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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

**12<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL  
BRASS ISSUE**

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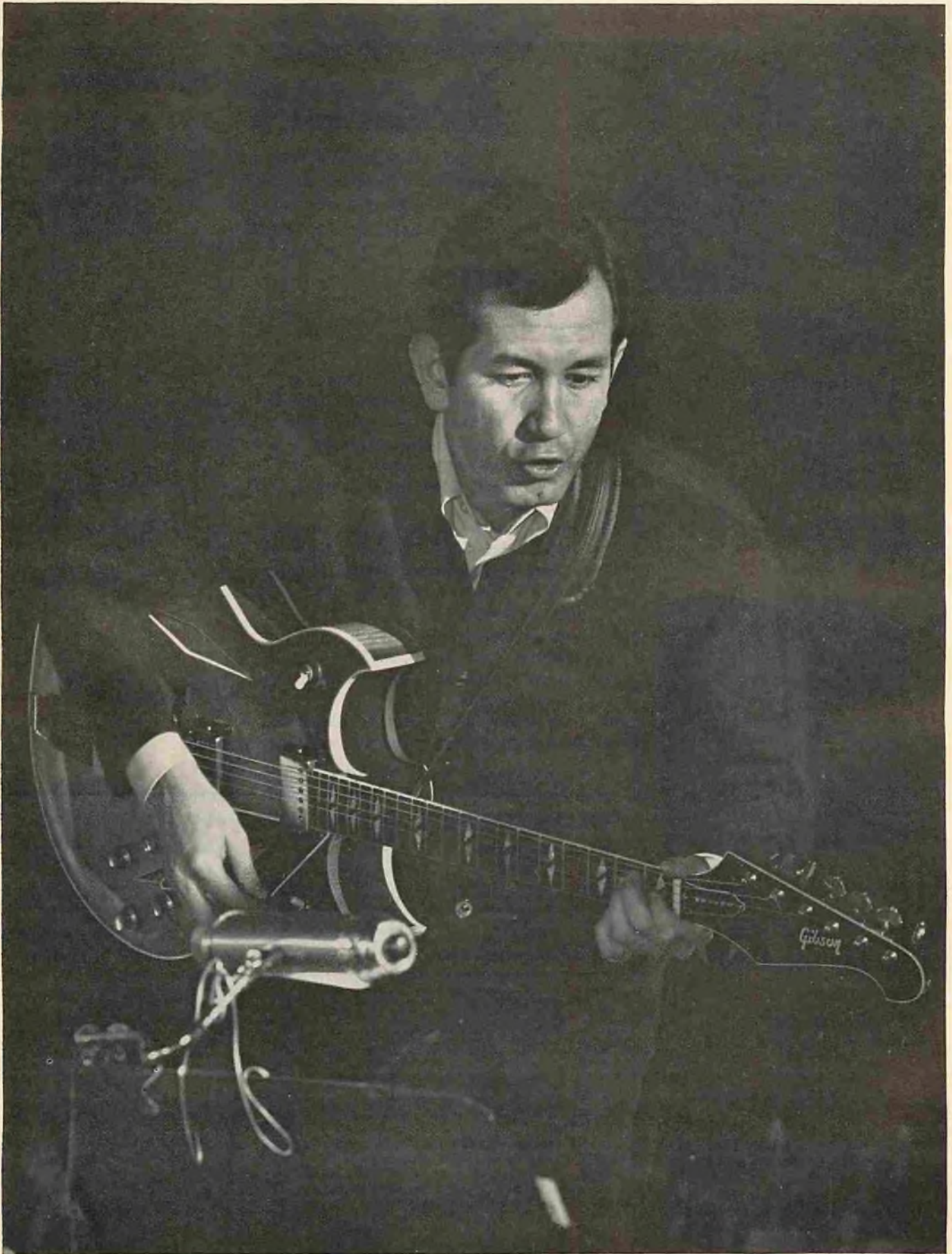
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Cover photo: top & bottom—Roy Avery; center—Ted Williams

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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## Well Remembered

George Hofer and Jimmy Archey are dead. Both men were very important to me, and, I suspect, to a great many of my generation. George brought a sense of excitement and adventure to collecting records, jazz records. Jimmy was a very fine trombone player who never, in the hundreds of times I caught him, ever played less than great. In fact, at Boston's Savoy, a club where I attempted to squander as much of my youth as I could afford, Jimmy often lifted the house band to levels way over their stated capabilities. His was a good, aggressive, masculine trombone sound. Jazz shall miss it. Jazz shall also miss two gentlemen who reflected it well, and who made the music easy to understand and enjoy. Not so much because of what they did, but because of the zest with which they did it. George collected hot, and his enthusiasm was enough to send you staggering out the door toward a small town with a sure cache of Varsity or Bluebird sides. Jimmy blew hot, and his enthusiasm was enough to set your feet tapping just to remember it.

I suppose that by normal attrition we shall be losing many players and writers connected with jazz. I'm sure we ought to expect it. But even so, it will not be easy to take. For jazz, I mean. Whenever jazz loses anyone who really loved the music, it is a major loss.

Dom Cerulli  
New York City

## Rich Raps (Continued)

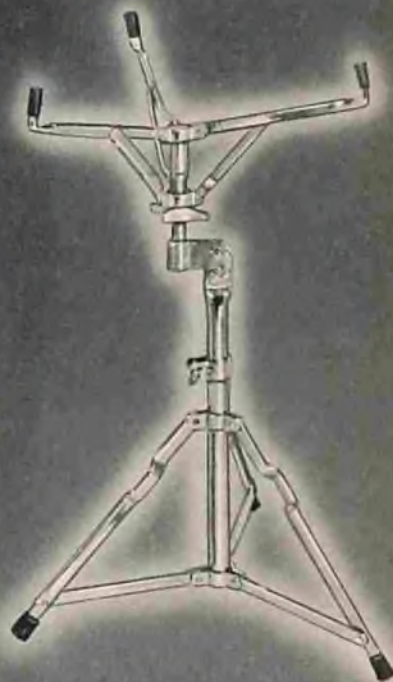
I have never written to your magazine, or any other publication for that matter, but in regard to the derogatory remarks made by Buddy Rich about Max Roach, Elvin Jones, and Tony Williams (*DB*, Dec. 14), I feel duty-bound to reply.

Max, Elvin, and Tony are undoubtedly three of the greatest innovators on their instrument, past or present. Their taste and creativity (not to mention raw soul), something Rich is sorely lacking in despite his legendary "chops," will keep them at the top of the heap for a long time to come. Rich's poor taste is evident not only in his playing, but in the wagging of his loose tongue as well. For someone who frequently sounds like an escapee from a drum and bugle corps, he certainly is quick with a put-down.

Even after having made an album with Max, Rich indiscreetly employed his back-biting tactics in the presence of many young hopefuls who are, no doubt, quite impressionable. Yes, poor taste indeed! Being a drummer myself, I was nauseated at the slurs about Tony's "floundering" and Elvin's loss of "excitement." Is he kidding, or crazy, or just plain deaf?

Personally, I feel that Buddy's bigotry is showing, especially after viewing his choice of the drumming elite. So it's Louis Bellson, Mel Lewis, and Sol who?

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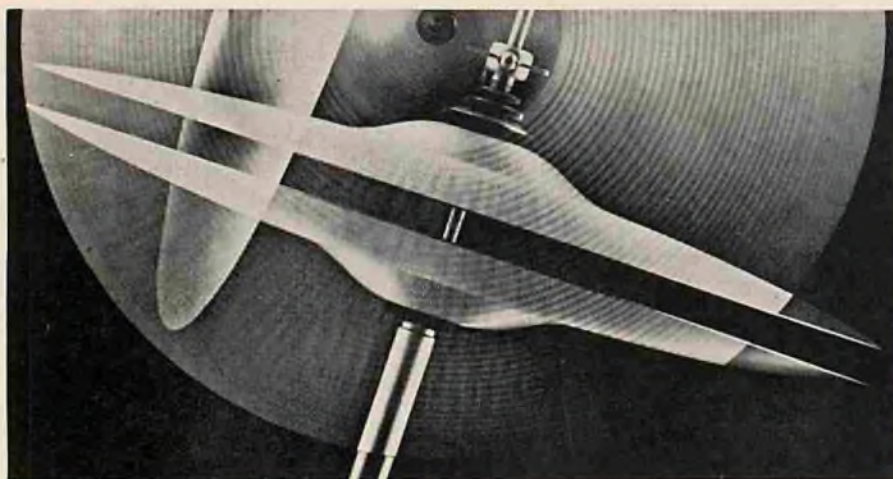
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Someone had better tell the arrogant Mr. Rich what year it is so he can bring his own two-beat stylings up to date before he throws any more bricks at the real giants of the business.

Until then, if he can't say anything good about good musicians, he shouldn't say anything at all.

Nat Yarbrough  
Denver, Colo.

Our apologies to the many readers whose reactions, similar in essence to Mr. Yarbrough's and the two previously printed letters (DB, Jan. 11), we are unable to publish.

### Silver Is Gold

Thank God the rumor about Horace Silver's illness is not true (DB, Dec. 14). I am an avid collector of his works and have everything he has recorded from the hard-driving *Night at Birdland* to his incredibly-swinging *Jody Grind*. (Under lock and key, of course.)

Never for me, has an artist so consistently fulfilled my expectations (for what they may be worth) of what truth and profound beauty mean...

From the hard funkiness of *Filthy McNasty* to the exotic mysticism of *Nica's Dream*, from the beautifully-depicted portraiture of *Song for my Father* to the melodic tenderness of *Shirl*, Silver has contributed an unchallengeable wealth to the world of jazz.

It follows then without saying that this Silver fan will be right there in the spring waiting to buy his latest release.

Norman T. Bradford  
Sun Prairie, Wis.

### Our Pleasure

My congratulations to Gus Matzorkis, who in his article *Our Vital Elders* (DB, Nov. 16) said with passion and eloquence something which should be stressed over and over again.

As a jazz devotee of over 30 years' standing, I heard many of the men mentioned in the fire of their youth, and recent recordings have shown me that they still have beautiful stories to tell.

Thanks for publishing the article.


Charles C. Sords  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Rex In Spades

I enjoyed the two articles on Rex Stewart very much—the news feature (DB, Oct. 19) and the article by Harvey Pekar (DB, Oct. 30). One thing puzzles me, however; in the listings of Rex's greatest solos, in both articles, no mention was made whatsoever of what I consider Rex's greatest solo by far, in fact one of the greatest cornet or trumpet solos ever put on wax—Duke Ellington's recording of *Trumpet in Spades*, recorded on July 17, 1936, and issued on Brunswick 7752. I have always felt, and still do, that no other cornet-trumpet player, living or dead, could have played this great solo number but the one and only Rex Stewart...

Ken Crawford  
Pittsburgh, Pa.





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## PLANE CRASH ENDS LIFE OF OTIS REDDING AT 26

Singer Otis Redding, 26, was killed Dec. 10 when his private twin-engined plane crashed into the icy waters of Lake Monoma, near Madison, Wis.

Also killed in the crash were four members of the Bar-Kays, the instrumental group backing Redding, as well as the singer's 17-year-old valet and the pilot of the plane.

Redding, known as "the King of Soul", was one of the nation's leading rhythm & blues performers. Born in Dawson, Ga., he began his professional career while still in high school. He became the lead singer with Johnny Jenkins and the Pinetoppers, a group popular in the South, and made his first solo recording, *These Arms of Mine*, while still with that group.

Redding, who played guitar, bass, drums, piano, and organ, was also a successful songwriter. His biggest hits include *Respect*, *Satisfaction*, *Security*, and *My Lover's Prayer*. He had his own publishing company, was active as a record producer, and also operated his own personal management firm. He leaves his widow, Zelma, and three children aged 8, 5, and 3.

The musicians who died with Redding were saxophonist Phalon Jones, guitarist Jimmy King, and drummer Carl Cunningham, all 18, and organist Ronnie Caldwell, 19. The only survivor was trumpeter Ben Cauley. A sixth member of the group was not on the plane, which, ironically, was being used by Redding and his troupe for the first time.

## JAZZ FEDERATION IS FORMED BY EUROPEANS

A European Jazz Federation, the first organization of its kind, was formed at the Warsaw and Prague jazz festivals recently.

The idea was first suggested by the Polish Jazz Federation in 1964. A steering committee including representatives of Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, East and West Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Poland, the U.S.S.R., and Yugoslavia has been elected, for the purpose of co-ordinating activities with existing jazz federations and societies, representatives of jazz festivals, agencies, and other jazz organizations and groups.

Elected to the committee were Johan Fritz, Austria; Lubomir Doruzka, Czechoslovakia; Claus Schreiner, German Federal Republic; Karl Heinz Drechsler, German Democratic Republic; Donald Aldridge, Great Britain; Janos Gonda, Hungary; Lillian Terry, Italy; Roger Henriksen, Denmark, and Jan Byrcek, Poland.

Preliminary headquarters for the EJF have been established in Warsaw, since Poland has the largest permanent jazz

federation setup in Europe, with 20 full-time employees. The next meeting of the committee will be held in Vienna in March. The address of the EJF is Nowogrodzka 49, Warsaw, Poland.

## A SWINGING BIRTHDAY: CHAIRMAN MEETS DUKE

Frank Sinatra spent his 52nd birthday, Dec. 12, in excellent company. Having worked and recorded successfully with Count Basie, the singer realized a wish of long standing—to collaborate with another great band; the band: that of Duke Ellington.

The summit meeting took place in Hollywood. Two ringers were added to the ducal trumpet section: Al Porcino,



FRANK SINATRA  
The Way To Celebrate

and Sinatra's favorite obbligatist, Harry (Sweets) Edison.

Billy May arranged the music, which consisted of only eight selections, allowing for some stretching out by the instrumentalists. Following the date, there were two birthday cakes and plenty of champagne for all. The album will be issued on Reprise.

## COLEMAN, MANNE HELP LOS ANGELES FESTIVAL

Ornette Coleman and Shelly Manne are among the jazz musicians helping to launch the First Annual Festival of the Performing Arts, to be held in Los Angeles Feb. 9-25.

Planned to coincide with the third anniversary of the Studio Watts Workshop, the festival will devote Fridays and Saturdays to the presentation of original works of music, drama, poetry, and dance. Manne will direct the search for three original compositions. A purse of \$600 will be divided among the composers whose works

are chosen. All performances will take place at Beverly Hills High School.

Coleman will wind up the lecture-series portion of the festival with *The Value of Jazz as American Folk Music* as his theme. Coleman's lecture will be delivered at the Lytton Center of the Visual Arts Feb. 23.

## JET MAGAZINE SUED FOR LIBEL BY RAY CHARLES

Ray Charles has filed a \$6,000,000 law suit against the Johnson Publishing Co. of Chicago, Ill., charging that *Jet Magazine* libeled him in an article published May 18, 1967.

According to the singer, the publication falsely accused him of having paid off police officers, both in the U.S. and abroad. Said Charles: "This article hurt me more than anything that has happened in a long time. I'll give any money I get to charity. I'm not suing anybody to get rich. I make enough money, but if it's going to take a lot of money to stop people from printing lies about other people, then maybe money is the way to do it."

## QUINNIPIAC COLLEGE JOINS FESTIVAL PARADE

The newest addition to the growing list of college jazz festivals will be unveiled in Hamden, Connecticut April 19-20 under the auspices of Quinnipiac College.

The first Quinnipiac Intercollegiate Jazz Festival will focus attention on jazz orchestras, stage bands (nine or more musicians), combos (eight or less), vocalists, instrumentalists, leaders, composers, and arrangers. Prizes, trophies, and scholarships will be awarded.

Invitations have been mailed to colleges and universities throughout the U.S. Entrants in the competition are invited to submit a non-returnable, 15-minute audition tape prior to the Jan. 22 deadline. Applications must be accompanied by a \$5.00 non-refundable registration fee. Any material or requests for information should be directed to Philip Joffe, General Chairman, Quinnipiac Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, Quinnipiac College, Mt. Carmel Avenue at New Road, Hamden, Conn. 06518. The telephone number is 203-288-5251.

## BELLSON LAUNCHES NEW BAND ON WEST COAST

Drummer-arranger-composer Louis Bellson unveiled his Dyna-Sonic Band at Donte's in Los Angeles in December, inaugurating a series of thunderous Thursday night stands at the club.

The band's name—like the bass drum cutaways that serve as its music stands—stems from the Rogers Drum Co. The



arts stem mainly from Bellson, with additional material by Bill Holman, Marty Paich, and Bellson's associate percussionist, Jack Arnold.

Personnel includes Don Rader, Dalton Smith, Al Patacca, Clyde Reasinger, Uan Rasey, trumpets; Nick DiMaio, Bill Tole, Jim Trimble, Paul Keene, trombones; Sam Most and Peter Christlieb in the sometimes amplified reed section; Dave Koonse and Ronnie Benson, guitars; Lenny Stack, electric piano and organ; Ray Brown, bass; Arnold, vibes and drums, and the leader on drums, tympani, and lujon.

## ELLINGTON A HIT WITH SEATTLE SCHOOL KIDS

Some 2800 Seattle area high school students were treated to a free concert by the Duke Ellington Orchestra last month at the Seattle Opera House.

The audience was quiet and attentive, and seemed to be familiar with tunes and soloists. They gave Ellington and his men a standing ovation, and several school teachers commented on the dignified behavior of the youngsters, as compared to some recent non-jazz musical functions.

The concert was sponsored by Local 76 of the AFM and the Music Performance Trust Fund. The union plans to present several additional free jazz concerts in the area, where jazz, stage bands, and rock music are not officially recognized in most schools.

The Ellington orchestra also played to good houses Dec. 1-10 at D-J's in Seattle. A new vocalist, Trish Turner from Las Vegas, joined the band there. Ellington also has a new young bass player, Jeff Castleman.

## LEICESTER LEAPS IN: SMALL BUT SWINGING

More than 400 persons packed the Leicester Casino in the village of Leicester in upstate New York to hear the Stan Kenton Band in an early December one-nighter.

So what, you might say. But the population of Leicester totals only 300 people. Some of the jazz fans come from Rochester, and a few from Buffalo. The Casino is operated in the old roadhouse tradition by Anthony LaDelfa.

In November, a similar overflow crowd greeted the Lionel Hampton Band at the Casino. The veteran vibraharpist said that Leicester was the smallest place he had played in his long career.

## POTPOURRI

A special concert to benefit imprisoned Greek artists will be held at Jordan Hall in Boston, Mass. Jan. 14. Gunther Schuller will conduct, and many jazz and classical performers are expected to appear. The concert was organized by pianist Ran Blake, who toured Greece last year prior to the military coup. Blake will concertize at Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills,

Mich. Feb. 2, and at Choate School in Wallingford, Conn. Feb. 13.

Mel Torme's debut as guest star-script writer with a recent *Run For Your Life* segment proved so successful that he'll repeat his dual chores for an upcoming episode of *The Virginian*, entitled *The Handy Man*.

Philadelphia jazz disc jockey Sid Mark celebrated his 10th anniversary on station WHAT-FM in December. Mark's jazz expertise and good programming has earned him great popularity in the Delaware Valley area.

Singer Janet Lawson, who made her recording debut with a Christmas single for Decca, recently appeared at Blues Alley in Washington, D.C. and begins a month's stay at the Apartment in New York City Jan. 18.

Drummer-drum teacher Sam Ulano has founded the Drum Instructors Organization. The first official meeting will be held at the Hotel Diplomat in New York City Jan. 28. Interested parties (only professional instructors are encouraged to join) may contact Ulano at 101 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** Paladino's Gig, a club on East 70th St., offered 10 days of unusual chamber jazz with guts in the person of Roland Hanna's trio (Hanna, piano; Calo Scott, cello; Richard Davis, bass). Then the angel who was underwriting the new jazz policy pulled out. The club is now left with no music, but with huge posters of Monk, Ellington, Mingus, Dophy, Charles Lloyd, and Donald Byrd on its walls . . . Trumpeter Doc Severinsen did a week at the Riverboat with his *Tonight* show orchestra. Featured were Clark Terry, trumpet and numbles;

Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; and Bobby Rosengarden, drums. Saxophonist Bill Shiner, who was Stan Getz' teacher, led the quartet opposite Severinsen . . . Count Basie returned to the Riverboat Dec. 11 and remained in residence through New Year's Eve . . . Thad Jones has been playing weekends with brother Elvin and tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell at Pookie's . . . Charles Mingus is now playing electric bass and is reported to be working on a jazz ballet, a portion of which is entitled *My Arrest* . . . Bubs Gonzales' autobiography *I Paid My Dues* was published in December by his own Expubidence Press . . . When Tal Farlow left the Frammis after his long run there, his bassist, Lynn Christie, brought in his own trio with Mike Mainieri, vibes; and Joe Beek, guitar . . . Saxophonist Lucky Thompson and trumpeter Dud Bascomb did a week at the Front Room in Newark with Wally Richardson, guitar (Skeeter Best sat in for one night); Dud Bascomb Jr., bass; Jimmy Johnson, drums; and Etta Jones, vocals . . . On Jan. 14, Judson Hall will be the scene of *Kenyatta Presents Kenyatta*, a concert featuring alto saxophonist Robin Kenyatta with Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Karl Berger, vibes; Louis Worrell and Richie Youngstein, basses; Cliff Barbaro, drums; and Rahman Ali, Eastern percussion . . . The Jazz Musicians Association ran a series of four Sunday afternoon sessions at Small's in November. The groups appearing included Lucky Thompson's quartet; drummer Roy Brooks' trio featuring Blue Mitchell; Sonny Greer's All Stars; Barry Harris' quintet; Jo Jones' quintet; Joe Chambers' quartet; Elvin Jones' quartet; and Walter Bishop Jr.'s quartet . . . Slugs' spotlighted the groups of Jackie McLean, Art Farmer, Blue Mitchell (featuring Junior Cook), and the Jazz Communicators (Freddie Hubbard, Joe Henderson, and Louis Hayes) for a week apiece in late November and early December . . . The Saturday afternoon sessions at the East Village In gave the bandstand to reed man Sam Rivers' trio; alto saxophonists Charles McPherson, James Spaulding, and C-Sharpe; tenor saxophonists Hank Mobley, John Gilmore, and Roland Alexander; and the J. C. Moses-Pharaoh Sanders Quartet. Sanders' quintet and the Milford Graves-Dou Pullen Duo appeared at the Afro-American Arts Festival for the benefit of the Queens Youth Alliance Educational Fund at Junior High School No. 8 in Jamaica, N.Y., during early December . . . Lee Konitz unveiled his new amplified clarinet at La Boheme . . . Trumpeter Rodolpho Bruno played a week at the Dom with Pete Yellin, alto saxophone & flute; Bert Eckoff, piano; Skinny Borgan, bass; and Cliff Barbaro, drums . . . Pianist Jay Chasin is working at Mr. G's on East 46th St., with singer-bassist Ray Rivera.

**Los Angeles:** Dodger fly-chaser Willie Davis has just opened his own club, Center Field (formerly 'Tis Ours). Pianist Gene Russell's trio (George Morrow, bass; Clarence Johnston, drums) and

### Coltrane Corrections

A printer's devil garbled the sense of the section of Martin Williams' *John Coltrane: Man in the Middle* (DB, Dec. 14; p. 16, third column, paragraph 5) beginning "Coltrane's first LP . . ."

