FEBRUARY 23, 1967 35¢

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ARRANGER-COMPOSER ISSUE

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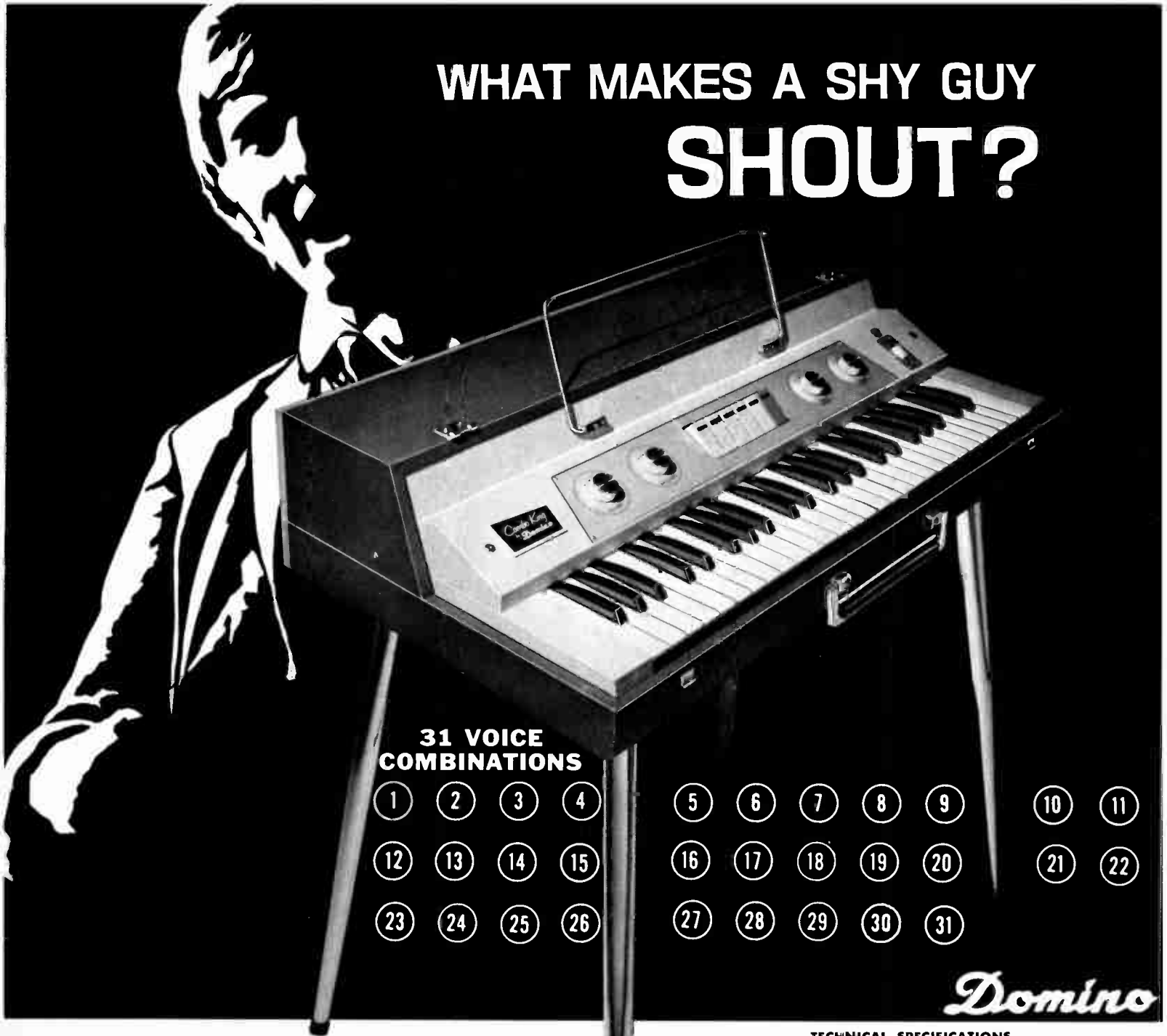

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February 23, 1967 Vol. 34, No. 4

down beat®

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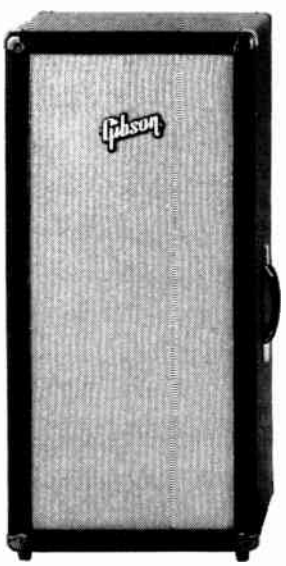

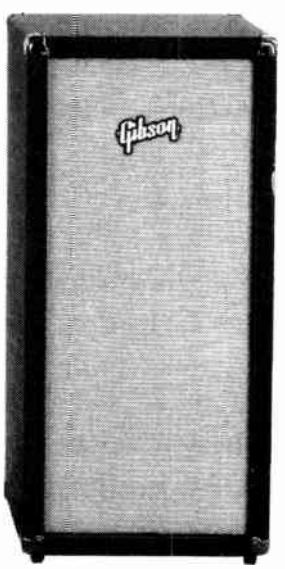

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Kudos For Keepnews

Three cheers for Orrin Keepnews. It's about time someone took the initiative to clue the average jazz listener in on what's happening behind the scenes. Articles such as *Inside the Recording Booth* (*DB*, Jan. 12) are more interesting than some of the current jive you find so often in jazz scripts.

Bill Donohue
Beale Air Force Base, Calif.

Zwerin Tells It Like It Is

Hooray for Michael Zwerin! He mentioned Otis Redding's version of *Satisfaction* in complimentary terms (*DB*, Jan. 12), saying the Paul Horn version he was reviewing was insipid in comparison. Maybe you guys will finally come around to recognizing a valid, living, and communicating art form in the field of urban rhythm-and-blues.

James M. Payne
New York City

Pastor Praises Ellington Concert

It was interesting to read of the response by some clergy in Washington, D.C., to the "rightness" or "wrongness" of Duke Ellington's concert of sacred music (*DB*, Jan. 12).

It was our pleasure and privilege to present Ellington, his orchestra, and our choir in a concert last July at Union Methodist Church. In many ways this was the most meaningful, the most significant, the most sacred thing that has been done during my ministry here.

Rev. Gilbert H. Caldwell
Boston, Mass.

Can't Get With New Music Cant

The pro-Coltrane letters in the Jan. 12 issue afford revealing glimpses into the sterility of the "new music" and the shallow hipness of its defenders. I defy anyone to extract meaning from the existentialist cliches and neo-Rosicrucian, pseudo-religious cant that are supposed to enlighten the great unwashed.

Examine their prose and it disappears like a snowflake. Reader Kan speaks of an "explosive latticework of tiny monstrosities." A latticework must hold together, not explode. The image can mean anything and, therefore, means nothing.

George Moran tells us to forget about form, which he revealingly denigrates as "categorize[ing] . . . into . . . jazz or symphony or chamber." But how does he describe this brave new world of liberated music? As "poems," which is to say, highly developed, specialized *forms*, and as "Bachian," despite the fact that Bach was an artist-with-a-small-"a," an artisan who crafted his musical structures with great emphasis on technique and form, none at all on the arty, romantic self-consciousness in which Moran delights.

Art does not exist without form, and the emotion and beauty of a work can only be transmitted through the "technical aspects" that Jack Lefton derides. William Russo, in his review of Coltrane's *Meditations*, was only performing the essential function of a critic, which is to indicate how well an artist has channeled and disciplined his materials. So, naturally, Russo is mugged by a host of angry juveniles who prefer orgiastic displays of emotion and meaningless in-group chatter to cover the paucity of their own artistic notions.

And jazz, the great and glorious holdout, is at last joining modern literature and painting. Instead of creation, a word that implies a clear meaning and a particular form, we get, in Jacques Barzun's memorable phrase, "fantasy without direction." Oh, happy day.

Arnie Clift
Wenatchee, Wash.

By now, in actual count, there have been 7,654,321 words written about the "new jazz," and surprisingly most of them have not been of the four-letter category—at least by those who advocate and try to justify a nonexisting entity, which is exactly what it is!

Let's face it, avant-gardist—you're out of touch with the feel, spirit, and improvisational capabilities of jazz.

Mal Nevins
Arlington, Va.

Ethnic Problem

I've just auditioned my first Ornette Coleman recording *(Golden Circle, Vol 2)*. Prior to this, the likes of Cecil Taylor, recent Coltrane, Andrew Hill, and Charles Lloyd left me less than unmoved. They were a blow to the pride in what I considered my jazz catholicity.

But Coleman, so far as I've heard him, is something else! Sounds like the blacks have scooped the whites again in the evolution of the art. I'm not ignoring the fine David Izenzon, but I'm speaking of the "new thing" as a whole.

Bud Plumb
Streator, Ill.

Stop! The Knife You Save. . . .

A reply to reader Don Hill (*DB*, Dec. 15): Jazz musicians playing rock disgust you because they are having a hard time at it. They sound insincere because they are.

Rock and folk music are two disciplines you seem to be ignorant about. They aren't as grotesque as charlatan jazz musicians make them sound. Both forms have grown up a lot in the last few years.

My doubts about popular music were dispelled when I stopped condemning and started listening. I listened to the Byrds, and my friends listen to Monk in return. We all learned a great deal.

The worst injustice a loyal jazz fan can do is to pretend jazz is the highest point to which a music-appreciating mind can climb.

Open your mind and stop throwing knives. They're often thrown back at what you seek to protect.

Jay Louis
Amherst, Mass.

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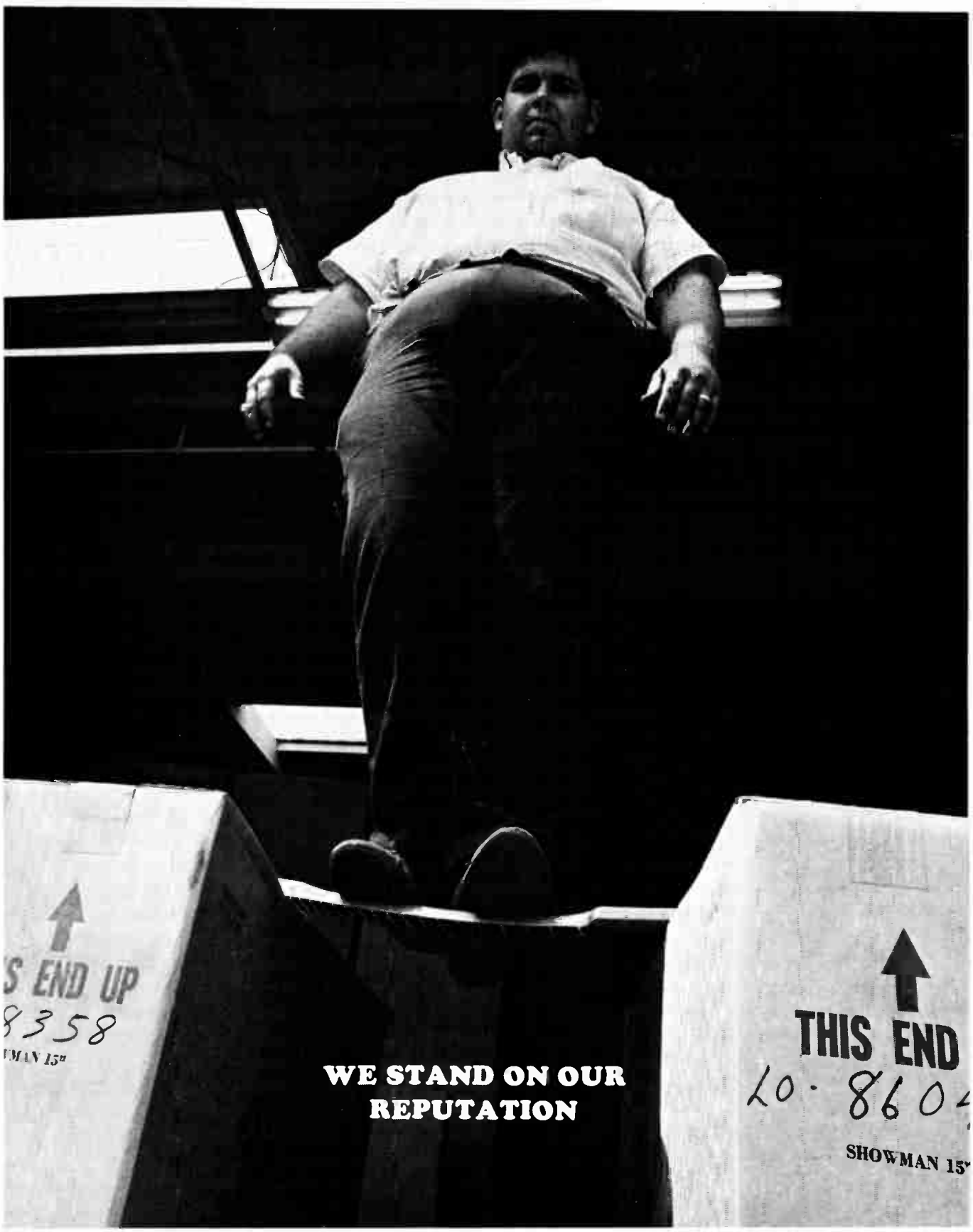

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Jazz And Religion— End Of A Love Affair?

The deepest roots of the jazz expression, assert most of the music's historians, are found in that primal blend of European harmony and African rhythm achieved in the Negro religious music. The blues inflection, the syncopated pulse, and the "soulful" intensity of the form are generally recognized as having obvious parallels with the church music.

Though Mahalia Jackson has sung at the Newport Jazz Festival and such jazz vocalists as Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington received early training in church choirs, jazz has remained the music largely of a secular province.

One of the earliest attempts to integrate contemporary jazz and the liturgy of the church came in 1959, when tenor saxophonist Ed Summerlin conducted and recorded a jazz-based religious service.

During the '60s jazz with religious overtones has become common. Notable among these have been Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* and Duke Ellington's *Concert of Sacred Music*.

Until mid-1966, jazz had never been part of a Roman Catholic service in the United States. At that time, pianist Eddie Bonnemere's *Missa Hodierna* was performed with a jazz group and a 50-piece choir during a solemn high mass in Manhattan's St. Charles Borremeo Church.

With but a few notable exceptions, the iconoclasm of jazz in a religious setting, nevertheless, seemed to be generally accepted by clergy and congregations alike when the twain did meet.

Last month in Rome, however, Pope Paul VI and two Vatican offices joined in issuing a statement condemning "distortions of the liturgy," among which was the use of "music of a totally profane and worldly character, not worthy of a sacred action."

Though the decree did not specifically cite jazz as "totally profane" music, a subsequent statement issued by a Vatican liturgical expert, the Rev. Annibale Bugnini, seemed to clarify the papal intention.

"Jazz masses violated the norms for sacred music laid down by Pope Saint Pius X, more than 50 years ago," said Father Bugnini.

These regulations specified that liturgical music must be adapted or adaptable to sacred use, he explained, adding the liturgy must conform to the dignity of the church and promote the "edification of the faithful."

In complete agreement with the Vatican was an editor of *The Tidings*, the official newspaper of the 1,500,000-member archdiocese of Los Angeles.

"The Holy See's opposition to the unauthorized combination of jazz with eucharistic celebrations accurately reflects the attitude of the church here," said the editor. "It is profane, worldly, and alien to Catholic liturgy."

Said jazzman Schifrin: "The Vatican has the privilege to forbid the use of jazz in connection with the mass, but I disagree. Religion is a human activity, and any kind of human expression in the arts is legitimate.

"When man tries to convey his feelings, it should be through something that is alive—not dead. My *Mass*, for example, is really a suite based on the mass text. Though basically a concert piece, it still has a definite place in the church."

When asked about the mixture of jazz and religion, Ellington said, "What I'm doing in the sacred concerts should be regarded as Duke Ellington worshiping God from *his* perspective, and using the instruments which are natural to him. My point of view is expressed, nothing else."

The Rev. Norman J. O'Connor, a Paulist priest long associated with jazz, said the papal decree "is not a blanket condemnation [of jazz], but an attempt at holding back some of the more excessive things that have been going on, which have not involved jazz but rock-and-roll and folk music.

"Part of the difficulty is that many of the Vatican authorities are unfamiliar with jazz; they merely see it as a profane music not compatible with mass liturgy. We have a lot of clarification to do."

Father O'Connor said that jazz, since improvisation is a cornerstone of the music, can't properly be used in the liturgy, "but jazz-flavored music has a place," especially if it is applied tastefully and with an understanding of the nature of the mass.

Ironically, soon after the papal pronouncement, Columbia records released an album titled *Jazz Mass* by Joe Masters with liner notes by Father O'Connor. In the notes he writes, "we have to anguish that this mass may not be played in a Catholic church. . . . God isn't dead. . . . The dead are those who want to keep us feeling guilty about guitars in Church and pop songs at Mass and trumpets at Vespers."

In substantial agreement with Father O'Connor's contention that the decree was aimed at music other than jazz was the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., who is active in the stage-band movement as well as band director at Notre Dame High School for Boys located near Chicago.

"There has been much confusion between jazz and folk music," he said. "Most services held with secular music have used folk music, but jazz usually gets credit as the music used.

"We have used a brass ensemble at Notre Dame, after getting permission from the archdiocese, and there has been no trouble about it. Though this is not jazz in any sense, it is still secular music. I would be willing to wager that, if we got permission through proper channels, we could perform a jazz service."

The papal announcement stimulated at least one radio debate. Moderator Barry Gray was host to the Rev. C. J. McNaspy, S.J. (musicologist, associate editor of *America*, and former dean of music at Loyola University of New Orleans), the Rev. John Gensel (Lutheran pastor to New York City's jazz community), and pianist-composer Bonnemere on New York's WMCA radio.

The Rev. Mr. Gensel described trumpeter Joe Newman's jazz version of *O Sing to the Lord a New Song* before a congregation whose average age exceeded 70.

"The old ladies were delighted," he said.

Bonnemere, a Roman Catholic who was an acolyte and church organist in his youth, stressed the importance of incorporating the spirit of the times and admitted that his mass had a beat and contemporary rhythms.

"It is a solemn high mass in Latin, with three priests and a 13-piece band, and it was performed before 2,000 people," the composer said. "It was written in the knowledge that it had to follow the text of the service."

Father McNaspy said he thinks that the Bonnemere mass is valid.

Bonnemere added that the liturgy was "not dictated from above" and that it should express a living faith.

"*Missa Hodierna* does that," said Father McNaspy, who maintained that the Pope did not bar jazz masses specifically. "To pray only in the accents of the past," said the priest, "is an insult to God and man."

Bonnemere at St. Charles Borremeo: Sacred or profane?

MEL FELDMAN

Handy Group May Lose Two Key Canadians

When alto saxophonist-composer John Handy reorganized his group in December, he retained his bassist, Don Thompson, and his drummer, Terry Clarke, both of whom are Canadian citizens. The leader replaced guitarist Jerry Hahn with another Canadian, Sonny Greenwich. Now, however, there is a distinct possibility that the group will have to be revamped again.

United States immigration authorities allow Canadians to work in this country for a limited time (usually one month to six weeks), provided they apply for a working visa. When the permit expires, it can be extended at the discretion of the authorities. And at presstime, Thompson and Clarke were on their fifth extension, due to expire Jan. 29, the night the Handy group was scheduled to close a two-week engagement at New York City's Half Note.

Handy was hopeful but not overly optimistic about the possibility of retaining his men. "Sonny is only on his first extension, so I'm pretty sure I can keep him for a while yet," he said, "but Don and Terry . . . I'd hate to see them go. It would be like losing a leg."

The Canadians, Handy said, have been told that they could apply for United States citizenship. This, however, would require their returning to Canada for five months.

"I do hope something can be done," Handy said. "I'm trying everything I can think of. To a group like ours, all members are essential."

But the wheels of bureaucracy are rarely moved by such consideration.

U. Of California Opens Jazz Series

Associated Students of the University of California, on the Berkeley campus, have begun a jazz-series program that will be climaxed with a festival April 7-8 at the campus' outdoor Greek Theater. The festival "will feature name jazz entertainers in two shows, along with a number of workshops and seminars," according to Darlene Chan, who heads the student committee in charge.

Titled Jazz '67, the project was begun with a Saturday night concert by blues singer Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton in the student-union's basement bistro.

A subsequent concert scheduled for the same locale was by the Cal Tjader Quintet Jan. 27. Pianist Denny Zeitlin's trio is to perform at the student union Feb. 17. Vibraharpist Lee Schipper's quintet was slated to play a noon concert on the Union Terrace Feb. 3, and the famed old jazz film, *Jammin' the Blues*, was to inaugurate a series of jazz documentaries on Feb. 5.

