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April 18, 1968

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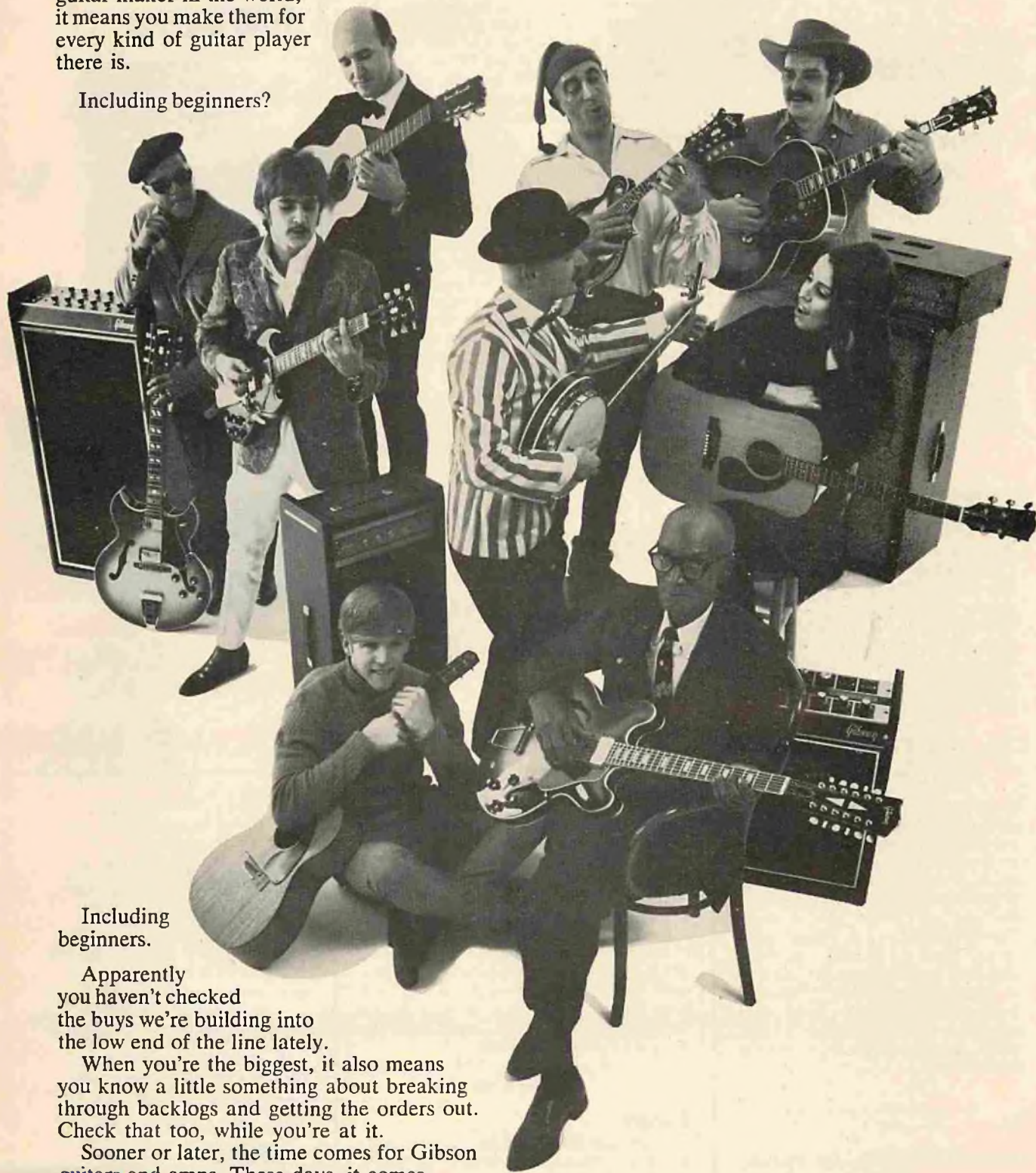
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Against The Odds

Concerning the article by Don Rader on the Bob Hope tour in Vietnam (*DB*, Feb. 22), we would like to thank him for his kind words about the 4th Division Dance Band which played before the show Dec. 26 in the Pleiku area. He mentioned the band could be considered excellent if you consider the conditions under which we have to play.

That gave us a warm feeling, considering the conditions include an average limit of about 4 hours a week rehearsal time. Half the band is on patrols about four times a month. Sandbagging is the main time-consuming practice over here, and between guard duties and other assorted details, its quite difficult to even get the guys together for the 4 hours a week that we are allowed. So you can see that its hard to get anything together under the conditions given us; also the instruments allowed us over here, since it is a combat zone, are unsatisfactory for our purposes, to say the least. We have worked hard against the odds to get what we have, and thoroughly appreciated Mr. Rader's comments on the performance of the group.

Sp/5 Robert Haub
4th Inf. Div. Stage Band

The band's personnel is Sp/4 Johnson, Sp/4 Adams, Sp/5 Carreon, Sp/4 Borland, Sp/4 DeGenova, trumpets; Sgt. Pederson, Sp/5 Denson, Sp/4 Brewer, Sp/4 Hamilton, trombones; Sp/5 Haub, Sp/5 Demont, Sp/5 Olds, Sgt. Edwards, Sp/4 Heckman, saxophones; Sp/5 Malijewski, piano; Sgt. Hall, bass; Sp/4 Lista, drums.

Do It Now

Michael Zwerin's transcription of Budd Johnson's story (*DB*, Feb. 8) was so good that I hope to see a continuation of it. It would be an excellent idea to do the same for other musicians. Why not run really long articles by these older musicians? It would be a valuable help in documenting the history of jazz. I'm sure that a skillful interviewer, by getting the musicians to go into considerable detail, could provide us with lots of hitherto unknown facts and fascinating insights.

Rex Stewart was a beautiful beginning to this kind of work. Budd Johnson was a worthy successor. But please get it down now, before these musicians are dead. I hope that you will intensify your efforts in this work. I also was glad to see the story on Coleman Hawkins.

Jack McCaffrey
Newmarket, Ont., Canada

Convert

Kudos for Don DeMicheal's fine review of John Coltrane's *Expression* (*DB*, March 7). It ranks with his *Love Supreme* and *Meditations* reviews.

My apologies to Archie Shepp and his music; after extensive listening, I find it very provocative and exciting. I hope a lot of people (who haven't done so al-

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ready) will listen with open ears to this music like I've done. It won't hurt, and I'm sure that most will be rewarded. By the way, how about an article on Pharoah Sanders? He is a tremendous saxophonist who really moves me every time I listen to him.

William E. Salter
Chicago, Ill.

Richards Rooter

Congratulations and thanks to J. C. Thomas for his insightful piece of work on Johnny Richards (*DB*, Feb. 22), *Man With A Passion*. Really great jazz writers are scarce enough, yet there is only one Johnny Richards. He's the only contemporary writer in whom I've heard power and tenderness expressed as a single entity. His music has grown and advanced with the times and there just doesn't seem to be any limit to his inventiveness.

Thanks again for a well-documented tribute!

Don Pinto
New York City

A Fan Indeed

As an old Goodman fan from away back (June, 1935), I've got to thank you for your article (*DB*, March 7) covering his celebration of the 30th Anniversary of the Carnegie Hall Concert.

The only thing I'm "famous" for around the old home town is the fact that I'm a Goodman fan. Friends will call me up to say that the *B.G. Story* is on TV (which I already knew anyway) so I won't miss it. How many times have I seen it? Any way, my epitaph will surely be "She was crazy about Benny Goodman." (Like Charlie Brown and Beethoven, and Flip Wilson and Ray Charles.)

So I could hardly bear reading this coverage of his party, as nostalgia took over. I just had to put the magazine down, and read it in bits and pieces, as it just seemed TOO much.

How nice to see Benny so fit and energetic (we are expecting him up here in Toronto in April) and what joy to see such a chic and beautiful Helen Ward (are all suburban housewives that glamorous?)—she should never have retired so soon.

On the other hand, how sad it was that Teddy Wilson couldn't make it. It just couldn't have been exactly right without him, a musician of incredible talent, who generated so much excitement with his history-making performances in the trio back in 1935. We've had Teddy up here in Toronto several times in the past 3 or 4 years, and his magical artistry is just unbelievable.

However, before this turns into a tribute to Teddy Wilson (which is a great idea), my best congratulations and good wishes go out to the King of Swing, Benny Goodman, and how nice of him to have made possible such a remarkable reunion. Jan. 16, 1968 must have been a magical night.

But how come I've now got to go out and buy a copy of *Esquire* if I want to see the complete line-up in that reunion?

Mrs. John Stead
Oshawa, Ont., Canada

Because *Esquire* hired the photographer. Exclusive rights, y'know.

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"You may be interested to know that you now have another rabid fan here in Chicago. I have been playing trumpet on the BREAKFAST CLUB for so long that high C was an effort. But your book revived my interest in studying and am already up to an E above high C. I have studied with a lot of famous teachers in my day, including Schlossberg, and I can HONESTLY say I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT AS I HAVE IN THE LAST MONTH OR SO. I know this may sound like some kid writing a fan letter but I felt I had to let you know what results I have thus far had. Thanks again for the lift!"



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Three hit songs—*Ode to Billie Joe*; *Up, Up and Away*, and *Gentle on My Mind*—swept this year's Grammy awards presented by NARAS—the record industry's equivalent to the Oscars.

Away, composed by Jim Webb and made famous by the Fifth Dimension, copped Record of the Year, Song of the Year, Best Performance by a Vocal Group, Best Contemporary Single, Best Contemporary Group Performance, and Best Performance by a Chorus (the latter by the Johnny Mann Singers). "Contemporary" is NARAS' euphemism for rock-pop.

Bobbie Gentry's *Billie Joe* earned her Best Female Vocal, Best New Artist and Best Contemporary Female Vocal Solo awards, and also copped a Best Arrangement Accompanying Vocal or Instrumental prize for arranger Jimmie Haskell—for a dubbing job, no less.

Gentle, a country & western song by John Hartford, recorded by the composer and Glen Campbell, won Best Country & Western Song, Best Folk Performance, Best C&W Recording, and Best C&W Male Solo Vocal.

The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's* won Album of the Year and Best Engineering awards.

For jazz people, there wasn't much to shout about. The jazz award categories have been reduced to two. Duke Ellington's *Far East Suite* was the worthy choice for Best Instrumental Jazz, Large Group, and Cannonball Adderley's *Mercy, Mercy*, *Mercy* the not unworthy winner of the small group award.

Composer Lalo Schifrin took home two Grammy awards, both for his *Mission Impossible* music: Best Instrumental Theme and Best Original Score for Motion Picture or Television.

Aretha Franklin won Best Rhythm and Blues Recording and Best Rhythm and Blues Female Solo Vocal for her version of the late Otis Redding's *Respect*, while Lou Rawls' *Dead End Street* earned him Best Male Solo Vocal in the r&b sweepstakes. Best r&b Group Performance was *Soul Man*, by Sam and Dave. Business as usual.

GOOD SOUNDS IN STORE AT BERKELEY JAZZ FEST

The week of April 15-21 has been proclaimed Jazz Week throughout the city of Berkeley, Cal., and with good reason. As a climax to varied jazz activities, the Second Annual Bay Area Jazz Festival will take place April 19 and 20 at the University of California Greek Theater, and if everybody shows, it should be a festival to remember.

Among the scheduled highlights is the

first joint appearance of Miles Davis and Gil Evans since their 1961 Carnegie Hall concert in New York, and the West Coast debut of the Cecil Taylor Quintet. Both events are slated for opening night (19), on a program also including Carmen McRae and the Miles Davis Quintet. Evans will direct a specially assembled orchestra.

The following day will see two concerts. An afternoon piano workshop, directed by Billy Taylor, will feature Thelonious Monk, Herbie Hancock, Cecil Taylor, Denny Zeitlin and other pianists,



Evans and Davis
Spring Reunion

backed by bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Ed Thigpen.

The evening performance will be headlined by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, which will also accompany singer Joe Williams. The Wes Montgomery and Thelonious Monk quartets round out the bill.

Among the events surrounding the festival, which is planned and sponsored by the Student Centennial Jazz Committee and the Intrafraternity Council at the University of California, are concerts, lectures, panel discussions, photo exhibits, and film programs.

Ralph I. Gleason, noted jazz authority and syndicated columnist, will be in residence on the university's campus during Jazz Week. Proceeds from all events go to a fund benefitting the Educational Opportunity Program and the Special Opportunity Scholarship Program.

CRADLE OF JAZZ WILL ROCK AGAIN IN SPRING

Joe Gemelli, talent chairman of New Orleans' *Jazzfest '68*, has announced a week's program of jazz from every era for mid-May in downtown New Orleans.

The festival will officially open with a memorial Mass for jazz musicians at St. Louis Cathedral on Sunday, May 12. On

the following Wednesday a "cuttin' contest" on a Mississippi River boat will feature three Dixieland bands. A New Orleans unit will be led by trumpeter Sharkey Bonano. Another group will include Chicago pianist Art Hodes, with trombonist Georg Brunis, drummer Red Saunders and others. Trumpeter Max Kaminsky, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell and bassist Bob Haggart will form the nucleus of the third combo.

A multi-band parade will be held Wednesday night, starting in the French Quarter and moving to the dock at the foot of Canal Street. Leading marching jazz bands will participate, including The Onward, The Eureka, The Young Tuxedo, and The Olympia Brass Bands. In addition, several jazz bands will play in the afternoon and early evening on Canal Street throughout the week.

Nightly concerts, the main feature of the festival, will be held from Thursday through Sunday at the Municipal Auditorium. Artists being imported for the concerts (or in many cases, brought home for a reunion) are Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Gary Burton, The Dukes of Dixieland, Duke Ellington, Pete Fountain, Woody Herman, Lurlean Hunter, Teddi King, Ramsey Lewis, Carmen McRae, Gerry Mulligan and Joe Williams. Bands in residence in New Orleans signed for the festival include Paul Barbarin, Danny Barker, Al Belletto, Sharkey Bonano, Papa French, Armand Hug, Thomas Jefferson, Ronnie Kole, George Lewis and Willie Tee.

The festival, which is expected to become an annual event, is being initiated in connection with the 250th anniversary of the founding of New Orleans. The *Jazzfest '68* general chairman, Durel Black, is president of the New Orleans Jazz Club.

JAZZ BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The city of Charlotte, N.C., noted primarily as the site of stock car races, the birthplace of President Polk, and for cotton and hydroelectric power, is celebrating its bicentennial this year.

As part of the festivities, there will be what jazz impresario George Wein describes as "a major breakthrough"—a two-day jazz festival under city sponsorship, to be held at the Civic Auditorium May 10 and 11.

Produced by Wein, the festival is scheduled to star such top talent as the Buddy Rich Band, Cannonball Adderley, Herbie Mann, Wes Montgomery, Art Blakey, Nina Simone, Hugh Masakela, Gloria Lynne, Gary Burton, Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan (a new team in the making?), and the Newport All Stars featuring Ruby Braff, Pee Wee Russell and Bud Freeman.

A patron's committee made up of leading local citizens has been formed, and brisk sales of patron's tickets were reported at presstime. Wein, who has already established Atlanta, Ga. and Austin, Tex. as annual jazz festival sites, and will present concerts in Winston-Salem, N.C., Dallas and Houston, Tex., and at Hampton Institute in Virginia this summer, predicts that the South will become a major area for jazz activities.

CLOSE SHAVE IN JAPAN FOR TENORIST ROLLINS

When tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins arrived in Japan to commence a tour with a beard and a full head of hair, many fans complained to the promoters.

This wasn't the real Sonny Rollins, they claimed, but an impostor. The clamor grew so loud that Rollins, just before a concert



Sonny Rollins
A Hairy Predicament

in Akuta Prefecture in northern Honshu, had his familiar Mohican hair style restored. From then on, the fans were happy.

While in Japan, where he was accompanied by bassist Larry Ridley, drummer George Brown, and local pianist Masaaki Kikuchi, Rollins visited many Zen Buddhist shrines.

During a visit to Yokohama's Sojiji Temple, the sect's Japanese headquarters, the saxophonist reportedly expressed a desire to an English-speaking priest to return when he was able and spend two or three months at the temple in contemplation.

FINAL BAR

Christopher Gaddy, a young Chicago pianist, died March 12 of internal disorders originally contracted during service in the U.S. Army, following which he spent more than a year in Walter Reed Army Hospital. He would have been 25 on April 8.

Gaddy joined the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians in 1965. He was a regular member of altoist

Joseph Jarman's quartet, but had been inactive recently due to illness. His only appearance on record is on Jarman's Delmark album *Song For*. At the funeral, held March 15, AACM president Richard Abrams, Jarman, bassist Charles Clark, and drummer Thurman Barker performed.

Singer-actress Juanita Hall, 67, who achieved fame in the role of Bloody Mary in the stage and screen versions of *South Pacific*, died Feb. 28 in Bay Shore, N.Y. after a long illness.

Miss Hall began her professional career at 14 and made her Broadway debut in the chorus of the original production of *Showboat*. She appeared in many Broadway plays and musicals and directed her own choral group, the Juanita Hall Singers.

Though not primarily a jazz singer, Miss Hall recorded a tribute album to Bessie Smith on Counterpoint Records in

1956 which put to shame most similar efforts by jazz-oriented performers. She was backed by an all-star group including Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Doc Cheatham. As recently as last year, she appeared in a concert of blues and ballads with Hopkins, Cheatham, and trombonist Benny Morton.

Singer Frankie Lymon, 26, who became a star while still in his early teens with *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*, was found dead Feb. 28 in the apartment of a friend in New York City, apparently from an overdose of narcotics. He was on leave from the U.S. Army.

Trumpeter Leo McConville, 68, died in Baltimore, Md. Feb. 26. In the '20s and early '30s, he was much in demand as a studio and recording artist in New York City, and is best known for his many recordings with Red Nichols' Five Pennies, Ed Lang, and Joe Venuti. He also played under Paul Whiteman. Mainly a lead trumpeter, he rarely soloed on records, but can be heard in that capacity on the Lang tracks on Columbia's *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz*.

Tenor saxophonist Floyd H. Town, 69, died March 4 in Chicago, where he had been active all his life. In the '20s, he led a band which included Frank Teschemacher, Muggsy Spanier, Jess Stacy and other greats-to-be. Among his sidemen in later years was Art Hodes, who composed *Randolph Street Rag*, the Town band's radio theme. An inveterate jazz enthusiast, he participated in a jam session days before his death. He can be heard on record with Elmer Schoebel's Friars Society Orchestra on Decca's recently issued Teschemacher album.

POTPOURRI

Horace Silver unveiled his new group at Crawford's Grill in Pittsburgh, went on to play in Cleveland and Providence during the month of March, and is slated to appear in Detroit April 7 and Philadelphia April 8. With the pianist are Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone; John Williams, bass; Billy Cobham, drums. Silver has recorded half an LP for Blue Note with Tolliver; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Bob Cranshaw, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums. The album will be completed by the new quintet.

John Handy and violinist Mike White have been reunited in the new quintet unveiled by the saxophonist at San Francisco's Both/And Club in March. Other members of the group are pianist Mike Nock, a transplanted New Zealander; bassist Bruce Cale, from Boston, and drummer Larry Hancock, of Cleveland. Handy is now playing oboe in addition to soprano and alto saxophones.

Some time ago, flutist Paul Horn went to India, presumably in search of his soul. Whatever he found there, it seems to have paid off. Horn is currently in India once again, to produce and score a documentary for Four Star Productions. Subject: the

Film Review

For over three years, the New York Improvisational Ensemble, conducted by arranger-composer Chris Swansen, has been, in the words of its leader, "dedicated to the performance of new jazz compositions utilizing the unique improvisational abilities of its players." Music for the Ensemble is provided mainly by Swansen but the library also includes contributions from Mike Gibbs, Herb Pomeroy, Arif Mardin, Ray Santisi and James Mosher.

At the core of the Ensemble's life are the rehearsals which happen on almost every Tuesday at the Lynn Oliver Studios on Manhattan's upper west side. These have become a ritual in which the band continually searches its collective soul. Now, Swansen and photographer Tom Zimmerman, as Riverbank Productions Inc., have completed a motion picture which shows the rehearsal environment of the group and also explores the personal lives of several members.

Tue. Afternoon (sic) is a film that thoroughly integrates Swansen's music with the players, shifting between actual rehearsal scenes and, in the case of four musicians (Steve Marcus, Steve Lederer, John Eckert and Charlie Camilleri), involvements with everyday events.

Members of the Ensemble for *Tue. Afternoon* are Camilleri, fluegelhorn, trumpet; Eckert, Dave Gale, Lloyd Michaels, trumpets; Jack Gale, trombone; Tony Salvatori, bass trombone; Bob Porcelli, alto saxophone, flute; Marcus and Lederer, tenor saxophones; Ed Xiques, baritone saxophone; Mike Nock, piano; Barre Phillips, bass; and Stu Martin, drums. Actually, Marty Morell is the drummer seen on screen, but Martin plays on the sound track.

This short film is one of the most honest ever made about jazz musicians doing their thing. Its combination of the mundane, the zany, and the truly poetic make *Tue. Afternoon* a piece of art that one experiences on both the emotional and cerebral level.

—Gittler

light and teachings of jet set guru Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Sun Ra and his Space Arkestra will be presented in concert at Carnegie Hall in New York City April 12 at 8:30 p.m., with a light show designed by the Pablo Light Co., which has previously worked with Charles Lloyd and Count Basie. The concert's producer is George Schutz, who presented a Mozart Cycle at Lincoln Center and was associated with pianist Friederich Gulda. This will be Schutz' first jazz venture in 12 years—he once produced jazz concerts in Rochester, N.Y. Advisor Willis Conover is tuning him in to the new scene.

Tenor saxophonist Brew Moore, who returned to the U.S. early this year after a long sojourn in Europe, has been working since February at the Sport Corner Bar at 96th St. and 2nd Ave. in New York City with a quartet including pianist Benny Aronov.

The French Academie du Jazz announced its 1968 awards March 5 at a party in the Drug West drug store in the new town of Parly II, a few miles west of Paris. Among resident and visiting musicians who attended—and in some cases jammed at—the party were trumpeters

Bill Coleman and Sonny Grey, tenorist Nathan Davis, pianist Hampton Hawes, drummer Art Taylor, guitarist Jimmy Gourley, violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, saxophonists Michel Portal and Michel Rogues, clarinetist Maxim Saury and the Golden Gate Quartet. The awards, announced by Academie president Maurice Cullaz, were: *Prix Django Reinhardt* (most deserving French musician): Michel Portal (saxes). *Oscar* (best jazz album): *Mama Too Tight* by Archie Shepp (Impulse). *Prix Fats Waller* (best jazz re-issue): *The Bix Beiderbecke Story, Vol. 1* (CBS). *Prix Big Bill Broonzy-Otis Redding* (best blues, gospel or spiritual album): *The Otis Redding Story* (Stax).

