talking 'bout!"

Everything moved quietly and swiftly. On the next tune a voice from the control room said, "Stick to the melody as much as possible, Fats, on your first chorus" and then, as tactfully as possible: "Is that your last bottle?"

"No," Fats said, emptying it. "This is my first."

A playback was made. Fats commented, "It needs a little more punch." Next time the rhythm section relaxed and gave out more freely; a good master was made, with a humorous comment by Fats tagged on at the end. This was a sort of trademark; he improvised a different remark for each take of every tune.

Then came an impasse. *You Went to My Head,* an oddly constructed tune, had a 25-bar chorus that baffled Waller. Time and again he tried it and then threw the copy aside. "No time to learn that one," he said.

Then he started playing *If You're a Viper.* Sedric and Autry worked out a delightful riff; Fats played celeste with his right hand, accompanying himself at the piano with his left.

We could all see that *If You're a Viper* was going to be a gas. All of us, that is, except the voice of commercialism in the control booth. To appease Waller, a wax was made of it, after which the pop tune again was insisted upon, and Waller struggled through it, with such difficulty that he did not even attempt to play piano during his vocal.

The next week I called Waller to check *Viper.* I was told that master had been destroyed and the pop song would be used.

Waller resented the controls over his musical and private life. He once told me that the wild life he led was a direct outcome of the restrictions imposed on him in childhood.

"My father was a minister," he said. "He thought it was outrageous to spend an evening at a dancehall. So as soon as I was old enough to go for myself, I went right out and did all the things I'd been held back from doing.

"The trouble I had in those early days!

"I was playing organ at one of those silent movie houses in Harlem, and they'd be playing some death scene on the screen, and likely as not I'd grab a bottle and start swingin' out on *Squeeze Me* or *Royal Garden Blues.* The managers used to send up complaints, but, heck, they couldn't stop me!"

When Waller arrived in London, Spencer Williams, the writer who had collaborated with him 20 years earlier

(Continued on page 37)

RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

Dave Brubeck

JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK—Columbia 2275 and 9075: *Theme from "Mr. Broadway"; Broadway Bossa Nova; Autumn in Washington Square; Something to Sing About; Sixth Sense; Spring in Central Park; Lonely Mr. Broadway; Summer on the Sound; Winter Ballad; Broadway Romance; Upstage Rumba.*

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Brubeck has always written good tunes, some, such as *The Duke*, more memorable than others, of course. In this album, made up of material Brubeck has written for the television series *Mr. Broadway*, his ability as a songwriter is well displayed; each track has something to recommend it compositionally.

To me, the best of the lot are the dark, almost ominous *Autumn*, the Monkish *Sixth Sense*, and the lovely *Broadway Romance*, a ballad that uses major sevenths and a short series of fourth changes very well.

There is something else evident on this LP that may be of significance. Though Brubeck now says he thinks of himself more as a composer than a pianist, his piano work here is of higher order than usual. He brings off certain effects with more grace than he did formerly; gone for the most part is the bombast that often marred his playing—or at least here, in solos that once would have been played with heavy hand, he injects a fetching litheness, as if this is the way he's wanted to do it all along but has been unable to until recently. Whatever it is, it's a good sign, as his solos on *Broadway Bossa Nova*, *Spring*, *Summer*, and *Broadway Romance* show.

Desmond is his usual superb self, wending through his improvisations with aplomb. It is on the more balladic or melancholy tracks that he shines brightest: *Autumn*, *Sixth Sense* (which also has a crawling Brubeck solo that almost smolders), *Lonely Mr. Broadway*, and *Broadway Romance*, his most poignant and effortless solo in the album. The buoyant side of Desmond is in full swing on *Something to Sing About*, which also has some fair polyphonic passages by the altoist and pianist, and the 12-bar, 6/8 *Theme*.

Special mention should be made of Wright's strong support. An unsensational player, Wright, nonetheless, adds a great deal to the interest and pleasure to be derived from the performances. Morello, as usual, accompanies with taste and agility.

(D.DeM.)

George Gruntz

BACH HUMBUG!—Phillips 200-162 and 600-162: *Das Frauenzimmer Verstimmt Sich Immer* (Telemann); *Pavana, "The Earl of Salisbury"* (Byrd); *Le Croc en Jambe* (Couperin); *Gavotte en Rondeau* (Lully); *Ouverture. Bouree, Hornpipe* (Handel); *Ciacona F-Moll* (Pachelbel); *La Chrimae Antiquae Pavan* (Dowland); *Musette en Rondeau* (Rameau); *Corrente* (Frescobaldi); *Corrente Gavotte* (Corelli).

Personnel: Emil Mangelsdorff, flute; Klaus Doldinger, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Gruntz, harpsichord; Peter Trunk, bass; Klaus Weiss, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

As can be seen by the listing of material above, Gruntz and friends, all excellent European jazzmen, have climbed aboard the jazz-meets-baroque wagon. All the selections are compositions by English, French, German, and Italian composers of the baroque era and, after an initial statement of theme, serve as points of departure for the soloists' variations in the modern-jazz idiom.

As soloists, Doldinger and Gruntz reveal themselves as excellent jazzmen who play with force and passion. Doldinger is most impressive on soprano saxophone, recalling in his work the instrument's pacesetter, John Coltrane, an influence that is most evident on Byrd's *Pavana* and Pachelbel's *Ciacona*, pieces that in their use of "grounds" are much akin to the modal material Coltrane uses so effectively.

Gruntz, a Swiss pianist who here employs harpsichord, constructs complex contrapuntal solos that have great force and density behind them; his strong, vigorous improvisation on the Pachelbel piece is an excellent sample of the power and textural complexity he is capable of bringing to his solos. His work is a most agreeable balance of intellect and emotion, each strengthening the other. As a supporting instrumentalist he is very sensitive too, as witnesses his work behind Trunk on the Lully *Gavotte*. On this and on Dowland's *La Chrimae*, Gruntz utilizes to excellent advantage the harpsichord's lute stop, for this registration gives the instrument the plangent sound of a stringed instrument.

One thing marred this album for me and marred it greatly. The pieces that Gruntz uses as points of departure are all, despite the charm and lilt of their melodic lines, rather simple harmonically. This being so, it is especially grating when, after the thematic statements, the musicians begin soloing on harmonic structures that have been extended to conform with the practices of the modern-jazz idiom. Even though the simple harmonic framework of the original piece remains at the core of the improvisation, there is nonetheless a great bridge between the two segments—the thematic statement and the improvised section—that often is distracting in the extreme, as on Couperin's *Le Croc*, among others.

Even though, as Gruntz points out, improvisation was a commonplace of baroque music, it was done according to a rather strict set of rules, among which, however, there was no provision for harmonic extensions on the order of Gruntz' jazz inversions here. What bothered me in this set was a very real feeling that each piece was divided into two sections, the theme and the variations, but that the latter did not grow at all naturally out of the former, as they properly should have. This was less noticeable on the Byrd and Pachelbel, but this was due, I felt, to their approximation of modality.

Finally, a word about the recording. It is very reverberant, especially noticeable in the recording of the harpsichord and flute.

(P.W.)

Herbie Hancock

EMPYREAN ISLES—Blue Note 4175: *One-Finger Snap; Oliloqui Valley; Cantaloupe Island; The Egg.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Anthony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Both the album's title and notes imply a unity of material that does not actually exist. I quote the opening paragraph of the notes:

"Away beyond the mountains of Lune, in the heart of the Great Eastern Sea, lie the Empyrean Isles, four glittering jewels, beyond the dreams of men. There is a perpetual haze around them, shimmering and distorting, and they seem to hover, ethereal, a little above the water, suggesting a world inaccessible except to fancy."

Taken together with the title, this description—its style redolent of the *Arabian Nights* and countless Sabu movies—suggests two things: that the pieces performed, though four separate "isles," are yet part of a larger identity and, in consequence, share some common ground, and that *all* are shrouded in some unfamiliar, formless haze that makes them appear remote, mysterious, inaccessible to all but the initiated.

Neither is the case here.

Snap and *Valley* are separate blowing sessions admirably performed but having little relationship and no mystery, either structurally or otherwise. About the closest thing to a sensuous strangeness is Carter's fine *Valley* solo, which does, at least, nudge the listener toward the mood created on the record's second side.

Here, *Cantaloupe* and *Egg* actually conjure up—for me, at least—some vision of what those isles might be. Here is much of the shimmering mystery promised by the notes. *Egg*, especially, achieves its purpose through atonality, altered time relationships, and a powerful melodic ingenuity on the part of both composer and player. It is a long piece but well paced and infinitely varied.

Egg also draws from the musicians their consistently best playing. Carter, whose control of his instrument is extraordinary, contributes a compelling statement that almost alters the direction of the improvisation. Williams' solo proves that his past good notices were fully deserved; his attention to the varied dynamic possibilities of his instrument, his time, and his clean, adroit touch are matched by an attending fertility of imagination.

Hancock plays well throughout the

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album, though his compositional talents emerge as somewhat uneven. *Snap* is a boppish venture, well played but essentially uninspired. On the other hand, *Egg* displays substantial originality.

To return to my first point, it is possible that Hancock did not intend such a unity of composition as the title and notes imply; and it would be presumptuous of a listener to impose a form that was not envisaged by the creator. Some may find the lack of a tight relationship among the four pieces troubling; but, even viewed as separate efforts, the tunes come off well. (D.N.)

Johnny Hodges-Wild Bill Davis

BLUE RABBIT—Verve 8599: *Blues O'Mighty; Fiddler's Fancy; Tangerine; Creole Love Call; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Wisteria; Satin Doll; I Let a Song Go out of My Heart; Mud Pie.*

Personnel: Hodges, alto saxophone; Davis or Ray Jackson, organ; Kenny Burrell or Mundell Lowe, guitar; Wendell Marshall or Jack Lesberg or Richard Davis, bass; Bobby Donaldson or Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is the latest in a series of recordings Hodges and Davis have made for Verve (at least three prior to this one), and though the organist is given equal billing with Hodges, he is present on only about half of the selections here, being replaced by Jackson on the others.

The album is not very venturesome, its contents being more properly suited for partying than for intensive listening. Hodges plays with his customary liquid, glistening ease and warm, creamy tone—his solos do at least give one food for thought—but, save for an occasional bluesy guitar solo (especially Lowe's lovely, sustained improvisation on *Things*), nothing out of the way takes place.

The work of the two organists is generally light and deft; they keep to the background pretty much and come to the fore only in their solo segments. Jackson's *Tangerine* improvisation is quite nicely shaped, and I suspect it is he who enlivens *Fiddler's* with a tasty after-the-beat solo (the liner notes do not specify who plays on this number or on *Satin Doll*), while Davis' most interesting and effective moments occur on *Things*—not so much in his solo as in his building, rhythmically exciting riffs behind Hodges as the song rises to a boiling climax.

The rating is primarily for the altoist's sinewy lyricism; of the solo voices in this set, it is only his that consistently rises to the challenges of the material—this being doubly impressive from a man who's been doing the same thing almost nightly for three decades. Hodges must have played the Ellington staples in this set thousands of times in the years he's been with the Ellington band, yet it is he who finds the new things to say about them in this album. Wonder why? It gives one pause. (P.W.)

J. R. Monterose

IN ACTION—Studio 4: *Waltz for Claire; I Should Care; That You Are; Red Devil; Lover Man; Herky Hawks.*

Personnel: Monterose, tenor saxophone; Dale Oehler, piano; Gary Allen, bass; Joe Abodeely, drums.

Rating: ★★★

During the '50s Monterose was one of the better tenor men on the East Coast scene, but he later dropped from national prominence. This LP shows that he's become a more individual stylist.

He accents and fragments his lines unpredictably and sometimes uses leaping intervals. Also notable is the emphasis he places on dynamic variation and on variations in the quality of his sound, which ranges from soft and breathy to brittle and penetrating. His use of these techniques—which sometimes give his playing a vocal quality—is effective on *Lover Man, Claire,* and *That You Are.* But his *I Should Care* upper-register work recalls Johnny Hodges; it's a little too syrupy.

