

JULY 27, 1967

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

SARAH VAUGHAN TODAY

Don Byas: Expatriate

Teddy Edwards' Bag

Fine Art and Jazz

B. B. King's Blues



SARAH VAUGHAN

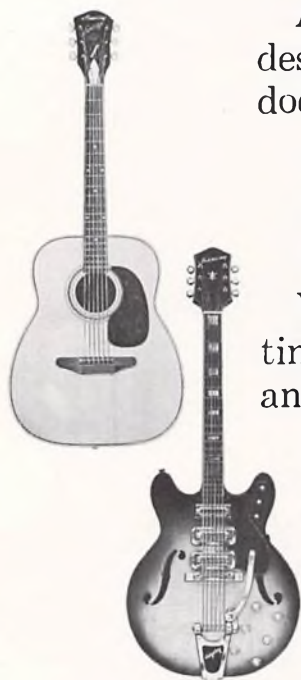
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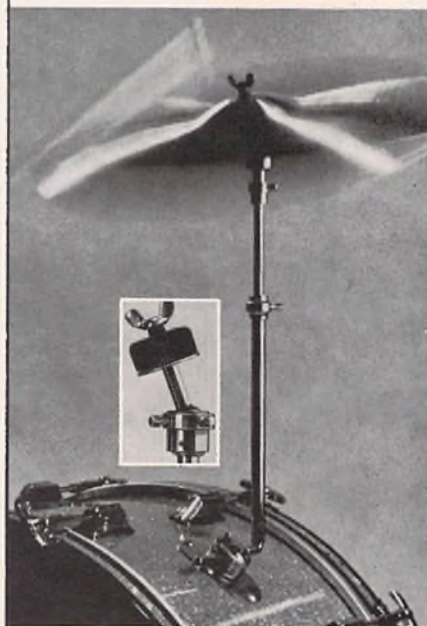
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Eyes On Texas

A recent *Caught in the Act* review of the Intercollegiate Music Festival at Miami Beach contained this nugget: "A mere mastery of mechanics, which in past college festivals might have been enough to distinguish a group, did not suffice in this instance." The John S. Wilson report went on to say, "One consequence of this new balance between polish and originality was what must have seemed a shocker to some followers of college jazz: the vaunted North Texas Lab Band did not even get into the finals." (*DB*, June 29).

My question is, just who decided upon the new criteria for judging the musical attainments of the groups, and how were these new standards communicated to the people who competed?

To the extent of my memory, which is considerable, musicianship was the sole basis for awarding prizes in the past. How was it determined that "originality" was to be an integral consideration?

To an outsider, it sounds like North Texas was diddled—and by experts. We've heard the band. There aren't many professional groups that can stay with it. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis *maybe*. A group with the collective mastery of North Texas should make the finals of any festival merely by blowing scales. It is obvious that plans had been made to cut down Leon Breeden and his talented kids. A vicious and sorry proceeding.

Al Fisher
Wantagh, N.Y.

Many North Texas fans were disappointed. But there is no evidence of a "plot," and no official complaints have been lodged by the Texans.

Clarification

I read with interest the review by Kenny Dorham of the Longhorn Jazz Festival (*DB*, June 29). I have always known that Kenny was a great trumpet player. I didn't know that he was such a wonderful writer. He really caught the mood of the festival and showed he has a great love for good jazz of all styles.

I do want to comment on one thing Kenny said, just so that the record is set straight. Kenny mentioned that I'd said that Gary Burton's quarter "will be picked as the No. 1 group in America." I don't think Kenny heard my statement completely. I said that the Newport Jazz Festival was picking the Gary Burton quartet as the No. 1 "new group" in jazz for the year 1967. This accreditation in itself may be challenged, but it was a far cry from saying that Burton's is the No. 1 group in America.

Gary is a very talented boy, and the group is very exciting, but they have not yet achieved the stature of the many great artists in jazz such as Miles, Dizzy,

Monk, etc. The last group that we acknowledged at Newport as the "most exciting new group of the year" was Freddie Hubbard back in 1964. Freddie has not yet received the recognition as a band-leader that he deserves, but he certainly has been accepted as one of the best trumpet players in jazz.

Our reasons for picking Burton's group relate to the way they communicate to the fans of folk-rock that have heard Gary in one of his numerous stints at the Cafe-au-Go-Go. Gary's group, with Larry Coryell on guitar, definitely reflects the "now generation" mood. However, the difference in Gary's approach to the folk-rockers' approach is that only the very highest degree of musical ability is used in this communication.

I feel this quartet deserves to be encouraged. Coryell started as a rock-and-roll guitarist. His talent was such that he had to turn to jazz to express himself more fully. There must be many youngsters in the rock-and-roll field who have the potential to play good jazz.

I personally am dedicated to making it as attractive as possible for these potential young artists to realize that just communicating to a mass is not an end in itself. But to achieve this same kind of rapport from a truly artistic point of view is the ultimate in self-satisfaction.

George Wein
New York City

Rex The Greatest

I have just finished reading the June 1 issue of *Down Beat*, and it's a gasser. Please congratulate Rex Stewart on his article about Ben Webster. Stewart is a genius, and I look forward to his articles. They are informative, and it makes me relive the times and places he mentions.

I think it's a good idea if the old timers, particularly Duke, Basic, and Lunceford side-kicks, would write more articles in *Down Beat* about their experiences during the big-band era (which I hope will soon return).

George Watson Sr.
Lakewood, N.J.

Kudos For Chico

I can readily understand Mr. Chico Hamilton's statement concerning respect for musicians' wives (*DB*, June 15). I feel it is evident in his every action. He is a concerned, patient, understanding, and aware human being if there ever was one! (Aside from my husband, of course.)

Mrs. Richard Davis
New York City

In Defense of Hamp

Harvey Pekar's criticism of Lionel Hampton (*DB*, June 1) is ridiculous. I'm not talking about his criticism of the album but rather his "major charge" against Hampton that he hasn't featured the sidemen in his big band enough.

He continues by saying that he has had great musicians over the years but has always been busy hogging the spotlight. This is arrant nonsense. So has Benny

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BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Goodman, to name one, hogged the spotlight, if one deems the bandleader's playing the major portion of the band's repertoire hogging the spotlight. Unlike Count Basic, Stan Kenton, or Duke Ellington, Hampton happens to be a great soloist, and it therefore made—and continues to make—sense for him to play as much as he does.

Lionel Hampton's bands have consistently served as great incubators for young and promising talents. In fact, statistically there is no other bandleader who has produced as many great musicians as Lionel Hampton. Ellington obviously not, because there's virtually no turnover in his band; and Count Basic, since the great days of the Lester Youngs, Buck Clayton, et al., has had few great soloists, and even those he has had were great when he acquired them—such as, for instance, Lockjaw Davis.

Hampton has consistently given young musicians a chance to play in his bands; during the war, he had a band with people like Shadow Wilson, Dexter Gordon, Illinois Jacquet, Ernie and Marshall Royal, and the brilliant young trombonist, Fred Beckett.

If Pekar wonders how many people would have heard of Clifford Brown and Benny Bailey if they hadn't gotten out of the band when they did, I put to Pekar the question of how many people would have heard them if they hadn't started with Hampton's band. . . .

Furthermore, Pekar disregards completely the specialized problems of the big-band business.

For instance, Billy Eckstine put together one of the great bands in terms of collecting individual artists of the bop period, who were marvelous in their own rights; yet the band lasted just a short time and then disappeared.

It's no reflection on Eckstine, because the conditions were against it, but the point is that Hampton did survive and has continued to give employment to a lot of young musicians who, after leaving the band, have achieved the individual greatness that Pekar decries isn't given a chance to be displayed within the Hampton band.

Also, Pekar must remember that even the best soloists needed the apprenticeship that the big bands have offered. (In fact, one of the problems with the younger musicians today is that there are literally no big bands where they can learn their horns and music. You also have to be able to blend with other musicians and swing with a section, apart from the rhythm section, and so on, none of which one really gets with a small group.)

I think it's a shame that little people like the Pekars try to tear down giants like Hampton, calling him "one of jazz's poorest big-band leaders" and completely disregard the unbroken years that Hampton has struggled to survive and to give musicians employment and chances to play.

I wonder what other bandleaders have done the same, and over as long a period?

Norman Granz
Beverly Hills, Calif.

For Strayhorn

To be writing this now is sadly pointless in some ways, but, in others, seems all the more urgent. Billy Strayhorn has perpetuated himself in beauty; and if this is part of the inner drive of the artist, part of what allows him to gamble the immediate on the ultimate (and on edifying the rest of us), then, in that sense anyway, appreciation is never quite too late.

Specifically I'm thinking of the interview Strayhorn gave to one of the expert team of Helen and Stanley Dance (*DB*, Feb. 23), which, in my reading, was the most illuminating description for the layman of the musician's perspective and objectives, and particularly, of course, of the composer-arranger's challenge of making tangible the intangible values.

Also pointed up were the latitude and positiveness of Billy Strayhorn's attitudes, although I should have before been able to guess at those, since such are the mark of the Ellington-Strayhorn music and what makes it, for their most motley horde of followers, truly Something to Live For.

Elizabeth Barros
Laconia, N.H.

Puzzled By Harris

It was with some interest I began the article on tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris (*DB*, June 15), mainly because I really dug Harris' latest album: *The Tender Storm*. Sadly, the article, or should I say Harris, left much to be desired.

It seems Harris doesn't know whom to blame . . . for the fact the record-buying public doesn't respect him. The fact that Cannonball and Coltrane once played with Miles Davis has not made them the artists they are (I have yet to see an album by either of them stating in bold headlines: THE FORMER SAXOPHONE PLAYER WITH MILES DAVIS); the fact that they have continued to grow and explore (and this applies more, I think, to Coltrane) is the only reason for their popularity. They have something original to offer. . . .

Harris tells us that in clubs he is ". . . kind of Jekyll and Hyde all over town," and for this he blames the racial unbalance of neighborhoods. Doesn't he think that if he really had something to say, it would please everyone, black and white?

And who is Harris trying to please anyway? Himself or the audience? Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, just to name two examples, suffered a lot of hard times just to be true to themselves, their music, and what they were trying to do. Or maybe Eddie Harris doesn't really know what he's trying to do (and anyone with that many different acts is bound to be a little schizophrenic). . . .

I wish Eddie Harris luck, and I hope he finds whatever he's after. But first I think he ought to look deep inside and get to know Eddie Harris. And playing with Miles or living in New York or being English and having long hair won't do it for you.

James G. Sotet
WBNY-FM
Buffalo, N.Y.

NEWPORT FESTIVAL GOES INTERNATIONAL

The Newport Jazz Festival which has already branched out to Texas, Atlanta, Canada's Expo 67, and Mexico's Puebla Festival this year, is set to go international on a big scale come fall.

A festival package including the groups of trumpeter Miles Davis, pianist Thelonious Monk, tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp, vibraharpist Gary Burton, and flutist Herbie Mann, as well as Sarah Vaughan, guitarists Barney Kessel, Jim Hall, George Benson, Elmer Snowden, and Buddy Guy, and the Newport All-Stars (Ruby Braff, cornet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Jack Lcsberg, bass; Don Lamond, drums; and festival producer George Wein, piano) will appear in Paris, Helsinki, Stockholm, Copenhagen, London, Rotterdam, and Barcelona.

The troupe will also perform in Berlin as part of the Berlin Jazz Festival Nov. 3-5, where they will join Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, and jazzmen from Spain, Russia, and other countries.

The Newport tour will be presented by Wein in association with Pan American Airways and the United States Travel Service, an agency of the Department of Commerce.

During the summer months, Newport festival packages also will play Detroit, St. Louis, Memphis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Buffalo.

JAZZ IN THE GARDEN OPENS SEVENTH SEASON

The seventh season of *Jazz in the Garden*, the ten-concert summer series held at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City and co-produced by *Down Beat*, got off to a delayed start. The scheduled June 22 opening was rained out.

An all-star swing group led by pianist Claude Hopkins and featuring Emmett Berry, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone, and Jo Jones, drums performed June 29, while the July 6 concert was dedicated to the memory of Charlie Parker and Lester Young, with reedmen Jimmy Heath, Joe Farrell, Clifford Jordan and Hank Mobley among those scheduled to participate.

The concerts, held Thursday evenings at 8:30, will continue with soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy's quartet (July 13); clarinetist Tony Scott's quintet (July 20); flutist Jeremy Steig's *Satyrs*, a group combining jazz and rock-and-roll (July 27); pianist Barry Harris and his Webb City All Stars (Aug. 3), and a quartet co-led by alto saxophonist Lee Konitz and valve trombonist Marshall Brown (Aug. 10).

Ira Gitler, *Down Beat's* New York editor, is chairman of the program committee for the series, which includes Herbert Bronstein, director, and Charles Graham, sound engineer.

SWINGING AND SINGING FOR LBJ AND A KING

Singer Nancy Wilson and the North Texas State University One O'Clock Lab Band were invited to perform at two summit-level events in June.

Miss Wilson, whose singing at the White House last January must have fallen on receptive ears, was invited by President Johnson to entertain at the President's Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City.



NANCY WILSON
A Fan in the White House

The Texans, who made a successful tour of Mexico under the auspices of the State Department earlier this year, performed at the request of the President and Mrs. Johnson at a June 27 state dinner in honor of King Bhumibol of Thailand, who is a jazz enthusiast and amateur saxophonist.

RECORD INDUSTRY HIKES MONO PRICES

Record buyers still unswayed by the magic of stereo have until now been able to save about \$1 per list-price LP by buying monaural albums. But those happy days are over.

Recently, two of the giants of the industry, CBS Records and RCA Victor, announced that they were raising monaural disk prices to the same level as stereo. Other major and minor labels quickly fell in line, and with a few ex-

Atlanta Blues

From a recent press release from the Atlanta Jazz Festival:

"Horace Silver makes his second appearance at the Atlanta Festival. A traditional jazz singer, he has appeared at leading night clubs throughout the country and at Newport."

Sure. You've heard him sing Song for my Father.

ceptions, all manufacturers had put the price hike into effect by July 1.

There was no cause to fear the instant demise of monaural LPs, however, since they still account for a healthy slice of the total market and a great deal of current record stock. But it is no secret that the record industry would much prefer to "phase out" the duality that now exists. With the attraction of the savings gone, the first nail has been hammered into the coffin.

ELLINGTON HONORED BY YALE UNIVERSITY

Duke Ellington has been receiving honorary degrees this season at a rate which should soon enable him to open his own university—in addition to the traveling college he has been operating for so many years. Following the honors awarded by Morgan State College of Baltimore and Washington University of St. Louis, Ellington last month was given an honorary Doctor of Music degree from Yale on the occasion of the famous university's 266th commencement.

As the degree was being bestowed, the Yale band began to play *Mood Indigo* and Ellington threw kisses in acknowledgement. The citation, read by Yale president Kingman Brewster Jr., was a potpourri of Ducal titles. "We are indebted to you for a very important generalization: 'It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing,'" it began. "Your musical compositions and performances have set our hearts singing, our spirits soaring, and our feet tapping. We hope that today your mood is not indigo, and that your caravan will continue to take the A train in the direction of more sentimental moods. It might be said, 'you've got it good, and that ain't bad.'"

THE MINI-CUT LP: MORE JAZZ AIRPLAY?

It is a well-known fact that air play is a key factor in the commercial success of records. Due to the length of most selections on jazz LPs, and the increasing rarity of jazz singles, jazz has been a stepchild of the airwaves for many years.

Now, Blue Note Records is attempting to remedy this situation by issuing so-called "mini-cut" LPs, especially designed for disc jockey use. Each mini album will contain the same selections as the consumer version, but the cuts will be edited down to a length of approximately three minutes each.

In addition, the label plans to capture some of the surging rhythm-and-blues market for jazz, and will also attempt to follow up on the inroads made by such artists as pianist Ramsey Lewis and singer Lou Rawls into so-called "easy listening" radio stations.

"LOVE YOU MADLY": A TELEVISION MILESTONE

AMONG THE MOST gratifying phenomena of recent years has been the public attention finally payed Duke Ellington—one of the great creative artists of our time.

Like all true artists, Ellington keeps part of himself hidden from the public gaze, and in his inseparable role as a performing artist, he has long since perfected a public attitude—gracious, suave, charming—which reveals just as much or as little of the inner man as he chooses to reveal.

As a result, Ellington never fails to please his audience, but often frustrates those who are after insights. Interviews with Ellington, written, filmed, or broadcast, are always entertaining but rarely shed much light.

Thus, *Love You Madly*—a first-rate program by any standard—assumes a special importance. Here, as rarely before, Ellington, the man and the artist, comes into view in full dimension. That it was possible to do at all is surprising; that it was accomplished with so much skill, tact, and taste is astonishing, and cause for rejoicing.

For nearly a month, co-producer and narrator Ralph J. Gleason, director Richard Moore, and what must have been a most discreet sound and camera crew followed Ellington and his orchestra around the San Francisco area.

We see the band in action at Basin Street West, at Grace Cathedral, at the Monterey Jazz Festival, and during rehearsals. We follow Ellington to his residence, join him in his backstage inner sanctum between sets at the club, and catch him on the road, riding with Harry Carney, his close associate.

We commune with Ellington in repose, we observe him at work in public and in private, we see him with fans and friends. We hear some beautiful music—in glimpses, but always meaningful ones—and we hear some beautiful talk.

Aided by expert editing, excellent photography, and superb sound recording, we gain insight into Ellington's working methods ("Without a deadline I can't finish anything"); his approach to his instrument, the orchestra ("We have deep consideration for the limitations of everyone; it's an interesting problem to handle"); his outlook on life ("There is so much man has that he doesn't know how he got—so how could it belong to him?"), and his humor, while the intelligent segues and cuts provide illuminating visual and aural juxtapositions.

In addition, there are brief but enlightening comments from notable colleagues and co-workers: Earl Hines ("He can do more in eight bars than anyone else in a whole chorus"), Dizzy Gillespie ("He is the world's greatest 'comper . . .

some day, when I become a millionaire, I'll hire him for my band"); Russell Procope ("I've been with Duke all the best years of my life . . . 20 years, and I haven't regretted a minute"); Harry Carney (about their driving: "We don't talk just to be talking . . . he can think"); Bunny Briggs ("He never plays the same thing . . . your routine has to change"), and Jon Hendricks ("He knows you more than you know yourself").

There are also fascinating historical footnotes. Ellington recalls the band's southern tours in the '30s: "We chartered two pullmans and a baggage car, and we used to live there . . . I wrote *Reminiscing in Tempo* on that train, after my mother's death." And more.

This program, produced by San Francisco's educational television station KQED, and shown in conjunction with another hour-long treasury of Ellingtonia (The first *Sacred Concert* in Grace Cathedral) is a major achievement in creative reportage. Certainly a milestone in the history of jazz on film, it also sets a new standard for television, educational and otherwise. It is as good an answer to the McLuhanist nonsense as the medium has yet produced, and if it doesn't win a prize, something must be very wrong with the awards system.

No doubt, this program will be repeated. Watch for it. Ask for it. —*Morgenstern*



WEELY

Feather's
Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

THE EVIL THAT men do lives after them. But it was the feeling of all of us who knew Swee-Pea that he spoke, heard, saw, and thought no evil from the day he was born until the end.

The good is oft interred with their bones. Billy Strayhorn's case is like no other in the history of our music. The good certainly will not be interred, nor forgotten; but the extent to which he gained recognition during his years with us was never commensurate with his contribution.

It was often said that this incomplete acknowledgment could be attributed to the simple fact that he lived in the shadow of a giant. But the genius of Duke Ellington has always cast a glow that irradiates everyone within his orbit. Who can tell what might have become of Strayhorn's talents had the two never met?

Billy Strayhorn remained, in terms of world-wide fame, virtually unrecognized,

not because of his association with Duke Ellington but in spite of it. The true reason was the nature of the man. He never chased after fame or the famous, nor after rainbows or pots of gold. This sensitive, gregarious, witty, modest little man was impressed neither by royalty nor by royalty statements. He was neither anxious to stay in the background nor eager to push himself into the foreground.

"Who wrote that arrangement?" I would ask him. "You or Duke?" The answer was always predictable. It would be: "Oh, that was done around 1963 in San Francisco," or some similar evasion.

The Siamese-twin closeness of Ellington and Strayhorn precluded any separation of credits. Never before had there been such uncanny empathy between two creative artists in this field.

There was another reason for the tendency to underestimate and neglect Strayhorn. His laissez-faire nature eliminated any possibility of galvanizing him into action. He wrote when the spirit moved him, or when Ellington was up tight against a deadline. He never set out to follow up his advantages by writing songs about other trains or other bridges. Some of his lesser known works, had he gone aggressively about the business of promoting them, might have become immortal classics, played daily everywhere in the world; yet who in today's young jazz world remembers *A Flower Is A Lovesome Thing* or *Passion Flower*? And how many among ten men you pass in the street can even tell you who

wrote *Take The A Train*?

Perhaps more than most people outside the band, I was conscious of the way his mind and his pen worked, for our paths crossed many times. In 1943, we collaborated on a book called *Duke Ellington Piano Method for Blues*. It was a labor of love for us both, listening to Duke's greatest blues piano pieces of the day while Swee'Pea transcribed and I analyzed them. The job was completed in fits and starts. And when he was at last persuaded, in 1951, to record a session bearing his name, Mercer Ellington and I were on tenterhooks waiting for the leader and his charts to arrive.

