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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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A New Musical World

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May 20, 1965 Vol. 32, No. 11

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Beautiful Ornette

What a beautiful explanation by Ornette Coleman of his music and of himself.

In elaborating his goals he has defined the achievements of Charlie Parker. He is, as John Lewis once stated, the logical extension of Parker. Coleman has found himself and has given us the exact location (and intended destination) so that we may listen and understand—and that his fellow musicians might utilize the guiding principles he has discovered (I should say defined).

Coleman is aware of a social significance in certain aspects of music: contributing to music as a parallel and an influence to contributing to society. Cecil Taylor is also aware of this significance.

Articles on Taylor (*DB*, Feb. 25) and Coleman are a most significant contribution to the full understanding of jazz; it must now be apparent what is, and why there is, a difference between jazz and other music.

Ben Caldwell
New York City

J. B. Brooks On Ornette C.

That the topics Ornette Coleman (*DB*, April 8) touched on were not considered proper (in the past) for a jazz magazine is evidence of something new, needed, and necessary to the fostering of jazz as a living art.

Player and composer, history, goals, laws of music and criterion of a free improvisation, social integrity, the human person with a purpose, anger—who else has given us such keen insights into the phenomenon of the art through his simple profundity and profound simplicity?

One question, however, seems in order as to his statement: "The menace in America is that everyone—black or white—is enslaved in history and this enslavement tends to make you remember history more than to think of what you could do if it were nothing *but* history." Does not the existence of compositions utilizing a performance pattern of chance operations and those utilizing a performance pattern of accidents (indeterminacy) contradict the notion of enslavement (at least for musicians) as long as these types of compositions are allowed public performance?

Marvelous article, and his comment "the greatest anger I'm constantly threatened with is caused by the values of people who accept your abilities and yet disillusion you by not accepting you as a person. . . ." deserves company: man appears in the slave, in the proletariat, in the bourgeoisie, in the elite, and all in the waking and sleeping. A sufficient understanding of his behavior is still being pursued. To be accepted as a person, one must be found by love, and that's as rare as music. But tell me—what did one do to get so white and woo*?

John Benson Brooks
New York City

*Woo—an unknown color.

D'Lugoff Tells It Like It Is

Kudos to Art D'Lugoff and his article (*DB*, April 8) on clubs and clubowners; it was about time it was said. Musicians in viewing the scene, fail to realize that clubowners, too, have to eat. LeRoi Jones and his followers look only at their empty stomachs and must cop out and blame someone, so naturally the target becomes the clubowners.

Jones, however, has his points. As a fan of the avant garde, I, too, detest the poor conditions the musicians have to work under.

The best answer, I think, is the idea professed by trumpeter Bill Dixon and the formation of the Jazz Composers Guild. The avant garde can play at a club collectively owned by the musicians in the guild until the audiences get big enough to make it plausible for the clubowners to book these musicians.

William Schweitzer
Hollis, N. Y.

One For Floyd

Those of us who have followed the career of Wild Bill Davis (*DB*, April 8) have been puzzled by the article's not mentioning Floyd Smith, who played guitar on three albums Davis made. That, however, did not detract from its excellence.

Ira H. Blae
Wilmington, Calif.

Five For Trane

Don DeMicheal should be congratulated on his review of John Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* (*DB*, April 8). It's been a long time since somebody gave a Coltrane album five stars.

William Salter
Chicago

Bystander A Gas

Martin Williams' latest *Bystander* column (*DB*, April 8) reviewing those British "swingers", who shall remain nameless, is a gas!

Tim Hughes
Louisville, Ky.

Two In Special Class

In reference to Pete Welding's recent *Caught in the Act* review (*DB*, April 8) of the Gerry Mulligan-Bob Brookmeyer Quartet, it was worth five stars all the way. Both the writing of Welding and the music of the quartet are in a special class by themselves.

Dennis R. Hendley
Milwaukee, Wis.

Right Key, Wrong Keyhole

It has come to my attention that the Sonny Payne listed in the liner notes of Count Basie's *Pop Goes the Basie*, which I reviewed in the April 22 issue, was three other drummers. My apologies to Payne for connecting his name with the "spongy" drum work on the tracks credited to him. The criticism of the drumming of these tracks holds, however.

Don DeMicheal
Chicago

Photo by John A. Tynan

Buddy DeFranco tells why MODERN JAZZ NEEDS BASS CLARINET

When Buddy DeFranco switched to bass clarinet attention was focused on this long neglected instrument for the first time in a long time. Here are a few of his views on why the bass clarinet belongs to modern jazz.

A natural for jazz.

"I'm surprised more jazz musicians don't play bass clarinet. It's a natural. Even more so than a B*b*. (I still play both, of course.)

"The bass clarinet has a softer sound. And a softer sound is more appropriate for modern jazz.

"The bass clarinet creates a better quality of color, too. Richer. And its tone ratio lends itself to jazz. It blends with the other instruments. Doesn't intrude.

What kind of bass clarinet?

"I play the Leblanc Model 400.

"I like the freedom, the ease of playing a Leblanc. I don't have to pinch and squeeze. It has just the right touch of resistance. So I get an evenness of tonal quality in all registers that I just don't find in other bass clarinets.

"In other words, the Leblanc doesn't hamstring me. It's like it's part of me. It works with me—not against me—to help me make my kind of music.

The future.

"The bass clarinet is a new sound to work with. It gives musicians new freedom. New possibilities. It extends the range of jazz.

"I'm going to keep on playing my B*b*, too, of course. (Incidentally, it's also a Leblanc. The Model 1176 "LL.") But I think the bass is going to do more to increase the popularity of the clarinet.

"And, man, that's great."

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May 20, 1965 Vol. 32 No. 11

BAD BIZ BLUES—BIRDLAND GOES ROCK AND DISCOTHEQUE

"I'm heartbroken," said Oscar Goodstein, proprietor of New York City's Birdland. "To me, there is no finer form of entertainment than jazz, but I just had to quit working for the musicians. I couldn't keep going broke."

Goodstein was discussing his reasons for converting Birdland, one of the world's most famous jazz spots, to a discotheque operation. A rock-and-roll group now holds forth on the bandstand once occupied by such artists as Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Count Basie, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Miles Davis, Stan Getz, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie, and almost every top jazzman active since December, 1949, when the club opened.

The famous "bullpen," the section of the club where avid jazz fans could sit all night without buying a drink once they had paid admission, is now a dance floor. The sad change took place April 13.

It was no secret that Birdland, like other jazz clubs throughout the country, has been in financial straits. In 1964 the club experimented briefly with a rock-and-roll-twist policy. When this failed, Birdland closed, and the management filed for bankruptcy. In the summer, however, the club reopened with jazz. Earlier this year, a number of Latin bands, such as Mongo Santamaria's, performed at the club. And even when a major jazz name appeared. "good nights were few and far between," Goodstein said.

What happened? According to Goodstein, "Jazz had always seemed able to attract a younger element. The youngsters would get older and start going to the clubs to hear the music. But then the kids turned to rock and roll and folk music, and the new generation failed to appear. We'd still get the older trade, sure, but it just wasn't enough."

Other factors, Goodstein said, contributed to the demise of Birdland as a jazz showcase.

"The musicians who started to think they were worth a fortune must share the blame too," he said. "I pleaded with artists who I knew had worked at other clubs in the city for the door [the admission charges collected] to do the same for me, but they refused. Why? Because this was Birdland, and we were supposed to be rich. But we were just a patsy for the other clubs."

Nor did the AFM wage scale help, according to Goodstein. "They would give a lower scale to the competition, and we had to suffer the consequences," he said. "We'll still have jazz on Monday nights. And if it ever becomes possible to return to a fulltime jazz policy, we'll do it—believe me. I love jazz, but I'm not getting any younger. I have a family, and I have a business to run."

Meanwhile, another club in the New York City area was forced to abandon its jazz policy. The Cork 'n' Bib in Westbury on Long Island—long known for the enlightened approach to the presentation of good jazz—had cut back to music on Monday nights only. Now even that is gone.

Was it just jazz or a general falling off of night-club trade? A recent headline in *Variety* proclaimed: MORE NITERIES JOIN TREND TO CLOSE SLOW BIZ PERIODS TO CURB LOSSES, and the accompanying story pointed out that such a generally successful operation as New York's Hotel Americana's Royal Box was closed during Holy Week, planned to close Labor Day weekend, and will shut its doors from Dec. 18 to Dec. 29.

Another Manhattan club that uses jazz, Basin Street East, now intends to sign its attractions to close on Saturday nights, with the next attraction opening on the following Thursday.

At the Village Gate, a discotheque spells the in-person attraction on weekdays, but two additional acts come in for weekends. And at the Village Vanguard, LSD expert Richard Alpert was delivering "psychedelic monologs" opposite the group of bassist Charles Mingus, who occasionally delivered his own brand of monolog.

Anyone for jazz and poetry?

STAN GETZ WINS FOUR GRAMMY CITATIONS

It was Stan Getz' year in the record industry. Or, rather, it was a fine year for his album *Getz/Gilberto*, made with Brazilian singer-guitarist Joao Gilberto. In last month's seventh annual presentation of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences awards for recorded excellence—the Grammy—the tenor saxophonist's album took four first places among the 47 categories: Album of the Year (nonclassical), Record of the Year (for the single version of *The Girl from Ipanema* taken from the LP), Best Instrumental Jazz Performance—Soloist with Small Group, and Best Engineered Recording.

In the other two jazz categories, guitarist Laurindo Almeida's album, *Guitar from Ipanema*, copped the award as No. 1 large-group performance, and arranger-composer Lalo Schifrin's *The Cat* was selected best original jazz composition.

Louis Armstrong's *Hello, Dolly!* was voted Best Male Vocal Performance, and the tune, composed by Jerry Herman, was named Song of the Year. Herman's comment upon receiving his Grammy was "Thank you, Louis," and the veteran trumpeter received a standing ovation from the audience of 800 at New York City's Hotel Astor, where one of four award dinners was held April 13. (The other three took place in Los Angeles, Chicago, and Nashville.)

The Swingle Singers won a Grammy for their *Going Baroque* album. The award was for Best Performance by a Chorus. Chosen first-place among vocal groups were the Beatles for their *A Hard Day's Night* album. The four Englishmen also won the New Artists of 1964 award.

Singer Barbra Streisand's *People* was voted best female vocal record of the year, and Henry Mancini's *Pink Panther* won the award for the best nonjazz instrumental arrangement. Leonard Bernstein's *Kaddish Symphony* was chosen album of the year in the classical field.

All winners were selected by a poll of NARAS members.

'WHAT IRON CURTAIN?' ASKS AMBASSADOR ARMSTRONG

So far as Louis Armstrong can see, the Iron Curtain is a myth.

Stopping over in Hollywood to tape a *Hollywood Palace* television show, the trumpeter spoke with reporters at Los Angeles' International Airport following his return from a four-week tour with his sextet of Communist-run European capitals. He and the troupe played concerts in East Berlin, Prague, Bucharest, Belgrade, and Sofia.

"I didn't see no curtain," he declared, "the whole time I was over there. Where do they keep it? The only curtain I saw was the one I closed when Lucille [Mrs. Armstrong] and I went to bed.

"Pops," he went on characteristically, "them cats are no different than we are. And they dig our music—every note. They have more of my records than you cats do."

Armstrong, now 64, was asked if he will go to Viet Nam. He would, he said, if Joe Glaser (his booker-manager) sends him there.

Mrs. Armstrong apparently thought that a good idea. "They should send him," she said. "When they sent him to The Congo, the fighting stopped."

UHF TV JAZZ SERIES DEBUTS IN NEW YORK

Jazz on television took another step forward when *Jazz in America*, a 13-week series of hour-long television shows, made its debut May 2 on WNJU, New York City's new UHF station.

Produced by talent-manager John Levy's Joley Productions, the show's program will range from folk-blues to avant-garde jazz. The opening program featured alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley's sextet, singer Damita Jo, and pianist Billy Taylor's trio. Artists for the other shows had not been announced at presstime.

Taylor is the show's permanent host and commentator, and his trio (Ben Tucker, bass, Grady Tate, drums) will act as the house rhythm section.

"The premise of the show," Taylor told *Down Beat*, "is that jazz can be very entertaining, if presented properly. We also plan to spotlight jazz performers who are not always identified as such, like Miss Jo, who is an excellent jazz singer, but is generally regarded as a pop artist."

According to Taylor, the show, which is not sponsored currently, will be taped for possible sale in U.S. and overseas markets.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: According to *Down Beat's* USSR correspondent, **Yuri Vikharieff,** things are looking way up for jazz in the Soviet Union after a long period of, at least, indifference on the part of the government. The most important recent event was a festival held April 27 in Moscow—with governmental approval and co-operation. Groups from all parts of Russia and from outside the country participated. Two days earlier in Leningrad, Soviet groups tried for prizes at a jazz competition, the first to be held in the USSR. Prizes were awarded for best big band and small group and outstanding soloists. A Moscow radio station, The Youth, is planning a series of jazz programs put together by critic-musician **Alexei Batashev;** the series will be divided among jazz of three varieties: historical, contemporary American, and Soviet. And, finally, the **Joseph Winestein** big band, from Leningrad, is to tour the country, the first time a jazz band has done so under government auspices.

•

Trumpeter **Miles Davis** underwent major surgery, including bone scraping, at New York Hospital's Special Surgery Clinic April 14. Davis had been suffering from a painful hip-bone ailment—calcium deposits in the left hip bone—for many months preceding the operation. A spokesman for Davis said the trumpeter was resting comfortably but his convalescence probably would be long.

•

Jazz has gone to church before. It even has been in prison. But Easter Sunday was probably the first time all three came together—a jazz mass performed in the chapel of Chicago's Cook County Jail. In the service was a section in which *The Lord's Prayer* was sung with a bossa nova backing from such jazz musicians as alto saxophonist **Tommie Davie,** guitarist **Ronald Mallette,** and drummer **Leon Jones.** The Rev. **John M. Corn,** the jail's Episcopal chaplain and the service's celebrant, said, "There is no reason not to use a modern music idiom to express worship. You can praise God with a saxophone as well as an organ." The service was dedicated to the memory of **Albert Cardinal Meyer,** who died April 9.

•

A Town Hall "Twilight Concert" of new jazz was presented May 1 by producer **Norman Seaman** and ESP records. The concert featured tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler** with a group including Ayler's brother, trumpeter **Don,** and drummer **Sonny Murray;** alto saxophonist **Byron Allen** with trumpeter **Eddie Gales,** bassist **Larry Ridley,** and drummer **Clarence Stroman;** plus a 15-piece ensemble led by muti-instrumentalist **Guiseppi Logan,** featuring pianist **Don Pullen** and percussionist **Milford Graves.** The only non-avant gardist scheduled to appear was pianist **Bud Powell.**

•

The first Penn State Intercollegiate Jazz Festival will be held May 15 in University Park, Pa. The competition, sponsored by the Penn State Jazz Club, will present the **Brian Trentham** Quartet, the **West Chester Criterions,** the **Joe BelCastro** Trio, the **Lou Pelama** Quartet, the **Good Thing Sextet,** and the **Ohio State University Jazz Lab Band.** Judging the groups will be guitarist **Kenny Burrell,** tenor saxophonist-composer **Benny Golson,** and *Down Beat* associate editor **Dan Morgenstern.** Prizes will be awarded to the best big band and combo. There also will be a workshop-clinic supervised by Burrell.

•

Fluegelhornist-vocalist **Chet Baker** was awarded a pewter cup for his jazz artistry by the Society of Italian-American Musicians of Chicago's AFM Local 10. (Baker spent a considerable amount of time in Italy before returning to the United States a year ago.) The society also presented a similar award to conductor **William Fantozzi** for his work in classical music.

•

Gone but not necessarily forgotten is clarinetist **Tony Scott,** who has been a resident in the Far East since 1959. After Scott's announced return to the United States failed to materialize, California-based composer **Tak Shindo** sought out the former poll winner in his current domicile, Hong Kong, hoping to negotiate a recording contract for Grand Prix records. At presstime, however, there was no report of the outcome of the meeting.

•

Trumpeters **Buck Clayton** and **Ruby Braff,** trombonist **Vic Dickenson,** tenor saxophonist **Ben Webster,** and blues shouter **Joe Turner** will be featured at a May 8 concert in London's Royal Festival Hall. Also on the bill are the local groups of trumpeter **Humphrey Lyttelton** and drummer **Stan Tracey.** Clayton, Turner, and Lyttelton also will tour the provinces together. Dickenson has been at London's 100 Club since April 23. Clayton, Turner, and Dickenson are scheduled to film a segment for *Jazz 625,* a BBC-2 television series. Webster, who has been in Europe for several months, said he hopes to settle in England for a while. Braff is scheduled to return to England for a tour beginning in late June. Another American, soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy,** was to open at Copenhagen's Montmartre May 4 for a month's run. Lacy said he may remain in Europe.

•

Trumpeter **Al Hirt** will be the summer replacement for *The Jackie Gleason Show* on CBS-TV beginning June 19. The show, produced by **Bob Precht,** will feature the horn man and other entertainers.

•

The Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival is presenting a road-show concert package featuring some of its winning artists, including the **West Chester Criterions** (first-place winners among big bands), vocalist **Trudi Desmond,** and tenor saxophonist **Vince Trombetta's** quintet. The show premiered at Harcum Junior College in Bryn Mawr, Pa., April 12 and played at St. Alice's Social Center in Philadelphia April 25.

NEW YORK: The Jazz Composers Guild continues its series of weekend concerts at the Contemporary Center at 180 S. Seventh Ave. On April 9-11, the guild's orchestra gave performances of new pieces by pianists **Carla Bley** and **Burton Greene** and trumpeters **Bill Dixon** and **Mike Mantler.** The orchestra included trumpeters Mantler and **Bob Zottola;** trombonists **Garnett Brown** and **Roswell Rudd;** reed men **Steve Lacy, Jimmy Lyons, Ken McIntyre, Sam Rivers,** and **John Tchicai;** pianist **Paul Bley;** bassist **Steve Swallow;** and drummer **Tony Williams** . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Guiseppi Logan** and percussionist **Milford Graves** can be seen and heard in a recently released film short produced by **Stephan Scharff** entitled *Improvisation.* It was shown at New York's Cinema II during April . . . The borough of Brooklyn is jumping again. Tenor saxophonist **Dexter Gordon** was scheduled to begin a two-week engagement (his first at a New York club in many years) on April 13. Trumpeters **Freddie Hubbard** and **Lee Morgan** were featured at the La Marchal Club April 9 and 10. And a series of Wednesday night jam sessions at the Brooklyn Baby Grand began in mid-April with trumpeter **Vincent Pitts,** tenor saxophonist **Frank Haynes,** pianist **Joe Knight,** and bassist **Ernie Farrow** . . . A new Tuesday night jazz concert series, billed as "Black Happenings," at the East End Theater in Greenwich Village, began April 6 with a group co-led by tenor saxophonist **Farrell (Pharaoh) Sanders** and alto saxophonist **Marion Brown,** with **Reggie Johnson,** bass, and **Roger Blank,** drums.

Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins** was a featured guest at the Jazz Arts Society's second "Jazz Panorama" concert April 9. The first concert in the series presented a lineup different from that originally scheduled, with trumpeters **Willie Cook, Vincent Pitts,** and **Tommy Turrentine;** pianist **Walter Davis Jr.;** and bassist **Bill Davis.** Only drummer **Frankie Dunlop** appeared as announced . . . Pianist-singer **Ray Charles** and his big band did a double-header at Carnegie Hall May 2, with concerts at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m. . . . The **Stan Getz-Tony Bennett** concert at Lincoln Center April 9 was a sellout. Many were turned away at the door. The tenor saxophonist's quartet played the Cafe Au Go Go April 21-26 . . . Pianist **Mary Lou Williams** and her trio concluded a 60-week stay at the Hickory House in March. Pianist **Joe Castro** and trio took over, with pianist **Eddie Thompson** replacing **John Bunch** at intermission . . . Guitarist **Eddie Condon,** ailing again, had to give up fronting the band at his club. Trumpeter **Max Kaminsky,** whose band continues at Condon's, is now the official leader. The television *Salute to Eddie Condon* finally was seen in New York

(Continued on page 39)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Collegiate Jazz Festival

University of Notre Dame
South Bend, Ind.

At six years the oldest and prototypical college jazz competition, Notre Dame University's student-run Collegiate Jazz Festival forcefully demonstrated again this year the remarkably high level of campus jazz achievements. Big bands and combos representing 19 colleges and universities competed April 9 and 10 for a variety of prizes in the form of musical instruments, plaques, and scholarships.

Judges were fluegelhornist Clark Terry; saxophonist Paul Horn; Robert Share, administrator of the Berklee School of Music; Arif Mardin, Atlantic records studio manager and jazz arranger; and Charles Suber, former *Down Beat* publisher and currently associated with National Educational Services, who acted as chairman.

Two preliminary competitions resulted in the selection of seven groups—three combos and four big bands—for participation in the overlong Saturday evening finals, which ran an hour behind schedule.

Chosen best small group was the Joe BelCastro Trio, a tightly knit and stimulating unit from the University of West Virginia. Members of the trio also acquitted themselves well in the individual awards: pianist BelCastro garnered a Berklee scholarship for the outstanding combo composition, *Phenetic;* Guy Remenico received a set of cymbals as outstanding drummer; and Joyce Breech won a two-week Playboy Club engagement as outstanding vocalist.

Other finalist combos were the "new thing" quartet of trombonist Brian Trentham, formerly a member of the George Russell Sextet, representing Columbia University, and the glistening, avant-garde-inflected Jerry Green Sextet of Indiana University.

Trentham's bassist, Cameron Brown, received a National Stage Band Camp scholarship as the festival's most promising rhythm player, while Trentham's 12-tone piece, *A View of the Outer View,* received honorable mention in the composition category.

Green's group also fared well individually: the altoist-leader won an alto saxophone as outstanding reed player, and his trumpeter, Randy Brecker, a strong but sometimes verbose player, came away with a new horn as outstanding trumpeter.

The winning large group was the Indiana University Big Band, a 19-piece aggregation of sheen and power under the direction of Jerry Coker.

