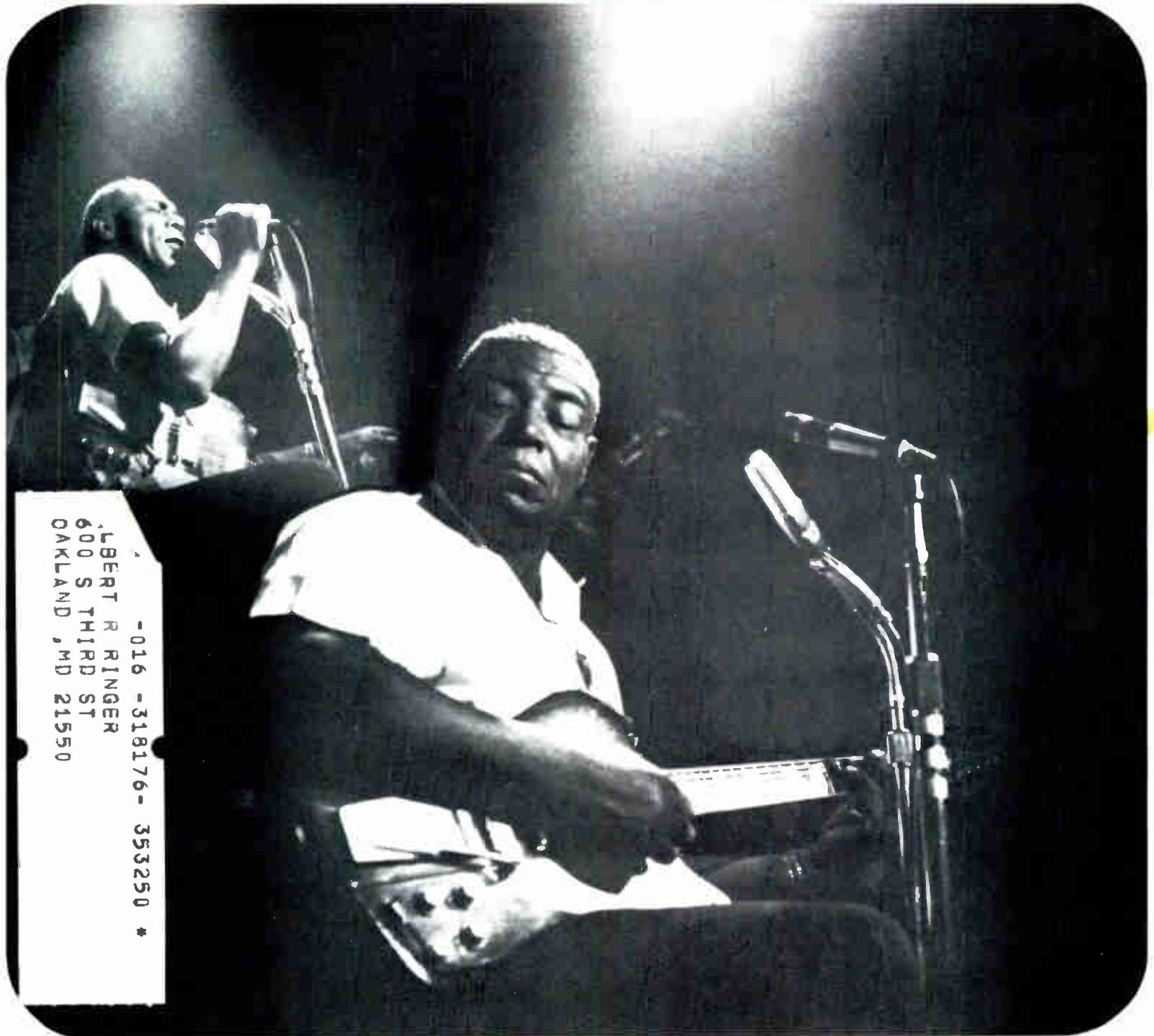


DECEMBER 14, 1967 35c

# down beat

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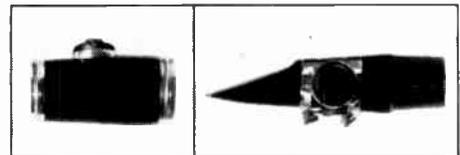
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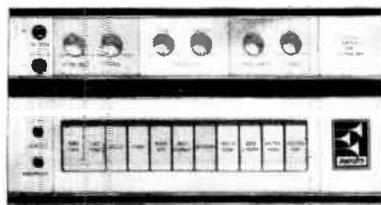
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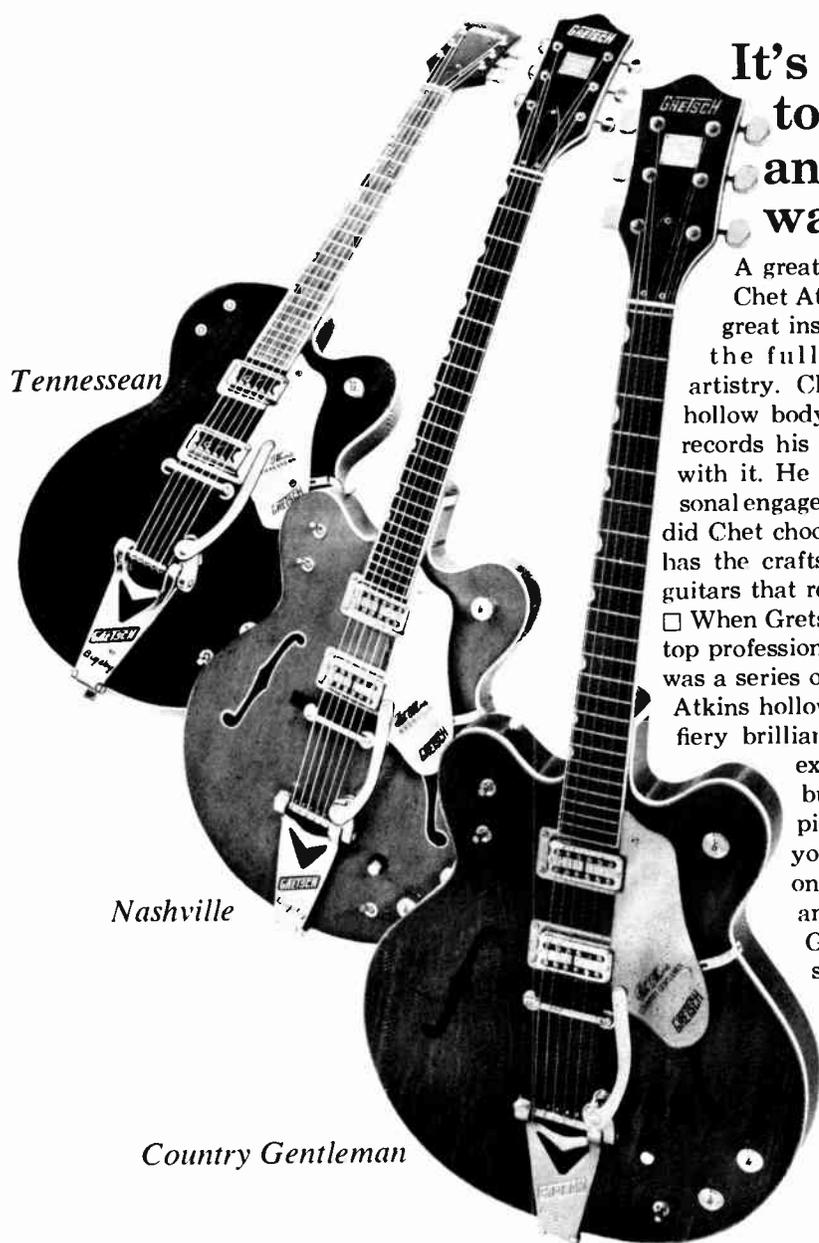
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By Quincy Jones

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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

### Beatles, Gabree, Etc.

I have just read John Gabree's *The Beatles in Perspective* (DB, Nov. 16). I don't think Gabree knows what he is talking about. He claims the Beatles are not original and that the Stones don't receive enough credit for their work.

I find the Rolling Stones the most overrated group from England. Their song writing is not nearly up to par with the Lennon-McCartney songs. Besides, the Stones can't even sing at all, while any one of the Beatles sings better than Mick Jagger.

Gabree claims *Sgt. Pepper* to be an overrated album with songs that are not up to their previous work. Just what qualifies Gabree to be such a critic? *Sgt. Pepper* is a masterpiece.

I am a 17-year old jazz guitarist who listens from Charlie Parker to the Kinks. I have been playing 8 years, and I compose songs for my own group. . . .

Byron Atkins  
Texarkana, Texas

The Beatles are entertainment, period. Have they ever claimed to be anything else? To my knowledge, they have not.

It is, therefore, a pity that articles like *The Beatles in Perspective* are necessary. John Gabree's quarrel is not with the Beatles, but with those who would make the Beatles part of their own romantic fantasies.

That "their movies, *Help* and *A Hard Day's Night*, can be viewed as dramatizations of the whole male-adventure-fantasy syndrome," is eloquent testimony to this. The temptation to continue along in the Elvis Presley and James Bond traditions must have been great, but they quit while they were ahead. The same might be said of "their one brilliant album, *Revolver*."

David Houser  
North Palm Beach, Fla.

This letter is directed solely at John Gabree, author of *The Beatles in Perspective*. Your article, Mr. Gabree, is based on no solid facts that I can see, and it is quite evident that you yourself don't know your rock and aren't really listening. Comparing the Beatles to the Rolling Stones is purely ridiculous. Musically, the Stones' most imaginative creation is *As Tears Go By*, which doesn't come near such intricate and fascinating productions as *Yesterday*; *Michelle*; *Here, There, and Everywhere*; *I'm Only Sleeping*; *Good Day Sunshine*; *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*; *A Day in the Life*, and countless others I won't bother to go into.

I myself am a musician, and have been playing guitar for 8 years—some folk, rock, jazz—mostly rock now. And the chord changes and harmonic patterns of the Beatles are unbelievable. Just listen to *Yes It Is* on their *Beatle VI* album—compare it or any other song, even *I Want to Hold your Hand*, to such simple,

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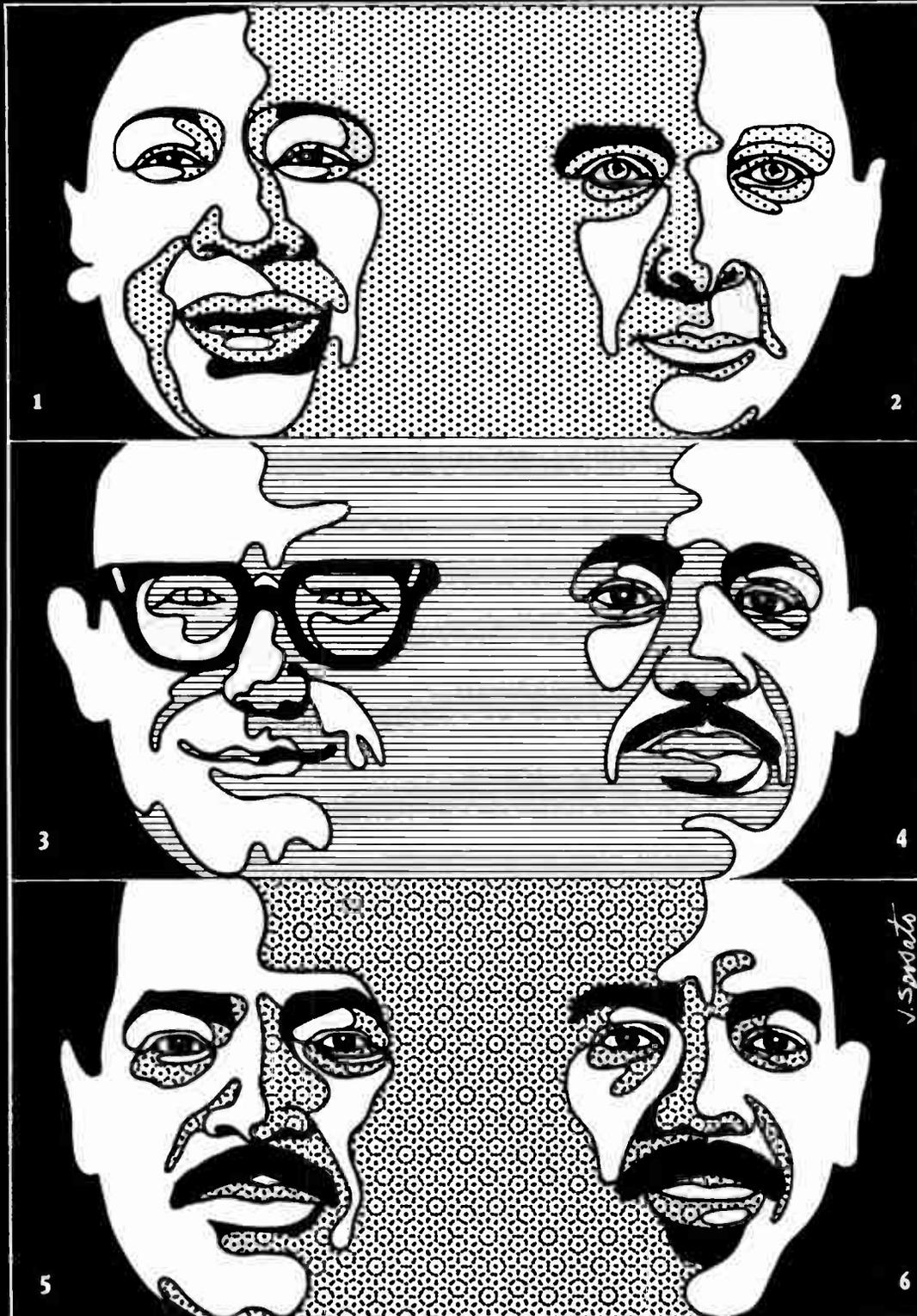
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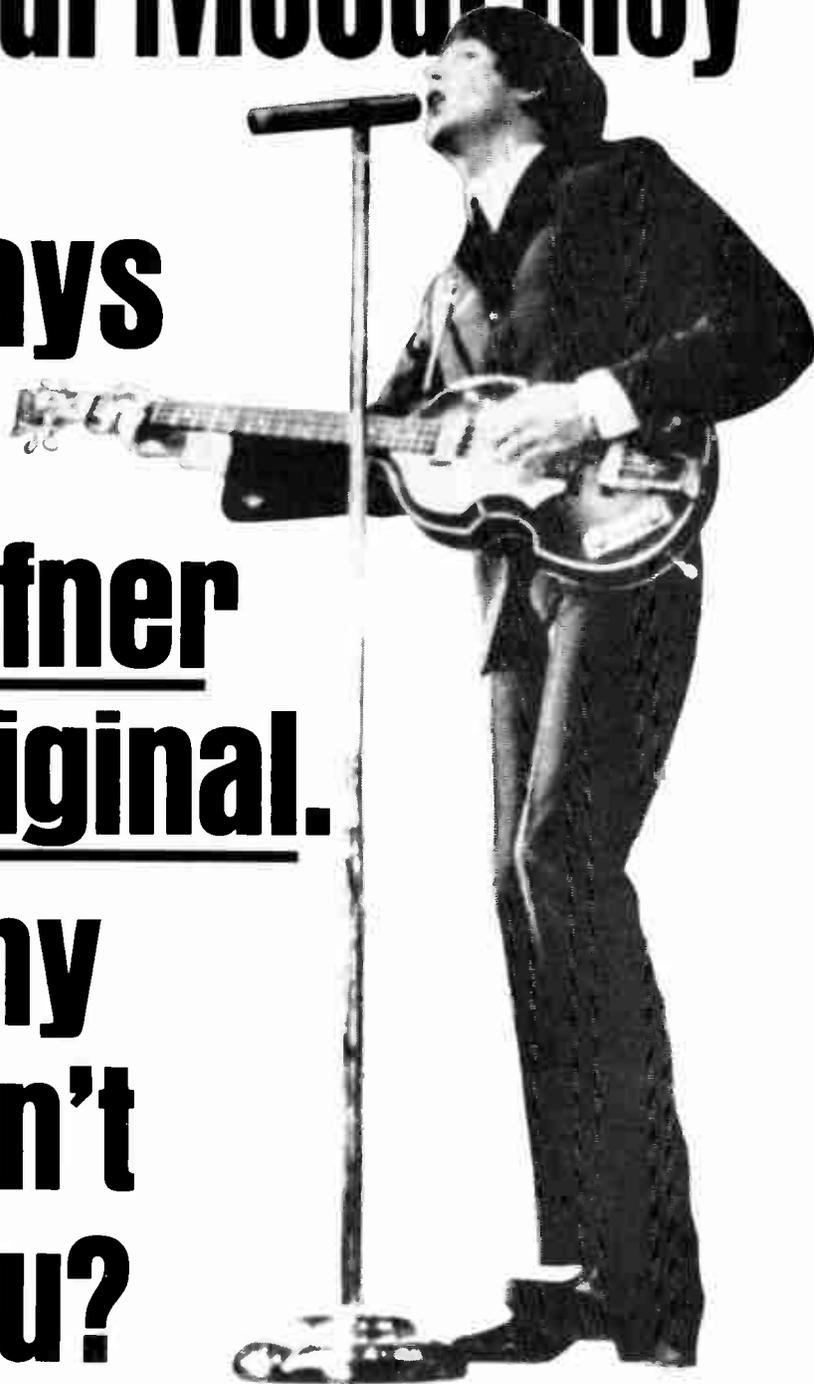
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basic "anybody can play it" recordings as *Satisfaction*, *It's All Over Now*, or *Get Off My Cloud* by the Stones. Mick Jagger's vocal tone and improvisation is raunchy, toneless, and unimaginative. You can't call him a rhythm-and-blues singer, much less brilliant. I'm in a band and we play Rolling Stones as well as Beatles, Yardbirds, Young Rascals, Detroit Wheels—whatever, and there's no comparing the Beatles to the Stones—two different subjects altogether.

Here are some facts for you: Who were the sole originators of the "look" in modern rock groups—long hair and all beards, mod clothes? The Beatles! Who were the very first to introduce the sitar's mystic sound into the pop field? The Beatles (George Harrison). Which group did Leonard Bernstein himself commend as being highly creative and imaginative? The Stones? Hardly! Lennon and McCartney. And talk about memorable creations! *I Want to Hold your Hand*; *And I Love Her*; *Yesterday*; *Michelle*; *Here, There, and Everywhere*; *You've Got to Hide your Love Away*, to mention a bare few, will be remembered far longer than some of the already forgotten Stones creations. I could go on for pages, but I'll end here.

William Butrym  
U.S. Navy

## Young Man In The Know

I am a 16 year-old drummer who once followed Ringo but is now turned on to Max Roach and Joe Morello, and who once loved rock and who now loves jazz. Although I still feel that a lot of rock is worth listening to, I was very depressed to see an album by the Who receive five stars (*DB*, Oct. 19) because it was actually the Who that forced me away from rock.

Watching them destroy their instruments (the destruction of the drum set was particularly sickening to me, considering how hard I worked for my first set) while playing their ear-splitting music and reciting their nihilistic lyrics, culminated all that is wrong with rock.

I wondered why I wasted my time on them while I could be hearing the love expressed by Charles Lloyd and the virtuosity of Miles Davis.

I have a suggestion for the Who: The next time you feel like destroying your instruments, why not instead donate them to eager music students in the hopes they will use them to create, not destroy?

Charlie Boswell  
Fort Worth, Texas

## Reissue Rejoicings

I never thought I'd see the day when Decca reissued the Chick Webbs, Hendersons, Hines, etc. I almost dropped dead from surprise right there in the store when I saw these items.

The packaging is beautiful, too.

And I hope there'll be one miscellaneous LP to not overlook such items as Isham Jones' terrific *China Boy* and Jack Hylton's *Ellingtonia*. And what about that excellent Ambrose band of the mid-thirties?

A. L. Racine  
New York City

## SILVER DISBANDS FOR REST AND RELAXATION

Quietly and without fanfare, Horace Silver, one of the most consistently successful combo leaders in jazz, disbanded his quintet in mid-August. Rumors to the contrary, Silver is not ill, though he is undergoing treatment for what he describes as "a minor ailment" which would not normally keep him from working.

Silver's main reason for disbanding is much more pleasant: rest and relaxation. "For a long time," he told *Down Beat*, "I'd promise myself to take a six-month rest now and then, but somehow, I never could manage—I'd be booked up, afraid of losing my men, etc."



JIM MARSHALL

HORACE SILVER  
A Time To Rest

During the life-span of his first group—some five years—Silver never took more than one week off at a time. "Since then, I've been doing better, with a month's planned vacation every year," he said, "but considering the hardships of the road, it just didn't seem enough."

Currently, at his apartment in New York City, Silver is "practicing, writing, reflecting," and, weather permitting, riding his bicycle in Central Park "to keep in shape." For his next record album, the pianist-composer already has "several things in the can," and plans to make up the balance with an all-star group especially assembled for the occasion.

By Feb. 1, Silver says, he will organize and begin to rehearse a brand new group, "and by March 1 or so, we should be ready to get out there and play again."

## RECORD PIRATES BUSTED IN NEW YORK CITY RAID

Bootlegging of records is estimated to cost the industry millions of dollars each year, and the practice is spreading.

The Record Industry Association of America (RIAA) has been working with the New York City district attorney's office for months, trying to stop some of the

flow of pirated merchandise. Some weeks ago, the campaign scored some small successes, affording a glimpse of the scope of bootlegging operations in the process.

A raid at the Grand Rex Pressing Co. in Queens netted more than \$200,000 in counterfeited records, including copies of the original soundtrack album of *The Sound of Music*, complete with four-color jackets and forged RCA Victor labels.

Also on the premises were 50,000 single disks, 200 stampers, and a wide variety of labels. The plant was equipped for the entire manufacturing and packaging process. Three men were arrested.

During the same week, New York police arrested a man on charges of distributing an LP called *The Best of '67*, containing tracks by The Monkees, The Doors, Aretha Franklin, The Beatles, Jefferson Airplane, and The Supremes. Also arrested were five New York retailers found selling pirated merchandise.

## EVANS FILM HAS FRESH VIEW OF JAZZ TEACHING

Pianist Bill Evans has been busy in recent months. His activities have included a successful European tour, an unusual new recording, and, perhaps most significantly, the completion of an educational jazz film which breaks new ground in the field.

The film, *Bill Evans, Jazz Pianist—On The Creative Process And Self-Teaching*, was produced by Charter Oaks Telepictures, Inc. in association with Evans' manager, Helen Keane, and was directed by Louis Cavrell.