Other features of Monterose's work are disappointing; it seems that in stressing certain aspects of his game he's neglected some too. One misses the charging, idea-filled solos he played in the '50s. Too many of his figures here are simple and melodically trivial. His up-tempo playing on *Red Devil* isn't well sustained, but on *Hawks* he rockets powerfully ahead, pacing himself intelligently.

Oehler plays with taste and is fairly inventive. He has a thoughtful approach that is sometimes reminiscent of Bill Evans, though at quick tempos he's more boppish.

It's good to see Monterose recording again, even when he's not at his best. If he can get himself together for his next recording date, the result could be one of the freshest tenor albums of the year. (H.P.)

New York Jazz Sextet

GROUP THERAPY—Scepter 526: *Bottom on Top; Supplication; Another Look; Giant Steps; Dim after Day; Indian Summer; Joy Shout.*

Personnel: Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; James Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Albert Heath, drums. Track 4—Patti Bown, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Marie Volpee, vocal.

Rating: ★★½

The first and last sounds to greet the listener are devoted to a 10-second, unresolved "signature," in which fluegelhorn, tenor, and trombone approximate a solemn, 17th-century brass choir. Between these identical excursions into baroque discipline, almost everything else is formless and unmotivated.

The half-dozen jazzmen gathered here for "group therapy" are brilliant, individually, but in the matter of interplay, their arrangements have been doctored by some dreary writing. The best prescription would be to let them swing, but their only sustained outlet comes on *Summer;* elsewhere it merely happens in spurts.

The main fault lies in the separate-but-equal approach to rhythm section and front line.

It is difficult for a conventional jazz rhythm section to function as a foundation for three voices groping in the rarefied air of modern chamber music. The attempt to integrate Davis' bass comes closest to that goal. Seldom walking behind soloists, he keeps abreast of them, commenting with provocative countermelodies in his upper range. His arco is a thing of poignant beauty (note his cellolike solo in *Supplication*). He also shows much pluck on *Look.*

With the drummer keeping a steady beat wherever practical, and the pianist compromising between his two rhythmic colleagues, the results continually fluctuate. Are the sounds flowing toward a tributary

of the Third Stream, or are they paraphrasing the witty chamber expressions of the late French composer, Francis Poulenc?

Pretentious writing notwithstanding, the solo statements are excellent. Moody's tenor and flute dominate *Bottom*, *Dim*, and *Giant* with competitive eloquence; Farmer's fluegelhorn-of-plenty is mellower than ever, swinging with its usual logic on *Bottom* and *Look*; and McIntosh matches the two, if not in technique, at least in conception, notably on *Dim*.

But whether a good thing is played poorly, or conversely (as in this album), a wretched thing is played well, there is a basic flaw, and it diminishes the enjoyment. In this case it is the writing, which ranges from turgid to vapid. *Dim* is funereal; *Giant* is ludicrous, thanks to some meaningless humming by Miss Volpee; *Look* continues endlessly on a single minor chord.

Then there is *Supplication*, filled with beautiful sounds and tender imagery but weighted down with extramusical baggage —a hopeless bit of verse on the record jacket from which we quote to end this review: "Permit not the muted strife."

(H.S.)

Horace Silver

SONG FOR MY FATHER—Blue Note 4185: *Song for My Father; The Natives Are Restless Tonight; Calcutta Cutie; Que Pasa; The Kicker; Lonely Woman.*

Personnel: Carmell Jones or Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Joe Henderson or Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Teddy Smith or Gene Taylor, bass; Roger Humphries or Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Silver's great melodic gift as a jazz composer has set him apart as one of the most important contributors to the idiom. Of the half-dozen selections in this set, which introduces the newest Silver group, five are by the leader and are rich in melodic quality. The contrast between the character of Silver's writing and that of another may be heard in tenorist Henderson's *The Kicker*, a rather conventional line for hard-neo-bop blowing.

In Silver's piano style, too, there is evident this love for essential melodism coupled with a sage sense of economy in invention and a vigorous rhythmic drive when called for.

Lonely Woman is all Silver, a piano solo accompanied by bassist Taylor and drummer Brooks from the previous quintet. This undistilled Silver in lyric and tender mood is a fitting closer. Also from the previous quintet, tenorist Cook and trumpeter Mitchell carry the ensemble lines on *Calcutta* without soloing.

Silver aside, solo honors are shared by Jones and Henderson. They complement one another well, Jones warmly lyrical in invention and richly full in tone, Henderson fervid, frantic at times, a "hot man" of our era. At one point, commencing a solo on *Que Pasa*, Henderson attempts a reed effect that doesn't quite come off technically; it does build tension, however, so the end probably justifies the means.

In so many Horace Silver albums—*all*, in fact—the prevailing mood, regardless of tempo, is one of complete relaxation and joy. This is no exception. (J.A.T.)

Sonny Stitt

SHANGRI-LA—Prestige 7332: *My New Baby; Misty; Soul Food; Shangri-La; Mama Don't Allow; The Eternal One.*

Personnel: Stitt, tenor saxophone, vocal; Don Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★

Very little can be said to recommend this album. Had it been recorded by virtually any other tenor-organ trio, it might be considered just plain dull. But with Stitt fronting the combo, the results are more than dull—they're disappointing. One gets the impression that little or no preparation went into its production and recording.

Taking the title of one of the tracks on the second side for the name of the album is symptomatic of the laissez-faire approach to the disc itself.

Seldom does Stitt's lyricism come through. Equally lacking is his trademark of hard-driving swing. To say that the tenorist is hampered by poor accompaniment would be unjust: Patterson's organ and James' drums—while not models of inspiration—do provide a competent foundation on which Stitt could build his usual, muscular ideas.

But the ideas are not forthcoming. What emerges sounds more like a rehearsal than the finished product.

The opening four bars of *Misty* are taken too rapidly at first by the organist, who then proceeds to extend the time value to twice its length—something akin to a television camera man racking lenses on the air. *Soul* is a gentle but listless swinger bracketed by an insipid, two-note theme and further hindered by Patterson's overdone staccato.

The title tune features an embarrassingly abortive attempt at unison. How else can one interpret Stitt's vacillating between matching Patterson's lead and weaving an obbligato throughout same? *Mama* sets motherhood back a few more years with an unfortunate vocal by Stitt.

The only tracks left unscarred are *Baby*, a relaxed, soulful blues, and *Eternal*, in which Stitt shows signs of coming to life, and Patterson's footwork is worth hearing.

Not worth hearing are the dismal endings on most tracks. They're not merely artless; they sound chartless. More often than not, the tunes deteriorate into cliche-ridden tags; sometimes they dissipate into organ swells beneath tenor cadenzas. The least painful exit seems to be the slow fade-out—which strikes one as being engineering at its most merciful. (H.S.)

Various Artists

HONKY TONK TRAIN—Dutch Fontana/Riverside 8806: *Chimes Blues; Honky Tonk Train; Barrel House Woman; Henry Brown Blues; Dearborn Street Breakdown; Chain 'Em Down; Number 29; Jabo Blues; Heifer Dust; Slow Drag; Atlanta Rag; Louisiana Glide; Deep Morgan Blues; Eastern Blues; Fanny Lee Blues; Pratt City Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 10, 11—Cow Cow Davenport, piano. Track 2—Meade Lux Lewis, piano. Tracks 3, 9—Will Ezell, piano. Tracks 4, 13, 14—Henry Brown, piano. Track 5—Charles Avery, piano. Tracks 6, 12—Leroy Garnett, piano. Tracks 7, 15—Wesley Wallace, piano. Tracks 8, 16—Jabo Williams, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album, which brings together the music of eight piano players in the authentic barrelhouse traditions, is a reissue of Paramount and Gennett masters

recorded in and around Chicago between 1927 and 1932.

Of special interest are Lewis' driving *Honky Tonk Train*, a polyrhythmic masterpiece with chord clusters and melodic motifs in the right hand that are thrown irregularly against a powerful and steady bass set by the left hand; Williams' eccentric *Jabo Blues*, which William Russell in *Jazzmen* aptly states "sounds like a player piano gone on a rampage"; Ezell's *Heifer Dust*, a ragged blues; and Davenport's fantastic *Atlantic Rag* and Garnett's *Louisiana Glide*, both of which show the influence of the nickelodeon piano as well as ethnic influences demonstrated by a blues tonality and an almost frantic syncopation.

The album bears a concise and clear set of liner notes by Dr. Hans Rookmaaker, producer of this reissue series for Fontana. But I would take exception to his statement that boogie woogie "was probably the invention of one genius, Jimmy Yancey." Boogie bass patterns cropped up in rags such as Joe Jordan's *Darky Todalo* (1903) and Scott Joplin's *Pineapple Rag* (1908), both played by men who probably never came in contact with Yancey and who were, in fact, considerably older than the Chicago boogie master.

The question, then, is who influenced Jordan and Joplin? Is it possible that the boogie-woogie bass patterns evolved from a style of guitar picking?

The record is invaluable for those interested in the backgrounds of jazz and in the sociology of the Negro in America. Beyond that, it is a document of some of the finest performances of boogie woogie, blues, and rags ever recorded. It is obtainable from specialty shops that import European recordings. (E.H.)

Sarah Vaughan

VIVA! VAUGHAN—Mercury 20941 and 60941: *The Boy from Ipanema; Fascinating Rhythm; Night Song; Mr. Lucky; Fever; Shiny Stockings; Avalon; Tea for Two; Quiet Nights; Stompin' at the Savoy; Moment of Truth; Jive Samba.*

Personnel: Richard Hixson, Britt Woodman, Billy Byers, Wayne Andre, Benny Powell, Jimmy Cleveland, Paul Faulise, Kai Winding, William Watrous, trombones; Jerome Richardson, flute; Bob James, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; George Duvivier, Roberto Rodriguez, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums; William Rodriguez, Jose Mangual, Juan Cadavieco, Rafael Sierra, William Correa, Latin percussion; Lewis Eley, Emmanuel Green, Charles Libove, Leo Kruczek, Tosha Tamaroff, Gene Orloff, Bernard Eichen, Harry Lookofsky, David Nadien, violins; Miss Vaughan, vocals; Frank Foster, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★★

The Vaughan pipes seem immune to rust. To alter Shakespeare slightly, "Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale/ Its infinite variety." At least it hasn't yet. The range, the resonance, the insinuating sensuousness still announce the Vaughan hegemony.

Some may complain that Miss Vaughan's voice, despite its obvious merits, has been prostituted, as they hear it, because it is no longer strictly bound to the service of jazz. This is viewed as a fall from grace. Such criticisms have justice behind them; but to denigrate a talent such as this because it has not always been used to its full capacity as an instrument of improvisation seems to me mere caviling. Even with the most mushy of string backgrounds, Miss Vaughan's voice retains the creative time and phrasing that immediately mark her a jazz musician.

There are strings on this album, but in no sense are they intrusive. The reason is Frank Foster, former Basie lieutenant and a hero too much unsung in the public prints. As arranger and conductor, he weaves an orchestral pattern that dispenses with trumpet and saxophone colorations and relies instead on the flute, string, percussion, and trombone hues to achieve his total design.

Miss Vaughan's singular power of imparting sensuality communicates itself strongly on *Ipanema*. Other goodies are *Stockings*, *Night Song* from the play *Golden Boy*, and *Samba*, a Nat Adderley tune with an infectious wordless vocal by Miss Vaughan.

But she doesn't quite succeed with *Nights*, a Carlos Jobim composition with lyrics by Gene Lees; the arrangement is overextended and the fine lyric, therefore, needlessly repeated. Moreover, her diction is muffled in spots.

There are other flaws in this string of pearls. *Rhythm*, *Fever*, and *Truth* have their share of uninspired and pedestrian moments. The Afro-Cuban and bossa nova rhythms that underlie all the numbers become a trifle wearing after a while. But in all, the album is a most satisfying experience, displaying once more a rich and enriching voice. Viva Vaughan indeed.

