

MARCH 10, 1966

35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

MILES DAVIS: A MOST CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP

By MIKE ZWERIN

ALONG CAME JONES (Sam, That Is)

By BARBARA GARDNER

BOBBY HUTCHERSON: BACK TO THE WOODSHED

By ALLEN Z. KRONZEK

THE NEW YORK BENEFIT SCENE

By DAN MORGENSTERN

APPLE CORES, By LeRoi Jones

FEATHER'S NEST, By Leonard Feather

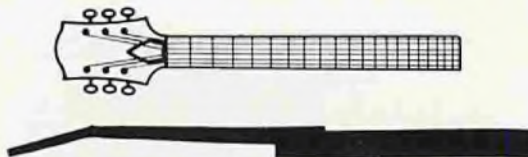
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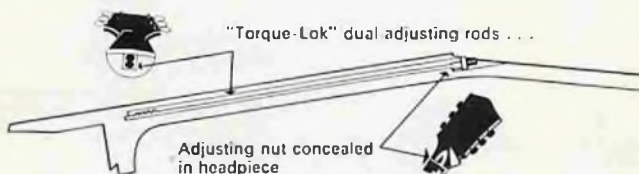
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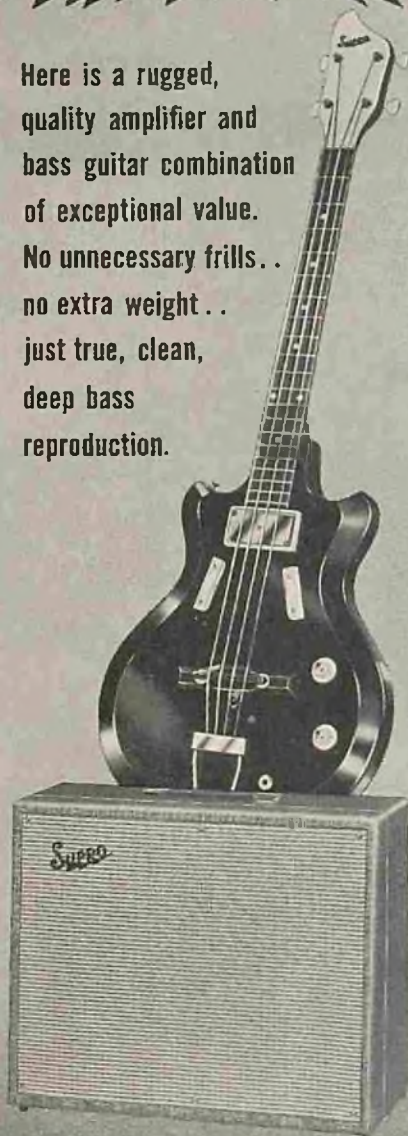
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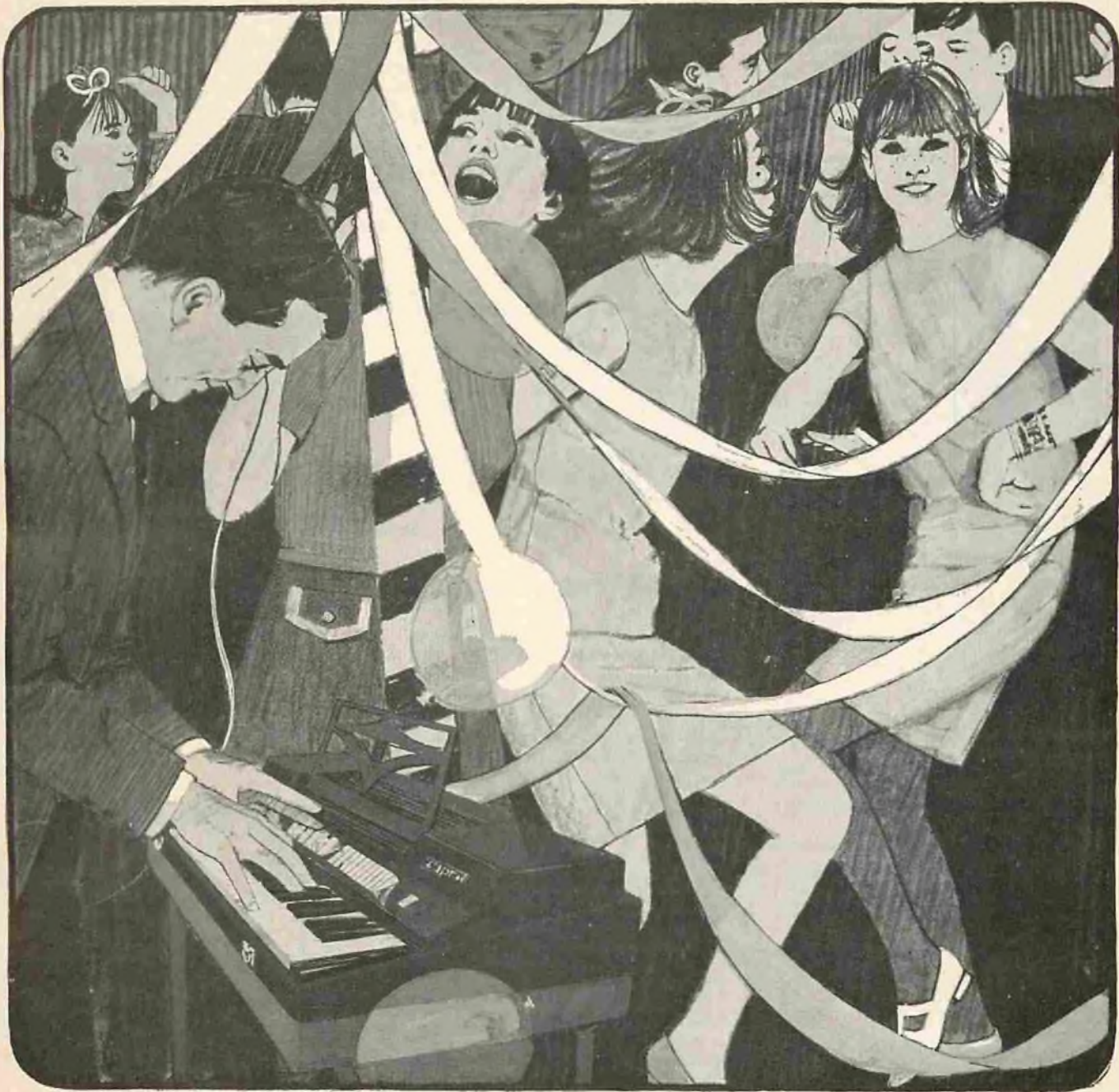
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—by Dave Brubeck

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

K. D. Pro . . .

My congratulations to *Down Beat* on having Kenny Dorham as a member of the record reviewing staff. I find him an excellent critic. His experiences as a No. 1 trumpet player, as a composer, and as a fine teacher qualify him exceedingly for the job he is doing for *Down Beat*. I find his ability to discuss and analyze the music involved a very refreshing and welcome approach to criticism.

Peter R. Farmer
Boston, Mass.

. . . And K. D. Con

This Dorham is a tough one to figure out. Give him an avant-garde album to review, and he cries for aspects of the old—chords, relation of solo to theme, and some semblance of tempo. Give him a hard-jazz recording, such as *Monk Misterioso* (DB, Jan. 27), and he cries for avant-garde concepts.

If (according to Dorham) Monk's music has been scheduled as a local, I know a lot of people who are taking the milk train.

James McCormick III
Chicago

You've Got To Feel It—Objectively

The excellent article by Harvey Pekar (DB, Jan. 13) on the personality cult is one that should be read by all jazz enthusiasts. However, aside from its expose value, it also points out one of the major problems of jazz criticism, that of objectively judging the emotional content of an artist's music. In these days when much of jazz is relying more and more upon emotion, this problem is a particularly acute one.

To get a completely scientific review based on technical and emotional performance is virtually impossible. Nevertheless, refinements can be made. Having critics who are favorably disposed to a certain type of jazz review albums and performances of that type is certainly a good policy.

A review of an avant-garde record by Kenny Dorham, whether positive or negative, holds more weight than a review of the same record by, say, Barbara Gardner, although I hesitate to identify her with poor avant-garde reviewing.

Charles W. Kerr Jr.
Cardiff, N.J.

Who Was First—And When?

Egad, how you've deflated my ego! I just flunked Gary A. Soucie's *Hipster's Quiz: Groove Firsts* (DB, Jan. 27).

On Question B, I thought Lt. Jim Europe's "Hell Fighters" Band of the 369th U.S. Infantry was the first Negro jazz band to record, around 1919 (*St. Louis Blues*, etc.). Of course, Europe recorded *Castle Walk* with his Victor Society Orchestra back in 1915, but maybe that couldn't be considered jazz.

On Question F (first jazz recorded in

concert), I answered Benny Goodman's Carnegie Hall Concert album, recorded in 1937-38. There also was John Hammond's *Spirituals to Swing* album recorded at Carnegie Hall concerts of 1938-39 (Basie, Goodman, Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Sidney Bechet, etc.). Neither of these bore the Norman Granz stamp of authority, however.

On Question H, bless me if I didn't answer *Blackbirds of 1928*, recorded in 1929 by Warren Mills and his Blues Serenaders, including Duke Ellington's band, Adelaide Hall, and others, as being the first show-tune album. Matty Malneck was credited with the production.

Hope I—or you—do better in your next quiz.

Rocky Clark
New Haven, Conn.

Jim Europe's band was not generally considered a jazz group. The Goodman and Hammond concerts preceded Granz' *Jazz at the Philharmonic* series, but the music recorded at those events was not issued until several years after the first JATP record. Reader Clark has an excellent point about the show-tune question, but the question asked for the name of the first show-tune album. The *Blackbirds* recordings were originally issued as singles.

Draw Guidelines While There's Time!

Congratulations on a fine Feb. 10 issue. I found the article about Nat Adderley most interesting. Your news coverage is the best of its kind that I know of.

However, I found the article on John Tchicai boring. I'm one of the many who find John Coltrane and his followers most annoying. If a certain barrier is not established, soon 2-month-old babies will be honking away.

John Mooter
Cincinnati, Ohio

A DB Bias Against Wynton?

Regarding John S. Wilson's review of the Wynton Kelly-Wes Montgomery album, *Smokin' at the Half Note* (DB, Jan. 27), Wilson and some of the other reviewers on your staff have continually put down Wynton Kelly as a "superficial" and relatively "anonymous" pianist. In fact, it seems *Down Beat* has something against Kelly.

I must take issue with this view of Kelly. Since his days with Miles Davis, I have regarded him as one of the most exciting and inventive pianists on the scene.

Perhaps in your recent obsession with the avant-garde, you forgot that a performer who plays chords, melody, and harmony can be very inventive, whereas one who honks, bleats, or plucks the strings of a piano is not necessarily an advanced jazz performer of great talent.

Perhaps if Wilson, whose views I have always respected in the past, and the other reviewers who have had the opportunity of reviewing Kelly's records, would listen to this pianist instead of taking it for granted that he has nothing to say, we would have better and more valid record reviews.

Paul F. Macri
Watkins Glen, N.Y.

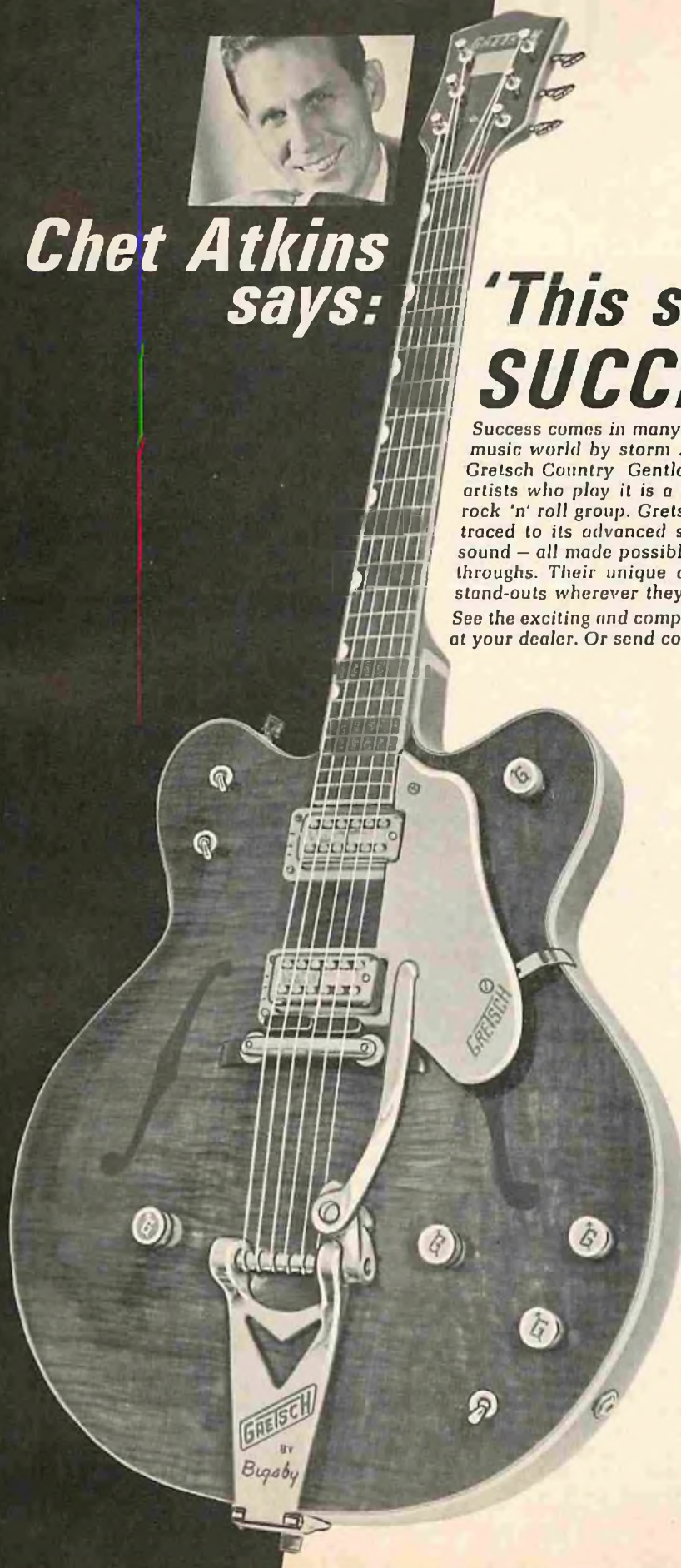


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news and views

DOWN BEAT: March 10, 1966

Who's On First?

There was discontent in both camps.

Duke Ellington was not satisfied with the drummer hired to take Louie Bellson's place for the band's current tour of Europe. And Elvin Jones, for five years John Coltrane's percussion bulwark, was unhappy with the way things were going in the saxophonist's troupe.

Duke dug Elvin, and Elvin dug Duke. The solution seemed obvious—and on Jan. 26 Jones took off without notice from the Coltrane gig at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop and flew to Frankfurt, Germany, to join the Ellingtonians for the remainder of the tour, which had begun three days before.

Jones' unhappiness was based somewhat in having to share the Coltrane drum department with a second drummer, Rashid Ali. But he also said he was out of sympathy with the direction Coltrane was going—further out, aided and abetted by a second tenor saxophonist (Pharoah Sanders) and another bassist (Donald Garrett) in addition to regular Jimmy Garrison, plus the second drummer.

When he arrived in Frankfurt, however, Jones found himself in the same situation—being half of a drum tandem, since the other Ellington drummer was to remain. After playing four concerts, Jones left, stopping off in Paris before returning to New York City, where, he said, he will freelance. Though he said his parting with Coltrane was amicable, he has no plans to return to the saxophonist.

Meanwhile, former Ellington drummer Sam Woodyard scurried over to join his old teammates. (Bellson reportedly did not make the tour because of prior commitments for several engagements with his wife, entertainer Pearl Bailey. He was, as far as could be ascertained, scheduled to rejoin the band after the tour.)

In San Francisco, where his group shared the Workshop stand with Thelonious Monk's quartet, Coltrane said he had no inkling that Jones was about to leave.

"He said he just felt he needed to do it," the saxophonist stated.

Coltrane said he has been working with a group larger than his usual quartet in order to obtain multiple rhythms and "to focus on certain things that are happening." The "certain things," presumably, is the current avant-garde, of which Sanders, Garrett, and Ali are members.

Another significant sideman change in the Coltrane group was the substitution of pianist Alice McLeod Coltrane, the saxo-

phonist's bride, for McCoy Tyner. Mrs. Coltrane formerly worked with vibraphonist Terry Gibbs.

In New York City, Tyner is working with clarinetist Tony Scott at the Dom and rehearsing a trio of his own.

"I want to expand musically, and this was the next step on the agenda for me," Tyner said about his trio. "John and I were very compatible for the six years we were together, but I felt I had put in enough time and that I had to be on my own to continue to grow."

There also was what the pianist described as a "secondary reason" for his move. "What John is doing now," he said, "is constructive for him, but not as compatible to me as before. But he is absolutely right to do what he wants to do as a creative artist."

Coltrane said he will probably continue with his current group, though, perhaps with only Garrison in the bass position.

Sweet-And-Tart Stream

Since it seems to be an era of third streams, one should hardly be surprised at the merger of jazz and any other style of music. First it was with classical music, lately with rock and roll. Then there's the burgeoning number of jazz church services, which make some critics shudder.

Still, after all the years of derision directed by the jazz community at "sweet" bands and Mickey Mouse units, it comes as something of a shock to find Johnny Hodges working with the Lawrence Welk aggregation and Louis Armstrong signing up with Guy Lombardo. But so it is.

Altoist Hodges had his unlikely encounter with the bubble-machine keeper at a recording studio in, naturally, Hollywood. The forthcoming Dot album commemorating the fusion is said by observers to be "musically satisfying."

Hodges, however, expressed no plans for giving up his chair in the Duke Ellington Orchestra to go with Welk.

Armstrong, who has admired the Lombardo sax-section sound for at least 37 years (and even had his saxophonists play that way in his early big bands), will not actually perform with the Royal Canadians. But he and his All-Stars will be a major attraction of Lombardo's annual *Mardi Gras* variety show at the Marine Theater on Jones Beach, located outside New York City.

The show, which runs several weeks, is to open July 8; each show is to close with what is called "a New Orleans jazz parade."

Jazz Halts Viet Protest

According to Portuguese news reports, a scheduled protest against U.S. Viet Nam policies by students at the Lisbon University Medical Faculty was called off by student activists after a concert at the University of Coimbra by a jazz sextet from the *Springfield*, a U.S. Sixth Fleet cruiser in Lisbon for a five-day port call.

The reception given the sextet was, according to the Portuguese press, "delirious" and resulted in the cancellation of the demonstration.

"It would have been very bad taste to mix politics with jazz," a student spokesman said.

Cabaret Cards Out?

New York City's controversial cabaret card law—a 1940 statute under which all cabaret employees, including musicians and entertainers, are required to be licensed and fingerprinted—may be repealed soon.

Top officials of the new city administration recently have stated their opposition to the statute, which often has resulted in denial of cards, and thus of the right to work, for performers with arrest records.

Mayor John V. Lindsay declared in January that he would support repeal of the legislation. During his recent campaign, Lindsay wrote to clubowner Art D'Lugoff, long a leading figure in the fight for repeal, that he could not "understand a law which would regulate practically everyone associated with an entirely legal form of business."

License Commissioner Joel R. Tyler has ordered his office to study the feasibility of repeal. A top aide to the commissioner told *Down Beat* that "a study has been undertaken on the whole question, which will be opened up in all its manifestations." The commissioner, he said, will not "have an opinion on the matter until results of the survey are in, and he has had time to analyze them." The survey is to be completed by next week.

City Council President Frank O'Connor recently stated that he would move to repeal the cabaret card statute, unless strong reason for keeping the law should be revealed. According to D'Lugoff, a bill to repeal the law is being drafted now and will be introduced in the council during the current session.

D'Lugoff added that if results were not forthcoming, "we will continue the fight

to have this unjust situation cleaned up. We'll enlist the unions—musicians, waiters, bartenders—we'll picket City Hall, we'll stage rallies. We've been fighting this thing for too long to give up now."

Hubbub At Newport

While the future of the often-plagued Newport jazz and folk festivals is not in doubt, hopes for a permanent site for the annual events have been dashed.

Producer George Wein's plans to settle the festival on a 104-acre tract in Middletown, R.I., a residential area near Newport, reached an impasse when staunch opposition arose from the Providence diocese of the Roman Catholic Church and Middletown homeowners.

The proposed site, purchased by Wein last year, is next to a convent, the Mother of Hope Novitiate. Fears that the silent way of life of the novitiate would be disturbed by the "noise" were expressed by the auxiliary bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Bernard Kelly.

Sixty percent of the more than 1,000 persons at a public hearing held Jan. 19 by the council were opposed to the amendment. But jazz itself received a strong boost from three Roman Catholic priests, including the Rev. Norman O'Connor, who pointed out the similarities between the aims of jazz and the modern church.

Bishop Kelly, however, would not be swayed. Nor would those homeowners who held that their privacy and property would be violated if the permanent festival site were to be allowed.

Wein got the message and on Feb. 4 announced he had withdrawn his petition for the rezoning.

Instead, Wein has taken a 10-year lease on the site where the festival was held last year. "The lease," he said, "will allow us to build permanent festival facilities: a stage, administration building, lavatories, everything."

Potpourri

The University of Chicago sponsored a well-attended jazz concert as part of its week-long Liberal Arts Conference. The concert, held Feb. 2 at the school's Mandel Hall, featured pianist Jody Christian's and saxophonist Joseph Jarman's quintets. The event was organized by student Larry Bernstein, who said the university is contemplating sponsoring a weekend festival of avant-garde jazz later this year in celebration of the school's 75th anniversary.

