JULY 25, 1968 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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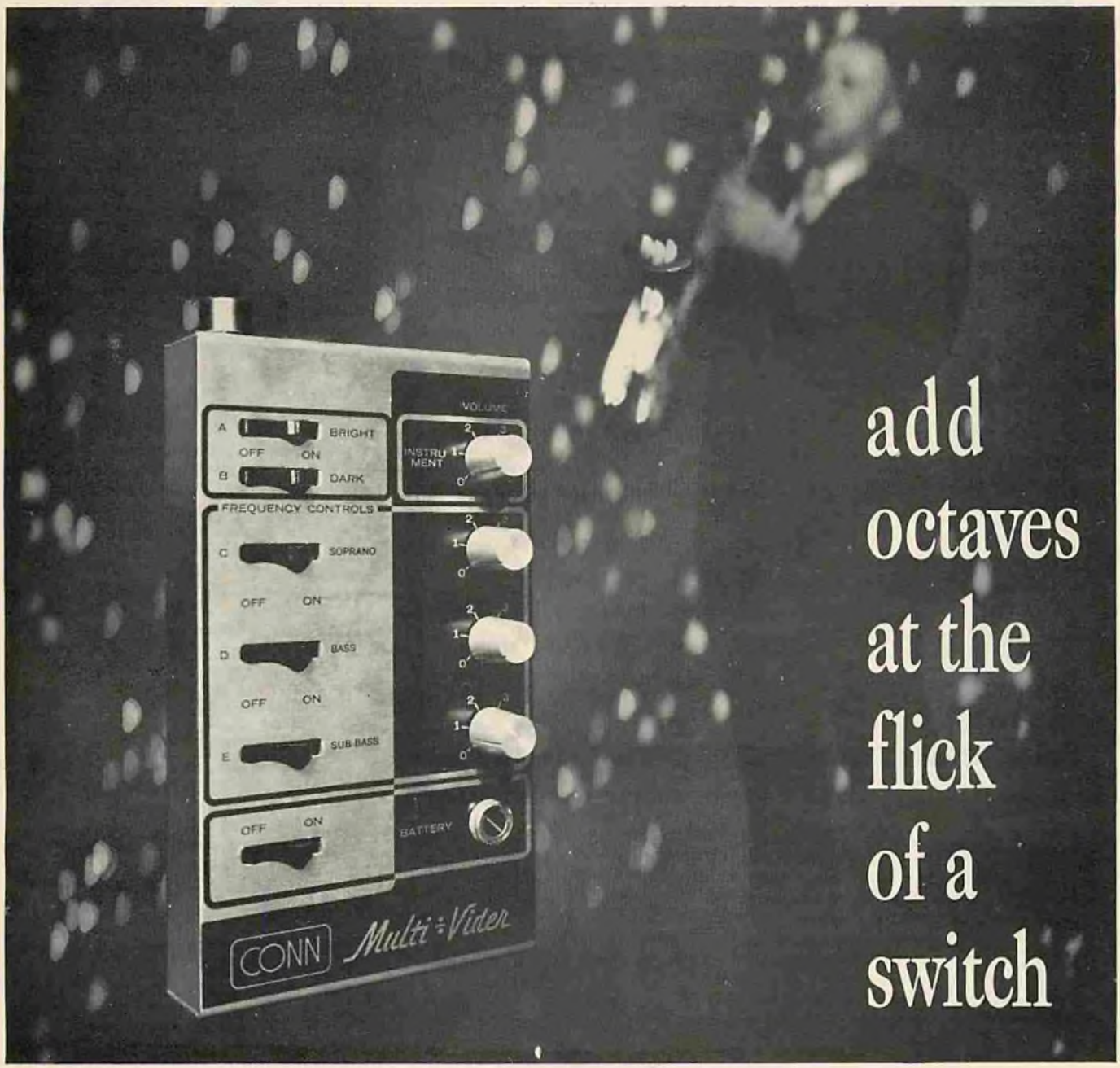

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

IT'S SUMMERTIME and everything is happening. There are jazz festivals in at least 30 cities in the U.S.A. plus another 20 or more in Europe, Africa, and the Far East. And these are just the commercially sponsored festivals born of the Newport image. While George Wein and friends are involved in most of these, the "independents" like Randalls Island (N.Y.C.), Laurel (Maryland), and Monterey (Calif.) do well enough to give substantial employment to jazz musicians and singers, and other good talent operating in the not-quite-definable area of rock/blues/pop/folk music. (If you have no objection, we will refer to this as *now* music.)

The big festivals get most of the attention but not all the talent or all the attendance. There is much going on off the main festival trail for those who want to soak up all that music after a long, morbid winter. There are the music tents (with and without thespians) and the resort playhouses (with and without bunnies). There are festivals-in-the-parks (many of them on the same rotundas where Sousa and Goldman once did sound) and gambols-on-the greens (audience participation optional). Even the big state fairs—Illinois and Wisconsin among them—are using contests for young jazz ensembles, and younger rock combos.

And then there is the large, unheralded summer school/camp/clinic scene. With the line between performer and educator becoming more imaginary each year, it should surprise no one that plenty of excellent music can be heard, and be participated in, at over 100 locations.

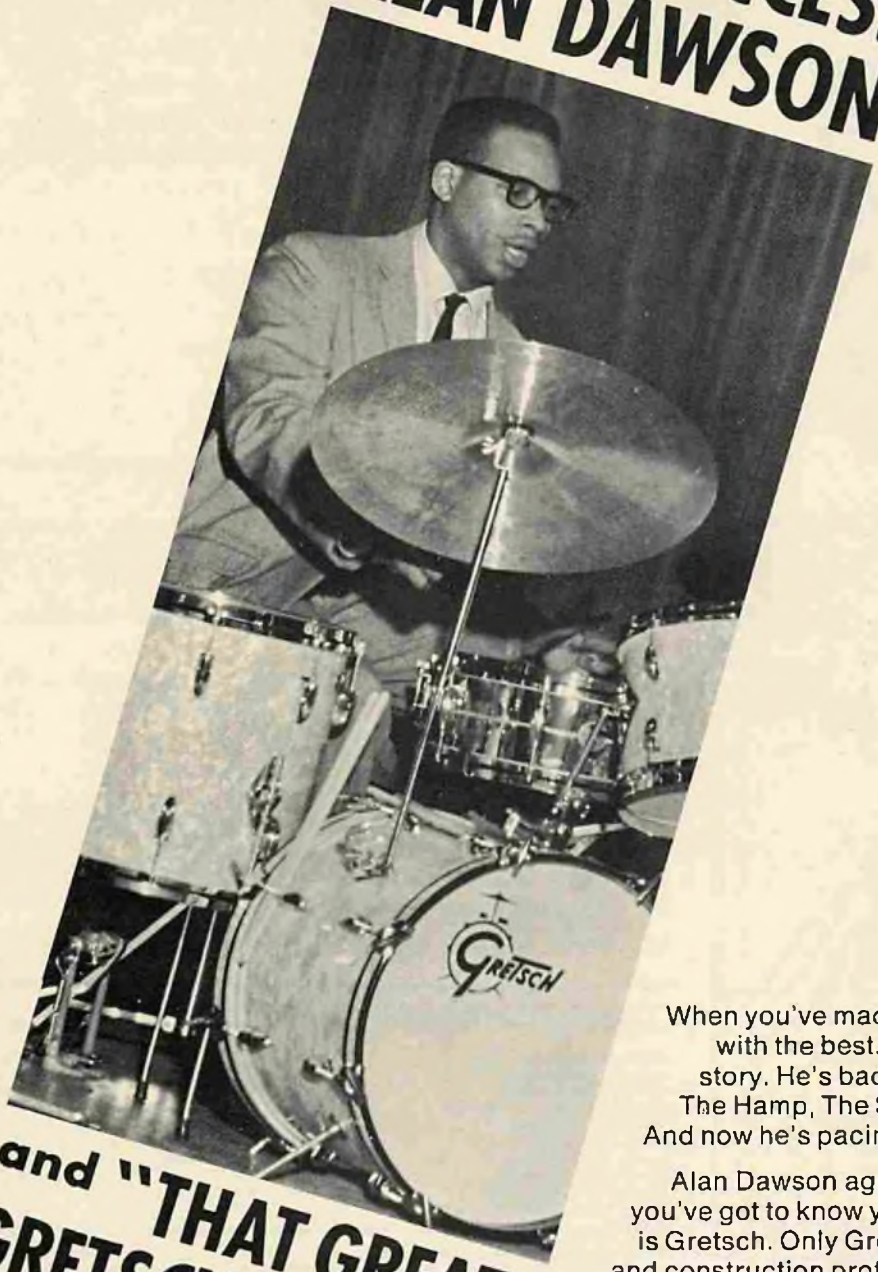
There are, for example, the six and twelve week sessions at Berklee (Boston) where one learns and plays with the likes of Herb Pomeroy, John La Porta, and Alan Dawson. Also note Tanglewood (Mass.), rustic home of the New England Conservatory, with classes and performances by Dave Baker, Jerry Coker, and Ravi Shankar.

For the high school student (and educator) there are the National Stage Band Camps at five university locations where the 22-man faculty includes Ron Carter, Charlie Mariano, Ralph Pena, Johnny Smith, and Phil Wilson. There are also, at last count, about 55 general music camps that include some stage band or jazz ensemble work in their curricula. Add to this the thousands of recreational camps where the sounds of bugles, drums—and guitars—waft across the still lake waters like a Meredith Willson dream.

It's difficult to estimate the number of just-for-kicks musical groups that come together with the advent of warm weather. But very likely this kind of spontaneous musical fusion is the healthiest manifestation of the *now* music . . . people, just people, making music for and with their peers.

So through and with it all *read and use* your *Down Beat* this summer. It makes the living easy. db

KEY TO SUCCESS ALAN DAWSON



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contents

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Fourth Stream Steam

I was very distressed by Bill Mathieu's review (*DB*, May 16) of the Fourth Stream. Although you have started reviewing rock 'n' roll (the reason for which is beyond me), your understanding of contemporary music is sadly lacking in depth and in involvement with today's art evolving from today's society.

I was amazed by Mathieu's inconsistency. He did not have one good thing to say about the album and yet he gave it three stars. Really, Mr. Mathieu!

Your magazine is not only conservative, it shys away from any evolution—valid or any other kind. Let's hear from someone who can recognize something groovy when they hear it.

Judy J. Kennedy
New York City

I have had the misfortune recently of hearing *White Field* by the Fourth Stream at a "hippie" friend's pad—you know the kind I mean.

I don't consider myself a square kind of guy, but man, who are they trying to put on? Then you turn to the liner notes to try and make some musical sense out of the whole thing, and you get a lecture some grad student at some conservatory might dig, but what about us lay people who have to suffer through the whole thing totally in the dark?

Mr. Mathieu was much too generous.

Gerald Cziske
New York City

Gassed

I have been gassed by John Mayall for over a year now, and it is good to see that he is finally getting the attention that he so justly deserves.

It is also pleasing to see that *Down Beat* had the insight to deem Mayall's talent worthy of an airing in the interview with Geoffrey Link (*DB*, May 30).

Richard Ponte
Walthem, Mass.

Pride And Prejudice

Hats off to Cameron Phillips, who made an important point in his letter (*DB*, June 13) questioning established jazz musicians' ignorance of other established talent.

I have a guitarist friend who complains that Kenny Burrell copies Wes Montgomery or that Howard Roberts will copy anybody. I feel that the opposite is true; many top jazz musicians are ignorant of other jazz artists.

I had to laugh when Gary Burton did not recognize Lionel Hampton in a recent *Blindfold Test*. How can modern musicians seek new directions when they are not aware of old directions?

I heard Joe Morello say that once an artist believes he has reached the top he has nowhere to go but down. I agree with this whole-heartedly.

How can a musician remain on top when he does not know what others are doing around him? Is it pride that prevents them from listening to each other, or are they all like Miles Davis and wig out at the Byrds?

James M. Frakes
Milwaukee, Wis.

Satchmo And Mezz

A technical point of clarification: Re *Mezz Mezzrow Alive and Well in Paris* (*DB*, May 30)—Mezzrow says "it was the first and last time I played with Louis" (England, c. 1950). In actuality Mezzrow played the bells on *Hobo, You Can't Ride this Train* on a recording session for Victor on Dec. 8, 1932.

Mezzrow acknowledges this fact himself in his book. In talking about the particular session he says, "Then one of the musicians scraped a curtain rod across a washboard, imitating a steam engine starting up, and I rang a train bell and Louis was off."

Bob Rusch
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mezzrow probably had in mind the clarinet, which is a slightly more expressive instrument than a train bell. —Ed.

"____"

Replacing Miles' presumably four letter words with "_____'s" has to be the silliest bit of editing I've ever seen.

To top it, Hugh Hefner would have to air-brush away the Playmate of the Month's nipples.

Jack Dumpert
Buffalo, N.Y.

Perish the thought! But for the edification of reader Dumpert and several like-minded correspondents (who felt compelled to make the point by using obscene language themselves): In spite of the lavish use of four-letter words prevalent today, their employment remains a matter of editorial discretion. In the case of Miles Davis, it was perfectly obvious what words he was using; to spell them out would have served no purpose other than to gratify the prurient and offend those not inclined to equate freedom of expression with license. When a context arises within which the use of one or more such words becomes unavoidable, we shall print them; when it is not necessary to spell them out, we shall continue to leave something to the imagination. Others are free to exercise their judgement and standards of taste as they see fit—and so are we.

—Ed.

Great Scot!

Hoot mon—how gratifying to read in Dan Morgenstern's review of the Herd at the Plugged Nickel the description of Joe Temperley's full-bodied baritone "with no English accent" (*DB*, April 18).

We like to think Joe has an East Coast accent, from Cowdenheath on the East Coast of Scotland.

Harry Couper
Glasgow, Scotland

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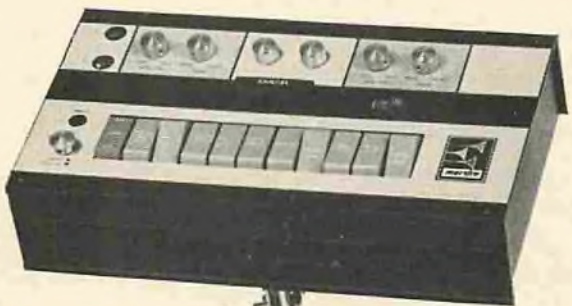

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FINAL BAR

Guitarist Wes Montgomery, 43, died suddenly at his Indianapolis home June 15 of a heart attack. He had just returned from a tour with his quintet.

Montgomery was at the height of his fame when death struck. He had reached a degree of popular acceptance that few jazz artists achieve, especially in our time.

John Leslie Montgomery was 19, just married, and an ardent admirer of Charlie Christian when he bought his first guitar and taught himself to play. He developed

LEE TANNER

an unorthodox style, using his thumb in place of a plectrum, which gave his playing a distinctive sound, combined with the unusual octave effects he was able to obtain.

He soon made a local reputation for himself, and in 1948 went on the road with Lionel Hampton's big band for two years. Upon his return to Indianapolis, he embarked on a strenuous schedule of working in a factory by day and leading a combo at night.

In 1959, the guitarist went to San Francisco, where he briefly joined the Mastersounds, a group co-led by his brothers. (Monk, a bassist, is older; Buddy, who plays piano and vibes, is the youngest.)

When the Mastersounds dissolved in early 1960, Montgomery formed his own trio. He had begun to record under his own name for Riverside in 1959, and his following among jazz enthusiasts was growing steadily.

In 1965, he teamed up for a year with pianist Wynton Kelly's trio for nightclub, concert and festival appearances. At the suggestion of a&r man Creed Taylor (he was now recording for Verve), Montgomery made an album, *Movin' Wes*, with big-band backing. It was a hit, as was his next release, *Bumpin'*. Early in 1966, the big break came with *Goin' Out of My Head*, which received a Grammy award as best instrumental jazz performance of that year.

This was followed by *A Day in the Life*, his first album for Herb Alpert's A&M label, to which he had moved when Taylor left Verve for this new venture. Montgomery's contract with this label was one of the most favorable ever signed by a jazz performer, and the album became the best-selling jazz LP of 1967 (it is still on the charts).

When Montgomery began to record hits of the day in settings of a more commercial nature than his previous small-group work, he was exposed to the customary criticism from jazz purists. But he took it in his stride, and his success was heartening, considering the current popular status of jazz. Moreover, when he performed in public with his quintet (which now included his brothers), he still played exciting improvised jazz along with the hits requested by the public.

Prior to, and even after, his commercial success Montgomery was considered the outstanding guitarist in contemporary jazz. He won numerous awards, including the *Down Beat* Critics Poll (1960-63; 66-67) and Readers Poll (1961-62; 66-67); the *Playboy* "All Stars' All Stars" poll for six years running, and the aforementioned Grammy award.

He leaves his widow, Serene; two sons, and five daughters.

Drummer George Wettling, 61, died of lung cancer June 6 at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City. Born in Topeka, Kans., he came to Chicago in 1921 and made his professional debut in 1924 at the age of 16.

In Chicago, Wettling heard and was influenced by Baby Dodds and the other great Negro drummers, and was an early associate of the so-called "Austin High Gang." He made his recording debut in 1927 with the Jungle Kings, a group including Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschemacher, and Mezz Mezzrow.

After coming to New York in 1935 with a band organized for the British orchestra leader Jack Hylton, Wettling worked with a number of important big bands, including Artie Shaw, Bunny Berigan, and Red Norvo. From 1938 to 1940, he was with Paul Whiteman.

With the exception of a stint with the big band organized by Ben Pollack for Chico Marx in 1942, Wettling spent the remaining decades of his career working in the small-band context that he liked best, frequently with old friends from the Chicago days.

These included Spanier, Joe Marsala, Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, and, for long stretches, Eddie Condon's various groups. Wettling was on ABC network staff from 1943 to 1952, led his own trio at the Gaslight Club in New York for several years, toured briefly with the Dukes of Dixieland, was in the Chicago Reunion Band at the 1965 *Down Beat* Jazz Festival, and appeared on TV in *Salute to Eddie Condon*. For the past few years, he was in clarinetist Clarence Hutchenrider's trio at Bill's Gay Nineties in Manhattan.

In addition to his steady, tasteful drumming, which was heard on hundreds of recordings, Wettling was an accomplished painter and a gifted writer. His paintings, influenced by his friend and teacher Stuart Davis, were shown in several exhibitions and reproduced in national magazines. As

a journalist, he contributed a drum column to *Down Beat* from 1939 through the early '40s, and also did book reviews, humor, and other miscellaneous writing. His work appeared in *Colliers'* and *Playboy*.

Among Wettling's many fine records, some of the best are *Honeysuckle Rose* (A Jam Session at Victor); *Swinging Without Mezz, Three's A Crowd* (Bud Freeman); *Jungle Drums* (Artie Shaw); *I Can't Get Started* (Bunny Berigan); *China Boy, Memphis Blues* (own groups).

BRAND LEAVES U.S.A., FINDS EUROPE WARMER

South African pianist-composer Dollar Brand, whose stay in the U.S. was preceded by a lengthy sojourn in Europe, recently returned to his old home base of Copenhagen, Denmark.

Brand, who found opportunities to work severely limited while in America (the most positive aspect of his stay was the award of a Rockefeller Foundation grant for composition) is finding the European picture much brighter.

Since his return, he has performed his extended composition *The Aloe and the Wildrose*, based on a poem by fellow South African Adam Small, with the Danish Radio Orchestra; has appeared on radio and TV in Sweden, Finland, and Italy; participated in a jazz workshop in Hamburg, Germany with saxophonists Gato Barbieri and John Tchicai; made a record for the Italian Sound label in Milan; and concertized in Copenhagen and Stockholm.

During July, Brand will be appearing at Norway's Molde Jazz Festival, and at the Finnish Jazz Festival. He is also making a short film about his wife, singer Bea Benjamin.

Jazz Tribute To Robert Kennedy

Came Sunday

On June 8, that fateful Saturday, I had been magnetized to the television set by the gravity, the sense of history, perhaps even by the very slowness of the train that was carrying Senator Robert F. Kennedy toward his destination in Arlington National Cemetery. I didn't turn off the

O'Connor, Evans, Gomez

set until he had been laid to rest. The long day's program had been the punctuation of a harrowing four-day experience.

On Sunday I was not in the mood to watch TV, but I remembered that Helen Keane, Bill Evans' manager, had told me that Evans was going to take part in a jazz tribute to Senator Kennedy on WCBS-TV. She didn't know when it would be shown or who else was going to participate. On a hunch, I flicked on the switch, and again found myself rooted to the set, this time for different reasons.

The program was already underway when I tuned in but I was almost immediately locked in by the feeling emanating from all the participants. It was neither saccharine nor maudlin but a heartfelt tribute. The occasion inspired the musicians to a uniformly high level of performance. After each number, a dramatically lighted still photograph of Senator Kennedy was briefly shown before Father Norman O'Connor introduced the next selection.

Father O'Connor's introductions not only told us who was going to play but included excerpts from the writings of Robert Frost, Aeschylus, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Shakespeare, John Donne, Emily Dickinson and Dylan Thomas. Each quotation was related to the occasion and/or to the specific selection.

In two and a half hours, *A Contemporary Memorial* presented a variety of musicians and singers, beginning and ending with the singing of *Come Sunday* by Joe Williams. During the course of the program, Williams did a complete version of the Ellington song, backed by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, and also sang *Poor Wayfarin' Stranger.*

The Jones-Lewis orchestra contributed *Willow Weep For Me, A—That's Freedom* and a formidable reading of Bob Brookmeyer's lapidarian arrangement of *St. Louis Blues.*

The Modern Jazz Quartet played *Cortege,* accompanied by the CBS Orchestra under the direction of Hal Hastings, and on their own did *Dido's Lament* and an especially moving version of *The Spiritual.*

Pianist Evans also appeared with the CBS Orchestra (Claus Ogerman's *Elegia*); his trio (*Time Remembered*); and unaccompanied (the very affecting threnody, *In Memory of His Father*).

Peace and *Kindred Spirits* were the offerings of Horace Silver's quintet; the former highlighted by a fine Randy Brecker trumpet solo.

Another high spot was Johnny Hodges playing of *Passion Flower,* backed by Jeff Castleman on bass, and the boss, Duke Ellington, at the piano. Duke, with Castleman, offered *Meditation* from his new *Sacred Concert.*

Woody Herman's Herd was heard in three numbers: *Free Again,* featuring Woody on soprano saxophone; *Early Autumn,* and *Greasy Sack Blues.*

A quintet specially formed for the telecast was led by drummer Grady Tate and included Mel Lastie, fluegelhorn; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; and Bob Cranshaw, bass. They did a plaintive *Yesterday's Tomorrow,* and an affirmative, going-home blues, *More Than We Can Stand.*

In addition to Williams, vocal spots went to Felicia Sanders, singing Jacques Brel's *Sons Are;* and Amanda Ambrose, who did *In the Meantime.*

A Contemporary Memorial was originated by WCBS-TV Program Director Ned Cramer. He realized that classical music was the usual fare for programs of this nature, but felt that there was much that could be said through jazz. He called Ethel Burns and Ralph Curtis, the producer and director of the station's Saturday afternoon program *Dial M For Music.* They brought in Father O'Connor, *Dial M's* regular host. Together they conceived the idea of the program, picked the available musicians and selected the prose and poetry. The show was taped on Saturday, June 8, and shown early the following afternoon.

Again, jazz demonstrated that it is capable of expressing many moods, thoughts and feelings. It is a shame that a tragedy of this magnitude had to provide the reason for one of the best and longest programs of jazz ever presented on TV. It is a pity that many potential viewers did not see it, as it was not listed in the Sunday papers. *A Contemporary Memorial* is not the kind of program that can be thrown in at any time during the year, but CBS would be wise to re-run it next year on the anniversary of Robert Kennedy's death. It was that good. —*Ira Gitler*

POTPOURRI

Mercury Records has revived the dormant Limelight label, but it will no longer be exclusively devoted to jazz. According to **Robin McBride,** the label's newly appointed national product manager, Limelight "will be working in areas of experimental music, both serious and popular." This will include electronic music, Indian music, and "some jazz." Limelight made its debut with extravagantly packaged jazz albums but later reverted to a more conservative appearance.

•

The Ludwig Drum Co. is sponsoring the first annual International Percussion Symposium, to be held at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Aug. 5-16. Open to students, teachers, and professionals, the symposium will cover all aspects of the percussion field. Participants will include **Gary Burton** and his quartet; **Bobby Christian, Dick Gerlach, Roy Haynes, Joe Morello, Bob Tilles,** and **Dick Schory** and his **Percussion Pops Orchestra.** For information, write Educational Dept., Ludwig Drum Co., 1728 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60647.

•

Britain's Cambridge Jazz Festival, to be held July 20-21, will feature **Maynard Ferguson** (who now makes his home in England), **Johnny Dankworth,** singer **Cleo Laine, Graham Collier, Terry Lightfoot, Ken Colyer, Diz Dizley,** and others.

•

The Museum of Modern Art's revamped *Jazz in the Garden,* which opened June 20 with **Earth Opera,** continued June 27 with the **Clark Terry** Quintet, followed July 4 by **Max Kaminsky's Dixieland Jazz Band.** The **Soft Machine** performs July 11; the **Pazant Brothers** July 18; the **James Cleveland Gospel Singers** July 25; guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** quintet Aug. 1; organist **Jimmy McGriff's** trio Aug. 8; guitarist-singer **Buddy Guy** Aug. 15, and folk singer **Richie Havens** wraps things up Aug. 22. All concerts begin at 8:30 p.m.

•

A festival of Indian music will be held Aug. 2 and 3 at Boston's War Memorial Auditorium. **Ravi Shankar, Ali Akbar Khan, Alla Rakha, Shankar Ghosh** and about a dozen other instrumentalists will perform music both in the North Indian Hindustani tradition associated with Shankar and in the Carnatic idiom of South India. "Festival from India" is produced by George Wein's Festival Productions, Inc. and was originally scheduled for Newport.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The first in a series of major concerts to be given in New York's neighborhood theaters, rather than in Carnegie, Philharmonic or Town Hall, was *Sounds in Motion,* presented at Loew's Kings Theater in Brooklyn June 12 by

Alstan Productions, a newly-formed outfit headed by **Allan Pepper** and **Stan Snadowsky** of Jazz Interactions. Flutist **Herbie Mann** headed the bill with **Roy Ayers**, vibes; **Sonny Sharrock**, guitar; **Miroslav Vitous**, bass; and **Bruno Carr**, drums. The **James Cotton Blues Band** (Cotton harmonica, vocals; **Albert Gianquinto**, piano; **Luther Tucker**, guitar; **Bob Anderson**, bass; **Francis Clay**, drums); saxophonist **Steve Marcus**, and **Autosalvage**, a folk and blue-grass quartet led by **Tom Danaher**, made up the mixed bag. Emcee was **John Zacherle**, the former TV ghoul (remember Zacherley?) who is now a WNEW disc jockey . . . The Village Gate buzzed with activity, both upstairs and down, during June. Downstairs was a twin bill of blues singer-guitarist **Chuck Berry** and the **Horace Silver** Quintet, followed a week later by **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet and **Jimmy Smith's** trio. Silver's group had trumpeter **Randy Brecker**, tenor saxophonist **Benny Maupin**, bassist **John Williams**, and drummer **Billy Cobham**. Gillespie's group had new bassist **Paul West** (he worked with Diz's big band in the late '50s), along with regulars **James Moody**, **Mike Longo** and **Candy Finch**. Smith's helpers were guitarist **Nathan Paige** and drummer **Bernard Sweetney**. Upstairs, it was **Billy Taylor's** trio (**Ben Tucker**, bass, **Grady Tate**, drums) and **Toshiko** . . . The **Art Farmer** Quintet, with tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath**, was followed at Slugs' by the first eastern appearance of the **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** Quintet. Reed man **Giuseppi Logan's** quartet did a Saturday afternoon gig at the East 3rd St. club, and pianist **Weldon Irvine's** 17-piece band continued to do the Sunday afternoon thing . . . **Lionel Hampton** did three weeks at the Riverboat. Vocalists **Rita Dyson** and **Pinocchio James** were featured . . . **Mose Allison** was at The Scene for two weeks. With the pianist-singer: **Bob Cranshaw**, bass; **Alan Schwartzberg**, drums . . . Bassist **David Izenzon** has parted company with the **Ornette Coleman** group to free-lance around New York. A merger with **Lennie Tristano** is rumored . . . **Duke Ellington** presented the original manuscript of his Sacred Concert, *Praise God*, to the Lincoln Center Library & Museum of the Performing Arts. This was the first step in the launching of a permanent Duke Ellington collection to be housed there starting

/Continued on page 42

LEND THEM YOUR EAR

Background Music

By BURT KORALL

EARL COLEMAN is a name few people remember. Briefly heard with the Jay McShann and Earl Hines bands in the early 1940s, he subsequently sang at clubs and sessions on the West Coast and recorded there with Charlie Parker and Erroll Garner in 1947. The two offerings with Bird, *This Is Always* and *Dark Shadows*, on Ross Russell's Dial label, had impact and were successful. There was a follow-up session with Fats Navarro, but what seemed like a noble beginning for the young baritone was merely a flash: here and gone. Like a number of his contemporaries who figured in the bop turmoil of the '40s, the singer got lost in a rush of music and sensation and dropped from sight. It has taken two decades and several false starts and disappointments, but now Earl Coleman is back—singing beautifully.

Billy Eckstine remembers: The bond between the two men, first cemented when "Mr. B" had that great band in the mid-1940s, never has been broken. When Coleman recently re-entered the vocal arena, Eckstine was in his corner. " 'B' has been like a father to me," Coleman commented. "He's come down heavy on me when I needed it, but never pulled away his support."

Billy Taylor remembers: This many-faceted man about music said he would help Coleman on the road back and did. Not only has Taylor consistently gone to bat for the singer, but he was a central force in the creation of Coleman's comeback album, *Love Songs* (Atlantic SD 8172).

Joel Dorn also remembers: While still a disc jockey in Philadelphia prior to joining Atlantic records, he met Coleman. A verbal pact was made. As soon as the singer felt ready to record, he would get his opportunity. In a business brimming with people who develop amnesia on the subject of promises, the existence of this LP provides reason for a small measure of optimism.

The album itself provides ample documentation of Coleman's talent. A deeply resonant baritone in the Eckstine tradition, Coleman moves sensitively through a collection of standard repertory, allowing his feelings to surface and be expressed in an unhurried manner. He flows rather than forces, and treats lyrics in the manner of the balladeer who has thought about his material and its implications. His consistently fulfilling intonation, his time, and his control of vocal resources enable him to treat each song as an entity. What emerges is a full rather than a fragmented treatment—straightforward and all the more rewarding for the absence of affectation.

Coleman's purpose is clear-cut—to reach out and touch the listener in the most direct way possible, by going to the heart of the songs and focusing a light on their inner pulse and meaning. He is aided in achieving his objective by unobtrusive yet substantial backgrounds by a small Billy Taylor jazz group on most tracks, and by larger units headed by Frank Foster or Tom McIntosh on the others.

The future for Earl Coleman remains a matter for Earl Coleman and the public to determine. He needs work. He is ready to work. The man should get his chance. As Eckstine says: "He's had his indoctrination and preparation. He knows what he wants to sing and how he wants to sing it. All he needs is to be heard."

A young woman from Canada also deserves your ear. Joni Mitchell is introduced on a recently released Warner Bros. 7 Arts/Reprise album (RS 6293), which bears her name and artwork and contains 10 of her songs in the form of a continuing story in two parts: *I Came to the City* and *Out of the City and Down to the Seaside*.

Miss Mitchell's voice and presentation match her delicate yet firmly structured face; they're strong while remaining soft-sell. The songs are real but have something ethereal about them. An assemblage of the experiences, thoughts and impressions of a young woman who might simultaneously be observer and/or subject, they manage to transcend the personal. Joni Mitchell's little stories are applicable to any and all who have trod similar paths.

With the flow of one who loves and is careful about words, the songwriter-singer, via color-ridden verse and frequent surprise, allies simple, curiously melodic words with curiously melodic music. It's all kept simple—though she sometimes veers to abstraction—and the feeling, taste and hue of each effort quietly enters the mind to move around and be savored when she's particularly right.

We follow the lady from the city to the seaside and hear vignettes of trouble and care, love and hope and need for freedom. Miss Mitchell is particularly impressive as she describes leaving "the city" which, for this New Yorker, can only be New York. But it could as well be Chicago, Detroit, or any large urban center where hustle, hardness and dirt abound:

I asked him would he hurry
But we crawled the canyons slowly
Thru the buyers and the sellers
Thru the burglar bells and wishing wells
With gangs and girlie shows
The ghostly garden grows

Throughout this recorded trip, Miss Mitchell accompanies herself on guitar and piano, with Steve Sills on bass, and brings into play over-dubbing on only two songs—to enhance dramatic value. In an era of tape tampering, this refreshing, natural aspect of her work cannot be ignored. More important, after hearing and mulling over her performances, it became increasingly clear that the Ellington division of music and song is the only valid one that exists: It's either good or bad. Where it fits in the categorical scheme of things is of no consequence.

Miss Mitchell has something to say to all of us. "I had to wait a long time for people to let me have my own opinions, and it was hard," she told the Toronto *Globe and Mail's* Marilyn Beker, "But now I can tell everybody (to love life). . . . I think you should . . . all of it. Even the depths of sorrow."

TRIPPIN' *Impressions of Cream and Jefferson Airplane by Alan Heineman*

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE/RCA VICTOR

THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE and Cream appeared not long ago at Brandeis University in concerts a month apart. The concerts will be discussed here conjointly because they afford interesting and natural comparisons and because the rock of these two groups is representative of much currently important popular music. (My opening remarks are directed primarily at the jazz listener trying to ease his way into rock; those who have been digging it right along won't find much that is startling or revelatory.)

I should preface those observations with a suggestion to look at Martin Williams' eminently sensible and open-minded column in the April 18 *Down Beat*. I do not, as he does, "find most rock boring," but his wait-and-see attitude, and his admission, anathema to most jazz purists, that rock and its antecedents (among them, of course, jazz and blues) have provided some valuable influences on contemporary jazz, are important. Perhaps it should also be added that the puzzled novitiate in rock will find little of value in print. Most people who know about rock aren't writing about it; most people writing about it don't know a damn.

Maybe it would be wise to start with what *won't* be heard in contemporary rock—rhythmic complexity, for one thing. This has always been one of the salient ingredients of jazz, and it is lacking in rock, which for the most part is in 4/4 or free time, usually the former. Another generally missing factor is dynamic shading: rock is either loud or soft, usually the former, and until on-the-spot engineering techniques get a good deal more sophisticated—which they better had in the near future—the subtleties of rock have to be conveyed by the harmonics and voicings employed.

This brings up another point. By "loud", I do not mean Roy Eldridge loud or Count Basie loud. I mean you-have-never-heard-such-sounds-in-your-life loud, an effect that most of the recording studios minimize and that can only be apprehended in live performances. The rock musicians are into total, environmental sound in a way that players like Archie Shepp or Pharoah Sanders can only approximate; this means that a first-time listener will not pick up on most of what he hears, because he is not used to differentiating sounds at that volume. It means that even the habitual listener may be partially deafened after a performance, sometimes for hours. And it may mean that he will suffer some permanent ear damage. Whether or not to subject yourself to such temporary or permanent discomfort is an individual decision. It is too easy to say, however, that rock is so loud that nothing of beauty or worth can be produced. That was said about certain other forms of music familiar to most *Down Beat* readers.

What *is* to be found in rock would constitute material enough for a book. Varieties of rock are not as plentiful as those of jazz, but popular music is being attacked from a great many angles nevertheless; from the jazz-oriented sounds of Gary Burton and Jeremy Steig through the Motown stylings, the West Coast freneticism of the Airplane and the Iron Butterfly, the sophisticated avant garde approach of the Beatles and the Mothers of Invention, to the r&b bias of black and white groups here and abroad—the latter form, of course, being where it all started.

Cream and Jefferson Airplane are comparable in several ways, although Cream is a trio (Eric Clapton, lead guitar, vocals; Jack Bruce, electric bass, harmonica, vocals; Ginger Baker, drums) and the Airplane a sextet (Grace Slick, vocals; Marty Balin, bass and rhythm guitars, vocals; Jorma Kaukonen, lead guitar; Paul Kantner, rhythm guitar, vocals; Jack Casady, electric bass; Spencer Dryden, drums). The first similarity is that both are composed of fine musicians—and are instrumentally perhaps the two most together outfits now playing.

The comparisons of virtuosity extend further.

Casady and Bruce are the only two interesting electric bassists I have ever heard. Likewise, few rock drummers, however dextrous, extend their rhythmic conceptions much beyond symmetrically divided 4/4; Baker and Dryden are exceptions. (Terry Clarke, John Handy's former drummer, now with the Fifth Dimension, and the Rolling Stones' Charlie Watts are others; significantly, all these percussionists have jazz roots.) Kaukonen and Clapton are among the handful of gifted guitarists, technically and conceptually.

Clapton in particular has few or no technical equals, in jazz or rock. He has to be heard to be believed. Kaukonen's chops are a cut below, although I wouldn't want to have to live on the difference, but he more than compensates for this—he has advanced harmonic understanding; a pronounced lyrical bent unusual among hard rock players; willingness to take improvisational chances; and, most important, the wit not only to know where he is going with a phrase but also how he got there.

Even Clapton, good as he is, could profit from studying Kaukonen's phrasing. Too often, rock guitarists concentrate on climaxing a sequence, building up to it with staccato bursts that the culmination echoes and expands upon. Kaukonen's lines, like those of a first-rate jazz soloist, make sense in and of themselves. For sheer power and impact, Clapton is close to nonpareil; he overwhelms. For sustained musical interest, Kaukonen is the most compelling; he fascinates.

A final note on the Airplane, before proceeding to the Brandeis concerts: their last album, *After Bathing at Baxter's*, seems to me the most unified and cohesive record yet produced by an American group—indeed, it demonstrates the kind of thematic and musical oneness spuriously attributed to the last two Beatles efforts. The latter are sides

CREAM/LEE TANNER

with brilliant songs on them; *Baxter's* is One Thing. The Airplane is currently out of favor, for the sock-it-to-me approach is in and the insinuate-it-to-me approach is out, for the moment anyway, and for this reason, and a couple of others, the Airplane concert was a disappointment. Its members did their songs (*White Rabbit, Somebody to Love,* etc.), but they didn't do their thing.

There was little collective improvisation, and except for some fine Kaukonen, little individual improvisation. Except, too, for Gracie Slick, who never seems to do a song the same way twice. There was a further problem in that the voice mikes could not compete with the amps, and much of her and Balin's work was lost. She has great range, firm tone, presence, emotional commitment.

Miss Slick is also a fine improvisor of counterpoint, as, to a lesser extent, are Balin and Kantner. Consequently, the Airplane employs more complex vocal harmonies than probably any American rock group I know of.

A good example in the Brandeis concert was *Won't You Try/Saturday Afternoon,* two separate songs with the same chords (except for a couple of substitutions), sung together. It started with Balin and Miss Slick on *Won't* and Kantner sliding in with part of *Saturday.* When *Saturday* became dominant, Balin and Kantner duetting on it, Miss Slick began running some astonishing changes on *Won't.* It ended very free, with the words of both songs being interchanged by the three, so that the listener had trouble knowing which was which—which, of course, was the intention.

So that was nice. And Miss Slick did *White Rabbit,* a beautiful, bolero-rhythm exercise in crescendo that should never stop because it hurts so good. Miss Slick strayed profitably from the recorded version: the first four bars were sung on the afterbeat, providing a nice pulsation when contrasted with the bolero rhythm by Dryden, and she finished with a bluesy trail-off instead of the final held note on the record.

Kaukonen sang an unnamed, funky blues (he should have more vocal space; he's a fine blues singer) on which he made good use of his wawa pedal in accompaniment. His solos throughout the concert were consistently rewarding, but they and Miss Slick's vocal work were about the only things that were.

The Airplane at its best is an improvisational group, though in an artfully controlled way; when it does not improvise, it is merely good. *Somebody to Love, It's No Secret, Funny Cars.* Yeah, nice. But we've heard them.

The Cream concert hardly could have begun less fortunately than it did. Orpheus, a group highly touted by a recording industry flack as representative of the "Bosstown Sound" (which, FYI, does not exist), was uninteresting and offensive. (I figured out about halfway through their set that they were really a plugged-in—but hardly switched-on—version of the Kingston Trio. Same dull harmony, same bad jokes, same pseudo-hipness. Feh.)

It was then announced that Cream had had airplane trouble (no pun intended) and would be "a little late." Another backup group was hurriedly imported. It did a set. Another announcement—"They're on the way." Another set.

Cream began its set at 2:15 a.m. The incredible thing was that of a sell-out crowd of 3,000 present from 8 p.m., fully 2,500 remained, for the most part placidly, until Cream arrived. Quite a tribute.

It was deserved. If anything was worth the five-hour wait, its set was. There are some groups that really should not perform live; they are displayed better in the electronic shelter of a studio. The Beatles, and maybe the Airplane at this point, are examples. For some groups, the opposite is the case, and Cream is one of these. In the first place there is the matter of volume. A trio—right? Wrong. Seven orchestras. Each of the two guitars has four amplifiers—big, five-foot-tall amplifiers. Ginger Baker's drums had to be miked very loud to compete. Cream's sound is just this side of physically tangible. It assaults, drowns, lifts, transports, and when it stops, one feels alone, insufficient somehow.

In the second place, Cream's records —which are quite good—present the group as predominantly vocal; there are very few instrumental breaks of longer than a chorus. In person, it gets the singing out of the way in a hurry and then gets down to business. This is just as well; some of the group's songs (*Tales of Brave Ulysses,* which it performed this night, and *SWLABR,* which it didn't) have memorable lyrics, but most don't, and as vocalists, Bruce is only good and Clapton adequate. As musicians, they are superb.

The group began with *Ulysses,* and Clapton put the gymnasium under pulsating currents of warm water with his unerringly sensitive use of the wawa pedal. Baker, here as throughout, laid down an unyielding beat, and the three got together on an accelerating coda, which is not on the album version. They followed with *NSU,* a deceptively simple tune. The routining is curious. As nearly as could be made out, Baker, using mallets, joined after a bar by Clapton's guitar, put down what sounded from the accents like a back beat (a-one, a-two), but then Bruce's vocal started a half-beat behind them, and it seemed evident that the guitar and drums were playing one-a, two-a, but with the accents inverted, and Bruce was singing on the prebeat. This went on for only two measures, and then there was a maddening pause on the half-beat by Bruce so he could come in on the orthodox rhythm for the remaining 10 bars. The tension created by this double reversal of what one thought one was hearing metrically was fascinating.

So was Clapton's guitar break: whines, cat meowing, other fragmentary sounds. (He owes something of his bottom-fret climaxes to B. B. King.) The solo alternated between legato runs, usually ascending, and hard-nosed chord work. Baker, who is the baddest-looking English cat I have ever seen, reminiscent of one of Dickens' innumerable low-life villains, performed an extended solo, showing strong, strong chops, and he never misses. But the solo was strangely dull. Someone sitting next to me said, "My God. It's *Sing, Sing, Sing.*" He wasn't far off. Baker stayed almost exclusively with 16th-note divisions, done mostly on tom-toms. He plays much more complexly on records.

They did two instrumentals, a slow blues with another fine Clapton solo that switched from double-time to the original tempo a couple of times, and then an up-tempo, 16-bar blues, with Baker doing some good brush work behind a Clapton solo. I would like to describe that solo, but I can't. My notes say, "God!" That's all. I only can say that for the two minutes or 12 hours (I have no idea exactly how long it was) that Clapton soloed, I got as high up and far out as I ever have on jazz.

Then, with Clapton laying out, a freight-train blues featuring some Bruce pyrotechnics on harmonica, including a vocal-harmonica duet with himself that at its apogee found him singing an eighth-note, blowing an eighth, and so on for two or three choruses, a la Sonny Terry. It was a remarkable display, though musically not altogether rewarding. They finished the long set with *Toad,* an 18-bar line divided into repeated six-bar phrases, all based on one chord. A short Clapton solo and a long Baker exercise—again, mainly with 16ths—received a standing ovation.

Cream owes its repertoire to a number of sources. It does Skip James, Muddy Waters, and Robert Johnson songs. Some of its instrumentalism comes from contemporary r&b players, like Muddy Waters and B. B. King. It probably would not have been able to assimilate the blues concept without the pioneer imitative work of the Rolling Stones and Beatles. But the resulting amalgam is all Cream, and it is a moving, powerful, original sound. DB

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

MEXICAN DIARY

WITH LEONARD FEATHER

Saturday

Arrived this evening, checked in the hotel and walked (testing out my air legs at 2,200 meters) the few blocks to the handsome Bellas Artes Palace, where one of the Newport Jazz Festival in Mexico concerts was already under way. Backstage, was filled in by George Wein, Jim Ragsdale and the musicians on what has happened so far. Ragsdale is the representative of American Airlines, sponsors of last year's brief pilot festival and co-sponsors with the Mexican Government's "Cultural Olympics" of the far more ambitious 1968 project.

In 1967: three concerts, two cities, two days, four combos. In '68: 13 concerts, five cities, seven days, one big band, four combos and one singer.

As in '67, the tour started out as part of the Arts Festival in Puebla. I missed that, but according to ear-witnesses and participants, it was just as well. "The Reforma Auditorium was fine, but musically, nothing went right for anyone," I was told.

Woody Herman onstage. A few familiar faces, several strangers as always, and several returnees. The turnover in this band is immense, yet it invariably knocks itself and the audience out. How do they do it? Good to hear Sal Nistico and Joe Romano in the reed team again, and, of all people, Bob Burgess back among the 'bones.

Woody's soprano, on *Free Again*, most persuasive. John Hicks (I last saw him with Art Blakey) plays Tynerish piano; Carl Pruitt is still a strong, dependable bassist (he celebrates his 50th birthday right after the tour and sounds even better than when I heard him with Cootie Williams' band in 1944).

Drummer John Von Ohlen lays down a fine beat, but, says Woody wistfully, "Just as they're broken in, I lose 'em. By the time your review is printed, Gus Johnson will be back."

