

DECEMBER 28, 1967 35c

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

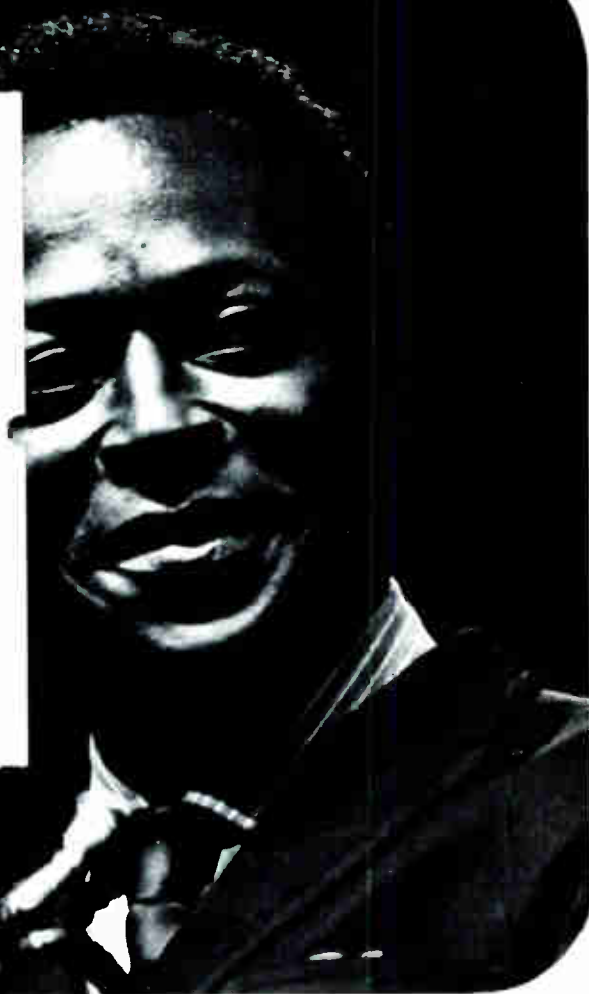
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Vol. 34, No. 26

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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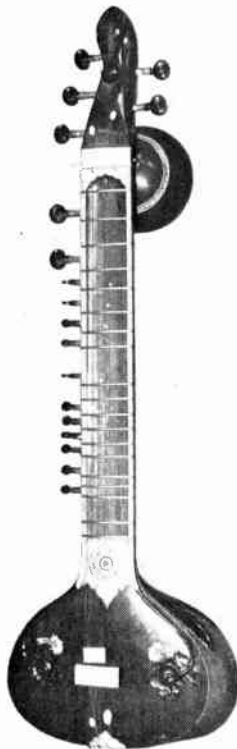


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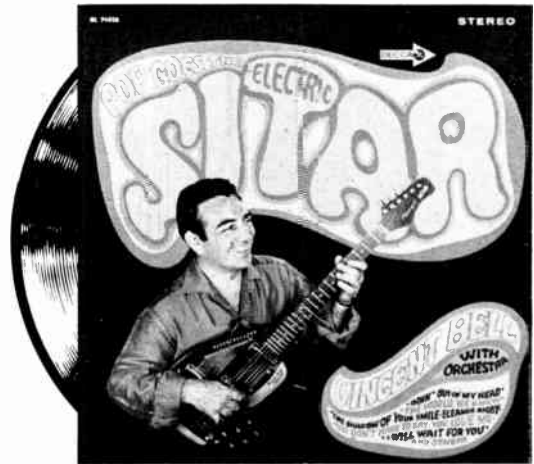
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

More Beatles Backlash

This letter is to inform (John Gabree) of our thoughts concerning his article, *The Beatles in Perspective* (DB, Nov. 16).

We really can't decide whether you wrote this article as a very distasteful put-on or whether you take pride in displaying your ignorance on this subject in such a highly rated magazine. . . .

We feel that you have made a great deal of sense in the first half of your article, with the exception of a few statements. However, to compare the accomplishments of the psychedelic groups that you've mentioned to the brilliant and extremely advanced accomplishments of the Beatles, is like comparing a puddle to an ocean.

Not to say that we are unaware of the talent and creativeness of these groups. We merely mean to point out that this comparison cannot be made.

To say that Mick Jagger is a brilliant vocalist, and compare Jagger and Richards to Lennon and McCartney as song writers, proves to us how unqualified you are to be a critic of pop music.

If a group is to be an "authentic original," you say, they need the "chutzpah" to release a suggestive song. There is more to being original and independent . . . than being just plain gross.

In your conclusion, you stated: "The Beatles have really spent the last four years picking apples in other peoples' orchards to make their own (sometimes delicious) pies."

Well, Mr. Gabree, here are a few home-grown apples for you to eat. *And I Love Her; This Boy; Michelle; Yesterday; and Eleanor Rigby*, only to mention a very few.

We have decided to save the *Sgt. Pepper's* album until last, as what the Beatles did for chord progression and melodic structure is incomparable to any pop music we've heard to date. The Beatles, along with George Martin, are unprecedented in their musical contributions.

We hope you have received as many letters as you expected.

The Characters
Gene Boiani
Tom Sullivan
Bob Liberty
Dick Charles
New York City

The amount of letters received in response to Gabree's article was unprecedented. We regret that we can't publish them all.—Ed.

Mallet Missile

Martin Williams is treading on thin ice when he speaks of "concert musicians" in *Some Words for Hamp* (DB, Nov. 16). He doesn't specify whether he means percussionists or other musicians, but his information on respect and feelings toward the xylophone and vibraphone is com-

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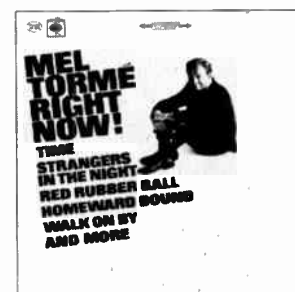
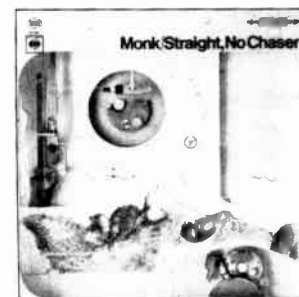
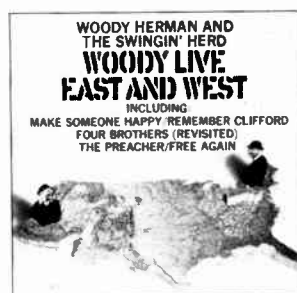
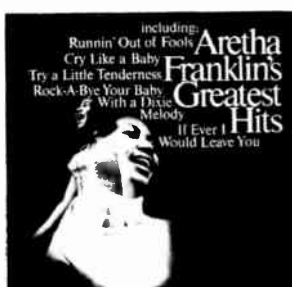
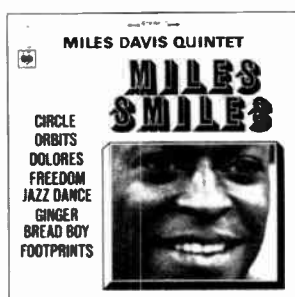
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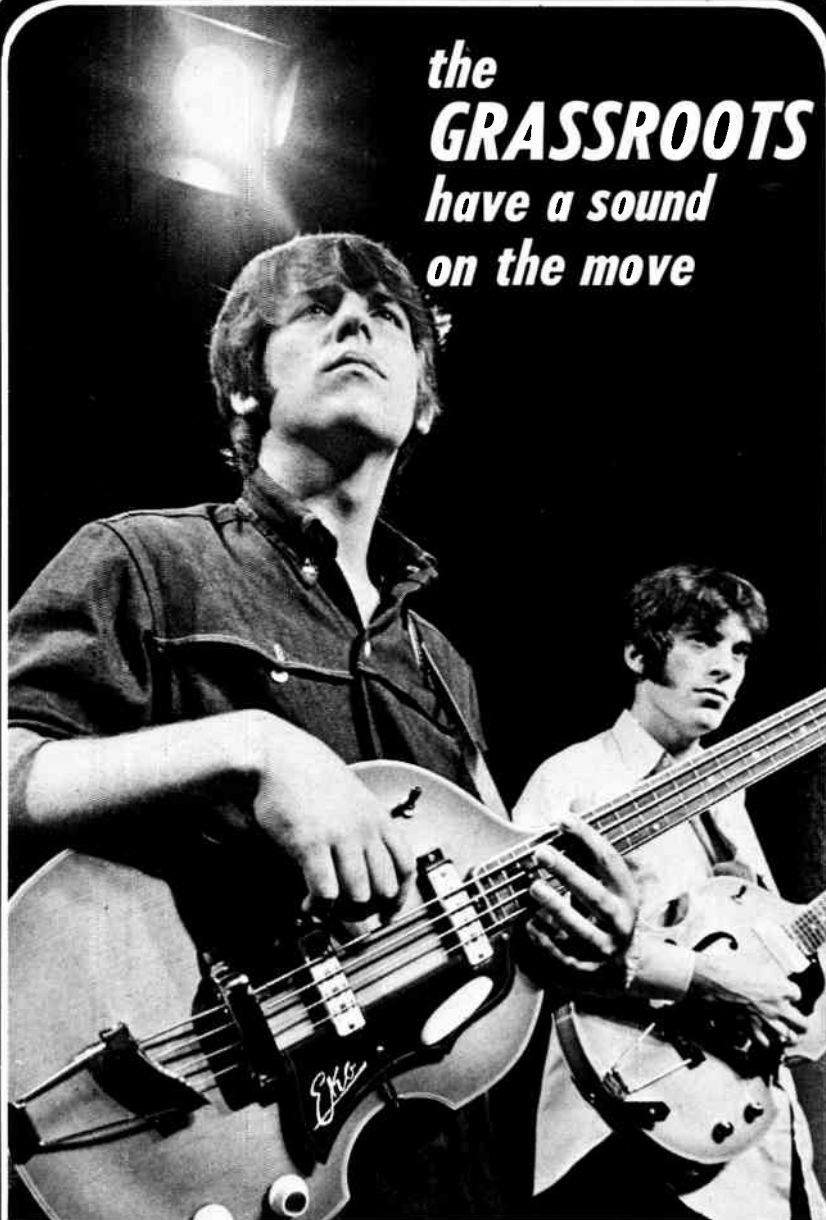
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On set with Pat Boone in Hollywood, Rob Grill and Warren Entner of the Grassroots review their new record, "Wake Up, Wake Up."

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pletely off base.

Professional percussionists have the utmost respect for these instruments, for they practically command respect. The difficulty in becoming even proficient on the mallet instruments is enough in itself to show this.

Perhaps his statement might be true in an amateur or high school situation, but not in a professional one. If he had talked to any pros, he would have found this out. . . .

Les Heshelman
Percussion Dept.,
Indiana University

Gitler's New Thing

I thought Ira Gitler would never come around to the new music, but after reading his reviews of Don Cherry's and Archie Shepp's music (*DB*, Nov. 30), he certainly knows the difference between true players and shuckers.

I think "The Pharaoh" is the best of the new thing tenor men out there, and I'd like to see where his next step leads. . . .

Good to see Harvey Pekar back with the staff.

William Salter
Chicago

Coltrane's Legacy Safe?

It has been almost five months since John Coltrane died and my main and I whimpered ourselves to sleep playing *My Favorite Things*. Since then, *Down Beat* has published numerous tributes, and I can say no more than what has been said.

But now Impulse is planning to release everything he had recorded (according to Nat Hentoff's liner notes on *Expression*), and I've begun to worry that performances will get out that are not up to the standard he set when he was alive. I'd hate to find Trane perpetuated in great quantities of hack work (if anything he did could ever be considered such), like the old literary giants whose families attempt to proffer anything written by the master, good or bad, in crass exploitation, with the artist's reputation at stake and he defenseless to uphold it.

I have faith in the integrity of Bob Thiele to respect the integrity of Coltrane's legacy.

Everybody waits for the next great leader and, being fanciful, I should think that if there is that romantically pictured heaven somewhere, Trane and Bird have got some harps and are wiggling everybody.

Mike Bourne
Indiana University

Mainstream Message

I have enjoyed in recent issues your good comments on various traditional and mainstream musicians and bands. It is gratifying to have these elder statesmen lauded publicly. . . .

Also, the article by Gilbert Erskine, *Jazz in the Mountains* (*DB*, Nov. 16) is interesting. Good musicians make good recordings—could this be probable or possible from this jazz party at Vail?

Les Ker
Cleveland, Ohio

GEORGE HOEFER DIES

George Hoefler, 58, noted jazz historian and critic, died Nov. 19, apparently of a heart attack, while visiting the Ferry Boat, a jazz club in Brielle, N.J. At about 2:30 a.m., Hoefler excused himself, apparently feeling unwell, and was descending a flight of stairs when he was stricken.

Born in Laramie, Wis., Hoefler attended the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where his father was a faculty member. He graduated in 1930 with an engineering degree. His interest in jazz began when he was 13.

In 1934, he settled in Chicago, where his apartment at 2 East Banks St. soon became a famous haven for musicians, record collectors, and jazz lovers. An avid collector, Hoefler discovered many rare



GEORGE HOEFER
Invaluable Contributions

items in unlikely places, and soon became an authority on the subject of jazz discography.

He began to write in 1938, for the magazine *Tempo*, and in 1939 initiated his *Hot Box* column for *Down Beat*. Originally a column for collectors, it was later expanded to include all facets of jazz history, and continued as a regular *Down Beat* feature to the present.

Hoefler was a prolific contributor to many publications, including *Metronome*, *Record Changer*, *Melody Maker*, and *Jazz*. From 1958 to 1961, he served as *Down Beat's* New York editor. He contributed essays to the *Esquire Jazz Books* and the anthology, *The Jazz Makers*. In 1965, he collaborated with Willie (The Lion) Smith on the pianist's autobiography, *Music On My Mind*. For years, he had been at work on what he hoped to be the definitive book on Bix Beiderbecke.

In addition to his activities as an engineer and jazz writer, Hoefler also operated jazz departments for various Chicago record stores, including Hudson-Ross and Seymour's. His personal collection was considered one of the world's finest.

Though Hoefler's first love was tradi-

tional jazz, he maintained an open mind for all styles of the music, as evidenced by his review of an Albert Ayler concert in *Down Beat* earlier this year. With his painstaking research work, he made invaluable contributions to jazz history.

Hoefler is survived by his mother, Mrs. E. G. Hoefler; his wife, Colleen, and a son, George Francis Hoefler. Funeral services, conducted by the Rev. John G. Gensel, were held at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Manhattan Nov. 22.

NEWPORT TOUR A HIT IN EUROPE; LONDON IS SRO

Jazz Expo '67, the seven-day concert cornucopia staged in London Oct. 23 through 29, drew more than 38,000 fans and was so successful that plans are already underway for a repeat next year. (For a detailed review, see p. 17.)

Produced by Jack Higgins for Harold Davison, top British booking agency, the festival, which was the biggest jazz event ever presented in Great Britain, was made possible by a tie-in with George Wein's *Newport Jazz Festival in Europe* tour, and employed many artists from this package.

The Newport tour, which extended from Oct. 19 through Nov. 12, featured Miles Davis' quintet; Thelonious Monk, with an octet including trumpeter Ray Copeland, trombonist Jimmy Cleveland, and saxophonists Johnny Griffin, Phil Woods, and Charlie Rouse; Sarah Vaughan and the Bob James Trio; Gary Burton's quartet; a guitar workshop of George Benson, Buddy Guy, Jim Hall, Barney Kessel, and Elmer Snowden; Archie Shepp's quintet; Clark Terry; and Wein's Newport All Stars, with Ruby Braff and Buddy Tate.

Co-sponsored by Pan American Airways and the United States Travel Service of the U.S. Dept. of Commerce, the tour included concerts in more than 20 cities in 12 countries, among them Ireland, Finland, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, France, and Spain. Attendance was excellent everywhere except in the Scandinavian countries.

Until the very end, the tour proceeded without mishaps. In Barcelona, however, Miles Davis failed to appear, and his sidemen performed as the Wayne Shorter Quartet. In spite of this final sour note, the tour, in the opinion of qualified observers, was a landmark in the annals of international jazz presentation.

NOTRE DAME FESTIVAL SET FOR MARCH 7-9

The 10th edition of the University of Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival—the oldest established festival of this type in the country—will take place March 7 through 9, 1968.

CJF '68's panel of judges is scheduled to include four distinguished musicians—Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Oliver Nelson, and Wayne Shorter—plus Robert

Share, administrative director of the Berkeley School of Music, and *Down Beat* editor Dan Morgenstern. The judges will also participate in two symposiums.

According to festival chairman John Noel, awards will include a number of instruments donated by leading national manufacturers. In addition, a \$500 cash award, a Benny Goodman trophy, and a set of Selmer Porta-Desks will be harvested by the winning big band, while the first-place combo will get a B.G. trophy and \$300 cash. There is also a good possibility for awards of scholarship grants, Noel said.

For the second year, the Indiana High School Band Festival will take place in conjunction with CJF. To be held March 8 at Marion High School, near the Notre Dame campus, the festival will be directed by the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C. The winning band will perform at the CJF finals. Rev. Wiskirchen's *Jazz Mass* will be performed during the festival.

On Friday night, a jam session, open to participants and judges, will take place after the concert.

Full information concerning applications for entry to CJF '68 is available from Collegiate Jazz Festival, Box 115, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. Deadline for entry is Jan. 21.

FINAL BAR

Trombonist James (Jimmy) Archey, 65, died of emphysema Nov. 16 in Brunswick Hospital, Amityville, Long Island. He had been in precarious health for several years.

Born in Norfolk, Va., Archey came to New York in 1926 and worked with the bands of Edgar Hayes, Arthur Gibbs, Joe Steele, and King Oliver, after which he began a long stint with Luis Russell's band (later fronted by Louis Armstrong).

He then played with Willie Bryant, Benny Carter (1939-42), Claude Hopkins, and Noble Sissle. Known primarily as a capable big-band section man until the late '40s, a stint as substitute for Georg Brunis on Rudi Blesh's then popular *This Is Jazz* radio show opened up a new career for the trombonist in small-group traditional jazz.

In 1948, he toured Europe with Mezz Mezzrow's band, then worked for two years with Bob Wilber, taking over the band in 1951 and making a European tour with it in 1952. In 1955, he joined Earl Hines in San Francisco, remaining with the pianist until 1962. In 1965, he toured Europe again with an all-star group.

