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JOHN COLTRANE: IN MEMORIAM

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by Rex Stewart

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Regrets

In regard to comments made by Michael Zwerin (*DB*, July 27) on last Mother's Day at the Five Spot, I feel responsible for the sad circumstances that went down that day, but I'd like to make a couple of comments myself.

In spite of the fact that I, myself, was on time for a change and had the bandstand set up, minus drums, by 4:45 p.m., it seemed as though it just wasn't meant to come off. I felt as badly as anyone there, since it was a big occasion for me, highlighted by the presence of my own mother, visiting from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Let this be a public apology on my part to all who waited an hour and 45 minutes for the music, and to the rest of the fellows in the band, minus one, who were there on time and ready to play.

If there's a band, a place to play, and an audience waiting, I give you my word it won't be a disaster area next Mother's Day.

Frank B. Foster
New York City

Donovan's Man

First of all, I'd like to thank and congratulate you for finally recognizing rock music. I'm sure a great majority of your readers would agree with me when I say that a great deal of it is tasteless junk. A great deal of it is. However, there is some highly original and intricately interesting music coming out of the rock movement as a whole. I, for one, am glad you noticed it. I was beginning to think you never would.

Gabree's article (*DB*, July 27) was a good one, except for two minor points: his refusal to mention Jagger & Richard as one of the better songwriting teams in the business, and his refusal to mention a young man by the name of Donovan at all. Donovan is one of the best artists in the business and is held in terribly high respect by people like John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Keith Richard, Mick Jagger, etc.

Incorporating jazz, rock, and folk music, along with some raga, he has emerged with a distinctive sound unlike anybody on records today. In an age when practically everyone sounds like everybody else, that is no mean achievement in itself . . . He should definitely have been mentioned.

Stephen W. Rock
Chicago, Ill.

Dissenter

The *World of Rock* by John Gabree (*DB*, July 27) was a most entertaining and delightfully stupid article. His most interesting comment was: "In reality, as bassist Steve Swallow is reported to have said, most of our better young musicians are playing rock." It seems to me that I've read in *Down Beat* that many rock guitarists, tired of the restrictions of rock,

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—by Dave Brubeck

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make the most of their inborn gifts.

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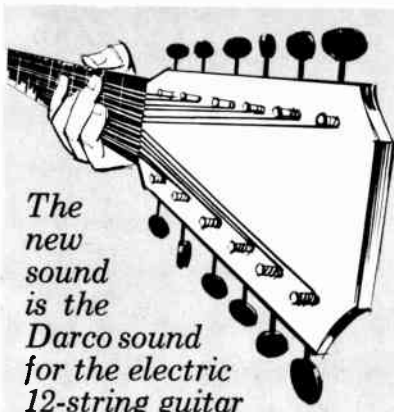
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have turned to jazz.

Gabree perhaps . . . suggests that Ray Brown and Charlie Mingus start learning from the great Steve Swallow, or that Wes Montgomery and Bola Sete consult Elvis so as to really play the guitar. Would Duke Ellington, Dave Brubeck, and Thelonious Monk finally learn how to compose if they took lessons from the Rolling Stones?

My purpose in writing this letter is not to eliminate rock from the music scene, but rather to get jazz critics and even *DB* to recognize their responsibilities to their readers. These responsibilities are to uphold or raise the values of the art form of jazz, not to compromise them in exchange for the acceptance of the musically ignorant public. If a critic cannot endure the pressure of an unsympathetic public, then he has no business being a critic.

It is rather amusing to me that certain jazz critics are trying their best to laud rock as an art form when rock fans don't ever consider it such. And I would like to know how rock could be expected to evolve into anything esthetically good when its listeners ask for only two things from their music—volume and a big beat?

But since the rock fans won't come to the critic, the weak-hearted critic meekly asks for acceptance into the rock clique, and to cover up his faulty behavior, he claims rock to be a legitimate art. Maybe that's why Monterey is now the site of a pop festival instead of a jazz festival.

Robert Rosenblum
Albany, N.Y.

Not instead of—in addition to.

Guitar Soul

Let me congratulate you on your guitar issue, the best to date.

I especially enjoyed your article on Larry Coryell and the fusion he achieves between jazz and rock. I also wish to applaud your decision to include a column on the ever expanding field of rock. Those whose views of music are too constricted to consider rock as a legitimate art form will probably continue to do so. However, those who are willing to assimilate whatever they feel rock has to offer, will benefit from your efforts.

I am a teenage rock guitarist, but I listen to music ranging from the master of the classics, Andres Segovia, to the swinging Johnny Smith and the blues of Wes Montgomery.

Alas, much, too much of rock is commercial, with no musical values (witness the Monkees!). But again, there are groups doing as new and fresh things in their field as Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane are doing for jazz. Look at The Who and the Jefferson Airplane.

Few can plausibly argue that their diet of jazz would suffer if garnished by good rock-and-roll (good time, r&b, etc.).

To me, jazz remains the ultimate in expression, but let's not bar the door to a new type of music from which we can learn.

Andrew Ellis
Chatham, Mass.

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N.Y. STATE GIVES GRANT TO JAZZ INTERACTIONS

Jazz Interactions, the non-profit educational organization increasingly active as a functioning part of the New York jazz community, has received an unprecedented grant of \$11,250 from the New York State Council on the Arts.

Under the grant, JI will produce 50 jazz concerts and lecture-demonstrations in the New York school system during the coming year. The hour-long programs will be presented in elementary, junior high, and high schools.

Allan Pepper, executive director of JI, was elated at the prospect. "I believe this will be the start of many good things for jazz," he said. "I think the foundations want to give money to jazz, but up to now they haven't known whom to give it to. Things should start opening up now."

The concept of the series was an outgrowth of JI's successful presentation of jazz at Harlem's P.S. 175 earlier this year (DB, May 18).

The organization has been active on other fronts. In addition to its regular Sunday afternoon sessions at the Red Garter, JI is presenting a Wednesday evening jazz series at Garden State Plaza in Paramus, N.J., co-sponsored by the Hoffman Beverage Co.

The July 12 opening concert spotlighted the Tony Scott Quintet, with Roy Eldridge pinch hitting for trumpeter Charlie Shavers. The series continued with groups led by trumpeter Joe Newman (a vice president of JI), drummer Roy Haynes, fluegelhornist Art Farmer, vibraharpist Vera Auer, and multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk. The concluding event, held Aug. 23, featured saxophonist-flutist Jerome Richardson's group.

SURPRISE IN MOSCOW: SESSION WITH MULLIGAN

When Gerry Mulligan left for Russia in July to attend the Moscow Film Festival with his wife, actress Sandy Dennis (whose starring vehicle, *Up the Down Staircase*, was the winning United States' entry at the event), he didn't bring his horn.

But he wound up playing nonetheless. When the local jazz musicians discovered that the famous American was in town, they invited him to attend their weekly jam session at the semi-private youth club on Gorky Street.

They didn't have to ask twice. Mulligan, an inveterate jammer, borrowed an alto saxophone and played for some five hours with the Russian musicians, delighting the audience which packed the small club, sitting on window sills and dance floor.

The club stayed open a half hour later than usual, and the long session ended with *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, performed by Mulligan and a quartet including tenor saxophonist Vladimir Sermake-

shev. It was interrupted six times by wild applause.

"They're good," Mulligan told a reporter during a break. "They surprised me by playing one of my more obscure compositions, *Tell Me When*. They know all my stuff."

After the session, Mulligan went to the



JIM TAYLOR

GERRY MULLIGAN
Wild Applause

After Hours Bar at the Moscow Hotel and sat in until 2 a.m. with the house band. Among those dancing to the American visitor's music was Soviet cosmonaut Alexei Leonov, the first man to take a walk in space.

MONTEREY HAPPENINGS TO INCLUDE NEW WORKS

Nearly the complete lineup for the Monterey Jazz Festival has been confirmed, though there may be a few additions and last-minute surprises.

The music will get underway at 9 p.m. Friday, Sept. 15. The Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, the Don Ellis Orchestra, and Illinois Jacquet are slated for the opening concert.

Saturday afternoon's concert will be called *Big Blues Bag—Genesis and Revelations*, and will showcase B. B. King, T-Bone Walker, the Clara Ward Singers, and Big Brother and the Holding Company.

Saturday evening's show, beginning at 8:15, will have the Woody Herman band, singer Mel Tormé backed by Herman, and the Modern Jazz Quartet with guest guitarist Laurindo Almeida. A special addition to the show will be the Franco Ambrosetti Quartet, a group from Lugano, Switzerland. Festival musical director John Lewis "discovered" the quartet.

Comedian Richard Pryor will emcee the 1:30 p.m. Sunday concert, which includes the Gabor Szabo Quintet, the Gil Melle

Electronic Jazz Quartet, and the world premiere of music by Miljenko Prohaska played by the Don Ellis Orchestra. Prohaska is a Yugoslav composer whose scores have included opera, ballet, movies, and television. He is another John Lewis discovery, and was commissioned by the Monterey Festival to write a jazz-influenced symphony.

Sunday night's concert will spotlight another world premiere. Ralph Burns and Bill Holman have written special arrangements to be performed by the Herman band. Also on the bill are Carmen McRae, the Earl Hines Quartet with saxophonist Budd Johnson, and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. This show will begin at 7:15.

Single tickets to all five concerts are still available from the Monterey Jazz Festival, P.O. Box "Jazz," Monterey, Calif. Season tickets, which sold 75 per cent ahead of last year, are no longer obtainable.

JAZZ AT THE RACES: A FESTIVAL "FIRST"

They will be off and blowing—rather than off and running—at the Laurel Race Course in Laurel, Md., Sept. 1-3, when the first Laurel International Jazz Festival will be held on three evenings and two afternoons. For non-bettors, Laurel Race Course is located between Baltimore Md., and Washington, D.C.—about 20 miles from each.

The festival, sponsored by the race course, the National Beer Co., and a group of Baltimore businessmen, is being co-produced by New York talent manager Bob Messinger and a Baltimore firm, Brown-Street Productions, which will be working closely with Baltimore's Left Bank Jazz Society. Jim Brown owns an advertising agency, while Elzie Street has his own booking office.

Friday night's concert will open with local alto saxophonist Gary Bartz's group. The headliners will include Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Jimmy Smith, Woody Herman's band, and singer Etta Jones.

Saturday night will lead off with Jimmhi Johnson's group from Baltimore, followed by Art Blakey's Messengers, Nina Simone, Horace Silver, Dave Brubeck, and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra.

Vibist-clarinetist Tommy Gwaltney and his Blues Alley Quintet from Washington will get things underway on Sunday evening. The ball will then be carried by Thelonious Monk, Gloria Lynne, Herbie Mann, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Clark Terry's big band. The MJQ and Terry's full band will join forces in two John Lewis pieces. All evening concerts are slated to start at 7:30.

The afternoon affairs start at 2 p.m. Saturday will feature an international jazz group, bringing together pianist Toshiko, trumpeter Dusko Goykovich, trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, baritone saxophonist

Joe Temperley, guitarist Toots Thielmans, and the United States' own Elvin Jones. Then, a salute to Newport, with George Wein's Newport All-Stars, will trace the history of small-group jazz from King Oliver to the birth of bebop.

Sunday's daylight doings will include a two-part composer-arranger workshop with Terry's orchestra. In the first half, the band will rehearse two original works. Terry, Messinger, and the composers will offer commentary on the proceedings. Then, the band will perform the compositions without interruptions. The program will open with a salute to the Left Bank Jazz Society, featuring local groups.

The prices for the event are box seats, \$10.00; reserved seats, \$5.00; and general admission (grass location), \$3.00. Afternoons will be \$3.00 general admission for all seats.

CANADIAN COMPOSERS GET ELLINGTON TOUCH

The first record album ever made in Canada by Duke Ellington was completed after a two-day session at Hallmark Record Studios in Toronto on July 24 and 25.

Ellington appeared as guest pianist in jazz compositions by Canadian composers Gordon Delamont, Ron Collier, and Norman Symonds.

The idea was suggested by Louis Applebaum, chairman of a joint committee of the Composers, Authors, and Publishers Association of Canada and the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, who provided \$15,000 for the recording session.

Applebaum asked Ellington to appear on the album to help bring attention to the Canadian composers.

"Duke naturally has a larger public than the Canadian composers," said Applebaum. "This way we hope to reach a much larger audience."

Ellington commented: "These three composers are good company to be in. There are many great musicians up here. I've always known that."

For the album, which will likely be released in the U.S. on a major label, Gordon Delamont, 48, wrote the ten minute-long *Song and Dance*, and *Collage No. 3*.

Collier, 37, contributed *Aurora Borealis*, a jazz ballet originally written for a CBC television show, *One Hundred Years Young*; and *Silent Night, Lonely Night*, a three-minute work taken from the background music for a television play of the same name.

Symonds, 46, composed a four-minute work called *Fair Wind*, and *The Nameless Hour*, a concert piece commissioned by CBC, which showcases the soloist against a 16-piece string section.

Besides the strings, the session featured the Collier jazz group and a 30-piece orchestra. Collier conducted throughout. Among the visitors to the studio were producer George Wein, critic Stanley Dance, and a TV crew from the *Bell Telephone Hour*, which will feature Ellington Oct. 10.

BALTIMORE'S LEFT BANK SOCIETY HAS OFFSPRING

The Left Bank Jazz Society, which has been so successful in bringing jazz back to Baltimore, now has a sister chapter 40 miles down the road in Washington, D.C.

The Washington chapter has only been on the scene for a few months, but with hard work by the members and excellent cooperation from local musicians, disc jockeys, and club owners, it is already attracting large and enthusiastic audiences for biweekly concerts at Barnett's Crystal Room.

Groups featured thus far have included those of pianist Elsworth Gibson and a nationally renowned Washingtonian, guitarist Bill Harris. Future concerts are scheduled to feature the groups of drummer Mickey Newman and trumpeter Eddie Henderson. The emphasis, according to chapter president Billy Best, will continue to be on local musicians, but the programs will occasionally be spiced with "name" groups.

The principal purpose of the society is to increase the number of persons appreciating and supporting jazz in the Washington area. In addition, the society (a non-profit organization) will aid needy children by sponsoring concerts at Junior Village and donating all proceeds after operating costs to Children's Hospital.

Left Bank members are entitled to a discount on admission and drinks at society concerts as well as discounts at various local businesses. Future activities planned for the membership include trips to various jazz festivals and to the Jazz Museum in New Orleans, construction of a clubhouse and jazz library, and publication of a bulletin listing all locations in and around Washington where jazz can be heard.

NEW L.A. BIG BANDS A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

Two big bands recently formed in Los Angeles are functioning in diametrically opposed milieus.

The Esquires, from Gardena, is made up of high school and college students. The band plays at proms, civic functions, and private parties, and even provided the music at Grauman's Chinese Theater when actor Steve McQueen "cemented relations" in the famous courtyard, where film stars leave permanent hand-prints in concrete.

Under the direction of Paul Colaluca, the Esquires have had the benefit of good guidance from men like Stan Kenton, Lennie Niehaus, Bud Brisbois, Nick Ceroli, Bill Fritz, George Roberts, Ralph Pena, and Dave Roberts.

The Ambassadors, on the other hand, is a 15-piece band made up of older musicians—alumni of the Count Basie, Earl Hines, Erskine Hawkins and Jay McShann bands—and formed to help in easing the community tensions that still exist in south Los Angeles.

The band is part of a larger project

designed to provide "cool sounds during the long, hot summer," and is occasionally referred to as the Van Ness Rehearsal Orchestra (rehearsals are held and concerts given at the Van Ness Recreation Center).

The group is under the direction of former Erskine Hawkins lead alto saxophonist and arranger Bobby Smith. Advisor-producer is Edward Greenwood, who is using the Ambassadors to augment his own antidote to local youth problems, a musical review called *Lurn, Baby, Lurn*.

FOR COLLECTORS

Record collectors are a breed apart. They love to rummage through junk shop and Salvation Army piles of dusty 78's, in search of King Oliver's *Zulu's Ball* (only two known copies) or the yet to be discovered Buddy Bolden cylinders.

But supplies of old records are shrinking fast, and the days of every man for himself have long since ended. There are mimeographed lists which circulate among the fraternity, and several publications devoted to auctions, swaps, and exchange of information.

Now something new has been added. The D.I.S.C. (Discophiles in Search of Collectors) tracing service has been formed in Canada to aid collectors in locating elusive items. As a byproduct, the organizers hope to establish contacts and co-operation among collectors.

The organization will not perform any transactions between potential buyer and seller. Its job is merely to trace the wanted record. A fee of 25 cents is charged for the service, and a newsletter is planned.

Inquiries should be addressed to D.I.S.C., 50 Morewood Crescent, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada.

POTPOURRI

Blind Lemon Jefferson used to sing about his grave being kept clean and, after 37 years, the State of Texas is getting around to it. The state recently authorized an historical grave marker for the pioneer blues singer and guitarist, who died in 1930. The marker was expected to be ready in August and will be placed on Jefferson's grave near the east central Texas town of Wortham in Freestone County. A short ceremony is planned at the laying of the marker, with folklorist John Lomax Jr. presiding.

Veteran band booker Willard Alexander was honored in July at the Riverboat when Max Arons, president of Local 802, presented him with a plaque reading: "Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians presents the Award of Merit to Willard Alexander for his tireless and productive efforts in presenting live music through name bands at the Riverboat, New York City, 1965-67." Under Alexander's guidance Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Cab Calloway, Harry James, Earl Hines, and Don Ellis, among others, have played the club.

The Second Annual Pacific Jazz Festival will be staged October 6-8 on the Orange County Fairgrounds in Costa Mesa, Calif. Though the PJF is basically a repeat performance of the Monterey Jazz Festival, Jimmy Lyons was satisfied with last year's attendance and said he expects this year's weekend to be just as successful. Lyons is general manager of the Monterey Festival, and will be PJF production adviser to coproducers Ted Geissler and Ted Fuller. Tickets and further information are available by writing to the Pacific Jazz Festival, P.O. Box "Jazz," Costa Mesa, Calif.

An unusual instance of sitting in took place at Sneaky Pete's in Los Angeles. The Shirley Horn Trio (Miss Horn, piano, vocals; Al McKibbin, bass; Stix Hooper, drums) was playing there when Hooper learned that his wife Romona had been involved in a collision a little further down the Strip. To fill the gap, talent manager and ex-bassist John Levy sat down at the drums and finished the set. Hooper returned in time to begin the next

set, but by then the name "Stix" Levy had taken hold.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York City: Steve Lacy, originally scheduled to play the Jazz in the Garden concert at the Museum of Modern Art with a quartet rounded out by violinist John Blair, bassist Alan Silva, and drummer Sunny Murray, came in on July 13 with a group he dubbed his "Quartetto Italiano:" Enrico Rava, trumpet; Kent Carter, bass; and Aldo Romano, drums . . . Things have been happening at La Boheme on Broadway at 69th St. The main attraction has been Freddie Hubbard's Jazz Communicators with Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums. They have been playing evenings Tuesdays through Sundays. In addition to Monday night sessions, which recently have featured the groups of Curtis Fuller, Junior Mance, Sonny Stitt, and pianist-owner Gene Harris, there have been special weekend engagements from 3 to 9 p.m.

on Saturdays and Sundays. In July, these gigs were filled by alto saxophonist Robin Kenyatta's sextet, the Lee Konitz Trio, and trumpeter Jothan Collins' quintet . . . Stitt also kicked off a Monday night series at the Half Note, emceed by WABC-FM deejay Alan Grant and broadcast live . . . Trude Heller's Trik has inaugurated "Celebrity Sundays" and "Spotlite Mondays." On Aug. 20 the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, featuring brother Nat Adderley, performed . . . Some hip New Jersey citizens, headed by Lee Stark, a goal judge at New York Ranger hockey games, held a dance at Jerry's Villa in Montvale, July 29. The all-stars, led by drummer Jo Jones, included Roy Eldridge, Frank Foster, Bennie Green, Hank Jones, and Arvell Shaw . . . Mel Torme and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band did a Rheingold Central Park concert in late July . . . Thelonious Monk appeared opposite Ornette Coleman at the Village Gate in August . . . Rock has been the order of the night as well as the day at the Metropole, and will continue to be until Gene

/Continued on page 39



THE SAME OLD STORY

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

THE CURRENT proprietor of the front-of-the-book, sometimes-humorous *Trade Winds* column in the *Saturday Review* is a gentleman named Herbert R. Mayes. A few months back, Mayes devoted one of his weekly installments to an interesting account by songwriter Arthur Schwartz of his selection of 11 all-time "best" popular songs. To give Schwartz his credentials, he wrote *Dancing in the Dark* (and the entire score to *Band Wagon*), *I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans*, *You and the Night and the Music*, *Something to Remember You By*, *By Myself*, *Haunted Heart*—those plus a few hundred more.

