

MAY 29, 1969

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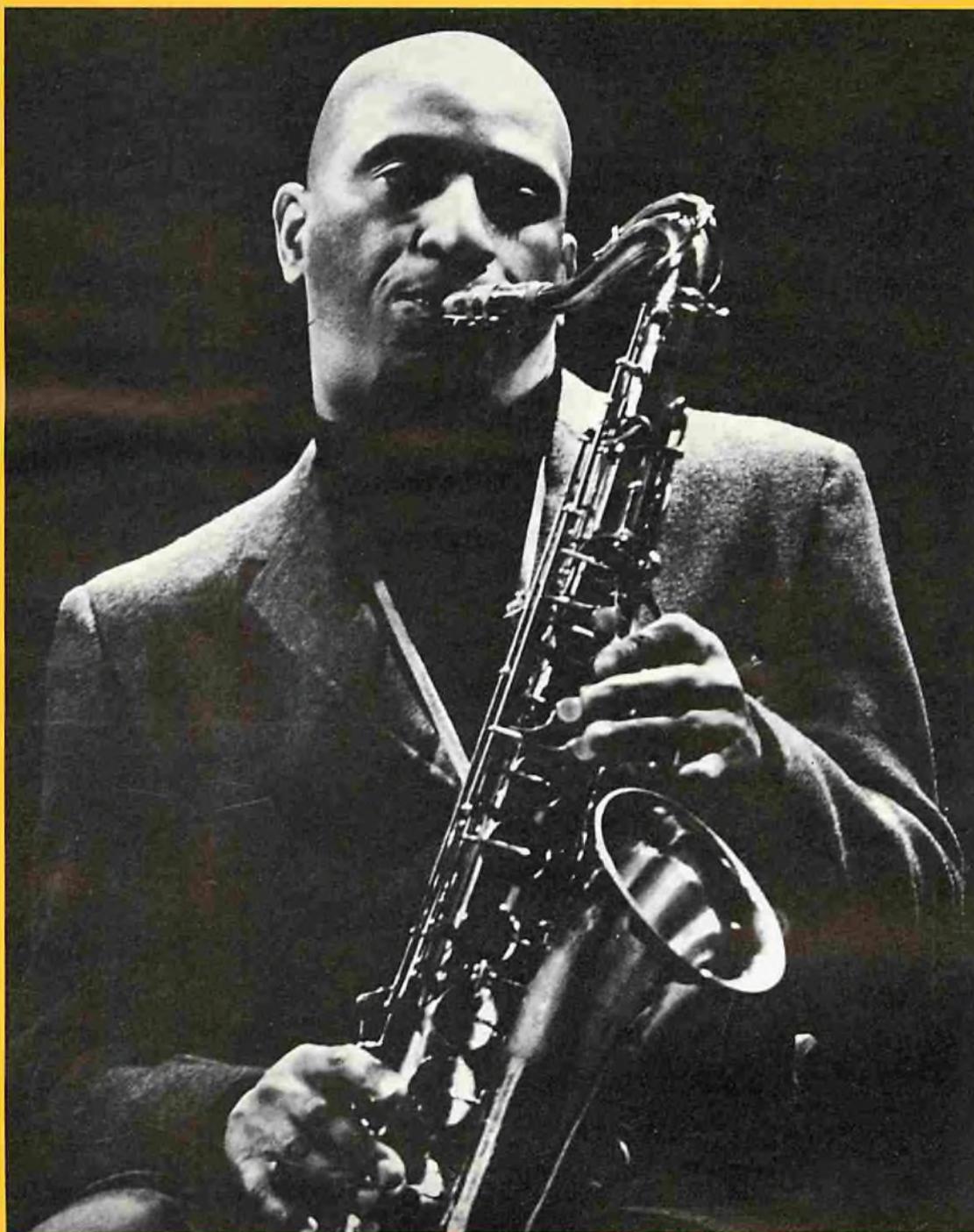
down beat

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Interview With Tenor Giant Sonny Rollins Louis Jordan: Father of R&B 
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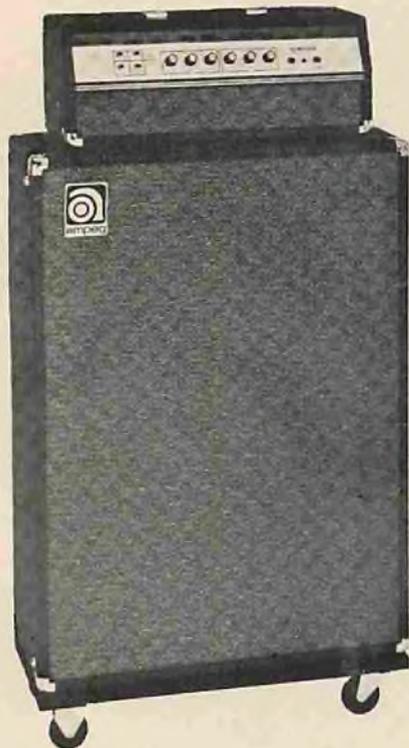
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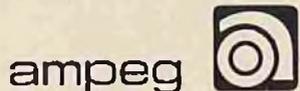


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The first question that was asked of Mr. Drexler in this interview was: "Would you define *technique*?" "Basically," Mr. Drexler replied, "there are two kinds of technique — finger technique, referring to the manipulation of the keys, and technique as it applies to the embouchure and the mouth. Of course, the coordination of the two is most important. The interview continues in a most interesting

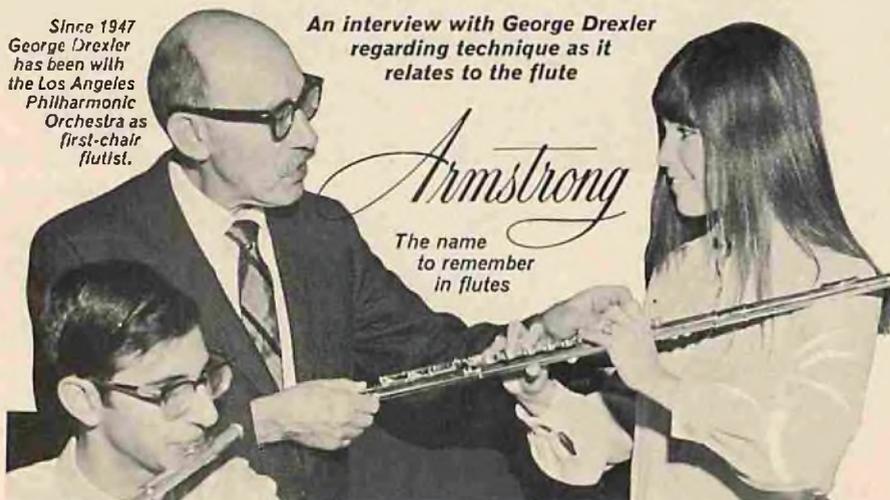
pattern with more closely detailed answers to questions regarding the flute.



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An interview with George Drexler regarding technique as it relates to the flute



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4 □ DOWN BEAT

 **THE FIRST CHORUS**

By CHARLES SUBER

Here is a fable for our time.

The scene: the Friday night performance at the recent Little Rock College Jazz Festival. The afternoon groups were fine, and that evening all had gone well. The bands were exciting, the combos were trying to make their own way, and the vocalists—well, they had come to learn. Then about 10:30, last on the evening bill, there was set up a battery of amps, speakers, and mikes. OK, the judges thought, this will be the first rock sounds we've listened to. Should be interesting. The audience was equally anticipatory.

Then they turned on. *Within 15 seconds*, half the audience was on the way out. Most of the remainder left by the time the third number was incoherently introduced. They were scheduled, as were the other groups, for 15 minutes. The judges left, after 25 minutes, as the musicians were tossing packets of chewing gum to the audience.

Out in the hall, the group's manager came over and introduced himself to the judges. He allowed that he was getting his Ph.D in Public Relations and he wondered if his boys could rest at the hotel the next day and receive the judges' selections for the finals by telephone. A judge asked, with remarkable restraint, why the group had come to the festival. He replied (you must imagine these ripostes shouted into each other's ears) that the group was "out to make bread," that they had the gum company tie-in, and that they had researched the kind of music people wanted to hear. So here they were. You can fill in for yourself what each judge had to say on his comment sheet.

Well, that was the Little Rock fable with implications for all seasons. The poor manager was just doing his tight-vested thing, like the success books said. The misguided rockers (incidentally, they were boiler-makers from Purdue Univ.) had all that marvelous equipment and no place to go musically. The gum company is probably beyond knowing or caring that bubble-gum music is not an adult thing.

The straight jazz musicians in the festival were very mature about the whole thing. They made polite inquiries of the rockers about the amperage and acoustical values of the equipment and gave no obvious signs of displeasure or disgust. For it was so obvious that the *musicians* who were there *knew* who they were and they were sorrily surprised that grown men would settle for something less than maturity.

The audience reaction was most telling. They had waited patiently for the rockers to set up. They had greatly admired all the previous musical groups, and were ready to listen to anything college talent would bring forth. But they were not about to be insulted by what was so obviously, in comparison, non-music. There are those who may bridle at this fable as a knock against rock. Consider the older fable of The Emperor's Clothes and let's decide what is for real. Mercy is not a fair substitute for criticism.



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May 29, 1969

Vol. 36, No. 11

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Billboard—April 5, 1969

Clavinet Wins Heart Of Rock, Jazz Groups

By HANK FOX

NEW YORK — The clavinet, a modern descendent of the clavichord, is finding its way to the heart of many rock groups and jazz musicians.

Built by Hohner, the electronic instrument resembles a piano. Internally, however, the instrument consists of strings which are struck by piano-like keys. Vibrations from the strings are picked up by the clavinet's electronics and translated into an electrical frequency which is fed into an amplifier.

What sets the clavinet apart,

however, is that its volume is governed by how hard the keys are struck. This allows the player to establish his own playing style.

Latest among its users is Columbia Records recording act *_____. Lead man of the group, *_____ is receiving wide acclaim. *_____ is the member of the group using the clavinet.

In addition to this group, *_____

_____ and the *_____ also employ the instrument in their performances, as does *_____ who accompanies *_____.

Motown Records artist Stevie Wonder uses the clavinet to compose music.

Several jazz recording artists are also using the instrument. The clavinet is featured in Don Ellis' "Electric Bath" album and is included in the music of *_____.

Veteran jazz musician *_____, who is noted for his progressive compositions, features the instrument on three songs not yet released on recordings. *_____ is another musician making use of the clavinet in composing.

*Names have been deleted to protect our lawyer from working. (If you don't recognize the artists, re-read Billboard.)



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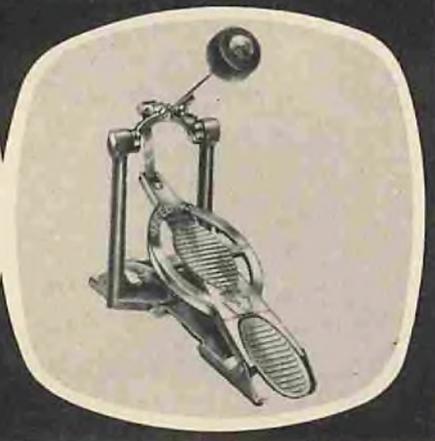
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Reissue Lowdown

In your otherwise thoughtful and generally knowledgeable review of some of the latest CBS-Epic Encore reissues (*DB*, March 20) I find one or two points worth clearing up, lest they be taken up as fact. First Frank Driggs never had a policy of beefing up jazz and blues reissues with echo or phony stereo, neither on Epic or Columbia, nor does the company itself have any set policy regarding the treatment of its archive product in remastering. Since the industry has gone over completely to stereo in the past year or more, Sales had felt it would be wise to have stereo in addition to mono versions. The only problem with this, one which is still not completely straightened out, is that only stereo copies of the Encores were sent to reviewers (it seems) and most stores ordered only stereo, as they all do if given a choice (product did not matter here). It can be officially stated that in the case of the Encore product all the stereos on the first release have been officially withdrawn, so it is up to the potential buyer to bug his individual store, dealer, etc. to carry his or her wants on this line.

Any customer will find the mono versions (from which the stereos were made, and echo of course added by the engineers) satisfactory from that standpoint.

Second, the matter of the Benny Goodman album. While it may not be easy to explain, there is within CBS an unwritten policy which limits in general the archive material that Epic may draw upon to the old Okeh catalog and of course to those long out-of-print older reissues originally done during the first years of LPs back in the 1950's. This was established during the time when the Columbia label was more consistently reissuing than nowadays.

Hence the limitations applied to the Goodman album, limiting it to material originally recorded for the Okeh label in 1941-2. Of course it might have been preferable to use some of the many other sides recorded during the 1939-40 period, and perhaps in due course it will be done, depending of course on the beneficence of management at some given point.

I think too this is the place to set something straight on those Jeff Scott liner notes for the Columbia *Greatest Hits* by Benny Goodman album of several years back. Jeff was given no acetate to work from and assumed, as did John Hammond and I, that the classic versions as available to Columbia were being used, as I believe any experienced collector and producer would have. The fact is, an apprentice music editor was given the job of packaging the album (all *Greatest Hits* with only a few exceptions—Louis Armstrong, for example, are the sales departments "productions," as is the entire Harmony catalog) and neither Hammond nor myself were consulted. The results are too well-known to go into here, but none of that need have happened had anyone knowledgeable been in charge of supervising the



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actual taping of the original masters. So let's give Jeff Scott his due; he was not to blame for the inaccuracies and possibly somewhere in this land of ours floats around a corrected copy of Benny Goodman's Greatest Hits, although in truth I've never heard one. . . .

One final bit. I guess all collectors and jazz enthusiasts know of any given number of albums I might reissue or might want to reissue, and it must be noted here that only a small portion of those are likely to be done in the future. Let's be honest, reissues are small items saleswise in anyone's catalog with very, very few exceptions. The record industry is totally geared to Top 40 product in every aspect, and is almost totally uninterested in its past. Right now there happens to be a surfeit of product in this field, with Decca's push of the last two years and now the old Blue Notes and the fine and interesting Prestige's which are just coming into the field. Collectors have never had it so good, and probably will never have it this way ever again, at least not on the retail level.

So, if you are prone to write record companies (and here I really refer to CBS, Victor and Decca, who own the largest share of old masters) please either praise or condemn, but save the lengthy letters of things to reissue; they've all been thought of before, believe me. General support of those existing programs is what is needed, and who knows, maybe those Raymond Scotts, Luis Russells, Clarence Williams', Harry Richmans, Al Jolson, Marion Harris', Charlie Johnsons, etc. etc. will some day reach the market place. Otherwise, the field is left to the bootleggers and they are flourishing here and overseas as never before.

Frank Driggs
Brooklyn, N.Y.



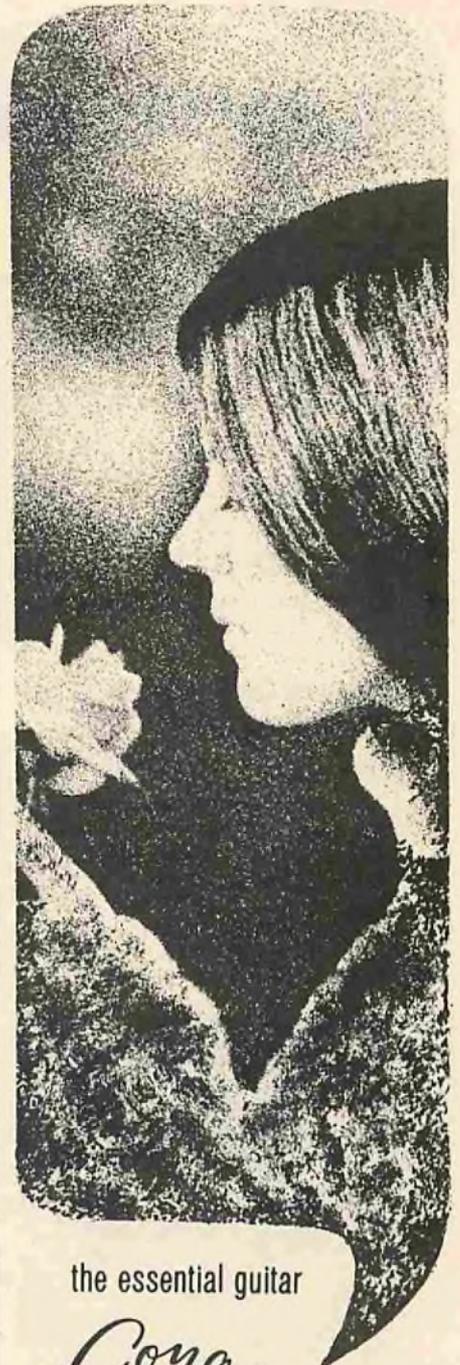
Stars and Gripes

The inadequacy of your rating system has reached a heretofore unthinkable level of absurdity: in the April 17 issue, three stars were "awarded" to a Pete Fountain (!) disc, despite reviewer Wayne Jones' admission that the side was "nowhere near jazz." Please recall that an identical rating was given to *The Second John Handy Album* which, Gentlemen, is as near to jazz as you can get. Am I justified in concluding that, since both albums received three stars, both are of equal worth? Or do the two reviewers that rated the aforementioned sides have different criteria for judging the merit of said sides?

Please, Gentlemen, put your respective minds together and take an honest look at this rating system; either remove it altogether or attempt to establish an all-encompassing and transferable standard by which all jazz sides may be appraised.

W. Hartford, Conn.

The review made it clear that the rating was by pop—not jazz—standards.—Ed.



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Mark Kaplan

BIG BIRTHDAY SESSION FOR JAZZ INTERACTIONS

New York's Jazz Interactions celebrated its 4th birthday with a rousing jam session April 13 at The Scene, site of the organization's weekly sabbath programs.

JI vice president Joe Newman led off the proceedings with his quintet, followed by a succession of stars including Pepper Adams, Jaki Byard, Roy Eldridge, Joe Farrell, Jimmy Heath, Milt Jackson, Sonny Red, Pharoah Sanders, Horace Silver, and surprise guest Dexter Gordon.

The bash went until 11 p.m., two hours past the usual quitting time for the JI Sunday sessions.

MORE HONORS FOR DUKE: N.Y. TRIBUTE ON MAY 26

Less than a month after a State Dinner at the White House on the occasion of his 70th birthday April 29, Duke Ellington is to be honored by New York, the state where he has made his home for decades.

May 26 will be proclaimed "Duke Ellington Day" in New York by Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, and a gala tribute is being planned for that night at the Felt Forum in New York City's Madison Square Center.

Many famous music and entertainment personalities are expected to attend. At



Duke Ellington
Big Year Grows Bigger

presstime, the list included Woody Herman, Artie Shaw, and Ed Sullivan. The Ellington band, of course, will be present.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FEST READY FOR BIG WINDUP

Winners of six regional festivals will compete in St. Louis' Kiel Opera House May 22-24 in the national finals of the Intercollegiate Music Festival.

In the big band category, contestants will be from the University of Illinois; Duquesne University, Pa.; Kent State University, Ohio; Philadelphia Musical Academy; San Fernando Valley State College, Calif., and the University of Utah.

