

MARCH 7, 1968

35c

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

THE IMPACT OF

Ravi Shankar

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Benny Goodman**

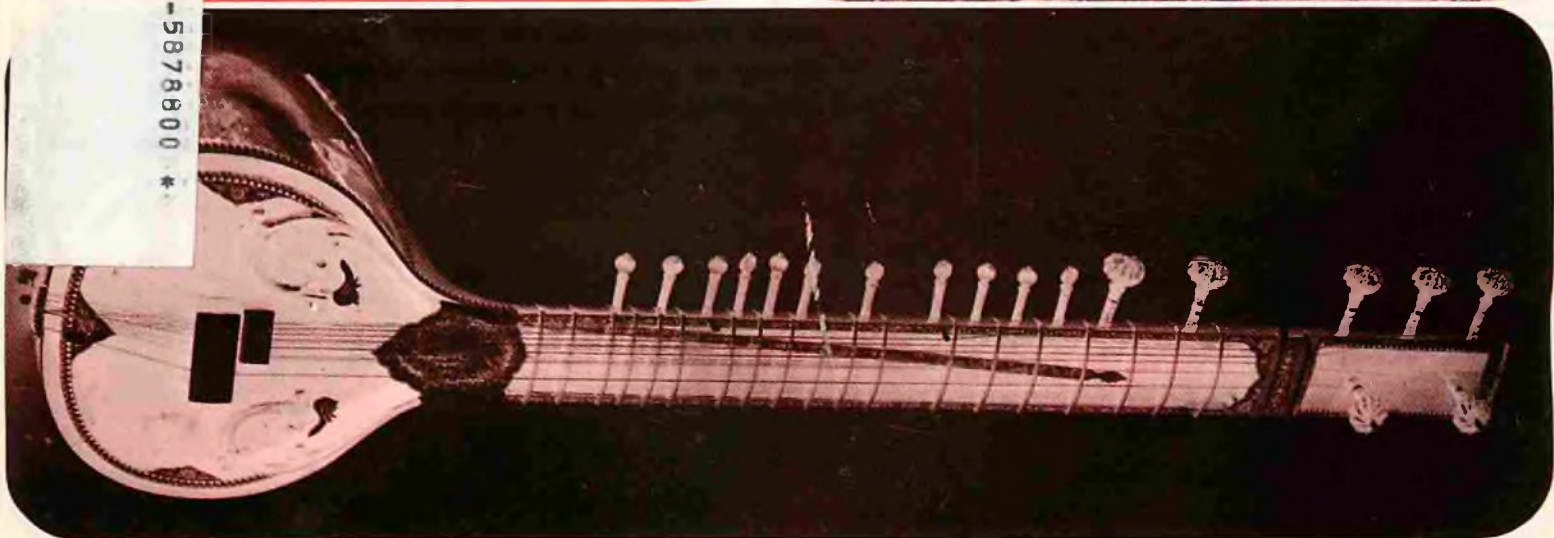
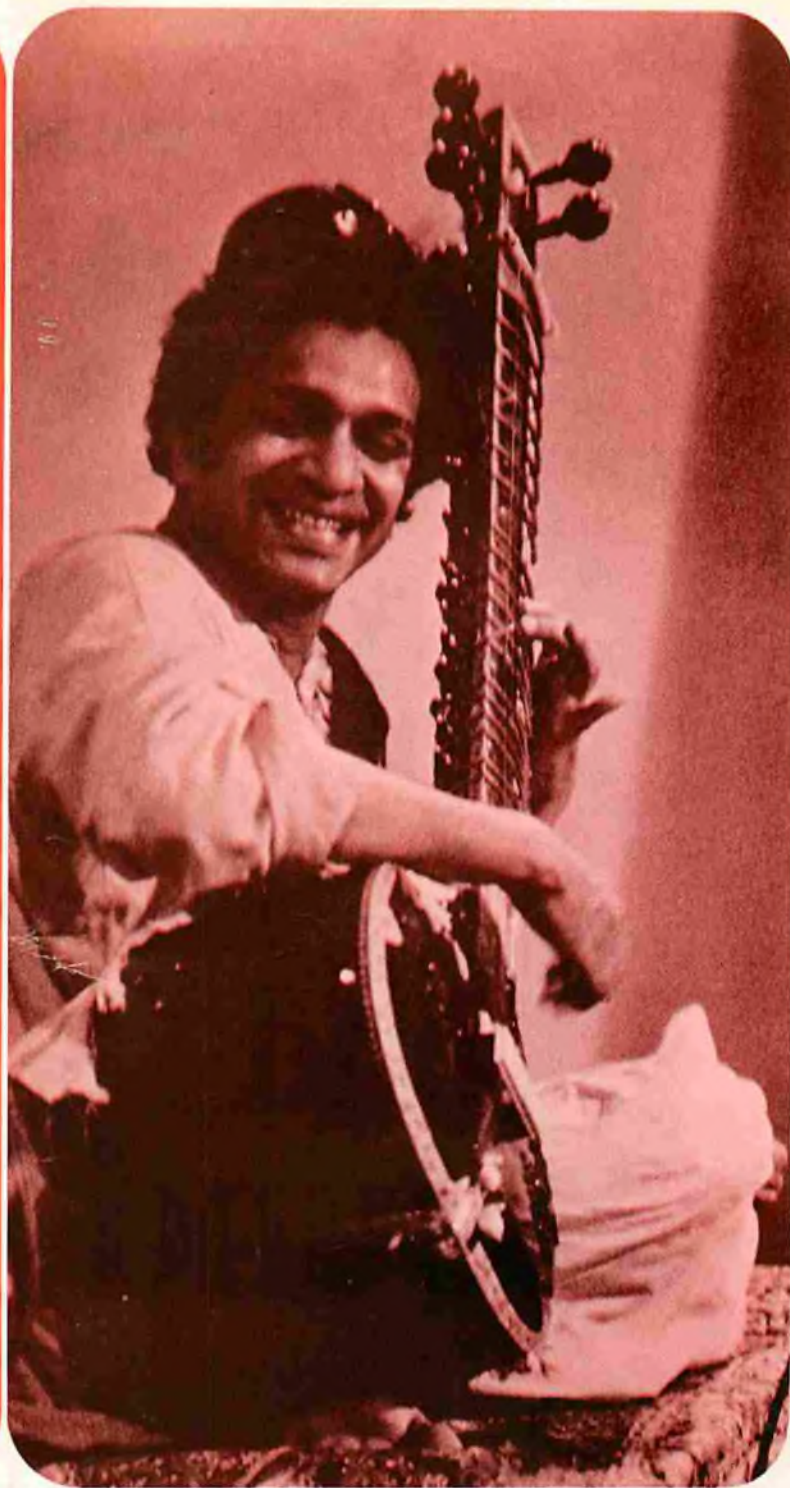
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March 7, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 5

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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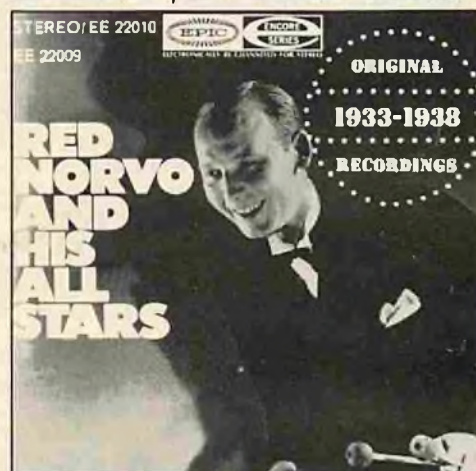
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education in jazz

By Phil Wilson

When I was recently asked to join the teaching staff at Berklee, my delight at the opportunity to be a part of what I knew to be an excellent faculty at an exciting and progressive music school was immediately following by a "but what can I contribute" reaction. My



PHIL WILSON

own background was varied but certainly not what might be considered conventional preparation for a college teaching career. Some college training in traditional music, enough talent to get professionally involved at an early age, a stint with the NORAD Command Band, experience with several name bands and finally four years as trombone soloist and arranger with Woody Herman.

My first conversation with the Administrative staff at Berklee, however, made it immediately apparent that my strong interest in teaching supported by my extensive professional experience was exactly what the school required in all of its faculty appointments. More specifically, what I was told was "we don't just want you to teach the theory of trombone playing; we want you to prepare your students to make a living." Well, I had made a good living as a professional trombonist for a number of years and I was certainly aware of the varied and exacting demands of the world of professional music.

I'm now comfortably, if somewhat hectically, situated at Berklee teaching arranging, coaching ensembles and "preparing trombone students to make a living." As chairman of the trombone department, I've made certain that all my students are involved in a wide variety of ensemble activities . . . large and small jazz groups; theater and studio orchestras; brass quartets, quintets and choirs; concert bands; and even a special ten trombone jazz workshop.

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Phil Wilson

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Rudd's Blues

Thank you for Roswell Rudd's beautiful, sensitive and perceptive *The Universality of the Blues* (DB, Jan. 25). While he as a man is not unique, he is a rarity in his ability to see life as it is, and I am definitely on his side.

While living, seeing and feeling life this deeply is gratifying and joyous, it also hurts.

I would like to know Mr. Rudd and more people like him. I wish him much joy for joyous blues.

Robert P. Clark
Middleburg, Vt.

A Fish Tale

Buddy Rich is reported to have stated that he never took a drum lesson in his life, that he took to drumming like a fish takes to water, so to speak. Really? If one understands Buddy the R and his special background, he probably had more man-hours of the only relevant drum instruction available in his time than any other drummer who ever appeared before the public. In fact, you could say that his childhood was one perpetual drum lesson. As I understand it, Rich's parents were in vaudeville and toured the country with son Buddy in tow. Master Rich had the opportunity, the time and the interest to sit in the front row of theaters and take daily drum lessons by watching and talking with every first rate pit band drummer in America. Apparently when your total environment has been a drumming school the tendency is not to take notice that you ever attended classes. Does the fish notice that its environment is water?

I am grateful and appreciative that Buddy Rich elected the sociably acceptable activity of drumming as an outlet for his feelings. That he was able to channel his robust energies and excel as a virtuoso performer is something for which historical jazz and even American civilization, perhaps, is the richer.

Alas, even with Miss Giannasio's confidence in my professional abilities as a teacher (*Chords*, Jan. 11), I fear that communication between Buddy Rich and myself would be hampered by one aspect of the generation gap. But having Ringo as a drum student? Ah! that would be a gas.

Stanley Spector
New York City

Owens Scores

I have just been reading your Jan. 25 issue, and was pleasantly surprised to see Ira Gitler's article on Jimmy Owens. I first heard Owens in December, 1965, at one of Alan Grant's Monday night Vanguard sessions, and was quite taken with him. He stands in the front line of the best young trumpeters and flugelhornists, and deserves all the attention he can get.

Your coverage of new talents such as Owens, and of new developments such as

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W. W. Sunderland
Stamford, Conn.

Department Of Corrections

Bob Porter, in his review of the Jimmy Smith album *Respect* (DB, Dec. 28), complains that "there are several places where one can find the name of the producer, but nowhere are Smith's cohorts listed." I should like to inform Mr. Porter that on my copy of *Respect* (Verve 8705), Jimmy Smith's "cohorts" are listed under the heading "Personnel," and they are: Grady Tate, Bernard Purdie, drums; Eric Gale, Thorne Schwartz, guitar; Ron Carter, Bob Bushnell, bass.

Bob Satterwhite
Richmond, Virginia

Mr. Porter has ordered new glasses. But which cohorts play on what tracks?

Box Tops Lowdown

Readers of John Gabree's column, *Rock 'n' Pop* (DB, Jan. 25), and fans of The Box Tops, who recorded 1967's No. 1 record, *The Letter*, will be interested to know who The Box Tops are.

The lead singer is Alex Chilton (whose "rich voice" was only 16 years old when the album was recorded) and the other members are John Evans, Bill Cunningham, Gary Talley and Thomas Boggs, all from Memphis, Tennessee.

Bob Sargent
Memphis, Tenn.

Five-Star Dissent

I guess I'll never learn that reviewing records is like weather forecasting—it depends—but I really feel that this time your reviewer of rock records bombed.

The first rock record ("rock" for want of a better word) you gave 5 stars to was *The Grateful Dead*. I bought it on that recommendation and did not regret it.

The Dead are a most dynamic group and I was impressed with the bass guitarist—the best I've heard.

On the strength of a 5-star review of *Triangle* by the Bean Brummels (DB, Jan. 25), I bought the album. The arrangements are excellent, the songs okay, but lead singer Sal Valentino sings sharp and has a distressing fast vibrato-quaver—he also sings in some damned dialect—probably Oklahoma—he would probably be good in country-and-western, but he *creams* this album, since he sings on every track! Your reviewer is not right—you should have a jury system of listening to records about to be accorded 5 stars. This album is not a 5-star album.

Mark E. Kelley
Hampton Falls, N.H.

As we have pointed out so often, reviews and ratings reflect the opinion of the individual reviewer, period. Reactions to these opinions, in turn, reflect the individual opinions of readers. Aside from being cumbersome, a consensus (jury system) could not be expected to work any better in the realm of criticism than it has in the realm of politics. *Vive la difference!*

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Gabor Szabo & Gibson at work for Impulse Records.

JAZZ PROLIFERATES IN N.Y. SCHOOL SYSTEM

Students in the Greater New York area have been exposed to an unusual windfall of jazz recently.

From Jan. 30 through Feb. 16, Marian McPartland presented a series of 28 concerts in the high schools and junior high schools of Huntington, Long Island. With the pianist were her regular rhythm team—bassist Linc Milliman and drummer Jim Kappes—plus trumpeter-fluegelhornist Ray Copeland.

The quartet's performances consisted of two 40-minute musical segments and an informal discussion and mixing period. There was no lecturing during the musical portions. "Just straight music," Miss McPartland said.

The series was presented under the auspices of PACE (Performing Arts Curriculum Enrichment), a non-profit organization which presents theater, music and dance in the schools. The inclusion of jazz was the result of efforts by music educator Clem DeRosa. The United States Information Service has filmed segments of the series, and the tapes may also be shown on the National Educational Television network.

Meanwhile, the program of school jazz concerts presented by Jazz Interactions continues apace. A group led by tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan performed in the Bronx, with Don Cherry, cornet; Roy Burrowes, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Wilbur Ware, bass, and Ed Blackwell, drums.

In addition, drummer Horace Arnold has been appearing at New York public schools under the aegis of Young Audiences, Inc. Arnold's cohorts include trumpeter Mike Lawrence; reedman Robin Kenyatta; vibist Karl Berger, and bassist Bill Wood.

If other communities will take a cue from these New York happenings, jazz may not have to wonder where its future audience will come from. But laudable as these developments are, they are still only a drop in the bucket.

MUSICIANS FORM OWN RECORDING COMPANIES

Although jazz musicians have had their own recording companies before, two recent developments indicate the possibility of a widening trend in this direction.

In the first instance, a merger of three established talents—vibist Cal Tjader, guitarist Gabor Szabo and composer Gary McFarland—has led to the formation of a new firm, Skye Recording Co., Ltd.

Skye, located in New York City, will be under the direction of talent manager Norman Schwartz. Szabo, Tjader and McFarland will select material, direct recording

dates and develop new artists. The formation of their own organization is "an arrangement," says Schwartz, "which enables them to have maximum control over the content, approach and timing of their recordings, as well as the physical presentation of their albums."

Although all three musicians originally are from the ranks of jazz, their orientation has turned more toward jazz-tinged pop, and will continue to combine the elements of several musics in an effort to appeal to a wide audience.

Tjader flew from San Francisco to New York to record his first Skye album, and Szabo taped a live session at Shelly's



Clifford Jordan
Toasting a New Frontier

Manne-Hole late in January. The release of these LPs, along with one by McFarland, is scheduled for early March.

Tjader spoke for the triumvirate and their enthusiasm for the new venture: "This is like graduation day. We're on our own and it feels great."

The second instance involves a partnership between tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, well-known through his own recordings and for his work with the groups of Max Roach and Charles Mingus, and Harvey Brown, head of Frontier Press. The record company, which will also be called Frontier, had plans at presstime for four January recording dates. The first was to be under the leadership of cornetist Don Cherry, with Jordan; Wilbur Ware, bass; and Ed Blackwell, drums. The second date was conceived as an all-percussion affair with Blackwell, log drums and leader; Billy Higgins, Dennis Charles, drums; and Huss Charles (Dennis' brother), conga. Ware was slated to head the third date with Cherry, Jordan, and drummer Al Foster. A possibility for the fourth session was Cherry revisiting some of the pieces he and Ornette Coleman played together.

Jordan, who will do his own date in the next group of sessions, says that the company will pay the musicians above scale, and that leaders will receive a 50% royalty. 700 copies of each release will be pressed initially and will be distributed by the book publishing company. (Frontier Press publishes poet Charles Olson and will soon bring out a volume of Ornette Coleman's poetry.) In the future, according to Jordan, "we plan to record the Heath brothers (Jimmy, Percy and Al)—if we can get them together: Henry Grimes as a leader; and bassist Ray McKinney, reading his own poems and some classic Negro poetry."

COLLEGIATE NEOPHONIC BEGINS THIRD SEASON

The Collegiate Neophonic, now in its third year, is actively preparing for a number of concerts at various California campuses, as well as for a special performance March 18 at the Music Educator's national convention in Seattle—a night devoted to jazz in music education.

The Neophonic's second album was recently released, and the band will take part in the Cerritos Intercollegiate Jazz Festival. Cerritos College in Norwalk, Cal. is the Neophonic's home base. The chairman of its music department, Jack Wheaton, is director of the Collegiate Neophonic; Stan Kenton is president.

Bill Fritz and Don Erjavec are associate directors, and the advisory board is a who's who of jazz: Bud Brisbois, Bob Florence, Dick Grove, Jay Hill, Willie Maiden, Henry Mancini, Shelly Manne, Billy May, Dick Nash, Lennie Neihaus, Oliver Nelson, Ralph Pena, Don Rader, George Roberts and Paul Tanner.

HICKORY HOUSE FOLDS; DOM REVERTS TO JAZZ

Yet another famous New York City jazz nightclub, the Hickory House, has folded. It closed in January, and a seafood restaurant will take over the premises.

The Hickory House was the last remnant of jazz on 52nd Street. It began its jazz policy in 1934 with Wingy Manone's small band, and later attractions included Adrian Rollini, The Three T's (Jack and Charlie Teagarden and Frank Trumbauer), Louis Prima, and Joe Marsala.

Subsequently the club, which featured good food, became a haven for piano trios. Mary Lou Williams enjoyed a long run in the '60s; other incumbents included Martial Solal and the underrated Howard Reynolds. The Billy Taylor Trio and intermission pianist Eddie Thompson, in residence for some two years, were made homeless by the closing.

Better news for jazz in Manhattan was the resumption of a jazz policy by The

Dom on St. Marks Place, which began Jan. 23 with trumpeter Donald Byrd's quintet, featuring Hank Mobley and Winton Kelly.

The Byrds were followed by Clark Terry, and the Thad Jones-Pepper Adams Quintet. Sunday afternoon sessions, organized by jazz disc jockey Alan Grant, are devoted to the big band of pianist-composer-arranger Duke Pearson. Prior to bringing back jazz, the club had been a discotheque. The demise of its neighbor, the Five Spot, may have encouraged the new policy.

FINAL BAR

Trumpeter Louis Bacon, 63, died Dec. 8 of emphysema in New York City. In the 1930s, Bacon worked with the bands of Chick Webb, Duke Ellington (briefly), and Luis Russell; later in the decade he went to Europe, where he joined the Willie Lewis Band and also led his own combo. He was once married to Ellington vocalist Ivie Anderson. In later years, he played only occasionally, working as a taxi driver and for Local 802 of the AFM. Bacon can be heard as soloist on Webb's *Soft and Sweet*, as vocalist on Ellington's *Dear Old Southland*, and in both capacities on four sides under his own name on the French Swing label.

Sid Frey, 47, died of a heart attack Jan. 12 in Riverdale, N.Y. The founder and former president of Audio Fidelity Records, Frey was a pioneer in the popularization of stereo recordings. In 1956, he discovered an obscure New Orleans jazz group, the Dukes of Dixieland, which he launched to fame through a dozen successful albums for his label.

POTPOURRI

Trombonist **Trummy Young** has left the **Chick Floyd** combo at the Ilikai to lead his own group at Mickey's Showboat. Both clubs are in Honolulu, where the famous trombonist makes his home.

Alto saxophonist **John Tchicai** gave dramatic expression to his bitterness toward the directors of the departments of music and entertainment of the Danish State Radio in January. Tchicai smashed his saxophone, his flute, and some 40 glasses in the restaurant of the State Radio Building in Copenhagen. The demonstration, he said, was meant to symbolize his opinion of the officials, who had shown no intention of utilizing his talents. He added that he was through with music, at least for the foreseeable future. Tchicai's accusations were rejected by Danish Radio spokesmen. **Borge Roger Henriksen** of the music department, himself a former musician, said that no other broadcasting system in Europe was as openminded towards avant garde jazz as Denmark's.

At a recent Encino, Calif. Chamber of Commerce banquet, **Billy Eckstine** was made that community's new Ambassador of Good Will.

A Winter's Tale

By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ

IT WAS WHEN Chicago's winter had stopped being a season to become a plague that 17-year-old George Edwards strapped his folk guitar to his back and hitchhiked to California. Meanwhile, George Badonsky got into the music business when he tried to sell a bathroom vanity to one of the owners of Prestige Records.

It was this kind of disparity that added up to H. P. Lovecraft, an 8-month-old group which made its New York debut

Losers can't brag.

They also sing with a cowboy lilt and a folk plaint. "The thing about folk music," George Edwards says, "... well, it's just so broad, there's nobody who can't find something he likes in folk music." Edwards traded in his folk guitar for an electric one on the advice of an empty stomach. "They just weren't hiring folk singers any more," he says.

It was when George Edwards met George Badonsky that H. P. Lovecraft emerged, dressed like a gang of Erroll Flynns in *The Prince and the Pauper*. As a salesman of bathroom vanities, Badonsky knew nothing about music when he went to work for Prestige Records, a jazz label. He knew even less



in a 12-day engagement at The Scene, a cellar discotheque, last November. H. P. Lovecraft play modest pop. They don't shout defiance at the future but their music takes from the past everything that they think belongs to them. H. P. Lovecraft sing losers' songs.