The three other large bands reaching the finals were the smooth, supple Criterions of West Chester, Pa., State University, under the direction of pianist Jim Sullivan, and whose Jeff Stout won a fluegelhorn as most-promising trumpeter, and trumpeter Jim Levendis a camp scholarship as most-promising brass soloist; the University of Illinois Big Band, 20 pieces led by John Garvey that contained the festival's outstanding guitarist, Wallace Rave, winner of a new guitar; and Northwestern University's 17-piece Workshop Band headed by George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., among whose members were outstanding flutist Jim Gillespie, recipient of a new flute, and most-promising reed player, David Sanborn, winner of a camp scholarship.

For his composition, *Variations on a Theme Called Whiffenpoof,* Ohio State's Ladd McIntosh was declared winner of the outstanding big-band composition. The award carries a scholarship to the band camp.

Other individual winners were the Notre Dame Lettermen's Larry Dwyer, named the festival's outstanding trombonist, for which he was awarded a Berklee scholarship, and pianist Robert Thompson and bassist Reggie Minor of West Virginia State's Modern Jazz Interpreters, cited as outstanding performers on their instruments and winners of a Berklee scholarship and a new bass, respectively.

Thanks to hard work by the festival committee, headed by general chairman Daniel Ekkebus, the two-day program went forward relatively smoothly, the only real complaint centering about the length of the Saturday evening final competition. One reason for the hour overtime was occasioned by the judges' decision to permit four big bands to compete instead of the scheduled three so as to allow greater variety in the big-band offerings.

If any general evaluation is to be offered about the caliber of the student musicianship heard at the festival, it is that the small groups were consistently more creative and provocative and afforded a far greater stylistic variety than the big bands, which in comparison seemed hidebound and stiffly conservative. Many of the original orchestral arrangements were cleverly crafted but displayed little real original thinking, merely hewing to conventional—however contemporary those conventions—big-band arranging paths.

—Pete Welding

Lucky Thompson-Roy Eldridge

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Thompson, tenor, soprano saxophones; Eldridge, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Barry Harris or Richard Wyands, piano; George Tucker, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Is there a revival of mainstream jazz in New York?

This booking, immediately following a week of Earl Hines and Coleman Hawkins at the same club, plus Hawkins' current long run at the Five Spot (where Eldridge also is playing) seem to indicate that there is, and considering the caliber of the music, it's a good thing too.

Taking turns with the same rhythm section, Thompson and Eldridge provided some of the strongest and most consistently exciting jazz to be heard in a New York club in recent years. There were no dull moments, no occasions for idle conversation, and the sets seemed to flash by though they often were an hour or more in length.

Thompson usually opened the proceedings playing tenor and coming on strong. A favored curtain raiser was his bright version of Tadd Dameron's *Ladybird,* in which the opening bars were subtly altered for telling effect. After the ensemble, Thompson would "stroll" (i.e., have the pianist lay out) for a building series of choruses. When an initial climax had been attained, the pianist would come in, and Thompson would build to a second climax.

The saxophonist appears to have found himself for the first time since returning to this country in late 1962. Not that his playing, prior to now, has not been of high standard, but he seemed to hold back, not fully engaged in what he was doing. Part of the problem, no doubt, was finding the right rhythm section. With Tucker and Jackson, who had been Thompson's associates at a recent Half Note stand as well, there were no problems.

DON SCHLITTEN

Lucky Thompson
Unceasing invention and drive

Tucker, a strong player with a rich, fat sound, is of the school that believes in playing for the cause and keeping the time moving. Jackson, surely one of the best drummers around, is of the same disposition. Together, they generate not only a wonderfully supple, swinging beat but also a feeling that evidently makes a horn man want to play. Jackson's control of dynamics, plus his judicious use of brushes, never allowed the drums to interfere with the sound of the group as a whole.

Thompson sometimes stretched out for 20 or more choruses, playing with unceasing invention and drive, as on a very fast *Strike Up the Band,* when his tenor work seemed to uncoil like a steel spring, spinning out a shimmering flow of melody and rhythm without even a momentary lapse into cliches or mechanical runs. At such moments, he combined the fire of the "old" Lucky with the sophistication and brilliance of the new in an inspired fashion.

Thompson's tenor conception has changed with the years. The dark, full, Hawkins-Don Byas inspired sound of an earlier day is gone; it is now smoother, more silken, closer to Lester Young.

On soprano, Thompson's playing is sinuous, lyrical, almost oboe-like. There is delicacy and strength in his soprano work, plus a command of the notoriously difficult horn that is more than merely impressive. On a ballad such as *Yesterdays,* he was

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COURTESY GEORGE AVAKIAN

Bill Smith
At Home In Any Music

By DAN MORGENSTERN

AS A RULE, neither the serious composer nor the jazz musician would be singled out as among those on whom fortune often bestows gifts. William Overton Smith—known in jazz circles as just plain Bill Smith—is a happy exception to this gloomy dictum.

Composer, clarinetist, erstwhile professor of music, author, and researcher, Smith is a man of many parts, and in all of them he has received not inconsiderable recognition. Currently, his chief roles are those of co-leader of the American Jazz Ensemble and director of the electronics laboratory at the Institute of American Studies in Rome.

"I've been teaching most of my life, until a few years ago, but I was very hungry for the possibility of devoting my time to composing and playing and not having to correct papers," Smith said. "And now I have that opportunity."

Loaded down with presents for his four children, Smith was on his way back to Rome, where he has made his home since 1960, following a successful U.S. concert tour with the ensemble, which included co-leader and pianist Johnny Eaton, bassist Reed Wasson, and drummer Richard Scott.

"Johnny and I both studied with Roger Sessions—he at Princeton, I at UCLA. We met in Rome in 1957 [that was the year Smith won the coveted Prix de Rome], played together, liked it, and later decided to form a group."

With a repertoire of jazz and contemporary classical pieces, the ensemble had its first resounding success at a 1961 concert in Rome for the U. S. Information Service. Two record dates followed that, and the group made its first U. S. concert tour in 1963.

The group has one small problem—it requires two rhythm sections, one in Italy and one in this country. "Bringing musicians over creates a union problem," Smith said.

"There are good jazz musicians in Italy but almost no clubs. It's mostly concerts, festivals, and musicales put on by the many local 'hot clubs' all over the country.

"Classical musicians in America seem to know less about jazz than their European counterparts. When I was in Buffalo for the premiere performance of my piece, *Interplay*, written for the Modern Jazz Quartet and symphony orchestra, many of the symphony musicians seemed amazed that the MJQ improvised!" Here Smith broke into an infectious laugh.

BORN IN SACRAMENTO, CALIF., in 1926, Smith started to play the clarinet when he was 10. "I soon became interested in jazz and started to improvise," he said. "Two years later, at Oakland, in grammar school, I organized my first band. I kept it up all through high school."

During this time, Smith said, he listened to all the bands that came to town.

"I especially dug Duke, Basie, and Barnet and would try to make up arrangements from what I heard," he recalled. At 16, he began to study theory and harmony because he wanted to have a big band of his own.

But after going on the road with trumpeter Art Robley's band, Smith decided he wanted simply to "become a better musician." He saved for a year to get the funds to go to New York and study composition at Juilliard.

"To earn my keep, I worked nights on 52nd St., with a trio at Kelly's Stables, led by the owner's wife," he said. "One of my fondest memories is working opposite Pete Brown. I got into the Juilliard Graduate Orchestra, which was an honor, and I enjoyed it, but I was keeping musicians' hours, and the orchestra rehearsed at 8 a.m.! I got sick and first gave up my gig and then Juilliard. . . ."

While in New York, Smith had discovered the music of Darius Milhaud, "who had been in California all this time. I went back to Oakland to study with him for several years, at Mills College."

There, Smith met another jazz-minded young student, Dave Brubeck, and together they started the first Brubeck octet.

"I also met a girl who was a Milhaud student," Smith said, "and decided to get married and work toward an academic degree. Dave, the daredevil, took off for San Francisco, while I chose the path of teaching. I kept up my playing but not as a source of income."

Smith received his M.A. in music in 1952 and became an instructor at the University of California at Berkeley the following year. Subsequently, he taught at San Francisco Conservatory, was composer-in-residence at Montalvo, and taught composition at USC.

All this time, he kept up his dual role as a jazz composer-player and serious composer. In the latter field he has to his credit a string quartet, written in Paris as a result of winning the Prix de Paris; a capriccio for violin and piano, and a suite for violin and clarinet, dedicated to Benny Goodman.

"My *Concerto for Clarinet and Combo*, recorded with Shelly Manne, is still one of my things that I'm happiest about. . . . Then came the *Divertimento*, with Red Norvo's group; Les Koenig of Contemporary records was responsible for that. I was always interested in structures not usually employed in jazz writing."

Later, Smith did a second album with Brubeck, "a reunion date for the octet, with Dave Van Kreidt"; the *A La Mode* album with Brubeck, "based on modal combinations"; and still another collaboration with Brubeck, "a 40-minute composition unified by having all the album's pieces related to the folk song *Heigh, Ho, Anybody Home?*"

Three further Smith-Brubeck albums are ready for release: "*Near Myth*, done two years ago, an album of standards we used to do together in college, and another set of original compositions."

A summer at the classical-music camp at Tanglewood, Mass., the Prix de Rome ("I went to Italy for a year, and among other things did some arranging for a fine big band led by Armando Trovajoli"), and more teaching at USC kept Smith busy until 1960, when a Guggenheim Fellowship made it possible for him to return to Rome, this time with his family, and to stay.

"I was fortunate to be appointed director of the electronics laboratory at the Institute of American Studies, which is quite a place. . . ." He had worked with electronics at the Princeton Lab before and did *Duet for Clarinet and Recorded Clarinet* there. While in Italy, he represented the United States at the International Congress of Electronic

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LARS SWANBERG

Stan Getz: Always A Melodist

By GEORGE HOEFER

ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS in jazz during the first half of the current decade has been the success of tenor saxophonist Stan Getz. His stature is unique—he has made it both artistically and commercially.

Getz has made an all-important contribution to the development of modern jazz by retaining a lyrical approach while other saxophonists have tended to discard the melodic line and favor harmonic explorations. He, along with alto saxophonist Paul Desmond and pianist Bill Evans, among others, represents a continuation of a lyrical tradition earlier espoused by Bix Beiderbecke and Lester Young.

Two recent Getz albums illustrate the ultimate arrival, after many years of seeking, at a point where his artistry has received this dual acceptance. His creative virtuosity on *Focus* (Verve 8412, recorded in March, 1962) gave him considerable musical stature. On this recording Getz effectively performs extended improvisations in an artful framework devised by arranger Eddie Sauter.

The other significant work, *Jazz Samba* (Verve 8432, recorded in June, 1962), was responsible for triggering the bossa nova fad. The record gained wide acceptance and gave financial security to Getz.

This rare attainment of fame and fortune for a jazzman did not come easily.

There is a cliche, which has validity, that says an artist cannot create with sensitivity unless he has suffered and been deeply hurt. Getz, now 38, has paid many dues. Problems piled up on him to such an extent that he left the country in 1958 and settled in Denmark. These problems, most of which are well known, derived from his all-consuming dedication to music and his strong need to excel and create something of his own.

Getz has always been a good saxophone player, but during the '50s, as now, he was often the victim of Crow Jim. Some said he was one of those white boys who was making the money Lester Young or Charlie Parker should have had.

It is the point of this article to probe Getz' early career to show he always has been an individualist, a loner, and a musical creator in his own right.

Like all great creative artists, Getz has been subject to influences. Although it can be said he is derivative of Lester Young, he was never a Young imitator. He also got ideas from Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, and Sonny Rollins, concocting a musical blend of his own that is easily identifiable.

A strong thread holding Getz' musical career together is his sincere dedication to jazz and to his own position in the art.

An incident occurred while I was New York editor of *Down Beat* that shows this dedication. Although he had been in Europe for almost two years at the time, Getz had won the 1959 *Down Beat* Readers Poll—amassing 1,087 votes to runner-up Sonny Rollins' 589. In an introduction to the poll results, the then *Down Beat* editor, Gene Lees, quoted an unnamed musician, who said, "If Getz won, I guess that's because nobody else has been doing much on tenor this last year." Noting that it was not unfair for Getz to win, Lees used the quote to compare it with another situation Lees did feel was unfair—Steve Allen had got more votes for the Hall of Fame than had Fletcher Henderson, Bix Beiderbecke, Sidney Bechet, and others he thought more worthy than the TV personality.

One afternoon in January, 1960, the phone rang in my office, and a long-distance operator said, "A Mr. Getz is trying to get you from Copenhagen, Denmark. Will you be there?" Getz came on the wire, not mad but very cool. He asked what was meant by those introductory remarks and who was the musician putting him down. I tried to explain about the remarks, saying it was interesting that he still won although he had been off the scene for a long time. I told him I didn't have the slightest idea who the musician quoted was and not to worry, because Sonny Rollins was missing and no one seemed to know whether he would play again. (The conversation took place in the early days of Rollins' self-imposed exile.)

After the conversation, I mulled what had been said. At first I thought here was a big head who couldn't take a little imagined criticism, but then recalling the tone of voice and the way he expressed himself, I realized that wasn't true. Getz was worried and scared about what was happening on tenor while he was away. He did not mention it, but I would surmise he was thinking about his return to the United States, which took place a year later.

GETZ WON HIS FIRST *Down Beat* Readers Poll in 1950 (followed by first places in 1951 through 1959, 1962, and 1963). That first year marked the peak of his early career when he was sometimes known as "The Sound."

Born in Philadelphia, on Feb. 2, 1927, Getz was brought up in the Bronx. In junior high school he studied string bass, and when a Borrah Minnevitch promotion reached his school he became an adept harmonica player. At James Monroe High School, he progressed to bassoon and later to tenor saxophone. He learned rapidly and almost immediately became a member of the All-New York City

orchestra made up of the best music students in the city's school system.

He didn't stay in high school much more than a year. Like Sidney Bechet, Buddy Rich, and his companion of the Woody Herman years, Zoot Sims, he was to be a full-fledged jazz professional while his schoolmates were studying and hanging out at the drugstore.

When he was 15, Getz played well enough to get a chair in the reed section of the Dick Rogers Band at Roseland Ballroom on Broadway. The truant officers soon found him and pulled him out with admonitions to get back to school. But Getz knew what he wanted; he already had a Local 802 card and was determined to play music. Reasoning he couldn't play in New York, he went with Jack Teagarden's big band on a road tour. The truant people caught up, however, and in order for the trombonist to keep Getz in his band he had to take out guardianship papers on his young sideman.

He stayed with the band for nine months in 1943. In later years he remarked of his experience with the trombonist, "Dixieland is a foundation. It's simple, and you know what you're doing all the time." That he was studying the artistry of his peers is confirmed by his evaluation of his boss, "I've never heard a modern trombone player get the sound that Jack got. His way of playing a sweet solo was crazy."

The young tenor man left Teagarden in Los Angeles and took a job in a haberdashery (this is probably the only job Getz has ever had that did not involve his horn) while he waited out the months before he could get a Los Angeles card. When he got the card, he joined Bob Chester's band at the Trianon Ballroom for a month and then joined a six-piece group organized by bassist Dale Jones to serve as relief crew at the new Palladium in Hollywood. Jones had been in the Rogers band in New York the year before. At this early period, Getz was beginning to prefer small groups because he got more chance to perform.

After six months with Jones, one of those chances usually called "the big break" came along, and Getz was hired by Stan Kenton, whose band was beginning to get nationwide attention through its exposure on comedian Bob Hope's radio show and recordings for Capitol. Getz made his first records with Kenton (*And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine, Are You Livin' Old Man?, Balboa Bash,* and several others) but the older sax men, like Dave Matthews and Boots Mussulli, took the solos.

Getz was beginning to listen to Lester Young records and was not overly happy with his lot in the large Kenton organization. He left the band in March, 1945, while it was on a Midwest tour. Jimmy Dorsey hired him. But by September, 1945, Getz was in Hollywood again, leading a trio at the Swing Club.

Then came another break; Benny Goodman, who was reorganizing his band in New York, sent for him. With Goodman he recorded his first solo at the reorganized band's first Columbia session—he is heard briefly after Liza Morrow's vocal on *Give Me the Simple Life.*

A few weeks later the band made one side under unusual circumstances. The regular drummer, Morey Feld, was sick, and driver-man Buddy Rich took over. The tune was a Buck Clayton original, *Rattle and Roll,* and Rich's rhythmic impetus elicited an exciting series of solos from Goodman, trumpeter Johnny Best, trombonist Dick LaFave, pianist Mel Powell, and, finally, Getz. The tenor saxophonist made two more record dates with Goodman, but the only other performance of solo interest was *Swing Street,* another Clayton original.

On these Goodman sides, there is a discernible Young influence in Getz' playing. Getz has said, "With Goodman I had to push to get that hard sound he likes from his saxes, but at the time I was digging Lester." But the solos show Getz more interested in Young's sound than with Young's phrasing.

While with Goodman, the 18-year-old tenor saxophonist participated in a Savoy small-band date led by trombonist Kai Winding, also a Goodman sideman at the time. They made *Always* and *Grab Your Ax, Max,* with Getz featured on *Always.* On this record Getz sounded more like Young than he had with Goodman's big band, possibly because he had more solo space to fill and, thus, fell back on his idol.

When the Goodman band went into New York's Paramount Theater for six weeks during March and April, 1946, Getz missed several shows, and the Goodman ray focused on him. He was replaced by Clifford Strickland; so he went up the street to Roseland and worked with trombonist Buddy Morrow's new band for a week.

The young tenor man was going with the late Buddy Stewart's sister, Beverly, who was then singing with trumpeter Randy Brooks' orchestra. She got Getz into the band, and they went on tour.

But, again, big dance bands evidently were dragging Getz, and in July, 1946, *Down Beat* announced "Sam Gety (sic)—new tenor saxist is with Herbie Fields at the Rustic Cabin in Englewood, N.J." This was a smaller group closer to the center of things musically.

Gene Roland, a Kenton trumpeter when Getz was with Kenton's band, in a *Down Beat* interview published Aug. 29, 1963, stated, "In 1946 I came to New York and organized the first four-tenor saxophone band I know of. It had Al Cohn, Joe Magro, Stan Getz, and Louis Ott. Nothing much happened with it, but it was an exciting sound."

This then was Getz' first experience with this sax-section sound. It was very brief, and quite undeveloped, but was to be of significance.

In July, 1946, Getz cut his first record as leader, for Savoy. But the first side released, *Opus de Bop,* was credited to the Bebop Boys. With Getz were pianist Hank Jones, bassist Curly Russell, and drummer Max Roach. The recording was poorly balanced, and the tenorist's tone sounded raw, but reviewers commented on the rhythmical flow of his playing. The remaining three sides, released much later as by the Stan Getz Quartet, affirmed that Getz possessed individual artistry worthy of a featured status.

After the session, Getz returned to the West Coast. He was next heard from as a featured soloist on a *Just Jazz* concert, along with trumpeter Charlie Shavers, altoist Willie Smith, pianist Nat Cole, and drummer Louie Bellson. Gene Norman, the concert's producer, released parts of the Pasadena concert on his Modern Jazz label. The result was four 78-rpm sides of *How High the Moon,* two sides of *Body and Soul,* and two sides of *Charlie's Rhythm,* on which the tenorist was given extended blowing space.

Summer Sequence soloist Getz, arranger Ralph Burns, leader Woody Herman

AN IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT was initiated when Getz joined a septet led by vocalist-baritone saxophonist Butch Stone at the Red Feather in Los Angeles. The group was unusual in that all the members, except Stone, were bebop-oriented. Shorty Rogers wrote the arrangements and was featured on trumpet; Herbie Steward played both tenor and alto saxophones; the rhythm section was Shelly Robbin, piano; Arnold Fishkin, bass; and Billy Shuart, drums.

While Getz was with the group, August, 1947, it made four sides for Majestic. The records released were novelty numbers featuring Stone, but there was a good hot tenor chorus on *I Love You till Your Money Is Gone Blues.* No one has been able to determine whether it was by Getz or Steward—the two saxophonists were playing very much alike and had formed a mutual-admiration society.

Getz and Steward left the Stone group together and joined Zoot Sims and Jimmy Giuffre in the second four-tenor band organized by arranger Gene Roland, who wrote the arrangements while Tommy DeCarlo led and played trumpet. This, an eight-piece group, was the original home of the famed "four brothers."

In later years, Sims said of the band, "We played Mexican stocks in Mexican ballrooms along with Spanish tunes and a raft of originals by Roland scored for four tenors and trumpet."

The group's main location was Pete Pontrelli's Spanish Ballroom in Los Angeles. They kept the dancers happy with Latin numbers and vocals by Getz' first wife, Beverly, but left plenty of opportunity to experiment with the saxophone sound.

Woody Herman, who had been inactive in the band field for a year, heard what was happening at Pontrelli's and decided to make use of the unique saxophone quartet in the new band he was organizing. He hired Getz, Sims, Steward, and baritone saxophonist Serge Chaloff in place of Giuffre. They became the heart of the second Herd. Herman asked Giuffre to write something to feature the reeds; the result was *Four Brothers,* which became the identifying sound of the band. Sims later said, "We may not have had the drive of the first Herd, but we were a much more musical outfit."

Bill Russo and Lloyd Lifton, in their *Jazz off the Record* in *Down Beat* during 1950, devoted three columns to analyzing the *Four Brothers* (the tune title was submitted by Herman) recording made for Columbia in late 1947.

In the Russo-Lifton column, it was pointed out that the record offered an opportunity to compare the work of three leading tenor saxophonists playing on the same chordal structure with the same rhythm section and arrangement. All three men, according to Russo and Lifton, were somewhat influenced by Charlie Parker and predominantly influenced by Lester Young's 1939-40 style.

On *Four Brothers* (Columbia C3L-25), the arrangement and the solos form a unified work of art. Russo and Lifton stated that the increasing interaction between arranged and improvised jazz indicated an approaching maturity for the music.

The best example of rapport between composer and soloist is to be found on the first solo played by Sims, followed by Chaloff's baritone and a thoughtful, well-integrated Steward solo. Getz, who takes the last solo, begins his offering with an interpolation from *Moon over Miami.* Russo and Lifton remark that the interpolation is not out of place: "The phrases following seem to flow from the borrowed segment. The segment was integrated into what followed. Perhaps the most interesting things about this solo are the flexibility and facility which Getz demonstrates. The tempo is exceptionally fast (the ease with which the whole group plays tends to obscure this point), yet Getz utilized each and every chord change, incorporating two chord changes a bar into a fairly continuous melodic line."