(D.N.)

Jimmy Witherspoon

BLUESPOON—Prestige 7327: *I Wonder; It's a Low-Down Dirty Shame; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; Back to New Orleans; It's All in the Game; Blues in the Morning; I'll Never Be Free; Once There Lived a Fool; For Old Time's Sake; The Time Has Come.*

Personnel: Gildo Mahones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Eddie Khan, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Witherspoon, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★½

Ballad performances as beautifully finished both in the singing and in the accompaniment as most of those on this record are a distinct rarity. Witherspoon is in magnificent voice as he sings *Game*, *Free*, *Fool*, and *Nobody*, which are the particular gems of an exceptional set (with *Game* a special gem among gems).

His approach is easy and relaxed and yet with full and deliberate control. His manner is direct, emotional, but honest and without any resort to extreme gimmicks or casual hipness. The man has a voice, and he uses it beautifully and intelligently on these songs.

That, however, is only part of these performances, for along with his singing goes sensitively apt accompaniment in which Burrell's guitar and Mahones' piano are consistently and brilliantly right. Mahones is an invaluable asset, as is indicated on two selections on which he apparently does not play—*Wonder* and *Dirty* both of which are considerably below the standard of the rest of the disc, although Burrell takes a splendid solo on *Dirty*.

The blues side of Witherspoon comes off excellently on *Morning*, in which he once again teams very effectively with Burrell and Mahones.

I don't think Witherspoon's potential has ever been fulfilled as clearly on records as it is during most of these performances. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE-NEW BOTTLES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Jelly Roll Morton (Mainstream 56020)
Rating: ★★★★★

Willie The Lion Smith: A Legend (Mainstream 56027)
Rating: ★★★★

Sidney Bechet, *Bechet of New Orleans* (RCA Victor 510)
Rating: ★★★★

Billie Holiday-Teddy Wilson, *Once Upon a Time* (Mainstream 56022)
Rating: ★★★★

Town Hall Concert, Vol. 2 (Mainstream 56018)
Rating: ★★★★

Pee Wee Russell: A Legend (Mainstream 56026)
Rating: ★★★★

Eddie Condon: A Legend (Mainstream 56024)
Rating: ★★★½

The One and Only Lee Wiley (RIC 2002)
Rating: ★★★★½

There is nothing like a good draught of old wine for making one perceptive. The present magnum gives rise to a guiding precept for anyone who is planning to start a record label: get the rights to the jazz masters of a defunct label if you want to have a good foundation for a catalog.

The late, lamented Riverside Records was started on a shoestring as a reissue label built on a number of small labels of the '20s and '30s, primarily Gennett and Paramount. Mainstream came into existence largely as a vehicle for reissuing the Commodore catalog, and the RIC label is digging some gems out of the old Liberty Music Shops catalog.

More than that, it keeps some of the *raisons d'etre* of jazz out in the open where they can be heard both by those who were around when it happened and by later arrivals who might wonder where it all came from. A case in point is the Morton on Mainstream, made up of five piano solos and five piano-and-vocal selections first released on the General label in 1940.

This is the kind of jazz disc that ought to be on the market permanently, like a Shakespeare play. It tells a lot about jazz as well as about one of the very vital figures in jazz. In his five piano solos (*Original Rags, The Naked Dance, The Crave*—misspelled "grave" on both label and liner—*Mister Joe* and *King Porter Stomp*), Morton provides a continuum that takes us from the piano rag, through the heyday of the sporting house pianist, the eminence of King Oliver, and the origins of a big-band and swing-era hit, all filtered through Morton's own highly flavored musical personality. As a singer, he had a casual, afterhours approach that is at its warmest in his marvelous *Mamie's Blues*.

Aside from *Mamie*, on which he does a short spoken introduction, there is no narrative holding these performances together as there was on the Library of Congress recordings Morton made a year and a half before this set. But instead of the extremely haphazard recording conditions that marred that frequently brilliant collection, these are well-recorded performances on which Morton, in effect, sums up part of his claim to acceptance as one of the firmest pillars in the early growth of jazz.

Another valuable summation of a pianist's skills is *Willie the Lion Smith: A Legend*. Smith has not been served too well by the recording companies. In his prime, when he was inspiring Duke Ellington at the Capitol or, later, drawing white musicians uptown to Pod's and Jerry's, he made only a few records as an incidental sideman. During his most active recording period, the late '30s, a great deal of this activity was concentrated on very commercial discs with organist Milt Herth. In the late '50s the recording companies found him again, but by this time the Lion's fingers had lost some of their agility.

The solos that Smith made for Commodore in 1939, from which this LP is drawn, were rare instances when he had an unhindered opportunity to show off his skills on records. Most of the tunes are from Broadway. The general format is an ad lib but strongly two-handed introductory chorus followed by an open-the-gates-here-comes-the-Lion dive into a fast, striding attack. It is interesting to find touches of Art Tatum in some of the Lion's slow and thoughtful statements—obviously he never stopped listening. His stride style has a more strict, up-and-down quality than the smooth flow of James P. Johnson's phrasing or Fats Waller's. But the Lion swings, and he swings hard.

Both Smith and Morton turn up on *Bechet of New Orleans*—Morton once, the Lion thrice—but they are simply peripheral decorations as the flamboyant Bechet sweeps along from the frenetic New Orleans Feetwarmers of 1932 to his venture into musical onanism in 1941 when he overdubbed six instruments to play *The Sheik*. Most of the performances are concentrated in 1940 and 1941 when Bechet was enjoying his first glow of recognition and when he recorded for Victor with small groups that included Red Allen, Charlie Shavers, Sid Catlett, Sidney De Paris, Rex Stewart, Earl Hines, Baby Dodds (and, it must be admitted, with Doctor Henry Levine and his Barefoot Dixieland Philharmonic, which is somewhat needlessly represented). Bechet always manages to unleash his very personal razzle-dazzle and somehow makes its magic work even when one can anticipate everything he is going to do.

A pianist of the jazz generation that followed Morton and Smith (and Bechet), Teddy Wilson, is given top billing with Billie Holiday on *Once upon a Time*, but even though the fanciful cover illustration shows them growing out of each other's necks, they have nothing to do with one another on this album.

Eddie Heywood is Miss Holiday's pianist, with his sextet or trio, as she makes magnificent use of the personal sound and phrasing that could make a ballad seem more enticing than it ever had before or

since. The particular gems in her set of four ballads and a blues are *How Am I to Know?* and *I'm Yours.*

On the other side of the record, Wilson appears as the pianist in Edmond Hall's quartet, which plays with the lively, bouncing lilt that is typical of Hall.

Wilson is heard to better advantage on *Town Hall Concert, Vol. 2* on which, accompanied by drummer Specs Powell, he shows how to swing gently on *Where or When* and how to pour it on in *I Know That You Know.* These are good samples of Wilson, but still he is cut by violinist Stuff Smith's magnificently rambunctious scraping on *Bugle Call Rag* and, in a completely opposite vein, by Red Norvo at his delicately propulsive best on xylophone playing *Ghost of a Chance* (to which Wilson contributes). The Gene Krupa Trio, with Charlie Ventura on tenor saxophone, is also on hand with amusing but rather inconsequential performances of *Body and Soul* and *Limehouse Blues.*

Pee Wee Russell—who has never been called "the Stuff Smith of the clarinet" although he might be, since if there is any such thing as alley clarinet, he plays it—is the focus of *Pee Wee Russell: A Legend,* a role he maintains fittingly in the course of the set as he is heard in trio and quartet situations as well as with three larger groups. Yet the most striking solos are contributed by pianist Jess Stacy, who turns up on five selections. There also are stimulating glimpses of trombonist Miff Mole, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, pianist Joe Sullivan, and cornetist Muggsy Spanier.

Spanier, Sullivan, and Russell also are present on *Eddie Condon: A Legend,* along with such stalwarts of the Commodore-Condon company as brass men Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Georg Brunis, and Brad Gowans. Several of the selections suffer from raucously tubby recording, but the spirit and zest of the performances hold up well. Kaminsky's warm, singing trumpet is heard to advantage; trombonist Brunis manages to sing and to play without a touch of ham on *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter,* backed by some lovely Joe Bushkin piano; Gowans' very personal phrasing on valve trombone still carries a special enchantment.

Several Condon stalwarts, including the leader himself, are on hand as *The One and Only Lee Wiley* sings six Gershwin tunes and six by Cole Porter, all recorded by Liberty Music Shops in 1939 and '40.

The old mixture of sweet lyricism and erotic earthiness that somehow came together in Miss Wiley's delivery has never been heard on records in better circumstances than it is in the Gershwin pieces. The songs are right; she is perfect; the accompaniment, notably the contributions by Bud Freeman and Max Kaminsky, is magnificent.

The Porters are just slightly less brilliant, for the songs are not quite as right, she is not quite as perfect, and the accompaniment is less consistent. Trumpeter Bunny Berigan punches up two of the tunes while the other four have cozy settings conducted by Paul Weston.

—*John S. Wilson*

BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

J.T. Adams/Shirley Griffith, *Indiana Ave. Blues* (Prestige Bluesville 1077)

Rating: ★★★½

Shirley Griffith, *Saturday Blues* (Prestige Bluesville 1087)

Rating: ★★★

Lightnin' Hopkins, *Down Home Blues* (Prestige Bluesville 1086)

Rating: ★★★★½

Among the later items in Prestige's uneven Bluesville series are a pair of appealing albums by two Indianapolis blues men —Shirley Griffith and J.T. Adams, both singer-guitarists. The albums are delightfully musical, warm, and ingratiating.

The styles in which the two men work are essentially country-rooted, though tempered to a degree by years of urban living.

"Most of the Indianapolis blues singers know one another," points out the album's producer, Art Rosenbaum, in his informed notes to 1077, "and some of the southern singers have blended their primitive, emotional music with the more relaxed, wistful, and musically sophisticated Indianapolis blues. On the other hand, many of the older styles, local and southern, can still be heard in a fairly pure state. Blues singing has not been very remunerative for some time in Indianapolis, and singers have not had the commercial pressures to keep up with the times that they might have been subjected to, say, in Chicago."

As a result, the music of Griffith and Adams is very much within the older country traditions. Neither artist, however, is particularly original (both draw, for example, on the recorded work of other blues artists for the bulk of their material), but they are excellent, accomplished musicians, whose eclecticism is never obtrusive. And they do reshape their sources to a degree.

I found the *Indiana Ave. Blues* set the more interesting, simply because of the delightful interplay of the two guitars and the variety afforded by the men singing alternately. As dual instrumentalists, the two work well together, with Griffith generally carrying the lead and Adams "bassing" him. Their joint work is not nearly so sensitive or finely detailed as is that of, say, Louis Hayes and Alex Seward, but it is rough and exciting, with a fine rhythmic drive to it. The several instrumental selections offer fine illustrations of the pair's interplay, with *Indiana Ave. Blues* (probably based in Elmore James' *Dust My Broom* accompaniment) an especially rewarding example.

The eclecticism is a bit more pronounced in Griffith's solo album. The extent of his agility as a guitarist is delineated more clearly—and he is quite accomplished—but his performances reveal even more clearly their sources, for Griffith gives them fairly literal readings. *Meet Me in the Bottom*, for example, is patently from Curley Weaver by possible way of Bumble Bee Slim; *Big Road Blues*, *Bye Bye Blues*, and *Maggie Campbell Blues* are all directly out of Tommy Johnson; *Saturday Blues* and *Left Alone Blues* are very much in the style of Ishman Bracey and are in fact the opposite sides of his first Victor recording, made in 1928. The exceptions are quite interesting pieces, on the other hand, and the album would have been far more valuable for the inclusion of more numbers on the order of *River Line Blues* and *Take Me Back to Mama*, the latter an attractive country dance piece of uncertain ancestry.

One of the wonders of our age surely is Lightnin' Hopkins, the superb Texas singer-guitarist, who manages to be magnificently and perfectly faithful to the country blues and wholly contemporary at the same time.