Combo finalists will come from Arkansas A.M. & N. College; Indiana University; Los Angeles Valley College; University of Missouri; Colorado State College, and, of course, the University of Illinois.

In the vocal category, Marilyn Walton from Elmhurst College, Ill.; Angella Troclair from Loyola University, New Orleans; Lloyd Miller of the University of Utah, and Don Smith from (where else?) the University of Illinois will be up against vocal groups from Vassar College, N.Y., and Eastern Oregon State College.

The panel of judges includes Clark Terry, Oliver Nelson, Johnny Smith, Paul Horn, and Dr. M. E. Hall. Jolly Ed McMahon of the *Tonight* show will host the festival's final round, while Canadian radio personality Wally Crouter will emcee the first two segments.

MORE JAZZ IN STORE AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE

The Hampton Institute of Hampton, Va. will hold its second annual jazz festival June 27-28. Last year, Hampton was the scene of the first major jazz festival to be held at a predominantly black college.

The festival will open with an evening concert featuring Duke Ellington and his orchestra; the groups of Roland Kirk, Herbie Hancock, and George Benson; Young-Holt Unlimited, and Sly and the Family Stone.

The following afternoon at 2 p.m., Ray Charles, his big band and his revue will perform, and the evening's grand finale will have Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, Nina Simone, Sun Ra, and Booker T. and the MGs.

In looking forward to an even more successful festival this year, Hampton president Jerome Holland pointed out that "the significance of the festival can't be measured in terms of music alone. It has become a major event in the area, bringing people together and creating a spirit of cooperation and pride within the entire community around the campus."

During festival week, seminars and workshops dealing with various aspects of jazz will be held on the campus. For information, write Hampton Jazz Festival, Box 6289, Hampton, Va. 23368.

FINAL BAR

Bassist Charles E. Clark, 24, died April 15 in Chicago of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was stricken on his way home after a



Veteran pianist-composer Eubie Blake and producer John Hammond are all smiles during one of three recording sessions for Columbia records which resulted in a two-record set, "The Best of Eubie Blake," scheduled for August release. Blake, who celebrated his 86th birthday in February, recorded works by Scott Joplin, James P. Johnson, John Phillip Sousa and himself, and his old partner, Noble Sissle, did some singing. Hammond was amazed by Blake's "boundless vitality."



rehearsal with the Chicago Civic Orchestra, and died almost instantly. His death was totally unexpected, since there was no previous indication of illness.

Born in Chicago March 11, 1945, Clark first studied bass with Wilbur Ware. He began playing professionally in 1963, and, in 1965, became one of the founding members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Prior to this, he had played with Richard Abrams' Experimental Big Band. He performed with many A.A.C.M. groups, alto saxophonist Joseph Jarman's in particular, and was currently appearing with violinist Leroy Jenkins. He studied classical bass with David Bethe and Joseph Guastefeste (first bassist of the Chicago Symphony), and was a member, on scholarship, of the Chicago Civic Orchestra, the Symphony's official training orchestra. The Civic Orchestra has established a scholarship in his name to be given each year to a young, talented black musician. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Marabia Clark.

Known for the power and youthful exuberance of his playing, both arco and pizzicato, Clark was also a gifted cellist. He can be heard on Richard Abrams' *Levels and Degrees of Light*, and on Joseph Jarman's *Song For and As If It Were The Seasons*, all on the Delmark label.

A memorial service was held April 18 at the Afro Arts Theater, at which musical tributes were offered by his associates—among them trumpeter Lester Bowie, flutist Wallace McMillian, saxophonists Anthony Braxton, Joseph Jarman, John Stubbs, and Roscoe Mitchell, bassist Mchka Uba, drummer Ajaramu, and a choir of percussionists. As the crowd filed out, Richard Abrams enjoined them to "keep close to the contribution made by this great brother."

POTPOURRI

Altoist Jackie McLean has been named special consultant on jazz programming to WCBS-TV's *Like It Is* public affairs series



THOMBERT THIERRY

by producer Charles Hobson. Herbie Hancock's sextet was to be the first jazz group presented under the new arrange-

ment, but no date had been set for the segment at presstime. The program is shown in New York City from 2 to 3 p.m. on Sundays.

Newlyweds Trish Turner and Jeff Castleman have departed the Duke Ellington fold to settle in California. Their replacements are singer Shirley Witherspoon (a second cousin of Jimmy Witherspoon) and bassist Paul Kondzidla, a Berklee School product.

Ray Nance's May 18 concert at the New School auditorium, 66 West 12th St. in New York City, will find the trumpeter-violinist-singer in the company of Brew



JACK BRADLEY

Moore, tenor saxophone; Walter Davis, piano; Tiny Grimes and Tommy Lucas, guitars; Carl Pruitt, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums. Starting time is 2:30 p.m.

Donald D. Randall resigned as president of CBS Musical Instruments in mid-April.

The Jazz Institute of Chicago's second presentation, held April 20, featured visiting stars Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins and Barry Harris and local luminaries Franz Jackson, Richard Abrams, Truck Parham, Bob Cousins, Malachi Favors, Norman Murphy, Joel Braudon, Don DeMichael, Maurice McIntyre, Thurman Barker, Joe Johnson, Art Hoyle and Grady Johnson in a swinging Sunday afternoon and evening bash.

A benefit concert for Congregation Beth Torah of Upper Nyack, N.Y. will be held May 26 at Manhattan's Town Hall. Scheduled to perform are Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Duke Pearson's big band, and the trios of Bill Evans and Billy Taylor. Bob Goeman of RCA Victor is coordinating the program, and tickets are tax deductible.

Horace Silver's new drummer is 18-year-old Alvin Queen from Mount Vernon, N.Y.

The bands of Stan Kenton and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Herbie Mann's quintet, singer Sheila Jordan, and hostess Sheila MacRae made up the talent roster for the

second All-American Jazz Festival, held in Miami April 12 at the Marine Stadium. Attendance was reported as "a record 6,000 people and 60 boats."

A blues festival held May 11 at the University of Wisconsin featured Otis Rush and his band, Jimmy Dawkins' Chicago Blues Band, Little Brother Montgomery and Big Joe Williams. Afternoon and evening concerts were given.

The balance of the Jeff Beck Group's spring tour of the U.S. was cancelled when the leader collapsed after a performance in Minneapolis and returned to London the following day.

Johnny Pate has been appointed director of a&r for Verve records. He had been mid-western a&r producer for ABC records for the past four years. Pate, who is an accomplished arranger, was also active as a bassist before turning to record producing.

The Jazz Ensemble at New York University made its nightclub debut in a benefit performance for its own travel fund at the Village Vanguard April 27. The ensemble is directed by pianist-composer Joseph Scianini and includes trumpeter Kenny Dorham, both of whom have played nightclubs before.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: At Plaza 9, Earl Hines was heard on melodica as well as piano, and his new drummer, Ronnie Cole, doubled vibes. Budd Johnson on tenor and soprano saxophones and Bill Pemberton on Amppeg bass were the old standbys, while pretty vocalist Marva Josie was another newcomer. Don Friedman is the new pianist with Mosey Alexander's house trio at the club . . . Veteran violinist Joe Venuti was in sparkling form for his first New York engagement in many moons, opposite *The World's Greatest Jazz Band* at the Downbeat. With him were Lou Stein, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums. On May 2, Roy Eldridge, Jimmy Rushing, and the Downbeat All Stars (Marty Napoleon, piano; Hinton; Don Lamond, drums) came in for a stint through June 12 . . . Woody Herman comes to town with his Herd following an extensive European tour to play Fillmore East opposite *Led Zeppelin* May 29-31. Arranger Richard Evans made the tour with the band to get ideas for the new book he's writing . . . *Jazz Requiem for Martin Luther King*, composed by Ronnie Roullier, with text by Norman Simon, was performed by the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra conducted by Jack Manno at the Ethical Culture Society on Easter Sunday, with narration by James Earl Jones and Algernon D. Black . . . Herbie Mann and Hugh Masekela were a double bill at the Village Gate in early April. The following weekend featured a triple-header of Larry Coryell, Stan Getz, and Albert King. Coryell had Jim Pepper, tenor saxophone, flute; Albert Stinson, bass, and Bob Moses, drums; with

/Continued on page 33

POP FLOP

Monterey Pop, a 72-minute color film by D. A. Pennebaker. Featuring Scott McKenzie, The Mamas and the Papas, Canned Heat, Hugh Masekela, Jefferson Airplane with Grace Slick, Big Brother & The Holding Co. with Janis Joplin, Eric Burdon and The Animals, The Who, Country Joe and The Fish, Otis Redding, Jimi Hendrix, and Ravi Shankar.

This film was shot at the Monterey International Pop Festival in June 1967. Let this be a warning to the over 30s—and the under 30s with taste—find a better way to spend your time and money.

First of all, even the many people who enjoy the groups seen and heard in the film will probably be disappointed because none are given proper exposure except Shankar. And if the film fails on this count, it falls down even more miserably in failing to take advantage of the vast human interest available from a festival setting of this kind. In this regard, it

merely scratches the surface.

As for the music, the Mamas and Papas are mellow and musical and



Ravi Shankar
Startling Contrast

Canned Heat has a good beat; The Who's drummer is a heavy clod, and Janis Jop-

lin looks like a big, beige baby having a conniption fit and sounds strained, whereas Otis Redding is the real thing. The audio for his performance unfortunately is not.

The Who breaking up their guitars and Jimi Hendrix breaking and burning his after some puerile sexual gesturing certainly does nothing to confirm the theory of the rock pundits that this music has raised American popular culture to the level of art. But then, neither do the generally monotonous performances throughout.

By the time Shankar comes on you are ready for a professional, and the contrast is startling. He hangs the audience out on the wire of his sound, reaching many climaxes in what seems like one elongated ending. If the camera does not lie, the audience was more involved with Shankar than at any other point along the way.

Overall, however, this is the young people's scene, as much sociological as musical. The music is *their* thing. Why not? For most of them, it's all they know.

—Ira Gitler



BAKER'S BOOK— NEWMAN'S BAG

Background Music

By BURT KORALL

DAVID BAKER, former Lionel Hampton-Stan Kenton-George Russell-Quincy Jones-Maynard Ferguson trombonist, now plays cello, composes, and heads the jazz studies program at Indiana University.

As mentioned in the April 17 *DB*, he has embarked on what promises to be an enriching project for him, his collaborators, and all who love music.

It's a book titled *Black Music Now—The Black Composer in America*. Baker, Dominique DeLerma (head of the music library division at Indiana), and musicologist Austin B. Caswell hope to cover all black composers—jazz and non-jazz—and bring them into focus.

The project was born when the trio realized how little information was available on the subject, even within the music community. "If it did nothing but list the composers, with value judgments and comments on style, and raise a few questions, it would be worth the effort," Baker declared.

The authors need any and all information that can be gathered on black composers. Who they are, where they are, how they can be contacted. You can write to Baker c/o Music Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, IN 47401.

Kent State University Press (Ohio) will publish the book. The authors hope

for both hard and soft-cover editions. Target date for completion of research is sometime this summer. A book of this kind, widely disseminated in the music community, will help black composers in various areas to gain a better, more accessible position. Most important, it will aid the world at large to understand them, their problems, and the magnitude of their contributions.

The National Foundation on the Humanities has provided one grant for the mammoth task the trio has embarked upon. More foundation help would certainly smooth the way.

* * *

HE SINGS BADLY. His sound is both strained and ingenuous, falling between Bob Dylan and Charlie Chuckles next door, who entertains at parties. His lazy "southern" phrasing and delivery leave much to be desired. For all that, he is strangely touching.

Randy Newman is a non-performer who writes striking word-oriented songs, notable for comments and images that make you think. Original and unusual, increasingly memorable as you tune in on his mind, Newman provides a very personal view of life. It is difficult to pinpoint his position, stylistically, in the popular music arena. But if you approach Newman songs and performances with an open mind, the rewards are multiple. If you need categorical definitions for the sake of comfort, however, it might not be worth the trip.

Randy Newman (W7/Reprise RS 6286) was produced by the ambitiously creative Van Dyke Parks and Lenny Waronker, and is entirely comprised of Newman songs, performed and arranged by him.

Newman's artistic limitations and strengths blend into a fascinating combination. His songs, generally melancholy in cast and seemingly the result of musing and careful consideration, are serious—but not leadenly so. A sense of

the humorous and ludicrous lingers near the surface. Reality is his bag; it's drawn head-on, or a bit more indirectly. Newman speaks concisely of things we're all concerned about.

The melodies are not the kind you'll whistle on the way home from work. Some remain with you, while others evaporate as soon as the record stops spinning. But the words cling; indeed, it would seem the words come first and create the musical structure.

A word of advice: Newman can be elusive. To pay him close heed is a must. Then you begin to hear what he's saying and sense the explicit and implicit message he lays down in each song. Rather than being a primitive (as I first thought), Newman is a deeply sophisticated songwriter and arranger. The textures with which he surrounds himself are particularly fascinating for their variety of weave, for what they do and suggest.

Two songs stand out in the album. *Cowboy*, within its 10 lines, sharply defines the contraction of freedom in the land and suggests that little can be done to stem the trend: "Cowboy, cowboy—can't run, can't hide/Too late to fight now—too tired to try." Sadness and cynicism run through *I Think It's Going to Rain Today*. Life, as Newman sees and feels it around him, does not stack up as is should. And the future promises more of the same.

As for Newman's future, I hope he continues to create his special songs, despite an admitted lack of enthusiasm for work. "It's suffering for me," he told Nick Logan of Britain's *New Musical Express*. "It's getting to the point where I may think of getting into pool cleaning or something." A 10-year music business veteran and an UCLA graduate, he has written hits for such artists as Gene Pitney, Cilla Black, and Alan Price. Paul McCartney likes his work, as does Frank Sinatra, they say. Pool cleaning? **[AS]**

Dexter Drops In

by Ira Gitler

I'M SURE THAT very few people in the Rainbow Grill audience knew who Dexter Gordon is, but when he rose, clad in a handsome dark suit, to his full imposing height, responding to an elegant introduction from his former boss, Billy Eckstine, the audience gave him a welcome that went beyond such knowledge. Gordon has the personal magnetism that evokes responses of this kind, even when he is not playing. But he thought that Eckstine's remark that he'd been living and playing in Europe might have influenced the reaction.

"The European thing got them," said Dex. "It always impresses people. Being there so long, I had forgotten how it affects people over here."

Gordon is visiting the U.S. for the first time since 1965. "Last time I was very excited about coming, but this time not as much," he said. "Personally, I'm more relaxed. I was wondering if I'd been forgotten, but I have been really impressed with all the love and concern I've received—very warm."

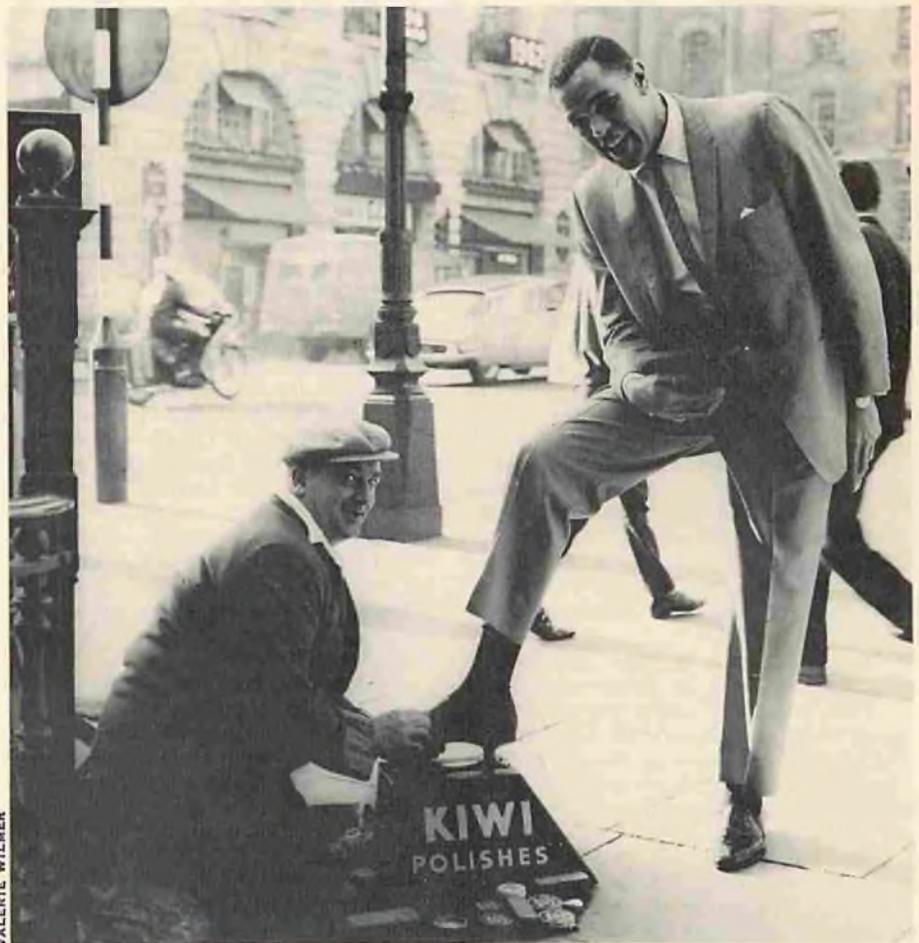
His reason for the trip was two record dates for Prestige. But he decided to stay on a bit longer, and opened April 22 at the Village Vanguard with his own quartet. In the offing, too, was an engagement at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn, starting May 20. Then it's back to Copenhagen by June 1, to renew his Danish residence and work permits.

Last year, there had been a rumor that Gordon was applying for Danish citizenship. He admits the thought crossed his mind, but his present plans don't include such a move. In fact, he says he intends to "commute a little more."

From 1965 to the beginning of 1968, the tenor saxophonist divided his time between Paris and Copenhagen. Since then, he has made the Danish metropolis his home base. He no longer plays the Club Montmartre, where he once reigned supreme.

"I became 'local' in Copenhagen," he explains. But Dexter did a recent taping for a Danish TV with Teddy Wilson and singer Inez Cavanaugh. "It hasn't been shown yet," he says, "but it will be seen all over Scandinavia. Jazz gets much more exposure on radio and TV in Europe. It's very common to do a show with your group. Jazz is appreciated as an art."

If he doesn't play often at the Montmartre (his only recent appearance there was a one-nighter with a group co-led by Slide Hampton that had recorded for Saba), Dexter does play in other parts of Scandinavia. He has become a regular at the annual Molde Jazz Festival in Norway and has played concerts in Stockholm, Gothenburg, and some in the smaller Swedish towns. Certain of



VALERIE WILMER

Dexter Gordon and Shoeshine Willie in Piccadilly Circus

these concerts are subsidized by the government, as is a school in Malmo where Gordon taught for three months at the end of last year.

"The ABE, which is the Worker's Cultural Foundation, a state agency, sponsors the school," he explains. "It's like a night school—adult education. They teach photography, dance, music. It was more like a workshop. We worked on charts. I had a band that consisted of three reeds, trumpet, trombone, and rhythm."