Archey was a solid, dependable player, and, while not a brilliant soloist, he was an expert voice in the traditional front line. He recorded prolifically, beginning with Steele and Oliver in the '20s, and later with Sidney Bechet, Wild Bill Davison, Tony Parenti, Wilber, Hines, and many others. He can be heard to good advantage on *Mule Face Blues* (Oliver); *Mahogany Hall Stomp* (Armstrong; Decca version); *Slow Drivin'* (Mutt Carey); *Blues*

for *Faz* (Parenti).

Blues singer Ida Cox, 78, died Nov. 10 in Knoxville, Tenn. after a three-year bout with cancer.

Miss Cox was one of the top blues artists of the Bessie Smith generation. Born Ida Prather in Cedartown, Ga., she ran away at 14 with a traveling show. Later, she was featured with the famous Rabbit Foot Minstrels.

She worked with Jelly Roll Morton in Atlanta and with King Oliver's band at the Plantation Club in Chicago. During the '20s, she recorded more than 80 sides for the Paramount label, accompanied by top instrumentalists, including trumpeter Tommy Ladnier and clarinetist Johnny Dodds.

Subsequently, Miss Cox toured with her own show, directed by her husband, pianist-organist Jesse Crump. In 1939, her career was revived by John Hammond, who brought her to New York for his second *Spirituals to Swing* concert, and set up record dates for her with the Vocalion-Okeh label.

Miss Cox suffered a mild stroke in 1945 while appearing in Buffalo, and went into semi-retirement in Knoxville. In 1961, she was persuaded by a&r man Chris Albertson to come to New York and record an album for Riverside, with an all-star band featuring Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins.

Miss Cox, while not a singer of the power of a Bessie Smith or Ma Rainey, was a subtle, convincing performer, often featuring a distinctive "moaning" style. She wrote dozens of songs, including *Wild Women Don't Have the Blues*; *Lawdy Lawdy Blues*; *Hard Times Blues*, and *Moaning Groaning Blues*. Her best recorded work stems from the 1939 sessions, where her accompanists included Hot Lips Page, James P. Johnson, Edmond Hall, and Charlie Christian.

Tenor saxophonist Gene Montgomery, 42, died Nov. 8 in Los Angeles, where he had been active for many years. Perhaps his best known association was with Howard McGhee's big band of 1946, where he played in the reed section alongside Charlie Parker, Sonny Criss, and Teddy Edwards. On records, he was featured in a tenor battle with Wild Bill Moore on a long-deleted Savoy LP.

POTPOURRI

Things are looking up for **Bobby Hutcherson**, but he recently went through a bad "spell." While the vibraharpist was appearing at the Both/And in San Francisco, columnist **Ralph Gleason** (or rather, his type-setter) wrote about Bobby Hutcherson, and went on to identify his co-leader as **Harold Lamb**. Then, when Bobby returned to Los Angeles to open at the It Club, the sign outside proudly proclaimed Bobby Hutchinson. Aside from Hutcherson and Land, the group seems to be constantly changing. Pianist **Joe Sample** has been with the combo as have drummers **Donald Bailey** and **Stix Hooper**, and bassist **Red Mitchell**. At the It Club, the rhythm section was **Bill Henderson**, piano; **Al Stinson**, bass; **Doug Sides**, drums. At the club owner's

request, the front line was expanded to include **Dupree Bolton**, trumpet; **Frank Morgan**, alto saxophone. The book for the Hutcherson-Land Quintet has been written mainly by the co-leaders.

Veteran trumpeter **Wingy Manone** journeyed to Copenhagen in November for a guest stint with **Papa Bne's Vikings**, Denmark's most popular traditional jazz group, in permanent residence at the Vinggaarden club. Manone will also pay playing visits to the other Scandinavian countries.

Singer **Kay Starr** has been named to the advisory board of the Los Angeles Indian Center, Inc., engaged in raising

\$2,000,000 to service more than 45,000 citizens of American Indian origin. Miss Starr, born on an Indian reservation in Oklahoma, is part Choctaw, Cherokee, and Iroquois.

Bob Koester of Delmark Records has unearthed some previously unknown acetate recordings made by the legendary Chicago pianist **Frank Melrose** (Kansas City Frank). Melrose, a disciple of **Jelly Roll Morton**, died in 1941 and made only a handful of records. The newly discovered material includes piano solos and selections made with a small band led by clarinetist **Bud Jacobson**, another Chicago legend. The material will be issued by Delmark in 1968, according to Koester.

The Professionals

NBC'S AND FRANK SINATRA'S *A Man and His Music plus Ella plus Jobim* was one of the best music shows ever presented on television. In marked contrast to the singer's previous "specials," the key to this hour was relaxed and unstrained performance.

The star and host was in superb voice. Gone was the rather forced vitality that has marred some of his more recent work; in its place, there was warmth, mellowness, and assurance without a trace of arrogance. His patter, too (kept at a minimum) was genuine, and delivered with the casualness of in-person ad libs.

The show started strongly, with a booting *Day In, Day Out*, followed by *Get Me to the Church on Time*, opening with a fat walking-bass line (not the bassist seen on camera—perhaps Ray Brown?) and featuring swinging Sinatra. *What Now My Love* (a song I don't much care for) was perhaps a bit theatrical, but it was followed by an absolutely first-rate *Ol' Man River*, done not as a production number, as is customary with this song, but with tasty piano backing from Bill Miller. Only at the very end did the full orchestra come in, and Sinatra gave that last note everything he had.

(There was a small slip in the lyrics; Sinatra got his *cotton* and *taters* mixed up. Surprisingly, the noted perfectionist let it pass, and right he was—the groove would have been difficult to recapture.)

Next, Sinatra did the seldom-heard verse to *Body and Soul* as an informal introduction to Ella Fitzgerald, who took over with the chorus. Her soulful rendition was masterly, and the subsequent *It's All Right With Me* was a lesson in swing and phraseology. During the following patter sequence, Sinatra said of his guest: "She not only sings better, but is funnier too;" a rare compliment from a man who seldom gives them.

Host and guest joined forces in a medley beginning with *How High the Moon*, then turning contemporary with *Up, Up and Away*; *Ode to Billie Joe* (Ella re-created this hit); and *Going*

Out of My Head, a joint effort that was a joy to hear, due to not only the singers, but also the boss arrangement by Nelson Riddle.

After the commercial, Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim, facing each other in comfortable, low-slung chairs, did a deceptively casual set during which Sinatra outdid himself with perfect, flawless renditions of *Change Partners* and *I Concentrate on You* (the latter done at a really hip medium tempo that made the song gleam like new—and swing). There were also *Quiet Nights* and *Girl From Ipanema*, with first two-bar exchanges and then unison singing on the bridge.

Back with Ella, out front on the floor (there was a live audience, arranged on tiers in a semi-circle, and the applause, glory be, sounded natural), the show reached its climax with a classic medley. Neither Ella nor Sinatra have ever reached their full potential on television—until this show. Here, obviously enjoying themselves and each other, they gave a performance which was a graduate seminar in the art of popular singing—and convincing proof that it is an art indeed.

And it was a strongly jazz-flavored set, both in material and treatment. *They Can't Take That Away From Me*; *Stomping at the Savoy* (with a dreamy bridge split by the twosome), which doubled the tempo for two scat choruses and a striking cadenza by Ella, Frank digging the action from a seated position on the floor; then *At Long Last Love*; a delightful *Don't Be That Way*, by Ella, and, finally, *The Lady Is A Tramp*, yet another joint effort, and a demonstration of real togetherness in song.

A short reprise of *The Lady*, then a glimpse of *Angel Eyes*, and, over the crawl, the Sinatra theme, *Put Your Dreams Away*. And that was it, an hour that seemed all too short, a lesson in how good television can be when it aims high, and a show that is not to be missed when it is repeated, as it surely will be. Even the commercials were good, and all hands involved can well be proud of themselves.

—Morgenstern

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Jimmy Ryan's, one of the oldest jazz clubs east of the Mississippi, celebrated its 25th anniversary with a bash at the Riverboat Nov. 12. Two groups were featured. One, headed by trumpeter **Charlie Shavers**, included **Wilbur De-Paris**, trombone; **Sol Yaged**, clarinet; **Bill Rubenstein**, piano; **Arvell Shaw**, bass; and **Oliver Jackson**, drums. The other, led by trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**, was rounded out by **Eddie Barefield**, alto saxophone; **Marshall Brown**, valve trombone; **Dick Wellstood**, piano; **Bucky Calabrese**, bass; and **Eddie Locke**, drums . . . Tonight show announcer **Ed McMahon** sang *Every Day* with **Count Basie** at the

band's Riverboat opening. After **Basie's** week at the club, **Woody Herman** brought his *Herd* in Nov. 9-15 . . . **Stan Kenton** did two nights at the Village Gate Nov. 10 & 11. Guitarist **Jorge Morel** played opposite the orchestra. **Nina Simone** and **Montego Joe** followed. Upstairs, at the Top of the Gate, **Willie (The Lion) Smith** and **Don Ewell** brought their twin pianos in for a three-week engagement. . . **Bob Crosby** and his *Bobcats* held forth for five weeks at the Rainbow Grill, starting Nov. 6 . . . Trombonist **Kai Winding** did a month at Shephard's beginning Nov. 13 . . . The Apollo Theater was jumping in November. One week began with a show spotlighting **Damita Jo**, **Mongo Santamaria**, the **Nicholas Brothers**, **Johnny Nash**, and **Scoey Mitchell**. After four

days, **James Brown** and his revue took over. The following week was highlighted by a blues & folk show headlined by **Odetta**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, **T-Bone Walker**, **Big Mama Thornton**, **Joe Turner**, the **Chambers Brothers**, and **Wynonie Harris** . . . The **Billy Taylor Trio** played a concert for the International Art of Jazz at the Holiday Inn in Plainview, L.I. . . . Tenor saxophonist **Billy Mitchell** played a free concert at Donnell Library, sponsored by the Mayor's Committee for Living Music and the Recording Industry Trust Funds in cooperation with Local 802, AFM. With Mitchell were **Dave Burns**, trumpet; **Charles McLean**, piano; **Alvin Jackson**, bass; and **Earl Williams**, drums . . . Alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson**

/Continued on page 50



A TOUCHY SUBJECT

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

TWENTY YEARS AGO, at the end of World War II, there were virtually no jazz reissues available to the record collector. There was a shortage of shellac, the material with which 78 RPM disks were surfaced (records made of vinyl plastic were rare in those days), and the major companies, who had most of the material worthy of reissue, were using whatever shellac they had for new releases. Within a couple of years, there was to be a slight trickle of re-pressed jazz material from Columbia, but a trickle it remained. At the same time there was a market—indeed there was a demand—for jazz reissues. That demand was not met, and an illegal, bootleg reissue of jazz records began.

It started gradually. One man began by dubbing and re-pressing sides that had originally been issued in the 1920s by Paramount, a long-defunct company. Before long, another man had got a little bolder; he cribbed his material from old Columbia or Victor recordings. He called his label "British Rhythm Series," pretending (without saying it in so many words) that he was importing his stuff.

By the time LP arrived, anybody could walk into almost any large record shop in almost any major city and buy pirated Armstrong or Bessie Smith or Count Basie on longplay across the counter. One label was even frank enough to call itself "Jolly Roger."

And then it was revealed that the proprietor of "Jolly Roger" was having his pressing done by the custom plant of none other than RCA Victor. So it turned

out Victor was helping bootleg its own material and Columbia's, and never knew.

Columbia took action. It slapped a suit on one of the major bootleggers. But the basis of the suit, please note, was not that its material was being stolen—there is still a legal question as to how one copyrights a specific performance of a piece of music. Columbia sued on the basis of the fact that said bootlegger was exploiting the name of one of its then-exclusive contract artists, Louis Armstrong. Columbia won. But even before it won, the other bootleggers had dumped their stock in small record shops and fled the scene.

Nowadays, with much jazz reissue material generally available from major companies, there is less reason for bootlegging—although there is quite a bit of it going on (I note the availability of two unauthorized LPs by trumpeter Jabbo Smith, to cite one of several possible examples). But in Europe, there is currently rather widespread bootlegging of a rather different sort of material.

During the early 1940s, there was a ban on recordings by all members of the American Federation of Musicians. It lasted a little over a year, and there were no commercial records legally made by union membership during that period. There were, however, some V-Discs especially recorded for the Armed Forces, and there were studio transcriptions and special broadcasts recorded for radio stations, Armed Forces stations and others. From these alone we know what the Ellington orchestra, say, sounded like in 1943 and early 1944. From these, we know what the 1944 All-Star sessions staged by Esquire magazine at the Metropolitan Opera House (Armstrong, Billie, Tatum, Eldridge, Sid Catlett, et al.) sounded like.

There are also recordings of special events—concerts and the like—that were originally made for the participants but which were copied and passed among friends, fans, and collectors for years on worn acetate records and during the last few years on tape. Sometimes the copying and passing around was done frankly for a fee. There is, for example, an acoustically poor but fascinating recording done at the premiere performance of Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige* at


Carnegie Hall in January 1943. There are some broadcasts done in Fargo, North Dakota, during 1940 that capture the Ellington orchestra during perhaps its greatest year, and playing some of the greatest pieces in its repertory.

Such material, and lately, even older broadcasts from the '30s, is now being released in Europe in 12" LPs. The labels carry names like "FDC" (For Discriminate Collector), "Jazz Panorama" or "Temple." For the fan and serious student of jazz alike, the availability of such LPs is a bonanza. But for the working musician, it is a horror, and it sets precedents that simply should not be set. The players are not paid for their performances on these records, as they would be for any kinds of performances that found their way onto commercially released records, regardless of the source. (When Columbia dug up and issued the Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall concerts and broadcasts, all the musicians were paid as though they had participated in a regular recording session.) The composers, in most cases, receive no royalties for the use of their works. And there is no clearance made with the record companies to whom the musicians were contracted at the time, as is the usual practice.

I hesitate to bring this whole subject up, for in discussing it at all I draw attention to the existence of these records, and by drawing that attention, I perhaps draw customers to them. But I think that some sort of open discussion of the problem is perhaps worth that risk.

Surely there must be some way to clear rights to this material, issue and distribute it legally, and give due payment and royalties to the players and composers involved.

However, there is absolutely no legal or moral reason why these records should be pressed and sold to several thousand people without payment for performance and payment of royalties.

We would all like to see more of such music made available, I'm sure. But it must be done the right way. And if it is not done the right way, we should not get the idea that just because we're devoted fans and want such material, we are entitled to it. We're not. But sometimes we sure act like it. 

BUDDY RICH

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LONDON LOWDOWN

TEXT &
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Clark Terry solos with Theclonious Monk's octet. The bassist is Larry Gales; the saxophones, Charlie Rouse and Phil Woods.

A BENT IRISH PENNY whistling through the air of the Odeon Cinema, Hammersmith, narrowly missed me as I sat taking photographs of the Charles Lloyd Quartet. The penny and some scattered cries of "come off NOW!" spoke for the dissenting faction of the otherwise well-behaved crowd, but the rapturous reception accorded Lloyd by a packed house indicated that the avant garde will appeal to a sizeable chunk of the jazz audience if it's dressed up enough. In Lloyd's case, the dressing-up was literal as well as metaphorical—kaftans and shot-silk robes that would not have disgraced Noel Coward were as much in evidence as watered-down Coltrane mixed with a dash of emasculated Taylor.

Lloyd's mixed reception occurred during Jazz Expo '67, Britain's first really international jazz festival, and, until Archie Shepp came, saw, and conquered on the final night, it was the only discord in a week of harmony.

George Wein's eight-day bash, organized in collaboration with Harold Davison, was kicked off on fairly safe ground by the experienced team of Brubeck, Desmond, Wright, and Morello, and the somewhat overlooked ex-Basie alto saxophonist, Earle Warren. Appearing at the Royal Festival Hall with a local sextet co-led by flugel-hornist Alan Littlejohn and trombonist Tony Milliner, Warren instilled some of the unbeatable verve of a Basie small group into the proceedings from the start. The band's sparkle and enthusiasm more than made up for the obvious shortcomings of their semi-pro status.

It's funny that musicians like Warren receive so little acclaim. "He's still the best first alto man I've ever worked with," commented Gene Wright as we listened from the side of the stage, and so saying, he revealed the major reason for this unwarranted neglect. Warren's role in the orchestras has been mainly as a leadman,

and as a result, his solo ability has been somewhat eclipsed. He can still go, though, and while at its worst, the altoist's lush and melodramatic approach is a little too sweet for average tastes, he is at his best surprisingly funky, with the emotional bite of an Earl Bostic.

Brubeck's set, as predictable as ever, gave us a chance to compare alto styles. You can't get much cooler than Paul Desmond, whose limpidness on *St. Louis Blues* is as far from Warren's welling-forth as icicles are from a July day. Desmond played his own kind of blues and his own kind of swing, but the sedate way he expresses himself can make you feel quite timid about tapping your foot.

Wright and Morello swing. Say what you like about Brubeck, that's a faultless rhythm team.

I only wish I could feel that way about the drummer with the John Dankworth Orchestra. In the old days, when the leader was known as "Johnny," he led a glorious big band whose studied clumsiness was reminiscent of moments of Ellingtonia, but now when the respected screen composer and occasional altoist airs his works, the accent is on writing so tricky it tends to inhibit the swing.

The musicians did a sterling job of reading difficult charts, particularly trumpeter Les Condon, who was depping for an ailing Ken Wheeler, but oh, that drummer when he started reading the dots! *Two Piece Flower*, which featured Henry Lowther on violin, provided a pleasant enough interlude, but more to the point was *Old Blues*, a new look at an old Dankworth standby, which spotted, among others, trombonist Mike Gibbs in the best solo of the set, and Lowther, who is one of the country's most convincing young musicians, this time on trumpet. The fantastic lead trumpet throughout came from another youngster, Derek Watkins, who

recently held his own alongside Maynard Ferguson in the latter's Anglo-American Orchestra.

Some time ago, Indian composer John Mayer and alto saxophonist Joe Harriott put their heads together in an attempt to wed the music of their respective cultures. Indo-Jazz Fusions, which unites a jazz quintet and an all-purpose flutist with two sitars, tabla, and tamboura, has created a surprisingly popular meeting ground for jazz and non-jazz audiences alike, and while the music's disparate elements are not exactly fused, their juxtaposition has brought about moments of beauty.

All ragas, as Mayer explained, are written for particular seasons or times of day, and *Raga Mega*, the last of three, belongs to the rainy season. Harriott positively leapt in on this, his daredevil solo defying the elements. This man could knock spots off many, many Americans. His jagged intensity has to be heard to be believed, and music rages forth from him the way it did from Bird and Bechet and as it does from Ornette. This raga, and the Fusions, ended with an interesting attempt at collective improvisation, leaving a sea of happy faces on both sides of the curtain.