Approximately 45 minutes in length, the film focuses on a dialogue between the pianist and his brother, Dr. Harry Evans, supervisor of music education in Baton Rouge, La. Steve Allen contributes the introduction, and also serves as transitional narrator later in the film.

The idea developed from an NET television show featuring Evans playing piano and discussing his musical background with his brother. The pianist screened all available educational jazz films for schools and found them wanting. "They didn't touch the subject," he states. "We tried to go into the psychological things you have to go through to master this nebulous craft; not put it in terms that were so theoretical."

The film achieves considerable spontaneity, perhaps because a great deal of footage was shot, from which only the best was selected. Evans speaks naturally and lucidly, seemingly unaware of the camera. At times, he illustrates a point at the keyboard with excerpts from such standards as *How About You* and *Star Eyes*. Later, he performs his own compositions *Very Early*, *Time Remembered*, and *My Bells*.

In his commentary, Evans makes the point that "in an absolute sense, jazz is

more a certain process—a spontaneity—than a style." Speaking of education in jazz, Evans stresses the danger of teaching style rather than the principles which are separate from style. Many of the observations the pianist makes about jazz can readily be applied to the creative process in other art forms.

The European tour, made with bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Arnie Wise,



BILL EVANS  
"To Master This Nebulous Craft"

included appearances at the Bologna Festival in Italy, concerts in Switzerland, and an engagement at Ronnie Scott's Club in London.

The new Evans album, recently released, is *Further Conversations With Myself*, a follow-up to the pianist's award-winning experimental album of a few years ago, which featured three-piano multi-tracking. This time, however, there are only two piano tracks.

## FINAL BAR

Trombonist Frederic (Keg) Johnson, 58, was found dead, apparently of a heart attack, in his room at the Pick-Congress Hotel in Chicago Nov. 8. His death was discovered by Curtis Amy, a fellow member of the Ray Charles orchestra, who went to see why the trombonist had failed to appear at a rehearsal.

Johnson, whose younger brother is saxophonist-arranger Budd Johnson, was born in Dallas, Tex., the son of a cornetist and choirmaster, and began his musical studies with the daughter of Booker T. Washington.

He went to Kansas City and worked there with some of the area's best-known bands, T. Holder, George E. Lee, and Jesse Stone. In 1932-33, he was with Louis Armstrong's band, then with Benny Carter and Fletcher Henderson. In 1934, he joined Cab Calloway, remaining until 1948.

Subsequently, he worked with Lucky

Millinder, Gene Ammons, and Wardell Gray. For a period, he worked as a freelance journalist and photographer. He was a charter member of Ray Charles' big band, playing bass trombone.

A fine soloist as well as capable section man, Johnson was rarely featured on records in later years, with the exception of a Prestige album with his brother, *Let's Swing*, recorded in 1961. His best early work can be heard on *Basin Street Blues*, *Snowball*, *I Wonder Who* (Armstrong); *Limchouse Blues*, *Liza* (Henderson); *Dev-*



KEG JOHNSON

*il's Holiday* (Carter); *House in Harlem for Sale* (Red Allen), and *Ebbtide* (Chu Berry).

Jody Edwards, 70, a singer-comedian professionally known as Butterbeans, died of a heart attack Oct. 28 while performing at the Dorchester Inn in Dolton, a Chicago suburb. Edwards and his late wife, as Butterbeans & Susie, were a famous comedy team in the '20s, often recording with top jazz musicians, among them King Oliver and Louis Armstrong. In 1960, the team made an album with all-star backing, including trumpeters Sidney De Paris and Joe Thomas, trombonist Dickie Wells, and pianist Eddie Heywood.

Connie Immerman, 74, one of the most colorful club operators of the Prohibition era, died in New York City Oct. 23 after a long illness. He was the owner of Connie's Inn, one of Harlem's most famous night spots, where such artists as Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Fletcher Henderson often performed (Henderson's band recorded as the Connie's Inn Orchestra in 1931). He also managed the Cotton Club and produced *Hot Chocolates*, the Broadway revue which introduced Armstrong to New York audiences in 1929.

From Japan comes news of the death of Billy Banks. The veteran singer and entertainer, associated with many jazz musicians in the 1930s, suffered a fatal heart attack at his home in Tokyo Oct. 9.

Born about 1904, Banks was best known during the '30s as vocalist with Noble Sissle's orchestra and later as a regular entertainer at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York.

He also recorded with Baron Lee's Blue Rhythm Band in 1932, and with a Chicago-style combo featuring Eddie Condon, Red Allen, Pee Wee Russell, and Fats Waller, *The Rhythm-makers*.

Banks, according to Japanese jazz critic Shoichi Yui, went to Japan 12 years ago and settled down there. He gained great popularity all over Asia and in Australia, touring frequently.

## POTPOURRI

Name policy is uppermost in the mind of **Dr. Joseph Noble**, a former Salt Lake City surgeon whose trumpeting helped finance his education. He plans to open a posh private-membership jazz club in Beverly Hills next year. To be constructed on the site of the once renowned Romanoff's Restaurant (which closed about five years ago), the new club will be called the Jazz Suite, according to a report by **Leonard Feather**, who quoted Noble as seeking "an elegant environment" for jazz. With the entire project under the heading "The Society for the Advancement of Modern American Music," Noble will also seek (again quoting Feather's column) "100 founder constituents paying \$500 for a life membership (for which they are relieved of dues) . . . Preferred members who will pay \$250 (plus dues)." The main room, seating 300, will have a monthly talent budget of \$30,000. A smaller room, seating 125, will be used for workshops, auditions, etc.

At a press party in late October, clarinetist **Pete Fountain** signed a contract to appear at the upcoming International Jazz Festival in New Orleans (*DB*, Nov. 30). After the signing, Fountain made a rare appearance on tenor saxophone with trumpeter **Sharkey Bonano's Kings of Dixieland**, while veteran traditionalist **Harry Shields** played clarinet. To date, a large roster of New Orleans artists has been lined up for the May festival, including **Mahalia Jackson**, **Santo Pecora**, **Armand Hug**, **Al Hirt**, the **Dukes of Dixieland**, **Louis Prima**, **Sam Butera**, **Roy Liberto**, **Al Belletto**, **Ronnie Kole**, and several traditional brass bands. Also scheduled to appear are **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Count Basie**, **Woody Herman**, **Gene Krupa**, **Anita O'Day**, **Carmen McRae**, and **Bob Crosby's Bobcats**.

The spacious Studio A of Fine Recording in New York's Hotel Great Northern was the scene of a lively recording session recently. A large audience, invited by **William Weilbacher** and **Don Kanter** of Master Jazz Recordings, added their presence and applause to a date featuring singer **Jimmy Rushing** backed by **Buck Clayton**, trumpet; **Dickie Wells**, trombone; **Julian Dash**, tenor saxophone; **Sir Charles Thompson**, piano; **Gene Ramey**, bass; and **Jo Jones**, drums. The company's first album, recorded in July, features Rushing and the **Earl Hines Quartet**.

**Leonard Feather** recently produced an outstanding one-night benefit concert for the Transport-A-Child Foundation, aided by Los Angeles *Times* entertainment editor, **Chuck Champlin**, and *Times* columnist **Art Seidenbaum**. (Transport-A-Child, headed by Mrs. Burt Lancaster, underwrites the bussing of school children from underprivileged areas.) **Steve Allen** was emcee and, naturally, sat in for a couple of numbers, telling pianist **Joe Sample**, "stay nearby in case I need a few chords." Headlining the event: **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra; **Tony Bennett**, who

sang with Duke's band, then used his regular accompanist, **John Bunch**, with the band; vocalist **Marlena Shaw**; **Shelly Manne**, who fronted an all-star combo of trombonist **Frank Rosolino**, tenorist **Oliver Nelson**, pianist **Sample**, and bassist **Red Mitchell**. The concert, which raised over \$12,000 for the charity, was held at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** The Village Gate has returned to its fall-winter policy of weekends only, with a slight variation: **Miles Davis** and **Gabor Szabo** made up the first double-header and were followed by **Cannonball Adderley** and **Gloria Lynne** on the last weekend of October. **Carmen McRae** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** came in for the first Friday and Saturday in November. Tuesdays through Thursdays, usually dark at this time of the year, were occupied by the **Salvations**, a rock group. Upstairs, at the Top of the Gate, which is always active, vibist **Freddie McCoy** and his group replaced vibist **Johnny Lytle** after the latter's record-breaking three-month run . . . **Benny Goodman**, scheduled to play six concerts with a sextet between Oct. 25 and Nov. 4, was forced to cancel his tour due to a back ailment. His doctors have ordered complete rest . . . Meanwhile, Goodman alumnus **Lionel Hampton** and his group, which he calls his **Jazz Inner Circle**, has been playing a series of high school concerts sponsored by civic organizations that want to familiarize youngsters with the history of jazz in the U.S. The series began with a date at Garden City, L.I. . . . Publicist **Phil Leshin**, recovered from a siege of hepatitis, pinch-hit on bass in **Buddy Rich's** orchestra for three weeks. Leshin, who played with Rich in the '50s, replaced **Jimmy Gannon**, and in turn was replaced by Chicagoan **Ron Fudoli**. Rich was scheduled to leave for a six-week tour of Japan, Australia, the Philippines, New Zealand, Taiwan, Burma, Thailand, and Hawaii. Then back in the U.S., it's Las Vegas and the Sands for a minimum of six weeks. Rich expects to tour England in March . . . The veteran vocal group, the **Mills Brothers** made one of their rare N.Y. appearances with a nine-day stint at the Riverboat in October. Nov. 2-8 found **Count Basie** in residence at the Empire State building's basement club. On opening night, **George T. Simon**, author of the recent book, *The Big Bands*, was guest of honor . . . Basin St. East, once the home of big name bands, singers and comedians, will reopen as a Mexican restaurant, La Posada . . . **Del Shields'** "Jazz for Beautiful People" sessions at La Boheme spotlighted the groups of **Roy Haynes** and pianist **Herman Foster** the last two Mondays in October . . . Trumpeter **Mel Davis** played a Wednesday concert at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . Alto saxophonist **Robin Kenyatta's** new group includes trumpeter **Mike Lawrence**, bassists **Louis Worrell** and **Richard Youngstein**, and drummer **Teddy Robinson** . . . Pianist **Dollar Brand** holds a solo recital at the Lincoln Center Library at 6:30 p.m. on

Nov. 30 . . . Singer **Yolande Bavan**, who has been working as a single in England, returned to the U.S. to break in a new act that pianist **Sy Johnson** has written for her . . . The **Johnny Richards Orchestra** played a Thursday night session at La Martinique for **Alan Grant** . . . Dancer **Judith Dunn** and composer **Bill Dixon** are holding classes in dance and music on Saturdays at 1024 6th Ave. . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson**, recently back from Europe, worked a brief engagement at the Persian Room in Albany with his quartet (**Nick Brignola**, baritone saxophone; **Ronnie Boykins**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums) . . . Pianist **Jaki Byard** recorded a trio album for Prestige with bassist **David**

**Izenzon** and drummer **Elvin Jones**. He also taped 20 minutes of solo piano at the same session. Byard has become a regular member of Jones' quartet at Pookie's.

**Los Angeles:** In the midst of hard times, tight money, and club owners crying the blues, one of Los Angeles' past jazz glories came to life again. The It Club—dormant for 1½ years—reopened in October, bringing in **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers** for its first attraction. After Blakey, the **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet** moved in (Land, tenor saxophone; Hutcherson, vibes; **Joe Sample** or **Bill Henderson**, piano; **Red Mitchell**, bass;

**Donald Bailey**, drums). Following Hutcherson, conga drummer **Big Black** opened with **Curtis Peagler**, alto saxophone; **Phil Moore**, piano; **Charles Mallory**, guitar; **Dave Allen**, bass; **Billy Moore**, drums. Trombonist **Maurice Spears**, usually with Big Black's combo, did not make the It Club gig. The group looks impressive on stage, attired in native African robes. Owner **John T. McLain**, back on the scene after an abortive venture with the Sunset Strip's Living Room, hopes to maintain a name policy at the It Club . . . Another all-star combo is now furnishing the sounds on the nationally syndicated **Woody Woodbury Show**, which originates

*/Continued on page 39*



## A MODEST PROPOSITION

### Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

ONE CAN just about count the number of independent, full-time jazz record companies on the index finger of his right hand. Prestige is there, still on its own and still doing some new recording. But, to sample further, Blue Note has been bought by Liberty, and Verve has been a part of MGM long since. Fantasy, semi-active, was recently sold to a combine of distributors. Atlantic, with jazz as an adjunct to a successful r&r-r&b-pop operation, has just been sold to Warner Bros. Cadet is a branch of Chess-Checker, based in r&b, Gospel, and blues. We may be grateful that Impulse, although a subsidiary of ABC, does apparently go its own way, and does record younger avant-garde musicians.

Then there is Delmark, which Bob Koester runs as a sideline to a record store—much the way the Commodore and HRS labels came out of record shops in the late '30s. There is ESP, somewhat sporadic in its operation. Chris Strachwitz's Arhoolie has a steady but small output. Contemporary, alas, has all but disappeared.

But with the recent arrival of Milestone, the situation is somewhat changed, and for anyone interested in jazz the change has to be for the better. At Milestone, the proposition is that there is room for a modest and independent label devoted to jazz, operating full time, offering LPs of contemporary jazz and some reissues of older jazz as well.

The label began in 1966, when Orrin Keepnews, who had been one of the founders and chief a&r man of Riverside records, got together with Dick Katz, the pianist, who had eyes also to

produce records. These men were brought together, by the way, by their two teenage sons, who were schoolmates. At that point, Milestone was to have been only a part-time proposition for each of them, with Katz continuing as a musician and Keepnews as a freelance a&r man-record producer-writer.

Milestone's first releases included LPs by artists ranging from Ma Rainey to Thad Jones. But at this point Keepnews got an enticing offer from another label. The offer would have meant a full-time job, and for a while Milestone's future was in doubt. The only possibility seemed to be that it could continue, on an even more modest and part-time basis, distributed as a sort of sideline along with the other and larger label. But the other and larger label was there to sell records. What Milestone wanted was to keep its head above water financially, to keep going and producing records that Keepnews and Katz thought were worthwhile and were interested in making. Then the deal for Keepnews at the other label collapsed, luckily, I think, for all concerned, and for you and me.

Enter a gentleman named Bob Bialick. He runs a record shop in Washington, D.C., and he had previously owned the Washington and Offbeat labels, which first recorded guitarist Charlie Byrd. Riverside had subsequently bought out Washington and Offbeat, so Keepnews knew Bialick. And it seemed that Bialick now wanted to get back to owning a record label, particularly in the classical field, and that he knew of some excellent material that was readily available but going unused.

The result was that the two proposals were combined. Bialick ended up in both fields, with Keepnews running a rehabilitated Milestone full time, and Peter Sutro running a sister classical label, Veritas, out of the same office. Veritas—just to give it its credentials quickly before getting back to jazz—has an initial release by the likes of Rachmaninoff (himself), Wanda Landowska, and Josef Hofman.

Keepnews is convinced that a jazz company can exist on the level of potential sales represented by, say, a Jelly Roll Morton reissue, and a recital by James Moody with both a brass orchestra (arrangements by Tom MacIntosh) and a quartet. "When you don't get hung up on the million-dollar, million-seller

syndrome," he says, "there are all kinds of beautiful things you find out about music and about recording. I want to be a good craftsman. I want to be able to plan, supervise, and edit the material, and be there when it's mastered. I want to be personally involved in each step. And with an operation any larger than Milestone's, I couldn't be.

"There are artists," he says, "who can sell perhaps twenty thousand copies of an LP, and therefore have an income from their recordings, and at the same time be artistically happy. At a hundred thousand copies, there are apt to be some artistic compromises involved, and consequently a lot of artistic unhappiness."

The label will continue to use independently produced LPs. Katz will continue to do sessions, and has contributed a carefully and tastefully produced record by singer Helen Merrill. Pete Welding will do blues dates. And Albert Marx, who recorded Gerald Wilson for World Pacific, recently sent in a big band date led by vibist Tommy Vig. Milestone will also continue its reissues of the old Paramount catalog by arrangement with John Steiner, the noted Chicago jazz historian-collector.

Milestone already has a few players under contract, including tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson and alto saxophonist Gary Bartz, both of whom Keepnews describes as "new middle-of-the-road musicians," capable of both the old things and the new thing. There is to be an LP of Lee Konitz duets—true duets of Konitz and Elvin Jones, Konitz and Jim Hall, Konitz and Ray Nance, Konitz and Eddie Gomez, etc.

Clearly, if jazz is to survive on a day-to-day basis, as well as survive for posterity, it must be recorded. And clearly, many of the most capable jazz musicians cannot compete in the big-company, million-seller record market, and should not be asked to. It is the function of a small label to record such musicians. It's also the small label's function to uncover and record young talents that most of the big companies aren't ready for, and to try the established "name" talents in unusual settings. At the moment, there are few such labels and a sizable need for more. For musicians and listeners alike, Milestone records should help fill that need.





JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

A drum clinic, especially one with Buddy Rich (known to some as the world's greatest drummer), affords young percussionists the kind of rare treat that a karate demonstration (S-s-scrunch! Three bricks with one chop) or sky-diving, bullfighting, or drag-racing offer those who savor more sanguine heroics.

On a cool day in late October, Rich had been promised to an expectant throng, packed 10-deep around a raised platform in the main showroom of Frank's Drum Shop in Chicago, the largest and most venerable emporium of its kind west of Dakar. Many of the livelier-limbed spectators had scaled the drum-laden shelves that enclose the room, in order to catch the once and future king in action.

Rich didn't arrive on schedule, and in the interim, Chuck Lishon, the owner's son, made a gallant attempt to provide some entertainment. He hit on the idea of exhibiting the talents of other percussionists in the audience. Inviting an Arab drummer, Johnnie Hanna-Mirchie, and a jazz drummer to the stand, Lishon joined them on a big fat conga which he affectionately called his "wife."

Hanna-Mirchie wielded a tabla and various-sized tambourines with dexterity, delving into a bag of exotic meters. The action over there is in the fingers, not the wrists.

Time was passing interestingly enough for the layman at this point, but one sensed that for the youthful cognoscenti this entree was hardly in a class with the expected main course. It's that way with anything one loves.

Take drag racing: Subcutaneous adrenalin explosions abound in the bleachers when two ugly-beautiful, rubber-bound machine-beasts, snarling nose-to-nose, await the green light. The drag fan knows that he's going to smell burning rubber and oxidizing metal, hear that urgent twin scream, see smoke, hellfire, and speed—and maybe even an accident. But someone announces that there will be no race today, because the world's fastest dragster is due to appear and there's no point to a contest.

Well, 45 minutes late, in walks (to follow our analogy) the world's fastest dragster, idling threateningly on his high-lift cams.

Cruising through a foamy sea of applause like a trim schooner, Rich strode to the bandstand. A brief introduction, and then he took over. Glancing at the brand of drums that had been set up for him, he said "Let me make it clear that I don't endorse——Drums. I'd rather play on two chairs with a spoon. Now, let's hear the questions."

An eager voice: "How long have you been playing, Buddy?" "I just arrived," said Rich, "I haven't played at all yet."

Rich's ingenuous retorts, sort of Bogart-out-of-Mickey Rooney, were shot back at his interviewers with the rapidity of an Oscar Wilde tapped on the funnybone with a trip hammer. It should also be noted, though, that when he scored particularly well, he gave his victim a straight answer, too: "Since I was four years old."

"Have you ever taken lessons?"

"I never found a teacher who knew more than me."

"Why do you always play on the outside of the snare?"

"Because I never found anything good on the inside."

Yep, they stood too close, and the limb hinged to that funnybone came up and smacked the breakfast out of them. Each, in turn, donned a grin that seemed to indicate that his morning laxative had suddenly begun to take effect.

More repartee with the audience, and then Rich decided to pop a few licks for the crowd. Putting aside the microphone, he pulled the set snugly around himself. "Be sure that everything is set up close so that you can do everything with very little wasted motion," Rich advised in a tone that let everyone know that he had cut out the kidding.

He did a fast snare drum exercise that all percussionists present recognized as a virtuosic extenuation of the rudiment book (the book that most all of them were still cursing and struggling with). There were double flammadiddles and ratamaques and triple paradiddles and . . . it was happening too fast, baby. Applause.

There were some more drum questions, and some more squeelches and laughs, and then somebody got personal.

"What do you think of Elvin Jones and Tony Williams?"

"I think they're funny." That last word had a Rich inflection on it. "They don't know anything about the basic elements of drumming—that is time-keeping. Elvin loses excitement; the only thing that impresses me about him is his strength. Tony is floundering.

"The good drummers—Sol Gubin now, he has two hands and two feet; Louis Bellson, he's great; and Mel Lewis, a fine big band drummer—are very few today."

"If you think Bellson is great, why don't you use two bass drums like he does?"

"Because I can do everything he does with one."

"What do you think of Max Roach?"

"He's just a guy who invented something for somebody to put a head on."

(This should probably be interpreted as meaning that Roach is at least a time-keeper, in Rich's estimation.)

From a drummer of Rich's exalted stature one might well think that such ridiculous comments about his frat brothers were unbecoming. But this ungraciousness is all part of his act—the same kind of game that Muhammad Ali (with much more validity and elan) pulled on the public a few years ago. I was tempted to ask the drummer which round his opponent would fall in.

Rich told a joke, then played two minutes of architecturally disciplined drums. "When I play a solo chorus, I try to think like a horn player; I know that I've got only 32 bars to make it. I don't try to say it all at once; I build it up. . . . If Maynard's [Ferguson] first note is high "C", he's blown all he knows right there."

A magazine representative was called up to present Rich with his publication's award for being the "All-Stars' All-Star Drummer." "Gee," said Rich, "it's no more than I expected."

Bobby Rosengarden, the percussionist with the *Tonight Show* Band, emerged from the audience, looking like a Madison Avenue exec. He added another word of praise to Rich's laurels, and the bandleader came as close to blushing as he was going to that afternoon—remember Wallace Beery?

Rosengarden on bongos and quica [a drum of African origin, with a stick that slides back and forth through the center of the head, creating a sound that will have to be checked past the censors once large numbers of people begin hearing it], Rich on the set, and the Arab [with whom Rich did not miss the opportunity to get a laugh about Middle East politics] did a rhythmic triptych for a finale.