His latest Bluesville album, *Down Home Blues*, is but the latest chapter in the ongoing chronicle of experience, pain, pathos, and wry humor Hopkins manages to transmute into beautifully detailed blues of singular power and passion. All the pieces are fully realized, even though one gets the impression that often they have been completely or partially extemporized in the recording studio. (*I Was Standing on 75 Highway* is the best example here.)

This is an excellent album that comes close to approaching his finest accomplishments.

BLINDFOLD TEST


J. M. KUCERA

MARTIAL SOLAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Although it is fairly common knowledge by now that the two best vocal groups currently in jazz are both of French origin, it seems to have escaped general attention that two of the most original and exciting pianists on the scene are their compatriots, Bernard Peiffer and Martial Solal.

Unlike Peiffer, who emigrated to the United States more than 10 years ago, Solal has been heard in this country only during two brief visits.

Born and reared in Algiers, he settled in Paris in the 1940s and slowly built up a measure of local recognition, buttressed by the respect that came with such awards as the Prix Django Reinhardt, Grand Prix du Disque, and Prix Jazz Hot. He also became a successful writer of movie scores, the best known being the one for *Breathless*.

Solal has been fairly well represented on records, first as a sideman in various albums with Kenny Clarke, Sidney Bechet, and others and later on his own with a rhythm section in albums for RCA Victor, Capitol, and Liberty.

Last fall a few of us Solal devotees had a rare opportunity to hear him in person when he flew over for an engagement at El Matador in San Francisco. After closing, he went to Los Angeles and took this, his first, *Blindfold Test*. He received no prior information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. AMERICAN JAZZ ENSEMBLE. **The Loneliest Monk** (Epic). Bill Smith, clarinet, composer; Johnny Eaton, piano; Paul Motian, drums.

I never heard this before, but my first impression is I like it very much. It sounds very clean and well played together.

The things I don't like in a lot of the new free jazz is that it is not played clean. It seems to be very well organized here—it is hard to tell whether it was all written or whether there was any improvisation.

Since there is a clarinet, possibly it is Jimmy Giuffre, but to tell the truth I never heard Jimmy Giuffre, though I heard many good things about him.

This performance is the opposite of what many musicians are trying to do now in music; it is carefully prepared and successful. Freedom in music sometimes leads nowhere. Even freedom must be organized, in my opinion.

Since this is the first record I have heard of this kind, there is no *point de comparaison*, and it would be hard to rate it.

Later: It's Paul Motian? That's the drummer I worked with in New York and Montreal. A fine musician.

2. DUKE ELLINGTON, JOHN COLTRANE. **Stevie** (Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Ellington, piano, composer; Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

I wasn't too impressed with that. The pianist didn't play too well in time—sometimes a matter of a 20th of a second can make a difference. Maybe I don't understand it, but I don't like it too much; and then the tenor—I guess he can play good, but he wants to make too many notes, to be modern, and I can't listen to it. It's kind of all mixed up. The rhythm section sounds not too good also.

It could be very young musicians—unripe, you know, immature. Perhaps they will be better next year. I can't give more than two.

3. MODERN JAZZ QUARTET-LAURINDO ALMEIDA. **Silver** (from **Collaboration,** Atlantic). John Lewis, composer, piano; Almeida, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

It's John Lewis with a guitar. He gave a concert like this in Paris this year. I don't remember the name of the guitar player. But I think this record is very, very good. I didn't like it so much in Paris because they played some tunes that I didn't think were really jazz, but this one is for me jazz.

The rhythm section is just great—it really moves; *j'ai l'impression d'etre sur un tapis volant*—a flying carpet, you know? So different from the record just before it! I always like the MJQ when they play tunes that I like. At the Paris concert they played many Brazilian things, perhaps because they had this guitar player, but this one is great. Four stars.

4. BERNARD PEIFFER. **You and the Night and the Music** (from **Pied Peiffer of the Piano,** Decca).

It's Bernard Peiffer. The introduction is just lovely, and all the rest is—well, he is one of my favorite piano players, and I guess he is the only one who can do things like that. He has really a big personality.

How did I recognize him? By the technique—by the very powerful left hand—everything. I know the chords he plays too. Really one of the best in the world—my favorite, by now.

When somebody asks me who is my favorite piano player, I always say Art Tatum, but Tatum is dead, and if they ask me the best living, I should really tell them Bernard.

For the introduction alone that would be worth *cino étoiles. Formidable!* I loved it.

5. CHARLES LLOYD. **Little Peace** (from **Discovery,** Columbia). Lloyd, flute, composer; Don Friedman, piano.

I don't know who is the piano man; it sounds like Bill Evans. He tries the same kind of harmonic things, but it's not as pretty as Bill. The touch also is less consistent; but he's a good pianist.

The flute player—I didn't even hear him; I don't know. He played the melody all right, and then the solo came and it has so many mistakes, I can't say much about this really.

The piano would rate higher, but the record is only worth two stars.

6. GARY McFARLAND. **Peach Tree** (Verve). McFarland, vibraharp, composer; Bill Evans, piano.

It sounds like the MJQ again, but I didn't recognize the sound of Milt Jackson. The first part of the piano solo was just like John Lewis, but then came the block-chord solo, and it sounded like *Monsieur Tout le Monde*—like anybody else.

The composition is very nice; I think there is not enough of the band. Just like the contrary of a concerto. But it's a good record, especially with the use of the strings and the flute. Let's say three at least.

7. HORACE SILVER. **The Kicker** (from **Portrait of My Father,** Blue Note). Carmell Jones, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone, composer; Silver, piano; Roger Humphries, drums.

It moves! That sounds like the Messengers—at least it sounds like Blakey, the high-hat—so strong, so powerful. Anyway, it's a very good record.

I liked very much the trumpet and the tenor sax. The piano I didn't listen to so very much. Maybe I should hear it again . . .

Later: Well, I like him, too, though I can't judge him too much by just that one solo. But in a short tenor saxophone solo you can know more about the man. Piano is a different kind of instrument; you have to listen when he plays a melody by himself, you can't hear enough in just a chorus like that.

The notes of the melody are very simple, but the background was swinging all the way. Three-and-a-half stars.

8. McCOY TYNER. **Inception** (from **Inception,** Impulse). Tyner, piano, composer; Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

By the touch, it sounds as if it could be Phineas Newborn. But I think Phineas has more technique than this. I like Phineas very much.

The rhythm section is good; but I have the impression there are some mistakes in the *mise en place*—I don't know the meaning of this; putting the notes in the exact right place, you know. Or maybe I'm wrong. It's a good record anyway—three stars.

Afterthoughts By Solal

I feel very sorry for what I said about Duke and Coltrane—two musicians I admire very much. ◻

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 15)

Laurindo Almeida in a lyrical, romantic setting enhanced by a most tasteful vibraharp interlude by Emil Richards. Kenton's *Opus for Timpani* featured Frank Carlson ensconced behind nine timpani and working hard; the work itself is a simple conception built on a phrase of eight notes—it is unambitious and communicates as such. Paich's *Color It Brass*, written to depict the color and depth of the brass section, proved aptly titled and illustrative of the composer's stated purpose in achieving its end efficiently and briefly. Schifrin's *The Sphinx*, an arresting fugal work that mounted to a swinging 4/4 section, was distinguished by Mike Lang's excellent piano interpretation and a highly effective percussion coda by Shelly Manne, who distinguished himself throughout the concert.

One wondered why it was decided to include *Rhapsody in Blue* in this debut of "neophonic" music. Fortunately for baritone saxophonist Jack Nimitz, who played variations on the theme, the choice *was* made, for he turned the performance into a personal triumph. But Holman's almost conventional dance-band accompaniment to Nimitz' jazz inventions proved disappointing—and puzzling.

Richards' *Artemis and Apollo*, at slow ballad tempo, proved a perfect vehicle for Bob Fitzpatrick's trombone as the solo voice in this lushly romantic mood piece.

Paich's *Neophonic Impressions '65*, a 13-minute work which closed the concert's first half, was an ambitious and successful undertaking and provided the highest point thus far in the concert. Out of a thick-textured ensemble, the spare, dry-toned alto saxophone of Bud Shank cried out; it was followed by some gutsy tenor sax work by Bill Perkins and trumpet solo work by Conte Candoli in which the trumpeter transcended any playing previously heard from him by this reviewer.

Following intermission, Holman's turbulent and color-rich *Trilogy* attested to his constantly developing stature as a composer rooted in the jazz idiom but whose horizon extends far beyond it.

Rugolo's *Conflict* was a well-balanced nonjazz follow-up to the Holman work. Featuring trombonist Milt Bernhardt as the leading voice in what the program described as "an emotional struggle," the work was as alternately fascinating and disturbing, thereby presumably achieving its intended aim.

The event was an unquestionable success in terms of acceptance and of considerable promise, but the organizers of forthcoming concerts would do well to concentrate less on the Kenton image and bend every effort to achieve the objective outlined by Kenton himself. There is, to be sure, more than a grain of truth in a remark overheard after the concert: "Very interesting, very Kenton; so what's new?" It is the crucial question and must be answered satisfactorily in future musical offerings if the Neophonic Orchestra is to develop and maintain a following willing to pay as much as $6 a head to listen. The series is a most laudable undertaking and a musically healthy development potentially on a par with New York's Orchestra U.S.A. It deserves all the help it can get.

—John A. Tynan

Nancy Wilson-Gerald Wilson

Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles

This was one of the most remarkable concerts of its kind in recent years—and not simply because of its commercial success (the big hall was sold out hours in advance). It was basically an extraordinary demonstration of the attainment, by a splendid singer, of an almost unprecedented mixture of commercial appeal, physical and musical charm, and artistic integrity.

The show opened promptly (a rare treat in itself) and plunged right into a set by Miss Wilson, accompanied by the Gerald Wilson sidemen.

The set went fast and smoothly, with no announcements. Almost everything was as it was five years ago when Miss Wilson burst in on us from Nowhere, Ohio; but just a little more so. The phrasing was more subtle, the timbre more varied (but still with a frequent dash of Dinah Washington), the face and the gown lovelier, the gestures and stage presence more carefully controlled.

As she swung her way magisterially through *On the Street Where You Live*, the utter unrealism of her refusal to consider herself a jazz singer became glaringly evident. What is refreshing about her phenomenal success is that she has achieved it without sacrificing the essential jazz quality of her sound and style.

After the appropriately prophetic *The Best Is Yet to Come*, Miss Wilson ended her opening set. To conclude the first half of the concert, the Gerald Wilson Band took over.

Here was a rare chance for this admirable group, with its splendid book, to make a big impression on a large and receptive audience. Wilson's choice and sequencing of material failed to take advantage of the opportunity. Instead of opening with a gas of a band arrangement—and he has plenty in the library—he went into a dull series of blues solos accompanied only by the rhythm section. By the time the band came in, the audience had lost interest. And Wilson's announcements were needlessly long.

No new material was introduced; again we heard the good, but by now very familiar, *Viva Tirado*, and the band's theme, *Blues for Yna Yna*, played with less than its customary spirit. The best moments in the set were provided by the soloists, notably tenor saxophonists Harold Land and Teddy Edwards, vibist Roy Ayers, and, surprisingly, Wilson himself, who made a rare and welcome appearance as trumpet soloist on the closer.

After intermission Miss Wilson appeared flanked by the band, a 15-piece string section, and her own rhythm section (pianist Ronnell Bright, drummer Kenny Dennis, guitarist John Gray, and a good young bassist, Buster Williams).

The strings were used only intermittently and to excellent effect. On the ballads they offered a gentle cushion for Miss

Wilson's tart sounds. This was a superlative set, from the slow ballad version of *I Want to Be Happy* to the funnily funky blues treatment of *Bill Bailey*.

Even the songs she has sung too many times—like *Guess Who I Saw Today?*—were made palatable through the addition of new lyrical twists or unexpected melodic changes. The only complaint about the entire set, in fact, must be made about the audience. Because of overfamiliarity with the songs, or overeagerness to react, it sometimes broke the mood by beginning to applaud during the penultimate note and chord. It is strange and disconcerting to hear 6,500 people applauding a G7th.