MAX ROACH, whose latest quintet of trumpeter Charles Tolliver, tenorist Odean Pope, pianist Stanley Cowell, and bassist Jymmie Merritt wound up the evening, was at the top of his form. There are few who can touch the drummer when he's feeling good, and this was Max's night. Pope, a sonorous tenor man who is a little hung up on his horn's mechanics, played with fullness on his own *Mail Order* before Tolliver took a finely constructed, mellow solo on Cowell's ballad, *Sweet Song*.

Tolliver has the unenviable task of following a long line of supreme trumpeters with Roach, among them Clifford Brown and Freddie Hubbard, but he's a man to watch. He is obviously inspired by Hubbard, but his mature approach to the business of playing the trumpet is a joy to behold nowadays, when it often seems as though it's hipper not to be taking care of business. He is a schooled musician with his heart in the right place, and the same goes for pianist Cowell, featured at length on his own *Abstrusions*.

Roach's brief *The Drum Also Waltzes* was built with consummate artistry, and then the five men segued into Merritt's *Nommo*. Pope's vigorous honking style was entirely appropriate to the moment as, spurred on by the drummer's continually evolving punctuations, he created his contemporary brand of excitement before returning to the modal theme. Tolliver's was a punchy outing which showed off his mature dynamics and ended on a gruff, humorous note, while Cowell, logical and lucid, also introduced an element of humor.

This was the last night of the quintet's European tour, but they played like it was their last night on earth. It's rather rare to hear young musicians giving so much of themselves today, and the gesture was much appreciated.

The third night was dedicated to the mainstream of jazz and was also responsible for the biggest gaffe of the event.

Substituting the Bill Evans Trio for the missing Teddy Wilson and Albert Nicholas was not only unfair to the pianist but also to the audience, which had arrived with the beery type of nostalgia peculiar to aficionados of the era. "Do you mean to say I've paid to hear Bill Evans?" demanded one ungrateful lout when the news was announced. As lovely as Evans played, I could have kicked his teeth in!

Clarinetist Dave Shepherd, a facile Goodman emulator with whose trio Wilson was to have worked, played prettily before leaving the stage to tenor saxophonist Danny Moss whose *African*, based on a Ghanaian folk song, showed off his mature way with the horn. Then came Budd Johnson, the compleat tenor saxophonist, whose highly musical and unrelentingly inventive style traverses the gap between swing and bebop.

Johnson opened with a "funky, low-down, greasy" *Blues For Ya-Ya* which took in a resilient chorus from bassist Spike Heatley. At 57, the saxophonist looks at life through a young man's eyes. He demonstrates conclusively at every given opportunity that jazz has not bypassed him. For example, the last time I heard him play *Lester Leaps In*, the composer's influence was very apparent, but this time the power behind the horn was strictly Johnson.

The Dixielandish contingent led by Alex Welsh was next, with a zesty, up-tempo *Beale Street Blues* which had a blistering chorus from the leader's cornet and some liquid clarinet from Al Gay. Considering its origins, the Welsh band is surprisingly musical, with tasteful improvisers in pianist Fred Hunt and Roy Williams, a trombonist who is more than a match for anyone in the country.

Then it was the turn of veteran expatriate trumpeter Bill Coleman. Looking as dapper as ever at 63, he took *Satin Doll* at his leisure, singing and swinging with unforced expertise. As reluctant to fit into the cozy "oldtime" pigeonhole as Johnson had been, Coleman was for many the star of the show.

Switching to his treasured fluegelhorn for a trip down to *St. James Infirmary*, he played with the tender poignancy of a man who has devoted his life to the music of living. His lazy vocal was evocative of a thousand nights when jazz was the be-all and end-all, and when he took the number out instrumentally, he rose to a poised and crystalline climax, hitting every note he set out for. The same clarity persisted through *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

The band played *Shiny Stockings* before Ben Webster, now also an expatriate, came on stage. Regrettably, the saxophonist was a little under the weather, so it would be unfair to criticize his set too strongly. Suffice it to say that he can still make the most marvelous music by merely breathing into his horn.

The concert closed with the churlishly received Evans set and George Wein's Newport All Stars. Accompanied by the prodigious bass of Eddie Gomez and Arnie Wise's unobtrusive drumming, Evans played three graceful numbers and ended with an up tempo *Israel*. More dynamic and percussive than formerly, Evans' piano

was a joy to hear. A pity that he was not accorded the chance to display his wares to a more perceptive gathering.

Wein's latest All Stars, with tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate and cornetist Ruby Braff in tow, were unfortunate in having to play to an already satiated house. Tate's fat Texas horn booted along *Deed I Do*; then Braff, always a surprisingly adventurous player, growled manfully into a metal cup-mute. On *I Want a Little Girl*, Tate seemed a little on the uninterested side while Braff, by contrast, was at his expansive best. His excursion on *I Can't Give You* said all there is to say about tightness, and *Undecided* gave Tate a chance to reach the people. But we'd eaten well and were feeling drowsy, and not even the blustery *Pan-Am Blue* which wrapped up the proceedings could change that.

WEDNESDAY WAS the night Charles Lloyd scored, but first out was the indefatigable Roland Kirk, erotically encased in a sort of black PVC boiler-suit—a space outfit for blowing space music. To my mind the vigor, excitement, and good old-fashioned entertainment that he brings to the music is something that has been missing far too long.

On a tribute to Coltrane's memory, Kirk played some magnificent and moving tenor, bowing to the late master here and there but creating choruses, for the most part, in his own image. His rhythm section—Ron Burton, piano, Steve Novasell, bass, and Jimmy Hoppes, drums—followed his every requirement conscientiously.

His out-and-out musicality dominated during his clarinet-and-tenor rendition of *Creole Love Call*, his voicings uncannily echoing Ellington's original. The bass lifted the rhythm section, Kirk clapped hands and Hoppes thrashed away before the clarinet proclaimed its sad lament. Tenor followed, roaring into a full-bodied solo. You can't keep a good man down and Kirk always bounces back to defy his critics. Thank goodness he doesn't let them faze him.

That Kirk is one of the most exciting jazz-makers around is undeniable, but what's important is that the excitement is for real. This cannot, unfortunately, be said for Charles Lloyd, whose flower-power combo followed with excitement as forced as hothouse rhubarb. Lloyd, Keith Jarrett, Ron McClure, and Jack DeJohnette are all excellent musicians, but they would be so much more enjoyable if they'd stick to the bag that suits them best.

Lloyd started out with a relaxed out-of-tempo tenor number. Jarrett, crawling even further into the piano than Bill Evans, swept the keyboard maniacally before modulating into an area of calm for Lloyd to come back with a crowd-stirring essay in stretching-out. Crowd stirred, leader and sideman exchanged unconvincing grins that smacked of the put-on.

In spite of his pretensions to the avant garde, Lloyd is, for me, so much more believable when he sticks to the—believe it or not—Getz-like mood of his second number, a flowerlike thing. Playing flute, he uses every aspect of his musicianly

technique, trying almost to nudge out the notes with his shoulders. But then, after the inevitable *Sombrero Samba*, Jarrett picked up a soprano saxophone and joined Lloyd down front for an instant trip to "freedom." This provoked the scattered boos and an attempted slow handclap.

The incongruity of tender melodic phrases escaping from the mass of contrived "mechanics" in which Lloyd delights, rather reveals that he has chosen an unnatural path. At such times he seems to be wearing Ayler's coat with an effeminate air. Although no one resents Lloyd's popularity and the flower-power syndrome, his arbitrary forays into "freedom" are, I feel, the mainstream's loss.

Thursday brought a totally different aspect of American Negro music to London. Horst Lippmann's touring blues festival gave two concerts and as usual, the most compelling moments came from the older performers. First out was a legendary singer from Memphis, guitarist Bukka White. *Gettin' Tired of Workin' For My Room and Board* was sung in a jovial manner, White accompanying himself powerfully on a metal instrument. His eerie, "slidin' Delta" style made up for the repetitive nature of his phrasing, especially on *Streamline Train*, where he slid the bottleneck he wore on his little finger from bottom to top of the guitar's frets. On *Aberdeen Blues*, White slapped the strings with the flat of his hand.

Next, a typical Chicago blues band took the stage. Hound Dog Taylor was the guitarist, the revered Little Walter played harmonica and Odie Payne was easily the best drummer Lippmann has brought to Europe. There was nothing exceptional about this set, and even Walter, normally an extrovert performer, failed to ignite the proceedings. I could have done without bassist Dillard Crume's gratuitous remarks about "that great state, Mississippi" and the condescending attitude he adopted when introducing the stooped and elderly Son House, one of the most emotive bluesmen it has been my pleasure to hear.

The rugged House, whose mumbled announcements, spoken almost to himself, did nothing to prepare the people for his onslaught, had the listeners gasping with the power of his loosely-strung National steel guitar. When he slid the steel "bottleneck" along the high end of the fretboard, the audience was almost petrified. House sang *Death Letter Blues*, *Levee Camp Moan*, and *Empire State Express* in a huge, all-pervading voice. This was the definitive voice of the country blues—an EXPERIENCE.

I could easily have listened to a complete concert by House and fellow Mississippian Skip James, who followed the venerable legend on stage. James, like House, is in his late '60s, but their styles and physical appearance are as different as can be imagined within the area of the country blues. Playing a Spanish-type acoustic box, James sang four of his own blues in a pretty, high-pitched voice that was not without a tinge of humor. The band then came back to accompany Miss Koko Taylor, a growling soul sister.

The inseparable duo, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, closed the show, telling



Archie Shepp flanked by trombonists Grachan Moncur and Roswell Rudd.

their familiar blues-tinged tale. They swapped choruses on their old favorites, *Rock Island Line* and *I'm a Stranger Here, Just Blowed in your Town*, then McGhee took *Backwater Blues* away, his vocal more vehement than I've heard it before. Terry whooped it up on his famous *Hootin' The Blues*—his command of the harmonica is still nothing short of amazing, as is the duo's rapport. At times they seemed almost to be thinking out of the same head.

THE WEEK'S MOST eagerly awaited event took place on Friday when the Thelonious Monk Orchestra was given its initial European airing. Monk's quartet followed an inconsequential set by the urbane Herbie Mann and, with their usual aplomb, ran through the changes on the familiar themes. Monk did a delicate and somehow coy solo version of *Don't Blame Me*, later adding Ray Copeland to his brew of Charlie Rouse, the constantly improving Larry Gales, and the elegant Ben Riley. The trumpeter unleashed some fat 'n' juicy ideas on the seldom-heard *Manganes* (*We See*), making him a definite candidate for the division of Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition.

Johnny Griffin, Jimmy Cleveland, and Phil Woods joined the others for the octet's first piece, *Epistrophe*, and Griffin's near-hysterical solo alone was well worth the price of a seat. This man is still the fastest tenor man this side of heaven—bar none. On this showing, his European sojourn has done him nothing but good.

The band was marvelously ragged in their attack, and it seemed a pity that such a huge display of talent should not have merited more rehearsal time. And it was surely the oversight of the year to fly Phil Woods 3,000 miles for just one solo! The alto saxophonist had a brief moment to leap on *Evidence*, yet Copeland, substantial though he is, blew on every tune. Griffin adopted a very contemporary approach on *Osk* *T* but he was still the same old Little Giant, reaching into the grab-bag of goodies to lay some soul on the people.

Clark Terry, originally billed to appear with the orchestra, ended up playing on just one feature number, *Blue Monk*. He was his usual bubbly self, mellow and

warm, yet not really the ideal interpreter of Monk's unique music. A reprise of *Epistrophe* heralded the falling curtain, and though the demand for an encore was unanimous, Monk, bless him, was sitting in the bus and ready to leave before the applause had even died away!

For the week of the festival, the Gary Burton Quartet was appearing at the Ronnie Scott Club, which performers and buffs alike would make their nightly watering-place. I had plenty of chances to listen to Burton who, together with guitarist Larry Coryell, is really into something, but on the penultimate night of the festival, because of their club stint, they were forced to give the audience short measure. Outstanding of four numbers was *Lines*, a duet written by Coryell for himself and the leader and containing moments of almost Bachian counterpoint. Both men introduced bluesy licks from time to time as a point of reference, as it were.

On June 15, 1967, written by local trombonist and Berklee graduate Mike Gibbs, Coryell's solo employed a bit of feedback, a technique as appropriate to 1967 as were the blues he shook from his instrument. Burton, resplendent in orange velvet suit, was a joy throughout, while the face of Jack Lesberg, watching intently from the wings, was a sure indication of where Steve Swallow's bass playing was at.

The so-called Guitar Workshop which followed upset everything by opening with a banjoist! Backed by Lesberg and Don Lamond, Elmer Snowden played a couple of amusing numbers. Adequate though bassist and drummer are in the right setting, they were not the perfect match for Chicago's Buddy Guy, who usually has no trouble in breaking things up. He was remarkably restrained this night and not helped by the plodding beat he had to work with.

Barney Kessel took over from Guy, swinging but totally predictable. He committed a major sin (in my book) by attacking *Samba de Orfeu* with all the finesse of a rock guitarist and destroying the lazy lilt of Bonfá's original, so it was quite a relief to turn to the filigree-like tracery of Jim Hall, who was accompanied for his three numbers by Swallow and Burton's drummer, Bobby Moses. His *Fly Me To The Moon* was so gentle, though, one

wonders why he chooses to play an amplified instrument. Hall is prettiness personified.

George Benson was not helped on his London debut by Moses' hopeless time-keeping. On a cursory *I'll Remember April*, the drummer started on a totally different path, and *The Shadow of Your Smile* was similarly disastrous.

The vast majority had, however, come to pay homage to the Divine One, Miss Sarah Vaughan. From the opening bars of *It's a Most Unusual Day*, she had them there, smack, dab in the palm of her lovely hand. Backed by the Bob James Trio, Miss Vaughan could do no wrong. On *The Shadow of Your Smile* in particular, she displayed a microphone technique that all young singers should be compelled to study, and her reading of *Alfie* was one of the most beautiful things I've ever heard. It took me a long time to dig Sarah, but after the dramatic *What Now My Love?* which was sung straight, all I can say is that I'm glad I'm a convert.

Sunday night was allocated to Miles Davis and Archie Shepp to really go outside. It was a concert that had everyone standing on their ear. Davis opened with a set that consisted of five or six numbers segueing into one another, including a *Round Midnight* that was almost tear-jerking in its melancholy. In spite of all his pretensions to the contrary, Davis is by dint of both sound and appearance the master showman.

Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, and Herbie Hancock acquitted themselves admirably, but the star, aside from the trumpeter, was the frenetic Tony Williams. Always an incredible drummer, Williams has escalated to a peak where no one with the exception of Roach, Roy Haynes, Philly Joe, and Elvin Jones can match his control of dynamics. He's loud, sure, but Miles likes it that way because it spurs him into moments of starkly screaming beauty. The excruciating cry of the Davis horn owes more than a little to Williams. The music was bittersweet perfection. No one but a powerhouse could have followed.

That Shepp did so and earned the lion's share of the applause is tribute to his skill at reaching the people. At first, Jimmy Garrison took the stage alone, bowing and plucking his bass strings in a seething solo before he was joined by the eager little drummer, Beaver Harris. Then Shepp, flanked by his two trombonists, Grachan Moncur III and Roswell Rudd, hit the stage like a piledriver.

From that moment on it was all down to a continuous screaming and roaring improvisation, slowing down briefly for a bit of tongue-in-cheek balladry before ending with a romping free-for-all on, of all things, *Blaze Away!* Those who stayed stood and cheered, though quite a stream of protesting customers left the theater while Shepp was cooking. Nevertheless, the saxophonist proved one thing. Call the music what you like, communication is the thing that matters. Though Shepp's stance may at times be problematical, in this sphere he has no problems. It's called reaching the people, and in common with nearly every artist who took part in Jazz Expo '67, Archie Shepp did just that. **db**

32nd ANNUAL DOWN BEAT READERS POLL

The 1967 Readers Poll brings no great surprises. In most categories, long established favorites repeated their victories, though Buddy Rich rose from fourth to first place on drums, and his new band also came close to winning. Stan Getz, predictably, inherited the late John Coltrane's tenor crown, while Lou Rawls toppled Frank Sinatra by a slim margin, and the Beatles swept the vocal-rock group category.

Miles Davis added a Record of the Year victory to his expected trumpet and combo honors, and all the sidemen in his quintet placed impressively.

Charles Lloyd, perhaps the most publicized Jazzman of the Year, also did well as an instrumentalist on tenor saxophone and flute, and his combo came in second.

Gerry Mulligan's overwhelming majority in the baritone saxophone division proves that a famous musician doesn't have to play to win; Mulligan has been barely active during the past year. An interesting detail is Ravi Shankar's ascension from 20th to second place in the Miscellaneous Instruments category.

The ballots were tabulated by computer. In the listings, artists receiving fewer than 30 votes are not shown. Numbers in parentheses indicate last year's position.