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Ornette Coleman returned from Europe in early March. He did not play in France, as reported earlier, but did visit there. With his group (bassists David Izenzon and Charlie Haden; drummer Ed Blackwell), he concertized in Italy, Holland and England . . . Another early March arrival from across the Atlantic was Coleman Hawkins, looking hale and hearty after a lengthy stay in England and concerts in Copenhagen . . . Earl Hines did 10 days at the Village

Vanguard with his regular group (Budd Johnson, reeds; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums) and trumpeter Buck Clayton . . . Drummer Ed Shaughnessy, in addition to playing with Doc Severinsen's *Tonight* show band, has been active as a clinician recently. He was a guest in this capacity at the Texas Tech Stage Band Festival at Lubbock, Texas in late March, and with Clark Terry, will judge and play at the Quinnipiac Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in Hamden, Conn. April 19-20 . . . The Club Jest Us presented the Roland Alexander Sextet in concert at Studio O in Brooklyn. With the reed man were Kiane Zawadi, euphonium; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; and Andrew Cyrille, drums. Charles Davis sat in on soprano saxophone . . . Trumpeter Lee Morgan's quintet played at Strington House in Montclair, N.J. Washington's Birthday and at Studio O March 2 . . . Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers did a long stint at Slugs' in March. Julian Priestner has replaced Slide Hampton on trombone, and Ronnie Mathews is now on piano. Billy Harper remains on tenor saxophone and Bill Hardman on trumpet. The new bassist is Lawrence Evans . . . Trumpeter Ted Curson worked La Boheme with clubowner Gene Harris, piano; Gene Perla, bass; and Jimmy Lovelace, drums. The gig began in March and was



SOME THOUGHTS ON INFLUENCE

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

THE QUESTION OF whether rock 'n' roll will influence jazz is often asked these days. It seems to me one of the most boring questions to have come along in some time.

In the first place, rock already has influenced jazz, and that is the most natural thing imaginable. Both are African-American, blues-based idioms. And since both are, it is sometimes even impossible to say which is doing what and with which and to whom. Sometimes it is even difficult to say which is which.

More important, jazz musicians have always been influenced by whatever music struck their fancies, and for whatever good reasons of their own happened to incline them. If it weren't for the innate taste of the jazzmen and their ability to transform their influences, the results might be unbearable.

Think about it. Louis Armstrong was strongly affected by an almost-forgotten cornetist and radio band leader named

B. A. Rolfe. Duke Ellington learned a great deal from "light classics" and Broadway pit band orchestrations that you and I might consider unlistenable today.

Think of all the basically ridiculous pop songs that Billie Holiday made into classic recorded performances. Think of all the over-wrought quasi-Ravel that Erroll Garner has obviously soaked up from movie sound tracks of the '30s and '40s and, thankfully, transmuted.

So jazz musicians will soak up whatever they like. And if history can teach us anything, it will teach us that what they soak up they will so transform as to make it something new. Or that jazz musicians will soak up something worth soaking up in the first place. A little Ray Charles hasn't hurt the many hundred players and arrangers who started soaking him up as long as 10 years ago.

To tell you the truth, I find most rock boring. However, I like a lot of it (or like what it stands for), and I wrote a piece in guarded praise of it in this magazine about three years ago—before it was fashionable to approve of it.

Anyway, I find it difficult to sit through 20 minutes of rock to wait for the two-minute "good parts." Some of the supposed good parts don't seem so good to me. ("Did you notice that *bridge*? It had *three* different rhythms!" "Oh.")

But for now I have a few random observations to make on rock and its champions.

One observation: The Boogaloo strikes me as the best, most creative, popular dance to come along in—well, the Lindy really started about 1930, so, to come

along in 38 years.

I dig Aretha Franklin, but I don't get Dionne Warwick at all. And I can't say that the Supremes really move me.

Another: I find it very interesting that a couple of commentators who are militantly Crow-Jim about jazz avidly embrace white rock groups, and are absolutely thrilled to discover an integrated, black and white rock band.

For myself—and I've said this before—I find many white rock musicians who use an imitative blues style and forced Negro-southern accents acutely embarrassing.

I'm not too crazy about the phony Nashville accent of Bob Dylan either. Nor about the proposition that Dylan is a poet. He has an exceptional talent with words, to be sure. And he knows a lot about *other* people's faults.

To put it one way, he is against most of the things that most of the people I know profess to be against. And he is for the things one is supposed to be for. From another point of view, Dylan is adroitly warming over the "liberal" cliches of 30 years ago.

On the other hand, Bobbie Gentry's *Ode to Billie Joe* and Jim Webb's *By the Time I Get to Phoenix* seem to me exceptional "folk" poems. They are about people in dramatic situations. They are a far cry from the preachiness of much "folk rock" and from the boyish escapism of *Up, Up and Away*, for all the charm of the latter.

Then there is the proposition that the new jazz is influencing the rock-pop groups. It sure is.

And since when hasn't jazz influenced our pop, in any era?



slated to continue into April . . . Pianist **Horace Parlan** is featured at 007 on Manhattan's east side with **Michael Fleming**, bass, and **Charles Crosby**, drums. Featured singer is **Ernie Banks** (no relation to the Chicago Cub's first baseman) . . . Recent free admission concerts at the Donnell Library on West 53rd St. have featured tenor saxophonists **Pharoah Sanders** and **Bill Barron**. Sanders was aided by **Dave Burrell**, piano; **Cyron Norris**, bass; and **George Brown**, drums. Barron's men were **Freddy Simmons**, piano; **Chris White**, bass; and **Roger Blank**, drums . . . Trombonist **Roswell Rudd**'s group did a *Blues for Planet Earth* concert at Washington Square Church on March 1 . . . Recent attractions at the Wednesday evening bashes at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. have been trumpeter **Pee Wee Erwin**, trombonist **Kai Winding**, also saxophonist

Arnie Lawrence, trombonist **Jimmy Cleveland**, valve trombonist **Marshall Brown**, and cornetist **Wild Bill Davison**.

Los Angeles: **Gabor Szabo** is in the good graces of AFM Local 47 once again, having settled a \$275 claim against him by reed man **Jack Fulks**, who charged that the guitarist had fired him without the mandatory "two weeks notice." The local's trial board upheld the claim. Also off Local 47's unfair list is Marty's-on-the-Hill, after the nitery paid **Kenny Dixon** \$565 in back salary. The club has had its financial woes, resulting from litigation over a suit brought by its former talent manager, **Lee Magid**. Technically, the club is in bankruptcy, although acts are being booked on a fairly regular basis. Dixon, former house band leader, is fronting a trio at the Parisian Room. His former sideman, reed man **Clifford Scott**, has

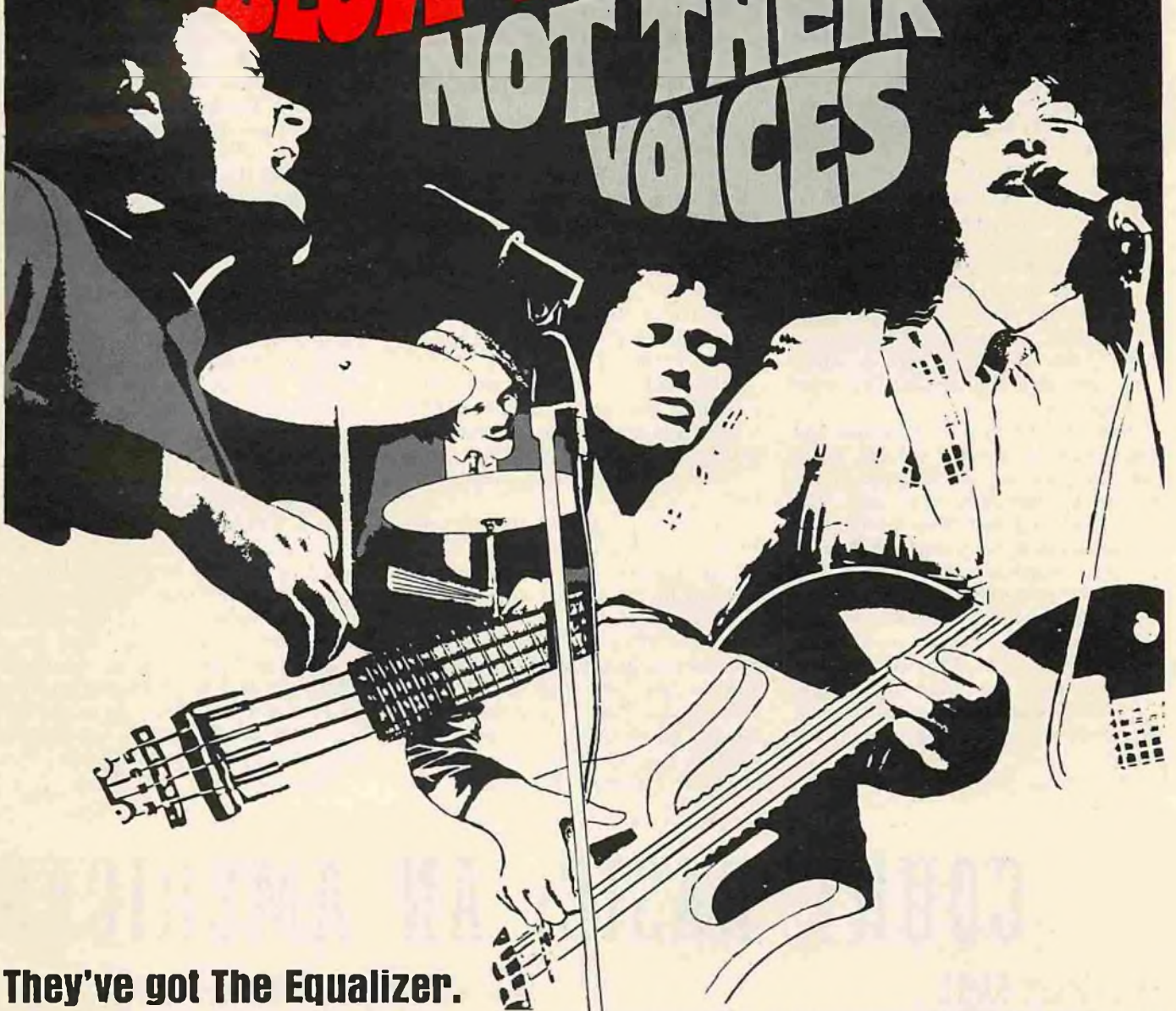
taken over the house combo at Marty's . . . It seems incredible, but **Ray Charles** will make his Los Angeles night club debut this summer. He has been booked into the Coconut Grove starting July 16. A recent one-nighter at the Grove proved to be a crucial step forward for rising young jazz singer **Kim Weston**. MGM records set up the appearance, with the proceeds benefiting the westside branch of the NAACP . . . A different kind of one-nighter took place at the Bill of Fare: a welcome-home party for **Louis Jordan**. He and his **Tympany Five** have just completed a successful tour of the Orient . . . An away-from-home party was held at Donte's for **George Wein**—and at his table were two gentlemen equally distant from home cooking: **John Hammond** and **George Simon**. Wein stopped off to catch **The Sound of Feeling** (he invited them to appear at Newport) on his way to San Diego and Oakland to promote his Schlitz-sponsored jazz bash which will play both cities later this year. Hammond and Simon were in town attending a NARAS meeting. After they were serenaded by **The Sound of Feeling**, **Johnny Guarneri** played their requests (*Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Tiger Rag*) in 5/4, the signature to which Guarneri is converting his entire repertoire. Guarneri stayed on a little longer than scheduled when the **Roger Kellaway Quartet** was delayed. They were all there: **Tom Scott**, reeds; **Kellaway**, piano; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums. But Guerin had locked his drums in their cases and left the key at home. **Leonard Feather** made the embarrassing announcement, then brought Guarneri back to fill the hiatus with more 5/4 . . . Shortly after **Diek Hyde**, his contra bass trumpet, and his **Multi-Brass Quintet** played Donte's (and returned for subsequent one-nighters), **Dick Nash** and **Sonny Criss** headlined a Wednesday night Brass Night with the aid of Nash's five-and-a-half foot long Tibetan horn. It has no valves, takes at least one more person (or a piece of furniture) to hold up the other end, and according to Nash, "is blown like a bugle." He used it for **Jerry Goldsmith's** score for *Planet of the Apes*. The combo also included **Jimmy Rowles**, piano; **Al Stinson**, bass; **Larry Bunker**, drums . . . A restaurant at Calabasas with the optimistic name **People Tree** is currently featuring singer **Ann Richards**, backed by the **Richie Thompson Trio** (Thompson, piano; **Wolf-gang Melz**, Fender bass; **Bobby Morin**, drums). Alternating sets with Miss Richards—using the same trio—is tenor saxophonist **J. R. Monterose**, still bugged by the fact that so many people still confuse him with **Jack Montrose**. J. R. is planning to go to Europe shortly . . . At one of the regular meetings of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California in Santa Ana, **Flora St. Cyr**, widow of Dixieland great **Johnny St. Cyr**, was honored. The NOJCC's rival, the Southern California Hot Jazz Society, gave the second in its series of jazz concerts at the Pasadena Playhouse. Under the title "An Historical Review of Classic New Orleans Jazz," the concert was conducted and narrated by the society's music director, **Gordon**

/Continued on page 48



Veteran **Down Beat** readers will undoubtedly feel a twinge of nostalgia when contemplating the above photo, so reminiscent of the way it used to be. Gathered at the Gaslight Club in Manhattan to celebrate clarinetist **Sol Yaged's** second anniversary there are (left to right) **Yaged**; pianist **Dave Martin**; drummer **Sam Ulano**, and trumpeter-violinist **Ray Nance**. Between the cuties (**Cheri** and **Ronnie**, if you must know) is **Max Aarons**, president of Local 802 of the AFM. The quintet was also celebrating the release of their new LP on Lane Records.

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AS HIS MUSICIANS took their places on the stand at the beginning of the evening, Count Basie ran his hands over the keyboard. The treble sounded reasonably true, the bass like a deranged guitar.

"You never heard a piano like that before in your life, did you?"

"No."

"Vietnam!"

He tossed the word over his right shoulder as he and the rhythm section began to set the tempo for the opener. The brass came in with a great, powerful exclamation that took the crowd's breath away and left it bright-eyed with excitement.

Another night had begun. Another night in more than thirty years of nights, back and forth across the land—across the world.

What does a life of that kind demand beyond talent and stamina? A certain kind of temperament? Melancholic, sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric? None of these is common to the enduring triumvirate of Basie, Ellington and Herman, but each leader is slow to anger, patient, and able to put a good face on things when things go wrong. More important, each has an unfailing sense of humor.

Basie's humor is dry, unhurried and terse, and it is delivered offhand, deadpan. If it goes unheard or is lost on the listener, he doesn't seem to care. The satisfaction in a witticism, for the true wit, lies more in the thought than in its expression—certainly more than in any laughter it may arouse.

Another night. The band was grouped compactly in the corner of a large, almost empty club. The weather was bad and the house prices outrageous. The band was swinging softly and beautifully before coming up into the climax.

"You gotta play *April in Paris!*"

enjoys, and it came at the end of some straight-faced ribbing.

"You're making my knife nervous!" Basie told Big Mama Thornton.

"And you've got my pistol shakin'!" the blues singer replied.

Yet another night, this year. "A man of very few words," in the phrase with which he comically introduces Richard Boone, Basie had gallantly accepted an invitation to address the New York Chapter of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society. ("You know you're not going to get a speech!") Now he sat, like a Daniel among hungry lions, and answered questions.

"What is the attitude of younger guys coming into a band with players who are much older?"

"They're very eager and interested—and they get old, too."

"Was Charlie Christian known as a comer in those days? Most of us hadn't heard of him until he got to New York."

"Don't say 'Most of us.' Say 'Most of you.'"

"Will you tell us a little bit about your childhood?"

"No, I will not."

"How did you get your nickname?"

"Which you mean? Count or Bill?"

"Did you get a chance to hear Ethel Waters at the Cotton Club?"

"The Cotton Club! I couldn't get in!"

"Are you going to make any more albums like *Battle Royal*?"

"I'd certainly like the invitation. It was one of the greatest experiences of my life, apart from being scared to death. At first, you know, they had planned it quite differently. We were to make a side, and then Duke was to make a side. Now, I've been knowing this guy for about 70 years, and I know what he can lay on you when he gets ready, so I thought it would be a lot

me to hear my cousin Edward. . . ."

(Tit for tat. "I remember when I was a little boy, I stood on the other side of Fifth Avenue," Ellington likes to claim, "and heard him playing in Edmond's.")

Behind the modest, almost shy manner, and the relaxed, humorous twists of speech, there is, of course, a serious, sensitive person. No one can have said more fitting words at Art Tatum's passing than Basie.

"It's bad enough when a man and a friend dies," he said. "When a man dies with all that talent, it's a disgrace."

He listens to pianists, of course, with particular interest, as these comments on Newport '67 show:

"Earl Hines had us all spellbound backstage. He hasn't lost anything, and he hasn't got dated, because he's a real originator. Don Ewell was terrific with Willie The Lion, too. I was glad to hear him play *Handful of Keys*, because Nat Pierce has done an arrangement of it for us. Don didn't miss a note."

At record dates, he delegates authority to the arranger and to lead saxophonist Marshall Royal, but his occasional interventions are decisive. After several takes at a recent session, dissatisfied with a passage for brass, he got up from the piano and addressed his trumpets forcefully:

"Lean on that as hard as you can—and harder than that!"

As is well known, the sport of kings is among his preferred forms of recreation. Last summer, he pretended a good deal of irritation with Willard Alexander for booking him into Atlantic City before the racing season began there. It meant a long drive to Monmouth Park each day! When he and trombonist Harlan Floyd got back to the club one night Freddie Green was standing outside enjoying the evening air.

"How did it go?"

COUNT BASIE: AN AMERICAN

BY STANLEY DANCE

bawled a drunk at the bar.

"I know it," Basie answered without turning around, without accent, the voice modulated, apparently genial, but full of irony to anyone who knew him. They played *April in Paris* next, and one-more-timed themselves into intermission.

Another night, backstage at Carnegie Hall. A story Basie's friend and confidant, Teddy Reig, tells with relish. It illustrates the kind of repartee Basie

better to combine the two bands. But he's a nice guy! Just because he can drop trouble all over you, he doesn't necessarily do it."

"How many Ellington compositions have you in the book?"

"Anytime we think we can get away with it, we play one. We play *All Heart* and a lot of others he doesn't play now, and I'm very happy about that!"

"When did you first hear Ellington?"

"Well, I remember my father taking

"Real well. A horse in the last race called *Fiddler's Green* paid 17 to 1."

Freddie smiled his biggest smile, remembering that his predecessor in the band, Claude Williams, who played violin as well as guitar, had been nicknamed "Fiddler."

ALTHOUGH BASIE always refers warmly to Fats Waller, and the encouragement and organ tuition he had from him at the Lincoln Theatre, the Harlem scene

obviously didn't have the impact on him that Kansas City's did.

"For 25 blocks, there used to be joints, sometimes three or four doors apart, sometimes every other block," he recalled. "There were burlesque shows, too, and all this was established before I had a band, before I even started to work there. There was an awful lot of good music, and it seemed like everything happened there. It was the first place I really heard the blues played and sung as they should be, and I heard all the great old blues singers of the '20s. This was all in Kansas City, Mo. There was a big difference across the bridge, because Kansas City, Kansas, was dry."

Jimmy Rushing, who was subsequently to become his singer for 15 years, played an important part in his early career.

"I didn't audition Jimmy," Basie continued. "Jimmy auditioned me. I was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, with a little show—Gonzel White and The Big Janboree. We used to ballyhoo out on the sidewalk before each show, move the piano out, play a few tunes, and say, 'Right inside, folks!' The Blue Devils were in town at that time and Jimmy happened to pass by. He invited me up to the hall that night, when I met the leader, Walter Page. They let me sit in, and that was how we got acquainted."

After the Blue Devils and Bennie Moten came the Reno Club.

"Basie told me he thought he'd try getting a band together," Rushing remembered. "At first, he had a little combo, just rhythm and two or three horns. Then they started jam sessions and began to broadcast. Blue Monday got to be a big night—Sunday night, Monday morning—at the Reno, and they wanted to put a rope between white and colored, but Basie said, 'Oh, no, we don't go for that!' And there

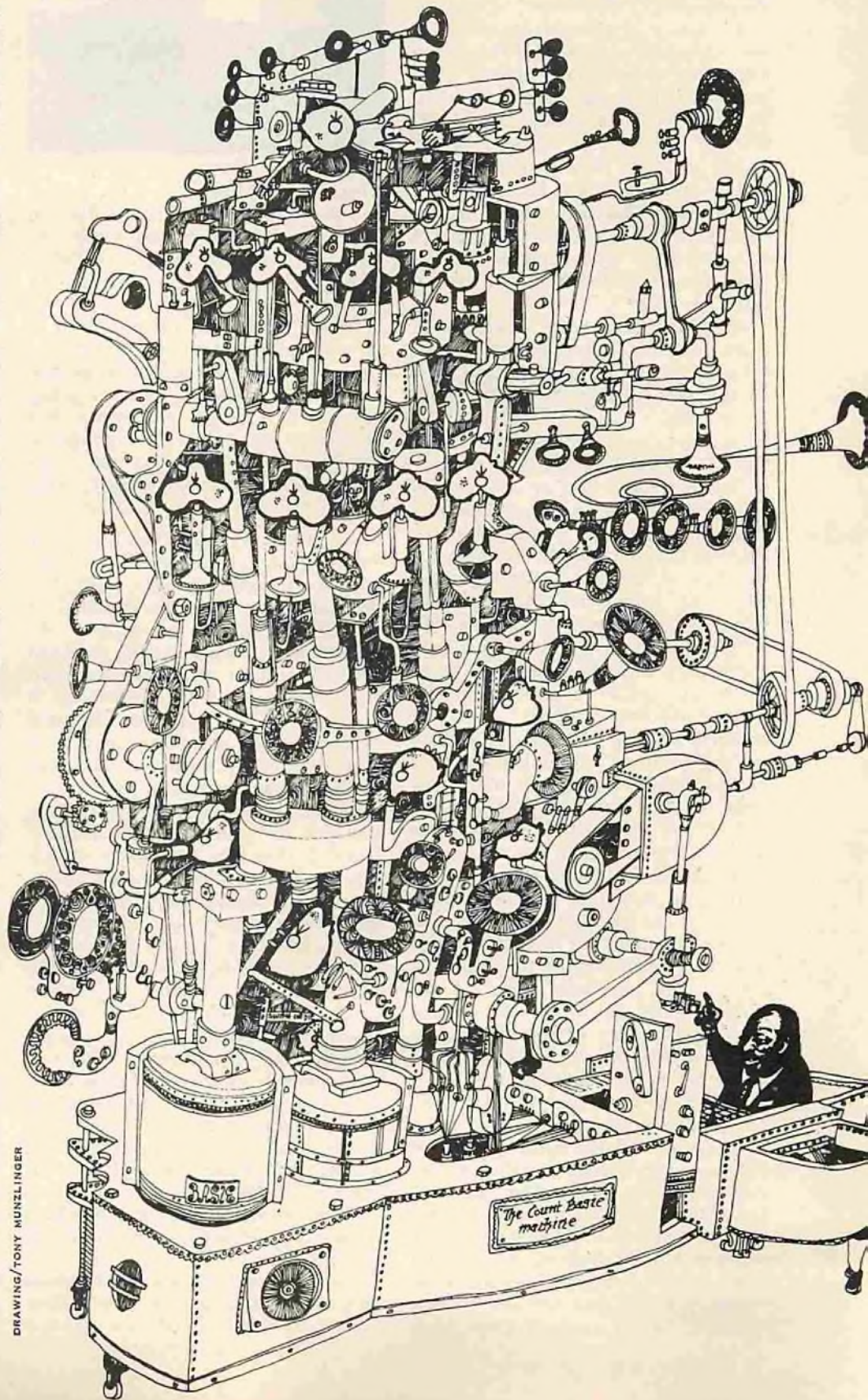
"I had had a little organ thing going each afternoon," Basie supplemented, "and then I was lucky and got a sustaining date with the band. That's when I got a professional nickname. Dick Smith, one of the announcers then, said, 'Listen, we've got the Earl of Hines, the Duke of Ellington, the Baron of Lee, and Paul Whiteman is the King of Jazz. So you be the Count with His

Barons of Rhythm.' The first part stuck."