It was heartwarming, though, to see the standing ovation Miss Wilson received at the end of the show and the tears in her eyes that made this a sentimental occasion, as well as a musical tour de force and a commercial triumph. —*Leonard Feather*

Vince Guaraldi-Bola Sete

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Sete, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

San Franciscan Guaraldi and Brazilian Sete have one of the better ideas going in jazz. They travel together, and when booked in a jazz room, they work with local rhythm teams. This, of course, turns out to be a truly happy idea when the rhythm men are Budwig and Bailey, refugees from Terry Gibb's group on the Regis Philbin television show; in this engagement at the Manne-Hole the bassist and drummer created a unity of feeling and idea that was almost uncanny.

Basically, the Guaraldi-Sete combination works this way: First comes the Vince Guaraldi Trio (piano, bass, and drums) with the pianist demonstrating his tremendous vitality, yet displaying essential lyricism in ballads.

With no fanfare at all, Sete appears on stand, ensconces himself on a stool out front, tucks his guitar high and close, and makes the group a bossa nova quartet for a while, and Sete is bossa nova at its best.

The other musicians then leave the stand to Sete, and he launches into a solo set.

The quartet must now be put back together. Sete creates a liberally atempo introduction to *Corcovado* before Budwig and Bailey rejoin the guitarist to bring the song up to a gay, even ebullient, tempo and treatment. (It was in this portion that Bailey, with a brilliant display of cymbal work, revealed a portion of his growing worth as a percussionist.)

Guaraldi returns to the piano bench almost unnoticed. Then, in a leap of rushing excitement, he is back in the ball game and into a solo of much freshness and imagination in his fleet, full-bodied style.

As with the Charlie Byrd Trio, Guaraldi and Sete work their music in intelligent routine. Whether they have learned, or simply feel intuitively, that music thrown at the public is music wasted is of no consequence. What matters is their cognizance of the fact that plain, old-fashioned showmanship when utilized with taste and discretion is the best wrapping for a good product. —*John A. Tynan*

GIL EVANS

(Continued from page 24)

bassoon, hoping to add yet another sound.

World War II brought the band to an end in late 1942; Evans and Thornhill ultimately went into the service.

The band was essentially Thornhill's conception, of which Evans has said, "The Thornhill sound was based on horns playing without vibrato except for specific places where Claude indicated vibrato for expressive purposes." Evans added that Thornhill was the first to evolve that sound.

In March, 1946, Thornhill returned to the band wars, and practically all the old personnel, including arrangers Evans and Borden, rejoined him.

This was the band that Miles Davis called, in a 1950 *Down Beat* interview with Pat Harris, "the greatest band of these modern times (except for Eckstine's), and he destroyed it by taking out the tuba and the two French horns."

The band, based in the old Thornhill sound, had begun to use the techniques of the bop revolution. For these innovations, Evans and Gerry Mulligan were largely responsible.

The band broke up in mid-1948, and Evans went on a theater tour with Dave Barbour and Peggy Lee. He returned for a short time in 1949, when Thornhill reorganized.

Unfortunately, coupled with the downward trend of the band business, the musically esoteric arrangements were not considered commercial. In August, 1949, the band had played a dance engagement at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, and the hotel's management stated, "The people wouldn't, or couldn't, dance to the band. We got the impression it was strictly a musician's band."

It was during 1949 that Evans, Mulligan, Davis, Charlie Parker, and others hung out in Evans' windowless, one-room, basement apartment in New York. As Mulligan told Leonard Feather, "We were all gravitating around Gil." This group, minus Parker, planned and executed the *Birth of the Cool* recording dates for Capitol records.

Meanwhile, Thornhill's revamped 1949 band played New York City's Statler Hotel. *Down Beat's* reviewer wrote, "Thornhill's band sounds like a Muzak program. The music flows out like rich, creamy fudge, with the piano like peppermint cool spots."

Evans was still listed as arranger; there was gossip that, in an attempt to commercialize the band, he was arranging *Royal Garden Blues.*

It was all part of the end of the big-band era. db

FATS WALLER

(Continued from page 25)

on *Squeeze Me,* was at the station to meet him and hustle him off to Sunbury-on-Thames, where we all ate ourselves helpless on the first and, thanks to Williams, the greatest southern-fried chicken dinner I was ever to taste in England.

After the meal, Fats sat at the piano and played his latest composition. I was shocked to observe that it was a waltz—shocked but pleasantly surprised, for the refusal of my fellow musicians and jazz critics to accept the 3/4 meter had long been a sore point.

Then he looked out the window. A slow drizzle had started.

"Watch out there," he said, "I'm getting my inspiration. . . . Let's see now. Sunday afternoon, raining outside, a country cottage."

He played a few measures. Williams joined him at the piano, and within a few minutes, they had evolved the outline of *A Cottage in the Rain.* I don't think anything ever became of it; Waller could turn out songs faster than he could remember them.

Because Fats was in England as a music-hall single, sans combo, there were no plans to record him; but Kirkeby and I eventually convinced H.M.V. that a suitable "jam band" could be assembled. I contacted Dave Wilkins, a fine West Indian trumpeter, who rushed in from Glasgow, Scotland, to do the date; trombonist George Chisholm interrupted his honeymoon, flying in from the Island of Jersey.

The session was a ball. After cutting four piano sides with the group, Fats tried out the studio's big pipe organ for a couple of numbers with the combo and then stayed over to cut six organ solos, all spirituals, and a couple of numbers accompanying singer Adelaide Hall.

"That organ," he said, "reminded me of the Wurlitzer grand I used to play at the Lincoln in Harlem. I had myself a ball; this whole session came easy."

My last and saddest memory of Fats Waller goes back to a cold and cloudy day in New York City in December, 1943, the day of his funeral. The services were held at Adam Clayton Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church, with Powell's wife, Hazel Scott, playing *Abide with Me* beautifully on the organ. It was the most elaborate and most heavily attended funeral I had seen—a heartbreaking farewell to a man who had died at 39, without realizing his full musical potential—and without making an enemy anywhere in the world. db

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

By my criteria, an injustice has been done in this journal to a valuable book. I refer to *A Jazz Lexicon.* The author is Robert Gold, currently assistant professor of English at Jersey State College.

A Jazz Lexicon was put away almost as summarily as a Pat Boone vocal by this magazine's reviewer in the Oct. 8 issue. Gilbert M. Erskine did write a few grudging words of tribute about the book's comprehensiveness, but basically questioned a jazz lexicon's value.

"Certainly the existence of a jazz language," Erskine concluded, "gives evidence of the set of problems faced by Negro musicians in what has been a mostly hostile social environment, but the language, in itself, gives no insight into the conditions, whereas the music does, and in a very moving manner."

First of all, Gold was not setting up a competition between jazz argot and the music of jazz. Second, to claim that the language gives no insight into the social context of jazz would seem to indicate that Erskine examined the book hurriedly. Certainly, argot as read contains infinitely fewer antennae into the jazz life than argot as a spontaneous way of expression; but even nonparticipants can become somewhat more aware of the gestalt of the jazz life from Gold's book.

Of course, as Martin Williams pointed out in a recent column, there are occasional debatable entries; but as a whole, *A Jazz Lexicon* is the first "dictionary" of jazz of any real substance. While obviously many of the terms in it are no longer hip and many more will be "outside" in a few years, or less, the book is of durable value in that it is a provocative corollary to the social history of jazz during the last three and more decades.

Erskine also complained that Gold relies heavily for citations on fiction writers "who use the vocabulary correctly but in the context of social invective that would occur to few jazz musicians."

Either Erskine knows only a few musicians or has not been listening to musicians' dialog with much sensitivity. I am not saying that every time jazz slang is used by a musician, the speaker is engaging in social polemics, but the overtones of much casual jazz language do reflect the imperatives of social reality. Not as invective but as the way it is.

A more cogent point that might have been raised is that *A Jazz Lexicon,* as Albert Goldman has pointed out in the *New Republic,* "reveals excessive dependence on printed instead of oral sources."

I would have wished that Gold had taped extensive etymological interviews —not only to check entries but also to discover added and more subtle variations of meaning and background— with such ambulatory experts as Babs Gonzales, Ahmed Ertegun, Jo Jones, and scores more oral historians of the language whom musicians could easily suggest. But, this regret notwithstanding, *A Jazz Lexicon* is the only game of its kind in town with any value.

I do have a suggestion to make, although it may not be feasible in terms of publisher reality.

Since Gold is skilled in his craft, is there any way in which he can be commissioned to compile and issue a supplement to the lexicon every five or so years? Now that we have the base of this book to build on, it would be a waste to have to wait another generation for another Robert Gold. If *Down Beat* or some other magazine cannot undertake this project, perhaps the Alfred A. Knopf firm, Gold's publishers, in the tradition of H. L. Mencken's *The American Language,* can arrange to have a "revised and enlarged" edition some years hence.

In any case, praise is due both Gold and his publisher. The book, as is Knopf's custom, is handsomely designed

and lucidly set in that fine Caledonia Linotype face created by W. A. Dwiggins. And the book clearly was not published to amass profits for the house. Somebody at Knopf felt a responsibility to fill a vacuum in this area of U.S. social history.

Now perhaps Knopf or some other publisher will commission A. B. Spellman to begin his long-planned etymological study of Negro speech—dialects, argot, regionalisms, etc.—from the beginning of the Negro-American experience to the present. It is absurd that as of 1965, a book of this nature has yet to be published. db

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

A couple of months ago there was an issue of the trade paper *Billboard* that offered endless food for thought.

The issue was a special annual, described on the front page as a WHO'S WHO IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC. In the front were lists, based on weekly sales charts, of the top singles and album artists of 1964. There followed a number of other lists, also compiled on a basis of chart performances but broken down by publishers, style, and so on.

The list that intrigued me appeared under the heading *Top U.S. Artists by Category* and under the subhead *Jazz*. Fifteen artists were listed, in this order: Nancy Wilson, Al Hirt, Jimmy Smith, Swingle Singers, Stan Getz, Pete Fountain, Gloria Lynne, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Ella Fitzgerald, Etta James, Morgana King, Nina Simone, Herbie Mann, and Ramsey Lewis.

It is perhaps mildly comforting to observe that the artists who placed third, eighth, ninth, 10th, and 14th were all first-place winners in the last *Down Beat* Readers Poll and that those in first, fourth and fifth place were *Down Beat* runners-up (and winners in previous readers or critics polls). To this extent, then, if only by chance, in-group popularity and mass appeal are related.

What remains mysterious is the presence on the list of artists who have had little or no attention in the *Down Beat* plebiscites. No less remarkable was the absence of several artists who (according to information easily obtainable through other reports in *Billboard* itself) clearly are major commercial successes but do not appear in this list.

By what possible process of rationalization, for example, could the list omit Louis Armstrong yet include Al Hirt? For Armstrong, 1964 was a year of success without precedent from the sales standpoint, and it would be impossible for him to sing or play a single measure without bestowing on it the unmistakable touch of jazz.

Yet Hirt, another New Orleans trumpeter, an Armstrong admirer but today a commercial artist almost totally removed (by his own choice) from the borders of jazz, is granted admission to a club from which the world's first great jazz soloist is barred.

Similarly, it is curious that the two top male jazz singers, according to *Down Beat* readers' estimates through the last several years, i.e., Ray Charles and Frank Sinatra, are excluded, but both are listed elsewhere among *Billboard's* top commercial artists.

But it is in the female-singer division that the strangest paradoxes are found.

Barbra Streisand's remarkably strong showing in *Down Beat*—she finished ahead of every other girl singer except Ella Fitzgerald, Nancy Wilson, and Carmen McRae—apparently did not make any impression on *Billboard*.

Thousands of *Down Beat's* readers may consider her a jazz singer, and hundreds even rated her the No. 1 jazz singer; despite which, in the view of a commercially oriented trade organ, she is no jazz singer at all.

