

AUGUST 8, 1968

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down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

db music workshop

Gary Burton: The Look And Sound Of Now

By Dan Morgenstern

Aretha Franklin: Focus On Lady Soul

Montreux: Europe's Prettiest Festival

By Gene Lees

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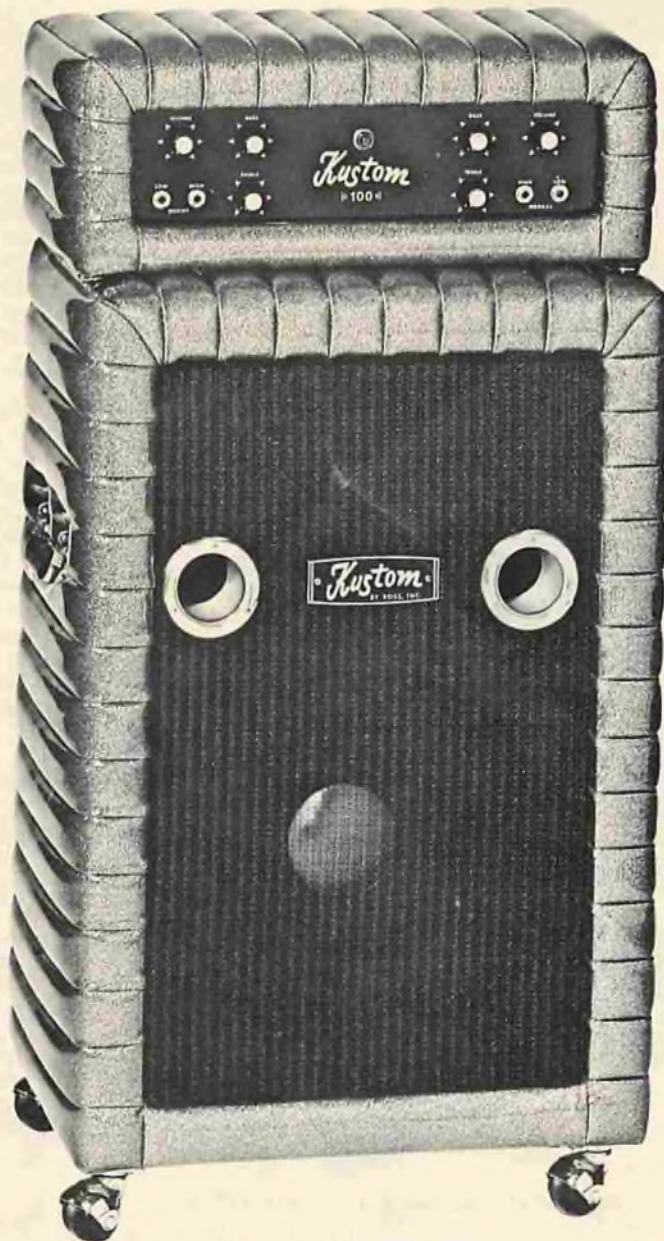
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER


THERE IS A background connection between the Gary Burton feature (and Music Workshop) and the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival review in this issue that is of particular interest to those of us who know that jazz lives.

Burton, like all successful performers, is a product of his own talents and ambitions. But he is also a product of the jazz-in-the-school movement. He was sixteen when he attended the first National Stage Band Camp at Indiana University (Bloomington) in the summer of 1959. He had his first public applause at the French Lick (Ind.) Jazz Festival (a George Wein tent show) where he was featured in a camp stage band led by John La Porta. Burton was then awarded a Berklee (Boston) scholarship where his talents were developed and his musical horizons expanded. (*No Man's Land* on pages 35-37 was written at Berklee.) So you see that Burton had, in addition to talent, help and assistance from professional jazz performers and educators at the formative stages of his career.

At the 1968 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, we saw more of the same continuing healthy relationship among students, educators, and performers. Tom Scott, a judge, is himself just four years out of a Los Angeles high school stage band. Marian McPartland, Thad Jones and Clark Terry were also judges who for no fee worked their hearts out for the new jazz musicians brought together for national competition and evaluation. Bob Share, administrator of Berklee, used his 12 years of judging experience to help communicate to the festival participants the highest educational and professional standards.

In listening to the 12 instrumental jazz ensembles in St. Louis from six participating regional college festivals, it was evident and obvious where many of the new creative professional jazz musicians would come from.