JAZZMAN OF THE YEAR

1. Charles Lloyd (8) . . . 855
2. Duke Ellington (2) . . . 774
3. Buddy Rich (36) . . . 552
4. Don Ellis (—) . . . 271
5. Ornette Coleman (1) . . . 229
6. Miles Davis (5) . . . 218
7. Stan Getz (7) . . . 163
8. Sonny Rollins (23) . . . 139
9. Archie Shepp (10) . . . 133
10. Wes Montgomery (11) . . . 129
11. Cannonball Adderley (—) . . . 115
12. John Handy (6) . . . 102
13. Oliver Nelson (32) . . . 86
13. Clark Terry (18) . . . 86
14. Dave Brubeck (12) . . . 80
15. Count Basie (24) . . . 66
16. Jimmy Smith (16) . . . 62
17. Stan Kenton (21) . . . 57
18. Roland Kirk (15) . . . 52
19. Dizzy Gillespie (17) . . . 47
20. Herbie Hancock (—) . . . 45
21. Earl Hines (4) . . . 40
22. Oscar Peterson (26) . . . 38
22. Bill Evans (20) . . . 38
23. Gabor Szabo (—) . . . 37
23. Louis Armstrong (19) . . . 37
24. Gary Burton (—) . . . 33
25. Ramsey Lewis (9) . . . 32
25. Freddie Hubbard (—) . . . 32
25. Woody Herman (13) . . . 32

SKETCH/BILL QUINN, DON BRONSTEIN



HALL OF FAME

1. Billy Strayhorn (—) . . . 488
2. Jack Teagarden (5) . . . 352
3. Clifford Brown (2) . . . 314
4. Dave Brubeck (3) . . . 304
5. Ornette Coleman (4) . . . 303
6. Stan Getz (7) . . . 187
7. Gene Krupa (10) . . . 175
8. Ella Fitzgerald (12) . . . 162
9. Django Reinhardt (9) . . . 148
10. Buddy Rich (—) . . . 146
11. Woody Herman (6) . . . 145
12. Fats Waller (11) . . . 142
13. Sonny Rollins (16) . . . 130
14. Charles Mingus (8) . . . 110
15. Oscar Peterson (19) . . . 95
16. Sidney Bechet (23) . . . 89
17. Red Allen (—) . . . 74

18. Bill Evans (14) . . . 69
18. Ray Charles (17) . . . 69
19. Jimmy Smith (20) . . . 68
20. Rex Stewart (—) . . . 62
21. Charles Lloyd (—) . . . 55
22. Scott LaFaro (18) . . . 52
23. Art Blakey (27) . . . 43
24. King Oliver (22) . . . 42
24. Wes Montgomery (—) . . . 42
25. Maynard Ferguson (26) . . . 41
26. Gil Evans (—) . . . 38
26. Erroll Garner (—) . . . 38
27. Gerry Mulligan (24) . . . 36
28. Cannonball Adderley (—) . . . 35
28. Dinah Washington (—) . . . 35
29. Jimmy Blanton (—) . . . 34
29. Johnny Hodges (15) . . . 34
29. John Lewis (28) . . . 34
30. Nat Cole (21) . . . 33



RECORD OF THE YEAR

1. Miles Smiles, Miles Davis . . . 512
2. Forest Flower, Charles Lloyd . . . 386
3. Big Swing Face, Buddy Rich . . . 223
4. Swinging New Band, Buddy Rich . . . 219
5. Far East Suite, Duke Ellington . . . 217
6. Sweet Rain, Stan Getz . . . 195
7. Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Beatles . . . 182
8. Live at the Village Vanguard, John Coltrane . . . 180
9. Live at Monterey, Don Ellis . . . 174
10. Expression, John Coltrane . . . 151
11. East Broadway Rundown, Sonny Rollins . . . 150
12. Mercy, Mercy, Cannonball Adderley . . . 148
13. The Popular Duke Ellington . . . 117
14. Jazz Orchestra, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis . . . 104
15. Unit Structures, Cecil Taylor . . . 99
16. Alfie, Sonny Rollins . . . 98
17. Kulu Se Mama, John Coltrane . . . 93
18. Love In, Charles Lloyd . . . 88
19. California Dreaming, Wes Montgomery . . . 69
19. Dynamic Duo, Jimmy Smith-Wes Montgomery . . . 69

20. At Town Hall, Vol. I, Bill Evans . . . 57
21. Empty Fox Hole, Ornette Coleman . . . 55
22. The Kennedy Dream, Oliver Nelson . . . 53
23. Jazz Mass, Joe Masters . . . 51
24. Happenings, Bobby Hutcherson . . . 49
25. That's My Kick, Erroll Garner . . . 47
26. Duster, Gary Burton . . . 42
27. Concert of Sacred Music, Duke Ellington . . . 41
28. Blues at Carnegie Hall, Modern Jazz Quartet . . . 40
29. Meditations, John Coltrane . . . 38
29. Live at the Trident, Denny Zeitlin . . . 38
30. Ella & Duke at the Cote D'Azure . . . 37
30. Sound Pieces, Oliver Nelson . . . 37
30. Maiden Voyage, Herbie Hancock . . . 37
31. Big Band Shout, Buddy Rich . . . 35
32. Live in 3/2-3/4 Time, Don Ellis . . . 31
32. Jody Grind, Horace Silver . . . 31
33. Spellbinder, Gabor Szabo . . . 30



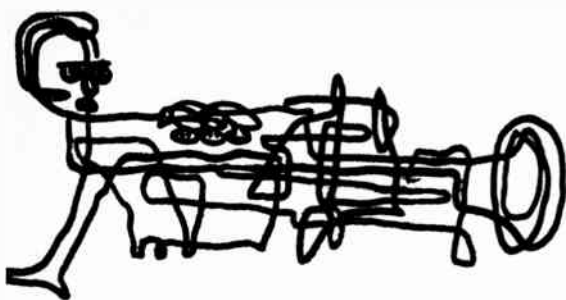
BIG BAND

1. Duke Ellington (1) . . . 1,720
2. Buddy Rich (—) . . . 1,428
3. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis (4) . . . 750
4. Don Ellis (9) . . . 642
5. Count Basie (2) . . . 561
6. Gerald Wilson (5) . . . 429
7. Woody Herman (3) . . . 224
8. Sun Ra (8) . . . 152
9. Stan Kenton (6) . . . 144
10. Oliver Nelson (11) . . . 102
11. Maynard Ferguson (10) . . . 49
12. Gil Evans (7) . . . 41
13. Clark Terry (—) . . . 39



COMBO

1. Miles Davis (1) . . . 1,221
2. Charles Lloyd (—) . . . 579
3. Modern Jazz Quartet (3) . . . 498
4. Dave Brubeck (2) . . . 484
5. Cannonball Adderley (17) . . . 243
6. Oscar Peterson (11) . . . 226
7. John Handy (4) . . . 223
8. Ornette Coleman (7) . . . 202
9. Horace Silver (6) . . . 154
10. Dizzy Gillespie (12) . . . 141
11. Gary Burton (—) . . . 121
12. Jazz Crusaders (9) . . . 116
13. Stan Getz (8) . . . 112
14. Ramsey Lewis (10) . . . 106
15. Thelonious Monk (16) . . . 89
16. Art Blakey (18) . . . 76
17. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer (13) . . . 73
18. Archie Shepp (19) . . . 71
19. Bill Evans (15) . . . 60
20. Herb Alpert (23) . . . 49
21. Denny Zeitlin (15) . . . 36
22. Herbie Mann (23) . . . 35
22. Charles Mingus (20) . . . 35
23. Louis Armstrong (24) . . . 34
24. Mike Wofford (—) . . . 33
25. Brasil '66 (—) . . . 32
26. Albert Ayler (—) . . . 30



TRUMPET

1. Miles Davis (1) . . . 2,547
2. Clark Terry (4) . . . 727
3. Dizzy Gillespie (2) . . . 661
4. Freddie Hubbard (3) . . . 650
5. Don Ellis (12) . . . 168
6. Lee Morgan (5) . . . 158
7. Maynard Ferguson (7) . . . 146
8. Doc Severinsen (8) . . . 142
9. Don Cherry (6) . . . 136
10. Louis Armstrong (9) . . . 121
11. Art Farmer (10) . . . 115
12. Al Hirt (14) . . . 75
13. Nat Adderley (16) . . . 63
14. Jimmy Owens (—) . . . 61
14. Cootie Williams (22) . . . 61
15. Herb Alpert (23) . . . 60
15. Donald Byrd (17) . . . 60
16. Thad Jones (20) . . . 59
17. Roy Eldridge (15) . . . 47
18. Bobby Hackett (—) . . . 46
19. Kenny Dorham (18) . . . 45
20. Harry James (21) . . . 42
21. Chet Baker (11) . . . 40
22. Hugh Masekela (—) . . . 33



SKEETZ

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson (1) . . . 2,124
2. Bob Brookmeyer (2) . . . 1,106
3. Roswell Rudd (4) . . . 486
4. Grachan Moncur III (3) . . . 314
5. Lawrence Brown (7) . . . 196
6. Curtis Fuller (5) . . . 187

7. Wayne Henderson (6) . . . 185
8. Kai Winding (8) . . . 141
9. Urbie Green (10) . . . 113
10. Frank Rosolino (9) . . . 111
11. Phil Wilson (14) . . . 96
12. Vic Dickenson (13) . . . 88
13. Albert Mangelsdorff (12) . . . 86
14. Si Zentner (17) . . . 78
15. Carl Fontana (18) . . . 76
16. Al Grey (11) . . . 67
17. Jimmy Cleveland (19) . . . 62
18. Jimmy Knepper (16) . . . 53
19. Slide Hampton (21) . . . 51
20. Bennie Green (15) . . . 48
21. Garnett Brown (—) . . . 40
22. Harold Betters (20) . . . 36
23. Dickie Wells (—) . . . 30



RON HOWARD

ALTO SAXOPHONE

1. Paul Desmond (1) . . . 1,135
2. Ornette Coleman (3) . . . 1,027
3. Cannonball Adderley (2) . . . 989
4. Johnny Hodges (4) . . . 712
5. John Handy (5) . . . 631
6. Phil Woods (7) . . . 534
7. Jackie McLean (6) . . . 276
8. Sonny Stitt (8) . . . 121
9. Lee Konitz (9) . . . 92
10. Charlie Mariano (11) . . . 89
11. Bud Shank (13) . . . 81
12. James Spaulding (14) . . . 79
13. Marion Brown (14) . . . 64
14. James Moody (10) . . . 54
15. Sonny Criss (—) . . . 43
16. Art Pepper (12) . . . 42
17. Benny Carter (15) . . . 40



JIM MARSHALL

TENOR SAXOPHONE

1. Stan Getz (2) . . . 1,511
2. Sonny Rollins (3) . . . 800
3. Charles Lloyd (6) . . . 633
4. Joe Henderson (4) . . . 231
5. Coleman Hawkins (8) . . . 200
6. Wayne Shorter (10) . . . 159
7. Archie Shepp (7) . . . 157
8. Pharaoh Sanders (24) . . . 115
9. Ben Webster (5) . . . 114
10. Paul Gonsalves (12) . . . 111
11. Zoot Sims (9) . . . 110
12. Jay Corre (—) . . . 77
13. Albert Ayler (15) . . . 70
14. Sal Nistico (11) . . . 68
15. Stanley Turrentine (16) . . . 66
16. Eddie Davis (26) . . . 53
17. James Moody (25) . . . 52
18. Sonny Stitt (17) . . . 51
19. Roland Kirk (20) . . . 47
20. Dexter Gordon (14) . . . 46
21. Booker Ervin (13) . . . 44
22. Hank Mobley (22) . . . 35
23. Eddie Harris (18) . . . 34
24. Harold Land (—) . . . 32
24. George Coleman (23) . . . 32
25. Al Cohn (—) . . . 30



JOE ALPER

BARITONE SAXOPHONE

1. Gerry Mulligan (1) . . . 2,952
2. Harry Carney (2) . . . 1,004
3. Pepper Adams (3) . . . 869
4. Ronnie Cuber (7) . . . 151
5. Charles Davis (4) . . . 134
6. Cecil Payne (5) . . . 111
7. Jerome Richardson (6) . . . 69
8. Pat Patrick (9) . . . 68
8. Roland Kirk (10) . . . 68
9. Sahib Shihab (8) . . . 46



LEE TANNER

CLARINET

1. Buddy DeFranco (1) . . . 1,239
2. Pee Wee Russell (2) . . . 771
3. Tony Scott (3) . . . 755
4. Jimmy Guiffre (4) . . . 368
5. Benny Goodman (5) . . . 366
6. Pete Fountain (7) . . . 336
7. Jimmy Hamilton (8) . . . 321
8. Woody Herman (6) . . . 251
9. Phil Woods (10) . . . 168
10. Perry Robinson (16) . . . 156
11. Paul Horn (9) . . . 147
12. Eddie Daniels (—) . . . 89
13. Russell Procope (14) . . . 53



BERNIE THRASHER

FLUTE

1. Herbie Mann (1) . . . 1,827
2. Charles Lloyd (3) . . . 1,057
3. Roland Kirk (2) . . . 770
4. James Moody (4) . . . 599
5. Yusef Lateef (5) . . . 573
6. Paul Horn (6) . . . 296
7. Jeremy Steig (9) . . . 270
8. Frank Wess (7) . . . 220
9. Hubert Laws (8) . . . 107
10. Jerome Richardson (11) . . . 71
11. James Spaulding (—) . . . 61
12. Buddy Collette (14) . . . 33



MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

1. Roland Kirk, MS (1) . . . 1,863
2. Ravi Shankar, Si (20) . . . 595
3. Yusef Lateef, Ob (3) . . . 368
4. Mike White, VI (4) . . . 178
5. Ornette Coleman, VI (6) . . . 168
6. Ray Nance, VI (7) . . . 145
7. Steve Lacey, SS (11) . . . 130
8. Paul Butterfield, Hc (18) . . . 121
9. Stuff Smith, VI (5) . . . 104
10. Rufus Harley, Bp (12) . . . 88
11. Jean Thielemans, Hc (10) . . . 83
12. Oliver Nelson, SS (—) . . . 67
13. Lucky Thompson, SS (14) . . . 62

14. Art Van Damme, Ac (9) . . . 59
15. Jean-Luc Ponty, VI (19) . . . 57
16. Mongo Santamaria, Co (19) . . . 50
17. Maynard Ferguson, BH (19) . . . 47

Legend: SS-soprano saxophone; MS-manzello, strich; Ob oboe; VI-violin; Ac-accordion; Hc-harmonica; Bp-bagpipes; BH-baritone horn; Co-conga; Si-sitar.



JIM MARSHALL

PIANO

1. Oscar Peterson (1) . . . 966
2. Herbie Hancock (3) . . . 778
3. Bill Evans (2) . . . 623
4. Thelonious Monk (4) . . . 501
5. Keith Jarrett (20) . . . 336
6. Dave Brubeck (5) . . . 323
7. Erroll Garner (13) . . . 284
8. Earl Hines (8) . . . 278
9. Cecil Taylor (10) . . . 232
10. McCoy Tyner (6) . . . 223
11. Horace Silver (12) . . . 170
12. Duke Ellington (16) . . . 136
13. Denny Zeitlin (7) . . . 134
14. Ramsey Lewis (9) . . . 112
15. Jaki Byard (11) . . . 111
16. Roger Kellaway (15) . . . 92
17. Peter Nero (26) . . . 89
18. Ahmad Jamal (21) . . . 82
19. Teddy Wilson (22) . . . 75
20. Les McCann (17) . . . 71
21. John Lewis (23) . . . 54
22. Clare Fischer (21) . . . 52
23. Joe Zawinul (—) . . . 47
24. Hank Jones (28) . . . 44
24. Billy Taylor (29) . . . 44
25. Armand (Chick) Correa (—) . . . 37
26. Count Basie (—) . . . 35
27. Don Friedman (—) . . . 32
28. Andrew Hill (14) . . . 31
28. Mike Wofford (—) . . . 31



RON HOWARD

VIBRAHARP

1. Milt Jackson (1) . . . 2,161
2. Gary Burton (3) . . . 1,158
3. Bobby Hutcherson (2) . . . 1,069
4. Lionel Hampton (4) . . . 554
5. Cal Tjader (5) . . . 248
6. Terry Gibbs (7) . . . 176
7. Red Norvo (10) . . . 165
8. Gary McFarland (11) . . . 71
9. Dave Pike (8) . . . 62
10. Johnny Lytle (13) . . . 49
11. Vic Feldman (14) . . . 45
12. Roy Ayers (9) . . . 43
13. Tommy Vig (—) . . . 36
14. Mike Mainieri (12) . . . 34



JOE ALPER



ORGAN

1. Jimmy Smith (1) . . . 3,509
2. Groove Holmes (2) . . . 458
3. Shirley Scott (3) . . . 339
4. Larry Young (4) . . . 278
5. Don Patterson (5) . . . 176
6. Count Basie (7) . . . 115
7. Jack McDuff (6) . . . 110
8. Clare Fischer (9) . . . 107
9. Wild Bill Davis (8) . . . 94
10. John Patton (10) . . . 65
11. Walter Wanderley (14) . . . 64
12. Ray Charles (12) . . . 55
13. Lonnie Smith (—) . . . 47
14. Earl Grant (13) . . . 43
15. Jimmy McGriff (11) . . . 37

GUITAR

1. Wes Montgomery (1) . . . 1,813
2. Kenny Burrell (2) . . . 981
3. Gabor Szabo (4) . . . 674
4. Jim Hall (3) . . . 430
5. Charlie Byrd (5) . . . 356
6. Larry Coryell (—) . . . 298
7. Bola Sete (8) . . . 213
8. George Benson (13) . . . 159
9. Grant Green (6) . . . 125
10. Howard Roberts (10) . . . 111
11. Mike Bloomfield (17) . . . 108
12. Joe Pass (7) . . . 107
13. Barney Kessel (12) . . . 87
14. Herb Ellis (10) . . . 79
14. Jerry Hahn (15) . . . 79
15. Attila Zoller (11) . . . 70
16. Laurindo Almeida (9) . . . 67
17. Johnny Smith (14) . . . 59
18. Freddie Green (16) . . . 48
19. Jimmy Raney (18) . . . 41
20. Eric Clapton (—) . . . 37

BASS

1. Ray Brown (1) . . . 1,149
2. Richard Davis (3) . . . 1,030
3. Ron Carter (4) . . . 813
4. Charles Mingus (2) . . . 703
5. Jimmy Garrison (5) . . . 460
6. David Izenzon (7) . . . 193
7. Gene Wright (8) . . . 169
8. Charlie Haden (10) . . . 125
9. Steve Swallow (9) . . . 119
10. Paul Chambers (6) . . . 114
11. George Duvivier (22) . . . 105
12. Percy Heath (14) . . . 86
13. Eldee Young (11) . . . 80
14. Eddie Gomez (15) . . . 75
15. Sam Jones (17) . . . 63
16. Leroy Vinnegar (18) . . . 49
17. Cecil McBee (25) . . . 46
18. Reggie Workman (13) . . . 44
18. Bob Cranshaw (19) . . . 44
19. Ron McClure (—) . . . 42
20. Albert Stinson (24) . . . 37
21. Gary Peacock (12) . . . 36
22. John Lamb (—) . . . 35
23. Milt Hinton (21) . . . 34
24. Chris White (20) . . . 32



