

MAY 5, 1966

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Andrew Hill: Roots, Culture, And Economics

By Don Heckman

Jazz In TV-Land

Reviews Of Two Significant Programs,
By Leonard Feather

The Father Of Swing Trombone

Memories of Jimmy Harrison, By Rex Stewart

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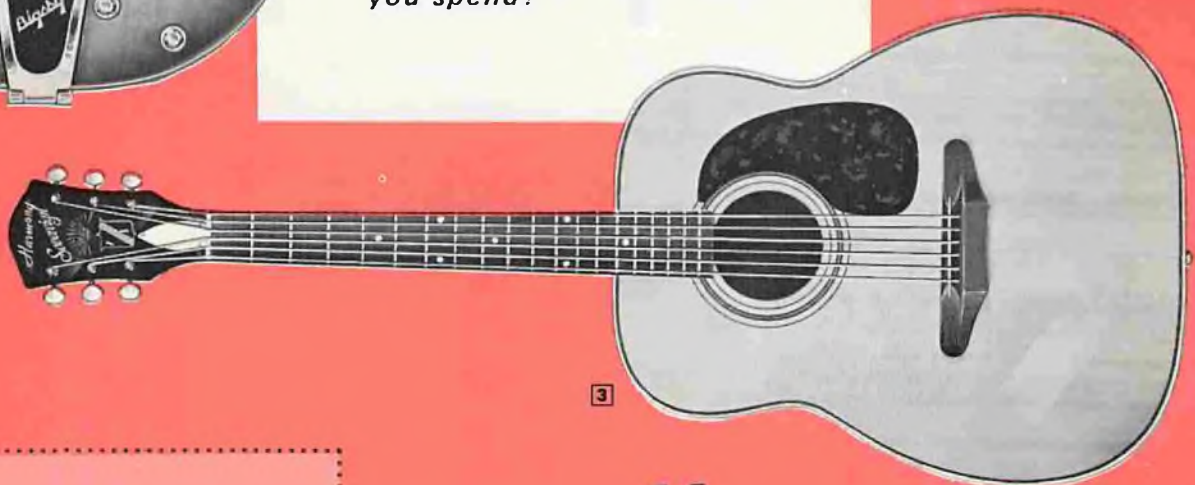
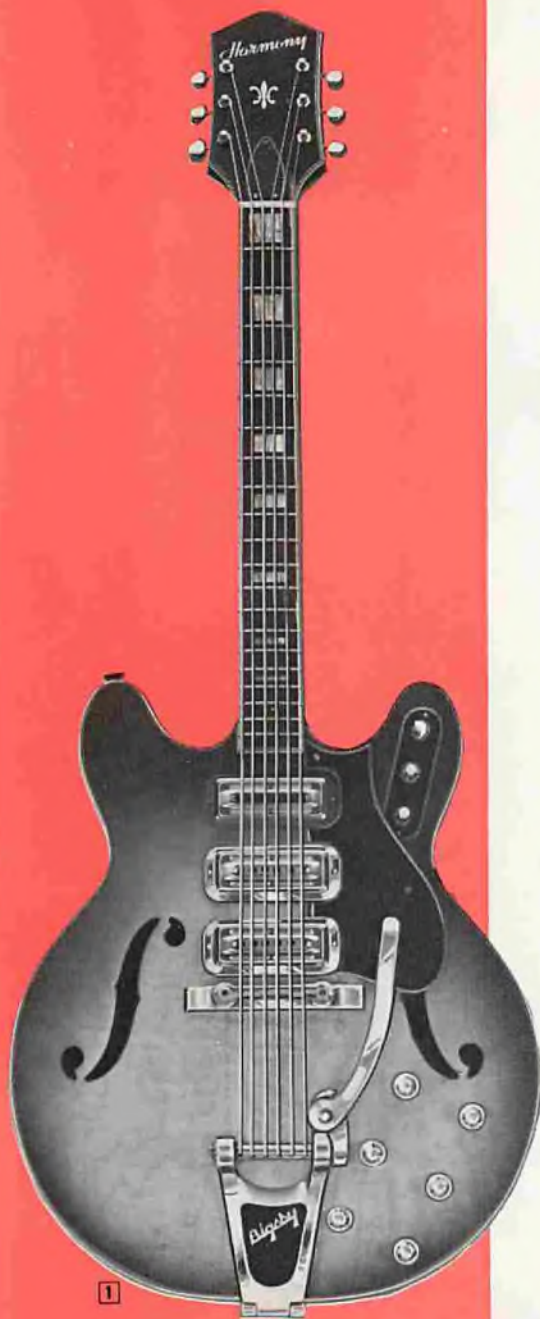
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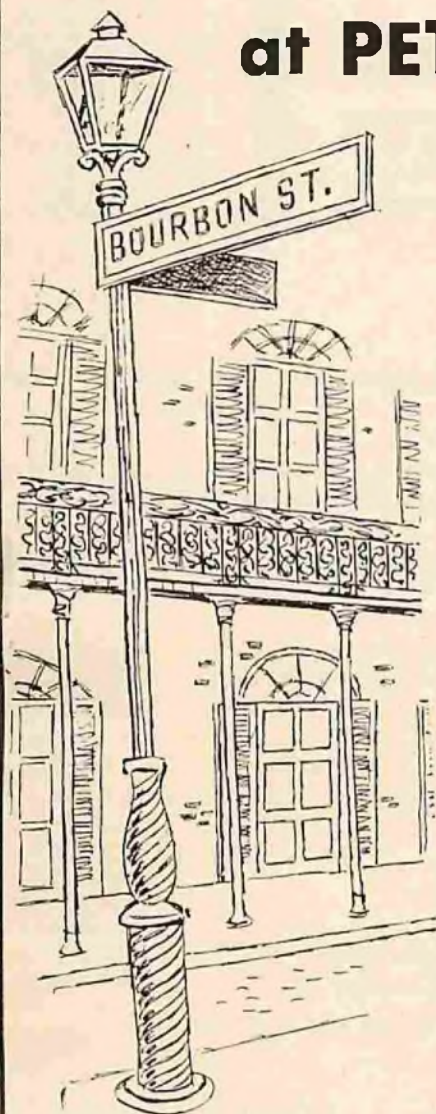
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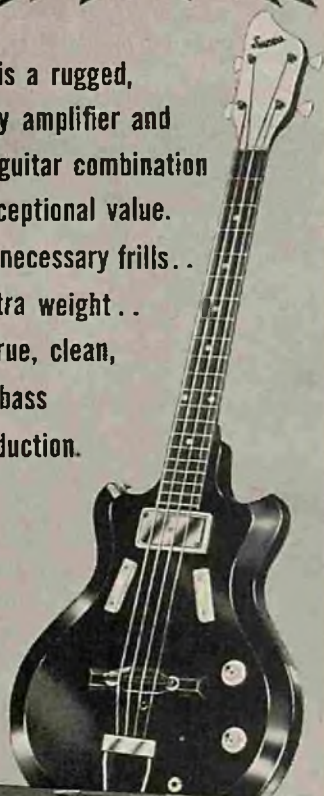
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down beat

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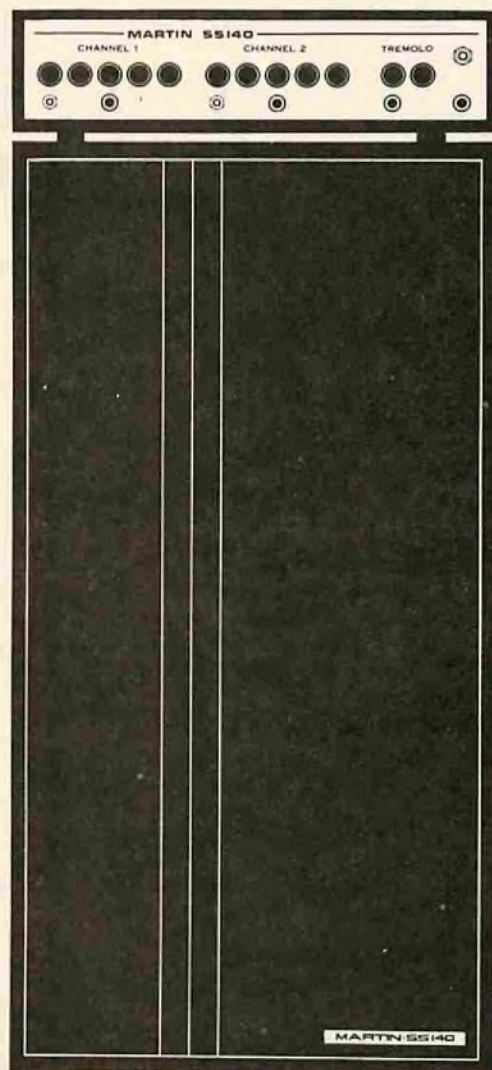
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

The New Coltrane

Exception should be taken to Dan Morgenstern's criticism of John Coltrane's involvement in the avant-garde and of his performance at the Titans of the Tenor Sax concert (*DB*, April 7). His group's extended performance exhibited controlled intensity and unity in terms of solos and over-all structure. Both Albert Ayler and Pharoah Sanders played with an organization and clarity that may have surprised those who had only heard of them by hearsay.

John Coltrane is to be respected for his refusal to rest on past achievements. His obligation to his audience is to be as musically honest as possible, regardless of the demands those who resist change may try to force upon him.

Van Penick
Clint Padgett
Princeton, N.J.

Just a comment on Dan Morgenstern's review of John Coltrane's concert.

I had the experience of catching Coltrane's new sound during his stint at the Plugged Nickel in Chicago, and I must agree that my reaction was much the same as Mr. M's. I was of the opinion that art should be the *symbolic* expression of emotion, not just the *expression* of it. Through art one should come to a better understanding of his feelings rather than just see them gutted out in front of him as Coltrane's group seemed to be doing.

I found it ironic that Morgenstern's Coltrane review followed his review of Bill Evans' Town Hall concert. One comes away from an Evans' interpretation feeling that this is what the composer must have meant by this piece; one comes away from the new Coltrane feeling confused, to say the least. The fact that Coltrane is a lyricist, perhaps second only to Evans himself, makes his new bag all the more tragic. Not only is jazz gaining noise, but it's losing a great source of beauty. Let's hope Coltrane rediscovers his old self.

Jerome P. Wagner, S.J.
Chicago

Rumsey And Kenton

As a person seriously interested in jazz, I enjoy *Down Beat* thoroughly. I always look forward to the *Blindfold Test* with real enthusiasm. In regard to the one featuring the comments of Howard Rumsey (*DB*, April 7), I have a few of my own to make.

Rumsey referred to Stan Kenton as "dear Stan carrying on his tradition as the Wagner of American jazz," that there is "no place for the band," and that it has "no particular place or rhyme or reason."

Kenton has chosen his "tradition" and the followers of progressive jazz are not always there, but judging from Kenton's ratings in the Readers Poll, Rumsey's comments weigh only slightly.

Kenton has always been way ahead of his time, which is sometimes very lonely

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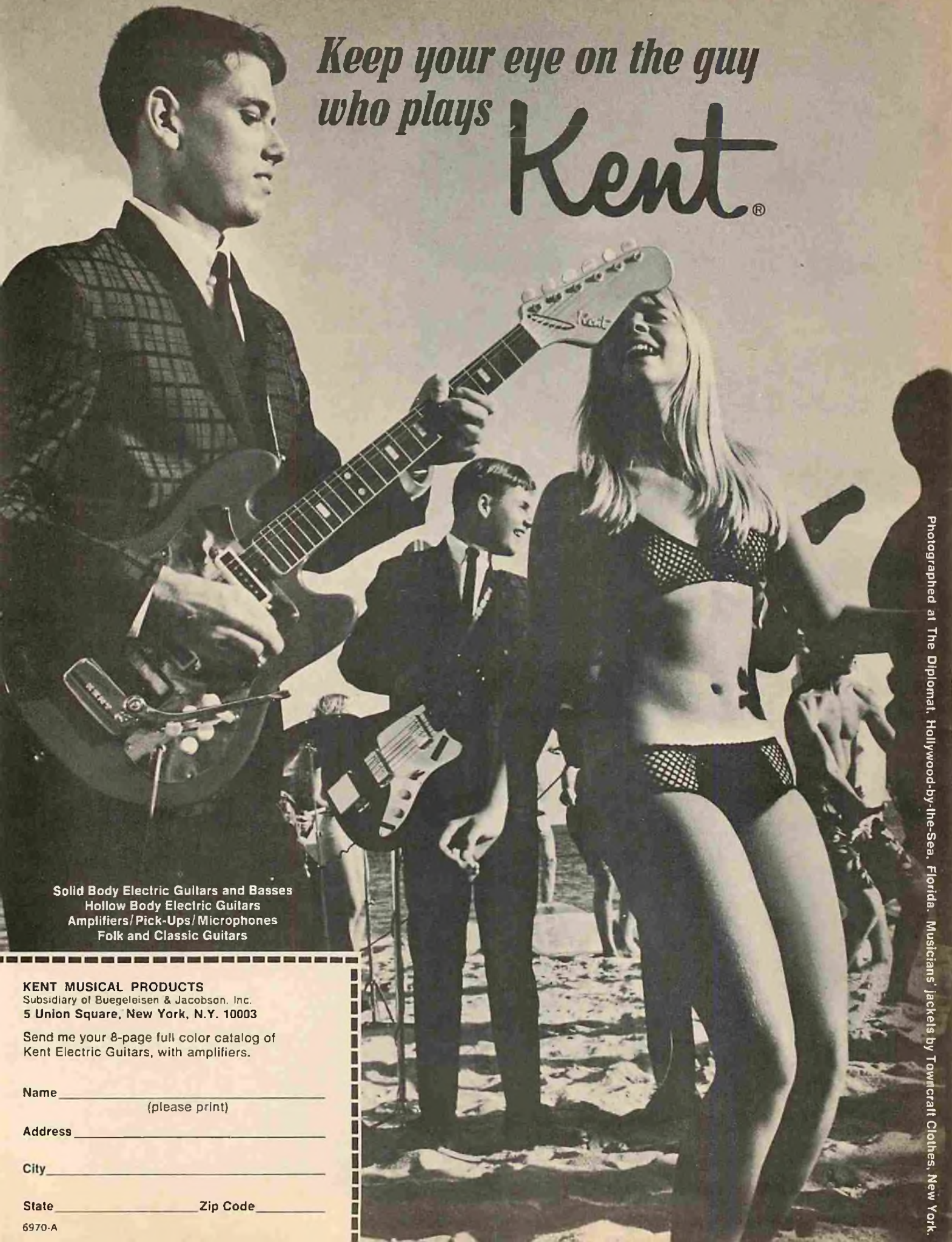
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work, and he should be given credit for going ahead with what he believes in instead of following others blindly.

Betty Hamann
Spokane, Wash.

Every Tub . . .

After reading Nat Hentoff's article concerning federal subsidization of the arts (*DB*, March 24), and jazz in particular, I can no longer remain silent. It is regrettable that politics must enter the discussion, but to answer Hentoff, it is inevitable.

In a capitalistic country, musicians (as well as everyone else) have a product to sell—in their case, music. This is no different than a writer selling his manuscript, or a painter his paintings, or a manufacturer of garden hose his product. Each of these earns his money according to how well the public accepts the product.

If I produce, say, a new automobile, and the public refuses to buy it, should I cry to Washington that I'm going broke because my fellow man doesn't know a good thing when he sees it? Now, since my judgment is superior to theirs, and I *do* have good taste, should I ask to be supported by tax money, taken from the same consumers who have refused to buy my product voluntarily? My solution (of course) is this: I'll appeal to Congress to force them to pay for it involuntarily, through subsidization.

Any way you look at it, there is but one choice: either the public pays for someone's music privately and voluntarily, or they pay for it through taxes and subsidization, involuntarily. And anyone wishing to substitute his judgment for the judgment of others as to where they spend their money can hardly be called a supporter of democracy.

Jack Ryan
Houston, Texas

Such as farmers?

Musician-Critics' Perceptiveness

Thanks for Marian McPartland and that anonymous person who merits the credit for having enlisted her musical perceptivity as a reviewer. Now, with professional musicians on the staff (Miss McPartland and Kenny Dorham), no longer shall we be forced to read only the solipsistic criticisms of those half-talents who opine without the tools for a fair analysis.

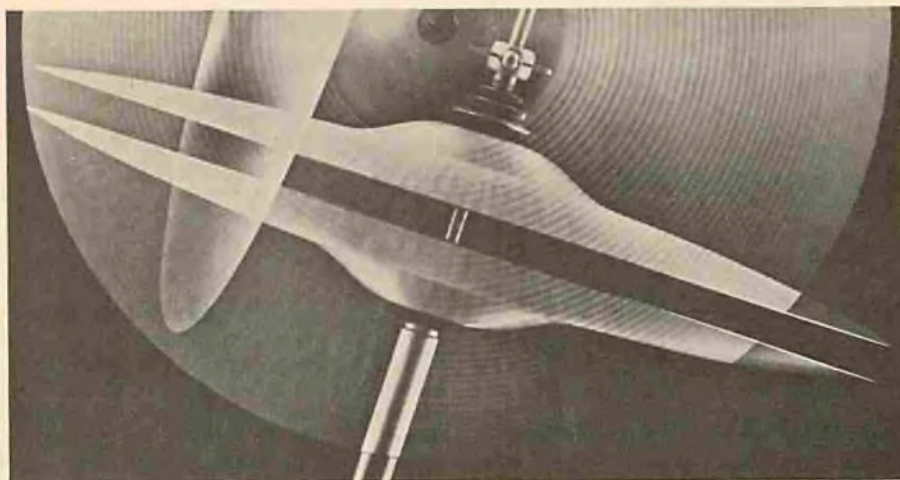
Eugene Alicki
Portland, Ore.

Setting The Record Straight

In defense of my so-called "economy-size big band (only two trumpets and one trombone)," as John S. Wilson referred to it in his review of *The Fred Wacker Big Band Swings Cool* (*DB*, March 10), may I correct his impression? We used five brass: three trumpets (all doubling on fluegelhorn), bass trumpet, and bass trombone, plus four reeds doubling flute and a rhythm section—12 men in all.

We agree with Wilson that there was compromise in attempting to do well-known tunes with good melodic content, but there was no compromise in the attempt to make the arrangements excellent from the jazz point of view.

Fred G. Wacker Jr.
Chicago

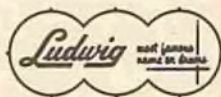


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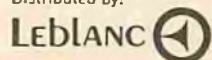
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news and views

DOWN BEAT: May 5, 1966

State Dept. Sets Hines For Russian Tour

Pianist Earl Hines will tour the Soviet Union for six weeks this summer as part of the cultural exchange program sponsored by the U.S. State Department.

Hines was touring England when the Russian trip was announced. "The nearest I've been to Russia is Finland, where they enjoyed and understood everything we did, but in this profession, we all speak the same language," Hines told *Down Beat*. "So really, after all this time away from home, it's just another country."

In New York, saxophonist-arranger Budd Johnson, a longtime associate of Hines, is

Hines' current European tour, his second within six months, has been "a kind of evangelical thing as far as I'm concerned," he said. The pianist welcomed the chance of playing to audiences outside the United States, because, he said, he wants jazz to be viewed in the correct perspective.

"I want to prove to the youngsters of this era that jazz isn't as bad as it's painted, both from the musical and social point of view," the 60-year-old pianist said.

Composition Contest At Czech Jazz Festival

Jazz in East Europe has made surprisingly fast artistic gains in recent years, a fact of political as well as musical interest. The best of this musical ferment is heard each fall at the International Jazz Festival in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

The festival's third running—scheduled for four or five days in October—bids fair to be among the most truly international so far, as well as the most nearly unique. The unusualness derives from the festival planning board's recent announcement of an international jazz composition competition at this year's festival.

The competition, which is open to composers of all nationalities and countries, will award three cash prizes—\$1,400, \$1,120, and \$840—for the big-band scores judged first, second, and third in achievement at the festival. Compositions submitted must be composed specifically for the competition and cannot have been played publicly before the festival, where they will be performed by either the Gustav Brom or Karel Krautgartner orchestra.

"The composition," competition rules state, "should consist of a written score in jazz idiom for medium or big band not larger than five saxophones, four trumpets, four trombones, piano, guitar, bass, and drums. The score may also introduce an additional solo instrument or instruments, according to the composer's choice. The duration of the composition may not exceed 10 minutes."

From scores submitted to the festival, a jury nominated by the Union of Czecho-

slovakian Composers will select the compositions to be performed at a festival concert. An international jury will select the three winners on the basis of this concert performance of the works.

Additional information may be obtained from the Union of Czechoslovakian Composers, Prague 1, Valdstejnske nam 1. Scores must be submitted by June 16.

The Split Week Returns

In Chicago the return of the split week is being marked by the Spring Festival of Jazz at Mother Blues, normally a folk house. Under the direction of producer Joe Segal, two acts a week have been booked into the club during the month-long festival.

Altoist Jackie McLean initiated the series April 18-21 and was followed by the Elvin Jones Quartet, currently onstand till April 23. The Three Sounds and tenorist Eddie Harris' quartet are scheduled April 24-27. Pianist Junior Mance's trio, with altoist Bunky Green added, play April 28-30, followed by bagpiper Rufus Harley, May 1-4. Then it's the Roland Kirk Quartet, May 5-7; altoist Lou Donaldson's quartet, May 8-11; and the Illinois Jacquet-Milt Buckner Trio, May 12-14.

The series is to conclude May 15 with a memorial concert dedicated to tenor saxophonist Wardell Gray.

Final Bar

Russell Smith, 76, one of three trumpet-playing Smith brothers who contributed greatly to the burgeoning jazz scene in its early years, died March 27 in Los Angeles.

Born in Ripley, Ohio, as were his brothers Luke and Joe, Russell Smith moved to New York City early in the 1900s, where he soon became first trumpet with the orchestra of James Reese Europe. In subsequent years, he held that position in the bands of Fletcher Henderson, Cab Calloway, and Noble Sissle, among others.

"His is a name," eulogized cornetist Rex Stewart, a longtime friend, "that probably will not be included in the roster of jazz heroes, although countless contemporaries recall with affection his artistry and his unselfish guidance, especially with the younger fellows."

"Due to man's predilection to observe only the obvious, Russell's name will doubtless be omitted from the chronicles of jazz, but Smith's talent as a human



HUGGERO STIASI

Hines: Thankfully winter has passed

organizing a six-sideman band for the tour. A female vocalist will also be featured.

According to Charles Ellison, director of the exchange program, Hines is scheduled to begin the tour in early July. "All preliminary agreements have been made," Ellison told *Down Beat*. "We are most happy with Mr. Hines, and apparently the Soviets are too."

"We are hoping that we can do something special in terms of official recognition before the group leaves, such as a pre-tour concert, perhaps in New York." The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, which recently toured the Soviet Union, received a gala send-off at Carnegie Hall, with Arthur Goldberg, the chief U.S. delegate to the United Nations, as host, and other dignitaries in attendance.

Hines said that he was happy to be doing his part to improve U.S.-Soviet relations. He said he is looking forward to the tour, adding jocularly, "It came at the best time weatherwise. If it had been in winter, I'd have been just a little bit scared."

Really Caught In The Act

When FBI agents picked up saxophonist Daniel Raymond Fravel for desertion from the Army, they found him blowing in a Birmingham, Ala., club with a rock-and-roll group known as the Fugitives.

being transcended his musical ability. It can be said that his claim to fame rests on his giving so much of himself to so many that, to thousands, he was known affectionately as Pop Smith.

"Personally, the only ray of consolation that emerges from the loss of my friend is the knowledge that Russell Smith left a legacy of love, and a philosophy of life that he expressed in the words 'everything is beautiful.' At the close of a life of a wonderful human being, we say, 'Yes, Russell Smith, everything is beautiful, and you helped make it so.'"