Things began to degenerate in interest after that, and the crowd—which had been in advanced catatonic stages all afternoon—began to dissolve slowly. Undaunted, Rich was still hitting people over the head with their own questions, and just about everybody was smiling—even the star. 

# JOHN COLTRANE:

## MAN IN THE MIDDLE

by Martin Williams

*This essay, in slightly different form, will be part of Martin Williams' forthcoming book, The Jazz Tradition.*

JOHN COLTRANE has had his followers and imitators and popularizers from the time that he was first a member of Miles Davis' quintet in 1955, and there are musicians who show the influence of his playing at almost every period of his career.

That fact reminds us that he was an important jazzman. It may also remind us of how much his playing changed, or perhaps one should say, how often it changed during his life, because, on the surface at least, some of the changes seemed to come abruptly, almost as though some phases of Coltrane's career were not evolutionary exactly, but deliberate.

When he first attracted attention with Davis, Coltrane was sometimes spoken of as another "hard" tenor player—hard as opposed to cool—but he was then already an original musician, and his basic originality was of the most important sort for a jazzman, which is to say that it was rhythmic.

What Coltrane did rhythmically had to be done, and was even predictable, but to say so is not to belittle his importance in having done it.

Coltrane subdivided jazz rhythm; he did so according to the lines already laid down by the past. Rhythmically, Louis Armstrong thought in quarter-notes; Charlie Parker thought in eighth-notes. Coltrane's phrases and accents imply that he was thinking rhythmically in 16ths; thus, Coltrane subdivided bebop rhythm.

Equally important is the way he did it, and, much as it is the result of gross simplification to speak of so flexible a rhythmic idiom as Armstrong's as "quarter-notes" or so imaginative a rhythmic idiom as Parker's as "eighths,"

SKETCH/BILL QUINN



so it is also crude to reduce Coltrane's rhythmic language to "16ths." Still, such a description seems the best way—or at least the handiest way—to describe the basis of the rhythmic styles of these men and to indicate the relationships among them.

Otherwise, Coltrane was a vertical player, a kind of latter-day Coleman Hawkins. And that means that he moved somewhat counter to the direction that jazz saxophone had been taking since the mid-40s. Dexter Gordon was the leading player of a generation of tenor men who, receiving guidance from Parker, had made a synthesis of the styles of Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. They liked Hawkins' big sound but Young's limited vibrato; they liked Hawkins' harmonic sophistication and exactness but preferred Young's linear melodies to Hawkins' arpeggios; they favored Young's variety of rhythm and phrase-length over Hawkins' four-bar, heavy/light/heavy/light regularity.

However, Coltrane owed more to the Hawkins heritage, and to a brilliant Hawkins follower like Don Byas, than to Lester Young or to any of Young's followers, or to Dexter Gordon or any of his followers, first or secondhand. If one doubts this, I think it can be found confirmed in the playing of Coltrane's onetime associate, Benny Golson. For Golson will sometimes slip from a very much Byas-inspired style into a Coltrane idiom, and the transition seems a logical one.

Coltrane's 1955-6 solos with Davis are largely exploratory. He seemed more interested in discovery than in making finished statements, as though for the time being he were occupied with turning up a vocabulary with which future sentences, paragraphs, and essays might be built.

Coltrane's original rhythmic sense, his already evident subdivided beat, would obviously give problems in both melody and swing—it is difficult to improvise melodically and to swing (at least in the traditional sense) when one is thinking in 16th accents rhythmically. But it is to Coltrane's credit that he avoided a direct confrontation of these problems in order to concentrate on his saxophone sound and technique, on his own rhythmic idiom, and on harmonics.

However, there is one aspect of his recorded style, particularly at this period, that might confirm the view that his approach was tentative. It is the tendency for Coltrane's terminal phrases to end with an apparent fumble of notes or to diminish into a kind of mutter or hesitantly delivered cliché. Perhaps the exploratory Coltrane swallowed his endings because he found himself sud-

denly up against a banality he saw no way of avoiding but did not really want to pronounce.

Even Coltrane's most provocative solo from this period, on the Thelonious Monk 'Round *Midnight* (Columbia version), has a hesitant note or two here and there, but it was prophetic of the next step in his career.

In mid-1957, Coltrane became a member of Monk's quartet. The importance of that event to Coltrane's development is not to be underestimated, though the importance of the group itself may more properly belong to a discussion of Monk's career than to Coltrane's. Coltrane's work remained exploratory, and he expanded his techniques along the lines his past work had indicated.

But with Monk's music (as the truism has it) one has to know the melodies and their harmonies, and understand how they fit together, in order to improvise well, and Coltrane understood this. Thus a solo like Coltrane's on *Trinkle Tinkle*, for all its bursting virtuosity, which runs into elusive corners of Monk's piece and proceeds to build its own structures, is constantly orderly and keeps us constantly oriented because of the nature of Monk's composition and Coltrane's understanding of it.

LEAVING MONK, Coltrane rejoined Davis, and his solo with the trumpeter on the Monk blues in F, *Straight, No Chaser*, is a powerful and arresting statement of where Coltrane was at the time. But several of the harmonically architectonic solos on the Coltrane LP *Blue Train* give indication of where he might be headed and reveal some of the problems he would encounter.

The title blues, *Blue Train*, has a prophetically eerie, almost mysterious statement from the leader. The faster *Locomotion* (a 12-12-8-12 blues) gives an exposition of Coltrane's unique melodic rhythm at perhaps its fullest development. And *Moment's Notice* has a rather undistinguished theme that it uses to set up a series of challengingly difficult chord changes for the soloist.

The post-Monk Coltrane, then, was a prodigious saxophonist and a prodigious harmonicist. He was also a prodigious jazzman in that he had extended the range of his instrument, the textures of sound he was able to evoke from it, and the human quality of his saxophone voice.

Coltrane could superimpose a world of passing chords, substitute chords, and harmonic extensions upon a harmonic structure that was already complex. And at times he seemed prepared to gush out every possible note, find his way step by step through every

complex chord, careen through every scale, and go beyond even that profusion by groping for impossible notes and sounds on a tenor saxophone that seemed ready to shatter under the strain.

From one point of view, Coltrane had pushed jazz harmonies as far as they could go. From another, such complex, sophisticated knowledge built its own trap, and Coltrane, still a vertical thinker, was like a hamster trapped in a three-dimensional harmonic maze of his own making. ("You don't have to play *everything!*" Davis is reported to have said to him.)

To this Coltrane, a Davis piece like *Milestones*, or pieces like *So What?*, *All Blues*, and some of the others on the Davis recital *Kind of Blue*, must have come as a revelation.

Here were "modal" pieces, with harmonic challenges cut to an absolute minimum, and with the soloist allowed to invent for 16 measures, or even for as long as he liked, on a single chord or scale. Coltrane sounded a bit hesitant on *Milestones*, but he met the challenges of *So What?* and *All Blues* like a man who saw—or thought he saw—an exit from the maze.

*Kind of Blue* is key evidence of one of the most remarkable events to take place in Western music in this century. Why should a comparable modality suddenly appear—coincidentally and almost simultaneously—in the music of Ornette Coleman, of Miles Davis, and of John Coltrane, of the Detroit rock-and-roll groups, of the British rock groups, of the Chicago blues bands, and of the U.S. quasi-folk ensembles?

Coltrane's first LP as a leader followed *Kind of Blue*, but did not immediately build on it. *Giant Steps*, the title piece, echoed *Moment's Notice* in setting up a difficult and ingenious series of sophisticated changes over an E-flat pedal tone, with a B-flat in the bridge, and allowing the soloist to take either course. Coltrane's solo on *Countdown*, in which he several times employs a complex double-motif, has been praised for its form. But I think the solo raises fundamental questions about when the reiteration of a motif is a means to order and when it is a matter of repetition.

At this point in his career, Coltrane encountered *My Favorite Things*, and *My Favorite Things* could serve his purposes in almost the same way that *How High the Moon* had served Parker and Gillespie's 20 years earlier.

Here was a popular song that had, built in, so to speak, the sort of things he had been working on: little chordal motion, folklike simplicity, a quasi-Eastern mystery, and incantativeness—

simple but still sophisticated, the piece could contain Coltrane's prodigiousness as an improviser.

In no sense was *My Favorite Things* an artistic compromise for Coltrane—and in no sense should it be a surprise that his first recording of it was a best-seller.

As he pursued modality, however, evenings with Coltrane, a vertical player working with minimal harmonic understructures, began to sound to some listeners like long vamps-till-ready, or furious cadenzas, or lengthy montunas introducing rhumbas, or songs that never got played.

As one wag put it at the time, "I went to hear Coltrane last night. He played 45 minutes of C-minor ninths." And 45 minutes on a C-minor pedal tone, it became increasingly clear, do not lead to musical freedom.

It is true that Coltrane's audiences frequently were enthralled. I know the sincerity, the powerful and authentic emotion, and frequent skill involved. I am aware of the truly astonishing contribution of Coltrane's drummer, Elvin Jones, to his music and of the innovative importance of his style. And yet, to be entirely subjective about his work at this period, I was and am repeatedly disengaged. After three or four minutes, my attention wanders, and giving the records try after try does not seem to help.

TWO EXTENDED PERFORMANCES from 1961 represent a turning point for Coltrane, *Impressions* and *Chasin' the Trane*. On each, his improvising had become more horizontal, more linear than previously. *Impressions* borrows an opening melody from Claude Debussy, to revisit, two years later, the same modes and song-form structure that Davis used on *So What?* Before the performance is over, Coltrane is reiterating a little half-scale figure. Virtually the same figure dominates a portion of *Chasin' the Trane*. *Chasin' the Trane* is the key performance from this period for Coltrane, and has become a highly influential one among younger musicians.

It seems that Coltrane's use of such reiterated phrases is not sequential or significantly organizational or truly developmental. His use of them is deliberately repetitive and incantatory. And one man's incantation is perhaps another man's monotony. With Elvin Jones laying down a rich and complex pattern beneath him, Coltrane's sing-song lines sometimes sound thin, and his occasional saxophone cries and shrieks seem protestations, perhaps against that very thinness.

I may hear this Coltrane wrongly, but if I do, perhaps I can at least put

questions to those who hear him better, questions that they may find worth answering. And perhaps the key question is whether so able and knowledgeable a vertical player could still walk upright when setting himself so decidedly horizontal a task.

The Coltrane that I better admire from this period is the deliberately conservative Coltrane. The Coltrane who stated Duke Ellington's *In a Sentimental Mood* so perceptively yet personally and without overembellishment. And the Coltrane of the LP called *Crescent*. There, for the moment at least, he seemed to have profited by the years of complex harmony and by the years of modality, to return like a hero from a perilous but necessary journey, ready to share the fruits of his experience.

Harsh dangers and exotic beauties are related on the title piece, *Crescent*, and the once "impossible" saxophone sounds seem natural and firmly established techniques. Reflections and evaluations of the journey take place on *The Wise One*. And *Bessie's Blues* might be called a joyful celebration of the new insight the hero had provided. Perhaps it was also an element of comparative calm and of reflection that made Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* a best-seller.

On the other hand, *Ascension* is probably Coltrane's most daring recording. It is a 38-minute performance on which the leader's regular quartet was augmented by two trumpeters, two tenorists, two altoists, and an extra bassist. There is a single, slight thematic idea; there are several turbulent, loose, improvised ensembles; and there are solos by most of the participants. The performance soars, and it sings. And it rages, blares, shouts, screams, and shrieks. It is at the same time a contemporary jazz performance and a communal rite.

*Ascension* is directly indebted to Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz*, and that fact inevitably invites comparison between the two. For me, Coleman's work invokes the contemporary demons as unflinchingly as Coltrane's but is a thing of beauty and affirmation and hope. *Free Jazz*—to use James Joyce's superb phrase—better sees the darkness shining in the light.

Thus, some of Coltrane's work from the '60s seems to me brilliant and some of it repetitious and banal. There are times when Coltrane's authentically wild passion seems not so much a part of the music as a part of the musician—it seems to be the reaction of a player who is improvising with a minimum of built-in protections but who sometimes cries out in frustration against the limitations that he has set for himself,

limitations that once seemed so necessary.

Sometimes my own impression is of having heard musical statements that have brilliant moments but that may become static and remain unresolved, statements that are contained only by a fantastic and original saxophone technique on one hand or by a state of emotional exhaustion on the other. And it is perhaps indicative that several of his later records were faded out by the engineers rather than ended by the musicians.

I began by saying something about the ways that Coltrane's music changed. There have been several musics—Oriental and African, as well as American—that interested and directly influenced him during his last 12 years.

The changes in his work, of course, may have been signs of growth, and if they were, perhaps no important jazz improviser ever grew and developed as much as Coltrane did in so short a time.

But on the other hand, the changes may have been naive on the face of it, or they may have been signs of indecision or of a deeper frustration.

Does one with Coltrane, then, take his choice between the alternatives of a true artistic growth or of mere change?

Perhaps not, or not necessarily. Perhaps a deeper frustration and tormented indecision are part of the unacknowledged truth of the temper of the times that it was Coltrane's destiny to articulate. And if so, he was an artist of primary rank.

In any case, Coltrane has been bold enough to state his message so that the present knows of him and so that the future must acknowledge that he has been with us.

#### Discographical Note

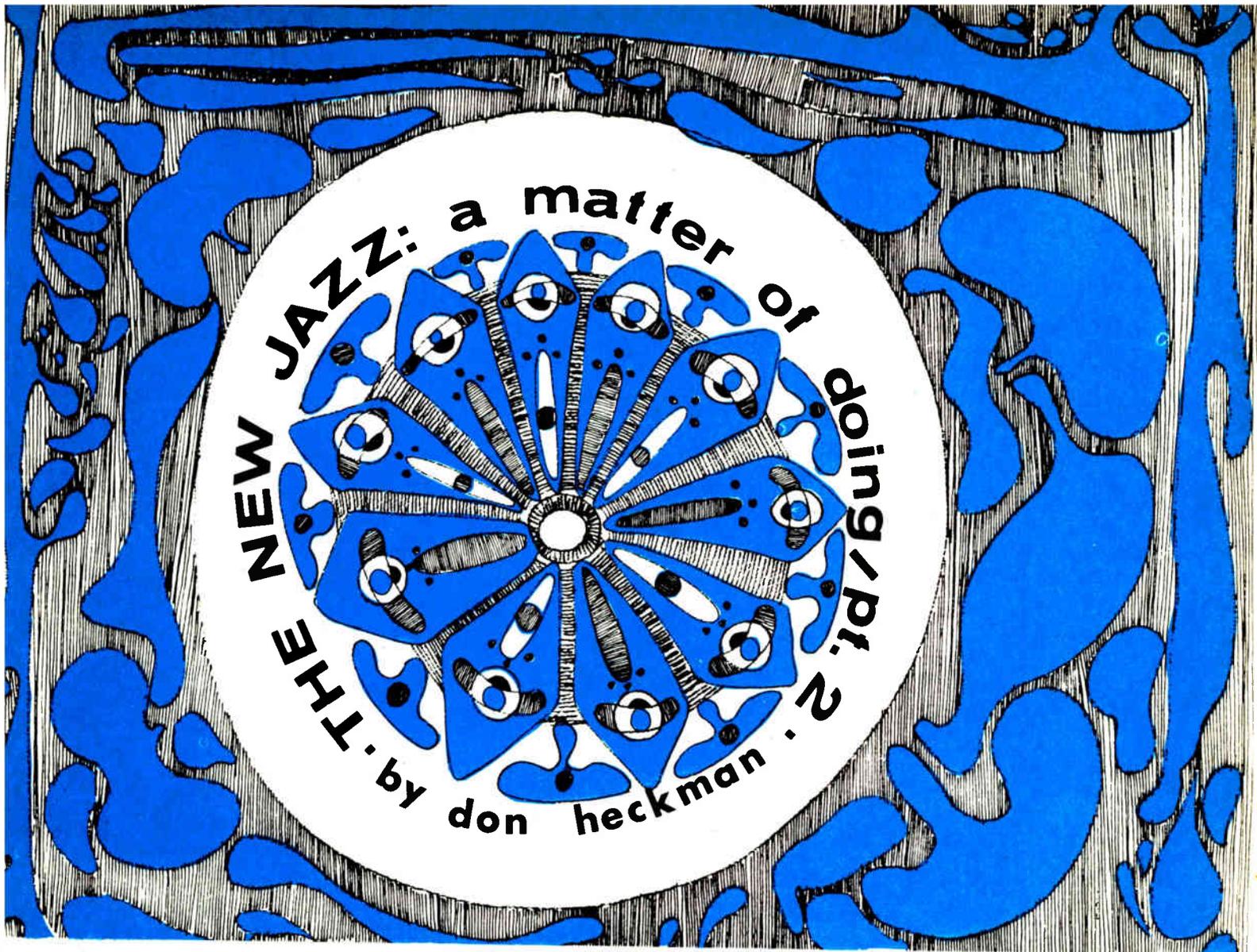
Miles Davis' *'Round Midnight* is on Columbia CL 949. Coltrane and Monk can be heard on *Riverside 490*, which includes *Trinkle Tinkle*.

Davis' version of *Straight, No Chaser* is on Columbia CL 1193, as is *Milestones*. *Blue Train*, *Locomotion*, and *Moment's Notice* are on Blue Note 1577. The Davis *Kind of Blue* set is Columbia CL 1355.

*Giant Steps*, *Naima*, and *Countdown* are on Atlantic 1311. *My Favorite Things* is on Atlantic 1361.

*Chasin' the Trane* is Impulse A-10 and *Impressions* is on Impulse A-42. *In a Sentimental Mood* is Impulse A-30 and the *Crescent* LP is on Impulse A-66. *A Love Supreme* is Impulse A-77. Coltrane's *Ascension* is on Impulse A-95.

One personal addition: *Three Little Words* on the LP *Bags and Trane* (Atlantic 1368), for the pacing of Coltrane's adventurous solo. 



*In the first article of this series (DB, Feb. 9) a number of parallels between traditional jazz and new jazz were suggested. The first correlation was between the traditional concept of swing/rhythm and the newly emerging idea of energy/rhythm.*

IT SEEMS TO ME that two basic drives have powered the development of jazz rhythm: first, an evolving competence in the articulation of rhythmic accent—this applies both to melodic statement and to the production of a metric pulse and its derivatives; second, as this competence has increased, it has been transformed, paradoxically, into a tendency to depart from the *explicit* articulation of metric rhythms.

In terms of the rhythm section, for example, the bebop rhythms of the 1940s became possible (as so many writers have noted) when drummers like Jo Jones shifted their pulsekeeping from the bass drum to the cymbal.

In a technical sense, this represented the articulation of a more complex form of the metric pulse (from

) to , but it also represented a departure from explicit rhythms, in the change from the heavily grounded specific beat of the bass drum to the lighter, more implicit rhythmic sound of the cymbal.

To note only a few high points, the next developments were fairly predictable. The role of the bass as pulse-keeper was emphasized, of course, but almost more important, the percussion, in assuming accentuation and punctuation as a primary activity, tended to set up situations in which the music's fundamental pulse became implicit in the

minds of all the players and, although specifically stated from time to time, frequently became a nearly invisible element. (The widespread use of high-hat cymbal accents on 2 and 4 in the '50s probably reflected a reactionary attempt to slow the move toward more implicit rhythms.)

By the middle and late '50s, bass players had recognized the power of implicit rhythms, and they, too, assumed more freedom in their lines.

These changes in rhythmic usage cannot be separated from developments taking place in other areas. Thus, as improvised melodies gradually became more elaborate, with the basic note value changing from quarter-note to eighth-note to 16th, they tended on the one hand to become rhythmically more complex while on the other depending less upon the explicit statement of rhythmic accents. (Consider the difference in the '30s between Coleman Hawkins' explicit statement and restatement of metric pulse derivatives and Lester Young's floating independence from a similar pulse.)

With the emergence of modal improvisation and "free" improvisation, the rhythmically restrictive power of harmonic cadences was broken, and it became possible for the improviser to seek melodies that were unbound by the dead-lines of recurrent chords.

As mentioned earlier, the role of "swing" in this gradual rhythmic evolution tends to be stylistic and changes with frequent regularity. Swing means many things to many listeners, and one's personal preference often tends to obstruct the hearing of other versions.

Aside from its stylistic definitions, however, swing appears

to be a manifestation of the duality of rhythmic sophistication and rhythmic implicitness. Swing represents the curiously ambivalent action of pointedly emphasizing rhythmic articulation while simultaneously remaining free of the pull of explicit rhythms, a paradoxical description, perhaps, but the only way, I think, in which the vast superficial differences between the rhythmic swing of, say, Thelonious Monk and John Lewis can adequately be understood. Both players articulate their notes with precise clarity, and they rarely merely restate rhythms already in existence except as punctuation and accent. What makes their lines swing—in their own unique way—is the fact that they extract and emphasize what might be called the upper “partials” of the metric flow, and their accentuation of these partials tends to provide a greater drive and vitality to the total rhythmic pulsation.

It is perhaps an overstatement to make a comparison with Charlie Parker's description of his discovery of the upper chord partials while improvising on *Cherokee*, but certainly an analogy exists. And it is not only players, but listeners, too, who have become gradually more sophisticated in the ability to perceive finer divisions of rhythmic accent. A minor but significant example of this change can be observed in the teenage audiences who, a decade ago, seemed unable to respond as a group to any rhythmic accent other than that placed on the “strong” beats of 1 and 3. (Today, teenagers clap their hands and accent their dances as a matter of course on the “weak,” but less grounded, accents of 2 and 4.)

By the late '50s, several facts about swing as a vital component of jazz rhythms were becoming clear.

First, the availability of nearly every development in harmonic rhythm style was becoming enormously widespread. Rhythmic articulation that would have been difficult for the average bop sideman in the late '40s was considered fundamental to the vocabulary of even the youngest jazz players. Second, the mechanical division of the metric pulse most characteristic of jazz had come very close to the point of no return. (Alternate metric forms were a possibility explored by many players—witness the popularity of meters based on 3, 6, 9, and 12—and Don Ellis, for one, has advanced the possibility of improvisational structure and form based upon rhythmic architectural components, a fascinating if as yet unproved concept.) Third, the metric pulse as a rhythmic foundation was beginning to find greater expression as an implicit rather than an explicit action.

Thus swing—as it related to various methods of restating, augmenting, supporting, punctuating, or accenting a pre-existing explicit or implicit stable metric pulse—seemed to have approached the point of exhausting its potential for anything more than further technical exploration. The way was being opened for a new approach to “swing.”

