

APRIL 4, 1968

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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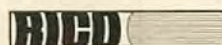


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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Good Question

Just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed Don Rader's piece on the Bob Hope Show (*DB*, Feb. 22). It was completely touching and just about as authentic as one can get these days, with slanted accounts being produced by accredited and trusted correspondents.

I quote one passage. "The GIs really dug hearing some jazz, and a lot of them came up to us after the gig and said that jazz was one of the things they really missed."

Why should this be? Why can't our kids hear our music? Why isn't jazz exported on the USO wheel?

Don Rader is a helluva ride trumpet, but he can write on my team any time. Many thanks to him and to *Down Beat* for making the assignment.

Al Fisher
Wantagh, N.Y.

Gene Harris Lives!

Your magazine just arrived, and for the last hour I have been sitting here doing a slow burn over Bob Porter's review of the recent Three Sounds album.

Not only Porter, but *Down Beat* has

overlooked the great jazz pianist, Gene Harris, who has few peers when it comes to playing the blues. Could it be he's too much of an authentic blues player? . . . I can't understand this, because the man is a two-fisted pianist with perfect time, sense of solo construction, be it jazz, blues, rock, etc., and a style that is identifiable. . . .

Around the Los Angeles area, when he's appearing, many of the top pianists are out in full force to see this man, and learn from him. I'm not yelling prejudice because you've been fair, (except) for this one instance. Maybe you should have piano people like Feather, McPartland, Siders do Gene Harris . . . justice.

Karl Baptiste
Los Angeles, Cal.

Eloquent Defense

I sincerely hope that you will be able to print this letter since I strongly feel that it is time somebody spoke out in defense of Buddy Rich and against the type of criticism contained in the three letters in *Chords and Discords* from people seemingly enraged almost to the point of hysteria over Rich. About the only point made in these three letters that I would not care to refute is that Rich is quite narrow-minded about today's jazz. Granted. I cannot appreciate the logic, however, that proceeds from this obvious fact to the conclusion that Rich's playing must

also in some way be inferior to the playing of those musicians whom he criticizes, admittedly with rather poor taste. This, of course, does not follow, any more than it follows that Wagner's music is inferior because he was an anti-Semite.

Whether Rich is personally insecure or not should not under any circumstances enter into an evaluation of his playing. I would certainly challenge Mr. Valente to explain to me how he arrives at the conclusion that Rich does *not* improvise on the drums, whereas Louis Bellson *does*. What definition of "improvisation" could he possibly be using? As Rupert Kettle pointed out (*DB*, March 23, 1967) Louis Bellson and Buddy Rich both play in the very same stylistic school. In fact, I personally would have thought that Kettle's other equally perceptive and well-done article (*DB*, March 24, 1966), comparing the styles of Buddy Rich and Max Roach, would have forestalled some of the highly unperceptive criticism contained in the three letters mentioned.

Certainly an ignorant and very flip remark about Buddy playing "like an escapee from a drum and bugle corps" cannot pass as responsible music criticism. It may be true that Buddy does not play the most contemporary style (understatement!), but then neither do Max Roach or Shelly Manne, so it is just a matter of degree. And there is no reason why Buddy or anybody else should play that style if they don't feel it that way. Buddy was



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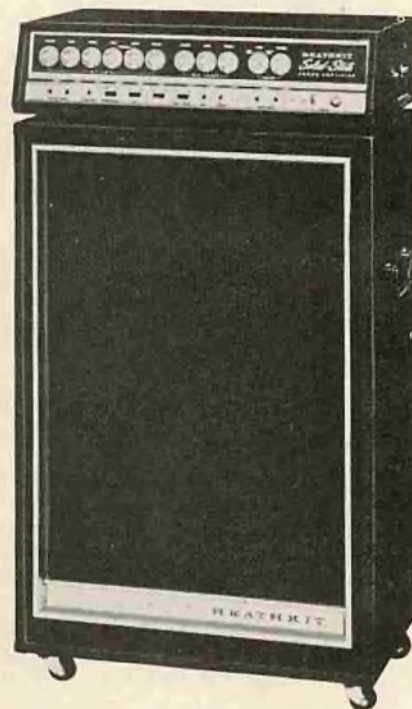
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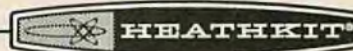
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also accused of lacking "raw soul," but since this wasn't defined it is difficult for me to know what might be meant by it. It certainly cannot mean that Buddy does not express himself in his playing for he is much more than a mere technician. He plays ideas that would sound good at half the tempo, but he just happens to play them fast.

And if this is accepted as true (and it should be, after a thorough reading of Kettle's article), then Buddy's technique can never be counted as a strike against him. Although I do enjoy Elvin Jones' playing very much, I have on many occasions seen him miss an attempted figure simply because of poor technique. Needless to say, I have never seen Buddy miss anything. It seems strange that petty minds could almost consider this a fault rather than a virtue in the light of Buddy's opinions about his fellow musicians.

Robert W. Felkel
Needham, Mass.

Plea For Open Ears

First of all, I want to say that your magazine is the greatest thing that has ever happened to jazz. I read every issue from cover to cover.

My first musical devotion is definitely to jazz, since I played trumpet for four years in the Walt Whitman High School Stage Band under Clem De Rosa. It was the best experience that I possibly could have received.

Now I am going to school at State

University of New York at Buffalo, and am in the jazz lab band there. Since I have been at school, I've heard many of the new rock groups and think that they do deserve some recognition. If a jazz musician listens to some of this music by groups such as the well-recognized Beatles, the Bee Gees, the Cream, the Jimi Hendrix Experience, and the Pink Floyd . . . he will realize that there is a definite jazz sound in many of their songs. Just because their sound is associated with the general rock 'n' roll sound, the jazz people tend to disregard their musical ability. They are musicians, and many of them are very good musicians. Some of the best guitar players in the world are members of rock groups.

I think that these groups should receive some consideration and recognition for their musical achievements.

Donald Abrams
Buffalo, N.Y.

(See p. 19)

The Real Havens

It was with great interest that I read Chris Albertson's article on Richie Havens (DB, Feb. 8). Well, it was a nice little thing, but I don't think it really did any more than skim the surface, providing the barest facts . . .

It is one thing to provide background information—indeed, it is necessary—but what of the man's music?

Nothing more was said than that his voice "would not overly impress a vocal coach," that his guitar playing was "rather average," and that he plays some sitar.

Still, the *real* feeling of Richie Havens was, to my mind, missed.

Having seen Havens numerous times and having heard his records, I say it is truly amazing what his straightforward, unique style can do for a song. For example, *San Francisco Bay Blues* (on *Mixed Bag*), a rather trite ditty—before Havens, that is. He infuses real spirit into this song, the first time I thought that it had any at all. Listen to *High Flyin' Bird*, *Handsome Johnny*, *The Klan* and tell me that the man is not a unique, inventive stylist on guitar, more than "average."

To sum up, I think that the best example of what Richie Havens can do with a song and to an audience was provided at Hunter College Auditorium on Jan. 8.

While singing the beautiful *Follow*, he stumbled a little on the first verse, he forgot a couple of words in the second. It didn't matter at all. No laughs, chuckles or even sighs. Everyone was spellbound by the sheer radiance of the man and his music.

Follow received one of the longest and loudest ovations I've ever heard.

Let's see a *real* story on Richie Havens.

Gene Iannuzzi
Bronx, N.Y.

The "real story" is Haven's music, in which the article was intended to arouse interest.

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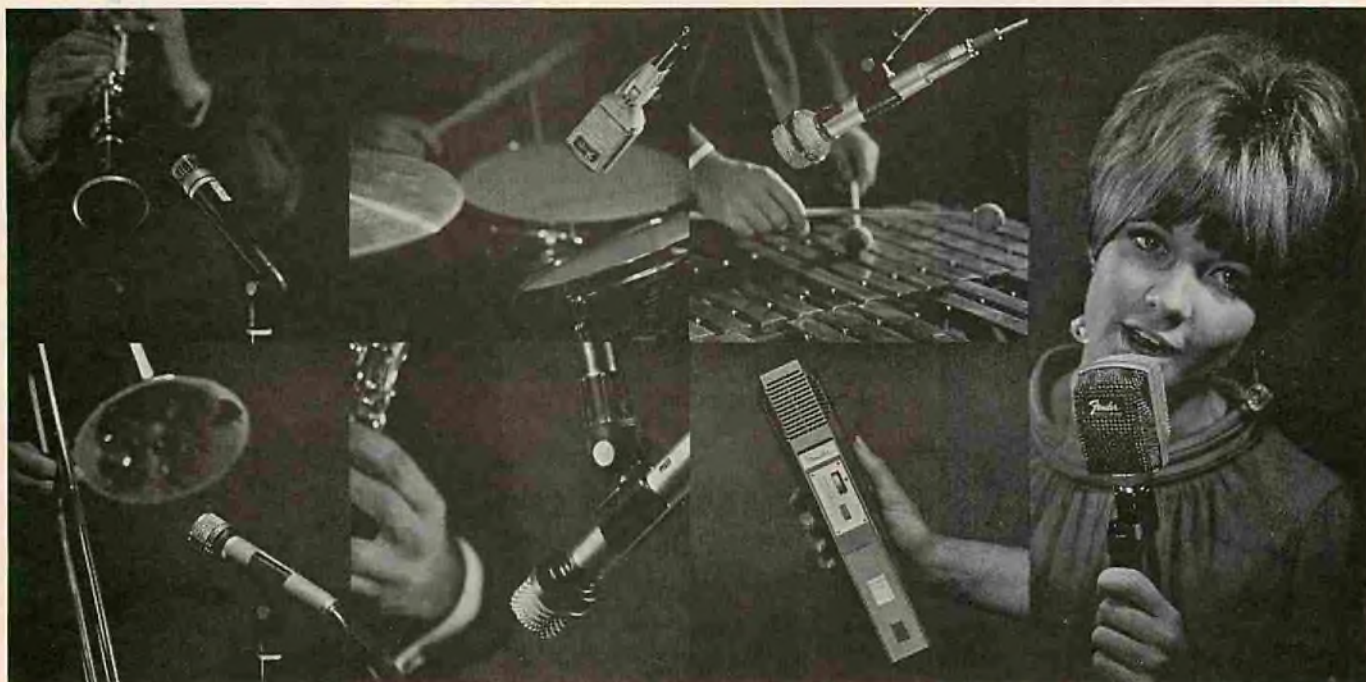
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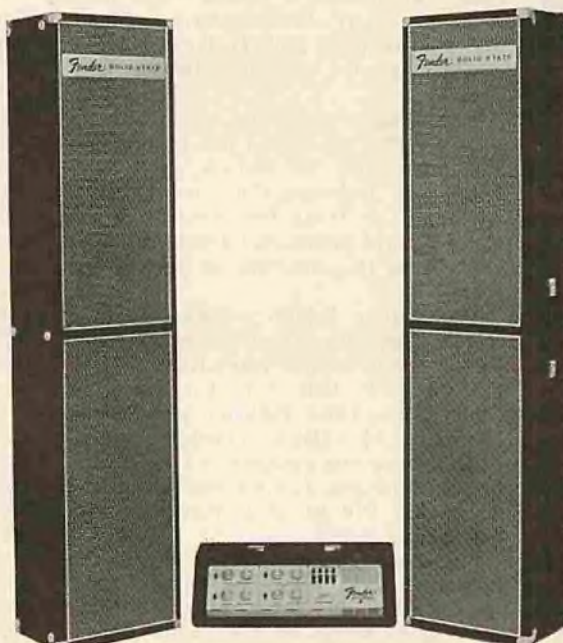
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LITTLE WALTER DIES

Singer-harmonica player Marion Walter Jacobs, 37, professionally known as Little Walter, under which name he made a large number of important late 1940s and '50s recordings that completely revolutionized the role of the harmonica in the blues and added a new tonal dimension to the genre, died at his home in Chicago Feb. 15, 1968, apparently of unsuspected injuries sustained in a fight earlier that day.

Born in Alexandria, La., May 1, 1930, Jacobs learned to play harmonica at an early age and was a full-fledged professional musician by 1942, at which time he



Walter Jacobs

Revolutionized Harmonica's Use

was playing in New Orleans night spots. After several years of touring in the South, he moved to Chicago in 1947, where he immediately began to work with such established blues veterans as Big Bill Broonzy, Tampa Red and Memphis Slim.

In 1948 he joined the group of Muddy Waters and the two, with guitarist Jimmy Rogers, pianist Sunnyland Slim, and drummer Baby-Face Leroy Foster, proceeded to make blues history. It was this band that shaped the prototypical modern electrically-amplified blues approach. Its recordings were very successful and widely imitated. Jacobs' role in these developments cannot be underestimated, for he almost single-handedly fashioned the stylistic approach for harmonica which has since become standard for the genre, and has been emulated by virtually every blues harmonica player.

Jacobs apparently was the first to amplify the harmonica by means of a

small microphone held behind the instrument in the player's cupped hands, a technique which placed the harmonica on the same footing as the electric guitar in terms of volume and which also permitted a number of special tonal effects. Chief among these was the production of a swooping, saxophone-like sound, an effect which Jacobs realized to perfection on a number of his recordings with the Waters band and his own combo, and which was particularly well suited to the long lines in which he cast his solos.

Following the success of his instrumental recording *Juke*, he formed his own group with which he toured and recorded through the '50s. Since the end of that decade he had been intermittently active, and at one period left Chicago to live and work in St. Louis and other cities. In the last few years, however, he returned to a degree of performing activity as a result of the folk blues revival, and played at concerts held at the University of Chicago, toured with the Folk Festival of the Blues in Europe, and recorded again for the Chess label.

SCHLITZ BACKS CONCERT TOUR, NEWPORT SPECIAL

The Jos. P. Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, which last year backed a number of jazz events, including an evening at the Newport Jazz Festival, is going in for jazz in a big way in 1968.

On June 21, a 26-city *Schlitz Salute to Jazz* tour, produced by George Wein, will kick off in Winston-Salem, N.C. The roster of artists will include Cannonball Adderley, Gary Burton, Herbie Mann, Wes Montgomery and Thelonious Monk and their groups, and singer Dionne Warwick.

According to Wein, the *Salute* will not only play the established jazz centers, but also such cities as Omaha, Neb., San Diego and Oakland, Cal., and Phoenix, Arizona. The Texas Jazz Festival, which this year will branch out from Austin to Dallas and Houston, will be part of the tour.

In addition, Schlitz is sponsoring the *Salute to the Big Bands* which will be a special feature of this year's Newport Jazz Festival (DB, Feb. 22). The bands of Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Woody Herman, and a Dizzy Gillespie reunion band will be the backbone of the event, but in addition, famous figures of the Swing Era will perform specialties with the bands.

These are scheduled to include Charlie Barnet, Erskine Hawkins, Gene Krupa, and arranger Sy Oliver, who will bring some of his scores for the Jimmie Lunceford Band. "This will be something very special," Wein said, "and we couldn't do it without the support of Schlitz."

SHAW ARTISTS FOLDS; AGENCY ONCE A LEADER

Shaw Artists Corp., once one of the leading talent agencies in the jazz field, closed its doors in late February. Its assets, listed as having a book value of \$105,000, were turned over to an attorney. Liabilities were posted at \$100,000.

The agency was founded by the late Billy Shaw. After his death, it was operated by his widow and his son, Milt, who sold it in 1966 to Donald Soviero. Mrs. Shaw had died some years before, and Milt Shaw succumbed on June 12, 1966, shortly after the sale.

Soviero initially changed the name of the office to SAC, in the hopes of eventually having his own name associated with it. But the Shaw name persisted in the industry. The agency's fortunes took a turn for the worse when its biggest earner, Ray Charles, switched to William Morris about a year ago. From then on, it was downhill.

In its heyday, the Shaw roster included many of the top jazz and r&b names, among them Miles Davis, Fats Domino, Ahmad Jamal, Sonny Stitt, and Art Blakey. The Shaws were strong backers of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker in the early days of bebop, and two famous Parker-Gillespie compositions, *Shaw 'Nuff* and *Billy's Bounce*, were dedicated to them.

MAJOR JAZZ FESTIVAL AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE

Dr. Jerome Holland, president of the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., has announced that Hampton will be the site of the first major jazz festival to be held at a "predominantly Negro school." (Dr. Holland is known to football fans as "Brud" Holland, famous end of the 1936 Cornell team, and a member of the Football Hall of Fame.)

The festival will take place June 27-29. The first event, a "Roots of Jazz" program featuring the Earl Hines Quartet, the Muddy Waters Blues Band, pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith, the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band, and a blues singer to be announced, will be held at an indoor facility on the campus.

The two main concerts, however, are slated for the school's football stadium. These will star the Count Basie Orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, the Jimmy Smith and Ramsey Lewis trios, a group led by Archie Shepp, and Nina Simone.

As a special adjunct to the concerts, the festival week will include workshops and seminars conducted by Hampton's music department. These will feature special guests, and will be open to music majors for credit.

George Wein has been engaged to pro-

duce the festival, but the production will involve members of the student body in various capacities, from public relations to backstage crew.

NEW ROLES FOR ELVIN: MOVIE ACTOR, COMPOSER

Drummer Elvin Jones, who recently launched a new trio, has branched out into the motion picture field.

At a press party at The Dom in New York City, where the group (Joe Farrell, tenor and soprano saxophones and flute; Jimmy Garrison, bass; and, for this engagement only, Jaki Byard, piano) was beginning a two-week stand, Jones discussed his involvement in two new films.

The first, *The Long Stripe*, is in the editing stage, while shooting on the second began March 12.

Stripe was written by poet and sometime drummer Howard Hart and Robert Cordier. Both appear in acting roles, and Cordier also directed. Jones is writing the music, and his trio will perform it. "I plan to score an outline," the drummer said, "but will leave it fairly free to allow

the group to improvise."

In addition to the score, jazz is represented in the story line. One of the characters delivers a discourse on Lester Young, while another is seen reading *Down Beat*.

Jones will not only score but also act in the second film, *The Third Bird* (no relation to Charlie Parker). He will play the role of a painter. Billie Dixon, who appeared in the New York production of the notorious play *The Beard* is featured in both films.

The drummer expressed confidence that the films "will have a very significant impact on the field of jazz music and its relationship to the movies."

MOBILE COLLEGE FEST PICKS LOYOLA U. BAND

The Loyola University Stage Band from New Orleans and the Jac Murphy Trio from Southern Methodist University won first place honors at the third annual Mobile Jazz Festival, held Feb. 16-17 at the Municipal Theater in the Alabama city. Both winning groups will compete in the semi-finals of the Intercollegiate

Jazz Festival in St. Louis in June.

Judges were trombonist Urbie Green, a native of Mobile; New York music educa-



Urbie Green and Students

tor and drummer Clem DeRosa; and former Woody Herman and Stan Kenton tenor saxophonist Jerry Coker, music



RIGHT, LEFT AND CENTER

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

KENNETH TYNAN IS, in my opinion, one of the best theater reviewers alive. He is one of the few whose reviews entitle him to the implicit flattery of being called a critic.

When he came over from London a few years ago to cover theater for the *New Yorker*, he wasted all our reviewers, and nearly everybody knew it. (So much so that I can take a frankly smug pleasure in believing that he was wrong, all wrong, about the play *The Connection*.)

When Tynan writes about movies, he's not dull, but he sounds like a man trying to talk himself into something in which he is only peripherally interested.

I find Tynan's politics worse than naive.

For Tynan's easy way with words, phrases, sentences, and paragraphs, I hate his guts—not just out of envy, I think; also because, when pressed, he will fall back on a briskly intelligent style and on engaging description as substitutes for insight and hard work, the sort of insight and work he invariably brings to theater.

What's this all about? Well, Atheneum has just published a collection called *Tynan Right & Left*, and subtitled *Plays, Films, People, Places & Events*.

I am pleased to observe that in a book of this sort, by a man of Tynan's caliber,

among the people are Miles Davis and Duke Ellington, keeping company with the likes of Orson Welles, Groucho Marx and Ernest Hemmingway. Among the places is a whirlwind *Memoir of Manhattan*, in which Ornette Coleman, Dizzy Gillespie, Gerry Mulligan and Davis fashionably swirl by.

Tynan respects Davis and his talent without paying the kind of court to him that some jazz journalists have paid, and thereby he comes up with a brief profile that has things to say we have not heard before. Similarly, he finds out things about Ellington no one else has ever found out—or at least has ever put in print before:

"His hobby [he stunned me by writing] is writing plays which nobody is allowed to read. One of them is called *A Man with Four Sides*—in other words a square—and deals with a jazz musician who, oppressed by the primness of his wife, invents an imaginary girl friend whom he addresses in fantasy... His latest unread play, entitled *Queenie-Pie*, concerns a prosperous lady beautician whose looks are fading..."

In the course of a review of William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* in the *New Leader*, Albert Murray had this to say:

"In any case, seldom do white authors develop an empathy for blackness equal to that of Negro-oriented white jazzmen, whose music makes it appear that being closely interrelated with Negroes is the most natural thing in the world. Unlike the white writer, who rarely endows black people with drama and heroic aspirations that in any way approach his own, the white jazzman eagerly embraces certain Negroes not only as kindred spirits but also as ancestral figures indispensable to his sense of purpose as well as his feeling for romance, sophistication and elegance. Negroes like Duke

Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Chick Webb, Coleman Hawkins, and others too numerous to list, have inspired countless white Americans like Woody Herman and Gerry Mulligan to their richest sense of selfhood and their highest levels of achievement."

Murray is Negro.

In the *New York Times*, Howard Klein recommended some 1938 recordings by the Chopin interpreter, pianist Josef Hofmann, with an interesting analogy:

"I would recommend the study of Hofmann's playing, as heard through recordings, for the same reason I would urge listening to Billie Holiday—because a unique artist is able to transcend the limitations of the art and speak, as it were, about the human condition."

Imagine that sort of thing being said in a classical review 15 years ago.

Now, just in case I have cheered you up or anything, I'll quote from the *Times* account of Paul Whiteman's funeral last January:

"Stanley Adams, president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, delivered a eulogy of the part played by Mr. Whiteman in the music of the Jazz Age. He said:

"Jazz was music that was played in the shadows. It was more at home in the honky-tonks. Its rhythm beat against the walls of dimly lit cellars until it was rescued by Paul Whiteman. He was the pioneer who pointed the way. He was the giant of the jazz era."

So after 30-plus years of jazz criticism and scholarship, the president of ASCAP is still committed to that sort of shameful distortion.

Note: In a recent column on record bootlegging, I mentioned LPs by trumpeter Jabbo Smith. I am assured by the producer that Smith regularly receives royalties from these records.

CTB

educator and author of *Improvising Jazz*.

A jazz workshop conducted by the judges was held in conjunction with the festival, followed by a jam session. The student musicians were particularly impressed with Green's prowess on his instrument.

Special awards went to the festival's top 10 individual musicians. These included trumpeter Francis Russell, lead trombonist Tommy Wilson, alto saxophonist Charles Brent and drummer John Vidacovich, all of the winning Loyola band; the three members of the winning combo (pianist-leader Jac Murphy; bassist Gil Pitts; drummer Banks Dimon); vibist Ernest Merlo of Northeast Louisiana State; and trumpeter John McCauley and composer-arranger Bert Brand, both of Louisiana State University.

The festival was sponsored by Spring Hill College and the University of South Alabama, and produced by J. C. McAleer.