Chicago sticks to you like the icy sheets on Lakeshore Drive and when George Edwards got to California, what he found there was the need to go home again. George Edwards' father is a truck driver and George Edwards grew up in a one-family house. H. P. Lovecraft make no claim on the razor-poor soul of the honky-tonks at 35th and Indiana, in the Black Blues Belt of Chicago's South Side. What they play comes out of the white commercial radio of immigrant Midwestern city cowboys. Their drummer, 18-year-old Michael Tegza, started out in a polka band. On the stage at The Scene, they huddled around their music like railroad workers trying to start a fire against Lake Michigan's wind.

George Edwards, now 24, writes the group's original material with the organist, 22-year-old Dave Michaels, who works his instrument for every sound it's got. "Everyone knows which way the wind blows," the group sings in *The White Ship*, the most ambitious of their own songs. They sing it in the high harmonies of Chicago pop togetherness, with just a touch of amplifier feedback by guitarist Tony Cavallari. Part of the group's charm is in its understatement.

about rock music when Prestige sent him to Chicago to discover a pop group.

In Chicago, Badonsky simply asked for the hottest group on the scene and was directed to the Shadows of Knight. Then he asked the Shadows of Knight for the hottest number in their repertory and they played *Gloria*, a pop classic by a now defunct Irish group called Them. Them's recording of *Gloria* had been banned from American radio, but Badonsky immediately produced a watered-down version that could get past the censors and it sold 500,000 copies.

Now Badonsky, who is 31, produces H. P. Lovecraft on the Philips label and Jerry McGeorge, who used to be with the Shadows of Knight, plays bass for the new group. As for H. P. Lovecraft, he was a novelist who used to write stories about a race of people expelled from the earth for practicing black magic before he died of cancer and Bright's disease in Providence, R. I., on March 15, 1937.

"We had never heard of H. P. Lovecraft until we heard that George Badonsky's partner used to read all his stories when he was a kid," explains organist Michaels. "The name came to us right out of the air. It just fit."

If the group, H. P. Lovecraft, sound commercial, they'd like to be. They're really not in the big leagues, but at The Scene last November, they offered warmth in those cold early whisperings of New York's winter plague.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Modern Jazz Quartet returned to town after playing in Texas with the Corpus Christi Symphony, and appeared on the *New Yorkers* WNEW-TV show hosted by Sonny Fox. Milt Jackson was presented with two *Down Beat* awards during the program . . . Critic Ralph Berton is conducting a 10-week series of lectures for the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University's (Newark campus) Adult Extension Division. The lectures, concerned with jazz, classical and other music, began on Feb. 7 and are held every Wednesday evening from 6:15 to 7:40. Enrollment is \$25. Records, tapes, and perhaps some live music will be utilized by Berton . . . Marian McPartland returns to the Apart-

ment with her trio (Line Millman, bass; Jim Kappes, drums) on March 11 for an indefinite stay . . . Clifford Jordan took his Chicago All-Stars to Baltimore for a Left Bank Jazz Society session. Trombonist Julian Priester, baritone saxophonist Charles Davis, bassist Bill Lee and drummer Walter Perkins, like Jordan, are all former Chicagoans. Rounding out the group for this gig were Roy Burrowes, trumpet; Hubert Laws, saxophone, flute; and Lounie Smith, piano. The Chicago All-Stars, plus drummer Chief Bey, will return to Baltimore to play for the LBS on March 17 . . . The Nick Brignola-Ted Curson Quartet went into Pookie's Pub in late January. With the baritone saxophonist and the trumpeter were Reggie Johnson, bass; Dick Berk, drums . . . Trumpeter Howard McGhee,

who did three weekends at the Half Note with his big band in December, played a church service for Rev. John Gensel on the day before Christmas, and in January worked with a quintet at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn. With him were Paul Jeffries, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Weldon, piano; Bill Davis, bass; and Andy Cyrille, drums. In late January, Sonny Stitt and his Varitone saxophones were at the Blue Coronet . . . Arranger Bill Potts has been leading a rehearsal band on Wednesday afternoons in the back room of Charlie's on West 52nd St. Personnel varies from week to week. On a recent Wednesday, the band consisted of Lloyd Michaels, Lew Gluckin, Marv Stamm, George Triffon, Joe Shepley, trumpets; Hale Rood, Merv Gold, Joe Ciavardone,

(Continued on page 39)



NO
TIME
TO
LOSE

Background Music

By BURT KORALL

FOR ALL THE TALK to the contrary, the truth will out. Jazz remains America's illegitimate child. Jazzmen spend themselves fighting a losing battle in a rapidly shrinking market place. Of course, the big names do work—but the spiral is downward, with no relief in sight.

What are the answers to this problem? The alternatives? Some jazzmen get out of the business. Others move into allied areas, like the Broadway musical theater, in order to survive. If one took a look at the musicians playing in pit bands on the Main Stem, one might be surprised. Aaron Bell, Art Farmer, Eddie Bert, Frank Wess, Jimmie Crawford, Britt Woodman, Taft Jordan, and young Eddie Daniels are but a few of the men who have found steady employment in these bands.

Others go to Europe. "It's a good scene for American musicians with records to recommend them," trumpeter Ted Curson explained. "Many jazz players make a mistake; they go abroad without establishing a reputation here first, only to find that everything is measured by American standards."

Curson, who since 1964 has spent half of each year abroad, continued:

"That's why someone like Miles can call his own shots, make demands, and have them met. Fans know and admire his records and will go out of their way to hear him. The older men—Hawk, Ben Webster, etc.—are legends in Europe; they have no real difficulty remaining

employed. Musicians like Don Cherry, myself, and a few other younger cats have to hustle a bit more. But we have records out, so the work situation is okay.

"The money is something else again; it's not the greatest if you're not a superstar. But there are opportunities offered the Negro jazzman seldom given him at home. He can write and play for radio and TV and films. In fact it *helps* to be a well-known Negro musician when it comes to things like that."

Curson said he has to come home periodically "to keep up with what's happening and to play with the best musicians. I need a feeling of roots. Whether the conditions are ideal or not, America is where I come from, and where I *have* to make it!"

Saxophonist Charles Lloyd recently observed, "America is home only if you attain a certain level of success. If it weren't for the six European trips over the last 18 months, I don't know whether I could have kept my group intact. Beyond that, I must credit European audiences for being very open and able to come to grips with feelings of all kinds.

"Only our young people parallel the Europeans in spirit and intensity of interest in various types of music. Unlike kids a decade ago, they're committed to the life experience and want as much from it as possible. The young audience refuses to live with the lies we grew up hearing and sometimes believing. Today, their music is rock, but they tend to favor any music that speaks boldly, truthfully, and with strength. They're our hope for the future."

For Lloyd, music is an answer in itself. He said he feels that music goes beyond speech and has the wherewithal to move people to action and the doing of good works. Though Lloyd knows definitive change cannot take place without a program, carefully structured and carried out, he retains an unshakeable faith, bordering on mysticism, in the power of music.

Cecil Taylor, another musician who spent time abroad in 1967, went directly to his feelings:

"We have produced the only uniquely native American music. What happens? Nothing. Jazzmen aren't looked upon in the same manner as other creators. Why? It's a cultural matter and directly linked with the socio-economic plight of the Negro in this country. There must be radical changes!"

To extend the jazz composer and performer the same courtesy traditionally accorded their counterparts in classical music is a top-priority necessity—particularly in this period of transition in the market place, when nothing has been found to replace work outlets in vanishing clubs and on the concert circuit.

There must be support for deserving jazzmen from the foundations. It certainly is overdue. The various organizations which have provided encouragement and helped creative artists in other areas seldom if ever have dignified jazz or jazzmen with their attention. The recent Guggenheim fellowship grant to Ornette Coleman is the rare exception to the rule.

Educational institutions, also havens for classical instrumentalists and composers, should extend a hand of recognition to jazz creators, providing artist or composer-in-residence positions on a regular basis.

With jazz as entertainment fast becoming a thing of the past, colleges, high schools, even grade schools could develop new outlets of employment for musicians of all periods. Some might teach the art and craft they have spent a lifetime learning; others could find in schools throughout the country a regular circuit on which to perform.

Most important, jazz must remain within the reach of the world. It took years to bring it into the open; stark improvement and modernization of home entertainment, and changes in the habits and tastes of the public should not chase it underground.

One thing is certain; corrective measures to better the lot of the jazzman must be taken without delay. Veterans whose talents have flowered and young men on their way up should no longer have to suffer a bitter fate in a prospering country.

db

"QUOTET"

conducted by harvey siders

Theme:

Who are the most underrated jazz musicians on the current scene?

Solos:

PEPPER ADAMS: "Underrated? Tommy Flanagan! Didn't hesitate on that one at all, did I? On my own instrument (baritone saxophone) there are so few of us, I'd say we're all *over-rated*."

JOHN LEWIS: "I'd have to say Illinois Jacquet. Not for tenor, not for bassoon—just as a jazz musician. Add a couple of drummers: Kenny Clarke—just because of the way he treats the drums; and Louis Bellson—a superb technician, yet underrated."

THAD JONES: "My first choice would have to be Dizzy. He's been accepted, but he's never been acclaimed as the greatest."

TERRY GIBBS: "First of all, Vic Feldman, as a vibist. Everyone knows what he can do on piano. Same goes for Larry Bunker. He doesn't get enough chance to play vibes. Of course, Harold Land—one of the giants. And Harry Edison. I found out what he could do when he was with my band. Also Conte Candoli. Mustn't forget Mike Melvoin. He's been doing a lot of commercial work, but he can really play piano."

GEORGE SHEARING: "The whole Don Ellis Band. Now we hear a great deal about Don, but his sidemen have never been as widely acclaimed as they should, considering what they're called upon to do. Oh—one more—Denny Zeitlin."

HARRY CARNEY: "The most underrated? Teddy Wilson. I just saw him in Sacramento. Why Sacramento, you might say? It's a shame, but Teddy contributed so much to the piano, yet people think of him only in terms of that old Goodman trio or quartet."

CAL TJADER: "Well, I got some ideas along those lines. Shelly Manne and Red Mitchell—not so much underrated, but taken for granted. You can list Pete Jolly, Joe Sample, and Emil Richards—for total musicianship. Joao Donato—not for playing, but for some of the jazz tunes he's written. As for those who put down the studio musicians, boy, are they wrong. I mean guys like Frank Rosolino and Buddy Childers."

MEL LEWIS: "Right off: Thad Jones and Jimmy Rowles. Bill Holman, as an arranger. And Bob Brookmeyer as an arranger. Yeah, as an arranger. And there's something else that's been bugging me for years on this same subject: lead trumpeters. Guys like Snooky



Harold Land: Most Underrated?

Young and Al Porcino. They're all underrated, yet they're the reason why certain bands sound so good."

RICHARD DAVIS: (standing with Mel Lewis): "Hey, throw in Roy Haynes and Phil Woods. Don't forget!"

LEONARD FEATHER: "Oh my—the list would be endless. First off, let me make this comment: any trumpeter is underrated if he does not sell more records . . . get more TV exposure . . . and make more money than Al Hirt. And that goes all the way from Art Farmer to Jimmy Owens. Girl singers are so numerous: Ethel Ennis, Clea Bradford, Esther Marrow, Shirley Horn, Sue Raney, Irene Reid, Ann Richards, Ernestine Anderson (how many even remember her?), Marlana Shaw—and others who aren't even making records. You want more names? Buster Cooper, Andrew Hill, Martial Solal, Howard Johnson, Howard Roberts, Steve Bohannon (on drums and organ). As for Vi Redd, she belongs in a special category. I could go on and on: Harold Land, James Moody, John Handy, Frank Butler, Sound of Feeling. I think that's enough for now."


MILT JACKSON: "Oh, I'd say James Moody and Sonny Stitt. Well, I don't know about Sonny. He had a big chance some years ago, but it just never

happened. With Moody, the story is that he's shy—you know, doesn't care for the business end. And if there's one thing a jazz musician gotta take care of, it's business."

BOBBY HUTCHERSON: "That's simple: Harold Land, Joe Sample, Al Stinson, Donald Bailey (pointing to the rest of the quintet that he and Land were co-leading). I'm not being funny. I sincerely believe that people are not as aware of them as they should be. Then there's Roy Ayers, Charles Tolliver, Herbie Lewis, Junie Booth. A very talented drummer back east, Freddie Waits. And a couple of fine tenor players: Benny Maupin and Joe Farrell."

RED NORVO: "Offhand, I'd say none of us is being accepted the way we should be."

Coda:

The word "underrated"—as misunderstood and abused as "jazz" itself—evoked strange reactions when tossed at the interviewees. Their honesty was appreciated, and made me wonder what form the answers would have taken had I asked for names of *over-rated* jazz musicians. "Under" or "over," the diversity is such that either might make a provocative category in *Down Beat's* critics and readers polls. 

THE IMPACT OF

Ravi Shankar

YES, MR. GALBRAITH, this is the Affluent Society. The vagrant affections of Greater Hip America play over a vast and unprecedented array of potential enthrallments, the kinetic manifestations of which are known as FADS.

Each fad is carefully selected for its hipness, campness, kinkiness and/or way outness—depending on your frame of reference. Though some fads are new inventions and others are antediluvian artifacts, each is momentarily fondled (or milked) with all the loving interest that money, lip service and Yankee ingenuity can buy—before it is tossed back into the oblivion from whence it came. Where's your hula-hoop and your Davy Crockett hat? Or your "Mister B" shirt, baby?

A good assayer of the public interest can make a fortune by anticipating the next collective whim and cornering the market on it. Though now would not seem the best time for it, perhaps, an enterprising old chick is bottling water from the river that runs past LBJ's birthplace at \$5.00 a cold cream jar full. (She's getting plenty of takers because she guarantees the authenticity of her product. "Ah wouldn't use nothing but Pedernales River water," she avows.)

Tiffany lamps gathered dust in many an attic and more than a few weather-beaten Duesenbergs rusted away in old garages until a couple of Influentials dictated their worth as classic examples of this, that or the other. Now you can pay down on a new crib, or at least afford a larger kitchenette, for the price of either.

That might have been alright for the Vanderbilts and the Astors, you say? But you didn't have an attic in the first place, let alone a dusty old Tiffany in it, you say? No garage, let alone a rusty Duesenberg? That's cool.

There's the case of the *Batman* comic book for you. During the first decade after World War II, any self-respecting 10-year old had at least a gross of them at one time or another. If you were that age or thereabouts around then and you'd saved them up as you should have (me too) and were to unload them on the market today—discreetly, so as not to upset supply and demand—you could be basking in the Acapulco sun right now. Don't ask me what fool is buying 'em, but they're going for 125 bucks each.

It wasn't too difficult to anticipate this trend, either. After all, everyone could see that Batman's baroque posturings in the name of "justice" and his quaint queerness, etc., etc., were eligible for marriage to the pop art craze. And, with a dash of rock added (by Neal Hefti, no less) and prime-time TV exposure, the pastiche had to be a modern American winner—front row center in the cashbox. The germ of it all, the original comic book, was naturally a priceless sliver of esoterica—see?

But who, at his prescient best, could have foreseen the huge popularity of Ravi Shankar, virtuoso and guru, and that of his instrument, the sitar?

Who but another sitarist could have profited materially from the information, in any case? A maker of sitars? An importer of sitars? A sitar repairman?

Playing the sitar for fun and profit is in no danger of becoming a fad in the United States. To become as adept as any one of the half-dozen or so Indian masters now giving concerts in the U.S., Shankar says, necessitates study and practice for at least half of each day for a minimum of seven or eight years. Shankar played the sitar as much as 16 hours a day each day for 7½ years; on many occasions his fingers were bloody from the ordeal.

Unlike its fretted American cousin, the amplified guitar, the sitar is not likely to attract a million new customers this

year. It takes more than a knowledge of four or five finger positions and a pubescent voice to say something valid with it.

The sitar itself had been around a while before the lime-light fell on it. According to legend, this long-necked lute was created by the Persian poet and singer Amir Khusru, at the beginning of the 14th century. Its name, in the language of its homeland, originally meant *three strings*, but today's sitars have between four and seven. Shankar's has six.

In addition, there are 13 sympathetic strings that resonate in response to the plucking of the main ones. These are also strummed with the little finger of the right hand on occasion. Plucking is done with a metal plectrum attached to the forefinger of the right hand. After more than 30 years with the instrument, Shankar's plectrum finger is tipped with a stone-like callous.

There are 20 convex metal frets on the sitar's neck. These can be slid along the neck to allow for tuning the instrument to any one of the 72 different *melas* or parent scales on which the ragas are based.

The ragas, neither scalar or modular in the western sense of note formation, nevertheless are precise melodic forms of between five and eight notes placed in ascending and/or descending order. The degree to which the notes are enunciated (e.g. glissed, accented, etc.) or omitted creates each raga.

There are thousands of ragas. Some are appropriate for playing in the morning, some for the afternoon and some for the evening. There are ragas that express virtually every emotion and action of which man is capable—from love to hatred, eroticism to indifference. Technically, it is next to impossible for the western ear—untrained in the Indian idiom—to tell a morning raga from one expressing heroism. The distinction lies in the actual treatment of the intervals.

However, Shankar feels that general distinctions of mood are possible for the lay western ear, without extensive study. "Though up to 90% of a raga may be improvised," he said, "certain ragas—principally these would be strong ragas such as *Darhari* and *Marwa*—are not entirely given over to the freedom of the artist. The artist must be very careful to maintain their basic qualities because they are devotional, and they are not to be played in a light manner. The serious mood of these ragas becomes easier to understand as you listen to more ragas."

Most sitar players are accompanied by two other instruments: the tabla and the tamboura. Shankar is no exception. The tabla is a set of Indian drums that roughly correspond to a pair of vessel-shaped bongos. Actually, the tabla is the name of only one of the two drums: the smaller, right-hand drum. This drum is pitched to the dominant or subdominant tone of each raga. The left hand drum, the banya, is used as a bass drum, whose tone can be altered by varying the pressure put on it with the heel of the left palm.

The tamboura resembles the sitar superficially. It is also a long-necked lute, but it is without frets, as the strings are never stopped; they are merely plucked gently with the player's right forefinger. This plucking produces a drone that is either tuned to the tonic interval of the raga or the dominant.

Shankar's tabla player, Alla Rakha, is one of the fore-

most Indian percussionists. His rapport with Shankar during their spontaneous dialogues seems uncanny, in the best sense of dual improvisation in jazz. Working within a predetermined *tala* or rhythmic cycle, the percussionist complements the sitarist with the same degree of freedom that the leader employs. From a fixed number of beats per cycle or bar, the drummer accents, shades or omits strokes in intricate though non-syncopated patterns.

For a first time observer/listener, a Shankar concert can be an extravagant indulgence of the senses. A stage, carpeted with oriental rugs and raised slightly above the main floor, provides the setting. The lovely Kamala Chakravarty, Shankar's current tamboura player, enters the room clad in a sari of pastel silk. She carries her instrument and a bowl of pungently smoldering joss sticks. Carefully, she slips out of her sandals just before mounting the rug covered platform, where she assumes the classical cross-legged position of the Indian instrumentalist. Following her, Rakha enters, also leaving his shoes at the foot of the platform, and seats himself before his instrument.

Finally, the leader enters, carrying his elaborate instrument. He repeats the movements of the first two and, like the tamboura player, he balances his instrument delicately on the big toe of his left foot.

It is Shankar's custom to give the audience a brief orientation of his trio's exotic music before they plunge into upwards of an hour's absorbed performance. Though this short preface can't possibly dispell all the questions, it does lend an audience a bit of warmth and respect—undoubtedly adding to the interest in the performance.

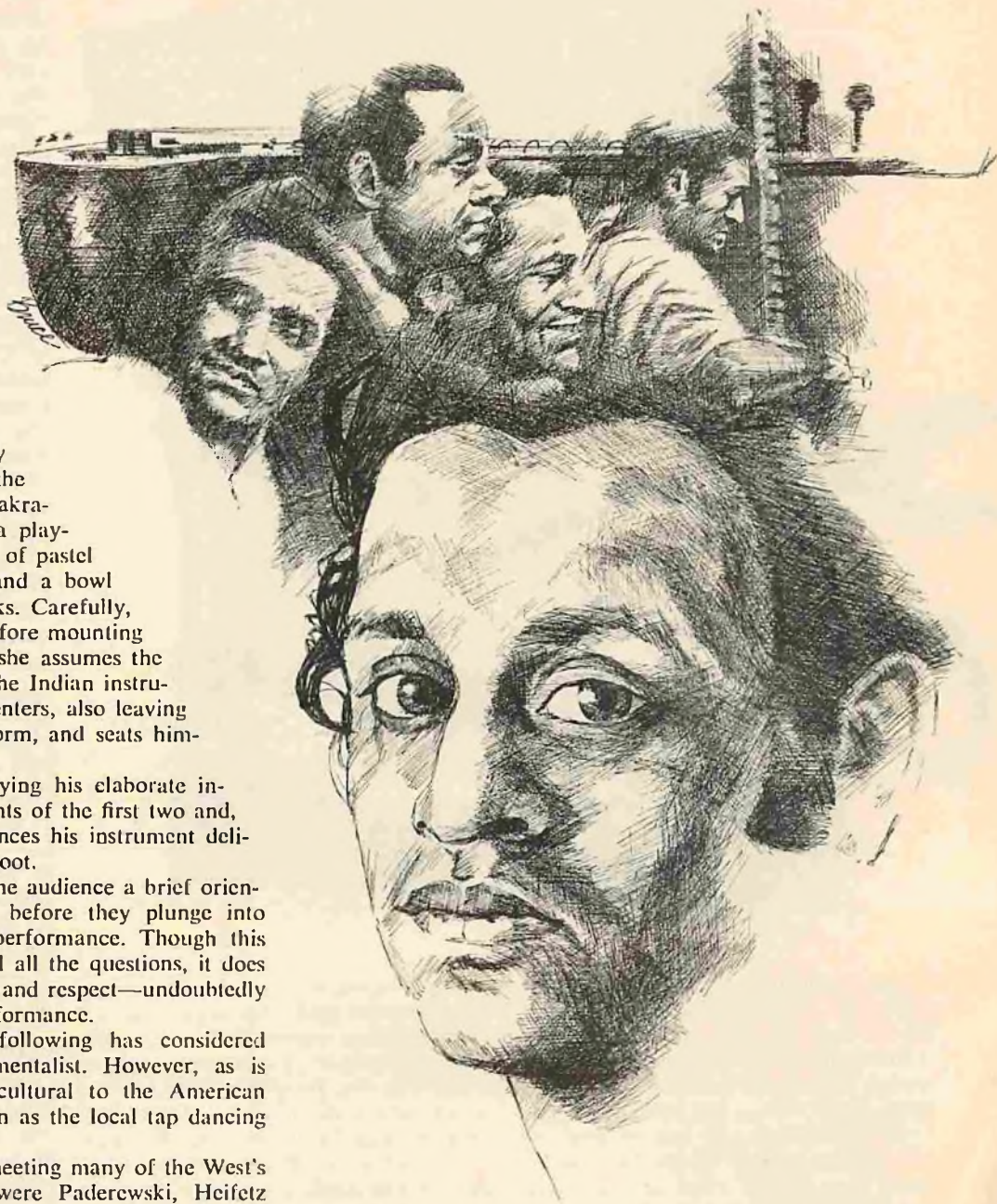
For many years, a devoted following has considered Shankar India's foremost instrumentalist. However, as is the case with most things extracultural to the American scene, he was about as well-known as the local tap dancing star of Boise, Idaho.