This should have read as follows: "Coltrane's first LP as a leader that followed *Kind of Blue* did not immediately build on it. *Giant Steps*, the title piece, echoed *Moment's Notice* in setting up a difficult and ingenious series of chords for the soloist to run through. *Naima* attempted a kind of compromise by suspending a series of sophisticated changes over an E-flat pedal tone, with a B-flat in the bridge, allowing the soloist to take either course." Also, in paragraph 3, column 1, p. 17, "songs that never got played" should have read *sons*—a son being a variant of the rumba. Sorry about that.



singer **Jean Sampson** are featured. On Tuesdays, the **Von Holt Trio** plays . . . The **Three Sounds** followed **Les McCann** into the Lighthouse and stayed over the holiday season. Shelly's **Manne-Hole** had **Gary Burton** (who followed **Gabor Szabo**) for the Xmas-New Year's merriment. **Roger Kellaway** was featured on Mondays during that period . . . The **Kenny Dixon Quartet** played a special party for Los Angeles Mayor **Sam Yorty** at the Statler-Hilton Hotel, with **Clifford Scott**, reeds; **Art Hillery**, piano; **John Duke**, bass; and **Dixon**, drums. Dixon fronts the house group at Marty's-on-the-Hill, where the main attraction recently was **Herbie Mann**, who once again has changed the instrumentation of his group. Currently it includes: **Roy Ayers**, vibes; **Sunny Sharrock**, guitar; **Miroslav Vitous**, bass; **Bruno Carr**, drums. Mann told one customer who asked what particular "bag" a certain tune was in: "What kind of bag?"

Well, it's more like a bouillabaisse. Actually, it's Afro-Cuban-Middle Eastern-Yiddish-Turkish-Soul-Bossa Nova-Jazz . . . maybe." . . . **Lockjaw Davis** took a month's leave of absence from **Sweets Edison's** combo at Memory Lane to rejoin **Count Basie**. Tenor man **Jimmy Forrest** replaced "Jaws," but had to be replaced himself when he suffered a mild heart attack. Altoist **Sonny Criss** finished out the gig until Davis returned. Edison will be at Memory Lane until March, when he leaves on a European tour with **Buck Clayton**, **Ben Webster**, and other mainstainers. Presently, the trumpeter is keeping busy with studio work, playing regularly on ABC-TV's *Hollywood Palace* and doing recording sessions, including **Della Reese's** new album, and the **Duke Ellington-Frank Sinatra** collaboration . . . Another important recording session took place under **Leonard Feather's** supervision. One half was devoted to the **Sound**

of **Feeling**, with **Oliver Nelson** sitting in on soprano saxophone; the other side featured a big east coast band under Nelson's direction. The album, done for **Verve**, is the second installment in Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties* . . . Two all-star Xmas bashes found the **Jimmy Smith Trio** at the San Diego Civic Theater, and **Mongo Santamaria**, **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, **Big Black**, and **Sam Fletcher** at Los Angeles International Hotel . . . The **Junior Neophonic** has changed its name to the **Collegiate Neophonic**. The 27-piece orchestra (**Stan Kenton** is president of the organization; **Jack Wheaton** is conductor) was featured in a KABC-TV holiday show, *The Twelve Days of Christmas*. Special guests included **Paul Horn**, **Barbara Kelly**, and a new vocal sextet, the **Jimmy Owens Singers**. Host for the hour-long special: **Henry Mancini**, who filled in at

(Continued on page 41)



## HOPE FOR THE CLUBS

Feather's  
Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

HAVING OFTEN TAKEN a dim view of the outlook for jazz clubs, and for the night-club phenomenon as a whole, I am pleased to be able to report on an optimistic note that was struck during 1967.

A couple of months ago, in the warm and welcoming atmosphere of the **Frammis** on Second Ave. at 64th St. (a very "in" location in New York City these days), I spent one of the most rewarding evenings of the year listening to music (provided by **Tal Farlow's** trio) and discussing the background and evolution of the club.

Just about everybody involved had an unusual story. **Farlow**, who tired of the New York ratrace in 1957 and had been living quietly in virtual retirement in New Jersey, was on his first regular New York gig in a decade.

"I wanted to wait until I had something new to offer," the guitarist said. New it is, indeed. His frequency divider, which he hopes to put on the market, obtains an automatic octave effect. Every man now can be his own **Wes Montgomery**. Presumably, when **Montgomery** himself lays hands on one of these devices, we will be exposed to lightning quadruplicate-octave runs.

Gadgets aside, **Farlow** was playing as superbly as ever, strongly supported by **Johnny Knapp**, piano, and **Lynn Christy**, bass. The incredible **Dr. Christy**, an Australian, had a rare story to report. He operates on three levels: as jazzman,

doctor of medicine, and symphony musician (**Denny Zeitlin**, look out!).

The wildest report of them all, however, was turned in by the **Frammis** operator, **Mel Wolfson**.

Once a trombonist with the **NBC Symphony Orchestra**, **Wolfson** also is an amateur cabinetmaker, owns a tie business, and is the landlord of the premises, once the New York showroom for his business. Last July, the room, personally wired and repainted by **Wolfson**, opened as a restaurant-cum-club.

"I started it," he said, "because I felt New York needed a room of this quality. I thought back to the days of the old **Cafe Society** and the **Embers**, and I wondered why there was no place where musicians could work in this kind of atmosphere and where people could enjoy good food along with their music. I got me a fine French chef, hired **Howie Collins** on guitar, and we started—slowly.

"Later we had **Joe Roland**. Things have been picking up with **Tal**, because he's become a legend. Every musician in town, particularly every guitarist, wants to hear him again."

It was necessary only to glance around the room to know that **Wolfson** was not exaggerating. It was a Tuesday night, barely 10 p.m., and there was scarcely a table vacant.

If the jazz-club business is to survive, it will have to depend on men who, like **Wolfson**, love the music, are concerned with giving both the performers and the customers a break, and are blessed with good business sense.

**Shelly Manne** opened his **Manne-Hole** in Los Angeles in 1960 with similar objectives. **London's Ronnie Scott's** club has been jumping since 1959. Last year three young fans, **Carey Leverette** and **Sunny** and **Bill McKay**, built **Donte's** (near **Universal City**) into a highly successful Los Angeles operation with local (mostly scale) talent, exotic Iranian food, and a friendly atmosphere.

**Bobby Bryant**, one of the west coast's most gifted and underrated trumpet players, has also been active in the field

of night-club operation. His interest in **Marty's** on the Hill, also in Los Angeles, has built it, in recent months, into one of the swingiest spots in town. The sound is good, the room is spacious, and a little after 9 you can dine, perhaps to the big-band sounds of **Buddy Rich** or **Oliver Nelson**, or to **Bryant's** own sextet. **Bryant** is co-owner with **Ron Zuniga**, who, in keeping with the new spirit, is a dedicated young jazzophile.

The most recent addition is **Ellis Island**, a few blocks away from **Donte's**. It owes its existence to 17 men motivated by their faith in **Don Ellis** and their desire to find and finance a home base for his band. How many other jazzmen can claim to have had a club founded for them?

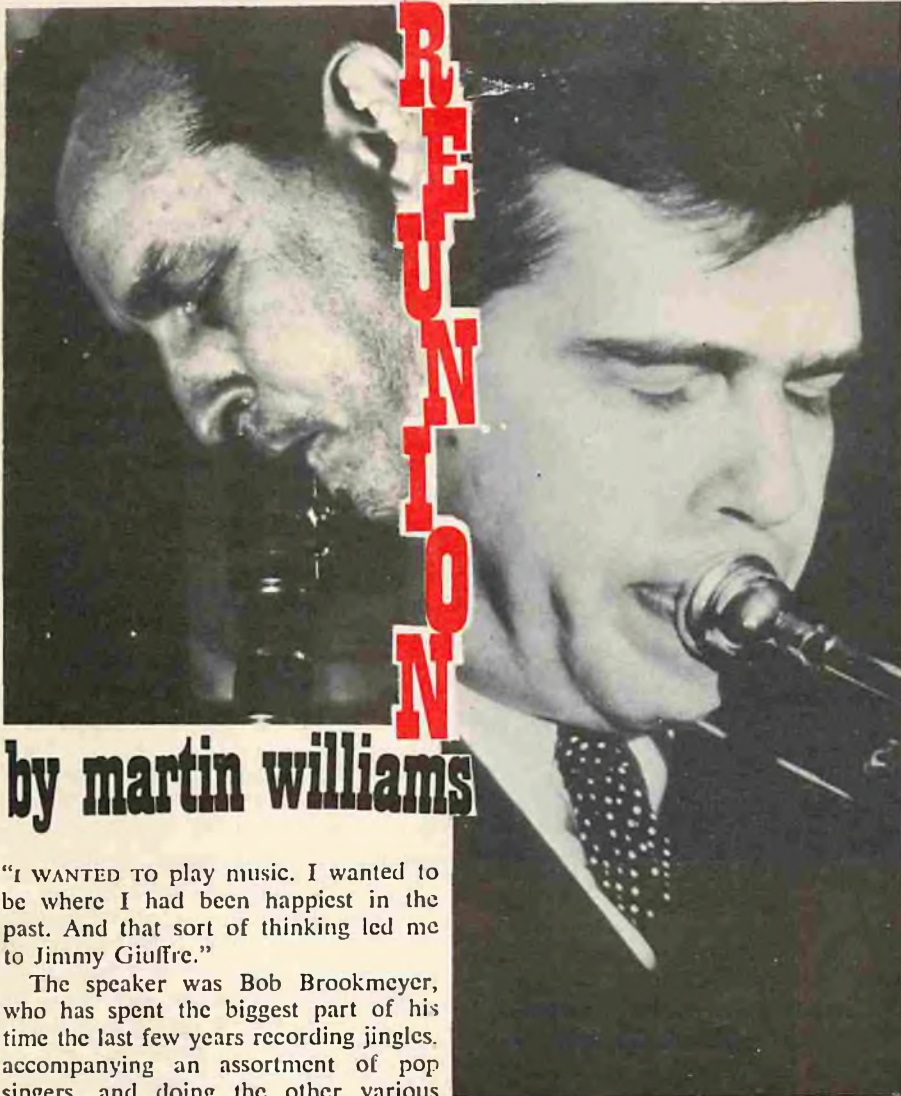
The era of the gangster or fringe-hoodlum operation, of the room that is run with greed and the fast buck as main objectives, was never destined to last. You cannot attract patrons with watered drinks, waitresses hustling customers for another round, no chef, and a master-servant attitude toward the musicians. A few such spots still operate, but their days are numbered. Empathy between owner and jazzmen makes for a good ambiance and, ergo, optimum performance. Moreover, a touch of elegance never hurt any bistro.

Even more ambitious than the new spots cited above is the proposed **Jazz Suite** in **Beverly Hills**. At this writing, the founder, **Dr. Joseph W. Noble**, a jazz-loving surgeon, has some 50 music and show-business celebrities on his list of founder-members. Their high membership fees will make it possible to hire top artists who rarely care to play clubs.

Clearly the lofty objectives of this new breed of owner will not always be achieved, but I suspect the **Frammis** and all the clubs mentioned will still be flourishing as these words are printed. No matter how some musicians feel about working in "saloons," the 1968 type of saloon is needed. We cannot exclusively depend on LPs, concerts, and festivals for the survival of jazz. **JB**



# GIUFFRE/BROOKMEYER



by martin williams

"I WANTED to play music. I wanted to be where I had been happiest in the past. And that sort of thinking led me to Jimmy Giuffre."

The speaker was Bob Brookmeyer, who has spent the biggest part of his time the last few years recording jingles, accompanying an assortment of pop singers, and doing the other various tasks involved in "studio work." Some musicians—including some first-rate jazz musicians—can work the studios contentedly. But Brookmeyer was a bit less than contented, it would seem.

Giuffre's response to the proposition that he and Brookmeyer form a group was positive. "We've been on the same wave length for years. Actually, I suggested a couple of years ago that we get together and play a gig or two. Bob was involved in too many things then," he said.

Now Giuffre, playing tenor saxophone and clarinet, and Bob Brookmeyer, playing valve trombone, are involved in the new Bob Brookmeyer-Jimmy Giuffre Quintet.

The group has been in rehearsal, usually at Giuffre's studio, for several months, and it appeared in public for the first time last November, at one of the Jazz Interactions Sunday afternoon sessions. Also participating is Giuffre's associate of several years, pianist Don Friedman. The bassist is Chuck Israels and the drummer Steve Schaffer.

The quintet does not unite Brookmeyer and Giuffre for the first time.

However, their memories of their very first meeting differ slightly, and run more or less this way:

Brookmeyer: "I first met Jimmy when I was playing with Stan Getz in California in 1953. We were at Zardi's in Los Angeles, and Giuffre would come in and play with us on Mondays. He was playing a lot of baritone in those days, as I remember."

Giuffre: "But wasn't it at Harry Babasin's that we met the first time?"

Brookmeyer: "That's right. It was at Harry Babasin's. Or was it?"

Giuffre: "I came up with the score to my *Fugue*, my atonal fugue."

Brookmeyer (emphatically): "And I was very impressed with it. Have you ever heard it? You should hear it. I was also impressed with Jimmy's intensity, particularly during those Monday nights at Zardi's."

Brookmeyer had joined Stan Getz soon after leaving Woody Herman. He stayed with Getz for a year before joining Gerry Mulligan, with whom he was associated until the spring of 1957.

Giuffre was, of course, a Herman

alumnus, too, having provided the clarinetist-leader with (most notably) *Four Brothers*. Giuffre's best-known subsequent position was as a member of Shorty Rogers' Giants. But when he left Rogers' group in early 1956, it was, eventually, to form the Jimmy Giuffre 3, the ensemble that played *The Train and the River*. The 3 is perhaps the most respected, and certainly the most fondly remembered, of all the groups Giuffre has led.

The Giuffre 3 began with the leader tripling on clarinet and tenor and baritone, Jim Hall on guitar, and Ralph Pena on bass. No drums. No piano. An unusual enough instrumentation and personnel to begin with, perhaps. But the makeup of the 3 was to become even more unusual, and the presence of Brookmeyer was to make it so.

The group had found a semipermanent home at the Village Vanguard in New York, but Pena decided he wanted to resettle in California. Giuffre's permanent solution to the loss of a bass player was to go after a valve trombonist—but a particular valve trombonist named Bob Brookmeyer.

Brookmeyer had been a fan of the 3 since its first arrival in New York. He lived near the Village Vanguard and dropped in regularly. In late 1957, before a Sunday matinee, Giuffre gave Brookmeyer a phone call.

"Want to go to dinner this evening?" he asked. Brookmeyer answered that he was busy with some writing and couldn't. Giuffre's response was to call him again during the matinee and repeat the invitation. Receiving another no, he tried again after the performance. When that didn't work, Giuffre presented himself at Brookmeyer's door, asking with assumed innocence, "Hey, want to go out to dinner?"

At dinner, Giuffre invited Brookmeyer to become a member of the 3, but *not* a fourth member.

"I would tell my friends," Brookmeyer said, "I'm joining Jimmy Giuffre." They'd say, "Oh, he's adding a trombone?" And I'd answer no. And then they'd say, "You mean no bass?" They said a lot of other things too."

Whatever they said, the Jimmy Giuffre 3 featuring Bob Brookmeyer lasted more than a year; a unique jazz ensemble with no bass, no drums, and Brookmeyer as occasional pianist.

AT THE END of that year, Brookmeyer did not permanently disappear into the studios. In 1960-1961 there was the Gerry Mulligan 16-piece Concert Jazz Band, for which the trombonist was soloist, composer, and sometime unofficial music director during rehearsals.

He also has been a mainstay in the





GIUFFRE AND DON FRIEDMAN

CHARLES STEWART

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra since its formation, and co-leader, with Clark Terry, of a delightful and much admired quintet. The latter two projects, however, have been for kicks and psychic income on a part-time basis, while Brookmeyer recorded the cola jingles and the bank-loan commercials and reported nightly to the Mort Lindsay Band on the *Merv Griffin Show*, along with other jazzmen Jim Hall, Art Davis, Bill Berry, and Richie Kamuca.

There is evidence of the former Giuffre-Brookmeyer association in the book of the new quintet. Brookmeyer requested that Giuffre redo *The Train and the River* for the group, and he has also made it known he would like them to play Giuffre's *Gotta Dance*. But in those pieces, there will be little effort to re-create the past directly.

As Giuffre put it, "One thing you come to realize, starting fresh and from the ground, is that it's a slow process. It takes about five or six months to jell. Bob's *Spring* is the core of where we are now. We play that, we dive into it, and there's our little lake of sound. We work from that. We don't expect to be as stylized as we were with the 3, with no drummer. We're making a new music, however, newly written for this group and the men we are working with."

Brookmeyer added, "I pushed him

into the two older pieces because they were good pieces. But otherwise it's sort of like writing a play in public. It may change, alter in character, as we go along."

Among the contributing playwrights so far are pianist Friedman, who has added *Contrasts* and a scoring of his *Circle Waltz* to the book, and bassist Israels, who has contributed *Saraband*. Giuffre's new pieces include an *Old-Fashioned Stomp*, which he wrote after watching the *Bell Telephone Hour's* television documentary on Duke Ellington and rehearsing some of the very early Ellington works, like *Black and Tan Fantasy*.

The new group's basic style might be described as ensemble-oriented mainstream-modern, and it therefore represents something of a stylistic retrenchment for Giuffre, who has been involved with "free" or, as he prefers to call it, abstract music during the last few years; music without preconceptions as to tempo, key, or structure.

But a stylistic retrenchment is not the same as an artistic compromise. Giuffre wants to play music, and if managers, bookers, a&r men, and clubowners tend to shy away from Giuffre the abstractionist, then there is another and perfectly legitimate way for Giuffre to make music that satisfies him, gets past the management, and reaches the audi-

ences.

"My own temperament has swung back to a need for more definition and strength in my playing, and using a centered-ness, a core of 'givens,' helps me to gain that," he said.

Giuffre feels there is an army of people who want to hear melody, by which he does not mean just ensemble parts, of course. Improvised melody is still melody. "But we enjoy playing ensemble," he says, "and we know we should enjoy it."

As always, Giuffre is aware of group textures. "One thing we try to do in the blowing sections," he explained, "is retain the character of the piece, with backgrounds and other things, so that it's not just the old, pat formula of 'head,' solos, 'head.' It broadens the palette also. We don't want just one sound, *one* sound and stick with it—although that's supposed to be the commercial way, they tell me."

A remark like that brings up the subject of business, and the business of music is something that both men face up to with a degree of realism. There are obvious advantages. Both, after all, are jazzmen with well-known names, with a certain built-in reputation and a certain built-in following. Further, the quintet combines their names.

"We both know we're going to have to travel and put up with a lot of things—and we both know what those things are," Brookmeyer said. "It is not a rehearse-today-get-immortal-tomorrow proposition, and we know that. But we want to make music—our music. And we know what we have to go through to do that."

Giuffre said: "We know what we can do and what we can't do musically. Each of us has been playing long enough to be straight about that. And between us there is no static, either personal or musical."

"You can't mind anyone else's business," Brookmeyer added.

Returning to the question of studio work, Brookmeyer speaks almost incredulously of the accomplished young jazz-oriented musicians who frequently approach him for the keys to the jingle factories and the TV studios. "It wasn't like that with me," he said. "I wanted to play trombone in order to play music. The real thrill is hearing it—standing out in front of the Basie band or the Jay McShann Band when you're young and hearing and knowing, I want to do that!"

"Not to grow up with a love of what you do—that's really very difficult, and for some of us, impossible."

"It's pretty hard for him to function in a fake atmosphere," adds his partner quietly.





# Cat Anderson: Trumpet Astronaut

by Stanley Dance

CAT ANDERSON made his first appearance with Duke Ellington at the Earle Theatre, Philadelphia, on September 1, 1944. He had already acquired with other well-known bands a considerable professional reputation for playing in the upper register, but in the years that followed, his name became indelibly associated with Ellington's.

The pyrotechnics of *Trumpet No End*, *The Eighth Veil*, *El Gato*, and *El Viti* were the bright, surface area of his contribution. The nonchalant reversal of the horn at the end of *Jam with Sam*, as he exclaims "That's the one!" after hitting a high note, has been seen by thousands, probably even millions, of TV viewers. His ascension to high gothic roofs in cathedrals here and abroad has been a vital part of the original *Sacred Concert*. "That's as high as we go," Ellington announces as the peak is reached.

Anderson does a remarkable job in this role, and it has inevitably typed him, but he is a far more versatile musician than is perhaps generally recognized. At his first Ellington rehearsal, he was gratified when the maestro switched the books and gave him the lead parts to play. And in 1967 he had an opportunity that he had long desired.

"Although I had been in small bands before," he said, "the engagement at the Rainbow Grill was something extra. In this Ellington small band, I got a chance to do some plunger work, which I really love. I also got a chance to play in the lower register, and that was a kick, because not too many people have heard me play in it.

"I don't find any problem in using the plunger, because I've been lucky enough to hear so much by great artists like Cootie Williams and Ray Nance. I mustn't forget Rex Stewart, and I know Bubber Miley from recordings. I enjoy doing it, because I've listened to those guys and liked what they were doing. It's very interesting and it broadens the musician's





scape," the trumpeter said.

Often forgotten is the fact that the first Ellington showcase for Anderson, *A Gathering in a Clearing*, featured him with plunger. (This will shortly be re-issued in RCA Victor's *Vintage* series.) In November, when the band was recording in San Francisco, Cat's plunger was again much in evidence on Billy Strayhorn's previously unrecorded *Charpoy*. On two other dates in the same city, with Johnny Hodges and Earl Hines, he supplemented his collection of mutes with one made out of an electric-light bulb carton. Earlier records made in Europe (Columbia FXP-116 and FXP-259, and Philips B77.731L) also more than hinted at the diversification made evident in public appearances during 1967.

CAT ANDERSON's parents both died when he was 4, and he and a 2-year-old brother were placed in the Jenkins Orphan Home School, in Charleston, S.C.

"All the upbringing I remember was received there," he said. "I even got my nickname there. When I was small, there was a fight every day. I could never win these fights. I got tired of being whipped. One day, I ran up against the bully of the yard. There would be about 400 of us out there, playing ball and shooting marbles. Although he didn't fall, this guy must have stumbled, and then I was on his back, scratching and tearing at him. He'd been beating me up for five or six years, but when I finished he was lying on the ground. 'Hey,' the kids all around said, 'you fight like a cat!' That tag stayed with me right up to today, although my real name is William Alonzo Anderson, Jr."

There were usually seven or eight bands in the school, each with its own teacher, and Anderson began playing when he was 7. By the time he was 10, he could play several instruments. One means by which the school supported itself was by sending the bands out on the streets and taking up collections.

"The Number One and Number Two bands used to travel a lot," Anderson resumed, "always with a superintendent from the school in attendance. They would play dance music, overtures, and marches on the street, and after each tune the superintendent would make a speech, and tell what the school was for and what it was doing. Then a hat would be passed through the audience. It was the same principle as the Salvation Army's. The bands were usually 15 or 16 pieces, sometimes more.

"I began on trombone, but my arms weren't long enough for the sixth and seventh positions. From that, I went to the baritone horn and the upright bass horn. I also played drums, cymbals, kettle drums, the alto and E Flat horn, and the mellophone. What made me go for trumpet was when the Number One band came off the road and I heard what men like Jabbo Jenkins, Jabbo Smith, and Peanuts Holland were doing on it. I'd never heard anything like that before. Both Jabbos were very good trumpet players. I never heard Jabbo Smith's early records until recently in London. His technique was very good and showed a concert background, the kind they taught in the school then.