Ralph Burns, the regular Herman arranger, took the sound of three tenors voiced over a baritone saxophone and used it in the fourth movement of *Summer Sequence* (the *Epilogue*) and later in the continuance of that work, *Early Autumn.*

Early Autumn (Capitol T1554), composed and arranged by Burns as a sequel to *Summer Sequence,* was made Dec. 30, 1948. It is interesting to note that Burns established a definite mood that Getz picked up and developed, illustrating a rapport between the composer-arranger and soloist. This is essentially the same thing that happened over a decade later when Getz and Sauter collaborated on *Focus.*

Early Autumn, on which Getz' solo is marked by a light tone and lack of vibrato, represents a peak of his jazz ballad playing and established him as one of the most influential jazzmen of that day.

Getz, whose setup on the Herman stand also included a clarinet and bassoon, in speaking of the band in retrospect has said, "It sure made you want to blow when you've got guys like those on a band. You hear the right sounds all night; finally the right sound comes out of you." The guys included tenor man Al Cohn, who replaced Steward in January of 1948; Sims; Chaloff; trombonists Earl Swope and Ollie Wilson; trumpeters Shorty Rogers and Ernie Royal; vibist Terry Gibbs; and drummer Don Lamond, among others.

Other Herman records on which Getz is heard soloing include *Keen and Peachy,* a Burns original based on the chords of *Fine and Dandy* (Columbia C3L-25), and *Keeper of the Flame,* a Rogers original built around *I've Found a New Baby.*

Gene Ammons took over Getz' chair with Herman in March, 1949, and there followed a short attempt by Getz, along with Al Cohn, Sims, and other ex-Hermanites, to keep a smaller edition of the Herman band going under Getz' leadership. They played the Apollo Theater in Harlem and were to sign with National records, replacing the Charlie Ventura group that had switched to RCA Victor, but the band scene was declining, and the project was dropped. Getz then embarked on his career of leading his own quartets and quintets.

He was not to remain unchanged in his Four Brothers mold, even though critic Barry Ulanov wrote at the beginning of 1950, "Stan's identifying sound has become the identifying sound of cool jazz, the standard by which other saxophonists essaying the relaxed, the restrained, and the controlled in modern jazz are judged."

In the same year, in a Leonard Feather *Blindfold Test,* Getz remarked, "I can play different styles and appreciate styles; I'm not trying to shove any one style or sound down people's throats. It's fun swinging and getting 'hot' for a change instead of trying to be cool. I don't want to become stagnant. I can be a real stomping tenor man!"

During the '50s Getz made many combo records showing his development. He acquired a deeper tone and probed into all the aspects of his instrument. Today, he makes use of the full range of his horn and plays flowing lines interspersed with staccato passages. His lyrical approach remains, but it is flavored with frequent use of a more virile and authoritative tone.

While the music of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane—and, of course, Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, and others of the avant garde—remains esoteric, Stan Getz, using a universal device, lyricism, has managed to bridge the gap between art and popular entertainment without crass showmanship or reiterative playing. db

One Octave Down: One Career Up

The resurgence—on bass clarinet—of peerless jazz clarinetist Buddy DeFranco, By Geoffrey Marne

JAZZ AND ITS ADHERENTS move in mysterious ways their idols to reform.

For 20 years (1935-55) the clarinet was one of the most firmly established instruments in jazz. For an equally long but differently placed period (1945-65), Buddy DeFranco has been acknowledged, not merely through poll victories but through the respect of fellow musicians, as peerless among jazz clarinetists. Yet the gap between musical acceptance and economic success has been wider in his case than in that of any other modern-jazz performer. Much of the problem lay in the rapidly declining popularity of the clarinet during the past decade among jazzmen.

Now DeFranco sees a new career opening for him, one that may help to bridge this gap. The solution was simple: he took up the bass clarinet.

"It's amazing how people have reacted," said the articulate, self-possessed DeFranco. "Both the musicians and the public seemed to get an emotional message right away. I can play a passage on the soprano clarinet and not get across, where if I play the identical notes on bass clarinet, it will hit people."

The soprano clarinet is more popularly known as B-flat clarinet. It is a misleading tag, since the bass clarinet itself is also a B-flat instrument, pitched an octave below the soprano. (There is an E-flat clarinet, which is pitched a fourth above the soprano.) With rare exceptions, the soprano was the only clarinet used as a vehicle for improvisation until recent years.

The first exception was Harry Carney. DeFranco observed, "I liked to listen to Harry play bass clarinet, but what he did on it seemed to be basically a transference of his baritone sax style.

"Then, of course, Eric Dolphy came along. I like a lot of what he did, and you had to give him five stars for attempting it at all. There was an undisciplined quality about some of his work, as if he wasn't too much concerned with clean technique. It's a matter of taste; quite a few people nowadays tend to abandon certain principles and just go for themselves. Eric for me was very much like Ornette Coleman, in that there were little glimpses of things that I liked very much, great promise shown, but then after a while I would lose what he was doing, or it would lose me.

"Obviously, it's a hard instrument to play. That's the main reason nothing has been done with it before in jazz, I guess. Even more than the soprano, it requires 100 percent concentration, devotion to tone production, finger technique."

How does he deal with these technical problems?

"There's a very fine studio musician out here, Ben Kanter, who has helped me a lot. He owns a music company and does some teaching too. We talked reeds and mouthpieces and exchanged a lot of ideas; the rest has been up to my own application. The top register is quite edgy on bass clarinet and hard to execute; it's pretty easy to run into a squeak.

"I use a lot of resistance and an open mouthpiece; on Kanter's advice I picked a tenor reed, quite hard, a 4.

"Lately, too, I've been listening more and more to every B-flat clarinetist in the legit field; men like Stanley Drucker of the New York Philharmonic, and Mitchell Lurie on the West Coast. They're the guys that can really handle the instrument. I already know what the jazz guys are doing.

"I want to look to the guys with the clear sound, with no garbage in it, with all facility and no fumble. There are two ways to play. One is to just go ahead and say something from the heart. The other is to build a facility, an eloquence, and then say something and also mean it from the heart. The more I practice on soprano clarinet, funny enough, the easier the bass clarinet is to handle. The only difference is in the formation of the embouchure and the breaking technique. Because the keys are bigger, the break between registers is even tougher on bass clarinet—I had to work a lot on that."

The new venture came about when Leonard Feather, assigned to produce a Vee-Jay album with DeFranco for the *Encyclopedia of Jazz/Jazz of the '60s* series, tried to persuade him to switch to tenor saxophone, in the hope that a bigger, harder sound might render him more acceptable to current jazz tastes. DeFranco pointed out that his feelings toward the saxophone are not unlike those of Roy Wilkins toward Gov. George Wallace. Feather then said, "Well, how about bass clarinet? At least that's in the same family." DeFranco, who had owned a bass clarinet years ago but had never used it, agreed that the idea might be worth a try.

Incredibly, he had only been playing the horn a week when the album, subtitled *Blues Bag*, was taped in the company of Victor Feldman and most of the Art Blakey group. The men on the date were immediately impressed by the new DeFranco that emerged from the horn. (*Ed. note:* see page 24 for a review of the album.)

DeFranco said bass clarinet is susceptible to a funkier, more soulful feeling "because of the ratio of sound. It's not merely deeper; the tube has to be physically bigger; therefore, you get more vibrations, and it affects the nervous system and the ear more readily.

"Soon after the record date, I played for two weeks at the White House in Minneapolis, with Pat Moran's Trio. I split my time evenly between the two instruments and plan to keep it that way. The change breaks the monotony, and makes the soprano sound better by contrast."

Two concerts, one with the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra and another with an all-star jazz show in San Carlos, Calif., were equally well received. The next move was an attempt to write for the instrument. DeFranco wrote an arrangement of Feather's *Twelve-Tone Blues* for flute, two soprano clarinets, and himself on bass clarinet, plus the George Shearing Quintet, and played it on Shearing's television show, seen in the Los Angeles area.

Steps planned for the immediate future include a single record, his first in many years, applying the new sound to a popular movie song with a string-ensemble setting arranged by Bill Finegan. Then comes another album.

Admirers, who for years have seen DeFranco's tremendous talent bypassed, are keeping their fingers crossed. There is a feeling among those close to him that this may be a long-needed turning point in a career that seems to have been at a near-standstill for too long.

DeFranco's partnership with accordionist Tommy Gumina, despite its admirable musical qualities, fell apart after a series of unsuccessful attempts to establish it as a lightly swinging group for lounge work. Its timbres simply went against the grain of what is currently fashionable.

It will be a strange but happy irony if DeFranco's adoption of the new child has the hoped-for effect. Commercially, as it is for every new venture in the capricious world of the arts, the outcome is unpredictable. But musically, the desired results are already well along the way to achievement. db

Charles Davis:

BARITONE SAXOPHO

By ALLAN ZOLA KRONZEK

BARITONIST CHARLES DAVIS sat transfixed. His eyes seemed to focus on the two rotating spools of tape waiting to take down his every syllable, but his mind was elsewhere. In the other room, another wheel was turning, spinning out *Ornithology*. Charlie Parker's solo over, Davis relaxed and chuckled, nodding his head from side to side. He suggested that something else be played if we hoped to get anything done that afternoon. The record was changed and the question repeated. Davis thought for several seconds, staring at the tape recorder.

"What direction do *I* think jazz should take?" he said. "Well . . . I think jazz should get . . ." he stopped, smiled to himself, and continued, ". . . more like Charlie Parker. At least since hearing that record; it sounded *so* good."

"But isn't the influence of Bird's music still very much with us?"

"No, not really," he answered. "People don't really know too much about it, so how can they play it? They *talk* about it, but you don't hear very much of it on the radio. So how can people actually know?"

"I was speaking of musicians."

"Well, musicians—they talk about it, but they play less."

"Which musicians are you referring to?"

Davis laughed and said, "In general. We're not really naming any."

"That comes as a surprise. Jazz musicians don't listen to Charlie Parker, don't study him?"

"Well, listen to the way some of them play. That speaks for itself. And I don't mean playing *like* him. But you know, you can argue different points down, but it takes more playing than arguing."

More playing than arguing constitutes one of the tenets of Charles Davis' musical philosophy. Evidence enough is his flexibility as a sideman (he has worked with such diverse stylists as blues-oriented saxophonist Hank Crawford and avant-garde pianist Sun Ra). This compatibility is traceable to Davis' possession of a strong personal style and not, as is sometimes the case, to the lack of one. Though continuously evolving, his style is rooted in the bop tradition but is tempered by a subtlety that often approaches understatement. Yet his playing reflects a wide curiosity and a willingness to explore some of the less-charted regions of contemporary jazz.

BENEATH AN ALMOST forbiddingly large frame, Davis is a mild, soft-spoken, and unaffected man who appears to weigh carefully everything he says. (Musically, such a practice is usually rewarding too.) Born in Goodman, Miss., on May 20, 1933, Davis was brought up "on Basie and Ellington" in Chicago, where he began his musical education. Though unable to remember when he first heard "jazz," a word he dislikes using, Davis vividly recalls his introduction to the baritone saxophone, the horn he knew, even as a child, he would eventually play.

"It was around 1945 or '46—I was in grammar school at the time—that I first began to hear the instrument," he said. "And it was Leo Parker who was playing it. I heard a record of his on Savoy, a Charles Greenlee tune called *El Sino*, and he had a warm and passionate thing going with the instrument. It seemed like he caressed it more, playing it like an instrument with different moods and temperaments—tone, color, and sound.

"It wasn't gawky and out of proportion in places, you know—it was the baritone. Very subtle and mild, at least on this particular recording. That's what really fascinated me about the instrument. Not knowing what kind of instrument it was at the time, I got the sound in my head, and I found out later it was the baritone."

But it was on the alto saxophone that Davis began to play in 1949, even though he still wanted to play the baritone. It was a matter of economics. The alto was cheaper and offered a means of learning about music. It wasn't until Du Sable High School days that he got a chance to play baritone in the concert and swing band.

Such major figures as Gene Ammons, Bennie Green, Johnny Griffin, Richard Davis, and Clifford Jordan, to mention only a few, have also been students at Du Sable, which is not, incidentally, a high school noted for its music program. Davis attributes its production, nevertheless, of fine jazzmen to the solid musical foundation laid by the school's bandmaster, Walter Henri Dyette, a man for whom Davis has a deep respect and liking.

Davis worked in Chicago with such notables as tenorist Ben Webster and singer Billie Holiday and spent 13 months on the road in the group accompanying singer Dinah Washington.

After moving to New York City in 1959, he gigged around, spent 1959-60 with trumpeter Kenny Dorham's band, and since has played with an assortment of jazzmen.

Though able also to play tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones, flute, and clarinet, Davis prefers, publically at least, to devote his energies to the baritone.

"I only feel comfortable playing the baritone and soprano," he said. "After a while, if I play tenor or alto, I lose interest in the instrument."

This loss of interest is the result only of the baritonist's commitment to a greater interest. He has found his voice, and versatility for its own sake seems pointless. Or even for the sake of possibly playing more gigs.

"I thought of this back in Chicago," he said, "but you have 90,000 tenor players . . . so. And I'd much prefer to play baritone."

IF HE HAD TO talk for a while rather than play, Davis made it clear that he wanted the words devoted to his horn. He quickly refuted many a layman's opinion that the baritone's size and apparent unwieldiness make it unusually hard to master.

"It's no more difficult than any other instrument," he said. "People say it takes more wind; well, sometimes it takes less wind. It's not a question of physical endurance."

Is it more difficult to get a good tone with?

"You have to practice to get a good tone on *any* instrument. To get a good tone, you have to have one in your mind. That's where it begins. And that's *if* you desire to have a good tone. I've always tried to stress having a

NE AS A WAY OF LIFE

different sound, something that wouldn't sound like I was playing on—like I said—a gawky instrument."

"I've improved on my sound quite a bit," he said. "But there's a sound I would really like to get out that I'm not getting out now. I'm getting close to it . . . close to it."

One can't help but wonder if he will ever be content with his sound, no matter how near his mind's ideal he comes.

"I don't think you can ever satisfy yourself with anything, musically," he said. "You're always going to strive for something, and if it gets to the point of satisfaction, well, you should retire."

Far from retiring, Davis is eager to form his own quartet with which he expects to focus his attention on some of the unexplored possibilities of the baritone.

"When you're in someone else's group," he explained, "you're not always able to do this, because the music is going in another direction than the one you want it to."

There is much more to be done with the baritone, Davis admits, than he is doing. Concerns such as sound, color, and increased range, all inherent in the instrument, have yet to be exhausted. He foresees as possible an advance for the baritone similar to the emancipation the bass has undergone in recent years.

"It can happen to the baritone," he said. "It hasn't really reached out yet. I recently did a recording—it's difficult for me to describe because actually I haven't found a way to write down musically what I played technically. It's a recording with Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones; the tune's called *Half and Half*. It's something involving the instrument."

This Davis original, which derives its title from the two time signatures (4/4 and 3/4), has an Oriental, almost Indian, flavor to it, and is suggestive of some of the Eastern-influenced playing of John Coltrane and Yusef Lateef.

"It deals with overtones to a certain degree," Davis explained, "so I guess you could relate some of it in the direction of Ravi Shankar, as far as that's concerned. But I hadn't thought of it like that. It's music."

Linked with Davis' desire to expand the potential of his instrument is the implicit extension of the music itself. Davis is not one to wave his banner blindly in the parade of the avant garde, but neither will he make detours in the face of the difficult. He refuses to be labeled a "new thing" musician, rejects the phrase as meaningless, and refuses to apply it to a group of individuals who do not, after all, play in exactly the same manner.

"My involvement with the 'new thing,'" he said, "is trying to find out just what it is. 'New thing' is like the word jazz. It means a lot of different things to a lot of different people. But what's new that hasn't had some indication earlier?"

This is not to deny that musicians such as Ornette Coleman, whom Davis said he holds in great esteem, have made significant contributions to contemporary music. But to state that one or two individuals discovered a new kind of music, Davis quipped, "is like saying Jelly Roll Morton invented jazz." db

MUSIC AS COLOR

YUSEF LATEEF

By PETE WELDING

RANGED ALONG the front of the small, dimly lit bandstand were a shannas (an Indian oboe-like double-reed instrument), a flute, a tenor saxophone, a large wooden flute on top of which was hung a scraper made of a large animal horn, an oboe, several wooden flutes of various sizes, a small brass hand bell, and a tambourine. Gazing at them during an intermission at Detroit's Drome jazz club, I could not help but recall a remark made earlier that evening by their owner. "To me," Yusef Lateef had said, "the various instruments I play are like colors to the compositions just as colors are to a canvas."

Lateef's playing that evening more than bore out his dictum. Few other performers in jazz, with the possible exception of that sonic mage Roland Kirk, can offer the listener such a rich profusion of musical colors and textures as can this large, placid man.

His tenor playing was very much within the big, full-toned tradition of Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Dick Wilson, and Chu Berry, his early idols, with a more than passing acknowledgement of the harmonic divinations of Charlie Parker and further tempered by the recent exploratory work of John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, and several members of the younger wave. Lateef's is strong and virile playing of high order and consistent invention.

Lateef's flute work exploited every facet of that instrument's potential, ranging from the warm and languid to the explosive, sputtering intensity of an instrument played almost beyond the range of its normal capabilities. On oboe, his playing was filled with the ululant, pain-tinged cry of the blues or the insinuating, pinched, nasal inflections of Eastern music, an effect doubly underscored when he switched to the harsher-sounding shannas. And then, too, Lateef spiced his music with a variety of rhythmic textures on scraper and tambourine and punctuated flute solos with shrill blasts.

The complement of instruments—far from being used just for novelty, gimmickry, or other gratuitous effects—is an integral part of Lateef's musical conception. Since he thinks so naturally in terms of musical colors and textures, he has found it expedient over the years to employ a variety of instruments—some of them "exotic," in that they are indigenous to other musical cultures—to give fullest expression to his musical ideas.

First flute and then oboe were added to the tenor saxophone on which he had started, and as his interest in Eastern music has grown, he has included the others.

BORN WILLIAM EVANS (the name by which he is best known to jazz fans, Yusef Lateef, was adopted upon his conversion to the Moslem faith some years ago) in Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1920, Lateef was reared in Detroit, to which his family had moved when he was 5. Music has been the focal point of his life since 1938, when, as a student at Sidney D. Miller High School, he began studying tenor saxophone as a member of the school concert band. Shortly thereafter, he supplemented school music studies with private lessons with alto saxophonist Teddy Buckner, then residing in Detroit after having left the Jimmie Lunceford Band. Within a year Lateef had gained sufficient mastery of the horn to leave school to work with a band, the 13 Spirits of Swing, led by trumpeter Matthew Rucker.

"The band," Lateef recalled, "played mostly for dances in and around Detroit. Milt Buckner, the pianist who later was with Lionel Hampton, did most of the arranging for us, and, as a result, we had a lot of special arrangements. It was built around his compositional technique, and that's what put the band out in front at the time. Our music was unique, and we had this personal sound besides the stocks we played, like *Jumpin' at the Woodside*.

"What got me into the 13 Spirits was that I could read music. I later found out that they were thinking of getting rid of me because I couldn't play a good solo, but fortunately they kept me. I learned to improvise as time went on. I stayed with them for a year, and then I went back to finish high school."

After graduation Lateef continued to job around Detroit, gaining experience in a variety of musical milieux, ultimately joining the 'Bama State Collegians in 1945 on the recommendation of tenorist Lucky Thompson. It also was Thompson who persuaded bandleader Lucky Millinder to use Lateef briefly in 1946.

"I took a tenor player's place who was supposed to go with Cab Calloway," Lateef recalled with a laugh. "I stayed with Millinder a little over a week, but the tenor player didn't go with Cab, so Lucky told me I was through. Rather than come back home, however, I stayed around New York. That was a time. Sonny Stitt, Fats Navarro, and Charlie Rouse were around then, and Tadd Dameron. Tadd used to help me with my changes.

"Charlie Parker's influence pervaded everyone's thinking who was really trying to evolve in their playing at that time. I had heard *Hot House*, but I hadn't heard too much because it was so new. I had heard Sonny Stitt though. He was with the 'Bama State Collegians when I joined them. At that time he was playing more like Benny Carter, but then Charlie Parker came on the scene, and this transition took place in Sonny. His playing evolved very rapidly. So I was exposed to him and to Dexter Gordon too.

"New York was exciting to me. It was 1946, and Bird had gotten to people like Charlie Rouse and Tadd Dameron. I mean he had their respect . . . people like Sonny Stitt, Charles Greenlee, and, naturally, Max Roach and Miles Davis. I had met Miles; he used to practice organ all the time in his basement . . . one of those little organs—you had to pump them. I used to go by his house, and even at that time he was listening to music like the *Children's Corner* by Prokofiev and practicing chords on the piano, the changes to the tunes he had to play."

When Ernie Fields brought his Tulsa-based band through New York later that year, he offered Lateef one of the saxophone chairs. The tenorist traveled with the Fields band for about a year, leaving to go to Chicago early in 1948. The city was a beehive of musical activity then, and Lateef jumped in with both feet.

"We had quite a school there," he reflected, "because we would study all day long, and we'd work at night—if we had a job. There was a large building on the south side that a number of musicians lived in. I had a place there, and a trumpet player named Red had a little organ that he

would study all the time. Sonny Stitt would come by, as well as [trumpeter] Freddy Webster. I remember Freddy and I learned *Moose the Mooche* together; it was in a court just below 38th St. and Cottage Grove. And I suppose it continued even after I left."

Lateef was ready when his first important break came. He recalls vividly the circumstances of his joining the Dizzy Gillespie band in 1949.

"I was at a jam session one morning, and I saw King Kolax and he said, 'Diz needs a tenor player. You should call him.' They had just played in Chicago, and James Moody had left. They were at the Pershing, so I called and [drummer] Teddy Stewart told me, 'Dizzy's gone to New York.' He gave me Diz' phone number in New York, and I called and told him, 'I heard you need a tenor player.' He said, 'Yeah,' and we talked over the business, and he sent me a plane ticket, and I joined him in Los Angeles."

Lateef is still enthusiastic about the time he spent with the trumpeter's big band.

"The music you had to play," he recalled fondly, "and the forms were very modern. It wasn't every band that would play music like that. And the interpretation of the musicians was very informative, as far as phrasing. And, then, you were listening to Dizzy Gillespie every night. He was a giant then—and he still is. And [altoist] Ernie Henry. So anyone in the band, simply by virtue of being there, was exposed to all this improvisational artistry night after night.

