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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

THE BIG BANDS—

In New York: Signs Of Life

On The Road: Tough But
Promising For Woody Herman
& Buddy DeFranco

In The Past: The Glorious
Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra

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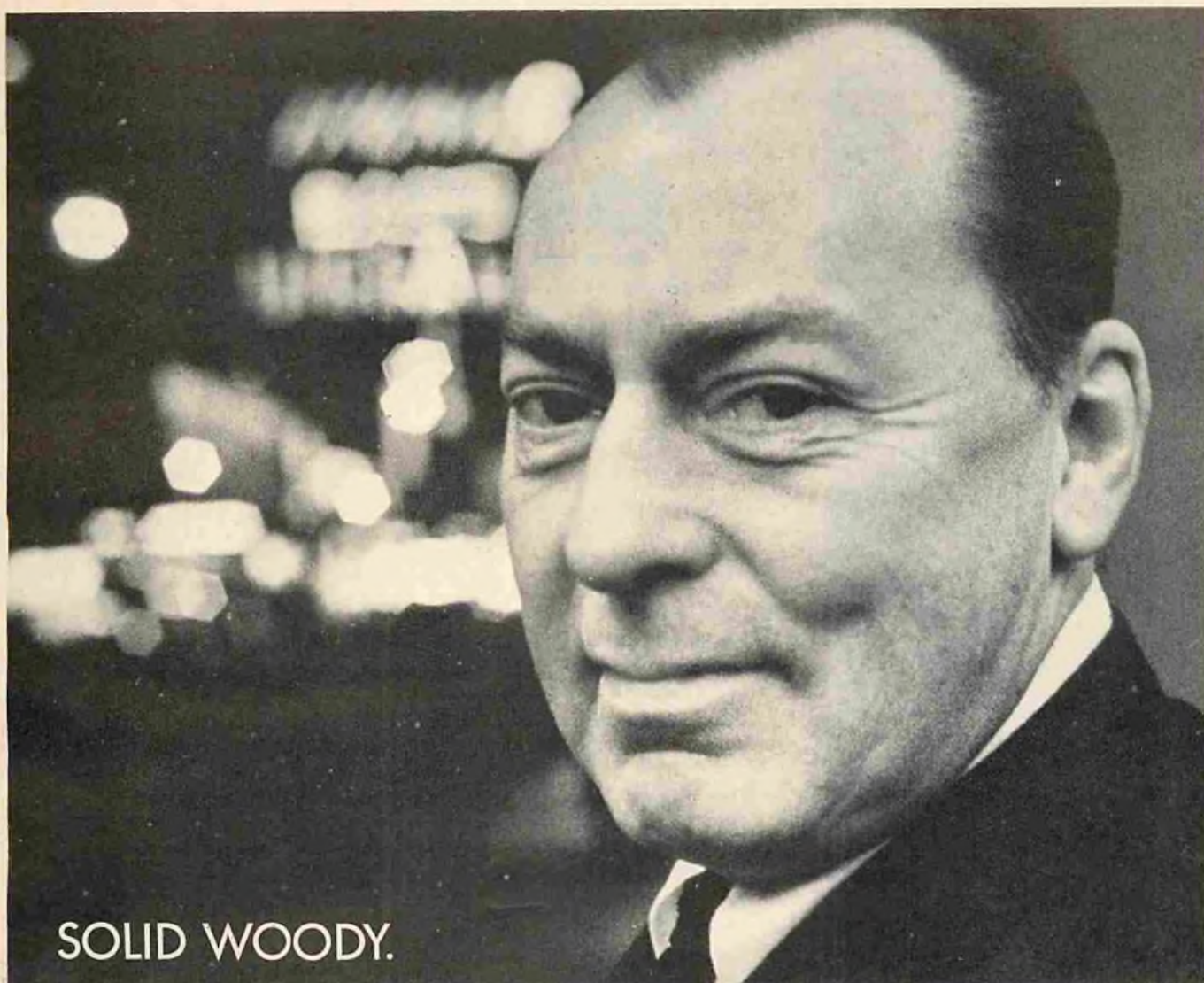
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A Forum For Readers

M. Z. On M. D.

The article by Michael Zwerin on Miles Davis (*DB*, March 10) is easily the most trivial you've run yet. You have taken advantage of Davis' reputation to attract readers, but you give us a shabby article fit for 10-year-olds.

Is serious criticism dead?

M. Koenigsberg
Brooklyn, N.Y.

The monumental trivia penned by the most bizarre Michael Zwerin about Miles Davis is a most adequate barometer of *Down Beat's* decline. One can only gather from the article that its author is indeed fat, more curious than the so-called friendship he discussed, and completely incapable of competing with Davis with his own broads.

One can only surmise what will happen if Zwerin is again turned loose to write for publication.

John S. Jackson
Chicago

Inside LeRoi Jones

LeRoi Jones' article in the March 10 issue at once points up the strength and weaknesses of having an "insider" doing *DB's* avant-garde coverage. While this coverage (articles by Jones, Shepp, et al.) has a vitality and currency that much of the rest of the magazine lacks, one must finally conclude that *New Voices in Newark* is the kind of reportage that can only do the already chaotic jazz scene more harm than good.

In the months that I have been associated with the Jazz Arts Music Society, it has had only one aim: to form a nucleus for an active jazz and art community in Newark. For this reason "a cellar in Newark" (all Jones gave as a location) at 20 Shipman St. was rented and refurbished, and regular Sunday night programs were begun.

Jam sessions once a week are the rule, not the exception, and the doors are open every night to anyone who wishes to contribute his attention or talents, not only to jazz, but to any art form. The project is ambitious, but we at JAMS believe that with the support of such organs as *Down Beat* we will be successful.

Unfortunately, Jones has used JAMS as a vehicle for his pseudo-hip name-dropping and racist dialectic, leaving *Down Beat's* readers either misinformed or uninformed. This is not the way one finds out what's happening!

Michael Delceg
Newark, N.J.

I'm black, so I guess I'm supposed to understand what LeRoi Jones is talking about. But I don't.

As a music critic, Jones neither informs nor clarifies, neither analyzes nor synthesizes. His terminology is more than inexact—it is absurdly meaningless. He communicates nothing except that his

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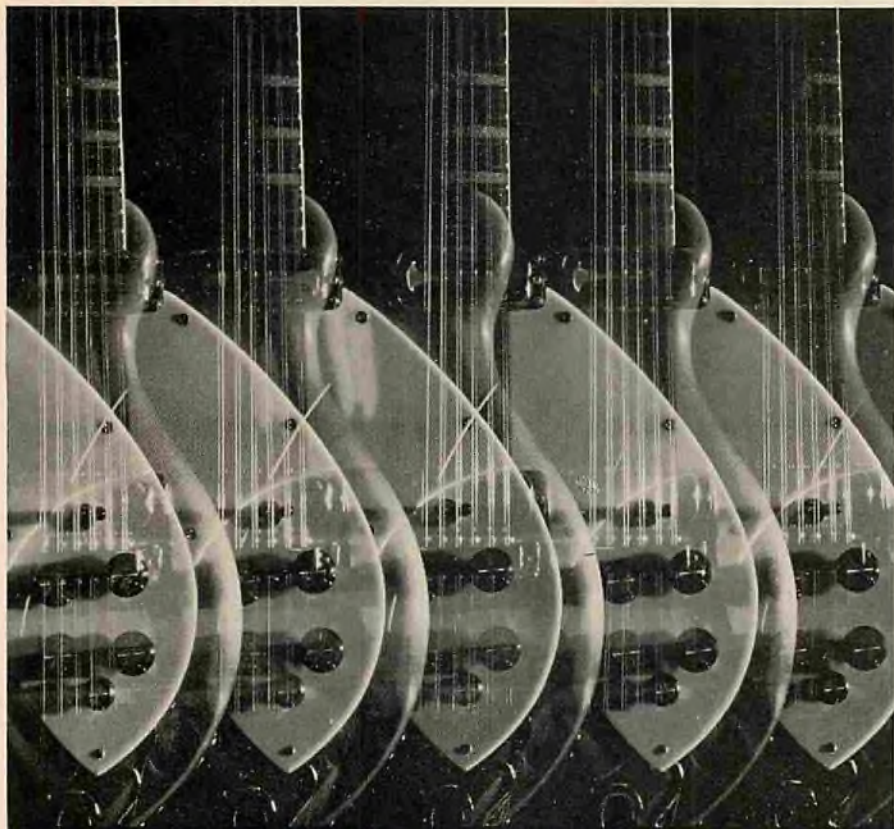
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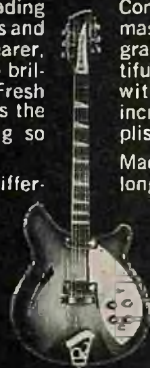


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thoughts are confused and uncertain. His attempts to convey the feelings expressed by the avant-garde show only an unawareness of feeling and an inarticulateness which precludes a verbal expression of his experiences on a meaningful level.

Efforts to make his articles, and the music he finds so satisfying, available only to a select group of "new-black" hippies are childish, petulant, and overdone. He protests too much and reveals emptiness rather than profundity. The avant-garde is worthy of more meaningful articles.

Al Edwards
New York City

After reading a good deal of LeRoi Jones' "new thing" words, I feel that I must point out a certain inconsistency constantly present in his work.

The new music certainly does take anyone who is really listening "out past his eyes." It takes one to an astonishingly high spiritual plane. However, I find that on such a plane I no longer see the color of a man's skin. Granted that black men predominate as creators of this music, that the music grows out of the spiritual experience of the Negro in America, I still find that the music is striving and, happily, often achieving a spiritual universality, rather than an exclusivity.

To listen to this music, to *hear* it, is to have a mystical experience, if I may be so extravagant. But I do not believe such an experience is racial in nature.

Let us give American Negroes all the credit they deserve for enduring a hellish social persecution for centuries and for creating out of the experience many wonderful and unique art forms. But let us also remember that all men pay their dues in this life; even white people have souls.

Robert Hall
Canton, N.Y.

The Sad State Of Pianos

In a review of the recent spate of benefits (*DB*, March 10), Dan Morgenstern made the following comment regarding one of the groups at the Frank Haynes benefit at the Five Spot: "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 [Randy] Weston's fine work was marred."

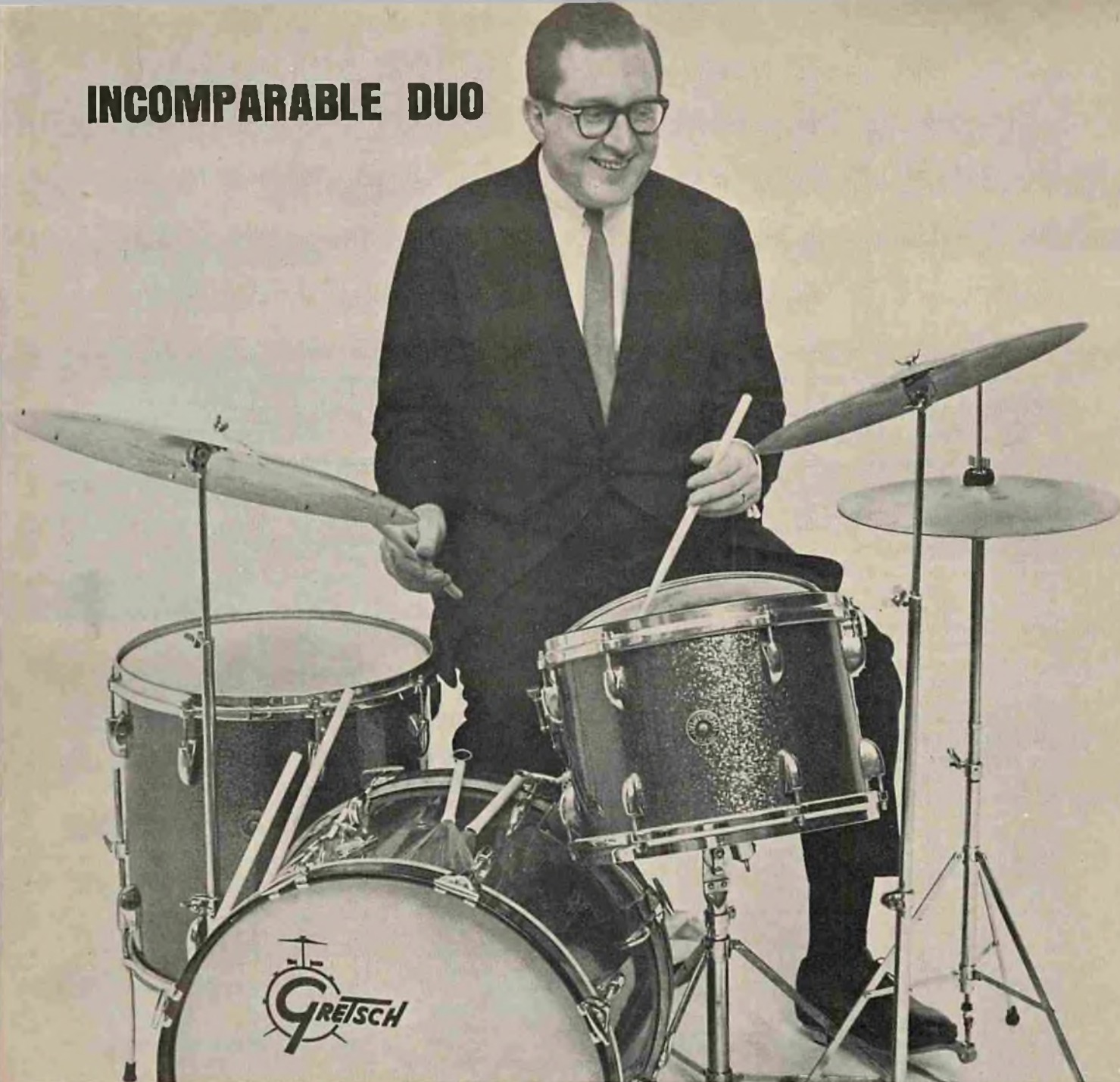
I thank Morgenstern for pointing out this fact, but "marred" is hardly the word — utterly demolished would be more like it. I only wish there were some way to start a crusade against the club's atrocious piano and sound system. And, sad to say, the Five Spot is not alone.

In clubs devoted to presenting fine music, can anyone explain why the very heart of the whole enterprise is cut out? I simply can't believe that enough money isn't made from the crowds of people I see in such places to invest in a decent piano and sound system and to keep them in good working condition.

I realize that if you want to make big money you don't become a jazz-club owner and that they have their problems, too, but nothing—I repeat—nothing excuses such pianos and sound systems.

Georgia Griggs
New York City

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Detroit Conference To Probe Jazz

A wide look at jazz and those who earn a living at it—and are only associated with it—will be presented at the first Detroit Jazz Conference April 16-17 on the Wayne State University campus.

The conference will be more than a simple jazz festival, even though some of the latter have, in the past, delved a bit into the cerebral side of the music. Judging from the schedule of events—lectures, workshops, panel discussions as well as actual performances—the Detroit conference hopes to do more digging-into than plain, old-fashioned digging.

There will be, even so, several groups to play at the conference—all Detroit based: Jack Brokensha, Dorothy Ashby, Howard Lucas, George Bohanon, the Detroit Arts Woodwind Quintet, the Detroit Contemporary Four, the Detroit Artists Workshop Ensemble, and the Jimmy Wilkins big band.

On April 16, lecture and discussion programs will be offered in the university's Rackham Educational Memorial, with such as critic Martin Williams and anthropologist Richard A. Waterman acting as moderators.

That evening, Williams will speak on "Jazz in the Church—the Church in Jazz," which will be followed by a Gospel music concert and a performance of Harold McKinney's *Blue Job*, a cantata for 16 voices based on the 14th chapter of the Bible's book of Job. A symposium, with Williams and McKinney participating, will conclude the evening's program.

Sunday events will be held in the McGregor Memorial Conference Center and will consist of lectures and musical demonstrations, among them a discussion of "Third Stream and 'New Thing'—Two Directions Toward the Future" by critic-musician Don Heckman, with musical illustrations by the Brokensha quartet, the woodwind quintet, the Contemporary Four, and the Workshop ensemble.

Other lecture-demonstrations will include "Historic Types of Improvisation," "Jazz and the Composer," "The Swing Band Reconsidered," "Listening for More in Jazz," and a discussion among musicians.

Finalists in a high school stage band competition will perform later that afternoon, and teacher-musicians Anderson

White, Mack Pitt, Harold McKinney, and Donald Palmer will discuss the "Problems of Teaching Jazz."

The final event of the weekend jazz conference will be a Sunday evening concert, "Detroit Showcase," described as "a special musical occasion featuring Detroit's best musicians, in showcase and combination, playing many works written especially for this concert." Pianist Terry Pollard will be the featured soloist with the Detroit Showcase Orchestra.

The conference will be held under the auspices of the university's Center for Adult Education, its Community Arts center, and the Detroit Jazz Center.

Ellington And Lewis Win Grammy Jazz Awards

As usual, there were few surprises among the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences' Grammy awards for 1965. The Grammy winners, chosen by NARAS members, were announced March 15 at functions in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Nashville.

Predictably, *A Taste of Honey* by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass reaped awards in several categories: it was named best record of the year, best instrumental performance (non-jazz), best instrumental arrangement, and best engineered recording (non-classical).

In the jazz categories, Duke Ellington won his first Grammy since 1959 for his *Ellington '66* album, which was voted best instrumental jazz performance by a large group. The Ramsey Lewis Trio's *The "In" Crowd*, not unexpectedly, won the award for the best instrumental jazz performance by a small group, while Lalo Schiffrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* was voted the year's best original jazz composition. (Paul Horn's album of Schiffrin's score won the award for best album-cover photography.)

Johnny Mandel's and Paul Francis Webster's *The Shadow of Your Smile* was song of the year, and Mandel's score for *The Sandpiper*, the movie from which the song was taken, was voted best original score for motion picture or television. The Swingle Singers' *Anyone for Mozart?* LP was chosen best performance by a chorus. Frank Sinatra's *September of My Years* was named album of the year; Sinatra also won in the best male vocal category with his *It Was a Very Good Year*.

Friedrich Gulda Forms All-Star Big Band

Austrian pianist Friedrich Gulda, better known for his Beethoven interpretations than for his Bud Powell variations, has assembled an awesomely staffed big band that will debut next month. Unfortunately, the band's life expectancy is only a week, but that is time enough to play concerts in Vienna (May 24, 27), Warsaw (May 28, 29), and West Berlin (May 31).

The band was formed in conjunction with the International Competition for Modern Jazz, which is to take place in Gulda's home town, Vienna, May 17-24. (The competition for young musicians offers cash prizes and scholarships to winners in individual instrument categories.) The first concert by the band is to take place at the close of the contest.

Like the competition, the Gulda band is international. It includes such Americans as trumpeter Ernie Royal, altoist Herb Geller, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Mel Lewis; Britain is represented by saxophonists Ronnie Ross and Tubby Hayes and trumpeter Ken Wheeler; Pierre Cavalli is the French representative; pianist Joe Zawinul is a one-man Viennese-American contingent; the rest of the 16 chairs are filled by less-well-known but highly competent Continentals.

The Gulda orchestra's piece de resistance, however, is its roster of featured soloists, all members of the jury that decides the competition's winners—flugelhornist Art Farmer, trombonist J. J. Johnson, and altoist Cannonball Adderley. (Zawinul, Carter, and Lewis also are jurors.) Farmer, Johnson, Adderley, and the leader will each be showcased with the band in arrangements and compositions by Gil Evans, Johnson, and Gulda.

Jazz Mass Highlights L.A. Music Festival

Jazz will be a major factor when the Los Angeles Music Festival celebrates its 20th anniversary during May.

Franz Waxman, in planning the four evenings that will commemorate the event, has invited Lalo Schiffrin to present his *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* May 15 at one of the concerts, all of which will be held in Royce Hall at UCLA.

Schifrin will use an orchestra and voices similar in personnel to those heard on the original recording of the mass. As on the recording, reed man Paul Horn will be the featured soloist.

The other evenings will also provide memorable music. On May 5 Igor Stravinsky will conduct his *Persephone*. Two nights later, Jose Iturbi will be presented in a recital that will range from Mozart and Debussy to De Falla and Gershwin.

At the final concert on May 21, Waxman will conduct both Shostakovich's *Seventh Symphony* and the West Coast premiere of his own new work *Song of Terezin*.

The 59-year-old German-born composer pointed out that the performance of the Schifrin work will not be the first use of jazz at the festival.

"We presented Les Brown's band playing the Rolf Liebermann *Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra*," he said, "and Dave Brubeck in *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Symphony Orchestra*. Also, one year we had Andre Previn with his trio.

"In addition to the Schifrin mass, on the same evening we will present another jazz work. Gerald Fried will conduct his jazz cantata, *Les the Least Straightens the Lord*."

Clarinet Turnabout

When clarinetist Peanuts Hucko visited Japan in 1957 as a member of Benny Goodman's band, he formed a friendship with a young Japanese clarinetist, Shoji Suzuki. The leader of a sextet patterned on Goodman groups of the '40s, Suzuki took Hucko under his wing, and he and his friends accompanied the visitor throughout the tour.

"No matter where and when I had to go, I had somebody with me," Hucko recalled at Eddie Condon's New York City club recently. "They were marvelous to me." Before leaving Japan, Hucko and Suzuki recorded an album for Japanese Victor.

In February Suzuki made his first trip to the United States, and Hucko invited him to be his house guest. Being the leader of the quintet in residence at Condon's, Hucko also took his friend to the club to sit in, and the results were so gratifying that Suzuki became a regular member of the band for the duration of his one-month stay, playing clarinet while Hucko switched to tenor saxophone.

In spite of the language barrier (Suzuki speaks no English, though he understands a bit, and Hucko does not speak Japanese), the two men got on famously.

"Somehow, I can communicate with Peanuts," Suzuki said through his charming interpreter, pianist Toshiko Mariano.

"Shoji is a delightful guest," Hucko commented.

According to Mrs. Mariano, Suzuki is "that rare Japanese player who is a real pro—anything he does is right. He has even played the Mozart clarinet concerto with symphony orchestras in Japan."

Though he played at Condon's almost every night during his stay, Suzuki took



Toshiko, Suzuki, and Hucko
Communication without words

time out to visit various New York jazz clubs. What most impressed him, he said, "is that almost all American drummers have steady time—it's amazing." No less amazing to his American listeners was Suzuki's command of the jazz vocabulary and repertoire.

Rock Crushed In S.F.

"Never again," proclaimed Enrico Banducci, and the sign outside his San Francisco club, the hungry i, reflected his decision. Down came Barry McGuire's name and up went that of Mel Torme, whose four-week stint at the club drew enthusiastic listeners, something folk-rocker McGuire had failed to do.

For several years Banducci's hungry i has been a launching pad for jazz-oriented performers as well as pop personalities. The North Beach club (named for the "hungry intellectual" by the owner) was the springboard for Mort Sahl when he was a jazz-influenced comic and for Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, among others.

In recent months, what with the advent of clubs on nearby Broadway that feature bare-bosomed females in "fashion shows" or twist gyrations, the hungry i, along with other conventional North Beach clubs, has taken a beating. Banducci was ultimately reduced to trying as a last resort a couple of rock groups—first the Lovin' Spoonful and later McGuire, who was accompanied by his own bombastic guitar-drums unit.

Neither scored at the box-office, and McGuire's stay was cut short with the appearance of Torme, the engagement as house band of the trio of pianist Clyde Pound, and Banducci's pledge never again to book rockers.

Potpourri

The Duke Ellington Orchestra headlines the United States' participation in the first World Festival of Negro Arts, being held in Dakar, Senegal. The 24-day festival, which began April 1, consists of 72 different programs of performing arts, including music, drama, and dance, in addition to on-going exhibitions of traditional and contemporary African art. Festival participants represent 43 countries of Africa, Europe, and North and South

America. Besides Ellington, American performers include Marian Anderson, the dePaur Chorus under the direction of Leonard dePaur, Josephine Baker, a Negro dance troupe, plus Gospel and spiritual singing groups. In addition, U.S. resident Miriam Makeba, an expatriated South African, will represent that country, which otherwise is not participating in the festival.

The most recent addition to New York's burgeoning rehearsal-band scene is the group led by clarinetist Tony Scott. Scott describes it as "a loose, swinging band in the tradition of the old Count Basie Band—the one with Lester Young, Buck Clayton, and Jo Jones." Arrangers for Scott's men are trombonist Slide Hampton and trumpeter Kenny Dorham, as well as the clarinetist. In addition to Hampton and Dorham, the band includes trumpeters Al Niese, Lou Soloff, and Tommy Turrentine, trombonists Marc Weinstein and Benny Powell, reed men Clarence (C) Sharpe, Charles McPherson, Harry Spencer, Lou Tabakin, Ron Fink, John Gilmore, Bob Ralston, and Howard Johnson, singers China Lin and Joe Lee Wilson, pianist Jaki Byard, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Eddie Marshall.

Painter Salvador Dali presided over a "happening" in March at New York City's Philharmonic Hall. The occurrence included surrealist films, instant painting, strip-tease, and music by clarinetist Tony Scott (supported by pianist Horace Parlan, bassist Henry Grimes, and drummer Eddie Marshall), an African-jazz group that included bassist-oudist Ahmed Abdul-Malik and pianist Nadi Qamar, and several classical-music improvisers headed by pianist-composer Hall Overton.

CBS-TV's *Look Up and Live* April 17 program will present *The Sound of Alienation*, written by *Down Beat* contributor George Bright, with music by Peter Schiekele. The program deals with the philosophy of Soren Kierkegaard; the music, hopefully of lighter substance, will be played by trumpeter-flugelhornist Clark Terry, reed men Frank Perowski and Vic Morosco, trombonist Garnett Brown, bassist Larry Ridley, drummer Bobby Thomas, and vibist Wilson Moorman.