"The teaching was stern, and we got

many whippings. We had to do exactly what the teachers said. To kids today the way they used a whip might seem cruel, but it was part of the times. Having gone through that, it always seemed a darned shame to me that so many fine musicians gave up afterwards. One guy who didn't, who's still around New York, is E. V. Perry.

"As I look back on the teaching now, I know that it was inadequate in some places, that even the rudiments were not always taught properly. But the school was run on charity and the pay was small, so there was a limit to what could be expected. The school specialized in brass, and one very good teacher was Alonzo Mills, a trumpet player. Amos Gilliard was a fantastic trombonist, more of a concert than a jazz player, and he returned and taught at the school for a while.

"They had plenty of instruments there, and if you showed determination they would let you play the instrument you chose. When you had that, they sat you in front of a blackboard on which were the scales and the five lines and spaces of the staff. I don't remember them teaching about breathing or correct embouchure, but we all helped one another, and to a large extent we were self-taught. We'd sit down and talk, and find things out ourselves. That accounts for a lot of individuality.

"I first went out on the road in 1929. It was a wonderful experience, like going to a ball game. We would travel three months, go to school three months, and then maybe head north for another three. One time, when we got into New York, all the trumpet players ran away. I was playing trombone then, but I told the superintendent I would play trumpet if he got me one. He did that, and because one of the missing boys had been leader, I now became leader of the band."

By the time they were 16 to 18 years old, the boys at the school were supposed to have learned a trade. There were opportunities to learn farming or shoemaking, or to work in the printing department. Those in the bands had the regular curriculum, and at certain seasons had to work on the farm. As they grew older, they could go out at night, and Anderson played many week-end jobs around Charleston, the money he made being his to keep or spend.

"We were all good buddies in Band Number Five," he continued, "and we formed a band so that we could play dances. It began at a picnic, where we were setting riffs and each taking a 'Boston', as they called solos then. It sounded good. There were about 14 of us, and we started getting country jobs and work back o' town. One Monday, they said there would be no school and that most of us had to go up to the farm and pick cotton. The guys in the older bands didn't have to go, and the next day they started calling us 'The Cotton Pickers'. The name stuck, and eventually we became The Carolina Cotton Pickers. We didn't know anything about McKinney's Cotton Pickers then, because even when we were out playing the streets of cities like Boston, Providence, and New York, we had to be

in bed by sundown. So we didn't know what was going on in the music field. There were records at the school, but in those days the only ones that interested me were Louis Armstrong's.

"We decided to try our luck in Texas, but we sat there two months and didn't play a job. We couldn't get any work. We were new, and didn't have any transportation, or a name like Papa Celestin and Joseph Robichaux and those other bands out of New Orleans. The school sent a bus to fetch us back.

"When we tried another crack at it, we went to Florida and stayed nine months, but we didn't make any real money. It seemed every time we would be playing, somebody like Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington or Jimmie Lunceford, or the Mills Blue Rhythm Band, would be in town, and we'd end up with a dollar or two to buy gas for the little, raggedy car we had. That was something to see with about twelve of us in it, and a little trailer on the back! Maybe we'd have enough to get a pad of rolls at the baker's, and some green oranges. We lived like that nine months. There was no leader, because we were like a co-operative, and there was no one guy with enough git-up-and-go to go out and get something. The older fellows made the decisions, and I was a young one who had no say-so. It was all right with me, too, because all I wanted to do was play.

"We used to play stocks, and things we copied off records. Our uniforms were sweaters and white trousers. The trumpets wore green sweaters, the saxophones blue, and the rhythm some other color. The band continued quite a while after I left, but although it made some Vocalion records, it never got anywhere because it didn't have a leader who would go out and speak up, instead of dealing with a shyster, some booking agent who didn't have a license. It was always a matter of take it or leave it. We were hungry, and if he had five dollars, it meant everybody ate."

THE CAROLINA COTTON PICKERS were still working where they could in Florida, Louisiana, and Georgia when the president of the school died in 1937. Anderson felt it was a time to make a decision, for he had already had several offers. He accepted what seemed the most secure, for \$17 a week, more money than he had ever had before, from Hartley Toots in Florida. Toots was a guitar player, "a very good musician, although not a jazz player." Snookum Russell made all the arrangements for his big band, and Melrose Colbert, Ray Nance's first wife, was its excellent singer.

"It was a territory band and not as polished as those in the East," Anderson recalled, "but we went to play the Apollo Theatre in New York—a big deal. Mr. Tom Whaley, my good friend today, was music director there then. Now, it seemed that when territory bands went into the Apollo, they were given the hardest shows to play. They gave us *Mexican Hat Dance*, and it was too much, because the guys didn't know the short cuts, and their reading was bad, but I was up on that kind of



stuff because it was what we did in school. The day before the show was to open, they decided they'd have to get another band. 'This band can't cut the show,' they said.

"I'd only been to New York before with the school band, and this time I wanted to stay at least a week, so I told Tom Whaley, 'If you give me the first trumpet parts, I can play them. I see there's a weakness there, because he (the lead trumpet) has all the other things to play, but I'm a new fellow in the band and can't go over his head.' When Tom decided to switch the parts, I played all through that number, and we made the week.

"That was in the pit. After that, we had to come up on stage and do the band's specialties. I had written a number called *Stop Now, You Did Enough to Me*, and I was amazed by the applause my high trumpet playing was getting. I'd end with a high flare, and the whole band would shout, 'Stop now, you did enough to me!' Of course, that was the kind of thing that was popular then, but I didn't have anything else to play.

"The reason I'd come to play so high was because at school there were guys who could do it much better than I could. They used to take my girls from me with their high notes. This happened every Friday night at dances. Finally, I got angry and started playing everything in the upper register. They didn't play after me this time. 'Hey, you know what you were doing there?' they asked. It turned out that I'd been playing note for note an octave above what they did.

"To play really high, you must have this need for recognition, this desire to be recognized. Then you try to find a way for yourself. They'd been coming in week after week, and outplaying me, and this drove me to discover a hidden talent. Many guys who would like to do it could do it, if they had the willpower. They must think in that direction, and they must sacrifice. You have to be like a boss or a rugged person on a job. You must have complete determination. It may take many hours, many days, many years. Teeth and bone structure may have something to do with it, but anyone can bring this talent out if they have the will.

"Some people get disgusted. Before it happened to me, I was playing another way altogether. We had played all Louis Armstrong's things note for note long before Jimmie Lunceford began featuring Tommy Stevenson. In the school, all the trumpet players played *Shine*, and made a hundred C's with the F on top. We were young and wanted to play. We weren't trying to prove anything.

"When I say you have to sacrifice to accomplish it up there, I don't mean tone. There's a flaw in it unless it can be done smoothly, as you would in the lower register, where you phrase melodically. The rhythmic effect of jazz can be lost. The main thing is to make the high notes effective when you play them. You mustn't crowd in too many. Sometimes it may get out of hand. It may go sharp or it may go flat. That will depend on the state of mind the individual is in, and how much work



he has done before he gets a chance to make this play. In my opinion, you can't think the same way up there as you do below. Some may argue about this, but I believe the thinking is altogether different. You've got to simplify to make it clean."

BEFORE HE WENT to the Apollo with Hartley Toots, Anderson had been making \$17 a week. Bill Rivers, a nightclub owner in Miami, also owned the band. At the end of the week, the men were paid off by a union official downstairs. The trumpet player was surprised to receive \$81.27.

"Is this mine?"

"Oh, yes. Sign here. All that's yours. You're not supposed to kickback."

At that time, Anderson didn't know what "kickback" meant, but when he got upstairs, Rivers had already relieved the others of everything over their Florida salaries.

"Cat, what are you going to do?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You know your salary is only \$17."

"The man downstairs said this money was all mine."

"What man?"

"The union delegate."

"You know, all the other fellows have given me their money. . . ."

"I'm going to keep this."

"Then you'll have to lose your job," Rivers said.

There was one more show to play.

"I played it with one hand, with my left hand in my pocket holding that money," Anderson recalled. "I would have stayed with that band if he had just taken half, but he wanted too much!"

Anderson worked around New York for a time, played with Claude Hopkins, and then joined the Sunset Royals in 1938. He had known all the musicians in this cooperative band in Florida, and two of them, E. V. Perry and Julius Watson, had been schoolmates of his. At different times, the band was fronted by Steve Washington ("a good guitar player from Pittsburgh"), pianist Ace Harris, and Sol Albright. For a big tour of the South with the Ink Spots, Doc Wheeler became the front man, and the band was billed as Doc Wheeler and the Sunset Royals. Anderson stayed until 1941, the year he

wrote *How 'Bout That Mess*, which the band recorded for Bluebird.

"It was quite a success," the trumpet player remembered. "Lucky Millinder and Sam Price recorded it, too, but I didn't make much from it, because I didn't know anything about publishing companies, and Moe Gale took care of it. Years later, when I recorded it with my own big band in 1947, I changed the title to *Swinging the Cat*."

After Pearl Harbor, Anderson was in a Special Services band which played many army camps and bases. Engagements with Lucky Millinder and Erskine Hawkins followed.

"Erskine Hawkins didn't know I played so much in the upper register," he continued. "We were doing the same kind of thing. He always had good trumpet players, and Bill Johnson wrote an arrangement called *Frost* to feature them. The others were Reunald Jones, C. H. Jones, and Sammy Lowe. At rehearsal, while they were getting organized, nobody played what they were going to do later on, but when we got on stage at the Earle Theatre in Philadelphia, all the trumpet players were really playing. When it got to my part, I went up in the stratosphere and started doing the octave things. When Erskine came in, he wasn't playing that high, and he was a little shocked to find what talent he had in his section. At the end of the show, he looked at me kind of strange, and I knew I was about to leave.

"Gladys Hampton was in the audience that night, and she wanted me to go over to Lionel's band. It was a very good band then, with Earl Bostic; violinist Ray Perry; reed men Rudy Rutherford, Arnett Cobb, Charlie Fowlkes; trombonists Fred Beckett, Booty Wood, Al Hayse; trumpeters Joe Morris, Lamar Wright Jr., Joe Newman; guitarist Billy Mackel, and Milt Buckner. It was a wonderful experience, and there was a lot of excitement, but the work was too hard, and underpaid. I didn't hold that against Lionel, because we weren't business men. It was a challenge, and I did my job."

Anderson next joined Sabby Lewis' Boston band for a short time (before Paul Gonsalves). Then he went back to Hampton. In between, he often sat in with

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# JIMMY OWENS: GOING UP

by ira gitler

ON DEC. 9, 1967 Jimmy Owens was 24 years old. He celebrated his birthday by throwing a party at the lower Manhattan loft where he lives with his wife and children. Throngs of friends, colleagues, and acquaintances from in and out of the music business attended. They ate, drank, danced, and generally made merry into the early hours. In the midst of this festive atmosphere it came to me that I had known Owens since he was 16½. In some ways it seemed like only yesterday, but in others it appeared to be a very long time, like looking through a telescope and then quickly reversing it.

When I first met Owens, he was a member of Marshall Brown's Newport Youth Band. I remember him as a bright youth with a winning personality and a sense of humor. Our paths crossed many times, mostly on the jazz scene, but also on one memorable occasion on the softball diamond in Central Park, when the Newport Youth Band played the team from Junior's bar. The times I heard the band play, Owens rarely soloed. What I did hear led me to inwardly muse: "He is really a nice kid but I don't think he'll ever be much of a jazz musician." Even when a player is starting out, you can usually hear his ability to improvise, despite the handicap of an underdeveloped technique. To me, Owens didn't seem to have a flair for invention or a feeling for time. Was I wrong! He has developed into the best young trumpeter on the scene today; the *Down Beat* International Critics' Poll choice for new star of 1967.

When I recently told him of my early appraisal, Owens laughed at the irony. "That's the thing that got me in the band—that I could play jazz," he said. "I auditioned with the band's rhythm section, played *Now's the Time* and got a great reception from the cats in the band. Then I played *I Remember Clifford*. After playing the melody I started to improvise. Marshall stopped me and asked me where I was." Owens was like the schoolboy who, when asked to explain the grammatical reasons after writing a correct sentence, says: "I don't know—it just sounds right."

Brown informed him that he was in the band because of his jazz ability, but that he would have to be able to read the band's music within a month. With the help of trumpeter Donald Byrd, with whom he had been studying for six months prior to the audition, and Brown, Owens made it and hasn't looked back since. "Marshall Brown really gave me something to hold on to musically; Donald Byrd gave me the same thing," he says.

Actually, Owens had two short experiences in fast company before he joined the Newport Youth Band. In the



summer of 1958—he had just graduated from junior high school—his father took him to Smalls' to hear Miles Davis. His sister had all of Davis' records and young Jimmy had become a confirmed Miles-man. During an intermission, the youngster sneaked up on the bandstand to have a closer look at his idol's horn, which was resting on the piano. While he was scrutinizing it, Davis slid onto the piano stool, surprising Owens. Discovering that he was a trumpeter, Davis asked him to play. Owens produced his own mouthpiece and proceeded to blow *Walkin'* and *Bags' Groove* on Miles' horn with the band. These were the only tunes he knew at the time. Later that summer, he sat in at a session with Hank Mobley and Curtis Fuller, borrowing Kenny Dorham's trumpet.

Owens began to play trumpet at 11 because an older fellow on his block in the Bronx had brought one back from his travels in Japan with the Air Force. Al Henshaw was the kind of person the younger kids looked up to; he took an interest in them. "The trumpet was missing a piece of tubing, so he had put in some rubber tubing instead," says Owens. "I wanted to play the horn and he let me. When he went back to Japan he made me a present of it."

This prepared Owens for the day his 7th-grade teacher asked her pupils if they owned instruments. Rubber tubing and all, Jimmy jumped in. At Christmas, his father bought him a new horn. Over the holidays he was either practicing or oiling the valves. He took one out and couldn't get it back in. Hammering it, he cracked the pearl and rendered it unusable. When his father asked him to play for some guests, Owens packed

up the horn, explaining that he was tired after playing all day. When the truth came out, the horn went to the repair shop and an understanding father continued to give his son encouragement.

Support has come to Owens from a variety of people. Edna Smith, his 9th-grade teacher, is a bassist now teaching at the University of Nigeria. She taught him the harmony and theory fundamentals that helped him to get into the prestigious High School of Music and Art in Manhattan.

Later, a friend introduced him to Donald Byrd. At the time, the trumpeter had eight or nine students at \$5 a lesson. He kept reducing Owens' price and finally, when he had given up the rest of his pupils, tutored him for nothing. It became more than a student-teacher relationship. The two would spend entire days together, practicing and talking music.

DURING OWENS' last year of high school, he practiced very hard. He went to the jazz clubs to listen, not to play, and rarely missed a Monday night at Birdland. After graduation, he spent the two summer months reading books and practicing. He made up his mind that he would not go to the Manhattan School of Music or Juilliard. At this point his mother told him that he had to accept responsibility and get a job. ("She didn't realize that getting up at 9 every morning and practicing was being responsible.")

So Owens went on the employment agency rounds, and felt rejected because of his color for the first time in his life. Then his mother got him a job at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx where she was employed. He was put in charge of the hospital's stationery supplies. The requirements were not too demanding and he was able to read, study, and write music while on the job.

He was at the hospital for 15 months. During this period, he studied privately with Carmine Caruso. But he began to get restless because he was not getting in enough practice time. Meanwhile, he had written two arrangements for Slide Hampton and had rehearsed with the trombonist's band. After he had made a gig with Hampton in Greensboro, N.C., the leader persuaded him to leave the hospital job and join the band. He was with it for four months.

When the band broke up, Owens remained in New York and busied himself by participating in rehearsal bands, such as guitarist Sal Salvador's, and the regulars at Lynn Oliver's studio. Then trombonist Garnett Brown found him a job with another Hampton—Lionel. Owens was with Hamp for nine months. He wrote two arrangements—*Complici-*



ty and *Funk-A-De-Mama*—which Hampton used. "Lionel dug these two compositions," says Owens. "He played *Complicity* three times a set, 12 times a night."

Owens has had a lot of diversified playing experience for one so young. He worked with alto saxophonist Hank Crawford's band from November 1964 to September 1965. Before, he had been part of Charles Mingus' 10-piece band at Birdland ("The music was beautiful—from the *Black Saint and Sinner Lady* period"); directly after, he appeared with Mingus' brass ensemble at the Monterey Jazz Festival. In 1964, he also worked a weekend with Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Band. Joe Orange, like Garnett Brown both a friend and trombonist, recommended him to Herbie Mann, and his stay with the flutist marked the beginning of his recording career. While at Newport with Mann in 1966, he took part in the trumpet workshop.

"Thad Jones, who has helped me immensely, suggested me for the afternoon program," says Owens. "When it came time for the jam session, Thad, Clark Terry, and Billy Taylor urged me on." Until Dizzy Gillespie's solo, which capped the proceedings, young Owens had stolen the limelight from the surrounding veterans. The session was videotaped, and is a sequence in a program on Newport repeatedly shown on National Educational Television. My friend, a&r man-photographer Don Schlitten, had been insisting that Owens was the coming young trumpeter in jazz. Until Newport 1966 I was not convinced.

Owens left Mann for two reasons. He was tired of the road, and he wanted to try to make it in New York. His wife, Lola (they were married in 1965), was involved in the decision. "Why be married when I can't be with my wife," reasoned Owens. She, in turn, gave him the necessary support and encouragement, constantly telling him that she knew he could be successful in his home city.

Two of the Newport "urgers" have been his leaders since that time. Owens was one of the original members of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, and still fills in with it once in a while, although his main big-band allegiance is now with Clark Terry. Both Jones and Terry hold him in high esteem. Terry says: "From the first time I met him I saw the potential there. I kind of adopted him, like a son. He's got a great approach to jazz, both in his playing and writing. He's broad and open-minded. To him, music is music. I'm proud of him."

Jones remembers when he first hired Owens. "I was looking for someone

with versatility with mutes. For a small guy, he is a powerful player. He reminds me of Joe Newman in that respect. He's got a legitimate-type sound, a flexibility and big sound all over the horn. I heard him first when he sat in with Mulligan. He was very impressive then. He's shining brightly now, and within the next year he's going to be a full-fledged star. I know he practices constantly. He must, to sound as good as he does."

Owens is writing for both bands. In fact, he has done two different arrangements of *Complicity*—one for each band's book. His *Get That Money Blues*, which Dizzy Gillespie has done with his small group, will be recorded by Terry's big band in the near future. He is also writing for flutist-reed man Hubert Laws, and has made five arrangements for the New York Jazz Sextet.

THE NYJS IS special to Owens. Originally, the front line consisted of James Moody, Art Farmer, and Tom McIntosh. Then Benny Golson and Freddie Hubbard replaced the first two and were followed, in turn, by Owens and Laws. Owens has been with the group for a year and a half. The sextet is booked by an agency that handles classical artists, and they are presented with dignity and respect in college dates throughout the U.S. and Canada, averaging two to three concerts a month. The NYJS is a co-op group, and currently includes Roland Hanna, piano; Ron Carter, bass; and Billy Cobham, drums. Owens supplements his income as an all-around trumpeter, doing TV commercials and rock dates and backing singers' recordings. "The music is getting better in all these fields," he feels.

Another important part of the young trumpeter's musical life is the teaching he does at Rhythm Associates, headed by bassist Chris White. He foresees its growth as a school, and looks forward to a future as a teacher.

Then there is his recording group, with pianist Kenny Barron, that produced *You Had Better Listen*, an LP for Atlantic. "I tried to write music that challenged the musicians and, at the same time, something for the people in the audience to identify with," Owens explains. "Today, the business won't let you make it unless you play one of those 'get the money' tunes. Many musicians have prostituted themselves and they know it. Although you should please the public, you must remember that you're also writing to please yourself."

Besides the Atlantic album, Owens has been featured prominently as a sideman on Prestige, twice with saxophonist Eric Kloss, and once each with

Jaki Byard, Booker Ervin, Buddy Terry, and Teddy Edwards. He can also be heard on Milestone with saxophonists Gary Bartz and James Moody.

It is hard to say that Owens sounds like any other trumpeter. Some of his early Miles Davis influence remains, but it is projected very personally through his own powerful attack and sound. He does have a way of using trills that have caused musicians to recognize them as a Jimmy Owens stamp. An example can be heard on *The Night We Called It A Day* on the Atlantic LP. He achieves this effect through circular breathing—the technique of being able to play and breathe at the same time. Roland Kirk has mastered this, and Owens learned from an even older master, clarinetist Buster Bailey. "I started to practice it and was shocked when I finally got it," he says. "I've been perfecting it for six or seven years."

Two outward aspects of Owens are often subjects of interest to jazz fans: his hair style, and his unusual fluegelhorn, which looks as if it is being played sideways. "When I was with Lionel Hampton, I didn't like the way it looked," he says of his coiffure. "I was in California for three months and didn't get a haircut. Then I got it to the shape I like, and I've been wearing it that way for two and a half years." At his birthday party, he broke up when arranger Hank Johnson made him a present of a set of hair rollers.

His fluegelhorn, of German make, has rotary valves. "Rotary valve horns are made that way," he explains, alluding to the placement of the valves on the side of the horn. "It is technically faster and cleaner than the piston style. The metal in a foreign horn is better, too. It is thinner. It vibrates and gets a better sound. The fluegels in the States are made from the same metal as trumpets. Trumpets and fluegelhorns are really different instruments."

Owens is a true student of his horns and their players. I asked him why so few distinctive young trumpeters were coming up. "The new cats are not well-rounded," says this young veteran. "Most of them are not analytical about the horn. Like what mouthpiece is good for which horn; or, if they are not getting the sound they want, why they aren't getting it."

Jimmy Owens has combined an inquisitiveness and thirst for technical knowledge with a talent and love for the spiritual side of music. It is a combination that makes him a standout in a sparse new forest, but not just because of the stunted saplings around him.

Like he says, "You had better listen!"







THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE

# BLUES

AROUND THE DRONE

by Roswell Rudd

NOT SO LONG ago, I had the privilege of working on a project in world folk song styles headed by a renowned authority in this field, Alan Lomax. Up to that time, my musical background consisted of 28 years of listening and singing along with whatever came over the American radio, piano, phonograph, jukebox, from the school band, around the campfire, in the drugstore, supermarket, concert hall, Methodist church, etc.; 10 or so years of jazz trombone playing; and four years study of the European musical tradition (850 A.D. to the present), complete with notated scores, theoretical treatises, and the usual morass of writings by music scholars. I had also listened to a few recordings of African music and Indian raga singers and instrumentalists. That was about it.

In Mr. Lomax's superb archive of field recordings, I was introduced to the vocal music of peoples from all over the world, and many who had since become extinct from this planet: "aboriginal peoples" (as they were called) of North America, South America, Australia, New Guinea, the Polynesian Islands, Africa, Asia, the Near Eastern countries; authentic performances of European folk music, and quite a lot of American folk and pop music that I didn't know about.

Gradually, I became aware that despite obvious differences in musical style and form between, say, an Australian "aboriginal" singer and an African singer, certain characteristics were present to a greater or lesser degree in both performances, and I felt that they centered around the use of the voice. Glissando (gliding the melody) was more extreme in the Australian's singing than in the African's; the Australian's voice had a pronounced and relentless nasal sound to it, but less so than the African's, whose use of nasality was more variable and whose tones were more open and bell-like. Use of the glottis to crack or shake tones would be happening more frequently with the singers of China, Japan, India, the Near East, and North Africa than with European and American country singers, but the technique was apparent in all these styles. Or growling with the throat, something very common in blues singing in America. Indians and Eskimos of North America are extreme in

their use of this technique by comparison to certain other peoples in the world, but a measure of it is to be found practically everywhere.