He was also guest instructor for one week at a summer jazz school run by the Jazz and Youth Society in 1968 at Vallekilde, a Danish prep school. "It was beautiful," he says. "Expansive lawns and five minutes to the beach. There were six instructors, 50 students, and 10 auditors. The 50 were broken up into different groups representing all styles of jazz. I went from group to group, playing and offering instruction."

In New York, Gordon took in some of the boxing matches at the Felt Forum. This is a pastime he pursues in Europe, too. There, he also has his weekly sauna bath—"sometimes two"—and does a lot of walking in the summer months. This year, he's thinking about some serious cycling. He has a comfortable studio apartment in a Co-

penhagen suburb and calls his life in Denmark "very civilized."

For at least two hours a day he practices the saxophone and is thinking about adding alto flute to his instrument bag. He also works out on the piano, exploring harmonies and arranging in general. "Once in a while, a tune comes up," he says smilingly.

His rhythm section for the Prestige sessions—Barry Harris, bassist Buster Williams, and Tootie Heath—prompted him to muse about how nice it would be to have his own regular accompaniment unit rather than working with pick-up groups. "I was impressed with them," said Dexter. "Tootie is very loose. You can play anything with him."

Gordon is not distressed with the state of jazz in the U.S., at least as far as New York is concerned. "The scene seems pretty healthy since I've gotten here," he remarked, and made evident his special delight in hearing Sonny Rollins' quartet and Tony Williams' trio. "Tony sounded like three drummers," he said.

At the jazz festival in Ossiach, Austria on July 1, the audience will hear Dexter Gordon. Without the aid of a Varitone, he will make them think they're hearing three tenor saxophonists. Great ones.



LOUIS JORDAN: The Good Times Still Roll

by Leonard Feather

THE QUESTION "Whatever became of Louis Jordan" may seem relevant or ridiculous, depending on where you live.

"Some people haven't kept track," Jordan said, "because for the last several years I've stuck to the same places. I work about eight months out of the year. Oklahoma City twice a year, three weeks each time; Dallas for two four-week stands; Harvey's in Lake Tahoe nine or 12 weeks, and various spots along the strip in Las Vegas. So people in other cities haven't heard much about me."

He hasn't worked in New York in four years, though he is supposed to play Plaza 9 there soon. He has only played two places in Los Angeles; one stand at the Hong Kong Bar, and one at the Bill of Fare. "But I'm as busy as I want to be," he said, "and I'm back on records, and I'm happy."

It has often been claimed—and there is substantial evidence for the assertion—that Jordan's musical direction, when his Tympany Five achieved national popularity in the early 1940s, began to trace a musical line that evolved into rhythm-and-blues and indirectly led to the entire pop explosion of the last decade.

"We emphasized the beat," he said, "mostly through a shuffle boogie rhythm. The only thing that really changed was the intensity of the beat, particularly in the drums. Later they brought the bass up, and then the guitar, which more or less came into its own with the rock-'n'-roll era.

"The music didn't change as much as the rhythm. More noise, more amplification—they just put more juice behind everything. On some of the records in the early stages of rock-'n'-roll you could hardly hear the melody, nor the singer. Noise can hide a gang of faults. That's just about the reason why amplification got bigger—because so many people made records who couldn't even sing."

Some of Jordan's analysis may be debatable, but one point is beyond cavil: He and his groups have never had any faults to cover up. From the first side cut under his own leadership (*Honey in the Bee Ball*, for Decca on Dec. 20, 1938) all through the three decades of his career as a leader, he has been a symbol of that rare formula, undefiled musicianship + entertainment value = commercial success.

Though it was as a singer of novelty songs that he sold uncountable records at the peak of his fame, Jordan always has been respected by musicians as an alto saxophonist with a free-swinging, loose style and a happily ebullient sound. From time to time, in the later years, he also played tenor and soprano.

The Jordan story goes back to Brinkley, a small town in Arkansas, where he was born on July 8, 1908.

"My papa was a fine musician," he said, "and he played just about all the horns. But as little as he was—5 feet 3 inches, and about 105 pounds—I think the...

instrument he liked best was the bass. He met twice a week for the town band sessions, and he would teach all the youngsters who needed lessons. He had a band for close to 30 years. I started off with him myself when I was about 7 years old, playing clarinet.

"When I was 15, I left home for the first time; I went to Hot Springs, Ark. With a quintet led by Ruby (Junie Bug) Williams. I played soprano and clarinet. The next time I left home, I went to Philadelphia and joined Charlie Gaines."

It was there that Ralph Cooper, who was connected with the Apollo Theater shows in New York City, caught Jordan one night, playing and singing and dancing. "He told me to come to New York, that he could get me a job. I went, but then I found out about the union and the long wait before you could join the local and work full time."

After sweating it out for six months, Jordan joined a group led by the late Kaiser Marshall, a drummer best known for his work with Fletcher Henderson. Next came a long incumbency with Leroy Smith's orchestra.

"That was a big band that played strictly Paul Whiteman's style," Jordan recalled. "Real high-class music; in fact, I was the only one allowed to play some jazz once in a while and to do a little singing. But it was valuable experience. I was in Cleveland with Leroy for about a year and then in Atlantic City. After that, I went back to New York to stay."

It was at this point that Jordan formed his first quintet, gigging around town for a year or two before he landed the assignment that was to be pivotal—he joined Chick Webb's Savoy Ballroom band in 1936, replacing Edgar Sampson, who was busy writing arrangements.

"Chick was the greatest drummer who ever lived, and the band was an inspiration," Jordan said. "Chick had three other vocalists—Taft Jordan from the trumpet section sang some; Charlie Linton did mostly ballads; and Ella Fitzgerald was singing rhythm songs and some ballads—but I still got a chance to sing. I did *I've Got You Under My Skin*, sang and played soprano in *Mayor of Alabam*, and did a tune called *Rusty Hinge*, which was the only one I got to sing on a record with the band."

On August 4, 1938, Jordan launched what was to be a permanent bandleading venture. He opened at the Elks' Rendezvous, not far from the Savoy, but catering to a crowd that wanted entertainment rather than dance music. Decca, the company to which Webb was under contract, signed Jordan. The first two sides were released under the name Louis Jordan and his Elks' Rendezvous Band, but subsequent records used the Tympany Five billing.

"My drummer, Walter Martin, was a fine tympany player," he said. "We used the tymps at the Elks' Rendezvous, and

that was part of our style during the first three years I had the quintet together. Then one time we were playing the Capitol Lounge in Chicago, and there was no room for any tympany on the bandstand, so I decided to get rid of them. But we held on to that name, even when there was no tympany and even when the 'five' was actually seven or eight men."

Jordan's turning point in terms of popular acceptance came in 1940. Decca put out a new release almost every month. A few of them were instrumentals, but most featured Jordan singing as well as playing. The infectious personality that came across so well on *Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee* and *Do You Call That a Buddy?* reached even wider audiences in 1941-42 with *Knock Me a Kiss, I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town*, *What's the Use of Getting Sober*, and *Five Guys Named Moe*.

There was a year's lull caused by the recording ban, but Jordan came back stronger than ever in '43. During the next two years, he had at least five records that were million-sellers: *Caldonia* (recorded a few weeks before the Woody Herman version); *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?* (which he sang in a feature movie called *Follow the Boys*); *Beware, Saturday Night Fish Fry* (a two-part tune, on both sides of a single); and the biggest of all, *Choo Choo Ch' Boogie*, which ultimately sold more than 2,000,000.

The arrangements were never beyond the comprehension level of the average bar-and-grill listener. Unison horns (trumpet and alto) and basic two-part harmony predominated in the instrumental sections, with frequent use of the shuffle boogie rhythm that became Jordan's trademark.

The group had a straight-ahead, clean-cut sound. When Jordan sang, there was often a strong suggestion of humor, not only in the content of the lyrics, but also in the use of spoken asides and even in his vocal timbre itself. Everything the Tympany Five played qualified as jazz, yet it was geared to elicit laughter as well as foot-stomping and thunderous applause. Apollo Theater audiences went wild over the group.

With his 78s lighting up juke boxes from coast to coast, the title of one of them, *Let The Good Times Roll*, became a symbol of what was happening. Managed by Berle Adams (now head executive of the Universal-MCA colossus), Jordan was now the hottest property in the small-combo field. He had penetrated the white market, worked the biggest clubs, and skyrocketed into a dizzy income bracket.

From that point on, it was a success story almost without interruption for a decade. In 1951, he made the fashionable move of forming his own big band. It was a well-knit, spirited ensemble, but economically it was excess baggage, and after a year or so, he resumed the Tympany Five format.

He stayed with Decca until 1953, recording not only with his group, but also

with Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, Bing Crosby, and others. Other affiliations followed—Aladdin, RCA's Groove label, and Mercury—but the late '50s found Jordan marking time.

In 1946, he had bought a home in Phoenix, Arizona, moving there for his wife's health. During the '50s he often spent weeks or months there himself with health problems of his own. He lived there 18 years.

"I saw that town grow from 70,000 to half a million," he noted. "I like Phoenix better than any other city in America, but musically it hasn't grown 20 percent in all that time. People come there and buy expensive homes and have parties in them instead of going out. A few months ago I went back there, to play Caesar's Forum. It's a fabulous place, but still they don't do any business."

While the music around him changed swiftly in the rock and pop revolution, Jordan remained calm, unchanged, the eye of the hurricane. His group continued to

travel, using material not substantially different from the repertoire that had catapulted him to the top, and made no significant shifts in instrumentation until about five years ago, when he hired organist Kenny Andrews.

Tiring of the life in Phoenix, where he still spent a fair proportion of his time off the road, Jordan sold his home there (the purchaser was another seeker of clean air, Elijah Muhammad). He moved to Los Angeles, where he now lives in a modest, attractive home with patio and pool. His present wife, Martha, whom he married three years ago, formerly sang with his group.

Jordan is reflective rather than bitter about the decline of his recording career. "A lot of companies have asked me to record," he said, "but they insisted that I go into rock-'n'-roll, and I didn't want to change my style.

"In 1964, I took an offer from Ray Charles and began to record for his Tangerine label, but I think he must have

just signed me up as a tax deduction or something. I had two or three tunes that could have been very big, out of an album called *Hallelujah, Louis Jordan Is Back*; but you couldn't buy it. They sent a very small supply to Chicago, for instance, and I bought them and took them to the disc jockeys. I made a tour with Moms Mabley and carried the albums around with me. The jockeys played them and played them, but if you went into a store and couldn't find it, it didn't help."

Another opportunity came along last September, when Jordan received a call from Paul Gayten. Well known for several years as a bandleader, Gayten had gone into a new role as a recording executive, spending much of his time at Chess records.

Gayten recalled that he knew Louis "when I was a kid. I first heard him when he was on vacation from school, touring in a tent show, the Rabbit Foot Minstrels. I had tried to work out something with him for records five years ago, but nothing came of it. Then last year I decided to form my own label in Los Angeles, Pzazz, and asked him if he was ready."

"I knew I could rely on Paul to give me a free hand," Jordan said. "We agreed on a new sound, using a 14-piece orchestra, with Teddy Edwards writing most of the arrangements."

A couple of Pzazz singles hit the market late last year, followed recently by an album. The best track to date is one that was excluded from the LP, presumably because of its topicality. Entitled *Santa Claus, Santa Claus*, it was composed and arranged by Edwards.

It was not a hit, but there was enough talk about it and enough airplay to give Jordan some cause for satisfaction.

"We got up to No. 41 on the charts," he said, "and it did real well in Chicago; but it didn't come out until Dec. 10, too close to Christmas to really get distribution for the holiday market."

Nevertheless, *Santa Claus* provided the most refreshing evidence in recent years that Jordan remains as personal and engaging a blues singer as ever. Perhaps if he had added three or four guitars and a heavy percussion section, the single might have done better. But that, of course, wouldn't have been Louis Jordan.

The album offered too little of Jordan's playing; his alto is only heard on three of the 11 tracks. That is something else that will be changed, Gayten said, on the next project.

"We'll go back to something more like the Tympany Five sound, only with a Fender bass and some of the contemporary combo feeling," the producer said.

As for the material, Jordan stated, "We're going to do a blues album. I've never had a blues album—would you believe it? Here I've been associated with the blues all my life, but the whole time I was with Decca, they were so busy making money with my singles that they never thought about albums, so I missed out on that chance.

"A heavy proportion of my big things were based on the blues changes. I want to do some numbers in my regular blues style, but I don't think there's any reason

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SONNY ROLLINS: *Music Is An Open Sky*

by Ira Gitler

"MAN, WE AIN'T HEARD you for seven years," hyperbolized a member of the audience. The man he was addressing stood in front of the curtain on the stage of New York's Town Hall, his powerful upper torso encased in a dashiki, his head shaven and his formidable face adorned by a pair of fierce Oriental moustaches. But on Sonny Rollins' face the moustaches seemed less fierce, balanced by the benevolent brown eyes above, warm and sometimes sad. Now they looked troubled. The tenorist had just concluded a set of 25 minutes, the second half of a concert that had already presented Artie Simmons and The Jazz Samaritans and the Jaki Byard Quartet.

The Jazz Samaritans are a young group that has spirit but weak and/or derivative soloists. Their three originals, neither inspired nor insipid, suffered from unimaginative solos, but the audience, obviously starved for jazz and looking forward to Rollins in act two, responded warmly. It even gave a rousing round of applause to a particularly bad drum solo in the Byard set that followed.

Byard, a fine, versatile pianist, did himself a disservice by not appearing with a group of his peers. His saxophonist, Howard LeShaw, was reluctant to face the audience, and to compound his patent insecurity, didn't play into the microphone. Although the men were not up to Byard's caliber, hampering his potential creativity, the audience called for more after he had ended his not very long set by playing alto saxophone as well as piano on *Green Dolphin Street*.

When Rollins stepped in front of the unusual lineup of seven bassists (The New York Bass Violin Choir) plus piano and drums, the people were prepared to love him to pieces. He began with his own *Valse Hot*, on which he played some nice phrases but never really got moving, noodled around a bossa nova, and finished with a blues. As for the basses (Richard Davis, Lisle Atkinson, Ron Carter, Michael Fleming, Buster Williams, Herbert Brown, and director Bill Lee) you couldn't hear their plucked solos on *Valse*, and the bowed ensembles throughout the three selections were painfully out of tune.

The trouble wasn't that the basses were a noble failure. Rollins had played a very short set and then emphatically gestured that the curtains be closed. The audience, stunned for a moment, instigated a concerted clamor, and after a few minutes Rollins reappeared, saxophone in hand. His fans, eager to show affection on him and listen to more of his music, began calling out their

favorite selections. Sonny, at odds with himself and his adulators, responded with halting words of explanation and then played snatches of various standards and an abortive calypso. It must be said that he made an effort, but a lot of disgruntled people left Town Hall that night.

When I discussed that evening with him, Sonny admitted he should have played another set with just a rhythm section. "I could have played longer. I tried to show them that I was thinking of them," he said, referring to the audience. "I didn't intend it to be that way.

"It's nice to let people know what's going on on the other side of the footlights—a rapport. I usually don't play that short a time. I work very hard. I wear out suits playing. I hope they forgive me."

It must be said that the blame for the Town Hall fiasco should be shared by Rollins and the concert's producers. Sonny's comments about working hard were certainly relevant to three nights I witnessed at the Village Vanguard, after the concert and before I had a chance to sit with him in his Brooklyn apartment and talk about his current state of mind.

At the Vanguard, he exhibited that staggering brand of gigantic tenor that makes you feel as if you are the instrument being played. The music does more than surround you with grandeur; it gets into your circulatory system and courses through your body.

His first rhythm section consisted of Al Dailey on piano, Wilbur Ware on bass, and Tootie Heath on drums. With them, he did a last set on a Saturday night that contained a *St. Thomas* and *Sonnymoon For Two* jam-packed with joyous emotion and inventive thinking.

The same group had begun the week-long engagement. In the first set, Rollins warmed up with *Three Little Words*, converting it into a dictionary. On the blues, *Wee Dot*, he cruised at a tempo where others might have to scuffle. He cleverly inserted a quote from *Eleanor Rigby* and made it part of the whole. *Easy to Remember* was a gorgeous statement with another reference to *Eleanor* and some *Jim* at the end.

The highlight of the second set was a *Dancing in the Dark* that Rollins converted into a suite with several possible endings. His second time of plunging into the theme led to his most powerful statement. I hadn't heard so much *Dancing in the Dark* since a party in my high school days when I was trying to romance a chick to an all-night background of Artie Shaw's record. Rollins' performance was as monumental as it was resourceful. Few if any musicians

playing today can sustain a solo of this length and hold the listener's interest. (Many of the avant garde are notoriously at the opposite end of the pole.) Before he was through with *Dancing*, he offered a soupcon of a more oblique *Rigby* and then went out with a little blues theme.

Yesterdays gave bassist Ware a chance to stretch in a precise-toned, thoughtful solo. Rollins turned Ellington's *Brownskin Gai* into another of his long celebrations of life. Heath's vital drumming, here as elsewhere, provided a great lift. Tootie, recently returned from a stay of several years in Europe, was a good drummer before he left. Now he is a mature, thoroughly confident percussionist brimming with explosive vitality.

For the set closer, Rollins worked out on his theme, *Sonnymoon*, adding a chorus of *Tenor Madness*—and that it was.

By the end of the week, there was a different rhythm section. Pianist Dailey, who tends to Rollins' accompaniment needs very well and essays a personal if relatively conventional solo style, was still on deck. Ware and Heath, however, had been replaced by Walter Booker and Sonny Brown.

Rollins was still straight-ahead, bearing down and knocking them out. *Dancing in the Dark* was not the concerto of earlier in the week, but it wasn't short in length or on idea. *Sonnymoon* was again an exhilarating experience.

Constant shifts in personnel has become the expected pattern within Rollins' groups. Players come and go like guests in a hotel for transients.

"There are not that many good players around," the saxophonist explained. "The good ones are working." Since he works so sporadically, Rollins cannot command the full-time services of superior sidemen. He can only borrow, as in the case of Heath, who is regularly with Herbie Hancock, or Louis Hayes, who went with him on a weekend gig in Philadelphia, but whose main allegiance is to Freddie Hubbard.

"There are a lot of guys I can work with and who can work with me," he said, "but until I get a steady itinerary and offer steady work. . . ."

Why doesn't a major figure like Rollins work more frequently? In the past, he has chosen to take sabbaticals of varying length, for reasons ranging from dissatisfaction with himself to disenchantment with the jazz scene. One factor these days is salary. Rollins has spent many years to reach his high plateau of artistry, and feels that this entitles him to a certain basic compensation.

"If you play for one price in one case, they expect you to play for that all the time," he explained. "If they want Sonny Rollins, then they have to pay my price. If I don't get it now, when am I going to get it?"

This is not uttered with arrogance but with honest self-esteem, combined with an unsentimental view of the business world.

It has been several years since Rollins' last record, *East Broadway Rindown*. He is concerned about having control over the final product, and said that he was currently negotiating with a record company, though nothing definite had as yet been established.