On his way from California to New York, trumpeter Buck Clayton stopped off to see his mother at about the time Lips Page quit Basie. He joined the band at the Reno Club and was with it for the last two months there, before it left Kansas City on Halloween Night, October 31, 1936, right after playing

INSTITUTION

never was any trouble. It started as a thing for entertainers. We'd send out invitations to the other clubs around, and everybody would come in and blow, or sing, or dance. The other clubs started the same thing on different nights. Basie was very successful at the Reno, and the band increased in size. He was always very conscientious about his music, and Walter Page was like a daddy teaching some of the boys to read."



in a battle of bands with Duke Ellington at the Paseo Ballroom.

"Our reputation before we came East," Clayton has explained, "was built on nine pieces, and I don't think we ever had a bad night in Kansas City, but when we added five or six men it made a lot of difference. The band had to be enlarged to go on the road, but it slowed everything down and made it sluggish. . . ."

The hands of John Hammond, Wil-lard Alexander and Fletcher Henderson helped the band through difficult days, and when men like Benny Morton, Dicky Wells, Harry Edison and Earle Warren came in, it began, Clayton added, "to sound like a good big band."

A great period in jazz history ensued. The Roseland Ballroom engagement in New York did not ensure the band's acceptance, but after it played the Famous Door on 52nd St. there was no doubt anywhere.

As Basie tells it, talent was acquired almost casually, but a pattern of discernment based on a good ear and careful listening has been maintained right up to today.

"Someone had recommended Lester Young," he recalled. "He was working up in Minneapolis, and we sent for him to join us. It was the strangest thing I ever heard, and the greatest. We got Herschel (Evans) from California while we were at the Reno, too. In those years, he represented 'soul.' That's where *he* was—a beautiful saxophonist.

"Somebody from St. Louis mentioned a drummer with the Jeter-Pilars band by the name of Jo Jones. We sent him a telegram, and he came to us and played two nights. The third night, there was no Jo Jones. 'What happened?' I asked. 'The boys came for him,' they said, 'and took him back to St. Louis.' But he got away, and was with us until he went in the Army.

"Freddie Green joined when we were working at Roseland. John Hammond came by one Sunday afternoon and said he had a guitarist he wanted me to hear. It seemed strange to audition a guitarist, but we went down to the dressing room. He was on the bus the next day when we went to Pittsburgh, and he's been with us ever since. Freddie Green is Mr. Hold-togetherer!

"When we were at the Brass Rail on Randolph Street in Chicago, with Clark Terry and the small group, Joe Williams used to come around and sing one song in the last set. Then we came back with a big band to the Trianon Ballroom, and Jonesy (Reunald Jones) came in very excited one night. 'You ought to hear this cat singing down there,' he said. 'Okay, tell him to come up here!' So Joe came, and you know



CHARLES STEWART

what happened. He broke it up. To me, he's the tops. He's not limited. He can sing anything. We weren't doing any good, but then that thing came out—*Every Day*—and put us back on our feet.

"Sonny Payne was recommended to us, and he was pinchhitting for Gus Johnson, but he knocked a home run. Now we have Harold Jones, a young guy out of Chicago. He swings, and that's very necessary. The drummer is the boss of the band, not the band-leader. If the drummer's not right, nothing's happening."

THE EPISODE WITH the small group in 1950 separates the Basie band story into two different chapters, and more definitely than might be expected of such a brief hiatus. Before 1950, despite many personnel changes, the band retained much of its original character. It was looser, and the importance of the individual soloists, as compared with that of the ensemble, was stressed more. From 1952, as the new personnel stabilized, there was more emphasis on ensemble precisions, and a very high standard has consistently been maintained in this area ever since. A perceptible difference in the approach to tempos was perhaps accounted for by the different nature of the audience. "A big difference between now and the '30s and '40s is ballrooms," Basie said. "Everybody has converted over to jazz concerts, and there's a different atmosphere altogether."


Significantly, Basie never seemed to have difficulty in finding talented musicians, not men already established as stars, but men who would gain international fame in his band. Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Benny Powell, Ernie Wilkins, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, and, later, Al Grey, were among those whose names gained greatly in stature during the '50s.

The band of 1968 is a well-balanced unit, and hardly less endowed. Each horn section has a first-class leader—

saxist Marshall Royal, trumpeter Gene Goe and trombonist Grover Mitchell. Each section boasts attractive soloists—Al Aarons, Sonny Cohn, and Oscar Brashear on trumpet; Harlan Floyd, Richard Boone and Bill Hughes on trombone; Royal and Bobby Plater on altos; and Lockjaw Davis and Eric Dixon tenors. And on baritone, Charlie Fowlkes is a vastly underrated anchor man. Despite drum changes, Freddie Green is the ticking heart of the band and the rhythm section, with the worthy Norman Keenan on bass, still provides the healthiest pulse in jazz.

Keeping a band of this quality together is evidence enough of leadership and resolution. It was never easy, and the itineraries today, even with occasional aerial assistance, are still tough. One month this year, for example, will take the Basie band from Florida to North Carolina, to Kansas, to Oklahoma, to Texas, to California, to Arizona, back to Kansas, to Iowa, to Illinois, to New York and to Connecticut. Such jumps and journeys may not be good for morale, but the leader makes them, too.

Transportation is a part of the enormous financial problem which faces all big bands today. They have to move to work. Other aspects of the same problem explain albums on which the band accompanies singers, or records material unworthy of it. The reality of the situation within the record industry must also be faced. But at night, when the audience is right, everything is changed, and a big book of jazz instrumentals is opened up. In, for example, the sympathetic atmosphere of one of Gene Hull's Bridgeport (Conn.) presentations, a recent program included *Cherry Point, Cottontail, Lonely Street, Bye, Bye, Blackbird, Li'l Darlin', Shiny Stockings, When You're Lover Has Gone, Moten Swing, Every Day, Boone's Blues, King Porter Stomp, Satin Doll, Jumpin' at the Woodside, All Heart, Blues in Hoss' Flat, Whirlybird, Squeeze Me, Nasty Magnus, The Midnight Sun Never Sets, The Sidewinder, and Why Not?*

Such a program, with its arrangements by Neal Hefti, Frank Foster, Eric Dixon, Sal Nistico, Nat Pierce, Bobby Plater and Quincy Jones, suggests that, like any other institution, the Basie band is too often taken for granted. And it is an institution, an American institution, a jazz institution. Its policy has changed only superficially in more than three decades. It still stands for forthright, swinging music, and the responsibility for it belongs to the man who, in Duke Ellington's words, "is still the most imitated piano player around." 

woodchopper's ball

by dan morgenstern

NORTH WELLS STREET, the main drag of Chicago's Old Town, combines elements of Haight-Ashbury and a country fair. When the weather is reasonable, it teems with people. There are stores that sell beads, posters, water-pipes and imported cigarette papers and stores that sell popcorn and jelly apples on a stick; there is Second City and there is a wax museum. There is a groovy little Japanese restaurant and there is a huge, cafeteria-style place where you can literally eat all you want of simple American fare.

There are rock joints, a place with Greek music, a go-go girlie place ("Las Vegas Style"), Mother Blues (where Howlin' Wolf sometimes holds forth), a place where you throw peanut shells on the floor that features Tiny Davis, "world's greatest female trumpeter," a folk club, and a few jazz places.

Chief among these is the Plugged Nickel, one of the few remaining Chicago clubs to feature "name" jazz. It is a long, fairly unadorned room, not very wide, with the bandstand pretty nearly at center right. Mostly, it features small groups, but quite often, a big band will do a night or two on Mondays or Tuesdays, the off nights.

It was pretty cold on a recent Monday night when Woody Herman played the Nickel, and not many people were out on Wells Street. But the club was warm and packed when I dropped in around 11:30.

The audience—as most jazz audiences are—was homogeneous. Young and older, black and white; people had come from all over town to catch the Old Woodchopper and his Herd. Woody himself no longer keeps count; I guess they stopped the numbering system after the fourth one, and that was quite some time ago. And then, the First Herd was far from being the first Herman band.

But there was Woody, up on the stand, looking, as usual, very much like he was enjoying himself—casual but natty in suit and turtleneck. The band had turtlenecks too—a new touch. They are more comfortable than shirt and tie, and look neat, and the fact that this band is the first to adopt them sort of fits—Woody has always picked up on such new things as seemed worth picking up. Long as he's been around, he's always been in style while continuing to be himself.

One goes to see the Herman Band anticipating new faces. Not many young musicians like to stay on the road these days, unless the bread is very long, and



most older musicians can't take the pace. So there is a constant turnover.

But along with the new faces, there are always some standbys—and then there are those who seem to keep checking in and out. Thus, we were a bit disappointed not to see Cecil Payne, but pleasantly surprised to see his replacement, Joe Temperley, who had been his predecessor. While we missed Louis Gasca, whose trumpet playing we enjoy, we came to appreciate his replacement, Bob Yance. And to see Sal Nistico back in his old tenor chair was an unexpected treat.

Sometimes, there are ringers as well. This particular one-nighter followed a Detroit date and was to be followed by a few days off, so maybe somebody wanted to go straight home and skip Chicago, or maybe someone had quit. Anyway, there in the sax section—in uniform—was Johnny Board, a local tenor man of repute.

(Later, one of the trombone players, who hadn't been feeling well, was sent back to the hotel. His chair was empty for a number or two the next set, and then a trombonist—also in uniform—slipped quietly onto the stand and joined in. Some minutes later, a customer somewhat in his cups had to be reassured he wasn't having hallucinations. He'd never noticed the temporarily empty chair, and the first trombonist had been very young and played valve, while his replacement was much older and operated a slide.)

DESPITE THE CONSTANT changes, the Herman band always sounds like the Herman Band. Sometimes the section work is not exactly precise, but somehow the spirit is there, and spirit is more essential than precision. That spirit is incarnate in the leader, who knows how to stomp off the right tempos, set and keep the proper pace, and get the best out of his men.

He is a charter member of one of the most exclusive clubs in the world—the Society of Veteran Working Big Band Leaders. There are but a few, and they are extraordinary men. Each is unique, but they have in common a great love for their work, and the ability to communicate that love. The pretty little word may be overused these days, but it fits here.

The band features pianist Al Dailey—another returnee—in *But Beautiful*, a pretty ballad. Dailey does it justice, and the audience registers its pleasure. The set closes with a romping *Better Git It In Your Soul*, one of Woody's standbys of the '60s. It features Sal Nistico's stomping, masculine tenor; Temperley's fullbodied baritone, which has no English accent, and newcomer Yance's stinging trumpet. The rhythm section—Dailey, bassist Carl Pruitt, and drummer John Von Ohlen—works hard and well.

There are cheers and shouts throughout, and what *Variety* used to call "begging off to heavy mitting." At the Plugged Nickel, a big band in full shout

can be heard, and it's a nice feeling to let the sound wash over you in big waves. Compared to the decibel level customary today—live or recorded—it's positively dulcet, and blessedly musical.

Woody steps off the little platform the Nickel keeps on hand for band leaders (no room on the stand) and joins our table. There are former New York disc jockey Mort Fega, in town for a convention; Chicago *Daily News* jazz writer Buck Walmsley, and Cadet record's Dick LaPalm, one of the world's foremost Woody Herman fans and a good friend as well.

Woody is relaxed and cheerful, as usual—if he's a little tired underneath, it doesn't show. We chat about his recent tour of England. "We had a wonderful reception," Woody says, "and best of all, almost everywhere we went there were young kids to hear us. It's been a long time since I've seen so many young faces, and they really liked our music."

Maybe there's hope yet for a new generation of big band jazz fans. Stranger things have happened. I mention the new faces in the band. "Yes," Woody says ruefully, "at times I don't even know everybody's name." He points out that his road manager, trumpeter Bill Byrne, is a whiz at finding good replacements wherever the band.

Somebody wants to buy Woody a drink. "You can get me a drink of water," he says, explaining that he has had a taste or two and has no great desire for one more. All the members of the SVWBBL are moderate men. The would-be benefactor, fortunately, is not insistent. Some are, and can be a nuisance.

There is some talk about new things in the band's book, and Woody is happy to have them. "If we had to play the same things all the time," he explains, "I'd give it all up."

It's time for another set, and Woody looks around. Some of the musicians are already filing back to the stand, but others are still engrossed in conversation near the bar. The leader gets out his little whistle and blows it once—very gently. Many people don't notice it, but those at whom it is aimed respond amiably.

THE SET BEGINS with a relaxed *Greasy Sack Blues*. (Don Rader's title was inspired by the bags of hamburgers the band picks up on road stops.) Dailey warms things up with a string of choruses, urged on by Woody to take a few more. The trumpets come in, with cup mutes, soon joined by 'bones and saxes, to set the stage for Woody's clarinet, entering over stop-time chords.

Woody plays one of his loose, relaxed blues solos, with that nice tone and the occasional swoops that bring to mind Barney Bigard, something good to bring to mind. He has long been taken for granted as an instrumentalist, but on his hundreds of records, he has never played a dull or meaningless solo, and through the many transformations of his band, he has always made his contributions fit. He plays well on all his horns—real well.

Woody doesn't feature himself overly much, but the next piece is a showcase for his warm alto sax. It's a new chart, a nice ballad, and we peep the title off the lead sheet—*In Between Heartaches*. We find out later that it was written and arranged by a Motown cat named Miller Briscoe.

Time for a change of pace, and up comes *Hallelujah Time*, a peppy standby featuring a little tenor battle between Nistico and Joe Romano, two old friends who get a nice thing going between them, to lively response from the audience. It becomes evident once again that Von Ohlen is a first-class drummer and Pruitt the best teammate he's yet had. Another key man is lead trumpeter Tommy Nygaard, who has great chops and staying power. Sometimes he has to pull the new men hard, but he keeps them together. This band has a tenor sax lead, and Romano takes care of business in that department. Tonight, Temperly, who has just re-joined, and Board, who is a ringer, make life a little harder for him, but he's not complaining.

At times, Woody takes over the lead on alto, as on *Make Someone Happy*, and he makes things flow smoothly.

Pruitt's bass is featured on *Satin Doll*, and he carries off his role with aplomb. He's got exceptionally strong fingers, and his sound rings out in the club. Everybody is listening, and there are exhortations from a table of people near the bassist who are having a particular ball. Pruitt ends his solo with a flourish, and the applause is warm and happy.

Other pleasing things happen during this and the final set. Trumpeter Yance (like drummer Von Ohlen, an alumnus of Billy Maxted's little band) reveals a surprise double—flute. He's carrying the whole jazz trumpet book that night and gets quite a workout, open and muted. He has a good feeling and good ideas.

Board gets to stretch out on an up-tempo piece with a Latin flavor. A sure-footed player with tone and taste, he earns approving glances from his section-mates. Nistico has a spot on this number, too, and comes out swinging. Digging him, I wonder why it's been so long since he's had an album of his own. He wails.

On *Woody's Whistle*, a good blues number penned by Dusko Goycovich, Romano gets off his best solo of the night. It's in a Dexter Gordon groove, and opens with a quote from Charlie Parker's *Buzzy*.

There's a fine soprano feature for Woody. I've mentioned elsewhere how much I like his work on this instrument, and I've noticed that he seems to get quite a kick from playing what Sidney Bechet called the "fish horn."

Inevitably, there is that request for *Woodchopper's Ball*, made the polite way—a slip of paper handed up by a waitress. Though they're sick of playing it, it's not a bad number for an old warhorse—a blues, like so much else in Woody's past and present books. A good plunger trombone solo and some slapstick humor from Sal ensue.

The other inevitable, *Caldonia*, is also a blues, but a fast one. It started fast, back in '45, got faster, and seems to be getting faster still. I think they want to see just how far up it can humanly be done. Woody does his first and only singing of the night. The trumpets get set for their scary chorus and manage this—the hardest stuff they've had to cut all night—better than some earlier and easier passages, which is one of those things that makes music interesting. Sal is heavy on this, too, sustaining the tempo without dropping a single stitch.

And then it's *Blue Flame*, Woody's little thank you speech, and time for a drink before packing up. Earlier, we'd mentioned to Woody that Pee Wee Russell had just been in town to do a TV show with his old friend, Art Hodes.

"Pee Wee and I had a chance to play together at a festival in Atlanta," Woody said, "and I had a ball. I want to record with him—just two clarinets and a rhythm section. I'd play melody, and Pee Wee would play around—it would be nice." It would indeed.

Woody remembered his first encounter with Pee Wee. "I was in New York with a band in 1931, and we went to see him." Apparently, Pee Wee was then living with Eddie Condon and other boon companions in rather inelegant circumstances. Woody recalled a naked lightbulb hanging from the ceiling, and not very much to sit on. "After that, I wasn't so sure I wanted to be a hot player," he smiled.

But a hot player he's been all his life, committed to the music he loves. There have been ups and downs, but there's always been a Woody Herman Band. And it has always been a blowing band. I have a hunch there'll be one around for that new young audience Woody was talking about to introduce their kids to.



STAN KENTON SHOWED considerable acumen when he plucked multi-talented young Dee Barton from the North Texas State University Lab Band some five years ago.

The composer's new suite, *Modern Man*, performed in its entirety over four days of concerts at Oakland's Gold Nugget by the Kenton orchestra, is one of the brightest pieces in circulation today.

Barton's promise was more than latent in his early outings with the NTSU Lab Band, then becoming notable as an incubator of jazz talent. He composed and arranged three of the pieces on the first record cut by the Lab Band, *Dee-Day*, *Vino for Doris* (two more or less set swingers), and a diverting *Waltz of the Prophets*. The promise budded in his rescoring of *Waltz* for Kenton, and in the subsequent *Turtle Talk*. They showed a definite gift for big-band incantation.

Of course the Lab Band was a vortex of ideas. Barton rates highly the experience gained in playing and arranging with it during the four years he spent at the school, working towards a music education degree. "The Lab was my Alpha and Omega while I was there; very much a passion with me. It took most of my time and thought. It was a case of returned compliments. I benefited tremendously."

He also played potent trombone then—topping a judges' poll as best player on that instrument. When he first threw in with Kenton, he had his own sardonic way with the trombone: it could sputter like a fuse on the road to something big; sometimes it had a garrotted quality that would free itself in articulate exuberance.

But he only blows the trombone now for old time's and lip's sake. As a player, percussion is his forte, though he is also passing fair on bass and piano.

The long-since switch to drums reportedly came about when the orchestra was set to blow with the drum chair menacingly empty. Barton was a last card replacement. He acquitted himself with inclination, natural inspiration, and little technique.

Was that it? Had the change from sounding brass to tinkling cymbals been one of pure chance?

A pause and a shrug. "You can say that"—with a hint of something more complex.

"Did you shoot the drummer?"

"No, it wasn't that bad."

Later, in a burst of candor, he said: "The reason for my staying with the sticks is that I've always wanted to be in the driver's seat. If I'm going anywhere, I like to do the driving."

Thirty year-old Barton—facially and in build and coloring remarkably like

MODERN MAN: AN INTERVIEW WITH KENTON COMPOSER-ARRANGER-DRUMMER

DEE BARTON

By Sammy Mitchell

CECIL J. THOMPSON



moviedom's Aldo Ray, with a vocal substitution of soft south (Houston, Mississippi) for Ray's gravel—sparingly limits himself to drinking coke and has some stimulating ideas about and attitudes to music.

"I'm selfish about music, inasmuch as I write to please myself. I hope that that quality, at least, will be apparent to those who disapprove of my writing—the quality of honesty. Naturally, for bread's sake I need approbation, but no writing down, no crowd pleasers. Acclaim—if it comes—on my own terms."

Quincy Jones was an early influence and he likes Gil Evans "for that sort of thing." Beyond that he wouldn't care to go.

AN ICONOCLAST'S enthusiasm for venturing into music's undiscovered country is obvious with him: "Of course it holds that the better you learn the rules the more emphatic will be the breaking of them. Following the prescribed musical paths can be beneficial, providing it doesn't still the desire to lead. The break with the ball and the chain of the past is necessary if we are to reflect freely a strange and troubling world which, for all its bountiful crop of catastrophe, has new visions and beauties. These portraits can be drawn as eloquently within the jazz context as elsewhere. Jazz . . . I don't even like the word anymore."

To found a valid 20th-century "programmatic" music we need reformation. Shock, love, fear, grief: these are pegs on which are hung archaism; musical modes shabby from use and abuse should be discarded, he feels. "I don't mean to sound as murderous as the Old Man of the Mountains. What is worth preserving has found a place. And new

ideas doesn't necessarily mean more complex forms; there is always a time for simplicity. One of the natural wonders of music is that fortissimo emotions can be aroused in musical understatement," Barton elucidates.

There are no philosophical insights offered in his *Modern Man* other than "a mirror to catch some contemporary images . . . a tableau which is, at points, transparent enough."

What it does offer is more primary: the breadth of fine writing—one of the viable qualities a big band exists on—done full justice by the performance of the Kenton orchestra. It is comprised of seven pieces—*Man*, *Woman*, *The Gay One*, *Elegy*, *Three Thoughts* (which might be renamed) and two as yet untitled segments.

About the varying tempi of the suite, Barton explains: "I tried to avoid jagged edges in the time changes, to melt down stark metronomic outlines and have a feeling of unifying pulse; to accomplish variations in time—aside from the written figures—by letting the mood of the piece color the rhythm."

All the solo work is carried by trumpeter Jay Daversa and altoist Ray Reed. "They fitted exactly into the writing and had a nice understanding of the context of the particular numbers and the best way to compliment them," Barton points out.

With the suite's title, allied to the Kenton interpretation, you expect dissonance. There is terrific fire in some of the brass passages and climaxes—Kenton is a Prometheus of the scorched ear policy. But Barton also has a facility for the melodic phrase; themes, in the main, are opulent and attractive. The prevailing mood of six of the suite's sections, in all or in large part, is one of

bona fide swing. The seventh is a slow Latin.

Commencing with stentorian brass, the trombones playing with fine pomp, *Man* soon takes on palpitating form ("... though in three, it has a two feeling . . . then four, and into three again . . ."), evolving in a fast turbulence of brass and lissome sax figures. Daversa's and Reed's solos had a melancholy tinge, expressive and plaintive, in contrast to the piercing ensemble. The drive gradually ebbed into a long mournful chord with Reed still poignant, and there was the impression that the conclusion was on a wistful note, almost a whimper. But after a pause, the frenzy picked up again and *Man* went out on a sulphurous bang.