The students also will present a "visual jazz concert" featuring the light projections of Bill Hamm and the music of a combo co-led by bassist Fred Marshall and drummer Jerry Granelli. The date, however, has not been set.

On Feb. 27 the students will present the first U.S. concert by the Waseda High Society Jazz Band from Japan. The band will be making a good-will tour of the country sponsored by the U.S. State Department.

This is the first extensive jazz program ever presented at Berkeley and is designed, sponsors said, "to bring to the students of the University of California and to the general public many aspects of jazz and to present an educational as well as entertaining program at the lowest prices."

In an oblique reference to the student sit-in that culminated the "free-speech movement" last year and to subsequent disruptions of campus routine, the ASUC announcement said Jazz '67 will present "a completely different view of the campus than has been seen in the news recently" and should "help the image of the University."

Although further details of the festival are still being worked out, an exhibit of photographs taken over several years at the Monterey Jazz Festival by Charles Robinson, one of the bay area's leading jazz photographers, has been set April 1-8 in the student union.

Negro History Week To Swing In Illinois

Illinois may not be the swingingest state in the union, but it appears to be the only one that has included jazz in the observance of Negro History Week, Feb. 12-18.

The most ambitious program is that of Southern Illinois University, in Carbondale. The school will have two days of jazz concert-lectures in a five-day observance.

On Feb. 13 a group of New Orleans veterans will hold forth. The musicians are cornetist Johnny Wiggs, trombonist Jim Robinson, clarinetist Harry Shields, pianist Jeannette Kimball, banjoist-guitarist Danny Barker, bassist Chester Zardis, drummer Paul Barbarin, and vocalist Blue Lu Barker. New Orleans jazz scholar Al Rose will annotate the concert, with a recounting of traditional jazz' place in Negro history. Rose is the co-author of *New Orleans Jazz —A Family Album*, a book soon to be published by the Louisiana State University Press.

The following night, modern jazz will be featured, but the musicians had not been selected at presstime. At the concert, *Down Beat's* editor, Don DeMicheal, will speak on the social and cultural forces involved in jazz since 1940.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, a public-school official announced a 26-day series of musical presentations based on poems by Paul Laurence Dunbar, a 19th-century Negro poet. The series is in conjunction with Negro History Week, even though it will extend beyond that period. Multi-instrumentalist Phil Cohran, who adapted the poems to a jazz-drama setting, will lead his Artistic Heritage Ensemble at the 52 concerts, which will be given at south- and west-side schools.

Potpourri

To climax his orchestra's tour of Europe, which began last month, **Duke Ellington** is scheduled to conduct the **London Philharmonic Orchestra** this month in a performance of his *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple* at London's Albert Hall, in addition to performing his concert of sacred music at Cambridge University's Great Saint Mary's Church.

•

Trombonists **J. J. Johnson, Bennie Green, Curtis Fuller, Slide Hampton,** and **Benny Powell** will be featured in a slip-horn spectacular at the Club Ruby in Jamaica, N.Y., Feb. 21. Powell's Ben-Gee Enterprises is producing the get-together.

•

The estate of **Charlie Parker** has sold its entire holdings of 24 Parker compositions to Atlantic Music Corp. The head of Atlantic, **Michael Goldsen,** said he will publish a special folio edition that will include the new acquisitions, plus six Parker originals he bought some time ago—*Moose the Mooche, Yardbird Suite, Scrapple from the Apple, Dewey Square, Ornithology,* and *Confirmation.*

•

Final Bar: Guitarist **Nick Esposito.** 52, died of what was termed a "vascular accident" at his Las Vegas, Nev., home Dec. 18. A violinist with the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra** at the age of 18, he went on to gain notice as a guitarist with **Norman Granz'** Jazz at the Philharmonic in the late '40s. With his own group, he came to prominence with the hit recording *Empty Ballroom Blues.* He subsequently recorded with **Nat (King) Cole.** He was generally credited with the invention of the adjustable guitar bridge and the double cutaway guitar. In recent years, he had been a consultant to a number of guitar manufacturers as well as the operator of two music stores in the southern Nevada area. He also was active as a player in the Las Vegas area . . . Two Washington, D.C., jazz musicians, pianist **Donald E. (Don) Wilson** and trombonist **George Robert (Rob) Swope,** died recently. Wilson was 51 and Swope 40. Wilson's fame was more or less limited to the capital. He was a mainstreamer, but with a modern touch, who preferred inspiring soloists to claiming the limelight, though he was a fine soloist. He is survived by his widow, **Lois,** two daughters, and a son. He died Dec. 15 of the same form of poliomyelitis that killed baseball great **Lou Gehrig.** Before going to Washington, he lived in Lucerne, Minn., and Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Swope, a native Washingtonian and younger brother of **Earl Swope,** also a trombonist, died Jan. 9 of a skull fracture suffered Jan. 5 when he fell in a bicycle accident. Rob Swope worked with many prominent jazz musicians, including bands led by **Gene Krupa, Chubby Jackson, Elliot Lawrence,** and **Buddy Rich.** He is survived by a sister and three brothers...**Classie McKibbon,** wife of bassist **Al,** died of a heart attack in Los Angeles on New Year's Day. At the services held for Mrs. McKibbon, vocalist **Gwen Johnson** sang *City of Heaven,* accompanied by organist **Eddie Beal.**

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: The Sunday afternoon sessions at the Dom, which began in October, have been gathering considerable momentum. Among recent participants have been trumpeters **Kenny Dorham** and **Freddie Hubbard,** trombonist **Matthew Gee,** saxophonists **Junior Cook, Cecil Payne,** and **James Spaulding,** pianists **Al Dailey, Jane Getz,** and **Cedar Walton,** bassists **Jymie Merritt** and **Teddy Smith,** and drummers **Edgar Bateman** (back after a long stay in Europe), **Jimmie Cobb, Philly Joe Jones,** and **Beaver Harris.** Disc jockey **Alan Grant** is in charge. Pianist **Freddie Redd,** back in New York after a long stay in San Francisco, joined clarinetist **Tony Scott's** long-incumbent quartet at the club . . . Former **Duke Ellington** drummer **Sam Woodyard** joined singer **Ella Fitzgerald's** trio in Milan, Italy, Jan. 13 for the opening concert of a European tour co-starring the singer and the Ellington band. **Rufus Jones** is the drummer with Duke . . . Trumpeter **Miles Davis** was scheduled to use two tenor saxophonists, **Wayne Shorter** and **Joe Henderson,** for his three weekend appearances at the Village Vanguard beginning Jan. 20 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** begins a six-week stay in England Feb. 27 with a month at Ronnie Scott's Club in London, followed by a two-week tour of Britain . . . Illness struck veteran musicians **Henry (Red) Allen** and **Cliff Jackson** in January. The trumpeter underwent a stomach operation at Sydenham Hospital, while pianist Jackson was confined to Morrisana Hospital after suffering what was described as a mild heart attack . . . Prior to his departure with pianist **Randy Weston's** sextet on a State Department tour of Africa and the Near East, tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan** gave a concert at Donnell Library, using trombonist **Julian Priester,** pianist **Ronnie Mathews,** bassist **Richard Davis,** and drummer **Tony Williams** . . . Trumpeter-composer **Donald Byrd's** Five Spot booking was extended through February. Tenorist **Hank Mobley** was featured with Byrd. Vibraharpists have been leading recent Monday night groups at the club. First there was **Warren Chiasson** (with alto saxophonist **Arnie Lawrence,** bassist **Richard Davis,** and drummer **Sonny Brown**) and then **Ollie Shearer** (with tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster,** pianist **Al Dailey,** bassist **Herb Bushler,** and drummer **Warren Smith**). Chiasson also will give a concert at the Rhode Island School of Design Feb. 24 . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson** and his trio returned to the Top of the Gate Feb. 7 for a month's stay, with **Jaki Byard** continuing in the solo piano spot. Harpist **Daphne Hellman** is the Monday night attraction. Downstairs at the Village Gate, drummer **Chico Hamilton's** quintet came in for a week in January, replacing flutist **Herbie Mann's** combo. The Gate's owner, **Art D'Lugoff,** presented vocalist **Lou Rawls** in a concert at Carnegie Hall Jan. 14 . . . Pianist-composer **Andrew Hill** is scheduled to give a concert at Pennsylvania State University this month. He'll lead his newly formed group made up of trumpeter **E. Z. Taylor,** tenorist **Sam Rivers,** altoist **Robin Kenyatta,** bassist **Scotty Holt,** drummer **Ted Robinson,** and a seventh musician not selected at presstime . . . **Hazel Scott** made her first U.S. appearance in five years at the Living Room in January backed by bassist **Chris White** and drummer **Bobby Hamilton** . . . Rhythm Associates, the jazz school operated by White and drummer **Rudy Collins,** has moved to 101 W. 85th St. and has added to its faculty trumpeter **Jimmy Owens,** trombonist **Garnett Brown,** tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron,** and drummer **Joe Chambers.** Tenor saxophonist **Sam Rivers** was featured at the school's most recent monthly Meet the Artist concert Jan. 30 . . . Vibraharpist **Milt Jackson's** quintet, featuring tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath** and singer **Joe Carroll,** was at the Club Ruby in Queens . . . Pianist **Ram Ramirez** did a week at the New Waverly Hotel . . . Bassist **Gene Ramey** duets with pianist **George Parker** weekends at L'Camelot on Eighth Ave. . . . Critic **Martin Williams** lectured on "The New Jazz" at New York State University at Stony Brook . . . Reed man **Dave Liebman's** sextet (**Jim Pepper,** reeds; **Mike Garson,** piano; **Larry Coryell,** guitar; **Chris Hills,** bass; **Bob Moses,** drums) is scheduled for a Feb. 12 concert at the Bronx branch of New York University . . . Trumpeter **George Mauro's** Dixieland band from the Ferry Club in Brielle, N.J., was featured on **Joe Franklin's** *Memory Lane* television show, with novelist and former *Down Beat* editor **Gene Lees** among the guests . . . The **New York Improvisational Ensemble,** which makes its concert debut at the Juilliard School of Music Feb. 14, has completed a film for Riverbank Productions.

LOS ANGELES: Shelly's Manne-Hole recently showcased the audio-visual stimulae produced by the **Charles Lloyd** Quartet (Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; **Keith Jarrett,** piano; **Ron McClure,** bass; **Jack DeJohnette,** drums). Lloyd also welcomed back his **Chico Hamilton** bandmate, guitarist **Gabor Szabo,** who sat in. Also sitting in was another ex-Hamiltonite, bassist **Albert Stinson,** who was subbing for **Monty Budwig** with drummer Manne and His Men. Budwig was backing singer **Keely Smith** at the Century Plaza Hotel . . . Sharing the frontline with tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** at the Tropicana was tenorist **Harold Land.** The rhythm section included pianist **Terry Trotter,** bassist **Red Mitchell,** and drummer **Lenny McBrowne** . . . Since leaving Synanon a few months ago, after six years there, pianist **Arnold Ross** has secured his future to the extent that studio calls and occasional travel with **Nelson Riddle's** orchestra demand all his time—so much so, in fact, that the pianist had to turn down an offer from **Benny Goodman** to work as the clarinetist's sideman . . . Singer **Ella Fitzgerald** put on a special matinee for the teenage set during her stint at the Cocoanut Grove. **Dick Stabile's** house band was augmented for the occasion of Miss Fitzgerald's gig by trumpeters **Don Rader, Stu Williamson,** and **Larry McGuire,** trombonist **Dave Roberts,** pianist **Jimmy Jones,** bassist **Ray Brown,** and drummer **Ed Thigpen** . . . Trumpeter Rader has been active with the Los Angeles **Junior Neophonic Orchestra** lately. The JNO recently gave a concert at Palm Springs' College of the Desert, and the group will participate in a concert and clinic at California State College at Long Beach, May 5-6. Rader also played with trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson's** band during a recent one-nighter at the Shrine Auditorium that headlined the talents of **Nancy Wilson** and tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz'** quartet . . . Bassist **Ike Issacs** was sidelined from his gig at the Pied Piper for nearly a month when he cut his hand in a home accident. **Ray Brown** and **Buster Williams** filled in for him and kept the rest of the trio (pianist **Gildo Mahones** and drummer **Jimmy Smith**) going. Shortly after Issacs returned, Mahones joined the group backing singer **Lou Rawls** (guitarist **Francois Vaz,** bassist **Bobby Haynes,** and drummer **Mel Lee**) . . . Pianist **Tommy Flanagan** has left singer **Tony Bennett** and will settle in Los Angeles . . . A star-studded group, consisting of trumpeter **Charles Tolliver,** tenorist **Harold Land,** vibist **Bobby Hutcherson,** pianist **Phineas Newborn,** bassist **David Dyson,** and drummer **Lenny McBrowne,** was booked into Devoe's, but lack of advertising quickly ended the gig.

SAN FRANCISCO: Bassist **Charles Mingus** has been spending some time with friends in Mill Valley, across the Golden Gate bridge from San Francisco . . . In the most unusual booking in San Francisco jazz history, Basin Street West brought in **Jefferson Airplane,** a local rock sextet, to play opposite **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet. . . With **Creed Taylor** and **Chico O'Farrill** overseeing operations, Verve taped **Cal Tjader's** augmented group at El Matador for a forthcoming album . . . Trumpeter **Ev Farey's** Bay City Jazz Band played for the first 1967 session of the New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California Jan. 27 in Santa Rosa. The club now is holding its alternate monthly sessions in San Francisco . . . Pianist **George Duke's** trio traveled to Alaska for a several-week engagement in Anchorage. The combo was slated, at presstime, to be back at its home base at the Half Note here . . . Vibist **Ulysses Crockett's** quintet is playing weekends at Haight Levels, a neighborhood jazz club. Pianist **Kent Glenn's** group, with tenorist **Vince Wallace** and drummer **Smiley Winters,** is at the club Mondays and Tuesdays, and altoist **Norman Williams'** quartet takes over on Wednesday and Thursdays. The Williams' group works weekends across the street at the Juke Box.

CHICAGO: A concert tracing the evolution of jazz will be given Feb. 12 at the Prudential Plaza Auditorium. It will raise funds for instruments and music lessons for underprivileged children. The Kole Facts Musicians Association and the Chicago Music Foundation are the event's co-sponsors. The program includes the **Hutchinsons** (a Gospel vocal group), **Ivan Glenn's** Afro-Cuban combo, **Franz**

(Continued on page 40)

THE MODULATED WORLD OF GIL EVANS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTOS/JIM TAYLOR

IF IT WEREN'T for his indelible association with jazz, one might reasonably assert that Gil Evans was born in the wrong century. His mind is not geared to the commercially oriented society into which he was thrust; his is not a soul capable of grappling with the rough, realistic life of managers, booking agents, organization, and get-me-to-the-studio-on-time.

This is the impression that flows immediately from the man when, away from the festivals and the concert halls, one meets him on the social level. It is not that he lives in a dream world but rather that he refuses to be trapped in the dog-eat-dog microcosm of the music business. He lives in a world that encompasses all the arts, philosophy, honest and enduring interrelationships, a concern for everything and everyone he encounters.

Perhaps it was for this reason that when he and his wife recently visited a hillside house in North Hollywood, Calif., much of the first hour was devoted to interests other than music. Evans examined everything he saw outdoors, asking the names and histories of the flowers and trees around him.

Ian Ernest Gilmore Green (Evans was a name he took from his stepfather) will be 55 next May. Though he has the lined features of a man of that age, there are moments when a youthful, incandescent smile takes 20 years away from him. What is noticeable above everything else in the course of a long conversation is his gentleness, honesty, and a youthfully persistent search for knowledge and understanding.

A talk about his early bands starts with the one he formed as a teenager in 1933. In 1936 and '37 he led a similar group at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa Beach, Calif. (where Stan Kenton was to make his debut as a leader several years later).

"I didn't do much playing with that band," Evans, a pianist, said. "Just arranged and conducted. They used to call those jobs jitney dances, nickel or dime dance places. The music was practically continuous, so I had to play some of the time in order for the piano player to rest. But when we got to the Rendezvous, I had Buddy Cole playing piano. Stan Kenton played for me, too, when Buddy was busy with something else."

The early Evans career as a leader has been obscured, partly eroded by time and partly by the fact that in 1938 he was relegated to the background as music director (and briefly as pianist) while the band was fronted by singer Skinnay Ennis.

As the commercial success of the band grew under Ennis' leadership (he was heard on a weekly Bob Hope radio

show), the arranging staff was enlarged to include Claude Thornhill. In the fall of 1939, Thornhill left for New York to form his own band; two years later, Evans quit Ennis to go with Thornhill.

Retrospectively, the early Thornhill band, its book packed with arrangements by Evans and the leader, emerges (on beat-up 78-rpm records) as an organization years ahead of its time, using instrumentations that were revolutionary for a dance band of those days (two French horns, and sometimes as many as six clarinets). Except for time out in the Army (1943-46) Evans remained with Thornhill until 1948. Yet his work, and for that matter the work of the orchestra in general, received scant recognition. George T. Simon of *Metronome* was the first and almost the only critic discerning enough to single it out for exuberant reviews. Generally, it was faint-praised as a high-class dance band.

The years with Thornhill marked the beginning of a 20-year hiatus in Evans' sporadic activities as a leader. Except for a few gigs, such as a week or two at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, he was not to front an organized, in-person group again until 1960.

"I have agreeable memories of that 1960 band," Evans said. "We played six weeks at the old Jazz Gallery; after the job was over, we went to Rudy Van Gelder's and made a whole album in one afternoon. We had been playing so much together—the same numbers every night for six weeks—and that's what it needs to get results. The album turned out pretty good—*Out of the Cool*. Working with a band and playing continuously is a great form of development. You know, I never really was serious about playing piano until around 1952."

Between the 1960 band and the one he formed for West Coast appearances in the fall of '66, there seemed to be a long period when, except for his work with Miles Davis, he wasn't doing any writing at all. Instead, he seemed merely to be contemplating.

"That's right," he said. "I knocked off for a couple of years. For me, it was a question of a total life, a whole life, which has priority over any one of the things you do in the course of living. They are all part of it, but sometimes they have to wait a while. Emotional development with me is like that. If I feel the need for some emotional development, well, I think about music and play and even write. But as far as the product is concerned, there is no product."

That would indicate perhaps that he has a great distaste for meeting deadlines, but that "all depends," he said. "If it's the right time to do it, it works out fine."

His recent arrangements for an album by Astrud Gilberto, even though the LP worked out beautifully, seemed at first like an improbable combination.

"That happened," Evans explained, "simply because I called Creed Taylor at Verve and told him I needed some work. He said that was a coincidence, because Astrud was coming to the office, and he suggested I drop by and see her. The only vocal album I'd done before was one for Helen Merrill on Mercury, and that was only because Helen insisted—the a&r man didn't want me; I had a lot of trouble with him" (a statement of fact, without rancor).

The memory of his Balboa orchestra, three decades earlier, was inevitably tied up with the formation of Evans' 1966 band. Festival manager Jimmy Lyons hired him to round up personnel for the Monterey Jazz Festival and the Pacific Jazz Festival at Costa Mesa, the latter involving a "Balboa revisited" nostalgia matinee with the bands of Evans and Kenton.

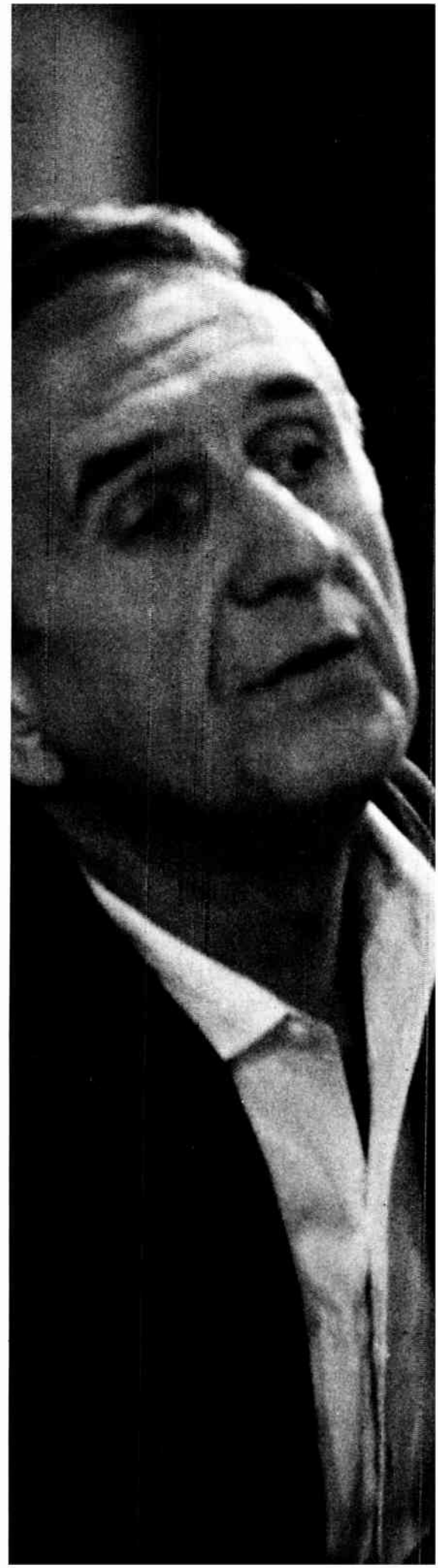
The Evans band didn't work out as well as the one in 1960. The reasons were evident both to Evans and the critics.