Suffice it to say that vocal techniques I had associated at one time only with the jazz singers of my own country were revealed to be common to the oldest known musical traditions the world over. What I had always considered the epitome of musical expression in America, the blues, could be felt everywhere in the so-called "folk world."

It is interesting that what anthropologists refer to as the "folk" segment of the world's population, or what they call "primitive cultures" are composed by and large of non-white, exploited, and disenfranchised peoples. They are, often referred to as "savage, underdeveloped, backward, uncivilized, ignorant, etc." and yet many of these societies flourished before, alongside, and in many cases as integral parts of the earliest known civilizations, such as Babylon, Egypt, Persia, India, China, Aztec, Inca, Greece, and Rome. They have retained a technological simplicity in their modes of survival, and at the same time they have continued to maintain a highly developed intuitive as well as intellectual relationship to their respective natural environments.

By contrast, the great empires of the past and present have developed expansive systems of architecture, politics, commerce, engineering, communications, manufacturing, etc. And yet the so-called "folk" and "primitive" societies, for all that is really known about them, have equally if not more complex theologies, mythologies, pedagogies, systems of law, mores, art, handicrafts, sports, etc.

The point is that no one man or one group of people has ever had the exclusive rights to humanity or a monopoly on the fine arts. As long as men have acknowledged nature as the greatest teacher, men have created beauty. It is through nature that the almighty powers are revealed to men: inventiveness, genius, talent, memory, ingenuity, imagination, love, emotion, feeling. All the peoples of the world possess these qualities though perhaps they don't all express them in exactly the same way. And for good reason, because the differences in styles between individuals and nations are what yield the color and variety which culminate in a mag-



nificent diffusion of beauty throughout our planet.

MECHANICAL ABILITY, along with humanity, is also something common to all of mankind. In the last great war, certain men reached a fanatical peak of technology. Machines and engines, equipment that could facilitate the doing of just about anything came into being. Men commanded, machines responded, and the annihilation of millions of human lives was accomplished in a relatively short span of time and with a minimum of handsoiling. This race is still on. Automation is more rife than ever. Engines of destruction continue to outweigh the machines which facilitate the survival of life on this planet.

In fact, nowadays, when machines are not killing people, they are replacing people. Manual labor now means operating a machine. This has had a profound effect upon the people involved, because in order to control machines a certain amount of empathy is inevitable, to the extent that people's responses are becoming more and more mechanistic. This is as true for those who serve the machine as it is for those whom the machine supposedly serves.

At its inception, the machine was no doubt designed to facilitate man's labors, to give him more leisure time in which to think, relax, study, exercise, and perhaps meditate on himself and his world. But just the opposite seems to have occurred, and instead of liberating him, man has let the machine enslave him. For all the material prosperity, great merchandise, and advanced products ('progress is our most important product,' 'better things for better living'), incredible achievements of science, medicine, and education that are rampant in America today, there seems to be a gross shortage of that commodity known as wisdom.

For instance, there exists in our leaders and other "enlightened" people of our nation the inability to distinguish between that which is uplifting, such as an act of love or an act of creation, and that which is pernicious, such as the reckless destruction of life and property out of secret self-contempt. Waste is increasingly our greatest product in America; waste of resources, life, money, energy, time; you name it, all the "advantages" of an advanced technology run amuck can be found here. Thus nature has been suppressed, and so everything that she might otherwise inspire: peace, beauty, wisdom, love, sex, feeling, creativity, and so forth.

Men realize that God controls everything and that there is nothing new under the sun. If scientists pride themselves on their abilities to analyze, imitate, transmute, and use or misuse the forces that have been revealed to them, it is only by God's will that they do so. Indeed, their works must appear rather puny in the eyes of the One who created them: what they think they know, what they do not know, their colleagues, their world, their sun, moon, solar system, galaxy, and everything else in the universe. True, scientific achievement has brought us to the point where the entire human race as we know it can be annihilated in a matter of minutes. But then, God has already done this before, and His reason then was that His children had come to forget who their real Father was.

Just as there are men who seek to unlock and harness the mysterious forces of nature "toward the betterment of mankind through scientific means," there are also children of God who seek to understand life and the world with no more paraphernalia than the body, mind, senses, spirit, and heart that they came into the world with. It is not their ambition to eventually be able to demonstrate to the world that they can control the forces of life and death. They believe that through the expansion of the simple, God-given attributes of consciousness and physical being they can receive a part of that same power and wisdom that brought them into the world in the first place. Instinct and common sense have told them that they are ultimately controlled by

the same forces which create everything, including themselves.

The admission that man will always be at the mercy of the elements is not a cowardly or unmanly one, as some people would have us believe. To submit to and be at one with the forces of creation takes an exceptional will; the big temptation, increasingly, is toward the delusions of materialistic grandeur. This is the established way of life in America, and the majority of people here are absorbed into this system without ever having experienced the revelation of another dimension in life. Again, it takes great courage to live the spiritual life in the face of such a vast and all-enveloping materialism. Now is a time when it takes all a man's strength for him to be, simply and without great spectacle, himself.

THUS I FELT it a rare privilege to be exposed to the music of those peoples around the globe who to this day still live at the extremes of intercourse with a natural environment, seeking to survive in it by being a part of it. For a musician, it is perhaps an ideal way to get to know his distant brothers. I was somewhat aware of my ancestral voices beforehand, through previous experience with the primordial music of my own country, but what I was completely unprepared for was the profound corroboration of my own personal feelings about music in general that I was to discover.

Instead of being caught up in the whirlwind of diversity in styles, names, types, cultures, subcultures, areas, and all other supporting anthropological and musicological data, my ear quite simply and naturally identified itself with a certain vocal homogeneity that ran through all the music, and from the outset struck a familiar chord within me. All outward and obvious differences between myself and these other selves notwithstanding (differences in culture, language, technology, environment, mental and emotional makeup, etc.), yet and still something, the vocal thing, stood somehow outside all these differences, and I couldn't help feeling a strong identification with it.

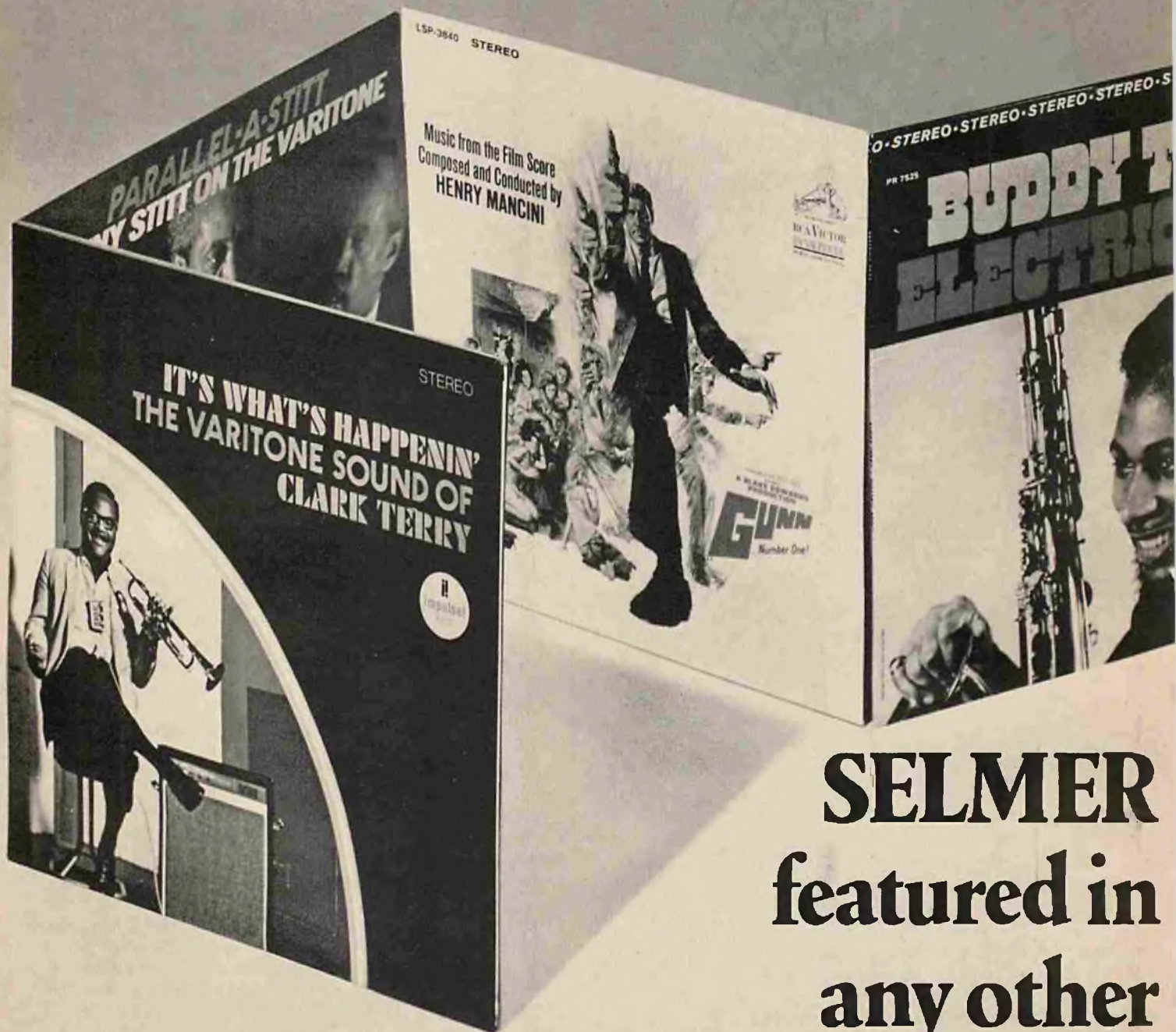
I wish I had room to really go into the structural aspects of some of this music, if only to prove to those who think that the European composers of this century are unsurpassed in the advancement of the techniques of their craft that there is nothing new under the sun. But briefly, the music ranges from the simplest and plainest of forms to dizzying heights of complexity, intricacy, and asymmetry; above all, there predominates a highly alive and organic sense of design.

As for complexity in the rhythmic organization of parts, I refer the reader to the contrapuntal singing of Africans, Afro-Americans, South, Central, and Northeastern Europeans, and to the heterophonic group singing of peoples in the interior of South America and certain Asiatic and Oceanic peoples. These latter peoples, in particular, have a way of measuring time, i.e. tempo, in their music with a freedom of precision that borders on the incomprehensible. The Indians and Eskimos of this continent possess this same quality in their music, but don't take it nearly to the same extreme. For pure clarity and simplicity of melodic line I recommend the music of the North and South Amerindians, Africans and Afro-Americans. Europeans and Americans in general. The more complex in regard to melodic form and embellishment can be found in abundance throughout Asia, India, Southeast and Southwest Europe, the Near Eastern countries, North Africa, and certain parts of the Southern U.S.A.

TO BROADEN THE picture of this music, I would add that it springs from societies in which an oral tradition of learning prevails. Like food, it is absolutely functional and indispensable to the survival of the people. Embodied in the texts of these songs you'll find the history, mythology, laws, knowledge, and language of a people; if none of these, then the



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song itself stands as a living monument to their esthetic sense. Furthermore, music is essential to, accompanies, and consummates virtually all the occasions of human activity: love, work, hunting, planting, harvesting, feasting, dancing, worshipping, healing, coming-of-age, death, birth, courtship, marriage, games, and war—not to omit pure listening pleasure. Music, performance-music, that is, should permeate life in the modern world to this extent! In addition to all the traditions of a people that are carried down through history by music, there is also the very profound spiritual effect that performance of music has upon listeners and performers alike; everyone participates, or at least everyone should, if it is to ever mean anything.

*Music . . . earth music . . . jazz . . . blues . . . whatever your name for man's primordial outcry . . . the sound that identifies him as an integral element of nature and reaffirms his cosmic origin . . . Music . . . I wish I could talk about the very spirit of it . . . get at the common underlying source of all musical expression . . . the vocal . . . that singing thing . . . humming . . . ultimate wellspring of life and energy . . . what it took to create the universe and continues to keep it all going, ever-expanding from the primary mover . . . interrelatedness of all beings and all things, all things being beings . . . sound is flesh and flesh sound . . . sound is the vibration of air . . . song of the elements . . . music of the spheres . . . the human heart is set and kept in motion by an ethereal force . . . pumping out a continuous bloodline of intonement from which spirit wills melody and rhythm . . . man . . . God . . . the sun . . . and beyond . . . all are in the Music . . . epitome of the vocal . . . timeless . . . omnipresent . . . impromptu . . . most ancient and most enduring of all musical traditions . . . here in America long before the outrageous onslaughts of the Western invader . . . rude and terrified presumer of righteousness . . . deaf to the blues even in his own songs (when you consider yourself God's exclusive creature, you can't for the life of you know your own brother when you see him) . . . then, in a further display of ignorance and inhumanity, Africans are captured and brought by force to America under subanimal conditions and sold into slavery like so much expensive black chattel . . . did it ever occur to anyone that these were human beings or members of the human family . . . much less a highly cultured and intelligent people . . . progenitors of ancient wisdom and age-old civilizations . . . ironically it was this act of cruelty that brought about America's first and much-needed cultural life blood transfusion . . . an injection of red corpuscles into the white . . . all the makings of a mellow society which the white corpuscles resist to this day . . . but again . . . this was more of the ancient musical tradition on American soil . . . the music of African descendants . . . how was it (is it) regarded? . . . since the makers of this music were not (are not) regarded as people, their music was not (is not) regarded at all . . . least of all as music . . . "Art? Impossible! Absurd! You mean Bach. If anything, Stephen Foster made it music and George Gershwin made it an art." . . . rude, terrified, and pitiful presumers of righteousness surrender only at death to the blues in their own voices . . . when it is too late . . . Music . . . strong feelings of the moment translated instantaneously into their musical equivalents . . . essential music . . . the full and eloquent commentary on life simultaneous to its being felt and lived . . . in living the human voice is the main vehicle of communication . . . it still is, as it always has been . . . traversing the entire range of human utterance . . . there are sounds that are not words but the raw vocalizations of feelings . . . indications . . . then into this framework are born the words . . . mosaics of phonemes . . . accompanying gestures and facial expressions are inseparable from the voice . . . from the person . . . life for the black American is shot through with irony, ambiguity, and paradox . . . he is not*

*alone . . . but he alone is at the extreme of this life . . . his murder is imposed upon him from without by an alien environment . . . it is hostile . . . he is not . . . his imagination, spirit, vitality, pride, sheer humanity, humility, and sense of dignity prevail against injustice . . . and perhaps this is as much as this white yankee boy will ever understand about it . . . the plight of the black American is similar to that of many artists in many ways . . . American, and elsewhere . . . but that's the topic for an essay entitled 'who has it toughest in this life' or 'some people do live and give harder than others' . . . the human voice . . . most versatile and poignant organ of communication . . . breath . . . mouth . . . feeling . . . ear . . . imagination . . . lips . . . tongue . . . throat . . . they are all brought into masterful play upon the sounds and harmonics of the voice . . . vocal tendencies have a way of seizing and engaging the listener's ear . . . sympathetic responses are awakened . . . he is alerted to himself and to the source of the sound . . . that is . . . if he constantly seeks to know more of himself and so all life . . . if he lays himself open to his world . . . people from all corners of this planet including those who have never directly heard her are moved by the songs of Billie Holiday . . . the whole range of techniques of inflection is there . . . the purest lyrical drama . . . the formulas of creation . . . a physicist's dream . . . hers and the music of other essential masters . . . her name suffices to represent them . . . their music provides America with a link to the most ancient musical traditions of the world . . . Africa, India, and on into the Orient . . . and let not Europe forget that her musical heritage drew from these same sources at a much earlier time . . . but the church and the academy intervened in the name of dogma . . . systems of classification, explanation, and false immortalization predominated . . . the music lost something vital it had had in Byzantium, Israel, Greece, Egypt, and North Africa . . . the orality of those traditions, evolving themselves down through history and surviving into the future by the very act and example of performance . . . spontaneity of performance . . . spontaneous performance . . . the folk have preserved these . . . the music happens from the actual doing of it . . . music of existence . . . music of action . . . music arising from a communal necessity . . . played off the melodic line that extends all the way back . . . and the open-vowel drone of the universe since the beginning of time plays its eternal accompaniment to this vocal continuum of mankind . . . what determines the path and movement of this line is the human condition . . . evolving out of the experience of living from moment to moment, music is not a frozen tradition standing apart from man's immediate survival needs . . . indeed his very presence in the world is dependent upon the music . . . the new music . . . the music now . . . as it was in the beginning . . . that vocal ingredient at the heart of it . . . intuitive creatures identify with this instantaneously . . . it causes them to rejoice . . . to love and be happy . . . through it they relive the process of the primary act of creation . . . they experience the inception of life as wrung from chaos . . . Music . . . glorious Music . . . dense . . . clear . . . voices of the departed speaking again from the mouth of the living . . . speaking from that common point of origin for all life . . . matter, energy, form, and space . . . a vast outpouring of nature . . . through this music we witness that eternal instant in which the fission of light and darkness occurs and new life generates forth . . . the experience is often blinding . . . overpowering . . . but just as frequently warm . . . or cool . . . like the sun rising up out of darkness . . . inspiring . . . at its zenith too brilliant for the naked eye that tries to look directly into it . . . sunset is a yearning experience . . . different . . . then all fades back into darkness . . . but only for a time . . . these are transitions along the cycle . . . quartertones around the drone.*





TO THE ROMANTICS who prefer their jazzmen larger than life, it is heart-warming to discover that the day of the gargantuan personality with a healthy appetite for swinging and the good things that go with it has not quite passed. True, most musicians have slowed down in an age which, ironically, now speeds faster than ever in every direction, but for some of the younger veterans the jazz life is still brim-full with good things.

Tell Al Grey to cool it, and he'd laugh in your face. As brash and raucous as the lusty sound of his plungered, mocking horn, the trombonist is a swinger from the old school who lives his life at a perpetual up-tempo and has no intention of slowing down.

"I enjoy playing every night the musicians feel like playing," announced the last of the big plungers, as one of his album titles dubbed him. "Anytime, anywhere—when it's good and you have talented musicians to play along with, it's always a pleasure."

At 42, the bombastic Grey is a veteran of the big bands. Born in Aldie, Va., he subsequently made his home in Philadelphia. After wartime experience in Naval bands, he joined Benny Carter. His jazz journey continued on the Lunceford, Hampton, and Lucky Millinder band buses, and from 1956-57 he sat in the Dizzy Gillespie big band, alongside such luminaries-to-be as Lee Morgan, Billy Mitchell, Benny Golson, Wynton Kelly, and Benny Powell. He put in a couple of lengthy spells with Count Basie, one starting in 1957, the other in '64, and in the intervening years, he co-led an adventurous sextet with tenor saxophonist Mitchell. (It was this combo, incidentally, that first introduced vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson to the New York scene.)

At an age when most men of his background and reputation are trying their best to quit the road and find a cozy niche in the studios, the mischievous Albert Thornton (Fab) Grey is rarin' to go in the opposite direction. He is currently revelling in new-found freedom, following his release from self-imposed shackles when he traded his Basie chair for the improved finances of being a sideman with Sammy Davis Jr. "I want to go back on the road very much!" declared the trombonist with feeling. "I feel that if you've got something to contribute to the world, you're not supposed to sit in one place and die there. I think you're supposed to give it out wherever it's accepted."

It is no secret that his year with Davis was not among his happiest. As he freely admitted: "The money was right, and you get to stay places where the rent is free and there's no food to pay for, but when the musician decides

# AL GREY

## PLAYING FROM THE HEART

BY VALERIE WILMER



VALERIE WILMER

to accept money first and foremost, he sacrifices his music."

"Sacrifice" was the word the trombonist had used when we met in Count Basie's Lounge in Harlem at the end of the summer. Grey worked there for a while with a quartet featuring guitarist Eddie McFadden, and he said he wanted to talk about the gap that separates the jazz musician from the session man, and also about how his stint with a show band had affected his creative urge.

Al came swaggering along to the interview, bubbling with health and zest for living. He is a solidly built man, with a perpetual grin splitting a face topped with a Babs Gonzales-inspired hairstyle—cropped hair combed rakishly forward to a point. Although he insists that he swims and plays golf and baseball to ward off a slowly expanding waistline, his tummy was slyly stretching a stylish polo-necked sweater out of shape. With characteristic aplomb, he drew a few sheets of paper from his

pocket and began reading aloud with studied nonchalance.

"'A Musician's Sacrifice,'" read the trombonist. "When a man has refined his art like Sammy Davis has, he is not allowed to be accompanied by less than the finest individual musicians. The general public, not as sophisticated as the jazz public, is not demanding the expression of these individuals but rather, an extreme effort by Sammy. Any amount of showtime detracting from Sammy's personal efforts is not well received by the public. In short, they can't get enough of Sammy. In order for the individual musician to maintain his public jazz identity, he is required to jam wherever and whenever the opportunity presents itself. An example of this would be when schedules allow him to form short-lived groups or to sit in with groups that are already established. An obvious result of this situation is that the musician is not set in the proper framework to express his particular artistry. And this is the sacrifice that is made by outstanding musicians who are captured for the general public via perfectionists like Sammy. It is a sad note that the general public is slow to appreciate displays of solo artistry from others than the headliner, but with Sammy as the vanguard, there may be some hope that the general public can be turned on rather than the musicians turned off."

Al looked up. "This does not, of course, detract from Sammy's personality, because he treated me like a king," he added. "But my talents were not being utilized to the utmost."

AL HAD BEEN working Lake Tahoe with Basie when the Davis trombone chair fell vacant after Benny Powell, his former Gillespie and Basie colleague, quit.

"They asked me to play their first show which was at 8 p.m., and Basie didn't go to work till 12," he recalled. "So I did the show, and then Sammy asked, 'Would you like the gig?'"

"I knew that he was a 'one-man show,' because Benny had told me, and Frank Wess, too. Frank had been with him for a long period and should have had more exposure, but I didn't think that it would be so . . . to the hilt; that you could go for weeks and weeks and weeks and weeks and not get a chance to play eight bars! And then if you did, you'd be in the background; maybe for rock 'n' roll."

It took Grey, who had been featured extensively with Basie and had taken solos on recordings the band made with Frank Sinatra, some time to realize the toll that Davis' restrictions placed on his creativity. "It took me a year to find out that I wasn't giving off the energy I usually carry," he explained. "After that, it's time for an individual to take



note of himself, otherwise he can die overnight."

When Grey first joined Basie in 1957, Henry Coker was the featured trombonist, and it was some time before he relinquished any of his solo space, a state of affairs to which the newcomer's volatile personality could not easily adjust. More than anything, Grey likes to blow, something he does lustily and gleefully in a manner that usually makes both him and the listener jump for joy. "With Basie," he recalled, "I eventually got two choruses, but I knew that I had to play all that I knew in those two choruses. I didn't get no more!"

The second time around, however, he had graduated to become Basie's most frequently featured soloist. "It got to the point where I played so much that I had to give away some of my solos," he declared without blinking. "It can get to the point where you can overdo it, and that's not good either. You're not supposed to wear your welcome out; you're supposed to leave it at a peak."

For a man who has suffered the limitations of section work in so many settings, it is hardly surprising that Grey knows the score when it comes to going for himself. It was his dissatisfaction with repetition that made him form his own group in the first place—he took an ill-fated big band to Texas after he left Gillespie—then caused him to join forces with Billy Mitchell, and now is responsible for his decision to hit the road again, either as a single or as leader of his own combo. "When you have to play the same thing over and over, especially in a band like Basie's, it is no longer a pleasure to play, and that's when it becomes a job," he said. "You have to try to excell at all times and it can become very trying."