For most creators in jazz, music to one degree or another is profession, business, livelihood. To Strayhorn, it always seemed to me, music remained forever a passion—his one and only love.

Duke was his idol, mentor, father, brother, counselor and friend. Lena Horne was his devoted worshiper, his sister. Only a few weeks before the end, he spent a little time at the Lenny Haytons' Palm Springs home, until once again he had to return to New York and, very soon, to the hospital.

I grieve for Duke and the band, and for Lena, and for all the inner circle who loved Billy Strayhorn, for all those who felt personally stricken when the first forebodings of bad news reached us almost two years ago. Most of all, I grieve for Swee'Pea, and for the irreplaceable gap his departure has left in music.



POTPOURRI

The Los Angeles City Council presented **Ray Charles** with a resolution proclaiming June 8 as "Ray Charles Day." Charles, now celebrating his 20th anniversary in show business, was cited for "outstanding charity activities during the last decade," plus "outstanding contributions to the world of entertainment over the past two decades." Charles made a brief speech to the councilmen, calling their resolution "one of the highest honors I've ever received."

Trumpeter-composer **Bill Dixon** has been commissioned by Savoy Records to produce a series of albums dedicated to the new jazz. Dixon selects the artists, supervises the sessions, and edits the tapes. Three albums have been completed: *The Dragon Suite* by the **Marc Levin Ensemble**; *Elysa* by the **Ed Curran Quartet**, and *Good Golly, Miss Nancy* by the **Robert F. Pozar Ensemble**.

A stout contingent of U.S. jazzmen, including trumpeters **Don Cherry** and **Bill Coleman**, fluegelhornist **Art Farmer**, tenorists **Johnny Griffin**, **Don Byas**, **Dexter Gordon**, and **Hal Singer**, clarinetist **Albert Nicholas**, drummer **Kenny Clarke**, and singer **Joe Turner**, turned out for the annual awards ceremony of the French Academie du Jazz. This year's winners were bassist **Gilbert Rovere**, who received the Prix Django Reinhardt as the outstanding French musician of 1966; pianist **Cecil Taylor**, who received the Record Oscar for his Blue Note LP *Unit Structures*, which was named best jazz record of 1966; and vocalist **James Brown**, who received the Blues-Gospel Award for *It's a Man's, Man's World* on International Polydor. The Prix Fats Waller, given for the best reissue of 1966, went to Verve records for *The Definitive Charlie Parker*.

What do jazz musicians talk about between sets? Well, if there were an average, **Cannonball Adderley** and **Joe Zawinul** would top it. During the recent Adderley Sextet gig at Memory Lane in Los Angeles, the two were raving about a recording of Richard Strauss' opera, *Salome*, and wondering about Birgit Nilsson's middle register. Moments later, they were steeped in funk as Zawinul conceded to the standing-room-only crowd's demands for a repeat of *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* on the electric piano. Along with Cannonball on alto, there were brother **Nat Adderley** on cornet; **Victor Gaskin**, bass; and **Roy McCurdy**, drums. A vocal duo, *Lil and Rene*, just back from a tour with **Ray Charles**, sat in with the group. **Lil Greenwood** is an ex-Ellington vocalist; **Rene Robin** is the sister of vibist **Bobby Hutcherson** and wife of **KBCA** disc jockey, **Tommy Bee**, who coordinates the flow of talent for Memory Lane.



By MICHAEL ZWERIN

State Of Mind

DISASTER AREA

MOTHER'S DAY. The Five Spot is crowded in the afternoon. Many older people and children have come out to be with their jazz-loving children and parents.

The occasion is the regular Jazz Interactions Sunday concert, the attraction the Frank Foster big band. Scheduled to start at 5, 6 comes and goes and still no music. So far, the only "attraction" is Joe Newman pacing around, nervous and embarrassed. Although not part of the card, I'm embarrassed also. Actually, everybody is there except the drummer—the one guy a big band absolutely can't play without. But as far as the audience knows or cares—or should care—the whole scene is just late. I remember John Cage's line about "the importance of being on time for someone involved with the art of music."

Six-thirty comes and goes. Chuck Nanny, president of Jazz Interactions, makes an explanatory speech, which, while reasonable and truthful, doesn't change the hard fact that absolutely nothing is happening. The band finally hits at 6:45 p.m. I have to leave at 7. The little I hear doesn't sound very together, but who could be after that kind of nervous delay? I know I couldn't. Even the guys who are prompt pay the dues. That's the way it is with minority groups. There is no leeway for mistakes. As somebody said, comparing the Adam Clayton Powell and Sen. Dodd affairs: the whole thing proves you can be white and wrong but you can't get away with being black and wrong.

Anyway, we won't have to worry about

our image at the Five Spot much longer. It won't be there much longer, at least as far as jazz is concerned. The Terminus have found they make more money selling pizzas next door. Now they are opening a hot-dog stand around the corner and will soon turn their main joint into a restaurant. They may have live music again some day but probably of the cocktail variety. Another jazz club bites the dust. One less place to work.

Eight of them advertise regularly in the *Village Voice*, counting the Five Spot and both upstairs and downstairs at the Gate. The Half Note, which has adopted a new policy—secrecy—is also still open, I understand. Across the street from the Half Note, Pookies is still alive—with Elvin Jones at the moment. A new club, the La Boheme, just opened on the upper west side, featuring Dizzy Recce. There are more clubs now than 10 years ago. Then why is everybody crying?

Audiences aren't exactly beating down the doors. None of the clubs is really prospering. They don't advertise enough or at all. They say they can't afford to. There is a general air of despair. Unemployment in the ranks of the qualified continues at a brisk pace. Union scale is a depressed area. The jazz community in general is a disaster area. In their poverty, people are at each other's throats all of the time. Then, when there is a nice, healthy scene, like the Five Spot on Mother's Day, some irresponsible clown who thinks it is hip to be late drives another nail into the coffin.

I'm not referring to the music. It's vital now, far from dying. But the need for good public relations is also vital. There is getting to be less of a margin for error. Audiences are getting fed up with things like late starts.

Recently, I went to see *The Apple Tree*. Peering into the pit of the Shubert Theater, I spotted Art Farmer playing trumpet and Aaron Bell on bass down there. It's a living, anyway. We may soon have to go to a Broadway show to hear jazz players. Those who can show up on time, that is.



Tenor saxophonist-composer **Benny Golson** performed a two-hour concert in the Youth Pavillion at Montreal's Expo 67, leading **Sadik Hakim**, piano; **Nelson Symonds**, guitar; **Charles Biddle**, bass, and **Clayton Johnston**, drums. Portions of the program were heard over the Canadian Broadcasting Co.'s stations.

British bassist **Graham Collier's** septet will be playing and teaching this summer at the Jazz Summer School at Barry, Glamorgan, in Wales. This, the second year of the course, offers 55 student places to instrumentalists over the age of 17, and its activities include big band jazz ensemble, small band ensemble, improvisation, arranging, an evening jazz club, and opportunities for informal grouping. Musicians on the staff include Collier, trumpeter **Ian Carr**, tenor saxophonist **Don Rendell**,

and **Pat Evans** and **Peter Sander**.

Record producer **Creed Taylor**, who has headed Verve Records' jazz program for several years, recently formed his own company in New York and has signed a long-term contract with **Herb Alpert's** A&M label. Taylor will produce albums under the name of Tayco Sound. He will continue to supervise sessions for Verve until the expiration of his commitment.

Mary Russell, wife of clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell**, died June 7 of cancer at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City. The Russells had been married for 25 years. It was Mrs. Russell who encouraged her husband to take up painting, an avocation he has pursued with great enthusiasm. Russell's composition *Mariooch* was dedicated to his wife.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Louis Armstrong, fully recovered from his recent bout with bronchial pneumonia, was scheduled to open the *Central Park Music Festival's* second season June 23. The occasion marked the debut of clarinetist **Joe Muranyi**, former leader of *The Village Stompers*, with the trumpeter's group, set to resume its usual busy schedule. . . **Benny Goodman** brought his septet to the Rainbow Grill for three weeks beginning June 13. With Goodman were trumpeter **Joe Newman**, tenor saxophonist **Zoot Sims**, pianist **Bernie Leighton**, guitarist **Gene Bertonecini**, bassist **George Duvivier**, drummer **Joe Marshall**, and vocalist **Lynn Roberts**. The group also appeared at *Stars For Israel*, a mammoth affair for the Israel Emergency Fund of the United Jewish Appeal at Madison Square Garden on June 11. **Elliot Lawrence** led a 35-piece orchestra at the show. . . *WLIB* disc jockey **Del Shields** has instituted a series of Monday night sessions at La Boheme, 69th St. and Broadway. Featured in June were guitarist **George Benson** and tenor man **Houston Person**; Sims; bassist **Jimmy Garrison**; and guitarist **Gabor Szabo**. . . On July 22, the Gotham Jazz Society will present the **Jackie McLean Quartet**, vocalist **Betty Carter** with the **John Hicks Trio** and trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** sextet in concert at Town Hall. . . Multi-instrumentalist **Sun Ra**, with a supporting cast of 100 musicians, offered a *Tribute to Nature* on the Central Park mall in early June. . . At Tompkins Square Park, in the heart of Hippierville (The East Village), composer **David Amram** presented a musical tribute to the late **Dave Lambert**. The first half of the program consisted of two Amram sonatas and a piece for viola and piano entitled *The Wind and the Rain*. For the second half, Amram performed his own jazz compositions on French horn, Chinese flute, and piano, with **George Barrow**, tenor saxophone; **Art Phipps**, bass; and **Al Harewood**, drums. They were joined by **Yolande Bavan**, Lambert's one-time associate. . . **Max Roach** and **Abbey Lincoln** will be featured in an outdoor jazz concert at the Club Ruby July 16 at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. . . **Lionel Hampton** and an all-star alumni band graced the Metropole bandstand for the last two weeks in June, with special arrangements by **Quincy Jones** and **Jerome Richardson**. . . Pianist **McCoy Tyner's** quartet, with tenorist **Wayne Shorter**, bassist **Steve Davis**, and drummer **Freddie Waits**, played a fashion show and concert-dance at the Carver Ballroom. . . Pianist **Oscar Peterson** was a recent guest star at one of the *Friday Jazz at Noon* sessions held at the Tambourlaine. . . The **Ross Tompkins Trio** (Tompkins, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass; **Dick Berk**, drums) filled the weekday slot at the Half Note while the **Clark Terry Band** took care of weekend business. . . Drummer Berk also worked with pianist **Walter Bishop's** trio

at the Persian Room in Albany for three weeks. The bass chores were split between **Herman Wright** and **Eddie Khan**. Berk also did a one-nighter at the upstate club with tenorman **Joe Farrell**, pianist **Chick Corea**, and Khan. Bishop's trio with Berk and bassist **Chris White** also has been playing at Cromwell's Pub in Mount Vernon. . . Vibist **Warren Chiasson's** quartet, with alto saxophonist **Arnie Lawrence**, bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, and drummer **Sonny Brown**, backed singer **Trini Lopez** at Basin St. East. . . Pianist **Patti Bown** replaced **Tete Montoliu** in the solo piano chair opposite the **Mose Allison Trio** at the Top of the Gate. . . **Tony Scott** and his quintet was held over at the Five Spot. . . Drummer **Elvin Jones** and tenorist **Frank Foster** replaced the **Charles Mingus Four** at Pookie's. Former Mingus trombonist **Jimmy Knepper** made a rare appearance in the opening concert of a series at the West Brighton Community Center on Staten Island. With Knepper were **Charles McPherson**, alto saxophone; **Robin Clark**, piano; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; and **Charles Perry**, drums. . . Pianist **Barry Harris** and bassist **Bill Lee** teamed up for a weekend gig at West Boondock. . . Bass trumpeter-*Down Beat* contributor **Mike Zwerin** led a quintet for *Jazz Interactions* at the Five Spot in June. With him were **Jimmy Owens**, fluegelhorn; **Mike Abene**, piano; **Chuck Israels**, bass; and **Bobby Thomas**, drums. The following Sunday spotlighted **Booker Ervin's** tenor saxophone, with **Charles Tolliver**, trumpet; **Chick Corea**, piano; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; and **Lenny McBrowne**, drums. . . The **Otto-McLewler Trio** (violinist **Richard Otto** and organist **Sara McLewler**) did two weeks at the Lake Tower Inn in Roslyn, L.I., before taking up summer residence at Kutsher's Country Club Monticello June 30. . . Pianist-arranger **Lynn Oliver** led his quintet in a benefit performance for the patients of the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases. . . Therapeutic concerts for the patients of Bronx State Hospital have been among the recent projects of tenorman **Granville Lee's** 13-piece band. **Howard McGhee** was the featured trumpet soloist.

Los Angeles: When *The New Time Element* opened at Donte's, it looked like a new visual element as well. Leader **Emil Richards** was sporting a green eye visor above his steel rimmed specs, resembling the city editor in an old movie. There was incense burning on the end of his vibraharp. Until he realized where the strange odor was coming from, club owner **Cary Leverette** had some disturbing moments trying to trace its source. Personnel included Richards on vibes and flexitone (a kind of miniature musical saw, held in one hand, vibrating from its S-shaped steel spring); **Dave Mackay**, piano; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Joe Porcaro**, drums; and **Chino Valdes**, bongos and conga drums. Donte's "Guitar Night" continues to be a success. Recent sessions have matched **Bobby Bain** and **Al Hendrickson**; **Herb Ellis** and **John Gray**;

Howard Roberts and **Chris Parkening**; **Mundell Lowe** and **Roy Gaines** (the latter is now playing the cocktail hour there, Wednesday through Friday); and **George Van Eps**. The **Pete Jolly Trio** (Jolly, piano; **Chuck Berghofer**, bass; **Nick Martinis**, drums) did a series of Friday and Saturday nights at the club. . . **John La Salle** returned to his familiar piano at Wittinghill's in Sherman Oaks. His trio includes **Carson Smith**, bass and **Jerry McKenzie**, drums. **Calvin Jackson**, who had been keeping La Salle's piano bench warm has moved to **Diamond Jim's**. . . Still in the Valley, pianist-vocalist **Bobbi Boyle**, at the Smokehouse in Encino, has added guitarist **Ron Anthony** and bassist **Bill Plummer**. . . Adjacent to Los Angeles' International Airport is a new banquet hall, the Proud Bird. Among the first events there was a Masonic affair, with music by **Billy Brooks**, trumpet and skoonum (a twin-bell trumpet), with **Marshall Hunt**, **John Emerson**, trumpets; **Don Cook**, trombone; **Shelly Thomas**, **Robert Tate**, **Ed Pleasant**, saxophones; **Les Bouie**, guitar; **George Morrow**, bass; **Willie Jackson**, drums; and **Mildred Harrison**, vocals. . . Trumpeter **Don Rader** was guest soloist with two bands recently: the Corona High School Stage Band and the Junior Neophonic Orchestra at Cerritos College, where bassist **Ralph Pena** was also a guest soloist. . . During his gig with **Oliver Nelson's** band at Marty's, drummer **Ed Thigpen** reported breaking four sticks. Such things never happened with **Oscar Peterson**. Nelson told *Down Beat* that he has been commissioned by the American Wind Symphony to write a large piece for that Pittsburgh-based ensemble. His concerto for xylophone, marimba, and vibraphone was premiered while the orchestra was on tour in Kentucky. . . **Bob Edmonson** (trombonist for the **Tijuana Brass**), who owns part of the **Triss Ring**, is featuring groups that can play for dancing as well as for listening. The latest entry was a Latin-jazz octet fronted by timbalist **Joe Torres**, with **Gary Barone**, trumpet; **Bill Hood**, tenor saxophone and flute; **Mike Wofford** (subbing for **Vic Feldman**), piano; **Max Bennett**, electric bass; **Mario Tholmer**, conga drums; **Orlando Lopez**, bongos; and **Ric De Silva**, guido and vocals. Arrangements were mainly by **Steve Huffsteter**. The club is also presenting Sunday afternoon sessions with trumpeter **Bud Brisbois** leading an ensemble of college students, many of whom are members of the Junior Neophonic Orchestra. The book is almost exclusively by **Lennie Niehaus**. . . The local educational TV outlet, *KCET*, presented two, hour-long specials devoted to **Duke Ellington**: *Love You Madly*, and *A Concert of Sacred Music*, repeated within a nine-day span—all in prime time! The Sacred concert was filmed at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco. The other program is a documentary, including sequences from Basin Street West, the Monterey Jazz Festival, a recording session in San Francisco, and interviews with **Earl**

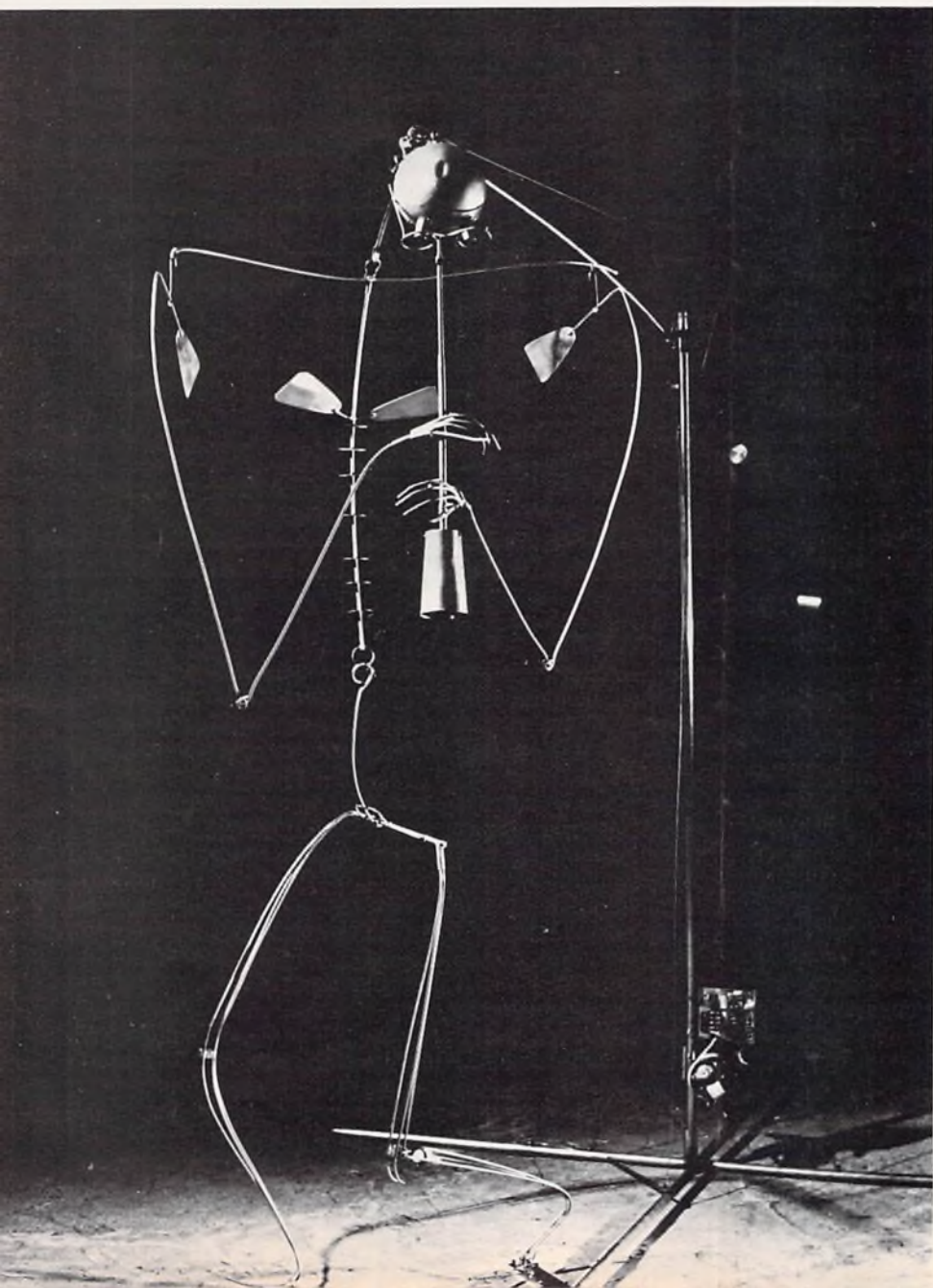
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PARIS REPORT:

jazz and the plastic arts

BY JOHN BURKS

Marcel Van Thienen; Ame'de'e le Charmeur.



IT IS POSSIBLE to capture the sound of a music in line and color? More particularly, can a visual artist convey the intensity and spontaneity of jazz?

These are the questions raised, if not answered, by the big, ambitious *L' Age du Jazz* exhibition at the nationally operated Musee Galliera in Paris. Nothing if not comprehensive, the recent show included works by many important 20th century painters—Cocteau, Dubuffet, Gauthier, Leger, Matisse, Miro, Mondrian, Picabia, and, out of the reaches of Greenwich Village, Larry Rivers.