In his travels, Shankar recalls meeting many of the West's noted musicians. Among them were Paderewski, Heifetz and Toscanini. They at least had heard the ragas performed but, without the oriental frame of reference, they found the sound of the sitar aimless and repetitive.

In 1951, violinist Yehudi Menuhin encountered the sitarist for the first time. The strange, shimmering ravels of music fixed the violinist in a deep and indelible appreciation for what he had heard. He became a top Shankar booster.

Although the sitarist's concerts in the West were increasing, still there was no deluge of new adherents to the music among Americans. At home, he was commissioned by his countrymen to score several films, notable among which was Satyajit Ray's *Apu Trilogy*, but most of the people in the audience at one 1956 U.S. concert were Indian nationals enjoying the music of their native land.

Going into the '60s, several U.S. jazz musicians were attracted to oriental music and its accompanying spiritual involvement. Critics began to note the eastern influences in much of the new work of a few players. Perhaps this is because the players noted it beforehand themselves.



Shankar was not unaware of the similarity of method in the jazz idiom and that of his own music. In a 1965 *Down Beat* article, Shankar said that he had listened to "all the famous names in jazz, the old masters like Bird . . . Dizzy Gillespie, Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, Coltrane. . . ."

He expressed enthusiasm for the imaginative levels of improvisation he found in their artistry. But then as now, he reserves total enthusiasm on the basis of what he feels to be the limitations of the idiom. "Jazz is restricted by the need to follow prescribed rules of harmony," Shankar said. "Improvisation in Indian music is approached differently than it is in jazz. To play a raga takes years and years; to be able to put life into the notes a sitarist must have the blessing and guidance of a guru. Then the notes of the melody will come alive.

"In Indian music one does not

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ILLUSTRATION/HERB BRUCE



TODAY, FAME CAN come swiftly on the heels of a "Top 20" record, but there was a time when a musician had to prove himself to other musicians in a cutting session. Whether a fellow hailed from New Orleans, San Francisco, Chicago, or wherever, he had to come to the center—New York—before he could get on the road to (relatively speaking) fame and fortune.

There, in the Apple, his skill was tested in competition with the established ones. If he couldn't cut the mustard, he became part of the anonymous mob; capable, perhaps, but not of star quality. However, if the critical, hard-blowing jazzmen conceded him recognition, that acclaim would carry him on to bigger and better jobs.

This musical action on the New York battlefield was the cutting session, and the expression was an appropriate one. When a musician picked up his instrument, his intention was to outperform the other man. No quarter was given or expected, and the wound to a musician's ego and reputation could be as deep as a cut.

To a degree, all musicians, white or black, underwent the same test of strength. After arriving in the big town, a player first got squared away with a room. The next thing he'd do would be to ask where the musicians hung out. Downtown and in the evenings, this was usually a bar, say Charlie's Tavern. By day, it was much easier—most of the fellows could be found congregated on the street around the offices of the musicians union, Local 802. But uptown, night or day, Bert Hall's Rhythm Club at 132nd St., just off Seventh Ave. in Harlem was the main testing ground, and there most of the jamming originated.

As I recall, the process of elimination usually went this way:

Whenever a stranger popped into the Rhythm Club, somebody would greet him with a hearty "Hi there, where are you from?" followed by "what do you blow?" If the newcomer was carrying his saxophone, trombone, or trumpet case, he would be invited to blow some, or, as they said in the argot of the time, "to show out."

Some piano man—and there were always a few of them in the place—would amble over to the keyboard and start comping a tune like *Sweet Georgia Brown* or *Dinah*. This was the cue for the stranger to pull out his instrument and show what he could do. Meanwhile, the word had gone out all over the neighborhood—"stand by!"—because if this cat was really good, it was the duty of every tub to drop whatever he was doing and rush to the club. And nobody ever did fall into New York City and cut the entire field—some brother always came to the rescue of New York's prestige.

These sessions, as every other aspect of life, had a pecking order. The giants seldom deigned to compete with the peasantry. Instead, they sat around getting their kicks, listening with amusement as the neophyte struggled to justify his claim to entry into the charmed circle of the (for want of a better word) establishment.

The blowing would start, and the pilgrim's status was soon established—he was either in or out. If he was in, he would be toasted at Big John's bar, and friendships were formed that assured his being invited to sit in a session with the big shots, who did their serious blowing at the Hoofer's Club, downstairs in the basement of the same building.

There, in the Hoofer's Club, the cream of the crop in New York could be found—Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Benny Carter, Frankie Trumbauer, Buster Bailey, Sidney De Paris, Fats Waller, and just about every other great name in jazz. Almost every night, rain, snow, or what have you, there was a session—nothing prevented the cats from getting together.

I SAID THAT no individual ever came to town and carved everybody, but there was one exception—Louis Armstrong. He was so tough on his trumpet that nobody dared challenge him. Come to think of it, I don't remember ever seeing him at a session. He didn't come to us—we had to go to him. I shall never forget the scrambling to get to one tiny window backstage at Roseland Ballroom, just to catch Satchmo putting the "heat to the beat" with Fletcher Henderson.

Nor can I forget the memorable occasion when Jelly Roll Morton swaggered up to the piano in the Rhythm Club announcing that he, the king of the ivory ticklers, was ready for all turkeys (a not-so-flattering way of referring to any possible competition). Making such a proclamation was like waving a red flag in front of a bull.

Jelly's monolog was fascinating as he comped and talked about how great he

was, but after a few minutes of this performance, the first of the local piano giants, Willie (The Tiger) Gant walked in. He immediately sensed that Morton outclassed him, and after listening a while to Jelly's Kansas City rolling bass, he phoned Willie (The Lion) Smith to come right down. I don't think Jelly Roll and Willie had ever met, but the air became charged with professional animosity when The Lion hit the scene and snarled, "Either play something or get up, you heathen. The Lion is in port, and it's my mood to roar!" Such an unfriendly put-down caused Jelly to tear into a fast rag, which brought the house down. Morton, hearing the applause, looked up from the piano, sweating and beaming. Evidently he felt that there would be no contest.

The Lion, unimpressed, just pushed Jelly off the piano stool and, without breaking the rhythm of Jelly's tour de force, played one of his own rags with equal skill and just as great an impact on the audience.

The duel had taken on the aspect of a stand-off, so the call went out for Fats Waller, but Fats was nowhere to be found. Just then, the all-time boss of the Harlem stride piano players, James P. Johnson, arrived, having been advised of what was going on via the grapevine.

James P., who sometimes stuttered, said, "Jelly, come on, I-I-let's go down to the Hoofers. They have a b-b-better piano there, and I'll en-entertain you."

Jelly agreed, and everybody followed. As I recall, there were about 60 or 70 cats in the "second line" on that occasion. History was made as James P. wiped up the floor with Jelly Roll. Never before or since have I heard such piano playing!

At that time, New York was session-happy. Everybody blew at everybody. Guys were so eager not to miss an opportunity to sit in that many of them had two horns—one kept on the job and the other stashed away at the Rhythm Club or a nearby bar. Some sessions might be held in almost any corner bar, but they weren't the important ones.

One character, Jazz Curry, a bassist, was a familiar sight on Seventh Ave., trudging up and down the street carrying both his brass and string basses, looking for another bass man to challenge. Bass contests were rare in the Rhythm Club or anywhere else.

A HISTORY-MAKING SESSION was the one between Thornton Blue, the St. Louis clarinetist then with Cab Calloway, and Buster Bailey. That evening, a gang of clarinet players started noodling. I remember Blue, Russell Procope, Carmelito Jejo, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Good-

man, and many others being present (this was in the very early 30s before Benny had his band). After trying out various tunes, they agreed to play *Liza*. One by one, everybody dropped out until only Bailey and Blue remained. Blue was swinging like mad, but Buster took the honors as he increased the tempo, chorus by chorus, until you could hardly pat your foot. In those days, the late Buster Bailey could cut every living tub on the clarinet.

This was a beautiful period for the music and the players. There was little jealousy and no semblance of Jim Crow or Crow Jim in the sessions. Musicians were like fraternity brothers, despite their being aware of the distinction that was strongly maintained by white agents, bookers, and the public. The jazzmen were bound together by their love for the music—and what the rest of the world thought about fraternizing did not matter.

Among my memories, I treasure the historic confrontation that took place between the trombone giants, Jack Teagarden and Jimmy Harrison.

They first met in 1927 at Roseland Ballroom in New York. That meeting remains etched firmly in my mind, since, on that night, the band was initiated into the sacred rites of what was then known as Texas Muggles. Now it is called by many other names—tea, Mary-Jane, or just plain marijuana. (I only mention this to pinpoint the occasion.) When Mr. Texas met Mr. New York, a mutual admiration society was formed at once. Jack thought that Jimmy was just about the greatest 'bone that had ever come down the pike, and Jimmy felt the same way about Jack, putting him above Miff Mole, who also was a tremendous trombone on that scene. I might also mention that Teagarden was one of the few musicians, except for a few greats like Fats Waller, who ever was permitted to sit in with the Fletcher Henderson Band.

Soon Jimmy and Jack started hanging out Uptown, which caused quite a few uplifted eyebrows among those Harlemites who resented Teagarden's Texas brogue and appearance. But Jimmy would declare that Jack was more Indian than Caucasian, which made everything all right, so the two buddies began to be seen quite a bit, especially in the King Kong flats—so named because they featured corn whisky reputed to be as strong as King Kong. All these flats specialized in down-home "vittles"—delicacies like hog maws, chitterlings, cornbread, and skillet biscuits—all of which Teagarden craved and could not find outside Harlem.

Sallie Mae's pad in the basement on 133rd St. was the setting for an event

that was unusual because Jack and Jimmy had great respect for each other's abilities. However, under the influence of King Kong, fried chicken, and good fellowship, they squared away and blew, solo for solo, chorus for chorus, accompanied at first by Clarence Holiday's guitar and John Kirby's bass. When the news spread (as it always did), Sallie Mae's joint became crowded with tooters, and Cliff Jackson took over the comping on piano, along with George Stafford beating out rhythm on an old suitcase.

Actually, this confrontation was more of a friendly demonstration between, as we used to say, "the true bosses with the hot sauce," on how to extract the most swinging sounds out of the trombone than it was a real cutting session. Harrison gave new life to that old broad *Dinah*, while Teagarden had the cats screaming their approval when he swung—and I mean swung—in waltz-time, *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise!*

SOMETIMES THE CUTTING sessions were less fraternal and more competitive. When Coleman Hawkins returned to his Harlem stomping grounds in 1939, after several years absence in Europe, he was more than mildly concerned about whether the cats had caught up with him, as he put it. At that time, all the hippies hung out in former drummer Nightsie Johnson's joint, which I recall as on 131st St. near St. Nicholas Ave. Sunrise usually found the place filled with the cream of the entertainment world: musicians, singers, comics, dancers—Billy Daniels, Artie Shaw, and just about anyone else you could think of, but chiefly Billie Holiday, who, by her presence there every night, actually gave the impression that she owned the after-hours spot.

This was the setting for another of the most memorable cutting sessions.

Hawk fell in about 3 or 4 a.m. without his instrument and just sat and sipped, listening until the last toot was tooted. All the cats paraded their wares before him because he was the big man—Hawkins had become king of the tenor saxes when he recorded *One Hour* and *Hello, Lola* with the Mound City Blue Blowers in 1929. They vied for his attention just in case he planned to start a band or had a record date on the fire—that was the talk among the assorted horn players: trumpets, trombones, and alto saxes.

But the tenor saxophonists had other ideas; they wanted to gain prestige by outplaying the master. They reasoned that Coleman had been away from the source too long to know the hot licks that Harlem was putting down now.

/continued on page 38

*Benny Goodman
cordially invites you
to a party on
Tuesday evening, January 16, 1968
celebrating
the 30th Anniversary of
his Carnegie Hall Concert
January 16, 1938*

RSVP

STANDING AMID HIS nearly 100 guests, with a sterling silver cake knife poised above an elegantly frosted yellow batter anniversary cake, Benny Goodman, looking fit and tanned in a blue suit and tie, paused to remember the event that exactly 30 years before had marked the peak of his musical career, and had been among the last great displays of what is thought of today as "the original" Benny Goodman Band.

"We never expected that the Carnegie Hall concert would become anything like a historical event," said Goodman, reading from notes scratched on a small scrap of paper. "When we walked onto the stage at 8:30 that night. . . ."

"9:32," interrupted Ziggy Elman goodnaturedly, and the room was convulsed with laughter. Benny began again. "When we walked onto the stage. . . ."

"We can't hear you," said Goodman's attractive wife, Alice, who occupied a rear table with daughters Rachel and Benjie and other guests. More laughter, and Benny, still trying to get his modest remarks off the ground, raised his voice to something short of a mock shout.

"When we walked onto the stage at . . . 9:32," he continued, casting a glance at his two hecklers, "we really didn't know what was going to come off, but we were lucky then, and we're lucky now to all be here and recall it."

Lucky is the word for it. Perhaps the most remarkable fact pointed up by the reunion celebration on Jan. 16, 1968 is that the 30 years which have passed since the Carnegie Hall concert have not inflicted a single fatality or disabling illness upon any of the Goodman bandsmen of that night. Although six of the original 17 were unable to attend because of other commitments, the party succeeded in bringing more alumni together under one roof than at any time since major personnel changes began in 1939 and 1940. So strongly did

Goodman feel about the party that after the engraved invitations went out, he got on the long distance phone to Martha Tilton and Ziggy Elman in California, as well as to others far from New York, to urge their attendance.

Most responded. Willard Alexander, the band's old booking agent, was there, along with Sol Hurok, who promoted the concert. Goodman biographer Irving Kolodin, John Hammond, and trumpeters Buck Clayton and Cootie Williams, who had been guest performers at the concert, also came. Most of the talk was sentimental, many of the musicians recalling how nervous they had been at the time. Bobby Hackett, who at 22 had just hit New York to play with Joe Marsala at Nick's, pointed out the awe everyone had felt about performing on the famous stage where so many brilliant classical artists had made history.

"Harry James peeked through the curtain," he said, "and announced to his fellow musicians that he felt like a whore in a church, and that pretty much summed up the self-consciousness the men felt."

Trombonist Vernon Brown, 61, who has been an ABC network staffer for the last 25 years (except for brief tours with Goodman in 1953 and 1958) was reminiscing across the turkey, rice, and beef stew with Ziggy Elman, who has been out of the playing and of the music business for years, and today runs a Los Angeles music shop "selling guitars to all those kids." Elman, 53, made his last album in 1956 for Atlantic, playing some Goodman numbers with other alumni; *Down Beat* said in the review that he had "never blown so sustainably well before on record."

Herman "Hymie" Shertzer, 58, Goodman's lead alto in the 30s, and on NBC staff since 1942, reminisced with John S. Wilson and author George T. Simon, who had reviewed the original concert for *Metronome*, about how Benny had first hired him in 1934 for his Billy Rose Music Hall date because he could double on violin.

Helen Ward and Martha Tilton, Goodman's two first major vocalists, are now housewives in Chappaqua, N.Y., and Los Angeles, respectively. Miss Ward (now Mrs. Walter C. Newton) made her last records in 1957 with Peanuts Hucko, and Miss Tilton appeared regularly on local television until about five years ago. They have remained close friends over the years. At the party, they acted like two exceptionally attractive suburban housewives who meet for bridge weekly, not like friends whose visits are often separated by years.

Trumpeter Gordon Griffin, 55, and

tenor saxophonist George Koenig, 53, have more than Carnegie Hall in common. Today they both run music schools in New Jersey. Arthur Rollini, 55, Koenig's section-colleague at Carnegie Hall, is a wholesale florist in Roslyn Heights, Long Island, and trombonist Red Ballard, who was unable to make the reunion, has long since given up the music business for interior decorating on the West Coast.

Jess Stacy, 64, who played the most famous single solo to come out of the concert—the surprise piano chorus following Goodman's solo in *Sing, Sing, Sing*—made his last major appearance as a professional musician in 1959 with Goodman, Krupa, and Hampton on a CBS network variety show. Shortly afterwards he joined the Max Factor cosmetics company. The party served to demonstrate, however, that the powers of this soft-spoken, gentle, and remarkable musician have far from diminished through nine years of retirement.

AMONG THE MEMBERS of the old Goodman band who could not be there were Irving "Babe" Russin, 56, and Harry James, 51, both playing dates in Las Vegas. Guitarist Allan Reuss, 52, who plays professionally in California, also could not come East. Benny's brother, bassist Harry Goodman, 62, was on a business trip to Europe in connection with his music publishing company. And Teddy Wilson, 55, who today divides his time between playing and teaching, was working in Antigua.

Although the celebrated donnybrooks Benny carried on with his high-powered sidemen form a goodly portion of Swing Era folklore, the old frictions were hardly hinted at. The hard, cold grins that Krupa and Goodman traded in the old days were replaced by bear hugs and wide-open smiles, and everywhere there were exclamations of recognition as old familiar faces appeared.

That is not to say that Benny's sometimes curious ways were not discussed. Whenever two or more Goodman alumni meet, the "what-makes-Benny-run" bag is opened, and anecdotes are savored with the enthusiasm ordinarily reserved for the rarest of vintage wines. Every time Benny has formed a new group over the years, the inevitable result has been a fresh treasury of Goodman anecdotes, born of anger, frustration, awe, impatience, conflict, and bitterness.

This gathering in the roof garden of Benny's East 66th St. apartment brought together several generations of Goodman sidemen, from Gene Krupa and Jess Stacy to Urbie Green and Ruby Braff, and the tales flowed like champagne, and vice versa. Yet there was no rancor. "The difference is," re-



Benny, flanked by former star sidemen Gene Krupa and Ziggy Elman



Lionel Hampton at the piano; Cootie Williams in the foreground, and, left to right: Bobby Hackett, Chris Griffin, Helen Ward, Benny, Hymie Schertzer, Art Rollini, Martha Tilton, George Koenig.



Benny jams with Ruby Braff. Among the interested bystanders, George Avakian and John S. Wilson can be glimpsed.

marked Buck Clayton, "that none of the men here are working for Benny now. Benny's a swell man when he's not your employer."

Bobby Hackett tried to explain Benny's odd ways. "He could never get his mind off the clarinet. He's always rehearsing mentally, like the absent-minded professor, and that's why he comes out with these strange remarks sometimes."

Helen Ward recalled Benny's odd habit of looking at his watch anytime a person asked him the day or date. "Someone might ask him how long a certain engagement was scheduled for. He'd look at his watch and say 'six weeks,' and this was before calendar watches were invented."

Art Rollini reminded a group that included John Hammond, Ziggy Elman, Gordon Griffin, Hackett, and Benny himself of the taxi cab story. "Benny was walking through a hotel lobby toward the street when he passed Helen Forest. 'Come on, Helen,' he said. 'You and I'll go to the studio in a cab.' The two walked out the hotel door without further conversation. Benny was thinking. The doorman signaled for a cab, the cab pulled up, the doorman swung open the door, and Helen and Benny climbed in. The doorman closed the door, and then, silence—Benny was still thinking. A minute went by; then a minute and a half, and still no directions from Benny. The puzzled cab driver looked back over his shoulder and asked, 'Well, what next?' Benny, his train of thought suddenly broken, looked up, reached for his wallet, and asked the driver, 'Oh, how much do I owe you?'"

After the press photographers had taken their pictures, a slightly built lensman from *Esquire* magazine, in dark blazer and turtleneck sweater, corralled the 14 Carnegie Hall alumni for a group shot. The men gathered in a quarter circle, with Krupa and Hampton in back and Goodman, clarinet cradled in his right arm, standing in front. The photographer wanted a serious, formal pose, but Benny, who was in a state of high good humor, just couldn't get serious. He'd break into laughter in the middle of a time exposure or make a crack here and there to guests nearby. Finally calm was established, and the photographer, having held the 14 men in one place for 10 minutes, began shooting. "I never got this much discipline from you guys 30 years ago," quipped Goodman, and the pose fell apart again with gales of laughter.

After the *Esquire* photo, there was dinner, more champagne, and more talk. Benny recalled his apprehensions

about the concert, saying he'd seriously considered turning it into a variety show with a few songs by Bea Lillie. Lionel Hampton, 53, pointed out that it was the first time a thoroughly integrated performance had taken place on a major New York stage, with artists such as Count Basie, Lester Young, Johnny Hodges, Walter Page, Buck Clayton, Teddy Wilson, Cootie Williams, Harry Carney, and himself taking part. (Young and Page are the sole non-survivors of the event.)

John Hammond, who was (and still is) one of the music business' most vigorous proponents of racial integration (in 1966 he resigned his position on the national board of the NAACP because executive secretary Roy Wilkins "got too right wing" for him), recalled the racial situation from which jazz was beginning to emerge at that time. "Back in those days, Negroes were referred to, sometimes affectionately and sometimes not, as 'spades' by white musicians, who would be perfectly happy to go up to Harlem and have fun and have a kind of drinking camaraderie with them. Yet, Negroes couldn't return that with visits to the white spots in midtown. Then, too, not many persons in the music business had any kind of social vision, so no one wanted to buck the tide and risk job losses. Except for record dates, which were beginning to loosen up, there was complete Jim Crow."

