MARCH 21, 1968 35c

down beat®

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

12th ANNUAL PERCUSSION ISSUE

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STUDIO:FRANK CAPP

ROCK:BOBBY COLOMBY

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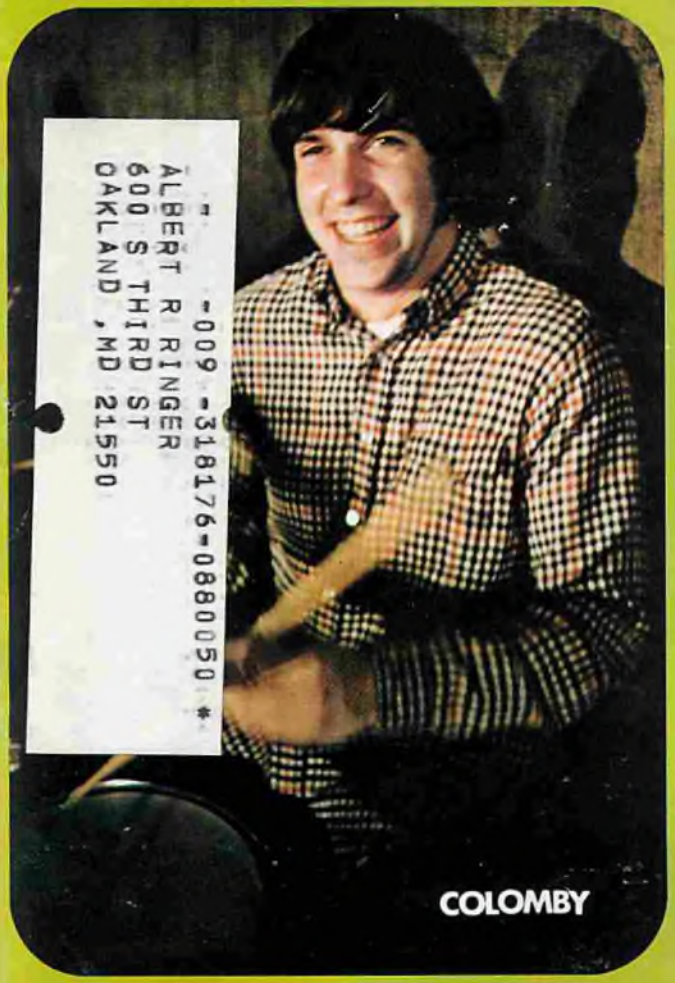
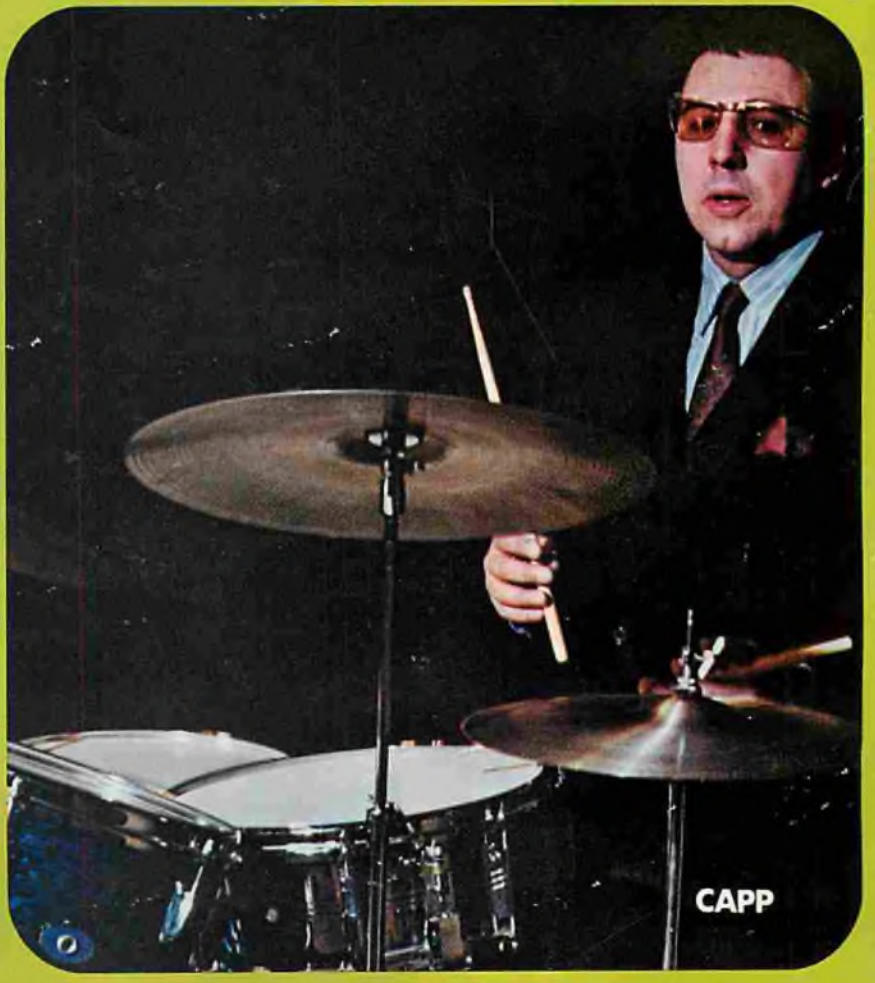
ROACH



COLOMBY



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March 21, 1968 Vol. 35, No. 6

down beat

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A Forum For Readers

No Haven For Havens

I read your story on Richie Havens (*DB*, Feb. 8). I bought his second album cited by you. If he's saying something, I'm afraid it's rather unintelligible—no matter how I adjust my expensive record player.

Bob Frenette
Providence, R.I.

Quite A Cat

Your article on Cat Anderson (*DB*, Jan. 25) was thoroughly enjoyable, and brings back beautiful memories of this past summer when I was visiting New York and spent three magnificent evenings at the Rainbow Grill. It was the type of experience which . . . remains with you forever. There is no doubt that Cat Anderson loves his work, as all those who heard him those evenings can attest.

He is also a true gentleman. My date and I arrived one evening while the band was taking a break. There were no tables available and we were forced to stand at the bar. Mr. Anderson offered and gave to my date his chair and refused to accept our "no thank you."

Cheers for a great man who blows a great trumpet.

James A. Kromer
Skokie, Ill.

Blues For Ida

It was with deepest regret that I read of the death of Ida Cox, last of the great female blues singers of the '20s and '30s (*DB*, Dec. 28).

This great lady launched Clark Terry and myself upon our professional music careers. Unfortunately, mine sank with the Army Engineers at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., while Terry's zoomed at Great Lakes, Ill., during World War II.

The passing of Ida Cox, blues singer, is a great loss to the world of music.

Marvin Wright, Principal
Park School, East St. Louis, Ill.

Valentine For Valerie

The interviews by Valerie Wilmer are always the high spot of every issue they are in. She has a very refreshing, very informative way of bringing the jazzman's ideas and personality to our attention. And she doesn't just stick with the big names.

I hope that she remains a regular feature in the issues to come. She benefits jazzman and jazz fan alike.

George Horn
Live Oak, Calif.

Roses For Roswell

Thank you, dear Roswell Rudd, not only for the words on the *Universality of the Blues* but also for the words on the universality of technological progress/deception and the existing spiritual void (*DB*, Jan. 25).

I hope your words will be far-reaching, and that the readers will realize the beautiful, spiritual thing that blues/jazz is.

Robert Wall
Detroit, Mich.

If for no other reason, I read *Down Beat* with a thirst that can only be quenched by such articles as that by Roswell Rudd.

Thank you, Mr. Rudd.

Vere Griffith
Montreal, Canada

High Praise

Thirty years ago, when Glenn Burrs and Carl Cons ran the shop, jazz writing flowered. The standards set by that generation of writers have never been surpassed. Their writings still serve as models of excellence in the knowledge, soundness of judgment and writing competence displayed. Among those giants of jazz writing were, selecting just the names that come most easily to mind: John Hammond, George Frazier, George Avakian, Charles Delaunay, Hugues Panassie, Charles Edward Smith, Paul Eduard Miller, George Hoefer, Dave Dexter and Barry Ulanov. No comparable group has appeared since. John S. Wilson and Whitney Balliett, the two best of the post-Hammond generation, hardly constitute a group. But perhaps a group is in the making.

Dan Morgenstern, in a single stroke, has established himself as the peer of any of the earlier critics. The indisputable evidence will be found on pages 29-31, of the Feb. 22 issue of *DB*. The classic criteria of knowledge, soundness of judgment and writing competence are each superbly fulfilled. Morgenstern's collective review of the Decca reissues is a model of what jazz criticism can, and should, be.

The great merit in Morgenstern's critical approach lies in his direct, common sense response to what's there, free of any distorting categorical preconceptions. Such pre-conditioning phenomenological abstractions, borrowed bodily from the E. H. Gombrich will-to-make-believe school of art criticism, are precisely what fault the writing of Martin Williams, rendering it forbiddingly doctrinaire. Williams writes as though he would like to publish in *Partisan Review*, an ambition fatal to the operations of common sense.

Lastly, by way of a parting accolade, I feel confident that the great H. L. Mencken, an impeccable arbiter in these matters, would have admired Morgenstern's piece for its stylistic merits. What more can I say? Except, hooray!

Richard E. Hawes
New Brunswick, New Jersey

For a different view of Martin Williams, see below.

Martin Williams' *Bystander* (*DB*, Feb. 8) impressed me as one of the best articles you have printed in a long time.

He answered simply and directly what other writers have rambled on and on for pages about, achieving no significant results.

Directness and intense simplicity . . . a

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Everett J. Austin III
Alderwood Manor, Wash.

Ascension Lowdown

I notice that Jorgen Jepsen reiterates, in his excellent Coltrane discography for *Music '68*, a charge made earlier by LeRoi Jones (*DB*, Jan. 26, '67), wherein it is averred that Impulse is putting two different versions of *Ascension* into the same jacket, and, as Jones put it, "not hipping people to the switch. . . ."

This is not entirely true, because there is a clue, albeit a small one. On the second version, scratched into the vinyl surface just outside the label, the buyer will find "Edition II," presumably meaning just that. In addition, the numbers similarly etched will be A 95 A&B for version I, A 95 A-1&B-1 for version II. All this notwithstanding, it still seems prudent to remember the saying: caveat emptor.

Alan Bargebuhr
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Obscure But Great

Want to thank you so much for the Zwerin article *Dues Paid* (*DB*, Feb. 8). Budd Johnson is a man who has been overlooked to an absolutely painful point, when you consider his great playing and writing artistry. . . . You also did an article a few years ago on another great but obscure artist—pianist Joe Albany. Thanks, belatedly, for that one.

Could I hope in the future for articles on such fine but obscure players as Vernell Fournier (drums) . . . another wonderful drummer, Paul Motian . . . (pianists) Gill Coggins . . . and Wade Legge?

Wonderful but obscure trumpet players could include men like Tony Fruscella . . . and Johnny Coles. . . . (And) last but not least, alto and tenor player Pony Poindexter. . . .

These men need and deserve more exposure. Here's hoping they get it. Have been reading *DB* since 1940, but this is my first letter to you.

Lynn Sallee (drums)
Columbus, Ohio

We'll try, but Legge is dead, Coggins unheard of for years, and Fruscella no longer playing. Fournier, Motian, Coles and Poindexter, however, are still on the scene, happily.

Peeved Purist

I'd like to tell Mr. R. Lafontaine (*Chords*, Feb. 8) that I am one person proud to be a "jazz purist," and contrary to his line of thought feel that in the light of what's current today, it would appear more difficult than not to remain pious. If it's so easy to be merely a purist, why did he shuffle the cards and veer off? I suggest that he doesn't qualify as an "idolator" any more!

Secondly, critics' appraisals and/or endorsements of released recordings should *not* be regarded as a cause but only as a *condition* of a judgement. And lastly—you bet I aggressively disapprove!

Alex Lupinski
Jamaica, N.Y.

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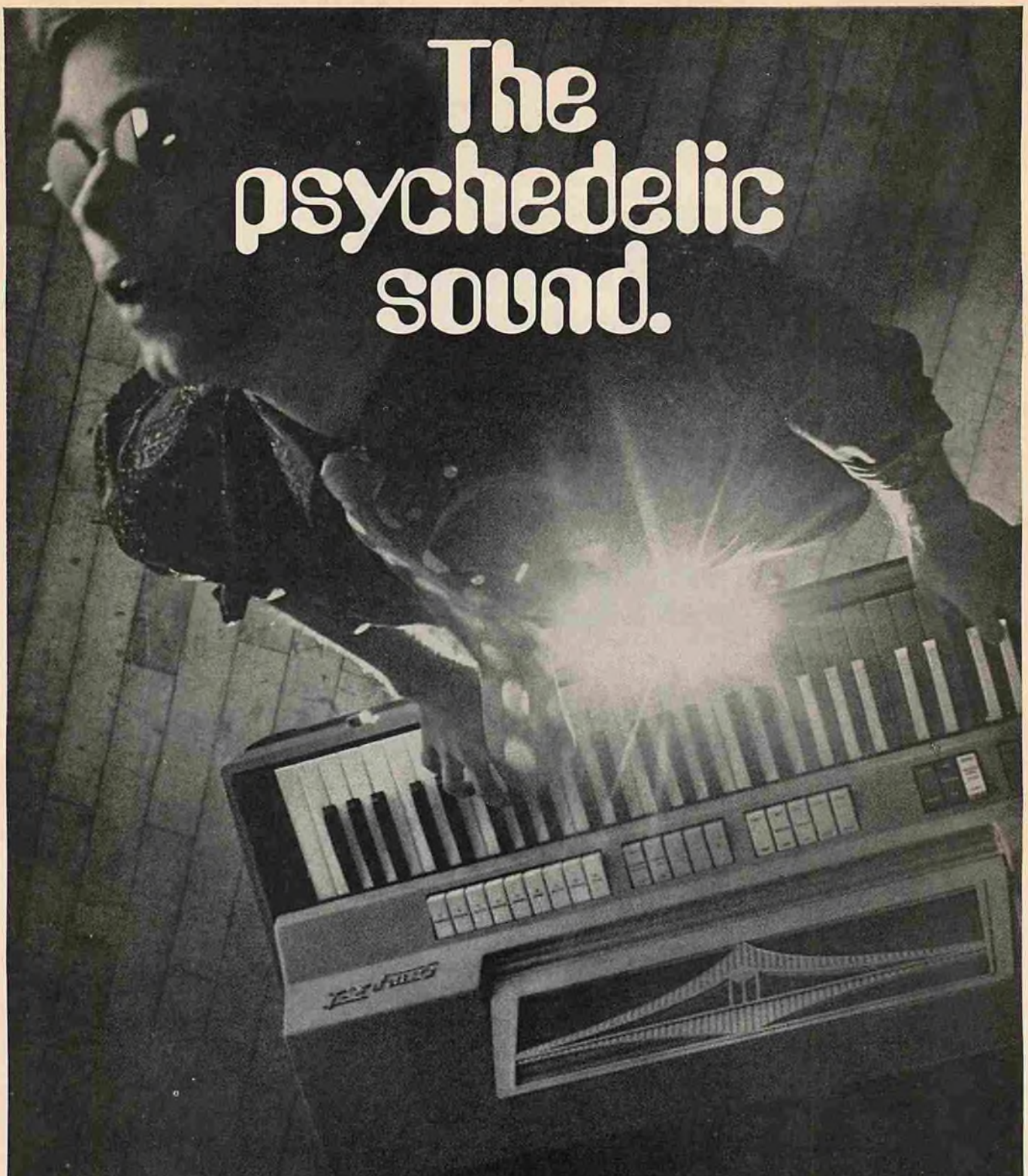

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LUCKEY ROBERTS DIES

Pianist-composer Luckey Roberts, 80, died Feb. 5 at Mayflower Nursing Home in New York City after a brief illness.

Charles Luckeyeth Roberts, born in Philadelphia Aug. 7, 1887, began his show business career at 3 as a child actor. After working as an acrobat in vaudeville, he began playing piano professionally in Baltimore and Philadelphia. He soon made a name for himself as a composer of ragtime pieces, and also began to compose scores for musical shows (*Shy and Sly*, produced on Broadway in 1915, was one of the first). He also toured Europe before World War I.

In the '20s, Roberts continued to write musicals (*Magnolia*, 1926), but was mainly active as a very successful society band leader. He was a favorite in Palm Beach and Newport, R.I. circles, and struck up a friendship with the Prince of Wales, who sat in with his band and solicited his advice on record collecting. Roberts also worked as accompanist for the comedy team of Moran and Mack, with whom he made his first published recording in 1926.

Luckey Roberts
Significant Link

Roberts continued to lead dance bands well into the '30s. In later years, he operated Luckey's Rendezvous, a bar and restaurant on St. Nicholas Ave. in Harlem, which became a favorite meeting place for artists and entertainers. In 1941, he scored the biggest hit of his career with *Moonlight Cocktail* (recorded by Glenn Miller), followed by the 1942 success *Massachusetts*.

In the late '50s, Roberts suffered a stroke and went into retirement, but he often played piano and entertained for the inmates at Veterans Hospitals in New York City.

Though neglected by historians, Roberts was an important musical figure. As a pianist, he was a significant link between the ragtime tradition and the Harlem stride piano school. He was cited by James P. Johnson as an early influence, and his other admirers included Willie (The Lion) Smith, Fats Waller and Duke Ellington. The latter also copied Roberts' trademark of lifting the hands from the keyboard with a flourish.

Unfortunately, Roberts was not recorded during his peak years. Two piano solos made in 1916 were never issued. In 1946, he recorded six of his most famous piano pieces for the Circle label, and in 1958, he made another half dozen for Good Time Jazz. These include *Railroad Blues, Ripples of the Nile, Pork and Beans, Music Box Rag, Junk Man Rag* and *Spanish Fandango*.

Roberts also wrote more ambitious light classical works, the best known of which is *Whistlin' Pete: A Miniature Syncopated Rhapsody* (for piano and orchestra) which was premiered at Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia. Roberts' music was twice presented in formal concerts in New York City—at Carnegie Hall in 1939 and at Town Hall in 1944.

Funeral services were held Feb. 9 at Universal Funeral Chapel in Manhattan.

DIXIELAND FESTIVAL AT MONTEREY IN MAY

Already the site of annual jazz and pop festivals, Monterey, Calif., is scheduled to add Dixieland to its musical spectrum.

The first Monterey Dixieland Festival will be held May 10 and 11, according to its founder and business manager Don Lewis. Lewis is a 36-year-old Dixieland aficionado and onetime banjo player from Chico, Calif.

Several groups, including Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Al Hirt, Turk Murphy, Pete Fountain, and the South Market St. Jazz Band already have been signed and negotiations for others are underway, Lewis said. The first of what likely will be several nostalgic notes was sounded with Lewis' announcement that Bob Crosby had been booked and was hoping to recruit some of his original Bobcats for the occasion. There also will be a 10-piece festival band led by Phil Howe of Sacramento.

The festival's board of directors consists of Monterey business men, with Dick O'Kane, owner of The Warehouse, as president; stockbroker Billy Rather, vice president; Dr. Fred Duffy, secretary, and William Griffith, treasurer. Other members include Hal Hallett (one of the principal organizers of the Monterey Jazz Festival and its first president) and George Wise, manager of the Monterey Fair Grounds where the festivals are staged, and longtime MJF board member. Honorary President is Bill Bacin, former president of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California.

The festival's supporters include Bing Crosby, Joe Venuti and Reynolds Metals. Reynolds plans to sponsor a television show of the second festival if the first proves successful.

For information about tickets for the two evening concerts and one matinee, write Dixieland Monterey, P.O. Box 1622, Monterey, Calif. 93940.

HAWES AND SOLAL JOIN HANDS IN PIANO TEAM

Pianist Hampton Hawes, currently on a world tour which began in September, has payed playing visits to London, Oslo, Helsinki, Copenhagen, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Barcelona, and several other European cities.

Hawes recorded in Germany, and spent the month of January at the Cameleon, a small left-bank club in Paris, with bassist Henri Texier and drummer Daniel Humair.

While there, he struck up a friendship with French pianist Martial Solal and Jean-Louis Ginibre, editor of *Jazz Magazine*. Ginibre came up with the suggestion that the two pianists record together, an idea they enthusiastically accepted.

Hawes & Solal
Four-Hand Tandem

After 10 days of rehearsals, Hawes and Solal cut an album in Paris, backed by bassist Pierre Michelot and drummer Kenny Clarke. The results were so interesting that the two pianists have decided to join forces. They are currently appearing at the Blue Note in Paris, and already have offers for several concerts and European festivals.

LALO SCHIFRIN SIGNS PACT WITH PARAMOUNT

Lalo Schifrin has signed a long-term contract with Paramount Pictures Corp., which includes an exclusive recording contract with Dot Records and Paramount's publishing firms, and a non-exclusive pact for scoring at least one motion picture per year.

Since moving to Hollywood in 1964, the one-time Dizzy Gillespie pianist and noted jazz composer-arranger has made quite a name for himself as a film and television composer. His most recent assignment is to score *The Brotherhood,* starring Kirk Douglas. It will be his 16th feature film; others include *Cool Hand Luke* (an Oscar contender), *The Fox, The Cincinnati Kid,* and *The President's Analyst.*

Among Schifrin's TV credits are *Mission: Impossible* and *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* a series of three hour-long ABC specials to be shown March 6, 8 and 9.

Though Schifrin made his U.S. reputation through his jazz work, he is a solidly grounded classical musician. The son of a former concert master of the Buenos Aires Philharmonic, he studied composition with Juan Carlos Paz in his native Argentina, and later won a scholarship to the Paris Conservatory.

POTPOURRI

"No more ballads for me, unless they're blues," **Jimmy Witherspoon** declared in San Francisco during the course of his week's engagement at the Both/And club. "It just wasn't me," he added, explaining his decision to wipe out the syrupy, commercially oriented ballads that for a time were part of his repertoire. "I was going along with my manager." Witherspoon's rise as a blues singer began in 1944 when he joined **Jay McShann's** swinging Kansas City band, replacing **Walter Brown.**

•

When pianist **Art Hodes** brought clarinetist **Barney Bigard** to Chicago to guest on his WTTW-TV show (see p. 40), he also arranged for Bigard to record for **Bob Koester's** Delmark label. There were two dates, one with a quartet (Bigard, Hodes, bassist **Rail Wilson,** and drummer **Barrett Deems**), the other with trumpeter **Nap Trottier** and trombonist **Georg Brunis** added.