POTPOURRI

Stan Getz, Gary Burton, Carmen McRae and Ramsey Lewis have been added to the list of stars scheduled to appear at the International Jazz Festival in New Orleans May 16-18. Trumpeter Thomas Jefferson's combo and organist Willie Tee's avant garde group are recent additions to the festival's roster of local talent.

Ray Charles has been cited by Roger Stevens, chairman of the President's Council for the Arts and Humanities, for "the part he is playing in the field of entertainment as an active participant in charitable and benefit performances." More praise for Charles came from a different quarter: John Lennon and Paul McCartney sent him a congratulatory telegram on the occasion of the Grammy award nomination of the Charles recording of their tune *Yesterday*. "Ray Charles' genius goes on and on. We love your heart and soul," the two Beatles wrote.

Ella Fitzgerald brought her artistry to Hungary for the first time, concertizing in Budapest on Feb. 29 to great acclaim. The singer, accompanied by the Tee Carson Trio, also gave concerts in Amsterdam, Basel, Berlin, Brussels, Dusseldorf, Frankfurt, Grenoble, Hamburg, London, Milan, Paris, Rotterdam, Stockholm, Stuttgart, Vienna and Zurich during a whirlwind 35-day tour, which closed in Copenhagen March 6.

The Ornette Coleman Quartet (Charlie Haden, David Izenzon, basses; Ed Blackwell, drums) appeared in concert at Royal Albert Hall in London Feb. 29. The program included the premiere performance of Coleman's *Emotion Modulation*.

Czech composer Pavel Blatny has been granted a scholarship by the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass. Blatny was a two-time winner in the composer's competition at the Prague International Jazz Festival (1966-67) and placed fifth in the 1967 *DB* International Critics Poll (TDWR division).

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ AND TELEVISION cannot be said to have enjoyed a happy marriage or even a meaningful romance. At best it has been an occasional casual flirtation.

Lately, as a consequence of various circumstances that will be discussed here later, the situation has improved somewhat. This department will appear intermittently to review past events and to advise the reader of future programs, details of which often tend to be ignored or underplayed in the daily press.

That coverage of TV has been intermittent in these pages can be blamed



Terry Gibbs

on the television industry itself. Jazz, or even superior pop music such as the Sinatra-Fitzgerald-Jobim show reviewed in *DB* a few issues back, remains a minority within a minority. Music as a whole has been shabbily treated by the networks, most of whose executives have persistently clung to the shibboleth that it is not visual. (One could use the same excuse for closing down every concert hall in the country.) Ergo, jazz, as a minority-appeal music, is in double jeopardy.

To aggravate this problem, the over-all degeneration of television in its presentation both of art and entertainment has been additionally harmful to jazz, forcing it into an ignoble and inexcusable competition with the pop groups.

Since almost all network TV is designed in terms of capturing maximum ratings, it is hardly surprising that the rock outfits, pop vocal combos and all the other chart residents from Al Hirt to Herb Alpert are accorded infinitely more exposure than Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Herbie Mann or Shelly Manne.

Of course, the pop groups are predominantly white, while the jazz combos and orchestras are almost all interracial.

Though one cannot point a finger and complain of deliberate exclusion of Negro performers, certainly a semiconscious quota system still prevails; without doubt the white pop-rock groups are doubly advantaged by popularity and pigmentation. If, for example, one of the late-evening music-and-conversation shows has scheduled a Negro comedian and a Negro athlete as guests on the same evening, it is highly improbable that a Negro singer, jazzman and/or r&b combo also would be invited. A racial balance is maintained in which token whites play a part on some shows just as surely as token blacks are present in others.

Network programs entirely dedicated to jazz are almost always confined to the long-established figures.

Certainly there can be no cause for complaint about the extent to which Duke Ellington or Louis Armstrong has been covered during the last year. On the other hand, jazz artists who are big on the record charts but haven't been around anywhere near as long as Ellington and Armstrong are generally given short shrift. How many programs have you seen lately featuring Cannonball Adderley or Gabor Szabo?

If a jazz figure is assigned a big break on the small screen, the appointment often leads to disappointment. Last summer Terry Gibbs was hired as music director for Steve Allen's CBS summer replacement series. There is no personality in network television who has tried to do more for jazz than Allen, but this was one case not even F. Lee Bailey could have won.

First, the name of the show, *The Steve Allen Comedy Hour*, limited the percentage of music. Second, in the ever wilder scramble for ratings, the musical guest would usually turn out to be someone like Lana Cantrell. Gibbs and Allen did their celebrated vibes duet on one show, but for the most part Gibbs and the band went almost unnoticed and unseen.

During the same season, excitement was generated by the report that the Buddy Rich Band would have its own summer series, *Away We Go*, also on CBS, co-starring Rich with singer-pianist Buddy Greco. As it turned out, comedian George Carlin was a major figure. Rich was featured mainly as a dancer, singer, comic and occasional drum soloist; but the band itself, on almost all the shows, might just as well have been an anonymous studio group.

Since last December, ABC has been presenting a series called *Operation Entertainment*, each show emanating from a different service post.

Again Terry Gibbs was the man with the theoretical lucky break. Again nothing happened. It is, in any case, the type of program that seemed to be aimed more directly at the GI audiences than at the home listener. The sound is typical outdoor TV music sound. On the shows that I have seen up to presstime, the band's contribution has been minimal, confined mainly to snatches of play-on and play-off music. If you keep listening, you can hear a few moments

of vibes behind the closing credits.

In general, mid-evening network programs are the least hospitable to good sounds. Informal, late-night shows of the Carson-Bishop-Griffin stripe are generally better. It was astonishing to hear the Charles Lloyd Quartet given a dignified introduction and accorded two numbers, albeit brief ones, on ABC's *Joey Bishop Show* in late January. These programs will be dealt with in detail in future columns. So will the UHF and educational stations, which have proved to be the areas least hostile to jazz. Though their audiences are limited (many older sets are not equipped to pick up the channels, and some towns still lack UHF), they are providing a backlog of tapes that will some day be of inestimable value to historiographers of 20th century music.

COMING ATTRACTIONS: *The Bell Telephone Hour* will devote its April 18 program to an in-depth coverage of jazz, using four personalities as focal subjects: Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie and Charles Lloyd. . . . Ralph J. Gleason reports that the four one-hour Monterey Jazz Festival films with which he was associated will be scheduled for late May and early June on National Educational Television. **CB**



Pianist Amy Dee and her trio are bringing jazz to high school students in the Philadelphia area, presenting assembly programs on the history of the music. Miss Dee, billed as "Jazz in a Mini-Skirt", has also appeared with singer Jimmy Rushing, on the college circuit, in clubs, and on network TV.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Billy Taylor Trio (Chris White, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums) followed Ahmad Jamal at Top of the Gate in February. It was the pianist-jockey's first gig since the closing of the Hickory House. Bill Evans checked in March 5 for a month's stay. Downstairs at the Village Gate, the weekends-only policy continued through February with such double-headers as Arthur Prysock and Wes Montgomery; Herbie Mann and the Modern Jazz Quartet; the MJQ and Gloria Lynne; Miles Davis and Charles

Lloyd, and Stan Getz and Dick Gregory. . . . Tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath returned to New York in February from a European jaunt that took him to five countries. He played concerts in Graz and Vienna, Austria; played with the radio jazz orchestras of Vienna, Oslo and Reykjavik; was reunited with flugelhornist Art Farmer for concerts in Holland; and visited with his brother, drummer Al Heath, in Copenhagen. He was impressed with the enthusiasm of audiences in Norway and Iceland, especially. . . . Going in the opposite direction was drummer Stu Martin, who left for London in mid-February, accompanied by his manager, David (The Baron) Himmelstein. . . . Carnegie Hall will be the site April 4 of a benefit concert for Tougaloo College of Tougaloo, Miss. Participating in a program of religious jazz will be Duke Ellington, Eddie Bonnemere, Bob Edwin, the Manhattan Brass Choir, and the Tougaloo College Choir, which will also perform with the Ellington orchestra. . . . A basic rhythm section of pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Bill Takas and drummer Mousie Alexander supplied the beat at the Half Note during the individual engagements of Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and Kai Winding. The trombonist came in for a week while Sims was out of town. . . . Walter Bishop Jr. did a weekend at the Port of Call, a new piano room on 1st Ave. between 2nd & 3rd Sts. . . . Lionel Hampton and his Jazz Inner Circle did a benefit concert at Town Hall for the Harlem Hospital School of Nursing. . . . A feature of Wagner College's 7th Annual Fine Arts Festival was a jazz concert by the Lynn Oliver 18-piece orchestra. An octet and a quintet, both composed of band members, also performed. Oliver played trombone in the big band and piano in the small groups. . . . Also on the campus beat, Lee Konitz and his electric saxophones, accompanied by guitarist Attila Zoller, bassist Reggie Workman and drummer Jimmie Lovelace, appeared in concert at Upsala College in East Orange, N.J. . . . The Uptown YMCA presented the groups of Howard McGhee and Roland Kirk at Columbia University's McMillin Theatre. With the trumpeter were John Matskow, trombone; Paul Jeffrey, tenor saxophone; Greg Kogan, piano; Tibor Tomka, bass, and George Scott, drums, while Kirk had Ron Burton, piano; Steve Novosel, bass, and Charles Crosby, drums. . . . Muddy Waters' Blues Band played opposite the Elvin Jones Trio at the Village Vanguard. . . . The Alliance Francaise presented a concert of experimental jazz featuring the Jacques Coursil Ensemble at the Generalist Society Auditorium. With trumpeter Coursil were Perry Robinson, clarinet; Arthur Jones, alto saxophone; Karl Berger, vibes; Alan Silva, bass; and Lawrence Clark, drums. . . . George Wein's Newport All Stars did a Jazz Interactions Sunday session at the Red Garter with regulars Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone, and Don Lamond, drums, and ringers Buck Clayton, trumpet, and George Du-vivier, bass, who were subbing for Ruby Braff and Jack Lesberg, both in Aspen, Colo.—Braff with pianist Ralph Sutton at Sonny's Rendezvous; Lesberg in the

hospital with a broken leg suffered in a skiing mishap. . . . Vibist Vera Auer did a week at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn, with Richard Williams, trumpet; Hugh Brodie, tenor saxophone; Chris White, bass, and Billy Cobham, drums. . . . When Chico Hamilton's ensemble played at L'Intrigue, Jan Arnet was the bassist, replacing Hal Gaylor. . . . Tenor man Granville Lee's 13-piece band started a college tour March 1. Personnel includes Bobby Few, piano; Jeff Revere, bass; and Leroy Williams, drums. Lee also does vocals. . . . Chris Albertson hosted a color TV jazz show featuring guitarist Elmer Snowden for Channel 12 in Philadelphia with Cliff Jackson, piano; Tommy Bryant, bass; Butch Ballard, drums; and Kid Haffey, vocals. The program may be shown nationally on NET stations during the summer. . . . Thelonious Monk appeared on CBS-TV's *Gateway* on Feb. 24 with Hall Overton, playing and discussing his music. Monk premiered a new composition, *Ugly Beauty*. . . . Milt Jackson has signed a recording contract with Verve.

Los Angeles: Bill Evans was at Shelly's Manne-Hole for two weeks with bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Arnold Wise. During the engagement, Evans was relaxing one night in the back room when Gary McFarland walked in and exclaimed: "Hey man, I like the way you voice triads." But one of the funniest conversation-breakers came about when Tommy Vig was introduced to Lalo Schiffrin. It might be expected that when two composers meet for the first time, something musical would be discussed. Instead, as they shook hands, Vig asked, "Do you play soccer?" Schiffrin recently delivered a guest lecture at the University of Southern California as part of that school's Theatrical Film Symposium. Visual aid came in the form of excerpts from two films recently scored by Schiffrin: *The Fox* and *Cool Hand Luke*. . . . Calvin Jackson is currently ensconced at the Saddleback Inn in Norwalk, with bassist David Dyson. Prior to that gig, the pianist, with bassist James Long, did a couple of weekends at La Escale at Shelter Island in San Diego. Jackson is also involved with the recently formed Inner City Cultural Center in South Los Angeles. For its most recent production, *Slow Dance On the Killing Ground*, Jackson taped an original score based on leitmotifs for each of the three main characters. He also played solo at the Center during Negro History Week. . . . A number of jazz-oriented guests have been taping guest appearances for CBS-TV's *Jonathan Winters Show*. To be seen in the near future: Carmen McRae, March 27; Peggy Lee and Erroll Garner, April 3; Fran Jeffries, April 17. . . . The Golden Bear in Huntington Beach had itself an orgy of blues with back to back bookings of Jimmy Reed and John Lee Hooker. . . . Drummer Colin Bailey and guitarist Joe Pass did not make George Shearing's Hong Kong Bar gig because of commitments to the *Woody*

/Continued on page 46

*Honey, d'ya think
You've got a right to sing blues
Because you live in the street and
have no shoes?
Ah, you choose to lose
And it don't give you the right
to sing blues.*

"I ALWAYS GET really paranoid about singing that song," Janis Ian said at a Boston concert. "I'm afraid that right after I get done the entire audience is going to surge forward and attack me on stage and point at me and say, 'You, too!'" She needn't worry.

I'm wildly in love with Janis Ian. I want to make that clear at the outset, although it will become increasingly clear as the piece progresses. First, because among contemporary lyricists, she is second as a poet only to John Lennon (certainly) and Dylan and the Airplane's Slick-Kantner-Balin combination (maybe). She does not indulge in the obscurantist, free-associational quasi-poetry that passes for profundity among many of her contemporaries—and elders. She has, instead, the rather quaint notion that words are designed for meaningful communication. Which does not mean that she is simplistic or obvious—merely that most of her songs mean something, and mean it in an original, striking, but understandable way.

Janis deals, in her songs, with real contemporary problems in a concrete manner: dishonesty, lack of communication, the suicidal impulse. And just when you think she's taking the facile, kids-under-25-against-the-world hard line, she turns on her own world (and herself) and deflates it: *Honey D'Ya Think* deals with the phonily hip, *Shady Acres* with the irresponsibility of kids toward parents, and *Society's Child*—the most famous instance—with not only the bigotry of the older generation but the sheeplike, albeit unwilling, imitation of that bigotry by the younger.

She is the first to admit that many—too many—of her first songs concern problems considered (sometimes wrongly) exclusively adolescent. "I'm getting away from the kids-and-parents thing. That was a phase, and I'm still into it a little, but there are other things going on."

It's fair to say that at this point her musical sophistication hasn't caught up to her verbal prowess. Lots of her tunes sound vaguely similar. But that's changing, too. "I'm really excited about the two-record album we're cutting now. It's got a little of everything on it: a sort of baroque thing, a seven-minute improvised thing somewhere between jazz and rock, a strange thing that turned into a real African piece with Richie Havens on congas, and some

things I can't really explain."

Her songs, then, were the reason I was a little bit in love with Janis before I met her. But Janis is the reason now. Because here's this 16-year old kid who's pretty successful ("but I can't touch my money till I'm 21; I get this allowance or something,") and pretty hip and astonishingly talented—and she doesn't come on. At all. No posture, no jargon, no self-sell. ("They keep wanting me to have an image. Who



needs that?") She just talks—to, not at—and listens and responds. And she ought to have all the hangups she sings about, partly at least, and instead she's level and direct and in control.

So all right: who is Janis Ian? Diminutive (five feet or less) and not anything like beautiful, except her eyes, which are big and open and *looking*. Sixteen ("but I'll be 17 in April—typical Aries egomaniac"); Russian, Spanish, Jewish and God knows what else in her background. Started taking piano lessons when she was four from her father, a music teacher; quit maybe 10 years later because "I don't like the discipline involved." Plays flute, 6- and 12-string guitar, French horn. Listened to sundry musicians: Lady Day, Nina Simone, Odetta, Dylan, Richie Havens, Tim Buckley. Picked up on rock fairly recently and digs the Beatles.

About four years ago she met Rev. Gary Davis. "His wife took me home and filled me with chicken and things. Later we went down to the Gaslight in the Village where Gary was playing and his wife sort of muscled up to the owner and said, 'This girl's good. Let

her sing.' She'd never heard me sing. So the guy liked me and I started singing there and some people came down and told other people and I went up to the people at Verve and sang for them. And that was it." Since then she has played New York, Chicago, Newark, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

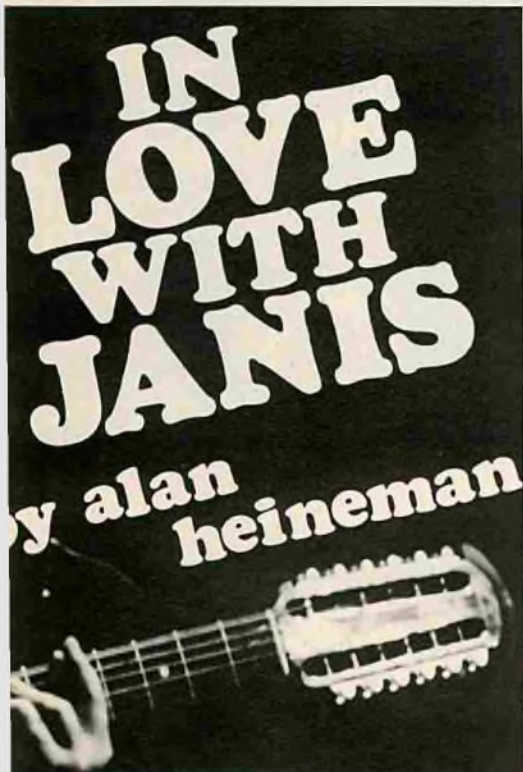
The first recorded fruit of her collaboration with Verve (she has nothing but praise for the company's executives)

was *Society's Child*, which deals with an affair between a black boy and white girl of indeterminate ages, and the breaking up of the affair by the girl's mother—with the girl's acquiescence. "Baby, I'm only society's child." The record was banned by radio stations across the country. "Some dj's bought all the copies available and broke them. Helped the sales, I guess." The record retained an underground following and surfaced again about six months later in scattered areas. "It made number one in Detroit, for instance. And it was very big in the South. I guess they liked the ending."

Janis is probably doomed to perennial conflict with the commercial music powers. On her recent trip to Boston, she was scheduled to do a TV spot featuring *Lonely One*, which appeared on her second album and is now being released as a single. The morning of the projected taping, the program's producer informed her that in his opinion, the song was too long (4:14) to be a hit, and that they couldn't use her. "Yeah, well. If it sells, it sells, if not, not; I can't worry." Two of her

songs, *Lover Be Kindly* and a new one about the Mafia, deal with the cruelties and vagaries of the music business.

She wants to produce albums, her own and others', and is co-producing the two in progress with Shadow Morton, who produced the first two. And maybe act, and write "other things besides songs." In the works is a concert tour of Europe this spring or summer. "I don't really want to go. *Here* is where it's happening. But maybe it'll



be good for me. They keep telling me that." She might go back to school sometime, but is currently "a drop-out." Where did she go to school? "You want a list?"

She keeps saying these grown up things. Like: "I used to be a put-on artist. I'm good at it. But it's too much trouble, you know? Like hating someone. Because if somebody isn't worth anything, then why take the trouble to hate? And if they're worth the trouble, then maybe they can be salvaged, and then it's not hate, it's, like, pity. Or love." Or: "After *Honey D'Ya Think*, I'm not going to pull any of the White Liberal bs. You are what you say you are, or you're not." Here is, then, in many ways a more than adult mind. But as she says, "You can't afford to be a little girl in this business."

Yet her songs are a sensitive delineation of adolescence. "People ask if I write songs out of my own experience. I never think so, I think it's from observation. Except about six or eight months after I make up a song, it comes true. So I must be talking about myself. It's kind of scary." Certainly

not *Pro-Girl*, for example, about a whore? "Well, there's prostitution of the mind, too, you know." That, in fact, is a recurring motif: the cop-out, emotional whoredom. "... the presents they bring, the praises they sing, only make a whore of you." (*Changing Tymes*). She insists on honesty, in others and herself. "People playing games—and when they're played around me, I join in whole-heartedly, damn it—people lying to each other, little games, like I don't want to be hurt so I won't leave myself open to you. Like that."

Janis Ian in concert: tiny figure dwarfed by the stage, the lights, even by the twelve-string guitar she plays and the mike she cries into. Sometimes you see all of her, sometimes it's all you can do to catch an elbow, a hand, an eye. She is not a great performer. The voice is ordinary, effective fortissimo and pianissimo but dull or non-existent at medium volume. She's an interesting pianist, an adequate guitarist; her sense of rhythm is emphatically lacking. In Boston she performed alone, and she needs at least a drummer and probably more. Her first two albums were helped enormously by Artie Butler's organ work, especially on *Society's Child* and *Janey's Blues*; his absence is not compensated for in her solo renderings of these tunes and others.

And yet. The crowd was with her virtually from the beginning. Long, long applause, which she acknowledged only by a shy but absolutely iridescent smile. Once, in response to a thunderous burst, she said, "Okay." That should have sounded condescending, but it didn't. And she does occasionally startling things with her voice. A moan that is a real, pained moan. A way of separating beginning and ending consonants from the rest of the word, so that "caught" comes out "C. Augh. T." and sounds like someone is caught. It is eminently clear that she is communicating in the profoundest sense. (It is unhip, at the moment, to dig Janis. People appear to want their minds blown, not stimulated. That's their problem.)

I have referred to her poetry. Let me finish by citing some examples. The two albums are full of words and phrases that stick and resonate, as well as with a few forgettable pieces that she will surely grow out of. Her close rhymes and false rhymes are daring in a way not unreminiscent of Emily Dickinson; she will give a metaphor an additional twist and add a level of meaning. For example, in *Son of Love* (unreleased as yet), she rhymes "muse" with "music," "sin" with "medicine," and "scent" with "incense." And try to untangle the synesthesia in "Just like

a scent/The sound of incense/Drowns me."

*You get your love from dogs and cats
You've found in the neighborhood
And animal love is good.*

*You haven't got a girl,
You're scared of the world,
No, you don't want a lover, you want
a mother.*

*Yes, you read all the overground books,
You have quite an intellectual look,
But are you an artist, are you a book,
Or just a cover?*

Lonely One

*Yesterday's preacher, today's Bikini
Beacher,
They've stolen your clerical robes and
your Bible's been thrown.
Your virgin red crown of thorns has
turned to ivory horns.
And your corner throne it has become
a coroner's stone.*

*... now how does it feel to pull out
the nails*

And find you still can walk?

*Oh, you can't feel at all from your self-
imposed rack on the wall.*

*The tighter you drive the nails the
harder you fall,*

*So come on down, come off it, sir,
you're gonna get hurt.*

New Christ Cardiac Hero

I think my favorite of her songs, in terms of sheer poetry, is *Pro-Girl*. The whole song is a completely realized contemporary poem of considerable merit. There are lines like "If your mother only knew you've lived through all the books she hid," and "You're looking for a man who won't want to buy your time/You're searching down an alleyway—a garbage can—forget it, girl." And this astonishing verse:

*You find a guy, a God,
And it must be love this time,
Laying at your side
His shadow splits the night,
Then waken in the morning, God
turns on his side,
"How much do you get?"
Pro-girl....*

If the Poetic Muse sees fit to keep this little chick creative and receptive and sane, she will surely be one of the foremost lyricists of our period. And if her composing and performing talents grow proportionately, one of the most influential musicians.