Wein and Ragsdale whisk me off to the home of the American Ambassador, Fulton Freeman, an ex-musician (gigged his way through college in Pomona, Cal.). Freeman has loaned the gardens of his mansion for a fancy charity affair. Some 490 members of Mexican-American society paid $20 a head for dinner, a fashion show, and music donated by Herbie Mann's combo.

Many of the musicians, including both Adderleys and their wives, are here. We talk about the altitude, which for the first couple of days made blowing (even breathing) difficult, and caused intonation problems. Meanwhile, problems are developing in the family of Mann. Not for nothing did Peggy Lee write those lyrics to *Manana*. From the talk around our table, I gather we can expect to see them come to life often in the next few days. This time it's Where Are Bruno Carr's Drums? Then, of course, Why Isn't the P.A. System Working?

After an abortive set, Mann blows his cool instead of his flute. Roy Ayers, who had been playing splendidly under the circumstances, begins dismantling his vibes. George Wein into the breach, playing piano, with bass by Pruitt (subbing for Mann's Miroslav Vitous, who couldn't make the tour because of last minute red-tape problems with his papers).

At one point the Ambassador takes over on bass. Then, after endless cries of "Please, Miss Bradford!," Clea Bradford and Wein get together, not too successfully, for one number. The P.A. is virtually dead. The session winds up with Ambassador Freeman playing passable Teagardenish trombone, accompanied by yours truly on piano. Anything to take my mind off the altitude.

Sunday

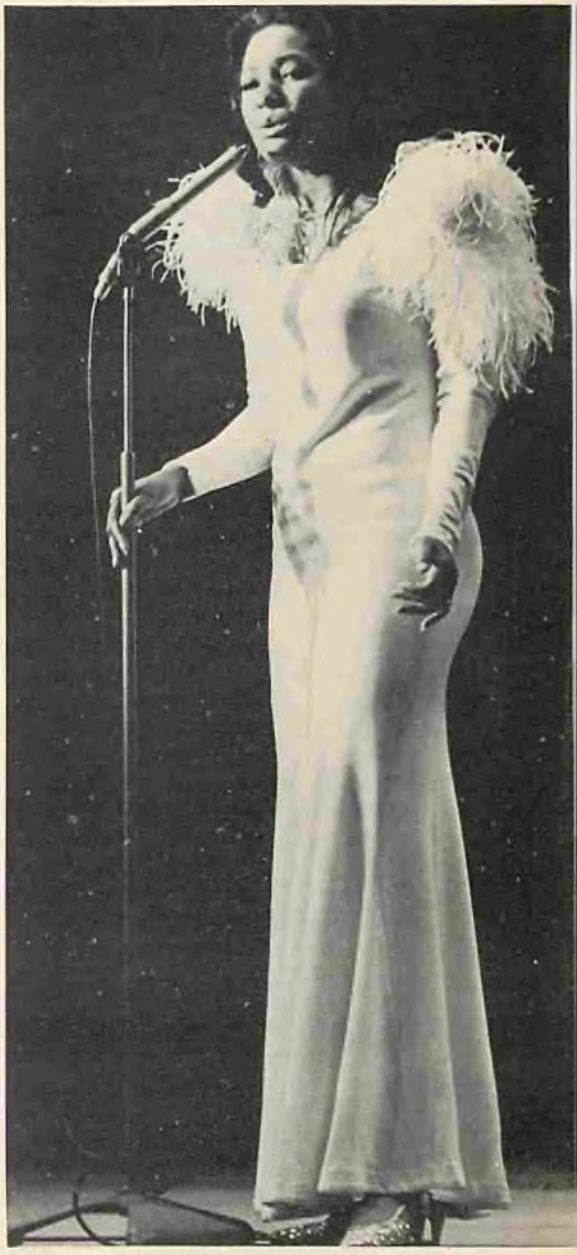
Two shows today, both at Mexico City's huge National Auditorium. Beautiful drive through verdant parks to the hall, on a lovely, sunny day. Amazed to find that although the auditorium is indoors, 8,000 aficionados who could be at a bull fight or jai alai game are here. I had forgotten: Brubeck is the biggest jazz name in Mexico. Dave and Herbie are on the noon concert; Wein, Cannon, Clea and Woody play the 5 p.m. show.

Dave and Gerry Mulligan have done their homework. Repertoire includes Jeru's originals, the sprightly *Jumping Bean* and the delicate, gentle *Lullaby of Mexico;* also Brubeck's *Tierna Mujer (Tender Woman),* and several appropriate standards: *Amapola, Adios Mariquita Linda,* etc.

The quartet, which had only four break-in dates in the U.S., is impressively together. "We got a good groove going after the first three nights," says Gerry. Brubeck's comment: "I thought we'd disband after this week, but we're having so much fun I may take a few U.S. concert dates. George is talking about a European tour in the fall."

After lunch with George at a Parisian style open-air restaurant, back for the second show. Instead of bringing his own rhythm section, Wein has borrowed Cannon's, so it's just George, Ruby Braff, Buddy Tate, Vic Gaskin and Roy McCurdy. Vic and Roy show their flexibility by fitting perfectly into this context. Buddy Tate's Hawkins sound and vibrato are very moving in *These Foolish Things.* Ruby's legato is insinuatingly personal on *Love Me Or Leave Me.*

Wein likes to pull surprises. For this show he asked Woody to join his combo on the last couple of numbers. Woody fastened his seat belt and tore away to *Indiana* on clarinet, turning the group into a Dixieland band. The tempo never



Clea Bradford

Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan

quite settled, however, and the sparks never got to fly very high. Woody switched to soprano for an *A Train* finale, in which Wein seemed to be the only soloist to remember that this tune contains an important augmented chord.

Clea Bradford started very light, rubato, on *With a Song in My Heart*, then surprised everyone by segueing into a cooking up-tempo *I Hear Music*. She packs a lot of soul into her willowy, statuesque 5 ft. 11 in. "Where has she been?" asked emcee Juan Lopez Moctezuma, Mexico's foremost jazz activist. Hard to answer, but I know where she should be: where Della Reese is. Excellent choice of material, from *What's New* (she has a musician's harmonic sense) to *Little Help From My Friends* and a lovely Mexican ballad, *Yesterday I Heard the Rain*. Barely adequate assistance from John Hicks, with Pruitt and Bruno Carr.

Good set by Woody, but *Greasy Sack Blues* went on far too long. Surprise element: one of the trumpeters, Bob Yance, doubles engagingly as a flute soloist! Woody revived a couple of old favorites. My reaction: *Bijou* Si, *Caldonia* No.

Another Mexican hangup: Joe Zawinul's electric piano won't work today, so he uses a Fender organ. Surprisingly effective, particularly on a dainty new J.Z. tune, *Early Chanson*, in which Nat Adderley played beautifully. Noteworthy that the audience applauded when the quintet started playing the main themes of *Manha de Carnaval* and *Mercy, Mercy*.

Late at night, some of the musicians wander off to sightsee and soundhear. In Garibaldi Square at midnight, 10 mariachi bands. The trouble with tours is that you get a taste of each city, enough to want to learn more but never enough to find out.

Monday

Herbie, Woody and Clea are off to Monterrey (the one with two r's). I accompany the rest of the troupe to Guadalajara. A handsome, inspiring city, home of the mariachi (a band greets us at the airport).

At the Hilton, waiters in the lobby welcome us, tendering margaritas. Local concert sponsors sponsor us in an al fresco lunch, but Zawinul, McCurdy and I insist on starting with a dip in the adjacent tub-warm swimming pool.

Degollado Theatre is small, but oh my! Built in 1856, recently renovated. Tonight's show was sold out so fast that a second concert had to be scheduled—at El Progreso Bullring, no less. A world first?

Improvised bandstand in the center of the ring; 4,000 spectators occupy half the tiered seats one side of the plaza de toros, while hundreds more are seated on chairs in the temporarily bloodless dust. This is the poor people's show: admission from 3 pesos (24¢) up.

Sound is not bad for a bullring; but Wein, taking a solo, finds that the pedal, once depressed, stays down. Warns Brubeck.

Emcee, an unwitting comedy riot, announces the artists as if they were matadors, in a tremendous, stentorian fortissimo. Climax to his Adderley intro: "Se tengo mucho guesto en presentar—Cannon . . . BALL!" As if he were a brother of Ronnie Ball.

Brubeck greeted by cries of *"Toma Cinco!"*, but he and Jeru haven't rehearsed *Take Five* so they can't play it. Dave comes off with fingers bleeding, from cracks where ivory is chipped off the piano.

Everybody agrees that the evening concert at the theatre brought out the best in everyone. They were inspired by the magnificent view of the city from the dressing room; by the paintings on the theatre's dome, and by the whole ambiance. Mulligan: "I haven't played this well in five years. The audience seems so involved—it's the same feeling I had once in Milan." Adderley: "Even La Scala has nothing on this place." This is the rich folks' show; many seats 100 pesos ($8).

We are all very sorry to leave Guadalajara. Our hosts, who hardly ever have live jazz here, seem to share our sorrow.

Tuesday

Now we are even sorrier we left Guadalajara. Monterrey has none of the charm of its California namesake. A gray, smoggy, industrial city—"Mixture of Pittsburgh and San Antonio," says Jeru.

Still, at the Cine Juarez, Cannon & Co. are magnificent on *74 Miles Away* and *Walk Tall*, the latter played by Julian announces, "con mucho alma." Brubeck, Mr. 3-against-2, gives Jack Six a solo specialty tonight. An inventive bassist and good section man. Alan Dawson's drumming, too, lends a new element that gives the Brubeck unit a quality very different from that of the old one, sometimes tending to swing in an easier, more relaxed fashion.

Wein has another brainstorm: it's my men's last night, let's finish with a jam session! So for a finale, Brubeck, Six and Dawson back Nat, Ruby, Julian, Buddy and Gerry in a long go-round on *Hackensack (Lady Be Good)*. Cannon and Gerry get into an almost contrapuntal thing that could have been inspiring, but it tails off into exchanges of eights.

Wednesday

As a sort of coda to the tour, the Adderley, Mann and Brubeck groups have stayed behind to play a benefit for an orphanage in Acapulco.

This brings us back at last to sea level, but now, replacing altitude, humidity becomes the problem. Charlie Bourgeois, Wein's lieutenant, is here to greet us at the vast, very moderne Acapulco Hilton. It's on the beach, the ocean water is warm and the tequila is cool.

The benefit was set up by a group of kindly, well-meaning but not very showbiz oriented citizens. It is overpoweringly muggy backstage at Cine Hornos. Goof #1: Terrible microphone. An emcee mumbles interminably, inaudibly, before the Adderleys finally get to do their thing. They do it tonight in dazzling Mexican outfits, except for Vic Gaskin, who has gone into his Sheik of Araby bag, headdress and all. (How can he stand it in this heat?)

Jet set celebs in the crowd. Goof #2: although the house is sold out, many $8 seats are empty because non-jazz-oriented contributors wanted to help the orphanage but couldn't care less about the music. Goof #3: Cannon's set starts, photographers and assistants jump onstage, blinding the musicians with floodlights. Nobody had thought of issuing orders against it.

Goof #4: Stage wait forces Cannon to fill in as emcee while the Mann group is setting up.

Good set by Mann, despite more interruptions from photographers. Audi-

/Continued on page 40

by Harvey Siders

TO SELL SOL HUROK on a new attraction requires more than confidence in your artist. Dorothy Gray, who works in the popular-artist department of Hurok Attractions, came up with it for the young, pretty musician she manages: Kellie Greene.

After she described Miss Greene to her boss, the venerable impresario asked, "Is she as goot as Artur Rubinstein?"

Dorothy replied, "Mr. Hurok, she can do things Rubinstein cannot."

How true. One night at the 940 Club in Los Angeles, she was fronting a jazz trio, playing flute, which she held in one hand while the other was comping on the keyboard. Rubinstein never did that. On the next tune, she negotiated the piano with one hand, shaking maracas with the other. Rubinstein? Never.

Back in perspective, Rubinstein does things for Chopin that Kellie Greene will never do. Each has his—or her—own groove, and perhaps that's why there exists a popular-artist department in the Hurok enterprise. Miss Greene claims membership in it and is currently being groomed for a fall campus tour along the West Coast. S. Hurok is sold on K. Greene.

So much for the future. What of the past? Those beginnings were strictly jazz. Choosing jazz is difficult for anyone; being a female just complicates matters. Miss Greene is a swinger, not a suffragette. The irrational prejudices she's had to overcome have hurt. They go back to her roots in Janesville, Wis., where her family still lives.

"Men used to intimidate me when I tried to sit in," she said. "Even my own brother—he's a little older than I am—who plays piano, and used to get together at our house a couple of nights a week with some of his chums. I'd sit there all night hoping to play. 'Not her—she's got to be lousy.' Really!"

If that typified her high school days, nothing changed essentially in the so-called adult world.

"For example, I have a few singers whom I coach," she said. "Recently, I brought one of them—a fellow—to an audition at the Playboy Club. I went up to the trio on the stand, who were all strangers to me, and said, 'Mind if I use your piano?' And they said, 'Oh, you brought your *own* accompanist?' All right, a natural mistake—they thought I was a vocalist. But it's very frustrating trying to function in a man's world. And I'm convinced the music part of the entertainment business is."

The musical part of Kellie's high school days began with oboe. That was her first instrument simply because that's all that was available in the band. But she gave it up, she said, when she had to start shaving reeds. For the next two years, Kellie studied classical piano and by age 17 was working as a single in local clubs. "I was terrible, but I didn't get any resistance from my family, mainly because they knew I was a nut anyway," she recalled.

An early turning point came about when she spotted an ad for the Berklee School of Music. She made up her mind, which meant giving up an art scholarship ("it was only for $75") and a possible career as a commercial artist.

Off to Boston she went for her initiation into the man's world of learning jazz.

"Except for Toshiko," she said, "I was the only girl at Berklee. And Toshiko was away a good deal of the time. I really threw myself into the work. I became more interested in writing than playing, although I continued with piano. It became quite a challenge. I thought, 'Why can't a girl be an arranger?' Melba Liston was happening at that time, so I thought 'Yeah!' "

She studied, in her words, "legit writing" with Dick Bobbit and "jazz writing" with Herb Pomeroy.

"I went through the classes all right, got my grades, but Dick and Herb really clarified things for me when I began studying privately," she said. "Also, I wasn't inhibited about asking questions in private."

In 1958, she moved to Hollywood and began working as a music writer—70 hours a week, 52 weeks a year. She wrote for an all-girl combo led by Joy Gaylor.

"She wanted a new library, so I came up with a whole new book for seven pieces, and I even rehearsed the band," Miss Green said. The flashback produced a sardonic laugh, but apparently it was no laughing matter at the time. As she explained: "I was so slow in the beginning. You know, right out of school. I guess the reason I worked 70 hours a week was because it took me close to 10 hours to write a chart."

Disillusionment began to set in when Miss Greene found it difficult to make ends meet. She had saved a little money from her work around Boston, and as for her arranging fees, "Joy gave me a subsidy, if you could call it that—a hot $25 a week. I survived, but I became discouraged. I had my whole life wrapped up in that thing, and it was a good library, but I was forced to work as a piano player just to get along. You know, I did a stupid thing: I stopped writing completely—from 1959 until this past spring, when I wrote some charts for various singers on *The Pat Boone Show*."

She may kick herself for allowing rust to form on the manuscript pen, but the necessity of making a living forced her into playing and it is this end of the business that has developed now to the point where things seem finally ready to break for her.

Miss Greene's first group was an all-girl trio that included Feather Johnston, bass, and Jill Roberts (wife of guitarist Howard Roberts), drums. But it wasn't long before she was fronting all-male rhythm sections. During a two-year stay in Hawaii, she participated in the first Mid-Pacific Jazz Festival at Waikiki in 1961. Frank Sinatra heard her there and signed her to appear at the Cal-Neva Lodge in Lake Tahoe, Nev.

With a "direct from . . ." preceding her name, Miss Greene began to get better bookings and soon was working the smart rooms in Las Vegas, Hollywood and New York City. Television

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By JOHN McDONOUGH

A MEANINGFUL MALAPROPISM recently described the Duke Ellington Orchestra as "the world's greatest musical aggravation." The remark was made with humor, affection and authority, because it came from the man who more than any other individual these days is responsible for getting Duke Ellington and his crew from one place on the map to another: Mercer Ellington.

Anyone who has seen the band during the last five years or so will have noticed a youthful though graying man sitting in the trumpet section three chairs to the right of drummer Sam Woodyard. If you glance at him from a distance, you might momentarily mistake him for the NAACP's Roy Wilkins. He's the one who never solos, not even during the *Jam with Sam* take-your-turn. This is Mercer Ellington, 49. The aggravations of which he spoke have become considerably fewer since he joined his famous father as road manager and utility trumpet man, doubling fluegelhorn and sharing the section's lead book with Herbie Jones and Cat Anderson.

"Before then, the band was having certain organizational and financial problems," recalled one public-relations man who got close to the band in the early '60s. "Mercer went with the outfit and helped bring about administrative order."

Mercer's presence has brought a well-oiled, businesslike efficiency to a band whose leader has traditionally kept a sharper eye on artistic matters than profit sheets. Recently, the band needed that efficiency because it was on a tight schedule: a series of one-nighters in Atlantic City, N.J., Buffalo, N.Y., and Dayton, Ohio, and then to Chicago's O'Hare Airport and a bus ride to the Auditorium Theater for a concert with Diahann Carroll. After the concert, there was a night flight to New York City and then morning rehearsals for a record album with Tony Bennett and a shot on the Johnny Carson Show that same night. Next came a plane ride for the first leg of a tour of concerts with Bennett and comic Jack E. Leonard and then finally on to Las Vegas, Nev., for a relaxing four weeks at the Flamingo Hotel.

"Duke's sister, Ruth, looks after the bookings," Mercer said, "and once the schedule is set, I make sure things don't get fouled up on the road. After I get my flying schedule, I give the itinerary and departure times to the Atlantic Bus Co. They teletype it to the other agencies and make sure there's a bus to meet us at a given time."

The band owns none of its transportation. The sign "Duke Ellington and His Famous Orchestra" that adorns the length of the buses they ride is cardboard and thoroughly portable. Although the band perhaps would save money by using its own transportation, Mercer said his father "is ony interested in music and will become involved in only such administrative and mechanical extensions of his primary artistic commitment as are absolutely necessary. If he can avoid becoming tied up with expensive capital machinery like buses and planes, he'll do it. He lives by his imagination, not his capital."

From the band's travels around the world in the close quarters of trains, planes and buses, a variety of rules, quasi-laws, and tacit understandings have emerged in the interest of peace and friendship among the troops.

"Seating on the bus, for example, goes according to seniority," Mercer said. "Duke occupies the first seat by the door, and Harry Carney [42 years with the band] sits next to him; but because they generally ride together separately from the band in dad's Lincoln, Cootie Williams [16 years with the band] often occupies the front seat. We call him 'the pretender to the throne.' Although Johnny Hodges [35 years with the band] could bump Cootie, he generally takes the second seat from the front by the window. And just as in international law, air rights go with each seat—meaning the storage rack."

LEE TANNER

On planes, however, all rules are suspended, and it's first come, first serve.

As the band rumbles from one date to another, time is passed in many ways.

"Sleep has always been very popular," Mercer said, "but at other times a few guys will get together a card game or just talk." The considerable generation gap within the band has never been a source of friction, he said, and the cliques that develop cut across all age lines. "Buster Cooper and Chuck Connors [both aboard since 1962] hang around a good deal with Cootie Williams [1929], and Jeff Castleman [1968] has become chummy with Cat Anderson [1945]," Mercer said.

"Yet, these are relationships which grow out of the common experience of being on the road together so long. When the men's time is their own, there seems to be little socializing. My wife once watched the band deplane in New York and made the observation that not one man rode with another when leaving the airport. This in spite of the fact that two lived fairly close together on Long Island, two lived in uptown Manhattan, and most of the rest were staying in the midtown area. There was no animosity, though. There simply came a point at which they were home, and didn't need each other."

MERCER ELLINGTON'S association with his father's band began in the late 1930s. Working his way up through the ranks doing odd jobs, he began contributing scores to the book around 1941. His early pieces included *John Hardy's Wife, Blue Serge, Jumpin' Pumpkins, Moon Mist,* and the classic *Thing's Ain't What They Used to Be,* which is still played nightly and still convulses audiences.

Since 1939, when he was attending Columbia University, Mercer has scouted much talent for his father. Among his finds are Clark Terry, Wendell Marshall, Butch Ballard, Anderson and Connors. For many years, according to some sources, Mercer was not a visible member of the scene because his father didn't want the presence of a growing son reminding him and his audiences of his advancing years. During the '50s, Mercer spent time in his father's trumpet section, worked as a salesman for a few years, briefly led his own band (he also had one in the '40s), was a jazz disc jockey, and looked after the family's Tempo Music publishing firm. Between checking on record sales and attending to routine promotional duties, he also continued to handle personnel replacements on the band.

"I have to take some credit for Cootie's rejoining," he said. "In 1963,

Cootie had his own quartet and was probably making more money than he is with us now, although he didn't work as much. As a disc jockey at that time, I made it a point to play at least one of dad's records a day, and, listening to some of the older sides on which Cootie played, I began to realize what great things they had done together and what a shame it was they were not together today.

"I saw no reason for this. Yet, I knew that pride would prevent either one from approaching the other. For Cootie it would have been like giving up and begging for his old job back; for Duke it would have seemed like a patronizing gesture of charity—you know: 'I know you're not doing too hot, so maybe I can find a spot for you.'

"Shortly before the *Afro Bosa* session for Reprise, dad said he needed a trumpet to fill a vacancy, so I called Cootie and asked him if he wanted to make a record date. 'Sure,' he said, 'Who with?' I told him Duke Ellington, at 8 p.m. that night. In thoroughly professional fashion he said 'okay,' but I know he felt this was more than just another session.

"A few days later we did some one-nighters around New York in which he participated, and a few weeks later we looked up and there he was—a permanent member. In other words, he kind of faded back into the outfit. His numbers were set prior to and during the Far East tour that year and included *Shepherd of the Night Flock* and the medley beginning with *Black and Tan Fantasy*. Jimmy Hamilton wrote *New Tootie for Cootie*. I've been trying to wage a campaign to get *Echoes of Harlem* back in the book on a regular basis, but Cootie doesn't feel like it."

The restoration of Williams to the trumpet section added a major dimension to that part of the Ellington tradition that still blows, and it's a tradition the leader jealously guards for what he considers to be the wishes of his audiences, often to the consternation of his more serious followers. Mercer shed some light on the rigidity with which certain traditions are upheld:

"The solo numbers the musicians play are written or arranged specifically for their own sounds, and they become individual traditions and are identified with them. People expect and presumably want to hear them. Harry Carney has played *Sophisticated Lady* since it was added to the book in 1933 [he was originally one of several soloists, however], and that's a tradition. The number is his property, and when an association is that strong, it's not likely to be changed. That's a principle from which dad never bends." [An exception to the principle was when Hodges played *Lady* on the 1966 *Popular Duke Ellington* session.]

"The only way a man can be separated from his property is by leaving the band. When this happens, the number is given over to someone else and it becomes the permanent property of its new owner. It can never revert once it has changed hands." *Take the A Train* is an example. It was written for Ray Nance during his first year with the band, and he played it for 23 years. When he left in 1963, the solo passed on to Cootie, and even though Ray returned for a few months for a couple of tours, he never played it again. The divorce was permanent.

On the other hand, Mercer pointed out, when Williams left the band in 1940, one of his big numbers was *Concerto for Cootie*. Rather than dropping it from the book, the senior Ellington decided to make it a trombone solo for Lawrence Brown, and after a period of time, it had become a Brown tradition. When Cootie rejoined, the solo remained with Brown, according to principle.

Ask Brown how he feels about his 28 years with *Do Nothing 'Til You Hear from Me*, as *Concerto* was retitled when lyrics were added, and his face will curl up in a sour expression as he spouts a mild streak of profanity; ask Williams whether he'd like to play *Concerto* again, and he'll shrug his big shoulders and say, "Ask the boss." Ask the boss why Williams never plays it, and he'll say, "We still do; Brown does it." Then he will move on to another subject.

"It's just tradition," Mercer explained, "and in most cases musicians are as jealous about their numbers as Duke is strict in enforcing their apportionment. If you asked Nance in Cootie's presence today to play *A Train*, he wouldn't do it. A number must be formally released by its owner before another man will play it. To do otherwise would be discourteous. Another cardinal rule of musical good manners is never to blow parts of another man's charts. It's considered a sort of catty gesture to lean over another man's shoulder and play a few bars from his sheet music. Even in the informal kidding atmosphere of a rehearsal it's like saying, 'This is the way it SHOULD be done.' "

NOT ONLY DOES the band carry many traditions within its own ranks, but wherever it travels it also is reminded of other older traditions.

"When we're down around West Virginia, Otto Hardwicke [the former lead altoist] takes time off from his tobacco farm and drops by," Mercer said. "When we're in Houston, Tex. we can depend on seeing Freddie Jenkins [a former trumpet star], who is now in real estate down there. Wallace Jones [former lead trumpeter] is now an undertaker, but he keeps in touch. Barney Bigard still plays out in California, and we hear from him when we're in the neighborhood. Even Louis Metcalf, whom Jenkins replaced in the trumpet section in 1929, still plays regularly at the Ali Baba Cafe in New York."

Occasionally, a former member like drummer Sonny Greer will sit in. In fact, overtures were made last year in Las Vegas to Juan Tizol in an effort to bring him back into the trombone sec-

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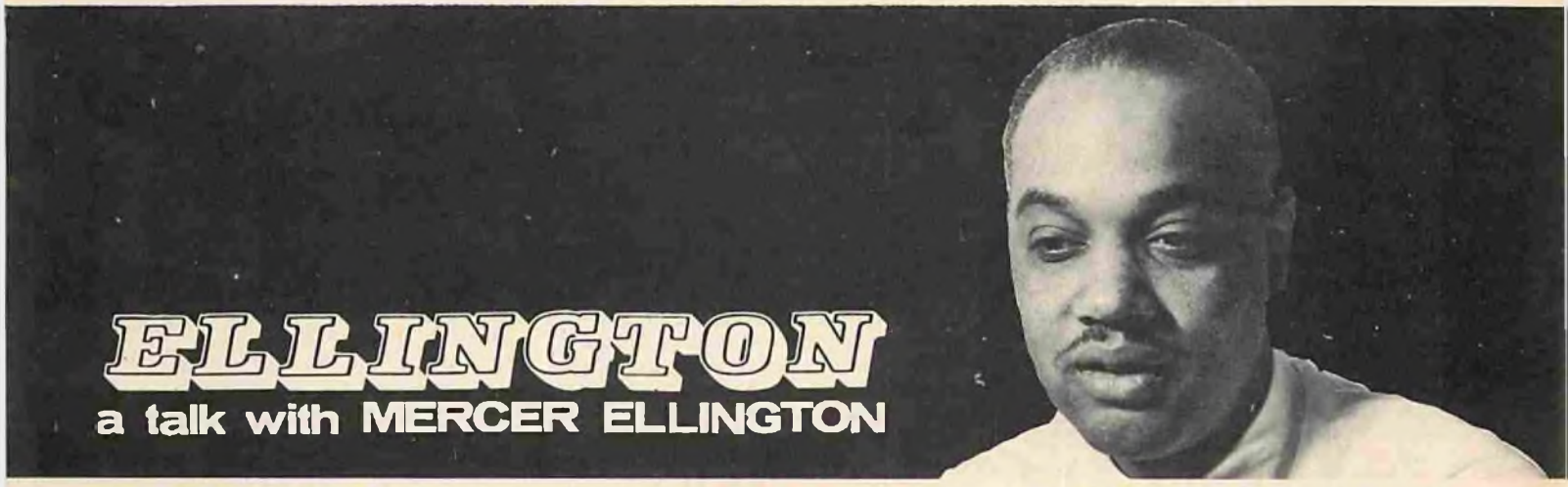


ELLINGTON

a talk with MERCER ELLINGTON

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Micheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Kenny Burrell

BLUES—THE COMMON GROUND—Verve V6-8746: *Everydays; Every Day (I Have The Blues); The Preacher; Angel Eyes; The Common Ground; Were You There?; Burning Spear; Wonder Why; Soulful Brothers; See See Rider; Sausalito Nights.*

Personnel: Snookie Young, Jimmy Owens, Bernie Glow, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Jimmy Cleveland, Bill Watrous, Paul Faulise, trombones; Don Butterfield, tuba; Jerome Richardson, reeds; Burrell, guitar; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Donald McDonald, drums; Johnny Pacheco, percussion; Don Sebesky, arranger-conductor (tracks 1, 2, 8, 10). Ernie Royal, Thad Jones, Jimmy Nottingham, trumpets; Tony Studd, Urbie Green, Andre, Cleveland, trombones; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Richardson, reeds; Burrell; Hancock; Carter; Grady Tate, drums; Pacheco; Sebesky (tracks 3, 4, 5, 7). Burrell only (track 6). Burrell; Hancock; Carter; Tate (tracks 9, 11).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

ODE TO 52nd STREET—Cadet 798: *Suite for Guitar and Orchestra* (Theme I: *So Little Time;* Theme II: *Growing;* Theme III: *Round and Round We Go;* Theme IV: *Recapitulation*); *I Want My Baby Back; Con Alma; Soulero; Wild Is the Wind; Blues Fuse.*

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; unidentified orchestra (including strings), arranged and conducted by Richard Evans.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If the Brand Names Foundation gets around to reviewing records, they'll have to give *Blues* a superior rating—if only on the basis of the monikers assembled for this date. Since Esmond Edwards, Verve's new a&r man, moved to New York he has shown a growing talent for juxtaposing the pros, though, for a virtuoso of Burrell's caliber, it must be conceded that every top axe behind this soloist is no more than in order.

In addition to personnel from the ranks of the Count Basie and Miles Davis units, as well as the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Band (including one-half of its leadership), the remainder of the group is composed of top New York studio players, to a man.

Sebesky shows a fondness for rangy charts on the big band numbers; there's plenty of room left for the soloist. *Everydays* is an example of this spatial approach, and there's the drama of ever-increasing intensity (a la Gil Evans) here too.

Burrell's double-line runs are formidable on *Every Day*. The band shows a fine unanimity of purpose and feeling behind the wide open soloist. *Preacher* remains a viable proselytizer under the ministry of Burrell and congregation—but there's no mystique on this one, just strong, earnest blowing. *Angel Eyes,* a bit of softly strummed magic, suggests in ballad form what the title track shouts: Blues, funky blues.

Were You There, asks the guitarist, briefly and eloquently demonstrating the blues in a plantation psalm.

Spear, currently enjoying an annexation to hitsville, is all Burrell and the timekeepers, with Richardson's flute making sure that nobody misses the point. *Wonder,* structurally one sustained crescendo, begins as softly as a whisper in a velour closet. *Soulful,* pure *essence de blues,* features a double-time mid-section in three on the basic four.

See See's military cadence/rock beat, the self-nourishing brass section and Hancock's relentless comping provoke more than customary emotion from Burrell's instrument. He seems challenged by the accompaniment and, concurrently, happy to meet it head on. *Sausalito* is a brightly impressionistic piece chosen to bring this non-programmatic set to a close on an unspectacular but firmly authoritative note.

Burrell, the all-stars' all-star, paces these pacemakers on as thorough a musical jaunt as you're liable to find in any record shop these days. In addition, he reaffirms the old adage that "the blues is the truth," because there's no disputing what comes off here.

A man to watch is Richard Evans. For some years he was bassist for Chicago's London House pianist Eddie Higgins, and one of the city's top arrangers. Then, when a&r man Edwards left Cadet for Verve, Evans moved into that slot. To keep his iron in the performing fires, Evans formed a group known as the Soulful Strings. The Strings cut the original version of *Spear,* an Evans composition, the one that preceded Burrell's edition to the hit charts. No doubt, elements of the Strings are among the personnel of the unidentified orchestra on *52nd Street.*

The *Suite,* in the manner of a symphonic poem, exhibits many sides of the performer's and the composer's emotions and abilities. The accompanying strings enter with a baroque mood beneath Burrell's pensive, Spanish-leaning phraseology. At the middle of the first movement, there is a leap into the sho-nuff walking blues. *Growing,* essentially a swelling montuna, adds depth as it acquires length. At points, Burrell's tone has such a percussive burr that it sounds like one of the oil drum tops in a steel band. A filmy interlude prefaces *Round,* a showcase for Burrell's fantastic fingering. A highlight here is the way time is implied, sometimes extremely subtly but never vaguely. The orchestra's presence makes itself felt strongly at this point, with a drum solo and driving full band passages. *Recapitulation,* the last movement, finds Burrell's soulful cuisine contained in a fine orchestral vessel, served up at a loping stride.

Such momentous works often fall flat, if not from lack of continuity then from sheer pretentiousness. This effort, the joint enterprise of Evans and Burrell, is full of the kind of continuity, humility and understatement that makes a listener hear something new with each listening for some time to come.

Evans and Burrell strike again on *Baby* and *Fuse.* The former is a funky 3/4-time plaint and the latter sounds more like the exploding stick than the smoking wick. Augmented by polished brass, a determined back-beat and a stout-hearted amp, Burrell settles down with his first musical love, the 12-bar form or its derivitives, and emotes awhile.

Wild, in the unfortunate position of being neither an old standard nor a unique novelty, is managed well with the pastel treatment herewith given the familiar theme. *Soulero,* a breezy Evans original, and *Con Alma,* Dizzy's soft samba, round out the second of these two variegated dates, proving that, for diversity of techniques—and excellence in each—Kenny Burrell is guitaristry's Renaissance Man. —*Quinn*

Duke Ellington

". . . AND HIS MOTHER CALLED HIM BILL"—RCA Victor LPM/LSP-3906: *Snibor; Boo-dah; Blood Count; U.M.M.G.; Charpoy; After All; The Intimacy of the Blues; Rain Check; Day-Dream; Rock Skippin' at the Blue Note; All Day Long; Lotus Blossom.*

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Herbie Jones, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Clark Terry, flugelhorn (tracks 2, 4); Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; John Sanders, valve trombone (tracks 8, 10); Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Aaron Bell or Jeff Castleman (tracks 5, 7, 9), bass; Steve Little or Sam Woodyard (tracks 5, 7, 9), drums. Track 12 is a piano solo.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Duke Ellington's tribute to his fallen comrade-in-arms, Billy Strayhorn, is the perfect tribute to an artist: the breathing of new life into his work. No testimonial could be more fitting.

Ellington and Strayhorn were collaborators for almost 30 years, and the word "collaborator" does not even begin to express the closeness of their working relationship. Thus it is not surprising that the Ellington repertoire includes work that is so unified, so "one" that it is impossible to attribute it to one or the other.

But there is also much that is all Ellington, and much that is all Strayhorn (always bearing in mind that they were writing for the same living instrument). The pieces Ellington has chosen here are among the latter. Some of the most famous (*Take the A Train, Chelsea Bridge, Passion Flower*) are missing, but not missed—this is not a collection of Billy Strayhorn's greatest hits.

Rather, it is a selection from his finest work; inevitably, one must conclude that these are among the pieces of which Ellington is most fond. Lovingly interpreted and beautifully recorded, they reveal the creative scope and emotional range of Strayhorn: one of the supreme melodists and orchestrators of our time.

Some have rarely been heard since their introduction on record, others have undergone several transformations, still others

are here recorded for the first time. All are beautiful.

There is the wit of *Charpoy*, the gentle resignation of *After All*, the impish charm of *Rain Check*, the turbulence of *U.M.M.G.*, the flowing ease of *Boo-dah*, the lyric fervor of *Day Dream*, the insinuating warmth of *Snibor*, the thrust of *All Day Long*, and the magisterial ways with the tradition of *Rock Skippin' at the Blue Note* and *The Intimacy of the Blues*.

On these, we hear the great orchestra and the great soloists at their best: Cootie Williams but twice (but with what weight), on *Snibor* and *Blue Note*, taking his time in that unique way—like an elephant who is a perfectly graceful ballet dancer; visiting (and welcome) alumnus Clark Terry, who makes himself quite at home on *Boo-dah* and *U.M.M.G.*; Cat Anderson, the versatile (never write him off as just a high-note man), with plunger and open on *Charpoy*, and in fine form on *Intimacy*; Paul Gonsalves (but once) filling Ben Webster's triple-E shoes on *Rain Check*; Harry Carney (also but once, but always present) on *U.M.M.G.*, where, at times, the whole band seems steeped in his sound; Jimmy Hamilton (the elegant one) floating gracefully over the final ensemble of *Boo-dah*; John Sanders (another visitor) impeccably impersonating Juan Tizol on *Rain Check*, and Ellington himself (the pianist in the band), with those perfect fills, stepping out gaily on *Rain Check*. (Of *Lotus Blossom*, more later.) Drummer Steve Little does very well indeed.

But if the album has a star, other than Strayhorn and the band, it is Johnny Hodges, for whom, in Stanley Dance's apt phrase, "Billy always wrote so felicitously." He is featured on *After All* and *Day Dream* (this new, longer version even greater than the classic 1941 interpretation), and looms large on *Snibor* and *Intimacy*.

The crowning piece of work, however, is *Blood Count*. This was Strayhorn's swan song, the manuscript sent down from the hospital for a special concert he could not attend. It is, even when an effort is made to disregard the circumstances of its creation, a masterpiece.

Hodges, for whom it was written, plays it like an angel; a human angel. There is no milking; the taste is flawless, the sound incomparable. Words cannot adequately evoke the affect of this superb piece superbly played; it must be heard. It takes its place among the very greatest performances in the Ellington canon; a noble work, and a supremely honest one.

There is another very special piece on this album: *Lotus Blossom*. A piano solo by Ellington, it was made after a session had formally ended; one hears talk and laughter in the background, but this subsides as the message comes across.

Ellington is quoted as saying that this is the piece Strayhorn best liked to hear him play. It is a piece in an almost 19th Century romantic vein—akin, perhaps, to Grieg or early Debussy. Some might be tempted to dismiss it as overly lush—and it is played with fervent feeling—but that would be a mistake, for what has made the modern ear suspicious of romanticism is its tendency to substitute bathos for sin-

cere emotion. There can be no question of such substitution here: the feeling is genuine.

And this, perhaps, yields a clue to the greatness of Ellington's music (of which the work of Billy Strayhorn is an organic part): it dares the grand gesture, and with all its sophistication, it wears its heart on its sleeve. Bless it for that.

—*Morgenstern*

Joe Harriott—John Mayer

INDO-JAZZ FUSIONS: THE JOE HARRIOTT-JOHN MAYER DOUBLE QUINTET—Atlantic SD1482: *Partita; Multani; Gana; Acha Raga; Subject.*

Personnel: Shake Keane, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Harriott, alto saxophone; Pat Smythe, piano; Coleridge Goode, bass; Alan Ganley, drums. Chris Taylor, flute; Mayer, violin, harpsichord; Diwan Mothiar, sitar; Chandrahas Paigankar, tamboura; Keshav Sathe, tabla.

Rating: ★★★★

The true nature of anything is what it becomes at its highest. I follow Aristotle's aphorism in reviewing this album, in which one finds much that is trite and repetitive and unspontaneous. At its best, however, it is very good indeed.

The longest of the five pieces, *Partita* (which occupies the whole of side 1), presents us with most of the stumbling: the double bass is out of tune and awkwardly executed; a distinct tone of *In A Persian Market* (from which such an effort to mix jazz and Indian music can never escape entirely) peeks out frequently (especially in the second section); the fluegelhorn solo, made up of short bursts of very fast notes, never forms itself into a proper solo; and the two groups, the jazz quintet and the Indian quintet, get out of phase rhythmically.

But on side 2, the pieces start to come together, especially on *Multani*, the second longest piece in the album: John Mayer's violin solo is splendid, being both well constructed and intelligently played (I find this effort far more to my liking than the Menuhin/Shankar collaboration, by the way); Pat Smythe's piano solo is inventive; the rhythm section gets down to business; the two groups give themselves up to a greater whole, and the result is indeed a fusion, rather than jazz laid on Indian music, which most of the other pieces tend to be; and both Keane and Harriott fit into place, rather than simply doing their thing (although Harriott simply cannot relinquish one of the worst affectations of the new players: a short fast phrase, repeated with an additional note and perhaps on a different part of the measure, another repetition with another added note, and so forth).

The flutist, Chris Taylor, never rises to the occasion, alas, and Alan Ganley turns in a commendable performance throughout the album.

—*Russo*

Roland Kirk

NOW PLEASE DON'T YOU CRY, BEAUTIFUL EDITH—Verve V6-8709: *Blue Rol; Alfie; Why Don't They Know; Silverlization; Fallout; Now Please Don't You Cry, Beautiful Edith; Stomping Ground; It's A Grand Night For Swinging.*

Personnel: Kirk, clarinet, tenor saxophone, manzello, stritch, flute, voice; Lonnie Smith, piano; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Roland Kirk is beautiful. He is all music, and he lets it pour forth unencumbered by pretense or jive. The true spirit of jazz is alive in him, and whenever he plays, he helps to keep it a living spirit.

Some—among them musicians who should (and do) know better but are consumed by envy—still speak of Kirk primarily as a man with a hatful of tricks. But he is anything but that. A magician, yes—a trickster, never. Quite the contrary: a man of limitless imagination who has the skill, courage and perseverance to translate his creative urges into artistic reality. He has something to say that cannot be expressed in an ordinary way, and has found his own means to say it.

The album at hand is to my mind his finest since *Rip, Rig and Panic* and one of his best to date. It contains an astonishing variety of material, mostly original, brought to life with an astonishing range of expression and imagination.

It is difficult to single out elements for special praise, since the level is consistently high, but it should be pointed out that Kirk has added yet another distinctive color to his aural palette: the clarinet.

He introduces it on *Blue Rol*, a relaxed, story-telling blues that has the flavor of vintage Ellingtonia—a la Kirk, to be sure. As is the case with any instrument he tackles, he gets a lovely sound from his clarinet, warm and woody. He plays it solo and harmonizes it with his tenor, and he demonstrates his mastery of circular breathing with a dramatic held note.

Another remarkable performance is *Alfie*, almost entirely a tenor solo, excepting a few apt passages in the striking cadenza. It's just one chorus, plus that coda, yet says a great deal more than many a long and windy discourse.

Stomping Ground is a fresh and refreshing perspective on a classic (the title yields a clue and should put you on the right track). Appropriately, it swings furiously, and Roland trades some exhilarating fours with himself and drummer Tate. The head is attractively voiced for piano and tenor in parallels.

The title tune is a moving ballad, with almost speech-like inflections in the swooping manzello statements. (The Edith of the title, by the way, is Mrs. Roland Kirk, and a beautiful lady she is). *Swinging* is the happy Billy Taylor tune, and it's a fleet flute feature for Roland, complete with the vocal effects that others have tried to copy.

Fallout is a friendly and musical satire of r&b, with just the right buzz in the tenor sound, and dig the "ensemble" background to the first part of the piano solo. *Silverlization* is a modal piece with expressive strich and tenor passages, the latter sometimes reminiscent of vintage Lucky Thompson.

Know, finally, is a catchy bossa nova, played with the proper buoyancy. Kirk's spoken passages at beginning and end are oddly affecting. The question asked by the title is a fitting one—why don't they know, indeed. (At the end, Roland mutters "jive . . . jive. . . .")

This track has Smith's best solo of the date, but he is nice throughout and comps with sensitivity. Boykins' bass is in there, too, and Tate doesn't miss any cues.

Today, especially, we should be grateful to Roland Kirk.

—*Morgenstern*

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

ECHOES OF SWING

Red Norvo and his All Stars (Epic EE22009/22010)
Rating: ★★★★
Chu Berry and his Stompy Stevedores (Epic EE22007/22008)
Rating: ★★★★★
Bigard-Stewart-Hodges-Williams: *The Duke's Men* (Epic EE22005/22006)
Rating: ★★★★
Johnny Hodges: *Hodge Podge* (Epic EE22001/22002)
Rating: ★★★★½
Bobby Hackett: *The Hackett Horn* (Epic EE22003/22004)
Rating: ★★★½

These five albums (plus a ringer, *Gabbin' Blues* by Big Maybelle, to be reviewed in a more appropriate context) comprise the first release in Epic's new Encore reissue series.

"New" is not exactly the right term, since all five are repackages of Epic product originally released in the mid-'50s and since dropped from the catalog. They have now been expanded from 12 to 16 tracks each, remastered, and equipped with double-fold jackets.

One would expect improved sound, but this is not consistently the case; *Hodge Podge* and the Hackett set, for example, are inferior in this respect to the original LPs. In other cases, the "stereo" (second catalog number listed) is an improvement, if only in the quantity of sound.

For some inexplicable reason, contents of the albums are not listed on the back cover; a fateful omission, since all record stores now seal albums in plastic. Equally thoughtless is the lack of timing information—a good way to prevent airplay. And double-fold albums are not popular among collectors, at whom this material after all is aimed, since they take up extra space on bulging shelves.

The first two sessions on the Norvo set, from April and November 1933, are a kind of chamber jazz. *Knockin' on Wood* brings out the vaudeville aspect of the xylophone, albeit the playing is technically expert and the piece has a ragtime charm. Jimmy Dorsey's neat clarinet takes jazz honors. *Hole in the Wall* is far better Norvo; one passage sounds remarkably like Harlem piano, another indicates how strong an influence Louis Armstrong had on all jazzmen, regardless of instrument.

On *In A Mist* and *Dance of the Octopus,* Norvo plays marimba, Dorsey is replaced by Benny Goodman on bass clarinet and Fulton McGrath's piano is absent. Guitarist Dick McDonough and bassist Artie Bernstein are holdovers.

These two performances are the final hothouse flowering of the impressionist influence on the jazz of the '20s; fittingly, *Mist* is Bix Beiderbecke's most famous composition. Though this interpretation has less rhythmic thrust than Bix's own piano version, it is faithful in spirit and beautifully played. The sound and texture of this little ensemble are unique. *Octopus* has humor as well as fey lyricism; Goodman's bass clarinet work is expert.

The next session, made almost a year later, was issued as by Norvo and "his Swing Septet," the first label use of this then-new term for jazz. The rhythm section of guitar, bass and drums contains no famous names, but the soloists were all stars-to-be.