What made Schwartz' "all-time" list particularly interesting was not only the songs he picked but also his comments on them. A couple of these comments bothered me not a little, so I wrote a letter to the editor.

My first point was that Schwartz was wrong in calling Irving Berlin's *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (from 1911) "the first ragtime hit—the ancestor of a whole school of music unknown before." Scott Joplin's *Maple Leaf Rag* was the first ragtime hit, and it was published 12 years before Berlin's piece.

Schwartz also commented on the "unique" three-part construction of Har-

old Arlen's *Blues in the Night*, written in 1941. But three-part melodic construction in a blues piece is as old as the classic W. C. Handy publications, the oldest being *Memphis Blues* from 1912, and the best-known being *St. Louis Blues* from 1914.

So far, however, I'm merely a pedant correcting a couple of historical mistakes. Unfortunately, that was as much of my letter as *SR* published; the rest was cut. Okay and very well. Magazines have space problems, as anyone who has ever tried to edit one will know. And *SR* gets a lot of letters.

But pedantry wasn't my point, and correcting errors of fact alone would have been no good reason to write a letter to an editor, as far as I'm concerned. Furthermore, I wasn't trying to one-up Arthur Schwartz.

My real point had to do with the fact that ragtime and the blues are both Negro forms. Scott Joplin was a Negro, and so were all the important early ragtime composers—except, I should add, Joseph Lamb. Berlin's is a very good piece, but he didn't "found" anything. Actually, ragtime as a style was fairly old hat by the time Berlin had Alexander leading that band.

In *Blues in the Night*, Arlen elaborated on Handy's idea of building a blues composition with three different themes. He may have done it excellently—perhaps even brilliantly—but he was building on Handy, and on the work of Handy's followers. (And Handy, of course, had borrowed the idea of several themes in the same piece from Joplin and the ragtime men.)

I'm not attributing any malice to Schwartz. But I cannot imagine that so knowledgeable a songwriter could be ignorant of such continually popular pieces as *Maple Leaf Rag* or *Memphis Blues* or *St. Louis Blues*. Surely Schwartz also must know that the syncopations in his own *Dancing in the Dark* or the

rhythms in his *A Shine on Your Shoes* did not come from Europe or Asia and were not basically his own invention, however well he may have employed them.

Call it oversight then, lapse of memory, or a simple failure to make logical musical connections. Call it what you will.

If you decide to call it deliberate and malicious suppression of facts, I think you will be wrong. But on the other hand, it is the sort of thing that happens again and again in this country. And since it does happen again and again, is it any wonder that some Negroes see a conspiracy afoot—a conspiracy to write them and their contributions out of the cultural history of the United States?

How many Americans know where tap-dancing comes from? How many proud middle-western parents of prize-winning drum majorettes know where all that strutting and baton tossing and twirling comes from? (And what would they think if they *did* know?)

For that matter, how many Americans, black or white, know where ragtime came from? Or how many fans of Lawrence Welk's "Dixieland group" know what it is they are smiling at and patting their foot to? And while I'm at it, how many Yankee fans of the Animals really know what they are hearing? And what about the slang that United States' teenagers use—"cool" this, "swinging" that? It wasn't thought up by the youngsters in the corridors of the high schools out in Des Moines, baby.

But more important than any of this is how much longer otherwise knowledgeable white Americans can afford such ignorance about the real origins of so much U.S. popular culture? How much longer can we afford repeated oversights, perpetual errors?

Not, in my opinion, for very much longer.

ES

JOHN WILLIAM COLTRANE

1926-1967



TRIBUTES TO JOHN COLTRANE

FROM READERS . . .

As soon as the sad news had spread, the letters began to arrive. Some were full-fledged eulogies, carefully typed; others were short notes, hastily scribbled in the grip of emotion, others still were poems.

All these communications, in their different ways, expressed the deep sense of loss engendered by the sudden, unexpected death of a great artist. And the most moving thing about these reactions was their intensely personal quality. If there was ever any doubt that John Coltrane's music struck a responsive chord in the innermost being of his listeners, these letters dispelled it once and for all.

Many were from young people. "I am a 17-year old musician," wrote Lawrence Dennis Henderson. "I've been listening to Coltrane since I was seven . . . I feel as though a piece of me has left. I can't even express the real way I feel about it. It's like losing my own father. In the years ahead, people will look at his genius like they do at Bird."

Or Rusty Cloud: "I am only 16 years old, and hence my emotions and sense of values have not yet fully developed. But as an aspiring jazzman, my youth could not prevent me from feeling a deep sense of personal loss and grief. . . . Here was a man who always, even in the titles of his compositions, stood for love and brotherhood. . . . Coltrane's music never became hateful, though at times it was shockingly powerful. . . . Jazz is engaged in a painful battle to extend itself and make itself available to more people. This task is awesomely difficult . . . The passing of John Coltrane, brilliant musician and beautifully unselfish person, makes this struggle all the more difficult."

And here is Mark Wolf, 17: ". . . Trane's music talks of everything bad in the world as well as everything good; an honest appraisal of the world and the things that make the world happy and sad. It can't be heard in a rosy world, because those who live in rosy worlds lie to themselves. And those who live in worlds of total hate and fear can't hear, either, because they lie to each other. Those who can accept the world can hear. . . . Trane was (and is) a musical superlative: SUPREME!"

Of the poems, this succinct statement from Thomas K. Guthrie perhaps said it best:

*The God of modern jazz is dead
The avant garde is without a father
Who will now lead the way towards
truth?*

*I turn around and see . . . nobody.
John Coltrane must live.*

Ken Solomon wrote a long prose-poem, concluding thusly:

. . . I wondered

*If this is all a man has to live for:
A life of struggle; first to survive,
Then to be recognized, but mostly to
create*

*Continuously, at a high level . . .
Only to die at the height of one's creative
Powers. Then I realized the truth:
His body is dead, but his soul will live
forever.*

Robert Young "marveled at (Coltrane's) energy and was amazed by his ceaseless inventiveness. His death has stilled a voice and silenced an influence, but more than that, it has suppressed a creative spirit . . . His music was a magic carpet that swept us across uncharted seas into a realm of introspective thought where we glimpsed the eternal. . . . No words can say how much we will miss his presence. John Coltrane, we love you!"

The letter from F. Bongiovanni, a musician in the U.S. Navy, was one of the shortest but most moving. Here it is in its entirety: "Some of us, who haven't learned not to weep, weep because Coltrane is dead. Some weep for him. Others know that he is happier, being with that same God Whom he loved and Whose will he tried to carry out. Knowing this, we still weep; we weep for ourselves, as we always do whenever anything that is good and beautiful is taken away from us. There are giants among men—and one of them is gone. The loss is ours."

Some readers attempted to evaluate the consequences of Coltrane's passing. Gregory Irving saw it this way: "As truly creative individuals must, artists will continue to press forward through the wilderness of unexamined possibilities. But the journey is going to be a little rougher now that their most restless yet diligent leader is not up front to guide them. For Trane's philosophy was: Onward, then beyond! Peace, Brother John, peace."

Lindwood N. Barksdale felt that "like Parker, Coltrane was 20 years ahead of his peers. The void . . . is not going to be felt as it was with Parker because of Coltrane's innumerable recordings. But we will have to wait and see if the young musicians are going to fall for the fallacy that the Trane can be 'caught.' For the Coltranes and the Parkers are ends in themselves. They shall never be caught. . . ."

Some had never seen Coltrane, yet felt they had known him well. Robert Kapulos put it this way: "I never met John Coltrane, but through his music I loved him. I considered him to be my best friend. Every day . . . my anticipation of hopefully meeting him . . .

I SENSE A MOCKERY emanating from the human condition that cuts off John Coltrane's life at 40 and dares you to understand that. As I sit here on the evening of his death, I know I can neither understand nor accept this aspect of the human condition. I don't want to, and I don't want any mystical resignation of self to the ineffable inevitability of it all, either. I will not have my reawakened, ages-long rage in the face of that inevitability—impotent though that rage may seem—tranquilized.

Tonight at least, I also will not suffer the distracting chatter and earnest pronouncements about Coltrane's massive contributions to music, his blockbuster influence on modern jazz, his selfless championing of young avant-gardists, his steadfast refusal to coast along on past accomplishments, his ferocious digging deeper and deeper into himself for new layers of sensibility and understanding and expressiveness.

Time enough for all that tomorrow and next week and later.

For now, I want to sort out some jumbled feelings about other dimensions of the beauty and strength of Coltrane's music-person, put them into words, and then return again, undiverted, to my rage. Let me try to get some of this together by telling you about three or four of the people I know who came into warm contact with that music.

Two or three years ago, Ray Weil dropped into Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood to hear some jazz. Ray had knowingly heard little jazz in his life, knew virtually nothing about it, had never been to the Manne-Hole before. He was then perhaps in his late 30s, and functioning occupationally on the middle-management levels of the white-collar world everyone talks about and nobody understands very well.

"Well, that Coltrane fellow got up there and played *My Favorite Things*," Ray later marveled, "for 40 or 45 minutes. I had never heard anything like it in my life. I can't say I understood it, but what a powerful, moving thing it was! I mean . . . that music is *strong*; it stays with you."

Ray listened to jazz music that night and began tuning in. His record collection now includes much Coltrane and Miles Davis, as well as a steadily growing number of other jazz albums.

Just a week or two ago, Ray's 14 year-old son, Tommy, asked him if he thought Coltrane or Davis was "better." Somewhat surprised and pleased by the question, Ray said he really couldn't answer that; he liked them both very much. "I do, too," Tommy said, "but I guess the Coltrane records are my favorites—especially *Blue Train* and *Favorite Things*." One result of this colloquy is that Ray is trying *Ascension* on Tommy.

In contrast to 40-ish, white, reasonable Ray Weil (and I should not have to point out that these selective descriptive phrases are not meant in any pejorative sense), Cliff McClain is in his 20s, black, and militant. His knowledge of Coltrane's music is wide, and his affection for it

is genuine and deep. Cliff and I talked earlier today about Coltrane's death.

"Yeah, that's a sad, sad scene," he muttered. "But you know," he added in a spirit of acceptance I am not yet ready to feel, "Trane's not really gone. Really. His music's alive and that keeps *him* alive."

A couple of hours later, Cliff had an afterthought.

"Trane and Bird—more than anyone else except maybe Malcom—showed the younger generation how to stand up and be proud of themselves," he said. "Those cats made whatever you want to call the black revolution happen. Trane talked to the new generation, man . . . talked like them and talked for them."

Red Norvo was shocked by the sudden news of this morning.

"Are you sure?" he asked me. "*John Coltrane?*"

Much will no doubt be written about the reactions and comments of jazz musicians and personalities to the fact of Coltrane's death, particularly those jazzmen who played with him and knew him best. Norvo neither played with him nor knew him particularly well personally or was associated with the many stylistic stances that Coltrane influenced or created through the years. But none of this makes his reactions less relevant, for he listens and feels and reflects.

"You know, you get hung up thinking about all the things you haven't done and still want to do someday," he thought aloud about his own almost six decades of life. "Then you see a John Coltrane die so young, and you think about how much *he* accomplished and how much *he* created in the short time he had. And, well, it's just very sad—very, very sad."

Where is the rock-bottom meaning, the "message" of John Coltrane's life?

Is it lurking behind the spontaneous, unsophisticated responses of Ray and Tommy Weil to Coltrane's music? Behind the forthright declaration of Cliff McClain about the awakened pride and strength of young black people that is reflected in that music? Behind Red Norvo's admiration and respect for Coltrane's impressive personal accomplishments—even when much of that accomplishment took place in what must have seemed to him very different, sometimes almost foreign, bags?

I cannot find a rock-bottom, singular meaning that captures it all. You can't either, because it doesn't exist.

What does exist now and may continue to live for a long time are the plural meanings and truths in John Coltrane's music. Those meanings and truths will be kept alive and visible, for however long they will, not only by his recordings (the less successful ones included) and by the music of those many jazzmen who were shaken up and turned around by the high winds that streamed out of his horns but also by the more elusive (but nonetheless real) inner charging and self-realization that his music arouses in those who open themselves to it and listen well.

—Gus Matzorkis

became so intense that I deluded myself into thinking that while listening to his recordings I was actually playing with him. . . ."

As far as Willie Moody Redd is concerned, "saxophone players will really miss him. Everyone will, but especially saxophone players." And Tom Bartunek looked ahead: "A great man's death at the height of his career usually assures that he will become a legend, and that he will be credited with success far exceeding his actual accomplishments. But no matter how great is the legend of John Coltrane, it cannot exaggerate his sincerity, talent and creativity."

To sum it up, this excerpt from a letter from the members of the New York Jazz Guild: "Through Trane's music . . . many of us have been brought to fuller understanding of the inner self. . . . Trane lives!"

FROM MUSICIANS . . .

ELVIN JONES: *I've never known a person of such even disposition. I never knew him to be anything but a beautiful person. I think he had a great deal to do with my efforts to expand myself musically. He was always encouraging and helpful. I thought, and still think, that he is one of the rare musical geniuses. Although the person is gone, his spirit will live on in the hearts and minds of those who knew him. The whole world will miss this man.*

JIMMY GARRISON: *I don't think we've suffered any greater loss. The greatest impact he had on me was as a warm and profound human being. His music affected people the way his person affected me. There was nothing hidden in his music. I think all of us are richer by far for having known him.*

DIZZY GILLESPIE: *We'll let the man's music speak for itself, because it speaks much more eloquently than we can.*

HAROLD LAND: *Another of the great masters has left us. He was a beautiful person. It's difficult to pin down the reasons for Coltrane's greatness, but for me, I'd say his 'sound' was the most outstanding quality. It was so much him. And his expressivity was so heartfelt. One thing we can take comfort in is the fact that whatever he was searching for, he just about achieved . . . I think the sense of freedom he achieved with his own group—as compared to what he was saying with Miles—put him on another level which he once described as a "religious awakening."*

TEDDY EDWARDS: *It was more than a loss; it was a catastrophe. He was the leader of his movement and I think his biggest problem was overworking himself . . . I've seen him work and man, he worked awfully hard. He practiced hour after hour every day. It so happens that I'm a melody man myself, so I prefer that period when he worked with Miles, but I always respected what he did, right up to the time of his death. He was constantly striving—and you don't learn unless you experiment. The main thing was, no matter what he was*

reaching for, the man had the background and foundation. He knew what he was doing . . . He was always very serious about what he was doing, but he was always extremely warm. Why is it the guys who strive so hard for something go out so young?

EDDIE HARRIS: *Trane was one of the few dedicated artists; he played what he believed. He lived like he played. The real tragedy of his death was that he took it upon himself to get so many new musicians exposed—those who would have had to wait years longer for recognition—because he allowed them to play with him. Now the young musicians have no champion for their cause.*

RICHARD ABRAMS: *Trane was a light to most of the musicians who are cognizant of the musical events of the '60s, especially the younger musicians. He took bebop as far as it could go, bordering on freedom. His tone set a feeling in the air—an approach to sound that seemed to be an extension of the quality of Charlie Parker—plus he was the innovator of the use of eastern scales in jazz. He was always enlightening the younger players.*

OLIVER NELSON: *The news came as quite a shock. You know, it's one thing when a guy like Henry Red Allen goes. Not that it isn't a loss, but you don't expect a guy in his prime to pass away so suddenly. One of the first things I thought was what are the guys who imitate and can't think for themselves going to do now? Who are they going to get their ideas from now? He was a beautiful person. I don't know if he ever found what he was looking for. He was continually searching. I can remember seeing him one night in front of Birdland looking up, just staring at the stars. He was a great tenor player, and he started this whole thing that's happening now with the soprano sax.*

QUINCY JONES: *What can I say? So many great ones have left us. Not just recently, like Trane and Strayhorn, but over the years . . . Sometimes I feel that these guys aren't really gone—they're out on the road and they'll be back from a trip soon. I feel exactly that way about Coltrane. At least he'll be around, thanks to a recorded legacy. I sure loved his tenor playing. He was the granddaddy of today's scene. He was a sincere person, deeply religious, and that religion carried over to his music.*

SHELLY MANNE: *Everyone must agree that Coltrane advanced jazz tremendously. My worst regret is that I never got to know the man better. I certainly wanted to. In all honesty, I could not appreciate what he was saying at the time of his death as much as I enjoyed what he did with Miles. But I say that with serious reservations. The real tragedy of his death lies in the fact that we'll never really know what he was aiming at. Coltrane was cut down at the peak of his creativity. He had so much more to contribute, but he died before he could unfold it, or reveal his message, so to speak.*

DON DE MICHEAL: *John Coltrane was a man. I admired none more.*





In many parts of New York, including the once hyperactive Broadway midtown area, it is quiet after 11 p.m. on weekdays. Not so in Greenwich Village. While you may not be forced off the sidewalk on MacDougal Street by weekend-sized crowds, you will still find plenty of company.

Where Bleeker and Thompson Streets converge stands Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate, a veritable beehive of happenings beginning with the sidewalk cafe which fronts on Bleeker. Once inside, your next logical step is to climb the stairway at the left to the Top of the Gate, a groovily appointed piano room that also serves good food at surprisingly reasonable prices. If you are in the mood for more, a descent to the vast cellar of the Village Gate proper will land you where the main attractions hold forth. These are not always jazz artists—comedians and folk singers may spice the bills—but most often they are.

In July, the Gate was definitely all jazz—historically important as well as musically exciting. Upstairs were the irrepressible Willie (The Lion) Smith and his new partner in chime, Don Ewell—a duo of piano masters who breathe new life into evergreens and also play tunes you may never have heard before. Downstairs were the groups of trumpet giants Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. Both men were their usual selves: Dizzy insouciantly witty; Miles intensely cool. Their playing was superb; each in his own bag.

There was no indecision about going up or down. You had to do it all.—Ira Gitler



Top: Miles and Diz play silently at each other from behind the glass.

Bottom: It's celebrity time at the Top of the Gate. Sugar Ray Robinson greets The Lion (extreme right), as Peter O'Toole peeps the scene from behind his shades. Man in the middle—at the head of the table—is the Gate's live-wire press agent, Ivan Black. Later, the entire party trekked downstairs to catch Diz and Miles.



The derby, the cec-gar, the proud chin—a portrait of The Lion.

A Double Double-Header at the Village Gate



Flanked by Ron Carter and Tony Williams, Miles burns one with furious concentration.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON SCHLITTEN



Derby at rest, fingers at work, Smith is face-to-face, eye-to-eye with Ewell.

Dizzy, a man of many parts, explodes all over the stage.

CONVERSATION WITH LENNY

(part II of an introduction to rock)

By John Gabree



MUDDY WATERS

My friend Lenny from Skokie dropped over Saturday night, and as usual we ended up playing records. I don't know whether Lenny brings out the teacher or the disc jockey in me, but I usually end up trying to introduce him to something. He's been getting better. Lately, we've been talking about rock, which confuses him a little since he can't really see how both Ornette Coleman and John Lennon can be what's happening. But about Saturday night:

Well, Lenny, I've never tried to explain just this part to anyone before, but . . .

You know already about the blues, how it developed out of the needs of black country people. It sounds trite. You've heard me say it so many times. Anyway, you know, maybe you'd be feeling low and not feel like dancing, and somebody would say: hey, man, sing a spiritual. And you'd say: it ain't heaven that's botherin' me. So then you'd sing about whatever it was that was bothering you, and you'd feel a little better. It was sort of like psychotherapy.

I figure that's one of the things the kids get out of it. They know the blues was therapy that worked for somebody else, and they know they need therapy,

so they listen to the blues. If you're alienated, man, it doesn't matter much from what.

Anyway, it's not all that simple. First, there's a difference between the white kids and the black kids. But then there's also a difference between the black kids and the black kids and the white kids and . . . well, you know. You take a guy like Eric Burdon of the Animals. He's white, and he's English. One day I've got a Negro novelist over, and he's telling how you can always tell a brother. So I put on a record where Burdon comes out sounding like John Lee Hooker. My guest expert on Negritude says: yeah, he's black. So then I put on another record, and Burdon is imitating Jimmy Reed. Yeah, he's black—no question. I showed my guest the album cover, and his face looked like Rocky G's did on WWRL in Harlem when they told him the Righteous Brothers were southern California beach boys. The point is: it's not all that easy to tell anymore. And then you want me to try to figure out who influenced whom. So okay.