"It's not a question of preferring to be a leader, it's just that I prefer the privilege of playing. I don't enjoy developing a repertoire to the point where I don't have to look at the music. Many, many nights I didn't have to take out my book with Count Basie. The only time we'd pull out the music would be if we had a new arrangement, and then after a few nights you'd absorb that."

Because he had been so restricted for 18 months, the trombonist claimed that his strength and thirst for improvisation had built up to a peak. "Ideas are no problem for me because they're flowing fast," he smiled confidently. "Since I've traveled pretty much all over the world, I see that there's a place for good music everywhere, but good music means different things in different surroundings and you have to adjust yourself to the company you keep."

"You can't get too way-out at times, and this means that your mind is always changing. For instance, if I had to play

a gig tonight to an audience of nothing but the best musicians, I would take another attitude towards my playing than if we were at a party where everyone wanted to have a good time. Working in a place like Basie's bar—it's a groovy little joint and the musicians come in there all the time—gives you a chance to play nice, inventive stuff and also to have a little soul along with it. You have to have a feeling, and I don't mean to be facetious or to brag or anything, but I do have that feeling."

In Al's rumbustious music there are mouth-watering helpings of soul food, and the trombonist paid tribute to Lionel Hampton for developing this feeling in him. "Prior to that, I'd worked with bands where you just played the music, but going with Hampton gave me something else—some parts of 'soul,' I guess. He taught me how to clap my hands! He had all these little things going on, and this developed the feeling all 'round the band."

"Then, on the other side, there was going with Diz. I didn't do it for the money, but to find out more about playing jazz. With people like Lee and Benny and Wynton, Rod Levitt, Billy Root and them—oh, my goodness!" Al grinned merrily. "It was such a family band that everybody was happy about coming to work. Everyone made time, and all the talents rubbed off on one another."

TO THOSE WHO are surprised that he has no eyes for the studios, Al points out that he was one of the first New York-based jazz musicians to break down the barriers that still exist in that field. In the 50s he spent some time under Sy Oliver's house baton at Decca, and recorded with people like Pearl Bailey, the Ink Spots, and Ella Fitzgerald. "The money was good, but I got tired of four walls," he said. "Plus I wanted to exploit my playing."

It is primarily because of the diversity of his background that the self-assured trombonist declares himself unconcerned about the new developments taking place in jazz today. "Why? Because I'm one of the gypsies," he commented. "I move around all the time. People call it nervous energy, I guess, but I call it digging music. Going around listening to other people play is one of my pleasures, but it wakes me up to all the things I'm *not* doing, too. It gives me the drive to get into other things."

"I've been fortunate enough to catch on with the chord progressions and so on, and 'freedom' is right up my alley, so to speak. It's one of the easiest ways to play, because you can go everywhere you know a chord exists, and put them on any level, bring it back or forward. The chords are few, whereas a pop tune


might have so many different changes in it that it requires time to sit down and get it together."

Grey pointed out that contemporary jazz is more concerned with rhythmic patterns than with chord progressions. "Today you can be involved in so many different time-signatures, whereas before it was like a little foxtrot or a little 2/4 or something. Now, forget it! A lot of the young musicians can't play in these different times, though, and that's what makes Elvin Jones so great, because he can play all these different patterns. But you know, this goes back to Dizzy's band when we used to play all kinds of time on *Begin the Beguine* and a couple of other things. Using tunes like that made it easy for the public to appreciate. They could recognize the melody, so they didn't stop to think about the time."

Mention of Gillespie brought up the subject of the need for a certain amount of humor in jazz, a quality missing from much of today's music but a virtue that Grey's blustery horn has in abundance. "You *have* to entertain," he stressed, "or else the person will say 'well, gee, I could have stayed home and listened to this on the radio.' You haven't entertained that person, you haven't given them your personality. I don't say be a clown, but. . . . It's just like Dizzy; people used to say 'What a nut!' but they didn't realize that when you enjoy yourself and relax, it brings out the best in you."

"You may have some numbers where you're serious, like a ballad, but if one of those hymns come along where you get holy and sanctified, you just go on and give it up! And if you don't give it up, your feeling and your heart are not in it, and you have no business doing that type of music in the first place!"

Grey spoke emphatically, for he has paid his dues in every area of the music. He knows how to move people with his playing, for he has the ability to be moved himself. Mainly through his intelligent, witty way with the plunger mute, he has established himself as one of the best trombonists around, although ironically, he had rarely touched the mute until Basie persuaded him to try it. When he did pick it up, he handled it with loving care and added a new interpretation to its use that would not have disgraced Tricky Sam Nanton.

The down-home way in which Al Grey devours a tune stems directly from his emotional nature, and an all-pervading love for jazz and the jazz life. "Music," he stipulated, "has to move me because I'm a very emotional person. If it doesn't move me, sincerely, deeply, in-my-heart move me, I don't want to be bothered." 



# Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Ira Giller, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, 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.

## SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

### Miles Davis

**SORCERER**—Columbia 9532: *Prince of Darkness; Pee Wee; Masqualero; The Sorcerer; Limbo; Vonetta; Nothing Like You.*

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Anthony Williams, drums. Track 7: Davis, trumpet; Bob Dorough, vocal; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

No more big old fat old lazy melodies that cats can stand around riffing on corners, like *Bags' Groove* and *Walking* and . . . It's fine, though, nobody's standing around riffing on corners these days anyway—and Miles is, as he has been for 20 years, right on top of the times with superbly disciplined chaos.

Now, the substance of the sentences he plays seems as implicit in the punctuation marks as in the syntax. The structure of the phrase is secondary to the quality of the mood. Inflection and nuance seem to have become the vital guideposts of his statements (read understatement), as befitting this extraordinarily sophisticated route to expression.

Instead of infallibly logical conclusions to neat little 32-bar choruses that must give rise to clichés somewhere along the line in horn solos that are unbreakably regulated by the changes which are dutifully registered by the slavishly comping piano and a bass that plays quarter-notes just because the time signature is in four and a drummer that KEEPS A STEADY BEAT, regard the infinite logic of the well-modulated scream, the piano that many times plays colors instead of chords, the bass that has learned to dance as well as walk and run, and the metamorphosis of the fourth dimension as revealed through the drummer that keeps the beat steadily changing.

Instead of the information (?) usually found in the liner notes, the owner of this LP is treated to a bit of phonetic Ferlinghetti by Ralph Gleason (who also did the cute thing with Davis' tune titles on *ESP*). However, though we aren't told, in all but the last track, *Nothing*, the personnel is the trumpeter's current work force.

The leader, not boasting a single original on this album, unselfishly took advantage of the writing talent in his crew. Shorter owns *Prince*, *Masqualero*, *Limbo*, and *Vonetta*; Hancock wrote the title tune; and *Pee Wee* belongs to Williams.

*Nothing*, written and sung by Dorough, in contrast to the more complex textures and color schemes of the rest of the material, is taken straight ahead on devices reminiscent of King Pleasure and Babs Gonzales. It was cut over five years ago by a different Davis group: almost

certainly trombonist Frank Rehak, tenorist Shorter (then still with Art Blakey), bassist Paul Chambers, drummer Jimmy Cobb, and Latin percussionist Willie Bobo. Its inclusion and tail-end positioning are startling, and though the musicianship is of a high order, one cannot escape wondering at its slightly atavistic presence.

On *Prince*, Carter works in triple meter and Williams slashes in four with ricocheting rim shots, as Miles renders a treatise in late 60s emotions. Everything moves separately toward the same end, the aggregate pulse seems derived from a pentagon of sources: six against two against four, and nobody bound to anything.

Williams' *Pee Wee* is a gentle ballad, without a drum solo or even percussive accents, and showcases Shorter's rippling fluidity and Hancock's quiet authority.

*Masqualero* finds Shorter a hair out of sync with Miles in stating the ominous, staccato theme, thus adding breadth and definition to the line. Hancock trails a string of brightly lit notes after the horns, and Williams' work acts like flying buttresses to the leader's expressive summits, before rumbling and stabbing through the tenorist's wisps of agonized lyricism and the pianist's gossamer tints.

*Sorcerer* seems to work on ball bearings. Shorter calls laconically against the rhythm. The front line momentarily goes into ensemble, then swirls into symbiosis in an extended series of eights. After a beautifully haphazard ensemble, with Williams fracturing the pulse everywhere—shifting the aural focus as if it were something to view on a slide projector—Hancock's right hand splashes color around with the extravagance of latter-day Van Gogh.

*Limbo* finds an eddying Hancock introducing the surging theme. Miles glides weightlessly across the rhythm, which has the activity of a freshly dynamited logjam. Shorter's movement is also friction-free and speedily functional on his featured spot, but Hancock reaffirms the restrained vector of the introduction on his solo. For the out chorus, the group returns to the rapids and a final cascade of sound from Williams.

For *Vonetta*, Davis comes in with the long-noted poignancy of his Gil Evans days, and Shorter offers an unobtrusively guileful creation, while Hancock's harp-like musing underscores the top line. Interestingly, Williams maintains feathery stickwork on the snare head rather than resorting to the customary stick-on-cymbal or brush approach, and Carter's bass, like a Hollywood heiress, is found in all the right places.

Davis has always had an eye and ear

for a great crew of musicians; this, as much as his own artistry, has kept most other jazzmen and listeners awaiting the trumpeter's next word. As usual, very few will be disappointed.

—Quinn

### Cannonball Adderley

**74 MILES AWAY—WALK TALL**—Capitol 2822: *Do, Do, Do (What Is Next?); I Remember Bird; Walk Tall (Baby, That's What I Need); 74 Miles Away; Oh, Babe.*

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano, electric piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This set's chief claim to distinction is *74 Miles Away*, written by Zawinul in 7/4 and swung with perfect gusto.

Cannon's solo, the first on this nearly 14-minute performance, is absolutely stunning—full of slashing power that never lets up and spun out with total command and effortlessness. And swing! This is one of the finest, most contained, totally engaged, and most relentless improvisations I've heard from the altoist in a long time.

The interest is somewhat diminished in Nat's solo, which follows. It suffers in comparison with Cannon's, but beyond this the cornetist never seems to develop anything at all cohesive in the course of his extemporizing here, and finally it sputters out in a bit of clowning with the mouthpiece (I believe).

Gaskin's climbing, dark-hued bass figures lend this segment its sole interest, and he continues to perk things up behind Zawinul's mulling piano solo (parts of which employ a kind of simple "prepared piano" technique—i.e., a tambourine has been laid over some of the piano strings).

Little else in the album—recorded "live," incidentally—approaches this performance in sweep or intensity, and in fact the bulk of the set is made up of comparatively lightweight fare.

Nat's vocal on the throwaway *Oh, Babe* is humorous on the initial hearing but wears rather thin with repetition. Leonard Feather's gently affecting tribute to Charlie Parker, *Bird*, is given an attractive reading, with Cannon's touching alto particularly outstanding.

The necessary quota of earthiness is dolled out on Nat's *Do, Do, Do* (which quite strongly resembles various Horace Silver compositions in the genre), with appropriately gutty playing by all, and on Zawinul's *Walk Tall*, which attempts (complete to electric piano) to duplicate the group's earlier successes in this area, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* and *Why Am I Treated So Bad?* Good, representative performances but nothing outstanding. If you're an Adderley Brothers fan, you'll not be disappointed with this set.

—Welding



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### Charlie Byrd

MORE BRAZILIAN BYRD—Columbia 2692/9492: *One-Note Samba*; *Weekend in Guarania*; *Little Boat*; *Pretty Butterfly*; *Berimbau*; *Agua De Beber*; *Jequibau*; *How Insensitive*; *Esperando O Sol*; *Felicidade*; *Foi A Saudade*.

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; unidentified orchestra; Tom Newsom, conductor-arranger.

Rating: ★★½

The first three tracks contain all the possible alternatives open to Newsom for solving the basically tricky problem of orchestral backing for Byrd's unamplified guitar.

*One-Note* has good orchestral work, but it seems somehow held back—it's like hearing drums played by a man with one hand tied behind his back. *Weekend* gets closer to an unconstrained solution, with the accent on strings and reeds. With *Little Boat*, there is an ideal solution: no orchestral accompaniment—merely rhythm.

Thus goes the latest Byrd. The writing with brass is imaginative but confining. *Esperando* makes good use of massed horns. The best example of this can be heard in *Saudade*, a lively samba, in which the brass reach a mildly exciting resolution, and pitched tympani echo their rhythmic phrases. But in the process, no engineering know-how can salvage the flutterings of Charlie Byrd.

Exotic percussion and subdued voicings enhance the strings-plus-reeds scoring on *Berimbau*. *Jequibau* is another fine example of the subtle backing. In fact, *Jequibau* as a form, not a title, is what this album is all about, for most tracks are jequibaus (a soothing samba in 5/4—something like bossa nova before taxes).

Even so, the highlight of the album is the old reliable 4/4: *How Insensitive*—Byrd plus rhythm. No orchestral backing. Aside from the beauty and sensitivity of Byrd's playing, the most rewarding sound is the opening statement of the theme, bowed in cello range by a bassist who does not deserve anonymity.

The delicacy of Byrd's playing—the album is an excellent showcase for his guitar—deserves more strings and winds or just plain rhythm. Gilt-edged Byrds are fine—but who ever heard of brass-bound Byrds?

—Siders

### Dizzy Gillespie

SWING LOW, SWEET CADILLAC—Impulse A-9149: *Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac*; *Max Que Nada* (*Pow, Pow, Pow*); *Bye, Something in Your Smile*; *Kush*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet, vocal; James Moody, alto and tenor saxophones, flute, vocal; Mike Longo, piano; Frank Schifano, electric bass; Candy Finch, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Have you ever enjoyed a night club or concert set with Dizzy's group? If you have, you'll want this record—an accurate sound picture of the happenings—and if you haven't, later for you.

The only "new" thing here is *Smile*, a Dizzy ballad vocal that will be cherished by his fans, and should be studied by would-be jazz singers. The rest is from the trumpeter's staple repertoire of the past few years, but it sounds fresh and happy.

This album was recorded live at Memory Lane in Los Angeles last May. It captures the feeling and ambience of a Gillespie in-person performance. Even the

Dizzy-Moody routine on *Cadillac*, which includes sight gags, comes across on wax. To me, Dizzy is the greatest humorist in jazz since Fats Waller, combining satire and warmth in a mixture that is a wonderful tonic for the blues.

When Dizzy picks up the horn, he means business. Nobody can touch him in the language he created for the trumpet; he can still take on all comers. With ease, he tosses off runs that should frighten other trumpeters right back to the woodshed, and this wizardry is always completely musical, never gratuitous. The term "master" is bandied about quite carelessly these days, but here is a master for sure.

He proves it on the long (15:50) *Kush*—that closing cadenza is truly something else—and also has fine bits on *Cadillac* and *Nada*. There is an exhilarating quality to Diz' playing that is something quite special. (Too bad he didn't blow on *Smile*, as he does now that the number has become one of his standards. His ballad playing is missing from the album. Maybe next time.)

Moody works hand-in-glove with the leader. A triple-threat man, he excels on all his horns, and adds variety and texture to the group's sound. He works out on tenor during *Nada*, with that strong, rolling, inventive style; his expert flute and warm alto can both be heard on *Kush*, a building-ebbing-building track.

The rhythm section provides the steady, strong beat Dizzy always wants. The steadiness is what counts. The electric bass may not be as varied and rich in sound as the "regular" instrument, but it cuts through very well indeed. Finch is a very capable drummer, and has loosened up a lot since joining the group. Longo has an atmospheric solo on *Kush*; he comps competently.

Perhaps not Gillespie at his greatest, this enjoyable album is a welcome slice of life with one of the true giants.

—Morgenstern

### Wayne Henderson

PEOPLE GET READY—Atlantic SD 1492: *Respect*; *People Get Ready*; *Cucamonga*; *Things Go Better*; *Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa (Sad Song)*; *Brother John Henry*; *Orbital Velocity*; *Cathy the Cooker*.

Personnel: Henderson, trombone; Al Abreu, soprano and tenor saxophones; Jimmy Benson, baritone saxophone, flute; Harold Land Jr., piano; Pancho Bristol, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; Moises Obligation, Ricky Chemelis, Max Garduno, percussion.

Rating: ★★

At least some of the tracks here represent a kind of jazz interpretation of the popular art form known as soul music. *Respect* is by Otis Redding; *Fa-Fa* was co-authored by him. *People Get Ready* is a Curtis Mayfield tune, and *Things Go Better*, of course, is the Coca-Cola commercial song.

The arrangements, all by Henderson, are competently written and performed. The ensemble sound is dark and heavy, giving the album a no-nonsense, this-is-for-keeps quality. The percussion section performs tastefully and well, its members staying out of each other's way and displaying fine teamwork.

The solos are pretty good. Henderson and Abreu are the featured improvisers.



Henderson is a good technician with a full tone. He plays with blasting aggressiveness. His melodic ideas here, unfortunately, are rather stale.

Abreu, a post-bopper, solos in a fiery, hard-swinging manner on both tenor and soprano. He doesn't demonstrate much originality, but his solos have momentum.

A good meat-and-potatoes album.

—Pekar

#### Willis Jackson

TELL IT . . . —Prestige 7412: *I Can't Stop Loving You*; *One Mint Julep*; *Up A Lazy River*; *Jumpin' with Symphony Sid*; *Tangerine*; *Ebb Tide*; *Blue Gater*; *Secret Love*.

Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Carl Wilson, organ; Patrick Azzara, guitar; Joseph Hadrick, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This music isn't much different from some of the rock-and-roll instrumentals of the 50s. Jackson's band reminds me of the groups Red Prysock and Rusty Bryant had then. The arrangements are simple; the album's feature is Jackson's tenor work. His playing is raw and strong. He is not very inventive—but then he doesn't seem to be concerned mainly with playing fresh ideas. Rather, he seems content to swing hard and get into a foot-tapping groove, and this he accomplishes.

Though he is a much rougher musician, it's interesting to note that Jackson has clearly been influenced by Lester Young, as his playing on *Symphony Sid* indicates.

Azzara's spots are the album's best. He is a fluent technician, and his improvisations, though relatively complex, have a smooth, flowing quality. I'd like to hear him in a less frenzied setting.

An unprofound but entertaining LP.

—Pekar

#### John Klemmer

INVOLVEMENT—Cadet LP/LPS 797: *Stand in the Sun*; *My Blues*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Later With Them Woes*; *Passion Food*; *How Deep Is the Ocean*; *Will 'n' Jug*.

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano (tracks 2, 4, 6); Sam Thomas, guitar (tracks 1, 3, 5, 7); Melvin Jackson, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

What a pleasant surprise to pick up this unheralded debut album by a young Chicago musician and discover a first-rate player with his own story to tell!

Just 21, Klemmer already has the mature musician's disdain for the empty gesture. There is no nonsense about his music; it is direct, intense, and together. No gimmicks; just good, honest music.

Klemmer can play his horn. He's got fine tone, control all over the instrument, and excellent articulation. He can play fast when he wants to (*Woes*), but he never falls into those all-in-the-fingers-nothing-upstairs runs that young players with good technique commonly display.

He can holler, too, but he doesn't make a thing of it. There is, in fact, very little that seems acquired or merely fashionable in his playing; it has that natural presence and flow that we associate with long established musicians.

He is a gifted composer, too. *Sun*, *Blues*, *Woes*, and *Passion* are his, and all are good. *Passion*, especially. It is a fetching, melodically substantial bossa nova. *Blues* is a happy line, good to play on;

*Sun* also has a positive quality, and *Woes* is a take-off on *Bye, Bye Blues* changes that romps.

Another surprise is Klemmer's warmth and melodic grace on *Love*. He plays this fine old standard with imagination but respect, sustaining an appropriate mood throughout. Ballad playing of this caliber is not what you'd expect, either, but there it is.

*Ocean* is double-timed after the first eight. The rhythm section is very good here; it is also in fine fettle on *Woes*. Made up of veteran Chicago stalwarts, it gives Klemmer the kind of support he deserves.

Christian stretches out a bit on *Woes*, and has interesting things to say; his other solos are short and pithy, and he comps expertly. Guitarist Thomas is heard to good advantage on *Sun* and on his own *Will*, a nice line. Jackson has a stunning arco solo on *Woes*, and his fine tone and support contribute much. Campbell is a strong, driving percussionist.

But this is John Klemmer's album, as it should be. He is his own man, and he can truly play. He has listened well to such as Sonny Rollins, but he is no copyist. Listen well to him. It will be worth your while, if you like good music.

—Morgenstern

#### Pee Wee Russell-Red Allen

THE COLLEGE CONCERT OF PEE WEE RUSSELL AND HENRY RED ALLEN—Impulse A-9137: *Blue Monk*; *I Want a Little Girl*; *Body and Soul*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West*; *Graduation Blues*.

Personnel: Allen, trumpet, vocal; Russell, clarinet; Steve Kuhn, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Recorded at a concert-lecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology less than six months before Allen's death in April 1967, this record becomes the trumpeter's last testament.

The lecturer was Whitney Balliett; presumably, he selected the musicians. Allen and Russell make a superb team (they had not recorded together since 1932), and the idea of backing them up with a contemporary rhythm section was essentially a good one.

However, idea and realization are two different things, as mankind has long since discovered. This is a weak rhythm section, and the best that can be said for it is that it doesn't do much harm. Except for Haden, its members contribute little imagination and little drive, but the two veterans aren't bothered.

Both Allen and Russell have styles that are so thoroughly individual that they occasionally border on the eccentric. Miraculously, they complement each other, and their ensemble passages are mysterious and delightful, the unpredictable lines merging and separating, yet always converging in musically meaningful patterns.

Allen, it must be said, was not physically in top form. His range, usually spanning the horn from top to bottom, is restricted here. But it is an indication of his experience that he doesn't fight it; he accepts the limitation, and concentrates on what he has to work with. Thus, his sound is full and warm, albeit less brilliant than

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it could be even late in his career.

Allen is serious here; he uses none of his staple devices, acquired of necessity through years of playing for audiences to which musical excitement was measurable only in decibels and extroversion. Red could go through a whole night's work only indicating what he could do, starting beautiful things and breaking them off midway to burst into song or to greet a customer.

There is none of that here; this is the best Allen on record since 1957. More than most of his contemporaries, Allen had received ample critical acclaim in recent times, also from critics and musicians with modernist tendencies. He was even called a true "avant gardist." But to say that what seemed adventurous to some in his playing might largely have been simply erratic would not be an injustice. From his earliest recording days (1929), there was an element of incoherence in Red's playing; it was part of his charm, and when he did completely realize an idea and finish a structure, he was an astonishing player. Quite simply, he had an abundance of ideas but was not always relaxed enough to sort them out.

He was also from New Orleans, and he believed, as the players from that city do, in playing things correctly. Note how precisely, how neatly he plays the head to *Two Degrees*, and how he states the melody of *Blue Monk*—imaginatively, but fully delineated. He plays lovely things on *Body*, his feature, but my favorite spot is the muted one that opens the out-chorus of *Little Girl*.

Allen also sings *Body*, in that curiously affecting voice that always made me smile—still does. "Sincere" is an over-worked term, but it describes Red's singing. He also does a vocal chorus on *Graduation*.

Russell is in fantastic form. He is always himself, but here even more so than usual. His solos are gems, rewarding constant rehearsing with new discoveries. This is one of the deepest players in our music, and his conception transcends such essentially meaningless labels as "modern." Eternal would be more like it.