New Band For Charles

Ray Charles is back in the big-band saddle again. After an absence from the road of more than six months, part of it in a Los Angeles hospital, he took off March 22 with a newly organized orchestra.

Bassist Edgar Willis remains as band director, but the personnel involves a number of changes. Lead trumpeter is Steve Huffsteter, formerly with Stan Kenton. In the section with him are Marshall Hunt, Herb Anderson, and Ike Williams.

A surprise in the trombone section is the inclusion of Henry Coker, the Count Basic veteran. Other trombonists are Keg Johnson, Fred Morrell, and Sam Hurt. The saxophonists are Preston Lobe and Curtis Pegler, altos; Clifford Scott and Curtis Amy, tenors (the latter gave up his own combo to join Charles); and Leroy Cooper, baritone.

In the rhythm section with pianist Charles are Bobby Womack, guitar; Lionel (Billy) Moore, drums; and Willis.

The Rascals also have undergone a re-vamping. Retained are Gwen Barry and Lillian Fort; the vocal quartet is completed by newcomers Clydie King and Merry Parker.

The Busy Mr. Jones

Nine years ago Quincy Jones assembled an all-star band in Hollywood to record an LP, *Go West, Man*. He now is following his own advice by making southern California his base of operations.

The operations currently are almost too numerous to list in full. On returning to Hollywood after conducting the Count Basie Band for Frank Sinatra in Miami, Jones went to work scoring a picture, *Walk, Don't Run*. He also is collaborating with Peggy Lee, who is writing lyrics for the picture.

His next project will be a television special devoted to Richard Rodgers' music, starring Tony Bennett, Nancy Wilson, and the Supremes. Then comes another film score, *Tobruk*. In the fall Jones' background music will be part of a weekly TV series for which the pilot was recently sold. Titled *Hey, Landlord*, it will be seen Sundays on NBC.

In addition, Jones will remain at least nominally as vice president of Mercury records and will continue to record for the label.



'All you can do is what he tried to: blow it out your soul and hear it float back.'

—From *Without Memorial Banners*, Act II

An Opera For The Bird

CAUGHT IN THE ACT:

Without Memorial Banners

Atkins Auditorium, Kansas City, Mo.

I am not enthusiastic about musical marriages such as one of jazz and opera, so I had my doubts about what I would hear at the performance of *Without Memorial Banners*, described in the program as "a new American opera in the jazz idiom dedicated to Charlie (Bird) Parker." What I heard, however, was surprisingly rewarding.

It shouldn't have come as such a surprise, if only for two reasons—the libretto was written by Dan Jaffe, a pupil of poet John Ciardi, and the music was composed by Herb Six, a veteran of various Kansas City bands who is currently an assistant professor at the Kansas City Conservatory of Music, co-sponsor, with the University of Missouri at Kansas City, of the work. Both Jaffe and Six have considerable talent and a deep love for, and appreciation of, jazz. And, in this case, both combined their talents to the benefit of each other and the audience.

The opera is set in a cemetery in which a famous jazzman is buried, and, though not identified in the lines, the inscription on the headstone and a vague reference to "that bird" makes it clear that the deceased is Parker.

The scenes of the opera show the responses of six sets of characters (who find themselves, by chance or design, in this community of the dead) to two Negro gravediggers, who attempt to express the special knowledge of inevitability that they, as spokesmen for the dead, possess.

Accompanying and underlining the action onstage was Six' score, performed by a 16-piece orchestra divided into two sections, one of symphonic nature, the other a jazz sextet, both united by a common rhythm section. The dominant voices were the strings and the saxophones.

The strings often were utilized to support the singers (in usual opera accompaniment) while the reeds played a jazz figure in the background. And when the saxophones (with trumpet, trombone, and

clarinet) were out in front, the strings could usually be found quietly supplementing and enhancing the melodic line (but never interfering with the jazz flavor of a theme). It was a perfect example of one hand helping the other.

An overture that suggested Thelonious Monk made it evident from the start that the opera was going to be more than merely a hesitant exploration of unfamiliar territory. Alto saxophonist Robert Ousley contributed a fine solo—Bird-like in tone if not in style—that established a mood that was to linger throughout the opera, occasionally reinforced by additional alto comments, written and improvised.

Of the singers, bass-baritone Andrew Frierson of the New York Opera Company, and tenor Rod Timmons—who portrayed the gravediggers—were the most impressive, each receiving a curtain call from the full house that had turned out to attend the premiere. (In a second performance the following day, SRO crowds jammed the auditorium, while others had to be turned away.)

In the final scene, a new combo made its way onstage to portray a group of jazzmen who had come to pay musical homage to their dead hero. Though analogous to an old-time New Orleans funeral procession, the musical idiom was bebop. Five Dizzy Gillespie-like trumpet choruses by Ray Rabon and a well-constructed tenor saxophone solo by Frank Patterson excited even those few in the audience who had, up until then, been models of restraint and detachment.

In fact, everyone seemed enthusiastic about the production—from matrons who had never heard of Charlie Parker ("He played jazz, dear") to hipsters who ordinarily would not be caught dead at an opera. It was a success from every standpoint, and it came off without a major hitch.

Musically rewarding, deeply philosophical, contemporary while employing traditional elements (sometimes satirically), *Without Memorial Banners* is art in the true sense of the word.

—Richard Chesmore



SECOND
CHORUS:
By NAT
HENTOFF

Open Door To The Future— Jazz On Campus

In a New York *Times* article, Eric Bentley was pointing out that by the 1960s, "although Bertolt Brecht remained a cipher for TV, for Hollywood and one could even say for Broadway, his name was a byword everywhere else: Off Broadway in New York, in the community and resident theaters all over the country, above all in that 'university world,' which now, whether you like it or not, dominates American culture."

It's simplistic to say that the "university world" dominates American culture, but it's certainly true that the rapidly growing number of college students—as audiences on campus and as participants in a wide range of artistic expression and experimentation—have become a major force in the culture.

Why can't this force be applied to give work and opportunities for communication to the current jazz explorers who have hardly any clubs in which to play and whose concert opportunities are few and highly intermittent?

There are beginnings in this direction, such as the Stanford Jazz Year, to cite the most notable advance in college support of and learning from jazz. Occasional concert opportunities exist at other schools, but, by and large, the potential of the nation's colleges as a means of encouraging the new jazz hasn't really begun to be realized.

Since jazzmen so far have not revealed much ability as organizers of their financial destinies and since the conventional booking offices are of as much use to the new jazzmen as the federally subsidized National Arts Endowment, the impetus in this direction must come from college students themselves.

In many colleges, committees of students decide how to allocate funds set apart by the administration for concerts, symposiums, and the like. It seems to me that those students attuned to the new jazz could try to amass as many fellow believers as they can to persuade these committees to invite jazz groups. They might also work to get themselves elected to those committees. And I mean musicians should be invited, not critics. We do well enough economically, and today's jazzmen speak very well for themselves.

Also, following the lead of student-stimulated changes at the University of California at Berkeley, it's inevitable that on more and more campuses, the students are going to have more of a say about curricula and other elements of their education.


Accordingly, since we already have string quartets in residence at a number of colleges, it should be possible—with planning and gathering of support—to convince at least some schools to consider having jazz units or jazz composers in residence. There are many college stage bands, some with the desire for considerable experimentation but not always with the compositional resources to fulfill that desire. For them, a jazz composer in residence would make excellent sense.

Furthermore, we have a rising number of intercollegiate jazz festivals in which college musicians can be heard. Why not expand this kind of co-operative activity to support regional, intercollegiate jazz conferences at which Albert Ayler and Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp, among many others, could play, advise, and generally engage in dialog, musical and verbal, with students?

There's another dimension of potential college involvement in jazz. Increasingly, campus-based television stations are going to be impelled by the students to go beyond conventional "educational" television. They will have to become more involved with lives and with sounds outside the classroom. Why, then, ought not there be college-produced series of programs with the new jazzmen, either for the particular campus at which the taping or filming is done, or for wider dispersion through an informal network of college stations?

In addition, there is an important and growing development of film-making on campuses. Certainly jazzmen can be valuably utilized for this new wave of college cinema—as writers and players of scores, as on-camera participants for particular stories.

I've touched on only a few of the possibilities, but the point is that college students—because of their numbers today and their collective resources—have an unprecedented opportunity to become a major source of support for the new jazz. They are already performing this function, to a large extent, for chamber music. Members of the young Guarneri String Quartet recently told me that the college student has become the successor of the nobility and then the bourgeoisie as a primary economic base for string quartets.

In return, of course, the college students involved will not only receive musical experiences of provocative force and depth, but they also will learn a great deal more from the players themselves about what's happening in the United States today than they can receive from only books and professors. We may yet see Cecil Taylor as Visiting Professor of Where It's At. 

Potpourri

In New York, the center of the contemporary art world, "happenings" usually take place in the galleries and lofts about which that world revolves, but in the provinces such things often take on a slightly different cast. In Chicago, for example, a group of avant-garders participated in a three-day "happening" that was certainly pastoral if nothing else. Altoist **Joseph Jarman**, bassist **Charles Clark**, and drummer **Thurman Barker** were the chief musical performers in *Encounter*, a happening that took place on a farm in Homewood, Ill., on the weekend of March 24-26 and which involved, in the words of one of the participants, "playing, discussing the music informally, hikes through the woods, nature, and even some spontaneous painting—you know, you draw one line, and I add another, that sort of thing." About 50 persons took part—and an avant-garde time was had by all.

Dept. of Unlikely Associations: **The Byrds**, sometimes called fathers of folk-rock, have a new single titled *Eight Miles High* that, according to Columbia records, combines their music with Indian raga and that of **Johann Sebastian Bach** and **John Coltrane**. The result is called raga-rock. And another third stream finds its course.

Only **Hugh Hefner** could have imagined it: the 21-piece **Chicago Jazz Ensemble**, conducted by **William Russo** and featuring such Chicago luminaries as bass trumpeter **Cy Touff** and tenor saxophonist **Sandy Mosse**, will be combined with the **Warren Kime Singers**, the **Jewell McLaurin Dance Company**, and a rock-and-roll group known as the **New Colony Six** for two concert extravaganzas (3 and 8 p.m.) at Chicago's *Playboy* Theater on April 24.

Following, and as the result of, a recent wave of sensationalist articles in the West German popular press about the "death of jazz" in that country, the German Jazz Federation felt impelled to counter with a statement that indicated: 1. more jazz concerts are being held there than ever before; 2. more German musicians are earning a livelihood through jazz now than in years past; and 3. more U.S. jazzmen are living and working in Germany than ever before—all of which demonstrates that the reported death of jazz in Germany had been greatly exaggerated.

Jazz was the point of focus at last month's Student Awareness Week at Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania. **Martin Williams** began the week with a lecture titled *A Listener's Introduction to Jazz*. The next day the Rev. **John Gensel** discussed the use of jazz in worship, and pianist **Billy Taylor's** trio participated in a workshop and gave a concert. Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** closed the proceedings the following evening with a well-attended concert.

Report: Collegiate Jazz Festival, 1966

By DON DeMICHEAL

THE QUALITY of the best college jazz groups is high. That was made evident once again at the eighth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, held March 25-26 in the acoustical nightmare known as the Notre Dame Fieldhouse on the campus of that Indiana Roman Catholic seat of higher learning.

The amateurish small groups are about gone, and so are the pretentious and bombastic big bands cast in the likeness of Stan Kenton at his most postured. Not completely gone, however; there are still big-band directors who evidently believe that labored composition is what jazz is all about, while a few soloists just as obviously are convinced the music is meant for open-field chord- and scale-running. But the misled are very much in the minority—at least at the Collegiate Jazz Festival, the first and still foremost of the collegiate competitions.

From 10 big bands and nine combos fielded at CJF this year, three large and four small groups were chosen for the finals by judges Quincy Jones, Billy Taylor, the Rev. George Wiskirchen, Charles Suber, and this writer. The finalist big bands were the University of Indiana Jazz Band II led by Tom Wirtel, the University of Illinois Jazz Band conducted by John Garvey, and the Criterions of West Chester (Pa.) State College directed by Jim Sullivan. The small bands were trumpeter Ed Sheftel's quartet from Northwestern University, the West Chester State Jazz Quintet led by trumpeter Jeff Stout, the University of Illinois Jazz Quintet, and trombonist Larry Dwyer's Notre Dame Jazz Sextet.

Sheftel's quartet won among combos, but the West Chester quintet ran it a close race (the judges split 3-2).

The Sheftel group played only one composition—*It Was a Very Good Year*—at both the semifinals and the finals, and the group brought it off with artistry. The performance began hauntingly with pianist Paul Libman playing an ostinato, above which trumpeter Sheftel stated the melody with great feeling. The second section was given over to up-tempo blowing, with good solos by Sheftel and Libman and firm support by bassist Dennis Gardino and drummer Julie Coronado. Then it was free-form time, with all members adding thoughtfully to the whole, before a recapitulation of the opening section. The artfulness of the group was evident in the skillful transition from one approach to another and in the way each section was sustained. In addition to the combo award, Sheftel also was chosen the best trumpeter in the competition.

The West Chester group was thoroughly professional, and the members displayed affinity for the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet by using the same instrumentation and sunshine approach of their

elders. Trumpeter-fluegelhornist Stout and valve trombonist Jim Levendis displayed exceptional musicianship by improvising in accepted styles but without blatant imitation or clichés. The group's best performance was *Oleo*, in which the horns played alternately a cappella and with backing from the driving rhythm section of pianist Jim Sullivan, bassist Frank Zuback, and the superb drummer Gary Gauger. (Zuback and Gauger were named best bassist and drummer at the festival and Stout most-promising trumpeter.)

The Illinois quintet was a free-form group made up of trumpet (Ernie Bastin), trombone (Morgan Powell), two basses (Ed Marzuki and Al Goldman), and drums (Chuck Braugham, who won a special-merit award). The quintet's finals program consisted of *Bittersweet*, *Knocking* (with humorous percussion work), and *Lonely Woman*—all connected by direct

Thrill Is Gone, featuring tenor saxophonist Tom Meyer, and a good reading of a fragmented original (composer unannounced) titled *Integration*.

Ironically, the Indiana band—which is the school's No. 2 jazz band (the top band was at the time on a U.S. State Department tour as a result of its CJF victory last year)—almost wasn't selected for the finals. The judges were about equally impressed by it and the University of Iowa Jazz Lab Ensemble (mainly because of the virile alto solos of the latter's Dave Sanborn, who won as outstanding reed player, and the excellent arrangements by Iowans Dave Oehler and Paul Smoker, both of whom won awards for their work—Oehler also won as best pianist). But being named among the finalists must have acted as an elixir, for when the Hoosiers hit at the wind-up concert, they were like different men—everything fell beautifully



University of Indiana Jazz Band II



Ed Sheftel

segues. The group's performance, however, did not hold together as well as its one at the semifinals.

The Notre Dame sextet had a lot of spirit, particularly in its altoist, Bill Hurd (who won the most-promising reed player award), but the spirit was often more willing than was the flesh. The group's greatest problems were bad intonation, lack of blend on arrangements that required close attention to this detail, and rhythm. The combo's leader-trombonist Dwyer and guitarist, Paul Leavis, however, won the festival's first-place prizes in their instrument categories.

Both the Illinois and West Chester big bands had excellent arrangements and good lead men; the soloists in each organization were among the best in the festival's big-band division (Illinois' Harold Smith was selected for a special-merit citation for his exciting *E♭* soprano clarinet work); and West Chester had an outstanding rhythm team—drummer Gauger and bassist Zuback. Yet it was the Indiana band that won first place—hands down. The difference was in the amount of spirit.

The IU band brought off a stunning performance that ranged from a relaxed blues in the Basie-Herman style to a wild and humorous version of Charlie Mingus' *H.B.S.*, replete with plungers, hollers, and sure-footed stomping. In between were a Ralph Burns-like arrangement of *The*

in place, and neither of the other bands, as good as they were, approached the inspired level of Indiana, much of the inspiration stemming from the enthusiasm of director Wirtel.

Other big bands competing at the festival were the Ouachita Baptist University Lab Band of Arkadelphia, Ark.; the Roosevelt University Jazz Lab Band from Chicago; Notre Dame's Lettermen; the Los Altos, Calif., Foothill College Stage Band (the group's Chris Poehler was named the festival's most-promising bassist, and its French horn soloist, Roger Wallace, was among those who won special-merit awards); the Case Institute Stage Band of Cleveland, Ohio; and the Techtonians from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge.

Nonfinalist combos included the Kansas University Jazz Quintet; the Roosevelt U. Jazz Quintet (Charles Handy, who doubled trumpet and musette, was given a special-merit award for his work on the latter); the Bruce Cameron Quintet of Bucknell University (the group performed the festival's best original composition, *Mellifluity*, written by its tenor saxophonist, Gordon Fels, and pianist, Steve Robbins); Penn State University's Jazz Spokesmen; and the John Gilmore Trio of Indiana University.

Prizes included instruments, scholarships, and subscriptions to *Down Beat*.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Composer-trumpeter Cal Massey, after several years of retirement due to illness, is organizing a jazz benefit concert for the Catholic Youth Organization, to be held April 24 at St. Gregory's School, in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. Scheduled performers include saxophonist John Coltrane and his group, pianists McCoy Tyner and Cedar Walton and their trios, multireed man Roland Kirk and his quartet, a group led by drummer Elvin Jones, and an ensemble directed by Massey and including trumpeter Charles Tolliver, bassist John Ore, and drummer Philly Joe Jones, which will introduce several new compositions by Massey. Performances begin at 3 and 7 p.m. . . . A benefit to raise funds for a New York Synanon House will be held at the Village Gate April 26. Among those scheduled to appear are groups led by drummer Max Roach, Roland Kirk, clarinetist-tenor saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre, trumpeter Roy Eldridge, and guitarist Atila Zoller . . . A touring exhibit of jazz photographs and paintings by Burt Goldblatt, sponsored by the U.S. State Department, will be shown in Paris; Brussels, Belgium; Stockholm, Sweden; and Berlin and Frankfurt am Main, Germany, during May . . . The Woody Herman Band was the first big band to perform at the Playboy Club here, playing a week in March. The Herd previously had played at the Hollywood bunny hutch . . . Trumpeter Jonah Jones and his quartet (Andre Persiani, piano; John Brown, bass; and Danny Farrar, drums) began a seven-week engagement at the Rainbow Grill March 28 . . . Trumpeter Miles Davis did two weekends at the Village Vanguard in March and April. Tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins' quartet held forth on weekdays . . . Clarinetist Benny Goodman sat in with the jazz amateurs at a recent Jazz at Noon session at Chuck's Composite . . . A new club, the Nightspot, opened in Brooklyn with a weekends-only jazz policy. Opening night featured groups led by drummer Philly Joe Jones, pianist Randy Weston, and tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan. . . . New York's first full-time jazz station, WLIB-FM, received more than 1,000 complimentary letters from listeners during its first month of operation. Billy Taylor and Del Shields are the disc jockeys . . . The fourth in the "Jazz Spotlight" series sponsored by trombonist Benny Powell at the Club Ruby in Queens was a Count Basie reunion featuring cornetist Thad Jones and saxophonists Frank Foster and Frank Wess. Singer Joe Carroll also appeared . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet's April 27 benefit concert for the Manhattan School of Music's scholarship fund at Carnegie Hall will include performances by the quartet with a woodwind ensemble and a string quartet. Five new works by pianist John Lewis will be premiered . . . A narrated jazz mass on the crucifixion of Christ, co-composed by Floridians Charles Austin and singer Tally Brown, was performed at St. Clements Episcopal Church in March

. . . Pianist-composer John Eaton's new Microtonal Ensemble, featuring clarinetist Bill Smith, was heard in concert at Columbia University March 22 . . . Alto saxophonist Ed Curran, pianist-vibraharpist Dave Horowitz, tenor saxophonist Richie Gredo, bassist Bob Molay, and drummer Bob Pozar illustrated the evolution of jazz from Charlie Parker to now at a Midwood High School concert . . . Trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen has joined the house band at Jimmy Ryan's . . . Pianist Howard Reynolds does a single at the Surf Maid in Greenwich Village . . . The band for singer Ella Fitzgerald's engagement at the Hotel Americana's Royal Box was conducted by Jimmy Jones and included trumpeter Emmett Berry and tenor saxophonist Seldon Powell. Miss Fitzgerald was honored as an international ambassador of good will at a private luncheon at the United Nations, sponsored by jazz-minded delegates . . . Tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley's quartet is in its sixth month as the Sunday afternoon and Monday night attraction at Count Basie's Lounge . . . Pianist Horace Silver's quintet and the Clara Ward Singers were seen on CBS-TV's *Dial M for Music* in April . . . Alto saxophonist Phil Woods and trumpeter Howard McGhee joined in a salute to Charlie Parker at the Fairfield, Conn., Motor Inn in March, where alto saxophonist Gene Hull's 16-piece band and the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet also have been heard recently . . . Drummer Don Michael's quartet, with vibraharpist Warren Chisasson, is at Carlton Terrace in Forest Hills . . . Tenor saxophonist Frank Smith's New Music Group, including bassist Teddy Wald, gave concerts in March at New York University and for the Newark Jazz Art Music Society . . . Trumpeter Roy Eldridge began a scheduled two-month stay at Embers West March 28, alternating with vibraharpist Hurry Shephard . . . *Pousse Cafe*, with music by Duke Ellington, closed at the 46th St. Theater after three performances. New York Times critic Stanley Kauffmann called it a "total disaster," an opinion in which all other New York newspaper critics concurred.

LOS ANGELES: "I'm sick of studio work—I want to play when I feel like it," said vibist Terry Gibbs on opening a music store in Canoga Park in partnership with Mel Zelnick, a drummer formerly with the groups of Benny Goodman, Lennie Tristano, and Boyd Raeburn. "I've got to have something going for me. If this goes well, then I'll just play when I feel like playing." The new music store will handle instruments—no records . . . Sickness forced singer Billy Eckstine to cancel his engagement at the Tudor Room in Norwalk. Filling in was the group originally booked for the weekend preceding Eckstine's engagement: the Frank Sinatra Jr.-Sam Donahue package . . . Vibist Bobby Hutcherson has joined pianist John Houston and tenor saxophonist Harold Land at La Duce in Inglewood. Singer David Bryant is featured with the quintet (others are Buddy Woodson, bass, and Chuck Carter, drums) . . . A recent Hollywood Palladium gig com-

bined Gerald Wilson's band, the Ramsey Lewis Trio, and the Gene Russell Trio (Vance Matlock, bass, and Paul Humphrey, drums) . . . Another one-nighter just passed saw Terry Gibbs fronting a 17-piece band, along with Ketty Lester, at Long Beach Auditorium . . . A May 9 one-nighter at Melodyland, in Anaheim, will feature the Duke Ellington Band, the Cal Tjader Quintet, and the Eddie Cano Quartet . . . Kellie Greene, one of the top female jazz pianists around, moved her trio from the Playboy Club in Hollywood to the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev. . . . The Henry Cain Trio replaced altoist Sonny Criss' quartet at Marty's on Tuesdays. The other six nights are still being held down by trumpeter Bobby Bryant.

CHICAGO: On April 24 the Jazz Workshop of Northwestern University will perform a jazz mass composed by the band's Ted Ashford at the Presbyterian Chapel of Lake Forest College in suburban Lake Forest. William Russo is to be the Workshop's guest conductor at its May 26 spring concert in Cahn Auditorium on Northwestern's Evanston campus . . . Pianist Art Hodes was featured March 30 in a half-hour telecast over WTTW, Chicago's educational station. The program, *Plain Old Blues*, consisted of Hodes' commentary and solo playing. Hodes and bassist Rail Wilson also provided music for a production of *A Thurbur Carnival* in suburban Park Forest April 15-17 . . . Monday night sessions at Mother Blues on N. Wells St. got under way March 28. Altoist Bunky Green headed the performers on the first night. The sessions are produced by Joe Segal . . . Blues man Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins was a recent visitor to Chicago, under the aegis of bassist-entrepreneur Willie Dixon. The singer-guitarist played engagements at Sylvio's and at Western Hall while here . . . Reed man Kenny Soderblom has established a 17-piece rehearsal orchestra made up of some of Chicago's top studio men. The band, with a bank of strings added, backed Nancy Wilson at her March concert at McCormick Place . . . Saxophonist Prince James has been working weekends at the Embassy Lounge . . . Ray Charles and his band were to give concerts at McCormick Place April 16-17.