His outlook on jazz nightclubs is negative. "Musicians today don't want to live that kind of life," he said. "Clubs are a big hustle, and the environment can alienate you. I'd like to see other areas for jazz—TV and schools." He mentioned the possibility of becoming part of a jazz faculty at Queens College in New York City, with such colleagues as Max Roach, Charles Mingus, and Billy Taylor, if a proposed grant materializes.

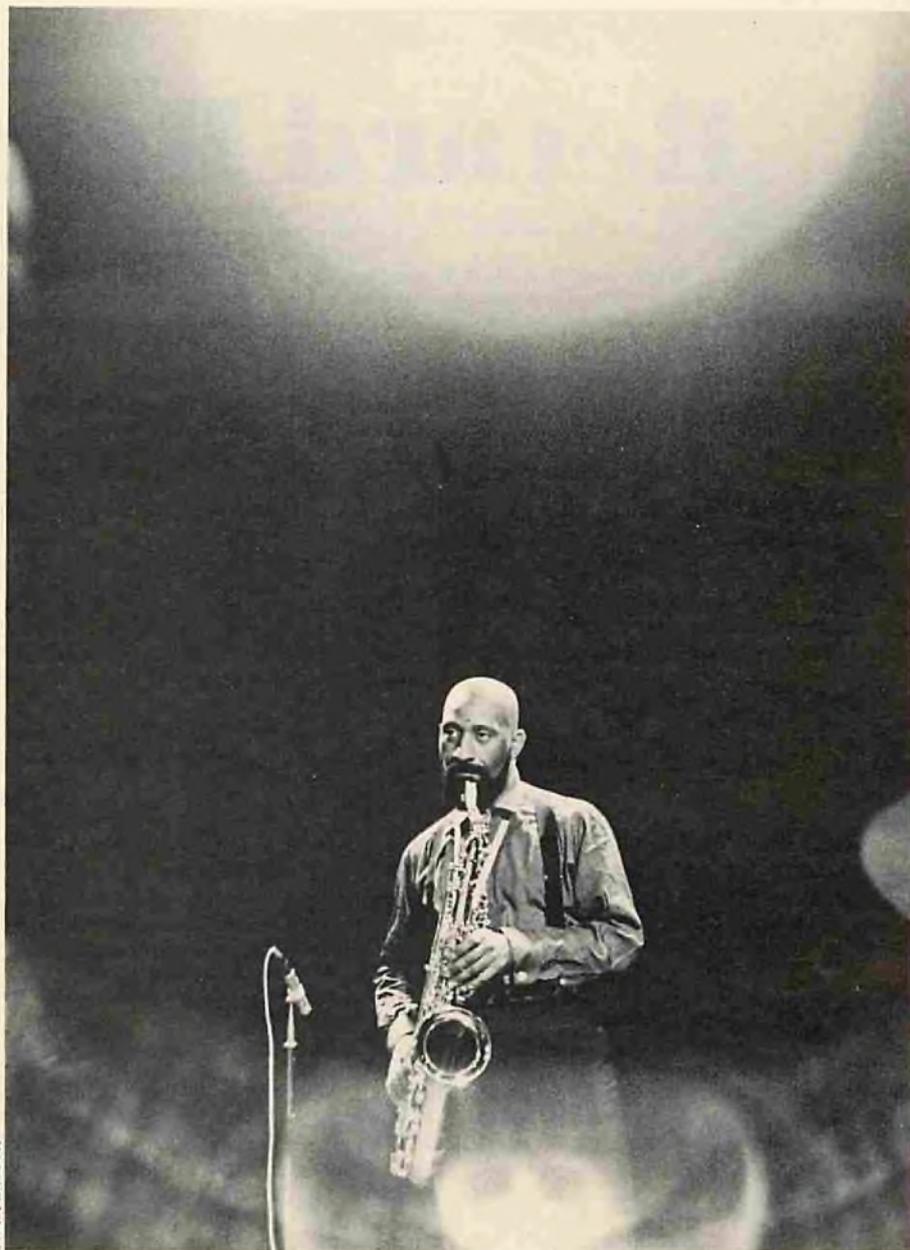
When Rollins plays in Europe, it is usually on a concert tour. Last summer, however, he played at the Club Montmartre in Copenhagen, since he was able to tie in the work with a vacation. His recent travels to the Far East have involved matters more spiritual.

The saxophonist began studying yoga on a formal basis when he went to Japan in 1963. During the next five years, he maintained contact with his teacher, Master Oki, and with the Yoga Institute of Japan. When he returned at the beginning of 1968, he visited temples and shrines and spent time at his teacher's school in Mishima, near Mt. Fuji.

"The atmosphere creates an attitude for meditation," Rollins said. "There is a feeling of peace. Some of the students were jazz fans."

The Japanese experience led him to India and an ashram—"a religious colony of Hindu monks and women, yoginis,"—on Powai Lake, about an hour's travel from Bombay. At Sandeepany Sadhanalaya, as the ashram is called, he was under the guidance of the Swami Chinmayananda. He meditated and took courses in Vedanta philosophy.

"I wanted to get with people who were genuine," he said. "I was fed up with the ratrace. The teachings stress that you have to be in the ratrace, but need not be part of it. It gave me an incentive to come back." Rollins keeps in touch with his Indian mentor, and plans to return to the country one day. Of his last visit, he said: "I wasn't really ready to meditate. I had to come back



JAN PERSSON

to this world first.

"Right now," he continued, "I want to do more writing and orchestrating of my own material. I'm studying various ways of setting down my music more efficiently. There are so many possibilities in music. It's an open sky. I envisage extending my own personality. Whatever I do, it will still be me."

The "open sky" policy includes Rollins' musical taste. He listens to "all kinds of music," he said, citing Soul as his "light music." Asked what musician he most enjoys hearing these days, Sonny was quick to name Miles Davis.

"People ask me how I like Miles, and I tell them that Miles always sounds good. And I played opposite Coleman Hawkins at the Vanguard last summer. It was such a great experience that I was going to write something to you to put in the magazine. Miles and Hawk—these people *are* jazz."

Rollins didn't have to be prodded

concerning the currently fashionable topic of "Jazz is Dead."

"I am optimistic about jazz," he said forthrightly. "I've been out here long enough to know that things go in cycles. Jazz will always survive."

This was a giant speaking, a man who has altered the course of the music to which he still contributes mightily. Many feel that he could have helped to shape it even more definitively and strongly had he not chosen to abdicate his role of fountainhead so many times.

In the late '50s, he was greatly acclaimed, and this put him under tremendous pressure. "Then," he said, "I didn't have the time to get my music together. Too many jobs."

Now Sonny Rollins appears ready to accept his own importance to jazz. "It wouldn't be dishonest of me to feel that way," says this unusual man, to whom honesty, personal and artistic, is of paramount importance. 

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, James R. Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Karl, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelson, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloano, and Pelo Welding.

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.

MOSTLY REEDS

Cannonball Adderley

ACCENT ON AFRICA—Capitol 2987: *Ndolima*; *Hamba Nami*; *Khutsana*; *Up and At It*; *Gumba Gumba*; *Marabi*; *Gunjah*; *Lehadima*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto and soprano saxophones; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

From Cannon's album notes:

"This collection of compositions by a diverse group of Western composers is principally designed to show the influence rather than the pure form of African sources. Here we have examples of gospel, r&b, Latin rhythms and ballads, all of which have their parallels in pure African music. The sophisticated 'High Life' of Lagos is as different from the tribal music of Basutoland as the traditional Negro spiritual is from the music of Miles Davis."

From my notes made while listening to the music (asterisks indicate best tracks):

**Ndolima*, by Zawinul, beautifully simple theme. Cannon on soprano, similar to Coltrane: impassioned lyricism. Percussion behind him.

**Hamba Nami*, by Cannon, "walk with me" in Zulu. African soul, or rather just plain old soul. Cannon gets strange sound from the Varitone—he's preaching—sounds a bit like an alley viola.

Khutsana, Sesotho word for "the orphan." Cannon gets a bright sound on his alto (a King) in melancholy melody of first section; goes into 6/4; now on soprano (SML brand). Interesting, the different sound of each brand of instrument. Good screaming by the band's brass.

**Up and At It*, by Wes Montgomery (down home instead of back home). Good band arrangement. (Whose?) Nat in high spirits—uses lots of half valves. Authoritative Cannon alto—very forceful, strong accents.

**Gumba Gumba*, ("party time"). Cannon with Varitone, swings his butt off with driving African rhythm behind. Band screaming. Nat—riding easy on rhythm's thick-layered sound (a hell of a conga player in there). Exciting.

Marabi, refers to High Life. Close to Latin, which obviously Nat feels as he almost gets into old-style rumba-band trumpet. Cannon—happily swinging.

Gunjah (Swahili intoxicant, like pot) by Dave Axelrod. Builds from dreams to trashing about by percussion with undulating Cannon soprano and high brass.

Lehadima (Sesotho for "lightning"). Big-band swing. Lithe soprano—affying. Good Nat.

Damn good LP.

—DeMicheal

Marion Brown-Gunter Hampel

GESPRACHSFETZEN—Calig 30601: *Gesprachsfetzen*; *Exhibit A: Babudah*; *Tomorrow is the Beginning of the End of Yesterday*; *Aba*.

Personnel: Ambrose Jackson, trumpeter; Brown, alto saxophone; Hampel, vibraharp, bass clarinet; Buschi Niebergall, bass; Steve McCall, drums.

Rating: none

If, like me, you've been wondering what Marion Brown has been up to musically since 1966 (when he recorded *Juba Lee* and *Three for Shepp*) this album provides a most interesting answer. Recorded in Munich, Germany in September 1968 (Brown is living in Europe) it brings together three Americans (Brown, Jackson, and McCall) and two Europeans (Hampel and Niebergall).

From his earliest recordings, Brown has had his own voice, which Jerry Figi once aptly described as a "sweet disjointed lyricism." I would add that this was a lyricism of method as well as effect; i.e. his music was never more or less than Marion Brown singing his song. Now, apparently, he feels the need to try for more.

This album shows him moving out in two directions—on *Gesprachsfetzen* and especially his short solo piece, *Exhibit A*, Brown attempts to extend the emotional range of his playing while retaining his prior methods. There are technical-emotional problems, however. His command of the instrument's extreme high and low registers and of overtone effects is less sure than that of such virtuosos at Roscoe Mitchell and Joseph Jarman, and this gives some of his playing an unintended emotional ambiguity. Also, since "sweet lyricism" is still at the core of Brown's music, attempts to express other emotions are heard in relation to his "real" voice—not necessarily a limitation, but Brown doesn't use this fact.

Brown's other direction is potentially more valuable. Except for *Exhibit A*, each track is a group performance—not a theme followed by solos, but a dramatic structure in which the personal voice of each soloist is used to tell a larger story.

But for success this method requires sympathetic partners, and Hampel and Niebergall fail to contribute their share. They are "advanced" European jazz musicians, whose only tie to jazz seems to be that they improvise. It's not so much that they don't swing, but that they are arrhythmic. There is a music based almost entirely on sonority, and its relation to Brown's is that of a noise element a la John Cage—an uninvolved, complicating factor, like a pebble in your shoe.

Jackson does all that is asked of him in the ensembles, but his solos are quite cautious (introverted, accurately-played, warm-

up exercises). McCall, however, is more than an equal partner, and I suspect that he as much as Brown determined the shape of these performances. He is a masterful drummer who humbly gives himself to the group effort, using a wide and subtly shaded range of volume with the mind of a composer.

I haven't rated the album because, although by comparative measure it is very good, the music hasn't met its own standards for success. If you're interested in the new music, you'll want to hear it. —Karl

Chick Corea

NOW HE SINGS, NOW HE SOBS—Solid State 18039: *Steps—What Was*; *Matrix*; *Now He Sings*; *Now He Sobs*; *Now He Beats the Drum—Now He Stops*; *The Law of Falling and Catching Up*.

Personnel: Corea, piano; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: none

Well. Quite clearly, I'm going mad. This record contains superb group and individual playing; the concepts are original and intriguing, and Corea appears to be an important new piano voice. And I admire the album greatly. But I don't like it, I'm not moved by it, and I have no desire to hear it soon again.

Some of my reservations are explainable. The compositions, all by Corea, don't seem particularly complex. There is little stress on melody or chords; the album is made up of generally free playing, based on predetermined moods or rather simple rhythmic or harmonic figures.

Consequently, there isn't much variety of sound over the album's 40 minutes-plus. When improvisation springs wholly from the player's head, without much reference to composition, there's bound to be a certain sameness.

Furthermore, while I find Corea original and technically impeccable, his playing strikes me as too busy too often. Except for the opening phrases of *Beats—Stops*, he makes almost no use of spacing or even of sustained chords.

But the above scarcely accounts for my reaction—nonreaction, rather. To make matters more puzzling, the rhythm section (unidentified on the jacket) is great. Haynes is one of the beautiful drummers, and as far as I'm concerned, he should be given permanent possession of the Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition Trophy. Corea couldn't ask for a more sympathetic percussionist. And Vitous, big-toned and swift, gets off some lovely slurs, has a brilliant ear for dissonance, and takes two inventive solos on *Steps* and *Beats—Stops*.

The leader is the main voice, though, and he plays richly, covering the whole

piano with both hands, and displaying a first-rate rhythmic sense. Despite this, his playing coagulates in my head. It's motion without direction, a sumptuous chocolate icing with no cake. *I think.*

The one Corca solo that does communicate strongly to me is on *Sings—Sobs*. He never dwells for long on one particular idea, but the solo has a logic I often miss in his others.

The final cut is impressive too—a brief and oddly delicate conclusion to the session.

My response to the album is equivalent to maybe three stars, but it's possible—very possible—that it's a great session that I haven't the ears to hear. I'd advise listening to it. And if you figure out what's wrong with it, or me, let me know.

—Heineman

Miles Davis

FILLES DE KILIMANJARO—Columbia 9750; *Frelon Brun*; *Tout de Suite*; *Petits Machins*; *Filles de Kilimanjaro*; *Mademoiselle Mabry*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock (tracks 1,2,4) or Chick Corea, piano, electric piano; Ron Carter (tracks 1,2,4) or Dave Holland, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I can think of a few of Miles' albums I wouldn't have given five stars, but to make shadowy distinctions among the rest of the beautiful offerings of an authentic genius requires more *chutzpah* than I can possibly summon up. I think it was Miles who said that every jazz musician ought to get down on his knees once a day and thank God for Duke Ellington. Ditto every jazz listener for Miles.

And the quintet, of course. Five musicians, one mind. Dig Tony, flailing away, then suddenly shimmering pianissimo to allow a horn statement to etch itself into the listener's mind. Dig Ron, humming and buzzing little counter-melodies whose dissonances are at once startling and appropriate, and suddenly walking, tall and funky, reminding the listener of the foundation that was there all along. Dig Herbie, gently supplying the right colors for the stark pen-and-ink drawing of the horns. Dig Wayne, who has grown from a good hard-bop tenor into a creative soloist and composer of immense stature.

No. I won't attempt analysis or evaluation. I'll tell you what's slightly different about this record. First, the compositions, all by Davis, are voiced in harmony more than has been his wont recently. *Machins*, for example, is a lovely melody based on a G tonal center and a four-note CBAG riff.

Second, Miles and/or his pianists seem to be attracted to the electric piano sound; only *Mabry* and probably *Frelon* have standard piano. (Hard to tell about the latter, since the upper range sounds electric, the lower acoustic.)

Third, I detect hints of the interest in rock Miles has spoken of lately. *Frelon's* basic riff has a soupçon of r&b, and *Mabry* has a rock-bluesy kind of tag. This reaching out towards rock seems an undercurrent throughout, and the electric piano reinforces it.

Fourth, Williams is a bit more restrained than usual, though not a bit less effective. His backing for Davis and Shorter on *Suite* consists chiefly of an evenly accented

fast four on ride and hi-hat with generally symmetrical bass drum counterpoint. When he breaks out of that to underscore crucial phrases by the horns, the dramatic contrast is excruciating.

Fifth are the new members, Corea and Holland. Sounds like they'll fit in just fine. It won't be the same quintet, but it'll be a great quintet. Tony's split leaves a gaping hole, but that will be filled, too.

Sixth is Miles. He's not playing differently; it's just that whatever he plays is always new. His solo on *Mabry*—every note perfectly chosen, each part blending into a perfect whole. Out on a limb. Back to the tonal center. How'd he get there? Wings, child. Angel's wings. —Heineman

Joe Henderson

TETRAGON—Milestone 9017; *Invitation*; *R.J.*; *The Bead Game*; *Tetragon*; *Waltz for Sweetie*; *First Trip*; *I've Got You Under My Skin*.

Personnel: Henderson, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron (Tracks 4,6,7) or Don Friedman, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Louis Hayes (Tracks 4,6,7) or Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The presence of two of the premier players in jazz, both in fine fettle, should be recommendation enough for this album. With Sonny Rollins not recording lately, Henderson seems to me the finest tenor player active; with Charlie Mingus also temporarily in seclusion, I find only Richard Davis superior to Carter, and not by a lot.

The supporting cast is fine, too, and provides illuminating studies in contrast. The Hayes-Barron combination gives the quartet a swinging orientation, while DeJohnette and Friedman lend hints of the new and free. Both sections complement Henderson well; Hayes is a crisper, cleaner player than his counterpart, but I think Henderson thrives best in a more experimental, uninhibited context.

The leader doesn't play a solo that's less than good. The best are on *Invitation*, especially the inventive 16 bars before the bridge on the out chorus, and *Trip*, a lovely Carter line. It's a 32-bar song form, and the final bar of each A section resolves like a children's song. After Barron's one chorus, in which he stays within the tune's outlines, Henderson delivers a finely honed statement that alternates between high intensity and the whimsical mood of the head.

The longest and most fascinating cut is *Game*, on which, according to Henderson's liner note remarks, the leader just begins playing with no prearranged structure or idea and the quartet jumps in. Henderson begins way up in tempo, and the rhythm section picks it up immediately. DeJohnette burns brightly throughout; Friedman, though he quickly assimilates Henderson's direction, echoes rather than augments behind him. His own solo, however, is fine.

This is one of the finer jazz sessions of recent vintage. There are good tunes, and thoughtful and frequently inspired improvisations. I've given it less than five stars because the Barron-Hayes cuts seem just slightly lukewarm in comparison with the others. And I've heard Henderson play with a bit more intensity elsewhere. But that's quibbling, mostly; I recommend the album. —Heineman

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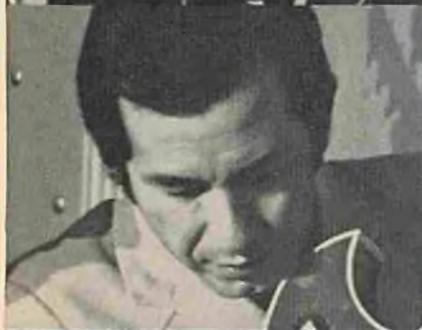
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THE KING!—Prestige 7597: *A Haunting Melody; I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free; How High the Moon; The King; Blue and Sentimental; Caravan*.