•

Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the Monterey Jazz Festival, has been appointed executive secretary of the California Arts Commission. Lyons resigned *his membership* on the 15-member commission, of which he was chairman, in order to accept the staff position. In his new job, he will be based at commission headquarters in Sacramento. As executive secretary, he will direct the commission staff and consultants. He also will continue as general manager of the jazz festival. Lyons has been a member of the commission since it was established in April, 1964 under terms of a state law designed "to stimulate and expand the role of the arts in California."

•

Alto saxophonist **Marion Brown,** enjoying a lengthy stay in Europe, concertized in Paris at the American Center for Students and Artists with two Dutch musicians, bassist **Maarten van Regtern Atterna** and drummer **Han Bennink.** The trio also did a program for *Baton Rouge,* a television show. Also in January, Brown did 10 days at Le Chat Qui Peche in Paris with **Barre Phillips,** bass, and **Steve McCall,** drums.

•

Saxophonist-composer **Ed Summerlin** has been commissioned by the Church of Christ in Longmeadow, Mass. to write a contemporary religious work for adult choir, youth choir, organ, chamber orchestra and rock-and-roll group. The new work entitled *Celebration, The Word Is* will be premiered on March 31 with the composer conducting. Summerlin has also been commissioned by the Nassau County Council of Churches to compose a contemporary cantata for chamber orchestra, jazz soloist and chorus. The new cantata will be presented in concert with a Bach cantata based on the same text, *Christ Lay in Death's Dark Prison.* Summerlin was chairman of the University Christian Movement's Quadrennial Conference held in Cleveland in late December. He headed a group comprised of **Don Heckman,** alto saxophone; **Richard Youngstein,** bass; and **Joe Cocuzzo,** drums. The quartet played jazz concerts, dances, and closed circuit TV programs.

ODE TO PHILLY JOE

PHILLY JOE JONES is the latest American musician to cast an appraising eye at the European possibility. The former Miles Davis drummer and father of a whole school of percussion left the U.S. last October to participate in the Berlin Jazz Festival. He appeared there with clarinetist Tony Scott and a gang of Indonesian musicians and broke it up in an impromptu jam session before moving on to London, where he is currently teaching bassist John Hart.

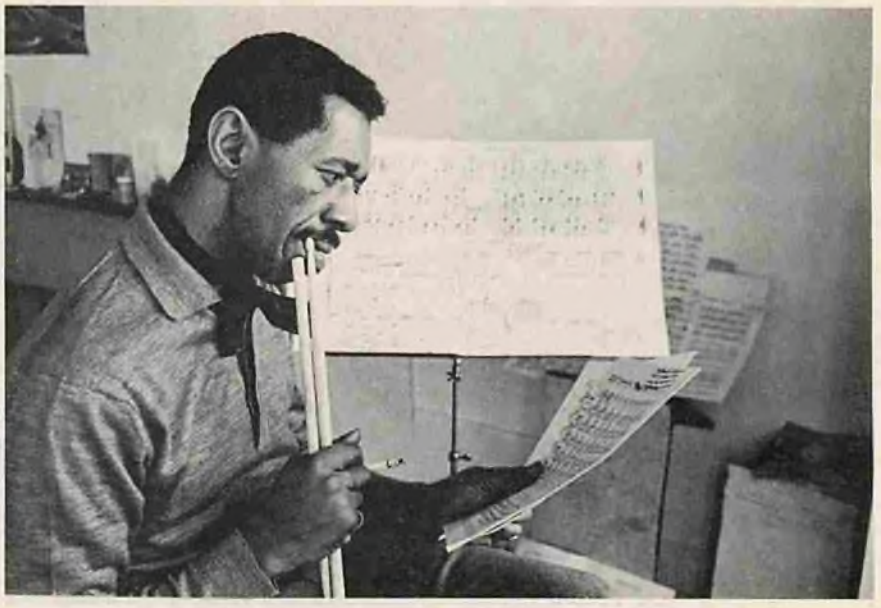
"I wanted to see London," declared Jones, "and when I ran into my friend John, he had no one to study with. Since I've been into harmony and composition and whatnot, and play several instruments, I'm living with John and helping him with his music." In confirmation, Hart said: "Philly's an excellent teacher. It's an experience for me."

Jones, who first visited England in wartime as a soldier ("I'm seeing it for the first time as a man"), lives surrounded by manuscript paper in Hampstead, a smart London suburb. He was expected to go into Ronnie Scott's Club in March in company with his old associate, tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley. "Hank's got a lot of new things he's come up with, so I'm sure the repertoire will be pretty good," said Jones, who is eagerly looking forward to working regularly again. "We'll play jazz, but you may also hear us playing the type of music the Beatles play. That type of rhythm at least."

After London, the drummer plans to play Manchester's Club 43 and take a look at another British Midlands town, Birmingham. Then he'll move on to Scandinavia with Mobley and play a few German dates with a fellow expatriate, alto saxophonist Herb Geller. And then? "*Not* back to the States," the drummer stressed. "Maybe the Far East."

Eventually, Jones hopes to teach drumming in the more receptive (in his estimation) European climate. "I think more drummers should teach," he maintained. "If you have that much to give, it's up to you to go out and give it."

—Valerie Wilmer



From Bagpipes To Jazz

Jim Blackley: Swinging Scot

YOU SENSE BOTH patience and determination in the quietly effective, knowledgeable manner of Jim Blackley when he talks about his favorite subject—drums, drummers and drumming.

Blackley, a New Yorker by way of Scotland (he was born in Edinburgh 40 years ago), Toronto and Vancouver, opened The Jim Blackley School of Modern Drumming at 756 Seventh Avenue on Jan. 15. This would not be particularly unusual—apart from the esteem in which he is held as a teacher—if Blackley's background was an ordinary one. However, when a man comes out of a Scottish bagpipe band to show young American jazz drummers where it's at, that's news.

To Blackley, who at 17 was runner-up in the solo drum division of the World Pipe Band Drumming Competition, the evolution is not that strange. There are two kinds of pipe band drumming. One is for marching. The other, explains Blackley, "is not military. It is used to accompany a solo piper and the rhythms are derived from the rhythmic-melodic line of the bagpipes." He feels that this aspect of the music is extremely close to jazz. Perhaps this explains that when he first heard jazz, as played by the Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet in 1953, he was "never more emotionally moved in my whole life. Max changed my whole life."

At the time he heard Brown-Roach Inc., Blackley was in Toronto, where he served as a pipe drum instructor in the R.C.A.F. until 1956. His decision to take up jazz drums periodically led him to New York for lessons. He was disappointed in the clinical approach. "My development came from listening," he explains. While he has the greatest respect for the rudimental drummer, he "will not concede for one minute that the requirements of the rudimentalist have any true connection with that of the jazz performer.

"Reading is important," says Blackley, "but I stress that music can be made totally by ear. Too many drummers get tied up in a chart and no music comes out."

When he moved to Vancouver, B.C. in 1957, Blackley began teaching jazz drums because of "the many young, enthusiastic drummers around me that had no direction. I teach," he states, "because I *love* to teach."

Jim Blackley's Drum Village in Vancouver became a haven for students, and for the established name drummers who passed through the area. Among his pupils were Terry Clarke, formerly with John Handy and now with the Fifth Dimension; Jerry Fuller, now working in Toronto; Stan Perry and Blaine Wikjord in Montreal; and Ted Lewis, "a kid playing with The Vancouvers—signed to Motown—one of the best r&b drummers ever."

Drum Village was a store as well as a studio. There were clinics as well as private lessons. At the urging of Dannie

NOTES FROM ALL OVER

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

DEPARTMENT OF Constantly Inconstant Information: In my original *Encyclopedia of Jazz* the composer of *'Round Midnight* was listed as Thelonious Sphere Monk, b. New York City, 10/10/20. Later it was pointed out that like a number of other musicians who came to New York in infancy and prefer to name the Apple as their birthplace, Monk actually was from the south.

The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '60s lists Monk's home town correctly as Rocky Mount, N.C. But now comes news that I was still wrong, on two other counts. I have on my desk a photostat of Monk's birth certificate. It reads as follows:

Name: Thelious Junior Monk. Sex: Boy. Birthplace: Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County. Birthdate: October 10, 1917.

I have not investigated the matter of how the "Sphere" originated. Possibly young Thelious felt it would add a colorful touch. It is interesting, also, to note that Thelious Monk Sr. was married to Barbra (sic) Monk. So *that's* where Streisand got her bright idea.

* * *

The British Musicians' Union recently slapped $24,000 worth of veto against a pop group that had planned to tour Rhodesia. The combo—Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich—would have grossed that much during their concerts. They say they had extracted a promise from the booker that their audience would not be segregated.

This did not, however, satisfy the BMU secretary, who could hardly have been more emphatic: "We have an absolute ban on our artists' appearing in countries where there is racial discrimination."

You'd never know it from watching the Ed Sullivan show.

* * *

Department of Full Circles: Three or four years ago, just around the time when she was reaching unpredicted heights of fame and fortune, Nancy Wilson split with her manager, John Levy, and signed a new deal with Jay Cooper, who for some time previously had been handling her legal business.

There were many cries of outrage. Miss Wilson was the subject of vicious attacks, was accused of being a traitor to her race, and of deserting the man who had helped build her reputation.

During this period I had a discussion with her and was convinced that her actions were motivated simply by what she felt, at that particular point, would be in the best interests of her career. I didn't know whether she was right or wrong, but nevertheless was sure that the virulent opposition she had encountered was founded on unjust accusations.

All this would not be worth mentioning now accept for an ironic footnote: a couple of months ago she broke with Cooper, and signed a new deal—with John Levy. John had remained friendly with her throughout the whole time when she was under fire, just as he remains close to George Shearing and other artists whom he no longer manages.

We live in times of such unprecedented sensitivity that it is incumbent on all of us to bear in mind one simple but often-ignored point: not every action, every decision, every performance in music is necessarily tied to our social agony. Business transactions, regardless of what ethnic groups may be involved, are as likely as not to be inspired by pragmatism as by pride or prejudice.

* * *

By the time you read this, New Orleans will have celebrated its Mardi Gras. At the moment I am studying a news story from Washington. "The Navy has instructed sailors participating in the Mardi Gras . . . to comply with the policy of discrimination against Negroes, Jews and Italians adhered to by many of the carnival balls." This from an official Navy memorandum embodying the directive and explaining that most of the carnival organizations will not issue an invitation to a Negro, a Jew or an Italian.

Visions of parallels float through my head. I see the grand New Orleans International Jazz Festival (May 12 through May 18) boycotted both by musicians and spectators of black, Jewish or Italian ancestry. Can you imagine how much festival would remain?

Fortunately, it would seem that the organizers of the festival do not belong to the breed of cat inclined to go along with local customs of bigotry. Besides, the General Chairman of the affair is Seymour Weiss; there is somebody on the planning committee named Joseph Gemelli; and no doubt Danny Barker will be actively involved, as he is in so many of the better things that happen in the Land of Dreams.

There is one group, however, that I'd be delighted to see systematically excluded from the festival: all officers *involved* in the conception, writing and distribution of that Navy directive. May they be confined to their ships from now until the next Jim Crow Mardi Gras. db

Richmond, Charles Mingus' drummer, Blackley put his teaching materials into two books, *Syncopated Rolls For the Modern Drummer, Vols. 1&2*. "It is the author's sincere belief," he writes, "that the lack of drummers capable of utilizing the abundance of roll possibilities available to them stems from the teaching of rolls from a numerical system rather than a rhythmical one; the numerical system being that which has been handed down by our rudimental predecessors."

Another theory that Blackley feels strongly about is that "everything that's played in jazz drumming is an extension of the right hand on the cymbal. First of all, a young drummer should strive to accomplish playing swinging time on the cymbal at any tempo—with sticks *and* brushes."

Blackley spent 10 years in Vancouver, where he played with Dave Robbins' CBC Jazz Workshop Band. In New York, he plans to play as well as teach. "I'll never die in the studio," he says. "I want to live in a world of reality.

"I prepare the students mentally as well as physically," says Blackley. "I teach them how to listen—to hear chord changes and a good bass line. The ability to hear these things develops a good drummer." —*Gitler*

This unusual-looking instrument is a contra-contra-bass trumpet, played by its inventor, Dick Hyde, who recently unveiled it at Donte's in Los Angeles. Hyde, who plays slide and valve trombone, fluegelhorn, euphonium, and tuba, claims that his CCBT, which uses a medium tuba mouthpiece and employs trumpet fingering, solves the projection problems of the tuba and has a slightly higher range. He did not say if weight-lifting experience is also required. PHOTO/BILL MC KAY

Henry Mancini is the cherry in the middle of this flute salad, the occasion being a studio call to record the music for **Peter Gunn**. From left to right (top): Ted Nash, Buddy Collette, Gene Cipriano, Willie Schwartz, Ethmer Roten, Bernie Fleischer, Bud Shank, Justin Gordon; (bottom): Plas Johnson, Art Smith, Harry Klee, John Lowe. PHOTO/HERB CARLETON

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: New York University's second annual Spring Jazz Festival was scheduled to get under way March 4 in the south lobby of Loeb Student Center. The projected lineup was the **Roy Eldridge** Quintet (March); the **Zoot Sims-Al Cohn** Quintet in the morning and the **Jazz Comets** (**Ted Curson,** trumpet; **Nick Brignola,** baritone saxophone; **Dick Berk,** drums) in the afternoon of March 5; trumpeter **Jimmy Owens'** quartet in the a.m. slot and vibist **Bobby Hutcherson's** fivesome in the p.m. of March 6, and the **Phil Woods** Quartet and **Clark Terrys'** big band for the March 7 windup. Morning concerts were slated for 11; afternoons at 2. The student chairman for the event is **David Bell** . . . Trumpeter **Don Cherry** is in Sweden to do the score for the Swedish Film Institute's *Camera I,* and to conduct three weekly seminars under the sponsorship of the Swedish government. While still in New York, Cherry attended courses in electronic music at Columbia University, and in Europe, he plans to resume his studies with Turkish trumpeter **Maffy Falay,** and also intends to take up French horn. In April, Cherry will tour Germany with vibist **Karl Berger,** and come fall, he is scheduled to introduce *Lighthouse,* a new work by **Ornette Coleman,** at the Berlin Jazz Days. Coleman himself was in France in February for a series of concerts . . . The **Jazz Composers Orchestra Association** has recorded *A Suite* by trumpeter **Mike Mantler,** the organization's director. Personnel included Cherry and Mantler, trumpets; **Jimmy Knepper,** trombone; **Steve Lacy,** soprano sax; **Gato Barbieri,** tenor sax; **Carla Bley,** piano, and a five-bass team of **Kent Carter, Ron Carter, Richard Davis, Charlie Haden,** and **Reggie Workman** . . . Blues singer-pianist **Memphis Slim** has been signed to perform in the Warner Bros. film *The Sergeant,* starring **Rod Steiger** . . . Pianist **Walter Bishop** has been active on the local scene of late. He and his quartet (**Harold Vick,** soprano and tenor saxophones; **Reggie Johnson,** bass; **Leo Morris,** drums) played at Slugs' in January, and did a concert for **Chris White's** Rhythm Associates and a session for Jazz Interactions at the Red Garter. Tenorist **George Coleman** subbed for Vick at the conclusion of the latter bash . . . The "Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon" sessions produced by **Jim Harrison** and **Ernie Jackson** has shifted operations from the East Village into Slugs'. First attraction there was the **J. C. Moses-Pharaoh Sanders** Quartet, followed on successive Saturdays by a trumpet battle (**Charles Tolliver,** Jimmy Owens, **Woody Shaw**) and the **Sonny Red-Bobby Timmons** Quartet, with singer **Evelyn Blakey** . . . **Elvin Jones,** heading a new trio (**Joe Farrell,** tenor saxophone, flute; **Jimmy Garrison,** bass), played a week at Slugs' recently. After a Sunday session at the Dom, with trumpeter **Blue Mitchell** aboard, the trio did two weekends at the Village Van-

/continued on page 49

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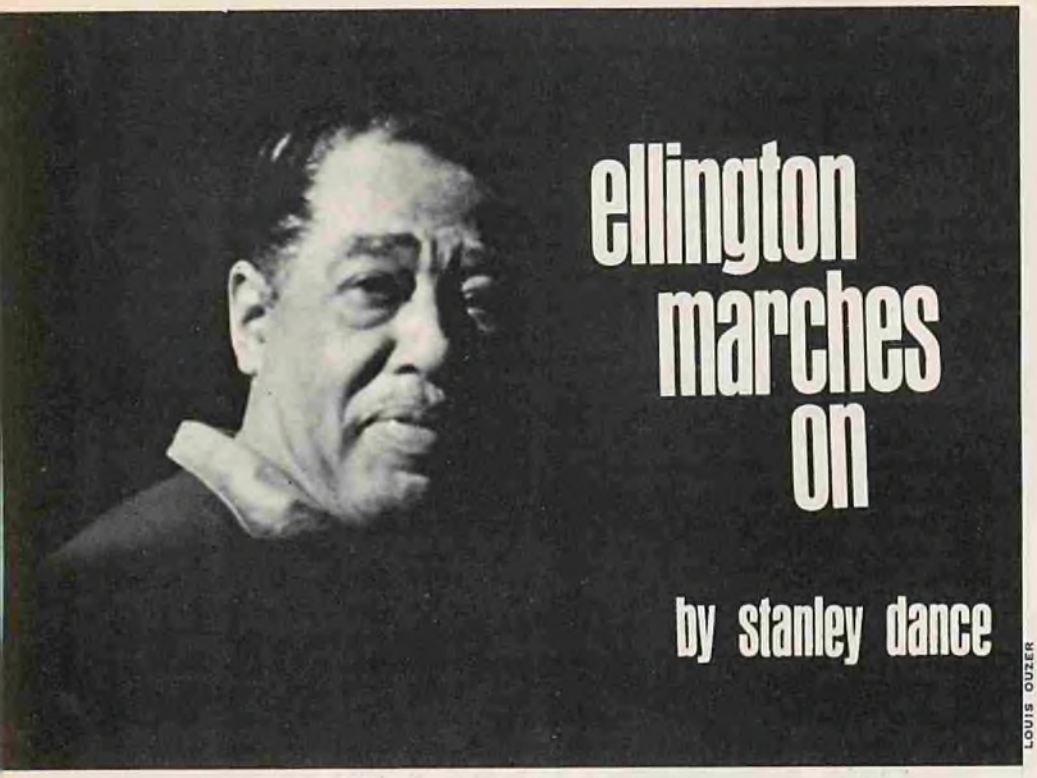


ellington marches on

by stanley dance

LOUIS OUZER

WHEN THE Duke Ellington band returned to New York in January after a long sojourn in the hinterlands, it promptly went into rehearsal for the Ed Sullivan Show, on which the nation was introduced to *Acht O'Clock Rock* (its new single), the leader's electric piano and the band's new bassist, Jeff Castleman.

It was after one of these rehearsals that the band began work on the new Sacred Concert in a small hall off 8th Ave. There, the astonishingly beautiful soprano voice of Swedish singer Alice Babs was heard for the first time in Ellington's new compositions, and Benny Green and Steve Little were added to the trombone and rhythm sections respectively.

From Monday to Friday (Jan. 15-19) of the following week, right up to an hour before the premiere, there were long and patient rehearsals in a large room alongside the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. With a thousand details to attend to, and scores of officials, visitors and reporters to speak to, Ellington himself was consistently the most relaxed and good-humored person present. He maintained a flow of encouraging banter with the band.

"Then you blow it," he said, after imitating the sound he wanted from the horns. A musician suggested that since he did it so well, he should leave it in the concert.

"I wasn't born to do that," he replied. "After *you* get through blowing, I bow."

At the end of a particularly arduous rehearsal, there were some long faces as instruments were packed.

"You've had a rough time today," Ellington announced cheerfully, "but there's reward in sight for you!"

This brought the expected reaction: expressions of scornful disbelief, ironic laughs and incredulous smiles. Spirits rose, however, at the prompt realization that adversity was not personal, but something shared.

The final dress rehearsal came all too quickly. At one point, Ellington was stretched out full length on his back on the red-carpeted stand, calmly considering his band's performance. Tom Whaley and young Roscoe Gill had been deputized to rehearse choirs, but the ultimate responsibility remained his. No one else knew how the various pieces of his huge mosaic were to be fitted together. The score sheets were marked with abbreviations characteristic of his private code, and sometimes even his musicians seemed to find them mysterious. A worksheet produced during the last afternoon nevertheless accorded in all essential details with the program sent to the printers four days earlier.

THE CONCERT PRESENTED on Jan. 19 in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the largest cathedral in the world, was an occasion in every sense of the word. Any review of it would necessarily be subjective, since the huge building's huge echo created an acoustical nightmare. The painful glare of CBS' tv lights (the event was being taped for a future "special") was a further handicap to appreciation, but the audience of over 6000 seemed to get its collective kicks, and a useful sum must have been raised for Exodus House and its cause—rehabilitation from drug addiction.

The Bishop of New York spoke well in introduction, and Alec Wyton played a formidable organ piece, *Praise Him in the Sound of the Trumpet,* before Ellington got his forces under way. The organ sound, projected at the high gothic roof, rolled around with noticeably less distortion than the band was subjected to down on the floor at the crossing.

All this served rather like an extra dress rehearsal for the performance the following night at the much smaller church of St. Mark's in New Canaan, Conn. The acoustics and sound system in this modern building were excellent, and the church's own admirable choir (partly rehearsed by Roscoe Gill) was mounted right behind the band, and on the same platform. (At St. John's, the A.M.E. Mother Zion Church Choir and the men of the cathedral choir were seated to the left of the band, and the youngsters of the St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's School choirs to the right. As at the original concert in San Francisco, there were problems in relating the choirs to the whole, and it seems that the contrasting effect Ellington wants from young and adult voices can best be realized when the choirs are close together, which was the case at the A.M.E. Mother Zion Cathedral in Harlem last April.)