SAN FRANCISCO: Carl Burnett of Los Angeles replaced drummer John Rae with the Cal Tjader Quintet. Rae departed to join pianist Joe Kloess' trio in Aspen, Colo. . . . Nearly 350 persons turned out for the latest of the John Coppola Tentet's bimonthly Sunday concerts at the Holiday Inn in Oakland. Tenorist Zoot Sims was the guest star; veteran bassist Vernon Alley sat in for one tune; and the trumpet section included Walter Battagello, of Montreal, Quebec. Battagello, who doubles on valve trombone and formerly played with the Maynard Ferguson and Louie Bellson orchestras, moved here several months ago . . . The second annual Berkeley Blues Festival, produced by Chris Strachwitz and sponsored by the Associated Students

(Continued on page 41)



A Review Of Two Significant Recent Programs, By Leonard Feather

THINGS ARE WHAT they used to be in television jazz. The pluses and minuses have remained about the same. Which is to say that since *DB's* last TV report a year ago, jazz mostly has found its way onto the small screen (and into the small monaural speaker that regrettably comes with it) more by accident than design, more parenthetically than prominently, with one exception—the night-time situation, which, if anything, has deteriorated.

At night, *The Regis Philbin Show*, which gave Terry Gibbs' specially assembled combo syndicated exposure for several months, is long gone. So is Les Crane, who took men like Urbie Green to Los Angeles with him for the show to help Elliott Lawrence's band launch itself on a high musical level and then filled out most of the personnel with top Local 47 men. Moderator Crane was off the air before he had a chance to grow accustomed to the smog.

Skitch Henderson continues to provide the one beacon during the late hours, but the opening 15-minute segment of the *Tonight* show, the only one in which his band usually has a chance to display itself, has been lopped off the show in most big cities.

Two special one-shot programs recently made intelligent use of music on a semidocumentary level. They were *Anatomy of Pop—The Music Explosion*, on ABC-TV, and *The Strollin' '20s*, on CBS-TV, seen within a few days of one another in mid-February.

The Anatomy of Pop was based on an over-all theme: popular music of one sort or another is all around us, forms a continuous thread in our lives, and involves complex economic ramifications.

In the course of one hour a great deal of music was heard—admittedly in small doses, but always enough to illustrate the point being made. A substantial quantity of talk was also introduced, as artists and businessmen spoke about the trends and fads that govern listening habits.

It was a sprawling show that attempted to be comprehensive in dealing with a subject matter that could well take up a 13-week series without nearing completion. Despite this problem

of compression, it did extraordinarily well, providing an hour that was entertaining, informative, and often musically interesting.

Though the continuity seemed to ramble a little at times, the program was more or less divided into segments dealing with rock-and-roll, jazz, country-and-western, folk, and Broadway-and-Hollywood popular music. The general impression, though, was kaleidoscopic; Tony Bennett appeared two or three times, pianist Billy Taylor was in and out at several points, and Duke Ellington (speaking, not playing) made his short appearance in the final segment rather than the jazz portion.

A fundamental virtue of the show was its acknowledgement, right from the start, of the dual heritage of American popular music. By opening with a rural blues singer from Woodville, Miss., and segueing to Bennett at a microphone, the concept of the blending of African and European origins was immediately and pointedly established. For this we must thank Stephen Fleischman, who wrote and produced the show. The narration was handled in a straightforward, never overdramatic manner by Bob Young.

There was talk of the Motown phenomenon in an interview with Berry Gordy Jr.; a statement by Dave Clark that many white performers now seek the "colored sound," and even a pronouncement on the Big Beat by Richard Rodgers. During those first 15 minutes or so the music ranged from the Supremes to the Temptations to banjoist Earl Scruggs.

The jazz sequences laid a heavy stress on the up-the-river-from-New Orleans theory. There were brief but touching moments with Billie and Dede Pierce (with a recollection by Billie of parental disapproval of ragtime and blues), glimpses and sounds of Punch Miller, George Lewis, and Jim Robinson, and some colorful Bourbon St. scenery. (Fredric Ramsey Jr., the New Orleans jazz expert, served as production consultant.) Billy Taylor discussed the antecedents of jazz, and Danny Barker, now officially working for the New Orleans Jazz Museum, was briefly interviewed.

After salutations to Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Goodman, and Jack Teagarden, pianist Taylor appeared again to play and talk. Within moments, we were in another territory, with talk of another form of indigenous expression developing from a mixed Scottish-Irish-British heritage: here were fiddler, banjoist, mandolin, blue-grass sounds, and the Carter Family.

This segment, too, was a fast-moving panorama, involving a mountain jig, *Grand Ol' Opry*, a chat with Tex Ritter, and Paul Ackerman of *Billboard* telling us about the Japanese mirror-image of country music; then Peter, Paul & Mary at the Newport Folk Festival and a few words from P, P & M's Mary Travers.

The Broadway sequence brought out composer Rodgers again (someone like Anthony Newley might well have been added to represent the new wave of top-grade pop), Bennett again (with momentary glimpses of Phil Woods and other New York sidemen); then, curiously, back to jazz with the Gene Krupa Quartet and a waltz by the Taylor trio, plus the familiar "no-need-for-categories" statement from Ellington. Bennett wound it up with *The Trolley Song*, and the commentator told us that our diversity is our strength. A stronger and more comprehensive ending, both in music and narration, could have brought the show to a more fitting climax.

George T. Simon, who acted as program consultant, is to be congratulated for juggling what must have been a very complex assignment and helping to create a thoroughly engaging hour. If there is one major aspect about which one can carp, it is that a little time should have been devoted to an analysis of the lyrical subject matter of the songs and to a comparison in musical terms of the wide range of idioms heard.

Anatomy of Pop, however, was designed mainly as entertainment and not as a social tract.

Though there was no overt message in *The Strollin' '20s*, this program leaned a little more directly, though without rancor or contentiousness, on a facet of American society in which music played a vital role.

Harry Belafonte, the show's executive producer, appeared briefly as the show

began, in a succinct statement that immediately established the appropriate Zeitgeist, first sketching a few events of the 1920s on the world level, then others in the United States, next in New York City, and finally specifically in Harlem.

After a delightfully costumed and choreographed opener, Sidney Poitier took over as emcee. A long sequence here was in verse, written in the unmistakable style of Langston Hughes, who was very much a part of that scene when the original happenings were happening.

It was because Hughes wrote the script for the show that it succeeded, on the whole, in maintaining a secure balance between fact and nostalgia, between gaiety and regret, without ever

fact, Hughes drew attention to an aspect of Harlem life the mention of which would have been conspicuous by its absence: that Negroes were not admitted as patrons at the Cotton Club.

The poverty that lay behind the gaudy night-club world uptown was also delineated in a beautiful scene with Joe Williams and Gloria Lynne. Perhaps the peak of the entire hour was reached when Williams was shown entering a Harlem flat to greet his wife (played by Miss Lynne) and their children. For a few seconds there was no word exchanged between them. In a single poignant instant one sensed some of the despair of ghetto life, of joblessness. In this and the song that preceded it, *Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning*, as well as the Gospel

wasn't a uniform wonderland of Bessie Smiths.

Miss Carroll came across to better effect when she dueted with Sammy Davis—and, happily, included the all too rarely heard verse—on *Ain't Misbehavin'*. Here again, as throughout the show, the yellow-and-orange motif lent a superb visual tone to the production.

Duke Ellington's contribution was handled in a manner that did little credit to the producers. Though he was shown with a seven-piece band, to anyone with half an ear the music was obviously played by a full-sized orchestra at least as big as his current group. Moreover, instead of Ellington sidemen, the musicians seen miming their parts on camera were studio jazzmen like Joe Wilder, Frank Wess, and Jerome Richardson as well as, coincidentally, an ex-Ellingtonian, Britt Woodman.

The music consisted mainly of *Mood Indigo* and *It Don't Mean a Thing* (both of which, if you want to be technical, postdated the 1920s). Why not *East St. Louis Toddle-O*, *Jubilee Stomp*, *Cotton Club Stomp*, or any of the innumerable others that could have typified the Ellington of the '20s? Also, why identify Ellington with the Savoy Ballroom, where he was rarely seen, rather than with the Cotton Club, which was his chief identification? And why make the Savoy look like a bright, high-roofed glamorous downtown ballroom when in fact it was a cornily decorated, dimly lit, low-ceilinged, one-floor walk-up with no glamour except that of the music and dancing? Dramatic license was extended a little too far in this sequence.

Nevertheless, it was an exciting scene, with a wild finale for which choreographers Donald McKayle and Paula Kelly deserve much of the credit.

If there was one general shortcoming in an otherwise impeccable job of writing, it lay in the lack of clarification of certain aspects, the assumption of too much knowledge on the part of an audience that was presumably too young, with rare exceptions, to have known the Harlem of the '20s.

For example, during the rent-party scene (in which, by the way, far too skimpy use was made of Brownie McGhee) there was a number featuring Nipsey Russell and George Kirby, with the latter doing a recitative comedy vocal. To many it probably seemed like an offensive piece of Uncle Tomfoolery—but not to those who realized that Kirby was representing Bert Williams, one of the giants of the Harlem under examination.

Similarly it should not have been taken for granted that everyone knew
(Continued on page 40)



Serenading pianist Duke Ellington (back to camera) on CBS-TV's *The Strollin' '20s* is Diahann Carroll. Frank Wess and Jerome Richardson are seen in the background.

forgetting that this was intended as an entertaining show about entertainers and that bitterness or racism would serve no purpose.

Hughes scarcely needed to point out that Harlem was and is a slum, one that bred and breeds atrocious social conditions. He must have assumed that most of those who were watching read the newspapers and may even have read a few books or live in Harlem themselves. He contented himself (presumably by agreement with Belafonte, producer Phil Stein, and other executives) with an affectionate look at the positive side of Harlem, the existence of which it would be as unrealistic to deny as to deny there are slumlords and the rats.

This accentuate-the-positive attitude did not fail to take into account the existence of Jim Crow and poverty. In

number with Miss Lynne that followed it, Williams reached a new high point in his career. Both as actor and singer he was magnificent.

Miss Lynne, too, got into the spirit of the period beautifully, especially when, dressed in a perfect period orange gown and accompanied by a cigar-smoking, Willie-the-Lion-like Hank Jones, she poured her soul into *You Been a Good Ol' Wagon, but You Done Broke Down*. This was part of a house-rent party scene that was particularly successful in capturing the flavor of the times.

The hinctier side of Harlem entertainment was fittingly represented by Diahann Carroll, whose *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* was just a trifle too ladylike, too poised—but that was part of Harlem, too; it



GEORGE KLABIN

Roots, Culture & Economics

**An Interview With Avant-Garde
Pianist-Composer Andrew Hill,
By Don Heckman**

IT COMES as a shock to many jazz fans to discover that their favorite players often are subject to fearsome economic difficulties. Success, public recognition, and critical approval are the generally accepted prerogatives of the performers who are "making it," the performers who have left financial worries behind. But the converse—erratic employment, low wages, miserable working conditions—is more often the everyday lot of all but the top performers.

As musicians have gradually begun to speak of these indignities, sometimes in strong language (which is nonetheless the most accurate way to describe the circumstances involved), they have sometimes been vilified by members of the critical community and by the listening audience as well. Yet it is a dialog that—despite its unpleasant aspects—must be continued because of the nature of the times and because of the nature of the artistic temperament.

Andrew Hill—pianist, composer, and soft-spoken advocate of greater economic and social awareness for the jazz musician—was born in 1937 in Haiti. But biographical discussions hold little interest for him. When I visited his New York City apartment (in a building he refers to as a "Haitian ghetto"), he offered few biographical details. Such information, he said, was available on the liners of his recordings. We talked, instead, of economics and philanthropic foundations, of racial awareness, cultural heritage, and nationalism.

"I don't know," he said, "if I think all the jazz lovers are the people who read the literature. So much of their

interest in the music is passive. And all these people aren't just poor or middle class. There are people listening who have money and could make good musical conditions possible for the artist."

It is, according to Hill, an old story: "Everybody says look what's happening to the new musicians. Well, look what's happening to the old musicians. Take the last crop, from the bebop period; I call them masochists because they have the self-destructive thing. Now people are getting through high school and some are going through college, and what they say presents not a race tone but a tone of greater awareness.

"Performers used to wear diamond rings even though they couldn't live well. They were thought to be more pleasant because they represented this stereotype. So artists would wear sharp clothes, and, even though they were real underneath their glitter, people not connected with it would say, 'They're really living.' Like that old folk tale—'I know you people are happy 'cause you're smiling all the time.'"

The important fact, Hill said, is that there are two often-contradictory pressures that dominate the life and work of the jazz player—commercial interests and an artistic esthetic.

"Musicians are really something," he said. "We're called upon to really give of ourselves. But then when you give, that doesn't mean that you become secure financially. People are so naive. They go to a club knowing nothing about the musicians' problems in life from day to day and say, 'Oh, he didn't sound good tonight; I didn't like the way he played.' Things should be set up so that guys performed maybe 10 or 20 times a year. That way it all could evolve; then every time they heard him, they would like the way he played because he would concentrate like Horowitz, who works three to six months for one performance. But jazz musicians are under this labor-and-management aspect of society."

Hill pointed out that unlike the relatively secure situation achieved by most members of the labor force, the jazz musician, if he is to survive, must work six nights a week under the worst conditions, or travel away from home for six months at a time.

"How can anyone play that way?" Hill asked.

The answer is not easy. It is all well and good to say that the concert hall is the answer, or to suggest that music should return to the people or receive government support; but even these visionary ideas require, in a capitalistic society, money to support their basically noncommercial objectives. Hill said he sees some hope in the co-operative groups that are springing up around the country.

"People aren't getting together for money," he explained. "People are getting together for themselves. And I see it happening in different places outside of New York. Non-profit organizations; the Detroit group [the Artists Workshop] is good and this thing in Toronto—the Bohemian Embassy—is good."

But the problem is more complex; co-operative artists' workshops must get support somewhere. Hill pointed out that foundation money, even in the rare instances when it has been channeled into jazz, has been used poorly.

"In classical music," he noted, "the artists are subsidized by different foundations and grants; so why aren't the artists in jazz subsidized the same way? Often they make money off one music, and they give it back to another music. They spend so much to send students to learn jazz. But if a person has the aptitude and the tenacity and wants to learn jazz, he learns anyhow. Why not give an award to musicians coming up and trying to make a living so they can subsidize themselves? Sure, give scholarships to work on computers, work on plastics, or something that

will pay for itself, but give grants to those who are already suffering in self-imposed poverty."

Benefits are another point of contention for Hill. Like many other jazzmen, he is appalled by the irony of the well-attended, often ludicrously pious programs that are given for a deceased performer's survivors, sometimes just a few weeks after he may have been refused work by the clubowner sponsoring the event.

Pragmatist that he is, Hill is finding his own solutions to the economic problem.

"I'm getting a fund," he said. "It's an area that hasn't been explored much. Everybody will be working without a salary—people like lawyers, accountants, etc. We believe there's such a vacuum in the music business that we think we can take jazz culturally into another environment, for the good of the artists themselves, on a nonprofit basis. We're not interested in the money because we will have concerts and certain places where the audience that likes the music can come. We're just interested in seeing that the artist gets paid; it's a whole new area where we hope to re-educate both the musicians and the public."

Hill does not exclude the general listening audience from participation in the fund. "Instead of writing answers to my article," he suggested, "just send a dollar to *Down Beat* so I can survive, and that will be appreciated in the true sense of brotherhood more than some dialog that I have no rapport with."

Hill smiled when he made the request that I specifically include the above comment in this article, but he was not being frivolous. His suggestion emphasizes his belief that the jazz audience has too passively disregarded the problems of the jazz musician. [Editor's note: Instead of sending dollars to *Down Beat*, send them to Hill, 212 W. 102nd St., New York City.]

"People say, 'Well, such-and-such has bad technique,'" he noted. "But they never think about starting a fan club of, say, 100 of them and sending him a dollar apiece. So next time instead of saying, 'Well, such-and-such played bad,' they could send him some money, and he'll be able to practice. He'll have the freedom of mind to experiment."

Like most of his young contemporaries, Hill can find few kind words for those who nominally support the new music at their own profit.

"I just call them white liberals because they act like they're going on a peace march somewhere," he said. "Before they step into the music, they should go to different libraries and read things. They're neophytes, know nothing about the music, and about what has transpired before. They want to stumble, but they want to stumble with human lives and the lives of the artists. Like one new record company ties different people up with them and keeps them from making any money. But they're so naive about a lot of things. What their artistic views are like, which aren't like the views of the subculture they're exploiting, is really a great contradiction. Even though we're not interested in money, we have to live. But they say, 'Well, screw it, your music's out there, it's being heard, and it's beautiful.' If you're a lawyer, you can do this, and it's something you know about, and you can legally get whatever you want to be got. These people—who have the money and want to be connected with creative music—it's time that they became creative themselves."

THE FIRST eight years of Hill's life were spent in Haiti. I asked if he felt this had affected his music. "Almost every type of musician," he replied, "if he's playing any type of music, has to go back into his community again. Then in the community he sees certain contrasts. No matter how you work at it,

even in a system where the music exists in a subculture, the music itself has a foundation, even if it's field cries and blues. That's why I was able to retain my heritage from Haiti. And, of course, it was the only place where drums weren't taken away from the slaves. Maybe that's why I have a little more understanding of the situation than most, why I can say that the problem isn't a racial one.

"This heritage is all derived from the drum. Like in most of your classical periods, classical music is without drums. Everything is more dependent on the melodic and on the harmonic than the rhythmic. And everything operates under the influence of its own heritage. That's why you have so many different subcultures. Everyone is a product of this society no matter how hard they rebel, even when they advocate things they don't want to happen in the system. That's why the CIA need not get worried, because all this stuff isn't really of a subversive nature. It's just that the system is such that when the black man speaks his mind, then it's time to call it racism."

Did Hill believe that the gradual disappearance of ghettos and racial subcultures would affect the music?

"Not necessarily," he answered. "In New York it depends on whatever the Negro style is. The ghettos have already begun to disappear unless you want to live in Harlem. But even if the physical ghettos disappear, there will still be more subtle ghettos. Like for Jews—they have the golden ghettos. It really won't disappear, even though it's getting ready to dissolve, and that's why true nationalism will appear in some form or another."

If the music has changed, Hill is convinced it is because of a changing social environment and a new alertness. And this has all been affected, he noted, "by the things that have gone before and by what players have been able to read; now they want to play instead of just playing in the neighborhood. The social situation exists on the same level with the musical situation. It would be different if I could be removed from the society and didn't see what's going on around me. But since I've been in this country from the age of eight years, I'm a product of the system. In the schools they say you're a product of your environment. So your music is definitely a product of your environment; that's why you feel certain pressures at certain times."

There is a tendency on the part of some observers and listeners to view what is sometimes called the new "militancy" or "aggressiveness" of the younger generation of Negro musicians as a recent development, a unique expression of the current times. Using Charlie Parker as an example, Hill explained why he feels it is otherwise:

"Here's a man who, when he first came out, was fresh, even though the society he was living in was more restricted than it is today. Now the great philanthropists or sociologists say the only way this country can survive is for the Negroes to be taken into the society so you can utilize all the manpower. So when that happens, organizations will let you speak about something that you would have been killed for mentioning 20 years ago. Paul Robeson said something about a certain thing, and they labeled him a Communist and drove him out of the country. Under that kind of influence the only energy Parker could direct outward as an artist was to destroy himself.

"I don't see how the system has changed any. People can express themselves, but this is just one aspect of a time where everything is in the controlling hands of the master plan and everything's becoming more socialized. 'Destroy the ghetto and reorientate things,' they say; but that's not enough. It's time for these people to get tired of their altruistic ideas and look at things the way they are."

What Parker, and by inference, so many other musicians, had to put into their music instead of their words or acts

could not help but affect them, Hill suggested.

"If you put so much into the music," he said, "it's a cause-and-effect thing. There are certain things that are going to come back to you, and you will be frustrated. Parker could see himself playing concerts. He could see himself playing in other circumstances. Why shouldn't he? But when he had to play the way he did in the places he did, he would say, 'Well, what is there for me to practice for?' He was more than an entertainment figure—he was an artist. He knew what he represented to other people, but he couldn't represent this to himself. He couldn't, because the times were such that if he had said one word about being a junkie, he would have been blackballed. But now people like Archie Shepp can speak on almost any matter with a personal touch, the way they see it."

And what they say, according to Hill, may not be much different from what Parker would have said had he been born 20 years later.

Perhaps the best testimony to the intensity with which Hill approaches the problems discussed is the fact that one finds no overt reflection of them in his music. He is not a proselytizing artist. I suspect, in fact, that many of the new players are far less specifically concerned with the exposition of political and social matters in their music than some writers would have us believe. If, as Hill suggests, the influence is cultural and environmental, then the common language of the young players of the '60s is not so much a language of precise demands or of arbitrary angers as it is a language that evolves—as it always does—out of the special qualities of their personal lives in today's world.

Hill's musical antecedents are not hard to find. Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Cecil Taylor, even Art Tatum have all played a role in his artistic development. Yet surprisingly, for one only recently come to the attention of the wider jazz audience, Hill has blended these influences into a highly personal brew. The result is one of the most fascinatingly persuasive playing styles to emerge in many years.

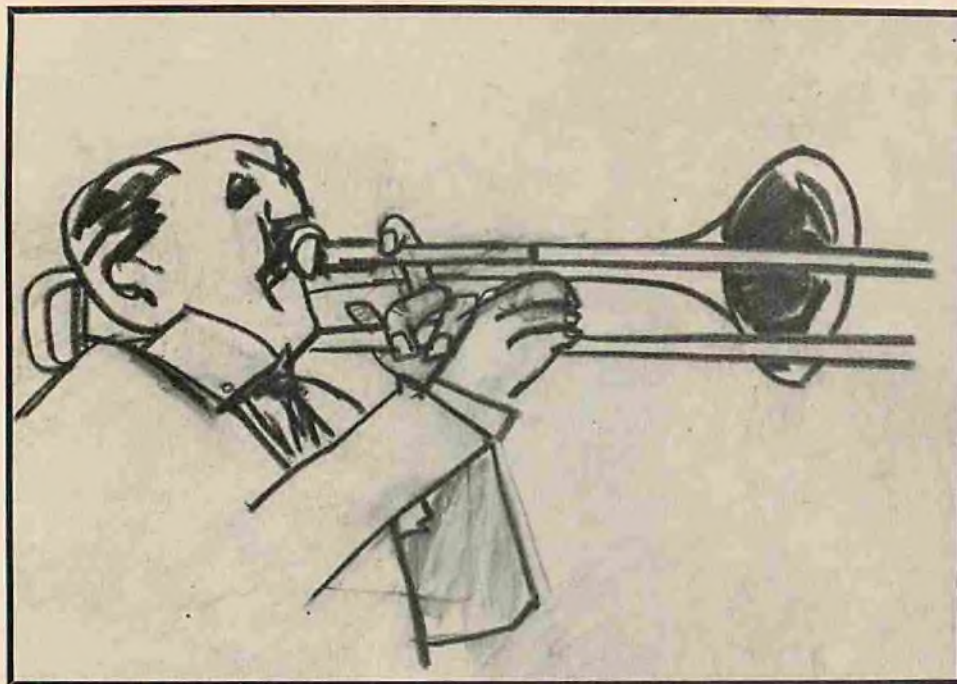
He is, in addition, a developing composer. His music does not reject chord changes; it employs them when the compositional requirements warrant their inclusion. "It doesn't hurt," he said, "to have a guideline, no matter what kind of music you're working in."