The purpose of bringing together works by these and no fewer than 126 other artists was to show how jazz, "one of the great phenomenons of contemporary creativity," has significantly influenced the plastic arts.

The works of many of the most important contemporary artists have been "profoundly marked by jazz," in the words of the show's organizers. This influence has been double-headed: in the artists' "subject matter and the attitude of the artist toward creation."

Inevitably, the jazz influence is more obvious in the works of some artists than others. Matisse's bright, bold, hard-edged lithographs, for example, bore the unmistakable stamp of Matisse but, aside from the titles, didn't swing much more than other Matisses seen at other places, with other titles. The same was true of Leger's offerings, and Miro's, and Mondrian's—though each was excellent in its distinctive way. But there's a fine 1926 pen-and-ink sketch by Cocteau of three persons, a saxophonist with an enormous wobbly sax and a man and woman fox-trotting to his music, that perfectly expresses that special fluid fusion between jazz and dancer. Cocteau is quoted as having felt in jazz "more than rhythm: a pulsation"—and there it is—one can feel it in the modest sketch.

Dubuffet has it, too, with his 1944 *Jazz Band (Dirty Style Blues)*, six angry-eyed men facing murkily out of the huge canvas, blowing, strumming, plucking, digging in.

In all, seven jazzmen who double as painters were represented—Alan Davie, Daniel Humair, Djoka Ivackovic, the late Yves Klein, Hans Koller, Rivers (who doubles as a jazzman, to be more precise), and Michel Tyszblat.

As far as Max Roach was concerned, there should have been more. The famous drummer was in Paris for a radio concert and visited the exhibition with his wife, singer Abbey Lincoln.

"I wonder why somebody doesn't

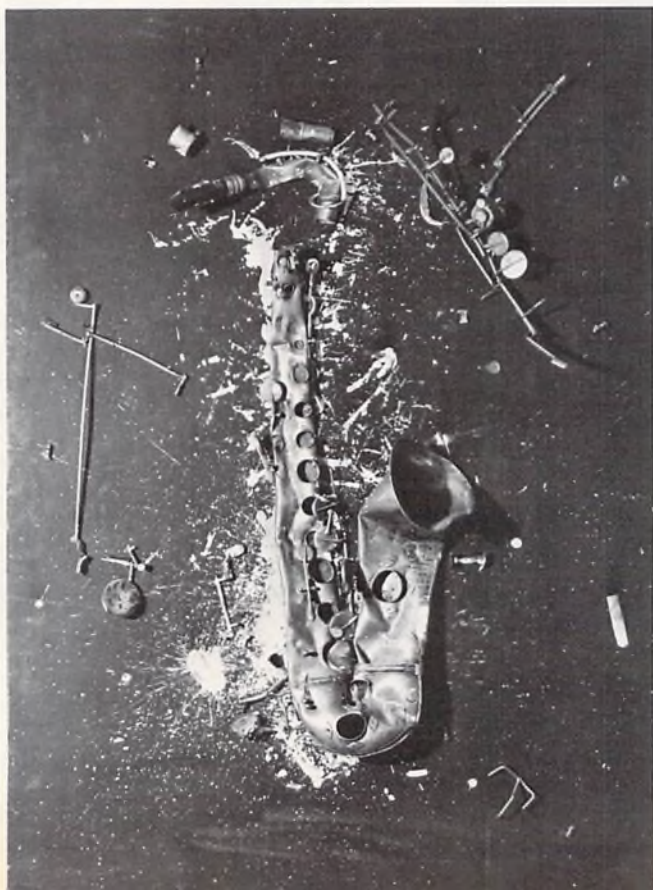
do something like this at home," he mused. "What I'd like to see is an exhibition of paintings by jazz musicians. A lot of us paint. Duke Ellington paints, you know, I do, and my wife paints. A lot of people do. I think that would be great to see."

Unquestionably, two of the most rewarding paintings in the show were by Humair and Rivers—perhaps because both know jazz from the inside. Rivers, a quirky contemporary tenor saxophonist, is, of course, best known for his quirky, firmly individual paintings. In his portrait of jazzman-artist Yves Klein, Rivers has painted most of the man in quick outline (one eye, suggestion of a nose, a bit of rumbled hair, the line of a shoulder). Stencil lettering off to the side indicates where the rest of Klein should be: Hair, Forehead, Eyebrow, Eye, Ear, Nose, Cheek. . . . It is at once funny and serious and an excellent portrait of the man, one suspects.

Humair's *Henriette 1.2 for Elvin*, dedicated to drummer Elvin Jones, is a glowing sweep of canvas divided into interconnected compartments, sprayed with pastel hearts in groups and alone, gaudy stripes, circles, blotchy handwriting. Humair, a remarkable young drummer who has recorded with Miles Davis and several others, is a fine visual artist as well. Roach was especially impressed. He stood away from Humair's painting, moved closer to study details, grinned broadly, and said, "Yeah, that's Daniel all right."

L' Age du Jazz was organized by artists who like jazz and wanted to illustrate its central position in their lives. One of these is James Pichette, a Parisian artist in his mid-40s, whose contribution was a swirling canvas with red and black forms pirouetting against one another. It was concocted during a "free" jazz festival in Paris earlier this year, Pichette, onstage, layed on the oils while an avant-garde trio performed. Somehow, the finished product conveys an incompleteness, rather like a first try, which in fact it was. Incomplete, yet arresting.

Fernandez Arman: *Barney's Axe*.



Jacques Monory: *Out of the Blue*

Perhaps the contemporary artists Jean-Claude Fhari, Jacques Monory, and Marcel Van Thienen most directly succeeded at expressing the jazz sensibility.

Fhari's *Clef de fa por T. Monk* is a gay yet ominous explosion of luminous impossible gears, ratchets, levers, aligned to churn out every kind of unpredictable twist, turn, tumult; a visual orchestration of the inside-out logic and twinkle that is Monk. *Out of the Blue* by Monory is a face superimposed upon itself, lower half against the top, chin in hand, dark glasses reflecting vague hands at a bent keyboard, somber blue hues, smirky lips.

And then there is Van Thienen's sculpture, *Ame'de'e le Charmeur*. It is an ingenious stainless steel representation of a musician—like a gigantic pipe-cleaner figure—powered by electric motor, a joy to see in performance. Intermittently it would kick into sound—filling the gallery with its strange music—and motion, actually blowing (electronically) soprano saxophone-like runs and licks that suggested a computerized John Coltrane, the bell of its horn swinging in elliptical arcs, now pointing at the floor, now swung up to shoulder level, body bending and swaying, articulated at neck, shoulder, elbow, back, hip, knee, left foot firmly planted, right foot firmly planted, right foot pawing and dancing out against the floor. A complicated hunk of circuitry comprising 77 semiconductors made *Charmeur* blow and accomplished the full kinetic power and motion of a jazzman in the act of creation.

The intentions, sympathies, and emotions of the artists were all to the good. But is this enough? To put it another way, how many of the artists succeeded at producing what Duke Ellington might call a tone parallel to jazz?

Can the visual artist convey the intensity and spontaneity of jazz through paint and sculpture?

It seems that the answer is: yes, sometimes, some artists. For others: no.

It is good to know that they are moved by jazz and that out of their feeling for the music some beautiful art has sprung—even if the connection between their art and that of the jazz player often remains obscure. The *L' Age du Jazz* exhibition was a refreshing reminder that the best artists and jazzmen share a common perspective on life. In the words of the show's organizers: "A desire to cut through tired convention, to infuse their art with immediacy and spontaneity."

THE ANATOMY OF B.B. KING

an interview by james r. bourne



Guitarist and blues singer Riley (B.B.) King, 42, is one of the most popular artists in his field today. Though his work is still insufficiently known to the broad jazz audience, his unique guitar style, influenced, as this interview points up, by Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian, is highly respected by those jazz musicians who have encountered him, and his singing appeals to all who like blues. The interview was conducted via telephone by James R. Bourne, a student at Yale University, in connection with research for a term paper in the history of art. Bourne's first question concerned the blues lyric. The phone connection was broken, and what follows is the conversation that took place when service was restored.

King: No, I was starting to tell you, if I can remember, let's see—rather, you asked me about the lyric?

Bourne: That's right.

K: And I said that now I don't write as many as I used to; but a few, a few of the tunes I still write now. And of course, I think I've been lazy for a while, and I'm starting to write more now than I have been for the last two, three years.

B: When you do write something, how much time do you spend on the lyrics of the tune?

K: That depends. Sometimes half an hour, and then sometimes months. A lot of the time I may have an idea, I may feel down or something, like tonight . . . and I'll write down my feelings. I'll write . . . it's almost like keeping a diary. Sometimes I feel low or something didn't go right, maybe at the performance, or I think that the people treated me badly . . . I'll write that down; and sometimes when I analyze it, the lyrics are fit for a song. And then again, I may write down my idea now, and then later, and so on . . . and it may take a good while to get it into the form of a poem, you know?

B: Right. When you do write something, I know there's a lot of kind of standard lines in the blues—how much do you find this pops up, the standard imagery of the blues?

K: Well, I was reading about a couple of

new fellas, college kids, and their new approach to songwriting a few days ago.

B: Simon and Garfunkel?

K: Yes, that's right. And I was reading about them, and I was thinking then, I said, "It's wonderful." These guys, one fella I think did most of the writing, and I said it would be nice if a guy had the knowledge and could put it down in words like this fella does. Well, this is my case, a lot of times I can't write down my true feelings. It's a lack of . . . oh boy, I don't really know the word to use, but it's just in some cases almost like being not able to talk to anyone. So you write down or you say the thing that you think is nearest to what you want to say, and a lot of times that becomes the standard lines, because you think back, or you've heard this, or that's the thing to tell the story. In other words, your punch line might be something that you want to get over really strong, but you don't know how to say it. I think a lot of times a guy will go back like to a dictionary to find the meaning of something.

B: You remember Charles Keil's book? (*Urban Blues*) Have you seen that?

K: Yes.

B: In it, in one part, he mentions you talking about one of your lyrics that always gets a good reaction. The line he quotes is, "I gave you seven children,

but you want to give them back." What song is that from?

K: That's *How Blue Can You Get*.

B: I see, because there was a recording by Johnny Moore. Do you know that one? It's the same tune, done back in 1949. Nat Cole's guitar player, Oscar Moore (is on it).

K: I know Oscar. I know of him, rather. But I didn't know that was the same tune. Where I got it from was from Louis Jordan. . . . He made me like the tune and I recorded it. . . . It was done quite a bit different; but anyway, it's the same number. The punch line . . . goes like this:

*I gave you a brand-new Ford
But you said, "I want a Cadillac."
I bought you a ten-dollar dinner,
And you said it was just a snack.
I let you live in my penthouse,
And you called it a shack.
And I gave you seven children,
And now you want to give them back.*

That's the punch line; that's the way it goes. It's hard for me to call pop lyrics off. I guess when you're singing them you . . . you have a thing going. The feeling is there!

B: In *Tired of Your Jive*, on the new record, once again there's kind of the same type of line, which sounds like . . . something that you've heard before, about "You never miss your water till the well runs dry."

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Sassy '67

by bill quinn



AFTER THE INTRODUCTION (“... takes pride in presenting its featured attraction, the Divine One, Miss Sarah Vaughan!”), the spotlight finds her and she is surrounded with applause. She bows deeply in acknowledgement, then leaps into the swift current provided by her rhythm section and fires off *Most Unusual Day*; then envelops the audience with an eider-down rendition of *Alfie*, her voice a probing whisper.

Laughter tumbles with the applause between her numbers, triggered by her easy rapport with her audience: on *Misty* the lyric turns into “*Look at me, I’m as hot as I can be . . .*”—a reference to the temperature of the spotlight.

Number follows number, all bearing the inimitable Vaughan imprint, supplying evidence of her claim to her various titles: she is divine on *I Love Him*; she is sassy on *Just One of Those Things*; and a member of the audience simply sighs “Sarah” as her rich timbre illuminates *Shadow of Your Smile*. There can be no doubt that Miss Vaughan has kidnapped another audience.

One might assume that such a highly experienced professional would have lost all apprehension concerning audience reaction to her performances, but the land beyond the footlights remains for her a constant challenge. “I always have the feeling that I hope I’ll get them,” she says about each new audience. “When a performer loses this feeling, I think it’s time to get out of the business.”

For Sarah, three things shine brightly in her life. In no special order, they are her daughter, her trio, and her manager.

“Nobody ever talks about my trio,” she said. “I’ve had them with me for three years, and I think I have the greatest trio in the world.”

Whether prompted by affection or not, coming from the lady who began her career with Earl Hines’ band as vocalist and second pianist—the band that also included Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Bennie Green, Wardell Gray, and many other stars-to-be—the comment hints that pianist Bob James, bassist Herbie Mickman, and drummer Omar Clay deserve more than passing notice.

“Bob does all my arrangements; he’s won so many prizes and fellowships that I can’t keep track of them all. He and Omar, my drummer, were sort of raised together, and when I needed a new drummer Bob found him for me.



CHARLES STEWART

My bass player is the youngest in the group. They're all wonderful."

She also jokingly claims to be the only female singer with a spare pianist. Pat Rebillot, who replaces James when the latter is serving his reserve duty with the army, is "an excellent substitute," she says.

Such enthusiasm from the singer who was once featured with John Kirby's "Biggest Little Band in the World" at the Copacabana, with stellar elements of the Basie band, and with numerous top rhythm sections before this one, indicates Sarah's sincerity in the matter, as does the fact that the group has been with her for such a long period.

THE SINGER HAS NEVER wanted for top-flight musicians to back her. Roy Haynes, her drummer for five years, has proclaimed her "The Voice." Richard Davis values the experience he gained with her. Yet another example of her rare drawing power for the best musicians is the brass section on her latest album, *Sassy Swings Again*, which (though featured only in ensemble work) includes trumpeters Freddie Hubbard, Clark Terry, Charlie Shavers, and Joe Newman. Trombonists J. J. Johnson

and Kai Winding were also reunited for the session, while altoist Phil Woods and tenorist Benny Golson sparked the reed section. Her arrangers were Thad Jones and Manny Albani, as well as pianist James.

With the possible exception of Ella Fitzgerald, who has collaborated with bands like Basie and Ellington, no singer today can boast such magnetism for jazz musicians.

Sarah, however, feels that she is not a jazz singer. "People call me a jazz singer, but I hate that term," she said. "Either one is a singer or one isn't. I like doing all types of material—just as long as it's good."

She takes her opinion a step further: "I think in many cases the term jazz is outdated; it doesn't cover the subject accurately. Either a musician is a good musician or he's not. That's why I have the guys that I work with—I think they're the 'biggest little trio in the world.'"

To Sarah, the new material that vocalists are offered by the songwriters of today seems less plentiful and less valid than the "standards" that once rolled from the pens of the Gershwins, Porters, Arlens, and Berlins. "I don't keep up with all the songs coming out these days, but there are not as many good ones as there used to be. I hardly listen to the radio, except when I'm in the car. Even then, not much; because I've got one of those tape recorders."

Of the latest instrumental jazz efforts, and the heated controversy over them, Sarah confesses only a passing knowledge:

"I love modern music, really I do, but some of it sort of gets away from me. I don't like music that I'm forced to sit and listen to; I'm not criticizing—just saying what I like.

Recently, the singer played an engagement at a club in Minneapolis, which included a rock group. "They were called The Mob. I enjoyed them very much; they even looked normal . . . real clean-cut gentlemen.

"I like a good group playing anything. Take Cannonball Adderley: he's what people would call a jazz musician, but this new tune, what is it—*Mercy, Mercy?* That's rock-and-roll—and I like it.

Sarah Vaughan today is healthy, happy, and singing with more enthusiasm and maturity than ever. For this state of affairs she places the credit squarely on her new manager, John Wells, who is known by intimates as

"Preacher."

Wells, who hails from Sarah's home town, Newark, N.J., has been her friend for nearly 20 years. He entered her life in earnest at one of her darkest hours. "When Preach' came to me, I was in a bad situation. My second husband had been my manager for some time—I think he was managing himself, not me—and I owed a lot of taxes and other bills. Preach' took over, and now I don't owe Uncle Sam a dime."

To the old saw about "show biz" being a hard game, Sarah replies, "That's no lie." After the two former husband-managers she's had, she feels fortunate to be numbered among the profession's survivors, let alone the prosperous ones: "I could be in the poor house right now, but, thanks to Preach', I don't have to worry about people wanting money under the table for this and that. I can sing better now because I have no problems; I'm free, single, and 21—and it's a damn good feeling."

While Wells comes in for her strongest accolades ("If anything ever happened to Preach', I think that I'd just leave the business; I'm sure I couldn't replace him"), she has a performer's natural reservations about managers but insists that for anyone trying to make a success in the entertainment

CHARLES STEWART



world today, a manager is a must. "Just make sure he's a good one, honey" is her advice to show business debutantes.

As the consistent caliber of her performances has risen, so has the status of her audiences. In 1965, she and her trio were invited to perform at the White House during a reception for the prime minister of Japan. "When we were dancing afterwards," she recalled, "it was just one big happy family—everybody was cutting in on everybody else. Still, I don't think that I've ever been so nervous in my life.

"When I danced with Mr. Johnson, I was so tense and stiff that he sort of shook me and asked me what the matter was. I explained that I was nervous and he said, 'Put your head on my shoulder and forget about it.' I just died.

"The following week, Vice President Humphrey invited me back and we did another show, this time at one of the Washington hotels.

"During dinner I sat next to him. Just making conversation, I said 'Gee Mr. Humphrey, if you're not doing anything later, come by my hotel—we're having a party for my manager, it's his birthday.'

"He said, 'Sure, if I'm not too busy.'

"Well, I thought that was the end of that. We went ahead with the party for Preach'; it was a surprise to him. During the party there was a knock on the door, and my drummer at the time, Larry Rockwell, opened it. There stood Humphrey, surrounded by eight or nine secret servicemen. They came in and looked in all the closets and the bathroom before Humphrey could come in.

"We sat down and talked. He told me about the times before he really got into politics, when he was in Istanbul. He said most of the Turkish belly dancers he met actually came from Brooklyn."

SARAH SEEMS RELAXED off-stage as well as on, and gives off no rays of discontent. Her six-year-old daughter and her career seem enough for her at present. Additionally, the singer has terminated her long-standing contract with a major record company, which, she says, is a joy to her. "I was, as far as I'm concerned, associated with a terrible record company. All we did was make records—I mean that the company didn't get behind my records and push—there was no promotion."

In many instances, an artist's complaints about recording companies stem from a&r restrictions, but Sarah at first had no such limitations imposed on her. "I could record anything I wanted to," she said. "But after Quincy Jones [who did much of her arranging] left, there was nothing. I'm happy to say that I'm no longer with them—I'm free."

At this juncture, with no binding contracts, no back taxes, no warring spouse, and a bright future, Sarah feels happier and freer than she has for quite some time. When asked what she'd like to do in the future, she replied, "Sing."

And sing she does. Her two equal loves, where singing is concerned, are nightclubs and recording studios. She just performed at the 1967 Newport

Jazz Festival, is on her way to her fourth Gershwin concert July 29 with Skitch Henderson and the Los Angeles Symphony at the Hollywood Bowl, and is looking forward to a tour of Europe in the fall. The singer is also in search of a record company sympathetic to her requirements.

"I want to do so many things," she says. "I'd like to record with Ellington and Basie—and, above all, do more things with my trio."

For Sarah Vaughan, who belongs—in this writer's admittedly subjective opinion—to a quartet of female singers (Ella Fitzgerald, Dinah Washington, and Billie Holiday are the others) that has set standards far above mere popular singing, the coming years promise to surpass the achievements of the past.

db



BILL ABERNATHY

EVER-READY TEDDY EDWARDS



by ira gitler

DON SCHLITTEN

ALTHOUGH IT WASN'T a "live" date, a substantial gathering of people surrounded the participating musicians in the studio. Some were friends, or friends' friends, and several were professional musicians—Howard McGhee, Booker Ervin, Jerry Dodgion, Pepper Adams. All were there to see and hear a young-looking 43-year-old ambassador from the West, tenor saxophonist Teddy Edwards.

The musicians' presence reflected respect and great interest. The sounds leaping out of the speakers in the control room explained why. The lean, muscular man playing the saxophone and producing the sounds was the Teddy of *Teddy's Ready*, one of Edwards' earlier albums. Teddy is still ready—everready. Multi-reedman, arranger, composer, lyricist (and golfer), Edwards embodies in his full-toned, vigorous playing a feeling that is capable of filling any listener with a warm inner glow.

It showed this afternoon as he and his sextet (Jimmy Owens, fluegelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Cedar Walton, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Lennie McBrowne, drums) related with tremendous rapport. "They gave their all—something extra," said Edwards.

This was Edwards' second trip to New York City in six months to record for *Prestige*. For this date, a & r man Don Schlitten had suggested a sextet format, and

Edwards immediately agreed.

"A few years ago I had written for a sextet, and the arrangements sounded good," he said. "My idea is to showcase the tenor by having it play solo-type lead at times, to give the group a different sound than the usual sextet voicing with the trumpet lead."