"As a leader, Diz was superb. He could hear everything in the band. It was amazing . . . out of 15 pieces in the band, he could hear every note in every arrangement. With his back turned he *knew* if you played something wrong.

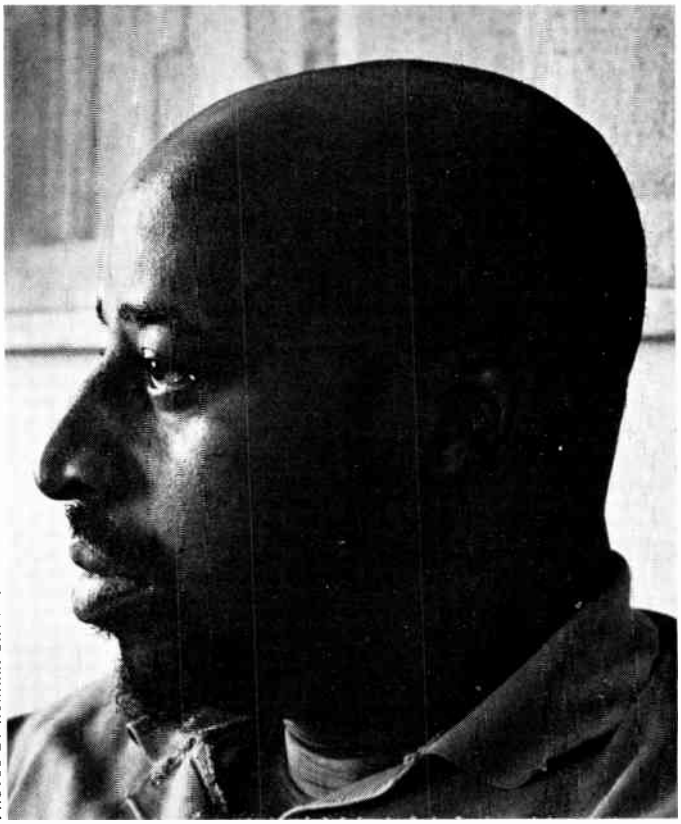
"There was a feeling of fraternity—after you had been there a while. You more or less had to learn, grasp it yourself, at first. The first two or three weeks in the band I was kind of dazed. We'd be playing a passage, and all of a sudden I would hear the saxophones play something that I didn't see. They would just look at me. I wouldn't ask anything; I thought I shouldn't. Finally it dawned on me what they were doing. They would slur a note, but it wouldn't be indicated, but this would be part of their way of doing things . . . and different nuances there is no notation for. That's why the band sounded as it did: because they had different approaches to phrasing. After you learned what was going on, then you could make suggestions yourself, contribute if you wanted."

LATEEF REMAINED with the band for about 10 months, leaving to return to Detroit in 1950 upon the sudden illness of his first wife. There were a son and daughter, ages 5 and 6, to be looked after. The saxophonist remained in the Motor City for 10 years, during which time he became a prominent figure in the city's burgeoning modern-jazz movement (along with trumpeter Donald Byrd, guitarist Kenny Burrell, bassist Paul Chambers, pianist Barry Harris, drummer Frank Gant, and others) and attended Wayne State University to further his musical studies.

Lateef took up flute at the suggestion of Burrell, with whom he was working in 1956.

"When Kenny suggested it," Lateef said, "I thought it was a good idea. It just hadn't dawned on me. . . . I think he was just aware of the possibilities in musical textures and the innate beauty of the flute. He had this insight and passed it on to me."

Two years later Lateef, enthusiastic about the expanded tonal palette flute had given him, took up oboe to further extend his musical horizons. "The quality of the instrument, the sound," he explained, "had an appeal for me. This attracted me enough to study it. I think this makes



PHOTOS BY NORMAN DAYRON

compositions more interesting, the more colors they have."

"Basically," Lateef continued, "the various woodwinds are just vehicles to express your own personal vision, but there are technical aspects of the instruments too . . . each one varies. The oboe, for example, takes quite a bit of cajoling to play in tune. The fingerings, too, are much different than saxophone and flute, and this leads you into other avenues of sound expression. For instance, if you use certain oboe fingerings on the saxophone you will produce a sound that perhaps would not have occurred to you otherwise.

"Too, so far as the sounds of the different instruments, certain lines lend themselves to particular instruments. On the oboe, if you're playing a blues, you might be induced to perhaps play something sounding kind of Eastern because of the quality of the oboe sound, whereas if it's the flute, you might lean towards playing something light or a little more languid. And, of course, the oboe is not as agile as the saxophone."

Lateef moved to New York in 1960. "The music scene in Detroit became so slow," he explained, "that I had no choice but to go to New York."

Two or three months after his arrival, he joined bassist Charlie Mingus at the Showplace. The experience was an enlightening one, according to Lateef. Mingus, he said, "has an individual way of arriving at musical form, putting compositions together like I'd heard no one do before. . . . I definitely feel I gained something from my time with Mingus; some of that individualism is bound to have an effect, to rub off." He said it further stimulated his interest in musical colors and textures.

The multi-instrumentalist spent much time in the New York recording studios supporting such singers as Gloria Lynne, leading his own quartets and quintets for engagements at Birdland and the Village Gate as well as out of town, and as a member of the Michael Olatunji troupe before joining Cannonball Adderley's group in 1962.

It was as a result of his tenure with the ebullient altoist that Lateef came to the notice of a large segment of the jazz audience. He expressed great respect for Adderley and describes his time with the group as "very enjoyable."

It was during these two years that Lateef's own musical

ideas crystallized in his mind. To fulfill his own vision, he knew he would have to form a group. He left Adderley in January, 1964, and since then has been his own man. His initial group was a quintet with trumpeter Richard Williams sharing the front line, but currently he has a quartet with the inventive French pianist Georges Arvanitas, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer James Black, the only holdover from the original group. "It's the vehicle I want," Lateef says, "to project my own expression."

"I'm trying to evolve the technical aspects of my music—form, melody, and harmony," he said. "I've been studying atonality for the past three years, and I feel that atonality and that which is beyond atonality will give new life to music. What I mean when I say 'beyond atonality' is the idiom that, say, Karlheinz Stockhausen uses.

"I look at music as music. When I speak of Stockhausen as a composer, I think of him as a composer of *music*, and so is John Lewis a composer of music. I don't try to categorize the music. I do think that there is music that has an individualistic design to it, while some music is very common—it sounds like that which was produced a year ago or 10 years ago. It's dated.

"Personally, I think music written in the tonal idiom has become monotonous more or less, so there's a need for an evolution. The resources of tonality are practically exhausted, I feel. I know this. My ears, my understanding of music, tell me this. Take G-Minor7 to C—which you find in many tonal compositions—there are just so many melodies that can be written against this. And even if the melody varies, it's still G-Minor7 to C. You still hear this. That's why flatted 9ths and augmented 4ths and modal devices have come into the picture, because they're trying to get away from the boredom. But now even these have become common, so the music just has to move out. And I think even the intelligent listener is aware of this. Tonality is limiting as a vehicle for expression.

"Now, you must come through this to go farther, through tonality. It is the basis; you don't disregard it. A person who's learning music *must* come through these doors.

"Now, this does not mean, of course, that I am abandoning tonality. I play some tonal compositions. I don't abandon what I call this 'X Factor,' this feeling that has made the music live all these years. In fact, I think this should be brought along with the new music, this depth of expression. This has nothing to do with techniques—atonality, tonality, or whatever—but you can't abandon this when you go into new forms."

Lateef indicated that popular acceptance of atonality and subsequent developments will probably be a long time coming.

"There are a lot of talented composers around," he said, "modern composers, but their works are not being played, because if you played their works, the halls would probably be empty. There's not an audience for it. So until the audience is created, you won't hear much of this. The composer, not writing for an audience, then, is writing for art's sake."

The receptive musician, Lateef indicated, is open to a wide variety of musical stimuli. He derives his inspiration, takes his sustenance, from anywhere and everywhere, drawing together the sources, however disparate, in the fire of his creative vision. In Lateef's case, this has led him into the area of Eastern music, and the subtle, insinuating convolutions of this borrowing color a considerable portion of his music.

"Informally," he said, "I've studied quite a bit about Eastern music. I spend a lot of time in libraries reading about the ragas, the Indian form of composition, and various Oriental scales and modes. I've also talked to Ravi Shankar, and he passed on their philosophy of music."

The jazzman, in borrowing such disciplines, Lateef pointed out, must take care to effect a synthesis, not merely slavishly copy the source. He said:

"The tune I did called *India* is based on an Indian scale Ravi Shankar played. Now, the improvisation we did is our own concept of improvisation. We're not trying to say that this is Indian music. This is *our* music, *our* expression, though based on Indian scales.

"Sometimes I use some of the Indian scales I know, and I also use some of the nuances in my improvisation. This is because I've been exposed to them. I've listened to Kabuki music as well as Indian, and it's become a part of me. It's just an expression . . . it teaches me what's inside me by observing their music—the possibilities of human expression. They no longer are Indian when I play them from inspiration, no more than the music that originally came from India to Japan is Indian today. It's Japanese, a totally different discipline. But it serves as inspiration.

"Also I've used Indian instruments like the shannas, an Indian double-reed instrument. Although I've heard Bismilar Kahn play it, I don't try to copy his solos or anything like that. It's my own personal expression when I play it. My concept of playing the shannas is like Benny Carter didn't sound like Charlie Parker, even though they're both altoists."

One does not have to master the intricacies and complex philosophic grounding of Indian music in order to appreciate and come to an understanding of it, Lateef said.

"There are some things that are not understood only through books or intensive study," he explained. "There is certain knowledge that happens within the individual. There is no explanation for this other than it occurs; it exists within the individual. It's personal vision."

Inspired by the work of John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins as well as several members of the avant garde—pianists Cecil Taylor and Sun Ra and saxophonists Farrell Saunders and Byard Lancaster (an altoist currently a student at the Berklee School of Music in Boston)—Lateef has got increasingly "free" in his playing, and the work of the group often gives the impression of total collective improvisation. Always, however, the music is firmly ordered, Lateef stated.

"In our group," he said, "there are definite rules to follow which are more flexible than they have been in the past. *Listen to the Wind* might sound totally free, but there is a definite scheme from beginning to end. The reason the drummer doesn't play a monotonous rhythm is because he's supposed to simulate the wind as he plays; it blows at no definite tempo. A piece of paper might be blown along the ground fast and slow; it might even stop at some point. And this is going on during the improvisational course. During the ensemble choruses the drums have a written part where there is silence as well as things to play.

"As to the actual interpretation of the roles, however, this is up to the individual players. There is a definite, planned vehicle to which all contribute. But completely free playing is meaningless and more than likely to end in chaos. It's got to be ordered somehow.

"One has to be careful in using the word 'free,' I think. You've heard the saying, 'Knowledge will set you free.' This is what I think. Knowledge of form, of new approaches to composition, will give us new music, a music that is fresh and vital. Not just jump on the bandstand and play anything. This oftentimes leads to meaninglessness."

"I believe that as a man develops himself spiritually," Lateef concluded, "it will be reflected in whatever he does, his music or whatever it is. And I'm trying to develop myself spiritually, to develop good ethics, morals, in relation to the people in the world. This, I believe, will be reflected in whatever I do musically." db

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.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Eric Dolphy

ERIC DOLPHY & BOOKER LITTLE—Prestige 7334: *Number Eight; Booker's Waltz.*
Personnel: Little, trumpet; Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Mal Waldron, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Eddie Blackwell, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

THE ERIC DOLPHY MEMORIAL ALBUM—Vee-Jay 2503: *Jitterbug Waltz; Music Matador; Alone Together; Love Me.*
Personnel: Woody Shaw Jr., trumpet; Clifford Jarvis, soprano saxophone; Prince Lasha, flute; Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Sonny Simmons, alto saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Eddie Khan or Richard Davis, bass; J. C. Moses, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

LAST DATE—Limelight 82013: *Epistrophy; South Street Exit; The Madrig Speaks, the Panther Walks; Hypochristmutreefuzz; You Don't Know What Love Is; Miss Ann.*
Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Misja Mengelberg, piano; Jacques Schols, bass; Han Bennink, drums.
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The simultaneous appearance of these three collections serves to remind us forcibly of the great loss jazz suffered in the death, at 36, of the gifted Dolphy.

The power and sweep of his musical vision, as well as the extension of the technical and mechanical aspects of his instruments required to articulate that vision fully, are stamped in every groove of these generally stimulating sets.

The earliest of the three was recorded at New York's Five Spot cafe during the two weeks Dolphy and the late, promising trumpeter Little co-led a group in the summer of 1961. The album is the least effective of the three, simply because it is the most conventional.

Dolphy was rapidly fashioning the uniquely personal style that is so brilliantly displayed in the other two sets, both recorded later. His work on the '61 album, however, is often inconclusive and unresolved. He plays with the same stinging power, the same charging excitement, but often the power and excitement are not matched by the strong sense of continuity, the mosaic of effectively contrasted elements, the personal use of tension and release that informed his more mature work.

The '61 group works more or less in an updated bop style—the "new thing" devices the two men, especially Dolphy, employ are merely grafted on the typical post-bop superstructure.

Dolphy plays alto on *Number Eight,* producing a solo that is a hot, squiggling mass of notes that possesses a degree of excitement but seems too wrapped up in itself to lead anywhere. Little does slightly more than play a lot of notes, while pianist Waldron, the date's most consistently stimulating improviser, turns in a long, spinning, rhythmically interesting solo.

Much the same is true of the trumpeter's composition, *Booker's Waltz,* on which he displays his beautiful, Clifford Brown-like tone in a series of multinoted explosions of sound—a sputtering fuse that ignites nothing. Little seems hesitant, and his solo lacks direction.

Dolphy, playing bass clarinet, creates a solo on this track that is a wry, cascading piece of whimsy in his most slithering manner. (How to describe it? A tipsy mongoose?) The solo, however, seems more properly an exercise in wresting as many unusual effects from the instrument at as high a speed as possible and for this reason will be of interest to reed players. Little furnishes some tasteful and helpful support toward the latter part of Dolphy's segment, adding considerable interest to the texture.

Waldron, again, brings off the most cohesive improvisation, well shaped and controlled, spiced with tart rhythms, building to nice climaxes, and he varies his effects purposefully.

The rhythm support furnished by Davis and Blackwell is sensitive and incisive, lending just the right note to each of the soloists. All in all, though, the performances are somewhat inconclusive.

The *Memorial Album* is a welcome reissue of a fine set originally produced about two years ago by Alan Douglas for the small, poorly distributed FM label, recently acquired by Vee-Jay. It presents Dolphy in a series of intriguing contexts that admirably showcase his matured abilities on flute, bass clarinet, and alto saxophone.

The buoyant, light-hearted *Jitterbug* offers a beautiful Dolphy flute solo, a long, multinoted improvisation that unwinds sinuously, always sure, always dead center. Shaw's trumpet follows in an attractively conceived, warm set of variations.

A joint composition by Lasha and Simmons, *Music Matador,* is a trivial but inoffensive calypso (!) that contains a strong but—in comparison to the sprightly banality of theme—strangely somber alto solo by Simmons over an imaginatively rhythmic bass line by Khan. The altoist sounds startingly like Dolphy.

The two solo segments that follow—by flutist Lasha and soprano saxophonist Jarvis—carry little conviction. Both seem a bit ill at ease, and their improvisations never get off the ground.

Dolphy follows with a mocking and ironic commentary, angular and purposely disjunct, alternating squawks with bleats, in a continuation of the sort of Bronx-cheering he had been giving the theme during the ensembles.

Khan's bass solo is delicious, and he follows his dark-colored exploration of the melody with an agreeably contrasting high-register segment; the transition is so abrupt that one is convinced another instrument has entered.

Alone Together is a powerful and completely satisfying tour de force by Dolphy on bass clarinet and Davis on bass. No other instruments are present, but the musical texture the two produce is so consistently enlivening and inventive that interest never flags. In fact, it's easily the most effective and stimulating work in the set.

The piece, which ranges freely in and out of tempo, demonstrates conclusively that the popular song form, in the hands of truly original minds, is scarcely an exhausted or limiting form. By their stunning, inventive work, the two men brilliantly recast it into a powerful, imaginative, and daring statement of great originality.

After the Bartoklike feeling of suspension created at the outset, the piece builds powerfully and surely to climax and relaxation. Dolphy ranges from simple rhythmic displacements and subtle shifts of emphasis in the melody line to a complete reshuffling and reordering of the song's elements. Davis' bass lines alternately participate in the melodic development and create a sure rhythmic foundation for the horn.

An unaccompanied alto saxophone solo, *Love Me,* concludes the album, but it seems disjunct to me. It is interesting from a technical point of view for the effects achieved, but it projects little in the way of consistency of mood or a sense of design. It seems more a technical exercise than a completely finished jazz improvisation, accompanied or otherwise.

The final set, *Last Date,* was recorded in Hilversum, Holland, two weeks prior to Dolphy's death.

Dolphy's playing throughout the set is sure and masterly, coherent and strong, and his melodic and rhythmic imaginativeness is wondrously fertile. The support the Mengelberg trio furnishes him is, for the most part, very sympathetic to his musical needs, and, in fact, the Thelonious Monk orientation of pianist Mengelberg seems to have inspired Dolphy to consistently high-level playing.

He uses bass clarinet on Monk's *Epistrophy,* and the rhythmic nature of the melodic line gives him impetus for a lunging, serpentine solo that is all blistering power, filled with the astringent speech-inflected devices he peppered his playing with so effectively.

The pianist builds a tart, dark colored improvisation filled with the broken rhythms that are charactertistic of his musical mentor, and his support of Dolphy is similarly Monk-inflected. Dolphy responds so vigorously to this approach that one comes away from the number speculating on what might have been the results had Dolphy ever found himself in the Monk milieu.

South Street is a rapid, sinuous flute vehicle, on which Dolphy's work is much more incisively rhythmic than I've heard him elsewhere. It is a charging, long-lined improvisation delivered at breakneck speed but with no letup in invention—astonishingly strong and assured playing by a man

certain of what he wants to say and his ability to say it unequivocally. Mengelberg brings off a clearly articulated line that is more competent than inner-directed, though there are some pungent Monk flavorings.

The leader's somewhat congested, liquid alto is heard on *Madrig* and *Miss Ann,* both filled with the blistering, speech-inflected lyrical power his best work on the instrument always had. The human cry, always a part of his sound, fills these pieces, as it also does on the very Monkish *Hypochristmutreefuzz* line devised by Mengelberg and suggesting nothing so much as a reordered *Epistrophy*.

However brilliantly Dolphy plays on these numbers, his flute performance of *You Don't Know* far and away outstrips them; it is a breathtakingly perfect realization in terms of harmonic and rhythmic ingenuity.

After an out-of-tempo introduction, Dolphy states the theme, and his playing here has an air of ardent power, a passionate intensity that is simply magnificent. He is supported only by Schols' bass until the start of the improvisation, when the flutist embarks on a series of variations so strong, imaginative, and perfectly complete that the backing the trio furnishes is, in a sense, superfluous. It certainly adds nothing to his solo, and, in fact, Dolphy's playing *inplies* considerably more than is actually stated by the trio.

The solo performance in the Vee-Jay album of *Love Me,* designed as a tour de force, falls far short of its intent, while this performance, conceived in terms of soloist with rhythm, succeeds far beyond what it sets out to do. This is actually the tour de force, an apocalyptic performance that is perhaps the best kind of memorial Dolphy could have left behind. (P.W.)

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Cannonball Adderley-Ernie Andrews

LIVE SESSION!—Capitol 2284: *Big City; Next Time I See You; I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco; Ten Years of Tears; Bill Bailey; I'm a Born World Shaker; Don't Be Afraid of Love; Since I Fell for You; If You Never Fall in Love with Me.*

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; Andrews, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

It didn't really have to be Cannonball. Moreover, it is crass exploitation of an explosive, virile jazz unit to harness it behind a vocalist who has lots of homework to do.

Admittedly, the band does not come off with earth-shaking profundity here, but the group has a track record that establishes it as a consistently good jazz combo. There is very little good jazz played here, however. Generally, the group stays in the background and provides a smooth, unruffled complement to the indecisive singer. Sporadic spurts of jazz gush to the fore but then duck back.

Andrews evidently has listened intently to male singers ranging from Al Hibbler to Joe Williams and Bill Henderson, but his own style is unsettled and inconsistent. His strength is phrasing, and he is often expressive and believable. He handles ballads with some confidence, but when the tempo is quick, his delivery becomes increasingly unreliable. His improvisation is plagued with intonation and shading problems. (B.G)

Gene Ammons

VELVET SOUL—Prestige 7320: *Velvet Soul; In Sid's Thing; Salome's Tune; Light 'n' Up; The Song Is You; Stranger in Town.*

Personnel: All tracks—Ammons, tenor saxophone. Tracks 1, 2—Frank Wess, tenor saxophone; Johnny (Hammond) Smith, organ; Doug Watkins, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. Track 5—Clark Terry, Hobart Dotson, trumpets; Oliver Nelson, alto saxophone; Red Holloway, George Barrow, tenor saxophone; Bob Ashton, baritone saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bill English, drums. Tracks 3, 4, 6—Mal Waldron, piano; Marshall, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Despite three instrumental groupings, this album achieves no additional variety or interest because of it. The presence of the undulating Ammons throughout makes the record a many-faceted jam session.

While the arrangements offer mild interest, the exchanges between Ammons and Wess spark the recording with occasional surges of excitement. Additionally, *Soul* contains driving blowing from Wess.

There is no denying the oft-demonstrated fact that Ammons is a powerhouse, and the push and drive he shoves through his saxophone always emerges with the unconscious ease of youngsters kicking cans.

Everything Ammons does here he has done just as well before and often. A lesser musician would be accused of noncreativity, but the dean is still in good form, and while the riffs and licks are familiar, that enthusiasm, that urgency, that free-swinging gallop are never boring.

On this album, his tone is somewhat lighter than usual, but he maintains a lethal drive. He resorts to the bottom of his horn for extended blowing only on *Stranger,* and he infuses that tune with characteristic Ammons body and fullness.

RC

The statement is direct and almost unadorned. It is in contrast to *Salome's Tune,* which is played in a higher register and with plaintive entreatment.