Make no mistake. High school and college jazz musicians are not the whole new jazz scene. College is still for those who can afford it, which leaves out too many people and too many musicians. But there were over 200,000 young musicians performing regularly in jazz ensembles at the high school and college level during this last school year. And the number keeps rising, sharply. Remember that there are only 250,000 card-carrying union musicians in the entire United States, about 4% of them earning their full time living from music.

The silly, macabre phrase, "Jazz Is Dead", is uttered and believed only by those players and shallow-water "fans" whose capabilities and listening have been stultified by premature old age. Yes, if you believe that jazz died with Dixie (or bebop or swing or whatever), then roll over. If you believe that jazz is for the ever young—always evolving, always alive—then perk up. You are so right. 



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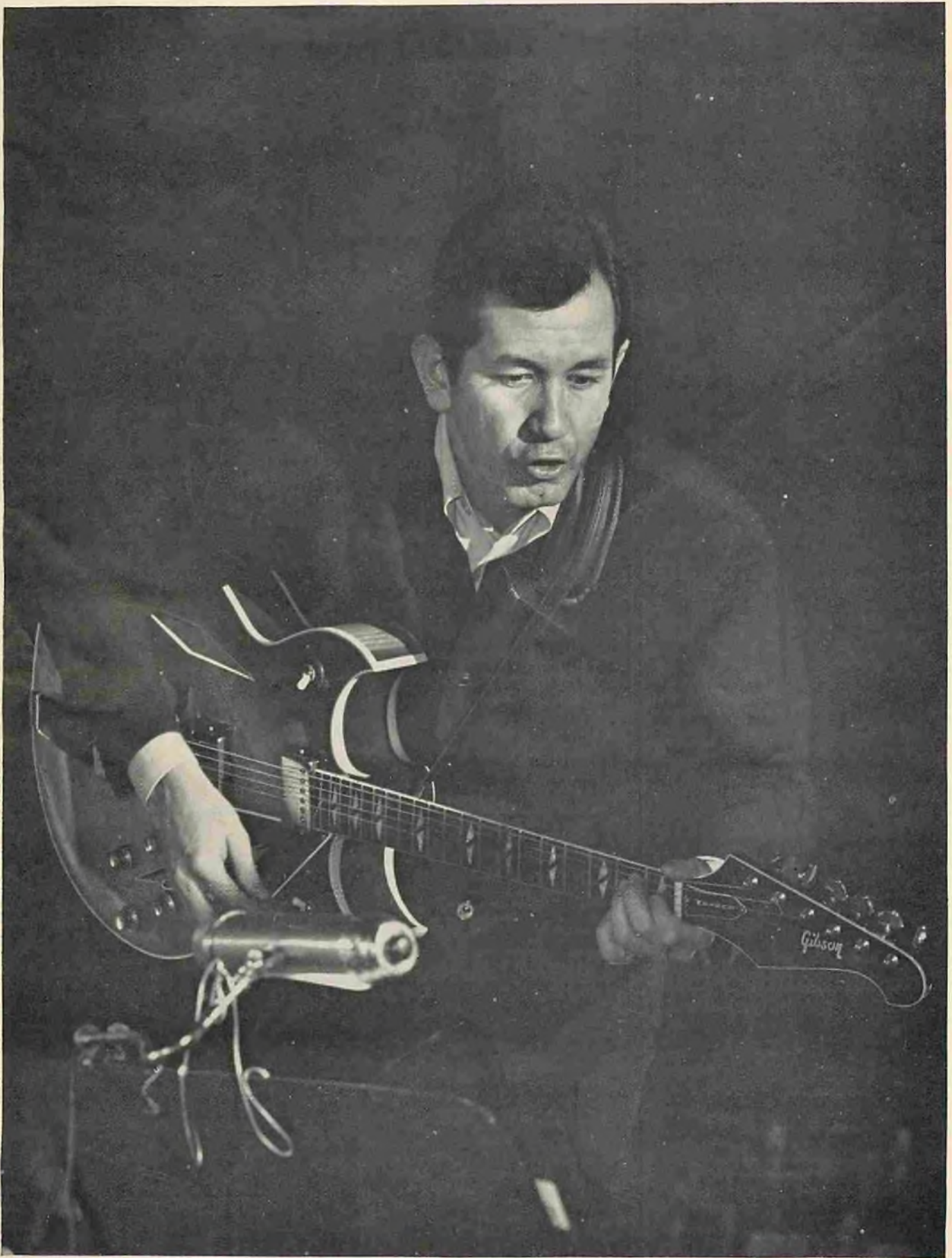
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COMMENT

from Carl Fischer
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BUFFET ARTISTS MAKING NEWS