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet; Jacquet, tenor saxophone, bassoon; Milt Buckner, piano, organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Jo Jones, drums; Montego Joe, conga, bongos.

Rating: ★★½

It's good to hear Jacquet recording with Newman and Buckner, who played with him in Lionel Hampton's band years ago. This album demonstrates that he still plays well, although it is uneven.

In 1941, when he recorded his famous *Flying Home* solo with Hampton, Jacquet was a member of the Herschel Evans-Dick Wilson school of tenor players (Wilson is a terribly underrated tenorman, but that's another story). Later, he absorbed some ideas from Lester Young and bop musicians. (Mark Gardner makes the point in the liner notes that Jacquet is only 46, "... two years younger than Charlie Parker would have been . . . and several years the junior of . . . Dizzy Gillespie and Kenny Clarke.")

Jacquet says in the liner notes that *Melody*, a pretty tune with a Latin beat, "is the best side I've ever made, along with *Robbins' Nest*." The tenorist's work on it is muscularly lyrical and very lucidly constructed. On *Blue and Sentimental* his rich, heavy tone can be heard to advantage.

On *The King* and *Moon* Jacquet charges ahead like a bull. His solos are not only forceful but have a fair amount of musical meat.

Caravan finds Jacquet playing bassoon, with Buckner on organ and Lucas on tuba. The piece is handled rather clumsily but has some novelty appeal.

It's a pleasure to hear Buckner's piano again. He offers some fine, vigorous locked-hands playing here. During his *Sentimental* solo he turns in both firm single-note lines and rather heavy, funky chord work. His brief solo on *Melody* is harmonically and melodically intriguing.

Newman contributes some perky spots but is given surprisingly little solo room. Butler, a thinking man's guitarist, plays solos that are models of tastefulness and lucidity. Note his subtle use of vibrato on *I Wish I Knew* and *Sentimental*.

Buckner and Butler deserve a lot of credit for this album being as good as it is. —Pekar

Jackie McLean

'BOUT SOUL—Blue Note 84284: *Soul; Conversion Point; Big Ben's Voice; Dear Nick, Dear John; Erdu*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Grachan Moncur, trombone; McLean, alto saxophone; Lamont Johnson, piano; Scotty Holt, bass; Rashied Ali, drums; Barbara Simmons, recitation (track 1).

Rating: ★★½

Here is one of the better McLean records, featuring typically strong alto solos and a skillful, promising band. *Soul* is a long dramatic reading; Miss Simmons' fashionable discourse is accompanied appropriately by the band and is spiced with a nice, funky waltz by Moncur and forceful statements by McLean. *Dear* is a late-bop mood piece, and the other tracks explore the personal McLean modal vein with notable success.

Shaw and Johnson contribute interesting performances. In the liner notes, McLean

compares the pianist's accompanying skills to Bobby Hutcherson's, a point well taken considering the good vibrations between them on *Point* and *Big*. Johnson's style is in the Tyner-out-of-Coltrane manner, an approach that may or may not degenerate into mood music, depending on the sensitivity of the player. Johnson takes the harder, more straightforward road, and the result is lively band playing and pointed solos.

Shaw's solos are firmly contoured and hard-bop in content. Under the surface, though, there lies a rhythmic turbulence which suggests an urge to break the bop bonds and emerge fully into free-association playing.

Ali is the right drummer for this band, an unusually skillful performer whose good taste and modesty here mask the violence of which he is capable. About Moncur and Holt, some reservations: the trombone solos are dry and inflexible, both in sound and rhythmic manner—granting Moncur's originality, the shadow of J.J. Johnson continues to drain his music; the artist in Holt fights continuously with the virtuoso bassist, even on his own *Dear*, where the bass solos should be gentle and evocative.

McLean is McLean: aggressive, relentless, unintegrated, uncompromised. The nastiness of his interjections on *Soul* both comment sympathetically on and provide an emotional alternative to the rest of this lightweight track. He sets up the fierce *Point*: a series of solos followed by brief *a cappella* statements by the horns, and then a free collective improvisation. His own solo presents rhythmically frenzied lines, and contemporary note values (a nod to Coltrane), which compress typical McLean harmonies and lend a special power to his characteristic blue, metallic sound. *Big* is a fine statement, a lyrical solo organized in complementary sequences (remember that he is ordinarily the most spontaneous of improvisers).

The leader's improvisations are the best reason for purchasing this important and very contemporary album. —Litweiler

Charles McPherson

HORIZONS—Prestige 7603: *Horizons; Lush Life; Ain't That Somethin'; Night Eyes; I Should Care; She Loves Me*.

Personnel: McPherson, alto saxophone; Nasir Hafiz, vibraharp; Pat Martino, guitar; Cedar Walton, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★½

McPherson's last album was so good. Oh, well—occupational hazard. One of the problems is that the group really doesn't jell. It's largely a bunch of solos with rhythm backing, and not very exciting rhythm backing at that. Higgins, a brilliant drummer, plays as if he'd left a call and the desk forgot to wake him, except on the last cut, where he gets into some nice bass drum things. Booker is better, especially on *Care* behind McPherson; that track is just rhythm plus alto, and because there are fewer people to get in each other's way, it's the best group performance on the date.

None of the soloists is outstanding, and all, with the possible exception of the little-known Hafiz, are capable of far better things. McPherson has an interesting last chorus on *Care* and does very nicely with

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the melody statement of *Lush Life*, but his solo, despite a few lovely moments, doesn't move particularly logically. Martino really makes the tune with his superb backing. The guitarist plays a few fine single-note choruses on *Loves Me*, but doesn't measure up to his usual standard.

Hafiz (ne Abe Woodley) is the biggest victim of the generally execrable recording. His vibes sound like Bags' in the days when he was accused of playing broken pop bottles. But he's also victimized by his playing: second-rate early Jackson with the barest hint of fashionable dissonance.

Walton, also crucified by the tinny sound, has a nice solo on *Somethin'*, but he, too, sounds generally disinterested. —Heineman

Hank Mobley

REACH OUT!—Blue Note 84288: *Reach Out, I'll Be There; Up, Over and Out; Lookin' East; Good Pickins; Goin' Out of My Head; Beverly*. Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpeter, flugelhorn; Mobley, tenor saxophone; Lamont Johnson, piano; George Benson, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Some of the ingredients that went into this album are disappointing, but the superb performances of Mobley and Benson make up for them.

There's a nice variety of compositions. The originals are good and Mobley and his sidemen demonstrate that *Out of My Head* can be a good vehicle for jazzmen. Unfortunately, *Reach Out*, though a classic in the Motown genre, does not lend itself too well to jazz treatment. The performance doesn't get off the ground and has an overly heavy, choppy feeling.

Mobley's playing, aside from his solo on *Reach Out*, is outstanding. His work on other recent albums has been uneven, and I've been waiting for an LP like this which finds him in top form on nearly every selection.

Mobley is under-appreciated, maybe partly because his playing isn't violent enough for those who like their jazz as hairy as possible, and not restrained enough for those who prefer cool jazz. In any event, he is one of the best tenormen to emerge in the '50s—an original, lyrical improviser with a warm, velvety tone. If no one else on this LP improvised well, it would be worth buying just for Mobley.

Benson's playing has improved enormously—it's much fresher than a few years ago. His work is extremely crisp and cleanly articulated; he's an excellent technician and one of the most forceful jazz guitarists I've ever heard. He's also got a unique, rather dark tone, and is an inventive, skillful improviser, never at a loss for ideas. Most of the selections on this album find him playing quite aggressively, but he demonstrates on *Out of My Head* that he also has an easy-going, ruminative side.

Shaw's playing is a little disappointing. I recently reviewed a Chick Corea Vortex LP on which he was very impressive. Here his improvising is still fairly interesting but much less inventive, and at times tasteless. The criticism could be made that he is rather derivative, owing too much to Freddie Hubbard. However, he is obviously a gifted musician, and we can expect some fine playing from him in the future.

The work of the rhythm section is disciplined and forceful. —Pekar

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Max Roach

MEMBERS, DON'T GIT WEARY—Atlantic SD 1510: *Abstractions; Libra; Effi; Equipoise; Members, Don't Git Weary; Absolutions.*

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Jymie Merritt, electric bass; Roach, drums; Andy Bey, vocal (track 5).

Rating: ★★ ★

Here is not just an unusually hip, together hard-bop band, but *Roach's* band, and don't you forget it. The drums are prominently recorded throughout, and Roach is ever inventing busy, rather free rhythmic patterns which underline the themes or guide the soloists. Merritt is used to this kind of band, and his electric bass is springy and appropriate, with the volume turned down to the just-right functional level. Cowell is a fine band pianist, the kind soloists must delight in—the interestingly harmonized chords are laid out in endless series, and he is beautifully receptive to Roach's rhythmic leads. The themes capture the tone exactly: Merritt's concise, modal *Absolutions*; Bartz' straight late-bop *Libra*, and three Cowell songs that effectively measure the weights of band and soloists.

It is impossible to avoid the feeling that Roach has offered us much the same thing before. The double-timed afterbeats of *Equipoise*, the drum rolls, snare triplets, superficially random accents and volume changes throughout are his time-honored accompaniment methods, here organized in a manner that might well accompany more structurally definitive soloists than these. With this group, they often seem forced, or forcing. Hence you become aware that Roach's style hasn't changed much since the later '50s—perhaps, given his individuality and complete mastery, stylistic change is out of the question. But his playing dramatizes the defects of the two horns.

They are not serious defects. Tolliver presents the sense, if not the substance, of late-bop trumpet. Bartz is made for the conventions of this stylized music—basically a dehydrated-Parker-style altoist, his poise and sympathetic manner on *Equipoise* make this his finest effort here. The recording may not be fair to the soloists, however, since it is only 32 minutes long. Three of the songs are cut off in mid-solo, and in any case this is the kind of band that ought properly to be recorded as it stretches out in a club.

Members is Roach's adaptation of an old spiritual. It presents Bey's very "straight," concert-style vocal over the improvising musicians, and, given the power of the line and the words, it is another strong performance. —Litweiler

Wayne Shorter

SCHIZOPHRENIA—Blue Note 84297: *Tom Thumb; Go; Schizophrenia; Kryptonite; Miyako; Playground.*

Personnel: Curtis Fuller, trombone; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Wayne Shorter must be one of the most careful improvisers in jazz. Careful in the best sense—whatever his methods may be, it seems as if every phrase of a Shorter solo is tested for structural soundness before it is allowed to emerge. The intensity of his musical thought is heard as

an object in itself; i.e. the listener can follow both the music produced and the process of decision that produced it. Every one of his solos here is a gem of constructivist art.

Inseparable from this achievement is Shorter's technical control of the instrument—tone quality and articulation, in particular. Listen to the keening sound he gets on the theme of *Go*, to his final low notes on *Kryptonite*, or to the exquisite terminal vibrato he employs on *Miyako*. These moments seem to reveal the inner man with great poignancy. And as for articulation, I've heard few saxophonists who could separate notes at any tempo as clearly and precisely as Shorter does. This, I think, is what gives his playing that careful quality—he seems to have so much more time than most saxophonists to choose how and where to place each note.

Only one minor complaint. Given Shorter's abilities, he can do more, *risk* more, than he does here. I know he can, because I've heard him do it in person with Miles Davis. When someone at Columbia wakes up and records Miles in a club, we'll hear a different Wayne Shorter—one who throws caution to the winds and then darts about to pick off every floating feather.

The compositions here, like Shorter's solos, are careful and totally successful on their own terms. I was particularly moved by *Go*, which glides over one of Hancock's patented vamps. The subtle writing for the two saxophones on this piece makes me wonder what Shorter would do with a whole sax section. I'd like to hear it.

Spaulding does his unique thing on alto and flute. Like Shorter, he builds his music on the tension between restraint and energy. His flute solos convince me that, more than anyone, he has found that instrument's jazz voice.

Fuller is used primarily in the ensemble, where his blunt sound is just what is required. The rhythm section is also just right. Chambers is probably the Kenny Clarke of our times, and Carter must be able to read minds. Listen to him play with the beat behind Hancock on *Kryptonite*. The pianist does his usual fine job of accompaniment, but his solos leave me cold, which may be my problem.

On the whole, a fine, down-the-middle date, with at least one excellent solo on every track. *Go*, *Kryptonite*, and *Miyako* are my favorites because they seem the most personal, and Wayne Shorter is a remarkable person. —Kart

Sonny Stitt

SOUL ELECTRICITY!—Prestige 7635: *All the Things You Are; Lover Man; P.S. I Love You; Stella by Starlight; Bye Bye Blackbird; Over the Rainbow; Strike Up the Band.*

Personnel: Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones with Varitone; Don Patterson, organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Some people have a tendency to dismiss Stitt's small group records because many have been unimaginatively produced and because Stitt hasn't been at his best on all of them, but I think they do him an injustice. Stitt, after all, is a great musician, even when he's not at the top of his game.

He certainly does a fine job here, but I'm not crazy about his use of the Varitone,

because it adds a muddy quality to his work. He seems to have been in high spirits during the session. His playing is bouyant on *Things*, *Blackbird*, and *Band*, and his doubletiming on *Candy* is magnificent. His ability to get in a groove and stay in it, swinging powerfully and effortlessly and resolving his ideas well, is one of the marvels of jazz.

Butler, who used to be with Bill Doggett, plays thoughtfully and rather economically. He isn't a brilliant technician, but a fine performer whose work has subtlety and warmth.

Patterson solos with vigor and imagination, catering up the changes.

Sure, it would be good to hear Stitt perform in more varied contexts than he has in the past, but as long as he makes fine albums like this one, we can't complain too much. —Pekar

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Quintet of the Hot Club of France, *First Recordings!* (Prestige 7614)

Rating: ★★★★★

Dicky Wells in Paris, 1937 (Prestige 7593)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Walter "Foots" Thomas All Stars (Prestige 7584)

Rating: ★★★★★

Benny Carter/Gene Sedric/Jonah Jones, *Swing 1946* (Prestige 7604)

Rating: ★★★

Don Byas in Paris (Prestige 7598)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Prestige's entry into the reissue renaissance is most welcome. Since its own catalog begins in the late '40s, it has acquired the rights to earlier material originally made for French Swing and other European and defunct American companies. The quality of the music is generally quite high, as is historical interest.

The Quintet of the Hot Club of France album, of course, features Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli. It includes the first date the group made, in 1934 for Ultraphone, and while some of the music's charm is of the period (the sound of the violin-three guitar-bass ensemble) it is a charm I find irresistible. (Annotator Martin Williams, that sober Puritan, seems to have his doubts.) Whatever, the improvisations of the guitarist and violinist transcend period limitations. The best of these three earliest tracks, *Lady Be Good*, unfortunately has the worst sound.

On *Avalon* and *Smoke Rings*, a small brass section featuring expatriate trumpeter Arthur Briggs is added, and from the evidence of his *Avalon* solo, he was a fine musician. Listen to his beautiful tone, and to the subtle way he moves in and out of half-time phrasing. And dig Django's octaves, and the repeated low notes with which he begins his final eight bars.

Grappelli has perhaps been overshadowed in critical esteem by Reinhardt's brilliance, but his best work here displays a unique jazz romanticism. His theme state-

ment and solo on *I've Had My Moments* are beautiful.

On the whole, this is the Reinhardt album to acquire after the basic two-record Capitol set.

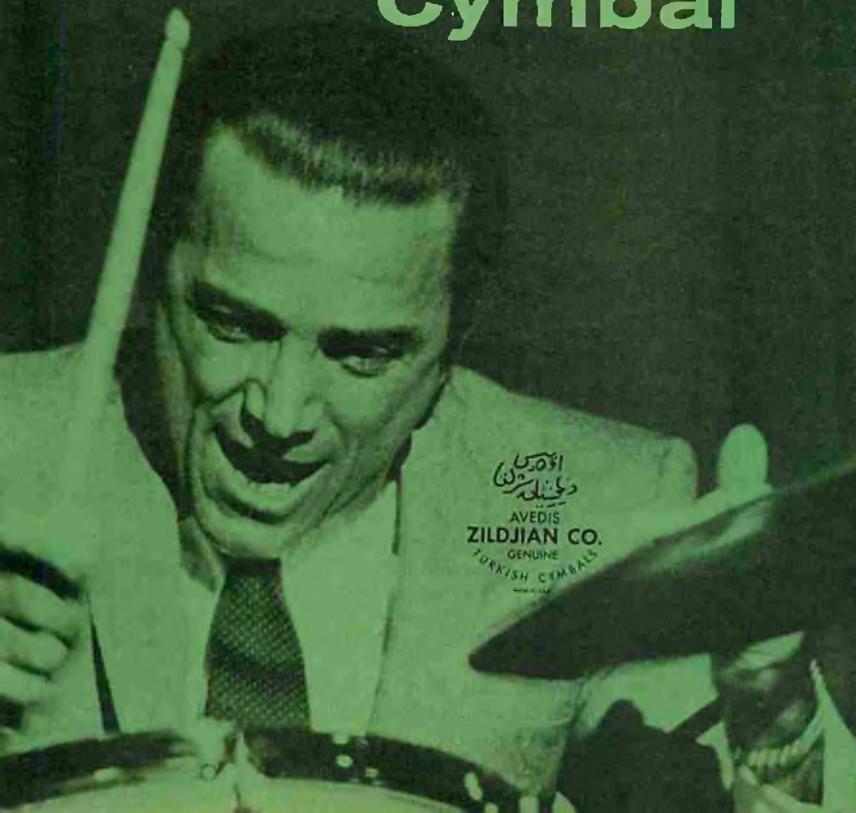
In his liner notes to the Hot Club album, Williams points out that Django performed differently with "more distinctly jazz-oriented instrumentations." The six performances on *Dicky Wells in Paris* which include the guitarist certainly bear that out. The insistent, on-the-beat phrasing of his Hot Club work becomes cool and sinuous, creating those astonishing moments when the secret of time itself seems to be within the listener's grasp.

As for the rest of this album, it is truly indispensable, with some of the best recorded work of, in my opinion, jazz' greatest trombonist; superb playing by three underrated trumpeters (Bill Coleman, Bill Dillard, and Shad Collins), and beautiful solos by Reinhardt. I generally get nervous when people apply the word "masterpiece" to jazz performances, but *Hangin' Round Boudon*, a blues with solos by Wells, Coleman, and Reinhardt and a Coleman scat-vocal deserves that title and much more.

There are three tracks by Dillard, Coleman, Collins, and Wells with a rhythm section of Reinhardt, the excellent bassist Dick Fulbright, and drummer Bill Beason; three with the same group minus Dillard and Collins; two with Wells and rhythm (including his great *Dicky Wells Blues*); and four with Wells, Dillard, Collins, altoist Howard Johnson, and rhythm. I could write for pages about the music on this

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record, but buy it, and read Dan Morgenstern's liner notes, which are a model of what liner notes should be.