Jazz of an avant-garde stripe, or at least tint, will color the spring series of free jazz concerts co-sponsored by New York City's Hunter College Student Council and the Modern Jazz Society. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson's quartet was heard Feb. 23, and coming programs are to feature pianist Paul Bley's trio March 9, vocalist Betty Carter March 23, altoist Byron Allen's quartet May 18, and vibra-



FEATHER'S
NEST:
By
LEONARD
FEATHER

Straighten Up And Fly Right

"I get so mad when jazzmen themselves discredit jazz. . . . Sometimes I feel like putting down 'composer' instead of 'musician' when I register at a hotel."

This statement was made not by an archreactionary but by a stable jazz musician, talking without rancor and straight from the heart. The speaker was Jaki Byard, interviewed by Mike Hennessey for the London *Melody Maker* during a recent visit to Paris.

Byard went on to discuss the alcoholic behavior of a world-famous and respected veteran jazzman, whose condition at the Berlin Jazz Festival last fall was such that the promoter had to lead him off-stage. This scene was widely discussed in the lay and the music press alike, both in Germany and elsewhere abroad.

After denouncing musicians who "think the audiences owe them a living," Byard later took up the narcotics problem and the extent to which it is played up in the motion pictures about jazz.

He said he would want to be associated only with "a movie that tells the full story, the good and the bad, the happy things and the sad things. That's realism."

He agreed that to a certain extent the musicians themselves have been to blame for the drug image but felt they are now in a minority. "The bad days are over," he said. "Most of the guys are clean. A much wider cross section of the public is using drugs now—but jazz musicians still get all the blame."

Woody Herman confirmed Byard's summation when I asked him recently about the narcotics problem.

"As far as we're concerned," he said, "it's disappeared. There was one dreadful period where you couldn't hire a single guy without checking him out first to see if he was using anything. Nowadays we get maybe 80 percent of our new talent from places like the Berklee school, and they're healthy young men, interested in music, not dissipation."

Nevertheless, no matter how earnestly one may try to explain to outsiders that the still occasional musician arrested on narcotics charges represents the exception rather than the rule, the damage done in the 1940s and well into the '50s has become virtually irreparable. And no matter how much the situation is im-

proved, it is still far from perfect.

Donald Byrd, another mature artist, eloquently expressed similar thoughts in a recent interview with Burt Korall for *Down Beat*, saying, "A lot of musicians take liberties because they are musicians. They act up in clubs, are late for appointments and record dates. Some are antisocial. Others think getting high is part of the artist's life. All they're doing is feeding a stereotype we don't need."

What we do need, it seems to me, is an organized campaign among musicians to recruit for Alcoholics Anonymous, Synanon, or some other such organization as many as possible of the image-spoilers who are unable or unwilling to help themselves unless an active helping hand



Byard: 'musicians get all the blame'

is stretched out to them. We need a group that will work not so much against the portrayal of jazzmen in this manner as against conditions that still tend, far too often, to cause this image to result.

If a great concert were planned to raise funds for the start of a nonprofit organization along these lines, I suspect that hundreds of fine musicians like Byard and Byrd, whose personal integrity can so easily be bruised by the disintegration of others, would gladly volunteer their services and turn the event into one of the most rewarding events of the decade—musically and socially.

The organization and the campaign would have to be placed in the hands of a few musicians and a thoroughly competent attorney. It should start by setting its sights at the specific rehabilitation of a few men who have seemed most seriously in need of help, whose talents are too great to be wasted and whose will is too weak for the kind of self-cure accomplished by several musicians.

Who knows?—such a group might even find room on its board of directors for one of those embattled jazz critics, who could thus turn his attention from time-wasting bickering to something constructive and helpful to his fellow man. But perhaps this suggestion is made out of self-interest; I have a problem not unlike Byard's: I always put down "composer" instead of "critic" when I register at a hotel.

45

harpist **Bobby Hutcherson's** quartet May 25.

Before **Duke Ellington** left Los Angeles to begin his current European tour, he recorded some of the background score he wrote for the new **Frank Sinatra** movie *Assault on a Queen*. In the soundtrack band were Ellington regulars **Johnny Hodges**, **Paul Gonsalves**, and **Harry Carney**, reeds; **Cootie Williams** and **Cat Anderson**, trumpets; and **John Lamb**, bass. Rounding out the band were such Hollywood notables as trumpeters **Al Porcino** and **Conte Candoli**, trombonist **Milt Bernhardt**, and reed man **Buddy Collette**. Some of the scoring was done by former Ellington valve trombonist **Juan Tizol**.

ABC-TV aims at the spectrum of non-classical music in its *Anatomy of Pop: The Music Explosion*, to be seen Feb. 27. The hour news documentary will explore a gamut of styles. Among those to be interviewed are **Tony Bennett**, **Duke Ellington**, **Gene Krupa**, **Billy Taylor**, as well as the **Supremes**, the **Dave Clark Five**, and **Tex Ritter**.

After his mid-January engagement at Boston's Jazz Workshop, multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** undertook a month of training at the Seeing Eye Foundation in Morrisville, N.J., an organization that provides instruction in the use of seeing-eye dogs. Kirk, who has been blind since the age of 2, has not previously had the aid of one of the specially trained dogs but recently decided that one would be useful in negotiating the heavy traffic of New York City, where he now lives.

Rex Stewart Remembers Cuban Bennett

You can search through critical writings about jazz for a long time without finding any mention of Theodore (Cuban) Bennett, but any musician who was making the scene in New York City in the 1920s can tell you how great a trumpet player he was.

They may not remember much more than that because he was an introvert whose only interests appeared to be his music and booze.

I recall Cuban as a ginger-colored, sinewy man with an aquiline face, whose speech was a mixture of English and Pennsylvania Dutch. And diffident! When the sharp dresser was the man to watch, Cuban couldn't care less. When the rest of us were hanging out at the Rhythm Club, Cuban avoided the crowd, by finding a compatible Harlem gin mill with a piano and making it his own private bailiwick. There he noodled around, finding chord changes for his horn that dazzled the rest of us enterprising tooters. Cuban was not actually reclusive; he was available to talk to in bars, but he didn't seek people out. He had been born outside the mainstream. Despite many offers, he refused to play with the big bands and apparently made no records.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: After seven years in the United States, bassist **Midge Pike** recently returned to his native South Africa, where he now heads an integrated jazz group, consisting of himself on bass and flute; **Winston Mankuku**, tenor saxophone; **Cris Schiller**, piano; **Martin Mjijima**, bass; and **Sel Lyssak**, drums. The group is headquartered in Capetown, where it has appeared at the Grand Prix Club and on radio. Pike plans to give concerts and jazz seminars at universities in South Africa and other African states... **Thelonious Monk's** Village Vanguard opening has been postponed to Feb. 25. The pianist's quartet will work opposite tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins'** foursome through March 6. The club's Monday night sessions, organized by disc jockey **Alan Grant**, featured the **Jazz Band**, the 18-piece rehearsal group recently organized by cornetist **Thad Jones** and drummer **Mel Lewis**, in four consecutive appearances during February... The **Fairfield Motor Inn**, in Fairfield, Conn., is presenting a continuing series of Monday night jazz concerts. Among the guest stars who have appeared with the house trio of **Tony Guzzi**, piano; **Ron McClure**, bass; and **Pete D'Addario**, drums, are flugelhornists **Art Farmer** and **Clark Terry**; trombonists **Bob Brookmeyer**, **J. J. Johnson**, and **Kui Winding**; singer **Anita O'Day**; reed men **Roland Kirk**, **Zoot Sims**, and **Sonny Stitt**; and pianist **Billy Taylor**. Local saxophonist and band-leader **Gene Hull** is talent co-ordinator... Also in Connecticut, trombonist **Bill Bis-**

sonnette's "Jazz Crusade" presents the **Eureka Brass Band** from New Orleans and his own **Easy Riders** group, at the **Glorietta Manor** in Bridgeport Feb. 25... Pianist **Paul Bley** and his trio were scheduled to appear at the **First International Jazz Festival** in Buenos Aires, Argentina, Feb. 10-13. Bley goes to Europe in April for an engagement at the **Whisky Jazz Club** in Madrid and concerts in Helsinki... The **Newark Jazz Art Music Society** continues to present Sunday concerts. The recently formed **New Art Ensemble**, coled by cornetist **Clifford Thornton** and tenor saxophonist **Pharoah Sanders**, with **Larry Young**, piano; **Henry Grimes**, bass; and **Clifford Jarvis**, drums, makes its second visit there Feb. 27. Trumpeter **Johnny Coles** was a guest with bassist **Art Williams'** **NJAMS** house trio in January... Pianist **Roger Kellaway** has joined clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko's** quintet at **Eddie Condon's**; Kellaway replaces **Dill Jones**. Kellaway also conducted the band for comedian **Jack E. Leonard's** recent appearance at the **Copacabana**... Pianist **Mal Waldron**, back from Paris, appears at **Slug's** Feb. 25 and 26, followed by tenor saxophonist **Joe Farrell**. The club now features music seven nights a week. Recent incumbents include cellist **Calo Scott**, tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler**, and pianist **Elmo Hope**... Vibraharpist **Lionel Hampton** sat in with the amateur musicians at a Jazz at Noon session at **Chuck's Composite** in January... Pianist **Dave Horowitz**, reed man **Ed Curran**, bassist **Bill Folwell**, and drummer **Bob Pozar** performed at the **Renata Theater** in Greenwich Village... Vibraharpist **Dave Pike** joined pianist **Jaki Byard** Upstairs at the **Village Gate** on weekends to form an unusual duo... Drummer **Max Roach** received the **Negro Book Club's** 1965 Achievement Award for music at the **Hotel Statler Hilton** Feb. 13. Drummer **John Lewis'** group provided the music at the presentation... The **Sunset Strip** in Irvington, N.J., features Sunday visitors with the house trio led by bassist **Wendell Marshall**. Saxophonists **Al Cohn**, **Coleman Hawkins**, and **Phil Woods** have dropped by.

CHICAGO: The **Plugged Nickel** was dark from **Charles Lloyd's** closing Jan. 16 to **Thelonious Monk's** opening Feb. 9. At presstime, no one was booked into the club to follow Monk, but **John Coltrane** is scheduled to open there March 2 for five nights. For those who like to compare tenor saxophone styles, the **London House** will offer the work of **Stan Getz** while Coltrane is in town (provided, of course, neither suddenly cancels). Getz is to open Feb. 28 and close March 13... The Club is trying a weekends-only policy. Recent acts there have included **Jimmy Smith**, **B. B. King**, and **Arthur Prysock**... Singers **Teddi King**, **Jackie Paris**, and **Anne Marie Moss** (Mrs. Paris) were featured at the **Playboy Club** this month... The **Association for the Advancement of Contemporary Music** is scheduling its third series of six Monday-night concerts at **St. John's Grand Lodge**, 7443 S. Ingleside. In the past, groups led by saxo-

—Rex Stewart

phonists **Roscoe Mitchell**, **Joseph Jarman**, and **Troy Robinson** have been among those featured . . . An upstairs room at Poor Richard's on N. Wells was the site of a Jan. 31 concert of traditional jazz. Cornetist **Ted Buttermann** led a group that included trombonist **Dan Williams**, clarinetist **Kim Cusak**, banjoist **Eddy Davis**, tubaist **Mike Walbridge**, and drummer **Wayne Jones**.

LOS ANGELES: Rare indeed is the sound of live jazz on radio. But such was the happy circumstance for listeners of Los Angeles' classical music station, KFAC. One of its most recent programs, in a series emanating from the L.A. County Museum of Natural History, was devoted to the **Bud Shank-Laurindo Almeida Quartet**. Sponsored by the County Music Commission and AFM Local 47, the concert drew the largest audience of the winter season, and a sizable crowd had to be turned away . . . Bandleader **Gerald Wilson** teamed up with L.A. Dodgers outfielder **Lou Johnson** to give a special pep talk to the students of the Russell Elementary School in East Los Angeles. Their pitch: "Stay in school; don't become a drop-out." . . . Turning to higher learning, the **Vince Guaraldi Trio** played a couple of one-nighters at the University of California, at Davis, and the Associated Colleges of Claremont . . . **Gary McFarland** and his combo are also hitting the campus route, with a concert at Diablo Valley College, in Concord, Feb. 27. . . Pianist **Eddie Cano** is now a director of the Youth Opportunity Foundation, an agency that develops projects for the advancement of young people . . . Pianist-organist **Jack Wilson** has unveiled a new quartet—**Roy Ayers**, vibraharp; **Monk Montgomery**, bass; and **Varner Barlow**, drums—which made its debut at Shelly's Manne-Hole in a series of Sunday matinees. The new combo just finished its first steady gig at the Hunting Horn in Palos Verdes . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** followed singer **Aretha Franklin** into the It Club . . . Vibraharpist **Cal Tjader** inherited the large audiences left behind at Shelly's Manne-Hole by pianist **Thelonious Monk's** quartet. Monk's crowds were large, appreciative, and, above all, quiet, attentive to the point of reverence. Backstage, Monk was asked why he doesn't announce numbers. Muttered Monk, "Oh, man, I don't like to mess things up with words. . . . Besides, I'd have to join the announcers' union."

SAN FRANCISCO: Contrary to earlier reports, **Lewis Worrell** was the bassist with the **Archie Shepp Quartet** when it played the Both/And here . . . The night of the Shepp opening, the **Joao Donato Trio** began a month's engagement at the Trident, north across the bay in Sausalito . . . Trumpeter **Allen Smith** and tenor-soprano saxophonist **Curtis Amy**, of Los Angeles, were most recent guest soloists with the **John Coppola Nonet** in its Sunday concert series at the Holiday Inn in Oakland . . . Trumpeter **Jack Sheldon**

(Continued on page 42)



APPLE
CORES:
By LeROI
JONES

New Voices In Newark

Last month black genius ignited a cellar in Newark, N.J.

The vibrations in the place were bad when I first got there. A kind of heavy neo-pseudo-blackwhitegray bohemian thing hung around like wet atmosphere in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. All the sick grays hanging on the walls. A nothing trio of Red Garland & Co. imitators was playing. And some slickhaired gray poet gave me his booklet defending housing projects and core-integration. Dungeon electricity was probably what I was getting, and it turned me off, off.

Coming back from a juice run, they were getting ready for another reading. This one by a poet named Ronald Stone, a brother whose name I'd heard with favorable reports. The reports are sound. This brother can wail. His poems got so much fire together, three of the housing project poet's audience split to "get back to their baby-sitters." Really.

Stone reads into his work. He takes it and orchestrates it. Makes it, music, and he is very conscious of the fact. Sometimes he uses songs as quotes, as movements, and springboards in the poem. One poem uses song titles, mostly jazz tunes, to make a hard lyric direction. He has love poems, too, turned very consciously by the woman thing. The black woman, i.e., how to get her back with us.

His work is funny, acid, and moving. Sometimes he sings some of the lines (reminding you of Roland Snellings, Larry Neal), or he can raise the words under a passion of almost rhetorical drama (vis a vis Calvin Hernton). But the final emotional totality is Stone's. His stone own.

Stone changed the whole tone of the evening. The vibrations got much better, the air a little clearer, the entire joint at least three or four aliens cooler.

Charles Moore, the young Detroit trumpet player, did a short, cracking set. He also played with the last group of the evening. This group, which was billed as the Detroit Artists' Workshop, really featured brilliant young New York musicians, Pharoah Sanders, Marion Brown, and Raschid Ali. The Detroiters, Moore and John Dana, bass, were also joined by two local Newark players, altoist George Lyle and tenor man Howard Walker, who turned out to be smoking

as well, but the whole set—I think it was two tunes—made for one of those very rare occasions when even the furniture seems to be moving. So fiery did the thing become.

At one point, with all the horns going off on their own, yet tied to final movement and feeling of the whole, some of us in the audience were moaning and blowing with the players, and the music took us all, musicians and listeners, out past our eyes.

Sanders, his first ESP record notwithstanding, is a fantastic musician. (And even the ESP sides, if you listen to what Pharoah is trying to do, where he's trying to go, even then you'll get the point. But his sidemen on the record, especially pianist Jane Getz, who keeps banging this one cripple chord on her insensitive instrument, like she's crying for lost Pharoah to come back to popularsong land, are no help at all.) His command of harmonics, three, four, ten notes at once, his lyric timbre even when he is screaming, his control of the horn with his breathing—whatever the "note value"—enable him to play a long heroic line of moving richness.

Sanders was the mover of the evening. Though Brown, Ali, and the others played as strong as they could, and all were visibly moved and shaken by the experience. At the height of the music, the moaning and screaming came on in earnest. This is the ecstasy of the new music. At the point of wild agony or joy, the wild moans, screams, yells of life, in constant change.

(Listening to Sonny Murray, you can hear the primal needs of the new music. The heaviest emotional indentation it makes. From ghostly moans of spirit, let out full to the heroic marchspirituals and priestly celebrations of new blackness.

(I mention Sonny here and Albert Ayler and Sun Ra because their music is closest to the actual souljuice, cultural genius, of the new black feeling. The tone their music takes is a clear emotional reading of where the new music is. And Pharoah, Marion, Charles Moore, and the others got into it that night. And sound ran through us like blood.)

With all the different horns making their own communal space, and Ali supplying the earth feeling, like the movement across it, the heavy shadows of things who fly . . . you could feel the complexity of life, and the simplicity. All the sounds combined to be the (one) sound of the world and moving through space at thousands of miles an hour.

Marion Brown, sometimes Archie Shepp's altoist, and drummer Raschid Ali, who has also played with Archie, were both very, very hot this evening, but it was Sanders who did the actual flying. But Ali and Brown are moving to become important musicians themselves, very important. Raschid has made so much progress since I heard him last year it's fantastic. And Brown, having played with Shepp and shedded with

(Continued on page 45)

SAM JONES is the rock, the big sound, the bassist most likely to be taken for granted. Most friends call him "Home." Some mean Homeboy, in recognition of the bassist's easy, natural identification with almost everyone he meets, but others—musicians mostly—refer to the solid, unwavering bass line he plays, said to be the guidepost home to the wandering, improvising musician.

He is a "down" sort of guy.

Jones speaks haltingly and self-consciously of his childhood. (There is nothing unique in being a child of a broken home, but try explaining that to someone who is one.) He is one of 12 children. When asked where he was among the 12, his answer was quiet but blunt:

"I was nowhere around."

Actually, he is the oldest. The 11 other children came from his mother's second marriage. Sam was born Nov. 12, 1924, in Jacksonville, Fla., but soon afterwards went to live in Tampa, where he was reared by his mother's sisters. It was a musical home. Jones' aunts and their husbands all played musical instruments. One uncle was a professional guitarist, and Sam's father was a professional pianist. The boy's first instrument was the guitar.

"I loved the sound," he recalled. "I didn't study it. I was around 10 or 11 at the time. I watched my uncle's fingering, and one day I just started playing."

Nobody helped him particularly, but nobody hindered him either.

"Music was all around me," he said; "everything was right there in the house, lying around. I just had to pick it up."

He stayed with the guitar until the small dance band recruited from his high school orchestra needed a bass player. He was just 14, but he made the right moves to secure the position.

He remembers his first bass with humor:

"Well, I conned my old man into getting me a bass. He had gone to New York then, but he sent me one. It was a very excellent instrument... a foreign bass. It was a rich, dark mahogany." He grinned. "And check this out—I didn't like the color, so I took some house paint and painted it white."

Did this new decorating concept alter the tone?

"Are you kidding? There was no more tone after that!" he said and laughed. "Then on top of that, I left that fella out in the yard, and it rained on it."

And so he got another bass and

ALONG CAME JONES



By BARBARA GARDNER

began the classic process of maturation through high school band, small combos, and short gigs with local groups. After being graduated in 1941 from Middleton High School in Tampa, Jones was hired by George Cooper for the big band with which Cooper and his brother, Buster, were touring. Jones encountered little opposition from his family, who regarded his interest as fleeting and assumed that early exposure to the rigors of musical life would immunize the youth.

His introduction to the road was memorable: three weeks after joining the band, "we were stranded in Amarillo, Texas."

Conditions that began so erratically got progressively more chaotic with the Cooper band. Its personnel was made up mostly of teenagers, and stability and maturity were not its main characteristics. Eventually, Jones worked his way back to Tampa. He giggered around and met "the big

cats," as they played through Florida. He hung around and picked up tips and hints from everybody with a story. All were not good.

"I remember a fellow told me that the way to get a big sound was to pull your strings up about five inches from the finger board," he said. "And dig—he told me that's the way Jimmy Blanton got his sound. That was all he had to say. I had mine fixed like that. And, boy, you talking about a raggedy hand... but I didn't know. I figured that was something hip to do."

"I stayed in Tampa until I figured I was big enough and grown enough to leave and go to a bigger town."

This time came when he was 20.

"I figured I wanted to go to a place big enough to expose my thing," he said of the move. So the style was beginning to jell in 1945, seven years after he painted his first bass white.

He went to Miami. One of the big attractions there at the time was the Cab Calloway show. Another was the Billy Eckstine big band. These two musical organizations were the spawning grounds for many future jazz giants. Jones met them all and found them friendly and casually encouraging.

"I didn't need too much encouragement," he said, "because I had my mind made up about music. I was in it to stay—whether anybody else believed it or not."

RAY BROWN was another neophyte at this time. Jones remembers the first time he heard the man he was destined to replace more than 20 years later.

"He was in Snookum Russell's band," he recalled. "He was probably only 20 or so. He was taking care of business way back then."

Around this time, Jones met his idol, Oscar Pettiford.

"That was really something in a way," he said, "because Oscar Pettiford was the man who really turned me around as far as playing the bass violin. I had never heard anybody play the bass line like that before."

"He was with Duke Ellington. Really, it was almost the same band Duke has now. I remember when time came for the band to play, about half the band hit. The rest of the guys were still having dinner, and Duke didn't show till almost 12 o'clock. Like I said, the same band... Duke doing his thing. Anyway, I didn't mind, because Oscar was back there—really back there."

Pettiford towered in the eyes of the young bassist, and even today Jones cannot contain his disappointment in

the fact that Pettiford was just a man, not a god.