Holy money-changers! Arranger-composer Neal Hefti is sitting on top of the world. His *Batman Theme* is flying high on the pop charts, and there are now some 20 recordings of the theme. In film scoring, Hefti has been busier than Batman fighting the Penguin. Having completed *Lord Love a Duck*, he is now writing music for *Duel at Diablo*. Come next fall, he'll be back at camp, scoring a special insect sound for a new television series about an old favorite, the Green Hornet. Does he miss writing for jazz bands? Hefti, who first came to prominence with Woody Herman's 1945 Herd, replied: "Not at all; it was too limiting. But writing for films and TV is ideal because it represents an association between the visual and the aural." Gosh!



**SITTIN'
IN:**
By **ART
HODES**

Just What Is The Union For?— Or, Play The Bad Dues Blues

Election time is always exciting, especially if you're involved. A union election is no different. Certainly, the December Chicago Federation of Musicians election qualifies.

There were a lot of cats waiting in a ragged line outside the local's door. And it was cold outside. I'd gotten there in the morning, but I still put in some "Class Z" overtime before I finally reached the voting booth.

Meanwhile, it wasn't dull out on the street. First, there were the sign bearers, the outright "vote for me" fellows. Then you had the card-passers, and the candidates that recognized you and called out that "so-and-so said hello"—thus identifying themselves via some mutual acquaintance. Everything seemed so friendly and human.

The election preliminaries are a warm period; you find that your union officials are really human beings who know you and take time out to talk to you. You feel a growing importance. You really do.

After the ball is over, however, the glow disappears. Then it's "Let's get on with the job." Interests differ. Old-age and sickness benefits, insurance, pensions, and so on—all have their advocates, and all are important.

It seems to me, however, that the first order of business in the music business is music and the playing of it. I submit that more and more music is being played by fewer musicians every year. I say that the union's business is to try to get some business and to create an atmosphere where business will flourish.

Are we putting our best foot forward?...

The phone rang. It turned out to be a potential promoter. He identified himself, and I remembered meeting him. Now he and two other fellows were taking a flyer at throwing a folk-jazz concert. A good number of musicians would be employed at union scale, plus a share of the profits (if any). It looked

like a good thing. I told the chap the best way to go about it was to talk to the union. I gave him the name of someone who could be of help there.

A few days later the promoter called. "I saw the guy, and he straightened me out," he reported. "Unfortunately, I went in and talked to (and he named a notorious official at the Chicago local), and, Art, I don't think they want you musicians to work. If I have to go see that man again, it isn't worth it."

There you have it—a bottleneck. And, believe me, if I've heard that remark once, I've heard it numberless times. I've heard it from accredited union agents, from bosses, and from musicians. The feeling continues that if you can avoid it, don't go to the union, don't call them. Too many times their answer is no—without a logical reason.

You ask yourself why. Are rules and man-made laws to take precedence over humans? What goes? Don't union officials realize that more and more musicians are doing less playing? What are we going to do—legislate ourselves out of business? It's nice to sit in a padded office and say this should be this way, and that should fit thusly—a sort of game in which we musicians are chess pieces. But think back....

Many of us remember the Chinese places, and they had music—live music. And you could hardly walk down the street without hearing live music pouring out of one joint or another. Musicians worked; they plied their trade.

And, gentlemen, I submit that this is the first order of our business: that the musicians play music. That's what we studied for—to play. And we're not playing—not nearly enough.

I'd like to suggest that our union officers—the elected ones—take time out to visit the few places that employ musicians... go out and see, drop in at the various places, not on Saturdays but on week nights. I know it's a hardship—some of our masterminds haven't been near a night club since their last gig.

There are fellows at the union who are workers, who get out—at least you see the business agents now and then. They must have noticed the clear view of the bandstand, unobstructed by thronging patrons. But it's not the same thing as the big wheels seeing it for themselves, seeing who's making the bread and who isn't.

My second suggestion: gather the bosses, the owners, and sit down with them in a round-table discussion and exchange views. After all, we're in business with them. They employ musicians. It's to our interest to get closer to them, to see if they can be helped. What are we fighting them for? Are these our enemies? After all, if a man gives me a gig, he's giving me a chance to ply my trade, and that's what I'm here for. We band together as a union because in union there is strength. And this strength is to be used for the union (the union members). And

(Continued on page 48)

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Vibraharpist **Lionel Hampton** left New York March 19 for a one-month tour of Japan, Formosa, Thailand, Okinawa, and the Philippines. He took along an octet, which was to be augmented by local musicians during the Japanese portion of the tour... Trumpeter **Gerald Wilson's** band at Basin Street East included **Snooky Young**, **Joe Newman**, **Donald Byrd**, and **Jimmy Owens**, trumpets; **Quentin Jackson**, **Jimmy Cleveland**, **Garnett Brown**, and **Wayne Andre**, trombones; **George Dorsey**, **Jerry Dodgion**, **Budd Johnson**, **Seldon Powell**, and **Marvin Haldiday**, reeds; **Roland Hanna**, piano; **Wally Richardson**, guitar; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Frederick Waits**, drums... Students at New York University presented a four-day, eight-concert jazz festival at Loeb Student Center in March. Admission was free, and the performers included groups led by trumpeters **Howard McGhee**, **Freddie Hubbard**, and **Charles Tolliver**, saxophonists **Albert Ayler**, **James Spaulding**, and **Budd Johnson**, clarinetist **Tony Scott**, pianist **McCoy Tyner**, and singer **Betty Carter**. Miss Carter also performed at Hunter College in March... The Sunday Jazz Interactions sessions have moved from Embers West to the Top of the Gate. Groups led by trumpeter **Donald Byrd** and pianist **Randy Weston** have been featured... The "Jazz at Noon" amateur jam sessions at Chuck's Composite have been so successful that Friday bashes have been added to the regular Monday get-togethers... A birthday concert for ailing pianist **Pete Johnson** was held in Buffalo March 25. The program featured blues singer **Joe Turner**, pianist **Ray Bryant's** trio, and the **Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra** (which played arrangements by **Benny Carter** and **Sy Oliver** of Johnson compositions)... Reed man **Ken McIntyre**, freelancing in New York after a stint of teaching at Boston's Berklee School of Music, lectured and played at St. Lawrence University, performing on oboe, alto saxophone, clarinet, and flute. He was supported by **Bob Cunningham**, bass, and **Roger Blank**, drums... Drummer **Elvin Jones** led a quartet featuring pianist **Dollar Brand** for a week in March at Slug's, where other recent incumbents included saxophonists **Yusef Lateef**, **Charles Lloyd**, and **Jackie McLean**... Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins'** quartet at the Village Vanguard had pianist **Barry Harris**, bassist **Major Holly**, and drummer **Eddie Locke**... The quintet co-led by trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** and tenor saxophonist **Richie Kamuca** (with **Dick Katz**, piano; **Tommy Potter**, bass, and **Eddie Locke**, drums) returned to the Half Note for two weeks last month, following pianist **Lennie Tristano's** group (with tenor saxophonist **Warne Marsh**)... The **Modern Jazz Quartet** will play a benefit concert for Manhattan School of Music's scholarship fund at Carnegie Hall April 27... Trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson's** sextet at the Village Gate had **Willie Maiden**, tenor and bari-

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LARS SWANBERG

DOWN WHERE WE ALL LIVE

Today's Avant-Garde Revolution
As Seen In Light Of Jazz' Long
History Of Internal Strife/Part II,
By Gus Matzorkis

IN A RECENT CONVERSATION, a sensitively involved and active friend expressed his concern about what he felt were the enormous problems involved in completely bridging the gap between Negro consciousness and white consciousness in this country. And for any one man, the obliteration may be formidable, sometimes impossible.

But that is only one of many dimensions of the total reality of "race relations" in the United States of America. Another one: my 10- and 13-year-old children, for example, cannot understand the deep concern of our friend, for the existence of that gap is incomprehensible to them. In others, the gap has been real but is becoming less so now: in 20-year-olds who go south to face the curses and threats and violence of a dying order, in 40-year-old housewives who make a genuine commitment of energy and time working with youngsters in northern ghettos (many beginning to learn, as a result of this experience, that the problems are more subtle and complex than they had thought and involve more than getting the Negro to be "whiter"), and even in thoroughly respectable middle-class suburbanites who now challenge the casual racial slurs made by neighbors rather than hear them in silence or even agree with them, as in the past.

This is not to say that all is well (that would be an unfunny and awful joke) nor to support the callous, trite, and totally inadequate position that all we need do is educate the young well and wait for their generation to take center stage in our society and solve our problems. But as we seek the truth and attempt broadly effective action programs, whether from a starting point of righteous indignation or of shame, we need to do more and better than simply project subjective reactions and assume they are shared by all. We need to move deeply into ourselves, toward a more fundamental and true apprehension and orientation of our personal insights. Men like James Baldwin have done just that, as many other militant activists have not—and as the defenders of the status quo certainly have not.

Charlie Parker and Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday, among others, did this supremely well, deliberately or not, and in the process created music that has deeply moved people who knew as little about these artists as many readers of *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Othello* and *Zorba the Greek* know about Steinbeck, Shakespeare, or Kazantzakis (yes, hipsters, there are such listeners), music that may even sadden and exhilarate future generations living in a different world and knowing little or nothing

about the personal and social pressures that pounded at Parker and Miss Smith and Miss Holiday to their graves.

WHILE WE MAY LEAVE the final judgments about the jazz art to history, we cannot leave the evils of our time to posterity. In focusing our attention on the unforgivable exploitation of the Negro in the United States generally and the Negro jazz artist in particular, the doctrinaires in and out of jazz have helped to serve an essential and high purpose. Their blunt, uncompromising criticism of our blind, pious self-satisfaction has aroused some animosity, a great deal of discomfort, and much of that sterile rationalizing referred to earlier, but it also has jarred many of us into a sharper awareness of a vital aspect of contemporary life. There are still deeper layers in us all, undisturbed and unruffled yet; so the process must continue.

It is in this context, and not as a denunciation of passionate or bitter protest as such, that a concern must be expressed about the growing tendency of some of the loudest protestation to become a strident kind of empty sloganeering itself.

The institutionalized, unintentional exploitation of Negroes by the well-meaning is as evident in the chronicle of jazz as is their deliberate exploitation by the self-seeking. But that is not the whole story of the problems and frustrations on the current jazz scene or in the world today.

To say that Negro avant-garde jazzmen are scuffling for work and a bare minimum financial support *because they are Negroes*, which is exactly what many of their followers do say, is illogical. They simply ignore the fact that white avant-garde jazzmen are having similar frustrations and that many Negro musicians playing a more immediately accessible kind of music are achieving varying degrees of commercial success. The argument also is dangerous, for it can tend to breed a group feeling of self-righteousness and self-satisfaction about the music that it may not merit.

To impute overtones of racial bias automatically to the success achieved in recent years by a white Bill Evans and to maintain that the "white power structure" will not similarly honor an honest black man is to demean Evans unfairly and either to ignore the successes of Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane or to create childish fantasies to explain away the argument's obvious contradictions.

There has been, and still is, a real exploitation of the Negro jazz artist,

paralleling the deprivations and inequalities suffered generally by Negroes in our society, but this has not been the only, or the single greatest, pattern of cruelty and injustice on earth in this century and has not been the sole cause of all the problems and frustrations ever suffered by any Negro. To proceed as though such exploitation has been all these things is an act of irresponsibility and great self-indulgence that hampers the tangible (though still too slow) progress being made to eliminate these injustices.

One all but gags at having to utter such sophomoric observations, but they must be uttered in the face of the doctrinaires who have crossed that fine line from activism to fanaticism. For it is the fanatic whose world is filled with white devils and black saints (made no less wrong by the existence of so many others worlds filled with black devils and white saints). It is the fanatic who resents and actually resists social progress, who is so obsessed by his need to denounce the "incurable rottenness of white society" and the "white power structure" in jazz that his original, bed-rock concern about inequalities and injustices becomes secondary or is lost altogether.

It is fanaticism that blurs the distinction between racial prejudices (which are abundant still in our culture) on the one hand and the inevitable frictions between our conformist society and uncompromising individualists (who also are abundant in our culture) on the other.

The callous indifferences of a respectable white northerner (which is made more maddening by his timid remonstrances) to unspeakable outrages like the bombing deaths of four little girls in a Birmingham, Ala., church (made still more maddening by the subtle but enormously important difference in his reaction to the murders of *white* civil rights workers) does not justify cruel and stupid gibes at white civil rights workers by the fanatics. It does not justify the distorted focus of the fanatic that sees most civil rights workers and the Martin Luther Kings and the Roy Wilkinsons as more truly the enemy than the forces of prejudice and oppression themselves.

Similarly in jazz, the fanatic does not want to know that a white jazz connoisseur, John Hammond, played a key role in the significant measures of success achieved by many Negro jazz artists, including Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Lionel Hampton, and Teddy Wilson, and that Hammond also played a key role, with Benny Goodman, in cracking the color line in jazz bands.

The fanatic must impute devious motives to white jazz promoter Norman Granz' successful efforts to prevent segregation of any audiences in his Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts, including those in the South.

The fanatic sneers "tokenism" when Dave Brubeck cancels a lucrative tour through the South with his quartet rather than give in to demands that he replace his Negro bassist with a white musician.

Undoubtedly these acts of simple decency are exceptions in an over-all pattern of inequalities and subtle exploitations, and the activist has the right and even the obligation to focus his attention and ours on those inequalities and exploitations. But as the moderate or the sloganeering liberal is not justified in using these incidents to blunt his awareness of the over-all pattern, so the fanatic is not justified in ignoring these acts of decency, and other progress being made, or in automatically attributing devious motives to them.

WITH ALL HIS sophistication, the fanatic in jazz is terribly insular. His declared concerns do not encompass any whites at all, nor the middle-aged Negro jazz veterans, nor the surviving Negro elders, nor even the Negro innovators who helped make the bop revolution.

His interest in even the great Negro influential figures of the late '50s and early '60s appears to be waning, because he apparently cannot comfortably accommodate himself to the absence of a ringing public rebelliousness in men such as Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. In his pantheon, there is no Joe Oliver or Herschel Evans or Sid Catlett or Lester Young or Sidney Bechet or Fats Navarro or Clifford Brown; there is only Eric Dolphy and perhaps a corner for his tailor-made images of Bessie Smith and Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday.

His insulation also is sociological and geographic; his real world simply does not extend out of the urban ghetto—indeed, beyond the New York City ghettos—in or out of the jazz world. For him, there is no Bogalusa or Crawfordville or Selma or east side of Cleveland or west side of Chicago or Watts area of Los Angeles, except perhaps as his narrow abstractions of these places and the Negroes living in them can be wedged into his preconceived, emotionally satisfying dogmas.

Yet this must be repeated: with all its bitterness, its irresponsibility, its self-indulgence, its sometimes grotesque distortions, and its insularity, the

fanaticism in and out of jazz is less dangerous and less wrong over-all—and more alive—than the dilettantish and respectable liberalism and moderation that politely deplores racism and then moves on to something else, which snobbishly says to the Negro: "Become like me and help make your race like mine, and these unfortunate problems will be solved once and for all."

The meaningful answers do not lie in getting "whiter" any more than they do in the fanatic's prescript to get "blacker." And they do not lie in soul-searching and changes in the Negro alone.

But the meaningful answers do not lie in indiscriminate action either. In the bewildering complexity of the assault on traditional values, we must think clearly and deeply and broadly. If we do so, we may see that we should not struggle so hard to uplift "your race" or to be a credit to "my race," for as we labor in these directions, we add a few more years of life to the myth: the ultimately meaningless idea and consciousness of race itself.

"Pie in the sky," says the hard-boiled realist. "Wild-eyed do-goodism," protests the reactionary. "Mongrelization," shouts the racist. "Enormously difficult," comments the pedant. "It will take generations to achieve," declares the self-satisfied who will not face the implications for himself. "More Mr. Charlie crap!" cries the fanatic.

The greatest jazz, though, cuts through the labyrinthian agglomeration of social influences, psychological factors, consciousness of race and style and tradition, as well as technical challenges of rhythm, harmony, and sonority to achieve the status of art. Great jazz deals with, encompasses, and reflects these other elements but in its quintessential moments transcends them.

If we exercise the will and capacity to cut through these surface elements ourselves and feel the innermost tensions of the music when we listen to Joe Nanton and Duke Ellington in *Black, Brown, and Beige* or to Miles Davis in *Saeta* or to Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong in *Sobbin' Hearted Blues* or to Charlie Parker in the *Le Jazz Cool* recordings or to Ornette Coleman in *Free Jazz*, we will hear more than the cry of anguish or the murmur of sadness of the oppressed Negro, more than daring techniques or passionate protests.

Jazz will prevail and roar on into the '70s and the rest of the 20th century, and we are now down to why this is so: the greatest jazz, "black" and "white," touches us and moves us down deep, where we *all* live.





Cornetist Thad Jones (r), co-leader with drummer Mel Lewis of the Jazz Band, directs a recent rehearsal

RAYMOND ROSS

THE BIG BANDS:

IN NEW YORK...SIGNS OF LIFE

By DAN MORGENSTERN

SINCE THE LATE 1940s, when the echoes of the swing era finally faded in an avalanche of pop vocalists, anonymous studio bands, and thriving small jazz groups, the question "will the big bands ever come back?" has been asked with increasing nostalgia and declining optimism.

Ellington, Basie, Herman (and on and off, Hampton and Kenton) notwithstanding, few jazz-oriented big bands have thrived during the last two decades, and none that has emerged has been able to survive.

A handful of musically interesting dance bands, several of them trading on the magic remaining in the names of dead leaders, have managed to sustain themselves in an ever-shrinking field, struggling through grueling schedules of one-night stands made up mainly of college functions and Elks club dances.

But despite this bleak picture, there are many musicians—especially graduates of big bands who now make their living in the recording studios, on radio and television staffs, in the motion picture factories, and in Broadway pit bands—who still have a love for playing big-band jazz.

In every major music center throughout the country, such players have been getting together in so-called rehearsal bands, devoting much time and effort to a financially unrewarding labor of love. Usually, there is a glimmer of hope that these efforts might lead to some opportunity for public performances and recognition, but these hopes rarely materialize.

Recently, however, there have been hopeful signs—in the New York area at least—that the climate might be changing. It is too soon to speak of a big-band revival, but constructive things have been happening.

Consider, for example, the minor miracles that already have been accomplished by the Jazz Band, an 18-piece orchestra established as recently as last December by cornetist-composer Thad Jones and drummer Mel Lewis.

This band, like so many others before it, began as a rehearsal group. But even at its first rehearsal there was a feeling that something special was going to emerge.

For one thing, the band's personnel was of truly all-star caliber; for another, Jones' writing and direction had a fresh and inspiring touch, and, perhaps most significantly, there

was from the beginning a spirit of friendship and mutual respect within the band that was remarkable.

With the help of disc jockey Alan Grant, who was running a series of Monday night jazz sessions at the Village Vanguard, and the enterprising spirit of the club's owner, Max Gordon, the Jones-Lewis band was booked for a string of four Mondays.

The experiment proved so successful that the band is as of now a permanent Monday night attraction at the club. In March it also did a full week at the Vanguard, made its concert debut at Hunter College, and appeared at Town Hall in a benefit for the late clarinetist Hank D'Amico. And several record companies are interested in the band.

How did it happen?

"It's fantastic," said co-leader Jones. "I'm thinking about nothing else but this band. A lot of things had to be done; we had to get men who we felt were compatible, musically and personally. So far, it has worked exceptionally well. Everybody has respect for everybody else, as musicians and as people. Sometimes I get a little carried away, hearing all this spirit coming through the horns."

"These are real pros," drummer Lewis said. "They want to be here. This is not a fly-by-night thing. And this is a joyful band. We're having a good time on the stand—that's what has been missing on the scene."

Certainly, these men are pros. There have been only two changes in personnel since the band was formed, both the result of unavoidable schedule conflicts. Occasionally, there are substitutes, but these are for one night only; nobody wants to give up his chair.

Playing trumpets are Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Bill Berry, and Richard Williams. The trombonists are Jack Rains, Tom McIntosh, Bob Brookmeyer, and Cliff Heather. Reed players are Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Joe Farrell, Eddie Daniels, and Pepper Adams. Sam Herman plays guitar; Thad's brother, Hank, piano; and Richard Davis, bass.

One of the secrets of the band's success, according to Lewis, is that most of the men are steadily and gainfully employed in studio work. "If you get guys who need work, you can't keep them," the drummer said. "The guys in this

band are working. The daytime is for commercial jobs—the nighttime is for jazz.”

And this is a jazz band—no mistake about it. “We want to establish a style, a musical pattern,” Thad Jones said. “But it should have a lot of elasticity. Once you begin over-listening for something, what you’re striving for is gone. And there has to be both freedom and discipline.”

“Thad,” Lewis said, “makes quite a front man for the band. He’s calling signals like a real quarterback.”

Jones is also responsible for the bulk of the writing, though there are contributions from within the band, notably from Brookmeyer and McIntosh.

Jones, who has been writing for years for other bands, Count Basie and Harry James among them, is pleased to have the freedom to write the way he wants, “but,” he said, “I don’t think you should use a band as a vehicle to exploit your writing. If something fits, okay, but if it doesn’t, forget it.”

Lewis, a mainstay of many a band, big and small, is enthusiastic about being a leader of a group such as this. “Having been part of the big-band scene as a sideman for

arrangements by Ernie Wilkins, Gene Roland, and Marty Paich, “and we have new music every week.”

“I live for the rehearsals and for the band to play,” the trumpeter said. “People think that I’m a nut, but I think I’m a bandleader. I’ve put my whole life into it, and I’m good at it. I may not be the world’s greatest trumpet player, but I can present a band.”

Terry’s lineup includes veteran musicians and up-and-coming youngsters. He is especially proud of trumpeter Lloyd Michaels, whose section mates are Clyde Reasinger, Ziggy Harrell, and Phil Sunkel. “Lloyd is going to be another Conrad Gozzo,” Terry said, referring to the late trumpeter many musicians considered the best lead man in the country.

Gene Quill leads the saxophone section, which also has Bobby Donovan, Jim Reider, and Gary Kline. The trombonists are Meco Benardo, Ray Winslow, Joe Shepadoni, and Eli Dineft. Guitarist Wayne Wright, pianist Dave Altman, bassist Dave DuTemple, and drummer Jimmy Gall comprise the rhythm section. It is a band that can play for listening and for dancing.

Terry is convinced that there is a future for big bands, but he said he feels that there is apathy within the music industry regarding any effort to revive the interest.

“Gerald Wilson had to use a pickup band at Basin Street East—why didn’t some agency pick him up on the West Coast and take the band across the country?” he asked. “The booking agencies and the union are the key to the whole thing. People in this industry talk about the great band era, but when it comes to doing something, they sit on their cans like a bunch of dummies.”

With the decline of the discotheques and the go-go scene, Terry said the time is ripe for action.

“There are people at the networks who would turn over backwards to find good bands for remote broadcasts,” he said. “Radio is far from dead. There’s got to be a way for bands on television. People want live music today.”

The so-called ghost bands, capitalizing on the names of Miller, the Dorseys, etc., are “the most harmful thing in the business today,” Terry said. “Living off somebody else’s reputation is really sick. I’m ready to battle any band—I’ve challenged Skitch Henderson, but nothing happened.”

Terry has a music-copying business, rents out his studio for rehearsals, and plans to expand his quarters to include a recording-studio setup. But the band is foremost in his mind. “We’re not making any money,” he said, “but we’re having fun. My guys have a ball. A band isn’t easy. You have to keep trying. . . .”

Starling’s band, which carries the imposing name of the New York Sound Stage One Orchestra and consists of no fewer than 23 pieces, was formed in August last year.

“But I’d been writing long before that,” Starling said. “After I left Kenton, nothing seemed to be musically satisfying. The level of music has dropped so low—it’s at an all-time low—that somebody just had to do something about it.”

Starling has no illusions about the band scene, saying, “Big bands will never come back the way we knew them. But there are other areas.” One area in which he intends to concentrate his efforts is the school and college field.

“We want to bring our music to the kids,” he said. “I’ve already made copies of our arrangements available to stage bands. There’s also the area of good-will tours for the State Department. I’d like to take the band to Viet Nam.”

Starling’s band (the name is meant to indicate “the pinnacle of what a band should sound like; Sound Stage 1 is always the biggest stage in studio productions”) is made up of top professionals, many of whom work in theater bands. “When we have a Wednesday afternoon rehearsal,” he cracked, “the Broadway pit bands sound weak.”



Jazz Band leaders Thad Jones and Mel Lewis

so long, it’s really something to have it like this,” he said. “I still can’t quite understand how it happened so fast.”

Jones, whose poetic strain is not restricted to music, describes the band as being “like a beautiful friendship that has been smoldering for a long time, and now it has burst open and is enveloping everything.”

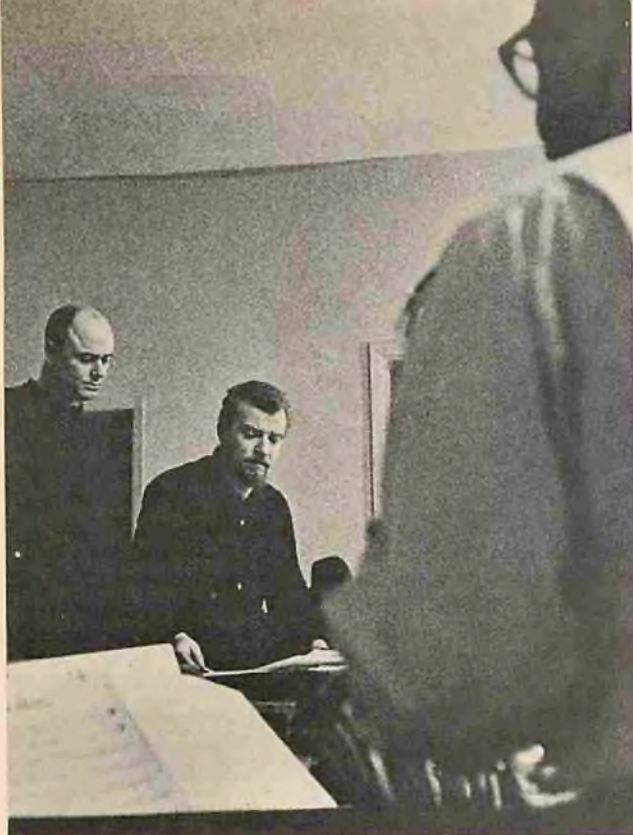
Lewis sums up the prospects for the future: “If we can keep rolling now, I think it will last for a long time. And if it does, I hope it will help the other guys who are trying to do something in the big-band field. . . .”