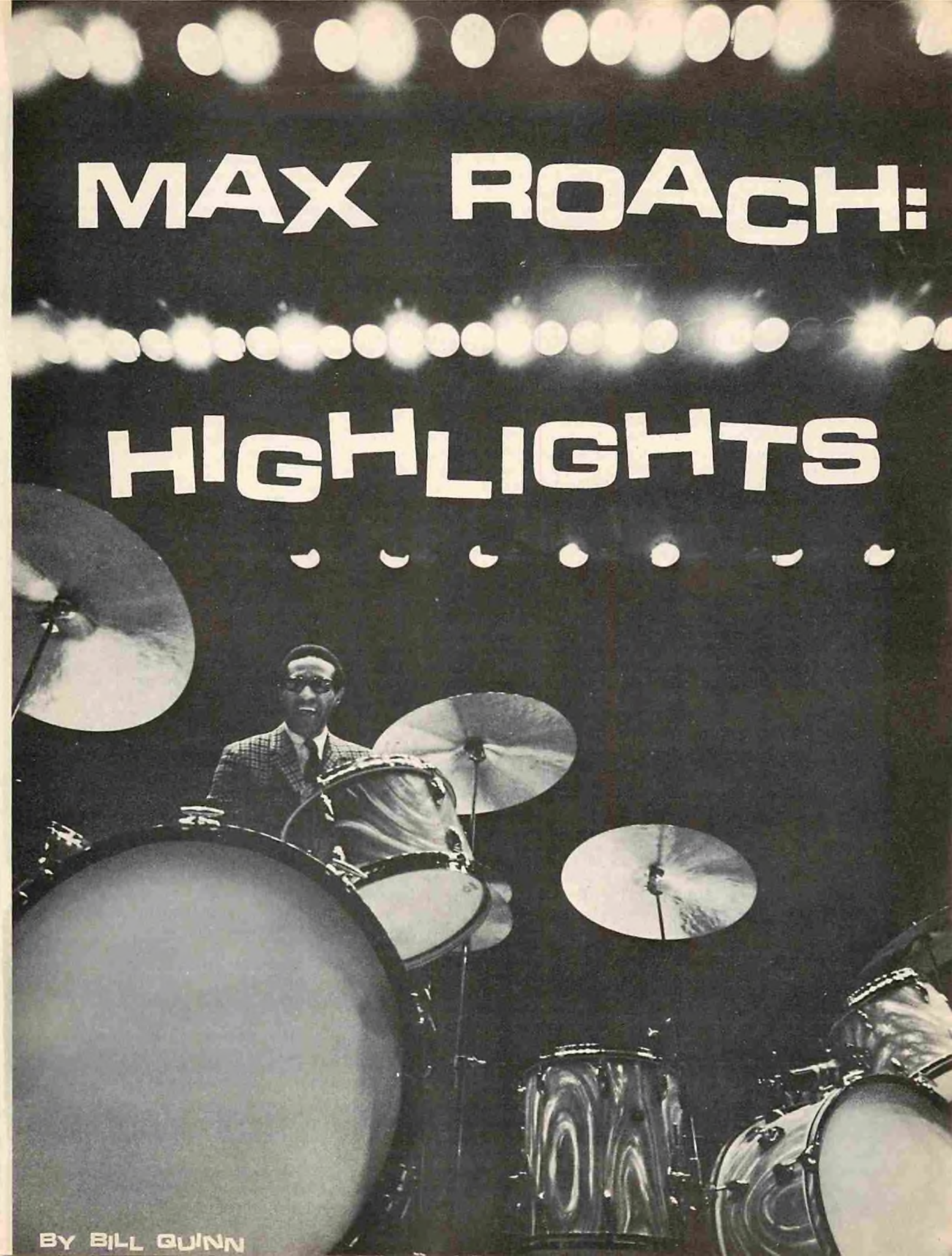
In addition to the superior acoustics, St. Mark's had gone to the trouble of printing most of the lyrics in the program, a valuable help at any time and especially at a concert where nearly all the compositions were entirely new. This fact, along with the originality and quality of the music, was what made the concert a landmark in Ellington's career. He had undoubtedly profited from his experience with the original Sacred Concert, and he had clearly been able to devote more time to the preparation of this one, although the words he had addressed to a zealous member of the "advisory committee" a few months earlier, in the writer's presence, kept coming to mind:

"I don't need time. What I need is a deadline!"

THE CONCERT BEGAN with a solemn theme, *Praise God,* which was largely entrusted—as was the opening statement of the original Sacred Concert—to Harry Carney and his baritone saxophone. The noble and reverent sound Carney produced from his instrument triumphed over even the acoustics of St. John's. The trombones and Jeff Castleman's bowed bass also contributed

/Continued on page 44

MAX ROACH: HIGHLIGHTS



BY BILL QUINN

If you're walking through Manhattan's Central Park any evening in the near future, and you spot a fire coming from an upper story of one of the elegant Central Park West apartment houses, don't call for the hook-and-ladders until you've determined the source of the blaze. More than likely it's Max Roach—and everything's under control.

This polyhedron of music activity, whose name is a synonym for lyrical dynamism in jazz percussion—but jazz percussion alone for all too many—is usually afire with one or more of the gross of ideas and activities of a life inspired by—and dedicated to—the vital heritage of, as Roach himself defines him, the "African-American musician."

Roach has recently returned from a tour of Great Britain with the latest edition of his famous quintet (trumpeter Charles Tolliver, tenor saxophonist Odean Pope, pianist Stanley Cowell, and the only member-in-tenure, bassist Jymie Merritt).

Roach also just completed all the writing and arranging for the second album of choral and orchestral works under his leadership. The first, *It's Time* (issued on Impulse in 1962), is one example of the drummer-leader-writer-arranger's innovative tendencies. Aside from the Charlie Parker session with the Dave Lambert Singers of a decade before, no attempt had been made to marry jazz and voices until the problem was appROACHed by the drummer. Certainly, nothing on so ambitious a scale had ever been tried up to that point. Subsequent to *Time's* release, however, a spate of choral-instrumental efforts have come forth, all bearing an obvious debt to Roach's work.

Though a proliferation of metric structures is common to jazz today, it was only a little more than a decade ago that Roach led the first LP to deal exclusively in a time signature other than 4/4: *Jazz in 3/4* (a 1957 EmArcy release).

Not long before that, on *Max Roach Plus Four* (EmArcy), the drummer performed on one track, *Dr. Free-Zee*, with tympanies in an overdub of his work on a regular drumset. In addition to being the first extensive use of tympanies in a modern jazz context, it was also one of the earliest instances of multi-taping on a jazz record.

Following that, such albums as *Quiet As It's Kept* introduced 5/4-time to jazz. In another consideration of the *Time* album, as well as his latest LP (as of this writing), *Drums Unlimited*, the most diverse excursions in metric variance by a single percussionist is exhibited; everything from 3/4 to 7/8 to 6/4 and beyond. It must be said that though nearly two years have passed since *Unlimited* and five have gone by since *Time*, a more consistently fluid attack in so many meters has yet to be recorded. *Unlimited* is also the showcase for a triptych of percussion monologues (*For Big Sid, The Drum Also Waltzes*, and the title track) that still defy duplication as models of self-sufficient drum work.

However, the drummer isn't looking over the stern to check the effects of his wake, but peering over the bow at the horizon. With his wife, Abbey Lincoln, Roach has just finished a musical comedy, tentatively titled *Great Town*, which was written for Broadway production. Miss Lincoln, herself a many-sided talent (singer-writer-actress; her latest venture in the latter category being the title role in the forthcoming film *For the Love of Ivy*, opposite Sidney Poitier), contributed the lyrics and shared the writing of the book with the drummer. In turn, Roach supplied the music.

"The title is flexible," said Roach. "What we have here is a musical comedy, showcasing 18 songs; her words, my music!" It is obvious, seeing the Roaches together at work, that they make a team in more ways than one.

Not long ago, Roach singlehandedly produced, directed and choreographed *Another Valley*, a musical about which the late New York *Herald Tribune's* theater critic said: "Angry . . . threatening, proud, it basically reflected a courageous jazz musician's view on the march of events here and in Africa. . . . A production of this kind indicates a new direction for jazz, packed as it is with unconcealed racial, social and political significance. While some jazz musicians flirt with the symphony, others think in terms of an African heritage."

It is with this heritage that Roach has proven himself most consistently occupied. In addition to his many musical innovations, Roach is a charter member of the small group of African-American musicians who have always been what is known of today as "militant." This was the case long before "militancy" became safely popular, long before the word was even used in its present context.

By some standards, the social significance of his work has seemed to rival the power of his music. The double entendre or on-the-button effect of album and tune titles such as *It's Time; We Insist! Freedom Now Suite; Man from South Africa; Driva' Man; Garvey's Ghost*, and *Living Room*, was for more than a few people—critics and audience alike—an unpardonable sin. "After all," many were wont to say, "the only thing that matters is the music." With Roach, however, it was *the music*, and the posture of it all was merely an awareness of the world around him, reflected sensitively through his beloved medium.

"I would say modestly that all musicians around the world today who are of African heritage, that is, those from South America, the Bahamas, the West Indies, and certainly North America and Africa itself, have influenced a good 90 percent of the music on this planet," Roach declared. "This is evidenced by the fact that it is creating fortunes for all those who even dabble with it lightly or ignorantly. All of this is actually quite a compliment to the talents of the musician of African heritage."

Roach stresses the tradition of heritage, sees the lineage as long, bright, and still fruitful as always, like an evergreen tree: "Our music, as was so eloquently stated by one of my dearest colleagues, was passed down 'from mouth to mouth.' Some of the greatest contributors to the art of percussion have been Chick Webb, Sid Catlett, Roy Haynes, Ike Day, Kenny Clarke, Elvin Jones and Tony Williams, and there is some young kid working out at home somewhere who is almost ready to shake us all up."

And, standing high on anyone elses list, is Roach himself. A capsule collection of critical reviews of his efforts reveals the drummer's actual impact on the music scene:

> "Roach continues to be head and shoulders above every other drummer in his musical conception of a drum solo . . . unfailing good taste . . . magnificent music, powerful music, vital music."
>
> —*Down Beat*

> "Brilliantly shaded and varied virtuosity." —New York *Times*

> "Packs a whale of a wallop."
>
> —New York *Journal American*

> "His drum work is a captivating combination of rare taste, inventiveness, nimble skill."
>
> —Washington *Daily News*

> "Sharp rapping excitement and brilliantly contrasted rhythms . . . a rare treatise on percussion."
>
> —*Village Voice*

People have been writing this way about Roach for over 20 years, but the greatest compliment, perhaps, was one

PHOTO OVERLEAF: BILL ABERNATHY

JOE ALPER

Mr. & Mrs. Roach

he received via a poll of 100 leading musicians—his peers. They voted Roach "Greatest drummer of all time."

Meanwhile, the drummer has been finding new and more exciting levels of presentation for his talents. In addition to television work in the four largest U.S. cities, Roach has appeared on shows originating from Paris, Tokyo and West Germany.

Roach did the score for a Japanese film, *The Black Sun*, and has performed in the recent past with the Boston Symphony percussion ensemble, the Kalamazoo (Mich.) Symphony Orchestra and the Monterey (Calif.) Symphony. In a less glorious but more lucrative setting, Roach the composer scores many of the television commercials that are beginning to rival in interest the material within the shows they interrupt.

Having just finished transcribing a book of his drum solos, preparing for tours of college campuses with his chorus and orchestra, writing commercials, getting his musical comedy set for production, traveling with his quintet, doing an occasional percussion clinic, getting set to record his next album, readying his group for an April tour of Japan, etc., Max Roach proves to be the archetype of the "on fire" musician. But please, don't call the fire department—it's such a choice flame.

Listed below is a selection of albums on which Roach was commander-in-chief. (The asterisks indicate records that are no longer available, but well worth looking for.)

At Basin Street, Mercury 36070
Clifford Brown with Max Roach, Mercury 36036
Deeds Not Words, Riverside 280/1122*
Drummin' The Blues, Liberty 3064
Jazz in 3/4 Time, Mercury 36108/80002*
Max, Cadet 623
Moon-Faced & Starry-Eyed, Mercury 20539/60215*
On The Chicago Scene, Mercury 36132*
Plays Charlie Parker, Mercury 36127/80019*
Plus Four, Mercury 36098*
Best of Roach and Brown, Gene Norman Presents 18
Plus Four at Newport, Mercury 36140/80010*
Quiet As It's Kept, Mercury 20491*
Percussion Ensemble, Mercury 36144/80015*
Percussion, Bitter Sweet, ABC Paramount (Impulse)
We Insist! Freedom Now Suite, Candid 8002/9002*
It's Time, Impulse 16
Drums Unlimited, Atlantic 1467

FRANKIE CAPP: STUDIO SWINGER

by HARVEY SIDERS

CAPP (LEFT) AND VIC FELDMAN/PHOTO: FRED SELIGO

TO JOIN STAN KENTON'S band straight from working your way through college doing a little "GB" ("general business" —the East Coast equivalent of "casuals") on the side is tantamount to coming up with the Yankees directly from the sandlots. It happened to Frankie Capp at age 19.

Opportunity, in Capp's case, was a phone call from California. Kenton's booming voice asked whether Frankie would be interested in joining his orchestra. Capp's reply was succinct: "I'm packed and ready to go. How soon?"

He had no regrets about leaving his native Worcester, which is 40 miles west of Boston. Literally and figuratively, Worcester was a two-syllable town (Massachusetts is sprinkled with similar Colonial holdovers; e.g., Gloucester, Leicester), with nothing to sustain a young jazzman at that time except Boots Mussulli. What jazz activity existed in the area centered around the ex-Kenton altoist (who died last year) as a teacher and creative spark plug.

Mussulli saw a promising drummer in young Capp, and when he heard that Kenton was breaking up his band to take a bunch of unknown youngsters on the road, he recommended Capp as Shelly Manne's replacement.

Capp had no regrets about leaving college, either. At the time, he was majoring in music education at Boston University, with a minor in composition, studying counterpoint with composer Hugo Norden, but as he recalled, "I didn't graduate from B.U.; I went with Kenton, did one-nighters and record dates—all the things that were seventh heaven to me."

It was an auspicious start, but in essence he was running before having learned to walk. "Stan didn't have real strong men in the band. They were all new, like myself. Guys like Shelly, Milt Bernhart, Bud Shank, had decided to stay in Los Angeles, but Stan still had a complicated book. And besides, I had never worked with a bass player before! All those gigs with Boots back in New England usually consisted of sax, piano and drums. Sometimes a trumpet. This was a totally new experience for me. For seven months Stan fathered me, but one night—we were in Montreal, I think—he took me backstage and said 'Look, Frankie, I know how much this job means to you and I think you've got a great career ahead of you, but I'm going to have to let you go. You're just not ready—you're not progressing fast enough. I've been waiting for the right opportunity. I didn't want to let you go until something else came along.' "

The "something else" was Neal Hefti's band. "That's how much Kenton thought of me. Wasn't he a gas? Besides, I felt even better when I learned that Stan had fired seven other guys at the same time," Capp remembered.

When Capp replaced Hefti's drummer, he realized that this was the kind

of band he should have started with. "Neal had a smaller band: just five brass—much lighter to hold together. Beginning with Neal and moving up to Kenton would have been the logical progression."

While thinking about this reverse order of things, the drummer volunteered a flashback. He was about four years old, he said, when his uncle gave him a pair of drum sticks. "I ruined all the window sills in the house by banging on them. The sticks completely gassed me. Then, when I was old enough to carry a drum, there I was in the drum corps of the American Legion or V.F.W.—I can't remember which—with military competitions, street parades, all that stuff.

"In high school, my interest in jazz began. The first band I ever saw was Ellington's, and I'll never forget the impact it made on me; probably the same that the Beatles have on today's youngsters.

"The next band I saw was Tommy Dorsey's, when Buddy Rich was with him. His solos turned me around altogether. In fact, they still do," he said.

After 10 months, the Hefti band began to scuffle; layoffs became more numerous, and eventually the band dissolved. Frankie returned home, found the Worcester-Boston scene still stagnant, and became more determined to head west for good.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED AGAIN, this time in the person of trumpeter Pete Candoli, who was then working with Peggy Lee at New York's La Vie En Rose. The singer's drummer, Ed Shaughnessy, was leaving, and through Candoli, Capp joined the group. After a brief tour he wound up in Los Angeles, where he immediately put in for his Local 47 card. Since 1953, he has been a confirmed Angeleno.

"It wasn't all studio work from that point on," Capp remarked. "I worked with Marty Paich's trio; then with the bands of Harry James, Billy May and Charlie Barnet, and that entailed quite a bit of traveling. And there were well-paying jobs with night club acts: Dorothy Dandridge, Betty Hutton. I also paid my dues in this town. I've worked the strip joints here. A lot of those gigs were with Joe Maini. And I'll never forget another saxophonist, whose routine was called 'Sex on a Sax.' That was 15 years ago, and he's still doing the same thing. Me? I've gotta keep moving. I can't sit still."

His next big break came in 1957. He was working with Betty Hutton in Las Vegas and met Andre Previn. A deep friendship evolved, and as a result, Capp found himself once again replacing Shelly Manne—this time with a small combo. Joining Previn's trio (Red Mitchell was on bass), the drummer participated in about a dozen albums for Contemporary and Columbia of Previn's jazz versions of various show scores.

His association with Previn led Frankie to the studios. In '58, there was an opening at Warner Brothers. "Andre knew Ray Heindorf, the music director at Warner's, and Heindorf simply said 'Look, if you were recommended by Andre, that's good enough for me. You don't need an audition; just sign the contract.' At that time the studios had contract orchestras, but when the contracts came up for renewal at the end of that year, there was a strike against the motion picture studios, and that was the end of contract orchestras," Capp said.

According to Capp, he was made "dance drummer." There was a principal percussionist in the 50-man orchestra, who specialized in tympani; and there was also a utility drummer, who played some tympani and some mallet instruments. "In essence, this was my initiation into symphonic playing. For example, we'd be working on a Dmitri Tiomkin score, and he might have eight bars of snare drum; then you'd have to run over and hit a gong, then maybe play a few notes on chimes or xylophone. Each drummer had his line to play. It was comparable to a small symphony orchestra."

The requisite doubling on other instruments was achieved by Capp via on-the-job training. He could already read anything put in front of him, but he still has no delusions of grandeur about his proficiency on mallet instruments. "I certainly don't measure up to Emil Richards or Larry Bunker, or any of the other heavier mallet players in this town, but a certain demand was made and—well, there's an expression that explains it—you either do it or get off the pot."

While doubling is a fact of studio life (and "studio" is a term that includes motion picture calls, record dates, live and taped television programs and radio and TV jingles), Capp doubts the wisdom of excessive doubling by percussionists.

"To be honest, I don't think it's right for a composer to demand that a drummer play four-note vibe chords or xylophone passages that require the experience and ability of a veteran mallet player. It may be poor judgment, or even bad writing at times, but for the most part, the reason studio players are called upon to double so much is strictly economical, " Capp pointed out.

"And there are other facets to this too," he continued. If a guy is going to call himself a studio musician, then he's got to be prepared. He's got to make the effort to increase his proficiency on the mallet instruments. At the same time, composers and especially leaders should keep in mind the limitations of the musicians they're using for a particular job. If they have Vic Feldman or Ralph Hansell or Lou Singer in mind, okay, there are no limitations. They can do everything well. Then, Shelly Manne will tell you himself he can play a tympani roll or bell notes, but if they hand him a jazz vibes part or a hard xylophone part, he'd just laugh at them. Now I consider myself a doubler, to some extent. I can execute, with certain limitations, on vibes and on tympani, but drums are my *forte*."

With more and more studio chairs being filled by musicians whose basic training has been in jazz, the question was raised whether the jazz musician or the legitimately trained musician makes the better studio player. Capp's answer underscored the wide gamut of studio calls—assignments that require the experience that both backgrounds had to offer.

"If you ask me, a jazz musician makes the better all-around studio musician; not that there's that much free-wheeling jazz to be played on a motion picture call, or a commercial, but so much flexibility is required, so much adapting to new things, that I think a jazzman is better equipped. You know, I find myself exposed to so many new things that I'm actually learning every day. The best way I can describe it is to say that every time I go to work it's like an audition," he explained.

THE INFINITE VARIETIES of studio work include having something new to play, constantly; and someone new to play with. (Substitution—mainly because of overlapping committments—seems to be a way of life in studio work.) Furthermore, there is "the producers' cop out: the time-is-money philosophy," as Capp calls it. The longer it takes the musicians, the more it will cost in overtime, studio rental, etc. Consequently, the pressure is always on. "The musician has to go in, look at a piece of music he's never seen before, and by the second time he reads it down, he'd better play it close to perfect—in other words, the way the composer intended it to sound—or he won't get called the next time."

One fiasco Capp recalled involved one of his first assignments at Warner Brothers: recording Franz Waxman's score for *Sayonara*. "I'd only *been at* Warner's about a month, and we had recorded the film score in about three days. On the fourth day, we were putting finishing touches to the end title.

The last 16 bars had a big climax, and I was playing chimes, which were extremely important to Waxman because he was trying to create a particular effect. When the mixer told us he was having trouble picking up my chimes, Waxman insisted I bring them down front next to the concert master. So there I was, still green about studio work, banging away on an unfamiliar instrument, between the first violinist and the podium—in front of 55 top-notch legitimate players and right under Waxman's nose. They roll the tape and we begin the last 16 bars again. Everything's going along well and we reach a point about four bars from the end, where I have a couple of solo shots—you know, right out in the open. So I really go for the notes and hit the cord that holds the chime bars and the whole instrument collapses—right in the middle of this beautiful take. Well, it shook me so much they had to call an extra 10-minute break while they fixed the chimes and I stood by, trembling."

On the subject of "takes," Capp contrasted the pressure of reading a film or TV score without goofs to the ad infinitum, ad nauseam procedure of some rock 'n' roll record dates. While 15 to 20 takes per tune is common practice, some of the more affluent merchants of rock have stretched retakes all out of proportion.

"I did a lot of Phil Spector dates about five years ago," Capp said. "One in particular I'll never forget: it was a Top 40 tune. The name escapes me at the moment. Anyway, it took 10 record dates to do! For one song! Obviously, he was searching for something—a particular sound. Whatever it was, he finally settled on it 10 dates later. Ten three-hour sessions to produce one tune. I tell you, it was the Chinese water torture!"

Which brought up an inevitable question: Why? Why should a well-trained, jazz-oriented drummer subject himself to such inane repetition of non-musical material? This is probably the crux of the whole studio man-versus-jazz purist controversy. This is the reason why the purist puts down the studio player—why he insists *his* work is an art, and the other's a business. There may be some validity in this charge, but much of it involves the definition of business. Inasmuch as a studio man plays whatever is put in front of him, his cog-in-the-wheel contribution is strictly business. But the level of the composer's *artistry,* the orchestrator's skill and the player's proficiency cannot be disparaged when it comes to the majority of studio assignments—or even many of the current rock dates.

For the uncompromising jazzman, what he plays is art—at its most unfettered. He need never feel ashamed of any sound he produces, and while he surveys the dwindling and not very profitable outlets for his art known as clubs, he can take some measure of comfort in the knowledge that just about every jazz-weaned studio musician envies him his freedom.

But there are many hard-core, stubborn jazzmen who view the security of the studio scene—and even some of the sounds produced there—with mixed feelings.