Look, here's one of my favorite blues records. It was made later than we want to talk about, but it's mostly in the style that influenced a lot of people

in England. It's called the *Original American Folk Blues Festival*, and it was recorded in Berlin in the late '50s. There are a whole bunch of important guys all mixed together. Memphis Slim is on piano; Sonny Terry and Shaky Jake on harp; T-Bone Walker, John Lee Hooker, and Brownie McGhee on guitars; Jump Jackson on drums. There's great singing, and listen to what Willie Dixon does to that old bass.

Well, I guess Slim and Dixon and Jackson were more influential in Europe than here, but Walker was important in the United States. He had a string of hits in the '40s including *Stormy Monday*. And Terry and McGhee were important too. All the folkies listened to them, for one thing. They used to make all the folk clubs and festivals and the college scene. You take a guy like John Sebastian of the Lovin' Spoonful. There's a lot of Sonny Terry in Sebastian's harp playing. Here are some hard blues the pair put down in the early '50s. The album is titled *Home Town Blues*, but it sounds to me like it was made on the road somewhere between the country and the city.

See, all these older guys are a real problem because they are such transitional figures, as well as being talents themselves. Terry played with a lot of the old country singers. And Walker accompanied Blind Lemon Jefferson and Ma Rainey and Ida Cox.

Or you take a right-up-to-date figure like B. B. King. He grew up on a plantation, and he was influenced by guys as smooth as Lonnie Johnson, as rough and ready as Robert Lockwood and Bukka White. And the original Sonny Boy Williamson. Well, there have been a couple more since. We'll listen to King; then we'll listen to Williamson. You'll see what I mean.

The way I figure it, Williamson and three other guys made the city blues: Washboard Sam, Big Bill Broonzy, and Muddy Waters.

Huh? Well, two ways. First, all these guys played around with the music. And secondly, the kids imitate them. See, race music in the early '40s had gotten pretty diluted. Nat Cole Trio—stuff like that. The last record star with anything like what we'd call soul was Leroy Carr, and he was dead by 1935. Country music didn't mean anything anymore, either, to all these folks holed up in the cities. But Big Bill used his guitar in backing up some of the smoother types and kept knocking out his own stuff. Once in a while he'd work with a band behind him. He worked with Washboard Sam, too, and he was a big influence on Muddy Waters. And Sam kept playing around with sounds,

/Continued on page 36

red norvo a tale of a pioneer

by
rex
stewart

DON SCHLITTEN



RED NORVO is a self-effacing man and always has been. It may even be that of the multitude of vibraharp players who have come on the jazz scene in recent years there are a couple who don't know his name and wouldn't recognize him if he walked in on a Milt Jackson recording session.

Whether this situation can be attributed to Red's disinterest in blowing his own horn or to contemporary jazz historians' disinterest in blowing it for him is a matter for quibbling, but that he deserves a niche in jazz' panoply of great players is beyond dispute because he is one of the trail-blazers.

He came by his degree from the school of jazz honestly, incubating in Chicago's south side and New York City's Harlem. But he had quite a way to go before he graduated. He started in the bucolic atmosphere of Beardstown, Ill., where he was born in 1908.

One spring, a flood caused great dam-

age to Beardstown, so young Kenneth Norville was sent to Rolla, Mo., to stay with his two brothers who were attending a state school of mines until the flood subsided. While there, he found his life's work. In the local vaudeville pit orchestra there was a drummer-xylophone player named Wentwood. Red was fascinated with his playing and hung around until Wentwood invited him to try the xylophone when the theater was closed. Red loved every minute of the few lessons Wentwood gave him.

As Red tells it, from then on, he would go to sleep dreaming of the instrument and could hardly eat for longing for the day when he'd own a xylophone. After returning to Beardstown, he worked all summer, saving his earnings. When he learned that the total he had saved did not add up to nearly enough to buy his dream, he decided to relinquish his most prized possession, a pony. The pet was sold for \$135—exactly the sum that would

enable him to buy the only xylophone in town. Kenneth Norville was on his way.

But it wasn't an easy or an obvious way for a third-generation Scot born and reared in a rural section of the country where there was small exposure to popular music. His family clung to the square dance, folk songs, and such fare as was presented on the Chautauqua circuit. There was talent in the family. Papa Norville played the violin, mama accompanied on the organ, and young Kenneth was soon able to join the family group. Aside from this contact with music in his home, there were infrequent visits to vaudeville theaters (which were not encouraged by Red's parents), and the school orchestra. Red, with his flaming hair, good looks, and talent on the unorthodox xylophone attracted the little girls in droves.

Among them were two girl friends who played violin, loved to sing, and enjoyed harmonizing on the tunes of the day. Red joined them, and the threesome lived for music. They performed in a modified, free-wheeling style that the conservative director of the school band deplored. However, they were popular around Beardstown, playing picnics and school dances. Then, the trio was invited to play a summer engagement in Chicago!

Red recalls his reluctance to leave home. He just wasn't for it, until he realized how much he would hate to stop playing with his chums. There was no one else in town comparable to les girls and then, too, there was all that money and an opportunity to see the big city. So off they went.

At the close of the engagement, the girls returned home. But Red stayed on. By that time, Norvo knew where he was going, and it was not back home.

There were days of scuffling around Chicago with hit-and-miss club dates and then unexpectedly an offer to join a new group that was in rehearsal, calling themselves the Collegians. It consisted of six marimba players!

Red almost missed out on this because he didn't think he was good enough to play with the combo, but they talked him into joining. With the addition of Red's xylophone, it became a seven-man crew, a rather large group. Still, they worked steadily. Jobs, in those times, were no problem. There were not enough good bands to go around, with the demand in clubs, dance halls, vaudeville theaters, and burlesque houses. The same situation existed in all the major cities. The demand exceeded the supply of good musicians.

WHEN NORVO JOINED the Collegians, the move proved to have far-reaching consequences because it was through them that he was introduced to the south side musical atmosphere. At the time, this was the finishing school for everyone who admired jazz and wanted to learn how to play like the originators. On the south side, Red heard the brothers Johnny and Baby Dodds, King Oliver, Earl Hines, Jimmie Noone, and others too numerous to mention. The area was jumping, and one of its prime movers was drummer Jasper Taylor, who also beat big rhythm on washboard and improvised stomp choruses

on what was known in those days as drummer's bells or orchestra bells. (I can remember seeing Kaiser Marshall, Fletcher Henderson's drummer, use this instrument to change keys in an arrangement.)

After leaving the Collegians, Red played as a single in vaudeville. Today, he laughs as he recalls playing the *Poet and Peasant* overture and closing his act with a tap dance. About that time, he became known as Red Norvo. His name was changed by accident. Paul Ash, who led the band at the Oriental Theater, had trouble remembering the last syllable of Red's name. It would come out Norwood or Norbert. One day he pronounced it "Norvo," a *Variety* reviewer wrote up Red's act using that name, and everybody advised Red to stick with it.

After this adventure into the two-a-day branch of show biz (which sometimes turned out to be three and four a day), Red concluded that this was not the life for him. The time was not right for a jazz xylophone player, no matter how gifted, but another opportunity came his way. Victor Young, the composer-conductor, approached him with an offer from NBC where he'd get a chance at all kinds of music as a radio staff man in various size groups. Red jumped at the chance and remained with Young until going east with Paul Whiteman, with whom he had worked in the studio.

Thanks to the musical grapevine, Red did not arrive in New York as a stranger. His reputation had preceded him, and I was glad to meet him when Adrian Rollini (the world's greatest bass saxophonist) took Red up to Harlem. In those days, Harlem was the section where the musical action was, the eastern counterpart of Chicago's south side. After every other place in town had closed, the uptown joints started jumping, with a cross-section of Broadway show people, musicians, thugs, and dance-happy people in attendance. Among the night-lifers there'd be musicians who later became famous. The Dorseys, Bix, Eddie Lang, Miff Mole, trombonist George Troupe, Bunny Berigan, Bud Freeman, Rollini, and Red made the rounds of Harlem at least once a week. But we never had a chance to hear Red play because there were no xylophones in Harlem.

If memory serves, Red began to record on his own in that era (1933), along with his gig with Whiteman. But he might as well have been playing on Mars or Jupiter for all the good it did us uptowners. We couldn't find the records, and we couldn't get into any of the spots where Whiteman was appearing. In those days there was a definite Jim Crow attitude. Downtown night clubs had a strict "white only" policy. Because of the existing situation, it was a miracle that I got to hear Norvo as early in his career as I did. These were the circumstances:

One afternoon, when we were lolling around the Rhythm Club, my roomie, saxophonist Happy Caldwell and my buddy, trumpeter Ward Pinkett decided that the club was too noisy and that what our nerves required was some soothing syrup. So we went around the corner to



Mildred Bailey (then Mrs. Norvo) launches Red's new xylophone in the days of "Mr. and Mrs. Swing."

Big John's saloon in search of peace and quiet, and with the avowed purpose of seeing which one of us would be able to stand up longest under that lethal brew, a popular Harlem drink called "Top 'n' Bottom," (made of gin and port wine). I guess the fact that it was snowing like Faust had a lot to do with our mood for the sauce, although in those days nobody required any excuse for drinking.

No sooner had we racked back a round or two than the door burst open, and guitarist Bernard Addison (who incidentally gave me my first pair of long pants) skidded up to where we were sitting, exclaiming excitedly, "Good God Almighty! I've just returned from Patterson, N. J., and I heard something that you won't believe. I played a gig there last night, and this afternoon, on the way to the train station, I saw 'Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz' on a theater marquee. Ha ha, heh heh, ha ha ha ha."

We knew why Bernard was laughing so hard, because to us Harlemites, Pops' outfit didn't come near to being a jazz band, no matter what his press agent said. This is not to say that Whiteman didn't have the greatest dance orchestra in the land, but you couldn't truthfully call it a jazz band.

Bernard continued, "I fell into this theater just in time to hear Red Norvo on his xylophone—the kind of mess that sounded like one of the cats who had been raised on the corner of 135th St. and Fifth Ave!"

This was a phenomenon, since in the early '20s, when the downtown brothers first began to enter the dance-band field, it was a rare thing to hear them keep steady beat going from start to finish of a tune. To our ears, their solo efforts were equally inept.

I don't mean to denigrate the few white

groups who really successfully emulated the originators, nor those certain rare individuals in a class by themselves.

IN ANY CASE, Bernie's statement caused an uproar. Most of the players took it as a big joke, until a few of the older fellows, like trumpeter Joe Smith and trombonist Big Charlie Green, told us that you can't judge a book by its cover and not to be too sure that we were the only ones who could swing. These remarks infuriated us, and right then we decided to find out for ourselves.

I recall that it was snowing as if God wanted to get this blizzard over in a hurry, but that didn't stop us. We fortified ourselves with spare half-pints and headed for Patterson. Braving the rigors of the weather, we took a streetcar down to the 125th St. ferry dock, boarded the ferry, continued through Hackensack via streetcar, transferred to a second streetcar and then to a third damn streetcar.

Finally we arrived at the theater where Whiteman's band was appearing. Featured in the band, sure enough, was a swinging xylophone player named Red Norvo. Red was only given the solo spot on one or two numbers in the stage show, as I recall, but that was enough to set our hearts thumping and our heads nodding in agreement. This cat had it!

The news spread quickly all over Harlem. Once we were convinced, we always brought up Norvo's name whenever somebody said ofays couldn't swing. From that first time I heard Red, I could see how he belonged in a big-time orchestra like Pops Whiteman, because he made them swing when he soloed, just as Bix Beiderbecke had done.

While Red and singer Mildred Bailey were members of the Whiteman entourage,

/Continued on page 37

LOCKJAW SPEAKS OUT

*text and photography by
valerie wilmer*

WHEN EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS hung up his horn and joined Shaw Artists Corp. as a booking agent, jazz lost one of its most valiant saxophonists and the agency gained an inquiring, provocative mind and an industrious talent.

That was in June, 1963, and as accomplished and adaptable as Davis was in his new role, the skeptics said the switch wouldn't last. If they permitted themselves a knowing nod when Davis rejoined Count Basie's band in the dual role of featured sideman and road manager after 17 months with Shaw, surely their grins must be ear to ear now that Davis has returned to a life of full-time playing.

That Davis is back is indisputable—he has spent the best part of this year singlehandedly blowing up a storm in Europe. The question is, how long will he continue playing this time?

"In terms of satisfaction, I can take it or leave it," was his typical comment on making music. "I'm not that hysterical about being a tenor player. If somebody came over and offered me another opportunity that I thought was lucrative—something in another capacity in the business that I thought I could do—I'd hang up my horn tomorrow."

The cliché 'once a musician, always a musician' is, as far as Eddie Davis is concerned, a myth.

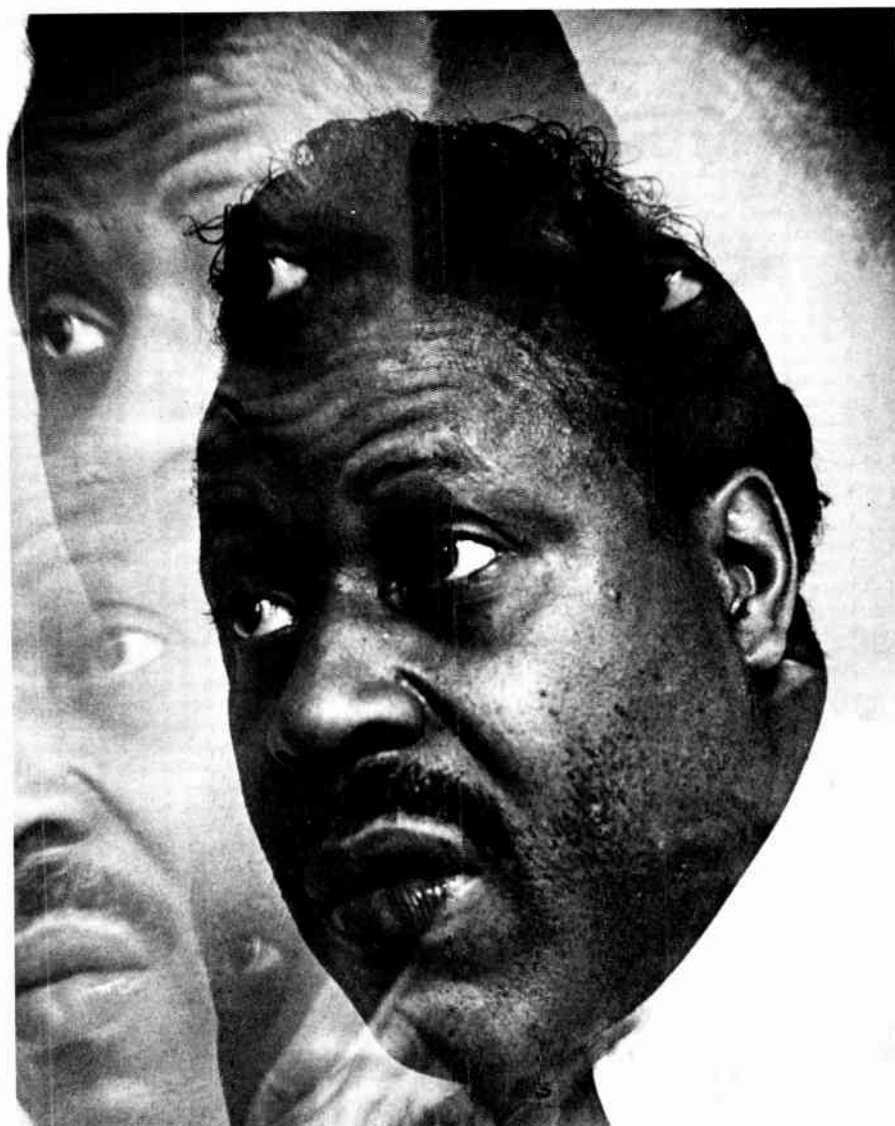
"When you hear people say that, they don't know what they're talking about," he declared. "It may be difficult for 80 per cent of the musicians to tear themselves away from playing, but I know a lot of musicians who've retired and never had the urge to play again. They miss the travel, they miss a lot of the good times, but as far as longing to play . . ." his mouth shaped a cynical circle . . . "no."

Davis' theory is that when a musician gives up active playing, his creative aptitude is generally channeled elsewhere. He cited the case of fellow ex-Basieite Eddie Jones, "an excellent bass player," who quit music to work for IBM. (He still plays on occasion, however.)

"He applied his knowledge and his creative ability to the point where he learned in four months what most people would learn in a year.

"If one is able to create," Davis declared, "one can easily apply it to an-

an interview with tenorist eddie davis



other craft. You don't become dormant just because you've stopped playing," he said.

In spite of his determination to quit clubroom and bandstand with finality, the usually imperturbable Davis was always a bit surprised when clients would walk into his office and criticize him for laying down the horn—"good as you could play." Such statements, he said, would sometimes touch off an argument, but naturally such interest did give his ego a little boost.

"But it's just like how we have so many stars on the same instrument," he said. "There's always arguing and debating on who's the best. I felt that I'd reached the peak of my output, and whether or not I was justifiably credited with ability was immaterial. In actual fact I don't think *any* musician gets the amount of credit he feels he's entitled to. It's just like these so-called jazz polls—that's a joke!

"I FEEL THAT any legitimate jazz poll

should be supervised by the musicians' union, and the voting should just be allocated to the musicians. Maybe critics could be included, too, but I think you'd get a better barometer reading of who really has the talent, and you'd get an honest poll instead of one that relies on popularity alone. And I think that the readers and the fans would enjoy knowing just how the musicians feel about an artist's talent; never mind the personalities. A musicians' poll would be good."

Davis thinks that jazz polls sway not only the public but also many younger musicians.

"And for them to be beguiled by a poll is a tragedy," he said. "For instance, if a young musician is coming along with one particular style and with a certain objective in mind and sees a couple of polls where a particular abstract artist is called great, he tends to turn to that direction, feeling that this is the only way he's going to become recognized."

Davis snorted and continued: "Consequently, you make room for this avant-garde routine, which means that a man never reaches his maturity as an artist because he doesn't continue to proceed in the direction he started out in. He wants to get recognition as quickly as possible, because with recognition comes security and, to a degree, money. I think it's a tragedy."

It goes without saying that Davis and the "new thing" are not exactly engaged in a frenzied love affair, but even with the obvious evidence of the years he has put into jazz, such sweeping statements compell one to inquire whether he has arrived at his opinions from hearsay or from actually listening to the young rebels.

Davis comes right back: "I haven't heard that much to listen to! Avant-garde—I can't go with it.

"My personal opinion is that it's just a short cut, just something that keeps you from putting in the time that's required to become a real good musician."

The saxophonist admitted to having conversed with "a number of these so-called avant-garde musicians" and concluded that "they don't know what they're doing themselves! They're experimenting, just searching. When I was searching, you had some boundaries. They don't.

"You see, in my era, when a musician was searching, he was guided by a melody, he was guided by a chord structure or by the intonation of the instrument he was playing. You looked first of all for sound—not necessarily a big sound, just a pleasant sound, regardless of the instrument. That's the first basic rule. You tend to listen to anything that's pleasant on the ear rather than something that's distorted. No. 2 was technique, the handling of the instrument, and no. 3, creative ability."

But wasn't it Charlie Parker, I gently reminded Davis, who said something about there being no boundary line to art?

He countered: "There is a boundary line to playing an instrument that you're going to ask the public to pay for after you've perfected it."

THE TROUBLE WITH the avant-garde, according to the saxophonist, is that it overemphasizes the cultural aspect of something that he regards primarily as entertainment.

"They expect the people to pay," he said. "But culture should be in museums—free admission.

"It is taking a liberty to ask people to pay you to experiment. This is what the musicians don't understand. Experimentation should be limited to your workshop or to your home, not take

place on a public bandstand, where people are being asked to pay to hear it."

Davis' jaundiced view of the avant-garde springs from his failure to be impressed by any of its participants.