In addition to the recording activity, Edwards' trips to New York were filled by renewing friendships, sitting in, and doing arranging jobs. The trips are a change of pace he enjoys. Primarily he is a Californian. Except for a period in 1964-65 when he played with Benny Goodman in Washington, D.C., and at the New York World's Fair, and then "stayed around New York for four or five months writing for B.G.," Edwards has remained close to the Los Angeles area he calls home.

The West Coast, in the last few years, has been steadily attracting people from the jazz world to settle. After naming Ray Brown, Ed Thigpen, and Jimmy Forrest as recent migrants, Edwards noted that John Levy had moved his management offices to the coast and that two of Levy's clients, Cannonball and Nat Adderley, are about to follow.

One of the reasons musicians move from one location to another is work. California weather may be groovy, but the new attitude in the Hollywood studios is more

important. There have been definite improvements.

"They're using more jazz musicians, playing and writing," Edwards said. "Quincy Jones, Oliver Nelson, Gerry Mulligan."

THE COLOR LINE in the studios has changed, according to Teddy. "Producers have heard records of movie themes, independently produced. Maybe they're wondering why they're not getting the same sounds. They don't get the individuality from the regular studio musicians that they get from someone who spends his time mostly in the jazz world."

A contractor from Warner Bros. called and asked if he was "Teddy Edwards, the saxophone player" and if he played any other instruments, such as flute. Teddy told him he played clarinet. "Then this was the capper," Edwards related. "He asked me, 'Do you read music?' I told him, 'I've been reading it for about 30 years.'"

The contractor told him: "Mr. Duning insists that you be on this particular date."

It seems that composer George Duning had heard Edwards play with Gerald Wilson's band at Shelly's Manne Hole and was impressed. The movie was *Any Wednesday*, and Edwards plays clarinet in the ensemble of the sound track, but solos on tenor in the LP recording. Since then, he has done tracks with guitarist Howard Roberts' group for the television ads heralding *The Invaders*.

"They're even beginning to respect a guy with one horn," Edwards said. "Sonny Criss did songs from *Alfie*—he was featured on an arranger's date for 20th Century-Fox."

"One thing about California—they are starting to get the clubs together on the west side—Pied Piper, Memory Lane. Before, it would take you half the night to get to the next club.

Edwards also spoke of a "rock-and-roll joint"—the Californian Club—and of a violinist who plays there named Johnny Creach.

"He plays it like a horn," Edwards said. "He's played in symphony. He's in all bags. But at the club he's in a blues bag. He's phenomenal! People come up and put money in his pocket."

Edwards' excitement also extends to the program tenor man Henry Grant operates on the west side of Los Angeles. "It's a music center dedicated to giving the young kids a chance to get experience in big bands," he explained. "He has a youth band, and the kids are playing music they wouldn't have gotten to for years, years ago. Several members have already graduated to the pros."

STRESSING THE IMPORTANCE of big-band training, Edwards added, "I've heard several of the big-name musicians who missed that, and you can hear it."

Grant's center has a copying service and sells music equipment. Men like guitarist John Collins and trombonist John Ewing are among the teachers.

"Harold Land Jr., [pianist son of the well-known tenor man] learned there, and he's now gigging," Edwards said. "J. J. Wiggins, pianist Gerry Wiggins' son, is a 10-year-old bassist in the youth band. He's not just good for 10—he's good. He was good at 6."

On the subject of musician sons of famous musician fathers, there is 12-year-old Teddy Edwards Jr. He plays with his school's band and symphonic band and has already written his first composition, which his dad says he intends to record.

The older musicians, who work at other jobs during the day, are involved, according to Edwards, with a

band led by saxophonist-arranger-composer Roger Spotts. "They're a wonderful band that should be recorded," Edwards said.

Edwards does not work a "day job" but he does not do much club work other than his appearances with Gerald Wilson. "Most of the jazz clubs book out-of-town groups," he explained. Much of his time is now concerned with writing. There is a strong possibility he may score Booker Ervin's next date, and he has written several things for Ray Charles, including *Angel City*, *Goin' Home*, and *Party Time*.

He has written lyrics for material by Jimmy Heath, Donald Byrd (*I'm So Excited About You*), and Herbie Hancock (*Blind Man, Blind Man*). For singer Maxine Womack's record date, he did the arrangements, composed the music, and wrote the lyrics.

Then there is the recent sextet date, to be released later this year. Edwards' obvious pleasure with what had happened in the studio was demonstrated by the smiles, hugs, and handclasps exchanged during the packing-up exercises. This was powerful, soul-stirring music that affected musicians and listeners alike. It was affirmative music for the heart, mind, and feet. Above all, it was Teddy Edwards' music.

Edwards was one of the first modern jazz players in California during the mid-40's. Today he is the old pro whose personal writing and playing styles are a culmination of his long experience.

It contains all the benefits of those years, without its spirit having been dulled in the process.

Whether Edwards is backing up Lou Rawls on the singer's latest LP, swinging with Damita Jo and Joe Williams on the Country Club Malt Liquor commercials, enhancing the Gerald Wilson orchestra or going for himself, he seems able to reach a level where creativity and that much-abused attribute "soul" meet in a celebration of life. Teddy Edwards is a talent worth celebrating.

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DON BYAS: EMPHATIC EXPATRIATE

JEAN-PIERRE LELOIR

CARLOS WESLEY BYAS sat behind a bottle of vodka in the Paris flat of flutist Michel Roques, looking like a grizzled, vigorous imp with an ear-to-ear grin and eyes bright with vitality.

It was the afternoon-after-the-night-before—the night he'd completed a long run at the Trois Maillletz, his first appearance in a Paris club for six or seven years.

This small, wiry man of 55 had been proving night after night that he could still play big, muscular tenor, that he was still one of the leaders on jazz' most overworked instrument.

"Yes, I'm 55—but I feel like 15" he said. "And I'm playing better now than I was when I left the States."

It is something of a shock to recall that Byas left the States in 1946. He

went to Europe on a tour with Don Redman's band, which included trombonist Tyree Glenn, trumpeter-vocalist Peanuts Holland, trombonist Quentin Jackson, and pianist Billy Taylor. It was the first American jazz band to tour Europe after World War II. Byas had intended to stay on for a few months after the band returned home. So far, he's stayed for 21 years and has not once been back to the States—much to the regret of his American fans.

Don Byas is probably the most irretrievably European of all the U.S. jazzmen resident in Europe. He has a Dutch wife, speaks fluent Dutch and excellent French, and says he could never live in the States again. "If I ever go back, it will only be for a year

—then I'll come right back with the money!"

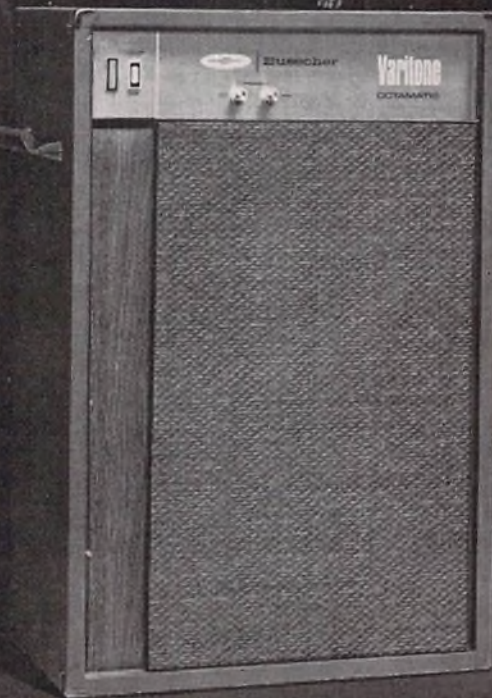
One of the hazards of being a self-exiled U.S. jazzman in Europe is that people are just a bit too ready with explanations as to why the move was made. "He was washed up in New York anyway," "He wanted to be a big fish in a small pond," "He couldn't stand the racial situation any more."

These reasons are wrong in most cases, and they are certainly wide of the mark in the case of Byas.

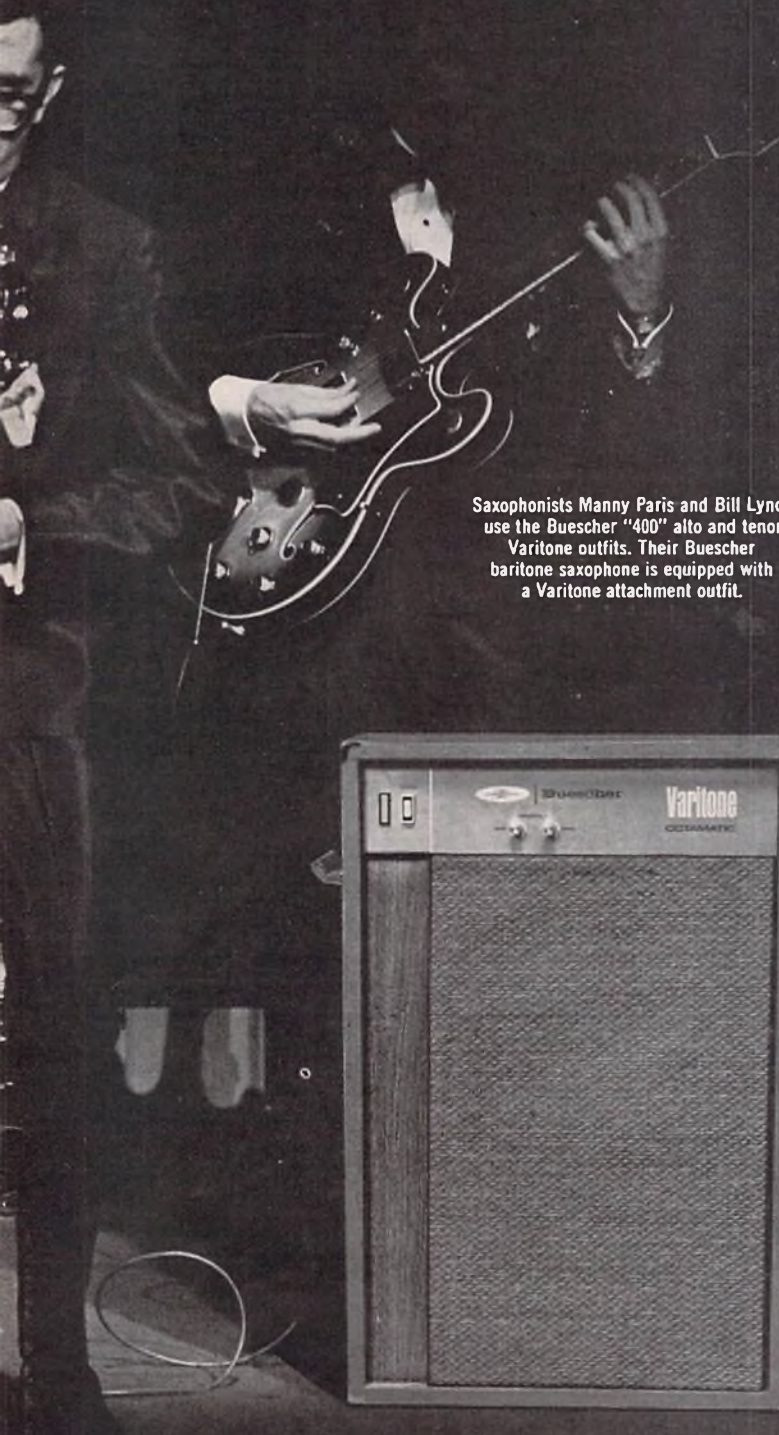
When he left in 1946, he had made a hit record of *Laura* and was one of the busiest musicians in New York. "I was one of the most recorded jazz musicians," Byas recalled. "In fact, I did too much recording. I'd walk into a studio and the engineer would say,

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'Oh no, not you again.' It wasn't good to make so many records—but I made an awful lot of money. My phone was ringing all the time."

As for the racial question, Byas says he never really had any trouble of that kind in the States. The reason he became a European by adoption was simply that he wanted out of the rat race and found the atmosphere and tempo of life in Europe more relaxing.

"It is a calmer scene," he said. "There's more time to live. Things move so fast in the States, and if you don't keep up, you're lost in the scuffle. Here in Europe you just relax and live because that's what everyone else does.

"But in the States you have no time to live. You may make more money, but you spend it faster. If I make \$500 a week, and the guy next door to me has a beautiful home, I have to fix mine up the same way as his—otherwise people look down on me. If he buys a \$15,000 Cadillac, I have to buy one too. But why should I, if I prefer to have a little Renault?"

BYAS NOW has neither Cadillac nor Renault but a 50 cubic-centimeter DKW motor bike, which he finds ideal for getting around in the city where he lives, Amsterdam. "But I'm going to have to buy a car with this family of mine," he joked.

He has three daughters—Dotty Mae, 5; Elly Mae, 3; and Carlotta, 18 months—and he dotes on them.

"It really is a beautiful life," he said. "When I'm home, it's like a vacation. I have a wonderful time with my children, and I go fishing and swimming. The people in Amsterdam love me because I speak their language and have adopted their way of life. If you really try to understand people, and speak their language, you get along much better. My wife's family are always stopping by in our apartment to play cards or watch TV."

Byas admits that the beautiful European life he enjoys has not been achieved without some sacrifices in the matters of money and status.

"It's no good coming to Europe with the expectation of making a lot of money," he explained. "It just depends what you want out of life. If you want a peaceful, comfortable life without too many headaches, then Europe is fine. But if you want to make a lot of money—forget it."

"Sometimes I feel a little disgusted at the money situation, but you can't have your cake and eat it. I never expected to be a millionaire, anyway."

Twenty-one years is a long time to be away, but Byas doubts that he's

been forgotten in his home country, though he admits that "of course, if I'd stayed in New York, I'd have been much more in the public eye. Actually, I'm surprised people remember me as much as they do. When some of my old friends come to Europe on tour, they always ask me why I don't go back to New York. You see, I was one of the few well-loved musicians in the States."

Byas, however, will not easily be lured back to the United States and even then, certainly not for good.

"I don't even miss the States from the music point of view," he said. "It might have been different if I'd been an imitator. But I've always been one of the creators. If I thought I was slipping back in my playing, then maybe I'd have to go back. But that isn't the case. And as for the polls, I've never been worried about them. [Byas won an *Esquire* poll in 1946.] Just because you see somebody's name at the top of a jazz poll, it doesn't mean he's the greatest in the world. He just happens to be playing what the public wants at that particular time. One year it will be Dizzy, the next year Miles—whoever sells the most records that year."

PROFESSIONALLY, Byas' principal preoccupation is to preserve his star status in Europe. It is a well-known jazz fact that familiarity tends to breed indifference. Probably the late Sidney Bechet was the only American jazz exile to maintain his "exotic" prestige in Europe, but his period of supremacy in France occurred before the beat revolution that turned young people away from traditional jazz and toward rock-and-roll.

"I have been careful to keep my status in Europe," Byas said. "For one thing, I don't work in Holland. There I tend to be regarded as a Dutch musician. So I work principally in Scandinavia and Germany. And I raise my price every year. I'm making more money here now than I did when I came fresh from the States. You have to do it that way if you want to keep on being regarded as a star. Musicians are only as good as the amount of money they can command. As soon as their money drops, their prestige drops."

Byas has lived in Amsterdam for 11 years. He met his wife when he was playing there for two months in 1952. He was living in Paris at the time, and his wife went back with him. They tried to make it in France for a couple of years, but he was earning only enough to pay the hotel and food bills. He feels it was a good decision to move to Holland, because he could start putting some money aside, and besides,

both he and his wife were strangers in Paris. At least his wife was at home in Holland.

Even so, Byas has a spot in his heart for Paris. He loved Paris in the swing-time—he had arrived when the jazz boom was at its height. "There was so much jazz around," he recalled. "Sidney Bechet was there, and there was Kenny Clarke, Roy Eldridge, James Moody, Quincy Jones—it was a real good scene.

"I'm really glad I came back this time, because I made a lot of new connections. If you're away from a scene too long, people just don't bother to check to see if you are available. You have to keep circulating."

Byas poured himself another vodka, looked thoughtfully at the bottle and said, "This is the stuff to drink. You can take it all day and not get a hangover. I've drunk a lot in my time—but I've never got hung up on narcotics. I've been called a lot of things, but they could never pin that one on me.

"So many musicians have been so stupid on this narcotics question. These guys have a distorted conception that narcotics helps them play better. This isn't true at all. The big error they make is that they get high, feel good, and think they are playing great. It's all in the mind.

"Now I like to drink—but I know guys who don't touch a drop but who can play good. Me, I can play good drunk or sober."

In playing around Europe for the last two decades, Byas has had an unrivaled opportunity to assess the merit and development of European rhythm sections. It is no secret that for most visiting horn men, the average European rhythm section leaves a lot to be desired. But Byas says the standard has improved immeasurably since he first came to Europe.

"There's good and bad everywhere, of course," he said. "But now there are some men in Europe who are up to the best American standards. If I had to make my pick of European rhythm men I'd choose George Arvanitas (French) on piano, Alex Riel (Danish) or Joe Nay (Germany) on drums, and Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson (Danish) on bass. That would really be some rhythm section."

For all his europeanization, Byas is still proud to be an American.

"There's no place in the world that could really take the place of my home country," he said. "But I'm happy in Amsterdam, and it wouldn't be practical to take my family back to the States. I'd never give up my American citizenship, though—not unless I was forced to in order to stay in Europe."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



WOODY WOODWARD

JONES: Pyrotechnics

Carmell Jones

Club 43, Manchester, England

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; Gary Cox, tenor saxophone; Eric Ferguson, piano; Alan Cooper, bass; Ron Parry, drums.

Among the ranks of United States musicians more or less permanently residing in Europe two younger musicians currently are having a particularly beneficial effect on European jazz—altoist Leo Wright and trumpeter Jones.

They live in West Berlin, where they work with a radio orchestra and make forays to surrounding countries during their days off. Ernie Garside, owner of the Club 43, recently brought them both to Manchester under the terms of an exclusive arrangement he negotiated with the British Musicians' Union (other visitors under this arrangement, conditional on their appearing at no other places, have been saxophonists Johnny Griffin, Dexter Gordon, and Sahib Shihab).

Of these guests, Jones has been the most successful from a musical point of view. He is a splendid musician, with abilities bordering on the virtuosic.

Despite this—and a pleasing personality—Jones found it difficult to find substantial work in his homeland, though he made spectacular appearances on records. (Jones is suspicious of recording, saying that it can lead to overexposure and "can open the door to the way out in this business," mirroring a belief first expressed by trumpeter Freddie Keppard 50 years ago).

For his first set, the trumpeter opened with the rhythm trio, striking into an up-tempo *What Is This Thing Called Love?* He was breaking in a new mouthpiece and though he complained that it had been slipping on his lip, it wasn't possible to detect any trouble as he soared into a series of beautiful and intricate improvisations.

"Pyrotechnical" is an overworked word,

but it describes Jones' playing. Although his conception is strongly influenced by Clifford Brown, he has his own way of improvising. One could close one's eyes and imagine that Brown was alive.

Like Brown, Jones couples lightning imagination with devastating technique, and throughout the evening it was noticeable that not just his main phrases nor the form of his ideas had grace and finesse, but the smallest embellishments were shaped with filigree precision.

His solos, as on *What Is This Thing?*, built smoothly to logical climaxes, each maturing as it went along. Occasionally his climaxes were wild, but never ragged, and his tone in the upper range was as fat and mellow as it was in the middle.

On *Green Dolphin Street* came out at a tempo that was a little uncomfortable, and the slight turn of extra speed rather destroyed the mood of the piece. Drummer Parry—although elsewhere displaying a good understanding of the trumpeter's requirements—also tended to ride over Jones' plans and, because he played with his eyes closed throughout the number, missed the leader's signaled requests for broken tempos. Ferguson soloed well, although his playing could have done with a little more attack. Still, he had tasteful ideas, and is probably the best of the local pianists for this kind of work.

I Can't Get Started, long a test piece for trumpeters, was the consummation of Jones' performance. Too many listeners to Bunny Berigan's original record of the piece devote their attentions to Berigan's fine high-note work after the vocal, with out realizing that his bottom-register passages are the outstanding aspect of the performance. So it was with Jones, and the lower notes came out like, as someone once said, "big ole tears."

There was no fluffiness or wavering valve articulation, and the tone was con-

fident and mellow.

Cox, the top local tenor man and a member of the British Broadcasting Corp. Northern Dance Orchestra, joined in for the second set. His rugged, Sonny Rollins based style contrasted well with Jones', and the two produced a good front-line sound.

Caravan had Parry, a fast-rising drum talent, playing well in both solo and accompaniment. The number was treated lightly and emerged as a technical showcase for Jones, who played up the more exotic aspect of the tune and treated the audience to a shower of intricate ideas and triple-tonguing that sounded like Charlie Shavers three times over. The combination of fast tonguing and fast valve work was almost incredible.

This was a happy session, which, apart from demonstrating a major trumpet talent, showed that Manchester musicians can be as effective as their more sophisticated London counterparts.

If the U.S. holds any more unwanted talent of Jones' caliber, Europe would be only too delighted to receive it.

—Steve Voce

Charles Bell Double Bass Quartet

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Bell, piano; Attila Zoller, guitar; Richard Davis, Ron Carter, basses; Billy Higgins, drums.