RON HOWARD



DRUMS

1. Buddy Rich (4) . . . 1,445
2. Elvin Jones (1) . . . 1,303
3. Tony Williams (3) . . . 653
4. Joe Morello (2) . . . 549
5. Max Roach (6) . . . 316
6. Art Blakey (5) . . . 225
7. Grady Tate (10) . . . 187
8. Roy Haynes (7) . . . 171
9. Shelly Manne (9) . . . 126
10. Mel Lewis (14) . . . 98
11. Louis Bellson (11) . . . 97
12. Jack DeJohnette (—) . . . 80
13. Gene Krupa (13) . . . 75
14. Charles Moffett (25) . . . 70
15. Joe Cusatis (—) . . . 70
16. Alan Dawson (8) . . . 67
17. Milford Graves (22) . . . 67
18. Chico Hamilton (12) . . . 66
19. Billy Higgins (18) . . . 52
20. Sunny Murray (17) . . . 52
21. Rufus Jones (16) . . . 44
22. Ed Thigpen (18) . . . 42
23. Sam Woodyard (19) . . . 39
24. Philly Joe Jones (15) . . . 35
25. Joe Chambers (—) . . . 34
26. Jo Jones (20) . . . 34
27. Rashid Ali (—) . . . 30



COMPOSER

1. Duke Ellington (1) . . . 1,834
2. Henry Mancini (7) . . . 345
3. Oliver Nelson (10) . . . 329
4. Herbie Hancock (11) . . . 280
5. Ornette Coleman (3) . . . 278
6. Lalo Schiffrin (4) . . . 252
7. Thelonious Monk (2) . . . 251
8. Charles Lloyd (13) . . . 213
9. Lennon/McCartney (25) . . . 173
10. Dave Brubeck (5) . . . 151
11. Gary McFarland (16) . . . 109
12. Gil Evans (6) . . . 104
13. Quincy Jones (19) . . . 99
14. Antonio Carlos Jobim (17) . . . 89
15. John Lewis (12) . . . 87
16. Don Ellis (—) . . . 83
17. Horace Silver (9) . . . 82
18. Wayne Shorter (22) . . . 77
19. Charles Mingus (8) . . . 76
20. Cecil Taylor (28) . . . 66
21. Clare Fischer (24) . . . 58
22. Neal Hefti (15) . . . 54
23. Sonny Rollins (—) . . . 44
24. Stan Kenton (30) . . . 38
25. Johnny Richards (—) . . . 35
26. Archie Shepp (21) . . . 34
27. Joe Zawinul (—) . . . 33
28. Sun Ra (—) . . . 32
29. Gerald Wilson (23) . . . 30



ARRANGER

1. Oliver Nelson (2) . . . 1,448
2. Duke Ellington (3) . . . 1,027
3. Gil Evans (1) . . . 876
4. Quincy Jones (4) . . . 377
5. Gary McFarland (6) . . . 195
6. Don Ellis (—) . . . 146
7. Lalo Schiffrin (7) . . . 146
8. Henry Mancini (12) . . . 132
9. Thad Jones (17) . . . 106
10. Bill Holman (11) . . . 103
11. Gerald Wilson (5) . . . 103
12. Clare Fischer (14) . . . 72
13. Neal Hefti (10) . . . 55
14. Stan Kenton (15) . . . 55
15. Archie Shepp (15) . . . 50
16. Johnny Richards (22) . . . 44
17. Charles Mingus (8) . . . 43
18. Sun Ra (20) . . . 43
19. Dave Brubeck (16) . . . 38
20. John Lewis (15) . . . 38
21. Claus Ogerman (21) . . . 34
22. Nat Pierce (13) . . . 34
23. George Russell (19) . . . 31



MALE SINGER

1. Lou Rawls (2) . . . 1,080
2. Frank Sinatra (1) . . . 996
3. Ray Charles (3) . . . 746
4. Joe Williams (4) . . . 654
5. Mel Torme (5) . . . 448
6. Louis Armstrong (7) . . . 229
7. Tony Bennett (9) . . . 213
8. Johnny Hartman (6) . . . 159
9. Jimmy Rushing (13) . . . 155
10. Arthur Prysock (12) . . . 129
11. Mose Allison (8) . . . 121
12. Jon Hendricks (11) . . . 90
13. Oscar Brown Jr. (10) . . . 84
14. Jimmy Witherspoon (20) . . . 80
15. Billy Eckstine (18) . . . 60
16. Mark Murphy (24) . . . 59
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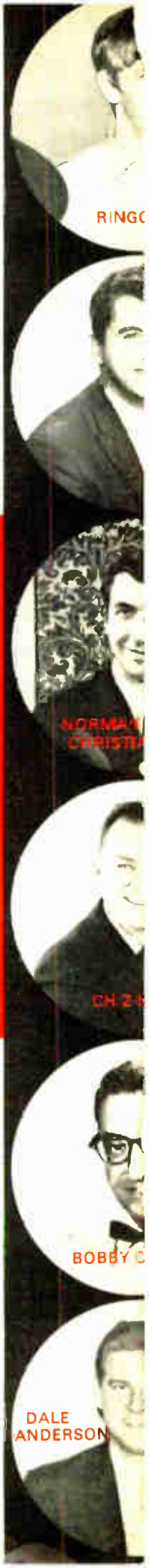
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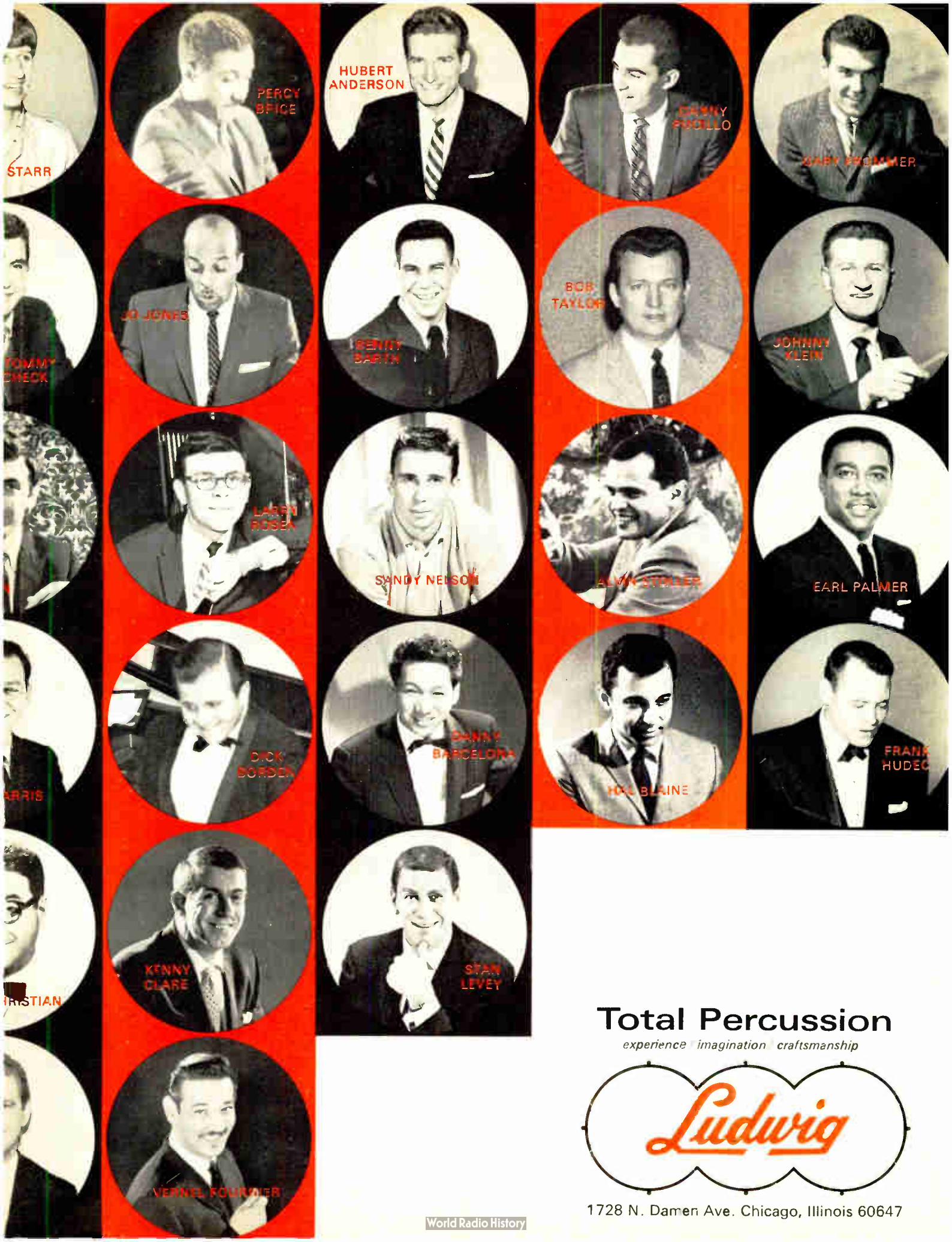
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Jimmy Cleveland—Joe Coleman

Star Fire Lounge
Levittown, New York

Personnel: Cleveland, trombone; Harry Sheppard, vibraphone; Al Williams, piano; Beverley Peer, electric bass; Joe Coleman, drums; Gloria Lane, vocals.

This was a session that had its genesis as a "benefit" for trombonist Cleveland. Instead, the prospective beneficiary showed up on stand, horn in hand, and proceeded to convince a jammed room at this Long Island spot that benefits are for somebody else, thank you very much.

Cleveland has been desperately ill, and has undergone eye surgery. He is doggedly playing himself back into shape, and it appears that the chops are just about restored to the pre-hospital eminence.

House drummer Coleman had envisioned the event as a "fall by and sit in" affair in tribute to Cleveland, and had mailed numerous invitations to local players. There were no takers, which was probably fortunate since the trombonist thus was more in the spotlight than he might have been with a continuing stream of visitors passing across the stand.

The group got under way with *Tomcat*, a blues played at bright tempo with the wheaty, vibrato-free Cleveland tone reaffirming his identity with the school that took the horn off the tailgate and made of it a thing of grace.

Sheppard's vibraphone was featured on *I'll Remember April*. Sheppard's four-mallet work has always been impressive, especially on ballads, and he filled the room with booming pulses of sound.

The group next dug into *Satin Doll*, with Coleman, whose working credits include a brief stay with Duke Ellington, laying down a sort of funky shuffle rhythm, which pulled people out on the dance floor and into the formalistic gyrations of the Lindy. (Nice to see again after all these years.)

The following segment opened with an undistinguished rendering of *In a Mellowtone*, followed by the bouncy Oscar Pettiford riff tune, *Blues in the Closet*, with pianist Williams, a keyboard-buster of startling strength, roaring through several choruses of towering block chords. Then it was back to Cleveland and Sheppard for an ornate interpretation of *Embraceable You*.

Here, the group was joined by Miss Lane for an ebullient medley of *Our Love is Here to Stay*, *Time After Time*, and *After You've Gone*. Miss Lane's delivery had Mermanesque overtones, but her pitch and time were good, and her gestures and body-english diverting, to say the least.

There was a pause at this point, while Bob Washington, WBAB jazz disc jockey, made a presentation of gifts to Cleveland "because, man, we're glad to have you back." Washington was assisted by Viv Rountree of WLJB and Rhett Evers of WTFM-FM. Jimmy beamed behind his heavy-lensed glasses and made a touching speech of acceptance.

Perhaps overwhelmed by sentiment for the moment, Cleveland laid out while the quartet, again paced by Sheppard's full-throated vibes, offered a soulful reading

of *Here's That Rainy Day*, with Peer's arco bass a thing of brooding beauty. Peer, now using an amplified instrument, is a strong player whose pedigree traces back to the Chick Webb Band, but he gives no sign of slowing down. The full group then took it out with a driving, untitled, medium blues which had the dancers up and stomping again.

The jazz corpus on Long Island is unhappily moribund, save for a few pockets of animation like the Star Fire and the Jet Set in Island Park with a one-night-a-week policy. But in that packed, smoky room, with Cleveland's wonderfully burry horn wailing, Coleman's tight little squad laying it down behind him, and the kids doing the Lindy, it was 1940 again and for just a few hours we were all young and Bob Dylan was still years away.

—Al Fisher

Dexter Gordon—Sonny Grey

Miniland, Paris

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Jean-Claude Petit, piano; Henri Texier, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. Grey, trumpet; Michel Sardaby, piano; Jack Sewing, bass; Philippe Combelle, drums.

The opening of a new jazz club and the return to Paris of the mighty Gordon deserved more attention than an audience of 27. That was the dismal attendance at the beginning of the first set, but happily the club—a well-appointed *cave* in which one actually can breathe—filled up as the evening went on.

Gordon, looking fit and fresh, played superbly. He is still a giant of the tenor saxophone, but not merely in physical stature, and his playing has all the hallmarks of a master musician—originality (Dexter Gordon plays Dexter Gordon all the time), simplicity (never a wasted note), power (what a beautifully warm, vibrant, full-bodied tone) and, above all, feeling. Gordon improvises on the tunes, not on the changes.

All the Things You Are was taken at a medium tempo, with Gordon squirting out bop-rooted phrases in his familiar unhurried style and Taylor laying down a strong, springy beat. Though he works much less frequently than a drummer of his talents should, Taylor clearly drew inspiration from Gordon and provided the necessary rhythmic fire to cook by.

On *Misty*, Gordon made a haunting statement of the theme and then improvised a faultless chorus that decorated the melody fittingly. Petit, reading chords, followed with a sympathetic and sensitive solo, and then Gordon took the tune out with a *How Are Things in Glocca Morra* coda.

Next up was a blues in which Gordon was really in his element. The complete absence of padding in his playing was particularly striking here. Petit contributed a tasteful solo in the Wynton Kelly mold, and Texier played some strong, round-toned walking bass before going into an inventive, free-time passage. Finally, Taylor took an extended solo in which his thoroughly musical approach was reminiscent of Max Roach.

The Grey quartet opened with *Sandu*, and Grey's brittle, crackling trumpet produced some sprightly choruses. Sardaby,

a percussive and deft pianist, produced a hard-swinging solo here.

The group followed this with another 12-bar tune, this time in a minor key, which featured some more good two-handed piano from Sardaby.

The strong, energetic bass playing of Sewing really swung the rhythm section, and though Combelle was inclined to be a little erratic in his time on solos, he kept a good steady beat with the section.

Grey's set concluded with a very slow *Lover Man*, in which the trumpeter produced some of his best work of the evening.

Gordon returned to run through a fairly routine *Shadow of Your Smile* but was in sparkling form again on another funky blues, which momentarily became *Water Melon Man*.

The set was climaxed by the almost mandatory *Night in Tunisia*, in which all four men clearly revelled. Taylor's drumming behind Petit's well-conceived solo was particularly sensitive, and the drummer really tore it up in his own solo.

But this was Gordon's night. His playing throughout lyrically reiterated his right to be considered one of the top contemporary tenor saxophonists.

—Mike Hennessey

Milt Jackson

Marty's-on-the-Hill, Los Angeles

Personnel: Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraphone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Take a jazzman out of one context and turn him loose in another, and interesting things can happen.

Jackson was recently removed from his familiar role as Modern Jazz Quartet sideman, and for one night, he fronted a veritable dream combo during a Monday Night Jazz Society bash at Marty's, a popular Los Angeles club.

The MJQ had closed the night before at Shelly's Manne-Hole, and negotiations had been made to utilize Jackson's off night.

The vibrapharist turned out to be a charmer, grabbing the mike almost as often as he reached for his mallets. His announcements were witty; his personality fairly sparkled; his playing was impeccable and, above all, hard-driving.

Without benefit of charts, the musical fare turned out to be a superior jam session. When Land is goosed by the right "back line," he is a soloist transformed. The results were in evidence on *Like Someone in Love*. Jackson was at his best in a delicate treatment of *Shadow of Your Smile*. The implied double-time feeling laid down by Brown and Thigpen had an almost unbearable beauty—and a tension akin to holding a tiger by the tail. For Brown's unaccompanied rhapsody on *Tenderly*, the SRO crowd was as quiet as a congregation at prayer. *Work Song* found everyone cooking, with Flanagan's comping a study in tastefulness. And the set break, *Bag's Groove*, was something the musicians did not want to let go of.

If this blues ended reluctantly, passing comments were easy to come by. Said talent manager John Levy, "I've never

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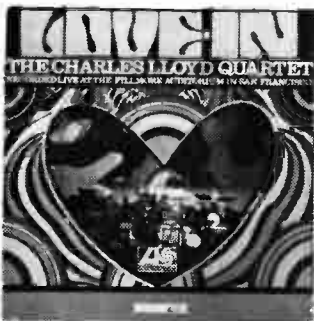
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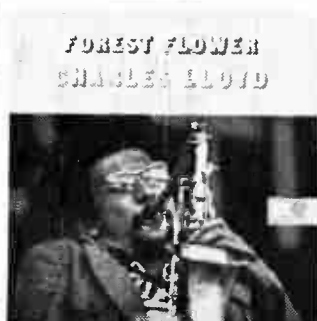


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Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Woody Herman

WOODY LIVE EAST AND WEST—Columbia CS 9493: *Tomorrow's Blues Today*; *I Remember Clifford*; *Cousins*; *Four Brothers (Revisited)*; *Free Again*; *The Preacher*; *Make Someone Happy*; *Waltz for a Hung-Up Ballet Mistress*.

Personnel: Lloyd Michaels, Lynn Biviano, Dick Ruedebusch, Bill Byrne, John Crews, Bill Chase, Gerry Lamy, Bob Shaw, Don Rader, Dusko Goykovich, trumpets; Jim Foy, Mel Wanzo, Bill Watrous, Don Doane, Frank Tesinsky, Henry Southall, trombones; Al Gibbons, Bob Pierson, Steve Marcus, Joe Temperley, Gary Klein, Sal Nistico, Andy McGhee, Tom Anastas, saxophones; Mike Alterman or Nat Pierce, piano; Bob Daugherty or Tony Leonardi, bass; Ron Zito, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This personnel list is a reviewer's nightmare. Too much typing. I hate that part of being a writer anyway, and I always considered typing the personnel an imposition—until now. Without doing it, I might never have discovered that except for Zito and Herman, the personnel on the side recorded at the Riverboat in New York is entirely different from that done at Basin Street West in San Francisco. I certainly couldn't have told by listening.

Woody's sound is so much Woody by now that it doesn't really matter much who is playing the charts. About the only soloists with any kind of personality are Goykovich and Nistico, and Sal sounds like he's fading from years on the band.

I also can't see any reason to record *Four Brothers* and *The Preacher* once more, even revisited. Maybe Herman has to play them on dates, but I'm sure there are good new tunes, yet unrecorded, in the book. And if there aren't, there should be.

If you already have one or two fairly recent Herman records in your collection, no need to buy this one. It's the same thing all over again. It's strange, because as much as Ellington's band sounds like Duke, you can still tell that it's Harry Carney playing baritone or Lawrence Brown on trombone. But with *Woody Live East and West*, the music is an amorphous mass of competent faceless sounds.

