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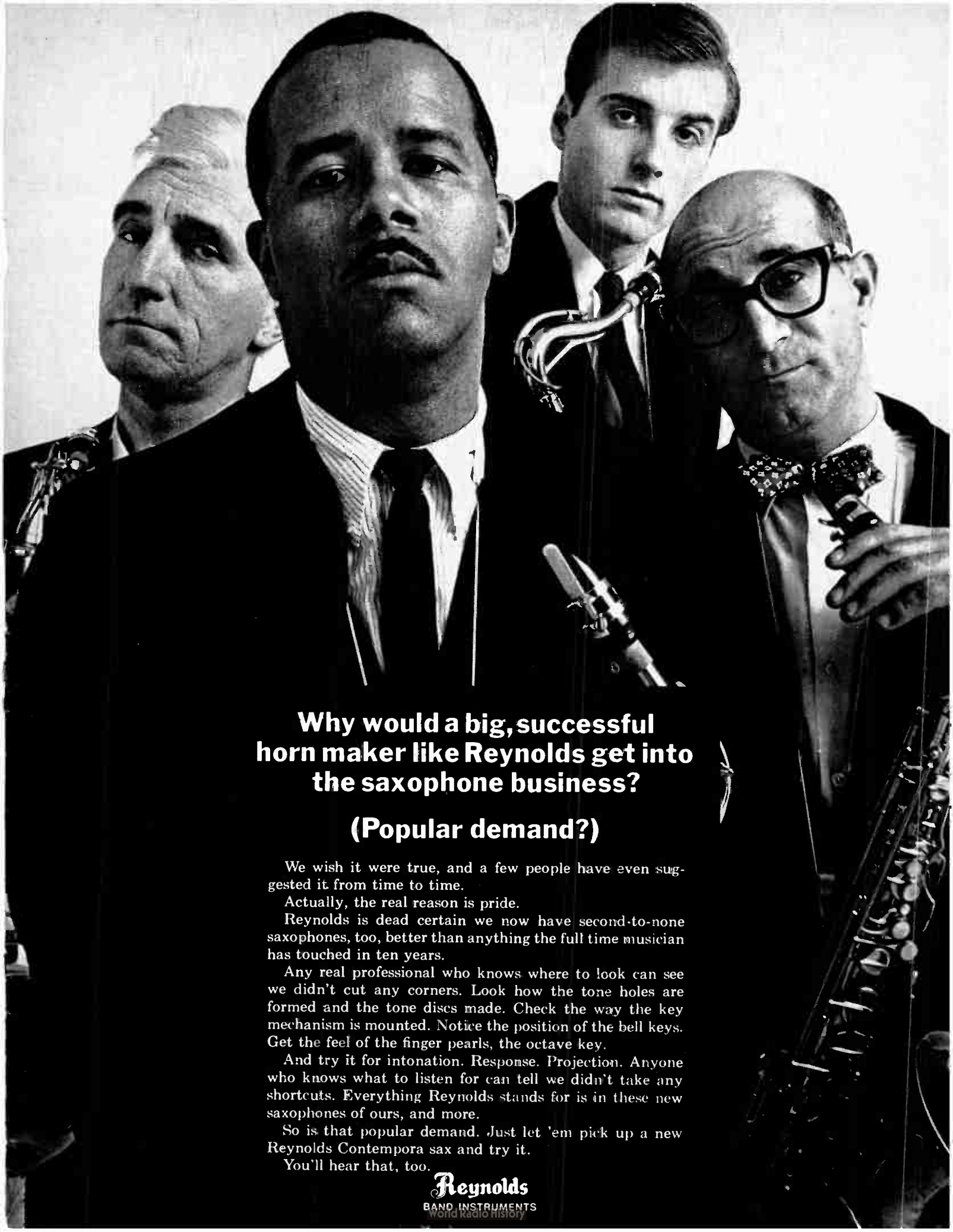
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A Forum For Readers

### DB Reader Writes Back

As a *Down Beat* reader since 1942, I would like to congratulate you on your March 9 issue. I found it most rewarding.

I would like to thank Dan Morgenstern for bringing to light what so few of us remember: that Charlie Barnet is a truly fine jazz-band leader with unswerving principals about his music and the men who make it.

Also my thanks to Don DeMicheal, who obviously reacts as I do to Cootie Williams solos. I envy anyone who likes jazz and hears a Williams solo for the first time.

Gren Marsh  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

### Praise For Haden Profile

I have been a regular subscriber and devoted reader of *Down Beat* for the last six years, but I have never felt the need or desire to write my comments on an article before now.

The article on bassist Charlie Haden (*DB*, March 9) was superb. Before reading it, Haden's name was unknown to me, but now I can't wait to dig his music.

For the first time, I believe that the true feeling and thoughts of a jazz musician have been expressed—in a way other than with music—through Haden's philosophy of creativity. I think that his views on jazz should be respected, for they come from the heart and are sound and true.

Also, we should admire the fact that not only was Haden cured of drug addiction successfully but that he also devotes a great percentage of his time to helping others see the light. I believe, in this respect, Haden should be regarded as a model musician for those who desperately need guidance.

Sally K. Stuart  
Indianapolis, Ind.

### Proteges Pressure Coltrane

Concerning the continuing Coltrane controversy in *Down Beat*, I think that the only threat to Trane's artistic and popular acceptance is in his exposure of artists even more powerful and creative than himself. His latest "protege," Pharaoh Sanders, has stolen much of the master's thunder on their five recordings together and promises, along with Albert Ayler and Archie Shepp, to surpass his mentor in every way.

It seems that Coltrane believes in going against the widespread procedure of a leader hiring competent sidemen who nevertheless will not steal the head man's spotlight. An example of this common practice is Art Blakey's current group: the 47-year-old powerhouse drowns out emotionally the four sidemen, each of whom is half his age.

Coltrane likes to put pressure on himself with strong young people like Eric Dolphy, Shepp, and Sanders. The only exception to this is his current featuring

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of his lovely wife with the group. This is a clear case of a sideman—sidewoman, I should say—paying quiet deference to the leader, and since it flatters my male ego, I approve wholeheartedly.

Lawrence Cohn  
University Heights, Ohio

## Ellis In Error?

Although I have a tremendous respect and appreciation for the music of Don Ellis, I feel he is given to an error common to both the average listener and professional critic—that of questioning the artist's choice of notes. This fault was evidenced in Ellis' *Blindfold Test, Pt. 2* (DB, Jan. 26) when he stated Eric Dolphy's musical choices were open to question.

Jazz listeners, especially musicians, should bear in mind that the jazz solo is the conception and interpretation of the performing individual. These solos would contain little or no imaginative value if they were created from the musical standpoint of the listener rather than the performer.

It is, therefore, not only pointless to introduce this so-called questioning but a direct contradiction to the very basics of jazz listening.

T. M. Tintary  
APO New York

## What's 'Real'?

The general theme of George Mercer's letter (DB, Feb. 9) appears to be that the big-band sound of Basie, Ellington, and Herman, etc., is *real* jazz as opposed to the "free-form" or avant-garde movements, and that the former should be brought back to its previous (read "1930s") strength.

I cannot help but disagree with Mercer mainly because he seems to be imposing some rather vacuous criterion of legitimacy upon the dimensions of jazz. Although not explicitly stated by Mercer, the problem implied in his statement is that there exists some incompatibility between the two jazz forms. Perhaps Mercer fancies himself as somewhat a "jazz purist."

I submit that the position of "jazz purist" is inherently contradictory. Thus, Mercer has missed a premise of jazz—a form intended to be, at its best, whatever the jazzman wants it to be.

Robert A. Hoff  
Minneapolis, Minn.

## Preserve Preservation Hall Piano

Concerning the review of the Kid Thomas LP (DB, Feb. 23), it is true the piano at Preservation Hall is at times out of tune. Still, for one attuned to the music, it is part of a wonderful thing. Seven nights and many days of the week are given to music, and it is likely the piano was caught at a tired time.

It is good that Alan and Sandra Jaffe's love of the music worked to make their hall a success. Their respect for the men, and the music they play, prevents the Jaffes from imposing any personal thoughts on it. They have encouraged and promoted concerts and tours for these musicians as well as record sessions.

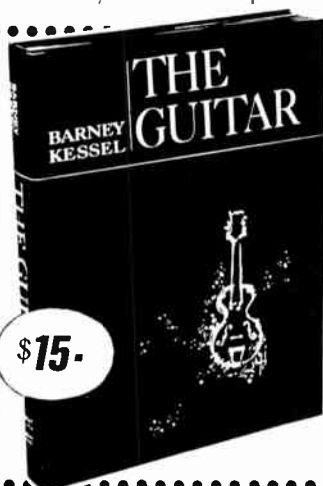
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## CHARLES LLOYD SET FOR SOVIET JAZZ FESTIVAL

For the first time since the inception of the Soviet jazz festival at Tallin in 1959, a U.S. jazz group will be among the participants.

Tenor saxophonist-flutist Charles Lloyd and his quartet (Keith Jarrett, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums) will perform at the festival, to be held May 11-14, alongside jazzmen from Russia, Sweden, Finland, Poland, and, possibly, England and Czechoslovakia.

In addition to the one in Tallin, there will be jazz festivals at Kiev, beginning April 8, and at Leningrad, starting April 13. No Americans are scheduled for these two festivals.

Lloyd's participation at Tallin came about through the efforts of his manager, George Avakian, and Mrs. Elaine Lorillard, co-founder of the Newport Jazz Festival, both of whom are cultural advisors to the Citizen Exchange Corps, a private organization dedicated to the promotion of people-to-people contact between East and West.

Both Avakian and Mrs. Lorillard went to Russia last year to explore the possibility of an exchange of jazz artists between the USSR and the United States. Early this year, Mrs. Lorillard met in New York with Anatolyi Gromyko, son of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, to continue the informal talks.

Lloyd's invitation to perform came from members of the board of the Tallin festival, according to Avakian, who emphasized that the arrangements were "a completely private thing."

Avakian, who will accompany the group on the trip, his fourth to the USSR since 1961 (he also traveled with the Benny Goodman orchestra on its 1962 Soviet tour), expressed hopes that the opportunity for other Lloyd appearances in Russia during the visit would arise. "Our ultimate desire," Avakian said, "is to get Soviet jazzmen to the United States and more American jazzmen to Russia with the accent on youth."

## DB JAZZ SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Pianist Randy Bell, 22, of Fort Smith, Ark., and guitarist Laurence Baione, 17, of Thompsonville, Conn., were awarded the top prizes in the 1967 *Down Beat* Hall of Fame Scholarship competition. Each will receive a \$1,140 full scholarship to the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

Those receiving \$500 partial scholarships for the 1967-68 term are trumpeters Sam Alongi, Cambridge, Mass., and Jay Thomas, Seattle, Wash.; guitarist Richard Edison, Columbus, Ohio; and pianist Robin Swenson, Vancouver, Wash.

Partial scholarships of \$250 were awarded to drummers Alan Pratt, Ithaca, N.Y.; flutist Armand Neal, Los Angeles; tenor saxophonists Jerrold Vejmla, San

Mateo, Calif., and Glen Garrett, Salt Lake City, Utah; bassist Tom Clark, Washington, Ind.; and tubaist Joey Eggebeen, Sheboygan, Wis.

## RICH BAND SUMMER SUB FOR GLEASON TV SHOW

Soon after Buddy Rich's band returns from its current European tour, it will begin taping 13 television programs for CBS to be shown in place of *The Jackie Gleason Show* this summer. It marks the first time a jazz band has been given such television exposure since comedian Gleason used the Dorsey Brothers Band (and later the Ralph Marterie Band) as his summer replacement in the mid-'50s.

The Rich tapings are scheduled to begin May 2 in Los Angeles.

Also on the Rich agenda is a short tour of United States with singer Frank Sinatra. The tour starts July 2 in Pittsburgh. Other dates so far are July 6 at Cleveland, July 8 at Madison, Wis., July 9 at Detroit, July 11 at Chicago, and July 13 at Philadelphia.

## FINAL BAR

Alto saxophonist Willie Smith, 58, died March 7 in Los Angeles. He had been hospitalized there shortly after his return from a New York City engagement with the Charlie Barnet Band. At the hospital, he received cobalt treatment for an ulcerated esophagus. He had been recently discharged when he suffered a fatal massive stomach hemorrhage at his home.

Born William McLeish Smith in Charleston, S.C., he took up clarinet when he was 10. While studying chemistry at Fisk University, he began a long association with bandleader Jimmie Lunceford, in whose orchestra he played from 1930 to 1941. After a short stint with trumpeter Charlie Spivak's band, Smith joined the Navy, heading an ensemble of considerable distinction at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center near Chicago.

After being discharged in 1944, he joined the Harry James Band, remaining until March, 1951, when he took Johnny Hodges' place with Duke Ellington. In late 1952, he joined the Billy May Band, which was then reviving the Lunceford style. During the next year, he toured with Jazz at the Philharmonic, with which he had often played in the late '40s while on leave from James.

Subsequently, Smith settled in California and rejoined James for a long stay as lead alto saxophonist. Ill health forced him to retire for a year in 1964. In late 1965 he worked with Johnny Rivers in Las Vegas; during this period he also did considerable recording and film-soundtrack work in Los Angeles, including jobs on the films *Pepe* and *Ocean's 11*. When Barnet reorganized his band in late 1966, Smith was a charter member.

During the '30s, Smith ranked with Hodges and Benny Carter as one of the leading alto saxophone stylists in jazz. In



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addition to his exuberant, inventive, and technically remarkable solo work, he led the famous Lunceford saxophone section with a brilliant attack and a sureness that made it the envy of other big bands. With Lunceford, he was occasionally featured as a vocalist, singing in a relaxed, good-natured vein. He also arranged for the band; *Sophisticated Lady* and *Runnin' Wild* were two of his better-known scores.

His best recorded work was with Lunceford: *Swinging Uptown*, *Avalon*, *Blue Blazes*, *Uptown Blues*, *Bugs' Parade*, and on clarinet, *Rose Room* and *What's Your Story, Morning Glory?*

Smith also made some excellent records under his own name, some with Nat Cole playing piano. He also recorded with Teddy Wilson, James, JATP, Cole, Gene Krupa, and May.

Pianist Herman Chittison died March 8 of lung cancer in Cleveland, Ohio. He was born in Flemingsburg, Ky., in 1909. When he was 19, he joined the Zack Whyte Band in Cincinnati.

Whyte, a longtime bandleader in the Midwest, died of cancer March 10 in a Veterans Administration Hospital in Kentucky. Besides Chittison, many well-known jazz musicians, including trombonist Vic Dickenson and trumpeter Roy Eldridge, played in Whyte's band.

Before settling in Europe in 1932, Chittison served as accompanist for singers Adelaide Hall and Ethel Waters and comedian Stepin Fetchit. In 1934 the pianist recorded with trumpeter Louis Armstrong in Paris. From 1935 to '39, he was a member of American expatriate Willie Lewis' band in the French capital. After war broke out, Chittison played in Egypt for two years before returning to America.

Chittison, an Art Tatum-influenced pianist, was best known for his work on a weekly radio show heard in the '40s, *Casey, Crime Photographer*. Each program had a spot for his tasteful piano work. During this time, he was a favorite at New York's

east-side supper clubs, sometimes working with a trio, sometimes as a soloist. He continued playing such locations through the '50s and '60s.

In 1963, critic Tom Scanlan wrote, "You need listen to only a few bars of Chittison piano to realize that this veteran has what so many younger pianists lack: pianistic touch and tone. . . . A marvelous and inventive left hand, as well as a wide repertoire of good tunes, helps to make Chittison's playing a delight. . . ."

## MEXICO AND AIRLINE CO-SPONSOR JAZZ EVENT

For the first time, jazz will be represented at the annual Pueblo Festival in Pueblo, Mexico, held during May and June under sponsorship of the President of the Republic of Mexico. The event features symphony orchestras, ballet ensembles, and folk and classical performers from all over the world.

On May 12, pianists Dave Brubeck and Thelonious Monk and their quartets, trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, and the Newport Festival All-Stars (cornetist Ruby Braff, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, pianist George Wein, bassist Jack Lesberg, and drummer Don Lamond) will play at Pueblo. These groups will also perform on the two following nights in Mexico City, first at the Belles Artes Theater and then at the 15,000-seat Auditorio Nacional.

The tour, organized by Wein, is co-sponsored by the Mexican government and American Airlines, which is celebrating the 25th anniversary of its service to Mexico. According to the producer, this is the first time a major airline has taken part in sponsoring a jazz event.

Wein also said that plans are under way for a Hemisphere Festival at Pueblo in 1968, which would include jazz as well as other indigenous forms of music from North, South, and Central America.

Other upcoming Wein events include the second Longhorn Jazz Festival in Austin, Texas, to be held April 28-30. Scheduled to appear are the big bands of Woody Herman and Buddy Rich, the groups of Gillespie, Monk, Herbie Mann, and Jimmy Smith, singers Nina Simone and Joe Williams, the Newport All-Stars (with the same lineup as in Mexico), drummer Elvin Jones, organist Milt Buckner, and several well-known musicians born in Texas—trumpeter Kenny Dorham, tenor saxophonists Illinois Jacquet and Buddy Tate, and pianist Teddy Wilson.

In addition, a collegiate big band, the Sam Houston University Lab Band, will feature guest stars Jones and Dorham in pieces especially written for the festival. Jones will also participate in a drum workshop with Rich and Lamond.

Atlanta, Ga., will have its second Wein jazz festival June 16 and 17. Among the artists signed thus far are Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, the Herman and Rich bands, Mann, Smith, guitarist Wes Montgomery, singer Anita O'Day, and the Newport All-Stars.

The dates for Wein's biggest enterprise, the Newport Jazz Festival, are June 30-July 3. No artists have been announced.

## NORTH TEXAS LAB BAND RETURNS IN TRIUMPH

The One O'Clock Lab Band of North Texas State University in Denton has returned from its 28-day tour of 22 Mexican cities with praise for the expedition's sponsors, the U.S. State Department, which in the past has been severely criticized for mishandling such tours.

The band played 26 concerts with a total attendance of some 50,000 enthusiastic listeners.

Leon Breeden, the band's director, acclaimed the co-operation the band received from its tour co-ordinator, Fred M. Shaver



BREEDEN AND NORTH TEXAS: Mostly beautiful in Mexico.

of the United States Information Service bureau in Mexico City.

"Shaver would make a great road manager for a band," Breeden said. "He was, to a great degree, responsible for the success of the tour. The State Department really picked the right guy for the tour."

"The Guadalajara concert was a gas," Breeden continued. "It was the final one and the boys played it like it was the last in the world. The governor of one of the states was in attendance at Guadalajara and was very thrilled by our performance. In fact, everyone was so pleased that, rather than have us wait nine hours for a plane to pick us up there, the city gave us an air-conditioned bus to get to a closer plane contact—it was beautiful."

All was not so beautiful, however. For example, there was the concert in the little Mexican city of Villa Hermosa, where the band was three hours late.

The band's equipment manager, Joel Sears, described what happened:

"We had been stuck at the airport for seven hours that day, waiting for Mexicana Airlines to pick us up from our previous

day's stay. . . . We finally took a bus to Villa Hermosa and trucked the instruments in behind us. The bus got us there two hours after we were to begin, and still the instruments had not shown up.

"Those people were beginning to get rowdy, out of hand almost, when the truck with our instruments finally dragged in 45 minutes after us. It seems our truck driver had been stopped by the Mexican police who were afraid that he was trying to steal our instruments.

"The people were well in hand after things got going though, and they gave us a standing ovation after the concert."

"Apparently one of the biggest problems

on these tours, is the language barrier" Breeden said. "In one of the restaurants, one of our boys ordered a banana with one of his meals. After he finally got it across to the waitress what he wanted. One of the other boys asked for water by saying 'agua' while the waitress was leaving the table. She nodded wisely and returned with a glass of water—full of chopped bananas!

## SCHOOL BOYCOTTS CLASSICAL MUSIC

A group of Harlem teachers, backed by their white principal, have taken a stand against the exclusive performance of Western European music in New York City's public schools.

Early in March, the teachers and students at P. S. 175, on W. 137th St., boycotted a board of education-approved music program by the New York Percussion Trio. The teachers and the school's fourth- and fifth-grade students refused to attend the assembly, which was to have featured the use of percussion instruments in Western classical music.

While not objecting to the music itself, the teachers felt the music of all cultures should be presented to the students, Harvey Nagler, the school's principal, explained.

"The multifaceted background of the many nations of the world as reflected in their music—Oriental, African, the jazz and blues of the U.S., or the music of any tradition other than only that of European music—should also be given to students," Nagler told *Down Beat*.

Ralph Poynter, a teacher representative, said the boycott was not held to protest all Western music but to emphasize the need for other types—particularly African and Afro-American music.

At presstime, there had been no reac-

### Correction

In the first part of Leonard Feather's *The Jazz Fan—1967* (DB, April 6), several categories following the question *Which types of jazz interest you most?* were missing from the listing. The complete results are as follows:

Mainstream-Modern	64.0%
Swing, Big Bands	47.2
Hard Bop	43.6
Avant-garde	43.2
Latin, Afro-Cuban,	
Bossa Nova	37.0
Third Stream	21.6
Dixieland	20.0
Others	9.8



tion to the boycott from the city's board of education. Nagler added that the school had not been contacted nor had any attempt been made to arrange a meeting on the issue.

As to future boycotts, the principal said, "It will depend on what the board does or does not do."

Funds for cultural and music programs are supplied through the New York Council on the Arts. Nagler said he doubted if any antipoverty funds were involved, even in Harlem schools' cultural programs. In order to have performances by other groups, the school must pay for them itself, and "we do not have the funds," Nagler said.

## POTPOURRI

If any jazzman has eyes for Poland, that country may have eyes for him. The Polish Jazz Federation announced it is giving grants for promising professional jazz musicians, from any country, to perform in Poland. The bread, however, is in zlotys only. Musicians interested should write the federation at Box 282, Warsaw, Poland.

The welcome but rare spectacle of a packed house and long lines of would-be customers outside was in evidence at the Five Spot March 12, when Jazz Interactions officially celebrated its second anniversary with a 5-to-11 p.m. jazz spectacular. Among those who came to perform were trumpeters Joe Newman, Clark Terry, Jimmy Owens, and Howard McGhee, trombonists Bob Brookmeyer, Matthew Gee, and Bill Watrous, reed men Coleman Hawkins, Roland Kirk, Eddie Daniels, Joe Farrell, Frank Foster, Jay Cameron, Cecil Payne, Jerome Richardson, Pepper Adams, Tony Scott, Herbie Mann, and Frank Wess, pianists Billy Taylor, Larry Willis, Billy Greene, Ross Tompkins, and George Cables, bassists Charlie Haden, Russell George, Paul West, and Chris White, drummers Billy Cobham, Elvin Jones, Art Simmons, Bobby Thomas, and Ron Lundberg, and singer Carol Sloane, who offered *Happy Birthday* to the cutting of a giant cake. The Rev. John Gensel, a board member of the nonprofit organization, delivered the brief birthday oration: "Jazz is *not* dead." No one disagreed.

The college-band competition announced for March 10-11 at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., (DB, March 9) was quietly canceled. The contest was one of the regional meetings scheduled by the Intercollegiate Music Festival. The winners were to compete with big bands, combos, and vocalists selected at five other IMF regionals. The finals are scheduled for May 4-6 at Miami Beach, Fla. The loss of Northwestern means the ballyhooed "world series of college jazz" will not have a representative from the upper Midwest, where some of the country's best college jazz bands are located. Meanwhile, IMF announced the judges for the Miami Beach event: arrangers Jerry Gray, Gary McFarland, and Oliver Nelson, the Rev. Norman J. O'Connor, the Berklee School's Robert Share, and altoist Phil Woods.



## BIG BANDS OF A DIFFERENT KIND

*A State Of Mind* By MICHAEL ZWERIN

IT'S FUTILE TO WAIT for big bands to come back, at least in the same form. It no longer speaks for the present, and any value in that bag is purely historical or nostalgic.

Television killed old-style big bands—people no longer danced—and the Twist buried them. Five electrified boys can produce the volume of a 15-piece band. Cheaper. Big bands seemed permanently expendable. Now, however, there are real signs to the contrary.