And even if none of this happens, she will have written, between the ages of 14 and 16, several superior songs. That is a gift few are granted. She is also a lovely human being. A gift almost as rare.



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"IN AFRICA, music is spiritual and mysterious . . . it is not something you buy a ticket to listen to but an integral part of society. In New York every musician is in a bag. All of the avant-garde is this way."

These strong opinions belong to pianist-composer Dollar Brand, an unusual musician who has had an unusual musical past.

Born in Capetown, South Africa in 1934 of Basuto and Bushman parents, Adolf Johannes Brand spent his formative years surrounded by the countless musical sounds of Africa. In South Africa alone, he explained, there are 10 tribes, each with its own type of music. In addition, there is the continual influx of Indian, European and American music—principally jazz.

"Music at home is something you hear all day long, wherever you go," Brand said. "In the streets, at work, at home, on spiritual occasions—the sounds are all there—drums, choral singing, chants, carnival music, street songs, concerts, sessions at clubs."

Among the groups he first worked with were the Streamline Brothers, the Tuxedo Slickers and a band led by Willy Max. He was the leader of his own group, the Jazz Epistles, from 1960 to '61. The following year, he and his wife, singer Bea Benjamin, moved to Europe, where the members of his trio, bassist Johnny Gertze and drummer Makaya Ntshoko, soon joined him.

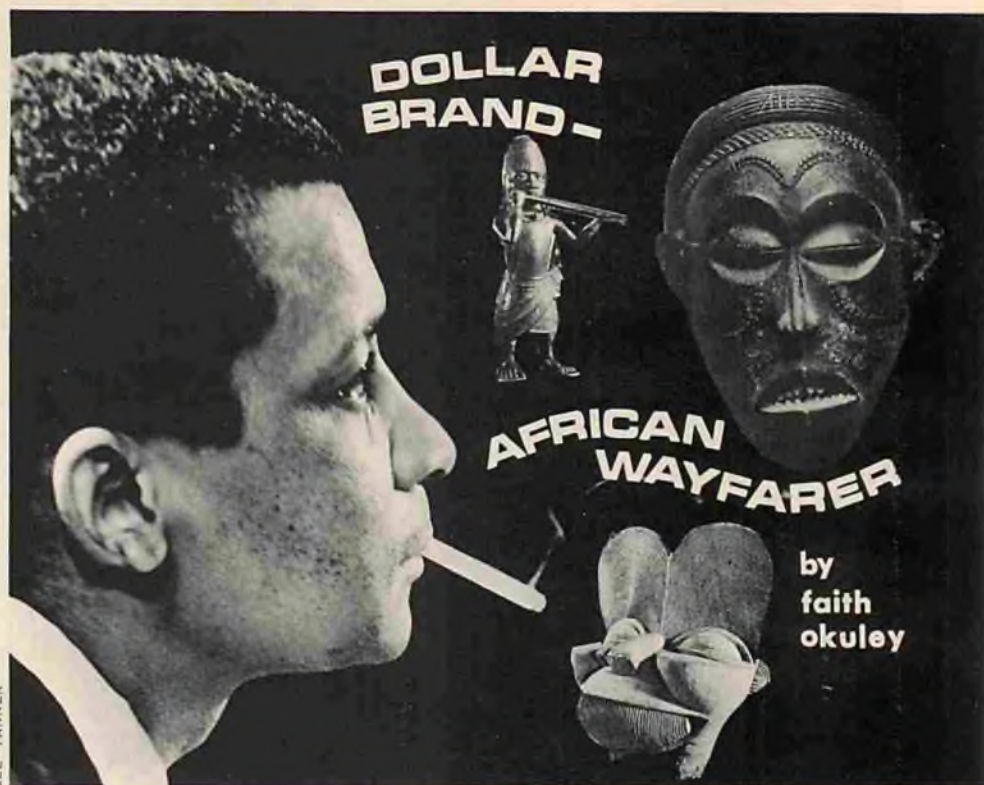
He lived primarily in Zurich, Switzerland, where he had a three-year contract for 4½ months of each year at the Cafe Africana. He also played at the Blue Note in Berlin, and in Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, and Palermo, Sicily, and in 1963 appeared at the Antibes Jazz Festival in France.

While Brand was at the Zurich cafe, Duke Ellington heard him, arranged for him to record, and encouraged him to come to the United States, which he did in 1965.

Since arriving in New York, Brand has appeared as leader of his own groups at the Museum of Modern Art *Jazz in the Garden* series, in two Carnegie Recital Hall concerts, and as a single at the Newport Jazz Festival. He also has worked and recorded with drummer Elvin Jones.

Currently, under a one-year Rockefeller Foundation grant, he has been composing and studying European and Western classical music with Hall Overton, a well-known teacher, composer and pianist, noted for his arrangements of Thelonious Monk's music.

Among the many elements of Brand's diverse background, Brand feels the sounds of Africa have influenced him the most. "But every moment," he said,



"one is affected by influences. I am a mirror of all society."

His music bears this out.

His compositions are a blend of many things, with discernible traces of African tribal rhythms and European folk tunes and religious hymns, classical and jazz strains (especially Ellington and Thelonious Monk), all somehow blended through Brand's own unique conception into an intricate harmonic and melodic whole that is his own.

His music cannot be compared easily to other jazz. In fact, Brand has said: "I am not a jazz musician." But Dan Morgenstern, reviewing his first Carnegie Recital Hall concert, wrote that Brand has "a well-defined gift for original melody, a sense of form and development, and the true jazzman's ability to create exciting music from simple and logical structures."

He has used avant-garde sidemen, among them the gifted multi-instrumentalist Byard Lancaster. But when asked if he considered himself part of the jazz avant garde, Brand replied: "No, for I am going my own way, and I really don't know if we are going in the same direction. I really can't say about the direction of the avant-garde here—there are so many artists, and each has his own sound and voice."

"But," he noted, "the conception of the term avant garde has been reversed here in the United States. In Europe it means those in front, those who are leaders by virtue of their knowledge

and ability.

"Yet the avant garde here is beautiful, and discovering something; the sounds are there. They are breaking down psychological barriers, and this is healthy. They have a beautiful concept, one of getting rid of unconscious fear, the fear of perhaps playing a note which is supposed to be wrong. You should not be bound by what a note of music is supposed to sound like."

"As for Cecil Taylor," he added, "what can you say, except that his music is beautiful?"

It has been said that some of Brand's music has been influenced by Maurice Ravel and Claude Debussy. "But at the time those statements were made, I had never heard of them," he said. Speaking of critics, Brand pointed out, "Criticism is only necessary when an art form is not functioning in society." About contemporary popular music, the pianist is not hostile. "Rock is children's songs—every society has to have them," he quipped. "I sometimes think that the answer to all of the problems of society is simply love."

Brand emphasized that night clubs are too expensive for the potential jazz audience. He prefers concerts, he said, for he feels that a concert hall lets the listener enjoy his music undistracted, without being charged outrageous prices for the privilege of listening. He wishes his concerts could be longer.

"When I first came to Europe," he

/Continued on page 45

THERE IS NO experience that compares to the first time the blues get to you. The hairs on your neck stand up and an uncanny churning sets up between your heart and your stomach. It's the universal experience that unites the blues world.

Today that world is wide open. The fences are down. The boundaries have been extended to take in the music's lovechild, rock 'n' roll, and through the disciples of Muddy Waters and B.B. King, Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, the experience continues, though with the accent on a battering-ram intensity of sound, not nearly as convincingly as it might. But the important thing is that it keeps on happening.

Right now, across the Atlantic, a unique blues experience is taking place—the Jimi Hendrix Experience, a marriage between a couple of British rock merchants and an American Negro.

Although he has been adopted by the British faction of the flower-power syndrome as a kind of high priest, guitarist Hendrix, through the screaming bravado of his music, belongs to the other side of the love generation coin. Violence is, for him, an integral part of the blues of today, and so he feels free to play the guitar with his teeth, set his instrument on fire, hurl it against an amplifier.

"Our music is getting uglier," he has said, and it rages like an angry torrent, almost overpowering at times because of the amplification. But unlike so many of the loudness-is-synonymous-with-excitement groups, Hendrix' sound is not only highly electrified, but electrifying too.

From out of the musical maelstrom, the howl of the leader's guitar comes leaping like a thing possessed, lashing with the anguish of a stricken giant. In contrast to a fair proportion of rock guitarists, whose lack of an individual conception is shown up by the aimlessness of their playing, Hendrix is in firm control of his direction. In his use of feedback, for example, he stretches the notes over several bars, occasionally accompanying the harmonics emanating from this device with a highly developed melodic line.

He claims to have soaked up influences from "everyone from Buddy Holly to Muddy Waters and through Chuck Berry way back to Eddie Cochrane," and one can hear just about everything from sitarlike riffs to crying delta blues from his screaming strings.

"Cats I like now are Albert King and Elmore James," he said, "but if you try to copy them, want to play something note for note—especially a solo or a certain run that lasts over three seconds—your mind starts wandering. Therefore, you dig them and

then do your own thing."

When the thin, stooped, sad-eyed young guitarist came gangling into London in September, 1966, he gave the floundering local scene a much-needed injection and with his unkempt mane of bushy hair started a fashion unprecedented since the heyday of the Presley sideburn. His hair style had already made him an outcast in Harlem, and when Chas Chandler, former bass guitarist with the Animals, and the group's manager, Mike Jeffery, first heard him, he had taken refuge from the Uptown jibes in Greenwich Village. As Jimmy James, he was playing with his own combo of two months' standing, the Blue Flame.

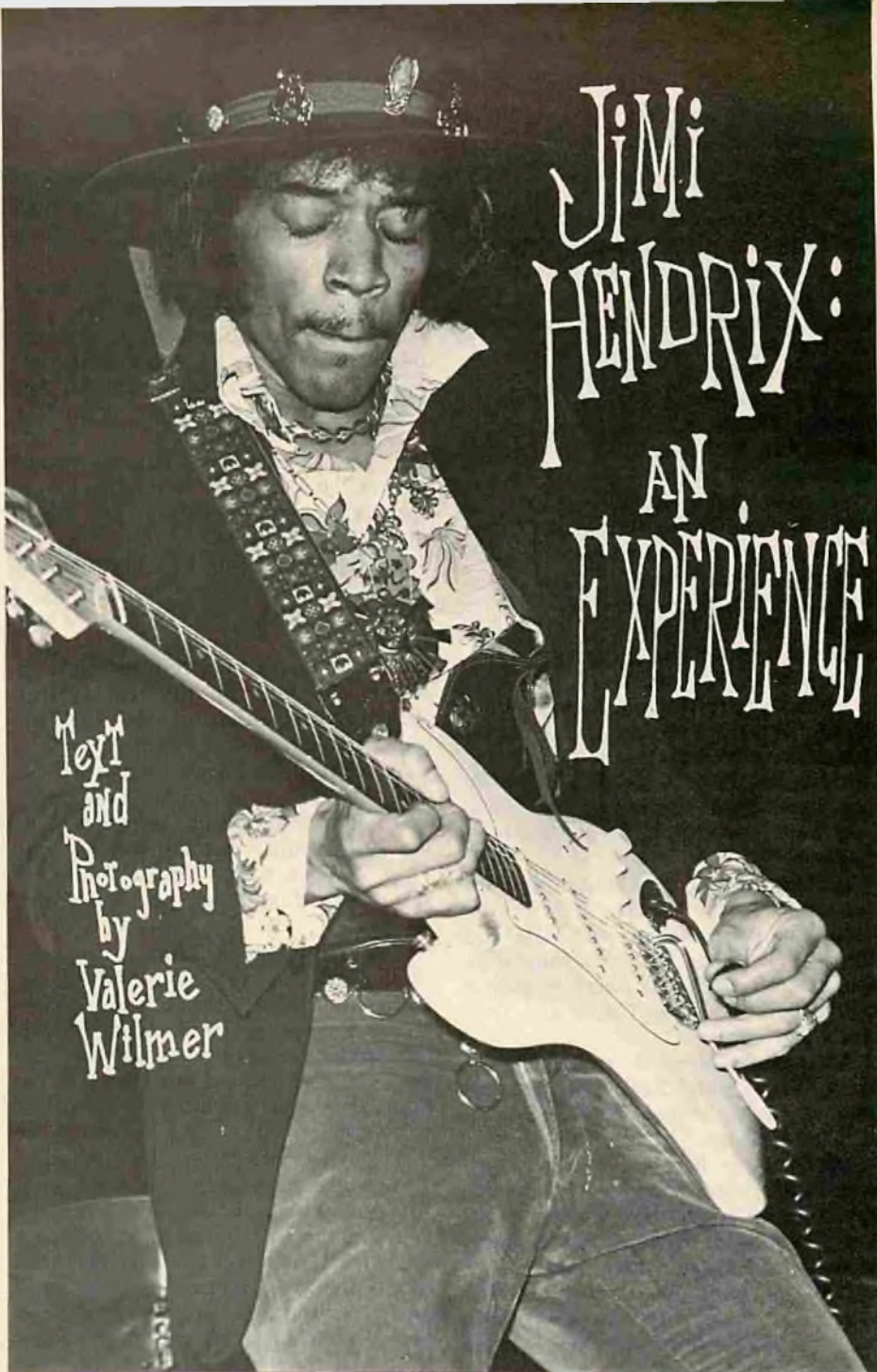
"We just didn't feel like trying to get

into anything because we weren't ready," recalled Hendrix (his real name, incidentally), but for the two Britishers, he was saying something.

They foresaw a place for the shy young man with the despair-drenched voice and the reverberating electric guitar on the London scene and persuaded him to try his luck there.

"I said I might as well go because nothing much was happening," recalled the guitarist. "We were making something near \$3 a night, and you know we were starving."

Hendrix was born 22 years ago on the wrong side of the tracks in Seattle, Wash. He brought with him to England an aura of mystery concerning his origins and musical experience and a



tailor-made line of hard-times-and-pov-erty stories. His colonial version of how he traded the life of an itinerant guitarist for a place in the Isley Brothers' backing group was widely quoted in the British musical press: "Yeah, I'll gig. May as well, man, sleepin' outside between them tall tenements was hell. Rats runnin' all across your chest, cockroaches stealin' your last candy bar from your very pockets." (On his current U.S. tour, he was given a gala reception in his home town, and presented with the keys to the city by none other than the mayor himself.)

After a spell with the Isleys, the guitarist wandered to Nashville, Tenn. where he joined a package show starring B.B. King, Sam Cooke, Solomon Burke and Chuck Jackson and paid his gigging dues until one day he missed the band bus and found himself stranded in Kansas City, Mo.

"When you're running around starving on the road, you'll play almost anything," said Hendrix ruefully. "I was more or less forced into like a Top 40 bag. Playing the things that I'm doing now would have been very difficult in that area."

In Atlanta, Ga., he found a job with the Little Richard tour, and on the West Coast he played with Ike and Tina Turner. Then Richard's show took Hendrix to New York, where he played with people like King Curtis and Joey Dee's Starliners.

"Oh man!" Hendrix exclaimed. "I don't think I could have stood another year of playing behind people. I'm glad Chas rescued me."

The guitarist has the restless nature of the itinerant bluesman. "I get very bored on the road," he admitted, "and I get bored with myself and the music sometimes. I mean, I love blues, but I wouldn't want to play it all night. It's just like although I like Howling Wolf and Otis Rush, there are some blues that just makes me sick. I feel nothing from it."

The chance to improvise is, he said, of prime importance in his playing. "I love to listen to organized Top 40 r&b but I'd hate to play it," he said. "I'd hate to be in a limited bag; I'd rather starve."

When the Experience was formed on Oct. 12, 1966, three very different personalities were more or less thrown together. Hendrix was united with rock guitarist Noel Redding, who switched to bass guitar, and the explosive drummer Mitch Mitchell. Said the drummer, a devotee of Elvin Jones, "I wasn't at all interested in blues. I was more interested in a sort of pseudo-jazz thing. Noel was very interested in the rock 'n' roll scene of two or three years ago, and so it could have clashed like mad. Instead, we all threw in our ideas, and

now we play individually to make one sound."

THE FIRST THING that struck Hendrix on his arrival in Britain was the high quality of many of the local musicians and their awareness of "soul."

"One of the first people I ever heard was Eric Clapton with the Cream," he recalled. "I had a couple of his records, but in person he really knocked me out. I didn't know quite what to think, but I guess that if they can dig a cat like Ray Charles, who's one of the the all-time greats when you're talking of soul, it isn't too surprising if they come up with that soulful feeling. It just shows that they're listening."

It is obvious from Hendrix' eclectic guitar style that he has not only been influenced by people like Waters, James, King and, in particular, Buddy Guy, but has done a complete turnaround in Britain, listening to the local synthesizers of blues guitar—people like Clapton, Peter Green and Jeff Beck.

"I really don't know about that!" he said, smiling. "I listen to everybody, you know, and a lot of the people now are British. But whatever you do, you have an open mind. You don't necessarily take things, you just listen and accept."

Declared Londoner Mitchell, "I don't think this country has anything to teach Jimi, because basically he hasn't changed since he came over. Maybe his outlook has changed a little bit and he's got more scope, but what he is doing is just an extension of his original ideas."

From his viewpoint, Hendrix said, "When you have people to work with who will work *with* you, quite naturally you're going to start moving. If you're really interested and really involved in music, well, then you can be very hungry. The more you contribute, the more you want to make. It makes you hungrier and hungrier, regardless of how many times you eat a day."

Hendrix has slipped fairly easily into the British rock scene, and his attitudes are, at times, surprisingly un-American. Nevertheless, at such times he also seems to be rather uncomfortably straddling the fence between his own blues tradition and the Beatles heritage. It seems safe to assume that had he stayed in the United States, he might have been forced to cut his hair and dress less outrageously than he does in Europe.

As for smashing up instruments on stage, the group has been criticized for following in the path of The Who, the first pop group to introduce auto-destruction to the music. To this, Mitchell has a reply:

"Some nights we can be really bad. If we smash something up then, it's be-

cause that instrument, which is something you dearly love, just isn't working that night. It's not responding, and so you want to kill it."

Hendrix further likened the process to the love-hate relationship: "It's just like maybe you feel at times when your girl friend starts messing around. You might feel that you wanted to do that but you couldn't but with music you do, because an instrument can't fight back."

The Experience has an enviable reputation for the comparative ease with which it records, one of its singles having made the grade on the second take, something almost unheard of in contemporary rock. This stems largely from group rapport. Hendrix is such a magnetic figure that the two sidemen are stimulated by him, and they, in turn, free him from the restrictions that less intelligent musicians would impose.


"You've got to be musically one jump ahead to completely interpret what Jimi wants and put yourself into it," Mitchell said. "Certain times you might feel his equal, and then he comes out with something that stimulates your mind quite a bit."

"I don't know if the public realizes this, but we could make a damn sight more money by going out doing one-nighters than by recording. When we record, we pay for the studio ourselves and waste a lot of time finding out the different sounds and things. It's easy to go into a 12-bar nothing and put it on a record, but we spend so many hours trying to get new effects, it should be obvious that we're not trying to con the public."

At a recent rehearsal, where proceedings were held up for a couple of hours, the restless Hendrix sat down at the drum kit and tried his hand with the sticks.

"Gotta keep it moving," he commented. "You don't care what people say so much—you just go on and do what you want to do. You never do it quite—I always try to get better and better—but as long as I'm playing, I don't think I'll ever reach the point where I'm satisfied."

In spite of the fact that Hendrix has no particular wish to be hailed as the new king of the blues, he is a unique contemporary interpreter of the genre and a musician whose impact on various areas of the scene has been considerable. The blues, in spite of the intrinsic resignation of much of its subject matter, has, as a musical form, an enduring optimism.

"The blues will never die," the bluesmen repeat with reassuring regularity, and it's probably true. In their own peculiar ways, people like Hendrix are carrying on the tradition. 

BARNSTORMING DAYS

"I DREAM ABOUT that damned horn right now," Sandy Williams said. "There's never a day passes I don't fool with my mouthpiece, and I get the horn out and play for a couple of hours now and then."

"It would take me some time to get my embouchure together, but if I did, I think I would play 10 times better, because my mind is clear. I know what I want to do, and I wouldn't reach for a note I couldn't make. I'd know my limits. Right now, when I'm lying in my bed, I can hear myself playing this tune or that tune. It's in my mind, and I go to sleep with it in my mind."

"Once in a while I play some records I'm on. I hear how this should have been in tune or that passage so much cleaner. I guess I must think I'm still young. I still figure I'm going to be able to play. I'll never give up."

"Trummy Young did a whole lot to help me. He tried his best. (He's a fine cat, and he made a hell of a contribution when he was with Louis Armstrong!) But unless I can get my teeth smoothed down exactly as I want them, I'm not going to bother."

"It's been three years since I accepted a gig. My regular job gives me two days off a week, and every day I have free I play golf. When I work a night shift, I may take my horn and mute down in the basement. I know the state of the business, and I wouldn't try to make a living in music. I know there's not too much happening, and I'd never ask for a job."

The release of three Chick Webb re-issue albums within a year has drawn attention to Williams' importance in the drummer's band. By all odds its most consistently rewarding soloist, he was one of the best trombonists of the Swing Era.

His taste, tone and execution were excellent. It is hard to find anything overly dramatic, emphatic or sentimental in his solos. Even the humor is under control, as was that of his great model, Jimmy Harrison. Like his friends of the Fletcher Henderson Band, Bobby Stark and Coleman Hawkins, he epitomizes the "hot" musician of the period. Intensely independent spirits, they were bold; uninterested in personal publicity; hardy in adversity; scornful of the exaggerated, the

affected and the corny; and not a little proud.

They retained their self-respect as men under conditions that make those experienced by today's jazz musicians seem positively enlightened.

Williams was born in Somerville, S.C. where his father was a minister. There were 11 children, and the family moved to Washington, D.C. while he was still very young. There both his parents died, six months apart, during the influenza epidemic of 1919. As the oldest of four young boys still at home, he was sent to an orphanage, St. Joseph's Industrial School, in Delaware.

"Like most schools," Williams said, "they had a band, and I asked the teacher if I could join. He put me on E flat bass horn first, which I didn't like—*boomp-boomp*, you know? I begged him to let me have a trombone, but he wouldn't do it."

"Everybody had to work there, and I'd been assigned to the bake shop. I had to get up at 3 in the morning, and we'd bake enough bread for the day. We'd be through about 11, when I'd go over to the gymnasium and sneak into the band room and get one of the trombones and practice. I wanted that long horn! In all the parades, the trombones were in front, leading the way. I kept fooling with it until the teacher, George Polk, finally let me have one. He'd been a bandmaster in World War I, and he could play every instrument in the band, although his main instrument was the euphonium. He played it beautifully, and I used to try to get the same tone on the trombone."

Williams was in the school two years, and as the oldest of the four brothers, said he was fighting all the time. "If someone bothered those kids," he said, "I had to fight. They had a system of demerits, which meant that if you got more than a certain number, you had to spend Sunday in the guardhouse. I'll never forget that I once spent 13 Sundays straight in there."

In the summertime, when it was too hot to be shut into the guardhouse, they had another punishment, Williams recalled. There was a walkway, along which were stumps of trees, and a boy being punished would have to stand on these stumps with his arms stretched out side-

ways for a half-hour. "It would get so it would feel as though you had two tons on each hand, and that would go on all day Sunday," he said. "Somebody was watching you all the time too. It was kind of rough, and after two years of it I ran away and went back to Washington, where my sister and an older brother looked after me."