Teddy Wilson and Norvo himself are the most consistent soloists. *I Surrender Dear* was the xylophonist's first recording of what has remained his favorite showpiece to this day, and it is surprising how he made this essentially ungrateful instrument sing.

Wilson, still strongly influenced by Earl Hines but already becoming his own man, was brimming with ideas. His *Surrender* spot is worthy of Tatum, and he is also brilliant on *Old Fashioned Love.*

Artie Shaw, not yet the personal clarinet stylist he was to become, plays cheerfully; on *Tomboy,* he could almost pass for Goodman. Charlie Barnet, in a Hawkins bag, is heavy-toned, jolly, and sometimes bombastic, and Jack Jenney plays smooth, melodic trombone with impeccable intonation. He's at his best on the ballad *The Night Is Blue.*

The next session, held four months later, produced the best jazz on the album. Wilson and Jenney are here again, but two notable newcomers carry the day: trumpeter Bunny Berigan and tenorist Chu Berry. Also on hand were clarinetist Johnny Mince, guitarist George Van Eps, bass-

FELLOW TRAVELER

ist Bernstein, and Gene Krupa. The rhythm section is much stronger than the previous date's.

Of the four numbers, two are little gems: *Blues in E-flat* and *Bughouse*. The former gets a groove, and the solos by Norvo (a fine blues player), Wilson, and especially Chu and Bunny are examples of how well the great jazzmen of that time knew the art of speaking their own personal piece in a single chorus.

Bughouse is a swinging but not extraordinary romp (Jenney's solo, in fact, ends cornily) until Berigan takes it over and out, from the bridge of the next-to-last chorus through the final one. The trumpeter, who died at 31 in 1942, is today remembered, if at all, for his famous showcase, *I Can't Get Started;* a pity, for he was among the truly great jazz trumpeters. (Customarily, praise of Berigan is couched in such circumlocutions as "perhaps the greatest white Swing trumpeter," but he was among those who transcend such stylistic and ethnic pigeonholing. *Bughouse* shows why: he had soul, drive, and his own sound and conception.)

Bunny's muted kickoff solo on the fast-paced *Honeysuckle Rose* is marred by insufficient mike pickup. Berry is brilliant in two short glimpses. On *With All My Heart and Soul*, a ballad, the tenorist rhapsodizes eloquently, with gorgeous tone.

Among big swing bands, Norvo's outfit, expanded to 12 pieces from the original octet format, occupied a unique position. In part due to the relative delicacy of the leader's instrument, it was a band of soft and subtle voicings, and a light rhythmic touch.

Its first and most gifted arranger was Eddie Sauter. Of the four present examples of a master's early work, *Remember* is outstanding. The saxophone countermelody to Norvo's long solo (one of his all-time best) establishes a mood of almost overwhelming nostalgia.

A Porter's Love Song and *I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart* feature the lilting vocals of Mildred Bailey, whose light, pure voice fit the band. At the end of *Heart*, her wordless humming blends with the soft, reed-dominated ensemble in another instance of the pure and unusual musicality of the Norvo band at its best.

Leon (Chu) Berry's death in an automobile accident in 1941 (he was barely 31) was a loss to jazz of a magnitude equal to that of the even younger Clifford Brown under similar circumstances 15 years later.

Like Brown, he fashioned something new within a great tradition. Had he lived, he would no doubt still loom large. Strangely, his most gifted disciples, Dick Wilson, Bob Carroll, and Herbie Haymer, also died early, and later tenorists fell under the growing spell of Lester Young.

Berry was a hard man to follow. Surface aspects of the Hawkins style were relatively easy to capture (though Hawk himself always had found something new by the time others thought they'd caught up). But Chu's locomotive speed and astonishing breath control were integral to his style, and difficult to approximate.

Further, his rich sound projected with remarkable presence, and he had swing second to none.

The collection at hand presents Berry, who fortunately recorded a great deal, if not always under optimum conditions, on two small-band sessions under his own leadership, with Cab Calloway's big band, and with a Teddy Wilson-led combo of fellow Fletcher Henderson sidemen.

The first Berry session also dates from the Henderson days and features colleagues as well as ringers. Among the latter is trumpeter Hot Lips Page, heard here more prominently as a singer, though he takes an exciting plunger-muted solo on *Limehouse Blues.*

This track is also graced by a booting tenor solo, topped by Chu's outing on *Indiana,* which opens with a startling, perfectly poised break. There are spots, too, for Buster Bailey's skittish clarinet, George Matthews' broad-toned trombone, and Horace Henderson's piano, here better than his routine arrangements.

The next bash, with Calloway sidemen, also dates from 1937, but is much looser. Only pianist Benny Payne's vocal on *My Secret Love Affair* is superfluous; for the rest, there is top-drawer Berry, good work by the seldom spotlighted Keg Johnson trombone, and interesting trumpet by Irving (Mouse) Randolph, a gifted player who sometimes resembles Red Allen.

The rhythm section has a much lighter touch. (The guitarist, by the way, is Danny Barker, not Dave Barbour as listed. Barker also contributed the liner notes, and they are excellent, though someone should have added a few comments about the music on the album. There are also several unfortunate typographical errors and misreadings. But this has nothing to do with the quality of Barker's writing, which is first-rate.)

The Wilson track, *Warmin' Up*, spots some brilliant Roy Eldridge trumpet. Chu and Roy were often a team, and their best work together was on Commodore (you may still be able to find the Mainstream LP reissue, under the tenorist's name).

The Calloway material is good, but *Jive* is the exact same tune as Berry's small-band *Maelstrom,* and *Comin' On With the Come-On* is the same tune once more with a different bridge. In view of the large number of Calloway records that feature Berry prominently, this indicates either odd taste or slipshod listening.

Calloway's 1940-41 band, which plays four tunes, was among the best swing bands, and the 1938 edition, heard on *Jive* and *Clambake Carnival,* was not far behind.

Clambake is a head arrangement of the anthem of big band swing, *King Porter Stomp.* Chu opens up with fertile, relaxed blowing. Other solos are by Claude Jones on trombone, Chauncey Haughton's smooth clarinet, and Payne on vibes. *Jive* has a Calloway vocal (he was and is a great singer, and a *jazz* singer) and a robust tenor solo.

Hard Times contains not only fine Chu (he was fond of the minor mode) but also 32 bars of pre-bop Dizzy Gillespie trumpet; tasty, intelligent, still very Eldridge, but with hints of dizzy things to come.

Drummer Cole's cymbals and bass drum boot the fast *Come-On*, with Calloway scat, Berry, Jerry Blake's talented, raspy clarinet and four-bar flashes of Dizzy and Tyree Glenn's trombone. *Take the 'A' Train* doesn't copy Ellington, and has a good muted solo by Jonah Jones as well as strong Berry.

But the two pearls in this oyster are *Lonesome Nights*, a Benny Carter composition and arrangement with remarkable scoring for saxophone quintet (at which Carter has no equals) and ample solo space for Berry; and *Ghost of a Chance*, his feature and perhaps his greatest single recording.

It's tenor from start to finish—Chu's challenge to Hawk's *Body and Soul*. Aside from the similarities in tempo and treatment—two choruses of improvisation, with the melody stated only obliquely—the tunes resemble each other quite closely. This genuine masterpiece would alone suffice to place Chu Berry securely in the pantheon of tenor saxophonists, and it is still inspiring to hear.

The two collections of small-group Ellingtonia from 1936-39 are veritable treasuries of beautiful music. To those who have not heard these sounds before, they may well be a revelation. In a unique manner, they combine spontaneity and thoughtfulness. These are truly products of a golden age.

Some of the best jazz on record is often found in imperfect settings. The work of a single individual may rise from a backdrop that is wanting; a great solo may bring about a climax that finds no resolution. (One thinks of Louis, Bix and Bird.)

But in this collection of gems, there are no such flaws. Everything is perfectly balanced, yet accomplished with such ease and grace that the welder's seams never show. At the time these sessions took place, most of the musicians involved had worked together long enough to understand each other perfectly. Moreover, they were guided by a master; a master who knew how to take the germ-plasm of an idea and give it shape and structure—a living shape within which individuality could freely unfold.

Sometimes, the basic idea is of the seemingly slightest substance, such as *Swinging in the Dell* on *The Duke's Men*. All it is is a small-band jazz version of the *Farmer in the Dell*—hardly an imposing subject. But in the hands of these men it becomes a charming musical discourse.

At other times, there is more to the basic material, and that's when masterpieces result, such as the unearthly slow blues, *Dooji Wooji*, or the lushly exotic *Pyramid*, to mention two of many.

And always, there is the magic of perfect interaction and unity of purpose. Solos are set against backdrops which are carpets to climb on; riffs of seemingly unending inventiveness propel the forward motion of the faster pieces. So much seems to happen in these three-minute marvels of structure; more ideas may be displayed in one of these than can be found on entire albums by lesser practitioners.

And there is further magic in the sound these men create. Each player's sound is his own, as unmistakable as a signature. There is the golden weightiness of Cootie Williams' open trumpet, and the gentle or violent, humorous or intensely serious speech of his plunger. There is Rex Stewart's impish, darting cornet, capable of unexpected savageness or lyricism—almost Bixian on the lilting, untroubled *Love in My Heart* (a superlative arrangement).

There is Barney Bigard's soaring clarinet, in its true element as never before or since; Lawrence Brown's majestic trombone, never succumbing to over-ripeness in this intimate context. There is the noble Harry Carney baritone, a monument to virile beauty.

There are occasional visitations by nonregulars in this most exclusive of clubs: the trombones of Tricky Sam Nanton and Juan Tizol, the creamy alto of Otto Hardwicke. And, there is the most heavily featured of the horn voices, that of the incomparable Johnny Hodges, not only on alto but also on soprano, a masterly singer on either horn.

And then, the rhythm sections: master colorist Ellington himself, sometimes striding out in solo, more often adding those soft or sinewy touches that bring out the full contours of the piece. Another mixmaster, Sonny Greer, is at the drums, laying down the foundation—an unsung hero. And three great bassists: Hayes Alvis, Billy Taylor, and, on a late track, Jimmy Blanton, who, his uniqueness notwithstanding, has sometimes unjustly oversha-

dowed the contributions of his predecessors.

One could write reams about the 32 pieces on these albums; for example, about the wonderful variety of uses of the blues, and the art of reshaping standards and standard lines (an art that did not come in with bebop, by the way). Thus, *Rendezvous in Rhythm* is a graduate seminar on *Honeysuckle Rose, Rexatious* (with a rare sample of Carney clarinet) is *I Never Knew*, and *Empty Ballroom Blues* is *How Come You Do Me Like You Do.* In addition, there are the great originals, among them some lovely ballads never heard before or since. But the blues outnumber them all, and that, perhaps, is as it should be.

Many ask where jazz is going. These albums bear testimony to where it has been, and though it was perhaps another country than today's fragmented landscape, it is a wondrous one to visit. Take a trip. (And let's get the rest of small-group Ellingtonia on LP; some of the best is yet to come. Don't worry about vocals, please.)

The Hackett set, finally, is perhaps the most uneven of the five. That is because the big band Hackett led in 1939, which can be heard on six tracks, was basically undistinguished, and not on par with the cornetist's own talent.

However, one of these sides, *Embraceable You,* contains stunning improvisations by Hackett, who was playing on the changes with a surefootedness and unerring ear that are still astonishing, and made young musicians like Dizzy Gillespie and Benny Harris pick up on this record. (Compare Bobby's opening half-chorus with Charlie Parker's two Dial versions of the same tune.)

Best of the big-band charts is Brad Gowans' job on *Ain't Misbehavin';* this underrated musician is also heard on valve trombone (or more accurately, on "valide", a valve-slide hybrid invented by himself), and was probably also responsible for the later octet charts on side one, which, like the two tracks by a band that included George Brunies' robust trombone, are graced by the presence of Pee Wee Russell. (The clarinetist's best moment, unexpectedly, comes on the big-band *Sunrise Serenade.*) *Ja-Da* is top-drawer Hackett.

A curious small-band date, the first American session supervised by Leonard Feather, produced two pieces of singularly undistinguished musical material, redeemed by Hackett, altoist Pete Brown, and Joe Marsala, clarinet and tenor. The violinist is Ray Biondi, credited with the guitar work only.

The cornetist is the star throughout, in settings that often are pleasant dance music rather than straight jazz. He is incapable of playing an unmusical note, and always had the gift of making what he plays sound deceptively easy, though it is far from being so. There was, at this time (1938-40), more Bix and less Louis in his all-Hackett style, and I confess to a slight preference for his later (and current) work. But degrees of beauty are beauty still—and that *Embraceable You* is something else. —*Dan Morgenstern*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Jim Molinari, Roy Kral, Jackie Cain, Andy Muson

Jackie & Roy

L'Intrigue, New York City

Personnel: Jackie Cain, vocals; Roy Kral, electric piano, vocals; Andy Muson, electric bass; Jim Molinari, drums.

Taste is something Jackie Cain and Roy Kral could give away in huge gift hampers and still have enough left to supply the multitudinous amateur groups currently posing as professionals. Maintaining the high standards they have established over the years, they have carried their banner into the contemporary pop field. They have continued to choose good songs from all corners and, by blending them artfully with the older nuggets from their repertoire, present sets that are perfectly programed mini-concerts.

Enhancing the overall sound of the group—whose core is the vocalizing of J&R—is the electric piano. Kral now plays this instrument exclusively, and uses it to advantage, extracting exciting effects but never trying to overpower. At L'Intrigue, he held the amplification where the sound enveloped but never smothered you. The rhythm section is deft and strong: Muson handles the electric bass with ease; Molinari has the right touch for a small unit with guts.

Daahoud was the opener of the first set. Jackie and Roy put forth the same combination of precision and warmth with which they have always wordlessly interpreted Clifford Brown's famous instrumental.

From Brownie's swift, buoyant lines, the mood shifted to the lonely life and lonely death of Simon and Garfunkel's *A Most Peculiar Man*. Jackie is a fine actress of song as well as an excellent singer.

Some intense blues-shouting and more well-played dramatics by Jackie marked *What Do I Feel*, from the fertile team of Tommy Wolf and Fran Landesman.

The third number, *I Didn't Want to Have to Do It*, by John Sebastian of The Lovin' Spoonful, brought the voices of Jackie and Roy together again, this time with words. They won't do a number if it isn't good. When they do it, they make good better.

The music and lyrics of *Mimosa and Me*, by Wilder and Engvick, are hand in glove, and so were J&R. Precision plus. This quality was further demonstrated in their breathless romp, *The Runaround*.

Later, there were all sorts of delights. *Stay With Me Forever, Stay With Me Now* showed the J&R integration with the unique use of the electric piano. *Two Brazilians* was a fast boss bossa, a swinging-like-crazy Latino that spotted a dextrous Muson solo. *Raining, It's Raining* illuminated a small, incidental area—how to put a sometime everyday occurrence in perspective.

Roy was into an Indian bag on *Open*. When Jackie sings "open your arms to me," who wouldn't? *Cheerful Little Earful* featured the duo's superb scatting, contrapuntal and unison. A slow bossa by Bob Dorough and Fran Landesman, *Without Rhyme or Reason*, was given variety in an area where sameness seems to be de rigeur. Jackie and Roy have greater depth than they've ever attained before. They blew up a storm with *The Winds of Heaven;* ripped through the Andre Previn-Dory Langdon *Sing Me An Abstract Song* with rapid words and horn-words; and finished with *Fixin' A Hole* from *Sgt. Pepper*, in which the psychedelic sounds and effects were handled with aplomb and Jackie's glorious tones stood out.

Visually speaking, Jackie looks like the mod era had been waiting for her, just as the music sounds as if it were waiting for J&R to do it. But that's the taste I mentioned before. The combination of talent and taste are hard to beat.

Speaking of good music, intermissions were well taken care of by the duo of pianist Pat Rebillot and bassist Richard Phillippi. —*Ira Gitler*

PHOTO/WILLIAM CLAXTON—COURTESY MONTE KAY

Roscoe Mitchell

Cobb Hall, University of Chicago

Personnel: Lester Bowie, trumpet, fluegelhorn, steer horn, etc.; Mitchell, alto saxophone, woodwinds, bells, gong, bicycle horns, etc.; Malachi Favors, bass, bells, zither, etc.; Alvin Fielder, drums, various percussion.

In *Down Beat* (9/7/67), Terry Martin outlined the Mitchell group's methods, described a Mitchell concert, and concluded, "It is my opinion that Mitchell's liberation of jazz form is the most important development since (Ornette) Coleman's discoveries and that the quartet is now the most creative *ensemble* in jazz." Martin's strong feelings aroused no controversy, indicating that either everyone interested in today's evolving free jazz agreed with him, or that

not enough people had heard the Mitchell Art Ensemble to form opinions. Unfortunately, the latter seems most likely, since the group has spent most of its existence, as an ensemble, in Chicago. (However, Nessa Records [5875 North Glenwood, Chicago, Ill. 60626] has now issued, under Lester Bowie's name, *Numbers 1 & 2* [N-1] by the Ensemble, with altoist Joseph Jarman added.)

This "farewell concert," on the eve of a journey to California by Mitchell, Bowie and Favors, was appropriate to reassess their achievement, as well as to provide a kind of guide for a forthcoming wider audience. Substantial changes have appeared in the Ensemble's music since the concert Martin described, yet I think his conclusions remain correct. The most important was the departure of drummer Philip Wilson, a crucial part of Mitchell's progress toward stylistic wholeness. The Ensemble, a finely balanced entity, for many months performed without a drummer (each player has added percussion devices to his own collection) rather than risking to endanger the delicate tension of their presentations.

Of the three, Favors' music has probably changed least. Like Thelonious Monk's, Mitchell's music presents those qualities of space and accent that bring out the best in any good rhythm section. Yet, of several bassists who have performed with Mitchell, only Favors provides the necessary flexibility, lyric directness and structural responsibility. He remains the foundation of the group, often guiding the flow of music. Recent extended solos show a pronounced tendency to construct improvisations in intact sequences, rather than in the more familiar, less highly organized manner.

Mitchell has become increasingly involved in creating a thematic improvisation style—on percussion devices as well as saxophones—which depends for its organization on the lyric impulse of his evolving angular lines; his solos seem less classic, more surprising. Perhaps Bowie has faced the greatest stylistic challenge. Formerly an extremely sensitive, skillful responsive artist, he has lately worked at creating a totally individual solo approach, using all of his sonoric effects and fragmentary lyricism, making them into larger schemes. While results have been variable, this stylistic reaching out is appropriate. Also welcome is his new collection of noisemakers, including small ride cymbals and ear-splitting wood blocks—Bowie plays these in an aggressive, swaggering manner.

The Ensemble's general tendency is toward a more totally lyrical music, with the unique percussion devices used less for coloristic purposes and more for directly impelling the group's lyrical lines. Recent months have shown a concern with a cappella soloing. As the Ensemble has moved in new directions, the concerts they have presented remain challenging and at the same time satisfying.

The first concert after Wilson's departure was a memorial to John Coltrane, who had died the preceding week. A collage of Coltrane themes was offered, some stated and developed by the ensemble, others quoted in solos—perhaps the most fully organized set the group has offered.

A month later, a concert added saxist Joseph Jarman for a long ensemble improvisation. A ballad surrounded it, and a unique sequence was the *Show Boat* travesty, with Favors playing banjo and singing, and a new, improved *My Old Kentucky Home.*

An autumn concert brought back drummer Wilson. The evening opened with a remarkable composition, a long, abstract work which seemed to summarize and idealize the Ensemble's musical thrust—with its variety of sound, space and tempo devices.

An early 1968 concert brought solos by all three players, winding through and out of the ensemble, with a theme for Mitchell's bass sax, Bowie's bass drum, and string bass (bowed). Highlights included some of Bowie's finest and most idiosyncratic trumpet work to date; a very long alto solo, seemingly a single, angular, commanding line, and a three-man percussion improvisation with fluegelhorn commentary.

To paraphrase Martin's remarks, then, some Ensemble concerts will emphasize original compositions, some will emphasize group improvisation, and some present the individual work of three outstanding contemporary jazzmen. Any kind of music, but particularly all eras of jazz, may become part of the Ensemble's universe of discourse. Mitchell, Bowie and Favors are commedia dell'arte players. Their performances present stylized musical relationships in detailed, wide-ranging variety. In the end, their original medium—their scenario and costumes, if you will—reveals the true character of the players.

Alvin Fielder is, oddly enough, one of only four drummers to work satisfactorily in Mitchell's music. He is a forceful, technically skillful free successor to Elvin Jones, which would seem to conflict with this group. Actually, his power and flash mask an appropriately precise musical awareness, a personal sensitivity that has perhaps been challenged most by his occasional work with various Mitchell groups. Certainly his performance at the concert was satisfying.

The evening opened with Mitchell playing his percussion devices, leading the group in two linked themes—bells, cowbells, gong, with bass and drum accompaniment—which were stated briefly before segueing into a medium-tempo rock waltz accompaniment, with Mitchell on xylophone, Favors and Fielder rather like clockwork men. Over this pattern, Bowie, playing fluegelhorn, began improvising a wistful bop ballad that resembled somewhat (though it hardly emulated) Miles' Spanish mood.

Slowly the waltz background faded. Bowie continued to improvise on the ballad, then interrupted it with a sudden scale, which led to abstract areas—broken phrases, short-noted melodies, blasts, squeaks. This a cappella section continued at length, before Bowie's long tones predicted a return to the ballad mood and the background waltz.

The rock-waltz was to reappear again a moment later, following a short Latin-rhythm interlude (fluegelhorn blasts emphasizing the rhythm)—this time to serve as an introduction to the drummer's solo.

Typically, the purpose of that waltz figure had changed, at this point.

Fielder's solo was played almost entirely on the sock cymbal. It was characteristically flamboyant and involved, and as it finished, a kind of old-time hotel-band theme appeared—juicy alto, plunger-muted trumpet, Favors slapping and plucking the bass on one and three. Was this theme placed at this point in the set to provide color, to frame Favors' solo, or to provide spice between Fielder and Favors? Whatever, it was a worthwhile line for itself—the vaudeville aspects were presented without exaggeration, and the units of the theme (with a two-note tag) lent themselves to the bass solo.

That solo itself was simply a series of phrases which stopped with that two-note tag. Fielder's accompaniment was peculiar

BILL ABERNATHY

Roscoe Mitchell
A Wonder

—he alternately shook a string of bells and struck at his cymbals—and at the end, a fast ensemble line appeared. It passed on to a soft, stuttering note on the soprano saxophone, and as the ensemble gave way, Mitchell's improvisation filled the space.

A held note, a blues-like melody (Fielder now accompanying), then a careening line in which themes appeared, to be altered and then broken down, or else synthesized into new themes, with accents indicated both rhythmically and by the variations in Mitchell's soprano sound. Abrupt growled phrases erupted, as though Mitchell was arguing with himself, climaxed by searing energy lines. Drum raps in the ensuing silence led to a small final theme, a rather *Crazeology*-like line.

The approach to the old-time theme is interesting. It is fairly common for modern players to treat traditional, or traditionally-intended material in a somewhat condescending manner, as a kind of comic relief or as program music. Mitchell, however, treated it perfectly seriously, writing a substantial line for the sequence. It is typical of the serious attitude that pervades all of Mitchell's music.

Certainly the outstanding feature of the set was Mitchell's solo. The evolution of themes dominated it, yet its free lyric qualities were not in the least sacrificed in favor of thematic exploration—or for using unique sonoric techniques. Throughout the solo, there was a sense that Mitchell's choices were inevitable. There were no other resolutions he could have properly made. No other developments of the line seemed possible, no other way of stating his ideas except the ways he chose.

It is the interaction of the Ensemble that, in the past, has given the most unique character to Mitchell's music. It was hoped that the second half of tonight's concert would offer just that, but something quite different was to happen. It opened almost hesitantly, with a storyteller delivering some jokes to jazz accompaniment—by bassist Charles Clark and violinist Leroy Jenkins. It quickly moved into a tumult of the quartet and eight other musicians.

Slim Gaillard once described a jam session on the moon which featured "ten thousand saxophones all wailing at one time"—this was similarly lifting. The sound swelled, filled the auditorium (Make a joyful noise unto the Lord), and individual voices became indistinguishable. This farewell celebration continued, in fact, until a state of exhaustion enveloped the players, one by one. The set was cathartic, and in its way was a proper conclusion to a major stage in the Ensemble's career.

Drummer Fielder, too, will leave Chicago soon. Hopefully, the four players will reunite for future performances; most hopefully here at home. In the meantime, west coast jazz audiences have a great deal of fine music to look forward to. The Mitchell-Bowie-Favors phenomenon is one of the wonders of contemporary music, and those who miss hearing it, for whatever reason, are the poorer.

—John Litweiler

Marian McPartland

The Apartment, New York City

Personnel: Mrs. McPartland, piano; Linc Milliman, bass; Jim Kappes, drums.

Mrs. McP's trio is particularly well suited to this east-side club: both are warm and friendly; neither is a hard seller.

Maybe that lack of sock-it-to-'em-sell-'em is the main reason the pianist's groups have never really made it commercially. Nor, more sadly, have her various trios really made much of a combined impression in jazz circles. It's true that Mrs. McPartland's groups have not sent waves thundering upon the jazz shores, but the pleasing ripples she and her sidemen have made through the years have been constant and continuous. There is always something to hear in a Marian McPartland trio.

Her trios have always played music of high order. In good measure, this has been the result of her skill in choosing superb sidemen (which is not meant to demean her own talent; like attracts like in music).

Her cohorts, beginning in the '50s at the Hickory House, have included such bassists as Vinnie Burke, Bill Crow, Ben Tucker, Steve Swallow, Albert Stinson, Russell George, Eddie Gomez, and Ron McClure. Among those who have warmed the McPartland drum chair are Joe Morello, Pete LaRoca, and Dave Bailey.

While young drummer Kappes is not yet at the level of those worthies, bassist Milliman need take a back seat to none of his predecessors.

Milliman has a huge tone and rare imagination, and he employed both effectively on the night of review. His lines consistently complemented (and occasionally led) what Mrs. McPartland played. His solos were delightful and revealed a fertile musical mind. He managed to strike a good balance between delicacy and guts.

The leader herself has not been immune to the influence of her many sidemen. Her playing has evolved from its 1946 schizoid state of half bop and half swing into a predominantly Bill Evansish mode. But she has retained what she's always had: musical understanding (and not every musician has that).

In one set recently, she went from a sensitive *Stella by Starlight* to an abstract, off-the-wall version of *Dearly Beloved*, followed by a jolly Oscar Petersonish *On Green Dolphin Street*. Then she and her men resolved to a stark and touching version of Bill Evans' *Blue in Green*, passing with hardly a backward glance into a lively *I'm Old-Fashioned* with some snapping single-finger piano. That she knows the blues feeling was evident in her next choice, *Willow, Weep for Me*. She then turned all-feminine in her own *Twilight World*, a pretty tune played as a bossa nova. The set ended with a Duke Ellington medley that began with a hare-speed *Cottontail* (Milliman somehow doubled the melody with the leader) and culminated with *Satin Doll*.

There was enough music played in that set to satisfy almost anybody. I wonder why more anybodys don't listen to the Marian McPartland Trio?

—Don DeMicheal

Don Heckman's Electric Music Machine

Steinway Hall, New York City

Personnel: Lew Soloff, trumpet; Bob Norden, trombone; Heckman, Ed Summerlin, Al Regni, woodwinds; Howie Collins, guitar; Lynn Christie, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums; Sheila Jordan, vocals; Ed Smith, Betty Howard, readers.

The appearance of Don Heckman's group at Steinway Hall was not quite as electrifying as might have been anticipated. Instead of the 10-man group that had been advertised, the Music Machine materialized as an octet. "Several horn players," it had been announced, would use electric equipment, but Heckman's alto and clarinet were the only horns that were plugged in. The small stage was liberally covered with microphones and huge amplifiers (several of them piled on top of two unused pianos), but they were present as much for the use of the singer and the readers as for the instrumentalists.

Under the circumstances, not too much could be done in the way of electronic effects. Heckman's most interesting use of this technique came in some duets between his electrified clarinet, played in the low register, and Lynn Christie's bowing of his amplified bass. The dark-toned blend produced some unusual and fascinating passages.

The program was devoted to two long "compendiums" by Heckman, made up of instrumental segments, songs and readings of vignettes written by Jerry Bloedow. Programmatically, this mixture made for a

varied and balanced presentation although there was no apparent sense of development or unity within the two major divisions of the program, which were called *Many People* and *Making Do.*

Despite the aura of adventurousness in which the program was presented, the music was relatively traditional, staying quite close to mainstream in performance. The opener, *Can Openers #1,* was a forthright ensemble swinger with driving solos by Summerlin on tenor saxophone and trumpeter Soloff, backed by a pushing, prodding riff. *Monday Child* involved Heckman's low-register electrified clarinet, Al Regni's flute and Sheila Jordan's voice, with and without lyrics, to set and build an emotional mood. There was a gay calypso-like piece, a melodic ballad for Regni's flute and, in several other segments, more straightforward, rocking, riff-oriented swing.

Christie enlivened a couple of segments with his updated version of Slam Stewart's bowed-bass-and-humming device. Heckman was a pleasantly lyrical soloist on alto while Summerlin brought a gutty quality to the performances with his tenor solos. Miss Jordan made exceptionally good use of her vocal range in her keening ululations on *Flowers of Ethiopia* and in a mixture of vocalizing and lyric singing on *Monday Child,* but her tendency to overemphasize facial and physical mannerisms lessened the effectiveness of her *Falcon Song.*

A need for more rehearsal was evident all through the program, particularly in the readings. Smith and Miss Howard did not seem to have absorbed their scripts sufficiently to interpret them with confidence. —*John S. Wilson*

Larry Young

Bohemian Caverns, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Byard Lancaster, trumpet, bass clarinet, alto saxophone, flute; Young, organ, piano; Eric Gravatt, drums. Guest artists: Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone, flute; Kenny Speller, amplified conga drum.

When Larry Young appeared on the jazz scene several years ago, I was quite pleased to finally be able to fill in the organ category on poll ballots, a space which I had, for so many years, left empty. Young was interesting because he leaned toward real, creative jazz and avoided the rhythm-and-blues rut; his playing was welcomely pianistic in approach.

On the two nights I heard him at this Washington club, the organist demonstrated how very good can develop to even better. He now uses the instrument to its fullest extent, employing its natural characteristics to create exciting music. No longer does he deny the organ its true voice and pretend that it is a piano. An excellent jazz musician playing organ has become an excellent organist playing superb music.

Young Byard Lancaster, who sometimes co-leads this group, has played in many styles and settings and knows his way around a horn. He most often plays alto saxophone, and that is where his strength lies. Shades of Hank Crawford and Eric Dolphy are evident, although Lancaster's sound is his own. Eric Gravatt, a regular on the Philadelphia jazz scene, has grown in leaps and bounds within the last year. He plays with a great deal of feeling, involvement and sympathy. With technique and the mind to carry it off, the young drummer maintains a high level.

Lancaster feels that winning audience respect and attention is paramount. Thus the trio played several very light numbers which featured his alto. *Goin' Out of My Head, Misty* and an unnamed Young original in the Boogaloo bag won the crowd handsomely. Lancaster turned to flute for some of the catchy compositions from his recent album. His involvement and ability were not in as full bloom on this instrument as on his alto flights. On

bass clarinet, the reed man was at his most interesting: deep-throated melodicism on ballads, and jagged, fragmented phrasing with honks and screams on faster tempos.

Things began to get exciting when Young exhibited his versatility and creativity on a long piece which was in actuality an evolutionary demonstration of the various styles and periods of American music. "You might hear some Basie and Ornette and James Brown along with anything or everything else," the organist announced, and we did. *Monk's Dream,* John Coltrane's *Naima,* and several originals including *Majestic Soul* from Young's latest album added new dimensions to his playing. Young outstandingly expressed his own voicings and phrasing within the orchestral nature of his instrument and the various streams of music he has absorbed.

Gravatt rode through the paces with the group through every mood and every level of intensity. He was an integral part of the three-way musical exchange and ensemble.

On the last night of this engagement, Kenyatta and Speller appeared at the club and were promptly brought on stage for one number. The piece was almost completely improvised and featured some absolutely beautiful flute work by Kenyatta, followed by Lancaster's best flute solo to date. Young was dancing on the organ, inspired by the added energy in the group. Speller's amplified conga drum provided excellent support, on this number and for the rest of the evening. His solo, in which he drew a number of bent notes and new percussive sounds from his amplified instrument, was very interesting. Gravatt turned in a very free and busy drum solo, followed by brief trumpet statements by Lancaster. The next section of this marathon piece consisted of soaring, unique alto work from guest Kenyatta, with some Cecil Taylorish support from Young, who had moved to the piano. The entire group reassembled to end this very strange and lengthy jamming piece. The different musical personalities (Kenyatta has become a major voice on alto) and constantly changing moods made it a unique aural experience.

Young is an amazing musician with a potentially popular ensemble, in which the versatile Byard Lancaster plays a vital part. Whether they had come to hear avant garde or funk, no one left dissatisfied. —*Michael Cuscuna*

db music workshop

MARIAN McPARTLAND
•
JAKI BYARD

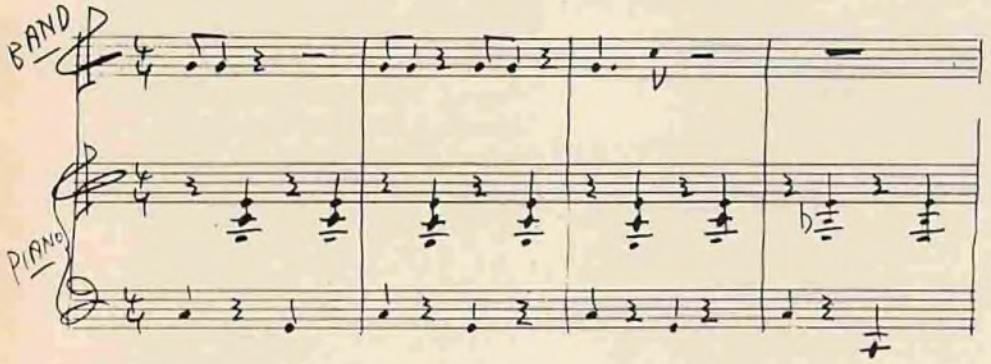
HOW TO COMP by Marian McPartland

RECENTLY, MY GROUP and I played a series of concerts for high schools in Huntington, Long Island, under the auspices of the Performing Arts Curriculum Enrichment. It is always a pleasure to perform for teenage audiences, and we were also able to meet many of the young people, discuss music with them, and listen to *them* perform in workshops and band rehearsals. We (Jim Kappes, drums; Linc Milliman, bass; Ray Copeland, trumpet; and myself) played with them on several occasions, and were thus able to hear at first hand how many promising young musicians there are around and were made aware of their interest in jazz.

The other day, I heard a performance by the Cold Spring Harbour High School Band, and afterwards I got into a conversation with the pianist, Barbara McCracken, classically trained and a good musician, who obviously enjoys being in the band. "It's so different from the way I'm used to playing," she told me, "though sometimes I'm not quite sure just what I'm supposed to play in certain places." There must be many who have come into a band fresh from the discipline of classical training, only to find that instead of having to play exactly what is in front of you note for note, you are expected to be more adventurous in your interpretation of the chord symbols, both harmonically and rhythmically. Now *you* can decide on voicing the chord; *you* can choose the kind of rhythmic figures to use, taking the written part as more or less of a guide. In other words, you will be learning to 'comp. (Jazz musicians have a way of abbreviating musical terminology to suit themselves, and the word "accompany" was neatly cut down to 'comp a long time ago.) Comping is what piano players do much of the time (unless they have their own group—then they can take all the solos!).

There are many different ways of voicing chords and playing interesting rhythmic patterns. You must have listened to Count Basie's economical, well-placed chords, to Duke Ellington, to Nat Pierce with the Woody Herman Band, Hank Jones with Thad Jones and Mel Lewis—these are

Example 1



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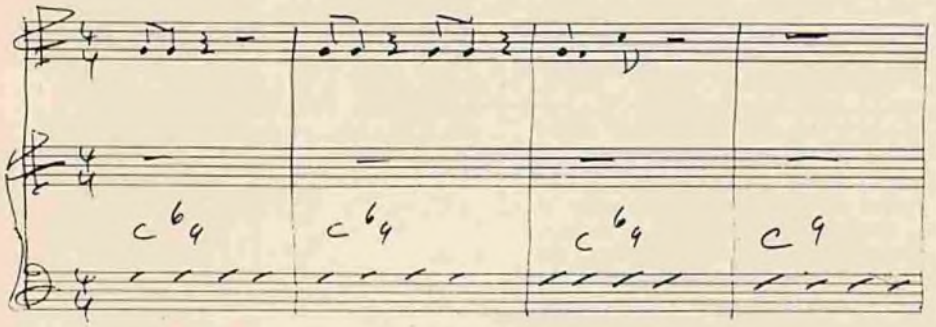
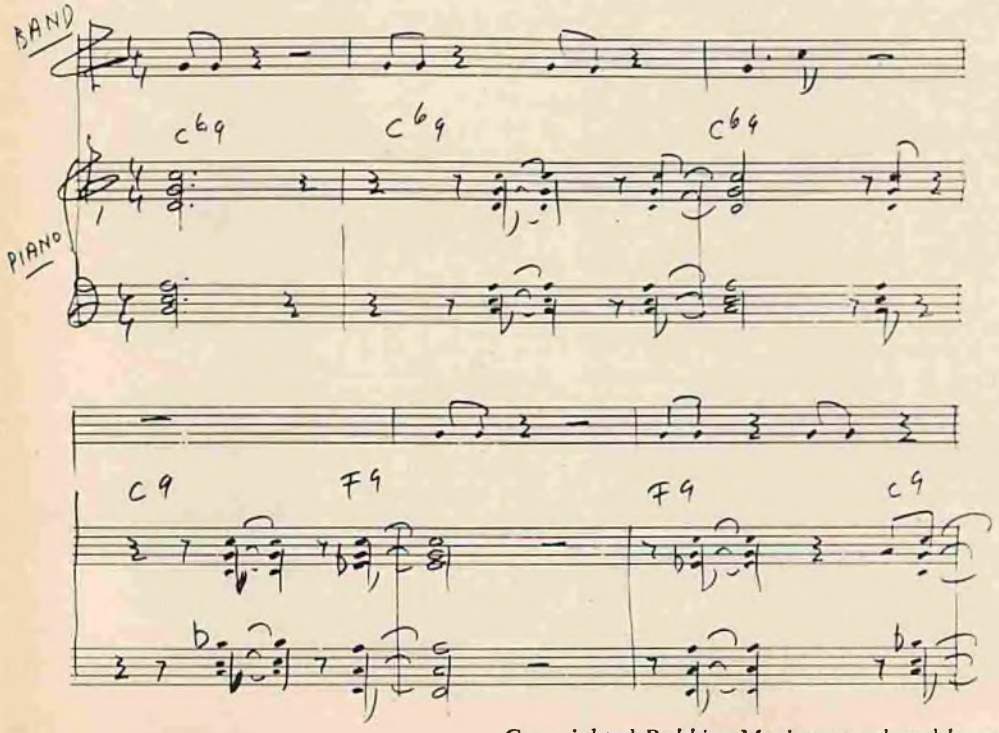
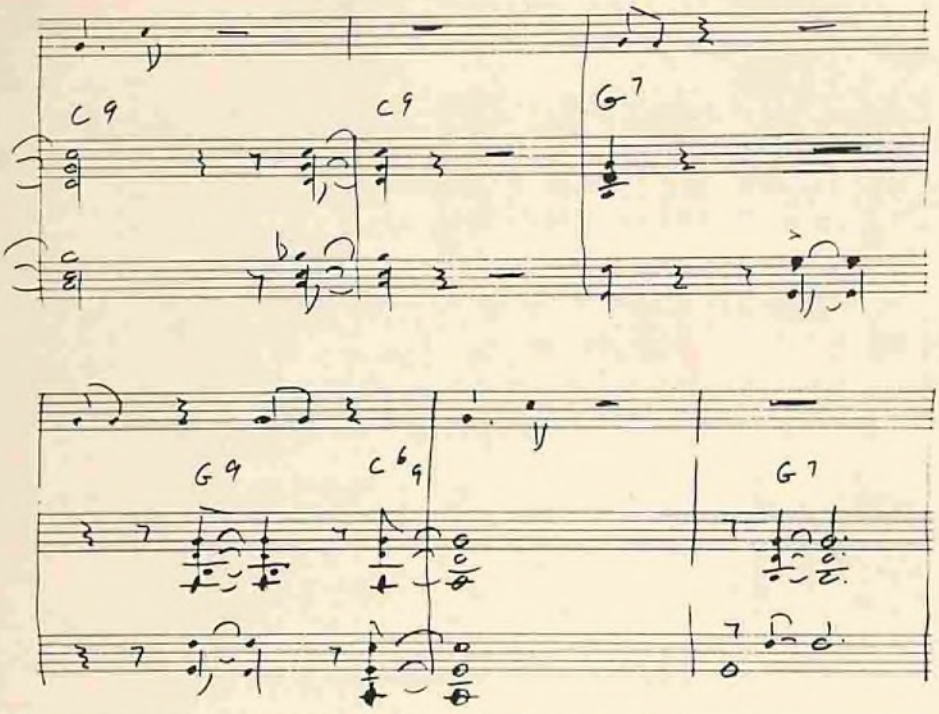


Example 3



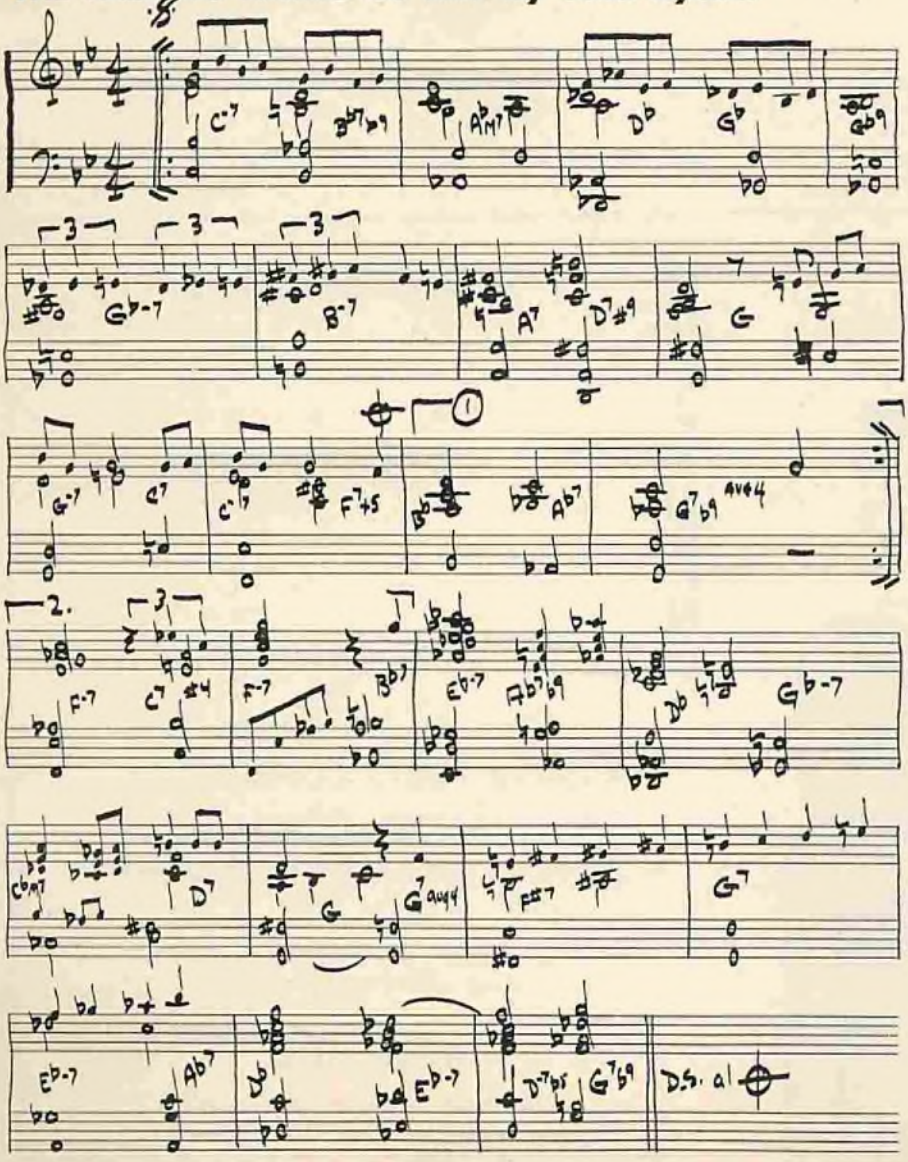


just a few of the great players who can inspire you. Each has developed a style, a unique way of doing things, and this I think, is what every young player should strive for—to develop his or her own way.

Let's take a simple blues—*C Jam Blues* by Duke Ellington. The piano part may be written like example 1 or example 2. One way to voice the chords is as shown in example 3. Even when sevenths and ninths are not written in the piano part, you can usually add them to make the chord sound more full. After playing the arrangement a few times you'll know what I mean. (I hope!) Don't be afraid to try different voicings, and always play with a firm, percussive touch (even if you're wrong, don't be wishy-washy!). I think the key word here is *listen*—to as much music as you can of all kinds—in-person performances whenever possible, records radio, and TV. There is a lot of jazz on FM radio especially. Listen to what is going on around you in the band, to the other players, and most of all—listen to yourself.

I hope you'll write to me care of *Down Beat* with your questions, suggestions and ideas—I'll look forward to it.

THE FALLING RAINS OF LIFE by Jaki Byard



LEE TANNER

JAKI BYARD'S composition *The Falling Rains of Life* is a ballad; one of the most recent works from the multi-talented composer-pianist-arranger's fertile mind.