A gap of seven years, and we encounter the Walter Thomas dates, a mixture of about 70% gold (the soloists, rhythm sections, and some of the sax-section writing) and 30% base metal (the generally slick and dull tunes). Each date was organized around a three- to five-man sax section, and among the participants were Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Budd Johnson, Thomas, Hilton Jefferson, and clarinetists Eddie Barefield and Ernie Caceres. In addition, four excellent trumpeters are heard—Jonah Jones, Doc Cheatham, Charlie Shavers, and Emmett Berry—one on each session. Three of the rhythm sections are built around the superb Cozy Cole, the Philly Joe Jones of the '40s, (Specs Powell

does well on the other), and the trios on the two earliest sessions here—Clyde Hart, Cole, and either Oscar Pettiford or Milt Hinton—are classic. My favorite tracks are *Every Man for Himself* and *Look Out Jack*, with fine 52nd St. Hawkins; *Bird Brain*, which has nice sax-section writing and good Cheatham; *Save It, Pretty Mama*, with another good sax-section passage and beautiful Webster and Caceres; and *Jump-in' with Judy*, with a charging Budd Johnson solo. An essential album for Swing era devotees, which others are advised to investigate.

Swing 1946 is a much less consistent set. Four tracks are from a superb Benny Carter-led date with Buck Clayton, Webster, Al Grey, and Sid Catlett. *Cadillac Slim* is notable for Catlett's drumming (it's his tune, also), fine solos by Webster and

Carter, and a wonderful set of fours between the two saxophonists. The other tunes are *What'll It Be?*, *Out of My Way* (a charming Catlett composition with a vocal by him), and *Sweet Georgia Brown*, with an advanced clarinet chorus by Carter and some powerful Clayton over bop riffs.

This brings up an historical point. On many of the Thomas sides, and throughout the Carter and Sedic dates, we hear bop rearing its lovely head. Harmonically, these so-called Swing-era players had little trouble in assimilating the new devices, and rhythmically the bop influence was also invigorating. Apparently, the strict division some critics would make between the musics is a less than amiable fiction. To my ears, men like Carter, Clayton, and Bill Coleman gained much from contact with the new music of the '40s.

The four Gene Sedic tracks are good, solid 52nd St. music, with guitarist Al Casey and Sedic taking honors. The rhythm section, especially pianist Freddy Jefferson and drummer Slick Jones, is bop-oriented.

Annotator Stanley Dance contends that Jonah Jones is underrated, which is true, but you'd never know it from his blaring and vulgar playing on his four tracks. Ike Quebec plays well, but the other horns (Tyree Glenn and Rudy Powell) range from mediocre to awful. Jones can be heard to better advantage on the Walter Thomas LP.

Finally, we come to Don Byas, a true forgotten giant of the saxophone. The first five tracks are a quartet date from 1946. *Blue and Sentimental* is a highlight, and throughout Byas shows his personal adaptation of bop to the Hawkins-Carter mode of saxophone art.

The next four tracks add French altoist Hubert Rostaing, trumpeter Peanuts Holland, and Tyree Glenn. Byas' ballad *Gloria* is a beautiful tune, an uncle to *Naima*, and the tenorist's harmonic sophistication makes one wonder how much influence he had on John Coltrane. I suspect quite a bit.

The final six tracks from 1949 unite Byas with trumpeter Coleman and a mediocre French rhythm section, headed by the then ghastly piano of Bernard Peiffer. Strangely, his melange of Monk, Powell, Garner, and Shearing doesn't give the soloists much trouble and occasionally seems to inspire them. They probably dug the "sophisticated" harmonies and screened out the rest.

Coleman is inspired on every track. I think he belongs in the trumpet pantheon, below Armstrong and alongside Eldridge, Gillespie and a few others. Listen to the beginning of his *Blues At Noon* solo where he momentarily sounds like Don Cherry (a compliment), or to his fluid improvisation on *Lover Man*.

Byas is also in top form, and he seems to have grown rhythmically in the three years since the '46 date. Before, his multi-noted flurries, although rhythmically correct, were often more decorative than propulsive; now, every note has its rhythmic meaning. The final track, an up-tempo *St. Louis Blues*, swings like mad, and Byas' riffs in the out chorus are explosive. A fitting climax to an excellent album.

—Larry Kart

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FRANK STROZIER/

BLINDFOLD TEST

FRANK STROZIER is a mild-mannered, compact man with a big alto sound and style that contrast with his personality.

Born in Memphis, Tenn., he was one of a group of gifted youths who attended high school together, among them the late Booker Little; George Coleman, Hank Crawford, and Harold Mabern. He achieved a measure of prominence in Chicago in the late '50s, studying at Chicago Conservatory and playing with the MJT + 3.

Moving to New York in 1959, he first worked again with that now-defunct group, then joined Roy Haynes. He was with the drummer's quartet intermittently from 1961-64, and recorded under his own name for Riverside. In the summer of '63, he spent a couple of months with Miles Davis.

Settling in Los Angeles in 1965, he worked for three and a half years with Shelly Manne and for several months last year with the Don Ellis orchestra. During this time, he perfected his work on flute and other doubles—the only way to edge into the lucrative studio scene.

Though often busy with commercial dates, Strozier nowadays is one of the most powerful alto soloists in a neo-Parker groove, as his recording with Ellis of *K. C. Blues* eloquently attests.

This was his first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

1. ERIC KLOSS. *The Girl With the Fall in Her Hair* (from *Sky Shadows*, Prestige). Kloss, alto saxophone; Pat Martino, composer.

I enjoyed the record. It sounded like it might have been John Handy and I like him, but it was so much of the same stuff you're hearing today—just go for broke on one scale.

I have nothing against one scale; I love it, but it's just a crutch for so many musicians today. I think that the caliber of a lot of musicians who are doing well today, or have records out, is just not up to the caliber of, say, a few years ago, simply because of these modes. You can get away with so much—who's to say you're wrong? It's just a scale, you can extend it any way you want to, it's just a matter of taste and just an easy way out.

I don't know who started this trend. I think it was Miles . . . but it's not his fault that everyone jumped on the bandwagon. I think his music is definitely valid.

It's easier to hear, so it's easier to play on and if anything goes, why not? But like I say, I respect John Handy, I like him, but there are so many others that I resent. Do I have to rate it? I hate to rate it. It's kind of a dilemma, because he plays well, but then there's that scale thing again. I'd have to say three stars.

2. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *We Now Interrupt for a Commercial* (from *New York Is Now!*, Blue Note).

One thing, I'm glad the guy broke in with his comment, because now I know it's a joke like I thought it was. . . .

I have no idea who it was, but I couldn't rate that. Not as jazz. As music, it might make it as background for a movie or a cartoon. All sounds can express something; if you can see the people acting out something, then anything in the background can be applied to whatever you might be seeing; but as far as listening—it's out of the question.

3. HAROLD LAND. *Stylin'* (from *The Peace Maker*, Cadet). Land, flute, composer; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Donald Bailey, drums, harmonica.

I don't know who that is—I'm really out of touch! Two in a row!

It was just so-so. I got a lot from the drummer; he sounded awful good to me, but maybe I expected longer solos and by the time they got into it, it was over. All of them played short solos. I'd say just three stars.

4. STAN KENTON. *Lonely Boy* (from *Compositions of Dee Barton*, Capitol).

Well, I don't know who any of the players were. The band sounded good and I thought it was a good orchestration. It was very interesting, very enjoyable to listen to. . . .

I think that for what it was, it got the message across to me. Four stars.

5. LEE KONITZ. *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* (from *The Lee Konitz Duets*, Milestone). Konitz, alto and baritone saxophones; Marshall Brown, trombone and euphonium; no rhythm section.

I like it! It was very good. It was Lee Konitz, and I guess he and Charlie Parker did more to influence me—as far as even getting into jazz they were the two altoists I heard first, and they are probably most responsible for my being in jazz. I think Lee was then, and still is, one of the most original alto players or saxophone players. It's a study in contrast with Charlie Parker and Konitz, but I think we definitely need that contrast.

I think Bird played harder and Konitz is a little more subdued, but there's a place for them both. Just because a person isn't ripping the pads off his horn, I don't think he should be kept down or whatever, or put down.

I thought the idea of no rhythm section was wonderful. I thought it came off well because of the musician Konitz is; that had a lot to do with it. The trombone player

sounded good too. I love the idea; I'd give it four stars.

6. SONNY STITT. *Bye Bye Blackbird* (from *Soul Electricity*, Prestige). Stitt, alto saxophone; Don Patterson, organ; Billy Butler, guitar.

I enjoyed that very much, it had a good feeling. It was Sonny Stitt, and he's very definitely one of my favorites. You can't call him New Wave exactly, but you certainly can't call it an old wave, because his ideas stand up by anybody's standards. He's always been one of the tightest musicians and one of the kings of swing and he plays anything—on his worst night he swings and he knows the saxophone, which I can't say for everybody. He really knows it and he plays it.

The organ player sounded good; he got over the organ well. The whole thing just felt good. The guitar player I didn't like as well as the organ. Of course, there's a lot of Sonny, and the overall feeling was very good and happy.

I'd have to give Sonny five stars. Not for that particular record, but for Sonny being what he is.

Sounded like Sonny used a varitone after the rhythm choruses and used it very well, something I plan to start doing pretty soon, because I'm doing clinics for Selmer, as Sonny is, and they're going to give me electronic equipment. I'm for electronic music, a lot of it, as long as it doesn't result in chaos.

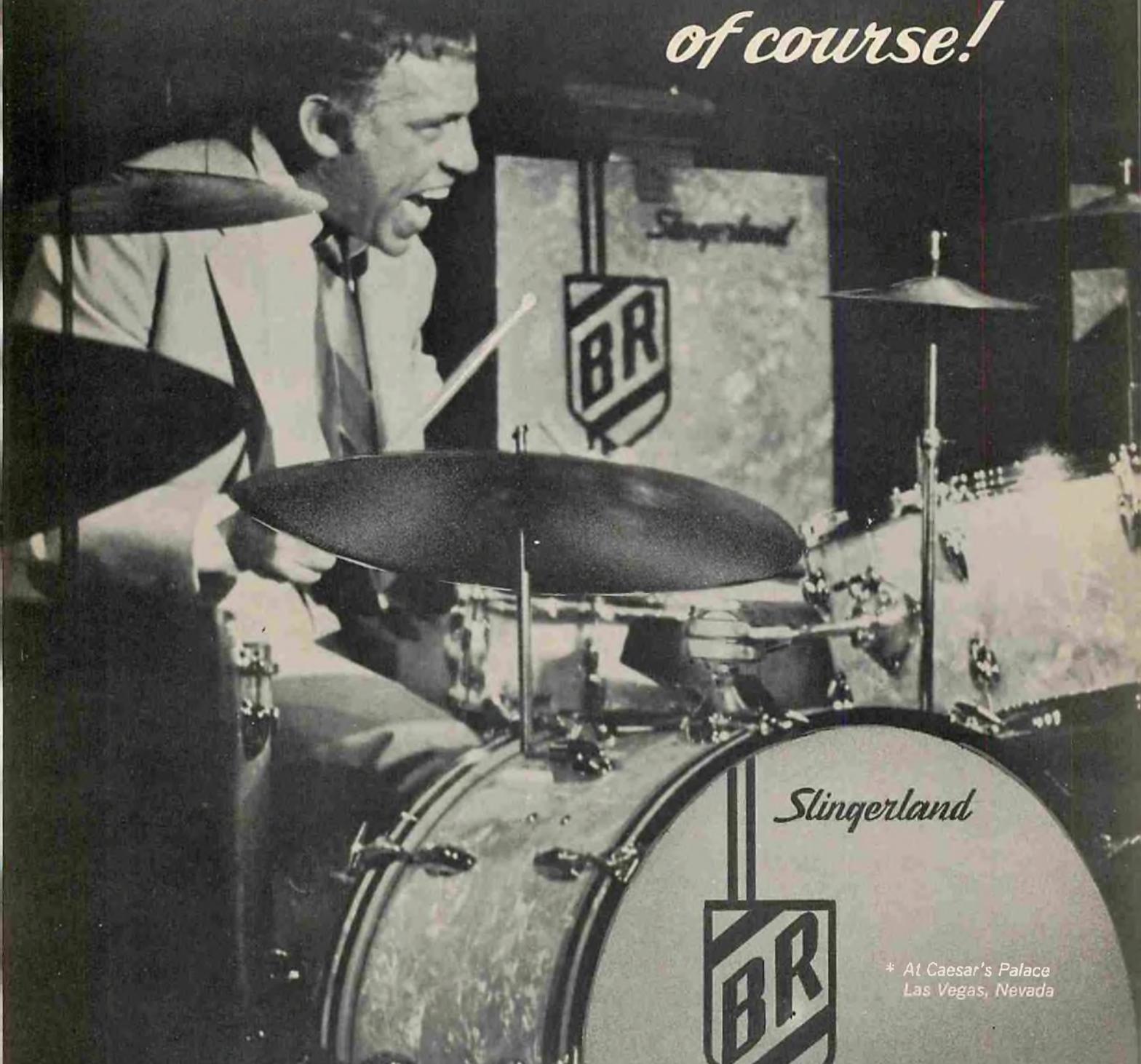
7. VI REDD. *Now's The Time* (from *Bird Call*, Solid State). Miss Redd, alto saxophone, vocal; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Roy Ayers, vibraharp; Leroy Vinnegar, bass.

It sounded like Vi Redd to me; I enjoy her very much, and the trumpet. The bass player sounded very strong and he had a good feel.

The whole record had a good feeling, but maybe more could have been done as far as the solos were concerned, so three stars.



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

Resplendent in colorful Afro garb, the Adderley Quintet played to a packed house for a week in Atlanta. For a city not noted for a particularly full jazz menu, the quintet's appearance and acceptance proved that a receptive market does exist.

The group quickly established a rocking groove during their first set with three consecutive up-tempo numbers. Zawinul's *Seventy-Four Miles Away* opened the evening, a piece which allowed Nat Adderley to perform his unique trumpet sounds—and gained the ear of the audience for the whole band. *Sweet Emma*, Nat's tribute to the little lady from New Orleans, continued the groove, with Cannonball putting aside his sax for a tambourine. This move got the audience into a foot-stomping, finger-snapping and swizzle-stick tapping mood, and the band held them with Cannonball's *The Sticks*, a rousing showcase for the leader's alto.

It should be mentioned here that Cannonball knows well the art of establishing rapport with a nightclub audience. When the group first assembled on the stage and played a few bars of their theme, he quickly took a hand mike, introduced the individual members, and then told about the first full number they would play. Laced with humor, his remarks never allowed the crowd to be in the dark as to what was being performed. And this graciousness extended to every piece being

played during the evening. In the nightclub milieu, where printed programs would be impractical, and a certain percentage of every audience is not familiar with jazz (let alone individual numbers), his witty, articulate comments permitted everyone to be in on the happenings onstage. And never once did he demean himself or the quintet by acting as emcee; if anything, he further enhanced their and his stature with the appreciative audience.

With the crowd on their side, *Come Sunday*, that lovely section from Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige*, followed the up-tempo pieces—given almost entirely to Joe Zawinul and Victor Gaskin in terms of solos. They infused the number with sensitivity and feeling.

An Adderley performance can no longer escape *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, which followed. Virtually everyone in the club knew *Mercy*, and they showed it with enthusiastic applause. The song, however, wears well, and the quintet played it with gusto.

The above pattern was followed for each set: two or three up-tempo, rocking numbers, a ballad, and then back to the soulful groove. Nat got in his vocal of *Oh, Babe*, a great crowd-pleaser, which included several topical comments about the current scene that few could miss. Gaskin had several opportunities for extended electric bass solos, but the club's amplification system, otherwise a superior one, tended to distort his low notes.

The mandatory drum solo was proficiently handled by McCurdy, but failed to light any fires. When Cannonball, brother Nat, and Zawinul played, however, the

sound was good and the performances superlative. Both brothers can play the boppish figures of the 1950's and still make them come out sounding fresh and new. Zawinul, on the other hand, was all over the piano, particularly on his own number, *Rumplestiltskin*, putting him right up there with the avant-garde, but carrying the audience with him.

Unfortunately, there was little ensemble playing, something the group does well; what there was was exciting, leaving one wishing for more. But it was in pieces like *Why Am I Treated So Bad?* and *A Sack O' Woe* that the quintet was truly in its element, making it sound as though they had the original patent on soul.

The Birdcage is a spacious, well-appointed room, combining a cocktail lounge and a restaurant, and it seats several hundred. Visibility and acoustics are good. Unfortunately, the Adderley appearance attracted little publicity, although the long lines at the doors indicated that word had gotten around. With this success, perhaps Atlanta will be seeing more jazz artists in the near future. —William H. Young

Tony Williams

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Larry Young, organ; John McLaughlin, guitar; Williams, drums.

Get ready for the Tony Williams Trio. This is a group that is going to make a lot of noise, as they say in the trade. Some people may take this literally, as the level of volume is generally very high. However, there is attention paid to dynamics, and there is a shifting of meters and tonal colors that makes this a kaleidoscopic threesome—one that builds and holds interest.

The amplification and content of the music combine to give the group a sound of today. Although it is a jazz unit, it washes away all of the rock groups trying to go in this direction. With Williams at the helm, there is a rhythmic drive and diversity equalled by few players today. Often accused of playing too loud in the Miles Davis group—sometimes with justification—Williams has found a context in which he can bash away and not overpower his cohorts. It is highly creative bashery and, as implied before, the decibel level is not always high.

Young has been called the 'Trane of the organ by Jack McDuff, and with good reason. It's not that he is playing Coltrane licks on the Hammond either. He has been influenced by the music of the late saxophone great, to be sure, but his personal ideas mark him as one of the real individualists of the organ today.

McLaughlin is the young British guitarist in whom Miles Davis has been showing interest lately. (Remember when Miles hired a young drummer named Anthony Williams out of Jackie McLean's band?) Rhythmically, his solos have a very good feel and complement all the other sounds and rhythms swirling around and underneath.

There has been a lot of talk about "energy" in music in the past few years. Williams' trio has energy to spare—and the creativity to give it direction.

—Ira Güller

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Well, the Governor just about said it all except to declare the winners who would go on to St. Louis for the May 22-24 finals. Perhaps it was Rampton's exhortations (plus some damn good arrangements) but Utah claimed two of the three winners—the University of Utah big band and Lloyd Miller, jazz vocalist, also from U.U. The winning combo—a trio whimsically titled The \$19.95 Plus Tax—hailed from Colorado State College (Greeley).

Other big band finalists included the University of Colorado (Boulder) group who featured some very tasty charts by Neil Bridge; and the University of Nevada (Reno) band who played flawlessly but suffered from a lack of soloists compared to Utah's out-fronters.

Combo finalists included the Dave Adams Sextet, Colorado State University (Fort Collins) and Jazz Ensemble II, a quartet from San Jose State College (Calif.). The latter group played especially well; tenor saxophonist Rick Prioste was chosen the festival's best reed player and Fender bassist Bob Boehm best rhythm player. But the \$19.95 hung together and swung together to the ultimate satisfaction of the judges.