Hill has recorded with a wide variety of instrumentations and musical styles. "The way I like to play," he explained, "is to perform each time with a new piece of music or with some kind of different instrumentation."

Viewed from the outside, from the vantage point of those who buy his records or listen to his music on the late-night disc-jockey programs, Hill seems to be on his way—one of the brightest of the new players. But he is faced every day with the continuing problem of walking the fine line between his artistic needs and the commercial exigencies that dominate the U.S. society of the 1960s. Neither his artistic credentials nor his didactic approach to economic problems can be questioned. Unlike many of the players who preceded him, he recognizes the problems and, hopefully, is making unusual attempts to solve them.

"What I really want to do," Hill said as our interview came to a close, "is play music. So why should I have to leave the borders of the United States in order to be an artist? If a place like Lincoln Center can be built for Baroque music then why can't another place be built for people who are a product of this society?" Andrew Hill asked the question knowing full well that the answer lay somewhere in the maze of economic and social problems that had dominated our conversation. Perhaps the new generation of musicians he represents will finally determine that answer for themselves.





DRAWING BY BRUCE BIRME LIN

THE FATHER OF SWING TROMBONE

Memories Of Jimmy Harrison, By Rex Stewart

"MANY ARE CALLED but few are chosen" is an adage that in this instance projects my thoughts perfectly. The instance at hand is James Henry Harrison, who made tremendous contributions to jazz with his trombone, and despite the 36 years since his death, he lives on.

Musicians who were not even born when Jimmy was in his heyday continue the line by playing what he created. From time to time, I hear something either in someone's playing or perhaps a jazz lick in an arrangement that Jim created long ago. But if I were to mention the name of Jimmy Harrison in a group of musicians or jazz fans, most wouldn't know who I was talking about or of his impact.

Skeptics, unaware of the man's influence, may question the plausibility of my statement; I suggest that they listen to the recordings of the great Fletcher Henderson orchestras of the middle '20s, for they eloquently demonstrate the concept, soul, and verve of Jimmy Harrison. (I particularly recommend his solos on *Whiteman Stomp*.)

During his short-lived career, Jim graced the bandstands of not only Henderson, but also Elmer Snowden, Chick Webb, Billy Fowler, and Charlie Johnson. I recall the tug of war that Duke Ellington waged with Snowden over Jimmy's services. Neither won—Johnson finally got him. I also recall well how musicians from all over New York City flocked into Small's Paradise nightly to hear him and to learn the way to swing a trombone.

Jack Teagarden, the trombone volcano from Vernon, Texas, was among the musicians who came to hear. While he owed nothing of his original style to Harrison, he was certainly later influenced by Jimmy's horn. I am not belittling in any way the unparalleled artistry of Jack. Both he and Jimmy were strong individualists, and I get shivers up my spine when I think what a great team they would have made. History, because of Jim Crow, really missed a musical notation of incalculable value, since these giants,

who often jammed together, were never permitted to play in an orchestra together or even record together.

Today, the closest replica to the Harrison sound may be heard in Benny Morton's playing. And at times Vic Dickenson recalls the line. In the past, Sandy Williams swung a real Harrison type of trombone, as have Abe Lincoln, Lou McGarity, and J. C. Higginbotham, among others.

But over and above these musicians in whose styles one can hear traces of Harrison, he has influenced the way jazz trombone is played today. Previously, the trombone was used as an accompanying instrument, mostly employing smears. Jimmy's concept was to swing it as a trumpet, thereby greatly increasing the scope and solo potential of the trombone.

Harrison cut quite a figure when he descended upon New York. That was back in 1923 or '24. I can't be positive about the year, since it was so long ago, but, then, the exact year doesn't matter. However, it is of more than passing importance that

Jimmy arrived when he did, because the jazz scene was ripe for his kind of enrichment.

NEVER SHALL FORGET the first time I laid eyes on him. It happened on a balmy summer afternoon. The corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. was crowded with the usual throng of musicians who customarily hung out there, plus a cross section of night-lifers, vaudevillians, race-horse men, and sports who, as a rule, were never seen on the Turf in broad daylight (the Turf meant the area bounded by the block that extended from Lenox Ave. to Fifth Ave. and also ran south to 133rd St.).

Every head turned as two tall, sharply dressed look-a-likes promenaded into view, immaculate in Harris tweed suits with caps to match. Lips were buzz-buzzing and eyes questioned, "Who are these guys?" None of the younger fellows who were my cronies knew them, but they created so much excitement as they sauntered into the elegant Touraine Restaurant (where all the monied gentry and their ladies dined) that I slunk in behind them even though I was unaccustomed to that exalted atmosphere.

Luckily, I found a spot at the counter, and, over coffee and pie, I proceeded to watch with great curiosity as the various entertainers and musicians paused to chat at the strangers' table. Florence Mills, Dancing Dotson, Johnny Dunn, and Battle Ax (famed drummer of Jim Europe's band) were among the people who greeted the fellows, so I knew they had to be big-timers.

Then, my ears really perked up as James P. Johnson, the famous pianist and composer of *Carolina Shout* and *Keep Off the Grass* (very popular ragtime hits), entered the restaurant, looked around, and rushed up to greet them, exclaiming, "Hi there, Jimmy. Whatcha know, June? Well, I see that you birds finally made the Apple. Where are you staying? Man, wait until these New York cats hear what you

can do on those horns!' Then, turning to the Lion, Willie Smith, said, "Willie, these are the bimbos that I told you I heard out in the Windy City, and you can bet a man that they can get off on them horns and blow a 'Boston' that will swing you into bad health" (a Boston was a real get-off). He continued, "Meet June Clark, trumpet man, and his sidekick, Big Jim Harrison, whose trombone makes the whores moan."

That news spread through town like wildfire, and for the next few nights there were cutting sessions all around Harlem, as the local trombonists tried to cut Jimmy down to size—but to no avail. The Toledo Terror was too much. Jimmy didn't have it all that easy, since there were lots of good trombonists around, ready and willing to test out any stranger's skill.

New York had guys like Jake Frazier, Herb Flemming, Troy Floyd, Jake Green, Teroy Williams, and Charlie Green, who was the king until Jimmy arrived. Then there were the young Turks—Charlie Irviss, Tricky Sam Nanton, and Billy Kato from New Jersey, plus Herb Gregory, a real swinger from Newark, N.J. Besides these fellows, there were also Abe Lincoln and Miff Mole, who played real tough. They all made the scene, coming all the way uptown to learn this new swing style.

Harrison was a genial, tall (about 6-2), well-built man. He had a big chest and long, spindly legs. His moon-shaped face and features were rather broad, and his coloration was a blend of coffee au lait with just enough saffron highlights to remind an onlooker of a Chinese man. As a matter of fact, Harvey Boone, who played saxophone with Henderson while we were at Connie's Inn, used to call Jimmy the Chinese Bandit. But this resemblance was quickly dispelled as soon as he opened his mouth, and you heard that Kentucky drawl.

BORN IN Louisville, Ky., in 1900, Harrison was reared in Detroit, and at an early age displayed considerable talent for music via tissue paper and comb, but he soon lost interest in music, and his after-school activities turned to baseball, which he played all through high school. I was told by saxophonist Milton Senior that Jimmy played such sterling first base that he went on tour with a local semipro team and never returned to finish high school. This was in Toledo, Ohio, to which the Harrison family migrated and opened a restaurant catering to show folks, sporting characters, and other night people. Along with solid home cooking, the Harrisons' specialty was pies, and Jimmy became the official pie-maker, which caused him to become a favorite with the clientele. In later years, he loved to boast about his cooking ability, and he would spend hours talking about recipes.

At the family restaurant, it seems, Jimmy was in charge of all the baking. He also loved to eat his pies, which posed the problem of how not to eat up the profits along with them. He and papa Harrison apparently got into several hassels over what happened to that succulent apple or strawberry pie, and Jimmy, who by that time had taken up trombone, left the restaurant. He packed up his trombone and left town with a carnival. His first job with the show was in front of the olio, a form of minstrelsy. His specialty was imitating Bert Williams.

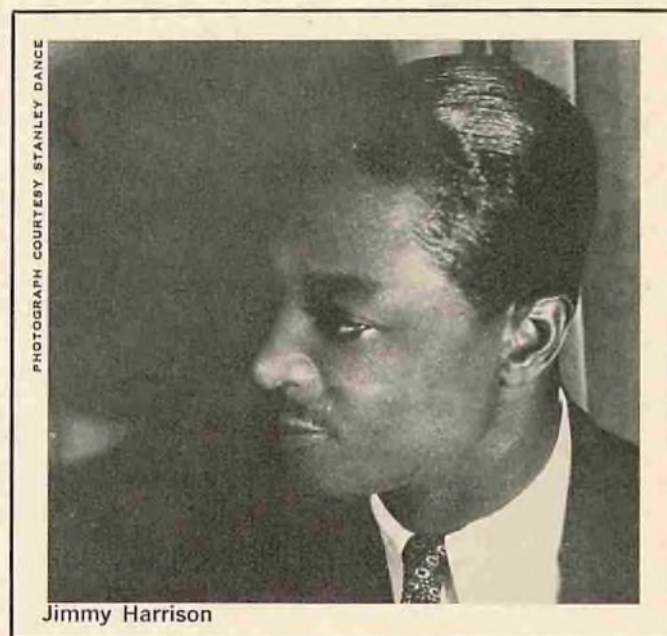
After the carnival, the picture is vague. I've never met anyone who could fill me in on what he did professionally. I do recall his saying that he and June Clark met on the road and took to each other. They were together in many places, including Chicago, for some time. Later, they traveled to New York with either Gonzella White or the Dave and Tressie duo, or perhaps it was Joe Bright's Company (all of whom I'd seen at the Blue Mouse Theater in Washington, D.C., when my mother played piano there).

Arriving in New York, June and Jimmy graced Small's

Sugar Cane on Fifth Ave. for quite some time. They were exempt from the standard procedure of being blown off their gig by some enterprising bunch of fellow musicians, as was the custom in the days before the musicians' union accepted Negro players. (Here I must qualify, to the extent of saying that I may be mistaken and perhaps there were some Negro members of the union, but I cannot remember any, nor do I recall any attempt to gather us into the fold until years later, when I joined Fletcher Henderson.) In any case, the usual method of getting a job then was to descend upon a joint en masse and, one by one, get up on the bandstand and outblow the occupants until you got the crowd with you. The boss never failed to ask you if you wanted to work. When the originally employed musicians saw this happening, they knew that was their last night.

This was the scene all around town. At that time, there were no auditions or tryouts. Every tub had to stand on its own bottom. With the exception of that red-hot team of Jimmy and June.

I saw a lot of action and was learning a lot by sitting in at the Sugar Cane until I left town with my buddy, Happy



Cauldwell, for Asbury Park, N. J., where we became stranded. Luckily, Bobby Brown, who had a band in Newark, rescued us. After a year or so of playing in Newark, Happy and I went up to Harlem to buy some King Oliver records so we could hear Louis Armstrong.

On the corner, we ran into Harrison and were amazed to learn that he and June had split up. Jimmy was now playing at the Balconnades Ballroom with Elmer Snowden, whom I had known and idolized back home in Washington, D.C. Jimmy, while consuming 10 or 12 hot dogs, told me that I could get a job with Snowden, who was looking for a trumpet player. I was reluctant, however, because there would be no spot for Happy. The tenor man with Snowden was Prince Robinson, who was next to Coleman Hawkins at that time.

However, my admiration for Jimmy's playing was great enough to overcome my hesitancy to part with Happy, and I soon joined Snowden at the Balconnades (this place was located around 66th at Broadway and has long since disappeared). In the band were Walter Johnson, drums; Freddie Johnson, piano (no relation to Walter); Bobby Ysagurri, bass horn; Joe Garland, alto and baritone saxophones; Robinson, clarinet and tenor saxophone; and Snowden, soprano saxophone and banjo-mandolin. Jimmy's trombone

and my cornet completed the lineup. I might mention that Pops Snowden had me doubling on soprano saxophone after he found out that I had previously played tenor with the Musical Spillers.

The move to Snowden's band proved to be of great value in later years, both to me and Harrison. Neither of us had been exposed to Dixieland music before, but since the ballroom featured bands such as the Original Memphis Five, the New Orleans Five, etc., we latched onto the idiom to the point that Snowden soon had many Dixieland tunes in his book. We had big ears and learned the tunes, which I never forgot (to the amazement of persons like Eddie Condon and other Dixielanders when I played with them years later).

It was not long after I'd got the nod from Snowden that all kinds of musical vistas opened up to me, sitting next to Daddy Long Legs' splendid trombone. Jimmy had a favorite expression he used all the time I knew him. He'd say, "Man, I'm sure petered tonight." At the time, I assumed this was just a sort of gag that he employed, maybe out of modesty. But after thinking about it a lot, I believe he actually was quite ill even then. (He died in 1931 of stomach cancer.)

Despite Harrison's continual protestations of not feeling well, he never stopped being one of the most creative, swinging musicians the world has ever known, and I am sure that the majority of his fellow musicians who had the good fortune to hear him in his prime will agree.

Personality-plus also was one of his gifts. He was full of fun, easygoing, and I don't recall his ever raising his voice in anger. He was a lot like Teagarden, who never had a bad word to say about anyone either.

This reminds me of a happy memory concerning these two men. When Jack and Jimmy played together in Fletcher's band (unofficially, of course), they both broke up the house. Jimmy used to play *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* a la Louis Armstrong, and Teagarden mystified everybody by swinging *Mighty Lak a Rose* in waltz time!

Jimmy was a good example of a fellow rising above his environment. Although he had not finished high school, he seemed as knowledgeable as a college man. His scholastic scope was surprising, particularly in mathematics. He was the first man I'd known who could do intricate calculations in his head with lightning speed. He'd also amaze us by remembering baseball records and batting averages from many years back. We soon discovered not to bet him when he said something like "Ty Cobb stole X many bases in 19..." His information always proved to be accurate. And when he remarked that Karl Marx said thus and so, it was best to take his word for the statement, for the public library would generally confirm whatever he said. (He was the first person I ever heard mention Karl Marx.)

Aside from Jim's skill in math and his bent toward philosophy, he was a gadget-man. He loved all sorts of things like bottle openers, miniature trains, and especially cameras. He took lousy pictures because, as a pastime, he was always fooling with the mechanism of his camera, so that the camera didn't work very well.

After his and June Clark's careers took separate paths, Jimmy's best buddy in New York was Coleman Hawkins. Bean and Jim were together all the time, and if you saw one, the other would soon show up. Still, an outsider would have thought from their constant arguments that they were deadly enemies. Actually, they were very good friends despite their rivalry in everything, including contests to see who could eat the most food, or could take a chick from the other, or who could excite the crowd more blowing his horn.

There was one episode that we all laughed about for months. Jim bought a new Pontiac for one of the Henderson band's road tours, and Hawk, being his buddy, naturally rode along with Harrison. This tour took us as far south as

Oklahoma City, and while we were returning to New York, the rear end dropped out of the Pontiac right in the heart of Jersey City.

The next night, after we had finished playing our opening at Roseland Ballroom, we came out of the building to feast our eyes on a most beautiful sight. At curbside stood a fire-engine-red Chrysler roadster, which drew all of us, including Coleman, like a magnet.

Hawk started his usual baiting of Jimmy. "See there, Jimmy," he said pointing, "now that's the kind of car a big-timer like you should own, not one of those cheap Ponties that the rear end falls out of. Ha ha." Then, not waiting for Jimmy's reply, Hawkins jumped into the car and drove off, leaving Jim and the rest of us open-mouthed that Hawk would buy a car and not even tell us.

Although I knew and worked with Jimmy for several years, other musicians have helped fill me in on his life before I knew him.

Saxophonist Senior knew Jimmy back in Toledo. Even though I had known Milton from his days with McKinney's Cotton Pickers, it was not until I ran into him years later, when I was with Duke Ellington, that he filled me in on Jimmy's earlier years. He told me all about Jimmy's love of, and skill in, baseball and his flair for comedy (which I had been aware of). Milt and I reminisced about Jimmy at length, but with the passing of so many years, other things that he told me are no longer clear enough in my mind to recapitulate.

THE JAZZ BUSINESS has had its share of heroes, and also more than its share of tragic figures and, of course, clowns. To be sure, the clowns only momentarily amuse and arouse interest, and the unfortunates that the spotlight of tragedy has rested upon are given cursory sympathy before being consigned to oblivion. Apparently, it seems better to dismiss their contributions as a passing phase and their problems as a bad dream. The heroes, however, we tend to remember with affection and, from time to time, resurrect the memory of their gifts with the attendant nostalgia. To my mind, this is fitting.

However, when a person of stature is denied all but a token recognition, then I feel it is time someone re-examine in depth his life and times.

History, inadvertently and unwittingly, bypassed Jim. Jazz, as an art form, was still in its infancy, and the observers who chose to comment in print about the music and the men who made it were insecure and uncertain as to the validity or significance of what they heard. The musicians themselves were no help, since no thinking, erudite tooter in the past would be caught dead reading anything other than the sport pages. This is not to imply that all musicians were too benighted or too unqualified to think, talk, and write about their music. What I am saying is that in this happy and fraternal atmosphere, the making of music was considered fun, and, in that spirit, the fellows by and large frowned upon any cerebral effort to explain their skills and way of life to the public. Among the rank and file, the thinking was: "Let 'em write—they can't play, so how can they know what they're talking about?"

This attitude was unrealistic and erroneous, as time has proved. The story of jazz can never be completed, and it explains to some degree how a person such as Jimmy Harrison has come to be almost completely ignored by historians. Too, it is unfortunate that Jimmy died so young. Born in 1900, he was barely 30 when he died, not having had the opportunity to continue displaying his talents to the world. Had he lived through the '30s and '40s, then unquestionably he would have been recognized and remembered as the father of the swing trombone.



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.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW— AVANTE-GARDE SUMMIT

John Coltrane

ASCENSION—Impulse 95: *Ascension*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Dewey Johnson, trumpets; Marion Brown, John Tchicai, alto saxophones; Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, Archie Shepp, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Art Davis, Jimmy Garrison, basses; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is possibly the most powerful human sound ever recorded. Coltrane has collected 10 other soloists, each a distinctive voice in contemporary jazz. All hold in common the ability to scream loud and long. If the music coheres, it does so because everyone is screaming about the same thing. The album is a recording of a single work which lasts more than 35 minutes.

In the liner notes, Shepp speaks of the music this way:

"It achieves a certain kind of unity; it starts at a high level of intensity with the horns playing high and the other pieces playing low. This gets a quality of like male and female voices. It builds in intensity through all the solo passages, brass and reeds, until it gets to the final section where the rhythm section takes over and brings it back down to the level it started at... The ensemble passages were based on chords, but these chords were optional. What Trane did was to relate or juxtapose tonally centered ideas and atonal elements, along with melodic and nonmelodic elements. In those descending chords there is a definite tonal center, like a B-flat minor. But there are different roads to that center."

In the notes, Brown says that the music has "that kind of thing that makes people scream. The people who were in the studio were screaming... You could use this record to heat up the apartment on those cold winter days."

There are two things to consider here. The first is the actual experience these musicians shared in the recording studio on June 23, 1965. The other is this phono-

graph record of the event.

Ordinarily we can accept these two things as one. The differences, though important, are not crucial. True, one had to "be there" when Horowitz returned to the concert stage last year in Carnegie Hall. But the recording of that concert captures enough for us to re-create the event through the music. In fact, the music transcends the event. The event has meaning through focused concentration on the quality of the music.

This is not so in the case of *Ascension*. The vitality of this music is not separable from "being there." The music does not transcend the event. In fact, the music is the event, and since there is no way of reproducing (i.e., reliving) the event except by doing it again, the music is in essence nonrecordable.

This brings us to a difficult subject involving not only this music but also much other contemporary art.

In our growing esthetic, "the moment" emerges as sacred. The "now" is the reality from which a new esthetic of the religious is flowing. Perishable sculpture points this out to the observer. Musicians like John Cage offer variations on this theme.

Present time has always been most crucial to jazz. Yet nowadays, as a revolution crystallizes, what was once merely crucial is now the thing itself.

This revolution, this black one, has a vested interest in "now" as opposed to "then." The forces that spawned it are wasting no love on old things. The old order was "then." It passeth to "now." No one alive today can remember a more concerted cry for a new social being.

Ascension is (among other things) at the center of this cry. The spiritual commitment to present time vibrates around Earth; the vibration is focused and intensified in music like this. To offer it on a "recording" is in some sense against the thing itself. *Ascension* is a recording not of an event, but of the sounds made during an event, and these sounds by themselves do not give us the essence of the event.

If the listener is informed enough to be able to imagine what it was really like when this event took place, then the record may have meaning. But it would seem that a listener so informed would not especially need or want a reminder of another "then."

It is my feeling that gradually there will come a music informed by the freedom and power of *Ascension*, but which has more artistic commitment beyond the moment of recording. Such music is already forming (although with less muscle—no music matches *Ascension* for sheer strength and volume.) The few moments when Tchicai is soloing constitute one of several places where this more subtle light shines through strongest. Distinctions are close; everything seems about to happen.

Meanwhile, it is useful to regard this album as a documentation of a particular space of history. As such, it is wonderful—because the history is. If you want immersion in the sounds of these men, if you want their cries to pierce you, if you want a record of the enormity and truth of their strength, here it is. (B.M.)

Henry (Red) Allen

FEELING GOOD—Columbia 2447: *Cherry; Sweet Substitute; Trav'lin' All Alone; Yellow Dog Blues (How Long, How Long Blues); You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You; Sista at the Fiesta; Feeling Good; Patrol Wagon Blues; I'm Coming, Virginia; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?; Rag Mop.*

Personnel: Allen, trumpet; vocals; Sammy Price, piano; Benny Moten, bass; George Reed, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

After the eight-bar introduction to *Cherry*, Allen asks pianist Price for another, and he plays an additional eight. Red plays one 32-bar chorus and then sings a spirited chorus. The last eight remind me of Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson. Price has a chorus, and then Red follows. He sings the last chorus, followed by an exchange of fours between Allen's trumpet and bass. They do quite a bit of juggling. The vocal is nice, fashioned from the era from which it came. It still is old-time.

On *Substitute* a chorus by the trumpeter is followed by one by Price. Papa Red really "chirps" this one with a lot of feeling. One chorus out with a bird's eye—pause—stop-and-go cadenza.

All Alone is entertaining in general, with instrumental solos.

An old-time blues, *Yellow Dog*, with heavy sock cymbal accenting the second and fourth beats, is played well traditionally. After the trumpet solo, they go to C for Red's vocal of *How Long*, followed by some juggling of solos and out, plus the usual cadenza.

The order on *You're Nobody* is a boogie introduction by pianist Price, the melody, a vocal chorus, a piano chorus, and then some juggling. Red cooks on the vocal; I've never heard so moving an application of this song.

Fiesta is a swinger, kind of hot for these times, but a swinger. The format is very much the same as that for the other tunes.

Feeling Good has the trumpet up front with growls, shakes, the whole works in the gimmick-expression department. This guy has excellent delivery when he sings—showy.

Patrol Wagon develops a grooving groove with a lot of heavy dynamics in the right places. You can still hear the music.

On *Virginia* Price takes care of business. Drummer Reed is in there. They go out shouting.

Gee, Baby is more or less a segue into the next tune, time being short. *Rag Mop* is a closer with vocals and excitement.

Comments: This makes me want to hear some freedom music—avant-garde. I find it hard to give this a rating in accord with the standards of this magazine—that is, how records are rated—and still do justice to an artist who has paid some *dues* for quite a while and is a fine person.

With the avant-garde musicians being such as they are and with Don Ellis' statement "Henry (Red) Allen is the most avant-garde trumpet player in New York," I am confused. But Allen is still very modern, considering his time in the business. And most of his contemporaries are finished musically. So four stars for Red Allen. (K.D.)