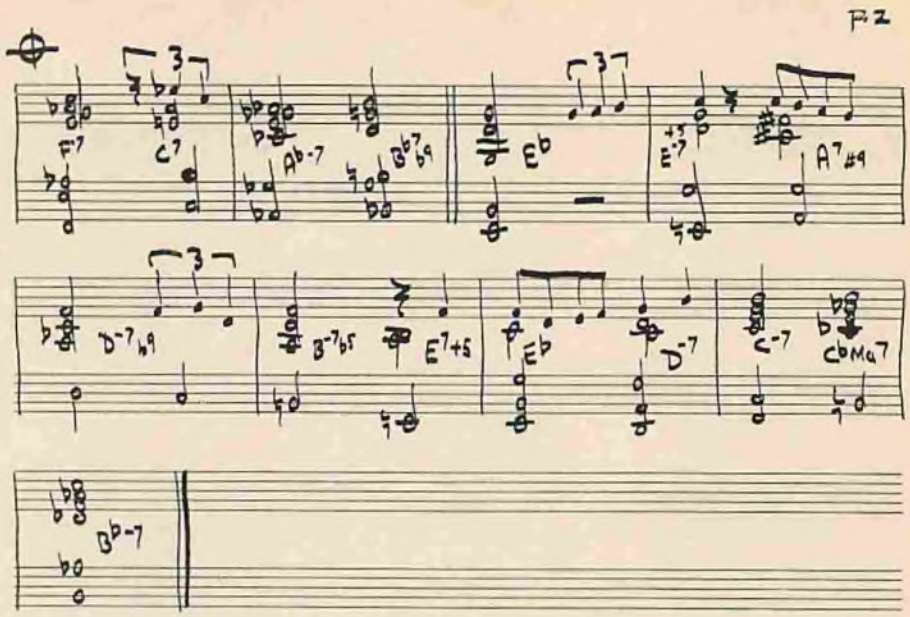
The piece is not as yet available on record, but it will be included in a forthcoming Byard Prestige album; the session described by Martin Williams in the July 11 issue of Down Beat (p. 22).

Both as a player and a writer, Byard is a true original, not affiliated with any particular style or school of music. His works range from jazz pieces to a full-scale opera. *The Falling Rains of Life*, a romantic piece, is a good example of that aspect of the Byard personality.

Though piano was the first instrument Byard studied, he began his professional career as a trumpeter, and also plays trombone, alto and tenor saxophones, vibraharp, drums, and guitar. He can be heard on the latter instrument on one track of his most recent album, a trio date with bassist David Izenzon and drummer Elvin Jones, *Sunshine of My Soul* (Prestige 7550); and on tenor sax and vibes on *Freedom Together* (Prestige 7463).

Other interesting records by Byard include Booker Ervin's *Heavy* (Prestige 7499), which contains his own arrangement of one of his best-known pieces, *Aluminum Baby*, which is in the repertory of several college jazz bands, including the M.I.T. Concert Jazz Band. Two earlier dates with Ervin find Byard as a member of what has been called one of the top rhythm sections in contemporary jazz, with bassist Richard Davis and drummer Alan Dawson as his cohorts (*The Freedom Book* [Prestige 7295]; *The Space Book* [Prestige 7386]).

Also highly recommended are *Jaki Byard Live at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike* (Prestige 7419&7477), with saxophonist-flutist Joe Farrell, Dawson, and the late George Tucker on bass. db



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ROLAND KIRK/BLINDFOLD TEST

BY LEONARD FEATHER

VERYL OAKLAND

Ronald T. Kirk, better known to his followers as Roland, has been a significant name on the jazz scene since late 1960, when his first album (supervised by former *Down Beat* editor Jack Tracy) was produced in Chicago for Argo (now Cadet) records.

There was considerable skepticism about Kirk among certain critics to whom his strangely named instruments and use of two or three horns at once smacked of gimmickry. No such doubt existed in the minds of musicians who worked with him—among them Charles Mingus, in whose group Kirk played for four months in 1961.

That year he made his first trip to Europe. Before long he had won the *DB* Critics' Poll, the *Melody Maker* poll and others in Germany, Poland, etc.

Kirk is not only a unique performer to see and hear in action; he is an extraordinary person with whom to listen to music—sensitive, keen-eared and completely honest in his willingness to let the chips fall where they may. This recent *Blindfold Test* (his first since July 5, 1962) proved so fruitful that it had to be split into two installments, the first of which appears here.

1. YUSEF LATEEF. *The Golden Flute* (from *The Golden Flute*, Impulse). Lateef, flute, composer.

That was Yusef Lateef playing flute—beautiful! I won't go into the star thing; I'd just like to give expressions of how I feel about the music. I've been hearing Yusef playing like this for a long time—even before musicians were playing the modal thing, he was playing it. It's just a drag that more people don't know this; the disc jockeys, musicians, club owners and everybody. They seem to be just asleep on things this strong.

I liked that composition as well as the flute work; in fact, just the whole feeling.

2. OLIVER NELSON. *Ja-Da* (from *The Spirit of '67*, Impulse). Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Nelson, arranger.

I think that was Oliver Nelson and Pee Wee Russell, and I'd like to commend Pee Wee Russell for keeping an open mind about music. He seems to keep up with a lot of the new music and techniques and still be playing his style.

It's nice listening—it wasn't earth-shattering, though. But I don't guess it was meant to be. That's something that you actually should be able to hear on good radio, though I doubt if they'd take time to play it unless they get paid some money.

I've known about Pee Wee for quite some years, and I've tried to talk to him the same as I have with some of the others. But some of these people are reluctant to talk with you, being younger than them. Like I called Barney Bigard the last time I was out here, and talked with him. I don't think he was too familiar with who I was, but I just wanted him to know that I enjoyed his clarinet playing.

I don't really want to mess around with stars, but if you want a rating, I'd give it four for good listening.

3. STEVE MARCUS. *Mellow Yellow* (from *Tomorrow Never Knows*, Vortex). Marcus, tenor saxophone.

That was very surface to me. I could dig the point they were trying to get, the mixture they were trying to do, but I didn't hear enough of their own self in it. In other words, the saxophone was cool for a minute to play that old vibrato thing, but I didn't hear enough in it—it wasn't him—to say that was so-and-so playing with so-and-so.

Was that done out here on the coast? Because if it was, I think I know who it was. The person I'm thinking of was experimenting with that kind of a thing, with electronics—Roger Kellaway, but I don't really think it was him.

The first part of it was interesting. But what they really did was pull the cover off themselves when they let it blow up the way it did, because that's what they wanted to do at first, anyway. Whereas if they could have played enough of the old thing, and still kept a new thing going with it. . . . If you really want to use labels, they should have put the music they really wanted to play against the other thing, and it would have been more interesting. But it sounded like they were just making fun of the saxophone that was played back in that day, and to me they didn't put enough feeling in it, and the top-heavy thing with the electronics, the guy playing all the abstract things.

I don't know if they were trying to destroy the tune, but there's still some beauty they could have got out of it. Two stars for what they're trying to do.

4. PAUL HORN. *Alap in Raga Bhairav* (from *Paul Horn in Koshmir*, World Pacific).

That was Paul Horn, a beautiful flute player, reed player. I have nothing against what he's doing musically, because in his playing he has a lot of ability. The only thing I would say—not just to him, but to all who are doing this—there's so much music going on here in America that can be extended. I don't want to be misinterpreted, because I use all forms of music. I use the Indian music to an extent, by playing off of a drone, because I use an oscillator, but I don't feel that I have to go to India to do this.

Another thing, Indians tell me that in order to play these ragas, they require so much study for so many years. I've talked to several people like Ravi Shankar and they tell me they stay with the masters for 10 or 15 years. But now it's got so everybody goes to this guy Mahashoka, or whatever his name is, and pays him, and then he tells everybody that they're tuned into the Indian thing within three or four months. I can't understand it.

So. This is the only thing that baffles me. I don't pretend to know what's happening. It just seemed to me like Paul was playing what he'd play on a regular record but with the Indian context with the sitar and everything.

It's like people have asked me about my circular breathing. I didn't have to go to India or anywhere to learn that, I just talked to people like Harry Carney. So, I just say that there's things over here that we could really elevate and commercialize to extend our music—not just black music, not just white music, but *our* music—and put it on such a level that people can't come and tear it up like the way they've separated us. The Indian music—the Beatles' music—and all this, it's beautiful; I'm just saying that American music should be elevated.

Like I said, I search for all kinds of music. I'm not saying that you're not supposed to develop your music and incorporate other people's music. I'm just saying not to let these fads upset us; not to say 'This is it, Indian music is it!' That goes back to Yusef, he was doing those things a long time ago, playing off that one note. Yusef used to have a thing called . . . a one-finger instrument, I don't remember what it was called. And then there's Ahmed Abdul-Malik, who pays the oud—no one hears this.

5. EDDIE LOCKJAW DAVIS. *Bye Bye Blackbird* (from *The Fox & The Hounds*, RCA Victor). Davis, tenor saxophone; Bob Plater, arranger; rhythm section unidentified.

That was Mr. Lockjaw Davis; a beautiful saxophonist. I dig it. I wish the rhythm section would build more when he was reaching up; they sounded a little bit stiff. They were probably reading, because it sounded like a chart, but when he was soloing they didn't relax. But he still went on through it, because he's got the sound and everything to do that.

I'd rate that at five for Lockjaw, and three for the rest. ds

ELLINGTON

(Continued from page 21)

tion. Although not a strong jazz voice, Tizol added a unique flavor to the band in his two tours of duty (1929-1944 and 1951-1953) and contributed such classic scores as *Conga Brava, Perdido, Caravan, Pyramid,* and the lesser-known but delightful 1941 piece *Moon over Cuba.*

"But like many former members who have settled in one city," Mercer said, "Tizol didn't wish to travel."

For other former sidemen, however, there would be little purpose in rejoining. "There would probably be no place in the reed section today for Barney Bigard, since we have an idiom very parallel to Barney in Russell Procope. Russ was originally hired in 1945 to replace Hardwicke, but it turned out that he was better able to fill Barney's solos than Jimmy Hamilton, who brought an essentially new clarinet voice to the band in 1943.

"You would only want to bring back a musician whose sound had not been successfully duplicated. If Ben Webster, for example, wanted to return, there would probably be nothing to do but go to six saxes. You certainly wouldn't want to drop any of the present reed men, but Ben's sound is unlike Paul Gonsalves'. He would add something. The same is true of Ray Nance."

Although a prodigious number of former Ellington sidemen are scattered across America, Mercer is substantially correct in saying, "Dad never fired another musician."

The only known exception is the case of the new bass player who became offended when one of the band's sages suggested certain shortcomings in his rhythmic conception. Feeling the attack was personal, the hot-tempered bassist picked up a column of pipe and began attacking back—just as the curtain went up. The instant the show was over, Ellington ordered his road manager to give the man his two weeks' pay and get rid of him—"fast." One sideman expressed surprise that "he didn't wait until he'd split the other guy's head open."

Ellington's reputation as a benevolent employer, his son said, is basically rooted in his determination to avoid unpleasantness. If he ever fires anybody, it's really because he hates to become involved in eyeball-to-eyeball confrontations and showdowns with people on a personal basis. If he is a permissive employer, it's because his relationship with most of his men is basically somewhat distant.

"He doesn't keep as tight a reign on the men as he did 25 years ago," Mercer said. "Again, it's his desire to devote himself only to music and not administration. That's why I take care of the travel itinerary and Ruth supervises bookings. Harry Carney is the 'straw boss', and that relieves dad of other problems. Today, the only times you will see him express anger is when bad behavior extends into serious musical matters. He'll tolerate occasional tardiness, drunkeness, and a clam now and then, but not on important occasions—especially the sacred concerts. Don't mess that up!"

Mercer has watched his father's disciplinary methods develop over the years.

"In the old days," he said, "we used to have a system of fines for poor conduct. Showing up late or mounting the stand drunk might cost a man $25; a dirty shirt or unpressed suit would cost $10. Then, every week or two, we'd have a lottery, and one or two fellows would walk off with the pot. Today dad has more psychological methods, which involve him less on a personal basis. It's very simple, he'll just blow the hell out of the man. He'll keep calling solos for him and play them at fast tempos. Anytime Paul Gonsalves transgresses, for example, dad will call *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue,* and Paul will have to go through that long sax solo just like it was in 1956 at Newport. That's his punishment. If it comes to the point where a musician's conduct regularly interferes with his performance on the stand, dad will build the show around him and try to help him shape up. If he's unable to, sooner or later the man will just drop out voluntarily."

Today, Duke Ellington thrives on the rugged road schedules that have driven many of his past colleagues to retirement. He has a genuine attraction for people in the mass. Offstage, he often wears a somewhat lonely look, accented by the bags beneath his eyes ("They're not bags," he once quipped—"I'm merely wearing my jowls high this year"). Onstage, though, he's another person. The mocking grin, the twinkle in his eye, the fastidious stride with just a hint of frivolity—they all bubble to the surface, and suddenly he becomes an incredibly charming picture of elegance, perhaps directing a particularly inviting smile toward a young beauty in the front row.

It all comes out when he's doing what he loves best, and there's little prospect that he intends to give up any part of this life soon.

"He is most creative when he is exposing himself to constantly shifting perspectives," Mercer said. "He's too dedicated to shut himself off just because his birth certificate says he's 69. I don't think he really believes it." db

MEXICO

(Continued from page 18)

ence responds to Donovan's *There is A Mountain,* offering mid-solo applause to Ayers. Gentle, subdued bossa nova on *A Man and A Woman.* Wild tonal distortions and applause-milking gyrations by guitarist Sonny Sharrock in *Hold On, I'm Coming.* The group has more ethnic breadth than musical depth, but what it sets out to do is done admirably.

After intermission (much talk and tension concerning the photographers), a charming surprise. A dozen of the orphans, ages apparently about 8 to 12, uniformed as a mini-mariachi band (violins, guitars, two trumpets, four singers), offer their version of *Cielito Lindo,* after which Brubeck immediately opens his set with the same tune. The switch from pristine to progressive is a beautifully effective study in contrasts.

Here come those damned photographers again, during a solo when Mulligan has his eyes closed. He opens them, is blinded by lights, and explodes. He lacerates the lensmen verbally, instructs them to get the hell off, and they do. When the number is over, Mulligan reiterates his protest (unnecessarily; the men have already packed up cameras and cables). Some applause and some hisses from the audience. Brubeck maintains his outward cool.

American Airlines, in the person of Ragsdale, examines the week's figures and is overjoyed. There have been some 30,000 in attendance; eight of the 13 concerts were sold out, and not one was a bomb.

The happiest aspect of the entire tour was the sense that Mexico can and will absorb more and more American jazz. In every city we were told: "Send us more!" It was amazing to learn that in his 35 years of international touring, Duke Ellington has never visited Mexico; he will make it at last in September.

Wein feels, and I agree, that every venture of this kind, while it requires the help of some sponsor such as the airline or a government, has the ultimate effect of opening up, permanently, a large new market.

The next new stops in Newport's packaged pilgrimage should be Puerto Rico (already under discussion), South America, portions of Africa, and Eastern Europe. Meanwhile, negotiations are in progress for Mexico '69.

I have two suggestions, based on the experiences of this trip. Keep the ticket prices reasonably low (remember Acapulco!). Keep in mind that the best conditions, for artists and audience alike, are achieved indoors, with a respectable piano and impeccable sound system. And remember that the answer to "manana" is "No, man, hoy!" db

KELLIE GREENE

(Continued from page 19)

and recordings beckoned—or to put it more realistically, she was in a better position to approach TV and recording companies. She appeared with Ray Anthony on his show and then accompanied the bandleader on a European tour. And when she returned, there was a fairly successful 20th Century-Fox recording, *No Moon at All.*

Miss Greene probably could have carved out a long-playing jazz career for herself and her trio, but beneath her red hair there functions a mind that is creative and inquisitive, businesslike and eternally feminine. Her association with Hurok is an exciting opportunity for her playing and writing talents (regarding the latter, she is composing background music for the reading of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's poetry, which will be incorporated into her program), but she is restless to try other fields.

"I'm hooked on other types of entertainment. In other words, I'd like to manage, although it's probably a lot easier on this side of the fence. I remember some kids out in the (San Fernando) Valley—I was going to 'personal manage' them. There was quite a hassel in trying to get them on the *Red Skelton Show.*"

After a moment of silent recall, she exclaimed, "Forget it!" End of management aspirations.

"Producing is my ultimate goal," she said. "Musicals, stage productions—you know, Broadway or TV situations. I haven't done anything along that line yet, but it will happen once I get myself established, or squared away—whichever comes first."

Meanwhile, Miss Greene is concentrating on composing. She just joined ASCAP, and the first tune she submitted to a publisher (a "rock protest" song called *Hope of the World*) was accepted. At the same time, she's putting the finishing touches to a small manual for vocalists (no publisher yet), and she's getting ready to make her first album for Dot records. (Some singles have already been released.) Her thoughts are also turning more and more to the "conducting thing."

Don't be surprised by anything that Kellie Greene does. Her complex personality represents a combination of many talents. What may sound like a set of contradictions represents only a concession to reality. Miss Greene is basically a jazz pianist, an improviser with a penchant for instant reharmonization and a quick mind for interpolation. She also can execute what she conceives. And to top it off, she hums while she plays, with the gusto of Garner. A thorough-going jazzwoman, with a man's touch, in a man's world. Though a jazz player, she has the audience's well-being in mind.

"The more I work," she said, "the more I'm interested in trying to please the audience and trying to get them on my side. That's why I admire George Shearing so much. He opened the ears of so many squares, and once he had them on his side, he was able to go beyond. I'm not embarassed by what I'm doing, but my guys are, occasionally. But I must admit I still feel somewhat influenced by the presence of other jazz musicians in the club. If I see them come in, I'll switch to something sort of cool. My head may be all business, but my soul is strictly musician."

And the heart? Here is a study in mixed emotions.

"Sometimes I feel if I were married and had a family," Miss Greene said, "everything would fall into place. For one thing, I wouldn't be on the road. I don't agree with that scene where the grandparents take care of the kids. On the other hand, at this point in my life, I really don't want to get married.

"Working in clubs is like a course in psychology—you know? You see the same people every night. I can't say I'm disillusioned, but I think I'm disenchanted. I know I'd never want to marry a musician. But let's face it—who else could I get along with?"

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

this fall . . . **Marian McPartland** did an independently produced record date of songs by **Sam Coslow.** The composer's most famous tune, *My Old Flame,* was included. Accompanying the pianist were bassist **Ron Carter,** drummer Tate and five singers. Miss McPartland is also writing material for **Clem De Rosa's** youth band. She is slated to participate in the program at the Connecticut Stage Band Camp on Aug. 19. By popular request, her interview with pianist **Bill Evans** will be repeated on WBAI-FM on Aug. 13 . . . **Joe Urso,** brother of saxophonist **Phil Urso,** promoted a two-night stand in early June for the **Woody Herman** Band at the Golden Nugget in Elizabeth, N.J. . . . Record Notes: Orpheum Records has reissued five classic jazz LPs that were once available on the Riverside label. The release includes albums by **Muggsy Spanier,** the **New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Jelly Roll Morton, Bix Beiderbecke** and **Louis Armstrong** . . . Prestige's **Don Schlitten** went to California to record alto saxophonist **Sonny Criss** with a nonet of **Conte Candoli,** trumpet; **Dick Nash,** trombone; **Ray Draper,** tuba; **David Sherr,** alto; **Teddy Edwards,** tenor; **Pete Christlieb,** baritone; **Tommy Flanagan,** piano; **Al McKibbon,** bass; and **Everett Brown,** drums. Compositions and arrangements were by **Horace Tapscott.** In New York, Schlitten taped pianist **Cedar Walton** with **Blue Mitchell,** trumpet; **Clifford Jordan,** tenor; **Richard Davis,** bass; and **Jack DeJohnette,** drums. Pianist **Barry Harris** did a date with **Kenny Dorham,** trumpet; **Charles McPherson,** tenor (instead of his customary alto); **Pepper Adams,** baritone; **Paul Chambers,** bass; and **Billy Higgins,** drums. Prestige also has announced the signing of organist **Charles Kynard,** and the renewal of the contracts of Criss, saxophonist **Eric Kloss,** and **Pucho's** Latin soul band.

Los Angeles: Business took a predictable dip following Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's assassination, though most clubs stayed open, making a valiant effort at business as usual. One jazz event was cancelled: **Stan Kenton** and his band had been scheduled to play at the Pilgrimage Theater the day after RFK's funeral . . . A number of salutes took place recently involving jazz musicians: At the Pied Piper, trumpeter **Clora Bryant** and her group provided the sounds for a "Salute to Men Who Are Doing," in this case **Louis Gary,** president of World Wide Productions, a booking agency. There was a salute to **Yvonne Braithwaite,** a local Assemblywoman at the Biltmore Bowl, aided by **Barbara McNair** and the **Clara Ward Singers.** The Factory, in Beverly Hills, hosted a "Turn On, Turn Out" benefit for the Inner City Cultural Center including entertainment by **Della Reese, O. C. Smith** and **Ketty Lester.** The Bill of Fare got into the fad too, with a salute to **Lou Rawls.** Participating, besides Rawls, was surprise guest **Lionel Hampton** . . . **Ray Charles** has been signed for a return

date at New York's Copacabana. He'll play there for two weeks, opening Dec. 5 . . . **Shelly Manne** unveiled a new quintet for a gig at the Los Angeles County Mueum of Art, as well as a couple of nights at his own club during **Eddie Harris'** engagement. Manne's new men: **Gary Barone,** trumpet; **John Gross,** tenor sax; **Mike Wofford,** piano (the only holdover); **Albert Stinson,** bass. The museum gig had an overflow crowd of 150 listening via outside speakers. The Manne-Hole had its own overflow during **Cannonball Adderley's** gig. Sundays and Mondays—always a dead spot in the Hollywood week—have finally taken their toll. Shelly's will be closed both days from now on . . . Meanwhile, the Lighthouse, out in Hermosa Beach, continues to experiment with Sunday matinees—a time that is, by contrast, swinging along beachfronts. The Lighthouse had the **Afro-Blues Quintet plus One** all during June for the Sabbath sets. Another slight departure: after two-week bookings for **Mose Allison, Paulinho,** the **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** Quintet, and **Vi Redd, Freddie Hubbard** will make a month-long stand Aug. 20—Sept. 15 . . . Donte's continues its Sunday big band policy with return gigs by **Lennie Stack** and **Clare Fischer. Dan Terry** fronted a big band there, and **Louis Bellson** brought his organization in July 7 and will also appear July 14. **Pete Jolly's** Trio will hold down the weekend spot during July. During a recent Monday night, **Jim Stewart** and the **Advancement** played . . . **Quincy Jones** returned home from a scoring assignment in London (*McKenna's Gold*) to a mess of work: *The Split, The Appointment,* and *The Winner.* In his spare time, he is working on an extended blues piece for **Ray Charles** to be premiered next year at the Hollywood Bowl. Jones has formed a record production company with **Ray Brown,** called Gula Matari. A&M records will distribute some of the product. Jones will also score a film based on the life of **Martin Luther King** for which **James Baldwin** is writing the screenplay . . . Another returnee: **Hampton Hawes,** after a year-long odyssey through Europe and Asia. "I recorded seven albums while I was away—seven albums," exclaimed Hamp. "Do you know, I recorded albums for RCA Victor and Columbia in the same week, and here in Los Angeles I couldn't even tell you what street the Columbia studios are on." . . . After gigs in Indianapolis and Kansas City, **Della Reese** taped guest spots on the Joey Bishop, Steve Allen, Woody Woodbury, and John Gary Shows, plus *Showcase '68* . . . **Harry (Sweets) Edison** is back at his familiar stomping grounds: Memory Lane . . . The **Marv Jenkins** Trio is now at the Pied Piper, along with singer **Tommy Butler.** The **Lee Allen** Trio (with **Richard Dorsey,** organ) is currently at the Devil's Den. Dorsey recently took care of business by himself for a "Sunday brunch and lunch." . . . Guitarist **Ron Anthony** holds his chamber jazz soirees at the Equestri Inn in Burbank every other month. The **Dave Mackay Concert Jazz Quintet** is now at the 12 Signs, an "astrological" coffee shop in Los Angeles, on Monday nights. Personnel: **Ira Schulman,** reeds; Mackay, piano; **Chuck Domanico,** bass; **Joe Porcaro,** drums; **Vicki Hamilton,** vocals . . . **Don Ellis** made a quick trip to Las Vegas to play in a special concert at the Tropicana with **Tommy Vig's** Sextet . . . **Sergio Mendes** will cut another solo piano album for Atlantic before the year is out. Next year, his recording activities will be exclusively for A&M records. His latest edition of **Brasil '66** finds original bassist **Sebastian Neto** back in the fold. A newcomer is percussionist **Rubens Bassini.** Vocalists are **Lani Hall** and **Karen Phipp** . . . **Stan Kenton** and his band launched a full summer itinerary with four nights at Disneyland, followed by gigs in Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona; San Bernardino, San Francisco (for a week), Montclair and Long Beach . . . **Louis Bellson** has joined the Project 3 label. His first album will be released shortly. Meanwhile, he already recorded another Project 3 album, *The Red Pearl,* accompanying his wife, **Pearl Bailey** . . . The Greek Theatre, in Hollywood Hills, has announced its summer schedule. **Buddy Rich** will be in Aug. 12-18; **Lou Rawls** and **Shirley Bassey,** Sept. 2-8; and **Sergio Mendes,** Sept. 9-15 . . . **Marty Paich** just completed recording sessions for his score of the film *Changes* . . . **Chico Hamilton** is writing the score for a U.S. Information Agency production, *And Of Course, You* . . . Singer **Ketty Lester** has been cast in Paramount's *Betrayal* . . . **Hugh Masekela** has married **Cab Calloway's** daughter, **Chris** . . . **Roy Maxwell** has latched on to a real winner in the **Craig Hundley** Trio. Maxwell is personal manager to the trio of talented tots who are getting nothing but raves from "the establishment." **Albert Marx** also knows a good deal when he hears it, and he has signed them to a recording contract. Craig Hundley is the pianist; **J. J. Wiggins** is on bass; and **Gary Chase** is on drums. They have already appeared on NBC-TV's *Showcase '68;* now, at presstime, they're getting ready for their first "full length" gig: a one-nighter at Donte's . . . One-nighters at the Playboy Club are rare, but **Mavis Rivers** did one . . . For their concert at the Pilgrimage Theatre, the **Sound of Feeling** had **Paul Breslin** and **Dick Maloof** on basses. The rest of the group was the usual: **Rhae** and **Alyce Andrece,** vocals; **Gary David,** piano, vocals, leader; and **Dick Wilson,** drums . . . **Les Brown's** band was featured at the Forum in Inglewood for a special benefit concert in behalf of the Inglewood Fireman's Association. Another benefit—this one for ten health charities around Los Angeles—was held at Fashion Square, in La Habra. It juxtaposed **Peggy Lee** and **Nelson Riddle** and his orchestra among a group of Scandinavian musicians and a "spectacular smorgasbord buffet" . . . **Earl Grant** made one of his rare appearances in San Diego with a gig at Shifty's.

Philadelphia: Singer **Johnny Hartman** was slated to follow the **Al Grey** Quartet into the Stardust Inn, the new musical mecca in Chester, Pa. Hartman previously did a week at the Aqua Lounge in West Philly . . . Popular drummer **Gil**

Stanton was featured with **Slam Stewart** and **Beryl Booker** on a recent TV shot from Lauretta's High Hat . . . Former **Arthur Prysock** organist **Betty Burgess** brought her trio to the Cosmopolitan A.A. for a weekend . . . **Charlie Chisholm** and the **Bosstet** pushed their latest Quaker City Jazz LP during their engagement at the Little Six's Club . . . WHAT-FM was expected to resume its commercial jazz policy after a short try in the pop music field. Audience reaction to pop music, which already is all too available on the airwaves, was weak. Might this encourage the station to venture more boldly into a more authentic and interesting jazz format? . . . Bassist **John Lamb** and guitarist **Billy Bean** have been working together recently . . . **Steve Gibson** and the **Red Caps** helped to continue the line of talent recently started at Capriotti's Theater Restaurant in Mt. Ephraim, N.J., and young **Dee Dee Sharp** appeared at the nearby Dick Lees Club to make this South Jersey area a strong competition to Philly's night spots . . . The Abundant Sounds Swing Club has combined forces with the new Fred Miles American Interracialist Society and meetings will be announced. The ASSC has presented such artists as **Barry Harris, Harold Vick, Major Holley, Evelyn Simms, Sam Dockery, Al Steel, Buddy Savitt** and many others, but has been inactive for a number of months. The newer interracialist group, named for and started by this correspondent, hopes to unite the large interracial population living in the metropolitan areas of the middle-Atlantic states, or at least to sow the seeds of interracial unity in the community.

New Orleans: A jam session in honor of **Woody Herman** was held after the closing concert of *Jazzfest '68*. Several Herman sidemen sat in with drummer **June Gardner's** combo at the VIP Lounge . . . A recent Sunday Afternoon Jazz Society concert at the Jewel Room featured **Roland Kirk** . . . Trumpeter **Warren Luening** has joined **Ronnie Dupont's** combo at the Bistro, replacing tenor man **Iggy Campisi** . . . Trumpeter **Thomas Jefferson** left trombonist **Santo Pecora's** group at the Dream Room to resume his former gig as leader of the house band at the Paddock . . . Drummer **Paul Ferrarra** left the **Dukes of Dixieland** to fill in the chair left vacant in **Al Belletto's** quartet by **Louis Timken** . . . Pianist **Buddy Prima** has returned to New Orleans after an absence of three years. Prima, who has been active as a rock-pop songwriter in New York and on the West Coast, plans to continue writing and form a modern trio . . . Trumpeter **Porgy Jones** moved from Stagg's Birdland to the Brothers Three Checkmate Lounge, where his combo holds forth on afterhours weekend sessions . . . A recent jazz concert at Southern University in Baton Rouge, La., was an SRO affair. On the program were June Gardner's combo, vocalist **Germaine Bazzile,** the **Soul Brothers, Willie Tee's** quartet, and a 22-piece big band led by **Ludwig Freeman.** The band included Orleanians **James Block,** drums and **Alvin Batiste** on clarinet . . . At a New Orleans concert sponsored by John Douglass of the New Orleans Saints football team and WWOM-TV's Sy Simon, the Porgy Jones Plus Four group and organist **Sandy Berfori's** All-Stars, featuring tenor man-flutist **James Rivers** were heard . . . The National Association of Radio and Television Announcers, meeting at the Colser Room of the Municipal Auditorium here, were entertained by rock-jazz group **John Roberts and the Hurricanes,** vocalist **Carl Carlton,** and pianist-vocalist **Shorty Long** . . . Arranger-composer-pianist **Gordon Jenkins** sat in with **Pete Fountain's** combo at the French Quarter Inn in early June . . . Vocalist **Fats Domino** is doing a three-week hometown stint at Al Hirt's Club.

Detroit: A recent guest with **The Expressions** at the Drome was tenorist **Benny Maupin,** a former Detroiter, currently with **Horace Silver** . . . Farr and Farr's third concert presentation at the Art Institute featured the **Ernie Farrow Big Sound.** With bassist Farrow were trumpeters **Marcus Belgrave** and **Herbie Williams;** trombonist **John Hair;** altoist **Charles Brown;** tenorists **Joe Thurman** and **Donald Walden;** baritonist **Tate Houston;** pianist **Teddy Harris,** and drummer **Bert Myrick.** Farrow also spent a couple of weeks at the Playboy Club in pianist **Matt Michael's** trio . . . Former **Three Sounds** drummer **Bill Dowdy** is currently leading his own trio (**Eddie Russ,** piano; **Ron Brooks,** bass) at the Driftwood Lounge in Battle Creek . . . Reed man **Lannie Austin's** big band made its debut at Fitzgerald High School in Warren, not El Matador, where the band has been rehearsing. Personnel includes **Dick Sorenson, Dave Bartlett, Doug Holliday, Larry Davidson, Ross Mulholland,** trumpets; **Eldrid Baird, Tom Wochermann, Jerry Burns, Dave Jones,** trombones; **Emil Moro,** alto, co-leader; **Orrin Ross, Tom Ploeger, Jose Mallare,** reeds; **Don Gillis,** piano, arranger; **Don Barr,** guitar; **Dick Wiggington,** bass; **Geoff Smith,** drums. The vocalist with vibist **Jack Brokensha's** quartet at the debut concert was **Gary Haines,** not **Ursula Walker.** Haines can be heard with organist **Charles Harris'** trio at Morrie Baker's Show Place . . . Electrified tenorist **Eddie Harris** did four nights at Baker's Keyboard. With Harris was a former Detroiter, **Melvin Jackson,** on bass and cello, plus pianist **Jodie Christian** and drummer **Richard Smith** . . . Vocalist **Wilbur Chapman** is at Paul's Steak House in Livonia, backed by pianist **Ted Sheely's** trio.

St. Louis: A new group has been formed under the leadership of guitarist **Bob Caldwell,** with **Barry Oxenhandler,** bass, **Art Cappio,** drums, and vocalist **Terri Andra.** The group opened a new room in North St. Louis country, Shade-o-Blue . . . After 3 years as the house group at the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel, pianist **Sal Ferrante's** trio received notice. The room is closing. The **Jerry Burgess** Trio is also affected . . . The exciting sounds of the **Bern Hutcherson** Quartet have taken over at Mr. C's Mondays and Tuesdays. Hutcherson features the amplified saxophone sound (a la **Sonny Stitt** and **Eddie Harris**). The leader's wife, **Liz Hutcherson,** is the pianist, and **Charley Payne** and **Harold Thompson** are on drums and bass respectively . . . The Xi-Tau chapter of Phi-Mu-Alpha presented their Third Annual Jazz Festival May 29 at Southern Illinois University's Edwardsville campus. Featured were the **S.I.U. Stage Band,** altoist **Sam Andria's** quartet (**Jack Butterfield,** piano; **Jim Hillesheim,** bass; **Rich Jones,** drums; **Judy Hillesheim,** vocals) and the **Phi Mu-Alpha Septet** . . . Vocalist **Jeanne Trevor** and pianist **Jim Becker** continue on their musical merry-go-round: Mondays and Tuesdays at the Garage; Wednesday through Saturday cocktail hours at the Celtic Room, and Saturday nights at Mr. C's. Miss Trevor is also at the Spanish Door with pianist **Dave Venn** on Wednesday and Friday nights . . . The new **Dave Brubeck-Gerry Mulligan** Quartet played to a slim audience at Kiel Auditorium in May . . . The **Upstream Jazz Quartet,** featuring **Ed Fritz,** piano; **Jim Casey,** bass; **Jerome Harris,** drums, and **Rich Tokatz,** Latin percussion, have added Monday nights to its schedule at the Upstream Lounge.

Pittsburgh: Two outstanding jazz events in Pittsburgh on Sunday, May 12, both found ample audiences. The **Ramsey Lewis** Trio performed at the **Walt Harper** Jazz Workshop at the Hilton Hotel, an event rescheduled from the weekend following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. A near-capacity crowd of 200 was on hand to dig Ramsey and called the group back for an encore. At the Civic Arena, the **Tony Bennett-Duke Ellington** package attracted almost 7000 viewers. **Clark Race** of KDKA-TV was guest emcee . . . Trombonist **Jimmy Tucci** is becoming a popular attraction at Fat Daddy's Lounge in West View, Pa. . . . A couple of big band era greats made unusual appearances here recently. In late April, **Stan Kenton** brought in his band to open a new health spa in the Churchill area. They played a two-hour outdoor concert. **Benny Goodman** brought in a septet for a concert at North Hills High School in early May, including trumpeter **Joe Newman,** tenorist **Zoot Sims,** and guitarist **Toots Thielemans** . . . The Crawford Grill got back on the name jazz bandwagon with the **Richard (Groove) Holmes** Trio May 6-18 . . . The young jazz fans are impressed with the **Wendell Byrd** Organ Trio at the Hurricane Bar. Another impressive young group is the **Soul Crusaders,** who recently performed for the annual Golden Quill Awards Banquet at the Pittsburgh Press Club . . . Former **Hal MacIntyre** pianist **Reid Jaynes** has moved to the Win, Place and Show after nearly three years at The Tender Trap.

Baltimore: The Left Bank Jazz Society featured the **Bob Brookmeyer-Jimmy Guiffre** Quintet early in May, followed by the **Clark Terry** Quartet, jazz bagpiper **Rufus Harley,** and the **Ted Curson** Quin-

tet. For their June 2 Sunday afternoon concert, LBJS brought in the **Arnie Lawrence** Quintet. With multi-reed man Lawrence were trumpeter **Randy Brecker,** guitarist **Bob Mann,** bassist **Herb Gaylor** and drummer **George Brown** . . . The Jazz Society of Performing Artists has been continuing its sessions at the Alpine Villa, presenting on succeeding Monday nights in May the groups of **Walter Bishop Jr., Jackie McLean,** and trumpeter **Woody Shaw,** with tenor saxophonist **Tyrone Washington,** bassist **Reggie Workman,** and drummer **Roy Brooks.** The Society scheduled **Art Farmer's** quintet for a Monday night concert in June . . . Henry Baker's Peyton Place brought in the **Horace Silver** Quintet for a week in late May, followed by Rufus Harley, who brought his quartet back into Baltimore June 11 for a week.

Denver: Summer brings sunshine, flowers and big-name jazz to Colorado. **Buddy Rich** and his band played at Elitch's Trocadero June 7 . . . The **Ahmad Jamal** Quartet replaces the **Herbie Mann** Quintet for the Schlitz Salute to Jazz Festival at Red Rocks Auditorium July 20. Others included in the program are vocalist **Dionne Warwick, Thelonious Monk, Gary Burton,** and **Cannonball Adderley** . . . **Count Basie** and his orchestra play two nights in early August at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson** spent two weeks in early June at Peanuts Hucko's Navarre . . . Guitarist **Bola Sete** did a week at the Chateau. The **Three Sounds** open at Mike Bisesi's club for 12 days July 30, followed in August by the **Young-Holt** Trio . . . Clarinetist **Bill Smith** led a quartet including **Dick Dunlap,** piano; **Lee Humes,** bass; **Tom Collier,** drums, at a concert with the Denver Symphony in late April. Featured was **Dave Brubeck's** *Elementals* for jazz quartet and symphony orchestra . . . On the local scene, **Stew Jackson** leads a 16-piece band Friday and Saturday nights at Le Big Band. The **Ron Washington** Quartet fills in during breaks. Saxophonist Washington joins the **Neil Bridge** Trio on Friday nights at Shaner's, with guitarist **Johnny Smith** appearing on Saturdays.

Toronto: Too many jazz concerts at one time reduced attendance for the O'Keefe Jazz Festival, organized by **George Wein.** About 1,000 attended the concert by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** and **Thelonious Monk;** 500 were at the **Herbie Mann-Ahmad Jamal** program, and the same number at the **Gary Burton-Horace Silver** concert . . . The same week, **Sarah Vaughan** opened a two-week engagement at the Beverly Hills Motor Hotel; **Buddy Tate** joined **Don Ewell** at the Golden Nugget; **Wild Bill Davison's** band arrived at the Colonial and the **Saints and Sinners** were back at the Cav-A Bob Restaurant . . . Singer **Salome Bey** is featured with **Don Thompson's** quartet on weekends at George's Kibitzeria, where **Roosevelt Sykes** also recently appeared.

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.): unk.
Apartment: Ray Starling, Charles DeForest, tfn.
Baby Grand: Connie Wills, tfn.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Jimmy Heath to 7/13. Jackie McLean, 7/14-20.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Adamo, Vince Moss to 7/22.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
De Lux Cafe (Bronx): Jazz Peace Bros., wknds.
Dom: unk.
El Caribe (Brooklyn): Don Michaels, tfn.
Electric Circus: Woody Truck Stop to 7/14. Olliuas & Sirocco, 7/16-21.
Encore (Union, N.J.): Russ Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vanco, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Fillmore East: Jefferson Airplane, 7/26-27.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler to 9/15.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Raymond Toomey, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): unk.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
Half Note: Jake Hanna, Richie Kamuca, Bill Berry. 6/29-8/4.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): Don French.
Holiday Inn (Jersey City): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon. Ted Curson, tfn.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Freddy Cole to 7/21.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Billy Maxsted, Eddie McGinnis to 7/24.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
007: unk.
Pelicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Piedmont Inn (Scaradale): unk.

Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 7/13.
Rx: Cliff Jackson.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
Shepheard's: unk.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sports Corner: Brew Moore, Sun.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
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.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn, L.I.): Slam Stewart, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Tom Jones: Dave Rivera, tfn.
Top of the Gate: Marian McPartland to 7/16.
Travelers (Queens): unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie to 7/14. Gillespie, Miles Davis, 7/16-28.
Village Vanguard: Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land to 7/9. Gil Evans, 7/15. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, 7/22-29.
White Plains Hotel: unk.
Winecellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): no jazz till fall.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.
Cat's Eye: Pat Panessa, Sun.-Mon. Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
Earl of Old Town: unk.
Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodes, Sun.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Fri.-Sun., Tue. Various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: AACM concerts, Sun.
London House: Stan Getz to 7/21. Eddie Harris, 7/23-8/5. Cannonball Adderley, 8/6-26.
Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Millionaires Club (Park Forest): Pat Panessa, Fri.-Sat.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur.
Midas Touch: Cary Coleman.
Mister Kelly's: Lalnie Kazan to 7/14. Redd Foxx, Lyn Roman, 7/15-28. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Inco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Sonny Stitt to 7/14. Mose Allison, 7/17-28. Kenny Burrell, 7/31-8/11. Cal Tjader, 8/12-18.
Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiarns, Thur.-Mon.
Pussycat: Odell Brown & the Organizers, Mon.-Tue.
Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Luening, Dave West, Sun.
Brothers Three Checkmate: Porgy Jones, afterhours, wknds.
Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Dream Room: Santo Pecora, tfn.
Dungeon Annex: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
El Morrocco: Clive Wilson, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Murphy Campo, Roy Liberto, hbs.
Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
Fountainbleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Fats Domino to 7/27.
Jewell Room: modern jazz, Sun. afternoon.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Storyville: Sal Franzella, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
VIP: June Gardner, Germaine Bazzile, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden. Rita Graham.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Carribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: jazz, nightly.
Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup, Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Clem's (Compton): Tony Ortega, Sun. 6 a.m.-noon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Thur.-Sun.
Cocoanut Grove: Ray Charles to 7/28. Tony Bennett, 7/30-8/11.
Devil's Den: Lee Allen, Richard Dorsey.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed. Big bands, Sun. Louis Bellson, 7/14. Pete Jolly, 7/12-13, 19-20, 26-27.
Eugene's (Beverly Hills): jazz, periodically.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Greek Theatre: Buddy Rich, 8/12-18.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): O. C. Smith to 7/14. Jonah Jones, Joe Pass, 7/17-8/4.
International Hotel: Stan Kenton, 7/19.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Paulinho to 7/21. Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land, 7/23-8/4. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
940 Club: Lennie Bluett.
Palms Cafe (Glendora): Teddy Buckner, Thur.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
Pied Piper: Marv Jenkins, Tommy Butler. Clora Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Raffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
Redlands University (Redlands): Stan Kenton Clinic, 7/28-8/2.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shakey's (various locations): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Yusef Lateef, 8/6-18. Closed Sun.-Mon.
Shifty's (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle. Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Sneeky Pete's: Art Graham.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
12 Signs: Dave Mackay, Mon.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): John Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, tfn.
Brave Bull: Dixie Jesters.
Celtic Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Colony Room: Jack Calvey.
Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Eldorado: Don Cunningham, tfn.
Mainlander: Marion Miller, tfn.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Bernard Hutcherson, Mon.-Tue. Dave Venn, Fri. Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor, Sat.
Mr. Yac's: Ralph Winn.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur. Gretchen Hill, Fri.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb. Gordon Lawrence, tfn.
Shade-O-Blue: Bobby Caldwell, Terri Andre.
Spanish Door: Dave Venn, Mon.-Fri., cocktail hr. Peanuts Whalum, Mon.-Sat.
Steeplechase: Jerry Burgess, tfn.
Top of the Tower: Sam Malone.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

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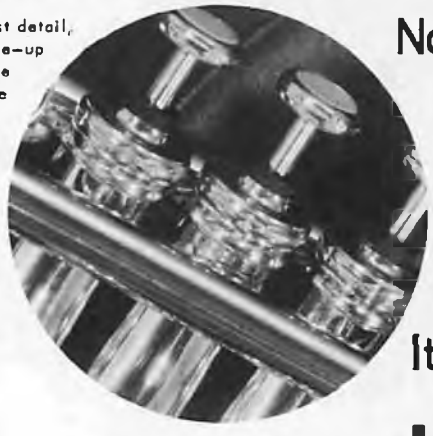

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AUGUST 8, 1968 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

db music workshop

Gary Burton: The Look And Sound Of Now

By Dan Morgenstern

Aretha Franklin: Focus On Lady Soul

Montreux: Europe's Prettiest Festival

By Gene Lees

GARY BURTON

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

THERE IS A background connection between the Gary Burton feature (and Music Workshop) and the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival review in this issue that is of particular interest to those of us who know that jazz lives.

Burton, like all successful performers, is a product of his own talents and ambitions. But he is also a product of the jazz-in-the-school movement. He was sixteen when he attended the first National Stage Band Camp at Indiana University (Bloomington) in the summer of 1959. He had his first public applause at the French Lick (Ind.) Jazz Festival (a George Wein tent show) where he was featured in a camp stage band led by John La Porta. Burton was then awarded a Berklee (Boston) scholarship where his talents were developed and his musical horizons expanded. (*No Man's Land* on pages 35-37 was written at Berklee.) So you see that Burton had, in addition to talent, help and assistance from professional jazz performers and educators at the formative stages of his career.