AMONG THESE OTHERS currently involved in trying hard are trumpeter Dan Terry, who has led bands with varying success for almost 20 years, and Ray Starling, mellophonist, composer-arranger, and sometime pianist, a product of the big bands of Stan Kenton, Johnny Richards, Sal Salvador, and Billy May.

Terry has been rehearsing his band weekly for nearly six months at his downtown Manhattan studio-loft apartment, which is equipped with a bandstand, light board, and other accoutrements. In this atmosphere, the band rehearses as if it were playing in a club.

“Staging, lighting, presentation—everything is visual today,” Terry said. “You have to have good music, but you also have to give the people a show. The band can play at its maximum level in this room.”

Terry’s library (“\$200,000 worth of music”) includes



I. B. SHAVITZ

Arranger Gene Roland and leader Dan Terry

The band rehearses three times each month and made its public debut last December at a benefit at the Westchester Community Center. It also appeared at the D'Amico benefit at Town Hall in March, and several college concerts have been scheduled.

The orchestra's instrumentation is unusual insofar as it adds a five-piece French horn section to the standard trumpets, trombones, and reeds.

"Our French horns don't have that logy feeling," Starling said. "They swing."

The section consists of Brooks Tillotson, Dick Berg, Lawrence Wechsler, Bill Brown, and Howard Howard (with Ed Birdwell alternating).

Starling's trumpeters are Jerry Kail, Bob McCoy, Clyde Reasinger, Al Stewart (alternate), Gary Melnikoff, and Joe Shepley. The trombonists are Sonny Russo, Meco Menardo, Bill Watrous, and Jack Gale (alternate), with Alan Raph doubling bass trombone and tuba, and Don Young on bass trombone.

The reed section has Harvey Estrin, Joe Farrell, Ed Zhelke, Ray Schanfield, and Joel Kaye (on bass saxophone); the rhythm section has Jack Riley, piano; Bucky Calabrese, bass; and Tommy Check, drums. There are two vocalists, Jo Lea and Phil Whelan.

Starling considers his band a "concert jazz band, not a dance band by any standard."

Like Terry, he is concerned about presentation, explaining, "People are no longer satisfied with just listening. There has to be a visual element. To see the band stretched out along the stage is impressive in itself, but we also want our own light design. We want people to see the music."

He has no doubts about the ability of the band:

"It's the best band I've ever been associated with, and I think it's the best band in the United States. There are no restrictions in this band—we've got it covered from tuba to piccolo."

Starling is not worried about the band's potential appeal either. "We can get a sound that will appeal to the kids, and we have that basic rhythm that gets to them," he said. The

book includes ballads as well as dramatic flagwavers, and audience response at the first concert was gratifying.

"The band has spirit," Starling continued. "There is applause from within the band at rehearsals when somebody takes a good solo, and we've had so many visitors that we almost haven't had room for the band."

Starling, too, is eager to put his band to the test in a battle.

"I'd love to play a battle of bands with the Los Angeles Neophonic," he said, giving a clue to his musical orientation, as he also does when he says, "My main influences have been Stan Kenton and Johnny Richards."

AN ADDITIONAL POSITIVE FACTOR in the New York big-band scene has been the Mark Twain Riverboat, a spacious restaurant in the nether regions of the Empire State Building, where big bands have been playing for dancers since last spring.

Though the room, which seats 700, has not as yet been utilized to introduce new bands, it has provided a much-needed work and exposure in New York to more established groups. No other club in the area, and few anywhere, rely exclusively on big bands for entertainment, and public response has been very good.

The room is part of the Longchamps restaurant chain, and it was Willard Alexander, who has managed big bands



Ray Starling's New York Sound Stage One Orchestra

since the mid-'30s, who suggested that this seemingly revolutionary policy should be tried there.

In addition to providing the hard-traveling bands with a much needed respite from one-nighters (the Jimmy Dorsey Band, led by Lee Castle, had just completed a string of 175 one-nighters when it opened at the room), the Riverboat has restored to the big-band business some of its vanished glamor.

Bands are generally booked into the room for two weeks, and among those who have been featured there are Count Basie, Woody Herman, the Glenn Miller Band (under both Ray McKinley and the new leader, Buddy DeFranco), Les and Larry Elgart, Lionel Hampton, Si Zentner, Tito Puente, and a Tommy Dorsey unit fronted by Urbie Green.

"I believe big bands will come back," Alexander said. "We live in cycles. Everything in an art form comes back in some variation. The only cycle of entertainment that has not come back yet is the big band."

With the discotheques in decline, and hotel and ballroom operators in other cities watching the Riverboat's upstream progress with decided interest, Alexander's optimism may yet prove valid. If the time of a big-band revival should come, at least there can be no doubt that the musicians will be ready.





PETE WELDING

THE BIG BANDS:

By PETE WELDING

BUDDY DeFRANCO— ON THE ROAD AGAIN

WAIT TILL YOU SEE these people tonight," the club manager said, a wave of his hand indicating the rapidly filling dining room. "You won't believe the reaction. They're mature people . . . no young kids at all . . . in their 40s, solid, respectable, but they have such enthusiasm for this band. It means so much to them. Wait till you hear the response, the applause at the beginning of every number. There's nothing like it around today."

A large party signaled the manager, and he left to seat them, saying, "You'll see what I mean."

The whole room was filled with people just like the new arrivals. Pink-cheeked, well-groomed and -fed . . . prosperous, good-looking, sure of themselves and their place in the good life. Average, nice people. Most of the men were slightly portly, many of them balding, a few with gray hair. The women were attractive, well-dressed matrons, and if the bloom of youth had fled, it had been replaced with an air of mature attractiveness and settled refinement. The murmur of conversation had to do mostly with growing children, school, gossip, business problems.

The supper club was situated in a well-to-do suburb of Detroit. There were no placards advertising the appearance of the Glenn Miller Orchestra, but the place was packed well before clarinetist Buddy DeFranco, the band's current leader, tapped off the downbeat at the start of the band's hour-long concert presentation at 9 p.m. (The concert was to permit the diners to finish their meals and preceded the band's regular four hours of dance music.)

Enthusiastic applause greeted every

staple of the Miller repertoire that evening, and the audience was properly appreciative of the new items that have been introduced to the band's book since DeFranco took over the Miller band's direction early in January.

The orchestra sparkled, and the old Miller arrangements came alive with a soft, inviting warmth that was a surprise. The charm of the music dispelled any predilection to scoff, and it would not let a listener remain aloof. The music sounded fine—easy, relaxed, unpretentious, and, above all, thoroughly delightful. Miller and his writers had crafted well—the arrangements were full of an appealing innocence, simplicity, an unaffected and unabashed romanticism that fell sweetly on the ear. Considering that many had been written more than a quarter-century ago, they sounded remarkably viable and much more winsome than some of the band's newest arrangements.

DeFranco offered an interesting and plausible explanation of the old arrangements' continuing appeal.

"It's curious," he said, "but I was really surprised by these charts when I actually took over the band. They were a lot more subtle and skillful than I had expected them to be. When I was a kid and had a band of my own, we used to copy the Miller arrangements from records, get the commercial charts of the band's music that were available then, but the actual Miller charts—the ones we use in the band—are much more interesting and subtle than the commercial arrangements would lead you to believe. And that has been something of a revelation and goes a long way to explaining the distinctive sound of the Miller band. They're good, well-written—interesting charts to play.

"Now, I was raised on the big bands. When I was attracted to music as a youngster, I used to listen to all the top bands—Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Miller, the Dorseys—all the bands like that. I was never too much drawn to the sweet bands. My brother and I used to get all the Miller band records as they came out; we knew all the sidemen, and we dug the arrangers, too—Bill Finegan, Jerry Gray, and, of course, Miller himself—they were good, inventive, had their own thing going, especially Gray and Finegan. We just loved that rich sound."

IT WAS DeFRANCO's big-band experience that ultimately led to his decision to take over the direction of the Miller orchestra, he said. When drummer Ray McKinley, who had led the band for nearly 10 years, left, booking agent Willard Alexander, who directs the operations of the Miller orchestra, offered the band's leadership to DeFranco.

"I first met Willard out on the West Coast last year," the clarinetist recalled. "I had been conducting clinics, doing a lot of studio work—things like that. At the time, Alexander hinted that he might have something important for me in a few months—but I don't think it was this job. I think he had been considering organizing a new band with me as leader; he had said that he felt that times were ripening for bands again and that in the near future there might be room for as many as four or five new bands. Things would be opening up in this area again, he said. Anyway, when Ray left the band, Willard offered me the opportunity of taking it over.

"Quite frankly, I didn't know what to say. I didn't have eyes for it. It didn't make sense to me at first, but the more I thought about it, the more reasonable the idea seemed. I liked working with big bands—had my own, in fact, in 1950. So, after thinking it over and knowing that I would be permitted to introduce new things to the band's book, to expand its horizons, I decided to take it."

DeFranco paused and then added thoughtfully, "Now I must admit that I am dead set against the idea of 'ghost bands,' at least the ones that trade completely on the past with no attempt at acknowledging the present. That seems to me to be both pointless and futile. A dead end. A big factor in my decision to take over this band was the freedom I was given to introduce new things to the band, to bring it up to today.

"It's true we have to pretty much adhere to the important Miller repertoire—things like *String of Pearls*, *In the Mood*, *Moonlight Cocktail*, *Sunrise Serenade*, and so on. After all, they are the

things that the band's followers come to hear; we owe it to them to give them that. But in the framework of those things—and they really only amount to about a half-dozen numbers in all—we can do anything else we want. What it amounts to is: give the audience the few things it wants to hear, and we can then play what we want for the rest of the night."

DeFranco pointed out that he is attempting to bring new listeners to the band through the use of contemporary material in contemporary arrangements.

He said he feels strongly that today's young listeners can develop an interest in big-band music if they are exposed to it and in this respect pointed to the increasing numbers of stage bands (educators' euphemism for dance or jazz bands) that have been blossoming in the nation's high schools and colleges in recent years as indication of the growing interest in this music on the part of youngsters.

The clarinetist, who has had wide experience as a clinician-instructor at stage-band camps and festivals and thus has had opportunity to appraise both the size and the value of the stage band movement, feels that this exposure to big-band music is developing an ever-growing appreciation of the music in today's young. A further factor contributing to moving the young to an interest in the big-band sound, he pointed out, is the increasing use of large ensembles behind popular singers on record dates. Being thus exposed to the power and unique sound of a large band at full tilt, young listeners will then want to take the next logical step—that is, having the opportunity of hearing such large aggregations in person on a regular basis.

Anticipating this eventuality and, meanwhile, hoping to entice the younger generation, the Miller band has recently begun to expand its library with arrangements of current popular songs and modern-styled original arrangements by such respected orchestrators as Nelson Riddle, Chico O'Farrill, Dave Grusin, George Williams, and newer arranging talents as well, among them two men now in the Miller band, tenor saxophonists Herb Lorden and Bruce DeMoll, plus a promising writer from Patterson, N.J., Paul Marshall.

Describing the new areas into which he hopes to take the band, DeFranco characterized the new arrangements as employing what could be styled a "projected Miller sound."

Pointing out that Miller was always a forward-looking musician who revised his outlook to incorporate new movements in music, DeFranco suggested that "had Miller lived and carried on with his highly successful orchestra,

there is no doubt in my mind that he would have moved with the times. The band would have evolved. The development of the band itself when he had it is the very best indication of that. What we want to do, then, is to bring the band up to what might have been its level and orientation if he were still directing it."

The clarinetist pointed out that new arrangements were not being done exclusively in the Miller style, as had been the case in the past when contemporary songs were introduced to the repertoire. The new arrangements, he was quick to insist, would be of today. They would be, he said, "new, rhythmically and harmonically."

THE GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA is an anachronism in one important respect: unlike the several large bands that still play the cross-country round of one-nighters at clubs, concert halls, colleges, and—all too infrequently these days—dance halls, it plays almost exclusively for dances, mostly private ones. It rarely plays concerts. Testimony to the high regard in which the band is held by its fans—most of whom were fans of the original band—it works with a regularity that is all but staggering.

"We've had five days off since Jan. 1," emphasized Matt Copas, baritone and alto saxophonist and bass clarinetist, who serves as the band's road manager. "And two of those days off were as the result of engagements being canceled because of severe snowstorms. But we were ready."

DeFranco interjected, "That's been my biggest difficulty so far—the fact that the band works so much. We travel so far... it seems like we're always going from one gig to another in that bus. I've had great difficulty in getting used to being on the road again. I still can't sleep."

While the pace is grueling, the band morale is high, Copas reported, citing as corroboration the fact that most of the band's members have been with the band almost three years, some much longer than that, and one—trumpeter Ed Zandy—has seen 10 years' service with the Miller organization. The lineup of the orchestra is Dick Gable, Zandy, John Inglis, Lou Lantz, trumpets; Robert Jenkins, James Schmidt, Mel Wanzo, Dick Sowell, trombones; Edward Amato, Jack Parkhurst, Lorden, DeMoll, Copas, reeds; Dave Barry, piano; Phillip Jerome, bass; and Ray Trant, drums. Vocals are handled by Joan Shepard and trumpeter Lantz.

Though a dance orchestra, most of its numbers make provision for brief solo statements from its mainstream-oriented members. The several new ar-

rangements played during the course of the evening indicated that in the future greater emphasis would be placed on the members' improvisational abilities, in particular—and not surprisingly—leader DeFranco's clarinet. He was featured at length, for example, on a warm, insinuating treatment of *The Shadow of Your Smile*.

Shortly after the dance, the band packed up, changed to street dress, and headed for Columbus, Ohio, where it was scheduled to play at another dance the following evening.

Much has been said in recent years about the decline of the big band, and in this respect composer-arranger Gary McFarland's comments about that much-bemoaned decline carry considerable impact.

"You might ask, 'Will big-band audiences ever come back?'" he said in response to a *Jazz* magazine query. "They might, if bands can reach people the same way that small groups have. Then



Road manager Matt Copas and DeFranco

big bands will definitely come back. I didn't know that they had gone any place; there are just fewer of them. Through the years a lot of bands have come and gone, but Duke, Basic, Woody's band—they've always managed to work. A lot of times they play dance dates and things like that. You see, most of these young hippies have this misconception about bands playing for dancers. There is nothing wrong with that at all. If the band is laying down real good time, one way the audience can show their appreciation is by getting up and wanting to move to it."

And that most decidedly is what the Miller audiences continue to do, as they have for more than three decades.

Though much has happened in music in the last 30 years, surely there is a lesson in the ability of the gentle, ardent, warmly romantic music of the Miller band to beguile, to furnish a continually effective antidote against melancholy for so many. It's surely much more than that cheapest of emotions, nostalgia.





Woody Herman and pianist-arranger Nat Pierce

THE BIG BANDS:

NAT PIERCE— ROAD BAND PERSPECTIVE

By STANLEY DANCE

NAT PIERCE became a professional musician in 1943, but his background in jazz extends beyond that because of his considerable knowledge of its recorded history. His interest in all the music's aspects is unflagging. He takes a phonograph on the road with him, listens to records whenever possible, and visits clubs to hear all kinds of musicians in person. Moreover, his position as Woody Herman's pianist and chief arranger gives him special insight into the problems of the big band today and a special position for viewing the world of jazz at large.

He had come off the road early in the morning of the last day of February. The Herman band was recording for Columbia records that night and leaving for Europe the following day. Meantime, relaxed and seemingly under no pressure, he found time for a leisurely discussion that began with consideration of the material to be recorded that night: a collection of songs associated with Al Jolson.

"The companies like to have a general idea, a premise, of why an album is to be recorded," he said. "Like all songs by the Beatles—*Woody Plays the Beatles* or something like that. It was different with 78s, when they just went in and covered the pop tunes of the day and maybe got away with an instrumental or two. Today, it's all albums. Once in a while they take a single out of an album, but there's not too much to eat behind the single, because other groups on the label—rock-and-rollers and folk singers—get the bulk of the exploitation.

"The day when the big-band instrumental like *Woodchoppers' Ball* or *Tuxedo Junction* could become a hit with the public is probably gone. The Tijuana Brass is not a big band, but why shouldn't a big band make it like that? We've been trying to figure it out for a long time. With the help of record companies, we decide we should try this or that, but eventually we all go back to making our own kind of music. . . .

"The Tijuana Brass is verging on the rock-and-roll bit. They have the guitars there, and that heavy bass-drum beat. Now the kids might go for that bass-guitar effect in Gerald

Wilson's *When I'm Feeling Kinda Blue*, but after my experience on a whole lot of college dates, I really don't know.

"Sometimes, they get so brave in those colleges that they put a rock-and-roll group opposite us. We start off, play about an hour, try every possible thing that can be done, and nobody comes on the dance floor. We make our concessions with numbers like *Watermelon Man* and *Do Anything You Wanna*.

"Then the group comes on at the other end of the hall with its electric thing, the amplifiers blasting away, and the floor vibrating. They love that, and they all start dancing. When we come back again, we save about 10 couples, and by the end of the night we'll have a few more. I presume it's the same with Duke, Basie, and Harry James.

"The best way we've discovered to drag those kids off their chairs is with ballads. They don't move if we play the accepted Lester Lanin-type tempo, unless it is in straight eighth-notes. We even have a couple of arrangements that start out with straight eighth-notes and go into regular swing in the middle—and the kids are *hung* on the floor! They don't know what to do. We think the other thing swings more, but how're we going to tell them about that and switch them over when they're bombarded by the radio day and night? The college dates are usually booked by the faculty, and they like bands. They don't realize that most of the kids do not.

"After two or three years in college, the kids go from that to the folk-singing bit—Bob Dylan and so on. They all fall into that, but then some of them jump into the Dave Brubeck department. That's good, because at least they're heading in the right direction. And they'll always hear big bands accompanying singers. Some of the name singers even think they should help the cause by doing this, and it's a great thing—otherwise we wouldn't get so much exposure."

There were exceptions to his generalization about college kids, Pierce pointed out, and they were the students who had been involved in stage bands in high school or college. In fact, he said, he believes there are now more bands in operation in the United States than there were in the hey-day of the big bands, but most of them are in schools.

"What happens to the stage band kids after they come out of school?" he asked. "We get some. They've mostly played concerts, of course. There's a conception that there is a line drawn between jazz and dance music, but so far as I'm concerned there is no line. We don't play any different music at a concert than at a dance, except maybe a faster tune here and there. Nevertheless, we usually have to train those kids from the beginning, and sometimes they rebel and leave after three months to play in a quartet in their home town. A few months later, they call up, out of a job, and want to come back, but you can't keep doing that all the time.

"The young guy tends to overestimate himself. He wants to play on every number, but maybe he isn't the great soloist he thinks he is. You can't give just everybody a shot at the ball, because the quality level might drop, and it might be kind of empty when one particular fellow came in, although he might be a good friend and a good section musician. How're you going to explain, 'This is not your meat,' to someone who is sure it is?

"Something we'd like to have more of in Woody's band is the sense of dynamics—not from loud to louder, but from soft to loud! That's one of the factors that make the present Basie band so great. It's really difficult to explain to a young man that there are such things as momentum and build-up in the course of a six-minute arrangement. Sometimes we just start out and go on up, and I don't understand how we do it. . . ."

The question of leadership greatly concerns Pierce too: "Projection from the bandstand to the audience is one reason why there will probably never again be bands like

Duke's, Basie's or Woody's, because there are no bandleaders as such with enough training. There are hundreds of trios, quartets, and sextets, all musicianly and capable. They have good arrangements and soloists, but they don't project, because no one is bothering to tell the people what they're doing. Maybe they think it is too commercial to do that?

"I recently went to hear Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. They had a great band down there at the Village Vanguard, and Thad wasn't against grabbing the microphone and telling the people what they were going to do. They had a lot of humor in the music, too, and I think that's great. Dizzy Gillespie always had that.

"I saw Earl Hines last spring when he was working with a trio. He told the people what he was going to do—a Fats Waller medley, a Duke Ellington tune, an Erroll Garner number—and he had them charmed completely before he hit a note on the piano. In my opinion, he's a great bandleader—not that he had a band there—but he could communicate with the audience. Duke can do that, and so can Woody. The people are on their side before a note is played, and they may play the worst. They still win.

"One group that avoids some of those problems is Cannonball Adderley's. They work most weeks, and one reason is that he makes a very good appearance at the microphone. He can talk. I don't think it's a sin to do that. He doesn't fluff off the audience. He plays the various hits that he's had, and he's always listening to other people's things. Maybe he can take something from some other band and utilize it in his. It helps keep the group going."

PIERCE ALSO pays close attention to what other musicians are playing. While some Herman band members bring along pets (Herman quite often has his dog with him) for road trips and some bring wives, the pianist always has his phonograph with him. He said he regards listening to records as "part of my education."

"We have two or three guys," he said, "who have 'deeper' records than I have, 'outside' records, some of those 'new thing' records, and we exchange, and I listen to find out what's going on. Not that I can ever change the way I feel about music, but I want to be informed."

Like many musicians of his generation, Pierce has been baffled by the "new thing," but he has made conscientious efforts to understand it.

"I would like very much to see some of this new music written down," he continued, "and have somebody else play it, somebody outside the playing circle of the 'new thing.' That's what we used to do when we were kids. We wrote down Charlie Parker's and Dizzy Gillespie's solos, and their little heads, and we played them all and tried to find out what they were doing.

"You go and hear one of these groups today, and they play the same song for an hour. They go off the stand, come back, and go right into it again. How do they even tell each other which song is being played? How do they call the tune? There can't be a secret, because they don't play it behind closed doors without telling anyone about it. They make records, and there must be some things of value there, because there are quite a few people doing it.

"I hate to say it, but if it's all going to be like that, we're going to be in tough shape 10 years from now. Maybe it can be dissected down to where we get some good out of it. Through most of the U.S. and Europe, you can hear Muzak-type music coming through the ceiling, and these commercial bands are playing bebop now—25 years later, they're playing it! They wouldn't have dared do that 25 years ago. . . . Possibly there's something in the new music that can be translated into Muzak 15 years from now, but I think a lot more work has to be done on it. Some of it is just plain noise so far as I'm concerned, and I doubt whether

there could ever be a big band playing it, because it would sound like one of those John Cage concerts. . . .

"This thing all started when Ornette Coleman appeared on the scene and went into his 'moon' bag or whatever they call it. A lot of us went down where he was playing. We listened, we looked at each other, and we listened again. We knew he was a fairly good alto player and that there was a lot of feeling in his work. Then we started reading the magazines, and the so-called critics delivered their evaluations, and it seemed that that became all they listened to. He would play out-of-tune notes, and they would start talking about East Indian scales. . . . But has anything concrete come from Ornette Coleman to this day? Apart from *Lonely Woman*?

"Then there are the others who are doing the race department. I read that article by Archie Shepp in *Down Beat* where he was talking about paying this and that dues. Where was he before three years ago? If he was out on the street trying to play his music, someone would have known about him. Lately, he's got jobs, and he was out in San Francisco with a quartet when we were there.

"There was a piano player there by the name of Denny Zeitlin, too, a marvelous piano player, but I defy anyone to tell you what he is playing. He plays the piano excellently from a technical point of view. But he has no form, and he just plays on and on the same way. I'm sure he has a few little melodies, but all the rest is out of Lennie Tristano, Bill Evans, and Bud Powell, plus a Brazilian influence from the bossa nova guys. I don't know what he's playing or how you can sell this thing if there's nothing you can put your finger on. After listening to a set or two, you come out with the same feeling you get from the saxophonists: each song sounds the same.

"I come back to that, because I don't understand how they differentiate between them. Maybe one's in 6/8 or 3/4 or 4/4—but when they get wound up, it all sounds the same. There's no real tempo happening. You can't sit there and swing as you would if you went to hear Basie or Jimmy

TED WILLIAMS



Rushing or somebody like that. The new audience just sits there, their heads in their hands, as though it were a mortuary or something. The drums overshadow everything, even when the saxophone is playing right into the microphone. It's rough on my ears. No dynamics, no microphone technique. But there's an audience for it. I've seen it."

AS AN ARRANGER and pianist, Pierce always has shown marked affinity for the Basie approach.

"Basie's arrangers and the conception of his band, especially in the '30s, had a big influence on me," he admitted. "The band then was like an offshoot of Fletcher Henderson's or Benny Carter's, the big difference being in the rhythm section, which was so much smoother than the average at that time. The idea of riffs being something special to Kansas City is ridiculous. Fletcher's band, Don Redman's, Cab Calloway's and McKinney's Cotton Pickers—they'd all been using riffs as launching pads for individuals for years.

"Basie emphasized a simpler approach than, say, Jimmie Lunceford's, which was a complete show band. I remember one time in Symphony Hall, Boston, his four trumpet players were throwing their horns up to the ceiling. It was a big, high hall, and they'd throw them up 20 or 30 feet, pick them out of the air, and hit the next chord. I was just amazed by the whole thing. They used to do a lot of hot versions of the classics, too, and many of the arrangements were written by people nobody ever heard of then. Now they're hearing of one—Gerald Wilson. They think he's a new fellow on the scene. I'm glad it's this way, that he's getting recognition at last, even if it has taken him 25 years to get off the ground.

"But we were discussing Basie, and I think the main difference between the band now and the one of the '30s is in the smoother conception today. I was talking to Basie recently about writing some things for him. He has a tempo thing in his head. It's hard to put into print, but he immediately starts popping his fingers at a tempo he likes to play. Then, thanks to Marshall Royal, his band is very well disciplined, and they can swing you out of the joint whenever they want. I heard them play a blues recently. Basie played about 10 choruses in front; the band played something; Lockjaw played about 20 choruses, and it was building into a monster; and then the ensemble came in screaming, and it almost knocked me over, it was so beautiful."

Despite this deep affection for the Basie style, Pierce claims he is most influenced as an arranger by Duke Ellington.