"It needed time and money," he said. "I got an advance, but it wasn't enough. I needed lots of rehearsals and lots of work. At Monterey, we weren't ready. We had a problem, or rather one of the musicians in the brass section had a problem, and everybody knew about it but me. He really broke down, and it hurt the band. Then everybody said, 'Gee, hadn't you heard about him?' Well, I had only heard him play and he had played beautifully—but from the time we started on Friday in Monterey until the time we finished, he never hit a right note. Later on he was replaced.

"We had a total of 16 things rehearsed. We didn't have time to get everything really ready, so we stretched the ones we did play. Also, I spent a lot of time rehearsing a couple of things that we never got around to playing publicly—like a nice arrangement of John Lewis' *Concorde*, which turned out to be a little too hard to play."

"But I had some good breaks too. I was particularly happy with Billy Harper, the young tenor player from North Texas State, and with Elvin Jones and Howard Johnson. By the time we got a location in Shelly's Manne-Hole and had worked there a few days, things really began to shape up."

During the short life of the band, one of the best-played and best-received works in its limited repertoire was *Freedom Jazz Dance*, generally assumed to be an Evans original. But there are very few Evans originals—he is perhaps the only great writer in jazz history who



has always tended to work as an arranger of the works of others and rarely as composer of his own material. *Freedom Jazz Dance* is by tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris, which Evans heard on a Harris LP called *The "In" Sound.*

"We'll have an album out of the '66 band," Evans said. "We taped a concert at UCLA. We also have tapes of the Sunday afternoon at Costa Mesa; we were going to do the first day there, too, but Wally Heider, the engineer, was worried about the place. He said, 'I'm not going to record in this cow pasture!'

"But on Sunday, Wally was still there, and I thought it over for a while and figured: why not? So out of those two concerts I should have one LP, or at least some good tunes for part of one.

"Of course, they'll have to be edited. We played a long time on some of the tunes. I didn't have control over the soloists—that was a problem, because sitting there at the piano I felt like I was just one of the musicians, and it's very difficult to play the piano and then jump up and direct the band and then go back and play the piano."

Even though a listener, especially a critic, probably would have liked to hear all 16 of the arrangements at the sacrifice of some of the blowing, Evans himself only smiles and says, "I guess I was having some fun just listening, too, and having fun playing."

"Don't forget, this was my first time out since 1960," he added. "I took advantage of that situation because this was important to my development—I let things go that way, rather than edit too closely. I didn't edit closely, because I never had a chance to play in public. You feel you can't stop. You go ahead and play."

Translation from Evanese: Gil loved the music and the musicians too much to cut them short and is neither enough of a disciplinarian nor experienced conductor to exercise strict control over artists he regards as brothers rather than sidemen.

At the Costa Mesa festival, there was puzzlement about the "Balboa revisited" idea and why, with the exception of *King Porter Stomp* (which he introduced as a number he had played at the Rendezvous in 1936), the concept was never carried through in the music.

Evans admits that "it really wasn't worked out the way it should have been. But then, there weren't that many people in the audience that really remembered those days anyway. There were just a few who came around backstage who actually had been there, people I hadn't seen or heard from in 30 years. It was strange; I had forgotten it. Such a long time ago. . . . It was like going back to another life."

IN THE LIFE of today an important Evans relationship is the one with Miles Davis. Their friendship began when Evans, still with Thornhill, asked Davis for a lead sheet on *Donna Lee*. Their definitive collaborations date back many years (the Capitol sessions in 1949 and '50 and the Columbia LPs *Miles Ahead* in '57, *Porgy and Bess* in '59, and *Sketches of Spain* in '60.) Since then there has been one in-person concert (Carnegie Hall, May, 1961), and an abortive collaboration on the music for a play starring Laurence Harvey, *The Time of the Barracuda,* which had a brief life in California in 1963 but never reached Broadway.

At one point Columbia, despairing of ever luring Davis and Evans back into a studio together, scraped the bottom of its corporate barrel and came up with an LP called *Quiet Nights,* containing only 20 minutes of music by the duumvirate, with a six-minute Davis combo track to eke out the album's meager contents.

"They never should have released it," Evans said. "It was just half an album. But I guess they had to.

"It's a funny thing . . . we have so many new numbers half-finished now. In fact, I don't even know how much music we've got. I talked to Miles just the other day, and we decided to put all the music together and get going on another album as soon as we can."

The next album would be "just some songs," Evans said. "Not necessarily standards. It's hard to say what we're going to come up with, but we've written a couple of tunes. . . .

"Aside from the album, I believe that Miles now is going to have a big band. He would like to, and he is about ready. The time is right. Not an enormous band but about a dozen men. We could work out a library together. It wouldn't be that difficult to book him with a band. He could play at the Vanguard, at Shelly Manne's, or in the place where I heard him the other evening, in San Diego.

"This was in a great big ballroom that they had converted into a supper club, and the acoustics were terrible. They had the group down on the floor, maybe 10 feet from the stage, on a little platform, with no shell. I asked the woman who runs the club why they weren't playing on the stage, and she said, 'Well, I like to have them down in front of the people, because the people like to see the emotional expressions on their faces.' The whole thing looked like a set for a Hollywood movie.

"The entire evening was quite an experience, for me and for the musicians. The piano was absolutely impossible—an old, worn-out grand piano—

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Evans on Miles Davis: 'It's a funny thing . . . we have so many new numbers half-finished now. In fact, I don't even know how much music we've got.'

so that all the important things that Herbie Hancock played were almost completely lost. But it occurred to me, while listening that night, that if Miles could get a band to play the kind of accompaniment he gets from that combo—a sort of orchestral parallel to what happens in the combo—it would be really sensational. If Miles just had a few horns doing the equivalent of what Herbie does, he'd have a fantastic band.

"Of course, when I say it's time for him to have a big band, that's no reflection on the quintet. They're all wonderful musicians. I don't think there's any other bass player who can do the sort of thing behind Miles that Ron Carter does when they play a ballad like *Stella by Starlight.*

"As for Miles himself, he sounded to me on that gig as if he was in the best of spirits; his chops were in very good shape, and his tone, that wonderful personal sound of his, just keeps on developing.

"When he played *All of You,* he got the most delicate type of sound—his muted sound—you notice this tremendous power behind the horn, even though it is muted. More often than not, when people play with mutes, everything sounds relaxed; but with Miles there's an extraordinary tension; he went past that quiet feeling and into a thing where it just floated. That's what we have to develop on our next album. I want to write accompaniments for just that particular kind of sound."

Surprisingly, Evans never has sat in with Davis ("he has asked me to play at different times, but I never had the nerve to do it") and says that except when he had the band, he hasn't played a note for all these years and hasn't practiced at all.

"It's not that I have technical problems," he said. "I just have problems *doing* it. I never played scales and exercises, never in my life. But the thing with me is I have a very peculiar way of developing. This is the emotional, nonintellectual part of me, which is a very important part of me. The development never ends, because the quest is always there. I can sit down at the piano and just look at it for hours, maybe hit a note here and there. . . . I can't just sit down and play."

Though he is known for his arranging, not his piano playing, Evans has his keyboard idols, and the first he lists is Earl Hines—"I never heard that kind of intensity again until Bud Powell.

"I love all piano players. Bill Evans is perfect—positively the best of his kind. I was supposed to make an album with him. They even have a cover already printed for it. We'll get around to doing it some time. . . . Cecil Taylor is pianistically perfect too. He has a beautiful tone, like Bill.

"I'm fascinated by the visual differences in the performances of pianists. You watch someone like John Lewis or Dick Hyman—they're so calm, there's no body movement at all. On the other hand Horace Silver moves around constantly. Yet all of them have a great sound and communicate with the listener. Monk is the one who maintains the true balance between the way he looks and the way he sounds. When he plays an odd interval, his whole body seems to reflect it."

EVANS WALKED slowly around the room —past the piano and toward the cluster of trees and flowers in back of the house. As he looked out on them, his thoughts left the piano players and centered on today's composers and arrangers, his fraternity, and he was rather conservative in his evaluations.

"I haven't heard too many writers, not many who impressed me as having found some significant new direction," he said. "I like a lot of what I've heard of Gary McFarland. Oliver Nelson is another fine writer . . . and Lalo Schifrin.

"I have heard lots of things that I liked. Thad Jones has a fine band; his arrangements are wonderful, and he has a great sense of pacing. He makes use of simple things, like unison saxophones and brass chords, and they work out."

The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band is beginning to sound as if it's using textures and varied colorations beyond the sort inherited from the old dance-band setup, Evans said. And on this matter of coloring and texture, Evans is the acknowledged master.

"Thad has a traditional band in a sense," Evans said. "I guess you could call it a dance-band format in a way, at least in the instrumentation sense. But he transcends the instrumentation."

Evans said he would like to hear more of Gerald Wilson's band, too, as well as of others and was apologetic for not being able to bring more of them to mind ("I'll probably forget to mention the most important ones—how can I not have mentioned Duke Ellington?").

In general, speaking as an arranger and orchestrator, which is what he is primarily, Evans says the condition of music today is better than it ever has been—instrumentally, vocally, rhythmically, in many ways. And he doesn't mean just in the standards of musicianship, but rather in the sense of how it affects the total organism . . . the body and the mind.

"My mind and body feel very good when I hear the music that is being played now," he said. "Naturally, it has the same ratio of oversell and limitations that music has always had, but without bothering to take that into consideration, I'd say that the basic healthy part of the music is thriving as it never did before.

"There is an old saying . . . I think it was George Bernard Shaw who said, 'I am better than you are, because I was born after you.'

"I see this happening all the time. Things are just there, and you observe them and take so much for granted. Like, we took one of our babies out for a ride in Bel Air, and all of a sudden in one of the estates there was an orange grove, and we said, 'Oranges!, and he looked up and said something—but it had nothing to do with the fact that an orange grows on a tree. So much of the music we like is there, just like salt in the sea. Young musicians come along, and if you ever pinned them down to point something out they'd say, 'Of course, but so what?' "

Evans' reference to the "better-than-you-are" adage has relevance in today's jazz. So many listeners talk as if the history of the music began with Ornette Coleman. But somehow what preceded it still gets through to them—because, among other reasons, what preceded it is in Ornette Coleman too.

What Gil Evans has learned by listening and doing is all indispensable in his creativity. The next album with Davis can be expected to reveal new insights, for no matter how little he writes, Evans continues to evolve emotionally, and every step in his development is sure to be discernible in the music.

His major problem, as it has been for many years, seems to be incentive. The logical situation for a writer of his caliber would be some kind of fellowship. At one point, Evans applied for a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation.

"I wanted to write two compositions for what I called a symphonic jazz orchestra," he said. "The symphonic part was to be pitched toward the academic, oriented toward Western European classical music.

"I called it a request for a grant to write symphonic music. Well, you have to have four people whose names you give to the foundation as references. I thought I was very lucky to have the ones I had. I spoke to Duke, and he said, 'I'm with you, baby,' and offered to let me use his name. And I had John Hammond and Gunther Schuller and Harry Partch. Harry Partch told me that is a very academic-minded board that passes on these things. I myself have recommended other people for grants, but nobody I recommended ever got one yet.

"Anyhow, I made the request. I didn't see any *(Continued on page 38)*

AN INTERVIEW WITH BILLY STRAYHORN BY STANLEY DANCE

Billy Strayhorn has been associated with Duke Ellington as pianist, lyricist, arranger, and composer for nearly 30 years. He wrote the Ellington band's theme, *Take the A Train*, and such other important numbers in its recorded repertoire as *Chelsea Bridge, Clementine, After All, Day Dream, Raincheck, Johnny Come Lately, Passion Flower, Boo-Dah, A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing, Balcony Serenade, Snibor, Multicolored Blue, Upper Manhattan Medical Group, Tigress,* and *Absinthe*. He has also collaborated with Ellington on innumerable other compositions, and on longer works like *Such Sweet Thunder* and *The Far East Suite*. Perhaps Strayhorn's best known work, other than *A Train*, is *Lush Life*.

This interview took place while he was recuperating after a serious operation.

Dance: Let's begin by talking about what inspires musical composition.

Strayhorn: The kinds of things that provide inspiration are always those that nobody—by which I mean the public—ever considers. The public always considers that people who are inspired go off in a fine frenzy, tear their hair and all that business, and then come up with the *Fifth Symphony*.

Actually, inspiration comes from the simplest kind of thing, like watching a bird fly. That's only the beginning. Then the work begins. Then you have to sit down and work, and it's *hard*.

You get the inspiration, and it's only in your mind—a thought—but realizing the inspiration is work. You can't *tell* a musician a thought. You've got to elucidate, to put it on paper, *and* to communicate at the same time, which is the difficulty. If you could do it the way you did it in your mind, if you could just sit and think, and think it to him . . . everything would be peaches and cream. But you've got to put it on paper and preserve the freshness and spontaneity that you had in your mind.

Translation, that's what it is. You have to translate it on to paper in such a way that he can reproduce what you thought.

Dance: He translates it back into sound?

Strayhorn: Yes, but it doesn't happen too often. The skill in arranging is how well you can put this down and have it come back. It's much the same for musicians, painters, and writers. Their work is cut out for them—how to communicate. They have to communicate to a person what they want him to hear, see, read. It's the hardest thing in the world.

Dance: I imagine it's harder to write for an anonymous musician than for one you know, as in the case of those in the Ellington band.

Strayhorn: Well, it's hard even for one you know, because it's you who are saying something—or you *should* be saying something!—and he has to interpret it. So you have to get this over to him before you can get to the public.

No, I don't really think it's easier with someone you know than with someone you don't, although it may affect your original direction. You have someone like Clark Terry, whom you know. You know his sound, and you know how he plays, so you write something you think fits him, but that's not *you*.

You really need to write something that fits his sound and is *your* sound, too—a combination of what you do and what he does. That's what he also wants, because he can sit and play all night what *he* plays. He is an artist, and like all artists he wants to do new things.

Dance: In the case of the ballad-type material you write for Johnny Hodges, aren't you affected by the knowledge of how he plays?

Strayhorn: "He would make this sound pretty" is what you say to yourself. When you get into it, when you write it, there may be some awkward technical aspect that he will point out to you, as concerning his performance. You don't want *that*. It's like a suit of clothes. You want it to fit. You don't want it to be baggy anywhere.

I'm not a saxophone player. If he says, "This is awkward here. This is an awkward position of notes," then you say, "Is it truly? Is it impossible?" If he keeps trying it, and it is impossible, you say, "Well, all right, I'll change it."

Dance: Are we overlooking a division as between the composer and the arranger who envisages the treatment of the number? Or do you simultaneously conceive composition and arrangement?

Strayhorn: I suppose. . . . I don't really know. I don't really think of it. You get your ideas together and then you define the form. You have to nail the ideas down first. Then you get the formula—how long, what key, the technical details.

Dance: I think what I've had in mind so far have been original compositions. Where does the inspiration come from for approaching pop tunes, *Mary Poppins* or *Rhapsody in Blue*?

Strayhorn: From your own sense of what to do. It's more a matter of morality than technique. You should say, "I wouldn't treat *this* any less carefully than I would *that*." You treat them equally. I put the same effort into whatever I do. I try to do the best I can.

Dance: Well, numbers vary in quality.

Strayhorn: They differ—not so much in quality as in *variety*. You have a simple tune here, a more complicated one there, or a folk tune. That's variation, and it has nothing to do with quality. Or that's how I like to think about it. If I'm working on a tune, I don't want to *think* it's bad. It's just a tune, and I have to work with it. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad.

Dance: I am always a bit amazed by the musicians who go around relishing challenges. It has always seemed to me that you get enough challenges in life without seeking them out.

Strayhorn: (Laughs) Well, an arranger is faced with arranging, and he's supposed to come through, to arrange *anything* according to what his style or talent is.

Dance: As compared with pop tunes and band themes, when you do something like *The Far East Suite*. . . .

Strayhorn: That's composition.

Dance: Yes, but it doesn't seem to me that there is quite the same element of challenge there, because there is the stimulus to the imagination of what was wholly new to you on the State Department tour.

Strayhorn: There's challenge, too, because you're still translating. You still have to say something, whether you're doing pop tunes, *Mary Poppins*, or anything else. You have to say *what* you feel about *this* tune to the people, so that when they hear it they say, "I know that's Duke Ellington. I know that sound—it's distinct and different from anybody else's."

Dance: Several critics thought it regrettable that the Ellington band was employed on pop tunes and band themes. They felt it should play more—or only—original material. How do you feel about that?

Strayhorn: I feel it's not right for an artist to turn his back on a simple melody just because it's not a great suite or something or other. After all, Horowitz plays *Traumerei* beautifully, and why shouldn't he?

Why shouldn't you play a simple melody? It's a matter of being humble. All artists are humble. All *great* artists are humble. The ones who're not are not great artists.

When a little kid comes up and says, "Play, *O, Say, Can't You See*," you play it. That does not mean that you have to play it the way thousands of other people have played it. You can give it your own individuality. But don't look *down* on these things, because if you look down, that's the end of you, your integrity, and everything. It's snobbery.

Dance: I think there's a certain amount of split thinking involved in that attitude too. The same people who have the highest regard for you and Duke as arrangers are critical when you apply your gifts as arrangers to material other than your own.

Strayhorn: It's because they don't hear.

Dance: I think it's also a preconceived attitude, a kind of snobbery, as you said.

Strayhorn: But they don't actually listen.

Dance: If that Beatles tune dressed in jungle colors had been issued as an original. . . .

Strayhorn: And it's a beautiful tune. The Beatles have done several excellent things, and we were very happy to do them. Excellent is excellent wherever you find it.

It doesn't matter who did it or what the circumstances are. I don't mean that as a total endorsement, because I haven't liked everything they've done.

Dance: What about the *Peer Gynt Suite* and *The Nutcracker Suite*?

Strayhorn: Well, those. . . . That was a difficult period. It took us quite a bit of time to consider how we were going to do them. The actual writing was nothing. You could do that overnight. It was the preparation that was tremendous.

In both cases, we had to consider the composers. They're not dead. They're alive, and that's *their* music, and we didn't want to offend them. Arriving at the treatment we gave them was agonizing.

The Tchaikovsky took six months. We went through it and played those pieces over and over again. We listened to them and talked about them. I flew to California and *back*. But after we decided what to use and what not to use and how to treat it—then you could sit down and do it in a day.

Dance: And *Such Sweet Thunder*?

a matter of INSPIRATION & INTERPRETATION

Strayhorn: It was the same thing. We read all of Shakespeare!

Dance: But you had no musical material to work on.

Strayhorn: No, but it was the same really, because we had to interpret what he said, just as we had to interpret what Tchaikovsky was saying. The only difference with Shakespeare was that we had to interpret his words. It took about the same amount of time, too—about six months. We had all those books we used to carry around, and all those people all over the U.S. we used to see and talk to.

Dance: Have you any new work in progress?

Strayhorn: Yes, two or three pieces, but they're not really in even the discussing stage. They're nameless, and they're mostly in my head.

Dance: Do the titles come first or afterwards?

Strayhorn: They come at various times, and they usually come out of the situation or from what you're working with.

Dance: I asked you once about *Clementine* and *After All* when I was writing a liner note, and your attitude toward titles seemed pretty casual.

Strayhorn: Actually, I think titles are very significant. They're kind of psychological. *After All* fits the first three notes, and you often get something that fits almost subconsciously. But then you have another case like *Lush Life*, which never had a title, even when the lyrics were written. How I happened to call it *Lush Life* was because that was the line everybody remembered.

Dance: Did you write music or lyrics first?

Strayhorn: When I write lyrics, I write music and lyrics together. Because, you know, you have to bend them. Or I do. And not at the piano, but when I'm walking along the street. That's the time to polish off a phrase, when you're walking, and it sings well, naturally.

First of all, of course, you have to have an idea, and then you go from there and build.

Dance: Where did *Take the A Train* get its title?