The Twist may have been a good thing for horn players, in the long run. It at least brought dancing back as a national habit. Sooner or later, dancers had to tire of only electric guitars and want something more, or at least different.

The Tijuana Brass, simple-minded as it is, became the first sign that instrumental music was on the rise. Music did not *have* to be verbal to be popular. I suppose Al Hirt was a previous indication, but I've always thought of him as being more visual than anything else.

Possibly sparked by the Tijuana Brass, some of the old name bands worked again—Charlie Barnet, Buddy Rich, Earl Hines. But don't be fooled. They are only servicing the increasingly affluent tastes of the generation that grew up in the 1930s and '40s, many of whom have now reached the economic level where they can afford \$5 and \$6 minimums.

Barnet is not going to hit the charts with another *Skyliner*. Hines will not turn around a million youngsters with *Rosetta*. That music is *dead*, baby, and we'd better face it now. If horn players are going to work permanently, it will have to be playing another thing. The old big bands will survive only as long as the current middle-aged generation is able to listen to—and play in—them.

Obviously, there are exceptions. Duke Ellington, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Count Basie—others I can't think of at the moment. But these are more contemporary chamber ensembles than dance bands, more at home in a concert situation.

Intelligent music of that nature will continue to have an intelligent—but, therefore, necessarily limited—audience. There are unfortunately more stupid people than otherwise in the world, and if big bands are to come back on the mass scale they used to enjoy, it will have to be an appeal toward the audience's feet in addition to head. When the audience stopped dancing, the death of bands was inevitable. The current "revival" is only a holding action.

For an encouraging indication of a possible future, listen to *John D'Andrea and the Young Gyants at the Chez* on Cameo/Parkway 7054. The group consists of four or five horns plus rhythm (electric bass). I can't give you any more information about the instrumentation, names of the players, or biographies, because the liner is limited to expletives like "Defies Description, Full, Honest, Spirited, Truthful [as opposed to " dishonest," naturally], Luv, Ageless, Soulful, Adult." There are more, but I can't go on. Despite the liner, however, this is a quite exciting record.

Most of the tunes are rock-and-roll standards, such as *Monday, Monday, Yesterday, Paperback Writer, Winchester Cathedral*, and *These Boots*, with old jam-session favorite *Tangerine* thrown in.

D'Andrea's arrangements are beautifully voiced and imaginatively paced and modulate musically, not always to obvious places. The instrumentalists know about ensemble playing, and the over-all sound is well rehearsed and brightly modern.

Rock-and-roll, I believe, is beginning to come of age musically, beginning to be concerned with instrumental timbre as well as words and the beat.

Electronic groups, such as the Jefferson Airplane, integrate their vocals and instrumental backing with a good deal of imagination and taste, so that what results is a kind of operatic aria—a whole rather than two separate elements. And it wouldn't surprise me at all soon to hear trumpets or saxophones improvising over a rock beat. And people will dance to it, just as they did to *Sing, Sing, Sing*.

Bands like the Young Gyants will be to Lennon and McCartney what Benny Goodman was to George Gershwin and Jerome Kern, interpreting—mutating—the original in accordance with their own individual style and taste. There are two good examples on *At the Chez—Boots*, which has enough musicality to make it hard to remember the vulgar thing Nancy Sinatra hit it with, and *Yesterday*, starting with a baroque brass choir, polyphonic and tasteful, moving through a Johnny Hodges style of alto solo to a vocal by a group of voices arranged in a manner reminiscent of the Four Freshmen.

It won't be long before we hear other groups like the Young Gyants. I predict they will soon get larger, and we will hear more improvisation. Then big bands—not museum pieces, but vibrant and contemporary dance organizations—may, after all, come back.

DB



## SNOW JOB

**Sittin' In** By ART HODES

I SUPPOSE I'LL always remember last February as "The Time of the Snows." Chicago seems to pick up such records: the McCormick Place fire, the worst snow fall of all time—really valuable things of that sort. It's not funny, but I did hear some humorous slants—like the guy who raises dogs in a small lot outside of his three-room place and had to take all 32 dogs inside (for several days).

Well, this is about the time of day that some dad will stop me to ask, "What do you think of the music business? You see, I've got a boy, etc., etc." Yeah, I know; if he'd hit me with that the Sunday we did this gig in Normal, Ill., I believe the music business would have lost a prospect.

It was one of those days you save up for.

Didn't you ever hear that expression? I heard it credited to Dizzy Gillespie. Seems that one of his band was complaining about the music business, the business part of it: bus travel, long jumps, money (the lack of). Diz listened and nodded sympathetically. Then came his classic answer: "I know what you mean, but, man, you got to save up for these jobs." This Sunday was that kind of day.

How much continuous snow can you take? It knocks the props out of your gigs and some never get rescheduled. You're just out so much money, and on top of everything you don't get to play. Me, I'm a location guy. I work in and out and around town. So home means helping to take care of things. And when it comes to shoveling snow, a little of that goes a long way.

So when this Sunday gig knocked, I was ready. It was a Jazz, Ltd., production for the March of Dimes. Ruth and Bill Reinhardt and their night club band (I was a feature bit) had been booked to do two shows starting at 8 p.m. In any kind of fair weather, it's a spit and a jump; like under 150 miles. When the day dawned, however, it was apparent that we were suffering from the "whites." Well, we went anyway.

Quinn Wilson was driving a station wagon. You remember him? Played with Earl Hines in the Grand Terrace days back when. Plays tuba and bass. Knowing Quinn I'm not worried about the driving; he's not out to run speed tests. There'll be five of us: Bill, Quinn, and I in the front seat, Emanuel Sayles (Man-nay's a banjoist and guitarist from New Orleans) and Ruth, plus the instruments,

in the back seat.

We're off, doing a fast 30 per but not for long. U.S. 30 looks like a chewed up football field on a muddy afternoon. When we turn a corner and hit Route 54, we find ourselves on an ice-skating rink. We wish we were home. There's no booze in the car, so everybody is operating on sheer guts.

After what seems like half a century we reach Kankakee, which leaves us a mere 31 miles to negotiate. After that, we're told, "You hit 66 and that's okay." Yes sir, just a short stretch. But just this side of a town named Riddick, we fall into a deep snow furrow and can't get out. Finally, we wind up straddling a railroad track.

Fortunately we're in luck. Two cars stop to ask if we need help, and finally a tow truck pulls us out. We stop for coffee and then off we go.

Route 66 . . . the greatest. But we still can use ice skates. I don't envy Quinn. We finally make it. A field house, built to handle thousands. They'd expected 6,000, but by this time they'll settle for 600. Only the brave. But the other musicians are here; they started earlier. There's Dave Rasbury, trombone man, and Don Ingle (you remember his dad, Red?) playing trumpet.

The drummer is a guy I know from way back—Rollo Laylan (he had done a fast couple of sets with our Columbia Quintet back in '40; then took off, landing in Florida in '46 and making it there, where he's been leading a Dixie group as Preacher Rollo).

Preach is substituting at Jazz, Ltd., for Fred Kohlmann, who's in New Orleans visiting a sick relative.

This is a very professional, well-rehearsed group. No clinkers, everything worked out . . . solos, entertainment bits, procedures. The music is all traditional—*Singin' the Blues*, *Closer Walk*, *High Society*, *Basin Street*, etc. Crowd-pleasers.

All Preach and I have to do is fall in. The people are either clapping to keep warm or else they dig us. Now the whole thing begins to make sense. We're doing what we're geared to do: we're musicians, playing music. This part ends all too soon.

Funny what goes into a production before one starts producing. Think of it. We've been up and at it since early morning. You know you're going to play, so you better hit the keyboard for a warm-up, get your duds together and what you may need in case it's overnight. Then comes the trip.

The gig is actually the shortest part of the whole bit. It's the rewarding part . . . makes me able to overlook the misspelling of my name in both the programs and the reviews. By this time I've been called everything from Hodges to Hods and Hoads. And now Hoadies (oh yes, I've been called Hades). Georg Brunis calls me Hogan. . . .

It's 5:30 a.m. I'm home. The trip took 14 hours. Playing time? Ninety minutes.

By the time I get paid, I'm wondering about the New York City plumbers who get \$64 a day.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York: Junebug Graduates Tonight**, a "jazz allegory" with book, lyrics, and music by Archie Shepp, opened to mixed reviews at the Chelsea Theater Center last month. Shepp's score was performed by pianist Stan Cowell, bassist Teddy Smith, and drummer Sunny Murray . . . A Charlie Parker memorial session was held at Club Ruby in Jamaica, N.Y., March 16. Participants included saxophonists Booker Ervin, Joe Henderson, Charles McPherson, Sonny Red, and James Spaulding, pianist Barry Harris, bassist Paul Chambers, drummer Philly Joe Jones, and producer-emcee Benny Powell . . . Alto saxophonist Sonny Criss was scheduled to make his New York club debut with a month's stay, starting March 28, opposite pianist Thelonious Monk's quartet at the Village Vanguard . . . Latest addition to the proliferating Monday night jazz sessions around town is the Blue Morocco on Boston Rd. in the Bronx. Disc jockey Del Shields presents the talent, which so far has included the groups of Horace Silver and Ray Bryant, trumpeters Lee Morgan, Joe Newman, and Hugh Masekela, and drummer Grassella Oliphant . . . Basin Street East's on-again-off-again policy was on again in mid-March, with a bill headlining singer Vic Damone and featuring cornetist Bobby Hackett's quartet (Dave McKenna, piano; Buddy Jones, bass; Morey Feld, drums) . . . Drummer Elvin Jones brought a group to the Five Spot in early March for an indefinite stay. At his opening, he had saxophonists Pepper Adams and Frank Foster, pianist Billy Green, and bassist Walter Booker as sidemen . . . Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, pianist Ahmad Jamal, and singer Morgana King were at the Village Gate last month . . . There were three concerts here on Easter Sunday: Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic was in for afternoon and evening performances at Carnegie Hall, singer Mahalia Jackson was on the same schedule at Philharmonic Hall, and pianist-entertainer Hazel Scott held forth at Town Hall . . . Vibraharpist Red Norvo had tenor saxophonist-clarinetist Eddie Daniels, guitarist Attila Zoller, bassist Charlie Haden, and drummer Ronnie Bedford as support when he played the Rainbow Grill. Singer Roberta Peck was featured with the group . . . Clarinetist Tony Scott, with pianist Horace Parlan, bassist Michael Fleming, and drummer Louis Mitchell, has expanded the jazz doings at Pookie's Pub from weekends to Tuesday through Sunday . . . Pianist-composer Dollar Brand introduced his new African Music Ensemble at a United Nations Jazz Society concert March 31. With him were reed men Byard Lancaster and Carlos Ward and drummer Rashied Ali . . . Flutist Jeremy Steig and trumpeter Randy Brecker are heading rock-jazz groups at L'Intrigue under the banner of "new cross sections in modern music" . . . Vibraharpist Vera Auer did a week at the Punjab Restaurant in Greenwich Village. She followed pianist Eddie Heywood. Miss Auer used saxophonist-

(Continued on page 46)



# The Current State Of College Jazz

## Collegiate Jazz Festival

University of Notre Dame,  
South Bend, Ind.

The music played by the 18 competing groups at the ninth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, held March 3-4, ranged from excellent to mediocre. The nine small groups heard at the festival ran from highly professional to merely competent. The big bands were generally better; even so, there was more than a little sloppiness, bad intonation, and limping rhythm heard among them.

But if all the music played at CJF this year could be averaged out, the median quality would be somewhere near very good, much higher than it would have been, say, five years ago. And higher than any other collegiate competition.

The judges who decided which bands and groups were to compete in the finals—and of those, which were the best—were trumpeter Donald Byrd, pianist-composer Herbie Hancock, composers William Russo and Lalo Schifrin, Berklee School of Music administrator Robert Share, and this writer.

The choices were not always easy.

For example, among the big bands, six were considered for the finals, but the number had to be narrowed to three. Two of the bands were almost-unanimous choices: the University of Illinois Jazz Band, a mammoth-sized orchestra (at one point, it swelled to 25 pieces, including nine reeds) directed by John Garvey, and Indiana University's Jazz Ensemble I, a highly-charged band directed by Dave Baker. The judges then had to choose from the Michigan State University Jazz Ensemble, the Ohio State University Jazz Workshop, the University of Missouri in Kansas City Jazz Workshop, and the Washington University Concert Jazz Orchestra from St. Louis, Mo. The judges decided, perhaps not too wisely, on the Washington U. band.

Four combos were selected for the finals: the MIT Jazz Sextet from Cambridge, Mass.; 1/1=One, a piano-drums duo from Santa Rosa, Calif., Junior College; the Leon Schipper Quintet from the University of California in Berkeley; and the Indiana University Jazz Quintet.

The Washington U. band, depending almost wholly on compositions and arrangements by Oliver Nelson, who taught at the college last summer, tried hard but was somewhat below the quality of Indiana and Illinois, even though it had an outstanding soloist in tenor saxophonist Fred Washington.

The Illinois and Indiana bands were almost equal in excellence.

Baker, in his first year as head of Indiana's jazz department, has done a fine job of shaping his band into a hard-hitting, driving unit with exceptional soloists in the persons of altoist Jerry Green (also a skilled arranger) and trumpeter Randy Sandke. The rhythm section, however, was

not always together at the festival; the drummer tended to play too much, all but drowning out the bassist, who nonetheless made a valiant effort to hold things together when the going got rocky.

For the finals, Baker used only his own arrangements, which, in the end, worked against the band, since the scores had similarities to each other. Nevertheless, his writing on 4-5-6 (composed by Lanny Hartley), *The Professor*, and *Screamin' Meebies* (both composed by Baker) was



Illinois at CJF  
The Salvation Army contingent marches in.

thick-voiced, exciting, and obviously challenging to the players. And some of the ensemble passages rolled like a juggernaut.

Illinois, on the other hand, strove for variety—in composition, in orchestral textures and colors, and in presentation. The presentation got the band in trouble with the judges, though not with the large final-session audience. The last composition the band played—*They Just . . .* (as preceded by “Old soldiers never die”)—called for a segment of the band, playing Salvation Army style, to march in from the back of the hall while the rest of the band played a fragmented section that slowly evaporated as the players, after pretending to continue to play, left the stage one by one, leaving the drummer alone, acting as if he were battling some unseen monster. It was a funny sight, but the judges had strong negative reactions to the theatricality of it all.

Before this display, however, the band performed imaginatively scored arrangements of *Love Walked In* and *Lady Bird*. The group showed good control of dynamics, and obviously much work had gone into achieving an uncommonly well-biended balance within and between sections.

The Illinois band, despite the exhibitionism, won the contest and a prize of \$500.

The most unusual small group was 1/1=One, which consisted of pianist Jack Tolson and drummer Mike Brandenburg. Tolson, a gifted musician, dominated the

performance, though some of the interaction between the two musicians was intense. His Cecil Taylorish explorations were almost always delightful. The control he had over his instrument and his material was impressive, particularly so when one considers that Tolson is in his very early 20s.

At the finals the duo played *Linear Expositions* and *Swan Lake Recapitulations*. Tolson's interpretation of the Tchaikowsky ballet music was deeply moving as the familiar passages became more fragmented, more distorted (in a truly artistic way), and filled with melancholy. Tolson won awards as the best pianist and as outstanding instrumentalist at the festival.

The MIT Sextet had great spirit. Evidently some thought had been given to creating a closely woven ensemble and to keeping the solos within the mood of the piece being played. For example, all soloists played lyrically on Miles Davis' *Eighty-One*, but they went “out” on Herb Pomeroy's *Evil Irving*, which had out-of-tempo sections and collectively improvised “free” passages. The horn men—trumpeter Sam Alongi, trombonist Richy Orr, and altoist Brage Golding—were stronger soloists than those in the rhythm section.

As its finals offering, the Indiana five-piecer played *Chelsea Bridge* and *All Blues*—the first segueing into the second. Altoist Green was the main soloist on *Chelsea*. He played warmly and with control; the emotional content of his improvisations never overcame their order and form. Trumpeter Sandke did an excellent bit of playing on *All Blues*, flying fast and straight. Green again played with great heat on the second tune, but the drumming behind him, for all its urgency, was distracting.

Vibraharpist Schipper's quintet, from the San Francisco area, was cast in the mode of John Handy's group—closely knit, though loose, ensembles; long lyrical solos; and constant interplay among the musicians. And though the music became somewhat complex as the musicians interacted, it always was under control, stimulating and imaginative.

Besides the leader, the quintet is made up of reed man Bob Claire (who played alto, tenor, and flute almost equally well), guitarist Bob Strizich (a sensitive accompanist and economical soloist), bassist Peter Marshall (another sensitive accompanist), and drummer Tom Aubrey (the most tasteful and facile drummer at the festival). The group's performances—Sam Rivers' *Beatrice* and the leader's *105*—flowed easily, building in such a way that the whole performance had shape and was not just a string of solos.

The quintet easily won the small-group award: \$300.

The members also won several of the individual awards given at the competition: Schipper as best player of a “miscellaneous” instrument, Strizich and Aubrey

as top men on their instruments, and Claire as "most promising" reed man. Other individual awards went to trumpeter Sandke, altoist Green (he also won the arranger's award), and baritone saxophonist David Luell, all from the Indiana band; trombonist Dave Pavolka of the John Casella Trio and One from Ball State University, Muncie, Ind.; tenor saxophonist Fred Washington of the Washington U. band; bassist John Hatton of the UMKC band; and composer Don Owens of the Illinois band for his *Collage*, which was played at the semifinals. "Most promising" awards were given to trumpeter Alongi of MIT and drummer Julio Coronado of the Northwestern University Stage Band.

All these soloists (plus some who didn't win) and most of the units speak well for the quality of jazz on campus. Yet college jazz, even as good as that heard at this festival, remains on the plateau it reached three or four years ago when it developed able soloists. It's a high plateau but not the highest.

The most pressing problem, aside from the obvious and understandable need for maturity, is one that has hampered young musicians for many years—rhythm, and most especially the welding of the rhythm section into a unit. Because the horn men appear to be well on their ways to conquering their major problems—intonation, phrasing, and attack in the sections, ideas and emotion in solos—the weakness of the rhythm sections are all the more noticeable.

In the small groups, the drummers almost invariably play too loud and too much, probably the result of coming under the spell of such masters as Elvin Jones but without comprehending the masters' taste, control, and *time*. The bassists mark the tempo, but little conviction or strength is forthcoming from them. The pianists usually are of little help; they sometimes give the impression that they are unaware of being part of the rhythm section.

In the big bands, rhythm-section playing demands different kinds of subtlety, strength, and time conception than does combo work. Not one of the big-band rhythm sections seemed aware of what Count Basie guitarist Freddie Green once called the "rhythmic wave," that is, the coming together of all the rhythm instruments to create one pulsing, living *sound* from which the rest of the band took its strength. The pulse should be there for the horns to bounce off of; it must be the constant, immovable yet supple. It should not be a case of the horns implying a tempo that the rhythm section makes explicit—but so it seems.

The college bands, perhaps because of misdirected directors, too often have drummers who evidently find it obligatory to catch every brass lick and fill every hole. Unfortunately, this conception of the drummer's function has resulted from a prevalent misinterpretation of what professional big-band drummers do. It may seem that Buddy Rich, Art Blakey (an extraordinary band drummer, though he's seldom heard as such), Louie Bellson, Mel Lewis, Jake Hanna, Sonny Payne, et al., are catching all the brass figures and closing gaps, but they do not do it

to the extent that the young drummers do—and they never do it at the expense of the "wave," the pulse.

Hopefully, now that other problems of college jazz are being worked out, more attention will be given to this very serious one. —Don DeMicheal

### Intercollegiate Jazz Festival

Villanova University, Villanova, Pa.

This year's Villanova festival (the seventh) was the curtain-raiser for the Intercollegiate Music Festival, scheduled to consist of five regional rounds, climaxed by a grand finale when winners from the regionals compete in Miami Beach, Fla., in May.

Thus, participation was restricted to groups from the East, and the judges (altoist Phil Woods, trumpeter Clark Terry, educator-drummer Clem DeRosa, jazz sage John Hammond, and this writer) were to pick only the best big band, combo, and vocalist. Though there were no awards for outstanding individual musicians, the judges singled out several players for the quality of their work.

The emphasis was on big bands, of which 10 competed in the semifinals. There were also six combos and three vocalists.

The big-band winner was the Ohio State University Jazz Workshop Band, directed by composer-arranger and reed man Ladd McIntosh. The Mike Pedicin Jr. Quintet from the Philadelphia Musical Academy won the combo award, and singer Kim Parker took vocal honors.

The Ohio band was the most impressive group at the festival. It performed five excellent pieces (all written and arranged by McIntosh) with fire as well as precision, drive as well as looseness. The band was together from the first note and never faltered.

McIntosh is a gifted writer and an orchestrator with his own ideas. Using an instrumentation of five trumpets and fluegelhorns, five trombones, five saxophones (all doubling clarinets and flutes), and three rhythm—piano, bass, drums—augmented by a guitar and a vibraharpist doubling miscellaneous percussion, he created a full spectrum of orchestral colors.

His use of clarinet *solis* was striking; he also employed such unusual combinations as three clarinets and two flutes. He made good use of the vibraharp in the ensemble and in guitar-vibes unisons. A variety of mutes were employed by the trumpet section, which was first-rate as were the trombones.

McIntosh's most interesting score was *Forever Lost in My Mind's Own Eye*; also excellent were *Machu-Picchu* (dedicated to Gerald Wilson) and *And So, We Swang*. His alto and soprano saxophone work demonstrated ample technique and good tone but tended toward virtuosic display (on *Swang* he sounded, at times, like Jimmy Dorsey in full flight). But as a writer, this 25-year-old is ready for the major leagues.

The Ohioans left their competition behind, but there were some impressive runners-up.

The Case Institute of Technology Concert Jazz Ensemble from Cleveland, Ohio, performed a single, ambitious composition

by Gerry Wondrak of Indiana University. The performance was highlighted by the beautiful alto saxophone playing (solo and lead) of Charley Barone, at 19 the most mature soloist heard at the festival.

An 11-piece ensemble from Duquesne University had interesting and unusual ideas about instrumentation and showcased a notable talent in composer-arranger, oboist, and baritone saxophonist Paul McCandless, whose *Mirage for Miles* was a surprisingly sophisticated blend of impressionism and "freedom."

Also worth singling out were the much improved MIT Concert Jazz Band, the swinging West Chester Critterions (who sorely missed their outstanding drummer of previous years), and the Peter Lewis Workshop Band from Philadelphia Musical Academy, a clean and extremely musical band.

The Pedicin quintet had no serious competition among combos. The rhythmic weakness (mainly the result of poor drumming) that marred most of the big bands was even more noticeable among the combos.

The Pedicin group had no such problems, having the most swinging and best-integrated rhythm section of the festival (pianist Steve Friedberg, bassist Ron Gilotti, drummer James Paxson). The horn men, trumpeter Steve Weiner and tenor and soprano saxophonist Pedicin, also had more drive and swing than the competition.

Pedicin came on strong, with a big sound and no lack of confidence. Weiner, who showed appropriate touches of Clifford Brown on *Tiny Capers*, had good chops, fine tone and control, and tasteful ideas. Friedberg's *The Prophet* was a good blowing line. This group has an idea what jazz is about.

The runners-up were a quintet from the West Chester big band, led, like its sire, by the accomplished trumpeter Jeff Stout. It was a group with a penchant for happy music in a Terry-Brookmeyer vein, but tenseness and somewhat erratic rhythm support marred a potentially fine performance.

The third semifinalist was fluegelhornist Bruce Cameron's quintet, which was closest to avant-garde jazz at the festival. The music was clean and pleasant, and pianist Steve Robbins and bassist Rich Levine played exceptionally well, but the over-all effect was a bit effete and self-conscious.

The winsome Miss Parker was a bit too ambitious in choice of material (Miles Davis' *All Blues* is not an easy vocal line) and evidenced intonation problems that need much homework. On the other hand, she has a pleasing voice, relaxed stage presence, and lots of charm. The two other singers, both male, were less jazz-oriented, though Harry Gieg's *Whisper Not* was perhaps the best single vocal performance.