"I GOT MYSELF a little dishwashing job, because that way I was certain of something to eat, and I got a room at the YMCA for \$2.50 a week. Then I tried to go to school."

The restaurant where he worked was two blocks away, so he'd work in the morning before school, go back at lunch-time to rest and eat, go back to school, and then wash dishes until about 9. After that, he would go home and do homework.

"All the time," he said, "I was figuring on how I could get a trombone. Although I couldn't play too well when I left the orphanage, they'd taught me to read."

"I used to get those western magazines, and in the back of one of them I saw an advertisement where I could have a brand new trombone for \$20—\$2 down and \$2 a month. Right now I owe them \$12 for that first horn!"

Williams took lessons from the music teacher at Armstrong High School in Washington, James Miller, who charged him 75 cents a lesson. Miller's three sons were good musicians, and occasionally they would give Williams a gig, which might pay as much as \$1.50 a night.

"I kept studying," he said, "and they wanted to put me out of the Y, because when I came home at night, I was going to blow that horn anyhow. I didn't have enough money to buy a mute, but I'd take a hat and put it over the bell."

"On Sundays, I'd do a little parade work with Prof. Miller's band, or any kind of work that came my way. The sons' band played jazz, and they had quite a repertoire. It wasn't just barrel-house. They used to have stocks sent them from different publishers in New York, and you had to be able to read music to play with them."

"I worked with two or three other little bands before I was really making a living from music, and I ended up in the pit band of the Lincoln Theater, a movie house. It was a regular theater band—fiddles, two trumpets, trombones—about 14 pieces. The music score would come right down with the picture, and the night before a change of program we would



*Sandy Williams
reminisces
with
Stanley Dance*



STANLEY DANCE

Chick Webb and his Brass Section (l. to r.): trombonists Williams, Nat Story; trumpeters Taft Jordan, Bobby Stark, Mario Bauza.

have a run-over, and you had to be able to see those notes. Nothing would ever come in an easy key. The easiest key we would ever get, I'd say, was two sharps, key of D. It was then I appreciated the foundation I got in the school."

At the theater, "I was making a whole lot of money, about \$30 a week, but I wanted to get into some gutbucket," Williams said. "I was about 17 when I joined the Miller Bros. band at the Howard Theater, where they had all the shows from New York every week. I was already catching up with the boys, and that was where I wanted to be. In the three years I was there. I saw every band that came down from New York. Some of them wanted me to go back with them, but I wouldn't go. I remember Charlie Johnson's band, but Fletcher Henderson didn't play the Howard, although he would play dances around. I used to go out of my way to hear that band. If I heard he was playing in Baltimore, I'd be in Baltimore that night, one way or another, in order to hear Jimmy Harrison. I had all his records, and I thought the sun rose and set on him. I loved his playing. I'd also heard Wilbur DeParis when he came through with different bands, and I thought highly of his playing, too, which I do today. Another trombonist you may have heard of was TeRoy Williams. Then there was a guy called Johnny Forrester. I think he spent a lot of time in Europe. He was a nice-looking fellow with a streak of grey in his hair. He came through one time and he played so much trombone!"

"Another who could play beautiful horn was Daniel Doy, a boy who died early. Way back in those days, he had one of those Tommy Dorsey tones. He had been in Paris with Claude Hopkins and Josephine Baker. He was a good pianist, too, and he was playing piano with the Miller Bros. when my horn fell to pieces. Because he had a bad chest, he had to stop playing trombone. He made a pretty good living playing piano, and I kept the horn."

WHILE HE WAS at the Howard, Williams used to double around the corner in a

hole-in-the-wall night club called the Oriental Gardens. A musician didn't get much of a salary in those days and played mostly for tips. Claude Hopkins came in one night and made Williams an offer to go to the Belmont Cafe in Atlantic City, N.J. for the summer of 1927. He went, and remembers the seven-piece band played everything very softly: "It was a terrific band." Doc Clark, trumpet; Hilton Jefferson, alto saxophone; Elmer Williams, tenor saxophone; Bernard Addison, banjo; and Bob Brown, drums, made up the personnel.

"The job didn't last too long," he said, "so we went to Ashbury Park and played at a joint called Smile-A-While Inn. It was during prohibition, and the club was selling whisky. When the place was raided, they locked everybody up. They kept us in jail all night, let us out next day, and we went right back to work. When they took us to jail a second time, in Freehold, N.J., everybody took a bottle out of the bar. They had all the chorus girls downstairs and the band upstairs. We raised so much hell, I think they were glad to see the back of us."

Horace Henderson had formed a second band, after the one he took out of Wilberforce University, and had heard of Williams and sent for him to join his band. Among its 12 members were Jack Butler (trumpet), Bob Carroll (tenor) and Manzie Johnson (drums). From this band, in 1932, the trombonist went to Fletcher Henderson's for two years.

"It was the height of my ambition to get into that band," Williams continued, "where I was beside Higgy [J. C. Higginbotham] and with guys like Rex Stewart, Bobby Stark and Coleman Hawkins. All this time, Jimmy Harrison had remained my idol, because even back in those days he was playing like guys are trying to play today. He always played as though he were trying to tell you something. I got to know him very well. In fact, he died right around the corner from me, just a block away. I used to visit him in the hospital, and saw him a couple of days before he died. Everything was fun with him, and I think I copied that from him too. Just live and be happy! I even tried to sing like him. When I was with Rex Stewart in Europe, we did *Somebody Loves Me* with Jimmy's ending:

*Somebody loves me—
I wonder who.*

*Yes, I wonder who,
Oh, my, my, my. . . ."*

The job with Henderson came to an untimely end in 1934 as a result of an incident on the Fourth of July.

"Bobby Stark and I got a big roll of firecrackers, like they use in Chinatown," Williams recalled. "We were at the Hollywood Gardens in Pelham, and we let 'em go in the dressing room, which was right under the dance floor. It sounded as though the joint was blowing up. I think I got two weeks' notice."

"Bobby and I were known as Bar and Grill in those days, Mr. Bar and Mr. Grill. We hung out together, and I don't care whether it was the middle of the desert, we'd find a bar and get a drink. We were playing the State Theater in Chicago once in the Loop, during prohibition, and we didn't know where to get any whisky there. So during intermission we took a cab to the south side to get a bottle. We got all the way back to the theater and Bobby dropped it right outside the stage door. Such cussing I never heard in all my life. That made the day a lot harder."

Following a well-established pattern of traffic and exchanges between the two bands, Williams went from Fletcher Henderson to Chick Webb. When he joined it, Webb already had the house band at the Savoy Ballroom, which was its home base, except when on a long tour of one-nighters. Williams recalls how he hated those tours.

"It was practically all we used to do with Fletcher," he said. "And I never liked traveling. I'd get very homesick. I was married in 1925, and no matter where I was, if I had two days off, I'd make it my business to get home somehow."

Webb's band was known in New York, Williams said, but it wasn't known nationally like Henderson's or Duke Ellington's. Webb's big ambition was to have a band good enough to cut Henderson's, and he always wanted to have a hit with a good band record, but when he got Ella Fitzgerald, the picture changed. From *A-Tisket, A-Tasket* on, the band automatically became secondary, the trombonist said.

"Taft Jordan was a terrific showman and had really been the star of the band before Ella. At the time when Louis Armstrong was in Europe, he had been doing all Louis' hit numbers and winning quite

*Brian Rust's *Jazz Records: 1897-1931* lists Forrester and trumpeter Arthur Briggs as members of Pollard's Six, a group which recorded in Paris during 1923.

a bit of fame.

"I never had much to do with Louis Armstrong, but I liked him, and he seemed to like me. Years and years ago, I went down to hear him at the Paramount. 'You like my style, don't you?' he said. 'I sure do,' I said. 'Don't try to play a million notes in a bar,' he said. 'Put two or three notes from here'—and he put his hand on his heart—and place 'em right.'

"WHAT DOES IT mean," Williams asked with a shrug, "if you can get over your trombone so fast it sounds like a clarinet? Some of them today ought to be playing valve trombone, not slide trombone. As a rule, I don't talk about other trombone players, and I do admire the way J. J. Johnson can get over the horn, but I heard him one morning when he was a guest on Arthur Godfrey's show. Lou McGarity was there, and after they had played something together, Godfrey had J.J. play straight melody. My God, he sounded like a dying cat in a thunderstorm! It was horrible. And it's the trouble today. They play a whole lot of notes that don't mean a damn thing.

"I've always been taught to paint a picture, to tell a story. Now I saw a guy on TV last week painting a picture of dipping fishing lines in paint and dragging them over paper. That was supposed to be a picture? Art?"

Williams overcame his indignation, chuckled, and returned to his consideration of the Chick Webb Band:

"Though Elmer Williams wasn't too much of a get-off man, he'd sweet you to death with that beautiful tone on his tenor when he took solos. Most of the instrumental arrangements were written to feature him, trumpeters Taft Jordan and Bobby Stark, Edgar Sampson or myself.

"A lot of the arrangements had to be chopped up to fit three-minute records. Some of those we played would last 10 or 15 minutes. I remember one Christmas at the Apollo Theater, we were playing a special midnight benefit for the *Amsterdam News* fund for needy people, and it was being broadcast over WNTA. That night, I counted the choruses I played on *King Porter Stomp*—23.

"Bobby Stark and I could play as many choruses as we felt like on that, so long as each chorus was a little more exciting.

That was *our* tune, and sometimes it used to be a matter of seeing which of us could play the most choruses. But don't let down! As long as you could keep it going, Chick would let you go, but he had a special little beat to tell you when to stop. He was a lot of fun.

"Just once towards the end he was a little pitiful. 'When I was young and playing for peanuts,' he told me, 'I could eat anything you guys eat, but now I have all this money and can only eat certain things. I can't even take a little nip when I want to.'" (The drummer suffered from tuberculosis of the spine.)

The band battles at the Savoy were a big thing, Williams remembers. Webb knew the crowd there, and everybody liked him, but the band used to go into training like a prizefighter nevertheless. The men had special rehearsals. The brass used to be downstairs, the saxophone upstairs, and the rhythm would get together somewhere else, Williams said. "We had the reputation of running any band out that came to the Savoy. But just forget about Duke! The night he came the place was packed and jammed, so you couldn't move. We opened, and just about broke up the house. After all, it was our crowd up there. Then Duke started, and he'd go from one tune right into another. The whole room was just swinging right along with him. I looked over and saw Chick sneaking around the other side into the office.

"I can't take it," he said. 'This is the first time we've ever really been washed out.'

"You're right tonight, Boss Man," I said. 'They're laying it on us.'

"They outswung us, they out-everythinged us.

"The only band other than Duke's that really gave us a headache was the Casa Loma Band. I hate to say it, but they outplayed us. We used to have an arrangement on *Chinatown* that featured Taft Jordan, and he'd end up on high C, or something like that. The Casa Loma came in when we finished, playing the same tune, but their trumpet man started where we left off, and went on up. And then they started swinging. That was a big letdown that night. But Basie and Lunceford couldn't do it. That was because the crowd was with us. Maybe if they'd caught us in some other dance hall

it would have been different.

"In my estimation, Chick was the top drummer. I guess Gene Krupa was the closest he had to competition in his last years. And, incidentally, Benny Goodman gave us a rough night at the Savoy when he came up with Krupa, Harry James, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton. Krupa and Buddy Rich used to hang around Chick in those days. Of course, Sidney Catlett was a hell of a drummer too. But Chick didn't take no from anybody. He thought he was the best, and he'd tell you he was the best, right quick. He couldn't read a note, but he was a top-notch.

"Everything was funny to Chick. He would laugh at anything. He made me hot as hell one time when we were in Texas. There you just ride, ride and ride. We had one of those big Greyhound buses, and we stopped for about 75 gallons of gas and seven or eight quarts of oil.

"The bus had one of those big water coolers that hold about 20 gallons, and everybody in the band was supposed to take his turn to fill it up with ice before we left town. That particular day, somebody had forgotten, and it was hot, hot. We all bought sandwiches and soda, but when you're thirsty after drinking, you want water. Now there was a little old funny-looking woman had charge of this gas station.

"Madam," I said to her, 'would you mind giving me a glass of water, please?'

"We don't give your kind no water down here," she said. 'There's the river over there. Go help yourself.'

"Chick laughed like hell. That was funny to him. 'Ha, ha, ha,' he went, and then the guys started laughing too. It burnt me up.

"I'm going to quit the first big town we come to," I told Chick. 'I'm going back home.'

"I don't remember coming to a big town, but I was evil that day. Look at the money we'd spent there! With the valets, road manager, bus driver, and all of us, there were about 20 guys altogether, and everybody bought two or three sandwiches.

"I haven't been down that way in a long time, and I'm not going either. I couldn't take that stuff nowadays. But to

/Continued on page 43

Jam Session: trombonists J.C. Higginbotham and Williams; trumpeter Red Allen; Sidney Bechet. The drummer is unidentified.



SINCE MOVING TO Chicago from New York some nine months ago, I have sorely missed the comparative abundance of jazz sounds available in the big city. The Chicago scene, once bristling with activity, is not exactly a jazz paradise these days.

JOHN KLEMMER: CHICAGO FIND

by dan morgenstern



It was a particular pleasure, then, to encounter a young man with a horn who, I believe, is destined to go places. His name is John Klemmer; he is just 21, and he plays tenor saxophone.

My first exposure to Klemmer's music came in the form of his debut

album, *Involvement*, issued last year on Chicago's most active jazz label, Cadet. It revealed a surprisingly mature and personal stylist with a straight-ahead, no nonsense approach. His music has that special, intangible something that separates the real player from the flock of the merely competent.

In addition, the record's several Klemmer originals displayed a real talent for composition, especially in the form of a charming bossa nova, *Passion Food*. The record received high praise in these pages, and also from John S. Wilson in *High Fidelity* and Leonard Feather in his syndicated newspaper column.

Perhaps even more indicative of the freshness and impact of the album was the spontaneous positive response from jazz disc jockeys throughout the country. As a result of these reactions, Cadet wasted no time in getting Klemmer back into the studio, and his second album, which includes some tracks with strings, is scheduled for release in the early spring.

The first album came about quite unexpectedly. "I had brought a group into an Old Town club, the First Quarter," Klemmer says, "and the guitar player, Sam Thomas, invited Esmond Edwards (the a&r man then with Cadet and now with Verve records) to drop by. He came to the club, listened to a set, and asked me if I would like to record. I just looked at him—I didn't really believe it—but he was serious. It was a fortunate thing because I was getting kind of depressed about the situation. . . ."

Being depressed, however, is not characteristic of Klemmer. He has no doubts that music is his calling, and while he is aware of the difficulties confronting the creative musician, he has the courage of his convictions.

John Klemmer's involvement in music began early. He started on guitar at 7, and picked up alto saxophone at 11 while attending parochial school in Chicago, where he was born and grew up.

When he started high school, he joined the band. "I was in it two weeks when I knew that this was it," he recalls. "I switched to tenor at the end of my freshman year. I was able to make more gigs on it, and I also dug it more." In addition to his school band work, he soon began to play dance jobs, rock 'n' roll dates, and "got some groups together."

By then, he had begun to become aware of jazz. "The first records I bought (my parents gave me some bread) were Trane's *Favorite Things*, an album by the Gerry Mulligan Concert Band, and a Ben Webster-Illinois Jacquet set. Mulligan was the only

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one I'd heard of, but I liked the tune *My Favorite Things*, and I was interested in tenor players. After that, I found myself liking jazz more.

"I was still playing off the melodies then," he adds. "I didn't know about changes. I'd had some legitimate studies for three or four years, but I really got into it when I started to study with Joe Daley. He is an *excellent* teacher." (Daley, a Chicago tenor saxophonist, has an avant garde trio which once appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival and recorded for RCA Victor, and is also a busy studio musician.)

"Charles Groeling, my bandmaster, let me run the stage band and conduct the concert band. I was studying arranging, theory, tenor, and later also flute—all at the same time, which didn't leave much time for anything else," Klemmer continues. "I made up my mind early that I wanted to be a musician. I just kept on going, and let everything else slip."

For one summer about this time, he attended the Interlochen Music Camp. "It really gave me a kick," he says. "It was beautiful. I got into myself and my music, did some composing, and also got closer to other people who were trying to do the same thing I was." And he was also inspired by the natural beauty of the camp's setting.

Barely 16, Klemmer went on the road for the first time—with a Ted Weems "ghost" band, "playing *Heartaches* three or four times a night." From then on, music has been his life.

This would not have been possible, Klemmer points out, without the moral and practical support of his parents. "They were totally behind me once they found out I was serious," he says. "I was too young, really, to go to the clubs (Chicago has a 21-year age limit), but my father would take me out, any place I wanted to go. He'd sit at the bar while I sat in. Their support was a definite factor."

Klemmer worked out with other road bands after the Weems baptism. They included a Billy May band without May, Les Elgart, and Ralph Marterie. These were not exactly jazz bands, "but it was good for my music, and I got the chance to travel all over the country and see different kinds of people." When he was 18½, the young saxophonist moved away from home.

"I've been making my living playing since then," he says. "I've supported myself, and I'm kind of proud of that. I felt that the more stable I was mentally and personally, the more I would be with my music—that should have something to do with it."

He was now working "with small groups, big bands, all different kinds of bands; playing some shows, which

was good experience, and trying for all the jazz gigs I could get on my own." He also got together a couple of rehearsal groups.

THE BULK of his jazz influence, Klemmer says, has come through records. "Sonny Rollins in particular completely gassed me," he states. "Ornette, too, though I never met them. But I saw Sonny twice, with my dad. I never got into the thing of copying his licks, but he sure had an influence on me. He always had a fresh approach, which stimulated me to find new ways to play."

This reaction, unusual in young players, who often spend formative years trying to play like their idols, is characteristic of Klemmer. "I never found any sense in trying to play like someone else," is the way he puts it.

Nor does he, in trying to be himself, distort his musical impulses in the kind of strenuous attempts at originality that have become part of the contemporary jazz scene. He is aware of the "freedom" movement, but has what he describes as "mixed feelings" about it.

"I've heard a lot of so-called free music that I've dug and a lot that I haven't. I feel a strong urge right now to play on tunes, but I have played free. I think freedom can be incorporated in playing tunes. Still, I have a lot more studying to do and a lot more learning to do about my music and myself before I can go out and do something like Ornette. I want to know what I'm doing," he says.

What he would like to do most of all—and as much as possible—is to play for live audiences. "Even though I'm a young player," he says, "I feel I do have something to offer. But the real test is a live performance. I'm very anxious to play for live audiences, other than in Chicago. I like to play in a lot of different ways, and you can learn from audiences and be stimulated by them."

Again in contrast to many young musicians, who feel that audiences owe them attention and respect, Klemmer emphasizes that the relationship is a two-way street. "It's like when you begin a friendship," he points out. "I give to you and you give to me, but someone has to give first. You have to prove yourself to yourself and to the listener. There has to be a certain amount of respect on both sides."

The tenorist's first experience of the stimulus of audience response came unexpectedly. "One time I was on the road, playing a country club dance, and I had a solo on *Woodchopper's Ball*. All the dancers stopped to listen . . . that's why I hope to get the chance to play around the country. I like to play for myself, but playing for people is it."

Klemmer has often thought of leaving Chicago, but he is waiting for the right opportunity. "When I was 16, I was going to pack up and leave for New York, but I was warned not to, which was just as well—I didn't even know what size shoes I wore. . . ."

Klemmer would like to form his own permanent group, "but it has to be possible, and it takes time to find the right people. But I feel optimistic. I want to play and create, and if I can't find one way, I'll find another. There'll always be room for creative music. Still, there just isn't enough opportunity to play."


While waiting for the right moment, Klemmer is not sitting around cooling his heels. He plays jobs that are perhaps not always creative; he sits in when the opportunity arises, and he writes.

"I started composing a lot when I first became interested in jazz," he says. "I have a stack of tunes—things to play free on, bossa novas, ballads. I've only tried a little arranging . . . that's like another complete instrument. But I have a new project to keep my mind active when I'm not playing—writing lyrics. I enjoy doing it. So far, it's been for my own tunes, but I want to try other people's music, too. It's a nice diversion from music; still creating and putting things together."

Klemmer also doubles clarinet and flute, but reluctantly. "When I pick them up, I start remembering things I want to do on my own horn. The tenor comes first." About rock 'n' roll, which he sometimes plays, he feels "the same way as I do toward free music; some of it I like, some I don't. But there are a lot of people out there trying for new things, and something good is bound to come out of it. . . ."

"I definitely want to get into new ways of playing some day," Klemmer sums up, "but I want to take my time and be sure of what I'm doing, and I want to know my instrument as well as possible. By my 'instrument' I mean not only my horn, but myself and the music and the world around me."

"Everyone is searching for meaning in life—a reason for being here. My music and my art is my meaning. It knits my life together. Any experiences and emotions I have go directly into my music, where I can express them, contemplate and learn about them, and understand them, and this makes me constantly productive in one positive, gratifying direction, not only as a fulfillment for my art, but also as a means for making a living."

That mature statement of purpose is reflected in John Klemmer's music. Hopefully, that music will soon be heard around the land. It's well worth a more than casual listen. 

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Micheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Giller, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Horvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Stan Getz

PREZERVATION—Prestige 7516; *Pinch Bottle*; *Liza*; *Stars Fell on Alabama*; *Short P. Not LP*; *Stardust*; *Prezervation*; *Intoit*; *Opus Caprice*; *Earless Engineering*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Be Still*, TV; *Goodnight My Love*.

Collective Personnel: Kai Winding, trombone; Getz, tenor saxophone; Al Haig, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar and vocals; Tommy Potter or Gene Ramey, bass; Roy Haynes or Stan Levey, drums; Blossom Dearie, Jr. Parker, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

I've thought a good deal about Getz over the past 10 years, changed my mind about him a few times, and reached the conclusion that he's an admirable but somewhat overrated musician. Both the quality of his music and his historical importance have been overrated.

First, let's look at his historical position. Getz' playing is in the Lester Young tradition. During the '40s, two schools of Young-influenced tenor players emerged. Members of both schools employed bop ideas in addition to devices they derived from Young. One, which I will call the "tough Lester" school, was influenced by Young's rhythmic ideas but employed heavier tones and more aggressive attacks than Young. Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray were among the best of the tough-Lester tenor men to come to the fore in the '40s.

The other school I will term the "soft Lester" school. Members of the soft-Lester school were impressed by the restraint, the lyricism, the "coolness" of Young's work. Getz is thought to be a founder of the soft-Lester school but he was not, although he was one of its early members. Getz' early solos with Benny Goodman on Columbia and on the Savoy quartet records with Hank Jones reveal that he was employing a rather heavy, Dexter Gordon-like tone and improvising in a fairly hot (very hot on the Savoy *Opus de Bop*) manner in 1945-46. At the same time, Herbie Steward and Allen Eager were playing fully developed soft-Lester tenor solos. They were "cool" tenor saxophonists before Getz.

Perhaps it was Steward who influenced Getz to adopt a "cool" style. They played together in Los Angeles in a band at Pontrelli's Ballroom which also included Zoot Sims and Jimmy Giuffre. In September 1947, Getz, Steward and Sims joined Woody Herman's Second Herd and, together with baritonist Serge Chaloff, performed on the original recording of Giuffre's justly celebrated composition, *Four Brothers*.