*Pee Wee's Blues*, his feature and favorite composition, compares fascinatingly with other recorded versions. Each is totally different. On this one, he builds down in masterly fashion; as much an art, and a rarer one, than building up... especially since the effect is still climactic.

The solo that follows the vocal on *Graduation* is another gem, filled with amazing "asides" and flutters, yet entirely cohesive. You may think Pee Wee is talking to himself, but he is talking to you, and signifying. As a sample of the art of playing the clarinet, by the way, this is quite something. It has been the fashion to regard Pee Wee's technique as something maverick-like and odd that happens to work for him. But that is foolishness; he knows that horn inside out, and can produce a range and variety of sounds that run the gamut from purity to pure funk. Dig his trills on this solo.

Alas, the rhythm section. Kuhn plays a good solo on *Graduation*, the only place

he sounds involved. His comping is, I suppose, meant to be helpful, but it sounds mechanical, and except on *Graduation*, where he picks up his opening phrase from Pee Wee's closing one, he doesn't seem to be listening.

Haden has two interesting, Wilbur Ware-ish solos on *Monk* and *Graduation*. He walks steadily in the section, boxed in a bit by the piano's chords and limited by Morell's effete drumming (Morell can play, too—the more's the pity). It's really a bit like Red and Pee Wee sitting in with a cocktail trio—but enjoying it. Because of them, this record will live, and we are grateful it was made in time.

—Morgenstern

#### Doc Severinsen

THE NEW SOUND OF TODAY'S BIG BAND —Command RS917SD: *Canadian Sunset*; *Monday, Monday*; *Little Brother*; *Here, There, and Everywhere*; *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*; *One, Two, Three*; *Soul and Inspiration*; *All; One Step Above*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*; *People Power*; *Music to Think By*.

Personnel: Severinsen, Jirnie Royal, trumpets, flugelhorn; Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Romeo Penque, baritone saxophone; Vinnie Bell, Al Casamenti, guitars; Dick Hyman, piano, organ; Bill Takas, electric bass; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is good for what it is, but what it is isn't very good. In other words, a slick job of arranging and playing has been squandered on a dull array of diluted pop-jazz, rarely rising above the commonplace.

There are moments: *Song* is given a refreshingly original treatment, if you can call rock-funk refreshing. Somehow, arranger Hyman weds the sound to the song with great skill. *One, Two* gets an immediate lift from the descending pyramids of the brass section, and continues with a fine solo by Lawrence.

Another fine arrangement is *Accustomed*, with its flute flutterings behind Severinsen's soulful trumpeting.

Severinsen's chops serve him well. This is quite a workout, but he makes it sound easy. All three stars must go to him. What makes the album imbalanced is the realization that a flawless diamond has been placed in a less-than-perfect setting.

—Siders

#### Various Artists

1944 REVISITED—Jazz Crusade JC 2015CS: *Beautiful Dreamer*; *San Jacinto Stomp*; *Moose Hall Blues*; *When You Were a Tulip*; *Nearer My God to Thee*; *Faraway Blues*; *My Life Will Be Sweeter*; *Someday*; *The Valley of Death*; *Royal Telephone*.

Personnel: Sammy Rimington, clarinet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Bill Bisonette, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This album successfully recreates the sound and soul of the traditional renaissance in New Orleans in the mid-40s. British clarinetist Rimington has so completely captured George Lewis' style that at times it is difficult to believe it is not Lewis who is playing. Had the group used this music as a starting point rather than an end, the album would have had a fresher sound.

However, there is no denying Rimington's talent. When he plays on *Moose Hall Blues*, those blues are real, and when he develops that soaring swing on *Tulip* and *Telephone*, the whole band rocks.

Robinson gives his customary off-and-

on performance—that is, he alternates lumbering, clownish jabs with some good jazz trombone playing. On *Nearer My God*, I found myself anticipating most of what he would play, and getting impatient with the opportunities he was missing to get in some good licks. He is more solid on *Life Will Be Sweeter*, providing good support in the last chorus. *Someday* shows what he can do when he wants to play well.

The rhythm section is steady, and rocks in the right way on the fast tunes.

—Erskine

## ROCK 'N' POP

BY JOHN GABREE

*The Candyman* (ABC Records ABCS/ABC-616)

Rating: ★★★★★½

*The Buffalo Springfield, Buffalo Springfield Again* (Atco 33-226, SD33-226)

Rating: ★★★★★

Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart, *Test Patterns* (A&M AP4126)

Rating: ★★★★★½

The Box Tops, *The Letter/Neon Rainbow* (Bell 6011)

Rating: ★★ ★

Johnny Rivers, *Rewind* (Imperial 9341/129341)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Hearts and Flowers, *Now Is The Time For Hearts and Flowers* (Capitol ST 2162)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Beau Brummels, *Triangle* (Warner Brothers W1692)

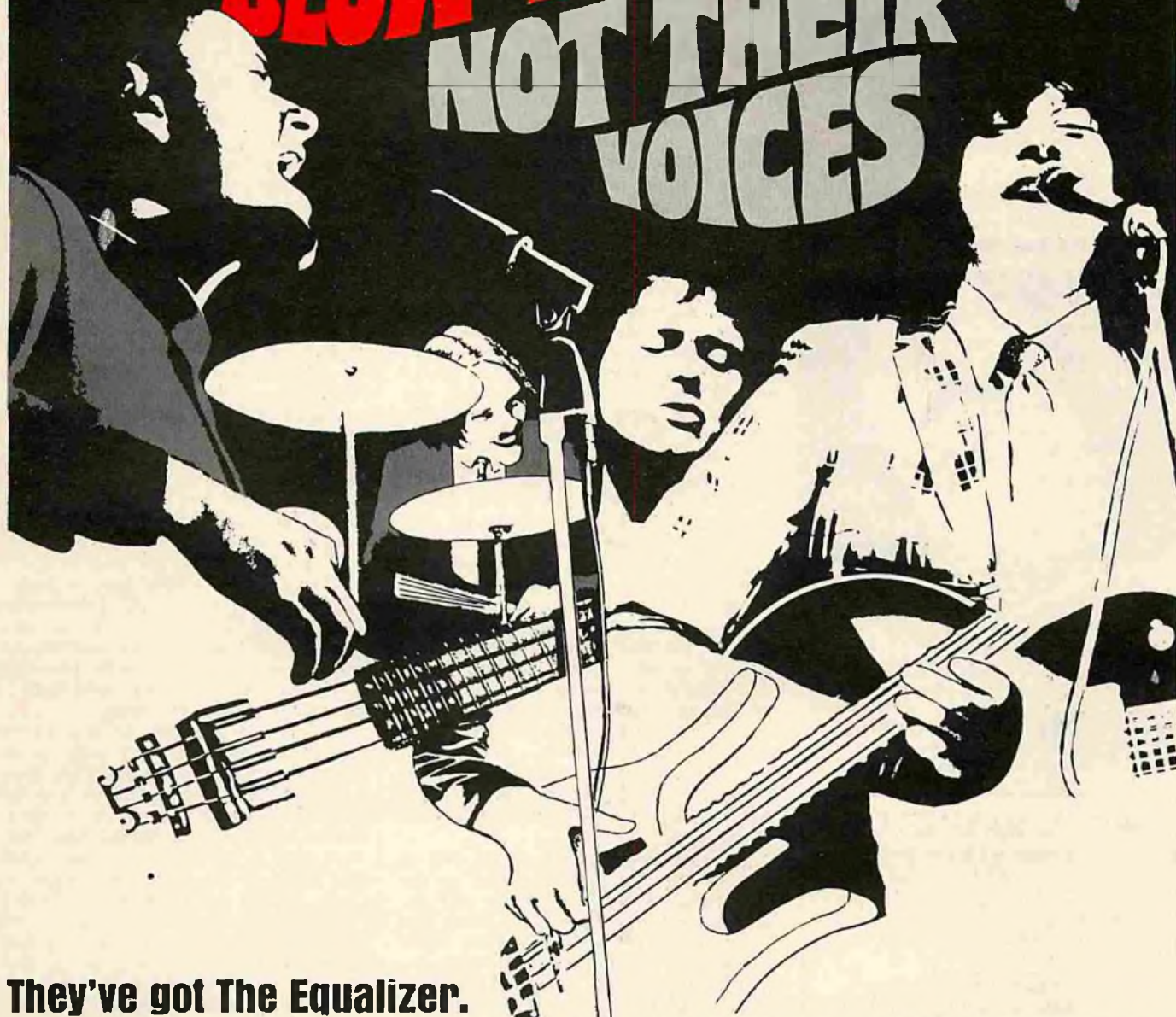
Rating: ★★★★★★

For months before *The Candyman* was released, musicians and fans were journeying to hear the group (Rodney Justo, vocalist; John Rainey Adkins, lead guitar; Billy Gilmore, bass; Dean "Ox" Daughtry, piano and organ; and Bob Nix, drums) at Steve Paul's Scene in New York City. The LP lives up to the advanced rumbling: this is a first-rate band that paid its dues for a couple of years as Roy Orbison's back-up group.

In live performance, the quintet is noted for reproducing effortlessly arrangements by other groups that took months of hard studio work to get on wax in the original (*Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and *Good Vibrations* are two of their more noteworthy reproductions). On the album, they have wisely chosen to do mostly new material. The most successful cuts were all written by the album's producer, Buddy Buie, with the help of various members of the group: *Deep In The Night* is a tender pro-peace song that is one of the most successful political statements made by a rock group; their hit *Georgia Pines* is a beautiful "goin' home" blues; *Hope, Movies in My Mind*, and *Stone Blues Man* are all in a joyful bag that make rock seem like fun again. Buie also penned *Even the Grass Has Died*, the frightening comment on nuclear disaster that ends the album. The only



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reason the album doesn't rate five stars is that *Roses Won't Grow in My Garden*, the album opener, sounds like a parody of the Beatles, and that vocalist Justo just isn't up to the difficult *Stormy Monday*. But these are exceptions; the Candy-men have a style of their own, and they convey great enthusiasm for their music.

The same professionalism and urge to entertain are brought to *Buffalo Springfield Again* with very different results. It almost sounds like a "greatest hits" album: here are the Beatles, the Who, Cream, the Everly Brothers, Jefferson Airplane, Motown and Memphis, even the Four Freshmen (*Sad Memory* sounds like one of those things that the Freshmen used to do). But the Buffalo Springfield never emerge with a sound of their own. They are almost the Bobby Darin of groups, which is incredible with this much talent (Neil Young, vocals and guitar; Steve Stills, vocals, guitar, organ, and piano; Richie Furay, vocals and guitar; Bruce Palmer, bass; Dewey Martin, drums; with assists from people like Jack Nitzsche and Don Randi). Young emerges as the best songwriter in the group (*Mr. Soul, Expecting to Fly*, and the ambitious and successful *Broken Arrow* are all excellent songs), although Stills gets off some good writing (especially on *Bluebird*, which may be the best overall cut) and Furay's *A Child's Claim to Fame* is a nice country and western number. But ultimately the parts are greater than the whole and the album lacks focus, personality, and direction.

It's another half-step down to *Test Patterns* by Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart, who are known principally as songwriters rather than performers. Their singing is ok, but it is primarily the writing and arranging that make this LP of interest (although they do have their own 50-ish sound, it isn't terribly interesting). The best tracks are Hart's readings of *In the Night*, the hit by the Animals; *Life*, a four-part, blues-based composition that features an interesting mesh of classical and rock; Boyce's crooning of *Girl, I'm Out to Get You*, and the duet on the bouncy *Sometimes She's a Little Girl*. This, too, is fun rock, but it comes dangerously close to being schlock rock on occasion.

The only things that make the first album by the Box Tops intriguing are the rich voice of the lead singer and the group's two hit singles, *The Letter* and *Neon Rainbow*, both of which were penned by Wayne Carson Thompson. I also liked the singing on John D. Loudermilk's *Break My Mind* and Procol Harum's *A Whiter Shade of Pale*, but the rest of the songs aren't salvageable. The instrumentalists are adequate and not much more, but it will be interesting to see whether Thompson and the lead singer continue to grow (I have a recurrent fantasy about what this vocalist could do in front of a group that pushed him). The liner notes neglect to tell who the singer is, or anything else, for that matter.

Whoever he is, he might take some lessons from the career of Johnny Rivers. Rivers has merely adequate pipes, but he has worked hard and he uses them to

maximum effect, especially on ballads. He is also quite a good rock guitarist, surrounds himself with excellent musicians, and chooses first-rate material. On *Rewind*, he is in top form on two Motown numbers, *The Tracks of My Tears* and *Baby, I Need Your Lovin'*, Paul Simon's so-so *For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her*, and Tim Hardin's *I'll Never Happen Again*. But the real star of the album is 21-year-old Jim Webb, who arranged the date and wrote seven of the tunes. Webb was the composer of the Fifth Dimension's hit *Up, Up and Away*, and he is incredibly good with both words and music. His songs tend to be very wistful, personal statements: *Carpet Man*, *Tunesmith*, *Sidewalk Song/27th Street*, and *Do What You Gotta Do* strike me as some of the best songs written lately. And *Rosecrans Boulevard* could more likely have been written by Weill and Brecht than by a young southern Californian. Webb's arranging shows a slight tendency toward overstatement, but if he can control that, he is destined for one of the biggest careers in the business.

Hearts and Flowers comes as a complete surprise. Capitol, for some undoubtedly bizarre reason, chose to hide the record in an obscure jacket that gives not the faintest hint what the music is about. From the picture on the cover and the song credits, I deduce that Hearts and Flowers is a trio, made up of Larry Murray and two other people. The group is experimenting with a combination of folk, country, and rock that leans heavily on the two former styles. The music is compelling, although not yet totally together. All the tunes are excellent (Hardin again, Donovan, and a bunch of things that were new to me). As far as I know, the only publication to take note of Hearts and Flowers has been the Los Angeles *Free Press*. H&F are an L.A. group. They deserve a lot more attention and encouragement so that Capitol can be persuaded to put out another (and perhaps more intelligently packaged) album.

Similarly, in the rush to find groovy new groups, some fantastic work by an old group is being overlooked. The Beau Brummels used to be a quintet and had some hits, although I haven't been able to find anyone who remembers what they were. Anyway, there are three Beau Brummels left, and they have just released an album entitled, not surprisingly, *Triangle*. The lead singer is Sal Valentino; he has a strikingly tensile voice that is equally adept at sadness, tenderness, or joy. Ron Meagher is the bassist, and he sounds solid. Guitarist Ron Elliott isn't given much solo space, but he seems to have had the main songwriting chores on eight of the ten tunes. Without going overboard, I think I can say that this is a nearly perfect rock album. It is unified, musically and dramatically; even tired old *Nine Pound Hammer* sounds as if it had been written just for this set. The music is subtle folk-rock and demands attention. The arrangements by Valentino and Elliot are topflight, especially the guitarist's handling of the orchestration. It is incredible that the Beau Brummels have been lost in the shuffle.





CHARLES STEWART

**1. OLIVER NELSON.** *Patterns* (from *Sound Pieces*, Impulse). Nelson, soprano saxophone, composer; Steve Kuhn, piano.

I don't know who the saxophone is, but it sounds like some lines I've heard Oliver Nelson write. I have heard him play some soprano, and he was going in this kind of direction.

This is an offspring of the Coltrane school—this whole group. In jazz it's hard to get a peak in its right place, as though it's a composition, because it's all extemporaneous, but he seemed to be able to go to the peak and drop back down to the major thought. I thought this was particularly well done, whether they rehearsed it that way or not. I liked the piano too.

Had it been the first time I'd heard this kind of thing, I'd say five. It's an offspring; there's no telling where it'll end up. So, I'll give it four because it's a good job of that school.

**2. COLEMAN HAWKINS.** *Spotlite* (from *Esquire's All-American Hot Jazz*, RCA). Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, piano. Recorded March 27, 1946.

(Laughs) It's hard to comment on this, but first I have to appreciate the way they've updated the sound as much as they could, from the old 78.

It was Hawk, and what can you say about Coleman Hawkins? He's the man! And Charlie Shavers, he's a very good friend of mine.

It's almost like looking in a mirror, looking at an old picture. Of course, there are some things I play there that I wouldn't do now. You go through some different stages, and this was at least 20 years ago. I would do it just as a trick to keep up my sleeve in case I needed it. But that chord style, I'd advance it harmonically, because I think the whole feel has advanced so far now. At that time, and in comparison, I think it was all right for its time.

It was very unusual for its time but not now. Then it spread like wildfire and became practically a standard thing. That's the reason I said I wouldn't do it today. There's guys doing the chordal style very well today—they've taken it and gone steps further, much further.

I have to give Hawk five, of course,

and for its time it was a good record—give it three. Charlie and Hawk on the front line really brought it up. Hawk's solo still stands—he may not even play the same way today, but it still sounds good.

**3. GUNTHER SCHULLER.** *Abstraction* (from *Jazz Abstractions*, Atlantic). Ornette Coleman, alto saxophone; Schuller, composer.

I've got to get a reaction together here! . . . Of course, I know everybody was just completely free, but from an over-all standpoint you still get the same emotional thing from Hindemith or someone in that modern school of composition, and who's to say that these schools didn't develop from something like this.

I'm trying to work out who the alto player is. From being a writer, I tend to think in blocks rather than in terms of individuals, and there are several in this school of playing, usually with one spearhead. He seems somewhere in the direction of Cannonball—part swing . . . and then some Bird . . .

As far as the record is concerned, the merit I would give it, for the effort, they should be given a good rating. We've tried everything and been in the assembly line on such a big productive basis that you really can't keep up with it. For a few months a style is grabbed and then gone. We're on the outer fringes, and with this type of thing it's a sort of let's-try-it-and-see, and these are all probably very good musicians who can go in the conventional manner any day of the week.

These things should be composed and have a little order—the form was lacking, possibly; there was no place to go. I'd give it three stars for the idea, but for getting caught up along the way, reduce it to two.

**4. NANCY WILSON.** *Free Again* (from *Lush Life*, Capitol). Miss Wilson, vocals; Billy May, arranger.

This is Nancy Wilson. For this type of thing, I think the writing is more theatrical than jazz, but I think they're both beginning to overlap. It's becoming one homogenized type of music.

I would like to have watched her do this—I imagine with the lighting and everything it's very effective. I've heard

"You have not lost an instrumentalist; you have gained a composer and arranger." In this manner, with a mental image of some such cliché, we learn to live with the unhappy fact that too many fine musicians become so busy writing that they have no time to play.

Perhaps the most famous example in jazz is Benny Carter, whose combined talents are too numerous to be expressed in any man's 24-hour day. Playing time also has diminished for Lalo Schiffrin, Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones, Melba Liston, and dozens more who have found the pen as gratifying as the horn and far more profitable.

Jones was first prominent as a pianist with Stuff Smith. He has played and/or arranged for just about every top singer in jazz (five years with Sarah Vaughan, L.P.s with Nancy Wilson, the last year with Ella Fitzgerald). During the 1960s, he has devoted more and more time to writing and conducting.

The gentle chordal piano style he evolved in the mid-1940s was widely imitated. For kicks, an example of his own early work was included in this, his first *Blindfold Test*. Aside from *Spotlight*, he was given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather

this type of writing before. It's top-level writing, and I imagine the orchestrator was rather restricted, because vocal things do restrict you, and you don't get a chance to go completely way out.

We were lucky with a couple of albums with Nancy. A small orchestra, and I had a chance to realize her talents. She's reaching a new pinnacle in her singing that I hadn't heard before.

It's still hard to evaluate this in the context with the other records. The song is very good, but I'm sure she broke it up and did it her way. I'd like to hear it just straight, a jazz solo on it. That's almost like stripping it, to hear it just like it is without all the ornamental things they've added to it.

I'd give it three stars for a good all-round performance.

**5. WES MONTGOMERY.** *Watch What Happens* (from *A Day in the Life*, A&M). Wes Montgomery, guitar; Don Sebesky, arranger/conductor.

That sounds like John Montgomery—that's Wes' first name. I made a string album with him. As far as Wes is concerned, he can hardly do any wrong. You have to catch Wes in person in a club to really evaluate him. I don't think records really do him justice. He needs to be wide open, just let him build up and build up.

To be able to give himself the discipline he has given himself on these later albums, I would have to say he's done quite a job, as can be seen by the sales.

I've got to give him a good rating for being able to *communicate* his thing, instrumentally, in an age when you just don't expect it to come off and hit the masses. I've seen so much good music going down the drain just because it's ill-timed.

Wes and—maybe it was Don Sebesky—deserve credit, because to be able to sell good music has its merit in itself.

For what it is, I'd give it three stars, but musically it's hard to say. I've heard Wes in every situation—this is not what I know he can do. He had to stay melodic, so consequently I can't say it's the Wes Montgomery I know. Once you do an album with a man, you really find out what his talent is. . . .

ES



# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## Roy Eldridge

Red Garter, New York City

Personnel: Eldridge, trumpet, flugelhorn, vocals; Larry Slezak, tenor saxophone; Bernie Thomason, organ; Billy Cable, guitar; Steve Butler, drums.

There are few greater pleasures in jazz than witnessing Roy Eldridge in action. Not many musicians, whatever their age or style, are so open and giving in their attitude towards playing as is this great artist, who has already given so much of himself to the world.

The thing is that Little Jazz—All Jazz—loves to play, and this love shines through every note that comes from his horn. And what notes they are . . . there is a vibrancy, an urgency, a message of life in the Eldridge horn that makes hearing him an emotionally fulfilling and uplifting experience.

These days, for a player in Eldridge's position, it isn't always easy to find the right people to play with. Some of the men of his generation just haven't got what it takes any more; others don't want to go on the road or give up a weekend at home. Besides, Roy has always liked to surround himself with young blood. But the younger players, too, often can't give like he does; something gets them up tight; they want more solos, or their names mentioned more loudly, or more money—or they just can't get into the right groove.

Of late, following his sojourn with Count Basie and a European tour with



the *Jazz From a Swinging Era* package, Roy has established himself locally, working in the Greater New York area, with occasional forays to Toronto, Washington,

Cleveland, and other cities. For his local gigs, he has been working with the musicians he brought to this recent Jazz Interactions session.

All but the guitarist are very young, and he is no ancient, either. Though he could have brought in an "all-star" lineup, Eldridge preferred to bring "his people"; he is proud of them and wants others to hear them.

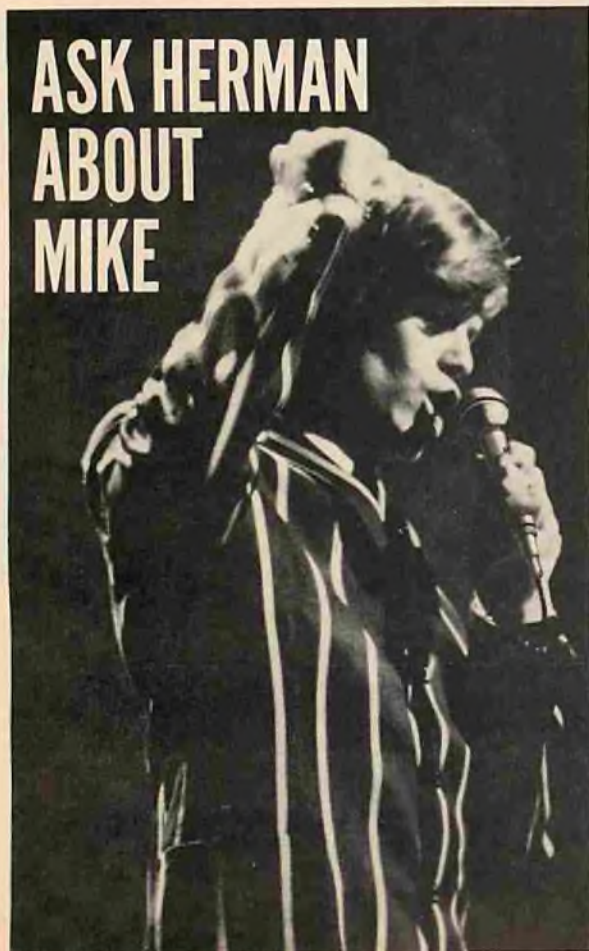
Furthermore, they really work with him, giving him the kind of support and inspiration and enthusiasm he needs from a band. No primadonnas, no shucking; everybody taking care of business.