"I can't possibly write like that," he said, "because I don't have the musicians to play the solos. But [tenor saxophonist] Sal Nistico and [trumpeter] Dusko Goykovich are rejoining us in Europe, and Carl Fontana—one of the better trombones of all time—came into the band about a week ago... that gives you a little leeway to play more solo-type material, rather than ensembles.

"Duke's records of the last few years, if you examine them closely, have been mostly solos with backgrounds, even when it's a case of pop tunes as in *Ellington '65* and *Ellington '66*. When a tune ends up as a feature for Johnny Hodges or Lawrence Brown, quite a bit of writing is eliminated, because putting a few riffs behind a good soloist can be done very quickly.

"The problem today is the young musician who usually plays the same solo on each song. If it's a ballad, he'll go instantly into double-time, without trying to fit his solo into the arrangement. If they have only eight or 16 bars, they put in as much as they possibly can. After a few years, when perhaps they're more tired or have more sense, they'll just float through there and try to relate to what came before and what's going to come after.

"Most of the fellows in Duke's band are well past that point, and when he writes for them, the arrangements are tailor-made. Our personnel changes so much that if we had a whole library of those tailor-made arrangements, we'd hardly have anyone to play them. . . . So far as I'm concerned, a more stable personnel would change the writing quite a bit.

"It's not usually a good idea having all the arrangements in an album by one man, because they're often pushed together in a matter of weeks, and the band doesn't get a chance to play them beforehand. They're played in the studio, and then perhaps they're never played again. Take the music in Ellington's *All American* set. It disappeared. Nobody knows what happened, and it was a shame, because there were beautiful things in it that might have become part of his standard repertoire. It happens with Basie too. I know they made that album of James Bond themes recently, but when I heard the band a couple of weeks ago, they didn't play one of those arrangements. They'd just gone back to the regulars like *Shiny Stockings*, *Mellotone*, and *Cherry Point*.

"The programs of the big bands in the '30s varied much more. I think it was Chick Webb's band that had a library of waltzes, and I believe Fletcher Henderson's did too, because they played uptown society dances—cotillions, they called them, with white gowns and everything—and they had to have appropriate music. It wasn't a crime to play a waltz then—not just a jazz waltz, but a regular waltz with a pretty melody. Big bands have limited themselves so far as the material they play is concerned. They keep closing it up.

"But it's hard for leaders like Basie, Duke, and Woody to play a whole new program, just as it's hard to build a new bandleader as an image. Those three have had bands for 30 years or more. They're household words and mostly household people come to see them, people past 30 or 35, and they know what we're trying to do, but they want to hear their favorites. We all have to play staples, but we don't play *Woodchoppers' Ball* more than once or twice a night unless we're forced to."

The predicament of the leader faced with the will of an audience he has created was exemplified for Pierce by Stan Kenton.

"Stan Kenton is an electric personality," he said. "I've known him for about 26 years, since I was a kid in Boston, where I went up and asked for some arrangements he didn't need anymore! He gave them to me. Basie also gave me some in later years when I had my own band. So did Woody. But over the years Stan's music has kept getting farther and farther away from actual dance music, and he has gotten more and more people in his bands.

"Once you build an audience for his kind of thing, you can get out on a limb. I think this has been Johnny Richards' problem too. You get way out there, so far out that after a time the audience begins to drop off, but you still have some of it left. If you tried to come back, you feel you'd lose everything, so the outward direction continues, and it becomes hard to play just a regular thing anymore. The people who are out there with you wouldn't accept it. 'What happened to him?' they'd ask one another. 'He sounds like Sammy Kaye now.' So you get out on that limb, and you've got to stay there. You live or die on it."

Irrevocably committed to jazz and the big band as Pierce is, the last sentence is partially applicable to him. It is just to be hoped that his particular limb doesn't get more precarious than it is at present. A splendid musician and a fine, broad-minded human being, he is one of those who really understand and care about the art in which they are involved.





THE BIG BANDS: THE GLORIOUS DIZZY GILLESPIE ORCHESTRA

HOT BOX: By GEORGE HOEFER

THE DISSOLUTION of Dizzy Gillespie's big band of the late 1940s lent a sense of incompleteness to the bebop revolution. It is true that during the last 15 years Gillespie has frequently attained musical success with large orchestras, but one is inclined to wonder what would have happened if Gillespie's dynamic bop outfit of 1950 had survived and attained a status similar to that of the bands led by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, or Woody Herman.

Gillespie's talents had been nurtured initially in big bands, and he was orchestrally oriented from all standpoints: he was musically, emotionally, and showmanly a born bandleader.

His adaptability was further enhanced by his own musical creativity, contributions to jazz that surpass those of all the aforementioned leaders with exception of Ellington. Gillespie was, and still is, jazz' greatest modern trumpet virtuoso and an arranger-composer of considerable stature.

Gillespie's career started around 1930 in Cheraw, S. C., where he performed with a 10-piece band that played every tune in B♭. The young trumpeter, largely self-taught, then won a scholarship to Laurinburg Institute in North Carolina to study harmony and theory.

In 1935 the Gillespie family moved to Philadelphia, and the hopeful horn man, after having heard trumpeter Roy Eldridge, then with Teddy Hill's band, broadcast from New York's Savoy Ballroom, took on his first major job with Frank Fairfax' band, where his section mates were Charlie Shavers and Carl ('Bama) Warwick.

Gillespie emulated the Eldridge style so well that he was given the chance to replace his idol in the Hill band on a 1937 tour of Europe. After a couple of years with Hill, Gillespie worked with the Edgar Hayes Band, jobbed around New York City with Mercer Ellington, rejoined Hill at the 1939 New York World's Fair, and, finally, started a two-year stint with the Cab Calloway Band.

With Calloway his trumpet stylings became highly original, and his talent for

arranging emerged. The Calloway band recorded several Gillespie originals while he was in the band. (Gillespie later contributed arrangements to the bands of Woody Herman, Artie Shaw, Jimmy Dorsey, Boyd Raeburn, Ina Ray Hutton, Earl Hines, and Billy Eckstine.)

After leaving Calloway in late 1941, Gillespie went through a number of brief affiliations: he replaced Taft Jordan in Ella Fitzgerald's band (the old Chick Webb aggregation) for several weeks; played with Benny Carter's sextet at Kelly's Stables on 52nd St.; toured with Charlie Barnet's band in Canada; joined Les Hite's in April, 1942, and recorded a modern solo on the band's version of *Jersey Bounce*; and during the summer played with the Lucky Millinder Orchestra. In 1943 he played at the Sky Club with bands led by pianists Calvin Jackson and Earl Hines. For the Hines band he wrote his well-known *A Night in Tunisia* (first titled *Interlude*) to feature Bennie Green's trombone. During October, 1943, Gillespie spent three weeks at the Capitol Theater on Broadway with the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

The following year, after leading his first small group on 52nd St., Gillespie was selected by booker-manager Billy Shaw and Billy Eckstine to be the music director of the singer's newly organized orchestra. After approximately six months with the band, generally considered the first big bop band, Gillespie's name had acquired enough stature to warrant his assembling the first Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra, which toured with a package called "Hep-Sations of 1945."

After unpleasant experiences in the South with his band, followed by the short, also unhappy, engagement with a small group at Billy Berg's in Hollywood, in December, 1945, Gillespie landed back in the 52nd St. Spotlight Club during the spring of 1946.

With the Gillespie quintet as a nucleus, the trumpeter and Gil Fuller, who had written a fine book of arrangements for the ill-fated "Hep-Sations" tour, started to build a 17-piece orchestra. The Shaws, Billy (father) and Milt (son), then associated with the Gale Agency, encouraged the project and began to obtain bookings for the band, starting with Harlem's Apollo Theater in late June.

Gillespie acquired a Musicraft recording contract and on June 10 took the new big band into the studio to cut Tadd Dameron's *Our Delight* (now available on Savoy 12020) and an Alice Roberts vocal on *Good Dues Blues*. The personnel was Gillespie, Dave Burns, Raymond Orr, Talib Dawud, John Lynch, trumpets; Alton Moore, Leon Comegys, Gordon Thomas, trombones; Howard Johnson (a bandmate of Gillespie's in the Hill band), Warren Luckey, Ray Abrams, John Brown, Saul Moore, reeds; Ray Brown, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

There is confusion regarding the pianist on the Musicraft recordings. Al Haig was the pianist with the quintet, but discographies always have named Milt Jackson as the pianist on the first big-band date. Fuller says Thelonious Monk usually played at the band's rehearsals and at the



Joe Carroll and Gillespie

Spotlight, the reason being—according to Fuller—that the band members liked Monk's tunes. Fuller insists Monk was the pianist on all the big band's Musicraft recordings.

During May, Gillespie's band alternated at the Spotlight with the Ray Perry Trio, made up of violinist Perry, bassist Ted Sturges, and pianist John Lewis. Clarke had known Lewis in the Army and urged Fuller to look over the young pianist's arrangements. Fuller did so, and Lewis was hired as regular pianist; he also contributed arrangements.

On the second Musicraft session, July 9, either Lewis or Monk played piano, and Jackson switched to vibraharp. The band recorded four Fuller arrangements—*Things to Come*, *One Bass Hit (Part 2)*, *Ray's Idea*, and *He Beeped When He Shoulda Bopped*. With the exception of the last title, these are available on Savoy 12020 and serve as fine examples of Fuller's ability to adapt his arranging to the techniques of bebop.

On *Things*, a wild arrangement highlighting Jackson's vibes, there is brilliant interplay between the sections and Gillespie. The number evolved from phrases Gillespie had used to close his shows at the Spotlight.

After the Apollo the band played the Regal Theater in Chicago and the Club Riviera in St. Louis. This time the Gale Agency avoided the mistake of routing the orchestra into the South for dances. However, as had been the experience of

Booker Milt Shaw, Europe-bound Gillespie, and critic Leonard Feather, 1948



the Eckstine band, the band's bookings were confined for the most part to the usual low-paying Negro theaters and night clubs. It was a recurring shuttle from the Apollo to the Regal to the Paradise in Detroit, the Howard in Washington, and, if lucky, the Savoy Ballroom in New York.

The band returned to Manhattan in mid-November to record two more sides for Musicraft. James Moody had replaced Ray Abrams on tenor saxophone, but otherwise the band personnel was the same as in July. They cut *Emanon*, a Monk opus used by Gillespie for a theme, and a ballad, *I Waited for You*, sung by Kenneth (Pancho) Hagood, who had replaced Miss Roberts.

The band plugged away during 1947 as bop—at least some of its practitioners' idiosyncrasies—began to catch the public's fancy. Gillespie became the model, the high priest, the mad genius whose affectations and mode of dress were imitated by many musicians and fans. Gillespie had long worn horn-rimmed spectacles and sported a tuft of hair under his lower lip, claiming it helped keep his lip strong, and now he began to wear a beret, "because I'm always losing hats by leaving them somewhere, and a beret you can stick in your pocket or just keep on your head." The glasses, beret, and goatee became symbols of the new music; later the leopard-skin jacket was added.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT began to take place in bop. Both Fuller and Gillespie were intrigued with Afro-Cuban rhythms. The arranger was furnishing scores to Machito and Tito Puente, while the trumpeter, when in New York, sat in frequently with Machito at the Palladium and with Noro Morales at the Glen Island Casino.

Gillespie and Fuller began to use Latin rhythms in the big band. In addition to the new rhythmic orientation, the band also started to make use of the vocal innovations pioneered by Babs Gonzales—so-called bop singing.

A year after the formation of the band, the trumpeter was released from his Musicraft contract. This was soon followed with the announcement that Gillespie, through the interest and help of the late Russell Case, then RCA Victor's popular-record supervisor, had signed a recording pact with that label, which would guarantee him \$2,000 a session. Gillespie, however, had to stop recording for other labels under such pseudonyms as B. Bopstein, John Birks, Izzie Goldberg, and Gabriel, as he had been doing during 1946-47.

There had been several personnel changes in the band by August, 1947, when the first Victor session was held. Trumpeters Elmon Wright and Matthew McKay had replaced Dawud, Burns, and Lynch; trombonists Ted Kelly and Bill Shepherd supplanted Alton Moore, Thomas, and Comegys; tenor saxophonist Joe Gayles was in for Warren Luckey; baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne replaced Saul Moore; and Luciano Pozo y Gonzales (Chano Pozo), conga drums, was added.

The four sides recorded were *Ow!*, a

trumpet showcase; *Oop-Pop-A-Da*, with Babs Gonzales' bop lyrics sung by Gillespie and Hagood; *Two-Bass Hit*, a John Lewis score designed as a follow-up to *One-Bass Hit*; and a nondescript screamer called *Stay on It* by Dameron.

Gillespie's orchestra, coupled with vocalist Ella Fitzgerald and alto saxophonist Charlie Parker, gave bop its first concert presentation at Carnegie Hall on Sept. 29, 1947. The presentation, sponsored by Gillespie and Leonard Feather, was a sellout and deemed a musical success.

A highlight of the concert was the *Afro-Cubana Suite*, made up of two movements, *Cubana Be* and *Cubana Bop*, written by George Russell and directed by him. Pozo's conga-drum playing on *Cubana Bop* stopped the show.

Down Beat's reviewer, Mike Levin, pre-

ferred the performance of the John Lewis *Toccata for Trumpet* but cited Howard Johnson for his tasty alto work on Tadd Dameron's *Nearness*, Joe Harris (substituting for Clarke) for "bootful" drumming on *Salt Peanuts*, and indicated Al McKibon's bass technique on *One-Bass Hit* was not quite up to Brown's (Brown had just left the band to join Jazz at the Philharmonic). Dameron's *Soulphony* was introduced.

Levin was not pleased with Gillespie's showmanship and criticized the trumpeter for doing bumps and grinds, as well as for mincing dance steps performed behind Miss Fitzgerald as she sang her encore.

The hoped-for press coverage from the New York dailies failed to materialize because of a conflict with the New York Symphony Orchestra's first concert of the



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season. However, the *Herald Tribune* published Rudi Blesh's critique of the concert. Blesh, then considered the leading champion of traditional jazz, noted, "Bop is an extreme form of swing not remotely resembling jazz. It is a species of hectic instrumental sound that seems without logic of development or even a temporary continuity of idea."

But the interest in bop was expanding, and Gillespie signed for a European tour to start in January, 1948. The Carnegie Hall concert group, including Miss Fitzgerald, followed with programs in Binghamton, N.Y., and at Cornell University and Boston's Symphony Hall.

There were two more Victor dates during December. On Dec. 22 the band recorded Gillespie's *Algo Bueno*, which featured an extra-heavy Cuban beat and

some fine trumpet work by the leader; Dameron's *Cool Breeze*, another Gillespie-Hagood vocal airing of bop phrases; and *Cubana Be* and *Cubana Bop*. A week later they cut *Manteca*, a driving Afro-Cuban number composed by Pozo and orchestrated by Fuller; *Good Bait*, in which the Gillespie trumpet rode over the surging sound of the band playing Dameron's figures; Fuller's *Ool-Ya-Koo*, another Gillespie-Hagood vocal excursion; and *Minor Walk*, featuring a Lewis piano solo. The results of some of these performances have been reissued in *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* (RCA Victor 2398).

Changes in the band for these December sessions included trumpeters Lamar Wright Jr. (Elmon's brother), Benny Bailey, and Dave Burns in place of Orr and McKay, tenorist George (Big Nick)

Nicholas for Moody, and McKibbin for Brown.

THE INTRODUCTION of bop to Europe began Jan. 16, 1948. As the Gillespie band boarded the *SS Drottningholm*, Stan Kenton's band, taking a break from its appearance at the Paramount Theater, serenaded the boppers. Concert dates had been set up in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and England.

Confusing reports began to trickle back to the United States.

On one hand were glowing descriptions of success—"Hundreds of people had to be turned away at the Winter Palace in Stockholm" and "Band plays before 9,000 listeners in Copenhagen, Denmark"—but on the other were communiques from the bandsmen indicating they had not been paid. Gillespie's personal manager, Billy Shaw, flew to Sweden to find there were two promoters involved, "a good one" and "a bad one," as he put it. After Shaw got to Sweden, the "bad one" was reported to have been jailed, and the band went on to play the rest of its engagements.

To the great disappointment of British jazz fans, the several concerts scheduled for London were canceled by order of the British Ministry of Labor.

When the European tour had first been announced, the powerful impact of Gillespie's interpretation of modern music, as relayed from the United States, had caused the British Musicians' Union to make an exception to the ban on U.S. bands that had been imposed in 1935. The union had done this upon the petition of British jazzmen led by well-known orchestra leader Ted Heath. It was not until the last minute that the Labor Ministry overruled the union's decision.

When the band debarked from the *De Grasse* late in March, it was surprised to see on the New York pier more than 100 fans decked out in blue berets, horn-rimmed glasses, and false goatees; there was even a boxer dog bearing a sandwich board on its back reading "Welcome Home, Dizzy Gillespie."

Since pianist Lewis, drummer Clarke, and trumpeter Bailey had remained in Paris, Gillespie revised the band for a May 8 midnight concert at Town Hall: first Dameron, and later Jimmy Foreman Jr., came in on piano; the new drummer was Teddy Stewart, who had been studying with Big Sid Catlett; Miles Davis recommended a French horn player, Hampton Reese, who was in the band for a short time; Ernie Henry, who had been playing alto saxophone in Dameron's small group on 52nd St., joined in place of Howard Johnson; tenor saxophonist Ray Abrams returned to the band to take over from Nicholas; Willie Cook replaced trumpeter Lamar Wright; a third trombonist, Candy Ross, was added; and bassist McKibbin was supplanted by Grachan Moncur II and later by Nelson Boyd.

The Town Hall concert was not a sell-out, a disappointment attributed to the band's playing the Apollo the same week as the concert and having been announced

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Vocalist Ella Fitzgerald and the Gillespie band at 1947 Carnegie Hall concert

for a June engagement at the Royal Roost on Broadway.

In July the band headed for the Trianon Ballroom in San Francisco, its first California job.

This time when Gillespie played Billy Berg's in Hollywood, the listeners were lined up at Berg's door to get in to hear his band—a far cry from the reception his small band received there in December, 1945. ("They were so hostile," Gillespie had remarked of the first reception.)

Although a recording ban was in effect during '48, the band was recorded anyway during a Gene Norman jazz concert at the Pasadena Auditorium; the recordings were later released in an album. At this concert, Jesse Tarrant had replaced Ted Kelly on trombone; trombonist Ross had been dropped; Moody was back in place of Abrams; and Ernie Henry was doing the bop vocals instead of Hagood, who had remained in New York.

In spite of the bop vogue, Gillespie was well aware that for dancers he needed some ballad singing, and in September he took on the ex-Earl Hines vocalist Johnny Hartman, who was featured on arrangements of *Don't Blame Me*, *Someone to Watch Over Me*, and *Ol' Man River*. Gillespie also kept showmanship in mind.

Of this 1948 band, the revered band-leader Fletcher Henderson told writer Ralph Gleason, "I don't know what bebop is. But it isn't music to me. I heard Dizzy's band in Los Angeles, and I must say he has a great band. Whatever bebop is, Dizzy is one of the few who can play it, and he doesn't give it to you all night long."

After playing the Million Dollar Theater in Los Angeles and some dance dates in the San Francisco Bay area, the band headed back to New York for a date at the Royal Roost.

At the Roost, where Fuller's *Bop Primer* booklet was placed on all the tables, the Gillespie band was enjoying the peak of

the bop fad. But the astute leader was beginning to worry about the future. In a *Down Beat* interview, he said, "If the kids get so hip they frown on everything that isn't out-and-out bop, we're going to wind up with a sad bunch of musicians 10 years from now."

The point, well taken, indicated that the trumpeter was becoming aware of the dangers of overconcentration on a musical style that could be a passing fad with limited appeal. He advised young musicians in the interview: "You've got to learn the rudiments first, like we did. To play bop properly, you must know your instrument thoroughly."

The band was promised a fortnight at the Strand Theater during the Christmas holidays and a Carnegie Hall concert on Christmas night, but these dates were to be preceded by a month-long one-nighter tour through the South. Near the end of the trip, Chano Pozo's drums were stolen. Pozo went back to New York to buy another set of drums and was to rejoin the band when it returned to Manhattan.

One night, the conga drummer, with time on his hands, went out on the town. Pozo, who grew up in Havana, Cuba, ran into an old Havana adversary in an 125th St. bar and, in an ensuing brawl, was shot to death.

His loss was a severe blow to the Gillespie band. Not only had his rhythmic drive been effective, but he had been a tremendous asset as a showman as well. Although Gillespie tried several Latin percussionists, none was able to fill completely Pozo's position.

Gillespie switched his management and booking needs over to the Willard Alexander Agency at the beginning of 1949. Alexander had handled Benny Goodman's band from its inception to the time it reached the top.

The Gillespie band had undergone several personnel changes since the summer of '48: trumpeter Benny Harris had replaced Burns; Moody was replaced by Budd Johnson, who was supplanted by William Evans (known today as Yusef Lateef) early in 1949; the three trombonists were now Andy Duryea (who was also featured on bass trumpet), Sam Hurt, and Tarrant; Al Gibson replaced Payne on baritone saxophone; bassist McKibbin returned; Pozo's first successor was his cousin, Luis (Sabu) Martinez, who was later replaced by V. D. V. Guerra; and Joe Carroll was the vocalist.

The recording ban was lifted late in 1948, and the band made *Lover, Come Back to Me* in December and Fuller's *Swedish Suite* the following April. The latter, originally written at the request of Leonard Feather for presentation at the Christmas Carnegie Hall concert (another sellout) to commemorate Gillespie's visit to Sweden, marked the end of the Fuller-Gillespie collaboration.

DURING 1949 bop went into a decline. The major record companies and bookers began to become disenchanted, not having known in the first place what it was all about. Even musicians weren't quite sure what it was all about. Artie Shaw was

quoted as saying, "I don't know what you mean by bebop, but if you mean Diz Gillespie's music, that is fine music. It has a force and an intensity of feeling." Dixieland trombonist Miff Mole, who had caught Gillespie every night at Chicago's Blue Note, remarked, "I don't know what the hell he's playing, but I sure admire his technique. He plays so clean." A ballroom operator who used the Gillespie outfit had said, "Hey, this is a great band, but there must be something wrong with it! Nobody dances here any more; they just stand around the bandstand and gawk."

Gillespie did a little research of his own. He took his wife, Lorraine, on the road with him and had her circulate through the audience on dance dates to hear what people were saying. She heard all right. Lorraine reported, "A dance band you are not."

This, coupled with an incident at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles earlier in the year when his fans had jumped on the seats and did so much damage to the furnishings that the hall was closed to jazz, made the trumpeter do some thinking.

He told a West Coast disc jockey that he planned to feature more bop variations on standard tunes to make his music more understandable to the average person, "We're going to have the melody going along with some countermelodies so they can understand what we are doing," said the worried leader.

Further evidence of compromise was noticed when the band played Chicago's Regal Theater in mid-1949. "Dizzy's now a real gone maracas man," said *Down Beat's* Pat Harris. He explained to Miss Harris, "These people want to be entertained, so we entertain them."

The attempts to create a more commercial image for the band did not receive favor. A metropolitan newspaper review of Gillespie's recording of *That Old Black Magic*, which featured a Hartman vocal, said the work lacked the Gillespie distinction. The record's other side, a bop vocal novelty, *Jump Did-Le-Ba*, with the Gillespie-Joe Carroll team, was called a poor repetition of the earlier Gillespie-Hagood novelties.

Even the jazz press found fault. Mike Levin, in reviewing the recording of *Swedish Suite* for *Down Beat*, wrote, "Perhaps fronting a big band is getting Diz down. It certainly seems to have limited the ideas he is using."

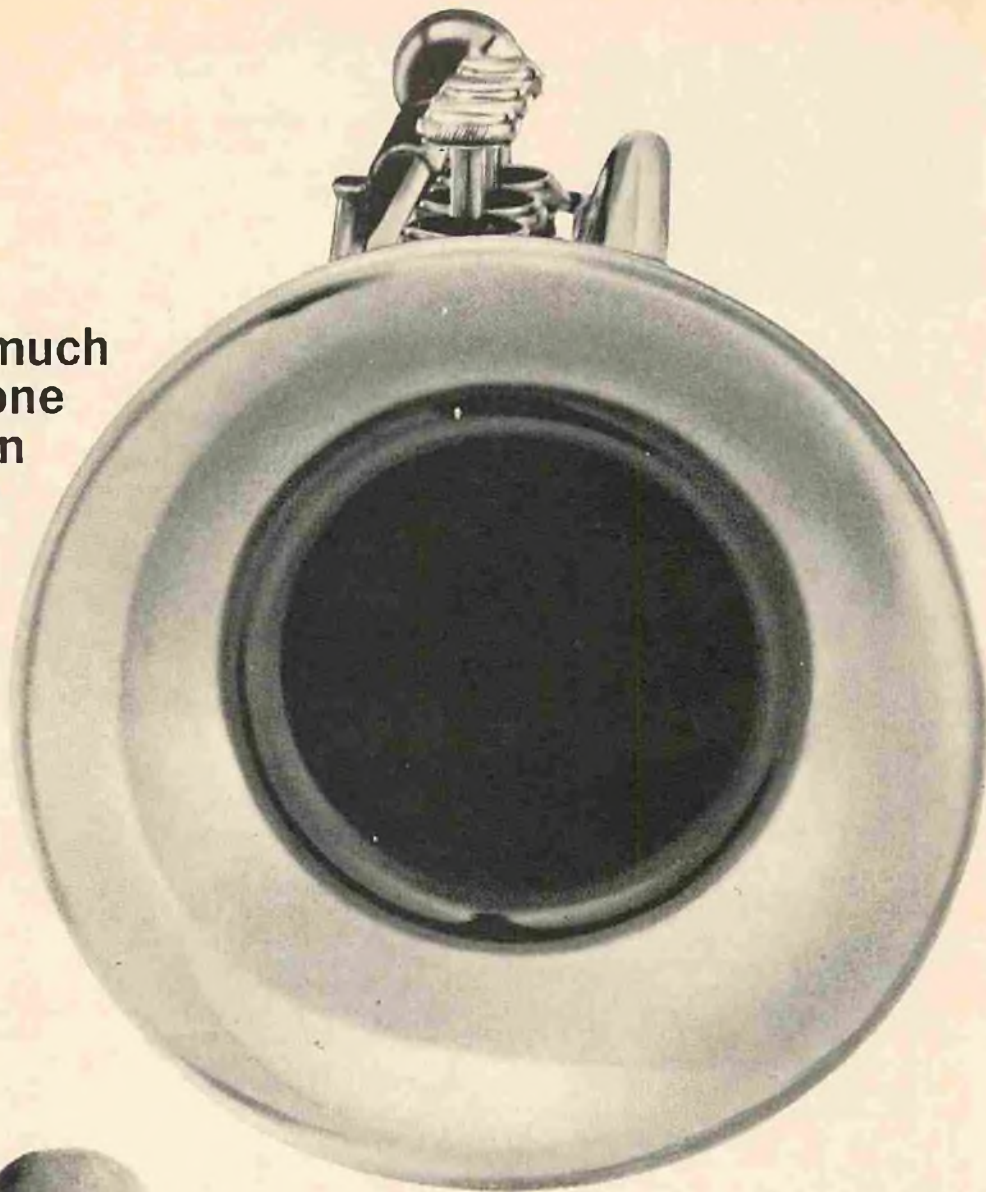
When the band played Bop City in July, 1949, trombonist J. J. Johnson joined in place of Tarrant. Although Johnson stayed in New York when the band went back on the road, he continued to furnish arrangements, one being a medley of popular tunes designed for dancing.