This whole grey area of art and business was best exemplified by the contradictory nature of this interview at Frankie Capp's home. Don't misconstrue. There are few in this business as sincere or as candid as Capp. His intensity on the job could easily be interpreted as coldness, yet, devoid of sticks, he is one of the warmest and most engaging individuals in the profession, and one of its most entertaining raconteurs.

Unlike many of his colleagues, he has no difficulty expressing himself. He doesn't need his axe to communicate. Yet he is extremely conscious about words, and during our meetings, often apologized about his inability to verbalize his thoughts. When he speaks his mind, his only concern is not biting the hand that feeds him so handsomely.

As he sat in the art-filled living room of his split level Studio City home, he pointed to various pieces he has collected, and to the canvases that cover one entire wall (most of them painted by his wife, Mina).

"I've earned an exceptionally good living—beyond what I ever dreamed possible—from the music business," he acknowledged. "It's been extremely rewarding, materialistically. But there comes a point when all the material things and the money do not compensate for the esthetics that might be lost. Now you'll have to help me out with this, man, because I don't want to sound theatrical or corny. But there is still a strong desire within me to just play jazz. I think all jazz-flavored musicians feel that way. Shelly Manne's a good example of that. He wanted a place where he could play. This was at a time when he was the busiest drummer in town from a studio standpoint. He still may be the busiest. Anyway, that's why he opened his club, the Manne-Hole. And that's why I'll take certain gigs whenever I can, even though I'm dog-tired and the job may pay only $19 for the night."

ONE OF THE musicians he works with as often as possible is Ray Brown. The drummer and the bassist have become extremely close socially—whatever social life either one can extract from his prohibitive schedule. "He's still champ," was Capp's assessment of Brown. "He's the Buddy Rich of the bass. He's the kind who makes you play, and no matter how you play, it feels good."

Capp cited the bassist as a refutation of the charges of "prejudice" from certain jazz musicians who claim that they cannot break the color barrier in the studios.

"Now, first of all, I have never heard of any direct prejudice whereby a musician was not hired because he was colored. That's the truth. Of course, Ray's reputation preceded him here. He was already a legend, based on what he did with Oscar [Peterson]. But still, there were several leaders in town who were dubious about his ability to read or to use a bow. Well, once he started, word got around that he could do anything and do it well. And boom—he hasn't stopped working since.

"Out here, there is room for anybody who can master his instrument—or instruments—and read what is required of him.

"Which reminds me, you won't find a busier musician than Bill Green—because he can play any reed instrument. The same goes for Plas Johnson and Buddy Collette and Jackie Kelso. They're not 'one-horn men.' And there are other busy studio men like Earl Palmer, Ed Thigpen, Bobby Bryant and Red Callender. I repeat what I told you—I've never personally seen any incident of prejudice in which color prevented someone from getting a job.

"Look at it from another angle. The key men in this town are the contractors; Jimmy Bond is one of them. He does the composing as well as the conducting on a lot of his dates, and many of his sessions call for large string orchestras. But you won't find a colored string player on his dates. Now that's significant. Jimmy has the right to hire anyone he pleases, but there just aren't any colored string players. Do you know of any?"

Capp took great pains to emphasize the ability-over-color factor that determines the studio personnel, at the same time agreeing that there is and always will be politics at work when it comes to getting "in" with certain contractors. Frankie knows whereof he speaks regarding contractors. He's the one who does the hiring for Paul Smith's band on the *Pat Boone Show.*

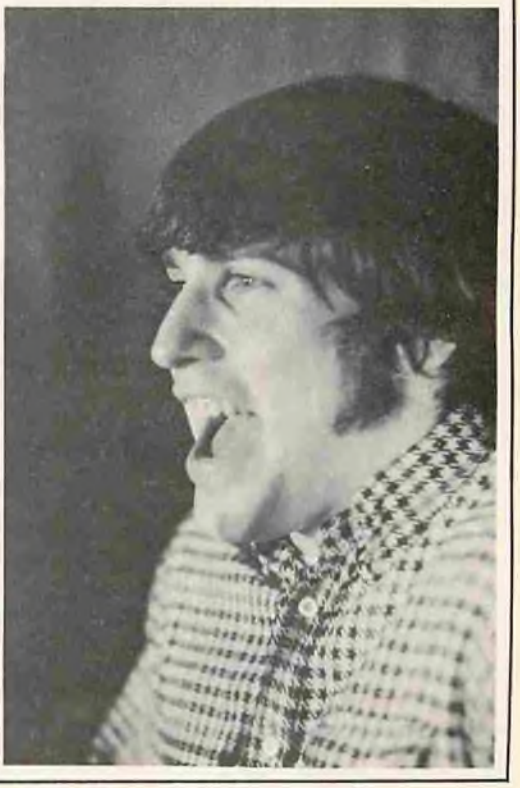
"Paul was a sideman all his life, and he realizes how important it is for sidemen to keep up their contacts elsewhere, because if the Boone show should be cancelled and the guys have been out of touch for months—you know, refusing other calls—then they'll be out of luck. There's always someone

/Continued on page 48

OPEN EARS

An Interview With Drummer Bobby Colomby

by Chris Albertson



Slowly but surely, rock 'n' roll is gaining a wider audience among more serious-minded listeners. Many jazz followers have been won over by the experimental approach and steadily improving musical dexterity of such groups as the Beatles, the Beach Boys, and the Mamas and the Papas.

After years of mushy love-laments and pedestrian rhythmic patterns, these and numerous other close-knit groups are finally "sayin' somethin'."

What they are saying—and the increasingly sophisticated ways in which they articulate their messages—is frequently above the comprehension of the myriad shrieking teeny-boppers whose frenetic idolatry originally earned many of these groups a place in the limelight.

Today, their financial power is such that they can afford to experiment. A surprising number of very young, imaginative performers have reached a plateau where money has become secondary. They have led the way to "literary pop" and baroque and electronic experiments, and have opened record company doors to many unknown youngsters of similar talent and inclinations.

It was, of course, inevitable that incipient jazz musicians, faced with years of largely unrecognized hard work, would seize the opportunities for a more lucrative utilization of their gifts in a field that no longer requires them to lower their musical standards.

Consider the case of Blood, Sweat and Tears, a recently-formed eight-piece rock band. Four of its members have a jazz background, and one of these, 24-year-old, Prince Valiant-haired drummer Bobby Colomby, admits to a previous disdain for rock 'n' roll. But he feels that jazz has become stagnant.

"It just seems too depressing at this stage," he says. "There is so little glory and real happiness around jazz. I find that jazz musicians on the whole are very sad, very neurotic—just plain unhappy people. It's unfortunate."

Colomby feels that much of the blame for this can be placed on society. Jazz musicians, he contends, feel that they must either gain the respect of the public by assuming the dignity of classical concert artists, or must go underground and create such unorthodox sounds, defying all musical groundrules, that only a few will understand them. The former alternative, in Colomby's opinion, is very boring, while the latter, he feels, is doomed to remain underground by the mere fact of its limited appeal.

Colomby comes from a jazz-loving family. His elder brothers, Harry and Jules, are actively involved in jazz on the promotional and managerial level, Harry having been Thelonious Monk's personal manager for many years. "I grew up with their record collections," he recalls, "and they tell me that I was able to identify Dizzy and Bird when I was about 7 or 8 years old. When I was 14, I started playing brushes on the backs of record albums, and this prompted Jules to bring home a drum set that had belonged to Max Roach. I was so knocked out that I still remember the date—Jan. 20, 1960."

The youngster spent the following summer practicing about 12½ hours a day. "I learned in a very incorrect fashion, simply by listening to what all the other drummers would do and playing along with their records," he recalls.

"I played my first rock 'n' roll job when I was about 17 or 18," he says, "and at that time, as far as the drums were concerned, all rock 'n' *roll* was very uninspired. I couldn't stand it then, because it was really boring, especially for a drummer. It didn't matter if you knew the tune or not, as long as you knew if it was fast or slow."

In 1965, after numerous unrewarding experiences with unimaginative local rock groups, Colomby joined a blues band called The Bitter Seeds. "All the members of this band were extremely mature, competent musicians," he claims. "I learned a lot from them and was able to play more because the trend in rock 'n' roll drumming had changed. If you were at all creative, you had a chance to display some imagination. Even so, I was told to concentrate on a steady back-beat, which is still the essence of a blues band. I had absolutely no foot at that time, no bass drum. I was using an 18-inch bass drum that was muffled, and all you could hear was my snare drum and ride-cymbal.

"Then there was another change of trend," he continued, "and now one also had a chance to concentrate on dynamics. Occasionally a closed hi-hat was used instead of a ride-cymbal and, if the tune would build, you would then go to the ride-cymbal. Before you knew it, aside from the obvious back-beat, all kinds of new rhythms started happening."

ONE REASON WHY Colomby experienced a great deal of frustration as a rock 'n' roll drummer was that his idols were exponents of a much freer and more sophisticated idiom. "I recall really listening to Philly Joe Jones," he says. "I tried to emulate everything he did, every record—to the letter. I also listened heavily to people like Max Roach, who is so incredible that he's always going to be a stand-out. His timing is so perfect—that's something you *can't* copy."

Other drummers who made an impression on Colomby were Elvin Jones ("Although I must admit that I could never really get into doing anything he did—it was impossible; his playing is so completely free and his approach very unorthodox") and Roy Haynes, whom he describes as "very tasty. Everything he played would make me say *Ah, but of course—that's it,*" he comments.

Colomby only recently started listening to rock 'n' roll records. "Miles, Monk, Bill Evans and Coltrane make up the bulk of my record collection, but I remember when the Beatles first came up, and how, on their records, they had the sound of the drums completely turned around. There was almost no technique involved, but there was a drastic change in the sound of the tom-toms—they sounded as if they had just come out of the rain. Also, if there were any fills, they were extremely simple, but very rhythmic—almost late and just barely ending on the beat. I was laughing at Ringo Starr because his playing was so dull while every other member of the group was setting trends. It seems as if each tune set a new trend while the drums remained the same—until their *Revolver* album and *Strawberry Fields Forever* came out—then you could really hear a drastic difference."

COLOMBY ADMITS that his knowledge of early jazz drummers is extremely limited. "I've missed a lot of drummers because, as a kid, I was the only jazz-lover in my age group. All I had to go by was what I heard on the radio, usually only the latest releases, but I think it really started with guys like Kenny Clarke, Max Roach and Art Blakey, as soon as they stopped playing 4/4 with their bass drums and started to accent. Then, I believe, it really stepped out with guys like Elvin Jones and Tony Williams—guys who began using the whole drum set in a figure. I did, however, listen to Big Sid Catlett, an old-time drummer who was very advanced for his time. In fact, I once heard a record by him where he sounded just like Max Roach—he was really unbelievable.

"I've stopped listening to drums only," Colomby continues. "I've always been a strong believer in jazz playing, but I feel that if all you're trying to do is to show off your chops, then you're not playing jazz drums—you're doing a solo or you're on exhibit instead of playing with a band. The whole point of jazz drumming is for the drummer to know the tune, or its basic structure, and then to comp with the bass and piano and stay inside of the rhythm section when the other guys are taking their solos. Because, if you get a drummer like Elvin Jones and a very straight bass player in a piano trio, it's going to sound absurd. Although I'm sure that an Elvin Jones would adjust to the bass player, it would sound ridiculous because you would have three completely different things going on. You'd have Elvin and the piano player, the straight bassist and the piano player, and you'd have Elvin. Can you imagine how that would sound?"

As enthusiastic as he is about jazz, Colomby feels very strongly that its players are lacking in the kind of venturesome spirit that seems inherent in today's rock 'n' roll. "They are paranoid in some ways," he says. "Lee Morgan's *Sidewinder* is really a sort of jazz-rock, but most jazz people cringe if you mention the word 'rock' in connection with it. If they would do away with labels and really get together, the jazz musicians would probably not have this fear of departing from the established norm. How many young jazz musicians are really creating new things? Not many. Who will replace Miles and Mingus? Young jazz musicians are really not creating anything new, and jazz today has reached a point of diminishing returns. They need to get out of the established jazz bag and combine with other types of music."

Colomby hopes that jazz musicians will soon realize that they no longer hold a monopoly on improvisation and musical freedom. "A major difference now lies in the fact that jazz is still essentially an instrumental music, while the lyrics have assumed a very vital role in rock 'n' roll. And the jazzmen are still very close-minded when it comes to taking advantage of the enormous possibilities which modern-day recording equipment has opened the door to. You can do fantastic things with overdubbing, tape reverse and various other electronic effects."

Some of these possibilities are utilized on *Child Is Father To The Man,* the first album by Blood, Sweat and Tears, just released on the Columbia label. The eight-piece group (which includes two trumpets, a trombone and an alto sax) has been augmented with a string section (which starts off the album with an overture a la Broadway musicals), a chorus of girls and children, and some electronic effects.

"We haven't even started tapping our potential," says Colomby, who feels the album may start another trend in that it combines the obvious rock sounds with some big-band jazz arrangements for the horns that, in one instance, sound surprisingly like something Duke Ellington might have thought up. "Almost all the tunes on the album are original," he says, "and that's the trend today. Writer and performer are becoming one. I feel there's no excuse for a good jazz musician not to write tunes. The very fact that he is improvising is proof that he is capable of writing new material. Yet jazz groups go on recording the same tunes over and over again. It doesn't make sense."

Is Bobby Colomby a typical rock 'n' roll performer? He doesn't think so. "But I'm afraid I'll soon be drummed out of the business," he confesses with typical modesty. "Rock 'n' roll now demands proficient performers, and you are going to find more and more talented young musicians in it who might otherwise have gone the jazz route."

Although his chosen musical idiom now gives him a great deal of freedom, Colomby feels that a drummer's role is essentially a thankless one. His candid advice to aspiring young drummers is to take up another instrument. It is unlikely, however, that his words will be heeded. To a youngster, the drums have always held glamor—even as they did for Bobby Colomby. db

BILLY HIGGINS – DRUM L♥VE

"YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED to rape the drums—you make love to them, as far as I'm concerned." The usually restrained Billy Higgins was actively criticizing the loudness and lack of control that separates the boys from the men in jazz drumming today.

Higgins, in many ways, is the drummer most qualified to assess the work of his contemporaries. Born in Texas and reared in Los Angeles' Watts district, he has been playing professionally since the age of 12 and has spent the best part of his 31 years listening to other drummers, observing their strengths and their weaknesses, absorbing pointers on technique and dynamics.

If he so desired, Higgins also could claim to be among the first of the "free" percussionists, for in the late '50s, when no other drummers could understand the path Ornette Coleman was treading, both he and New Orleans-born Edward Blackwell spent many days and nights rehearsing at the saxophonist's house. Higgins appeared on three of Coleman's 1959 recordings, his extreme looseness noticeably complementing the leader's aggressive spontaneity.

A modest man, Higgins prefers to lay the honors at the feet of Roy Haynes. "Cats aren't hip to Roy, because he was with Sarah [Vaughan] at the time the role of the drums was developing," he said. "But as far as dexterity is concerned, Roy was playing *then* what Elvin and Tony are playing now. He didn't go completely wild; he still kept the taste. He kept everything in context, because the drums, after all, are the navigator of the whole thing."

Higgins' own approach to the drums affords a lesson both in navigation and in love-making. Whether he is working with Coleman—not long ago he briefly revisited the altoist's quartet—or with more conventional units led by Art Farmer, Jimmy Heath, Hank Mobley, or Jackie McLean, Higgins at all times exhibits taste and a high degree of thoughtful consideration for the soloists. He cooks continually but knows how to save up his explosions. In this he resembles another of the greats, Art Blakey, of whom Higgins said, "As strong as he plays, he always starts down there with the shading. It's something that comes with age."

Higgins also knows that the drums are the easiest of instruments to overplay.

"The trick of it is to be able to hear every instrument on the bandstand—the bass, the piano and the horns," he said. "Even the powerful horn players like [Sonny] Rollins listen to the bass all the time, so, you're not supposed to drown it out. Kenny Clarke is the master as far as drums are concerned. He really turned me on for sound. He can play like the wind!"

A musical family and a drummer friend set Higgins on the track of jazz.

"I got my feelings out on playing drums more than anything else," he said. His first jazz engagement took him on the road with the Jazz Messiahs, a band led by trumpeter Don Cherry and George Newman, an altoist from North California. Prior to that, his work had been confined to the usual round of rhythm-and-blues groups—Amos Milburn, Bo Diddley, and Jimmy Witherspoon among them.

Higgins recalled that at the time, r&b was the only available professional medium of self-expression for a young musician.

"To have a jazz gig you really had to be into something," he said. "Younger cats nowadays just seem to start playing, and the first thing they hop on is jazz. In those days you had to play r&b and shows and things, but it did something for you—it was all music. That was the only way, unless you had a big name, and then the only cats who had their own bands were those who came out of Billy Eckstine's thing and such."

IN THE LATE '40s and early '50s, Higgins worked at various times with saxophonists James Clay, Teddy Edwards, Walter Benton and Dexter Gordon; pianist Carl Perkins, and bassist Leroy Vinnegar, but the real turning point came when he met Ornette Coleman. The saxophonist immediately impressed him.

"It was more of a challenge than anything, because cats wouldn't even dig being around him," laughed the drummer. "When he started playing, they figured, 'Well, if that's what's happening, where am I?' But I dug that he loved music so much, and he was so serious that I took to him right away. . . ."

Higgins has vivid recollections of the many musicians

who would gather just to sneer at Coleman's unconventional approach to the saxophone.

" 'Man,' they would say, 'I dig *you,* but I don't know what the hell *he's* doing.' And Ornette would be playing his heart out. I wasn't looking at it technically—I was just thinking in terms of my feelings."

Higgins was one of the select handful whose refusal to reject Coleman stemmed from an early recognition of his now almost universally accepted genius. The secret of this perception lay, said the drummer, in having an open mind.

"Being able to open your heart to music, I figure you can learn from almost anybody," he said, "especially if that person is an individual. There are so few of those in jazz today; you can't have all chiefs and no Indians, you know. But the more individuals you have, the faster jazz progresses."

As soon as he started rehearsing with Coleman—actual employment was still a thing of the future—Higgins tried to concentrate on over-all sound effects rather than becoming too involved with the mechanics of the drums.

"I wasn't thinking of the drums as drums as much as of how I could get something out of the music," he said. "That's why the way Ornette was playing helped me out too." Higgins also cited bassist Vinnegar as a tower of strength, noting, "He was one of the first cats I played *with* who played so *even*. The way their conception was at the time, I figured that anything I played would be cool. They [Coleman and Vinnegar] were just so strong that whatever

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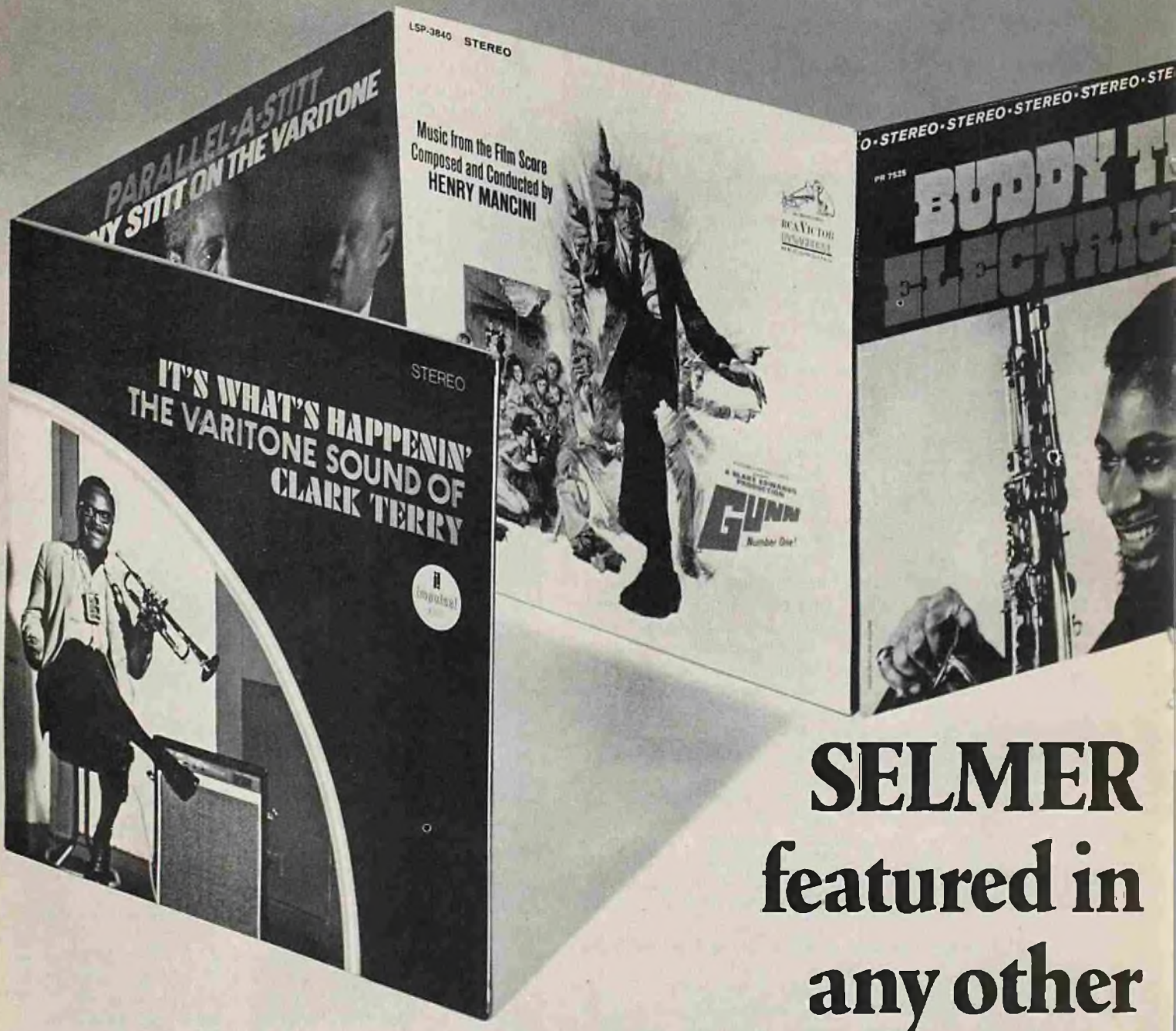

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I'd play would be no hassel. It would be just like sitting there and letting the drums play themselves."

When Atlantic records' Nesuhi Ertegun heard Coleman in Los Angeles and brought him east to record, Higgins, with trumpeter Cherry and bassist Charlie Haden, was a member of the original quartet. He stayed with the saxophonist for two years, which included a year at the Five Spot in New York City, but prior to their arrival in New York, work had been almost nonexistent.