Honorable mention went to trumpeter Stout, trumpeter Sam Alongi of MIT (who played a sterling solo), altoist Barone, oboist McCandless, and bassist Pete Markis of Duquesne. A pre-festival high school big band competition was won by the Pennsbury, Pa., High School ensemble, which was better than some of the college groups. —Dan Morgenstern



# THE NOUVEAU RICH

BY HARVEY SIDERS

"WHO'S LEAVING NOW?" That's supposed to be a joke, the standard response of bandleaders whenever their road managers ask to speak to them. On good authority, the line is meant to be funny and not a defense mechanism designed to soften the blow of some internal hassle. The authority is Buddy Rich. Last month he was extolling the virtues of Jo Jones when his road manager, Jim Trimble, came into the dressing room of the Chez, in Hollywood, Calif., and asked to see him.

Until the interruption, Rich had been talking about how great Jones was with the hi-hat, with brushes, and just plain keeping time. Rich was talking and sweating with equal profusion, having just completed an exhausting set.

It was Saturday night. And Saturday night in Hollywood is no different than Saturday night in Dubuque. Everybody was out, and it seemed they all had come to the Chez to hear the drummer's band. It also seemed that Rich and the band were pushing themselves beyond their usual, hard-driving threshold, inspired by the deafening audience response and the standing ovation led by Judy Garland.

The contrast between the human dynamo generating white heat among his sidemen and the slouched figure trying to cool off in his underwear in the dressing room was the kind that made one feel guilty for trying to interview him between sets—like asking for his autograph during an eight-bar rest.

Perhaps the interview might continue after the last show?

"Hell, no!" he growled. "When 2 a.m. comes, I'm through. No more music, no more musicians, no hippies, no interviews, no nothing. I go right back

to my hotel and take it easy. Call me tomorrow—but don't you dare call me before 2 in the afternoon. Is that clear?"

One could hardly misinterpret.

During the last set in the split-level main room of the club, the crowd was electrified by the amazing display of raw energy. The carefully planned program built in intensity, broken up by a couple of well-spaced trio numbers (pianist Ray Starling, bassist Jim Gannon, and Rich) but never diminishing in excitement.

Occasionally, he would come to the mike and talk about a particular number or introduce some celebrities at ringside. His out-of-breath banter was welcome, pithy, often sarcastic, never dull. Then he'd make his way back to the drums and plunge into the next number with a long, mood-setting cadenza.

At the end of the set, he gave his fans what they'd been clamoring for all evening—the medley from *West Side Story*, arranger Bill Reddie's 11-minute kaleidoscope of Leonard Bernstein's themes, with constantly shifting tempos and a climactic extended drum solo that inevitably leaves Rich and his audience limp.

What made the whole scene incredible was the knowledge that Rich, who is twice as old as most of his sidemen (he'll be 50 in June), was the source of energy: he was the one urging them on, exhorting soloists and sections to the point where his young players could hardly take their eyes off him.

RICH STICKS to his afterhours embargo and makes no exceptions. And during those precious minutes between sets, competition for Rich's attention is prohibitive. The best time for an interview

was his one day off. It was quite a compromise on his part, as he made plain:

"These 24 hours belong to me. I like to stay as far away from the scene as possible. I may choose to stay in bed and watch TV—daytime TV, you know, soap operas. I may go to a movie. Or else I'll jump in the car, put the top down, go for a ride to the beach or out to some golf course."

His room at the Continental Hotel had a commanding view of Los Angeles. Rich, however, was engrossed in a science-fiction thriller flickering across the television screen. But instead of watching it until the end, he turned a few dials on his videotape recorder, lowered the sound, and began to talk about big bands. He would watch the rest of the program later.

Why did he leave the security of being probably the highest paid sideman in the business for the headaches of fronting his own band?

"What is security?" he asked. "What are headaches? Is there security in crossing a street? Don't you think a guy who operates his own gas station has headaches? And when he gets home at night he still smells of gas, right?"

But why did he leave the Harry James Band?

The answer was terse: "'Cause we needed some good music in the business."

Then he added, "Sure, I had a good paying job—4½ years. It was beautiful. But for 4½ years I didn't play a goddam thing. I sat up there; I went through the motions. Night after night, I knew what tunes I was going to play. I even knew what time we were going to play them. I had two solos in the band, and what the hell—that wasn't for me.





*"Happy? I couldn't be happier. . . . for anything on this earth. The*

"It was security, all right. But what good is security if you're not happy, and especially if you know you can do better, be more creative, and let your personality come out? But if you're being held down, so to speak, in somebody else's band, what good is it taking home a heavy check every week? So when the opportunity presented itself, I jumped at it."

The opportunity came a year ago. Is he still happy about his decision?

"Happy? I couldn't be happier. Let me repeat that. I couldn't be happier for anything on this earth. The results are beautiful. The band is excellent, and it's a contemporary band. The kids in it are beautiful to work with. They enjoy what we're doing because we're playing young music, and they project their youth through what they're playing. It certainly latches on to the youth wherever we play. Our young audiences understand it, and as you can see, the spenders come out too."

That reminded him of what he had said about the need for good music in the band business, and he launched into an analysis of the business today.

According to Rich, the attempt to bring back the old bands is self-defeating. His advice is to forget about the old days and the old ways and concentrate on today's sounds.

"You can't fool the public," he said. "You can't go on saying, 'This is the original Glenn Miller Band,' or 'This is the original Tommy Dorsey Band.' You just can't continue putting people on like that."

"The Glenn Miller sound was an insipid sound in 1942. It certainly wouldn't be good enough for 1967. It was contrived and mechanical and had no more feeling to it than if you were hypnotized. You knew every night the arrangements were going to sound the same, the tempos would be the same, even the solos were the same. There was no emotional involvement."

He conceded that "it must have been popular, though, since so many people turned out to see the Miller band." That concession served as a bridge to his own popularity 25 years later. He said his band has not met with the slightest resistance since its inception. He has been invited back to every club he's played.

"We played Lennie's-on-the Turnpike [just north of Boston], and even before we got there, all seven nights and the matinee had been sold out," he said. "Lennie couldn't squeeze in an extra person. We're going back there in July after the Newport Festival."

"That's the way the reception has been all the way. GAC is handling the band now, and I've got the best arrangers writing for me [He listed Bill Holman, Oliver Nelson, Bob Florence, and Shorty Rogers] and the best producer in the business—Dick Bock [of Pacific Jazz]. In fact, you can't get no better."

Everything seems to be groovy for Rich, but it wasn't that way 21 years ago. When he organized his first band in 1946 (following a stint with Tommy Dorsey's band and a hitch in the Marine Corps), he had a modern-jazz outfit, with such sidemen as tenorists Al Cohn and Allen Eager and the Swope Brothers (trombonists Earl and Rob). It was a bad time to form a hard-driving band. The trend towards combos was beginning then, accompanied by the postwar decline in dancing. When ballroom operators asked Rich to tone down the jazz, he got cocky and insisted he would do things his way ("This is what I play; take it or leave it"). The big band venture didn't last long.

The following year he began his association with Jazz at the Philharmonic. Then, between leading his own small groups, he rejoined Dorsey for a while, and was in and out of the James band a few times.

Going out on his own again provoked criticism from skeptics who predicted

the band wouldn't last. In Las Vegas, especially, odds were figuratively posted not on whether but how soon Rich would be back with James, drawing his "heavy check every week."

Did this give rise to Rich's wanting to "show" his detractors?

"Certainly not," he answered. "I couldn't care less about them. And if you know anything about me, you know I don't give a damn about *anybody's* opinion. I do exactly what I think is right for *me*. That shows how much jealousy and envy exists on the part of other people who have led bands or have tried to start bands but were not as successful as I've been with this band. Sour apples, that's all it is—sour apples."

"Actually, it's a compliment to me. Maybe they don't realize it, but every time they knock my band, they're complimenting me, because—against all their great minds, great brains, and business sense—my band is a success."

No doubt about it, as the band's reception at Basin Street East will attest. And regardless of how big one makes it in Las Vegas or on the West Coast, New York is still the nut to crack. If the band was such a great success, it must have been a happy band. Why then the noticeable change in personnel between his first and second engagements at the Chez?

"John Bunch, my piano player, quit to work with Tony Bennett," he said. "John's not a youngster anymore, and working with Tony would mean less traveling, and that appealed to him. But I fired a half-dozen others. . . ."

(Naturally, there are two sides to the firing story. Rumors around Los Angeles indicate that the dissatisfaction was mutual in many cases, and a check with two of those who were allegedly fired revealed some confusion as to whether or not the half-dozen were fired or quit. Whatever the full story is, the dissension within the band seems to have





PHOTOS/ASHLEY SIMMONS

results are beautiful."—Buddy Rich on his current state of mind.

come to a quick end.)

"If I hire you in the beginning," Rich said, "it's because I dig what you're doing, dig how you play, and dig your personality—and for me to have to fire somebody is a big drag. But it's another way of saying 'you're a detriment to what I'm trying to produce.'" Then, as if to justify his actions, he said he believes that the band is a better sounding unit now.

Singers, Rich feels, have no place with his band. They are merely "a throwback to the '40s." Furthermore, he's convinced they just slow down the pacing of the entire set—unless "they happen to be a Sinatra, a Torme, or Joe Williams." In seeming contradiction, while he was recording his second live album at the Chez, his 12-year-old daughter, Cathy, sang with the band. They were trying out a new arrangement of a current rock favorite, *The Beat Goes On*.

"My daughter knows the song," Rich said. "She got up on the stage—first time in front of an audience—and she recorded it. When I went over to Liberty to start editing the tapes, I heard it, and it was a gas."

From rock-and-roll, the conversation swung to the other extreme: the avant-garde.

Rich made no bones about his impatience with "know-nothing hipsters who can't even find '1.' They just decide to smash a cymbal here, add a rimshot there. Then other hipsters think that's the thing to do and they follow suit. And that's the story of 'hipdom.'"

He recounted what he calls the funniest contact he's ever had with the avant-garde. It happened at the Pacific Jazz Festival last October in Costa Mesa, Calif. His band had been scheduled to follow the Charles Lloyd Quartet, and Rich was waiting on the platform behind the canvas that covered the outdoor stage on three sides. Peering through peepholes used by photogra-

phers, he found himself directly behind Lloyd's pianist, who was plucking the piano strings, gesticulating wildly as he reached over from the keyboard.

"That had to be the craziest thing I ever saw," Rich said. "I was nearly hysterical. I don't think I've ever laughed that much in my life. I just couldn't conceive that they thought they were playing music. And that drummer—he had no idea of what the other guys were doing. That must have been the greatest put-on since the Four Stooges."

He began talking about the music and the musicians that were meaningful to him, and the first and only band that fit that category was Count Basie's. Rich said that some of the best big-band drummers have worked for Basie: Shadow Wilson, Gus Johnson, Sonny Payne, Louie Bellson—but he named Jo Jones as the best:

"He fit the band the way Freddie Green does. Jones, Green, and Basie and Walter Page on bass—that's the 'all-American rhythm section' for you."

From Basie's drummers to big-band drummers in general was a natural transition. Among Rich's favorites were Gene Krupa, Alvin Stoller, Sol Gubin, Jack Sperling, Mel Lewis, and Don Lamond—all of whom, he said, could play anything required of them in a big band.

He takes a dim view of what he calls "specialization." As he put it, "In the old days, when a drummer was hired in a band, he was expected to do anything that was called for: if the arrangements required the power of a marching band, that's the way you played; if it called for the drummer to be as gentle as a mouse, that's the way you played; and if there was a combo within the band, if you had to play with a sextet—you know, like Gene Krupa with Benny Goodman's band—you just did it. I can't see a guy with a big band make the announcement, 'Now we're going to do some combo numbers, so now I'd

like to present my combo drummer.' Man, what the hell is that—the two-platoon system?"

The two-platoon idea brought up the subject of the two-books concept used by some bands—a book for dancing and one for listening. Does his band use this method?

"Well, first of all, we play very few dances as such," he said. "We have toured a number of colleges and played what you might call a dance, but actually we played what we play at the Chez or Basin Street East. The big difference today—and another reason why we're so successful—is the big beat. The young crowd has changed their style of dancing so that they can dance to what we play."

Rich will soon find out how European youngsters react to his brand of big-band jazz. This month the band is touring England, Switzerland, and Italy—the kind of traveling the drummer likes.

"That's the beauty of this business," he said. "You get paid to see the world—and I love it. I hate to spend too much time in one place, anyhow. Besides, it'll be great for my family. Marie [his wife] and Cathy will be with me, and it should be quite an education."

But there are many musicians who wonder just how long Buddy Rich can hold up under his present rigorous routine—not in terms of popularity, but in terms of physical endurance. Rich claims he doesn't look back at what happened seven years ago (the first, and most serious, of three heart attacks).

"I can't worry about that," he said. "I just take care of my myself—I got no bad habits—and keep right on working. Any doctor will tell you that if you got a heart condition, you should keep active."

But why does he drive himself to the point of exhaustion? His answer had the direct honesty that cancels any rebuttal:

"Man, 'cause I love it."



THE SMALL OFFICE OVER Gigi Campi's coffee shop in Cologne was bursting with stereo sound. Cigarette smoke hung in swirling layers in the room, and the ashtrays among the coffee cups and cognac glasses overflowed with stubs.

Four men sat around the room, listening to the music and occasionally nodding and smiling to one another in mute appreciation.

The album, *Now Hear Our Meanin'*, by the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band, came to an end; the talk began.

Up in Campi's room, the talk comes as strong as the coffee. If one speaks in favor of avant-garde jazz, he risks drawing a hail of blistering epithets in five languages.

For this is the European headquarters of the "Swing's the Thing" movement. It is also the power station that drives the Clarke-Boland band, and the principal dynamo is Pier-Luigi Campi.

them together to record would be almost impossible. In fact, it is one of the easiest things. The musicians make it simple for us because they all feel they are a part of the organization."

Campi added: "The musicians are often tired and bored playing with other bands. When they get a wire telling them of a record session for the big band in Cologne, they can't get here fast enough."

Nevertheless, the continued existence of an international band on this scale provides an uninterrupted sequence of problems and headaches, which most people would be disinclined to take on—unless they really thought they couldn't do without stomach ulcers.

Fortunately, Campi, whose love of jazz almost amounts to a chronic addiction, thrives on problems. As far as the Clarke-Boland band is concerned, if Campi did not exist,



Campi, a 38-year-old Italian who makes most of his money from an ice-cream business, is a forthright, energetic man with apparently limitless resources of stamina and enthusiasm.

Cloistered with him in the smoke-filled room were Dusko Goykovich, a Yugoslavian trumpet player and former Woody Herman sideman who has played with the Clarke-Boland band; the band's recording engineer, Wolfgang Hirschmann, from Germany; and tenorist Bengt Jadig, from Denmark. The conversation was principally in English and German, and the intrusion of those picturesque terms of cordial abuse from the idiom of the U.S. jazzman fell quaintly upon the ear.

This gathering was a microcosm of what the Clarke-Boland band is all about. Here were people from different countries, different backgrounds, different cultures, all talking the same musical language—swinging jazz.

That is the language that unites the Clarke-Boland band, an organization that survives in a world notoriously hostile to big jazz aggregations because of the overflowing enthusiasm of its members and associates.

"You would think," drummer Clarke said later, "that with the musicians having to come from all over Europe, getting

he would have had to be invented.

As a teenager in Italy during the war he used to listen under his blankets to jazz. He heard Django Reinhardt, Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, and Duke Ellington. Jazz records among his circle of friends became more highly prized than black-market coffee.

But it was when he heard Charlie Parker, in 1948, that he really got hooked. And once he'd established his coffee-bar and ice-cream business in Cologne, he began to take an increasing interest in jazz promotion.

Campi manages the Clarke-Boland band, produces the records, and publishes the original compositions contributed by the musicians. He also works enormously hard publicizing the band and trying to sell it to promoters, and he has put a great deal of money into it.

For, despite the widely acclaimed excellence of the Clarke-Boland outfit, it works astonishingly infrequently. Its concert appearances have been limited to Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium. It makes occasional radio and television broadcasts and gets together about once or twice a year to record.

"But somehow I think 1967 is going to be the year for the band," Campi said. "I have reached an agreement with eight



European radio stations whereby they will contribute to the cost of recording a 30-minute program once a month. There is no profit in this arrangement, but it means that we shall keep the band together. The recording will be done in Cologne, so we'll be able to do commercial recordings as well, and perhaps concerts."

The band is, of course, unique in its truly international composition. It has called upon musicians of 12 nationalities and a half-dozen religions.

"It is," Campi said, "a co-operative enterprise uniting Negro and white, American and European, Catholic and Moslem in a very idealistic cause—to demonstrate the universality of the jazz message and to spread that message."

In view of the highly disparate origins of its members, what is truly remarkable about the band is the extent to which it is musically integrated. Although it assembles on

The octet, the Golden Eight, featured Goykovich, trumpet; Raymond Droz, from Switzerland, alto horn; Christ Kellens, Belgium, baritone horn; Derek Humble, England, alto saxophone; Carl Drevo, Austria, tenor saxophone; Boland; Woode; and Clarke. The record, which included six Boland originals, was released in the United States on Blue Note.

Already a miniature musical United Nations, the band really took on a universal aspect with its next recording, which was for Atlantic.

This album, *Jazz Is Universal*, featured a 13-piece band that included trumpeters Roger Guerin, Jimmy Deuchar, Benny Bailey, and Ahmed Muvaffak Falay, trombonists Nat Peck and Ake Persson, and reed men Sahib Shihab, Zoot Sims, Drevo, and Humble.

In his liner notes for the album, Willis Conover said, "Today the jazz language has become a *lingua franca* by-



## the CLARKE- BOLAND big band by mike hennessey

rare occasions, the band sounds as though the musicians have been playing regularly together for years.

"And in the recording studio one take is nearly always sufficient," Campi said.

THE CLARKE-BOLAND association began in 1959. Francy Boland, a pianist and arranger who has contributed scores to the books of Count Basie and Benny Goodman among others, played with Clarke in a quartet that was booked for a short engagement in a Cologne club. Vibraharpist Fats Sadi and bassist Jean Warland, both Belgians, were the other members of the foursome. Later, Warland was replaced by former Ellington bassist Jimmy Woode, now living in Holland.

In May, 1961, Campi set up a recording date in Cologne for an eight-piece band under the joint leadership of Boland and Clarke.

Said Campi, "I first heard Francy Boland's work in 1957, when he sent some arrangements to Kurt Edelhagen, including a tune dedicated to Elmo Hope called *Blues for Elmo*. I was knocked out by this, and I was determined to record some Boland arrangements."

passing a score of spoken tongues. One of the happier aspects of this mission is the absence of conscious proselytizing: jazz, by its very existence, drew the world to itself.

"The presence in the Clarke-Boland band of 13 personalities from seven nations, playing in Germany for an Italian producer—and, now, being released for Americans by a Turkish impresario [Ahmed Ertegun, head of Atlantic]—is all the evidence anyone needs."

This comment lucidly sums up the symbolic importance of the Clarke-Boland project.

The birth of the *Universal* band was something of an accident.

Campi recalled that vocalist Billie Poole was appearing at the Storyville Club in Cologne when she asked Boland to put together a big band with Clarke for a record date.

With the help of bassist Woode and Campi, the band was assembled. But within a week of the recording date, Miss Poole was already back in the United States. Campi didn't want to waste the opportunity, so he had Boland write a new set of arrangements.

The success of the *Universal* album inspired Campi to assemble an even bigger band for the next record date. Thus

it was that in 1963 the first session for the Clarke-Boland Big Band was held. This 21-piece orchestra had six trumpets, five trombones, five saxophones, and a rhythm section augmented by Joe Harris on tympani and Fats Sadi on bongos.

This album was followed by another, *Now Hear Our Meanin'*, for Columbia, which for Clarke represented one of the most satisfying dates of his career.

"This album," he said, "is proof positive that there are as good musicians in Europe as there are in the States. I have never felt that the standard in Europe was much lower than in the States. In Germany it is just as high, even higher.

"I've worked around the studios in the States, and I really think that music here in Europe is on a higher plane. Derek Humble would scare any alto player in the States. Dusko, of course, is already well known, and this Turkish trumpeter [Falay] is excellent."

Clarke is a good judge of big bands because he played with one of the most sensational of all time—that of Dizzy Gillespie. Considering the Clarke-Boland band and Gillespie's, he smiled and said, "There is no comparison. Dizzy's was the greatest band I ever played with in my life. I have never played in a band which was so inspirational and dynamic. It will never happen again in my lifetime.

"We can come pretty close—but we lack a personality like Dizzy. He is such an inspiration, such a brilliant musician. He really sparked the band. You came to work feeling depressed, took one look at Dizzy, and suddenly wanted to play all night.

"That was the secret of his band. He could take any musicians and make it sound good. And when he had good musicians, it was even better.

"I think Dizzy has made a bigger contribution to jazz than anybody—including Bird. Bird was more of a composer, like Monk. But Dizzy was a leader. He had everything—strength of personality—to keep everyone in line and a revolutionary approach musically. He discarded the old way of writing things, rhythmically and harmonically."

In no sense does the Clarke-Boland band represent for Clarke an attempt to recapture the sound of the Gillespie big band. But it does represent his firm belief in music that swings and communicates, music that emanates from a group of musicians who have identical and enthusiastically held ideas on jazz.

"We all try to hit it together," the drummer said, "just as we did in Dizzy's band. When Dizzy went 'outside,' he took everyone with him. But some of these new guys playing today are entirely on their own. Albert Ayler is blowing his brains out, and no one is going with him. This really is a big goose egg. The 'new thing' guys are too lazy to make it, or else they don't realize that they can't make it alone.

"Dizzy was an arranger, and he supervised every note that was written for the big band. He'd stop a number halfway through and tell the bass player and drummer what to do. And he knew what he was talking about."

Clarke's overriding ambition now is to take the big band to the United States.

"We have a lot of projects coming up," he said. "Norman Granz wants us to do something with Ella, and we might work with Carmen McRae. I'd really love to take the band on the road in the States just to prove the point about the high standard of European musicians."

Opportunities to hear the band in public even in Europe are desperately few, and it is sad that it has not once appeared on a stage in Clarke's country of adoption, France.

"When I first came to France," he said, "I joined the big band of Jacques Helian, the uncle of Michel Legrand. Ernie Royal was also in the band for a couple of years. We played in variety at the Olympia Theater, but the band was essentially jazz-based.

"I don't think the jazz public has declined in France, but it needs to be reached. If they had a few variety orchestras like they have symphony orchestras, the public for jazz would grow.

"In Germany there are a good many big bands with a jazz flavor. There are two in Berlin, two in Hamburg, and one in every TV studio.

"The trouble is there is too much pigeonholing today. People put labels on everything. We used to say that if you can dance to it, it's jazz. We've recorded Strauss waltzes and folk tunes, but the harmonies and syncopation are still jazzy. And I don't see anything wrong in recording pop tunes as long as you use good jazz arrangements."

The high cost of getting the musicians together and the sparseness of engagements mean that none of the musicians is going to get rich by playing with the band.

"Sometimes we are able to give everyone a decent fee and still come out a little ahead," Clarke said. "But that money goes right back into the pool. Carl Drevo, Jimmy Woode, Francy, Gigi, and myself are the principals in the operation, but everyone has an interest.

"We make our own TV films and sell them to the TV companies, and our last albums have sold well in Europe and the States. We try to get as much variety as possible into the music, featuring a quartet, a sextet, and a Latin group within the band. This gives us more scope, recordwise."

An additional source of revenue is the royalties on the originals written by the musicians and published by Campi, some of which are employed as television signature tunes.

But in the end, the band's biggest asset is enthusiasm. "It runs right through the musicians," Campi said, "and without it there'd be no point in carrying on."

As an example, Campi spoke of his first recording session with the Golden Eight in Cologne.

"People had told me, 'Don't work with Kenny Clarke. When he goes into a studio he plays a tune once, then throws away his sticks. He hates doing more than one take.'

"Well, we started the Golden Eight session at 8 one morning and finished at 6 the following morning. At the very end, completely exhausted, we were listening to the playback when Kenny said to me, 'You don't look happy with that track.'"

"I told him I wasn't," Campi said, "but that it was too much trouble to do it again. But Kenny said to the musicians, 'Gigi doesn't like it, so we do it again.' And they all unpacked their instruments and got down to it."