The obvious and expected limitation of this album is lack of exploration and inventiveness. It offers nothing new or provocative. There's only Ammons, blowing freely and loosely as only he can. For many listeners, this is enough. (B.G.)

Buddy DeFranco

BLUES BAG—Vee-Jay 2506: *Blues Bag; Rain Dance; Straight, No Chaser; Cousin Mary; Blues Connotation; Kush; Twelve-Tone Blues.*
Personnel: Lee Morgan or Freddie Hill, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; DeFranco, bass clarinet; Victor Feldman, piano, vibraharp; Victor Sproles, bass; Art Blakey, drums.
Rating: ★★★★

DeFranco's debut playing bass clarinet is quite impressive. Perhaps because of his unfamiliarity with the instrument, his playing has a roughness to it that I find quite attractive. DeFranco has so mastered soprano clarinet that he often gives the impression there is not a human agency behind it, so flawless is his execution. But with bass clarinet, DeFranco's great feeling for music is not hidden under technique—it comes through strongly, and the occasional clinkers add to the virility of his playing. The only times his playing is downright clumsy are on *Dance* and *Connotation.*

DeFranco seems more taken with his new horn's low register than its upper (sometimes the high notes get away from him, much as Eric Dolphy's did when he played bass clarinet). DeFranco's low notes are handsome — juicy and full. And as always, he picks superb notes, no matter the register; many times he rockets off with a climbing phrase made up of the extensions of seventh-chords or, as on Leonard Feather's *Twelve-Tone,* by judicious use of the whole-tone scale.

DeFranco's most effective playing is on *Kush;* his solo is dark and ominous, and down there in the rich low register the jazz cry is clearly heard.

Still there is more involved in this record's success than DeFranco's playing.

Much of the session's fire is the result of Blakey's drumming. (Because of his contract with Limelight, the drummer here uses his Moslem name, Abdullah Buhania.) The two men have always played well together. In fact, I believe this is the most moving record DeFranco has made since he headed a quartet in the '50s that included Blakey. (It would seem that the clarinetist is highly susceptible to the musical company he keeps; if the others wail, so does he. Listen to him and Blakey feed each other in *Cousin Mary.*)

On a par with Blakey's strong backing is the exceptional work of Sproles, a red-meat bass man if ever there was one. For an example of his excellence one might listen to his bass lines behind Fuller on *Dance* and the interaction between him and the trombonist on this track, or hear how Sproles adds color and texture to DeFranco's melody statement of *Straight* by playing it in unison with him.

Nor would the rhythm section be as good as it is without Feldman's punching accompaniment. His solos are, of course, always interesting. His *Twelve-Tone* improvisation is particularly well done; it delightfully retains the George Russell flavor of Feather's composition.

Morgan and Fuller are heard on *Dance* (composed and arranged by Feldman and the one track on which DeFranco plays soprano clarinet, in ensembles only) and *Twelve-Tone.* Morgan plays sprightly solos on both tracks, but Fuller is better on *Dance* than on *Twelve-Tone.*

Hill replaces Morgan on *Connotation* and produces a bright solo, despite a clam or two. Fuller also is present on the track, but his solo is not outstanding.

A word of caution about the packaging: DeFranco is not listed as leader; the album's complete title is *Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia of Jazz/Jazz of the '60s, Vol. 2/Blues Bag* (Feather was the a&r man). But don't let that title fool you— this is DeFranco's date, whole hog and then some. (D.DeM.)

Lou Donaldson

COLE SLAW—Argo 747: *There Is No Greater Love; Poinciana; Cole Slaw; People Will Say We're in Love; L'il Miss Fine; O Sole Mio; Skylark; Soul Gumbo.*
Personnel: Donaldson, alto saxophone; Herman Foster, piano; Earl May, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.
Rating: ★★★

Donaldson remains one of the better adopted sons of the Charlie Parker tradition on alto. His drive and fire are quite in evidence in this session in which nobody knocks himself out but just sits back and has a little routine therapy.

The standards are accorded relatively straight treatment as is the Louis Jordan oldie, *Cole Slaw;* so straight is *Slaw,* in fact, it hardly gets beyond direct statement of the scrap of melody line com-

prising its theme. The closing *Soul Gumbo* is another medium-tempoed jumper based on repeated blues riffs with heavy afterbeat. Best of the set is Donaldson's *L'il Miss Fine,* a funky, down-to-earth blues workout for all.

The rhythm section functions admirably, with Barretto's conga stitching in fills in appropriate places and pianist Foster getting off workmanlike solos.

No world-shaker of a session, to be sure, but hearing the Donaldson horn is invariably a pleasing experience. This is no exception. (J.A.T.)

Benny Goodman

MADE IN JAPAN—Capitol 2282: *Cheek to Cheek; Like Someone in Love; Close Your Eyes; As Long as I Live; Stompin' at the Savoy; My Melancholy Baby; Memories of You; I've Got the World on a String; You're Blase; Dinah; Goodbye.*

Personnel: Goodman, clarinet; Dick Shreve, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Recorded in Tokyo in February, 1964, before an apparently large audience (judging by the spread and depth of the applause), these are easygoing, slippers-and-pipe performances.

Goodman stays fairly close to a warm, mellow, full tone throughout the set, working in a relaxed but bland groove. There is little effort to generate much overt excitement. What attention-catchers there are come primarily from Shreve, a pianist who likes to dig in a little on his solos. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Harris

COOL SAX FROM HOLLYWOOD TO BROADWAY—Columbia 2295: *People; From Russia with Love; Topkapi; The Days of Wine and Roses; Groovy Movies; Who Can I Turn To?; Theme from Malamondo; Sarah's Theme; On Green Dolphin Street; Night Must Fall; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; Little Lo Lo.*

Personnel: Harris, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★★★

In this set of material derived from motion pictures and Broadway shows, tenorist Harris puts himself out on a limb. This awkward position is partly the result of the limiting instrumental format of the set (tenor and rhythm section) and partly the Harris sound, that frequently almost unbearably hard, cold, high, whining insistency.

Harris' highly competent command of his instrument leads him to imitate the sounds of higher-pitched saxophones, sometimes with telling effect. *Wine and Roses,* for example, is accorded the soprano treatment; *Who Can I Turn To?* starts out as a tenor sound, steps up to Paul Desmondish alto, and concludes on soprano level.

Technical aspects aside, Harris manages to take time out for some good-to-very good jazz improvising. *Green Dolphin* and *Topkapi* are cases in point. On the latter, in fact, he borrows a paragraph or two from John Coltrane's book.

The rhythm section is uniformly satisfactory, and the addition of guitarist Burrell for *Russia* (his only appearance) was inspired.

This is a pleasant, individualistic set that is all Eddie Harris in spirit and tone, even to his two jumping originals, *Groovy* and the concluding *Lo Lo.* (J.A.T.)

Joe Henderson

IN 'N' OUT—Blue Note 4166: *In 'n' Out; Punjab; Serenity; Short Story; Brown's Town.*

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Henderson, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The major moments on this album are contributed by trumpeter Dorham, a veteran player who continues to grow in stature and scope. The musical context here is decidedly post-bop, but Dorham is completely at home in it, contributing not only excellent solo and ensemble work but also two strong original lines, *Story* and *Town.* The latter is especially appealing.

Henderson, who wrote the three other pieces, is a modally oriented player, strongly touched by John Coltrane and has a flair for fluent improvisation in this currently fashionable style. His sound is well articulated and projected (when he doesn't indulge himself in the also fashionable production of wails and screeches, an aspect of current playing that leaves this listener cold), and his interplay with the rhythm section is often quite fascinating.

The presence of Tyner and Jones, of course, underscores the session's Coltrane climate. It is bassist Davis, however, who makes the strongest impression. Both rhythmically and harmonically, he is exceptionally alert to the work of the soloists, and his work is fresh and striking without being in the least self-seeking or exhibitionistic.

Tyner has a personal style and his own way of voicing chords, but there is a basic sameness of approach in his work here that tends to make interest pall after the first hearing. Jones is excellent, less dominating here than in his work with Coltrane but not less exciting.

Expectedly, *Serenity* is the most relaxed track; it is yearning rather than serene. *Town,* during which Henderson does not solo, has beautifully structured Dorham and a spot for Davis. (D.M.)

Roland Kirk

I TALK WITH THE SPIRITS—Limelight 82002: *Serenade to a Cuckoo; We'll Be Together Again; People; A Quote from Clifford Brown; Trees; Fugue'n and Alludin; The Business Ain't Nothin' but the Blues; I Talk with the Spirits; Ruined Castles; Django; My Ship.*

Personnel: Kirk, various flutes; Bobby Moses, vibraharp; Horace Parlan, piano; Michael Fleming, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; C.J. Albert, vocals.

Rating: ★★★

Sometimes an instrumentalist can coax just so much from his horn; for him, the next step must be vocal. Kirk reached that fail-safe point a long time ago, and he has since been in a musical twilight zone, blowing, grunting, singing—consecutively or concurrently—experimenting, exhorting, waxing eloquently, or rubbing abrasively. But he has never forgotten how to swing.

In this album, all those elements are present. But instead of the oversaxed approach, there is simply Kirk: the incredible flutist.

Business spills over with funky enthusiasm. Kirk is literally beside himself, urging himself on, inserting lyrics wherever possible. However, he overdoes his phenomenal breathing technique and holds a dominant note until it becomes sheer boredom.

Spirits shimmers with impressionistic beauty, enhanced by the wordless vocalizing of Miss Albert and the exotic twang of Perkins' West Indian steel drum. Kirk's introspective solo is all too brief.

The impressionistic mood is retained in *Ruined Castles*. Its spare but intriguing accompaniment comes from an Oriental music box. Again brevity interferes. The listener deserves more of this delicacy and imagination. Continuity is maintained as the music box is followed by Parlan's celeste behind *Django*. Kirk's slow solo is filled with reverence; his "up" chorus is straightforward. But the final excursion in 6/8 is forced; *Django's* contours do not lend themselves to the feel of a jazz waltz.

Ship harbors some of Kirk's finest fluting, climaxed by an amazing cadenza in which he blows thirds. Not particularly pretty but quite unbelievable.

Cuckoo is a humorous, minor-mode swinger all the way, using a canary (Miss Albert) as a humming bird for the theme statement along with Kirk, who switches to a wooden flute from North Africa. Parlan's solo fling is marked by some tasteful chordal comments. The final comment, however, comes from an authentic cuckoo clock.

Together and *People* form a pleasant medley that, at best, is quite danceable. The only sounds worth their grooves come in the cadenza. It's as harsh as it is genuine. *Quote* drives hard, but the solos from Parlan, Fleming, and Kirk are uninspired. The interplay between Kirk and Perkins on slapped flute and choked cymbal is humorous but corny.

Trees undergoes a transplant from a tired old ballad to a refreshing jazz waltz. Solos by Kirk and Parlan have to fight an overactive Perkins, whose steady attack tends to obscure the feel of 6/8.

Fugue's is a 40-second exercise in counterpoint between Kirk and vibist Moses. Kirk's spontaneous comments at the end faithfully capture an exuberance that highlights the whole album. (H.S.)

Yusef Lateef

LIVE AT PEP'S—Impulse 69: *Sister Mamie; Number 7; 12-Tone Blues; See See Rider; The Magnolia Triangle; The Weaver; Slippin' and Slidin'.*

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Lateef, tenor saxophone, oboe, flute, argol, shannas; Mike Nock, piano; Ernie Farrow, bass; James Black, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Lateef is one of the most interesting second-string players in jazz today.

He deserves a bit of our attention, and he has proved an effective sideman in a variety of jazz situations, but when one sifts out all his exotic devices, the remainder does not measure up to that produced by first-string improvisers such as John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. Nor are his fundamental musical ideas even particularly original.

What makes Lateef a striking performer is his use of unusual instruments (for jazz), such as the oboe, the argol (a Syrian reed instrument), and the shannas (an insistently nasal horn from India). Often a Near Eastern flavor results from the sounds of these instruments, but Lateef's basic musical concepts seem closer to Charlie Parker and Coltrane.

On *Rider*, for example, Lateef's oboe, controlled and penetrating, really offers no more than a rather ordinary blues, the kind that any Parker-bred saxophonist might serve up.

There are bits and pieces of many things here, from the "free" jazz effects of *Weaver* to Nock's *After Hours*-like business on *Number 7*. The latter composition, by the way, is a three-part blues that incorporates elements of 12-tone writing, Indian raga tonality, and pre-bop earthiness.

Having set forth my reservations about this LP, I should point out that Farrow and Black are a splendid rhythm team; that this "live" date swings happily, in and out of 4/4 time; that the album is better than 80 percent of the stuff pouring onto the jazz market today.

So what's wrong with being a talented and conscientious first-rate second-liner? (R.B.H.)

Sonny Stitt-Bennie Green

MY MAIN MAN—Argo 744: *Flame and Frost; Let's Play Chess; Double Dip; Our Day Will Come; My Main Man; The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; Broilin'.*

Personnel: Green, trombone; Stitt, tenor saxophone; Bobby Buster, organ; Joe Diorio, guitar; Dorel Anderson, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Green records so infrequently these days that one should take what is offered without carping. Under almost any condition he is a bold, imaginative, commanding, and tasteful musician.

There is enough Green in this album to satisfy the above adjectives, but there are also plenty of places where he seems to be coasting, content to operate without his usual surging inspiration.

Hampered by the rushed tempo of *Double Dip*, neither Green nor Stitt gets off the ground, and on *Main Man*, a blues, no one is more than adequate. *Eyes*, however, is a different matter, with Green in fine fettle, and the rhythm section more firm. Green shines again on *Flame*, but his best moments in the album come on *Day*, where he climbs to the upper register and, holding and bending whole notes, parades all the facets of his trombone sound in splendid song.

Stitt is an excellent jazzman, but on this record his tenor seems only to act as a foil, putting Green's horn wholly in the spotlight.

Diorio solos well. Anderson has occasional trouble with tempo, but both he and Buster are swinging and unobtrusive on the good tracks. (G.M.E.)

Flip Phillips

FLIP PHILLIPS REVISITED—Sue 1035: *Sweet Georgia Brown; Girl from Ipanema; Nuages; In a Mellow Tone; Satin Doll; Miss Thing; I Remember Lester; Just Say I Love Her; Don't Get Around Much Any More; 'Round Midnight.*

Personnel: Phillips, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; unidentified piano, bass, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Chalk up one more case of indifference and oversight toward a jazz musician who made the tactical error of surviving. Phillips arrived in the mid-'40s just when the changing of the guard was occurring in jazz.

Although he was almost a pure product of the swing era, he made it into the postwar jazz world on the wings of Woody Herman's forward-looking first Herd. Then

(unfortunately, as it turned out) he survived by joining Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe—unfortunately, because he became so irrevocably associated with the honking and mooing he produced on those tours that, like another honker, Illinois Jacquet, it was eventually assumed that this was all he could do, and the jazz world forgot him.

I have no idea what Phillips has been doing for the last decade (the liner provides no information of any kind regarding Phillips—his name is misspelled four times out of four tries—or the superb pianist, bassist, and drummer who play with him), but he has never played better or with greater variety than he does on this set.

He boils through *Georgia*. He opens *Mellow Tone* with a Ben Websterian quality, moves into a lighter, swinging attack on the second chorus, and winds up with suggestions of Johnny Hodges. His Lesterian influences are evident on a driving version of *Thing* and are very deliberately laid on the line on *Lester*. Beyond this, on *Ipanema, Doll,* and *Love,* he plays bass clarinet with a rich, full sound and a remarkably light and easy touch.

The whole set swings, sometimes with a roaring drive *(Georgia, Thing),* sometimes with an easy propulsion *(Doll),* and this is not all due to Phillips. As indicated, he has a brilliant trio backing him. The drummer is particularly notable—he sounds like young Buddy Rich. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE—NEW BOTTLES

Reviews Of Reissues

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

The World of Charlie Parker (Roost 2257)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Melodic Stan Getz (Metro 501)

Rating: ★★★½

Cannonball Adderley-John Coltrane (Limelight 86009)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists: *Giants of the Saxophone* (Vee-Jay 2501)

Rating: ★★★½

Most of the performances on the Parker LP are available elsewhere, either on Roost, Baronet, or Charlie Parker Records (though the last-named company is defunct, one sometimes can find its product in the racks).

All the material is from 1947, a vintage Bird year. Included are performances from the splendid Carnegie Hall concert the altoist did with trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie.

Parker was in top form that night—chorus after inspired chorus spun forth from his horn. His playing had the force and feeling, the intricacy and subtlety, the form and pacing that made him the artist he was. Parker's excellence was matched by Gillespie's—the trumpeter pulled off several towering solos at the event. The tunes are *A Night in Tunisia, Dizzy Atmosphere,* and *Groovin' High;* the rhythm section consists of pianist John Lewis, bassist Al McKibbon, and drummer Joe Harris.

Other Parker tracks—*Scrapple from the Apple, My Old Flame, Don't Blame Me, Out of Nowhere,* and *Dewey Square*—are by his 1947 quintet (Miles Davis, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, drums). Trombonist J. J. Johnson is added to the quintet for *Quasimodo,* a Parker composition based on the chords of *Embraceable You.*

The LP's *Scrapple* and *Dewey* are different from those available on Baronet and Charlie Parker Records. The Roost ensembles are not too smooth, but the soloing is masterly.

On the ballads, Parker is superb. His *Old Flame* solo develops from practically straight melody in the first eight bars through gradual inclusion of more embellishments in the second eight and bridge to almost total thematic reconstruction in the improvisation of the last eight. He uses the same method of simple-to-complex in his solo on *Nowhere,* but he includes a number of his favorite licks, which detracts from the solo. Parker begins improvising from Bar 1 of *Blame;* flashing, multinoted flights in the first half of the chorus give way to brilliant melodic invention in the remainder.

The Getz album is uneven. The best tracks are *A Handful of Stars* (gentle,

singing ballad work by Getz), *How About You?* (a Getz solo that unfolds beautifully through six choruses, including one of stop-time), and *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me* (inventive, melodic tenor). The other tracks are *Over the Rainbow, That Old Feeling,* and *Spring Is Here,* none of which held my interest as much as the others.

I hope MGM-Verve will begin listing personnels on future Metro releases; simply because a record is meant to sell for less than $2 is no excuse for omitting pertinent information from the liner.

For those who want to know, *Rainbow* and *Can't Believe* were made in 1956 in Sweden with pianist Bengt Hallberg (whose swing-touched work is heard to advantage), bassist Gunnar Johnson, and drummer Anders Burman; *How About You?* is from Getz' *The Steamer* album, released in 1959 but recorded earlier—the pianist is John Williams, who plays a typically frugal though agile solo, and, I think, the drummer is Frank Isola, a consistently tasteful percussionist; Williams and Isola are present on *Spring Is Here,* recorded about 1954 with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer and bassist Bill Anthony; *Stars* was made around 1956 with pianist Lou Levy, bassist Leroy Vinnegar, and drummer Shelly Manne; *Feeling* is from a Getz-Gerry Mulligan session in 1957 with a rhythm section of pianist Levy, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer Stan Levey.

The Adderley-Coltrane album was recorded in February, 1959, when the participants were members of the Miles Davis Quintet (the others are pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Jimmy Cobb). It was first released, on Mercury, in 1961 as *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Chicago.* Supposedly unavailable for some time, these performances are certainly welcome reissues; the colorful packaging and thoughtful liner notes by Don Heckman are bonuses.

I feel that this is Adderley's best recorded effort; his invention and joyful verve never fail him. At the time these tracks were made, the altoist enhanced his Parker-out-of-Benny Carter style with several of Coltrane's better devices. And Coltrane, in turn, had incorporated some of Adderley's characteristics into his own playing. The cross-pollination resulted in this nonpareil set.

Limehouse Blues is a scorching performance in which both horn men play superb solos; the saxophone exchanges are reminiscent of an old-fashioned cutting contest.

Adderley does *Stars Fell on Alabama* as a ballad feature; the strength of his improvising, the logic of his construction, and the length of his phrases are noteworthy. (Kelly's solo, with its rolling quality and impishness, is reminiscent of Nat Cole's piano work.) Coltrane chose *You're a Weaver of Dreams* as his feature; his improvisations are in the nonsentimental, lyrical manner he uses to good effect on ballads. Both men are strong blues players, as is evident on Coltrane's *The Sleeper,* on which each turns in a no-nonsense performance.

Adderley wrote *Wabash,* an old-timey two-beater. His playing is hot, straightforward, and melodic. Coltrane plays well on the track but seems more at home on his own *Grand Central,* which is more harmonically oriented and provides him meat for a slashing solo. Adderley's *Central* solo, however, is rather glib, and he glosses over some of the chord changes.

Adderley and Coltrane also are heard in *Giants of the Saxophone,* the first volume of a Vee-Jay series titled *Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia of Jazz/Jazz of the '60s.*

The Adderley track, *Awful Mean,* a gut-blues originally issued in a Paul Chambers LP, is the album's best performance. It's a finger-popper (and there's nothing wrong with that, friend) that finds the altoist coming on strong as an ox, his solo full of lustiness and drive. At the time—probably before he left Davis in 1959—Adderley used heavier accents than he does today, and his playing was the better for it, I believe.

The Coltrane track, *Simple Like,* originally appeared on Roulette in *The Birdland Story,* released in 1961, and is by his first quartet (McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass; and Billy Higgins, drums). Coltrane played less complexly than he does currently or than he did on the Adderley album. His *Simple Like* solo is lyrical, but there is little fire in it. Tyner offers a cleanly articulated solo to the generally tepid goings-on.

Two other performances are near the quality of the Adderley blues: *Red Door* by Al Cohn-Zoot Sims and *Juggin' Around* by a group that included tenorists Gene Ammons, Frank Foster, and Frank Wess.

The Cohn-Sims track is in the deftly swinging, unpretentious, Lester Youngish manner one has come to expect from the two protagonists. It was recorded during a Latin America tour in 1961 and originally appeared on FM Records. (Vee-Jay has acquired the FM catalog.) It is good-time jazz of high order—whenever the two tenor men play together, it is a joyous occasion.

Juggin' has boss tenor work by Ammons—head down and straight ahead. Ammons' playing, like Sims' and Cohn's, has one foot in Lester Young, but in Ammons' case, the other is planted firmly in Illinois Jacquet. The other saxophonists on *Juggin'* are swingers of the first water too; Foster's solo is Young-in-stomp-time, and Wess, who falls into his solo, shows the influence Ammons had on his playing. The track also boasts sly trombone by Bennie Green and Clark Terry-touched cornet by Nat Adderley.