Miller won the vocal title in an unusual ploy. The judges couldn't decide what exactly to make of his oriental jazz playing—on the zarb, oud, santur, dantranh, and Thai flute—and his oriental scat vocals, so he played one set in the finals doing all of his things. The judges decided to ship him off to St. Louis for further identification. John Martin of Colorado State University and pretty Nancy Roberts, University of Denver, had to fight nervousness and shaky pitch in addition to Miller's exotica.

Other individual winners included Dave Bush, trumpet, (University of Utah), best brass player (Bush received a \$200 Berkeley scholarship for his trouble, as did Prioste and Boehm). The Fred Gretsch Co. drum award (to the Summer Jazz Clin-

ics) went to Dave Hardin, Colorado State College; the Gretsch guitar award went to Jerry Seare, of the Dixie Junior College rock group (St. George, Utah). Best Original Composition trophy was awarded to Eddie Evans of the University of Nevada for his *Gregorian Chant*.

Other representation included big bands from Brigham Young Univ. (Provo, Utah); Utah State University (Logan); Colorado State College and San Jose State College. Dwight Cannon, leader of the San Jose Jazz Ensemble I, demonstrated excellent musical taste and originality of programming, but not enough common ground on which the judges could make comparisons.

Additional combos were heard from Utah State University, University of Arizona, and the Univ. of Colorado. Other vocalists came from Adams State College (Alamosa, Col.); and the College of Southern Idaho (Twin Falls).

Dr. William Fowler was festival coordinator and had his hands full—the new Salt Palace Hall was under construction until minutes before the downbeat. A cement-floored stage and a tiled theatre floor made the acoustics ultra-lively, but the audiences were appreciative—if somewhat deafened. Adjudication chores were bravely handled by Billy Byers, Murray Williams and Gerald Wilson. Interlocutor: Charles Suber. Sponsorship by the Salt Lake *Tribune*, with beautiful assistance from practically everybody in town.—C.S.

Brew Moore

The Scene, New York City

Personnel: Moore, tenor saxophone; Dave Frishberg, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Johnny Robinson, drums.

Moore has sounded consistently good since his return from Europe last year, in engagements at the Half Note and La Boheme. This Sunday afternoon session for Jazz Interactions was no exception.

Moore's brand of emotional, romantic, hard-swinging music captivated the waitresses and bartenders as well as the JJ regulars. It also got to the usual night time denizens of the club—the rock kids. A rock band scheduled to play that night had come early to stash their instruments and stayed until Brew was through.

His repertoire included *I Love You*; *Blue Monk* (with some low register interjections a la the composer, or Sonny Rollins); a particularly driving *My Shining Hour*; a waltzing *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Softly As In a Morning Sunrise*—up; *It's You Or No One*; *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*; and his theme, *No More Brew*.

The supporting cast varied in quality and intensity. Frishberg never let down. He is an individual soloist in a bluesy, loping style, and a fine accompanist. Robinson had the spirit but his chops were weak, something a lot of playing should cure. Garrison transmitted his usual fire and tensile strength, but copped out on *No One*. All during the number he was having trouble with the changes, and when it came time to solo, he played that strumming "concerto" that he has used as a feature with Coltrane, Archie Shepp and Elvin Jones. What it had to do with *No One*, I'll never know.

But Brew was beautiful. —Ira Gitler

Roland Kirk

Ronnie Scott Club, London, England

Personnel: Kirk, tenor, manzello, strich, clarinet, flute, piano, vocal; Ron Burton, piano; Vernon Martin, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums.

By now, it should be fairly obvious that Roland Kirk has his strong and weak points. If the evening under review emphasized some of the latter, it also proved again that Kirk's thing is quite unique and wholly admirable.

That he is a very "traditional" jazzman is shown not only by his organic use of showmanship but also by his inherent feeling for contrast and his readiness to accept all kinds of sounds into his frameworks. It is this, of course, which endears him to listeners brought up on more "popular" music, and Kirk made himself many new friends during this latest trip to England by jamming (on separate occasions) with Jimi Hendrix, Eric Clapton and Stevie Wonder. Not that he appears to be influenced by the currently fashionable theory of a progressive "third stream" uniting jazz and pop—in any case, the blues is what gets played at such confrontations, and the blues has always been an independent stream influencing jazz (for instance, Kirk's rousing version of Percy Mayfield's *River's Invitation*). Like Charles Mingus, Kirk has the ability to demonstrate the continuing validity of traditional forms and the traditional links between them.

Paradoxically, he does this by constant experimentation and by complete reliance on spontaneity (he takes more chances this way than anyone else, except maybe Sonny Rollins). So perhaps it is inevitable that he sometimes gets caught out, as he did by trying to sing *Kansas City*, which seemed particularly ill-advised when Jimmy Witherspoon was in the room. To start the final set of the evening, Kirk sat down at the piano for a lengthy *With a Little Help From My Friends*, which sounded vaguely like Monk but without any of Monk's ideas, and, above all, without Monk's sense of time. It would seem that these rather barren passages arise from a conscious desire to display the enormous variety and wealth of the jazz tradition. At one point, Roland announced "a number dedicated to Sidney Bechet and Big Sid Catlett, which will show you where Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa came from", a basically serious statement which was followed, however, by a clumsy clarinet solo that must have had Bechet turning in his grave.

This was clearly something of an off-night for Kirk, since not only his clarinet but his flute work seemed hung up on technical problems and repetitive phrasing, and he had a hard time getting anything going with his flute-and-humming duets. The trouble briefly spread to the rhythm section during *The Business Ain't Nothin' But the Blues*, when they messed up the stop-time chords and Roland, instantly responsive, used his "talking flute" to curse them out. It's a pity, by the way, that he doesn't find more challenging accomplices. Of the present trio, only drummer Hopps does anything that isn't very predictable and very earthbound.

But the fact that he has often had mediocre backing groups supports the view

that far from wanting to develop any new departure, Roland Kirk sees himself as a sort of walking history of jazz and probably would be quite happy to perform unaccompanied. Perhaps *Down Beat* could elect him to be the first jazz musician to go to convert the moon men.

—Brian Priestley

Tony Coe

University of Kent, Canterbury, England

Personnel: Coe, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Miko Pine, piano; Ron Mathewson, bass; Spike Wells, drums.

One of a series of 'Jazz at the Bar' concerts held before a packed audience of students, this was an evening of informal, groovy jazz. It was financed by the profits of pin tables and one-arm bandits in an adjoining recreation hall, and never have gambling losses been put to a better use.

Coe, who was born and still lives in Canterbury, is the local boy who made good. In recent times, he has refused several tempting offers to join Count Basie and for the past year has been a member of the highly volatile sax section in the Kenny Clarke/Francy Boland band. On their recent British tour, Tony emerged as a star of this stellar organization.

The experience with that remarkable international band has clearly helped Coe. He plays with a newfound authority and



Tony Coe

confidence and his tenor work reflects the influence of Clarke/Boland section mate Johnny Griffin. There are still shades of Paul Gonsalves, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster in his style, but Coe is his own man and master.

With an alert rhythm section, which served Roland Kirk superbly on a spring tour, Coe was in fine form. He began and ended his program with blues. The first was an unspecified, original 12-bar on which Coe embarked on a long, heated solo, matched by a dazzling statement by pianist Pine. Mathewson's bass also went on a short, savoury walk.

Cherokee gave Coe the chance to show his ease and daring with an up-up-and-away type tempo. Again Pine was lucid, his fierce attack reminiscent of Hamp Hawes. Wells, obviously keen on Elvin Jones and Tony Williams, flexed his muscles in a veritable drum barrage.

The leader brought out his clarinet for a latino *Shadow of Your Smile* which soon

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On *So What*, Coe illustrated that brevity still has a place in jazz. Anything that followed his two choruses of bristling tenor would have been an anti-climax except the whimsical contribution of Pine, who squeezed tantalizing references to *Satin Doll* into an intelligent solo.

Gloria, an opulent ballad that is a Coe feature with the Clarke/Boland outfit, had an Ellingtonian cast and included a magnificent unaccompanied tenor portion that evoked Frog and Bean.

The quartet wound up with a scorching version of Parker's *Cool Blues*—Tony wrongly announced it as *Yardbird Suite*—which was an invigorating curtain closer for all concerned.

Despite a dumb piano ("all this beautiful architecture and they put in an instrument like that," was Pine's despairing comment), some inattentive boors who buzzed round the bar, and less than satisfactory acoustics, amplification and lighting (deep purple), this was an impressive advertisement for British jazz. Coe and company can hold their own anywhere.

—Mark Gardner

Stan Getz

Frog and Nightgown, Raleigh, N.C.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Larry Willis, piano; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Getz introduced a new quartet in his latest engagement at the Frog, the South's highest-flying jazz club. Just back from a European tour and sporting sideburns and a wide tie, Getz was at the top of his form.

The quartet already works well together, occasionally rising from professionalism into the realm of artistry. Getz's technique continues to give him freedom to create fantastic effects at will. For example, he sometimes produces a lush tremolo to satirize an over-lyrical phrase of an old standard. Or he inserts a line from the lowest register of the horn in sudden

dramatic contrast. But, beyond technique, reed work and range, he has something even more important: imagination.

He may change moods several times within a single solo, shifting from incisive passages to calmly lyrical ones, or to an occasional raucous statement. He has the keenest sense of melody and the surest musical invention. These are what have taken him to the top. In addition, he chooses his material with skill, avoiding over-familiar and stereotyped numbers.

Vitous, the young Czech bass player who has been living in this country for the last couple of years, was on the European tour with Getz. He is a compelling soloist with strong melodic sense and extraordinary control over his instrument. He has a startling knack for making a glissando imitate a bowed string. On bossa nova numbers (of which there were few) he showed exceptional feeling for the rhythm and beat. The latest Critics' Poll put him well up among "talent deserving of wider recognition."

Chambers is one of the newcomers to the quartet. He knows how to use restraint when appropriate, and is a master of brush-work. In a group of this kind, these skills are essential. Yet Chambers can swing out and make fireworks when the time comes.

Pianist Willis is another newcomer. His work is impressive, and I have no hesitation in predicting that much more is going to be heard from him. He has done his homework and is now ready for big things. Above all, he doesn't just play a solo, he builds it, giving it form and content and infusing it with feeling. There is an emotional line in his solos as well as a musical line. And he plays with gusto, using some highly original cross-rhythms. His ensemble work is excellent, and includes clever use of contrapuntal devices.

For the record, the Frog and Nightgown is owned and run by a Ph.D. in physical chemistry who occasionally disappears on a trip to deliver some arcane paper. Peter Ingram and his wife Robin have a thriving oasis here, which proves that jazz can find new roots in the provinces.

—D. D. Williams



Stan Getz: At the top of his form

JORDAN

(Continued from page 17)

not to adjust myself to what's happening right now. I might sing a couple of tunes the way the kids are doing them today. But essentially I think the music is going to make the difference—my updating some of the songs I did before, modernizing the arrangements."

The man who has been called the Big Daddy of r&b, whose impact in the '40s was comparable to that of the Beatles in the '60s, looks healthy and exudes an infectious confidence that seems to take years off his age. A decade has passed since he resolved a physical crisis.

"I'm only 5 feet 6 inches, and I had gotten up to 196 pounds," he said. "My health was affected. Between 1958 and '60, I took off 35 pounds, and ever since I lost that weight, I've felt fine."

A year ago he dropped the organ sound; he travels with Herbert Anderson, trumpet; Julius Brooks, tenor saxophone; John Houston, piano; Dallas Bartece, bass, and Bill Moore, drums. "Dallas is the only link with the old group—he played in the original Tympany Five," Jordan said. "All the others are dead."

Jordan's biggest regret is that despite his phenomenal successes in this country he has done surprisingly little touring abroad. He took the combo to the West Indies in 1954, went to London just once, and toured the Far East (Manila, Japan, Bangkok, Okinawa) in 1967 and again in '68, with Martha Jordan along as vocalist.

"Even the one visit to England was all messed up," he said, "because of the 'killer fog'—the worst in history—which hit London just at that time, about six years ago. We had to land in Scotland and take a train to London. I worked eight concert dates, backed by Chris Barber's band. But to this day I've never taken any group to England or the continent. I sure would like to work something out."

A visit from Jordan and his men would not only be musically stimulating and consistently entertaining, but might also provided European listeners with a course in jazz history that most of them have missed. A similar observation might be made in connection with the U.S. festival scene. Incredible as it seems, Jordan has never been invited to play Newport, Monterey, or any of the other American jazz festivals. He is understandably piqued by this.

Those who tend to think of Jordan as a relic of an era long gone should be afforded a chance to see how wrong they are. At 60, he is the liveliest memento on the scene, representing a period in jazz evolution when combo music often did not concern itself with intellectual aspirations, but audience response was at an unsurpassed high.

Discographical Note

Louis Jordan and His Tympany Five: *Let The Good Times Roll* (Decca DL 8551). The original recordings of the million-sellers and others.

Louis Jordan: *One-Sided Love/Sakatumi* (Pzazz LP 321). Recorded in 1968. 11 tracks.

Louis Jordan: *Santa Claus, Santa Claus/Sakatumi* (Pzazz 015). 

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(Continued from page 13)

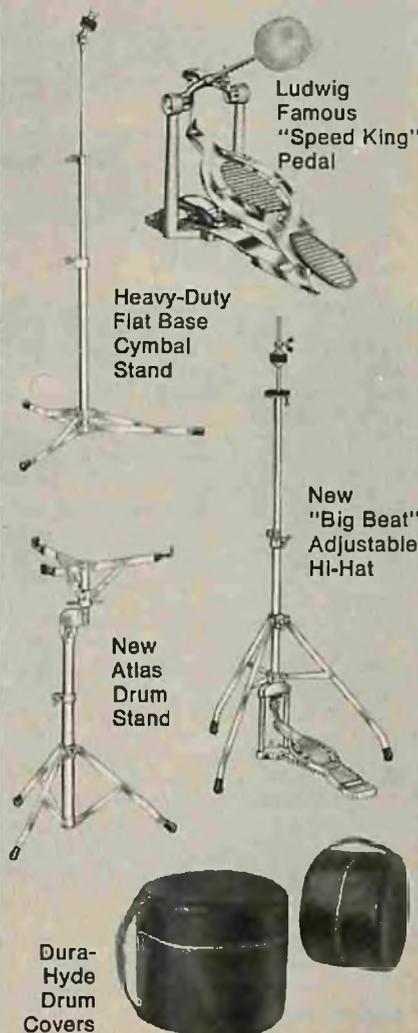
Getz were Larry Willis, piano; Miroslav Vitous, bass, and Pete LaRoca, drums. At Top of the Gate, Bill Evans' trio (Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morell, drums) alternated with Toshiko . . . Organist Freddie Roach's three-act "bar room drama" *Soul Pieces* was performed at the RKO Penthouse and the Amp Theater, both in Newark. Roach, who also wrote the show's 16 tunes, played the score accompanied by percussionist Elwood Thompson . . . Michael Shepherd's trio did four nights at Count Basie's. With the young drummer were Billy Gault, organ, and James Benjamin, Fender bass . . . Cannonball Adderley's quintet, singer Letta Mbulu, and organist Jimmy McGriff's quartet drew record crowds at the Club Baron . . . Clark Terry played a concert for the Hartford Jazz Society with Don Friedman, piano; Larry Ridley, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums . . . Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers were at La Boheme opposite a group co-led by Ted Curson and Booker Ervin . . . Chico Hamilton has composed, produced and performed the music for TV spots for the Book of Knowledge. The drummer's sextet did a week at Slugs in mid-April . . . Charlie Shavers did a Wednesday night at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . Prestige records has signed guitarist Billy Butler and saxophonist Rusty Bryant.

Los Angeles: Benny Carter conducted his requiem in honor of Dr. Martin Luther King as part of a large, integrated Good Friday memorial service at UCLA. Carter disdained using the term "requiem" to describe his four-movement work, but later admitted it seemed the most convenient and accurate. Trumpeter Bobby Bryant, organist Mike Melvoin, guitarist John Pisano and Carter himself on soprano saxophone and bass clarinet were the featured instrumentalists; Monette Moore the featured singer . . . Teen-aged pianist Craig Hundley and his trio were booked for their first Las Vegas gig, a five-week stand at the Sands opposite Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence beginning June 25 . . . Vibist Tommy Vig's first booking at Donte's turned out to be a multiple affair: two Sundays with a big band of Buddy Childers, Dalton Smith, Reunald Jones, Jr., Jay Daversa, Jack Holland, trumpets; Charlie Loper, Bob Brookmeyer, George Bohannon, Mike Wimberley, trombones; Don Waldrop, tuba; Ira Schulman, Tony Oretga, Don Menza, Herman Riley, Bill Perkins, reeds; Mike Wofford, Piano; John Collins, guitar; Herb Mickman, bass; John Guerin, drums; Joe Porcario, percussion . . . Mickman received a last-minute call to replace Woody Herman's bassist, Arthur Harper, at the Hong Kong Bar during the final week of the Herd's stand there . . . Another bassist who's been limbering up his big band chops is Ray Neapolitan. He worked with Dee Barton's band at Donte's and for other casuals, and was set to record with both the Barton band and Larry Cansler's orchestra. He also subbed for Chuck Domanico at a Guitar Night at

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Donte's in a group led by John Pisano (Willie Ruff, French horn; Frank Severino, drums). When Domanico arrived for the last set, both bassists played, and the results were so pleasing Pisano might use this setup for his next gig. Neapolitan also worked with the Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet at Donte's for six nights—a gig highlighted by some happy nepotism: Harold Land, Jr. was on piano. Drummer Doug Sides rounded out the group . . . Pete Christlieb's quartet replaced Tom Scott's combo at the Lighthouse for Sunday afternoons, with the leader on tenor sax and flute; Jay Daversa, trumpet; Mark Levine, piano; the ubiquitous Neapolitan, bass, and Donald Bailey, drums. Following this group, The Aquarians moved into the Sunday slot at the club; fronted by pianist Vladimir Vassiliev, who just signed with UNI records and has appeared on the *Steve Allen Show*, the combo, despite its name, is basically Latin-jazz oriented (Joe Roccisano, reeds; Lynn Blessing, vibes; Joe Pass, guitar; Al McKibbon, bass; Carl Lott, drums; Francisco Aquabella, congas) . . . A recent concert at the Smoke House in Encino featured Les McCann, with Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Donald Dean, drums, along with the host for the irregularly scheduled bashes, guitarist Ron Anthony. The sessions have been shifted from Tuesdays to Mondays, and singer Bill Henderson was scheduled next . . . Ray Charles and his entourage (17-piece band; singers and dancers) are on a two-month cross-country tour that will end in Los Angeles May 20 and included a two-week stopover in Mexico City at El Camino Real . . . Conga player Big Black has been starring in the play *Big Time Buck White* at the Committee Theater in San Francisco since mid-February, and local pianist Joyce Collins is playing with and conducting for a group, The Unusual We, appearing with the Harry James band at the New Frontier in Las Vegas . . . Reedman Jay Migliore is fronting a group at the Carriage House in Burbank on Sundays, with Frank Strazzeri, piano; Jimmy Cannon, bass; Maurice Miller, drums . . . Eddie Cano is currently at Bob Adler's 940 Club, and close by, Melba Moore is at Redd Foxx's. The marquee says "Melba", but the singer prefers the first name of "Monette," to avoid confusion with a New York Melba Moore featured in *Hair* . . . Mongo Santamaria enjoyed a generally SRO stay at the Lighthouse. Freddie Hubbard followed. Bobby Bryant's Monday-Tuesday sessions at the club have ended, and Mondays are now dark nights . . . The Advancement played two weeks at Shelly's Manne-Hole without original leader Jim Stewart, who left suddenly to tour with John Gary. His replacement, guitarist John De Rose, is much in the same classically-oriented bag. The quintet is now a cooperative, with bassist Lou Kabok calling the tunes and beating off time for Lynn Blessing, vibes; Hal Gordon, congas, and Al Cecchi, drums . . . Leonard Feather was invited to emcee a jazz festival at Arizona State University. When he arrived, he saw a billboard proclaiming "Leonard Feather's Jazz Festival"—a small matter of which he had not been advised in advance. The event, which may be-

come annual, had Don Ellis and his orchestra with Patty Allen, vocals; the Hutcherson-Land Quintet with Hampton Hawes; Les McCann's trio, and Father Tom Vaughn and his threesome. A panel discussion featured Feather, Ellis, McCann, Fr. Vaughn, and disc jockey Mort Fega, who now works in Phoenix, Ariz. . . . Quincy Jones is the latest addition to the expanding jazz roster of A&M records . . . Ray Charles' Tangerine label has inked organist Wild Bill Davis . . . Don Ellis has been assigned to score *Moon Zero Two*, currently shooting in London . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet worked the Bellas Artes in Mexico City for two nights . . . A daughter, Jasmine Christina, was born April 16 to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Terry. The event was quite appropriate for the trumpeter-band leader, who bills himself as Big Daddy.