Gillespie, seriously concerned with the dance-music problem, stated, "The trouble with bop as it is played is that people can't dance to it. Bop is a part of jazz, and jazz music is to dance to."

"After all," he continued, "those dancers have to hear those four beats. They don't care whether you are playing a flatted

(Continued on page 47)

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RECORD REVIEWS

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

Reviews are initialed 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.

Valerie Capers

PORTRAIT IN SOUL—Atlantic 3003—*Little David Swing*; *Subrosa*; *Hey, Stuff!*; *Kenne's Soul*; *Odyssey*; *The Heather on the Hill*.

Personnel: Vincent McEwen, trumpet; Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Frank Perowsky, tenor saxophone; Miss Capers, piano; John Daley, bass; Charley Hawkins, drums; Richy Landrum, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

One side of this album, containing *David*, *Subrosa*, *Stuff*, and *Kenne's*, is commercial junk. Miss Capers' playing is heavy-handed and totally derivative, owing a great deal to Gospel sources. On *Subrosa* she makes a stiff attempt to emulate Latin pianists.

The other, less commercial, side is better. The up tempo *Odyssey*, written by Miss Capers (she composed all the originals on the LP), is nicely arranged; during the theme statement the piano is brought into the front line, lending a crisp, bright quality to the ensemble sound. Perowsky and Kenyatta solo fairly well, as does Miss Capers. Here her work is reminiscent of McCoy Tyner's. On *Heather*, a trio track, her playing is, for the most part, tasteful and reflective.

Miss Capers has talent and is a knowledgeable musician, holding a master's degree from Juilliard. The question is whether she will attempt to use these tools to become a good jazz pianist or only a successful entertainer. (H.P.)

John Coltrane-Archie Shepp

NEW THING AT NEWPORT—Impulse 94: *One Down, One Up*; *Rufus*; *Le Matin des Noirs*; *Scag*; *Call Me by My Rightful Name*.

Personnel: Track 1—Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Tracks 2-5—Shepp, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Barre Phillips, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

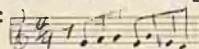
Introduced breezily by the Rev. Norman O'Connor, the members of Coltrane's group file onstage at Newport. Moments later, Coltrane launches into the opening bars of *One Down, One Up*. There is something vaguely reminiscent of the verse to *Riverboat Shuffle* about the opening statement of the piece, but the resemblance soon fades as Coltrane soars up, up, up where the air is thin.

It happens so fast—like a jet taking off—there is little time to catch one's breath before superb pianist Tyner starts to play... building crescendo after crescendo, seeming to superimpose one layer of chords on another as the music swells, lifts, and crashes like a mighty wave, thunderous chords rolling on the crest. Elvin Jones hammers home his message... the kaleidoscopic effects intensify... a majestic, frightening melange... drums, bass, saxophone, and piano seem to be vanquishing, in sound, some fearful creature, awesomely ugly, struggling mightily in its death agony.

Like method acting, it is raw, real, spontaneous, yet it also seems to have elements of a sort of calculated crudity about it. These brilliant musicians during the last few years have made musical history, have demonstrated their ability in other forms of music, so one cannot deny the authority of their ideas, their need for change, for exploration of a course as yet uncharted; one cannot ignore (even while being shaken by) this graphic portrayal in sound, of emotions and feelings not usually brought so strongly into the light of day.

The rest of the album is by Shepp's group.

Rufus starts and ends with a strange sardonic little phrase:



It is a cynical comment amid the urgent whisperings, mutterings, chatterings of the piece, which tears along in bone-chilling fashion, illustrating all too clearly the lynching that is the theme of the piece. The rhythm section plays stunningly, softening the harshness of Shepp's attack with little quicksilver slivers of sound that tend to serve as an antidote to the abrasiveness of the horn.

Le Matin des Noirs starts with an extended introduction, a softly reiterated figure (sounding vaguely like the opening of *Summertime*) that seems to go on interminably before Shepp makes his entrance with an *Inner Sanctum* sound. As he develops his ideas, the rhythm section sets up little patterns, the moods change; like the wind, they shift... veer around, like weathervanes.

By using a so-called "conventional" rhythm section, Shepp seems to point up even more his strange approach to playing; it is in itself a drama in sound... a *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* in Shepp's clothing.

There are several different parts to this piece, which has its moments of beauty and rhythmic excitement. Phillips and Chambers, surely two of the most promising players of recent vintage, contribute much to the texture of the music, as does the brilliant Hutcherson, his notes falling like little shining beads of sound that roll and scatter in all directions.

Scag's introduction should be the whole piece; it is descriptive, eloquent, and depressingly clear in its meaning—bitter and hopeless. It seems unnecessary for Shepp to underscore this with spoken lines, and his reading of them seemed pretentious.

Call Me by My Rightful Name is a haunting fragment of a song in 3/4... interesting and even poignant.

I found myself listening to the rhythm section more and more. It limned the

strangely disjointed melody with beautiful filigree phrases. At times, as they inter-twined figures and phrases, the vibes casting little pearls of sound in all directions, their voices seemed more eloquent than that of Shepp, who does not seem to care about the value of soft-sell. Chambers, in particular, knows the meaning of economy; he seemed to understand how to play with fire without burning everyone around him (the fire is there, but he keeps it well banked); Shepp on the other hand seems to have a sort of Kafka-like preoccupation with the grotesque, but no matter how one interprets it, or responds to it, or shrinks from it, or tries to ignore it, it has a sort of prickly stimulation not to be denied.

There is something about Shepp's and Coltrane's playing on this record that stirs the mind, jostles one's conventional responses rudely out of the way, cuts a swath through the imagination. At times one wants to cry out, "Yes, yes, I hear you; now, please stop!" But even when it has stopped, the memory of the sound goes on, wave upon wave, rolling inexorably through the far reaches of the mind. (M.McP.)

Miles Davis

FOUR AND MORE—Columbia 2453: *So What?*; *Walkin'*; *Joshua/Go-Go* (theme and announcement); *Four*; *Seven Steps to Heaven*; *There Is No Greater Love/Go-Go* (theme and announcement).

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The tempos are mostly the same—break-neck. Bad pacing.

Miles sounds raw, somehow unpolished. His best track is *Walkin'*, on which he generates a good deal of heat, but they play it too fast. Miles cracks notes too often. It sounds as if he is overblowing the horn. I get chalk-on-the-blackboard-squeak chills.

Coleman runs the changes, his surface facility leading me to expect more interesting music than he comes through with.

I don't like announcements on records. It's as if they have to prove that it really was recorded live. These announcements—there is one at the conclusion of each side—give the listener all the disadvantages of being at a concert, with none of the advantages.

Davis' rhythm section cooks—the time bubbles. Williams knows how to make clockwork interesting. His cymbal sound is crystal clear. Carter and Hancock are perfect. Davis' rhythm sections always have been distinctive, setting the style for others. Williams is part Philly Joe Jones and part Milford Graves—the best parts of each, I think.

Most of my 3½ stars is for the rhythm section. (M.Z.)

Boy Edgar

NOW'S THE TIME—Dutch Artone 9463: *Now's the Time*; *Solitude*; *Competitive Challenge*; *Blues Minor*; *Blue Monk*; *Return*.

Personnel: Wim Kuylenburg, Jan Vleeschouwer, Jan Van Hest, Ado Broodboom, Wim Kat, trumpets; Rudy Bosch, Marcel Thielmans, Cees Small, Eric Van Lier, trombones; Tinus Bruyn, Piet Noordijk, Herman Schoonderwaal, Theo Loevendie, Harry Verbeke, Joop Mastenbroek, Toon Van Vliet, reeds; Cees Slinger, piano; Jacques Schols, or Dick Van Der Capellen, bass; John Engels, drums; Nelly Frijda, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a good record that doesn't move

me much. The band is Dutch; it swings and is well recorded.

The saxophones get a pregnant ensemble sound, and the brass punctuates well; the band is very well rehearsed. But there is too much Stan Kenton for my taste in Edgar's arrangements.

Return, the most interesting track, is written and arranged by Loevendie. It is in the Dorian mode and has something to say. Loevendie's soprano saxophone is just beautiful on this, as well as on *Minor* and *Time*. He gets a lovely sound and plays with free originality.

The rhythm section swings all right but mechanically. Maybe I have become spoiled by hearing too much Richard Davis lately, but Schols' and Van Der Capellen's bass solos strike me as dull.

You really have to love big bands to like this record. I need more than what I hear on it to get excited. (M.Z.)

Duke Ellington-Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA AT DUKE'S PLACE—Verve 4070: *Something to Live For*; *A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing*; *Passion Flower*; *I Like the Sunrise*; *Azure*; *Imagine My Frustration*; *Duke's Place*; *Brown-skin Gal in the Calico Gown*; *What Am I Here For?*; *Cotton Tail*.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Herb Jones, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Duke Ellington, Jimmy Jones, pianos; John Lamb, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; Miss Fitzgerald, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★½

When artists of the stature of Miss Fitzgerald and Ellington meet in a recording studio, the collaboration is bound to result

in music of fine quality. That the sum of the parts does not equal twice the totality of the artists individually only points up one of the pitfalls of such meetings: each loses something in the merger—not much, but something.

For example, Miss Fitzgerald gets herself into some awkward positions on *Duke's Place* and *Frustration*, perhaps because of unfamiliarity with *Frustration*, perhaps because of her wanting "to do something" with *Place* (the old *C-Jam Blues*) but not quite knowing what, or perhaps because of uncomfortable keys in both cases. On the other hand, Ellington and his band were cast in subservient roles to the singer, and since the men were there primarily as support, perhaps less care was taken with the arrangements (by Ellington, Jimmy Jones, and Gerald Wilson) than would be the case if it were an instrumental album. And the muddy recording is detrimental to all.

But criticism fades in the brightness of the music's finest moments, and there are many, particularly on the album's first side ("The Pretty, the Lovely, the Tender, the Hold-me-close Side," as Verve puts it).

Miss Fitzgerald's warmth and musicianship come out more clearly on ballads of the sophistication of *Something*, *Lovesome*, and *Passion* (all Billy Strayhorn or Ellington-Strayhorn tunes) than they do on the less harmonically challenging *Frustration*, *Place*, and *Cotton Tail*. The only tracks on the first side that leave something to be desired are *Sunrise* and

Azure, but again it may be that these more "simple" tunes left Miss Fitzgerald wondering what to do. (*Sunrise* is based on a sort of bugle call, and *Azure's* main thematic attraction is the alternation of minor chords a half-step apart, which Ellington dealt with years ago by mixing colorations, something retained for this performance, though a shuffle bossa nova beat has been added to irritating effect.)

The second side (the "Finger-snapping, Head-shaking, Toe-tapping, Go-for-yourself" one) has superb singing on *Here For*. Miss Fitzgerald improvises a stunning variation of the melody, using the lyrics, and then scats exchanges with Ellington's piano and Gonsalves' tenor. She also sounds very much at home with *Calico*, first singing it as a ballad and then as a swinger (the quality of Ellington's composition can be seen in its sounding good either way).

There are probably not enough solos by the Ellington men to satisfy the band's fans, but when Hodges, Gonsalves, and Williams get chances to step out, they do so with their usual aplomb and artistry. Hodges rooster-struts on *Frustration* and *Place* and is properly seductive on *Passion*. Williams' heated solo on *Place* is filled with the mocking bitterness that lends his work such great interest. Gonsalves is most effective in his *Lovesome* solo (he gives the illusion of melting before the listener's eyes—like ice cream in a steam room) and in backing Miss Fitzgerald in the first chorus of *Calico*. (D.DeM.)

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Bill Evans

BILL EVANS TRIO WITH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Verve 8640: *Granados; Valse; Prelude; Time Remembered; Pavana; Elegia; My Bells; Blue Interlude.*

Personnel: Evans, piano; others unidentified; Claus Ogerman, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★½

Quake in your boots, oh record company executive; I'm waging war. Every time I review an album that doesn't list the personnel, it automatically loses half a star. I don't particularly care who played second viola on this, but a bass player contributed some important notes, and there are at least 72 square inches of white space on the jacket on which to have printed his name. Verve did take the trouble to tell us who engineered the record, wrote the liner notes, painted the cover picture, and produced it. Jazz would be nonexistent without jazz musicians, but they do not get credit. Shameful!

The tracks all sound similar—pleasant but maybe a bit slick. The "symphony orchestra" is in reality a chamber ensemble, and the record could more honestly be titled *Bill Evans with Strings*.

The orchestrations are done with taste, and they are well executed. The choice of material is intelligent. All the "tunes" sound as if Evans wrote them. His improvisations on themes by Granados, Bach, Faure, Chopin, and Scriabin are in impeccable taste. I started prejudiced, since I don't approve of "jazzing up" classical music, but I have come, after listening four times, quite to like this record.

The best moments come when the trio is playing without the orchestra. I think that Evans' growth has been more qualita-

tive than quantitative. He is playing what he has always played, only better than ever, rather than playing much that is new. But that same old thing is so beautiful.

(M.Z.)

Maynard Ferguson

THE MAYNARD FERGUSON SEXTET—Mainstream 56060: *To and Fro; The Shadow of Your Smile; No More Wood; April Fool; Summertime; Between Races.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, flugelhorn; Willie Maiden, tenor, baritone saxophones; Lanny Morgan, alto saxophone, flute; Mike Abene, piano, celeste; Ron McClure, bass; Tony Inzalaco, drums.

Rating: ★★½

First trumpet and then tenor and the rest of the ensemble join forces setting a Middle Eastern—new thing?—harmonic crossfire on *To and Fro*. Once the tempo is established, the theme is in a 24-bar framework, though the solo choruses are in 12. I like the composition—it's unusual in that it's in a 12-bar form yet not stereotyped. Maynard solos first, accompanied by the other horns near the middle. Morgan is cooking on this track even though he does sound very much like Jackie McLean (too much so to be creative on his own . . . but one must start somewhere). McClure, Inzalaco, and Abene are all excellent.

Shadow gets a serious treatment, beginning with an interlude with all instruments playing soli. Then a chorus of the melody is played by McClure with celeste backing. The tag is played by Maynard in that famous Clifford Brown manner—vibrato, etc. Give it a listen.

Woody, by Abene, is a beautiful medium-tempo composition, reminiscent of the kind written by Clifford Brown, Lee

Morgan, or Freddie Hubbard—taking nothing from Mike. There's some fine tenor work by Maiden (a little Pres-Getzish), before Maynard, but I don't like how he bowed out—rather old style . . . archaic. McClure is a stepper. He solos in the tradition of Paul Chambers and is also quite an accompanist—good feeling. Maynard pours the steam on just before the background (horn). It's all a matter of knowing when to open up with what you have, and he knows. Maynard has what it takes—chops, for one thing. I just wish he'd practice a little more, for he is blessed with unusual strength.

April Fool is arranged by Maiden to feature trumpet accompanied by the other horns underneath. Ferguson gets a clean trumpet sound in the low register, which is unusual for a skyscraper (high-register trumpeter). The high point is the tune.

On *Summertime*, McClure's bass introduces the horn of Maynard. They work out of the "new thing" idiom for a few seconds—which is really a put-on or maybe just plain variety. (It doesn't do anything except give contrast, but that it does.) Ferguson screams on this track, but it's done in good taste. Morgan exhibits a tremendous drive in a McLean style with the timbre of Paul Desmond. Abene builds some brilliant corners—pyramids that are quite climactic—into a no-tempo rendezvous where bass and trumpet frolic around before Maynard hits one upstairs—way upstairs—this is one of the ones you sit all evening for, wondering when it's going to happen. It does—then it returns to gravity and *Summertime*.

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Races is a slightly up-tempo arrangement in which M.F. opens up . . . a real showcase tune . . . a closer. The drummer is very original—a real player. They really hit leather on this one. Fine programing and an improved Maynard, who was last seen (heard) on the final chord passing the sonic barrier. (K.D.)

Stan Kenton

STAN KENTON CONDUCTS THE LOS ANGELES NEOPHONIC ORCHESTRA—Capitol 2424: *Fanfare*; *Prelude and Fugue*; *Passacaglia and Fugue*; *Music for an Unwritten Play*; *Adventure in Emotions*.

Personnel: Dalton Smith, Gary Barone, Ron Ossa, Frank Huggins, Ollie Mitchell, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Gil Falco, Vern Friley, trombones; Jim Amlotte, bass trombone; Vince De-Rosa, Bill Hinshaw, Richard Perissi, John Cave, Arthur Maehs, French horns; John Bambridge, tuba; Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Don Lodice, Bill Perkins, John Lowe, reeds; Claude Williamson, piano; Emil Richards, vibraphone; John Worster, bass; Dennis Budimir, guitar, Nick Ceroli, drums; Frank Carlson, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

When one thinks of Kenton, one sees a man of great charm, of musical integrity, sincerity, and with a flair for the dramatic.

He has always been associated with musical endeavors that had dignity and class, and the works performed by this orchestra are no exception. These highly competent musicians and composers have turned out some well-written, workmanlike pieces interweaving classical forms with jazz rhythms. However one categorizes it, this music is well played and engrossing.

On the first side, there are three pieces, *Fanfare* by Hugo Montenegro, *Prelude and Fugue* by Johnny Williams, and *Passacaglia and Fugue* by Allyn Ferguson.

I found Williams' piece particularly appealing, perhaps because, as the notes say, Williams had a definite image in mind, one with which I, too, can identify: the late Claude Thornhill. And Williams shows the affection and respect he has for Claude in the music. It suggests stylistically the great arrangements made by Gil Evans for Thornhill years ago, and he achieves this without being obvious or derivative. The soft, insistently recurring theme creates a mood that is both thoughtful and tender.

Much of the music in this album, however, seems to consist of somewhat conventional material. There's something rather safe about it. But it is beautifully recorded and played, and there are some outstanding soloists, notably Shank, who solos on almost every selection with his usual impeccable taste and sensitivity.

Adventure in Emotions by Russ Garcia is an interesting idea. Though rather stylized, it has some imaginative moments and some excitement. The composition's section called *Pathos* sounds more like anguish. *Anger* predictably shows itself in the guise of loud drum and tympani effects. (Drummers have a lot to answer for; in these mood pieces, they are usually called upon to portray some excess of feeling, and they do it quite well.) *Tranquility* I found an imaginative section, one highlighting a beautiful trumpet solo by Barone. Joy comes skipping in with a glad feeling, like children running free, with hops and skips . . . but mischief rather than joy. Some humor here . . . *The Games People Play* set to music! *Love and Hate*: love gives way to hate rather early in the game. As the drums crash and thunder, then comes the haunting recapitulation by Shank, re-

turning to the *Love* theme, quite beautifully done.

In *Music for an Unwritten Play*, by Jimmy Knight, I thought there were some Thornhillish moments too. Again there's a solo by Shank, giving the piece moments of added beauty.

Much praise should go to Kenton for organizing a thoroughly worthwhile project, by surrounding himself with talented musicians and composers, and giving them free rein. (M.McP.)

Ramsey Lewis

HANG ON, RAMSEY!—Cadet 761: *A Hard Day's Night*; *All My Love Belongs to You*; *He's a Real Gone Guy*; *And I Love Her*; *Movin' Easy*; *Billy Boy*; *Hi-Heel Sneakers*; *The More I See You*; *Satin Doll*; *Hang On, Sloop*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

To the jazzman who is willing to compromise artistically, the credo reads: "Give 'em what they want, and you can do what you want."

Such is the sweet thunder that reverberates through this disc: a few rock-and-roll numbers—well done—and the majority, fine straight-ahead jazz. The reason the contrasting audience-pleasers still add up to four stars is that whatever Lewis does, he manages to swing.

Thus, rock tracks such as *Night* and the Calypso-flavored *Sloop* overcome the insipid drum explosions peculiar to the Pepsi generation and manage to cook infectious-ly. Ditto for the rhythm-and-blues-tinged *Guy*.

Movin' Easy does so as a Gospel blues waltz. *Love Her* glides along smoothly as a bossa nova; branching off from its quiet tag is an interesting digression based loosely on the changes of *Sweet Georgia Brown*, before returning to its original jazz samba.

In the gimmickless genre, *Satin Doll*, *Billy Boy*, and *Sneakers* are given excellent performances, the last two fused together in a nine-minute, free-wheeling session highlighted by a long vamp of high intensity on the tonic chord.

Lewis swings hard with chordal jabs, plays transparently on ballads, and resorts to funk to make the commercial rockers extremely palatable.

But the most pleasing instrumentalist is bassist Young. His intonation is close to flawless, and his tone is deep and resonant. As a walker and soloist, Young's finest moments come on *Satin Doll*.

As for Holt, his drumming too often gets carried away by the rock-and-roll fusillades that make his endings, in particular, too heavy for a small combo. In terms of time-keeping, though, he's as immovable as the Rock (no relation) of Gibraltar. (H.S.)

Herbie Mann

TODAY!—Atlantic 1454: *Today*; *The Creole Love Call*; *Don't Say I Didn't Tell You So*; *Ar-rasiao*; *The Mooche*; *If You Gotta Make a Fool of Somebody*; *Yesterday*; *The Night Before*.

Personnel: Mann, flute; Jimmy Owens, trumpet; Jack Hitchcock, Joseph Orange, trombones; Dave Pike, vibraphone; Earl May, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, percussion; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

Rating: ★★ ★

This album isn't nearly as good as the recently released Mann-Nelson effort on Columbia.

Nelson's arrangements for this release

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of the
last meeting,
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of them,
to be
exact.



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are pleasant and functional but not particularly interesting. In fact, the souped-up version of Duke Ellington's *Creole Love Call* with rock-and-roll drumming (I don't know if that was Nelson's idea) is in bad taste. *Mooche*, another Ellington classic, is marred by Mann's noodling over the melody. His delicate playing sounds incongruous over the menacing theme.

The pop hits included here are, one supposes, designed to give the album a novel twist. Nelson's arrangements of them are fairly attractive, but he certainly doesn't cast them in a new light. He has a good deal of talent, but I don't think he has put it here to its best use. He can provide scores for almost every occasion, but his writing lacks a certain amount of individuality.

Mann's improvisation is often below par. His tone lacks body, and he employs a mess of irritatingly trite devices. Unfortunately, he has the largest share of the solo space. (H.P.)

Wes Montgomery

GOIN' OUT OF MY HEAD—Verve 8642: *Goin' Out of My Head*; *O Morro*; *Boss City*; *Chim Chim Cheree*; *Naptown Blues*; *Twisted Blues*; *End of a Love Affair*; *It Was a Very Good Year*; *Golden Earrings*.

Personnel: Donald Byrd, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Bob Ashton, Phil Woods, Jerry Dodgion, Romeo Pinque, Dan Bank, reeds; Herbie Hancock or Roger Kellaway, piano; Montgomery, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate or Sol Gubin, drums; Candido Camera, conga; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The primary idea of Nelson's arrangements, according to the liner notes, was to show Montgomery as a melodist functioning laterally with an orchestra, with essential countermelodies and harmony orchestrated rather than rising from the guitarist's spontaneous improvisation.

The music is remarkably successful. It is a tribute to Nelson that such a staunch soloist as Montgomery does not wallow in this restraining role. There is space for improvising, into which Montgomery leaps like a beast of prey, but the best parts of the album are the guitar-orchestra passages. Moving like a tiger, Montgomery blends perfectly with the forest colors of Nelson's arrangements, his guitar's octave lines finding correlatives in layers of brass and lyric woodwinds.

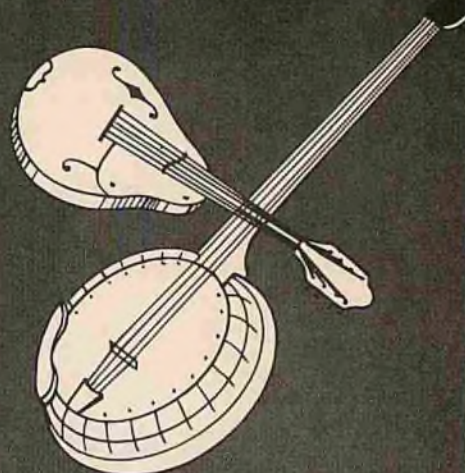
Morro, *City*, and *Head* are in the bossa nova vein and the best of the Montgomery-Nelson collaborations. Guitar lines come floating over dappled, exotic backgrounds and are frequently interrupted by bursting clusters of tones from the orchestra. The playing—joyous, relaxed, and enchanting—belies the labor that must have gone into the writing.

Chim has a long Montgomery solo over an agitated rhythm section. The tempo rushes, perhaps deliberately so, but nonetheless it is distracting.