"All I could hear was that sound," he said. "I used to bug him and hang around him . . . not for him to show me anything necessarily but just to be there. But you know, it's funny, he never even heard me play. All he wanted to talk about was girls . . . if I could turn him on to some chick."

And the quiet way Jones says it lets you know it wasn't funny at all.

He also met Walter Page. Page never heard him play either, but Jones' relationship with the renowned Count Basie bassist was deeply personal:

"Oh, Walter—that cat—I can't begin to tell you the things we got into after we got acquainted."

Whatever they were, however, they had nothing to do with music. Of the "big cats" on bass, only Milt Hinton took time to teach the developing bassist some of the fundamentals.

The job Jones had got in Miami was a good one, but it came to an inglorious end. He liked football. In fact, the entire combo with which he was working liked football. So one night they sent another band to fill in on the gig while they went to a game. They were fired, and it was back to Tampa in defeat for the 21-year-old bassist.

He took a job with the Honey-drippers. Ray Charles was the pianist who doubled on vocals when the regular vocalist didn't sing. After little more than two years with this group, Jones tried Miami again. He formed his own quintet, Sam Jones and the Syncopators.

"It was the hippest band in town," Jones said, beaming. There was good reason: the quintet's entire book consisted of Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker arrangements, played note for note.

"We played every tune they ever recorded," Jones said. "We bought the records and played them over and over again until each man had memorized his part . . . and that's all we played. And we were the only group playing it. People came from miles around to dig what was happening."

What people actually dug was the quintet's employment grave. This was, after all, the South in 1949, and the unwritten law was clear on the "intermingling of the races." As more and more Miami Beach whites filtered into the club, the owner tightened the reins and increased the pressure against integration. In the heat of a quarrel over the matter, Jones quit, with words well chosen to scorch.

As he began to cast about unsuccessfully for a new job, Jones learned two

facts that somehow seemed connected: he was blacklisted in Miami Beach, and his former employer was a member of the local liquor board.

"I called up my old man in New York and said, 'Look, pop, I'm gonna have to cut this loose down here,'" Jones recalled. "Dad said come to New York."

BEFORE SAM GOT THERE, he took a job with Paul Williams, whose group was riding the popularity crest of its recordings of *The Hucklebuck* and 35-30. The band stayed on the circuit about a year before reaching New York. Still, it was a proud arrival.

Jones recalled his frame of mind: "I'm on big time now, working with a name band, two hit records."

"I really went wild!" he added.

New York welcomed the bassist warmly . . . but he soon was back on the road, this time with the Tiny Bradshaw Band. In 1952 the bassist returned to New York. This time things worked out better: he got some record dates and various playing jobs.

There was a series of appearances with New York-based units. The first was made up of Jones, pianist Cedar Walton, and drummer Al Drews. Next he joined trumpeter Kenny Dorham's quintet, the Jazz Prophets. When this group began to founder, he became the bassist for Les Jazz Modes, headed by tenorist Charlie Rouse and French hornist Julius Watkins.

Then Cannonball Adderley hit New York. The altoist, enjoying one of the quickest success stories in jazz history, formed a quintet and asked his fellow Floridian to play bass. When Adderley disbanded in 1957 and joined Miles Davis, Jones hardly missed a day's work. Stan Getz quickly plucked him off the unemployment list.

"That was a wild kind of thing," Jones remembered. "Getz drew a lot of ladies . . . he has that boyish look. Ladies would just sit around all night and drool. It didn't make no difference what we played."

Perhaps the job that made the least impression on Jones during this period was the short-lived one with clarinetist Tony Scott, following the departure from Getz. Jones summarized the Scott tenure with typical dry humor:

"What can I say? Tony broke his finger practicing. That about says everything."

In 1958 Jones "went back to school." He joined Dizzy Gillespie.

"That was a fantastic experience," Jones said. "I really can't tell you what working with Diz was like." But it was at this point that the bassist

ran into what he described as personality problems—not his but those, first, of Gillespie and then of Thelonious Monk, whose group he joined after leaving the trumpeter's—though he says his work with the pianist "was another enjoyable thing."

FINALLY IN November, 1959, Jones found a home. He again joined Adderley, who had left Davis to try his luck once more with his own quintet. During the next six years, the band had several personnel changes, but only one bassist. The brothers Adderley had no reason to believe that Jones would ever leave them. He watched the personnel parade, shored up the rhythm section, and became the backbone of the group.

Then the rumors began.

The bassist whom Jones most admires was leaving the pianist whom Jones most admires, and feelers were being sent out: would Sam Jones be interested in replacing the retiring Ray Brown in the Oscar Peterson Trio? It was like asking Brer Rabbit if he'd like to pull carrots in a briar patch. But Jones' decision was neither instant nor easy.

"Well, the money was good—very good," he said about the offer. "And a chance to work with Oscar would be hard to turn down anytime. Still, Cannon and the fellows are nice guys. We've been through a lot, and I just couldn't forget that right away."

Those "nice guys" had much to do with the final decision. There was not a single selfish reaction among the quintet members. To a man, the others in the quintet encouraged Jones to make his decision in his own best interest. While his co-workers were often vocal in pointing out the advantages and opportunities, Cannonball discreetly declined to comment and gave his support to the bassist by respecting the delicate situation. Perhaps if he had asked Jones to stay or if the continued success of the group had depended on the booming Jones bass, Sam would not have left.

But Adderley's pianist, Joe Zawinul, summed up the position even before Jones had announced his decision:

"We'll all be happy if he can make the change. He's been with the band for six years. So now, he has a chance to play new music, do more things. After all, this is a band led by horn men, and Oscar has a trio. Every musician should make a change when the right opportunity comes along."

In January, Jones made up his mind. He is confident about working
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FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE RECORDS

Back To The Woodshed: BOBBY HUTCHERSON

By ALLEN Z. KRONZEK

BOBBY HUTCHERSON is 25 years old and knows precisely how good he is—but, more important, he has an understanding of how good he can be as a vibraharpist and as a musician. Most important, he knows exactly what this means—study.

Hutcherson's self-evaluation is done with modesty and wit for all its precision. Though he appears serene and relaxed in conversation, one can sense a mind that is always paying attention. It is this attention that has told him that, with a lot of today's jazz, a player has to know so much more about music than he did a couple of decades ago.

The vibraharpist has what he feels is a good basic knowledge of jazz as it's being played today, but the contemporary scene is witnessing so many icons being broken so quickly that Hutcherson can say, "Now's the time for me to really study."

What he's after, he said, is "more strength, more power . . . more music."

Shortly after completing a number of recording dates in New York City, where he had been living, he returned to his native California, where, he said, he hopes the tempo of living will be conducive to the kind of woodshedding solitude he will require.

"I think I should study by myself because the basic thing—what I'm looking for—is within myself," he explained. "I couldn't get it from anyone else."

Out of this, he said, he would like that "more music" to spring. And the "more" seems intended in a literal sense: more instruments.

"I want to study the marimba more," Hutcherson said. "It's such a basic instrument, and it's not really been brought out in jazz."

The young vibraharpist already has more than a casual acquaintance with the instrument, having played it, to mention two instances, on drummer Tony Williams' *Life Time* album and on his own record, *Dialogue*. Particularly attractive to him are the marimba's tone quality and great range.

"It's got a basic primitive sound," he explained. "Earthier. It sounds like where the vibes came from."

His eyes lit up as if he seemed to hear some impossible riff in his head, and then he said, "The low notes are beautiful—the high notes are beautiful—the whole instrument is really beautiful. And they're starting to make one with much lower notes. It will really be a gas."

"There is one thing I want to study classically," he added, "and that's the classical guitar. Besides keeping my hands and wrists moving, I like to do something with my fingers. And the classical guitar, well. . . ." The rest could be understood as reflective anticipation.

"I just want to go out there and study, get it together, and then come right back," he said shortly before leaving New York.

ONE OF THREE children, Hutcherson was born in Los Angeles, Jan. 27, 1941, but grew up in nearby Pasadena. One of his earliest contacts with music, he recalled, was far from earthshaking: he was 8 or 9 and took a few piano lessons. He wasn't particularly interested; it was just the thing to do. He soon forgot about the piano.

But there was an enthusiasm for jazz around him. His sister was and currently is a vocalist in the Los Angeles area, singing under the name Renee Robin. And his older brother returned from a Chicago stay a staunch jazz fan.

At the age of 15, the time had come for Bobby. He

heard a recording of *Bemsha Swing* and, on it, Milt Jackson. Hutcherson recalled:

"I heard Bags playing, and I said, 'Damn, that's beautiful.' It sounded like they were just riding down the highway."

That summer Hutcherson worked for his father, a masonry contractor, and saved enough money to buy a vibraharp. Even before the instrument was his, a gig awaited him with a high school group.

"[Bassist] Herbie Lewis and a piano player named Nat Brown and—I can't think of the drummer's name—had a trio," he said. "And they said, 'If you can get a set of vibes, then you can play with our group.' So I saved some dough and got a little rinky set of vibes. And that was it. I just started playing. Two weeks later we played a concert at Pasadena City College."

Hutcherson broke into laughter and said, "I didn't know *what* I was doing."

Aside from the few California groups he listened to at that time, he followed jazz "like everyone else: Bird records, and keeping tabs on Miles' group and every record they put out, and Trane."

During the year that followed he continued to play dances and concerts, discovering the music as he went along. Pianist Terry Trotter expanded Hutcherson's knowledge of music considerably by taking the time to teach him scales and a few basic chords. Later, vibraharpist Dave Pike—"the only one in the area who had really gotten it together"—took Hutcherson home for a few workshop sessions. He has continued to learn from the various musicians he has worked with, but basically he is self-taught.

This may partially explain why the Hutcherson sound is so readily recognizable. His influences, he said, are mostly horn players.

"But you can't help but be influenced by Bags," he was quick to point out. "For one thing, if you play with your motor slowed down, it tends to sound in the Bags tradition. I play mostly with the motor slowed down. Or sometimes off. I guess that's my main vibes influence—although I don't think I play like Bags. I think it would be ridiculous to try to play so . . . so beautifully. And why try to play like someone else?"

Hutcherson divides his listening time between jazz—in almost all of its styles—and classical music (particularly now the works of Debussy, Ravel, and Bartok). But he has been unable to catch many of the vibraharpists now working.

"I've never heard Gary Burton in person," he lamented. "And I haven't heard Dave Pike much lately . . . or Walt Dickerson in a long time."

But there are exceptions. "I heard Hamp," he said with excitement. "Hamp is a gas. He's something else. Hamp has really done a lot that people shouldn't forget. He can play. Hamp is bad. He did a lot for the instrument. Don't forget Hamp—that's all."

BEFORE GOING TO New York in 1961, the youthful vibraharpist worked in the Los Angeles area, first with reed man Charles Lloyd and later with saxophonist Curtis Amy. Tenor saxophonist Billy Mitchell, a close friend of the Hutcherson family, had been following Hutcherson's progress. Soon after forming a group with trombonist Al Grey, Mitchell asked him to join them at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco.

"He wanted me to comp on the vibes instead of just play," Hutcherson said, "because I was going to take the place of the piano."

Though not an extraordinary feat, comping is not

common among jazz vibraharpists and is less so when done with more than two mallets. Hutcherson uses four.

He had begun exploring the possibilities of comping while working with Lloyd. "But it was in the Workshop," he explained, "that I really began getting it together. It was lots of fun." Now many musicians, particularly those in the avant-garde, prefer his comping to that of a piano, since his lean, hanging chords seem to give more harmonic freedom to the soloing musicians.

Two days after going to New York with Mitchell, the group opened at Birdland. Later that year trombonist Grachan Moncur III heard them at Brooklyn's Coronet Club and recommended the vibraharpist to altoist Jackie McLean. Hutcherson and McLean began rehearsing together and found the association fruitful. They played together off and on for about a year. It was during one of their engagements, again at the Coronet, that the late reed player Eric Dolphy, whom Hutcherson had met in California, suggested that he and the vibraharpist might do some things together. The results may be heard on two excellent albums, Dolphy's *Out to Lunch* and *The Eric Dolphy Memorial Album*, although Hutcherson is heard on only one track in the latter.

In the year before he left New York, Hutcherson worked with groups led by, among others, McLean, Moncur, Hank Mobley, Charles Tolliver, and Archie Shepp; he recorded with Andrew Hill, Tony Williams, and Grant Green. On the West Coast, he was featured with Gil Fuller's big band at last year's Monterey Jazz Festival.

But it is with the avant-garde that Hutcherson is most frequently associated, though, like most serious musicians he dislikes being pigeonholed.


"Sometimes I play that way, and sometimes I don't," he declared. "It all depends on whom you're playing with."

Even so, some generalization concerning style may be made. "I tend to think more harmonically and melodically than rhythmically," he said. "Although when I'm playing freer, I tend to play with more clusters and then space. Space, I feel, is very important. Because within a space between one note and the other, or one sound or one tone and another, you remember what you heard and then you anticipate what you're going to hear. So that the sound of space—space itself—is beautiful."

Since Hutcherson can adapt his playing to fit the contours of other musicians' ideas, he is unable to predict how or what he will play when he leads a group of his own: Yet some approaches in the avant-garde, to him, have much to offer.

"For one thing," he said, "it's definitely so much more demanding on your creativeness and on your knowledge of music. You *have* to listen. Like you're out there, and you know there's no chord pattern where you can say, 'Okay, on this D-minor 7th chord I'm going to play. . . . Yeah, I know this lick, I can run across that, and then I can do that.' It's not like that. You're out there, and you just have to listen. You have to have your ears as wide open as you possibly can, listening to everyone else as much as possible, and at the same time concentrating on what you're trying to do. It makes you so much more involved in what's going on. If you even think about having a drink after—or whatever you're thinking about—you're going to miss the whole thing. You're going to miss somebody's idea of what they were trying to give you. You're going to miss so much."

Though Hutcherson's future direction can be the subject of speculation, he himself states a simple aim:

"All music has its good and its bad. I'd just like to do the good as much as possible." 

MILES DAVIS

A MOST CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP

By MIKE ZWERIN

I HAVE HAD a longstanding marginal acquaintance with Miles Davis. Our lives have touched in a number of minor episodes, which, I suppose, would be unimportant to me were it not for the fact that I like his playing so much. Anybody who plays that sweetly and intelligently has got to be beautiful inside—I keep thinking.

The first time I met Miles he gave me a job. It was 1948, and I was in New York on summer vacation from college. I was sitting in at Minton's Playhouse one night when I saw Miles standing, listening, in the back. When I was packing up my trombone, he asked me if I could make a rehearsal the next day at Nola's Studios. I said okay and drove home to Queens feeling pretty fine.

That was a fine summer for me, anyway. That summer I realized I had learned how to play jazz, learned in the sense that I knew I could *do* it—poorly, it was true, but at least the academic schooling was over. The rest I had to learn by experience. Doing it began that summer.

For the years before that, there often were weird people—sometimes junkies, and always funky—trooping through my parents' living room on their way upstairs to my little attic room where I had regular jam sessions. My father used to look up over his evening newspaper in disbelief as my raggedy bunch of jazz heroes passed by.

When I wasn't playing, I was listening in my attic room overlooking the Forest Hills Tennis Club. There was a picture of Charlie Parker on the wall over the upright piano. His records were always playing if I wasn't practicing my trombone. I would play along with them often, learning the tunes.

Another kind of learning started for me that summer. It was my summer with Charlie Parker, although I never did meet him. Bird made it hip to be an intellectual. His interest in reading, classical music, and other similar things changed the style of hipsterism. If he knew about certain writers, or listened to Beethoven, that was enough to start many hipsters of the day doing those things. I can't say he started me reading, but he certainly accelerated my interest in literature. The wildness in his playing helped give me a lust for the wildness in novels, particularly Conrad and Hemingway. That part of my education started then.

Bird was the closest thing I've ever had to a hero.

I was 18—a good age for finding heroes—impressionable and absurdly romantic. Miles played with Charlie Parker at that time. I suppose some of my worship of Bird was transferred to Miles, because the night Miles asked me to a rehearsal I remember feeling like a major-league bat boy who has just been told he will be given a tryout as a player.

Miles' band consisted of a lot of big names—Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis, Max Roach, Lee Konitz—plus Bill Barber on tuba, Junior Collins on French horn, and myself. We played arrangements of tunes that were later recorded, such as *Jeru*, *Boplicity*, *Move*, and *Israel*. That the over-all sound was right out of Claude Thornhill wasn't surprising, since Gil Evans wrote many of the arrangements.

Miles was pleasant and relaxed but seemed unsure of how to be a boss. It was his first time as a leader. He relied quite a bit on Evans to give musical instructions to the players. Miles must have picked up his famous salty act sometime after that, because I don't remember his being excessively sarcastic that summer.

After we had worked at the Royal Roost on Broadway for two weeks, I went back to school and didn't see him for a long time. When I did, he was leading a quintet with Sonny Rollins, Red Garland, Philly Joe Jones, and Paul Chambers at the Cafe Bohemia.

I was there with a French girl named Annette. Miles came over to our table and said, "Mike, you're getting fat." He smiled sweetly at Annette and started talking about pretty little nothings with her, turning on a full dose of his charm. He ignored me completely. She was impressed, but the start of his next set prevented him from continuing his attention. Annette and I left after a couple of drinks.

A year or so after that, I was leaving the Russian Tea Room with my mother and daughter when we met Miles and Gil Evans, who were going in. It was a bright fall afternoon, and Miles looked like he knew he looked like he had just stepped out of the pages of *Esquire*. He had on a well-cut jacket and beautiful gloves with belts. Smiling, he play-punched me in the stomach and said in that sandpaper voice of his, "You're getting fat, Mike."

THE NEXT TIME was in Paris. I was doing that thing Paris is so perfect for—"finding myself." This consisted mostly of walking all over the city, plus

sitting in the Old Navy Cafe on the Boulevard St. Germain. Because of complicated personal problems, I hadn't touched my trombone in five years. Each day in Paris, I would practice for about a half an hour, working to revive my long-neglected chops.

The Paris jazz scene was really quite provincial. There were few good players, most of whom were Americans—Kenny Clarke, Don Byas, Jimmy Gourley, Al Levitt, Allen Eager, maybe one or two others. The best French players were on the level of good people in provincial cities in the States—Pittsburgh or Dallas, for instance. I'm talking about my contemporaries, not the guys like Stephane Grappelly, Mezz Mezzrow, or Bill Coleman, who were much older. (Both Mezz and Bill were more French than American by that time.) We liked their playing but considered them museum pieces and ignored them. Actually, I couldn't ignore Grappelly entirely, since he lived in the next room to me at the Crystal Hotel, playing Bach chaconnes on his violin in the afternoons. But it was definitely French provincial there, and an American jazz star was treated with respect when he worked in Paris.

It was 1957, and Miles was the big man: his clothes, his girls, his new loose rhythm section, his fresh open playing. So, all of us who hung out at the Old Navy were excited about Miles' arrival in Paris for a concert at the Olympia Theater and three weeks at the Club St. Germain, which was, conveniently, directly across from the Crystal Hotel.

However, the day of the Olympia concert, Jeannette Urtreger informed us at the Old Navy that, as far as she knew, Miles had not even arrived in Paris. Talk started: where was he? The Olympia Theater was sold out that night, but by curtain time Miles' whereabouts were still a mystery. Finally the curtain went up, revealing Barney Wilen, Rene Urtreger, Pierre Michelot, and Kenny Clarke all set up. They started in playing *Walkin'* and sounded fine.

But no Miles Davis. Barney took a tenor solo, and as he was finishing, backing away from the microphone, Miles appeared from the wings and arrived at the mike without breaking stride, just in time to start playing—strong. It was an entrance worthy of Nijinsky. If his choreography was good, his playing was perfect that night. He had recently made his "comeback" and was really putting the pots on. He was serious, and he was trying hard instead of just catting, as he does so often nowadays.

For the first week of his stay at the Club, as we called the St. Germain, I was down there almost every night. Once Wilen came over to where I was sitting at the bar and said, "You wouldn't believe what Miles said to me in the middle of my solo on the last tune. He said, 'Man, why don't you stop playing those awful notes.' " Barney was a hot, confident young player at that time and, fortunately for him, was not inclined to paranoia. He thought it very funny and had just gone on playing. Anyway, during that week, Miles greeted me only once.

He said, "Mike, you're putting on weight."

At the time, I was going out with a Mexican girl named Eva, who was studying at the Sorbonne. Eva had freckles, a lively spirit, and a body worthy of Maillol. I had promised several times to take her to the Club to hear Miles, but for one reason or another it had been delayed until his last day there. That afternoon I had an unexpected caller at the Crystal. It was Ursula, a skinny girl I had known vaguely back in the States and to whom something had happened in the six years since I'd last seen her: she was now spectacularly beautiful, with olive skin, dark long hair—and she had gained weight in the right places. Since she was leaving Paris the next day for the Middle East, I did the gentlemanly thing and invited her to join Eva and myself for the evening.

About 10 p.m. I made a splashy entrance into the Club, Ursula on one arm, Eva on the other. It was an entrance worthy of Allen Eager.

Miles was at the bar. As we sat down, he came over and put his arm around my shoulder—all of a sudden my good friend. He asked me how I had been and made it generally clear that he was concerned with my welfare. I asked him to have a drink with us, which he did, coming back to our table after each set.

Eva lived in a dormitory at the Cite Universitaire. There was a 1 a.m. curfew, so about 12:30 I left to drive her home. When I returned to the Club, an hour later, Miles and Ursula were deep in conversation. When I sat down, Miles looked bugged. He asked her what she saw in a dumb cat like me. I could never take Miles' saltiness seriously. It always seemed more funny than anything else.