ALTHOUGH GOODMAN'S secretary, Muriel Zuckerman, had cautioned curious guests that this was a social gathering and that no one should expect invited friends to play, most persons had noticed, during the course of the evening, a piano standing in a corner, conspicuously flanked by several large black crates bearing the name "Slingerland," and a stately-looking vibraharp draped with a protective blanket. Would three-quarters of the sound of the Goodman quartet live again after 30 years? This was a question on many minds as the clock moved toward 10.

Before going on, a brief digression into the quartet's history and Goodman's current powers on the clarinet are appropriate. During its brief life (1936-1938) the original Goodman quartet kicked up a cyclone of excitement that few chamber jazz groups before or since have matched. Here were four men who came together and created a whirling ferment of sound which was vastly larger than the considerable sum of its parts. But when Krupa left in 1938 and Wilson and Hampton followed suit in '39 and '40, the "old pepper," as Benny called it, failed to duplicate itself in subsequent efforts involving other musicians. (This is not to

put down the sextet of the early '40s. Certainly Goodman's work with Charlie Christian belongs with the most brilliant music of the era, but it is a different sound altogether.) In recent years, there have been four full quartet reunions (1955, 1957, 1963, and 1964) and several partial ones, and on each occasion the music coalesced superbly, picking up exactly where it left off.

One of the main reasons for this is Goodman himself, who despite many dry, static, and rather tired performances over the past 20 years, in which he appeared to be sleepwalking can, when he wishes, still summon forth the blistering tone and flaming intensity which he brought to his music as a 28-year old idol of a million jitterbugs. If one is rather bored by some of his albums over the past ten years, fine. But don't take that as indicating a decline of inspiration, for beneath the calm, urbane, and offhanded exterior there lives safely within the same brilliant, electrifying, and spine-tingling inspiration that turned on America three decades ago. What's more, Goodman today is a better and more versatile musician than at any time in his career. This means that the full powers of this inspiration are unencumbered by any limitations of technique. When Benny really wants to play, there are no words to describe the resulting excitement.

On this night, Benny really wanted to play. He began by racing his motor a bit with a few runs up and down the scale. Then Stacy shook the rust off his fingers with some familiar blues chords, and Hampton chewed a few notes on the vibes. While "Popsie," the original Goodman band boy, photographer, and historian, attempted to attach the pedal to Krupa's bass drum, one-time Glenn Miller drummer George Simon leaned against the wall, tapping out a little stand-by rhythm on the high hat cymbal. Ruby Braff moved into position and ran off some obbligatos on his cornet.

The warm-up meandered through about 25 blues choruses and five minutes of *Sweet Lorraine*. Krupa stood by, modestly disclaiming any interest in playing, but keeping a sharp eye on "Popsie," who was still fumbling with the bass pedal. Benny kicked off a couple of bars of *I Want to Be Happy*; the tempo was quick. By the time the second release rolled around, the stubborn pedal was in place. Simon stepped aside, and Krupa assumed his old place alongside Goodman. A savage rim shot to the snare, a throbbing pulse on the bass drum, and the session came alive. Goodman bit down hard on his reed, pointed his clarinet to the ceiling, and

hurled a shimmering glissando back in Krupa's direction. It was no longer nostalgia they were playing, but a lifting, surging music which stung the spirit with its undiminished potency.

The session went on as guests crowded closer around the makeshift bandstand. It was a sight to remember, 21 stories above Manhattan in a glass-enclosed penthouse. The night outside was so clear you could see the lights of Jersey City and Newark in the distance, while Manhattan glimmered like a Christmas tree beneath. Inside the music went on. After *Someday Sweetheart* Benny stood up and announced that "the clarinet player needs a drink if he's to continue."

The climax and probably the most remarkable testimonial to the power of these five musicians came during Benny's three choruses of *I Would Do Anything for You*. He began repeating a streak of jabbing riffs, and suddenly the group struck up a hair-raising, impromptu exchange. While Stacy kept the chords in order, Hampton peeled whirling sheets of sound off his vibes. Krupa came down hard with a broadside of rim shots and doubled his time on the bass drum. Almost drowned out by the mounting excitement, Goodman leaped into the final release with a shivering rampage of sound. Something memorable had happened.

It had happened before and will happen again—probably when his audience least expects it. Benny doesn't like to be predictable. It was just one of those nights when he really wanted to play.

The session came to a roaring end about 11:30. Hampton, Stacy and Braff congratulated each other as guests pressed close to express enthusiasm. Goodman and Krupa embraced each other warmly. "Hey, you've been practicing," quipped Goodman as he tugged Krupa's ear lobe. Soon afterward, the party began thinning out. Benny departed about 11:45 for his quarters one floor below. Brown, Rollini, Koenig, and other local residents began heading for home.

John S. Wilson revised the story he had filed earlier for the first edition of the *New York Times*, and this writer went off to do the town with Martha Tilton, Helen Ward, and her husband, Walter Newton.

30 years may have dimmed some of the recollections of the night this party had celebrated, but the camaraderie struck up among those who were there brought forth an event in itself—an event that might well be worthy of being marked with yet another party. Like next year, maybe—in a recording studio.





AN
INTERVIEW
WITH
BOOKER
ERVIN

THE GOOD BOOK

BY
IRA
GITLER



Europe (19 months from 1964 to June 1966), Iceland ("There are good musicians there, and the people are beautiful—like the other Scandinavians") and Greenland. On a USO tour of the latter country in 1963, Ervin's music scorched the walls of an ice cave where the temperature stays a cool 17 degrees.

He has done all these things and more, but in 1967, a fellow musician informed him that Minton's Playhouse, the "Birthplace of Bop," couldn't hire him because he was "too far out." Admittedly, Minton's leans toward the organ combo, but it has featured a goodly amount of post-bop, mainstream-modern jazz in recent years. (In the early 60s Booker played some lengthy stretches there.) A rejection of this kind makes a man stop and think. "I had 13 gigs cancelled last year for all different reasons," he laments. "It wasn't a very good year."

Ervin has been battered by these events, but he has not become bitter. "When I got out of the Army in 1953, I was very bitter," he states. "I was bitter at the Army—bitter at the discrimination I ran into in the service in Korea and Okinawa. I was fortunate that God gave me the strength to overcome it. It only hurts me."

Scuffling is something the dedicated jazzman learns to live with and surmount. At this point in his career, however, there are some things Ervin won't do. One is playing rock-and-roll. "I've tried some of everything," he says. "It's all music to me. I can play anything, avant garde on down. But I've lost a few record dates because I won't play rock-and-roll. It's because I don't want to," he states flatly. "It's probably a psychological block."

Another involvement that Booker rejects is with clubs that pay the musicians part of each night's take. "It would be a comedown to work for a percentage of the house. I'd rather not work," he says.

In his early days in New York he did play the percentage jobs. There was also a happier six-month residence at the Cafe Wha, a MacDougal St. coffeehouse, in 1960. "A lot of people who are now famous, like Peter, Paul & Mary, came out of there," he recalls. "I had the house band, with Morris Edwards on bass, and Al Francis on drums and vibes. The cook would make a pot of stew and everyone would eat. Musicians from all over town would come down and sit in."

When left to their own devices the trio changed shape. "I learned to play drums," explains Ervin, "and Al would play vibes. I didn't like to play sax without a piano."

With Mingus, sometimes there was a piano and sometimes there wasn't. The

BOOKER ERVIN IS A MAN who in the words of his former a&r man Don Schlitten "falls in between the 'teacher's pets' of the avant garde—the guys who get a lot of press but few gigs—and the accepted hard boppers and their descendants." He is a man in the middle; a musician who has forged a personal music that is a living, logical extension of the jazz tradition, but who might as well be making bleats and squawks for all the appreciation and understanding he is accorded by the jazz public.

Put yourself in Ervin's place. He has paid his dues for 17 years since taking up the tenor saxophone while he was

in the service. He's paid them in the Air Force, in the U.S. post office, at Horn & Hardart (that's *not* a music school), in the bands of Charles Mingus and Randy Weston, and with his own groups. He has recorded a series of "Books" for Prestige that won him high critical acclaim, in these pages and elsewhere. He won the Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition category of the *Down Beat* International Critics Poll in 1964. His sometimes jolting, sometimes mournful, always soulful tenor has warmed audiences in the U.S., Africa (Nigeria with Weston in 1961; "The people there love jazz");

LEE TANNER

total experience was invaluable and was an important influence on Ervin, particularly the "different kinds of harmonies" to which he was exposed. "Some of his music is so hard to play that you had to develop technically," he explains. "It was going to school."

THE POST-GRADUATE results can be heard in the impressive collective body of his Prestige records. He feels his music is not far out but "way in." Ervin is an original thinker who has his own methods. There is a dual chord technique he employs that produces an "eerie sound." Examples are *Eerie Dearie* in *The Blues Book* and *Mojo* in *The Space Book*.

An extension of this framework he describes thusly: "In the chord changes, instead of having 12 notes in the scale, you have 21, which enables you to play tri-tonal chords. To simplify it—in the key of F, add the key of G which takes it up to the 15th, and add the key of D which takes it up to the 21st. It's still an F chord but it is an F 21st chord. That's what I call it. Basically, all the notes that are in this scale are made from the three chords.

"If you know what you're doing, you have a lot of freedom. It's not easy to play. I'm still practicing it myself. Every time I get into some tunes that I've written in this style, I find new directions to go." (Examples of the three-chord writing and playing are *Mour* in *Exultation* and *Number Two* in *The Space Book*. *The Second #2* in *Groovin' High* is another, faster take of *Number Two*.)

"I heard some of these sounds in Mingus' music," Ervin says. "I don't know what he called it, but—I bought a piano. My ears were opened. It's right there on the piano. It's what I hear. I don't know what you'd label it. I just call it music. You can't just get up there and make a lot of noise for the sake of making noise. Music is sounds, but sounds aren't necessarily music."

The last statement leads, naturally, to some specific thoughts about the more extreme exponents of the avant garde. "I hear a lot of things that sound like pure frustration, but this is a frustrating business," he says, gazing at the questioner over his formidable moustache from omniscient eyes.

Then he describes the sessions he and his son, Booker Telleferro Ervin III, engage in: "I play piano and he plays flute. He knows not one note of music. It sounds as good as some of the things I hear in clubs."

Ervin is far from rigid in his musical taste. "I'm all for progress in modern music but up to the point of avant garde which has organization in it—which I strive for myself." He enjoyed Albert Ayler's *Spirits* album "because

it had different moods, but another one of his, with a violinist, was just a lot of notes."

One opinion that has been voiced often of late by avant gardists and the critics who support them—that jazz should be taken out of the clubs—draws his disapproval. "I like jazz in both the concert hall and the club," he emphasizes. "I like to play where there's *dancing*," he adds. "Without the swing and the beat, I don't think there's very much left, unless you go into the classics. You don't have to hear the beat one, two, three, four, but if the pulsation is still there you will feel it."

Talking about certain kind of concert audiences he dislikes, he says, "I don't want people to sit like mummies all night. But you have to feel your way through to get to the different types of audiences. You can feel the vibrations from the audiences at both clubs and concerts."

As you may have gathered even without having heard him blow, Ervin is an emotional player, a passionate man whose saxophone is profoundly expressive. Listen to *A Day to Mourn* (*The Freedom Book*), written shortly after the death of President Kennedy, and hear how moved Booker was and how moving he can be. Some avant gardists have said of today's jazz: "It's not about notes anymore, it's about feelings." Ervin answers with another quote: "Didn't someone say, 'The blues are nothing but a feeling?'"

AT DIFFERENT POINTS in his career Ervin has been bracketed stylistically with John Coltrane and it confounds him. "I can't see the critics always dropping the Coltrane label on me," he shrugs. "All the tenor players had to go through Lester Young, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Stitt and Sonny Rollins. Then it was find yourself if you can."

Ervin and Coltrane had Gordon and Stitt in common as important models. Each went his own way in extending his personal scope. There was a time when the two coincided in the tonal area—the upper register "cry" that comes from Gordon—but they were essentially dissimilar, even before Trane entered what was to be his final stylistic period.

It has been a misfortune—and an indicator of the current state of jazz—that the recording quartet of Ervin, pianist Jaki Byard, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Alan Dawson, never worked *one* job as an intact unit. There is no telling what they could have done if they had received a chance to play together for any length of time.


When Booker left Prestige, he began an affiliation with Pacific Jazz. His first album, *Structurally Sound*, included

trumpeter Charles Tolliver, pianist John Hicks, drummer Lennie McBrowne, and bassist Red Mitchell standing in for his regular of the time, Reggie Johnson. His most recent session was for Blue Note, who borrowed him from Pacific Jazz, their sister company under the Liberty roof. For this session, Ervin used McBrowne, Richard Williams on trumpet, and two Cleveland musicians who had come to New York with tenorist Frank Wright's group: bassist Cerana Jefferies and pianist Bobby Few.

He cites Williams for playing "controlled avant garde" on the date. "He knows what he's doing," says Ervin. Besides Byard, Davis, Dawson and McBrowne, he names as favorites pianist Kenny Barron, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson. "I've always liked Wayne Shorter. George Coleman is one of the more mature players that I like, and Charlie McPherson always sounds good," he adds.

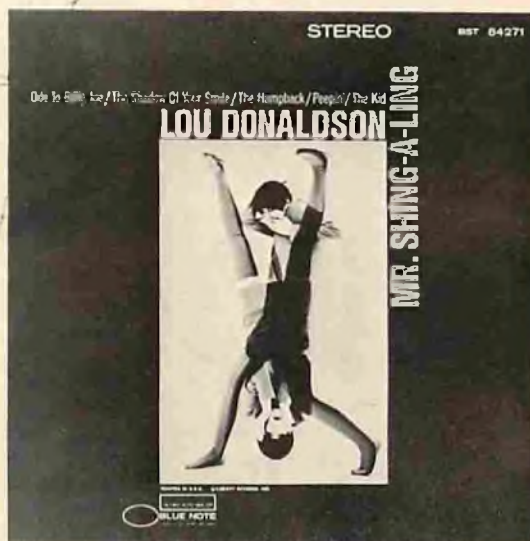
Between the first Pacific Jazz album and the still unreleased Blue Note, Ervin did an LP for Pacific Jazz backed by a brass choir of trumpets and trombones. Just released, it is an attempt to bring him to a wider audience. Whether we like it or not, jazz disc jockeys are limited in their ability to program long tracks, and much of Booker's previous recorded output was in this category. Pacific saddled him with the idea of doing an entire set of tunes connected with cities in the U.S. (Paradoxically, they called the album *Booker 'n' Brass* and ended up by not even mentioning the "city" idea in the liner notes or on the cover.)

Ervin did choose some good songs within the restrictions and there are two originals, one each by Ervin and Teddy Edwards. Part of the success of the venture must go to Edwards' arranging skill. ("He did a tremendous job," says Ervin.) The basic reason, however, is the undiluted power of the Ervin saxophone. No matter what he is playing, he is Booker first, last and always. Don Schlitten, who calls him "a gentleman—a friend, and unquestionably a great artist," explains why he respects him so much. "He is a jazz musician first—no jive stud, no politician. Playing comes first with him."

Ervin could have gone to Africa with Randy Weston last year. "I would have loved to make the trip for the experience," he says, "but I want to do something for myself right now." A return to Europe is out of the picture at present for the same reasons. "I feel that I have something to do *here*." The last sentence was spoken with the kind of conviction one hears in the music of Booker Ervin. 



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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.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

John Coltrane

EXPRESSION—Impulse 9120: *Ogunde*; *To Be*; *Offering*; *Expression*.

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor saxophone, flute; Pharoah Sanders, piccolo (track 2 only); Alice Coltrane, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Rashied Ali, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This may be a significant record. Not because it is the last one approved for release by Coltrane himself, but because it indicates that he may have been getting into still another area of exploration.

It seems to me that in each of these performances, Coltrane has set about to explore one feeling, one plane of emotion, and explore it in every way he can think of. This would differ from his previous approach of moving horizontally through several planes (or directions or steps or sections or levels—that is, start here, go there, end up around the corner). In other words, development, the traditional jazz way—no matter how convolute, eccentric, weird, or beautiful Coltrane's work might have sounded to you. On this record, however, he seems to go vertically, and I do not use the term in its usual musical sense to mean that he runs scales and chords. No, it is as if he has compressed the planes of before into one, and confines his playing to a narrow area, one free of tempo and other divisions.

The effect, as heard on the most provocative tracks, *Offering* and *Expression*, is that of furious movement within a small, slowly revolving circle. Coltrane's solo on each of these two tracks begins lyrically, then becomes complex, feeding upon itself until it congeals into a ball of surging energy. The sounds within the ball call to mind strangled cries, sobs, screams, shrieks of pain (anger), rasps, even barks.

(An aside to Coltrane detractors: do not distort that inadequate description into a condemnation of John Coltrane or misinterpret it as an indication of just how far he had wandered—been misled—from the path of true jazz. That would not only be untrue, it also would be ridiculous. Coltrane never left jazz. He merely left some listeners behind. And I doubt if he could be misled musically—he always went where he felt he must go.)

This vertical exploration—or what I hear as such—may have grown out of necessity. For to explore horizontally (again not using a term in its usual musical sense, but as an indication of direction), as Coltrane did so superbly with his quartet of 63-65, requires extremely strong support from the other musicians. Coltrane got that from Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner,

and Jimmy Garrison. On this record, however, only Garrison remains.

Mrs. Coltrane, while sounding somewhat like Tyner, does not have her predecessor's physical or musical strength, and her way of playing for Coltrane is more delicate than Tyner's. Of greater importance: Ali simply is not the drummer Jones is. He has neither Jones' bed-rock time nor his muscle.

So perhaps Coltrane, realizing all this, altered his approach to fit the changed context. Certainly tempo is of far less importance in these performances than in previous ones. And while Ali's playing has a surface similarity to Jones', his backgrounds are lighter, sometimes even wispy—this was the crucial factor in Coltrane's change of attack, I believe.

The vertical approach comes off almost as well on the beseeching, prayerful *Ogunde* as it does on *Offering* and *Expression*. There is deeply moving, strikingly poignant Coltrane improvisation on *Ogunde*, but the pitch is not as intense as that on the other two tracks.

To Be is in a mood similar to *Ogunde* but goes on too long (more than 16 minutes). The feeling, the point, is established long before the musicians stop playing. This is the only track on which Sanders appears, and then as piccolist rather than tenor saxophonist. It also introduces Coltrane as a flutist (good tone, lyrical ideas, limited technique).

But even with the rather boring *To Be* included, this album, like the other Coltrane albums recorded in the last five years, offers a distinct emotional experience to open-minded (open-eared) listeners. As always, it's about feelings—his and yours.

—DeMicheal

Louis Armstrong

RARE ITEMS (1935-1944)—Decca DL 9225: *Thanks A Million*; *Lyin' To Myself*; *Ev'ntide*; *Swing That Music*; *Thankful*; *The Skeleton in the Closet*; *Jubilee*; *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*; *I Double Dare You*; *It's Wonderful*; *You're A Lucky Guy*; *Ev'rythin's Been Done Before*; *Hey Lady Mama*; *Groovin'*.

Personnel includes: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Louis Bacon, Gus Aiken, Henry Allen, Leonard Davis, Shelton Hemphill, trumpets; J. C. Higginbotham, James Archey, Harry White, George Washington, trombones; Charlie Holmes, Bingie Madison, Ted McRae, Prince Robinson, Albert Nicholas, reeds; Luis Russell, piano; Lee Blair, Lawrence Lucie, guitar; Pops Foster, Johnny Williams, bass; Paul Barbarin, Sid Catlett, James Harris, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

(The Milky Way and the Big Dipper)

Greatness is greatness. It transcends eras, styles, and the flea-bites of the insensitive. On this record it cascades forth to bathe you in a golden aura. Louis Armstrong's talent is gigantic from whatever side you view it.

I recently played many of these tracks on my FM radio show. The following week, I met a well-known trumpeter. He told me: "I was about to turn off the radio and go to sleep when I hit the tuning dial instead of the off switch in the dark and heard this trumpet. I knew it had to be Louis. I never did get to sleep until the program was over." I could go into sociological essays on some of the material here or talk about how corny the band sounds in places, but the really important thing is precisely what kept that trumpet player listening to his radio.

The totality of the Armstrong personality is completely magnetic. Whether playing or singing, he reaches an elevated plateau with an ease that only the giants have. But that ease never obscures the greatness. You are constantly reminded of this by the majesty of his phrasing, the power and clarity of his tone in all registers and his humanity—at once everyman and exalted. The fertility of his mind, and his ability to pry beauty out of unlikely corners doesn't exactly detract either.

Virtually everything Armstrong does in the album is spiritually nourishing, entertaining and will just plain make you feel good. There are several tracks which individually are worth the price of the album. From his opening hoppish break on *Barbecue* Armstrong is ready. He carries the lovely melody, leads the trumpet section through some pyrotechnics and returns to play one of those perfect solos, beautifully paced and constructed with a climax that wafts you on high.

Jubilee, paced by drum major Paul Barbarin, is a number Louis did in *Every Day's A Holiday*, a Mae West film that has been revived on TV recently. (I checked out his solo on the tube, and it's different from this one.) Armstrong leads the parade as he soars above the crowd in song and with horn. His first trumpet chorus uses the melody with creative logic; his second is an ingenious counter-melody to the ensemble's restatement of the tune in which he makes some simple, held notes pregnant with meaning and, as always, emotion.

Then there is his own *Swing That Music*, a tour de force if there ever was one. This mini-concerto is a celestial expression from bar one. Pops Foster's powerful bassing gives a firm underpinning, and there's a fine chorus by the saxophone section between Armstrong's vocal and his building set of choruses, ending up with 50 consecutive high Cs placed with unerring accuracy and invention. It's a performance that leaves you limp but exhilarated.

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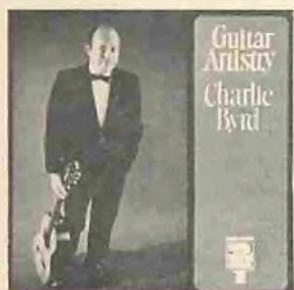
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Two Hoagy Carmichael songs, *Lyin'* and *Ev'ntide* (Carmichael also wrote *Jubilee* with Stanley Adams), are excellent vehicles for Armstrong's singing and playing. Louis is a man who can reshape any material to his own specification, but it helps to have something good to work with in the first place. Dig his cadenza on *Lyin'* and the direct, yet subtle, solo on *Ev'ntide*.