And as a clincher, Campi quotes his favorite press clipping from a German newspaper review of a Clarke-Boland concert:

"After having heard the last tired performances of the Basie and Ellington bands, it was refreshing to see the men in the Clarke-Boland band blowing their hearts out and believing in what they were playing."





# TIMES FOR REVOLUTION

AN INTERVIEW WITH DON ELLIS/BY PETE WELDING

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE the headquarters of a revolution. At first glance, in fact, there is little to distinguish it from its neighbor "antique" shops, job printers, and electronics stores that cluster on West Los Angeles' Melrose Ave.

It's a strange location for a jazz club.

Still, Bonesville is not only a busy, important club in its own right but, in its capacity as home base for the Don Ellis Orchestra, serves as a kind of operational and rallying center for the dissemination of the leader's ideas.

While there are no manifestoes tacked on the door, a revolution *has* been taking place—and none too quietly—within the club's walls for a number of months. In the last year and a half, trumpeter Ellis, first at the Club Havana and lately at Bonesville, has forged a totally new jazz orchestra, and what the band has been doing under his zealous guidance is, in a real sense, revolutionary.

What strikes one most forcibly upon seeing the band is the rhythm section—three drummers and three, sometimes four, bassists. The remainder of the group's instrumentation is relatively orthodox: four trumpets, three trombones, five reeds, and piano/organ.

When the band starts playing, however, the reason for the expanded rhythm section is evident. The music is rhythmically exciting to a degree unmatched by any other jazz orchestra. The bassists and drummers set up a fantastically complex, elaborate rhythmic counterpoint, over which the orchestra rides with tremendous power.

While there is superbly disciplined ensemble and section playing, plus excellent solo work from a number of the horn men, the orchestra's forte is most evidently its consummate execution of difficult time signatures and its effortless way with forceful, emotion-charged rhythmic polyphony of an intricacy and subtlety not heard in orchestral jazz before.

The power the band generates is almost physical.

Excitement is the orchestra's stock in trade, and the greater part of this, Ellis says, is attributable to the band's ap-

proach to rhythm. This is an outgrowth of his own long preoccupation with the subject, as he noted in an article in the 1966 Monterey Jazz Festival program brochure:

"Rhythm was the main thing that attracted me to jazz: both in the excitement of swing and the complexity of the cross-rhythms. For many years now I have been trying to conceive of new ways to expand jazz rhythms. Alternation of 4's and 3's was one of the first things that occurred to me, and then I tried experiments of 'stretching' the time by means of *accelerandos* and *ritardandos*. 'Free' rubato time (so common to the avant-garde today) also proved interesting, as did the possibility of having several tempos going at once.

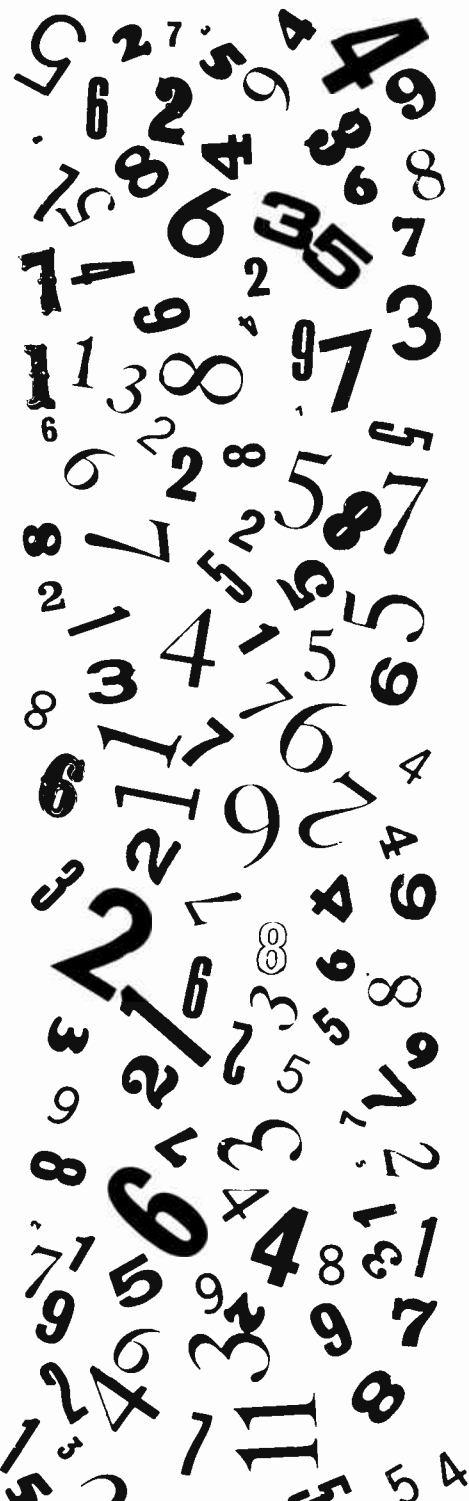
"The next step was to attempt to play things in 7/4 and 9/4. Arif Mardin, the Turkish jazz composer, gave me a chart in 9, divided 2-2-2-3, that was based on a Turkish folk rhythm, and made me more aware of the fact that the odd-numbered meters, which at first seem so exotic and difficult to us, are really very natural and a part of the folk culture of much of the world. . . .

"I reasoned that since it was possible to play in a meter such as a 9, divided 2-2-2-3, it should then be possible to play in meters of even longer length, and this led to the development of such meters as 3-3-2-2-2-1-2-2-2 (19). To arrive at this particular division of 19, I tried many different patterns, but this was the one that swung the most.

"The longest meter I have attempted to date is a piece in 85. But this isn't so far-fetched as one might think at first, because at the department of ethnomusicology at UCLA I learned of one folk song with a 108-beat cycle."

Most of these experiments in rhythmic elaboration were conducted on his own through a tedious process of hit-and-miss investigation.

Ellis was feeling his way toward rhythmic sophistication; the process was considerably accelerated when he moved to the West Coast in 1962 to pursue graduate studies in UCLA's music department.



He met Hari Har Rao, an Indian sitarist and former pupil of Ravi Shankar, who was teaching in the university's ethnomusicology department. Ellis enrolled in Rao's class in Indian music, supplementing this with private studies with Rao.

Ellis recently recalled the meeting:

"It's been a continuing interest of mine to develop rhythmic ideas, but it wasn't until I got out here and started studying Indian music with Hari Har Rao that I truly realized that there's a whole other world of rhythm. I knew about rhythm and swing and time and different meters—I had even written that piece in 19/4 long before I had met Hari Har—but it wasn't until I met him that I realized how far advanced Indian musicians were rhythmically and how far behind we were in our culture. It's when you understand the subtleties in their music that you see how incredible it is."

Some time before he met Rao, when he was getting interested in rhythms, Ellis bought recordings of Indian music and listened to them. He found it all very nice, even exciting, he said, but it wasn't until he had met Rao that he realized that, even though he had been listening to the music, he had no idea what was going on.

"In fact," he said, "most of the time what I had thought was, say, a downbeat wasn't even close to it. I had no idea what they were really doing until I started studying it. I'll wager that there's no possible way for anyone who hasn't studied the music to understand it; it really takes conscious study. Not that you can't just listen to it and get something out of it, but you can't listen to it and even keep the basic beat unless you've studied it. The cycles are so much more complex."

Because rhythm is his main interest, Ellis went on, his all-consuming passion has become to develop himself as far as he can rhythmically and, as a sort of by-product, to get these rhythms permeating throughout the whole popular culture ("it's already happening now," he said), getting people aware that there's more than 4/4 and 3/4 and that even within them there's a lot more that can be done with them.

in terms of rhythmic subtlety and sophistication.

"In the beginning," Ellis wrote for Monterey, "there used to be two arguments against playing jazz in these new rhythms and meters: 1) They are not natural. And my answer was: not natural to *whom*? They are natural to a great portion of the world's peoples. 2) You can do the same thing in 4/4. This is ridiculous; if one can't play comfortably in 5 and 7, for example, how can one hope to superimpose these correctly over 4/4? Also, superimposing any other meter over 4/4 is *not* the same thing as playing in that meter exclusively."

Ellis' formation, with Rao, of the Hindustani Jazz Sextet followed. It was an inevitable outgrowth of the two musicians' mutually interdependent interests. Ellis was by now totally engaged with the rhythms of the East, while Rao was interested in coming to a fuller understanding of jazz. It was a fruitful association. Ellis described his debt to Rao:

"He opened up undreamed-of new worlds of rhythm that he and his teacher, Ravi Shankar, had worked out. I learned exercises for developing the ability to superimpose complicated rhythm patterns one on the other, ways of counting to be able to always keep my place in a given cycle, no matter how long or involved.

"He showed me how to arrive at new rhythmic ideas, the proper ways of working these out and practicing them. It was a tremendously exciting and rewarding experience."

The Hindustani Jazz Sextet enjoyed considerable popular success wherever it played on the West Coast, the trumpeter recalled, though he also remarked that he and Rao were unable to interest a record company in the potential of the group. In the summer of 1963, Ellis decided to expand the sextet to orchestra size.

"I figured that with a bigger band," he said, "it would be easier to get the gospel spread as to the new rhythms, because we'd be exposing more of the musicians to it. Also, I've always loved the big-band sound—that was my original interest when

I first started listening to jazz."

The band, which rehearsed weekly for about half a year, rehearsed on Wednesday mornings at the musicians union.

The instrumentation was that of the standard jazz orchestra, with only one bassist and one drummer. The first phase of the Ellis orchestra ended when, later that year, he went back east.

ATTENDING THE Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y., where he was a member of the Lukas Foss Ensemble, Ellis worked for a while with another rehearsal band, led by trumpeter Sam Noto, and also formed a small group for playing gigs in the Buffalo area.

To lend added rhythmic interest to this latter group's work, he employed two bassists and two drummers. Had he been able to find more qualified rhythm players in the area, he said, he would have added them to the section.

Experiencing some difficulty in getting from the drummers what he required of them, Ellis finally had to learn to play drums himself—"at least enough to demonstrate what I wanted them to do," he said.

Returning to Los Angeles in the summer of 1965, Ellis immediately set out to re-form the big band. His ideas for the generation of rhythmic complexity within the framework of a large orchestra had crystallized sufficiently for him to embark on the difficult task of recruiting a rhythm section considerably larger than the standard one.

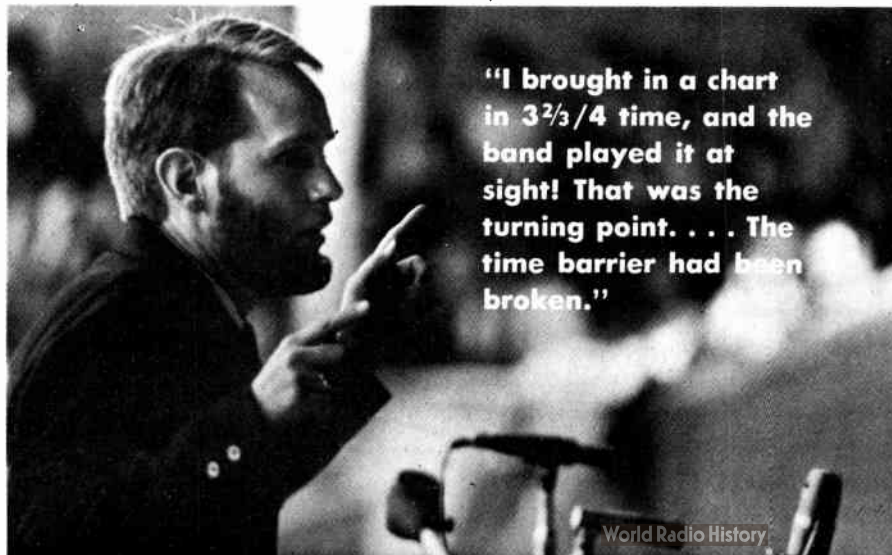
He felt that the new rhythms, if they were to work in the big-band format, required at least three bassists and an equal number of percussionists. Finding the right men was not easy.

"I started auditioning rhythm-section men," he recalled, "and I was lucky at first, because I found two of my most important bassists, Ray Neapolitan and Chuck Domanico, right off. It was at a rehearsal of Paul Moer's band that I met Chuck and his best friend, Ray, who was also a bassist.

"They started making the early rehearsals with me—that is, without the rest of the band; we were just trying then to get the rhythm section set, since it is so crucial to the band's total conception.

"It's interesting—we went through almost every drummer who was in town and auditioned them, and we couldn't really find anyone who could play the rhythms. The guys would come in—and some of them were very big names—sit down, and we'd start, but after a bar they'd be completely lost, had no idea where they were. They were rather embarrassed.

"It was suggested to me by a young altoist, Tom Scott, that there was an organist in town who also played drums—a young guy, Steve Bohannon. Tom thought





that he might be able to do the thing. So we had him come in, and he sat down and asked, 'Well, what's the subdivision?' We told him whatever it was. I said, 'Oh, it's 19; it's divided 3-3-2-2-2-1-2-2-2.' He said okay, and I counted off the tempo, and he just played it, and he's never had any problem with whatever rhythm I would set up. He just plays it. I attribute that to the fact that he doesn't know that it's supposed to be hard.

"So Steve came in and ever since then has been the foundation of the rhythm section."

Then there was the late Ross Pollock, a drummer who studied with Hari Har Rao. Both Bohannon and Pollock were still in high school at the time they started with the band. Pollock, Ellis said, in just the half-year he was with the band, "developed fantastically" but died in a tragic elevator accident while touring Europe with another group. "This was a great blow to all of us in the band, personally and professionally," Ellis said. "Everyone was wondering what would happen to the band, because he was one of the power-houses of the rhythm section.

"Luckily, however, we found a young guy, Alan Estes, who was a friend of Bohannon's. Al wasn't basically a set drummer; he was a mallet man, but he could play the rhythms. So he converted to the standard drum set and has been with us ever since."

With the major rhythm problems relatively solved, Ellis assembled the brass and reed sections and initiated full orchestra rehearsals at the union. The group rehearsed throughout the summer and underwent considerable personnel change.

"Guys would come in and go out," Ellis recalled. "This was a process of determining whether what we were doing was for them and whether they were for us. But now the personnel basically has settled; the nucleus of the band has been with me from the start."

In the band now are Glenn Stuart, Alan Weight, Ed Warren, Bob Harmon, trumpets; Dave Wells, Dave Sanchez, trombones; Terry Woodson, bass trombone; Ruben Leon, Joe Roccisano, Ira Schulman, Ron Starr, John Magruder, reeds; Dave Mackay or Roger Kellaway, piano, organ; Ray Neapolitan, Chuck Domanico, Bill Plummer, Frank DeLaRosa, basses; and Steve Bohannon, Alan Estes, and Chino Valdes, drums.

From the weekly practice sessions at the union, the band moved to the Club Havana, on the Sunset Strip, in late September, 1965, playing there on Mondays until moving to Bonesville several months ago.

Of the men in the band, Ellis remarked, "A lot of the guys are schoolteachers. We have one lawyer. Some guys work days, and others are full-time musicians. This makes for a certain stability. In fact, I have more problems with the men who are full-time musicians. One of our trom-



PHOTOS/JIM TAYLOR

bone players, for example, wasn't getting enough work around town, so he had to go on the road for a few months to get some money together. That sort of thing presents problems. That's why I've tried, as much as possible, to stick to guys who are doing studio work or something else that keeps them in town, whether teaching school or whatever."

This regular work over a long period gave the men sufficient opportunity to get the kinks out of playing unfamiliar meters, which were from the first the band's signal feature.

This process was to take some time, for there is a considerable difference between merely being able to play the unusual rhythms and playing them with crispness, authority, and naturalness.

"In teaching the band these new rhythms I have found that the hardest thing is to learn to tap one's foot unevenly," Ellis has noted. "Usually the 5's come most easily (patting in a subdivision of 2-3 or 3-2), then the 7's and 9's follow—each one usually being progressively more difficult. Once one is used to patting one's feet unevenly, the longer, more complex patterns are relatively easy. . . . I remember our delight when . . . after struggling like mad to feel comfortable in a fast 7 (divided 3-2-2), I brought in a chart in 3/4 time (11) and the band played it at sight! That was a turning point because they realized that now they could count almost any rhythmic pattern at sight. The time barrier had been broken."

Recently Ellis recalled, "Just getting the band to play a chart in a 7 or something like that and feel natural in it—it took about a year for the band to settle into it. That happened just before we went to Monterey—that is, when the guys really felt secure in the rhythms."

THE BAND'S playing at the Monterey festival—its first engagement other than Monday nights at Bonesville—came as a revelation to everyone who heard it at the Sunday afternoon program of "new jazz."

The group's great fluency in the projection of exciting rhythmic counterpoint was

revealed in number after number, each played with verve, wit, impeccable drive, and a complete lack of self-consciousness. The difficult rhythms and meters sounded thoroughly natural.

The group repeated its success three weeks later at the Pacific Jazz Festival at Costa Mesa, Calif., 50 miles southeast of Los Angeles. Ellis arranged for the taping of the band's festival appearances and, through a firm he directs, Ellis Music Enterprises, produced and sold the albums to Pacific Jazz' parent label, Liberty records. Pacific Jazz says it plans to issue at least two LPs of the performance.

The recordings, Ellis hopes, will create a demand for the orchestra and the music he has been nurturing so lovingly these last 20 months of Monday nights.

With interest in the tonality and rhythms of Indian music increasing daily, Ellis said he feels that it is only a matter of time before the band is discovered and taken up by large segments of the public.

"I'd like nothing better than to get people dancing to the new rhythms," he said. "I know it's going to happen, because the rock groups have already started using these rhythms. It's just a matter of time; it could happen almost overnight. If the thing starts catching on, everybody will be doing it. Even if it doesn't catch on right away, it will filter down little by little, so that in the next 10 to 20 years the whole scene will have changed rhythmically."

Ellis, perhaps characteristically, seems in no particular hurry to force acceptance of the orchestra.

He explained that he is not especially eager to embark on the usual grueling round of one-nighters, long bus trips, separation from family, and all the other inconveniences of road-band living.

Ellis has had enough of this, the result of his several years as sideman with the bands of Herb Pomeroy, Ray McKinley, Sam Donahue, Claude Thornhill, Charlie Barnet, Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, and Maynard Ferguson, as well as with various small groups including George Russell's highly experimental sextet.

The ideal situation, Ellis opined, would

be that in which the band played a certain number of concert-dances at select locations during the year, spending the bulk of the time working in Los Angeles-area clubs, with perhaps several weeks in Las Vegas, Nev.

An increased demand for the services of the orchestra would perhaps permit the leader more free time to pursue additional studies and to write for the band. Currently much of his time is taken up with teaching, fulfilling studio calls, and working several nights a week in a successful local Latin band.

It is evident that Ellis is a strong-willed person, well informed and highly articulate, with opinions on a variety of subjects, particularly music and the music business. If his ideas at first seem somewhat unconventional, conversation reveals that he has well-thought-out reasons to support all of them. His continued creativity and the existence of his orchestra is perhaps the best and most meaningful illustration of Ellis' ability to operate successfully in both idealistic and practical worlds.

His comments regarding his preoccupation with Indian music and its recent seepage into U.S. popular music are pertinent and appropriately well framed.

"I think it's something that's in the air," he said of the growing interest in Eastern musics. "With Hari Rao we were the first Western musicians ever to play with an Indian musician over an extended period of time. Of course, there have been situations in which Indian musicians were brought in to record and a jazz musician was thrown in with them, but no one knew what the other side was doing. But this was the first time that an Indian musician really wanted to learn what was happening in jazz and the jazz musicians really wanted to find out what was happening in Indian music—and to see what could be done by taking the best elements of both and putting them together.

"It's curious—we made recordings of the group [Hindustani Jazz Sextet] but could never get a record company interested. We played engagements all around Los Angeles and were always successful and well received; the group was quite in demand.

"Then—I don't know how it happened—but the Beatles picked up on the sound of the sitar, and all of a sudden it automatically became the thing to do. It then went directly to the pop field, which is now taking it on very big; strangely enough, it's now filtering back to the jazz field.

"It's funny how those things will happen—the jazz guys will sometimes innovate a thing, and everybody will ignore it. Then a pop group will take it, make it popular, and then all the jazz musicians will start doing it.

"But all the groups that have used the sound of India, so to speak, have taken the easy way out. Just to have the sound of the sitar and the drones—immediately

you associate it with Indian music. . . . But none of them have yet gone into what I think is the most valuable contribution that Indian music can make to our culture and that's the rhythmic. None of them have gotten into that, probably because that's so difficult."

Another problem faced by the group's attempting to integrate the sound of Indian music and that of Western music, Ellis continued, is their incomplete understanding of the nature of Indian music; this has led some to attempt to try to incorporate an Indian melodic or rhythmic cycle bodily into a Western jazz or pop piece.

"I haven't taken, say, an Indian cycle and used it," Ellis said. "What I have done is to take the techniques that have been

taught me for working rhythmically and asked: how can I get this to swing, how can we put it in a jazz context? I've done it that way, which is just another way of enriching the general jazz vocabulary by adding a new technique. But it's not a grafting on, whereby you merely take a specific Indian cycle or such and incorporate it bodily . . . that's what a lot of the other groups have done. They've taken one thing—say, the sound of drone and sitar—and put it in and have it play something that's entirely foreign to it."

Ellis went on to speak of the use of tonality in his orchestra and the debt to both Indian music and one innovating American composer:

"As far as tonality goes," he said, "the

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conscious influence has been Harry Partch, who's living out here now. Harry, of course, has set up a whole other system of musical intonation, and he was the one who really made me aware of just how abominable the equal-temperment system is.

"Now, jazz musicians and folk musicians always have found ways to get around equal temperament. You've doubtless heard a blues musician get on a blue note and just by sort of bending that note around, he'll get the whole club screaming—just by manipulating that one tone just very slightly. This is something that shows the great emotional power of tonality."

Comparing the "handful of scales" in Western music with the "literally thousands" in Indian music, Ellis remarked,

"We're really only touching the surface of melodic music. Western music developed in another sense—in the harmonic and formal areas—but I think it's time now to go back and start re-examining some of these things . . . like the basic problems of intonation, the system of tuning.

"For this reason I've developed a quarter-tone trumpet. It's funny—I can play some of the traditional blues licks with the aid of the fourth valve and get that same feeling but in quite a different way than guys have done before, having had to use their lips solely for the thing. Also, it gives me that much more of a chance to get at any pitch I want. With the aid of my lips and the extra valve, I'm that much closer. So that's opened up a

whole new world for me too."

Ellis indicated some of the problems encountered in attempting to adapt the playing of microtones to large ensembles.

"In Indian music," he said, "they usually have only one melodic instrument and one drone, because the intonation has to be so fine . . . when you get into these microtones. It's hard enough to get guys to play in tune in a normal sense; the more people you have, the harder it is, because just one person out of tune throws the whole section out of tune. So, in a large orchestra you have to think not in terms of such minute quantities (at least right now) but in terms of a larger concept of tonality.

"However, I've written a piece that the band plays that is in a quarter-tone scale. I've worked it out so that the trumpets can do it by false-fingering; for the trombones, of course, there's no problem; the saxophones have to use their lips, but they don't play the notes that aren't near some note on their horns."

The band's arrangements, primarily by Ellis, are for the most part in the unusual time signatures that are its forte. "I've welcomed anything that's in our groove," Ellis explained, "and that's more or less what I tell an arranger who says he'd like to write something for the band. 'That's fine,' I say. 'We'll take almost anything that's not in 3 or 4.'"

Arrangers from within the band include altoists Leon, Scott, and Roccisano, trombonist Myers, trumpeter Harmon, and pianist Mackay.

"A lot of the arrangements," Ellis explained, "are quite loose, so that I can bring in different sections at will. I can change them around while we're playing them. This isn't particularly new to jazz, however, because the older bands, when they didn't read music, did the same thing. So it's probably a departure from what has been conventional practice for the last 10 years or so but not necessarily radically new to jazz. As far as voicings and the like go, I have my own devices I have tried and used in the over-all sound of the band, which I don't think you'll find in any other band."

Stan Kenton, an orchestral innovator in his own right, remarked recently that the next few years will see a renaissance of the big band—but a big band with a difference, not merely offering re-creations of what has gone before. Kenton said he felt that jazz was about to break out of its doldrums into a period of "new vitality injected by rhythmical innovations."