As Miles was playing his last set, Ursula said to me, "Well, I guess I have a decision to make." I gave her my well-considered advice and paid the check. We walked out together. Miles was playing, *When I Fall in Love*, his look following us soulfully as we

(Continued on page 39)

LARS SWANBERG





Illinois Jacquet, Charlie Shavers, and pianist Jimmy Smith at Shorty Baker benefit

RAYMOND ROSS

THE NEW YORK JAZZ BENEFIT SCENE

By DAN MORGENSTERN



RAYMOND ROSS

Jimmy Rushing, Clark Terry, Joe Farrell, Bob Brookmeyer, Bill Crow, and Lennie McBrowne at WBAI benefit

Saints and Sinners' Rudy Powell, Herman Autrey, and Vic Dickenson at Pete Johnson benefit



JACK BRADLEY

DRUMMER Lennie McBrowne, still warm from a long set with Randy Weston's group, surveyed the capacity crowd at the Five Spot wryly.

"Look at all these people," he said. "Where were they when Frank was working here with us? I don't think half of them know even who he was and why they're supposed to be here."

McBrown was referring to tenor saxophonist Frank Haynes, whose death from cancer was the unhappy reason for this particular event—one of the many jazz benefits held in New York City recently. Unfortunately, the drummer was correct in his assumption. Ironically, benefits have become the best attended and often the musically most stimulating jazz happenings on the current scene.

Benefits for ailing performers, needy families of deceased artists, or other worthy and charitable occasions are nothing new in the world of jazz. (In 1921 there was a benefit for pianist Tony Jackson in Chicago.) But such events never before played so important a role in the jazz life.

In the past, informal jam sessions were an important part of a jazzman's creative environment. But those have virtually disappeared, and a benefit offers the musician an opportunity to sit in with other players and listen to other groups.

The kind of centralized jazz activity that once existed, for example, on New York's 52nd St. or, before that, in Harlem has also become a thing of the past. Thus, the benefit becomes a welcome social event, where musicians can meet, fraternize, and exchange news and reminiscences.

No jazz club could afford to present the lineup of artists that can be gathered for a benefit in New York, and the admission price is usually much lower than even a poor seat at jazz festivals—the only events that offer a comparable variety.

From an audience point of view, a benefit is potentially more exciting than a festival. The proximity to the performers possible in a club setting, the unpredictability and informality of the program are appealing to the listener. For the clubowner, a benefit is a bonanza. The beneficiary collects the gate; the club gets the money for drinks and food—without having to pay artists' fees or cope with the problems of booking and publicity.

Thus, the misfortunes and tragedies that give rise to the benefits become the cause for much enjoyment and profit. This may seem grimly ironic, but it is also true that a sick man can be cheered by the loyalty and unselfishness of his friends (as well as by

the money) and that the memory of a dead artist is perhaps best honored with a joyful celebration.

THE FIVE MAJOR jazz benefits held in New York during December differed in setting, turnout, and atmosphere.

There were two for trumpeter Harold (Shorty) Baker, stricken with a throat tumor, and one for long-ailing pianist Pete Johnson, plus the aforementioned benefit for the family of the late Frank Haynes. The fifth had a more cheerful basis: it was held to raise funds for WBAI, a noncommercial, listener-supported FM station that devotes considerable time to jazz.

The first Baker benefit was organized by Fred Profilio, a Brooklyn trucker and devoted jazz fan, and held at Luigi's, a long, narrow, low-ceilinged establishment in Greenwich Village.

It was perhaps the longest jazz benefit on record, running without interruption from 3 p.m. to 4 a.m. There were 117 musicians, plus numerous singers, taking part.

Baker has been with Duke Ellington for several long stretches, and Ellington and several of his men dropped in after taping a television show in Brooklyn. The maestro himself offered *Satin Doll* to cheers and cries of "more" and retired gracefully.

Johnny Hodges, a man who always takes his time, resisted all requests to play, contenting himself instead with several relaxed tastes at the bar. But he had brought his alto.

Meanwhile, a trombone party was in progress on the bandstand; the party participants were Dickie Wells, Quentin Jackson, Benny Powell, and Matthew Gee. Since all hands are seasoned section men, there was no problem with voicing riffs and other back-grounds as the solos progressed. There was a blues, with Wells' potent preaching outstanding (he also was responsible for most of the on-the-spot arranging), and there was a ballad medley, during which Powell scored with a moving *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* that might have gladdened Tony Bennett's heart. At least it warmed Hodges' heart enough to make him unpack his horn. (He was perhaps additionally warmed by the sure, steady drumming of his son, Johnny Hodges Jr., who was backing the trombonists.)

In front of the trombone choir, the alto saxophonist launched one of those blues-with-bridge originals of which he has a vast supply, and soon the impromptu group sounded like a well-oiled Ellington unit of long standing.

What followed was mostly anti-climactic—until the arrival of Roland

Kirk. The amazing Kirk soon set sparks flying with his several instruments. He was backed by a group including Aaron Bell on tuba, who subsequently joined Kirk in an exchange of musical comments running the gamut from upper-register reed cries to gruff brass growls.

Abandoning his other horns, Kirk next concentrated on tenor for a rousing rendition of *I Found a New Baby*, during which he and pianist Marty Napoleon generated tremendous swing.

There were other good things: Red Allen playing and swinging in a relaxed mood, Ray Bryant's solid piano, the trumpets of Ruby Braff and Max Kaminsky, and a rare appearance by pianist Eddie Heywood.

Most of the time, the place was packed, and it was clear that Harold Baker had made many friends in his profession: nearly everybody in the house seemed to know and care about the reason for his benefit.

A WEEK LATER, at the Five Spot, there was no occasion for hopeful inquiries. Frank Haynes was dead; all that could be done now was to ease the burden of his next of kin. The club was packed. Except at the bar, where most of the musicians congregated, there seemed to be little of the camaraderie and in-group feeling that had prevailed at the Baker benefit, where most of the listeners were over 30.

Here there were mostly young people, many sporting the glazed expressions brought on by continuous exposure to smoke-filled air and aggressive music. Though there were long stage-waits between sets, the groups, once ensconced on the stand, seemed loath to yield their places.

Some of the sets averaged an hour and 15 minutes, a duration that wore out even the warmest welcome. Randy Weston's group was an exception—appropriately so, for this was the band with which Haynes had most recently worked, and the musicians were playing for their lost friend.

Unfortunately, the Five Spot's piano was a lemon when new, and it has seen many seasons come and go. As a result, much of Weston's fine work was marred.

Pianist Walter Bishop Jr.'s quartet, featuring Harold Vick on tenor and soprano saxophones and flute, took the stand next. The musicians began impressively, but after the third long number, it became difficult to concentrate.

Musicians who had not yet played were milling about, and organizer Jim Greene was attempting to form appropriate groups. Roland Kirk was in

the house. Charles Mingus was making his way through the crowd. Freddie Hubbard arrived. But the Bishop quartet went on and on.

Eventually, the results of Green's efforts materialized in the form of a group headed by baritone and soprano saxophonist Charles Davis and trumpeter Bill Hardman. Soon they too were launched upon a marathon set.

At this point, symptoms of nightclub claustrophobia caused at least one listener to leave, contemplating the virtues of pithy musical expression.

THREE NIGHTS LATER, at the Embers West, another benefit for Shorty Baker got under way with a set by the club's incumbent quartet, that of Illinois Jacquet, whose warm tenor sounds cheered the early arrivals.

Bassist Russell George, of Jacquet's group, was the hero of the night, playing for almost every set until the early morning hours, when someone finally took his place.

One of the few sets for which George did not play was performed by a duo: house pianist Joe Shulman (a Scottish emigre once known as Joe Saye) and ex-Count Basie trombonist Henry Coker.

In a medley of ballads, the two made beautifully relaxed music. Coker, better known as a strong section man and hard swinger, displayed perfect intonation, control, and a Tommy Dorsey-like gift for melodic expression. He was given appropriately lyrical support by Shulman.

A similar ease and relaxed authority was displayed by singer Carmen McRae, who held the audience in the palm of her hand in a set of standards, highlighted by a superb version of *Body and Soul*.

Organist Jimmy Smith came early, stayed to the end, and evidently enjoyed himself immensely. Because there was no organ in the club, Smith had the opportunity for a rare display of his prowess as a pianist. He dug in with both hands, and proved an impressive soloist and accompanist.

Much later, out of sympathy for the overworked but still game George, Smith played bass for a few numbers. He was subsequently relieved by Al Lucas but had time to prove he can handle this instrument competently.

The jam session spirit was reincarnated in a too-brief set—just one swinging blues—that featured trumpeter Howard McGhee, Jacquet, clarinetist Tony Scott, Coker, reed man Ruby Rutherford, the splendid drummer Jackie Williams, and pianist George Wein.

Also in that groove was a set in-

volving, among others, Jacquet and trumpeter Charlie Shavers, who had taken time out from his Basin Street East gig with Sam Donahue's band to play for his old friend Baker. It was a treat to hear Shavers, who proved once again that he is one of the very greatest jazz trumpeters.

In all, some 40 artists performed, and the audience turnout was fair.

AT THE BENEFIT FOR Pete Johnson, held a week later at the Palm Gardens, a dance hall on W. 52nd St. (but much farther west than the old jazz block), the musicians turned out in strength, but a sizable audience failed to materialize. After deduction of expenses, only \$180 was left for Johnson, proof that a jazz benefit, if not properly promoted, is not a built-in success.

Musically, however, the event was gratifying, and a number of veteran and younger mainstreamers and traditionalists too seldom heard in New York had a chance to show their stuff.

Two organized bands—Cliff Jackson's group from Jimmy Ryan's, and Peanuts Hucko's quintet from Eddie Condon's club—started things.

A highlight of the Ryanite's set (with pianist Dill Jones, of the Condon bunch, subbing for the delayed leader) was the splendid drumming of Zutty Singleton. Though he will celebrate his 68th birthday in May, Singleton plays with the vigor of a young man, and few drummers have so invigorating a beat and so much joy and spirit in their playing. Veteran New Orleans clarinetist Tony Parenti, Max Kaminsky (subbing for Wild Bill Davison), and Herb Gardner, a young Boston trombonist, also did well.

Gardner, who has a big sound, guts and flexibility, had a chance to display his mastery of plunger trombone in the Tricky Sam Nanton vein with a group including Jackson (a man with his own brand of Harlem piano), Joe Muranyi (the leader of the successful Village Stompers and a fine clarinetist), and the little-known trumpeter Leon Eason, a player with a strongly Armstrong-tinged conception. They followed the well-organized Hucko group, in which trumpeter Yank Lawson and trombonist Cutty Cutshall stood out.

There followed a rare treat—a set by Maxine Sullivan. Though her hair is now gray, Miss Sullivan's voice has lost none of its youthful charm, and her relaxed, understated delivery was a welcome contrast to the histrionics of most current girl singers.

The evening's two best instrumental sets came next. First, a delightful in-

promptu band headed by Ruby Braff, who also performed yeoman service as the evening's music co-ordinator. It included saxophonists Bob Wilber (curved soprano) and Eddie Barefield (alto), pianist Chuck Foldes (a young man with two good hands), bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Eddie Dougherty, one of the few musicians present who had worked with Johnson.

With Braff's pungent, singing cornet at the helm, the band hit anything but a Dixielandish groove. It offered subtle, swinging sounds on *Sometimes I'm Happy*, a medium blues, *Take the A Train*, *Undecided*, and *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*.

It was music of a kind all too rarely heard these days—and more's the pity. In addition to sterling work by Braff, there was Wilber, joyous and imaginative; Barefield, whose real horn is the alto, though he more often is heard on clarinet, and whose style distills the best of the Hodges-Benny Carter and Charlie Parker traditions; and a flowing, tasteful rhythm section.

Next came the long overdue New York debut of the Saints and Sinners, perhaps the best organized group of its kind around today. Led by pianist Red Richards, this splendid little band has ensemble unity, solo strength, a fine rhythm section, and a repertoire from traditional to mainstream.

The group's opener was *But Not for Me*, played in an easy-swinging tempo, followed by Benny Carter's seldom-heard *Blues in My Heart*. Then came the solo showcases—*Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* for Vic Dickenson's brilliant, sly trombone; *Blueberry Hill* for Herman Autrey's bright, steady trumpet and good-natured singing; *I've Got a Right to Cry* for Rudy Powell's clarinet, which was especially affective in the lower register, and *Sleep*, featuring Richards' deft piano in a trio setting (Frank Skeete, a strong bassist, sitting in for regular Danny Mastri, and Jackie Williams' steady, tasteful drums).

After a brisk *Lonesome Road*, singer Jimmy Rushing joined the band, and as is his wont, broke up the place. The Saints and Sinners provided expert backing, with Dickenson particularly fetching.

It was hard to follow this strong performance, but Red Allen tried hard, aided by bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Jo Jones, and pianist Marty Napoleon. The trumpeter and the rhythm section were fine, but not much help was provided by Big Nick Nicholas, who played some good, pungent tenor, but for too long, and indulged himself in his own brand of

scat singing, fun only for a while.

The next set held promise—what with trumpeter Clark Terry, tenorist Buddy Tate, Crow, Wilber, Foldes, and French drummer Dave Pochonet. Terry had planned to introduce his old friend and fellow St. Louis trumpeter, Joe Thomas, after the first number, but that one number was all the group played. While all was going well, Big Nick emerged from backstage, barely gave Tate a chance to play, and attempted to challenge Terry to a scat duel. The trumpeter didn't lose his poise but was understandably irritated and brought the number to a fast conclusion.

Thomas thus was forced to work with trombonist Snub Mosley, who had made plans for his own set.

Mosley, who was one of the stars of Alphonse Trent's legendary big band of the late '20s, has a unique and explosive style, a big sound, and considerable showmanship. He also plays an instrument of his own devising—the slide saxophone, with a reed mouthpiece and trombone slide, emitting a sound like a soprano.

Thomas' golden, lyrical sound and relaxed approach hadn't much chance in all this, but his wife, Babe Matthews, a fine singer with a style reminiscent of the late Ivie Anderson, scored with *I Got It Bad*.

Since 1 a.m. was curfew for this event, the evening ended abruptly with Mosley's rendition of *Red Top*, Thomas managing to squeeze in a perfectly constructed solo.

THE WBAI benefit, in contrast, was a heavily attended success. The steady flow of people into the Village Gate turned the event into a double-header, with groups performing both downstairs and in the club's new upstairs room, where the absence of microphones did not seem to disturb the performers. Even singer Joe Williams managed to project without electronic aid.

The Thelonious Monk Quartet played a long and excellent set, during which Monk didn't dance once but worked hard at the keyboard.

Jimmy Rushing scored again, backed by a group in which Clark Terry was unencumbered by visitors. The group included trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell (who swung up a storm), and pianist Dave Frishberg (who with reason has become one of the singer's favorite accompanists—he has good time, big ears, and real blues feeling).

Roland Kirk accomplished the feat of following Rushing & Co. without a

letdown. Backed by an impromptu rhythm team of Frishberg, bassist Reed Wasson, and drummer Dick Berk, Kirk burst into action like a firecracker, creating room-rocking excitement.

Randy Weston was on hand again, this time at a better piano. He was in fine fettle. Dizzy Reece subbed for Weston's regular trumpeter, Ray Copeland, for the first several numbers, which included the leader's beautiful *Berkshire Blues*. Reece, too seldom heard from, and Copeland both sparkled during the set. Bassist Bill Woods, drummer Lennie McBrowne, and congaist Montego Joe contributed to make this one of the night's best performances.

Kenny Dorham, playing fluegelhorn, shone in a set with his own group, particularly in his feature, the gentle *Theme from Sandpiper*. Like Weston, though, Dorham tended to give his sidemen too much blowing room. While they are all good players, it made the format too rambling.

Pianist Pat Rebillot, with Wasson and drummer Lenny Seed, filled the unenviable opening spot with aplomb. The evening closed with a set by another pianist, the scintillating Jaki Byard, who had agreed to feature a vocalist, Junior Parker.

When Parker began to sing *Stella by Starlight*, the audience turned quiet and attentive. A surprisingly big and mellow baritone voice emerged from the singer's slight frame, and it was projected with perfect intonation and considerable emotional impact.

Enthusiastic applause greeted Parker's final note, and the audience insisted on an encore. This was *You Go to My Head*, and with the confidence engendered by his warm reception, Parker sang even better. Three weeks later, he was in recording studio for the first time in 15 years, invited by Byard to participate in a new album.

It is unlikely that Byard and Parker would have met and communicated in another situation. But it is not unlikely that benefits have led and will lead to fruitful musical meetings between artist and artist and between artists and audiences, meetings that otherwise would not take place.

Thus, the benefits serve a constructive purpose beyond their immediate concern. While it is saddening that the current jazz situation offers so few occasions for spontaneous gatherings and lamentable that such occasions must now be based in the misfortunes and exigencies of the jazz community, the benefits constitute one of the few tangible proofs that this community exists.





Kenny Burrell

Kenny Burrell has all the technique, all the ideas, all the feeling, sensitivity, intelligence and spirit that a great jazzman needs. His ideas flow so freely, that he is everything anyone can ask in a musician. He is in tremendous demand as a sideman—probably the most recorded guitarist in the history of jazz. But his finest works are his own releases on Verve Records.

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are initiated by the writers. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

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

Luiz Bonfa-Maria Toledo

BRAZILIANA—Philips 200-199 and 600-199: *Whistle Samba; Tanto Amor; Samba de Orfeu; Pierrot; Boticario; Cavaquinho; Improviso; Promessa; Sugar Loaf; Saudade; Guanabara; Pequeno Olhar; Baroco; Sambura.*

Personnel: Bonfa, guitar, vocals; Bobby Scott, piano; Helico Milito, Doum, drums; Miss Toledo, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Joao Donato

THE NEW SOUND OF BRAZIL—RCA Victor 3474: *Amazon; Forgotten Places; Little Boat; Manha de Carnaval; Lost Hope; And Roses and Roses; Jungle Flower; Sugar Cane Breeze; How Insensitive; Samba de Orfeu; Glass Beads; It Didn't End.*

Personnel: Donato, piano; unidentified orchestra, Claus Ogerman, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

These albums testify to the continuing interest in bossa nova, with its supple rhythms and unabashed love of melody. Both, modest in their goals, are about equally successful in their realization of them. Neither contains any earthshaking performances, but both are joyous, quiet affirmations of lyricism and romance.

Beguiling indeed are the light-hearted charm and unabashed lyricism of the Bonfa-Toledo collaboration. The music so effortlessly projected by this husband-and-wife team is warm and ingratiating: Miss Toledo's voice throatily insinuating, clear and natural, and her phrasing relaxed and rhythmically easy, Bonfa's guitar work brilliantly virtuosic but always bright and buoyant. They complement each other sensitively.

Most of the pieces the pair energize so deliciously are short and small-scaled, and it is perhaps the modesty of their goals that accounts for their success. By choosing to work within a small area, the pair can put all their energies to work in polishing them to a brilliant luster.

Miss Toledo is a stronger, heavier-voiced singer than such of her fellow countrywomen as Wanda DeSah and Astrud Gilberto, and she phrases much more effortlessly than they do. Hers is much more musical singing. And Miss Toledo has no intonation problems.

Bonfa is a peerless instrumentalist; he brings off with effortless élan a kind of

playing that other bossa nova guitarists, however talented, would never attempt. And his sound is lovely, glowing. The melodious *Improviso* and, perhaps even more impressive, the interesting *Baroco* are the highlights of his playing in this set. Moreover, all the compositions are his.

As an example of the work of the bossa nova miniaturist, this captivating set would be hard to beat.

Donato's album uses the piano-soloist-with-lush-orchestra format, and because he does not have to carry the brunt of the improvising himself, it is much more appealing, in terms of orchestral color, than was his earlier set on Pacific Jazz.

Donato is fortunate in having as arranger the gifted Ogerman, an orchestrator who has evidenced in the past a sensitivity and lyrical gift that seem to rise beautifully to the challenge of bossa nova. The two have produced between them a set of performances that are delightfully colored, rhythmically sure, and lushly romantic. Donato's lithe, muscular piano work, with its uncluttered single-note lines, is offset by the appealing work of an unidentified trombonist and flutist, both of whom turn in commendable performances.

The songs have been well chosen from a number of the better bossa nova composers, among them Donato, Bonfa, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Joao Gilberto, and Roberto Menescal.

This is an appealing and generally effective collection; had not this same sort of thing been done so beautifully some time ago by Jobim and Ogerman, this set, though it comes very close to Jobim's, would have received a higher rating.

(P.W.)

Paul Crawford-Len Ferguson

THE CRAWFORD-FERGUSON NIGHT OWLS—New Orleans Originals 65-2: *Moose March; Ida! Sweet as Apple Cider; Bedelia; Bogalusa Strut; Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?; Doctor Jazz; Just a Little While to Stay Here; Working Man Blues; And They Called It Dixieland; Melancholy; Once in a While.*

Personnel: Jack Bachman, trumpet; Crawford, trombone; Hank Kmen, clarinet; Edmond Souchon, guitar, banjo, vocals; Bill Humphries, banjo; Sherwood Mangiapane, bass, vocal; Chink Martin, tuba; Ferguson, drums.

Rating: ★★

The Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls certainly are not highly stylized, but they play enjoyable Dixieland in the two-beat tradition. The record, however, is marred occasionally by tiresome drum patterns and overly arranged ensemble playing that at times is a bit corny. Drummer Ferguson sometimes tends to accelerate the tempo slightly, and it is my belief that Souchon's vocal efforts could have been quite profitably eliminated.

The good, on the other hand, far outweighs the shortcomings.

Solid groundwork is laid by trombonist Crawford, a jazz archivist at Tulane University, whose studies obviously have been put to good use. (I would like to hear Crawford work with the George Lewis Band; New Orleans needs some good integrated jazz groups.)

Clarinetist Kmen, a Tulane history teacher, comes out shining. He plays an excellent, singing style that is well displayed here.

The other front-line player, trumpeter

Bachman, is adequate. There is nothing particularly exciting or unusual about his work; he is just there.

The string trio of Souchon, Humphries, and Mangiapane engages in some fine ensemble playing, with Souchon taking the lead, I suspect. It doubtless would have added variety to the album's programing had this trio been allowed a few tracks of its own.

For the most part, the album is pleasant and is best taken in doses over several sittings. (E.H.)