Count Basie

BASIE MEETS BOND—United Artists 6480: 007; *The Golden Horn*; *Girl Trouble*; *Kingston Calypso*; *Goldfinger*; *Thunderball*; *From Russia with Love*; *Dr. No's Fantasy*; *Underneath the Mango Tree*; *The James Bond Theme*.

Rating: ★★

ARTHUR PRY SOCK/COUNT BASIE—Verve 8646: *I Could Have Told You*; *Ain't No Use*; *I Could Write a Book*; *Gone Again*; *Come Home*; *I Worry 'Bout You*; *What Will I Tell My Heart?*; *Don't Go to Strangers*; *I'm Lost*; *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*.

Personnel: Al Aarons, George Cohn, Phil Gilbeau, Wallace Davenport, trumpets; Grover Mitchell, Henderson Chambers, Al Grey, Bill Hughes, Henry Coker, trombones; Eric Dixon, Bobby Plater, Eddie Davis, Charles Fowlkes, Marshall Royal, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Norman Keenan, bass; Sonny Payne or Rufus Jones or Grady Tate, drums; Prysock, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

The *Bond* LP is far below Basie's par. The tunes Basie uses aren't bad, particularly the surging 007, but the arrangements—and arrangements have assumed much more importance in the Basie scheme of things now than they did in 1937—are tired. Chico O'Farrill, a writer of proven capability, contributed seven scores to the date, but they lack an individual stamp. Seemingly, he has been satisfied to emulate the work of previous Basie arrangers.

Their devices—the familiar shouts and cute effects, the heavy, warm reed sound—are apparent in his work, but the imagination he demonstrated with Machito is not in evidence. (This quite possibly is not O'Farrill's fault, since Basie reportedly exercises strong influence on arrangers to write the kind of score he wants.)

It has been pointed out that soloists in Basie's band over the past decade or so have not been featured as prominently as they once were. Recently it has often been the case, as Andre Hodeir wrote, that "the solo has become an inlay firmly set in the arrangement; it seems called up by the arrangement rather than creating it. . . ." Hodeir's statement seems even more applicable now than in 1957, when it was written. At that time Basie had such fine soloists as Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Frank Wess, and Frank Foster. None of them currently is in the band, though, and if this LP is a representative one, their replacements have been given even less chance to display their improvising abilities. Only Davis, whose work is characteristically husky, distinguishes himself.

Prysock, a capable big-voiced baritone vocalist with a style somewhat reminiscent of Al Hibbler's and Billy Eckstine's, has been more impressive than he is here.

His voice lacks a certain degree of richness and warmth here, especially when he sings softly. His timbre isn't as smooth as that of, say, Eckstine and occasionally is slightly raspy. His broad low notes are impressive, however, and he sings in a tasteful, unaffected manner. (H.P.)

Ran Blake

RAN BLAKE PLAYS SOLO PIANO—ESP-Disk 1011: *Vanguard*; *Stratusphunk*; *Sleepy Time Gal*; *Green Dolphin Street*; *Eric*; *There'll Be Some Changes Made*; *Good Mornin'*; *Heartache*; *Sister Tee*; *Lonely Woman*; *Birmingham, U.S.A.*

Personnel: Blake, piano.

Rating: ★★

Blake sometimes uses phrases that are part of jazz' standard vocabulary, but his music has also been influenced strongly by modern classical composers and seems to

have much in common with Charles Ives' work. He shares Ives' interest in using popular songs or folk music (*Sister Tee* is influenced by Gospel music) as a point of departure from which he moves into more "advanced" music.

Blake's music covers a broad spectrum of moods. Often his playing is spare and restrained: he lets notes and chords hang in the air and gradually fade away. However he also plays in a forceful manner and sometimes contrasts dissonant, percussively played passages with more lyrical ones. He obviously has listened to pre-modern as well as modern jazz pianists and, on some tracks, employs walking patterns.

His playing can be rather ponderous (*Green Dolphin, Tee, Birmingham*) and sometimes, when trying out a variety of approaches on the same track (*Some Changes*, for example), he does not develop his ideas well. He also has a tendency to employ corny, melodramatic devices—e.g., the "bizarre" effect on *Tee*.

Most of the tracks, however, have at least some interesting moments. Blake is very lyrical on *Vanguard*, and his *Stratusphunk* improvisation is well sustained and rhythmically subtle. His ethereal *Sleepy Time Gal* is another highlight.

It's an uneven but sometimes quite rewarding album. (H.P.)

Art Blakey

BUTTERCORN LADY—Limelight 86034: *Buttercorn Lady*; *Recuerdo*; *The Theme*; *Between Races*; *My Romance*; *Secret Love*.

Personnel: Chuck Mangione, trumpet; Frank Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Keith Jarrett, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★

The latest edition of the Jazz Messengers—all new faces except trumpeter Mangione (remember the Jazz Brothers?)—points up Blakey's ability to find fresh talent. What he does with this talent, however, is another story, and in many respects this is standard Messenger fare.

Blakey, of course, has a perfect right to stick to his formula of driving, extroverted, hard bop, with an occasional ballad thrown in for change of pace. It is a recipe that has stood him in good stead through the years, and there is nothing more conservative than a successful bandleader.

Thus, if you have liked past editions of the Messengers, this album will suit your tastes; if you have become bored with the formula, there will be nothing startlingly fresh or exciting here to change your mind, though pianist Jarrett is a real discovery.

Even the new tunes (*Lady, Recuerdo, Races*), all by Mangione, are cut to the familiar pattern. The title tune has an engaging calypso flavor, but it is too short to get anything going and shows signs of editing.

Recuerdo, on the other hand, is a stretch-out track lasting almost 15 minutes. All hands turn in nice jobs. Mangione is in a Miles Davis mood; Mitchell does some hard cooking; and there is an exciting solo by the leader. But Jarrett is the standout, with a turn that includes some fashionable avant-garde string plucking, but he impresses more with a clean touch, great dexterity, and a good sense of form.

Races has Blakey at his best in a short,

succinct solo, but the tempo is too fast for the horns. *Romance* is Mangione's showcase, a warm statement that manages to be personal despite the Davis influence.

Secret, also very fast, has Mitchell's best solo of the set (he is a virile player in a John Coltrane-Sonny Rollins-Wayne Shorter mold), and a contribution from Jarrett that really begins to show what he is capable of. Not yet 21, he has the equipment to go places. Johnson, big-toned and solid, takes a nice walk on the track.

The live recording, done at the Light-house in Hermosa Beach, Calif., is excellent, and Leonard Feather's notes give valuable biographical details about the new players. But the packaging is the last word in pointless pretentiousness, featuring a vile color scheme, and a cover shot of a woman apparently afflicted with some strange skin disease. (D.M.)

Bossa Tres

JAZZ TEMPO — LATIN ACCENTS—Audio Fidelity 6111: *Bottles*; *Blue Monk*; *Love for Sale*; *Cutie*; *Moanin'*; *Well, You Needn't*; *Daahoud*; *Epistle to a Train*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *Whisper Not*; *Yesterdays*; *Minority*.

Personnel: Bossa Tres—Luis Parga, piano; Sebastiao Neto, bass; Edison Machado, drums. Sonny Simmons, alto saxophone; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone, flute; Prince Lasha, flute.

Rating: ★★½

If one approaches this album, as I did, expecting to hear some interesting music from the three U. S. jazzmen added to the Brazilian trio, he will be somewhat disappointed. There is little of moment created by any of the horn men on the several tracks on which they are employed in various combinations (apparently the only track on which all three are present is *Epistle*). Of the three, tenorist Jordan acquires himself most commendably, his strong work on Thelonious Monk's *Well, You Needn't* being his best on the disc.

Simmons and Lasha, two West Coast avant-garde jazzmen who have delighted me in the past, fail to go beyond mere perfunctory playing in their appearances here. What they execute is rarely more than the most rudimentary sort of lightweight improvising—idiomatic, to be sure, in this Latin context but never anything more than merely pleasant, innocuous noodling.

There is some truly strong, fertile playing in this set; it comes from pianist Parga, who when at the top of his game—as is often the case here—reveals a firm, two-handed, and exciting boppish keyboard style that is this set's chief delight. His roiling, troubled solo on *Daahoud* (a Clifford Brown tune, which Audio Fidelity credits in its liner to Parga-Machado-Neto) is particularly virile in its strength and imaginative in its conception and development. Parga's solo on *Love for Sale* is again solid and coursing, and his improvisation on Benny Golson's *Whisper Not*, while somewhat restrained, is developed nicely and played with attractive sonority.

As an accompanist, Parga is no less impressive; his work in this role is sensitive and prodding (in fact, several of his accompaniments are more interesting than the horn lines they support). And his playing is rhythmically imaginative all the time, in either role.

Several of the trio tracks that comprise

about half the album are rather brief and offhand, possibly as the result of a&r insistence on lightweight jazz for possible radio play. In these instances Parga's playing is simple and direct, rarely hinting at the power and complexity he demonstrates elsewhere in the album, where he is given a chance to dig in and stretch out.

This is definitely Parga's set. It would be nice to hear an entire album of straightforward jazz performances from him. He could bring it off well, for he's much more a nimble, inventive bop pianist than an artificer of bossa nova. (P.W.)

Dukes of Dixieland

COME ON AND HEAR—Decca 4708: *King of the Road; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; Exactly Like You; My Kind of Town; Yvette; Indiana; L-O-V-E; A Taste of Honey; Everybody Loves My Baby; Someday You'll Be Sorry; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Clarinet Marmalade.*

Personnel: Frank Assunto, trumpet, vocals; Fred Assunto, Jac Assunto, trombones; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Red Brown, bass; Barrett Deems, drums.

Rating: ★★

The Dukes apparently are going through a period of change that may or may not result in an interesting group.

They have long since left behind the drab, stereotyped Dixieland performances that won them their initial notoriety. Frank Assunto has developed into a really capable trumpeter (this has been coming on for some time) and a good vocalist (this is sudden—his work on this disc is miles ahead of his previous recorded efforts). The band has acquired a superb clarinetist and distinctly superior tenor saxophonist in Fuller and a good rhythm section that gives the group a swinging basis it did not have in its early days.

From a repertory point of view, the Dukes had worn the traditional Dixieland repertory down to such a barren nub that anything would be an improvement. But this mishmash of current hits and standards is not actually much better. The only really good piece in the collection is *Yvette*, primarily for Fuller's warm clarinet work. (J.S.W.)

Herbie Hancock

MAIDEN VOYAGE—Blue Note 4195: *Maiden Voyage; The Eye of the Hurricane; Little One; Survival of the Fittest; Dolphin Dance.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Anthony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The music is free and together. Hubbard is fat, strong, happy, and intelligent. I've never heard Coleman sound this imaginative. Hancock is clear, using space well. That rhythm section is perfect, as usual.

This is about the sea, and the feeling comes through.

The title tune is peaceful, nicely conveying the feeling of a cove at dawn. Hubbard plays well-paced modern melodies sensitively. Williams stops, starts, crescendos, decrescendos.

Hubbard is particularly strong on *Eye*. He growls and trills—plays noises with control. He tells a confident story. Carter plays beautiful notes behind Hancock's clear sound.

Little One is slow but with lively agitation by Williams. Carter plays a calm bass solo with fine intonation, sound, and imagination. *Fittest* suggests a battle—dialogue throughout.

Hubbard plays slithering sequences on it. The line comes back between solos—nice form.

Hancock is particularly exciting in his *Fittest* solo. He trills in the left hand, while playing an abstract single line in the right; then he trills in the right, chords with the left. One section sounds like a Chopin etude. Sophistication without pedantry. A duet with Williams, and a counterpoint between hands, his solo is consistent, strong, and varied. There is a world inside of it.

All the tunes are just the right length. The soloists stop playing when they have finished what they have to say. The unison lines are perfectly in tune, and the ensembles have a subtlety that is possible only after much work—and a lot of time—together.

This music communicates something good to me. (M.Z.)

Woody Herman

WOODY'S WINNERS—Columbia 2436: *23 Red; My Funny Valentine; Northwest Passage; Poor Butterfly; Greasy Sack Blues; Woody's Whistle; Red Roses for a Blue Lady; Opus de Funk and Theme (Blue Flame).*

Personnel: Gerald Lamy, Dusko Goykovich, Bob Shew, Don Rader, Bill Chase, trumpets; Henry Southall, Frank Tesinsky, Donald Doane, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone; Gary Klein, Salvatore Nistico, Andy McGhee, tenor saxophones; Tom Anastas, baritone saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Anthony Leonardi, bass; Ronnie Zito, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is a disciplined, spirited, extremely powerful band, but, unfortunately, it is led by a man who is not looking toward the future as he was in the middle and late '40s.

If the selections on Herman's recent records are representative, then he seems content to remake his old hits, play pop tunes (some of questionable merit), and emulate Count Basie.

Greasy Sack and *Whistle* are dull, medium-slow blues that definitely were inspired by Basie's band. *Valentine*, *Butterfly*, and *Blue Lady* are scored in a swinging, easy-to-take manner. The best writing, though, is Chase's *23 Red*, a wild, boppish up-tempo arrangement in the best First Herd tradition.

The band is three deep in tenor soloists. Nistico turns in some fine, Charlie Parkerish work on *Northwest*, exhibiting enormous drive and awe-inspiring technique. McGhee's warm tone and rich lines are in evidence on *Blue Lady*, and Klein contributes competent Al Cohn-ish playing on *Opus* and *Valentine*. Pierce's solos, imitations of Count Basie's playing for the most part, are boring.

Rader exhibits a certain amount of imagination and a nice round tone here, but Goykovich's improvisation is cliché-ridden.

Chase does a terrific job in the section. He's one of the strongest lead trumpeters around now and maybe one of the best in jazz history. (H.P.)

Richard (Groove) Holmes

SOUL MESSAGE—Prestige 7435: *Groove's Groove; Daahoud; Misty; Song for My Father; The Things We Did Last Summer; Soul Message.*

Personnel: Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; Jimmie Smith, drums.

Rating: ★★½

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BLUE NOTE

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Verve Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

native ideas that swing mildly over fancy footwork. The soft sell is appreciated, especially from an organ, but Holmes' limited vocabulary makes for wearisome listening—he says everything he has to say in this seven-minute blues.

His next best effort is the Silver-plated *Song for My Father*, which is given a thoughtful treatment with a Latin accent and reveals Holmes' finest bass pedaling.

Clifford Brown's *Daahoud* should not necessarily be confined to trumpet, but it should never be attempted on organ. Here, it loses all its boppish flavor in the transfer and is weakened further by contrasting it over a jazz-samba foundation.

Misty and the Gospel-tinged *Soul Message* are taken at medium-up tempos, but neither manages to go anywhere. The only ballad, *Things We Did*, is much too long—at least for listening. For dancing, it's ideal.

Edwards turns in some dependable solo work, his best statements coming on *Daahoud* and *Father*. Smith never seems to stray too far from the monotonous 2 and 4 of the hi-hat.

Holmes' most serious drawbacks are his disdain for chordal playing, and those occasional Jimmy Smith types of fermatas. Single-note improvising, when overdone, flirts with tedium. As for those notes held ad infinitum, "Look, ma, one hand!" simply is not impressive. (H.S.)

Milt Jackson

FOR SOMEONE I LOVE—Riverside 478: *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *For Someone I Love*; (*What's Your Story?*) *Morning Glory*; *Save Your Love for Me*; *Extraordinary Blues*; *Flamingo*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Just Waiting*; *Bossa Bag*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, Dave Burns, Snooky Young, and Elmon Wright and Bill Berry or Thad Jones, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, Jimmy Cleveland, and Tom McIntosh or John Rains, trombones; Julius Watkins, Ray Alonge, and Willie Ruff and Paul Ingraham or Robert Northern, French horns; Major Holley, tuba; Jimmy Jones or Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay or Charlie Persip, drums; Latin percussion, unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★½

"Some days are better than others," Milt Jackson said a few years ago, referring to his playing. "I always know when I'm not cool... I can pick up my mallets, and after four bars, I can tell you what kind of night I'm going to have."

The days and nights when Jackson is "cool" seemed more numerous, on records, in the middle '50s, particularly 1955, than in the last five or six years. The best Jackson record since the '50s came out about three years ago, the one he made with the Oscar Peterson Trio. This new album, however, runs a close second—and in some instances takes the prize. But the variation in quality that Jackson talked about is also present.

The record resulted from two sessions, and at the one that produced *Days*, *Someone*, *Glory*, *Chelsea*, and *Waiting*, he played like an angel. Nothing was beyond him, and his artistry rose to heights seldom reached by any musician.

The other tracks find him performing well—he never plays badly—but without the extra spark of invention, the vivid imagination, the rhythmic ease that infuses his most inspired work. But even when Jackson is coasting, the elements of his great jazz ability are present: the shaping of the melody in such a way that relatively huge spaces appear within a phrase but

without disrupting the flow of the phrase, the adroitly varied intensity of accenting that brings life to what can be a lifeless instrument under less sensitive hands, and a pervading emotional warmth.

But when Jackson is really on, his phrases loop up and out, carnivorously pouncing on their own tails; his time-sense heightens, and the inner rhythms become razor sharp, though even more relaxed than usual; the cover of his emotional self is flung off so all can see; his sensitivity to his surroundings is so strong that an attractive figure played by one of the other musicians will immediately be reflected in his own improvisation; and his warmth turns to fire, to ice, to hot and cold together, to anything Jackson wants.

So it is on *Days* (his solo is like a macabre dance), *Someone* (at times, he leaps like a tiger and devours the chord victim), and *Glory* (his solo sings with a joy tempered by melancholy). The session's *Chelsea* and *Waiting* are a cut below these three performances but nonetheless are inspired performances by Jackson.

The arrangements for both dates were by Melba Liston, and she crafted well, especially for Mary Lou Williams' *Glory*, Jackson's *Extraordinary* (now called *Monterey Mist*), and *Flamingo*, during which one can hardly miss the loveliness of her writing since the recording balance favors the brass so much that Jackson is almost inaudible. Her scoring of Buddy Johnson's *Save Your Love* is surprisingly thin, considering the richness of her voicings in the other arrangements.

Jackson has almost all the solo space, but there are occasional short solos by the sidemen. Terry avoids his usual exercises in clichés and plays with invention on *Extraordinary* and *Glory*. Thad Jones has only 12 bars to himself, on *Extraordinary*, but he invents a tart-toned, pretty-noted, and strongly constructed improvisation. Quentin Jackson's sardonic plunger-muted trombone is delightful on *Someone*, a ballad by the leader. Burns' solo provides a pleasant interlude on *Waiting*, and I believe it is he who plays the delicate trumpet solo on *Days*, though Jones is credited for it in the notes.

Given the exceptional artistry of parts of this album, one can only hope that more records will be made when Jackson is "cool." (D.DeM.)

Mahalia Jackson

MAHALIA—Columbia 2452: *Rusty Bells*; *Like the Breeze Blows*; *Somewhere Listening*; *Shall I Become a Castaway?*; *Jesus Is the Light*; *I Thought of You and Said a Little Prayer*; *Sunrise, Sunset*; *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*; *He Is Here*; *God Speaks*; *This Old Building*; *The Velvet Rose*.

Personnel: unidentified orchestra and chorus, Marty Paich, conductor; Miss Jackson, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★½

If Miss Jackson's material were not so intentionally specialized, the Queen of the Gospel Singers could become Queen of Musicians. Even her audible intakes of air become parts of the crystalline beauty of her style, and the ease with which she turns a patch of words and melody into radiant song is just one mark of the weight of her power.

There are many more. On *I Thought of You* she sings very high melody notes with incredible loveliness, without strain

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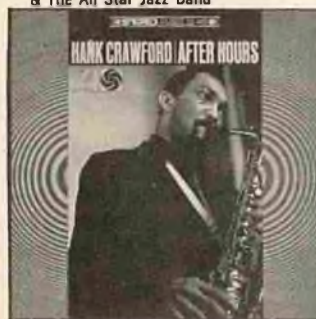
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and without bravado.

The tenderness of *Sunrise, Sunset* rakes the spinal nerves; her play with the nuances of melody turns this tune into a deeply moving lullaby for humanity.

The majestic delivery of *God Speaks* is breathtaking. *Building* rocks like an old southern shout, and Miss Jackson, intense and swinging, is right at the core of jazz.

All artists have arcs of ascent and decline, and in jazz the two are often too close. Mahalia Jackson, happily, is still reaching for new heights. (G.M.E.)

Montego Joe

WILD AND WARM—Prestige 7413: *Same Old Same Old; Haitian Lady; Capricious Happy Joe; No Tears; Ouch; Give It Up; Ewe; Bata Blues; Concupba; Lexington Avenue Line.*
Personnel: Leonard Goines, trumpet; Al Gibbons, tenor saxophone, flute, arranger; Arthur Jenkins, piano; Ed Thompson, bass; Milford Graves, drums; Sonny Morgan, various percussion instruments; Montego Joe, conga drums.

Rating: ★★

Though primarily designed for dancing, this album also makes pleasant listening. The arrangements are neat and cleanly played, and though there is a Latin undercurrent, the music has a distinct jazz flavor.

This is evident also in the choice of material: Roger Kellaway's *Old*, Billy Taylor's *Capricious*, Harold Ousley's *Lady* (an attractive line), and Red Holloway's *Tears* are all jazz pieces, and most of the other selections, including several originals by the leader, are in a similar groove.

Chief soloists are Goines and Gibbons, both warm-toned, straight-ahead players. Gibbons has a nice spot on *Lady* and gets into a John Coltrane bag on *Give It Up*. Goines brightens *Capricious* and *Concupba*, the latter an African "high-life" type of piece.

Montego, one of the most musical conga drummers, is tasteful and functional throughout. *Ewe* is the sole track dominated by drums; according to the informative liner notes by Francis Squibb, it is based on the rhythms of the Ghanaian Ewe tribe. The leader also contributes a humorous vocal on *Ouch*.

The presence of Graves may be of interest to avant-garde followers; he shows here that he can keep time if he wants to. Jenkins and Thompson are featured on *Bata*.

This is dance music on a commendably high musical level, another indication of the reasons for the growing popularity of "Latin jazz." (D.M.)

Carmen McRae

WOMAN TALK—Mainstream 6065: *Sometimes I'm Happy; Don't Explain; Woman Talk; Kick off Your Shoes; The Shadow of Your Smile; The Sweetest Sounds; Where Would You Be without Me?; Feeling Good; Run, Run, Run; No More; Look at That Face; I Wish I Were in Love Again.*
Personnel: Ray Beckenstein, flute; Norman Simmons, piano; Joe Puma, guitar; Paul Breslin, bass; Frank Severino, drums; Jose Mangual, bongos; Miss McRae, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Sometimes I'm Happy opens with a strolling bass player, hand-clapping, and finger-popping; on the second chorus drums and piano enter, then flute, and then Miss McRae opens up a trifle in volume. On the third chorus she does some scatting—in her usual style but with touches

of Ella Fitzgerald—and then takes it out.

The last couple of bars of the first eight of *Don't Explain* make me think of Yma Sumac. The bridge is full of so much more than I can find words to explain . . . the things that come from experience, living. The last eight bars of the first chorus is still climaxing. The shading, the drama, and the emotion just pour from this eight. The last chorus is ad libbed, the last eight bars of which provide excellent therapy for me.

I don't know too much about ladies sitting, talking, as described on *Woman Talk*, but the music is singing . . . listen!

As continuity from this number, you can actually see the girls kicking off their kicks in *Kick off Your Shoes*. There might be some disappointed husbands.

On *Shadow of Your Smile* Carmen sings a little fuller and more vibrantly and paces herself quite well for the climactic finish.

On *The Sweetest Sounds* the album starts to pick up with tension and drive, desire and climax . . . it opens up a little more. *Where Would You Be?* combines a conventional-singer type of rendition with a strong finish.

The first part of the entrance to *Feeling Good* is ad libbed and then moves into tempo, followed by a change of mood with a heavy Latin rhythm and flute. A nice groove.