Jimmy Giuffre, popular Jazz Clarinetist, has been awarded a Guggenheim grant and is working on his new symphony... Bernard Portnoy, classical soloist and teacher, appointed Music Prof at Indiana Univ... M. Daniel Delfayet, world renowned artist and Buffet's Clarinet tester, appointed to Chair of Professor, Conservatoire National Supérieur de Paris, the ultimate tribute... Marion Brown, Alto Sax artist attracting as much attention for his literary efforts in Holland... Richard Waller, First Clarinet, Cincinnati Symphony, added new credits to his classical rep when the Symphony World-premiered Dave Brubeck's new Oratorio.



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education in jazz

—by George Wein

I guess I've known about Berklee almost as long as I've known about jazz. It was in Boston, and I was from Boston and although I never studied there, it seems that I kept bumping into fine musicians who did. My impression, at that time, was that Berklee was a small school specializing in jazz instruction



that must have been doing a pretty good job of it if the student musicians I met were any indication.

Even after leaving Boston and getting more deeply involved in the producing of jazz festivals, I still found myself constantly reminded of the kind of musicians that Berklee was turning out. Among former Berklee students who have performed in festivals I have produced, the following names come to mind: Gabor Szabo, Gary Burton, Gary McFarland, Toshiko, Steve Marcus, Sadao Watanabe, Quincy Jones, and half of the Woody Herman Band.

After too many years, I recently had occasion to visit the school. It's still comparatively small, still specialized, and still very much involved with jazz, but a great deal more has happened since my Boston days. In addition to a thorough grounding in jazz techniques, students are now trained in all phases of professional music including preparation for studio work and scoring for television and films. A program leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Music provides for those with academic as well as musical interests and the school is producing good musicians who fulfill all of the necessary qualifications for a career in music education.

Believing as I do that the people best qualified to talk about anything are those who have done it, I am delighted to see on the staff men such as Charlie Mariano, Alan Dawson, Herb Pomeroy, John LaPorta, Phil Wilson and others for whom I have great musical as well as personal respect.

As someone who is deeply involved with jazz, I'm glad there is a school like Berklee to help young musicians who feel the same way.

George Wein

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

For Wes

How timely was your feature article on Wes Montgomery in the June 26 issue of *Down Beat*!

Even though I received and read the issue after Wes Montgomery's death, the article presented an insight into his character and thoughts which were not printed in the Indianapolis papers, as only the facts of his beginning and success were stated.

June 18 was a hot, sunny Tuesday, and, when I arrived at the small, white concrete Puritan Baptist Church, about 100 people were gathered outside in silent groups. Since the funeral services had begun 20 minutes earlier at 1:00 p.m., I stood by the white wrought-iron fence in front of the church to wait for the casket to be carried out to the hearse. A gentleman told me I could go inside and sit in the basement, which I did, to listen to the services from the loudspeaker. I did hear the words of Rev. John J. Crook and regretted missing the entire services.

As I saw the pallbearers bring the casket down the steps, his death was real to me—seeing the sorrowful and brother-lost expression on the faces of his brothers and the other members of his quintet.

After I heard his quintet here at the Coliseum on May 22, I was breathless—not knowing whether I should tell the whole world of his great musical abilities and unforgettable sound or if I should keep the wonderful feeling to myself. His music truly hypnotized me to the point where I was oblivious to everything surrounding me—only taking in what was happening on stage. He was so magnificent in person that his recordings do not really project his beautifully artistic sound.

As he was quoted in *DB*: "I don't know any strangers. . . ." It was evident when he appeared here that he was playing for the enjoyment of his audience and himself, and felt quite at home (literally).

When I say his lovely music will be missed but remembered and still be alive, I believe I speak for everyone who shared his love for the guitar, his humbleness as a person and his outstanding contributions to the music world.

Although I never had the pleasure of meeting Wes Montgomery, I am proud to say he was from my home city—Indianapolis.

Sally Stuart
Indianapolis, Ind.