San Francisco: Phil Moore III, in town as musical director of *Big Time Buck White*, formed a big band—a "fun thing"—for Monday and Tuesday night airings at the Both/And during April. Pete Walker, Bill Atwood, Zane Woodworth, Waldo Carter, trumpets; Pat O'Hara, Ken Little, trombones; Jim Dukie, Jerry Gilmore, Norman Williams, Noel Jewkes, Barry Ulman, reeds; Jim Petrie, bass; Eddie Moore, drums; Frank Obligation, conga, and Moore on piano made such a good impression, playing a book containing many of Moore's one-time teacher Gil Fuller's arrangements and his own contributions to the Gerald Wilson library, that S.F. State College and some of the local clubs showed interest in future bookings. The band also played two "total improvisation" concerts at the Light Sound Dimension Theater under the Jazz Action Movement banner . . . Archie Shepp, Artist-in-Residence on the Berkeley campus during the University's Jazz Week for a series of lectures on jazz aesthetics, moved into the Both/And in mid-April with Grachan Moncur, trombone; Henry Grimes, bass, and Beaver Harris, drums . . . The Gary Burton Quartet played the final Bear's Lair concert on the Berkeley campus April 11; one of the events culminating in U.C.'s Third Annual Jazz Festival April 25 and 26. The Max Roach Quintet (Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Gary Bartz, alto; Stan Cowell, piano; Reggie Workman, bass), scheduled to open the festival with Abbey Lincoln and the Downs Memorial Church Choir, did a week at the Jazz Workshop just prior to that event. Shepp, Sonny Rollins (appearing solo; without backing) and Albert King were also slated for the festival's first night, to be followed by an afternoon of percussion with Roach, Zutty Singleton, Elvin Jones, Tony Williams, Roy McCurdy, King Errison, Pops Foster, and emcee Cannonball Adderley, and the final evening, with Adderley's quintet, Herbie Hancock's sextet, Nina Simone with 10-piece vocal and instrumental backing, and Martha Reeves and the Vandellas . . . Stanford U. at Palo Alto were strong contenders in the local jazz festival stakes with a lineup for May 3 and 4 concerts including O.C. Smith, Dick Gregory, Letta Mbulu, Roland Kirk, and Duke Ellington, with others not set at

presstime . . . The **Sammy Davis Jr.** Show with **Carmen McRae** was a high hit at Lake Tahoe's **Harrab's** . . . The **Oakland Coliseum** has begun a series of major rock and pop concerts. **Credence Clearwater, Canned Heat, and Cold Blood** were on April 11; **Jimi Hendrix** was scheduled for April 27; **Sergio Mendes** for May 2; **Dionne Warwick** for July, and **Blood, Sweat & Tears** for August . . . **Sun Ra's Astro-Infinity Arkestra**, which made its S.F. debut some months ago, was in West Coast orbit again with a concert at Santa Clara University in April, followed by appearances at U.C. Santa Cruz, S.F. Art Institute, Stanford, and U.C. Davis . . . **Woody Herman** was set for **Bimbo's 365** April 17 and 18, with **Bill Chase** as featured soloist . . . Trumpeter **Pat Houston**, tenorist **Rudy Tapiro** (first clarinet with the **Oakland Symphony**) and drummer **Bill Nawrocki** were featured soloists at a concert given by the **Jazz Workshop ensemble** at Holy Name High School. **Sister Helen**, a teaching nun, was coordinator with Tapiro . . . Houston's old boss, **Buddy Rich**, had an eight-day engagement at **Basin St. West** in April.

New Orleans: **Willie Tee and the Souls**, house group at the **Jazz Workshop**, played for the **Xavier U. Black Arts Festival**, with **Herbie Mann** and **The Gospel Gems** also on the program. The **Souls**, who recently acquired bassist **George French**, also appeared on **WYES-TV's Neighborhood** show . . . Trombonist **Albert Mangelsdorf** and his group from

Germany have been added to the **Jazzfest 1969** lineup, which will also feature an all-star Dixieland group made up of European musicians . . . Reed man **Ernest Holland** has opened his own **Tulane Ave. club**, where his own group and vocalist **Jeri Hall** are featured . . . Pianist **Ran Blake**, currently teaching at **New England Conservatory**, was in town for a late March concert at **Tulane U.** and a whirlwind tour of the local jazz scene . . . **Sharkey Bonano**, the **Onward Brass Band**, and **Blanche Thomas' Dixieland Six** played a benefit concert for the **Jazz Museum**, which is moving to the new **Royal Sonesta Hotel**; its manager, **James Nassikas**, was recently elected president of the **New Orleans Jazz Club**. Another benefit was held in April for the **American Cancer Society**, with the **Eureka Brass Band**, the **Tuxedo Brass Band** led by **Albert French**, the **Last Straws**, and bassist **Sherwood Mangiapane's jazz band** . . . Bassist **Frank Sparcello** is leading a new trio at the **Fontainebleau**, on the same bill with clarinetist **Tony Mitchell's** combo . . . Vocalist **Betty Farmer** is back at the **Bistro** . . . Pianist **Chuck Berlin** has been subbing for **Ronnie Kole** at **Kole's Bourbon St. club** when the latter is on the road . . . Trumpeter **Tom Albret**, 91, was coaxed from his **French Quarter home** for a ceremony in his honor at a recent traditional jazz concert . . . The 1970 **Super Bowl** football classic will be held in **New Orleans**, thanks largely to the efforts of **Al Hirt** in the competitive presentation before the **Super Bowl Committee** last month. **Hirt** and **Hoagy Carmichael** performed at a party sponsored by the **New York Jets** the eve-

ning before the competition with **Miami**, site of the '69 game. After **New Orleans' victory**, **Miami mayor Steve Clark** cracked: "If I'd known they were going to bring **Al Hirt**, I'd have brought **Jackie Gleason**" . . . The **Famous Door**, perennial home of **Dixieland**, brought in trombonist **Santo Pecora** to front the band formerly led by bassist **Art Seelig**, and Pecora added trumpeter **Roy Liberto** to the lineup . . . Reedman **James Rivers** is currently the busiest avant garde jazzman in town. He leads his own combo on weekends at **Laura's**, then plays after hours at **Sylvia's Lounge**. On weeknights, Rivers works with the **June Gardner** combo at the **VIP** in **Mason's Motel** . . . Local clarinetist **Tommy Sancton, Jr.**, a sophomore at **Harvard**, joined forces with a **Yale revivalist group**, **The Galvanized Washboard Band**, and cut an LP to be released shortly . . . **James Brown** did an Easter concert at **Municipal Auditorium** . . . **Joe Morello** gave two drum clinics at **Werlein's Music Store** in mid-April . . . Bassist **Rod Saenz** returned home to join **Ronnie Dupont's** combo at **The Bistro**.

Dallas: The **Fairmount Hotel** was set to open April 17 with as ambitious a lineup of name acts for its **Venetian Room** as **Dallas** has ever seen since the **Empire and Century Room** days. **Jack Jones** was to be first for a three-week stay, followed in order by **Sergio Franchi**, **Patti Page**, and **Kay Starr**. Others to be signed include **Ella Fitzgerald**, **Lou Rawls**, **The Mills Brothers**, **Baja Marimba Band**, and **Al Martino**. **Jerry Gray** was imported as

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leader of the 10-piece house band . . . Pete Pedersen, arranger, comedian, and harmonica virtuoso, has moved to Memphis, joining the staff of Pepper Sound Studios . . . Also departing is **Ronald Modell**, SMU Stage Band director and Dallas Symphony trumpeter, who will join the faculty of Northern Illinois U., DeKalb, as associate professor of trumpet and, hopefully, organizer of a jazz program. His local "Man to Man" project, through which hundreds of underprivileged youngsters have received musical instruments and training, will be carried on by **Ross Powell**, the Symphony's director of educational activities . . . **Urbie Green** was guest soloist in April at North Texas State's Spring Lab Band concert in Denton . . . **Joe Williams** helped Harper's Corner celebrate its second birthday by packing SRO crowds into Hilton Inn, just as he had done one year earlier. The singer was backed by the local trio of **Freddie Crane**, piano; **Junior Graham**, bass, and **Banks Dimon**, drums . . . In Houston, the city's newest jazz spot, **Club Fontaine**, has the **Bobby Holland Trio** (**Bill Kinnerley**, bass; **Duke Barker**, drums) weeknights, with the **Lyn Carnegie** big band holding forth Sundays. Barker also fronts the group at The Bell&Beau after hours, with altoist **Jimmy Ford** featured . . . **Bob Morgan's** jazz octet from Sam Houston State College journeyed to Corpus Christi April 14 for a concert at Delmar College. Morgan, who won the Texas Composers Guild annual competition for 1969, has kept the tradition within the Sam Houston faculty. Last year's winner, who also won in 1966, was music department chairman **Dr. Fisher Tull**.

Toronto: Jazz came back to The Town with the arrival of **Buddy Tate's Celebrity Club Band**, which included **Emmett Berry**, **Benny Morton**, **Ray Jackson**, **Sam Sweet**, and **George Reed**. **Eddie Barefield** arrived the following week with his **Kansas City Specials**, featuring **Dick Vance**, **Eddie Durham**, **Dick Wellstood**, **Franklin Skeete**, and **Jimmy Crawford** . . . The **Jazz Giants** returned to the Colonial for a two-week date with some changes in personnel. Pianist **John Ulrich** has replaced **Claude Hopkins**, and bassist **John Ginfrieda** has taken over **Arvell Shaw's** spot, but the band is still one of the best with **Wild Bill Davison**, **Benny Morton**, **Herb Hall** and **Buzzy Drootin** remaining . . . **Lonnie Johnson**, still hospitalized after his accident (*DB*, May 15) will make a record for Arc label as soon as he's able to move about, and also expects to join **Buddy Tate** for an overseas tour later this year . . . **Buddy Greco** played a two-week date at the Beverly Hills Motor Hotel. He brought with him musical director **Richard Palombi**, trumpeter **Robert Monticelli**, and drummer **Al Bordy** . . . **Vibist Hagood Hardy** introduced a new act called **The Montage** at Stop 33. With him now are **Ian Henstridge**, **Dave Lewis**, and singers **Stephanie Taylor** and **Carrie Romo** . . . **Jimmy Dale**, former Toronto arranger-conductor, who was appointed musical consultant to the **Smothers Brothers Show** early this year, will move over to the new **Andy Williams Show** this fall.

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ROUND TRIP By Ornette Coleman

ORNETTE COLEMAN's solo on *Round Trip* from the album *New York Is Now* (Blue Note 84287) was transcribed by Jim McNeely, a young teacher-composer at the University of Illinois whose credits include a jazz mass. He comments: "The head is 4/4. In the solo there is no meter, only a basic pulse. For convenience, however, I have penciled in dotted lines every four beats, except in a few places indicated by numbers. These are only a guide for the eye, and are in no way to be taken as being measures. An accidental affects only the note immediately following it, except tied notes. The plus symbol means that the note is sharp, and the downward-pointing arrow indicates that the note is flat, less than the normal half step. The triangle notes occur where two notes are played at once. I must admit that my respect for Mr. Coleman's work, already great, increased immensely after I really got into one of his solos."

HEAD

SOLO

Handwritten musical score for guitar, consisting of 13 staves of music. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and technical markings such as '5' for a five-finger roll and '3' for triplets. The key signature is mostly flat, and the time signature is 6/8.

ON THE TRAIL

Arranged By

Barrie Nettles

THIS ARRANGEMENT was written for a concert at the Berklee School of Music to illustrate the wide range of timbral effects possible with a woodwind ensemble. The arranger, Barrie Nettles, has done free-lance recording and arranging work in various mediums. In addition, he was arranger for the U.S. Army Band of the Pacific in Honolulu, Hawaii from 1960-63, Music Therapist at the School for the Retarded in Pennhurst, Pennsylvania from 1964-65, and has been on the Berklee faculty since then.

By Ferde Grofe

Handwritten musical score for the first system of "On the Trail". The score is marked "LUBATO" and "Rit." (Ritardando). It includes parts for Flute, Oboe, Soprano, Bass Clarinet, Bass, Guitar, and Drums. A section labeled "A" begins with "To Alto" and "To Tenor" markings. The guitar part includes chords like F#m7 and F#m7(b9).

Handwritten musical score for the second system of "On the Trail". It includes parts for Alto, Oboe, Tenor, Soprano, Tenor, Bass Clarinet, Bass, Guitar, and Drums. The score continues with various musical notations and chord changes like G-7, Ab-7, and Db7.

ALTO
 OBR
 TENOR
 OBR
 SOP.
 TENOR
 B.S. CLAR.
 B.S. CLAR.
 BASS
 GTR.
 DRUMS

FREELY "12"
 To ALTO
 To TENOR
 ("2")

ALTO
 ALTO
 TENOR
 TENOR
 SOP.
 TENOR
 B.S. CLAR.
 B.S. CLAR.
 BASS
 GTR.
 DRUMS

("2")
 ("2")

ALTO
 ALTO
 TENOR
 TENOR
 SOP.
 TENOR
 B.S. CLAR.
 B.S. CLAR.
 BASS
 GTR.
 DRUMS

(ALTO)
 (ALTO)
 (TENOR)
 LEAD
 (TENOR)
 To BARI
 To BARI
 F D7(b9) G7(b9) C7(b9) F
 SWING
 Col BASS
 1W "4"

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

Col. ALTO 1
(Tenor) f

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

cresc. p p p ff
cresc. p p p ff
cresc. d #p #p ff
cresc. d #d d ff
(A) (G) H G
Solo
OPEN FOR SOP.
OPEN (CHANGES A-A)
OPEN FOR SOP.
OPEN FOR SOP. CHANGES OF A-A

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

ON CUE
mp
mp
Cresc. Poco-a-Poco
B.7 E(04)
A.7

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It includes vocal parts for Alto, Tenor, and Soprano, and instrumental parts for Tenor, Baritone, Bass, Guitar, and Drums. The score is written in a common time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal parts feature various notes and rests, while the instrumental parts include chords and rhythmic patterns. The bass line shows chords such as C7, Ab7, Eb7, A7, D7, G7, C7, and F. The guitar part is mostly rests, and the drums part shows a simple rhythmic pattern.

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It continues the vocal and instrumental parts from the first system. The vocal parts are more active, with many notes and rests. The instrumental parts also show more complex patterns. The bass line includes chords like C7, G7, F7, Ab7, and Eb7. The guitar part has some notes and rests. The drums part shows a more complex rhythmic pattern.

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It continues the vocal and instrumental parts from the second system. The vocal parts are very active, with many notes and rests. The instrumental parts also show complex patterns. The bass line includes chords like C7, A7, D7, Ab7, D7, Eb7, and A7. The guitar part has some notes and rests. The drums part shows a complex rhythmic pattern.

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It includes parts for Alto, Tenor, Soprano, Tenor, Baritone, Bass, Guitar, and Drums. The notation is in G major and 4/4 time. The guitar part has a solo section starting at measure 10. The drums part has a fill at measure 10.

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It continues the vocal and instrumental parts from the first system. The guitar part has a solo section starting at measure 10. The drums part has a fill at measure 10.

ALTO
ALTO
TENOR
TENOR
SOP.
TENOR
BARI.
BARI.
BASS
GTR.
DRUMS

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It includes a table of instrument changes and a solo section. The table lists changes for Flute, Clarinet, and Guitar. The solo section is marked 'Solo' and 'END Solo'.

Instrument	Change	Measure
ALTO	To FLUTE	15
ALTO	To FLUTE	15
TENOR	To FLUTE	15
TENOR	To CLAR.	14
SOP.	To CLAR.	14
TENOR	To Flute	15
BARI.	To CLAR.	15
BARI.	To CLAR.	15
BASS	CHANGES	15
GTR.	CHANGES	15
DRUMS	PLAY 16	16

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It includes a table of instrument changes and a solo section. The table lists changes for Flute, Clarinet, and Guitar. The solo section is marked 'Solo' and 'END Solo'. The guitar part has a solo section starting at measure 10. The drums part has a fill at measure 10.

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Pete's predictable.

Musically speaking, Pete Fountain's a predictable guy. Whether he's soulfully blowing a deep melancholy blues or swinging a spirited dixie, you can be sure the results will be entertaining and masterfully played.

In order to interpret his creative thoughts and moods in a session, Pete Fountain needs perfection. He needs a clarinet which will respond to the thought, the mood — immediately. Pete Fountain needs a predictable clarinet.

Pete Fountain found the "predictable" clarinet in a Leblanc (Paris) — that's the one with over 220 years of scientific and professional research behind it. When he performed with the Leblanc it responded — accented every thought, complimented every mood. Pete Fountain responded — he endorsed the series. They're now known as Leblanc (Paris) "Pete Fountain" clarinets, and they're just as "predictable" as ever. Go on down to your Leblanc dealer and try one, in fact go down twice — in two different moods. We love challenges.

For an informative Leblanc
"Pete Fountain" folder write to:

LEBLANC

G. Leblanc Corporation, 7019 30th Ave., Kenosha, Wis. 53141



Performing with Pete Fountain are other great Leblanc and Holton artists

Eddie Miller, Vito Saxophone, Connie Jones, Holton Trumpet, Mike Seckus, Holton Trumpet,
Jack Delaney, Holton Trombone, Joe Prejean, Holton Trombone, Oliver "Sticks" Felix, Holton Trombone