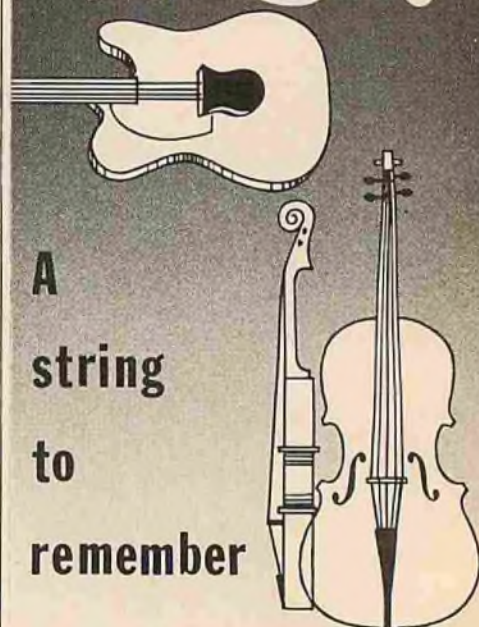
Naptown and *Twisted* are both hard driving, and Montgomery preaches with his usual force and sureness.

Affair and *Year* are good but more conventional in approach. *Earrings*, though, with the expressive parallel guitar and bass lines, moves toward the lyric enchantment of the opening tracks.

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as the ear, is a reminder of the vital role the jazz arranger can play when he is able to collaborate with a first-rate instrumentalist. (G.M.E.)

Quartette Tres Bien

SKY HIGH—Decca 4715: *Sbangri-la; Invitation; Kubab; Say April; I Can't Get Started; Ruby; Blues for the Congo; Fly Me to the Moon*.
Personnel: Jeter Thompson, piano; Richard Simmons, bass; Albert St. James, drums; Percy James, African percussion.

Rating: ★★½

The music of this group seems more geared to the popular market than to the jazz listener. There is a suggestion of Erroll Garner, a touch of Ahmad Jamal, a soupcon of Ramsey Lewis in Thompson's piano approach, and one is reminded, too, of Red Garland's sound, which has been mutated and thinned down by piano players everywhere until it has become a shadow of its true identity.

Thompson and the others are competent players, but they employ a sort of vaudeville approach to the music, which is accentuated by little cries and shouts reminiscent of a juggling or acrobatic act. In much the same way, the four musicians toss their musical devices back and forth, like jugglers with a handful of spinning plates, or acrobats performing some difficult feat of balance or strength... and they do pull off a neat trick or two.

The use of conga drums and bongos seems to point up every little nuance from the piano, and they are played delicately and with a fine-honed touch by James.

There are bright swinging moments on

several of the selections. The piano-tremolo effect occasionally is synchronized with a drum roll, creating some excitement, which I imagine in a night club could be very effective. (This group does seem to aim at the cafe audience rather than the dedicated listener.) There is at times spurious excitement instead of a natural involvement with the music.

For me, the originals are the best tunes on the album. Thompson's *Kubab* builds to an exciting climax, though it is a little long; toward the end it merely reiterates statements already made. *Congo* is a pleasant minor-key tune by St. James, and here the percussion really gets into a good groove. *April* is a lightly swinging piece; it says enough but not too much. (I think the group could condense some of the ideas into shorter statements, thereby making the performances more effective.)

The second side opens with *Started* at a lazy tempo, followed by *Ruby* in the same key (a minor point perhaps but one I wish record companies would keep in mind when planning the order of selections). *Moon* is uneventful and cliched.

This group has plenty to work with, plus the members' obvious enthusiasm; however, I feel that if they are to be rated on the basis of a jazz performance, they should play music that has a less sleek, Madison Ave. approach. Though in this genre they succeed quite well, judged in comparison with the varied, inventive, and richly hued harmonic and rhythmic ideas of some of today's groups,

Sky High falls short. The Quartette Tres Bien is a well-organized, well-drilled team, but right now, it seems in the wrong league. (M.McP.)

Pee Wee Spitelera

PEE WEE PLAYS PRETTY—RCA Victor 3511: *Hard Times Are Gone; The Gypsy; Creole Clarinet; Hey! Short Legs; La Playa; Leroy's Tune; Tansy; Oa Hu; Golden Earrings; Blue Clarinet; Chibwabua; Ebb Tide*.

Personnel: Spitelera, clarinet; unidentified orchestra and chorus; Dick Hyman, Frank Hunter, arranger-conductors.

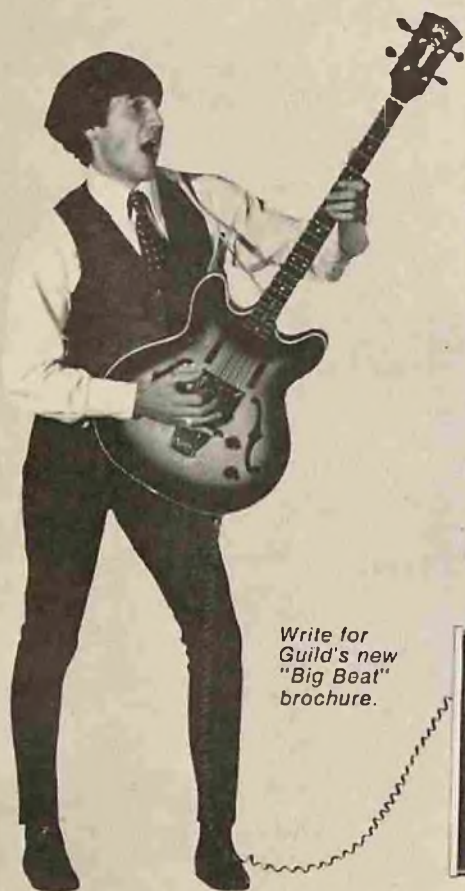
Rating: see below

Al Hirt's clarinetist has been ill served by Victor's Nashville a&r "whizzes." Saddled with corny arrangements (including a chorus that consistently appears when least expected), Spitelera's main assets, a lovely tone and an unpretentious melodic appeal, are effectively buried.

It is impossible to rate this as a jazz album, though Spitelera is certainly a gifted player in the New Orleans clarinet tradition. Given half a chance to make real music, he could run Pete Fountain a close race. A program of tunes associated with the late Irving Fazola, whose sound Spitelera often brings to mind, would make a good showcase for him.

Occasionally, a Dixieland front-line sound (the strong lead trumpet perhaps Hirt himself) emerges in ghostly fashion from the surrounding treacle, and every now and then, Spitelera is allowed a half-chorus or so without gross interference from the background. But the end result is commercial pap. (D.M.)

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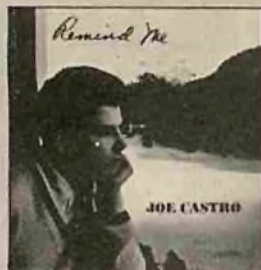


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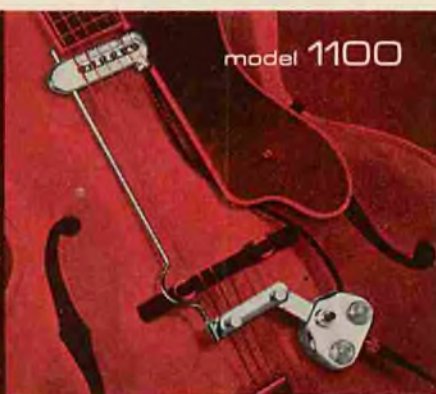


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Gerald Wilson

FEELIN' KINDA BLUES—Pacific Jazz 10099 and 20099: *When I'm Feeling Kinda Blue*; *Freddy Freeloader*; *Do Anything You Wanna*; *Yesterday*; *Watermelon Man*; *Yeh, Yeh*; *One on the House*; *I Got You (I Feel Good)*; *I Concentrate on You*; *Well, Son, Shuffle*.

Personnel: Bobby Bryant, Nat Meeks, Freddie Hill, trumpets; Tony Ortega, piccolo, flute, alto saxophone; Curtis Amy, soprano saxophone; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, vibraphone; Phil Moore Jr., piano; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Jimmy Bond or Buddy Woodson, bass; Mel Lee, drums; Wilson, arranger-conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Wilson maintains an admirable level of quality in his recorded output. No matter the personnel or compositional material, his albums are tastefully done, filled with rhythmic fire, and spiced with dry humor—all resulting from Wilson's arranging and organizational skills.

His arrangements are not complex but at medium and up tempos generate a great deal of heat and excitement. His adroit voicings, judicious use of sections against and with each other, and horizontal part writing put one in mind of Duke Ellington—not the sound Wilson achieves but the similar concepts of writing for the large jazz band. That the Ellington band's library includes several Wilson arrangements testifies to the two men's musical compatibility. (So close is the compatibility, in fact, that Wilson's arrangement of *Imagine My Frustration* in the recent Ella Fitzgerald-Ellington LP is practically the same as that for his own album's *When I'm Feeling Kinda Blue*. Using the latter title, the Ellington band performed it to a wild ovation at last year's Monterey Jazz Festival. But composer credit for *Kinda Blue* is given to Jo Villaseñor [Mrs. Wilson], and *Frustration* is credited to Ellington, Wilson, and Billy Strayhorn. Both compositions use the same chord structure, but the melodies vary slightly.)

Though the full personnel for this latest Wilson LP is not given—only the soloists are listed on the jacket—it is a straight-ahead group, one different in composition from the several others on his previous albums. The rhythm section is particularly good. But one section should not be praised at the expense of the others: the brass section is powerful and precise (due to a strong lead man—Bryant?) and the saxes blend well (particularly on *House*).

Most of the tracks are tongue-in-cheek, Latinized semirock-and-roll. The only arrangements that do not rely on some type of eighth-note rhythm are *Freddy*, *Concentrate*, and the Basicish *House*.

The solos generally are short and to the point, especially those by trumpeters Bryant (*Blue*, and to lesser extent on *Yeh*), Meeks (*Freddy*), and Hill (*Watermelon*). Edwards is most often cast as the "go" tenor man—to use an archaic term—and creates more heat than light playing the role. Budimir's *House* solo is clean-lined and relaxed, very much in contrast to his put-on r-and-r *Got You* work. Pianist Moore takes care of business in his brief showings on *Freddy* and *Watermelon*. Ortega's flute and piccolo work is more interesting than his derivative alto playing. Feldman is heard only on *Kinda Blue* and does not have time to get into much.

So the main attraction here is not the soloists but the band—a fine one. (D. DeM.)

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

JOE ALPER



THELONIOUS MONK

In the 19½ years that the *Blindfold Test* has been published, Thelonious Monk had not been a subject. The reason primarily was that Monk is not the most voluble of personalities; therefore, it did not seem probable that an interview could be obtained.

During a recent trip to Los Angeles, the long silence was broken. Monk brought along Nellie Monk, his friend and neighbor since childhood and his wife since 1947. When moments of silence engulfed us, she succeeded in prodding him.

After the first minute of the first record, it became obvious that the only way to complete an interview and retain Monk's interest would be by concentrating mainly on other artists' versions of his own compositions. Accordingly, Records 2-6 were all Monk tunes. At this point, he seemed interested enough to listen to a couple of non-Monk works. He was given no information about any of the records played.

1. Andrew Hill. *Flight 19*. (from *Point of Departure*, Blue Note).

(After about two minutes, Monk rises from his seat, starts wandering around the room and looking out the window. When it becomes clear he is not listening, the record is taken off.)

TM: The view here is great, and you have a crazy stereo system.

LF: Is that all you have to say about that record?

TM: About any record.

LF: I'll find a few things you'll want to say something about.

2. Art Pepper. *Rhythm-a-ning* (from *Gettin' Together*, Contemporary). Conte Candoli, trumpet; Pepper, alto saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmie Cobb, drums.

TM: He added another note to the song. A note that's not supposed to be there. (Sings.) See what I mean?

LF: Did I hear you say the tempo was wrong?

TM: No, all tempos is right.

LF: How about the solos? Which of them did you like?

TM: It sounded like some slow solos speeded up, to me.

LF: How about the rhythm section?

TM: Well, I mean, the piece swings by itself. To keep up with the song, you have to swing.

LF: How many stars would you rate it?

TM: (Indicating Mrs. Monk): Ask her.

LF: It's your opinion I'm asking.

TM: You asked me for my opinion, I gave you my opinion.

LF: Okay, let's forget ratings.

3. Dizzy Gillespie. Medley: *I Can't Get Started*, *'Round Midnight* (from *Something Old—Something New*, Philips). James Moody, alto saxophone.

TM: Dizzy. He had a crazy sound, but he got into that upper register, and the upper register took the tone away from him. That was the Freddy Webster sound too, you know, that sound of Dizzy's. (Later) That's my song! Well, if that's not Diz, it's someone who plays just like him. Miles did at one time too.

LF: You like the way they put the two tunes together?

TM: I didn't notice that. Play it again.

(Later) Yes, that's the Freddy Webster

sound. Maybe you don't remember Freddy Webster; you weren't on the scene at the time.

LF: I remember Freddy Webster. And the records he made with Sarah.

TM: Remember *I Could Make You Love Me*? The introduction? Play that for me.

LF: I don't think I can find it. You think Freddy influenced Diz?

TM: Every sound influenced Diz. He had that kind of mind, you know? And he influenced everything too.

LF: You like the alto player on here too?

TM: Everybody sounded good on there; I mean, the harmony and everything was crazy . . . play it again!

4. Bob Florence. *Straight, No Chaser* (from *Here and Now*, Liberty). John Audino, lead trumpet; Herbie Harper, trombone; Florence, arranger.

LF: You liked the arrangement?

TM: Did you make the arrangement? It was crazy.

LF: No.

TM: It was a bunch of musicians who were together, playing an arrangement. It sounded so good, it made me like the song better! Solos . . . the trombone player sounded good . . . that was a good lead trumpet player too . . . I've never heard that before. I don't know how to rate it, but I'd say it was top-notch.

5. Phineas Newborn. *Well, You Needn't* (from *The Great Jazz Piano of Phineas Newborn*, Contemporary). Newborn, piano.

TM: He hit the inside wrong—didn't have the right changes. It's supposed to be major ninths, and he's playing ninths (walks to piano, demonstrates). It starts with a D-Flat Major 9. . . See what I mean? What throws me off, too, is the cat sounds like Bud Powell. Makes it hard for me to say anything about it. It's not Bud; it's somebody sounding like him.

LF: Outside of that, did you like the general feeling?

TM: I enjoy all piano players. All pianists have got five stars for me . . . but I was thinking about the wrong changes, so I didn't pay too much attention to the rest of it. Maybe you better play it again.

(Later) It's crazy to sound like Bud Powell, but seems like the piano player

should be able to think of something else too. Why get stuck with that Bud Powell sound?

6. Bud Powell. *Ruby, My Dear* (from *Giants of Jazz*, Columbia).

TM: That's Bud Powell! . . . All I can say is, he has a remarkable memory. I don't know what to say about him—he is a remarkable person, musically.

LF: You think Bud is in his best form there?

TM: (Laughs) No comment about him, or the piano. . . He's just tired, stopped playing, doesn't want to play no more. I don't know what's going through his mind. But you know how he's influenced all of the piano players.

LF: Of course. I was just questioning whether this is his best work.

Mrs. Monk: (To Monk) You don't think so.

TM: Of course not.

7. Oscar Peterson. *Easy Listenin' Blues* (from *With Respect to Nat*, Limelight). Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass.

TM: Which is the way to the toilet? (Waits to end of record, leaves room, returns . . . laughs.) Well, you see where I went. (To Mrs. Monk) Could you detect the piano player?

LF: How about the guitar player?

TM: Charlie Christian spoiled me for everybody else.

8. Denny Zeitlin. *Carole's Garden* (from *Carnival*, Columbia). Zeitlin, piano, composer; Jerry Granelli, drums.

LF: You liked that one?

TM: I like all music.

LF: Except the kind that makes you go to the toilet.

TM: No, but you need that kind too. . . It reminded me of Bobby Timmons, and that's got to be good. Rhythm section has the right groove too. Drummer made me think of Art Blakey. Hey, play that again.

(Later.) Yeah! He sounds like a piano player! (Hums theme.) You can keep changing keys all the time doing that. Sounds like something that was studied and figured out. And he can play it; you know what's happening with this one. Yeah, he was on a Bobby Timmons kick. He knows what's happening.



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Kenny Burrell

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Burrell Quartet—Burrell, guitar; Richard Wyands, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Ernie Royal, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Jim Buffington, French horn; Seldon Powell, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Roland Hanna, piano.

This concert obviously was inspired by Burrell's successful album *Guitar Forms*, for it presented him in much the same way: alone, in a quartet, and with an expanded group playing Gil Evans arrangements. Billy Taylor acted as emcee, but the guitarist was himself a cool, capable, and humorous commentator as he explained musical origins and introduced his musicians.

The concert began with two numbers that gave each member of Burrell's quartet opportunity to shine. In these openers, Jackson quickly assumed the sensitive role he was to play all evening. He listened, swung, and played for the others, something that can be said infrequently of drummers today.

Inner Song, which followed, was inspired by what Burrell called "the American blues scale," and in his spoken introduction he pointed out how the blues have changed since the beginning of the century and particularly in the last decade. This was the blues as he saw and felt them today, and it seemed that in the period of transition much of the real essence of the blues had evaporated.

Next, the dreary melody of *Greensleeves* brought gloom to non-folk fans in the audience, but Burrell soon deserted it in favor of variations over a pronounced beat. It was a good example of the jazz artist's transforming and then triumphing over unlikely material.

A medley of unaccompanied standards early in the program contrasted with three later selections played on the classic guitar: Chopin's *Prelude, Opus 28, No. 4*, an excerpt from Gershwin's *Prelude No. 2*, and Burrell's own *Soul Lament*. Burrell's choice of notes and care for tone when playing the amplified instrument are such that the contrast was not detrimental to the musical image previously established. In fact, the classic guitar tended to sound too intimate, if not precious, in such a large hall.

Poem for Jocelyn was written by Burrell for his daughter, and he played it as a duet with Buffington. It presented several problems to the French hornist, who came onstage cold and then had to play a legato part involving a wide range and sizable intervals. The first section, as a consequence, was imperfect, but Buffington displayed a warmly beautiful tone throughout and showcased the melody without fault in the final repeated statement.

The original quartet and Buffington were joined by the other brasses and reeds for a couple of Burrell originals and, as arranged by Gil Evans, *Theme from "Streetcar Named Desire," Last Night When We*

Were Young, and *Moon and Sand*. On the last, Burrell returned to the unamplified instrument, and it proved effective in the bossa nova setting, to which typical Evans textures contributed a great deal. The five wind instruments helped bring the evening to a successful climax, Royal's trumpet solos adding a welcome touch of uninhibited excitement. Hanna, who had earlier played Burrell's *Prelude* as a piano solo, took Wyands' place in a final encore demanded by the enthusiastic crowd.

In general, attention to musicianship, virtuosity, variety, and contrast left one or two essentials curiously underemphasized. Intellectual concentration on musical content (Burrell's lines are often subtle) and physical concentration on so delicate a sound as that of the guitar (particularly the unamplified model) demanded definite co-operation from the listener.

The glad response to the first band number, on which Royal used a Harmon mute like a plunger, indicated senses had begun to flag and that there was need for more direct communication. Indeed, the greatest applause of the evening came for the final *Suzie*, in which the band was getting into stride and swinging. Foot-tapping music is still the leaven of a jazz concert.

—Stanley Dance

Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra Los Angeles Music Center

Personnel: Fred Sekora, Jessie Ehrlich, Victor Sazer, Ray Kelley, cellos; Ray Triscari, Conte Candelò, Ronnie Ossa, Dalton Smith, Gary Barone, trumpets; Vince DeRosa, Art Maebe, Henry Sigesmonli, Richard Perissi, George Price, French horns; Bob Fitzpatrick, Vern Friley, Lou Blackburn, Jim Amlotte, trombones; John Bambridge, tuba; Bud Shank, Bill Perkins, Bob Cooper, John Lowe, Don Lodice, reeds; Ron Anthony, guitar; Ray Sherman, piano; Bob West, bass; Emil Richards, Frank Carlson, percussion; Larry Bunker, drums; vocal chorus, Jimmy Joyce, director; William Russo, conductor, Cal Tjader Quintet—Tjader, vibraphone; Al Zulaica, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Armando Peraza, conga; John Rae, drums.

A less dynamic, but not less musical, approach to conducting highlighted the season's third Neophonic concert, as Stan Kenton surrendered his usual place on the podium to guest conductor Russo.

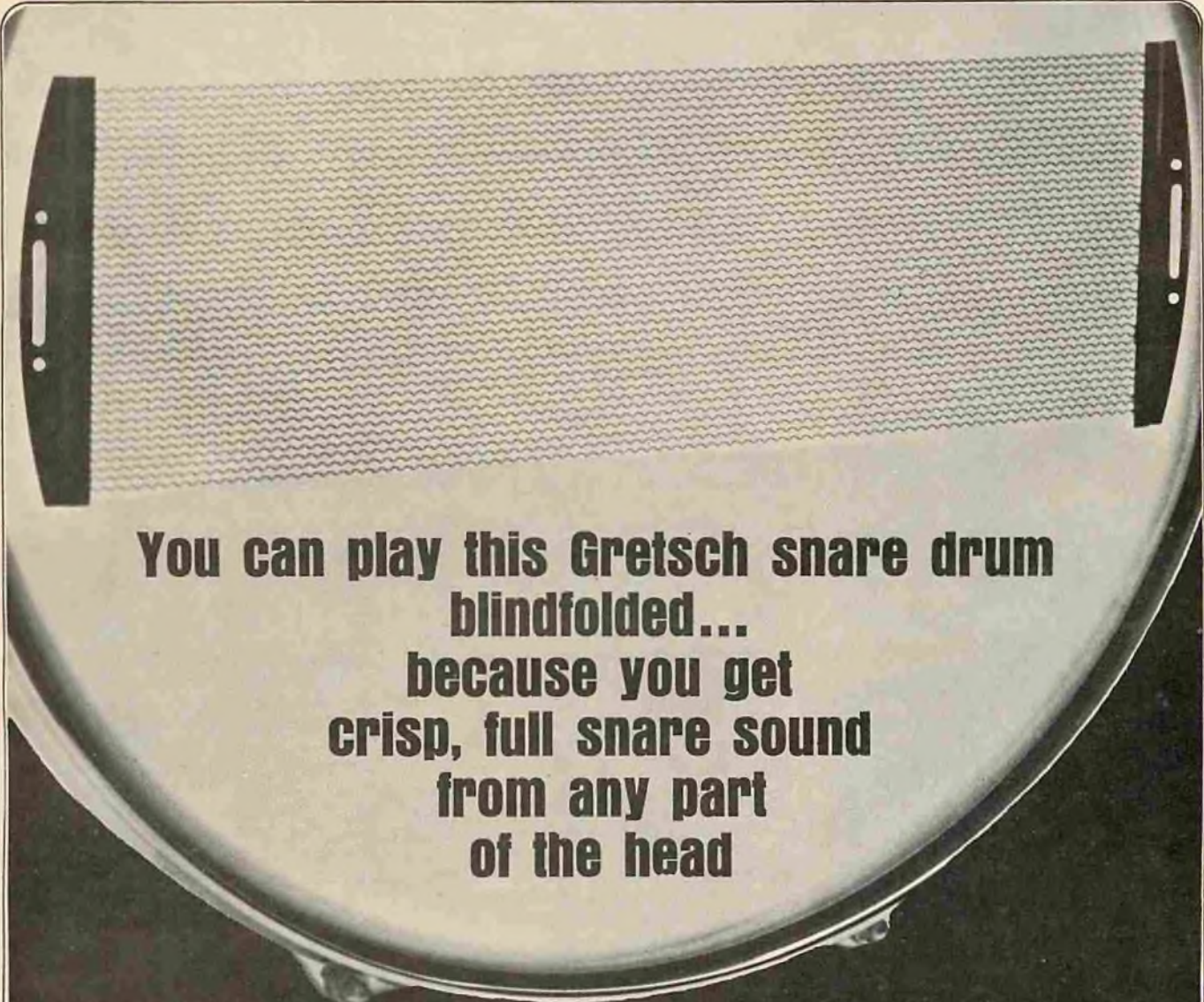
No stranger to jazz-flavored resident orchestras, Russo (who founded his own Chicago Jazz Ensemble) provided an interesting contrast to the Neophonic's permanent leader while charting the same course of contemporary exploration.

Russo is the more meticulous craftsman, the more scholarly conductor, whose classical orientation shows through his metro-nomic time-keeping and unmistakable cues.

As for the music, the Neophonic sound was perpetuated with five contrasting compositions. The first, by Franklyn Marks, was *The New World*, which quoted loosely from Anton Dvorak's *New World Symphony*. It began with muted brass and piccolo, and from the misty effect of slow, broad voicings, a lively up-tempo section evolved, distributing fragmented themes throughout all sections of the orchestra.

Candelò's muted solo and Fitzpatrick's trombone comments highlighted a slow, pensive section. Another fast-tempo passage had brief reed solos—Shank on piccolo, Cooper on oboe, and Perkins on alto—followed by an incisive climax.

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was represented by a wearisome, overly long work, *Contemplations*. Bowed bass and tuba in unison, accompanied by impressionistic piano arpeggios, led to a fast waltz, which was followed by an up-tempo 4/4 section and a sparkling Shank alto solo. Bombastic brass statements seemed to lead nowhere. Additional boredom set in at a slower tempo with brass proddings behind an alto saxophone lament. The slow section dragged interminably, with Candoli's muted solo the only bright spot. The brass proddings continued until the piece concluded in the midst of forced dramatics.

To Rublan's credit must go the decision to assign a solo spot to bass trombone. Amlotte's statement, over West's bowed tremolo, proved rewarding. The bass trombone has a resonance that makes it an ideal solo vehicle, but it has been too often overlooked at the Neophonic concerts.

Dick Grove wasted no time in getting the musicians into his four-part swinger *Tantrums*. Dissonant pyramids led right into the work, which pitted the Cal Tjader Quintet against the full orchestra. The first section was a driver in which Tjader got off exciting improvisations. Tjader also dominated the second section with a moody, contemplative solo.

The orchestra's rhythm section broke loose in the jet-propelled third movement. The final section was a long montuna, brought to fever pitch by Peraza's conga playing. The conga drummer lent a frenzy to the concert that conjured up Don Ellis' Hindustani jazz at the previous concert. Preserving symmetry, Grove closed his work with the pyramids that unveiled it.