The other tracks are tenorist Eddie Harris' *Dancing Bulls* (good solos by the leader, pianist Willie Pickens, and guitarist Joe Diorio), the MJT+3's *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* (direct, Adderley-ish alto by Frank Strozier), altoist Eric Dolphy's unaccompanied *Love Me* (too like a series of exercises for my taste), Benny Carter's *Tickle Toe* (11 saxophonists in an adroit Carter arrangement of the Lester Young tune), Wayne Shorter's *Down in the Depths* (musicianly tenor by Shorter, but nothing much happens), and tenor saxophonist Yusef Lateef's *Bass Region* (as notable for the bass of Paul Chambers, the session's leader, as for Lateef's muscular work).

—Don DeMicheal

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL HENAHAN

An interesting history of music could be written strictly from the standpoint of the theoretical arguments that have periodically split the ranks of composers.

The schism over the Schoenbergian 12-tone system, which only yesterday seemed unbridgeable, is only the latest of many such ideological debates. The Wagner-Brahms battle, Gluck versus Piccini, Bach against his own sons, and many more vendettas on lower levels of creativity could be cited.

It has been clear for some time now that a new schism has been taking place in the modern-music councils, this time between composers who practice and advocate aleatory or chance music and those whose hackles rise at the mention of it. There are also saner types, of course, who would admit chance into their works, so long as the composer is able to retain control over the shape and direction of the performance.

Like all sophisticated ideas, the aleatory argument can sound childish when oversimplified, and some opponents of John Cage take this easy way out in trying to put down his work.

For anyone interested in more honest argument, the January issue of *Music Quarterly* is recommended reading.

This 300-page 50th anniversary issue is called *Contemporary Music in Europe, a Comprehensive Survey* and is weighty with information as well as polemics. Throughout the issue, the chance-versus-control debate can be heard raging. In his introduction, Paul Henry Lang, the editor, puts the case strongly against "chance by inadvertance"—uncontrolled chance, that is—and ridicules those who argue that the "chance" of the present-day composer corresponds to the "unexpected" in traditional, written music. He quotes the lines: "True ease in writing comes from art, not chance; as those move easiest who have learned to dance."

The fact that he misattributes the Alexander Pope lines to Thomas Gray is unfortunate but not damaging to his position. Lang and other writers point out that what really distresses the anti-chance composer is the fear of losing not merely control over this or that performance but of being pushed off the pedestal on which artists have stood since the Renaissance.

Currently, the leader of the anti-Cage school in Europe is Pierre Boulez, the composer of *Le Marteau sans Maitre* and other influential avant-garde works since World War II. This may strike some musicians as odd: Boulez' *Third Piano Sonata*, his most significant work to date, uses chance rather freely. Ah, but with a difference, the Boulez camp replies: individual details are left to chance but the *course of the work as a whole* is rigidly determined.

See what a bind a composer gets himself into when he overintellectualizes his music? Not long ago, Karlheinz Stockhausen and Boulez were explaining to us how control of every element of a musical work (dynamics, tempos, phrasing, etc.) by serial methods eventually led the composition to write itself. So many variables had been determined in the first few bars of the score that the permutations and combinations simply worked themselves out automatically. All that was left to the composer was to take dictation, so to speak. Cornered by their own monster, the rigid serialists now escape by drawing fine lines between varieties of chance.

In the same *Musical Quarterly* issue, Daniel Charles pinpoints the current obsession with chance in a discussion of "formal" and "informal" music, the latter being the type of event at which Cage and his disciples preside.

"One of the possible criteria by which to characterize the different avant-garde composers in France," Charles writes, "is their attitude toward John Cage's music."

Boulez and his camp proclaim "the author's right of property over his own work," while Cage's followers frankly admit they want "to destroy consciousness and let the deeper strata of the psyche emerge in unreasoned acts," to quote the fence-straddling Iannis Xenakis.

At the heart of the chance-versus-control debate stands an ancient psychological problem, common to all of us but suddenly assuming the proportions of a dilemma in the minds of contemporary composers. In every 20th-century composer's music two voices can be heard, each demanding precedence. The first whispers that nature is a preset, highly efficient machine that tyrannizes man and that only by defying its laws does a composer write music of significance. This is the revolutionary's voice, the voice that told Stravinsky to write *The Rite of Spring* or Varese to write *Arcana*.

The other voice contends that nature, far from being a tyrant insistent on man's following unchangeable rules, could not care less. Nature, the frightening voice whispers, is chaos. The composer responds by writing music in which he attempts to construct his own inner universe of rules and order, as a bulwark against the great buzzing confusion outside his head. The composer who hears this voice is appalled by the thought of blowing up music's structure of rules and concepts, for if music, too, becomes chaos, what has the composer left?

The most interesting artists are those in whom the two voices argue alternately or even concurrently, with neither gaining the upper hand for long. So, Stravinsky can write both *L'Sacre* and *Threni* in a lifetime, and Schoenberg can wrestle with order and chaos in such a work as *Moses und Aron* without resolving the question.

On every side we see the composer today losing sight of just this: that the composer's role is to hold contradictions in suspension as a means to work creatively and that the winning of intellectual and metaphysical debates is best left to the infertile sciolists of campus, pulpit, and press. A composer should have better things to do with his young life. db

BLINDFOLD TEST

DEXTER GORDON

By LEONARD FEATHER

When Dexter Gordon burst onto the scene a little less than 25 years ago, he was the teenage son of Lionel Hampton's doctor. He was also, from December, 1940, the tenor saxophone soloist in Hampton's band.

Like a variety of other distinguished saxophonists (Buddy Collette, Eric Dolphy, Warne Marsh, Herb Steward), Gordon is a native of Los Angeles. In the mid-1940s, however, he was an important part of the New York scene, in and around 52nd St. He was one of the first and most gifted tenor players involved in the bebop movement, playing with Charlie Parker at one time and touring with the Billy Eckstine Band for 18 months.

Though the bop days are far behind us, his contemporaries recall the impact of Gordon, and his influence has persisted. Recently he returned to this country after 2½ years as a resident of Copenhagen, where his popularity made him an adopted son of Denmark.

This was Gordon's first *Blindfold Test*. The records played consisted chiefly of items featuring tenor players who were major influences during his early professional years. He received no prior information about the records played.

(Hodges' organist is listed as Ray Jackson; presumably this is a pseudonym for Bill Davis.)


LEE TANNER

1. Gene Ammons. **Juggin' Around** (from **Jazz of the '60s, Giants of the Saxophone**, Vee-Jay). Nat Adderley, cornet; Bennie Green, trombone; Ammons, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, tenor saxophones.

That was . . . Bennie Green . . . and Jug [Ammons] . . . Clark Terry . . . and the other tenor player sounds almost like Yusef. I'm not sure who that was. Wasn't too much happening . . . didn't go anywhere. In fact, it didn't feel very comfortable. The beat kind of got turned around there a couple of times. Didn't sound like that was the best take, either.

I dig all those soloists. I dig Green, who plays a very, very beautiful trombone. Incidentally, he has a very big fan in Copenhagen, a young trombone player there named Torolf. Every time I see him, he wants to know what Bennie Green's doing. Of course, I love Jug, who I've known all my life . . . and Clark Terry, who's always a dead giveaway. Nobody sounds like that. All in all, 2½ stars.

2. Orchestra U.S.A. **Duke Bey** (from **Jazz Journey**, Columbia). Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Arif Mardin, composer.

It's a shame to waste a beautiful arrangement like that. That was Hawk, huh? But there were only traces of the Hawk I love. He sounded like he was a little under the weather on that one.

That was a beautiful arrangement—I don't know who wrote it, but I dug it. But that wasn't Hawk that day. . . . The number was unfamiliar to him to begin with and so he was just trying to feel his way. If he had already known it, things would have gone better. One star for the arrangement.

3. Johnny Hodges. **Tangerine** (from **Blue Rabbit**, Verve). Hodges, alto saxophone; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar.

The Rabbit. Quite a contrast with the other record! In this one everything was nice and easy, melodic—it was beautiful. Yeah. Johnny Hodges. He's fantastic. I don't know who the guitar player was—Burrell maybe? Kenny Burrell. The organ player didn't kill me too much. . . . He was competent, but. . . .

I don't object to all organs; I worked with some in Chicago. It's a different groove, and it's possible to get a nice groove going with an organ. I wouldn't necessarily choose an organ for my group, but the public digs it. Back east they're very popular. I guess because it fills up the room—sounds like a big band. Lot of difference between a piano trio and an organ trio. Three stars for that; it was nice.

4. Americans in Europe, Vol. II. **I Remember Clifford** (Impulse). Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Bud Powell, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Joe Harris, drums.

Yeah—Don. It's a shame Don's been away so long that the cats over here have forgotten about him. They're not hip to him any more. And he's playing his tail off. He came to Copenhagen three, four times when I was there, and we used to play together a lot. He's in good shape physically and really playing. Although I don't think he's playing as much as he should. He's got a spot where he skindives all the time, and he's strong as a bear.

Is that Bud on there? Sounds like him. And probably it was the kid playing bass, Niels-Henning—fantastic! Have you heard him yet? Drummer? I don't know who that was, probably William Schiopffe. Sounded like it was recorded in a hall, so many people there. Anyway, I liked it very much. Three-and-a-half stars.

5. Benny Carter. **Tickle Toe** (from **Jazz of the '60s, Giants of the Saxophone**, Vee-Jay). Babe Russin, tenor saxophone; Carter, alto saxophone, arranger.

Twinkle Toe. That sounded like it was all reeds. Benny Carter? When I was playing alto, I used to try to play like Benny Carter. Which was a long time ago. Don't know who the tenor player was. . . .

It was very interesting. . . . Who was it had that idea before? Shep Fields, wasn't it? But this came out much hipper—yes. It sounded very good. It's surprising what effect you can get without using the brass. Very interesting. Of course, there's a lot of skill involved. I would rate it 3½.

6. Yusef Lateef. **Bass Region** (from **Jazz of the '60s, Giants of the Saxophone**, Vee-Jay). Lateef, tenor saxophone, composer; Paul Chambers, bass, leader.

That was a gas. Beautiful. Now I *know* that was Yusef! He sounded beautiful on that. That was swingin'. He's got his thing. He says something. Unusual arrangement. . . . I'm just wondering if that was the bass player's date. Sounded like Wilbur Ware.

I like the writing. It was little, but what there was was effective. Everything meant something. I dug that very much. And the bass player was beautiful. Four stars.

7. Wardell Gray. **Paul's Cause** (from **Wardell Gray Memorial Album**, Prestige). Gray, tenor saxophone; Frank Morgan, alto saxophone; Teddy Charles, vibraharp, composer.

The writing had a Monk flavor, but it evidently wasn't Monk, because I think they would have given him a piano solo. . . . It was the vibe player's date; I don't know who that was. The tenor player's solo wasn't long enough for me to recognize him. The alto player sounded very good. Two-and-a-half stars.

8. Joe Henderson. **Our Thing** (from **Our Thing**, Blue Note). Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Henderson, tenor saxophone; Andrew Hill, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

That was very good. I liked that free thing they're doing in the bridge. Nice. Kenny Dorham and Joe Henderson.

I don't know who the rhythm section is, but they all sound good. And the piano player. Henderson sounds good; he's a leading saxophonist on the scene. He's nice and fluid, and he gets a nice full sound in the bottom of his horn, you know? I dig him.

And K.D. sounds very good. I got a chance to play with him in Copenhagen too. We had a couple of radio shows, and we played together in the club. Which was a ball. So give that four stars.

9. Duke Ellington. **Tigress** (from **Afro-Bossa**, Reprise). Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Ellington, piano, composer.

Of course, Duke is always beautiful, and Gonsalves I dig very much. You know, one night at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, I was working there, in the summer, and the boss hired Paul and Don Byas to work with me. Oh, it was fantastic. It was in the summer, it was hot, the joint was just packed; you couldn't move. After the first set Don took off his shirt and undershirt, he was just playing in his pants; you know, playing nude tenor!

It's a little hard to rate this. . . . It was great, but . . . kind of unfinished. . . . I didn't get a real definite feeling—sounded like it was kind of leading into something. But it was beautiful. Three stars. db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 12)

hauntingly beautiful and profoundly moving.

Eldridge was a marvelous contrast. Though Thompson's senior, he seemed more youthful in spirit. Bold, warm, and passionate, pouring all his strong emotions into the horn, Eldridge often is a man who plays first and reflects later. But the horn is so much a part of him that this might be an inaccurate description, especially when one considers such things as his softly muted, insinuating *Blue Moon,* gentle yet full of strength, each phrase unmistakably his own.

At fast tempos, such as on his own *The Heat's On* or *King David,* Eldridge generated tremendous excitement, building from stabbing, rifflike phrases to long, spurting runs occasionally peppered with screaming, startling high notes—screams of joy, not agony. And does he swing!

Eldridge's sound, so different from the vibratoless (and sometimes lifeless) tone adopted by many post-Gillespie trumpeters (always excepting Navarro and Brown), is jazz personified. It is not just one sound, though. Muted, it stings and sings; open, it may be broadly rasping or cracklingly bright or, on a slow ballad like *I Can't Get Started,* warm and full and mellow. On the fluegelhorn, his sound is like burnished gold.

For an occasional bonus at the Vanguard, Eldridge sang the blues, using his own lyrics, with great charm and humor and with the same intensity and sincerity that marks his playing.

Both pianists did well. Harris seemed more at ease with Eldridge, for his tendency to play a lot of piano fills occasionally clashed with Thompson, but the trumpeter's dynamic drive simply carried him in its wake. Harris' solos were often remarkable—well-constructed, filled with ideas, and always swinging.

Wyands proved an ideal accompanist. Self-effacing but always there, he adapted his style to the requirements of each soloist, generating that same good feeling that marked the work of his teammates. And he showed himself to be an excellent blues pianist as well.

All told, there were probably few better places around in which to listen to jazz than the Vanguard was while Eldridge and Thompson were on deck. The presence of many younger musicians in the house during the engagement bore witness to the fact that these two men continue to be an inspiration to all who have open ears. Their theme song might well be *We Shall Overcome.* May they go on forever!

—Dan Morgenstern

Ellington-Basie-Blakey

Academy of Music, Philadelphia

Personnel: Duke Ellington Orchestra; Count Basie Orchestra; Art Blakey Jazz Messengers; Clark Terry, fluegelhorn; Jimmy McGriff, organ; Arthur Prysock, vocals; Slappy White, comedian.

Any jazz concert with Ellington, Basie, Blakey, and Terry on the bill has to produce some sounds. This one did, although there were so many acts no one had a chance to get really warmed up.

Musically, the star had to be home-town trumpeter Lee Morgan from Blakey's group. His fiery, soaring horn is reaching true maturity. He has shaken off the influences of Dizzy Gillespie and Clifford Brown to produce his own sound. With Blakey's drumming pushing him on, Morgan soared through a trio of originals: Curtis Fuller's *The Egyptian, Buhaina's Delight* and Wayne Shorter's *One by One.*

Blakey broke a stick in a fierce solo and ended the set by flinging the sticks in the air. The group, with tenor man John Gilmore, has a frantic style with a cohesive touch because of its well-written arrangements.

Ellington's set, which began the 3½-hour concert, was sparked by *Ad Lib on Nippon,* written for the band's Japanese tour.

As always, Johnny Hodges drew cheers with his mellow alto on *Jeep's Blues.* Cootie Williams growled through *New Tutti for Cootie* (and did a Twist dance for good measure) and then returned to a trumpet section that also featured recently returned Ray Nance, Cat Anderson, and Duke's son, Mercer, who also serves as road manager.

The Basie stint, which closed the show, offered nothing new in arrangements but did disclose a tight, well-rehearsed crew ignited by the slashing drumming of newcomer Rufus Jones. His solo on the curtain-closer, Louie Bellson's *Deep Skins,* showed him to be one of the fastest and most inventive drummers.

Other highlights included trombonist Al Grey's ripping plunger-mute solo on *I Need to Be Needed* and the savage tenor saxophone of Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis on several tunes.

Terry did only three short tunes with a rhythm section, including his vocal on *Mumbles.* His fluegelhorn work was best demonstrated on *Stardust.*

McGriff played some interesting organ backed by Thornell Schwartz on guitar; Prysock sang in his big baritone voice, his *Who Can I Turn To?* being his best effort; and White got some laughs with his comic routine.

In many ways, this was more like a vaudeville show than a jazz concert. WHAT disc jockeys Sid Mark and Lloyd Fatman made it more so with their between-the-acts clowning *—Dave Bittan*

The Cleveland Orchestra

Severance Hall, Cleveland, Ohio

Henri Dutilleux' *Cinq Metaboles* for orchestra recently received its world premiere in Cleveland by the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell and was subsequently presented by Szell's forces in Carnegie Hall in New York and elsewhere on the orchestra's eastern tour.

France's leading avant-gardist, Pierre Boulez, also conducted the Cleveland group in the premiere of his *Figures, Doubles, Prisms* at Cleveland's Severance Hall and at Oberlin College, from which he proceeded to conducting engagements at Pittsburgh, Pa., and Los Angeles and a television appearance in Toronto, Ontario. And Robert Shaw led the same orchestra, its 250-voice chorus, a children's choir, and soloists Ella Lee, Richard Lewis, and Theodor Uppman in a premiere of

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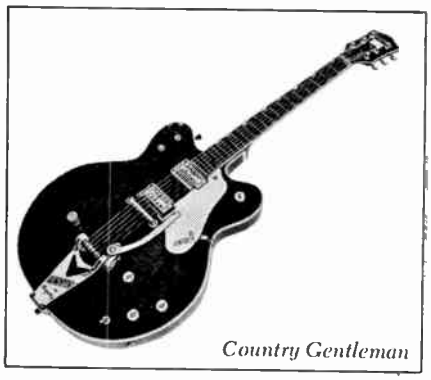

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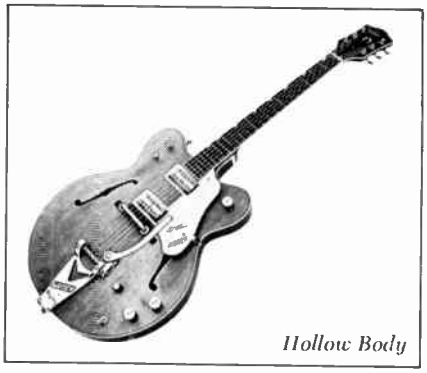

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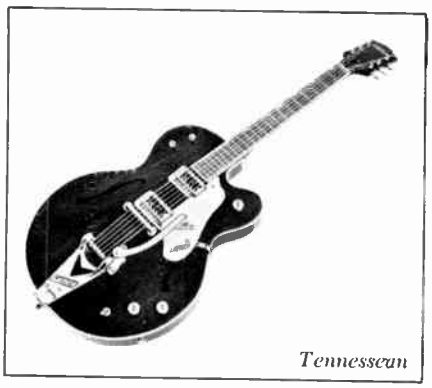

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GRETSCH

Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* at three SRO concerts in Cleveland.

Dutilleux' serial composition, commissioned by the orchestra and given an extremely enthusiastic reception at the premiere, takes its title from the interlocking motives connecting its five "movements" (meant almost literally by the composer). Striking in all of his compositions is the utilization of contemporary and original techniques while maintaining, or dominating, rigid traditional formal structures.

Dutilleux is currently working on a *Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra.* His compatriot, Boulez, the 40-year-old former student of Olivier Messiaen who has been the foremost French composer for at least a decade, has been living in Germany for the last several years. Boulez reports that his work is more widely accepted there than in his homeland. A relaxed and congenial individual in decided contrast to his turbulent, fragmented compositions, he said conducting and other appearances keep him so busy he often has little time left for composing. "I can work only if I have the time," he said. "You need six or seven months of steady work on a piece or it is no good. This business of working for three hours or so in hotel rooms simply will not do."

Kenton and the Neophonic
Hardly revolutionary, memorable in part

Britten's *Requiem* takes its text from the traditional *Mass for the Dead,* sung in Latin (at the Cleveland concerts, by Miss Lee and the choruses), alternating with Wilfred Owen's famous poems on the pity and stupidity of war, sung in English by the tenor and baritone. Written in a far more advanced compositional idiom than any of Britten's previous works, it already has been acclaimed by many musicians and critics as by far the finest of his compositions and as one of the greatest musical works of the 20th century, a judgment seemingly seconded by the audiences who survived its almost overpoweringly emotional onslaught sufficiently to give it standing ovations.

—Brian Bate

Neophonic Orchestra

Music Center, Los Angeles

With some 500 would-be listeners turned away from a capacity house of 3,250 at the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra's final concert of the season, the Stan Kenton-inspired series passed into history as an undoubted success in its first run.

The concert, the highlight of which was a full-dress public premiere of Mel Torme's *California Suite,* grossed $16,275, according to Sid Garris, secretary-treasurer of the sponsoring International Academy of Contemporary Music.

Though the first season of the Neophonic could be counted successful in terms of public acceptance, its musical accomplishments were hardly revolutionary and were memorable only in part. This final concert, in fact, comprised for the most part lightweight offerings, climaxed and closed by the Torme work.

Frankly a frothily commercial opus born of a Broadway musical mother and a jazz-wise father, *California Suite* outdoes any chamber of commerce effort. The lyric of its principal theme starts with: "We think the West Coast is the best coast in the land . . ." and continues in this general vein, possibly plunging to a nadir with: "We are quite sure a/Few days in Ventura. . . ."

Though musically a slight work, the suite—performed with string section and choir added to the orchestra—is sentimental and lyrically melodic. Conducted by orchestrator Marty Paich, who, with Allyn Ferguson, prepared the work for public performance, the suite was composed in 1949 and released on record the following year. Thus its performance by the Neophonic contradicts—as have other works played in the series—Kenton's originally stated aim of performing only new music.

With a crisply defined vocal foil in Betty Bennett, Torme, now 39, was in top singing form, reasserting his primacy in jazz singing, notably in his scatting with a dektet from the orchestra. Soloists valve trombonist Bob Enevoldsen and trumpeter Conte Candoli were heard briefly in the up-tempo *San Francisco* section of the piece. In his vibrantly warm solo on the ballad *Poor Little Extra Girl,* Torme's phrasing was impeccable and notably similar to that of Frank Sinatra.