Wild Bill Davison

BLOWIN' WILD—Jazzology 18: *Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me; Memories of You; 'S Wonderful; Riverboat Shuffle; After You've Gone; I'm Confessin'; Royal Garden Blues.*

Personnel: Davison, cornet; Alex Welsh, trumpet; Roy Crimmins, trombone; Johnny Barnes, clarinet, baritone saxophone; Fred Hunt, piano; Jim Douglas, guitar; Ron Mathewson, bass; Lennie Hastings, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Presumably you know about Davison. He is in his most rambunctious form on this set, played with Welsh's English band before an understandably appreciative audience.

But you may not know about Johnny Barnes. Judging by his work on clarinet and baritone saxophone on this disc, everyone should. In a day when most of the few clarinetists still around are assiduously following George Lewis, Benny Goodman, or maybe even Sidney Bechet, Barnes goes his own way with a sparkling, reckless soaring attack that is full of fire and joy. He plays baritone with the same zest. He is a prime reason for the steady excitement that pours out of these performances.

But he is not the only reason.

Davison, as noted, is on the target, no doubt stimulated by his surroundings: Hunt is a romping two-handed pianist, Crimmins plays a broad, lusty trombone style that comes on like a tank, and the rhythm section is constantly driving and buoyant.

Naughty is just about as good as up-tempo traditional playing can be, and the other pieces—including two ballads, *You and Confessin'*, with Davison being soulful in his most delightfully florid fashion—are not much less. (J.S.W.)

Rusty Dedrick

A JAZZ JOURNEY—Monmouth 6502: *Pigalle; 'Round an Old Deserted Farm; Acropolis—7844; Snowfall; Charlesville; Late Afternoon in Rome; Valencia; Lonely Heartache; Navarac; Umbrella Man.*

Personnel: Dedrick, trumpet, flugelhorn; Urbie Green, trombone; John LaPorta, alto saxophone, clarinet; Al Klink or Boomie Richman, tenor saxophone, flute; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Teddy Charles, vibraphone; Don Burns, accordion; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

Rating: ★★

Although this is nominally Dedrick's record as leader, arranger, and soloist, almost all the bright moments are supplied by Charles. His vibes send *Charlesville* swinging, and they lighten some of the heavier passages in Dedrick's other arrangements.

The ghost of Claude Thornhill keeps poking through the scores—and not surprisingly, since Dedrick was a Thornhill sideman, and Bill Borden, who produced the disc, was a Thornhill arranger. Thornhill's theme, *Snowfall*, is here, dressed in a

light and appropriate bossa nova opening and including a fine sampling of Charles' vibes. There's more Thornhill in Willard Robison's *Farm* (again with Charles soloing) and particularly in Borden's *Heartache*, a charming waltz carried out on Dedrick's fluegelhorn with Charles' support.

Dedrick solos attractively throughout the disc, but his writing is rarely provocative. (J.S.W.)

Al Haig

AL HAIG TODAY!—Mint 711; *Bags' Groove*; *The Good Life*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Satin Doll*; *Bluesette*; *Thrio*; *Brother, Where Are You?*; *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*; *Willow, Weep for Me*; *Saudade*.

Personnel: Haig, piano; Eddie DeHaas, bass; Jimmy Kappes, drums.

Rating: ★★

Haig established himself, I think, as one of the most lyrical jazz pianists (and also a fine up-tempo player) some years ago, but for the last decade little has been heard from him. For that reason a new record of his will cause great expectations among his admirers, of which I am one.

But what a disappointing LP this is! Much of the time Haig seems uninspired and coasts along playing rather simple figures instead of the long, richly melodic phrases with which he is identified.

Flashes of the old Haig glimmer on a few tracks (*Good Life*, for example), but there are not nearly enough of them.

There is an encouraging note about the album, though—Haig's ability does not seem to have deteriorated. His fingering is clean and fluent, and he still produces a pretty sonority. He's picked up a few devices from the post-boppers but hasn't become an eclectic, his approach remaining similar to the one he displayed in 1950.

What he might need is some fast company to get him going. Whether it is this or some other factor, I hope he stays active and returns to his old form. Now in his early 40s, he could have many years of fine playing ahead of him. (H.P.)

Freddie Hubbard

THE NIGHT OF THE COOKERS, VOL. 1—Blue Note 4207: *Pensativa*; *Walkin'*.

Personnel: Hubbard, Lee Morgan, trumpets; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Harold Mabern, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums; Big Black, conga drums.

Rating: ★★½

Some may shy from sets like this—cooking for 20 minutes on one tune without letup, but there are occasions when such large helpings are eminently digestible.

The criterion for success is the resourcefulness of the musician and the degree to which he has command of his creative and technical faculties. Naturally, these are all-important factors in any performance; but in albums of four, five, or six tunes, the blower comes upon a new set of chord changes every few minutes to refresh his imagination, and the solos, being shorter, demand less of a sustained creative effort. The performer, then, in an extended appearance must be in top shape because a long stand at the mike exposes weaknesses in creative power that either do not rise to the surface in shorter outings or can be in some measure camouflaged.

Hubbard & Co. fall prey to these hazards

occasionally but, in all, sustain a high level of interest. Perhaps one reason is that they were playing before a receptive audience at Brooklyn's La Marchal club, and empathetic listeners can always stimulate a performer.

Walkin' is my choice for the grabber of the night.

Morgan leads off with a solo that shows that he has listened to the voices of change without becoming their servitor. He works with traditional tools, though he may carve some new patterns. His offering is consistently interesting but sounds as if he weren't yet sufficiently warmed to his task. There is a certain lack of fire, and at times he is repetitious.

Then Spaulding pops to the front, and from this moment his is the dominant voice on the track. He speaks the new jazz vocabulary with heated passion, but he seems also fluent in the more traditional musical language. To be sure, screeches and growls are here, but Spaulding employs them tastefully within the context of what he is saying.

At one point, the altoist spurs the group to fever pitch. His fellows are caught up in his frenzy; they speak in his tongue. It must have been heady, indeed, playing and whirling in that maelstrom of sound. For emotional intensity, it surpasses anything on *Pensativa*.

Pensativa, a Latin composition by Clare Fischer, features a more subdued Spaulding on flute. In fact, he is so subdued that he turns up only for a brief appearance at the end—the performance is dominated by the brass of Hubbard and Morgan.

Again Morgan leads in (he seems more the leader on the date than Hubbard), this time muted. He plays with more subtlety and feeling than on *Walkin'*, though at times he is overshadowed by his comping cohorts (this, however, could be the fault of the recording balance).

Hubbard follows with a beautifully big-toned lyrical exposition. He, like Morgan, occasionally falls back on flashy technical devices to keep things moving, particularly in the latter portions of the performance. Yet, considering the length of time these men are on, it is surprising that there aren't more such lapses.

Mabern turns in two flowing choruses, which are all too short in view of the time the horns take.

LaRoca, a most gifted percussionist, keeps the heat on continuously, and Black's congas adds a new sound dimension. Together they drive everyone before them. The rhythm section really worked on this one. (D.N.)

Johnny Lytle

THE VILLAGE CALLER!—Riverside 480: *The Village Caller*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Can't Help Loving Dai Man*; *Pedro Strodger*; *Kevin Devin*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Unhappy Happy Soul*; *Solitude*.

Personnel: Lytle, vibraharp; Milt Harris, organ; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Peppy Hinnant, drums; Willie Rodriguez, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Lytle isn't a major artist, but the music of his vibes-organ-drums trio (here augmented by Cranshaw and Rodriguez) is unique and, at its best, rewarding.

His playing has a more noticeable Lionel Hampton influence than that of

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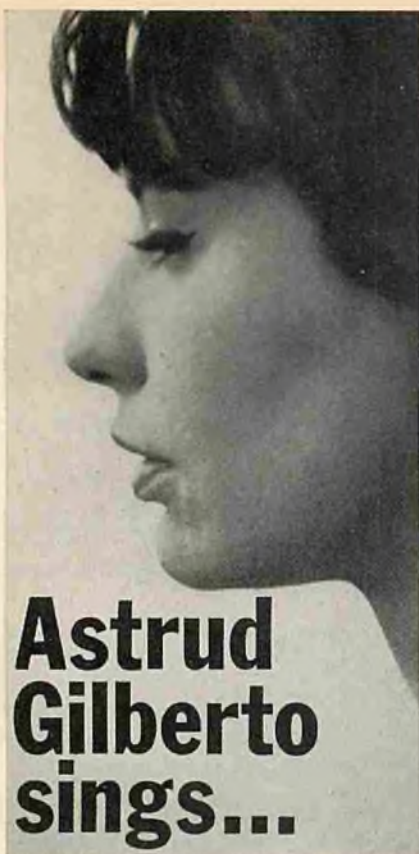
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almost any other vibist. Like Hampton's, his solos are buoyant. Lytle's work is blues-tinged but often has a melancholy rather than an earthy feeling. Unfortunately, this album is about the least interesting I've heard him do.

Caller is probably the outstanding composition, a simple, lovely song. Lytle improvises with grace and imagination, sometimes achieving a marimbale effect.

Harris adds a note of cheerfulness in the rhythm section, at times sounding something like a calliope. He is one of the best organ accompanists in jazz, capable of getting a mellow sonority from his instrument that few others can match.

The vibist's work on *Dolphin* has good continuity, but here he relies too much on stock devices. Harris plays a short, economical solo—sort of an organ equivalent of arranger's piano.

On *Can't Help, You Don't Know, Solitude*, and the happy, Latin-influenced tune *Pedro*, Lytle plays tastefully but too conservatively.

The brisk-paced *Kevin* has the funkier playing on the LP, and Harris and Lytle take decent but not especially memorable solos.

Soul is a pretty theme, stated slowly by Lytle. His improvisation, which is taken at a fast tempo, kicks along nicely as he employs riffs frequently.

Rodriguez does a commendable job in the rhythm section. Often Latin percussionists don't fit with a jazz rhythm section that sets down a straight swinging beat, but Rodriguez adjusts quite well. Instead of cluttering the proceedings, his propulsive but unobtrusive playing is an asset. (H.P.)

Oscar Moore

WE'LL REMEMBER YOU, NAT—Surrey 1013: *I'll Remember You; This Will Make You Laugh; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?; Come in out of the Rain; Sweet Lorraine; Body and Soul; That's All; It's Only a Paper Moon; Afterglow; Old King Cole.*

Personnel: Moore, guitar; Gerald Wiggins, piano; Joe Comfort, bass.

Rating: ★★

Though designed as a tribute to the late pianist-vocalist Nat Cole, this pleasant, unpretentious album of low-keyed mood jazz—despite the presence of two former Cole associates, Moore (a member of the first trio) and Comfort (a member in the late '40s)—bears only a peripheral relationship to the approach of the original King Cole Trio. (Roles have been reversed, for one thing; Moore's guitar is the dominant voice here.)

Since there is little real attempt at duplicating the work of the Cole trio, this album should be judged for what it is rather than for what it is not.

What it is, then, is a set of quiet, unambitious ballad readings spotlighting the limpid guitar of Moore and the understated, quietly probing piano of the versatile Wiggins, who turns in consistently more interesting performances than leader Moore, who is given more solo space. Comfort's role is purely supportive.

The format followed is that of a succession of simple, uncluttered, and patently romantic solos—none of them particularly inventive—by the guitarist and the pianist. Neither departs too radically from the melodic lines, and, further, there is little

interplay among the members of the group.

Wiggins comps sedately behind Moore's guitar lines, and the guitarist recedes to the middle distance with his chording when the pianist spins out his deft, uncluttered statements. Nothing much happens of an unusual nature; all run competently over ground that has been trod countless times.

More committed and inventive playing by all concerned might have resulted in a much more provocative set of performances than these sweet but inconsequential confections and might have produced a significant memorial to a musician who was both inventive and committed. It must be remembered, however, that Moore had been inactive musically for some time before these performances were recorded last year. Still, he doesn't play badly—just unimaginatively. (P.W.)

Don Redman

MASTER OF THE BIG BAND—RCA Victor 520: *Miss Hannah; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?; I'd Love It; Cherry; The Way I Feel Today; Peggy; Rocky Road; Talk to Me; Chant of the Weed; Jump Session; Milenberg Joys; Sweet Leilani; Shim-me-sha-wabble; I Got Ya; About Rip Van Winkle; Down-Home Rag.*

Collective personnel: Tracks 1-8—John Nesbitt, Langston Curl, Joe Smith, Sidney DeParis, Leonard Davis, Rex Stewart, Buddy Lee, trumpets; Claude Jones, Ed Cuffee, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Redman, Milton Senior, Benny Carter, George Thomas, Prince Robinson, Coleman Hawkins, Ted McCord, reeds; Todd Rhodes, Fats Waller, piano; Dave Wilborn, banjo; Ralph Escudero, Billy Taylor, bass, tuba; Cuba Austin, Kaiser Marshall, drums. Tracks 9-16—Carl Warwick, Reunald Jones, Mario Bauza, Robert Williams, DeParis, Tom Stevenson, Otis Johnson, Al Kilian, trumpets; Jones, Jackson, Gene Simon, trombones; Redman, Eddie Barefield, Edward Inge, Pete Clark, Joe Garland, Eddie Williams, Carl Frye, Gene Sedric, Scoville Brown, Henry Smith, Tapley Lewis, Robert Carroll, reeds; Nicholas Rodriguez, piano; Bob Lessey, guitar; Bob Ysaquire, bass; Bill Beason, Manzie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Redman's contribution to the art and craft of big-band arranging can hardly be overestimated. An exceptionally well-schooled and versatile musician, he originated and refined almost every device and idea that became standard arranging practice, and most of his innovations have become permanent.

Nevertheless, Redman's reputation has been overshadowed by his erstwhile employer, Fletcher Henderson, whose band achieved jazz prominence under Redman's tutelage, and there has been scant representation on American LPs of Redman's recordings under his own name. Thus, this album in RCA Victor's Vintage series begins to fill a gap.

The first side is devoted to music by McKinney's Cotton Pickers, a band that, despite its quaint name, was one of the outstanding large jazz bands when Redman was its music director (1928-31).

For five of the eight McKinney selections heard here, Redman borrowed some of Henderson's star players (Carter, Hawkins, Smith, Marshall) and augmented his personnel with other New York notables (DeParis, Davis, Waller). These performances offer interesting material for comparison with Henderson's contemporaneous output.

McKinney's unit was much better disciplined, and the unprecedented four-man reed section gave the band a fuller,



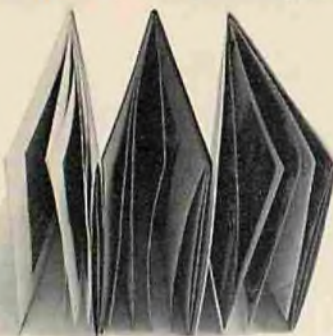
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smoother sound than Henderson's. There are a number of excellent solos, but these are shorter than was the rule with Henderson and are more fully integrated into the arrangements.

The band's sound and spirit, as well as the character of the material, typifies the '20s, but without the jerky rhythms and now-corny effects generally associated with that period. And the band swung.

Baby, one of Redman's evergreens, is a good example of the band's approach to what later were to be called "ballads," though the bounce is present even at slower tempos. *Love* rocks, and Hawkins unleashes a bubbling solo in his staccato style. Carter's alto still had a Frankie Trumbauer touch on *Love*, but on the later *Road*, he is his own man. His clarinet spot on *Hannah* sounds surprisingly like Fud Livingston, and much of the trumpet scoring has touches of Bix Beiderbecke—indications of the give and take between Negro and white musicians of the period.

Road, one of the best McKinney pieces, features a vehement, blue solo by Stewart, and the ensemble ride-out on *Talk* foreshadows the power and punch of the "swing" bands to come. (An entire Vintage album devoted to McKinney's is promised in Stanley Dance's informative liner notes. It will be welcome.)

Tracks 9-16 feature Redman's 1938-40 band and, with one exception, offer less rewarding music. The exception is *Chant of the Weed*, Redman's masterpiece, performed here at much slower tempo than on two previous recordings (on Brunswick and Columbia). This is the version from which Gil Evans took his 1959 interpretation (Pacific Jazz), and the only dated element is Redman's own alto solo.

Though this was a technically excellent and well-rehearsed band, the emphasis was on novelty material treated tongue-in-cheek, and the solos, mostly breaks and four-bar spots, are too short to be of much impact. Even such potentially good jazz vehicles as *Shim-me, Milenberg*, and *Rag* are given flashy readings with little musical depth. The showmanship in Redman seems to have taken over. But there is no faulting the crack trumpet section (ex-Luncefordian Stevenson was a superb lead trumpeter) or the rich, rolling reeds.

As an instrumentalist, Redman had a fine tone and fluent technique, but his conception was limited when it came to jazz feeling and swing. His work on soprano saxophone (*Rag*, *Session*, *Leilani*) is excellent, however, with a sweet, pure sound all his own. Though carping about selections may be pointless, it is a pity that *Baby*, *Won't You Please Come Home* wasn't chosen in place of one of the novelties, for it has perhaps Redman's finest soprano solo on record, plus some startling trumpet triplets and fine sax-section work.

Redman's vocals, prodigiously present on both sides, are delivered in a half-spoken, half-sung sotto voce style, with considerable charm and humor.

It is regrettable that Columbia, to whom Redman's excellent 1931-36 recordings are available, has not seen fit to issue a me-

morial album. Meanwhile, these McKinney tracks offer proof of Redman's ability to join musical sensibility and imagination with commercial considerations. Perhaps it was this constant eye on marketability that prevented Redman from fully realizing his amazing gifts on an artistic level commensurate with the promise shown in *Chant of the Weed*. But without his firm contribution, the history of big-band jazz would not have been the same. (D.M.)

Sammy Rimington

GEORGE LEWIS CLASSICS—Jazz Crusade 1005: *Red Wing*; *New Orleans Hula*; *Ciribiribin*; *My Gal Sal*; *Listen to the Mocking Bird*; *Hindustan*; *St. Phillip Street Blues*; *Old Rugged Cross*; *Smiles*; *Burgundy Street Blues*; *Peoria*; *Over the Waves*.

Personnel: Rimington, clarinet; Graham Par-
terson, piano; John Coles, banjo; Terry Knight,
bass; Barry (Kid) Martyn, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A musician is stacking the odds against himself pretty heavily when he starts out playing in the style of another man and then records a set of tunes associated with that man. Rimington, a 23-year-old English clarinetist, has used George Lewis as his model, and here he is playing a batch of tunes that form the core of Lewis' repertoire.

And yet the result is not really second-hand Lewis. The young Englishman may start out a piece in a thin-toned, tentative manner that derives from Lewis, but as he builds his pieces, he takes on a swaggering, dancing quality that is quite his own. His playing is clean and flowing with little of the quaver that is characteristic of Lewis.

Rimington's lilting drive is backed by the rhythm section of Barry Martyn's band, sometimes in a highly complementary manner although a starchiness creeps in occasionally. On several selections the accompaniment is cut to banjo and bass, a pleasant change, particularly on Rimington's light and affecting version of the well-worn *Burgundy*. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Stitt-Zoot Sims

INTER-ACTION—Cadet 760: *My Blue Heaven*; *The Saker*; *Katca*; *Fools Rush In*; *Lonesome Road*; *I Want to Go Home*.

Personnel: Stitt, tenor and alto saxophones;
Sims, tenor saxophone; John Young, piano; Sam
Kidd, bass; Phil Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

John Benson Brooks once had a tape that consisted of a nonstop series of Lester Young solos excerpted from his Count Basie records. That, it strikes me, might make two sides of an all-saxophone LP that would sustain a listener's interest.

But to have two relatively similar saxophonists—even saxophonists as attractive and skillful as Stitt and Sims—play almost constantly throughout an LP is to invite monotony. That's more or less what happens here. It's not the monotony of simple dullness—it's the monotony of similarity. Stitt and Sims manage to build *Fools* into a provocative swinger, but the rest of the way it's too much of the same old same old.

In general, Stitt is in the better form, gliding along on smoothly lilting lines, while Sims uses a harder tone and adopts a more brusque attack. There are occasional moments of relief in Young's sudden runs of splashily amusing piano. (J.S.W.)

Osborne Smith

THE WIZARDRY OF OZ SMITH—Capitol 2288: *Keys to the Highway; Midnight Special; Go Down; Honey Baby Blues; Goin' to My Lonesome Home; Careless Love; 12 Gates to the City; Come on, My Love; Magnolia Tree; Plenty Good Room.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, trumpet; Robert Banks, piano, organ; Wally Richardson, guitar; Barry Kornfeld, guitar or banjo; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Marshall or Bernard Purdie, drums; Ludji Camera, African drum; Smith, vocals.

Rating: no stars

Take the already overly histrionic approaches of Josh White and Brother John Sellers to their highest powers in the work of a "singer" who has considerable trouble carrying a tune and blend in the following ingredients indiscriminately: Gospel piano and organ, folk guitar and banjo, rock-and-roll guitar and heavyhanded shuffle-rhythm drum work, thinly recorded jazz trumpet (sparingly) at the most inapposite moments, a superb but misused bassist, and a batch of Negro folk tunes—some genuine (but insensitively performed), some ersatz (equally poorly performed, but who cares?). The result will only begin to approximate the dreary, embarrassing, grotesque pastiche that comprises this set, surely the most outrageously camp album of the last several years.

Smith is such an unbelievably poor, unconvincing (his insincerity, in fact, approaches high art), and toneless performer—I am frankly at a loss for a word to describe the incredibly flat, insensitive, inflexible yelling that passes for singing here—that the mind boggles at trying to fathom the intentions of the album's producers. Was it to be a folk-music set? A document of the oppressed Negro (there are the obligatory work song and diatribe against lynching)? A jazz album? An album of pop-folk? Or what?

Whatever it is, however, it is by all odds the most inept, tasteless, offensive, hideous album I've heard in years. It is so bad, in fact, that as unconscious parody it is in the same league with the Florence Foster Jenkins albums. (P.W.)