When artistic cycles approach the bottom of their periodicity, artists almost always look to primal sources for renewal. As the great harmonic/rhythmic era of jazz came to a close in the late '50s, many jazzmen turned, however unconsciously, to the action energies of non-Western rhythms, to music that was nonmetric, noncadential, and driven by the power of spontaneous invention.

In his book, *The Wellsprings of Music* (McGraw-Hill), Kurt Sachs makes an interesting comment about rhythm in African music:

“... In reversal of our Western downbeats and upbeats, their African stress is a powerful tension, which shows in a sudden lift of the body and the striking arm, while the resulting drop and sound comes only after the ‘beat’ as a relaxation.”

The quote dramatically describes music in its functional role, inseparably allied to the physical expression of great energy.

(It also tells us something about what makes jazz different

from other musics, as well as something about the significance of the black man's contribution to the art—and in fact to the *arts*. Blues forms, bent notes, the jazz cry, all these are undoubtedly reflective of the Negro style, but it seems to me that the truly visceral thrust of jazz—the thrust that comes from black African music—derives, no matter what its style, from the “. . . sudden lift of the body and the striking arm . . .” that Sachs describes.)

Equally important, Sachs's comment underlines the fact that jazz never has become an “art music” in the sense that Western concert music has. Musical expression in Western European culture for the last 400 or 500 years has demanded a formalizing of rhythms, a reduction of what once were functional social activities—dance, ceremony, mime, etc.—to a condition of structured stasis.

In part, this formalizing can be traced to the growth of the idea—now dominant in the West—that music is a separate art form, that it is for the purpose of listening rather than as a corollary to action. Somehow, jazz has escaped (but only narrowly) the same fate and has remained a music more closely allied to function than form. Thus, the great attractiveness of physical energy rhythms to young players finding their way down a new musical path.

The most immediate manifestation of the exploration of what might be called energy rhythms was an increasing frequency of musical situations involving what Sachs calls “cross-rhythms.”

Remarkably, it is a phenomenon that rarely has had a place in Western art music—and then only in the most controlled sense. Briefly, cross-rhythms are simultaneous but dissimilar pulsations, what Sachs calls “. . . the joint, not segregated, perception of contradictory rhythmical patterns.” In Western European music such independence has been possible until very recently only in reference to a pre-existing metric framework. The best example is hemiola, which describes the ambiguity in, for example, time units of six beats that can be divided as 2 times 3, or 3 times 2, 6/8 or 3/4, with all the obvious superimpositions thus derived.

(Sachs, by the way, points out that many folk musics far exceed Western “classical” music in the complexity with which they treat this stylistic device. He describes a Yugoslav folk dance that consists of five steps against a melody of 64 time units. The first meeting place between the dance step and the melody time units takes place after 320 beats.)

The internal perception of rhythm that is such an important part of every jazzman's apprenticeship made relatively easy the creation of musical situations in which each player had an autonomous role to play. “Classical” musicians who recently have tried to work in similar areas have had far less success, because, no doubt, their training and esthetic viewpoints have prepared them poorly for such expression.

That jazz has begun an as yet uncharted journey into functional rhythms does not mean that it can yet claim for itself the body-directed physical energy that is part of so much of the world's non-Western music.

Contact with harmonic cadences, with theme-and-variation form—even with the equally tempered intervals of European music—has been too protracted and too influential in the early history of jazz for players to discard them without regret or recrimination. But it is clear that for the adventurous new spirits, the way out of the harmonic/rhythmic bind lies in rediscovery, either intuitively or through conscious seeking, of the expressive potential of functional rhythmic usage and in the gradual growth of energy rhythms.

*The final article of this series will examine the gradual ascendancy of the melody/rhythm principle in contemporary jazz.*



# "I SING FOR THE PEOPLE"

## An interview with Bluesman Howling Wolf

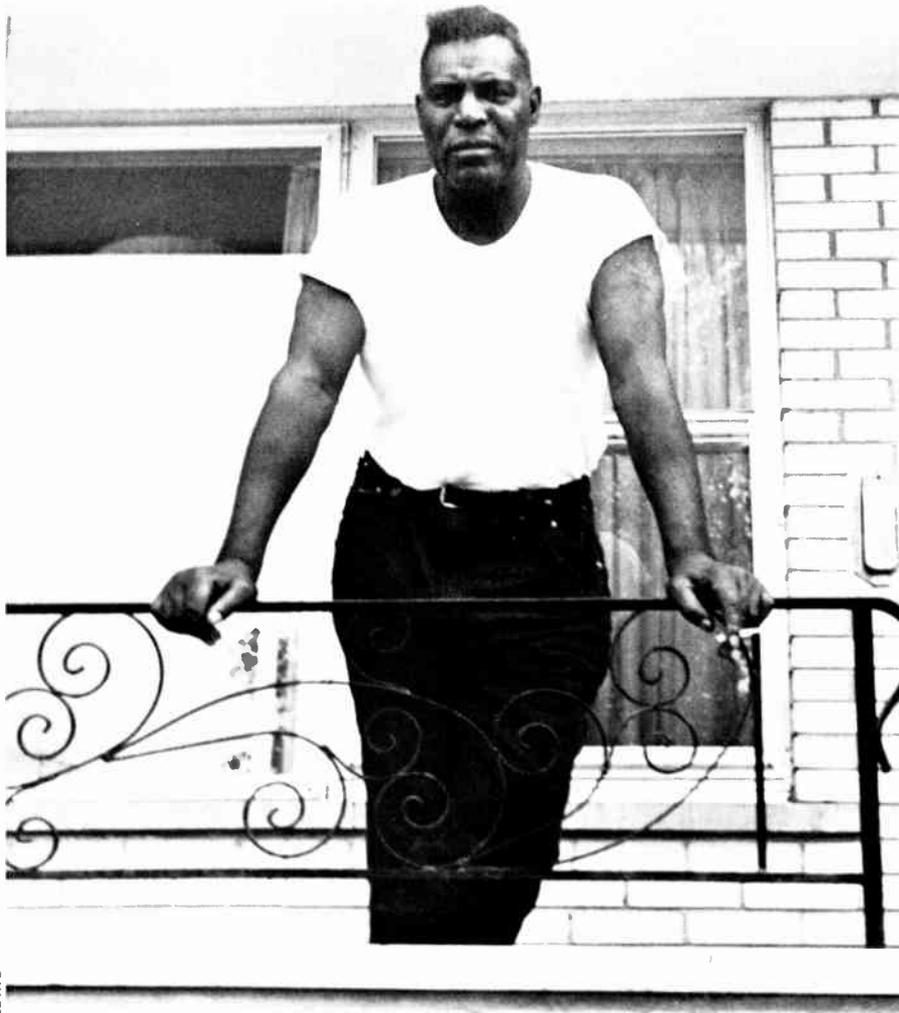
With his fellow Mississippians, Muddy Waters, Elmore James, and John Lee Hooker, singer-guitarist-harmonica player Howling Wolf—born Chester Burnett—has had great impact upon the course of blues in the years following World War II. His early recordings—often derived from the work of older musicians of the Mississippi delta region—possessed an almost overwhelming power. That force is evident in the numerous recordings he has made since moving to Chicago in 1952, where he established himself as an individual and powerful performer in the modern rhythm-and-blues style. His music has worn well. It seems less affected by the exigencies of the commercial record world than that of any of his peers, and it retains to this day much of the dark, burning force of his early recordings. Wolf has been notably reluctant to discuss his early, formative years in Mississippi. The few interviews with him that have been published have revealed him as guarded, even mistrustful. It was with this in mind that I approached him in his Chicago home. I was to find pleasantly that his guard was down. Perhaps Wolf has mellowed in recent years; in any event, I found him friendly, cooperative, and helpful. His candid recollections—unencumbered by exaggerations, fancies, and outright distortions that so many older blues men give out—follow. To make for a smooth narrative, I have excised my questions and arranged Wolf's comments in rough chronological order.

### By Pete Welding

I WAS BORN in West Point, near Tupelo, in Monroe County, Miss., on June 10 in 1910, and I left there in 1923 when I came to the Mississippi delta, around Ruleville, Miss.

I didn't start to fooling with guitar until about 1928, however, and I started on account of on the plantation—Young and Mara's plantation, where our family was living—there was a guy at that time playing the guitar. He was called Charlie Patton. It was he who got me interested.

He was a nice guy, but he just loved the bottle—like all the rest of the musicians. He was a great drinker. I never did know him to do no gambling or anything like that . . . but *drink!* I did know him to play good, and everybody liked him. He was a mixed-breed fellow, a light-skinned guy. He looked kinda like a Puerto Rican. He was from Will Dockery's place—that's a plantation out from Ruleville. He had been up north somewhere and cut some records for some company at that time [note: Patton's first recording session took place in June, 1929] and then had come back down



PETE WELDING

there in the fall of the year, in the harvest time—you know, when people're picking the cotton—to play for the folks. He'd go from place to place around there. He was playing by himself when I heard him. I don't know if he played with any other fellows because he was a grown man then, and I was just a kid, and my mama didn't allow me out at night. I couldn't go; I'd have to slip off.

That was the first I heard him, and I liked it, so from then on I went to thinking about music. I remember he was playing the tune *Hook up my Pony and Saddle up my Old Black Mare* and also *High Water Everywhere*, *Spoonful*, and *Banty Rooster*—oh, lots of tunes. I done forgot most of them, but at one time I could play his music. After all, he done taught me. I don't play it now much, but I *can* play it.

It was he who started me off to playing. He showed me things on the guitar, because after we got through picking cotton at night, we'd go and hang around him, listen at him play. He took a liking to

me, and I asked him would he learn me, and at night, after I'd get off work, I'd go and hang around.

He used to play out on the plantations, at different one's homes out there. They'd give a supper—call it a Saturday night hop or something like that. There weren't no clubs like nowadays. Mostly on weekends they'd have them. He'd play different spots—he'd be playing here tonight and somewhere else the next night, and so on.

He mostly worked by himself because his way of playing was kind of obvious—different—from other people's. It took a good musician to play behind him, because it was kind of off-beat and off-time; but it had a good sound the way he played. I never did work with him because he was a traveling man. In the spring of the year he'd be gone; he never came in until the fall. He followed the money. When spring came, why, he'd generally go up north someplace, maybe New York or Chicago. He mentioned he traveled a lot. He couldn't make too much money in Missis-

ssippi in the spring of the year because people didn't have *any* money until harvest time. He'd always come back in the fall.

He was a real showman. When he played his guitar, he would turn it over backwards and forwards, and throw it around over his shoulders, between his legs, throw it up in the sky. He was more a clown than he was a musician, it seems. But I never did hear nobody else playing like him—playing that bass, patting on the guitar—nobody mocking and using his patterns much.

He mostly played his songs the same way all the time. It was only when he'd get to *Spoonful* that he might change the background he'd play, and on *Banty Rooster* too. He played in regular [E-A-D-G-B-E] and in Spanish—that's open-G [D-G-D-G-B-D], we called it cross-guitar—tunings, but he mostly played in straight tuning, standard. He taught me in all of them—straight and cross, open-G. I never did hear him play anything in open-E.

Now, people around there didn't consider him the best musician. No. There was a group come up from around there called the Mississippi Sheiks [note: this popular group consisted of the Chatman brothers, Bo, Sam, and Lonnie; and Walter Vinson; and occasionally Sam Hill. The Sheiks enjoyed great commercial success on record in the period 1930-1935]. They had a beat to their music. I think they were about No. 1 around that part of the country. They played all around, but I never did get with them because I was farming at that time, and I really wasn't sure of myself about getting out and taking music up.

In those days I preferred the Sheiks to Charlie's music because the Sheiks had an up-tempo beat. They were a little more modern. Charlie's music was what you would call nowadays old-fashioned folk singing, stuff like that. But there weren't any people could play that old stuff like Charlie.

UP AROUND DREW I remember there were two fellows—Dick Bankston and Jim Holloway—they stayed on the plantations around there, north and west of Ruleville. Bankston was a brown-skinned fellow; he worked at the compress, while Jim farmed. They were older than me, but they were right along there behind Patton in age, a little younger than him. But they couldn't play that sound like Charlie could, because Charlie would strum his guitar and would kinda drum on it with the back of his hand.

Dick Bankston and them played nice, but they just couldn't put the strum in it. Now I don't know where Bankston or Holloway were from; I just met them in Drew, Miss. They lived there and just played music on weekends. I think he used to play a tune called *Bye and Bye, Baby, Bye and Bye*—something like that. I don't know for sure, 'cause I didn't fool around with them like I did Charlie and the Sheiks. I run into them often.

The last time I saw Charlie was at Cleveland, Miss., and it wasn't long before somebody cut him, and after that, it wasn't long before he taken the consumption and died. I think he's buried at Holly

Ridge, near Lula.

I felt like I got the most from Charlie Patton and Lemon Jefferson—from his records, that is. He came through Mississippi—in different areas—but I never did see him. What I liked about Lemon's music most was that he made a clear chord. He didn't stumble in his music like a lot of people do—*plink*. No, he made clear chords on his guitar; his strings sounded clearly. The positions he was playing in—that made his strings sound clear. There wasn't a smothered sound to his chords.

As a kid I also heard records by Lonnie Johnson, Tampa Red, and Blind Blake—they played nice guitar. I heard tell of Tommy Johnson, too, but never did see him and also ran into Tommy McClennan later.

After Charlie started showing me guitar, I came along slow. I didn't really pick up my time—didn't get that right—until somewhere in the '40s. I got my first guitar in 1928. My father bought it for me before we left Ruleville. We were living out there on the Quiver River, on Boosey's plantation—well, Boosey was the rider [overseer], but young man Morrow was the boss. He stayed in Winona, Miss. At that time I was working on the farm with my father, baling hay and driving tractors, fixing fences, picking cotton, and pulling corn.

There was a lot of music around there. Work songs. Some of the fellows was making songs like "I worked old Maude, and I worked old Belle"—things like that. They'd just get out there and sing as they worked. Plowing songs, songs to call mules by. They'd get out there mornings and get to plowing and get to hollering and singing. They'd make these songs up as they go along.

See, people make their music just like you think about what you want to do. They make their sound and their music just like they feel, and they sing like they feel. They made up the work songs as they felt. If they felt they was . . . somebody had taken something from them, that's what they sang about—however they felt. But you take myself: I never did have no ups and downs. I came from a good family, and I come up on a good plantation, and I was treated like a man.

It was in the late 1920s when I decided to go out on my own, to go for myself. I just went running 'round through the country playing, like Charlie and them did. The places I'd hit—I'd go to Greenwood, Winona, and back to my home, West Point, Miss., and go to Columbus, and then I'd go to Indianola and Greenville, Miss. Then I'd come over to the Arkansas side of the river around West Memphis and Parkin and Pine Bluff and Brinkley, Ark. Just all through the cotton-belt country, and mostly by myself. I didn't start using other musicians with me until 1948.

I run across lots of good musicians. I was just playing blues and stuff like that. Some of the first things I learned how to play was *How Many More Years?* and *Smokestack Lightnin'*, just common songs you heard down there. But, *How Many More Years?*—now, that's an original of

mine. When I started to playing guitar and blowing my harp, anything come to mind I'd just sing it and rhyme it up and make me a song out of it. Mostly I'd just take things I heard from people around there. I don't think I got any of my music from church because, well, I never did go to church much. I just picked up music, just playing guitar. Of course, it might be from the church, but that's just the way I was brought up to play.

I mostly just stayed in the country. I never did get to Memphis until about 1933, when my father moved from the Mississippi to the Arkansas side of the river. Then I began to meet different musicians, but I didn't know too much about them. I'd just see them, speak to them, keep on going. I remember seeing different little bands—jug bands—play in Memphis at the square on Beale St., but I never played in one. Stayed in the country farming.

IT WAS Sonny Boy Williamson—the second one, Rice Miller—who learnt me harmonica. He married my sister Mary in the '30s. That's when I met him; he was just loafing around, blowing his harp. He could *blow*, though. But he lived too fast—he was drinking a lot of whisky, and that whisky killed him.

Sonny Boy showed me how to play. I used to strum guitar for him. See, he used to come there and sit up half the night and blow the harp to Mary. I liked the harp, so I'd fool around, and while he's kissing Mary, I'd try to get him to show me something, you know. He'd grab the harp and then he'd show me a couple of chords. I'd go 'round the house then, and I'd work on it.

It was somewhere around this time that I met Robert Johnson. Me and him played together, and me and him and Sonny Boy—Rice Miller—played together awhile. I met Robert in Robinsonville, Miss.; his mother and father stayed out there in Robinsonville. I don't know what happened to them, but I know what happened to *him*. He got poisoned by a woman down there. I think he was getting too many girls and didn't pay her too much attention. This took place somewhere around Greenwood, Miss., out there somewhere. I don't know exactly when—it's been so long I've forgotten what year it was. It was in the '30s, though.

At that time Robert wasn't more than about 21 or 22. He never did talk about his past life no more than the time he said that he and Sonny Boy, Rice Miller, was supposed to cut some records for the Diamond people, I think, down there in Jackson, Miss. I did hear him say he was going down there to cut some record [note: the details of such a recording session, if ever held, are unknown to discographers].

Robert was a little brown-skin, slender fellow, weighed about 160 or 170 pounds. He was about 6 feet tall, maybe 6-3. The first record he put out was called the *Terraplane Blues*; he also did the *Cross Road Blues* and other different numbers. He was another fellow who played his songs near about the same way all the time. He had his own patterns and stuck

with them.

I worked a little while with him around through the country; we was playing around Greenwood, Itta Bena, and Moorhead. We didn't stay together too long because I would go back and forth to my father and help him in the farming. 'Cause I really wasn't ready for it—the music, you know.

At that time I couldn't play near as well as he could; I'd be just hanging around trying to catch onto something. Rice, though, he could play with him. We took turns performing our own tunes. If I

open chords all the time. Now, Willie he was a good singer too. He didn't cut nearly as many records as Son did because—I don't know—he just left Son House and come back to the farming. Son House, he just kept agoing. See, Willie had a wife back down there—I can't recall her name—he came back and stayed around Robinsonville and Lake Cormorant. That's where I got acquainted with him.

I WORKED WITH the two of them at some of those Saturday night hops. I'd happen up on them at different places, and I'd

and I was too glad to get it in those days!

I was calling myself Howling Wolf then. They also called me Foot. I don't know for sure how that name started—just because they say I had big feet. And some of them called me the Bull Cow. They just give me different names. But I just stuck to the Wolf. I got that from my grandfather. He used to tell me stories about the wolves in that part of the country, how they used to do way back in the days before they cleaned up this country.

He was one of them away-back guys, an old guy, whiskers way down to there.



Howling Wolf (white shirt) and his band at Sylvio's, a west side Chicago club.

played lead and sang, they'd back me up, see, 'cause at that time I wasn't good enough to back them up. But such as I did know, they'd back me up in them.

I hung around with Robert about two years, off and on. He traveled a lot. Last time me and him was together we was coming out of Memphis. I was going my way to Robinsonville, and he was on his way to Greenwood. But his mother and father lived out there from Robinsonville on Lake Cormorant, on the Mississippi River.

Robert had a nice personality. He was a nice-looking guy, and the women went for him. So that's why he got messed up by that woman who poisoned him. He was a nice person, but he was just wild amongst women, you know?

I don't know how long Robert had been playing when I met him, but at that time he was playing pretty nice. I never did ask Robert where he learned, 'cause we was just young and would just run in and meet one another at those parties and suppers, play and jam awhile, and take off. I never did ask him too much about his life.

I believe Son House mostly taught him because Son and Willie Brown . . . I used to play a little with them. Willie was the better musician 'cause Son House always played his guitar with that thing [bottleneck] on his hand. But Willie Brown, he fingered his, and could play all the way out. He knew more about the instrument; he didn't have to play it in

jump in and play a tune or two with them. They was playing music for dancing mostly, fast numbers to dance to. According to what position [key] you want to sing in, you can sing and play in up-tempo or in slow tempo. Well, most of the older people they preferred the slower tempo, but when you were playing for the teenagers, why, you had to jump it. They had the dances every weekend. That's the only time those people would have a chance to enjoy themselves—on a Saturday night or a Sunday—'cause those landlords would want them to work any other time.

Son and Willie worked well together; they teamed up pretty good. See, Willie Brown would play and follow Son House with his guitar. Mostly Son House would lead out, no matter which of them was singing, 'cause Willie kept in the background with the bass.

When I'd go out on them plantations to play, the people played me so hard; they look for you to play from 7 o'clock in the evening until 7 o'clock of the next morning. That's too rough! I was getting about a dollar-and-a-half, and that was too much playing by myself. People would yell, "Come on, play a little, baby!" A bunch would come in, and they was ready to play and dance. So I decided I would get a band, get two or three more fellows to help me out—but I didn't do that until 1948. Some of the jobs I had taken was 50 cents a night, back in Hoover's days. 7 in the evening 'til 7 the next morning—

When those old folks first came to that country, there was a lot of game—wolves and cats—in the forest. So he used to sit down and tell me about it, and I would get frightened. Also, I was bad about getting my grandmother's little chicks. Every time I'd get one I didn't have enough sense to just hold him—I'd squeeze him and kill him. So I got so bad about it they told me they was going to have to put the wolf on me. Scared me up like that. So everybody else went to calling me the Wolf. I was real young.

[Note: Wolf continued this life of farming and occasionally performing until he was inducted into the Army in 1941. He remained in the service for the duration of the war, spending much of his tour stationed in Seattle, Wash. He returned to Mississippi in 1945.]

After the war, I had gone back to farming, back to my father in Arkansas, out on the plantation they call Phillips' plantation—that's about 16 miles north of Parkin, Ark., on the St. Francis River. I stayed out there until after I figured I was grown enough to go for myself, and then I left there and went to Penton, Miss., and did some farming of my own for two years. I made two crops there, and then I moved to West Memphis, Ark.

It was there, in 1948, when I formed my first band and began to follow music as a career. On guitars I had Willie Johnson and M.T. Murphy; Junior Parker on harp; a piano player who was called Destruction—he was from Memphis—and I

had a drummer called Willie Steele. We played all through the states of Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Missouri. The band was using all electric, amplified instruments at that time. After I had come to West Memphis, I had gotten me an electric guitar. I had one before I went into the Army, and when I came out I bought another one.

I was broadcasting, too, on a radio station in West Memphis, KWM. I went to a Helena station a time or two in Sonny Boy's place—Rice Miller—when he had to be away, he'd get me to blow harp with his little outfit. But I had a steady job on KWM. It came on at 3 o'clock in the evening [afternoon]. It was in '49 that I started to broadcast. I had been lucky enough to get a spot on KWM. I produced the show myself, went around and spoke to store owners to sponsor it, and I advertised shopping goods. Soon I commenced advertising grain, different seeds such as corn, oats, wheat, then tractors, tools, and plows. Sold the advertising myself, got my own sponsors. Had that show for five years.