In its genre, *California Suite* is pleasant, entertaining light music. It was obviously adored by the audience, which responded with sustained applause for this generous sample of good, clean, All-Amer . . . All-Californian fun.

The program opened with John Williams' melodic tone row, *Prelude and Fugue.* Though dedicated to bandleader Claude Thornhill, the impressionistic work sounded in part the product of the composer's brushing up on vintage Kenton. Virile and vigorous, the piece was highlighted by a climax-building alto saxophone solo by Bud Shank, who these days is playing at inspired heights and who must be considered one of the pre-eminent heroes of the Neophonic.

Jack Quigley's "musical view of the little people," *Children at Play,* sharply disappointed. The opening section, *So Serious,* was boring, flaccid, and disjointed in over-all feeling. The second part, *Quite Curious,* was pretentious tedium. The final section, *Fast 'n' Furious,* was lost to life despite the remarkable percussive work of Shelly Manne.

Bob Florence's *Here and Now* was a very effective "suite for jazz orchestra." In the work's first movement, *Sonata Allegro,* reeds in shifting time signatures jockeyed into 4/4, and a tenor solo by Bill Perkins was followed by a colloquy between the tenorist and trumpeter Candoli, both of whom impressed with imaginative, forthright statements.

Milt Raskin contributed tasteful piano in the second part, *Slow Song,* as did Candoli and Shank, the latter's playing shimmering with brightly crusted lyricism backed by a tartly edged alto sound unique in jazz today.

The closing *Jazz Waltz Fugue,* the pace for which was set by drummer Manne's pulsing 3/4 drive, shone with a glittering solo by vibraharpist Emil Richards and Florence's tidy contrapuntal weavings.

The trouble with Van Alexander's *The Three B's for Percussion,* written for "augmented percussion section (4), utilizing over 20 different percussion sounds," was that before the piece drew to a close, one felt almost overwhelmed by this exotica in percussion: *Bangkok* all Oriental and gongy; *Brazil* tres gay with overlaid mardi gras Brazilliance; and *Bora-Bora* stamped all over with Marlon Brando (or Jon Hall, depending on one's age), the raw-edge-of-the-reef, and happy primitives cavorting on the white sand. Nice novelty and barely divertissement sums up this exercise.

FRED SELIGO

Mel Torme
Pleasant, entertaining light music

With a scheduled work by Gil Melle scratched, intermission was preceded by a humor-laden work from Lyn Murray, *Incident at State Beach,* described in the program notes as "four movements pas de deux featuring four soloists based on a universal theme: boy sees chick, boy chases chick, chick gets boy."

The movement dubbed *Early* had Candoli's trumpet soaring with French horns and then Shank's flute, followed by the tuba featured in a splash of deliberately hammy program music circa 1910. Some excellent Shank alto followed.

Then came the jazz high point of the concert: a duet between Shank and tenorist Perkins, which blazed and burned for its duration. Candoli's follow-up trumpet was hard put to avoid anticlimax, yet avoid it he did.

Parts 2 and 3 were titled *Muscles* and *The Girl;* the final section was *The Chase,* and a funnier chase has seldom been heard in contemporary music. Murray's writing for brass in the final sequence stirred the audience to bursts of delighted laughter—praise for a composer-with-a-message.

The Neophonic Orchestra is now established. May its second and subsequent seasons benefit from hearty gusts of wind at its back—where it counts the most.

—John A. Tynan

BOOK REVIEWS

Sometimes I Wonder, The Story of Hoagy Carmichael, by Hoagy Carmichael with Stephen Longstreet. Published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 313 pages, $5.50.

When Hoagy Carmichael told his story the first time, in 1945, he titled the book *The Stardust Road.* The current retelling, replete with extensive reminiscence, is more intimate in its narrative of beginnings in Bloomington, Ind., and personal memories of Bix Beiderbecke.

The narrative moves swiftly, interspersing personal tales with a running account of early jazz in the Midwest and Carmichael's place in it. That he did play a prominent role in the jazz movement of the 1920s—in the Midwest, anyway—will probably prove most enlightening to the younger reader. Older jazz lovers, too, tend to think of Carmichael only as a songwriter. As the story makes clear, he wanted first to be a jazz pianist; the writing of songs followed naturally.

Carmichael and Beiderbecke were close friends, drinking buddies, and fellow voyagers in a new and exciting musical form. The cornetist emerges as a totally committed, natural musician in whom the fire to create new musical forms became inevitably banked by the frustrations stemming out of his own limitations and those imposed upon his genius by his era. Tragedy was a foregone conclusion in Bix.

Of Beiderbecke's death at 28, Carmichael writes, "I felt dreadful over his untimely death, but I knew the little any of us did to help him couldn't stop the drive to destruction so many great artists seem to have. I respected him and loved him at his best—and I leave the enigma of the inner Bix Beiderbecke for others to figure out if they can. But I don't think the searchers will find much more. Later Bix's girl sent me the iron mouthpiece of his horn, and I have it under glass before me now."

Because of the nature of his time and milieu, Carmichael was closer to the white than Negro jazzmen of the period. But he made it a point to employ at every opportunity leading Negro bands for dances at his alma mater, Indiana University, where he functioned as sort of unofficial talent booker. However, the barely two pages "summing up" Harlem at a time when a historic renaissance was occurring in Negro music and all the arts in the late 1920s hardly seem adequate.

There is a wealth of Carmichael charm and personality as well as much historical disclosure about the Wolverines, the Paul Whiteman Orchestra and the now famous personalities who belonged to it at the time—Bing Crosby, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, et al.—and a great deal of humor. The book is well illustrated with photos.

The U.S. bar may not have lost another Clarence Darrow when Hoagland Carmichael tossed away the shingle he earned at Indiana University and opted for music; had he not, however, there would have been a vast void in American music.

—*John A. Tynan*

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Those in music education and in charge of jazz programs frequently wonder how to achieve a well-integrated program and function best in the area of educational jazz.

Some answers have been arrived at by the newly formed Jazz Workshop at Ithaca College in New York. What is particularly remarkable and admirable about the workshop's first efforts is the way in which they have been integrated into the school's music program. The workshop has already achieved remarkable progress and is now trying to establish itself more firmly in the music school.

The workshop program was designed primarily to give those students sincerely interested in jazz an opportunity to participate in organized ensembles that emphasize creativity. This may be the goal of many educational programs, but too frequently things bog down in rather commercial, dance-oriented programs.

The main performance group at Ithaca is the 18-piece big band directed by Robert Levy, with Donald Sinta as faculty adviser. In the first two months of this year the band has played a concert in conjunction with a lecture by the Rev. Norman O'Connor, C.S.M., and has given a concert at Cornell University. The band soon will present a lecture-demonstration program for Ithaca's music school sponsored by the college's music-education department and will be on the program of Ithaca's Contemporary Music Festival with the Eastman Wind Ensemble, the New York Brass Quintet, and the Ithaca College Faculty Woodwind Quintet.

Levy, who is in his second year as the band's director, plays lead trumpet and shares jazz solo duty with freshman Ray Brown, who also plays fluegelhorn. The sax section is led by altoist Bill Wiggins, who also solos on soprano saxophone. The tenor saxophone solos are played by Howard Smith. Sam Burtis, a tuba major, plays lead trombone and takes the solos. The rhythm section is made up of Tony Maiello, accordion; Roger Brown, bass; and Gregg Soininen, drums.

Five members of the workshop appeared with the Ithaca College Choir, directed by Don Craig, and performed *An American Jazz Mass,* written by Frank Tirro. In February the workshop members participated in another performance of the Tirro work with the 250-voice All-State Chorus, also under Craig's direction, in Buffalo, N.Y.

The workshop includes other performing ensembles such as a string quartet, directed by George Andrix; a brass ensemble, conducted by Robert Prins, that performed J. J. Johnson's *Poem for Brass* last year and is contemplating a performance of his *Perceptions* this year; and a jazz percussion ensemble.

Another group doing interesting work is the University of Illinois Jazz Band under the direction of faculty violist John Garvey. The band took part in the university's Contemporary Arts Festival March 13 and performed Milton Babbitt's 12-tone composition *All Set* and Igor Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto.* Jim Knapp, a former student of the school, also contributed a new piece to the program.

The U. of I. band now plays regularly scheduled dances on campus and has a large amount of student-written material in its library. It also has recently performed at several clinics in various parts of Illinois. db

BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

About five years ago, I had occasion to seek out whatever young jazz musicians were attending 12 colleges and universities in the Northeast. The schools included some of the best in the area.

I quickly discovered that I could profit by going to the music departments to make my inquiries. Not only would the music department know who on campus was playing jazz but also would more or less officially admit to knowing it—and would further reveal that, in most cases, there was a member of the music faculty serving as some sort of encourager and adviser to these musician-students.

I don't think this would have been true 10 years before—if the music departments had known about jazz activities on campus, they might not have admitted to knowing, at least not officially. And any "advising" would have been done quite unofficially, probably by a young instructor who was a little shy about it and quite possibly still a little unsure about the artistic and academic merits of such pursuits.

As it was, I found music instructors name-dropping "John Lewis" or "George Russell" or "Gerry Mulligan" and knowing what they were talking about. (I also found a few who were convinced that the greatest thing that has ever happened in U.S. music is Stan Kenton and who at the same time were appallingly ignorant of Duke Ellington.)

I was gratified at my discovery. Certainly it involves risks for jazz that it is more and more officially embraced as culture. Being embraced by acade-

micians can be a suffocating business, but, that being granted, I can't say I regret it for jazz. At any rate, it has happened.

For myself, I have seldom given an evening's talk on jazz at a university, college, or high school directly under the auspices of the school's music department, but I am often asked by other departments and by student unions and student activities boards.

Such recognition is a part of what Madison Ave. would call the "changing image" of jazz. But there is a "changing image" for jazz also going on among politicians and businessmen. It is a rather different image. The difference includes, at least for the time being, more important things, like more work for musicians and more places to play.

The Newport Jazz Festival was recently faced with having to leave Freebody Park because of the complaints of the neighbors about the late-night noise and early-morning door-bell ringing of the Newport Folk Festival visitors who wanted to use the bathroom and somehow felt entitled.

Thereby was the jazz festival, as well as the folk festival, faced with the possibility of having to leave Newport altogether. There was a loud, long, and irate civic uproar. The Providence *Journal* had a Sunday piece by the entertainment editor, Ted Holmberg, the gist of which was that if Newport lost the festival, it would lose it to somebody else. Newport would gain quiet, and it would lose, well . . . business, I take it.

The Kiwanis Club of Newport (how about *that*—Newport has a Kiwanis club!), on the other hand, took a Sunday ad saying that the jazz and folk festivals had enabled it to raise tidy sums for local charitable and community activities. The ad spelled things out with a list of several specifics, from "$9,500 to Boys' Club of Newport," through "$8,000 for food, clothing, fuel, and hospitalization of needy families," all the way down to "$400 for Junior Police."

The club said "these charitable activities have been made possible by the moneys raised at the jazz and folk festivals over the last eight years," adding "help us to continue giving—support the 1965 festivals."

In Pittsburgh, Pa., there was a bold announcement in the music section of a Sunday paper in late December headlined JAZZ WILL RETURN TO CITY. (Again, I point out Sunday, because Sunday papers have the big circulations.) Pittsburgh, you know, has one of the best symphony orchestras in the country, and Pittsburgh has its Civic Arena where the orchestra performs.

There seemed some question about whether this year's jazz festival would be held there. The producers weren't sure they wanted it there; a local park might be better. But the officials of the symphony orchestra, the local politicians, and Carl Apone, who wrote the music column in question, were either willing, or requesting, or pleading that the festival go back into the arena. The local sponsors, more specifically, are the Catholic Youth Organization and Bishop John J. Wright—good buffers, I'll bet, between local politics and business and jazz-festival production.

The New Orleans Jazz Festival was canceled for the same reason the National Football League's North-South game was moved from that city to Houston—the players and the audiences may not be segregated, but the town often is. However, while the festival was still on, there was considerable bragging about the event, which was to be held in the City Park Stadium late in May, and, according to the New Orleans *States-Item*, "plans were formulated . . . at a meeting of local businessmen and jazz authorities in the city hall council chambers." Newport's George Wein was to have produced the festival, which was locally underwritten to the tune (or at least to the chord changes) of $50,000.

I must say that in all these stories about festivals, the local people who are in business or politics seemed to have kept at a minimum the specious talk about jazz as an art and their high-minded intentions on bringing in culture. They're usually rather frankly interested in money. But after all, it isn't so much what politicians will do for money; it's what they'll officially admit to doing, and they're admitting to getting involved with people who put on jazz festivals. The image, you see, is changing, and it means more work and a different sort of work.

Come to think of it, being embraced by politicians and businessmen can be a fate worse than suffocation, as witness the current mess at New York City's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

Indeed, jazz is having a change of image everywhere.

A few years ago, hack writers were selling stories to confession magazines along this line: "I, Ethel Sweetie, typical teenager from a small town out West, unwittingly caused a riot at a jazz festival." Nowadays any night you can see on your television set the story about the girl who was out on a date on a hot summer night, attending a jazz festival, which, presumably, makes her even hotter. But she knows she doesn't smell bad. She has confidence in her deodorant.

Talk about an image! db

BILL SMITH

(Continued from page 13)

Music in Venice, where he presented a piece for jazz combo and prerecorded tape.

Smith is positive on the much-disputed subject of electronic music and its artistic validity.

"Each age had its own development in the construction of instrumental means of producing sounds, and one should take advantage of new possibilities put at one's disposal," he said.

"Improvising against a tape that you have just recorded—the possibility of improvising against yourself—is a new challenge and demands a new conception. You have to leave spaces; it can't just be a hodgepodge but must have a logical balance. Improvising in duet with another musician does not involve predetermination."

Smith is enthusiastic about the new machines now being invented for the production of musical sounds. "For instance, we're working with a new synthesizer, which has three keyboards and a system of jacks that allows you to produce almost any tonal color. Instead of the organ's hundreds of possibilities, you have thousands of possibilities! And with keyboards, you can work more directly with your materials than in an electronic situation, where you have to deal with oscillators and IBM cards, which requires special training. Here, you can tune each keyboard separately—you can have a quarter-tone scale right under your fingertips, or even sixth-tone scales."

A man of prodigious energies, Smith is not content with just composing, playing, and experimenting.

"I'm writing a book on clarinet techniques," he said. "I've been working on double-stops and things . . . the clarinet in jazz will come back, I think. The flute was put down once, and look at it now."

Smith recently added bass clarinet to his instrumental repertoire. Last fall Harold Farberman asked him if he could play the instrument. "He was involved in the Orchestra U.S.A. memorial to Eric Dolphy, which included a Gunther Schuller piece written for Eric. I borrowed a bass clarinet and practiced like crazy, and I really dig it. I bought one to take back to Rome. . . . I'm curious to see what happens with double stops."

And there is still more music in Smith's life. "My wife," he says, "plays cello and piano, and we sometimes play chamber music together—when there is time out from the four kids, that is."

Talent, hard work, versatility, and enthusiasm have paid off for Bill Smith. He has reason indeed to be what he seems: a happy man. db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

April 26 on ABC-TV's Channel 7. Music editor of the show was bassist **Al Hall,** who did not receive screen credit for his work . . . Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** was held over at the Five Spot, with **Walter Bishop Jr.** taking over the piano chair from **Roland Hanna,** who moved to Basin Street East as accompanist for singer **Terri Thornton.** Bassist **Ben Tucker** and drummer **Percy Bryce** round out the group. Multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** and his quartet opened opposite Eldridge April 13, replacing tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins'** quartet . . . Trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** began a one-month stand at the Village Gate April 8. Gillespie and his quintet are spelled by the club's new discotheque operation during weekdays, while baritone saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan's** quartet comes in on weekends . . . Teenaged drummer **Barry Miles** and his quintet (**Ray Codrington,** trumpet; **Bob Porcelli,** alto saxophone; **Walter Booker,** bass; and **Lamont Johnson,** piano) have been filling a busy schedule of concert and club dates in the East. Recent appearances include concerts in the New Jersey cities of Plainfield, New Brunswick, West Orange; dates at Pep's and the Cadillac Show Bar in Philadelphia; and a two-week stint at the Bohemian Caverns in Washington, D.C. . . . Composer-tenor saxophonist **Ed Summerlin** and bassist **Ron Carter** held a discussion-workshop at Swarthmore Presbyterian Church in Swarthmore, Pa., in March, followed by a concert at St. Peter's Episcopal Church in neighboring Germantown, with **Lew Gluckin,** trumpet, and **Bob Norden,** trombone. Summerlin also lectured and conducted at Western Maryland College.

TORONTO: **Joe Williams'** fans fight for the privilege of hearing their favorite. When he appeared recently at the Town Tavern, a fan who turned up five minutes before closing was so irate when refused entry that he got hopping mad, lost his balance, and tumbled through the front plate-glass window. He was unhurt . . . The following week tenorist **Illinois Jacquet** was playing at the Town, while altoist **Earle Warren** led a quintet there featuring trumpeter **Emmett Berry.** Singer **Olive Brown** also was on the bill . . . Trombonist **Wilbur DeParis,** singer **Jimmy Rushing,** and pianist **Red Richards' Saints and Sinners** were slated to follow . . . Singer **Don Francks** drew good crowds during his two weeks at the Town Tavern, where he was accompanied by his pianist, **Bill Rubenstein,** and Toronto jazzmen **Don Thompson, Bob Price,** and **Archie Alleyne** . . . Organist **Jackie Davis,** a popular entertainer at the Park Plaza Hotel, recorded an album of Canadian tunes for RCA Victor's Canada-International series . . . **Paul Hoffert** is playing the harpsichord at the Gaslight Restaurant . . . **Bill Butler's** trio appears nightly at King Arthur's Court . . . It looks as though flutist **Moe Koffman,** who wrote *Swinging Shepherd Blues,* may have another hit in his *Big Bad Irving.*

BOSTON: The Congress of Racial Equality held a fund-raising jazz concert at the Jazz Workshop April 10; featured were **Stan Monteiro's** group and singers **Muddy Waters** and **Mae Arnette.** Drummer **Joe Hunt,** formerly with tenorist **Stan Getz,** is now a member of the workshop's house rhythm section . . . **Vladamir Vassilieff's** Afro-jazz group, **Los Muchachos,** is packing them in at the Cave . . . Trumpeter **Doc Cheatham,** trombonist **Vic Dickenson,** and clarinetist **Edmond Hall** played for the annual South Shore Traditional Jazz Concert, held at Milton High School April 23 . . . It was standing-room-only at a recent Saturday afternoon jazz concert staged by the North Shore Committee for Equal Opportunity at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. Featured were the quartets of **Yusef Lateef** and **Benny Golson, Dick Wright's** group, blues singers **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** and **Mae Arnette,** and **Stan Monteiro's** quartet with a surprise guest, cornetist **Bobby Hackett** . . . Pianist **Cedar Walton** was so impressive during his week's engagement at Lennie's with the Golson quartet that he was held over another week with his own group, which featured guitarist **Jack Petersen,** drummer **Allan Dawson,** and bassist **Tony Eira** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Sal Nistico** broke up his newly formed sextet and rejoined the **Woody Herman** Herd . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill's** quartet (**Bobby Hutcherson,** vibraharp; **Cecil McBee,** bass; **Joe Chambers,** drums) appeared on **Herb Pomeroy's** television show during a recent Jazz Workshop engagement.

CLEVELAND: At the Monticello, a Cleveland Heights area Dixie center, trombonist **Herb Summers** took over the Friday night leader chores as **Val Kent** replaced drummer **Ted Paskert. Jim Frederickson** remains as Friday pianist and **George Quittner** as Saturday pianist-leader, with **Sam Finger** on clarinet in the band that had not had a personnel change in more than two years at the club . . . **Bill Gidney** added conga drummer **Harold Cunningham** to his trio at the Tangiers when singer **Vicki Kelly** left . . . At the Brothers Lounge, multireed man-pianist **Dave O'Rourk** left, and vibist-drummer **Harry Damas** took charge, adding pianist **Al Balo** and keeping bassist **Mike Charlillo** . . . Siro's Lounge at Fairmount and Cedar in Cleveland Heights returned to an entertainment policy after a long hiatus, opening with the jazz trio of vibist **Mike Zand** (**Donald Hund,** guitar, and **Peter Mussara,** bass) . . . After six years of organ trios, Club 100 is currently presenting tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander** accompanied by piano, bass, and drums.

DETROIT: The "Jazz Scene 1965" festival at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor came off successfully despite several major cancellations: trumpeter **Miles Davis,** who had been scheduled to climax the week-long event, canceled because of illness, and the **Dorothy Ashby** Trio was forced to cancel because of the death of drummer **John Tooley's** father on the morning of the concert. Among highlights of the event was a panel discussion, *Jazz 1965: Where It's Going and Why.* Participants included critic **John Sinclair;** musicians **Charles Moore, Ron English,** and **Ron Brooks;** booking agent **Lutz Bacher;** and educators **Carl Alexius** and **Jerry Bilik,** both of the university's school of music. Other highlights were Brooks' "Function 65" session at the Sabo Club and a Sunday afternoon concert featuring the **George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields** Quintet, the Ron Brooks Festival Quintet (**Floyd Mooreland,** tenor saxophone; **Sherman Mitchell,** trombone, flute; **Tim Tomke,** piano; Brooks, bass; and **Danny Spencer,** drums), and the **Detroit Contemporary 4** . . . Another new club, the

HOW HIP ARE YOU?

A JAZZ QUIZ
BY GARY SOUCIE

Some musicians are so closely identified with their nicknames that one hardly ever hears their real names. Here's a baker's dozen of jazz musicians with their little-known real names supplied. It's up to you to match them correctly:

A. Park	(___)	1. Red Mitchell
B. Hezekiah	(___)	2. T-Bone Walker
C. Julian	(___)	3. Pepper Adams
D. Richard	(___)	4. Sonny Stitt
E. William	(___)	5. Chico Hamilton
F. Eli	(___)	6. Stuff Smith
G. Keith	(___)	7. Junior Mance
H. Forestorn	(___)	8. Cozy Cole
I. Locksley	(___)	9. Buddy DeFranco
J. Edward	(___)	10. Blue Mitchell
K. Boniface	(___)	11. Lucky Thompson
L. Charles	(___)	12. Slide Hampton
M. Aaron	(___)	13. Buddy Bolden

Answers will be found in the June 3 Down Beat.