Also fine are Arthur Johnston and Gus Kahn's *Million*, and two numbers written by the team of Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin: *Thankful* and *Lucky*. Some of the younger generation may view them as oversentimental ballads, but they have lovely melodies that Armstrong's warmth and direct approach make all the more appealing. His solo on *Thankful* is an example of how to play melodically and, at the same time, make some hip changes. (And this was done a long while before they were talking about changes.) *Lucky* is a song that Billie Holiday sang later, just because Louis recorded it. He definitely was one of her stylistic shapers. Which brings to mind that throughout the album you can hear in Armstrong's playing the kind of spirit in treating a melody that Lester Young had. I'm sure that Pres listened to Pops with attention, as did anyone who came up in that time. Too bad they never recorded together. What a meeting that would have been!

Wonderful, which Stuff Smith had a hand in writing, is another nice tune that benefits from the Armstrong touch, and *Dare* is invested with the infectious Armstrong enthusiasm.

All the above titles were recorded by various Armstrong big bands in the 1935-1939 period. While the bands' work does not always stand the test of time the way the leader's efforts do, for the most part it sets off his vocalizing and playing more than adequately. Holmes has a nice alto bit on *Barbecue*, and while Madison's clarinet and tenor saxophone playing are generally undistinguished, he does take a good tenor solo on *Dare*, which also contains the added feature of a Higginbotham trombone solo. Higgy also contributes a fat-toned break on *Lucky*.

Another big-band side is the heretofore unreleased *Groovin'*, a Teddy McRae instrumental, by a 1944 aggregation under Armstrong's leadership. Although Louis' solo is not fully on mike it is cooking. McRae has a tenor spot that bows in the direction of Herschel Evans but is not particularly exciting.

Two small group tracks are *Before* and *Mama*, both dating from 1941. *Before* is highlighted by yet another sweet and hot Armstrong vocal and trumpet solo. *Mama* is a relaxed blues that doesn't particularly go anywhere. There are bits by Lucie's guitar, Russell's piano and Washington's trombone, and Prince Robinson can be heard in the background on clarinet. It is the weakest track in the set, and really comes alive only in Armstrong's brief horn solo. There is so much glorious Armstrong in this album, however, that I am willing to suffer this one track. The presence of so much greatness everywhere else is overwhelming.

To those who have been foolishly mouthing of late that Charlie Parker is dated, I would suggest that they really take a trip back in time to discover that when you are dealing with the giants, the truth only gets stronger with the passing years. —Gittler

Lionel Hampton

NEWPORT UPROAR!—RCA Victor 3891: *Turn Me Loose; Thai Silk; Tempo's Birthday; Greasy Greens; Meet Benny Bailey; Hey! Ba-ba-re-bop/Hamp's Boogie Woogie; Misunderstood Blues; Flying Home.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Joe Newman, Wallace Davenport, trumpets; Al Grey, Garnett Brown, Britt Woodman, Benny Powell, trombones; Jerome Richardson, George Dorsey, Frank Foster, Dave Young, Ed Pazzant, Illinois Jacquet, reeds; Hampton, vibraharp, piano, drums; John Spruill or Milt Buckner, piano; Billy Mackel, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Steve Little, Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★½

HAMP STAMPS—Gladham 1011: *Hamp Stamps; King Cool; Don't Be So Mean; Ingenue; Tom Collins; Japanese Lullaby; Greasy Greens; Jazz at the Fair; Georgia on My Mind; By, By; Sunshine Superman; AET.*

Personnel: Wallace Davenport, trumpet; Ed Pazzant, alto saxophone and flute; Dave Young, tenor saxophone; Hampton, vibraharp; John Spruill, piano; Billy Mackel, guitar; Skinny Burkan, bass; Ronnie Cole, drums.

Rating: ★★½

There is an excitement permeating the Newport set that is almost irresistible. On that July night last year, Hampton was in full battle array, leading a sometimes raw but always driving big band of current and former Hamptonites, moving the crowd to ecstasy with such sure-fire abandon-elicitors as *Home*, *Hey/Hamp* and *Greens*, and at the same time playing his tail off.

One can hardly ask for more stimulation than that. One might, however, ask for more thought. But it obviously was not that kind of night.

There are gusty trombone solos by Grey (*Loose*, *Greens*, *Misunderstood*) and Powell (*Misunderstood*), fleet trumpeting by Newman (*Bailey*) and Davenport (*Loose*), comedy by Nottingham (*Misunderstood*), three-day-beard tenor by Jacquet (*Home*), and steely guitar playing from Mackel (*Greens*). But the solo honors go to Hampton for his six heated choruses on *Home* and his feelingful solo on the pretty *Silk*.

Honor also should be paid to lead men Richardson and, I think, Young for first-rate work under what must have been sometimes trying circumstances. Special mention, too, for the rhythm section, especially bassist Duvivier, because it never lost its beat.

The Gladham album is rather run-of-the-mill. It's by Hampton's Jazz Inner Circle (which once was advertised in a Chicago newspaper as "Jazz in a Circle").

There are a few solos by the sidemen, but again, the main soloist is the leader. With a couple of exceptions, his improvisations are not as memorable as those at Newport. These exceptions are his flashing breaks and lighthearted solo on *Stamps* and his no-fooling straight-life work on *Fair*.

On the rest of the tracks, he plays well (he *always* plays well), but it boils down to mere doodling for a master like Hampton. —DeMicheal

Manhattan Brass Choir

PRaise TO THE LIVING GOD—ABC Records ABC-607: *Praise to the Living God; Beneath the Cross of Jesus; Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory; Sharing; I'm Pressing On; O Come Emmanuel; In the Sweet By and By; I Stood at Calvary; Bringing in the Sheaves; O Brothers, Lift Your Voices; What a Friend We Have in Jesus; Ring the Bells of Heaven.*

Personnel: Harold Lieberman, Bob Millikan, Clark Terry, Vinnie Cicalose, Wally Dunbar, Mel Davis, trumpets; Sharon Moe, Tony Miranda, French horns; Effie Resnick, Rai Anderson, Urbie Green, Al Stickland, Tony Salvatori, trombones; Fred Harvey, Don Ross, euphoniums; Joe Hanchrow, tuba; Norman Edge, bass; Jack Arnold, drums; Warren Hard, percussion; Mark Freeh, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

One of the most exciting sounds in music is that of a competent, well-oiled jazz brass section playing skillful arrangements. The Manhattan Brass Choir, organized by Mark Freeh in 1965, is a brass ensemble as good as any, and the arrangers gathered for this project are thoroughly accomplished. But what blunts the edge of this session somewhat is an unmistakable diffidence.

Jazz is perhaps the most explosive of the arts. But somehow, in most of the jazz-religion efforts so far there has been a cramped, narrow, "safe" approach; the jazz musician has tended to equate piety with timidity. Excepting John Coltrane, the jazzman often ceases to be an adventurer when he attempts religious expression.

This has not been so in the other arts. Giotto's angels whirled in a distant sky in *The Mourning of Christ*, and the painter's use of perspective revolutionized Renaissance art. In *The Crucifixion*, Gruenewald boldly misshapes Christ's hands, heightening the horror and beauty of the scene. The poet Gerard Manley Hopkins creates in staggering rhythm an analogy between the hunting falcon and Christ in *The Windhover*; adjectives slide out of place and words trip over one another in this flaring sonnet.

Here, the best tracks are *Bringing In the Sheaves*, which has some outstanding playing by Clark Terry; *Sharing*, because of the unusual and effective things arranger Jim Timmens does in the middle parts; Jack Arnold's arrangement of *Lift Your Voices* with its fine, strong brass and walking bass line; and *Praise to the Living God*, with Urbie Green's fast trombone playing.

All the rest is pleasant music, not very stirring or imaginative, and if there is anyone at all left around today who still objects to religious expression in jazz, he will find no fuel for his arguments in this album. —Ersikine

Wes Montgomery

WES'S BEST—Fantasy 3376 and 8376: *June in January; Lover Man; Beaux Arts; Snowfall; Monterey Blues; Barbados; Angel Eyes; Jingles.*

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; Buddy Montgomery, piano; vibraharp; Monk Montgomery, bass; Lawrence Marable or Paul Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

THE BEST OF WES MONTGOMERY—Verve 8714: *Tequila; Movin' Wes (Part 1); End of a Love Affair; Naptown Blues; Con Alma; Goin' Out of My Head; How Insensitive; The Shadow of Your Smile; Caravan; Bumpin' on Sunset.*

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

Coincidentally, both of these "best" sets

—spanning the beginning and the recent history of Montgomery's recording career—have appeared at the same time. What's curious is that while Wes at times can be nothing short of fantastic, providing some of the most spellbinding guitar work to be heard in contemporary jazz, neither of these albums offers a particularly memorable sampling of his playing. And both make available material in earlier packages.

The Fantasy album draws on two sessions. The first, recorded in July, 1960, and including *June in January; Lover Man; Monterey*, and *Jingles*, was issued as part of Fantasy 3308, *The Montgomery Brothers*, while the remainder, recorded in December, 1961, were issued on Fantasy 3323, *The Montgomery Brothers in Canada*.

The performances, while honest and straightforward, are pleasant more than anything else, their chief interest being furnished by the guitarist's strong, uncomplicated, occasionally inventive playing and the graceful, unpretentious group interaction that is developed. There also are a number of truly fine original compositions—*Beaux Arts; Monterey Blues; Barbados*, and *Jingles* (the second and fourth by Wes); these are given even more attentive performances than are the standards.

The biggest difference between the two LPs—at least as regards Wes—is the almost complete reliance in the Verve album upon what was an occasional, tastefully used device in the Fantasy sessions: the unison octave lines that have come to characterize the Montgomery sound. They are almost the *raison d'être* of the Verve set.

If Wes has come to rely upon this effect to the exclusion of the array of effects in the Fantasy album, he has at the same time deepened his interpretative skills. Even when he skims across the surface of a melody—as often occurs in the Verve album—he creates a magnificent, shimmering surface: *Con Alma* is a perfect case in point.

It's a pleasure to hear him just state the melody: his sound and control are lovely, and his sense of time, of note placement, is uncanny. It is what saves a number of the performances here.

This is not to say there is no deep, penetrating guitar work in the album. There is quite a bit of it, in fact. The responsorial cast of Wes' solo on his *Naptown Blues* is a gas, as is the driving central section of *Caravan*, which never lets up, and his lyrical treatment of *How Insensitive* is, sensitively, unabashedly romantic. *Bumpin' on Sunset*—which has been getting quite a bit of radio play lately—builds slowly but steadily, and the spare string writing by Claus Ogerman helps.

Several top-flight arrangers have been deployed in these 10 performances—Oliver Nelson, Don Sebesky, Johnny Pate, and Ogerman—and the pieces themselves have been excerpted from earlier Montgomery albums on the label.

The music is the epitome of successful, commercial formula jazz: sleek and purring, like a champion cat. That it is

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occasionally more shadow than substance is to be expected, of course, but in the main it holds up well under repeated playing. Everyone connected with these sessions has every reason to be proud, for the assignments have been executed with taste and professionalism. I for one am delighted to see Montgomery garner such a popular following as these selections have brought him. He deserves it.

—Welding

Lee Morgan

DELIGHTFUL MORGAN—Blue Note 4243/84243: *Ca-Lee-So*; *Zambia*; *Yesterday*; *Sunrise-Sunset*; *Nite Flite*; *The Delightful Deggie*.

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Tracks 3 & 4: Morgan, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Jim Buffington, French horn; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, flute; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Danny Bank, baritone saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Tyner, piano; Cranshaw, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

From his "enfant terrible" days of a decade ago with Dizzy Gillespie to his thoroughly mature stature today, brazen energy and perpetual emotion have cascaded from the bell of Lee Morgan's horn.

Ca-Lee-So features a loping calypso accent in the theme, with Tyner introducing the happy proceedings. Morgan and Henderson solo succinctly, and Tyner follows with a solo showing his fine flexibility.

Zambia is set at an up tempo pace. After the head, Henderson takes charge, going on an exhilarating excursion. Morgan sustains the soaring spirit. Following Tyner's appropriate solo, Morgan and Henderson engage in jovial eight-bar exchanges.

For *Yesterday* and *Sunrise, Sunset*, Oliver Nelson provides plush orchestral settings to showcase the enthusiastic Morgan and Shorter. The latter piece contains especially stirring moments from the soloists.

On *Nite Flite* Morgan impishly teases and cajoles with characteristic frenzy, and Henderson maintains the contagious excitement with throaty chortles and double-stop effects. Tyner, not to be outdone, dips into his bag of tricks and with the splendid backing of Higgins and Cranshaw turns in a highly dynamic performance.

Deggie is done in a comfortable waltz meter. Henderson, Morgan, and Tyner are adroit in weaving the image and the tune swings along in jovial fashion.

Spacious, relaxed atmosphere, the balanced selection of the repertoire, and the cohesiveness of the performers are the rewards offered in this album and the offerings are true-Lee delightful.

—Johnson

Grassella Oliphant

THE GRASS IS GREENER—Atlantic 1494: *Get Out of My Life, Woman*; *Ain't That Peculiar?*; *Soul Woman*; *Peaches Are Better Down the Road*; *The Yodel*; *Cantaloupe Woman*; *The Latter Days*; *Rapid Shave*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet; Harold Ousley, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; John Patton, organ; Major Holley, bass; Oliphant, drums.

Rating: ★★

What's sauce for the goose ought, of course, to be sauce for the gander. We

roast our pop brethren for shamelessly pandering to base musical tastes, for their pecuniary pursuit of the novel, the gimmick, the cute title, the catchy sound—for using anything, in short, which will titillate record buyers into parting with their dollars. (It's significant, I think, that it's referred to as "money music" in the aptly-named trade journal *Cash Box*.)

But when some of our boys engage in the production of music which is similarly contrived, more often than not we either find some means of justifying it or simply turn our backs on it. It's apparently all right when we do it.

The guys on this record bring a great deal of expertise and clan to the discharge of the business at hand, but what, after all, is that business but the attempt at crafting a sample of "soul" music which will be enough like all other samples of the genre yet will have some slight difference—some catchy turn of phrase, sound, or coy title—that will cause jukebox players or radio record spinners to play this particular soul piece rather than the countless others currently available?

The music here is neither good nor bad; mostly it's just inoffensive, moves pleasantly and doesn't make any demands upon the listener. If he wants to listen to it, he'll hear music with attractive surfaces, good rhythmic interplay and a certain superficial contemporaneity of sound. He'll not find depth or commitment, however, for that's not what this music offers. Mostly it's for nonlistening—for talking over at a club or party, dancing, etc.

What's saddening about this particular set is that the hoped-for commercial success probably will not materialize. The music is not all that catchy.

Naturally, there are some tasty moments—there'd pretty much have to be with musicians of this caliber involved. But the flowers are scattered over some thin soil and there aren't that many of them. There is one good tune, Ousley's *The Latter Days*, which sounds like a piece that might have been performed by an early Art Blakey group—it's got that kind of feeling to it. This is the only piece that breaks out of the soul mold.

Onward and upward! Please?

—Welding

Various Artists

THE CHICAGOANS (1928-1930)—Decca DL 9231: *Milenberg Joys*; *My Daddy Rocks Me* (Husk O'Hare's Footwarmers); *There'll Be Some Changes Made*; *I Found a New Baby*; *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home* (Chicago Rhythm Kings); *Jazz Me Blues* (Frank Teschemacher); *Downright Disgusted*; *Fare Thee Well*; *Trying to Stop My Crying*; *Isn't There a Little Love to Spare* (Wingy Manone and his Club Royale Orchestra); *Copenhagen*; *Prince of Wails* (Elmer Schoebel's Friars Society Orchestra); *Wailin' Blues*; *Barrelhouse Stomp* (The Cellar Boys).

Collective personnel: Muggsy Spanier, Wingy Manone, Dick Feige, cornet; Jack Read, trombone; Frank Teschemacher, Bud Freeman, Mezz Mezzrow, Rod Cless, Wade Foster, Floyd Towne, George Snurpus, reeds; Joe Sullivan, Art Hodes, Jack Gardner, Frank Melrose, Elmer Schoebel, piano; Eddie Condon, banjo; Ray Biondi, Charlie Barger, guitar; Jim Lanigan, John Kuhn, bass, tuba; Gene Krupa, George Wettling, Augie Schellange, drums; Red McKenzie, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

Justly, this album is subtitled "Frank Teschemacher, His Influence." The name of Teschemacher may mean little or nothing

ing to the current generation of jazz enthusiasts, but to many older fans, "Tesch" was a hero; a legend. His untimely accidental death at 26 in March 1932, a little more than six months after that of Bix Beiderbecke, marked the end of an era and cut down a great promise.

Tesch played the clarinet (and occasional saxophone), and was associated with that talented bunch of young white Chicagoans in search of the jazz grail who were to become known as "The Austin High Gang." On this record, in Decca's new reissue series, some of the best in his small but significant recorded legacy of some 25 sides is once again made available, alongside some oddments of the period which will be gobbled up by collectors due to their extreme rarity, though they are musically disappointing.

Tesch is present on all but four of the 14 tracks. The Chicago Rhythm Kings sides are among the most famous of the school, recorded in April and May of 1928. The Cellar Boys session was the last Tesch made, and the final installment in the recorded saga of authentic Chicago Style (they were cut in January 1930).

Disputes used to rage among critics as to whether there was such a thing as Chicago Style. Today, disregarding the niceties of musical hair-splitting, one may conclude that there was indeed such a style: what it was, in effect, was the first deliberate attempt by white musicians to play their own kind of jazz in an authentic (i.e., Negro) manner. For many reasons, it was not an entirely successful attempt, but some very laudable music was created in the process, and most of the players involved—those who survived—maintained their commitment to jazz throughout their subsequent careers.

The best performances on this album have a freshness and rough-hewn enthusiasm that stands the test of time. They are spirited and decidedly un-commercial, despite the occasional period vocals, and they swing in their own free-wheeling manner. They remain unique.

Among these are *Changes*, with its solid Spanier lead and fine Tesch solo—it can almost stand as a definition of his style: the slightly sour tone; the definitely blues-inflected intonation; the urgency of plentiful ideas not always under control; the inventions and turns of phrase that influenced such diverse personalities as Pee Wee Russell and Benny Goodman. McKenzie's vocal, albeit a bit corny, has a nice feeling to it, and is certainly several cuts above the customary white vocalisms of the day.

Found is all instrumental. Tesch gets carried away in his solo (it is said that he hated all his records, and would break any that he came across), but it's not bad, and there is a sample of young Joe Sullivan feeling his oats (dig teenaged Gene Krupa's bass drum behind him), plus a rare tenor solo by Mezzrow, which is very well constructed and has an appealingly archaic sound. Lanigan's bass is righteous.

Baby, the third item from this session, went unreleased until 1943, and is an interesting failure. The ensemble hovers on the verge of collapse, and Condon's vocal is pure camp, but his banjo had found the

beat it was to keep.

Jazz Me is taken from a test pressing that miraculously survived an unissued date featuring an all-reeds-and-rhythm lineup. The reedmen are Tesch and Rod Cless on clarinets and altos, and Mezz on tenor. Tesch takes alto and clarinet choruses, both good, and there is a short glimpse of Cless—one of the unsung heroes of the bunch.

Trying and *Little Love* are sprightly versions of pop tunes, with Manone's New Orleans horn and jazz vocals to the fore. Tesch has fine solos on both; he *improvises*, especially on the former, and he seems relaxed here. There is also a brief glimpse of young Art Hodes, who does very well in the ensembles, and already had the makings of a very personal style.

One of Tesch's very best solos occurs in the Schoebel *Wails*; more like his idol, Jimmy Noone, than any other he recorded, and very relaxed, flowing, and rhythmically free. Curiously, this date was more arranged and organized than the others, but Wettling's good drums and Barger's nice guitar moved the beat along smoothly. Feige's cornet is in a Bix groove, especially on *Copenhagen*, one of the favorite "jam" tunes of the period.

The Cellar Boys session is something else again. The band played in a small speakeasy and the music is rough and ready. An unknown accordion player is on hand, as well as Melrose's barrelhouse piano, and Manone is in a lowdown mood.

Young Bud Freeman takes two of his best early solos here, especially on *Stomp*. He swings and growls. His break on *Wailing* is something else. Tesch's solo on *Stomp* opens with some liquid lower register, then switches into high gear for a joyous 12 bars, the notes punched out with an almost trumpet-like edge. Wingy's solo features some drag-tempo in the best New Orleans manner. These were among the very last "hot" records issued before the Depression closed the studio doors to such uncompromising efforts.

The four remaining tracks have only their rarity to commend them. The Husk O'Hare sides were never issued; the personnel is unknown, but there is a lineup, suggested by expert John Steiner, which includes only one fairly well-known name: banjoist Lou (Lew) Black of the erstwhile New Orleans Rhythm Kings. A passable cornet is featured, as is a rather nasal vocalist; it was once rumored that Tesch was on clarinet, but he is definitely not. As examples of jazz-flavored midwestern dance music of the period, the tracks are of limited interest to historians.

The Manone *Disgusted* and *Fare Thee Well* were issued, but have become extreme rarities. They prove that rare not always equals good: the rhythm plods awfully; Manone sings a lot, and not at his best, and Freeman tries hard but doesn't get anywhere. The best moments come from Wade Foster's clarinet; he seems to have been an Omer Simeon man, and had a nice sound.

Speaking of sound, the reproduction on some tracks leaves a lot to be desired, and Decca's engineers might profitably take a listen to what the boys at RCA Victor are doing in this vein. But it's good to



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have this material available again, to flesh out the obscure legend of Frank Teschemacher, whose music still has a message. If today's youngsters wonder what that message might be, let them consider that Tesch was in his early 20s when he made these records: a middle-class Chicago boy who had started on violin, but crossed the tracks when he heard other voices. Few tried harder to make the music their own, and when he made it, it was something special.

—Morgenstern

SOUL STIRRINGS

BY BOB PORTER

Mel Brown, *Chicken Fat* (Impulse A-9152)

Rating: ★★★★★

Henry Cain, *The Funky Organization of* (Capitol ST 2688)

Rating: ★★½

The Best of Jimmy Smith (Verve V/V6-8721)

Rating: ★★★★★

Little Richie Varola (Verve V/V6-8722)

Rating: ★★

It is hard to imagine an LP so funky that it loses some commercial potential, but the Brown set may just be the one. Brown is the "downest" city blues guitarist I have heard, and here he has help from Herb Ellis and Arthur Wright, so the wattage gets pretty heavy at times.