"We're at the brink of an exciting new era," he said, "an era that will fuse many types of music we have previously heard separately."

When the new big-band ecumenism starts swelling, Ellis and his 20 disciples of the new rhythms and the new big-band gospel will be ready.



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MOST PEOPLE seem to have forgotten that the first large white swinging orchestra was Jean Goldkette's. This band hit Roseland Ballroom on Manhattan's Gay White Way in 1927 like a tempestuous, tropical storm.

It opened the first set with a most unorthodox march version of *Valencia*. And when the sophisticated audience recognized the opening bars of a march tempo, they turned to each other in critical disbelief, only to break out into cheers before the number had finished.

We in the Fletcher Henderson Band were amazed, angry, morose, and bewildered as we sat on the opposite bandstand waiting our turn to go on—and it was a long wait—about 45 minutes (the customary set was a half-hour)—because everything this band played prompted calls for encores from the crowd. This proved to be a most humiliating experience for us, since, after all, we were supposed to be the world's greatest dance orchestra. And up pops this Johnny-come-lately white band from out in the sticks, cutting us. Of course, we made excuses for ourselves, saying things like, "This wouldn't happen if Don Redman were here to lead the sax section." (Don, our first sax man, had stopped off in West Virginia to visit his folks.) But in our hearts, we knew that this was not really true. The facts were that we simply could not compete with Jean Goldkette's Victor Recording Orchestra. Their arrangements were too imaginative and their rhythm too strong, what with Steve Brown slapping hell out of that bass fiddle and Frankie Trumbauer's inspiring leadership as he stood in front wailing on his C-melody saxophone. There was also the psychological advantage of having the crowd with them, since they were new faces and blowing like mad.

The first encounter with Goldkette's band should not have come as a surprise to us because we'd been forewarned. Charlie Horvath and Charlie Stanton at the Greystone Ballroom in Detroit had said that we'd get cut when we met the Victor band, but this did not mean a thing to us. They had also complimented Smack's band on the way we'd broken the house up with our stomping, swinging playing, and we didn't need them to tell us how great we were. We felt that we had a champion outfit, and justifiably so, since according to audiences everywhere we had played on the tour, we were kings of the road. But that engagement at Roseland proved Stanton and Horvath, oh, so right. We learned that Jean Goldkette's orchestra was, without any question, the greatest in the world and the first original white swing band in jazz history.

Before proceeding, let me fill what I feel is a large gap in music history. There's been relatively little mention of Goldkette, which brings to mind the irony contained in a statement attributed to Eddie Condon, who allegedly said something like this about a French critic: "We don't tell Frenchmen how to jump on grapes, so what makes them think they can tell us anything about jazz?"

Such an observation might have been true and valid up to a certain point, but circumstances do alter cases. There is, and was, such an exception in the case of Jean Goldkette, a Frenchman, who not only told us about jazz but also dedicated his life to sponsoring and creating jazz, thereby showing us Americans a lot about the music.

Jean arrived in this country in 1911, when he was 12. Though born in France, he had been reared in Greece, where he started his training as a classical pianist. Then he continued his studies in Russia. I am told that some relatives in Chicago encouraged him to come here, feeling that this country afforded greater outlet for his talents. On his arrival, Jean soon found out that those cold breezes that swept into the city off Lake Michigan were mild compared with his reception as a concert pianist. This state of affairs finally led Goldkette into the dance-band business, and here he found his niche, fitting right in with the type of music that was current—waltzes, polkas, schottisches, and, once in a

while, a clumsy version of that daring new dance, the foxtrot. Starting with one of the lesser-known groups, Jean quickly established a reputation and came to the attention of Mr. Big, Edgar Benson, whose orchestras were the toast of Chicago. Goldkette did so well as a subleader that Benson later sent him to Detroit to head the Benson orchestra there. But this took place quite a while after Jean had found out about the wild wonderful music that could be heard on Chicago's south side. There the atmosphere was highlighted by the symphonic ragtime arrangements of Doc Cook's large orchestra (18 men), which played nightly at Paddy Harmon's White City Amusement Park, captivating Chicagoans during those times. On the other end of the musical spectrum, there was King Joe Oliver, Jimmie Noone, Jasper Taylor, and a lot of other talented tooters who were playing it sweet and lowdown all night long, to the delight of Goldkette and other music lovers.

The stimulating feelings that came from this free-style improvisation remained with Jean for the rest of his life and certainly was reflected in his later efforts. Jean tried very hard to play like his south-side heroes, but the style was not for his piano, and he never did become good as a jazz pianist. But he did wind up playing dance music, which he must have done quite creditably, for Benson tapped him for Detroit. The first big job of record that he played, as leader of a Benson unit, was at the elegant Detroit Athletic Club. At first, however, his orchestra attracted no more attention among the hoity-toity audience than the ornate cuspidors. Inexplicably at some later society event, most of the staid dowagers and their equally conservative spouses left the club earlier than usual. Jean, perhaps in desperation, let his hair down, and the band played some toe-tapping dance music.

Ears perked up, and the floor quickly became crowded as the younger set got the message. They ate up the ragtime and applauded for more. This acceptance did not go unnoticed by the management, because more and more of the sons and daughters of their wealthy clientele began to frequent the spot.

In those days, the Benson orchestra was ne plus ultra of society dance music. This was the early '20s, just about the time when the new millionaires of the Motor City were avidly going through the motions of acquiring culture.

Civic pride combined with this opulence to produce a hotel of splendor and stature, comparable to New York's and Chicago's finest. It was first called the Book Hotel, later as the Book-Cadillac. With the

accoutrements first class, it followed that the hotel had to have the best music available. So the management turned to Benson himself in Chicago. Benson, although flattered by the amount of money offered, did not choose to leave his green pastures in the Windy City and proposed his Jean Goldkette group for the engagement. As far as Detroit was concerned, the rest is history. Goldkette came, was heard, and became the name there.

From that start, Goldkette was established, and his groups played both the Book-Cadillac Hotel and the Detroit Athletic Club for years. Jean's fame came to far surpass that of Benson, and he could very well have sat back on his laurels as a mid-western counterpart of Meyer Davis. He had more engagements than he could handle. But this was not the nature of the man. He continued to branch out, possibly because of his love for musicians and his feeling for jazz.

Between 1922 and 1923, an organization of Chinese started building a huge restaurant. For some reason, they were unable to complete it, and it became available for sale. Jean, on learning about the property from banker friends, was able to obtain financing enough to lease the building—and the Greystone Ballroom was born.

Now Goldkette was in a position to do all of the things he'd dreamed of doing.

With the contracts for providing the music at the Detroit

# THE JEAN GOLDKETTE BAND by rex stewart



Athletic Club and the Book-Cadillac in his pocket as a backstop, he was in business. Bolstered by his belief in jazz, he felt that the acquisition would do two things—give him an outlet so that he could cater to the tastes of the little people, and he also could now hire those red-hot tooters, most of whom were only names to him. The list of talent is too long to repeat in toto, but there is no question in my mind that some of the greatest names in the business at one time or another worked under Goldkette's banner.

He was a pioneer in the big-band field, and during his life, he created several orchestras, built many ballrooms, and operated throughout the Midwest on such a large scale that eventually he became the most important impresario in the area bounded by Buffalo, Chicago, Toronto, and New Orleans. Society vied for his music, and hoi poloi thronged to his ballrooms nightly. No horse show, fete, or upper-crust event really was "in" without the stamp of Goldkette music.

Among the many musical organizations he formed were the Casa Loma Band, the Studebaker Champions, the Orange Blossoms under the direction of Hank Begnini, the Detroit Athletic Club Orchestra under the leadership of Owen Bartlett, and the Book-Cadillac orchestra led by Paul Mertz. Goldkette took over management of many other bands that were in operation already, such as McKinney's Cotton Pickers.

Meanwhile, he had an empire of ballrooms and owned or operated places in Toronto, Indiana, Ohio, Detroit, and several resort spots on the Great Lakes. He'd conceive an idea and then turn over the execution of it to Charlie Horvath, his second in command.

There's quite a story about how Horvath rose to the position of major domo in the Goldkette enterprises. It seems that Jean had known the Horvath family in Europe during the period when their string ensemble was considered one of the foremost on the Continent. When Goldkette went to the Motor City, there was a grand reunion with Papa Horvath, who by that time was in the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

Charlie and Jean quickly joined forces. Charlie had taken up drums and later held down the percussion spot with the Goldkette band. The close ties developed into the team of Goldkette and Horvath.

There are some who say that Charlie was the brains behind the association. For all I know, this may well be true. When they broke up, Charlie moved on to Cleveland, where he operated his own ballroom. Jean's fortunes went into decline while Horvath prospered.

The Goldkette Victor band was the first and greatest white swing band. There can be no doubt that this is true. The personnel varied from time to time, since Goldkette was a great one for switching musicians around when he felt that a particular talent fit a special situation.

According to Mertz, who played piano in most of Jean's orchestras, he no sooner would get settled at a resort or perhaps at the Book-Cadillac than Jean would telephone, saying, "Paul, get out to Kansas City" or down to the ballroom in Indiana.

No other white orchestra boasted such an array of skilled jazzmen at one time as did Jean Goldkette's. Not even Paul Whiteman (who hired many of Goldkette's former stars after the group disbanded) was able to bring about such swinging or such esprit de corps, principally because the freewheeling joy of playing with one another had vanished—this, even though Whiteman's had the true sparkplugs of the Victor organization with him in Frankie Trumbauer and Bix Beiderbecke. But even they were seldom able to get the Whiteman aggregation off the ground.

Aside from such giants as Tram and Bix, who received accolades that carry over to today, there were many others who, if they were not quite in the same league, certainly were on a par with the best players at that time. I am speaking of fellows like Don Murray, Fud Livingston, Jimmy Dorsey, Danny Polo—the clarinet players. The trombone men were Russ Morgan, Tommy Dorsey, Miff Mole, Bill Rank, Speigan Wilcox, and for trumpets, Fuzzy Farrar, Sterling Bose, Red Nichols, Ray Ludwig. There were also violinist Joe Venuti, guitarist Eddie Lang, drummer Chauncey Morehouse, and several more.

One of the great mysteries, as far as I am concerned, is why so little has been written about this most important white swing band.

You can believe me that the Goldkette band was the original predecessor to any large white dance orchestra that followed, up to Benny Goodman. Even Goodman, swinger that he was, did not come close to the tremendous sound of Goldkette or the inventive arrangements of the Goldkette repertoire, not in quality and certainly not in quantity. Of this I am positive, because I was in Fletcher's band when that memorable confrontation took place at Roseland.

Perhaps one reason why this organization has never been given the recognition that it should have is that it came along before most of the present-day chroniclers knew beans about the music or the men who made it.

Another reason is that when Goldkette had the cream of the crop playing in his bands, recording was in its infancy and reproduction at that time did not project anything like the real performances. So naturally, the Goldkette recordings did not reflect the verve and consummate artistry of the ensemble.

The Goldkette group began recording in 1924, and the personnel is a bit uncertain but may have included some or all of the following: Fuzzy Farrar, Red Nichols, Paul Van Loan, George Crozier, Don Murray, Joe Venuti, Bill Kreutz, and Charlie Horvath. They made such hits as *Eileen*, *Honest and Truly*, *Remember*, and *What's the Use of Dreaming*?

Among the personnel in 1926 were Fud Livingston, Eddie Lang, Itzy Riskin, Steve Brown (aside from many of the others from the 1924 dates). Arrangements were by Russ Morgan. This band recorded *After I Say I'm Sorry*; *Dinah*; *Gimme a Little Kiss*, *Will Ya, Huh?*; *Lonesome and Sorry*, and many other big songs of the day. Beiderbecke and Trumbauer recorded with the band later that year, and in 1927 the Dorsey brothers were added for recordings. The period between 1926 and 1929 was the heyday of the band, because by that time they had a huge writing staff consisting of Paul Mertz, Russ Morgan, Bill Challis, and Joe Glover.

Too, many of the young musicians who had joined Goldkette grew to tremendous stature under his aegis. Venuti was the premier jazz violinist of the day, and his sidekick, Lang, was father of the jazz guitar. (A little-known fact is that Lang was the inspiration for the great gypsy guitarist, Django Reinhardt—or so Django told me.)

Then there was Murray, one of the greatest clarinetists who ever lived.

Brown brought the art of slapping the bass fiddle direct from New Orleans, where he had heard the Negroes do it.

The artistry of Trumbauer on the C-melody saxophone made a lady of the instrument. By playing it so well, he inspired some players but discouraged many others, who realized that they could never compete with his genius and so gave up the instrument. It subsequently went out of fashion. I am only speculating that Trumbauer was responsible for this, but the fact is that after Tram, little was heard on the horn again.

Perhaps greatest of all the luminaries was Beiderbecke. I felt very close to him, for we shared the same locker at Roseland (everybody had to double up with lockers), and we would hang out together at the speakeasy in the same building.

Many is the time we had our own private session in the band room after Broadway had settled down for the evening. Admiring Bix as I did, it was not difficult for me to attempt to copy his memorable solo on *Singing the Blues*, especially since the phonograph company for which Fletcher recorded the number wanted my solo as close to the original as possible.

As a matter of fact, there was a lot of copying going on. It was a mutual admiration society, with Fletcher and Goldkette exchanging arrangements, which stood Fletcher's band in good stead later. We carved the Casa Loma Band (a Goldkette outfit) at the Penn Athletic Club in Philadelphia using Goldkette's arrangements!

In my book Bix was a once-in-a-million artist. I doubt if what he played will ever be surpassed on the trumpet. He was one of the all-time giants, and I feel that his gifts remain today as unsullied and strikingly refreshing as when he lived.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for Goldkette. Most of what he was is both forgotten and unrecognized. I can only hope that this brief recounting will help to keep his memory alive.



# Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, Harvey Pekar, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

## Gene Ammons

**BOSS SOUL!**—Prestige 7445: *Soft Summer Breeze*; *Don't Go to Strangers*; *Song of the Islands*; *Travelin'*; *Carbow*; *I'm Afraid the Masquerade Is Over*; *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Patti Bown or Walter Bishop Jr., piano; George Duvivier or Art Davis, bass; Art Taylor, drums; Ray Barretto, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Ammons' style has evolved in a highly unusual manner. He was one of the first modern tenor saxophonists. During the middle and late '40s he exhibited a strong Lester Young influence. In this period his playing was often raw, but there are solos of his on record, such as the one on Woody Herman's *More Moon*, that could be described as almost "cool." (I don't mean to imply that Ammons' improvisation on *More Moon* is not forceful. It is, but his tasteful, relatively restrained improvisation on the record has a good deal in common with the work of Zoot Sims or Allen Eager, who are often thought of as "cool" jazzmen.)

As the years passed, Ammons' style changed radically. In the '50s he seemed to be looking to the Coleman Hawkins school for inspiration. After synthesizing his influences, Ammons hit on a highly original style.

This album offers an excellent example of Ammons' employing that style. In these performances, his playing has a relaxed, loping quality, even on *Travelin'*, which is taken at a fairly fast tempo. His big, husky tone is unique among modern tenorists. Of the members of the Hawkins school, Ammons has most in common, I think, with Herschel Evans, the man whose earthy, soulful playing influenced so many tenor saxophonists in the Mid- and Southwest.

Ammons is a good technician and can play complex passages without difficulty, as his work on *Carbow* and *Soft Summer* demonstrate, but generally he prefers to play economically, making each note count. Though his playing is relatively simple, it is not cliché-ridden when he is in top form, as he is on this LP. Here his ideas are not far out, but they are attractive and fairly fresh.

The thing that impresses me most about Ammons' work, however, is its power. Even on *Song of the Islands*, on which he lopes along in his easygoing manner, he conveys the impression of possessing massive strength.

Miss Bown's crisply articulated solos are rather angular, and she uses dissonance intelligently. She constructs her solos lucidly, employing a variety of textures. She's not merely good for a woman—she's a solid, tasteful big-league musician.

Bishop's work is competent but lacks individuality. Barretto's propulsive, unobtrusive playing is worthy of notice.

—Pekar

## Berklee School

**A TRIBUTE TO CHARLIE MARIANO**—Berklee 10: *Iberian Waltz*; *Miss Blue Eyes*; *A 1*; *Quebec*; *Palisades*; *Blues for Father*; *Little T*; *Come Fall*; 4-5-6: *Star Gaze*; *Impressions Kyoto*; *Blue Walls*.

Personnel: Berklee School of Music students; Herb Pomeroy, conductor.

Rating: ★★

Ernie Watts, an alto saxophonist, blows his way to commanding attention in this set of Charlie Mariano compositions, arranged and played by Berklee students. Watts' strong, full-blown solos, vibrant with power and excitement, sparkle through *Iberian* and *Four*.

Other points of interest are provided by Gerry Geiger, a tenorist who plays with a power rivaling Watts' on *Eyes* and with only slightly less effect on *Walls*, and Sadao Watanabe, whose polished flute and alto saxophone work have been out in the professional world for a while.

Viewed as a collection of school performances, this is an impressive set, as these Berklee discs usually are. But because it is a school set and, as a result, as many people as possible are given an opportunity to show their stuff, there is relatively little space for the best soloists (less, that is, than one would expect to get on a commercial recording) and quite a lot for other capable but not particularly distinguished performers.

I also got a feeling that everything was being approached in an awfully serious frame of mind, which, I suppose, is natural in such school exercises. This builds a dulling atmosphere, although the generally gray cast of Mariano's compositions contributes to it.

—Wilson

## George Braith

**EXTENSION**—Blue Note 4171: *Nut City*; *Ethlyn's Love*; *Out Here*; *Extension*; *Sweetville*; *Every Time We Say Goodbye*.

Personnel: Braith, tenor, soprano, and alto saxophones; Grant Green, guitar; Billy Gardner, organ; Clarence Johnston, drums.

Rating: ★★½

It was usually hard to get a bass player for sessions when I was in high school. So Kenny Drew would play the bass line with his left hand, and we'd manage without one. But why anyone would want to have this kind of arrangement by choice is beyond me.

Gardner solos like he has one ear on each hand, so neither one makes it. The bass line is dull, the soloing right-hand line not much more interesting. In the liner notes, Gardner is said to be a pianist "who Braith convinced to become an organist." Bad idea.

The fact that Braith is obviously a good player doesn't make this a good album. The sound of the organ comping brings it forever back to a cocktail lounge in the Bronx. Braith can't seem to make up his mind whether he should get out there with the avant-garde or keep a little to the

right of Charles Lloyd. There is no direction to the music, and it has little character of its own.

Green runs the changes. Johnston keeps the time. Gardner does as well as his irrational dual role on that unhappy instrument will permit him. Braith has a good ear, plays a melodic line beautifully, and can blow two horns at once. Put it all together and it doesn't spell very much.

—Zwerin

## Ray Charles

**A MAN AND HIS SOUL**—ABC Paramount 590X: *I Can't Stop Loving You*; *What'd I Say?*; *Ol' Man River*; *One Mint Julep*; *Crying Time*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *Busted*; *Takes Two to Tango*; *Ruby*; *Let's Go Get Stoned*; *Cry*; *Unchain My Heart*; *Georgia on My Mind*; *Baby, It's Cold Outside*; *Worried Mind*; *I Chose to Sing the Blues*; *I Don't Need No Doctor*; *Born to Lose*; *Hit the Road, Jack*; *You Are My Sunshine*; *From the Heart*; *Teardrops from My Eyes*; *No Use Crying*; *Chil'ins with Candied Yams*.

Personnel: Charles, vocals, organ, piano; Raelets, Betty Carter, vocals; various unidentified orchestras and small groups; Benny Carter, Sid Feller, Calvin Jackson, Quincy Jones, Marty Paich, Gerald Wilson, arranger-conductors.

Rating: ★★★★★

This two-LP package, with a 12-page booklet containing photographs, commentary by Stanley Dance, and a listing of all Charles' albums and singles, is an interesting and instructive cross section of his work from 1959 to the present.

Included are examples of Charles' many facets—the blues singer, the transformer of popular and jazz standards, the country-and-western "heretic." There are duets with Miss Carter, small-group in-person performances, studio sessions with Hollywood strings and choral groups, funky organ playing, humor, and tears.

Though many jazz-oriented listeners may prefer the earlier Charles (as represented on several Atlantic cross-section albums), this set shows the man at the peak of his popularity and gives a better indication of his versatility.

Charles is one of the few popular singers who cannot be defeated by tasteless material and tasteless arrangements—or even by his own "bad" judgment, artistically speaking. Somehow, the personality, the "soul," shines through. There is the intrinsic swing, the well-turned phrase, the intensity, the unique voice, the conviction that conquers all. Nowhere, perhaps, is this more apparent than on *Ol' Man River*, with its super-corny opening that features chorus and strings. When Charles comes in, it is a revelation, an object lesson in the difference between schmaltz and marrow.

Among the gems in the set are a totally relaxed *Makin' Whoopee*, from a concert performance; the classic rendition of *Georgia*; the famous *What'd I Say?* (which is not as good as the one from Atlantic's *In Person* album); the revitalization of *Baby, It's Cold*, with expert assistance from Miss Carter; and two instrumentals, *From the Heart* and the more recent *Chil'ins*,



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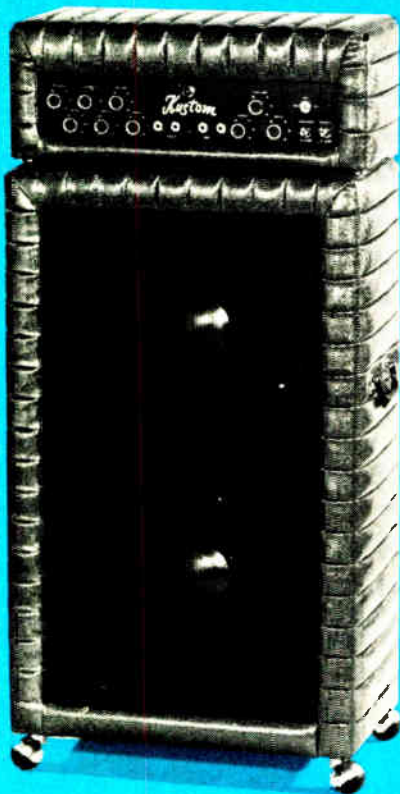
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both featuring Charles' organ.

Much of the rest is not of top-drawer quality, the material chosen on the basis of hits. But it is always interesting, though one-sitting listening is not recommended.

There may be better blues singers than Charles, and better pop singers—though not many—but he was the man who made the breakthrough, who changed for good the ears of the public, who took rhythm-and-blues out of the ethnic category, and who made possible the rise to the top of many Negro performers. This record shows how he did it: by hard work, skill, acute commercial judgment, a great talent, and, perhaps most significantly, the ability to remain himself. It is quite an achievement.

—Morgenstern

### Marion Brown

MARION BROWN QUARTET—ESP-Disk 1022; *Capricorn Moon*; 27 *Cooper Square*; *Exhibition*.

Personnel: Brown, alto saxophone; Alan Shorter, trumpet (Tracks 1 and 2); Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone (Track 3); Reggie Johnson, bass; Rashied Ali, drums; Ronnie Boykins, bass, added for Track 1.

Rating: ★★

This is Brown's first full album as a leader. Though labeled "quartet," the first and longest track (it takes up a whole side of the record) is performed by a quintet.

By avant-garde standards (and Brown has identified himself fully with the "new music"), this is a rather conservative album. The music is quite pleasant to listen to, not "angry," often melodic, and conceived in terms of solos in sequence rather than group improvisation.

The theme of *Capricorn* (all the pieces are Brown's) feels like early Ornette Coleman. Played in unison by Shorter and Brown, it sounds like that too. A persistent rhythmic figure is repeated throughout (without noticeable shading) by the drummer and two bassists; the intended effect, probably, was to produce a trancelike feeling, but the result is monotonous rather than hypnotic.

Brown's long solo is well developed; he has a nice, full sound, less strident than that of most of his contemporaries, and he evidently is aware of the importance of dynamics. The track also has a duet (and solos) by the competent bassists and a concise statement by Shorter, who is much less melodically oriented than Brown and seems to think in terms of short, contrasting phrases. His tone is more like a cornet's than a trumpet's.