Getz' work with Herman gained him national attention. The tenorist became known for the great sensitivity and tastefulness of his work. He was the most refined, and one of the most lyrical of the soft-Lester tenorists. His tone was small but penetrating and pure. Rhythmically,

his work differed somewhat from the other soft-Lester tenor players. His phrasing was not as loose, and he was not as relaxed an improviser as, say, Sims.

Getz' work, as a matter of fact, is sometimes marred by a nervous quality coupled with a lack of forcefulness. Some musicians who are inferior to him in many respects can outswing him.

However, when Getz is in good form his virtues overshadow his rhythmic difficulties and lack of drive.

On this LP Getz is in excellent form during what I think were the peak years of his career—the late '40s and early '50s. Prestige really had to scratch around to find enough tracks to put on the album, but it is well worth having.

Actually Getz does not appear on four sides, which are Al Haig Trio recordings. Haig, one of the most lyrical musicians in jazz history, can also swing powerfully, as his work on *Liza* and *Opus Caprice* demonstrates.

Haig's beautiful tone can be heard to advantage on *Alabama* and *Stairway*. He stays fairly close to the melodies on these ballads, using a sort of cocktail-pianist approach. I don't care for this type of ornamental playing as a rule, but Haig does it so tastefully that he makes me like it.

Bottle, *Engineering*, *Be Still* and *Short P* are by a group including Winding. (Raney and Blossom Dearie seat-sing on *Be Still* and *Short P*.) These are delightful tracks, containing fine solo work by Getz, Haig, and Raney—one of the great classicists among jazz guitarists. Winding's spots are simple and charming. He employs a rather rough tone, but his solos are well constructed and quite attractive melodically.

Prezervation (an alternate take of *Crazy Chords*) and *Intoit*, quartet tracks, are among the best selections on the LP. Both contain exquisite improvisation by Getz. Haig's playing on *Prezervation* is marvelous.

Stardust and *Goodnight* were originally issued on the Birdland label and feature the singing of Parker, a Billy Eckstine imitator. Getz plays a pretty verse on *Stardust*; aside from that, the tracks are without interest.

—Pekar

Byrdie Green

I GOT IT BAD—Prestige PR 7509; *See See Rider*; *I Got It Bad*; *Yesterday's Kisses*; *The Poor Side of Town*; *I've Been Lonely Too Long*; *I Had A Man*; *Hold On To Him*; *Cry Me A River*; *This Bitter Earth*; *People*.

Personnel: Miss Green, vocals; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Johnny (Hammond) Smith, organ; Thorneil Schwartz, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, electric bass; John Harris, drums; Ralph Jones, arranger.

Rating: ★ ½

I have an uncle who maintains that Ivy

Anderson aside, all female singers irritate him. That seemed a strange position to me, but in recent years, although I make a few more exceptions, I've been coming around to his way of thinking. This LP is a case in point.

Miss Green, at this stage, doesn't have it. She doesn't swing, she has no real feeling for telling the story of a song, and in some spots she is horribly off key. When a singer tackles material which has already been done in superlative fashion by the likes of Ivy Anderson and Dinah Washington, she is asking for trouble.

The arrangements and accompaniment don't help. Although Miss Green customarily works with Hammond Smith, there isn't much rapport. On the plus side are a few good spots from tenorist Person, a player who sounds better with each hearing.

The LP is a rather chintzy production, having only 10 tracks and a playing time of barely 25 minutes. Not the type of quality one expects from Prestige.

There is a chance that Miss Green will improve. A good starting point would be to find a different setting for her. The rockish material she can handle, but when she steps outside that bag she invokes my uncle's irritation principle.

—Porter

Karin Krog

JAZZ MOMENTS—Sonec S LPS 1404; *I Got Your Number*; *Old Folks*; *All of You*; *Baby*; *Won't You Please Come Home*; *Glad to Be Unhappy*; *Dearly Beloved*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Just in Time*; *Body and Soul*.

Personnel: Miss Krog, vocals; Jan Garbarek, tenor; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels Henning Ørsted Pedersen; John Christensen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It is gratifying to all who perform in the jazz idiom to hear their contributions reflected in other lands, especially when the attitude is one of respect.

This Norwegian import is respectful, if at times uncomfortable. The liner notes tell us that Miss Krog has studied voice for five years, and that her intonation "has improved 1000%." Perhaps it has, but the problem has not been conquered. There are uncertain moments on almost every track, but I feel that Miss Krog's over-zealous experimentation with melody and time values is partially responsible for this trouble.

There is a great deal of vocal and instrumental improvisation here, but little continuity. Therefore, the effect is general confusion. I have played various tracks over several times checking balance, and the slightly chaotic feeling persists. There are many slow tracks (*Very Glad*; *Baby*; *Old Folks*) and one gets the impression that Miss Krog feels more confident singing a ballad if the pace is funereal.

This trap has thwarted many an alleged

jazz singer. With nothing more than a hint of tempo, one is easily deluded into thinking there is greater freedom for expression or improvisation, as a horn player might. Not so. Jazz singing is (or should be) a well-defined, disciplined structure as well as a free one. Working within the proper tempo framework only enhances the image one wishes to create. An analogy might be travelling the globe without a passport. You are free, but you are also subject to severe penalties.

Much of the missing cohesion here springs from the rhythm section's accompaniment for this quite ambitious singer. They have constructed a background similar to the Bill Evans Trio, where each member is allowed to experiment throughout the context of the composition as opposed to the more conventional concept of each player taking his turn. I hasten to mention that each of the musicians is fresh and talented, but the setting they provide is less than adequate for a singer. A more precise cushion might have resulted in a more swinging feeling on the faster tracks, and certainly it would have prevented what seems aimless wandering on the ballads.

I most emphatically intend this review to be encouraging and helpful. I am aware of Miss Krog's eminence in Europe, and I can readily understand how she earned her reputation. After the following suggestions, the prosecution rests.

1: Think of the lyric at all times and forget attempts to emulate trumpet or saxophone sounds you may have heard, no matter how appealing they may be. It is essential to be constantly aware of the story and the words, not the sound you create.

2: Intonation problems are less a hang-up but are not to be overlooked. Once you have reached the point where you transmit the story properly, I believe the intonation hurdles will be mastered; because the emphasis will shift from sound to lyric.

3: Listen to every Carmen McRae record you can find. She is the teacher for lyric reading, and much can be learned from her.

These are some important points we all have to learn if we wish our gift of voice to gain influence and stature. I would immediately offer them to any singer as the basics.

Kenny Drew, our American representative, plays delicate and lovely ideas throughout. He is not given credit for the arrangements of all the tunes, but it is intimated that he contributed some.

Pedersen is the excellent bass player from Denmark who has received deserved recognition in Europe and in this country. He plays a Richard Davis-Scott LaFaro-flavored bass, and my ears tell me he's playing a five-string concert instrument, but I can't be certain.

The tenor saxophone player, Garbarek, is featured on two tracks. Judging from his performance and the photograph of him on the back cover he is quite young and just beginning to find his roots, but the promise is there.

Christensen, the drummer, presents a problem in assessment. He does not seem to have been miked properly.

This album is truly a diamond in the rough, or a pearl in the seaweed. The total effect is rather like that: water flowing through sea grass. Miss Krog has startling potential, not only in the jazz idiom, but in the jazz/pop area too. I should like to hear strings on her next album, with more pop material where she can make use of those marvelous, full tones she has worked five years to develop. When she uses this method here, the intonation problems nearly vanish and the sound is exceedingly pleasant. Meanwhile, hearing this album was an interesting and enjoyable experience, and there is no reason why this lovely lady cannot take her place soon with the best... including our own.

This record is available from Arne Bendiksen A/S; Norsk Musikk Produksjon, Osterdalgt. 1, Oslo 6, Norway.

—Carol Sloane

Herbie Mann

THE HERBIE MANN STRING ALBUM—Atlantic 1490: *To Sir With Love*; *Hold Back*; *Sports Car*; *I Get Along Without You Very Well*; *There Is A Mountain*; *Flight of the Bluebird*; *Yesterday's Kisses*; *Please Send Me Someone To Love*; *It Was A Very Good Year*; *Gloomy Sunday*.

Personnel: Mann, flute; unidentified orchestra; Arif Mardin (tracks 1 & 5), Torrie Zito, arranger-conductors.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

For non-compromising, hard-core jazz buffs, there's not too much to choose from here. For devotees of lush string sounds, there is considerably more, although it's wisely restrained, and spiced with funky flute flavor. For Mann-lovers, the album will prove quite satisfying, as it focuses on the fertile flautist in a radically different context.

Too bad Atlantic decided not to identify the sidemen. Granted that Mann is in the solo spotlight, but there are other contributions deserving of recognition. For example, who is the fluegelhornist with the big fat sound who enhances *Sports Car*, *Please Send Me* and *Very Good Year*? Is he the same one who mutes his way through *Gloomy Sunday*?

And who is that remarkable bassist with the deliciously dirty walk who takes off in the same *Sports Car*, and wends his way, in serpentine fashion, through *Please Send Me* and *Gloomy Sunday*?

While the other tracks are above-average pop offerings with imaginative arrangements (*I Get Along Without You* begins with its release in 3/4, then segues to a smooth Latin; the all-too-brief *There Is A Mountain* integrates Latin and jazz licks with humor), it is the slow, pensive side of Zito that provides Mann with his most eloquent moments.

Yesterday's Kisses features Mann's rich alto flute over velvety strings and casual Latin prodding. *Very Good Year* plays with time: either rubato, or cellos stretching the melodic line over a quiet Latin rhythm. In *Gloomy Sunday*, unison strings state the nearest thing to an ostinato, then fade into the gloom as the bassist takes a walk.

The high point comes in *Please Send Me*. Significantly, it is the closest thing to pure combo jazz. The strings lurk in the background—voyeurs more than partici-

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pants. Competing for attention are Mann at his funkier; brilliant bass lines, constructed at times like stepping stones; that full-bodied fluegelhorn; tasteful brush work; and a chordal cushion from the vibes.

All of which seems to justify quoting from the liner notes, which come in the form of a sonnet by Gene Lees:

"Yet I am full of quaking gratitude
that this exalted folly still exists,
that in an age of cold computer mood,
a piper still can whistle in the mists."

—Siders

Houston Person

CHOCOMOTIVE—Prestige 7517: *Chocomotive; You're Gonna Hear From Me; Close Quarters; Girl Talk; Since I Fell For You; Up, Up And Away; More.*

Personnel: Person, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Alan Dawson, vibes; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Frankie Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is an easy record to pass by without a second thought. Don't be too hasty to dismiss it, however. As the rating indicates, it's a fine album.

When I heard Person play with organist Johnny (Hammond) Smith (with whom he worked for three years) he struck me as a competent soloist, but did not appear to have anything special to offer. He seems to have improved considerably since then.

Person's approach has been influenced by Sonny Rollins, among others, but his style is original. His tone is fairly heavy, bright, and penetrating and he plays strongly in the upper register. A passionate soloist, he improvises feelingfully on every track here but his work has variety. On *Fell For You* he plays in a raw, gutty manner; on *Hear From Me* his work is more relaxed, and at some points even dreamy.

His improvisation on *Chocomotive* is well paced and infectious. The tenorman's meaty, building solo on *Close Quarters* however, is his best on the LP.

Walton's solos, controlled yet forceful, are certainly among the album's highlights. He doesn't receive the amount of praise he deserves, but certainly ranks as one of the better post-bop pianists.

Dawson demonstrates that he is a capable, if not particularly original vibist (his playing owes a great deal to Milt Jackson). His solos are tasteful and have good continuity.

Strong-man Cranshaw performs with his customary power in the rhythm section and takes booming, authoritative solos on *Chocomotive* and *Close Quarters*.

If you like modern jazz of the meat-and-potatoes variety keep this LP in mind—it's a sleeper.

—Pekar

Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers

SHUCKIN' AND JIVIN'—Prestige 7528: *Shuckin' and Jivin'; Dearly Beloved; Return To Me; See See Rider; You Are My Sunshine; Swing Thing; How Insensitive; Maiden Voyage.*

Personnel: Vincent McEwan, trumpet; Claude Barte, tenor saxophone; William Bivens, vibes; Neal Creque, piano; Jimmy Phillips, bass; Pucho, timbales; Cecil Jackson, conga; Norberto Apellaniz, bongos; Jackie Soul, vocal (tracks 1, 4, 5); The Soul Sisters, vocal (track 1).

Rating: ★★★★★

It has always seemed strange to me

that some critics, sitting in their ivory towers, could proclaim to the world that the Shepps, Ayler and Taylors were playing music that reflected the true ghetto feeling. This must be nonsense. If it were the case, why aren't these men playing before capacity audiences at Wells' in Harlem, Newark's Front Room or The Big M in Boston?

No, it just doesn't work that way. However, Pucho and his group have the situation pretty much in hand. For openers, get into Mister Jackie Soul and his drive-it-down-your-throat vocal on the title track. Here is the kind of raw vocal power we first heard, perhaps, in Little Richard and which later became the trademark of all "tough" r&b singers. This man has it, and it grabs the listener immediately.

He is no less impressive on his other appearances. The band backs him with the same kind of sound that Joe Scott provides for Bobby (Blue) Bland.

The instrumental tracks are appealing in a contemporary jazz sense. Bassist Phillips has fashioned an outstanding line in *Swing* which has good work from Barte. *Insensitive* and *Beloved* bring Bivens down front, and the vibist, who has some Bags in him, performs tastefully and adequately. Creque has a nice solo on *Insensitive*.

Herbie Hancock's *Voyage* is the standout. The group has excellent feeling for modal tunes and McEwan, Barte and Creque turn in good solos.

In a sense, the musical growth of this group in a few months has been remarkable. On their last album, they showed promise but I doubt if many listeners expected them to get it all together this quickly. Until this outing, I'd always felt that Mongo Santamaria had the Latin-modal-rock thing pretty much to himself, but Mongo and everyone else will now have to take a long look at Pucho. With a bit more maturity from the horns, this is going to be a very tough act to follow. And Jackie Soul? He is already there.

—Porter

Sam Rivers

A NEW CONCEPTION—Blue Note BLP 4249/84249: *When I Fall in Love; I'll Never Smile Again; Detour Ahead; That's All; What A Difference A Day Makes; Temptation; Secret Love.*

Personnel: Rivers, tenor saxophone, soprano saxophone, and flute; Hal Galper, piano; Herbert Lewis, bass; Steve Ellington, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Those who are familiar with Rivers' work may be a little surprised by this album. Thought of as having at least one foot in the avant garde camp, he performs standards here.

Rivers is mainly known for his tenor playing, but here he performs on soprano and flute as well. On *Detour* he plays all three horns, beginning with some pretty flute work, then going to soprano and winding up the track on tenor. His step-by-step movement from lightest to heaviest horn accounts for *Detour* building nicely.

That's All features Rivers' soprano work, which is light, buoyant and melodically fresh. His soprano solos on *Difference* and *Temptation* are also good;

they're more violent than his *That's All* improvisation. *Secret Love* contains pleasant flute playing.

However, he is at his best on tenor. He plays this instrument only on *When I Fall in Love*; as a consequence, it is the LP's best track. It is highlighted by Rivers' contrasting of sparsely and many-noted phrases; his alteration of the theme is masterful. His *Difference* tenor solo is another peak moment of the LP; Rivers begins it calmly but becomes increasingly intense until he is wailing, honking and playing flurries of notes.

The virtually unknown Galper plays some big-league piano here. He is a subtle, thoughtful soloist and a fine accompanist.

The word subtle also fits the playing of Ellington, one of the more sensitive drummers in jazz. Lewis makes an important contribution to the date with his springy, inventive rhythm section work.

—Pekar

Mongo Santamaria

EXPLODES AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Columbia CS 9570: *Philadelphia*; *Juan Jose*; *Bloodshot*; *Afro Blue*; *Yes It Do*; *Mongoesque*; *Springtime*; *No More*; *Elephant Pants*.

Personnel: Ray Maldonado, trumpet; Hubert Laws, alto saxophone, flute, piccolo; Bobby Porcelli, alto, baritone saxophones, flute; Rodgers Grant, piano; Victor Venegas, bass; Carmelo Garcia, drums, timbales; Santamaria, conga, bongos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

A typical Mongo date with crisp, punching ensembles, good originals, spirited soloing and plenty of rhythmic excitement.

What raises a Santamaria LP a cut above most Latin bands is the arrangements. There is no credit given here, but I suspect that Grant had something to do with them. They are precise and to the point, with little of the jivey nonsense inherent in many groups of this type.

Of the soloists, Laws is the best. *Afro Blue* is mostly his and, although the group is probably tired of playing the tune, he makes something fresh and meaningful of it.

Although he doesn't have much solo space, Maldonado is a powerful player and leads the ensembles with enthusiasm.

The originals by Porcelli and Laws are good, but Norman Simmons' *Pants* is an especially worthy tune.

Introductions are performed by a famous New York disc jockey, who by this time is probably known as El Sid.—Porter

Tom Scott

THE HONEYSUCKLE BREEZE—Impulse 9163: *The Honeysuckle Breeze*; *Never My Love*; *She's Leaving Home*; *Naima*; *Mellow Yellow*; *Baby, I Love You*; *Today*; *North*; *Blues for Hari*; *Deliver Me*.

Personnel: Scott, tenor, alto, soprano saxophones, flute; Mike Melvoin or Lincoln Mayorga, piano, organ, harpsichord; Bill Plummer, sitar; Dennis Budimir, Glen Campbell or Louis Morell, guitar; Carol Kaye or Max Bennett, electric bass; Jimmy Gordon, drums; Emil Richards or Gene Estes, percussion; the California Dreamers, vocals.

Rating: see below

Remember the *Hit Parade* show that used to be on radio and, later, television? That's what this album reminds me of. The California Dreamers is a very polished

group of young West Coast studio vocalists who here recreate a number of popular rock recordings with uncanny expertise but little else. This sort of thing comprises the major portion of the album, and on these numbers Scott is used to furnish a



pleasant jazz horn obbligato.

It's all very nice and done with an admirable degree of professionalism—but rather unnecessary, in the final analysis. The jazz lines add little to the compositions, the original arrangements of which are emulated to a slavish degree in the work of the California Dreamers. On these numbers Scott's participation is little more than that of featured sideman who is kept under wraps.

He does get a chance to strut his stuff on a few numbers—*Naima*, *Honeysuckle Breeze*, *Blues for Hari*—and reveals a very solid Coltrane grounding, nice chops,

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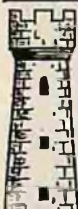
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but little in the way of originality. But, then, he's only 19.

For the life of me I can't fathom the intentions of the producers. Just who was this album to reach? Rock fans would far rather have the original recordings than these copies. Jazz fans will find little here to satisfy them. And the music is too close to the sound of the originals to pass as mood or background music.

What price a record date? —*Welding*

O.C. Smith

THE DYNAMIC O.C. SMITH—Columbia CS 9514/CL 2714: *On A Clear Day; That's Life; My Romance; Work Song; On The South Side of Chicago; Fever; The Season; Georgia Rose; Quiet Nights; What Now My Love; Here's That Rainy Day.*

Personnel: Smith, vocals; Jack Wilson, piano, arranger; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Larry Bunker, vibes; Jimmie Smith, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a neat, tidy album which deserves good air-play. It is not exciting or "dynamic" despite the "in person" recording, although it seems to work well for Smith. I find this procedure distracting, often boring and contrived, and usually a mistake. I'll explain why in a minute. First to the many good points of this offering.

I'd heard Smith before this on only one or two occasions, when he sang with the Count Basie Band, and these could hardly be considered ideal conditions for serious judgment. Therefore, I was pleasantly surprised to hear good control, highly respectable time conception, and more than adequate intonation. He seems most comfortable with up-tempo tunes, while the ballads suffer indifferent treatment. But Smith does what he does very well. The best are *Clear Day*, *What Now*, *That's Life* and *Georgia Rose*, which is delivered in long, sustained notes.

Wilson has written very musical and properly unobtrusive small-group charts for a renowned assemblage of musicians. They play everything precisely and as written, and one gets the feeling that even their instruments came in tuxedos.

About this business of recording "live." I requested this device in 1963, and would never do it again. I believed that worn-out argument that audience response would yield a relaxed, informal performance. "Pish-posh and balderdash," I've lived to say. In person recordings seem to be a mistake altogether, unless the artist has reached a degree of unlimited maturity and recognition, and can afford to throw away an album once in a while.

I use the phrase "throw away" advisedly. The conventional studio method, with only essential personnel present, remains the best. This allows the artist evaluation of his work through the electronic expedient of instant re-play. A measuring gauge so immediate and accurate can only be found in the control room after each take.

As mentioned above, this is a good album but nothing to write home about. Hopefully Smith will continue to grow and always make use of the best supporting talent he can get. His associates here are the best, and their talents add to an otherwise ho-hum album. There's a lesson here for young aspiring musicians.

—*Carol Sloane*

Cal Tjader

THE BEST OF CAL TJADER—Verve V/V6-8725: *Soul Sauce; China Nights; The Whiffenpoof Song; The Way You Look Tonight; The Fakir; Cuchy Frito Man; Hip Walk; Triste; Sonny Boy; Sake and Greens.*

Personnel: Tjader, vibraphone; others unidentified; arrangements by Claus Ogerman, Stan Applebaum, others.

Rating: ★★ ½

Not a very enthusiastic release by Verve, this album contains only 10 tracks and plays barely 28 minutes. No personnel details are given.

I think a valid comparison can be made between the careers of Tjader and his one-time leader, George Shearing. Both men make many records that are generally innocuous mood music. They both dabble in Latin, and both have a large following. The basic difference, as most jazz fans know, is that when he wants to, Shearing can be a very exciting jazz player. I don't think Tjader can.

A few years ago, while he was working in San Francisco, Tjader led some good groups, and made some good records with Brew Moore and other jazz players, but since coming to Verve, he has been treated largely as a commercial property. Since he has now formed his own company, he will perhaps become more venturesome.

These performances are polished and musical, but there is no excitement. Tjader is a bland player, and the monotonous Latin rhythm utilized on most tracks, which can at times make a bland player sound less so, doesn't do the job here. The arrangements are tastefully done, and the original tunes are interesting. Lalo Schiffrin's *The Fakir* is a good track, as is *The Way*.

There is also *Soul Sauce*, actually Dizzy Gillespie's *Guarachi Guaro*, which put Tjader on the pop charts. Don't let the title mislead you, however. Tjader is many things, but a "souloist" he ain't. —*Porter*

SOUL STIRRINGS

BY BOB PORTER

The Best of King Curtis (Capitol ST2858)

Rating: ★★ ★

Jack McDuff—David Newman. *Double-Barrelled Soul* (Atlantic SD 1498)

Rating: ★★ ★

Freddie Roach, *My People* (Soul People) (Prestige 7521)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Shirley Scott—Clark Terry, *Soul Duo* (Impulse A-9133)

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ½

We've all heard King Curtis play. Although he is not as ubiquitous these days as he was in the late '50s, he still manages to be prominent on record dates. He is a rough, tough player with all the drive and soul one expects from his r&b background. One of these days, he'll walk into a recording studio, ease into a blues and stand everyone on their collective heads.