Bell, a Pittsburgh, Pa., jazz composer and pianist, unveiled a musically rewarding presentation on this occasion, his initial New York concert appearance.

Using entirely his own compositions, he chose to make it a showcase for two of the jazz world's best string bassists, both of whom performed impeccably and found in Bell's music opportunity for beautiful soloing. Sometimes, a bassist who likes to solo finds it hard to perform meaningfully in the context of the group with which he is playing. That hang-up was absent here. In addition, the music called for extended performance in bass duet.

Classically trained as a student of Nikolai Lopatnikoff, Bell has been active in the jazz idiom for almost a decade. He formed his first group in 1958 to play in Pittsburgh jazz clubs, on educational television, and at colleges and universities.

During 1960 he composed music for his group to perform at a church service in Pittsburgh (this can be considered a pioneer accomplishment in the religion jazz field). That same year, Bell's Contemporary Jazz Quartet won the Georgetown University jazz festival competition, the judges for which included Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Jack Pleis, and John Hammond.

In the *Down Beat* review of the festival, it was pointed out that one of Bell's concepts had been to elevate the ensemble performance of the group to a level equal to that of the individual improvisations so that the total impact of a rendition carries more weight than any given solo.

This was noticeable this night. Although the work performed was designed to highlight the basses, there was an over-all unity resulting from the straightforward



BELL: Unity

piano-playing of the leader (with slight influences peeking out from the Thelonious Monk bag) and the highly sensitive delicately performed percussion work of Higgins.

The program included two of Bell's recorded works. From his Columbia album of 1961, he offered a piano solo performance of *The Last Sermon*, played with subtle references to the once-fashionable sounds of soul music. And the quartet's rapid-tempoed *Satan Said* was on Bell's 1963 Atlantic LP. On it, as well as on *Fanjare*, *Little Hercules*, and *Alice*, the bass work was primarily in duet, both playing pizzicato.

There were places, when Bell joined on piano, where the bassists developed a potent rhythmic drive that pushed the Bell melodic lines along. At other points, especially on *Satan*, the basses and piano were concerned with setting up counter-melodies.

Always, Higgins was listening and developing light but effective backgrounds. Preferring to concentrate on cymbals and snare, he made use of subtle trickery with the sticks—clicking them as he crossed them or lightly tapping the rim—and with a tasty but spare use of brushes.

The second half of the program was devoted to *Quintet No. 2—Brother Malcolm*, in three parts and a postlude. Guest guitarist Zoller added his amplified voice. On this extended rendition the bass players had more space to solo. At one point there was a rich, harplike sound when the duo played arco. While performing arco in solo, Davis obtained an effectively weird sound, like that of a chorus of anguished voices in the distance.

An appreciative audience, filling the small concert room to capacity, was generous with applause.

Only one small incident marred the proceedings, but just for Charles (Poogie) Bell Jr., the pianist's 6-year-old son, an accomplished drummer since the age of 10 months. When Higgins was unduly late in arriving, the desperate father sent out word for Poogie to come backstage from his seat in the audience. Although he ran, Higgins got there first, and a sullen Poogie said, "Like, man, the big opportunity comes once in a lifetime, and look what happened to mine!" —George Hoefler

Bill Coleman

Purcell Room, London

Personnel: Coleman, trumpet, flugelhorn, vocals; Alan Littlejohn, trumpet; Tony Milliner, trombone; Lew Hooper, tenor saxophone; Matt Mathewson, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Mal Cutlan, drums.

The exigencies of the jazz way of life take such a toll of musicians that few men truthfully can be described as more than competent improvisers once they have passed their mid-50s. And those still blowing creatively into their 60s? Hold up one hand and count the fingers.

Theorists, of which jazz has a surfeit, say jazzmen stagnate away from the pressures of American society, and for those who do their best work when the heat is on, this is probably true. Yet there are some musicians, like the ever-dependable and conscientious Coleman, who thrive in the easygoing atmosphere of their adopted European homes, flourish and seem a long way from fading. Bearing in mind his age—he is 63—and an absence of 19 years from the home of jazz, Coleman's consistency and continuing creativity are amazing.

As a part of his recently completed second tour of England, the trumpeter opened a series of jazz evenings in London's Purcell Room, a new and intimate recital room attached to the grander Royal Festival Hall. Coleman turned in a flawless performance.

One of the first gentlemen of jazz, Coleman epitomizes mellowness, though it's not so much a gravy-over-potatoes feeling as one of rare old whisky flowing into a cut-glass tumbler. It's a mellowness with a kick, a hidden explosiveness in reserve at all times.

Coleman's raffish treatment of his opener, *Three Little Words*, immediately bespoke a refusal to be typecast in the main-

stream mold where coasting along in the shadow of one's old records is characteristic. His *Satin Doll* choruses had a touch of the poignancy that lies deep within the real jazzmen, his vocal a tinge of '30s sentiment.

On the old Benny Goodman stomper, *A Sm-o-o-oth One*, Coleman took a superb solo, his intonation crystal clear, his ideas sound, his execution faultless.

On the first three numbers, Coleman shared his solos with the more-than-adequate front line, but for a medley played in memory of Fats Waller, ("whom I recorded with a couple of years ago," twinkled Coleman), he was out on his own with the rhythm section. There was opposition from the drum kit on this one, but the trumpeter refused to be daunted.

The Neal Hefti number, *Cute*, was taken up-tempo to close the first half, and after a short intermission, back came the local lads, acquitting themselves well on *No Problem*, the Duke Jordan piece from *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. Tenorist Hooper leaped enthusiastically through a handful of inspired choruses before Coleman returned for *Telegraph*, an up-tempo original with a Basic-ish feel, again spotting some worthy tenor.

Another Coleman number, *Impulsive*, had beautiful crinkly horn from the composer, taken in a carefully considered manner few persons have time for nowadays, and his ensuing vocal on *Blue, Turning Grey Over You* had the same time-on-my-hands kind of feeling.

Taps Miller came as a rousing contrast, a cooking duet between co-leaders Littlejohn and Milliner, giving way to a blowy trombone chorus from the latter and solos all around. Coleman switched briefly to flugelhorn for *Misty*, taking another relaxed vocal to rest his lip before signing off with a searing rendition of *Sweets*, a number complete with some stomping tenor and sprightly horn from Littlejohn.

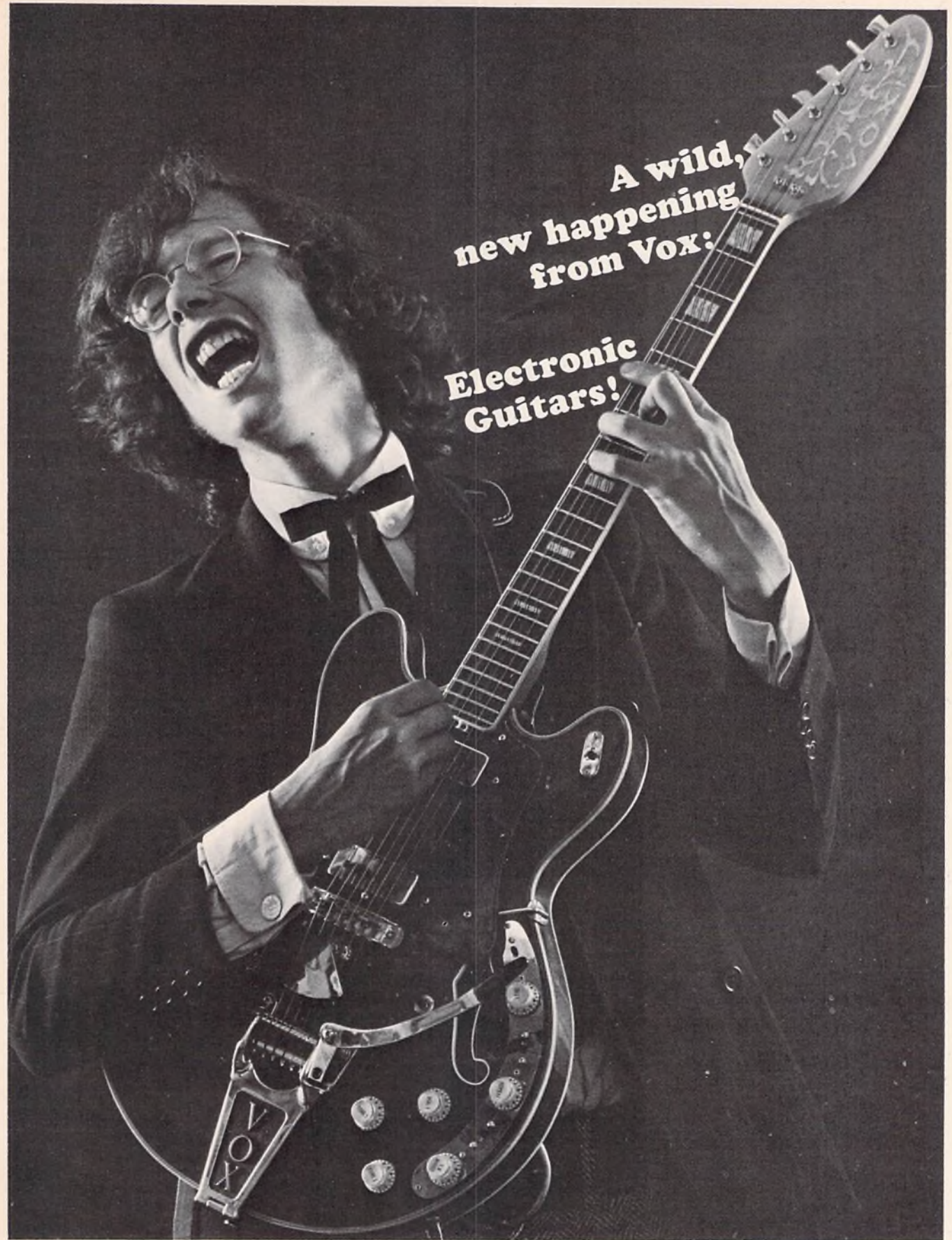
When solo Americans embark on these British tours, the main complaint leveled at the promoters by the man paying his pennies (and by the musicians themselves) concerns the unsympathetic accompanists, so for once I'm glad to report a combo practicing togetherness and playing its jazz with an American accent.

As tasteful and eloquent an improviser as Coleman deserves nothing less.

—Valerie Wilmer



COLEMAN: Mellowness



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Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Louis Bellson

EXPLORATIONS—Roulette 52120: *Variations; Primitive; Explorations; Cycles; Ostinato; Etude For Tympani and Strings; Toledano.*

Personnel: unidentified strings, piano, harp-sichord, celeste, guitar and harp; Bellson, various percussion; Lalo Schifrin, composer/conductor.

Rating: see below

The lack of a galaxy must not be construed in a negative sense. When an album is beyond a conventional category, there is little justification for stretching that category in order to accommodate unconventional music to the "star" rating system.

What Bellson performs here is a series of percussive studies. Schifrin's musical philosophy is an inquisitive one. He is constantly searching for new outlets, new media of expression and new languages to communicate them. In Bellson, Schifrin has found a most compatible, if not most exciting extension of his thoughts for exploring various classical devices, while spotlighting percussion over what amounts to an expanded string quartet and rhythm section.

Cymbals become symbols; pitched kettledrums are given free rein to improvise; colorful percussive devices are employed—log drums, boobams, bass marimba, even a Luhohn, which contains pitched plates with resonators that are struck with a rubber mallet. Bellson does an outstanding job, never overshadowing the ensemble. Of course, most of the credit for that must go to Schifrin, for writing a score in which neither soloist nor accompaniment dominates the other.

Among the highlights: Bellson's brilliant brushwork on *Variations*; the musical turnabout on *Primitive* (Bellson's melodic solos against percussive strings); the rich string sonorities on *Explorations*; the intensity of the ostinato figure on the track of the same name; and the restrained fire of the Spanish *zapateado* on *Toledano*.

For the most part, this cannot be called jazz. The interplay between percussion and ensemble is the cerebral stuff from which recitals are made. Surely, the visual element enhances any performance in which a battery of percussion is called for.

To sum up what the stars couldn't say: it's a good album, extremely well-executed and ingeniously conceived. —Siders

Billy Hawks

THE NEW GENIUS OF THE BLUES—Prestige 7501: *Got My Mojo Working; I'll Wait for You, Baby; I Got a Woman; Why Do These Things Happen to Me?; Let Me Love You Before You Go; I Wish You Love; Mean Woman Blues; I Just Wanna Make Love to You; Every Time It Rains; Hawks' Blues.*

Personnel: Hawks, vocal, organ, harmonica; Joseph Jones, guitar; Henry Terrell, drums.

Rating: ★★

The title is a manifestly unfair one with

which to saddle Hawks, a pleasant, grainy blues-jazz shouter and generally tasteful organist who here makes an unpretentious recording debut. His trio's music is simple and direct, not particularly original or greatly exciting, but placed solidly in that middle ground between rhythm-and-blues and jazz that many organ trios work.

In its leader's singing, the group has a little more going for it than most such outfits. Again, however, this is more a virtue of idiom than of any great individuality or originality.

At this stage of the game, Hawks is still largely eclectic, drawing together his sources in an attempt to work out a recognizable style of his own. He mines a rather thin vein in his singing but does so unobjectionably with the exception of a painfully wooden reading of *I Wish You Love*.

Hawks' harmonica playing, heard briefly on *I'll Wait* and *Wanna Make Love* is undistinguished, adding little to the group's work.

There are occasional rough spots in the accompaniments that could have been sorted out in additional rehearsal and/or studio time. The conclusion of *Mean Woman*, for example, catches Jones by surprise in midphrase; the guitarist's choice of chords is occasionally questionable in view of the trio's rather simplistic music, but he had just joined the group when the record was cut.

It's interesting to see, by the way, Muddy Waters' *I Just Wanna Make Love to You*, a big hit of the early '50s, credited to Hawks. Let's see, that would have made Hawks about nine or 10 years old when he wrote it. —Welding

Lightnin' Hopkins

SOMETHING BLUE—Verve-Folkways 3013: *Shaggy Dad; I'll Be Gone; Shining Moon; Shake It Baby; Goin' Back Home; Good Times; What'd I Say; Don't Wake Me; Talk of the Town.*

Personnel: John Ewing, trombone; Hopkins, vocal and guitar; Jimmy Bond, bass; Earl Palmer, drums.

Rating: ★★

Anything old is hailed by "purists." On the other hand, anything new is automatically more valid than what came before to those concerned with being "in." This record has something for both extremes. Hopkins, although he sings in the old country style, sounds fresh and contemporary—a lot like a number of rock singers who have electrified his bag. He's got a warm voice and he phrases with taste. He is intimate, relaxed, like at a private party, very late, with only a few of the guests remaining.

Instrumentally though, the music is too primitive for me. Bluntly, it's not interesting. On blues guitar, Hopkins uses only

basic harmonies. His melodic vocabulary is very limited. My ears strain for more. The ubiquitous back-beat only plods along. The bass is under-recorded. Ewing's trombone has some real raspy guts to it, but there isn't enough of him.

I'd rate it four stars for the singing. The rest brings it down. —Zwerin

Etta Jones

ETTA JONES SINGS—Roulette 25329: *Moon Man; My Coloring Book; Did I Remember; I Had a Man; Swinging Shepherd Blues; I Was Telling Him about You; Lonely Crowd; Well Alright; I've Got It Pretty Bad; Wonder Why; Late Late Show; Tess' Torch Song.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet, flugelhorn; Frank Wess, tenor sax, flute; George Berg, baritone sax; Mike Manieri, vibes; Junior Mance, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Aliner Jackson, drums. Miss Jones, vocals.

Rating: ★★

If you can judge a woman by the friends she keeps, you can judge a singer by the greats she echoes. In both categories, Etta Jones is in fine company.

In phrasing, feeling and rhythmic freedom, Miss Jones is a true jazz singer, from Billie's vibrato-less pathos (*Did I Remember*) to Dinah's upturned blues shouting (*Well Alright, Swinging Shepherd*). Somewhere between these two vocal extremes lies Miss Jones' own style. That it happens to be a distillation of the two is no fault of hers (Chris Connor will always sound like June Christy); the essential points are that she knows how to handle any kind of tune and that she's a pleasure to listen to.

The only complaint is the lack of inspiration in the arrangements. Considering the calibre of the instrumentalists behind Miss Jones, the writing is disappointingly matter-of-fact. There isn't even solo room allowed—just an occasional obbligato from Burrell or a muted Newman.

Miss Jones carries the album, and she even injects her own brand of musical humor into the collection with the clever blues *Moon Man*, and the sardonic *I Had a Man*. —Siders

Herb Lance

THE COMBACK—Chess 1506: *The Comback; Don't Go To Strangers; So Many Ways; Trust In Me; Heartbreak; Two Different Worlds; Close Your Eyes; Seems Like You Just Don't Care.*

Personnel: Arthur Hoyle, trumpet; John Avant, trombone; Bunky Green, Rubin Cooper, Jr., Delbert Hill, (Gene Barge, track 3, only) reeds; Charles Stepany, piano; Roland Faulkner, guitar; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Maurice White, drums; Phil Wright, arranger; Lance, vocals.

Rating: ★

Dreadful. This wouldn't even make the grade as a demonstration record. Lance has no redeeming qualities as a jazz singer; not even as a rhythm and blues singer—his proper bag. His voice lacks a pleasing quality. It has the big, forceful, shouting tone of a trombone, and he makes

little effort to control it. When his vibrato emerges, it has a wobble reminiscent of Eckstine, but any similarity between the two ends there.

While Lance is his own worst enemy with poor diction and uncertain intonation, the arrangements don't help; they're listless and unoriginal. The ballads plod, and the up tunes seldom stray beyond simple Charleston jabs. The solos are undistinguished (I would like to have heard more from Hoyle's trumpet on *Seems Like You Just Don't Care*), the best effort being the consistently fine support from bassist Eaton.

And what's with the sobs? Lance sprinkles them throughout each tune—ballad, Latin or jump—giving the impression of delayed puberty. I thought that went out with Russ Columbo. —Siders

Junior Mance

HARLEM LULLABY—Atlantic 1479: *The Uptown; That Mellow Feeling; Cootin'; I'm Falling For You; St. James Infirmary; Harlem Lullaby; Run 'Em Round; What Becomes of the Broken-hearted.*

Personnel: Mance, piano and harpsichord; Gene Taylor or Bob Cunningham, bass; Ray Lucas, Alan Dawson, or Bobby Thompson, drums.

Rating: ★★½

A critic whom I hate because he said it first once compared the sound of a harpsichord to a needle-point shower. Junior Mance has strengthened that comparison with some of the most persuasive *pluck-ing* this side of Johnny Guarnieri. (Remember the Artie Shaw Gramercy Five?)

Mance has wisely confined his harpsi-

chord playing to just three tracks—quite possibly in the belief that the instrument's unique twang might become tedious. An indication of that can be heard on *Cootin'*, a lumbering blues in which, liner writer Orrin Keepnews suggests, the repeated accompaniment figure simulates "a piney-woods, country-blues guitarist." Interesting imagery, but it doesn't alleviate the boredom. Regardless how rare an instrument might be, material is just as important as technique.

But every other track in this collection is beautiful. *Uptown* boasts an intriguing "interrupted oompah-pah" for its waltz rhythm beneath a funky, tremolo-tinged waltz. Those same tantalizing tremolos take us on a slow, deliberate tour of *St. James Infirmary*.

On piano, Mance continues his symposium in funk with different bassists and drummers. They certainly don't affect Mance, but do produce different-sounding trios. The best of the combinations finds Cunningham on bass and Dawson on drums. Their best effort is the title tune, and Cunningham's bowing is especially enjoyable.

With Taylor and Thompson, Mance offers an excellent and neglected ballad—*Falling For You*—that will hopefully be picked up by other instrumentalists; *Brokenhearted*, a trivial rocker, reminiscent of *Sunny*; and a real fun track, *Run 'Em Around*, in which Mance shows off his stride talents.

A good album, thoughtfully conceived.

I hope Mance will "shower" us with further harpsichord recitals. —Siders

Les McCann

FROM THE TOP OF THE BARREL—Pacific Jazz 20120/10120: *Frankie and Johnnie; Medley: But Beautiful and It Could Happen To You; Taking a Chance on Love; Love Letters; Three Slaves; Green Dolphin Street; Set Call.*

Personnel: McCann, piano; Leroy Vinnegar (tracks 5-7) or Herb Lewis (tracks 1-4), bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Any attempt to analyze Les McCann would become an exercise in futility. The main obstacle is the simplicity that is the hallmark of his personality. Those who look for a "message" find nothing but *joie de vivre*.

An uncomplicated spirit is contained in these grooves, recorded live and straight ahead at New York's Village Gate and San Francisco's Jazz Workshop. The overall sound is amazingly consistent, right down to McCann's steady vocal obbligato. The overall capacity to swing is equally consistent, despite the change in bassists.

Vinnegar is a stronger bass player; his lines resemble the rock of Gibraltar ("rock" is used in its literal sense here); Lewis tends to be a bit more daring, sounding at times as if he tries to match McCann's musical sense of humor. (Exhibit A: that bowed glissando at the end of *It Could Happen To You*, where Lewis slides sardonically down an interval of a sixth. Exhibit B: Lewis' triplet answers to McCann at the end of the first chorus of *Frankie and Johnnie*.)