P.S. The family has requested that friends make memorial contributions to the Puritan Baptist Church Youth Centers' Scholarship Fund: Puritan Baptist Church, 872 W. 27th St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46208.

I'm glad that Wes Montgomery knew that he was going to be your cover subject. Like he knew where he was, he tasted success, he accomplished many of his goals, and most of all, in his short-lived time, he knew what it meant to be his own man. And as any man knows, that's quite an accomplishment.

I got to see and hear him twice. Once in St. Louis at the Kiel Auditorium which is big by anybody's estimation, and you could hear the clock tick when he played. I caught him a month ago at the El Matador here in San Francisco, and between the finger-popping, hand clapping, outbreaks of laughter because he was such a gas, I know that he really did his thing, and did it beautifully. Most articles on jazz musicians leave one feeling that there's something left to be desired. Either the artist is made to seem unreachable, too cynical, too complex, or just downright phony, but Bill Quinn's article left me feeling that here was a man you could really like. That you could feel at ease around him, because he was just a man doing what came naturally, while still keeping touch with reality, with his feet solidly on the ground.

He certainly was aware of life, for how prophetic his words were. Almost like his epitaph, but not in a morbid way. So many great men have fallen down recently that I never came in contact with. And now Wes. . . I did get to see and hear Wes. I shook his hand and told him how much I dug him and his music. I'll remember John and Robert Kennedy, Dr. King, Billie and Dinah and Coltrane. But because I met Wes, he will always be remembered in a different way. Not as morbid, not as sad. That cool smile, and that deceptively easy way of playing, and that swinging swinging night at the El Matador will always keep Wes alive in my mind.

Roy Lott
San Francisco, Calif.

I never met Wes Montgomery, but I've always felt close to him through his music. The words do not exist that can ever begin to describe the beauty of his music. Like Coltrane, he was taken from us at the height of his musical powers; but also, like Coltrane, his music and spirit will live on forever. He was a true genius.

Art Betker
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Musings On Miles

Many years ago, Miles Davis decided that his bag should be the small combo, and he has been consistently no less than brilliant in this field. In all his tenure as a leader, his groups have been without peer in the combo classification.

However, I must express my doubt that this perennial preeminence as a combo leader qualifies Davis in any way to make the kind of derogatory comments on the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band he made in his recent *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, June 13). It seems that Miles has been away from the big-band scene so long, he can no longer recognize the incredible quality of the great assemblage of solo, section and ensemble virtuosi Thad and Mel have put together. . . .

In closing, let me say that while I have never been bored by Miles' music, I'm afraid I can't say the same for some of his windily profane pronouncements re his fellow musicians. If Miles wants to blow his horn, he should do it on the job, not on the printed page!

Charles C. Sords
Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.Y. JAZZMOBILE ROLLS; BIGGEST SEASON AHEAD

As July rolled around, so did the fourth and most ambitious season of the New York Jazzmobile. Over 100 free, outdoor jazz concerts have been planned to bring, as Jazzmobile, Inc. puts it, "the best in jazz to the very communities where it has many of its roots."

Jazzmobile, Inc., a project of the Harlem Cultural Council, is, in its own words, "a non-profit organization dedicated to demonstrating the unique cultural contribution that America has made to the world; and



Jazzmobile in Action
Music for the People

to giving its audience a better understanding of the music that is their heritage by providing free, live jazz entertainment in communities that might otherwise be unable to hear such music in person."

The Jazzmobile is a mobile bandstand mounted on a truck-bed, which moves to music through the streets to a designated neighborhood location, where it becomes stationary and a one-hour performance is held. Usually, a New Orleans-style "second line" follows the Jazzmobile on its way through the streets.

Bassist Chris White, best known for his work with Dizzy Gillespie and Billy Taylor, but also a music teacher and consultant to the New York State Council on the Arts, has been appointed Executive Direc-

tor of Jazzmobile, Inc. for this season. In addition to the extensive concert schedule, White has announced the formation of "Friends of Jazzmobile," which will help to build awareness of the important work the organization is doing, and solicit support to expand its programs. The Jazzmobile office is located at 361 W. 125th St., New York City.

This year, Jazzmobile has the help and sponsorship of many new contributors. The AC&R division of Ted Bates & Company, a prominent advertising agency, is acting in a volunteer capacity to publicize Jazzmobile's activities and encourage financial support so that its public-service programs can be widened.

The Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York is sponsoring 50 Jazzmobile concerts this summer. (The entire 1967 series consisted of only 47 concerts.)