Yet this list of the top 15 jazz artists includes Nina Simone and Gloria Lynne, who were only seventh and ninth in the Readers Poll; Morgana King, a fine pop singer but positively no jazz singer either in my estimation or in our readers' (she received only 83 votes); and, most remarkable of all, Etta James, who did not even receive the minimum number of votes needed to get a listing in the *Down Beat* results.

It is not a question of whether *Billboard* is wrong, or *Down Beat* or its readers right. It is not even a question of whether recognition in *Down Beat* qualifies an artist in jazz. It is a matter of that timeless argument: what *is* jazz?

When Nancy Wilson says, as she said to me recently, "I am *not* a jazz singer," should the trade organs like *Billboard* take her at her word and eliminate her from this treasured top spot as the country's No. 1 commercial jazz artist? Or conversely, when *Down Beat* readers insist that Barbra Streisand *is* one of the four top jazz singers, should she not be accorded a position on the list commensurate with the tremendous commercial success she had last year?

Perhaps the best solution might lie in the formation of a committee, of artists and critics and typical fans, that can determine which performers shall and shall not be listed under jazz.

One thing is certain: if that procedure were adopted, *Billboard's* list of the top 15 would look startlingly different. In a country that places such a high premium on material success, the consequences might even be helpful to jazz. Who knows? Next year we might even see Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane on that list. db

CECIL TAYLOR

(Continued from page 18)

to the member involved and to our music as a whole. Eventually, moreover, we intend to get our own building in which we'll teach, have concerts, and record; we'd like to set up our own record label and sell by mail.

"It's still not easy—even with the impact on us of the 'October Revolution.' It's hard to get a group of people to trust each other, work together and communicate at the deepest level."

What of himself? Where was he going now in music?

"I can't give you any one direction in answer to that," he said with a laugh. "It's always changing. But, among other things, I have developed a new system of notation." As he described it, the system sounded to me like Cecil's own application of the kind of approach Thelonious Monk and Charles Mingus have sometimes used. "I write my pieces, but I communicate them to the musicians orally. This way, we cut down on the superfluous, and we communicate on a much deeper level. Furthermore, since I have to actually write only so *I* can understand it on paper, I can write much more quickly. In the middle of a session, for instance, I can write down things immediately."

"In the music itself," Cecil continued, "I'm right now very interested in problems of sound, in the interrelations between the textures possible on various instruments. Most people think of me primarily as a pianist, but I've been involved in this kind of thing for a long, long time. I have a new piece, by the way, in which I play practically no piano at all."

In the broader sense, Taylor continues moving in multiple directions of interests outside music that invariably become absorbed in his music. He has become acutely knowledgeable about poetry, his current favorites including Robert Duncan, LeRoi Jones, Charles Olson, and Robert Creeley. He has long been interested in the dance and includes George Balanchine's New York City Ballet Company among his particular enthusiasms but is broad enough to appreciate also the Bolshoi company. Flamenco dancing is another passion. He also attends the theater frequently, and a more recent interest is the work of avant-garde film makers.

"I have now decided," Cecil said, "that I'm sufficiently secure in what I'm doing and in how I want to carry it out so that I intend to write for as many different situations as possible—dance, theater, films, anything that interests me."

As his interests broaden and his sense of himself as a musician-composer strengthens, financial problems remain. In answer to a question about his average yearly income, Cecil said drily, "I've never had to pay an income tax." He lives in a three-room apartment on the lower East Side, on 4th St. between Avenues C and D. It is not by any means a high-rent area, but in the course of our conversation Cecil mentioned that he was in imminent danger of being evicted.

"Speculating about finances," he said with a bleak smile, "is beyond me at this point when people ask me if the avant garde is ever going to make it economically. I do expect that within the next five years, I should be making what a good chamber music player gets. But money has never been the central problem. If we had exposure, the money would come. All we're asking for is the opportunity to play and to get a reasonable salary for playing. And, since the powers that be have not been interested in making us available, we shall have to make *ourselves* available. It's clear that we cannot depend on the Establishment. We've made our own way in music, and we'll have to make our own way in reaching our audience." db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

Hotel Gotham for its "entertainer of the year," **Sammy Davis Jr.**, the music was provided by clarinetist **Sol Yaged**, with **Ray Nance** featured on cornet and violin, and **Harry Shephard** on vibraharp. Singers **Judy Garland** and **Barbra Streisand** sang . . . Another chic event involving jazz was a Jan. 13 fashion show and reception at the St. Regis Hotel, for which a quintet led by composer-vibraharpist **Gary McFarland** provided the music . . . Trombonist-actor **Conrad Janis** took a band to the Metropole while trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen** took his group to Cleveland. Trumpeter **Johnny Windhurst**, clarinetist **Kenny Davern**, pianist **Bob Hammer**, and drummer **Jerry Potter** were in the group . . . Guitarist **Joe Puma** has a trio at the Most, where singer **Billie Poole** appeared in December and January. Another guitarist, **Sal Salvador**, is enjoying a long booking at the Rumpus Room in Kew Gardens. Salvador's quartet is made up of **Dave Moses**, piano; **Pete Warren**, bass; and **Bud Warner**, drums. The group opened Dec. 31 and closes Feb. 22. Salvador also found time to play a date at St. John's University with his big band in January . . . Drummer **George Wettling** was hospitalized in early January but was reported in satisfactory condition at presstime . . . **Carmen McRae** sang at the Village Gate Jan. 15 and 16. Also on the bill were **Tito Puente's** big Latin band and the Latin-cum-jazz of drummer **Willie Bobo**, whose group included alto saxophonist **Bobby Brown**, pianist **Art Jenkins**, and bassist **Larry Gales** . . . **Jaki Byard's** trio opened at the Five Spot Jan. 5. With the pianist were **Ray McKinney**, bass, and **J.C. Moses**, drums. Multireed man **Roland Kirk's** quartet (with pianist **Horace Parlan**, bassist **Michael Fleming**, and drummer **Steve Ellington**) remained on the Spot . . . Two swinging groups held forth at Birdland Jan. 4—a quintet led by drummer **Osie Johnson** and including trumpeter **Jimmy Nottingham**, tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster**, pianist **Patti Bown**, and bassist **Ernie Shephard**; and pianist **Derek Smith's** quartet, with **Frank Strozier**, alto saxophone and flute; **Mike Mainieri**, vibraharp; and **Bob Cranshaw**, bass.

MONTREAL: It looks as if 1965 will be a leaping year for jazz in Montreal, particularly so since **Andy Cobetto**, owner of Le Jazz Hot, has promised to book even more exalted jazz names into his club this year than he did in 1964. The amount and quality of jazz on radio also augurs well for Montreal; there are at least five jazz programs heard here every week . . . Local jazzmen will be heard on Canadian RCA Victor soon when an album featuring **Nick Ayoub, Art Roberts, Cisco Normand, Al Penfold**, and **Don Habib** hits the market.

TORONTO: The jazz picture in Toronto brightened considerably last month when **Gerry Mulligan** brought his quartet (with valve trombonist **Bob Brookmeyer**, bassist **Bill Crow**, and drummer **Dave Bailey**) to the Colonial Tavern while baritonist **Pepper Adams** and tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster** were leading a group at the Town Tavern. During the same week, Massey Hall was the site of a concert by singer **Ella Fitzgerald**, the **Oscar Peterson** Trio, trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Clark Terry**, and the **Roy Eldridge** Quartet . . . Trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, a recent Colonial visitor, said he expects to return to England in April with singer **Joe Turner** for a tour with **Humphrey Lyttelton's** band . . . Singer **Lorez Alexandria** made her first Canadian appearance, at the Town, recently.

BOSTON: Trumpeter **Herb Pomeroy's** first jazz program on local television featured British tenor saxophonist **Tubby Hayes** with the Jazz Workshop's house rhythm section. The show was well paced, but unfortunately the station had problems with audio transmission. Upcoming shows will feature jazz names and occasionally local talent . . . Drummer **Eddie Marshall**, formerly with the **Toshiko-Charlie Mariano** Quartet, has completed his military service and recently worked at the Jazz Workshop with the **Benny Golson** Quartet, which also featured bassist **John Neves** and pianist **Ray Santisi** . . . Pianist **Toshiko Mariano** arrived from Tokyo and has joined her husband, **Charlie**, here.

PHILADELPHIA: The Jazz at Home Club scheduled a big-band bash for its 32nd monthly concert. An 11-piece band led by pianist **Don Wilson** and featuring trumpeter **Charlie Chisholm** was set for the Fairmount Art Gallery concert. The group includes four trumpets, a trombone, three saxes, and three rhythm . . . Blues singer **Skip James**, out of Mississippi, was featured recently at the Second Fret. Singer **Barbara Dane** was another recent attraction there . . . Reed men **Phil Woods** (who lives in nearby New Hope) and **Chuck Wicker** have been working with the sax sections of local stage bands, Woods with the Palisades High School band and Wicker with Pennsbury High. Both bands were scheduled for a jazz concert at Pennsbury with the West Chester State College **Criterions** and the **Ernie Watts** group from Wilmington, Del.

WASHINGTON: **Herbie Mann's** musicianship and droll commentary won new friends during his two weeks at the Shadows in January. The flutist had seven sidemen with him: **Dave Pike**, vibraharp; **Don Friedman**, piano; **Attila Zoller**, guitar; **Ron McClure**, bass; **Bruno Carr**, drums; **Carlos Valdez**, conga drum; and **Paul Hawkins**, timbales . . . Another Georgetown club, the Cellar Door, also presented jazz with a bossa nova garnish when **Stan Getz** came in for two weeks. Getz featured Brazilian crooner-guitarist **Carlos Lyra** during the frequent bossa nova sets. Drummer **Joe Hunt**, bassist **Gene Cherico**, and vibist **Gary Burton** rounded out the tenorist's group.

PITTSBURGH: The **Horace Silver** Quintet got the New Year off to a flying start at the Crawford Grill . . . Pittsburgh pianist **Carl Arter** had a trio on the second *Jazz Beat* program on Pittsburgh's educational television station . . . Members of the Pittsburgh Jazz Record Collectors' Club met recently at the Holiday Inn and applauded the piano artistry of house man **Bobby Negri** . . . The Kings Garden at the Hilton Hotel had some light piano jazz before and after a recent banquet of the World Affairs Council. **Reid Jayues** did the early show and later was replaced by **Harry Walton**, whose brother, tenor saxophonist **Jon**, joined him for some ballads.

DETROIT: Pianist **Keith Vreeland's** quartet (**Larry Nozero**, tenor saxophone; **Dick Whigington**, bass; **Jim Nemeth**, drums) played a Jan. 24 concert at the Artists' Workshop when pianist **Harold McKinney**, originally scheduled for the concert, was unable to appear. McKinney has been rescheduled for an appearance later in February . . . The West End Hotel's re-emergence as a jazz spot lasted two weekends . . . Bassist **Ron Brooks** switched his sessions at Ann Arbor's Komo Club from Tuesday nights to Friday afternoons and has met with moderate success. Brooks told *Down Beat* his purpose is to help musicians who want to play under optimum conditions. To that end he bought a grand piano and rents the club himself. Among the regular participants in his sessions have been pianist **Terry Bernhard**, drummers **Danny Spencer** and **Gerry Graham**, bassists **John Dana** and **Clyde Mix**, and cornetist **Charles Moore**. Brooks, along with **Bob Detwiler**, tenor saxophone; **John Winthrop**, piano; **Fred Stofflett**, drums; and a guitarist known only as **Sparks**, helped initiate a jazz policy at the Derby Club in Ann Arbor. The band, led by Stofflett, is at the Derby Monday and Wednesday nights.