Strayhorn: That's another thing. I'll tell you what I was trying to do—the original idea of *A Train*. I was always a great fan of Fletcher Henderson's. He wrote so many wonderful arrangements. One day, I was thinking about his style, the way he wrote for trumpets, trombones, and saxophones, and I thought I would try something like that.

Now, this was a case of a combination of circumstances. At the end of 1940, there was the fight between ASCAP and radio, and at the beginning of 1941 all ASCAP music was off the air. When we opened at the Casa Mañana, the 3rd of January, 1941, we had air time every night but could not play our library. We had to play non-ASCAP material. Duke was in ASCAP, but I wasn't. So we had to write a new library, and *A Train* was one of the numbers.

The reason we gave it that title was because they were building the Sixth Ave. subway at that time, and they added new trains, including the D Train, which came up to Harlem, to 145th St., and then turned off and went to the Bronx, but the A Train kept straight on up to 200-and-something St. People got confused. They'd take the D Train, and it would go to Harlem and 145th St., but the next stop would be on Eighth Ave. under the Polo Grounds, and the one after that would be in the Bronx. So I said I was writing directions—take the A Train to Sugar Hill. The D Train was really messing up everybody. I heard so many times about housewives who ended up in the Bronx and had to turn around and come back.

Dance: *Raincheck* was the same year, wasn't it?

Strayhorn: That was about rain, about being in California in January, February, March. . . . It was raining, and I was sitting at home in Los Angeles and writing. . . .

Dance: How far back did your interest in Fletcher Henderson go? Had you always been interested in jazz?

Strayhorn: No, I started out studying the Three B's—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Then one day I heard Ellington! The first time I heard Fletcher Henderson's arrangements was with Benny Goodman, but I had heard of him before that. I knew of him, but I didn't hear his band when he had people like Coleman Hawkins in it. I missed his heyday.

My most vivid memory of hearing Duke was when he came to Pittsburgh right after he had done *Murder at the Vanities* in 1934. He played a theater, and he did *Ebony Rhapsody*, and that kind of shook me.

I got over my fears and went backstage to see him. I didn't have anything to say, and I just stood there with my mouth open. Then he came back and played a dance. By this time I was hooked, so I went, and I stood there all evening, right in front, right by the piano. He played. He played everything, including *Ebony Rhapsody*, and I was *lost*. When he came again, five years later, I went to see him about working, and then, of course, I came here, to New York.

Dance: Had you intended becoming a professional musician?

Strayhorn: While I was in Pittsburgh. I had worked around, played gigs, but I didn't consider myself good enough, so I hadn't decided what to do. As a teenager, I had another job, and I never considered making music my living—it was an avocation, not a vocation. The money I got for gigs I regarded as just play money and thought no more about it.

Dance: Had you any experience of arranging?

Strayhorn: Only a little. I had done a couple of things, but I had never thought about being an arranger. I hardly knew what an arranger was, but I had a friend in Pittsburgh named Bill Esch, and he *was* an arranger. In fact, he and I came to New York together. He worked for Ina Ray Hutton, and he was a great help to me. We discussed music and everything together.

Even so, I wasn't particularly desirous of becoming an arranger. I came to New York because Duke liked my lyrics, but after I joined the band, I was completely turned around, and I went to arranging and playing the piano.

Dance: How did you develop your skills?

Strayhorn: More or less, you might say, by necessity. Of course, Duke is a great teacher, but not in the sense that he sits down and says, "Now you do so and so." He'll hand you something and say, "Do this!" And you have such faith in him that you sit down and do it!

You find out that you can. db

THE YOUNGEST 40-YEAR-OLD

BY VALERIE WILMER

THE ESSENTIALLY CHEERFUL Tom McIntosh—at 40 still new enough in the music business to be regarded as a "young" composer-arranger—wrote his first original for a James Moody session. *Malice toward None* it was called because of its restful quality, but it also neatly outlines the way McIntosh has adapted a sensitive personality to the rigors of life in the record industry in the '60s.

The Baltimore-born trombonist says he still feels like a youngster in the jazz writing game, albeit a wise one. He is no shrinking violet, but he is a long way from being a hustler. This, with his relatively late arrival on the jazz scene, probably accounts for his lack of recognition by all but a handful of discerning fellow musicians.

McIntosh can write, as the example of *Something Old, Something New*, performed by Dizzy Gillespie, will testify.

The Army took up most of his adult life until he was 28, and it takes fortitude to embark on a new career in jazz so late in the day.

"My whole musical experience has been like I'm running after a train and just missing it at every stop," he said with a sad smile. McIntosh was referring to a couple of abortive efforts with Count Basie and Charlie Mingus and a delayed understanding of the demands of jazz writing that resulted from a hasty enrollment at Juilliard as soon as he left the Army.

"It was," maintained McIntosh, "a mistake in some ways. The nice thing was that while I didn't go in for composition, playing in the orchestra gave me a chance to experience composition at first hand, and I really enjoyed it. I thought, 'What a nice feeling that must be to co-ordinate music for lots of people and have it really represent something in your own mind.' "

In his first professional job, with the Buddy Johnson Band, he began to realize that the jazz life consisted of a great deal more than the actual music. After a series of gigs, he was fortunate enough to spend a while with the group led by reed man Moody, whose gift for encouraging unknown talent gave McIntosh what he describes as his best break.

He asked Moody to try out an arrangement he had written of a Gillespie composition. "I did it knowing of his previous association with Diz," McIntosh explained. "Moody's a very likable man and always trying to help, and he said, 'Hey, man, I like that. Write me another one like it.'

"I was experimenting at the time. I really didn't know anything about orchestration or composition. I was just doing it intuitively from records and from my experience in school. So when Moody had a record date and asked me to write something, I said, 'I can't write an original tune!' And he said, 'Yes you can—just put some of those arrangements together.' "

The tune turned out to be *Malice toward None*, and McIntosh was launched as a writer whose reputation was gradually to flower—among musicians.

"After a while, though, I discovered that composing was something completely different from orchestration," he said. "I couldn't understand why other musicians seemed to like some of my tunes. They would ask me to come in as a writer on the date—not too often but once in a while—and I couldn't understand why I was having such difficulty expressing what I thought was a good composition."

"I wasn't able to communicate my feelings for the composition in the orchestration," he explained. "I wasn't aware of that at the time, but then I began to notice that other writers didn't have this particular problem. I could even detect that there were some guys whose compositions I didn't like at all but whose orchestration was something delightful to listen to.

"So I started doing something about it. I got books and what-have-you, and just recently I've been doing a lot of studying."

After spending a year and a half with Moody, McIntosh moved on to the Jazztet, where he learned a lot more about writing from the group's co-leaders, tenorist Benny Golson and trumpeter Art Farmer. They are, the trombonist explained, two of his favorite musicians and "it was a little different type of situation. It wasn't as loose as with Moody, but there were other things to be derived from it. With Art and Benny you really have to take care of business on many levels.

"I first played music in the Army, and there was a kind of thing that I grew up with there: if your expression was honest and you were to some extent accurate with the time, that was sufficient. But with Benny and Art the standards are extremely high. They wanted the parts played accurately, and while I'd had some experience with that in Juilliard, I didn't think it that important in jazz. I soon found out that if somebody has written a part, it's supposed to be played."

The Jazztet recorded a number of McIntosh's compositions before he went back to Moody.

"This was very enjoyable," he said of his return. "Moody kind of turned over the whole musical assignment to me. We worked very hard together."

Although McIntosh was writing for a few records dates at the same time, he soon found that the fickle ways of music business were affecting his well-being.

"It seemed as though the whole 'name' concept was falling apart," he said. "People's names didn't seem to matter that much any more, and success depended on them grabbing a current hit. Moody wasn't really as successful as I thought he should have been, although he was playing better than ever. He's one of the most exciting tenor players there is, and he really generates spontaneity, that here-and-now thing that's so neccessary to jazz. He's aggressive in his playing, though not in his personality."

Possibly because he was older than most people with the same amount of experience, McIntosh was still learning the hard way about writing and the record industry.

"This is," he said, "a very funny busiess. You can't afford to make any mistakes. My advice to any young writer is to make sure that he understands orchestration as well as composition before he actually starts orchestrating for public consumption. The record people will always hold it against you if you make a mistake."

He cited a recent personal setback to substantiate this generalization: "I'd just got an assignment for one of Moody's dates but only because he wrestled severely with the person in charge. The guy remembered that I did a couple of assignments where I produced two tunes for a record date and they weren't clearly orchestrated, partially because I wasn't that familiar with the tunes and also because it was done in a hurry."

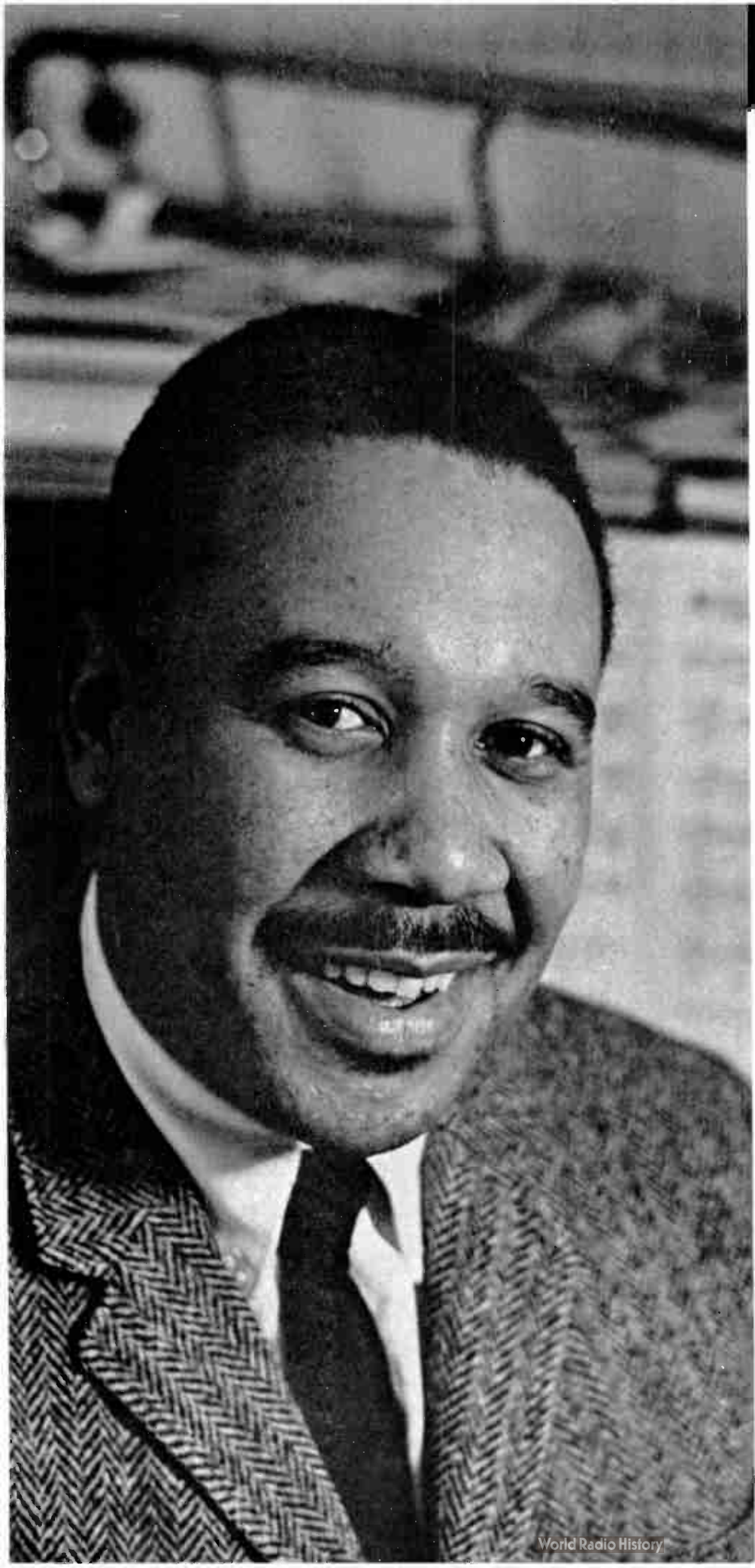
He smiled. "I was a very young arranger."

When Moody broke up his band to rejoin Gillespie, McIntosh found himself gradually becoming more and more discouraged.

"By this time I had really found myself and knew what I represented and exactly how I wanted to grow," he explained. "But it seemed as though I wasn't going to be getting an opportunity because I'm interested in subtlety —not for its own sake, but that's the way it comes out—and I think of relationships that require a lot more thought than what is current. The record companies seem only interested in hits."

McIntosh is aware that this situation still prevails, and he showed disgust and regret as he passed on to another topic of annoyance.

"Here I am, a musician," he declared. "I've had the soul roots or whatever you want to call it, and I've also had the training in classical instrumentation.



VALERIE WILMER

IN JAZZ

I feel close to both. If I want to express myself truly, I don't feel that the classical side should say, 'you can't do this' or 'this isn't valid because it has a so-and-so influence,' and it is equally wrong for the jazz side to say, 'you can't express that in that way.' When Moody disbanded, I put up my horn and was all set to get a day job. . . . There just seems to be little opportunity for honest expression when you get involved in the record industry.

"When it comes to real creative effort, they feel that should take care of itself. They won't make any effort to support it in any way. In fact, if it doesn't reap huge dividends immediately, they don't want to know."

It was, ironically, out of this feeling of despair following his departure from Moody that McIntosh initially conceived his major project to date—a semi-symphonic work for orchestra, small jazz group, chorus, and narrator. The work attempts to resolve in musical terms the racial problems facing the world today, and it may prove the key to his wider recognition.

An intense belief in the Bible and a natural admiration for the Gospel form in music brought an album of spirituals to McIntosh's notice, and he recalled, "On the liner I saw this statement: 'You may search the entire collection of Afro-American religious folksongs, which number in the hundreds, and you will not find one word of hate or malice anywhere expressed in them.' "

It was the same kind of resolution that McIntosh was seeking, and he became preoccupied with the idea of writing a symphonic work, loosely in the Gospel idiom and based on *Great Day*, another number he wrote for Moody.

"I knew that kids today are essentially dancing to rhythms that came out of this music," he explained, "but it also dawned on me how the whole picture has changed. How an expression that started as honest and was direct communication—and not motivated by what it was going to be worth to anybody—had been turned around. Today a kid can come along with hardly any musical training and knowing what the market is demanding contribute this and become an overnight success.

"But the words, the content, have to do with things like 'I'm gonna take these boots and step all over you'—things of viciousness and what-have-you. I'm not saying that all of the music is bad, because there are some excellent things, but this kind of disturbed me.

"At the same time, I'm aware of all the racial talk that's going on in jazz circles, while at the same time it's being heightened all around the country and all over the *(Continued on page 39)*

CHICO O'FARRILL is a man for all musical seasonings. He has become this deliberately, with fulfillment aforethought. Arranger O'Farrill doesn't want to be a limited musician—limited, for instance, to writing for Count Basie, which he does now. His idea of the ideal arranger, he says, is one who can write for television, for a movie, for Basie or a commercial dance band, and even write for a symphony orchestra.

"Writing for Count Basie has been an experience that I can say I have looked forward to all my life," he said recently. "I have followed this band since the early Kansas City days, and so closely that to my mind writing for Basie is no longer business, but a labor of love."

Nonetheless, O'Farrill contends that if he wrote only for Basie and the jazz field, he would consider himself a limited musician.

He hasn't always felt this way, but in evolving a broader approach to music over the years, he thinks he has become "less of a jazz fan than I used to be—for practical reasons."

In so doing he has learned to respect anything that is well done, that is musically valid, "whether it is Bix or Dizzy or whatever it is." Back in the days when he was first and last a jazz fan, he says, there were many types of music he didn't know how to cope with, but today, by virtue of technical ability, this has changed, and he has enlarged his scope of admiration to include the New York Philharmonic's Leonard Bernstein:

"You might consider," he said, "that Bernstein spreads himself too thin. He's a pianist, a composer, a conductor, he writes Broadway shows, this, that, and the other thing. But whether you praise or damn him, you can't deny he is equally skilled in everything he undertakes. I admire that."

"Not everyone can be that way, though," he said, referring to Gil Evans and George Russell. "These people are really masters. I take it that they won't accept or even consider any kind of work other than what they do best. George, for instance, is a writer I respect very much. I used to see quite a lot of him, and we were around together when the bebop movement started. That was when he wrote his *Cubana-Be* and *Cubana-Bop*. I believe George has refused to accept any kind of standards lower than those he set for himself. He felt he was being improperly recognized here, and he left for Sweden. But I think that with George's ability, if he had just given himself more liberty to expand, he might be enjoying life more, be living more fully. Maybe you could say he has been a prisoner of his own standards."

Having spoken firmly for the artist of many talents, O'Farrill next considered the role of the idealist:

"They appear in every walk of life. We have to have them. They are catalysts. . . . If George feels there is no other way for him to live, then very likely he is happy. But output is small for musicians like that. It would be disastrous for me. I have to have deadlines."

O'Farrill is the type of musician who responds to a challenge. Born in Havana of Cuban stock—his Irish lineage derived from an adventurous grandparent with an affinity for the Latin American climate—O'Farrill came to the United States when he was 15. His father enrolled him in Riverside Military Academy in Gainesville, Ga., and there, besides soldiering, he developed some skills as a musician.

"They had a marching band, a concert band, and a dance orchestra, and I played in all three," he recalled.

"At that time Artie Shaw was big, and the Dorsey Brothers, and Bunny Berigan. The Berigan solo on *Marie* impressed me immeasurably. That's how I happened to pick up the trumpet."

He was still at school when he made his first arrangement. Being able to play a little piano, he confessed, helped him copy *Tuxedo Junction* off a record. However, music was not intended to be his career. His father was a lawyer, employed by the government, and all his family were in professional fields. There were no musicians among them, and his family didn't intend him to establish a precedent. After the academy, he was returned to the University of Havana to study law.

"But I couldn't concentrate," he recalled. "I was sneaking out every night, playing with little pickup bands around town."

A year passed, and O'Farrill had an offer from Rene Touzet, a musician and composer with a band at the Montmartre, a Havana night club.

"To listen to the family, you would have thought the world had come to an end," O'Farrill said. "Finally we made an agreement. I agreed to go to law school another year, and they agreed I could play the Montmartre. You know what happened. After three or four months, my father gave up. 'Look, there's nothing I can do with you,' he said. 'You want to be a musician? All right, but *please*—be a good one!' "

Chico began studying with a harmony and theory teacher, who grounded him in classical music. He always had a sense of discipline where study was concerned. "Even backstage, I used to study," he said, "when other musicians went out to jam."

He felt that maximum technical musical knowledge was needed in order to qualify for any type of demand made of him.

In 1941 he was playing in a club called Sans Souci with a local big band consisting of three trumpets, two trombones, four saxophones, and rhythm. The band played stock arrangements and a few specialties, and then O'Farrill began to write for it. His arrangements made a hit, and soon it was apparent he had to make a choice of career. He felt that if he kept up both, he never could excel either as an instrumentalist or arranger.

"I laid the horn down," he said. "I've picked it up again, at different times—in Mexico City, when I had my own band, for instance. But it's never bothered me that much. Writing is what I have always really wanted."

Oddly, for a long time O'Farrill's musical development included no Cuban music. In all the clubs in Havana, it was the jazz band playing in North American style that was featured, and only the *conjuntos* played Cuban music.

"I was always jazz-oriented," he explained, "and never even used to listen to the other guys, with their seven and eight pieces. Once in a while I'd hear a

good conga drummer and think, 'they're swinging,' and wonder why they didn't try with the horns too. I'd wonder why they weren't influenced by all the jazz they heard.

"But in the end, that's what happened. They were. I truly believe jazz ended up influencing Cuban music more than Cuban music influenced jazz."

It took time, though, he explained, a surprisingly long time, probably because of prejudice on the part of composers, and even players, of Cuban music, who contended it was something special, sacred, must never be altered. To the old-guard musicians, O'Farrill was an enfant terrible. He would involve them all in those weird, crazy harmonies. In traditional circles, Cuban music even now is thought of as very simple, with a sound that O'Farrill admits has a certain flavor but that he finds dull in every sense.

"The kind of music that you hear around here, like the Latin American music of Machito, for instance," he pointed out, "is so far advanced compared to the original that you wouldn't believe it. And finally people have begun to accept it down there as part of a development that couldn't be stopped."

It wasn't the rhythm sections that were dull; it was the rhythmic formations used, the same type of figure repeating itself ad infinitum. At first the *conjuntos* were one trumpet, two guitars, one bass that was like a marimba, and a lot of rhythm. Then it became two trumpets. Now it's not considered anything unless there are four—working in close harmony.