"During that time we had maybe one gig," he recalled. "Whatever has happened to Ornette since then he deserved. He really was 90 percent saxophone and 10 percent sleep.

"He opened up my mind, because, as far as conventional playing is concerned, everything just comes down to 4-, 8-, 16- or 32-bar phrases. He started writing things that were 11 bars, or 6. If you listen to it, it's natural, too, but it kind of made you think another way. And there was no restriction, and since 32 bars had me hung up for a long time, I enjoyed that."

On the subject of freedom for the percussionist, Higgins returned to Roy Haynes, mentioning en route his admiration for Blackwell and Elvin Jones.

"When most of the cats were playing that strict 4/4 feeling, Roy was spreading the rhythm out," Higgins said. "The steady cymbal beat is kind of restrictive to horn players so that when they get ready to play, you hear nothing but eighth-notes.

"I used to play with Slim Gaillard a long time ago, and he showed me a lot, like hand-claps and so on. As far as the cymbals are concerned, the ride cymbal on the top is very important. That more or less sustains the rhythm, so if you play different rhythms on the top, the horn player is more or less freed—to the point where, if he wants to play something on the downbeat or the upbeat, it's no hassel because you can turn the beat around very easily."

To illustrate the reverse, Higgins recalled a night when Art Taylor sat in with Coleman, saying, "He plays real hard on the sock cymbal, and the next thing you knew, Ornette had played something, the beat had turned around backwards, and Art couldn't get back to where he was originally at! That showed me right there that you have to stretch the beat out to where it's not continual. For me, playing otherwise now would be kind of frustrating."

LATE IN 1961 the drummer, who had lost his New York cabaret card through a brush with the police, was told by the club where Coleman's group was working that he was considered "a bad risk," and so his stint with the saxophonist was abruptly terminated.

Thelonious Monk took him on the road to San Francisco; then he spent a spell on parole in Los Angeles before being bailed out by John Coltrane. Higgins recalled his stay with Monk when discussing the respect a good drummer must have for silence.

"You've got to know when *not* to play," he said. "Monk can really hip a drummer to that, if he listens to him. He is a school within himself, and in the little time I worked with him I really learned a lot."

These days, Higgins is much in demand for New York recording sessions, but playing with Coleman again was like a homecoming for the drummer. "Ornette plays like Thelonious or Coleman Hawkins, he's that caliber of musician. He makes a lot of demands on you. I've seen him make cats mad with him, and I've seen him make them disgusted with themselves. He's an awful strong person."

The drummer, who has the ability to play in any bag, puts Coleman on a level different from those who, he said, have misunderstood the meaning of "freedom" and translated it into anarchy.

"I can dig all kinds of music as long as it's pure, but a lot of cats made freedom an excuse," he said. "Ornette really turned a lot of cats around, but some of them turned too much! A lot of them took to playing like that, but you've got to take it in doses. You can't just throw it all out there.

"I've played with Ornette when he's turned around and said 'let's play *Sophisticated Lady*,' and he's done just that. But some cats wouldn't believe it if they saw it. Also, he has the thing that Bird had of playing so much *rhythm*. He's so much brighter, so much livelier than anyone else. I get the feeling of Coleman Hawkins or Sonny Rollins played at 45 rpm, because Ornette can really play with that spark."

Higgins cited Tony Williams and Frank Butler as two of his favorite drummers, adding, "There's an older cat in St. Louis called Joe Charles. He can really play. He works on a fish truck most of the time, but he can really play his heart out."

He went on to bewail the lack of what he calls individuality in the percussion field today.

"It's very seldom that you can hear a drummer today and say, 'That's so-and-so,' " he said. "I guess it's like it was with the alto saxophone and Charlie Parker. First off, everyone's trying to sound like Philly Joe Jones. Next thing, everyone's trying to sound like Elvin. Most of the cats are trying to get into that bag, but we really need more originality. I see certain possibilities, but not that many. Maybe Lennie McBrowne; he's nice."

Higgins pointed out that there used to be a lot of good, accomplished drummers around but that now they are greatly in demand. One reason for this, he said, is that the majority of drummers are so involved in self-expression that they have little or no interest in absorbing a leader's concept.

"You can't always do it the way you want to," he noted. "You have to play *their* music too. Now, everybody wants to be out front, but the drummer's supposed to give a little and take a little and give a little, and so on. When you're not a star, there's a lot of pressure off you, and you can just be yourself. Sometimes I've seen people who've become stars, and it's all over for them."

Higgins is no star in the accepted sense of the word, but his is surely a Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition. An original drummer with love for the music, he is one of an apparently diminishing breed of musicians who live for jazz. The music is his life, and he has little respect for musicians who try to claim any particular mode of expression as their personal property.

"Music don't *belong* to *nobody*," he declared. "If they could just realize that music doesn't come *from* you, it comes *through* you, and if you don't get the right vibrations, you might kill a little bit of it. You can't take music for granted."

An emotional player himself, Higgins holds in high esteem musicians, great or small, who have the ability to move a listener.

"What makes jazz jazz is often the people who don't know anything about it," he said. "The kind of people who, if a quarter-note was to walk in the door would think it was a wine bottle. But they'd make you *cry*. And if things like that can happen from someone who knows nothing about music at all, then naturally there's got to be something happening with jazz.

"Wilbur Ware used to make everybody shut up. People would be clinking their glasses and so on, but he would start playing, and you'd hear that magic. You could hear a pin drop in the house. To communicate with people, you have to have it born in you."

The drummer has some of that magic too. While many of the young avant gardists wrestle with their horns and spend their non-playing time talking about "communication," Billy Higgins is out there getting on with the job. He communicates; it's born in him. db

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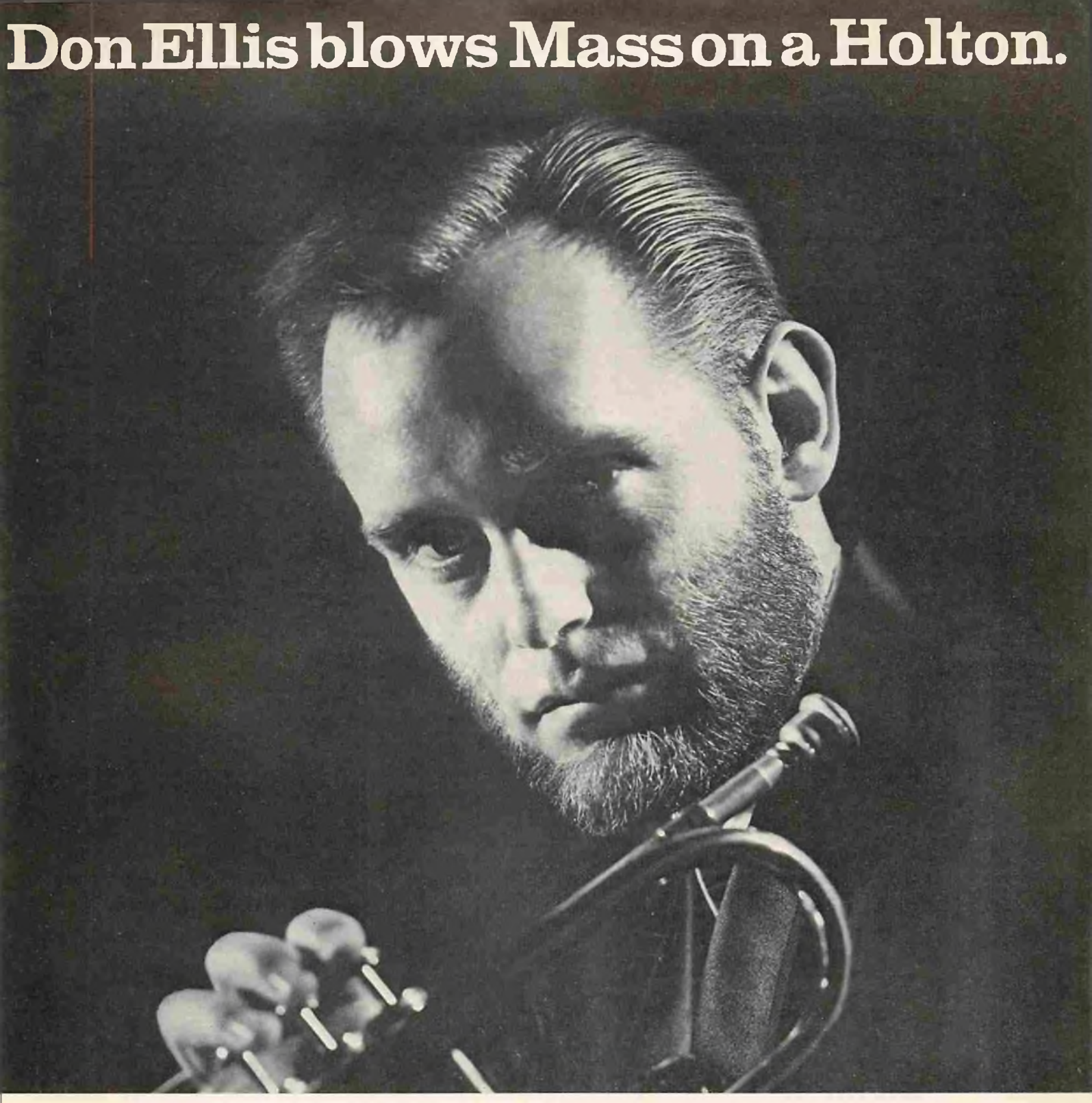

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Reviews are signed by the writers.
Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Kenny Burrell

A GENERATION AGO—Verve V/V6-8656: *As Long As I Live; Poor Butterfly; Stompin' at the Savoy; I Surrender, Dear; Rose Room; If I Had You; A Smooth One; Wholly Cats.*

Personnel: Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Mike Mainieri, vibraharp (tracks 1, 8); Richard Wyands, piano (track 8); Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a pleasant little album, designed as a tribute to Charlie Christian's work with the Benny Goodman Sextet of 1941. Burrell is a logical choice for such a project, and he is in good company.

But the absurd packaging, ludicrous liner notes, poor editing, and skimpy playing time (31:57; side two is a mere 14:02) combine to make this a considerably less attractive product than it could and should have been.

Why, for instance, was the swinging *Wholly Cats* (one of the best of the many Goodman Sextet riff originals) edited down to just 2:25, with a clumsy tape splice after just one chorus of Wyands' romping piano?

And why, for heaven's sake, a cover showing two dopey-looking kids (male and female) wearing freshman beanies adorned with period buttons—devoid of any possible appeal to jazz fans? And why, if you are going in for the extra expense of a double-fold jacket, waste one entire panel on simply repeating the album title and artist credit?

The art direction, however, is entirely in keeping with the liner notes, credited to one Warren Stephens. Mercifully, they are short—but long enough to include such prize idiocies as "Christian was the first guitarist to play anything but rhythm." Really? Ed Lang, Django Reinhardt, Teddy Bunn, Lonnie Johnson, George Van Eps, Dick McDonough, Carl Kress, Allan Reuss, 200 blues guitarists et al. please note. . . .

The personnel listings fail to account for the clearly audible presence of clarinet (Woods?) and vibes in the ensemble on *Cats* and the clarinet on *As Long As I Live*. The moody *I Surrender, Dear* seems to start with the last two bars of a Woods alto solo, retaining only Burrell's choruses. They are excellent, but why the surgery?

What remains, then, is the truncated product of no less than four sessions—Love's Labor Lost. It is to Burrell's (and Woods') credit that these leavings do make some sense.

It's good to hear pieces like *Cats* and *Smooth One* again, while the great standards that make up the balance of the set give Burrell and Woods—improvisers to the manner born—something to sink their chops into. (*If I Had You* is a ringer; it was recorded by a later Goodman Sextet without Christian.)

Woods is particularly good on *Butterfly* and *Rose Room*, and has a nice duet with Burrell on the latter. His solos have beautiful shape and definition, and his sound is a gas.

Burrell is inspired on *Cats*, but the momentum of this track is cut off in midstream. He evokes Christian on *Rose*, but the bossa nova frills on *As Long* are somewhat out of place, though it's a pleasant performance. The guitarist is superbly relaxed throughout, and his taste is impeccable. Tate's choppy accenting impedes the flow of *Savoy*.

Carter contributes hugely. His fat sound is perfectly projected, but never overbalanced, and he swings at any tempo. He gets in a few solo licks on *Savoy*, as does Tate—and the tune, after 34 years of workouts, still sounds fresh and stimulating. Thank you, Edgar Sampson . . . but no thanks to Verve. —*Morgenstern*

Gary Bartz

LIBRA—Milestone 9006: *Eastern Blues; Disjunction; Cabin in the Sky; Air and Fire; Libra; Bloomdido; Deep River; Freedom One Day.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Bartz, alto saxophone; Al Dailey, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Bartz and Owens are two of the more promising horn men around New York City these days. Both are warm players who know how to put together graceful and logically constructed solos. Each has a keen sense of lyrical improvisation and ingests much of his work with it. Still, there is something as yet undeveloped in each—that distinctiveness that makes Art Farmer Art Farmer and Cannonball Adderley Cannonball Adderley. I purposely choose Farmer and Adderley, because Owens owes much to the former (and also to Thad Jones and Kenny Dorham) and Bartz almost as much to the latter (the Adderley of the Miles Davis Sextet, when he was conceptually close to John Coltrane). But one expects to find that sort of departure point in a young musician. The good ones go on from there, and Owens and Bartz are, I think, good ones.

Even though their models are showing, neither Bartz nor Owens is a hack. Their playing is fresh within the limitations, and both obviously are thinking musicians—no cliches, no finger exercises (or almost none). And they play well together; the ensembles are tight and clean.

The rhythm section is top-notch. Davis, of course, is Davis, and nothing more need be said. Higgins is sometimes Philly Joe Jones but mostly Higgins, and he does an exceptionally good job of keeping the background popping without getting in the way.

Dailey, like the horn men, is a young man to watch. Right now one can hear Bud Powell, Roland Hanna, and some of Bill Evans in him. Judging by his playing here, however, he's about worked his way through his influences, as can be heard on *Disjunction* and *Cabin*. His rolling *Freedom* solo is perhaps his most exciting, but it's Bud Powell-exciting.

All tracks are about equally good, but the best solos are on *Disjunction* (Davis, Higgins and Dailey), *Cabin* and *Air* (Owens), *Libra* (Bartz) and *Freedom* (Owens, Bartz, Dailey). The leader wrote the originals, the most fetching of which is *Air*, a pretty ballad that almost imperceptibly doubles its tempo.

In all, a nice record to have around.

—*DeMicheal*

Jaki Byard

ON THE SPOT!—Prestige 7524: *A-Toodle-Oo, Toodle-Oo; I Fall in Love Too Easily; Olean Visit; Spanish Tinge; Alexander's Ragtime Band; On The Spot; GEB Piano Roll; Second Balcony Jump; P.C. Blues.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Byard, alto saxophone, piano; Paul Chambers or George Tucker (track 4 only), bass; Billy Higgins or Alan Dawson (track 4 only), drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

I wish I could summon up more than just moderate enthusiasm for this recording. The roster of musicians is impressive, and it includes a number of men whose playing has given me a great deal of pleasure in the past. But for some reason this set fails to get off the ground. It's just not very exciting music.

It's hard to say what might be the cause, but it ought to be pointed out that no one here seems very much interested in what's going down. There's a generally dispirited air that blows through just about everything on the set—and that includes the several piano solos, with the sole exception of *GEB Piano Roll*, a tribute to three deceased friends of Byard's, George Tucker, Eric Dolphy and Booker Little.

None of the quartet sides—*Toodle-Oo; Olean Visit; On the Spot* and *Second Balcony Jump*—offer anything particularly memorable. The charts are of the most perfunctory sort, and it is scarcely surprising that the solos that follow are of the same order. Owens plays cleanly and competently, but rarely with the inspiration he has demonstrated elsewhere. Byard's piano support is often far more interesting than the horn line it is ostensibly buttressing, but rarely do the quartet efforts attain to anything beyond the merest professionalism.

There are several slices of attractive

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Byard alto, in that interesting liquid Boston approach for this instrument, but again rarely is anything of any import realized or, if realized, sustained—let alone developed. One exception—Byard's first piano spot on *Olean Visit* is a gas—strong, inventive, flowing.

The tribute piece, *GEB Piano Roll,* is quite nice—perhaps the best, most satisfying thing in the entire set. The theme is affecting and its several permutations come off rather nicely. And what a difference an in-tune piano makes! I found the vaunted *Spanish Tinge*—a six-minute piano selection dedicated, as the title would suggest, to Jelly Roll Morton and recorded "live" at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike in West Peabody, Mass., in April, 1965—rather dull and hardly evocative in any way of Mr. Jelly Lord. And that piano! Couldn't Prestige have prevailed upon Lennie to have it tuned, or have invested $15 in tuning themselves? I'm no intonation freak, but I just couldn't listen to this track without wincing. Inexcusable. And the piece itself isn't *that* interesting: it's on the order of a sight-gag that's been expanded to one-act play length. Scarcely of the deathlessness that might alone justify the inclusion of such an out-of-tune piano performance. In fact, it's by far the most expendable offering here. *I Fall in Love Too Easily* is an ardent ballad reading—brief and lush, hardly anyone's idea of heavy jazz piano. A piece of pastry, in fact.

This set will probably not harm Byard's reputation but it is impossible that it will advance it in any way. One wonders why it was released—especially after the pair of superior discs by Byard that preceded it recently. —*Welding*

Stan Getz—Boston Pops

STAN GETZ AT TANGLEWOOD—RCA Victor LM/LSC-2925: *The Girl from Ipanema; Tanglewood Concerto* (Eddie Sauter, composer); *Love is For the Very Young; Song After Sundown; Three Ballads For Stan* (Alec Wilder, composer); *Where Do You Go?*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Roy Haynes, drums; Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, conductor; Manny Albam, David Raksin, Alec Wilder, arrangers.

Rating: ★★★★

Getz' playing seems to become more lyrical as years go by. He soars through each of these selections with that distilled sweetness that only he can achieve—his tone is never saccharine, but full-bodied and joyous. This is a warm, wonderful session in which he and the Boston Pops under Maestro Fiedler are in perfect rapport.

The music in this album combines all the qualities of tenderness, strength, depth, and passion, and while to some it might seem to be merely lush "movie music", to me, there is much more to it than that.

The beautiful melodic ideas and the soft-touch delicacy counterbalance the harsh sounds heard in some contemporary music, and Getz is indeed a master of the soft word as his limpid notes fall gently on the ear.

The orchestra plays with finesse, but its primary role is as a backdrop to the soloist. Sauter's *Tanglewood Concerto* seems a shade long, but like everything else it turns to poetry as Getz weaves his per-

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sonal magic. The piece was written especially for this occasion.

Ipanema, arranged by Manny Albam, gets a tremendous rhythmic lift from drummer Haynes, cooking solidly in back of the large orchestra. Wilder's *Ballads* and the lovely melodic *Sundown* (by Raksin) seem to capture the essence of Getz' musicianship.

Where Do You Go?, an exquisite melody, has the poignancy that characterizes Wilder's compositions, and Getz and the orchestra play it with quiet understanding. In fact, this album is pure bliss.

—McPartland

Eric Kloss

FIRST CLASS KLOSS—Prestige 7520: *Comin' Home Baby; The Chasin' Game; One for Marianne; Chitlins Con Carne; Walkin'; African Cookbook.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Kloss, alto, tenor saxophones; Cedar Walton, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

While Kloss' recording unit lights no new fires, it tends the flame of neo-bop with true dedication: it hasn't burned so brightly in years.

The general orientation of the group is pretty much that of the early '50s small groups—Miles Davis, Art Blakey, Horace Silver, et al.—which sported a brass-reed front line with rhythm section, used unison or simply harmonized, often blues-based charts, and took the advances of the bop movement of the '40s and made them into the common vocabulary of the jazz of the '50s and '60s. The vocabulary was not a constricting one, for it supported widely divergent personal adaptations and allowed for music of a wide emotional range, from quietly lyrical to sheer dionysiac.

With only occasional attempts at updating, Kloss, Owens and Walton, in this attractive set, range through the full emotional gamut the approach is capable of supporting. The two horn men are well matched. Each appears to have been listening to the other, so that a sense of continuity of thought and direction is maintained throughout the course of a performance. There is very little of the at-odds feeling that pulls so many like sessions apart; this is a fairly tight unit. The two horn men understand each other, and the rhythm section understands them. As a result, the music is clearly focused, well organized and uncluttered.

Kloss is a more than competent craftsman on both of his horns. He plays with authority and sureness, his lines are crisply articulated and directed to well defined goals, and his only lack would appear to be a strong sense of individuality. He already has assimilated his models.

Owens is much more on the way towards a personal style, though the impression his work gives here is of a man fascinated by the sound of mid-50s Miles Davis.

A fine, well balanced set of modern mainstream jazz played with warmth, exuberance and a great deal of stylishness. The band proves just how viable and lyrical bop remains—in the right hands, that is. *—Welding*

Jackie McLean

STRANGE BLUES—Prestige 7500: *Strange Blues; Millie's Pad; What's New?; Disciples Love Affair; Not So Strange Blues.*

Personnel: Webster Young, trumpet; Ray Draper, tuba; McLean, alto saxophone; Mal Waldron or John Meyers, piano; Art Phipps or Bill Salter, bass; Art Taylor or Larry Ritchie, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

It has taken some time, but now McLean seems to be receiving the recognition he deserves as one of jazz's premier alto men. McLean demonstrated individuality on his first record date back in 1951 but for some time thereafter certain critics tended to dismiss him as merely a talented emulator of Charlie Parker. McLean's playing is now better and more original than it was in 1951, but the praise he has lately been receiving should have been accorded to him by 1960. It seems clear that by the mid-50s he was one of the outstanding figures in the post-bop movement.

His work on this LP, made up of tracks cut about a decade ago is that of a master, not a journeyman. Two of the selections are by a quartet including Waldron. *Pad* and *Love Affair* were made by a sextet containing Draper and Young. Young and Draper do not appear on *Not So Strange,* during which McLean is accompanied by Meyers, Salter and Ritchie, the rhythm section on the sextet selections.

On each track McLean plays well; his solos are intelligently paced and meaty. He improvises with the assurance and taste

of a consummate artist, which is what he was when these records were made.

His solos are interestingly and unpredictably fragmented and he also demonstrates that he was harmonically ahead of his time in the '50s.

McLean's work on *Not So Strange* is marred by technical errors, but the flaws are not so signficant as to detract much from the virtues of his playing.