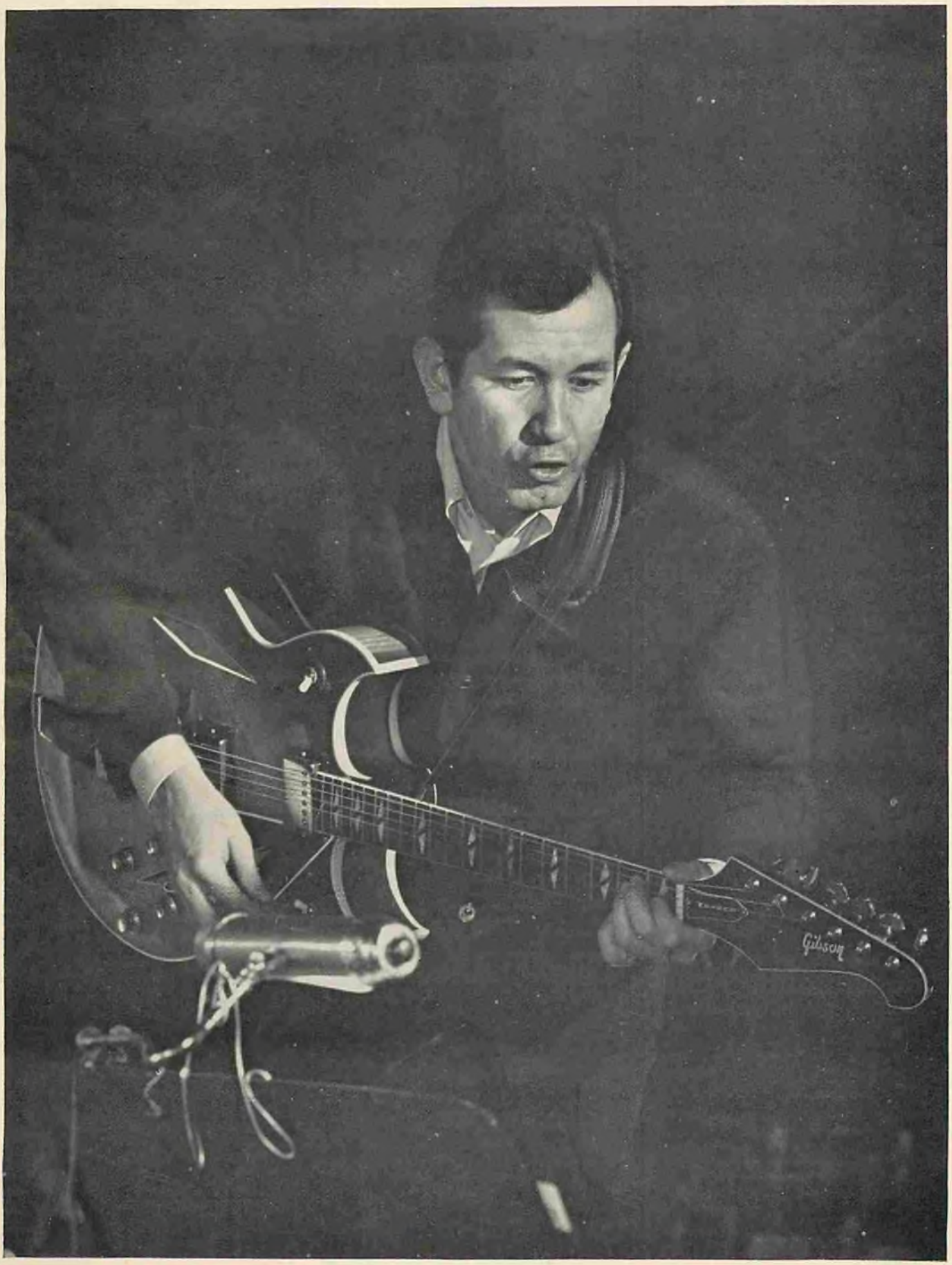
At the 1968 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, we saw more of the same continuing healthly relationship among students, educators, and performers. Tom Scott, a judge, is himself just four years out of a Los Angeles high school stage band. Marian McPartland, Thad Jones and Clark Terry were also judges who for no fee worked their hearts out for the new jazz musicians brought together for national competition and evaluation. Bob Share, administrator of Berklee, used his 12 years of judging experience to help communicate to the festival participants the highest educational and professional standards.

In listening to the 12 instrumental jazz ensembles in St. Louis from six participating regional college festivals, it was evident and obvious where many of the new creative professional jazz musicians would come from.

Make no mistake. High school and college jazz musicians are not the whole new jazz scene. College is still for those who can afford it, which leaves out too many people and too many musicians. But there were over 200,000 young musicians performing regularly in jazz ensembles at the high school and college level during this last school year. And the number keeps rising, sharply. Remember that there are only 250,000 card-carrying union musicians in the entire United States, about 4% of them earning their full time living from music.

The silly, macabre phrase, "Jazz Is Dead", is uttered and believed only by those players and shallow-water "fans" whose capabilities and listening have been stultified by premature old age. Yes, if you believe that jazz died with Dixie (or bebop or swing or whatever), then roll over. If you believe that jazz is for the ever young—always evolving, always alive—then perk up. You are so right. db

Gibson, the workingman's guitar.



Trini Lopez & Gibson at work for Reprise Records.

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contents

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A Forum For Readers

For Wes

How timely was your feature article on Wes Montgomery in the June 26 issue of *Down Beat!*

Even though I received and read the issue after Wes Montgomery's death, the article presented an insight into his character and thoughts which were not printed in the Indianapolis papers, as only the facts of his beginning and success were stated.

June 18 was a hot, sunny Tuesday, and, when I arrived at the small, white concrete Puritan Baptist Church, about 100 people were gathered outside in silent groups. Since the funeral services had begun 20 minutes earlier at 1:00 p.m., I stood by the white wrought-iron fence in front of the church to wait for the casket to be carried out to the hearse. A gentleman told me I could go inside and sit in the basement, which I did, to listen to the services from the loudspeaker. I did hear the words of Rev. John J. Crook and regretted missing the entire services.

As I saw the pallbearers bring the casket down the steps, his death was real to me—seeing the sorrowful and brother-lost expression on the faces of his brothers and the other members of his quintet.

After I heard his quintet here at the Colisseum on May 22, I was breathless—not knowing whether I should tell the whole world of his great musical abilities and unforgettable sound or if I should keep the wonderful feeling to myself. His music truly hypnotized me to the point where I was oblivious to everything surrounding me—only taking in what was happening on stage. He was so magnificent in person that his recordings do not really project his beautifully artistic sound.

As he was quoted in *DB:* "I don't know any strangers. . . ." It was evident when he appeared here that he was playing for the enjoyment of his audience and himself, and felt quite at home (literally).

When I say his lovely music will be missed but remembered and still be alive, I believe I speak for everyone who shared his love for the guitar, his humbleness as a person and his outstanding contributions to the music world.

Although I never had the pleasure of meeting Wes Montgomery, I am proud to say he was from my home city—Indianapolis.

Sally Stuart
Indianapolis, Ind.

P.S. The family has requested that friends make memorial contributions to the Puritan Baptist Church Youth Centers' Scholarship Fund: Puritan Baptist Church, 872 W. 27th St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46208.

I'm glad that Wes Montgomery knew that he was going to be your cover subject. Like he knew where he was, he tasted success, he accomplished many of his goals, and most of all, in his short-lived time, he knew what it meant to be his own man. And as any man knows, that's quite an accomplishment.

I got to see and hear him twice. Once in St. Louis at the Kiel Auditorium which is big by anybody's estimation, and you could hear the clock tick when he played. I caught him a month ago at the El Matador here in San Francisco, and between the finger-popping, hand clapping, outbreaks of laughter because he was such a gas, I know that he really did his thing, and did it beautifully. Most articles on jazz musicians leave one feeling that there's something left to be desired. Either the artist is made to seem unreachable, too cynical, too complex, or just downright phony, but Bill Quinn's article left me feeling that here was a man you could really like. That you could feel at ease around him, because he was just a man doing what came naturally, while still keeping touch with reality, with his feet solidly on the ground.

He certainly was aware of life, for how prophetic his words were. Almost like his epitaph, but not in a morbid way. So many great men have fallen down recently that I never came in contact with. And now Wes. . . . I did get to see and hear Wes. I shook his hand and told him how much I dug him and his music. I'll remember John and Robert Kennedy, Dr. King, Billie and Dinah and Coltrane. But because I met Wes, he will always be remembered in a different way. Not as morbid, not as sad. That cool smile, and that deceptively easy way of playing, and that swinging swinging night at the El Matador will always keep Wes alive in my mind.

Roy Lott
San Francisco, Calif.

I never met Wes Montgomery, but I've always felt close to him through his music. The words do not exist that can ever begin to describe the beauty of his music. Like Coltrane, he was taken from us at the height of his musical powers; but also, like Coltrane, his music and spirit will live on forever. He was a true genius.

Art Betker
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Musings On Miles

Many years ago, Miles Davis decided that his bag should be the small combo, and he has been consistently no less than brilliant in this field. In all his tenure as a leader, his groups have been without peer in the combo classification.

However, I must express my doubt that this perennial preeminence as a combo leader qualifies Davis in any way to make the kind of derogatory comments on the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band he made in his recent *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, June 13). It seems that Miles has been away from the big-band scene so long, he can no longer recognize the incredible quality of the great assemblage of solo, section and ensemble virtuosi Thad and Mel have put together. . . .

In closing, let me say that while I have never been bored by Miles' music, I'm afraid I can't say the same for some of his windily profane pronunciamentoes re his fellow musicians. If Miles wants to blow his horn, he should do it on the job, not on the printed page!

Charles C. Sords
Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.Y. JAZZMOBILE ROLLS; BIGGEST SEASON AHEAD

As July rolled around, so did the fourth and most ambitious season of the New York Jazzmobile. Over 100 free, outdoor jazz concerts have been planned to bring, as Jazzmobile, Inc. puts it, "the best in jazz to the very communities where it has many of its roots."

Jazzmobile, Inc., a project of the Harlem Cultural Council, is, in its own words, "a non-profit organization dedicated to demonstrating the unique cultural contribution that America has made to the world; and

Jazzmobile in Action
Music for the People

to giving its audience a better understanding of the music that is their heritage by providing free, live jazz entertainment in communities that might otherwise be unable to hear such music in person."

The Jazzmobile is a mobile bandstand mounted on a truck-bed, which moves to music through the streets to a designated neighborhood location, where it becomes stationary and a one-hour performance is held. Usually, a New Orleans-style "second line" follows the Jazzmobile on it way through the streets.

Bassist Chris White, best known for his work with Dizzy Gillespie and Billy Taylor, but also a music teacher and consultant to the New York State Council on the Arts, has been appointed Executive Director of Jazzmobile, Inc. for this season. In addition to the extensive concert schedule, White has announced the formation of "Friends of Jazzmobile," which will help to build awareness of the important work the organization is doing, and solicit support to expand its programs. The Jazzmobile office is located at 361 W. 125th St., New York City.

This year, Jazzmobile has the help and sponsorship of many new contributors. The AC&R division of Ted Bates & Company, a prominent advertising agency, is acting in a volunteer capacity to publicize Jazzmobile's activities and encourage financial support so that its public-service programs can be widened.

The Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York is sponsoring 50 Jazzmobile concerts this summer. (The entire 1967 series consisted of only 47 concerts.)

Another new source of financial aid is the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company. The announcement was made at a party and press conference held at the bank's 125th St. branch, with such notables as Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Chico Hamilton, Art Farmer, Blue Mitchell, Jimmy Heath, Joe Newman, Thad Jones, and Billy Taylor, past director of Jazzmobile, participating.

Leonard A. Maxwell, Chemical's Director of Public Relations, said: "We can't overstress the importance of this project. It brings great entertainment to people who could not otherwise afford it, and it brings it to them where they live. These concerts should make the hot summer nights much more bearable to the people of Harlem."

The people of Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx will benefit as well, for the Jazzmobile will also be heading into neighborhoods in these boroughs. It is also planned to take this most welcome of wagons to other cities in New York state and New England.

The 1968 season kicked off with a performance by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers at the Harlem Meer June 26. Others scheduled to perform during the summer include Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, Art Farmer, Joe Newman, Donald Byrd, Bennie Powell, Bobby Hutcherson and Harold Land, Freddie Hubbard, Milt Jackson, Blue Mitchell, Walter Bishop Jr., Candido, Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers, Tito Puente, Charles McPherson, Willie Bobo, Montego Joe, and Billy Taylor. A schedule listing performers, dates, and locations may be obtained from the Jazzmobile office.

JAZZ COMPOSER'S BAND TO ISSUE OWN ALBUMS

The Jazz Composer's Orchestra recently resumed activity with the recording of a series of compositions by its music director, Michael Mantler, scheduled to be released in a two-record set late this summer.

Featured soloists in the works, conducted by Mantler, are trumpeter Don Cherry, trombonist Roswell Rudd, saxophonists Gato Barbieri and Pharoah Sanders, pianist Cecil Taylor, and guitarist Larry Coryell.

Among other musicians associated with the orchestra are pianist-composer Carla

Michael Mantler
Wide-Ranging Plans

Bley; saxophonists Steve Lacy, Steve Marcus, and Jimmy Lyons, and bassists Richard Davis and Charlie Haden.

The recordings mark the beginning of what is described as a "wide-ranging program" for the orchestra, to be carried out under the sponsorship of its parent organization the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc., a non-profit enterprise founded in 1966 and dedicated towards "seeking for jazz the place it deserves as an original and major art form."

The orchestra will make its public debut in New York City this fall, according to a spokesman. Detailed information about purposes and goals is included in a brochure available from Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc., 261 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007.

THE GOOD OLD 78 RPM IS BACK IN NEW DRESS

So you thought 78s were a thing of the past, of interest only to crazy collectors and thrift shop browsers? Well, think again. The 78 is back.

Reprise records has launched a new series of 78-rpm singles. First release is singer-composer Randy Newman's *The Beehive State*. Newman is also credited

with the idea of reviving the old speed, to fit the song's old-time flavor.

Though the first single is being released in a plain white sleeve, the main reason for the revival is that the larger diameter of the 78 record offers "a broader canvas for graphic expression" than the current 45-rpm single, according to a spokesman for Reprise. The new 78s will have the psychedelic look. Who would have guessed?

FINAL BAR

Trumpeter Ziggy Elman, 54, died June 25 at Sepulveda Veterans Hospital in Van Nuys, Calif., of a liver ailment that had plagued him since the mid-1950s.

Born Harry Finkelman in Philadelphia, Elman, who also played trombone, clarinet

and saxophones, was raised in Atlantic City, where he was a member of the house band at the Steel Pier when Benny Goodman discovered him in 1936.

As a star member of the Goodman band, Elman vied for popularity with section mate Harry James and became one of the best-known sideman of the Swing Era, especially after recording his own composition, *And The Angels Sing*, with Goodman.

While this record featured Elman in the Jewish "fralich" style at which he was a master, it was as a driving, big-toned jazz trumpeter that he made his reputation. After leaving Goodman in 1940, he joined Tommy Dorsey, remaining with the trombonist's band until 1947 (he was in the service from 1943 to 1946).

He then moved to California, where he led his own band with indifferent success, later concentrating on studio work until illness forced him into semi-retirement in 1956. He was seen (but not heard) in the film *The Benny Goodman Story*.

Elman recorded excellent solos with Goodman (*Wrappin' It Up; Honeysuckle Rose; Zaggin' with Zig*) and Dorsey (*Swing High, Swing Low; Swanee River*), but his best work was with the small, informal recording groups led by Lionel Hampton. It was on such pieces as *Stomp, Gin for Christmas, Ain'tcha Comin' Home*, and *I've Found a New Baby* that his trumpet really shone. His best later work was on a tribute to Goodman album recorded for Atlantic under pianist Jess Stacy's leadership, no longer available.

Pianist Hank Duncan, 71, died in New York City June 7 after a long illness.

Born Henry James Duncan in Bowling Green, Ky., he began his musical training early. He attended Fisk University, then formed his own group in Louisville in 1919 with the legendary Jimmy Harrison on trombone.

Duncan moved to New York in the early '20s and was with clarinetist Fess Williams' popular Royal Flush Orchestra for most of the decade. After working with Sidney Bechet and with bassist Charlie Turner's houseband at the Arcadia Ballroom, he toured for several years with Fats Waller's big band as relief pianist.

Later, he worked with small bands in New York, including Mezz Mezzrow's and trombonist Snub Moseley's groups. In March 1947, he began a stint as intermission pianist at Nick's in Greenwich Village which lasted, with the exception of a period from 1955-56 when he was with trumpeter Louis Metcalfe, until the club closed in 1963.

Eventually, Duncan had to give up playing when arthritis crippled his hands. A benefit was held for him last fall at the Village Gate.

Duncan was one of the pioneers of stride piano, and though not as famous or colorful as some other members of that school, he could hold his own with the best of them. Patrons at Nick's who listened were often charmed by his graceful, relaxed inventions at the keyboard, and he was an excellent band pianist as well.

Among the best of Duncan's recorded performances are *Maple Leaf Rag, Sweetie Dear* (Bechet); *I Got Rhythm* (Fats Waller; Duncan plays the first solo); *Slow Drivin'* (Mutt Carey); *City of the Blues* (Tony Parenti), and *Changes, Always on My Mind* (own group).

Pianist Harvey Brooks, 69, died June 17 in Los Angeles. Born in Philadelphia, he moved to California in 1920 and played for many years with Paul Howard's Quality Serenaders, the band with which Lionel Hampton got his start. He also arranged for prominent big bands, including Tommy Dorsey and Les Brown, and was a successful song writer, whose biggest hit was *A Little Bird Told Me*. For the past eight years, he led a band of veteran jazzmen, The Young Men From New Orleans, featured at Disneyland.

Willard Robison, 73, who composed such evergreens as *Old Folks* and *A Cottage For Sale*, died June 24 at Peekskill, N.Y. Community Hospital.

Born in Shelbina, Mo., Robison formed his Deep River Orchestra in 1917 and traveled with it throughout the Midwest for many years. He was brought to New York by Paul Whiteman in the late '20s, and became a big name in broadcasting with his Deep River Music, one of the first widely syndicated radio programs.

Robison, who also sang and arranged, wrote more than 150 songs (music and lyrics) as well as more ambitious compositions. Though his orchestra did not play jazz, Robison befriended and employed numerous jazz musicians, among them Bix Beiderbecke and Jack Teagarden.

Blues singer Willie John, 30, known professionally as Little Willie John, died May 26 at Washington State Penitentiary, where he had been imprisoned since 1966 on a manslaughter charge. His greatest hit was *Fever*, which he co-wrote, and which was popularized by Peggy Lee in an arrangement that closely copied his original recording.

POTPOURRI

Saxophonist **Bob Cooper** was scheduled at presstime to undergo open heart surgery at St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles. His chair in the **Johnny Mann** house band for the *Joey Bishop Show* will be shared by **Bob Hardway** and **Gene Cipriano** during Cooper's convalescence.

•

The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** Orchestra left New York July 4 for a two-week concert tour of Japan, the band's first visit abroad. **Gil Evans** and his new big band was the scheduled replacement for the Jones-Lewis crew at the Village Vanguard July 8 and 15.

•

David Baker will head an unprecedented *Institute of Black Music* on the Bloomington campus of Indiana University in the summer of 1969. The eight-week seminar will include four courses on all aspects of Black music and related cultural aspects. Baker will teach the arranging-composing course, with other faculty members to be announced. Funded by the Office of Education of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Institute will be open to college teachers holding a master's degree in music or beyond. Participants will receive $75 per week plus an allowance for each dependent. Further details will be given when available.

•

Composer and sometimes jazz French hornist **David Amram's** opera *Twelfth Night* will receive its world premiere at the Lake George Opera Company's summer festival near Saratoga, N.Y. on Aug. 1. Subsequent performances will be given Aug. 3, 9, 13 and 24. The libretto was adapted from the Shakespeare play by **Joseph Papp.**

•

Winners of the annual *Battle of Bands* at the Hollywood Bowl in June were the **Crescendos** from Venice High School, Venice, Calif. (best school dance band); pianist **Craig Hundley's** trio from Los Angeles (best combo); **A Go Go '68**, a group of youths from Santa Monica, Culver City, and Venice (best general dance band); **Pat** and **Vyki Sosa** and **Les Martinez** (best vocal group), and **Jim Schick** (best vocalist).

•

A jazz benefit for Synanon, originally scheduled for May 20, was held at the Village Gate on June 10. Alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** led **Woody Shaw**, trumpet; **Scott Holt**, bass; and **Norman Connors**, drums. Alto saxophonist **Arnie**

Lawrence's group included **Randy Brecker**, trumpet; **Larry Coryell**, guitar; **Carline Ray**, electric bass, vocals; **Hal Gaylor**, bass; and **Marty Morell**, drums. **Keith Jarrett**, who was prevented from making **Charles Lloyd's** recent Far Eastern jaunt because of his draft status, played soprano saxophone, recorder and piano in a trio completed by bassist **Charlie Haden** and drummer **Bob Moses**. **Roland Kirk**, on tenor saxophone and manzello, headed his regular group: **Ron Burton**, piano; **Vernon Martin**, bass; and **Jimmy Hopps**, drums. **Clark Terry** fronted his big band which spotlighted such soloists as trumpeters Brecker, **Ziggy Harrell** and **Lloyd Michaels**; alto saxophonist-flutist **Frank Wess**; tenor saxophonists **Zoot Sims** and **Lew Tabackin**; pianist **Corky Hale**; bassist **Joe Benjamin**; and drummer **Grady Tate**. The evening was opened by a young quartet consisting of saxophonist **Laurence Dinwiddie**, pianist **Edwin Birdsong**, bassist **Allen Murphy**, and drummer **Harold White**. Emcee for the entire affair was **Alan Grant**.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: **Sonny Rollins** began a series of weekend stints at the Village Vanguard June 28. **Coleman Hawkins** shared the stand on the July 4th weekend . . . The country setting of Woodstock was the scene for a weekend Jazz Musicians Open House in June. The outdoor event, sponsored by Group 212, was held on the organization's 75 acres. Participants were **Jack Cross**, alto horn and trumpet; **Archie Shepp**, **Mark Whitecage**, **Noah Howard**, **Trevor Koehler**, **Sasha Abrahms**, saxophones; **Burton Greene**, **Judy Abrahms**, **Mike Efram**, piano; **Floyd Gibbs**, vibes; **Mike Berardi**, guitar; **Sunny Murray**, **Laurence Cook**, **Barry Walter**, drums; **John Smith**, conga. The organization announced that due to the visiting and resident musicians' response to the weekend, tentative plans call for an avant-garde festival featuring Shepp and Murray in early August, as well as performances and workshops by other jazz groups . . . **Gloria Lynne** and **Horace Silver** were the featured artists at a Brooklyn concert July 6. Soul East Productions presented the event . . . Yankee Stadium was pulverized, almost, by **James Brown** and his revue in June. The one-night-only concert was the first in a series to raise funds for the Student Christian Leadership Conference, Mobilization for Youth, and other organizations. Brown experienced the usual onslaught of excited fans at the end of his appearance and had to be taken away in an armored car. His recent show on WNEW-TV is being rebroadcast Aug. 4 . . . Cornetist **Bobby Hackett's** quartet opened at Shepheard's in mid-June for a long stay. With Hackett were **David Frishberg**, piano; **Tito Russo**, bass, and **Ray Mosca**, drums . . . Jazz Interactions, which has been holding forth at the Red Garter on Sundays, has moved to the Dom and now features two groups in conjunction with **Alan Grant's** regular Sunday sessions. **Art Farmer** with tenorist **Jimmy Heath**, pianist **Cedar Walton**, and bassist **Walter Booker**, closed out the JI series at the Garter, and pianist **Eddie Bonnemere's** quintet and **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers** were the opening groups at the Dom. Personnel with Bonnemere: alto saxophonist **Arnie Lawrence**, pianist **Hal Gaylor**, bassist **Joe Scott**, and drummer **Sticks Evans**. **Some Love-Some** (**Message of the Angels**) was the heady title of a group with **Randy Kaye**, **Perry Robinson**, **Joe Peskin**, **Bob Moses**, **Richard Youngstein** and **Paul Shapiro** that appeared at JI's next session. **Illinois Jacquet**

/Continued on page 39

LOVED YOUR BOOK

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

ON THE DUST JACKET to Gunther Schuller's *Early Jazz* (Oxford), I am quoted as believing the book is "A superb job, in its thorough scholarship, its critical perception, and its love and respect for its subject. All future commentary on jazz—indeed on American music—should be indebted to Schuller's work."

That ought to indicate that I hold the book in the same kind of high regard that Dan Morgenstern offered it recently in these pages. But just in case it doesn't, I will add that Schuller straightens me out on a couple of errors in the course of the book, and frankly I'm flattered to be there. I'll add that for me one of the best qualities of Schuller's work is that although he is authoritative, he does not pontificate, and always implicit in his tone and attitude is the acknowledgement that, although musical facts are musical facts, matters of taste are matters of taste.

The review of Schuller's book which appeared in the New York *Times* Sunday "Book Review" supplement also holds it highly. The reviewer called it "the definitive work" and said that it is "a remarkable book by any standard, it is unparalleled in the literature of jazz."

And to whom did the New York *Times* offer this obviously important volume for review? A major music critic? No. A historian of American music? No. How about a jazz journalist? Still no.

The reviewer is named Frank Conroy, and the *Times* identifies him with this little entry in the awkward sentence derby: "Mr. Conroy is the author of 'Stop-Time' as well as being an accomplished jazz pianist."

In a sense, Mr. Conroy offers his own credentials in his opening paragraph: he names jazz, along with sex techniques, nutrition, group therapy, movies, education, Wall Street, and pet care, as primary among the subjects on which have appeared "the worst books written in this country in the last ten or fifteen years." Well, maybe.

He continues that "virtually all" jazz books "are illiterate, opinionated, and inadequately researched." Well some are "illiterate" and some "inadequately researched," but unless we know which books Conroy condemns and which few he exempts, the point gets to be a bit gratuitous.

Is Whitney Balliett illiterate? Is the Rust-Allen *King Joe Oliver* opinionated? Is *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya* inadequately researched? Is Willie "The Lion" Smith's autobiography maybe opinionated *and* authoritative? But anyway, you see the real point: anybody who can issue such a blanket put-down as Conroy's is just bound to be a real authority, right? Just bound to be.

Conroy hasn't finished. "Most jazz fans," he continues, "have given up in despair . . . and content themselves with an occasional glance at the often hysterical prose of Downbeat magazine, or a quick skim on the backs of their record albums." Presumably, then, Mr. Conroy finds record liner notes more authoritative than books on jazz and less "hysterical" than the prose in this magazine. Another thing: if it isn't jazz fans who buy jazz books, who does buy them? Disillusioned nutritionists, maybe. Still another thing: the name of this magazine is *Down Beat*, not *Downbeat*.

Conroy rightly identifies Schuller as "associated with" Third Stream music, but Conroy defines it as "an attempt on the part of certain composers to widen the forms of orchestrated jazz." Which statement is (a) inadequately researched (i.e., wrong), and (b) implies a kind of condescension toward jazz which the author of *Early Jazz* is highly unlikely to have.

Later, Conroy chides Schuller mildly for his prose style in a sentence in which Conroy uses the rich, beautiful clause "which is less than insipid." He follows that one in the next paragraph with the lovely phrase, "a much-needed book."

Now none of this would be worth bringing up if it were not part of the *Times* woefully inadequate—not to say disgraceful—record in reviewing jazz books. Many are not reviewed; or, some important ones are not reviewed, while some trivial ones are. And for every competent music critic or jazz journalist who reviews a jazz book, the *Times* will turn over three jazz books to publicists, tin pan alley hacks, and vaguely jazz-oriented novelists who get a column or two in the back pages. In the case at hand, I dare say that *anyone* acquainted with jazz would know that Schuller's is a praiseworthy book, and would say so. But the point is that a book like this one clearly deserves to be discussed and evaluated by the best musical and critical minds we have.

There seems to me no excuse for this. Particularly not from a paper which knows enough about the importance of jazz to keep on a regular jazz writer, John S. Wilson, and to assign free-lance jazz coverage to others from time to time as well.

GARY BURTON: Upward Bound

JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

By Dan Morgenstern

A COUPLE OF YEARS ago, when Gary Burton was still with Stan Getz, he was the image of a studious musician—crew-cut, bespectacled, and conservative in attire. Today, the 25-year-old vibist wears his hair almost shoulder-length, the glasses are gone, and his dress is fashionably (and tastefully) "mod."

But even while he looked conservative, Burton's music was adventurous and original and the new image in fact is a more appropriate reflection of his approach.

"I'd dress the way I do even if I weren't a musician," he stated recently. "People said I was doing it to attract attention and go commercial, but that soon died away as others began to do it, too. What we started out to do with the group was to be ourselves."

And themselves the Gary Burton Quartet—guitarist Larry Coryell, bassist Steve Swallow, and, since June, drummer Roy Haynes—certainly are. Formed in April 1967, the quartet has already become one of the outstanding jazz ensembles of the day: fresh, original, together, and capable of arousing enthusiasm not only in the established jazz audience but also in those young listeners generally more attuned to other forms of contemporary music.

This year is going to be a big one for the group. It has appeared at Newport, and is currently touring the country as part of the *Schlitz Salute to Jazz* package appearing in 22 cities. Then comes Monterey and the group's second European tour; again, as last year, with George Wein's *Newport Jazz Festival in Europe.*

At Monterey, there will be something special; something which Burton is looking forward to with pleasure. "We'll be doing a new work by Carla Bley which we have just recorded for RCA Victor. It's new music; 'non-jazz' music in a lot of ways, but not pop, either. I don't know what to call it, but it is very theatrical; it reminds me of what Kurt Weill might do if he were around today. There's a lot of humor in it too."

The piece, called *A Genuine Tong Funeral,* utilizes the quartet, augmented by the composer on piano and organ and five horns. On the recording, these were Mike Mantler, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Gato Barbieri, tenor sax, and Howard Johnson, tuba. At Monterey, Lacy and Knepper will be replaced by California musicians, with the rest of the personnel as on the record (except that Haynes has replaced Bobby Moses in the quartet).

The performance will be theatrical in more respects than musical ones. Miss Bley and the quartet members will wear colorful costumes, and the other musicians will be dressed in formal black. There will be stage sets as well, and Burton uses the term "pageant" to describe the happenings. In addition, the quartet will also perform a set of its own.

Between the concert tours and festival appearances, the group will do club dates, including an August stint at New York's Village Gate, and an appearance at Fillmore East, a rock haven.

"One out of 10 gigs we do might be a rock concert or rock gig," Burton explains, "which gets us to audiences we wouldn't normally reach. This spring, we played The Scene in New York—a struggle of a job, since the people didn't seem to know what to make of us. But when we were at the Village Vanguard the following week, 90% of the audience there were people who'd seen us at The Scene and had never been to the Vanguard before."

When the quartet plays opposite a rock group, there will be problems, but Burton feels the potential benefits are worth the effort. "The loud groups have a captive audience, but then we come on and people find that they can talk to each other, so we have an uphill battle," he points out. "But some find out that they have to listen more deeply than they're used to. We are more successful than other jazz groups with these audiences—though Charles Lloyd does very well too, of course—probably because we are a younger group than most. It gives them something to identify with, and we look the part."

Burton thinks that "one reason why jazz isn't more popular with young audiences is that it's hard for them to identify with 40ish musicians in tailored suits. They could loosen up some—not dress up and all that, but relate more." (One "older" group that seems to have gone all the way recently is Cannonball Adderley's, which, according to reports, now dresses up in assorted odd costumes, beads, etc.)

But while the Burton quartet is aware of its visual and generational appeal to the rock audience, it does not tailor its music to fit that audience. "At first," Burton recalls, "there was some publicity about our being a 'jazz-rock' group, but then it was found that we were 'just a jazz group after all'—and that's all we ever wanted to be. Fresh, yes; young, yes—but we had no desire to make a hybrid music. Of course, you are exposed to different kinds of music all the time; bombarded by radio and TV everywhere you go: Indian music, pop, jazz, soul. And we wanted to do things that were all around us.

"I spent some time in Nashville, as did Larry Coryell, and heard some interesting country music. And Steve Swallow and I wanted to do things we'd never done with Stan Getz. Music has become very eclectic. I usually don't approve of that, if it means just borrowing, but we're doing things we are familiar with. We've dropped the things we had no special relation to.

"We use things we like," the young vibist continues. "With a guitar in the group, it's a natural for us to use some rock, but actually it's country things, not rock. Rock is very country-influenced, and I was much more exposed to country music at the start.

"Then, Stan (Getz) had taken Brazilian music and played with it—his style on their rhythm section—a combination which worked. That's what made me think of country music. On the *Tennessee Firebird* album I tried everything I could think of; different styles of country music. It wasn't that successful, but I enjoyed it. We did it down in Nashville, and I'd asked Roy Haynes to be on it. I told him what it was going to be, and he said he'd try anything once. But the country musicians, who are jazz fans and have incredible respect for it,

knew who Roy was and loved him.

"When we were at the Vanguard, Roy's wife came down to hear us, and said she'd hoped to hear some country music. If it had worked out, I might have hired a fiddle player . . . maybe I was before my time. The Byrds have declared themselves a country group, and the rush to Nashville is on."

IT WAS IN NASHVILLE that Burton, born in Andersonville, Ind., made his recording debut, significantly a jazz date with country guitarist Hank Garland. It was there he met Chet Atkins, and two other men who were to have considerable impact on his subsequent career.

These were the late Steve Sholes, an RCA Victor Records executive, and George Wein, the Sol Hurok of jazz, who is now Burton's personal manager. The Victor people thought Burton was going to be a child prodigy, and signed him to a contract. He is still with the company.

"Steve Sholes was my biggest supporter," he says. "It was so sad that he died just before we were beginning to pay off." When Burton met Wein, he was invited to come to Newport with the jazz contingent from Nashville scheduled to perform at the festival in 1960, but the so-called riot intervened, and though the musicians were actually in Newport, they never did get to perform. The only outcome was a record for RCA Victor, *After the Riot at Newport.*

"Maybe it was a good thing we didn't get to play," Burton jokes. "The record has some bizarre moments on it. It's fun to listen to now. As for George, I can't begin to say how much he's done for us . . . and not just for us, for jazz. He's giving more work to more people than anybody else."

While saying good things about people, Burton also mentioned his a&r man at Victor, Brad McCuen.

"He has been very open," Burton says. "The Carla Bley record is the most daring and the most costly we've ever done, and Brad has been very cooperative. We did another experimental-type thing on *Lofty Fake Anagram* (the quartet's most recent album), *General Mojo Cuts Up.* It took several weeks of eight-hour days of editing. There were 1000 splices, and Steve [bassist Swallow "wrote" the piece] made them all himself. Some were serial, some random. We made a prepared tape, recorded fragments, improvised over them, then re-edited. It was an artistic success, but there was no comment about it. The critics took very little notice. The title was a clue, and I thought the hip people would pick up on it. It *sounds* spliced up.

"We've done it live," Burton continues, "with a machine that plays the tape through a big amplifier. Each of us took a solo, and the others started to do various things to pass the time. We began to dismantle the instruments and build a stockpile of the parts on stage as the tape went roaring on. It was great at the concert we did in New York—audience laughter and reaction, and so on. I felt knocked out—like a comedian or something. But we've stopped doing it. We couldn't take the machine on tour, and dismantling the instruments is no good in clubs when you have to put them up again for the next set."

The group has enough equipment to contend with as it is. Amplifiers often need repair, so they carry a spare. "We took two to Europe last year," Burton recalls, "and both of them blew out. That was when we were traveling with a guitar workshop, and the guitarists were constantly blowing out fuses. They forgot about the transformers. George Benson's octave machine blew out the amplifier, and Barney Kessel blew it out too. I'll be getting into the act now with my new vibes."

THESE NEW VIBES are an amplified model recently developed by the Ludwig Drum Co. "They commissioned a professor at Annapolis to develop some really good amplified vibes," Burton says, "and I've checked them out and they really work. I'd tried some before —Terry Gibbs and Red Norvo had some made by other people—but this model has it. I hope to get them in time for Monterey. It's not going to change vibes playing drastically, but vibes players have always been at a disadvantage when it comes to miking the instrument.

"The vibes sound is spread out," Burton explains, "and you can't aim one or two mikes at the source. At the big concerts we have lots of trouble. I'm always very careful about how the sound system is worked, but once you're out there, you have to make do with it. This amplified instrument should be a great help. I understand there are some other good models too."

The use of this new instrument will be the only major change in the Burton group since its inception in April 1967, other than the recent change of drummers. But that, in a sense, was a homecoming, since Haynes had played with Burton and Swallow in the Getz quartet, and had been the drummer on the Burton group's first record *(Duster).*

"The conception of the group's sound didn't exist before that record," Burton points out, "but we realized then that it was the start of something, and Roy was in on that. His conception was part of it, and Bobby Moses followed in the mold that Roy had started. Bobby left us because he wanted to do some other, more experimental things. He has his own things he wants to work on—he's made a record that I hope may be issued—so when Roy left Stan it was perfect timing for us, and I was gassed when he agreed to join us.

"It was so great when he came back; I couldn't believe the first couple of nights how good it was. Some people may think it's kind of funny, Roy being with us, but he is one of the youngest people I know. He has such young spirit."

When Burton made that first album (far from his first as a leader, but the first with his own actual group) he'd had no clear idea what he wanted, only that he wanted his own thing. He left Getz, with whom he had been for two years (prior to that, he'd spent some time with George Shearing), because he was getting restless.

"I wanted to be my own person," he says. "It was getting frustrating to work for someone else when I had my own ideas and it wasn't in my place to express them. (This is no reflection on his high regard for Getz, however, and the two have remained on friendly terms.) I'd first decided to go out as a single with a rhythm section, but then Larry, whom I'd met through mutual friends, was available, and I used him on my first gig at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, and it was a case of instant rapport."

Swallow and Burton had first met through guitarist Jim Hall, who recommended the bassist highly for a record date the two were planning together. Subsequently, Burton recommended Swallow to Getz, and the vibist and bassist have been team-mates ever since.

"After that, things picked up quickly. I made the group permanent, and everything happened faster than my timetable was laid out. I get the feeling that something might change—someone might leave or we'll have a style change, or something. Larry will eventually leave, I'm sure, to go out on his own, though as far as I'm concerned, the longer he stays, the better."

But such feelings of foreboding are uncharacteristic of the young leader, who is not a brooder by nature, and whose swift rise in the world of jazz has not gone to his head.

"It's amazing to me how things have exceeded all our expectations," he says. "We're booked up into next year already, and on the verge of being permanently established. We'll have more exposure than ever this summer. If we stopped at this point and leveled off, we'd pass into a memory fairly quickly, but I'm just glad to be working when things supposedly are so tough."

With his personal style, sensitive musicianship, ability to choose compatible talent, and eminent good sense, chances are that Gary Burton has just begun to cut a swath, and will be working in the jazz vineyards for a long time to come.

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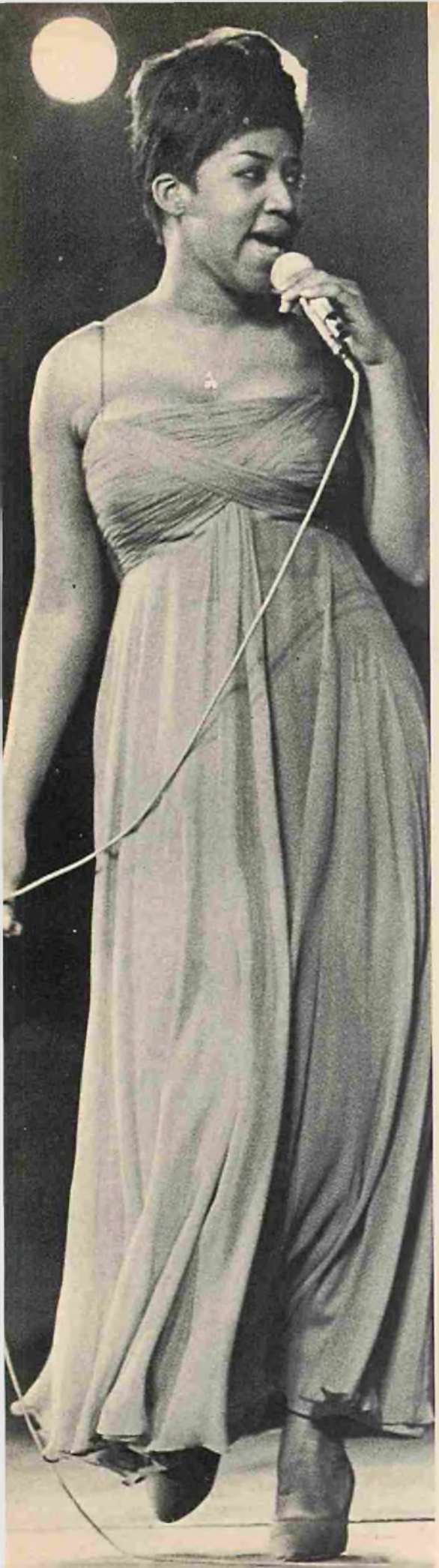


aretha.....

an interview by valerie wilmer

"WHAT'LL YOU TELL ME 'bout that?" demanded a jubilant Aretha Franklin as she bounced offstage following a thunderous reception at the end of her first British visit. The comfortably rounded, earthy little singer was clearly amazed at the way she'd inspired the audience to wind up by rushing the stage, clamoring for another helping of greens from "Lady Soul."

"I'd felt they were uninhibited as people, but I didn't know whether they were going to like what I was going to do," she later admitted. "I thought they might enjoy the show, but I just didn't think they'd like it that much. Then, the deeper I got into it, everything happened. I could have gone on and on because I was really feeling *good!*"

For a singer who has spent the past year outselling all others in the U.S. Top 40, such modesty is rare, but Miss Franklin is one of the few genuinely shy people left in show business. It's not until she hears the cheers that she realizes she has won the race, for she seems to be plagued with a feeling of insecurity in spite of producing six million-selling singles in less than a year.

Her professional career as a solo artist has occupied the past nine of her 26 years, and yet she seems only to come to life on the stage. It is hard to associate the unbridled, emotional way she bares her soul onstage with the reserved little-girl-lost who is just a Detroit housewife in private life, and yet they are one and the same—two sides of a composite personality. Aretha can move you because she hits home where it hurts and is unashamedly truthful about her needs and desires. Proclaiming her happiness, she makes you sing inside, makes you shout along with her; she limits her stage movements to a bare minimum, yet imbues her voice with enough suspended rhythm to make a block of wood get up and dance.

She is totally convincing, too, because she believes in what she is singing. "I have to," she stressed, "or associate a song with something I know about. There are some nights when you don't have the same drive or the particular feeling. I guess by living every day and days being different, the feeling changes. But even if I don't get the overall feeling sometimes, there are certain songs that, regardless of how I'm feeling, I always feel deeply about. *Respect* is one; *Baby, Baby, Baby* and *Since You've Been Gone*—I have to feel them."

PHOTOS/RON HOWARD

1967 was undoubtedly Miss Franklin's year, and there is no good reason for this one not being equally good to her. Yet she waited a long time for the success that was her due. Between winning the *Down Beat* Critics' Poll as New Star Female Vocalist in 1961 and racing to the top of the charts last year with *I Never Loved A Man, Respect, Baby I Love You* and so on, she made a reasonable name for herself on the night-club circuit and recorded eight albums for Columbia.

It was not until she signed with Atlantic last year, however, that the singer's fortunes rapidly changed. Although she acknowledges her respect, thanks and continuing friendship for John Hammond, who was behind her initial recording career, she has every reason to be grateful to her new label and the chance that producer Jerry Wexler gave her. A million sales on an initial single are not to be sniffed at, after all! Atlantic encouraged the Gospel according to Aretha Franklin to come forth shouting.

BY USING SECULAR words in an obvious Gospel frame, Aretha has suffered categorizing from the start. Journalists on both sides of the Atlantic find it hard to believe that the essence of her material had its roots in her father's New Bethel Baptist Church in Detroit and leave it at that. They can't seem to recognize the simple truth once pointed out by Beatle John Lennon: "They all seem to come out of the church and they just change the words. They say 'baby' instead of 'Lord', so I really can't tell the difference, except I know that if they're singing about Jesus and the Lord and that, well, it's Gospel. If they're not, it's r&b or rock, whatever you like."

Even Aretha herself evades the obvious. "At the time they called me a jazz singer it was not that I wasn't interested in the idea; I didn't feel that I was a jazz singer. I still don't, though a lot of people say that I am. I think it's in regards to what you prefer; if you like jazz you might feel it was more of a compliment, and if you like Gospel, then vice-versa. Now I think what I sing is closer to rhythm-and-blues and straight blues, sometimes a little pop mixed with blues. I always wanted to do the blues but never completely.

"It was the church that first taught me how to stand on the stage," Aretha continued. "I was scared to death, but

/Continued on page 38

lady soul

an appreciation by helen dance

I MARVEL AT Aretha Franklin. She is an amalgam of so many things. She makes up for much that seemed to have been lost to the past. She has so many grooves that it's hard to be consistent about what is most moving. There are times when I think it may be the lesser-known things, like *96 Tears*. Then she comes on with *Satisfaction* or *Baby, Baby, Baby*. That is *some* way of singing; exciting, and bad in the best sense!

She makes up for Billie Holiday. As Duke Ellington says, why bother about categories? Her singing transcends boundaries.

She has that feel for time and that grasp of a number that makes it as much hers as if she wrote it herself. Maybe this doesn't sound like the right thing to say, but there are times when I don't really know what she's singing about. But she's singing. That feeling is there, and one doesn't need her words. She has a terrific range of feeling. She's moved by myriad gradations of blues and Gospel. But it's not just Ray Charles all over again. It's a new world.

There always has been something in Gospel that waited on jazz. There can be a real marriage there, especially when the blues are included. Maybe that accounts for a rare unanimity among such writers as John Wilson, Leonard Feather and Nat Hentoff; Europe's Hugues Panassie, and LeRoi Jones. Few artists have a following that spans so many generations.

One reason probably is that Aretha is *Feelgood* herself. Maybe that's why she recalls the past. She seems to have restored something that's been lacking, a naturalness that she expresses in contemporary form, free of intellectual flim-flam. Not everyone, certainly not the general public, has an affinity for egghead music. When it comes to listening, lots of people have more heart than head. There are other demands on the head and too few on the heart.

She has found the choice of material to be very important. Her Columbia albums never really got off the ground because, I believe, their approach to material was not consistent enough. Columbia patterned her after other people—but what she had to offer was unique. This is something Jerry Wexler at Atlantic records has grasped. He saw that it was necessary to simplify things, to eliminate everything that detracted from the essential artist. In his notes to *Aretha Arrives,* Hentoff pointed this out, remarking that in her Gospel years he had marveled at the size of feeling in her voice but that on records something had gone awry. Then Atlantic released *I Never Loved a Man Until I Loved You,* and it happened. Aretha had indeed arrived.