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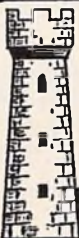
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Jefferson seems to be McCann's rhythmic alter ego in this collection, antipating each of McCann's exclamation points, and adding some of his own with considerable taste.

As for McCann, he exudes his happy, funky brand of jazz most particularly on *Love Letters* and *Frankie and Johnnie*. And he displays much tenderness on *But Beautiful*, and a *Green Dolphin Street* taken at surprisingly slow tempo.

Nowhere is the excitement that one has come to expect from McCann in person. It's the only facet of his musical personality absent here, but it's an important omission.

—Siders

Sergio Mendes

THE BEAT OF BRAZIL—Atlantic 1480: *Nana; Love in Peace; The Girl from Ipanema; Coisa No. 2; Primitiva; She's a Carioca; Corcovado; Noa Noa; Desafinado; Neurotico.*

Personnel: Edson Maciel, slide trombone; Raulzinho, valve trombone; Hector Bisignani, Aurino Ferreira, tenor saxophones; Mendes, piano; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Edison Machado, drums; Antonio Carlos Jobim, arranger.

Rating: ★★★★★

A few months ago, at a record date, the leader wanted additional percussion on a bossa nova. Somebody handed me claves. It was the first time for me, and I scuffled from the beginning. In fact, I never did get into anything. It's not exactly symmetrical, not just like a rumba. (You might be interested to know that Snooky Young took over from me and had no trouble at all.)

Bossa nova is kind of like that in general. It seems simpler than it is. People tend to underestimate it, both musically and commercially. Everybody thought it was a fad, but it seems to be staying around. And it seems to be growing. This album is a lot more varied than Stan Getz and that bag. It also drives harder.

Voicings move well and are often quite intricate. The arrangements are fresh, without cliches. They are beautifully executed. The ethnic pulse is still there, but there's a lot more breadth than I've ever heard from this kind of music before.

The soloists are all strong. They play with a sense of purpose, a dedication, a real identification. It's like there's no doubt—"this is my music."

One thing bothers me, though. Why is it that bossa nova cats always seem to be playing those same tunes? *Girl from Ipanema, Carioca, Corcovado, Desafinado*. They are beautiful, but enough already. However, that's not too important here, because they are set in a fresh, energetic frame.

This is a good record.

—Zwerin

Morris Nanton

SOUL FINGERS—Prestige 7467: *Troubles of the World; The Shadow of Your Smile; Georgia on My Mind; Fly Me to the Moon; I'll Remember April; Whistle Stop; The Summer Wind; L-O-V-E; The Lamp Is Low; Soul Fingers.*

Personnel: Nanton, piano; Norman Edge, bass; Al Beldini, drums; Johnny Murray, Jr., conga drums. (Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers, track 1, only).

Rating: ★★½

Add an ordinary conga drummer to an ordinary trio and you're apt to get a bad imitation of the Quartette Tres Bien. Nanton's trio is not ordinary; nor is

Murray a run-of-the-mill conga drummer. Result: a foursome with a distinctive sound, a fairly good quartet balance (Beldini is occasionally obscured), and above all, a mandate to swing.

However, the album nearly dies before it begins. The very first track is pulled way down by the inexplicable appearance of Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers. They do nothing for Nanton, but deprive him of some precious grooves. The track lacks a "Van Gelder sound," or else it was recorded on an inferior piano.

Best offerings: *Georgia; Fly Me To the Moon; April; and Lamp Is Low*. *Georgia* is Nanton at his most soulful, and he is given an excellent rhythmic backing in which a feeling of three is effected against the pianist's four. *Fly Me* begins in a strict, Bach-like two-part invention, with Edge bowing additional counterpoint. It is a clever evocation of 18th century polyphony, never deviating from the tune's original changes. (The liner annotator labeled it a waltz. If this is in three, Nanton plays tuba!)

April wails, and makes the best use of Murray's conga support. Conversely, *Lamp Is Low* dispenses with conga and emerges as a showcase for "unfettered" bass and brushes. Another fine outlet for Edge's comments can be heard during the gaps on *Summer Wind*.

Both Edge and Beldini get an opportunity to speak out on the title track (mistakenly called a blues by our annotator). Edge builds his solo sequentially, and Beldini exchanges some fancy "eights" with Nanton.

I'm glad there wasn't *mucho* Pucho. This is Nanton's finest album to date.

—Siders

Chico O'Farrill

NINE FLAGS—Impulse 9135: *Live Oak; Patcham; Aromatic Tabac; Dry Citrus; Royal Saddle; Panache; Green Moss; Manzanilla; Clear Spruce; The Lady from Nine Flags.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Art Farmer, Bernie Glow, Jimmy Nottingham, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Urbie Green, Benny Powell, Harry Di Vito, trombones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Seldon Powell, Lennie Hambro, Frank Wess, Jerry Dodgion, Ed Wasserman, Joe Farrell, reeds; Pat Rebillot, piano; Larry Coryell, Joe Galbraith, guitars; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, Gus Johnson Jr., Mel Lewis, drums; Carl Hard, percussion; O'Farrill, leader.

Rating: ★★★★★

Imaginative writing, this, based on an equally imaginative premise: fragrances from nine different countries refracted into orchestral colors.

As chief spectroscopist, O'Farrill is equal to the task. Of course, he has at his disposal a dream band of New York studio musicians. Between his skillful writing and their inspired playing, the collection has the lure of expensive perfume.

An incendiary rhythm section, mixing Lamond, Johnson, and Lewis on drums, with the amazingly consistent Duvivier on bass, ignites the concerted passages and drives the soloists. The first track, *Live Oak*, offers the first examples: Lamond roars forth, and Duvivier booms out his leaping bass lines behind a brassy, up-tempo fanfare, while Johnson's trombone and Dodgion's alto take solo turns.

This is the swinging format for the whole album, as the pungent moods vary

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

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

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

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

Jimmy Rushing

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

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

Rating: ★★★★★

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

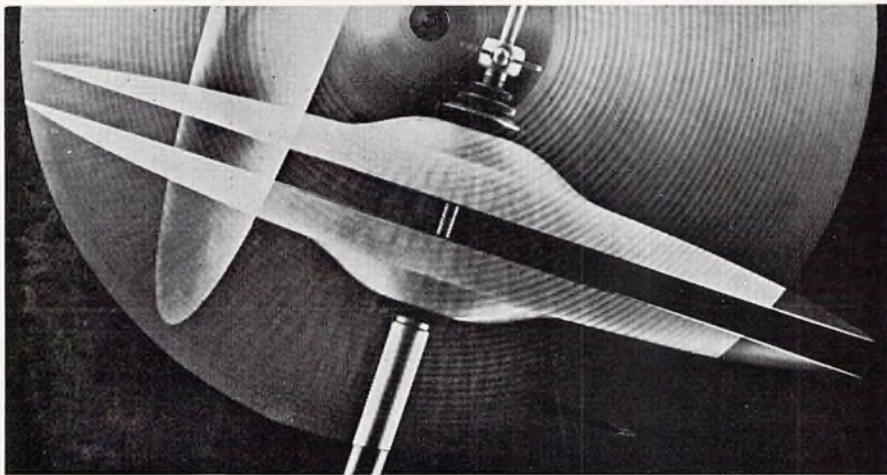
But maybe Oliver Nelson never heard Jo Jones work with Rushing—who probably was off in a booth with headphones on, as modern recordings go (if I'm wrong, I'm sure Bob Thiele will correct me)—or maybe he didn't bother to listen to the superb elegance of the original record of *Baby, Don't Tell*, or the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

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

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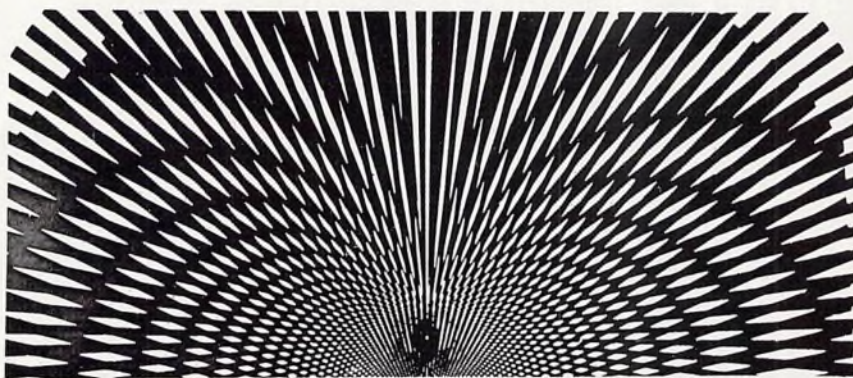
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applied as a yardstick to the present, but that isn't the issue here, and if it were, it need only be pointed out that Rushing and Wells are very much of the present.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bud Shank

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Formula albums can work—there's no

reason why they shouldn't. And the movies, of course, have launched many a standard into the jazz repertoire. But the themes here are from "today's" crop, and it appears unlikely that any of them are headed for permanence.

What we have here, then, is a pleasant, easy-to-listen-to album to which most serious listeners would be unlikely to have occasion to return, but which might be kept around for social situations requiring unobtrusive but tasty background music.

Faced with such a record, reviewers intent upon displaying erudition and making known their high personal standards will often pick it to bits, which is unfair.

Shank plays consistently well, displaying a full, pleasing sound and excellent musicianship. The album offers no legitimate foundations for pronouncements about his stature as a creative jazz player—great or otherwise.

There are clues to his admiration for Parker and Konitz, and he demonstrates his knowledge of how to present a melody with tasteful embellishments. He also plays nice codas; the effectiveness of this device has long been known to the great jazz soloists, but is too often forgotten today.

Perhaps his best moments are on *Luv*, the title song from a soon-to-be-released film scored by Gerry Mulligan. It's a nice tune, and Shank plays it warmly.

The album holds a pleasant surprise in Jimmy Zito who, though mainly confined to ensemble passages and short solo interludes, definitely makes his presence felt. This veteran trumpeter (he was with Tommy Dorsey in 1942, and did some nice ghosting for Juano Hernandez in *Young Man with A Horn*) plays the fluegelhorn with a warm, delightful sound, and his conception is flowing and musical.

The supporting cast (a big-time one) is strictly that—no solos. Of course, they do well—but it's always a bit disappointing when people like Ellis and Feldman are present but have no featured spots.

—Morgenstern

Various Artists

DEDICATED TO ERIC DOLPHY—Cambridge CRS 1820/CRM 820: *Sumadji*; . . . *Then Silence*; *Night Music*; *Densities 1*; *Elegy for Eric*.

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Bill Smith, clarinet; Jerome Richardson, flute, alto and clarinet; Hubert Laws, flute, tenor; Louis Ely, violin; Joe Tekula, cello; Gloria Agostini, harp; Joe Venuto, vibes; Jim Hall, guitar; Richard Davis and George Duvivier, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Harold Farberman, Phil Krause, vibes, percussion. Farberman, Smith, John Lewis, Gunther Schuller, composers.

Rating: ★★★★★

Definitions get in the way. They can even destroy. They specifically caused a lot of trouble for "Bebop", "The New Thing", and "Third Stream". But we live in an age where bushels of words are constantly dumped on us from the media. There's no avoiding them. Steve Lacy pinned it pretty well for me recently when he said, "McLuhan is in the air explaining everything."

So I'll say that this album is "Third Stream" only because it is convenient shorthand to "explain" approximately what bag it's in. Now forget it. The music is actually only itself. Yes—of course—it

does have "serious" elements; tone rows and the like. There is also plenty of jazz, whatever that is.

Although the pieces were written by four different people, there is unity from one to the other. It's no doubt partly due to the composers thinking along the same lines. However, a great deal of the consistency of sound comes because the same bunch of guys play on all tracks. The timbre is consistent. Each tune has a well-paced balance between notation and blowing. The idioms are woven together gracefully. Often, the "serious" sections are played with jazz tones—Brookmeyer and Smith work this crossover particularly well.

Davis and Lewis swing, and do everything else perfectly together. One little complaint; the bass is under-recorded for my ears.

Other highlights: Laws' tenor solo on Farberman's . . . *Then Silence*; the collective improvisation on Smith's *Elegy*; Smith's bass clarinet on Schuller's *Night Music*. But there isn't really one boring or distasteful solo. All in all it's a worthy dedication.

—Zwerin

Harold Vick

STRAIGHT UP—RCA Victor 3761: *If I Should Lose You*; *Like a Breath of Spring*; *Gone with the Wind*; *Straight Up*; *We'll Be Together Again*; *Lonely Girl*; *A Rose for Wray*; *Flamingo*; *Winter Blossom*.

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Vick, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Warren Chiasson, vibraharp; Al Dailey, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar (tracks 2, 4, 6); Walter Booker, bass; Hugh Walker, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

With the accent on melodic improvisation and refreshingly modern harmonics, Vick represents one of the most pleasant listening experiences among today's swing-ers.

He seems to steer away from very fast tempos—concerning which there is no complaint. The moderate and slow tempos allow him sufficient thinking space, and the results are gratifying.

Because he lavishes so much attention on line and tone, the well-written standards come off the best: *Lose You, Together Again*, *Flamingo*, and especially *Gone with the Wind*. *Wind* is dominated by Vick's tenor, but the release and the last eight bars find tenor and trumpet in cleverly written unison.

Since Lester Young is listed as one of Vick's favorites, it is not surprising that Vick at times suggests the thoughtful, melodic lines of Young. What is Vick's alone is his doubling: flute on *Spring*, and a fine soprano saxophone solo on *Lonely Girl*.

The album is blessed with good statements from the sidemen: Barksdale's guitar on *Spring* makes one wish he had played the entire date, Booker has a short but well-constructed solo on the title tune, Dailey offers excellent solos on *Wind* and *Together Again*, and Jones reveals the same restraint and melodic gifts as Vick, plus an affinity for bossa nova on *Wray* and *Winter Blossom*.

Here's hoping a&r man Brad McCuen can convince Vick to play more soprano next time out.

—Siders

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SHELLY MANNE/ BLINDFOLD TEST

Possibly because his life and career are not typical of the average jazz musician's, there has been a tendency in recent years to underate Shelly Manne's prodigious contribution to the art of modern jazz drumming.

He was only in his teens when he played his first name band gig in 1939 with Bobby Byrne. Soon after, he replaced Dave Tough in Joe Marsala's band, and within the next few years he was one of the progressive, "in" young drummers. Stationed in New York in the Coast Guard during World War II, he was able to keep in close touch with the apocalyptic developments in jazz as a whole and percussion in particular.

After working with Stan Kenton and Woody Herman, he settled in Hollywood as a busy and versatile studio musician. Around the same time, he and his wife Flip began breeding show horses. A third career began in 1960 when he opened his own club, Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood.

Along with this multiplicity of interests, Manne has kept in touch with every development in the new jazz. One of Ornette Coleman's first champions, he played on some of Coleman's early records.—Leonard Feather



RYUICHIRO MAEDA

1. VICTOR FELDMAN. *You and Me* (from *Victor Feldman Plays Everything In Sight*, Pacific). Feldman, all instruments.

I think it's from Victor Feldman's new album, on which Victor plays all the instruments and shows off the great talent that he is. What makes me think it's Victor is the feeling that is projected on the record, also the sound he gets from the piano, and from the vibes. It's wild, on this record, he makes the piano sound like a guitar in the background—and I just dig the record.

It's not really a jazz record, it's more of a commercial record, but he sure catches the charm and the feeling of a bossa-nova and it's swinging so intensely and so steady; even though he's using artificial forms, such as overdubbing, the engineering is beautiful, the sound is beautiful, the separation is great between the vibes and piano, and all the percussion instruments he uses are just perfect for the record. It sounds like a well-integrated group, but it's so well integrated that's what makes me think that probably Victor, one guy, doing it all. Four stars.

2. CHICO HAMILTON. *The Dealer* (from *The Dealer*, Impulse). Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Richard Davis, bass; Hamilton, drums, composer.

That was a jazz, rock, rhythm and blues, bossa nova record, if you could combine them all. The record is more of a mood record to me than anything else. They establish this mood, and there's the monotony of the mood that they try to keep a tension with. I think they could have made more use of dynamics; they play everything at one level all the time, and like so many records of this kind, it is trying to create a commercial excitement.

The alto player sounds like a good saxophone player; a replaced bop saxophone player in a today's mood.

The bass player is doing something that bothers me a little bit nowadays in a lot of bass players—they play effects rather

than musical content in their solos. They try to show off all their chops and everything and glisses, and many, many notes and nothing memorable. It's just another effect on top of an effect to create the mood, which is kind of like what the Indian music is like; of course this is not as sophisticated naturally, this is much more primitive, but to create that hypnotic mood.

To give a comment as a jazz record, I don't like the record; as a commercial record, I don't think I'm qualified to say, but I would just give it two stars.

3. HENRY MANCINI. *Round Midnight* (from *Mancini '67*, RCA Victor) Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Jack Sperling, drums; Thelonious Monk, composer; Henry Mancini, arranger.

That record had a beautiful pad—what we call 'a pad' laid down for the trumpet solos. The trumpet soloist has a beautiful sound, a very open sound. I kind of feel it sounded like Jack Sheldon to me, and towards the end, the orchestration sound he used for this background for the trumpet, sounds like Hank Mancini's writing. The arrangement sounds familiar; I'm not sure if I played on this or not. Anyway, it was just a very pretty and straightforward rendition of *Round Midnight*, and for what it was, I liked it. I would give it three stars. The sound that the writer got from the orchestra was really beautiful.

4. JOHNNY HODGES. *Rent City* (from *Blue Notes*, Verve) Hodges, alto saxophone; Buddy Lucas, harmonica.

I like this kind of funky feeling. This was done in very good taste, and of course it's one of the giants of all time on alto saxophone, Johnny Hodges.


Music is kind of mixed up now, especially under the heading of jazz. I don't really feel this is a jazz record. The idea was to make a commercial record with a rhythm and blues feeling—which is fine—but I feel this feeling can be incorporated into jazz, just as jazz has incorporated all the Latin rhythms and bossa nova.

I kind of liked the harmonica, because it gave that *Hobo Flats* feeling that's nice—in fact, I went out and bought a harmonica, just to practice playing some funky blues on it, because it's, I think, a very warm sound for that mood—it kinda takes you back, and I like that. 3½ stars.

5. BUDDY RICH. *Norwegian Wood* (from *Big Swing Face*, Pacific Jazz) Jim Trimble, trombone; Ernie Watts, alto saxophone; Rich, drums; John Lennon, Paul McCartney, composers; Bill Holman, arranger.

I believe that was Buddy Rich's band. I'm not a big band fan like I was at one time, with the exception of Duke Ellington, of course—and this tune they did was a Beatle tune, *Norwegian Wood*. The band played it well, and they got a little bit of excitement generating there, and of course, Buddy sitting in the driver's seat there and driving the band there—it was a good performance by the band. There's not much else I can say. I wasn't impressed with the solos. It isn't a record I'd want to listen over and over. Three stars.

6. STEVE KUHN. *Traffic Patterns* (from *The October Suite*, Impulse) Kuhn, piano; Gary McFarland, composer; Marty Morell, drums.

Gad, I don't know who the hell that was. That was almost like listening to a little classical piece and, musically, I enjoyed listening to that record. I'm not sure who that is—it might be Keith Jarrett and it might be Roger Kellaway, but it might not be either one. But, I like the record; they were playing very freely, but they had a very good feeling and the drummer used very good taste, maintained a good flow throughout. In fact, the whole group had a good flow throughout, even though they were playing very freely, and I like the pretty mood they established. Just judging it as music, I would say I liked it very much. I would have to give it four stars. They never tried to get into a cooking thing, but I want to mention the excellent use of dynamics in the group. 

B.B. KING

(Continued from page 17)

K: Well, no, I didn't write that song. That was written by Johnny Pate. But that's true . . . It's something like old wise sayings, you know, like you hear people quote things from . . . Confucius, and many wise sayings that I've heard from Mark Twain and people of this sort. And so this is just one of the old wise sayings that I've heard over and over, and I imagine that most of the blues singers have heard—"You never miss your water till the well go dry"—and this is, it's somewhat true, you know?

B: Very true. How much time do you get to listen to other people?

K: Not very much. Not live, anyway. But I buy records. I have a collection of records from Gene Autry to B.B. King. In other words, I listen to everybody, you might say, from Bach to B.B. I like music as a whole. I'm a blues singer because I think that I can do that better than anything else, but I like music as a whole. I like all of it. Well, some of all of it, rather.

B: How much chance, while you're listening or when you meet other singers—do you get to trade ideas?

K: . . . I'm a little bit ashamed in some cases to ask a lot of the singers that are

in different fields, because, well, I'm such a poor singer myself, what I think. I get around them and talk and mostly listen. I'm afraid a lot of times, as I said, to ask them questions. Most of the singers that I know, that I came in contact with, are so great in my book I'm ashamed a lot of times to ask them. But I just sit around and listen and talk with them and try to pick up what I can.

B: Who do you think you picked up most from, as a singer and as a guitar player?