The playing utilizes contemporary rock rhythm, but the sound of the players, especially Brown, echoes some of the country blues feeling. If you remember the sides that Big Joe Turner made with Elmore James on guitar, you will know what I mean.

Oliver Nelson helped out with some writing and contributed two previously recorded originals, but unfortunately his tunes don't fit this setting very well.

The most interesting tracks are a couple of Ellis pieces that feature the composer on 12-string guitar. *Sad But True* uses the background Chuck Berry introduced in his recording of *Memphis*, and has some beautiful playing by Ellis and Brown. *I'm Goin' to Jackson* is not in any way connected with the Nancy Sinatra hit, but is a slow blues of exceptional power.

For young musicians interested in root city blues, this album is an excellent place to start. Even a normally placid player like Gerald Wiggins (on organ here) is moved to get into the groove. If I am hearing this right, I think Brown would fit beautifully with Lloyd Glenn, Jesse Stone, Maxwell Davis and other of the older LA blues-blowers. Recommended for the work of Brown and Ellis.

Organist Henry Cain has been working around Los Angeles for several years, usually in the company of Bobby Bryant and/or Della Reese. He has a good sense of construction, a flair for picking good tempos, and is a powerful and entertaining player who establishes good rapport with

his audience.

I mention this because it would be difficult to know on the basis of this LP without having heard Cain in person. The album is a mish-mash of 12 tracks, most of them hits, with rock arrangements by H. B. Barnum and Oliver Nelson. Cain, who has nearly all the solo space, is under wraps and never has a chance to get into it. Jackie Kelson and Howard Roberts are present in the accompanying band but only Johnson solos—a very brief stint in *Respect*.

This is the typical Capitol treatment. I would guess that Capitol wastes more talent each year than some independent labels have on their entire roster. One shudders to think what might have happened to a Groove Holmes or Jack McDuff, had they been handled in this manner.

The same unswinging sound is present on all the tracks. Best of a bad lot is *The Way I Feel*, a John Patton line, which is one of Cain's favorite tunes. Capitol would have had a better product and Cain a better debut LP if less money and fewer players had been involved. The rating is entirely for Cain and his potential.

Although the title of Jimmy Smith's latest LP is apt, it might better have been titled *The Best of Jimmy Smith with Orchestra*. The organist's Verve affiliation has found him with big-band backing on most of his dates.

All the tracks are hits of recent vintage, and there has been no artificial shortening of the performances. *I Got My Mojo Working* and *Hoochie Coochie Man* have vocals by the leader, and *Old Man River* has a beautiful Phil Woods solo, but aside from that, the album is straight ahead Jimmy Smith. Smith is, of course, the master, and for those interested in a sampling of his hits, this is the best possible package.

To be truthful, a real *Best of Jimmy Smith* would have to include selections from his Blue Note dates, but I suspect that, eventually, Blue Note will get around to that.

Little Richie Varola is a 23-year-old organist featured with the Louis Prima show. His record has both the strength and weakness of Prima's Vegas lounge-style jazz.

The album is well programmed, with an admirable variety of music, but Varola is primarily a flashy organist whose antics would appear to be visual in nature. He can't play a ballad, and his *Meditation* is a ghastly mistake. The backing by the Prima band is good: the arrangements are crisp and well played. There is swing of a superficial kind on the up-tempo tracks, but again the focus is entirely on Varola, which is strange since the mighty Sam Butera is present.

While the Prima band might be a good place to develop showmanship, it is not the best surrounding for musical growth. I think Varola has some growing to do, and according to the note, he will be making a national tour this spring. Perhaps the next time out things will perk up a bit.



GARY BURTON— LARRY CORYELL BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 1

Although it was just about a year ago that Larry Coryell joined the Gary Burton Quartet, the sympathetic vibrations between the two were so swift in asserting themselves that within a few months they seemed to be as perfectly attuned as Nat and Cannonball, Jay and Kai, Diz and Bird, or any other famous jazz pair all the way back to Venuti-Lang and Armstrong-Oliver.

Neither had previously been blindfold-tested. In view of the closeness of their partnership, I suggested a two-part joint interview, and they immediately went along with the idea.

Both were born in 1943: Burton in Anderson, Ind.; Coryell in Galveston, Texas. Both moved around considerably before making their professional debuts in Nashville, Tenn. and Seattle, Wash. respectively. Burton came to jazz prominence with George Shearing (1962) and Stan Getz (1964-6); Coryell worked with a rock group, the Free Spirits, before joining Burton.

Neither musician was given any information, before or during the test, about the records played. —Leonard Feather



1. GEORGE BENSON. *Myna Bird Blues* (from *It's Uptown*, Columbia). Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Benson, guitar; Lonnie Smith, organ.

LC: There's a school of jazz guitar that was started back in the late 40s and early 50s by people like Tal Farlow, and later on, from Nashville, there was Hank Garland, and I'm pretty sure this was George Benson playing guitar. He plays that style very well; he had a nice tone, and being a guitar player, I couldn't help but admire his skill and his feeling.

I think the baritone player is Ron Cuber, who plays with him often, and he was kind of boring after George played. Mainly because it was long, and I was only interested in the guitar player.

I couldn't hear the bass line. The organ player, I think, was Lonnie Smith, and I've never been able to hear his bass line, so that kind of bothers me a little bit. It sounded really amateurish, that organ solo. So for George's playing, I'll give the record four stars.

CB: I agree pretty much with what Larry says. It's well performed, and I'm sure that's who the people are. I certainly wouldn't call it adventurous. I would tend toward a newer thing in style, but I think that for the type of thing it is, it's performed very well, and I'd give it three stars.

2. CHARLES LLOYD. *Lonesome Child* (from *Journey Within*, Atlantic). Lloyd, tenor saxophone; Keith Jarrett, piano & soprano saxophone; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

CB: That was Charles Lloyd's band playing at the Fillmore, at one time or another. It was pretty long, so what I have to say will be spread out over the length of that performance.

The opening session where both horns were playing together, I couldn't help but make a comparison to similar situations where I've heard those two horns playing together like that, in some of Coltrane's groups, and I seem to miss the support of the piano. There wasn't as much harmonic interest as there might have been.

Also, it seemed to bring about discrepancies in intonation between the two instruments that I've never noticed, and I'm sure they happen between those instruments because they're not that easily played in tune. I'd never noticed it particularly in, say, Coltrane's bands, but I notice it occasionally here. It may have been due to the live performance.

I couldn't hear Ron in any of the ensemble parts at all. He seemed to be lost in the drums, which is a shame, but I'm sure that's just because of the recording. Just couldn't tell what he was doing until he played the solo.

That's the first time I heard Keith play soprano, and I wasn't as impressed as I thought I might be. I'd heard so many reports, and his piano playing is so highly developed, that I thought he might be into as much on the soprano. He didn't have that big a role in the performance as I thought he might.

The bass solo had some interesting things, and Jack sounded good. It must have been a good performance to see visually. Visual aspects of performances have come to mean a lot to me. I wouldn't give them any star rating in particular because I know them just well enough, so I wouldn't want to rate them unless I either didn't know them at all, or knew them very well.

LC: I would like to decline making a rating on that, for the same reason as Gary. They're four of the most beautiful people in the world. I know them well and love them. You had to be there at the Fillmore to get the full enjoyment out of it.

I pretty much agree with what Gary said, and I missed Keith's piano and couldn't hear Ron very well at the beginning—not until he soloed. It was such a long performance that my mind wandered to many extremes during the course of it.

None of the solos really got to me—there were little sparks of this and that.

3. THE BEATLES. *The Fool on the Hill* (from *Magical Mystery Tour*, Capitol). John Lennon,

Paul McCartney, composers.

LC: I've been told that this particular tune was written about the Maharishi. I don't know whether this is true or not; it's a nice fantasy, I suppose, but the lyrics are beautiful. The intellectual and emotional content of all the lyrics the Beatles do I've always identified with, and become personally involved in all their work.

I thoroughly enjoy this tune and the entire album. I love the way Paul sings. Gary pointed out the other day that he has this knack of sounding like he's just at the top of his range, and you don't think he's going to go any higher, yet he keeps going higher and higher. He's a fantastic singer.

I thought the deliberate tempo was well suited to the feeling of the song, and it's fantastic what they've done with the old 4/4 meter. They've slowed it down, cut it in half and done so many things with it.

There was a beautiful blend of unusual sounds, like a 12-string guitar was blending very nicely with a piano, I believe, to get a kind of harpsichord sound. And the woodwinds were lovely; the recorder was very nice.

They're still the best of all the rock 'n' roll groups. It's fantastic, they're so different than all the rest. One good thing about them is that they always stuck to rock 'n' roll, or non-jazz. I really don't believe in mixing the two.

Five stars.

CB: Well, I agree with Larry, but I'd like to say in addition that the Beatles are models for recording sessions these days. If nothing else, the records they've made for the past couple of years have been so well produced that this in itself sets them apart from all the other products available. More people should strive to attain that kind of perfection in the production of their music.

This being their most recent record, it's really obvious how skillfully it can be done. That, in itself, becomes an art.

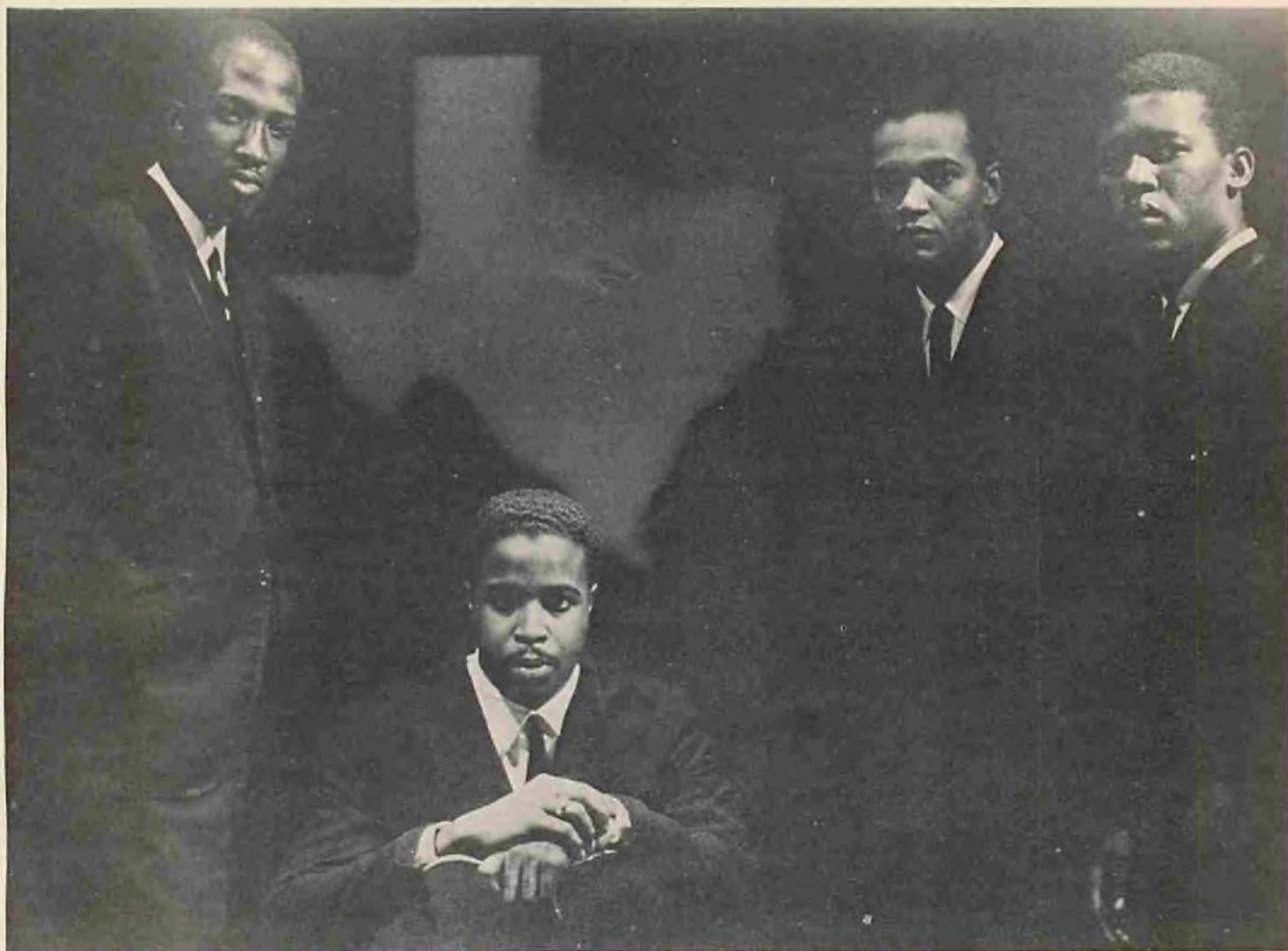
I'd rate it five stars too.



BOB CRAWFORD



The Staple Singers: Roebuck, Cleo, Purvis and Mavis Staples
A Message of Human Love



Jazz Crusaders Felder, Hooper, Sample and Henderson
Hard-Driving Excursions along the Mainstream

The Staple Singers

Riverboat, Toronto

Personnel: Roebuck Staples, vocal, guitar; Mavis, Cleotha and Purvis Staples, voices.

Emotion is at the core of Gospel music, but it requires the interaction of performer and audience to transfer the music into something that becomes a real experience.

The Staple Singers have long been one of the top groups in this field. They are

also among the few to make any real impact outside of their natural environment. They communicate and inspire a coffee house audience almost as much as one seeking the Lord's message at a religious gathering.

One reason for their universal appeal is their material. It isn't just rooted in traditional, evocative hymns to God. Roebuck Staples is a gifted songwriter, and in such

numbers as *It's Been a Change* and *Why Am I Treated So Bad*, his message is for everyone, meaningful in today's changing world.

They will also do numbers by Bob Dylan (*John Brown*) and other contemporary writers that, strictly speaking, are not religious and yet evoke the message of human love—which is what the ethos of The Staple Singers is all about. One needs

to understand this to get to the point where, as a non-religious person, one can listen and move with such music as that purveyed by The Staple Singers.

As performers they are fantastic, especially Mavis, who handles the bulk of the lead work. Like other great Gospel singers (Mahalia Jackson and Marion Williams), she uses her voice in a fascinating way. She soars up or down the scale, and the slurs, twists and voice-swallowing devices she employs are all a part of the Gospel singers way of projecting the moving, emotional message of the song. She literally preaches to the people, and when the audience is responsive (as it was on the group's last night at the Riverboat) she reacted by giving the kind of performance that one waits for but doesn't always receive.

It is as a group that The Staple Singers really show the artistry and quality of their performance. Through the years, they have developed a polished veneer that pervades everything they tackle. The harmonies always blend, and the interaction of the four voices produces a sinuous, persuasive sound. Roebuck's voice evokes the moods and feelings of the Mississippi Delta, and his guitar playing is straight from that background. In contrast, his son Purvis is the epitome of the present day singer. He is serious, direct and to the point.

The only instrument used by the group during this engagement was the father's guitar, and yet the music moved in a way that many jazz groups would have been envious of. The rhythmic attack of the voices, working against the electric guitar, was heightened by the striking use of hand-clapping to produce rhythmic syncopation of a high order.

Within the narrow, confined space of the Riverboat, The Staple Singers created the kind of moving spirit that isn't kindled often enough in this day and age.

—John Norris

The Jazz Crusaders

The Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

Historically, the Jazz Crusaders have been a nucleus of four in search of a bass player. Henderson, Felder, Sample and Hooper have been working together in various organizations since their junior high school days in Houston—circa 1953.

That the past decade and a half has solidified their sound is not surprising. They know each other musically as well as they know themselves. Few surprises exist in the voicings of the front line, or in the comping behind it. Just about any deviation can be anticipated, yet this does not impede the flow of excitement or spontaneity.

What does occasionally hinder their ability to swing is the timbre of that granitic front line. Unless a conscious effort is made to vary their conventional range, trombone and tenor can be an annoyingly muddy combination. Such efforts are uppermost in the minds of the Crusaders, not only in their musical dialogues, but also in their off-the-stand self-evaluations, especially in terms of record-

ing achievements.

Of all the bassists the Crusaders have used in the Los Angeles area, Williams is the most compatible for their brand of hard-driving, bop-flavored excursions along the mainstream.

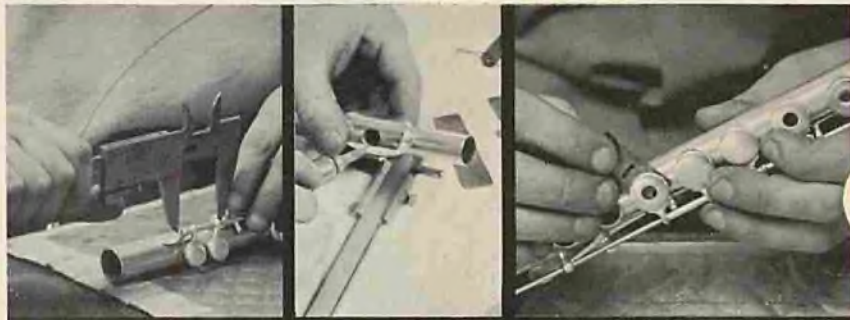
Like Ray Brown, Williams has the ability to goose a combo. It's not done by mere walking. *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* furnished eloquent proof of that. Henderson began the ballad without benefit of intro; Williams then launched into a lyrical dialogue with the trombone. When Sample and Hooper joined the conversation, there was a great feeling of implied double time.

The funky *Tough Talk* made excellent use of the front line, providing a perfect

vehicle for Felder's tenor. *Falling In Love With Love*—giving everyone solo room—was the best outlet for Hooper. He listens carefully to the others, then punctuates. He is a hard-working percussionist with a beat that is very much "alive." His bass drum kicks offer a constant counterpoint to his cymbal riding, but he never overpowers; he is too tasteful for that.

Sample lays out quite often. Not that his harmonic conception would clutter any solo, but his silences serve to give the soloists maximum freedom for reharmonizing. In *Tough Talk*, Sample kept a hypnotic pedal point going on the tonic chord, adding great tension.

One of the best ensemble efforts came on a Williams original, *Native Dancer*.



These hands

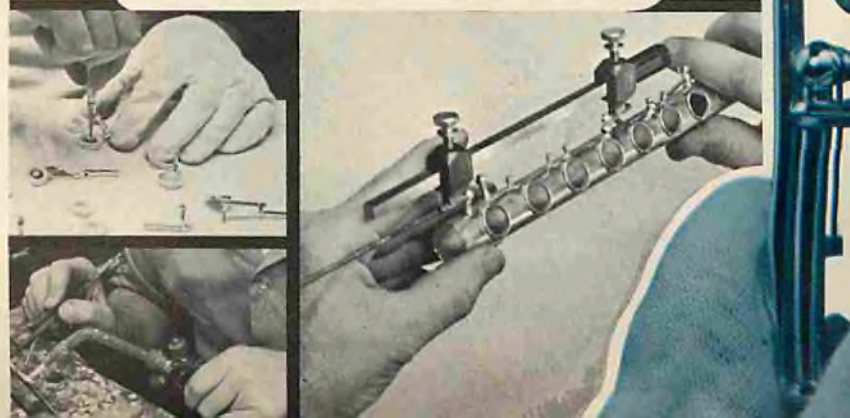
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Voiced in that low, murky range, the medium swinger seemed to have a relaxed, almost lilting quality to it, mainly because tenor and trombone strayed from the original thirds and kept a fourth apart. This contrasted effectively with the bridge, which is built mainly on chromatic changes.

There's nothing more satisfying than listening to a good group having a good night. Now, if only Buster Williams had come from Houston. . . . —Harvey Siders

Joe Pass

Donte's, North Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Pass, guitar; Julian Lee, piano; Ralph Pena, bass; Nick Martinis, drums.

The group Pass was leading here is similar to that on his latest recording, except that Lee played organ on the record. The album revealed a fact about both Pass and Lee that will indicate the principal reason why I felt their club performance was only a qualified success: both men evolved in the 1940s and 50s, when the emphasis was on highly melodic chordal improvisation and embellishment rendered over no more than a few choruses—at least on most records.

At constructing such solos, both men (especially Pass) are more than adept. But in a club performance, made up of tunes played for eight to 12 minutes, neither attempted to transport that sense of construction into the formation of continuously building solos with overall unity.

Instead, most solos were too long and consisted of about half a dozen segments, each of which could have stood by itself. Regardless of the humor, technical wizardry and fine ideas that occurred throughout, I tended to get bored with the ending of one



segment and the beginning of another, and so on, each effort lasting until the player himself got tired.

It was more of a jam session approach, but without enough of what usually makes that sort of thing interesting: competition

between players of the same instrument. Pass, of course, simply never runs out of ideas and is an exquisitely lyrical performer. Lee, on the other hand, inclines toward pastiche in his fleet-fingered way, throwing in some impressionistic Bill Evans, a little down home style and a little old-fashioned two-fisted stuff, never seeming to dig in, emotionally or technically.

Pena and Martinis were elegant and rock-solid. Pass seemed mildly dissatisfied with the group as a group, though this did not hide his respect for the members of his quintet as individual musicians. The guitarist's manner was warm and communicative toward the audience, which in turn seemed happy with his playing. Yet listeners often wandered into conversation as each tune wore on past the 14th or 15th chorus. The repertoire was entirely standard, ranging from Jobim to Cole Porter; songs by such composers are indeed Pass' meat, because he simply devours chord changes and intricate melodies of romantic hue.

I believe that Pass would be better off leading a group without piano—perhaps (as he himself has indicated) with another guitarist in a supporting role. Furthermore, I think he might profit from judicious editing. Such editing could occur both within solos and in terms of format—nothing dictates that the bassist must solo on every piece, nor must there be an exchange of fours with the drummer on every medium and up-tempo selection.