*Cooper* is a very short track. Fast and sort of happy, it has a tentative quality, as if it were an afterthought to the session, or had been edited down.

*Exhibition* features Brown and Maupin. The latter's rougher tenor sound contrasts effectively with the leader's alto, but Maupin has been more impressive in person.

Ali's drumming, throughout the album, is not very exciting or propulsive.

Judging by this album, Brown is an attractive player with a lyrical side. He has the good taste to eschew the exhibitionist displays so often encountered among saxophonists of the "freedom" school, and he is without doubt a musician who knows his instrument. I would prefer to hear him in a setting without other horns (his

tendency to stay within a tonal framework would not exclude a piano player, and his present group, I understand, does include a pianist).

This record is a nice way to get acquainted with the new jazz for those who have been repelled by its more brutal exponents. And it points to the often overlooked fact that what is lumped together under the heading avant-garde is really many different ways of playing music, having more in common, perhaps, in what is excluded than in what is included.

—Morgenstern

### Sonny Criss

THIS IS CRISS!—Prestige 7511; *Black Coffee*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*; *Greasy*; *Sunrise, Sunset*; *Steve's Blues*; *Skylark*.

Personnel: Criss, alto saxophone; Walter Davis, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Criss, a veteran of the West Coast bop scene of the '40s, is one of the better Charlie Parker-influenced altoists. He possesses an individual style (within the Parker school) that is marked by his frequent slurring and his light, sometimes delicate, tone. He swings with lithe forcefulness, and his solos have good continuity.

Though Criss is an outstanding technician, he doesn't grandstand. His solos on this record are carefully paced; on *Coffee*, in particular, he builds very well.

This album also demonstrates that Criss has licked the problem of repetitiveness that plagued him around 1950. His playing is still not outstandingly inventive, but his solos have a good deal more melodic substance than they did 17 years ago.

Davis plays well, showing a strong Bud Powell influence, but I've heard him improvise with more intensity and imagination elsewhere. Dawson does a fine job. A versatile musician, he plays more economically and quietly here than he does with far-out groups.

—Pekar

### Don Ellis

LIVE AT MONTEREY!—Pacific Jazz 10112; 33 222 1 222; *Concerto for Trumpet*; *Passacaglia and Fugue*; *New Nine*.

Personnel: Ellis, Glenn Stuart, Alan Weight, Ed Warren, Paul Lopez, trumpets; Dave Wells, Ron Myers, Terry Woodson, trombones; Ruben Leon, Tom Scott, Ira Schuman, Ron Starr, John Magruder, reeds; Dave Mackay, piano, organ; Ray Neapolitan, Chuck Domanico, Frank DeLaRosa, basses; Steve Bohannon, Alan Estes, drums; Chino Valdes, conga, bongos.

Rating: ★★★★★

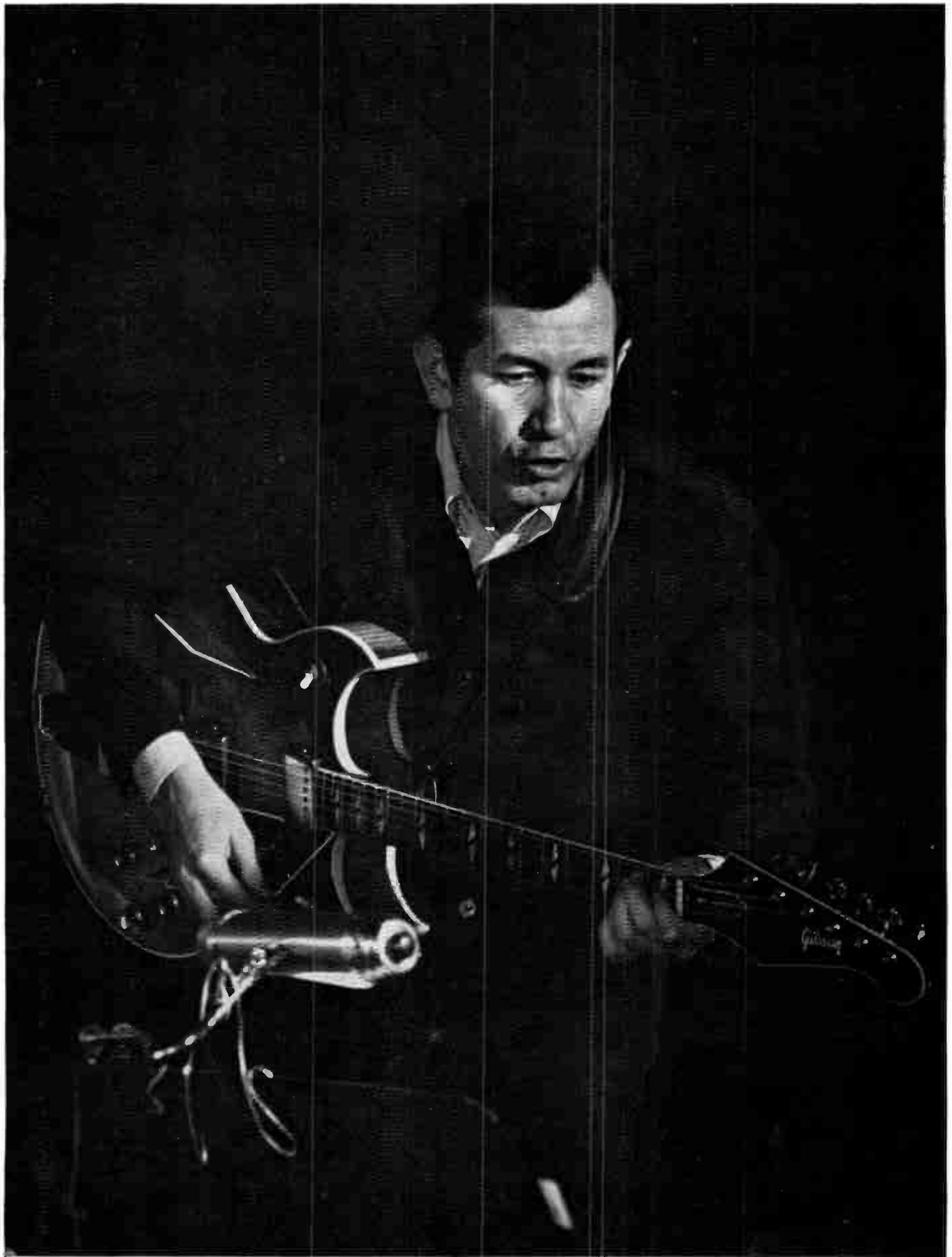
While it seems that not many fortunes are being amassed by jazz instrumentalists these days, more than a few individual performers are giving the accepted body of music some of its most exciting and significant shots in the arm.

Today's innovations are further testimony to the fact that jazz, in its original conceptions, must have been extremely flexible to withstand so many alterations. Ellis and his wonderful time machine are a welcome addition to the library of approaches to jazz.

33, etc., is so titled because it represents the subdivision of the 19/4 time signature. This ponderously measured work is not at all difficult to listen to; its metric construction is no different than the alternating triple and duple patterns in the



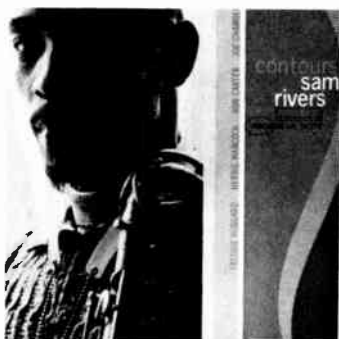
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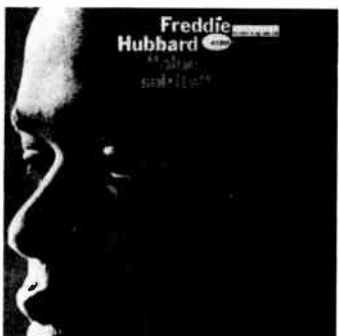
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often-heard work of Afro-Cuban percussionists. One feels right at home with the contagious beat, as it undergirds the introductory passage bowed by the basses. The accents in each bar pull the pulse toward a swinging togetherness.

However, if the pulse is wild, the temperature is normal. Harmonically and melodically, the format is none too rare, despite the Third Streamisms. Ellis, with his four-valved trumpet, is by far the strongest soloist.

Tenorist Schulman, altoist Scott, and Mackay, playing organ on *New Nine*, suffer the fate of over-framed pictures.

The band's over-all sound is together, but, as with the Buddy Rich outfit, the catalyst is one man with an idea and the ability to execute it—Ellis—and that's all the rocketry necessary to boost this group into musical orbit.

*Concerto* is Ellis' all the way. His fourth valve enables him to play microtones that would be hard, if not impossible, to come by on a regular instrument. In this context, the 5/4 time signature seems almost prosaic, but the accents on 2, 3½, and 5 swing.

*Passacaglia and Fugue* is a composition based on variations of a harmonic theme—a short ascending riff.

Valdes sets the 9/4 pulse on *Nine*. It flows into a fragile free-harmonic segment played out of tempo by individual instruments and then returns to the tempo and the dynamism of the full band.

Unfortunately, this album was recorded at last year's Monterey and Pacific jazz festivals, and, while conveying some of the excitement the band generated among its audiences, the acoustics are terrible. Perhaps the next time the group will be given a studio date so that the sounds of low-flying airplanes aren't included.

Ellis' amendment to the traditional constitution of jazz is yet another test of the music's accommodating nature, as well as a tribute to his inventiveness. There will be recalcitrants who bad-mouth the exotic meters Ellis employs, but I believe his music will stand the test of time.

—Quinn

## Frank Foster

SOUL OUTING—Prestige 7479: *Show the Good Side*; *While the City Sleeps*; *Skankaroony*; *Chiquita Loco*; *Night Song*.

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Foster, tenor saxophone; Pat Rebillot, piano; Billy Butler, guitar; Bob Cunningham or Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums, conga.

Rating: ★★ ★

There's something about the first track of this collection that makes me think of the music on the jukebox in a neighborhood bar (one of those long, lonely rooms with the red neon lighting) . . . gospel-type blues with rock-and-roll overtones and a sort of spurious cheerfulness—yet a little empty. The players on this album are fine musicians, and it's a shame that some of the material is not structurally and harmonically more challenging.

*City*, a seldom played tune by Irving Berlin, is done as a bossa nova, and the rhythm section sets a soft mood as Dawson starts the piece with a lightly rocking beat. Rebillot sounds as if he is in his element here, laying down little clusters of chords, never overplaying but insuring the well-being of each soloist by his sym-

pathetic backing. His own solo consists of delicate chorded figures executed with a sensitive touch.

*Skankaroony* is described by Foster in the liner notes as a musical picture of a "pretty raunchy" girl. Raunchy she may be, but she also must have a degree of hipness, a good sense of humor, and a brash, cheerful air. On this track, Foster and Jones dig in with a funky feeling, while Rebillot, reaching into his blues bag, plays his McCann off.

The brilliant Dawson gets little opportunity to show his superb technique and ideas, but his time and feeling on all the selections are relaxed and swinging. Having played with him myself, I know what a beautiful momentum he can generate, and he does so here, particularly on another composition by Foster, *Chiquita Loco*. It is an easygoing Latin-flavored tune on which both Foster and Jones take several choruses each. (According to the rather banal notes, Foster plays some "turgid" solos on this piece. Perhaps the writer should get himself a new dictionary.) Bassist Cunningham plays strongly; his smoothly bowed solo hints at a classical background. Dawson is a joy, relentlessly driving the soloists to their best efforts. Other drummers must find his playing a delight, especially his incisive and cleanly played interpolations.

*Night Song* is far and away the album's best track. It is extremely well done, starting out with a 6/8 feeling that changes on the bridge to hard-swinging 4/4. Everyone seems inspired here, and on this selection (as on *Good Side*) the splendid sound of Davis' bass is heard, galvanizing everyone into action by its tremendous vitality. His playing is a masterly display of musically-woven pyrotechnics as he charges meteor-like through the piece. Foster has written in some beautiful changes, and Rebillot, playing his best solo of the album, utilizes them to the fullest. Butler is added on guitar for this track (and *Good Side*) and gives a full-rounded sound to the group.

There is much to enjoy on this record, and *Night Song* makes *Soul Outing* something more than a merely routine excursion.

—McPartland

## Milford Graves-Don Pullen

THE GRAVES-PULLEN DUO—Pullen-Graves Music (see text for availability of record.)

Personnel: Pullen, piano; Graves, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

This record, privately produced and distributed, was made at a concert at Yale University in the spring of 1966.

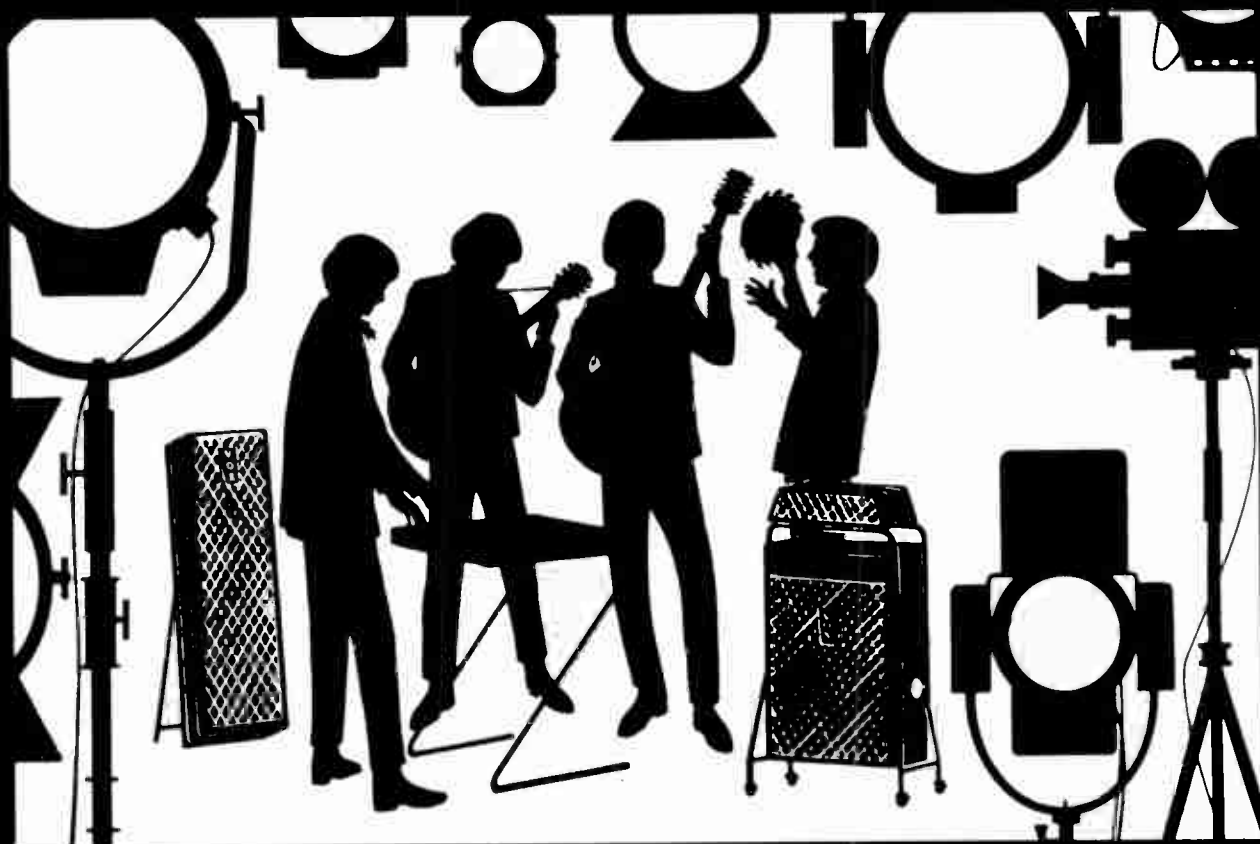
The music is excellent and should be heard by everybody interested in contemporary music. Aside from its enjoyability, it offers a particularly clear insight into certain new esthetic formulations as they evolve. Listening to the music involves a reference to a force, or a point of focus, that cannot be described in terms of the sound itself. We hear a pianist, we hear a drummer, and we hear that there is a real relation between the two. The outside point of focus is not exactly "the relation between the two," but we are put into contact with that force by means of "the relation between the two."

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thing not contained in the music. Though other kinds of music may include this reference in their systems, in the Graves-Pullen Duo this "outside" place is the point of interest, and success or failure occurs in terms of the clarity of the focus.

This doesn't mean don't enter into the music. The transcendental aspects are accessible only to the most absorbed listeners. It does mean that "musical" criteria are not binding, that the esthetic of this system is out of time and out of bounds.

The outside force can be crudely described as the "human spirit entire," and the experience of listening to Pullen-Graves is an abstraction of this—a piece of it, condensed artificially (i.e., "art") so that we can experience it.

Hence, the only critical question is do the players relate strongly and deeply enough to carry us beyond the music? The answer here is certainly yes.

The reason the issue becomes so clear here is that there are only two musicians.

The separateness (as well as the connection) between events is clearly outlined. The crucial shape of the relation is reduced to its simplest possible terms.

To demonstrate various poles of listening, here is a brief description of Side 1 (about 18 minutes):

The music starts with a declamatory percussive statement that broadens into ensemble "blowing." This thins to a recitative texture (each player speaking in turn) and swells to an ensemble. This takes eight minutes and feels like the inhalation and exhalation of a single, very long breath.

Next follows a seven-minute section where essentially the same thing happens. At this point, all listeners who are looking for themes or developments, for logic or intellectuality, will be bored. Because what happens is just another breath. Your body, after one breath, does not say, as the second begins, "Oh no, not just another breath." In the same way, if you listen with your body-mind-spirit, the second musical breath will be as food.

There is, in fact, one intuitively-made formal touch in the second breath that is the sort of thing that leads me often to think that this music, like Pablo's Magic Theater, has something for everybody. During one of the recitatives, Graves plays independent counterpoint between skins and metal, offering a complementary level on which the "separate-together" takes place. (Pullen, on the other hand, is not a contrapuntal player. He is usually a left-hand, right-hand pianist—a severe limitation for an otherwise brilliant musician.)

The piece ends with a declamatory passage reminiscent of the beginning, and a final ensemble passage—a quick third breath, as well as a formal gesture. As organized sound: boring. As a chariot for our human breathing: perfect.

Graves and Pullen in handling the production and sales of their own album have taken a significant stand in relation to Money and Power. Each cover is a hand-painted work—sympathetic to, but not on the same level as, the music but better than a slick photo of some model. The recording's sound fidelity is very bad. The low skins are so muddy that what Graves

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actually played occasionally has to be surmised.

Nevertheless, the record is recommended, especially for those who are looking for an introduction to the new music. Very straight, very true. The album is available from Pullen-Graves Music, P.O. Box 329, Lincolnton Station, New York City, 10037.

—Mathieu

#### Burton Greene

QUARTET—ESP-Disk 1024: *Cluster Quartet; Ballade II; Bloom in the Commune; Taking It out of the Ground.*

Personnel: Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Frank Smith, tenor saxophone; Greene, piano, piano harp, percussion; Henry Grimes, bass; Dave Grant, Tom Price, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

Greene and his music have been much maligned in the jazz press. How much of this was deserved is hard to say, for Greene is a complicated man in the process of discovering his integrity, and his way is hard.

He and his music have tended toward histrionics and pretense, and the press, especially its reactive wing, especially Le-Roi Jones, has picked up on these unrewarding aspects of his personality. For them he became a symbol of sham, a direct threat to the honesty of their own lives.

I think that Greene is growing quickly, that his music is on a good path, and that there is no evident limit to his excellence. He is coming into his work so rapidly that, to be fair, one must re-see him each time he is met. I base my opinion on two things: this record and a rehearsal at which he sat in as the pianist with the Chicago Improvising Quartet. The record

shows beyond question that this music is real. The piano playing, a few months after the recording session, showed an astonishing rate of acquisition and growth.

In short, Greene has produced enough music to deserve the serious attention of a listening public—even though his bad press was probably justly earned.

Greene's music is characterized by busyness and range. He feels that any event should be able to happen between any players at any time. This gives his music a great area of possibility, and, in listening terms, this is not only audible but gratifying. His music is further characterized by a continuity of intelligence, which is controlled by Greene, either from the keyboard or from paper, and is rarely absent. However, it is infrequently convincing. What the music needs is more time to evolve and recognize its own organization. The seeds are fertile, but they are, as yet, seeds only.

Greene evidently is attempting to control the shape of the music without obstructing the flow. To succeed, this takes compositional chops that he has just begun to acquire. But his impulses are true, and something interesting always comes out. For example, primitive as is his homophonic, then two-part, solo in *Ballade II*, who else could have brought it off so well at that point?

Greene's choice of musicians tells much of the story. Brown is not a logical player. He enters the thing-less flow at the moment he begins to play. His presence in the group is dramatic—that is, he is heard as over/against the controlling in-

fluences of Greene, and the listener follows that player relationship. The addition of Smith intensifies this. Grimes plays with his usual sensitivity. Both Grant and Price play well.

As usual, assessment has little meaning here. If one listens well, one will be well rewarded. The group is unique, and in a natural and positive way.

There is real joy in Greene's view of himself as Everyman, and he communicates this to his musicians, who conjoin to communicate it to their audience.

—Mathieu

#### Freddie Hubbard

BLUE SPIRITS—Blue Note 4196: *Soul Surge; Blue Spirits; Outer Forces; Cunga Black; Jodo.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; Kiane Zawadi, euphonium; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Joe Henderson or Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern or McCoy Tyner, piano; Larry Ridley or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Clifford Jarvis or Pete LaRoca, drums; Big Black, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★

All compositions on this LP are by Hubbard, and they indicate that he is quite a good writer. *Surge* is a blues in 7/4. *Forces* and *Jodo*, both up-tempo selections, are good vehicles for improvisation, and *Forces* has an attractive melody. *Spirits* is reminiscent of Near Eastern music.

It is interesting to note how many of the soloists on this record have been marked by John Coltrane: Hubbard, Spaulding, Henderson, Tyner, and even the veteran Mobley.

Hubbard's playing is sometimes overfrantic, but this fault is relatively minor when his virtues are considered. He's an original and extremely inventive impro-

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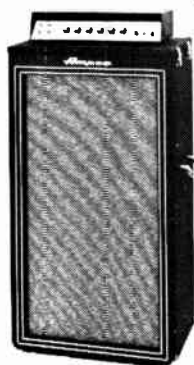
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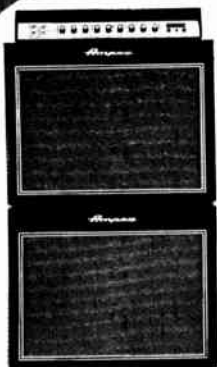
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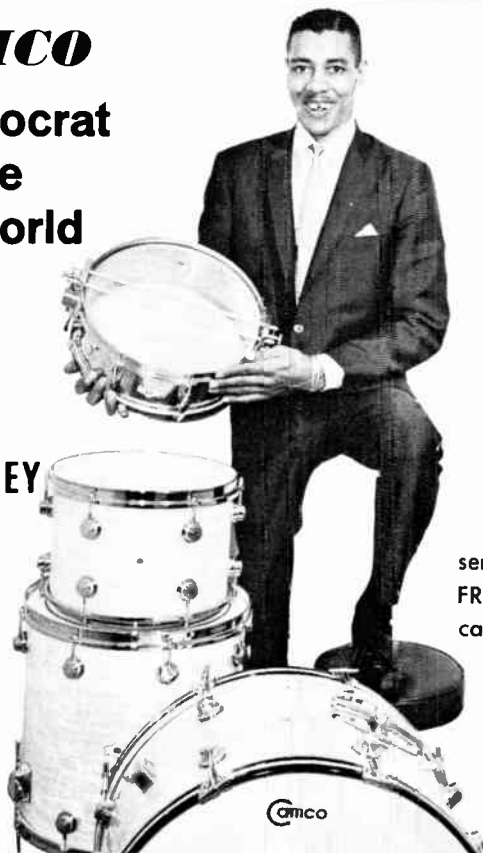
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viser, with excellent technique and a wide range. Some of the complex passages he plays on *Spirits*, *Forces*, and *Jodo* are stunning.