On *Run* listen to the vocal, flute, guitar, and buoyant, bouncing rhythm.

The mood piece, *No More*, is imaginative, thoughtful, and haunting—"You ain't gonna bother me no more."

Face . . . I find in no voice what I find when I listen to her sound—personal. Listen, listen!

On *I Wish* they walk right on downstage, front center, and the music is strutting when they go off. The accompaniment is fine. Rodgers and Hart were never more alive. (K.D.)

Duke Pearson

HONEYBUNS—Atlantic 3002: *Honeybuns; New Girl; You Know I Care; Is That So?; Our Love; Heavy Legs.*

Personnel: Johnny Coles, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Les Spann, flute; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone, clarinet; Pearson, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★½

WAHOO—Blue Note 4191: *Amanda; Bedouin; Farewell, Macbelle; Wahoo; ESP; Fly, Little Bird, Fly.*

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Pearson, piano; Cranshaw, bass; Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★

Pearson's abilities as a composer-arranger and soloist are highlighted on the Atlantic LP. He is a rather skillful but eclectic writer. His *Honeybuns* has a rock-and-rollish quality, while *Our Love*, a syrupy tune to begin with, is given a schmaltzy treatment. The *New Girl* and *Is That So?* scores owe something to the Tadd Dameron-Gigi Gryce school.

Pearson's solo work is more impressive. It is characterized by economy, taste, and lyricism. He exhibits a very nice touch during his warm *Care* solo, and his medium- and up-tempo work is graceful and well sustained.

Coles and Coleman, the other featured

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soloists, are somewhat disappointing. Coles, who has made an interesting synthesis of the Miles Davis and Art Farmer approaches, is excessively restrained. His solos don't build well and are precious. He's never been noted for a big tone, but here his sonority has a pinched quality.

Coleman performs competently but has played with far more intensity and imagination on Miles Davis records.

The other horn men, all good soloists, function mainly as ensemble players.

The Blue Note session is, by and large, a satisfying one. All the originals are by Pearson except *Little Bird*, an up-tempo composition. They're quite varied—*Machelle* is a slow, pretty waltz, *Amanda* is marked by a heavy Latin beat, *Bedouin* has a Near Eastern flavor, and *Wahoo* is a blues in 5/4.

Henderson's playing is, I think, the highlight of the LP. He has the ability to vary his approach to fit the character of the composition he is playing but without lapsing into eclecticism. On *Little Bird* he plays inventively and builds well, using a straight-forward post-bop approach. On *ESP* he employs a somewhat gentler attack and relatively soft tone. His solos on the more exotic tunes, *Bedouin* and *Wahoo*, show the influence of John Coltrane; he makes effective use of vocal cries on them. Henderson's *Amanda* spot is strong and gutsy; again he employs vocal effects well. During all his solos on this LP he impresses with his professionalism, musical construction, and avoidance of stock devices.

Spaulding's flute work on *Bedouin* is lucid and harmonically interesting, but on *Wahoo* it strikes me as being precious. He has attractive, flowing alto solos on *Amanda* and *Little Bird* and employs a pure, rather delicate sonority.

Byrd, a fine trumpeter when at the top of his game, is disappointing here mainly because he tries to play powerhouse trumpet instead of improvising in the imaginative, lyrical manner for which he's noted. On *Amanda* his playing resembles Freddie Hubbard's but is much less daring. His extroverted *Wahoo* spot lacks substance, as does much of his *ESP* work. He plays some nice lines on *Little Bird*, but the continuity of his solo breaks down too often. On *Bedouin* he merely attempts to emulate Miles Davis.

Pearson performs inconsistently. His *Amanda* and *Wahoo* improvisations are cliché-ridden, but he plays with affecting warmth on *Machelle*. His other solos are competent but not compelling. (H.P.)

Oscar Peterson

WITH RESPECT TO NAT—Limelight #6029: *When My Sugar Walks down the Street; It's Only a Paper Moon; Walkin' My Baby Back Home; Sweet Lorraine; Unforgettable; Little Girl; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?; Orange Colored Sky; Straighten Up and Fly Right; Calypso Blues; What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry?; Easy Listening Blues.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Danny Stiles, John Frosk, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, J. J. Johnson, Wayne Andre, Tony Snudd, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Seldon Powell, Phil Woods, Jerry Dodgion, Marvin Holladay, woodwinds; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith or Herb Ellis, guitar; Richard Davis or Ray Brown, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Peterson, vocals, piano.

Rating: ★★ ★

The influence of Nat Cole on Peterson's singing—if it is influence or coincidence—apparently led Peterson to abandon sing-

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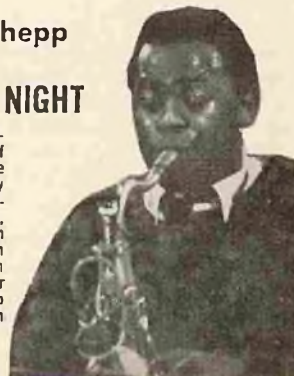
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ing fairly early in his career. Following Cole's death, he has been induced to sing a batch of songs associated with Cole as a "tribute."

It doesn't make much sense because, even though Peterson is a pleasant singer in the Cole vein, this set adds nothing to the recorded repertory. Cole has done the definitive versions of these songs. This means he has done them better—although this is not really the diminishment of Peterson that it might seem on the surface. Peterson's singing is what could be termed mid-term Cole. That is, it is Cole in the stage between his early, tentative singing style, when he was still primarily a pianist (ah, there, Oscar Peterson!), and that period in the mid-'40s when he found his true voice with its full, rounded, and personal style.

In other words, Peterson is a shade ahead of the early Cole, but possibly because he has not gone through the particular vocal development that Cole did, he is not in the same league with the later, finished Cole. There is no indication here that Peterson can pick up where Cole left off, if that is his intent. (J.S.W.)

Tony Williams

SPRING—Blue Note 4216: *Extras; Echo; From Before; Love Song; Tee.*

Personnel: Wayne Shorter, Sam Rivers, tenor saxophones; Herbie Hancock, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

How do you rate music you think is good but doesn't move you?

There is something strangely impersonal about this record—coldly competent, tech-

nically proficient, but without warmth.

Above all else, jazz is, for me, personal expression. I don't care how out of tune, how primitive, or how far-out a player is, as long as a personality that is interesting to me for some reason comes through. I'll accept any kind of music on these terms.

Eric Satie had a theory about what he called "furniture music." He thought that music sometimes should be comfortable—like an easy chair. At one of his concerts, after the lights had gone on for the intermission, the orchestra started playing again. The audience, thinking there had been some mistake, started sitting in their seats once more. Satie ran around the balcony shouting that he wanted everyone to get up, mill around, and talk. That was the purpose of that piece—it was intended for their comfort during intermission.

Jazz used to be able to function both as furniture and concert music. If one gave undivided attention to Lester Young, for instance, there was plenty to hold the interest. Played as background to conversation, his music served in that capacity also.

New jazz is more demanding—it sounds terrible in the background. You must listen and listen carefully—more than once—to understand it. Fine. But there must be enough there to make all of the work worthwhile. The listener has a right to demand more in return for his increased efforts.

On this particular record, the content justifies undivided attention. I got no goose bumps, though, and was not ever tempted to finger-snap. I expect these things from

music, and from jazz particularly. For me, music is the most physical art—that has been the real power of jazz. Now jazz is becoming overintellectualized, appealing to an increasingly limited group of knowledgeable aficionados who become more and more bitter about the lack of acceptance of the music.

It doesn't change anything to argue whether it is the artists' or the audience's fault. Jazz is becoming less communicative—especially to youth—and that's a fact. Too much analysis is necessary to understand what is going on.

Reading the Guide is necessary if you want to understand James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* fully, but if one takes the trouble really to get inside Joyce's prose, he receives a rich enough experience to make all that work worthwhile.

Frankly, I don't think a lot of the new jazz gives back as much as the diligent listener is forced to put in.

Spring is sincere and strongly intellectual. The collective improvisations are empathetic—real dialog. Peacock is particularly fresh, weaving in and out of the melodic lines as well as, surprisingly, walking a good deal.

In much of the music I don't know which tenor player is soloing (there are no liner notes to help out). Rivers and Shorter sound alike, with an impersonal, post-Coltrane, hard timbre that they move up and down what I am sure is a very complex harmonic formula. They seem to me to have been programed on the same computer. The abstractions are cold, like

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some streamlined, "perfect" society of the future as described by a George Orwell or a Ray Bradbury.

My rating is based on the sincerity, competence, and intelligence of this music. Emotionally, it's two stars, though.

(M.Z.)

Denny Zeitlin

LIVE AT THE TRIDENT—Columbia 2463: *St. Thomas; Carole's Waltz; Spur of the Moment; Where Does It Lead?; Lonely Woman; My Shining Hour; Quiet Now; At Sixes and Sevens; What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Personnel: Zeitlin, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Jerry Granelli, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a beautiful album. Each time I play it I seem to enjoy it more, hearing fresh nuances with every listening, for the music is by turns joyful (as in the title tune), introspective (*Lonely Woman*), tranquil, sad, exciting, and stimulating.

It's very satisfying to hear three musicians play together with the warmth and empathy that these men do. They really have themselves together and seem to be unusually sympathetic and sensitive to one another. Not every group can carry off spur-of-the-moment performances (as this trio does on at least three tracks) with such brilliance and aplomb.

Zeitlin has fine technique and a beautiful touch, using both to good advantage. Everything he plays has meaning—it sounds as if he knows where he's going every minute and is enjoying the trip. Tempos and moods ebb and flow, volume fluctuates from a crescendo to a whisper, and through it all pulsates a throbbing, charging emotion that communicates itself im-

mediately to the listener.

Hour is simple, short, swinging.

The beautifully paced exploration of *Love* ranges through many colors and sounds, finally meshing into an exciting exposition of the tune. It takes on new life in Zeitlin's hands as little fragments of the melody flash quickly in and out like silken threads being drawn together into a collective embroidery. Like a stimulating conversation, everyone has his say (yet with the awareness and consideration not to interrupt one another) till, after a medium-tempo go-around, comes one last stunning series of runs, followed by the whiplash of up-tempo choruses enhanced by dramatic chord changes and ideas that are sparkling freshets of sound.

Quiet Now is a tender ballad, and tranquility flows through it, gently evoking dreams and memories.

Sixes seems comfortable and swinging, as it continually switches from one odd time-signature to another—without any geometric "look, we're in 7/4" approach. Granelli's drum solo is sparkling and inventive. He can explore authoritatively whenever the occasion demands, and his definition on the cymbal is a joy to hear. The piece is taken apart delicately but firmly and put back together again, to end with a six-note comment by Haden.

Carole's Waltz is a thoughtful melody, at times almost not a waltz, so subtly does the feeling of it change—an imperceptible movement here and there, a slight shift of the tender lyrical line and a musical portrait of Zeitlin's wife, Carole, takes

shape as she emerges as a warm, vibrant person, creative and charming. The piece is light and airy, yet profound.

Moment is a blues stated in swinging terms, with Haden charging exuberantly into a solid walking line, deep and sonorous, never booming. It's good to hear the natural sound of the bass, the gutty sound that is so much a part of the instrument and is so often lost. Haden and Granelli lay down a strong foundation for the piano to build layer upon layer of single-note figures and little thrusting chords, with the bass again having the last word.

On *Woman* Granelli's furious up-tempo accompaniment scintillates against the freely moving and haunting melody. Granelli is reminiscent of his friend and mentor, Joe Morello, with his light yet incisive touch on the cymbals. (I think I know why I never cared much for this up-tempo effect against a slow melody until now: the drums were always too loud, so much so that one missed the subtleties of the other instruments. Since that does not happen here, the piece is stunningly effective.)

There's much freedom on this record, but the group obviously knows the difference between freedom and license. The balance and presence of the instruments is as nearly perfect as anything I have heard . . . and so is the music. The whole endeavor is carried out with taste, originality, care, and love. (And the engineer who recorded the date should certainly be congratulated too. His name isn't listed but it should be.)

Don't miss this album.

(M.McP.)

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Various Artists, *Chicago Blues—The Early 1950s* (Blues Classics 8)

Rating: ★★★★★

Junior Wells, *Hoo Doo Man Blues* (Delmark 612)

Rating: ★★★

Sonny Boy Williamson, *The Original* (Blues Classics 9)

Rating: ★★★★★

It was only 17 years ago that the first tentative efforts in the modern Chicago blues began to be heard, yet before 10 years had passed, the style had been developed, refined, proliferated—in fact, utterly dominated postwar Negro popular music—and had gone into decline. Yet, though the music is of relatively recent vintage, many of the style's significant—even classic—performances have been inaccessible to all but the most diehard of record collectors. The records are rare because many of the early ones that defined and solidified the emergent style were originally issued on obscure labels long since defunct.

The recent set of early '50s blues reissues on Chris Strachwitz' increasingly valuable Blues Classics label makes available a number of truly classic performances by Chicago blues groups. Few of

the performers are first-rank artists of the reputations of Muddy Waters or Howlin' Wolf, for example (the only exception being singer-harmonica player Little Walter Jacobs); the men presented here are, rather, representative of the workaday, second line of blues men—the men who by their ubiquity support the great workers in the tradition, its movers and shapers.

There are some great blues in this set—and the range is from the rough and unfinished to the relatively polished, from simple duets to full groups with saxophones. Particularly powerful are Baby Face Leroy Foster's two-part *Rollin' and Tumblin'*, one of the most magnificently primitive blues recordings since World War II, and his *Boll Weevil*—both with the sharp, penetrating bottleneck guitar of Waters (then Foster's employer) and the expressive harmonica of Little Walter. Not far behind are *Falling Rain Blues*, notable for the impassioned crying of vocalist-harmonica player Little Willie Foster; two fine performances by Waters disciple J. B. Hutto, *Dim Lights* and *Things Are So Slow*; the raw plaintiveness of the social commentary on *Stockyard Blues*, featuring vocalist Floyd Jones, as well as his recasting of Tommy Johnson's *Big Road*; and John Brim's stark *Tough Times*.

The music is powerful and direct; it rings with force, conviction, and the utter engagement of men addressing their peers in a common, meaningful language.

Singer-harmonica player Amos (Junior) Wells is represented in the Blues Classics set by his classic performance of *Hoo Doo*

Man, recorded at a time when he was the harmonica player with the Waters band. Waters is, in fact, present on bottleneck guitar; the piece is strong and complete, of real force and artistry.

Wells' Delmark album, however, is only intermittently effective. Though he has the support of several fine modern-blues instrumentalists—guitarist Buddy Guy, bassist Jack Myers, and drummer Billy Warren—there are just not enough of them. One vainly yearns for the full, pounding insistence of a typically larger Chicago band, which also would have freed Guy of the responsibility of ensemble playing so that he could concentrate on embellishing the ensemble with the flashing, multinode playing he does so well.

Additionally, however, Wells engages too much in mannered vocal mugging of the type with which Muddy Waters has been increasingly larding his performances. And Guy seems to have been infected too; throughout the album he destroys the effectiveness of his playing by excessive "jiving," inserting coy and pointless phrases that call undue attention to themselves.

There are some nice performances in the set, though. The title piece is successful, but it's scarcely a challenge to Wells' initial recording of the number. *We're Ready* comes off well, as do *Snatch It Back* and *Hold It and Yonder Wall*.

There is poetry and power aplenty in the Blues Classics reissue of the early recordings by the late Rice Miller, Sonny Boy Williamson II (the "original" in the album title refers to Miller's oft-repeated assertion that he had used the Sonny Boy Williamson appellation long before the younger John Lee Williamson took it up at the start of his recording career in 1935).

The sides in this set date from the early 1950s and were made for the Trumpet label of Jackson, Miss. In their drive and abandon they concentrate on the singer's less reflective side, though there is some excellent blues poetry in a number of the lyrics. (Williamson partisans fall into two camps: those who prefer the slashing, infectious drive of his early recordings, and those who, like me, find the later recordings—with their deliberate, thoughtful moodiness and the compelling beauty of their mature poetry—more satisfying. It is tribute to Williamson's prodigious talent, however, that he satisfies both camps.)

By his later standards, these are rough, almost crude, group performances. The singer dominates them with his powerful, sensitive harmonica work and feelingful singing. His harmonica playing is so urgent and full of swing that he all but carries his accompanists along with him; withal, his instrumental work of uncommon subtlety and inventiveness. And as a singer who phrases with impeccable time and shades with fantastic attention to suggestive detail, Williamson is without peer. *Nine Below Zero*, *Mighty Long Time* (remarkable in its vocal and instrumental sensitivity), *Eyesight to the Blind* (and the closely related *She Brought Life Back*), *Mr. Downchild*, and *Too Close Together* would be classics by any definition of the blues, and the others in this important set are not very far behind in achievement.

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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER



ARCHIE SHEPP, Pt. 1

1. Gerald Wilson. *When I'm Feeling Kinda Blue* (from *Feeling Kinda Blues*, Pacific Jazz). Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Tony Ortega, flute; Victor Feldman, vibraharp; Jo Villaseñor, composer.

I liked that very much. I'm of course very fond of Gerald Wilson's work. I think, though, it's unfortunate people like Cecil Taylor aren't getting to do this kind of work—big-band work. Gerald brings something to this kind of work, and I think Cecil does too.

There's really no confluence of ideas, because, on one hand, you get to hear a lot of Gerald's work . . . at least I've heard a lot of it out this way, but I've heard almost none of Cecil Taylor's. Which seems to me amazing.

Again, I'm fond of their work, both of them; but it seems to me that part of what's hurting jazz is that the audience is being spoon-fed what certain people want them to hear. I know, when I get up in the morning—and I've been listening to a lot of radio these days—I can almost predict who they're going to play for me that day. And I think it's a shame. Unfair.

Judging this on its own merits, I respect musical ability in that technical Western sense whenever I'm confronted with it. It was a good tune, and there were some warm solos and like that. . . .

But you see . . . well, the music is going to grow. I mean, Basie laid down certain things, Ellington has written the Bible, certain things have been done. I address myself to black musicians especially, since black musicians, in my opinion, have essentially created the music, are the major innovators in it, and are probably responsible for the future of it. I won't mince words on that. So I say, if you really listen to Ellington and Basie, they teach valuable lessons. And the world should hear a good deal more of Cecil Taylor and Gerald Wilson. Period.

I'll give it five stars.

2. Bill Evans. *Time Remembered* (from *Evans Trio with Symphony Orchestra*, Verve). Evans, piano, composer; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

First of all, I must confess I didn't know who it was. I peeked at the album cover there on the floor—you must print this, too! Let everybody know I confessed my ignorance. I heard a track from this in San Francisco; I'm not altogether unfair.

I think Bill's best work was done with the Miles Davis Quintet. Of course, he was working with the master, Miles Davis, a giant. A good deal of that energy seems to me to have gone by the way from Bill's playing, over the years. Of course, Bill's had to work out his personal life, too, and I know that's difficult. So I am compassionate in my judgment of him. I mean, it's not a purely racial judgment.

I'm glad you played this record by Evans, because there was some exchange in *Down Beat* after an interview with Cecil Taylor, because some people felt Cecil Taylor had been unfair to Evans. I could not have disagreed with that opinion more thoroughly. I thought Taylor was being extremely fair. But what that indicated was that there's a hypersensitivity on the part of a white audience whenever a Negro

Until he came to the West Coast recently and worked at Shelly's Manne Hole, my knowledge and understanding of Archie Shepp and his work were limited. There was a matinee last year at the Newport Jazz Festival, when parts of his set had made a more affirmative impression than anything else played that afternoon; there were a few I.P.s; and there was an article in *Down Beat* that had offered substantial evidence of his unusual gifts as a writer.

Within a very short while after I met Shepp at the club, there was a greater sense of communication than could ever have been achieved without this personal contact. We later talked at length on a variety of subjects, agreed and disagreed with vigor but without hostility.

Shepp said that rather than take a *Blindfold Test* he would simply listen to records and review them. He later relented on his request for data about the records played, though information occasionally was furnished in the course of his comments. This is the first part of a two-part interview.

speaks. Bill is in many ways one of the most overrated pianists in the country. That's due partly to the fact that he's worked with the Miles Davis group and that Miles has given him his imprimatur. I do think that Bill has a lot of work to do. A lot of work.

I like him on ballad material. He can do that type very well—Satie, Debussy, everyone knows that Bill can do those things. But Debussy and Satie have already done those things. There's nothing particularly original about that, as far as I'm concerned.

Five stars. I'm going to give everything five stars! I refuse to . . . I will *not* put down another musician. I don't want to rate the musicians—I think the opinions are clear in themselves.

3. John Coltrane. *After The Rain* (from *Impressions*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

I think, aside from my own father, I respect John Coltrane as much as or more than any man in the world. John Coltrane is a tremendous man. He is the product of that same world which created and consequently murdered Bird, and Shadow Wilson, Billie Holiday, Ernie Henry . . . it attests to something: that he was able to overcome that and become the man that he is. There's no vanity about him at all. And, such as it is, he keeps it pretty much to himself. And that's a rare man.

By paying this kind of tribute to John, I don't mean to overlook all the other people who I consider my mentors. You see, one of the problems is that a lot of the younger men forget that John played this way before he played the way he's playing now. The way he's playing now is a logical part of his development. Any kind of artistic development must be logical. . . . You can't be sprung from Zeus' head. You can't do it that way. You've got to live a little bit. Otherwise, you can't play with conviction.

I am sort of loosely labelled an avant-gardist, that sort of thing, which doesn't mean much to me, because I don't read music very well, and I really don't feel very inferior about that. I only learned to write music recently, and I don't notate very well either; you know, I end up humming things to my musicians. I'm proud

of that fact.

I think these are things that John understands . . . he understands it's all about *growth*! It's certainly not just picking up a horn and playing it. You can't do that. A lot of youngsters think it's just pick up a horn and play it—but you don't. It's very hard work. It doesn't matter so much if a man learns to read music or not, or learns to notate. . . . I think the white man's made a great deal about his notation and about the fact that he introduced it to the world, but it's only a device, really. It doesn't enable you to play music. It's a means to an end. A technique . . . in a descriptive sense, not in any kind of profound sense.

So, what would I give that? There are not enough stars for that man!

This is not a typical Coltrane record of today. But it's a period of John's development. I think you can see him moving out of that particular period of kind of impressionism . . . it's really more expressionism he's involved with today.

Of course, McCoy Tyner. I grew up with McCoy, and I was in Philly around the time Jimmy was playing in Philly. . . . Jimmy's on that record, isn't he? I believe he is. And Elvin Jones. . . . Elvin Jones is an interesting man.

Miles Davis understands certain things. He understands that lines have to be stretched out. Miles—via George Russell, who's sort of a theoretical mentor for this development—Miles turned it into action. He made it work, that modal approach.

John put a group together that understood energy. Sonny Rollins' thing is his lyricism. Newk is lyrical. He can play ballads in the way that nobody can play them. But John's thing is his energy. And in order for a player today to really be worth his salt, he'd better listen to both of them, because they're coming out of the schools of Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins. Those are the two major schools of saxophone playing right now. Like Ellington and Tatum are the major schools of piano playing.

So, it's about that. John shows you how to play the top of the horn. But so many of the younger men are forgetting how to play the bottom of the damned horn. That's what Newk shows you how to play.

(To be continued in the next issue)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Archie Shepp

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles

Personnel: Shepp, tenor saxophone, piano; Roswell Rudd, trombone; Charlie Haden, bass; Beaver Harris, drums.

There are, so far as I know, absolutely no musical standards or terms by which this group can be described or evaluated.

Moreover, it is clear that its members would be the first to admit this and the last to want to be described or evaluated on any formal basis. It is painfully clear that Shepp wants to communicate with his audience, and, of course, he does.