K: Oh! Well, I assume you're kind of asking me my favorites. Well, my favorite guitarists would be three or four guys. Django Reinhardt, for instance, was one. Charlie Christian, Elmo James, and T-Bone Walker. These are the four guys, I guess, combined to make B.B. King.

B: I know Keil makes several references to your interest in Django. How did you get to hear him? Did you see him when he was in this country, or did you just hear records of his and like them?

K: Just records, records of his. I had a friend that knew of him, and he used to tell me when . . . well, of course, I have a cousin too, by the way, that's one of the older blues singers. His name is Bukka White, and I liked his

playing. I guess you might say he influenced me some. He used to play with a steel something on his finger, and he could . . .

B: Was it what they call bottleneck now?

K: Yeah, And I never could use that, but I liked his sound. I liked the way he could make his guitar sound. And I never could use it, so I learned to trill my hands to sound somewhat like that; and all this seemed to fit right in with the soulful vibrato that Django Reinhardt had. Same with Elmo James; he used one of those things, you know. This sound always intrigued me, I guess. But, anyway, these are the guys that I think got me really started into the style . . . And singers, blues singers that really, I think, influenced me was a fellow called Dr. Clayton . . . And a spiritual singer, a guy called Samuel McQuery . . . He used to sing down south at one of the leading radio stations. He was with a group called the Fairfield Four, and I used to be a spiritual singer myself.

B: Well now, that brings up the question of the blues and religion in general. How do you see the connection between the two? I know that Keil says that you said that you were not planning to go into preaching after you ended your career, but that a great

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many people do do that.

K: Well, the one thing is, man, you get somewhat the same feeling. To me, blues is true. You know, it's just like some of the kids feel about folk music. It's true; it's not phony . . . In other words, I could never laugh at a rock singer because when I go on the stage, I don't particularly want people screaming. I want them to hear what I'm doing; and if it takes that to make me a big artist, well, I sometimes think I wouldn't want to be one. I prefer doing my tunes, and I like the people to listen and see if they can't enjoy what I'm doing. You know? Maybe it's because I'm from the old school, but I've known times when I was younger and people would yell when they mention my name . . . well, sometimes I get that now, believe it or not . . . I feel good when they call me on stage and people give me a nice ovation. I notice today that a lot of the kids, a whole lot of them—I've been on shows with a lot of them that are teenage favorites—the minute they mention their name the kids scream. When the guy gets on stage and he opens his mouth, they scream again, and they haven't heard nothing he said. And to me, this is a little phony.

B: Where do you play, mostly?

K: Oh, I have no special place to play, from New York to Florida or to the West Coast.

B: Is it primarily in small clubs or what, though?

K: Well, I have to do more one-nighters, true, than the average guy would, but a lot of the time they're not too small. I'm not playing the places that I would like to play. I see some of the other guys are playing places that I have never played, that seem to be in my field, but I guess they're accepted more as folk . . . Well, another thing: I haven't had the publicity I think that a lot of the guys have had. Until Charles Keil did what he did in this book for us, and another writer on the West Coast—I played a date out there not too long ago. I never did get a chance to meet him either, but his name's Ralph Gleason. And he wrote a beautiful article about us, and I appreciate it so much. But until then, we'd never had coast to coast publicity. In other words . . . as a Negro blues singer, it's just until lately that anybody's paid much attention, you know? And, of course, this has caused us to have to work in smaller places where a lot of the people that would want to go are afraid to go. We find now that we have a lot of fans . . . that have known about us and kept up with us through the years, but we never played places where they'd care to go to.

B: How old do you think your audience is on the average? Is it mostly young people or young married couples, or what do you think?

K: No, we've found that we've, as I used the word a lot of times, have them from eight to eighty. But we have more adults, especially Negro adults. I noticed in the last year or so that I've had a lot of the white kids, more of the white kids, come to me than ever before. They often come up and tell me the tunes, a lot of the tunes that I've forgotten about. And they remember them, and they come up and tell me, and they get in the places now, a lot of the places—well, more so with us being able to play places where they can come. I did a few of these big shows with rock artists like, for instance, Jackie Wilson, Aretha Franklin, people like that, the Drifters. And I had a lot of the kids, both north and south, come up, shake hands and say hello, you know?

B: What do you think about the Motown sound in general?

K: I like them. I think they're fine. All of this to me seems to tie in—the Motown sound, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, these people have made the people more mindful of what we're doing, I think. I think that had it not been for them, people like that; even Elvis Presley opened up a lot of doors for guys like me.

B: How about your music and Motown as a type of dance music?

K: Their's would be more so.

B: Do you feel that you're more for listening . . . ?

K: Yes, I feel that I'm more for listening than dancing. But I think that people have to come to listen to me. In other words, don't just come out by chance. They have to come to listen; because if they came out just by chance, two-thirds of the time—they call this honky blues—they wouldn't know what they were listening to. They wouldn't know what to listen for. And a lot of times they wouldn't like me, until they have heard me two or three times. And a lot of people say, "Well, I heard him before and I didn't dig what I heard, so I'm not going back." But if they knew what they were coming to hear and . . . if they were familiar with the blues, any at all, well then they would like it. But we do some tunes, some happy tunes . . .

B: Your sound and Jimmy Reed's sound are very different. How would you characterize his sound? You're originally from Mississippi, right?

K: Yes, I am.

B: Is his more still with the Mississippi sound, and you're more city, or do you make that kind of differentiation at all?

K: Well, I don't know; because, to be honest with you, when I was there, we had—in the part of the country where I lived—certain types of music or certain types of tunes that were played more, you know, on jukeboxes in our area and then there was the radio station that you would listen to. So I think a lot of this was due to the class of people . . . but all in all, when everybody had their little nightcap or something, then they played whatever they liked. So I don't know, but where I was we used to play . . . we liked, at least I did, I can speak for myself, I liked Count Basie. I mean, when I speak of the upper class. I like Basie; I like Duke. On certain things; for instance, like when Basie had Jimmy Rushing, whom I'm crazy about. I think he is one of the greatest blues singers in the world . . . And this would strike me just like going to church and hearing a good spiritual. You see? . . . Well, I get the same feeling from that as the type of thing that I do. Same was when Duke Ellington had . . . Al Hibbler, and they were doing *Lucky So-and-So*, and things of this sort. This would get to me. I'm trying to tell you this so you can understand the association. Now, I didn't like when he would do other types of things, they didn't get to me; but things of that sort did get to me. Anything that was bluesy I could feel.

B: My major field of interest these days has been in jazz, and I've been working around that area an awful lot.

K: But you do see what was hittin' fellas like myself. But now, all right, we take Cab Calloway for instance. Now I dig Cab for his showmanship, but his singing and the band wasn't killing me then. I'm talking about back then. Since then I've grown up, left Mississippi and what have you, and had a chance to listen to all music—well, most all of it, and some of it I like. Now I can appreciate him, but I didn't then. I'm trying to show or tell you the difference between, maybe, the difference between Jimmy and I; and I don't know whether he ever listened to things like I did or not. So I think maybe that has influenced me, as I said, the class. I don't class myself now other than just a blues singer, but I do listen to everything.

B: What do you think's going to happen to the blues in the future? That's a wide-open question for you.

K: As long as you've got black people, there'll always be blues.

B: What do you think the effect of the civil rights movement is on it?

K: Well, I think that's giving some of the white people the blues too. (Laughs).

B: It seems that some of the people

in the civil rights movement, some of the Negroes . . . not so much in the younger groups, but in some of the older, more established groups are turning away from the blues.

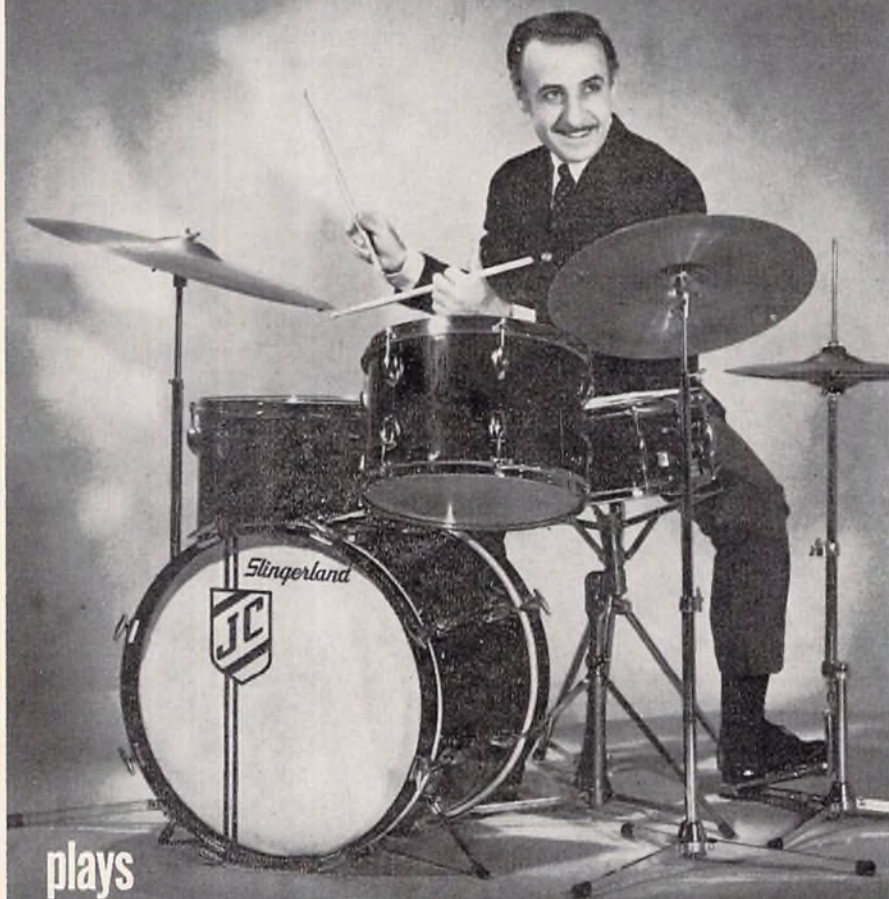
K: Yes, a lot of the younger Negroes didn't want to be associated with it. A lot of these people haven't stopped to . . . in other words, for instance, maybe I like pig ears or hog maws, and you've never tasted it, really; but some of your people or friends have said, "No, man, don't bother. That's weird." You know? So you usually will start from there to turn against it. Well, I think this is what happened to a lot of the younger

Negroes. They're trying very hard, a lot of them are, to raise the standards of the Negro. You know?

B: Yes, that's what I've run into most of the time.

K: So usually, when he's approached with the blues, he figures in a lot of cases that this downs him somewhat. This is why I've had to try and be so careful, how I've lived, the things I've done, the type of publicity that I get, and all this simply because I've wanted the younger Negro to be proud of the blues. Because the blues has been very good to me. I've looked at this somewhat like the fighters. I see a lot of

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fighters that didn't finish high school, but he was a good athlete and he lived clean and what have you and made himself a nice living. So I wanted in my career to prove that this actually can be so, and it's not so . . . that everybody's likely to get hurt—'cause I used to hear, too, that on a Saturday night they'd be in juke joints, and people would shoot up and kill each other and what have you. But the point was, a lot of the kids in there were feeling the tension; they were not always blues singers. You know?

B: I seem to run into the thing that . . . well, for example, a friend of mine is a Negro, senior in college, raised in primarily a white neighborhood, went to boarding school, and everything like that—and he is very interested in it. He's coming all the way around and came back again, whereas those who are just kind of moving out of the ghetto areas and moving into the white neighborhoods are turning away.

K: Yah, they don't want to touch it. Well, this is just like the picture . . . something about "Life", I can't think of it right now. (*Imitation of Life*) Anyway, it was a girl passing for white, and she'd left . . . But anyway . . . her being so light or fair, she didn't associate with the Negro . . . However, this is the same way that a lot of the Negroes are, as you mention, just getting out of the ghettos, and he don't want that tail hanging on to him right now. But I'm a little different. I figure that I'm what I am. I'm a Negro, and I'm very proud of being a Negro; and I've got a lot of friends that are and a lot that are not—because I've got a lot of white friends and a lot of different nationalities that are friends, and I'm just as proud to be a Negro as a lot of them are of what they are; and it seems like they have respected me and treated me as, well, as if they are glad that I am what I am, you know. And so I've been trying my best to live so the people in my circle, the people that I meet, will accept me the same way that they do Mahalia Jackson or that they would Frank Sinatra. You know, for being what he is and what he does. Do you follow me? Yeah, I think that Frank is one of the greatest singers in the world, at least in the pop field; and I think that Mahalia Jackson is one of the greatest spiritual singers, so I want to be one of the great blues singers. And I want, most of all, for the people, not only Negroes but people, to know me as such and to think the same way I just mentioned. You know? That it's not bad; it's *not*. If it was, then everybody could do it equally as well.



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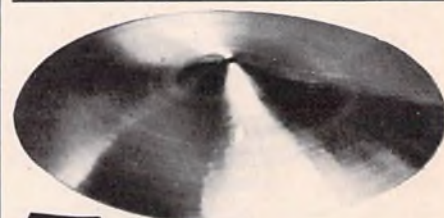
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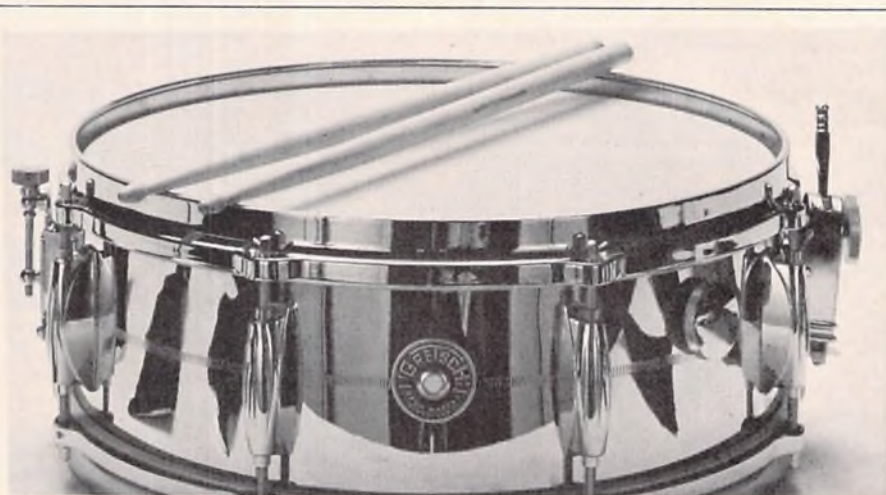
Hines, Jon Hendricks, and Dizzy Gillespie. Both shows were produced by *KQED* in San Francisco . . . Singer **Marlene Shaw** made an impressive debut at Marty's with **Bobby Bryant's** sextet (Bryant, trumpet; **Hadley Calliman, Herman Riley,** tenor saxophones; **Joe Sample,** piano; **John Duke,** bass; **Carl Lott,** drums) . . . Following **Cannonball Adereley** into Memory Lane: **Vi Redd** and her quartet (Miss Redd, alto saxophone and vocals; **Red Mitchell,** bass; **Marty Harris,** piano; **Clarence Johnston,** drums). For her opening, Miss Redd wore a Mexican mini-serape. Sitting in on opening night were Vi's brother, drummer **Buddy Redd;** and singer **Anne Young,** just returned from a Viet Nam tour. Miss Redd will open at **Ronnie Scott's** in London Sept. 4, beginning a 12-week European tour booked by **Beatles manager Brian Epstein** . . . **Nellie Lucher** brought her trio to Disneyland's New Orleans Square for two weeks. With the pianist-singer were bassist **Henry Franklin** and drummer **Archie Taylor** . . . **Bud Shank** and **Roger Kellaway** led combos on successive Sundays at the Pilgrimage Theatre, the amphitheatre in Hollywood Hills. With reedman Shank were: **Gary Barone,** trumpet; **Dennis Budimir,** guitar; **Bob West,** bass; and **John Guerin,** drums, while pianist Kellaway fronted **Tom Scott,** reeds; **Chuck Domanico,** bass; and **Guerin** . . . **Al Fox** took a four-week leave of absence from his disc jockey duties at *KPPC-FM* to set up a new Friday cocktail hour program at Shelly's Manne Hole called *Cut Loose*. At the opening session, the participants included: **Dick Hyde,** trombone; **Bud Shank** and **Tony Ortega,** reeds; **Tommy Flanagan,** piano; **Red Mitchell,** bass; **Stan Levey** and **Donald Bailey,** drums. On the Manne Hole's regular schedule, **Gabor Szabo's** quintet was followed by organist **Jack McDuff's** quartet, while pianist **Mike Melvoin's** trio played on Mondays. The McDuff group moved on to the Tropicana a week later . . . At the Lighthouse, the **Three Sounds** were followed by guitarist Szabo's group.

Chicago: **Woody Herman's** busy **Herd** has played recent one-nighters at the **Plugged Nickel,** June 1, and the **Bramble Bush,** June 19. Local trumpeter **Oscar Brashear** worked with Herman on both occasions. **Count Basie** and his orchestra are scheduled for a July appearance at the latter club . . . Bassist **Wilbur Ware** and trombonist **Billy Howell** have formed a new group with tenorist **Marvin Cavell,** pianist **Prince Shell,** and drummer **Wilbur Campbell.** They blow every Monday night at the **Meadows Club.** The group will perform opposite the **Max Roach Quintet** at the **Harper Theater** Aug. 24-25. The Roach concerts are continuing the recent succession of **Charlie Offut** productions . . . The **Claude Lawrence Trio** (Lawrence, tenor saxophone; **Bob Johnson,** bass; **Alvin Fielder,** drums) play at the **Other Side** every Thursday and Sunday.

Poet **David Moore** read from his works June 18 . . . For **Sarah Vaughn's** recent stop at **Mister Kelly's,** pianist **Bob James,** bassist **Herbie Mikman,** and drummer **Omar Clay** provided the accompaniment. Singer **Mel Torme** comes into Kelly's July 31 for three weeks . . . Reed man **Jimmy Ellis** has taken over weekends at **Stan's Pad.**

San Francisco: **Donald Byrd's** scheduled appearance at the Jazz Workshop was postponed, at his request, until fall; singer **Lorez Alexandria** filled the engagement . . . **Art Pepper's** combo was slated for a weekend at the **Gold Nugget** in Oakland . . . Singer **Jon Hendricks** added

saxophonist **Monte Waters** (alto-soprano) to pianist **Flip Nunez's** trio for his engagement here at the **Both/And** and in **Salt Lake City.** **Gerald Wilson's** big band played three nights at the club, preceding the week-long engagement of **Ornette Coleman's** quartet . . . Coleman was also booked to play a concert in the **Veterans Auditorium,** with his quartet augmented by symphony musicians (string quartet, oboe, French horn, trumpet, trombone, etc.) . . . The program consisted of 15 motifs from Coleman's *Inventions of Symphonic Poems,* some of which were recently performed at the **UCLA Jazz Festival** in Los Angeles . . . Pianist **Mer-rill Hoover,** who has been accompanist



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for Nancy Wilson and Anita O'Day, and has played with several jazz groups in the bay area, is now teaching jazz piano and vocal styling at the Sherman-Clay studios here. . . . Don Piestrup came up from Los Angeles to lead his bay area rehearsal big band in a Sunday night benefit at the Gold Nugget (in Oakland) for the Eastbay chapter of the League of Musicians Wives. Also on the program were drummer Kenny Williams' sextet, featuring vibist Johnny Rae; the Henry Cotton group, and pianist Mem'ry Midgett. Proceeds went to a scholarship fund and the projected musicians' home, sponsored by the national organization. . . . Drummer Bill Weichert of the S. F. State College quintet that won the combo division of the National Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in Miami also plays tympani with the Oakland Symphony Orchestra and at 18 is the youngest member of that organization. . . . Bassist Chris Poehler and saxophonist-clarinetist Jim Dukey of the college combo are former members of the Pleasant Hill High School Jazz Band, begun nine years ago by Bob Soder, teacher, composer, and jazz pianist.

Denmark: Tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon, again granted permission to work here after two years, began a two-month engagement June 1 at the Montmartre in Copenhagen. Tenorist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis played the club during May, starting with a rhythm section that only during the last days of his appearance was the same as that accompanying Gordon: Kenny Drew, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Art Taylor, drums. . . . The jazz festival arranged by the Danish state radio in connection with Copenhagen's 800th anniversary will include six concerts, three to be held in the Tivoli Gardens, and three at the radio concert hall. Scheduled for Aug. 7-16, they will include a folk and blues program, a traditional jazz matinee, and two Third Stream concerts. It is planned to present either Miles Davis or Dizzy Gillespie as the main attraction of the festival. . . . Arranger-teacher Steen Nielsen has published a book called *Om Jazz (About Jazz)*. . . . Kenny Drew will leave his headquarters in Copenhagen during the first week of August to play at the Norwegian jazz festival in Molde. Orsted Pedersen and Alex Riel will play bass and drums with Drew, and also participated in the Kongsberg festival in Norway. . . . Young tenorist Per Goldschmidt is also an actor in films and on television.