That doesn't happen on this date,

though it has good moments. The fault is mostly Capitol's. That company, with the exception of its Cannonball Adderley albums, has never learned how to present jazz or soul music. Just as our r&b favorites of days past had their own music, so Curtis has his. And you must let him play it—you can't saddle him with endless albums of other people's hits. *Soul Twist* and *Soul Serenade* are Curtis' things, and they sound right, but it is kind of a drag to hear him do Sam Cooke, Ray Charles, Henry Mancini, etc.

Since the album is collated from several dates, there are different groups involved. In characteristic fashion, Capitol doesn't mention who else plays. The brief notes are by someone who doesn't know Earl Bostic from Jimmy Forrest.

Curtis plays tenor, alto and saxella; all with equal vigor. But his playing deserves a better setting. I haven't gotten into his recent Atlantic things, but they are on my list. I suspect they will be better.

The McDuff-Newman meeting is a natural. Both men have similar backgrounds and are primarily cooks. They are backed by the members of McDuff's current quintet, but only Newman and McDuff solo. The program consists of four originals and two pop tunes.

I have long felt that Newman's best horn is tenor, so it was somewhat disappointing to find him playing alto or flute on five tracks. Predictably his tenor feature, *More Head*, is the best track.

McDuff is somewhat under wraps. He doesn't really get into the "charge" for

which he has been noted. I'm not sure, but this may be because of the changes in his group. Most of the tracks are tightly arranged, and several feature the unison flute backgrounds he has favored recently. Only the closer, *Untitled Blues*, is pure blowing, and this track goes on too long.

A good album which doesn't quite reveal the best potential of the participants.

Soul People is the best album Freddie Roach has made to date. He is on top of everything, playing piano and flute as well as organ. Presumably he also did the charts, and he takes the vocal on the title tune.

The five-horn backing is an advantage. It adds a fullness that was missing from his last date. There are few solos by other members of the ensemble, but the tracks are short, and Roach himself does not ramble on.

His good taste makes a difference here. Realizing that he is no James Moody, he confines his two appearances on flute to things that he can do. His piano, overdubbed on the funky *Drunk*, is well played within the context of the piece.

All the performances are properly soulful, but there is solid musicianship in everything—from *Mas Que Nada* to the driving *Freddie* where saxophonist Roland Alexander and baritone hornist Kiane Zawadi have short spots.


Roach is not much of a lyricist, but he puts across the title track with feeling and conviction. I imagine Prestige will make a single of this—it has good sales potential.

A thoroughly satisfying effort from Roach. More, please.

The much-maligned blowing session seems to be disappearing from the record scene as more and more producers emphasize hits and charts. I am happy to report that Miss Scott and Terry have made a blowing date—one that is relaxed, comfortable, and enjoyable in every way. Eight tracks, each with plenty of space for the soloists, make up the album. Aside from *Corner Pocket*, a Basie item, and Irving Berlin's *Heat Wave*, the lines are attractive originals.

Dates of this type are difficult to rate, since different people look for different things from the soloists. Let us say that Terry is consistently inspired, and that his co-leader responds very well in like fashion. If you enjoy either or both, you will dig this album.

Terry duets with himself on a couple of tracks, so I suspect that he plays fluegelhorn as well as trumpet. Bob Cranshaw and George Duvivier split the bass chores, but Impulse doesn't bother to say who plays where. (I would also question Impulse's decision to credit Miss Scott with the authorship of *This (Little) Light of Mine*.)

Obviously there is nothing especially challenging about the music played here, but dates of this sort, which emphasize musical goals within a tried-and-true tradition are frequently more interesting than the efforts of our "public woodshedders" who are always attempting to leap over tall buildings with a single bound. 

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GARY BURTON—LARRY CORYELL

BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 2



1. TOMMY VIG. *Serious Fun* (from *Sound of the Seventies*, Milestone). Vig, vibraphone, drums.

GB: I'm not much on big bands, because I consider them to be, in most cases, pretty uncreative vehicles; they're just too large and unwieldy, so I don't pay much attention to them, usually.

On this one, the musicians seemed to be very good, they seemed to be playing their parts well, but I didn't sense an awful lot of meaning to the whole thing. As far as the vibes player is concerned, I've no idea who it is. I've never heard playing quite like that before. The tone quality was very unusual—I've never heard quite that sound.

LC: I don't know who that is either. It reminded me of the time we went up to Berkeley, and the band that was playing in the room there—particularly the drummer. However, it may have been a very well-polished, professional unit, but my ears aren't that sharp when it comes to that kind of music, because that time feeling (*hums*) kind of rocks me into monotony.

It was very pleasant listening. It has some nice dissonances in it. There was a conga drummer in there that seemed to be sticking a flatted fifth in, which was a pleasant dissonance—sounded kinda nice on my ear.

I always have mixed feelings when I hear records, because records are just part of a machine, and you have to make a lot of approximations.

2. STEVE ALLEN. *So Nice* (from *Songs for Gentle People*, Dunhill). Allen, electronic harp-sichord; Gabor Szabo, guitar.

LC: Well, I have no idea who that was. I thought I recognized the guitar player, but I'm so unsure it was him. I never would have imagined him playing in that context. Right at the start of his playing it sounded like someone playing on a Martin folk guitar with a DeArmond pickup across the round hole, like Gabor Szabo plays.

GB: It didn't sound like his kind of playing, however, once he got into it.

LC: It sounded more like someone who had been influenced by Gabor. He would never play in this context, with strings and piano, just doing a very careful studio bossa nova.

GB: He really wasn't doing very much to judge him by and it would be very difficult to judge anyone's playing in that kind of a context, from a critical standpoint. For the kind of thing that it was, it was well done, so I'd give it three stars.

LC: I can only give it one.

3. STAN GETZ. *I Want to Live* (from *Voices*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Johnny Mandel, composer; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

GB: Well, that's undoubtedly Stan's new album. That's the first time I've heard it, and I've never heard him sounding better. It was excellent, the kind of thing he does very well—which is almost anything. These kind of settings are very good for him, and he sounded excellent. I'd give it five stars.

I haven't really heard him since I was with him, and this is a special project, and he always sounds different on those kinds of things, without the group. To me, though, somehow he still sounds the same. He has a certain approach that he uses on all those orchestral albums, and that's why I say he does this kind of thing so well.

LC: Well, what can I say? It was really beautiful. It's the nicest thing we've heard so far. It really felt good listening to him.

I've only met Stan once, and that was when he came down to the Cafe Au Go Go, when my quartet had just been formed, and he really knocks me out. I'd heard about him all these years, and to me he was really fantastic—I blew my mind.

It was a beautiful record. I thought the chorus was really nice—he played really well with the voices. I certainly agree with the rating of five stars.

4. THE FIRST EDITION. *Homemade Lies* (from *The First Edition*, Reprise). Mike Settle, composer, rhythm guitar; Terry Williams, composer,

guitar; Mickey Jones, drums.

LC: I don't know who that was. I thought the singing was good, I thought the drumming was good, and I thought the band got a real good feeling, but it was very predictable harmonically, and I don't think I'd like to hear it too many more times.

GB: It was very predictable in construction and style and everything, and it lacked originality.

LC: I couldn't hear all the words, but they didn't sound like they were into too much. They went into that old triplet at the end, almost like a vaudeville thing.

GB: I'd just say well performed but nothing new about it. Three stars.

LC: Two stars. No, three—because it made me move my body a lot, and that's important.

5. LIONEL HAMPTON. *Thai Silk* (from *Newport Uproar!*, RCA Victor). Hampton, vibraphone, composer; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone.

GB: It sounded like the players had a lot of belief in what they were doing, and the whole band sounded that way, and so did the vibes player, so that gave it a nice feeling. I'm pretty sure I've never heard that vibes player before. The feeling was very strong and obvious, so I appreciated it a lot from that standpoint.

I didn't notice anything special about the composition. It sounded like a lot of other tunes—typical repertoire for this kind of a band. I'd rate that four stars.

LC: The composition was pretty. It moved me and was very soulful. The phrasing of the saxophones was really beautiful. The lead alto player was just singing his heart out, and they were all phrasing those deep feeling lines, and they were all together, and I liked that.

I thought the vibes player was Lionel Hampton, but I don't know vibes players very well. I would give that four stars.

GB (later): I didn't know that was Lionel Hampton—except for a couple of numbers at Newport. I haven't really heard him, in person or on records. I've never done any research on him. **GB**



FRED SELIGO

Shelly Manne-Ray Brown-Michel Legrand

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.
Personnel: Legrand, piano, vocals; Brown, bass; Manne, drums.

The ads read "Shelly Manne, Ray Brown and Their Friend, Michel Legrand," and that's how the combo was booked. It really wasn't anybody's trio. No one member dominated the scene in calling tunes. More often than not, they just happened—as did tempos and keys.

Contrasted to the spontaneity of the sounds, the gig itself didn't just happen. It was discussed and dreamed about for a long time, but these three men are so heavily committed to studio work that the idea began to assume the proportions of a mission impossible.

Adding to the problems was the fact that Legrand had not played in a club for 15 years.

To make a long story swing—they played. Any attempt to minimize the artistry of Manne and Brown would be critical suicide, but in fairness to their funky French friend, Legrand played his derriere off, delighting his colleagues, surprising himself, and moving first-nighter Johnny Mandell to exclaim: "If he hasn't played for 15 years, I'd hate to hear him if he had!"

If one can imagine Bill Evans with muscle, one might be able to appreciate Legrand's approach to the keyboard. As for his singing . . . Mose Allison imitating Edith Piaf. He even sprinkled generous portions of Gallic scat as if it were French dressing—particularly effective on up-tempo numbers such as *Paris Ne Change Pas*.

Playing or singing, Legrand was at his best with slow, expansive tunes, such as

A Time for Love and his own haunting *Martina*, or the wealth of melodic material that fell out when he opened his *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.

One nameless tune began with an excited Flamenco flurry pivoted to an A Major pedal point. Manne affected a martial air, using fingers on the snare; between the two, Brown took an implied walk, complementing both extremes and carefully following the dynamic shadings that, by mutual consent, seemed to vary every other measure.

The best surprise came in the blues. Legrand conjured up his down-home-along-the-Left-Bank technique and supplied a dirty, gutsy message that belied his scholarly appearance, though he reverted to form occasionally by interpolating some strict Baroque sequences.

Manne, who has the facility for making it look easy, maintained a driving momentum without any wasted (or showy) motions. And Brown—listening to Legrand's left hand, anticipating reharmozations, and weaving his own comments into the bass line—provided his usual booming foundation, as well as his vocal obbligate. He also conducted his solo seminar on how to play melody, accompany yourself, and fill your own gaps with his variations on *Tenderly*.

Legrand later admitted to being extremely nervous about the decade and a half of rust. But except for ideas occasionally conceived faster than fingers could execute them, he put on a magnificent display of musicianship. And having Brown and Manne on one's team is like pitching when one knows the best key-stone combination in the league is on one's side.
—Harvey Siders

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Jazz for Flower People

New York Medical College, New York City

Personnel: Sheila Jordan, vocals; accompanied by Jack Reilly, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Dick Berk, drums. Jim Goldrich, trumpet; Ron Odrich, bass clarinet; Paul Jeffrey, tenor saxophone; Nick Brignola and Charles Kelman, baritone saxophones; Art Topilow, piano; Roose Markewich, piano, flute; Charles Moffett, drums, vibraharp.

More jazz people than flower people made up the most appreciative audience at this jazz buffet . . . mostly hot viands with a few cold cuts.

Sheila Jordan



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Held on a Friday evening in the college auditorium as part of the NYMC concert series, the event benefited from the able assistance of doctor-to-be Reese Markewich, now a full time medical student who still keeps up a busy jazz schedule. The sounds were free and easy-swinging, started by a quintet composed of Markewich, Jeffrey, Brignola, Johnson and Berk.

Three standards (*The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*, *All The Things You Are*, *I'll Remember April*) and two blues (*Bluesology*, *Blues in the Closet*) formed the substance of their set, unfortunately played at nearly the same tempos (easy-medium or fast), which detracted from the potential of the excellent and sometimes superlative soloing.

Of the five musicians, Markewich was the most reticent, comping but little and taking no piano solos (though he blew a bit on flute, revealing a purity of tone that was "classical" in conception), but acting as emcee in a gracious and genial manner. Bassist Johnson played a steady walking beat and got a chance to show off his lower register on *April*; drummer Berk kept the time moving, though dropping a few too many bombs; and Brignola blew a lusty, gutsy baritone with an almost breathless approach (especially on *Bluesology*, where I counted half-choruses without a stop; what lungs!).

Jeffrey, though, was the soloist who really tore it up; his prodigious technique and passionate and personal part-Coltrane-part-Rollins-all-Jeffrey sound indicating that he is indeed a man to watch.

The Doctors Four—Goldrich, Odrich, Topilow, Kelman—came on next, backed by Johnson's bass and Zito's drums. A much-improved percussionist since he departed from Woody Herman's herd, Zito was both subtle and swinging, keeping the bombast to a minimum and displaying a light, supple touch that drove the group without dominating it.

Goldrich and Kelman (all four doctors, by the way, are either residents or interns at the college) were outstanding. Goldrich's trumpet possesses a Miles-like tone, both musing and menacing, and he can extend into Dizzy's upper reaches as well. Kelman is a vigorous, bouncing baritonist, with a Harry Carney flavor. Topilow plays fine chordal piano, but Odrich seemed to waste the potential of his bass clarinet by staying in the middle and upper registers and ignoring the rich, reedy bottom of his maverick horn; for all the use he made of its unusual tone colors, he could just as well have played the standard soprano clarinet.

Some free-form blowing took place when Charles Moffett brought his vibes on stage. The former Ornette Coleman drummer plays with a cool, ringing touch that digs, Jackson-like, into the beauty of the blues and ballads. His delicate *My Child* was followed by the astringent *Ad-nerb*, and he closed with the wildly-expressive *Yelrihs*, a vigorous adventure in shifting time signatures (4/4, 5/4, 6/8) that featured Moffett playing vibes with one hand and drums with the other in a virtuoso and bravura display.

I have saved Sheila Jordan for last, though she did two separate sets. She is the underground singer of New York, as

Juliette Greco once was in Paris. She is a moody priestess of slowly-escalating passion, and a masterful mistress of the vocal caress. She can hold a note as if it were the last one in the world, and she can communicate so directly that her song-power is almost overwhelming.

Her material included a moody *Look for the Silver Lining* that segued into a sardonic *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*; a bitter-sweet *Baltimore Oriole* that was defeathered; a delightful *Waltz for Debbie*; a suicidal *Gloomy Sunday*; and a rousing one-chorus rendition of *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*. Behind her were Johnson, Berk and Jack Reilly's pungent piano, featured on a swinging exploration of *Summertime*.

Miss Jordan's last song, *Spiritual Being*, explored a lyrically Lydian scale, and was wondrously wordless: a rich, raga-like blowing of the mind, a transcendental touch of jazz ecstasy. —J. C. Thomas

Art Simmons Trio—Aaron Bridgers

The Living Room, Paris, France

Personnel: Simmons, piano; Luigi Trussardi, bass; Rene Nan, drums. Bridgers, piano.

For nearly five years, pianists Simmons and Bridgers have been keeping the chair at the Living Room warm for each other and, in the process, have established the club as the one constant in a rapidly changing—and currently impoverished—Paris jazz-club scene.

Their warm communication, both at and away from the pianos, have helped make the Living Room not only the most



Art Simmons

popular jazz room in Paris, but also a forum, employment exchange, and sitting-in haven for Paris-based musicians and a Mecca for visiting ones. The visitors' book kept by the club's cheerful manager, Jocelyn Bingham, reads like a jazz musicians' directory.

A small, intimate room, graced in the winter by a glowing log fire, the Living Room requires a very particular jazz ap-

proach, and its resident musicians might have been specially invented for it.

Simmons is a pianist of exemplary taste whose theme statements and solo work are rich in dynamics and harmony and devoid of superficiality. He thinks and plays "vertically"—he is also a talented arranger—and his preoccupation in getting his trio to sound like a trio, and not just piano with rhythm, is reflected in the tight-knit, integrated performances the group turns out night after night.

Despite the informal atmosphere of the room and the fact that the musicians are located in among the customers, the Simmons trio plays with resolute and well-rehearsed professionalism. There is no idle tinkling between numbers, no tedious gaps between selections while discussing what to play next.

Simmons has clearly put in a lot of homework on arrangements and contributes many original and appealing stylings of well-known and lesser-known standards, often with delightfully elaborated chord sequences.

His right-hand, single-note work is neat and nimble without being exactly breath-taking, but when conditions are right he can swing the trio like a minor-league Oscar Peterson.

High on the list of favorites with Living Room regulars are Simmons' interpretations of *The Lady Is a Tramp*, with some strikingly different chords; *Sleeping Bee*, also delightfully chorded and with some dramatic dynamic effects; *Budo*, a tricky piano adaptation of the Miles Davis Tentet version; and the lyrical *Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most*.

Solo pianist Bridgers, who alternates with the trio, is a richly romantic pianist who was once a protege of Art Tatum. There is a strong element of Tatum in his playing, but he has also absorbed the message of Bill Evans.

Solo piano in a club is an unrewarding and challenging job, but Bridgers' overflowing love of music turns what could be a dull filling-in chore into a gratifying musical experience.

His repertoire is wide-ranging—from Beatles to Billy Strayhorn, from Benny Golson to Thelonious Monk—and he uses the whole piano. Bridgers tends to forgo set pieces in favor of pushing a tune or a chord sequence to its limits, constantly seeking new variations, new harmonic patterns, with the total freedom that only a solo pianist can enjoy.

All God's Children Got Rhythm, for example, began as an up-tempo treatment. Then Bridgers halved the tempo and produced some Tatumesque stride work.

One additional plus factor—the Living Room has an excellent grand piano, which is no less than its two talented resident pianists deserve.

—Mike Hennessey

Procol Harum

Winterland, San Francisco

Personnel: Gary Brooker, vocals and piano; Matthew Fisher, organ; Robin Trower, lead guitar; David Knights, bass guitar; Barrie Wilson, drums.

Procol Harum—a group whose beginnings have cast them in an ethereal, ghostly image—seem torn between cloaking themselves in further mystery or becoming an honest, blues-influenced band.

a monograph regarding the holding of the flute

by Walfrid Kujala

Some good material has been available regarding proper techniques for holding the flute—but, as in any educational pursuit, there is always room for further study—further research—further reference. In this work, "The Flute: Position and Balance", Mr. Kujala has selected specific aspects on this subject that he felt needed greater emphasis.

Music educators are welcome to add this brochure to their flute literature file—Copies are available through music dealers.

Walfrid Kujala, noted flutist, piccoloist and teacher, has been with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra since 1954 and is a member of the Northwestern University School of Music faculty.

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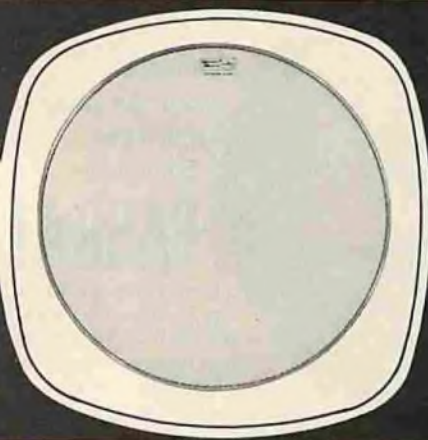
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A better example of this conflict than their final set of their last night in Winterland is not likely to be found. When organist Fisher appeared on stage, shrouded in a monk's hooded habit (the only time he did this on the two nights I saw them) to play an exciting set that included *Goin' Down Slow*, *Rock Me Baby* and the group's own *Cerdes*, no one had to show films to explain that Procol Harum is into some changes.

How well they deal with this dual approach will tell whether or not they will become just another "one-hit" group. It's quite possible that the key is their excellent new lead guitarist, Robin Trower.

If you've only heard *A Whiter Shade of Pale*, you haven't heard him yet. You should. On their album on Deram, Trower gives some tempting samples of his work on *Cerdes* and Fisher's brooding *Repent Walpurgis*. But it is in person that his blues approach is best heard and felt. With his excellent musicianship and unique sound (achieved by pre-amping his Marshall amplifier), and his highly emotional approach ["... The straight guitar sound is very clean and clear, pinggg. But I want another sound, an emotional one that makes the guitar moan and growl..."] he stands there, a little off to the side, surrounded by four other musicians who admire and respect him and his playing, but are not sure if blues is their thing. It's definitely Robin's. ["The blues is a guitarist's music."] (In his hotel room, Albert King's *Born Under A Bad Sign* protruded from the typically half-unpacked suitcase of the touring musician. "Any guitarist with feeling will recognize the ultimate truth of the blues," he says.)

The rest of the group may also come to recognize this ultimate truth, but it's not that simple. Their initial impact has not gone unnoticed. *Whiter Shade of Pale* was chosen as "Single of the Year" by the 1967 *Melody Maker* Reader's Poll in England (even over *Strawberry Fields*); was in the top five in this country, and a huge success all over the world. The song, featuring Matthew Fisher's full pipe effect (he recreated it in person too, losing only what the vastness of Winterland swallowed up), thrust them into their mystical image because of a combination of things: Gary Brooker's plaintive vocal style; the otherworldliness of Keith Reid's words; the cover of their album; indeed, the group's very name itself. ("It means 'beyond these things,' but we didn't know that when we chose the name from a prize-winning show cat," explains Reid.)

At this point, it's not easy—and possibly undesirable—to change that image. And that it is not totally unsatisfactory was shown by the selection of *Homburg* as their second single; their first for their new American label, A&M. They've also undergone two personnel changes since the recording of *Whiter Shade*, with the departure of Bobby Harrison (drums) and Ray Royer (lead guitar).

Homburg was somewhat disappointing because of the similarity of feeling to *Whiter Shade*. This disappointment was increased after hearing their wide variety of material in person.

Conquistador (con-qwis-lador, as Gary insists), judging from its reception every

time they played it as well as the heavy airplay it has received, would have been another good-sized hit had it been a single. In person, they play *Conquistador* with a much heavier, exciting feeling laid down by Trower, bassist Knights and drummer Wilson, with Fisher's organ really on top.

In fact, they generally seem to do everything better in person, and with an unexpected emphasis on the blues as well. I say "seem" because their first night at Winterland was a disaster. Plagued by difficulties with sound balance (not an unusual problem for groups playing this location for the first time), they were unable to control the situation. Heavier groups than Procol Harum have been subdued by Winterland, but they are heavy because they've learned from it.

And so did Procol Harum. The next night found them very much into their thing, the major barrier being the aforementioned uncertainty of just what that is.

Saturday's first set broke the spiral of interest with *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (a questionable choice in the first place) and *Something Following Me*. Then came the organ feature, *Kaleidoscope*, showcasing Matthew Fisher's thunderous sound—achieved by using the pedals with all stops out and no vibrato. He was up to it, and the sagging spiral received a boost. Gary Brooker's wistfulness was most successful on *Whiter Shade* (and no wonder it was such a giant hit!).

Most of Procol's repertoire was from their album, but they sometimes revealed new material. Among the pieces which I was able to identify by name were *Monsieur Armond*, *Shine On Brightly*, and *Bell On My Door*.

The group closed every set heard with *Repent Walpurgis*, and it was always the perfect closer. This strictly instrumental arrangement is their most dramatic, with Trower's slashing solo preceding Gary's beautiful Bach-like piano interlude. On this, their dynamics are best shown.