Woman, naturally, has some changes ("... seven bars of 5/4, two of 3/4, most of the rest in 11/4 . . ."). She enters on a satirical mocking note, then is pleasantly transformed into an effervescent miss, with Reed on flute duetting the theme with Daversa. Reed pipes as eloquently on flute as on alto. He and Daversa—who played muted trumpet throughout—stayed in a light vein, sparkling against brass that increased in fervor, rising to hysterics. The saxes rippled and surged in a repetitious, resplendent passage that heightened the excitement. A diminuendo in drive brought on a lull—then Daversa and Reed dueted in carefree fashion to the finale.

Despite the title, there's nothing coy about *The Gay One*. ("A little thing in three; straightforward.") It has plenty of cavalier dash and bite. Saxes sportively set out its jaunty theme, countered by a manly thrust from the brass, ban-shee screeches launching Reed and Daversa on solos of high-flying aplomb that had appropriate sprightliness. Slight, perhaps, but very listenable. A small gem in the jazz waltz genre.

Elegy isn't all lamentation, though in the opening and closing sections the trombones and tuba predominate in dirge-like effects and the trumpets have a razored tenseness. Daversa's trumpet moved in limpid and seraphic fashion, poised above pensive orchestration, then paced the ensemble as it metamorphosed by degrees into a full-blooded, frantic cry. There was a schizophrenic change to tranquility, then the fury of 4/4 gathered again, plangent brass at a boisterous speed that resolved into slow-moving ominous trombones with Daversa serene—after brilliant and sustained runs—over the last sinister chord.

Bass and drums blazed into an ardent attack in the opening measures of *Three Thoughts*, unflagging through several bars with the orchestra silent. Its mood—after a fanfare—was of a funereal

flavor, moving slowly, impervious to the fast rhythm. ("*Thoughts* is an energy piece . . . the pulse there, but constantly changing . . . the rhythm with completely different accents to the band, not related; at other points building with it.") The vigor of the rhythm gradually abated, dissolving in the orchestra's restrained tenor. Gloom lifted, and the mood became lambent. The pulse quickened into feverishness, the orchestra moving with it, the brass and saxes with a full spread of sails. Reed and Daversa had to blow hard and agile to avoid the crushing weight of the brass which came on like a juggernaut. Dissonant roars finally quieted to a calm close.

OF THE TWO untitled pieces, one is a Latin in 5/4, short, with snatches of alto and muted trumpet. The trumpet section on percussion swelled the rhythm briefly; Steve Genardini's conga colored in most of the Latin timbre. Bass sax and baritone played low, giving the reeds a gruff edge, almost a grunt. The brass flared fitfully. It was on the pensive side, with a quality of slow chant; very different from Kenton's usual conquistador approach to the other America.

The last ("... an energy piece . . . a hard core of 4/4") erupts out of the same volcano as *Man*, *Elegy*, and *Thoughts*, and like them has surprising twists and subtleties. Daversa and Reed duet the slow introductory theme, blandly controlled against gentle orchestral undulations transformed into dissonant tremors. During a long solo, Daversa started high on several runs, playing beautiful descending phrases. The brass was at its most omnipotent; wall-shaking Jerichoean blasts from the trumpets and the trombones at a height of harsh power; the saxes weaved through the clamour lucidly with plenty of limber and spirit. Reed, on his solo, had to wail like a muezzin, rising articulate above the abandon. Daversa joined him and they went into a wild jamming, alternating between atonal and melodic passages. This piece too had moments of serenity, but shortlived. It was up and away, and a banners streaming exit.

The personnel at the Oakland concerts was the same—Mike Price, Carl Leach, Jim Garchner, John Madrid, Daversa, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Tom Whittaker, Tom Senff, Jim Amlotte, Graham Ellis (doubling tuba), trombones; Reed, Mike Altchue, Bob Dall, Mike Vaccaro, Darrel Dumler, reeds; Kenton, piano; Jerry Johnston, bass; Barton, drums; Steve Genardini, conga—that recently cut the suite for Capitol records. The band's form is extraordinarily good, with what must be the freshest set of faces Kenton has ever

led into battle. A fountain of youth which Kenton fronted like Ponce de Leon.

In numbers apart from Barton's compositions, young tenorist Mike Altchue—shades of Coltrane occasionally hovering—showed flair. Shearer on trombone is always an asset and bass trombonist Amlotte, though never spotlighted, is beautifully felt. On lead, Mike Price honed the trumpets to a razor sharpness. Genardini's conga was seldom silent; he was used effectively on ballads and strong numbers.

Of course the standouts were Reed and Daversa. Strongly individual in their playing, they yet changed like chameleons to blend with the varied writing and colors of Barton. The showcasing of them in *Modern Man* may have been incidental—but a showcase it is.


As keepers of the pulse, Barton, Johnston, and Genardini were an ideal leaven, smooth on the low speeds and raising the orchestra to a smoky ferment on up tempos. Barton's drumming is powerful and ebullient; he likes to sink the spurs deep, staying well on top of the band when it stretches out.

It played its last date after the Oakland concerts. Kenton hopes to reform it, intact, this June. He was enthusiastic about Barton's future. "I've watched the maturing of his talent through the years. He's coming up with some heady brews."

He takes a hand in Kenton's arranging. *Here's That Rainy Day* and his own composition *Love Is Such A Simple Thing* (Kenton, announcing, said *he* thought it was a hassle) is couched in the band's amiable ballad style. The nucleus of a dozen or so compositions has been formed; this coming period away from the road should help develop them.

One of the "brews" Kenton spoke of might be *The Beauty of Silence*, premiered at the first of the recent Neophonic concerts.

Barton's description: "Its duration is about 15 minutes; a series of parts, some fragmentary, interposed by periods of silence that are occasionally quite extensive . . . from 10 to 12 seconds. A sombre mood is built . . . will dwindle and stop. Or a furious passage . . . the silences are a natural extension of the previous musical mood, not breathing spaces. Times for thought and assimilation."

From the height he once occupied, Kenton has had a Luciferian fall; a descent from grace in some quarters, though to a following too large to be called a cult he still lords it in the big-band realm. Barton, in his bold writing, might do much to lift Kenton from relative limbo. 

SINCE THE DECLINE of the big bands we have consistently heard slogans ranging from the plaintive "Will the big bands ever come back?" to the imperative "Bring back the bands!" Lately, there has been speculation that big bands might come back through the avenue of rock, with the impetus supplied by the young blues bands which now utilize trumpets, trombones and saxophones in their front lines.

In reality, bands *have* been coming back, but not in the full bloom that their staunchest adherents yearn for. Except for the top handful, big jazz bands are still a sometime thing. It's just that there have been more "sometimes" lately, at least in New York.

On the smallest scale of activity are the bands that only rehearse, like arranger Bill Potts' gang in the back room at Charlie's. On the other end of the scale is the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, which not only plays one night a week regularly, but has a recording contract and goes out of town for festivals and will accept longer engagements. In between are the large aggregations of Clark Terry, Howard McGhee and Duke Pearson.

All three of the latter were given exposure at the Half Note when the Spring St. club was pursuing a short-lived big band policy. These bands may not be active every week or even every month, but they rehearse regularly and plan hopefully for a busy future. Little has been heard recently from the Chuck Israels and Joe Henderson bands that were briefly active during the past year or two.

One band that seems to have been gaining momentum of late is the one led by composer-arranger-pianist Columbus Calvin Pearson Jr., better known as Duke Pearson. In late February, it packed the Club Ruby in Queens for a one-nighter, drawing standing ovations after each set. A few days later, it played to a large and enthusiastic audience at a Sunday afternoon session at the Dom. The week of April 12-18 will find it at Harlem's Apollo Theatre in the company of Cannonball Adderley's quintet and comedian Flip Wilson, among others. By that time, the band's first Blue Note album will be in the shops.

I was in attendance at the Dom and I've pre-audited the LP. This is a band well worth hearing.

The Duke Pearson Band (it started as the Donald Byrd-Duke Pearson Band, but the trumpeter became involved in academic pursuits) strongly reflects its leader's musical personality because he is its chief arranger. There are other qualities in Pearson's writing, to be sure, but the foremost is lyricism. Pepper Adams (who once played with him in

THE OTHER DUCHY

Duke
Pearson's
New
Big
Band

BY
IRA
GITLER



Donald Byrd's quintet and now anchors the big band's reed section) mentions the deliberately corny *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby* from the Thad Jones-Pepper Adams Quintet album on Milestone.

"Duke was playing on this piano prepared with tacks, but when he came in for his solo he was as romantic as always," Adams chuckles.

Pearson—a tall, lean, handsome, gentle man—talks of lyricism and also of flowing, effortless swing. "I try to get to the heart of each tune we play," he says. "I try to get to the meaning of someone else's tune." He seems equally adept when scoring his own compositions or setting the work of Randy Weston (*Hi-Fly*), Sam Jones (*Unit 7*) or Chick Corea (*Straight Up and Down*). His lyricism stands him in especially good stead when interpreting standard or contemporary ballads.

Pearson's big band experience goes back to high school days in his native Atlanta, Ga. His mother had started him on piano before he was six, and he continued his keyboard studies until he was 12. After playing mellophone and baritone horn, he turned to the trumpet, forgetting about all other instruments for a while.

In 1948-49 he played with two local big bands, the Ambassadors and the Troubadours. Then at Clark College, he was the only freshman in the school band. The director was former Chick Webb reed man Wayman Carver, the first jazz flutist of import. ("His daughter played flute in the band," Pearson remembers.) Carver, who died last year, wrote a lot for the school bands—marching, concert and jazz—and was an inspiration to young Duke.

The *Panther Frolics*, an annual affair at Clark, was one of the first outlets for Pearson's writing efforts. Later, in the Army, he wrote for variety shows, including a pageant called *Southland Panorama* for the 3rd Army Band at Ft. McPherson. He was then playing

trumpet and bass, but met up with two pretty fair pianists in his outfit—Wynnton Kelly and Phineas Newborn.

In November 1954, Pearson was discharged and returned to Atlanta. Inspired by the good piano playing he had been hearing, he decided to revert to his original instrument and soon found himself in the house band at the Waluhaje Ballroom, where he remained until 1957.

Pearson then formed a trio and finally a quintet (including trumpeter Louis Smith) with which he worked from November 1957 to November 1958. After a duo gig in Florida, he came back to Atlanta in January 1959. Urged on by local musicians, he took off for New York and eventual success as a player with Donald Byrd and the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet.

HE HADN'T FORGOTTEN about writing, however. In late 1962, he presented his own big band back home at the Waluhaje Ballroom opposite Stanley Turrentine and Shirley Scott. "We rehearsed three weeks for that one affair," remembers Pearson. The band played a mixture of originals and standards, including the arrangement of *Hi-Fly* that still is in the book.

In 1964, Pearson did the writing for Donald Byrd's brass-and-voices album, and began experiments in earnest with a big band the following year. "I wanted to hear my things with a certain sound," he says.

The band played on the New York *Jazzmobile*, and in the spring of 1966 made its concert debut at a Carnegie Hall benefit for the *Jazzmobile* organized by radio station WLIB. In February 1967, it filled in on a Monday night at the Vanguard for the Jones-Lewis band. During that year, the band began rehearsing every Saturday at the Lynn Oliver studios. The musicians encouraged Pearson to do it; it made him work harder. "Now," he explains, "if we don't have a gig for three or four

weeks, we rehearse. The men were anxious to play in another context," says Pearson. "Most of my musicians are in the studios, so on weekends, they are ready to do something more challenging."

In 1959, Pearson had made his first

pleting it at home after seeing what direction it takes in the trial run.

The band's basic personnel consists of Burt Collins, Marvin Stamm, Joe Shepley and Randy Brecker, trumpets; Julian Priester, Kenny Rupp, Garnett Brown and Benny Powell, trombones;

share the lead book, and all can solo well. Collins is the veteran with the know-how; his solo on Pearson's *New Girl* shows some mellow Clifford Brown roots. Stamm has brilliance, but must watch a tendency to overplay. Young Brecker is definitely a comer; his *Bedouin* solo on the new LP which I've pre-audited, reveals an ability to build a very personal mood, though it falls back on Milesisms at the end.

The saxophonists are also good soloists all. Dodgion and Gibbons display their flute abilities on *Hi-Fly*, an arrangement in which Pearson effectively tosses the theme back and forth between reeds and trumpets. At the Dom, Gibbons, on *This Is Always*, was halfway from Benny Carter to Sonny Stitt. Foster has lost none of his skill and seems to be moving out of a Coltrane period that began a few years ago. Tabackin, who plays hard and strong, is another of the tenor men who have been cross-pollinated by Rollins and Coltrane. He leans more toward the former but needs more development of self. Adams has been playing like a veritable whirlwind of late, in any context one hears him. He is the epitome of the fully matured professional.

The trombones are bulwarked by Powell's bass trombone. His gruff tones, Brown's rapid-fire delivery, and Priester's lighter, lazier approach are all featured in Pearson's *New Time Shuffle*.

Cranshaw and Roker have been the backbone of many a group. They fit perfectly together. This setting gives one the opportunity to hear what a spirited, solid, big-band drummer Roker is. Pearson didn't want me to listen to the band until Mickey was back in town. "It doesn't sound the same without him," he warns.

Besides Ellington, Pearson admired the medium-sized band of pianist Todd Rhodes, the Erskine Hawkins Band and "all of Dizzy's bands" when he was a youth. Some of his personal favorites among arrangers are Neal Hefti, Frank Foster and Gerald Wilson. "Thad Jones is *crazy*—he sure can write," he states, and adds, "I'd like to be as flexible as Quincy Jones."

In the business, many speak of Duke Pearson with similar high praise. Public approval is bound to grow as his band reaches a wider audience. "I'd like to see it develop as a good local band," he says in his usual modest manner, "and make some of the festivals.

"I think I have a well-balanced band—a band with a good musical attitude," he concludes. "It's a band that likes to sit there and do nothing but play my arrangements. This is a compliment to me, and I work my fingers to the bone for them. They're all top-flight musicians."



PHOTO: FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE

Sectionmates Pepper Adams and Frank Foster.

trio album for Blue Note. Since March 1963, he has done a&r work for the label, and last year he became a full-fledged producer. Two of his objectives were to become an accomplished accompanist—he achieved this with Nancy Wilson and Dakota Staton—and a first-rate arranger. In his role at Blue Note, he has done more writing and less playing.

He doesn't play with the band, feeling that he can hear it better and direct it better from out front. "We don't have to play an arrangement as is," Pearson explains. "I can regulate the solo time, open it up or keep it from getting boring. I don't want to keep leaping up from the piano."

He plays on two tracks in the band's new album, however, and of course does his writing at the piano. "I like to write at my own pace," he says. "Writing under pressure can make you mechanical." Sometimes he brings in new pieces on a job. "The cats are so fast, they get it right there," he says. At other times, he may take an unfinished arrangement to a rehearsal, com-

Jerry Dodgion and Al Gibbons, alto saxes; Frank Foster and Lew Tabackin, tenor saxes; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Bob Cranshaw, bass; and Mickey Roker, drums.

In a busy environment like New York, substitutions are inevitable. On the afternoon I caught the band at the Dom, Richard Williams was subbing for Brecker; Kiane Zawadi for Brown; and Myron Yules for Powell. In addition, young trumpeter Jim Bossy was understudying Stamm on the odd number. The fact that Adams, Brown and Dodgion also are members of the Jones-Lewis orchestra has not yet led to conflicts. "I haven't accepted anything on nights I knew Thad and Mel were working," says Duke.

One might be tempted to compare the two bands, but each has its own character. Foster, who incidentally also leads a big band of his own, is Pearson's assistant director and has about six or seven arrangements in the book.

Pearson's trumpets—humorously referred to as the "White Knights"—are a versatile, powerful section. All four

ONE OF THE HOTTEST jazz properties in New York City is the 17-piece band that veteran bop star Howard McGhee whips gamely into shape for Monday nights at the Half Note and other casual engagements. The big bands have been on the upsurge lately, ever since Thad Jones and Mel Lewis showed the way. Yet, as one unit after another has sprung up for one-nighters downtown, the same faces seem to appear on the stand with somewhat monotonous regularity.

That's where McGhee's essentially youthful organization differs. He himself has always been a tough, hard-swinging trumpeter, yet his band boasts no other names, just a lot of pure and joyous sounds and a kind of enthusiasm that you'll rarely find anywhere in the business today. The enthusiasm stems in part from the leader's own sense of determination



and from his stimulating personality and years of experience.

Born in Tulsa, Okla., in 1918, McGhee is no stranger to the pitfalls of leading a big band. A former Andy Kirk, Charlie Barnet, Georgie Auld, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman and Duke Ellington sideman, he took a big band of his own on the road in the late '40s and bombed miserably.

"I had an 18,000-dollar bankroll and came back with zero," he recalled ruefully. "I worked with Billie (Holiday), Sarah (Vaughan), Illinois Jacquet and everybody, but I was paying transportation at five cents a mile. Now that doesn't sound like anything, but when you travel 400 miles every day, you find that you owe the bus company more than you got from making the gig! When I came back to New York, I came back worse than I was when I went out. Man, I said, forget it!"

So why, after a gap of almost 20 years, did the trumpeter decide to risk his hand again? And especially with no drawing names? The answer lies in the challenge that arose when he was contemplating the potential of the Howard McGhee-Jazz Ministry Band, a 16-piece group he organized in 1965 for Pastor John Gensel's New York jazz vespers services.

"Somebody told me I couldn't do it, and I did," declares McGhee, a smile spreading over his craggy, lived-in face. "They said 'oh man, unless you get cats like Clark Terry who're really into something, the band won't sound like nothin' anyway.' So I went and got cats that didn't have names, put it together and made it sound like a band."

Characteristically self-effacing, McGhee makes the task sound simple, but in order to weld the disparate elements of his amalgam into disciplined excitement, he had to work and work hard. But that is his nature. Easygoing on the surface, McGhee is a hard taskmaster who knows how to get the best out of his men. He'll fool around and joke with the men until it's time to take care of business. Then he'll fix them with his penetrating, no-nonsense glare, shout "OK fellers, let's run it down!" and with deliberation, stir the ingredients into a powerful brew. With musicians who are frequently

being offered no more for their pains than the chance to blow, this is no mean achievement.

McGhee's raven-haired wife, Sandy, who has collaborated with the trumpeter on several compositions penned for the jazz vespers services, is always in attendance when the band plays. She is a perceptive critic and voracious collector of anecdotes concerning the band. She took up the story of the early days: "Howard said 'I can not only do it, but I'll do it with people you don't know. I can go down the street and pick up kids with instruments in their hands and put them together. I'll make a big band out of them if the charts are right and my influence is strong enough.'"

McGhee nodded assent: "I know so many people out on the street it's a shame. People who've got nothing to do,

MAGGIE'S MAKIN' MUSIC

text and photos by valerie wilmer

nowhere to go, no apartment or window even. I said baby, if I can get a band together, these cats would be glad to do it, 'cause they have nothing to do anyway."

THE TRUMPETER HAS received plenty of encouragement from various quarters: from the *Jazzmobile* committee, Rev. Gensel's congregation, and the musicians themselves to the leader McGhee holds most in reverence. Last year, at the Longhorn Jazz Festival in Austin, Texas, he was talking with Duke Ellington who inquired after the band. "I said, 'Well, Duke, my name ain't too big to really get into anything anywhere I go,' and he said, 'You know, you've got to have faith in what you're doing.'"

His lifelong admiration for Ellington was evident as he continued: "I try to pattern myself after Ellington in having every type of chart, every type of thing the people might want to hear, and I say this is where it is. I play what the people want to hear."

From necessity the band personnel fluctuates, but among the better-known musicians who have played with the impulsive, peppery trumpeter have been veteran trombonists Elmer Crumpley and Britt Woodman, bassist Gene Taylor, trumpeter Bill Hardman, and the under-rated tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan. Pianist-singer Andy Bey held down the piano chair for a while and one of his specialties was Sandy McGhee's gentle ballad *Bless You*. Those who attended some of the earliest rehearsals and still show up regularly are lead trumpeter Steve Furtado, trombonists Donald Cole, Kiane Zawadi and Astley Fennell; baritone saxophonist Frank Capi, and the volatile flugelhornist Eddie Preston, best known for his work with Mingus and Ellington.

"They've never missed a rehearsal," claims the leader gratefully, "I don't care what time I call it. And Roy Antis, the drummer, he's been coming in for I don't know how long." Musicians who rehearsed with the band, then left for paying jobs, continually return and ask McGhee for another berth. "I say, 'look, baby, you were busy, I had to have somebody!' I can't hire these guys back just because they think the band is swinging now. I've got guys been rehearsing with me for months and I got to treat them with some respect."

Respect and loyalty are the key words in the organization, for few musicians could be persuaded to come out on badly paid gigs for any other reason nowadays. Add their natural enthusiasm for the lively and diverse charts and you have the answer to what makes a rehearsal band survive beyond the workshop stage. McGhee's sidemen have been rewarded in part for their tenacity, not only by an appearance at the 1966 Newport Jazz Festival, but by disc jockey Alan Grant's partial sponsorship of the sessions at the Half Note.



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On the jazzmobile: tenorist Paul Jeffrey solos; Trumpeters (L-R) Eddie Preston, Ray Dimelfi, Steve Furtado, Stan Shaf-ran, and Paul Litrenta; altoist Pete Yellin; trombonist Astley Fennell; and drummer Roy Antis.

For a while, the band rehearsed every Tuesday from 1-4:30 p.m., and McGhee claimed that his sidemen beat him to rehearsals. "I say, 'Jiminy, I didn't even get here yet!' and there they were, ready to play. The guys are very enthusiastic about the band and I appreciate their efforts because a lot of them may never be heard of. But who knows?"

He admitted to a few "space" musicians with whose concept he is a trifle out of sympathy, yet he relented: "With enthusiasm like theirs, I have to go along with the issue!"

According to McGhee, the band's enthusiasm stems from the fact that anyone who has anything to say is given the chance to express himself. The trumpeter is not a man to hog the spotlight, and with good reason, he explained, because he has had a star career already. "I know I can play and most of the world has heard me!" he laughed. "I made so many records it's a damn shame, but this, the way it is now, this is the way I like it.

"Anybody who can do anything, I let 'em blow, and they in turn, Preston, Furtado, Pete Yellin, they like to play. I want the people to hear 'em because they should be heard. The guys know Maggie ain't tryin' to be the star."

Furtado, the clear-toned young lead trumpeter who has contributed a tender arrangement of *Night Song* to the already bulging book, is a kind of discovery about whom McGhee rarely stops singing praises. "He's been with the band since the first rehearsal. That's my boy! He plays a wonderful trumpet and he's one of the best highnote men that I know, including everybody out here. I don't say he's an Al Killian, but I think he has chops. He can play any note you want him to play."

McGHEE'S CREW attracts the attention of many musicians, blasting off as it did on a Monday, the traditional "off" night. Drummer Jimmy Cobb is reported to have said that "the most exciting thing about this band is that they can't wait to get back on the stand."