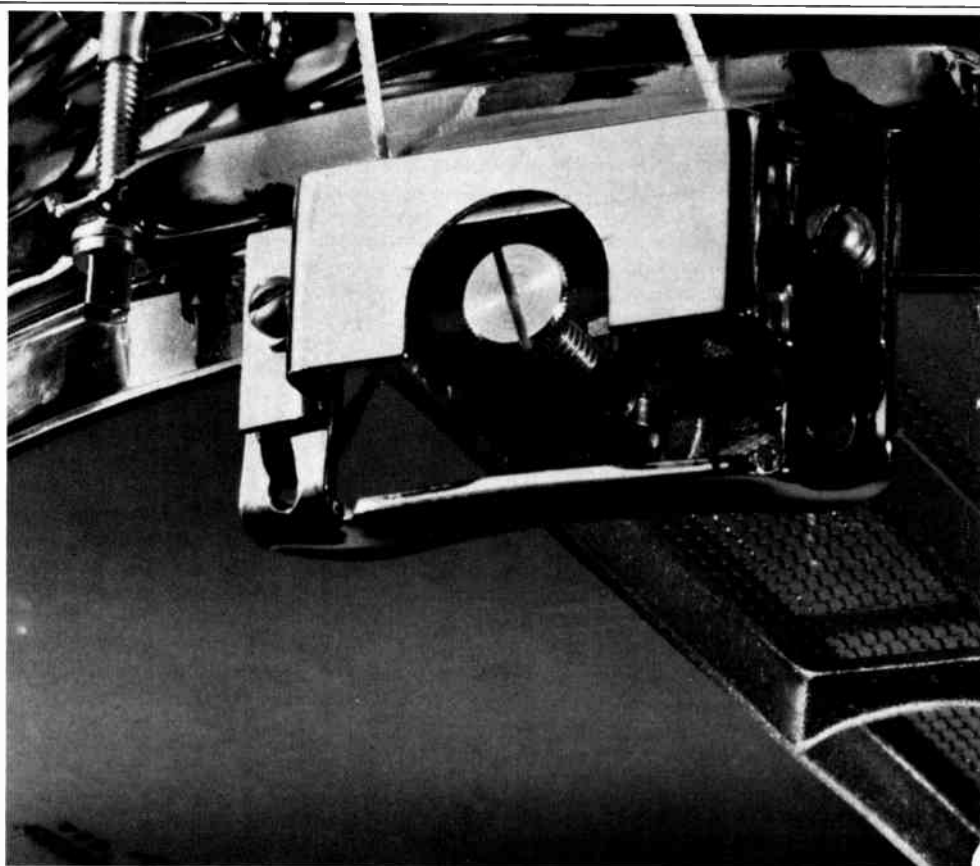
"And as for the listeners," he exclaimed, "there are some people who can get something out of nothing!

"For instance, if we take a stroll through a gallery of abstract art, you'll see some people who will turn their heads, trying to make something out of the figures they see. Some get something out of it; others get nothing. With avant-garde, some get a feeling or have a vision; others see nothing. It's a question of challenge."

He likened the experience of the new music to taking LSD.

"No two people are going to get the same effect. It's a question of the individual, but jazz has been called jazz out of turn so many times. They still put avant-garde on a jazz hanger, but they shouldn't. The unwritten law of jazz is that it should swing. Avant-garde ain't got no swing; it's not meant to swing!"

Davis was warming to his subject, and when the saxophonist warms, little will curtail the irrepressible flow of theory, philosophy, and opinion. To those who share his ideas, he is, in the words of one British musician, "the most philosophical person I've ever met."



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LOUIS BELLSON proves the point every time he plays Rogers.

To those who disagree he is simply the most opinionated.

"Jazz is supposed to be a happy sound," he stressed. "It's not supposed to have a bitter feeling, but there's a lot of bitterness in it today. This is because, though you and I know the true history of jazz music, the musician is never given the credit that is rightfully due him. If he were, his output, his efforts, would be happier, and there would be more for the listener to enjoy. This is what we're after—the end result, not what's gone into the history. The individual creator has the ability to let this come out, but today he's relying too much on remembering the history of his people, and it comes out

in the form of bitterness."

Resentment should have no place in jazz, but there is an abundance of it in the sounds of today, Davis maintained.

"Why do you think a lot of people are playing avant-garde?" he demanded. "Because it has racial overtones. 'The white man hears a melody, and I should play his melody?' " he mocked. "Now isn't it ridiculous? A lot of them don't know how to handle a horn, and they don't intend to learn. Their attitude is that the white man says you're supposed to play it this way, and who is he to say how to play *our* music? It's so ridiculous."

Davis shook his head pityingly. "It's killing the generous spirit of the old-time

jazz musician," he said. "The attitude now is: 'buy *me* a beer', 'loan *me* some money', 'take care of *me* because you are the recipient of a *true talent*.'" He underlined his words sardonically.

CYNICAL AS he may sound about the intents of the modernists—and about many other aspects of the jazz game—and for all his veneer of world-weariness, Davis is a likeable man who can admit to being pleasantly jolted to discover how many people welcomed him back on the playing scene.

"I thought it'd be just like I'd come back and play again, and that would be that," he said and smiled. "But to my surprise a lot of people wrote to the effect that 'I hope you continue', and I got a lot of interest from clubowners.

"They said it was good to hear me play again because there are so few of what I guess you'd call middle-of-the-road musicians left. They said it's good to have me return to the fold, and for that reason I'm happy. I didn't think that many people were that concerned, and this particular trip to Europe this summer has brought a lot of pleasant surprises too."

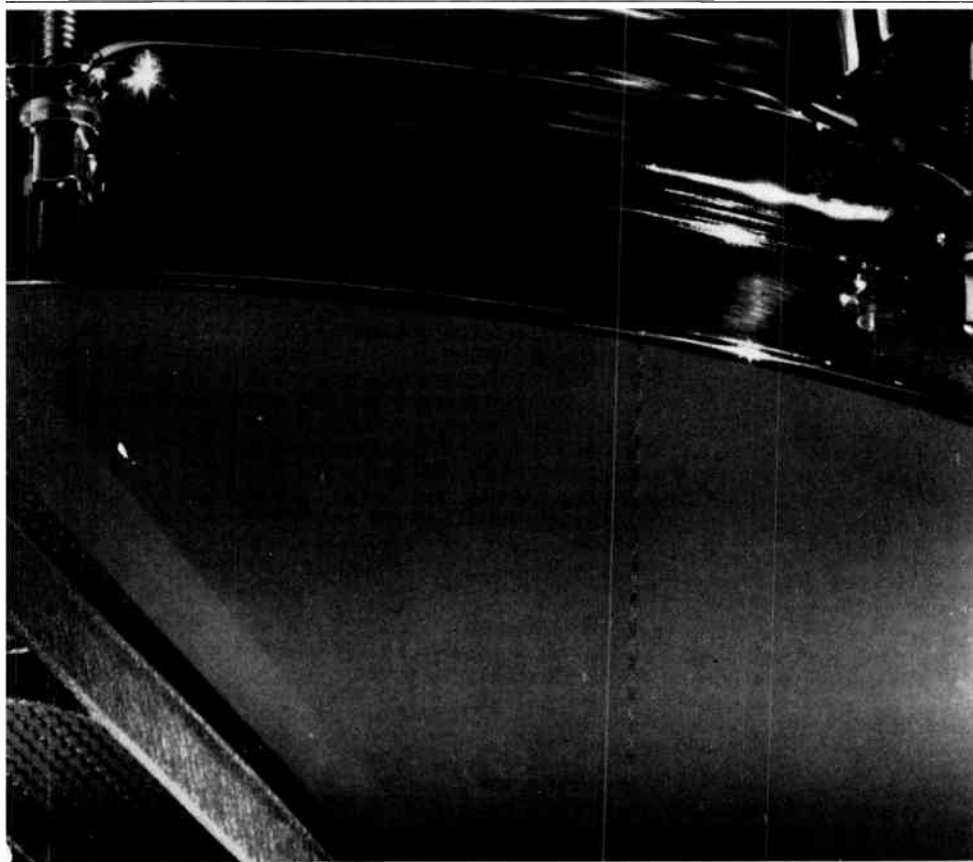
In spite of the degree of interest his return has aroused, Davis said his future in music is still open to question, and 1968 may see the saxophonist back behind a desk, or still on the road as a single. He has no intention of forming his own combo. If he does stick with the horn, there will be no surprises. Davis will be laying down his individual brand of gutsy, booting tenor, as out of date as last year's kisses, yet at the same time as contemporary as life itself.

"A lot of people ask whether you're going to go along with the trend or do you think it would make more sense to stay with what you have," Davis said. "I'm inclined to go along with the latter because"—he arched his eyebrows sagely—"if you've acquired fans—if you want to call them that—or people that admire your playing, they're accustomed to hearing you the way you are. Now this doesn't mean that you shouldn't try to progress in some regard, but I would tend to stay with what I have and try to improve on that. Maintaining your identity is the main thing, and if you tried to keep up with the times, you'd lose that. There's no question.

"I think that when a man is content with the way he plays, he ceases to progress. I've got no wish to leap ahead in great strides, no—but that doesn't mean that I don't intend to progress.

"Let's clarify that," he concluded. "I would like to progress within the boundaries of the style I have adopted. To improve."

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NEWPORT ECHOES

by ira gitler

Long after the sound of the last note has faded into the damp Rhode Island night, the final party has been ritualistically attended, the hotel bill has been dutifully paid, and the Jamestown Ferry, having deposited you on the "mainland," has headed back to Newport, festival echoes cruise around in your head. There is a lot of music in those festival echoes, to be sure, but there are also many other things: the surroundings, both at the festival grounds, and in the town itself; the extra-curricular activities, day and night; the personalities on stage, back stage, in the photographer's pit, the press section, the paying audience, the hotels, the restaurants, etc.

Newport '67 was many things—Bob Thiele's psychedelic hand tattoo . . . The "pink champagne" girl posing on the counter of the stand where they were dispensing the bubbly, reminding of the late Jayne Mansfield . . . Encees George Wein, Norman O'Connor, Billy Taylor, and a man from Schlitz, introducing each other to the audience in a seemingly endless round-robin on Friday night's "History of Jazz" program . . . The Basie band on *Splanky* sounding like they were emanating from the bottom of a Schlitz vat at Bock time . . . Listening to Willie (The Lion) Smith and Don Ewell from a car in the performer's parking lot, the sound a bit distant but certainly clearer than the tinny harshness of the loudspeakers at close range . . . Basie's bandboy dismantling music stands on stage while Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Max Roach, James Moody, and Percy Heath were recreating the bop era of the 40's (quick musing: It was 20 years ago that I heard Jackson and Moody in Gillespie's big band at the Downbeat on 52nd Street) . . . The sound system doing its evil bidding by transforming Roach's drum kit into a \$35 rock and roll outfit, but Max overcoming it with his greatness.

Newport '67 was also Dizzy taking off his glasses to sing a ballad . . . Woody Herman, in cap and belted raincoat, leading his volatile Herd . . . Nina Simone singing a Langston Hughes blues with passion and conviction, but showing her lack of respect for other performers by her unnecessarily gratuitous remarks about Nancy Wilson, and by staying on too long . . . Dizzy, from the wings, playing the last high notes of *It's Magic* with Budd Johnson and being restrained by George Wein from going on stage to play a number with



Budd and the rest of the Earl Hines group . . . Wein making a touching tribute to Edmond Hall, Langston Hughes, and Red Allen, talking about how he traveled for 36 hours to hear Allen and J. C. Higginbotham when he was in the Army . . . Albert Ayler out "catting" with a powerfully bright, varied wardrobe, doing the "festival thing" with record company execs and club owners . . . Tony Williams playing on Don Lamond's drum set, the wood chips behind the drummer's spot making that part of the stage look like a sawmill.

FANS: There was the stereotypical jazz fan. You know him because he usually sits nearby at your local club. He was directly in back of me in the press section on Friday night, and he helped me decide to take in the rest of the festival from the photographer's pit. "There's \$1,000,000 worth of talent up there," he informed his friends, and then proceeded to list all the names for their edification. "Bags—his name is Milt Jackson but they call him Bags . . ." By the end of the set he and his party hadn't heard very much music, and I had labored to absorb what I could.

That was one kind of fan. There were also the kids that you saw in line for tickets every day, the kind who responded spontaneously to certain musicians with whom I'm sure most of them were not familiar. And then there was Andy Salmieri, who has reported on numerous Newports for European jazz publications—a writer but still a fan. Ill and confined to a wheel chair, he nevertheless made the long trip from New York with relatives. His young nephew wheeled him into a good vantage point and there he sat, digging the music he loves.

MUSICIANS: Olatunji's "new thing" high life is as loud as his ensemble's costumes but not nearly as handsome . . . Eddie Pazant doesn't need one of those new amplifiers for his alto saxo-

phone . . . Red Norvo is like a beautiful sunset . . . Illinois Jacquet's power puts one in mind of the great fighters of the 30's and 40's—Joe Louis and Sugar Ray . . . Lionel Hampton's contagious exuberance had the entire assemblage of 9,000 singing *Hey Ba-Ba-Rebop* . . . Bobby Hutcherson's smile lit up the photographer's pit as he dug from there the stints of Jackson, Norvo, and Hampton after his own fine effort at the vibes workshop.

PARTIES: *Newport nights are quite a bore—sessions ain't happ'nin' anymore.* In years past there were some fabulous extracurricular jamming scenes, but that seems to be over. Although there are many musicians who come up strictly to play the gig with *their* group, I'm sure some would love to sit in if the situation were created. It's just that obviously no one cares that much.

No sessions. What to do? Well, there was a feed put on by Schlitz at Cliff Walk Manor on Friday night. We went and saw the same faces that had been at the festival grounds an hour before: Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Art D'Lugoff and his trusty publicity man, Ivan Black; Paul Desmond and a chick who was hip to Beluga whales; Dr. Wein, father of George. When the cold cuts ran out we had brownies and beer.

Another night, we set out for a record company party being held in a room at the Viking Hotel's Motor Inn. While wandering through the long corridors, our group encountered others searching for the same watering hole, and soon the growing procession resembled a scene in a Fellini film. Usually, these parties are so crowded that you walk in, get a drink, and walk out five minutes later with your glass. This year the management, on a complaint, asked for the room to be cleared three minutes after we had arrived.

RCA Victor threw a bash in the main dining room of the Viking. The food and liquor flowed while a German

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Claude Hopkins

Museum of Modern Art, New York City
 Personnel: Emmett Berry, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone, vocal; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Owing to rain the previous week, Freddie Hubbard's performance had to be postponed, so it fell to Claude Hopkins to open the summer series of concerts in the Museum of Modern Art's garden this year. His group was specially assembled for the occasion, but the calibre of the musicians guaranteed a swinging hour.

A sizable crowd was present despite the lowering skies that undoubtedly kept many people away. In the circumstances, it was easier than usual to move around the garden and study the sound. The truth is that too much of the sound goes up, and the speakers cannot overcome the reverberative effects of the surrounding walls and buildings. The popularity of the series has made it a New York institution, and the financial receipts from it must have been not inconsiderable.

It would therefore seem time for the museum to invest in a shell of some kind. Those currently manufactured of fiberglass and aluminum can easily be put up, taken down, and stored away. One such would confer a huge benefit on the musicians and their audiences, but at the least a canopy should be provided. This would not only protect the musicians and their instruments (including the piano!) from showers, but would also help to project the sound horizontally.

There are presumably simple reasons why trumpet players suffer from exposure to outdoor conditions. Louis Armstrong is an exception. Emmett Berry was not. Much of his sound seemed to escape heavenwards as though he were playing one of Dizzy Gillespie's tip-tilted horns, and this regardless of whether or not he was close enough to the mike. He has a big, powerful tone, and standing a dozen yards away from him it was a delight. Standing across from the band near the entrance to the garden (30 or 40 yards away), it was fragmented and diminished. Berry is a player who warms gradually to his work, and his chops were obviously not in peak condition, but his individuality (particularly on *Rose Room*) and well-phrased lead registered convincingly nevertheless.

Dickie Wells was in very good form, making explosive jumps from the top to the bottom of his instrument with remarkable accuracy. His fine tone and control were equally in evidence in those humorous talking phrases with which he likes to introduce his solos, and in occasional opportunities for melodic statement as on *Tin Roof Blues*. He was best showcased on *Indiana*, where he sandwiched a fiery solo between two happy vocals.

Budd Johnson, who made the announcements with easy efficiency, played tenor saxophone throughout. His customary tribute, *Lester Leaps In*, was delivered with authority and swing, as were all his contributions to the program. Regular work (with Earl Hines) and overdue recognition here and abroad must partly account for the greater feeling of security and enthusiasm now heard in his playing. Like Wells

and Berry, he was always ready to riff behind another soloist, a factor which gave the whole concert a companionable glow.

Arvell Shaw came to the fore with *How High the Moon*. Although too long and handicapped by the acoustics, this was a brilliant display of virtuosity, enhanced by intelligent and stimulating patterns. His bowing here and on *Undecided* was impressive, and he also attractively enframed Jo Jones' solo on *Caravan*. On this number, the drummer emphasized subtlety and understatement to make his point, and he made it just as well as those who rely on thunderous crescendos and visual exhibitionism. At one time he was playing with two sticks in his right hand and using the edge of his left on the snare. Then he laid the sticks aside and used his hands only, all the time maintaining light, dancing rhythms.



JACK BRADLEY

Claude Hopkins was heard to best advantage as a soloist on *St. Louis Blues* and his old theme, *Anything for You*. The horns had a momentary disagreement about the way the latter was composed, but when they came in for the last chorus of each, riffing strongly, they had young and old feet tapping everywhere in the garden. Always an unassuming leader, Hopkins is a catalytic accompanist who inspires confidence. He has won an enviable reputation in this capacity, and not merely on records.

—Stanley Dance

Erroll Garner

Carter Barron Amphitheater
 Washington, D. C.

Personnel: Garner, piano; Ronald Markowitz, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Jose Mangual, conga drum.

There has been a lot of talk lately to the effect that the critical "establishment" has slighted the "new" jazz musicians, but at least the avant-garde players are getting plenty of publicity. However, the writers do appear to have forgotten some of the established artists.

For instance, it's been some time since I've read much about Garner. And, quiet as it's kept, Garner's style is changing.

Not that Leonard Feather will be able to use Garner records to trip up participants in the *Blindfold Test*; Garner may bend with the winds of change, but his is too strong an artistic personality ever to be uprooted.

In many ways the pianist's recent recordings, which even find him venturing into modality on occasion, are more indicative of the evolution of the Garner style than his somewhat abbreviated performance at Carter Barron. Garner was part of a package billed as the Andy Williams Show. Three-quarters of the show was Williams; the rest was Garner. Williams has earned his place in the spotlight, and is to be commended for sharing it with a man he introduced as "the best jazz pianist around."

The problem is: Garner is precisely that, a jazz pianist, and as such should have more time to stretch than the program format allowed. A second set after intermission might have produced some truly superior Garner.

But even one short set of Erroll Garner is something to be thankful for. The program opened with *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, on which Garner demonstrated his mastery of tension and release in the deft alternation of massive chordal passages and single-note lines. The ending, walked out by Garner and Markowitz, seemed a little abrupt. This feeling re-occurred on several numbers. Time limitations?

That's All featured a florid, out-of-tempo introduction and then swept into swing. The tune was distinguished by a brief but interesting dialog between Garner and Mangual. Those who flinch at the sight of a conga drum can take heart at the combination of these two musicians, who prove that a Latin love affair needn't be an orgy.

Garner threw his first curve at the audience with *Love for Sale*. The introduction featured counterpoint between left and right hands, first single-noted, then chordal, followed by a chordal passage with the left hand supplying a drone before the rhythm section came in and Garner swung into the melody. Many in the audience—more pop than jazz oriented—seemed puzzled by the introduction, but their perplexed expressions soon turned to smiles.

After the compulsory ballad introduction, the quartet took *Stella by Starlight* at a medium tempo. It was here that I first became conscious that this is one of Garner's best rhythm sections. Much of the time they achieve that groove, microscopically short of perfect synchrony, which has characterized all great rhythm sections.

The introduction to the next number brought an exchange of grins between Perkins and Mangual—even the sidemen haven't heard it all. The tune was unfamiliar (probably a new original), but Garner framed one of his most forceful and incisive statements.

From the first note, the next number surprised no one—*Misty*. Much as one might like to hear some variation in Garner's treatment of his best-known composition, his current near-rote repetition of

the recorded version is still beautiful. Considering the number of surprises one gets in any Garner performance, this noncreative approach to *Misty* is a small cross to bear.

I Get a Kick Out of You, at a fast tempo, marked Perkins' first use of sticks. To my ears the group was just starting to get into something. But alas, it was the final (and briefest) tune of the set.