CHICAGO: Things have taken a swing for the better here. With **Gerry Mulligan** at the London House, **Clark Terry** at McKie's (it is the trumpeter-fluegelhornist-vocalist's first Chicago club engagement) and **Thelonious Monk** at the Plugged Nickel, Chicago is enjoying the

headiest assortment of names to play the city at one time in quite a while. Nor were January and early February anything to moan about. Tenorists **Zoot Sims** and **Sonny Stitt,** working together for the first time, hit it off musically with the help of the **John Young** Trio at the Plugged Nickel, which also brought in **Hank Crawford's** septet and **Woody Herman's** band for recent engagements. Guitarist **Wes Montgomery,** with pianist **Harold Mabern,** bassist **Arthur Harper,** and drummer **Jimmy Lovelace,** set a brisk pace for tenor saxophonist **Dexter Gordon,** who followed him at McKie's . . . The Plugged Nickel has booked **John Coltrane** for April. The club is dickering with **Bill Evans** for a June appearance, but nothing has been set yet . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland** gave two concerts for students of Spalding School during her London House engagement. Only handicapped children attend the school . . . Pianist-composer **Richard Abrams** led a big band and small group at Lincoln Center last month. Original compositions, most by Abrams, made up the program . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland,** now resident here, opened at Bourbon Street for a nine-month run. Trombonist **Fred Assunto,** however, was not present for the opening; he was in Las Vegas undergoing radium treatments for an ailment of undisclosed nature . . . Early in March, Rockford College in Rockford, Ill., will present a lecture-concert series, *Creativity and the Negro.* March 3 is the date of a presentation of the show, *In White America,* by the national touring company; the following night will have a concert by **Olatunji** and his African group; March 5 will be devoted to a program of Negro folk music with such as **Big Joe Williams;** a jazz concert is set for the following night; the series will conclude with a Dixieland concert-dance on the evening of March 7 . . . The **Ardell Nelson Jazz Prophets (Leneal Bolden,** piano; **Chico Derrick,** bass; Nelson, drums) are now heard Wednesday through Sunday at the Dolphin Cocktail Lounge of the Dolphin Motel in suburban Niles. The trio remains at its old post at Chicago's Imperial Inn on Mondays, when it is joined by vocalist **Shelly Ammons** . . . Altoist **Bunky Green** has been leading a group Mondays through Wednesdays at the Gai Paris, where he works weekends with **Manny Garcia's** band.

MILWAUKEE: With the annual waiving of the 1 a.m. closing law for New Year's Eve, a great deal of sitting-in went on at the more swinging spots, the most popular this time probably being the Column's Room of the Pfister Hotel, where the **Les Czimber** Trio regularly holds forth . . . Accordionist **Kenny King** returned to his old home base, Ma's Place, for the holidays . . . Also in for the holidays, at the Holiday House, was veteran Chicago-based New Orleans trombonist **Al Wynn,** who played in the band backing the **New Wine Singers** . . . Drummer **Lou Lalli** has returned to Milwaukee from Las Vegas, Nev. He formerly played with the Czimber and **Zig Millonzi** groups, as well as heading his own group here.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL: **George Shearing** will perform **Mozart's** *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in D Minor, No. 20, K. 466* with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at an April 11 concert. On May 9 **Don Shirley** will solo

Shearing

An outing with Mozart in Minneapolis

with the symphony, playing **Khatchaturian's** *Piano Concerto No. 1* . . . Bossa nova will do a fund-raising job in behalf of the Bottega Gallery. **Tom Sewell,** gallery director, will present singer **Joao Gilberto** in concert at the Guthrie Theater March 3 . . . Twin-City trumpeter **Charlie DeVore** and banjoist **Mike Polad** played at the recent jazz festival held at the Arkansas Arts Center in Little Rock, Ark. . . . KQRS radio now broadcasts *Jazz in the Night* on AM and FM seven nights a week.

LOUISVILLE: Organist **Jimmy Smith** gave a concert Jan. 16 at Memorial Auditorium . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** and group were booked Jan. 22-23 at the Arts in Louisville House . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** returned to his home town last month to a warm welcome both on WHAS-TV's *Small Talk* show and articles in the *Courier Journal* and *Times.* He was appearing at the Embers at the time . . . On New Year's Eve, WHAS-TV presented a half-hour of jazz. The program, titled *Two for the Show,* featured **Bobby Jones,** tenor saxophone; **Louis Knipp,** piano; **Ralph Lampton,** bass; and **John Roy,** drums. The **Camille Wilde** Trio, which plays regularly at the Essex House Restaurant, also was seen. The pianist's trio includes bassist **Fred Gettle** and guitarist **Maurice (Twid) Austin.** Knipp plays solo piano at Bauer's Restaurant; Lampton is the bassist in reed man **Mel Owens'** group on weekends at Bill's Lounge. Owens' group features trumpeter **Gary Stonecipher** and pianist **Kay Lawrence** . . . A jazz concert was planned for Feb. 7 at the Arts in Louisville. Featured will be the **Jamie Aebersold-Everett Hoffman** Septet and the **Louisville Jazz Men (Bill King,** piano; **Wayne King,** bass; **Dave Kaufmann,** drums).

ST. LOUIS: Dixieland continues to reign in St. Louis; name modern jazz virtually is nonexistent. Gaslight Square, the city's entertainment center, lost its oldest jazz club, the Dark Side, which closed in December. This leaves only one club with modern jazz, the Tres Bien, amid the trads and folk singers in the square . . . The Tiger's Den, home of **Sammy Gardner** and His Mound City Six, moved to new headquarters in the square, a block away from where the club was situated since it opened two years ago.

MIAMI: Pianist **Billy Maxted's** Manhattan Jazz Band opened at the Beach Club in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., for the winter season with three new faces: **Jimmy McArdel,** drums; **Richie Nelson,** trombone; and **Bill Prince,** flute, clarinet, trombone, cornet, and baritone and tenor saxophones. The other sidemen are **Benny Ventura,** trumpet; and **Joe Barufaldi,** tenor saxophone, clarinet . . . Trumpeter **Ira Sullivan** opened last month at the Johina Hotel, which also regularly features the **Don Vincent** Trio . . . Trombonist **Lon Norman** and trumpeter **Vinnie Tanno** (formerly with the **Stan Kenton** Band) are members of the *Jackie Gleason Show* band . . . **China Valles** has had the only jazz radio show in south Florida for some time and is heard nightly on WMBM AM-FM from midnight until 5 a.m. Beginning soon, the station will program jazz 24 hours a day.

NEW ORLEANS: Jazz fans here are encouraged by the prospects of name jazz groups coming into two rooms—the Devil's Den and **Al Hirt's** club. The former, operated by **Joe Thibodaux,** had a successful four-night run with the **Billy May** Band after Christmas and then booked **Duke Ellington** for Feb. 1 and 2. Thibodaux is also negotiating a March appearance for the **Count Basie** Band and later bookings for **Woody Herman, Buddy Morrow,** and the **Jimmy Dorsey** Band. Hirt booked trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet for February, to be followed by the **Lionel Hampton** Band in March, with plans for an Elfington appearance in late May . . . The sesquicentennial of the Battle of New Orleans was commemorated with jazz last month. A parade featuring **Louis** and **Paul Barbarin** on drums was held, as was a concert by the **Onward Brass Band,** for sesquicentennial visitors from England . . . Virtually every professional drummer in town showed up for a clinic held by **Joe Morello** at the Monteleone Hotel in January . . . Singer **Blanche Thomas** is back from Chicago and working with pianist **Ed Frank** . . . A benefit concert for the Heart Fund was held recently. A welter of talent participated, including **Jim Robinson's** Brass Band, the **Crawford-Ferguson** Band, clarinetist **George Lewis,** guitarist-vocalist **Doc Souchon,** and singer-pianist **Billie** and trumpeter **Dede Pierce** . . . **Reed Vaughan,** a former **Stan Kenton** drummer, replaced **Darryl Prechter** in **Mike Lala's** Dixie Six at the Famous Door . . . Mrs. **Angelina (Lena) Prima,** mother of trumpeters **Louis** and **Leon Prima** and grandmother of pianist **Buddy Prima,** died in January.

LAS VEGAS: Tenor saxophonist **Rick Davis** has taken over the Sunday night jam sessions at the Black Magic; the rhythm section consists of **Gus Mancuso,** piano, **Frank DeLaRosa,** bass; and **Sandy Savino,** drums . . . Bassist-tenor saxophonist **Eddie Boyer** heads a swinging trio in the lounge of the Tally Ho Hotel. **Tom**

Kavanagh, piano, and **Tony Morello,** drums, are the sidemen . . . Bostonian **Tommy Cellie** has his quintet in the Mint for an indefinite run. Cellie plays two and three saxophones simultaneously and is backed by **Bennie Cuellar,** tenor saxophone; **Bobby Politz;** guitar; **Henry Carrera,** bass; and **Al Catan,** drums . . . The **Gloria Tracy** Trio entered its second year in the lounge of the Tropicana Hotel. Mrs. Tracy plays jazz harp accompanied by her husband, **Jerry,** bass, and **Bud Hill,** piano.

LOS ANGELES: Reed man **Paul Horn** will hit the road by March at the latest, he said. General Artists Corp.'s **Ben Shapiro** is lining up bookings on the East Coast (the Showboat Lounge in Washington, D.C., is already set). Horn's quintet also will play the Newport Jazz Festival this summer, the leader said. Horn said he plans to "stay back there a while" and let easterners hear the group that has been developing a loyal following in California . . . Promoters **Gene Bardee** and **Cuba Santiago** initiated a new afterhours policy at the Esquire Theater (5251 W. Adams Blvd.) Saturday and Sunday mornings. They installed pianist **Gene Russell's** group as the house rhythm section and plan a regular program of blowing sessions in contradistinction to the planned-concert approach of the now-defunct Adams and Metro theater programs. Also featured at the Esquire have been the **Three Sounds** and **Quartet Tres Bien** . . . Jazz violinist-pianist **Emilio Caceres,** active in San Antonio, Texas, his home town in recent years, has returned to the West Coast. Caceres is the older brother of baritonist-clarinetist **Ernie Caceres,** who now lives in San Antonio. Emilio is forming his own group to work in the Los Angeles area.

SAN FRANCISCO: Singer **Jeanne Lee,** now a resident of Berkeley, is appearing Mondays at the Jazz Workshop here with a trio led by pianist **Nico Bunink** with **Bob Mayze,** bass, and **Art Lewis,** drums . . . **Count Basie's** orchestra played benefit cocktail dances in Oakland and San Francisco, both sponsored by the Ten Cavaliers, a bay-area social and civic club . . . Pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** trio and guitarist **Bola Sete** worked two weekends at the Claremont Hotel in Oakland and did capacity business in the 200-seat Horizon Room . . . Drummer-vibist **Jack Taylor,** his Trois Couleur club (in Berkeley) now defunct, has organized a trio with organist **Len Jesinger** and bassist-vocalist **Steve Situm.** The group is at the Grand, an Oakland club . . . Veteran pianist **Joe Bushkin,** now living the life of a country squire with his family in adjacent Marin County, will come out of musical semiretirement this month to play a three-week engagement at El Matador here . . . Ever since his latest trio broke up late last year, singer-writer **Jon Hendricks** has been living in nearby Sausalito working on a new presentation. Results of his efforts are to be disclosed this month when he and the "Jazz Ensemble," composed of pianist **Flip Nunez,** bassist **Fred Marshall,** and drummer **Jerry Granelli,** open at the Trident, the attractive waterfront club in Sausalito. The groups of **Bill Evans, Pete Jolly,** and **Howard Roberts** are booked for later appearances at the club, where pianist-doctor **Denny Zeitlin's** trio plays Monday nights . . . The **Harry James** Orchestra made its first night-club appearance in northern California with its Jan. 25-30 engagement at **Bernie Kahn's** Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City, 25 miles south of here.

RECORD NOTES: A trade report that Capitol will record the **Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra** brought a flat denial from the company. Columbia is believed to be a possibility, though a somewhat remote one. That company's **John Hammond** attended the orchestra's first concert Jan. 4 as did entrepreneur **Norman Granz,** trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie,** and a host of other jazz luminaries . . . While in the United States for his appearance with the Neophonic Orchestra (see review, page 15), Austrian pianist **Friedrich Gulda** cut an album produced by Hammond for Columbia. Sidemen on the date were bassist **Bob Cranshaw** and drummer **Albert Heath** . . . **Teo Macero,** another Columbia a&r man, recorded singer **Carol Sloane** at San Francisco's hungry i. Macero also taped a **Miles Davis** album at the same club . . . Mercury has recorded singer **Sarah Vaughan** and **Dizzy Gillespie,** whose last encounter on wax was in 1945.