IT WAS DURING this time that I started recording. The first record I cut, *Saddle My Pony and Worried All the Time*, I made it for the Sun label through Ike Turner. I believe that at that time Leonard Chess was backing this fellow in Memphis who ran the Sun label, a guy named Phillips. So when I made the record, they sent it to Chess. It was done through two or three fellows, because I was a farmer, and I didn't know what was happening. I was glad to get a sound out, you know. This was in 1948.

Ike Turner had me do some recording soon after, for a label in California. He was a talent scout for them, RPM records. We cut them in Memphis, though he had come from California to cut them. See, something had gone wrong between Sun and Ike, so he switched around and put me with RPM. I cut a batch of numbers for RPM, all at the same time. Now, both of the records came out at about the same time—on Chess and RPM. Well, Chess he jumped up and sent a man down there to catch me before I messed up again. I was fixing to get ready and cut for somebody else, but Chess signed me, put me under contract. I stayed down there and made my second recordings for Chess, but the next ones were made in Chicago. I came here in the winter of '52, before Christmas. I came here to cut the records, and I've been going ever since in the business.

I left the other guys back in West Memphis and came up to Chicago by myself—they was afraid to take the chance. I went back down there a year later and picked up some of them, brought them back with me. But at first I was using guys that Chess furnished, the studio band that I recorded with—bassist Willie Dixon, guitarist Robert Lockwood Jr., and so on. A little later I got guitarist Hubert Sumlin; I sent back down south and got him. He was just a young man then. And I also got Willie Johnson, one of the first guitar players I had in the south. In West Memphis I had been using Willie Steele on drums, but he didn't come up here; at

the time I sent for him he had to go into the Army, and he decided to make a career of it. He's still in the Army.

After moving to Chicago, I found it easy to get into those clubs, playing my music, 'cause the people had heard about me before I come: the records were out before I came to Chicago. Right off, I started playing at a place at 13th and Ashland. Muddy Waters had been playing there at that time, and they put me in there. Then I went to stretching out all across town. After people found I was there, they commenced giving me jobs. I only played at one house-rent party here. They tore up all my instruments, and I said to myself that I wasn't ever gonna play for no more of them.

When I first got here, a lot of these jazz musicians, they wouldn't even look around at me because I was playing blues: "Who's that, a blues singer? I don't like no blues." But things have changed a whole lot: more people go for blues nowadays than they do for jazz, it seems.

It's just that people's tastes change. I don't know why this has happened, but it does look like the blues are getting bigger from what they used to be. The reason is hard to say. It's just in the people's minds—what they want. People get these different ideas. Now, take you and me, we might want to hear *How High the Moon*, *Sunny Side of the Street*, or *It Ain't Gonna Rain No More*. Here's a bunch over here, want to hear *Hey Baby*, *Where'd You Stay Last Night?* It's just in people's minds, their taste, what they want to hear. Now, me, I just like blues because to me it sounds good.

People ask me what the blues are. I think the blues is problems: when a man doesn't have no money and no job and has a family to look after and connections don't meet right for him. So that's what I call blues—when you don't have good connections for yourself. But singing about them doesn't really make things easier, I think—it just takes your mind off it. Your singing ain't gonna help you none; the problem is still there.

Now, I don't consider myself a professional musician. I couldn't say I'm a professional 'cause I don't know too much about music. I'm just an entertainer; I can entertain pretty well in my way of doing. There's some good musicians out there, way better than I, got better sound than I have perhaps. Of course, I have my own sound.

But if you are a musician and you're going out to play music, you have to make up a song. It wouldn't sound right if you sat up all night and played and didn't sing nothing. People wouldn't be interested in it; I don't care how pretty music it is. It needs a song in it to make it blend. You got to fit your words into your music without any spots and spaces.

When I go out, I sing for the people. Before I became an entertainer, though, I sang for myself. Anything I set up and figured was good, I made up a song about it. I just watch people, their ways. I play by the movement of the people, the way they live. Probably, over there at that house there might be people—I don't think they're living right, they do things

not becoming. You see, everything that I sing is a story. The songs have to tell a story. See, if you don't put a story in there, people won't want to listen to it, because people mostly have been through the same emotions. Since I'm an entertainer, that's what I have to give the people who come to hear me, buy my records. But me, myself, I just like music period, regardless of what kind it is. If it's played right, got a good sound, and pleases my ear, and isn't too loud, I listen to it.

Now, I don't think my music has changed much over the years. Not much really; but, of course, I did have to step up with the tempo. I used to play very slow, but I had to come up with the tempo of today. I went to school for my chords and positions on guitar after I got here. See, I didn't know my positions when I was playing those slow blues, but over the last few years I went to the Chicago Music School, and they taught me my positions.

On those early records, even the ones for RPM, I was the one told the guys what to play, how the music was to go. Now, the bass patterns on those records, they are mine—that's my bass. Some of those numbers are just on one chord. There's no changes to them; that's something I got from the old music. But the music, the songs, the sound—they are mine all the way out, from coming up playing guitar.

I always tried to play a different sound from the other fellow. Well, now, near about everybody got that rocking sound; well, I just tried to make mine short and have a good sound, to play something different. My music.

## DISCOGRAPHY

Most of Howling Wolf's recordings have been made for the Chicago-based Chess label, to which he has been contracted since the late 1940s. Early recordings made in Memphis for the RPM label have been reissued on Crown LP 5240, *Howling Wolf Sings the Blues*; this album recently has been repackaged and issued as *Big City Blues*, United 7717 (reprocessed stereo) and 717.

Among the Chess albums, *Moanin' in the Moonlight*, LP-1434, centers on older, traditional, Mississippi-based blues, while *Howlin' Wolf*, LP-1469, offers a more representative sample of his musical orientation since living and working in Chicago.

A number of the performances—all excellent, by the way—are obviously tailored to the demands of the commercial rhythm-and-blues record scene, but there are some performances in older genres. This same mixture of traditional and commercial is followed in *The Real Folk Blues*, LP-1502, a thoroughly engaging set. Unfortunately, there is a bit too much bottom-of-the-barrel-scraping in *More Folk Blues*, LP-1512, to qualify it as an essential LP.

The singer also may be heard in several performances recorded "live" at the Copa Cabana Lounge in Chicago on a Cadet LP, *Festival of the Blues*, 4031. On this set he is supported by the Buddy Guy Band.





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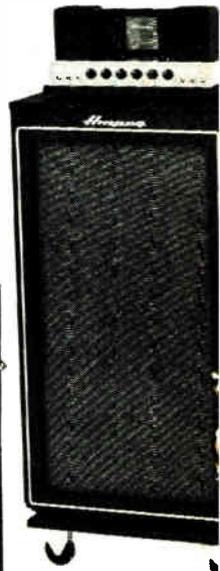
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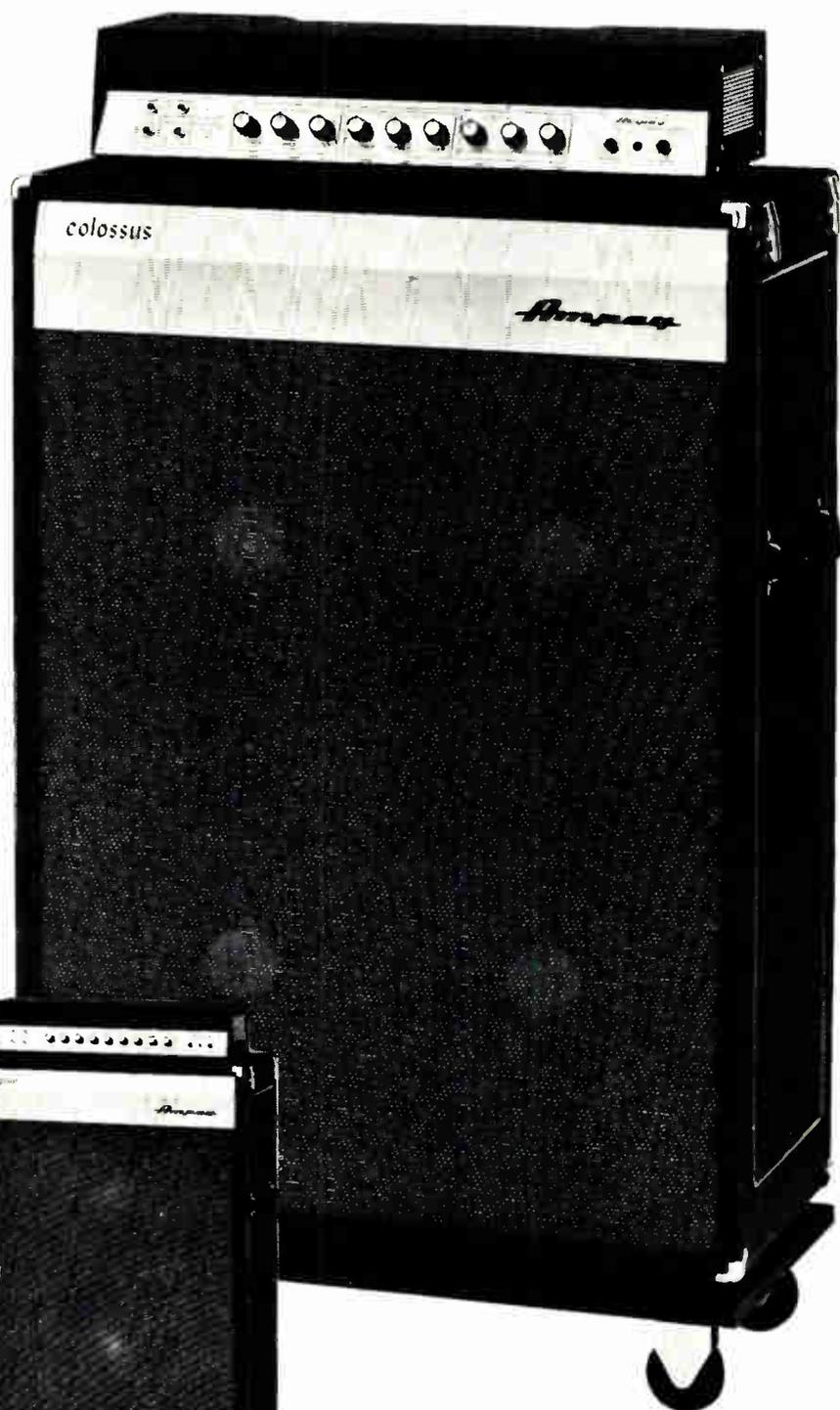


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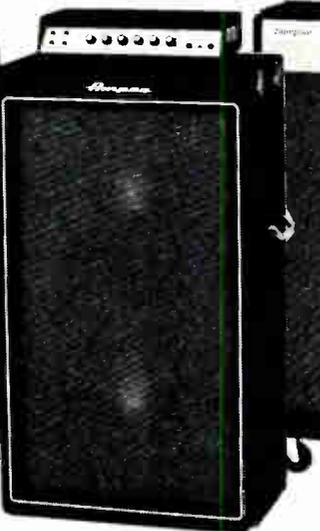


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# OLIVER JACKSON:

## THE VERSATILE SWINGER

by valerie wilmer

BUCK CLAYTON, Earl Hines, Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson, Earle Warren, Budd Johnson, Sir Charles Thompson, and Bud Freeman. That was *Jazz from a Swinging Era*, an overpacked package touring Europe early this year. Playing rhythm for so stellar a lineup almost guaranteed a courtship of disaster for bassist Bill Pemberton and drummer Oliver Jackson, the workhorses of the tour, who, in everyday life, make up two-thirds of the Earl Hines Trio.

That Jackson won a generous helping of the praise ordinarily reserved for the stars indicated the respect his musicianship has earned him. Never lagging, always giving, his were indeed drums from a swinging era.

"Working that tour was the hardest job I ever had in my life!" declared Jackson, a man of wide experience. "But I gained a lot more experience and found out a lot of things about myself because of the way the concerts were presented."

From the beginning, he said, the most taxing aspect of the tour was playing with two such disparate pianists as Thompson and Hines.

"It was very hard to keep yourself geared to any pace," he said. "It was just like turning the light on and off; like playing in the light and then playing in the dark. I don't mean that in any derogatory sense, because I enjoyed playing with both, but it was just like continually opening and closing your eyes."

"Then, out comes Bud Freeman, who has a completely different style, feeling, and so on, and this is very hard to adjust to. And so on right down the line, trying to do a good job. If I was the kind of person who said 'later' and played like he felt, it would have been a very different story. But I don't think music should be played that way."

An impish man with a big heart and a large capacity for hard work, Jackson has worked with leaders as diverse as Yusef Lateef and Dorothy Donegan; Charlie Shavers and Wardell Gray, and has spent a considerable part of his 34 years on the road. He frequently stresses the importance of travel in getting a comprehensive picture of the continually changing jazz audience, and suggests that every musician should hit



the road for at least one year out of every four.

"That way you can find out what makes the people listen," he said.

Today, according to Jackson, the jazz audience is more aware than it was 10 years ago. "You'd be surprised at some of the questions people come up and ask—they're a little more informed than you'd think," he said.

The drummer finds today's public exceptionally sound-conscious, noting that "they come up and say, 'Gee whiz, I like the way you play—I like your touch.' This means that they are more observant of what's going on. People always thought of drums as a lot of noise, but now they seem to be more interested in the actual *sound* of the instrument."

"Also, listening to Earl, they observe the unity in the trio. They come up and say, 'You really work well together!', whereas before they would just look at the individual soloists."

A native of Detroit, Jackson is generally associated with such mainstream musicians as Clayton, Shavers, Hines, and Teddy Wilson, but he is, in fact, a contemporary and schoolmate of Donald Byrd, Kenny Burrell, and the late Doug Watkins.

The son of another Oliver Jackson, a guitarist who worked the city's frequent rent parties, his earliest gigs were with fellow Motowners Thad Jones, Billy Mitchell, Paul Chambers, and Tommy Flanagan. He started playing drums just after World War II, a favorable time for gaining a variety of musical experience.

"People still had plenty of money, and there were many, many clubs all over the city," he recalled. "I don't think society was as involved then as it is now. People tended to do what they had to, then come out and drink and enjoy themselves. Consequently, so

many good musicians came out of Detroit because there were so many places to play and the spirit was good.

"Some of your best musicians are from that particular era, too, because you had to play so many different gigs in those days. I played with a circus band once, played for ice-skaters—I just enjoy all music. I like to play concert music, band music; you have to keep yourself 'up' to tackle anything. It's just like a fighter keeping himself toned."

"This is the age of specialization, and this is why I don't think a guy starting out now has too much opportunity to get a well-rounded background. It's a bad thing, and I think it will have its adverse effect on all aspects of life. It leads to one-track thinking."

IN DETROIT, Jackson worked with Rudy Rutherford and Candy Johnson and then replaced the late Specs Wright in the Good-Humored Six, a combo led by Cleveland alto saxophonist Gay Cross, which included trumpeter Tommy Turrentine and John Coltrane. With them, and also with pianists Ivory Joe Hunter and Dorothy Donegan, he visited New York in 1950, but each time returned home to continue his education.

"You can use any kind of musical experience," he insisted. "I don't think anything is wasted, even if you're learning what *not* to do. I think the main thing about music is just playing—you've got to play all the time."

Jackson's varied background is evident in his ability to feel at home in a swing unit or a setting bordering on avant garde. "I feel as though I can play out of any bag," he said, "even with someone like Ornette (Coleman)—I'd like to give that a try. I think I could get in there and do something. I don't know whether I would be acceptable to them, but I'm not shutting

it out. That music has some value.”

Jackson made a permanent move to New York in 1955, when he and Eddie Locke took a drum-and-dance act there, shortly after getting out of school. For two years, the drummers lived with Jo Jones, who was mainly trying to teach them some aspects of dancing. Naturally, things worked out otherwise.

“Jo’s a great dancer, you know,” said Jackson, “but he also showed us invaluable things about the drums.

“I’ve seen Jo do things on drums that I don’t think anyone else has seen him do in 20 years because he just doesn’t play that way any more. I mean, he still *plays*, but the environment and the work he has to do are not conducive to these things. I’m not saying that the music has got to be of a certain era or anything, but the people you’re playing with have got to be able to lend an ear to understand these types of things.”

It was through spending a year and a half at the Metropole in New York, where he replaced Cozy Cole with Sol Yaged’s house band, that the eager young drummer met up with all the giants of mainstream—people like Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Eldridge, Shavers, and Red Allen—and became inextricably caught up in their circle. He went on the road with Shavers, toured Europe with Clayton, saw Africa with Lionel Hampton’s big band, put in a spell with guitarist Kenny Burrell—punctuated by the U.S. State Department Russian tour with Hines—and finally joined the pianist on a permanent basis. He wishes that every drummer could share the challenge of working with the master.

“It’s very interesting, but Earl is a very difficult person to play with,” Jackson commented. “His sense of timing is uncanny; he’s got practically perfect time on that piano, and that means that *you’ve* got to do everything perfectly. What he plays with his right hand is altogether different than what he’s playing with his left. You can take your pick—you can go with the left hand or go with the right. I generally go with the right, because that left hand goes all over!

“Hines has counter-motion going, and all kind of counterrhythms, so whatever you do has got to be right in there, because if you ever get *off*, it’s going to be so noticeable, and it’s going to be a great struggle to get back where it is. Your timing has got to be good, and you’ve got to have a melodic ear.”

Jackson thinks that all drummers should study theory and take up harmony instead of just learning the rudiments, and to this end he is currently taking lessons from a colleague in

Hines’ combo, saxophonist-arranger Budd Johnson.

“He is making me aware of a whole lot I didn’t know before,” the drummer said. “There isn’t anything Budd doesn’t know about music.”

Even just knowing what key one is playing in makes a lot of difference to the way the drums sound, Jackson said, “since some keys are more brilliant than others and consequently you can use a little more power in those. Some keys are dull and flat—you find out these things when you study.”

WHEN A DRUMMER acquires a reputation for being a good man in a trio, he is constantly in demand, and pianists from Teddy Wilson on down frequently call him. Jackson says there is an art to playing with pianists and that it takes a lot of experience and self-control. “You can be aggressive,” he said, “but in a way where it won’t interfere with what’s actually going on.

“The drums play more of a role in a trio than they do in a big band, because you get a lot of space to cover up and a lot of openings, and you’ve got to keep everything sounding full without being dominant. Most guys like you to be aggressive, and you’ve got to play a lot with brushes—which is almost a lost art. You don’t hear too many people playing brushes these days. They’re hard to play, and the only way you can learn how to play with brushes is to get some personal instruction. In other words, you can’t read a book to learn. I was fortunate enough to have Jo Jones make me aware of where the brushes are supposed to be. Believe it or not, traveling around various locales, I’ve discovered that a lot of people have never seen a drummer with a pair of brushes in his hands.”

Jackson’s inquiring mind and happy, relaxed disposition are nurtured by his love of travel. His conversation is peppered with references to various trips on the road, and he also sometimes likes to compare aspects of the music business to other aspects of contemporary existence. A chance remark about his year with Hampton’s big band in the early ’60s prompted the observation that “one of the things that made the big bands so great was that they kept the same personnel so long. Consequently, everyone was really together. There’s an awful turnover in band personnel now, but I guess it’s like that in any other business too. People just are not interested in staying put.”

While on that aspect of life today, he turned to jazz’ *avant garde*, saying, “I guess this freedom-of-expression thing we have going now in practically every mode of life is the same way as it is in music.”

“We have to realize that music is only an extension of people and environment, and as people change, so does music. So, every 10 or 15 years you’re going to have something new according to the way our civilization is progressing. Take a lot of the younger Negro musicians—they’re interested in freedom mostly because this is the thing that’s dominant in their lives at this time.”

The main thing lacking in contemporary music, and in the attitude of its exponents, according to the drummer, is consideration for the audience and for each other. It is a condition he has noticed more and more on his travels, he said.

“When they get up to play, I don’t think there’s really any animosity there, but for the music to come out the way they want, they have to think like this,” he said. There is, he added, a lack of contact with the audience, “the listening people,” as he calls them.

“I don’t know how many people are on the scene now who ever saw Charlie Parker. I think he was the greatest exponent of modern music, as we call it, but as great as he was, he was always aware of the people. He was very, very aware of where the people were at, very sensitive to his audience, and people loved him because they were aware that he was playing to *them* and saying, ‘This is how I feel’.”

There is a certain degree of masochism in the jazz audience, the drummer acknowledged. “There are some people who like to be ignored and treated badly by the musicians, but they’re in the minority.”

Seldom does a drummer have the opportunity to impose his ideas on his fellow musicians to any degree, unless he is a Max Roach or a Chico Hamilton, but Jackson said the time he has spent playing other people’s ideas is almost up. The time is due for him to present something of his own, he feels.

“I think I’d have something to offer if I could form my style and a sound, but so far I’ve just dedicated myself to playing with other people. But that way, when you get ready to do what you have to do, it can be that much easier. Give me another year or two, and we’ll see what happens.”

One thing is certain: whatever happens with Jackson at the helm will be full of good feelings and thoroughness. It’s sure to be cooking, too, for with this swinging drummer aboard, it could not be otherwise. Mulling over his years in music, Jackson declared, “This [Swinging Era trip] has been a great experience for me. I don’t want to be famous, you know—I just want to get a little enjoyment out of life.”

# Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Ira Gitler, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Edward A. Spring, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

## Dave Brubeck

**BRAVO! BRUBECK!**—Columbia 2695/9495: *Cielito Lindo*; *La Paloma Azul*; *Sobre las Olas*; *Besame Mucho*; *Nostalgia de Mexico*; *Poinciana*; *El Rancho Grande*; *Estrellita*; *La Bamba*.

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Benjamin Correa, guitar; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums; Salvador Agueros, bongos, conga drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This innocuous music was recorded during Brubeck's appearance in Mexico last May. Much was made at the time of Brubeck's adding two Mexican musicians to his group, but in light of this record there was little musical justification for the move.

Guitarist Correa plays the melody on *Sobre las Olas*, better known as *Over the Waves* or *The Loveliest Night of the Year*, and has *El Rancho Grande* to himself (much to the delight of his audience). Percussionist Agueros merely provides musical babble in the background until it's time for his challenge routine with Morello on *Bamba*, but even then it's just two for the show.