There is no denying Procol Harum's talent or their individual group sound. But there is also no denying the tugs and pulls, questions and doubts that are, as yet, still unresolved. Trower leads the way to an earthy, bluesy approach, with Brooker closest to him. Knights and Wilson, though willing and able to follow, seem happier with more diverse and complex sounds. The enigmatic Fisher seems sometimes more pleased with one, sometimes the other. The influence of their non-playing member, Keith Reid, who writes their lyrics and manages the group, is hard to pinpoint. He's always there but, very much like his words, not always accessible.

The group left America with warm feelings about the places they played, and a feeling of apprehension when walking the streets of our cities. After three weeks away from England, they were learning the truth of Paul Simon's *Homeward Bound*.

And when they returned to England, their biggest challenge was facing them; that of resolving their direction, and playing before the severe English audiences. For Americans, their next album should help answer these questions. I am looking forward to it with impatience and some anxiety.

—Bob O'Leary

WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 23)

Chick it was funny. I guess he thought I should have had more sense than to ask."

When Webb died in 1939, Williams had been with him more than eight years. He stayed on another eight months but "lost interest in everything." Something was really missing, he said, remembering his dead leader fondly: "I guess I was often a headache to Chick, because he would give me hell sometimes, but I think he liked me. At one time, there had been a lot of guys in and out of that band. When things were getting rough, they'd quit. Once, when there was a question about money, Webb named those who had stuck with him when times were tough. They included Taft, Bobby and myself, and the one who was closest of all to him, almost like a father—[guitarist] John Trueheart. I've seen the time when they sat beside the highway and split a loaf of bread and a can of beans together."

In 1943, Williams was with Ellington for 10 weeks while Lawrence Brown was on vacation and "loved it. But during that time the bottle was really beginning to get to me. A drink will pick you up, but it gets to the point where you say you can't get on a bandstand unless you've got a bottle—in case you get tired. The road had a lot to do with it, because doing those one-nighters you were tired all the time, and back in those days hotel accommodation wasn't like it is now. You took a room wherever you could, even if it was in a barn. Some places, the hotels were so lousy I'd sleep in the bus. Traveling by bus, sleeping in it, just getting a sandwich here and a sandwich there, you were naturally tired all the time. Then you'd say, 'To hell with it! I'm going to get a drink.'"

When they worked at the Savoy, it was different, he recalled. Sometimes they rehearsed after a show, and Sunday was a breakneck day—from 3 p.m. until 3 a.m. The rest of the week, they'd start at 9 p.m. and play to 3 a.m. or some nights until 4 a.m. There were always two bands—a top band and another that was mediocre.

When the band went on the road, most of the tours were in the south. Business was good there. It might hit Chicago on a theater date, but in the hot summer it always seemed to be in Texas, Williams said.

"That was how Moe Gale booked us," he said. "For a Christmas present, he'd give us a piece of luggage, a nice suitcase maybe, or an alarm clock. Oh, brother!"

Some parts of Texas, Williams remembers, were as bad as Mississippi.

"Going through states like Mississippi and Alabama, you wouldn't have any trouble in the big cities, but the highways were bad in those days," he said. "You might have to make a detour, get stuck in muddy roads, or make a stop at one of those dinky gas stations. With Fletcher, we mostly traveled in cars, but with Chick it was in a bus, very seldom in trains. I preferred cars, and I used to ride with

Russell Smith, Old Pop, all the time. (Smith was Henderson's long-time lead trumpeter.)

"I rode with Coleman Hawkins later when he had his big band, and that caused some trouble, too, because all the rest of the guys had to leave on the bus. They hated that. He drove fast, always left much later, and arrived after the band had started. 'Here come the two bosses,' the guys would say. They called me strawboss, but I just rode with Hawk because we were close.

"I remember coming with him and [drummer] Walter Johnson from Philly once, and he had just got a new Imperial. He decided to open it up on a long stretch, and he had it up to 103 miles an hour. That was the first time I ever did over 100 an hour, but Hawk was a good driver. 'Hell, I don't want to kill myself,' he'd tell you right quick. 'What are you worried about?'"

"I remember once we were playing in Tennessee—another nasty state—when some guy came up on the floor and said something ugly to me and Higgy. We took our mouthpieces out to use in our hands as a weight, and we were really going to start something that night. After that Fletcher put his trombones behind his trumpets. Somewhere else—Bradford, Pa.—we had to have a police escort out of town. The bully of the town wanted to start something. Fletcher asked for an escort and got it. Two motorcycle cops took us about 20 miles out of town. You'd run into all that kind of mess.

"In those days, everybody would have his own gun, because when you're traveling on the road like that, you would go through a lot of states where you could buy a gun as easy as a pack of cigarettes—no license at all. On the highways, where there were dairy farms, they used to have big cans of milk out waiting to be collected by a truck. When Bobby Stark had been drinking, and if he saw them standing there, he'd get out his pistol and—bam! He used to like to see the milk spout out."

THE WEBB BAND played some white dances in the south and some Negro. Some had a rope stretched across the floor, so the whites danced on one side and the Negroes on the other. In others, the whites would be dancing and the Negroes would be sitting upstairs listening—and they all paid the same price.

"That used to burn me up and make me evil," Williams said. "And that was another excuse to take a drink."

Williams started playing golf in 1930 and used to take his clubs on the road when he was with Henderson and Webb. In 1941, he recalled, he used to play with tenorist Freddy Mitchell in Henderson's band. When they hit one town in Louisiana—"and that's a bad state," Williams said—they had their clubs on the bus. It was early in the morning, and the night club sat up on top of a hill with a beautiful golf course all around it.

"Freddy and I looked at each other," he said.

"I'm going to ask," I said.

"We'd like to play a round if you don't mind," I said to the boss of the

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place. 'We've got our clubs with us.'

"Where in the hell did you ever learn to play golf?" he asked.

"I'm from the south," Freddy said. "I used to caddy, but since I've been in New York, I've learned to play."

"All right, but I'm going to give each one of you a caddy, and they're going to keep score. So you better shoot a good score. Go out and play."

"We shot a good game that day. Those caddies just wouldn't lie, and they took the scorecards right to the boss."

"You guys shoot that score?"

"Your boy here was keeping the score."

"Okay," he said. "Open up the bar." And he set up a round of drinks for everybody in the band.

THE TWO YEARS Williams was with Henderson in the early '40s were not a notably happy period. Besides Mitchell, trumpeter Peanuts Holland, alto saxophonist George Dorsey, trombonist Benny Morton, and Walter Johnson were in the band.

"We had a chance to go back to the Roseland," Williams said. "The manager came to Pittsburgh and begged Fletcher to come back. That's when Peanuts and I stole an obligato and wrote the tune *Let's Go Home*. I named it because I was hot with Fletcher. He wanted to stay on the road and go to Chicago, but I wanted to go back to New York. I lost some of my respect for him then. It was an opportunity he passed up."

"Another tune I named was *Fish Market*, when I was in the big band Roy Eldridge had, and we were up in Boston several weeks. I remember we had four trombones on that date—Vic Dickenson, George Stevenson, Wilbur DeParis and myself. *Fish Market* was a blues, the kind of thing you can play for a month, so long as you don't play the same thing over and over. It was a very good band Roy had, and we did a lot of dances, theater dates and records, but it didn't last too long."

Most of the reference books also credit Williams with working for Lucky Millinder, but it was a brief engagement, honorably terminated on an artistic difference.

"We played a week at the Apollo and a week in Baltimore," the trombonist said. "On one tune, I had a break to make, and I always used to say to myself that I didn't make the same break twice. I'd always change it, but Lucky didn't like that."

"I never play the same thing twice," I told him.

"In my band you will," he said.

"That's it! Give me my ticket."

"He did, too, and paid me for the whole week."

Williams was an important contributor to one of the greatest record sessions ever made under Sidney Bechet's name, that on Victor from which *Shake It and Break It*, *Old Man Blues*, *Wild Man Blues* and *Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning* resulted. He later played a summer engagement with the New Orleans veteran in the Catskill Mountains during World War II and got to know him well.

"I used to get a kick out of Bechet," he said with a reminiscent chuckle, "but he was a moody guy. He'd be happy and jolly one minute, and the next he'd be off

by himself, walking through the woods. He'd tell you he was thinking. Other times, he'd go out on the lake in a boat by himself. I used to go in a boat myself, with a jug of wine and a camera. One day I was standing up to take some pictures when the boat turned over with me. Henry Goodwin, the trumpet player, had his camera and took a picture of me climbing out of the water, still with my pipe in my mouth—but no jug. I was mad."

Ultimately, liquor struck Williams down. When he picked himself up again, problems with his embouchure prevented a full return to a musical career.

"I never did much writing," he continued, "but I used to play things to Harry White (the arranger and trombonist) and have him copy them down. He used to come by when he knew my wife was out and take a bath. Sometimes he'd have a suit someone had given him, and I'd take his old stuff and throw it down the incinerator. I used to try to get him to eat, but I never could pass him by without giving him enough to get a drink, because I know what that is. I know you're doing wrong in a way, but I've been through that, and it's murder. Bob Carroll was a hell of a musician, with a beautiful tone and good ideas, but he ended up like those guys on the Bowery, lying in hallways."

"I used to go down there just to try to make myself disgusted by seeing those guys. I'd go down with three or four dollars in my pocket, but I'd end up buying them a drink and drinking with them. I was lucky, because I always had a home to go to. I can thank my wife for that, and that's why I'm about the only guy left of the bunch I used to drink with. She'd always leave me something to eat on the stove when she was going out to work. Sometimes I'd pretend I'd eaten it and throw it down the incinerator. Or if I could make a sandwich out of it, I might take it around to a bar where I could trade it for a big slug. One time, I went over two weeks without a mouthful of food. I just couldn't eat it."

Of his career, Williams quickly acknowledged that "my biggest kicks were with Fletcher. And with Chick, naturally, because I was home there. I could play the whole night without opening my book. I got a kick out of being in Europe too. If I'm ever lucky enough to win a sweepstake, I'm going to take my wife on the same trip. It's beautiful over there, and since I quit drinking, I know I'd appreciate it even more."

DISCOGRAPHY

Stompin' at the Savoy, Chick Webb, Columbia CL 2639

A Legend, Chick Webb, Decca DL 9222
King of the Savoy, Chick Webb, Decca DL 9223

The Fletcher Henderson Story, Columbia C4L-19

First Impressions, Fletcher Henderson, Decca DL 9227

Swing's the Thing, Fletcher Henderson, Decca DL 9228

Bechet of New Orleans, Sidney Bechet, Victor LPV 510

The Blue Bechet, Victor LPV 535

Swing Street, various artists, Epic SN 6042

BRAND

(Continued from page 18)

said, "I realized that four or five hours of playing time was too long for European audiences. But this is the way it is in Africa, where music is there all the time, 24 hours a day."

Speaking about New York City as a center for musicians, Brand noted that "there are so many good musicians here. Who can say when we will find the ideal society for the artist? Where else is there in the U.S. but New York for the jazz musician?"

Under the Rockefeller grant, Brand is concentrating on studying, practicing and composing. While doing mostly solo work, he also is thinking in terms of larger groups—a big band or symphony-sized group.

"The usual jazz instrumentation of four or five instruments is too restrictive," he explained. "Music is an involved thing, and as in South Africa, it should be a reflection of *all* of society, for this is the original concept of music."

There is a possibility that he soon may be writing and playing the score for an industrial documentary film, but Brand's interest in the motion picture medium extends to making films as well. Often he turns on his movie

camera while strolling around the city, filming whatever arouses his interest. He also has appeared in a 16-mm short made in Denmark, *Portrait of an African Bushman*.

While music is his life's work, he has found time to write a series of biographical articles for an African magazine, and poetry for *The New African Journal*, a magazine edited by a Nigerian university student. "Funny poetry," Brand modestly calls it, but while it reflects his lively sense of humor and the absurd, it is also very moving.

"But now, under the grant, I have no time for writing words," he explains. "I am using all my resources on music. I'm doing a lot of composing. The grant has given me the time, and I'm going through a very fruitful period." Grants are not often given to jazz musicians. How did Brand get his? It was simple. "I asked for it," he said.

Eventually, Brand wants to return to Africa "to set up a workshop or school. Some beautiful youngsters have sent me tapes from South Africa. There are good musicians throughout all of Africa."

Two in particular, he said, are Winston Ngazi, a young tenor player, and pianist Chris Schilder. "Africa is probably the only place left where musicians can still be part of society with

their music," he said. "And this is important, for when a music is separated from its roots, it loses its value. And Africa is where the music of the future will be coming from. It has been influencing Western music for centuries, anyway."

For African musicians, Brand has this message: "Don't forget the father of us all, Kippy Mocketsi, an alto player about 40 years of age now. He is the first one who made us aware of the riches inside South Africa."

If he so desired, Brand could carve a niche for himself in the U.S. jazz world. But he has chosen not to join the rat race. Away from his troubled homeland, he retains the perspective of a curious but uncommitted visitor, his keen intelligence taking in the contradictions and absurdities of our hyperthyroid civilization. But he remains committed to his music, learning and creating. It is a pity that circumstances have not permitted him to share his gifts with a wider audience, but that may yet come about.

Some day, when Dollar Brand comes home, there will be an audience, and his experiences in strange lands will serve him well. Meanwhile, for those who can hear it, Brand's music is a fresh wind blowing in from Mother Africa.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

Woodbury Show. Correct personnel for the job was **Charlie Shoemake**, vibes; **Dave Koonse**, guitar; **Bob Whitlock**, bass; **Bill Goodwin**, drums. Shearing is about to embark on an extensive tour including the Penthouse in Seattle, then Washington, D.C., New York, Chicago, Detroit and Indianapolis, among other stops . . . While the *Tonight Show* emanated from Hollywood, its musical director, **Doc Severinsen**, used a local band including **Louis Bellson** on drums. During Bellson's gig at Ellis Island with his own band, Severinsen joined the drummer as a sideman, giving the Bellson band a six-man trumpet section. Others included **Jon Murakami**, **Clyde Reasinger**, **Uan Rasey**, **Sweets Edison** and **Jay Daversa**. The Bellson band, keeping busy in this area, followed its Ellis Island gig with appearances at The Factory, Steven's Steakhouse and Memory Lane . . . **Les McCann** did a very successful two weeks at the Playboy Club, with bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**, and drummer **Frank Severino** . . . Everybody was smiling at the gymnasium of Cal State College, Long Beach. Reason: the antics of **Roosevelt Greer**, football defensive crusher-turned-vocalist; and the antics of **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet. While many clubs were crying the blues, the Lighthouse was able to boast of SRO crowds and long lines waiting to see Gillespie during his two-week gig there. As of this writing, Diz is still without a permanent bass player. Some time ago, **Russell George** replaced **Frank Schifano** (both electric bassists). But George quit suddenly. When he called, the trumpeter happened to be at bassist **Red Callendar's** home, standing next to another bass player, **Al McKibbon**. McKibbon finished out Gillespie's gig at the Century Plaza; then **Red Mitchell** joined the group at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco, stayed on for the Penthouse in Seattle, and came back home for the Lighthouse engagement. By this time, Mitchell was tempted to leave the studio scene and remain with Gillespie. It wasn't until the very last night of the Lighthouse gig that he finally decided not to uproot his Los Angeles home . . . Just before the **Young-Holt Trio's** opening at the Lighthouse, pianist **Don Walker** and drummer **Red Holt** came down with the flu. Holt was hit so severely he collapsed at the airport in Chicago. **Gene Russell** and **Clarence Johnston** subbed for them. Russell's own trio (**Henry Franklin**, bass) appeared recently at the Playboy Club and on a local TV show, *Boss City* . . . **Gil Melle** has just signed with Verve, and now must decide what to call his group. Most people refer to it as the **Gil Melle Quartet**. But technically, it is known as **Gil Melle** and his **Electronauts**. Melle recently scored one of the segments for *Ironsides* on CBS-TV. The assignment called for conventional instrumentation, to perpetuate the **Oliver Nelson** sound already established on the series. Melle's **Electronauts** and **T-Bone Walker's** blues group

switched dates for the **UCLA Chamber Jazz Series**, so that Melle will now appear at Schoenberg Hall on the UCLA campus March 30 . . . **Hazel Scott** will be making Los Angeles her home, following a successful engagement at the Playboy Club . . . **June Christy** made one of her rare appearances recently at the Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza, sharing the bill with the **Page Cavanaugh Trio** for two weeks . . . A brand new facility—The Forum—was christened by **Aretha Franklin**, backed by the **Preston Love Orchestra**, and the **Young-Holt Trio** (this was before Holt and Walker took sick). The Forum is a huge, \$16 million arena in South Los Angeles, built for sporting events, ice shows, exhibitions, etc. It does not have the kind of sound system that will please singers and musicians. The speakers are located high in the ceiling beams . . . **Gary McFarland** was in town to a&r **Gabor Szabo's** latest album, and his first for **Skye Records**, the label formed by McFarland, Szabo and **Cal Tjader**. McFarland doesn't particularly like the term a&r. He prefers to think of it as "objective assistance from one musician to another," in terms of what material to record, or what sound to aim for. McFarland claims the name **Skye** came from the island off the coast of Scotland. The live recording session, done at Shelly's Manne-Hole on a Monday night, drew an enthusiastic SRO crowd . . . **Steve Bohannon** and **Jack Sheldon** are working more frequently as the nucleus of a combo. After two weeks at Ellis Island (with Sheldon, trumpet and vocals; Bohannon, organ; **John Morell**, guitar; **Al Estes** or **John Baker**, drums), the group went to the Trident in Sausalito, with bassist **Albert Stinson**. The association of Sheldon and Bohannon dates back to last year's Pacific Jazz Festival . . . A recent Brass Night one-nighter at Donte's featured **Sweets Edison** with **Jimmy Forrest**, tenor saxophone; **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Wilbur Ware**, bass; **Joe Harris**, drums. Another fine group at Donte's, in a completely different bag, played a couple of weekends: **Emil Richards**, leader, vibes and percussion; **Dave Mackay**, piano; **Bill Plummer**, bass; **Joe Porcaro**, drums; **Mike Craden**, conga drums . . . **Johnny Guarneri**, who recently devoted a couple of gigs at Ellis Island to the time signature of 5/4, just recorded a whole album in five—for a new label, **Bet Records**. On the date with pianist Guarneri: **Jim Faunt**, bass; **Porcaro**, drums . . . Mackay brought his group into the Sportsmen's Lodge in North Hollywood for a City of Hope benefit, sponsored by Musicians' Gourmet. In the group: **Ira Schulman**, reeds; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Porcaro**, drums. Both Mackay and his wife, **Vicki Hamilton**, are contributing charts for the combo. Vicki also handles the vocals . . . **Bill Fritz** is now the assistant conductor of the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra; trombonist **Dick Shearer** has become the band manager for **Kenton's** regular, non-neophonic orchestra; and **Jim Amlotte** is confining his duties to the monumental paper work involved in the Neophonic, as well as the logistics of the annual **Kenton clinics** . . . Reed man **Tom Scott**

is rehearsing a new ensemble that includes **Buddy Childers**, trumpet; **Jim Sawyer**, trombone; **Dave Duke**, French horn; **Roger Kellaway**, electric piano; **Dominico**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums; **Emil Richards**, percussion; and three strings . . . Reed man **Gene Siegel**, after rehearsing his string-oriented band for six months, finally made his debut with a two-nighter at Ellis Island. In addition to five strings (three violins, viola and cello), he has **Gray Rains**, **Terry Jones** and **Gary Barone**, trumpets; **John Mewborn**, valve trombone; **Ira Westley**, tuba; **John Gross**, reeds; **John Morell**, guitar; **Jim Faunt**, bass; **Steve Bohannon**, drums. Siegel, a Kenton alumnus, hopes to amplify the string section as soon as he gets enough money. He and trumpeter Jones (whose wife is one of the violinists) each wrote half the book . . . **Della Reese** reports an increase in the number of legit offers ever since **Pearl Bailey's** smash success in *Hello Dolly*. One was for *Mame* . . . **Jimmy Witherspoon** returned to Los Angeles, following a 10-day gig at the Penthouse in Seattle . . . **Lou Rawls** did two one-nighters at local campuses: one at California Western University, the second at UCLA . . . **Steve Allen** was Brotherhood Week chairman for Southern California, appointed by the National Conference of Christians and Jews . . . **Marty Paich** will arrange and conduct **Pete Jolly's** next album for A&M. Producer will be **Herb Alpert** . . . **Don Costa** has signed to score MGM's *The Impossible Years* . . . **Johnny Keating** is doing the music for a Chevrolet commercial . . . **The Sound of Feeling** played at the 30th anniversary celebration of the Society of Music Arrangers at the Cafe de Paris. On March 24, the group will be featured in concert at the Pasadena Art Museum. Personnel remains the same: leader **Gary David**, piano, vocals; **Rhae** and **Alyce Audreese**, vocals; **Frank De La Rosa**, bass; **Ray Neapolitan**, sitar; **Dick Wilson**, drums . . . **Bill Plummer's** new group, the *Cosmic Brotherhood*, was featured at Donte's for Persian New Year, which coincides with the first day of spring (the club specializes in Iranian cooking) . . . **Mary Kaye** bought half interest in the Embassy Club in Sherman Oaks and brought her trio to the room . . . Pianist **Mike Wofford**, who doubles as a classical composer, had his *Three Movements for Orchestra* premiered by the Burbank Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of **Leo Arnaud**. Wofford has also had three other works performed by the San Diego Philharmonic.

Chicago: Pianist-singer **Little Brother Montgomery** is recuperating from a mild stroke. Prior to his illness, he recorded for Blackbird Records with bassist **Truck Parham** and drummer **Jimmy Herndon**. The album will be completed when Montgomery is fully recovered . . . **Pee Wee Russell** and **Jimmy McPartland** were reunited with old Chicago buddy **Art Hodes** on a recent segment in the pianist's WTTW-TV program. McPartland also joined Hodes at a Golden Horseshoe Sunday session, with **Georg Brunis** on trom-

bone, while Russell went on to Washington, D.C. for a gig at Blues Alley . . . Traditional jazz sounds can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays at the Red Pepper, 9400 West Grand, with leader **Dave Melcher** on tuba, trumpeter **Jack (The Bear) Brown**, trombonist **Roy (The Rat) Lang**, pianist **Roy Kurts**, banjoist **Craig Elvidge**, and drummer **Larry Kostka**. The club also holds occasional Sunday sessions with the **Salty Dogs**, banjoist **Eddie Davis**, and others . . . The **Chicago Footwarmers**, led by tubaist **Mike Woolbridge**, plays Sundays at Rennie's Lounge in Westmont . . . **Gene Krupa**, ill with emphysema, had to cancel his scheduled March 12-31 London House engagement.