Sylvia Telles

SYLVIA TELLES SINGS THE WONDERFUL SONGS OF ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM—Kapp 1451: *And Roses and Roses; Useless Landscape; Samba Torto; All That's Left Is to Say Goodbye; Bahia; One-Note Samba; Quiet Nights; How Insensitive; Dreamer; Eu Preciso de Você; Dindi; Once I Loved.*

Personnel: Miss Telles, vocals; unidentified orchestra and chorus.

Rating: ★★½

Though virtually unknown in the United States, Miss Telles is a popular recording artist in her native Brazil, with a half-dozen LPs to her credit. In this, her U.S. debut recording, she reveals herself as a quietly engaging singer whose voice and approach are well suited to the bossa nova selections in this set.

She has chosen the material wisely, representing as it does a garland of 12 of the more appealing Jobim compositions in the b.n. idiom.

The choice of Jobim tunes is doubly felicitous in that Miss Telles' vocal approach uncannily resembles that of Jobim (in some respects she is the best interpreter of his songs I've heard). There is the same degree of huskiness (a slight catch in the voice) and the same intimation of a vibrato that never quite manifests itself

in both their voices; and Miss Telles phrases—consciously or unconsciously—much like Jobim does.

There is a bright, exuberant quality to the singer's performances here, and she picks her way effortlessly through the varying demands of the program: she is coy and kittenish where it's called for (*Torto*), reflective and sad (*Landscape, Goodbye*, etc.), and otherwise warmly romantic.

Her only fall from grace occurs on *One-Note*, on which she veers toward tasteless histrionics near the song's conclusion, the stridency marring an otherwise

addition to the record collections of bossa nova fanciers. (P.W.)

Cal Tjader

SOUL BIRD: WHIFFENPOOF—Verve 8626: *The Whiffenpoof Song; Soul Bird (Tin Tin Deo); How High the Moon; That's All; Soul Motion; Reza; The Prophet; Sonny Boy; Doxy; Samba de Orfeu; Shiny Silk Stockings; Daddy Wong Legs.*

Personnel: Tjader, vibraharp; Paul Griffin or Lonnie Hewitt, piano; Richard Davis or Terry Hilliard, bass; Sol Grubin, John Rae, or Grady Tate, drums; Armando Peraza, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Despite much mention of soul on the album cover, I find little of it here. "Soul," as a descriptive term, should, I think, at least reflect an attempt on the part of the player to look deeply into the sources of Gospel and blues music. Aside from a passing glance on *Doxy*, these musicians' eyes are someplace else.

Mostly the sides consist of brief recitals of the melodies, leavened by short Tjader solos. Only on six of the 12 tracks does the boss rest his mallets and nod to a sideman. True, Davis—who stands out in support—slips in for two quickie bits on *Soul*; but the primary solo instrument besides Tjader's vibes is the piano.

Griffin posts a groovy stanza on *Doxy* and comes off well in his other breaks. The *Reza* solo belongs to Hewitt who, like Griffin, operates with some imagination. Tjader's beautiful Milt Jackson-like sound, blended with Griffin's piano, makes *Prophet* a happy excursion; and here, as to a lesser extent on *Stockings*, the combination of the two instruments strongly recalls the Modern Jazz Quartet.

However, this is not enough to ameliorate the wearing sound of a large block of songs, most of which are developed in Latin rhythm at pretty much the same tempo and with little variation in ensemble voicing or solo timbre. True, the tunes are pretty, but there is little real improvisation in their presentation. Tjader is a fine musician, but, for me at least, he cannot himself sustain a program like the one presented here. (D.N.)

Various Artists

SLOW DRAG'S BUNCH—Jazz Crusade 2005: *Move the Body Over; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Little Brown Jug; I Can't Escape from You Slowly; I Can't Escape from You Swiftly; Brahms' Cradle Song; Creole Song; Stack-o-Lee Blues; Climax Rag.*

Personnel: Fred Vigorito, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Albert Burbank, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; George Guesnon, banjo; Slow Drag Pavageau, bass; Bill Bissonette, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This album features Vigorito and Bissonette, two members of the Easy Riders New Orleans Jazz Band of Connecticut; Don Ewell, the talented Jelly Roll Morton-oriented pianist; and a solid core of New Orleans veterans.

Trumpeter Vigorito has adapted his style from the primitive playing of Kid Thomas, and the lumbering, awkward turn of his phrases, the nanny-goat sound, and the attack—hammering like a clumsy carpenter—have a charm. But it is a limited charm, and one tires of the sameness of his playing.

Robinson and Burbank etch ragged, lusty supporting lines, both in a good barrelhouse mood. Bissonette is a better drummer than he is a trombonist (his usual role in the Riders band), but there

In The March 24 Down Beat

PERCUSSION ISSUE

Max Roach Vs. Buddy Rich

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By George Hoefer

Shelly Manne Blindfold Test

On Sale Thursday, March 10

insinuating and effective performance.

Miss Telles is given excellent, firm support from a Brazilian orchestra that executes deftly and feelingly the sensitive arrangements (orchestrator also uncredited).

To lend a little jazz interest to the set, an anonymous flugelhornist is heard from time to time in brief solos that reveal a firm, warmly flaring Chet Baker orientation. The presence of a small choral group on two of the numbers detracts only slightly from their complete effectiveness.

In fine, this is a generally tasteful, restrained, and well-planned set, easy and unpretentious, and should prove a happy

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are times (as on *Brown Jug* and *Move the Body*) when he is plodding and dragging, and it seems the band has to pick up and carry him along.

Ewell, who is allowed only two solos, gives the best performances of the session. His comping figures come billowing over the rhythmic pulse, giving body and shape to the foundations. His solo on *Escape from You Slowly* begins in quiet melody; then, with sudden descending bass notes, he starts swinging in a stately, majestic way, showing how well he learned his Jelly Roll.

More Ewell would have made a better balanced album. (G.M.E.)

Sarah Vaughan

POP ARTISTRY—Mercury 21069: *Yesterday; I Know a Place; If I Ruled the World; Make It Easy on Yourself; He Touched Me; Habibi; What the World Needs Now Is Love; A Lover's Concerto; Little Hands; On a Clear Day You Can See Forever; First Thing Every Morning; Waltz for Debbie.*

Personnel: Miss Vaughan, vocals.

Rating: ★★

One gets the feeling that Miss Vaughan intended to do this set reasonably straight—that is, to take advantage of her remarkable voice instead of simply collecting her mannerisms. At least, much of what she tries to do is fairly straight, but she has to fight lumpy, banal arrangements by Luchi de Jesus, a recording balance that often covers her singing with the accompaniment, and the use of a cushion of echo around her voice that would vitiate her best efforts.

But she throws in an occasional roller-coaster phrase and gives her vibrato a wobble for old times' sake. On *Habibi* she is strong and warm, but DeJesus' strings are distractingly busy. *Little Hands* starts out sensitively (if a little overemotionally) but bogs down in wobbles and coyness. And *Clear Day* might have come out all right if the backing had not been so leaden.

Even the old ululations would be better than this. (J.S.W.)

Fred Wacker

SWINGS COOL—Cadet 4050: *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams; These Foolish Things; You're Driving Me Crazy; You Stepped out of a Dream; When My Sugar Walks down the Street; I Wish You Love; Something's Gotta Give; After You've Gone; Cherry; Chicago; Lullaby of the Leaves; Satin Doll.*

Personnel: Warren Kime, George Bean, trumpets; Cy Touff, trombone; Tom Moses, alto saxophone; Mike Simpson, Kenny Soderblom, tenor saxophone; Benny Baileys, baritone saxophone; Ken Harrity, piano; unidentified bass and drums.

Rating: ★★

Mike Simpson's arrangements for this economy-size big band (only two trumpets and one trombone) tend toward heavy textures that sometimes come off all right (*Dream*) but are more likely to be tight and static (if this were a working band, this could probably be straightened out). In any event, the band has a solid big-band sound and, in Touff, one lusty soloist.

The use of a twist beat on most of the pieces does not set particularly well with the big-band context or with the tunes themselves, which are almost all standards.

The general effect, then, is one of compromise—trying to reach both the big-band buff and the current pop audience. The result is something that could catch the ear of both groups but will probably not really satisfy either one. (J.S.W.)

Randy Weston

RANDY!—Bakton 1001: *Berkshire Blues; Portrait of Vivian; Willie's Tune; Niger Mambo; African Cookbook; Congolese Children's Song; Blues for Five Reasons.*

Personnel: Ray Copeland, trumpet, flugelhorn; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Weston, piano, celeste; Bill Wood, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Big Black, conga drums, vocal; Sir Harold Murray, various percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Weston has been around for some time, but he has not got the recognition he deserves, particularly for his writing. His themes are spare and declamatory, the way Thelonious Monk's are.

The most fetching Weston tune in this tasteful collection is *Congolese Children*. It is a simple song, quite diatonic, yet it has strong musical appeal, which, on this record, is enhanced by Big Black's unaffected singing.

Berkshire and *Willie's* also are attractive; both are strong melodies, touched by melancholy and here given a dark tonal quality by Weston's voicing of the horns and his choice of key (since there is unison horn work, the key takes on great importance if one is to achieve the timbre Weston does).

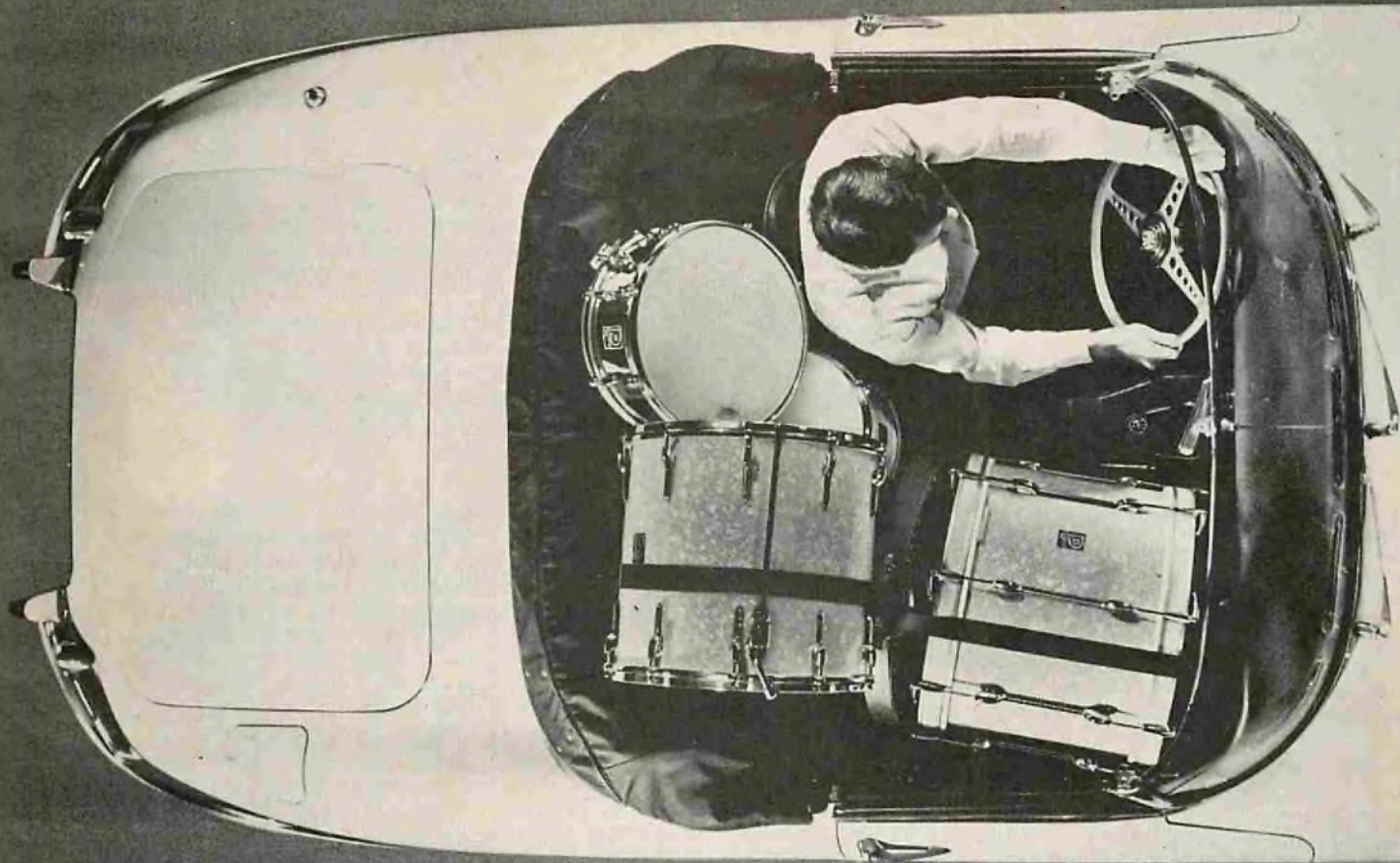
Vivian, according to the liner notes, is a ballad meant to portray Weston's mother. It is a lovely song given a poignant reading by Ervin (his opening note evokes an exquisite deep sadness as he swells and smears it simultaneously). Later in the performance, Ervin's improvisation is every bit as melancholy and tender as Weston's theme.

Niger Mambo (the only non-Weston composition on the record) and *African Cookbook* are notable more for their spirit, rhythmic excitement, and solos than for thematic content. (It might be that *Cookbook* has no theme but only a bass pattern on which to hang modal improvisations, plus an interlude to separate solos, though if this is the case, then Weston must have directed that the first set of improvisations be in notes of long duration.)

Considering all that the other tracks have going for them—strong themes and/or excitement—*Five Reasons* is weak, a merely competent blues performance by Weston (deep in Monk), Wood, and McBrowne.

Ervin's prowess is well known, so let it suffice to say that he does his usual fine work on this record. But Copeland has not received the attention (or, judging by his playing here, the record dates) he deserves. Every solo he plays is technically flawless—and he covers the full range of both flugel and trumpet. Aside from an ability to get over his horn, he has a keen sense of musical construction. His solos are flowing and lyrical, laced with a lovely tone and well paced by adroit use of tension and release. And when he does climb into the high register, it is for musical reasons, not acrobatic ones.

And that might be a fitting subtitle for this album—*For Musical Reasons*. Certainly commercial reasons for its being are not too evident, which in one important way is regrettable: the album is put out by Weston and doubtless will have limited distribution. But if you should run across a copy, get it—the music is reason enough. (D.DeM.)



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BLINDFOLD TEST

RAY BROWN

'I haven't played in any of the so-called outside groups, and I wonder if the idea is to play a composed line, a melody line, and then go outside. Why not just start outside and stay outside?'

1. Red Mitchell. **Black Eyed Peas** (from *Rejoice!*, Pacific Jazz). Mitchell, cello; Jim Hall, guitar; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Frank Butler, drums; Oscar Pettiford, composer.

A Pettiford tune. . . . In the ensemble the bassist, whoever it was, reminded me of him. The first part of the solo sounded like what he might play, but the second part, after he got into it, didn't sound like Oscar.

Little heavy on the drums there—of course, it was one of those in-person recordings, and it's hard to get a good balance. The rhythm section had a good feel. I didn't recognize the guitarist either . . . in fact, I didn't recognize *anybody* I could put my finger on.

It bogged down a little at the piano chorus. The piano player seemed to kind of lag . . . just a little Garner-ish. When I say "Garner-ish," that type of lag—you know, he kind of lays back. And I think it bogged the rhythm section down just a little.

I'd put that somewhere between two and three stars.

2. Charles Lloyd. **Apex** (from *Of Course, Of Course*, Columbia). Lloyd, composer, tenor saxophone; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

I had a mixed reaction about that chart. I like the way it started off—the original line was fine, but they seemed to get a little away from the structure there for a while. This doesn't bother me, but it's something I've wondered about. . . . I haven't played in any of the so-called outside groups, and I wonder if the idea is to play a composed line, a melody line, and then go outside. I'm just wondering, why not just start outside and stay outside? Because then you don't have to worry.

When I sit down and listen to a tune and I hear a straight up-and-down melody, where I can hear the changes, and this thing went up chromatically—like F, F# diminished, G minor—and so forth, then I have a tendency to listen to what the guys are doing after that, built on this, because you remember the opening chorus.

And when they start getting away from it, I have a tendency to think, "Oh-oh, they're blowing it." Which is maybe really what they want to do.

So I think maybe they should just start off from outside and don't condescend and play that sort of structure and then carry it away.

Now at this particular point I'm speaking in general—not just about this group—the blowing is too far out for the theme. But I had that in mind—the bass must have had his strings rather low, kind of soft; they got a kind of different sound, kind of a rubbery sound. The opening line was clear, but once in a while it got too rubbery—you couldn't make out the notes. I was trying to follow the line, but sometimes it got away from me.

They left the structure there for a while, especially when the bass was doing the thing there with the drums. It could have been an interlude; I couldn't tell from the chord structure at all. The saxophone player . . . I don't know . . . had a strange sound. It's the sound of today—is what I mean. It almost sounded like a soprano at first.

The drummer sounded nice, had a crisp cymbal beat. Timewise it was all right.

Getting back to the other thing I was talking about, I noticed in one spot they started breaking up the rhythm quite a bit. Personally, I'd like to have seen a few more choruses go by like the first few they had after the melody line.

I'd say about three stars.

3. Ella Fitzgerald-Duke Ellington. **The Brown Skin Gal in the Calico Gown** (from *Ella at Duke's Place*, Verve). Jimmy Hamilton, tenor saxophone; Ellington, composer.

That's a nice tune. I never heard it before. That was Ella, of course.

It's like hearing two versions of the same tune, you know? The way it comes in there. . . . But it's very nice. The band struck a pretty good groove. There was some tenor on that first part. He seemed to get a little hung up on that turnaround thing, where it goes up (*sings*).

She sang very good there. And the band

To the casual observer of the jazz scene it may seem as though Ray Brown did virtually nothing but play with the Oscar Peterson Trio until their 15-year partnership ended in January.

Actually, Brown was a front-rank musician for several years before he joined Peterson, having gained much respect for his work with Dizzy Gillespie. During the years with Peterson, too, he was active in several other areas, playing cello and bass on his own albums, writing numerous attractive compositions (the best known being *Gravy Waliz*), and serving as a faculty member at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., and later at the Peterson trio's own music school in Toronto, Ontario.

As a Los Angeles resident now, Brown expects to diversify still further and to concentrate heavily on the expansion of his catalog as a music publisher. The following was his second *Blindfold Test*. The other appeared Sept. 12, 1963. He received no information about the records played.

part I enjoyed. Tenor solo could have been maybe a little stronger. The over-all feel of the thing was very good though. She sang five stars' worth. The band ensemble was pretty good. The first part I enjoyed, too, with-just-the-piano section, so I'll give the accompaniment 3½ stars. She sang very good. She came in after that tenor part very nicely too.

4. Bob James. **Explosions (ESP)**. James, piano, composer; Barre Phillips, bass; Robert Pozar, percussion; prepared tapes.

Well, let me say first, that's one record you'll never hear in my house! No chance of hearing that at my pad! And if you hear it, I won't be there. I don't know, Leonard . . . I figure you're after me when you play that record. You're taking a shot at me for some reason.

Somebody's got to get composer's credit for that, and I'd like to hear them talk about it. Unless it's a four-way thing, split up between the bass player and the drummer, and the pianist, and whoever was making the other sound effects, if it wasn't the drummer.

I don't have anything to say about that. I can't say anything categorically about it, because it doesn't fit into anything for me, and I want to be truthful—I just can't hear it. It's beyond me. It's not beyond me technically, or harmonically, but it's still beyond me, simply because it represents some type of music which I don't understand. When it first started out, it sounded like background for a Dracula movie or something. No stars.

5. Illinois Jacquet. **Spanish Boots** (from *Spectrum*, Cadet). Jacquet, tenor saxophone.

This sounds very pleasant, coming after that last record. Sort of a routine-type tune, but I liked the sound the tenor player had. Reminded me of the Illinois Jacquet-type playing. Good saxophone player. He had a big enough sound to fit with that band. I'm going to give it four stars just for the slot it's in—where it came in the test!

No, the band thing is just a couple stars, but for the saxophone player I'd give it four.

CB

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Pousse Cafe

O'Keefe Centre, Toronto, Ontario

The long-awaited Broadway-bound musical, *Pousse Cafe* (first named *Sugar City* and then *Follow Me Up the Stairs*), finally had its world premiere here, and even then it was delayed.

The musical was to have opened Jan. 24, but the star, Lilo, stricken with a throat infection, was too ill to appear. Against medical advice, she went on the next night. It might have been better if she had waited.

The show was a disappointment. Not even a score by Duke Ellington brightened the oft-told tale of *Blue Angel*, the tragic story of a German professor who falls in love with a night-club performer, a role that brought international fame to Marlene Dietrich.

Pousse Cafe is not likely to add to Lilo's reputation. The blonde French singer was implausible as the siren who captivates virile young students and an aging professor alike.

Theodore Bikel, as Prof. Ritter, was much more convincing. The disintegration of the professor was portrayed deftly and surely, but the effect was destroyed when

his decline and fall is vitiated by having him simply walk out of the singer's life.

The musical is as far removed from the original *Blue Angel* story as its new setting. In this version the plot unwinds in a tawdry night club (*Pousse Cafe*, of course) in the New Orleans French Quarter in the 1920s.

In this setting nobody... and nothing... seems at home. Bikel's professor would be much better in Berlin, Lilo's Soulangé obviously much happier in Paris, and Ellington's music better off in New York City.

For the musical (running time, two hours and 30 minutes) Ellington wrote 17 songs, of which four have a chance of surviving the show. *Follow Me Up the Stairs*; *C'est Comme Ça*; *Goodbye, Charlie*; and the best of the lot, *Easy to Take*, could achieve popularity.

The remainder of the score provides an effective, if not exciting, comment on the plot. The only concession to the New Orleans background is the on-stage honky-tonk piano playing of Ellis Larkins, an accomplished pianist, who, in this instance, is unhappily compelled to play discreetly and all to quietly behind the uninspired dialog. Even one rollicking solo—or better still the presence of a jazz band onstage—might have injected *Pousse Cafe* with a feeling of New Orleans vitality.