Eldridge's music is so complete a thing that it can thrive in any surrounding. He can sparkle with strings, lead a traditional front line, shine in a big band, sound great with just a rhythm section or, as in this instance, thrive in an organ-tenor-guitar-drums groove.

For three hour-long sets, the music swung, jumped and sparkled. It was brisk, it was mellow; it soared and it flowed. Roy's infectious personality and inspired playing warmed everything around it; the musicians, the audience, the music itself.

The first set was the warm-up. Everybody had a chance to stretch out and get limber. Organist Thomason showed taste, agility, and uncannily educated footwork. Guitarist Cable showed a solid, happy style—in sort of a Tiny Grimes groove—and plenty swing. Drummer Butler showed great time and the all-important ability to listen and translate his listening into action. And tenorist Slezak, who,

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like the drummer, looked to be barely out of his teens, showed a strong, virile sound and an original approach that combined the guts of r&b with the flow of jazz.

A nice group it was, with a nice feeling. The leader egged them on, with his lead, his solos, background riffs (Roy is one of the masters of this vanishing art) and with verbal and physical gestures of approval.

By the second set, the pots were on but good. An Ellington medley opened with a swinging *A Train*, and included a tender *Mood Indigo*, a moving *Prelude to a Kiss* (featuring the Eldridge fluegelhorn at its warmest), a pretty *In A Sentimental Mood* (featuring the organist), and a romping *Satin Doll*.

In answer to a request, Roy ventured his hit from the Gene Krupa days, *Let Me Off Uptown*. The band didn't know it, so there was a brief and very enjoyable on-the-spot rehearsal. They made it, and Roy's vocal (including an impersonation of his erstwhile partner in the song, Anita O'Day) was a gas. So was the concluding trumpet solo, complete with the unique high-note "whistles" that are Roy's private property; nobody else hits them like that.

Another Eldridge specialty, also requiring a band briefing, was *Schooldays* (sure, Dizzy does it, but Roy did it first). On this, the vocal included an unprintable but hilarious slip, and the trumpet solo was a display of power that would lay out a dozen younger players. It was exuberant, happy, and beautiful.

In a different vein, in the third set, was a moving, lovely *I Can't Get Started*, a tune Roy has long since made his own. Still, it once belonged to another trumpeter, and thus Roy dedicated it to "my dear friend Bunny Berigan—we were very close." Close, too, was the feeling Roy put into the song, and his soaring climax.

Another masterpiece was *The Man I Love*, graced by that big, warm, and beautiful Eldridge sound, crackling and hot, yet romantic in that strictly jazz manner that is the antithesis of sentimentality.

There was also, on each set, some great, swinging blues of a kind that took you right uptown and left no foot in the house unpatted. It enveloped the premises like a great wave of warm vitality, shutting out everything but that good, oceanic feeling of happiness.

In between, every man had his featured say. Slezak impressed with a soulful *The Nearness Of You* and a stomping *Green Dolphin Street* which kept building and swinging. His loping style grows on the listener, and his front-line work with the leader was all it should be.

Thomason offered a fleet *Sometimes I'm Happy*, a rousing *Way You Look Tonight*, on which he displayed his ability to make music with just his feet, even making the changes, and an original, *Feets*, which elucidated further on the pedal points. Guitarist Cable offered an original, *Red Garter Swing*, which turned out to be an infectious blues (he made

good use of quotes, a la Dexter Gordon), and was also well featured on *Bag's Groove*. Drummer Butler did not seem enamoured of long solos, but came up with one that was ample proof that he could bring them off. His fours and eights with Eldridge were a joy, because he echoed the trumpeter's ideas with skill and humor.

After the session was over (the rock group that was to follow had been listening, fascinatedly), Eldridge re-introduced his men with pride, and added an afterthought: "Everybody had a ball, and that's where it should be." Indeed it should. What a pity it isn't there more often, and that not more musicians think and feel about their music as Roy Eldridge does. But then, few have what he has to give inside.

—Morgenstern

### Herb Drury/St. Louis Symphony

Kiel Opera House, St. Louis

Personnel: Drury, piano; Jerry Cherry, bass; Phil Hulse, drums; St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, George Cleve, conductor.

In a Gershwin concert, part of the St. Louis Symphony's Sunday Festival of Music series, Drury appeared as pianist with the orchestra in a performance of *Rhapsody In Blue*. Playing without a score, Drury displayed a firm grasp of the composition, immersing himself in its many moods, and achieving particular presence in the soliloquy leading up to the "blues" theme identified with Paul Whiteman.



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Swaying as the strings rose in a tidal swell behind him, Drury's arm floated for a moment above the keyboard as if he were about to conduct. The baton, however, was in the hands of Viennese-born George Cleve, the St. Louis Symphony's young associate conductor. Cleve led Drury and the orchestra safely through the *Rhapsody*, although some of its swift currents created a few harrowing moments. The scant 45-minute rehearsal time was barely adequate preparation for some of the piece's hectic cross-rhythms. Overall, it was a satisfying performance and the audience of some 2000 responded warmly.

After intermission, the Drury trio came on, unaccompanied and without amplification. Continuing the Gershwin program, the trio opened with *But Not For Me*. Whether or not this was intended as a comment on the problems of meshing with a full orchestra as compared to the joys of swinging with bass and drum, Drury skittered through the tune with rare abandon, and the trio had the audience on its side from the start. After a rubato-to-bright treatment of *The Man I Love*, they did a medley of gently propelled Gershwin ballads, tied to a short, brisk *Fascinatin' Rhythm*. The wind-up for the trio portion of the concert was a fast-paced *Strike Up the Band*. After the work-out he had earlier, Drury was ready to cook and did, exploding with flurries of percussive chords. Cherry's bass throbbed and hummed behind Drury, then came to the foreground as the bassist spun out a richly-textured chorus, accompanying himself vocally an octave above the notes he was plucking. It should be noted that Cherry's sound was roundly and beautifully audible even though the group worked without a microphone; Jerry Cherry is, not to overstate the matter, a remarkable bass player. Toward the end of *Band*, drummer Hulsey came in for a series of fours; clean, zinging constructions that rode happily with the beat. He ended with some pinched-cymbal business that delighted the audience.

The Herb Drury Trio is most certainly a *trio*, three extremely capable and enthusiastic players whose efforts bear strong testimony to their eight years together.

—Harry Frost

### Warren Luening Quartet

Pete Fountain's Storyville, New Orleans  
**Personnel:** Luening, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals; Harvey Rubin, piano; Kenny Mason, bass; Darryl Prechter, drums.

New Orleans' latest candidate for acclaim as a pop-Dixieland musician is trumpeter Luening, 26. Like the Dukes of Dixieland, Pete Fountain, and Pee Wee Spitelera, Luening was influenced by the Dixieland revival that began in the late 40s. He was among the many young musicians who sat in at the Sunday afternoon sessions at Tony Almerico's Parisian Room, where the kid bands often outplayed Almerico's tired regulars.

Luening is fortunate to have the support of Pete Fountain, in whose footsteps he followed as a soloist on the Lawrence Welk Show. Now that Luening has completed a three-year hitch with the Commanders (NORAD military jazz and dance

band), Fountain is featuring the trumpeter's new group in his attractive Storyville Club. The clarinetist frequently sits in with Luening's combo after the last set at his French Quarter Inn, and he often brings in celebrities like Brenda Lee and Bud Dant to hear the new group.

Luening is a skilled (and schooled) trumpeter in a modern vein, with clear leanings toward Bobby Hackett and Clifford Brown. On the night of this review, he seemed to be seeking out the right combination to capture a wide audience, for in a single set he played a mixed bag of everything from a cool fluegelhorn solo on *Moon River* to an inane naughty-lyrics version of *Indiana*. Between these extremes were a Tijuana brass number, a few show tunes and standards, and some ballads, all seasoned with some highly listenable jazz trumpet.

Luening was at his best on medium-tempo kickers like *Mame* and *Hello Dolly*, on which he played warm, thoughtful phrases with occasional lithe and insinuating rhythmic distortions. His *Stardust* was an attempt at Al Hirt-like virtuosity, a task to which Luening is ill-suited, despite his prodigious technique. Luening has a rather thin, brilliant jazz sound that does not lend itself to pyrotechnics. His range is formidable, but he lacks the heft for the blow-your-guts-out kind of bombast associated with Hirt. When Luening worked at showcase material on ballads or on up-tempos like *Limehouse Blues*, his usually fluent, well-formed lines overflowed into a deluge of cluttered, needlessly busy phrases.

The rhythm section was loose, the musicians seemingly trying to find their way into a groove that has not yet evolved in the group. The anchor man is pianist Rubin, whose competent comping and brief, tasteful solo spots kept the section in harness. Drummer Prechter was most effective on flagwavers like *Limehouse* and *What Now My Love*, the latter featuring some clever and infectious rock-Latin effects on the snare drum shell and rim. Bassist Mason, who has been active locally on vibes with modern pianist Joe Burton, could not be heard at all. An amplifier or mike on the bass would give a badly needed bottom to the rhythm section, which could become a cooker.

Although Luening is off to a good start with local audiences, it would take a miracle of promotion to launch him into the Fountain-Hirt-Dukes of Dixieland orbit. Essentially, Luening is selling good eclectic jazz trumpet. He doesn't gyrate or grimace expressively on the bandstand as Fountain does. He isn't an instrumental wizard like Al Hirt, nor does he have Hirt's flair for comedy. In an era of smiling band leaders with tuxedos and long batons, he might have made it on his youthful good looks. At this point, however, Luening just looks like a versatile musician without a gimmick. Only a radical shift in popular taste would bring him into the charmed circle of the commercially successful New Orleans jazzmen of recent years.

—Charles Suhor





## ANDERSON

(Continued from page 19)

Cootie Williams' band at the Savoy ballroom. Driving home together afterwards, Williams would sometimes suggest that Cat join Duke Ellington.

"One day," Cat said, "Harry Carney came by where I was playing with Lionel. He was on vacation, and he asked me if I wanted to join Ellington. At first, I jumped at the opportunity, but when I thought it over, I decided not to change. Duke sent Willie Manning down to get me, but I went out on the road again with Lionel. Later, in 1944, we were in Chicago, and Lionel was getting ready to go to California by train, and I found everybody would have a chair to ride in. No sleeper! I made up my mind I was going to join Ellington, and I got on the phone and found he was in Sioux City, Iowa. He told me he would be in Chicago the very next day. I went to Philadelphia—in a sleeper!—the night after that, and opened with him at the Earle Theatre.

"At rehearsal, he switched the books so that I had all the lead parts. I listened very carefully. Instead of starting at the top, we'd start at the bottom, play two bars at the top, go to the middle of the arrangement for eight bars, and then back to A. I made my sketches and had it all marked out, so I was ready. Then I found the band wasn't using stands on the stage, so I had to lay the music out on the floor. The moment the curtains parted, all the lights went out! 'How am I going to play this music?' I asked. 'Baby, you'll have to learn it,' one of the guys said. By the next day, I had memorized all the music in the show and didn't need to see it anymore."

That was the beginning of Anderson's long association with Ellington. He didn't replace anyone, but came in as a new voice, as Ben Webster had done. Ellington had had good reports of his working ability beforehand, but besides Rex Stewart, he also had Taft Jordan, Shelton Hemphill, and Ray Nance in his trumpet section at that time.

"At the Earle Theatre, the band used to play Mary Lou William's arrangement of *Blue Skies*," Anderson continued. "It wasn't just a trumpet feature then. There was a chorus of clarinet by Jimmy Hamilton, a chorus of tenor by Al Sears, a release by trombonist Claude Jones, and Rex Stewart used to play the ending. We were at a theatre in Canton, Ohio, when Rex didn't show. After listening to it all week—and I'm a great listener to anything good, especially on trumpet—I knew his solo. So when Duke asked if anybody wanted to play it, and nobody volunteered, he said, 'What about the new trumpet player?' I told him I'd try, and after the other solos I came down front and played it an octave higher. When I ended up on a double C, and the people were applauding, Duke said, 'Good, we'll keep it just like that.' As luck would have it, Rex came in the stage door as I was blasting away. He didn't speak to me for 15 years. He was highly strung, and so am I."

Despite this mischance, Anderson maintained a great admiration for Stewart's work, and he became one of the few who could effectively simulate his half-valve style. "That made a big impression on me," he admitted. "It takes a lot of skill to do it. And again it's a matter of your thinking, and concentrating."

After Stewart had left the band, *Blue Skies* became, in 1946, a showcase for the trumpet section under the new title, *Trumpet No End*. Shelton Hemphill played the lead part, and Shorty Baker, Francis Williams, Taft Jordan, Ray Nance, and Anderson took the solos. As the sole survivor of that remarkable sextet in the section today, Anderson is still very much the virtuoso, but his adaptability and ex-

perience have brought new responsibilities in roles formerly allotted to others, as during the Rainbow Grill engagement, a subject to which he returned zestfully.

"I enjoy having a floor full of dancers," he said. "It seems to me that everybody enjoys the music more, even those who are not dancing but just standing there watching the dancers. We play more swinging things then than we would at a concert, because people like to get up and move about in rhythm. I think that's wonderful. Some of the people on the floor may not be good dancers, but when the music has that beat to it, they swing right along with it. Whether they're looking and listening or dancing and listening, my main concern is that they're enjoying it."



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# JAZZ ON CAMPUS

BY GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

On November 21, an SRO crowd witnessed the annual Fall Concert of the North Texas State Lab Bands (all six of them). Joe Randazzo's 4 O'clock Band opened the concert with two numbers and was followed by the 7 O'clock Band under the direction of Tim Bell, which did an arrangement by trumpeter Galen Jeter of *Blues for Kapp*. Steve Graham directed the 6 O'clock Band in a set of two, and John Monaghan led the 3 O'clock Band in three numbers. The 2 O'clock Band under the direction of Lance Strickland performed his arrangement of *Sweet Georgia Brown* and former student Morgan Powell's *SIRHMREJ*.

Before the concert concluded with the top group, the 1 O'clock Band, various combos had been interspersed in the program. Trumpeter "Tex" Allen's quintet did an original, *Floatin'*, by the leader; saxophonist Alan Gauvin's septet performed an arrangement of *Signifyin'* by their leader, and the Lou Marini Quintet offered Chick Corea's *Windows*. The Marvin Peterson Sextet, performing *Song for My Father* by Horace Silver and Nat Adderley's *Games*, led into the final big-band segment.

Under the direction of Leon Breeden, the 1 O'clock Band opened with trumpeter Cal Lewiston's arrangement of *All the*

*Things You Are*. Bill Potts' *My Man's Gone* featured trumpeter Jeter, and former student Dee Barton's *A New Day* spotted Sal Marquez' trumpet. An original, *Sweet William*, by saxophonist Marini, was followed by Kim Richmond's scoring of *Hello, Young Lovers*, with Bruce Fowler as trombone soloist. The concert concluded with Barton's *Three Thoughts*.

The 10th annual Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame is set for March 7-9 in the university's Stephan Center. Applications and information can be obtained from Box 115, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

The Moorhead State College Stage Band (Minnesota) is now in its third year of activities, under the direction of former trumpeter and leader Dr. Al Noice. Last year the band played 41 concerts locally and in Canada. They expect to tour Canada and the Twin Cities area in the spring of 68, and are planning a European tour in 1969. Director Noice did his doctoral work at Colorado State College, where he led the college stage band and did a thesis on the stage band movement in Minnesota. The program at Moorhead State includes courses in stage band methods (for credit), stage band, jazz history, and improvisation.

A new festival for high school and college bands is being planned at Kansas State College in Pittsburg, Kansas on March 2. Further information can be obtained from co-chairman Joe Hambrick and Paul Mazzacano at the college. Judges for this event will be Leon Breeden of


North Texas State and trumpeter Bud Brisbois.

Going into its 7th year is the University of Nevada (Reno) Stage Band Festival under the direction of Dr. John Carrico. Gene Isacff will direct the host band, the University of Nevada Concert Jazz Band. 60 junior and senior high school bands from Washington, Idaho, Utah, Oregon, California, and Nevada are expected to participate. Raoul Romero and Rick Davis from Las Vegas will judge.

A one-week Stage Band Directors Workshop will be held at the Eastman School of Music from July 28 to Aug. 2.

The Chicagoland Stage Band Festival, which has grown to be one of the biggest in the country, will be held as scheduled on Feb. 3 despite last spring's tornado in Oak Lawn which damaged the school. Competition for combos is included this year for the first time. Information can be obtained from the festival manager at Oak Lawn Community High School in Oak Lawn. The Airforce Academy Falcons will be the guest clinic band.

The Melodons of Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill. recently did a clinic presentation for Chicagoland band directors at MusArt in Chicago Heights, under the sponsorship of Dean Sayre. The band also did a clinic at the Midwest Band Clinic in Chicago for the military band directors session.

We welcome information on your band. Send the facts on concerts, tours, contests, soloists, curriculum, arrangers, etc. to this column, c/o *Down Beat*. 

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## AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

the last moment when Kenton couldn't make plane connections from Monroe, La., in time for the video-taping. All monies raised will help finance the Neophonic's trip to next year's Intercollegiate Jazz Festival . . . Mancini, meanwhile, is staying in Hollywood to fulfill several months of film scoring assignments. His latest: *Darling Lili*, for Blake Edwards. Mancini's last concert appearance took place at the Mormon Tabernacle, in Salt Lake City . . . H. B. Barnum was honored by the Los Angeles City Council for "his contributions to music, entertainment, and service to the community." Introducing a commendatory resolution, Councilman Billy Mills revealed that "in his spare time, Barnum serves as a member of the District Attorney's Advisory Council, coordinating most of the entertainment activities for Operation Coolhead, ranging from track meets to musical performances" . . . Irv Jacobs, who conducts the weekly radio program *The Ellington Era* over KFMX in San Diego, came up with a fascinating look backwards recently. A friend of Jacobs', who is an engineer at WOR in New York, dug up the script to what Jacobs believes was the first jazz remote, broadcast coast-to-coast, originating in California. In January, 1937, Duke Ellington broadcast from Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club in Culver City. The announcer-producer, Don Otis, is still in the radio and advertising field, and he and Jacobs re-created the broadcast, Otis taping his original script, and Jacobs inserting the appropriate records from his own Ellington collection. Among the rare goodies: Rex Stewart's *Trumpet In Spades* and Lawrence Brown's *Yearning For Love* . . . Another re-creation took place on the Cal Tech campus in Pasadena: a historical review of classic New Orleans jazz, initiated by the Southern California Hot Jazz Society, and sponsored by Cal Tech, the YMCA, the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industry, and AFM Local 47. Among the veteran New Orleans artists who performed were Barney Bigard, Andy Blakeney, Joe Darensbourg, Mike Delay, Ed Garland, and Alton Purnell. They combined with some younger traditionalists: Billy Hadnot, Art Levin, Max Murray, Dick Carey, Alton Redd, Al Rieman, Floyd Stone, and Gene Washington . . . Cornetist Wild Bill Davison, now fully recovered from his recent illness, has signed an exclusive personal management contract with Stan Pat Enterprises . . . Bill Cosby, the Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band, and Dolores Hall were featured at Melodyland Theater in Anaheim in a special pre-Xmas two-nighter . . . Avant-garde impresario Ray Bowman presented two new groups during recent one-nighters: at the Pasadena Ice House, the Nova Jazz Quartet (Dennis Dreith, reeds; Rob Roy, vibes; Don Forthal, bass; Don Heslington, drums); and at the Century City Playhouse, the New Art Jazz Ensemble (Bobby Bradford, trumpet; John Carter, reeds; Richard Taylor, bass; Bruz Free-

man, drums) . . . Nancy Wilson was cited by Fremont High School for her work with youth groups, especially in the area of dropout prevention. At a special faculty breakfast meeting, held at the antiseptic hour of 7:30 a.m., Miss Wilson was presented with an achievement award. Singer Kenny Hagood accepted the award for her, and contributed some songs for the breakfast meeting, accompanied by Tommy Flanagan. Hagood also recently sat in with Harry Edison at Memory Lane.

**Chicago:** The night the Miles Davis Quintet opened at the Plugged Nickel, bassist Reggie Workman was in the rhythm section. The following night, however, Ron Carter was holding down his regular position with the group. After Davis' five-night stand at the Wells St. club, Stan Kenton did two nights with his band. High-altitude specialist Maynard Ferguson brought his 13-piece outfit in for the remainder of December. The club is closed during January, but the management promises to reopen with such attractions as Sonny Stitt and guitarist Bola Sete the beginning of next month . . . Woody Herman's Herd did two weeks at the Scotch Mist in December . . . Eddie Higgins, the London House piano man, invited a number of Chicago's top horn men to sit in with him at his holiday week gig at the supper club, where he was headliner. Trumpeter Frank Hubbell and The Stompers came in Dec. 26 to Jan. 4 . . . Guitarist-arranger-vocalist Marty Grosz recorded for his own new label with Norm Murphy, trumpet; Bill Johnson, trombone; Frank Chace, clarinet; Bob Skiver, tenor sax; John Dengler, bass sax; Danny Shapera, bass; and Barrett Deems, drums. Louis Armstrong's clarinetist, Joe Muranyi, made a guest appearance on one track . . . Tenor saxophonist John Klemmer led a Sunday session at Joe Mooney's Pub with Ken Chaney, piano; Nick Tounta, bass; and Danny Martin, drums. Pianist-singer Judy Roberts does a single at the club Monday through Thursday . . . Erroll Garner was in town to record with his new quartet (Jose Manguel, conga; Ike Isaacs, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums) and make the rounds of clubs . . . *Down Beat* editor Dan Morgenstern has made several appearances on WTTW-TV's *Critique*, a bi-weekly program reviewing the local art and entertainment scene. Pianist Art Hodes had cornetist Doc Evans as his guest on his regular show on the station . . . Trumpeter King Kolax has been gigging with drummer Red Saunders' band . . . The activities of the prolific Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians were curtailed from mid-December until the beginning of January, when concerts began again at Abraham Lincoln Center and various points on the University of Chicago campus . . . While Odell Brown's Organ-izers did a weekend at Rockford College in Rockford, Ill., a group consisting of vibist Joe Boyce, organist Fred Humphries, and drummer Bill Quinn subbed for the travelers at the Hungry Eye . . . Charles Nessa, a local record store manager, has released his first LP: *Numbers 1 & 2*, featuring

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trumpeter Lester Bowie . . . Pianist Larry Lucowski, bassist Mark Ellicott, and drummer Charles Williams (formerly with Ike Cole) hold the Friday and Saturday spot at the Nite-n-Gale in Highwood, Ill.