THE OTHER SIDE: The **New York Saxophone Quartet** was heard in concert at Town Hall Jan. 17, in a program including works by **John Carisi, George Handy, Phil Woods,** and **Gene DiNovi,** whose *La Blues* was dedicated to **Don Redman** and **Nick Travis.** The group, which was organized in 1956, consists of **Raymond Beckenstein,** soprano; **Edwin Caine,** alto; **Albert Epstein,** tenor; and **Daniel Bank,** baritone. A recording of the quartet was recently released by 20th Century-Fox.

Contemporary music has been the focus of attention in the Cleveland area lately, support coming from such unexpected quarters as the Case Institute of Technology, which recently premiered an excellent series of modern concerts. Included in the series were lecture-demonstrations of electronic music of various sorts by **Milton Babbitt, Otto Luening,** and **Vladimir Ussachevsky** plus a concert by German composer **Karlheinz Stockhausen** . . . One recent pair of concerts by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra was conducted by pianist-composer-conductor **Lukas Foss;** the program included Foss compositions. Another pair of concerts by the orchestra featured the Cleveland premiere of *Pieces for Prepared Piano and Strings* by the young Japanese composer **Toshiro Mayuzumi.** The presentation, one of the first U.S. performances of the work, received an enthusiastic reception from the audience. The work, conducted by **Louis Lane,** presented as soloist **Michael Charry** . . . The annual ONCE festival is being presented Feb. 11-14 at the Ann Arbor, Mich., VFW Hall. The event features avant-garde composers, dancers, and performers from all over the world.

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 Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Basie's: Rufus Jones, tfn.
Basin Street: Vikki Carr to 2/27. Peggy Lee, 3/1-31. Ram Ramirez, hb.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Jonah Jones to 3/8.
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn. Eddie Wilcox, Sun.
Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, tfn.
Duplex: Raymond Johnson, tfn.
Eddie Condon's: Eddie Condon to 3/6.
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.
Five Spot: Charles Mingus, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchinrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Carmen Leggio, tfn.
Half Note: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer to 2/18.
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 2/19-3/5. Red Allen, hb.
New Colony Inn: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, hb.
Page Three: Wolfgang Knittel, hb. Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Tony Parenti, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Village Gate: Johnny Richards, Arthur Prysock, Dick Gregory, wknds. to 2/27.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott-Eddie Stone, tfn.
Eliot Lounge: Al Drootin, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Junior Mance to 2/14. Clara Ward Singers, 2/15-21. Sal Salvador, 2/22-28. Herb Pomeroy, 3/1-7. John Coltrane, 3/8-14.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Roland Kirk to 2/14. Jo Jones, 2/15-21. Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook, 2/22-28. Sal Nistico, 3/1-7.
Number 3 Lounge: Jones Bros., tfn.
Through the Looking Glass: Clarence Jackson, Dick Johnson, tfn.

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 DeNicola-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.
Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time Six, tfn.
Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb.
Bohemian Caverns: Dorothy Ashby to 2/15.
Cafe Lounge: Ann Read, Billy Taylor Jr., tfn.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide ' Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.
Lincoln Inn: Joe Speck, tfn.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, tfn.
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schneer, Keith Hodgson.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
Sixth House: Jerome Hopkins, tfn.
Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

MIAMI

Beach Club (Ft. Lauderdale): Billy Maxted, tfn.
Carillon Hotel: Mel Torme, 4/10-25.
Castaways: Gospel Jazz Singers, tfn. Joe Nero, tfn.
Deauville Hotel: Nancy Wilson to 2/21.
Doral Beach Hotel: Count Basie, 2/15-28.
Hampton House: Charles Austin, wknds.
Harbor Towers: Big Six Trio, Jimmy Crawford, hbs. Joannie Harrison, tfn.
Johina Hotel: Don Vincent, tfn. Ira Sullivan, 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.
Opus #1: Pete Lewis, hb.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

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.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Al Hirt's: Dizzy Gillespie.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, 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.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, tfn.
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, tfn.
Bustles & Bowes: St. Louis Ragtimers, tfn.
Kings Bros. Motel: Eddy Johnson, hb.
Kings Lounge: Tony Connors, hb. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Merry-Go-Round: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, tfn.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, hb.
Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, hb.
Tres Bien: Clea Bradford, Gene Gammage, tfn.
Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.

CHICAGO

Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed., wknds.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Gerry Mulligan to 2/14. 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.
McKie's: Clark Terry to 2/14. Jack McDuff, 2/17-28.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Outhaus: Sandy Mosse, Wed., Sun.
Pepper's Lounge: Muddy Waters, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Thelonious Monk to 2/21. John Coltrane, 4/7-19.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. 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.
Caucus Club: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Falcon Bar (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur.-Fri., Sun.
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.
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.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Fri.-Sat. Ralph J. Trio.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, Fri.-Sun.
Office Lounge (Flint): sessions, Sun. Sherman Mitchell, hb.
Page's: Frank Morelli, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Booboo Turner, Matt Michaels, hbs.
Rouge Lounge (River Rouge): sessions, Sun.
Scotch & Sirloin: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
Unstabled Theater: Detroit Contemporary 5. Wed. Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb., afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat. Jack Springer, Sun.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.

LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Rick Davis, tfn.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, tfn.
Castaways: The Casuals, Diane Elliott, tfn.
Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, tfn.
El Cortez: Cathy Ryan, Bill Rossi, tfn.
Fremont Hotel: Joe Geremia, Sun. Charlie Spivak, tfn.
Guys & Dolls: Ann Hagen, Bill Kane, tfn.
Hacienda Hotel: Johnny Olenn, Kay Houston, Danny Owens, tfn.
The Mint: Johnny La Monte, Wed. Tommy Collie, tfn.
Quorum: Bob Sullivan, tfn.
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, tfn.
Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne.
Sands Hotel: Ernie Stewart, Vido Musso, Red Norvo, Jerry Wald, tfn.
Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, tfn.
Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tue.
Stardust Hotel: Jimmy Blount, Irv Gordon, tfn.
Tally Ho Hotel: Eddie Boyer, Henry Levine, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbon, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.-Mon.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
Esquire Theater: Gene Russell, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): Jack Langlos, The Saints, Fri.-Sat.
Hi-Paisano Club (Lawndale): Astronuts, Frank Rio, Steve King, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
International Hotel (International Airport): Kirk Stuart, tfn.
It Club: Various groups, Sun. morning sessions.
Jazzville (San Diego): Ramsey Lewis, 2/12-14. Jimmy Smith, 3/12-14. Larry Galloway, hb.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
Marty's: William Green, tfn.
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, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben E. Lee Riverboat (Newport Beach): Jackie Coon, hb.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Gene Russell.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Zoot Sims to 2/14. Brazil 65, 2/16-28. Mike Melvoin, Mon. Oscar Peterson, 3/4-14. Victor Feldman, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
Tops Restaurant (Santa Barbara): Connie Wills, sessions.
Wilshire House Hotel (El Gaucho Room): Lennie Bluett, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Clara Ward Singers to 2/16. Jimmy Smith, 2/17-3/9.
China Doll: Fred Washington, tfn.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Stan Getz to 2/13.
Dale's (Alameda): George Stoicich, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Brazil 65 to 2/13. Joe Bushkin, 2/15-3/6. Joao Gilberto, 3/8-27.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton Alumni, Fri.-Sat.
hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, Tommy Butler.
Jazz Workshop: Art Farmer to 2/16.
Parker's Soulville: Dewey Redman, afterhours.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
The Grand (Oakland): Jack Taylor, tfn.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Cal Tjader to 2/13.
Trident (Sausalito): Jon Hendricks to 2/28. Denny Zeitlin, 3/22-28. Bill Evans, 4/27-5/23.
Wine Cellar (Oakland): Chris Ibanez, tfn.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robin, tfn.

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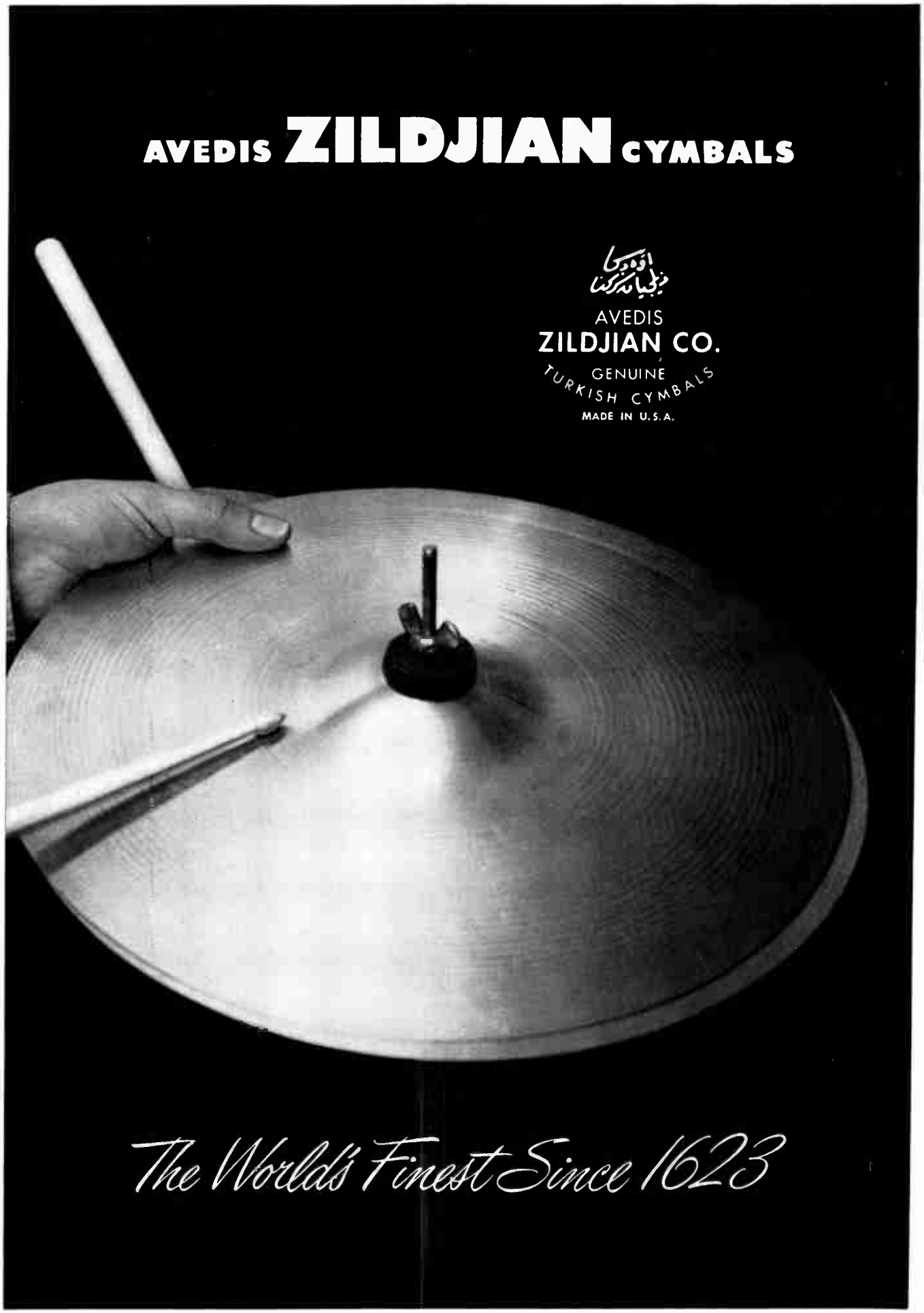

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