The best music is played by Desmond, though that fertile-minded soloist is generally below par, rising to excellence only on *Poinciana*.

The leader confines himself in large measure to straight-forward, simple solos, with few flights into his personal brand of stomping (half Wagner, half Waller). His most pleasant solos are those on *Lindo*, *Besame*, *Poinciana*, and *Estrellita*.

In all, there's nothing much happening here.

—DeMicheal

## Gary Burton

**DUSTER**—RCA Victor LSP-3835: *Ballet*; *Sweet Rain*; *Portsmouth Figurations*; *Gen. Mojo's Well-Laid Plan*; *One, Two, 1-2-3-4*; *Sing Me Softly of the Blues*; *Liturg*; *Response*.

Personnel: Burton, vibraharp; Larry Coryell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a lovely album of music that is gentle yet strong; fresh and different, yet unpretentious and relaxed.

If there is any precedent for the special feeling of this group (in spirit, not in substance) it might be the Red Norvo Trio with Tal Farlow and Charles Mingus. Those who recall that splendid unit will know that this is meant as high praise.

There is a marvelous unity among the players. They are always listening to each other, always finding ways of complementing each other. And each one of them has something to say and is able to say it individually and yet within a total group framework.

There is freedom here, but it is the right kind—the kind that evolves from a specific

musical context and relates to that context, strikes a balance between playfulness and thoughtfulness, and is never willful or egocentric.

And all these cats can play. Burton has his own voice on an instrument that too often swallows the player's identity, and Coryell, too, has found his own way on a much-abused ax. They go well together, both in terms of unity and contrast.

Swallow, long a very good bassist, has become a remarkable one. He has roots, and he branches out. Haynes' playing is an object lesson in musical drumming, never rupturing the subtle texture of the group's sound, but energizing and vital still.

The pieces all offer something to play on. The gifted Mike Gibbs contributed *Ballet*, *Liturg*, and *Sweet Rain* (the last is a lovely melody, and this version compares interestingly to that recently recorded by Stan Getz, on the Verve album of the same name).

Swallow did *Portsmouth* and *Mojo*; Burton and Coryell collaborated on the fast-paced, exciting *1-2*; and Carla Bley's charming *Blues* makes a fine vehicle for the quartet.

I don't feel like attempting to describe this music. It should be heard; it gets better with each hearing, and it sounds pretty damned good the first time. It makes a lot of beautiful sense. Dig it.

—Morgenstern

## Sonny Criss

**PORTRAIT OF SONNY CRISS**—Prestige 7526: *A Million Times or More*; *Wee*; *God Bless the Child*; *On a Clear Day*; *Blues in the Closet*; *Smile*.

Personnel: Criss, alto saxophone; Walter Davis, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Every so often an album like this comes along to remind us just how accelerated the development of jazz has been.

The music has evolved so rapidly during the last 60 years or so that it is possible at the moment to hear representatives of just about every one of the phases of that development. It's uncanny, for example, how this set perfectly, unself-consciously summons up the spirit of the jazz scene of the late 1940s and early 1950s. It's almost as though the recording studio had served as a time machine to transport us back to the later days of the bebop revolution.

I do not wish to suggest that this is reactionary music. Quite the contrary, in fact.

Criss plays with a great deal of fire and assurance; he convinces the listener that

his is living music. It is not that Criss lives in the past or is trying to breathe life into a corpse so much as he has elected to mature and grow within the confines of a musical idiom that had its greatest flowering two decades ago, but still continues to exert an influence upon the music.

Criss' approach sounds a little dated to these ears, but dated only in the sense that he is a purist. His playing adheres to the old, pristine line, uncontaminated by any later permutations that bop went through.

Within this rigor, however, Criss manages to play with scorching intensity and with a fund of ideas that sound almost newly minted in his hands. His up-tempo work is nearly flawless, as his long-lined, limber improvisation on *Wee* clearly attests. The music just gushes out in a relentless torrent of notes, beautifully articulated and stamped with assertiveness. His ballad playing is equally engaging, and his solos on *Child* and *Clear Day* are as soulful as they are sensitive. His tone is expressive.

The support he receives from Davis, Chambers, and Dawson is excellent. Davis' piano forays reveal a firm grounding in the prototypical bop keyboard approaches, and he apparently has listened long and hard to Bud Powell, the impress of whose music is apparent in much of the piano work here.

In short, a tasty celebration of the joys of bebop by an accomplished instrumentalist who has retained his own love of and commitment to the genre and who communicates that love with sweeping, incisive playing of great depth and maturity. Vigor with the rigor, that is.

—Welding

## Bobby Hackett

**CREOLE COOKIN'**—Verve 8698: *High Society*; *Tin Roof Blues*; *The Saints*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Fidgety Feet*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Muskrat Ramble*; *Original Dixieland One-Step*; *New Orleans*; *Lazy Mood*; *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?*

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; James Morreale, Rusty Dedrick, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Cutty Cutshall, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Jerry Dodgion, Joe Farrell, Zoot Sims, Pepper Adams, reeds; Dave McKenna, piano; Wayne Wright, guitar; Buddy Jones, bass; Morey Feld, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

With such promising personnel, and with the gifted Wilber in charge of the arrangements—not to mention the golden Hackett horn—the end result is a bit disappointing.

The idea of new settings for some of the most frequently played traditional jazz

pieces, with a few Hackett specialties thrown in, was basically good, but though Wilber has bright arranging ideas here and there, the general flavor is just updated Bob Crosby.

The album's most serious drawback is the lack of solo space for such talented blowers as Adams, Farrell, Dodgion, Wright, and McKenna. There's only one half-chorus and short break for Sims. It would have been fun to hear these men tackle this unaccustomed material.

Brookmeyer gets a few chances, but they are routined (he is pitted against Cutshall's cantus firmus of the melody) and he sounds boxed in. And the tracks are too short (mainly under three minutes) to get into anything. (The exceptions, *Tin Roof* and *Basin Street*, are among the best.)

Hackett and Wilber are featured. The cornetist, one of the most amazingly consistent of all great jazzmen, is in fine fettle. His masterly control and exceptionally fine ear (Hackett was improvising on the changes long before this became standard procedure) are a joy, and he makes it all sound so effortless—the mark of a master. *High Society*, *Lazy Mood*, and Hoagy Carmichael's pretty *New Orleans* are top-drawer Hackett.

Wilber's beautiful soprano sound is well in evidence on *Tin Roof*, and he duets tastefully with Hackett on *New Orleans*. There are also samples of his neat, musicianly clarinet, but I feel he is more himself on the other horn and would have liked to have heard it at greater length. Wilber is a much more imaginative writer than this album reveals.

This creole buffet could have done with more hot sauce. —Morgenstern

### Barry Harris

**LUMINESCENCE!**—Prestige PR 7498: *Luminescence*; *Like This*; *Nicaragua*; *Dance of the Infidels*; *Webb City*; *My Ideal*; *Even Steven*.

Personnel: Slide Hampton, trombone; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

A funny thing about Harris is that although he came to prominence over a decade ago with the post-boppers, he now seems to be looking back to bop for inspiration. One could think of this LP as bop revival music. *Dance* and *Webb City* are Bud Powell tunes. *Luminescence*, a Harris original, is based on *How High the Moon*, one of the boppers' favorite standards. *Nicaragua*, another Harris original, has a boppish melody over a Latin beat.

Whether Harris is headed in the right direction is questionable, and I say this despite the fact that bop is my favorite form of jazz. I compared Harris' work on this LP with his superb playing on earlier records, a Thad Jones Blue Note album from the '50s and a Harold Land Jazzland LP cut in 1960. His work on the earlier albums is not as similar to Bud Powell's as it is here. In fact, his solo on *Ursula* from the Land album is one of the freshest he's ever cut; it's more distinctive than any of his spots here.

Nevertheless, this LP is a good one. Harris' playing on the earlier LPs may have less in common with Powell than it

does here, but I don't mean to imply that Harris is a Powell imitator. His is an original style that has been influenced by, but is easily distinguishable from, Powell's. His work is simpler and less violent than Powell's was during the late '40s and early '50s (Bud's prime years).

Harris' solos here are distinguished by their melodic beauty. He just keeps on coming up with pretty phrases and resolving them well. His work has a natural flow and continuity. It also is marked by rhythmic drive. Harris may not have the heaviest hands around, but he swings hard enough here to satisfy those who like jazz of the meat-and-potatoes variety.

The horn men are mainstream modernists. Adams, one of the finest baritonists in jazz history, has learned from Charlie Parker, though his huge, rich tone suggests that he's also been influenced by Harry Carney. He's in good form, eating up the changes with idea-filled lines.

The work of Cook and Hampton is not as original as that of Adams. Cook turns in a solid, virile performance. He's become a more confident, authoritative soloist over the years.

Hampton is a J. J. Johnson disciple, but happily does not possess Johnson's tendency to play over-cutely. He improvises in a no-nonsense manner, demonstrating fine technique in the process of constructing meaty solos.

While I doubt that Harris can be heard to the best advantage in a bop revival context, I feel that the music he and his sidemen have created in this genre is spirited and has enough substance to satisfy demanding jazz fans. —Pekar

### Al Hirt

**SOUL IN THE HORN**—RCA Victor 3878: *Honey Pot*; *Mess Around*; *Calypsoul*; *Long Gone*; *Sweetlips*; *Girl*; *Love Ya' Baby*; *Sunday-Goin' To Meetin' Time*; *Snap Back*; *Harlem Hendoo*; *Ludwig*.

Personnel: Hirt, trumpet; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★☆☆

First, turning to our "come again?" department, this choice morsel from the liner notes: "New, only because this is the first time it's been recorded . . . the first time the public's heard the soul music musicians play for themselves."

That bit of enlightenment—located an inch and a half above the 1967 copyright—sets the tone for this whole mis-matched mish-mash. The only half-truth in the album comes through the bell of Hirt's trumpet; he can, and occasionally does, blow a soulful horn.

It can be heard on *Love Ya' Baby*, *Harlem Hendoo*, and *Sweetlips*. No coincidence that these three are the slowest tracks; once the tempo is moved "up," arranger Teacho Wiltshire clutters his charts with a battery of rock encumbrances.

*Calypsoul* is an interesting rhythmic amalgam of—well, it's there in the title; and *Harlem Hendoo* boasts an unusual scale in its release. Note the use of words like "interesting" and "unusual." Note also the avoidance of hysterical adjectives such as "good."

Both stars belong to the trumpeter. The writing is so abysmal, maybe RCA will put Hirt in the driver's seat next time. —Siders

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## Roger Kellaway

**SPIRIT FEEL**—Pacific Jazz 10122 and 20122: *Spirit Feel; Portrait; Ten to Five; Witchwatcher; Blues for Hari; One, Two, Three, Four, Five; Comme Ci, Comme Ca; Double-Fault.*

Personnel: Tom Scott, alto, soprano saxophones; Kellaway, piano; Chuck Domanico or Red Mitchell, bass; John Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This record was made at a Los Angeles concert earlier this year. I remember that the big thing about the event was Kellaway's inclusion of musique concrete elements—that is, weird taped sounds played during some of the tunes as stimulation for the performers.

Well, some of the tracks in this album have this added ingredient, but I find it more distracting than provocative. Kella-

way answers the contrived sounds with some glisses and other rather simple devices but in so doing disrupts the flow of his solo, an unfortunate circumstance since he is one of the most interesting players to come along in the last five years or so.

Still, the musique concrete contrivance may be only another outcropping of the young pianist's fine sense of humor. A major attraction to be found in Kellaway's music is that it doesn't take itself too seriously. It could be called avant garde, but it has such a buoyant gaiety that I imagine the east coast and midwest avant-garders would dismiss it as not being "deep." Kellaway and his men also are *hot* players—which is two strikes against

them in some advanced circles.

Be that as it may, the Kellaway quartet is well worth the serious listener's attention. The group is not afraid to explore (most of the tunes are in "odd" times and often spiced with such venturesome touches as long, unaccompanied "free" solos), yet at all times it is a working unit, each member obviously aware of, and sensitive to, the musical thoughts of his confreres. And it swings—no matter what the time signature.

Scott is a hot-blooded soloist on both his horns. He displays overtones of John Coltrane, but he is most impressive as a straight-ahead, unclipped swing-out-of-bop player of some imagination. His use of amplified alto on *Hari* is quite witty.

Kellaway, too, is a hard swinger, but his ideas are more complex (and convoluted) than his sideman's. Yet, as involved as Kellaway's playing sometimes becomes, it never loses that joyousness that gives it so much life.

There is a great deal of sensitivity and taste in his work, too—it's not all tee-hee and charge-the-barricades. This side of Kellaway's talent is beautifully on view in his unaccompanied version of *Comme Ci*. And he is a *pianist*—he plays the instrument marvelously.

Domanico is a powerhouse, driving the others with sure strength. He's also an imaginative soloist, judging by his work on *Ten* and *One, Two*. Mitchell, playing what sounds like an amplified bass, turns in a run-of-the-mill solo on *Double-Fault* but contributes a man-sized portion to that performance's heated, happy swing by his keen section work.

Guerin's drumming is near-perfect for this kind of group. It drives and swings, is always there but never in the way, is strong yet tasteful.

I hope the next record by this group is sans musique concrete flourishes; its cutting edge should not be dulled by affectation. —DeMicheal

## Anthony Ortega

**NEW DANCE!**—Revelation M-3: *New Dance!; The Shadow of Your Smile; Sentimentalize; Conversation Piece.*

Personnel: Ortega, alto saxophone; Chuck Domanico, Bobby West, basses; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

*New Dance* is a creditable excursion into the free-form sector of jazz. The album consists of but four tunes, thoroughly in keeping with most avant-garde presentations, in which individual performances tend toward lengthy flights of euphoric or introspective self-expression.

Some find such performances a bore. The lengthy solos put them off and, concomitantly, the music may seem to them aimless, discursive, formless, obscure. The obscurity stems from the artist's extreme concern with self, and his attempt to establish his individuality as an identity distinct from the Establishment with each new artistic departure. I speak for myself, says the artist, and not for my father; he's had his say.

The value of music such as Ortega's to a tradition-based ear is that he, like the majority of artists, uses a good deal of the language of the old to express new ideas;



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hence, the uninitiated listener can find his way about. Traditional harmonic relationships are still his main building blocks. Altogether, the form of Ortega's playing isn't *that* free.

Furthermore, none of his offerings is served up at a frenetic, burn-'em pace, though Part 2 of *Dance* comes close. Part 1 is scarcely inspiring, aside from a few moments with West. Ortega's rapid runs here are triumphs of the trite. In Part 2, he introduces more melodic and tonal variety, although the cries and wails he sends through his horn will be familiar to avant-garde audiences.

It is in the dialogues between Ortega and Domanico that the interest and enjoyment lies. The two are the sole performers on *Smile*, *Sentimentalize*, and *Conversation*. The latter two (both, with *Dance*, are Ortega originals) are slow, but by no means draggy.

*Smile* finds Ortega's alto and Domanico's arco bass together in chamber-music intimacy. Towards mid-point, Domanico abandons bow for fingers. He is a very deft craftsman, indeed.

In these passages, the music shifts—in character and tempo—to a more swinging approach, though still slow and soft. Then Domanico returns to arco, the earlier mood resumes and is followed by a brief burst of controlled frenzy before the piece ends on a rather sighing note. Altogether, *Smile* is a good mood exposition, and indicates how much in rapport the two men are.

To me, *Smile* and *Sentimentalize*, the two slow-tempo explorations, are the most satisfying pieces. *Sentimentalize*, particularly, has moments of serene beauty in which the playing suggests the gentle musings of two singers exploring congenial ideas: two friends, sitting before a fireplace, talking softly, freely, easily.

It is a fine performance. Ortega's is a full, resonant, liquid sound, redolent of Paul Desmond and Art Pepper. Domanico is an impressive co-pilot throughout.

The liner notes are ecstatic. The writer seems to have had an orgiastic experience.  
—Nelsen

#### Jimmy Smith-Wes Montgomery

THE DYNAMIC DUO—Verve 8678: *Down by the Riverside; Night Train; James and Wes; 13 (Death March); Baby, It's Cold Outside.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Jimmy Maxwell, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, Melba Liston, Tony Studd, trombones; Bob Ashton, Danny Bank, Jerry Dodgion, Jerome Richardson, Phil Woods, reeds; Smith, organ; Montgomery, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Tracks 3, 5—Smith; Montgomery; Tate; Ray Barretto, percussion. Track 4—same as Track 1, minus Studd and with Richard Hixon, trombone; and Barretto added.

Rating: ★★★★★

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happen when two formidable performers get together to cook a bit.

*James and Wes* is an eight-minute, medium-tempo blues that finds the two stars stretching out in sympathetic interplay. Each displays the mental and physical dexterity that has promoted him to the top of the heap. Tate swingingly maintains the groove with crisp percussion.

The cortege steps sprightly on *13*, despite the somber implications of its title, and the tasty performances of Jimmy and Wes are complemented by stalwarts from the recording studios.

*Riverside* could well be the high point of the album, because of the get-to-it excitement created and generously passed around among the participants. The band

sets a rollicking motif for the head, and the dynamic duo are off, quipping, prodding exchanges from each other, and generally taking care of business. The pace remains sizzling throughout the track.

It's all aboard the *Night Train* to a swinging destination. The throttle, having been opened wide by the band in the introduction, is held on full by the two soloists with the utmost taste and wisdom.

Nelson deserves plaudits for his imaginative arrangements and his ability as an organizer.

Because this album was made in several sessions (recorded in segments), the performances fluctuate noticeably, but overall the pots are on and the dishes are finger-licking good. —Johnson

## BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

Joe Turner, *Singing the Blues* (BluesWay 6006)

Rating: ★★ ★

T-Bone Walker, *Stormy Monday Blues* (BluesWay 6008)

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

Jimmy Reed, *Soulin'* (BluesWay 6009)

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

Big Mama Thornton, *The Queen at Monterey* (Arhoolie 1032)

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Various Artists, *Roots: Rhythm and Blues* (RBF records 20)

Rating: no stars

BluesWay, ABC Paramount's new blues wing, fares a bit better with its second batch of releases than it did with its first four LPs (*DB*, Aug. 10). The recording and production are considerably better this time around, and the quality of the material by the artists is in the main higher.

The Joe Turner set does not grab me very much, but is quite handsomely done, considering the pickup nature of the backgroup.

What I most object to is the choice of tunes, not so much the old recreated pieces like *Cherry Red*; *Roll 'Em, Pete*; or *Piney Brown*, of course, but the new compositions Turner felt impelled to do for the date. None of them is particularly distinctive, and most are rather insipid in lyric content, especially when Turner turns his hand to what he considers a "commercial" product.

It would be interesting to discover what audience he has in mind in writing these fripperies; one would imagine that current rhythm-and-blues audiences are a bit more sophisticated than his lyrics would suggest.

The rating is for his rich, ringing voice and for the remembrance of things past that the vintage tunes summon up. But this isn't the blues today.

Singer-guitarist T-Bone Walker has come a long way from the country blues of his native Texas (he made his first recordings, aged 16, in Dallas in 1929). His exciting electric guitar work and compelling singing helped remake the blues in the 1940s, following his tenure with the Les Hite Band from 1939-40.

This powerful disc testifies to the continuing vigor and authority of his work in the modern blues genre. His playing is still a revelation. His rich, long lines are full of taste and invention and are articulated with economy and a full measure of blues feeling. His singing is strong and resilient.

Perhaps even more important is the attention to detail that went into the album production. The choice of tunes—most by composer Grover McDaniel—is fine, and they are framed with well-crafted arrangements, for six horns and rhythm section, that are brisk, imaginative, and thoroughly contemporary in sound.

The arrangements and the band's execu-



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tion of them lend no small amount of interest and excitement to Walker's performances. But it's his show, and he acquits himself with distinction. It's one of the finest items in the BluesWay catalog and would enhance any blues collection. Highly recommended.

The Reed set is the second he has done for the label, and it represents a significant advance over his earlier one, which was rather sloppily produced. Here the intonation is fairly good throughout, though there are a few lapses, as well as a few rough spots—primarily in respect to the changes—which an additional take would probably have taken care of.

Reed is in passable voice, his harmonica playing is representative, and the general texture of the ensemble approximates that of his earlier, reputation-making recordings. Too, the new tunes are pretty much within the contours of the genre he has carved for himself; while they are nothing special, they do him no disservice.

Something major went wrong with the Thornton set. I understand that the recording engineer not only had no understanding of or sympathy for blues recording but apparently actively interfered with the conducting of the session.

Beyond technical difficulties, however, there were more serious problems (and these might have been due to the studio hassels). Miss Thornton was not in particularly good voice. As a result, the performances never seem to catch fire with that particular abandon she can bring to blues singing. These are competent readings, but little more.

The support is by the Muddy Waters Band, which generally acquits itself with its usual aplomb, but even they occasionally are rattled by the extramusical conflicts with the result that there are a few awkward spots. Waters' guitar is a bit excessive sometimes, but pianist Otis Spann is a tower of strength no matter what's going on around him. The recording balance is atrocious.

The most merciful thing to say is that it would have been far better if this set had not been issued, but one can appreciate producer Chris Strachwitz' position. As the owner of a small specialist label with limited means at his disposal, he was almost impelled to issue a disk in which he had invested considerable money.

The RBF set has my vote for the worst rhythm-and-blues album of the last several years. The ostensible function of RBF (a subsidiary of Folkways records) releases is the documentation of significant developments in U.S. folk music, past and present. How this set of 10th-rate imitations of popular rhythm-and-blues recordings (of such ineptness and unimaginativeness that one must summon all his fortitude to sit through a complete playing of the album) can so qualify is difficult to imagine.

Personally, I would have been more than content with a bald statement from RBF that such music as this existed; they didn't have to *issue* it. There's already enough bad music loose in the world without RBF's having to ennoble more.



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# BOBBY HUTCHERSON/ BLINDFOLD TEST

The new wave of jazz artists can be divided into two basic categories. There are those who came to general recognition as full-fledged avant-gardists and have always been heard in an "outside" context; and there are the others, who started in a post-Parker but pre-bossa nova bag but have since evolved along contemporary lines and now operate within a wide variety of frameworks.

Bobby Hutcherson is a fine example of the caliber of musician to be found in the latter class.

The winner of a *Down Beat* talent-deserving-of-wider-recognition award in 1964, Hutcherson was born 26 years ago in Los Angeles. When he was 15, Milt Jackson's records brought him to jazz.