One of the happiest-sounding of all the musicians is tenor

saxophonist Paul Jeffrey who, apart from a brief stint with Maynard Ferguson, has been with the band since last summer. Jeffrey, a disciple and close personal friend of Sonny Rollins, was introduced to the band one day by the drummer. The tenorist has since spent all his spare time ferrying men and instruments about in his old car, writing lead sheets, and investing his own money in the production of handbills, manuscript paper, etc. The saxophonist, who has become virtual strawboss of the organization, is both musically and personally a tower of strength, helping buoy up the project. Such is his love for the music that he thinks nothing of driving 26 miles to make gigs and rehearsals. "Paul," enthused McGhee, "is a beautiful cat. I like the way he plays and he seems to have something the people like."

Jeffrey, along with the leader, Furtado, and Zawadi, whose *Green Dolphin Street* is a standout, has contributed to the strong book, and other arrangements have come in from Dick Bond, Charles Bird and veteran Gene Roland. "I've got so many arrangers I don't even know who they are myself!", laughed McGhee.

His wife added her anecdote: "I walked into a rehearsal one day and it was like a long gallery at a teatable. I said 'Howard, who are all those people?' And he said 'Those are all the fellows who are bringing in charts.'"

The trumpeter has no illusions about the earning potential of the band, in spite of the fact that he is currently devoting most of his time and energy to it. "Clubowners don't want 18 pieces, they ask 'Can I get you with a quintet? Or even better, with a trio?'" he said sadly. "But this, I think, is due in part to the riots, and the country is rather shaky. The riots have drained the pocketbook of the young businessman who hires two or three people, so when they burn him out, they not only hurt him, they burn out the people who are trying to make a living.

"From now on, there have to be nightclubs and concerts and things like that with more than you have in the clubs now, because if I can buy a fifth of gin and sit home and get drunk, why do I need to go to a nightclub and spend all that money? I can hear everybody I want to hear on records, or turn on the TV and see 'em in person."

Nevertheless, one of the things you won't see on television, or elsewhere for that matter, is a band as integrated as McGhee's. "Sitting at the door I hear the doggonedest comments," reported Sandy McGhee. "I'd like to have a nickel for every person I've heard say 'gee, is that an integrated band!' I'd like to know how many Negro band-leaders have bands that are at least 51 percent white. If you can play, that's the only criterion for membership! It's not one of these things where you hire two white fellows so it looks good."

"Right," confirmed McGhee. "Nowadays we've got to be prejudiced? There's enough prejudice here already. I don't think music should be limited to any one particular race, I think it should be for everybody."

If the big-hearted Howard McGhee has his way, his music will be available for everyone—apart from the people who find the straight-forward brand of swinging a trifle old-fashioned. Said one young lady leaving the club, "The band sure is swinging but they're not playing anything new." "Well, Duke Ellington's not playing any of this avant garde either and he's the best band there is," retorted her companion. McGhee is following in that tradition.

Even after the substantial number of years he has put into the business, the leader is well-pleased when he hears such comments. "I think the band's going to get off the ground because we do have a different sound from any other band. This is what you have to have. I don't copy anybody; the band sounds the way it sounds. I'm just trying to play some music, and I think it sounds good." EB

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

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

BIG BANDS

Duke Ellington

SOUL CALL—Yerve V/V6-8701: *La Plus Belle Africaine*; *West Indian Pancake*; *Soul Call*; *Skin Deep*; *Jam With Sam*.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Herbie Jones, Cootie Williams, Mercer Ellington, trumpets; Buster Cooper, Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The Ellington band has a predilection for giving off-handed performances at important appearances. Conversely, in some small town in the corn belt, the band is likely to pull together and wail.

These tracks are from Ellington's portion of the 1967 Antibes Festival, where one might have expected the band to be on best musical behavior. Instead, there is a general air of triteness to this album.

Along with Ellington's fey announcements ("Love you madly," etc.), there are pedestrian solos and lackadaisical ensembles. On *Indian Pancake* and *Soul Call*, Paul Gonsalves is flashy and superficial. *Jam With Sam* is the familiar round-robin of the band soloists, none saying anything of substance. Sam Woodyard's 12-minute *Skin Deep* may be a good visual attraction, but it is not a memorable piece of music.

The one saving track is *La Plus Belle Africaine*, based on a minor-key blues. There is a fine bowed solo by Lamb, and very powerful and effective ensemble passages.

I don't guarantee the accuracy of the personnel (which is not listed in the album notes), but it should be substantially correct.

—Erskine

Duke Ellington—Frank Sinatra

FRANCIS A. & EDWARD K.—Reprise FS1024: *Follow Me*; *Sunny*; *All I Need Is the Girl*; *Indian Summer*; *I Like the Sunrise*; *Yellow Days*; *Poor Butterfly*; *Come Back to Me*.

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Cootie Williams, Herbie Jones, Sweets Edison, Al Porcino, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; Billy May, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

At first hearing, this much heralded summit meeting is a bit disappointing, but it grows on you—at least it did on me.

To begin with the negatives: it seems odd indeed that only one Ellington piece (*Sunrise*) was included, and perhaps even odder that the album was not arranged by Ellington himself. Let me hasten to add, however, that Billy May has done a great job. Always an Ellington admirer (older listeners may recall his many Dukish charts for Charlie Barnet in the '40s), he must have relished this assignment, and at

times (especially on *Yellow Days*) his touch is uncannily close to the master's.

Two ringers were brought in to beef up the trumpet section, currently the band's weakest link. Everybody was on best behavior, it seems—the band sounds tight and together at all times. The superb recording brings out the full flavor of the magnificent Ellington sound; the reeds, in particular, are opulent.

To put it bluntly, this would have been a great album if Sinatra had been in top voice. On a few tracks, he is; at other times, one can sense that he is holding back. But he is nothing if not an old pro, and his mastery of phrasing overcomes all potential pitfalls.

Relaxed tempi predominate to the point that the final selection, a way-up romp, comes as a positive relief. Why was it saved for that particular spot? Don't ask me.

Quite a bit of space has been granted the band and its key soloists, and the tracks are thus longer than is customary on vocal albums. Cootie Williams, Gonsalves, and Hodges are most frequently spotlighted, and make their impact felt.

Indian Summer is the album's masterpiece, and one of Sinatra's most impressive efforts in recent years. The mood is bitter-sweet, the reeds add lovely touches, Ellington makes the most of his keyboard presence, and Hodges' touching solo is a perfect extension of the mood set by the singer. This one makes the whole venture worth the effort.

Come Back, the aforementioned swinger, also finds Sinatra in peak form. Few singers could sustain such a tempo, but he never loses his firm grip on the melody and the lyric. The band shouts and romps, with brilliant work from the trumpets, a glimpse of Gonsalves, and superb Woodyard. (The drummer, consistently low-rated by critics, does a sterling job throughout.)

Sunrise, though well sung and scored, and enhanced by comments from Cootie and Gonsalves, does not measure up to the Al Hibbler original. The song's range, it appears, is more suitable for a voice deeper than Sinatra's, though it was his own choice.

Butterfly and *Girl* are set in a mold that recalls the Sinatra-Basie collaborations, and the former could have stood a few solo comments. The final chorus, however, is top-drawer singing.

The cover, featuring photographs of the two protagonists at a tender age, is a cute touch. Young Edward Kennedy already had that regal air, while young Francis Albert (with bangs) hadn't yet found his groove. But then, he seems to be about 5 or so, while Duke must have been at least 8.

—Morgenstern

Thad Jones—Mcl Lewis

LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Solid State SS 18016: *Little Pixie II*; *A That's Freedom*; *Bacha Feelin'*; *Don't Git Sassy*; *Willow Tree*; *Samba Con Getchu*.

Personnel: Jones, flugelhorn; Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Marvin Stamm, Richard Williams, Bill Berry, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Garnett Brown, Tom McIntosh, Cliff Heather, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Joe Farrell, Eddie Daniels, Pepper Adams, reeds; Roland Hanna, piano; Sam Herman, guitar, percussion; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

To followers of this great band, its first album, good as it was, did not quite indicate just what these guys are capable of—perhaps because it was a studio effort.

This one, recorded live at the band's stomping ground, New York's Village Vanguard, before an enthusiastic audience does give a true picture in sound of what I believe to be the finest and most important big jazz band to come along since the old giants got their thing together.

Through some miraculous alchemy, this ensemble of men who are both soloists and section players combines the best elements of freedom and discipline in an amalgam that retains the power and excitement synonymous with the big band jazz tradition but adds to it the freshness and surprise of today and now.

That is quite an accomplishment, and it has been achieved as a labor of love. Maybe that's the secret—along with, of course, extraordinary talent and perseverance, and teamwork in the truest sense.

One could write a book about this album and this band, but annotator Ed Beach has done nearly that in his excellent, detailed notes, so I'll confine myself to some of the highlights.

Pixie, composed and arranged by Thad Jones, stars the reeds. As a section, they have no peers other than their Ellington counterparts, with whom they share the ability to breathe as one. And can they get around their horns! Look out!

As soloists, they have a variety and individuality that is equally astonishing. Lead man Richardson, doubler par excellence, is spotlighted here on the soprano, of which difficult horn he is one of the prime practitioners. His choruses climax a round-robin of solos by, in order, Farrell, Dodgion, Daniels (clarinet), and Adams, all of them first-rate, and backed by a variety of rhythmic and coloristic devices.

This track is a gas—and to me, not least because it shows what can still be done after all these years with one of the most basic sets of changes in jazz.

The album's other Jones original, *Sassy*, has a fabulous reed passage led by Richardson's soprano, a great Farrell tenor solo, stunning ensemble work, fine Hanna piano, and as the filling in the pie, exuberant trumpet solos (with plunger



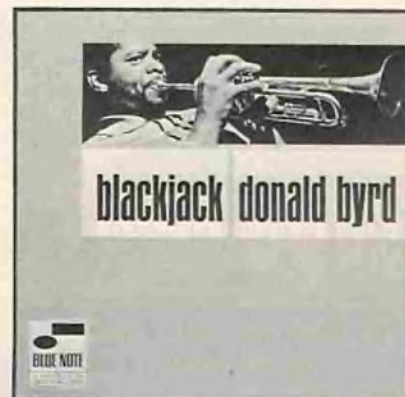
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mutes) by Nottingham and lead master Young.

Brookmeyer's two charts are contrasting in nature; both are gems. His setting of Fats Waller's pretty *Willow Tree*, featuring co-leader Jones in his soloistic role, is distinguished by warm, lovely voicings, colored by Dodgion's and Farrell's flutes. There is also a solo interlude by the remarkable Richard Davis. Thad's coda tops it off.

The other Brookmeyer opus, the punningly titled *Samba*, is a graduate seminar in Latin. It features superb Thad, Daniels (on tenor this time, and hot), Richardson (alto) and a rare Lewis drum solo. But the thing is not the parts but the whole, a 12-minute romp that sweeps you along and lifts your spirits. Intermittently the hornmen double on percussion of all sorts, and issue vocal exhortations. Everybody has a ball.

Trombonist Garnett Brown is featured on *Freedom*, a brotherly collaboration between composer Hank and arranger Thad Jones. Fittingly, the trombone section plays an important role in the chart. Brown's six choruses show that he is up there with the best, and he further impresses with *Feeling*, which he wrote and arranged.

A modal piece, it generates a lot of heat, with solos by Brown and Farrell (in great form), the fires stoked by Lewis. (The drummer is consistently excellent throughout, but on this track, he outdoes himself.) A startling touch near the end is the eight bars of total freedom—every man just blowing for himself.

It comes out together, as does everything in this remarkable album. I love this band, because when I hear it, I know that jazz has a future. It makes real music on a grand scale, music that has all kinds of feelings—passion, joy, and humor. This record (beautiful sound and balance, technically, too) captures the band at its finest, and if you like music, it will capture you.
—Morgenstern

Glenn Miller-Buddy DeFranco

RETURNS TO GLEN ISLAND CASINO—RCA Victor LPM/LSP 3880: *Up, Up and Away; Seeing You Like This; You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You; A Stranger in Town; Amen; Slumber Song; Release Me; You've Changed; Come Rain or Come Shine; Hellzapoppin'; 'Round Midnight.*

Personnel: Ed Zandy, Wesley Nicholas, Al DeRisi, Jann McConnaha, trumpets; Billy Clinton, James Schmidt, Jesse Sowell, Barry Ross, trombones; DeFranco, clarinet; Richie Barz, Ralph Galluccio, Edward Amato, Bruce DeMoll, Joe Magro, reeds; Dennis Burnside, piano; Sam Herman, guitar; Ray Williams, bass; Tony Widcombe, drums; Joan Shepherd, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

You can't go home again, Tom Wolfe said (no, not that one; the real one), but the Glenn Miller Estate says you can. Even if a place no longer really exists, a band that is a ghost can go home to it.

So you thought the Glen Island Casino was gone, eh? No sir partner, it's still there, blazin' with action like this: ". . . the big bands are gone now. Tuesday is Rock Night, and the teenie-boppers pay a dollar to dance to an all-amplified group. On Saturday night, a four-piece combo plays for dinner dances. The other nights, the Casino is open for receptions, dinners and private parties. So it was, until the

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Glenn Miller Orchestra was brought back to the club by the enterprising program chairman of the Mount Vernon KIWANIS Club, Mauro Valentine. As Al Badolato, operator of the Casino for 30 years, said: "It's just like 1939!"

I'm not making it up—honest. It's right there on the record for you to check out, along with some other liner note copy. Yes, it's just like 1939 (let's see—that was the year World War II broke out, wasn't it) except that in 1939 Glenn Miller was alive and Swing was king and young people were dancing to his band who maybe didn't even know what a KIWANIS was and a young man named Buddy DeFranco was beginning to get real good on that clarinet of his, playing with Johnny (Scat) Davis' band.

Every kid musician in 1939 wanted to become a bandleader. Well, Buddy's dream came true. Here he is, almost 30 years later, fronting his own band. Except that he isn't. He had his own big band once, and a good one, too; but this here is the Glenn Miller Band. Except that Glenn Miller is dead. It's the Glenn Miller Ghost Band.

Glenn Miller was a creative musician. If he hadn't been, he wouldn't have built the most popular (and perhaps the best) dance band in the country (and later, the best band in any man's army).

Buddy DeFranco is perhaps the most gifted clarinetist of his generation. He is a fine, creative musician. He tries hard with this band, but it's an albatross. (His predecessor tried hard, too, and now that he's out of that bag, he looks happier than he has in years.)

Do I have to spell it out? The packaging—and that sad little blurb about Glen Island Casino—doesn't that say it all? On the record, there is applause (it, too, sounding ghostly), and a jangling, out-of-tune piano that Glenn Miller would have had thrown off the stand.

There is also music—some quite nice arrangements, by Don Sebesky and Bill VerPlanck, among others—which isn't badly played, or anything like that, but just doesn't seem to mean anything at all.

And the real bitch of it all is that the one old authentic Miller chart on the record—Chummy McGregor's arrangement of *Slumber Song*—is the only thing on the record that has some character, even though *Up, Up* and Mel Torme's pretty *Stranger In Town* aren't bad at all—nice dance band music with a jazz flavor, cleanly played, with glimpses of DeFranco and some tasty trumpet from Ed Zandy, who's been a Miller ghostman for God knows how long.

It's ironic. The only real reason for a Miller band today would seem to be that it could recreate memories—a somewhat limited but plausible reason for existence. As such, the band should properly be led by an anonymous musician, and be manned by expert re-creators with no messages of their own. It could perhaps even consist of non-musicians simulating the act of playing while tapes of the real Miller band were heard.

Bands like this won't bring back the bands, just like the Glen Island Casino playing them for one night won't bring

back ballrooms. Them days are gone forever. There are other ghost bands, and all over the country, there are pickup bands of local musicians fronted by one-time bandleaders who have a name and a book but no bands.

Such bands make it rough for the real leaders—Basie, Ellington, Herman, James, Rich—who have real bands, for the guy from Pensacola who comes out to hear Bobby Bignone and his Famous Band and finds ol' Bignone waving a baton at a bunch of local cats may decide that the bands really are dead and stay away for good.

I don't mean to say that this highly respectable and actually existing band has anything in common with such goings-on. And yet—isn't this where it all started? The Miller name was so big, still, in the mid-40s, that it represented a most viable commercial property. And wasn't it a noble idea to keep the Miller name alive?

Perhaps it was, once. But if Glenn Miller were able to take it all in, I don't think he'd dig it. Not the piano, not the girl singer he would never have hired (can't keep time; can't sing a melody straight), not the constraining ghost format. It's just not his kind of concept.

And not Buddy DeFranco's either. What an indication of the state of music today that he decided to take on the job, and that one ought to wish him the best of luck with it, since it keeps him and a bunch of other worthy guys working! It's a drag all the way around. You can't go home again; you shouldn't fake nostalgia; ghosts breed only ghosts. —*Morgenstern*

Oliver Nelson

LIVE FROM LOS ANGELES—Impulse A-9153: *Miss Fine*; *Milestones*; *I Remember Bird*; *Night Train*; *Guitar Blues*; *Down by the Riverside*; *Ja-Da*.

Personnel: Bobby Bryant, Conte Candoli, Buddy Childers, Freddy Hill, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, Billy Byers, Pete Myers, Ernie Tack, trombones; Gabe Baltazar, Jack Nimitz, Bill Perkins, Tom Scott, Frank Strozier, reeds; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Monte Budwig, bass; Mel Brown, guitar; Ed Thigpen, drums; Nelson, conductor, arranger, soprano saxophone.

Rating: ★★★★★

Not the least of reasons for the limited big band revival of the last few years has been the sheer magnitude of talent assembled in most of the healthier aggregations. Among the majority of notable units, nearly every member is a virtuoso on at least one instrument—necessarily, of course, because, always a competitive realm, big bandsmanship now battles a greater-than-ever proliferation of entertainment alternatives for the attentions of the mass audience. In addition, there is an undeniably "dated" aura surrounding big bands in the minds of many teenyboppers. (Anything the "old folks" used to dig has got to be out of it, they wrongly assume, until they hear some of the "sweet thunder" being produced by these wondrous amalgams. Then it's a different story.)

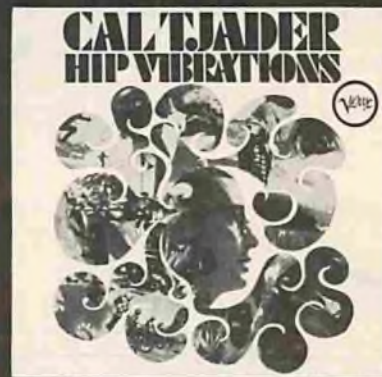
Alas, with the accent elsewhere, few younger people investigate this area, making the largescale support of youth necessary to a total revival of the vehicle not forthcoming.

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"name," you can be damned sure that group, or leader, is an unparalleled asset to the scene.

Such an asset is Oliver Nelson. He has, with an almost mechanical consistency, produced good music: leading his own groups or charting the course of someone else's. Quiet as it's kept, his playing ability would grant him access to any band—even if he couldn't wield a pen or a baton.

Assembled with him this trip are many of those aforementioned virtuosos, all cribbing on the West Coast these days.

Guitarist Brown, young tenorist Scott, trumpeter Bryant, altoist Strozic, and long-time groove incentive Thigpen are highlights of this all-star brigade. After you hear this jam, you'll probably wonder why I didn't just list the whole roster as highlights; nobody is shirking his duty noticeably.

She must be dynamite, because Nelson's crew gives the leader's composition *Miss Fine*, the satin-doll-in-silk stockings ensemble treatment that is reserved for the special people. Hill is nicely insouciant on this one.

Milestones is fast and loose, in the composer's style, but gets into interesting things with colors that weren't available on the original because of the larger aggregation working with it here. Strozic, who came out of Chicago a few years ago with a group know as the MJT+3, has long been overdue for praises as a soloist. On *Bird*, he exhibits his taproots. Ah yes, he remembers.

Night Train, a popular expansion of an Ellington vehicle, *Happy Go Lucky Local*, shuffles brassily and rambles reedily down the track, with maybe a shade too much oscillation. But Brown's guitar varnishes the mid-section with a thick coat of blues that preserves the shine.

Guitar Blues, written for Brown, is all him. He is producer Bob Thiele's discovery, and the Impulsive boss did himself proud with this find.

Riverside is a cooker, and the quartet of burners going in the trumpet section is positively roasting.

Ja-Da, the group's signature, is a pleasant way to tag this set.

Big bands aren't old fashioned or square; they're almost too hip. And this package is definitely an element of that syndrome. —Quinn

Tommy Vig

THE SOUND OF THE '70s—Milestone 9007: *Sunrise, Sunset; Just for You; Satan Takes a Holiday; I Miss You Today; It's Only a Paper Moon; Four Pieces for Neoponic Orchestra (Freedom! Freedom!/The Lost Love/Serious Fun/Fusion); Lazy Beauty.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5: Louis Valizan, Al Porcino, Buddy Childers, Jim Fuller, Bud Brisbois, trumpets; Charlie Loper, Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino, Kenny Tiffany, Ken Shroyer, trombones; Dick Paladino, Charlie McLean, Tom Hall, Irv Gordon, Bill Perkins, reeds; Vig, vibraphone; Victor Feldman, piano, miscellaneous percussion; Red Mitchell, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Tracks 6-7: Valizan, Charlie Turner, Wes Hensel, Merv Harding, Herb Phillips, trumpets; Bill Hinshaw, Jim McGhee, Art Maebe, Haig Eshow, French horns; Archie Lecoque, Abe Nole, Tommy Hodges, Gus Mancuso, Bill Smiley, trombones; Don Hannah, tuba; Hall, McLean, Perkins, Gordon, Ken Hing, reeds; Vig, vibraphone, drums; Herb Mickman, bass; Roger Rampton, Mark Barnett, percussion.

Rating: ★★

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occasional sloppiness on *Paper Moon*), but it lacks true originality. Vig, who scored it and composed the originals, seems hopelessly under the spell of Stan Kenton, circa 1948. Whatever this kind of pop-Wagnerian music had to say has been said too often before; it's one gigantic cliché perpetuated by composer-arrangers who mistake pomposity for profundity.

Altoist McLean has most of the solo room, and though his playing is certainly passionate, it goes in several directions at once. Vig's vibraharp work is pleasant but hardly more than that; his drum solo on *Serious* is heavy-handed and simplistic.

The best soloists are trombonist Fontana, whose warm, Miles Davish work on *Just for You* is delightful, and trumpeter Childers. Bassists Mitchell and Hickman play quite well in the rhythm section.

The four-part *Neophonic* is dedicated to social scientist Erich Fromm, who, for what it's worth, once wrote a book titled *Escape from Freedom*. The Vig piece is by turn mildly interesting and absurd (most strikingly the latter in a couple of crescendos that scream to be followed by a stage voice announcing, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Caesar's Palace proudly presents . . .").

The best track is *Just for You*. Vig has written a nice ballad and set it in a handsome score. His use of flutes in this arrangement is impressive. *Beauty* is also a nice melody. Vig's penchant for overusing scale runs in his arrangements, however, is disturbing, particularly when he writes them in even eighths as he does on *Beauty*. There also are some attractive textures achieved in the *Beauty* score. But over-all there's not enough of these patches of interest to overcome the dullness of the whole.