—Zwerin

Hank Mobley

A CADDY FOR DADDY—Blue Note BST-84230/BLP-4230: *A Caddy for Daddy*; *The Morning After*; *Venus Di Mildew*; *Ace*; *Deuce*; *Trey*; *Third Time Around*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Mobley, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

All of the originals are good strong tunes (Mobley wrote every one except *Venus* which is by Wayne Shorter) and each member of this group is a topnotch musician, yet the date falls short of excellence because the soloists are not consistently at their best.

Mobley, who's been influenced by John

Coltrane in recent years, but remains one of modern jazz' more original tenor men, plays with passion. But his work is not generally as melodically interesting and well-sustained as it has been on other occasions. He does take fairly imaginative, nicely-constructed spots on *Venus* and *Ace*, though, and it's always a pleasure to hear his dark, velvety tone.

Morgan's spot on *Caddy* is full of "hip"-sounding devices and swings in a relaxed, groovy manner. Not the freshest solo he's recorded, it is still irresistibly catchy. The trumpeter begins overfrantically on *Morning After* but settles down to some nice, controlled playing. Morgan's spots on *Venus*, *Ace*, and *Time* are fine; they're relaxed, yet powerful and rich in ideas.

Fuller solos only on *Caddy*, *Ace*, and *Time* and sounds very good. His tone seems riper than it has in the past, his attack more violent than usual.

Tyner can always be depended on for good solo performance, and he doesn't disappoint here. His single-note playing is crisp and exciting; he sometimes uses multi-note phrases that might be termed "sheets of sound." Listen to his left hand, too; he's got one of the best in the business. Tyner's section work also deserves applause—he knows how to keep the pressure on a soloist and make him work.

So does Billy Higgins, whose complex, driving accompaniment on *Morning* is especially noteworthy. —Pekar

Bud Shank

A SPOONFUL OF JAZZ—World Pacific 1868/21868: *Summer in the City*; *Did You Ever Have to Make Up Your Mind?*; (*You and Me and*) *Rain on the Roof*; *Amy's Theme*; *Cocoanut Grove*; *Lovin' You*; *Darling Be Home Soon*; *Six O'Clock*; *Younger Girl*; *Didn't Wanna Have to Do It*; *Daydream*; *Do You Believe in Magic?*

Personnel: Bud Brisbois, Conte Candoli, Buddy Childers, trumpets; George Roberts, Frank Rosolino, trombones; Shank, piccolo, flutes, alto saxophone; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Carol Kaye, electric bass; Hal Blaine or Earl Palmer, drums; others unidentified; Shorty Rogers, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Here's eloquent proof by Shank and Rogers that variations can be more meaningful than the theme. Or, to put it another way, whoever gets there first doesn't necessarily bring the most. Rogers has taken a dozen John Sebastian tunes recorded by the Lovin' Spoonful and given them new dimensions through the multi-horn talents of Bud Shank.

Shank's alto provides the high points in this collection. *Amy's Theme*, *Darling Be Home Soon*, and *Didn't Wanna Have to Do It* reveal Shank at his most lyrical, with that familiar firm and biting alto sound against an excellent foundation of horns and strings.

Aside from some satisfying blowing, *Six O'Clock* and *Do You Believe in*

Magic? also boast clever over-dubbing as Shank is literally beside himself.

Did You Ever Have to Make Up Your Mind and *Rain on the Roof* both promise the fastidious delights of the baroque era, but only the latter maintains the delicacy of the idiom as flute, electric bass, and harpsichord span two centuries. *Did You Ever* is electronically up-to-date, featuring amplified alto.

Cocoanut Grove has a funky ¾ lilt enhanced by occasional comments from (I assume) Rosolino and Roberts. They make a fine cushion for Shank's alto. Also providing a good cushion—for the entire album—is the tasteful bass work of Carol Kaye.

Let's hope the Spoonful and other rock groups listen carefully to this album. They might learn how it's done. —Siders

Jimmy Smith

I'M MOVIN' ON—Blue Note 4255: *I'm Movin' On*; *Hotel Happiness*; *Cherry*; *T'Ain't No Use*; *Back Talk*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*

Personnel: Smith, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

RESPECT—Verve 8705: *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*; *Respect*; *Funky Broadway*; *T-Bone Steak*; *Get Out of My Life*.

Personnel: Smith, organ; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If there is consensus on anything in jazz, it is that Jimmy Smith is the boss organist. No matter how one looks at it, record sales, drawing power or, more importantly, creative ability, Smith is the Number One man.

The Blue Note is much better than the Verve, even though it is probably five years old. If one wants an organ trio with guitar, it is not possible to do better than the personnel of the Blue Note date. Green, to these ears, is top dog on guitar and Bailey, who worked with Smith for many years, is nothing less than an excellent drummer.

Smith's working groups are, basically, organ with rhythm accompaniment, but here there is true group feeling. There is outstanding playing on all tracks except *Fool*, where Smith indulges himself with too much heavy chording. Best track is the long *Back* where there is some powerful blowing by all concerned with beautiful exchanges between Smith and Green. The tune *T'Ain't* is a blue ballad which makes it, even though it is very close to *Please Send Me Someone to Love*.

The Verve is a sloppy production. There are several places where one can find the name of the producer, but nowhere are Smith's cohorts listed. The liner notes make a big deal out of Smith playing rhythm-and-blues, while it would seem to me that there is nothing more natural than

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Jimmy Smith working in this idiom. What does one expect an organist to play, *Koko*?

The small group here includes a good guitarist and an overbusy drummer. There is much less empathy here than on the Blue Note. I could be wrong, but I feel that perhaps the Verve session is more than just a blowing date. It is more calculated and therefore less spontaneous. There is nothing really wrong with the record—people like Smith don't make bad records—only inspiration seems to be lacking. Not surprisingly, the best track is Smith's own tune, *T-Bone*.

The story is, I feel, that even though Smith is a big seller, and has been since he started recording, there was less balance-sheet pressure in the Blue Note days.

—Porter

Willie (The Lion) Smith

MUSIC ON MY MIND—SABA 15101: *Moonlight Cocktail; Junk Man Rag/Pork and Beans; Memories of You; Shine; Oh! You Devil; Keepin' Out of Mischief Now; Rockin' in Rhythm; Solitude; Sophisticated Lady; At Sundown; Swingin' Down the Lane; Oh, Lady, Be Good; Some of These Days; 12th Street Rag; Theme Song (Relaxing).*

Personnel: Smith, piano, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★

Smith is charming in person . . . derby cocked, cigar atilt, colorful patter, warm reminiscences, and, between the showboating, often great piano. This session catches some of that charm, but one does not see the derby or cigar, and the patter gets a bit corny, the reminiscences lose their attraction in repetition, and the piano playing is uneven, by turn mediocre and superb.

The best tracks are *Pork, Shine, Devil*, and *12th Street*. On these, Smith gets down to business—and that business is Harlem stride piano, of which he is unchallenged master. It is then that the music sings and shouts exultantly, cascades and drives with gleeful abandon.

In the "dance chorus" of *Shine*—an outstanding moment—Smith shouts over the music: "They used to call this ragtime, we called it gutbucket, now they call it jazz. . . . I call it 'in the alley' . . . makes you feel good." It certainly does.

The rest of the performances do not, however. They are mostly recollections of such composer-pianists as Luckey Roberts, Eubie Blake, Ford Dabney, Fats Waller, and Duke Ellington, with Smith, for the most part, providing one-chorus melody statements of their tunes. It's too much like a "and-then-he-wrote" cavalcade.

The Lion has a lot more than warmed-over recollections to offer. —DeMicheal

Martial Solal

SOLAL—Milestone 9002: *Let's Waltz; Under Paris Skies; Jordu; Aigue-Marine; Vice Versa; Little Doll; Billie's Bounce.*

Personnel: Solal, piano; Guy Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ★

I heard this rhythm section, without Solal, accompany violinist Jean-Luc Ponty last summer in St. Tropez, France. I was impressed then, particularly with Humair. He can play "outside" and interestingly without losing his taste. His solos are musical. He sounds like he listens. He permits the audience to listen. With Solal, a

warm and wide pianist, the two sound even more impressive.

Recently, I had some people over for drinks, none of whom were jazz fans, or particularly musical. While *Solal* was playing, two of them asked me at different times, both impressed, "Who is that?"

You can't really ignore the quality here. And the originality. There is no "bag" to describe this, except *Solal*. Tempos change a lot and swing in each slot. Balance and presence are perfect. The players are empathetic. I suppose there is a surface resemblance to some Bill Evans—but not really. Besides, comparisons are usually misleading, superfluous—and a drag.

Solal's comping is tasteful; magical patterns and light figures which add depth to Pedersen's solos, making them sound better than they are—and they are good to begin with.

Although, as we all know, technique is not necessary in jazz anymore, it is better to hear a master like Solal. Because imagination, swing, and a free spirit *plus* technique is a big bonus.

—Zwerin

Sylvia Syms

FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE—Prestige 7489: *Vaya Con Dios; Who; You Don't Have to Say You Love Me; You Don't Know What Love Is; Games That Lovers Play; For Once in My Life; Solitaire; Yesterdays; I Will Wait For You; Don't Take Your Love From Me.*

Personnel: Miss Syms, vocals. Johnny "Hammond" Smith, organ; Thorne Schwartz, guitar; Charles Wellesley, bass; John Harris, drums; Richard Landrum, conga; or Jerome Richardson, flute; Bucky Pizzarelli and Gene Bertocini, guitars; Sam Bruno, bass; Bobby Rosengarden, drums.

Rating: ★

Point of fact: "The best jazz-oriented singers performing today do not necessarily sell the most records." Okay. Granted, that's like saying Sunday follows Saturday. But a recording contract is a singer's jugular: Unless there's a steady flow of singles and albums which produce a reasonable return on the company's investment, your a&r man suddenly comes up with the best imitation of Count Dracula you've ever seen, with sharp, pointy teeth aimed directly at your jugular/contract.

To prevent the attack, the singer may don a protective necklace of garlic (compromise) or carry a simple but eloquent crucifix (accommodation). It's only when you reach the status of a Barbra Streisand (you should be so lucky) that you may drive home the wooden stake and silence the monster forever.

So, here we have a good, jazz-oriented singer named Sylvia Syms. The question is: Was the concept of this album her choice, or was she wearing not just a necklace of compromise but a full-length coat of the stuff?

I would prefer to believe the latter. I hate to be disillusioned. If Miss Syms did indeed choose the likes of *Vaya Con Dios* and *Games That Lovers Play*, and in addition accepted the wholly inadequate backgrounds for such trite material—well, I'd prefer not to know about it. If, however, I'm right and she was forced to record this mess, then my heartfelt sympathy. There are two rather conspicuous clues which seem to confirm my guess: *You Don't Know* and *Yesterdays*.

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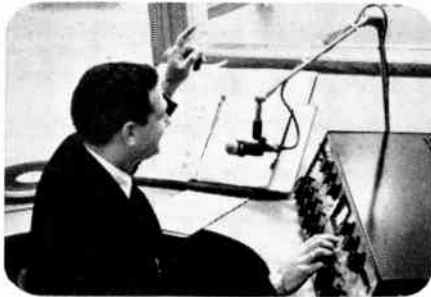


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In essence, this "review" is a defense of the fine art of "selling out." It should not be difficult to understand a singer's desperate attempt to protect the jugular because it is such an important facet of her career. And, often the pressure from Count Dracula is hardly subtle. More like a direct Kremlin edict, if you will.

Anyway, if I am right about this whole business, then Miss Syms knows now (I hope) that I, for one, understand, having been around the tub more than once myself. Would anyone care to inspect these cute little holes in my neck? If I'm wrong, and the album was her idea, boy, am I gonna get yelled at!

—Carol Sloane

Gerald Wilson

LIVE AND SWINGING—Pacific Jazz 10118/20118: *Paper Man*; *I Should Care*; *I've Got It Bad*; *The "It's" Where It's At*; *Blues for a Scorpio*; *Li'l Darlin'*; *Misty*; *Viva Tirado*.

Personnel: Wilson, leader; Gary Barone, Dick Forest, Larry McGuire, Alex Rodriguez, Charles Tolliver, Al Porcino, trumpets; Lester Robertson, Mike Barone, Thurman Green, Don Switzer, trombones; Ray Bojorquez, Anthony Ortega, alto saxophones; Harold Land, Hadley Caliman, tenor saxophones; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone, tuba; Phil Moore III, piano; Jack Wilson, organ; Buddy Woodson, bass; Carl Lott, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Wilson's band is not a permanent organization in the sense of playing together consistently on location jobs, touring, etc. It does, however, have a unity of feeling and attitude through its leader-arranger, even though the personnel may vary from record to record. It's a solid outfit in the great big band tradition with a number of contributing arrangers and a variety of soloists.

Land is responsible for many of this album's best moments. Arranger Dick Grove backs him with punching brass as he swings *Care* with a typically virile solo. *Bad*, on the other hand, is rendered at its usual ballad tempo. Wilson's arrangement leaves plenty of space for Land to ramble bluesily with an occasionally viola-like sound. The tenorist also has a fluent solo on his own *Where It's At*. Wilson's chart pits reeds against brass, with the writing for the former most effective. Lott does some good, straight-ahead swinging here. Tolliver shows a lot of fire in his spot, but his tone nags.

The trumpeter's own composition, *Paper*, is a minor-key number with a solid, rocking beat. Tolliver's solo has much feeling but his sound needs more body. Caliman shows that he owes something to Coltrane and Rollins but essentially has his own spirit. Moore has a short, funky solo.

Also funky is *Scorpio*, credited in the notes to Wilson's 14-year-old daughter Geraldine. Arranged by Mike Barone, it features organist Jack Wilson. It is nothing out of the ordinary, but has a groove.

Misty, slow-bounced, is not particularly inspired. The band sounds sluggish and heavy. *Darlin'*, on the other hand, has a nice dance beat—if you like to dance one of those old-fashioned dances where you hold your partner. Wilson's organ solo is good right-handed thinking with the volume down. This track is a nice contrast.

The album closer is *Tirado*, first done by Wilson in his *Moment of Truth* Lp.



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Tolliver has a spare, Milesish quality at the beginning of his solo. Then he growls and roughens it up a bit. Caliman handles his idiom well, and with more maturity and taste than most players in that area. This *Tirado* reaches a wilder brass climax, but I like the original version better, because of Carmell Jones and Teddy Edwards, and the slower, more insinuating mood that gets me moving every time. But, then again, you don't exactly sit still with this one.

—Gittler

Jimmy Witherspoon

BLUES FOR EASY LIVERS—Prestige 7475: *Lotus Blossom; Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You; Travelin' Light; P.S. I Love You; I'll Always Be in Love With You; Easy Living; Embraceable You; Blues in the Night; Trouble in Mind; How Long Will It Take For Me to Become a Man?; I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good.*

Personnel: Witherspoon, vocals; Bill Watrous, trombone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano, arranger; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Yet another irritating commercial on national television asks the question: "After all. What's better than new?" Well, how about old? A vintage wine, a cherished old guitar, a Duesenberg—things which mellow with age and thoughtful care.

Somehow it seems right and proper to mention Jimmy Witherspoon in this context. He's not old, certainly, but he most assuredly is mellow . . . a skilled artisan who has carefully nurtured his craft over the years.

I don't believe I've ever heard 'Spoon singing better or with greater control. This album is pure joy, albeit the selections are basically melancholy. These are stalwarts of his repertoire and have been heard many times over. It is for this reason that I find the album lacks excitement. However, this is an advantage because the listener is not subject to tensions and heavy concentration. (Some singers do get *serious!*) The general feeling is that a bunch of the guys happened to get together one afternoon and 'Spoon happened to drop by. The result is a most relaxed, wonderfully loose presentation.

A few words about "the guys." Adams (the only other baritone player in *the world* besides Harry Carney) and Watrous don't have enough room for improvisation, but then, this is a singer's album. (I wish to hell somebody would record Pepper Adams again on his own. He is without a doubt one of the more interesting and creative musicians around today, consistently brilliant.) Davis, that most amazing technician, is on bass, and my favorite-for-all-time drummer, Mel Lewis, handles his chair with the ease and accomplishment befitting a master.

Kellaway wrote the arrangements, such as they are, and gives 'Spoon Gibraltar-like, two-handed-piano accompaniment. Watrous is new, young, and talented, and more will be heard from him in the future.

In summary, I'd buy this album if I hadn't already received it for review. This sort of thing is the perfect antidote to flying nuns, junctions named after underwear, and those ghastly commercials with dumb copy.

—Carol Sloane



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42 ☐ DOWN BEAT

Larry Young

OF LOVE AND PEACE—Blue Note 4242/
84242; *Pavanne; Of Love and Peace; Seven Steps
to Heaven; Falag.*

Personnel: Eddie Gale, trumpet; James Spauld-
ing, alto saxophone, flute; Herbert Morgan,
tenor saxophone; Young, organ; Wilson Moor-
man III and Jerry Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

First off, I must own to having am-
bivalent feelings about this record.

The first several times I played it I was
greatly put off by the music, primarily
because I felt that it just didn't work.
The textures were much too dense, the
play of lines overbusy (possibly as a
result of confusion of intent), and the
general thrust too unfocused to be entirely
effective. Moreover, the use of Young's
organ to provide a running underpinning
did not strike me as wise, for it gave the
music a kind of thick, fudgy quality and
muddled the ensembles a great deal.

After repeated listening, I find that I
have discarded some of these reservations,
retained some, and added a few others.

I find, for example, that Young is a
particularly discreet and knowing accom-
panist whose restraint and sensitivity are
definite assets to the music as a whole
and to the improvisations of his horn men
in particular. His use of the organ in the
avant-garde context, in which most of this
group's music is cast, works quite well;
he follows, anticipates, and supports his
fellow musicians skillfully, and the tonal
qualities of the electric instrument lend
themselves nicely to the requirements of
the music, giving it in fact quite a distinc-
tive sound.

In working with the soloists, Young
does not accompany so much as furnish
an appropriate, moving contrastive ground,
and this he does very well. The ensemble
textures, however, are still overbusy for
the most part, but I have no doubt that
continued work opportunities (if a group
like this could work with any degree of
regularity in New York or, for that mat-
ter, anywhere else) would sort these prob-
lems out nicely.