During the last decade he has worked, and continues to work, with neo-boppers, avant-gardists, mainstream-modernists, and anyone else whose music he finds compatible. One of the first of the young vibraharpists to make extensive and successful use of the marimba, he played in New York City with Eric Dolphy, Al Grey-Billy Mitchell, Jackie McLean, and Archie Shepp; on the west coast his associates have included Harold Land, John Handy, and the Gerald Wilson and Gil Fuller orchestras.

This was his first *Blindfold Test*, and he received no information about the records played. —Leonard Feather

**1. GARY BURTON.** *General Major's Well-Laid Plan* (from *Duster*, RCA Victor). Burton, vibraharp; Larry Coryell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Since I play the vibes. I think I should talk about the vibes. That must have been Gary Burton, because it's his sound—with the group that he has now. It sounds like some Tennessee music, so could be from his *Tennessee Firebird* album.

It had a nice, pretty sound, but has that kind of feeling that I'm not too close to, so I can't really tell you how I felt groove-wise.

As an instrumentalist, Gary gets a helluva sound out of his instrument, and his technique is too much. I read some things Gary Burton wrote about Bags one time, at which I was very amazed, because Bags—you can have all the technique and distinctive sound—but Bags can play one note and that one note will swing you to death. And that's the most important thing.

Gary had said something about Bags not doing some of the things that he should be doing, and I think Gary should check out just swing. Knowing your instrument and being able to play a lot of stuff on it is a gas, too, but if you can't really get in there swinging. . . .

I'll give it 2½ stars for its pretty, overall sound.

**2. LIONEL HAMPTON.** *Happy Monk* (from *Hamp in Japan*, Glad-Hamp). Hampton, vibraharp.

That's got to be Hamp—he's something else! You can kind of just feel him when he's on the stage. He's really a great showman.

Hamp is still one of the great guys; he puts everything into his performances and everybody feels it. Most crowds, by the time he finishes, are just standing there and watching him, waiting to applaud.

Musically, he's definitely still saying something. It's that same feeling as on his old recordings. It's very loose—when he's playing, anything could happen, and that's kinda nice. It's a drag sometimes when you hear a note, and you can almost

know what the guy is going to play next. I'd give that 3½ stars.

**3. TERRY GIBBS.** *Norwegian Wood* (from *Reza*, Dot). Gibbs, marimba.

First of all, this is somebody trying to get a hit. I'm trying to think who would be doing that; it's difficult to tell.

It sounds more like a marimba than a xylophone, because it has a higher pitch to it. It doesn't have very much to do with jazz, and I'm not very much of an AM listener on the radio.

To rate this musically, just one star.

**4. TOMMY VIG.** *Jet Flight in G Minor* (from *Tammy Vig Orchestra*, Take V). Vig, vibraharp, composer.

He got into some nice things in the middle of that on the vibes, although I don't have the slightest idea who it was.

I didn't like the song, but it was a nice thing to get off and do something fast, and I thought the band played it well; they had a nice feeling going on. When it started, I didn't know quite what to expect for a second, but the vibes player got off into a nice free feeling.

There were a few things I couldn't quite hear, because the motor on the vibes was going a little too fast. But he did play that last little bit nice and clean.

I'll give that 3½ stars.

**5. MILT JACKSON.** *Extraordinary Blues* (from *Milt Jackson & Big Brass*, Riverside). Dave Burns, trumpet (no solo); Thad Jones, cornet solo; Clark Terry, trumpet solo; Jackson, vibraharp; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

I think a friend of mine, Dave Burns, is on that date, and he'd be playing trumpet.

Bags has a way of playing so that he takes you up to the top of the instrument and gets hung up in playing these notes, and you hear them up there as though it was at the top of the rafters. He's just dancing around up there, and he lets the rhythm section hang below him, and that's a helluva feeling.

Dave was telling me that he did a brass thing with Bags, and this must be it. I

couldn't really identify the soloists, because I was listening so intently to Bags.

I've heard him recorded a lot better than this. But sometimes you hear a record like this, and you think it might be someone else; then in a few seconds it hits you, and you know it just *can't* be anybody else but him. He hangs it up in the sky . . . it just lays there.

I'd rate that 5 stars—a million stars for Bags!

**6. STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK.** *Unwind with the Clack* (from *Incense & Peppermints*, Uni). Randy Seal, vibraharp, drums, bangos, special effects, vocals.

The way it opened up, it's hard to tell whether that's a jazz group trying to play rock-and-roll or a rock-and-roll group trying to play jazz. But at the end I decided it was definitely a rock-and-roll group, mainly because of the vocal.

That was a funny record! That would be some good music to go behind an Italian short movie or a cartoon. I was very surprised when the vibes came in—but it sounded like they had some fun.

For it having been so funny, I'd have to rate it three stars. I have to add that somebody could be a really good jazz musician and come in and do something like this and completely turn his playing around because he's thrown into this groove.

**7. VICTOR FELDMAN.** *Sure as You're Born* (from *Victor Feldman Plays Everything in Sight*, Pacific Jazz). Feldman, vibraharp, piano, organ, electric bass, drums.

That was a very nice melody, and the sound between organ and vibes was very good.

I think it was probably Roy [Ayers]. It had a really good sound to it. It wasn't an exploratory piece; they just wanted to make this statement on this melody. Sometimes, you've written a melody that's so pretty that you just want to play the melody, and don't want to have to play too much on it, and that's what they did.

For what they tried to do and how it came off, I'd say that's a straight 4½ stars. 

# BOOK REVIEW

**The Big Bands**, by George T. Simon. Foreword by Frank Sinatra. Published by Macmillan, 537 pages, \$9.95.

The era of the big bands was a fascinating period in the history of U.S. popular music, and in this breezy, sprawling, and affectionate book, Simon has painted a nostalgic canvas embellished with personal recollections.

The profusely illustrated pages of this well-produced tome are populated with "handsome" men and "cute" or "pretty" or "attractive" or "glamorous" girls (Simon has a remarkable memory for girl singers) and vivid descriptions of the bands in action.

The reader looking for detailed musical analysis, thorough historical research, and startling insights will look in vain. It's not that kind of a book, though it does contain some details that will be new to the jazz scholar or informed enthusiast. (Did you know that Lester Young and Harry James were opposing pitchers in a Basie-Goodman baseball game?)

No, this is a friendly, chatty, not very profound but eminently readable chronicle, paying attention to the sweet and corny bands as well as the hot ones and to forgotten singers, comedians, and baton-wavers as well as famous and creative instrumentalists and arrangers. Thus, it gives an accurate reflection of an era which wasn't, by any means, musically "pure."



MICHAEL CAPUTO

Clowning at an all-bandleader record date are Harry James, Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa, who've switched instruments; Count Basie, Benny Carter and Cootie Williams. Not in the picture is a&r man George Simon.

Part 1 devotes some 75 pages to the general picture: the audience, the leaders, the sidemen, the arrangers, the singers, the bookers and managers, the recording industry, radio, movies, and the press.

One of Simon's most interesting theories is that the recording ban imposed by James Petrillo, boss of the AFM, in August, 1942, with repercussions lasting until nearly the end of 1944, contributed greatly to undermining the popularity of the big bands and helped to open the gates for the onslaught of the "single" singers.

Part 2 deals in some detail with 72 selected bands, alphabetically from Charlie

Barnet to Paul Whiteman and chronologically from Whiteman, Casa Loma, and Isham Jones to Dizzy Gillespie, Billy Eckstine, and Boyd Raeburn. The bands chosen include some of dubious musical stature, though perhaps of significance as examples of successful styles.

Some 200-odd other bands are discussed more briefly, under such headings as "horn-playing leaders," "arranging leaders," "Mickey Mouse bands," "The Veterans," and a catch-all category, "And Still More Bands." This is followed by an alphabetical rundown (with occasional parenthetical comments) of 144 further bands

  
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and a brief epigraph about the current big-band scene.

Some of the 72 primary sketches are woefully brief. (Gillespie gets about 1½ pages of copy and two large photos.) Some important bands (Don Redman and Claude Hopkins) are relegated to the back of the book, while such leading lights as Ozzie Nelson, George Hall, and Johnny Long are out front. Louis Armstrong is not given due credit for being the very first featured soloist "fronting" a big band.

The only bands dealt with in depth are Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey (especially the former), Glenn Miller, Harry James, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Duke Ellington, and Woody Herman. Jimmie Lunceford (though described as "without a

doubt the most exciting big band of all time") gets a scant seven pages (with five photos); Chick Webb, five; and Raeburn, two.

Miller's 26 pages are the most interesting, with Tommy Dorsey's 18 a close runner-up. Simon had a long and close personal relationship with Miller, and was, in fact, the first Miller band's drummer. Simon shows considerable insight into the characters of Miller, Tommy Dorsey, James, Goodman, and Shaw, but the music is not always as sharply in focus.

The Basie chapter is a near-miss, since Simon, astonishingly, sees no major differences between early, middle, and late Basie, thus missing the point of Basie's adaptability as an element in his longevi-

ty as a working bandleader.

While there are informative comments about the hardships of life on the road, the very real problem of racial discrimination is passed over quite lightly—the author seems to take it as a simple fact of life that Negro bands, with some exceptions, were relegated to lesser locations and had to cope with rougher schedules.

The most "serious" racial incident Simon can muster up is one involving Jan Savitt's featured singer, George (Bon-Bon) Tunnell, in which the singer asserted his pride. No mention is made of the indignities suffered by Roy Eldridge with the Gene Krupa and Shaw bands, or of the ugly incidents that were ordinary in the day-to-day existence of Negro bands touring the Deep South.

But then, the emphasis throughout this book is on sweetness and light. Simon, who was the first to write serious criticism of big bands when he became a *Metronome* staffer in 1935 (subsequently, he was that magazine's editor-in-chief for 16 years), obviously loved the bands and finds some good in even the most unlikely corn and sugar-cane fields.

This genuine enthusiasm, however, is the book's chief virtue. Simon's prodigious memory (bolstered by liberal doses of quotes from contemporaneous *Metronome* reviews, mostly by Simon, sometimes by sidekick Barry Ulanov) gives his material a you-can-hear-and-see-it-now tangibility, and the reader is made aware of an era when the mass media of "communication" had not yet displaced close personal contact between performer and dancer-listener.

In a book as big as this one, some errors are bound to creep in. Tenor stylist Hershel Evans, who died of an incurable disease, is twice asserted to have been the victim of an automobile accident. It was Jack Purvis, not Jack Pettis, who played trumpet with Hal Kemp, and it's Karl, not Earl Kiffe, who served with Jimmy Dorsey. Gerald Wilson is mistakenly identified as Eddie Tompkins in a Lunceford picture. And Joe Garland's *In the Mood* was recorded by Edgar Hayes' band more than a year before Glenn Miller did it.

More serious are the total omissions of such important territory bands as Boots and His Buddies, Don Albert, Ernie Fields, Snookum Russell, Nat Towles; Roy Eldridge's big bands, and, most notably, the Buddy Johnson Band, one of the longest-lived of them all.

On the credit side, there is Simon's continuous awareness of the importance of the arrangers. While no point is made of this, it is interesting to note how many Negro arrangers wrote for white bands, beginning with Redman for Whiteman; but then, the arranger is an "invisible" man.

This is an entertaining and frequently informative book, though it will appeal more to the fan than the serious student. Considering the current interest in the '30s, its publication is timely. One serious oversight: there are no discographical references whatsoever, though the book cries out for at the very least an elementary listing of the many available recordings from the period.—Dan Morgenstern

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(Continued from page 13)

locally over KTTV. Mike Melvoin was recently named music director for that show, and fronts a group including **Bob Enevoldsen**, valve trombone, tenor saxophone; Melvoin, piano, organ, harpsichord, arranger; **Joe Pass**, guitar; **Monty Budwig**, bass; **Colin Bailey**, drums. . . . The orientation was strictly traditional at the October-November first-Sunday-of-the-month meetings of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California, in Santa Ana. At the first meeting, the band from ABC-TV's *Hurdy-Gurdy* was the featured attraction: **Pete Lofthouse's Second Story Men**, plus blues belter **Barbara Kelly**. Personnel in the band: **Gerry Burns**, trumpet; Lofthouse, bass trombone; **Jack Martin**, soprano saxophone, clarinet; **Steve Steven-ton**, tenor saxophone, piano; **Nappy La Mare**, banjo; **John Caleffie**, guitar, banjo; **Bill Campbell**, piano, banjo; **Irv Edelman**, string bass, tuba; **Charles Lodice**, drums; **Miss Kelly**, vocals. The **South Market Street Jazz Band** (young collegians from San Diego), winners of this year's Disneyland/Dixieland contest, were scheduled to play at the same session, but they had a "command performance" for the governor of Arizona, **John R. Williams**. The second event was a salute to **Frank Bull**, one-time radio announcer and creator of the Dixieland Jubilees. Those concerts brought the big names of jazz to the Shrine Auditorium and Hollywood Bowl during the late '40s and '50s. Taking part in the tribute: the **South Frisco Jazz Band** (**Al Crowne**, trumpet; **Eric Rosenau**, trombone; **Mike Baird**, clarinet; **Bob Rann**, tuba; **Ron Ortman**, piano; **Vince Saunders**, banjo-vocals-leader; **Bob Raggio**, washboard); and the **Tailgate Ramblers** (**Bill Stumpp**, trumpet; **Roy Brewer**, trombone-leader; **John Smith**, clarinet; **Kenny Sands**, piano; **Jim Levitt**, bass-banjo-guitar; **Charlie Lodice**, drums) . . . Monday nights continue to be anything but quiet. For Donte's, in North Hollywood, Monday means guitar, and recently **Mundell Lowe** was featured. Pianist **Jimmy Rowles** joined him for the second of two concerts. Shelly's Manne-Hole, where **Don Ellis** held forth for a series of Mondays, had **Shelly Manne** in, followed by **Roger Kellaway**, with future Mondays indefinite. The Tiki, where **Charles Kynard's** trio holds forth (Kynard, piano; **Cal Green**, guitar; **Johnny Kirkwood**, drums), features a celebrity night every Monday. Most recent guest was **T-Bone Walker**. The Parisian Room, to which **Perri Lee** has returned, also has a celebrity night on Monday, hosted by **Wayne Robinson**, Miss Lee's former partner. The Monday Night Jazz Society, at Marty's-on-the-Hill, is still the most active, under **Tommy Bee's** direction. **Buddy Rich** and his band was at Marty's Nov. 20 (the start of a seven-night gig, the last three nights of which he was joined by comedian **Flip Wilson**); and on Nov. 27, **Jimmy Smith** appeared. Vocalist **Marlena Shaw** just closed at Marty's, backed by **Bobby Bryant's** Septet (Bryant, trumpet; **Hadley**

**Calliman**, **Herman Riley**, tenor saxophone; **Marty Harris**, piano; with **George Gaffney** backing Miss Shaw; **Bob Saravia**, bass; **Robby Robinson**, drums; **Moses Obligation**, conga drums). Pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, and drummer **Ed Thigpen** are at Memory Lane. Thigpen took a brief leave of absence from the gig to join **Ray Brown** behind **Carmen McRae** at Shelly's. **Harry (Sweets) Edison's** new group played Memory Lane for 10 days, then made room for a 10-day gig by **Willie Bobo**, after which Sweets returned to his Memory Lane "home" for an indefinite stand . . . Altoist **Sonny Criss** fronted a quartet (**Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Buddy Woodsen**, bass; **Larry Bunker**, drums) for a special "Operation Bootstraps" gig in Pacific Palisades. It was held in the hothouse of a large estate owned by a Texas millionaire. . . . One of the reasons **Jack Jones's** engagement at the Cocomanut Grove was so smooth could have been **Marty Paich**, who furnished some excellent charts for Jones. **Don Rader**, in the trumpet section of **Dick Stabile's** house band, finished a gig at Marineland. Fronting the group: bassist-vocalist **Dave Miller** (his wife **Suzzane**, piano-vocals; **Rader**, trumpet; **Mel Zelnick**, drums). Trombonist **Frank Rosolino** joined them on certain nights. **Rader** fronted a quintet for a one-nighter at Chapman College in Orange (**Willie Maiden**, tenor saxophone; **Mike Wofford**, piano; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Chiz Harris**, drums; and ex-Maynard Ferguson vocalist **Marge Blyden**). **Rader** will also join **Les Brown's** band for their annual Xmas tour of Vietnam with **Bob Hope** . . . **Tommy Peltier** and his **Jazz Corps** kicked off a special series of concerts sponsored by the Performer's Trust Fund of AFM Local 47. The concerts were presented all over the Los Angeles area, and Peltier's group played the first one, at the Ellis School, in Whittier. The personnel included trumpeter-fluegelhornist Peltier, reed man **Fred Rodriguez**, vibist **Lynn Blessing**, bassist **Bill Plummer**, and drummer **Maurice Miller** . . . Bassist-composer **Ralph Pena** put on a special concert with a nine-piece group and a 23-piece orchestra at Sacramento State College, featuring his own compositions and arrangements. Then he returned to Hollywood to work with **Erroll Garner**, **Frank Sinatra**, and **Antonio Carlos Jobim** for two TV specials . . . Pianist **Bob Harrington** spends considerable time alternating between **Red Norvo** and **Georgie Auld**. **Norvo** had a group at the Sheraton Beach Inn, in Huntington Beach (**Norvo**, vibes; **Ted Hughart**, bass; **Tom Albering**, drums); **Auld** was at the Americana, in Long Beach (**Auld**, reeds; **Red Wootten**, bass; **Maurice Miller**, drums; **Melba Moore**, vocals). Now the question rises: whither goest Harrington? **Norvo** is headed for San Francisco; **Auld's** on his way to Tokyo . . . Guitarist **Ron Anthony** has resumed his monthly concerts at the Equestri Inn, in Burbank. First concert was scheduled to feature **Anthony** plus **Dave Mackay**, piano; **Bill Plummer**, bass, sitar; and **Bill Butchko**, drums. He hopes to have **Buddy Childers**



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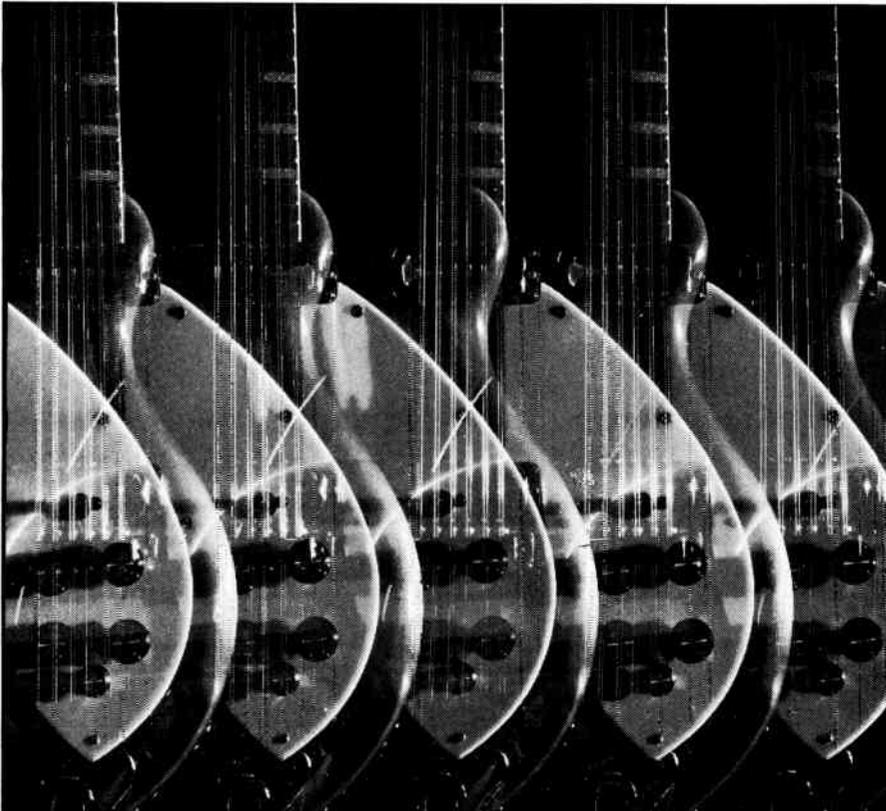
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the *Run For Your Life* series . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** were back at the Tropicana's Blue Room after their recent tour of the Orient . . . Orchestra leader **Al Alvarez** is conducting a new house band in the Showroom at the Frontier Hotel.

**New Orleans:** Henry Whiston, jazz producer for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, was here recently, taping interviews for his *Jazz At Its Best* network radio show. Whiston gathered information on the changing New Orleans jazz scene from surgeon-guitarist **Doc Souchon**, trumpeter **Al Hirt**, pianist **Armand Hug**, and *Down Beat* correspondent-drummer **Charlie Suhor** . . . Bassist **Jay Cave** is becoming the most active sideman in town. He works cocktail hours at the Top of the Mart with modern jazz pianist **Joe Burton**, night sets with pianist-singer **Bob Brockman** at the Gaslight, and then joins Burton again for a 1 a.m. show on WVUE-TV . . . Guitarist **Danny Barker** was featured on banjo in a Dillard University production of *Dark of the Moon*. Barker, accompanied by students on wash-tub bass, guitar, and washboard, set the mood for the play, which is a modern dramatization of the old *Barbara Allen* ballad . . . Dixieland Hall is now using two bands in rotation during the week. They are the **Papa Celestin Band**, led by banjoist **Al French**, and the **Louis Cottrell-Paul Barbarin Band** . . . Bassist **Al Bernard** left **Ronnie Dupont's** quartet at the Bistro to join the **Leon Kelner Band** at the Blue Room. Recently, pianist **Dave West** subbed for the vacationing Dupont.