Originally set for debut in 1963, the musical has undergone too many changes for its own good. Too many ideas have been stirred into this musical concoction. In its current state, *Pousse Cafe* still needs revising. Maybe a shot of good old-

fashioned bourbon, New Orleans style, would help.

—Helen McNamara

Frank Strozier-Albert Stinson

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles

Personnel: Strozier, alto saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Stinson, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

This was Shelly and His Men, minus Conte Candoli's trumpet and with bassist Stinson substituting for Monte Budwig. It was also a very informal Monday evening, and because Strozier and Stinson were aggressively dominant, and because the music was largely off-the-top-of-the-head improvisation on standards, it was really their group. And Strozier and Stinson are powerful!

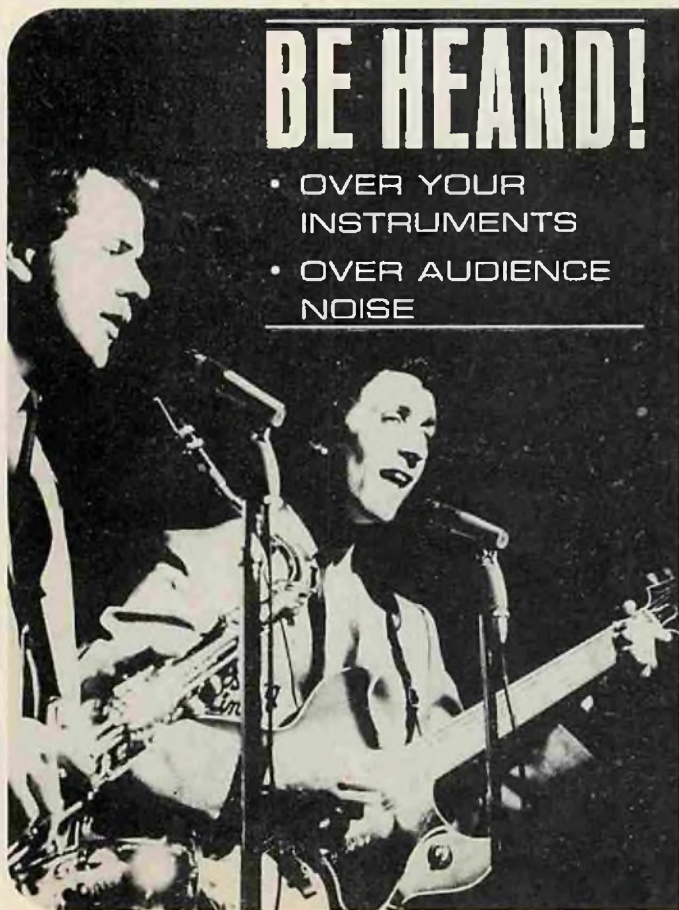
The altoist has got looser and looser in the last two years, and although there tends to be a strident, unmellow sameness to his tonal color, he has incorporated phrasing abstraction and unorthodox fingering that have avant-gardized his concept.

Stinson is at the least unbelievable. There is a low roof over the bandstand at the Manne-Hole, and it rattled several times from the strength of his bass notes. "He's loud!" I pointed out to a musician in attendance. "Yes, but not just loud," he said. That's right.

Stinson bowls one over with the intensity and goodness of his tone, the clarity and sharpness of his attack, the accuracy of his fingering and the resultant trueness of his intonation. And he's not just playing fast and loud and clear. He plays solos of admirable form. I'll tell you how best to describe him: his playing

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has all the good, strong physical characteristics of the early Scott LaFaro—the one before the Bill Evans Trio (the one with Vic Feldman on Contemporary records and with Stan Getz and Cal Tjader on Fantasy). But with that robustness, Stinson has the mature playing accuracy that LaFaro attained only later as he blended lightly and less angrily with Evans and drummer Paul Motian.

Back to Strozier. He sometimes wanders rather aimlessly from idea to idea, and often at the end, it is difficult to remember a total form to his solo. It is exciting playing and, as I said, very loose and free. But . . . people tend to start talking or looking around. You know the feeling—waitress, let me see that menu again.

Freeman and Manne? In excellent form as usual. Freeman seems to have got safely through his eclectic period (1961-64) when he slid around from Red Garland to Bill Evans to Wynton Kelly. I wouldn't say he is anything like the distinctive pianist he was in the early '50s, but he swings harder than he did then, is richer and warmer, and he certainly is not anybody but Russ Freeman. Very compelling and constantly inventive.

So is Manne. He never stops. Such energy and ears and hands. The devotion he shows toward support is hardly equaled in jazz, and he can turn the time, accent, and feeling every way but loose. I wish he and Freeman would make another duo album.

But this is more important—I expect

Albert Stinson to be around a lot longer. If you want to hear a young giant, hear A.S.
—John William Hardy

George Bohanon

Paige's, Detroit, Mich.

Personnel: Bohanon, trombone; Kenny Cox, piano; Will Austin, bass; Bert Myrick, drums.

Detroit's horn-of-plenty continues to yield top-shelf talent, as evidenced by the young Bohanon group. Though there is no longer a bumper crop to equal the fraternity of Kenny Burrell, Donald Byrd, the Jones brothers, Pepper Adams, and others of the early '50s, and while the avant-gardists seem to be woodshedding somewhere east of the Motor City, fresh, three-dimensional players like those comprising this group continue to blossom.

Since leaving the Chico Hamilton Quintet nearly three years ago, Bohanon has stationed himself in Detroit, testing various groups of his own while serving on the studio staff of Tamla-Motown records. He now has what could be an ideal combination. Although his previous unit—with tenor man Ronnie Fields—was a more energetic one, the current company provides more subtlety and grace.

Joined with Cox, who splits most of the arranging with him, Bohanon presented a varied program of new modes, renovated arrangements from past associations, and an occasional standard. The most interesting of the new tunes were *Scorpio's Child* and *Jade*.

The former was in the modal vein and flowed nicely before becoming too per-

cussive and losing continuity after the solos. Bohanon waxed with big, lush tones that not only anchored the ensemble but also drove it with piercing thrusts.

Jade began with an Eastern flavor but, like *Scorpio's*, didn't hold up, the exotic mood giving way to an incongruous tag of bop changes. Again Bohanon sustained the line with fluid assurance and set up Cox' best soloing of the evening. Although Cox knows his way up and down the keyboard and is especially comfortable in the more progressive forms, his writing sometimes lacks sufficient dramatic content and balance to be really complete.

Bohanon's *What For?* was a lively, detailed blues with a pensive stop-time statement from the trombonist, well accompanied by Austin's countering bass lines.

The group also played *Sweet Georgia Bright*, *Rhetorica*, *Shadow of Your Smile*, *Far Reaches*, and *The Latin Bit* on the night of review.

The quartet's big drawback is one of unfamiliarity. Further cohesiveness is needed. Both Austin and Myrick are accomplished but don't anticipate the soloists as well as they should. The rhythm-section solos are deliberate and seldom spring logically from the line. Also, Cox will have to widen his scope and come on like a horn if he is to supplement successfully the often monotonous sound that a trombone produces.

All in all, this is an exciting group that could bloom with a little more nurturing.

—Don Buday


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SAM JONES

(Continued from page 15)

with Peterson. His eagerness shows.

"Well, there's more room in a trio," he said. "I won't be confined to just standing back there playing a part." He paused and then expanded: "I can stand back there and play a part and improvise."

Despite his confidence and eagerness, Jones has some apprehension:

"Oscar has had one bass player since he's been in business—Ray Brown. And Oscar's ear's been trained to a certain type of playing. Well, I'm no Ray Brown, and I don't claim to be no Ray Brown. Ray Brown has his style of playing, and I have my style of playing. So there's going to have to be some adjustment made. Oscar will have to train his ear to what I'm doing." Then he hurried to erase any trace of gaucherie: "But the load of adjusting will really have to be on me." He grinned, adding, "Because he's hiring me."

Pianist Zawinul, listening in during the interview, was asked what he, if he were a trio leader, would expect a bassist to play. His answer was immediate and blunt:

"What I want to hear."

The answer brought the glint of rebellion to Jones' eye.

"The bass is the backbone of the band," Jones argued. "I will have to adjust myself, and Oscar will have to adjust to my playing."

Zawinul diplomatically summarized:


"Well, there's no problem. The reason Oscar called Sam in the first place is because Sam is playing what Oscar wants to hear."

SO BEGINS A NEW phase in the career of Sam (Home) Jones, who says his ambition is to play better tonight than he did last night. It is possible that he will be blacked out in the shadow of a big man. Zawinul, for one, does not believe that will happen; he dismisses the idea that Jones may become even more underrated than many feel he is today.

"Underrated by whom?" Zawinul snapped. "He isn't underrated by musicians and people who really know. Everybody knows him. Everybody hires him."

As for Jones, he has no driving ambition to be a leader:

"I'm not that kind of bass player. I hope before I split . . . before I die . . . I hope I will accomplish something to leave on earth for the young bass players coming up."

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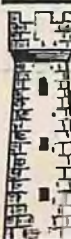
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MILES DAVIS

(Continued from page 19)

started up the stairs.

By the time I returned to New York City the following spring, I was practicing my horn two to three hours a day and had reached the point where I was good enough to play with some "week-end bands," like Billy May, Sonny Dunham, and the Commanders. They worked mostly at Kiwanis clubs in towns like Harrisburg, Pa., or Binghamton, N.Y.

Traveling with these bands was raunchy, a second-rate circus performing for people not interested in circuses any more. The big-band era was over. The worshipping girls who formerly clustered around bandstands were now worshipping somewhere else, as were most of the paying customers. The music didn't deserve better anyway. It was tired, bad, and unimaginative.

The life was unbelievably dreary—long drives, bad food, no sleep, plenty of booze just to stay sane. No life!

In 1959 I started about a year's stint with Maynard Ferguson. The money was still bad—less than \$2 an hour if one included traveling time, which was most of it—but Maynard had a musical and personal excitement about him that was contagious. The band was

boisterous and unsubtle. Most sophisticated people put it down. But he had that personal electricity so lacking in those other bands I'd been with, and that made it much more bearable.

Above all, though, it was a jazz band. Almost everybody in the band was a frustrated soloist, and Maynard constantly had to deal with requests for more solos by players who were sure their talents were not being fully used.

To most of us "stars" in Maynard's band, Miles was still the man. He was the jazz soloist, with the rhythm section, and he hadn't lost his originality—a musician whose style had remained modern and who had not been left behind by the new developments in music.

We worked at Birdland, opposite Miles, for a couple of weeks. One night, Miles was sitting at the table in the corner, which was reserved for musicians, listening to Wynton Kelly and the rest of his rhythm section playing the blues. Miles seemed annoyed. He said, "What the hell is Paul doing with the time?" The time seemed pretty good to me, but I didn't comment. When he got up—I assumed to do something about the situation—he turned to me and said, "You're getting fat, Mike."

A few months later, I moved into an apartment on 10th Ave. and 57th St. Miles and John Lewis both lived one

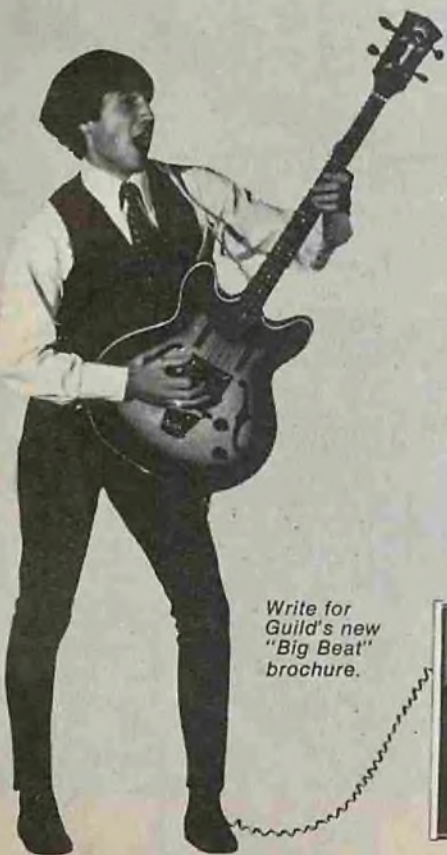
flight up from me. One day I went upstairs to ask John, whose apartment was right above mine, if he couldn't stop playing his harpsichord at three o'clock in the morning. I talked to him at his door. At one point, to be polite, I asked if my trombone practicing was too loud. A grumpy voice behind me said, "Yeah, it's too loud." I turned around to see a funky Miles, in a ragged sweatshirt, dumping a bag of garbage in the incinerator.

Last Thanksgiving weekend, Miles was working at the Village Vanguard. He had been sick and hadn't played much in about six months, so he sounded a little weak. All the same, I would rather listen to a weak Miles than a strong almost anybody else—especially the way he plays a ballad. I love sparseness in music. Satie. Webern. Make one note do the job of many—imply, don't state. Miles can play jazz like that. He blew *Old Folks*, and a young girl sitting near me said softly, "He opens up melodies like a flower."

The incinerator scene had been the last time I saw Miles, and since then I had lost 20 pounds. At the end of the evening I was standing in my thin glory outside the Vanguard when he came out of the club. He walked toward me, looked at me, and passed right by without saying a word.



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SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The State College of Iowa at Cedar Falls sponsored its annual Tall Corn Stage Band Festival Jan. 15 with Chicago trombonist Larry Boyle as featured clinician. Besides the clinic work with area high school bands, the SCI stage band, under the leadership of Jim Coffin, a faculty assistant and band director-drummer, presented its annual Phi Mu Alpha production, "Dimensions in Jazz," with Boyle as soloist.

Featured with the college band are lead trombonist Ron Baedke, who won a Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra scholarship to the Manhattan School of Music; Bob Ploehn, lead trumpet; and Tony Kullmer, lead alto. The jazz solos were covered by Bob Kvam, tenor saxophone; Mark Ellis, trumpet; and Dan Yoder, alto.

The Austin Peay State College of Clarksville, Tenn., will present its annual collegiate festival March 8. The event is under the direction of Aaron Schmidt.

This is not a collegiate contest in the usual sense but rather a multiple concert in which visiting college bands have a half-hour to air their wares and then an opportunity to hear what is going on in other college programs. In past years, besides the Austin Peay band, the Murray State College Band from Murray, Ky., the Tennessee Technical University Band, and the Peabody-Vanderbilt Jazz Ensemble have appeared.

Gonzaga University at Spokane, Wash., will have its second annual stage band festival for college and high school stage bands. At last year's contest, the Gonzaga stage band under the direction of Jack Lyman won.

Trumpeter Doc Severinsen appeared last November with both the Gonzaga concert band, under the direction of Jon Nicholson, and with the stage band in concert. Every high school band within 50 miles was represented, some schools bringing their entire stage bands.

Jamey Aebersold, an alumnus of Indiana University and a well-known name from the Collegiate Jazz Festival of past years, has been playing a well-received series of assembly programs (32 to date) in schools between Indianapolis and Louisville. The programs, using a sextet under Aebersold's and Everett Hoffman's co-direction, explain the meaning of jazz and trace the development and styles of jazz from a historical viewpoint.

The University of Illinois jazz lab is now in its sixth year under the direction of resident faculty violist John Garvey. Besides several combos, three big bands are in operation this year.

The No. 1 band, under the leadership of Garvey, is composed mainly of seniors


and graduate students. The second is co-directed by fluegelhornist Ernie Bastin, a graduate student from the University of West Virginia, and trombonist Morgan Powell, a graduate student from North Texas State University. The No. 3 band is directed by fluegelhornist Don Owens, a graduate student also from North Texas State. In addition to their directing duties, Bastin, Owens, and Powell also play in the first band.

The bands regularly play free after-dinner concerts in various residence halls as well as concerts at the weekly Wednesday night "Jazz-U-Like-It" concerts sponsored by the Illini Union.

The student union board of Lycoming

College in Williamsport, Pa., will present its fifth annual intercollegiate music competition March 17-18, with winners to be chosen from the jazz and vocal categories.

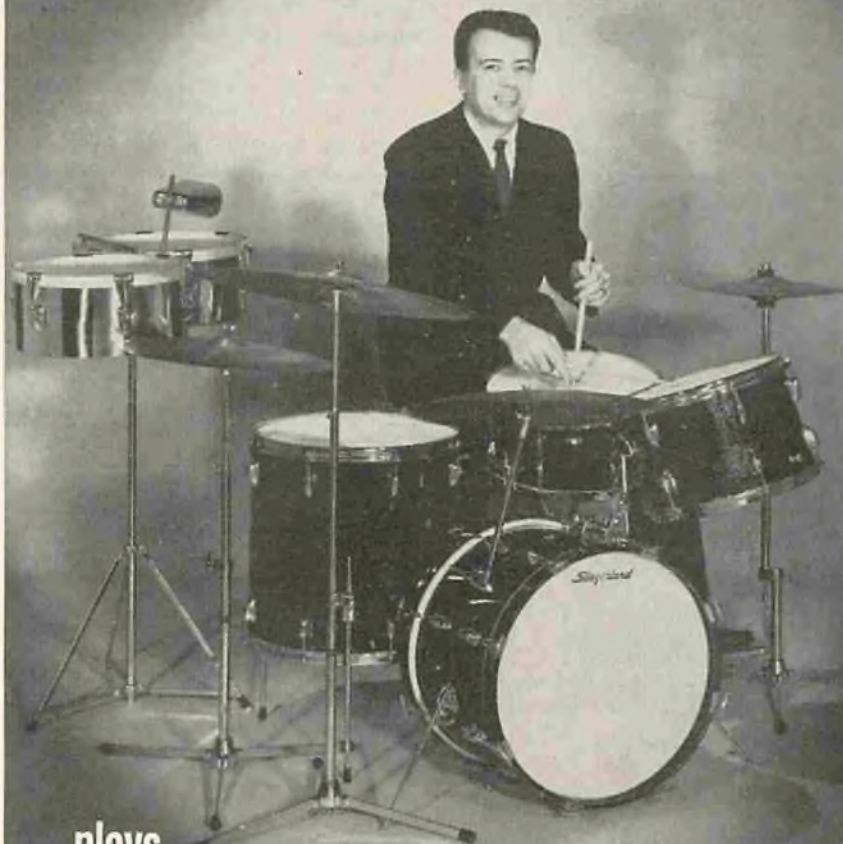
The Stephan Austin State College of Nacogdoches, Texas, sponsored its sixth annual stage band festival for high school and junior college stage bands Jan. 29. Guests and clinicians were the Airmen of Note, with leader Lt. John Osiecki and Paul Hubinon doing the judging.

Hubinon is now the lead trumpeter with the band and formerly was director of the Duquesne University Jazz Lab Band, which won the Villanova Jazz Festival in 1963 and 1964. Other first-chair members of the band functioned as clinicians also. 

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(Continued from page 13)

and tenorist Raoul Romero will be guest artists at the University of Nevada's fifth annual stage-band festival in Reno March 18-19 . . . Drummer Benny Barth joined guitarist Eddie Duran's trio at the hungry i for the engagements of singers Carol Sloane and Mel Torme . . . Vivian Brown is the new owner of the Scene, one of the city's newest jazz clubs. Singer Don Washington is the current weekend attraction, backed by pianist Buddy Montgomery's combo, which includes bassist Mickey McPhillips, flutist Musa Kallim, and drummer George Walker . . . Band-leader Rudy Salvini was made the first honorary member of the east-bay chapter of the League of Musicians Wives, in a surprise ceremony sprung on him during rehearsal of his big band. Chapter president Marilyn McNeil, wife of bassist George McNeil, headed the delegation that made the award . . . The Frank Rosolino-Howard Roberts Quartet will play at the Gold Nugget in Oakland March 4 and 5.

PHILADELPHIA: Sid Mark, WHAT-FM jazz jockey, is going "network." Triangle Publications of Philadelphia is syndicating his two-hour record show, with 52 stations reportedly signed up. Mark recently emceed pianist-singer Nina Simone's Philadelphia benefit for CORE . . . Baritonist Gerry Mulligan is set for a Trenton State College concert in

March . . . The Eagle Tavern in Trenton, N.J., has dropped its Dixieland sessions featuring the Wolverines . . . The Desert Room of the Sahara Hotel returned to the jazz scene by presenting trombonist Slide Hampton and his group . . . Former Ray Charles trumpeter Marcus Belgrave has been playing with Billy Kreehmer at the veteran clarinetist's downtown club . . . The 14-piece Schoolmasters, a band of jazzmen-teachers from the Pemberton School System near Trenton, were featured at a concert sponsored by the Delaware Valley Jazz Society and the Trenton Times. A half-hour segment was broadcast over Trenton's WTTM, with Dave Bittan announcing. Featured with the band is trombonist Clarence Watson, formerly with Lionel Hampton and Count Basie . . . Veteran trumpeter Charlie Gaines is playing at the Delmar Morris in Germantown.

BOSTON: The two-night Boston Globe Jazz Festival filled Memorial Auditorium for both performances. Among those featured were Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk, Herbie Mann, Stan Getz, Benny Goodman, and the Duke Ellington Orchestra (conducted by Mercer Ellington) . . . Drummer Roy Haynes, currently with Getz, stayed around after the festival to front a group at Connolly's. Haynes used pianist Harold Mabern and bassist Jimmy Garrison . . . Organist Joe Bucci did three weeks at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. Then saxophonist Sonny Stitt came in . . . Club 47 in

nearby Cambridge continued its Sunday night jazz presentations with tenorist Sam Rivers' quartet (Hal Galper, piano; Phil Morrison, bass; and Steve Ellington, drums). Tenor saxophonist D. B. Shrier alternated with Rivers . . . Jazz, on Channel 2, recently featured the groups of altoist Charlie Mariano, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk, and pianist Junior Mance . . . Hubbard took a week off from drummer Max Roach's group to front his own quartet at the Jazz Workshop. Backing the trumpeter were pianist Ronnie Mathews, bassist Larry Ridley, and drummer Hugh Walker . . . Morley's recently featured organist Johnny (Hammond) Smith with vocalist Byrdie Green.