There are writers who criticize some of the musical backgrounds Atlantic has devised. But Aretha dominates all. The beat and her sound creates an immunity. In general, the frameworks suit her. They are modeled on her conception of the material at hand.

"As long as it fits," she has said. "It *has* to fit." And it does, because Arif Mardin at Atlantic waits until she has everything worked out at the piano and then builds an arrangement that complements her ideas.

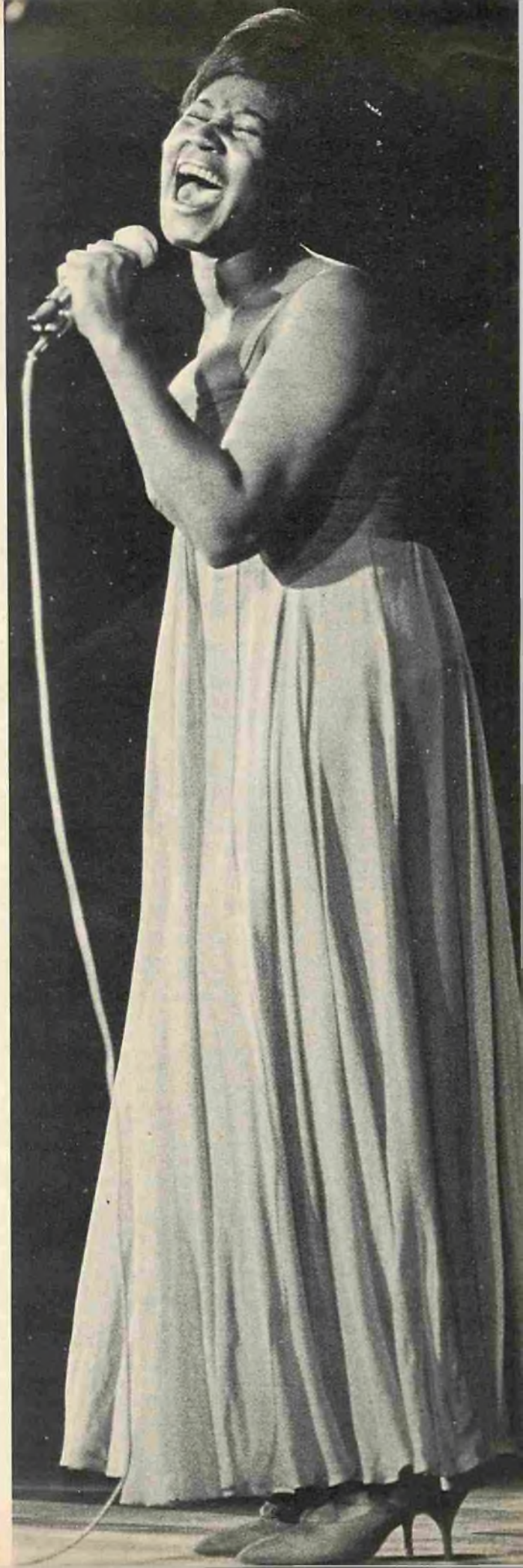
The takes are not made all at one time. She makes the first playback alone, and the next emphasis is placed on the rhythm section. Sometimes the horns are not dubbed in until a day or so later. Occasionally, the singer is no longer in town when the voices are added.

"If we're using the Sweet Inspirations," she said, "they usually know pretty well what I want." If her sisters are present, generally the backgrounds are fitted in right on the session.

"But she works from built-in backgrounds," Mardin said. "She doesn't need support. She can always treat a song as though she had 40 pieces back of her."

Aretha likes to work from the keyboard and customarily provides all the piano accompaniment. As a pianist, she doesn't make a big thing of her qualifications, but the musicians accompanying her are enthusiastic.

"They think it's a joy to work with her," Mardin said. "After a take, the entire band goes into a huddle for the playback.



There is terrific entente. Nobody minds if what we are after means a lot of hard work. These sessions never just happen. And Aretha never holds back. On that date which took place after she'd fractured an arm, she played piano regardless, one-handed at times."

Aretha: Lady Soul (Atlantic 8176), her third album for that label, was released last February. Like *I Never Loved a Man Until I Loved You* (8139) and *Aretha Arrives* (8150), it contains two titles, *Chain of Fools* and *Natural Woman*, that were released as singles and at once became hits. Her first single, *I Never Loved a Man*, released 12 months previously, sold 250,000 copies in less than two weeks. *Respect* and *Baby, I Love You* followed, each selling more than 1,000,000 copies. *Respect* this year won the NARAS award as best rhythm-and-blues recording of 1967.

Careful routining was responsible for much of these albums' success. In each instance, the singer contributed such varied material that there was small risk of sameness or letdown. It's doubtful whether any successive LPs ever contained a greater number of hits. Both open with titles already well known in their own right—Otis Redding's *Respect* and the Rolling Stones' *Satisfaction*—which Aretha transformed into personalized versions of hard-driven rock. *Drown in My Own Tears*, a no-holds-barred blues, followed *Respect* and was succeeded by *I Never Loved a Man*. The concluding numbers were *Soul Serenade*—not so well known, but one of her finest selections—and two of her own compositions, *Don't Let Me Lose This Dream* and *Baby, Baby, Baby*. The latter, written in conjunction with her sister, Carolyn, typified the exultant Franklin approach. This side of the album had no arid patches.

Aretha Arrives, the second release, contained as many inimitable numbers and was another tour de force. *Satisfaction* preceded *You Are My Sunshine*, a Gospel spectacular, and *96 Tears*. Here, and also on the irresistible *Baby, I Love You*, the effect was immeasurably heightened by memorable exchanges between Aretha and her sisters, Irma and Carolyn. On *Going Down Slow*, Aretha was featured in a moaning chase chorus with King Curtis' tenor saxophone. The Curtis contributions and the vocal interpolations provided the best type of background for the heady Franklin sound. Strings and horns, however, arranged by Ralph Burns, were used to good effect in ballads like *That's Life* and *I Wonder*.

Much has been written about Aretha's interpretation of lyrics, but more remarkable still is her identification with the feel of a song, her ability to communicate what the music conveys. There's wonderful nostalgia in *Night Life*, but independent of convention, the singer never relinquished the beat.

"The feeling is Gospel," was her explanation of the swinging waltz time on numbers like *People Get Ready* and *T'ain't No Way* in her last album, *Lady Soul*. Even more Gospel was her version of *Ain't Nobody Gonna Turn Me Around*, where she preaches like Cootie Williams. She gives some of her best performances on her own songs, like *Dr. Feelgood* and *Good to Me as I'm Good to You*. *Feelgood* is new-blues, a '60s paraphrase of Billie Holiday's anthems. *My Man* is what it says.

This could be cause for alarm—because when an artist's popularity suddenly attains unusual proportions, it's an invitation to pop writers to equate success with sex symbolism and to indulge in the jargon that accompanies it. If she should get typed this way, her marvelous spontaneity and breadth of approach could be seriously jeopardized.

The mystique surrounding show biz exercises a fatal attraction. *Time* magazine says Aretha ranges "from a sensual whisper to a banshee wail as she projects the confident sexuality of *Baby, I Love You*." *The Saturday Review* says she "celebrates sensuality and womanhood in song." These sentiments were further exaggerated by Albert Goldman in the New York *Times:* "At another time, in another society, her complete freedom from emotional restraints might appear a dubious value. Today it seems like a state of grace." Wrapping it up, he concludes, "She makes salvation seem erotic. And the erotic our salvation."

I hope Aretha hasn't arrived at last merely to be transplanted into dollars and cents. At Philharmonic Hall in October, 1967, her opening numbers were *There's No Business Like Show Business* and *Try a Little Tenderness*, and it would be hard to find justification for this, or for the Jolson touch in *Rock-a-bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody*. These evoked considerably less response than *I Never Loved a Man* and *Natural Woman*.

This was partly due to accompaniment provided onstage by Carolyn Franklin, flanked by two other girl singers, all three effectively dressed and routined. To put Aretha across requires no more behind her than this. Her sound was hindered rather than helped by an orchestral background involving fiddles, mandolins, guitars, electric bass, and the lot. Onstage her greatest hits are numbers like *Respect* and *Satisfaction*. By the time she gets Gospel-minded and those top notes come out, her audience is carried away.

"Like Sinatra or Presley, she engenders a cult," arranger Mardin observed.

She comes by that naturally, for her father, the Rev. C. L. Franklin, still enjoys a devoted following. Although she's only 26, Aretha has been singing for years. She started in the choir of the New Bethel Baptist Church before she was 12, and at 14 accompanied her father on evangelistic tours. Her gifts are inborn and bred. It wasn't easy for her, however, to switch from Gospel to the secular approach.

Bassist Major Holley, also from Detroit, remembers that she experienced a hard time when she first came to New York. Holley, who had formed a close friendship with her father, watched over her and attempted to bring her to the attention of better known agents.

She lived on the east side, in a YWCA, and each day the two met and set out on the rounds. When they approached Max Gordon of the Village Vanguard, Holley discovered she wasn't yet old enough to obtain a cabaret work-permit card. She returned to Detroit, but after a time her father encouraged her to try again, paying for demonstration records, and once more Holley took her to agents he knew. He remembers a day at the Shaw Artists offices when she made a great impression.

But work was scarce, and they landed no more than a week at the Vanguard, with Ellis Larkins on piano and Holley on bass.

Yet this was a turning point, for the bassist then took her to meet John Hammond at Columbia records. "She needed no help after that," he recalled. "She's been great, too, always crediting me with giving her a start. When the City of Detroit honored her this year by proclaiming Aretha Franklin Day, she gave me a build-up right in Cobo Hall."

Considering her gifts, progress at Columbia was slow. Hammond produced her first two albums, *Aretha Franklin with Ray Bryant Trio* and *The Electrifying Aretha*, and employed musicians such as Ray Bryant, Skeeter Best, Tyree Glenn, Quentin Jackson and Milt Hinton to provide accompaniment. Later a series of albums with such titles as *The Tender, The Moving, The Swinging Aretha Franklin* (CS 8963), *Laughing on the Outside* (CS 8879), *Unforgettable, a Tribute to Dinah Washington* (CS 8963), *Runnin' out of Fools* (CS 9081), *Soul Sister* (CS 9321), *Take It Like You Give It* (CS 9429), and *Take a Look* (CS 9554), were produced by Robert Mersey, Clyde Otis, Bobby Scott, Belford Hendricks and others. Over the years, while she was being booked on the night-club circuit, Columbia tried to build her along conventional lines.

Although certain of these albums met with moderate success, the break-through awaited the switch to Atlantic in 1966. There the corporate efforts of Wexler, Mardin, and engineer Tom Dowd resulted in a fresh approach.

"At Columbia I'd make a tape to give them an idea what I wanted," Aretha explained, "and they'd write the music round that. Everything was planned before I ever came in for the date."

By contrast, at Atlantic her sessions come to life at the keyboard, following conferences on material among herself, husband Ted White, and Wexler.

"Twenty pieces can't give her anything she hasn't already got," Mardin observed. "She plays good piano too. She has an ear for dissonance and modern chords."

Wexler considers her a consummate artist who has given contemporary rhythm-and-blues its most effective expression, incorporating in a single offering the best of Gospel, pop, and rock. It has been years since a singer has aroused so much excitement. No one comes near her for rhythmic drive. And curiously enough, her style sometimes recalls—as in *Night Life*—that of her precursor, Bessie Smith, the greatest blues singer of all.

Her approach is instinctively positive. "She likes what she does," Major Holley said. "She enjoys it all."

In so doing Aretha bridges the gap between disparate generations, radiating heat on a scene that was once proudly cool. DB

MONTREUX:

The Swiss Festival That Runs Like Clockwork

By Gene Lees

IT USED TO BE an axiom of jazz that there were no good rhythm sections in Europe. Things have changed. One of the most striking things about the recent Second Montreux Jazz Festival, held June 12-15, was the abundance of skilled young bass players deriving from the Scott LaFaro school of the instrument. And there were some surprisingly good drummers, who often worked in tight cohesion with their team-mates. There was, of course, some sloppy work, but the best performances of the festival—by horn as well as rhythm players—were very good indeed.

What marks the Montreux Festival as unusual is its emphasis on European rather than American players. The festival is a competition to select the "best" groups and soloists, and 13 countries, including Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and East Germany, sent groups. The festival jury selected the Riel-Mikkelborg Quintet, from Denmark, as the best. It was, all things considered, a just decision. One of the group's leaders is Alex Riel, an intense and driving young drummer. The other is Palle Mikkelborg, a trumpeter who is derived from Miles Davis, but has his own ideas as well. Whereas Miles likes those lengthy open areas in his solos, Mikkelborg tends to keep his lines continuous. His tone is different from that of Davis, too: warm and wide. Mikkelborg is an extremely good player, and if he played as well at the Newport Festival as he did here—an expense-paid appearance at Newport was the group's prize—many American listeners are already aware of it.

Chosen second-best group of the festival was the Jan Garbarek Quintet from Norway, featuring singer Karin Krog. Each group had 20 minutes to put its best foot forward. The Garbarek group devoted all of it to a free-jazz development on *Lazy Afternoon*, based on interplay between Garbarek's tenor and Miss Krog's voice. How the jury decided this was the second-best group is beyond me, unless they were basing the decision on previous knowledge of the performers' work—just at that time, the festival's sound system went badly out of balance, so that both Miss Krog and the bass player were inaudible.

This is not to suggest, however, an ulterior motive to the voting, which was scrupulously fair. The groups appearing in the festival had been chosen by their respective national radio-television systems, and each of these systems had its own representative on the jury. None was allowed to vote for his own countrymen. The vice presidents of the jury were Robert Share, director of Boston's Berklee School of Music, and Karel Srp from the Czech television system. (I was president of the jury.)

Chosen best soloist of the festival was John Surman, baritone saxophonist with the Mike Westbrook Band from England. A separate press jury also picked the Riel-Mikkelborg group as the best, and gave a prix d'honneur to the Jim Doherty Quartet from Ireland, an honorable mention as soloist to the group's skillful guitarist Louis Stewart, and an honorable mention to Hungary's Rudolf Tomsits Quartet. Tomsits, who played trumpet and fluegelhorn solos of impressive beauty and control, was for me one of the most striking players in the competition.

Guest performers who appeared at the festival but did not take part in the competition, of course, included the Bill Evans Trio, the Young-Holt Trio, Nina Simone, and the Brian Auger group, featuring singer Julie Driscoll. Auger is English. He played derivative organ. Miss Driscoll sounds for all the world as if she were black, without having anything much to say. I thought they were genuinely ghastly. Miss Simone, who was in an unusually good mood, sang very well indeed, and managed something that is normally not among her most notable qualities: she swung. But everyone agreed that the peak of the festival was the Evans appearance.

Relaxed, tanned, and in a better frame of mind that at any time in the many years I've known him, Evans played at the absolute peak of his form before an audience breathless with attention. The crowd exploded with applause and wouldn't let him get off the stand. Some of it may have had to do with drummer Jack DeJohnette, formerly with Charles Lloyd, who joined Evans a month before the Montreux appearance. Evans has long had rhythm section problems. DeJohnette could be the answer: he played

JAMES LEE WOOD/COURTESY MONTREUX FESTIVAL

Winners Bernt Rosengren, Bo Stief, Palle Mikkelborg and Alex Riel

very free time, but without ever losing the pulse, and his taste was impeccable. The audience went mad over him, and over Eddie Gomez, who played, as usual, spectacularly fast bass, but with more depth than he's ever shown before.

Happily, the Evans performance was recorded. It will be released in an album by Verve in the fall.

The Young-Holt group worked as a sort of house trio right through the festival, and their infectious, good-humored bluesiness added another dimension to the event.

The festival was held in the Montreux Casino, a vast turn-of-the-century pleasure palace. The music was performed in its nightclub, which is as big as a concert hall. Nonetheless, the hall was crowded to the point of discomfort on the night of Evans' appearance, by an audience of about 1,000. Next year, the festival's directors plan to cover the adjacent terrace, open up the nightclub's glass wall, and set up seating for at least double that number. Thus you'll be able to listen to the music and stare across the waters to the French Alps. No other festival has so exquisite a setting.

There were several additional features to the festival, including a showing of old jazz films, an exhibition of jazz record-cover art, which was projected on a screen in the Casino's comfortable little movie theater to the accompaniment of recorded music in stereo, a record collectors' exchange, and a drum clinic, presided over by Arthur Taylor and Kenny Clarke, who are part of Paris' growing colony of "refugee" American jazz musicians. Next year, there will be an award for the best jazz recording of the year, similar to an award given at the Montreux classical festival, which is held at the end of the summer.

The attention to detail shown by the festival's producers was refreshing. Everything started on time and went off like clockwork. The television-radio system of Suisse Romande installed a closed-circuit set-up that put screens in strategic positions throughout the hall, so that even if you were seated far back, you could see the soloists close-up, including the hands of pianists. The sound system, new and experimental, was marvelous.

Like Newport, Montreux is a resort center whose period of maximum affluence occurred around the turn of the century. But whereas Newport was built from the summer homes of the wealthy, Montreux was a hotel resort. After World War I, it fell on sleepy days, though an aging Russian princess or two can still be found wandering the huge corridors of its hostelries.

The Montreux Office of Tourism, which is financed and supported by local businessmen, decided about 10 years ago to change that. The classical festival draws people at the end of the summer, after the normal tourist season is ended. Claude Nobs, the young assistant director of the tourist office who happens to be a dedicated jazz fan, dreamed up the jazz festival for the start of the season. He was given a go-ahead to try it by Raymond Jaussi, director of the office. Jaussi gave him a completely free hand, explained the purposes of the festival to local businessmen, and Nobs did the rest. Thus the festival is in the curious position of not having to make money: if they break even, or don't lose too much, and the tourist business benefits, everybody's happy. This is a very different situation than that of the Newport Festival, which has encountered considerable local hostility for years.

Because of its location in a tourist center, Montreux can offer the younger festival-goers remarkably good accomodations for very little money—sometimes as little as $4 a night. Really first-rate accomodations, with a large room, bath, and three meals a day, can be obtained for as little as $8.

Given these virtues, the festival seems likely to flourish. The day after it ended, Nobs learned that his budget had been doubled for next year. He promptly expanded the festival from five nights to six, booked the Clarke-Boland Big Band, and began looking for a few American performers to round out the program. Dates for the third festival have been set: June 18 to 22.

It seems likely that even more countries will be represented, including one that was particularly conspicuous by its absence. Reports have it that next year, the Russians are coming. db

Kenny Clarke at Drum Clinic

Intercollegiate Jazz Festival 1968

By John S. Wilson

The battle of the big bands, which began last year at Miami Beach at the first Intercollegiate Jazz Festival (then known, to placate sponsors, as the Intercollegiate Music Festival), continued this year at the second festival, held in June, this time in St. Louis.

Last year **the** event was the upset of the polished, confident North Texas State University Band by Ladd McIntosh's Ohio State University Jazz Lab Band. It was a significant victory for the Ohio State band. North Texas State, directed by Leon Breeden, represented the epitome of college big bands at that time—a band that roared through a collection of standard big band arrangements, projecting them with brilliance and precision. The Ohio State band, not quite such a well greased machine, nonetheless cut the North Texas band through the fresh, imaginative arrangements by McIntosh of his own compositions.

Neither band was at St. Louis' Kiel Opera House this year. In the three days of the festival—two nights of semi-finals, one night of finals—big bands, combos and vocal groups were heard that had won at six regional festivals: The Cerritos College Festival in California, the Intermountain Festival in Utah, the Little Rock University Festival in Arkansas, the Midwest Festival in Illinois, the Mobile Festival in Alabama and the Villanova University Festival in Pennsylvania. The big band finalists were the Millikin University Jazz Lab Band, directed by Roger Schueler, the Philadelphia Musical Academy band, directed by Evan Solot, and the University of Illinois Jazz Band, led by John Garvey, which had taken first place at the Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame in March, winning out over McIntosh's Ohio State band there.

Coming to St. Louis wrapped in its Notre Dame laurels, the Illinois band gave a surprisingly lackadaisical, unimaginative performance and barely sneaked into the finals over the Colorado State College Jazz Ensemble, the Los Angeles Valley College Studio-Jazz Band and the Loyola University Stage Band. The crisp spirit and precision of Millikin and the individual virtuosity of the Philadelphia Musical Academy Band, particularly a superb soprano saxophone solo by Mike Pedicin, Jr. highlighting a Solot original, **Bacchanalia,** indicated that the finals would be fought out between these two bands.

But you never can tell what will happen overnight. In the finals, neither Millikin nor Philadelphia were quite up to the level of their performances in the semi-finals. Possibly they had peaked early and could not sustain that original edge. This, however, proved to be less crucial than what Garvey did with his Illinois band.

Starting with as relatively minor a point as seating arrangement, Garvey presented what might have passed for a completely different band if one were not already familiar with the faces. The programming was superbly planned: An attention-riveting opening flag-waver, **Ladybird;** then a masterful mixture of rich jazz and showmanship, **Old Beezlebub Blues,** that involved a touch of banjo

Vocalist Don Smith with U. of Illinois Jazz Band

and some muted wah-wah ensembles that came straight out of Duke Ellington's Cotton Club period; a strong ballad performance, **Darn That Dream;** a rocking blues sung by Don Smith; and, for a capper, **The Lunceford Touch,** a contemporary arrangement spiced with elements of the Lunceford style including the fan-hat trumpets with, for the bit that was just too much, a fan hat tuba.

All of this would have meant nothing without the performance that the Illinois musicians gave it. They were up for this challenge and, led by Howie Smith, an electrifying and versatile altoist (who brought Willie Smith up to date in the Lunceford number), the band played with such conviction and spirit that there could scarcely be any doubt of the judges' choice. Unlike Ohio State, which had won the

The U. of Illinois Jazz Band, John Garvey directing

year before largely on the originality and imagination of Ladd McIntosh's arrangements, Illinois took the honors this year primarily through the force of personality of its musicians, something of a departure for college bands. This factor was also at work for the Philadelphia Musical Academy band but not to quite a sufficient extent to overcome the tremendous surge of the Illinois band.

Competition among combos was less intense. The winner, the Jac Murphy trio of Southern Methodist University, was a polished, well balanced trio (Murphy, piano; Gil Pitts, bass; Banks Dimon, drums) that played with imagination and a strong sense of unity. In their semi-final set, Murphy got some interesting effects by damping the center of his keyboard with a tambourine, using the device as part of the texture of his solos rather than an intermittent gimmick. He suggested his relationship to Dave Brubeck (and his group's relationship) in the finals by playing Brubeck's **Blue Rondo a la Turk,** but took it completely out of the Brubeck aura. Dimon was an exceptionally good drummer for this set-up, not only providing strong, closely related backing but brightening the performances constantly with fascinating little touches. For my taste, he was the best drummer at the festival although the judges picked Chuck Braugham of the Illinois band and Jim Paxson of the Philadelphia Musical Academy as top men on drums.

Paxson played both in Philadelphia's big band and in the Mike Pedicin Jr. Quintet, one of the combo finalists along with the Hipps-Everman Group, a trio from Northwestern University, and the New Directions Quartet of Arkansas A.M. & N. College. The Pedicin quintet was a forthright group of mainstream swingers which rode on Pedicin's tenor solos and Steve Weiner's fluegelhorn. Hipps-Everman was a studied reflection of Bill Evans (Jon Hipps) and Miles Davis (Welch Everman) while the New Directions Quartet, the only Negro group at the festival, suffered from a lack of cohesiveness so that they could not get their basically sound and provocative ideas off the ground. The group's bassist, James Leary, was cited as a top instrumentalist.

After finding last year that "jazz vocalists" scarcely exist on a college level, the festival changed its vocal sights this year to vocal groups with results that were little better. The three competing vocal groups, from Cerritos College, Ohio State and Kansas State, were bland, commercially-oriented and, to a distressing extent, inept. The winner, the Burgundy Street Singers of Kansas State, had the merit of relatively polished showmanship, with two boy singers doubling guitars, two more on trumpets and three girls who could do some simple drill formations. The best singer at the festival—and the only jazz singer—was Don Smith of Illinois, but none of the judges seemed to notice.

Other individual winners were Cecil Bridgewater and Jim Knapp of Illinois and Ed Etkins of Philadelphia Musical Academy, composer-arrangers; Tim Barr, bass, and John Clark, reeds, Los Angeles Valley College; Ken Ferrantino, trumpet, Illinois; George Duke, piano, San Francisco State; Dwayne Hitchings, piano, and Steve Weiner, trumpet, Philadelphia Musical Academy.

Duke Ellington was voted into the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival Hall of Fame. The only resident of the Hall, Stan Kenton, elected last year, served as master of ceremonies.

The judges were four musicians—Thad Jones, Clark Terry, Marian McPartland and Tom Scott—plus Robert Share of the Berklee School of Music and former **Down Beat** editor Dom Cerulli.

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Micheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin.
Reviews are signed by the writers.
Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Don Ellis

ELECTRIC BATH—Columbia 2785/9585: *Indian Lady; Alone; Turkish Bath; Open Beauty; New Horizons.*

Personnel: Glenn Stuart, Alan Weight, Ed Warren, Bob Harmon, Ellis, trumpets; Ron Myers, Dave Sanchez, Terry Woodson, trombones; Ruben Leon, Joe Roccisano, Ira Schulman, Ron Starr, John Magruder, reeds; Mike Lang, piano, Fender piano, clavinet; Ray Neapolitan, bass, sitar; Frank De La Rosa, Dave Parlato, basses; Steve Bohannon, drums; Chino Valdes, conga, bongos; Mark Stevens, vibes, timbales, percussion; Alan Estes, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

I'm tired of hearing Don Ellis criticized because he studiously avoids 4/4, or because he is not doing anything startlingly new. Neither putdown is valid, especially if the end product is of quality. What Ellis strives for, and conveys, is a brand of excitement that has "today" written all over it. An Ellis chart is nervous, frenetic and exciting: unconventional meters; the "acoustical incense" of Eastern rhythms aided by the "now" twang of sitars; amplified instruments, echo chambers, tape loop delays; and the probing, sometimes abrasive clash of quarter-tones. This spells Ellis, and he puts it all together with taste, a sense of balance, and an urgent desire to swing.

He uses three basses and three drums, and with good cause. For the power he summons up, he needs that foundation. (Remember Babe Ruth — an awesome "swinger", but way out of proportion on those spindly legs.)

Regarding Ellis' penchant for odd time signatures, bassist Charlie Haden once quipped: "The only thing Don Ellis plays in 4/4 is *Take Five*." What really counts, though, is that Ellis is able to generate swing within the different frames of reference. He *thinks* in 5, 7, 9, 11, etc.; he writes and solos in these signatures, and what might be uncomfortable for some has become second nature to him. More important, his amazing sidemen respond to these "hard times" with an accuracy that implies built-in metronomes.

All this exotic excitement is captured in the band's first effort for Columbia. The recording balance is outstanding: you hear the hyper-active Bohannon pushing his percussion army, and you hear Mike Lang's clavinet comping with equal clarity.

Producer John Hammond has wisely let Ellis and his men stretch out. The shortest track is a Hank Levy chart, *Alone*—and it runs over five and a half minutes. It is a very soothing flute salad with Latin dressing; a 5/4 bossa nova, featuring a low-key blues-tinged muted solo by Ellis.

Indian Lady is an excellent example of the Ellis excitement. The leader's quarter-tone trumpet soars, wails, and scrapes through and above a busy background, but the logic of it all is never obscured—even in the release of the second chorus, when Ellis pierces through massive brass pyramids. Other fine solos co-exist with the same competition: Lang on electric piano, Myers on trombone, and Starr on tenor. A touch of humor is added to the chart when a "fall"—symbolically from exhaustion—leads to an Ellis postscript and a reprise of the throbbing excitement.

Another afterthought can be heard in *Turkish Bath*. Arranger Ron Myers has voiced his reeds a quarter-tone apart—an interval just dissonant enough to scare 'em in the harem. It begins peacefully with Neapolitan's sitar, but grows wilder as Ellis, Myers, Land and Roccisano (on soprano) contribute great solos.

New Horizons is an enigma: dated figures squeezed into a futuristic pattern of 5-5-7. While you're trying to find "one", you hear arco bass lines underlying weird hesitation-phrases from various sections. The most compelling ensemble comes from the trombones. The most memorable solo comes from Lang, whose contrary motions and Charleston accents mix high camp with high musicianship. Ellis' solo over moaning brass is a perfect example of restraint, building slowly and deliberately until the final bravado choruses.

The high point of the album must be Ellis' echo-induced conversation with himself on the electronic tour de force *Open Beauty*. The piece itself is a study in tranquility, a shimmering mood piece made more translucent by Lang's electrified keyboard arpeggios over the meanderings of bowed basses. But, in a remarkable cadenza, Ellis, with electronic trumpet and loop delay, confronts himself and begins an excursion into "responses to his own calls" that is no mere novelty, but well-organized forays into simple and complex harmonies, overlapping in thirds, fifths, parallel and contrary motion—the whole gamut.

Electric Bath won't diminish the shower of criticism; but it will leave Ellis followers tingling. —*Siders*

Billy Hawks

MORE HEAVY SOUL!—Prestige 7556: *O' Baby; Drown in My Own Tears; Whip It on Me; What More Can I Do?; Heavy Soul; You've Been a Bad Girl; I'll Be Back; I Can Make It; That's Your Bag.*

Personnel: Buddy Terry, tenor saxophone (tracks 2 and 7 only); Hawks, vocal, organ; Maynard Parker, guitar; Henry Terrell, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Hawks is working the wrong side of the street. Several minor changes in his group format and recording method and he easily could step up to a much higher tax bracket. In both his singing and organ playing he is able to generate that ecstatic emotionalism that is the essence ("soul," if you will) of Negro vocal music. One senses that he is capable of communicating great excitement and intensity. However, the approach that is followed here is not conducive to the generation and realization of those qualities. There is a restraint here that usually is associated with jazz recording but which in the case of Hawks and his fellows is not justified since they are not especially interesting improvisers.

A much more satisfactory approach for his producers to follow would be to record Hawks as a popular rather than as a jazz performer. The distinction, believe me, is crucial. First, mike his voice a lot closer and hotter. Bring it up front and let it develop all the excitement it can. Second, emphasize the rhythm much more prominently and, most important, add a good, heavy electric bass. Bring out the drums more fully and with greater definition. And what is most essential is a strong, heavily amplified blues guitar in the B.B. King-Albert King idiom. From this, it's a short step to the full panoply of contemporary rhythm-and-blues effects—horn section, vocal group backup, etc. Hawks wouldn't even have to change his material overmuch.

Jazz record producers seem to approach this kind of material and direction with strong reservations about its "artistic worth." Consequently, they effect a compromise in recordings similar to this one, and what they wind up with is a beast that's neither fish nor fowl. Good rhythm-and-blues is its own best reason for being, after all; it doesn't need the specious crutch of jazz presentation, for the restraint this approach entails robs the form of practically all its vitality and passion. It simply eviscerates it.

Hawks, who has improved vastly over his earlier work, indicates in his performances here that his potential would be far better realized in the heavier, more overt, volcanic rhythm-and-blues format. His producers should have allowed him his head. They should have striven for the approach the album title calls for—more heavy soul. —*Welding*

Yusef Lateef

THE COMPLETE YUSEF LATEEF—Atlantic SD 1499: *Rosalie; In The Evening; Kongsberg; Stay With Me; See Line Woman; Brother; You're Somewhere Thinking of Me.*

Personnel: Yusef Lateef, alto, tenor saxes, flute, oboe, vocal; Hugh Lawson, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums; Sylvia Shemwell, tambourine.

Rating: ★★★½

The Complete Yusef Lateef is an apt description. Lateef is a thoroughly articulate multi-reed man who is capable of portraying many moods.

He plays flute on *Rosalie*, which here reminds me of Nat Adderley's *Work Song*. The tambourine provides an interesting embellishment while Lateef achieves a spiritual quality in his playing.

The group takes care of business on the funky *In The Evening*. Lateef picks up the

oboe to tell it like it truly is (he is particularly effective on this instrument).

He takes to the tenor sax on the perky *Kongsberg*. Brooks keeps the kettles hot and the leader charges forth with a very gritty solo. Lawson, a man of talent, solos with verve.

Lateef's flute is subtly beautiful on the longing *Stay With Me*. Through the technique of overdubbing, he is heard on flute and tenor simultaneously on *See Line Woman*. Again, the tambourine enhances this sanctified performance.

Brother strides in spirited fashion, Lateef weaving urgent patterns. Lateef gives a fairly pleasant vocal reading of the blues on *You're Somewhere Thinking of Me* with a *Go-Down Moses*-like theme for background, and fingerbells for Far Eastern flavor. —*Johnson*

Thelonious Monk

UNDERGROUND MONK—Columbia CS 9632: *Thelonious; Ugly Beauty; Raise Four; Boo Boo's Birthday; Easy Street; Green Chimneys; In Walked Bud.*

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone (tracks 2, 4, 6); Monk, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums; Jon Hendricks, vocal (track 7 only).

Rating: ★★★★

The total lack of clues notwithstanding, this album is a significant addition to Monkiana, since it contains no less than four new pieces by the master, plus his interpretation of an oldie (*Easy Street*) he has not tackled on record before.

The liner notes don't tell you that, nor do they point out that tenorist Rouse lays out on all but three tracks. Instead, they ramble on about the ultra-campy cover, making the joke pointless in the process. Only Monk, a true untouchable, could survive such treatment with his dignity intact.

Monk occupies a peculiar position in jazz today. On the one hand, he is revered as a man who never compromised his integrity and yet made it. On the other, though none put him down, there is a definite air of taking Monk for granted—even of being somewhat bored with him. ("How was Monk?" "Well . . . Monk was Monk . . . you know . . . into his usual thing. . . .")

The implication is that Monk's usual thing is just not very exciting any more. Everybody wants to be excited today, as if that were the most needed sensation to be derived from music (or any art) in these particular times. But there are degrees of excitation, even if one grants this dubious premise.

I, for one, find it "exciting" that Monk is still Monk; that he goes about distilling rather than diluting what is essential to him. It is ironic that a man who is respected precisely for having made the world accept him on his own terms should be slighted for maintaining his iconoclasm in the face of that acceptance. In today's terminology, hearing Monk is taking a trip, every time.

There has been a rather long stretch during which Monk hasn't come up with more than one or two new pieces per year, so the present additions to the canon (a quite respectable one, indeed; I'd estimate it at 60-plus tunes) are most welcome.

Ugly Beauty, the ballad (a *Monk* title, isn't it?) is bittersweet, of the lineage of *Ask Me Now, Ruby My Dear, Panonica* and *Crepescule with Nellie*—the reflective, nostalgic aspects of love. As always, the interpretation brings out the melody in full contour, and Rouse is tuned in.

Green Chimneys is my favorite, a riff piece; minor with a major bridge. It reminds of *Dickie's Dream*, the "old" Lester Young classic. Rouse gets off on this. (He, too, so long with Monk, is taken for granted, while little heed is paid to the fact that he has absorbed more about how Monk's music should be played than any other saxophonist, including perhaps more brilliantly individualistic ones, who ever worked with him.)

After Rouse's fine solo (note how he employs the full register of the instrument to create unexpected contrast: sudden leaps to high notes; sudden barks below) Monk picks up a phrase the tenor man has toyed with and used to end his say, and works around with it delightfully. Then there's some finely attuned contrapuntal work between the two.

Raise Four is a blues by the trio; only Monk could take such a seemingly simplistic pattern of notes as this line, voice and space it so uniquely, get away with repeating it to the point of near anguish in the listener—and yet produce a feeling of release.

Boo Boo's Birthday is medium-up and pretty, the melody attractively exposed by piano and tenor. It reminds me a bit, in mood and shape, of *Eronel*, but that may be an idiosyncracy; it's really quite distinct.

Easy Street seems to Monk's liking, for he plays it almost straight (but with those voicings and that phrasing) for two choruses and gets away from it for only two-thirds of the next. It is a likeable melody.

Jon Hendricks takes most of *Bud*—his lyrics refer to Dizzy, O.P., Byas and Bird, which the hippies might not be able to relate to—scatting with feeling. Monk does take a solo—spidery, almost Basie economical, and a gas.

The rhythm department is in good hands. While not aboard the Monk space ship quite as long as Rouse, these two men have been at it, and know where it's at. Gales has nurtured his sound to the point where it has grown fat and sleek; unfortunately, he doesn't get much opportunity to display his witty solo side. Riley's time is firm and his touch is right.

Columbia has issued a brace of Monk albums by now. One was with big band; the others all quartet, trio, and solo. How about adding another horn next time? Like Ray Copeland, whom Monk really digs. —*Morgenstern*

Trudy Pitts

THESE BLUES OF MINE—Prestige 7538: *Organology; The House of the Rising Sun; Just Us Two; Eleanor Rigby; Count Nine; Man and Woman; A Whiter Shade of Pale; Teddy Makes Three; These Blues of Mine; What the World Needs Now.*

Personnel: Miss Pitts, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Bill Carney, drums.

Rating: ★

No matter which way you slice it, Trudy Pitts is a bore. She doesn't swing, can't sing,

and her choice of tunes is miserable.

Pat Martino is a bitch, but he obviously has no interest in what is happening here. Carney is adequate.

To say any more would only be a waste of space. —*Porter*

Tamba 4

WE AND THE SEA—A&M 2004: *The Hill; Flower Girl; Iemanja; We and the Sea; Chant of Ossanha; Dolphin; Consolation.*

Personnel: Luiz Eca, piano, organ; Dorio, guitar, bass, percussion; Bebeto, flute, bass; Ohana, drums, conga.

Rating: ★★½

If, as Oscar Wilde observed, nothing succeeds like excess, the Tamba 4 should do well indeed. Hailing from the northern

part of Brazil, where the samba is a bit more forceful than in the south, the group reveals itself on this album as an extremely competent and resourceful unit whose one flaw would appear to be an over-resourceful pianist.

Eca's keyboard antics are all splash and tinkle, much too busy and pretentious (he never lets you forget he's a conservatory graduate—know what I mean?), full of a blatant showiness that is dangerously close to cocktail piano. He's sort of a Brazilian Bernie Nierow, the kind of fellow who turns the lovely Antonio Carlos Jobim-Vinicium deMoraes piece *O Morro* (here translated as *The Hill*) into an eight-minute extravaganza, in the course of which all its original charm and grace are completely submerged in bombast.

It's too bad, because the group demonstrates that it's really quite a nice, supple bossa nova unit, with an admirable singer and tasty flutist in Bebeto. The rhythm work is absolutely impeccable throughout; Ohana is a monster when it comes to generating that deceptively easy samba rhythm that is silk on the surface but pure tensile steel at the core. Good bass playing by both Dorio and Bebeto, too.

The choice of tunes is excellent. There are three pieces by Baden Powell, doyen of the northern samba style, written in collaboration with deMoraes—*Iemanja, Chant of Ossanha,* and *Consolation,* the last of which is subjected to another of Eca's show-biz outings. And there's Roberto Menescal's *We and the Sea,* too.

Here's the way it stacks up: five tunes are given nice, invigorating bossa nova performances, totaling 16 minutes and 28 seconds of playing time. In opposition to these are two lengthy showpieces, *The Hill* and *Consolation,* totaling 16 minutes and 18 seconds of pretentious twaddle. The rating represents a balance—I would rate the straight performances at about 4 stars, the others maybe ½ star. Can't anyone get to Eca? —*Welding*

Johnny Hammond Smith

SOUL FLOWERS—Prestige 7549: *N.Y.P.D.; Dirty Apple; Days of Wine and Roses; Ode to Billie Joe; You'll Never Walk Alone; Alfie; Tara's Theme; Here Comes That Rainy Day; I Got A Woman.*

Personnel: Earl Edwards, Houston Person, tenors; Smith, organ; Wally Richardson, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, bass; John Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is a party record. There is nothing very creative about it, but after three or four you can really get into it. The rhythm section is good—most of this music swings hard in an r&b groove.

Dirty is the hit track on this LP, and Richardson leads the way with some down home guitar. Person has a good spot and Smith also solos well.

Billie Joe isn't much, nor is *N.Y.P.D. Walk* should probably be reserved for Junior High graduations but, like *Ebb Tide* in Smith's last LP, this is swung in style.

Much has been made of the fact that Smith, for years a musician who played tasteful jazz without many concessions, has decided to get into the soul bag. At first, he didn't sound entirely comfortable with it, but on this album he seems to have gotten the hang of it. His next should be even better, and hopefully there will be more originals. —*Porter*

Soul Flutes

TRUST IN ME—A&M 3009: *Try A Little Tenderness; Trust in Me; In the Wee Small Hours; Scarborough Fair; Bachianas Brasileiras #5; Cigarettes & Coffee; Pu Po; Early Autumn; Day-O; Buckaroo.*

Personnel: Herbie Mann, Romeo Penque, George Marge, Joel Kaye or Stan Webb, flutes, piccolos; Herbie Hancock, piano, organ, harpsichord, or Paul Griffin, organ; Henry Watts, vibraharp, marimba; Eric Gale or Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Barretto, percussion (track 7 only).

Rating: ★★★½

This is a very pleasant, thoroughly professional album of jazz-inflected mood music featuring Herbie Mann (here disguised, for contractual reasons, as "The Fluteman") and a brace of other flutists. Arranger Don Sebesky has done himself proud in wresting quite a tasty array of sounds and colors from what is basically a fairly small number of musicians. There is a good bit of variety to the set, an interesting choice of tunes, not a little humor, and more jazz flavor than one might expect, considering the nature of the mood-jazz genre.

Expectedly, Mann occupies the spotlight throughout the set, playing with his usual warmth, rich tone, and that carefully controlled combination of abandon and restraint that marks his approach to the instrument. From time to time he gives the impression that he's just on the verge of letting go, of being swept into a passionate utterance of some sort but, of course, it never happens. He's always firmly in command—of himself and of the music.

There's some tasty vibes work from time to time by Watts, some superlative playing by the masterful Ron Carter (what taste this cat has!), and in fact generally excellent work by all concerned. They fully realized the producers' intentions in producing an album of low-keyed, pleasant, eminently forgettable music, music that neither excites nor incenses the listener but which, rather, just lulls him. It's well done, though. —*Welding*

Cal Tjader

HIP VIBRATIONS—Verve 8730: *Blues March; Georgy Girl; Hip Vibrations; A Waltz for Diane; Windy; Sweet Honeybee; Django; Moanin'; Canto de Ossanha.*

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Marvin Stamm, trumpets, fluegelhorns; Alan Raph, J. J. Johnson, trombones; Jerome Richardson, reeds; Tjader, vibraharp; Herbie Hancock, Patti Bown, or John Bunch, piano; Ron Carter or Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Ray Barretto, conga drums; Bobby Rosengarden, various percussion.

Rating: ★★★½

Tjader displays his jazz roots in most of these performances. It's a pleasant return to his original point of departure.

On his many Latin and exotic albums, Tjader's work usually has been marked by a four-square kind of time that I, for one, find more attractive in a Tito Puente than a Tjader. On this record, however, Tjader's playing has a springiness (when he isn't caught up in quarter-note triplets) that echoes his early work with Dave Brubeck and George Shearing. While Tjader is not a major improviser, he is a capable and clever one, and his music is filled with well-turned, if not memorable, phrases.

The adroit arrangements of Benny Golson and Bobby Bryant do much to enhance the work of Tjader and the other soloists. Of the two arrangers, I found Golson's writing the more musicianly, though Bryant's (*Hip, Waltz, Moanin'*) generates good soul feeling.

For my money, the best tracks are *March, Django,* and *Ossanha.*

All three are beautifully scored by Golson, who shows his utter mastery of orchestration in each. His voicing of flute with low brasses on *Django* (and *Diane*) produces a gorgeously rich sound; his scoring of *Ossanha* achieves a lightness and grace that's a perfect musical complement to Baden Powell's lithe melody.

March and *Django,* in addition to the Golson touches, have fine solos by Tjader and Hancock, plus a charging rhythm section, led by the immensely talented Carter. Tjader's solo on *Django* owes a great deal to Milt Jackson, as does Tjader himself, but it is, nonetheless, a rousing improvisation. Hancock plays a fascinating solo on *Django,* one that entwines itself before tapering off with a Wynton Kelly-ish return to the land (Hancock also seems to be in a W.K. mood on *March*).

Flutist Richardson is heard in several solos, the most imaginative coming on the montuna-like *Windy.* His work in the ensembles is superb.

In all, this is the most enjoyable Tjader record I've heard in some time.

—DeMicheal

Various Artists

JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON (VOL. 1)—Solid State SS 18027: *Blues For Max; Lullaby of the Leaves; Lover Come Back to Me.*

Personnel: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Ray Nance, violin; Chick Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis (tracks 1 & 3) or Elvin Jones (track 2), drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON (VOL. 2)—Solid State SS 18028: *Sweet Georgia Brown; On The Trail; Tour De Force.*

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Adams, baritone saxophone; Corea, piano; Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Two things that these albums, recorded live at New York's Village Vanguard, really bring home is how much jazz misses the kind of spirited session in which musicians who don't ordinarily play together can do so under groovy conditions; and how extraordinary a player Gillespie is. When he gets sharpened up for a session his greatness is clarified and magnified and leaves you stupified.

The revelations don't stop there. Nance's violin is a powerful jazz voice all too seldom heard these days, and Corea's piano really gets a chance to operate in this relaxed framework.

Adams, too, enjoys the greater freedom of the jam session but he has been sounding consistently good all during 1968, both with the Jones-Lewis Orchestra and whenever he has recorded as a sideman in a small group. This is just more of the same, multiplied. Dig him on *Georgia*—he's a jet steamroller.

Brown, one of the best young trombonists, is also into some full-blooded swinging on *Georgia.* You are never in doubt as to what instrument he is playing.

The rhythm section of Davis and Lewis goes together as beer and stout. Davis has a fantastic dialog with Gillespie on *Lover,* and helps hold together an exciting counterpoint between Dizzy and Adams on *Georgia.*

Lewis solos strongly on *Georgia,* but his forte is his subtle but in-there backing, which helps give the session its bottom. And as you know, every tub must rest on its own bottom.