"And right now," O'Farrill said, "the flavor and bite of Cuban trumpets combined with the orchestral finesse and sophistication innate in jazz can create something pretty heady."

It was 1947 before he himself wrote any music with a Cuban flavor. By then, he said, he'd become impressed by Dizzy Gillespie's approach on pieces like *Things to Come*. He discovered a lot of devices could be applied to Cuban forms, injecting excitement into what he had always considered a stagnant music.

"Dizzy was very important in this," he said. "He always had this feeling, even way back in the '30s. Mario Bauza, who left Chick Webb to go with Machito, was his good friend. They worked together in Cab's band, and Dizzy was always asking Mario about different Cuban rhythmic routines. In this he was unique. It didn't happen overnight, either. He was doing it a long time before it paid off for him.

"For him it was like walking. For others it was, and still is, difficult to feel at home with that background."

Shortly after World War II, O'Farrill went to Europe with a show band. "I thought I ought to see something of the world," he explained. "But the traveling was so constant, I didn't have time to do any investigating. We played several weeks in Sweden, in Norway and Denmark, then the usual tour of France, Italy. . . . Finally we were headed for North Africa, and I said, 'I quit. I've had enough. I'm going back.' "

Returned to Havana, two more years elapsed as O'Farrill continued to arrange, thinking, meanwhile, that the only place he could really develop would be in the United States. What crystallized his determination was the fate of an excellent and well-financed group with which he was working at the Montmartre.

"Money was no object," he said. "I was writing whatever way-out arrangements I wanted, and we were playing like mad. I don't know if the public liked it—but *we* liked it! Then all of a sudden, the place folded. To this day I don't know why. And I thought: 'If this band can't make it, what's the use?' "

It was 1948. It was now or never. He

got a visa, went to New York, saw some jazz musicians ("you gravitated toward your own kind of people"), among them Tony Scott, Stan Hasselgard, and Dizzy Gillespie.

"Little by little, people got used to you," O'Farrill said, "and you talked about jazz. 'Jazz,' people said. 'This crazy Cuban. What does he know about jazz?' "

In a short time there was work to do for Noro Morales. And then he was writing for the Gil Fuller office. Certain things he did pleased Hasselgard, who was Benny Goodman's protege.

" 'I'm going to recommend you to him,' he told me. And I said, 'What!' "

A week later, O'Farrill took his arrangement of *Undercurrent Blues* to one of Goodman's rehearsals, and Goodman liked it.

"I got a big kick out of that rebop band," O'Farrill declared. "It lasted only a year, but they were great musicians. Possibly Benny was trying to keep up with the times—he may not have felt too comfortable. Whatever the reason, he didn't pursue it long.

"We got along fine. Only one time did he say anything. Right then it was my ambition to write for Stan Kenton. He was my hero—the one man enough of an inconoclast to tear down all conventions and still come up with an idea that was really on time. With that kind of inspiration, I came in one night to Benny with an arrangement of *Goodnight, Sweetheart*, and way-out was the word.

"Benny turned and said, 'What is this, Chico? You giving us harmony lessons?'

"So, that's when I said, 'Okay—back to *King Porter Stomp*.' "

After Goodman, O'Farrill's ambition was fulfilled—a chance to write for Kenton and his 40-piece orchestra. In *Cuban Episode* he wrote for strings for the first time. Afterwards, more or less along the same lines, he put something together for record-producer Norman Granz, using the Machito orchestra with saxophonists Flip Phillips and Charlie Parker and drummer Buddy Rich. This was *The Cuban Suite*. Granz claimed it was one of the first attempts to fuse jazz into an authentic Cuban setting.

It was now 1950, and Granz liked O'Farrill's ideas so well that he suggested he record under his own name for his company, which O'Farrill did for about four years and 40 or 50 sides. The records were by big bands but not of the extended works the arranger had planned.

"I guess Norman was looking for commercial successes," O'Farrill said. "What I should have done, but didn't, was start at a point and build up over a period of time to something specifically recognizable, something commercial. Instead I had a ball. Here came a man who said: 'Help yourself. Get nine brass, five saxes, woodwinds, rhythm. *Write what you want*. I'll pay the bills.' This was a dream—Midas saying, 'Help yourself to money!'

"And yet it didn't turn out to be money. But it was a time to grow. I experimented to my heart's content. That was when I began what some people called 'attacking' Cuban music. I did all sorts of things which at the time were considered very new as far as Afro-Cuban jazz was concerned. I did *Peanut Vendor*, for instance, and based on jazz sources wrote something really outlandish.

"I didn't approach it from the point of view of a string of soloists blowing the blues over a Latin rhythm section. As a matter of fact, I hardly ever used any soloists in my records. In general, it was big-band Afro-Cuban jazz, with emphasis on ensemble playing. I guess it was really an arranger's band."

At the end of 1955, O'Farrill said, he and Granz no longer saw eye to eye. Still bound by his original contract, O'Farrill said he had realized little financially, and Granz, who wanted flag-wavers, was not content either. O'Farrill felt optimistic when out of the blue came an offer he considered the chance of a lifetime. Capitol records proposed building him as competition for Perez Prado, who was big at that time. He envisioned a great future, according to

O'Farrill, but Granz refused to let him go, contending that what he could offer was equally good.

This was a blow for which O'Farrill was unprepared. The year 1955 was hard on big bands. His group played Birdland, the Blue Note, the Apollo, the usual circuit. But work was scarce, and leaders endured headaches that increased daily. He became deeply discouraged, so much so, he recalled, that when Granz proposed a fantastic plan, all O'Farrill could say was no.

Granz came to him and said something like, "Chico, why don't we forget all these problems? Look—why don't you get yourself the five greatest trumpet players in the United States . . . get Maynard, Dizzy, Thad . . . I'll pay for it. Let's do the most way-out trumpet battle, with a 40-piece orchestra. . . . *Do anything you want!*"

Looking back on this, O'Farrill said, "If somebody told me something like this today, I'd say, 'When do we start?' But at that time I told Norman, 'I can't do anything any more. I don't want to write.'

"I guess you could call it a moment of panic. I went back to Havana instead."

That was the year he got married. He met his wife-to-be in Los Angeles, and she went home to Mexico City when he went to Havana. Eight months later, O'Farrill was in Mexico City requesting her hand, seeking the approval of her parents and his own—the classic thing, he calls it.

"We returned to Havana together, and that was when the city was loaded with night life," he said. "The Vegas clubs were nothing compared to what went on down there. I got work right away, for there was plenty of arranging to do. My family bought us a farm to live on, and we settled down into a comfortable groove. I was suddenly in demand and making good money. And there was no pressure."

At last, his family thought, their adventurous son had outgrown his restlessness. Now he would be prosperous, a respectable local citizen like the O'Farrills before him.

"But still there persisted," O'Farrill explained with a smile, "that same old dissatisfaction with sounds. I wanted to write for big bands again. Before very long, I started to think about Mexico. There was more going on there.

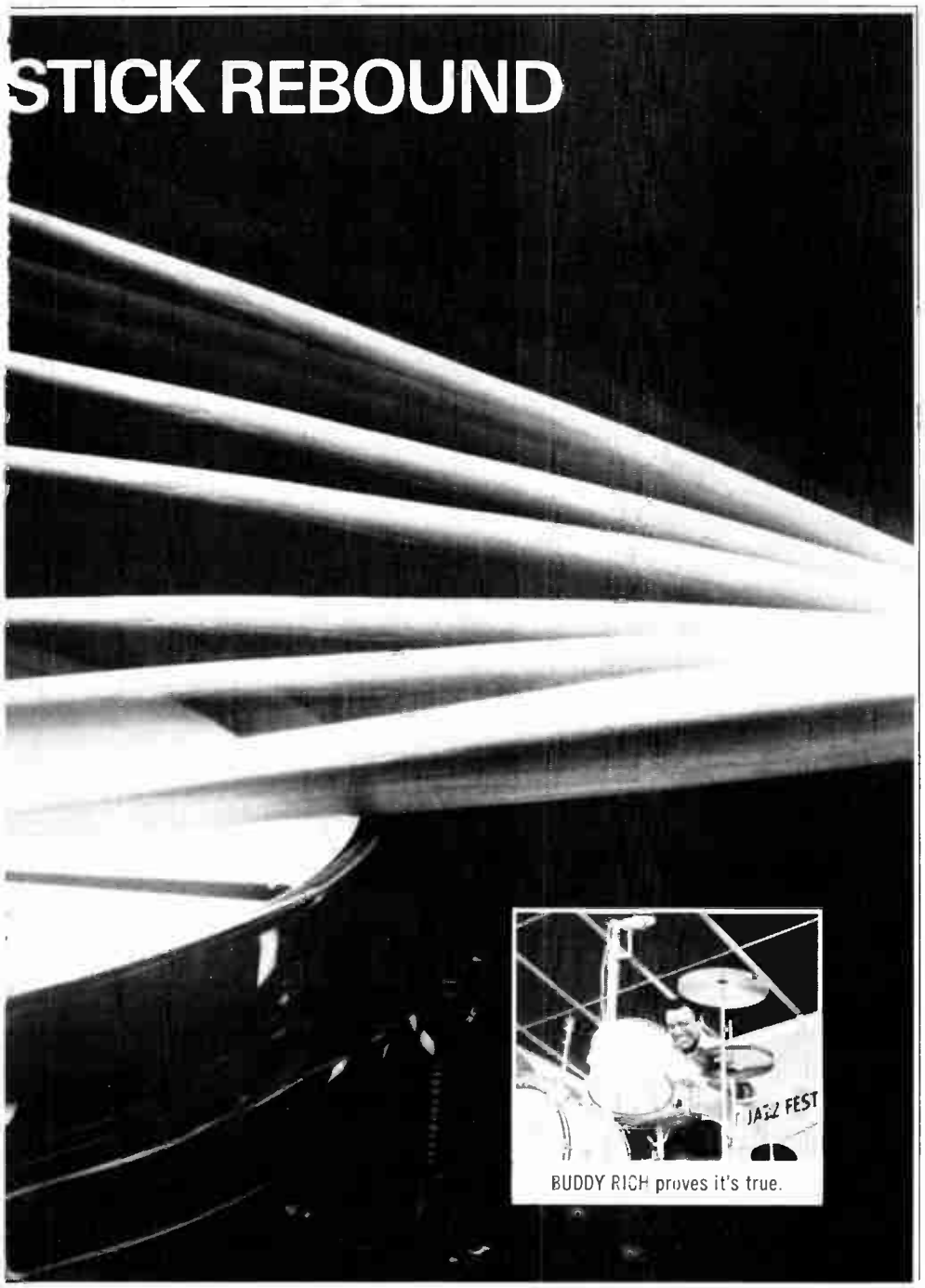
"I moved again and settled in Mexico City. There I organized a regular orchestra and signed an RCA contract. Mexico has some funny laws regarding foreigners starting out. The band was called the Chico O'Farrill y El Arabe Orchestra, and El Arabe was a tenor saxophone player and arranger, a very good musician. But he had become completely stagnant there. In the U.S. he could have developed a first-rate talent."

This sharing of bands was necessary in Mexico. It was one of the laws—a union ruling. There was much that other rules prevented O'Farrill from doing, and always present was a union delegate to see that he did not abuse the workers.

He said he could never freely select his orchestra for recording purposes. He might send in a list saying who he wanted but would be lucky if he got even one of these men. The union didn't even phone and ask whom he'd like as a substitute, O'Farrill said. They sent one, and he had no say about it.

From the moment he arrived, the musicians had accorded him a great reception, and when he finally got his own orchestra, he was soon accepting offers from the highest level. He began to think he could be happy. For three or four years it seemed as though he was, at last, realizing a dream. He had his own two bands to write for now, one for dance dates and the other for more ambitious events. At the Palace of Fine Arts he gave two concerts of his extended works. He wrote a symphony, too, but this has yet to be performed.

For some years he was content with the choicest opportunities the capital offered. Then he perceived the musical arena gradually diminishing. The mayor began a clean-up campaign. Night clubs were being summarily closed by 10 p.m. Money grew *(Continued on page 38)*



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RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

John Coltrane

COLTRANE LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD AGAIN!—Impulse 9124: *Naima; My Favorite Things.*

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor and soprano saxophones, bass clarinet; Pharaoh Sanders, tenor saxophone, flute; Alice Coltrane, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Rashied Ali, Emanuel Rahim, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

A few years ago a conservative critic wrote that Coltrane was pursuing what he, the writer, thought was a dangerous course. He felt that the saxophonist, in opting for totally expressive playing of the type with which he's been involved these last few years, was running the risk of excluding —and possibly alienating as well—listeners from full participation in the musical experience. By allowing his music to become so totally personal, Coltrane, it was reasoned, was denying listeners access to vast areas of experience and expression.

If music were as concrete and specific as the critic's remarks implied, the criticism would certainly have been valid (and probably listeners would have stayed away in droves, as the saying has it). What the man overlooked, of course, was the fact that Coltrane and his co-workers were translating what might have been intensely personal—perhaps even specific—feelings or states of mind into abstract musical symbols. And these symbols were then translated into equally personal impressions by each listener, who made of them what he would, who incorporated them into his own unique frame of reference. The music just isn't *that* specific; whatever it is, it's not the emotional program music the critic assumed it to be.

As this and previous recent albums have demonstrated, Coltrane has persisted in his efforts toward total abstraction in his music. Now, in fact, his music is more a release of psychic energy than ever before, an emotional Pandora's box, if you will—with streams of cathartic, even exorcistic statements rushing into the atmosphere to implode on the listener's unconscious with almost physical force. It is tremendously powerful, energetic music, often more ugly and brutal than beautiful but always intense and blindingly honest. There's no shucking and jiving in the Coltrane group, no cliches, no running changes, no treading water until the spirit of inspiration strikes.

Coltrane's is music of total engagement, of relentless questing, a music that is more than anything else the chronicle of a journey to the center of the self, a dissection—often painful—of the psyche in which every nerve is laid bare, every feeling, impulse, and reaction probed mercilessly for what it will reveal. It is not easy or comfortable music by any means.

The listener has to work hard; he has to be prepared to learn some harsh truths—about himself and the condition of man in dehumanized, mechanistic 1967 America. It's corrosive music, true; but it cauterizes as well. Its scalpel cuts through the layers of dead tissue that insulate us from reality and makes us *feel* again, opens us, exposes and sensitizes us to the madness in which most of us live and with which we've learned to live. To the receptive, to those sensitive to the music's message, accommodation to that madness is made no longer possible. The music humanizes, helps to make whole.

The implicit spirtual values of his own music are revealed in Coltrane's remarks about Sanders, who has been an integral member of the Coltrane group for some time now. Sanders, he told annotator Nat Hentoff, "is a man of large spiritual reservoir. He's always trying to reach out to truth. He's trying to allow his spiritual self to be his guide. He's dealing, among other things, in energy, in integrity, in essences."

That characterization serves equally well to describe Coltrane himself, for his whole career has been one long odyssey of truth-seeking, of challenging himself and finding deep reserves of spiritual energy to answer those challenges, of zealously and assiduously refusing to settle into complacency.

"Few players of Coltrane's generation," Don Heckman remarked in this magazine a few months ago, "continue to place such demands on themselves, and the great magic is that he more often than not finds the resources within himself to meet these demands."

The latest episodes in Coltrane's odyssey are charted in this powerful set, recorded at New York's Village Vanguard in May, 1966. The presence of the two drummers, Ali and Rahim, attests to the leader's continuing explorations of rhythmic complexity and freedom. (It should be pointed out, however, that the recording given the percussion is far too weak to permit the listener to follow what is going on all the time.)

Coltrane and Sanders play explosively throughout the set, particularly so in the duet passages that make *My Favorite Things* such an exciting experience. The playing of the two men has been sufficiently described in these pages to make additional comments along these lines unnecessary. But the uncanny, strongly developed rapport between them ought to be remarked upon, and it undoubtedly is the result of their having been able to work together with sufficient frequency. Their joint contrapuntal inprovising on *Things* illuminates this rapport brilliantly, and the passages are among the most exciting on Coltrane records.

But even more subtle than the duet work is the way the two complement each other in their solo sequences. The correspondence between the two men is beautiful. It's difficult, for example, to mark the moment when Coltrane re-enters with his solo after Sanders' improvisation on *Naima*. It simply sounds like one long, well-integrated solo.

This set demonstrates in a meaningful way the continued strength and adventurousness of Coltrane's playing, his thorough commitment to creativity. That he can bring two of the most-requested staples of his repertoire to such fiery life, that he can demonstrate so many new facets of them are the very best illustrations of the total engagement of his approach to music. And Sanders must be acting as goad.

Mention must be made of Garrison's superbly empathetic ensemble playing; his total participation in the music is in no small way responsible for the excitement and rich textures of this music. Garrison's virtuoso introduction to *Things* will doubtless command attention, and deservedly so, but listen to him in ensembles for the very best demonstrations of his unique, extended bass playing.

Mrs. Coltrane's piano support is always

DAVID WILD

Coltrane, Ali, Garrison, Mrs. Coltrane, Sanders

'Tremendously powerful, energetic music . . . intense and blindingly honest.'

firm and appropriate, never overbusy or obtrusive.

If you have ears to hear, if Coltrane speaks to you, this is decidedly a five-star album, for it's all here—the fire, the conviction, the burning honesty, the fervor, the total playing. For less adventurous spirits, however, this music is bound to be tantamount to anarchy; they are advised to steer clear of it if they are unable to accommodate the new music to their preconceptions. —*Welding*

•

Art Blakey

KYOTO—Riverside 493 and 9493: *The High Priest; Never, Never Land; Wellington's Blues; Nihon Bash; Kyoto.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Blakey, drums; Wellington Blakey, vocal.

Rating: ★★★½

Power surges all through this set—open power, restrained power, exuberant power, Blakey power. There is one ballad—*Never*—but the rest is rolling, relentless, and rhythmic.

The ensembles have body and impact, particularly in the crisp, bright, chopping riff of *Priest,* the broad bluster of *Bash,* and even in the one reflective ensemble opportunity, *Never.*

Out of these ensembles, Hubbard rises, winging, soaring, and crackling, scattering lightning wherever he appears. Shorter has a strong, spurting solo on *Kyoto* and a long, wailing one on *Bash,* while Walton adds some fancy dancing on both.

Bash has a particularly blustering rhythm foundation, which is over-recorded to such an extent that it tends to obscure the soloists. *Blues* is a shouter for Wellington Blakey, Art's cousin, who opens with a seductively wobbling vibrato and lifts to an impassioned shout with Hubbard's trumpet cutting through brightly behind him.

Aside from the inclusion of the vocal, it is all just about what you might expect from one of the better Blakey groups, played with competence but without anything that makes it really distinctive.

—*Wilson*

Booker Ervin

SETTING THE PACE—Prestige 7455: *Setting the Pace; Dexter's Deck.*

Personnel: Ervin, Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophones; Jaki Byard, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This LP was cut in Germany while Ervin was touring the Continent. It's in the tradition of the uninhibited duel records Gordon made with Wardell Gray in the '40s.

In fact, Ervin's work is a bit too uninhibited—it could even be described as overfrantic and tasteless in spots. He wails and shouts, but his solos lack melodic substance and do not hang together well. His work isn't a total loss—he swings explosively and plays some nice lines—but it's far from his best.

Gordon, however, performs solidly. His solos are meaty and cohere fairly well. He doesn't play with quite the looseness and rawboned drive that he had in the late '40s, but he still improvises forcefully.

Byard's dissonant, jagged solo on *Pace* is a highlight of the album, as is Workman's spot on *Deck.* Workman's approach is quite interesting; he seems to have synthesized features of the economically percussive and the hornlike bass styles.

The rhythm section performs laudably, though a few of the "far-out" ideas that Byard employs while accompanying Gordon clash with the tenor man's playing.

Dawson's section work is irresistibly strong. It's a shame that this consummate drummer has received almost no attention until very lately. Because of the lack of publicity given him, Dawson is an easy man to overlook, but it seems obvious to me that he deserves to be considered one of the best drummers of this decade.

—*Pekar*

Earl Hines

LIFE WITH FATHA—VSP 35: *St. Louis Blues Boogie Woogie; Tea for Two; Willow, Weep for Me; The Song Is Ended; Satin Doll; Manhattan; Like When the Saints; Rosetta.*

Personnel: Hines, piano; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Carl Pruitt, bass; Bill English, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

This is a truncated reissue of an MGM album made by Hines in early 1960, with the quartet he was then leading at the Embers in New York City. The highlight of that album, a fascinating version of *Love Me or Leave Me,* is not included in this issue, and three other tracks have been eliminated as well.