WASHINGTON: Drummer Eddie Phye has a new trio working regularly at the fashionable Embers Restaurant on 19th St. Former Thelonious Monk sideman Butch Warren is on bass, and one of the city's best pianists, Reuben Brown, completes the trio. Phye is singing, too, and there is dancing on the now-conventional postage-stamp floor . . . Roy Eldridge had a successful two-week January engagement at Blues Alley and surprised local musicians and hangers-on with his memory of obscure musicians of years ago. A kind of walking encyclopedia of jazz, the trumpeter was quick to remember who played what and how with whom when . . . Guitarist Bill Harris, who has a teaching practice here, is preparing

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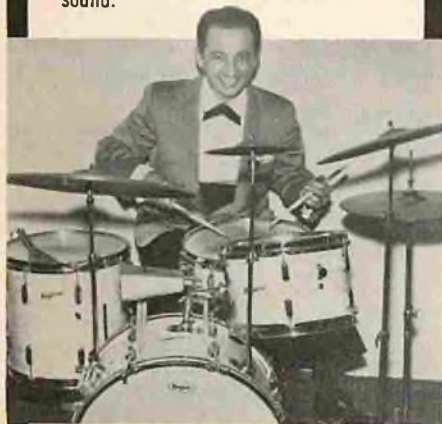
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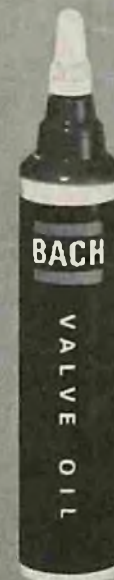
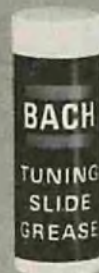
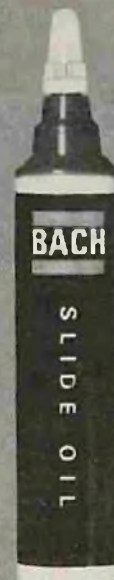
an LP of concert tapes. They will surprise some who know only Harris' earlier LPs... The North Texas State University Lab Band, directed by Leon Breeden, is set for an evening concert Feb. 25 at the State Department Auditorium... Bongo expert Buck Clarke is now concentrating on drums with his trio at the Greenwich Lounge... Writer Tom Scanlan is doing another series of jazz programs for the Voice of America. These programs are translated into numerous languages for broadcast overseas... Before he left for a three-week vacation in New Orleans and Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Blues Alley clubowner and clarinetist-vibist Tommy Gwaltney gave a Sunday evening Blues Alley birthday (1-year-old) party for more than 100 friends and hangers-on. Pianist Tee Carson's trio provided the music, and there were moments when this group, with bassist Wilbur Little and drummer Bertell Knox, was really cooking. The trio works regularly at Weber's Char House, across the Potomac River in Virginia. Trumpeter Hal Posey, a former Woody Herman sideman, filled in for Gwaltney during his February vacation. Two weeks before, Posey made Charlie Byrd's trio a quartet at the Showboat Lounge... In January Gene Krupa was at the Showboat for a week... Pianist Tommy Chase has a steady solo gig at the 2020 club at Florida and Connecticut avenues.

BALTIMORE: Ramsey Lewis made his first appearance here in more than four years, headlining a program that included altoist Cannonball Adderley's quintet, flutist Herbie Mann's group, and comic Redd Foxx at the Civic Center Feb. 20... The Duke Ellington Band performed at the Tail of the Fox last month—minus its eminent leader. Ellington was in Los Angeles working on a film score... Guitarist Charlie Byrd made the trek over from Washington, D.C., early in February to lead his trio in a concert at Mount St. Agnes College... Vibist Donald Best has returned from New York and leads the Jazz Ministers (Phil Harris, bass, and Jim Johnson, drums) on weekends at Philip's Lounge... Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson will present a concert at the Civic Center in April... A last-minute change in programming kept flutist Jeremy Steig from joining clarinetist Tony Scott at the Madison Club for a Left Bank Jazz Society program. Scott fronted a trio that included pianist Larry Willis, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Eddie Marshall. In addition, Scott presented vocalist Joe Lee Wilson, a surprisingly good blues singer.

DETROIT: Bassist Ernie Farrow and pianist Claude Black left the Shadow Box; the bassist took over the leader's role at Paige's. With Farrow and Black are drummer Bill Hardy, trombonist John Hare, and tenor saxophonist Joe Thurman, the latter two most recently with pianist Willie Metcalf at the Stage Bar... Metcalf took his new group (Norman O'Gara, trombone; Donald Walden, tenor

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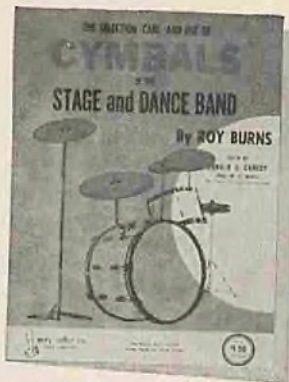
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saxophone; Euman Broxton, bass; George Goldsmith, drums; and Jewell Diamond, vocals) into Chic's Show Bar . . . Pianist Howard Lucas moved into the Shadow Box . . . Tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp is giving a concert at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor March 19 . . . Pianist Don Friedman was forced to cancel his solo recital concert at the University of Windsor Jan. 15 . . . WCHD disc jockey Ed Love has been presenting monthly concerts at the Detroit Institute of Arts, featuring name groups that are appearing at Detroit clubs . . . The Largo Lounge has returned to jazz after a long silence. First up at the club was tenor saxophonist Charles Brown's quartet, with pianist Clarence Bensley, bassist Louis Reed, and drummer Johnny Cleaver . . . Blues Unlimited, originally opened as a jazz spot that then took on a rhythm-and-blues tinge, goes back to jazz March 3 when drummer Roy Brooks is scheduled to bring in an all-star quintet (Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Herman Wright, bass) for 10 days . . . The Showboat, primarily a Dixieland club, has inaugurated a series of Sunday afternoon modern-jazz sessions. Featured the first two Sundays was the Bob Elliott Trio (Elliott, piano; Fred Housey, bass; and Bob Pinterich, drums) . . . Drummer Bob Pozar has terminated his brief stay in Ann Arbor. Ronald Johnson has replaced him in Ron Brooks' trio at the Town Bar . . . The only afterhours jazz currently available in Detroit is at the Chessmate, which has featured groups led by such as George Bohanon, Roy Brooks, and Willie Metcalf. The latest group to play the club was that of pianist Harold McKinney, who had Herbie Williams, trumpet; Miller Brisker, tenor saxophone; Clarence Sherrill, bass; Doug Hammon, drums; and Gwen McKinney, vocals.

LOUISVILLE: The Chateau Lounge has been featuring the Tommy McCollough Trio Thursday through Saturday evenings. The trio consists of Louie Knipp, piano; Neal Burris, bass; and McCollough, drums . . . Former Woody Herman saxophonist Bobby Jones is leading a trio (Bob Lam, organ, and John Roy, drums) at the Moulin Rouge in the Ken Bowling Lanes . . . Champion Bowling Lanes is expanding its lounge to seat 400 persons. Its new entertainment policy plans to feature name jazz groups; probable visitors include guitarist Kenny Burrell, altoist Lou Donaldson, and organist Shirley Scott with tenorist Stanley Turrentine . . . A session of experimental music was held recently at the Shack; among the participants were trumpeter Dick Washburn; saxophonists Jamey Aebersold, Keith Spring, Everett Hoffman, and Bobby Jones; pianist Bob Lam; bassists Jack Brengle, John Mapp; and drummers Charlie Craig, Dave Kaufmann, Tommy McCollough, and Preston Phillips. On Sunday evenings Lam, Brengle, and Craig keep the Shack warm . . . The Centenary Methodist Church in New Albany, Ind., used the Aebersold trio (Spring, tenor saxophone, Craig, drums) in one of

its services. The congregation sang hymns to the trio's playing . . . The Aebersold-Hoffman sextet (Washburn; David Lahm, piano; Brengle; Phillips) did a half-hour WAVE television show tracing the history of jazz; several Aebersold originals were used in the contemporary phase of the program. The sextet will play a concert March 4 at Union College in Barbourville, Ky., and other concerts are also being scheduled for Austin, Hanover, New Albany, and Jeffersonville, Ind. . . Trombonist Tommy Walker's band is currently doing one-nighters. The group includes Herman Edwards, baritone saxophone; Willard Aiden, tenor saxophone; George Dawson, organ; Earlwin Thompson, drums; and Don Bullard, vocals.

NEW ORLEANS: Pete Fountain went on a benefit tour for the March of Dimes recently. The clarinetist is also set for an appearance on a Bob Hope television special and will play his first engagement in Las Vegas, Nev., in March . . . Al Hirt's new r&b-oriented combo (DB, Feb. 24) went on a West Coast tour in February after making its debut at the trumpeter's Bourbon St. club . . . Bassist Jay Cave, a casualty in Hirt's changeover, moved to Ronnie Dupont's modern trio at the Cellar . . . The Eureka Brass Band and the Storyville Ramblers played at the Winterfest festival in Boston on a program that also included the Boston Symphony Orchestra . . . Ernie Holland's neo-Dixieland group replaced Thomas Jefferson's band at the Paddock.

LAS VEGAS: The Russ Black Orchestra is well into its third year of residence at the Flamingo Hotel main room. It currently is backing singer Bobby Darin, for whom the hotel added a large string section to the basic personnel of Chico Alvarez, John Hudgins, and Herb Phillips, trumpets; Archie LeCoque, trombone; Charles McLean, Eddie Freeman, Rick Davis, and Steve Perlow, saxophones; Black, piano; Mo Searrazo, bass; and Santo Savino, drums . . . Tenor man Davis is currently playing Sunday nights at the Colonial House with his quartet and vocalist Letti Luce, who doubles as Mrs. Davis . . . English jazz organist Alan Haven made his U.S. debut on the late shift at the Thunderbird Hotel . . . Jimmy Cook's big band is doing a wee-small-hours gig on Thursday nights at the Castaways . . . Former Stan Kenton trombonist Kent Larsen served as conductor for the King Family at the Sahara Hotel.

PARIS: Organist Lou Bennett temporarily left the Blue Note, where he has been resident for a number of years, for an engagement at the Ronnie Scott Club in London . . . Bassist Luigi Trussardi has replaced Gilbert Rovere with the Art Simmons Trio at the Living Room . . . Tenorist Johnny Griffin has no immediate plans to leave Paris despite the ending of his engagement at Jazz Land. He told *Down Beat* he was writing and "learning how to play the tenor." He did a television spot with bassist Alby Cullaz and drummer Art Taylor on Jan. 24 and is booked

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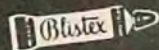
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for a number of concerts outside Paris. He recently turned down an offer to play at the Blue Note . . . Pianist Mal Waldron is back in Paris and playing at Buttrcup Powell's Chicken Shack in Montparnasse and at the Blues Jazz Museum on the Ile-St.-Louis . . . The quartet of guitarist Jimmy Gourley is currently resident at the Chat Qui Peche.

RECORD NOTES: Albums by tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins and Woody Herman's band will be included in the Mira releases of material obtained through agreement with SESAC . . . Columbia is giving new singer Bobbe Norris the full promotion treatment, including special advertising in trade papers, a Cue magazine cover story, an upcoming spot on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, a personal management contract with Norman Rosemont, and a June booking at New York's posh Persian Room. But though Miss Norris is a jazz singer, the press releases make no mention of that four-letter word . . . Columbia also recently signed former Jack McDuff guitarist George Benson.

APPLE CORES

(Continued from page 13)

Pharoah, is moving very quickly as well. The only danger I can see that might hinder either of these strong players is a danger that is perhaps close to all the young rising players of the new music, i.e. the danger of becoming merely "stylists," i.e., hip reflectors of what's going on, rather than explorers and, more than that, finders and changers, which is, believe it or not, finally where it's at.

There was some newer talent on the scene as well. I mentioned Charles Moore, the young trumpet player from Detroit. Right now, he has the strongest sound on that horn, except for innovator Don Ayler, tenor saxophonist Albert's younger brother. And Moore has probably heard Ayler, because that overpowering brass sound is something that Don has almost single-handedly returned to jazz, under the influence of Albert Ayler's strong horn.

Moore is young and still, sometimes, wants to play "tunes," i.e., bits of memorabilia, not strictly his own bloodstone; but he is still way out there, and I would suppose, still moving.

Another young horn is altoist George Lyle, who has been turned around, it seems, by Ayler and Shepp. He has a fresh aggressive sound on alto, a horn that can sound like white squeaky ladies if played under the wrong heart.

Post-Ornette, now, the sound of the alto has to be worked on. John Tchicai has the light, tight sound; ditto, Marion Brown, Giuseppe Logan & Co., though Marshall Allen, Sun Ra's main altoist, has a slightly bigger sound. Only Charles Tyler, of the Ayler unit, has the big wailing heavy alto sound that satisfies my particular need for flesh and blood. The Jackie McLean-Ornette Coleman "broad" alto sound is something to be picked up on by the younger players. Lyle sounds right now as if he might be thinking about it.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
 Basie's: Sessions, Mon.
 Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
 Chuck's Composite: Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.
 Jazz at Noon, Mon.
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb. John Hicks, wknds.
 Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups.
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
 Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat. Vinnie Burke, guest stars, Sun.
 Dom: Tony Scott, tfn.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
 Embers West: Zoot Sims to 2/27. Joe Shulman, hb.
 Five Spot: Charles Mingus, Toshiko Mariano, tfn.
 Gmnight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
 Hunter College: Paul Bley, 3/9. Betty Carter, 3/23.
 Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
 Kenny's Steak Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed.-Fri.
 L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: name dance bands.
 Newark Jazz Art Society: Cliff Thornton-Pharoah Sanders, 2/27.
 Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
 Plantation (Asbury Park, N.J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Charles Dungey, Benny Aronov, Monty Alexander, tfn.
 Prelude: Gracella Oliphant, Etta Jones, tfn.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.
 Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Herb Gardner, Sol Yaged, Sun.
 Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
 Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
 Toast: Scott Reid, tfn.
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
 Top of the Gate: Jaki Byard, Dave Pike, tfn.
 Val Anthony's (Roslyn Heights): Sol Yaged, Mon., Fri.
 Village Gate: Clara Ward, 2/25-26. Maynard Ferguson, 3/11-12; 3/18-19.
 Village Vanguard: Thelonious Monk, Coleman Hawkins, 2/25-3/6. Sessions, Mon.
 Well's: Betty Carter, tfn.
 Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
 Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
 Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff Tones, tfn.
 Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Chris Connor, 2/28-3/6. Bill Evans, 3/7-13. Herbie Mann, 3/14-20.
 Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Jimmy Witherspoon to 2/27. Wes Montgomery-Wynton Kelly, 2/28-3/6. Milt Buckner, 3/7-20.
 Paul's Mall: Dave Blume, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
 Denuville: Bobby Fields, tfn.
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, hb.
 Mickey's Cricket Club (Pompano Beach): Andy Barthia to 4/13.
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
 South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Boar's Head: sessions, Sun. morning, Tue., Wed.
 Buck's: Bill Byrd, tfn.
 Club Casino: Tommy Vann, tfn.
 Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.
 Jockey Club: Jerry Coates, tfn.
 Kozy Korner: Fred Simpson, tfn.
 Kruzy Kat: Jimmy McKnight, tfn.
 LeCoe D'Or: African Jazz Quartet, tfn.
 Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
 Martick's: Brad Wines, tfn.
 Moe's: Dave Ross, tfn.

Phil Burke's: George Erker, tfn.
 Phillips: Jazz Ministers, tfn.
 Playboy: Jimmy Wells, Ted Hawk, tfn.
 Rice's: J&B Trio, tfn.
 Steve's: Jolly Jax, tfn.
 Uptown: Lloyd Grant, tfn.
 Well's: George Jackson, tfn.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
 Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Sun. afternoon.
 Baker's Keyboard: Kenny Burrell, 2/25-3/5.
 Mose Allison, 3/11-20. Herbie Mann, 3/25-4/2.
 Blues Unlimited: Roy Brooks, 3/3-12.
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
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 Chessmate Gallery: jazz afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
 Chic's Show Bar: Willie Metcalf, Thur.-Sat.
 Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sun.
 Drome: Eddie Harris, 2/25-3/6. Roland Kirk, 3/11-20. Richard Holmes, 3/25-4/2.
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 Largo: Charles Brown, Thur.-Sat.
 Momo's: Jack Brokenbush, tfn.
 New Olympia: Don Davis, Thur.-Mon.
 Odom's Cave: Gary Chandler, wknds.
 Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
 Rouge Lounge: Richard Roundtree, wknds.
 Shadow Box: Howard Lucas, tfn.
 Showboat: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Suburban Lounge (Melvindale): Tucker Gales, tfn.
 Surfside: Tom Saunders, Wed.-Sat.
 Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
 Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
 Trade Winds: Romy Rand, tfn.
 Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.
 Westwood Supper Club (Inkster): Yvonne Brisker, Tue.-Sat.
 University of Michigan (Ann Arbor): Archie Shepp, 3/19.

CHICAGO

Hungry Eye: Gerald Donovan, wknds.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn.
 London House: Ahmad Jamal to 2/27. Stan Getz 2/28-3/13. George Shearing, 3/29-4/10.
 Eddie Higgins, Judy Roberts, hbs.
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, tfn.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: John Coltrane, 3/2-6.
 Robin's Nest: Prince James, wknds.
 Showboat Sari S: Art Hodes, Fri.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Al Hirt, 3/1-3.
 Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jan Allison, tfn.
 Cellar: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, tfn.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 El Morocco: Ronnie Baron, tfn.
 Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, tfn.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
 Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
 Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
 Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours wknds.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole, tfn.
 Outriggers: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
 Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
 Playboy: Al Belletta, Dave West, tfn.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: Ronnie DiPhillips, Rick Davis, Letti Luce, Sun. tfn.
 Flamingo Hotel: Russ Black, hb.
 Fremont Hotel Theater: Nat Brandwynne, hb.
 Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, Jack Cathcart, hbs.
 Sahara Hotel: Louis Basile, hb.
 Sands Hotel: Diahann Carroll to 3/1. Buddy Greco to 3/1. Sonny King-Vido Munso, tfn.
 Thunderbird Hotel: Eddie DeSantis, tfn. Four Freshmen, Sue Raney, to 3/31.
 Torch Club: Gus Mancuso-Bunny Phillips, tfn.
 Tropicana: Mel Torme-Si Zentner, 3/10-4/6.

KANSAS CITY

Casa Blanca: Frank Smith, tfn.
 Lorelei: Fred Murro, Rosalie Bell, tfn.
 Mel's Pompeli Room: Jolie Harris, tfn.
 New Orleans Room: Ed Smith, tfn.
 New Peyton Place: Ron Williams, wknds.
 Playboy: Pete Eye, tfn.
 The Gallery: George Salisbury, tfn.
 The Inn: Larry Cummings, tfn.
 Vanguard: jazz, Sun.

LOS ANGELES

Associated Colleges of Claremont: Vince Guaraldi, 2/26.
 Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
 Bonesville: Bob Harris, Fri.-Sat.
 Cascades (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Sun.-Mon.
 Celebrity Lounge (West Covina): Joyce Collins.
 Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
 Deann-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Bods, Hub Keefe, tfn.
 Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, Tue.-Sat.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
 Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon. Sessions, Sun.
 Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
 International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.
 La Duce (Inglewood): Teddy Edwards, tfn.
 Leapin' Liz's: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Dizzy Gillespie to 2/27. Howard Ramsey, 2/28-3/3. Junior Mance, Jimmy Rushing, 3/4-13.
 Marty's: Bobby Bryant, tfn.
 Memory Lane: Harry Edison, Sam Fletcher, tfn. Various groups, Mon.
 Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, tfn.
 Music Center: Neophonic Orchestra, 3/7; 4/4.
 Officer's Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
 Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
 Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels, tfn.
 Peppy's: George Crawford, LeGrande Mason, tfn.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike Melvoin, hbs.
 Ram's Horn (Encino): Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.
 Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
 Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
 Roaring '20s (Beverly Hills): Hot Toddy's Dixielanders, Wed.-Sat.
 Shankey's (Hollywood): Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Zoot Sims to 3/6. Gerald Wilson, 3/8-13. Horace Silver, 3/17-27. Shelly Manne, wknds. Ruth Price, Dave Grusin, Mon. Jack Wilson, Sun.
 UCLA: Cal Tjader, 3/12. John Handy 3/19. Denny Zeitlin, 3/26. Anita O'Day, Clare Fischer, 4/2.
 Wagon Wheel Inn (West Covina): Rick Fay, Paul Gardner, Billy Devroe, tfn.
 Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Leon Petties, Mon. George Semper, hb.
 Woodlake Bowl (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Jimmy Smith to 2/26. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/2-13. Joe Williams, 3/16-26.
 Carmen McRae, 3/30-4/10. Ahmad Jamal, 4/12-24. Miriam Makeba, 4/27-5/7. Miles Davis, 5/10-16.
 Both/And: John Handy, tfn.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy. Clancy Hayes, tfn.
 El Matador: Gary McFarland to 2/26. Juan Serrano, 2/28-3/12. Cal Tjader, 3/14-26.
 Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morell, wknds.
 Haight Levels: Norman Williams, Kent Glenn, tfn.
 Half Note: George Duke, tfn.
 Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
 Jack of Diamonds: Vernon Alley, Shelly Robbins, tfn.
 Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee 3/6. Zoot Sims, 3/8-12. Jimmy Rushing, Junior Mance, 3/15-27. Horace Silver, 3/29-4/24.
 Wynton Kelly-Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/8.
 Mose Allison, 5/10-29. Herbie Mann, 5/31-6/12.
 Juke Box: Monte Waters, tfn.
 Pier 23: Rurt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hbs.
 Premier Room (Redwood City): John Coppola, tfn.
 The Scene: Don Washington, Buddy Montgomery, Flip Nunes, tfn.
 Zack's (Sausalito): Al Land, tfn.

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