Such order as the music possesses is
simply of the temporal kind: the music
has a beginning, middle, and ending solely
in time (and even here, the order is often
contrived, for the music does not *move* to
conclusion but is simply concluded through
the expedient of a board fade: i.e., elec-
tronics to the rescue!).

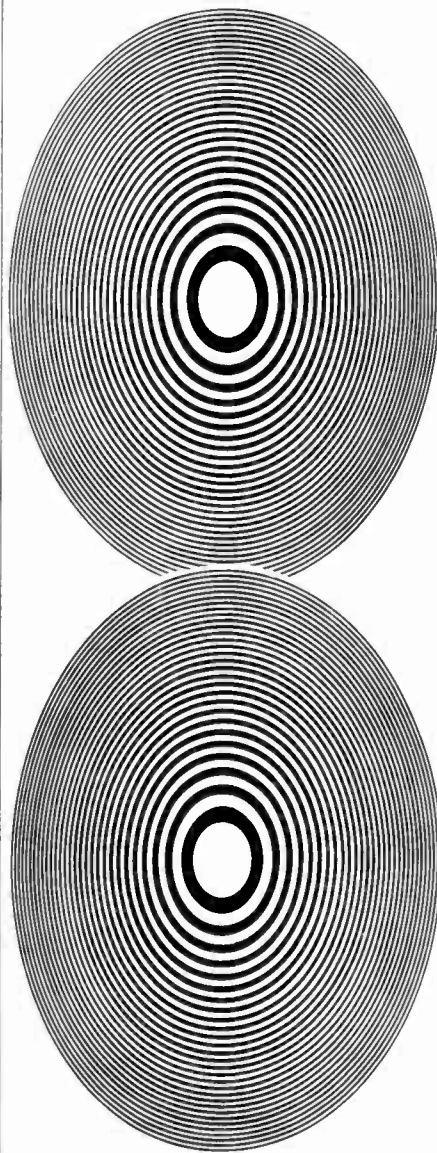
There's far too much treading water in
the hopes that something will develop.
Unfortunately, not a great deal does. A
common, understood set of goals or tight-
er control might have resulted in much
stronger, more focused music.

Totally interactive group playing of the
type Young so urgently wants cannot de-
velop in the circumstances in which this
set was recorded, given the working ex-
perience of the group. When the rapport
and empathy have developed after long
working experience, then the group might
try for the technique of totally improvisa-
tory playing that is employed here. But in
this case the design fails to emerge, and
the fabric is just a set of disparate shreds
that all too rarely weave themselves into
a pattern. Interesting try, though.

—Welding

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BLINDFOLD TEST...MICHEL LEGRAND

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1. DON ELLIS. *Passacaglia and Fugue* (from *Live at Monterey*, Pacific Jazz). Ellis, trumpet; Hank Levy, composer; Tom Scott, alto saxophone.

I like it very much, but . . . I wonder, is it an old album? It sounds as though it could have been something I heard a few years ago. There was a little touch of bebop in there.

Is that an organized band which plays every day? It sounds to me like—like the way Lalo Schiffrin works—a studio band. But the composition, and the way it was orchestrated, I found very interesting. Interesting construction.

Who is the trumpet player? And also the alto at the beginning? I liked them. I am not listening to enough records to recognize everybody, but I thought it could have been Phil Woods. Four stars.

2. MILES DAVIS. *Milestones* (from *Milestones*, Columbia). Davis, flugelhorn; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

That's wonderful—Miles with Cannonball and Coltrane. I love the way they approach this melody—everything is for the melody; the chords are very simple, like a carpet on which all the music is based. In other words, the whole thing is not based on complexity, but on simplicity and beauty and purity.

The rhythm section is very simple, compared with the rhythm sections he uses today; it doesn't take over, it just provides a good steady foundation.

Beauty is the true *raison d'être* of all music, and it shines through all of this performance. A marvelous performance. Five stars—six if it were possible! What is it called? I don't remember the title.

3. MARTIAL SOLAL. *Mercredi 13* (from *Son 66*, French Columbia). Solal, organ.

That's very strange. It sounds like a long introduction—as if the entire performance were a prologue to something that never quite arrives.

At first it seemed interesting, because I was under the impression that it was preparing the way for something else—but it didn't happen. It's a curious thing: it

seems to want to be pretty modern, yet somehow it isn't.

LF: You don't find it different from the usual type of jazz organ performance?

ML: Yes, but just because it's different, that doesn't make it interesting. It can be original without being good. It just seems a little nondescript, with no particular direction. Just changing the sound of the organ three times is not enough to give you something of value. I'm sure he *wanted* to do something interesting, and I'm sorry he never got there. It's hard to rate something on just one hearing, so I'll simply say that my first impression was not very favorable.

4. DIZZY GILLESPIE AND THE DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS. *Anthropology* (Philips). Gillespie, trumpet; Gillespie, Charlie Parker, composers; Mimi Perrin, Christiane Legrand, Ward Swingle, Claudine Barge, Eddy Louiss, Jean-Claude Briodin, singers; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Lalo Schiffrin, arranger.

Formidable! Of course it's Dizzy Gillespie with the Double Six of Paris. I remember seeing Dizzy when he was in Paris making this. He and the rhythm section recorded all night long, and then he had to leave. The Double Six worked after him, listening to the tracks.

The possibilities and capacities of these singers are wonderful. Mimi's work is just great. Her high notes, like when she goes [demonstrates] . . . it's so *juste*, so right!

I'm not sure if my sister is in this one too—I think so. Some of these singers worked with me on the score of *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. Christiane sang the role of the mother. It's a great pity that the Double Six didn't succeed enough to stay together.

LF: Do they still exist at all?

ML: No. They broke up a long time ago. I saw them in concert, but very rarely, maybe once every year or two, and this is hard, because each time they have to get together again, they have to work so hard to maintain their original quality. Something like this has to be absolutely perfect, and this requires a group that can remain together.

The lyrics are great, too—not for their

Michel Legrand has spent several months of this year in the U.S., has written the music for two American movies, and led an all-star orchestra at the Hollywood Bowl. Curiously, the public has been all but unaware of his presence.

Legrand, a multi-prize-winning graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, has earned a unique reputation among the in-crowd of jazz and popular composer-arrangers. His most celebrated achievement was the score for *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, a no-talking, all-singing film that employed jazz-oriented voices throughout.

Less known is the fact that in 1958 an LP was produced in New York entitled *Legrand Jazz* (Columbia). Three different personnels were used; the sidemen included John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Art Farmer, Donald Byrd, Herbie Mann, Ben Webster, Phil Woods, Bill Evans, and a couple of dozen other giants. It was a superb album, but is no longer available. Now that Legrand is talking about settling in this country for at least a substantial part of each year, perhaps Columbia can be persuaded to reissue it.

This was Legrand's first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

actual quality, it's a very simple story, but I like them for the onomatopoeic effect. Each syllable fits just right. And Dizzy is great, of course. I'll give that four at least.

5. DOODLETOWN PIPERS. *Somewhere My Love* (from *Singalong '67*, Epic).

Well, of course, it doesn't swing very much. I wonder why you put it on.

LF: To compare it with the last record, and because of your association with vocal groups.

ML: There is no comparison possible. The attitudes are so entirely different. Is it a well-known name? Like the Young Americans? Or Pipers something? I heard them at Mancini's concert; it's very nice, but without any surprises. They are very cute, very funny, very young, dynamic, very live. That's nice, because most of these groups just stand back and sing. But I couldn't rate this.

6. ARETHA FRANKLIN. *God Bless The Child* (from *Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits*, Columbia). Arranger not credited.

Very beautiful, very authentic—I like very much this kind of expression. I don't know who is singing.

It seemed to me that the strings in the background should have stayed without any movement. She had so much to say that any counterpoint, any countermelody is bothering, is against.

Stars? It's hard, but for the singer, anyway, four stars. For the arrangement less.

7. BOBBY SCOTT. *You're Doing Fine* (Columbia).

This is a pity, because when Bobby does his own kind of things he is great, but when he tries a kind of rock-and-roll thing like that, it's not his own field. I have heard him sing and play piano at his home, and he never does something like that.

I understand the purpose of this kind of record. He is trying to make something commercial. But when he sings real blues, I've spent days and nights listening to him, in New York. He made an album a couple of years ago with two or three unforgettable songs. That was his own heart, his own guts. Here he put on a mask. I won't rate it.

45

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 30)

seen Tommy looking so happy." Flanagan confirmed this after the set. "I was just sitting up there enjoying the whole thing," he said. Announced tenorist Hadley Calliman (referring to the tenor player on the stand): "I came to dig the master." But the most apt comment was offered by disc-jockey-turned-actor Sid McCoy: "It should have been recorded."

It should have been. All that's left are plenty of warm memories and these few words.
—Harvey Siders

Lonnie Johnson

George's Kibitzeria, Toronto, Ontario

Personnel: Johnson, guitar, vocals.

Two years ago Johnson came to Toronto, unheralded, to sing at a hippy coffee house. His arrival brought out a variegated audience of blues-conscious, rock-happy youngsters and middle-aged record collectors with memories of records he had made with Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Eddie Lang in the 1920s.

The audiences have swelled and diminished and ballooned again as Johnson moved from the Gate of Cleve to the Penny Farthing, downtown to Steele's Tavern, back to the coffee houses in the city's hippy Yorkville area, and now to George's Kibitzeria. It's a small, dimly-lit restaurant that serves Italian and West Indian food, mostly to students from nearby University of Toronto, and to those same record collectors when they're in a nostalgic mood.

Johnson is able to satisfy both audiences. Whoever listens is assured of a first-rate performance. At the age of 67, he is singing blues and standard songs, accompanied by a sound unique in the history of guitar-playing, with an astonishing vigor.

Times have been hard for the New Orleans-born performer, but the setbacks in his life have not affected his musical stance. He refuses to bend to rock-and-roll and continues to sing essentially in the same style that brought him notice more than 40 years ago.

"When rock-and-roll is gone, I'll still be working," he said.

Let's hope so. Each performance, even after 55 years of professional singing on riverboats and in clubs and theaters here and abroad is the work of an artist.

His voice, like his guitar playing, possesses a bitter-sweet quality that is most telling on the blues (most of them his own), but it is also impressive when he switches to popular songs, delivered with a surprising freshness. Only the songs stay in the past.

Most of his ballads are such evergreens as *Stardust*; *Summertime*; *Don't Cry, Little Baby*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*; *Pennies from Heaven*; *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie*; *My Mother's Eyes*; *When You're Smiling*; *Danny Boy*; *September Song*.

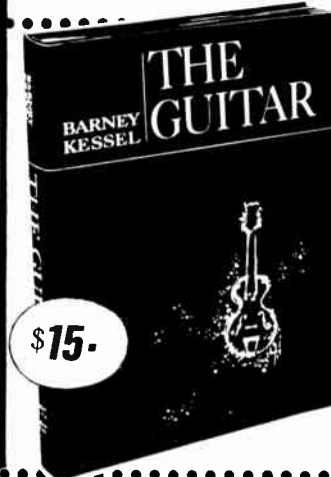
On the blues, as on ballads, his voice is light and sensuous. Without the aid of a

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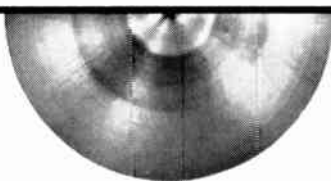
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microphone, it can reach into the far corners of a room. The plaintive sound of his voice is eerily echoed by the guitar, particularly in the long, suspended notes that have become his trademark. Then suddenly, the voice is being backed with a deft, rhythmic strumming that emphasizes and delineates, and exudes a quiet joy.

Two themes are usually the essence of his blues: love and loneliness, and often they are intertwined. He sings the great jazz standards as well (*Backwater Blues*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Careless Love*) but most of the numbers are his own, starting with *Fallin' Rain Blues*, the first number he ever recorded (for Okeh in 1925). Most of all he likes to sing his latest song (he estimates he has written more than 1,000) dedicated to his 5-year-old daughter.

"Brenda, my darling," he sings, "so many miles from you . . . I'm as lonely as a man can be."

More than any other, this lament sums up the Lonnie Johnson of today. It's not often that he gets a chance to see his family these days. A blues singer has to go where the work is.—*Helen McNamara*

Top Brass

Royal Festival Hall, London

Personnel: Doc Cheatham, Maynard Ferguson, Ian Hamer, Derek Watkins, trumpets; Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals; Bob Brookmeyer, Benny Morton, Ed Harvey, trombones; Art Ellefson, Danny Moss, Ronnie Scott, Ronnie Ross, reeds; Nat Pierce, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

As relatively unimportant as jazz may be in the grand scheme of things, there can be few areas more filled with surprises. Not only was Whitney Balliett accurate when he called the music "the sound of surprise," but rarely does anything turn out as anticipated when jazz musicians are playing an active role.

Take the Top Brass tour, for example. Who would have thought that two men past 60 would steal the show from such extroverted younger performers as Terry and Ferguson? That Cheatham's prohibition-flavored trumpet and Morton's steadily-mainstreamed trombone rang out with the crispness of newly-baked bread indicates one possible virtue of obscurity.

Pierce, in the warm-up spot, offered *While You're Away*, a delightful original written for an off-Broadway show. Little can be faulted with Pierce, but the wee small hours in a cozy joint are a little more flattering to his piano than the clinical austerity of the Royal Festival Hall at 6:30 p.m.

Terry and Brookmeyer, who had the rest of the first half to themselves, jelled immediately with a solid version of *Straight, No Chaser*. Terry's fluent fluegelhorn sounded better than ever as he intelligently alternated rapid triple-tongued passages with sensibly placed long lines. His excellently constructed solo contrasted favorably with Brookmeyer's more ponderous efforts. The trombonist bumbled his way over stop-chords before stepping out four-in-a-bar, Pierce striding manfully behind him.

Pretty Girl, a relaxed Brookmeyer composition, followed. Terry's introspective solo was freely interspersed with the occasional spurts of sparkling humor that

make him unique amongst trumpeters; then the lilting mood of Sergio Mihanovich's *Sometime Ago* aptly accommodated Brookmeyer's lolling style and Terry's penchant for trading fours with himself on trumpet and fluegelhorn.

After some lusty "talking trumpet" worthy of its master, the late Rex Stewart, Terry growled "jungle" style into a blues, capping it with some *Mean Mistreatin' Mama* type lyrics that caught the audience unawares.

After intermission, Cheatham, a veteran of many epoch-making orchestras, among them Benny Carter, Teddy Wilson, and Eddie Heywood, led his ex-Basie, ex-Henderson trombonist colleague into a brisk, no-nonsense *Nobody's Sweetheart*. The trumpeter's vigor and clarity of tone, here and on the ensuing medley, were a joy to hear, bolstered by Pierce's rocklike piano. The pianist played in the Tatum manner through *You Go to My Head*, read with simplicity and directness by Morton.



CHEATHAM and MORTON

Cheatham's *Indiana* was dedicated to his friend, the late Sidney de Paris, a native of that state. His is an essentially generous way of playing—taking pleasure in the act of giving of himself. Mainly because this attitude is sadly vanishing, Cheatham and Morton instilled more life into their music than do many players half their age.

The Cheatham-Morton set was cut all too short as they slipped, incognito, into the brass section of Ferguson's Anglo-American All-Stars. Locals Scott and Moss blew on the Gospel-styled opener, but nothing they or Ferguson did could redeem the hideous back-beat laid down by Hanna—until this point a faultless drummer. Obviously, though, this was the way things were intended, but the net result was an embarrassing lack of swing.

This number set the pattern for the rest of the concert. Either you enjoy Ferguson's lack of taste or you loathe it. For me, Scott's logical tenor and some neatly-consummated brass scoring were the only sources of enjoyment in the proceedings.

Ferguson's incoherence was conclusively shown up when Terry joined him for a two-trumpet feature, *The Fox Hunt*. There just was no comparison with control as the criterion, and Terry emerged, as we say in England, the "Guv'nor."

Hats off, in fact, to a trio of Top Brass—Cheatham, Terry, and Morton. Long may they blow their optimistic horns.

—*Valerie Wilmer*



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(Continued from page 15)

did a week at Slug's with **George Coleman**, tenor saxophone; **Cedar Walton**, piano; **Peck Morrison**, bass; and **Lennie McBrowne**, drums . . . The **Free Spirits** worked at the Dom, the Blue Tooth in Vermont, and on Dec. 1 took off on a cross-country college tour including appearances at the University of Ottawa and Portland State College, Dec. 15, 16, & 17 . . . Alto saxophonist **Marion Brown** played two concerts in Amsterdam, and one each in Delft, Utrecht, and Arnhem while he was in Holland recently. Accompanying him were **Maarten van Regteren-altena**, bass, and **Han Bennink**, drums

. . . Tenor man **Zoot Sims** played a Wednesday evening session at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . **Duke Pearson's** 16-piece band and singer **Babs Gonzales** did a Sunday session at the Club Ruby in Jamaica in mid-November . . . Composer-French hornist **David Amram** is writing his autobiography, to be published by Macmillan. Much of it, he says, will concern itself with the jazz scene from 1942—his first point of involvement with it—to today . . . Singer **Steve Mason**, who patterns himself after early **Bing Crosby** and the late **Russ Colombo**, has produced two albums of his nostalgic songs for his own Mason label.