Seven years ago, the release of a Hines album was most welcome news; today, there are many to choose from, among them several containing superior versions of tunes included here.

But the reissue is worthwhile nonetheless, primarily for *Willow,* with very imaginative work from Hines, and the unexpected treatment of *Saints*—lightly swinging, humorous, and with an effective transition from major to minor.

Also notable is Newborn's guitar work; this gifted musician has been unduly neglected, and it's a shame that so little has been heard from him in recent years. He has several solo spots, as do the capable Truitt and English.

The quartet swings, but the approach, especially on pieces like *Manhattan* or *Satin Doll,* is sometimes a bit cocktail-lounge-ish. *Tea,* a Hines showpiece, is not up to the fantastic version on *The Grand Reunion, Vol. 1* (Limelight) but at the time of issue was a welcome reminder of Hines' prowess.

Since then the balance has been restored, and Hines has returned to his rightful place at the top. At the low price of $1.98, this album is a bargain, but there is better Hines around. —*Morgenstern*

Freddie McCoy

FUNK DROPS—Prestige 7470: *My Babe; And I Love Her; High-Heel Sneakers; Moye; Funk Drops; Tough Talk; Theodora; The Sleepy Lagoon.*

Personnel: James Robinson, trumpet; Laurdine Patrick, baritone saxophone; Joanne Brackeena, piano; unidentified organist; McCoy, vibraharp; Napolean Allen, Albert Winston, guitars; Augustus Turner, bass; George Scott or Bernard Purdie, drums.

Rating: ★★

The selections on this album were made by two groups. A quartet including McCoy, Miss Brackeena, Turner, and Scott cut *Love Her, Sneakers, Moye, Theodora,* and *Tough Talk.*

These five tracks make pleasant listening. McCoy's Milt Jackson-influenced solos are neatly structured and melodically at-

tractive. His lyrical spots on *Theodora* and *Moye* are particularly impressive. Miss Brackeena's gently funky playing is also an asset to the quartet. She's a tasteful musician.

The three tracks by the larger unit have undistinguished solo work by McCoy and are marred by heavy-handed rock-and-roll-influenced arrangements. —*Pekar*

Jimmy McGriff

CHERRY—Solid State 18006: *Cherry; Tequila; Hit the Road, Jack; Watermelon Man; Sunny Side of the Street; The Comeback; The Way You Look Tonight; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; Blue Moon; The Shadow of Your Smile; Just Friends.*

Personnel: McGriff, organ; Eric Gale, Everett Barksdale, guitars; Milt Hinton, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: see below

This is one of the least interesting records by a group led by a funky organist I've reviewed. And that's saying something.

McGriff's playing is vigorous but trite and devoid of originality. His solos are crammed with crowd-pleasing cliches. In a sense, he's as commercial a musician as Lawrence Welk.

Like certain other reviewers, I could make nasty remarks about McGriff's not deserving the popularity he's attained, but there's no sense in working up a fit of righteous indignation over the success of commercial musicians. They aren't responsible for creating the public's low standard of esthetic taste; they merely benefit from it. Frequently commerical performers are not cynics who are "selling out"; they believe their work has merit and are puzzled when it is put down.

When the limited commercial performer makes good while some outstanding jazz artists cannot even support themselves as full-time musicians, we should be critical of our society and our formal and informal methods of education. The situation won't be improved by rapping those who give the public what it wants. —*Pekar*

Wes Montgomery

GUITAR ON THE GO—Riverside 494 and 9494: *The Way You Look Tonight; Dreamsville; Geno; Missile Blues; For All We Know; Fried Pies.*

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; Mel Rhyne, organ; George Brown or Paul Parker, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This low-keyed set is not likely to get anybody excited. It is just pleasant, comfortable music, something you like to have around.

The combination of Montgomery's guitar and Rhyne's organ works together best on a warm and soft ballad, *Know*, and the glowing-embers feeling of *Dreamsville*. On the other pieces, Montgomery is always attractive, and once, on *Missile*, he even rises to a solo that has fire and spirit.

But Rhyne's organ plods along colorlessly, offering little help to Montgomery and turning his own solos into stage waits. —*Wilson*

Don Patterson-Sonny Stitt

THE BOSS MEN—Prestige 7466: *Diane; Someday My Prince Will Come; Easy to Love; What's New?; Big C's Rock; They Say That Falling in Love Is Wonderful.*

Personnel: Stitt, alto saxophone; Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Aristotelians all, these men have achieved an organ-trio Golden Mean—the middle road that will offend nobody save those with dislike for this combination of instruments. Nothing drags; nothing is taken at a terribly heated pace. Nothing is too exciting; nothing too boring. Ummmm.

Happily, Patterson's organ is not heavy-handed. On the other hand, there is little inventive about it on these tracks.

Stitt, as musically immaculate as ever, sets no fires under the organist or himself, and James is just there keeping time.

The two longest tracks, *Someday* and *Falling in Love*, are balladic and supple, with the latter going into a double-time stretch during Stitt's solo to offer some relief for the nearly over-relaxed mood.

What's New? has some thoroughgoing, but not astounding, melodic gymnastics.

C's Rock is an afterbeat stomper, with the womblike security of cliches in the thematic figure and solos. It is the organist's only original here.

Diane is airy, swinging, and the organist uses space nicely, if not inventively. *Easy* also fits a lightly swinging groove.

Patterson, Stitt's associate with James in the altoist's current trio, is an able musician, but there is more than a little evidence by which to conclude that he aims for the safety of the middle in his playing —as he certainly does on this album. —*Quinn*

Freddie Roach

THE SOUL BOOK—Prestige 7490: *Spacious; Avatara; Tenderly; One-Track Mind; You've Got Your Troubles; The Bees.*

Personnel: Edlin (Buddy) Terry, tenor saxophone; Roach, organ; Vinnie Corrao or Skeeter Best, guitar; Jackie Mills or Ray Lucas, drums; King Errison, bongos, conga drum (Track 5 only).

Rating: ★★★½

For what it is—an organ-tenor quartet —this group manages to swing with a hard edge while retaining a high degree of sensitivity, which may seem contradictory, but the effect is achieved in a number of ways.

Most important: Roach never overpowers. He comes up with interesting, thoughtful improvisations that pulsate even though the accent is on melody. The best example of that is his solo on *Spacious*. And when he comps, he shows considerable restraint. His footwork is always tasteful but limited.

Another seeming contradiction is in the sound of Terry's tenor. He plays often enough in the alto saxophone range to show how more compatible organ and alto would be for this combo. In its normal range, Terry's horn is too gutsy for Roach's delicate comping. (Or should the complaint be registered the other way around?)

The best use of tenor, as such, comes on *Bees*, in which Terry spins out of the opening web with a fountain of forceful funk. His most tender use of the upper register can be heard on *Avatara*.

Corrao's guitar is woven into the fabric with considerable skill on *Spacious* and *Avatara*. Elsewhere, it is relegated to comping. In solo terms, his single-string statements are less interesting than his Wes Montgomery octaves.

The highlight of the album—and unfortunately the shortest track—is *Avatara*. It has a quiet, elegiac beauty that can be described only as mystical. Its deceptive simplicity, built on ascending major-sixth

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chords, manages to sustain a mood of reverence throughout, and seems to say of its composer, Roach, that *this* is his soul book. The other tracks add up merely to the foreword. —*Siders*

Wayne Shorter

THE ALL-SEEING EYE—Blue Note 4219: *The All-Seeing Eye; Genesis; Chaos; Face of the Deep; Mephistopheles.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Alan Shorter, fluegelhorn; Grachan Moncur III, trombone; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: see below

Some selected quotes from Wayne Shorter, as reproduced in the liner notes:

"The solos [in *The All-Seeing Eye*] depict the machinery involved in the process of creation. . . . [in *Genesis*] the first part is not in a consistent type of meter—because of the immensity of the act of creation. Then, however, *Genesis* goes into 4/4 straight time to indicate that everything is beginning to settle down. . . . As for the structure [of *Chaos*] it moves—in its texture, in its use of time—from fighting with clubs and bows and arrows, to the atomic age and beyond. You can hear, for example, the age of gun powder being introduced in a particularly staccato section. . . . At the close [of *Face of the Deep*] I tried to keep away from traditional cadences. The indication is that we don't know what will happen and, therefore, there is still hope. . . . At the end [of *Mephistopheles*] that loud, high climax can be taken as a scream. If you consort with the devil, and are fooled by his unpredictability, that scream is the measure of the price you pay."

The wedding of theosophy and music has intrigued men since they began to think and sing. Primitive shepherds piped simple tunes to retell primal legends. More recently, Western music has evolved a literature the splendor and noise of which evokes the splendor and noise of Creation.

Wayne Shorter's *The All-Seeing Eye* is not a simple folk expression of the Eternal Spirit. Nor is it a finely wrought work evoking wonder.

The music is too sophisticated and ambitious to be merely a shepherd's tune. But as an artfully composed creation, it falls short.

It is not enough for a man to say, for example, "This upward scale is Ascent"; or "Here we hear the devil's knock"; or "The age of gun powder is depicted in a particularly staccato section." But Shorter's thought doesn't go much deeper than that. (If Shorter were a shepherd only, perhaps that *would* be enough. But a moment of listening will convince one that Shorter is as modern and complicated as we come.)

Such an underdeveloped correspondence between the music and the "story" results in crude story music. And that's just what this is. And as such, it's dull at best; at worst it is pretentious.

But. . . . Shorter as a musician is far finer than Shorter the theosophist. And if the listener promises himself to disregard the dramatic concepts that surround this music, he will hear some good jazz.

Each musician plays well, especially Hubbard, who gives two superb solos. Moncur plays thoughtfully and with a slow beauty. Chambers is exciting throughout. There are long moments, especially during sustained solos, when a willing, bursting spirit carries the listener.

Generally the written ensemble passages are well conceived. And behind every note there is the full weight of honesty. Wayne Shorter himself makes music of high quality. His playing here is structured and his sound controlled. "The universe keeps changing," he says. "Man keeps changing, and I keep changing."

There seems in fact to be a preoccupation with change—the result, in part, of the force of post-bebop music. There are "free" sections on this record, and they sound peculiarly as if they were played by men concerned with the change.

Free players tend toward two poles. At one extreme there are bebop-grounded players who have modified their style. At the other extreme are youngsters who *learned* by playing free. To the latter, free playing is natural. Why should they think about change? Doesn't everybody play this way now?

But to the older man, free playing is something to be acquired, and the results are often static and unsure. (Can you imagine what a Georg Brunis band would have sounded like in 1945 if it had begun to assimilate Charlie Parker seriously?)

In *Genesis* there is a free section (or a freer section) that exemplifies the difficulties. When the meter and the tonality begin to diffuse and fragment, the composition (the cohesion of thought) begins to disappear. What is left is a series of dramatic gestures, a juxtaposition of incidentally related textures. Free music allows a far greater sphere of cohesive thought. It doesn't work if composition is abolished.

This is the dilemma the older musicians face: they may all learn to imitate the gestures, but to combine these into a language comes with great difficulty. The youngsters never have to give it a thought.

In spite of all this critical abuse, the music is good, and if it is your taste, you will not be disappointed. As for there being no rating, let's say that music is more important than criticism. —*Mathieu*

Victoria Spivey

VICTORIA SPIVEY—GHB Records 17: *Sister Kate; Four or Five Times; Shaky Babe from New Orleans; See See Rider; Bugle Boy March; Careless Love; I Walk the Line; Mama's Gone Goodbye; That Teasin' Rag; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll.*

Personnel: Fred Vigorito, trumpet; Noel Kalet or Sammy Rimington, clarinet; Bill Bissonnette, trombone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Art Pulver, drums; Miss Spivey, vocals.

Rating: ★★★

In the late '20s Miss Spivey was a prominent blues singer for Okeh records, making such sure sellers as *The Alligator Pond Went Dry, Long Gone Blues,* and, with a Louis Armstrong group, the highly prized *Funny Feathers.* Active again in recent years, she has appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival and has recorded on her own label.

Accompanied here by the Easy Riders band, she shows a firm, strong vocal line, a bit restrained and elegant, much more in the Ethel Waters tradition than in the more intense, preaching style of Bessie Smith. Not as venturesome with her melody lines as her friend Sippie Wallace, Miss Spivey relies, as she should, on her beau-

tiful sound to make her performance effective.

On *Shaky Babe* she tries her hand at the old rural blues type of tune, and makes the best track of the album. Self-accompanied by baritone ukulele, she tells of a New Orleans vamp, her notes sliding up thirds and fourths, and gaining or lessening in accents according to the bent of the tale. On *Careless Love* her voice has the edge of a woman who is about to abandon hope.

Clarinetist Rimington is on the four instrumental tracks (*Four or Five Times, Bugle Boy, Walk the Line,* and *Teasin' Rag*) and continues to show promise. Sinclair's piano is tinny and distracting. Bissonnette gets in some good licks on *Mama.* Vigorito is talented but needs maturing.

G.H.B. Records are available by mail at P.O. Box 748, Columbia, S.C. —*Erskine*

Cecil Taylor

UNIT STRUCTURES—Blue Note 4237: *Steps; Enter, Evening (Soft Line Structure); Unit Structures/As of a Now/Section; Tales (Eight Wisps).* Personnel: Eddie Gale Stevens Jr., trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Ken McIntyre, alto saxophone, oboe, bass clarinet; Taylor, piano, bells; Henry Grimes and Alan Silva, basses; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

His audience knows that Taylor continues to grow. As his vision spreads, his influence does too. This album is a mature statement that should be heard at least once by everybody.

This music is advanced from what came before in that it contains a larger vocabulary. The style is more varied, contains a wider range of human response, is, hence, more responsive to compositional needs. More kinds of calling, more kinds of answering result in music that leads one deeper and further. In this respect it is in the first rank of all music.

Taylor's music (as well as most other free music) never seemed to me to *breathe* enough. For long quarter-hours, a single breath was maintained. And without the up and down of simple breathing, the bright intensity often becomes gray.

Now these days are waning. This music breathes, more like human breathing, more like music, from phrase to phrase. This enhances the efficiency. Every note has perceptible meaning. And everybody's notes are (at last) as important as everybody else's.

His audience knows also that, even with all the evolution, Taylor has always played from the same source. The music simply gets better, and none of the directness is ever sacrificed.

The supposed "intellectuality" of Taylor's music never has been apparent to me. It is true that next to, say, Albert Ayler's playing, there is a certain rapidity of association. But I cannot locate the cold intellect that has put off some critics. In fact, for me, this album primarily requires the ability to receive; as such, it is warm and relaxing.

It's good house music (music to play in the house). As Taylor and others expand toward greater efficiency, the music will make more sense in the concert hall (though it definitely belongs there now). Some day, no gesture will be wasted, no sound unshared.

My favorite track is *Enter, Evening*. Has free music ever cohered over such a slow pulse so well? The harmony is especially well heard.

Taylor is a gifted leader. He gets the most from his men and clears a path when they are having their say. Note the even distribution of the instruments, the consistently good orchestration (either by written design or by spontaneous choice).

Perhaps the most arresting player is McIntyre, who wails in a stricter sense of the word—a kind of crying out. He doesn't play soloistically. Most of what he plays gives the group a sense of unity.

Lyons, the most aggressive soloist, is compelling, even in those long grayer areas that are one breath long. Stevens doesn't play much, but he plays the right thing in the right places—another good ensemble player.

The rhythm section is totally responsive. Cyrille's listening drumming is of the fastest 1/1-pulse school. The bass duo is so well entwined that I couldn't tell the players apart (which is intended, I believe). But I think the strong high parts are Silva's. Though I don't mean to compare these bassists, let me say that Silva is one of the most dramatically free bassists in the world. I've never heard a stronger young player.

Only Giorgio Gaslini's ensemble in Europe has so far achieved this high level of coloration, this range of expression. And Taylor's players seem more down the middle.

The line from Taylor's beginnings (Early American, across the board) to his current self is a direct one. And his playing is beginning to adopt the authority, the absence of defense, particular to traditional music. Taylor *is* traditional music in more senses than the word has known before.

It is rewarding to be Taylor's listener because there is every indication that he will get better still. His music has the quality of superconversation—of conversation livelier, fuller, deeper than actual conversation ever is. Whether or not his work will go beyond conversation into the higher discourse possible in some music remains probable only.

Highly recommended for those who believe and those who want to. —*Mathieu*

Clark Terry-Chico O'Farrill

SPANISH RICE—Impulse 9127: *Peanut Vendor; Angelitos Negros; El Cumbanchero; Joonji; Que Sera; Mexican Hat Dance; Spanish Rice; Say Si Si; Macarena; Tin Tin Deo; Contigo en la Distancia; Happiness Is.*

Personnel: Terry, Snooky Young, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, trumpets, fluegelhorns; Barry Galbraith, Everett Barksdale, guitars; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Julio Cruz, Frank Malabe, Bobby Rosengarden, Chino Pozo, Latin percussion; O'Farrill, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★

The number of often-heard "Latin American favorites" among the selections here is a tipoff. It's a commercial LP on which neither Terry's nor O'Farrill's talent is employed to advantage.

Rice and *Happiness* are played for laughs, the former featuring a dialog between Terry, speaking English, and O'Farrill, speaking Spanish.

O'Farrill, an outstanding arranger with Machito years ago, does nothing to enhance his reputation here. His scores have

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an anonymous quality, though the band plays them with admirable vigor.

Terry plays fairly well generally, but he doesn't have enough room to stretch out. The album wouldn't have lost much if a less skillful improviser had been substituted for him. —*Pekar*

Kid Thomas Valentine

KID THOMAS AND HIS ALGIERS STOMPERS—Jazz Crusade 2006: *My Blue Heaven; In the Mood; Stardust; Gettysburg March; Clarinet Marmalade; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Summertime; Algiers Strut.*

Personnel: Thomas, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Emanuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Octave Crosby, piano; George Guesnon, banjo; Joseph (Twat) Butler, bass; Sammy Penn, drums.

Rating: ★★★

When I first became interested in jazz, the battle between moldy figs and boppers was raging. It was a funny kind of war: rear guard against avant-garde, and let the middle fall where it might. Some of it fell on me, and I have always been among those who thought it sort of odd that some people actually believed that Bunk Johnson was a greater trumpet player (and musician) than Louis Armstrong, etc.

The factions were by no means solidly united against each other. Among the modernists, there were those who thought "progressive jazz" had eclipsed the music of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, and among the New Orleans cats, there was a multitude of warring sub-cults.

I see from this album's liner notes, by trombonist Bill Bissonnette, a moving force in the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Society (which produced and issued this album), that battles are still raging among traditionalists. The CJS does a lot of good work, and I don't mean to disparage it (or Bissonnette), but here goes:

After noting that trumpeter Thomas has been mistreated by critics, he goes on to say: "The . . . reviewers who could not see Bunk's greatness while he was alive are using the same self-deception to put down Tom. Thomas will go down in jazz history as the equal, or near-equal, of Bunk. It is my honest belief that Kid Thomas is the greatest jazz musician walking the face of the earth at this moment."

Wow!

Thomas was born in 1896 and has spent most of his life in New Orleans. Specialists have noted that he is among the very few surviving trumpeters who have not been influenced by Armstrong (to them, that's a credit) and that his playing represents a rare living example of earlier styles.

But on the evidence of this and other records, Thomas' influences don't matter much, one way or the other, since he is an extremely limited player. Bissonnette speaks of his "timing, imagination . . . simplicity" as "things of beauty." His timing is good; he plays well-placed lead. But his range is limited, and this lessens the effect.

Imagination I fail to hear, but simplicity he does have. He appears to be a modest musician, who doesn't attempt more than he can carry off, and his conception is tasteful, except for occasional lapses into corny phrasing. It is quite understandable that one could find Thomas' pure and artless style moving and charming, but to claim greatness for him is unfair to Thomas and confusing to jazz newcomers.

Hyperbole aside, this is an interesting record. Bissonnette deserves credit for having given the musicians a free hand in choice of repertoire and for recording a working group rather than attempting to assemble a lineup according to his own notions, as so many visiting a&r men have done in New Orleans.

These, then, with the addition of Guesnon, are the Kid Thomas Algiers Stompers as they play today at Preservation Hall, recorded on the spot. The inclusion of tenor saxophone in a traditional band, though it is historically accurate, is sure to offend some purists, and the choice of repertoire *(Star Dust, In the Mood)* might make these same people cringe.

But we know now that Bunk Johnson was forced to play a repertoire he found old-fashioned and was made to surround himself with musicians for whom he had little respect. And the purist gentry has been proved wrong in other respects. So, more power to righteous recording practices and music played as the musicians want to play it.