Another new source of financial aid is the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company. The announcement was made at a party and press conference held at the bank's 125th St. branch, with such notables as Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Chico Hamilton, Art Farmer, Blue Mitchell, Jimmy Heath, Joe Newman, Thad Jones, and Billy Taylor, past director of Jazzmobile, participating.

Leonard A. Maxwell, Chemical's Director of Public Relations, said: "We can't overstress the importance of this project. It brings great entertainment to people who could not otherwise afford it, and it brings it to them where they live. These concerts should make the hot summer nights much more bearable to the people of Harlem."

The people of Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx will benefit as well, for the Jazzmobile will also be heading into neighborhoods in these boroughs. It is also planned to take this most welcome of wagons to other cities in New York state and New England.

The 1968 season kicked off with a performance by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers at the Harlem Meer June 26. Others scheduled to perform during the summer include Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, Art Farmer, Joe Newman, Donald Byrd, Bennie Powell, Bobby Hutcherson and Harold Land, Freddie Hubbard, Milt Jackson, Blue Mitchell, Walter Bishop Jr., Candido, Pucho and the Latin Soul Brothers, Tito Puente, Charles McPherson, Willie Bobo, Montego Joe, and Billy Taylor. A schedule listing performers, dates, and locations may be obtained from the Jazzmobile office.

JAZZ COMPOSER'S BAND TO ISSUE OWN ALBUMS

The Jazz Composer's Orchestra recently resumed activity with the recording of a series of compositions by its music director, Michael Mantler, scheduled to be released in a two-record set late this summer.

Featured soloists in the works, con-

ducted by Mantler, are trumpeter Don Cherry, trombonist Roswell Rudd, saxophonists Gato Barbieri and Pharoah Sanders, pianist Cecil Taylor, and guitarist Larry Coryell.

Among other musicians associated with the orchestra are pianist-composer Carla



Michael Mantler
Wide-Ranging Plans

Bley; saxophonists Steve Lacy, Steve Marcus, and Jimmy Lyons, and bassists Richard Davis and Charlie Haden.

The recordings mark the beginning of what is described as a "wide-ranging program" for the orchestra, to be carried out under the sponsorship of its parent organization the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc., a non-profit enterprise founded in 1966 and dedicated towards "seeking for jazz the place it deserves as an original and major art form."

The orchestra will make its public debut in New York City this fall, according to a spokesman. Detailed information about purposes and goals is included in a brochure available from Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc., 261 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007.

THE GOOD OLD 78 RPM IS BACK IN NEW DRESS

So you thought 78s were a thing of the past, of interest only to crazy collectors and thrift shop browsers? Well, think again. The 78 is back.

Reprise records has launched a new series of 78-rpm singles. First release is singer-composer Randy Newman's *The Beehive State*. Newman is also credited

with the idea of reviving the old speed, to fit the song's old-time flavor.

Though the first single is being released in a plain white sleeve, the main reason for the revival is that the larger diameter of the 78 record offers "a broader canvas for graphic expression" than the current 45-rpm single, according to a spokesman for Reprise. The new 78s will have the psychedelic look. Who would have guessed?

FINAL BAR

Trumpeter Ziggy Elman, 54, died June 25 at Sepulveda Veterans Hospital in Van Nuys, Calif., of a liver ailment that had plagued him since the mid-1950s.

Born Harry Finkelman in Philadelphia, Elman, who also played trombone, clarinet



and saxophones, was raised in Atlantic City, where he was a member of the house band at the Steel Pier when Benny Goodman discovered him in 1936.

As a star member of the Goodman band, Elman vied for popularity with section mate Harry James and became one of the best-known sideman of the Swing Era, especially after recording his own composition, *And The Angels Sing*, with Goodman.

While this record featured Elman in the Jewish "fralich" style at which he was a master, it was as a driving, big-toned jazz trumpeter that he made his reputation. After leaving Goodman in 1940, he joined Tommy Dorsey, remaining with the trombonist's band until 1947 (he was in the service from 1943 to 1946).

He then moved to California, where he led his own band with indifferent success, later concentrating on studio work until illness forced him into semi-retirement in 1956. He was seen (but not heard) in the film *The Benny Goodman Story*.