Perhaps we should judge the outpouring, the catharsis of his expression, as drama. That was my first thought. The play, then, was about the anguished plight of the Negro. Shepp played the part of the black man. He screamed and cried, read poetry, interpolated a little boplike theme here and there, told in brief serene interludes of Duke Ellington (*In a Sentimental Mood*), periodically punctuated with chaotic terror-realized, and, presumably by design, presented a mocking version of an illiterate Uncle Tom.

Rudd played the part of the white guilt-ridden, saved adherent to Shepp's cause, a soothsaying, perspiring, wide-eyed, shirking disciple, whose only purpose is that of his master and leader—Shepp. Haden and Harris provide a pulsing background—chorus, scenery, mob.

I heard two sets during which the following questions came to mind:

Why does the work of this group require the frequent return to tonally based themes, especially those of Ellington? Why does the expression have to be almost uniformly fast and harsh? It detracts from the believability of the whole. To draw an analogy, when a man speaks to me with consistent rapidity and distorted voice (like one of those touring tent preachers), I know he is saying, "Don't hear my words or meaning—just dig my ardor!"

And, finally, as a nonmusician incapable of playing *In a Sentimental Mood*, if I sat at the piano and played free in Shepp's group when it is playing free, would my free be less valid than theirs? I bet Shepp and Rudd would say yes. But I don't think so.

In other words, I'd like to tell you that my knowledge that Shepp and Rudd can play music judgable by current standards makes the free form they are serving up more acceptable. But it only confuses me.

—John William Hardy

Various Artists

UNESCO House, Paris, France

There was a splendid response by the native and American jazzmen of Paris when the UNESCO Jazz Club staged its first public concert as a benefit for the World Literacy Campaign.

Impresario Ruble Blakey, who compered the event, lined up a formidable array of jazz talent. The concert ran almost four

hours but certainly produced more forgettable than memorable jazz. The trouble with an overcrowded bill—there were 11 separate sets—is that nobody really gets a chance to stretch out.

A Dutch mainstream-Dixieland group led by drummer Ted Easton opened the proceedings briskly with a striding *Beale St. Blues*. This group, featuring Bert de Kort, cornet; Alfred Smidt, trombone; Rolf Romer, clarinet; Heinz Schafer, piano; and Jack Sewing, bass, is well-integrated, and though not likely to set the Seine afire, it plays with professional assurance.

Bassist Sewing, with a good ear for harmony and a propulsive beat, stood out in the rhythm section, and the cornet of de Kort, with its overtones of Bobby Hackett and, sometimes, Bunny Berigan, was the most noteworthy feature of the front line.

The Glen Ragland Quartet—Ragland, drums; Nate Philippe, tenor saxophone;



Nathan Davis with Art Simmons' trio
'Superb soprano . . . thick with fast trills'

Benoit Chavez, bass; and Pierre Lemaître, piano—followed with three selections that were marred by the leader's bomb-dropping.

Though inadequate in volume, Chavez played with commendable dexterity and inventiveness on the first number, a blues. Tenorist Philippe, though lacking in originality (I wonder how many Zoot Sims and Johnny Griffin records he has at home?), played with an easy, relaxed swing and found his way manfully through the rather cluttered four-bar exchanges with Ragland on the last number, a fast minor blues.

Pianist Michel Sardaby's trio (Sewing, bass, Skeeter Cameron, drums) was the outstanding group in the first half of the concert.

Sardaby, well-known on the Paris club circuit, is a fluent and vigorously swinging pianist who knows his way around the piano and has an Oscar Peterson-like right hand. He opened with an uppish number that demonstrated his impressive command of the keyboard, following with a delightful 3/4 theme that had a rich foundation in Sewing's bowed bass notes and showcased the pianist's excellent touch and taste.

Dutch vocalist Jenny Gorde joined the trio for *They Can't Take That Away from*

Me, Birth of the Blues, and *It's All Right with Me*, all of which she delivered in a mannered and uninspired fashion.

Pianist Art Simmons' trio followed, playing music more suited to club than concert hall. Simmons, a pianist of faultless taste, uses dynamics expertly to build tension and clearly places more value on the vertical than the horizontal in music. His well-knit group was best on a medium-tempo *Li'l Darlin'*.

Simmons' trio, augmented by bongoist Sam Kali, remained on stage to back, successively, soprano and tenor saxophonist Nathan Davis, trumpeter Don Jetter, and tenorist Hal Singer.

Davis, a musician of boundless enthusiasm, played superb soprano on his own *Peace Treaty*. His lines were thick with fast trills, which he somehow blurred into chords, and he furnished additional evidence of his development as an important and original voice.

After a modest *Once in a While* from Jetter, Singer played some booting tenor on *Mean to Me*; then Singer, Jetter, and Davis joined forces to round off the first half with *Bags' Groove*.

The trio of Erroll Parker, a French pianist whose style is as close to Erroll Garner's as is his name, began the second half of the concert. With bassist Roland Haynes and drummer Ron Jefferson, the trio swung convincingly, but the pianist is far too stylistically dependent on Garner to merit consideration as a stylist in his own right.

The concert ended on a mildly riotous note when Jefferson, almost as good a comedian as a drummer, introduced in fluent English and fractured French the Ron Jefferson Choir—Jefferson, drums; Roland Haynes, bass; Jackie Robison, voice; and Buzz Sevino, guitar.

The best moments of this set came during an over-long performance of the choir-master's *Africa the Beautiful*, which, though melodically appealing, seemed to have only one minor-seventh chord to its name.

—Mike Hennessey

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis

Hunter College, New York City

Personnel: Jones, cornet; Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Bill Berry, Richard Williams, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Tom McIntosh, Jack Rains, Cliff Heather, trombones; Ray Starling, mellophonium; Jay McAllister, tuba; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Joe Farrell, Eddie Daniels, Pepper Adams, Joel Kaye, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Sam Herman, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums; Specs Powell, percussion.

The Jones-Lewis big band, sometimes called the Jazz Band, made its concert debut in the last of the Billy Taylor-George Wein "workshop" series last month. The band confirmed the favorable impression made at several Monday night Village Vanguard stands and proved itself to be one of the finest large jazz ensembles anywhere today.

The program, consisting of arrangements by Johnny Richards and Oliver Nelson, as well as material by Jones and Brookmeyer from the band's own growing book, gave the orchestra an opportunity to demonstrate its versatility. But while the musicians did justice to the other writers, it was apparent their fellow-members' music was closest to their hearts.

There is good reason for this feeling—Jones' scores are fresh and vital, and he brings them to life with inspiring conducting, backstopped by co-leader Lewis, surely one of the real masters of big-band drumming. With its own material, the band has already established an identity and a highly personal style.

One of the most refreshing features of this style is the combination of polished unison discipline with great flexibility and freedom in the extensive solo work. With Jones calling the signals, the rhythm section may drop out completely while a soloist is playing, or provide him with stop-time backgrounds, or have him backed by only piano, or bass, or soft rhythm guitar. At other times, the sections may come up with improvised riffs or chords to establish and sustain a climate of the unexpected.

With the exception of a few comparative youngsters, this is a band of seasoned veterans, most of whom make their living in studio work. The band provides them with an opportunity to play for pleasure, and one of the many nice things about it is that the men make no attempt to disguise this motivation. It has been a long time since one has seen musicians so obviously, and so infectiously, enjoying themselves. This spirit shines through the music.

Key positions are in excellent hands. Lead trumpeter Young is strong, steady, and always in tune. Richardson leads the saxes with a rare combination of power and elegant phrasing. In the rhythm section, each man is a master of his instrument and a swinger.

Soloists are plentiful. Trumpeters Williams, Berry, and Nottingham have nicely contrasting styles, and on occasion Jones, who does not often feature himself as a soloist, adds his incisive voice. Altoists Dodgion and Richardson, tenor men Farrell and Daniels, and baritonist Adams give the reeds a variety of personalities, while Brookmeyer and McIntosh take care of trombone business. In Hank Jones, the band has one of the finest pianists imaginable, and bassist Davis can be counted on for exciting solo forays.

One of the band's best numbers is *Backbone*, which utilizes to the fullest the "free" approach to rhythm. It begins with Dodgion's unaccompanied alto, gradually joined by the rhythm section. Various ways of "dropping out" are then investigated, after which Hank Jones solos; a full band interlude leads to a Brookmeyer solo, again with drop-out patterns; he is joined first by Dodgion and then by McIntosh. An animated three-way conversation ensues, the horns improvising simultaneously in a freely contrapuntal style. As a final bonus, there is some gorgeous, Benny Carter-flavored work by the reed section.

Other good Jones pieces include *The Little Pixie*, graced by a superb piano solo and a friendly trumpet battle between Berry and Williams; *The Big Dipper*, which opens with a hilarious vocalized argument featuring Nottingham and Richardson; the Basicish *Second Race*, on which Farrell caught fire; and *Once Around*, featuring more free rhythmic play and fine Adams soloing.

Brookmeyer's single arrangement, a

lovely, evocative interpretation of *Willow Weep for Me*, made good use of clarinets (often overlooked in current arranging) and featured his own warm trombone. But the highlight was cornetist Jones' opening solo, combining abstraction and lyricism in a lucid, golden-toned blend.

In comparison, the three Nelson scores seemed competent but routine, though interpreted with spirit, and full of good solo work. Best was *Blues and the Abstract Truth*, with its characteristic brass voicings, and the lively *Hoedown*, based on *I Got Rhythm's* chords.

For the Richards pieces, conducted by the composer, Starling, Kaye (on bass saxophone), McAllister, and Powell were added to the band's basic personnel. The technically demanding scores were deftly executed, but Richards' complex and prolix style was far removed from the relaxed, swinging orientation of the band.

Fortunately, the band had nearly the entire second half of the concert to itself, and that was when things began to happen.


—Dan Morgenstern

Eureka Brass Band/ Easy Riders Jazz Band

Glorieta Manor, Bridgeport, Conn.

Personnel: Eureka Brass Band—Percy Humphrey, trumpet, leader; Peter Bocage, Milton Batiste, trumpets; Earl Humphrey, Chicken Henry, trombones; Willie Humphrey, clarinet; Emanuel Paul, tenor saxophone; William Brown, sousaphone; Chester Jones, snare drum; Noel Glass, bass drum; Matthew (Fats) Houston, Henry Glass, marshals. Easy Riders—Fred Vigorito, trumpet; Bill Blissette, trombone; Sammy Rimington, clarinet, alto saxophone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dick McCarthy, bass; Art Pulver, drums.

This concert was presented by the Con-



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necicut Traditional Jazz Club, whose energy and know-how must have been greatly responsible for the large turnout on a rough, wintry night. More than 600 persons jammed the hall, and their happiness with the music carried them over a difficult period when supplies of beer were temporarily exhausted.

The enthusiasm of the traditional-jazz audience is not necessarily contagious, but it is certainly of a quality one could wish to see in those of other jazz persuasions. These fans had come to be entertained, not to criticize or analyze. They identified with the musicians and encouraged them. They were partisans with a cause.

The Eureka band made a spectacular entrance, marching down the aisle with its two brightly decorated marshals in front. After all were safely gathered on-stage for the first set, the marshals continued to strut and caper before the band, the deadpan second marshal, Henry Glass, cutting the grand marshal with a witty dance routine that was like a running commentary on the band's performance. Its execution, in fact, was often more precise than that of the ensemble.

Precision is certainly not the band's strong suit, and bandmaster Percy Humphrey's instructions were seldom received with exemplary obedience.

Perhaps the group's very raggedness is half its appeal, its testimony, as it were, to "authenticity," and to the warm mental pictures of New Orleans marches that so many listeners cherish. Yet the "collective

improvisation" heard on classic recordings attained the heights it did because of mutual understanding and elementary discipline, not because of anarchic freedom.

The Eureka has three trumpets and two trombones, and if each of these brass groups could—or would—think as one, the ensembles would not creak at the joints as they do. Occasionally, the three trumpets seemed to share a common conception (Humphrey and Bocage often did), but mostly it was a matter of you-go-your-way-and-I'll-go-mine.

Batiste, a younger man with more power than the other two, was obviously eager to display his prowess. He frequently made a play for audience attention, one of his more successful gambits being a solo with just a mouthpiece cupped between his hands. In the finale, he was playing two trumpets simultaneously.

Clarinetist Willie Humphrey was generally the most rewarding soloist. He has the requisite "woody" tone and knows all the devices dear to the traditional heart. Paul also proved surprisingly popular (what, a tenor saxophonist!). his curiously dry tone being a reminder that the sound of old records was often as much due to differences in instruments and tone production as to recording.

Ultimately, the ear became conditioned to technical deficiencies and savored individual solos and fragments of solos. By the end of the evening, too, the band seemed to be loosening up and rolling with a natural momentum.

The Easy Riders, by contrast, sounded accurate and almost sophisticated, the three horns relating well to one another. Leader Bissonette showed a thorough knowledge of the trombone's role in this kind of music and wisely added tonal variety with mutes during his solos.

Vigorito, at 19, sounded like a musician with a future. He played with drive and made good use of the plunger. By blowing into a derby during ensemble choruses, he was also able to effect admirable changes in color and dynamics.

Rimington, an English import from Ken Colyer's band, was in many respects the outstanding musician of the evening. He has good instrumental control and an apparently complete grasp of the traditional idiom, but while always playing in a manner appropriate to the context, he often surprised with original phrases and by running changes in an unexpected fashion. He was featured in *After You've Gone*, an interpretation based on Johnny Dodds' version, and, with the rhythm section only, in *Lead Me, Saviour*, which he drove home with great rhythmic force to obtain the biggest hand of the evening.

On one set, the group was joined by Georgia Louis, a good-looking young singer from Stamford. She sang a couple of Gospel songs with confidence and vivacity, in a voice that sometimes recalled Gospel singer Marie Knight's. During the band chorus on the first, she did a lively dance, which, however inappropriate, was visually brilliant.

—Stanley Dance

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Last year, the Ithaca College Jazz Workshop began what appeared to be an ideal course from a philosophical and musical point of view. The emphasis was on extended jazz works rather than on dance-based jazz arrangements that constitute the diet of many college groups. There was imagination in programing and serious interest in performing musically significant works.

This year, under the continued direction of graduate student Robert Levy and the guidance of faculty adviser Donald Sinta, the group is continuing its excellent start and direction.

A fall concert included an original work by Raymond Brown, a sophomore and assistant music director of the workshop, called *The Opener* that featured the solo trumpet of Levy. Also included on the program was a three-movement Latin suite, titled *Lateeno*, composed by John Wilson. Three dances—bolero, mambo, and guaracha—comprised the suite and involved five extra percussionists.

A quartet of Levy, trumpet; Edward Lacy, piano; Robert Cecchi, bass; and Gregg Soininen, drums, played four numbers. Other soloists with the band this year include Roger Emig and Joe Sherman, saxophones; Carl Della Peruti and Tom Everett, trombones; and Andy LaVerne, piano. The lead trumpet work is handled by Bob Livingood.

The group presented a major concert March 9. Included on the program were Gunther Schuller's *Transformation*, Milton Babbitt's *All Set*, and a work by composer John Huggler commissioned for the concert. The Jazz Workshop will appear in May at the Ithaca High School Contemporary Music Festival.

The University of Notre Dame Lettermen played a concert at a neighboring girls' school, St. Mary's College, as a warmup for their appearance at last month's Collegiate Jazz Festival. The student-run group is under the joint leadership of Mike Turre and Larry Dwyer, who do most of the arranging for the group. A sextet of Bill Hurd and Turre, saxophones; Dwyer, trombone; Kevin Doherty, drums; Jim Johnson, piano; and Rich Straub, bass, also performed.

The University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee Stage Band, under the faculty supervision of Dr. Robert Hanson and student director Tom Wright, played a demonstration concert at the Milwaukee Stage Band Festival in early March. Judges for the contest were Art Dedrick, Roland Wussow, and Jack Snively.

The University of Miami at Coral Gables, Fla., is offering a major in studio music and jazz. William Russell, assistant professor, composer-arranger, and studio

trumpet player, is in charge of the program. Besides the basic music-school fare, students will encounter courses in orchestration in the modern idiom; improvisation; studio orchestra conducting; music publishing and copyright; radio, television, and movie music; and have recording experience with the Studio Jazz Orchestra.

The second annual stage band festival sponsored by Bandland in Clarksburg, W. Va., included two college bands for the edification of the participating high school players. The local Salem College Dance Band performed under the direction of Ernie Osborne and the Fairmont College

Stage Band of Fairmont, W. Va., under the direction of Don Hamilton.

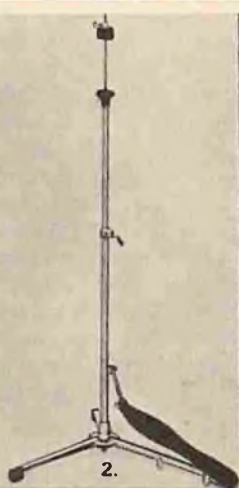
Southwestern College in Chula Vista, Calif., held its fourth annual stage-band festival with competition on the college, high school, and junior high school levels. Guest artist and head judge was bass trombonist George Roberts. Bands included those from Santa Monica City College, Cerritos College, El Camino College, San Diego City College, San Diego State College, Palomar College, Southwestern College, and Los Angeles State College. The director of the Southwestern Band, and of the festival, is James C. Merrill of the college faculty.



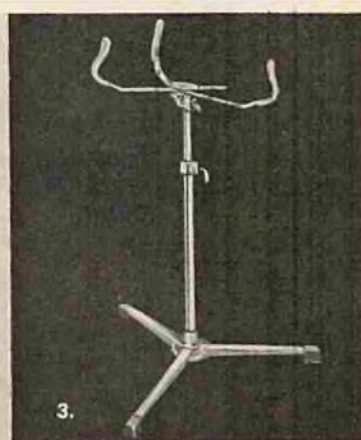
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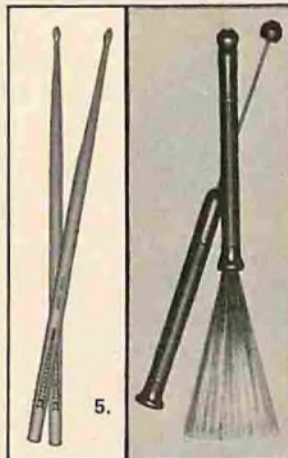
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TV JAZZ

(Continued from page 18)

the charming *Doin' the New Lowdown*, with Sammy Davis singing, dancing his way up and down the steps, was dedicated to the late Bill (Bojangles) Robinson. Nor were we told whether Miss Carroll was playing Josephine Baker or Florence Mills, though presumably one or the other of these predecessors was in the producers' minds.

It might be argued that realism was not the objective. This defense might even be employed to excuse the exclusive use of Negro cops in a street scene (did Harlem really have only Negro policemen in the 1920s?) and a couple of other such questionable points. Indeed, in this day and age it seemed odd to watch a program in which not a single white face appeared for a whole hour save during the commercials; but by the same token it was refreshing, and in terms of history it was not totally unrealistic.

A similar case might be made out for the music. The voicings were too precise, the intonation was too perfect, the satire too unavoidable to give a genuine impression of how those nightclub arrangements really sounded. But complete realism might have been musically unnerving to present-day ears; the compromise reached was one of reasonable proportions. The credits read: "Musical Arrangements by Jimmy Jones, Miles Kreuger. Orchestrations by Al Cohn, Jimmy Jones, Bob Freedman. Special Musical Material by William Eaton. Musical Director: Howard Roberts [not the West Coast guitarist]."

If Belafonte, CBS, and the others involved with this project were satisfied with the results, esthetically and commercially, perhaps one can look forward to a follow-up that will dig a little deeper into the Harlem scene, possibly taking in the '30s and '40s and certainly emphasizing some of the other major musical names that could not be included in a single hour. But in its attempt to re-create the general mood, tempo, and feeling of the area and the era, *The Strollin'* '20s was exactly what it set out to be—a colorful, very musical, spectacular program with many rewarding passages and, for some, a strong dash of nostalgia.

The general direction represented by both *Anatomy of Pop* and *The Strollin'* '20s indicates what could develop into a healthy trend. While neither was faultless, their intent reached far beyond the unimaginative use of music on television, to which we have long been accustomed. Perhaps it is not too idealistic to hope that such isolated exceptions may some day become a general rule.

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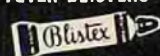
"I make my living as a drummer on Canadian television. Having a good thing, I naturally want to keep it. So I have spent hours on end practicing drum books and trying to make my hands go faster. Practice became remarkably easy, particularly on a pad, but my playing on the job became harder and harder. Practice was making me, not perfect where it counts, or even better, but worse. Then I met Jake Hanna and in our talks became impressed about the praise he had for his teacher, Stan Spector. After working with Stan's Home Study Course, I decided to make the trip to New York for a personal lesson. One thing has led to another and I have been making the trip once a month for the past year. A funny thing happened. My practice under Stan's direction has become I don't know how many times more difficult, but my playing on the job has become easier and easier. I'm delighted." Same drummers are beginning to find out what Jake Hanna and Joe Cocuzzo mean when they talk about their study of "Method Jazz Drumming at the

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

of University of California, was to star Muddy Waters' Blues Band and feature Otis Spann, Mance Lipscomb, Clifton Chenier, James Cotten, and Lightnin' Hopkins. The one-day festival, to be held in the university's gym, was slated to conclude with a dance to the music of Waters' band . . . Pianist George Duke's trio gave a concert at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, playing Duke's composition *Nuances for Piano, Bass, and Drums* . . . A new nest of traditional jazz is thriving 60 miles north of here in Petaluma, a pleasant little city that bills itself as "the chicken capital of the world." Incubator for the Dixieland sounds is the New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California, formed last June. Although it is an independent organization, it is affiliated with the New Orleans Jazz Club of New Orleans, La. Guests at the most recent of its monthly sessions included pianist Norma Teagarden and clarinetist Bill Napier, making his first appearance since he was injured in an automobile accident nearly a year ago. Napier has played with bands led by pianist Joe Sullivan, trombonist Turk Murphy, and the late trumpeter Bob Scobey. Others who have performed at club concerts include singer Pat Yankee, cornetist Ev Farey, clarinetist Bob Helm, drummer Justin Dart, and pianist Pete Clute, all notable in the bay-area traditional realm . . . The annual series of summer outdoor concerts staged in Stern Grove here under municipal sponsorship will include a jazz concert this year. On Aug. 7 the John Handy, Turk Murphy, and Vince Guaraldi combos, and the Rudy Salvini big band will play . . . Baritonist-flutist Virgil Gonsalves' quintet is playing a series of twice-weekly jazz "happenings" at the Contemporary Theater here. The concerts involve the use of a multitude of colored lights, film and slide projectors, and a fog machine, plus free-form blowing by the musicians.