—DeMicheal



Gary Burton

LOFTY FAKE ANAGRAM—RCA Victor LSP-3901: *June the 15th 1967; Feelings and Things; Fleurlette Africaine; I'm Your Pal; The Beach; Mother of the Dead Man; Good Citizen Swallow; General Mojo Cuts Up.*

Personnel: Burton, vibes; Larry Coryell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Bobby Moses, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Steve Marcus

TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS—Vortex 2001: *Eight Miles High; Mellow Yellow; Listen People; Rain; Tomorrow Never Knows; Half a Heart.*

Personnel: Marcus, tenor and soprano saxophones; Mike Nock, piano; Coryell, guitar; Chris Hills, bass; Moses, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The telephone rang twice last week while I was listening to *Anagram*. One caller said, "Hey, did you get a music box? What a nice idea," the other, "That sounds like Gary Burton in the background. He's very interesting."

Anagram is kind of like an interesting music box. That is both its strength and weakness. I find the sound itself, the blend of the instruments in the registers they are played in, almost too bland. It is hard for me to separate them. Although I made this comparison in print before and regretted it, there is something of the MJQ in Gary Burton. The sound itself is not terribly new, startling or full, but the content is.

Burton himself is brilliant; technique, taste and ideas. He has even learned to bend notes on the vibes which, although interesting philosophically, is not as heavy a lick as Gary seems to think. He overdoes it. The interrelationship between Burton, Coryell and the entire group is what is really happening. (In that sense also they are reminiscent of the MJQ.) Conversation has never been common enough in jazz. Too often it is a string of rather loosely connected—or even unconnected—speeches. Dialogue is more interesting.

While Coryell is not the flashiest or fastest jazz guitar player around, he seems to be the freshest, utilizing some of the electronic possibilities—reverb, feed-back, fuzz and echo—of the electric guitar. He can make music from sounds, an area where rock is generally far ahead of jazz.

The time is soft and rather subtle. I don't understand why Burton is considered so rock-oriented. Maybe it's his long hair; hair seems to be very important in our time. But if you listen and don't look (which I always thought was the idea), it is just good jazz and clearly too complicated to be called pop music. Down with labels.

Swallow is strong and mellow as usual, although his solo work is not up to his best. Moses is fine, empathetic. That's the story of this album; empathy. But it's hard to have a dialogue if everybody agrees with each other all the time.

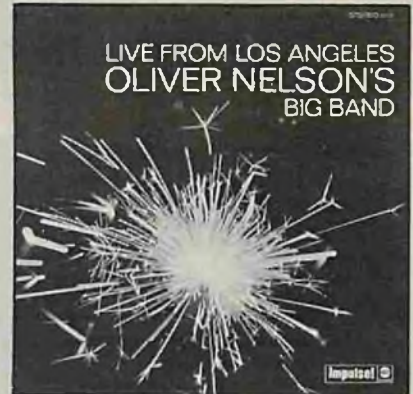
Anagram is conservative. I found myself bored by it at times. But my feeling is that an album is as good as its best track—and *Beach* is awfully good. It swings hard, changes textures, and the dialogue is exciting and loose on this one. It is the way I would like to hear the group all the time. Harder, not so bloody comfortable. Coryell is particularly together, using space and moving from a linear to a chordal style with fluidity and grace.

Burton's is one of the few good groups around with the chance to become great. I believe that he should look out for too much perfection, too much gloss at the expense of the excitement of the moment. The risk of making a "mistake" is what jazz is all about for me. But that's only taste and you can't rationally put anybody down for perfection.

Steve Marcus, on the other hand, is imperfect, and I love his music more. The group interrelates also, but under tension—like a dome by Buckminster Fuller. (The personnel, incidentally, was kept off

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the album credits by contractual problems.)

Everything is rougher than on *Ana-gram*. There is also quite a bit of rock on this one, more than just hair style. Moses stretches out more, keeping time somewhere between Elvin Jones and Mitch Mitchell. Coryell is rougher on *Tomorrow*, but also wilder, more exciting, spine-tingling. The whole album has a sense of adventure which overpowers any lack of polish or perfection.

Marcus is more or less out of Trane's bag; it would be hard not to be, playing soprano and tenor saxophone these days. His setting, though, is something entirely new. I've often wondered if Trane himself might not have come to rock time, at least modified or occasionally, if he had

lived longer.

My rating is for Marcus' originality, for his willingness to move into unexplored territory.

Mellow Yellow starts out with a marching band (Albert Ayler) type interpretation of the melody; a put-on. It moves along that way just short of the point where you get completely fed up with it. But then you begin to hear wails, electronic screams, and all sorts of echoes and god-knows-what overdubs coming out of the other channel. It will lift you to your feet, maybe even start you dancing. Not enough jazz has done either of those things to me lately.

The openness, the willingness to experiment, to take the risk of being "wrong" or "foolish" to some of the more doc-

trinaire people on the scene, is attractive. The healthy abrasiveness of Marcus' music reminds me of the function which Norman Mailer fulfills so well on the literary scene: shake them up—wake them up.

Eight Miles High is particularly interesting. The first time I noticed any direct, specific jazz influences in rock was on the original version of this tune by the Byrds a few years ago. The interlude between the vocals was quite obviously influenced by, if not copied from, Coltrane licks. The possibilities of jazz-rock began to show then. Now we have Marcus using the tune, as well as rock itself, as a vehicle for his own playing which is very much in the mainstream.

For generations, pop music has "borrowed," shall we say, from jazz, distilling it almost beyond recognition through easy melodies, perky tempos and bland lyrics. Jazz, the foundation of popular music, was in the meantime allowed to rot in economic neglect. Now—and this I find the most interesting development in American music in a long time—we are beginning to have pop-influenced jazz. Pop music finally has something to give back; rock, electronic music with a beat. It's nice to hear somebody taking advantage of it.

Steve Marcus is no master—yet. But he has imagination and courage and the musical equipment to become important in the future. I'm looking forward to his next album. —Zwerin

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Jerry Hahn

ARA-BE-IN—Changes 7001: *Ara-be-in; In the Breeze; My Love; Ragabantar; Dibhin' Snuff*. Personnel: Noel Jewkes, tenor saxophone, flute; Mike White, violin; Hahn, guitar; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is something different. It is jazz played by jazz musicians who get into some of the contemporary winds that are blowing around these days and navigate in them with ingenuity. It is a record that both jazz fans and rock fans will enjoy, although I'm surer about the former.

Is this the old John Handy group (Hahn and White) without Handy or the Charles Lloyd group (McClure and DeJohnette) without Lloyd, you may ask. Neither. It is Hahn's recording unit with a feeling all its own, filled out by tenorman Jewkes, a Coltrane-Rollins man with a lot of vitality.

Ara-be-in, the title number (all tunes are by Hahn except *My Love*), is definitely Middle Eastern in character and might even conjure up a few belly dancers in your mind. Hahn's comping creates genuine excitement, and White, who sounds a little Yiddish here, too, is an original, expressive violinist. Against the drone, however, Jewkes could have tried to do a bit

more than Traneing up and down his horn.

Breeze is an arresting, staccato line that finds the rhythm really swinging (McClure tightly and DeJohnette loosely, but both very together) and the soloists in fine form. Jewkes is closer to Rollins here and his ideas more varied.

Jewkes' *Love* finds the composer on flute in a melody that is lovely but never flabby. It is not a strict bossa nova but leans in that direction. White makes good use of pizzicato effects in the line and the voicings intrigue the ear.

Ragahantar is a guitar solo. It begins like a slow raga and builds into a highly rhythmic performance that points up the similarities between country blues pickers and Indian sitarists, especially the ones from southern India like veena player S. Balachander. Hahn's got roots and open ears.

Everything comes to a delightful close in *Snuff*, a hip, humorous hoe-down that reflects the Ornette Coleman influence in its line. The solos are accompanied by hoots, hollers and an occasional yahoo. There are chase choruses among Hahn, White and the very vocal Jewkes tenor, in which the three set off each other very well. The country excursion ends in the barnyard with cattle and sheep imitations. That takes us full circle back to Jelly Roll Morton and the ODJB.

Note: Changes, a new label, is a subsidiary of the well-known Arhoolie records. If you have trouble finding the record, it can be ordered from Contemporary Music on Record, P.O. Box 9195, Berkeley, Calif. 94719. —Gittler

Arthur Prysock

THE BEST OF ARTHUR PRYSOCK, NO. 2 —Verve V/V6-5038: *Full Moon and Empty Arms; Funny Valentine; In the Still of the Night; Let There Be Me; Fly Me to the Moon; Let There Be Love; The Very Thought of You; I Just Want to Make Love to You; For Your Love; All or Nothing At All; He*.

Personnel: Prysock, vocals; unidentified orchestra; Mott Garson, Charlie Calello, Herb Gordy, Johnny Richards, arrangers.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Another smooth one from Arthur Prysock with good commercial material and pop flavor.

The musical support is suitable, and there's the usual amount of echo overall. Prysock gives the languid performances we all expect from him. The album should get good air-play around the country.

It's pretty soggy stuff, though, and nearly put me to sleep. —Carol Sloane

Gabor Szabo

THE SORCERER—Impulse A-9146: *The Beat Goes On; Little Boat; Lou-ise; What Is This Thing Called Love?; Space; Stronger Than Us; Mizrab; Comin' Back*.

Personnel: Szabo, Jim Stewart, guitars; Louis Kobok, bass; Marty Morrell, drums; Hal Gordon, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Intensity, in the Eastern-most meaning of the word, is what Gabor sells best. And this album abounds in it, pervading each track with the staying power of incense.

Gabor evokes more than he swings, but that does not mean the album is devoid

of any straight-ahead jazz. Far from it. One of the best moments in this live recording (setting: Boston's Jazz Workshop) is a five-minute, no-holds barred dialogue between Szabo and Stewart as they examine "this thing called love." It provides an amazing insight into the musical relationship between the two guitarists. There isn't one melodic or harmonic area in the entire plectrum spectrum that one or the other fails to anticipate.

The one nod in the direction of jazz samba—*Little Boat*—is dispatched with a briskness that prevents any of the saccharine qualities found in many bossa novas.

Stewart's original, *Lou-ise*, has a haunting beauty that pivots on long stretches of pedal points and minor-mode Alberti

bass figures. A similar mood—much slower—is suggested in *Stronger Than Us*, but there is more melodic interplay between both guitars over a lazy Latin foundation. Subtle use of finger cymbals reminds the listener that the combo is facing east, not south.

Those finger cymbals come back more forcefully in *Mizrab*; so does the tambouralike drone of the second guitar, as well as Gabor's penchant for incorporating amplifier feedback into his playing. It may sound gimmicky, but he weaves the electronic by-product into the melodic lines skillfully.


Only *The Beat* is a disappointment. That's because the beat goes on much too long—specifically Morrell's uninspired rock hammering. —Siders



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BLINDFOLD TEST/FREDDIE HUBBARD



Freddie Hubbard rose rapidly to eminence after joining Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers in 1961. That was the year he won the *Down Beat* New Star award in the critics' poll.

Born Frederick Dewayne Hubbard in Indianapolis, April 7, 1938, he studied mellophone in high school. After gigging around town on trumpet with Wes. Buddy and Monk Montgomery, he played with Sonny Rollins for four months in 1960, then worked with Slide Hampton, J. J. Johnson, and the Quincy Jones Orchestra.

Since leaving Blakey he has led his own groups on various occasions, worked with Max Roach, concertized in Europe with Friedrich Gulda, and in recent months has been co-leader with Joe Henderson and Louis Hayes of the Jazz Communicators.

Hubbard's own albums, as well as the many he has made with Blakey, Oliver Nelson, John Coltrane, Bill Evans, Eric Dolphy, Ornette Coleman and others, have offered permanent evidence of his stature as one of the most original and freshly inventive trumpet-fluegelhorn soloists of this decade. The *Blindfold Test* below was his first. He was given no information about the records played. —Leonard Feather

1. JIMMY OWENS-KENNY BARRON. *You Had Better Listen* (from *You Had Better Listen*, Atlantic). Chris White, bass; other soloists as guessed.

That was the Jimmy Owens-Kenny Barron Quintet with Benny Maupin on tenor, Kenny Barron on piano, of course, Freddie Waits on drums, and the bass player I'm not sure of. It might be Herbie Lewis.

Most of these guys have worked with me. Kenny Barron, Herbie Lewis and Benny Maupin were in the sextet I had about a year ago, and the composition reminds me quite a bit of one I wrote three years ago called *Soul Search*, a thing in 7/4 which I found very difficult to play over a pattern. The only thing I have against playing 7/4 is it's not loose enough. If you can make it loose, it seems to stay in one pattern. I did a thing with Max where he sort of swung it at certain times and then he'd come back to the pattern. I'd like more of that.

Overall, though, I think this was a very beautiful date. Jimmy Owens is the next young trumpet player—very consistent, very fine musician. I don't particularly like the recording sound too much; it sounded kind of flat. I notice when I record for Atlantic myself, there's not enough echo, there's not enough bass, it's just too flat. I hope they can get that together for jazz.

Regarding those solos, I think they should have had more. I know Benny could have said more. Four stars.

2. JOHNNY HODGES. *Wild Onions* (from *Triple Play*, RCA). Cat Anderson, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Hodges, alto saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; Les Spann, guitar; Aaron Bell, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

That sent me back about 25 years. I think the first trumpet solo was Joe Newman, playing muted trumpet. I heard Johnny Hodges on alto, and I'll take a wild guess and say Tyree Glenn on trombone. The second trumpet player, I don't know—was it the same trumpet player? Anyway, he has some fantastic chops! I don't particularly care for his sound—but his chops on those high notes!

The rhythm section, I don't have the slightest idea. There wasn't too much of a groove going on in the rhythm section. It seemed like it was just a quickie—a quick record session, jam style, which doesn't always work.

Overall the performance wasn't that interesting musically. I liked the first muted solo. The song wasn't too hip. I'd say two stars for the muted trumpet solo.

3. STAN KENTON. *Interchange* (from *The World We Know*, Capitol). Kenton, composer, piano.

It sounds like some of those things made a few years ago, Chico O'Farrill's things, done by Stan Kenton, but I'm not really sure. It was a weird thing; seemed like it started off in 5/4; then the piano solo, by himself. I think the brass was too heavy for this particular arrangement. It was too much brass, I couldn't hear enough reeds.

I really didn't get the message on that; I don't know where he was going. It just seemed like he was trying to stretch out the chords, but overall I didn't really dig it. One star, for doing it.

4. BILL DIXON. *Nightfall Pieces I* (from *Jazz Artistry of Bill Dixon*, RCA). Dixon, leader, trumpet, fluegelhorn; George Marge, flute.

I liked that—very impressionistic. It reminded me of a record session where I did a piece for Joe Chambers called *Air* where you play just tonal colors, and they did that very well. I think they complement each other, trying to build tonal colors. For instance, the flute thing that had the lead, it seems as though it could have been more of a written theme going out, if there was a written theme!

But this style of playing I think you have to be careful with, because it tends to lag, to bog down at times, and there doesn't seem to be enough excitement. If you're going to play free without chords, it has to be more dynamic instead of just staying on one level. I'll make a wild guess, and say that was Bill Dixon on trumpet. The rest, I don't have the slightest idea.

But I liked that. In fact I'd like to do more of that style of playing in the future, so I'll give that four stars.

5. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *Freeway Express* (from *The Empty Foxhole*, Blue Note). Coleman, trumpet, composer; Charles Haden, bass; Ornette Denardo Coleman, drums.

That was Ornette Coleman on trumpet. I remember a lot of people talking about Ornette using his son on drums, so that's who it was, and David Izenzon on bass. This guy David Izenzon has a very beau-

tiful sound; I never noticed it in the clubs.

I think Ornette is neglecting the basics of playing trumpet. I love his alto, he knocks me out, but the trumpet—I don't think he should play that in public.

I didn't get anything out of it. Being a trumpet player, I can't rate it. As far as the drummer is concerned, it just sounded like a little kid fooling around, and knew nothing about the drums.


I could have done what Ornette is doing on trumpet when I was five. And about that tone and clarity and . . . well, that's enough right there for a start. He sounded better with the mute. But there's a whole lot of guys can do that, who know nothing about trumpet. Why should a guy study for years—study trumpet—then see a guy come out on trumpet, and he gets a lot of popularity, like this—it doesn't make sense.

6. BLUE MITCHELL. *Straight Up and Down* (from *Boss Horn*, Blue Note). Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

That was Blue Mitchell, from his latest record *Boss Horn*, I think. Blue Mitchell on trumpet, Chick Corea on piano—who by the way wrote that arrangement. I've heard it, and I really dig it. In fact, I'd like to play it. Gene Taylor on bass, Joe Chambers on drums, Junior Cook on tenor, Pepper Adams on baritone.

I liked the figure they had, but I think the bass is poorly recorded; you couldn't hear Gene too much. The background figures could have been brought up more, but the tune itself is beautiful. I think the solos could have been a little better if they'd had more time to work on the chords.

I dig the arrangement so much that I have to give it 4½ stars.

Afterthoughts: I'd give five stars to the John Coltrane record *Giant Steps*, because it seems to have made such a drastic change in jazz today. I'd also give five stars to the Art Blakey album, *Ugetsu*, for the writing and the solos. It was recorded live at Birdland, and I liked the feeling we had on that particular night. *Miles Smiles* I'd give five stars to as well, because I think he made a change in his style with that record. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra Music Center, Los Angeles

Personnel: Dalton Smith, Ronnie Ossa, Larry McGuire, Mickey McMahan, Jay Daversa, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Dick Shearer, Lou Blackburn, Jim Amaliole, trombones; Vince Da Rosa, Henry Sigismonti, Dick Perissi, John Cave, Arthur Maebo, French horns; John Bambridge, tuba; Gabe Baltazar, Bill Hood, Bob Cooper, Allan Beutler, John Lowe, reeds; Ray Sherman, piano; John Caloffio, guitar; Bob West, bass; Norm Jeffries, drums; Frank Carlson, Emil Richards, percussion. Guest soloists: Cannonball Adderley, Wes Montgomery, Ray Reed, Stan Kenton, conductor.

This concert, which opened the Neophonic's third season, was an outstanding success—artistically and financially.

The near-capacity audience at Los Angeles' acoustically alive Music Center heard nine works: seven premieres and two repeats. Hugo Montenegro's *Fanfare For The New* (the work that began the first Neophonic concert in January, 1965) served as an ideal curtain-raiser with its overlapping layers of brass. The only reed instrument used was a bass sax, played by Lowe. The short piece was crisply performed.

The other holdover, Johnny Williams' *Prelude and Fugue*, was also cleanly executed. It began with busy woodwind figures and reached an internal climax before segueing to a slow, provocative jazz feel. West's walking bass pushed this section just right. During the fugal development, Baltazar contributed an excellent alto solo, bolstered by Jeffries' fine drumming.

Willie Maiden contributed a short composition called *Bygones* that didn't seem to have any wasted measures. Vibes and muted trumpets trilled the opening, giving way to a moody rubato background for Baltazar's solo. With horns and brass providing the background, Cooper soloed on tenor. The full band reached a well-controlled high point before quietly subsiding.

A newcomer to the West Coast, Alf Clausen, was represented with *Three Sounds For The Neophonic Orchestra*. The first section was essentially a minor blues pivoting on a Latin-accented ostinato, and providing a cushion for one of the highlights of the concert, trumpeter Daversa's solo. The second "sound" was a slow movement based on a theme that began with the first five notes of *Mary Had A Little Lamb*. The solo highlight in this segment was contributed by tenorist Cooper. The finale wrapped things up in a throwback to the straight-ahead brand of big band swing. Miking on the reeds was overly brilliant—to the point of harshness. Good solo work by Baltazar and trombonist Shearer.

Passion Suite, by Dec Barton, began with more affection than passion (five flutes; horns; and a trombone solo by Fitzpatrick), but the temperature soon began to rise. The featured soloists (altoist Reed and trumpeter Daversa) barked out a series of primitive dissonances as excitement continued to build. Sparked by congas and tympani, the tempo shot way

up. At the height of this musical orgy, the total sound was so loud that whatever harmonic subtleties the score might have held were lost. Then the opening tranquility returned, lending symmetry to the piece.

The most sophisticated works, and perhaps the most "Neophonic" in idiom, were written by Ray Sherman (the orchestra's pianist) and Kenneth Miller. Sherman's scholarly opus, *Theme, Variation and Fugue*, demonstrated the gap that separates classical and jazz conceptions. The modal theme grew organically, from bowed bass and clarinet over drum roll to a statement by trumpeter Dalton Smith that seemed to be saying "this legitimate melody can be swung." The strands of the variations were interestingly conceived from the fabric of the theme. One was dominated by fluttering saxes and vibes; another segued logically into a full-bodied mambo. The fugue began in the trumpets, leaped to the horns, was picked up by the clarinets, then trombones, then meandered through the percussion. The working out of the polyphony—a broad statement by brass and horns over percussion—conjured up the stately finale to Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*. The work was not meant to be swung, but at Kenton's insistence, accented conception was substituted for legitimate reading wherever feasible.

Miller's *The Seasons* consisted of four carefully etched tone poems. Winter blew in with muted horns over mysterious rumblings by the bass. Chattering reeds passed the awakened spring motif to the horns. The brass picked it up and swung lustily, giving way to an exchange of "twos" between piccolo (Baltazar) and bass clarinet (Lowe). The theme alternated between 5/4 and a jaunty 6/4 before the lazy, expansive mood of summer was ushered in. Broad chords for horns with trombone obbligatos recalled the pristine Kenton sound. Daversa contributed an excellent solo. The theme trebled as West's walking cut through with authority, and a brief chime passage by Richards led to one of the most poetic sections of the piece: a dialogue between Baltazar's flute and Caleffio's guitar, interrupted by a Cooper oboe solo. A brass fanfare, punctuated by Carlson's pitched kettledrums, led to the hard-driving finale. Before the work ended there was some introspective interplay among flute, clarinets and oboe strongly reminiscent of the ending to the first movement of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony. The finale quoted once again from the 5/4-6/4 spring motif before reaching an explosive conclusion.