The most immediately apparent change in Garner is the addition of the conga. Surprisingly, the instrument, at least as played by Mangual, fits the Garner style perfectly. More important is Garner's use, particularly in his introductions to standard tunes, of dissonances a little more jarring than in the past. Far from detracting from the over-all effect, they add a tartness to the music that brings its essential characteristics into bolder relief.

One thing that has not changed is the basic Garner group concept—soloist plus rhythm. Even the normally exuberant Perkins, whose ebullience shone through even in the subdued format of the Art Farmer Quartet, was under wraps. If his smiles onstage were any indication, he didn't mind a bit. In the company of greatness, a drummer perhaps can have fun just playing time. Nevertheless, I would have liked to hear the other members of the group in solo, particularly Markowitz, a new face to me.

The delightful aspects of Garner remain: the sure rhythmic sense, the prodigious technique, the personal melodic interpolations, and the emotional flavor of his music, which can still make the listener (to borrow a phrase from another master pianist) jump for joy.

It is gratifying that Garner has been able to acquire a "pop" audience. It is unfortunate that along the way he has lost some of the supposedly hip jazz audience. Garner is still one of the true improvisers, one of the jazz greats. And he is still evolving. You can't sit home with *Concert by the Sea* and say you've heard it all.

If you like jazz, if you're looking for a joyous experience, if you want to hear some truly "new" music, wait until Garner comes to town.

—Bill McLarney

Roscoe Mitchell Art Ensemble

Ida Noyes Hall, University of Chicago

Personnel: Mitchell, recorder, flute, clarinet, soprano and alto saxophones, whistles, and small percussion instruments; Lester Bowie, trumpet, flugelhorn, steer and kelp horns, harmonica; Malachi Favors, bass, zither, miscellaneous percussion; Phillip Wilson, drums, chimes, gong, tablas, washboard, and other miscellaneous percussion.

Many jazz enthusiasts (those who publish their views and those who do not) have been troubled by the new freedoms in jazz. The problems arise from two primary sources: first, too many listeners have a limited notion of musical form, and, second, a considerable number of jazz experimenters have failed to justify their departure from traditional jazz forms.

The Mitchell quartet, while perhaps offering direction to the latter, is likely to trouble the prejudiced even more. Its first message is simply: "jazz is not yet free." The important corollary is that it can be, given the talent and dedication of the artists.



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MITCHELL
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Mitchell's music creates itself, and since it does so through the musicians, it is a human music. Ideally, all of an artist's faculties are to be engaged, from his subconscious to his instrumental facilities which clearly, if everything is to be available for use, should be as highly developed as possible. Every note from the ensemble demands a multilevel response from the musician: what is the sound? what is the direction? what response does it suggest? The moment-to-moment decision to play or be silent is the individual's contribution to the ensemble, i.e. the music.

To hear this music, the listener also must engage himself—grow excited, aggressive, or quiescent as the music suggests, or, as occasionally happens, rest in the doldrums when creativity or a fusion fails.

It may be, as Mitchell remarked on hearing the playback of a recent performance, that "the music still has a long way to go," but if this is so, the members of this group have come closer than anyone else I've heard.

Gone are the restricting modal methods, chord progressions, uniform tempos; and gone also is the need to reject these traditional techniques. Everything the musician recalls—non-western music, street cries, rock-and-roll, marches, traffic noises—is there if the music needs it.

A recent example: Mitchell's rediscovery of country-and-western songs led to the use of *Streets of Laredo* as thematic material within a long, free improvisation. The material was alternately intensified, satirized, and abstracted. The performance was not simply lyrical, humorous, sentimental, aggressive, or brooding—it was all these things, and each facet illuminated, rather than contradicted, the others.

I have spoken generally of the music of this ensemble so as to provide an idea of the context in which the specific events of this concert, sponsored by the Contemporary Music Society of the University of Chicago, took place.

Over the last six months this group of individuals has achieved a stable form of free improvisation, and despite considerable variation of internal detail, concerts during this period have revealed a consistent structural framework.

One concert may emphasize definite themes (generally original) or musical forms; the next may involve no prior conceptions at all. Whatever, the sensitivity of the musicians and the experience of Mitchell's unique rehearsal methods assure a common pool of musical material, a group memory that unifies the performance.

At Ida Noyes Hall, Mitchell chose a path intermediate between the extremes indicated above, providing definite starting points for each of two long improvisations played, and placing one or two thematic signposts along the way. The first half of the concert was enclosed in a folksy banjo-harmonica-recorder song. The rustic dance theme opened into a free-moving trumpet solo, its dynamics tracing paths through the haunted spaces of broken cries and whispers to fiery apocalyptic blasts. Bowie has no peer among brass players of the new wave, and his St. Louis tone and puckish humor were well in evidence here.

Despite this over-all commitment to group music, the individuals still retain a sense of challenge, and it is always of interest to observe the reactions to a fine solo statement. In this case, Mitchell followed the trumpet with a particularly fierce although gorgeous alto solo, closing with wild trills that recalled another Chicagoan, Joseph Jarman. Moving through a bass solo, the music gathered in ensemble waves around a lyrical alto line, at first gentle and then harder, lending an ebb and flow that resolved into a loose restatement of the opening voicing.

Although far richer in color and melodic content than I have suggested here, this performance, though by no means just a



SZABO
Lyrical Beauty

series of solos, had less ensemble development than the group's finest work. In the second half, however, the ensemble achieved its fusion of personalities, and the interplay became correspondingly more complex.

This time, the point of departure was a line created by bassist Favors, who dominated the multifaceted statement before extending the simple motif into a long solo that passed easily from virtuoso pizzicato to a moody arco that introduced the first thread of a classical chamber style. This element, among others, reappeared throughout the performance.

The bass line rode to intensity on waves of percussion before giving way to a passage in which the flute led the percussion and zither (which Favors strikes with the end of his bow). The syrinxlike flute line (c.f. Debussy) heralded the return of the chamber theme, in which fluegelhorn, bass, and percussion joined flute and then clarinet in slow arabesques. The jazz basis of the performance was made clearly apparent as Wilson cast a kaleidoscope of emotional tones across the web of melody and Mitchell developed the clarinet line with more and more agitation, the smooth tone becoming pinched and gnarled, a distorted image of classical elegance.

Again the tension dissipated in a relaxed dialog between clarinet and trumpet with plunger mute, followed closely by Favors' bass and zither and Wilson's assorted percussion. As Bowie took the lead, the assorted instruments of the group came into full play.

It is probably futile to attempt, in the course of a review, to describe the sensitivity of these musicians' use of bells, tambourines, gourds (on which the leader is something of a virtuoso), etc. There was, however, scarcely a gratuitous sound in this passage, during which Bowie (alternating trumpet, steer horn, and kelp horn) rode through a space of rhythms and colors new to jazz.

Adequate description at this point, less than halfway through the performance, would be quite difficult. Details and nuances—I know I missed many. I can only try to finish by listing an ensemble climax; Wilson's bathtub operatics; the leader's powerful soprano; a beautifully modulated drum solo that grew from the music and returned to it; Mitchell trapping the audience in ricochet blasts of his slide whistles; the appearance of a fast Colemanesque theme; a ripping trumpet solo; Favors using both hands to pluck, slap, and otherwise cajole music from his bass; and finally, insinuations on soprano of Mitchell's *Chinese Song*, on which all came together in serene conclusion, Wilson's gong tones leading into silence.

An encore could only be anticlimactic, and the performance of Mitchell's *Carefree* served to demonstrate how far he has advanced his music in the two years since it was composed. Set in a personal modification of the Ornette Coleman Quartet style, it provided a further demonstration of the individual stature of the quartet members, who are separately the equals of any of the post-Coleman jazzmen. But the greatest moments are those of the free-moving ensembles, whispering and screaming, meditating and joking, and they had passed for that evening.

There are few occasions on which a critic cannot muster a comparison or a set of influences. Neither are relevant here. As hinted above, it is my opinion that Mitchell's liberation of jazz form is the most important development since Coleman's discoveries and that the quartet is now the most creative ensemble in jazz. There should be recordings available now; they might scare a lot of "free" musicians right out of their strait jackets.

Music of such sensitivity, richness, and vigor is too rare to be ignored. It's just possible that this is only a beginning.

—Terry Martin

Gabor Szabo

Plugged Nickel, Chicago

Personnel: Szabo, amplified guitar; Jimmy Stewart, amplified and acoustic guitars; Lou Kabok, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums; Hal Gordon, conga drums, percussion.

Szabo is a curious mixture: a strikingly original player, whose use of harmonies can be fierce, exultant, bizarre—and a sensitive melodist, who manifests occasional forays into self-indulgent romanticism.

His music is an amalgam, too: elements of Hungarian folk, European classical, blues, rock, and raga. Despite this personal eclecticism, though, the quintet's sound is not highly variegated. It is rhythmically top-heavy, in addition to which Szabo and Stewart are the only major soloists.

But for sheer lyrical beauty, few players are in Szabo's class. His startling use of dissonance is a delight, too, and time and again he will alter a final phrase just slightly, totally reorienting a familiar tune.

Stewart is sure and facile and, in improvisations with Szabo, able instantly to anticipate and complement the leader's lines. On acoustic guitar, he needs to be stronger—or to be miked much higher than he was here.

The rest of the group is adequate and

no more. Goodwin has some fine ideas but is not an infallible time-keeper. (Stewart, too, misplaces the beat periodically; the group thus can give an impression of raggedness that belies its deeper cohesion.)

The sets included a rendition of *Quiet Nights* that alternated between Szabo's gentle, single-note runs and some exciting, strident chords, behind which the percussionists multiplied the rhythm and made it urgent. There were a gorgeous few moments of counterpoint between the guitarists on *Witchcraft*—a clichéd tune that Szabo consistently manages to revitalize—but the most absorbing number was the superlative Eastern-flavored original, *Mizrab*, with finger cymbals, electronic drones, fine Szabo and Stewart, and a nice Goodwin solo that showed intelligent use of silences.

Except for Szabo, the group is unspectacular. But Szabo himself sometimes can cause aural wildflowers to bloom, and they merit appreciation.

—Alan Heineman

Various Artists

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Jimmy Heath, Joe Farrell, Clifford Jordan, Hank Mobley, tenor saxophones; Cedar Walton, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

This concert was entitled "The Charlie Parker-Lester Young Memorial Saxophone Society." I thought I heard more Prez than Bird, but when it's a choice between filet mignon and prime ribs, who cares?

From the first notes of Lester Young's *D. B. Blues* one knew one was in the best of company. The emcee was sometime alto saxophonist Ira Gitler, who is Huroking the current summer series at the museum. His remarks, like his liner notes, were terse and trenchant. Most of the musicians have played in sessions with the two late masters or, if too young, certainly have listened attentively. They played Parker's *Confirmation* with authority, did Heath's arrangement of *On the Trail*, and ended the evening with an appropriate and swinging *Lester Leaps In*.

Sandwiched between these long numbers—wherein the horns interlaced, interlocked, traded choruses, and came screamingly together against a bulwark of a rhythm section—were tunes of a quieter nature featuring each horn man individually.

Heath played *When Sunny Gets Blue*; Farrell was featured in *Willow Weep for Me*; Jordan sounded not at all foolish on *These Foolish Things*; and Mobley presented a fine *I Should Care* package.

The garden was very crowded. Enthusiasm, as usual, was quite moderate. It sometimes seems as if most of the people present have little or no interest in the music. It is just a scene, as most things in New York have become. There are large audiences no matter who is playing.

These fringe people constitute the majority of the audience. The rest are probably middle-aged record collectors too weak to brave the night-club atmosphere. Only a few were concentrating on the buoyant sound of the group. But then, even Beethoven would have a tough time competing with short summer dresses.

—Robert Reisner

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Dan DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Darham, Barbara Gardner, Ira Gitler, John William Hardy, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Margenstern, Bill Quinn, William Russa, 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.

Teddy Edwards

NOTHIN' BUT THE TRUTH!—Prestige 7518:
Nothin' But the Truth; Games That Lovers Play; On the Street Where You Live; Brazilian Skies; But Beautiful; Lovin' It, Lovin' It.
Personnel: Edwards, tenor saxophone; Walter Davis, Jr., piano; Phil Orlando, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Montego Joe, congas, bongos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Edwards, although in his 40's, has had limited recording exposure, and many listeners will probably make owl noises at the mention of his name. However, to an inner circle of musicians and aficionados, Edwards is a very well-known quantity.

His tenure as a jazz musician surrounds rather than includes the period known as the West Coast era. He was blowing in California nearly a decade before the location and the music were wed in that Madison Avenue-ism, and he emerges once again, after that rage, his tone as warm as a pot-bellied stove in late autumn.

In the interim, Edwards wrote many tunes—among the most widely heard of which probably was *Sunset Eyes*, in Clifford Brown's rendition.

Edwards wrote and blows sturdily on the title track, a medium tempoed blues, with bounce and snap added by the percussionists. *Games* is a good showcase for Edwards' balladic sense, but his strict adherence to the melody is somewhat unadventurous and dated; I'm reminded of a scene from a late show movie.

The evergreen show tune, *Street*, is handled with more harmonic inventiveness. It is also taken at a solidly swinging tempo that allows the rhythm section to bite in. Orlando takes a confident chorus and is followed by Davis, who mixes big bluesy chords with a scintillating *mano-a-mano* attack.

Edwards' *Brazilian* seems to be suggested by the Afro-Cuban rather than the Bossa Nova quarter (the barreros rather than the Brahmins) of that country. He puts an appropriately hard edge on his tone within this rhythmic framework.

Beautiful invites the nuances of tonal shading that seem to be an Edwards' strongpoint—and he shows no reluctance to accept. Davis impresses again with his solo here. *Lovin' It* is a blues, with four bars of funk wrapped around the rhythm break accents. In lesser hands this tune would undoubtedly come off only as cute, but Edwards invests his lines with some cooking—and thus redeeming—honesty.

Unfortunately we hear nothing more than time-keeping from Paul Chambers, and Higgins' ubiquitously kicking fills are also kept at a minimum. But the idea here was to re-introduce Edwards, and though he doesn't do much pioneering, he does shore up a few homesteads. —Quinn

Creole George Guesnon

ECHOES FROM NEW ORLEANS—Jazz Crusade 2011: *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; Houma, La.; Last Go Round Blues; Empty Bed Blues; A GI's Prayer; True Love Blues; Living Life Blues; Goin' Home Blues; Song of the Wanderer; Blues for My Baby; Blues of the River; Crescent City Blues.*
Personnel: Guesnon, banjo and vocal.

Rating: ★ ★

Guesnon's thick voice fits him for the blues, and he is an adroit banjoist, but his concept—quaint, sentimental, often trite—is too light to consider him anything more than an average entertainer using the blues form. The great masters of the blues convey astonishing visions born of their experiences and emotional affinities; Guesnon does not share these visions.

Dr. Jekyll, a minor key ditty, is given a polite performance. *Houma* is sentimental and has more elements of folk music than jazz. On *Goin' Home*, Guesnon comes closest to the true spirit of the blues. His voice, in dragging tempo, is urgent:

*I'm tired of walking dusty highways, tired
of having some old boxcar
for my home;*

*I'm tired of walking dusty highways, tired
of having some old boxcar
for my home.*

*Lord, I'm tired of being without
someone to love—*

Tired of being so blue and all alone...

But, four verses later, the tempo rushes considerably, and the song diverts into some banal observations on the landscape.

Taken at its honest level—homespun, unsophisticated music—it's a pleasant album. But real blues and jazz it is not.

—Erskine

Eric Kloss

GRITS & GRAVY—Prestige 7486: *A Day in the Life of a Fool; Repeat; A Slow Hot Wind; Gentle One; Grits and Gravy; Softly as in a Morning Sunrise; You Don't Know What Love Is; Milestones.*

Personnel: Kloss, alto saxophone; Danny Bank, baritone saxophone, flute, miscellaneous percussion; Teddy Charles, vibes; Al Williams, piano; Billy Butler, guitar; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Robert Gregg, drums; female vocal group (tracks 1,3,5). Kloss; Jaki Byard, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums (remaining tracks).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

I'm always mystified by the intention of the mixed media recording—the kind that comes on straight and pure one moment, and then follows with a track or two of mass-minded melange, seemingly to stress the dictum that nothing is perfect.

A Day, a delicate samba from *Black Orpheus*, features some dextrous Kloss, but some chicks—fugitives from the Motown studios (?)—are going “O-o-o-o-o” in the background and concentration becomes a drag.

Byard plays melody against the bridge on *Repeat* and remains as surprisingly

effervescent throughout the tune, especially on his solo.

Here come those chicks with mouths for blowing smoke rings again, this time chanting the title, *Hot Wind*—no further comment. Happily they are soon relieved of their vocal duties... uh-oh—here they come again, purring into the mike. I would have preferred an instrumental foil, perhaps Bank's baritone carrying the melody, for Kloss' viscerally curling modal forays. The altoist handles *Gentle One* in a low register, with no vibrato and much sensitivity. Davis' bass work is effectively sparse.

The title track is provocative, but there is a glaring contradiction here. Anyway, it doesn't matter how many mornings Kloss has had grits—especially with gravy—for breakfast, the format is just corny and mismatched: the mysterious vocal group returns; mercifully for the final time. They have an affinity for tune titles, repeating them endlessly, no matter what the musical direction happens to be. This and *Wind* should be put on a 45 r.p.m. disc for listeners who like their rock with a pinch of jazz (those Aristotelean a&rs men are always at it).

The flip side is all Kloss with, in the opinion of this reviewer and many others, one of the finest rhythm sections around— assembled first for a Booker Ervin date not long ago, they have since made a world together.

The group wiggles into a burning tempo on *Sunrise*, Davis against the current; then Dawson staggering the beat and driving ahead; and the never-trite Byard alternating lucid runs with dissonant barrages. All threaten many times to overshadow the front man, but his swift, 16th-note attack is formidable.

You Don't Know shows Kloss' maturity of phrasing—remarkable for a 17-year old—as well as his tonal discretion. Again the ground work is laid impeccably.

Milestones is a tour-de-force for all. Kloss winds hot coils of melody in flashing 32nd notes. Davis shifts the accent to the downbeat and back to syncopation; Byard weaves intricate snatches of phrases and strident clusters of chords into a wild quilt of sound; Dawson does the “Boston shuffle” (a la confrere Roy Haynes and former pupil Anthony Williams). On his solo here Davis proves once again that he is the bassist: fretting with his left while carrying a complex line with his right, double and triple-stopping, glissing the strings, etc.

A pity the other side was commercially infiltrated. For my taste, there would have been another star if the ladies had stayed home.

—Quinn

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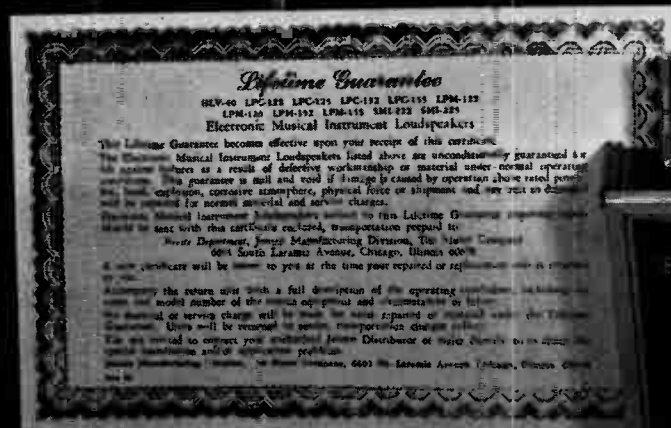
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Leon Sash

I REMEMBER NEWPORT—Delmark 416: *Easy To Remember; I Remember Newport; Aren't You Glad You're You; Pennies From Heaven; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Misty; Our Love Is Here To Stay; There Will Never Be Another You; Lullaby of the Leaves.*
Personnel: Sash, accordion; Lee Morgan, bass; Ed Uhlig, drums.

Rating: ★★

It's not just a case of mounting a Steinway on your stomach. There's more to an accordion than that. Whatever it is, it still lacks the proper credentials to be a jazz instrument. The one eloquent exception is Art Van Damme—but even he has something that makes his presentation more enjoyable: additional melody instruments in his combo.

This album is dominated by Sash, and therein lies its inherent weakness. There are no solos by his rhythm section; it's Sash for melody, improvisations and out chorus. The format may not be prohibitive—but the sound of the accordion is.