Charade Lounge, has opened in Detroit and features name jazz groups in one room and pianist **Harold McKinney's** trio (**Jim Hankins,** bass, and **Jackie Hyde,** drums, with McKinney's wife, **Gwen,** vocals) in the lounge . . . The Artists' Workshop had the **Bob McDonald-Brent Majors** Quartet for a Sunday concert in early April. The following Sunday the **Workshop Music Ensemble** and the Detroit Contemporary 4 performed . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith's** trio played a week at Blues Unlimited in April, and was followed by **Mongo Santamaria's** band . . . **Jack McDuff's** quartet did 10 days at the Grand Bar.

CHICAGO: The Plugged Nickel has booked the tenor tandem of **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** to follow the current engagement of the **Modern Jazz Quartet.** Cohn and Sims are to be followed by pianist **Bill Evans'** trio for the first two weeks in June, and then it's organist **Jimmy Smith** (June 16-27) and the **Horace Silver** Quintet (June 30-July 11). Trumpeter **Miles Davis** is scheduled to play the club July 14-25 . . . While his sextet was ensconced at the London House, **Cannonball Adderley** and his brother, cornetist **Nat,** spent much of their free time working on the music for a big-band date to be recorded by the altoist; **Oliver Nelson** will lead the band at the taping session . . . Early-evening sessions have been initiated at the Olde East Inn on Saturdays and Sundays. Running from 5 to 9 p.m., the sessions have attracted a number of the city's younger groups and players. Regularly featured are the **Roscoe Mitchell** Quartet and the **Joseph Jaman** Quintet . . . **Sammy Cox' Three Souls (Ken Prince,** organ; **Robert Shy,** drums; Cox, alto saxophone) signed a contract for three additional months at N. Wells St.'s Hungry Eye, where they have been regularly featured for some time . . . **Frank Tirro's** jazz mass is to be performed in Rockefeller Chapel, University of Chicago, at 3:30 p.m. on May 9. The band includes fluegelhornist **Warren Kime** and drummer **Hal Russell.**

MILWAUKEE: Local bandleader **Russ Roland** has succeeded to the presidency of the Milwaukee AFM local . . . WUHF-TV began broadcasting the *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* series in late March . . . The newly organized **Rex Charles** big band made its debut March 20 at Buddy Beek's. The same spot brought in the **Jan Scobey** Dixieland group a week later . . . **Lionel Hampton** has been booked into the Holiday House July 19-31 . . . A unique cocktail party was held by the Hotel Sheraton-Shroeder as a prelude to the **Dick Ruedebusch** Underprivileged Five opening in the hotel's Black Knight Lounge. The hotel and radio station WTMJ are broadcasting a remote from the room Thursday nights for an indefinite period . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** presented a jazz lecture at the West Allis Central High School on April 12 . . . Jass U., the annual Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity jazz concert, featured the **University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee Lab Band, Frank Gordon's** sextet, and **Beer City Six.**

INDIANAPOLIS: Jazz here continues at its most active level in several years with Mr. B's Lounge leading the way in consistent booking of name musicians. The club had one of its best weeks with the appearance of pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio (**Paul Chambers,** bass, **Jimmy Cobb,** drums) the first week in April . . . The Pink Poodle returned to a name policy in mid-April with bookings of organist **Jack McDuff** and saxophonist **John Coltrane** . . . The first Saturday jazz matinee at the Crescendo Lounge with the **Dave Baker** Quintet April 3 was so successful the club has decided to continue the matinee indefinitely . . . Tenorist **Al Cobine's** nine-piece band backed singer **Buddy Greco** during his one-week stay at the Embers in early April. The group was augmented by Greco's pianist, **Dick Palombi,** and drummer, **Bobby Bennett.** The Cobine group is also scheduled to back singer **Mel Torme** at the same club the first week in June . . . The 19th Hole has returned to a weekends-only music policy with various performers. Those playing recently have included pianist **David Lamm** and Bloomington, Ind., trumpeter **Jerry Tyree** . . . A

proposed Dixieland band and a modern-jazz concert, both planned for the week of the 500-mile auto race at the end of May, were killed along with other events of a "500 Festival of the Arts" because of legal technicalities over the use of property operated by the Indiana War Memorials Commission.

MIAMI: A big-band concert, utilizing local talent, was held April 24 at the Norton Art Gallery. Jazz concerts are a monthly event at the Palm Beach gallery . . . In spite of unfavorable outbursts from the bartender, one of the most brilliant avant-garde jazz concerts in southern Florida was held at the Black Out in Fort Lauderdale. **Marty Goldinher,** tenor saxophone, flute; **Red Hamilton,** alto saxophone, flute; **George Smith,** bass; and **Allen Sturmer,** drums, played the original compositions of pianist **Ron Miller** . . . Singer **Mel Torme** returned to the Carillon Hotel in Miami Beach April 10 for two weeks. This was the singer's second appearance on the beach for this season . . . **Preacher Rollo** moved to the Sip-Sip in Hallandale, Fla. . . . On the same bill with Dixieland trumpeter **Phil Napoleon** at the Roney Plaza Hotel is pianist **Don Ewell,** formerly with **Jack Teagarden** . . . Jazz offerings at the Harbour Towers are by the **Big Six Trio (Noahwell Cruz,** piano; **Jack Dunn,** drums; **Richard Johnson,** bass).

ATLANTA: Clubs opening here are faced with the problem of whether to present jazz or play it safe with rock-and-roll groups. Among new clubs are the Whist-a-Go-Go, which features occasional Dixieland sessions during the week, and the Speakeasy, presenting music of the swing era . . . The Golden Dragon Lounge spotlights the **Freddie Deland** Quartet nightly . . . Basin Street South had scheduled **Al Hibbler** for an April engagement . . . La Carousel, which has been featuring the **Three Sounds,** plans to present guitarist **Grant Green** soon . . . Pianist **Ruth Duncan** continues at the Gaslight Lounge . . . The Sans Souci has changed its entertainment policy; the club now has continuous music from early evening to early morning and features the **Bobby Lonero** Quintet and **Johnny Winters** Orchestra.

DALLAS: Sunday afternoon sessions have been showing surprising vitality in recent weeks. Pianist **Red Garland** and saxophonists **David Newman, James Clay,** and **Billy Harper** are featured in the octet at the Savoy. **George Cherb** switched his every-other-Sunday big-band rehearsals from the Squires Club to the Club Gala. Drummer **Paul Guerrero's** "Experiments in Jazz" are performed by his quintet at the Gala on the alternate Sundays. Various traditional groups attract large audiences at the Speakeasy every Sunday . . . The trio of **Red Garland,** augmented by singer **Betty Green** and **Bobby Burgess,** former **Stan Kenton** trombonist, presented a benefit concert for the Seagoville Correctional Institute . . . The talent of pianist **Ramsey Lewis** was evident in his ability to overcome the deficiencies of the

instrument furnished for his April concert at the State Fair Music Hall.

SAN FRANCISCO: The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet, **Cal Tjader** Quintet, and clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco** (with localites **Al Plank,** piano; **John Mosher,** bass; and **Tom Reynolds,** drums) drew 2,100 listeners to the 3,300-seat Circle Star Theater in San Carlos, 30 miles south of S.F., for a one-nighter . . . **Count Basie's** orchestra and singer **Tony Bennett** will be at the Circle Star May 4-9. This engagement will follow their gig at Disneyland and precede the band's stay at Lake Tahoe. The band has a new bassist, **Norman Keenan,** and trumpeter, **Virgil Jones** (ex-**Lionel Hampton**) . . . Altoist **Hank Crawford's** potent octet played two well-attended engagements recently at the Showcase in Oakland. Former musical director of singer **Ray Charles'** band, Crawford now has as his sidemen trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Jimmy Owens,** trumpeter **Marcus Belgrave,** tenor saxophonist **Wendell Barrie,** baritone saxophonist **Howard Johnson,** bassist **Charles Green,** and drummer **Milt Turner.** Singer **Austin Cromer** also is with the group . . . Singer **Sarah Vaughan** and her trio did 10 days at the Village; the club was testing the possibility of returning to nightclub operation. For some time now the big, plush club has been leased for private parties only.

EUROPE: **Bill Evans'** date at the Amsterdam Concert Hall was an artistic highlight but a financial flop since only 800 of the 2,000 seats were occupied. Also on the bill was the quartet of **Piet Noordijk** and **Misja Mengelberg** . . . Violinist **Stuff Smith** played at Oslo's Metropol club in early April. It was his first appearance in Norway in eight years . . . Vocalist **Karin Krog** has been instrumental in organizing the Norwegian Jazz Forum, a co-operative type of organization for jazz musicians. The forum plans to arrange jazz concerts featuring avant-garde musicians in particular.

Drummer **Albert Heath** has left New York City to join **George Russell's** newly formed sextet in Stockholm, Sweden. The group, which also includes trumpeter **Bertil Lofgren,** trombonist **Eje Thelin,** tenorist **Bernt Rosengren,** and bassist **Roman Dylag,** appeared at that city's Golden Circle club during the first two weeks in April . . . Trumpeter **Clark Terry** appeared with the **Oscar Peterson** Trio and **Ella Fitzgerald** on their recent European tour . . . Among other Americans playing before European audiences have been clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre** (with **Don Friedman,** piano, and **Barre Philips,** bass) and **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers (**Lee Morgan,** trumpet; **John Gilmore,** tenor saxophone; **John Hicks,** piano; **Victor Sproles,** bass); both groups gave concerts in Switzerland and England . . . Under the auspices of the Goethe Institute, the West German quartet of tenor saxophonist **Klaus Doldinger** is making a three-month South American tour.

THE OTHER SIDE: For the last two concerts of the recent Contemporary Music Festival at Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, near Cleveland, five of the composers whose works were performed were present. **Daniel Pinkham** conducted the Baldwin-Wallace Choir and Chamber Orchestra and soprano **Marilyn Meyer** in his *Stabat Mater,* a 12-tone piece premiered at Tanglewood last summer. **Charles Gorham** conducted **Gunther Schuller's** *Symphony for Brass and Percussion,* which was played at Oberlin under the composer's baton last year and seems to be rapidly becoming a modern-music "standard." **Stanley Silverman** performed his own guitar composition, *Bagatelles;* his *Tenso* was played by the Baldwin-Wallace Symphony Orchestra under **George Poinar. Walter Hasenmueller's** *Three Perspectives,* a suite for two pianos, was performed by the composer and **Gilbert Plumley.** Also presented were works by **Harold Schramm, Robert Palmer, Malcolm R. Seagrave, Vittorio Giannini,** and **Gardner Reed.** Palmer's *A Centennial Overture,* incidently, was recently premiered at Lincoln Center by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra; the conductor for the pair of subscription concerts was young **George Cleve,** a new apprentice conductor this year with the Cleveland Orchestra. Also at Baldwin-Wallace **Kenneth Snapp** conducted the college's Symphonic Band in two recent concerts featuring several original band compositions, including **Jan Meyerowitz'** *Three Comments on War* and jazz pianist-composer **Pat Pace's** *Music for Winds and Percussion,* both works still in manuscript form. The band also played **Leonard Bernstein's** *Danzon* and **Hale Smith's** dodecaphonic *Somersault.*

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.— weekends.

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Baby Grand: Big Nick Nicholas, hb.
Basie's: Grant Green, tfn.
Basin Street: Ella Fitzgerald to 5/29.
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Jonah Jones to 5/30.
Broken Drum: Fingerlake Five, Fri.-Sat.
Charlie Bates': Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Bruce Martin, tfn.
Clifton Tap Room (Clifton, N.J.): Modern Jazz Trio, tfn. Guest stars, Mon.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Contemporary Center: Jazz Composers Guild, wknds.
Eddie Condon's: Max Kaminsky, tfn.
Five Spot: Roy Eldridge, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Gordian Knot: Dave Frishberg, Carmen Leggio.
Half Note: Kai Winding to 5/9. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 5/11-23.
Hickory House: Joe Castro, Eddie Thompson.
Himself: Danny Barker, Norman Lester, tfn.
Kirby Stone Fourum: Joe Mooney, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Sonny Dallas, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Leaves: Joe Thomas, Bob LaGuardia, Tue., Thur., Sat. Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb. Roy Liberto to 5/17.
New Colony Lounge: Howard Reynolds, tfn.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Garry Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Win Strong, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Village Vanguard: Herbie Hancock to 5/30.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
The Cave: Los Muchachos, tfn.
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: Mose Allison to 5/9. Herb Pomeroy, 5/11-16. Art Blakey, 5/17-23. Budd Johnson, 5/24-30. Cannonball Adderley, 6/1-6.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Dizzy Gillespie to 5/9. Joe Bucci, 5/10-23. Woody Herman, 5/24-26. Jimmy Rushing, 5/24-30. Illinois Jacquet, 5/31-6/6.
Logan International Airport: Dave Stuart, tfn.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
Paul's Mall: Al Natalie, tfn.
Village Green (Danvers): Dick Creedon, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.
Capri: Modern Men (tentative).
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, tfn.
Continental: Terrel Prude, tfn.
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn.
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn.
Fagan's Beacon House: New Orleans Buzzards, wknds.
Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Joe Cooper, tfn.
Leo's Casino: Ahmad Jamal, 5/6-9. Ramsey Lewis, Jean DuShon, 5/20-23.
Monticello: Herb Summers-George Quittner, wknds.
Punch & Judy: Labert Ellis, tfn.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb. Al Serafini, wknds.
Squeeze Room: Ronnie Bush-Bob Fraser, wknds. Roy Valente, Sun., Wed.
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy.
Tangiers: Bill Gidney, Vickie Kelley, wknds.
Theatrical Grill: Dorothy Donegan to 5/15. Wilbur DeParis, 5/17-29. Bob McKee, Nancy Ray, hb.
Whisper Room: Bill Lemke, Wed., wknds.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoons. Detroit Contemporary 4, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Three Sounds, 5/14-22. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/24-29.
Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.
Chessmate Gallery: Bob McDonald-Brent Majors, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Chit-Chat: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Tue. Don Davis, wknds.
Charade: Harold McKinney, tfn.
Checker Bar-B-Q. Dave Vandepitt, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Drome Bar: Grant Green to 5/9. Barry Harris-Sonny Redd, 5/14-23.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Tue., Thur., Fri., Sun.
Frolic: Norman Dillard, tfn.
Fernwood: Teddy Anderson, wknds.
½ Pint's: Keith Vreeland, wknds.
Hobby Bar: Sessions, Tue. Ben Jones, wknds.
LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Kane, tfn.
Midway Bar (Ann Arbor): Benny Poole, tfn.
Mitchell's Keynote: Lawrence Vaughn, tfn.
Momo's: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde-Norris Patterson, wknds.
Office Lounge (Flint): Oscar Osborn, tfn.
Paige's: Frank Morelli, James Hawkins, wknds.
Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Matt Michaels, hbs. Lenore Paxton, wknds.
Sabo Club (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Sax Club: Charles Rowland, tfn.
Scotch & Sirloin: Jo Thompson, tfn.
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
S-Quire: Carolyn Atzel, Lewis Reed, tfn.
Surfside Club: Tom Saunders, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Unstabled Theater: afterhours sessions, wknds. Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.
Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, wknds.

CHICAGO

Across the Street: Allan Swain, tfn.
Big John's: Paul Butterfield, tfn.
Bourbon Street: Dukes of Dixieland, Eddy Davis.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn.
London House: Maynard Ferguson to 5/23. Peter Nero, 5/25-6/13. Village Stompers, 6/15-7/4. Eddie Higgins, Paul Serrano, hbs.
McKie's: unk.
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Lou Rawls, 5/10-29. Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Playboy: Harold Harris, Willie Pickens, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Modern Jazz Quartet to 5/16. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 5/19-30. Bill Evans, 6/2-13. Jimmy Smith, 6/16-27. Horace Silver, 6/30-7/11. Miles Davis, 7/14-25.
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.

MILWAUKEE

Ciro's: Bob Erickson, Fri-Sat.
Column's Room: Les Czimber, tfn.
Dimitri's: Frank Vlasis, Thur.-Sun.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
Holiday House: Lionel Hampton, 7/19-31.
Layton Place: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Leilani: Buddy Greco, 6/8. Frank D'Rone, 7/20.
Ma's Place: Tom Marth, Wed., Thur., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Music Box: Bev Dean, wknds.
Sardino's: Les Czimber, Sun. Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
Sharps Lounge: Bobby Burdette, tfn.
Tina's: Will Green, tfn.
Tumblebrook Country Club: Zig Millonzi, tfn.

INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
Embers Lounge: Claude Jones, tfn.
Mr. B's Lounge: Three Sounds to 5/8. Yusef Lateef, 5/10-22.
19th Hole: various groups.
Pink Poodle: Miles Davis, 5/7-15. Ramsey Lewis, 5/21-29.
Red Rooster: various groups.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Black Out (Fort Lauderdale): Ron Miller, tfn.
Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, wknds.
Hayes Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.

Knight Beat: Wayman Reed, Dolph Castellano.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, Don Ewell, hbs.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DALLAS

Bon Vivant: Ernie Johnson, hb.
Fink Mink: Betty Green, Banks Dimon, Dick Shreve, tfn.
Levee: Ed Bernet, tfn.
Music Box: Shirley Murray, tfn. Jack Pierce, hb.
Nero's Nook: Don Jacoby to 5/30.
Pompeii: Richie Salicco, tfn. Bobby Burgess, afterhours, Mon.-Sat.
Red Carter: Phil Rubin, tfn.
Roadrunner (Fort Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.
Savoy: Roger Boykin, tfn. Sessions, Sun., Mon.
Skynight: Ira Freeman, tfn.
Speakeasy: Dixie High Five, tfn. Sessions, Sun.

LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Gus Mancuso, tfn. Rick Davis, jam sessions, Sun. Steve Perlow, Wed.
Desert Inn: Phil Case, Mafalda, tfn.
Duffy's: Sherry Kirk, tfn.
Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, Bobby Sherwood, tfn.
El Cortez: Bill Rossi, Kathy Ryan, tfn.
Flamingo Hotel: Bob Sims, Nita Cruz, Buddy Sarkissian, tfn.
Fremont Hotel: Torris Brand, Sun.
Guys & Dolls: Ann Hagen, Bill Kane, tfn.
Hacienda Hotel: Johnny Olenn, Danny Owens.
The Mint: Tommy Cellie, tfn. The Dixielanders, Wed.
Nevada Club: Paul Dino, tfn.
Quorum: Bob Sullivan, Guy Scalise, tfn.
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, tfn.
Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne, Cliff Duphiney, Jack Kent, tfn. Peggy Wied, Wed.
Sands Hotel: Red Norvo, Bob Snyder, tfn.
Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, tfn.
Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tues.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Hal Peppie, Warren Smith, Fri., Sat.
Beverly Hilton Hotel (Rendezvous Room): Calvin Jackson, Al McKibbon, tfn.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun., Mon.
Gaslight Club: The Saints, Jack Langlos, Duke Mitchell, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
Frigate (Manhattan): Ben Rozet, Vic Mio, tfn.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel (Golden Eagle Room): Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, hb.
Jazz Go-Go: Curtis Peagler, tfn.
Jazzville (San Diego): Joe Williams, 5/7-8. Carmen McRae, 5/28-30.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Howard Rumsey.
Mardi-Gras (San Diego): Pete Jolly, 7/18.
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur., Sat.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri., Sat.
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Victor Feldman, Mon. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Mastersounds to 5/9. Stan Getz, 5/11-23. Frankie Randall, 5/25-6/6. Oscar Peterson, 6/15-27. Anita O'Day, 6/29-7/18. Lionel Hampton, 7/20-8/1. Duke Ellington, 8/18-25. .
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Cal Tjader to 6/27.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Stan Kenton alumni, Fri.-Sat.
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Thelonious Monk to 5/9. John Coltrane, 5/11-23.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Bill Evans to 5/30.

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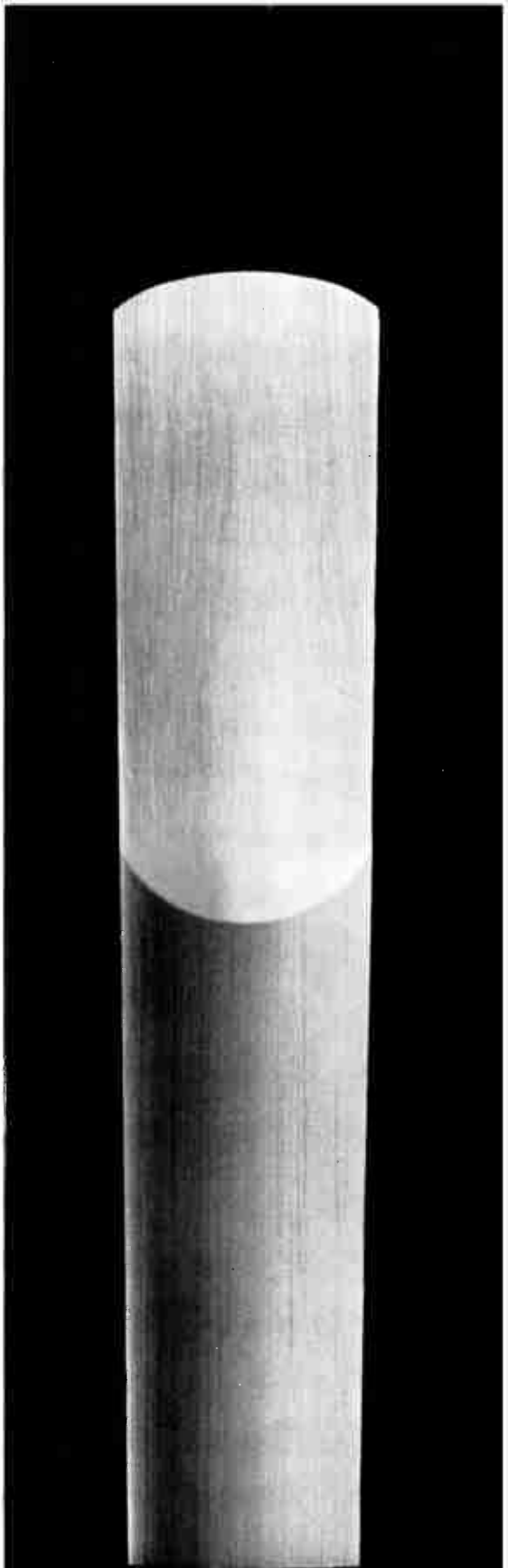

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