Filling the vacancy for the first week was the **Tamba 4**, a Brazilian group in its first U.S. appearance since the 1964 Carnegie Hall Bossa Nova concert. They closed March 17. Currently in residence at the steak house, in its first appearance there, is the trio of the incredible **Jimmy Smith**, who will be followed by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** . . . Vocalist **Arthur Prysock** left Mr. Kelly's March 3 after a fortnight. **Miriam Makeba** is on stage through March 31. Singer **Mel Torme** is scheduled for the last two weeks in April . . . The vocal duo of **Rhetta Hughes** and **Tennyson Stevens** were at the Scotch Mist in mid-February. They were followed by the **Blue Notes**, preceding **Milt Tre-**



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nier who is currently appearing with Mickey Lynn. The Diamonds are scheduled to appear the last two weeks in April . . . The Judy Roberts Trio does an early Sunday evening bit at Jack Mooney's Pub in Sandburg Village. Singer-pianist Roberts does a single Mondays through Thursdays. Vocalists Allan Stevens and Mario Arcari, who double on piano and bass respectively, are back at Mooney's Fridays and Saturdays . . . The Lexington String Quartet and tenorist Joe Daley's trio played the first concert in the "Music Contempo" series at the Illinois Institute of Technology Feb. 16 . . . The Trio (altoist Absholom Ben Shlomo, bassist Allan Joiner, and drummer Paul Ramsey) hold forth every Monday at the Copa Cabana (7515 Cottage Grove Ave.). The Trio, members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, was heard in concert at Abraham Lincoln Center in mid-February. The Joseph Jarman Company performed at Lincoln Center the last Sunday in February . . . James Brown, augmented by his 18-piece orchestra, played the Regal Theater for 4 days in late February . . . The benefit for LeRoi Jones, previously scheduled for a March date (*DB*, Feb. 22), was held Feb. 22 at the AFFRO-Arts Theater. Multi-instrumentalist Phil Cohran's Artistic Heritage Ensemble, Darlene Blackburn's dancers, and the Spencer Jackson Gospel singers provided the musical portion of the evening. The previous night, a program to commemorate the death of Malcolm X was presented at the theater. Musical activities for that program were also under Cohran's direction.

Washington: Since its inception last year, The Left Bank Jazz Society of Washington has made great strides in bringing name jazz to these parts. The Art Farmer Quintet (Jimmy Heath, tenor; Cedar Walton, piano; Mickey Roker, drums) was featured in late 1967. Regular bassist Walter Booker, touring with Stan Getz, was ably replaced by Miroslav Vitos. The Jazz Communicators were next, followed by singer Etta Jones with organist Gloria Coleman's trio, and Ronnie Mathews, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; and Billy Higgins, drums backed trumpeter Lee Morgan and tenorist Clifford Jordan at an SRO concert. Most recently, bagpist Rufus Harley brought in a quartet (Oliver Collins, piano; James Glenn, bass; Billy Abner, drums) . . . Guitarist Charlie Byrd has moved from the Showboat to his new suburban club in Silver Spring, The Byrds Nest. While Byrd has been touring, his club has featured Laurindo Almeida; organist Jimmy Smith's trio (Nathan Paige, guitar; Bernard Sweetney, drums), and pianist Ahmad Jamal and his trio (Jamil Sulieman, bass; Frank Gant, drums) . . . Vibists Freddy McCoy (with pianist Joanne Bracheen) and Johnny Lytle and their groups spent a week each at The Bohemian Caverns. After pianist McCoy Tyner's stint (Junior Booth, bass; Carl [Mickey] Newman, drums), tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine brought a quartet to the club (pianist Walter Davis; bassist An-

drew White; drummer Tony Calender). Bill Cosby stopped by the Caverns after his performance at Constitution Hall and was given an award by two Washington organizations, the International Ministry for the Arts and the Organization for the Development of the Arts. The comedian spent an hour on stage, much to the delight of the Sunday night crowd . . . Tommy Gwaltney's Blues Alley continues to thrive. The owner's quintet (John Phillips, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar; Billy Taylor, bass; Bertell Knox, drums) has recently backed trombonist Lou McGarity and trumpeter Emmett Berry. Clarinetist Pee Wee Russell subbed for Gwaltney for a week in February. Perhaps the best news from Blues Alley is the booking of vocalist Carol Sloane for a week in early April . . . Oscar Peterson and trio SRO'd at the Cellar Door in mid-January, with the Modern Jazz Quartet following suit several weeks later . . . John Eaton continues at the keyboard of the Silver Fox, assisted by bassist Freddy Williams.

Detroit: A number of first-rank jazzmen have left Detroit recently. First to go was pianist-vibist Nasir Hafiz, who left to seek greater musical opportunity in New York. He was followed by pianist Charles Boles who went on the road with singer Damita Jo . . . Another emigrant was trombonist George Bohanon, currently on the West Coast but undecided whether to move permanently to Los Angeles or New York . . . Bassist Ron Brooks' quintet (Charles Moore, cornet; Leon Henderson, tenor; Kenny Cox, piano; Danny Spencer, drums) plus reed man George Overstreet's quartet were featured in a Jazz for '68 concert held at the Fifth Dimension in Ann Arbor Feb. 18 . . . Elsewhere in Ann Arbor, flutist Jeremy Steig and the Stayrs appeared the same night at Canterbury House . . . Latest occupant of the piano chair in bassist Ernie Farrow's quintet at the Drome is Will Davis . . . Tenorist Clyde Stringer went Dixieland for a few weeks as he joined trumpeter Tom Saunders' Surfside Six for a brief engagement at the Metropole in Windsor, Ontario. Other Surfsiders included Guy Ross or Chuck Moss, trombone; George Melzik, piano; Leo Rhea, bass; Danny Mazuras, drums . . . Sunday afternoon is jazz time in the downriver suburbs, where the Visger Inn in River Rouge presents organist Joe Burton and multi-instrumentalist Dez McCullers . . . Currently featured at the Hobby Bar are organist Rod Lumpkin, drummer Bill Hyde and baritonist Beans Bowles . . . Two famous Detroiters returned to town Feb. 16. Aretha Franklin and her sister Erma did a concert at Cobo Hall. Also featured was the Young-Holt Trio . . . University of Michigan graduate Stanley Cowell replaced pianist Cedar Walton in vibist Bobby Hutcherson's quintet for the group's appearance at the University's annual Creative Arts Festival. In addition to the Hutcherson group and local bassist Ron Brook's sextet, the festival also presented singer Miriam Makeba . . . Baritonist Les Rout's quartet (Tom Curran, piano; Dale Ehli, bass; Billy Parker, drums) can cur-

rently be heard Sundays at Spiro's in East Lansing . . . Detroit's two big jazz bands, led by trombonist Jimmy Wilkins and trumpeter Ed Carlo (better known in jazz circles as Eddie Nuccilli), played for the annual Musicians Winter Ball, sponsored by AFM Local 5 at the Latin Quarter Feb. 12. Also participating were the orchestras of Carl Edson, Paul Maceri, Eddie Schick and Art Walunas . . . The Expressions (Detroiters Gary Chandler, trumpet; Sam Sanders, reeds; and Isaac Daney, drums, plus organist John Collins of Columbus, Ohio) have returned to the Michigan area after several months on the road . . . When guitarist Kenny Burrell called in sick, Baker's Keyboard substituted organist-vocalist Trudy Pitts' trio (Pat Martino, guitar; Mr. C. [Bill Carney], drums).

Las Vegas: The Si Zentner band returned to the Tropicana's Blue Room for five weeks, presenting contemporary big-band sounds and providing backing for singer Helen O'Connell during her two-week engagement. Zentner's lead alto, Milt Yancer, and Miss O'Connell were both members of the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra during the big-band era, so it was reunion time for them and the many former members of the Dorsey band who now reside here. The youthful Zentner band also played some late hour jazz concerts. The charts were opened up and soloists given a greater opportunity to be heard. The band personnel included Walt Johnson, Tony Rodriguez, Don Dimick, John Madrid, trumpets; Pete Marshall, Joe Dallas, Stan Nishimura, trombones; Yancer, Gary (Flash) Freyman, Jerry Hirsch, Larry Schlect, Chuck Simpson, reeds; Hal Stesich, piano; Jerry Johnson, bass; Joe Ross, drums . . . Wes Hensel, ex-Les Brown lead trumpeter, now playing in Russ Black's house band at the Flamingo, is currently wearing a brace on his back as a result of an injury sustained in a fall from his horse . . . While playing a four-weeker at the Sands Celebrity Theater, singer Buddy Greco recorded a "live" album of his show with the swinging big band of baritonist Steve Perlow, directed by pianist-arranger Dick Palombi, and with Del Blake on drums. The Perlow band personnel for the date included Bob Monticelli, Herb Phillips, Norm Prentice, Al Dutt, trumpets; Gus Mancuso, George Shearer, Jim Kositchek, trombones; Jack Ordean, Bill Heyboer, Bob Hernandez, Marty Flax, Perlow, reeds. Moe Searrazzo was featured on bass . . . Tony Fillipone, formerly heard in the trumpet sections of many big bands, including Maynard Ferguson and Woody Herman, has been traveling with *Fiddler on the Roof*, now playing Caesars Palace with house band leader Nat Brandwynne conducting . . . The fourth in the Tropicana Hotel's Jazz Concert Series featured the sounds of Buck Monari's Lazybones, a jazz-oriented combination of four trombones, one saxophone and rhythm, which moved in and out of the jazz-rock field and which showcased exciting solos by all the players in the group and vocals by Dianne Elliott. Monari was on valve trombone and

trumpet, with Carl Fontana, Jimmy Guinn, Mancuso, and Abe Nole, trombones; Dave O'Rourke, tenor and flute; Ron Feuer organ; Ernie McDaniel, bass; Buddy Greve, drums . . . Singer Nancy Wilson played her first engagement at the Sands Hotel in February, accompanied by her musical director, pianist Don Trenner, with bassist Buster Williams, drummer Mickey Roker and tenorist Curtis Amy augmenting the house orchestra . . . Joe Graves, whose trumpet was heard in many top bands (such as Charlie Barnet, Tommy & Jimmy Dorsey and Ray McKinley) is now playing lead with Jack Eglash's band, which plays relief nights at various strip hotels . . . Vic Damone took the entire Carl Lodico Orchestra, directed by pianist Joe Parnello, to Los Angeles with him to play his February dates at the Playboy Club there. The band includes Tommy Porrello, Al Shay, John White, Nick Buono, trumpets; Al Lorraine, Duke Polansky, Dennis Havens, Marty Harrell, trombones; Lodico, Joe Zaletel, Tom Anastas, Phil Gomez, Benny Bailey, reeds; Parnello, piano; Sid Bulkin, drums; John Worster, bass; Gene Martin, percussion.

Pittsburgh: George Wein came to town to attend a party announcing the 1968 Pittsburgh Jazz Festival. Once again it will be sponsored by the Catholic Diocese of Pittsburgh through its Catholic Youth Organization. This year, the Rev. Michael Williams, Director of the CYO, also will have help from the Diocesan Human Relations Council. Walt Harper, Pittsburgh jazz pianist and combo leader, will serve as associate director of the festival, which will be held June 22 and 23 in the Civic Arena located in the heart of the downtown area. Openers will be devoted to Ray Charles and the Raylettes. For June 23, artists currently signed include Dionne Warwick, Wes Montgomery, Cannonball Adderley, Thelonious Monk and Gary Burton. The Harper combo is also expected to perform on one or both nights . . . The most recent Walt Harper Jazz Workshop, held Feb. 9 at the Hilton Hotel, was a complete advance sell-out, but a snowstorm held actual attendance to slightly over 2000. The Harper combo shared the stand with Montgomery and his quintet. The popular guitarist received a great ovation . . . Jazz writer George Simon was in town to plug his book, *The Big Bands*, and to appear on a one-hour jazz discussion show with news-her Marie Torre at KDKA-TV . . . Jazz bagpiper Rufus Harley spent an exciting 10 days at Crawford's Grill in early February . . . The George Benson Quartet was at The Hurricane . . . Pianist Ray Crummie and vocalist Joyce Breach have attracted a sizeable following of young adults at The Apartment in the Whitehall section. Their bag is mostly mainstream . . . Modern jazz pianist Ralph Hill has appeared recently upstairs at The Encore.

Dallas: The NTSU Lab Band; the Houstonians, a stage band from Hunts-

ville, Tex., and the SMU Stage Band participated in a three-weekend stage band festival, held at the Scott Theater in Ft. Worth March 10, 17, and 24 . . . David (Fathead) Newman continues at the Club Lark with the Roosevelt Wardell group . . . The third meeting of the Dallas Jazz Society was attended by about 100 persons. Entertainment was furnished by The Texas Soul Trio (Roger Boykin, guitar, piano, flute; James Gray, bass; Wendell Sneed, drums) and guest trombonist Bobby Burgess. Newman, stranded on the freeway, made a valiant effort to make the session but to no avail. All the musicians donated their time, but a collection plate was passed to help pay for gas. Highlight of the meeting was Boykin's surprise invitation to anyone wanting to play to step up and grab an axe. Eight persons materialized on stage, taking over the rhythm section and producing instruments that they just "happened" to have with them. The group included several high school students, professional musicians and one tenor player from NTSU's Lab Bands . . . Cannonball Adderley opened at Soul City as the first name-jazz act booked at the club. The seven piece Soul Society band provided dance music between sets. Adderley also conducted a saxophone clinic at North Texas State University.

Denver: The Young-Holt Trio played a week in early February at the Chateau. Oscar Peterson is due on March 28 . . . Pianist Dave McKenna joined the Peanuts Hucko Quartet for three weeks in early February. Clarinetist Hucko plays nightly at his own club in downtown Denver, Peanuts Hucko's Navarre . . . Organist Don Lewis plays five nights a week at the Diplomat . . . Guitarist Johnny Smith returned to Shaner's after an extended vacation for regular Saturday night sessions. Smith is backed by the Neil Bridge Trio, which hosts trumpeter J. J. Bradley on Friday nights . . . The University of Denver Jazz Band played in concert Feb. 22 at the Auditorium Theater. The 18-member ensemble is directed by Tasso Harris.

Toronto: Don Francks, who recently completed filming Warner Bros. *Finian's Rainbow* with Petula Clark and Fred Astaire, sang for two weeks at Castle George, where he was accompanied by his former guitarist, Lenny Breau, and bassist David Young . . . Another well-known guitarist and singer, Lonnie Johnson, is now featured nightly at the Gaslight Restaurant . . . Charlie Shavers arrived at the Colonial Tavern for a two-week date with pianist Jane Getz, bassist Arvell Shaw, drummer Jo Jones and singer Bonnie Foy . . . Bobbe Norris, with Charlie Rullo's trio, appeared at The Town during the same period . . . Eric Mercury and The Soul Searchers appeared at The Penny Farthing for a week. This fast-rising jazz-rhythm and blues group features Gene MacDonald, saxophone; Billy Smith, organ; Terry Logan, guitar; Eric Johnson, drums and Mercury on vocals.

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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

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Joe Killian, wknds.
Apartment: Marlan McPartland, tfn.
Arthur's Tavern: The Grove Street Stompers, Mon.
Bassie's: Willie Bobo to 3/31.
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.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Dom: Kenny Dorham to 3/24.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Finch's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLewer Trio, tfn.
Frammis: unk.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
Half Note: Zoot Sims to 3/31.
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.
Latin Quarter: Louis Armstrong, 4/17-30.
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.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Les and Larry Elgart to 3/27. Woody Herman, 3/28-4/17.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
Motel (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Musrat: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Mann and the Dukers to 4/30.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiks, Effie.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: unk.
Port of Call: Jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 4/6.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepherd's: Kai Winding to 4/6.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
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: Bill Evans to 3/31.
Traveler's Club (Queens): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slim Stewart.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, Odette, 3/22, 23.
Herbie Mann, Jimmy Smith, 3/29, 30.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Winecellar: unk.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.
Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Richard Dorey, Curtis Peagler. Sessions, Sun. 6 a.m.-2 p.m.

China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Gultar Night, Mon.
Teddy Buckner, Tue. Brass Night, Wed. Various groups, wknds.
Duke's Glen Cove: Nellie Lutchter.
El Camino College (Gardena): Tommy Vig, 3/29.
Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.
Embassy Club (Sherman Oaks): Mary Kaye.
Embers (Santa Monica): Phineas Newborn.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Roaring '20s Ragtime Band.
Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
It Club: closed, tfn.
La Flambe (Tarzana): Matt and Ginny Dennis.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Roland Kirk to 3/31. Gary Burton, 4/2-14. Cal Tjader, 4/16-28.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: Special guests, Mon. Kenny Dixon, hb.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
Music Center: Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, 4/15.
New Ranch Club (Palm Springs): Red Norvo.
940 Club: Stan Worth.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pasadena Art Museum: Sound of Feeling, 3/24.
Pip 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.
Redd Fox: Kirk Stewart, hb.
Riviera (Palm Springs): Joe Masters.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Saddleback Inn (Norwalk): Calvin Jackson.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Miles Davis to 3/31. Ahmad Jamal, 4/4-14. T-Bone Walker, 4/16-21.
Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Sherry's: Joanne Grauer.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Monica): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard. Richard Dorsey, Tue., Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
UCLA (Schoenberg Hall): Gil Melle, 3/30.
Gary Burton, 4/20.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Jimmy McGriff, 4/5-14. Redd Fox, 4/22-5/2. Gene Krupa, 5/10-19. George Shearing, 5/28-6/4.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Drome: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sun.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: Rod Lumpkin, Thur.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Playboy: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Shadow Box: Ralph Jay, Fri.-Sat.
Spiro's (Lansing): Les Rout, Sun.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Visger Inn (River Rouge): Joe Burton, Sun. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: Clancy Hayes to 4/6. Carol Slnane, 4/8-13. Tommy Gwaltney, hb.
Bohemian Caverns: Trudy Pitts to 3/24. Roland Kirk, 3/25-31.
Byrd's Nest: Charlie Byrd to 3/30. George Shearing, 4/1-6. Gene Krupa, 4/8-20. Shelly Manne, 4/22-5/4.
Cellar Door: Hugh Masakela to 3/23.
Embers: Al White, May Ward.
Monocle: Frank Hinton, hb.
Shoreham Blue Room: Linnie Kazan to 3/23.
Nancy Ames, 3/26-30.
Three Thieves: Frank Zarba, tfn.

CHICAGO

AFRO-Arts Theater: Phil Cohran, Fri.-Sun. evening, Sun. afternoon.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Cat's Eye: Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
Earl of Old Town: Terry Collier.
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: Jerol Ajay, 3/24.
Lester Lashley, 3/31. Maurice McIntyre, 4/7.
Richard Abrams, 4/14. Leroy Jenkins, 4/21.
London House: Jimmy Smith to 3/31. Modern Jazz Quartet, 4/2-14.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur. Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat.
Midus Touch: unk.
Mister Kelly's: Miriam Makeba to 3/31. Roger Pryor, 4/1-14. Mel Torme, 4/15-28. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: unk.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Dreese, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: name groups.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woulbridge, Sun.
Scotch Mist: Milt Trenier-Mickey Lynn to 4/13.
The Diamonds, 4/14-28.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Pibe Hine, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Dungeon: Bobby Douglas, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Herlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberto, hbs.
Follies: Laverne Smith, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Fats Domino to 3/30.
Holly's: modern jazz afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Ivanhoe: Willie Tee and the Souls.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steiner President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Storyville: Warren Luening.
Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
Touche: Armand Hug, tfn.

TORONTO

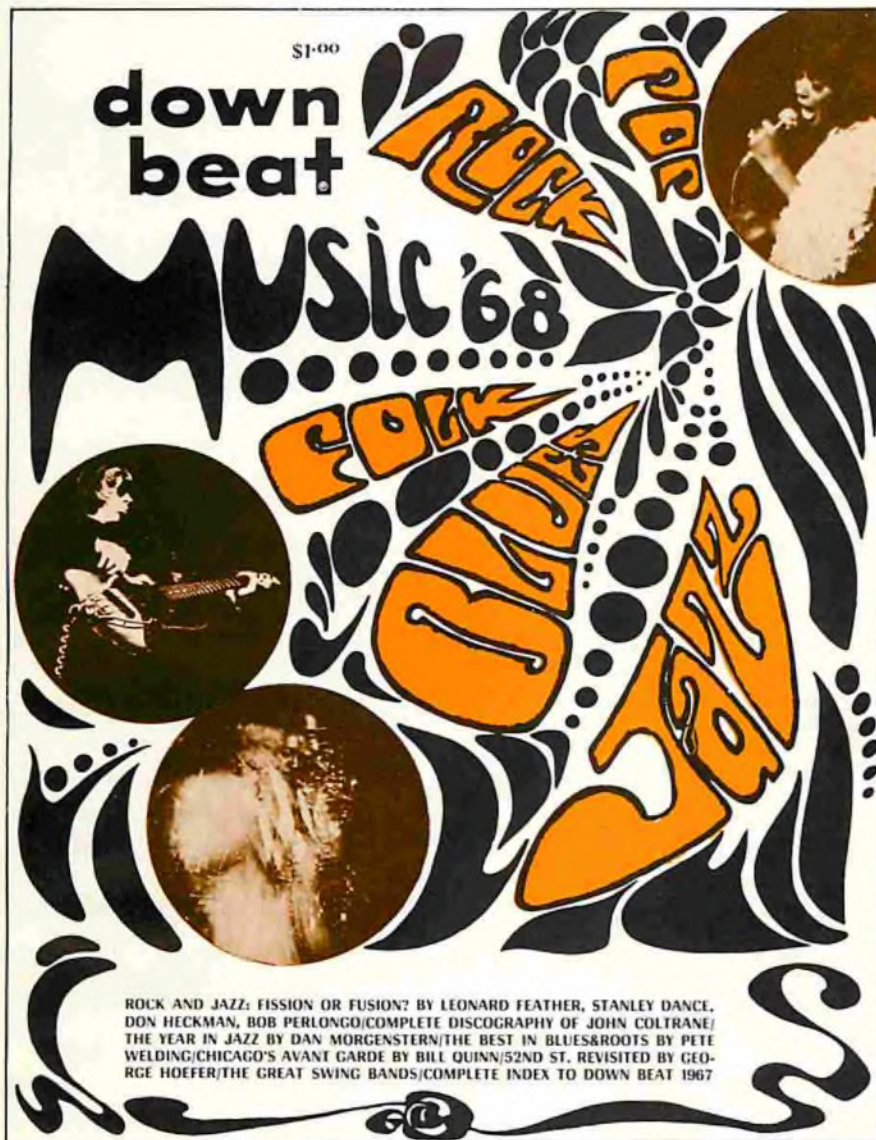
Ascot Inn: Bernie Black, hb.
Beverly Hills: Mills Brothers to 3/30.
Club Aphrodite: Billy Rueben, hb.
Colonial Tavern: Wild Bill Davison to 3/30.
George's Kibitzeria: Lonnie Johnson, tfn.
Royal Hunt Lounge: Herbie Helbig, tfn.
Stop 33: Hagood Hardy, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name groups, Sun.
Peyton Place: Thomas Hurley.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: unk.
Bop City: Lee Hestor, afterhours.
Both/And: McCoy Tyner, 4/9-21. Miles Davis, 4/23-5/5.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Mongo Santamarina, 3/25-4/6.
Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Closed for remodeling. Reopens with Roland Kirk, 4/2-14. Thelonious 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.
Swinging Latern: Flip Nunes, afterhours.



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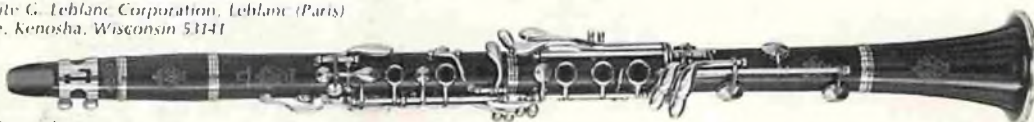
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