Except for Van Damme, who shows a wise preference for the higher shifts, accordionists generally become slaves to the natural, "squeezed organ" sound with those obtrusive overtones. I don't know how many shifts there are in Sash's Giuliatti, but he doesn't seem to deviate from that wearisome natural register.

Little fault can be found with his technique. His touch is fairly clean and fortunately he avoids the chordal and single-note buttons assigned to the left hand. Sash seems to use the bellows shake as often as he resorts to tremolo, but it is done with taste, not with Contino-type excess.

Arrangements are unimaginative; and to make matters worse, a dated conception hinders the swing. The whole approach to combo jazz sounds like something out of the early '40's, the worst offenders being *Pennies From Heaven*, *Polka Dots*, and *Lullaby of the Leaves*. Aggravating the stiffness of those tracks: Miss Morgan's limited bass playing. Throughout the entire album, she merely walks, digressing from an inexorable four-to-the-bar only on some sketchily written intros. (When she does stray from her "walk," her intonation becomes uncertain.)

The only worthwhile tracks in the collection are *Love Is Here To Stay* and *Never Be Another You*. Both move with a degree of lightness and musical humor missing in the other tracks. A good example of the latter is heard on *Our Love* when Sash stealthily segues into *Can't We Be Friends*. But it's not enough to save a dull recording. —Siders

Willie (The Lion) Smith—Don Ewell

GRAND PIANO—Exclusive M/S 501: *I've Found a New Baby; A Porter's Love Song; I'd Do Anything for You; Some of These Days; Just You, Just Me; Everybody Loves My Baby; Can't We Be Friends?; You Took Advantage of Me; Keepin' out of Mischief Now; Sweet Georgia Brown.*

Personnel: Smith, Ewell, piano duets.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an absolutely delightful record, for which all lovers of jazz piano owe thanks to Toronto newspaperman-jazz critic Patrick Scott, who started his own record label to get this remarkable team on wax.

The Smith-Ewell association began in a Toronto television studio in the summer of 1966. This impromptu encounter, the brainchild of promoter David Gillman, came off so well that the two pianists decided to join forces for in-person appearances at clubs in Toronto and New York and at the Newport Jazz Festival.

There is a rich tradition of two-piano music in the classical field, but in jazz the possibilities have not been widely explored—at least not on records. To be sure, there was a fine pair of 1930 duets by James P. Johnson and Clarence Williams (not an even match); the Lion himself teamed up with young Joey Bushkin in 1939; Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn preserved some of their unique keyboard conversations; Bill Evans and Bob Brookmeyer joined forces; Hall Overton and Dave McKenna made a splendid LP some years ago; Elmo and Bertha Hope recorded together, and an Ellington-Earl Hines duet was recorded at a jazz festival in Pittsburgh two years ago.

But, aside from Ellington and Strayhorn, these were spontaneous and short-lived associations, and the pianists were frequently bolstered by rhythm players. Here, there is the kind of communion that comes only with experience, and there are only two pairs of hands and two fine, perfectly tuned (hurrah!) grand pianos.

With two left hands like Smith's and Ewell's, a rhythm section would be superfluous. The flow is built in, and there is no need for the routinized kind of time-keeping where one man handles the bass while the other takes his turn at the treble. Instead, there is a near-miraculous continuity of melody and rhythm, springing from complete empathy, mutual respect, conceptions related yet individual, and from the joy these two men derive from each other's musical company.

Smith, the grand old master, hasn't been in such good form on record in many years. Ewell, his junior by 20 years-plus, will surprise those who have been content to write him off as a "traditional" piano player, and even those who know better and are familiar with his excellent work with, among others, Bunk Johnson, Sidney Bechet, Jack Teagarden, and Darnell Howard.

Though the music on this album is steeped in the great tradition of Harlem piano, of which Smith is dean and president emeritus, there is no hint, no breath of antiquarianism or attempted historical restoration. This is living music, full of the sense of immediacy, discovery, and joy that characterizes the best of jazz.

At times, it is easy to tell who's who—there are clues in Smith's unique voicings, more emphatic touch, and broken rhythm patterns, and Ewell's crispness and more symmetric cadences. But at other times, the two become as one, and those are great times.

The repertoire is varied. Some pieces, like James P. Johnson's pretty *Love Song*, are rarely heard; others are staples but take on new vistas. Both men have a vast repertoire, and only those who think that jazz became sophisticated yesterday will

be surprised at the inclusion of *Friends* and *Just You*.

The tempos chosen are generally moderate; a leisurely, yet lilting pace well suited for relaxed invention. *Georgia Brown* and *Found a New Baby* are the most roisterous and conjure up the spirit (and letter) of those fabled piano parties and contests of Fats' and James P.'s and the Lion's Harlem.

Days (with the verse) is taken at the original sober tempo; the last chorus features fascinating interplay. The introduction to *Just You* is pure Lion. *Anything*, a great Claude Hopkins-Alex Hill tune, inspires Smith to some appropriate riffing, which eggs Ewell on.

Mischief is an example of total interplay, with both men at their most imaginative. *Everybody* is split up every which way between the two, with some thunderous Smith crashes in the fourth chorus.

But my favorite track—if one can pick favorites from a string of perfect pearls—is *Friends*, which would have delighted Art Tatum.

Lion's occasional vocal exhortations, cues, and comments are an added—and fetching—indication of his irrepressible personality. The engineer has done a perfect job in capturing the true piano sound—an extreme rarity—and the pressing is of major-label quality. This gem is available from Exclusive Records, 32 Orchard Park Drive, West Hill, Ontario, Canada.

—Morgestern

Cal Tjader

ALONG COMES CAL—Verve 8671: *Quando Quando Que Sera*; *Round Midnight*; *Trick or Treat*; *Yellow Days*; *Our Day Will Come*; *Along Comes Mary*; *Los Bandidos*; *Similau*; *Green Peppers*; *Samba Do Suenho*.

Personnel: Tjader, vibraphone; Derek Smith, organ; Chick Correa, piano; Bobby Rodriguez, bass; Armando Peraza, Ray Barretto, percussion; Grady Tate, drums. (Al Zulaica, piano; Stan Gilbert, bass; Peraza, conga drums; tracks 7 and 10 only), Chico O'Farrill; arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Combining intensity with relaxation is difficult. Just as rare is the mixture of seriousness and satire. Both opposites are blended here, making this Tjader's most enjoyable album in an idiom no longer considered an integration of opposites: Latin jazz.

The main quality is the feeling of relaxation. In true *Samba* tradition, the whole rhythm section literally floats. Apparently it was decided not to try for a catharsis—just to swing exotically. The results are gratifying, even in semi-hypnotic tracks such as *Bandidos* and *Along Comes Mary*. In *Bandidos*, Peraza's conga drumming manages to reach fever pitch without sweating; *Mary* is propelled by Tjader's tasteful high pedal point on *do*.

Smith seems to play organ with the same restraint shown by Tjader on vibes. Even when he comps behind piano, Smith achieves a light, airy, Wanderley flavor that helps to lubricate the track.

The first four tracks boast some vocal passages so delicate in places it sounds like a glee club made up of Gary McFarlands. Only on *Quando Quando* does the rough edge of Spanish Harlem make itself felt (or at least as much Spanish Harlem as one can find in San Francisco.)

The aforementioned satire comes

through in 'Round Midnight—in O'Farrill's words, "tongue-in-cheek"—an unusual choice for *sub voce* unison.

While this ranks as an outstanding group effort, one solo in particular should be singled out: the piano chorus by Zulaica on *Suenho*. This is not to demean anyone else's solo statements; the whole album is a delight.

—Siders

Various Artists

ESQUIRE'S ALL-AMERICAN HOT JAZZ—RCA Victor LPV-544: *Long Long Journey*; *Gone With the Wind*; *Snafu*; *Buckin' the Blues*; *Indiana Winter*; *Indian Summer*; *Blues After Hours*; *Blues for Yesterday*; *Jumping For Jane*; *Angel Face*; *Spillite*; *Low Flame*; *From Dixieland to Bebop*; *Just One More Chance*; *Boulevard Bounce*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3—Louis Armstrong, trumpet, vocal; Charlie Shavers or Neil Hefli, trumpet; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Don Byas, tenor sax; Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, piano; Remo Palmier, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; Sonny Greer, drums. Track 2—Hodges and Byas; same rhythm section. Tracks 4–6—Shavers, Buck Clayton, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Harry Carney, baritone sax; Teddy Wilson, piano; John Collins, guitar; Jackson, bass; Shadow Wilson, drums. Track 7—Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone, vocal; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Cliff Strickland, tenor sax; Gene Schroeder, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Dave Tough, drums. Track 8—Armstrong; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Leonard Feather, piano; Allen Reuss, guitar; Red Callender, bass; Zutty Singleton, drums. Tracks 9, 10—Fats Navarro, trumpet; Johnson, trombone; Budd Johnson, alto sax; Hawkins, tenor sax; Marion DiVeta, baritone sax; Hank Jones, piano; Wayne, guitar; Lesberg, bass; Max Roach, drums. Tracks 11, 12—Shavers, trumpet; Pete Brown, alto sax; Hawkins, Allen Eager, tenor saxophones; Jimmy Jones, piano; Mary Osborne, guitar; Al McKibbon, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Tracks 13–15—Neal Hefli, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto sax; Lucky Thompson, tenor sax; Bob Lawson, baritone sax; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Callender, bass; Jackie Mills, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

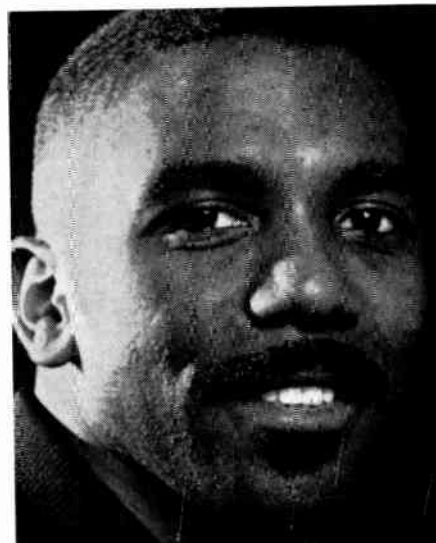
These 15 tracks, recorded between Jan. 1946 and Dec. 1947, brought together some of the finest jazzmen of that day. The first six tracks were originally issued under the band name of *Esquire All American 1946 Award Winners*; all the other sessions include winners of *Esquire* jazz polls, thus justifying the album title.

It is instructive and encouraging to note how many of the musicians represented are still active two decades later. As Leonard Feather, who supervised all these sessions, points out in his liner notes, "in this fast-evolving art (jazz) there are still some values that can never be destroyed."

It is also instructive to remember that the years in question were those of the bebop revolution, so-called. The historical, categorizing view of jazz is clearly revealed as a distortion in the several sessions which combine the talents of "boppers" and "swing" players. We can hear that what was taking place was not a revolt against established values but a natural evolution. Jazz still had a common language that transcended stylistic differences.

Truly outstanding are Lucky Thompson's beautiful *Just One More Chance*, one of the greatest tenor saxophone solos ever recorded; Hawk's impassioned *Indian Summer*, one of the master's definitive ballad creations, and the lovely, relaxed *Gone with the Wind*, a showcase for the melodic and tonal command of Byas and Hodges.

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(and plain music lovers, for that matter): the previously unissued *Angel Face*, another magisterial Hawkins ballad, and Thompson's *Boulevard Bounce*, hitherto released only in Europe, and featuring Benny Carter's suave alto at its best.

Journey and *Snafu* spotlight Louis Armstrong in excellent company. Unfortunately, the former is mainly devoted to Feather's synthetic blues lyric, nicely sung by Satch, but allowing for only one trumpet chorus where there should have been more. A fine Hodges solo and a sample of Ellington's blues piano are redeeming factors.

There is more room for the trumpet on *Snafu*, a boppish melody. This period of Armstrong, neglected by the critics, was marked by very "modern" harmonic ideas, and the first half of this solo, especially, is a marvel. (Both these tracks have long been available on Victor's LPM 1443 Armstrong album, but here they may reach other ears.)

Louis also plays a lovely chorus on *Yesterday*, but the focus again is on his singing. Dickenson's trombone commentary behind the vocal is superb. The album's only other vocalist, also heard in a blues, is Jack Teagarden. He is in excellent form on trombone as well. The final ensemble chorus is a bit rough, but Mr. T's coda wraps it up in style.

More blues, purely instrumental, can be heard on *Buckin'* (with contrasting muted trumpet work by Clayton and Shavers, and a sterling John Collins guitar solo), and *Low Flame*, one of Feather's best pieces, highlighted by a poignant Pete Brown alto solo, and some guitar work by Mary Osborne which shows this lady (still playing today) to be deserving of far greater recognition.

The remaining tracks reveal that interesting blend of bop and swing mentioned before. *Indiana Winter* (alias *How High the Moon*) has fine early J. J. Johnson, brusque Hawkins, and a delightfully humorous and astonishingly acrobatic Shavers (another great player due more credit).

Shavers is in even greater fettle on *Spotlite*, which has another remarkable contribution from Miss Osborne, and samples of Jimmy Jones' interesting chordal piano and early Shelly Manne. *Jane*, from another Hawkins date, has too-brief but remarkable Fats Navarro trumpet, good Hawkins, top-form J. J., and a rare alto solo by Budd Johnson, who was digging Bird.

Finally, there is *From Dixieland to Bebop*, based on *Tiger Rag* changes. The idea is not as novel as the liner would have it; Chu Berry and Roy Eldridge adapted the same pattern to their very modern styles in 1938 (*Sittin' In*). Both Hefti's trumpet (good) and Thompson's tenor (great) hint at this morsel. There are also glimpses of Marmarosa's piano and Barney Kessel's fleet guitar.

As is usual with *Vintage* productions, the sound is excellent and untampered with. The playing time is a generous 49 minutes and 23 seconds. Unlike some other major labels, Victor sees no need to skimp on its reissues. That's real class.

—Morgenstern



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OLIVER NELSON/ BLINDFOLD TEST

Oliver Nelson is a talented writer and saxophonist, who, instead of becoming part of the new wave of jazz (see his comments on Record 2), has involved himself with another and vital new wave, that of the jazz-oriented composers who have succeeded, during the last five years, in encroaching on the jealously guarded field of motion picture scoring.

His background had long since established him as a versatile and ambitious writer. Aside from his successful jazz albums and vocal background sessions (mainly for Impulse and Verve), he has written such concert works as *Dirge for Chamber Orchestra* and *Soundpiece for String Quartet and Contralto*.

Since bringing his wife and son to live in Los Angeles a few months ago, Nelson has been busy in the studios but never too busy to continue playing (lately he has concentrated on soprano saxophone) or to lead a big all-star band for an occasional concert or for a week at a club.

This was his first *Blindfold Test* in three years. He was given no prior information on the records played.

—Leonard Feather

1. COUNT BASIE. *St. Louis Blues* (from *Basie's Beat*, Verve). Al Grey, trombone; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; head arrangement.

It was the *St. Louis Blues*. For a minute I didn't know if it was Basie or not, because he sounded sort of crisp, you know. The 'bone player—excellent chops.

Whoever the arranger is definitely understands the Basie concept—that is, riffs, which is still a carryover from Kansas City. Very little interplay between the horns—usually everybody plays together. Eddie Davis—so what can I say about it? They had a good group—felt good.

It's an interesting thing, Cannonball—or I should say, Julian—mentioned to me a couple of weeks ago when he was at Memory Lane, that jazz, as we knew it, probably won't exist in the next 20 years—that is, music like this, and he sort of feels it would be a lost cause in a way if jazz—I hate to use the word—but jazz as we know it, if it won't exist, it'll be a tragedy. Everybody is getting so intellectual about it, so it's still nice to hear a band play like that—with conviction.

I don't have to give it any stars or anything? Well, say, five for Eddie Davis, four for the arrangement, whoever the arranger is. I really wouldn't know.

2. ALBERT AYLER. *Holy Ghost* (from *The New Wave in Jazz*, Impulse). Ayler, tenor saxophone; Donald Ayler, trumpet; Joel Freedman, cello; Lewis Worrell, bass; Sonny Murray, drums.

Of course, that was a very highly charged performance. I suppose this—the kind of music I just heard—would be typical of the new wave or whatever. It might be considered the jazz that's replacing whatever it was we were talking about with Basie a minute or so ago.

But I had the feeling that that must be a record that my producer must have produced—Bob Thiele—because I don't know of anybody else who is doing it.

There was little melodic organization, but toward the end they did something very startling. They played the melody—did you hear it? And they tried to play it in unison, and the ending was conventional.

I found the cello player good, bass player good. The drummer played some figures that reminded me of the drummer who used to play with Diz when he had his big band. In fact, the tune reminded me of *Salt Peanuts* a bit, and the drum thing—which I would imagine would be alien to the kind of music they were playing, because it was rhythmically stable.

If I have to object to anything about this music, it's mainly lacking in texture, and naturally I would feel that way, being an orchestrator and arranger. The same intensities are used. It's like using red, black, and maybe some other kind of crimson color related to red all the time, and not being aware that white or green or blue exist too.

As to form; well, everybody just plays. It was a live performance, and the audience seemed pleased. It's too early to say too much about this, because out of all this, ah, I guess you would call it chaos—out of it, somebody is going to have enough talent to integrate whatever is happening with this kind of music. It's almost like chance music, which a lot of composers in Europe and here are trying—where you don't limit a player to anything, and as a result, everybody plays.

I heard a group in Denmark last year, John Tchicai and the trombone player, Roswell Rudd, and sometimes it happened and sometimes it didn't. But when it happened, it was marvelous. They started out with something, and it happened to be a good melodic idea, rhythmic idea, and they would elaborate on that, and after a while, they would get into things that sounded like, I guess . . . complete freedom but still related to an essential idea. John is one of the most mature players in this kind of music.

Give the cellist four stars, but I'd rather not rate the record as a whole.

3. MOTHERS OF INVENTION. *Plastic People* (from *Absolutely Free*, Verve).

Again, I don't know who the group is, but this record had some beautiful mo-

ments in it. It's, like, very descriptive music. I suppose music of that sort reflects what you see on Sunset Blvd., but I'm wondering who the plastic people are.

It's an interesting demonstration of the kind of music that today's teenagers feel depicts them. It's the music of their generation. The slow section had beautiful moments in it. It was made up of a variety of rhythmic devices—everything but the kitchen sink, which to me makes a lot of sense if you can convey whatever your message is. So, who's to say we don't know what they're doing? Obviously there was some story involved. Of course, it's not my kind of music; I have to express myself in different ways, but for what it was, what can I say? Three stars.

4. PHIL WOODS. *Theme from Anthony & Cleopatra* (from *Greek Cooking*, Impulse). Woods, alto saxophone.

That's a movie tune, isn't it? Phil Woods. I think that's another one of Bob Thiele's projects. For Phil Woods it was a different bag.

Take an excellent player like Phil and give him a Fender bass and a Dano guitar and an organ, and under the right conditions, I suppose this could be a commercial turning point for Phil.

All I can say about Phil is that he's one of the remarkable players—like, I love him, and I would prefer not to rate this. Not that it's bad or anything; guys do things because they have to.

You know, it's a funny thing. One summer, Phil said he wasn't active at all, mainly because he's not a doubler, you know—flute player and all.

I hope this sells like hell, because he deserves it really. Something should happen to be a turning point in his life, because he's really been knocking himself out—he plays excellent saxophone, plays excellent clarinet, he writes well, he's a good teacher at that camp in Pennsylvania, and he's a dedicated musician, so when he does something like this to try and reach a wider audience, I say great. **[45]**

LENNY

(Continued from page 20)

making his style fit city life. Wait a minute while I play his *Diggin' My Potatoes*. You'll see what I mean.

You know all about Muddy Waters and the Chicago blues so I guess I don't have to go into that. You've heard it all before. But did I ever tell you he started out in the Delta? Listen here. Muddy remembers hearing Son House and Robert Johnson, and, man, that's a long time ago. Okay, but that's the funny thing. You wouldn't think that any white kid would hear much of Johnson, but a record came out last month by an English group called the Cream—gutsy bunch, too—and the best cut on the thing is an old Robert Johnson tune. You tell me how—but they heard him.

The best rock-and-rollers come up with their own thing. Sometimes they'll get a little bit from a half-dozen guys. A cat will sing like Memphis Slim, play guitar like T-Bone Walker, and harp like Sonny Boy Williamson—the original.