Elman recorded excellent solos with Goodman (*Wrappin' It Up*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Zuggin' with Zig*) and Dorsey (*Swing High, Swing Low*; *Swanee River*), but his best work was with the small, informal recording groups led by Lionel Hampton. It was on such pieces as *Stomp*, *Gin for Christmas*, *Ain'tcha Comin' Home*, and *I've Found a New Baby* that his trumpet really shone. His best later work was on

a tribute to Goodman album recorded for Atlantic under pianist Jess Stacy's leadership, no longer available.

Pianist Hank Duncan, 71, died in New York City June 7 after a long illness.

Born Henry James Duncan in Bowling Green, Ky., he began his musical training early. He attended Fisk University, then formed his own group in Louisville in 1919 with the legendary Jimmy Harrison on trombone.

Duncan moved to New York in the early '20s and was with clarinetist Fess Williams' popular Royal Flush Orchestra for most of the decade. After working with Sidney Bechet and with bassist Charlie Turner's houseband at the Arcadia Ballroom, he toured for several years with Fats Waller's big band as relief pianist.

Later, he worked with small bands in New York, including Mezz Mezzrow's and trombonist Snub Moseley's groups. In March 1947, he began a stint as intermission pianist at Nick's in Greenwich Village which lasted, with the exception of a period from 1955-56 when he was with trumpeter Louis Metcalfe, until the club closed in 1963.

Eventually, Duncan had to give up playing when arthritis crippled his hands. A benefit was held for him last fall at the Village Gate.

Duncan was one of the pioneers of stride piano, and though not as famous or colorful as some other members of that school, he could hold his own with the best of them. Patrons at Nick's who listened were often charmed by his graceful, relaxed inventions at the keyboard, and he was an excellent band pianist as well.

Among the best of Duncan's recorded performances are *Maple Leaf Rag*, *Sweetie Dear* (Bechet); *I Got Rhythm* (Fats Waller; Duncan plays the first solo); *Slow Drivin'* (Mutt Carey); *City of the Blues* (Tony Parenti), and *Changes, Always on My Mind* (own group).

Pianist Harvey Brooks, 69, died June 17 in Los Angeles. Born in Philadelphia, he moved to California in 1920 and played for many years with Paul Howard's Quality Serenaders, the band with which Lionel Hampton got his start. He also arranged for prominent big bands, including Tommy Dorsey and Les Brown, and was a successful song writer, whose biggest hit was *A Little Bird Told Me*. For the past eight years, he led a band of veteran jazzmen, The Young Men From New Orleans, featured at Disneyland.

Willard Robison, 73, who composed such evergreens as *Old Folks* and *A Cottage For Sale*, died June 24 at Peekskill, N.Y. Community Hospital.

Born in Shelbina, Mo., Robison formed his Deep River Orchestra in 1917 and traveled with it throughout the Midwest for many years. He was brought to New York by Paul Whiteman in the late '20s, and became a big name in broadcasting with his Deep River Music, one of the first widely syndicated radio programs.

Robison, who also sang and arranged, wrote more than 150 songs (music and lyrics) as well as more ambitious compositions. Though his orchestra did not play jazz, Robison befriended and em-

ployed numerous jazz musicians, among them Bix Beiderbecke and Jack Teagarden.

Blues singer Willie John, 30, known professionally as Little Willie John, died May 26 at Washington State Penitentiary, where he had been imprisoned since 1966 on a manslaughter charge. His greatest hit was *Fever*, which he co-wrote, and which was popularized by Peggy Lee in an arrangement that closely copied his original recording.

POTPOURRI

Saxophonist Bob Cooper was scheduled at prestime to undergo open heart surgery at St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles. His chair in the Johnny Mann house band for the *Joey Bishop Show* will be shared by Bob Hardway and Gene Cipriano during Cooper's convalescence.

The Thal Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra left New York July 4 for a two-week concert tour of Japan, the band's first visit abroad. Gil Evans and his new big band was the scheduled replacement for the Jones-Lewis crew at the Village Vanguard July 8 and 15.

David Baker will head an unprecedented *Institute of Black Music* on the Bloomington campus of Indiana University in the summer of 1969. The eight-week seminar will include four courses on all aspects of Black music and related cultural aspects. Baker will teach the arranging-composing course, with other faculty members to be announced. Funded by the Office of Education of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Institute will be open to college teachers holding a master's degree in music or beyond. Participants will receive \$75 per week plus an allowance for each dependent. Further details will be given when available.