The performances of the other musicians vary considerably. Waldron solos on *What's New* and *Strange Blues*, building very well on both tracks. Thelonious Monk's influence can be seen in his work, but Waldron is clearly his own man.

Young's Miles Davis-like solos, though not very original, are perky and neatly constructed. Meyers does a nice job, taking thoughtful, rather angular solos on *Pad* and *Disciples*. Draper tries hard but can't overcome the handicaps of his instrument.

Recommended as a post-bop album with plenty of substance. —*Pekar*

Cedar Walton

CEDAR!—Prestige 7519: *Turquoise Twice; Twilight Waltz; My Ship; Short Stuff; Head and Shoulders; Come Sunday.*

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Walton, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

There is so much b.s. in the record business today that it is a distinct pleasure to hear an album that purports to be nothing more than good modern jazz played by good modern jazz musicians. On this LP, there are no mystical geniuses, no fire and brimstone concepts about the direction of jazz and, happily, not a gimmick in sight.

Walton is a complete musician. The four originals are his and each line is distinct and well constructed and provides excellent blowing material. He always comps with the desires of the soloist in mind, and his own excursions are crisp, lively and meaningful. Stylistically, Walton is a post-bop eclectic, who doesn't reflect any one particular influence. Beyond that, however, his solos have so much *content*—not a cliche in a carload. In some ways, he is the Al Haig of the '60s.

Due to his own fortunate maturity, and the unfortunate attrition of modern jazz, Kenny Dorham must be regarded as one of the top four or five modern jazz trumpeters. His work here is representative of that high standing. I am especially partial to his spot on *Turquoise*.

Junior Cook was not one of my favorite players during his period with Horace Silver, but his playing on this set, in conjunction with his work on Barry Harris' recent Prestige LP, makes one want to hear more of him. A relaxed, sustained improvisation such as his spot on *Come Sunday* didn't seem possible six or seven years ago.

The rhythm team of Higgins and Vinnegar is exemplary. Old teammates in some late '50s Teddy Edwards groups, they have lost none of their rapport. And Higgins and Walton have an empathy that borders on ESP.

An album like this is a reviewer's delight. It makes wading through some of the drearier releases a bit easier. The fact that there is not one chorus of dull or uninspired playing on this record makes one suspect that Gabor Szabo and all the other people who are driving verbal nails into the modern jazz coffin simply are not hip to men like Cedar Walton.

Excellent liner notes by Mark Gardner; wonderful, vibrant sound courtesy of Richard Alderson, and ample playing time. —*Porter*

RECORD BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

Jottings of a compulsive record listener—rock and folk-rock: Exploiting the vogue for the sound of the sitar, Mercury has come up with a package, **Sitar Beat** (Mercury 21137), featuring British string player Big Jim Sullivan in a program of lush arrangements of five rock "standards" and five like-styled pieces (three by Sullivan) that feature the Indian instrument. The studio group that backs him plays the charts well, though Sullivan himself seems a bit wooden in his phras-

ing; otherwise the set's okay but scarcely more than that. The effect is nothing so much as mild rock-flavored Arthur Lyman exotica—that is, pleasant contemporary-sounding background music.

On the same label is a set of well-scrubbed rock performances by a family group, **The Robbs** (21130), that suggests diluted middle-period Beach Boys, if you can imagine such a thing. Sweet California vocal sound, insipid original material, several mild protest songs for measure (to show they're good guys), and a slight influence from the British group The Kinks characterize their 10 performances. The end result is bland—smooth, eviscerated rock. An interesting exercise when listening is to try to guess the original tunes they are disguising: *Rapid Transit*, for example is their pallid attempt at writing a piece like the Five Americans' *Western Union*. *In A Funny Sort of Way* is their version of the Kinks' *Well-Respected Man*, etc. All surface, no guts.

More California sound, with a glossy veneer of Liverpool (replete with ersatz British accent) distinguishes **The Merry-Go-Round** (A&M 4132), a polished, professional quartet who have had minor hits with their *Live* and *You're A Very Lovely Woman*, both of which are included in this album of 12 originals. The vocal blend is impeccable, the arrangements uncluttered and functional and, in fact, the group's whole approach is understated and tasty. Unfortunately, all their tunes are pretty much in the same tonal and emotional range, so that the LP tends to pall. They do have a good, wryly sardonic tune in *Gonna Fight the War*, one of the few anti-war songs by an establishment rock group.

The lightness of touch which characterizes their treatment of that theme is quite in contrast with the heavy-handed pretension that suffuses Phil Ochs' **Pleasures of the Harbor** (A&M 4133). Ochs has carved himself a career as one of the better-known young folk-protest singers. The slogans are as correct as ever but his poetry has become increasingly ponderous and reliant upon cliche. Here it is positively gelid, humorless and self-righteous. And Ochs' vocal delivery has become graceless and inflexible, a failure which is all the more noticeable against the tasteful, sumptuous, extremely musical settings Ian Freebairn-Smith and Joseph Byrd have crafted for his songs. Particularly grating is Ochs' insistence upon punching out every note of an ascending or descending glissando, with the result that what is supposed to be graceful turns out ludicrous. It's the old story—too much too soon.

One might expect the same of Janis Ian, the precocious young singer-writer whose song of racial conflict, *Society's Child*, actually climbed the best-seller charts and whose career got a tremendous shot-in-the-arm as a result of a national television endorsement by Leonard Bernstein. However, her second album for Verve/Forecast, **For All the Seasons of Your Mind** (3024), is an utter gas, representing a significant advance over her impressive debut album for the label (3017). Miss Ian's images are fresh, razor-sharp, often devestating and—for all her youth—intelligent. Not a bit of pretension anywhere on the set; she has something to say about contemporary life and knows how to say it—musically, economically, poetically. Some of the performances are in their simplicity and poetic starkness almost liederlike, most notably the piano-accompanied pieces *Evening Star* and *There Are Times* and the threnody for Hiroshima, *Bahimsa*. The production, by Shadow Morton, is absolutely first-rate.

I must admit to having been greatly disappointed by **Alice's Restaurant** (Reprise 6267), the first LP by Arlo Guthrie, singer-guitarist son of the late Woody Guthrie. I suppose the letdown was all the greater for the expectations I had built up about the artist's debut; friends whose opinions I respect had told me that Guthrie was nothing short of fantastic, particularly on the long monolog which gives the album its title and which takes up an entire side. Frankly, I just found it tiresome, a mildly amusing idea that goes on about 15 minutes too long. One listen exhausts its potential. Nor is there much to distinguish any of the six pieces which comprise the second side and which are cast in more conventional folk-rock settings; several of them—*Ring-Around-a-Rosy Rag* and *The Motorcycle Song*—are simply egregious. My feeling is that Guthrie's talents have to be better focussed than they are in this hit-and-miss set. He is witty, but undisciplined.

Stunningly reaffirming the old adage about silk purses and sows' ears is **Out of Crank** (Mercury 21129) by one Keith, a gorgeous, long-tressed mannequin. The production and orchestrations are pure glucose, the tunes set an all-time low for maudlin non-thought, being situated somewhere on the lower slopes of banality, but the real star of the set is Keith, an unbelievably ill-equipped vocalist. His sole virtue would appear to be his consistency: his inability to sing in tune is matched solely by his proven inability to phrase with anything less than perfect clumsiness. One gets the distinct impression that no one is more surprised at what is emitted from his mouth than Keith himself. Magnificently high camp, like Fabian or Frankie Avalon brought up to date. The only thing worse than this is the singer's earlier set on the label. Now that was something!

Listening to a five-piece Chicago group, the Mauds, grapple with contemporary Negro soul music in **Hold On** (Mercury 21135) is as distressing as observing a midget wrestle Man Mountain Dean. They're simply outclassed, just don't have the interpretative weight to bring it off. Their attempts at aping Negro vocal style are at best merely embarrassing; and the failure in this area is rendered even more glaring by contrast with the splendidly idiomatic instrumental work. The vocal deficiency has nothing to do with the Mauds' race; it's mostly a question of inexperience, I feel. for the West Coast group The Hour Glass, like the Mauds all white, brings off the style with gusto, aplomb and conviction, as demonstrated in their first album, **Hour Glass** (Liberty 7536). Strong stuff. db

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LOUIS HAYES / BLINDFOLD TEST

Though only 30 years old (he was born in Detroit on May 31, 1937), Louis Hayes has spent half his life as a professional musician. Studying at the Wurlitzer School of Music, he began jobbing with his own group in a local club before his 16th birthday.

Hayes first came to the attention of most jazz students, and of New York musicians, when he hit the Apple in August 1956, joining the newly formed Horace Silver Quintet. He replaced Art Taylor in this group on very short notice, and those of us who went to catch Silver at Birdland wondered whether this teenaged unknown was ready for such fast company. But as Horace said, years later, "He was remarkably mature even when he first joined the group, and he's never stopped improving."

After just three years with Silver, Hayes joined the Cannonball Adderley combo, of which he was a mainstay until mid-1965. Then came a change of pace in the intimate context of the Oscar Peterson Trio, but lately Hayes has worked in partnership with Freddie Hubbard and Joe Henderson, co-leading a spirited new quintet, *The Jazz Communicators*.

This was Hayes' first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played. —*Leonard Feather*

1. YUSEF LATEEF. *Brother* (from *The Complete Yusef Lateef*, Atlantic). Lateef, alto saxophone; Hugh Lawson, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

I have a pretty good idea who that is—I think it's Yusef. I used to work with him in Detroit when I was about 17 . . . my first real job working with anyone of any recognition; and I worked with him with Cannonball for about two years. So, certain things he played—he was playing alto; I've never heard him play alto before. On drums it sounded like Roy Brooks, but I'm not sure about anyone else. Yusef just played through the whole thing, so I couldn't tell who was on piano or bass.

Yusef is a very dedicated musician . . . anything he plays has to be of a certain standard. I would give him three stars.

2. DON ELLIS. *Alone* (from *Electric Bath*, Columbia). Hank Levy, composer.

That's kind of difficult. It doesn't sound like any of Oliver Nelson's writing, or Quincy, but I know Stan Kenton does a lot of Latin things. I played opposite his band a couple of times. We did a clinic at a college—that sounds like Stan Kenton.

I think it was recorded very well, but I've heard the band sound much better. If it is Stan Kenton, that doesn't sound like anything exceptional. I think also that with big bands, like Duke's, for instance, the musicians have been together so long, and the sound that he had originally, he still can maintain, because the personnel in the band hasn't changed.

I used to listen to that band when I was a kid, but it sounds really different now. What really made Stan Kenton what he is, it doesn't sound like that to me any more.

Even Basie sometimes doesn't really sound like Basie, because certain people aren't there. Two stars.

3. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. *Yvette* (from *Why Am I Treated So Bad?*, Capitol). Adderley, alto saxophone; Joseph Zawinul, piano, composer.

Yes, I have that one! I worked with Cannon for about 6½ years, and it was a very enjoyable 6½ years. I think that Cannonball is one of the greatest alto saxophonists that ever picked it up.

That composition—probably somebody in the band wrote it, maybe Joe—it really featured Cannon nicely and I'll give Cannon 4½ stars on that.

4. JOHN KLEMMER. *Stand In The Sun* (from *Involvement*, Cadet). Klemmer, tenor saxophone; Sam Thomas, guitar; Melvin Jackson, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

I'm not sure at all about that one, but it sounded like a tenor player whose name escapes me; he used to work with Ray Charles and records for Atlantic Records. He sounds nice on it, but nothing particularly impressed me too much.

The rhythm section, I don't know who was in it. They sounded alright, but I think they could have sounded much better. All of them seemed to be not tight on it—just not really together. That's jazz, but it's a little different type of taste than for my ear. Two stars.

5. MILES DAVIS. *Freedom Jazz Dance* (from *Miles Smiles*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums; Eddie Harris, composer.

That was Miles Davis and his group. The composition was written by Eddie Harris.

Miles is one of the all-time great stylists. He always surrounds himself with some of the best talent in the business. When you are a creative person, he seems to be able to bring out different qualities in you that other people just aren't able to bring out. He gives you the freedom of being able to play just exactly how you want to play—he doesn't limit you.

Since everybody in the band is such a competent musician, you can never tell what's going to happen from night to night. It's really a very creative organization.

I've never worked with Miles. I've had the opportunity; he asked me to come with the band during the time I was with Cannonball, but I had such a warm relationship with Cannon during that time, so I just stayed with him, but I've always really wanted to work with Miles. He's my favorite musician, actually.

That's Tony Williams on drums—I met Tony in Boston, when he was about 14 or 15, and he wanted to come to New York. I was trying to tell him to stay in school, and I never really thought he had as much talent as he has. Tony is not an ordinary drummer at all, he's a stylist. You can always tell it's him when he's playing.

Herbie Hancock, he can fool you sometimes. It's really according to who he's playing with. He has the ability to make a record like this with Miles, a very modern record, then he can go and make a *Watermelon Man* and sell a whole lot of records . . . Ron Carter is an excellent bassist . . . They really have a team together . . . I'll give that one five stars.

6. BUDDY RICH. *Bugle Call Rag* (from *Big Swing Face*, Pacific Jazz). Rich, leader, drums; Bill Holman, arranger.

Sounded like Buddy—Buddy Rich's big band. I had some mixed emotions there; at one time, I was thinking about Joe Morello. But I'm sure that's Buddy Rich. Someone I've always admired. I think he's fantastic. I like his band also; they have a lot of fire and spirit, seem like they're having a good time all the time. I'll give that one four stars.

The arrangement wasn't an exceptional one—it wasn't anything like *Maria*, but a good arrangement.

7. JOE HENDERSON. *Caribbean Fire Dance* (from *Made for Joe*, Blue Note). Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Henderson, tenor saxophone, composer; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Cedar Walton, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

That was one of my partners—his record date. That tune was Joe Henderson's. I always have admired Joe, and what comes out of the bell of his horn.

I liked the way Lee Morgan played, because I think that's a tune that should be played with a lot of fire.

I didn't like what the rhythm section projected. I know who was playing on it, and I think Joe Chambers is a very good drummer, but on that track I didn't particularly like what he played.

The rest of the personnel—the trombonist I'm not sure, I think it was Curtis Fuller; Bobby Hutcherson on vibes, and on piano I'm not sure, maybe Herbie Hancock. I'm not sure about the bass either. When he's playing the rhythm like that, it's hard to tell. When he's walking a line, if you're familiar with a person's sound you can tell who they are.

I liked that composition. I think it's a good tune for a band to play, a tune that gets a lot of attention. We play it with the *Jazz Communicators*. I'll give it 3½ stars. [db]

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

The Supremes: Cindy Birdsong, Mary Wilson, Diana Ross—Visual Appeal

Diana Ross and the Supremes

Talk of the Town, London, England

Personnel: Miss Ross, Mary Wilson, Cindy Birdsong, vocals; orchestra conducted by Jim Bileskey, bass guitar.

When soul singers stop going Uptown to order peas 'n' rice and hamhocks, does the music always have to suffer? I found myself asking that question over and over again as I watched Diana Ross and the Supremes glide expertly through their 50-minute spot during their recent SRO fortnight at London's leading night club.

I was listening, too, but "watched" is somehow the operative word because the trio's remarkable visual appeal is hard to ignore. The silken-throated Miss Ross and her two companions had the audience entranced as much by their exquisitely pink-beaded hip movements as by their warm harmonies as they swept through their repertoire, moving gracefully in and out of musical eras, from Rodgers and Hart to Dozier and Holland, with plenty of sophistication yet with hardly an ounce of the requisite Motown soul.

The Supremes on record are a fantastic experience. They swing with the tightness of a delayed climax, always keeping a little something in reserve while laying it on the people with a kind of coy womanliness. It's supremely erotic, but beneath it all there's a basic nitty-gritty feeling that reminds you constantly of the music's origins. This was the feeling that was missing throughout their otherwise superb act.

It might be argued that the obviously rapturous audiences were quite happy without being reminded of ghettos, Holy Rollers and soul food dinners. It might equally be argued that expecting Negro singers to sound like they've just stepped out of church is a form of prejudice, but I don't think so. The Supremes have it on record, so why not in person? The clue lies in their choice of material. After an introductory medley which included *With a Song In My Heart, Stranger in Paradise* and *Without a Song*, all sung with simpering expertise by the silken-throated Miss Ross, I felt like shouting "Get back to church, baby!"

Almost as if they'd heard my plea, the ladies switched to a short-measure medley of four of their hits, leading off with the erotically didactic *Stop! In the Name of Love*, a tantalizing glimpse of the Supremes at their *tightest*. The program was peppered with their chart-busters throughout, *You Keep Me Hanging On* outswinging all others. These Dozier-Holland songs, so obviously written *for* the Supremes, suit their style and distinctive vocal harmonies much better than a dip into the standard bag.

Twenty-five minutes of their hit records would have had more impact and excitement than their obviously well-planned act, although they certainly gave the audience their money's worth. Nevertheless, this was a case of trying to appeal to a wider public by watering down the essentials. For the few like myself who dig the earthier sounds, this was a pity.

Physically and vocally, Miss Birdsong is a cute little swinger. In fact, the newest Supreme was the one who really got under the skins of the songs, her deep voice and sensuous carryings-on luring the eyes off the lissome Miss Ross more than a few times.

The prettiest thing they did was Paul McCartney's *Michelle*, which segued simply into his *Yesterday*. Both songs were dealt with tenderly and were surprisingly soulful under the surface. McCartney has written songs that are already standards and will remain so simply because they're so beautiful.

I enjoyed the show but I would have been happier with a bit more feeling on parade. Groups like the Supremes may well have to pander to the calmer tastes of their newly acquired white audience, yet not all succumb to the temptation to leave their roots behind. Now there's a girl up at Motown named Martha Reeves. . . .

—Valerie Wilmer

Robin Kenyatta

Judson Hall, New York City

Personnel: Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Kenyatta, alto saxophone, flute; Karl Berger, vibes; Lewis Worrell, Richard Youngstein, basses; Clifford Barbaro, drums; Rahman Ali, Latin percussion.

Robin Kenyatta is a jazz musician who is quite obviously a product of his time but also has a direction and personality of his own. In this program of his own compositions, Kenyatta walked the road of musical freedom. He drew brawling, shrieking lines from his saxophone. And his cohorts worked themselves up to turbulent passages of banging, plucking and wailing.

But all of this, instead of dominating the concert as happens with many avant-garde groups, was used by Kenyatta only as part of the overall coloration of the performances. The basic motivation of Kenyatta's music was made evident in some of his titles—*The Slave; 1619; Forbearance,* and a Uganda melody called *Kuma Kumanga.*

His development of his pieces leaned more often toward lyricism—sometimes a keeningly melodic line, at other times a swinging drive right down the middle—than to discordant fury. On a raga, *Reflective Silence,* on which Kenyatta played flute, he created a fascinatingly exotic trio of flute, vibes and trumpet that built the piece with hypnotic effectiveness.

Kenyatta played with a free, fresh and authoritative attack on both alto and flute, but the most interesting member of the group was vibist Berger. Both in his ensemble playing and in his solos, he produced a continuous, ringing effect in long flowing lines that seemed at times like a tumbling stream of flashing sounds or a bumblebee flying in circles. It had a boneless, bodyless quality that suggested the absence of any limitations—no beginning, no end, no containing structure. And yet Berger molded his conception to the various circumstances of Kenyatta's compositions.

The use of two bassists and two drummers provided opportunities for added rhythmic and percussive power and for contrasts within the two instrumental areas (one bass was usually plucked, the other bowed). Lawrence, on trumpet, seemed less open, less ready than the others, working largely with choked cries and occasional wild bugle calls.

—John S. Wilson

Art Hodes

WTTW, Chicago

Personnel: Barney Bigard, clarinet; Hodes, piano; R. L. (Rail) Wilson, bass; Bob Cousins, drums.

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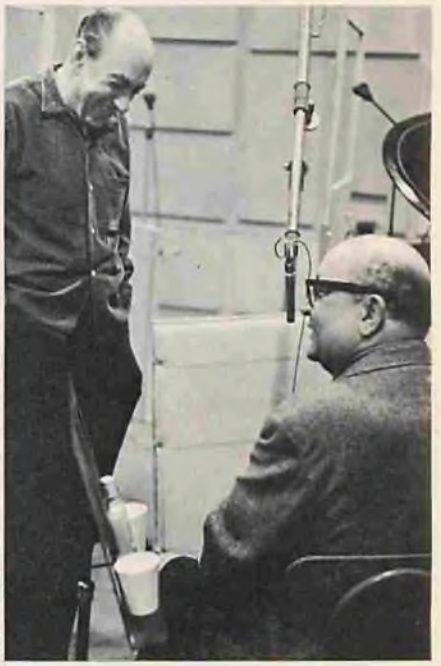
ble human being, and all that warmth and love comes through beautifully on the sometimes harshly revealing medium of television. This program was one of several Hodes has done and will do on WTTW's *Quartet* series. (His first guest was cornetist Doc Evans.) The station and the series' producer, Bob Kaiser, are to be congratulated on their choice of Hodes for the jazz portions. In fact, whenever there is a jazz choice at WTTW, the call most often goes to the ever-dependable Hodes. In 1966, the Kaiser-Hodes team won an Emmy Award for a half-hour of Hodes plain—no accompaniment, just warm talk and hot piano.

This latest program was graced with the now seldom-heard clarinet of Bigard, whose effortless, limpid work fit well with the Chicago rhythm section. One might have asked for a more challenging program than *Rose Room, Perdido, High Society, C-Jam Blues, Sweet Lorraine* and the like—tunes associated in some way with Bigard—but it was good, tastefully performed jazz, and complaints would be mere carping.

The high points of the program were *Lorraine* (sweet Bigard in his Jimmie Noone fashion) and Hodes' slow blues, with bass flourishes reminiscent of *Liberty Inn Drag*. Hodes is a master of blues in the older fashion, and I, for one, have never failed to be moved by him when he speaks in this vernacular. Bigard joined in for a few choruses, and played one of his basic Ellington blues solos. It sounded fine.

Wilson fell victim to inadequate audio pickup throughout the show, but he looked like he was into a little something on *Perdido*.

Everybody's man, left-handed Bob Cousins (who ever heard of a poor left-handed drummer?) proved once again, as he does every time he plays, that he is possibly the most tasteful drummer in Chicago . . . always the right lick at the right time, never in anybody's way . . . pushing his confreres gently but firmly along the path of righteousness.