**Paris:** Tenorist **Nathan Davis** opened for a season at Le Chat Qui Peche, backed by pianist **Georges Arvanitas**, bassist **Jacky Samson**, and drummer **Charles Saudrais** . . . The **Oscar Peterson Trio**, with **Coleman Hawkins**, scored a triumph at a concert in the Salle Pleyel . . . Former **King Oliver** sideman **Benny Waters** (tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones and clarinet) recorded an album for the President label, backed by guitarist **Jimmy Gourley**, organist **Eddie Louiss**, and drummer **Rene Nan** . . . **Memphis Slim** followed **Bill Coleman** into Les Trois Mailletz as the featured attraction with the **Dominique Chanson Band** . . . The Left Bank jazz club, Miniland, switched to a discotheque policy after two weeks, having featured **Dexter Gordon**, **Art Taylor**, **Nathan Davis**, and the **Sonny Grey Quartet** . . . The Living Room and the Blue Note reopened after the summer recess. The Living Room again featuring the **Art Simmons Trio** and solo pianist **Aaron Bridgers**. At the Blue Note is the trio of flutist-tenorist **Michel Roques** . . . The Jimmy Gourley Quartet, currently at the Cameleon, features Gourley, guitar; **Marc Hemmler**, piano; **Gilbert Rovere**, bass; and **Jean-Louis Viale**, drums . . . The 1967 American Folk-Blues Festival played a concert at the Salle Pleyel Oct. 21. Artists featured included **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee**, **Son House**, **Bukka White**, **Little Walter**, **Hounddog Taylor**, **Skip James**, **Odie Payne**, **Koko Taylor**,

and **Dillard Crume** . . . The first International Jazz Festival at Antwerp, Belgium, featured the **Fats Sadi Quartet**; the **Pim Jacobs Trio**, with **Rita Reys**; the **Al Jones Trio**; the **Gunther Hampel** group; **Nathan Davis** with **Jon Eardley** and **Jimmy Woode**; and **Ben Webster**.

**Norway:** **Hampton Hawes** arrived in Oslo with his wife in early October for a vacation, and was welcomed with surprise and pleasure by Norwegian musicians and public. His first gig was at Club 7. Next he visited Norwegian jazz concerts and jam sessions. He sat in with bassist **Arild Andersen** and drummer **Svein Christensen** . . . **Donald Byrd** plans to spend Christmas in Norway, play his own arrangements with the **Ostereng Broadcasting Band**, and also try to do some classical concerts as conductor . . . **Art Farmer** plans to be in Oslo around January and play club jobs . . . **Booker T. and the M.G.'s** brought the first Negro rhythm-and-blues show to Oslo some while ago, and had tremendous success. In mid-October some of the artists came back with **Sam & Dave**.

**Pittsburgh:** The first **Walt Harper** Workshop, featuring **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet, was cheered by a turnaway crowd of more than 1500 in the main ballroom of the Hilton Hotel. Pianist **Harper's** quintet also was featured. The audience seemed especially turned on by **Joe Zawinul**, **Adderley's** pianist. **Harper** and his quintet have been working at **Peyton Place**, **East Liberty**, and the **Thunderbird Boatel** in **Aspinwall**. He also has inaugurated Saturday afternoon jazz sessions at the **Tender Trap** and is featuring saxophonist **Eric Kloss** and singer **Sandy Staley** in a series of Junior Jazz Workshops which began at the **Penn-Beaver Hotel** in **Rochester, Pa.** . . . The state convention of the **Pennsylvania NAACP** put some jazz action into its main banquet in **Chatham Center** Oct. 28. On the program, which was open to the public, was the **Carl Arter Quintet**, with trumpeter **Harry Nash**, tenorist **James Pellow**, **Arter** on piano, bassist **Tom Sewell**, and drummer **Jo Harris**. Vocalists included former **Dizzy Gillespie** thrush **Tiny Irvin**, one-time **Duke Ellington** canary **Wilhelmina Gray Cooper**, and **Don MacGrath** and the **Pennies** . . . **Richard (Groove) Holmes** and his organ group were at **Crawford's Grill**, and an organ quartet called **The Bagdads** were at the **Hurricane Bar** . . . **Vann Harris** fronts a big band at the **Fort Duquesne Home Association's Devilier St.** location on **Sundays** . . . Pianist **Vince Lascheid** has been alternating between the **Holiday Inn-East** and the **Colony**, and attracting both mainstreamers and modern jazz fans . . . Bassist **Ralph Kunkel** and **Jon Walton**, a former **Benny Goodman** tenorist, have been developing a new book and a new combo. They've been booked for the **December Christmas party** of the **Public Relations Society of America, Pittsburgh Chapter** . . . Pianist **Alyce Brooks** has inaugurated a music policy at the **Red Coach Grille** in **Chatham Center** . . . Another jazz-oriented Down-

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town pianist is **Nick Summa**, at the Hilton . . . The **Count Basie Band** played to a full house of 1300 at the New Kensington, Pa. Auditorium in mid-October. It was a benefit for the Jaycees of that region . . . The Flying Carpet, near the Greater Pittsburgh Airport, had successful October jazz outings with the **Woody Herman Band** and the **Artie Sims Duo**. Sims' piano gymnastics turned on his audience during a two-week gig. The Herman Herd did a one-nighter . . . Vocalist **Jeanne Baxter** and trumpeter **Hershey Cohen** are at the Crow's Nest in Sharpsburg, Pa. on Wednesdays . . . The Tender Trap, where former **Hal Maclntyre** pianist **Reid Jaynes** has been the weekend attraction for several years, now has extended Jaynes' trio Wednesday

through Saturday (**Scotty Hood**, bass; **Tom Soisson**, drums). Jaynes appears solo Monday and Tuesday. The Theme has hired the **Silhouettes** for its Wednesday through Saturday jazz capers. The Latin-styled jazz group also has a November date on the Mike Douglas TV show . . . The Win, Place, and Show held an experimental Saturday afternoon jazz session in early October which was well attended. **Flo Cassinelli**, saxophone, and **Jimmy Blakemore**, drums, were standouts, along with vocalist **Jeanne Smith**. The **Frank Canimondo Trio** is attracting a number of new fans at the club. . . Conley's Motel in Beaver, Pa., has opened a new Irish pub and organ room which plans to book jazz artists. The opening organist, **Tommy Wayne**, played both jazz and pop.

**Cincinnati:** The Living Room Supper Club presented the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** and several other big names this fall, including **Joe Williams**, **Woody Herman**, **Peter Nero**, and **Erroll Garner**. . . **Dee Felice's** trio, with pianist **Frank Vincent** and bassist **Lee Tucker**, is working at The Buccaneer . . . Pianist **Lee Stolar** has replaced drummer **Jimmy Seward** with **Ron Enyeart** (Seward is presently in the studio band at WLW-TV) and bassist **Alex Cirin** with **Bud Hunt** (Cirin is with **Dave Engle's** trio at the Playboy Club). Stolar's trio is presently at the Whisper Room, recently sold to **Ted Zeff**, who intends to continue the jazz policy . . . **Herbie's Lounge** is featuring the **Woody Evans Trio** (Evans, piano; **Ed Connelly**, bass; **Philip Paul**, drums) . . . **Ray Charles** gave a concert at Music Hall in mid-October, accompanied by his band and the **Raylettes** . . . Dixieland jazz is featured at the Golden Garter, a new club in Cincinnati. **Gene Mayl's** Dixieland Band opened the club . . . Trumpeter **Jerry Conrad** leads a sextet at the Friar Tuck . . . The **Gordon Brisker Trio** recently finished a gig at the Whisper Room.

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**Toronto:** The Junior Mance Trio (**Wilbur Little**, bass; **Rudy Collins**, drums) played a week at The Town . . . Singer **Arthur Prysock** had a two-week engagement at the Colonial, accompanied by **Harold Minerva**, alto saxophone, flute; **Bu Pleasant**, organ; and **Buster Smith**, drums . . . Arrangements written by **Fred Stone** will be played by the **San Diego State College Band** in the Cerritos College Festival next March. The Toronto-born trumpeter has other big assignments coming up: his quartet will appear with the Winnipeg Symphony in the world premiere of **Norman Symonds' Concerto for Jazz Quartet and Orchestra** on Dec. 14, and his big band was one of the attractions at the Canadian Jazz Festival.

# 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**.  
 After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): **Art Williams**, Fri.-Sat.  
 Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): **Bob Shelley**, wknds.  
 Apartment: **Lee Shaw**.  
 Basie's: **Harold Ousley**, Sun.-Mon.  
 Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.  
 Casey's: **Freddie Redd**.  
 Central Park North (White Plains): **Sal Salvador**, Wed.-Sun., tfn.  
 Charlie's: sessions, Mon.  
 Chuck's Composite: **Jazz at Noon**, Fri.  
 Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): **Ralph Stricker**, Wed., wknds.  
 Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): **Johnny Fontana**, **Pat Rebillot**, **Bucky Calabrese**.  
 Club Baron: sessions, Mon.  
 Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.  
 Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.  
 Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): **Hank White**, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoons.  
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): **John Gamba**, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
 Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): **Morris Nanton**, Thur.-Sat.  
 East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoons.  
 Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): **Dick Wellstood**, **Kenny Davern**, **Al McManus**, **George Mauro**, **Jack Six**, **Ed Hubble**.  
 Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): **John Nicholas**, **Malcolm Wright**, wknds.  
 Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): **Sonny Oliver**.  
 Frammis: **Tal Farlow**.  
 Garden Dis-Cafe: **Eddie Wilcox**, **Sonny Greer**, **Haywood Henry**, wknds.  
 Gaslight Club: **Sol Yaged**, **Dave Martin**, **Sam Ulanov**, **Ray Nance**.  
 Half Note: **Duke Pearson** to 12/1, wknds. only. **Howard McGhee**, Mon.  
 Hickory House: **Billy Taylor**, **Eddie Thompson**.  
 Jazz at the Office (Freeport): **Jimmy McPartland**, Fri.-Sat.  
 La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoons.  
 Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): **Otto-McLaurer**, tfn.  
 La Martinique: sessions, Thur.  
 Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): **Jazz 'n' Breakfast**, Sun.  
 Leone's (Port Washington): **Dennis Connors**, **Tony Bella**.  
 L'Intrigue: unk.  
 Little Club: **Johnny Morris**.  
 Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): **Les DeMerle**.  
 Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): **Michael Grant**, **Vernon Jeffries**, **Bob Kay**, wknds.  
 Mark Twain Riverboat: **Al Hirt** to 12/2.  
 Metropole: **Gene Krupa** to 12/2.  
 Miss Lacey's: **Cecil Young**.  
 Motef (Smithtown): **J. J. Salata**, Fri.  
 Musart: **George Braith**. Sessions, wknds. 007: unk.  
 Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): **MST + One**, wknds.  
 Peter's (Staten Island): **Gene Adler**, Fri.-Sat.  
 Piedmont Inn (Searsdale): unk.  
 Playboy Club: **Walter Norris**, **Earl May-Sam Donahue**, **Art Weiss**.  
 Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): **Leon Eason**.  
 Pookie's Pub: **Elvin Jones**.  
 Rainbow Grill: **Bob Skilling**, hb.  
 Red Garter: **Jazz Interactions** sessions, Sun. afternoons.  
 Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson**, **Zutty Singleton**, **Max Kaminsky**, **Tony Parenti**, **Marshall Brown**.  
 Shepherdard's: **Kai Winding** to 12/9.  
 Slug's: **Sun Ra**, Mon.  
 Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): **Joe Coleman**, sessions, Mon.  
 Sulky (Rosevelt Raceway): **Dick Norell**, **Hap Gormley**, Mon.  
 Summit Hotel: **Jimmy Butts** to 1/1.  
 Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): **Wendell Marshall**, sessions, Sun.  
 Tamburlaine: **Al Haig**, **Phil Leshin**, **Jim Kappes**, **Bill Rubenstein**, **Hal Gaylor**, **Dottie Dodgion**, Mon. Jazz at Noon, Mon.  
 Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): **Dottie Stallworth**, Wed.-Sat.  
 Toast: **Scott Reid**.  
 Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): **Ray Alexander**, Mon.  
 Top of the Gate: **Dottie Stallworth**, Tue.  
 Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): sessions, Mon.  
 Villa Pace (Smithtown): **J. J. Salata**, Sat.  
 Village Door (Jamaica): **Horace Parlan**, **Peck Morrison**, **Slam Stewart**.

Village Gate: unk.  
 Village Vanguard: **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis**, Mon.  
 White Plains Hotel: **Saints and Sinners**.

## CHICAGO

Baroque: **Judy Roberts**, Fri.-Sat.  
 Earl of Old Town: **Terry Collier**, wknds.  
 Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.  
 Hungry Eye: **Organizers**, Mon.-Thur.  
 Hurricane Lounge: **Eddie Harris**, wknds. **Ken Chaney**, Mon.  
 Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**.  
 London House: **Oscar Peterson** to 12/3. **Rubin Mitchell**, 12/5-17. **Eddie Higgins**, 12/18-25.  
 Jack Mooney's: **Judy Roberts**, Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoons. **Tommy Ponce**, Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoons.  
 Midas Touch: **Oscar Lindsay**, Wed.-Sun. **Ken Rhodes**, Mon.-Tues. **Gene Fox**, sessions, Sun. afternoons.  
 Mister Kelly's: **Larry Novak**, **Dick Reynolds**, hbs.  
 Mother Blues: **Linn County Blues Band**, Wed.-Fri.  
 Nite-n-gale (Highwood): unk.  
 Old Town Gate: **Franz Jackson**, Tue.-Sat. **Larry Boyle**, Sat. **Jack Brown**, Mon.  
 Playboy Club: **Harold Harris**, **George Gaffney**, **Ron Elliston**, **Joe Iaco**, hbs.  
 Plugged Nickel: **Herbie Mann** to 12/3.  
 Pumpkin Room: **Dave Shipp**, wknds. **Joe Boyce**, Tue.  
 Robin's Nest: various r&b groups.  
 Sauer's Brauhaus: **Howard Davis**, Fri.-Sat.  
 Scotch Mist: **Woody Herman**, 12/4-17. **Si Zentner**, 12/18-20. **Harry James**, 2/12-2/26.  
 Showboat Sari-S: **George Brunies**, Mon.-Sat. Jazz at Noon, Fri.  
 Sutherland: sessions, Mon.  
 Trip: **Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari**, **Johnny Gabor**, Tue.-Sat.  
 White Elephant: **Jazz Prophets**, Tue.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: **John Lee Hooker**, **Jimmy Reed** to 12/2.  
 Bop City: **Benny Wilson**, hb.  
 Both/And: **Herbie Mann**, 12/12-17. **John Coltrane Workshop**, Sun.  
 C'est Bon: **Chris Ibanez**.  
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): **Wilbert Barranco**, wknds.  
 Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Clancy Hayes**, tfn.  
 El Matador: unk.  
 Haight-Levels: **Sonny Lewis**.  
 Half Note: **George Duke**, hb.  
 Holiday Inn (Oakland): **George Fletcher**, wknds.  
 Hungry i: **Clyde Pound**, hb.  
 Jack's of Sutter: **Rudy Johnson**.  
 Jazz Workshop: **Willie Bobo** to 12/2. **Gary Burton**, 12/7-11. **Jimmy Smith**, 12/12-17.  
 Jukebox: **Norman Williams**, hb. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.  
 Just Fred's: **Abe Batat**, hb.  
 Little Caesar: **Mike Tillis**.  
 Luther's Off-Plaza: **Jules Broussard**.  
 Nob Hill Room (Fairmont): **Jean Hoffman**, hb.  
 Pier 23: **Bill Erickson**, wknds. Sessions, Sun.  
 Playboy Club: **Al Plank**, hb.  
 Trident Club (Sausalito): **Denny Zeitlin**, Mon.  
 Villa Roma: **Primo Kim**, hb.  
 Weekender: **Jason Holiday**, hb.

## ST. LOUIS

Brave Bull: **The Marksmen**.  
 Crystal Terrace: **Sal Ferrante**, hb.  
 Hi Ho: **The Tempos**.  
 King Brother's: **Eddie Johnson**, hb.  
 Le Left Bank: **Don Cunningham**.  
 Mainlander: **Marion Miller**.  
 Montmartre: **Herb Drury**, Thur.-Sat. **Jim Bolen**, Thur.  
 Mr. C's LaCachette: **LeBosse Trio**.  
 Opera House: **Singleton Palmer**, hb.  
 Parkway House West: **Don James-Ken Rice**, **Gene Lynn**.  
 Playboy Club: **Greg Bosler**, **Marty Bronson**, **Jazz Salerno Quartet**.  
 Renaissance Room: **Jim Becker**, **Jeanne Trevor**.  
 River Queen: **Jim Woods**, **Gerry Machold**.  
 Ruggles: **Muggsy's Dixieland Band**.  
 Silver Dollar: **Dixie Jesters**.  
 Stadium Motor Inn: **Pete Johnstone**, Fri.-Sun.  
 Top of the Tower: **Tony Connors**.  
 Upstream Lounge: **Upstream Jazz Quartet**.

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## LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.  
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Jimmy Vann.  
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.  
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.  
Dixie Junction (Orange): Tailgate Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.  
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jazz, nightly. Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed. Louis Bellson, Thur.  
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.  
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Dizzy Gillespie, 12/20-tfn.  
Intermission Room: Rose Gilbert.  
It Club: jazz, nightly.  
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Les McCann to 12/10. Bola Sete, 12/26-1/7.  
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.  
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Herbie Mann, 12/5-10. Young-Holt, 12/12-17. Clifford Scott, hb.  
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.  
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.  
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson. Jimmy Bunn, Tues., Sun.  
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.  
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs. Willie Restum.  
Redd Foxx: Kirk Stewart, hb.  
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.  
San Moritz Inn (Rosemead): Mort Marker, Mon.-Sat.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gabor Szabo to 12/17. Gary Burton, 12/19-1/7. Shelly Manne, wknds.  
Sherry's: Don Randi. Mike Melvoin, Sun.  
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.  
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.  
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.  
UCLA (Royce Hall): Joao Gilberto, 12/9.  
Wonder Bowl (Downey): Johnny Lane.

## DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.  
Apartment: Bobby Laurel.  
Ausable: Changeables Trio, Thur.-Sat. Julio Shane, Wed., Sun.  
Baker's Keyboard: Mongo Santamaria to 12/3. Dizzy Gillespie, 12/5-10. Wes Montgomery, 12/10-17.  
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat.  
Barkey's: Lou Marr, Mon.-Sat. Gary Haines, Mon.  
Big George's: Wilbur Chapman.  
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.  
Breakers: Alex Kallao, Tue.-Sat.  
Checker Bar-B-Q: Jerry Harrison, Mon.-Sat.  
Chez Beau: Danny Stevenson, Ron DePalma, Tue.-Sat.  
Drome: name groups weekly.  
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.  
Hobby Bar: Clyde Lumpkin, Cody Black, Mon.-Sat.  
Ivanhoe: Gary Reno.  
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.  
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.  
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.  
Momo's: Frank Newman, Fri.-Sat.  
Neptune's Hideaway (Harrison): Tom Saunders.  
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande.  
Parkside Lounge: Gary Haines.  
Playboy: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.  
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.  
St. Regis Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.  
Shadow Box: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.  
Sheraton Inn (Ann Arbor): Vince Mance.  
Showboat: Earl Scott.  
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. aftn.  
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Wed.-Sat.  
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.

## NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Bobby Hackett, 12/4-23.  
Bistro: Pibe Hine, Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Leuning.  
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.  
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.  
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberto, hbs.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.  
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.  
Holly's: modern jazz, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
Jazz Corner: Willie Tee, hb.  
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Bob Prado.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson, Sat.  
Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.  
Touche: Armand Hug, tfn.

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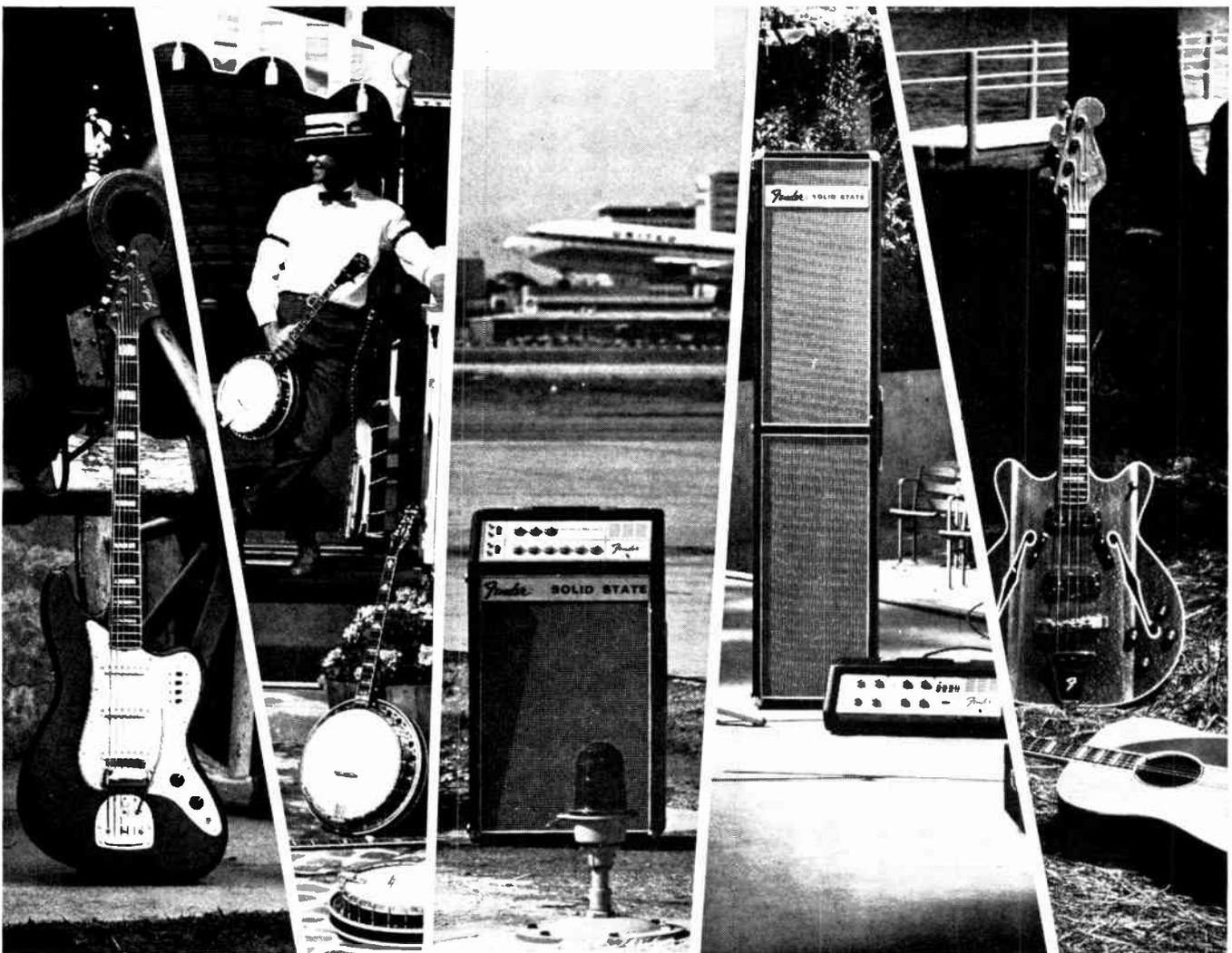
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