For this listener, the Sherman and Miller pieces were the compositional highlights of the concert. But for the large crowd on hand, the works of Gerald Wilson and Jimmy Jones were more meaningful because they featured soloists Ad-

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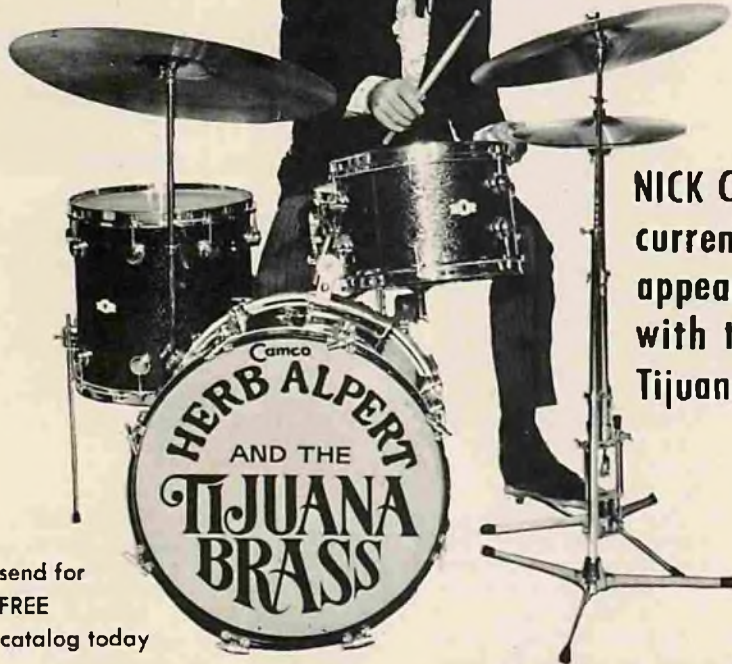
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derley and Montgomery.

Wilson's penchant for things Mexican manifested itself right after the introduction of his *Collage*—a beginning that had Cannonball, unaccompanied, project his rarely heard, almost vibratoless legitimate tone. A jazz-flavored Latin tempo evolved, underscored by two vibraharp. Without pause, the piece moved into a quiet middle section of haunting beauty. A brooding, rhapsodic theme for alto floated over undulating, sensuous curves. The finale moved at an up-tempo that probably would have been even faster had Wilson conducted his own piece. He also might have achieved a cleaner balance—the only flaw in Kenton's conducting. The brass obscured Cannonball during his only opportunity to stretch out.

Late Flight—Jimmy Jones' vehicle for Montgomery—was untitled until Wes' overdue appearance at the final rehearsal. A beautiful, flowing melody over a quasi-bolero beat provided an excellent opportunity for the guitarist's patented octaves. A fast section gave the soloist a chance for some no-nonsense jazz. In the final measures of the work, he pushed the off-beats until it sounded as if the rhythm section were straining to keep intact. But actually it held together beautifully.

In fact, the entire concert held together with such precision, it was hard to accept the fact that just 12 hours had been allotted to rehearsing the nine compositions. The concert was a tribute to the uncanny reading prowess of the Neophonic sidemen; the jazz capabilities of soloists such as Daversa, Baltazar and Cooper; and above all, the dynamic leadership of Stan Kenton, who plunges into the new with the energy of a teenager. —Harvey Sidors

Boston Globe Jazz Festival

War Memorial Auditorium, Boston, Mass.

Verdict: financial success, popular semi-success, artistic disaster.

It was a new experience to me, and one I would not care to repeat, to sit through better than 10 hours of jazz music without a single exhilarating or electrifying moment. This was partly due to some unforeseen circumstances, but mainly due to producer George Wein's selection of talent: every group performing was either an established, conventional, popular attraction or a local and more or less amateurish organization, with the exception of the Gary Burton foursome, and even they are a pretty safe bet. Some of the popular jazz groups are, needless to say, capable of producing first-rate jazz. But they didn't.

Burton opened the proceedings Friday night (Feb. 16) and was responsible for the most consistently high-level performance of the festival.

They presented their standard repertoire: Mike Gibbs' *Ballet*; Steve Swallow's *General Mojo's Well-Laid Plan*, on which Larry Coryell made excellent use of some prolonged bent notes; Ellington's *Fleurette Africaine*, with a fortissimo bridge carried by Bob Moses' mallet work and Coryell's dissonant rock-oriented sound (all of which would have been a great deal more exciting if the amplification had been loud enough); Coryell's *Lines*, an always aston-

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ishing display of virtuosity between vibes and guitar based on unbelievably swift unison and counterpoint runs; and the Burton-Coryell *1, 2, One, Two, Three, Four*, on which Burton unleashed a blinding, tasteful solo, Coryell displayed a controlled frenzy using reverb and fuzz, and Burton returned on the coda with a statement supported by huge left-hand leaps. (It strikes me that I have never seen Burton miss a note. Never.)

Downhill from there. The Herbie Mann group as usual. (Mann seems to acquire more hair on his face as he loses more on his head, and now resembles slightly Ralph Richardson as he appeared in *The Heiress*.) He is, as is known, a gifted technician; he has, as is known, little imagination. Roy Ayers is an interesting vibist, though his performance suffered by comparison with Burton. Miroslav Vitous, a young Czech bassist, bears watching. He may be great.

Mann led off with the Donovan quasi-calypto piece *There Is A Mountain*, followed by an up-tempo original showcasing a very fast, very funky walking bass behind an equally fast Mann, an interesting bass drone behind Ayers, and then . . . oh, God. Well, Sonny Sharrock only had this one guitar chorus, see, and he had to demonstrate how *avant-garde* he is, see . . . everything in the New Thing trick bag was hauled out: dissonant, short chords sliding down inevitably to the bottom fret, bottle neck atonality, reverb . . . utterly, utterly tasteless.

The group also did *Stronger than Us*, from *A Man and a Woman*, and *Unchain My Heart*, and left to a big hand.

Gloria Lynne followed with seven not very interesting songs. Her arrangement of *Old-Fashioned Walk*, alternating between 3/4 and 4/4, was novel, and the lyrics of *Love Child* were genuinely touching. She did a nice job on *It Never Entered My Mind*, except for the strategic error of trying to make a lament of the line, "Now I even have to scratch my back myself," which is emphatically not tragic, and finished with a slow, bossa version of *Make Someone Happy*, also not a bad arrangement. (She was backed, incidentally, by the Bobby Timmons Trio, and what a shame to hear one of the most promising young pianists of a decade ago reduced to playing funky arpeggios behind a vocalist!)

The Mongo Santamaria eight did their thing to perfection. I find the pure Latin sound wearying after a very short time, but Santamaria is awfully good; his intro on congas to *Afro-Blue*, his unison conga fills with Steve Berrio on timbales, and his final outburst on the ritard of *Watermelon Man* all were demonstrations of percussive strength and style.

The rest of the evening was left to the Count Basic Band. The band still swings like crazy, but now has no exceptional soloists except Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and, of course, the Count, and Chico O'Farrill's book strikes me as pedestrian. Still, Lockjaw came on with an exemplary solo in *Bye Bye Blackbird*, Marshall Royal played some fine alto on a way-up *All Heart*, and Oscar Brashear, new ride trumpet and alumnus of Bill Russo's

Chicago Jazz Ensemble, delivered some nice fills.

Trombonist Richard Boone sang (?) *Boone Talk*, and it was the high point of the evening—scat, yodels, ti-yi-yippes, a quote from *Girl Talk* . . . the guy is amazing. He, John Hendricks and Ella Fitzgerald are the only vocalists I know of whose voices are as mobile as instruments, and if you got behind the rich humor of the nonsense words, there was some high musicianship going on. The set and evening finished with "straight" singer Quintin Williams doing *Every Day I Have the Blues* and the band doing *One O'Clock Jump*.

Saturday afternoon was devoted to the

kids, and the huge, sterile War Memorial Auditorium (what a foul hall for jazz) was fuller than the previous night. Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band, always an entertaining and delightful group, led off, hampered at first by a faulty mike that made the first two numbers sound like a scratchy old 78—giving the music a weird sort of authentic flavor.

They sang some of their "cute" songs, presumably geared to the underage audience, like *When I Was A Cowboy, Never Swat A Fly* (which Kweskin referred to as a "protest song"), and *Circus Song*, whose lyrics are not strictly for kids.

They concluded with Maria D'Amato's very sexy rendering of *I'm A Woman*,

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during which Dick Green played four fine violin choruses; mostly mainstream jazz, but spiced with some Eastern-sounding things and an out-of-key descending run that were quite modern.

Kweskin was followed by the Berklee School of Music Trombone Choir—10 'bones plus rhythm—directed by Phil Wilson. Some clever arrangements: a *Deep River* which changed tempo several times; *Here's That Rainy Day* as a quasi-17th century chorale; a modal piece called *Cambay*, on which Wilson's solo amply demonstrated that he doesn't have the modal concept assimilated—each time the arrangement returned to the tonal center, Wilson had to start a new phrase—and a gimmicky *Summertime*, with an intro billed by Wilson as being "in the free bag," but which sounded like a philharmonic brass section tuning up. Wilson

equally pleasant Johnny Hodges and Cat Anderson solos and a go-go routine by singers Turner and Tony Watkins; the former lithe and a gas to watch, the latter mannered and slightly fey.

Saturday night began with a good set by the Berklee Jazz Ensemble, directed by Herb Pomeroy. Their most successful number was, God help us, *Nobody Knows My Mammy Like I Know My Mammy Who Lives Three Blocks Down and to the Left in a Cold Water Flat, Jackson*, by trumpeter Jack Walrath, which began as a schmaltzy blues broken by atonal, screeching brass riffs, then went into ride rhythm, then a 3/4 bridge, then back to ride. Walrath soloed well and warmly on the tune.

Charlie Mariano sat in for one number; he came on in a guru jacket, sat cross-legged on a mat, and played an Indian



The Ellington Band with guest Gerry Mulligan

soloed on electronic trombone; the amp reproduced his line an octave lower, and the effect was eerie and striking, though the solo wasn't brilliant.

The Milford (Mass.) Youth Orchestra, founded (and until his recent death, directed) by former Stan Kenton altoist Boots Mussulli, is made up of kids from 11 to 19—49 players in all. They have a great time, and the arrangements minimized the ensemble's bulkiness. Reed player Ron Julian led the group and played a couple of nice solos; the star was trumpeter Johnny Dearth, 19, who has professional tone and technique and is really inventive. Honors also to drummer Bob Tamagni, 17, who provided good fills and solid rhythmic support.

The second half of the afternoon was comprised of a dull Duke Ellington set: *A Train*; the traditional medley of hits, *Things Ain't*; *Jam with Sam*, and a bouncy bluesy *Misty* by vocalist Trish Turner. The only interesting solo work was done by new bassist Jeff Castleman, who is very fast but whose tone is a bit thin. (It may have been the inadequate amplification.) The orchestra concluded the concert with *Octoclock Rock*, a pleasant blues with

horn with an unpronounceable name whose range and sound is somewhere between an oboe and soprano sax, but woodier than either. The tune (also Indian-oriented, also unpronounceable) was arranged sparsely and effectively: horns dropped in and out, producing strange, dissonant chords, the bass played drones, the piano trilled. I have no idea whether Mariano's solo was good. I know it was interesting. And moving, but not in any way I can define.

The Wes Montgomery Quintet, with brothers Monk on bass and Buddy on piano, were next. The best tune was the first, Duke Pearson's *Jeannine*; Wes' solo didn't utilize his by now cliched octave runs until the third chorus, and then they were interspersed with chords. Really a gifted musician. (He missed a chord in the out chorus, and looked as surprised as those familiar with his virtuosity must have felt.)

The rest of the set might have been titled "Wes Montgomery's Greatest Hits": *Goin' Out of My Head*; *California Dreamin'* (mostly octave runs, but he finished them with some nice single-note work); *Windy* and *Tequila*. The leader

was very generous with solo space; Buddy played well throughout, as did drummer Bill Hart, Monk funk'd around with an extended blues which Wes sat out, and congaist Alvin Bunn played an acceptable solo on *Tequila*.

The biggest hit of the festival was singer Miriam Makeba, who followed Montgomery. She is a complete singer, employing all ranges and tones of her voice as well as the exotic sound effects common to much African music—and her body, which is strong and sleek and beautiful. She does not, however, move me; she is a bit sick. Still, the audience loved the whole set, from the ballads (*Ask the Rising Sun*, *When I've Passed On*) to the folk pieces (*The Click Song*,



LEE TANNER

Miriam Makeba
Warm Ovation

Pata Pata, *The Morning After*) to the infrequent up-tempo numbers.

She was backed by a trio led by a Brazilian guitarist-accordionist, who hums along with his solo lines in an intriguing manner, and by two other female singers, sort of Little League Raelets, who added nothing. She received a warm ovation, and only the exigencies of time prevented multiple encores.

The second half, as in the afternoon affair, was Ellington's. It was a mess from beginning to end. Sam Woodyard didn't show, and no one needs to be told what a big band sounds like without a drummer. Halfway through the set, an anonymous drummer materialized, but he just kept time. Duke did his monolog of *Pretty and the Wolf*—amusing but trivial—backed by a reed trio, and then a piano solo which was inventive, but he appeared to be stalling, waiting for the drummer. When it became apparent that Woodyard was going to remain absent, the band did *Rockin' in Rhythm* and *La Plus Belle Africaine*—nice Castleman, lousy amplification again—and then the medley. (*Satin*

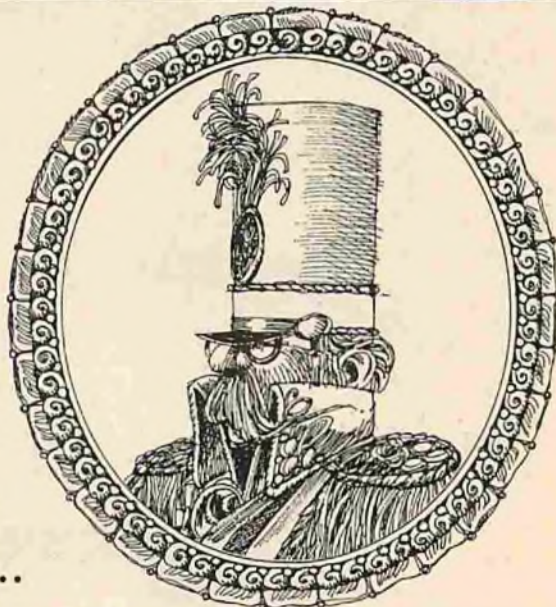
Doll came off well there: some fine, singing piano and spirited Gonsalves, who exited with a scissor-jump. However, it is a fatal mistake to let Tony Watkins sing *Don't Mean A Thing*. He has a lovely, big voice and about as much jazz feeling as Lauritz Melchior.)

Gerry Mulligan and Ruby Braff were billed as guest soloists. Mulligan performed a lackluster *Stardust* with piano-bass-drums backing, then shared honors (and sheet music, since his was misplaced) with Harry Carney on an unnamed piece for the two baritone soloists. Braff's appearance was even more ludicrous; with George Wein on piano plus bass and drums, he played a perfunctory *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* and *In a Senti-*

mental Mood, and the whole band, with Mulligan sitting in the reed section and enjoying himself hugely, finished with *I've Got It Bad* and *Things Ain't*, both featuring an astonishingly uninspired Johnny Hodges.

And that was it. An anti-climactic coda to an anti-climactic festival. It could not be predicted that Basie and Ellington would not be at peak form, and Burton and Miss Makeba did provide some nice moments. But the dullness of the rest was not unexpected. Where were the people who are making jazz happen now? Surely Wein and the Boston Globe would not oppose the sacrifice of a few hundred tickets in exchange for artistic integrity. Would they?
—Alan Heineman

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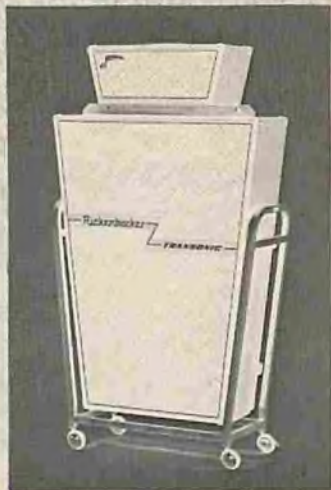
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(Continued from page 16)

Mitchell, and featured Mitchell's New Orleans Marching Band; another combo led by Johnny Lucas with Aud Alexander and a number of New Orleans veterans: Joe Darensbourg, Barney Bigard, Alton Purnell, Ed Garland and Mike DeLay; Frank Bostwick's Dixie All Stars; and ragtime pianists Dave Bourne, Billy Mitchell and Dick Zimmerman . . . Hazel Scott returned to the Playboy Club for a month-long engagement—and though the phrase may sound hackneyed, nothing could be more correct: she returned due to popular demand . . . Preston Love fronted a big band for a Leap Year Special conclave by the Media Women . . . Etta James headed a rhythm and blues one-nighter at the Long Beach Arena . . . Ray Dewey subbed for pianist Joanne Grauer at Sherry's briefly while Miss Grauer underwent minor surgery . . . Terry Gibbs clarified a bit about the writing for his band on ABC-TV's *Operation Entertainment*. Gibbs' originals are arranged by Bill Holman, except when the band is on location. Then the orchestrations are handled by Med Flory . . . Synanon had a swinging (but dry) bash at the Factory in Beverly Hills, and managed to raise \$25,000. Entertainment was furnished by the Sounds of Synanon and the Synanon choir, with Milton Berle as emcee. Actress Sue Lyon raffled off a date with herself, to help raise the proceeds. Frank Sinatra won (he had purchased 100 chances), but was not in attendance . . . Folk-blues singer Richie Havens made his Los Angeles debut at the Troubadour, with Paul Williams, guitar, and Joe Price, drums. Scheduled to follow: Nina Simone . . . Singer Betty Carter is guesting at Willie Davis' Center Field with Richard Dorsey's combo . . . Singer-organist Perri Lee (famed for her many colored wigs) has been reunited with an old partner, drummer-singer Wayne Robinson, at the Raffles . . . For the first time in too many years, June Christy was featured at a local club: the Hong Kong Bar. She appeared there for three weeks, backed by Byron Olson, piano; Chuck Domanico, bass; and Cubby O'Brien, drums. Alternating was the Page Cavanaugh Trio, with Gerry Puleru, bass; and Warren Nelson, drums . . . Charlie Byrd played two weeks at Shelly's Manne-Hole with his usual backing: brother Jack Byrd, bass; Bill Reichenback, drums . . . After specializing in comedy for a week with Moms Mabley, Marty's-on-the-Hill brought in the Cannonball Adderley Quintet with singer Letta Mbulu. Another coupling found the Count Basie Orchestra and singer Jackie Wilson at the Carousel Theater in West Covina for a one-nighter . . . Ginny and Matt Dennis closed at La Flambe after a long engagement at that Tarzana restaurant . . . Mel Torme filled a one-nighter gig at the Ilikai in Honolulu. Also on the Islands: Anita O'Day, backed by the John Jordan Trio, at the Clouds. Torme has a date with the New Orleans Symphony June 21-22. That orchestra will

be playing three of Torne's compositions. The singer is also busy preparing a TV series about World War I aviators called *The Glory Hunters* . . . **Stan Worth Trio** currently at Bob Adler's 940 Club . . . **Denny Zeitlin** and his trio did a recent one-nighter at Moorpark College . . . **Al McKibbon** is at the Hungry Tiger in Los Angeles . . . **Mary Kaye** remains at the Embassy Room in Studio City . . . **Ray Charles** signed boxer **Emile Griffith** to a recording contract on his Tangerine label. First release has a prophetic title, considering what **Nino Benvenuti** did to the former middleweight champ: *Going, Going, Gone* . . . **Jerry Fielding** will provide the music for a series of specials by dancer **Jose Greco** to be filmed in various music capitols . . . **Lou Rawls** will sing the theme for Columbia's new movie *Duffy*. **Tony Bennett** will do likewise for Commonwealth United Entertainment's *Subterfuge*, and **Barbara McNair** will sing four tunes in the independent film *Night Hunt*. **Hank Mancini** is writing nine tunes for **Julie Andrews** in *Lili* . . . **Michel Legrand** will compose and conduct the score for MGM's *Ice Station Zebra*. **Quincy Jones** just scored *Run, Hero, Run*. **Marty Paich** will arrange and conduct **Mahalia Jackson's** next album for Columbia; and the **Watts 103 St. Rhythm Band** (led by **Charles Wright**) has switched labels, from Keymen to Warner Bros-Seven Arts.

San Francisco: This year's Monterey Jazz Festival, the 11th, will take place Sept. 20, 21 and 22 . . . As planned, the

Jazz Workshop closed during March to remodel. The change will enlarge the club's seating capacity as well as provide a larger musicians' room. Plans of The Trident, in Sausalito, to shut down for remodeling have been cancelled. If changes (such as roofing over the outside deck) are carried out, they will be accomplished during mornings, it was said . . . Trombonist **J.J. Johnson** and Dr. **M. E. (Gene) Hall**, widely known jazz educator, will be among the participants in the fifth annual Festival of Jazz to be staged May 3 and 4 by San Jose State College. The event includes competition among high school, junior college, college and university big bands; workshops, and a concert in which Johnson will play with the SJSC big band . . . **George Wein** was in town to announce that *Schlitz Salute to Jazz* will make its only Northern California appearance at the Oakland Coliseum Arena July 28 . . . Basin Street West, which has been operating only sporadically since the first of the year featuring r&b groups, had the **Harry James Band** in for a recent weekend, followed a week later by the **Don Ellis Orchestra** . . . During its stay at the Both/And, the **Cannonball Adderley Quintet** spent a Sunday afternoon in Belmont, 35 miles south of here, playing a benefit concert for the Children's Home Society. Also on the show was a blues-rock septet, **Mother Earth**, and a light show by the Great Northwest Phantasmagoria . . . Pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** trio filled in at El Matador when the scheduled appearance by **Gene Krupa's** combo was cancelled

. . . The **Dukes of Dixieland**, **Turk Murphy's** band, and singer **Pat Yankee** have been added to the program of the first Monterey Dixieland Festival (May 10-11) . . . Sunday afternoon sessions have started at the It Club under the leadership of drummer **Cuz Cousineau** . . . Singer **Jack Jones** and **Count Basie's** orchestra were scheduled to play an Oakland concert March 24. The previous night, the band was booked for the University of California Charter Day-Alumni ball in Pauley Ballroom on the Berkeley campus . . . **Duke Ellington's** orchestra and singer **Tony Bennett** are to play a concert April 21 in the Oakland Coliseum Arena.

New Orleans: The Loyola University Stage Band, directed by bassist **Joe Herbert**, won the Mobile division of the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival Stage Band Competition. Four Loyolians were also named best performers on individual instruments. They are **Francis Rouselle**, trumpet; **Tommy Wilson**, trombone; **Charles Brent**, alto saxophone; and **Johnny Vidacovich**, drums. **Bert Braud**, a former Loyola student and teacher currently doing doctoral work at LSU, won the outstanding composition award for his 12-tone piece *The Chase* . . . The **Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls** was among the bands playing on special music floats in the Rex parade on Mardi Gras. Two television specials were made during the carnival festivities. One featured **Al Hirt**, **Pete Fountain**, and others on the *Kraft Music Hall*. Another, called *Sound of*

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Brass, followed **Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass** on a tour of the Crescent City, culminating in a jam session with pianist **Billie Pierce's** traditionalists at Preservation Hall . . . Pianist **Dave Williams**, best known here for his work with blues singer **Blanch Thomas**, opened at the Flame Lounge on Bourbon Street. Blues-pop artist **Ernie K-Doe** leads a group at the new Dream Room on the Street, not far away from two other blues artists, singer **Irma Thomas** and veteran pianist-vocalist **Smilin' Joe** . . . **Pibe Hine's** Latin-jazz quartet left the Bistro after Mardi Gras, victims of the Lenten slump in local clubs . . . Singer **Orsa Liu** was at the Playboy for a brief engagement in February.