—John William Hardy

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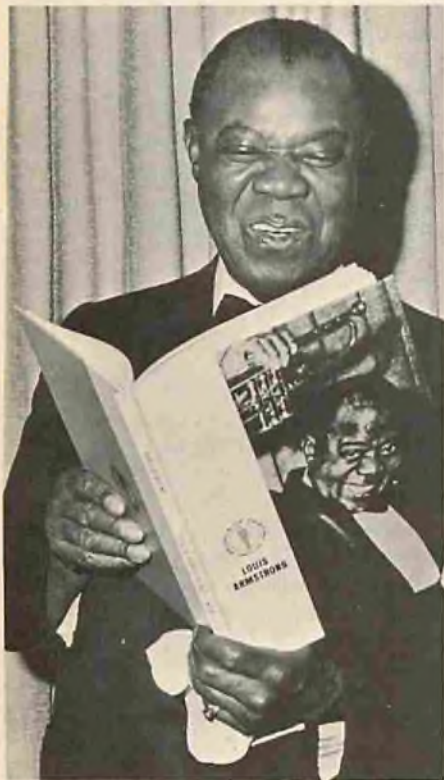
BOOK REVIEWS

Louis Armstrong, by Kenneth G. Richards. Published by Childrens Press, 95 pages, \$4.50.

This biography is one in a series, *People of Destiny*, which also includes President Kennedy, Babe Ruth, Douglas MacArthur, Henry Ford and Leonard Bernstein. Few jazz musicians, and few Negroes, are so honored, but Armstrong is used to "firsts."

The book, lavishly illustrated with photographs and drawings, is aimed, one would assume, at the 12-14 age group, but is not too difficult for intelligent younger children, and not too simple for slightly older readers.

Armstrong's amazing rise from poverty to international fame is an almost classic American success story, and has often



been told—never better than by the subject himself, in *Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans*, published in 1950.

Those who have read that marvelously honest work will find nothing new here. In fact, the book is essentially a watered-down summary of Armstrong's autobiography, with the rough (and meaty) elements excluded or glossed over.

The style of writing is rather bland, and liberally dosed with clichés ("... the fires of his ambition still burned brightly. He was anxious to move on to bigger and better things"), but Richards keeps the story line flowing quite smoothly, and manages to be instructive without becoming pedantic.

There are some minor, insignificant errors of fact, and some jumbling of chronology, but on the whole, the story is told accurately and the background of early

jazz history well woven into the fabric of the narrative.

For all practical purposes, the book ends with Armstrong joining King Oliver's band in Chicago in 1922, which takes the reader to page 67. (There is a brief introductory chapter, "Diplomat with a Horn," which deals in generalities.) The remainder is mainly devoted to Armstrong's return to his home town as a conquering hero in 1931—the rest of the trumpeter's career is merely sketched in.

Perhaps that is as it should be in a book for young people, since it eliminates the need for dealing with potentially complex and ambiguous elements. As told here, the life story is certainly edifying and inspiring, for it makes it plain that it was not only talent (or rather, genius) but also strength of character which made it possible for Armstrong to overcome great obstacles and realize his "destiny."

Thus the book serves its avowed purpose. One hopes it will be used widely, since secondary school-age reading materials dealing with American Negro life and achievement are still a rarity. (The same holds true for books dealing with jazz.) While hardly a brilliant piece of work, the book is decent and adequate, and the story of Louis Armstrong is such a moving story that even pedestrian treatment cannot rob it of romance.

One irritating feature of the book is the frequent use of lengthy picture captions which invariably rephrase (and sometimes simply repeat) textual matter. The space could have been put to better use, but the redundancy was probably motivated by the old saw that repetition furthers retention.

—Morgenstern

I Paid My Dues: Good Times . . . No Bread, by Babs Gonzales. Published by Expubidence Publishing Corp., 160 pages, \$0.95.

Babs Gonzales is a name familiar to jazz fans whose involvement with the music dates back to the bebop era. Singer, comedian, entrepreneur and general enfant terrible, Gonzales was one of the inventors and popularizers of bebop vocalizing, and a very effective salesman of the then new sounds.

His career has had its ups and downs, and like so many of his contemporaries, he has not received his just share of recognition. At his best, Babs can be a most entertaining performer, with a zany, irrepressible brand of humor all his own. But he has never been noted for discretion, and thus has made enemies with long memories.

Discretion is not exactly a key feature of this autobiography, which was written, produced and published by Babs himself, who is a most resourceful man.

Often hilarious, sometimes raunchy, and always direct, the book is a rather unique contribution to jazz literature. It has not been professionally proofread or edited, and thus is rife with idiosyncratic elements of spelling and punctuation (all proper names, for example, are within quotation marks), but this adds to its peculiar charm, and Babs has a style.

From his early days of promoting, performing and organizing in Newark and

environs through his adventures in New York, California and on the road to latter-day European experiences and scuffling at home, Babs tells his story with no punches pulled.

In fact, there are times when the narrative reminds of Baron Munchausen, the original teller of tall tales. But the telling is done with flair and flavor. (Babs' amorous exploits in Sweden are a case in point.)

Interspersed with the autobiographical material are several chapters describing the adventures and mishaps of various memorable characters encountered by Babs in his travels at home and abroad. These read like outlines for Chester Himes novels, and are, to say the least, quite flavorful. Babs knows how to tell a juicy story without sparing the details.

In passing, we gain occasional insights into (and have quite a few laughs on) some of jazzdom's most illustrious as well as obscure names. Babs has known them all—heroes and clowns—and he is a sharp observer.



Babs Gonzales
No Punches Pulled

He also has some true and pertinent things to say about the shysters and double-dealers who have exploited musicians in the past—and still ply their trade today.

The man who was once Erroll Flynn's chauffeur, gave young Sonny Rollins his first record date, coined the word "expubident," and has made people laugh and swing for three decades has written a highly original book. Not recommended for high school libraries, it will fail to entertain only the squeamish and those on whom Babs "tells it like it is." He has never lost his ability to laugh at the world and at himself, no matter what, and that is a rare gift.

The book can be obtained only through Expubidence Publishing Corp., 166 Greenwood Ave., East Orange, N.J. 07107. Send a \$1 money order—Babs won't take any checks. He *knows*. —Morgenstern

SHANKAR

(Continued from page 17)

have to follow prescribed rules of harmony, the music is based entirely on melodic form—it is free to invent its own course."

This would appear to be what players of the "new music" claim of their form of jazz. Shankar, however, maintains that worlds of difference remain between the two forms, and—like Kipling—he declares that the twain shall never meet. Not because of him, in any case.

"I have heard enough of the new thing," he said. "If I may be frank, it doesn't make me happy. It is a very tortured and disturbed sound; our approach to sadness and eroticism is much more subtle. I would not like to play with free players. . . ."

Regardless of the fact that one could remind the sitarist of the similar criticisms launched against his idiom, and realizing that one could question whether his exposure to this music has been adequate, there is no arguing with personal opinion. It is also fairly indisputable that, as he claims, his is "an entirely different approach" than the one used by the jazz musician.

Not until 1965, a full 30 years after he took up the instrument, did Shankar begin to exist for the mass mind. Greater Hip America was tuned into the sitarist by association: George Harrison, the lead guitarist of the Beatles, in search of new influences on the most influential music of the time, also heard the wiry magic sound. He went to Bombay, to Shankar's Kinnara School of Music, and spent six weeks under the tutelage of the little guru.

In all probability, Harrison only meant to gain greater understanding of the musical universe around him by consorting with Shankar. "He came to us with a very strong desire to learn," said the sitarist. "He was very humble and he tried his best at all times."

And Shankar, the dedicated composer and instrumentalist, undoubtedly would have gone on playing for his small but loyal bands of sitar enthusiasts around the world for the rest of his life. But the inexorable process of stardom had begun.

At this point the guys that sell bags-of-earth-upon-which-the-Beatles-have-walked and square-inches-of-sheet-upon-which-they-have-slept were no doubt sizing up the little guru for his commercial value: Perhaps the ashes from his joss sticks or four-inch strips of broken sitar string.

But there wasn't much that they could squeeze from him. He didn't endorse any breakfast cereals; he just kept on playing. The hustlers must have watched in utter frustration as Shankar walked along flower-strewn paths in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district to the cheers of multitudes of hippies.

Sales of yoga books increased and a Swami or two gained notoriety—and the bread that accompanies the phenomenon—but only the residual beneficiaries seemed to realize any appreciable profit on the talents of the sitarist himself: the rec-

ord company with which he is contracted began to reap the rewards of foresight, and concert halls are now sold out days in advance of one of his performances. He also recorded an LP of his compositions with his longtime friend Yehudi Menuhin. It is called *West Meets East*.

But Shankar, who began in the performing arts as a dancer, accepted a challenge to become a sitarist at age 15, and has been one ever since—the best for many years—was one of the most surprised at his new fame. He wore the late accolades with humility, in the tradition of his spiritual teachings, and was not overawed at his main support. "The hippies are dead by their own admission," Shankar said. "I see less long hair, less multi-colored dress. Also, I think that the hippies are coming out of the drug experience. For this I am glad, because I



was not at all happy with the association they made between my music and the psychedelic drugs."

Because of their expression of love for all mankind, however, Shankar said they added to the world around them.

Today, the sitarist is busier than ever. In May, 1967, he opened a U.S. branch of his Kinnara School of Music in Los Angeles. The institution has approximately 50 students, and anyone can apply. Many of the instructors are from his Bombay school, including his tabla player, Alla Rakah. They are fully trained to teach Shankar's methods of Indian classical music—maintenance of the Gurushishya parampara, the ancient way of the Guru; and the teachings of Indian cultural heritage. Instruction is given in sitar, tabla, voice, sarod (another lute) and advanced flute.

Last fall he taught a course in the history and appreciation of Indian music. "There was no time to go into it extensively," he said. "We just discussed things like humility—the Indian way."

The guru spends about four months in the U.S. and the rest in India or touring the world in concert. He will soon score the movie *Charlie*, and supervise the music for a Broadway play, *The Guide*.

Ravi Shankar still has his eastern humility, but he has now discovered the western rat race.

CUTTING SESSIONS

(Continued from page 19)

But what they'd forgotten was that Bean was a creative source within himself, an innovator rather than a copier. And I guess that most of the men were simply too young to realize how much of an old fox Coleman Hawkins was.

In any case, Hawk frequented the pad nightly for several weeks, and every time he was asked to play, he'd have another new excuse—he was resting from the constant grind of appearances in Europe, his horn was in pawn, he had a toothache, or he just couldn't bring himself to play in front of all these tenor giants. Fellows like Lester Young, Don Byas, Dick Wilson, Chu Berry, and many lesser talents were all itching to get a piece of the Hawk—especially Lester, whose staunchest fan was Billie Holiday.

One night Billie brought the personal element into focus by "signifying," which in Harlemese means making a series of pointed but oblique remarks apparently addressed to no one in particular, but unmistakable in intention in such a close-knit circle.

When Hawk ignored her, she proceeded to bring her opinions out into the open, saying that *her* man (and I figured at that time that she meant "her man" in more than one sense) was the only tenor saxophone in the world, the one and only Pres, Lester Young, and it really wasn't any use for any tired old man to try and blow against her President.

Hawk took Lady Day's caustic remarks as a big joke, but apparently he'd previously decided that this was the night to make his move. Up to the last minute, the old fox played it cool, waiting until Billie's juice told her it was time for her to sing some blues. Then, he slipped out, returning with his saxophone, and started to accompany Billie's blues, softly. Billie, hearing his sound, looked up, startled and then motioned to Pres as if to say, "Take charge."

So Lester began blowing the blues, and to give credit where credit is due, he really *played* the blues that night, chorus after chorus, until finally Hawk burst in on the end of one of his choruses, cascading a harmonic interruption, not unlike Mt. Vesuvius erupting, virtually overpowering Lester's more haunting approach. When Hawk finished off the blues, soaring, searing, and lifting the entire house with his guttural, positive sonority, every tub began cheering, with the exception of Lady Day, Lester, and her pet boxer, Mister. They, like the Arabs, folded their tents and stole away

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

Wayne Andre, Meco Menardo, trombones; Bob Donovan, Vince Brassi, Bob Pierson, Steve Lederer, Lenny Slovak, reeds; Ray Starling, piano; Joe Dumas, bass; and Maurice Mark, drums. The charts were, of course, by Potts . . . Conga-bongoist **Candido** was the feature attraction at the El Chico Saloon of El San Juan Hotel in San Juan, P.R. during late December and January . . . The **New York Hot Jazz Society's** first live music program featured stride pianist **Cliff Jackson** and the **Grove Street Stompers** at the Village Gate on Jan. 21 . . . On Jan. 8 the **Hartford Jazz Quintet** under the leadership of **Don Chouinard** (flugelhorn, mellophonium) gave its fourth in a series of concerts they have presented at the Hartford (Conn.) Stage Company. The rest of the group includes **Bob Kolb**, alto & tenor saxophones, flute; **Merrill Doucette**, piano; **Russ Elliott**, bass; and **Paul Lombardo**, drums. They have performed twice on Hartford's Channel 24, in programs sponsored by the Greater Hartford Jazz Association in conjunction with the Hartford Chamber of Commerce and Council of the Arts . . . **Sun Ra's Solar Arkestra** opened the Sun Arts Exhibit at the Countee Cullen Regional Branch of the New York Public Library (West 136th) with a concert on Jan. 9. The exhibit, which was comprised of paintings, sculpture and photography, ran through Feb. 2.

Los Angeles: *Brass Night* at Donte's—under **Buddy Childers'** direction—is proving as popular as its guitar counterpart, under **Jack Marshall's** direction. One of the recent highlights was the world premiere of a new instrument: a contra contra bass trumpet. It is the brainchild of **Dick Hyde**, who co-lead the **Multi-Brass Quintet** with **Don Rader**. Between the two, brass instruments were overflowing on the stand: Hyde doubled on slide trombone, valve trombone, flugelhorn, bass trumpet, euphonium, tuba and his new contra contra thing. Rader used trumpet, flugelhorn, bass trumpet and baritone horn. Staying glued to one instrument each was the rhythm section: **Shep Meyers**, piano; **Frank De La Rosa**, bass; **Chiz Harris**, drums. Hyde had **Domenic Calicchio** of Hollywood build the contra contra bass trumpet for him mainly because he digs tuba but feels that much of the tuba's sounds—like those of the French horn—are lost because the sound is projected up. His CCBT is as large as a medium tuba, uses the same mouthpiece, but requires a totally different embouchure. While the fingering is the same as a trumpet, the range is slightly higher than a tuba's. Hyde said his CCBT can be used in Wagnerian scores, and in jazz, "it would fit perfectly in the Gil Evans charts that usually suffer from that slight time lag that an upright tuba produces." Hyde and Rader formed their Multi-Brass Quintet a few years ago and have each contributed to its book, but separate studio gigs prevent

them from getting together as often as they'd like. Rader revealed that he flew in from San Diego for the gig and would have to be back at 8:30 the next a.m., when the **Terry Gibbs Band** was taping ABC-TV's *Operation Entertainment*. That's devotion . . . Trumpeter **Jon Murakami** left **Buddy Rich's** band ("too much traveling") and bought a home in Anaheim . . . While on the real estate kick: **Johnny Keating** just bought a home in Encino, but how much time he'll get to spend there is debatable. He just renewed his contract with **London Records**—a pact that requires him to fly to London for his recording sessions . . . **Bobby Bryant** brought his sextet (temporary new face in the group: **Peter Christlieb**) into Donte's for a one-nighter that attracted **Ella Fitzgerald**

and **Julie London**. And **Trombones Unlimited** brought out fellow trombonists **Kenny Shroyer** and **Dick Nash**, both of whom voiced the same complaint as they watched **Frank Rosolino** and **Mike Barone** having a ball: they'd like to take time out from the studio scene to "swing a little." Trouble is, there aren't enough Donte's and Ellis Islands around. With **Rosolino** and **Barone**—who did three weekends in addition to a **Brass Night**—were **Mike Anthony**, guitar; **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Gene Cherico**, bass; **Nick Martinis**, drums . . . Bassist **Cherico** is planning to leave **Peter Nero's** trio shortly and re-locate on the West Coast. Nothing personal. He just hates traveling . . . A musician who has been hiding in the studios much too long—**Michel Legrand**

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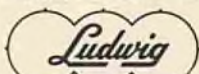
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—fronted a trio for a week at Shelly's Manne-Hole. His compatriots were **Ray Brown** and **Shelly Manne**. Their opening drew a celebrity audience and so many jazz musicians that to list them would be tantamount to listing the whole Local 47 roster. Legrand surprised everyone, most notably himself, as he and his "amis" explored the blues, some standards and some of Legrand's own melodies. He also sang quite a bit—in a style that suggested **Mose Allison** imitating **Edith Piaf**. Legrand said it was his first club gig in 15 years . . . One of Legrand's most ardent admirers, **Tom Scott**, had been leading a quartet at Shelly's the previous week, playing all kinds of reed instruments, including saxello (a variation on soprano sax), and occasionally comping from an electric piano; with **Mike Lang**, piano, electric clarinet; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Steve Bohannon**, drums. Scott arranged and conducted three tunes for a **Stella Stevens** recording date . . . **Georgie Auld** has bought a home in Canoga Park and plans to open his own club on the Sunset Strip this spring. Auld recently returned from a six-week tour of Japan. He went as a single, but as he pointed out: "I had no doubts about getting the right musicians. They've got terrific jazzmen over there" . . . **Steve Bohannon** brought his trio into Ellis Island for a week after proving he could draw during previous one- and two-nighters. With Bohannon on organ: **John Morell**, guitar; **Alan Estes**, drums. Bohannon followed a group led by **Jack Sheldon**, and after Bohannon, **Groove Holmes** brought a combo in for two weeks. **Don Ellis'** band continues to draw the biggest crowds at the club for their Monday night sessions . . . **King Pleasure** made one of his rare appearances here, at Marty's-on-the-Hill in one of **Tommy Bee's** Monday sessions. It came in the middle of a 10-night stand by an even rarer collection of easterners: **The Jazz Communicators**. Led by trumpeter **Fredddie Hubbard**, the all-star group included **Joe Henderson**, tenor saxophone; **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Herb Lewis**, bass; **Louis Hayes**, drums. Following their stint at Marty's, the Communicators had a gig set at the Both/And in San Francisco, then back to Los Angeles for the Tropicana, and possibly Memory Lane. **Nina Simone** was scheduled to follow Hubbard's quintet into Marty's . . . Another singer who is making quite an impact in town is **Kim Weston**. She just finished a 10-day engagement at Memory Lane where she shared the stand with **Sweets Edison** and his quintet. Miss Weston has just switched to Venture Records, owned by her husband **Mickey Stevenson**. **Q. Williams** followed Miss Weston into Memory Lane . . . **Lou Rawls** did a couple of campus one-nighters: the first at California Western University; the following week at UCLA . . . For **Jackie Wilson**, the thrill of his career was cutting an album backed by **Count Basie** and his band, with arrangements by **Benny Carter** . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** received an Award of Merit for Achievement by a Negro Woman in the Arts in 1967 from Delta Sigma Theta, the world's largest Negro sorority . . . **Charles Lloyd** played to a capacity audience at

UCLA's Royce Hall for a one-nighter that concluded UCLA's special jazz series for this season . . . **Vince Guaraldi** continues to cash in on the *Peanuts* cartoon. He composed and performed the music for the third animated *Peanuts* special this season for CBS-TV. It is called *He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown*, and **John Scott Trotter** did the arranging and conducting . . . **Willie Davis'** new club, Center Field, has gone in for the bloodshot eyeball sessions beginning at 6 a.m. Sunday and continuing to 2 p.m. The regular group playing the normal nocturnal hours is fronted by organist **Richard Dorsey**, and features alto saxophonist **Curtis Peagler**. Others include **Leon Flowers**, trumpet; **John Boudreau**, drums. Dorsey's group (minus Peagler) also work the Tiki on Tuesday nights, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons. **Tami Lynn** is currently singing with the Dorsey quartet at Center . . . At the Lighthouse, **Wayne Henderson** and the **Freedom Sounds** were followed by **Dizzy Gillespie** . . . **Nellie Lutchner** has had her trio ensconced at Duke's Glen Cove Restaurant for over a month. When she was at Whittinghill's, in Sherman Oaks, Nellie had **Richard Taylor** on bass, and **Archie Taylor** (no relation) on drums. For the move to Glen Cove, she replaced Richard with **Calvin Ponder**. Archie, who has been with Miss Lutchner for a long time, stayed on. Ponder was the "Spouse" in the once famous duo, **Martha Davis and Spouse** . . . The Factory—the Beverly Hills warehouse dedicated to hard rock—continues to devote Sundays to hard jazz. Among the recent Sabbath swingers: **Bobby Hutcherson**, **Harold Land**, **Paul Horn**, **Red Mitchell**, **Willie Ruff**, **Louis Bellson**, **Larry Cansler** and **Jimmy Jones**. And among the singers: **Carmen McRae**, **Fran Jeffries** and **Ann Richards**. The Hutcherson-Land Quintet is in the midst of a six-week campus tour that began at New York University and will end March 8 at Clark College in Dubuque, Iowa . . . The Club Casbah boasts a brand new grand piano—one that **Dolo Coker** helped select. His trio continues there (**Harper Cosby**, bass; **Everett Brown**, drums) currently backing singer **Rita Graham**. Among those recently sitting in with Coker: **Lockjaw Davis**, **Richard Boone**, **Q. Williams** and **Sonny Craver**. A recent off-beat gig for Coker found him fronting a quintet for a group of youngsters who were being detained before being placed in foster homes. In that combo: **Hadley Caliman**, **Herman Riley**, tenor saxophones; **Cosby and Brown** . . . **Phineas Newborn** is working solo at the Embers in Santa Monica. Fortunately he is a two-handed pianist. Also in Santa Monica, pianist **Joyce Collins** and bassist **Wilfred Middlebrooks** continue their Monday night gigs at Sterling's . . . **John Baker** subbed for drummer **John Guerin** at the Playboy for the last few nights of **Willie Restum's** gig. Guerin returned when **Terry Gibbs** was featured with the **Bob Corwin Trio**. Another substitution took place at the Century Plaza Hotel, where **Dave Koonse** replaced **George Shearing's** regular guitarist, **Joe Pass** . . . **Calvin Jackson** is arranging the musical portion of a new club act for singer **John Fontayne**. Jackson just opened at the

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Saddleback Inn, in Norwalk . . . **Harry James** became the first American band-leader to sign with London Records' new Phase 4 label. James was supposed to accompany **Jack Jones** at the Carousel Theater, but was hospitalized for minor surgery, so **Stan Kenton** substituted for him . . . **Count Basie**, who seems to be recording for every label extant, just cut two for Dot records—one with the **Mills Brothers**; the other a jazz version of the musical *Half A Sixpence* . . . **Bill Plummer**—whose recording with his **Cosmic Brotherhood** was recently released—is rehearsing with that group, looking for an outlet for his large combo. He has also done some recording with a folk-rock group called **The Gentle Soul** . . . **Frank Sinatra** pledged to raise a cool half million dollars for the Palm Springs Desert Hospital. It will underwrite an adjunct to the hospital to be known as the **Frank Sinatra Medical Education Center**. Sinatra has a home in Palm Springs . . . **Singer Bill Henderson**, currently in the Living Room, will do some recording for a label owned by **Bill Cosby**: **Keyman** . . . **Dave Grusin** is writing the musical score for the MGM film *Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?* and will also score a TV pilot for 20th Century Fox: *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*. A two-hour NBC-TV special, *Heidi*, will be scored by **Johnny Williams**. Another pilot, called *The Good Guys*, will be scored by **Jerry Fielding**. **Quincy Jones** is also scoring a TV pilot, *European Eye*, for 20th and CBS. And even **Ravi Shankar** is getting on the scoreboard, supervising the music for a Broadway play called *The Guide*.