Spaulding contributes supple, lean-toned alto work, and his flute solos on *Spirits* and *Cunga* are graceful.

Henderson plays with bull strength but could have used more room here—he has to stop soloing while in the process of building on *Soul Surge* and *Cunga*. Mobley's work is competent though far from his best.

Black's playing is prominent and effective in the rhythm section on *Cunga*.

Tyner's crisp, imaginative playing is a pleasure to hear.

Tyner, Henderson, and Hubbard are no longer merely promising musicians; they have arrived and are the Billy Kyles, the Dick Wilsons, the Harry Edisons, and the Red Norvos of today.

—Pekar

## Brother Jack McDuff

TOBACCO ROAD—Atlantic 1472: *Teardrops from My Eyes*; *Tobacco Road*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Can't Get Satisfied*; *Blowin' in the Wind*; *And the Angels Sing*; *This Bitter Earth*; *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; *Wade in the Water*.

Collective personnel: Fred Berry, King Kolax, trumpets; John Watson, trombone; Danny Turner, various reed instruments; Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; Lonnie Simmons, baritone saxophone; McDuff, organ; Bobby Christian, vibraharp and percussion; Roland Faulkner or Calvin Green, guitar; Loyal Gresham, bass; Robert Guthrie or Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★★

*Teardrops*, *Road*, *Wind*, and *Earth* were arranged by J. J. Jackson for a 10-piece group including three brass and two saxophones. Jackson is no Gil Evans, but his writing is at least unobtrusive.

The other selections are performed by a smaller group made up of McDuff, Turner, and rhythm.

McDuff has demonstrated that he can break away from the standard, trite style of playing that is employed by organists in local bars and night clubs throughout the nation and improvise in an inventive, ungimmicky manner. The context in which he functions on this LP, however, evidently did not inspire him to play as imaginatively as he can.

There is no musician of Roland Kirk's quality here to provide McDuff with competition and stimulation. (Some of McDuff's finest recorded work is on Kirk's Prestige LP, *Funk Underneath*.) The organist's material here consists of often-heard popular themes and funky tunes, none of which make him work hard either. So what we find is McDuff playing in a trite, down-home style, falling back on clichés time after time. And while his work is more forceful and meatier than that of some other organists I've heard, it's still not very good.

Most of the other musicians' solos are unimpressive, though Turner plays a pretty flute solo on *Shadow*.

—Pekar

## Louis Metcalf

AT THE ALI BABA—Spivey 1007: *Little Charlie*; *Jay Jay*; *Nagasaki*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *Four Sons*; *Junior's Dance*; *I've Got the Peace Brother Blues*; *Savannah Is Something Else*; *Who Care? Nobody!*; *Patrick's Mood*.

Personnel: Metcalf, trumpet, vocal; Sonny White, piano; Jerome Patterson, guitar; Al Matthews, bass; Nelson T. (Struttin' Sam) Cannon, drums, vocal; Victoria Spivey, vocal.

Rating: ★★½

This is the first album to display ade-



quately the talents of trumpeter Metcalf since his recordings with Duke Ellington, Luis Russell, and King Oliver in the late '20s. To some, Metcalf is only a name on old records, but he has been active in music throughout the intervening years, making Montreal his headquarters for some time.

Since returning to New York in 1951, he has been a familiar figure on the local jazz scene, playing at the Metropole, the Embers, and, for the last several years, at the Ali Baba, an east-side spot.

Metcalf, whose style in the '20s featured impressive technique and fast, showy runs in the manner, somewhat, of Jabbo Smith, has kept up with the times. The years have been good to him, and he still has excellent control, range, and flexibility.

His playing here ranges from the tasteful ballad approach on *Vermont* to the adventurous, boppish conception on *Patrick's* (based on *Cherokee's* chord changes); in the main, it is solid music-making in the mainstream tradition.

Unfortunately, the album is not well recorded. Metcalf comes through better than the other musicians, but the piano sounds as if it were outside the studio (perhaps in a tub), while the amplified guitar is often overbalanced.

This is a pity, for both White (a Teddy Wilson-influenced, tasteful pianist who was once Billie Holiday's accompanist) and guitarist Patterson (a young musician, according to the liner notes) are well worth hearing.

Matthews, who used to work with altoist Pete Brown on 52nd St., is a strong bassist,

and Struttin' Sam, a veteran drummer (and dancer) whose first record date this is, makes up in drive for what he lacks in technique; his beat is reminiscent of Zutty Singleton's and his gravelly vocal on *Nagasaki* is fun.

Metcalf sings pleasantly on *Peace Brother*, and Miss Spivey steps out of her a&r role to do a characteristic vocal on her own *Who Care?*, the only non-Metcalf original on the album. The Metcalf pieces are well crafted and have variety; one of the best is the minor *Charlie*, but *Patrick's* is the most exciting.

It's good to have a Metcalf LP after all these years; it fills a gap in a long, interesting, and honorable career in jazz.

The album is available from Spivey Records, 65 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

—Morgenstern

#### Fats Waller

**FRACTIOUS FINGERING**—RCA Victor 537: *The Curse of an Aching Heart; S'Posin'; 'Tain't Good; Nero; I'm Sorry I Made You Cry; Floatin' Down to Cotton Town; Fractious Fingering; La-De-De, La-De-De; Bye, Bye, Baby; I'm at the Mercy of Love; Please Keep Me in Your Dreams; Who's Afraid of Love?; Swingin' Them Jingle Bells; Gladys; My Feelin's Are Hurt; Sweet Savannah Sue.*

**Personnel:** Herman Autrey, trumpet; Gene Sedit, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Waller, piano, vocals; Al Casey, guitar; Charles Turner, bass; Slick Jones or Yank Porter, drums.

**Rating:** ★★★★★

The most impressive thing about this delightful reissue is the evidence it gives that even RCA Victor's accountants must be feeling amiable about keeping Fats Waller's output available.

Item of Evidence #1 is the fact that

this is the third Waller disc in the Vintage series, more attention than any other artist has received. Item of Evidence #2 is internal, supposititious, and deductive—this disc concentrates on four recording sessions in 1936, which means that producer Mike Lipskin is getting closer and closer to the ideal situation of reissuing all of Waller's work, and in order.

As on the two previous Waller Vintage reissues, Lipskin has included some of



Waller's 1929 piano solos (*Gladys, My Feelin's Are Hurt, Sweet Savannah Sue*), so that he is gradually putting these superb performances back in circulation.

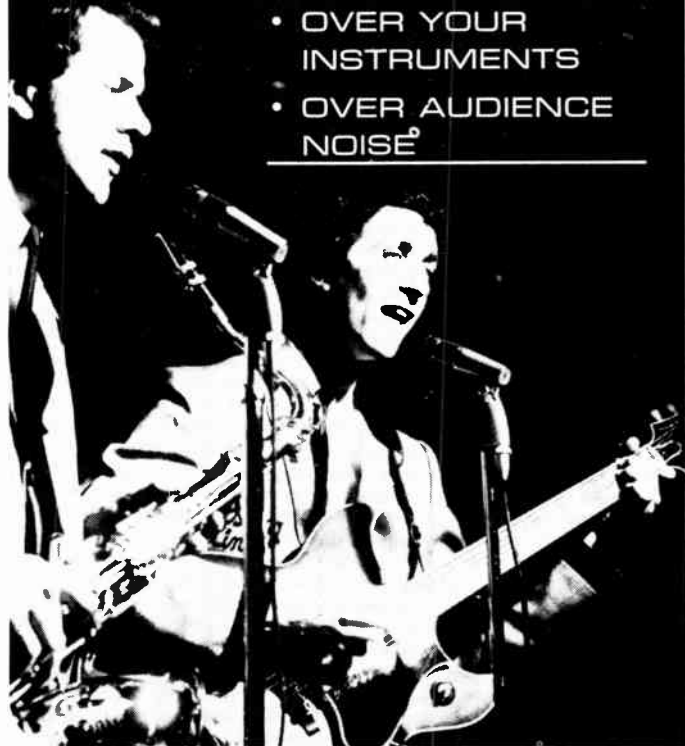
As for this collection itself, it is Waller playing, singing, and driving his fine little band. It's definitive: this is it; there's no place to go from here. Waller copes brilliantly with dreadful lyrics (*Nero* must have the most abysmally banal set of lyrics ever written—but they only seem to drive Waller and his men to a more magnificent performance), and he rollicks over the piano. Autrey's trumpet bites into the ensembles passages, and Casey strums perfect guitar accompaniments to Waller's singing.

It's all absolutely lovely.

—Wilson

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**1. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS.** *Mean What You Say* (from *The Jazz Orchestra*, Solid State). Jones, fluegelhorn, composer; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

I'll take a guess. I'd say that's the new Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Mel has a very distinctive style. He's one of the three or four best big-band drummers. He knows how to accompany a big band, and he has the ability to swing a big band. I hope it's Mel. If it isn't Mel, it's probably Sol Gub-in, who also happens to be one of my three or four favorite big-band drummers.

I guess that was Thad playing trumpet or fluegelhorn or whatever it was. The general feeling, when you consider that you've got 16 or 17 stars in a band, was swinging.

I would demand more from the composition—it's an original, obviously—and I think the band could have done more with something a little less contrived. The general playing was excellent. The rhythm section—I don't know if that was Richie Davis on bass or not, but whoever it was sure gets a beautiful sound. I don't think that was Hank playing piano.

In general, it's very well-done, recorded very well. Three stars.

**2. JOHN COLTRANE.** *Chim Chim Cheree* (from *The JC Quartet Plays*, Impulse). Coltrane, soprano saxophone; Elvin Jones, drums.

Yeah, well. What can I say about that? They had a slight accident there in the beginning, by letting the melody slip through. I imagine they had great difficulty in keeping the snake in the basket.

I don't even want to venture a guess as to whether that's a soprano saxophone or a flute. I really can't quite comprehend what they were doing, except they managed to start the thing together and finish together, and I think I'd have to give it two stars for bravery beyond the call of duty. Actually it's not my kind of listening pleasure—I really can't figure out what they were doing. The drummer might be Max, it might be Roy Haynes, it might even be Tony Williams, although I'm not too familiar with Tony's playing. I only heard him maybe two or three times with Miles' band.

I can't quite put my finger on the idea of the whole tune. It certainly wasn't jazz as I know jazz, and it wasn't really anything. It might have been Charles Lloyd.

**3. HENRY MANCINI.** *The Cat* (from *Mancini '67*, RCA Victor). Pete Candoli, trumpet; Ted

The success of the Buddy Rich Band, which celebrated its first anniversary last month, has been assumed by some observers (perhaps wishfully) to betoken a new upsurge in the big-band business as a whole. It might be more accurate to conclude that it represents a natural and predictable resurgence in the popularity of a superb drummer, without whose impact the same excellent band, using a run-of-the-mill percussionist, might have caused little more than a ripple.

Whatever the state of big bands as a whole, there can be little doubt about the overwhelming effect of Rich, inside and outside the profession. "We meet a lot of musicians," Rich said, "who pay us the very high compliment of telling us that if there's ever an opening they'd like to come on the band. This makes us all feel good—the writers, the sidemen, and me.

"I can't praise the guys in my band too much. That brass section—these kids are doing a man's job. Chuck Finley, the trumpeter, is only 19. The charts get harder and higher, and there's very little beefing, because they're playing something that they dig, and I give them all the credit.

"I'm the old man of the band, but I sure don't feel old up there on the bandstand. That whole excitement thing keeps you young."

Nash, alto saxophone; Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Bob Bain, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jack Sperling, drums; Lalo Schiffrin, composer; Mancini, arranger.

That's beautiful! I don't know who it is, but I'm partial to big bands, and the sound of this band—I give the leader credit because he's got that "today" thing going; that rhythm section is really cookin'.

The tambourine player was beautiful because he didn't do anything but just play that thing—he just had that shake going, and it was groovy all the way through.

The performance was excellent, the soloists were great, the composition was groovy. I don't know who did it, but I'd sure like to find the guy that wrote it and have him write something for my band, because that's where it's at.

As far as the over-all sound of the band, the drummer was beautiful—he played some beautiful fills, good sound.

Five stars. It was really a gas.

**4. COUNT BASIE.** *Good Time Blues* (from *Basie in Sweden*, Roulette). Benny Powell, trombone; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Louie Bellson, drums; Ernie Wilkins, composer.

What can you say about him that hasn't already been said by everybody in the world? I'm sure that was Mr. Basie. And as far as I'm concerned, Mr. Basie can do no wrong in anything he ever does or anything he ever will do. He's got all the taste in the world; the band sounds beautiful. And I think that was Louie Bellson on drums. The sound was much cleaner and much more articulate than Sonny Payne.

Just for being Count Basie, I give it five stars. Without him I don't think we'd ever have big bands anymore. If it wasn't for Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Duke . . . these people are great. Their greatness just gets greater and bigger and better all the time.

**5. KENNY CLARKE-FRANCY BOLAND.** *A Ball for Othello* (from *Now Hear Our Meanin'*, Columbia). Dusko Goykovich, trumpet; Clarke, drums; Boland, composer.

I have no idea who played that drum solo, and I think the drum soloist had no idea of what he was playing. It's unfortunate at that tempo that he got so tied up that he was very sloppy. . . . He went to do some triplets and things and obviously got stuck in the middle there some place. He didn't carry through with any kind of continuity. He went from one idea to another without finishing the first

sentence—cymbals and then to bass drum. It always disturbs me when I hear a drummer play a drum solo and find that when he's getting around to his snare drum he sacrifices his bass drum—he won't play four or two and keep some semblance of time and unity. What he does is just stick in an explosion every now and then, which gives the listener no chance to figure out where it's at, like 1-2-3-4. He just kind of carried on.

I won't make any guess as to who the drummer was, because the sound is not familiar to me, and it's probably somebody that I dig. The man is probably much more talented than this record would indicate.


The only thing I liked was the Harmon-muted trumpet solo. It was good. I'd rather not even take a shot at who it is. I'll give it two stars for attempting to do something.

**6. SI ZENTNER.** *A Hard Day's Night* (from *My Cup of Tea*, RCA Victor). Bobby Harrison, drums; John Lennon, Paul McCartney, composers; Bob Florence, arranger.

I think the leader was putting the world on. I would think that if you're going to go into that bag and do that kind of thing—if you're going to take the Beatles and try to add dignity by using a big band, then try to be serious about it. The leader was a little insecure as to whether he should go that route or not, and so he made fun of the music and made fun of himself.

He's probably ashamed that he had to go that route, and I don't think that you have to be ashamed if you're going to make that move. You should do it with the best writers and say, "Don't make a put-on arrangement, but give me a first-class arrangement of it and let's do it right. Let's show the kids that we can play their kind of music and get the big-band sound."

He had three different interpretations going in there—he had the Tijuana Brass thing going, he had that saxophone thing that's reminiscent of—it might have been the Lee Castle-Tommy Dorsey band, for all I know. It really is a drag to have to say that a big band will relegate itself to a position where he's going to be that commercial, and yet, in essence, he's saying, "We're doing it, but we're going to put you on."

I give it one star. I prefer the third record you played me. They went in there and said "this is where it's at, let's get that mood going and let's play it straight and let's not play it for laughs." 





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## STRICTLY AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

flutist **Hugh Brody**, bassist **Chris White**, and drummer **Lenny McBrowne**. With alto saxophonist **Gary Bartz** added, the group also gave a concert at Archbishop Malloy High School in Queens and appeared at a Sunday session at The Dom . . . Bassist **Chuck Israels** has added composing and arranging to his activities and is rehearsing a 16-piece orchestra that includes trumpeters **Marvin Stamm**, **Jimmy Owens**, and **Johnny Glasel**, trombonists **Bill Watrous**, **Meco Menardo**, and **Alan Raph**, French hornist **Dick Berg**, reed men **George Marge**, **Bobby Donovan**, **Eddie Daniels**, **Dick Spencer**, and **Ed Xiques**, pianist **Don Friedman**, guitarist **Joe Puma**, bassist **Charlie Haden**, and drummer **Marty Morell** . . . Count **Basie** brings his big band to the Riverboat for a two-week stay beginning April 13 . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland** returned to The Apartment late last month . . . The New York Improvisation Ensemble will be heard in concert at Judson Hall April 28 . . . New Orleans trumpeter **Kid Thomas Valentine** was a performer with the **Easy Riders Jazz Band** at Connecticut Traditional Jazz Society concerts in Woodmont and Stamford last month . . . Shaw Artists Corp. has signed nine artists managed by **John Levy** en bloc. They are pianists **Ray Bryant** and **Ahmad Jamal**, guitarists **Kenny Burrell** and **Wes Montgomery**, saxophonists **Lou Donaldson** and **Yusef Lateef**, flutist **Herbie Mann**, singer-pianist **Shirley Horn**, and singer **Lovelace Watkins**. At the same time, **Levy's** aide, **Warren Stephens**, was named head of SAC's new jazz department, which already includes saxophonists **Roland Kirk**, **Sonny Rollins**, and **Sonny Stitt**, pianist **Les McCann**, and organists **Jack McDuff** and **Jimmy McGriff** . . . Pianist-composer **Burton Greene** and poet **Vincent Gaeta** were featured in a recent concert in the annual Town Hall *Music in Our Time* series. A work by drummer **Joe Chambers** will be premiered at the May 15 concert in the series . . . Trumpeter-composer **Bill Dixon's** group (**Byard Lancaster**, bass clarinet and flute; **Kathi Norris**, cello; **Bob Pozar**, percussion) and dancer **Judith Dunn** were featured in the Dance Theater Workshop's month-long concert series in March and April . . . A work commissioned by the First Park Baptist Church of Plainfield, N. J., from composer and trumpeter **Don Stratton**, *A Musical Service of Worship and Thanks*, will be premiered at the church April 30 by a chorus, string orchestra, organist, reader, and a jazz ensemble . . . A jazz festival takes place April 8 at New York State University at Stony Brook, with the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band** and **Thelonious Monk** group.

**Los Angeles:** For the first time in six years, P.J.'s in Hollywood is without the services of pianist **Eddie Cano**. That's because the club is without the services of its front lounge, which is being remodeled. Cano will return when the work is completed . . . At the Chez last month, **Trombones Unlimited** (**Frank Rosolino** and **Mike Barone**, plus rhythm) and the **Walter Wanderley Trio** followed the

**Buddy Rich Band** . . . The afterhours experiment at Devoe's has failed, but **Bonesville** carries on. One of the club's most recent sessions featured trombonist **Ron Myers' sextet** (**Gary Barone**, trumpet; **Ernie Watts**, tenor saxophone; **Jim Salagyi**, piano; **Jim Gannon**, bass; **Steve Bohannon**, drums). The following weekend was shared by a couple of **Buddy Rich** graduates and a Latin quintet. **Adelaide Robbins**, ex-Rich pianist, fronted a group with trumpeter **Carl Saunders**, bassist **Carson Smith** (a former Rich man), and drummer **Mike Romero**. In the Latin group, reed man **Roscoe Weathers** used **Virgil Webber**, sanavox (an organ in an accordion shell); **Bill Johnson**, bass; **Archie James**, drums; and **Lee Patsore**, conga drums . . . A new twist on afterhours is being tried at the Tropicana, where on a recent Sunday morning, following their gig at the Sands, the **Three Sounds** played a special "Breakfast and Lunch" engagement from 6 a.m. to noon. The trio will be working the lounge at Las Vegas' **Caesars Palace** this month and then returns here for a two-weeker at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, Calif., beginning May 30 . . . Now, for the Following News: Tenorist **Stanley Turrentine** followed **Gerald Wilson** into the Tropicana. Guitarist-entertainer **Slim Gaillard** followed pianist **Marv Jenkins** into the Scene. The **Clarence Daniels Trio** followed the **Kirk Stuart Trio** into the International Hotel. And the **Dave Miller Trio** followed the **Jimmy Van Trio** into the Buccaneer when Van moved his group to Pier 52 at Hermosa Beach . . . Pianist **Calvin Jackson** is using a month's engagement at Sir Michael's to break in an act he hopes eventually to take to Las Vegas and Tahoe show places. Along with bassist **Sid Weiss**, Jackson is backing vocalist **Susan Roberts** . . . Pianist **Don Abney** is accompanying singer **Linda Carol** at the Lemon Twist on Monday nights . . . Ex-Basie singer **Leon Thomas** has replaced ex-Basie singer **O. C. Smith** at the Pied Piper, where bassist **Ike Isaacs' trio** is the house group . . . Donte's has kept to a **Howard Roberts-Mary Ann McCall-Roger Kellaway** rotation lately. But trumpeter **Don Ellis** changed all that when he brought in his octet for a week. Pianist Kellaway had a slightly different group during his last gig at Donte's, where he used saxophonist **Tom Scott**, bassist **Chuck Domanico**, and drummer **John Guerin**. Ellis followed his Donte's gig with a week at Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . Altoist **John Handy**, who just left Shelly's after following fluegelhornist **Chet Baker's quartet**, is due back in the area May 2 to begin a two-weeker at the Lighthouse. The cool restraint of the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, which just finished two weeks at the Lighthouse, contrasted sharply with the uninhibited Latin humor of **Willie Bobo**, who had been booked there for a month . . . Pianist **Gene Russell's trio** (**George Morrow**, bass, **Clarence Johnson**, drums) replaced the **Julian Lee Trio** at The Swing, in Studio City . . . Also in Studio City, **Joe Rotondi's club**, Wit's End, has been quietly staging Sunday afternoon sessions. Aside from pianist **Rotondi** and his bassist, **Ted Hammond** (the



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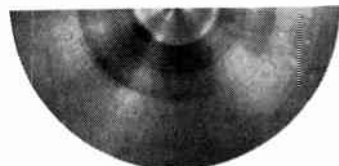


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two form the house group during the week), the sessions have been attracting such musicians as clarinetist **Barney Bigard**, cornetist **Rex Stewart**, and drummer **Morey Feld** . . . A new show, *Hurdy Gurdy*, seen on KABC-TV, features Dixieland. The principal group on the show is **Pete Lofthouse** and His Second Story Men (**Gerry Burns**, trumpet, vocals; Lofthouse, trombone; **Jack Martin**, clarinet, tenor and soprano saxophones; **Bill Campbell**, piano, banjo; **Steve Steventon**, piano, tenor saxophone; **Nappy Lamare**, banjo; **John Caleffie**, banjo, guitar; **Irv Edelman**, bass, tuba; **Charles Lodice**, drums). The producer is **Jimmy Baker**, who achieved recognition in the past for such television series as *Stars of Jazz*, *Just Jazz*, and *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.*

**Chicago:** The **Buddy Rich** Band roared into town for a two-weeker at the Scotch Mist. Singer **Frank D'Rone** preceded the Rich men at the club . . . Pianist **Art Hodes** is putting together a combination concert and church service for Trinity Lutheran Church in suburban Park Forest. The event will take place May 7 in the church. Hodes plans to build the program around Negro spirituals and gospel music. **Red Saunders'** big band will be the main musical group, with Hodes and other traditional-jazz players featured in solo spots. The concert precedes the service . . . The quartets of **Abshalom Benshlomo** and **Anthony Braxton** and the **Lenard Jones** Quintet gave recent concerts at Lincoln Center. The programs were produced by the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians . . . Altoist **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet and singer **Nina Simone** are scheduled for a May 5 concert at the Civic Opera House . . . Altoists **Roscoe Mitchell** and **Joseph Jarman** are regular jammers at the sessions held each Friday at the University of Chicago's Reynolds Club . . . Singer-pianist **Mose Allison** was the feature for two weeks at the Plugged Nickel . . . The **Jazz Organ-izers** left the Hungry Eye after a long stay and opened at Robin's Nest . . . Singer **Morgana King** came into the Panda for two weeks last month . . . Jazz has all but left AM radio here. WAAF, an all-jazz station, is rumored switching to rock. Such well-known jazz jocks as **Daddy-O Daylie** and **Dick Buckley** are regulars on the station. WCFL, a predominantly rock station for some time, let **Sid McCoy** go after many successful years as the station's midnight-5 a.m. jazz host.