Los Angeles: With typical understatement, **Harold Land** told *Down Beat* that

he just signed a seven-year, non-exclusive recording contract with **Albert Marx**. This could signal a turning point for the tenor man most often labeled "underrated" by his colleagues . . . **Jazz at UCLA** got off to an auspicious beginning with **Nina Simone**. She did a one-nighter on the Westwood campus, backed by **Sam Waymon**, plectronic (an electrical harp developed by Ampex which made its concert debut that night); **Rudy Stevenson**, guitar (he had his flute with him, but never did get a chance to blow); **Gene Taylor**, bass; and **Charles Crosby**, drums. Miss Simone had to complete a two-night gig at Marty's immediately afterwards. She had worked the previous night at Marty's, doing three shows; on the night of the concert, the pianist-singer managed to squeeze in two shows, even though the UCLA audience refused to let her go. The same reluctance followed her Marty's closing where she was backed by the same quartet. The second **Jazz at UCLA** attraction was to feature **Joao Gilberto**; the final offering will be **Charles Lloyd** on Jan. 13 . . . A Hawaiian brand of jazz could be heard at the Latitude 20 in Torrance. **Arthur Lyman** played a brief engagement there, sticking close to hula-flavored pop, but sneaking in some jazz licks whenever possible. Lyman once studied with **Lionel Hampton** and occasionally uses **Red Norvo** "slap" mallets when he solos on vibes. In his quartet, a total of 12 instruments were put to steady use: vibes, marimba, piano, flute, celeste, clavietta, guitar, bass, chimes, drums, conga drums, and even a conch . . . Timbalist **Willie Bobo** brought a bit of Spanish Harlem with him when he played a ten-night engagement at Memory Lane. Group consists of **David Phelps**, trumpet; **Kenny Rogers**, tenor and alto saxophones; **Sonny Henry**, guitar; **Gene Perla**, bass; and **Carlos "Potato" Valdes**, conga drums. **Harry (Sweets) Edison's** group, with **Lockjaw Davis**, returned to Memory Lane when Bobo finished . . . Donte's reverberated to **The Sound of Feeling** for three more Thursdays. Because of its "front line"—as pretty as it is unusual—the group is beginning to cause a local stir. Personnel: the **Andree Twins** (**Rhae** and **Alice**) and pianist-leader **Gary David**, vocals; **Bob Ciccarelli**, cello and bass; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Dick Wilson**, drums. Neapolitan continues to work with pianist **Joanne Grauer** at Sherry's on Sundays. **Bill Goodwin** is on drums. Other groups that passed through Donte's recently on their way to the studios: the **Joe Pass** Quartet; the **Pete Jolly** Trio; and guitarists **George Van Eps**, **Thumbs Carlille**, **Herb Ellis**, and **Tommy Tedesco** . . . Not far from Donte's, a new club is in the process of opening: **Ellis Island**. As the name indicates, it will provide the new home for **Don Ellis** and his cast of thousands. Ellis' band is scheduled to play there Mondays; studio swingers, a la Donte's, will fill out the rest of the week . . . Another fairly new club, **Little New Yorker**, brought in **Anita O'Day** for a four-week stand. She was backed by pianist **Bobby Franks' trio** (**Red Wootten**, bass; **John Poole**, drums) . . . **Mose Allison** brought his folksy jazz stylings into

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Shelly's Manne-Hole, backed by **Red Mitchell**, bass, and **Joe Porcaro**, drums. **Shelly Manne's** group will be playing at the club on Mondays, following three Monday gigs by **Roger Kellaway**. Manne's decision is based on the fact that two of his men—**Conte Condoli** and **Monte Budwig**—are committed to the **Jerry Lewis** show and cannot get to the club until late Friday night, so now the weekend gig reads Saturday through Monday. **Clare Fischer** brought a group into the Manne-Hole for two nights, after which **Carmen McRae** began a ten-night stand . . . **Jimmy Smith** left the **Whisky A-Go-Go** and followed the **Jazz Crusaders** into the Lighthouse, and a two-week gap that had existed at the Hermosa Beach club between Dec. 12 and Dec. 24 has been filled with the booking of the **Three Sounds** . . . A benefit for San Pedro Community Hospital was held at the Pacific Coast Club, in Long Beach, with a group featuring **Ron Myers**, trombone; **Ira Schullman**, reeds; **Dave Mackay**, piano; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Mike Romero**, drums. Vocalist was **Vicki Hamilton** . . . **Billy Brooks** has returned to Los Angeles and some recording dates for **Bill Cosby**, following a ten-day gig at Basin St. West, in San Francisco, with **Jackie Wilson**. Brooks had nothing but praise for another entertainer on the bill: **Little Dion**—aged 7 . . . **Big Black** was featured at a special pre-Thanksgiving bash called *Natural Soul*, at the International Hotel . . . Immaculate Heart College, in Los Angeles, announced its '67-'68 Scholarship Series, and in the

midst of chamber groups, one jazz name stands out: **Bobby Hutcherson**. His concert is scheduled for Feb. 11 . . . Reed man **Sam Most** is in Los Angeles permanently now, hoping to find outlets for playing jazz, at the same time hoping to circulate among the studio set like his brother, **Abe Most**. One of his most recent gigs took place at Donte's, with **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Ted Hughart**, bass; **Nick Martinis**, drums . . . **Ed Thigpen** is studying vibes with **Earl Hatch** for the purpose of increasing his studio calls . . . **J. J. Wiggins** gigged at the Embassy recently. That may not be so remarkable on the surface, but after all, J. J. (**Gerald Wiggins'** son) is only 11 years old . . . **Quincy Jones** is writing a batch of arrangements for **Ray Charles'** Copacabana opening in New York . . . **Marty Paich** will arrange and conduct the main title tune from Paramount's *Will Penny*.

Chicago: Two drummers who recently found homes with well-established groups, thoroughly gassed the crowds who came to their respective gigs: **Bobby Durham** with **Oscar Peterson** at the London House and **Billy Hart** with **Wes Montgomery** at the Plugged Nickel . . . A jazz concert to benefit the work of the Night Pastor, the Rev. **Robert Owen**, was held at St. James Cathedral Nov. 19. Participants included vibist **Dave Catherwood**, tenor saxophonist **John Klemmer**, pianist **Art Hodes**, and trombonist **Dave Remington's** band. Father Owen sat in on piano . . .

Singer **Dionne Warwick** played Mr. Kelly's Nov. 27 to Dec. 10 . . . The **Artistic Heritage Ensemble**, under the direction of multi-instrumentalist **Philip Cohran**, has acquired studios at 3947 South Drexel Blvd. The building, formally dedicated on Dec. 2 as the **AFFRO-Arts Theater**, will be used to showcase the ensemble's performances and will provide workshop and classroom venue for the talents of other individuals and groups selected by the ensemble . . . **Ray Charles'** blues-laden vocalizing and his big band carried well for two performances Nov. 12 in the newly-reopened, acoustically perfect Auditorium Theater at Roosevelt University . . . The groups of **Cannonball Adderley** and **Wes Montgomery**, blues singer **Joe Williams**, and comedienne **Moms Mabley** did a one-nighter at the Opera House Nov. 22 . . . **Burgess Gardner's** big band is the current weekend attraction at Sauer's 23rd St. Brauhaus . . . Drummer **Anthony Williams** was brought in to substitute for **Max Roach** at **Bill Crowden's** Nov. 27 Drum Night at the Prudential Plaza, since Roach has switched from the sponsoring drummer's instrument. **Philly Joe Jones** and **Don Lamond**, plus a local group led by drummer **Harold Jones**, were the other attractions on the bill . . . The **Quartet Tres Bien** fired up the Plugged Nickel until mid-December . . . At a Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee benefit Nov. 22, the groups of altoists **Joseph Jarman** and **Bunky Green**, pianist **Ken**



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Chaney, plus the **Jazz Interpreters**, performed at the Tejar Club (formerly the Alhambra) at 18th and Michigan . . . Singer **Damita Jo** followed the **Buddy Rich** Band into the Scotch Mist in mid-November. **Woody Herman's** herd opened Dec. 4, **Si Zentner** comes in Dec. 18 for three days, **Fats Domino** follows for a stint in mid-January, and **Harry James** is scheduled for two weeks at the club beginning Feb. 12 . . . **Marian McParland** was at the Showboat Sari-S the first three weeks in November, with bassist **Line Millman** and drummer **Jim Kappes**.

Detroit: Detroit organist **Earl Marshall** filled in for ailing **Don Patterson** during saxophonist **Sonny Stitt's** stay at the Drome. The drummer was **Billy James**. A guest one night was drummer **Roy Brooks** . . . **George Shearing's** engagement at Baker's was brightened by the appearance of 8-year old piano prodigy **Kevin Gibbs** . . . Bassist **Ernie Farrow's** group (**John Hair**, trombone; **Joe Thurman**, tenor saxophone; **James Youngblood**, drums) staged a "Set-In" at Odom's Cave Nov. 5. On leaving Odom's, Farrow joined drummer **Bert Myrick** to back pianist-vocalist **Harold McKinney** and his vocalist wife, **Gwen McKinney**, at the grand opening of the Robbins Nest Lounge in the Berkshire Motel. The McKinneys continue there as a duo . . . **Kirk Lightsey** has replaced **Ron DePalma** as pianist with reed man **Terry Harrington's** group at the Bandit's Villa. Bassist **Dick Bellen** was a recent replacement for **Nick Fiore** with the group. **Chester Forest** continues as the drummer . . . Drummer **Art Mardigan's** replacement with reed man-vibist **Frank Newman's** quartet at Momo's was first **Bud Spangler**, then **Johnny Popp** . . . Some of the roots of jazz are on display at the new Royal Windsor Steak House, where the Rev. **George W. Morton** of Greater Mt. Zion Tabernacle of the International Church of God in Christ has installed Gospel singers three nights a week. The purpose is not "to provide spiritual uplift," but "to gain a wider acceptance of Gospel singing as an art form," says Rev. Morton. Local artists are featured presently, but Rev. Morton eventually hopes to bring in such nationally known singers as **Mahalia Jackson** . . . A recent concert at Cobo Hall headlined a Detroit favorite, singer **Lou Rawls**, backed by **H. B. Barnum's** big band. In addition the bill offered a potpourri of music: saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd** and his quartet, pianist **Ray Bryant's** trio, and **Martha Reeves** and the **Vandellas**.

New Orleans: **Willie Tee** and the **Souls**, a local avant-garde group, is set to cut an LP for **Cannonball Adderley**. The group, composed of **Earl Turbinton**, alto saxophone; **George Davis**, guitar; **Wilson Turbinton**, organ, vocals, and leader; and **David Lee**, drums, is currently playing Sunday nights, and afterhours sessions on Fridays and Saturdays, at the Birdland Club . . . Drummer **Monk Hazel** presented his mellophone to the New Orleans Jazz Museum. Hazel doubled on mello-

phone and drums with **Sharkey Bonano's** band during the Dixieland revival of the late 1940s. Tulane Jazz Archives director **Richard Allen** is planning a book on **Hazel's** life after finishing his current project, a photographic chronicle of New Orleans jazz activities during the past two decades . . . **Harry Evans**, brother of pianist **Bill Evans**, appeared on a panel at a Louisiana educators' conference on the humanities at Tulane University. Evans is supervisor of music for East Baton Rouge, La., public schools. Tulane was also the scene of a recent jazz concert by the **Olympia Brass Band** . . . Trumpeter **Theodore Riley** was robbed of over \$5,000 in cash and valuables while working a hometown stint with **Fats Domino's** band at Al Hirt's club . . . **Frank Tenot**, editor of Paris' *Jazz* magazine, was in New Orleans with record reviewer **Phillippe Carles** last month . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** did a late November concert at the Municipal Auditorium . . . **Clay Watson**, former director of the New Orleans Jazz Museum, is conferring with the newly formed New York Hot Jazz Society about the possibility of establishing a New York Jazz Museum . . . Arranger **Bud Dant** was in New Orleans to set up another recording session with clarinetist **Pete Fountain**.

Japan: *Swing Journal*, the Japanese music magazine, has published the results of its annual reader's jazz poll. Winners were: Hall of Fame, **Eric Dolphy**; Jazz Man of the Year, **Ornette Coleman**; Record of the Year, **Alfie (Sonny Rollins)**; Big Band, **Duke Ellington**; Combo, **Miles Davis**; trumpet, **Miles Davis**; trombone, **J. J. Johnson**; alto, **Ornette Coleman**; tenor, **John Coltrane**; baritone, **Gerry Mulligan**; clarinet, **Buddy DeFranco**; flute, **Herbie Mann**; piano, **Bill Evans**; organ, **Jimmy Smith**; vibes, **Milt Jackson**; guitar, **Wes Montgomery**; bass, **Ray Brown**; drums, **Elvin Jones**; Misc. Instrument, **John Coltrane**, soprano saxophone; Male Singer, **Mel Torme**; Female Singer, **Ella Fitzgerald**; Vocal Group, **Swingle Singers**; Composer, **Duke Ellington** . . . The Village Gate, veteran live jazz spot in Shinjuku, has inaugurated weekend jam sessions . . . Although it was not quite clear whether they'd perform separately or together, Japanese alto man **Sadao Watanabe** and flutist **Herbie Mann** were being billed in advance on the same program of concerts in Japan, which began Nov. 25. The tour also featured guitarist **Jim Hall** and **Barney Kessel**, plus drummer **Olatunji**.

Baltimore: For the first of its Sunday concerts in November, the Left Bank Jazz Society brought in **Lou Donaldson's** quintet. Appearing with the altoist were trumpeter **Tommy Turrentine**, pianist **Billy Gardner**, bassist **Peck Morrison**, and drummer **Howard Hill** . . . The following week, at the Famous Ballroom, a group composed of tenor saxophonist **Hank Mobley**, pianist **Wynton Kelly**, bassist **Cecil McBee**, and drummer **Jimmy Cobb** held forth . . . **Ethel Ennis** has been ap-



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pearing for the past several week-ends at the Red Fox . . . Pianist **Albert Dailey**, who has been sitting in at the Playboy Club for the past few weeks, has returned to New York . . . **The Mothers of Invention**, sponsored by Johns Hopkins University, played their first concert in Baltimore recently at Eastern High School . . . Sitarist **Ravi Shankar** appeared at the Lyric Theater Nov. 10. Two days later, **Lou Rawls** and **Cannonball Adderley** played a concert at the Civic Center.

St. Louis: The Ramsey Lewis Trio played a concert Oct. 28 at Washington University. The public address system was terrible and the trio's performance was hampered . . . Guitarist **Dave Mortland** was chosen to make an 11-city tour with the **Andy Williams-Henry Mancini** show . . . Mr. "C's" La Cachette booked the **Le Bosse Trio** (Ed Nicholson, piano; H. Van Harris, bass; James Thomas, drums). The club has added a dancing policy, and is also bringing **Eddie Harris** and his trio in from Chicago for a limited engagement . . . The Playboy Club also pulled a policy switch and brought Dixieland into the Living Room . . . Pianist **Herb Drury** was soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Nov. 12. On the second half of the program he was joined by **Jerry Cherry**, bass, and **Phil Hulsey**, drums. **George Cleve**, the new assistant conductor of the Symphony was responsible for the program innovation . . . Pianist **Greg Bosler** and drummer **McClinton Rayford** commuted nightly from St. Louis to back vocalist **Clea Bradford** during her engagement at a Springfield pub . . . Drummer **John DiMartino** has returned from the road and has joined the **Marksmen** at the **Brave Bull** . . . **Jim Bolen** has taken on another chore—besides doing a jazz deejay stint on WBVI on Sunday, twice-daily weather show on KMOX-TV, and playing vibes at the Montmartre on Thursday nights, he is now narrating the pop concerts for the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra during the school season.

Dallas: The Dallas Jazz Society held its second meeting at the Lone Star Gas Co. main auditorium in downtown Dallas. The society has drawn the unexpected attention of the Dallas Police Department due to the advertising that appeared in a controversial local underground newspaper, and it has been rather difficult to obtain a meeting place because of this . . . The **NTSU Lab Bands** held their annual fall concert on the campus in Denton, Texas. Several new charts by trombonist-drummer **Dee Barton** were premiered. Barton, currently playing drums with **Stan Kenton**, is an alumnus of the school. Proceeds from the concert went to provide transportation for the band to Seattle, Washington, for a National Conference of Music Educators concert . . . Local promotor **Michael Tolden** is in the process of organizing a large group of dancers and musicians for a presentation of **Langston Hughes' Twelve Moods of Jazz** . . . Singer **Barbara McNair** was at the Cabana's Bon Vivant Room . . . **Joe**

Johnson's group moved out of the Club Lark, replaced by the **Roosevelt Wardell** Quartet, and **Eloise Hester** on vocals . . . The **Fink Mink** continues with the **Jim Black Trio** and **Betty Green** . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** gave a concert recently in Dallas, as did clarinetist **Pete Fountain** . . . The **Robert Skiles Trio** opened at the V.I.P. Club with singer **Shirley Pace**, in the club's first jazz booking. Meanwhile, the Attic Club has switched from jazz to Latin music.

Seattle: **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra gave a concert in the Seattle Opera House Dec. 2 for 3000 high school students, co-sponsored by Local 76 of the Musicians' Union and its Recording Trust Fund. The Ellington band was in town at D-J's Dec. 1-10 . . . **B. B. King** and his soul blues group gave the usual flower-rock Eagles a change of sound Dec. 1 . . . Last booking in the Penthouse was **Jimmy Smith** and his trio, which closed Dec. 9, with the club's reopening set for after the holidays . . . The Seattle Jazz Society's University of Washington Chapter is under way again, with plans for bringing in the **Charles Lloyd Quartet** and the **Jimi Hendrix Trio** . . . The **John Handy Quartet** returned to the Eagles for two nights in November, followed by **The Doors** . . . **Lou Rawls** is set for a concert at the Opera House Jan. 24, backed by the Seattle University students . . . **Louis Armstrong**, who had to cancel an October booking here because of a short illness, won't return until spring, but has western Canada dates at Vancouver on Jan. 16, Calgary Jan. 17, and Winnipeg Jan. 19 . . . **Brasil '66** played college dates at Eugene, Ore., Nov. 18, and at Gonzaga University in Spokane Nov. 19.

Toronto: The first Jazz at the Symphony concert, starring **Lionel Hampton** and his **Inner Circle Octet** with the Toronto Symphony, proved to be a smashing success. Over 2,600 persons (young, old, and middle-aged) crowded Massey Hall to near-capacity for a program that featured Hampton's **King David Suite** and **Yamamoto's Jazz Suite for Unfamiliar Instruments**, conducted by **Seiji Ozawa**. The subscription series, first of its kind to be attempted here, will continue in the new year with guest artists **Phil Nimmons** and his band, **Stan Getz**, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Nancy Wilson**, and **Benny Goodman** . . . Recent visitors to Toronto have included **Ahmad Jamal's** trio and the **Junior Mance Trio** at The Town and **Arthur Prysock** and **Dizzy Gillespie** at the Colonial . . . **Jim McHarg** and his **Metro Stompers** had a two-week engagement at the Last Chance Saloon in the Ports of Call. McHarg and his band, plus the **Ron Rully Quintet**, the **Ray Sikora Septet**, and **Fred Stone's** 17-piece orchestra were featured at the annual Canadian Jazz Festival at Casa Loma.





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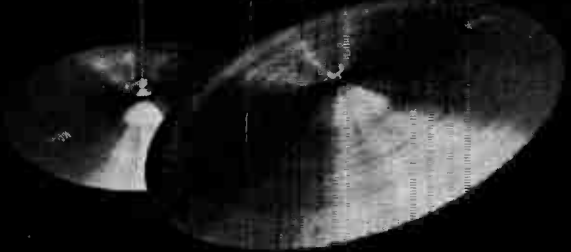
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