Detroit: Pianist Chuck Robinett left the Roostertail after several years as leader of the house band and is forming a new group with drummer Frank Isola. . . . Soly Harstein of Baker's Keyboard Lounge is promoting good music among the younger set. Many of the artists appearing at the club are doing free high school concerts, and youngsters are welcomed at Sunday matinees. . . . Drummer Louis Hayes has come home with the Oscar Peterson trio, at Baker's until July 23, fol-

lowed by Les McCann. . . . Pianist Hugh Lawson made his first public appearance in Detroit since 1963 with Yusef Lateef's group at the Drome. . . . Vocalist Mark Richards and pianist Keith Vreeland's trio (Dick Wiggington, bass; Jimmy Nemeth, drums) are leaving Momo's for the Ponchartrain Hotel. . . . Bassist Ernie Farrow and Jazz Ltd. have been presenting irregular Sunday matinees at Odam's Cave. Farrow's quintet can also be heard at Paige's and Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant. . . . John and Dorothy Ashby's new musical, *The Choice*, was held over by popular demand; Mrs. Ashby still plays harp at the Ponchartrain. . . . The Living End is booking name blues groups. . . . Vocalist Janice Moore recently joined pianist Dorothy Dunn at the Pier One. . . . Pianist Father Tom Vaughn's trio appeared in a concert sponsored by the Plymouth Youth Council. . . . Trumpeter Jack Sloane is back in Detroit after working with drummer Phil O'Connell's group on the west coast.

Boston: Tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers returned to Boston to do a week at Connelly's, backed by the house trio (pianist Paul Neves; bassist Larry Richardson; drummer Peter Donald). Tenorist Joe Henderson took over the following week. . . . Vocalist Irene Reid did two weeks at Estelle's with Perry and the Harmonics. . . . The latin sounds of the Willie Bobo Sextet were heard at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike for a week, followed by organist Joe Bucci with Jeff Brillinger on drums. . . . Vocalist Nancy Wilson was featured

in concert at the McHugh Forum of Boston College. . . . Pianist Bill Evans, with Eddie Gomez, bass, and Philly Joe Jones, drums, was featured for three days at the Kings and Queens in Providence, followed by Jon Hendricks and his group. Evans and the trio also did a week at the Jazz Workshop, followed by Chico Hamilton. Next door, at Paul's Mall, the trio of Al Vega lent its support to vocalist Shirlie Carroll. Vocalist Mammie Lee followed, backed by the Swingmen. Miss Lee and the group were also featured on *Jazz on Channel 2*, with pianist Neves. . . . Pianist Dave Blum returned to Boston for two days to back vocalist Carolyn Hester at Club 47. . . . The Glen Miller Orchestra, led by Buddy De Franco along with the local Dick Madison Orchestra, were featured in concert at M.I.T.'s Gordon Memorial Auditorium.

Baltimore: Guitarist George Benson, with baritone saxophonist Ronnie Cuber, organist Lonnie Smith, and drummer Marion Booker played the Left Bank Jazz Society's first concert in June. The following Sunday trumpeter Blue Mitchell brought in a quintet composed of tenor saxophonist Junior Cook, pianist Chick Corea, bassist Gene Taylor, and drummer Al Foster. . . . The quintets of Horace Silver and Art Blakey round out the rest of the month's schedule for the LBJS. . . . Sponsored by the Peabody Conservatory, Washington guitarist Charlie Byrd was scheduled for a mid-June concert of jazz and classics at the Village of Cross Keys. . . . The Blackjack, which has forsaken the teenage crowd for the over-21

SAILING DOWN THE THIRD STREAM

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

The year 1917 was a full one: the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and W. C. Handy went to New York; Joe Oliver was named "King"; New Orleans' Storyville area was closed by the Navy, and Fate Marable formed his band for riverboat excursions on the Mississippi; Scott Joplin died; and Dizzy Gillespie was born.

It was also the year that the music now called Third Stream was born when Igor Stravinsky composed his *Ragtime for 11 Instruments*. A lot of Third Stream has flowed under the bridge since then. Name the composers of these hybrid pieces:

1. Three Little Feelings _____
2. Fusion _____
3. New York Export: Opus Jazz _____
4. The World of Alcina _____
5. Dialog for Jazz Combo and Symphony Orchestra _____
6. Ebony Concerto _____
7. City of Glass _____
8. Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra _____
9. Pharoah _____
10. Symphony Harlem _____
11. Night Creature _____
12. Pithecanthropus Erectus _____
13. Alabama Concerto _____
14. Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs _____
15. Symphony in Jazz _____

ANSWERS: 1. John Lewis, 2. Teo Macero, 3. Bob Prince, 4. Bill Russo, 5. Howard Brubeck, 6. Igor Stravinsky, 7. Bob Graettinger, 8. Rolf Liebermann, 9. Jimmy Giuffe, 10. James P. Johnson, 11. Duke Ellington, 12. Charlie Mingus, 13. John Benson Brooks, 14. Leonard Bernstein, 15. Otto Cesana.

group, brought in the **Young-Holt** trio . . . Trumpeter **Eddie Henderson** did two weeks at Henry Baker's Peyton Place with his quintet.

St. Louis: The Sherwood Forest (near the airport) returned to a jazz policy with pianist **Jim McLendon's** trio (**Pete Anderson**, bass, **Martin [Mack] McKay**, drums) . . . **Roger McCoy**, trumpeter-vocalist with the **Glenn Miller-Buddy De-Franco** Orchestra, has returned home to open at the Stork Club . . . The **Chasers Four** are appearing at the newly redecorated Crystal Terrace Room in the Chase-Park Hotel. Personnel of the group remains **Vince Pavia**, trumpet and drums; **Rich Lauenstein**, electric accordion; **Joe McCreary**, bass; **Sharon Andre**, vocals . . . The **Sandy East Four**, another vocal and instrumental group, passed through town on the way to Lake Tahoe, Nev. The group has East, vocals and drums; **Ron Ruff**, tenor and alto saxophone, flute, and drums; **George Harlan**, guitar; and **Bruce Palmer**, bass . . . **Clark Terry** had a ball visiting with old friends while in town with JATP.

Pittsburgh: Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** played a week at The Theme in June and brought in so much business that house-band leader and saxist **Al Morrell** announced he had purchased the Brentwood nitery. Morrell plans to use it as a base for his own organ quartet, and to utilize other Pittsburgh musicians when his group is out of town. Also promised are a number of nationally known jazz stars . . . **Eric Kloss** was graduated from the Pennsylvania School For The Blind and is headed for Duquesne University. He and his electronic saxophone have been seen in a number of places recently, including jazz concerts at the University of Pittsburgh and Mellon Institute—and the junior prom of Gladstone High School. His sidemen frequently include **Wesley Ward**, trumpet; **Frank Cunimondo**, piano; **Bob Boswell**, bass; and **Allen Blairman**, drums . . . Former Charlie Barnet sideman **Frankie Widder** has a trio at the Foodergong Restaurant near Ephrata, Pa. The drummer-vocalist is joined on vocals by his wife . . . Trumpeter **Mike Maracino** led a group of Pittsburgh jazzmen at the Three Rivers arts festival recently . . . Combo leader-pianist **Walt Harper** was paid a surprise visit recently by his brother, **Ernie**, a Chicago pianist. The two broke it up at the Hilton Hotel's Kings Garden.

Cleveland: The first Ohio Collegiate Jazz Festival was a complete success, sponsored by Case Institute. CI will co-sponsor it next year along with the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. The judges were **Bill Russo**, guitarist **Jim Hall**, composer-teacher **Dave Baker**, **Donald Erb**, and **Bill Gidney**. Winning groups were Western Reserve University (best big band), and Kent State University (best combo) . . . Tickets were sold out three months in advance for the concert July 6 by **Frank Sinatra**, the **Buddy Rich** Band,

and the **Sergio Mendez** group at the Music Hall . . . The **Count Basie** band will be heard in concert July 20 at Music Hall.

Milwaukee: Trumpeter **Dick Ruedebusch** has left **Woody Herman** and formed a quartet which plays four nights a week at the Tumblebrook Restaurant. He is also teaching at the Walker Music School . . . Vocalist **Carmen McRae** was a last minute addition to the Schlitz Salute to Jazz . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** will be featured with the **Trini Lopez** show at the Coliseum on Aug. 5 . . . Organist **Don Patterson's** trio backed saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** during his June stint at the Ad Lib . . . The University of Wisconsin in Madison held its annual music festival in June. Among the featured artists were **Ella Fitzgerald** and

pianist-conductor **Skitch Henderson**.

Dallas: The Club Lark led the way with name jazz for July with the trio of **Sonny Stitt**, **Don Patterson**, and **Billy James** . . . The **Les Elgart** Orchestra played a concert in June. It had been booked into the comparatively tiny Memorial Auditorium Theatre, but were moved to the McFarlin Auditorium to provide a little more breathing room . . . Local talent and low gate prices is a combination that seems to be paying off for the new **Michelle Ltd.**, productions of Dallas. There was a turnaway crowd at Woodman Hall on Memorial Day, and two more concerts have been scheduled, one at the Great Hall at the Apparell Mart, and one at **Lou-Ann's** . . . *WRR's Jazz Unlimited* gave the first public airing to the new album by the North Texas State Lab Band.

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There is a method in my madness I use no marks of punctuation to give you some feeling about the educational process in method jazz drumming for you to make any sense out of these words you will have to read them aloud your ear will then tell you where phrases and sentences begin and end at first you may be frustrated because you will have to actively involve your ear general intelligence and emotions by moving from a passive to an active state the meaning will become clear and you will sense a feeling of pleasure that comes through a personal and total involvement necessary for any meaningful communication or educational experience through new ideas and techniques in the study practice and performance of method jazz drumming the same pleasure and total involvement is possible the thing is to try and hear rather than see the meaning of these words.

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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**, 222 W. Adams, 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 Metcalf.
Apartment: Al Haig.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Basie's: unk.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): Vince Corozine, Fri.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Brown's (Loch Sheldrake): Fred Bevan to 8/10.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Cromwell's Pub (Mt. Vernon): Tony Scott, tfn. Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Five Spot: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Sonny Oliver.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer.
Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor. Eddie Thompson. Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy Mcpartland, Fri.-Sat.
Kutsher's (Monticello): Otto-McLaurer Trio.
La Boheme: Dizzy Reece.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): jazz.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): 'unk 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: closed July, Aug.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: unk.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 7/15.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young.
007: Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May with Sam Donahue, Art Weiss.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Elvin Jones to 7/13. Joe Lee Wilson, Fri.-Sat.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Slugs: Archie Shepp, 7/11-16. Art Farmer, 7/18-23.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes.
Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon. Jazz at noon, Mon.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: Willie (The Lion) Smith.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): sessions, Mon.
Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): Johnny Jay, wknds.
Village Gate: Miles Davis, 7/4-16. Dizzy Gillespie, 7/4-30. Modern Jazz Quartet, 7/18-30.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
John Handy, 8/1-12.
White Plains Hotel: Herman Autrey, Red Richards, wknds.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Fri, Sat.
Buck's Bar: Bill Byrd.
Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields, Weds.-Sun.
Le Coq d'Or: Donald Criss.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name groups, Sun.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza, wknds.
Peyton Place: Etta Jones.
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.
Red Fox: Dolores Lynn.
Well's: Mickey Fields, Mon.-Tues.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Maurice Miller.
Beverly Rodeo Hotel (Beverly Hills): Frankie Tamm.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Bud Brisbois, Sun.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Devil's Den: Richard Dorsey, Wed.-Mon.
Diamond Jim's (Sherman Oaks): Calvin Jackson.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Dixie Junction (Orange): Walt Ventre.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Mike Barone, Wed. Roy Gaines, cocktail hr., Wed.-Fri.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Greek Theatre: Henry Mancini to 7/16. Erroll Garner, 7/17-23.
Hollywood Bowl: Carmen McRae, Stan Getz, Wes Montgomery, Michel Legrand, 7/22.
Sarah Vaughan, Skitch Henderson, 7/29.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lemon Twist: Jack Costanzo.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Cannonball Adderley to 7/25. Charlie Byrd, 7/26-8/6. Wes Montgomery, 8/8-9/3.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): jazz, nightly.
Melody Room: Bobby Short.
Memory Lane: Wes Montgomery to 7/16. Ahmad Jamal, 7/18-23.
Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon, Tyrone Parsons, Mon.
Piel Piper: Ike Isaacs.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs. Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Stan Kenton to 7/23. Kenny Burrell, 7/25-8/6. Shelly Manne, wknds. Mike Melvoin, Mon. sessions, Fri., 5-8:30 p.m.
Sherry's: Don Randi, Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbie Boyle.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson, Wed., Fri., Sun.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Bruz Freeman, hb.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Al Green's (Fisher Bldg.): Jo Thompson, Mon.-Sat.
Baker's: Ross Wells, 7/7-8. Oscar Peterson, 7/10-23. Les McCann, 7/28-8/6. Sun. afternoon.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Black Hawk (Bay City): Arnie Kaine, Kent Wilson.
Blue Chip: Chubby Kemp, Mon.-Sat.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Breaker's: Bobby Laurel.
Cafe Gourmet: Don Evans, Tue.-Sun.
Checker Bar-B-Q (downtown): Bobby Rodriguez, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Checker Bar-B-Q (uptown): Bob Elliott, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Copper Door: Frank Isola.
Drome: Freddie Hubbard.
Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sun.
Frolie: Steve Booker, Thur.-Sun.
Ivanhoe Lounge: Gary Reno, Thur.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
La Roache's Tea Room (Pontiac): Arnold McConner, hb., Fri.-Sun.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
New Yorker: Donald Willard.
Paiges: Ernie Farrow-Teddy Harris, Fri.-Sun.
Pier One: Dorothy Dunn-Gino Blando, Mon.-Sat.
Ponchartrain Hotel: Keith Vreeland, Mark Richards, Dorothy Ashby, Ernie Swan, Mon.-Sat.
Shadow Box: Charles Rowland, Tue.-Sat.
Sir-Lion Inn: Danny Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.
Tropacanna (Lansing): Jack Hyde, Mon.-Sat. & Sat. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Pontiac): Billy Stevenson-Art Mardigan, Mon.-Sat.
Visger Inn: Bobby Cook, Fri.-Sat.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Celebrity Club: name jazz weekly.
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun. afternoon.
Harper Theater: Max Roach, Howell-Ware, Aug. 24-25.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Eldee Young & Red Holt, to 7/30. Clark Terry & Bob Brookmeyer, 8/1-13. Stan Getz, 8/15-9/3.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
Office: Joe Daley, Mon.
Old Town Gate: Norm Murphy, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Inco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: unk.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Ravinia (Highland Park): Pete Fountain, 7/14. Duke Ellington, 7/19, 21. Ramsey Lewis, 7/26. 28. Woody Herman, 8/11.
Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
Web: Tommy Ponce-Judy Roberts, Mon.-Tue. White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Sam & Dave to 7/16. Frankie Laine, 7/18-30. Billy Eckstine, 8/1-13. Otis Redding, 8/16-26. Redd Foxx, Tammi Terrell, 8/29-9/10. The Temptations, 9/19-24.
Hop City: Benny Wilson, hb.
Both/And: unk.
C'est Bon: Vernon Alley.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Haynes, tfn.
El Matador: Mose Allison to 7/15. Kenny Burrell, 7/17-22. Barney Kessel, 7/24-8/5. Cal Tjader, 8/7-9/2. Wes Montgomery, 9/14-16.
Juan Serrano, 9/18-10/17.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Jack Mc Huff to 7/23. Ahmad Jamal, 7/25-8/6.
Just Fred's: Hampton Hawes.
Nob Hill Room (Mark Hopkins Hotel): Steve Atkins.
New Orleans Room (Fairmont Hotel): Jean Hoffman.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson, wknds; sessions Sun.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): Kenny Burrell to 7/16. Bola Sete, 7/18-8/27. Teddy Wilson, 8/29-9/17.
University Hideaway: George Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Villa Roma: Len Jesinger, Lynne Long.

MILWAUKEE

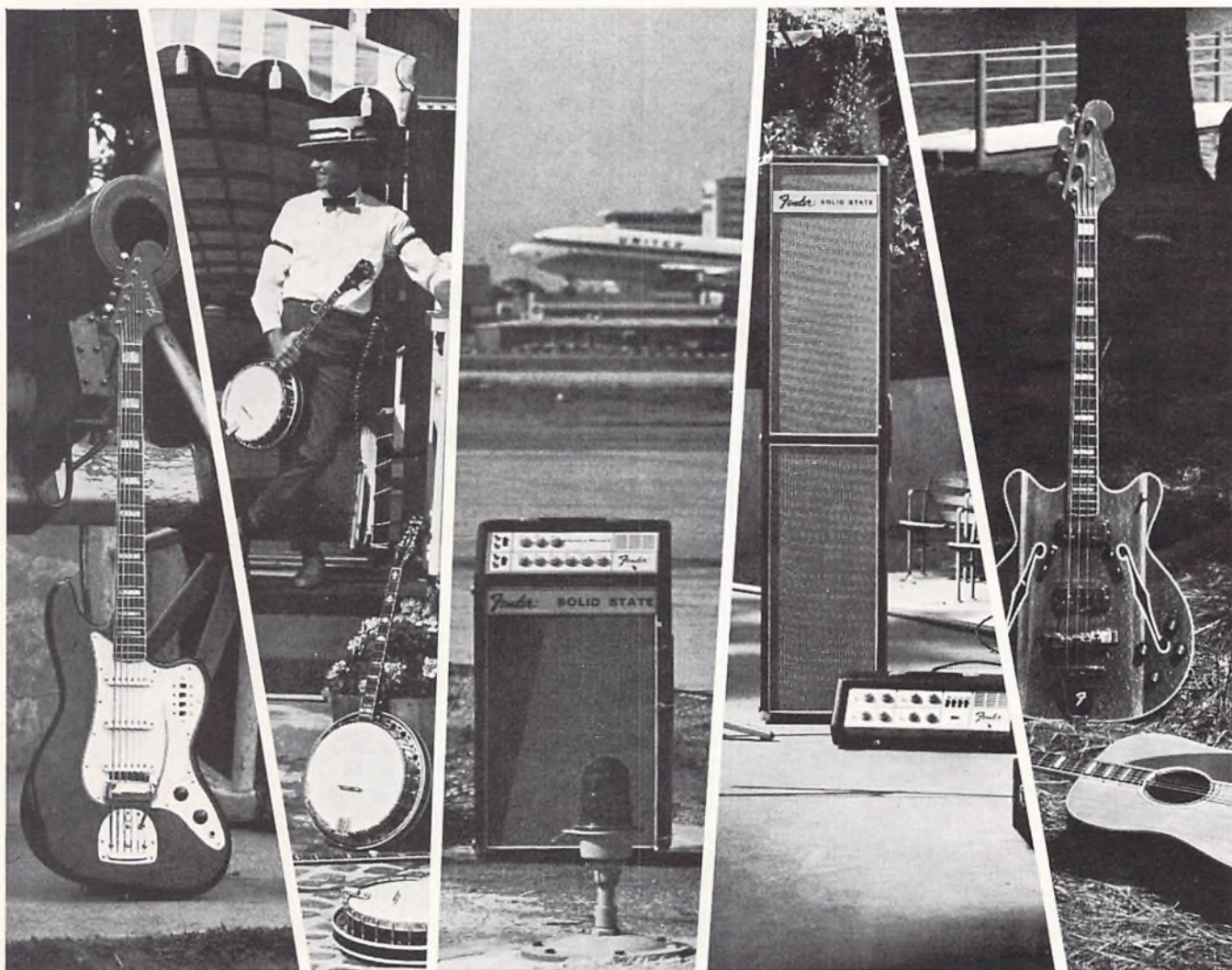
Ad Lib: Wes Montgomery, Nov.
Aladdin's: Frank De Miles, tfn.
Black Orchid: Jimmy Colvin, Fri.-Sat.
Crown Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.
Dimitri's: Bobby Burdette, Thur.-Sun.
El Matador: Mike Rich, tfn.
Green's Living Room: Will Green, tfn.
Jolly's: Dan Edwards, Fri.-Sat.
KG's: Zig Millonzi, Fri.-Sat.
Le Carousel: Joe Gumin, Wed., Fri.
Ma's: Chosen Four, Tue., Sun.; Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Memorial Coliseum (Madison): Dukes of Dixieland, 8/5.
Nauti-Gal: Bill Otten, tfn.; Walt Ketchum, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Old Hayward, Wis.: Duke Ellington, 7/18.
Ronnie Kay's: Various groups wknds.
Someplace Else: Dixieland, Tue., Thur., Sun.
The Brothers: George Pritchette, tfn.
Tumblebrook Restaurant: Dick Ruedebusch, Wed., Fri.-Sat.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott; Eddie Stone.
Connolly's: Paul Neves; guests.
Driftwood: Jefftones.
Eliot Lounge: Don A'Lessi.
Flying Dutchman (Hyannis): Mamie Lee and the Swingmen.
Jazz Workshop: Ray Bryant, 7/10-16. George Benson, 7/17-23. Jimmy McGriff, 7/31-8/6. Sonny Stitt, 8/14-20.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Wilbur DeParis, 7/10-16. Les McCann, 7/17-23. Oscar Peterson, 7/24-30. Buddy Rich, 7/31-8/13.
Maridor: Al Vega.
Village Green: Dick Creedon; guests.

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