**Pittsburgh:** More than 2,000 persons jammed into the main ballroom of the Hilton Hotel March 5 to attend a **Walt Harper** Jazz Workshop featuring the **Ramsey Lewis** Trio. Pianist Harper's quintet is the house band at the hotel . . . A recently opened room at the Holiday Inn opposite the old Allegheny County Airport is showcasing the **Jimmy Spaniel** Trio. Drummer Spaniel's sidemen are pianist **Bob Koshin** and bassist **Harry Bush**, who doubles on vocals . . . The Holiday Inn near the Greater Pittsburgh Airport boasts drummer **Chuck Spatafore's** trio. Pianist **Bobby Negri** and bassist **Bob**

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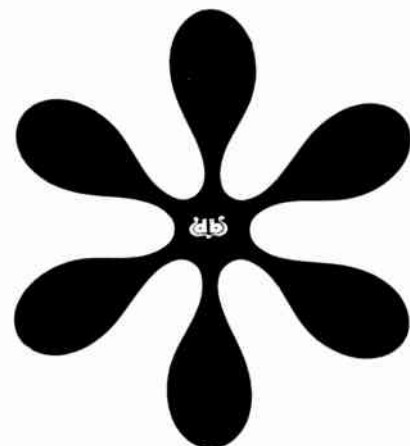
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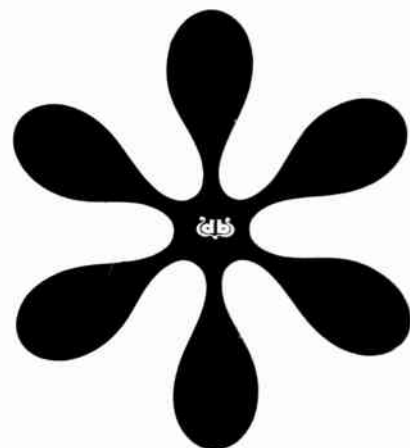
Boswell round out the group, and vocalist **Sandy Staley** joins on weekends . . . Vocalist **Joyce Breach** seems to have found a home at the Win, Place, Show, where pianist **Ray Crummie** regularly holds forth . . . At the Velvet Room, in the suburb of Dormont, trumpeter **Hershey Cohen** blows behind vocalist **Jeanne Baxter**. Also in Dormont, the Suburban Room features pianist **Phil Covato's** group.

**Detroit:** Drummer **Frank Isola**, in addition to playing at the Book Show Bar, is now a warrior in the local antipoverty effort. His duties include giving drum lessons to youngsters . . . Pianist **Marion Devore's** quartet (**George Benson**, tenor saxophone, vocals; **Tom Braund**, bass; **Ted Linderme**, drums) was recently installed on weekends at the Circus Lounge . . . The Rev. **Tom Vaughn**, a pianist, spent three nights recording for RCA Victor at Baker's Keyboard Lounge. He was assisted by bassist **Dan Jordan** and drummer **Dick Riordan**, who then went back to the first-anniversary celebration at vibist **Jack Brokensha's** club, where the two backed Brokensha, pianist **Bess Bonnier**, and vocalist **Ursula Walker** in a recording session for Contrast records . . . Brokensha, Riordan, and Jordan, with pianist **Bernie Katz** and flutist-tenorist **Terry Harrington**, were part of a recent presentation, Synagogue Sounds of the Sixties, at Temple Israel. They performed **Charles Davidson's** jazz-worship service *And David Danced before the Lord*, with cantor **Harold Orbach** and the youth for Understanding Alumni Choral Group . . . Fluegelhornist **Chet Baker** was backed by Detroiters **Kirk Lightsey**, piano; **Herman Wright**, bass; and **Roy Brooks**, drums, in his appearance at Baker's Keyboard Lounge . . . Jazz harpist **Dorothy Ashby**, in addition to her regular gig at the Hotel Ponchartrain, regularly broadcasts an informative jazz program, *Saturday Afternoon with the Ashbys*, on WCHD-FM. She is assisted by her husband, **John**. She also writes a weekly music column for the *Detroit Free Press* . . . Pianist **Kenny Cox** has formed a new trio with bassist **William Austin** and drummer **Bert Myrick** . . . Organist **Teddy Harris Sr.**, with drummer **James Youngblood** and tenorist **Charles Brown**, has been working weekends at Bakeman's Harbor Lanes . . . Pianist **Teddy Harris Jr.** is at Paige's with bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet, which also includes trombonist **John Hair**, tenorist **Joe Thurman**, and drummer **Bill Hardy** . . . The **Gene Krupa Quartet** opens at Baker's for eight days starting April 7 and is to be followed by the **George Shearing Quintet** . . . The "in" eatery for Detroit jazz fans is the Cafe Gourmet, where **Howard Lucas** is the solo pianist Tuesday through Saturday.

**Indianapolis:** Pooky Johnson, who has led the house band at the Cactus Club for years, has given the tenor chair there to **David Young**. Other members of the group are pianist **Ermine Hubbard**, bassist **Eugene Fowls**, and drummer **Donald Moorman**. The new name for the group is the **Jazz Impressions** . . . The Hub Bub is going six nights a week with



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pianist **Jackie Ivory's** quartet (Calvin Renfro, tenor saxophone; Calvin Keys, guitar; Edward Gee, drums) . . . The Jazz Workers, a local jazz-promotion club, is preparing for an April concert. The Jazz Impressions and the Jazz Trio (Les Taylor, baritone saxophone; Melvin Rhyne, organ; and Paul Parker, drums) are on the bill . . . The house band at the Harem Club consists of Lucky Hampton, tenor saxophone; Al Reeves, piano; Tiny Adams, bass; and Paula Rhyne, drums.

**Baltimore:** Although drummer Billy Higgins and bassist Walter Booker from the Donald Byrd Quintet made the most recent Left Bank Jazz Society concert, the other members of the trumpeter's group were unable to, so the society called in local tenor saxophonist Dave Hubbard and pianist Claude Hubbard (no relation), who were both well received. The LBJS has now begun a series of one-hour programs at local colleges, each program consisting of taped examples of contemporary jazz (selected mainly from the LBJS' library of past concerts) followed by a question-and-answer period. A radio program carried by one campus station and conducted by the LBJS will begin this summer. There is now a Washington, D.C., chapter of the society, which will begin by booking local groups for Saturday afternoon concerts . . . Altoist Gary Bartz, originally from Baltimore, recently played at a jazz concert-art show at Peyton Place. He was featured with the Donald Criss Trio. With pianist Criss were bassist Phil Harris and drummer Gary Wilmore. Bartz was booked for the following week at the club.

**Miami:** The newest jazz vocalist in the area is Carole Renee, who appears with her trio at the Cock 'n' Bull . . . The decision to abolish jazz concerts at the Norton Art Gallery was changed as a result of numerous objections from fans in the area. The "Bob Vrooman Jazz Concert" is scheduled to be held there April 9, followed by the "Bruce (Budd) Brown Jazz Concert" in July . . . The Jay Lee Trio, featured at the Crimson Pub, is planning a concert of original jazz material. The site has not been announced . . . Pianist Marian McPartland, who closed at Pier 66 in February, is working with composer Walter Marks on a jazz version of the Broadway musical *Hole in the Head* . . . Singer-organist Joe Mooney was recently at the Cat's Meow in Fort Lauderdale . . . The Gospel Jazz Singers were one on the long list of talent performing in A Tribute to Jimmy Durante, a March 7 benefit for the Carrollton building fund of the Convent of the Sacred Heart . . . Singer Gene Stridel was the main attraction at the Bahama Steak House. The vocalist was backed by the Connie Milano Trio . . . Gene Roy's 16-piece band is featured every Sunday at the D.A.V. Auditorium in Hialeah . . . The Rancher Lounge has been featuring an all-star jazz package consisting of reed man-trumpeter Ira Sullivan's group, drummer Dave Akins' trio, Mickey Carol's trio, vocalist Etta Cameron, and disc jockey Alan Rock.

**New Orleans:** Singer Lou Rawls, backed by a 16-piece band, played the Municipal Auditorium March 6. Others on the show included organist Willie-T and singer Patience Daily. Nancy Wilson performed at the auditorium March 13 . . . Pianist Joe Burton is expanding his activities: he's been playing at three different clubs in the French Quarter in addition to his regular radio show on WWON . . . Big Tiny Little was in for three weeks at the Al Hirt Club. Two former New Orleansians, trumpeter Murphy Campo and trombonist Louis Sino, were working with him . . . Pianist Ellis Marsalis has left the Playboy Club.

**Dallas:** Singer Lou Rawls played a concert at the State Fair Music Hall March 4 and drew more than 6,000 persons. The singer's sidemen included pianist Gildo Mahones, guitarist Francoise Vas, and arranger-conductor H. P. Barnum . . . Singer Murray Horn opened at the Attic Club, backed by saxophonist Don Daniel, pianist Al Lamm, and drummer Jimmy Zitano, while singer B. J. Wright celebrated her first anniversary at the Key-note Club with a cocktail party for entertainers in the Dallas area . . . The NORAD Band recently gave a free concert at McFarlin Auditorium at Southern Methodist University . . . Jazzmen who have appeared on local radio programs in the last few months include altoist Cannonball Adderley, pianist Red Garland, and tenorist Eddie Harris.

**Las Vegas:** Louis Armstrong and His All-Stars, one of the few jazz acts commanding main-room status along the Strip, played a month at the Riviera, sharing top billing with Tony Martin. Sarah Vaughan headed the bill in the lounge during the same period . . . Clarence Ford, an excellent alto saxophonist currently buried among the riffers behind singer Fats Domino, was the guest star at Ruben's, where organist Paul Bryant and drummer Eagle-Eye Shields make up the house group . . . The big band of Raoul Romero played a one-nighter at the Black Magic recently . . . The Strip's hotel and lounge musicians recently won a three-year contract through AFM Local 369 that calls for scale to be raised to \$246.50 a week by November, 1968. One hotel retaliated by firing three men from its orchestra . . . The new United Television Network, a subsidiary of the Overmyer warehousing giant, is scheduled to start airing a *Tonight* style of show over a web of more than 100 stations. The show will emanate from here, and several local jazzmen have been hired for the show's band.

**Toronto:** Dizzy Gillespie, recently featured at the Colonial Tavern, had singer Benard Ito in place of ailing reed man James Moody. The group included Mike Longo, piano; Frank Schifano, electric bass; Otis Finch, drums. Drummer Gene Krupa's quartet (Eddie Shu, reeds; Dill Jones, piano; Benny Moten, bass) followed Gillespie at the club . . . Pianist Bill Evans' trio was featured at the Town Tavern . . . Singer Stevie Wise is starring

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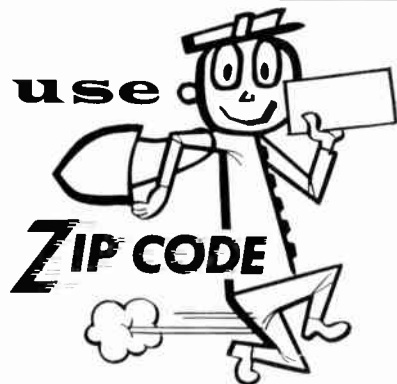
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in a new revue titled *That 5 a.m. Jazz* at the Dell Tavern, where vibist Hagood Hardy, who recently left the George Shearing Quintet, now heads his own group in a downstairs room . . . Some of Toronto's top jazzmen played the Canadian Forces Centennial Show, which took them halfway around the world. Among those making the tour as part of an orchestra conducted by Lucio Agostini were Phil Nimmons, Moe Koffman, Pat Riccio, Rob McConnell, and Mickey Shannon, who are all bandleaders in their own right. The variety show was scheduled to play to Canadians in Europe, Africa, and Asia.

**Paris:** Singer Dakota Staton played four U.S. military bases in France during February; she was backed by reed man Nathan Davis, pianist Bora Rockavie, bassist Jimmy Woode, and drummer Rafi. Afterwards, Davis went to Copenhagen, Denmark, for a two-week engagement at the Montmartre Club. He also plans to start his own recording company to take advantage of the presence in and passage through Paris of top jazz musicians . . . Trumpeter Don Cherry played a week at the Chat Qui Peche; in his group were tenorist Tabar Nouval, vibist Karl Berger, bassist Beb Guerin, and drummer Jacques Thollot. Cherry's engagement was followed by Art Farmer's five-day stand. The fluegelhornist played with a rhythm section consisting of Berger, bassist Jack Sewig, and drummer Dan Spencer. Farmer, tenorist Dexter Gordon, pianist George Arvanitas, bassist Woode, and drummer Art Taylor played concerts in Lyon, Chambéry, and Amien in early March . . . Tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin returned to Paris after two days at Pim Jacob's club in Hilversum, Holland, and five days at the Hamburg Jazz Workshop, where he played with trumpeter Dusko Goykovich, trombonist Ake Persson, reed man Hans Koller, pianist Mal Waldron, and drummer Albert Heath . . . Following the success of the Duke Ellington concerts at the Salle Pleyel Jan. 31 and Feb. 1, the band was booked for a return engagement at the Theatre des Champs Elysees on March 10 . . . Gabriel Cousin's *Black Opera*—based on material supplied by clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow, who was also musical advisor—toured the regional theaters of Paris and featured a quintet consisting of trumpeter Sonny Grey, tenorists Hal Singer or Benny Waters, pianist Michel Sardaby, bassist Ron Brooks, and drummer Taylor . . . Longtime Paris resident Kenny Clarke will be the subject of an up-coming book to be published by Gigi Campi, manager of the Clarke-Boland Big Band. The book will include chapters contributed by jazz writers Leonard Feather, Marcel Postif, and Mike Hennessey; a Clarke discography compiled by Horst Lange; quotations from the musicians who have played with the drummer; and a drum manual prepared by Clarke in collaboration with bassist Woode. The book will be published in English, French, and German . . . Tenorist Don Byas opened at Les Trois Maillets March 1 for a month. Dominique Chanson's group backed him.

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# WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

## NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.  
Apartment: Marian McPartland.  
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 4/11-23.  
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.  
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.  
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.  
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.  
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.  
Dom: Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.  
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.  
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenney Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.  
Five Spot: Elvin Jones. Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.  
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.  
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.  
Half Note: Clark Terry, Mon.  
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.  
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.  
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.  
Jr.'s Cave: sessions, wknds.  
Judson Hall: N.Y. Improvisational Ensemble, 4/28.  
Kenny's Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.  
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.  
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.

Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.  
L'Intrigue: Jeremy Steig, Randy Brecker.  
Little Club: Johnny Morris.  
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.  
Mark Twain Riverboat: Count Basie, 4/13-29.  
007: Donna Lee, Micky Dean, Walter Perkins.  
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One., wknds.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.  
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri-Sat.  
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.  
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.  
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.  
Pookie's Pub: Tony Scott, Paul Bley to 4/19.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.  
Slugs: Sun Ra. Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.  
Tamburlaine: Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Mon.  
Toast: Scott Reid.  
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.  
Top of the Gate: Daphne Hellman, Mon.  
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): Sessions, Mon.  
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vanguard, Tue.  
Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): Johnny Jay, wknds.  
Village East: Larry Love.  
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.  
Thelonious Monk, Sonny Criss to 4/23.  
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

## PHILADELPHIA

Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis.

Flannery's (Pennel): Joe Derise.  
Hansen's (Morrisville): Sessions, Tue., Thur.  
Jolly Roger (Pennel): Tony DeNicola-Count Lewis.  
Lanzi's (Trenton): Tony Inverso-Jack Caldwell.  
Last Way Out: Sonny Fortune, Robert Crippen.  
Musician's Club: Sessions, Sun.  
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time 6.  
Postal Card: Muhammad Habeeballah.  
Showboat: Wes Montgomery to 4/8. Chico Hamilton, 4/10-15. Gloria Lynne, 4/17-24.  
Jack McDuff, 4/24-29. Cannonball Adderley, 5/8-13.  
Tremont (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah.  
West Point Inn: Bernard Peiffer.  
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett.

## BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Fri.-Sat.  
Chesapeake: Chuck Berlin.  
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name groups, Sun.  
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza, wknds.  
Martick's: Joe Clark, wknds.  
Peyton Place: Gary Bartz.  
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.  
Red Fox: Freddie Thaxton, Marge Schaefer, wknds.

## TORONTO

Cava-Bob: Brian Browne.  
Clem's Room: modern jazz, wknds.  
Colonial: Mongo Santamaria to 4/15.  
George's Spaghetti House: Art Ayre to 4/15.  
Lord Simcoe: Frankie Wright.  
Town Tavern: Red Norvo to 4/15.

## CHICAGO

Field Museum: Indiana University Jazz Ensemble, 4/18.  
First Quarter: John Klemmer, Sun. afternoon.  
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.  
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.  
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.  
London House: George Shearing to 4/16. Mongo



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Santamaria, 4/18-5/7. Joe Bushkin, 5/8-21.  
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 Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, hbs.  
 Lurlean's: Johnny Gettons, wknds.  
 Old Town Gate: Eddie Davis, Mon.-Thur. Franz Jackson, wknds.  
 Opera House: Cannonball Adderley, Nina Simone, 5/5.  
 Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.  
 Peyton Place: The Jaguars, Mon.-Wed.  
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
 Plugged Nickel: Jimmy Smith to 4/9. Stan Kenton, 4/17-18. Cal Tjader, 4/19-5/2.  
 Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.  
 Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.  
 Yellow Unicorn: Eddie Harris-Dave Catherwood, Tue., Sun. afternoon.

## DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.  
 Baker's: Gene Krupa, 4/7-15. George Shearing, 4/17-22. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 4/28-5/7.  
 Wes Montgomery, 5/12-21.

Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat.  
 Blue Chip: Harold & Gwen McKinney.  
 Bobbie's: Bob McDonald, Wilbur Chapman, Sat.-Sun.  
 Breakers: Barbara Logan, Mon.-Sat.  
 Cafe Gourmet: Howard Lucas, Tue.-Sat.  
 Checker Bar-B-Q: Bobby Rodriguez, Wilbur Chapman, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.  
 Checker Bar-B-Q (Livernois): Bob Elliott. Mon.-Sat. afterhours.  
 Colonial Lanes (Ann Arbor): Jeff Hollander, Fri.-Sat.  
 Drome: Roland Kirk, 4/7-16.  
 Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.  
 Grapevine (Dearborn): Bob Elliott, Tue.-Sat.  
 Hobby Bar: Dezie McCullers, Mon., Tue., Thur.  
 Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.  
 Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.  
 Jerry Libby's: Jerry Libby.  
 London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.  
 Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.  
 New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.  
 Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande, Wed.-Sat.  
 Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sun.  
 Pier One: Dorothy Dunn, Mon.-Sat.

Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.  
 Pontchartrain Hotel: Bobby Laurel, Dorothy Ashby.  
 Roostertail: Chuck Robinett, hb.  
 Sir-Loin Inn: Danny Stevenson, Kathy Locke.  
 Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat. Sun. after-noon.  
 Topper: Ted Sheely.  
 Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.  
 Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Billy Steven-son.  
 Wisdom Tooth: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sat. after-hours.

## MIAMI

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, Bobby Kendrix, hb.  
 Cock 'n' Bull (West Palm Beach): Carole Renee, Thur.-Sun.  
 Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.  
 Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.  
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.  
 Harbor Lounge: Guy Fasciani.  
 Office Lounge (West Palm Beach): sessions.  
 Norton Art Gallery (West Palm Beach): Bob Vrooman, 4/9.  
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Vern Ramer, Buddy Delco, hb.  
 Rancher: Ira Sullivan, Dave Akins, hb.

## NEW ORLEANS

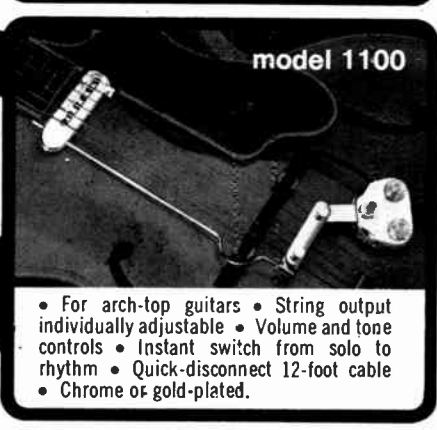
Al Hirt's: Lionel Hampton to 4/8.  
 Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.  
 Cellar Club: George Demme.  
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
 Famous Door: Roy Liberto.  
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.  
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.  
 Golliwog: Armand Hug.  
 Hollie's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.  
 Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.  
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.  
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson.  
 Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Ellis Marsalis, Phil Reudy.  
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
 Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-noon.  
 Speakeasy: Gallagher Trio, wknds.  
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.  
 Top of the Mart: Paul Guma.  
 Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

## LOS ANGELES

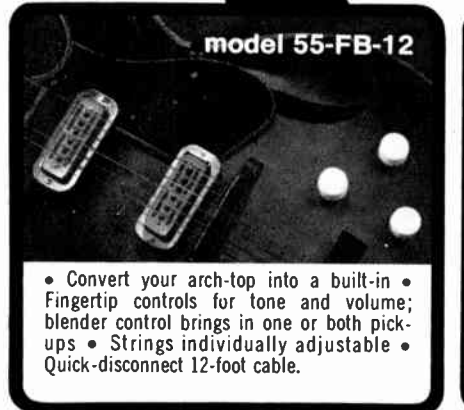
Beverly Hills High School: John Handy, Bola Sete, Anita O'Day, 4/22-23.  
 Bonesville: Don Ellis. Sessions, afterhours, Sat.  
 Bucanneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave Miller.  
 Carousel Theater (Covina): Pearl Bailey, Louis Bellson, Bunny Briggs, 4/6.  
 China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.  
 Ciro's: Arthur Prysock to 4/23.  
 Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.  
 Coconut Grove: Lou Rawls, 4/18-5/8.  
 Donte's (North Hollywood): name groups.  
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.  
 La Duce (Inglewood): jazz nightly.  
 Lemon Twist: Don Abney, Linda Carol, Mon.  
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Quartette Tres Bien to 4/16. Afro-Blues Quintet + One, 4/18-30. John Handy, 5/2-14. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.  
 Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Al Hibbler, Bill Doggett to 4/18.  
 Memory Lane: name groups nightly.  
 Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.  
 Pied Piper: Leon Thomas, Ike Issacs, Gerald Wiggins, Sonny Craver, Sun., Tue.  
 Pier 52 (Hermosa Beach): Jimmy Van.  
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, Willie Restum.  
 Prime Rib: Jan Deneau.  
 Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat. (Whittier): Tue.-Thur.  
 Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.  
 Scene: Slim Gaillard.  
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Mose Allison to 4/9. Bill Evans, 4/11-23. Horace Silver, 4/25-5/1.  
 Shelly Manne, wknds.  
 Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.  
 Shrine Auditorium: Jimmy Smith, Oliver Nelson, Arthur & Red Prysock, 4/10.  
 Sir Michael's (City of Commerce): Calvin Jackson, Susan Roberts.  
 Sportsmen's Lodge (North Hollywood): Stan Worth, Al McKibbin.  
 Tis Ours: Curtis Pegler.  
 Tropicana: local jazz groups.  
 UCLA (Schoenberg Hall): Don Ellis, 4/8.  
 Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): D'Vaughn Pershing, Chris Clark, Tue.-Wed.  
 Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi, Ted Hammond. Sessions, Sun.



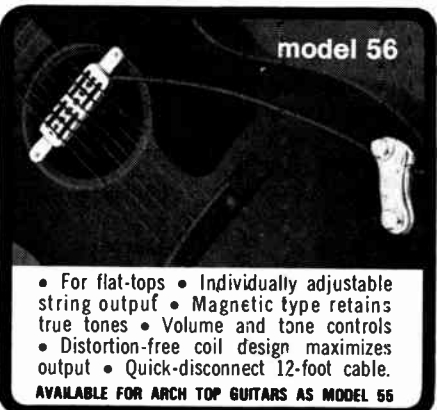
- For flat-top guitars • Easy to attach and remove • Fingertip volume control
- Model 1200: 12-foot cable with special end pin • Model 1200C: quick-disconnect cable with side-mounted plug.



- For arch-top guitars • String output individually adjustable • Volume and tone controls • Instant switch from solo to rhythm • Quick-disconnect 12-foot cable
- Chrome or gold-plated.



- Convert your arch-top into a built-in • Fingertip controls for tone and volume; blender control brings in one or both pickups • Strings individually adjustable • Quick-disconnect 12-foot cable.



- For flat-tops • Individually adjustable string output • Magnetic type retains true tones • Volume and tone controls • Distortion-free coil design maximizes output • Quick-disconnect 12-foot cable.

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