The laughter at the end of *Blue Heaven* indicates the men were enjoying themselves, and the music they produce *is* most enjoyable—if taken for what it is. And what is it? It is, in the main, old men reliving memories, their enthusiasm making up for lost facility; the memories themselves are of a music that was functional, driving, down-home, dance-and-party stuff, not very subtle but full of life and always refreshingly honest and unpretentious.

I do not mean to patronize. It is an inescapable conclusion that this is the stuff from which jazz grew into a great art form; the basic ingredients are there, but the leavening of real imagination and true artistry are still absent.

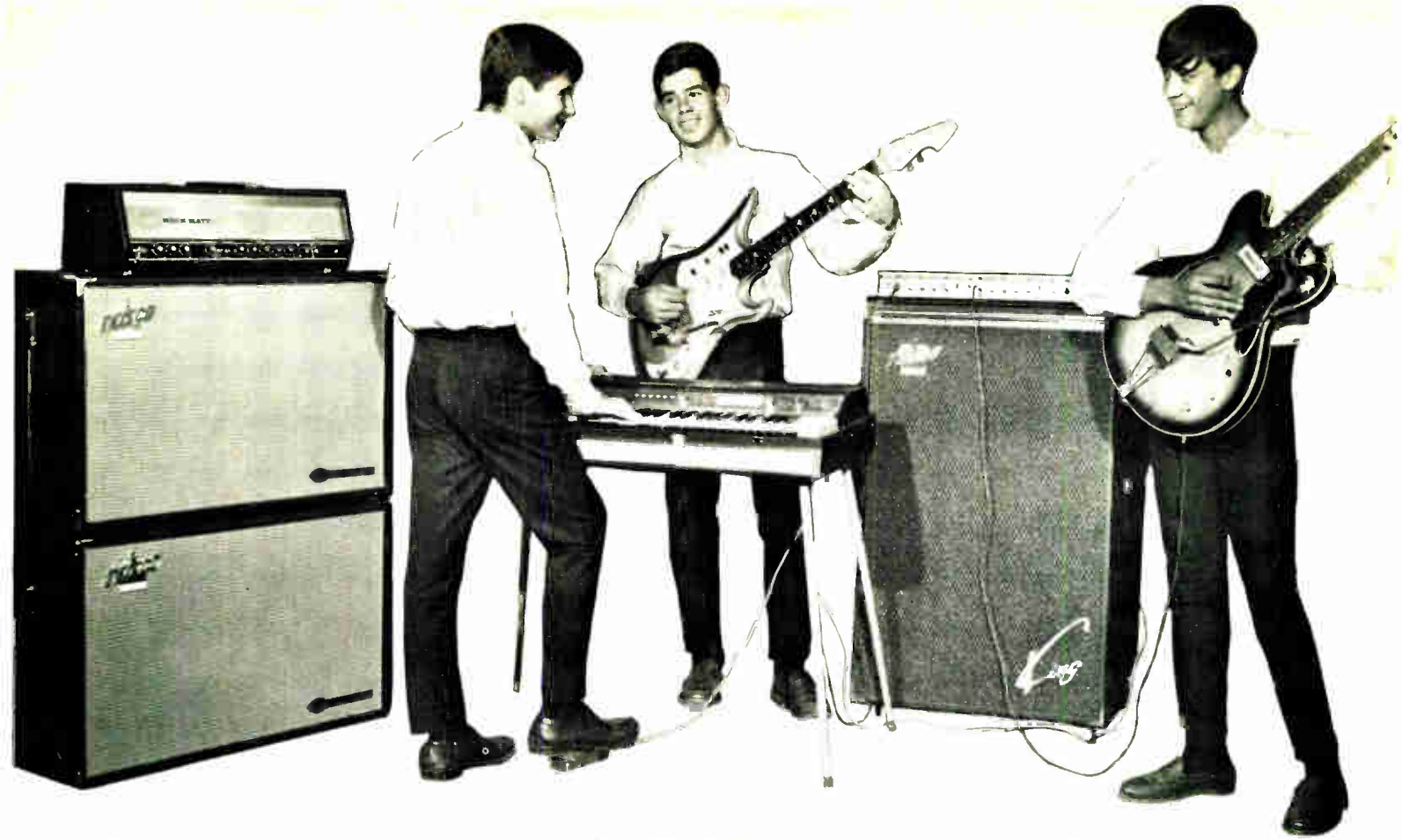
The most interesting musician in the band is tenor saxophonist Paul. His sound —tubular and very saxophonish (a la Rudy Wiedoft)—is funny at first, but once you get used to it, you can enjoy his ideas. He *has* ideas, some of them in the mold of Coleman Hawkins in the '20s, and he executes them fluently. His ensemble parts show that the saxophone can fit into the three-horn front-line conception as well as the clarinet—if it's played right.

Guesnon is a first-rate banjoist. His sound is full, not too dry, like the revivalists', and he boots the rhythm along in style. Nelson plays a full-bodied tailgate trombone, and his solos have punch; his sound is rough but pleasant.

The piano is so out of tune that it is impossible to assess Crosby's playing fairly. (This is the piano at Preservation Hall? The people who run the place must have a lot of respect for the musicians. . . .) Butler plays elementary but steady bass, and Penn is a good, solid drummer who generally curbs his tendency to rush.

In the Mood becomes a slow blues, with riffs that sound very swing-era. The final ensemble echoes *Snag It*. Thomas is at his best on the second ensemble chorus of *Algiers* and behind Paul's *Summertime* solo. He uses a mute for the rousing conclusion to *Algiers,* and don't tell me he doesn't dig Armstrong.

This album is certainly one of the best available examples of old New Orleans music as it survives today.—*Morgenstern*



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SERGIO MENDES ☐ BLINDFOLD TEST

BY LEONARD FEATHER

1. VINCE GUARALDI. *El Matador* (from *Live at El Matador*, Fantasy). Guaraldi, piano.

I don't really know what to say about that. The beginning of the tune reminds me of so many of these Vince Guaraldi things—then it's a lot of notes coming . . . and gets a little bit confused. It's like a lot of things that I heard before—jazz tunes—you know, the same thing.

The piano player sounds sometimes like Oscar Peterson a little bit, but I don't know. It's kind of confused, first they play a little bossa nova, and then they play the straight four . . . and the opening was that Afro kind of thing. . . . The beginning of the tune was nice. Kind of catchy. I'll say two stars.

2. EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS. *Speak Low* (from *Lock, the Fox*, RCA Victor). Davis, tenor saxophone; Ross Tompkins, piano; Les Spann, guitar; Russell George, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

I don't know who it is. . . . The tenor has a kind of funny sound, has humor when he plays.

About the rhythm section, they play what I call the standard American bossa nova pattern. It's too much the same all the time. They don't go all around like they do with jazz—they don't get loose. It's not exciting when that happens.

The excitement about the Brazilian beat—the samba, the bossa nova—is the nuances. Not the tricky things, but the loose way to play the drums—you know, when they play jazz, they don't play straight, but when they play bossa nova, it's very standard. It's boring for me. The tenor had that warm sound. . . . I would say three stars, mostly for the tenor.

3. STAN GETZ-LAURINDO ALMEIDA. *Do What You Do, Do* (Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Almeida, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Edison Machado, Jose Soorez, Dave Bailey, drums.

I don't have to tell you that's Stan Getz playing! I like his sound very much. He and Zoot Sims are my two favorite tenor players. I think anything that Stan plays, he gets such lyrics from the lines—you know, he picks up the right notes for improvisation. It's a beautiful sound.

About the rhythm section, it's the same thing again: the bossa nova's the accent—you feel heavy, very heavy. I don't know who's playing guitar. Drums and bass are too heavy too. But I think I'll give four stars for Stan, because I love his playing.

Everybody asks me what I think about Stan Getz playing the bossa nova. I don't think about him playing bossa nova; I think about him as a musician. I really like the way he sounds, the way he improvises, always picking up nice notes.

4. OSCAR PETERSON. *Bossa Beguine* (from *Blues Etude*, Limelight). Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

That's a very busy tune. Whoever's playing the piano knows the keyboard, really knows the instrument. I don't know who it could be—maybe Clare Fischer? The left hand reminds me of Clare, and I like Clare's playing very much. Sometimes he gets complicated a little bit, for me. I can't follow all those things, but they are very well done.

The popularity of Sergio Mendes and his combo during the last year established an oasis in the desert of the Top-40 charts.

Mendes went to New York at the age of 21 in 1962, where he took part in a bossa nova concert at Carnegie Hall and cut an album with Cannonball Adderley. At that time he was leading the instrumental Bossa Rio Sextet, which Adderley fronted for the date.

For the next couple of years, Mendes led various instrumental and vocal combos in South America, Europe, and Japan. In August, 1964, he was asked to form a special group to play typical Brazilian music for North Americans. Brasil '65 was born, enjoyed only moderate success, and was transformed, with personnel changes, into Brasil '66.

Born in Niteroi, near Rio, Mendes is a pianist and composer whose North American idol was Horace Silver.

Under Herb Alpert's sponsorship last year, on records and as a supporting act for the Tijuana Brass concert tours, Mendes' luck changed. Although he still digs Silver (and slightly resembles him physically), he has a combo that is musically and commercially successful. This was his first **Blindfold Test.** He was given no information on the records played.

The tune starts very nice—again lots of notes. You get kind of lost, can't follow, but the melody's very nice in the beginning.

The drums sound the best that you play for me all this afternoon.

I have to say the piano player really plays, whoever he is. Harmonically and technically and everything, he is a hell of a piano player.

The tune reminds me of those old Brazilian tunes, and the kind of counterpoint in the left hand. That's why I think it would be Clare, because I know he likes that kind of thing. I'll give four stars for the piano player. Even if he plays too many notes sometimes!

5. SONNY STITT. *Samba de Orfeo* (from *The Matador Meets the Bull*, Roulette). Stitt, alto saxophone.

I don't like that at all. I'm sorry. Reminds me of the old bands that play in casinos in Brazil for people to dance. Very heavy.

The tune, it's nice, but the record, I don't like it. Give no stars to that.

6. HORACE SILVER. *Cape Verdean Blues* (from *The Cape Verdean Blues*, Blue Note). Silver, piano, composer.

Yeah, I like that very much. I like the tune, I like the group, I like the arrangement, I like the piano player, and I know it's Horace Silver, and it's *Cape Verdean Blues*.

I think Horace is one of the most important piano players of all time in jazz. Harmonically, rhythmically, and the tunes he writes—I like everything he does. Five stars.

7. BUD SHANK. *Reza* (from *Shank and the Sax Section*, Pacific Jazz). Shank, alto saxophone.

I recognize the tune, and I would guess it's Bud Shank playing. I like his playing, it's nice, the whole thing is nice, what else can I say? It's a nice ensemble. Sounds like a typical West Coast-California-relaxing saxophone sound. You'd identify that immediately. Ummmm, I'll give 3½ stars.

8. CLARK TERRY-CHICO O'FARRILL. *El Cumbanchero* (from *Spanish Rice*, Impulse). Terry, fluegelhorn; Grady Tate, drums; Julio Cruz, Frank Malabe, Bobby Rosengarden, Chano Pozo all credited for Latin percussion; O'Farrill, composer, arranger.

That, I would say, it's somebody from New York. . . . It's a band sound from the East. . . . It's good musicians playing. I can't recognize who they are, but from what I hear they really sound good. The trumpet, or is that a fluegelhorn? Yes, the fluegelhorn, would that be Clark Terry? I like the way he plays. And the instrumentation; I like that big brass sound, it's very tight. The arrangement I like very much, too—good drummer, more than one, sounds good. Four stars.

9. LES McCANN. *So Nice* (from *Les McCann Plays the Hits*, Limelight). McCann, piano.

I recognize the tune; it's called *So Nice*, but the group doesn't sound that nice. It's very confusing, it's a big mess in there. No inspiration at all, like they're trying to do something commercial. . . . I don't like the total sound at all. I give no stars to that. db

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GIL EVANS

(Continued from page 17)

of the letters from the Guggenheim people, because they write directly to the musicians you've given as references. All I know is that I waited for many months, and finally last April I was turned down. Now, if I had been accepted, that would have made it possible for me to stay home and write some music and then go out and play and feel free to do what I wanted.

"I've been thinking of applying again, but . . . I don't know . . . I think I'll just have to go ahead and do the work. That's the way it is.

"One reason I didn't get the grant, I guess, is that I didn't have any formal-education record to put on the questionnaire, which would have been impressive. I never went to a conservatory. What I can do is the kind of thing that makes it hard to explain how or why the grant should be worth it to them. They have their own idea of the way music should go, and it's a strong idea, and it may never go that way. It's their right to feel that way, but I think their right is wrong. It doesn't get me the grant."

In the absence of a foundation with a more catholic orientation, it seems logical that Evans' grant should be offered by some other organization perhaps closer to jazz, a nonprofit jazz festival or a record company. But at this writing Evans still owes three albums to Verve, under a contract signed a couple of years ago. The contract being a sort of de facto grant, perhaps it is in this direction that he will turn next.

Whether it will take Miles Davis or a Monterey, a Verve or a Columbia to bestir him is of less importance than the fact of his unique gift, one that flourishes only when it is stimulated by the right concatenation of conditions. The fruit of this talent is too valuable to lose on the vine. db

CHICO O'FARRILL

(Continued from page 25)

tighter, and suburban areas could no longer afford to pay for many one-night stands by bands.

"I don't mean to give the impression the nation was falling apart, or anything like that," O'Farrill emphasized. "Because it seems to be generally conceded that Mexico is now developing very successfully, evolving from its underdeveloped status, within the limitations Latin American countries are suffering from right now."

But as the field began to narrow, O'Farrill took stock of the past. He'd had 10 good years. For a long time he'd been making $20,000 a year, roughly the equivalent of $35,000 in the United States. He'd studied constantly too. For two years he'd concentrated on serial music under an outstanding theoretician and afterwards set himself the problem of writing a jazz work, using the serial system, which was performed in the Palace of Fine Arts in 1962.

"Now my thoughts turned again to the United States," he said. "I found myself thinking, 'I want to go back home.' When I left in '55, I was on the brink of a big success. Maybe I would have had it made if I'd stayed. I can't explain why I left. It was an instinctive thing. Maybe it was the discrepancy between the reality and the dreams that I'd had. 'Home,' I'd been thinking then. I meant Havana. Now it's different. Home means the U.S.

"I saw my opportunity when Andy Russell asked me to accompany him to Las Vegas, where he was going to play a month. Andy is somebody I like and respect very much. He's a great singer. I went to the Sahara with him—and then I headed for New York.

"L. A. is fine, once you are established and in demand. But for a comeback, which I was hoping to make, I think the only place is New York. My wife, Lupe, came along, but we had to leave the children behind for a time. These are the sacrifices you have to make when you are gambling on the future. We don't feel any more uncertainty now, though. This is best, physically, financially, every way, and the children have a chance for a better education."

The future looks bright for O'Farrill. As a jazz arranger he is much in demand. Three of Count Basie's recent albums have come from his pen—Command's *Broadway* album, the Verve album of Beatle songs, and the United Artists encounter with James Bond themes. In *Spanish Rice*, an Impulse album featuring Clark Terry, the O'Farrill brilliance is highlighted by a trumpet section featuring, besides Terry, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, and Snooky Young.

"The music was a mixture of things," O'Farrill said of *Spanish Rice*. "We used *conjunto* as a point of departure—for a

free expression of the kind of marriage that happens today—Latin, jazz, and rock-and-roll."

When he was in this country before, the arranger pointed out, he'd never had an opportunity to develop what he'd learned while working for Goodman and Kenton (and in studying three years with Bernard Waggoner of the Juilliard School of Music), but in Mexico City it was like a growing-up process. During those years, he'd been called on to write all kinds of music.

"Thinking back to what I was 15 years ago," he said, "I can see a big difference. I saw myself then as a jazz writer. I felt I had no responsibilities. I was going to do what I wanted, and the commercial field was alien to me, something I knew nothing about. Possibly I could write better jazz work then than I can now—I admit this. But how limited was my enjoyment of music at that time?

"In a sense I've learned to graduate from this little pattern of seeing only one thing. For example, I enjoy Duke Ellington, I enjoy Billy May. Not on the same level—on different levels. I respect Nelson Riddle, I respect Quincy Jones—and I respect Gil Evans. In the past I'd look, say, at movie music and have a tendency to turn it down as being below what I wanted to do in life. Now I respect any music if it is well written and well developed.

"I think it is a question of maturity, really."

He recalled another hazard when his horizons were limited: "In earlier days you could easily get typed as a jazz writer. You would seldom get the chance to get into another field. I think that now, maybe, the picture has changed." db

TOM McINTOSH

(Continued from page 21)

world that the races just aren't making it. But, here they are, all dancing to what is essentially the same music! It's so silly, it's like a kind of tragicomedy!"

Spurred on by this thinking, and by a disc-jockey admirer who suggested on the air that he might profitably turn his talents to an extended work, McIntosh started writing *Whose Child Are You? (A Riddle for Everybody's Children)*. He wrote down initial ideas toward the end of 1965.

"What with trying to make a living, I've been working on it like an elephant giving birth," he said, laughing.

But it may well prove a worthwhile period of gestation, for both the London Symphony and the Minneapolis Symphony orchestras have expressed an interest in the suite.

"It revolves around the concept of the spiritual," McIntosh said. "I already had the idea turning in my mind that people all over the world can pat their feet to the same beat and so they must be essentially from the same source. We all have a common origin, and the reason we're fighting is that we just don't appreciate it.

"I think, if we're sensible enough, we'll admit that there are two alternatives. They are either more intelligent than we are or less intelligent, and, if they're less intelligent, then anything we want to do is perfectly all right. If Hitler wants to wipe out 6,000,000 Jews or if someone here wants to lynch all the Negroes, that's all right. But we instinctively know better than that, and the only reason is that, just like we all pat our feet to the same beat, we all have a sense of justice that was obviously given to us by the same source.

"One of the things that really struck me from studying the Bible is that a man who has conquered himself has done more than a man who has conquered a walled city. Or as another writer put it, 'A man who has made an honest man of himself has rid the world of one scoundrel.' And I think that's essentially where the fight is. As you can see from the title of the suite, that really pinpoints the fact that's in my mind —identity seems to be man's key to the problem. He knows no other way of getting identity except from his line of descent, and if we're going to be forced to operate in terms of that, we really become slaves to something in which we have no choice at all. Everybody keeps talking about 'freedom,' but the real point is 'choice.'"

McIntosh likened the situation of "being forced to operate with someone else's label" to the difficulties involved in stressing his originality in the music business.

"I feel," he said, "that all musical expression—or all expression when you get down to it—is either designed to lift your audience up or to tear it down. And to lift people up requires some thought and honesty." db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars, entertainers **Butterbeans and Dixie, Red Saunders'** big band, the **Jazz Interpreters,** drummers **Kenneth Elliott** and **Frank Derrick Jr.,** and pianist **Charles Walker.** The concert begins at 3 p.m. . . . Entrepreneur **Joe Segal** continues his concerts at Knox College in Galesburg, Ill., with multi-instrumentalist **Phil Cohran's Artistic Heritage Ensemble** (trombonist-bassist **Lewis Satterfield,** multi-reedists **Eugene Easton** and **Charles James Williams,** percussionist **Master Henry Gibson,** and vocalist **Sue Denman**) Feb. 12. Altoist **Bunky Green,** with trumpeter **Arthur Hoyle,** pianist **Willie Pickens,** bassist **Melvin Jackson,** and drummer **Wilbur Campbell,** demonstrated the sound of the bop era for Knox students Jan. 29. Scheduled for a Feb. 26 performance of an avant-garde stripe is the **Joe Daley** Trio . . . After some absence from the stand, bassist **Wilbur Ware** is back on the scene with a brand new union card . . . In addition to his Tuesday and Sunday sets at the Yellow Unicorn, tenorist **Eddie Harris** now leads a Thursday night session at the Pershing Lounge . . . Saxophonist **Maulawi Nordin** heads the Tuesday night sessions at the White Elephant Pub, 911 S. Kedzie Ave. The Contemporary Music Society of the University of Chicago presented pianist **Andrew Hill's** quartet in concert Jan. 22 at the U. of C. Law School Auditorium. Tenor saxophonist **Sam Rivers** was featured . . . Altoist **Joseph Jarman's** quartet (**Christopher Gaddy,** piano; **Charles Clark,** bass; **Thurmon Barker,** drums) perfomed a concert-in-the-round at the University of Illinois' Circle Campus Jan. 10 . . . Altoist **Roscoe Mitchell,** with trumpeter **Lester Bowie,** bassist **Malachi Favors,** and drummer **Phillip Wilson,** gave a concert Jan. 16 at the Last Stage Theater . . . Drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet at the London House last month included multi-instrumentalist **Eddie Shu,** pianist **Dill Jones,** and bassist **Benny Moten** . . . After vast McCormick Place was almost destroyed by fire Jan. 16, **Herb Alpert's** Tijuana Brass, which was halfway through a week's stand at the exhibition hall's Arie Crown Theater, moved to the Civic Opera House for the completion of its run . . . Singer-pianist **Fats Domino** did four nights at the Scotch Mist last month. Singer **Billy Eckstine** opened a three-week run at the Rush St. club Jan. 20.