Detroit: The holiday season was a sad one for jazz in the Detroit area. **The Swingers**, co-led by tenorist **Jimmy Stefanson** and pianist **Bu Bu Turner**, closed at the Paupers' Club after a run of only about a month . . . **Bassist Ron Brooks'** trio, one of the most uncompromising jazz groups in the area, left the Town Bar in Ann Arbor . . . **Barkey's** first dropped vocalist **Gary Haines**, then a few weeks later gave up on pianist **Chuck Robinett's** trio as well . . . **The Robbins' Nest** dropped their name vocalist policy along with pianist **Harold McKinney's** trio . . . **Bassist Willie Green** and his quartet, who had managed to squeeze in a fair amount of jazz at Pier One, yielded to Greek music . . . **Singer Mark Richards** and pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio left the Shadow Box, to be replaced by the more commercially oriented trio led by drummer **Ralph Jay** . . . About the only bright note was struck at the Drome, which reopened for the New Year's weekend with trombonist **Slide Hampton**, backed by Detroiters **Donald Walden**, tenor; **Teddy Harris**, piano; **Ernie Farrow**, bass; **Art Smith**, drums. Hampton departed after the holidays, but the sidemen, under Harris' leadership, stayed on for a couple of weekends, to be replaced by Farrow's quintet (**John Hair**, trombone and baritone horn; **Joe Thurman**, tenor; **Gene White**, piano; **Bert Myrick**, drums) . . . A Jan. 26 concert at Masonic Temple featured vocalist **Nina Simone** and her group,

drummer **Willie Bobo's** quintet, and what was billed as the **Gerald Wilson Orchestra**, but was actually trombonist **Jimmy Wilkins'** local crew, directed by Wilson and playing the Wilson book. Soon after the concert, the Wilkins band was set to consolidate their reputation as one of the nation's top territory bands with a month-long tour of 18 states . . . While pianist **Bess Bonnier** was on vacation, her replacement with vibist **Jack Brokensha's** quartet at Brokensha's club was **Kenny Cox**.

New Orleans: At Hirt is moving towards a straight jazz policy at his Bourbon Street club. Bookings for the first half of 1968 include **Cannonball Adderley**,



Erroll Garner, **The Dukes of Dixieland**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Gene Krupa** and **Fats Domino**. Hirt himself did a three-night engagement at his club for the Sugar Bowl crowds. Hirt's clarinetist, **Pee Wee Spite-lara**, also frequently leads a group at the club during the trumpeter's absence . . . **Pete Fountain** wooed drummer **Nick Fatool** from the West Coast to play with his group at the French Quarter Inn . . . British clarinetist **Bobbie Douglas** is leading a group at afterhours sessions nightly at the Bastille Room of the Dungeon, a French Quarter key club . . . The influence of rock-and-roll here was dramatized recently when society bandleader **Rene Loaupre** hired drummer **Johnny Vidacovich's** rock group to alternate with his own ultra-conservative dance group at several elite engagements. **Vidacovich**, a versatile young drummer, sparks the **Loyola University Stage Band** . . . Belgian jazz critic **Robert Goffin** was in New Orleans visiting the jazz museum and listening to local bands . . . Vocalists **Lee Chamberlain** and **Teddi King** are scheduled for appearances at the Playboy Club. Miss King's engagement will coincide with the International Jazz Festival in May, at which she will make an appearance . . . **Myra Menville**, long associated with the New Orleans Jazz Club, hired the **Papa Celestin Band** and vocalist **Blanche Thomas** for the coming-out party of her debutante daughter . . . **Peter, Paul and Mary** did a January concert at the Loyola Field House.

Las Vegas: The compositions and big-band arrangements of trombonist and former *Down Beat* correspondent **Tommy Hodges** will be presented in concert on March 10 at the Sahara Hotel. The orchestra, directed by Hodges, will feature solos by a number of local jazz musicians including **Carl Fontana**, trombone; **Dick Paladino**, alto; **Ron Feuer**, piano, organ

. . . **Fontana** recently played with the **Buddy Rich Band** at the Sands Hotel until **Jim Trimble** rejoined the band prior to its tour of England with **Tony Bennett**. Before leaving the West Coast, the band was scheduled to record a new album for Pacific Jazz including another score by **Bill Reddie**, who wrote the band's exciting arrangement of *West Side Story* . . . Former **Dorsey Brothers-Ray McKinley-Glenn Miller** trumpet man **Dom Barulli** has been playing lead trumpet in the house band at the Silver Slipper for the past two years . . . The **Count Basie Band** played a four-week engagement at the Sahara Hotel, with bassist **Joe Comfort** joining the rhythm section while Basie's regular bass player **Norman Keenan** recovered from injuries to his hand. The band also backed singer **Marlena Shaw**, with **Rudi Eagan** on piano and dancer **Baby Lawrence** . . . Ex-**Woody Herman** trumpeter **Bill Chase** is now leading the orchestra playing for the show *Vive Les Girls* at the Dunes Hotel and is also featured in a solo spot . . . **Pete Fountain** returned to the Tropicana Hotel's Blue Room in January and brought in drummer **Nick Fatool** along with regulars **Eddie Miller**, tenor, and **Godfrey Hirsch**, vibes . . . Continuing the Tropicana's late hour jazz concert policy, the **Tommy Vig Orchestra** played an hour of contemporary big-band jazz sounds at the third successful presentation in this series. Personnel: **Louis Valizan**, **Dick Alber**, **Wes Hensel**, **Herb Phillips**, **Jim Sirmad**, trumpets; **Archie LeCoque**, **Jim Fitzgerald**, **Dan Trinter**, **Hoot Peterson**, **Dave Sheeler**, (trombones); **Dick Paladino**, **Charlie McLean**, **Dick Kastel**, **Rick Davis**, **Tom Hall**, reeds; **Elek Bacsik**, guitar, violin; **John Nagy**, piano; **Ernie McDaniel**, bass; **Karl Kisse**, drums; **Roger Rampton**, percussion. The fourth concert in this series will bring in **Buck Monari's Lazy Bones**, a fine trombone quartet with rhythm.

Cincinnati: The **Wolfman**, alias **Ed Moss**, followed the **Lee Stolar Trio** into the Whisper Room. The pianist used **Burgoyne Denny**, bass and **Jimmy Madison**, drums. **Stolar's** trio opened at the **Buccaneer Lounge** . . . The **Dee Felice Trio**, having worked with singer **Julius LaRosa** at the Living Room, moved to the suburban **Buccaneer Lounge**. In February, the trio went to San Juan with trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** for a three-month hotel engagement . . . Trombonist-music professor **Dick Monaco** is again fronting a jazz quartet at Western College in Oxford, Ohio. The group, consisting of pianist **Eddie Pharr**, bassist **Lou Lausche** and drummer **Terry Moore**, is now in its second year as part of the fine arts program at the college . . . **Herbie's Lounge** is currently featuring the **John Wright Quartet** . . . Organist **Mitch Mitchell** is appearing at Highland Towers, in Mount Adams . . . Trumpeter **Jerry Conrad** opened with his quintet at the Hofbrau House after finishing a successful stay at Friar Tuck's . . . Guitarist **Cal Collins**, bassist **Mike Moore** and drummer **Ron McCurdy** operate as the **We Three Trio** at the local Playboy Club.

London: Duke Ellington, who was set for February concerts here, is one of the first jazzmen hit by what looks like an on-off year, what with the Pound's devaluation and all. **Ella Fitzgerald** now plays the Royal Festival Hall alone on Feb. 17, and Duke is rumored to be making an October trip . . . On the credit side, March will see the return of *Jazz From a Swing- ing Era* for concerts . . . Dec. 30 was the last appearance at Manchester's Club 43 of the big band of Northern and Mid- lands talent headlined by trumpet man **Maynard Ferguson** . . . A short film, *The Real McGregor*, was recently made around the life and times of expatriate South African **Chris McGregor**. The pianist was filmed in his home and playing at Ronnie Scott's Old Place with his combo (**Mon- gezi Feza**, trumpet; **Dudu Pukwana**, alto saxophone; **Johnny Dyani**, bass, and **Louis Moholo**, drums). Other recent groups at the Old Place have been led by drummer **John Stevens** and co-led by baritonist **John Surman** and altoist **Mike Osborne** . . . Bassist **Graham Collier** has been invited to Copenhagen in March to direct the **Danish Radio Jazz Groups** in three programs of his compositions. Col- lier's septet was on the BBC *Jazz Club* alongside the **Don Rendell-Ian Carr Quintet** in January . . . **Tony Bennett** will tour England in March with the **Buddy Rich Band**, and will appear live March 10 on ATV's *Palladium Show* . . . Pianist **Stan Tracey** opens a tour March 3 at Bristol's Colston Hall, featuring his *Under Milk Wood* suite. Tracey was the pianist with **Ben Webster** for the tenorist's season at Ronnie Scott's. Webster appeared in concert with **Coleman Hawkins** Jan. 17 at Reading University . . . The same day, **Art Farmer** opened a short stay at Manchester's Club 43 . . . Organist **Jim- my McGriff** arrived Jan. 18 to tour Lon- don clubs . . . New Orleans altoist **Cap'n John Handy** toured for a week with the **Barry (Kid) Martyn Band**, who opened at The Fox, Islington, Jan. 25 . . . **Philly Joe Jones**, currently living in London, has been making frequent appearances at the Troubador, Earls' Court, where his com- patriots have been trombonist **John Mum- ford**, pianist **Lionel Grignon**, bassist **John Hart**, and others . . . The **Kenny Clarke Trio** (**Jimmy Gourley**, guitar; **Lou Ben- nett**, organ; **Clarke**, drums) opened at Ronnie Scott's Jan. 29 for a month. All three are Americans living in Paris.

Denmark: **Palle Mikkelborg**, 26, was named "Danish Jazz Musician of the Year" by the Danish Jazz Academy. The young trumpeter-arranger-composer re- ceived the honor on Jan. 15. He is co- leader of a quintet with drummer **Alex Riel**, musical director of the **Danish Ra- dio Jazz Group**, and a member of the trumpet section in **Ib Glindemann's Ra- dio Big Band**. One of Mikkelborg's most outstanding achievements in 1967 was *The Mysterious Corona*, an LP released by Debut records in December . . . The **English Gothic Jazz Band** played trad- jazz in several Danish cities in the weeks following Christmas . . . Tenorist **Bent Jaedig** was back home in Denmark dur-

ing January after extended engagements in Germany and the U.S. His masculine ten- or sound could be heard at the Mont- martre in Copenhagen, and at several other locations in the capital . . . Well- known bluesman **B.B. King** played a con- cert in Copenhagen Jan. 22 . . . The Swe- dish duo **Hansson & Carlsson** (organist **Bo Hansson**; drummer **Jan Carlsson**) scored a tremendous success at a pop-con- cert in Copenhagen, where they were only supposed to warm up the audience before the arrival of the main attraction, **Jimi Hendrix**. Several critics almost consid- ered Hansson & Carlsson the musical main attraction, and now the twosome will visit Denmark during the first weeks of Febru- ary . . . **Coleman Hawkins** had planned to visit Denmark during the last week of January, but the 63-year old tenorist was hospitalized with pneumonia in London, and his Danish guest performances were cancelled.

Toronto: A mammoth jazz festival took place at The Town when 50 musicians of

Local 149 presented a five-hour concert to raise funds for drummer **Archie Al- leyne**, 35, seriously injured in an auto accident in mid-December. Among the headliners were **Joe Williams**, who ar- rived a day ahead of his two-week en- gagement at The Town, and singer-actor **Don Francks**, who flew in from England to appear with the **Ron Collier Orchestra** in the narration of *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya*, a dramatic presentation of famous jazz quotations from the book of the same name. Williams was featured with **Rob McConnell's** big band. **Salome Bey**, for- merly of **Andy and the Bey Sisters**, who now lives in Toronto, appeared with the **Brian Browne Trio**, the group that Al- leyne had been working with during the past two years. Others on the program, which attracted 1,000 and netted close to \$5,000, were groups led by **Moe Koffman**, **Hagood Hardy**, **Fred Stone**, **Don Thomp- son**, **Norm Amadio**, **Jim McHarg**, **Bobby Dean**, the **Ola Shanks** dancers with bongo player **Dick Smith**, blues singer **Lonnie Johnson**, and masters of ceremonies **Phil McKellar** and **Dave Caplan**.

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WHERE WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Joe Killian, wknds.
Apartment: Ray Starling.
Arthur's Tavern: The Grove Street Stompers, Mon.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Central Park North (White Plains): Sal Salvador, Wed.-Sun., tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Eddie Barnes.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Dom: unk.
East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenyon Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Bubble.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler Trio, tfn.
Frammis: Lynn Christie, Roland Hanna, tfn.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, Feb. Clark Terry, March.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon, eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Dave Rivera, tfn.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Art Mooney, 2/22-3/13.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Mr. G's: Ray Chasin, Ray Rivera, tfn.
Musart: George Bralith. Sessions, wknds.
077: unk.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Paladino's Gig: unk.
Piedmont Inn (Searsdale): Billy Ford and the Thunderbird to 2/29. Mann and the Dukes to 4/30.
Playboy Club: Walter Norrils, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Nick Brignola-Ted Curson.
Rainbow Grill: Joe Williams to 3/2. Jonah Jones, 3/4-4/7.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepherd's: unk.
Slug's: unk.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: Ahmad Jahmal, tfn.
Traveler's Cellar Club (Queens): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart.
Village Gate: Miles Davis, 3/8-9.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: unk.
Winecellar: unk.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Phil Cohran, Fri.-Sun. evening, Sun. afternoon.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodes, Sun.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: Frank Gordon, 2/25.
Joseph Jarman, 3/3. Roscoe Mitchell, 3/10.
Leo Smith, 3/17. Jerald Ajay, 3/24. Lester Lashley, 3/31. Maurice McIntyre, 4/7. Richard Abrams, 4/14. Leroy Jenkins, 4/21.
London House: Joe Bushkin to 2/25. Walter Wanderley, 2/27-3/10. Gene Krupa, 3/12-31.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoon.
Midas Touch: unk.
Mister Kelly's: Arthur Prysock to 3/3. Miriam Makeba, 3/18-31. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hb.
Mother Blues: Linn County Blues Band, Wed.-Fri.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellcatt, Fri.-Sat.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hb.
Plugged Nickel: name groups.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shlupp, wknds.
Scotch Mist: Harry James to 2/26.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.
Trip: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Johnny Gabar, Tue.-Sat.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Welb, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel.
Baker's Keyboard: Richard (Groove) Holmes, 2/22-3/3. Jimmy McGriff, 4/5-14. Redd Foxx, 4/22-5/2.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Big George's: Willie Metcalf.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Breakers: Alex Kallao, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Chez Baux: Danny Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.
Drome: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sun.
Empire Lounge (Flint): Don DeAndre, Mon.-Sat.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: Rod Lumpkin, Tue.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
St. Regis Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.
Shadow Box: Ralph Jay, Fri.-Sat.
Sheraton Motor Inn (Warren): Harrison Price, Fri.-Sat. Carol Coleman.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: The Checkmates to 2/24.
Boj City: Peter Mendelsohn, afterhours.
Both/And: Bill Evans, 2/27-3/10. Miles Davis, 4/23-5/5.
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez, Tue.-Sat. Jerry Gond, Sun. Dick McGarvin, Mon.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Willbert Barrauco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Gene Krupa, 2/22-3/2. Mongo Santamaria, 3/25-4/6.
Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Thelonious Monk to 3/3. Roland Kirk, 4/2-14. Monk, 4/22-27. Ahmad Jamal, 5/7-26.
Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
Little Caesar: Mike Tilles.
New Hearth: Burt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
Pier 23: Bill Napier, Carol Leigh, wknds.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): unk.
Villa Roma: Jeanne Hoffman.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.
Apika (Montebello): Eddie Cano.
Beverly Hills High School: Festival of the Performing Arts, 2/24.
Beverly Rodeo Hotel: Joe Castro.
Brass King (Sherman Oaks): Vladimir & His Orchestra, Tue.
Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Richard Dorsey, Curtis Peagler. Sessions, Sun. 6 a.m.-2 p.m.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Dale Coker.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Galtar Night, Mon.
Teddy Buckner, Tue. Brass Night, Wed.
Various groups, wknds.
Duke's Glen Cove: Nellie Lutchter.
Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.
Embers (Santa Monica): Phineas Newborn.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
It Club: jazz, nightly.
La Flambe (Tarzana): Matt and Ginny Dennis.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Young-Holt Trio to 3/3. Gabar Szabo, 3/5-17. Big Black, 3/19-31.
Lytton Center of the Visual Arts: jazz lecture by Ornette Coleman, 2/23.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Special guests, Mon.
Kenny Dixon, hb.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
New Ranch Club (Palm Springs): Red Norvo.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson, Jimmy Bunn, Tues., Sun.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence. Dini Clarke, Sun.
Redd Foxx: Kirk Stewart, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Saddleback Inn (Norwalk): Calvin Jackson.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Charlie Byrd to 3/3. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat.
Sherry's: Don Randi, Joanne Grauer, Sun.-Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Monica): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard, Richard Dorsey, Tue., Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Wonder Bowl (Downey): Johnny Lane.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Ben DiTosti, hb.

DALLAS

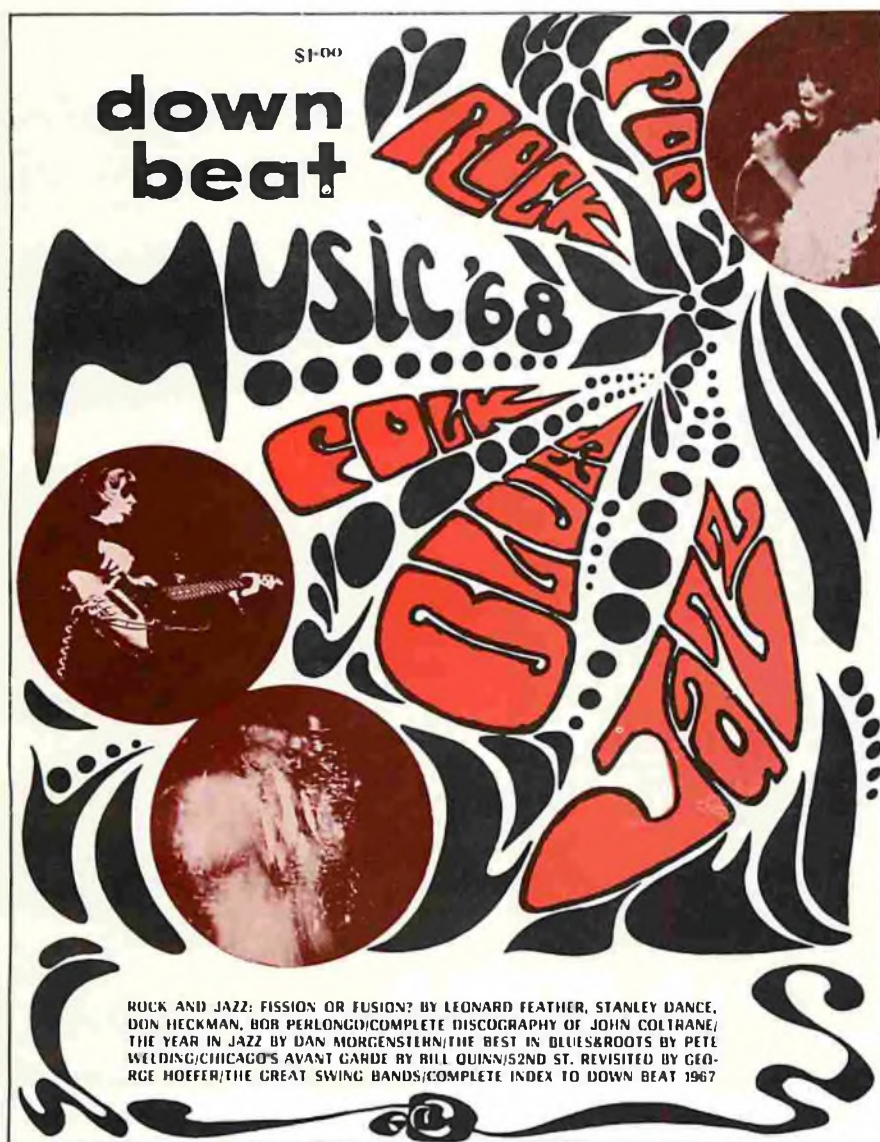
Adolphus Hotel: sessions, Sun. afternoon; various artists.
Basin Street South (Ft. Worth): various artists.
Cabana Hotel (Bon Vivant Room): Louis Jordan.
Pink Mink Club: Jim Black, Betty Green, tfn.
Flamingo (Ft. Worth): James Clay, Jazz Workers.
Lark: David (Fathead) Newman, Roosevelt Wardell, tfn. Elsie Hester.
Mr. Lucky's: Sammy Jay, tfn.
Sands: Roger Boykin, Marchell Ivery, wknds.
Village Club: Don Jacoby, Bobby Burgess, hb, various artists.
Villager: Jac Murphy, tfn.

ST. LOUIS

Brave Bull: Singleton Palmer, tfn.
Clayton Inn: Don Schroeder-Joe Byington.
Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Hi Ho: The Tempos.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson, hb.
Le Left Bank: Don Cunningham.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur.
Mr. C's LaCachette: various artists.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb.
Renaissance Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
Stadium Motor Inn: Pete Johnstone, Fri.-Sun.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Rufus Harley, 2/25. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/3.
Peyton Place: Thomas Hurley.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.



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