Jones plays only on *Leaves,* but his cymbal behind Diz is a sound unto itself, and his general, bashing accompaniment burns with a hot light.

Max, dedicated to Village Vanguard owner Max Gordon, is a down blues with Gillespie, the thinking man's blues-sayer, and the deep-cutting Nance. Adams goes into the nether reaches of his horn.

Nance's Gypsy-jazz fiddle mines the minor on *Leaves.* Corea plays a building solo as the rhythm works fiercely behind him.

On *Trail,* Corea is reminiscent of Jaki Byard, a good place to be from. Davis supplies some of the virtuosity that prompts Kenny Dorham to intone "Play Segovia" when the two are working a gig together.

Tour, a Gillespie original that dates from his big band of the late '50s, has solid Adams and Brown, then some casually brilliant Diz that later explodes into some breathrobbing double-timing.

Lover, like *Georgia,* occupies an entire LP face. There is fire, swing, humor, inventiveness and, above all, *joie de jouer* in every groove. If you have any feeling for jazz—and I don't mean jive jazz—you should own these LPs.

The extra half-star on volume one is for Nance. Dizzy is really beyond the galaxies.

—Gitler

RECORD BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

After an initial flurry of intense activity some four to five years ago, at which time the bulk of its achievements were made, bossa nova quickly settled into the pattern it has since followed. For the most part, this has consisted of more or less authentic b.n. small group performances, vocal and instrumental, against the standard string and horn orchestral settings characteristic of what has come to be known as "mood" or romantic "background" music, i.e., lush and schmaltzy. While this is something of a mixed blessing, we b.n. fanciers have had to settle for that or nothing.

Sometimes the genre has attained to truly lovely heights, as has been the case in the series of collaborations between composer-performer Antonio Carlos Jobim and orchestrator Claus Ogerman. The pair's most recent effort, **Wave** (A&M 3002), maintains the collaboration's high level of artistry and introduces a number of extraordinarily handsome new Jobim compositions—in fact, just about any one of the 10 pieces would make the reputation of a b.n. composer. Ogerman's orchestrations complement the music perfectly providing just the right note of restrained romanticism. *Captain Bacardi,* incidentally, is an object lesson in how to construct a rhythm that is light as air and powerful as a piston, tribute to the strength and sensitivity with which the rhythm section (percussionists Dom um Romao, Bobby Rosengarden, and Claudio Slon, and bassist Ron Carter) sets about its task. But it's Jobim's show, and a beautiful one it is too. Highly recommended.

Djalma Ferreira is another performer-composer who has garnered considerable acclaim in his native Brazil for his charming melodies. He has elected to introduce a dozen of his songs in a self-produced album, **The Brazilliance of Djalma** (D.F. Records 13001), recorded in Los Angeles with a clutch of studio musicians (including drummer Slon, guitarist Laurindo Almeida, and bassist Red Callender, among others). The tunes *are* attractive, undeniably, but the arrangements are so hackneyed and unimaginative (and heavy-handed too), and the playing so pedestrian that the production falls flat. I am surprised at a musician of Ferreira's melodic sensitivity producing such dated, cornball settings for his pieces (actually, string arranger Eddie Bradford must share the blame too). They never get off the ground. Too bad, for the man's gifted.

Reflecting a younger generation and an approach that might be described as bossa-rock (mild, this latter part) is singer-composer Jorge Ben, whose album **From Brazil** (Kapp 4 Corners 4247) offers a representative sampling of his work in this new genre. Fans who prefer their b.n. light and lyrical would do well to pass this up, for the approach is in comparison somewhat heavy, and not nearly so melodic as rhythmic. The whole set is rather unpretentious, swings nicely, with Ben at

times sounding like a Brazilian Mose Allison. He has the unfortunate habit, however, of punctuating his vocal work with high-pitched croons, barks, and cries that, to these ears, detract unnecessarily from otherwise fine singing. Not bad though, and worth a listen.

Luiz Bonfa, guitarist and composer, has been one of the prime movers of bossa nova right from the start. In addition to his superlative guitar playing, he has contributed a whole raft of memorable melodies to the genre, not the least of which has been his work on the *Black Orpheus* score, which alone would have been enough to assure his reputation. A composer whose output has been as durable as it has been prolific, Bonfa over the years has recorded often, though recently not always wisely. While his early sets on Atlantic, Epic, Fontana, Philips, and Verve, among others, have been absolute gems, models of taste and elegance, the same cannot be said for his two most recent outings on the Dot label.

The earlier of the two, **Luiz Bonfa** (Dot 25804), congeals Bonfa's music and his playing in a covering goo of vocal and string writing of appalling mediocrity. The arrangements, incidentally, are by Eumir Deodato, and the air of syrupy "romantic" corn that suffuses them is all but suffocating. Only two of the 11 pieces escape this fate; they—Bonfa's *Batuque* and Deodato's *Baiaozinho*—are given delightful, unpretentious small-group performances. All things considered, this is pretty much a waste of talent all around. The total playing time for both sides of the LP is but 24½ minutes which, come to think of it, might actually be a blessing.

Bonfa fares only slightly better on the second set, **Black Orpheus Impressions** (Dot 25848), in which he attempts to return to the scenes of earlier glory. It is only partially successful, for even though the guitarist is given a bit more solo space and the arrangements—by Deodato, Bonfa, and Arnold Goland—are not *so* heavily larded with Hollywood sugar coating, they do possess more than a modicum of overlush schmaltz. The settings simply do not amplify, enhance, focus, or in any way improve the material Bonfa has crafted; if anything, in fact, their heaviness and unsubtlety bog the tunes down like so much excess baggage. And bossa is much too airy a creature to carry such a heavy load and move with any grace. The tunes, of course, are fine but the performances as a whole lack excitement. It just proves, I suppose, the old saw about not being able to go home again.

On the basis of their sensitive work on the album **Maria Toledo Sings the Best of Luiz Bonfa** (United Artists 3584), one suspects that the blame for the blatant hucksterism of the two Bonfa albums should be laid not at the feet of Bonfa and Deodato but is solely the responsibility of the albums' producers. Certainly Miss Toledo's album—with Deodato orchestrations, and the guitarist prominently featured—indicates just how well the two can work in the idiom (given the proper goals and the requisite freedom from overt commercial restraints). The whole set is a joy—full of humor, grace, lightness of touch, great musicality, and thoroughgoing unpretentious elegance. As the album title indicates, all the tunes are Bonfa's and are sung with considerable charm and warmth by his wife Miss Toledo—and, wonder of wonders, all in Portuguese too! A delightful, recommended album that is all the more commercially successful for the noncommercial nature of its producers' intent. Everyone connected with this venture simply wanted to make fine music, and they succeeded admirably. Dot, take notice.

Though I rarely have found in organist Walter Wanderley's albums anything approaching the highest achievements of the b.n. idiom, they have been full of an easy-going, light-hearted insouciance that is quite pleasant and the very definition of unpretentiousness. His performances are musical, always fun, and this is the case in his most recent effort, **Kee-Ka-Roo** (Verve 8739). Excellent rhythm playing allied with a firm sense of humor and a lightness of touch is the secret of the Wanderley group's unambitious, but thoroughly enjoyable music. The album is a modest gem.

Thanks to his recent alliance with Herb Alpert, pianist Sergio Mendes has been enabled to score a phenomenal popular success with his Brasil '66 unit. The group has had three LP collections on Alpert's A&M label—**Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66** (A&M 4116), **Equinox** (4122), and **Look Around** (4137)—and all have evidenced the same tasteful, intelligent alignment of musicality and commercial appeal. The music on the three sets is scarcely my idea of deathless—it's nowhere near as interesting or exciting as the two initial recordings by Mendes' first edition of the group (**Brasil '65**, Capitol 2294, and **In Person at El Matador**, Atlantic 8112)—but it is pleasant, well conceived and executed, and doesn't insult your intelligence overmuch. The choice of material is about equally divided between authentic b.n. pieces and contemporary pop tunes given a b.n. rhythm treatment. The arrangements are for the most part straightforward but are occasionally a mite cute. One virtue at least derives from the pieces' brevity (for possible airplay), which is that of conciseness, tightness of focus. Mendes, for example, gets little chance to engage his penchant for pianistic filigree work and rarely turns in anything less than a tight, well-directed solo. The rhythm work is excellent, and the singing—particularly the harmonized—is quite nice. Competent, well-made music all around, and the next best thing to the genuine article.

A final note: Capitol has reissued and retitled a set of bossa nova performances originally issued in 1963 by altoist Cannonball Adderley with a sextet of Brazilian musicians under the leadership of Mendes, "the Bossa Rio Sextet." The album, which is excellent and which contains some memorable improvisations by the altoist and some fluid, tasty pianistics by Mendes, is now available as **Cannonball Adderley and the Bossa Rio Sextet with Sergio Mendes** (Capitol 2877); it initially came out as **Cannonball's Bossa Nova** (Capitol 455). Recommended. ⑮

ROLAND KIRK/BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 2

VERYL OAKLAND

Probably the most frustrating situation that can confront a truly original artist develops when some lesser talent attempts to capitalize on ideas that he originated.

Admittedly, it is extremely difficult to draw any firm line between inspiration and imitation. In a sense every living trumpet player may owe something to Louis Armstrong, even though it came fourth or fifth hand via Roy Eldridge or Red Allen and Dizzy and Miles and others. Roland Kirk himself, at some point in his career, must have studied every major saxophonist from Coleman Hawkins on down, but unlike many jazz virtuosi, he was able to distill a style and sound of his own without conscious or unconscious pilferage.

Because of his sensitivity, and because so many accusations have been unfairly leveled against him (of using the multiple horns as a gimmick, of playing out of tune, etc.), he is inclined at times to be highly critical of others whom he believes to be guilty of the very offenses with which he was charged.

These observations should be borne in mind in connection with some of the comments below, tape-recorded during Kirk's two-part *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records.

—Leonard Feather

1. JEREMY AND THE SATYRS. *Foreign Release and Satyrized* (from *Jeremy & The Satyrs*, Reprise). Jeremy Steig, flute; Adrian Guillery, guitar, harmonica, vocal, composer; Eddie Gomez, bass; Donald MacDonald, drums (on *Satyrized*); Warren Bernhardt, piano; Satyrs, composers (on *Foreign Release*).

LF: Confused?

RK: No, I'm not confused . . . *they're* confused. I could say a whole lot about that, and it would take up a whole lot of time.

First of all, I'd like to tell all those guys that there's no short cuts, so there's no need of fooling themselves, thinking they can do a record like that, fool the people and say they're gonna play a blues, and play what they really want to play, and then put some electronic things on there, and try to get that crowd too.

To bring it right down to brass tacks, the average colored man, the guy that singer was trying to aim at, he wouldn't listen to all the stuff that went on before, all the electronics. The average person just isn't on that level of thinking, whereas you and me would take time to listen to it and *maybe* get something out of it.

Jeremy does sound better than he did. His sound has improved, but I still hear a whole lot of me in it. He doesn't even speak to me today when he sees me in a music store. All this kind of stuff is New York sickness to me. It's what the record companies and people's parents do to things to separate the people. I think that a musician, first of all, should be professional—learn to be professional along with learning to play.

As an example, when I go into a club to see an owner about getting a job, I sit down, get a drink and listen to the band for a set, and if the owner wants to talk to me, he'll come over. In that way the band can't say that guy came in and didn't listen to the band—even if I don't dig the band. But those guys have got to get themselves together and try to play the music they really want to play, or learn to play the blues. Like, I heard the blues *trying* to be played, but I didn't hear the blues; just implications of the thing people are trying to do today. There's a certain amount of blues playing you're gonna have to do to get your thing together.

Five years ago, if I'd wanted to do a record like that, the record company would have just listened to the tape and told me, "Well, I can't use that," so he doesn't know how lucky he is that people like me and Yusef and Sam Most set the pace for him to play flute that way.

Jeremy gets a beautiful sound on the first part of it, and it could really have blossomed out into a thing, but then smack dab in the middle, he gets into another blues thing, and the whole thing just falls apart. It was together for a while—I call it minute togetherness, it'll snap somebody for a minute—but when somebody picks that record up again, it's not going to be a lasting thing to him.

Now, a guy who'd begin his listening with that record, maybe it'll get to him, but for people that really know about listening to music, who've got roots back to Jelly Roll up to Bird up to Shepp and those cats, that record would just go through them like prune juice going through a body.

2. TOM SCOTT. *Naima* (from *The Honeysuckle Breeze*, Impulse). Scott, soprano saxophone with electronic octave divider; John Coltrane, composer.

Who's that group, the Californians? I know it was a boy out here on the coast named Scott, playing saxella, an instrument copied off the manzello, and it's a hard instrument to play in tune. This sounds out of tune to me. He didn't sound like he was too sure of the melody on the first couple of bars; then as he went through it—when he was going into the changes—it kept me on eggshells. It didn't make me lay back and relax and drink my beer and say, "Yeah, that guy's really sailing through them changes," because the tune is not that hard.

It's a beautiful tune, I mean it's hard to interpret it the way that Trane wrote it, so it's hard to interpret because when you see the pedal, you say, "Yes, it's a pedal thing" but it's more to it than that. I think you're supposed to drain the four or five chords that's there, really get the different colors that the chords go through.

That octave thing kept me unrelaxed, because people used to get on to me about being out of tune, and they make these electric things—I played one of them—and you still have to *think* in tune to play one of them.

People think it's easy to play two horns, and they think you can play the same thing on a single instrument with the octave divider, but it isn't that simple. It's not just like making a run—you've got to think that you're making a run for two people, and try to get these two people to half-way think alike, and that's hard to do even to get both your selves—I mean it's something hard to get your body to think like your inner self is thinking, so it's hard to get an electronic thing with the horn—to think the same way. In other words, you got three things you're thinking for. A lot of people don't take that into account when they go out and buy one of them. They just say they got a thing that'll make octaves, and think they can just keep playing the same way they have for years, and it doesn't make it that way.

I think that's where the tragic point of it is, because everybody's going to buy one thinking that way, and there's just going to be a few innovators who'll come out with something on it. I would never do it, because one of the guys who helped invent it in Europe told me that the way they got the idea for the octave thing is when they first heard me play the two saxophones. I'd rather play the two saxophones than try to get both notes out of the one saxophone. I get more beauty out of my two horns, and struggling with them, than I could from worrying about an electronic thing, getting on the job and it might not be working one night.

3. BILL PLUMMER. *Journey to the East* (from *Cosmic Brotherhood*, Impulse). Plummer, sitar; Hersh Hamel, poem, composer.

Don't they play any jazz on that record at all? The only thing I've got to say about that is I think the Eastern Indians are trying to get revenge for what the American white man did to the American Indians. I think they're pulling a big joke on all the people here; just getting thrown in that bag. Here you got a man on this record with a southern accent, and I don't hear no Eastern thing on it at all. Instead of saying "Sunshine" he says "Sunshahn", and he says he went to the East, but I can't hear what he got out of it. He's got a rock 'n' roll beat; I don't hear any kind of abstract Indian beats in it at all, so I think somebody's really getting messed up.

As for my friend Mr. Plummer, I was looking forward to hearing him play some beautiful bass, like he could play, but I don't hear it yet. db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Clark Terry: A Natural Leader

Pennsylvania Dutch Jazz Festival
Lancaster Riding Club, Lancaster, Pa.

An earlier date (June 23) than last year was no guarantee of good weather for this festival. A heavy overnight storm had made the riding oval decidedly soggy, but the good-humored crowd that took possession of it had come prepared with comfortable chairs, rugs, buckets of ice, and all manner of stimulating accessories. The trunks of cars backed near the ring revealed astonishing resources, enough for all but the direst emergency. For the few improvident souls who arrived without chairs, the local funeral parlor was on hand with a generous selection from its stock (of sitting-up models). When the music began, the only problem was the heat of the afternoon sun, but this was not entirely responsible for the sheen several musicians subsequently developed.

Horses galloped in the background, and a husky belonging to Bob Messinger (who directs the fortunes of the Clark Terry Band) had the happiest day of her young life—in the bus, on stage, backstage, in the ring, and through and under the audience's collective legs. In all, it was a friendly, country occasion, informal and unmarred by officiousness of any kind. The fuzz were conspicuously absent.

The program began with the William Penn Serenaders, a high-school band from York of above average ability. The *new* Newport All-Stars took over for 40 minutes of the tried-and-true like *Just You, Just Me; Sometimes I'm Happy* (at a slow, medium tempo); *Blue and Sentimental*, and *Take the 'A' Train*. Ruby Braff and Buddy Tate were their dependable selves, and the rhythm section of Nat Pierce, George Duvivier and Jake Hanna set a high standard for everyone else to attain.

Next up was a local trio featuring Kenny Hodge on piano, and on drums a pupil of Sonny Igoe, Ken Carroll (son of Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carroll, who had done so much to make this and last year's festival possible).

Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, accompanied by Don Friedman, Joe Benjamin and Grady Tate, played a typical swinging set that embraced *Red Door*, the blues, and *Love for Sale*. The rhythm section and Sims reappeared shortly afterwards as part of Clark Terry's big band, which also included Lloyd Michaels, Ziggy Harrell, Steve Furtado, Woody Shaw, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Jimmy Knepper, Julian Priester, trombones; Jack Jeffers, bass trombone, tuba; Bobby Donovan, Arnie Lawrence, altos; Lew Tabackin, tenor; Danny Bank, baritone.

The band played for an hour and made a strong impression. All it needs is more work and more exposure to gain a place in the top four or five of the nation. Terry's infectiously joyous personality makes him a natural leader, and his men's response indicated both admiration and friendship. There was a good feeling on the stage, and when he beat off the time with, "Eh-one-eh-two, you know what to do!", his confidence was usually confirmed.

The book was consistently interesting, but never pretentious. Its objective was obviously to maintain communications without playing down—but without playing over the heads of the people either! How else can a big band today retain esprit de corps and hope to find an audience?

The first number was *Etoile Y'all*, written by Phil Woods and displaying the reeds in some excellent passages. *Terry's Delight* featured the leader on fluegelhorn, Sims, and some fat, satisfying baritone fills by Bank. *Here's That Rainy Day* was a vehicle for Arnie Lawrence, who blew at length with a wide variety of ideas. *It Used to Be Blues*, arranged by Nat Pierce, had a Basie feel (this often emerged in the band's playing). Terry took to trumpet and plunger on this, and was followed in solo by Cleveland and Tabackin. *Flower People* was a warm and groovy arrangement by Sid Cooper. Taken at a slow tempo, with Joe Benjamin walking strong, this had Tabackin, Sims and Terry—again with plunger—as soloists. *Minor Blues* was arranged by Bobby Donovan, who routined it in performance from his chair in the middle of the reeds. Jeffers took to tuba for lower bottom, and Sims played a gentle, exquisitely phrased solo before

Woody Shaw was given his time in the sun.

All Heart, arranged by Nat Pierce and showcasing Terry on fluegelhorn, was one of the day's peaks. The band gave it warmth and richness, building on Bank's full, sure baritone sound, while the leader invested the lyric theme with an authority and beauty different from Shorty Baker's on the Ellington original, but otherwise comparable qualitatively. *One Foot in the Gutter*, a crisp foot-stamper for contrast, featured Jimmy Knepper in the best trombone solo of the day, one full of meaty, well-digested jazz content, and Bank made a rare appearance as soloist, his tone and execution again impressive. Then there was the well-remembered *Flute Juice* (Tabackin on flute), Julian Priester in a virtuoso version of Phil Woods' *Hymn for Kim*, and finally Mr. Mumbles himself hollering and croaking before and after a volatile alto solo by Lawrence. Throughout, the rhythm section acquitted itself well, Friedman playing neat introductory choruses, and Tate kicking the band with more abandon than is always permissible in the recording studio.

The Lancaster All-Stars played a comfortable set of standards, pianist Dick Hamilton revealing an exceptional talent. In his case, indeed, it seemed improper that music should remain no more than an avocation.

Bobby Troup, born and raised in the area, was welcomed home enthusiastically. His style is appropriate to an intimate supper club, and he is a sensitive, tasteful performer—"an anachronism in these times," one of the local musicians exclaimed. When he finished *Yesterday*, there were cries of "Beautiful!" from the musicians in the "wings." His accompaniment re-introduced that marvelous guitarist, John Collins, who sounded better than ever, in support and solo. It was not only Collins' association with him that brought Nat Cole to mind; the trio as a whole often evoked that pianist-singer's approach. On drums, and a tower of strength whenever he appeared this day, was Grady Tate. In a rare gesture, Troup had him sing *Body and Soul*, while Oliver Jackson took over on drums. Among those surprised and impressed by his singing was Earl Hines, who has always had a quick ear for a good vocalist. A conspiracy of defamation was soon under way, however, Nobody in jazz wants to see Grady make it as a singer. He is too indispensable as a drummer!

When the Hines quartet went into action, it was over an hour late. The piano had taken a beating from the sun and humidity and was ready to die. Under such circumstances, Hines plays with a kind of viciousness that seems at first to perturb and then amuse his accompanists. It was like that on *Second Balcony Jump*, but Oliver Jackson soon had his measure, and an incisive performance resulted despite the piano's inadequacies. Next, the inevitable demand for *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues* was answered, but this time with the same routine applied to *Sometimes I'm Happy, Black Coffee, Sugar, Tea for Two* and *Bernie's Tune* (Jackson wielding mallets to great effect) preceded *It's Magic*, on which Budd Johnson's soprano welled liquidly from the tent backstage. When he came out front, the piano was sounding so sick that he found it hard to stay in tune. But on the following *Please Don't Talk About Me* (at the same superb tempo as on the recent Hines-Jimmy Rushing record), when he played tenor, everything jelled for one of those unexhibitionistic but real performances that occur infrequently, and often pass unnoticed, at jazz festivals. *Love Is Just Around the Corner* at up tempo, Hines hammering heady rhythm out of the beat box, and Johnson wailing on soprano, brought the day to a close as the Dutch folded their chairs and stole away into the gloaming.

Well, not quite. Some of the locals kindly played an envoi as ice and jugs were being loaded with desperate efficiency on to the Manhattan-bound bus. The night people needed to recharge batteries after their duel with the summer sun.

—Stanley Dance

Chuck Israels

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Alan Rubin, Gary Molnikoff, Jimmy Owens, trumpets; Barry Maur, Lynn Welschman, Pete Phillips, trombones; Art Rubinstein, French horn; Dick Spencer, Al Regni, alto saxophone; Lew Tabackin, Lou Del Gatto, tenor saxophones; Joel Kaye, baritone saxophone; Benny Aronov, piano; Howie Collins, guitar; Bob Daugherty, bass; Alan Schwartzberg, drums; Israels, conductor.

This is a big band with an approach that differs from other large organizations, new and old. Israels does not play bass with the band but concentrates on conducting his own very fine arrangements. Israels' charts are the heart of his band's unique personality. It is definitely not a band that clubs you into submission. It is mellow, subtle, highly melodic with lines that move in wondrous ways.

This is not to say that the band does not swing or that it does not reach peaks that excite the audience. Its long suit, however, is the coloration and emotional depth it achieves through the voicings and judicious use of solo space. Israels has fashioned an orchestra that flows in beautiful channels, and beauty is something jazz can use these days.

Perhaps the most ambitious piece the band attempted at the Vanguard was *Extract I*, a composition in three movements with echoes of Stravinsky and excellent use of flutes. The opening section featured the open, biting trumpet of Owens and some alto by Spencer that harked back to Gene Quill. Aronov's sensitive pianistics dominated the reflective center portion, while Tabackin's tenor, as lusty as his mod sideburns, supplied the spark in the climactic, final segment. Sonny lives—Trane, too.

Tabackin, Aronov and Owens (on fluegelhorn as well as trumpet) were all heard to advantage amidst the light, airy swing of *David's Theme*, a bossa composed for a movie. Phillips' bass trombone was a mellow voice here.

Owens and the band outlined the loveliness and vitality of the titular season in *It Might As Well Be Spring. I'm All Smiles* described the individual members of the band and the audience reaction to the chart and solos by Tabackin, Regni and Welschman.

The latter was heard again in *My Romance*, which also spotted Collins, Del Gatto (good use of a calypso motif in the middle of his solo), and Owens—coming at you from all sides, jumping and darting around, then flowing straight ahead.

Here's That Rainy Day was intelligently and movingly voiced for Maur's trombone and Kaye's baritone saxophone. Another lovely standard, *Lazy Afternoon*, was a vehicle for Tabackin's flute. He gave the pastoral mood purity, warmth (even fire) with perfect control.

Maur, Aronov, Owens, bassist Daugherty, Spencer and lead trumpeter Alan Rubin all were soloists on *Summertime*. A duet between Spencer and Rubin highlighted the number, with the altoist figuratively singing, in his best solo of the evening.

From his long association with Bill Evans, Israels has brought specific music as well as general musical experience. The pianist's *Nardis* was orchestrated in moving fashion with solos by Phillips and Aronov, and the tranquility of his waltz, *Very Early*, was captured in a mesh that was both gauze and metal. Owens' fluegel took solo honors.

This is a band to check out. The originals are original, the standards are freshly reworked, and they are played with passion and understanding. Schwartzberg's pulse, never bombastic, moves the listener as surely as it moves the band. Israels deserves a lot of credit, but more importantly, the opportunity to be more widely heard.

—Ira Gitler

Gil Evans

Whitney Museum, New York City

Personnel: Johnny Coles, Lou Soloff, trumpets, fluegelhorns; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone saxophone; Hubert Laws, Joe Farrell, Billy Harper, Carl Porter, reeds; Evans, piano, electric harpsichord; Joe Beck, guitar; Herb Bushler, bass; Warren Smith, drums.

It seems a number of critics have unconsciously declared open season on Gil Evans. One put down his last record as a rambling toward nowhere. Next, Evans' public appearances on the West Coast a couple of years ago elicited a unanimous sigh of regret from the Fourth Estate because he had not rehearsed the orchestra well enough for them and allowed its members too much solo time, thus doing injustice to his own music, which all jazz critics know is just great because they've said so in Miles Davis record reviews. (The same criticisms, of course, can be made of many of Duke Ellington's performances, but then you get into blasphemy.)

So what did two leading New York critics say in print about this concert? Too many solos; more rehearsal needed. So it goes with fallen angels. (To give the devils their due, there was one awkward moment when at least half the band was lost, the men staring hard at their parts, horns in mouths but no notes sounding. Everybody finally got back on the track, however.)

Well, what else is new? Doesn't anybody really listen to those gorgeous Evans records that built his reputation? Gil Evans' music has *never* been "well rehearsed"—clinkers abound in all his records, probably because his is devilishly difficult music to put together as he hears it. And Evans has always held soloists in high regard; his arrangements are for improvisers, not manuscript collectors. Evans' music is alive, it

is not imprisoned in record stores.

It was very much alive and unencumbered this night at the Whitney. And the noncritics present reveled in it, judging by their enthusiasm. (The gallery in which he and his men played was packed. A museum guard, eyeing the mass of mostly young persons, incredulously asked an aged member of the audience, "Did all these people *pay* to get in?" They had, but the aged one hadn't.)

For this concert, his first in New York since a Carnegie Hall date with Miles Davis six years ago, Evans put together an array of masterly players, some relatively new on the scene, others veterans.

The rhythm section was free in the way

Gil Evans: Alive and Unencumbered

Miles' is free—bass lines flashing in and out of the basic pulse (which is not often stated); percussive explosions erupting in just the right places; piano chords sometimes, but more often blocks of piano sounds hurled into the fray; guitar asides slithering across rhythm, soloist, and orchestra. The continual churn of urgency set up by the rhythm section sent the young soloists skyrocketing and kept the older men on their toes (a couple got stumped, too). The youngsters often tilted head on at the quivering wall of sound erected by the rhythm men.

In his solos this night, tenor saxophonist Harper, who at one time attended North Texas State University and was featured in that school's mighty jazz band, proved he is ready for anybody on his horn. He built his solos carefully, letting out the intensity slowly, holding back just a little before exploding his music into a dazzling display of invention and facility. Searing but controlled. He and the rhythm section really got into something on what started as a ballad, the name of which I don't know. It was a delicious moment.

Beck, like Harper, is ready for all comers. He was featured throughout the program, but was particularly fetching on *Summertime*. I had heard Beck only once before, on an excellent Mike Mainieri album released a few months ago. I'd never seen him; yet his playing is so much his own, that, without knowing who the guitarist was at this concert, I recognized it immediately. His improvisations bear the impress of rock and avant garde and old-time jazz, but they come out as something exceedingly personal and lovely. There is a deep loneliness about his work that touches the heart. Few musicians his age—he looks to be in his early or middle 20s—have developed their inner selves to such an extent as has this truly gifted guitarist.

Veteran Coles—now *there's* an underappreciated musician—was at the top of his game on *La Nevada* and a loose-jointed blues that closed the concert. Coles is another heart man. He can play, as he did here, an eight-bar trill, iron it out into a long held note, end with two eighth notes and bring tears to a listener's eyes. Magic. His lines have a grace, a flow, a logic that mark him as a great lyrical jazz player.

Farrell got off a rousing flute solo on *Cue 1A*. He knows what time is, and he shot his notes off the rhythm section with the skill of a master. For most of the concert, however, Farrell did section work.

Laws also spent most of his energy in the section, but he played one piccolo solo of such artistry and bravura that none who heard it could doubt the great depth of this young man's talent. It came near the end of *Cue 1A*, and though all that preceded was of extremely high order, this was the moment of truth. He played long sweeping lines of pure melodic improvisation, the like of which I've not heard since John Coltrane in 1962. But what proved his superb musicianship was a little thing: two 16th notes, an octave apart, placed with consummate skill and precision in just the right place in the phrase, in just the right place in his solo. It was one of those moments when one can only gape in awe.

But of course, all the marvelous music played this night would not have been possible without Evans, who may look like a

benign ancient mariner in need of a hearty meal but who is, in reality, a musical tiger. For it was Evans who put together this group of superb musicians. It was Evans who whipped the rhythm section with barbed-wire chords and clusters. It was he who wrote the framework for the soloists —and that frame made the improvisers' paintings all the more vivid.

Despite the critical snappings at his heels, Gil Evans remains a giant.

—Don DeMicheal

Duke Ellington—Tony Bennett

Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, Calif.
Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, Calif.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Herbie Jones, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Bonny Green, Chuck Connors, trombones; Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, reeds; Ellington, piano; Jeff Castleman, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Bennett, Peggy Blake, Trish Turner, Tony Watkins, vocals; San Francisco City College Choir.

It was at Grace Cathedral that Ellington first began cutting a jazz swath in ecclesiastics, and the faults that reportedly marred the initial Sacred Concert, though modified by a newly installed sound system, still persisted. The music may have been on the side of the angels; the acoustics were a cardinal sin. Reverberations that might suit the thunders of theology breaking upon recalcitrant sinners flawed the offerings of the orchestra, augmented for this occasion by a trio of singers—Trish Turner, Peggy Blake, and Tony Watkins—and a battery of bright young choristers from San Francisco's City College.

But the acoustical imps were helpless before Harry Carney's gruffly pliant baritone on the opening, *Praise God;* Cootie Williams' trumpet on *The Shepherd*—muted snarls or an open torrent of sound —and Jimmy Hamilton's redeeming clarinet on *Supreme Being*. But the opening section on the latter, scored for dissonance, melted into confusion, and the imps were triumphant.

Echoes also jostled elbows above the brassier passages on *The Biggest and Busiest Intersection* and *It's Freedom,* a number in eight segments (probably the most ambitious and least successful among the work's sections) which a string of good solos failed to thread together.

Something About Believing was a medium-paced blessing that bubbled gayly all the way, the trio of vocalists, the choir, and orchestral sections and soloists popping up in effervescent fashion. A number full of the grace of good swing. *Meditation* was delicate Duke, adorned with the Castleman bass.

The vocalists fared best, simply because they sang up front at the communion rails, away from the abyss of effects that swirled around the chancel where the orchestra was stationed. The two girls, in their different styles, were outstanding. Closer to the jazz circuit, Trish Turner's blithe modernism on *Believing* and *Heaven* contrasted nicely with the San Francisco Opera Ring's Peggy Blake, who classically irradiated *Almighty God* and *T.G.T.T.*

99½% Won't Do and *Don't Get Down On Your Knees To Pray Until You Have Forgiven Everyone* were strong Watkins, whose simple and effective a cappella *Lord's Prayer* climaxed the concert.

Prior to that, in an all-in, up-tempo explosion, the vocalists, choir and orchestra all had their say. Paul Gonsalves' tenor, Hamilton's clarinet and Cat Anderson's trumpet testified against brassy backgrounds. During all this—just to freeze any puritan blood—the Sheila Xoregos Modern Dance Company came bounding and cartwheeling down the aisles, scattering rose petals where they might.

Pews were tightly packed from front to back. Ellington is one obvious answer to a clergyman pondering over a thinning congregation, but though Duke's skilled lines and glowing colors could be glimpsed under the beard of reverberation that furred much of the music, the Sacred Concert paled before the rich spread of pastels at the Oakland Coliseum, a vast giants' gymnasium of a hall. Here, the sound came across perfectly, the band gliding through ever-greenery in great fashion.

Two versions of *Take The 'A' Train:* the first medium, some choruses in 3/4, broad strokes from the saxes and the brass scorching with stereo clarity, Cootie Williams buzzing with muted effrontery; the second fast, Hamilton's clarinet at the whistle. There was disarming Gonsalves tenor on *Satin Doll,* Castleman climbing out of the slow groove with emphatic strumming.

Hodges' third note of his solo on *I Got It Bad*—a favoring of *A* that filled the hall with silver—brought on a blizzard of applause. His alto flights—astonishing swoops and bends and light-fingered flurries and double-timing—are the stateliest in the business, of a filigree elegance that Carney's husky mutterings matched in musicianship on *Sophisticated Lady*. His breath control at the climax would have done credit to a guru: the penultimate note sustained through bar after bar—suddenly dropping off to a low grunt. Courtiers like this supply reasons why the Duke has held such uninterrupted sway.

More baritone and Brown's trombone spiced *Caravan;* restrained reeds and delicate brass daubed *Solitude* and *In A Sentimental Mood;* the front-lining of Procope (clarinet), Carney and Brown painted *Mood Indigo;* warbling saxes and punching brass illuminated *I'm Beginning to See the Light*—it could have been blase, but instead it was great blowing.

The Tony Bennett half needn't have been a let-down, but it was.

The band held its end up, moving skillfully from Ellingtonia into arrangements crafted by, among others, Al Cohn and John Mandel, that had plenty of solo outlets. But on Bennett's part there was little of the deft poise and only a shred of the sophistication he can light up a number with.

Some of the blame could be laid at the door of a jaded repertoire; an over-pouring of sentiment on the slows (*If I Ruled The World; Who Can I Turn To?; I Left My Heart In San Francisco*) and a straw-boater bravura on some of the beats (*Sunny Side Of The Street; Always; The Lady's In Love*). *Fool of Fools* and a new Mexican number, *Whispering Your*

Name, were good, if still a little too tear-streaked. The most convincing swing came on a fast *Moment of Truth* and *Broadway*. Bows to the Duke were *It Don't Mean A Thing, Solitude*, and *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*.

And a host of other numbers, none of them Bennett at his best. The Duke was more than mere consolation: he was at his definite best, the orchestra's top form bringing out the elixir in the writing.

—*Sammy Mitchell*

Andre Previn

Jones Hall for the Performing Arts
Houston, Tex.

Personnel: Previn, piano; Arni Egilsson, bass; Jimmy Simon, drums.

For the first time in over three years, to near-capacity audiences in the 3,000-seat Jones Hall, Previn acknowledged his past by featuring half an evening of jazz on each of four pop concerts. The pianist, of

Andre Previn
Jazz Revisited

course, is now conductor of the Houston and London symphonies and has, to a large extent, downplayed his jazz roots.

To judge from the second concert, however, it was obvious that the woodshed has not exactly had outhouse status with Previn. Within the context carefully established at the beginning of the set, the jazz he offered was substantial, at times inventive, and thoroughly enjoyable.

Preceding the jazz set, the Houston Symphony offered a mixed bag of selections, including Walton's *Portsmouth Point*, a *Scheherazade* lacking in luster, and a brilliantly played *American in Paris*. Then it was time for the trio or, rather, what the program notes called "Previn's Jazz Combo."

"This series of concerts brings the first Houston appearance of Andre Previn's Jazz Combo, a group of versatile musicians personally chosen by Mr. Previn from within the Houston Symphony Orchestra," the notes read. "No set program has been planned. To borrow a phrase from the jazz musicians' jargon, they will be wingin' it."

Fortunately, the music did not reflect the condescending view of the program notes.

For his new role, Previn switched from tails to guru coat. "You just can't play jazz in tails," he said.

All through the program, he carried on a one-sided conversation with the audience, explaining how long it had been since he played jazz, how a jam session had developed during the symphony's just-completed road trip, how he had found an "extraordinary bass player," and how useless it was to adjust piano stools—"I've been doing this (turning the stool knobs) all my life and it doesn't do a damn thing."

Citing a lack of rehearsal time, Previn warned, "If you are looking for intricate tempos, forget it."

Previn had indeed achieved rapport with Egilsson, but the bassist took to the bow for every solo, apparently more hung up on technique than he needed to be. His work in support of Previn, while certainly not representing any danger to Ray Brown, indicated that he could have handled a plucked solo without great difficulty.

Simon's playing, on the other hand, was stiff and mechanical, as if he had difficulty involving himself with the music. He didn't even smile until near the end of the set.

Previn started with *Like Young*, ran conventionally through the melodic line and began improvising. He was stiff, and the notes had a disturbing sense of discontinuity about them. Disaster seemed imminent, and I remembered something Charlie Byrd had once said about the difficulty of maintaining first-rate facility in both jazz and classical music at the same time.

But by the second chorus, Previn's playing had become more fluid, more similar to that of a decade ago. His first and last obvious awkwardness of the evening had passed.

Over the Rainbow was brief, with little room for improvisation, although Previn avoided a heavily sentimental approach.

As a preface to *Ode to Billie Joe*, Previn admitted that he was not very familiar with current tunes and groups except for the general observation that "if the electricity went off, there would be no music at all." On *Ode*, Previn managed to achieve a regional tonal coloration in much the same style as Mose Allison. One of the tune's chief assets, however, is its rhythmic possibilities and the group just didn't swing.

Previn's movie-score work was represented by *You're Going to Hear From Me*, played fairly straight; a jazzy and delightful *Goodbye Charlie* in ¾ that was the group's best up to that point, and *Valley of the Dolls*, which was undistinguished.

The best number of the concert was *On the Street Where You Live*, which followed much the same pattern as Previn's recording for Contemporary many years ago. The group took its time, and Previn improvised well.

—*Arthur Hill*

db music workshop

GARY BURTON

On the following pages, the *Down Beat* Music Workshop presents an original composition by Gary Burton, *No Man's Land,* arranged by the composer and Chris Swansen. It stems from 1963, when Burton was attending the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

Though Burton studied composition and arranging, he is self-taught on the vibraharp. In spite of his youth (he is 25), he has appeared on an impressive number of recordings, both under his own name and as a sideman.

His recording debut was made on a Columbia album featuring guitarist Hank Garland, no longer available. Also discontinued is the RCA Victor album *After the Riot at Newport,* on which the 17-year old vibist can be heard with a jazz contingent from Nashville (see article, p. 14).

The next year, 1961, Burton made his first LP as a leader, *New Vibe Man in Town,* a trio date with bassist Gene Cherico and drummer Joe Morello (RCA Victor LPM 2420). Just prior to that date, he was on a session led by Morello including alto saxophonist Phil Woods and a brass section (*It's About Time;* LPM 2486). Burton's next own date, *Who Is Gary Burton,* also featured Woods and Morello, as well as Clark Terry and Tommy Flanagan (LPM 2665).

His next, a quartet date (LPM 2725), featured trumpeter Jack Sheldon, bassist Monte Budwig, and drummer Vernell Fournier. This was made in Los Angeles in early 1963, about the time when Burton joined the George Shearing Quintet, in which Fournier was among his colleagues. Of several Capitol LPs made with Shearing, *Rare Form* (T 2447), a live date, and *Out of the Woods* (T 2272), featuring compositions and arrangements by Burton, should be mentioned.

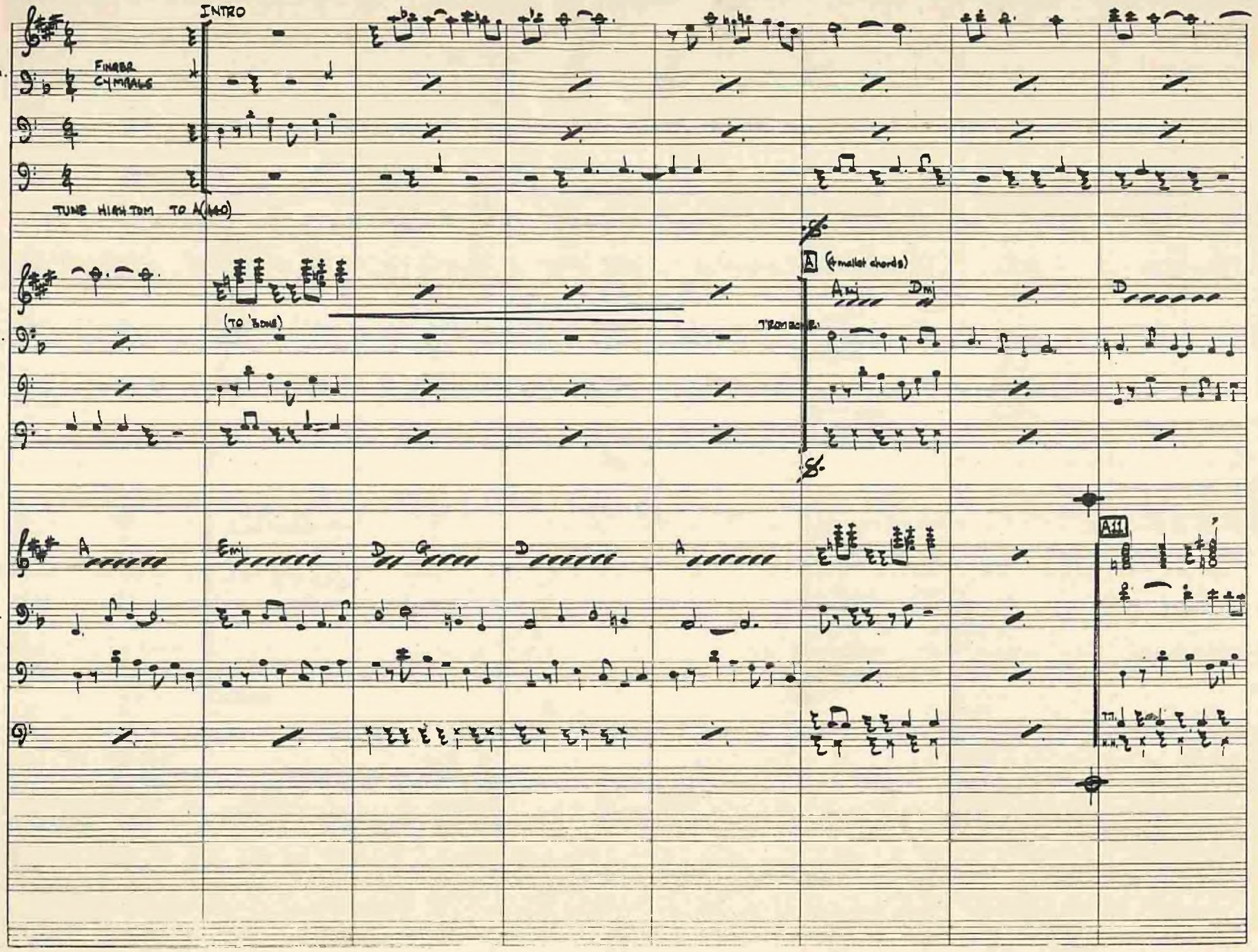
Burton's next own Victor date, perhaps his best prior to the formation to his own permanent group, was *Something's Coming* (LPM 2880) with guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Chuck Israels, and drummer Larry Bunker.

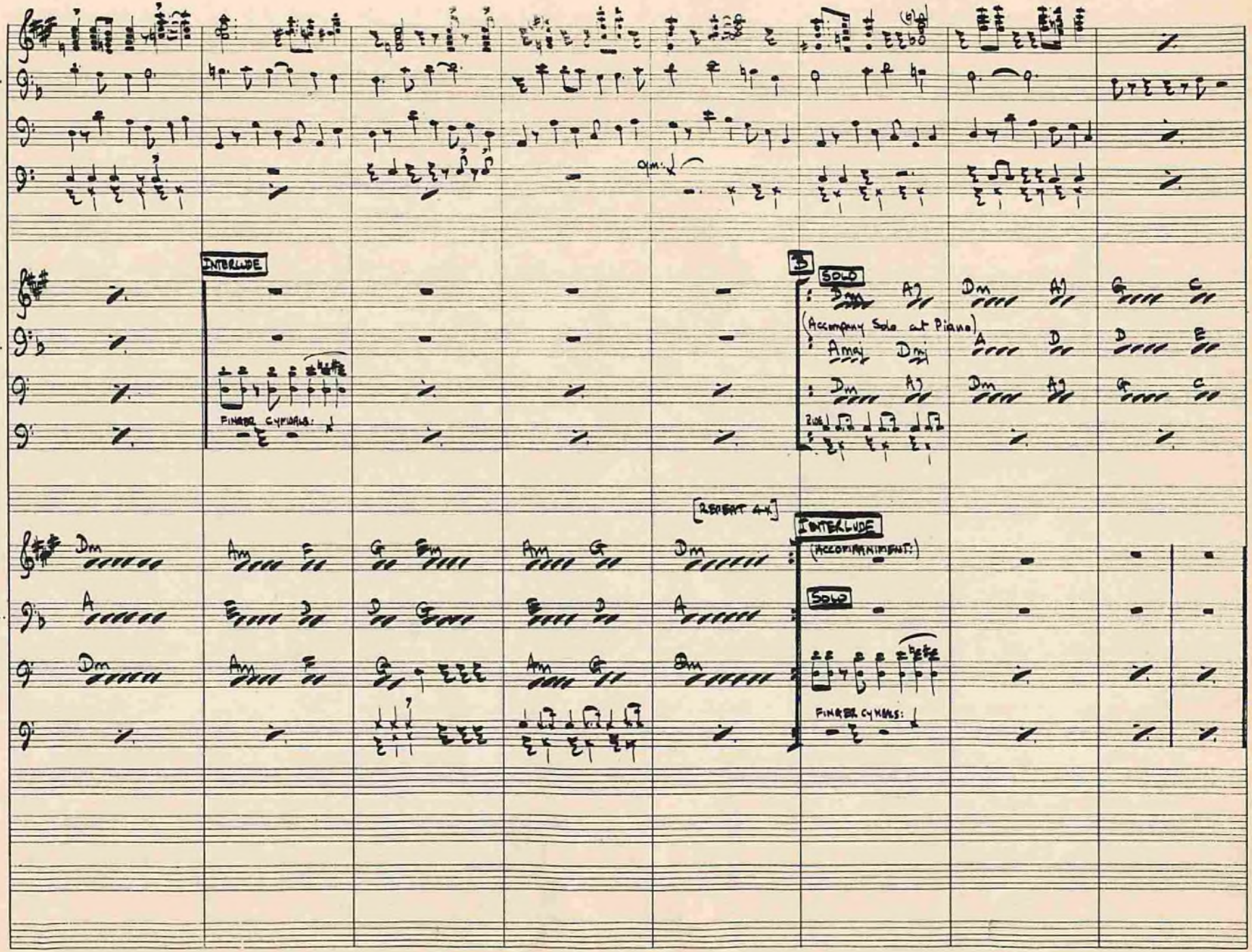
In 1964, Burton joined Stan Getz. *Getz Au Go Go* (Verve V-8600) is representative of his work with the tenorist, but some of their best moments together were on an all-star date, *Bob Brookmeyer And Friends* (Columbia CL 2237), the other friends being Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Elvin Jones. Brookmeyer was present on Burton's jazz version of the score from *The Sound of Music* (LPM 3360), which also had strings. *Time Machine* (LSP 3642) includes some tape experiments. *Tennessee Firebird,* discussed in the article, is on LSP 3719.