DETROIT: While guitarist **Don Davis** was in Chicago, alto and tenor saxophonist **Eli Fountaine,** of late more active in the booking and recording business than as a player, took the helm of the guitarist's group at the Frolic, with organist **Lyman Woodard** and drummer **George McGregor.** A guest was former Detroit drummer **Louis Hayes,** now with pianist **Oscar Peterson.** Hayes also was heard with bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet at Paige's, as was pianist **Barry Harris** . . . WCHD disc jockey **Ed Love** held his first concert of the year at the Art Institute Jan. 8. Featured were the **Quartette Tres Bien** and drummer **Ed Nelson's** quartet (tenorist **Charles Brown,**

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pianist **Clarence Beasley,** bassist **Dedrick Glover).** Nelson's group recently completed an engagement at Tate's Lounge, where tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander's** trio, with **Clarence McLeod,** organ, and **Sonny Hendricks,** drums, now holds forth . . . While the Drome brought in the New Year with the Tres Bien group, Baker's, the city's other name-jazz club, switched to local talent temporarily with pianist **Tucker Coles'** trio . . . While vibraharpist **Jack Brokensha** and his quartet **(Bess Bonnier,** piano; **Dan Jordan,** bass; **Dick Riordan,** drums) were doing a television show recently, their place was taken by a trio consisting of pianist **Teddy Harris,** bassist **Ernie Farrow,** and drummer **Bert Myrick** . . . The **Keith Vreeland** Trio (pianist Vreeland, bassist **Dick Wigginton,** and drummer **Jim Nemeth**) went back to church recently, doing a jazz service at St. Martin's Episcopal Church on Jan. 18 and a "jazz worship workshop" at the First Baptist Church of Birmingham, a Detroit suburb, on Jan. 29, plus a service at the same church Feb. 5 . . . Bassist **Sam Scott** has replaced **Frank Vojcek** with pianist **Bob McDonald's** trio at Bobbie's Lounge . . . The **Detroit Contemporary 5** underwent a personnel change for a concert Jan. 9. at Cranbrook Institute. Regular members cornetist **Charles Moore,** trombonist **George Bohanon,** bassist **John Dana,** and drummer **Ron Johnson** remained, but pianist **Kirk Lightsey** was replaced by former member **Stanley Cowell,** who had been in New York. The group was augmented for the occasion by tenor saxophonists **Miller Brisker** and **Larry Nozero.** Nozero was on leave from the Army . . . Lightsey's trio at the Sir-Loin Inn has been replaced by pianist **Danny Stevenson's** trio, with vocalist **Kathy Locke** . . . Until recently, afterhours jazz in Detroit had been confined to the Chessmate, where pianist **Harold McKinney's** quintet holds forth. Now the Bandit's Villa, down the street, also features jazz, with tenor saxophonist **Terry Harrington's** quartet **(Ron DePalma,** piano; **Nick Fiore,** bass; **Chet Forest,** drums) . . . **Joe Burton** is back at the organ with tenor saxophonist-fluegelhornist **Dezie McCullers'** trio at the Hobby Bar.

ST. LOUIS: Vibist **Jim Bolen** recently returned from London and Dublin, Ireland, where he played on the *Late, Late Show* on the Irish television network . . . The newly opened Brave Bull has been showcasing the sounds of the **Marksmen,** with bassist-leader **Mark Leiberstein,** drummer **Don Shone,** and **Mike Zichivich** on Cordovox . . . Pianist **Thelonious Monk** and his quartet made a concert appearance at Washington University for its performing-arts series. Guitarist **Laurindo Almeida** is scheduled to play at the university this month . . . A new jazz group on the local scene is the **Gordon Lawrence** Quartet, featuring vibist-flutist Lawrence, pianist **Rick Bolden,** bassist **James Heard,** and drummer **Bensid Thigpen** (drummer **Ed's** younger brother). The group has been onstand at Mr. "C's" LaCachette . . . Returning to the Renaissance Room is the **Mike Dunham** Quartet, with altoist-drummer Dunham, pianist **Dave Harris,** bassist **George Hinds,** and percussionist **Dave Roberts.** The group recently finished an engagement at Tan Tara, where it shared the bill with **Louis Armstrong** . . . Pianist **Herb Drury's** Trio, with bassist **Jerry Cherry** and drummer **Phil Hulsey,** moved to the Montmartre. The room's host is **Ken Barry,** who will join the trio with vocals. Drury's trio just videotaped a *Repertoire Workshop* performance with vibist **Jim Bolen** and vocalists **Carol Noxon** and **Steve Arturo** . . . The **Glenn Miller** Orchestra, fronted by clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco,** recently played the Starlight Ballroom.

BALTIMORE: Baritone saxophonist **Hank Levy** has added two percussionists and an additional bassist to his 17-piece band. Levy's experiment is along much the same lines as trumpeter **Don Ellis'** band, for which Levy has written compositions; Levy's group will be heard at a February dance-concert at the Club Venus . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet headlined a bill at the Civic Center Jan. 15 that included comic **Dick Gregory,** vocalist **Arthur Prysock,** and the **El Dee Young-Red Holt** Trio . . . Drummer **Ted Hawk,** music director of the local Playboy Club, will be moonlighting at the Bluesette on Saturday and Sunday mornings beginning Feb. 17. The group includes tenorist **Joe Clark,** vibist **Jimmy Wells,** and bassist **Donald Bailey** . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society resumed activity at its new headquarters at the Famous Ballroom Jan. 29 with the quartet of altoist **Sonny Stitt.** Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** has been added to the LBJS late-winter slate that also includes reed player **Charles Lloyd,** the **Jazz Crusaders,** and multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** . . . Vocalist **Ethel Ennis** climaxed her holidays with a weekend at the Red Fox in early January before winging west. Drummer **Herbie Griffin** leads the new house band at the Red Fox. The group replaced that of pianist **Donald Criss.**

MIAMI: The **Count Basie** Band came in to Fazio's in Fort Lauderdale for a one-nighter. . . . **Jack Simon** has been featuring pianist **Dino DeRose's** trio and guitarist **Dell Staton** at My Place in northern Dade County . . . Tenor saxophonist **Flip Phillips** and bassist **Chubby Jackson** co-led a quartet at Dean Martin's recently; with them were pianist **Johnny Williams** and drummer **Red Hanley.** Also at Martin's, pianist **Frankie DiFabio** led his augmented trio to back up singer **Gail Martin** . . . **Billy Maxted** and His Manhattan Jazz Band returned to the Beach Club Hotel in Fort Lauderdale . . . In the same city, the Chateau Madrid recently presented **Louis Armstrong** and His All-Stars (trombonist-vibist **Tyree Glenn,** clarinetist **Buster Bailey,** pianist **Marty Napoleon,** bassist **Buddy Catlett,** drummer **Danny Barcelona,** vocalist **Jewel Brown**) . . . Recently, banjoist-singer **Clancy Hayes** was featured with trumpeter **Andy Bartha** and his group **(Roy Brooks,** trombone; **Larry Wilson,** clarinet; **Billy Hagen,** piano, vocals; **Chuck Karle,** bass; **Bill Pollard,** drums) at **Jack Wood's** Oceania Lounge in Fort Lauderdale . . . The In-

ternational Resort Hotel in Pompano Beach recently presented the **Giles Austing** Band in a Sunday afternoon concert . . . Organist-singer **Earl Grant** was featured recently at Harry's American Bar. While there, he augmented his group with local tenor saxophonist **Charlie Austin.** Tenor saxophonist **Chet Washington** temporarily took over Austin's chair at the Hampton House . . . Jilly's South lately has featured pianist **Monty Alexander** with bassist **Paul West** and drummer **Chuck Lampkin** . . . O'Reilly's House in Fort Lauderdale recently instituted a jazz policy featuring the **Threesome** nightly, with concerts on Sundays . . . The **New Sounds Trio (Ray Cirino,** trumpet, organ; **Sonny Lewis,** woodwinds; **Nat Lewis,** drums) has been featured in the Golden V Room of the Cadillac Hotel . . . The V.I.P. Lounge presented the **Interludes** (pianist **Eddie Stack,** bassist **Walter Benard,** drummer **Bill Ladley,** vocalist **Medina Carney**). Pianist **Tony Castellano** played solo piano in the Back Room of the club . . . **Alan Rock** featured the **Miami All-Star Jazz Quintet** in a Jan. 8 concert at the V.I.P. Lounge, from where he also premiered his *Jazz on the Rocks* program (WMGM-AM/WGOS-FM) on Jan. 2 . . . WAEZ radio personality **China Valles** is getting much response from his Stereo Jazz Club, which is connected with his weekend jazz program . . . WEDR-FM began jazz programing Dec. 18. The station will present disc jockey **Steve Nagin's** *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* beginning this month.

NEW ORLEANS: The 17-piece **Buddy Rich** Band recently came into the Al Hirt Club for two weeks . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson** is to appear at the Municipal Auditorium for a one-nighter March 12 . . . A new club, the Jamaican Village, began a six-night-a-week policy with an Afro-Cuban group, **Sir Porge Jones** and his Afro-Jamaican Caribe Quintet . . . The American Musicological Society held its annual meeting Dec. 26-28, with one morning session devoted to jazz. **Frank Tirro** of the University of Chicago gave a lecture-demonstration titled *The Silent Theme Tradition,* in which he explained the origin of early jazz arrangements, and **Frank Giles** of Indiana University presented a paper titled *The Jazz Recording as a Musicological Document.*

DALLAS: The **Count Basie** Band played a concert Jan. 10 at Southern Methodist University's McFarlin Auditorium . . . The Club Lark confirmed the booking of multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** March 16-19 . . . Former North Texas State University drummer **Paul Guerrero,** now on the music staff of Southern Methodist University, has opened at the Chez Anthony for six months, with pianist-guitarist **Jack Peterson** and bassist **Al Wesar** . . . Drummer **Jimmy Zitano,** a three-year veteran of trumpeter **Al Hirt's** group, is teaching drums in a Dallas suburb and playing with the **Charlie Prawdzik** Trio at the 20th-Century Club . . . The new club fad seems to trade on the psychedelic syndrome, complete with strobe lights and old newsreels flashing on the wall, all supposed to confuse the senses. Gringo's, the first club in the area with it,

featured the **West Coast Pop Art Psychedelic Experimental Band** . . . **George Welch,** saxophonist with Kansas City hot-jazz groups prior to, and during, the '30s, is now running a jazz show on a Dallas radio station once a week . . . The **Glenn Miller** Orchestra, led by clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco,** played a concert Jan. 16 . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet is scheduled for a concert here March 10.

DENVER: The Red Embers, the city's only club regularly featuring jazz, featured the **Red Norvo** Quartet plus clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko** Jan. 6-13. The vibist's group included guitarist **Dave Koonce,** bassist **Chris Clark,** and drummer **Chuck Minogue.** The **Gene Krupa** Quartet will come into the club March 1 for a two-weeker, followed by the **Jimmy Smith** Trio, opening March 15 . . . Vocalist **Pearl Bailey's** variety show, with drummer **Louie Bellson** and his orchestra, did a one-nighter Jan. 29 at the Auditorium Theater . . . Pianist **Don Shirley's** trio (**Juri Taht,** cello, **Kenneth Fricker,** bass) appeared Jan. 21 at Loretto Heights College . . . A concert Jan. 28 brought a capacity crowd to hear singer **Della Reese,** guitarist **Gabor Szabo,** and pianist **Sergio Mendes' Brasil '66** . . . Guitarist **Johnny Smith,** a Colorado Springs resident, and KOA radio's program director, **James C. Atkins,** composed and recorded a tune titled *Land of the Velvet Hills,* which Gov. **John Love** described as "the best Colorado song I've ever heard."

LONDON: Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge's** December tour was canceled at the last minute through lack of union permission to play in England . . . Jazz from a Swinging Era, the concert package that opens at Leicester on March 9 for an eight-day tour, will have trumpeters **Buck Clayton** and Eldridge, trombonist **Vic Dickenson,** altoist **Willie Smith,** tenorists **Bud Freeman** and **Budd Johnson,** pianists **Earl Hines** and **Sir Charles Thompson,** bassist **Bill Pemberton,** and drummer **Oliver Jackson** . . . Tenorist **Ronnie Scott's** Old Place, having a hard time breaking even, scored a financial success with the **Bob Stuckey** Trio, featuring the leader's organ and altoist **Dudu Pukwana.** The **Chris McGregor** Trio is the house group at the Old Place. When tenorist **Ben Webster** and singer **Blossom Dearie** finished their December stint at Scott's new club, multi-reedist **Roland Kirk** came in for two weeks, beginning Jan. 9. Miss Dearie and Webster are currently ending a tour with Scott's quartet . . . Pianist-composer **Stan Tracey,** who returned to his old stand at Scott's to accompany Webster, scored a triumph when his *Under Milk Wood Suite* had the largest audience rating for the week it was shown on BBC-2 TV recently . . . CBS records took over the Scott club on Jan. 19 to wax a session of the **Woody Herman** Herd, the first big band to play the room . . . Herman's band was the first of several U.S. attractions booked to tour England in '67. Others are clarinetist **Albert Nicholas,** who will be featured with the band of trumpeter **Alan Elsdon** Jan. 27-Feb. 12 and trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen** with the **Alex Welsh** Band Feb. 17-March 5.

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, Jimmy Neely.**
The Apartment: **Marian McPartland.**
Basie's: **Harold Ousley,** Sun.-Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): **John Gamba,** hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): **Morris Nanton,** Thur.-Sat.
Crystal Room: **Les DeMerle.**
Dom: **Tony Scott.** Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
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.**
Five Spot: **Donald Byrd.** Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Garden Dis-Cafe: **Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry,** wknds.
Gaslight Club: **Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.**
Half Note: **Bobby Hackett,** to 2/12. **Bob Brookmeyer-Richie Kamuca,** 2/14-26.
Hickory House: **Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.**
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): **Jimmy McPartland,** Fri.-Sat.
Jilly's: **Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri,** Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: **Smith Street Society Jazz Band,** Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): **Art Williams,** wknds.
Leone's: (Port Washington): **Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.**
L'Intrigue: **Joe Beck, Don Payne, Don McDonald.**
Little Club: **Johnny Morris.**
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): **Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay,** wknds.
007: **Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.**
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): **MST + One,** wknds.
Open End: **Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.**
Peter's (Staten Island): **Donald Hahn,** Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: **Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.**
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): **Leon Eason.**
Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky. Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown,** hb. **Don Frye,** Sun.
Slug's: sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): **Connie Berry.**
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): **Wendell Marshall,** sessions, Sun.
Toast: **Scott Reid.**
Top of the Gate: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun.
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): **Jazz Vanguards,** Tue.
Village East: **Larry Love.**
Village Gate: **Modern Jazz Quartet,** 2/10-11.
Village Vanguard: **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis,** Mon.
Your Father's Moustache: **Stan Levine,** Sun.

PHILADELPHIA

Club 50 (Trenton): **Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis.**
Flannery's (Penndel): **Joe Derise.**
Jolly Roger (Penndel): **Tony DeNicola-Count Lewis.**
Lanzi's (Trenton): **Tony Inverso-Jack Caldwell.**
Latin Casino: **Peggy Lee,** 2/27-3/12.
Pilgrim Gardens: **Good Time 6.**
Tremont (Trenton): **Dick Braytenbah.**
West Point Inn: **Bernard Peiffer.**
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): **Red Grossett.**

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: **Ted Hawk,** Fri.-Sat.
Buck's: **Bill Byrd.**
Escapade: **Claude Grant.**
Famous Ballroom: Left Bank Jazz Society, name groups, Sun.
Jones': **Leroy Hawthorne.**
Jockey Club: **Thomas Hurley.**
Lenny Moore's: **Greg Hatza.**
Marticks: **Joe Clark, Betty Dorsey.**
Peyton Place: **Walt Dickerson, Maurice Williams.**
Playboy: **Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.**
Red Fox: **Herbie Griffin.**
Roosevelt Hotel: **Otts Bethell.**
Wells': **George Jackson.**

CHICAGO

Bernard Horwich Center: **Sandy Mosse,** 2/15.
Bramble Bush Lounge (Arlington Heights): **Count Basie,** 2/23. **Woody Herman,** 2/27. **Ramsey Lewis,** 3/6. **Duke Ellington,** 3/20. **Stan Kenton,** 4/3.
Bungalow Inn: **Jimmy Burton.**
Elmhurst College: **William Russo, Gerry Mulligan,** 2/15.
Havana-Madrid: **Bunky Green,** wknds.
Hungry Eye: **Three Souls,** Mon.-Wed. **Jazz Organizers,** Thur.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd: **Bill Reinhardt.**
London House: **Dorothy Donegan,** to 2/19. **George Shearing,** 3/28-4/16. **Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak,** hbs.
Meadows Club: **Oscar Brown Jr.**
Midas Touch: **Judy Roberts,** wknds.
Old Town Gate: **Eddie Davis,** Mon.-Thur. **Franz Jackson,** wknds.
Peyton Place: **The Jaguars,** Mon.-Wed.
Phamous Lounge: **Anthony Braxton,** Tue.
Playboy: **Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco,** hbs.
Plugged Nickel: **Max Roach-Freddie Hubbard** to 2/14.
Pumpkin Room: **John Young, Paula Greer,** wknds.
Yellow Unicorn: **Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood,** Tue., Sun. afternoon.

LOS ANGELES

Bonesville: **Don Ellis,** Mon. Thur.-Sun. **Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton,** Tue.-Wed.
Charley Brown's (Marina del Rey): **Dave Miller.**
Chez: **Buddy Rich,** 2/9-3/8. **Sergio Mendes,** 3/9-25.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): **Bobby Troup.**
Club Casbah: **Dolo Coker.**
Donte's (North Hollywood): name groups nightly.
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): **Marty Harris, Vic Mio.**
Glendora Palms (Glendora): **Johnny Catron,** wknds.
Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner.**
International Hotel: **Kirk Stuart.**
Jazz Corner: **Charles Kynard.**
La Duce (Inglewood): local jazz groups.
Lemon Twist: **Don Abney, Linda Carol,** Mon.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): **Willie Bobo,** to 3/4. **Modern Jazz Quartet,** 3/5-18. **Art Blakey,** 3/19-4/1.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): **Bobby Bryant. Plas Johnson,** Tue.
Melodyland (Anaheim): **Sergio Mendes,** 2/28-3/5.
Melody Room: **Kellie Greene.**
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
Parisian Room: **Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson. Lou Rivera,** Mon.
Pied Piper: **Ocie Smith, Ike Issacs. Dolo Coker,** Sun.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): **Vince Saunders.**
P.J.'s: **Eddie Cano.**
Playboy Club: **Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Ron Anthony, Willie Restum.**
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): **Jackie Coon,** Tue.-Sat. **Edgar Hayes,** Sun.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Art Blakey** to 2/19. **Chet Baker,** 2/21-3/5. **John Handy,** 3/7-19. **Harold Land,** Sun. **Shelly Manne,** wknds.
Sherry's: **Mike Melvoin,** Sun.
Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): **Stan Worth, Al McKibbon.**
Tropicana: local jazz groups.
White Way Inn (Reseda): **Pete Dailey,** Thur.-Sun.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): **D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark,** Tue.-Wed.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: **Jimmy Smith** to 2/19. **Carmen McRae,** 2/21-3/5.
Both/And: **Hugh Masekela** to 2/12. **Letta Mbulu,** 2/14-26. **Jon Hendricks,** 2/28-3/12.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): **Wilbert Barranco,** wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.**
El Matador: **Charlie Byrd** to 2/11. **Joao Donato,** 2/13-25.
Half Note: **George Duke.**
Holiday Inn (Oakland): **Merrill Hoover.**
Hungry i: **Clyde Pound,** hb.
Jack's of Sutter: **Merl Saunders.**
Jazz Workshop: **Art Blakey,** 2/21-3/5.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.**
Playboy Club: **Al Plank,** hb.

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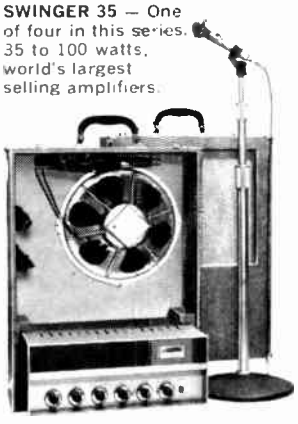

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