RAY FLERLAGE

Hodes and Bigard
A Gas

In sum, it was a nice, relaxed show. So relaxed that at one point Hodes threw up his hands and asked innocently, "What d'ya want to play next? Which means I've forgotten." Chicago is fortunate—it can look forward to more Hodes programs. They are always—to use one of the pianist's favorite expressions of approbation—a gas. —*Don DeMicheal*

Hazel Scott

Playboy Club, Hollywood

Personnel: Miss Scott, piano, vocals; Ralph Pena, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

One of the more newsworthy events in these parts recently, the return of Hazel Scott after a 10-year absence from California (most of the lapse spent in Paris), turned out also to be one of the most interesting musically.

Miss Scott, more than any other musician or singer, was virtually the making of two famous New York spots: Cafe Society Downtown, the great Greenwich Village jazz and folk bistro of the early 1940s, and the spinoff Cafe Society Uptown. Her long engagements at both clubs started her on a path that led to Hollywood, where she had parts (mostly playing, non-acting inserts) in five movies.

Her image in those days did not endear

her to the jazz purists. She was known for her ability to "swing the classics." This gambit, as she now puts it, was an albatross around her neck for many years. She was even more widely publicized in 1945 as the bride of Adam Clayton Powell.

Miss Scott was always a better pianist than the flashy performer the public usually heard. She sounded more at ease when playing at private parties among her friends, who were invariably the hippest musicians of the day. It is a pleasure to be able to report, lo these many years later, that she is now singing, playing and looking better than ever.

Admittedly, an assignment to review the best-looking pianist on the scene places the reviewer at a disadvantage; objectivity is severely hampered. However, after considerable soul-searching I am convinced that Miss Scott's work would sound good to me if she looked like Phyllis Diller.

Always an eclectic who hung out with Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Strayhorn and of course the Cafe Society boogie-woogie giants, she has broadened her compass by listening to Bobby Timmons, McCoy Tyner, Bill Evans and anyone else who has made a substantial impact on jazz piano. Opening her set, she plunged straight into a romping, sophisticated-funk blues, setting an engaging mood for the whole evening.

Segueing into her first vocal, *On a Clear Day*, she displayed the curiously individual timbre that has always been her trademark. Projection is not her forte, but that misty, translucent sound lends the Scott voice all the power it needs. She doubled in French on a singularly poignant reading of *When the World Was Young*, and even added some French lyrics of her own as an intro to Strayhorn's *Lush Life*.

Her use of classical repertory is far subtler than of yore. The Chopin *E Minor Prelude* (unswung) led into *How Insensitive* as if the two were one work (there really is a remarkable similarity). In a mixture of what she called "Black Orpheus and White Orpheus," she played a theme from Gluck's 18th-century opera *Orfeo ed Euridice*, followed it with *Manha de Carnaval* and topped it off with de Falla's *Fire Dance*.

Her keyboard articulation, phrasing and harmonic conception are all conspicuously improved. Her vocals on standards like *Them There Eyes* reflect her worship of Billie Holiday.

Most important of all, Miss Scott clearly had a ball. There was a three-way enthusiasm going between her, the splendid rhythm section (Thigpen and Pena obviously inspired and delighted her), and the audience, which was more attentive and receptive than any other I had ever seen in the club's sometimes noisy Living Room.

This was only a nine-day booking, but the impression it made was enough to assure Miss Scott of a whole new career. It was a rare treat to observe such a potent combination of happy swinging and soulful lyricism, with face and figure to match. —*Leonard Feather*

ELLINGTON

(Continued from page 18)

very helpfully to this appropriate introductory piece.

99% Won't Do, with Jimmy McPhail as vocal soloist, Cootie Williams as a stimulating trumpet commentator, and the choir weighing in enthusiastically, brought an optimistic Gospel flavor to what is basically a cautionary sermon. This, incidentally, was the only music used from the original Sacred Concert, and it was first heard in *My People.*

Supreme Being was in many respects the musical peak of the program. It represented a real extension of Ellington's range—perhaps inspired by the subject. The scoring created an impression of brooding majesty via harmonies that were unworldly in their implications of infinity. Exactly how this impressive effect was achieved with just 13 horns (12 at New Canaan, Benny Green having fallen victim of the flu) remains an Ellington secret. The impact of the performance was certainly felt by musicians and non-musicians alike. "When the classical people hear *that,*" Alice Babs said afterwards, "they will marvel." And marvel is the right word. The choir, and soloists from it in speaking roles, were used in the description of the Creation and the coming of responsibility to man.

Something About Believing was a long and striking affirmation of faith that embodied a refutation of the absurd "God Is Dead" cliche. The Ellington lyrics were very free, maintaining a surprising improvisatory feeling as the band completed lines in the way cornetists used to do for blues singers. The choir took to the catchy melody and swinging medium tempo with gusto, and it was assisted by the solo vocalists and a great beat from the band. The reed section also had a stirring passage to itself, and Ellington egged them all on, standing in front at his electric piano. The variety of sounds this instrument was capable of—organ-like and guitar-like among others—became an important factor, quite apart from the convenience of its size, enabling him to work while facing his musicians.

The programming throughout was masterly. After this vigorous performance, Ellington introduced Alice Babs, whose voice, ease and accuracy were thrilling whenever she sang. *God Has His Angels* had a recognizably traditional base, but new intervals elevated it to "where there's no sulphur smell." The soprano gave it a remarkable aerial quality, serene as a skylark in azure summer skies, which may be as accurate as mortals can come to imagining the sound of angels! When Russell Procope took over, clarinet on mike, for a gentle variation, she stepped in occasionally with affecting embellishments.

Ellington had gone up on stand to the regular piano for this, and remained there for *Heaven,* another attractive melody, which Alice Babs invested with memorably supple lyricism—sweet but not sugary; moving but not sentimental. The perfect complement was the alto of Johnny Hodges, in solo and obbligato.

It's Freedom was a long performance in eight segments that used all the resources. Alice Babs, Jimmy McPhail, Tony Watkins, Devonne Gardner, Roscoe Gill and Trish Turner formed a vocal group separate from, but accessory to, the choir. The sixth section, *Sweet, Fat and That,* was suggested by an old lick played by Willie (The Lion) Smith, who was credited in the program with having helped Ellington on his first visit to New York. In the seventh section, the leader recited the four freedoms by which Billy Strayhorn had lived, as the choir sang softly behind him. In the eighth, individual members of the choir shouted "Freedom!" in some 17 different languages.

After this, contrast again: *Meditation* by Ellington at the piano and Jeff Castleman on bass. Well titled, it was an effective, quiet duet, in which the two musicians demonstrated a warm rapport.

Then the leader returned to the floor and the electric piano as Tony Watkins came on for *Don't Get Down on Your Knees to Pray Until You Have Forgiven Everyone,* a piece of gospelry with droll lyrics to which Watkins did justice.

The preaching was even more earnest in the next selection. *The Shepherd* is a number Ellington sub-titles *A Portrait of Pastor Gensel.* On it, the empassioned eloquence of Cootie Williams, open and muted, stirred the audience at both concerts, and he returned to his seat amid great acclamation.

The Biggest and Busiest Intersection was descriptive, according to the composer's amusing notes, of the last intersection before the Golden Gates, "down at the end where all ends end." There, apparently, the opposition has cats who come up at the very last moment and say, "Baby, I know it looks pretty in there, but you should see how the chicks are swinging down where we are!" The rivalry in this "fire-and-brimstone sermonette" was expressed by Sam Woodyard and Steve Little, who duelled with disarming subtlety or hellish cunning, depending on the viewpoint.

T.G.T.T. brought back Alice Babs. The title, Ellington explained in the program, "means *Too Good to Title,* because it violates conformity in the

same way, we like to think, that Jesus Christ did. The phrases never end on the note you think they will. It is a piece even instrumentalists have trouble with, but Alice Babs read it at sight." The program note was necessary, because she sang the wordless music with such extraordinary facility that the mind did not dwell until afterwards on the art and technique involved.

The finale was *Praise God and Dance,* based on the 150th Psalm and using—at a faster tempo—the same theme as the opener. Here the whole company was used, and after an impressively sincere introduction by Alice Babs the performance proceeded in a series of joyful explosions, like a Roman candle. Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton and Cat Anderson were the chief soloists. At St. John's, two sets of dancers had surprised the audience by erupting down the center aisle. The first group, colorfully dressed, and coached by Geoffrey Holder, moved with gestures symbolic of worship in the idiom of modern dance. The second, issuing from behind the band, was swinging all the way with steps and rhythms right out of the Savoy ballroom. At New Canaan, the long-limbed Holder danced alone, exhibiting superb muscular control and causing tremendous excitement. It was a dance of praise, as by one possessed.

Tumultuous applause swelled until the entire audience rose to its feet in a standing ovation, and, significantly, remained standing throughout Tony Watkins' a cappella delivery of *The Lord's Prayer* as in the original concert. It was a sober reminder that, for all its entertainment values, the concert was an act of faith. Ellington sees himself at these concerts as "one who tries to bring messages to people, not people who have never heard of God, but those who were more or less raised with the guidance of the church."

SINCE ALICE BABS had to return to Sweden after a third concert in New Britain, it was imperative that the music be recorded before she left. Ellington had expressed the wish that this concert should not be recorded live, but in a studio. This was duly done in two sessions at the Fine studios in the Great Northern Hotel on Jan. 22, where the A.M.E. Mother Zion Church Choir, directed by Solomon Herriott Jr., assumed the choral duties. By midnight, all the new music had been recorded, except for those numbers on which neither Miss Babs nor the choir was employed. Details emerged even more clearly here than at the concerts, among them the stimulating effect Benny Green and Lawrence Brown seemed to have on one another. The former played brilliantly on *Something About Believing,* and the latter on *It's Freedom.*

The eventual album will offer new and abundant proof of Ellington's continued creativity and industry. It was interesting to note that the songs appeared to suit Miss Babs' talent even better than those she recorded with him in Paris in March 1963 *(Serenade to Sweden,* Reprise RS-5024, inexplicably unissued in this country).

There was more evidence of Ellington's unexampled energy and drive at Yale University's Woolsey Hall on Jan. 26, where he presented a "secular" concert that departed from the established norm in many respects. Buster Cooper was heard in the opening *A Train,* Russell Procope in *Swamp Goo,* Jimmy Hamilton in *Girdle Hurdle,* Cootie Williams in "something brand new" (32-bar form with shuffle rhythm) and a full-length *A Train,* Harry Carney in *A Chromatic Love Affair* ("That's a half-step at a time!"), and Paul Gonsalves in *Up Jump,* before a long version of *La Plus Belle Africaine,* which spotlighted Jeff Castleman in the role established by John Lamb. *Salome,* featuring Cat Anderson on fluegelhorn and trumpet, was next, followed by two appealing excerpts from *The Psychedelic Suite—Pretty Little Purple Flower* and *Eggo.* Then came *Harlem.* It was not an immaculate performance—the regulars claimed they hadn't played it in a year, and Castleman hadn't seen the score before a brief rehearsal in the afternoon—but it was full of rewarding passages. This is the "tightest," tidiest and most closely interwoven of Ellington's extended works, and it is enlightening to *see* it performed, to *see* what combinations of instruments are responsible for the distinctive sounds heard on the records.

All of this was a concert in itself, but it preceded an intermission, after which the rhythm section improvised on Yale's *Boola Boola,* "on the spur of the moment," the happy result being announced as *The Occasion Is Yale.* Johnny Hodges, in excellent form, played *Warm Valley* and a long, rocking *Drag.* Tony Watkins was then called upon to sing *It Don't Mean a Thing,* which evidently affords the composer some secret pleasure. Paul Gonsalves and Jimmy Hamilton took a chorus each on it, and then duelled through three choruses of eights and fours. Trish Turner, in a "micro-mini skirt," sang *Willow Weep for Me* and *Misty,* and then there were the all-time medley and the finger-snapping bit to tie up an unusually long and varied concert that was recorded.

For Ellington's professionals, it was just another night's work. Next stop, Baltimore. DB

CAPP

(Continued from page 24)

else to take your place. So Paul allows subs, as often as necessary. Now get this: we've done about 100 shows so far and I've used over 60 men in the 10 chairs we've got. That's lots of paper work: I made out the union reports, the contracts and the payroll. But I've got an office and a secretary just for that."

Johnny Mann, who fronts the band on the *Joey Bishop Show*, is another leader who makes it easy for the musicians to keep other committments. And that is a fortunate circumstance for Capp, who works the Bishop show every night except Tuesday. For the past eight years, Frank has been doing the *Red Skelton Show*, which involves a long call on Tuesday—from 10:45 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. So he gets Louis Bellson or Jack Sperling to fill in for him at the Bishop Show that day.

Another regularly scheduled show on Frankie's agenda is *Green Acres*—recording Vic Mizzy's scores for that

series. The show is filmed, so the recording sessions are not regularly scheduled. Even the Boone show, which is on tape, is recorded at irregular intervals. Occasionally, two Boone shows will be taped in one day. Somehow, Capp manages to weave in his other activities between these regular jobs: the record sessions, the jingles and the motion picture calls. Film scores can be time-consuming. Often Capp will be at Paramount or MGM or other major film lots from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., working on one assignment.

In spite of the comforts he now enjoys, and the confidence he feels in being one of the most sought-after drummers in Los Angeles, Capp takes a realistic attitude towards the whole scene. "Anybody who's been in this business for any length of time knows that work can drop off as fast as it can pile up. The amount of activity we've been talking about does not continue through the summer, you know. And residual checks for re-runs can never take the place of a regular salary." (If each year proves as rewarding for Frankie as 1967 did, he'll have no cause for alarm. Last year alone, he amassed 106 W-2 tax forms!)

Considering the strenuous schedule of a busy studio man, one can't help wondering how the desire to make it while he is at the peak of his earning ability affects his home life. It isn't often you hear a musician talk about his wife; even rarer is the musician who mentions her with affection.

"I really have to pay tribute to Mina," Capp said. "She's probably the most understanding wife a man could have in this kind of business. She never makes any demands on me to forfeit gigs so I can take her to dinner, or anything like that. We can't even plan on vacations, but she swings right along with me, never complaining." Mrs. Capp agreed with a sigh of resignation: "It's okay. We write to each other occasionally." The couple met in the early '50s in Las Vegas where Mina was working as a dancer. They have a daughter, Deveny, who her father claims, "has a good musical ear, plays piano and guitar, but gets more kicks from the Rolling Stones than from Miles Davis. But that's par for the teenage course, isn't it?"

An interesting cross-section was provided when Capp listed his favorite drummers. "I still get a thrill everytime I hear Buddy Rich. And I have to list Shelly Manne way up there. In New York, I think Mel Lewis is the best big-band drummer since Jo Jones' days with Count Basie. I also admire fellows like Elvin Jones and Tony Williams, because they're pushing beyond the traditional jazz drummers—opening doors, so to speak. There is some young blood out here: not just excellent drummers, but excellent musicians. I'm talking about Johnny Guerin and Steve Bohannon. They've got to go straight up."

A tip of the Capp from a drummer who started out at the top and still managed to go straight up himself. The remarkable thing about that is his apparent defiance of show business gravity. Frankie Capp enjoys the rarefied air of studio work, although he would like to breathe the smoke-filled atmosphere of clubs more often. Such is the complaint of most studio swingers.

Meanwhile, the full-time jazzmen (full-time in devotion, if not employment) who look upon their studio counterparts with a mixture of envy and contempt, have to admit that when the studio musicians get a chance to blow, many really say something. It tends to prove that one doesn't have to suffer in order to create; or starve in order to contribute anything to jazz. If proof is wanted, all they have to do is catch Frankie Capp. He'll demonstrate —for scale. db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

guard, followed by a two-week stand at the Dom beginning Feb. 27 . . . **Donald Byrd** did not join with tenorist **Hank Mobley** at the Dom as previously reported. Mobley led a quartet during the first of his two weeks at the club, and was abetted by Clark Terry for the second frame. Mobley told *Down Beat* he was planning to leave for Europe soon. Terry was recently presented with Jazz at Noon's "Jazzman of the Year" award. Drummer **Zutty Singleton** was an honored guest at one of the club's recent sessions . . . Drummer **Joe Dukes** has rejoined the **Jack McDuff** combo after a two-year rest from the rigors of the road . . . Recent free (no admission, that is) jazz concerts have included trombonist **Roswell Rudd's Primordial Jazz Five** (**Lee Konitz**, alto sax; Karl Berger, vibes; **Louis Worrell**, bass; **Horace Arnold**, drums) at the Donnell Library; pianist **Andrew Hill's Foundation** (Woody Shaw, trumpet; **Robin Kenyatta**, alto sax; **Sam Rivers**, tenor, soprano, flute; **Howard Johnson**, tuba; Richard Davis, bass; **Roy Haynes**, drums) at the Countee Cullen Library and the **Phrygian Jazz Quartet** (**Jim D'Angelo**, piano; **Jan Arnett**, bass; **Frank Clayton**, drums; **Jay Colantone**, vocals) at the Lincoln Center Museum of the Performing Arts.

Los Angeles: The **Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra**, under **Stan Kenton's** direction, managed to launch its third season at Los Angeles' Music Center. The initial concert was held in early March, and the remaining two are scheduled for March 17 and April 15. What adds a note of encouragement to the current Neophonic season is the welcome sponsorship by the Industrialization Opportunities Center. The I.O.C., underwritten by the Ford Foundation, trains drops-outs and prepares them for gainful employment. Kenton, as usual, is looking beyond the close of the season, hopeful of launching a West Coast tour with his Neophonic . . . **Nancy Wilson** and her husband, drummer **Kenny Dennis**, have decided on a trial separation. Meanwhile, one of the happiest couplings in the business—**Ken and Beverly**—just did a couple of weekend gigs at Donte's. **Beverly Ryman** sings and hubby **Ken Jensen** alternates on reeds and double reeds. They were backed by a rhythm section consisting of **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Charles Myerson**, guitar; **Jim Faunt**, bass; and **Dick Sternberg**, drums . . . KMPC, one of Los Angeles' better middle-of-the-road music stations, has commissioned **Paul Horn** to write, arrange and play a series of station identification jingles. Horn used eight brass, tuba, French horn, vibes, piano, harpsichord and two guitars, in addition to his own flute . . . A short time ago, **Wayne Henderson** and **Wilton Felder** appeared at the Lighthouse as two-fifths of the **Jazz Crusaders**. Recently, the pair returned, as part of the **Freedom Sounds**, an eight-piece combo that sells equal portions of jazz, Latin and rock. Henderson still had his trombone, but Felder laid

down his tenor sax for an electric bass. Playing tenor with the Freedom Sounds: **Willie Greasham.** Others in the group: **Jimmy Russell Benson,** flute; **Harold Land Jr.,** piano; **Fred Hampson,** drums; **Moises Obligacion,** conga drums; **Rick Chimelis,** bongos . . . KABC-TV has been analyzing the vocal styling of **Barbara Kelly** lately, hoping to push her into a jazz orbit. Miss Kelly started out on that station's *Hurdy-Gurdy* show, a local (and later syndicated) showcase for Dixieland and ragtime. Presently, she is touring Las Vegas and Reno with a trio consisting of **Phil Moore Jr.,** piano; **Albert Stinson,** bass; and **Nick Martinis,** drums . . . UCLA began its 1968 Chamber Jazz series with **Gabor Szabo,** and have scheduled **Gil Melle** and his **Electronauts,** March 9; the **Muddy Water Blues Band,** March 30; and the **Gary Burton** Quartet, April 20. All concerts are presented in Schoenberg Hall to assure "a chamber music setting." . . . **George Shearing** was held over at the Hong Kong Bar, making his six-week gig one of the longest ever enjoyed by a jazz group. Sharing the last three weeks with Shearing's group was singer-comedian **Scatman Crothers'** trio . . . **Joe Parnello** returned to his alma mater, the Playboy Club, backing **Vic Damone** for a two-night stand . . . **Erroll Garner** breezed into Hollywood for a couple of quick TV tapings: the Art Linkletter Show on CBS; and the Joey Bishop Show on ABC. Following that, he launched a seven-week tour . . . The next few Mondays at Shelly's Manne Hole will be divided between the owner's quintet and **Roger Kellaway's** group. **Leroy Vinnegar** filled in for **Monty Budwig** with Manne's men during a recent Monday until Budwig returned from taping the Woody Woodbury Show . . . Donte's has been doing things in pairs recently. **The Sound of Feeling** with the **Andreee Twins—Alyce** and **Rhae**—as part of its front line, did three Thursdays; guitarists **Joe Pass** and **John Pisano** shared a Monday Guitar Night; **Dick Hyde** and **Don Rader** presented their Multi-Brass Quintet for a Wednesday Brass Night; and the **Barone Brothers (Mike,** trombone; **Gary,** trumpet) also did a Brass Night gig . . . **Tommy Vig** will present a big band concert March 29 at El Camino College in Gardena. He's been commuting back and forth between Las Vegas and Los Angeles, holding rehearsals at Local 47. Another reason for commuting was to see his wife Mia—one of the **Kim Sisters**—who was appearing at the Cocoanut Grove. Mia had to do some commuting herself, flying back to Vegas for swearing-in ceremonies. She is now an American citizen . . . **Bob Jung** fronted a 13-piece band for a series of Monday nights at the Mission Hills Inn, in Mission Hills. Jung originally had the band at the Brass Ring in Sherman Oaks, but the Mission Hills Inn is bigger and better suited for his brass-heavy purposes. Sidemen include: **Al Porcino, Steve Huffsteter, Jack Laubach, Ralph Osborn,** trumpets; **Dick Hyde, Dick Leith, Randy Alderoft,** trombones; **Lennie Mitchell,** Jung, reeds; **Al Vescovo, Mike Anthony,** guitars; **Don McGinnis,** electric bass; **Jack Sperling,** drums. The majority of the 51 charts were written by Jung . . . Two more outlets for jazz have disappeared from the Hollywood horizon: P.J.'s, which once showcased **Eddie Cano,** and the Melody Room on Sunset Strip have called it quits . . . **Brasil '66** and **Buddy Rich** and his band shared the 360-degree stage at the Carousel, in West Covina, for a recent weekend, and were plagued with mike difficulties. Pianist **Sergio Mendes'** group has been given an almost complete face-lifting. His new crew is **Lani Hall** and **Karen Philipp; Sebastian Neto,** bass; **Dom Um Romao,** drums; **Rubens Bassini,** percussion . . . The **Bob Harrington** Trio (Harrington, piano; **Bill Plummer,** bass; **Maurice Miller,** drums) was recently featured at the White Garter in Lynwood. Handling the vocals: **Geraldine Jones,** ex-**Clara Ward** singer, who is trying to get away from the Gospel sound. Harrington received good news in the form of a recording of his tune *Young Man On The Way Up.* It's in **Joe Williams'** latest album . . . **Gene Russell** did a special gig for the astrologically-minded at the Playboy Club. Sponsoring group was Aquarius Limited. Gene must have been born under the sign of the bunny, for his gigs and albums are beginning to multiply. He just did a series of Monday nights at the Tasman Sea in Palos Verdes; a second concert at Harbor College, and two nights at the Colony Club in Monterey. Personnel on all the gigs was the same: Russell, piano; **Henry Franklin,** bass; **Clarence Johnston,** drums . . . **Ray Bowman,** the Sol Hurok of the avant garde, presented two concerts recently. One at the Pasadena Ice House: the **New Art Jazz Ensemble,** led by reed man **John Carter;** with **Bobby Bradford,** trumpet; **Richard Taylor,** bass; **Bruz Freeman,** drums; the other at Century City Playhouse, featuring the **Nova Jazz Quartet: Dennis Dreith,** reeds-leader; **Rob Roy,** vibes; **Don Forthal,** bass; **Don Heffington,** drums . . . **Joe Masters** has just signed a personal management contract with **Roy Maxwell.** Masters, who is working on a sacred choral work to be premiered at Rabbi Sanford Shapiro's temple in Westwood, will conduct his *Jazz Mass* at the next Berlin Jazz Festival Nov. 10, he said. Masters is currently at the Riviera in Palm Springs, the first time that club has reverberated to the sounds of jazz . . . All of Palm Springs was vibrating in early February when record producer **Albert Marx** and his wife celebrated their 20th anniversary with a syncopated blast. **Claro Fischer** fronted a big band for the affair; Masters had his trio there to fill gaps, but there just weren't any gaps. The music was non-stop. Another trio that took its turn was the **Dave Miller** Trio with Dave on bass; his wife, **Suzanne Miller,** on piano, and **Doug Sides** (ex-**John Handy**), drums. Following them, trombonist **Carl Fontana** and tenorist **J. R. Montrose** fronted a combo with **Mike Wofford,** piano; **Chuck Domanico,** bass, and **Larry Bunker,** drums. Among the guests: **Orrin Keepnews** . . . Blue Note records are rechanneling 100 of their major albums for stereo, based on requests for catalog items that were originally recorded monaurally

. . . Free-lance critic **Chuck Weisenberg** has resumed his lecture-discussion series *Jazz: An American Experience* as part of the University of California Extension program. The course will include an admission to one of UCLA's Chamber Jazz Concerts . . . **Lena Horne** made the rounds briefly—made briefer by the fact that one of the singers she had hoped to catch—**Ernie Andrews**—had not yet opened at the Flying Fox. So she headed for the Bill of Fare to catch the **Dave Holden** Duo; then to the Pied Piper where she did more than listen to **O. C. Smith**: she sat in with him and **Jack Wilson's** trio . . . **Etta James** followed the **Jazz Symphonics** into the Tropicana. **Damita Jo** followed **Q. Williams** into Memory Lane, where the **Three Sounds** briefly replaced **Sweets Edison's** quintet . . . **Johnny Keating** is the narrator and composer of a special educational album that London Records will distribute to the city schools here. It's called *A Flight Through Musicland* . . . **Dave Grusin** and **Kelly Gordon** have written the title tune for MGM's *Where Were You When The Lights Went Out?* . . . **Quincy Jones** is working on the score to a new film *The Split*.