About half the guys playing harp sound just like Sonny Boy. Over at Delmark Records they've just rediscovered Arthur Crudup. He's the blues singer who influenced Elvis Presley and,

through him, Jerry Lee Lewis, Conway Twitty, and that crowd. Delmark is coming out with this record in the fall, and the company takes the master and plays it for some critic, and he says it's terrible, that it sounds just like Elvis and he hates Elvis. The point is that Elvis was that close to his source. Anyway, here's Sonny Boy, and I bet you're going to think he sounds familiar.

So, it's getting late . . . you'll miss the last train. Anyway, what else can I tell you?

A lot of the folkies who ended up in rock were jug-band fans. Most of the really devoted country blues imitators haven't made the switch, which is too bad when you think of the great rock singers you could make out of guys like Dave Ray and John Koerner.

Sure, you can take it. But clean the needle, huh? And don't drop it through the changer. Come by next week, and we'll listen to some groovy country-and-western. Yeah? Well, a month ago you didn't like rock either.

DISCOGRAPHY

Eric Burdon and the Animals, *Best Of*, Vol. 1 and 2, MGM 4324, 4454
Righteous Brothers, *Go Ahead and Cry*, Verve 5004
Jimmy Reed, *The Legend and the Man*, Vee-Jay 8501

Original American Folk Blues Festival, Decca DL 4392

T-Bone Walker, Capitol T1958

Lovin' Spoonful, (first album), Kama 8050

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, *Home Town Blues*, Mainstream 6049
B. B. King, *Live at the Regal*, ABC 509

Sonny Boy Williamson, Blues Classics #3 & #9

Leroy Carr, Columbia CL 1799

Big Bill Broonzy, *The Blues*, Emarcy MG 36137

Washboard Sam, Blues Classics #10

Muddy Waters, *The Best of*, Chess 1427; *Down on Stovall's Plantation*, Testament T-2210; *Sings Big Bill Broonzy*, Chess 1444

Robert Johnson, *Delta Blues*, Columbia CL 1654

Cream, Fresh Cream, Atco 33-206

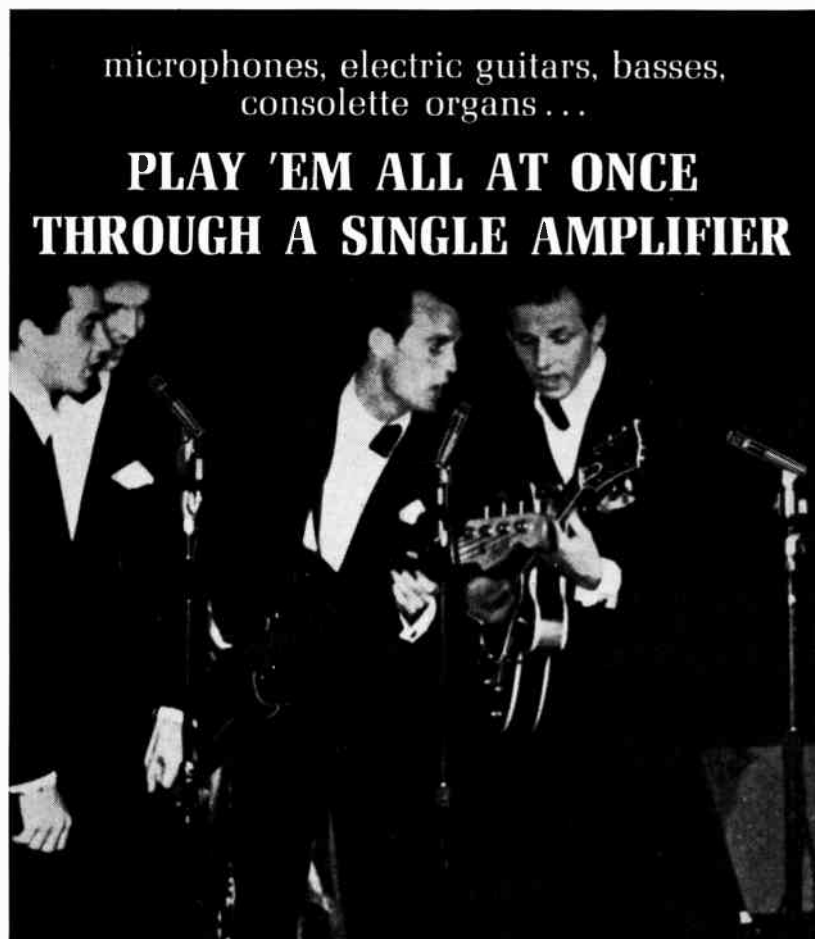
Elvis Presley, *Elvis*, RCA Victor LPM 1382

Eighteen King-Size Rhythm and Blues Hits, Columbia CL 2667

Jugs 1927-1933!, Origin Jazz Library OJL 4

Jim Kweskin, *Jug Band*, Vanguard 9139

Blues Project, Elektra 264



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NORVO

(Continued from page 22)

romance blossomed and led to marriage. After Red had led his own octet at the Hickory House on 52nd St., he and Mildred decided to form their own big orchestra, which they did successfully, hiring musicians who not only showed great promise but who also were compatible. The list of chaps who played in this band reads like a *Who's Who* of jazz, and the book was studied with early efforts by arranger Eddie Sauter.

One of the luckiest records for "Mr. and Mrs. Swing," as they became known, was a tune called *Weekend of a Private Secretary*, which was a big hit. It was one of the first big-band efforts that employed the enthusiastic Latin rhythm throughout. After a few good years with the band, the war intervened, and transportation hassels, along with ever-changing personnel, caused the great group to fold. Also, somewhere along the line, Mr. and Mrs. Swing became incompatible and were divorced.

Red still speaks warmly of Mildred. Although he concedes that she was temperamental, he explained that Mildred was really two people. One was a warm, solicitous wife and the other a moody, excitable artist. After their breakup, Mildred appeared as a solo artist until her death in 1951, while Red also went his own way, first with his own group and later with Benny Goodman. In 1943, he made the switch from xylophone to vibraharp. Red later married Eve Rogers, trumpeter Shorty Rogers' sister, and they have three children, Mark (now 24), Portia, 19, and Kevin, 16.

Red was featured with Woody Herman's band in 1946, settled in California in 1947, and in 1949 came back east to lead an all-star sextet. The following year, he formed a trio with guitarist Tal Farlow and Charlie Mingus on bass (later Jimmy Raney and Red Mitchell).

Except for a stint with Benny Goodman in 1959, Red continued to front his own combos, often working in Las Vegas, where he has also led hotel house bands and teamed up, on occasion, with Frank Sinatra.

IN APPEARANCE, Red today looks like a well-preserved Norseman. The once flaming hair is muted with gray, and he sports a beard. His face projects a rare, sympathetic, almost benign understanding of mankind. A pixie glint of devilry emanates from his steel-blue eyes when he laughs, as he often does. It is the eyes that reveal the inner man—a sincere person, a gentleman who commands respect both for his music and himself.

While reminiscing with Red recently, he recalled many vignettes. There was the time, during his last few years with Whiteman, that he buddied with Bix, who roomed with Singer Harry Barris at the Hotel Forrest. Roy Wilson, a mutual friend who was also staying in the hotel, rented a piano. The fellows used to congregate in Roy's room to hear Bix rhapsodize at the piano. Red remembers Bix

as an extremely gifted musician and a very gentle person. . . .

There was the curious story about Adrian Rollini. Back in the '20s, Rollini was the bass saxophone player. Then came his friendship with Norvo and exposure to the new vibraharp. To the amazement of everybody in the business, Rollini dropped the saxophone and went on to play the vibraharp exclusively for the rest of his life. Today, his widow, Dixie Rollini, handcrafts special vibraharp mallets for Red. . . .

One of Red's most astonished moments came during a stage show. The pit orchestra began a fanfare for him and as the curtains opened, Norvo was aghast to see his xylophone ascending toward the ceiling. The instrument had become entangled in the curtain. . . .

Red cherishes memories of the glamor of being featured with Whiteman; the excitement when he was leader on his own early record dates with all-star groups including such names as Artie Shaw, Bunny Berigan, Chu Berry, Jack Jenny, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, and Charlie Barnet (significantly, most of these fellows later became famous bandleaders); the days of Mr. and Mrs. Swing; and the happy period when he was a member of Benny Goodman's famed sextet.


Red has become philosophic over the years. When we spoke of the contemporary scene, he did not put anybody down, but he said he deeply regrets the lack of historical truth in the chronicling of jazz and the ignoring and/or stifling of creativity by big business. He also deplores what he feels is the even more disastrous prevailing attitude that exists among many of the musicians who say they must express themselves and the public be damned.

"Of course, to themselves, perhaps, they are saying something," he said, "but the audience who pays the freight is entitled to pleasure in return . . . and they are rapidly getting out of the habit of listening."

To prove his point, he noted that the clubs that were the showcases for the avant-garde are rapidly disappearing, the youngsters flocking instead to their own kind of clubs, where the talent is not overpriced.

"The only remaining hope for a creative musical America exists in such settings that the young people can afford and where they derive pleasure," Red said.

These days, Red works with his quartet as much as he chooses, playing such places as Chicago's London House, New York's Rainbow Grill, and Los Angeles' Century Plaza. These engagements are sandwiched between appearances at Lake Tahoe and Las Vegas in Nevada, and, most recently, at the Newport Jazz Festival.

Red's contribution (over and above his being consistently one of the most gifted and communicative players on the vibraharp) lies in the fact that he singlehandedly made the xylophone sound a part of the lexicon of swing. Without question, he must be categorized as a charter member of that select group—the innovators—whom the profession considers immortals. 

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NEWPORT

(Continued from page 26)

amateur jazz group—they were in the United States by virtue of having won a contest—played a monotonous brand of "soul" in one corner. About the only thing they did was to raise the conversational level by several decibels.

FOOD: The late night-early morning eggs and home fries at Pat's are still great resuscitators, but the real find this season was The Pier, a large, long frame building down on the atmospheric waterfront, where they serve an assortment of gourmet viands and good, solid food: out of sight Bloody Marys, pecan pie with real whipped cream and yellow vanilla ice cream, and Lowenbrau by the yard.

On the other end of the gastronomic pole was the al fresco dining at the field. One morning, after missing the religious jazz service by five minutes, we were attempting to have a hamburger breakfast when a bulldog policeman, with orders to clear the field, gave us the bum's rush (the counter-man had just given us a bum steer) and wouldn't let us finish our food inside the official area. Once everyone was outside the snow fence that served as a press entrance, he tersely announced, with typical constabulary logic, "All right, you can go in now."

On Tuesday, July 4, the day after the festival had ended, the weather turned beautiful. Taking advantage of this, we went to Gooseberry Beach, and also explored a breathtaking view of a great expanse of water from the lawn of the Castle Hill Hotel. The people from the *American Eagle*, in Newport for the America Cup trials, were quartered at the Castle Hill. I ran into an old hockey teammate of mine, Steve Colgate, who was crewing on the *Eagle*.

A fan suggested that the festival be held in Sheep Meadow in New York's Central Park. He complained that he had barely had time to wash up and eat dinner before having to rush back to the field for the evening concerts. I explained to him that it wouldn't be the same without a setting in the country—Newport or some similar place. After the \$2,000 fine slapped on George Wein by the city of Newport, there have been rumors that he will take the festival elsewhere. If he does, Newport will be the loser.

Wein's final gesture could be one suggested by a vociferous New Englander (the accent was unmistakable) as the festival ended. "Hey, Gaahge," he called up toward the stage as Wein walked toward the wings, "pay the city off with two thousand dollars in pennies—in a wheelbarrow!"



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(Continued from page 14)

Krupa comes in for the first two weeks of Sept. . . . **Dizzy Gillespie's** group played a special Jazzmobile concert July 28 at 114th St. between 7th & 8th Aves. . . . Pianist **Kenny Ascher**, fresh off the road with **Woody Herman**, did a week at the Potting Shed at the Music Inn in Lenox, Mass. with bassist **Chuck Israels** and drummer **Army Wise**. The trio replaced pianist **Toshiko**, who had been scheduled to stay at the Berkshire retreat for the summer . . . Conductor-arranger-composer-pianist **Garry Sherman** premiered his composition *Freeze Out* at a July 25 concert program entitled *Excursions in Contemporary Sounds* at Southampton College on Long Island. His Chamber Jazz Orchestra, augmented by tape recordings, included trombonist **Eddie Bert**, tubaist **Don Butterfield**, clarinetist **Chasey Dean**, flutist **Hank Freeman**, tenor saxophonist **Don Mikiten**, bassist **Russ Saunders**, drummer **Gary Chester**, and the **Kohn String Quartet**.

Recording News: **Ella Fitzgerald** is scheduled to record a jazz-oriented Country & Western album, and plans for an Ella with **Frank Sinatra** LP are imminent . . . A&R man **Don Schlitten** and pianist **Cedar Walton** have been busy recently for Prestige. Schlitten supervised three sessions and Walton played on all. Cedar's own date included **Kenny Dorham**, trumpet; **Junior Cook**, tenor saxophone; **Leroy Vinnegar** (visiting from the West Coast with **Les McCann**), bass; and **Billy Higgins**, drums. The pianist also recorded with tenor man **Houston Person**, along with **Alan Dawson**, vibes; **Bob Cranshaw**, bass, and **Frankie Jones**, drums. Alto-tenor saxophonist **Eric Kloss'** new date, in addition to Walton and Vinnegar, had Dawson on drums, and **Jimmy Owens** blowing trumpet and fluegelhorn.

Los Angeles: Ray Brown produced a *Jazz at the (Hollywood) Bowl* series that drew tremendous crowds to the 17,000-seat amphitheatre. His first concert saw a large orchestra of Hollywood studio and jazz men led by **Michel Legrand**, the **Wes Montgomery Quintet**, **Carmen McRae**, and **Stan Getz**. Scattered among the sidemen of the string-augmented band: trumpeters **Manny Klein**, **Shorty Sherock**, **Maury Harris**, **Terry Terran**; trombonists **Milt Bernhart**, **Kenny Shroyer**; reed men **Tony Ortega**, **Bud Shank**, **Bill Green**, **Bob Cooper**, **John Lowe**; pianist **Mike Melvoin**; guitarist **Herb Ellis**; bassist **Monty Budwig**; drummer **Frank Capp**. Former Chicago disk jockey **Sid McCoy**, a recent emigre to the west coast, was emcee. Other Ray Brown *Jazz at the Bowl* presentations were scheduled to include **Lou Rawls**, **Count Basie**, **Cannonball Adderley**, all at one concert, followed by **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Lalo Schiffrin**, and **Gloria Lynne** . . . At the Greek Theatre, also in the Hollywood Hills, **Eddie Karam** conducted a huge band to back **Andy Williams** and **Erroll Garner**. In that band: **Conte Candoli**, **Al Porcino**, **Ray Triscari**, trumpets; **Bob Fitzpatrick**,

Charlie Loper, **Dick Leith**, trombones; **Bill Perkins** in the saxophone section; and a rhythm section of **Jimmy Rowles**, **Ralph Pena**, and **Ed Thigpen**. Garner, who will be spending some time in Hollywood, had **Al McKibbin** on bass; **Bill Douglass** on drums, and conga drummer **Jose Mangual** . . . Coincidental one-nighters found **Sarah Vaughan** and **Skitch Henderson** at the Bowl, while on the other side of town **Nina Simone**, **Dick Gregory**, and **Wes Montgomery** were holding forth at the Shrine Auditorium . . . **Al Hirt** brought a revue to the brand-new Anaheim Convention Center, while across the street, in Disneyland, the **Clara Ward Singers** and the **Firehouse Five + 2** were continuing that amusement park's

summer policy of continuous music—much of it jazz . . . The Studio Watts Workshop held its second benefit concert at Shelly's Manne-Hole, dominated by big bands. Only one combo, a quartet fronted by pianist **Horace Tapscott**, appeared and also provided the only avant-garde sounds of the long afternoon. The response was as enthusiastic for the quartet as it was for the parade of bands, which included a 15-piece ensemble fronted by ex-**Stan Kenton** reed man **Gene Siegal**; trombonist **Mike Barone's** big band; a band fronted by **Billy Brooks** and his two-bell trumpet, and an 18-piecer led by **Roger Spotts**, music director at Grant's Music Center. 16-year-old vocalist **Patti Austin** was presented during the benefit. She is a

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godchild of **Dinah Washington**, and was introduced by **Quincy Jones** . . . **Ray Charles** has completed a 28-city, cross-country tour culminating in his receiving an honorary degree in music from Florida's A&M University. There were 12 new faces among his sidemen—led by **Curtis Amy**. Reason given for the mass defection: "trouble with management" . . . Pianist **Joyce Collins**' quartet helps warm up the audience before, during, and after two TV shows: *He and She*, on CBS-TV; and *Good Morning World*, at Desilu. In her quartet: **Bob Enevoldsen**, trombone; **Monty Budwig**, bass; **Nick Martinis**, drums. On Monday nights, Miss Collins and bassist **Wilfred Middlebrook** play at Sterling's in Santa Monica . . . The **Ernie Scott Trio**, with the untiring efforts of **Al Charles**, is presenting a series of tributes to living and dead musicians at the Empire Room, in Culver City. First tribute was a *Salute to Prez*, and among the featured guests was **Lester Young's** brother, drummer **Lee Young**. Future tributes are being planned for **Clifford Brown** (hopefully featuring trumpeter **Freddie Hill**) and **Ray Charles** (featuring **Tommy Bush**, who sings and plays drums, trombone, and organ with Scott's trio). The group's third member is organist **Otis Hayes** . . . Capitol Records is flexing its new TV-production arm. First effort will be a jazz-soul special featuring **Lou Rawls** and **Cannonball Adderley**. Cannonball is among many artists who are lending their prestige to the establishment

of a center for the performing arts to be located "in the heart of a minority community." Also involved in the Inner City Cultural Center: **Ray Brown**, **Buddy Collette**, and **Quincy Jones** . . . Signed for the **Nina Simone** concert at the Shrine: trombonist **Wayne Henderson's** **Freedom Sounds** with **Lonnie Bolden** (subbing for **Al Escobar**), and **James Benson**, reeds; **Harold Land, Jr.**, piano; **Wilton Felder**, bass; **Paul Humphries**, drums; **Rick Chimelis**, timbales; **Max Garduno**, (bongos); **Moses Obligation**, conga drums . . . **Wes Montgomery** has as many west coast gigs as he can keep up with. Between the Lighthouse and Shelly's Manne-Hole, the guitarist's quintet will play engagements in San Francisco, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, and San Diego . . . A recent one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena for a local avant-garde combo: **The Quintet de Sade**. The group also taped a two-hour concert for **KPFK-FM**. Quintet personnel: **Thomas Shepherd**, reeds; **David Pritchard**, **Frank Blumer**, guitars; **Thom Barnes**, bass; and **Dean Karas**, drums . . . Pianist **Phil Moore** is currently playing with **Don Ellis'** band at Bonesville on Monday nights . . . **Tommy Flanagan's** trio backed **Lil and Rene** at **Redd Foxx's** recently . . . **Plas Johnson**, whose studio assignments have cut down his opportunities to swing, made up for that lack somewhat by sitting in with drummer **Kenny Dixon's** trio (**Clifford Scott**, tenor; **Art Hillery**, organ) at the Parisian Room . . . **Sonny Criss**

leaves shortly for gigs in New York, New Jersey, and Chicago. In New York, Criss will cut his third album for Prestige . . . **George Romanis** scored an hour-long TV special, *Sail to Glory*, using **Doe Serverinsen** as trumpet soloist . . . **Anita O'Day**, backed by the **Joe Castro Trio**, was featured for a recent three-day gig at the Matador Bowl in Northridge . . . **Page Cavanaugh** returned to the San Fernando Valley, opening at Whittinghill's in Sherman Oaks . . . **Kenny Burrell** came into Shelly's Manne-Hole after a two-week engagement by Stan Kenton and his band. The off-night Monday between those two weeks was devoted to the Mike Barone Band. Donte's most recent weekend combos were the quartets of **Howard Roberts** and **Jack Sheldon** . . . **Whitey Mitchell** replaced **Al McKibbon** with the **Stan Worth Trio** at the Ruddy Duck in Sherman Oaks.