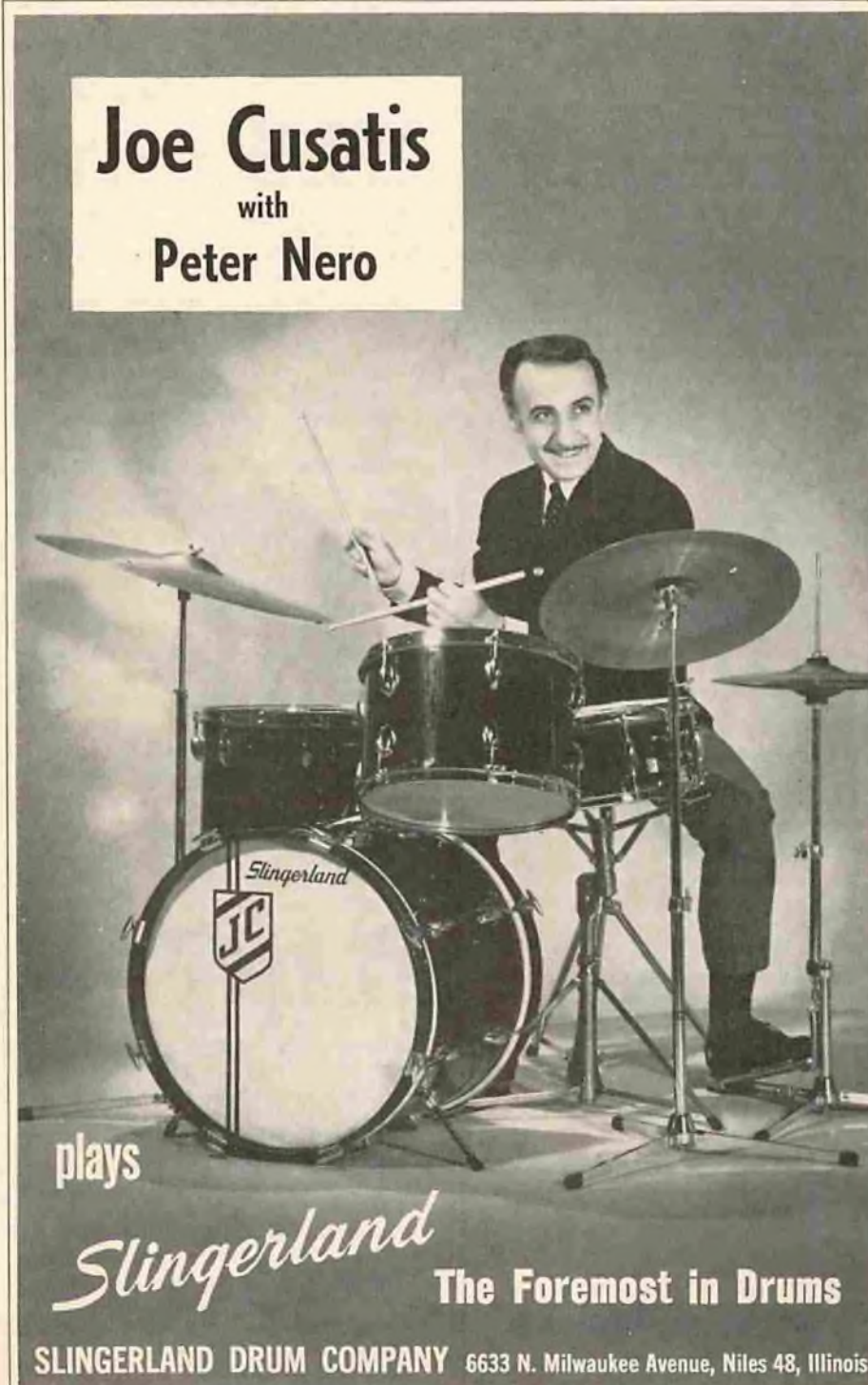
BOSTON: Organist Milt Buckner and reed man Illinois Jacquet, besides playing to capacity houses during their two-weeker at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, kept a busy extracurricular schedule, which included a benefit performance at a local hospital (where vocalist Mae Arnette is recuperating from a long illness) and an appearance on *Jazz*, Boston's continuing live jazz series on Channel 2 . . . Bill Tannebring, producer of the Channel 2 series, is planning three all-night taping sessions for the summer. Visiting, as well as local, musicians will be invited to the studio for sessioning after their gigs. The cameras will go on, and, in the words of Roland Kirk, "It happens the way it happens." . . . Other recent jazz TV programs have included a one-hour special produced by WBZ for the Westinghouse syndication group. It featured an original score by Teo Macero. Tom Knott, the station's assistant program manager, produced two 30-minute shows for the *Odyssey* series. One was a special dedicated to the late Nat (King) Cole that featured pianist

Jaki Byard, bassist Tony Eira, and drummer Alan Dawson; the other spotlighted the Stan Getz Quartet . . . The Bill Evans Trio, with bassist Teddy Kotick and drummer Arnie Wise, packed the Jazz Workshop during its week there . . . Boston's new Playboy Club has a trio made up of pianist Bob Winter, bassist John Neves, and drummer Bill Goodwin. Among recent featured artists appearing at the club was singer Teddi King.

WASHINGTON: Pee Wee Russell worked at Blues Alley for two weeks last month. The inimitable clarinetist's spirited playing inspired the club's owner, Tommy Gwaltney, to some of his finest clarinet playing, and capacity crowds gave the

Gwaltney-Russell clarinet duets great applause . . . While guitarist Charlie Byrd improvised, the Rev. Malcolm Boyd read from his book of contemporary prayers, *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*, at the Washington Cathedral in March. A capacity crowd of 4,500, more than half teenagers, attended. The performance, one of several by Byrd and Boyd, drew considerable attention in the local newspapers, with one headline reading: "The Hip Visit the Cathedral." Meanwhile, back at the Showboat Lounge, Byrd now performs with a quintet as well as with his trio. The two new members of the Byrd group are trumpeter Hal Posey and pianist Eddie Dimond, both prominent fixtures on the D.C. jazz scene . . . The Dukes of

Joe Cusatis with Peter Nero

A black and white photograph of Joe Cusatis, a man with dark hair, smiling and playing a Slingerland drum kit. He is wearing a dark suit and tie. The drum kit includes a bass drum with the Slingerland logo, a snare drum, and several cymbals. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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Dixieland presented a noontime show in the U.S. Senate's Rotunda March 14, with Sen. Russell Long (D-La.) getting into the act by leading the band around, New Orleans street-style. That evening, several of the Dukes, including trumpeter Frank Assunto and drummer Barrett Deems, sat in at Blues Alley, along with pianist-singer Bobby Troup and his wife, singer Julie London. It was the latter's night off during a week's engagement at the Shoreham Hotel's Blue Room . . . The Bohemian Caverns, billed as "the sole home of soul jazz," recently featured the Soul Brothers with Judd Watkins. A group known as Trio E.S.P. followed . . . After seven years with the Shoreham Hotel band, Dick Sleigh is now playing solo piano and accompanying popular singer Joyce Carr at the Fireplace . . . Singer Ann Read and the Eddie Phyfe 3 are on WRC-TV five mornings a week. They appear on a local mostly-talk show starring Mark Russell.

BALTIMORE: There were alto players everywhere in March. At the Forest Manor, the Jazz Society for Performing Artists imported altoist Sonny Red and a rhythm section, led by pianist Barry Harris, and then followed with the quartet of altoist Gary Bariz. At the Crosstown, where the Left Bank Jazz Society holds its sessions, altoist Phil Woods made one of his rare personal appearances in this area, fronting a rhythm section of Washingtonians, Reuben Brown, piano; Wilbur Little, bass; and Bertell Knox, drums. (One week earlier, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and tenorist Jimmy Heath were presented along with pianist Albert Dailey, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Mickey Roker.) Sonny Red then returned to town as a last-minute replacement with trumpeter Blue Mitchell's group that played the Crystal Ballroom . . . Reed wizard Roland Kirk and his quartet were to perform in concert March 27 for the Left Bank Jazz Society . . . The concert/dance series "Sounds of the '60s" returned to the Eastwind March 27 with the big band of baritonist Hank Levy and the septet of tenor man Reds Popoli.

DETROIT: Reed et cetera man Roland Kirk drew turn-away crowds at the Drome last month. His group included pianist LaMont Johnson, bassist Ed Mathias, and drummer Sonny Brown . . . Pianist Mose Allison used Detroit sidemen Dan Jordan, bass, and Art Mardigan, drums, during his recent stay at Baker's . . . The Archie Shepp concert at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor last month was preceded by a panel discussion on "The New Music, the Negro, and America." Participants included Shepp, bassist Ron Brooks, alto saxophonist Joseph Jarman, pianist Howard Lucas, disc jockey Bud Spangler, Wayne State's Dr. Betty Chmaj, and *Down Beat* correspondent Bill McLarney. Moderator was Dr. Robert Sklar, professor of American studies at the U. of M. Midway through the discussion, Roland Kirk and LaMont Johnson, in the audience, joined the panel, and a heated exchange between Kirk and Shepp ensued. After the concert, Brooks

was host to an avant-garde session held at a VFW hall, featuring the Detroit Contemporary 4 and Chicagoan Jarman's group, which had played a concert for the Wayne State Artists' Society the previous night . . . The Artists' Workshop, long the home of avant-garde jazz in Detroit, is in serious financial trouble . . . Disc jockey Bud Spangler of WKAR-FM, East Lansing, inaugurated a new Saturday afternoon program, *New Jazz in Review*. The program features guest record reviewers. The first guest was guitarist Ron English . . . Pianist Claude Black has returned from his tour with the Eddie Harris Quartet and is back at the helm of his trio, which includes Ernie Farrow, bass, and Bill Hardy, drums. The group plays at Baker's between name-group bookings . . . The Keith Vreeland Trio (Vreeland, piano; Dick Wigginton, bass; Jim Nemeth, drums) performed a Good Friday service at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, using music composed by the members of the group, portraying the arrest, trial, and crucifixion of Christ.

KANSAS CITY: Sunday evening sessions at the Vanguard have been featuring, on a fairly regular basis, pianist Frank Smith's trio, with Dave Williams, bass, and Bob Campbell, drums. Smith's trio also was heard at a recent University of Missouri at Kansas City jazz concert, along with the piano-bass duo of Bettye Miller and Milt Able, and the quartet of pianist George Salisbury, with bassist Charles Mathews, drummer Vince Bilaro, and trombonist Arch Martin . . . The 17th in a series of concert-jam sessions sponsored by Kansas City Jazz Unlimited took place last month at the headquarters of AFM Local 627. The program included the Baby Lovett Band, the Five Trends, the Willie Rice Octet, the Al Carter Quintet, and the quartets of Homer Walker, Hurley Dennis, and Sleepy Hiekox . . . Pianist Jolie Harris played a benefit concert at UMKC in late February . . . Marilyn Maye was back in town recently for a four-week gig at the Colony with pianist Sammy Tucker's trio.

MIAMI: Alan Rock, WMBM disc jockey, recently emceed a concert by the University of Miami Jazz Sextet. Featured musicians were Mike Isabella, valve trombone; Kenny Lehrman, alto saxophone; Mark Hurwitz, flute, alto saxophone; Larry Lipkin, piano; Smokey Samuels, bass; and Mike Stephens, drums. The performance was held in connection with the University of Miami Jazz Club. The Dave Brubeck Quartet was a recently featured attraction at the university, after which the pianist-leader moved to the Musicarnival in West Palm Beach for a Sunday night engagement . . . Trumpeter Blue Mitchell recently sat in for an evening with the Charles Austin Quartet at the Hampton House. Austin joined forces with David Spitzer in the latter's history of modern painting class at Miami-Dade Junior College in a discussion of non-objective painting and avant-garde musical expression. Such musicians as John Cage, Karlheinz Stockhausen, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman were discussed. The

creative program culminated in an original, free tenor saxophone solo by Austin . . . Singer **Tony Bennett** was recently assisted by cornetist **Bobby Hackett** at the Diplomat in Hollywood . . . **Sammy Davis Jr.** was featured at the Deauville in Miami Beach. The **Bobby Fields Trio** plays jazz in that hotel's Musketeer Lounge . . . An eight-piece modern jazz band was recently assembled at a local residence in Hollywood for frequent sessions. Rehearsing in a noncommercial unit utilizing a number of **John Coltrane** tunes are **Bill Prince**, **Duke Schuster**, trumpets; **Jim Mathews**, trombone; **Red Hamilton**, **Mary Goldinher**, reeds; **Ron Miller**, piano; **Al Schabo**, drums; and **George Smith**, drums.

NEW ORLEANS: The Southland Jazz Club, a new pay-the-kitty hall patterned after Preservation Hall, opened on St. Peter St. last month. Cornetist **George Finola**, one of the proprietors of the hall, is leading a band four nights weekly while **Dolly Adams'** band plays three nights. Finola's group consists of **Clem Tervalon**, trombone; **Raymond Burke**, clarinet; **Jeanette Kimball**, piano; **Danny Barker**, guitar, banjo; and **Lonis Barbarin**, drums. Pianist Adams' band features an all-Adams rhythm section, with **Jerry Adams**, bass, and **Placide Adams**, drums. Either **Thomas Jefferson** or **Albert Walters** is expected to join the Adams family on trumpet . . . The New Orleans Jazz Museum received a donation of all copies of *Down Beat* from 1935 to 1965, according to **Clay Watson**, museum director. The museum also has acquired a set of **Gene Krupa's** drumsticks and a clarinet once owned by **Charlie Cordilla** of the old **Halfway House Orchestra** . . . British clarinetist **Sammy Rimington**, vacationing in New Orleans, sat in at the Southland Jazz Club. Another British traditionalist, trumpeter **Keith Smith**, is planning to spend a year in New Orleans. Smith recently toured Europe with an all-star group that included trombonist **Jimmy Archey** . . . Drummer **Jimmy Zitano** joined the **Fred Crane Trio** at the Black Knight. Crane is expected to appear on a program with the **New Orleans Pops Orchestra** this summer . . . Trumpeter **Sharkey Bonano** took a group to Rockport, Texas, for the opening of a new club, the Studio . . . Cornetist **George Finola**, who is an assistant curator at the Jazz Museum, toured Florida with a traditionalist group under the sponsorship of the museum.

ATLANTA: Sunday night jazz listeners at La Cuisine had the pleasure of hearing original tunes by members of **The Group**, among them *Realization* by trumpeter **Ronald Hampton**, *Revelations* by bassist **Sirron**, and *Segment* by pianist **Ron Burton**. Drummer **Jimmy Mority** has returned to the band. The Group also plays Thursday nights at the Lovin' Spoonful . . . Atlantans were eagerly awaiting the April 1 debut of saxophonist **John Coltrane** and his group at Pascal's La Carrousel. Preceding Coltrane at the club was tenorist **Billy Mitchell's** trio . . . Peyton Place has had a variety of groups since initiating a jazz policy. On weekends a group new on the Atlanta scene,

the **Pioneers**, is heard. The personnel includes trumpeter **Everett Turner**, bassist **Samuel Davis**, drummer **E. W. Wainwright**, and versatile singer **Pat Green**. The **Joshua Quartet**, still holding down Sunday matinees, features altoist **Fred Ezkiel**, pianist **Donell Edwards**, bassist **Ernest Pepper**, and drummer **Buzzy Jones**. **Floyd McNeil**, artist in residence at Spelman College, has joined the quartet on flute. McNeil studied with the late **Eric Dolphy** while in Europe. Pianist-arranger **Duke Pearson**, who returned to his home town for a couple of days re-

(trombonist **Grachan Moncur**, altoist **Marion Brown**, bassist **Henry Grimes**, and drummer **Sonny Murray**) appeared at the New Cellar . . . Singer **Jon Hendricks**, recently featured at the Town Tavern, stayed on for a three-day appearance at George's Kibitzaria, along with **Salome Bey**, the **Larry Vukovich Trio**, and the **Ola Skanks** dancers . . . **Andre Previn**, appearing in Canada for the first time, conducted the **Toronto Symphony Orchestra** in a program that featured his own *Overture to a Comedy* . . . Cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** returned to town, this time fronting the **Surf Side Six**, a Detroit Dixieland band . . . **Marty Grosz**, singer, banjoist, and guitarist, continues at the Golden Nugget with clarinetist **Henry Cuesta** and drummer **Mickey Shannon** . . . **Johnny Hartman** sang at the Town for a week, followed by flugelhornist **Clark Terry** and drummer **Ed Thigpen's** trio.

GERMANY: The Frankfurt Jazz Festival, which claims to be the oldest annual jazz festival in the world (having been established in 1951), will be held this year from April 28 to May 1. Organized and directed by **Horst Lippmann**, the festival will have as a highlight a concert, "Twenty Years of German Jazz," commemorating the introduction of jazz into Germany following World War II after 12 years of suppression by the Nazis. This concert will feature many well-known German jazz musicians, including **Hans Koller**, **Wolfgang Dauner**, **Albert and Emil Mangelsdorff**, and **Helmuth Brandt**. Another festival attraction will be the appearance of Germany's top big bands: **Max Greger's** from Munich, **Kurt Edelhagen's** from Cologne, and **Erwin Lehn's** from Stuttgart . . . The quintet of trombonist **Albert Mangelsdorff** has been touring Spain, Portugal, and Morocco during March and April. The tour is being sponsored by the German Goethe Institute, which also sent the **Gunther Hampel Quintet** on a good-will tour of Greece, Turkey, and the Middle East during February and March . . . One of Berlin's most active night clubs, **Dug's**, has been featuring name artists, among them saxophonists **Booker Ervin**, **Don Byas**, and **Nathan Davis** (who had Czech bassist **Jan Arnet** with him), since the beginning of the year. Among upcoming visitors to the club are organist **Lou Bennett** who will be there till the end of April, violinist **Stuff Smith** in May, and trumpeter **Buck Clayton** during June . . . After a successful club appearance in Berlin, tenorist **Dexter Gordon** went on to Munich's Domicile club . . . The newest jazz group in Germany is the **Manfred Schoff Quintet** from Cologne. The group includes tenor saxophonist **Gerd Dudeck**, pianist **Manfred von Schlippenbach**, and bassist **Buschi Niebergall** . . . The education committee of the German Jazz Federation has organized a jazz clinic for young amateur musicians in high schools and colleges. The clinic is being conducted by altoist **Emil Mangelsdorff** and pianist **Joe Viera** and is given as a complimentary service to any German school band that requests it.

In The May 19 Down Beat:

ANNUAL REED ISSUE

A Long Look At Stan Getz

By Don DeMicheal

John Handy: Back Up The Ladder

By Jack Lind

The Bean And I

An Affectionate Portrait Of Tenor Saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, By Rex Stewart

On Sale Thursday, May 5

cently, sat in with the group. Pearson is now acting as a&r man for Blue Note records. Bassist **Harold Grissom** was also on hand, along with drummer **Don Clark** and trumpeter **Bill Brannon**.

TORONTO: The Stratford Shakespearean Festival is presenting a jazz weekend in August. **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra will give a concert on Aug. 5, and the **George Shearing Quintet** is to appear Aug. 7 . . . The Ellington orchestra appeared at Toronto's O'Keefe Center for a three-night stand, March 17-19 . . . The previous weekend, the **New Jazz Quartet**

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 Metenlf, Jimmy Neely.
Basic's: Johnny (Hammond) Smith, 4/26-5/8.
Harold Ousley, Sun-Mon.
Carnegie Hall: Modern Jazz Quartet, 4/27.
Chuck's Composite: 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.
Heddy Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Embers West: Roy Eldridge, Harry Shephard, to 5/22.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood.
Five Spot: Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Tilano.
Half Note: Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing to 5/1. Horace Silver, 5/3-5/8. Clark Terry, 5/10-29. Carmen McRae, 5/13-15; 5/20-23; 5/27-29.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jilly's: Guy Fasiciani, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenneth'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: Dizzy Gillespie, 5/3-15.
Plantation (Asbury Park, N.J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Clea Bradford, hbs.
Prelude: Gracella Oliphant, Etta Jones.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 5/15.
Jimmy Ryan's: Henry (Red) Allen, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Don Frye, Sun.
St. Gregory's School (Brooklyn): Cal Massey, John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, Cedar Walton, Roland Kirk, 4/24.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): sessions, Sun.
Slup'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 Gate: Roy Eldridge, Roland Kirk, Max Roach, Jimmy Giuffrè, Attila Zoller, 4/26.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Wells': Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott.
Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff-Tones.
Fantasy Lounge (Framingham): Lovey-Ann Quartet.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys.
Jazz Workshop: Mongo Santamaria to 4/24.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Dukes of Dixieland, 4/25-5/1. Jimmy Rushing, 5/2-8. Kenny Burrell, 5/9-15. Sonny Stitt, Salt City Six, 5/16-22.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega.
Mendows (Framingham): Sal Perry.
Paul's Mall: Dave Blume.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown): Tony Spair.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, hb.
Pep's: unk.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time 6.
Show Boat: Shirley Scott, Stanley Turrentine, 4/25-30. Hank Crawford, 6/2-8. Joe Williams, 5/9-14.

WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: Tommy Gwaltney, hb. Marge Dodson to 4/23. Lurlean Hunter, 5/9-21.
Bohemian Caverns: name and local jazz groups.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor.
Embers: Eddie Pfyfe.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, wknds.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd.
Weber's Char House: Tee Carson.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Lil Armstrong, Sun.
London House: Bill Evans to 4/24. Oscar Peterson, 4/26-5/8. Willie Bobo, 5/10-22. Ramsey Lewis, 6/7-10.
McCormick Place: Petula Clark, Count Basie, 5/15.
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: Carmen McRae to 5/1. Redd Foxx, 5/8-15. 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, Lyman Woodard, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Junior Mance to 4/24. Gene Krupa, 5/6-15. Joe Williams, 5/20-28. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 6/3-12. Claude Black, hb.
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: Johnny (Hammond) Smith, 5/20-29.
Yusef Lateef, 6/3-12. Rufus Harley, 6/6-15.
Frolie: Clarence Price, Thur.-Sat.
Gene's (Inkster): Marietta Rest, Thur.
Hubby 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.
Odom's Cave: Gary Chandler, Fri.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Penthouse: Babs Logan.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Jack Pierson, hbs.
Showboat: Tom Saunders.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester, Thur.-Sat.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sat.
Viscount (Windsor): Remy Rand.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Zombie: Walter Hamilton.

MILWAUKEE

Column's Room: Lou Lalli.
Dimitri's: The Jazzmen, Thur.-Sat.
El Matador: George Fritchette, Fri.-Sat.
English Room: Tom Marth, Fri.-Sat.
Green's Living Room: Will Green.
K.G.'s: Zig Millonzi, Mon.-Sat.
Mr.'s: Four Star Quartet, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Leo's: Bev Dean, wknds.
Richard's Retreat: Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.
Sardino's: Dan Edwards, Mon.-Sat.
The Scene: Skip Wagner, Fri.-Sat.
Tina's: Bob Uhlenberg, wknds.
Village Inn (Antigo): modern jazz, wknds.
Washington Park: Duke Ellington, 7/1.
Wauwatosa East High School: Ramsey Lewis, 5/20.

NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Fred Crane, Jim Allison, Effie.
Cellar: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer.
Ched's: Mike Lala.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
El Morocco: Ronnie Baron.
Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santa Pecora.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
644 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.
Southland Jazz Club: George Finola, Wed.-Sat.
Dolly Adams, Sun.-Tue.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

KANSAS CITY

Club DeLisa: Frank Smith.
Combo Club: Charles McFarland, Sat.
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 Billardo, Pete Eye, hbs.
Pompeii Room: Jolie Harris.
The Inn: Larry Cummings.
The Place: Baby Lovett, wknds.
Vanguard: jazz, Sun.

LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: Jimmy Cook, Thur.
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. Red Norvo, Ernie Stewart, hbs.
Torch Club: Bobby Sherwood.
Tropicana Hotel: Maynard Ferguson, George Shearing, 4/24-5/21.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
Cocoanut Grove: Tony Bennett, 5/10-23.
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Doda, Hub Keeler.
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 Lund, David Bryant.
Leapin' Liz's: Jack Langlos, Fri.-Sat.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Les McCann to 4/24. Howard Rumsey, 4/25-28; 5/9-12. Mose Allison, 1/29-5/8. Three Sounds, 5/13-6/4.
Marty's: Bobby Bryant, Henry Cain, Tue.
Melodyland (Anaheim): Duke Ellington, Cal Tjader, Eddie Cano, 5/9.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison. Various groups, Mon.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell.
Officers' Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pasadena Art Museum: Don Ellis, 6/12.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P. J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Paul Moer, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Rose Marie Ballroom (North Hollywood): Lionel Hampton, 6/10.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Herbie Mann to 4/24. 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: Ahmad Jamal to 4/24.
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: Andrew Hill, 4/26-5/8.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Vince Guaraldi to 5/7.
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: Wynton Kelly, Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-29.
Juke Box: Norman Williams.
McKemos (Richmond): VI Redd, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, hbs.
The Apartment (Oakland): John Coppola, Thur.-Sat. Escovedo Bros., Sun.
The Hearth: Jean Hoffman, Gus Gustofson, 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 Robo, 6/14-7/9.
Denny Zeitlin, Mon.
Zack's (Sausalito): Al Land.

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