The work of Burton's current group appears on *Duster* (LPM 3835) and *Lofty Fake Anagram* (LSP 3901). db

LEE TANNER

Composition NO MAN'S LAND (CONCERT SCORE) **Arranger** GARY BURTON and CHRIS SWANSEN **Page** 1




Vibes
Vlv. Tbn.
Bass
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INTERLUDE
FINGER CYMBALS:
SOLO
(Accompany Solo at Piano)
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REPEAT 4x
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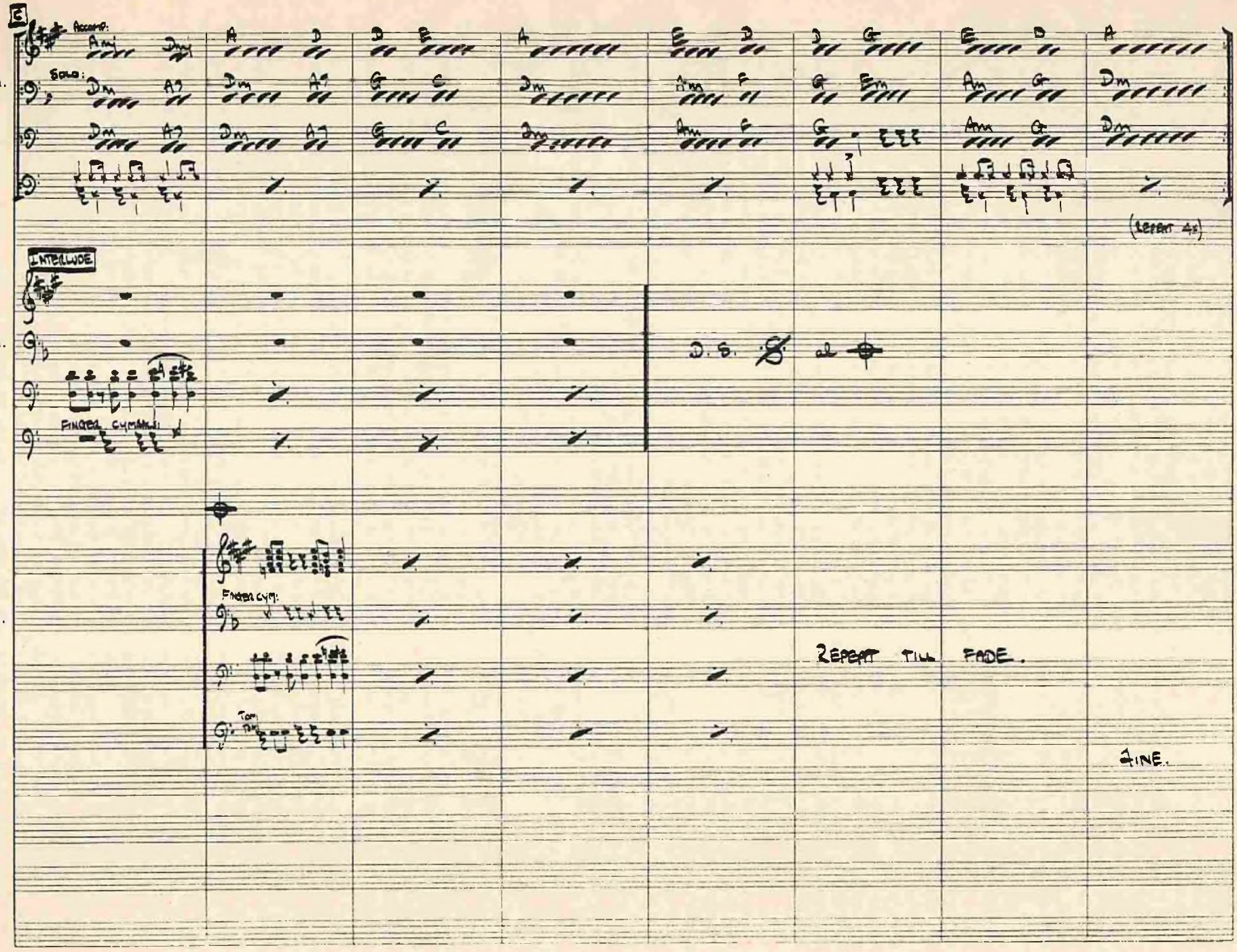
SOLO
FINGER CYMBALS:



ARETHA

(Continued from page 16)

finally I learnt how to stand there without fainting. It also helped me to learn how to communicate with the audience, something very important because their response has a lot to do with the way I sing. If I feel it and they don't, I'll lose something, but if they're with me, we've got it!"

In her father's church, young Aretha heard Mahalia Jackson, Lou Rawls and Sam Cooke, but it was Clara Ward whose vitality made the biggest impression. "Clara knocked me out," Aretha related. "From then on, I knew I wanted to sing." The Rev. C. L. Franklin himself had several albums of sermons out on the Chess label, but was understandably a little unhappy when his daughter quit touring with him. "But I think he felt that if it was what I wanted to do, I should go ahead," said the singer. She's since received no adverse comments about taking sacred music into the secular world.

When pushed, she admits to the continuing Gospel influence. "Basically, yes, the feeling is still there and it will always be, more than likely. But if you really wanted to break it down, you could go back even further to more distant roots—if you wanted."

But although the roots are obvious for all who have ears to hear, "the hottest new singer in the world" has little time to talk about them. Her stated desire is to be "deep and greasy" and she's just that, even if the marrow of her music is as old as religion itself. She belongs to the new generation of popular Negro singers whose music appeals to every race, the "soul" singers who make the Top 40 charts and play a far more important role in integration than the majority of tub-thumpers. "Soul music is a very different type than other types of music," stipulated Aretha. "Perhaps that might have something to do with bringing (integration) a little more forward, but I think all music makes a contribution."

In every album she makes, you'll see Aretha credited as co-writer on two or three of the songs. She wrote *Dr. Feelgood, Since You've Been Gone* and *Don't Let Me Lose This Dream* in collaboration with husband Ted White, and *Baby, Baby, Baby* with sister Carolyn who has also contributed a couple of her own—*Ain't No Way* is one of them. *Save Me* was written with Carolyn and tenor saxophonist King Curtis. Aretha enjoys writing, but like many singers she is lazy about it. "I try to do it when I have the feeling and that might be the day before the session or six months before. Or I might do it during the session; I just have to feel it.

"The melody is the most important part, but sometimes I get the words first. With *Think,* something happened I can't explain. Before I finished the first verse I knew what the second verse was. It seemed like the words were there and I just wrote it out. I never really thought about it, I just knew what it was going to be."

She tries first to write the melody down in its barest form. "If I can remember that, I can also recall what was around it and how I wanted it to go." In addition to her songwriting, she plays piano on several album tracks and always does at least one number at the keyboard in person. Her regular pianist is Claude Black, and she also carries a twelve-piece band led by trumpeter Donald Towns. Most of the charts are penned by Atlantic's Arif Mardin and Aretha has an expressed preference for the big band sound. "You can get unique arrangements with a trio, but not like you can with the big band," she stressed. "I like the strings, too."

At Atlantic, Aretha has a pretty free hand when it comes to suggesting arrangements, Mardin enlarging on her ideas. "With Columbia they were very liberal—to a point," she recalled. "After that the arranger and everybody else had it. Now they'll let me try at least." As soon as she started her first session for Atlantic, producer Wexler was surprised by her self-possession when it came to getting down to the music, and as a consequence, Aretha takes a substantial hand in what actually goes on to her records. She is responsible for arranging the vocal backings recorded by sisters Carolyn and Irma and the Sweet Inspirations and sung on live appearances this year by Carolyn, Willine Ivy and Charnessa Jones. And she'll often multi-track all three voices herself on record. "I usually put the lead voice on first, then the higher voice and then I go to the lower," she explained. "Sometimes the main voice is the third part of the harmony so I only have to do two voices."

Aretha's astonishing range is one of the most earth-shattering in the business and the way she can switch from solid, down-home preaching to a soaring high-pitched note that sears right through you is the exclusive prerogative of the church-reared performer. At one time she went to a vocal coach to learn how to use her range to the best advantage but stopped after three months when the instructor died. "She helped me to round my tones and get the correct sound of the words," said Aretha. "But I'll tell you, when you get to singing you forget about the shape and *everything* and you just go right on! Some of the things you contain and remember, but a lot of them you don't. I have to say it the way I'm feeling it."

The singer complained that her voice lowers considerably if she stops singing for four days at a stretch. "I should sing every day like a dancer practices," she admitted. "If I started doing my exercises and singing from my stomach, I wouldn't have so many problems. But I forget. I'll do it at the piano to get that big push, but sitting out there you sound alright but you don't look so good when you sing that way. I mean, you don't look like a Marilyn Monroe profile-wise!" she laughed. "And that's how I get into trouble because unless I'm sitting at the piano, you know—relaxed, I'll sing from up here," she indicated her throat, "all the time."

But whether she sings from throat or diaphragm physically, emotionally, Aretha sings from the heart. She tells it with the majesty of Mahalia Jackson and the conviction of every woman that ever loved or had any kind of need for a man. It's a feeling no man can quite convey, for Aretha is the "Natural Woman" of her song, a woman who can get right in there with her rawness and make your insides *shout.* Once again she is reticent when it comes to admitting that women have the edge on men as far as this feeling is concerned. "I wouldn't say that they're more convincing," she said slowly, "but people might feel that because the man is supposed to be the stronger sex and the woman always has a tendency to fall behind. Maybe—that's a wild question! But you could make a comparison with Joe Williams' song, *A Man Ain't Supposed To Cry:* whereas a woman will just break out and cry in a minute, a fellow has got a little reserve. Perhaps, I don't know; I've heard some men who can get right to it, too."

The singer's own musical tastes are unrelated to what she does herself. She enjoys the Beatles and the Rolling Stones (she recorded their *Satisfaction*), Charles Aznavour ("he's for real; I can hear that!") and Nina Simone. She also listens to a lot of jazz: Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver, Junior Mance and Freddie Hubbard being particular favorites. "Whichever way the music goes is the way I'm going to go in my feeling," she said of the future. "I want to try and stay fresh musically."

Wherever she goes, though, Aretha will never stray far from the Gospel roots that nurtured her. She couldn't. "Soul to me is feeling, a lot of depth and being able to bring to the surface that which is happening inside, to make the picture clear. The song doesn't matter. A writer can have soul, many people can have soul. It's just the emotion and the way it affects other people." DB

AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

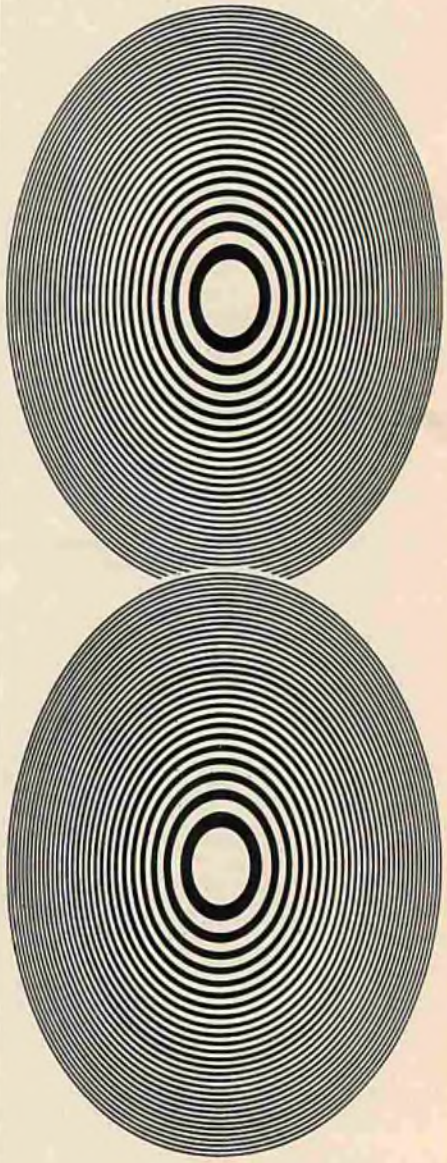
and **Milt Buckner** shared the bill . . . The latter also appeared for a regular week at the Dom. Pianist **Keith Jarrett,** taking time off from the **Charles Lloyd** Quartet, headed a group at the Dom last month. With him were **Charlie Haden,** bass, and Bob Moses, drums . . . The **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** has replaced **Traffic** for the Aug. 19 date of the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park . . . The **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** Quintet followed their Slug's date with a stay at the Village Vanguard. Vibist Hutcherson and tenorist-flutist Land had **Chick Correa,** piano; **Reggie Johnson,** bass; **Joe Chambers,** drums . . . The **Free Spirits** have taken up residence in San Francisco. The group originated on the lower East Side and has been working in the Metropolitan area for the past two years. Recently, saxophonist **Jim Pepper** was featured on his own album for the Apostolic label. Pianist **Mike Nock,** guitarist **Larry Coryell,** bassist **Eddie Gomez,** and drummer **Elvin Jones** were on the date . . . After an absence of three years, singer **Thelma Carpenter** returned to New York for an engagement at the Apartment . . . The **Charles Moffet** Quartet, the **Substructure,** and the **Ron Jefferson** Choir with **Ted Dunbar** and **Allan Murphy** were part of a recent Saturday lineup at Slugs. **Pharoah Sanders'** group put in a week at the club . . . The Hartford Jazz Society reports that among the recent Connecticut jazz activities have been gigs by **Illinois Jacquet-Milt Buckner, Frank Foster's** band, and a Dixieland session with **Max Kaminsky,** trumpet; **Cutty Cutshall,** trombone; **Kenny Davern,** clarinet; **Dick Wellstood,** piano; **Jack Lesberg,** bass, and **Cliff Leeman,** drums. The Community Renewal Team's summer concerts in Hartford were kicked off by **Muddy Waters** on July 1. Other performances were by trumpeters **Clark Terry, Donald Byrd,** and **Freddie Hubbard,** and singer **Roberta Peck.** The series ends with **Horace Silver** July 29 and **Art Blakey** Aug. 5 . . . A program by pianist-composer **Mel Powell,** described as "taped sounds with live sound mobiles", led off the Electric Circus' "Electric Ear" series of electronic music and mixed media performances. Powell's work was titled *Immobiles I-IV* . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson** was at the Playboy Club for weekends in June and July, and at presstime it was hoped his stay would be extended through the entire summer . . . Altoist **Jackie McLean** preceded **Willie Bobo** at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn earlier this month.

Los Angeles: **Hampton Hawes** did a one-nighter for **Tommy Bee** at Marty's-on-the-Hill, using **Stan Gilbert,** bass; and **Carl Burnett,** drums—both ex-**Cal Tjader** sidemen. At presstime, the pianist was signed to do five nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole and two successive "piano nights" at Donte's with the same group . . . Also at Marty's, to welcome the returned expatriate Hawes, was **Eddie Harris,** enjoying an off-night from his first West Coast gig at Shelly's Manne-Hole. He brought his quartet for a two-week stay (**Jodie Christian,** piano; **Mel Jackson,** bass; **Richard Smith,** drums). Harris was using an amplified tenor (not a Varitone, as everyone was calling it, but a Maestro, made by Chicago Musical Instruments) that bassist Jackson would occasionally plug into. Harris then took his group to the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco, and was scheduled to return here for a one-nighter at the Checkmate . . . **Al Porcino** has joined **Buddy Rich's** band as lead trumpeter, playing his first gig with the band at The Factory. Rich cut a live album at Marty's-on-the-Hill during a 10-day gig there. A number of Rich's sidemen dropped into Donte's to catch the one-nighter by **Clare Fischer** and his big band . . . Another band that recently played Donte's was fronted by **Dan Terry,** who prefers the moniker "Big Daddy." Bedecked in big ties, top hats and fancy cutaways (Terry cloth, no doubt), **Big Daddy's Jazz Band** boasted the following 19: **Clyde Reasinger, Jack Feierman, Jon Murakami, Carleton McBeath, Dick Collins,** and Big Daddy himself on trumpets; **Billy Byers, Charlie Loper, Morris Repass, Bill Tole,** trombones; **Ira Schulman, Lee Collete, Gary Le Febvre, Joe Lopes, Bob Lawson,** reeds; **Shep Meyers,** piano; **Al Vescovo,** guitar; **Gary Miller,** bass; **Chiz Harris,** drums. For one of Donte's recent "piano nights", **Claude Williamson** came out of studio hibernation, with **George Williams,** bass; and **John Terry,** drums. Williamson just finished working on an album with **Marion Love**—a new jazz singer under contract to Capitol. The **George Shearing** Quintet (minus Shearing) also played at Donte's. To qualify for "guitar night", the group was called the **Dave Koonse** Quartet, but on the stand, it was vibist **Charlie Shoemake** who called the tunes and set the tempos. According to Shoemake, Shearing just signed an unprecedented contract with the Century Plaza Hotel, calling for the quintet to appear there three months a year (not necessarily consecutive). The contract stems from Shearing's last appearance at the hotel's Hong Kong Bar, where all attendance records were broken. Shearing and group did a benefit recently in Santa Barbara for the training of seeing-eye dogs. This is an annual commitment on Shearing's part . . . When the **Craig Hundley** Trio made its debut at Donte's recently, the producer of the Jonathan Winters Show was in the audience and was so impressed by the youngsters (Hundley, piano, 14; **J. J. Wiggins,** bass, 12; **Gary Chase,** drums, 14), he promised them a definite guest appearance on one of the October shows. Also impressed: *Newsweek* magazine. Correspondent Nolan Davis was taking notes for a spread on the kids . . . A pleasant surprise took place at Donte's during **Al Viola's** weekend gig. Pianist **Frank Strazzeri** whipped out a baritone horn. Others in the group: **Jim Hughart,** whose bass sports a special C-string extension, giving his instrument more depth; and drummer

In the August 22 Down Beat

RESULTS OF THE 16th ANNUAL DOWN BEAT INTER-NATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS POLL

Gene Estes, who will front a big band at Donte's July 28 . . . While **Bobbi Boyle** is recovering from her recent surgery, a number of pianists have filled in at the Smoke House in Encino, where guitarist **Ron Anthony** has taken over the group. Among them: **Tommy Flanagan, Dave Mackay,** and **Marty Harris** . . . The Century Plaza gave the star treatment to **O. C. Smith** for his recent three-week engagement at the Hong Kong Bar. He was backed by the **Jack Wilson** Trio. Pianist Wilson has recovered fully from his recent diabetes attack . . . Bassist **Stan Gilbert** flew to Oklahoma for a concert with **Gerald Wilson's** band after which he immediately flew back to Los Angeles for the Hampton Hawes one-nighter at Marty's. On weekends he is playing at the Holiday Inn in East Los Angeles with a trio fronted by **Shelton Kilby,** a pianist who just emigrated here from the east. Completing the combo: drummer **Bob Warner** . . . Only **H. B. Barnum** could head up a label with the name Mother's. He has signed up two singers for it so far and is writing charts for both: **Spanky Wilson** and **Gene Diamond.** He is also managing both singers . . . Among recent emigres to Los Angeles: **Irene Kral** and **Jim Stewart.** Guitarist Stewart brought his **Advancement** into Donte's for another guitar night. Stewart took part in a concert devoted to modern music in San Francisco with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by **Aaron Copland.** Stewart played in the world premiere of a work for two electric guitars and orchestra by **David Dell Tredici,** a student of **Roger Sessions.** Stewart also recently played with **Vince Guaraldi's** trio at the Trident in Sausalito, and wrote all the exercises and solos in a new **Wes Montgomery** guitar manual which Robbins will publish shortly . . . **Roger Kellaway** is scoring his first film: **George Plimpton's** *The Paper Lion* . . . **The Sound of Feeling** recently played at a special double baby shower for **Edie Adams** and **Carol Burnett** at Chasen's in Beverly Hills . . . P.J.'s was dark for a brief spell before **Mongo Santamaria** opened there . . . **Nellie Lutcher** has been appointed to the trial board of Local 47's Board of Directors. She fills the void left by the death of **Harvey Brooks** . . . Mickie Finn's—the Beverly Hills counterpart of the nitery of the same name in San Diego—has filed a bankruptcy plea. Exit one more outlet for traditionalists . . . **Trummy Young** is alive and flourishing in Honolulu. The trombonist and his quintet were just signed for three months at the Hilton Hawaiian. **Nancy Wilson** did a recent one-nighter at the nearby Ilikai, then toured the islands' military bases . . . The **Quintet De Sade** played a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena under the auspices of **Ray Bowman** . . . **Hugh Masekela** is coming in for the biggest promotional boost since Hollywood unveiled Raquel Welch. Uni records will have three-foot stand-up easels of Hugh for in-store displays; all kinds of giveaway posters; 15 x 21 placards; and a sweepstake contest, not to mention the radio and TV build-up . . . **Phil Moore Jr.** fronts a



trio at Memory Lane on Mondays, along with singer **Frances Fisher,** while **Sweets Edison** and his colleagues (**Tommy Flanagan,** piano; **Frank De La Rosa,** bass; **Paul Humphrey,** drums) enjoy a night off . . . **Gil Melle** is scoring *Act of Piracy* at Universal, using full band with plans to overdub his electronic quartet. His combo of electronauts is basically the same: **Forrest Westbrook,** piano; **Ben Matthews,** bass; **Fred Stofflet,** drums. The only temporary change finds **Albert Stinson** subbing for the ailing Matthews. Melle will also score a 28-minute documentary for Encyclopaedia Britannica called *Time,* using his quartet plus the **Westwood Wind Quintet** . . . **Bobby Rosengarden** brought out a small group of East Coast studio swingers with him for the *Dick Cavett Show,* including **Ernie Royal.** The ABC-TV variety show originated here for two weeks and the band was supplemented by a number of West Coasters: **Clyde Reasinger, Conte Candoli, Gary Barone,** trumpets; **Gil Falco, Kenny Shroyer, Mike Barone,** trombones; **Bill Hood,** reeds; **Tony Rizzi,** guitar . . . **Richard Boone** (of the Basie band) dropped into town for a recording session at **Don Costa's** new studios. While in town he sat in with **Dolo Coker's** Trio at the Club Casbah. Also sitting in: **Sonny Payne** (of the **Harry James** Band); and vocalist **Rita Graham** who just finished recording an album with **Ray Charles** (**Sid Feller** did the charts). Currently appearing with Coker's combo is **Austin Cromer**—who used to sing with **Dizzy Gillespie** . . . A number of new faces can be seen in **Don Ellis'** band, plus a couple of returning familiar ones. Back in the fold: reed men **Ira Schulman** and **Sam Falzone** and trombonist **Don Switzer.** Just added: reed men **Frank Strozier,** who left **Shelly Manne's** combo after three years, and **John Klemmer,** from Chicago; and trombonist **Glenn Farris.** Two Ellis alumni—**Tom Scott** and **Mike Lang**—will rejoin the band for a performance of **Lalo Schifrin's** *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* at the Monterey Jazz Festival this September . . . **Duke Ellington** will play with and conduct the Hollywood Bowl Pops Orchestra Aug. 3. **Henry Mancini** will be the conductor two weeks later, on Aug. 17, and **Don Shirley** is soloist for an all-Gershwin program Sept. 7 . . . Tiki Island has a new trio in residence: **Reggie Buckner,** organ; **Ray Crawford,** guitar; **Red Bruce,** drums. **Kitty Doswell** is featured on vocals . . . The **Clara Ward Singers** played the Troubador for one week . . . **Morgana King** was featured at a recent B'nai B'rith testimonial for **Milton Berle** . . . At a meeting of the Los Angeles Bass Club, **Andy Simpkins** was the featured guest, accompanied by another bassist, **Red Mitchell,** on piano. Rounding out the trio: **Dick Wilson** on drums. Recent elections of the Bass Club produced these results: Vice Presidents: Mitchell, **Ralph Pena, Bill Plummer.** Among the new treasurers: **Frank De La Rosa.** And on the Board of Directors: **Ray Brown** and **Al McKibbon** . . . **Mose Allison** followed **Carmelo Garcia** into the Lighthouse. **Paulinho, ex-Bola Sete** drummer, brought his new group in to follow.

New Orleans: The New Orleans Jazz Club's seventh annual *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* series opened June 30 with a concert and parade by drummer **Paul Barbarin's Onward Brass Band.** Acting as Grand Marshall and performing with the group was banjoist-vocalist **Danny Barker.** The July 7 concert featured trombonist **Santo Pecora's** new band, including drummer **Fred Kohlman.** The Aug. 4 session will bring on **Louis Cottrell's Dixieland Hall Band** with vocalist **Blanche Thomas,** a combination which recently won acclaim at the San Antonio Hemisfair. The final concert on Aug. 18 will spotlight a revivalist group, the **Last Straws.** The concert series is a benefit for the Jazz Museum, which is slated to be expanded and relocated in the near future . . . Backing up saxophonist **Roland Kirk** at his recent Jewel Room concert were Orleanians **Ellis Marsalis,** piano; **Richard Payne,** bass, and former **Yusef Lateef** drummer **James Black.** Set for an appearance with trumpeter **Clark Terry** are **Willie Tee and the Souls.** The Souls recently replaced the **Dead End Kids,** a pop-rock group, at the Playboy . . . The Club Off Limits is featuring afterhours modern jazz on weekends by **David Laste's** combo . . . **Sergio Mendes** brought his Latin-rock troupe to the Municipal Auditorium for a July 15 concert. The auditorium was also the site of a concert by trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** the following week . . . Trumpeter **Murphy Campo's** Dixieland band played for the Musicians' Union convention in Shreveport, La., on the same bill with trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** . . . **Billie and DeDe**

Pierce's traditional group has been signed for the Stanford University Summer Festival . . . **Pete Fountain** hopped to New York to tape a *Kraft Music Hall* program, then to Philadelphia for two sessions on the *Mike Douglas Show*. He is also scheduled for appearances at Cleveland and Chicago's Ravinia Festival in July . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** was presented the Hornblower Award for 1968, a citation for outstanding contributions to public relations for the city New Orleans. The award was made at a banquet at the Royal Orleans Hotel by the local chapter of the Public Relations Society of America.

Detroit: Bassist **Rod Hicks** and drummer **George Davidson**, on leave from singer **Aretha Franklin's** group, have replaced **Sam Scott** and **Bob Battle**, respectively, in pianist **Harold McKinney's** quintet. The other members remain **Marcus Belgrave**, trumpet; **Wendell Harrison**, tenor, and **Gwen McKinney**, vocals. The group continues to play and lecture in the Detroit public schools. Davidson was also heard recently sitting in with **The Expressions** at the Drome, as were Miss Franklin's musical director, trumpeter **Donald Towns**, and tenorist **Paul Olszewski**, a fugitive from trumpeter **Al Hirt's** band . . . Avant-garde jazz returned to Plum Street as the Society of Experimental Arts initiated an afterhours policy with five of Detroit's finest young jazzmen: cornetist **Charles Moore**, tenorist **Leon Henderson**, guitarist **Ron English**, bassist **John Dana**, and drummer **Danny Spencer** . . . Organist **Charles Harris** and his trio (**Marvin Cabell**, reeds; **James Brown**, drums) have shifted their base of operations from Morrie Baker's Showplace to Argyle Lanes. Harris' replacement at the Showplace was alto and tenor saxophonist **Charles Brown** . . . The effects of the newspaper strike and urban tensions, which have all but destroyed the downtown entertainment scene, claimed another victim as **Jack Brokensha's**, the only jazz club in the New Center area, shut its doors. Vibist-owner Brokensha and his quartet (**Bess Bonnier**, piano; **Dan Jordan**, bass, and **Bert Myrick**, drums) continue to do concert work . . . Myrick also recently subbed for **Gene Stewart** in pianist-vocalist **Bobby Laurel's** group at the Apartment. **Fred Housey** is the bassist with the group . . . Jazz continues to hold its own in the downriver area. The principal attraction is trumpeter-tenorist **Dezie McCullers'** group at the Visger Inn, with **Joe Burton** on organ, and **Doug Hammon** replacing **Archie Taylor** on drums . . . Organist **James Cox**, tenorist **Stoney Nightingale**, and drummer **Johnny Cleaver** can now be heard at the Eagle Show Bar . . . The big band co-led by reed men **Lannie Austin** and **Emil Moro** made a recent appearance on WXYZ-TV's *Morning Show*.

Philadelphia: This writer spent a most pleasant day and evening with trombonist **Al Grey** recently. We drove over to Laurettas High Hat Club for a few moments to watch WHYY-TV shoot part of their *Soul Series* with bassist **Slam Stewart** and pianist **Beryl Booker**. The room was filled with patrons and TV equipment. Lauretta had a nice free buffet of cold cuts and salad. At the Tioga-Quaker City Golf Club, operated by WDAS disc jockey **Kai Williams**, Al's combo was waiting, including guitarist **Eddie McFadden** and organist **Joe Johnson**. Grey hopes to join **Jimmy Rushing** for dates in Canada soon . . . Drummer **Bobby Durham** of the **Oscar Peterson** Trio is starring with organist **Wild Bill Davis** in Atlantic City when not working with Oscar. His semipermanent replacement with Wild Bill is **Earl Curry**, and other members of the Davis group are **Dickie Thompson**, guitar and **Frank Heppenstall**, tenor sax and flute. The group works at the Little Belmont Club . . . A Sunday night visit to the clubroom of AFM Local 274 found **Kit Carson**, trumpet; **Bootsie Barns**, tenor sax, and **Al Thomas**, piano joined by WDAS-FM disc jockey **Lloyd Fatman** on trumpet. Drummer **Skeets Marsh** and **Bill Bailey** (Pearl's brother) had also wandered from home to join in the club's festivities. Singer **Eura Bailey** (Pearl's sister) is working at the Bayou Club on Locust Street with pianist **John Berry** . . . Hansens Inn in Trenton has been advertising jazz for listening and dancing on Wednesday evenings. Local musicians **Joe Roberts**, **Bill Weikel**, **John Simmons** and **Andrew King** have worked the spot . . . Scotty's Lounge on 52nd St. in West Philadelphia is featuring a regular jazz group led by **Leonard Huston**, alto sax, and **Clarence Huston**, drums, and featuring **Sid Simmons**, piano, and **Eddie Harris**, bass. The Hustons are brothers of pianist **John Huston**.

Pittsburgh: Civic and combo leader **Walt Harper** has been appointed coordinator of 80 concerts, mostly jazz, to be sponsored in Pittsburgh this summer by the Mayor's Committee on Cultural Arts. The popular pianist's quintet also was featured at the Three Rivers Arts Festival along with drummer **Roger Humphries** and the **Tommy Lee** Quartet . . . "The Professional Men in Jazz" headed a benefit show at the Pittsburgh Playhouse for Camp Achievement, an integrated camp for poor children. Instrumentalists included **Harry Nash**, trumpet; **Jimmy Pellow**, **Jon Walton** and **Judge Warren Watson**, saxophones; **Major Illery**, piano; **Eugene Youngue**, guitar; **Harry Bush**, bass, and **Dick Brosky**, drums. Vocalists were **Tiny Irvin**, **Tom Evans** and **Brue Jackson** . . . Saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** delighted fans at the Hurricane Bar early in June with his organ trio featuring **Don Patterson** . . . Singer **Dionne Warwick** had a full house June 2 at the Twin Coaches near Bell Vernon, Pa. Two Pittsburgh combos, the Walt Harper Quintet and the **Bobby Jones** Trio, were also featured . . . Jazz fans in Greensburg, Pa. are excited over the **Dave Wilkinson** Organ Trio at the Can Can Room. Organist Wilkinson also sings and **Ron Gatty** plays excellent alto sax. The group makes an occasional gig at the Holiday Inn in Ligonier, Pa. . . . The **Harry James** Band did several one-nighters around the area in late May. Biggest crowd attracted by the band was at the Flying Carpet, where the younger generation got hip to Harry and tenorist **Corky Corcoran** for the first time . . . The **Count Basie** Band visited The Flying Carpet on June 17 and 18. In addition to the swinging Basieites, visitors also got to hear good jazz sounds in the lounge emanating from drummer **Ronnie Scholl** and organist **Johnny Tee** . . . The Holiday Inn near New Kensington, Pa. has been the scene of a number of guest shots from saxophonist **Eric Kloss**. Pianist **Frank Cunimondo's** Trio had the June gig . . . Drummer **Max Roach** was a June visitor to Crawford's Grill . . . Guitarist **George Benson** brought his quartet, featuring organist **Lonnie Smith**, to the Hurricane Bar for seven days in June . . . Deejay **Bill Powell's** jazz sessions at the Aurora Lodge Club, every Fri., Sat., and Sun. are becoming a popular gathering place for musicians. Drummer **Roger Humphries** leads a trio . . . **Louis Armstrong** and his sextet made a one-night mid-June appearance with the American Wind Symphony at Riverview Park in Oakmont, Pa. . . . Trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** had a one-week early June run at The Encore . . . **Lou Schrieber**, best known as a saxophonist, plays tasteful piano on Mondays and Tuesdays at the Hospitality Inn in Penn Hills.

Las Vegas: After an absence of some months, the First Lady, **Ella Fitzgerald**, returned to the Flamingo Hotel for a four-week engagement, accompanied by the **Tee Carson** Trio (Carson, piano; **Keeter Betts**, bass; **Joe Harris**, drums) to augment the **Russ Black** house orchestra, playing the arrangements of **Marty Paich**, **Nelson Riddle** and Carson. Black's personnel was: **Carl Saunders**, **Chico Alvarez**, **Wes Hensel**, **Jerry Van Blair** (who played most of the instrumental solo jazz backgrounds for Ella), trumpets; **Archie Le Coque**, **Gus Mancuso**, **Pat Thompson**, **Dick Winter**, trombones; **Charlie McLean**, **Eddie Freeman**, **Rick Davis**, **Jerry Zuern**, **Kenny Hing**, reeds . . . Another of the Tropicana Hotel's concert series recently presented the talents of a group assembled by tenorist **Dave O'Rourke**, featuring Carl Saunders, trumpet; **Carl Fontana**, trombone; **Adelaide Robbins**, piano; **Gus Mancuso**, bass, and **Ron Ogden**, drums, with singer **Dianne Elliott** creating some tasteful jazz moods. Saxophonist **Buzzy Rand** was also featured as guest artist on soprano during this relaxed early a.m. session . . . At the Frontier Hotel, **Peggy Lee** swung through an exciting two-week date backed by the house band of **Al Alvarez**, which was also augmented by the singer's regular rhythm section and instrumentalists (**Mundell Lowe**, **Wayne Wright**, **Steve Blum**, guitars; **Ben Tucker**, bass; **Ed Thigpen**, drums), directed by pianist **Lou Levy** and featuring the arrangements of **Shorty Rogers** and Lowe . . . Bass trombonist **Marty Harrell**, formerly with the **Tommy Dorsey-Sam Donahue** Orchestra and the house band at Caesars Palace, recently joined the **Harry James** Band which is due in at the

Frontier Hotel in the near future . . . A unique presentation of an extension of modern jazz forms was given at a recent concert at Nevada Southern University by the **John Sterling** Quartet, featuring **Joe Marillo,** tenor & flute; **Ed Boyer,** bass; **Grover Mooney,** drums; and **John Sterling,** guitar. Following the playing of a number of selections from their repertoire, a series of visual effects (slide and motion picture images abstract in line and form) were projected on to a screen, providing inspiration for the group to create, in free form, a variety of expressions. These visual effects, developed and photographed by **Greg McKenzie** and **Terry Weetleing,** are an extension of the "Light Show" idea and contribute greatly to the success of the quartet which has been together for some months and is anticipating a series of college presentations after the positive audience reaction to this first concert.

Baltimore: Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Stitt,** with organist **Don Patterson** and drummer **Billy James,** played a week in mid-June at Henry Baker's Peyton Place. They were replaced June 25 by **Roland Kirk** . . . Local tenor saxophonist **Dave Hubbard** played a recent Monday night concert at the Alpine Villa for the Jazz Society of Performing Artists. The following week, pianist **Les McCann** played for the organization and stayed on for a week at the Alpine Villa . . . On June 16, the Left Bank Jazz Society featured trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard,** with altoist **Jimmy Spaulding,** pianist **Kenny Barron,** bassist **Herbie Lewis,** and drummer **Louis Hayes.** On the 23rd, the **Walter Bishop Jr.** Quartet, with saxophonist **Harold Vick,** bassist **Reggie Johnson** and drummer **Leo Morris** performed for the LBJS . . . **Louis Armstrong** and Washington guitarist **Charlie Byrd** played succeeding nights at the mid-month Annapolis Festival of the Arts . . . **Cannonball Adderley, Hugh Masekela, Mongo Santamaria** and **Kenny Burrell** were booked for a **Wes Montgomery** Memorial Concert at the Civic Center June 30.

Minneapolis-St. Paul: Undoubtedly the finest jazz trumpet player in town, **Jackie Coan,** has moved to Los Angeles to pursue his ambitions in the recording field . . . The *Jazz at the Guthrie* series was completed June 23 with the appearance of **Mose Allison** and his trio. The **Tyrone Guthrie** Theatre also presented the **Miles Davis** Quintet . . . **Buddy Rich** and his cookin' band drew a full house at the prom ballroom, metamorphosed into a concert hall for the occasion . . . The Downbeat Club on Lake Minnetonka is again featuring trombonist **George Meyer's** big band on Saturday and Sunday nights with **Arny Ness, Dick Palumbo,** trumpets; **Bruce Paulsen,** trombone; **Terry Martin,** French horn; **Russ Peterson, Glenn Nord, Bob Rockwell, Jim Greenwell,** saxophones; **Bob Peterson,** piano; **Rod Grimm,** bass; **Dick Brusik,** drums . . . The University of Minnesota presented classics and jazz on the same program: the **Dick Whitbeck** 17-piece band followed the Minneapolis Symphony in concert at Northrup Auditorium June 21.

Toronto: **The Jazz Giants,** the Sackville record album made by the band in Toronto last March, has been a steady seller here since the band's return in June. The first record turned out by a new company, it features **Wild Bill Davison,** pianist **Claude Hopkins,** clarinetist **Herb Hall,** trombonist **Benny Morton,** bassist **Arvell Shaw** and drummer **Buzzy Drootin** . . . Jazz has been enjoying a revival on Canadian airways. Throughout the summer, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation will present jazz five nights a week on its FM network. On Monday nights, Dixieland recordings from Toronto; Thursday, modern jazz from Windsor, and on Friday, Henry Whiston's *Great Moments in Swing* from Montreal. A special program in the *Bright Lights* series, heard Monday Nights, will feature **Oscar Peterson** talking about and playing recordings by the late **Art Tatum.** The date is July 29 . . . **Ted O'Reilly,** host of a nightly two-hour program of jazz recordings on CJRT-FM Toronto, is presenting a special 60-minute program with panelists **Marion Brown,** Detroit poet **John Sinclair** and *Coda* editor **John Norris** discussing "the new music" . . . Summer cottagers are listening to the Sunday afternoon show, *In a Jazz Bag,* with commentary by **John Delazzer** on the Kitchener FM station, CFCA.

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.): unk.
Apartment: Ray Starling, Charles DeForest, tfn.
Baby Grand: Connie Wills, tfn.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Shirley Scott, Stanley Turrentine to 7/28.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): unk.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
De Lux Cafe (Bronx): Jazz Peace Bros., wknds.
Dom: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
El Caribe (Brooklyn): Don Michaels, tfn.
Electric Circus: Bagatelle to 7/28.
Encore (Union, N.J.): Russ Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vanco, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Fillmore East: Jefferson Airplane, 7/26-27.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler to 9/15.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Raymond Tunia, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): unk.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
Half Note: Jake Hanna, Richie Kamuca, Bill Berry, July. Ruby Braff, Zoot Sims, Aug.
Hiwny Lounge (Brooklyn): Don French.
Holiday Inn (Jersey City): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon. Booker Ervin, tfn.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Eddie McGinnis, tfn. Bobby Sherwood, 7/25-8/14.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
007: unk.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Flip Wilson to 8/3.
Rx: Cliff Jackson.
Red Garter: unk.
Jimmy Ryan's: Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
Shepheard's: unk.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sports Corner: Brew Moore, Sun.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
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.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn, L.I.): Slam Stewart, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Tom Jones: Dave Rivera, tfn.
Top of the Gate: Billy Taylor, Toshiko, July.
Travelers (Queens): unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis to 7/28. Hugh Masekela, Jimmy Smith, 7/30-8/11. Carmen McRae, Dizzy Gillespie, 8/13-18.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis to 7/29.
White Plains Hotel: unk.
Winecellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): no jazz till fall.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Carribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Don Boudreau, Jean Sampson.
Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Clem's (Compton): Tony Ortega, Sun. 6 a.m.-noon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Thur.-Sun.
Cocoanut Grove: Ray Charles to 7/28. Tony Bennett, 7/30-8/11.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Piano Night, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Big bands, Sun. Pete Jolly 7/26-27.
Edgewater Inn (Long Beach): Stan Kenton, 8/16.
Eugene's (Beverly Hills): jazz, periodically.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Greek Theatre: Buddy Rich, 8/12-18.
Hollywood Bowl: Duke Ellington, 8/3.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Jonah Jones, Joe Pass to 8/4.
International Hotel: Stan Kenton, 7/19.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land to 8/4. Vi Redd, 8/16-18. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
Palms Cafe (Glendora): Teddy Buckner, Thur.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
Pied Piper: Gene Diamond, Karen Hernandez. Clora Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Raffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
Redlands University (Redlands): Stan Kenton Clinic, 7/28-8/2.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shakey's (various locations): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Yusef Lateef, 8/6-18. Closed Sun.-Mon.
Shifty's (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle. Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Sneeky Pete's: Art Graham.
Tiki Island: Reggie Buckner.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): John Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.

TORONTO

Ascot Inn: Bernie Black, hb.
Castle George: Brian Browne, tfn.
Cav-A-Boh: Tony Shephard, tfn.
Colonial Tavern: Eddie Condon, 8/12-31.
George's Kibitzerin: Moe Koffman, hb.
Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
Stop 33: Hagood Hardy, tfn.
Walker House: Paul Grosney, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Luening, Dave West, Sun.
Brothers Three Checkmate: Porgy Jones, afterhours, wknds.
Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri-Sun.
Dream Room: Santo Pecora, tfn.
Dungeon Annex: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
El Morrocco: Clive Wilson, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Murphy Campo, Roy Liberto, hbs.
Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
Fountainbleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Fats Domino to 7/27.
Jewell Room: modern jazz, Sun. afternoon.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Off Limits: David Laste, wknds. afterhours.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Willie Tee and the Souls.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Storyville: Sal Franzella, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
VIP: June Gardner, Germaine Bazzle, tfn.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.
Cat's Eye: Pat Pancasa, Sun.-Mon. Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
Earl of Old Town: unk.
Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodes, Sun.
Good Bug: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Fri.-Sun., Tue. Various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: AACM concerts, Sun.
London House: Eddie Harris to 8/5. Cannonball Adderley, 8/6-25.
Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Millionaires Club (Park Forest): Pat Pancasa, Fri.-Sat.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur.
Midas Touch: Cary Coleman.
Mister Kelly's: Redd Foxx, Lyn Roman to 7/28. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Mose Allison to 7/28. Kenny Burrell, 7/31-8/11. Cal Tjader, 8/12-18.
Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiaras, Thur.-Mon.
Pussycat: Odell Brown & the Organizers, Mon.-Tue.
Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

DETROIT

Apartment: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Argyle Lanes: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat.
Baker's Keyboard: Oscar Peterson to 7/28. Les McCann, 8/1-10. Jimmy Smith, 8/16-25. Art Blakey, 8/30-9/9.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Chessmate: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Driftwood Lounge (Battle Creek): Bill Dowdy, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Drome: The Expressions, Fri.-Sun.
Eagle Show Bar: James Cox, Fri.-Sat.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Dome (Troy): Ken Rademacher, wknds.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Mr. D's: Michel David, nightly.
Nordia (Battle Creek): Dick Rench, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Society of Experimental Arts: Charles Moore, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Spiro's (Lansing): Les Rout, Sun.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Flip Jackson, Thur.-Sun.
Twenty Grand: John "Yogi" Collins.
Visger Inn (River Rouge): Dezie McCullers, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Chico Hamilton, 8/11. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 8/18.
Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields.
Lenny Moore's: Fuzzy Kane.
Peyton Place: Maurice Williams.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.

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