For the second half of the concert, Russo divided the orchestra, augmented by four cellos, into two equal groupings.

Appropriately, Richard Peaslee's *Stonehenge* seemed to be hewn out of granite. The dissonance of its opening chord clusters was made more penetrating by the violent brass shakes. The second section made good use of the cellos, beginning impressionistically and building to a series of climaxes. While the brass gave these climaxes the usual jazz feel, a more legitimate, vibratoless interpretation was needed.

Peaslee evidently was thinking less symphonically in the third section—a good, driving movement with a running theme tossed back and forth between saxes and brass in such a way as to simulate a fugue. Excellent solos were contributed by Cooper and Enevoldsen. The final movement had a blues-tinged opening by cellos and gathered dynamic momentum until it swelled to a Respighi-like climax.

The concert ended on a note of soulful beauty as Russo added a nine-voice chorus, with baritone and contralto soloists, for his composition *In Memoriam*. The work contained many aspects of a requiem, but it was permeated by a subtle jazz flavor, occasional Ellingtonia (especially in the brass-with-plunger riffs), and even some revival type of rhythm-and-blues.

The warmth of Jean Sewell's contralto and the blues feeling of Ray Johnson's baritone, plus the effective simplicity of Russo's writing made his five-part work the most rewarding of the evening.

The guitar and percussion behind Miss Sewell established the mood of swinging reverence immediately. The rhythm-and-blues vamp behind Johnson in the second movement was punctuated by tambourine. Highlighting the third movement was the chorus' intoning *Requiem aeternam* in modern voicings over the combined walking of bass and cellos. Bunker's meaningful percussion outbursts aided a series of internal climaxes in the same movement.

Johnson slid up to the notes of his fourth-movement solo a la Johnny Hodges. A subtle shuffle in the background was spiced by Enevoldsen's fine trombone work. The instrumental section that followed Johnson's solo was much too long; all that had to be said was said by the baritone. A sensual bass line provided an excellent foundation for Miss Sewell's blue notes in the finale. The movement reached a climax midway and then settled down to a mournful conclusion.—Harvey Siders

Dick Grove

Colonial House, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Pete Bellomo, Larry O'Brien, Buddy Childers, Herb Phillips, trumpets; Charlie Luper, Archie LeCoque, Dick McQuary, trombones; Charles McLean, Dick Palladino, Bill Trujillo, Tom Hall, reeds; Grove, piano; Billy Christ, bass; Santo Savino, drums.

Many visiting arranger-pianist-conductors have taken advantage of the high level of musicianship and enthusiasm in Las Vegas to try out new ideas or re-create past glories. Grove, in town with the King Family show and staff arranger for their popular television series, brought along an armful of arrangements, rehearsed once, and then gave this extremely well-attended concert.

Obviously strongly influenced by the recent output of Gil Evans, Grove is nevertheless a skilled composer and orchestrator, using the resources of the group to the fullest, particularly Palladino's piccolo, McLean's flute, Trujillo's clarinet, Hall's bass clarinet, and the fluegelhorn of Childers—instruments for which the arrangements called more frequently than they did for these players' regular horns.

Grove also was careful to leave ample solo space, and the talented jazz players in the orchestra needed no second bidding. The excellent rhythm pairing of Christ and Savino, generally considered the "first team" in Las Vegas, consistently provided solid support for the soloists.

Phillips' thoughtful contributions always fall on receptive ears here, as does the strident and exciting alto of McLean, a native of Glasgow, Scotland. Trujillo, a Woody Herman Herdsman of middle-'50s vintage, displayed his warm tenor sound, and LeCoque gave a particularly moving rendition of *Embraceable You* as well as showing a fast arm and good chops in the best Frank Rosolino tradition of Kentonian trombonists (LeCoque was with Stan Kenton in the late '50s) on one or two up-tempo numbers.

The night, however, belonged to fluegelhornist Childers. Several observers familiar with his playing over the years agreed that he has never sounded better. On *Canto No. 1* and *Canto No. 2* the depth of feeling was on the order of soul-exposing, reminiscent of Miles Davis, of course,

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because of the similarity of the vehicles to *Sketches of Spain*. Knowing the man, however, Childers' playing was mainly a distillation of his own joy and suffering.

—Tommy Hodges

Raoul Romero

Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Louie Valizan, Buddy Childers, Herb Phillips, Bob Shew, Carl Saunders, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Abe Nola, Charlie Loper, Bill Smiley, trombones; Don Hannah, tuba; Charlie McLean, Rick Davis, Jimmy Mullidore, Tom Hall, Dick Busey, Romero, saxophones; Ron Foyer, piano; Gary Waller, bass; Sandy Savino, drums; Bunny Phillips, vocals.

Amid the phony glamor and tinsel of Las Vegas, there are many genuine attempts to form good rehearsal bands. If it were not for these opportunities to play

meaningful arrangements, many of the fine, jazz-oriented musicians there who make ends meet by cutting repetitious shows, night after night, would probably burn their union cards.

One of the most exciting recent rehearsal ensembles to enliven Vegas' isolated musical oasis featured a group of exuberant swingers fronted by Romero.

They put on a benefit concert for retarded children at the Sands Hotel recently, and to make sure commitments would not conflict, starting time was set at 2:30 a.m. Billed as the "Wide, Wild World of Jazz," the concert was indeed wide in scope, and the collective swing was somewhat on the wild side. But the

main ingredient was the writing.

Trumpeter Phillips' arrangements were understandably brassy, with a slight tendency toward overwriting. But the balance was excellent. Among his best contributions was *That Old Feeling*, taken at a groovy, medium-up tempo, featuring Childers on fluegelhorn, and a call-and-response pattern between saxophones and trumpets.

Impressions for Jazz Orchestra was a tour de force for Davis and McLean—both playing soprano saxes—as well as the whole band, considering the ever-changing tempos. *Ding-A-Ling* kept a Latin flavor over alternating time signatures of 3/4 and 4/4. Another facet of Phillips' writing was revealed in the backgrounds he provided for vocalist Bunny Phillips (no relation). Most interesting was a haunting accompaniment to *Lilac Wine* that featured howled bass and tuba. *It's You or No One* swung straight ahead behind the singer.

A word about Miss Phillips: there is a husky quality to her voice, but it does not interfere with a conception that can still be called wistful. She's poised, interprets lyrics sensitively, and improvises intelligently. She can be labeled, accurately, a jazz singer.

On two other numbers, arranged by Romero, Miss Phillips proved that she says more on ballads (*The Masquerade Is Over*) and can hold her own against busy, dissonant backgrounds (the blue-tinted waltz, *Goodbye, Charlie*).

Instrumentally, Romero showed his brilliance with Latin idioms. *Motivos*, a fast 3/4, showcased overlapping figures from each trumpet. The cumulative effect was excellent. The number also highlighted two outstanding tenor solos, one by Davis and the other by Romero. The contrast between American and Mexican accents was fascinating, but even more moving was Romero's beautifully controlled cadenza—wavering between a lament and a free-form stream of consciousness.

Romero's arrangement of *Chim Chim Cheree*—also a fast waltz—provided another outlet for his solo tenor. One of his most subtle arrangements was *Reza*, a bossa nova that seemed to grow organically from solo statements by bass and tenor and then to full band.

Another writer heard from was trombonist Loper. His work concentrated more on concerted blend rather than sectional contrasts. His *Killer Joe* was built on an enticingly slow, legato theme that sparkled when Childers' fluegelhorn and McLean's soprano sax were set on a cushion of riffs.

Solos were exceptional throughout the long morning. Outstanding was the tenor work of McLean; equally exciting were the contributions of Childers, Phillips, Davis, and Romero.

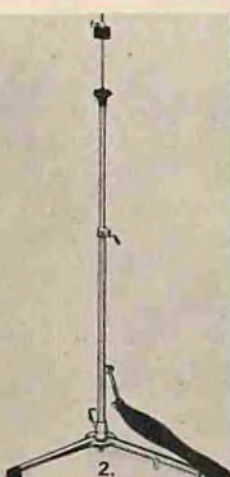
Financially, the benefit concert was a success, drawing 700 people—who stayed until the 5:15 a.m. finale. Even for Las Vegas, that's saying a lot. But one question remains for the Sands to answer: how can a hotel install a marvelously crisp \$72,000 sound system in its convention center and let the piano remain out of tune?

—Harvey Siders

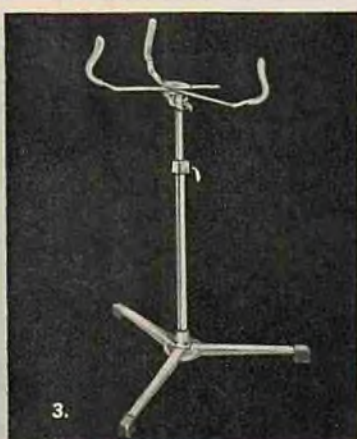
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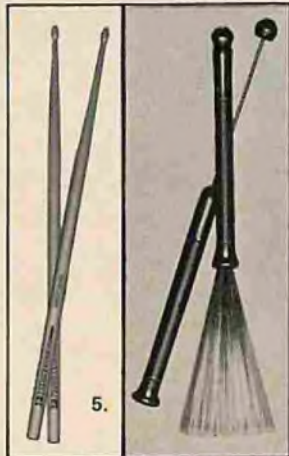
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GILLESPIE

(Continued from page 30)

fifth or a ruptured 129th, as long as they can dance."

Gillespie came to the conclusion that the important characteristics of bop were involved with harmony and phrasing, observing, "Tossing in a variety of beats isn't essential. I like the way the George Shearing Quintet handles modern music."

A good part of Gillespie's new approach was due to booker Alexander, who was desperately trying to make the organization more commercial.

"I don't want Diz' men to bastardize their instruments or be corny," he said. "But I do think they should perform without looking so bored. Under the new setup, Gillespie will have a dance book, a concert book, and a theater book."

Although Gillespie's RCA Victor contract still had eight months to go before termination, he asked for, and got, his release so he could sign with Capitol. The first session for the West Coast label was in November, 1949. There had been more changes in personnel: Don Slaughter, trumpet, had replaced Harris; Matthew Gee and Hanafan Mageed were in the trombone chairs formerly occupied by Johnson and Duryea; a new sax section was made up of Rudy Williams (for a short time), Jimmy Heath, John Coltrane (playing alto), Paul Gonsalves, and Jesse Powell; Adriano Acea had taken over Foreman's piano position; and Charlie (Specs) Wright was the drummer. A girl singer, Tiny Irvin, discovered by Gillespie in Pittsburgh, was splitting the vocal assignments with the leader.

This band, without Williams, recorded four desultory sides: *Tally-Ho*, *Say When*, *I Can't Remember*, and *You Stole My Wife, You Horse Thief*.

When the band played the Club Silhouette in Chicago at the end of the year, *Down Beat's* reviewer felt it was an improvement over its predecessor, which had played the Blue Note the previous summer.

"For once the saxes were in tune," wrote Pat Harris, "but the bright, hot light that was once a characteristic of a Gillespie band was gone." Trombonist Gee was cited for his work on "a Kentonish *Taboo*," and the "exciting punch and drive" on J. J. Johnson's *191* was noted. Miss Harris summed up with, "Dizzy sacrifices his spark to get a bebop band with a beat."

In reviewing the Capitol recordings, Levin called the Jimmy Mundy scoring of *Say When* "really pathetic." The ballad *I Can't Remember*, sung by Miss Irvin, called forth Levin's observation that it represented "a sad demise of what three years ago seemed to be a trail-blazing musical organization."

For a second Capitol session in January, 1950, the band recorded *Ooh-La-La* (written by Gillespie and Rudy Williams), *Carambola* (adapted by Gillespie and Chico O'Farrill from a Heitor Villa-Lobos composition), and a version of *Honey-suckle Rose* with questionable lyrics.

It should be noted that the 1949-50 period was the initial dropping-off time for big bands. The business, as it had been known for three decades, was rapidly disintegrating, and Gillespie's band was caught in the undertow. Even Count Basie was down to a sextet. Capitol participated in a big-band push (via advertising), but having become completely disillusioned with its "Bebop Series," the company was promoting Ray Anthony, Billy May, and even a poor Midwestern band led by one Wayne Gregg. The ads made no mention of the Gillespie orchestra.

Ironically, Gillespie showed up in May, 1950, for a return date at the Silhouette in Chicago with a band playing in such a rejuvenated manner that *Down Beat's* Jack Tracy was beside himself with enthusiasm, calling it the "best band Diz has ever had. A great swinging crew of what had been a month ago a dispirited out-of-tune shadow." It was the band's last engagement, however, and that may have had something to do with it. Gillespie raved, "It just gasses me. Man, I sure hate to break this band up."

There had been several minor changes: John Lewis was back giving "cohesiveness and drive to the rhythm section" and knocking everyone out with his solo on *'Round about Midnight*; Melba Liston had taken over Mageed's chair and was playing melodic, pretty trombone solos; and Gerald Wilson, who had written arrangements for the band, had Slaughter's place in the trumpet section.

Gillespie was again contributing fertile, imaginative solo work, sometimes playing the lead with such drive and control that he carried the entire band in his wake.

But the gig was up. There was no work for the band.

A month after the breakup, Gillespie told John S. Wilson, then *Down Beat's* New York editor, "It really broke my heart. Everybody wants you to play that ticky-ticky-tick stuff. Man, that isn't dance music. . . . You know, if you want to make a living, you have to sell your product. The guys that came into my band seemed to have a different state of mind from those in other bands. They didn't think it was too important to show up. They thought it would be a drag if people were to think they liked what they were doing. They thought it was enough to just blow!"

Asked what he was going to do next, Gillespie replied, "I'd like to tour with Charlie Parker and his strings; of course, I'd lead a woodwind ensemble and alternate with Bird's outfit—we'd use arrangements by Johnny Richards and pick up our men on the road wherever we were, and all they'd have to do would be to read, and Bird and I would do the swinging."

Gillespie wasn't entirely kidding. A few months later he recorded in Hollywood with the backing of a 23-piece orchestra, including strings and woodwinds, led by Richards.

Less than a year after breaking up his band, Gillespie said, "If I had the loot, I'd start another big band. Even if it was just to offer the essential training ground for young musicians. I seriously wonder what will happen to jazz without the big bands."



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HODES

(Continued from page 16)

that, I submit, needs doing.

And now, Mr. Clubowner, don't go away. You may have an image of yourself as a living doll, but take it from a guy who's looked more than twice at himself—mirrors lie.

Just the other day I ran into this:

Saturday night and the joint is jumping with people. It's beginning to happen. And you're glad; it's good to see the joint make a buck. After all, the boss spent money staffing the place, on advertising, publicizing the place and the music. And now it's beginning to show a return. We're finally getting people. This is what we worked for.

I know the band gave fully—40 minutes on and 20 off—and while we were on, we played for the people. We knew they were happy with us. So what happens now that they're coming in? "Stall a little," the boss says, "let's see if we can't get some of them — out. We want to get those people waiting to get in seated." So eventually they leave. But will they come back? Can you continually say, "The hell with 'em, there'll be others"?

I don't get it. Maybe that's what we're doing wrong everywhere—saying "The hell with 'em."

Maybe you think this kind of "owner-thinking" is an isolated phenomenon. It isn't. Someone should conduct a school for bosses. If they intentionally tried to

run a place into the ground, they couldn't improve their methods.

There was that nice spot near where I live. And, believe me, I know a lot of people, especially near where I live. On the basis of that, I came in with my group for a fast four-weeker. In spite of everything I offered in the way of helping business, the boss couldn't buy the fact that my group didn't have bright young faces, that we had some mileage to show, and that my trombone player wore what the owner called "policeman shoes." He asked me, "Why don't you get rid of these bums and get yourself young fellows and teach them your style and be Big Daddy and His Lads?"

You want me to draw you a picture of what happened? We did business and we drew happy people, but the boss had his way. Now there's a "for sale" sign on the gate.

The bosses, the union—what about the musicians? What about the Chicago local's "freeze" law that stipulates if you're working a five-nights-a-week job, you can't play any other jobs that might come up on your time off? Isn't that an act of fear? And who are we afraid of? Other musicians?

An artist works all his life to become, to attain. Do we tell him "Now that you've arrived, you can only sell your work at this or that stand so many days a week"? Doctors, dentists, lawyers, even elevator operators aren't similarly restricted. Isn't it un-American to tell anybody how much he can work? To limit

the artist who's in demand, who's worked hard to become sought after?

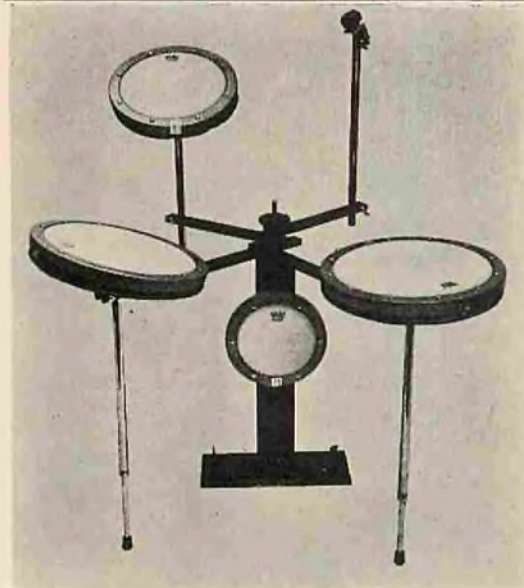
And what are we doing to ourselves when players show up for work, do little or nothing to earn their pay, pick up their checks and go home? There are places of employment where union contracts are in force requiring these spots to use musicians in numbers they don't need. I contend that any time a musician stands by and gets paid for not playing, he's cheating both the other guy and himself (which is of greater importance). Why are we so fearful that we have to penalize and hurt ourselves? We have nothing to be afraid of; there'll always be a need for musicians.

What we have to do is tune up; we're way off pitch. I don't suggest that we dispense with rules and regulations. I do say, though, the human element is a matter of first importance in these rules. You don't fit people to rules; there you've got the wagon in front of the horse.

The world is finding out that all of us have to live with one another. You come on with a big stick and someone will tell you where to stick it. It's not a bad kick to like people, you know.

We've got to admit that something's wrong when so many of our musicians can't make a living playing music. What are we doing wrong? What can we do about it? You've got to work with the man who owns the place you're fixing to work in, so why damn him? We're all in this thing together, you know. So isn't it about time we got together?

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BOOK REVIEWS

Sportin' House: A History of the New Orleans Sinners and the Birth of Jazz, by Stephen Longstreet. Published by Sherbourne Press, Inc., 293 pp., \$8.95.

The fact that some of the best of the early jazzmen worked a great deal in the red-light district of New Orleans has disturbed, amused, or horrified many commentators on jazz.

A common and easy opinion in the 1920s was that jazz was, because of its past associations, music that plied sexual passion, and overtones of this opinion lingered well into the '40s . . . even to the present. Negro musicians of the early part of this century had little other market for their work, and the fact that jazz was partly incubated in this circumstance has never caused a pang of discomfort to those with insight and interest in the music. Jazzmen did work in the red-light districts, but this was no more *sine qua non* to the nature of the music than were Chaucer's bawdy lines to English lyric poetry.

It was Longstreet's opportunity, therefore, to do real service by describing the circumstance of jazz in Storyville. He muffed it.

Capitalizing everywhere on sexual sensation (one chapter is titled "The Lay of the Land"), he dawdles on the history of New Orleans, and, quoting at length from the unpublished memoirs of Nell Kimball, madame of a Storyville brothel, he paints a spotty picture of prostitution, the sexual mores of the citizens, and casually digresses into quasi-jazz history.

Storyville was flooded with jazz musicians, and with such as King Oliver, Clarence Williams, Tony Jackson, Lorenzo Tio, Jelly Roll Morton, and Zue Robertson all fiercely competing for superiority, there are undoubtedly stories and events of high dramatic interest that have not yet been told. Longstreet doesn't even attempt to probe this area.

The jazz content in this book is nothing more than a hodgepodge of history pulled from other books and perhaps from a few old copies of the *Record Changer*.

"Some books," wrote Francis Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. . . ." He might have mentioned ones to be avoided, as this should be.

—Gilbert M. Erskine

The Book of Jazz from Then till Now, by Leonard Feather. Published by Horizon Press, 280 pp., \$5.95.

This is an updated version of Feather's *The Book of Jazz*, first published in 1959. Additions to, and in some cases alterations of, earlier material have been made to bring the text up to date.

One of Feather's original objectives—unchanged in this edition—was to offer views of jazz history at variance with the up-the-river-from-New Orleans theory (a somewhat confusing objective, since Feather also writes that his book is "... about the present and future of jazz rather than its distant and endlessly chronicled past").

Feather locates seminal jazz activity in areas other than New Orleans, but the force of his argument is diluted by its reliance upon sincere but rather vague interviews.

The book's second and "major objective" is to offer "a series of instrument-by-instrument histories enabling the reader to see each artist's role, period of impact, and relative importance. . . ." Accordingly, nearly two-thirds of the book is devoted to a systematic discussion of instrumental categories with additional subsections for "The Blues and the Human Voice," "The Small Combos," "The Big Bands," and "The Composers and Arrangers."

In another important chapter Feather discusses "Jazz and Race." His views are related to an earlier statement that jazz is a synthesis of "six principal sources: rhythms from West Africa; harmonic structure from European classical music; melodic and harmonic qualities from 19th-century American folk music; religious music; work songs and minstrel shows."

The careful balancing of elements—two from "white" sources, two from "African" sources, and two that combine elements of both—characterizes Feather's belief that "jazz is a social, not a racial music," that it can be "written as well as improvised," and that "Jazz simply was born in the United States of America."

Viewed over-all, the argument advanced by Feather seems to favor environmental influences as the sources of jazz skills, a reasonable enough *starting* point. Yet it seems to me that Feather has decided on his conclusion first and then sought evidence to support it, resulting in some peculiar distortions.

A fairly important point, for example, is made early in the book in the form of a quotation from Barry Ulanov (one which, presumably, Feather agrees with), which reads, in part: "The basic chordal and melodic and rhythmic structure of the blues and of the jazz that has developed out of the blues is firmly within the orbit of Western folk music. There is far more of the sound of jazz in Middle-European gypsy fiddling than there is in a corps of African drummers." This astonishing distortion is simply quoted by Feather, unmodified by either supportive or explanatory comments.

The statement perhaps might contain certain arguable aspects had it referred only to harmony and melody, but to suggest that the rhythmic structure of jazz is "firmly within the orbit of Western folk music" and that there is more "sound of jazz in Middle-European gypsy fiddling than . . . in a corps of African drummers" implies an abysmal misunderstanding of jazz rhythms.

While Feather at least tries to make a reasonable case in favor of the environmental roots of jazz skills, he has also oversimplified and generalized about a very complex problem.

Supporting his view with such "evidence" as the alleged difficulty of distinguishing, in specific cases, between music played by white or Negro musicians is specious and superficial. More important, it evades the basic question of the continuing sources of innovation and change

in jazz. The problem of "Jazz and Race" is a significant one, especially today, but Feather has not dealt with it.

The mechanical requirements of preparing an updated edition apparently required that Feather add his new information at the end of the material already included. For the most part he does this within the page structure of the earlier book.

In the process, curious things happen. On Pages 68 and 69, for example, Dave Brubeck, who received four paragraphs in the first edition, is reduced to one rather superficial paragraph in the new version. Bill Evans, unmentioned in the first edition, receives more than half a page in the new version. The same is true of Cecil Taylor, also unmentioned in the earlier book, and now given nearly a full page, most of it devoted to a long opinion from Whitney Balliett. Feather's own estimation is contained in a rather querulous identification of Taylor as a "symbol of total freedom . . . in piano improvisation played by a musician with a jazz background."

Feather obviously is avoiding referring to Taylor as a symbol of total freedom in the playing of jazz piano. If Feather is implying that Taylor is not really a jazz player, then why should he have received the attention Feather has given him in a book devoted to jazz? Or is Feather trying once again to find the safe middle ground?

In the section on the clarinet, Feather briefly mentions Eric Dolphy's bass clarinet; however, the reference is much too casual, considering the enormous power and expressiveness that Dolphy brought to this hitherto almost completely undeveloped instrument.

In the alto saxophone chapter, Feather repeats an error from the earlier edition, noting the "normal" range of the alto saxophone from E_b below middle C to G, a little more than two octaves higher. It is not uncommon to venture into harmonics ranging nearly two octaves above the stated top note. Actually, most alto players commonly use the full range of the instrument, from D_b below middle C to A_b more than two octaves higher.

Among saxophonists, new figures, notably Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy, are added. Feather's description of Sonny Rollins is odd. In the first book Rollins is given only a footnote mention. In the new edition Feather acknowledges Rollins' importance but describes his sound as "wan and unlovely, not unlike that obtained by a tyro who picks up a tenor for the first time." How this echoes early critical descriptions of Charlie Parker and Ornette Coleman! A few sentences later, Feather describes Rollins as "melodically and rhythmically unsettled," saying he "now allowed his mockery to give way to gigantic outbursts of reckless, unsorted quasi-atonal sounds." If Sonny Rollins has played anything "reckless and unsorted" in recent years, I would be interested to hear it. "Quasi-atonal" seems to me a hopelessly inconsistent term and one that has never applied to Rollins. Nor can I accept the implication in the description "melodically and rhythmically unsettled."

Any creative artist in the process of a developing work of art will examine elements that are unsettled, choosing to leave

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some that way, to change others, to develop others, and to resolve some. Feather's view suggests, in effect, that, failing to meet Feather's definitions, Rollins' music becomes "unsettled."

The updating process leads to a strange alteration in the text of the guitar section. In the earlier book a sentence at the bottom of Page 116 reads, "The Lang-Kress-McDonough generation has its offspring in Carmen Mastren of the old Tommy Dorsey Band..." The new book, same sentence, same page, reads, "The Lang-Kress-McDonough generation had its offspring in George Barnes, a brilliant studio musician..." Curiously, Barnes is not even mentioned in the first book.