San Francisco: Guitarist **Gabor Szabo** completed a two-week engagement at the Both/And. He was preceded by organist **Groove Holmes** . . . Several local musicians, including saxophonist **Sonny Lewis** and pianist **Bill Bell**, tutored teenagers in a four-week jazz workshop sponsored by the Oakland Recreation Dept. The students learned the basics of jazz and blues improvisation, composition, arranging, and big band sight-reading . . . San Francisco's educational television station, **KQED**, taped one of several Golden Gate Park weekday concerts. The film features vocalist **Mimi Fariña**, the **Steve Miller Blues**



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Band, and sarodist **Ashish Khan**. The program, already viewed on the East Coast, will make its San Francisco debut Aug. 24 . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** finished a two-week engagement at San Francisco's lush-est night club, the Venetian Room of the Fairmont Hotel. Rawls brought along **H. B. Barnum**, who arranged the big band scores and conducted the **Ernie Heckscher Orchestra**. Pianist **Gildo Mahones**, guitarist **Francois Vaz**, bassist **Bobby Haynes**, and drummer **Mel Lee** augmented the band . . . Blues singers **Blackburn** and **Snow** performed for two weeks in The City's Old Spaghetti Factory . . . Saxophonist **Norman Williams'** quintet plays regularly at the Jukebox, and drummer **Jason Holiday's** trio (pianist **Jonathan Heller**; guitarist **Sal Vertara**) plays nightly at the Weekender . . . Violinist **Mike White**, formerly with **John Handy**, joined **Roland Kirk** for gigs at the Fillmore Auditorium, the Both/And, and the Jazz Workshop. Kirk may include White in a future record album . . . Pianist **Denny Zeitlin** (bassist **Joe Halpin**; drummer **Oliver Johnson**) began a series of Monday night Jazz Workshop performances, replacing the **Peter Welker Sextet** . . . Radio station **KJAZ** is getting some easy advertising. The station's broadcasts are used as background music in Berkeley's Draft Board (no connection with the Selective Service or Vietnam Day Committee).

Chicago: The Club, formerly the Club DeLisa, celebrated its second anniversary

with blues singer **B. B. King** and trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** . . . **Gabor Szabo** was followed at the Plugged Nickel first by the **Lionel Hampton Octet**, then by singer **Anita O'Day** and pianist **Hamptou Hawes'** trio. Trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson** is at the Nickel until Aug. 27 . . . Sessions are held at Jack Mooney's (in Carl Sandburg Village) Sunday afternoons. Sit-inners seem to be welcomed with open arms . . . Rock sounds are emanating profusely from the Whisky A-Go-Go: **Martha and the Vandellas** were there until Aug. 19, followed by the **Marvelettes**, in through Sept. 3; coming after that for 10 days are **Smokey Robinson** and the **Miracles** . . . One of the most stirring tributes to **John Coltrane** was the collective performance held at the Meadows Club July 25. Sparked by pianist **Ken Chaney**, who led his own trio (bassist **Reggie Willis**; and drummer **Steve McCall**), the artists included many of the foremost jazzmen in town. Groups led by altoists **Anthony Braxton**, **Bunky Green**, **Roscoe Mitchell**, and **Joseph Jarman**, pianists **Louis Hall** and **Richard Abrams**, and multi-instrumentalist **Phil Cohran** toasted Trane in sound . . . Braxton also led a quartet in concert at Christ Methodist Church July 29, while Mitchell and Jarman gave July concerts at Ida Noyes Hall on the University of Chicago campus, and Cohran's somewhat enlarged Artistic Heritage Ensemble has been giving concerts throughout the summer on Friday evenings and Sunday afternoons at Jackson Park Beach, 64th and Lake Shore Drive . . . The Trio (tenorist **Fred Anderson**,

trombonist-bassist **Lester Lashley**, and drummer **Alvin Fielder**) did a one-nighter at Stan's Pad July 12. Reed man **Jimmy Ellis** continues as leader of the house group at the club . . . The **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet** (pianist **Don Friedman**; bassist **Miroslav Vitous**; drummer **Dave Bailey**) finished its stint at the London House Aug. 13, followed by the **Stan Getz Quartet**, in residence until Sept. 3. Coming: altoist **Cannonball Adderley** (Sept. 5-24) and pianist **Earl (Fatha) Hines** (Sept. 26-Oct. 15) . . . **Josephine Artus**, proprietress of the Pumpkin Room, celebrated her first year in business Aug. 7. The south shore club is showcasing live jazz with such groups as the **Dave Shipp Trio** (featuring pianist **John Young**) and various vocalists on weekends, and the **Joe Boyce Quartet** (Boyce, vibes; **Tom Washington**, piano; **John Whitfield**, bass; **Bill Quinn**, drums) on Tuesdays. . . . **Mel Torme** did a three-week engagement at Mister Kelly's . . . The Hurricane Lounge (79th and Stony Island Ave.) has initiated a live jazz policy Monday nights. Promoter **James Lovejoy**, pianist **Ken Chaney**, and emcee **Alden Lawson** have combined talents to create a home for the many gigless south side musicians. Chaney's group (trumpeter **Frank Gordon**, tenorist **Reuben Cooper**, bassist **Reggie Willis**, and drummer **Steve McCall**) inaugurated the proceedings . . . Monday night sessions at the Pershing Lounge, led by trombonist **Billy Howell**, were going fast and furious during July . . . **Bill Russo's Chicago Jazz Ensemble** concluded its summer

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series of free concerts with a tribute to **Duke Ellington**, whose *Concert of Sacred Music* was performed for the first time by an orchestra other than the composer's own at two concerts at the University of Illinois circle campus amphitheater. Duke himself visited the ensemble's rehearsal. Also performed was Russo's *In Memoriam*, dedicated for the occasion to **Billy Strayhorn** . . . The Chicago Jazz Institute, a project initiated by trumpeter-seminarian **Kent Schneider**, moved past the blueprint stage with a Dixieland concert at the Wellington Ave. Congregational Church in July. Among the participants was veteran trombonist **George Brunis**, who has also been on hand for **Art Hodes'** summer season of weekend sessions in Chicago Heights, where

other guests have included **Red Saunders**, **Truck Parham**, **Fred Kohlman**, **Don Ingle**, **Dave Rasbury**, **Jimmy Granato**, **Frank Chace**, **Nap Trotter**, **Quinn Wilson**, and **Dan Williams** . . . The "Chicago sound" of the **James Cotton Blues Band** and various folk, country, rock, and blues artists from the 1967 Berkeley Folk Music Festival Jubilee Concert were featured on *WTTW-TV* in late July. The station also presented *Jazz from Newport, 1966*, highlighting the guitar and trumpet workshops from last year's festival. On Aug. 2 the station taped **Gerry Mulligan** and the Chicago Jazz Ensemble, and two days later, the Terry-Brookmeyer quintet.

Denmark: A long-playing album of

Danish avant-garde jazz is indeed a rare thing. But now the only modern group of importance not from Copenhagen, the **Tom Prehn** quartet from Aarhus, has released its first album on a new label, *V 58*. Besides the leader on piano, the group consists of **Fritz Krogh**, tenor saxophone; **Poul Ehlers**, bass, and **Preben Vang**, drums . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Yusef Lateef's** stay at the Montmartre this year will be through Aug. 31. On Sept. 1, Lateef will play for the students at the University of Aarhus . . . The second jazz week at the Magleas high school near Copenhagen took place July 30-Aug. 5. Some sixty young people from all over Denmark gathered to study subjects like "Jazz and the spoken word," "Duke Ellington," "Louis Armstrong," and "The small groups of Charlie Parker." The event was arranged by the Danish Jazz Academy (the teachers are all members of the academy) and a very inventive organization named *Music and Youth*.

Cincinnati: The **Symphony Jazz Quartet** (**Mario Speziale**, trumpet; **Frank Proto**, piano, bass; **Bob Bradley**, bass; **Dave Frerichs**, drums), all members of the Cincinnati Symphony, presented a jazz concert at the University of Cincinnati, featuring original compositions by Proto, some of which used two basses . . . **Mel Torme** appeared at the Living Room for four nights late in July, backed by the **Dee Felice Trio** . . . Pianist **John Wright's** quartet, currently appearing at **Herbie's Lounge**, was featured in a Sunday afternoon jazz concert in Eden Park . . . The **L&M Band**, co-led by drummer **Fred Lucht** and trumpeter **Rudy Minnetti**, followed **Stan Kenton** into the Miami Boat Club, a private club frequently using big band jazz for its social functions.

Miami: Jazz at the *Gaslight* has taken hold in Coconut Grove. The weekend gigs have featured **Ira Sullivan** playing reeds and trumpet, with reed man **Pete Ponzol**, pianist **Tony Castellano**, bassist **Jimmy Glover**, and drummer-vibist **Don Keider** . . . The **Yacht South Seas** has been hosting the **Vince Lawrence Duo** (Lawrence, piano; **Billy Fry**, bass) . . . The **Harbor Lounge** opened a new jazz season with pianist **Guy Fasciani's** trio (**Conti Milano**, bass; **Buddy Delco**, drums) . . . Another SRO concert produced by this correspondent at the **Rancher Lounge** featured the **Miami Jazz All-Star Quintet** (**Ira Sullivan**, trumpet, flute, reeds; **Charlie Austin**, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute, oboe; **Eric Knight**, piano; **Donn Mast**, bass; **Buddy Delco**, drums), plus the **Vince Lawrence Trio**, and singer **Barbara Russell** . . . **Chubby Jackson** and **Flip Phillips** are working at the **Barefoot Mailman** in Pompano. Chubby's 14-year old son, **Duffy**, is on drums, and **Bob Pancoast** on piano . . . At **Jack Wood's Oceania** in Ft. Lauderdale, cornetist **Jimmy McPartland** and saxophonist **Billy Prince** joined the house band of trumpeter **Andy Bartha** (**Ray Brooks**, trombone; **Larry Wilson**, reeds; **Billy Hagen**, piano; **Larry Schram**, banjo; **Gene Dragoo**, bass; **Bill Pollard**, drums) for a week.

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Stanley Spector writes—

I would like to offer a definition of the word technique as that word and idea functions within "METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING. TECHNIQUE: the ability to set up a limited rhythmical-percussive framework, and the capacity to use the mind, ear and emotions as instruments to explore within that framework for the purpose of making improvised music. The length of time that you are able to work within this limitation and yet sustain the interest of the listener is the extent of your technique.

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St. Louis: The LeBosse Trio is currently at the 3-J's. Ed Nicholson is on piano, with H. Van Harris, bass, and James Thomas, drums . . . Mr. C's La Cachette brought popular reed man Eddie Harris in from Chicago for a two-week engagement. He was capably assisted by Dave Venn, piano; Bob Stout, bass; and Jerome Harris, drums . . . George Wein's Newport show featuring Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Smith, Cannonball Adderley, Herbie Mann, Ramsey Lewis, and Nina Simone was at Kiel Auditorium Aug. 3 . . . The new Ra-Jon Trio featuring vocalist Sheryl Lyn has been held over indefinitely at the Renaissance Room. The group has John Kitchen, Cordovox; John Meskauskas, guitar; and John Reno, drums . . . The Montmartre Lounge features the vocal and piano talents of Bill Hulub on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Pianist Herb Drury, with Jerry Cherry, bass; and Phil Hulsey, drums, are joined by vibist Jim Bolen on Thursdays and work as a trio on weekends . . . The Circle Coffee House in Laclede Town recently presented a Jazz Interpretations night, featuring a survey of jazz from traditional to advanced. Featured were Rick Bolden, piano; Wallace McMillan, piccolo and flute; John Mixon, cello; James Heard, bass; and Ben Thigpen, drums . . . The Jazz Salerno group from the Playboy Club are enjoying a combined gig and vacation in the Bahamas, backing the comedy team of Curtiss and Tracey.

Toronto: George Wein jetted into town for a one-day visit to announce that he plans to stage a three-day Canadian Jazz Festival next year. Location will be southern Ontario, halfway between Toronto and Buffalo. During his Toronto stay, Wein had a brief reunion with singer Teddi King (whom he managed for several years), who was appearing at the Franz Josef Room . . . Jon Hendricks returned to the Town for a week's engagement with the Flip Nunez Quartet. Hendricks arrival marked the end of the Town's short-lived rhythm and blues policy. Pop singers held forth for the next few weeks, until Dizzy Gillespie arrived for two weeks in Aug. . . . Back at the Colonial Tavern for a three-week visit were the Saints and Sinners followed by Buck Clayton, with old sidekick Buddy Tate . . . At the Park Plaza Hotel, Jim McHarg and his new Metro Stompers Band, playing Bobby Gimby's hit tune, *Canada*, brought out large crowds to the Plaza Room. They were followed by organist Jackie Davis (whose trio includes guitarist Floyd Smith of Andy Kirk fame) . . . Guitarist-blues singer Lonnie Johnson was at George's Kibitzeria . . . The International Association of Jazz Record Collectors, with Pittsburgh's Bill Love presiding, held their annual meeting this year in Toronto at the Club Alley Cat. Among the 100 or more delegates from several United States' cities, plus Toronto and Montreal, were Jack Baker of Columbus, Ohio, who showed jazz films from his famous collection, and Jim Kid of Montreal, noted collector of Canadian recordings.

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SEPTEMBER 21 ISSUE

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.
After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): Art Williams.
Apartment: Cecil Young to 9/3.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): Vince Corozine, Fri.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Brown's (Loch Sheldrake): unk.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Central Park North (White Plains): Sal Salvador, Wed.-Sun., tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, 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, Thurs.-Sat.
Cromwell's Pub (Mt. Vernon): Tony Scott, tfn.
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.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Sonny Oliver.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Big bands, wknds.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Kutsher's (Monticello): Otto-McLawler Trio.
La Boheme: Dizzy Reece.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: closed July, Aug.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: unk.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 9/1-16.
Miss Lacey's: unk.
007: Lee Shaw.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Sal Salvador.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Elvin Jones.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepherd's: closed Aug.
Slug's: Joe Henderson to 8/27. Jackie McLean, 8/29-9/3. Sun Ra, Mon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes, Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon. Jazz at Noon, Mon.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Traver's Celler Club (Queens): sessions, Mon.
Villa Pace (Smithtown, N.Y.): Johnny Jay, wknds.
Village Gate: Miles Davis to 8/27. Ornette Coleman to 9/10. Mongo Santa Maria, 8/29-9/3. Nina Simone, Montego Joe, 9/5-17.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Roland Kirk, Horace Silver to 8/27.
White Plains Hotel: Herman Autrey, Red Richards, wknds.

LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Gus Mancuso, nitely.
Duke's: Jimmy Cook, Tues.
Flamingo Hotel: Nancy Wilson to 9/18.
Sands Hotel: Count Basie to 9/5.
Thunderbird: Bobby Short, tfn.
Tropicana Hotel: Sy Zentner-Julie London to 8/30. Pete Fountain, 9/1-21. Dukes of Dixieland, 9/22-10/12.

LOS ANGELES

Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Paul Lopez, Mon.
New Era, Tue.
Century Plaza (Century City): Four Freshman to 9/5.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Devil's Den: Richard Dorsey, Wed.-Mon.
Diamond Jim's (Sherman Oaks): Calvin Jackson, Carson Smith.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Clara Ward, Firehouse Five + 2.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jazz, nightly. Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed.
Empire Room (Culver City): Ernie Scott.
Escapade Club (La Habra): sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Hollywood Bowl: Herb Alpert, Sergio Mendes, 9/29-30.
Intermission Room: Rose Gilbert.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lemon Twist: Eddie Cano.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Wes Montgomery to 9/3. Ahmad Jamal, 9/5-17. Cal Tjader, 9/19-10/1.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): jazz, nightly.
Melody Room: Bobby Short.
Memory Lane: Jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Orange County Fairgrounds (Costa Mesa): Pacific Jazz Festival, 10/6-8.
Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: Ike Isaacs, Aaron McNeil.
Pier 52 (Hermosa Beach): Lou Rivera.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Scene: Marv Jenkins.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gabor Szabo, Gary Burton, 8/24-27. Bola Sete, 8/29-9/10. Gerald Wilson, 9/12-24. Shelly Manne, wknds. Ruth Price, Dave Crusin, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi, Mike Melvoin, Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbie Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Barbara): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Page Cavanaugh.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Bruz Freeman, hb.

MILWAUKEE

Ad Lib: unk.
Room Boom Room: Del Miller, Mon.-Sat.
Black Orchid: Jimmy Colvin, Fri.-Sat.
Crown Room: Lou Lalli, tfn.
Dimitri's: Bobby Burdette, Thurs.-Sun.
El Matador: Mike Rich, tfn.
Green's Living Room: Will Green, tfn.
Jolly's: Dan Edwards, Fri.-Sat.
KG's: Zig Millonzi, Fri.-Sat.
Le Carousel: Joe Gumin, Wed., Fri.
Ma's: Chosen Four, Tue., Sun. Four Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.
Mr. Mort's: Dan Edwards, Wed., Thurs., Sun.
Nauti-Gal: Bill Otten, tfn. Walt Ketchum, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Old Hayward, Wis.: Woody Herman, 9/3. Gene Schroeder, tfn.
Ronnie Kay's: various groups, wknds.
Someplace Else: Dixieland, Tue., Thurs., Sun.
The Brothers: George Pritchette, tfn. Manti Ellis, Charlene Gibson, Mon.
Tumblebrook Restaurant: Dick Ruedebsch, Wed., Fri.-Sun.

DALLAS

Attie Club: Mark Carroll, hb.
Club Lark: Joe Johnson, Roosevelt Wardell, Delores Johnson, Fri.-Sat.
Fink Mink Club: Jim Black, Betty Green, tfn.
Marriot's Conquistador Room: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Mr. Lucky's: Sammy Jay, Mon.-Fri. Sessions, Sun.
Village Club: Don Jacoby, hb, various artists.
Villager: Paul Guerrero, hb.
Woodmen Hall: Michel Ltd., sessions. Various artists, Sun., Tue.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Celebrity Club: name jazz, weekly.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Stan Getz to 9/3. Cannonball Adderley, 9/5-24. Earl Hines, 9/26-10/15.
Jack Mooney's: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
Office: Joe Daley, Mon.
Old Town Gate: Norm Murphy, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Maynard Ferguson to 8/27.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Robin's Nest: The Organizers, wknds.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
Web: Tommy Ponce-Judy Roberts, Mon.-Tue.
Whisky A-Go-Go: Marvelettes, 8/24-9/3. Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, 9/7-17. Sam & Dave, 9/21-30.
White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Dave Catherwood, Tue. eve., Sun. afternoon.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Otis Redding to 8/26. Redd Foxx, Tammi Terrell, 8/29-9/10. The Temptations, 9/19-24.
Bop City: Benny Wilson, hb.
Booth/And: Gabor Szabo to 8/27. Modern Jazz Quartet, 9/18-24. Wes Montgomery, 10/3-8.
Local groups, Mon.
C'est Bon: Vernon Alley-Chris Ibanez.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Cal Tjader to 9/2. Wes Montgomery, 9/4-16. Juan Serrano, 9/18-10/7.
Haight-Levels: Smiley Winters, Bay Area Quintet, Sonny Lewis.
Half Note: George Duke hb.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Terrell Prude. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Smith to 9/3.
Jukebox: Norman Williams, hb. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Just Fred's: Abe Batat, Hampton Hawes, Nico Buninck.
Little Caesar: Mike Tillis.
Luther's Off-Plaza: Modern Afro-Jazz Quartet, hb.
Noh Hill Room (Mark Hopkins Hotel): Steve Atkins, tfn.
New Orleans Room (Fairmont Hotel): Jean Hoffman, tfn.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson, wknds. Sessions Sun.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): Bola Sete to 8/27. Teddy Wilson, 8/29-9/17. George Duke, Sounds of Synanon, Mon.
Villa Roma: Primo Kim.
Weekender: Jason Holiday.

NEW ORLEANS

Back Stage Lounge: Frankie Ford.
Bistro: Pibe Hine, Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Roy Liberto.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Goliwog: Armand Hug.
International Theatre Restaurant: Sam Cohen.
Jazz Corner: Willie-Tee.
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, Bill Newkirk, Joe Morton.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Sho-Bar: Don Suhor.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Top of the Mart: Paul Guma.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.

MIAMI

Bonfire: Myrtle Jones, Bobby Kendricks.
Harbor Lounge: Guy Fasciani.
Yacht South Seas: Vince Lawrence.
Gaslight Cafe South: Pete Ponzol, wknds.
Rancher Lounge: Jazz Concerts, Ira Sullivan.
O'Rileys (Ft. Lauderdale): Tom Howard.
Jack Woods Oceania (Ft. Lauderdale): Andy Bartha.

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