San Francisco: When **Sarah Vaughan** opened a three-week engagement in the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room here there were two new faces in her accompanying trio. Pianist **Chick Corea** and drummer **Steve Schaeffer.** The new trio's leader and Miss Vaughan's musical director is bassist **Herb Mickman,** who has been with the singer for nearly three years, and was a member of the original **Newport Youth Band** . . . Local drummer **John Markham** arrived in Miami March 6 to begin a six-week engagement with the orchestra backing **Frank Sinatra** at the Fontainebleau Hotel. Markham filled a similar gig last year . . . Pleasant Hill High School's jazz orchestra, directed by instrumental music teacher **Bob Soder,** presents its 10th annual concert March 7, 8, and 9 . . . Unless plans have miscarried, both the Jazz Workshop here and The Trident, in Sausalito, are closed for remodeling. Both clubs are slated to reopen next month and will continue their jazz policies . . . Pianist **George Maribus'** trio (**Jim McCabe,** bass; **Johnny Rae,** drums) is the house band at the Purple Onion . . . Bassist **Gary Miller** and drummer **Pete Magadini** worked with singer-pianist **Mose Allison** during his run at the Jazz Workshop . . . **Don Piestrup** came up from Los Angeles to lead the orchestra he created, but now seldom fronts, in its one-nighter at the Hotel Leamington in Oakland. Piestrup moved to L.A. about a year ago to pursue his composing career; two of his recent tunes are on the newest **Buddy Rich** album, and another has been recorded by **Maynard Ferguson.** Baritonist **Alan Hoeschen** now directs the 18-piece Piestrup band, most of whose playing is done at weekly rehearsals . . . Sitarist **Ravi Shankar** played concerts in Berkeley and San Francisco last month before leaving on an extended Far East tour . . . The University of Nevada's 20-piece concert jazz band, which won the Intermountain regional crown in last year's national Collegiate Jazz Festival, played concerts at Concord High School and Chabot College across the bay from San Francisco . . . The **Harry James** Orchestra played two dance-concerts at the Thunderbolt Hotel in Millbrae under sponsorship of the Holy Cross Church of Belmont . . . Drummer **Joe Morello,** longtime member of the now-defunct **Dave Brubeck** Quartet, conducted a clinic at Drumland here that packed the big room to overflowing. The clinic included a concert in which Morello was joined by vibist **Johnny Rae,** guitarist **Eddie Duran** and bassist **Jim McCabe.** The following day, Morello did a clinic at San Jose City College and played with the school's Jazz Ensemble . . . **Marian** and **Dick Williams,** two of the Bay Area's staunch jazz buffs, have opened the Swinging Lantern on the fringe of the Broadway entertainment sector of San Francisco. The club, now operating only Fridays and Saturdays but scheduled to expand soon, opens at 2 a.m., serves coffee, soft drinks and sandwiches, and has a house trio led by pianist **Flip Nunes,** plus sitter-inners, of which there have been a good many . . . The **Stan Kenton** Orchestra recently played four nights at the Gold Nugget in Oakland to turnaway business. It featured a good many new charts, including seven by

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drummer **Dee Barton** . . . Vibist **Lee Schipper's** quintet played an evening concert in the San Francisco Public Library sponsored by the Musicians Union Trust Fund.

New Orleans: In line with his new jazz policy, **Al Hirt** booked **Erroll Garner** for a two-week engagement at his Bourbon Street club. Hirt is currently negotiating for appearances by **Miles Davis** and **Roland Kirk** . . . Singer **Tony Page** cut an album on Empire label with the **Ronnie Dupont** Trio and a big band. Arrangements for the LP were done by trumpeter **Clem Toca.** Another local group, led by trombonist **Milton Bush,** cut an album on White Cliffs label . . . **Pete Fountain** has bought the Lido Club, one of the largest in the French Quarter, and is planning to remodel it with an eye towards moving from his French Quarter Inn to the new location . . . **Tommy Walker,** manager of the New Orleans Saints football team, was named director of the International Jazz Festival scheduled here for May . . . Washington, D.C. disc jockey and jazz buff **Felix Grant** donated ten years of the now-defunct *Metronome* magazine to the Jazz Museum . . . British trumpeter **Clive Wilson** is organizing a new revivalist band with several other foreign-born jazzmen now residing in New Orleans . . . The January meeting-jazz session of the New Orleans Jazz Club featured **Dutch Andrus'** band, the **Crawford Ferguson Night Owls, Danny Barker's** traditionalists, and the **New Orleans Banjo Stylists,** led by **Al Lobre** . . . Trumpeter **Willard Gray** was added to **Leon Kelner's** Blue Room band for singer **Julie London's** engagement . . . **Doug Ramsey,** onetime *Down Beat* correspondent from Cleveland, is doing a weekly jazz record show on WDSU in addition to his chores as newscaster on WDSU-TV . . . Tulane jazz archivist **Richard Allen** did a lecture tour of Tulane Alumni Associations in Houston, Atlanta and Birmingham . . . Blues singer **Enic K-Doe** recently made an appearance at a new blues and rock club, the Hullabaloo . . . The **Olympia Brass Band** has returned from three weeks in Europe. The band was featured at an International Jazz Night dinner at International House . . . **Dave Brubeck** and **Gerry Mulligan** have been signed for the International Jazz Festival scheduled in May. Writer **Al Rose** has been waging a one-man war on the festival. Rose, a jazz purist who maintains that the modernists on the program are not jazz musicians, tried unsuccessfully to elect several anti-festival candidates to the board of directors of the New Orleans Jazz Club last month . . . **Pete Fountain** played a two-week engagement at the Tropicana in Las Vegas recently . . . **Willie Tee and the Souls** opened at the Ivanhoe lounge in the French Quarter. A number of modern jazzmen have been sitting in with the group, including tenor saxophonists **Fred Kemp** and **Richard Peck** . . . Bassist **Bob Tassin** joined **Ronnie Dupont's** jazz-for-dancing combo at the Bistro . . . A new French Quarter club, the Peacock, is featuring rock and blues talent. Singer **Irma Thomas** was the first attraction . . . **Margie Joseph,** a 19-year-old singer from Pascogoula, Mississippi, cut a single in New Orleans for OKeh records. A student at Dillard University here, Miss Joseph sang with **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet at the university's recent Afro-American Arts Festival . . . Pianist-vocalist **Lavergne Smith** is doing a single at the Follies lounge on Broad Street . . . Pianist **Ronnie Kole** is the first jazz entry for Paula Records, formerly a rock and country-and-western label . . . The New Orleans Saints football team has a supporting stage band led by trombonist **Ted Demuth.** The band closed the season with a TV spot on WYES-TV, local educational channel.

Chicago: After a month's darkness, the Plugged Nickel lit up again Jan. 31, when **Sonny Stitt's** trio (organist **Don Patterson** and drummer **Billy James**) came in for a fortnight's stay. The saxophonist also held a clinic demonstrating his amplified alto and tenor at Sid Sherman's Music Studio, with organist **Prentiss McCarey** and drummer **Vernell Fournier** . . . Pianist **Ray Bryant** followed Stitt at the Nickel for a week, guitarist **Bola Sete** was in for two, and **Thelonious Monk** opened March 6 . . . **Rhetta Hughes, Tennyson Stevens,** and the **Abstractions (Barbara** and **Benny Fernandez)** did three weeks at the Scotch Mist. They were succeeded by the **Blue Notes** . . . The Old Town Gate has abandoned its Dixieland jazz policy in favor of rock fare. The club was scheduled to reopen in late February after a face-lifting . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** and his All Stars have initiated a series of Sunday afternoon sessions at the Golden Horseshoe in Chicago Heights . . . Reed man **Joseph Jarman's** group performed a two-part gambit in total theater at Ida Noyes Hall on the University of Chicago campus Feb. 9 and 13 . . . Folk singer-guitarist **Terry Collier** headlines the weekend bill at the Earl of Old Town, sharing the stand with **Friend & Lover (Jim** and **Kathy Post).** Collier does a single Mondays and Tuesdays, and also performed with his folk band at the Chicago Circle campus of the University of Illinois . . . Tenor saxophonist **John Klemmer** waxed his second album for Cadet in February, including some tracks with strings.

Seattle: Electronic jazz was introduced here Jan. 28 by the **Bill Smith Jazz Ensemble** at the University Unitarian Church. Smith's amplified and multi-vided clarinet was accompanied by **Lee Humes,** bass; **Tom Collier,** drums and vibes; and **Jan Schoonover,** who played the synket, a novel electronic instrument. Composer Smith, now teaching at University of Washington School of Music, also tracked himself up to no less than eight simultaneous lines, using two tape machines

. . . Another innovation was **Red Mitchell's** bass playing with the **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet at the Penthouse last month. Mitchell tuned the instrument in fifths, like a cello . . . **George Shearing** was at the Penthouse, followed by the **Roy Meriwether** Trio. The **Miles Davis** Quintet arrives in April . . . D-J's began a jazz policy with **Cannonball Adderley,** who closed March 3. **Count Basie's** band is signed for March 18-21 . . . The Eagles, continuing with lights and sounds, had the **Charles Lloyd** Quartet again, followed by **The Fugs.** The **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** opens March 9. Lloyd's group also played a concert at the University of Washington Feb. 15, co-sponsored by the Associated Students and the University Jazz Society . . . **Jabbo Ward,** a solid local tenor man, has joined drummer **Bill Richardson's** group at the Fifth Amendment; others are vocalist **Bobby Adano;** organist **Bob Nixon,** and **Larry Coryell's** favorite blues guitarist, **Joe Johanson** . . . Altoist-arranger **Milt Kleeb** is fronting an 8- to 12-man jazz-oriented dance band on single dates in the area, with trumpeter **Al Meddaugh;** trombonists **Dave Tuttle** and **Don Anderson;** flutist **Bill Wicker;** tenorist **Jordan Ruwe;** baritone saxophonist **Glenn Score;** pianist **Dick Dunlap;** bassist **Jim Anderson;** drummer **Dave Coleman;** and vocalist **Judy Bevan.** Kleeb's voicings include use of flute and soprano saxophone leads . . . Pianist **Earl Hines** appeared at the Olympic Hotel's Marine Room . . . The **Joe Brazil** Sextet has been presenting jazz recitals and clinics in Central Area high schools of Seattle . . . **Jimi Hendrix** returned to his home town for a concert in the Arena Feb. 15 . . . Three jazz units were made available to local communities under a National Arts Foundation grant by the Washington State Arts Commission: the **Don Lanphere, Mike Mandel** and **Joe Brazil** groups.

Baltimore: Henry Baker's Peyton Place brought in tenor saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** for a week late in January. With Stitt were organist **Don Patterson** and drummer **Billy James.** Baker plans to alternate name jazz groups with local bands in succeeding weeks . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society opened its new season Jan. 28 with the **Max Roach** Quintet, including trumpeter **Charles Tolliver,** tenor saxophonist **Odean Pope,** pianist **Stanley Cowell,** and bassist **Jymie Merritt.** The next weekend the LBJS featured the **Roland Kirk** Quartet . . . While the jazz scene revives in some quarters, it falls off in others: a recent casualty was the jazz room at the Red Fox, long the Baltimore home of vocalist **Ethel Ennis.** It has been temporarily closed, mainly due to lack of business . . . **Duke Ellington** played a January concert at the Eastwind . . . The trio led by pianist **Donald Criss (Jay Leonhard,** bass; **Jimmy Johnson,** drums) has begun a series of monthly concerts at local elementary schools . . . **Renaud,** a young singer who has appeared at various clubs in town and danced in a production of *West Side Story* at the art museum's Baltimore Music Festival last summer, has his first record out, *What Are Friends For* . . . Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** brought in his trio, with bassist **Gene Byrd** and drummer **William Reichbach,** to play a Saturday night concert with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra conducted by **Elyakum Shapira.** Byrd paid homage to the **Beatles, Duke Ellington** and Brazilian composers before joining the orchestra for Vivaldi's *Concerto for Guitar and Strings.*

Japan: *Swing Journal,* Japan's leading jazz magazine, has announced the results of the first SJ Jazz Disc Awards. Selections for awards in five categories were made by the top 24 jazz writers, deejays and critics here as follows: Jazz Disc Gold Award: **Ornette Coleman,** *At the Golden Circle, Vol. 1.* Jazz Disc Bronze Award: **John Coltrane,** *Expressions;* Jazz of Japan Award: **Sadao Watanabe** and **Charlie Mariano,** *Iberian Waltz;* Special Awards: **Cecil Taylor's** Fontana New Jazz Series album and *The Popular Duke Ellington.* Best Engineering Award: **Max Roach,** *Drums Unlimited.* The judges voted only on albums released in Japan by Japanese recording companies and/or distributors during 1967. SJ editors plan to make the awards an annual event . . . **Astrud Gilberto,** plagued by illness and public address systems without reverberation effects, cancelled her last two shows in Japan, both at Tachikawa Air Base on the outskirts of Tokyo. However, the group backing her, led by pianist **Ben Aronov,** and including alto saxophonist **Charlie Mariano,** bassist **Don Payne,** drummer **Jim Kappes** and guitarist **Sam Brown,** went on at both the Tachi officer's club, and later, at the Tachi civilian club lounge, with a wild hour-and-a-half session for the patrons . . . Vocalist **Timi Yuro,** on a week-end stop-over here after three months of entertaining in South Vietnam, was persuaded by agent **Tom Nomura** to fill in for Miss Gilberto to the delight of everyone present. The Tachi "C" club's house band is now the famed **Blue Coats,** in which **Toshiko Akiyoshi** got her early big band and jazz experience. The band was saddened by the passing, the same day, of its founder, **Masao Kojima,** who had gone on to become this country's best known television emcee . . . Singer **Jerry Ito** will tour Europe this summer with the **Okazaki Star Gazers,** the jazz house group at the Tokyo Hilton's Star Hill Club . . . Manos Disco, Tokyo's most successful rock room, is also one of the largest such places in Asia. It offers two full floors of ear-splitting sound, and patrons, including many local and visiting celebrities, line up to get in on a first come, first enter basis . . . **Sadao Watanabe,** most active jazzman in Nippon, has dropped the piano from his group and picked up a young Keio University student, guitarist **Masuo Yoshiaki.** Watanabe's new drummer is his younger brother **Fumio,** who recently broke into the ranks of Japan's top 10 percussionists. Watanabe still gigs on Saturday nights at new Jazz Gallery 8 in Komagome, Tokyo.

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

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Joe Killian, wknds.
Apartment: Marian McPartland, 3/11-tfn.
Arthur's Tavern: The Grove Street Stompers, Mon.
Basie'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., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Eddie Barnes.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Dom: Elvin Jones-Joe Farrell, Jacki Byrd to 3/16.
Ferrybont (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler Trio, tfn.
Frammis: unk.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Clark Terry, March.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Dave Rivera, tfn.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrique (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Brenkfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Art Mooney to 3/13.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Mr. G's: Jay Chasin, Ray Rivera, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Mann and the Dukes to 4/30.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: unk.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 4/7.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepherd's: Lovelace Watkins to 3/22.
Slug's: sessions, Sat.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: Ahmad Jahmal, tfn.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart.
Village Gate: Miles Davis, 3/8-9. Herbie Mann, Odetta, 3/15-16.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Winecellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Mon.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Woody Herman, 3/10. Clifford Jordan, 3/17.
Peyton Place: Thomas Hurley.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Phil Cohran, Fri.-Sun. evening, Sun. afternoon.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Copacabana: Abshlom Benshlomo, Mon. Maurice McIntyre, Tue.
Earl of Old Town: Terry Collier, Mon.-Tue.
Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodes, Sun.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: Roscoe Mitchell, 3/10. Leo Smith, 3/17. Jerol Ajay, 3/24. Lester Lashley, 3/31. Maurice McIntyre, 4/7. Richard Abrams, 4/14. Leroy Jenkins, 4/21.
London House: Walter Wanderley to 3/10. Gene Krupa, 3/12-31.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoon.
Midas Touch: unk.
Mister Kelly's: Miriam Makeba, 3/18-31. Larry Novak. Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: Linn County Blues Band, Wed.-Fri.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: name groups.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.
Trip: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Johnny Gabor, Tue.-Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.
Apiks (Montebello): Eddie Cano.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Vladimir & His Orchestra, Tue.
Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Richard Dorsey, Curtis Peagler. Sessions, Sun. 6 a.m.-2 p.m.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Teddy Buckner, Tue. Brass Night, Wed. Various groups, wknds.
Duke's Glen Cove: Nellie Lutcher.
El Camino College (Gardena): Tommy Vig, 3/29.
Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.
Embers (Santa Monica): Phineas Newborn.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Roaring '20s Ragtime Band.
Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
It Club: jazz, nightly.
La Flambe (Tarzana): Matt and Ginny Dennis.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Gabor Szabo to 3/17. Big Black, 3/19-31.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: Special guests, Mon. Kenny Dixon, hb.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
Music Center: Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, 3/17, 4/15.
New Ranch Club (Palm Springs): Red Norvo.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson. Jimmy Bunn, Tues., Sun.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Redd Foxx: Kirk Stewart, hb.
Riviera (Palm Springs): Joe Masters.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Saddleback Inn (Norwalk): Calvin Jackson.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Thelonious Monk to 3/17. Miles Davis, 3/19-31. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat. Manne or Roger Kellaway, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi. Joanne Grauer, Sun.-Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Monica): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard. Richard Dorsey, Tue., Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
UCLA (Schoenberg Hall): Gil Melle, 3/9. Muddy Waters, 3/30. Gary Burton, 4/20.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: unk.
Bop City: Lee Hestor, afterhours.
Both/And: Cannonball Adderley to 3/17. McCoy Tyner, 4/9-21. Miles Davis, 4/23-5/5.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Mongo Santamaria, 3/25-4/6.
Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Closed for remodelling. Reopens with Roland Kirk, 4/2-14. Thelonious Monk, 4/22-27. Ahmad Jamal, 5/7-26.
Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
Little Caesar: Mike Tilles.
New Hearth: Burt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
Pier 23: Bill Napier, Carol Leigh, wknds.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Swinging Lutern: Flip Nunes, afterhours.
Trident Club (Sausalito): unk.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Pibe Hinc, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Dungeon: Bobby Douglas, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberto, hbs.
Follies: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Dukes of Dixieland to 3/9. Fats Domino, 3/11-3/30.
Holly's: modern jazz afterhours, Fri-Sat.
Ivanhoe: Willie Tee and the Souls.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Bob Prado.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Storyville: Warren Luening.
Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Jimmy McGriff, 4/5-14. Redd Foxx, 4/22-5/2.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Chez Beaux: Danny Stevenson.
Drome: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sun.
Empire Lounge (Flint): Don DeAndre, Tue.-Sat.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Shadow Box: Ralph Jay, Fri.-Sat.
Spiro's (East Lansing): Les Rout, Sun.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.

DALLAS

Adolphus Hotel: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Cabana Hotel (Bon Vivant): Louis Jordan.
Fink Mink Club: Jim Black, Betty Green, tfn.
Flamingo (Ft. Worth): James Clay.
Lark: David (Fathead) Newman, Roosevelt Wardell, tfn. Eloise Hester.
Mr. Lucky's: Sammy Jay, tfn.
Sands: Roger Boykin. Marchell Ivery, wknds.
Village Club: Don Jacoby, Bobby Burgess, hb.
Villager: Jac Murphy, tfn.

ST. LOUIS

Brave Bull: Singleton Palmer, tfn.
Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Hi Ho: The Tempos.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson, hb.
Le Left Bank: Don Cunningham.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bulen.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Renaissance Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet.

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