St. Louis: Mr. C's La Cachette, closed lately for remodeling, has reopened with pianist **Ed Fritz'** trio (**Jim Casey**, bass; **Art Heagle**, drums). Fritz and Casey are regular members of the **Upstream Jazz Quartet**, which is still appearing at the Upstream Lounge Fridays and Saturdays . . . The **Lively Set** has just opened at the Ramada Inn. The group has **John Meskaus**, guitar; **John Kitchen**, Cordovox; **John Reno**, drums; and **Julie Morgan**, vocals . . . Singer **Gene Lynn** is still receiving the excellent backing of pianist **Greg Bosler's** trio with bassist **James Heard** and drummer **McClinton Rayford**. The group is still appearing nightly at the Parkway House in the Corinthian Room . . . Musicians from AFM Locals 2 and

197 contributed their talents during the telethon on channel 11. **Pat Boone** headlined the show to benefit "Forgotten Children" in the area. Boone brought two of his cohorts from his regular television show with him in the persons of pianist **Allen Lerner** and drummer **Frank Capp**. Over \$125,000 was raised for the charity . . . Many local drummers are turning down offers for gigs April 5 and 6. The reason is **Buddy Rich** and his band and **Nancy Wilson** will be in town those two nights at Kiel Auditorium . . . Pianist **Herb Drury's** trio is going into it's second year at the Montmartre Lounge. **Jim Bolen** still joins **Drury**, bassist **Jerry Cherry**, and drummer **Phil Hulsey** on Thursdays. Now vocal find **Gretchen Hill** sings with the group on Fridays . . . Trumpeter **Gary Dammer's** swinging big band has been getting some choice out of town gigs since Gary's attractive wife **Carol** has been doing the booking.

Cleveland: The second annual Ohio Collegiate Jazz Festival took place in Cleveland's Severance Hall, home of the Cleveland Orchestra, March 2. Taking home most of the honors were the musicians from the Philadelphia Music Academy. Their big band won the large group division, lead by **Evan Solat**. Their quintet won the small combo honors under the leadership of **Mike Pedicin Jr.** The six top instrumentalists given awards were **Steve Weiner**, **James Paxson** and **Pedicin**, from the Philadelphia Music Acad-

emy; **David La Rocca** and **Denny Cameron** from Duquesne, and **Richard Solis** from the Cleveland Institute of Music. Other big band finalists included the **University Circle Jazz Orchestra**, a 32-piece group from Case Western Reserve University, and the **Phi Mu Alpha Lab Band** from Kent State University. The other combo finalist was the quintet from Duquesne. Judges for the festival were **Phil Rizzo**, **William Russo**, **Phil Woods** and **Robert Share**.

Las Vegas: **Duke Ellington** and his Orchestra returned to the Flamingo Hotel in March for a month's engagement at the Driftwood Lounge . . . Singer **Jack Jones**, in his first appearance at the Sands Hotel, brought in pianist-conductor **Doug Talbert** and drummer **Chuck Hughes** to accompany him along with the augmented **Antonio Morelli Orchestra**, playing the arrangements of **Marty Paich** and **Bob Florence** . . . Former Las Vegas trombonist **Charlie Loper**, currently playing the Hollywood Palace show in Los Angeles, returned to Caesars Palace to play the Ed Sullivan Show emanating from that hotel in March . . . The Sahara Casbah Theater showcased **Billy Eckstine**, with a swinging octet led by pianist-trombonist **Bobby Tucker** during the month of March. Members of the group included **Herb Phillips**, trumpet; **Cus Mancuso**, trombone; **Bob Bashford**, Tom Hall, reeds; **Joe Frederico**, guitar; **Ernie McDaniel**, bass; and **Charlie Persip**, drums . . . Singer **Mavis Rivers**, recuperating from a throat ail-



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ment, visited Las Vegas briefly to discuss future bookings and to see some current shows . . . Former Les Brown and Stan Kenton sideman Billy Clark is now residing in Las Vegas, playing in the trumpet section of the house band at the Sands Hotel.

Pittsburgh: For the fourth consecutive time, the Walt Harper Jazz Workshop was a sell-out. The Jimmy Smith Trio received a mild reaction for its 45-minute stint, but Carmen McRae spent 90 minutes at the mike and was given a standing ovation by the capacity audience of 2300 at the Hilton Hotel . . . Jazz singer Tom Evans is fronting a quartet playing anything from mainstream to jazz-rock at the Dunes in Plum Borough. The instrumentalists are Louis Schreiber, saxophone and piano; Denny Cameron, guitar; Dan Layley, bass; Joe Chojnacki, drums . . . Pianist Carl Arter's quartet and vocalist Tiny Irvin are at the Holiday Inn in New Kensington . . . Newsmen who attended the Third International Urban Transportation Conference in early March were entertained by pianist Reid Jaynes . . . George Benson's quartet was a big hit at the Hurricane Bar in late February. The guitarist had Bill Easley, nephew of the club's owner, on saxophone and flute, with regulars Lonnie Smith, organ; and Marion Booker, drums. The Eugene Barr Quartet trailed Benson into the Hurricane, followed by the Sonny Stitt-Don Patterson Trio, with Pittsburgher Billy James on drums . . . The new Horace Silver

Quintet did 10 days at Crawford's Grill . . . Saxophonist James Pellow was featured with the Walt Harper Quintet at the Redwood Motor Hotel . . . Saxophonist Eric Kloss is the weekend star with Bob Negri, piano; Bob Boswell, bass, and Chuck Spatafore, drums, at the Holiday Inn near the Pittsburgh airport.

Toronto: Pianist Don Ewell and clarinetist Henry Cuesta, who both played in Jack Teagarden's band, were re-united for a month-long engagement at The Golden Nugget. (Both had appeared there before for lengthy engagements from 1966 on.) It was the pianist's first appearance since suffering a mild stroke on his last visit here in December . . . Recent visitors to the Town were Clark Terry and singer Carol Sloane, both in for one-week stints . . . The Americana Brass, a group of seven musicians, followed Charlie Shavers' trio at The Colonial. Wild Bill Davison is on deck through March 30 . . . The Stratford Festival music season will include Duke Ellington's *Concert of Sacred Music*, July 7; Gunther Schuller conducting the Festival Orchestra, July 28; Ravi Shankar, Aug. 18. The Ellington orchestra returns to Canada on Oct. 3 to inaugurate the University of Western Ontario's Great Artists series in London, Ont.

Denmark: Two old masters of the tenor sax, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, visited here during the last weeks of winter. Hawkins played nine engagements

in mid-February, five of them in Copenhagen, with organist Lou Bennett, guitarist Paul Weeden, and drummer Al Heath. The other dates had trumpeter Arvid Meyer's mainstream sextet backing Hawk. Webster played four days in Aarhus, and was at Copenhagen's Montmartre during the beginning of March with the Kenny Drew Trio . . . Bennett was the February attraction at the Montmartre, but from March 8, Dexter Gordon was back in town. Hank Mobley is expected to arrive in April . . . The Bent Ronak big band, an idealistic organization comprising some of Denmark's best studio musicians, gave a concert near Copenhagen March 3 . . . Erik Moseholm, one of the most active and well-known personalities in the Danish jazz world, retired at the end of February from all his posts except that of producer at Denmark's Radio. He left the Federation of Danish Jazz Musicians (of which he was chairman), the Danish Jazz Academy, the Federation of Musicians and Orchestras in Copenhagen, and Denmark's only jazz magazine, *Jazzrevy*. The reason given by Moseholm, 37, for his dramatic decision: negative statements in some newspapers about projects in which he was involved. Moseholm regarded the statements as attacks on his personal integrity . . . Composer-arranger George Russell gave lectures every afternoon during a week in February at the Montmartre. The course was attended by jazz musicians, and students from the Royal Academy of Music in Copenhagen. Russell's lectures on the craft of the jazz arranger



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were based on his famous theory, the Lydian concept of tonal organization . . . One of the most experienced Danish jazz musicians, tenorist Frank Jensen, who now lives in Sweden, visited his native country in February to do some engagements on the Danish radio . . . Trumpet-arranger Palle Mikkelborg, Danish Jazz Musician of the Year, was featured on television Feb. 20. He performed parts of his suite, *The Mysterious Corona*, with the Radio Jazz Group (of which he is musical director), and played a medley with the quintet he co-leads with drummer Alex Riel. Talented Swedish tenorist Bernt Rosengren is now a member of that quintet.

Norway: Tenorist Jimmy Heath made a surprise appearance in Oslo, after an engagement in Vienna with Art Farmer. Heath did several club dates in Oslo with great success and also played with the radio big band. Farmer arrived here Feb. 25, opening at the Sogn Jazzclub with pianist Arild Anderson, bassist Terje Bjorklund, and drummer Jon Christensen. He also appeared at Club 7 and Bikuben, opened a new jazz club in Bergen, played in the small city of Tonsberg, and did radio and television concerts. On TV, Farmer was joined by Norway's leading jazz pianist, Einar Iversen. Farmer's final day in Norway coincided with the first anniversary of the Sogn Club, on which occasion the fluegelhornist was reunited with his former sideman, pianist Steve Kuhn. Singer Monica Zetterlund and Swedish bassist Palle Danielson were also on hand . . . Singer Karin Krog did a concert with the RIAS big band in Berlin, followed by work in Vienna with the Erich Kleinschuster Orchestra, and a stop in Rome . . . The Norwegian Jazz Forum held its first jazz concert of the season, featuring veteran trumpeter Rowland Greenberg and his group.

Japan: Altoist Sadao Watanabe will take a month's vacation from busy teaching, writing, and gigging chores this spring for a trip to the U.S. He'll take his wife and daughter with him . . . During a trip to Hawaii last fall, Japanese clarinetist Eiji Kitamura met Trummy Young and subsequently sat in with Young's group. Early in February Kitamura, back in Japan, received a long-distance telephone call. It was Young. His clarinetist was retiring. Would Kitamura like to join the band? He would, and began playing with the trombonist at Mickey's Show Boat in Honolulu in March . . . Johnny Watson, a resident of the Far East for nearly 20 years, and most recently house-band leader at Okinawa's Rocker Club (three years) is now a resident of Miami and a member of *The Jackie Gleason Show's* arranging staff. Watson was an arranger-sideman with the old Jan Savitt Tophatters and Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. He also composed *Racing With The Moon*, *720 In The Books*, *It's A Wonderful World*, and other swing era standards. With Watson's departure, singer-comedian-pianist-organist Larry Allen, formerly of Hong Kong, is the Rocker Club's chief attraction

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Stanley Spector writes—

"Most experts believe that a drummer must develop a technique through the perfection of steps i.e., stick grips, physical manipulation of the hands, rudiments, reading, independence, etc. which, when adequately mastered, will eventually be able to express his feelings and ideas. Really? Does the child growing in the womb first develop a perfect right elbow, then a perfect left toe nail, then a perfect brain? Of course not, for in birth everything grows at once. Is not the drummer, in an act of rhythmic improvisation, in effect seeking the feeling of rebirth? Is this act of being reborn and different from natural birth?" Some drummers have discovered a way of practice in which everything grows at once through the program of study offered at the

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. . . At a farewell party for Al Ricketts, entertainment editor for the *Pacific Stars & Stripes*, serviceman's newspaper in the F.E., a combo led by the great solo trombonist **Roger Dennison** entertained. The party was held in the lounge at Nicola's, Tokyo's highly popular pizza and steak emporium. Dennison's group included pianist-arranger **Paul Galloway**, bassist **Bill Good**, and altoist-drummer **Jake Concepcion**. Latter leads the house band at Caesar's Palace, Tokyo's newest nitery. Dennison was once leader of a group that had as its drummer ex-*Down Beat* editor **Don DeMicheal** . . . Pianist Galloway heads a combo that gigs on weekends at the lounge of the Green Park NCO Club on the outskirts of Tokyo. He also is in heavy demand as an arranger for various TV commercials in Tokyo . . . **Masaaki Kikuchi**, top-rated young Japanese jazz pianist who was tapped to play with **Sonny Rollins'** group during its recent tour, has formed his own quintet. Members of the former Sadao Watanabe pianist's group include trumpeter **Terumasa Hino**, bassist **Kunimitsu Inaba**, drummer **Motohiko Hino**, the trumpet player's brother, and an as yet unnamed tenor . . . **Hiroshi Suzuki**, the trombonist from the **Sharps & Flats** band who filled in for an ailing **Buddy Rich** sideman during the drummer-leader's recent tour of Nippon, is now a permanent member of the Rich band . . . **Ravi Shankar**, accompanied by drummer **Ala Rakah** and **Carla Chakurabady**, was in Japan for a concert tour . . . London-based Latin **Edmundo Ros** and his band did a second concert tour of Japan, with dates in 22 cities across the four main islands . . . Fans were only temporarily disappointed when **The Temptations** failed to show for a loudly-ballyhooed Motown Festival here recently. As it was, 17-year-old **Stevie Wonder**, and **Martha Reeves** and the **Vandellas** more than made up for the absence of the Temptations. The excuse given the Japanese press at a Motown Press conference by a spokesman for the group was "The Temptations were getting ready to board a plane for Japan and a doctor discovered that three of them had the flu!" Wonder and the Vandellas were smash hits with both U.S. and Japanese audiences.

Australia: **Russell Garcia** leaves Australia this month for a two-week tour of New Zealand prior to rejoining his 41-foot tri-maran, *Dawn Breaker*, at Samoa to continue his cruise of the Pacific. He will return to Sydney late in November. During his Australian tour he visited four states and gave advanced arranging classes for Australia's foremost jazz musicians. He was strongly impressed by guitarist **George Golla**. Golla's quartet features reed man **Don Burrows**, bassist **Ed Gaston**, and drummer **Derek Fairbrass** . . . **Ray Anthony** and his **Book End Revue** recently appeared at the **Chevron Hilton** . . . **Shirley Bassey** was at the **Chequers Club**, supported by **Billy Burton's** orchestra . . . Vocalist **Johnny Hartman** has recorded two half-hour radio shows with **Jim Gussey's Sydney A.B.C. Dance Band** and a one hour television special at the

Melbourne studios of the Australia Broadcasting Commission for release during April. Hartman is also scheduled for further appearances at leading clubs in all states. His material includes arrangements by **Gerald Wilson** and **Russ Garcia** . . . Pianist **Mike Perjanik** will leave Latin Quarter in April to concentrate his arranging ability as producer for the E.M.I. organization . . . Bassist **Gerry Gardiner** has left the Top of the Cross to reside in Melbourne . . . Pianist **Alan Pennay's** trio now includes bassist **Mike Ross** and drummer **Jim Shaw** . . . The Adelaide Arts Festival will present the **Jacques Loussier Trio** and **Acker Bilk's** trad group at this year's performing arts festival . . . Melbourne's top r&b group, **Max**

Merritt and the Meteors, now features a strong jazz sound with the inclusion of drummer **Stewart Spear** and reed player **Bob Bertles**. Bass guitarist **Yuk Henderson** and guitarist-leader-vocalist Merritt complete the group . . . The **Jazz Boat**, a three-hour cruise every Friday night out of Sydney Harbor, under the management of Australian *Down Beat* correspondent **Trevor Graham**, has now completed 20 weeks operation. New Zealand trombone player **Bob McIvor** and reed player **Bruce Johnstone** have established themselves as two of the most sought-after jazz musicians in Sydney. McIvor obtained his first jazz recording as featured soloist on **Charlie Munroe's Eastern Horizons** album.



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WHERE WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Joe Killian, wknds.
 Apartment: Marian McPartland, 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.
 Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
 Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
 Dom: unk.
 Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
 Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
 Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): 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.
 Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
 Half Note: unk.
 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.
 Latin Quarter: Louis Armstrong, 4/17-30.
 Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
 Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
 Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
 L'Intrigue: unk.
 Little Club: Johnny Morris.
 Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: Woody Herman to 4/17.
 Metropole: unk.
 Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
 Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
 Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
 Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
 007: Horace Parlan.
 Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Mann and the Dukes to 4/30.
 Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weisa, Effie.
 Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
 Pookie's Pub: unk.
 Port of Call: Jazz, Fri.-Sat.
 Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 4/6.
 Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
 Shepherd's: Kai Winding to 4/6.
 Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Sports Corner: Brew Moore.
 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: unk.
 Traveler's Cellar Club (Queens): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
 Villa Pnce (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
 Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart.
 Village Gate: unk.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
 White Plains Hotel: unk.
 Winecellar: unk.

LOS ANGELES

Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
 Center Field: Richard Dorsey, Curtis Pengler. 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): Gultar Night, Mon.
 Jimmy Rowles, Tue. Brass Night, Wed. Various groups, wknds.
 Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.
 Embassy Club (Sherman Oaks): Mary Kayo.
 Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
 Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
 Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
 It Club: closed, tfn.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Gary Burton to 4/14. Cal Tjader, 4/16-28. Bola Sete, 4/30-6/12.
 Mardl Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
 Marty's-on-the-Hill: Special guests, Mon. Clifford Scott, hb.
 Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
 Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
 Music Center: Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, 4/15.
 940 Club: Stan Worth.
 Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Celebrity night, Mon.
 People Tree (Calabasas): Ann Richards, J. R. Monterose, Wed.-Sat.
 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.
 Raffles: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
 Redd Foxx: Kirk Stuart, hb.
 Riviera (Palm Springs): Joe Masters.
 Saddleback Inn (Norwalk): Calvin Jackson.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Ahmad Jamal, 4/4-14.
 T-Bone Walker, 4/16-21. Jimmy Smith, 4/23-5/5. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
 Sherry's: Joanne Grauer.
 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): Gary Burton, 4/20.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: unk.
 Bop City: Lee Hester, afterhours.
 Both/And: McCoy Tyner, 4/9-21. Miles Davis, 4/23-5/6.
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee.
 El Matador: Mongo Santamaria to 4/6.
 Greek Theatre (U.C., Berkeley): Miles Davis, Gil Evans, Carmen McRae, Cecil Taylor, Wes Montgomery, Thelonious Monk, Joe Williams, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, 4/19-20.
 Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
 hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
 It Club: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Jazz Workshop: Roland Kirk to 4/14. Thelonious Monk, 4/22-27. Ahmad Jamal, 5/7-26.
 Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
 Little Caesar's: Mike Tilles, tfn.
 New Hearth: Burt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
 Pier 23: Bill Napier, Carol Leigh, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
 Swinging Latern: Flip Nunes, afterhours.
 Trident (Sausalito): unk.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
 Buck's Bar: The Jazz Invaders.
 Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields, Wed.-Sun.
 Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Count Basie, 4/14. Phil Woods, 4/21.
 Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatzza, wknds.
 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. John Klemmer, Wed.
 Cat's Eye: Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
 Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
 Earl of Old Town: Terry Collier.
 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: Maurice McIntyre, 4/7. Richard Abrams, 4/14. Leroy Jenkins, 4/21.
 London House: Modern Jazz Quartet to 4/14.
 Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur. Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat.
 Midas Touch: unk.
 Mister Kelly's: Roger Pryor to 4/14. Mel Torme, 4/15-28. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
 Mother Blues: unk.
 Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellcott, Fri.-Sat.
 Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Eposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: name groups.
 Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
 Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
 Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
 Scotch Mist: Milt Trenler-Mickey Lynn to 4/13.
 The Diamonds, 4/14-28.
 Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
 Court of Two Sisters: Smlin' Joe, tfn.
 Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
 Dream Room: Ernie K-Doe, tfn.
 Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
 Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberto, hbs.
 Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
 Follies: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
 Al Hirt's: Dizzy Gillespie, 4/15-27.
 Ivanhoe: Willie Tee and the Souls.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
 Outrigger: Stan Mandelstam, tfn.
 Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Al Belletta, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Sho' Bar: Don Sahor, tfn.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
 Storyville: Warren Luening.
 Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
 Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.

ST. LOUIS

Brave Bull: Singleton Palmer, tfn.
 Clayton Inn: Don Schroeder, Joe Hyington.
 Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
 Hi Ho: The Tempos.
 King Brothers: Eddie Johnson, hb.
 Le Left Bank: Dan Cunningham.
 Mainlander: Marlon Miller.
 Mr. C's La Cachette: various artists.
 Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur.
 Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb.
 Renaissance Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
 Stadium Motor Inn: Pete Johnstone, Fri.-Sun.
 Steeplechase: Jerry Burgess, tfn.
 Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet.

COMING UP

In Down Beat's May 2 issue:
JAZZ IN NEW ORLEANS
FROM ROCK TO ? ? ? —
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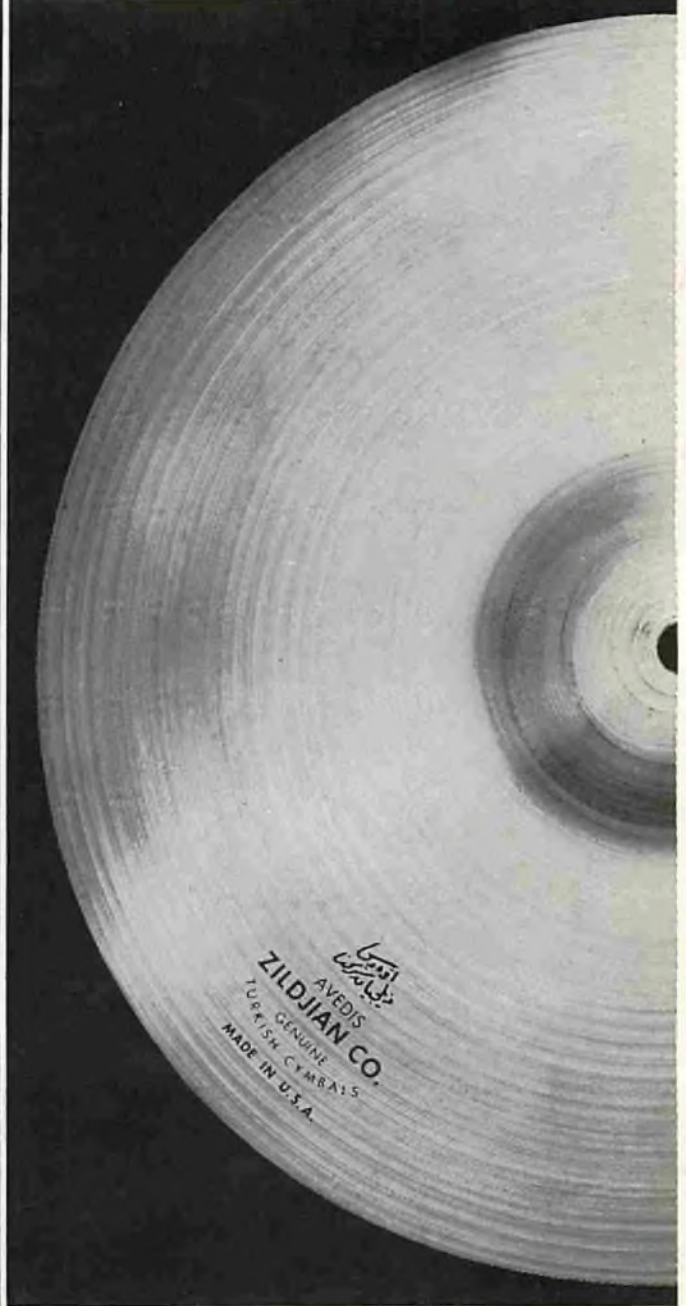
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