**Detroit:** One of Detroit's top jazz clubs shut its doors in November with the death of Irving Helman, owner of the Drome Lounge . . . Drummer-disc jockey Bud Spangler has done a series of educational television shows for WDET-TV. Featured artists were Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Williams, and Les McCann, all backed by Spangler's group (Kenny Cox or Kirk Lightsey, piano, and Ron Brooks, bass). Spangler has also replaced Jim Nemeth in pianist Keith Vreeland's trio, backing singer Mark Richards at the Shadow Box. It was the first personnel change in the trio's three years of existence. Nemeth left to work full-time with pianist Don DeAndre's trio, who has left Checker Bar-B-Q to do six nights a week at the Empire Lounge in Flint. John Potoczny has replaced Louis Lacey on bass for the Empire engagement, and also for a series of records to be produced by Phononics Records, a Flint concern . . . Singer Jackie Paris played the Seaway in Windsor, Ontario. Paris was backed by pianist Ben Aron, bassist Reggie Johnson, and drummer Dick Berk. Johnson and Berk were also heard with reed man Terry Harrington's quartet at the Bandit's Villa . . . Baker's closed out 1967 with Dizzy Gillespie's quintet (James Moody, reeds; Mike Longo, piano; Russell George, electric bass; Candy Finch, drums) and guitarist Wes Montgomery's group. Over the holidays, the club switched to local talent, with the Johnny Van Trio plus singer Donna Drake. For the three weeks preceding guitarist Kenny Burrell's Jan. 26 opening, the club will be closed . . . Pianist Harold McKinney and his quintet (Marcus Belgrave and Pat Williams, trumpets; Rod Hicks, bass; and George Davidson, drums), plus McKinney's wife, vocalist Gwen McKinney, presented a lecture-concert at Cortland Elementary School in Highland Park Dec. 1. McKinney has also been successfully expanding the scope of his musical activities at the Robbin's Nest. He now leads a trio there (Ernie Farrow, bass; Bert Myrick, drums), and backs various name vocalists. Johnny Hartman inaugurated the new policy . . . The Swingers, co-led by tenorist Jimmy Stefanson and pianist Bu Bu Turner, with bassist Robert Allen and drummer Frank Isola, broke new ground for jazz when they opened at the Pauper's Club . . . Joe Patton replaced Clifford Mack on drums with pianist-vocalist Vince Mance's trio at the Sheraton Inn in Ann Arbor, but the group pulled up stakes with the start of the new year.

**London:** Drummer John Stevens enlarged his Spontaneous Music Ensemble to eight pieces for a special airing at Ronnie Scott's Old Place, Nov. 29. The avant-garde group included bassists Jeff Clyne and Barre Phillips, and pianist Pete

Lemer, who recently returned from the U.S. Stevens and Phillips were also asked to participate in the Free Jazz Festival Dec. 16-18 in Baden-Baden, Germany. The festival, organized by Sud-West-deutsche Rundfunk, also starred trumpeter Don Cherry and itinerant altoist Marion Brown, currently domiciled in Europe. Old Place presentations have also included Configuration—baritone saxophonist John Surman's big band which let fly Dec. 4, while pianist Chris McGregor and other groups continue to hold forth every night of the week. McGregor, an *eminence grise* of the London scene, is currently being handled by a pop music/underground association (nameless as yet) which hopefully will help the pianist's valiant sextet to work as much as their music deserves . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet completed a tour Dec. 16 at London's Royal Festival Hall . . . Coleman Hawkins wound up a month-long stay at Ronnie Scott's Dec. 30. He was followed into the club New Year's Day by Ben Webster and Blossom Dearie. Vi Redd, who had been holding forth on and off at Scott's for over four months, returned to the U.S. Dec. 21, leaving behind her a reputation for some of the most soulful singing and alto playing to hit this town in a long time . . . Longtime jazz promoter Peter Burman, whose *Jazz Tete a Tete* productions have been very successfully playing colleges all over the country, bombed recently when he tried to reintroduce jazz to one of its early London homes. Vibist Lennie Best and pianist Harry South and their trios played to a microscopic house Dec. 8 at the Pink Flamingo, formerly the Flamingo. Burman proved that you can't take jazz back to haunts tainted by pop and psychedelia. Vibist Best has taken over a famed jazz pub, the Bull's Head, at Barnes, London W., and will continue to present the best in British jazz there nightly, plus occasional visits from American stars.

**Poland:** In November, Aladar Pege from Hungary gave several concerts in Poland with his quartet. Pege is considered one of the greatest bass virtuosos in the world. His technique is incredible. He has already made many successful appearances all over Europe . . . Krzysztof Komeda, Polish pianist and composer who specializes in film music, left for Hollywood to score the latest movie by the well-known Polish director Roman Polanski whose *Knife in the Water*, *Repulsion*, and *Cul de Sac* have been shown all over the world. Komeda wrote the music for almost all Polanski's films. The latest venture is *Rosemary's Baby*, with Mia Farrow and other top stars . . . In January, Ben Webster is expected here for a series of concerts . . . The Polish Jazz Federation has published the first issue of its regular quarterly, *Jazz Forum*, also issued in English. It has created such interest that it will become a regular publication, distributed throughout the world. *Jazz Forum* will supplement other jazz magazines, publishing news mainly from the Eastern countries . . . Andrzej Trzaskowski, top Polish pianist and composer who visited the U.S. with his group,

**The Wreckers**, in 1962, participated in a January Jazz Workshop organized by Hans Gertberg from Nordeutscher Rundfunk in Hamburg. Trzaskowski is a frequent participant in such events, both as pianist and leader . . . Zbigniew Namyslowski, top Polish altoist considered by some critics as one of the best in Europe, is currently in the U.S. with a Polish variety group, visiting Polish centers.

**Denmark:** The Danish Jazz Academy, in cooperation with the Scandinavian Booking Agency, arranged a benefit concert on Dec. 6 for Christine Smith, daughter of the late Stuff Smith. The number of musicians who wanted to appear was a clear indication of the popularity and admiration Smith gathered in Europe. Emcee Jorgen Ryg introduced Wingy Manone with Papa Bue and his Viking Jazz Band; Don Byas with the Arved Meyer Orchestra; Idrees Suliman with drummer Bjarne Rostvold's trio; the Beefeaters; and the Martial Solal Trio. But of course there had to be jazz violin at such a concert. The Kenny Drew Trio (Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen; Albert Heath) accompanied Stephane Grappelly, Jean-Luc Ponty, Svend Asmussen, Soren Christensen, Poul Olsen, and Finn Ziegler. Grappelly, Ponty, and Asmussen, backed by the Drew trio also played in Aarhus and Aalborg on the two following evenings . . . Violinist Ziegler is also a capable improviser on the vibes, and he was featured on this instrument at the Montmartre in Copenhagen during December. He was accompanied by (you guessed it) the Drew trio . . . *The Mysterious Corona* by Palle Mikkelborg and Radio Jazz Gruppen is the title of an LP released four weeks before Christmas on the Debut label. Mikkelborg, 26, is composer-arranger and trumpet soloist with the Danish Radio Jazz group extended by a string quartet and several other instruments. Other soloists: Thorolf Molgaard, trombone; Ray Pitts, tenor sax; Ole Molin, guitar; Louis Hjulmand, vibes . . . Altoist-violinist Franz Beckerlee, leader of his own quartet and member of the Contemporary Jazz Quintet, has been awarded 3000 Danish kroner by the Department for Cultural Affairs. He'll spend the money on a trip to New York . . . The last of the seven TV programs from Danish high schools was shown on Dec. 11. It featured Byas, Mikkelborg, Drew, Heath, Molgaard, saxophonist Jesper Thilo, and bassist Hugo Rasmussen.

**Norway:** Tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan spent 10 days here recently, performing at the student club at Sogn with Terje Bjorklund, piano; Arild Andersen, bass, and Jon Christensen, drums, a group he liked so much that he used them for his other engagements as well. These included concerts at the Bikuben club and at the Tonsberg Jazz Club, and a broadcast. Jordan also made a guest appearance with the Ostereng Radio Orchestra, performing his own compositions and arrangements. Jordan also sat in with Norway's most popular r&b and psychedelic rock group, Dream, for whom he made



some special arrangements . . . **Duke Ellington** is expected in Oslo in February . . . The Norwegian Jazz Federation has released an album featuring tenorist **Jan Garbarek**, with samples of his best concert and club work. A concert was arranged at Bikuben to celebrate the LP's issue. Garbarek has been highly praised by **George Russell**, who has used him frequently, and by other American musicians . . . The federation's publication, *Jazznews*, conducted the first poll of Norwegian jazz musicians in 10 years, organized by *Down Beat* correspondent **Randi Hultin**. Voted by the jazzmen as their peers were Garbarek, Andersen, Christensen; guitarists **Jan Erik Kongsberg** and **Jan Berger**; vibraharpist **Oistein Ringstad**; trumpeter **Terje Larsen**; trombonist **Frode Thingnes**; altoist **Carl Neuman**; baritonist **Hans Knutsen**; organist **Arild Boman**; female vocalist **Karin Krog**; male vocalist **Aril Wickstrom**; and composer-arranger **Edgar Mork** (both categories). Garbarek's group was best combo, and the Ostereng Radio Orchestra best big band . . . **Kjell Skillestad**, lecturer in music at the University of Norway, organized a psychedelic happening at the Munch Museum, featuring the **Svein Finne** avant garde trio, tapes, dancers, action painting, film, amateur musicians, the Dream group, and a woodwind quintet from the Norwegian Philharmonic, concluding with a "free" session where everybody played together.

**Seattle:** **Joe Venuti** played strolling violin during the Christmas shopping season in the Frederick & Nelson department store, leading a quartet clad in Dickensian costumes and including accordionist **Frank Sugia**, trumpeter **Floyd Standifer**, and bassist **Lee Humes** . . . **B. B. King** and his blues show played the Eagles Auditorium Dec. 1. Other Eagles events: **Country Joe and the Fish**, back together, Dec. 29; the **Strawberry Alarm Clock**, Jan. 12; the **Charles Lloyd Quartet**, set for Jan. 19 and 20 . . . **Bill Richardson's** quartet is filling the Fifth Amendment nightly. With the drummer are guitarist **Joe Johanson**, pianist **Bob Nixon**, and **Bill Franklin**, saxophone and vibes . . . The Penthouse, dark for the holidays, reopens Jan. 25 with the **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet** . . . **Lou Rawls** is set for Jan. 24 at the Seattle Opera House, under sponsorship of the Seattle University Students . . . The **Elmer Gill Duo** (Gill, piano; **Dave Friesen**, bass) left for Aspen, Colo., last month to work in the Snowmass club . . . The **Jazz Co-op** 15-piece band played a Seattle Jazz Society concert at A Contemporary Theater last month, the first in a series of SJS events this season; soloists included trumpeter **Ed Lee**, tenor and soprano saxophonist **Joe Brazil**, tenorist **Charlie Keagle**, pianist **Lee Anderson**, bassist **Rufus Reid**, and drummer **Bob Tuggle** . . . Across the Cascade Mountains at Yakima, tenor saxophonist **Bill Ramsay** plays jazz concerts every other Sunday at the Dragon Inn Cafe; rhythm sections have included Reid, Nixon, and drummer **Tommy Henderson** from Seattle, and a Spokane unit of pianist **Arnie Carruthers**, bassist **Noel Waters**, and drum-

mer **Mike Buono** . . . Drummer **Dean Hodges** and trio have been working at Mr. P's with **Sarge West**, organ, and **Rich Dangel**, guitar.

**Pittsburgh:** A new attendance record for cabaret-style jazz concerts in Pittsburgh was set by the second **Walt Harper Jazz Workshop** of the season on Nov. 26, when about 2300 jammed into the main ballroom of the Hilton Hotel to see the popular Pittsburgh quintet, plus **Dionne Warwick**. Miss Warwick did about 65 minutes of songs. Among her accompanists was guitarist **Lee Valentine**, who spent some time in Pittsburgh jazz circles . . . The Upstairs Room of The Encore has been featuring the jazz quartet of trombonist **Jimmy Rucci**. Another jazz trombonist, **Harold Betters**, has the featured gig downstairs. His brother, **Jerry Betters**, drummer and vocalist, has been leading a quartet at The Diplomat not too far away . . . Saxophonist **Al Morell** and his organ quartet, back in town from Las Vegas, had December gigs lined up at The Cow Palace, The Rendezvous, and The Hurricane Bar . . . The talk of the Hill District was long-time favorite guitarist **Kenny Burrell** whose quartet played at Crawford's Grill Nov. 30-Dec. 9. Another Hill District club, The Hurricane Bar, also had SRO signs out for saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, featuring **Don Patterson**, organ, and Pittsburgher **Billy James**, drums . . . The Paradise Club in McKeesport featured a bit of jazz, but more rhythm-and-blues with vocalist **Tracey Carlisle** and the **Vanguards** big band . . . The **Delmonacos**, an instrumental and vocal group, provide a mainstream kind of swing for those flocking to see their performances at the Redwood Motor Hotel.

**Indianapolis:** The Jazzworkers, an operation dedicated to the promotion of jazz, opened a Northside coffee house, where they present their well-attended affairs. The **Fran Collins** group played the first concert in the new room . . . **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra played a one-nighter at Indiana Central College . . . Clowes Hall was the scene of two recent concerts, the first by the **George Shearing Quintet**, the second by the **Cannonball Adderley-Wes Montgomery-Jean DuShon** package . . . The Gunda Den (formally Mr. B's) is presenting pianist **Mel Rhyne**, with **Carl Bailey**, bass; **Clem Tiggs**, drums; and **Chester Brown**, vocals . . . Guitarist **Bill Jennings** is back in town, featured with the **Buddy Parker Four** at the Carousel (Parker, reeds; **Earl Grandy**, organ; **Hugh Watts**, drums; **Dottie Clark**, vocals) . . . The Afro-American Cultural Society gave its first bazaar, complete with art exhibits and interpretive dancing. The JATP-type jazz segment included offerings by **Eddie Harris**, **Pookie Johnson**, reeds; **Paul Parker**, **Ron Rhyne**, drums; **Phil Radlin**, trombone; **Norman Jones**, trumpet; **L. Brinkley**, bass; **Mel Rhyne**, piano . . . Pianist **Earman Hubbard** traveled to Louisville, Ky., to play a concert with his brother **Freddie Hubbard** for the very active

Louisville Jazz Council . . . Guitarist **Spees Maynard** died recently after a long illness. He was a strong influence on many young musicians during the 40s and 50s, when he led his own popular group, playing throughout the midwest.

**Dallas:** The NTSU Lab Band held their fall concert recently in Denton, premiering two new compositions by drummer **Dee Barton**, currently with the **Stan Kenton Band**. **John Monaghan** used a Fender bass for the first time at the concert, and saxophone soloist **Lou Marini** used a Varitone tenor . . . **Kenton**, who played a concert here Dec. 14, may do an album of Barton charts . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** turned in a disappointing performance at his concert here recently, in comparison with his show last March. **H.B. Barnum**, who was expected to front a pickup band, failed to materialize. Rawls raced through his crowd-pleasing monologues in an obvious effort to wind up the proceedings. The concert was attended by a crowd estimated at 3300 persons by a local newspaper, barely a dent in the 11,000 capacity Memorial Auditorium . . . **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet is scheduled to play a week at Soul City. It will be the first big-name jazz booking for the club, which has been featuring soul singers and blues, catering to the college and post-college crowd . . . The second meeting of the **Dallas Jazz Society** saw a modest attendance, but considerable work was accomplished. Plans were made to approach the Dallas Chamber of Commerce with the idea of a free (or minimal charge) jazz festival to be held during the Texas-OU weekend . . . **Onzy Matthews** has been on the road with singer **Betty Swan**, and plans to make Dallas (his hometown) his base of operations . . . Singer **Fontella Bass** recently finished an engagement here . . . **Roosevelt Wardell** continues at the Club Lark . . . **Jim Black's** quartet, featuring trombonist **Bobby (Butter) Burgess**, has been held over at the Fink Mink, with vocalist **Betty Green**.

**Denver:** **Mike Bisesi's** new club, The Chateau, is on a name-jazz policy—for the time being. Organist **Jackie Davis** opened in late October for a week, followed by vocalist **Sue Raney** and her trio for two weeks. Guitarist **Bola Sete** and his trio played five days beginning Dec. 5, followed by **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet . . . The Denver Jazz Club sponsored an appearance of the **Queen City Jazz Band** Nov. 19. Members of the group include **Dave Moldenhauer**, cornet; **Alan Fredrickson**, trombone; **Don Hanscom**, piano; **Bob Burdick**, banjo; **Steve Watson**, tuba . . . Guitarist **Johnny Smith** continues to play Saturdays at Shaner's After Dark, backed by the **Neil Bridge Trio** and clarinetist **Dick Culver**. Trombonist **Johnny Roberts** sits in . . . Clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko** heads a quartet nightly at his Peanuts Hucko's Navarre, along with the new Mrs. Hucko, vocalist **Louise Tobin** . . . **Sergio Mendes** and his **Brasil '66** played a concert to an overflow crowd in late November.



# 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 (Hidgefield, Conn.): Bob Shelley, wknds.  
Apartment: Lee Shaw.  
Arthur's Tavern: Grove Street Stompers, Mon.  
Bassie's: unk.  
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.  
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.  
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.  
Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.  
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gambra, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.  
East Village Inn: sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kennedy 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): Otter-McLawler, 1/17-tfn.  
Frammis: Monty Alexander, tfn.  
Garden Dix-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.  
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.  
Half Note: Clark Terry to 1/14. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, 1/16-2/18.  
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson. Intriquer: unk.  
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.  
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.  
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.  
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.  
Le Intrique (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.  
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.  
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.  
L'Intrique: unk.  
Little Club: Johnny Morris.  
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.  
Mark Twin Riverboat: Sy Zentner, Bobby Hackett to 1/16.  
Metropole: unk.  
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young.  
Motel (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.  
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds. 077: unk.  
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.  
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.  
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss.  
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.  
Pookie's Pub: Elvin Jones.  
Public Library (Countee Cullen Branch): Clifford Thornton-New Art Ensemble, 1/17.  
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.  
Shepherd's: Ruben Mitchell to 1/13.  
Slug's: unk.  
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.  
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.  
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.  
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Jim Kappes, Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon. Jazz nt Noon, Mon.  
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.  
Toast: Scott Reid.  
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.  
Top of the Gate: unk.  
Traveler's Celler Club (Queens): Jimmy Butts, tfn.

Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.  
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slim Stewart.  
Village Gate: Jimmy Smith, Arthur Prysock, 1/12-13. Wes Montgomery, Arthur Prysock, 1/19-20, 26-27.  
Village Vanguard: unk.  
White Plains Hotel: Saints and Sinners, Thur.-Sun.  
Wincellar: unk.

## LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.  
Apiks (Montebello): Eddie Cano.  
Beverly Hills High School: Festival of the Performing Arts, 2/10, 17, 24.  
Beverly Rodeo Hotel: Joe Castro.  
Center Field: Gene Russell, Jean Sampson. Von Holt, Tue.  
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.  
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.  
Club Havana: Vladimir & His Orchestra, Wed., Fri.-Sat.  
Cocoanut Grove: Ella Fitzgerald to 1/14. Mel Torme, 1/16-30.  
Dino's Lodge: Bill Murx, hb.  
Dixie Junction (Orange): Tailgate Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.  
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Teddy Buckner, Tues. Brass Night, Wed. Louis Bellson, Thur. Various groups, wknds.  
Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.  
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.  
Ice House (Pasadena): avant-garde concerts, twice monthly.  
Immaculate Heart College: Bobby Hutcherson, 2/11.  
Intermission Room: Rose Gilbert.  
It Club: jazz, nightly.  
La Flambe (Tarzana): Matt and Ginny Dennis.  
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Gerald Wilson to 1/21. The Freedom Sounds, 1/23-2/4. Dizzy Gillespie, 2/6-18.  
Lyttan Center of the Visual Arts: jazz lecture by Ornette Coleman, 2/23.  
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.  
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Special guests, Mon. Kenny Dixon, hb.  
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, John Anderson-Shellie Thomas, Mon.  
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.  
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.  
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson. Jimmy Runn, Tues., Sun.  
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.  
Playboy Club: Les McCann, 2/8. Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hb. Willie Restum.  
Reid Fox: Kirk Stewart, hb.  
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence. Dini Clarke, Sun.  
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.  
San Moritz Inn (Rosemead): Mort Marker, Mon.-Sat.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Tom Scott to 1/14. Ray Brown, Shelly Manne, Michel Legrand, 1/16-24. Les McCann, 1/23-2/4. Manne, wknds.  
Sherry's: Don Randi. Joanne Grauer, Sun.-Mon.  
Smokehouse (Encino): Holbi Boyle.  
Stonewood Res. (Downey): Gary Jones, hb.  
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.  
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.  
UCLA (Royce Hall): Charles Lloyd, 1/13. Ravi Shankar, 1/26, 28.  
Wonder Bowl (Downey): Johnny Lane.

## DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.  
Apartment: Bobby Laurel.  
Baker's Keyboard: Kenny Burrell, 1/26-tfn.  
Randi's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterwards.  
Rob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton.  
Breakers: Alex Kallao, Tue.-Sat.  
Chez Benn: Danny Stevenson.  
Empire Lounge (Flint): Don DeAndre, Mon.-Sat.  
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.  
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 Township): Tom Saunders.  
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande.  
Pauper's Club: The Swingers, Thur.-Sat.  
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.  
Robbins Nest: name vocalists, Harold McKinney, hb.  
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.  
St. Regis Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.  
Shadow Box: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.  
Sheraton Motor Inn (Warren): Harrison Price, Fri.-Sat. Carole Coleman.  
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.  
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Thur.-Sat.  
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

## CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.  
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.  
Hungry Eye: various organ groups.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.  
London House: Frank Hubble/Stompers to 1/14.  
Kirby Stone Four, 1/16-2/4. Joe Bushkin, 2/5-25.  
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoon. Tommy Ponce, Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Midas Touch: Oscar Lindsey, Wed.-Sun. Ken Rhodes, Mon.-Tues. Gene Fox, sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hb.  
Mother Blues: Linn County Blues Band, Wed.-Fri.  
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.  
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.  
Phyboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hb.  
Plugged Nickel: closed Jan.  
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.  
Sauer's Brauhaus: Richard Abrams, Fri.-Sat.  
Scotch Mist: Harry James, 2/12-2/26.  
Showboat Sni-S: Georg Brunis, Mon.-Sat. Jazz nt Noon, Fri.  
Trip: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Johnny Gabar, Tue.-Sat.

## INDIANAPOLIS

Carousel: Buddy Parker, Dottie Clark.  
Daves: Jimmy Coe, hb.  
Embers: Flo Garvin.  
Gunda Den: Mel Rhyne, Chester Brown, hb.  
Harem: Roland Armour, Ruth Woods, J. Scruggs.  
Hub-Bub: name groups.  
19th Hole: Billy Wooten, tfn.  
Jan J: The Young Turks, hb.  
Queen of Clubs: unk.  
Stoffers: Larry Liggett, hb.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: unk.  
Bop City: Benny Wilson, hb.  
Roth/And: Monty Waters, Sun.  
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez, Tue.-Sat. Dick McGavin, Sun.-Mon.  
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
El Matador: unk.  
Gold Nugget (Oakland): Al Tanner, Fri.-Sat.  
Half Note: George Duke, hb.  
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds. hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.  
Jazz Workshop: Dizzy Gillespie, 1/11-21. Kenny Burrell, 2/6-20.  
Little Caesar: Mike Tillis.  
New Hearth: Bart Bales.  
Trident Club (Sausalito): Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

## ST. LOUIS

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



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