Also, on the previous book's Page 132, Feather uses a reactionary quote from Gene Krupa to counter what was then a "new" trend in drumming advanced by Philly Joe Jones. In the new book Feather uses the same quote to counter the "new" trend in drumming represented by Tony Williams.

In the miscellaneous-instrument section, Feather sustains the misnomer "bass flute." Although there is such an instrument, what Feather refers to here is an instrument used by players like Herbie Mann called the "alto flute."

Another inconsistency appears on Page 171. In the earlier book, Feather quoted Ralph Gleason as saying, "the Modern Jazz Quartet is one of the relatively few groups in recent jazz history that have achieved the submersion of the individual talents into a group sound, feeling and existence..." On the new Page 171, Feather says, "seldom submerging the personalities of its members, the [MJQ] achieved intricate group effects of lasting value to jazz."

On Page 193 Feather's statement that "the manner of orchestrating often determines the degree to which a performance may be classified as jazz" simply avoids the forest for the trees.

The "Anatomy of Improvisation" chapter is one of the most interesting, despite its rudimentary approach. Feather's use of nearly two pages for the discussion of uneven meters in jazz seems mainly to be an effort to establish his own innovative role. But it is not so much the first appearance of a given technique or style that is important but its use in a meaningful artistic context. Feather may indeed have been one of the first to produce and compose jazz lines in 5/4 and 3/4, but his primacy in point of time does not guarantee that his music is good.

Considering the amount of technical material and the number of notated solos in this section, Feather maintains a high level of accuracy. The implicit prejudices contained in his musical view, however, are reflected in the use of phrases such as "the plain B Flat chord can be enriched [my italics] by the addition of the sixth (G), major seventh (A) [etc.]..." and "the B Flat 7th chord can be made fuller and more interesting [my italics] by the use of the flatted fifth (E Natural), ninth (C) [etc.]..."

Two new solos are added in the updated edition—John Coltrane's *Green sleeves* and Ornette Coleman's *Congeni-*

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ality. Both are excellently transcribed (although not by Feather), but I am surprised at Feather's willingness to use Gunther Schuller's analysis of the Coleman solo instead of providing one of his own.

The final chapter, "Horizons: Jazz in 1984," is a gimmicked look at the future.

Several well-known performers were asked to answer general questions concerning projected jazz conditions in that apocryphal year. Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Jimmy Giuffrè, Dizzy Gillespie, John Lewis, Willis Conover (the only non-musician included), Louis Armstrong, Bill Russo, Benny Goodman, and Quincy Jones were queried for the first edition. Don Ellis' comments are added to the new book.

In light of the style and the content of Feather's expressed opinions, I am not surprised that only Ellis is represented here from among the large group of influential and articulate young players of the '60s. Significant as Ellis' comments may be, they represent only one wing of the avant-garde—and certainly not the largest one.

All told, as a reference source, Feather's *The Book of Jazz from Then till Now* nowhere approaches the usefulness of the same author's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*. For more general use as, say, a popular introduction, it is too dominated by Feather's special interpretations of jazz and too filled with inconsistent artistic judgments to be of more than casual value.

—Don Heckman

AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

tone saxophones; Lanny Morgan, alto saxophone; Mike Abene, piano; Ron McClure, bass, and Tony Inzalone, drums . . . The Continental in Fairfield, Conn., has sessions each Wednesday night; among recent visitors have been trumpeters Ray Nance and Yank Lawson and trombonists Marshall Brown and Conrad Janis . . . Pianist Bill Evans, with Chuck Israels, bass, and Arnie Wise, drums, played at the Village Vanguard in March. Baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan's quartet was added to the bill of fare on weekends. . . . Pianist Erroll Garner was a guest on Jackie Gleason's television show celebrating the comedian's 50th birthday.

LOS ANGELES: The Jack Wilson Quintet, with its leader recovered from a diabetic attack that hospitalized him for five days, is finishing a series of Sunday matinees at Shelly's Manne-Hole. The personnel is Wilson, piano; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Buster Williams, bass; and Varner Barlow, drums. The group also has been doing college lecture-concerts with critic Leonard Feather . . . UCLA's "Chamber Jazz" series was hailed as a success. Sponsored by the university's committee on fine arts productions and student cultural commission, four Saturday night concerts, one each by the Cal Tjader Quintet, John Handy Quintet, Denny Zeitlin Trio, and singer Anita O'Day, were to be given . . . Pianist Calvin Jackson managed to outlast the "star" of the daytime television show on which he and bassist Chris Clark supply the music.

The half-hour CBS show was originally called *Adams at Noon*. Now with a new host and a new format, *The Noon Show* allows for even more jazz from Jackson's duo. One recent guest on the show was Maria Cole (Nat's widow), who talked about the resumption of her singing career . . . Lalo Schiffrin is composing his first opera. It's titled *The Jury* and is steeped in allegory and symbolism . . . Hollywood composer Jerry Fielding scored *Run, Buddy, Run*, starring Jack Sheldon, who is doing more acting than trumpeting these days . . . Neal Hefti will write arrangements for Eddie Albert's new nightclub act . . . Singer Mary Kaye finished a week at Diamond Lil's, in Riverside, and then took off for a 17-day tour of Germany before coming back to a Las Vegas engagement . . . Veteran drummer J. C. Heard is getting a special act into shape. He'll use a trio or quartet behind him and may play some drums, but mainly the act will consist of singing, dancing, and comedy.

CHICAGO: Nancy Wilson's recent concert at McCormick Place raised funds for Marillac House (a settlement house) and St. Thaddeus Church. The concert was staged by jazz disc jockey Daddy-O Daylie . . . Guitarist Laurindo Almeida gave a solo recital at Orchestra Hall last month . . . The Plugged Nickel will have a triple-threat bill beginning April 6, when saxophonists Sonny Stitt and Bunky Green, plus pianist Roy Meriwether's trio are scheduled to share the bandstand. The troupe is to close April 17. Dizzy Gillespie has been announced for a June 15-26 engagement at the Nickel; it will be the trumpeter's first stint at the club . . . Cannonball Adderley's quintet was in for a weekend at The Club in mid-March . . . British singer Petula Clark will be featured with the Count Basie Orchestra in a May 15 concert at McCormick Place . . . Benny Goodman will solo with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra June 15 and 16. It will be the clarinetist's first appearance with the orchestra, which for the occasion will be conducted by composer Morton Gould . . . Altoist-leader of the Three Souls, Sonny Cox, took a 16-piece band to Madura's Danceland in Whiting, Ind., for a dance in early March. The group played arrangements written for the Souls' recent *Cadet* album by Richard Evans. The trio has been appearing lately at the Stardust in nearby Joliet, where they succeeded the group of tenorist Eddie Harris and where they have an indefinite booking . . . New Orleans clarinetist Jug Berger leads a Dixie quintet at the Old Town Gate on Mondays and Tuesdays. Clarinetist Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars tend the flame the other nights of the week . . . The Bill Evans Trio opens at the London House April 12 for two weeks. It will be the pianist's first Chicago engagement in five years. The Oscar Peterson Trio is to follow Evans and will be resident at the club April 26-May 8. Latin percussionist Willie Bobo brings his group in May 10 for two weeks, and then it's the Women-folk May 24-June 5. The female folkies are the first such act booked into the

London House, though its sister club, Mister Kelly's, which is still out of commission following a fire in February, often took that route. But jazz returns to the club June 7, when pianist Ramsey Lewis opens a two-week stand.

SAN FRANCISCO: The Both/And, a neighborhood club that brought in tenorist Archie Shepp's quartet and followed with pianist Hampton Hawes (who used local bassist Fred Marshall and drummer Jerry Granelli), is maintaining its forward look: the John Handy Quintet, which had played the club frequently in the past, came in after Hawes and will be succeeded by pianist Andrew Hill's combo, which will include tenorist Sam Rivers. The club, situated on Divisadero St. near Oak St., is off the mainline of jazz clubs here but is in the center of what has become San Francisco's new bohemia since the North Beach beatnik sector faded from the scene after police pressure, public indifference, and departure of the "names" among the cool cats . . . Altoist Handy's quintet had a full day on a recent Sunday. At 2 p.m. the combo began a benefit in Belmont, Calif., south of San Francisco, for the Children's Home Society, a statewide adoption agency. Then, whisking to Oakland, the quintet appeared in a concert for the Youths for Jobs building fund, along with the Lee Schipper Quintet and the Martha Young Quintet . . . Trumpeter John Coppola took his quintet, which includes saxophonist Dan Patitis and pianist John Marabuto, into the Apartment club in downtown Oakland for an indefinite series of Thursday-Saturday concert-dance engagements. Coppola also has a tentet that is playing 4-to-8 p.m. concerts the first and third Sundays of each month at the Holiday Inn in Oakland. The concerts also feature guest instrumentalists, the most recent of whom were tenorist Teddy Edwards and trumpeter Al Porcino . . . Vibist Cal Tjader's quintet now has Monk Montgomery on bass and soon will have a new drummer when Johnny Rue departs for Aspen, Colo., after five years with Tjader. The group recently played a weekend gig at the Bandstand in Oakland and opened the following Tuesday at El Matador in San Francisco. Never idle, Tjader and his men occupied the intervening Monday with a concert in Los Angeles in which they were featured with Stan Kenton's Neophonic Orchestra . . . Dizzy Gillespie's quintet opened at Basin Street West March 2 . . . Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, booked into the Jazz Workshop here for two weeks, did only fair business, though the blues men were in great form . . . Guitarist Howard Roberts and trombonist Frank Rosolino, of Los Angeles, joining with bassist Don Thompson and drummer Terry Clarke (the Canadian duo who have for months played here with John Handy's quintet), tore things up on a recent weekend at the Gold Nugget in Oakland. In this situation, with the superb nudging of Clarke and Thompson, Roberts and Rosolino stretched out as they never do on records . . . Saxophonist Lennie Niehaus will rehearse the all-star college jazz band whose concert

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will conclude the third annual Jazz Days of San Jose State College May 1. Members of the band will be chosen from the 16 college orchestras that will compete for honors April 30. Judges of the competition will be trumpeter **John Coppola**, saxophonist **Frank Leal**, trombonist **Wil Sudmeir**, and drummer **Tom Reynolds**. Director of the event is **Dwight Cannon**, of the college's music department and a former Chicago jazz musician . . . Trumpeter **Red Rodney** was arrested here on two charges of suspicion of forgery. Police said that after Rodney was tripped up in a false pose, he admitted his identity "and got out his trumpet and blew a few licks." In his room, police said, were "forgery type" paraphernalia, including a special typewriter and sheaves of different checks.

LAS VEGAS: Drummer **Joey Preston** currently is leading a trio in the Stardust Lounge. His associates are pianist **Ron DiFillips** and bassist **Ralph Enriquez** . . . Maintaining the high level of singing recently heard here, **Carmen McRae** moved into the Fremont Hotel's lounge for four weeks. She is to be followed by singer **Arthur Prysock** . . . **Harold Mabern** was the pianist for **Joe Williams** at the Fremont's main room . . . **Steve Perlow's** nonet played a concert for the Music Educators' Conference held here . . . Tenor saxophonist **Georgie Auld** is at the helm of a quartet, plus singer **Lynne Davis**, at the Riviera Lounge . . . Jazz organist **Alan Haven** and drummer **Tony Crombie**, longtime fixtures of the London jazz scene, are now in their third month of residence at the Thunderbird . . . The Las Vegas musical fraternity was saddened by the loss of two of its members in auto accidents within a week. Trombonist **Charlie Hrudicka** of the **Leg Elias Orchestra** died of injuries, and frequent visitor **Bobby Bennett**, **Buddy Greco's** drummer, was killed instantly. Hrudicka was a veteran of many groups in the Chicago area before moving west several years ago . . . Trombonist **Jimmy Guinn** held the first rehearsal of his new big band, using his own arrangements and some by trumpeter **Wes Hensel**, among others.

DETROIT: **Eddie Harris** brought his group into the Drome last month. With the tenor man was bassist **Melvin Jackson**, formerly with the **Detroit Jazz Quintet**. Rounding out the group were drummer **Bucky Taylor** and Detroit pianist **Claude Black**. Black joined the group for the remainder of Harris' tour . . . **Will Davis** has taken over Black's spot with bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet at Paige's . . . Vocalist **Betty Carter**, a native of Detroit, did seven nights at Baker's Keyboard recently. Accompanying her were **Harold McKinney**, piano; **James Hankins**, bass; and **Doug Hammon**, drums. Baker's customers got a double treat March 11, when both the **Kenny Burrell Quartet** and the **Mose Allison Trio** appeared . . . **Blues Unlimited** returned to the jazz fold, not with drummer **Roy Brooks' group** as originally reported, but with the **Three Sounds** . . . Pianist **Paul Bley** did not play with the **Detroit**

Contemporary 4 as was tentatively planned, but he did do a concert for the Wayne State Artists' Society, using the DC 4 rhythm section (**John Dana**, bass, and **Ron Johnson**, drums) . . . Detroit lost two jazz clubs in February: **Half Pint's**, long one of the more popular rooms for sessions, and the **Grand Duchess**, which switched to a nonjazz policy . . . Trombonist **George Bohanon's** group, now a quintet with the addition of tenor saxophonist **Miller Brisker**, opened at the Village Gate. The rhythm section remains the same: pianist **Kenny Cox**, bassist **Will Austin**, and drummer **Bert Myrick** . . . **Ike Daney** has replaced **Doug Hammon** on drums with trumpeter **Gary Chandler's** group at Odom's Cave . . . Another change of drummers saw **Danny Spencer** rejoin bassist **Ron Brooks' trio** at the Town Bar in Ann Arbor, replacing **Bob Pozar**, who left town.

PITTSBURGH: Major news media showed polite surprise in reporting that the last two Sundays in February were sellouts for **Walt Harper's Jazz Workshops** at the Redwood Motor Hotel. The 400-capacity Redwood had to turn away hundreds from shows that featured main-streamers **Reid Jaynes**, **Hershey Cohen**, and **Joe Negri** and jazz-rocker **Harold Betters**. The overwhelming success of the shows, each of which included the Harper quintet, has sent that group's stock so high that Gateway records of Pittsburgh is rushing out a Harper album. Harper has announced a new Workshop series that will include four Sundays in April. New artists already signed are pianist **Johnny Costa**, the **Silhouettes**, and tenorist **Jon Walton**. Jazz-oriented disc jockeys **Phil Brooks** and **Sterling Yates**, plus **Roy Kohler**, helped narrate the shows . . . **Louis Armstrong's** Feb. 26 concert at Carnegie Music Hall, his first gig after the death of his pianist, **Billy Kyle**, attracted about 1,000 fans. **Marty Napoleon** was the pianist . . . The **Al Morrell Trio**, especially its organist **Don Mollica**, were enthusiastically received at the Hurricane . . . While Crawford's Grill temporarily ran out of nationally known jazz stars to book, a good-sounding group kept the spot swinging. It included **Pete Henderson**, trumpet; **Jep Spencer Bey**, piano; **Don Birch**, bass; and **Alan Blairman**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Benny Benaack's** note-for-note re-creation of the **Bunny Bergian I Can't Get Started** arrangement, was named by educational television station WQED as its most requested repeat from numerous solos recorded by local jazz artists at its studios.

MILWAUKEE: **Duke Ellington** played a one-nighter at the Eagles Ballroom last month. The band also was hired by the Schlitz Brewing Co. to do a free outdoor concert July 1 at the Blatz Temple of Music in Washington Park . . . The **Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra**, directed by trumpeter **Lee Castle**, was booked into the Scene for one night . . . The eighth annual Milwaukee Stage Band Festival was held March 4. A total of 27 bands competed, and 1,800 persons attended the event, sponsored by the Milwaukee Boys

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Club . . . The new Oscar Peterson Trio,
with Louis Hayes, drums, and Sam Jones,
bass, played a double concert at Marquette
University recently . . . Elsewhere in the
state: Appleton High School in Appleton
was the site of a Pearl Bailey-Louie
Bellson performance recently . . . The
Village Inn in Antigo has been featuring
modern jazz on Saturday evenings.

KANSAS CITY: The Ramsey
Lewis Trio concert Feb. 12 at the Lin-
wood American Legion drew a good
crowd, despite cold weather and almost
no advance publicity. Scheduled to pre-
cede Lewis was tenorist Ron Williams' *sextet*, but difficulties with AFM Local 34
forced cancellation of the group's appear-
ance . . . Bassist Ray Harris' trio, with
Mike Ning, piano, and Tom Manzo,
drums, moved into the Gallery last month,
replacing pianist George Salisbury's group.
The Gallery, formerly the Leopard Lounge,
is under new management, but its jazz
policy is apparently unaffected by the
change . . . Two jazz liturgies were pre-
sented within a month of each other here.
The first, the work of pianist Carroll
Lewis, was offered at a Fine Arts Festival
for Youth in January. In mid-February
the *Twentieth-Century Folk Mass* was
offered in the Grace and Holy Trinity
Episcopal Cathedral.

ST. LOUIS: The Duke Ellington
Orchestra appeared in concert March 27
at the Keil Opera House in a "Salute to
Jim Cook." Also featured was flugel-
hornist Clark Terry, among others. The
proceeds went to the James E. Cook
Scholarship fund . . . Ed Thigpen gave
a drum clinic here recently. The attend-
ance was so great many had to be turned
away. The drummer was in town visiting
his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Thigpen.
The elder Thigpen has been a featured
player with Singleton Palmer's Dixieland
band for many years . . . The Quartette
Tres Bien, which has been home for a
few weeks and working at the Club Bonne-
ville in Alton, Ill., is scheduled to go back
on the road this month . . . On March 16,
Graham Chapel at Washington University
was the scene of the first St. Louis ap-
pearance of the American Jazz Ensemble.
Featured soloists in the group were clari-
netist Bill Smith and pianist John Eaton
. . . St. Louis, at last, has a full-time jazz
radio station, KADI-FM.

LOUISVILLE: The Boogie Morton
Trio (Morton, organ; Eddie Chestnut,
guitar; Earlwin Thompson, drums) is
appearing at the Patio Lounge six nights
a week . . . Dutch's Tavern has been
featuring the Ray Church Trio and singer
Richard Smith. Trio members are trum-
peter Louis Smith, who is an instructor
at Kentucky State College in Frankfort,
organist Ramon Howard, and drummer
Winston (Church) Lamsden . . . Drum-
mer Louie Cochran Jr. is back in town
and is driving a group that plays at the
Club 1550 three nights a week . . . The
trio of pianist Bill King (Wayne King,
bass, and Richard Goodlet, drums) was
featured on the *Teen Beat* program on
WAVE-TV Feb. 26.

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WHERE WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

All Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
Basie's: Johnny (Hammond) Smith, 4/26-5/8.
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana.
Carnegie Hall: Modern Jazz Quartet, 4/27.
Carnegie Recital Hall: James D'Angelo, 4/18.
Chuck's Composite: session, 4/10. Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
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.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Embers West: Joe Shulman, hb.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Five Spot: Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, Toshiko Mariano.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano.
Half Note: Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing, 4/19-5/1.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, guest stars, Sun.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 4/8-16.
Nut Box: Sal Salvador.
Palm Gardens: Roland Kirk, Harold Mabern, 4/10.
Plantation (Asbury Park, N.J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
Playboy Club: Woody Herman to 4/17. Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Monty Alexander, hbs.
Prelude: Grasella Oliphant, Etta Jones.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton.
Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Mon. Frye, Sun.
Sheridan Square Theater: Pharaoh Sanders, Cliff Thornton, Mon.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): sessions, Sun.
Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green.
Top of the Gate: Bobby Timmons, Mickey Bass, Dave Pike.
Village Vanguard: Miles Davis, 4/8-10. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Wells: Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene.
Western Inn (Alco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Hohemian Embassy: modern jazz, wknds.
The Cellar: modern jazz, wknds.
George's Spaghetti House: modern jazz, nightly.
Golden Nugget: Henry Cusla.
Last Chance: Larry Dubin.
Traditional Jazz Club: Dixieland jazz, Wed.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carey, hb.
Napoleon's Retreat: Phil Napoleon, hb.
Oceania (Fort Lauderdale): Andy Bartha, 4/15-tfn.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Rancher: Ira Sullivan.
700 Club: Herbie Brock, hb.
South Seas Yacht: Matti Cortese.
Villa Venice (Hallandale): Preacher Rollo, John Dengler, Don Ewell.

ATLANTA

Builder's Club: Master's Combo.
Casa Nova: Julius Wimby.
Dot's Lounge: various groups.
Lovin' Spoonful: The Group.
Peyton Place: Joshua Quartet.
Playboy Club: Paul Mitchell, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jan Allison, Effie.
Cellar: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer.
Ched's: Mike Lala.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
El Morocco: Ronnie Baron.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.

Goliwog: Armand Hug.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours, wknds.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy, hbs.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-noon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Jazz Ltd.: Lil Armstrong, Sun. Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Amanda Ambrose to 4/10. Bill Evans, 4/12-24. Oscar Peterson, 4/26-5/8.
Willie Bobo, 5/10-22.
McCormick Place: Petula Clark, Count Basie, 5/16.
Mother Blues: sessions, Mon.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Sonny Stitt, Bunky Green, Roy Meriwether to 4/17. Carmen McRae, 4/19-5/1.
Redd Foxx, 5/3-15. Jimmy Smith, 5/18-29.
Nina Simone, 6/1-12. Dizzy Gillespie, 6/15-26.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb., Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Sun. afternoon.
Baker's Keyboard: Junior Mance, 4/15-24. Gene Krupa, 5/6-15. Joe Williams, 5/20-28. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 6/3-12.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sun.
DeAngel's: Bonnie Brisker, Thur.-Sat.
Driftwood Lounge: Chris Peterson.
Drome: Jazz Crusaders 4/8-17. Rufus Harley, 5/6-15.
Frolie: Clarence Price, Thur.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Momo's: Danny Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.
New Olympia: Don Davis, Thur.-Mon.
Odum's Cave: Gary Chandler, Fri.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Penthouse: Babs Logan.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Jack Pierson, hbs.
Showboat: Wild Bill Davison.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sat.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
Trade Winds: Romy Rand.
Village Gate: George Bohannon, Fri.-Sun.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Zombie: Walter Hamilton.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.
Camelot: Dave Venn.
Corinthian Room: Sandy East.
Crystal Palace: Sammy Gardner.
El Rancho: Ronnie Ruff.
Fats States Lounge: various artists, Mon., Sat. afternoon.
Hawaiian Roma Room: Freddie Washington, George Harlan, Sun.
Iron Gate: Ricky Valentine.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson.
London House East: Lonnardaires, hb.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Martinos: Metronomes, wknds.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Playboy Club: Don Cunningham, Jazz Salerno, hbs.
Renaissance Room: The Marksmen.
River Queen: Jean Trevor, Peanuts Whalem.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gaslighters.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

KANSAS CITY

Club DeLisa: Frank Smith.
Gallery: Ray Harris.
Golden Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Able.

King's Inn: Tri-Levels.
Municipal Auditorium: Kansas City Jazz Festival, 5/1.
New Orleans Room: Ed Smith, hb.
New Peyton Place: Ron Williams, wknds.
Playboy: Vince Bilardo, Pete Eye, hbs.
Pompeii Room: Jolie Harris.
The Inn: Larry Cummings.
The Place: Baby Lovett, wknds.
Vanguard: jazz, Sun.

LAS VEGAS

Flamingo Hotel: Harry James to 4/28.
Fremont Hotel: Arthur Prysock to 4/25.
Gelo's: Dick Rivier.
Sands Hotel: Frank Sinatra, Count Basie, 4/20-5/17.
Torch Club: Bobby Sherwood.
Thunderbird Hotel: Alan Haven.
Tropicana Hotel: Si Zentner, Mel Torme to 4/25.
Woody Herman, 6/15-7/13.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Bonesville: Ray Graziano, wknds.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Cocoanut Grove: Tony Bennett, 5/10-23.
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, Hub Kiefer.
Florentine Room: Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): Walt Ventre, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart.
La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston, Harold Land.
Leapin' Liz's: Jack Langlos, Fri.-Sat.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Ahmad Jamal to 4/10. Howard Rumsey, 4/11-14; 4/25-28; 5/9-12. Les McCann, 4/15-24. Mose Allison, 4/29-5/8. Three Sounds, 5/13-6/4.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant.
Melodyland (Anaheim): Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, 4/11. Duke Ellington, Sarah Vaughan, 5/9.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison. Various groups, Mon.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell.
Occidental College: Clare Fischer, 4/16.
Officers' Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P. J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Paul Meer, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Reuben's (Hollywood): Val Martinez to 4/21.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Modern Jazz Quartet to 4/10. Jack Wilson, 4/11. Herbie Mann, 4/12-24. Bill Evans, 4/26-5/8. Wes Montgomery-Wynton Kelly, 5/10-22. Miles Davis, 5/24-6/5.
Shelly Manne, wknds.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Leon Petties, Mon. George Semper, hb.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Bobby Troup.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Carmen McRae to 4/10.
Ahmad Jamal, 4/12-24. Miriam Makeba, 4/27-5/7. Herbie Mann, 5/10-15. Lionel Hampton, 5/18-28. Oscar Peterson, 6/7-19. Duke Ellington, 6/20-25. Count Basie, 7/12-24. Ramsey Lewis, 8/9-21. Billy Eckstine, 8/23-9/4.
Both/And: John Handy to 4/10. Andrew Hill, 4/26-5/8.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Paul Winter to 4/9. Vince Guaraldi, 4/11-5/7.
Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morrell, wknds.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover, Mon.-Fri. Bill Bell, Thur.-Sat.
Hungry 1: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Horace Silver to 4/10. Wynton Kelly, Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-29. Herbie Mann, 5/31-6/12.
Juke Box: Monte Waters.
McKismos (Richmond): Vi Redd, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hbs.
The Hearth: Jean Hoffman, Gus Gustafson, Sun.
The Pipers (San Leandro): Ted Spinola.
The Scene: Flip Nunes.
Trident (Sausalito): Bola Sete to 5/11. Roy Meriwether, 5/13-6/11. Willie Bobo, 6/14-7/9.
Denny Zeitlin, Mon.
Zack's (Sausalito): Al Land.



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