Composer and sometimes jazz French hornist David Amram's opera *Twelfth Night* will receive its world premiere at the Lake George Opera Company's summer festival near Saratoga, N.Y. on Aug. 1. Subsequent performances will be given Aug. 3, 9, 13 and 24. The libretto was adapted from the Shakespeare play by Joseph Papp.

Winners of the annual *Battle of Bands* at the Hollywood Bowl in June were the *Crescendos* from Venice High School, Venice, Calif. (best school dance band); pianist Craig Hundley's trio from Los Angeles (best combo); *A Go Go '68*, a group of youths from Santa Monica, Culver City, and Venice (best general dance band); Pat and Vyki Sosa and Les Martinez (best vocal group), and Jim Schick (best vocalist).

A jazz benefit for Synanon, originally scheduled for May 20, was held at the Village Gate on June 10. Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean led Woody Shaw, trumpet; Scott Holt, bass; and Norman Connors, drums. Alto saxophonist Arnie

Lawrence's group included Randy Brecker, trumpet; Larry Coryell, guitar; Carline Ray, electric bass, vocals; Hal Gaylor, bass; and Marty Morell, drums. Keith Jarrett, who was prevented from making Charles Lloyd's recent Far Eastern jaunt because of his draft status, played soprano saxophone, recorder and piano in a trio completed by bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Bob Moses. Roland Kirk, on tenor saxophone and manzello, headed his regular group: Ron Burton, piano; Vernon Martin, bass; and Jimmy Hopps, drums. Clark Terry fronted his big band which spotlighted such soloists as trumpeters Brecker, Ziggy Harrell and Lloyd Michaels; alto saxophonist-flutist Frank Wess; tenor saxophonists Zoot Sims and Lew Tabackin; pianist Corky Hale; bassist Joe Benjamin; and drummer Grady Tate. The evening was opened by a young quartet consisting of saxophonist Laurence Dinwiddie, pianist Edwin Birdsong, bassist Allen Murphy, and drummer Harold White. Emcee for the entire affair was Alan Grant.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Sonny Rollins began a

series of weekend stints at the Village Vanguard June 28. Coleman Hawkins shared the stand on the July 4th weekend. . . The country setting of Woodstock was the scene for a weekend Jazz Musicians Open House in June. The outdoor event, sponsored by Group 212, was held on the organization's 75 acres. Participants were Jack Cross, alto horn and trumpet; Archie Shepp, Mark Whitecage, Noah Howard, Trevor Koehler, Sasha Abrahams, saxophones; Burton Greene, Judy Abrahams, Mike Efram, piano; Floyd Gibbs, vibes; Mike Berardi, guitar; Sunny Murray, Laurence Cook, Barry Walter, drums; John Smith, conga. The organization announced that due to the visiting and resident musicians' response to the weekend, tentative plans call for an avant-garde festival featuring Shepp and Murray in early August, as well as performances and workshops by other jazz groups. . . Gloria Lynne and Horace Silver were the featured artists at a Brooklyn concert July 6. Soul East Productions presented the event. . . Yankee Stadium was pulverized, almost, by James Brown and his revue in June. The one-night-only concert was the first in a series to raise funds for the Student Christian Leadership Conference, Mobilization for Youth, and

other organizations. Brown experienced the usual onslaught of excited fans at the end of his appearance and had to be taken away in an armored car. His recent show on WNEW-TV is being rebroadcast Aug. 4. . . Cornetist Bobby Hackett's quartet opened at Shephard's in mid-June for a long stay. With Hackett were David Frishberg, piano; Tito Russo, bass, and Ray Mosca, drums. . . Jazz Interactions, which has been holding forth at the Red Garter on Sundays, has moved to the Dom and now features two groups in conjunction with Alan Grant's regular Sunday sessions. Art Farmer with tenorist Jimmy Heath, pianist Cedar Walton, and bassist Walter Booker, closed out the JJ series at the Garter, and pianist Eddie Bonnemere's quintet and Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers were the opening groups at the Dom. Personnel with Bonnemere: alto saxophonist Arnie Lawrence, pianist Hal Gaylor, bassist Joe Scott, and drummer Sticks Evans. Some Love-Some (Message of the Angels) was the heady title of a group with Randy Kaye, Perry Robinson, Joe Peskin, Bob Moses, Richard Youngstein and Paul Shapiro that appeared at JJ's next session. Illinois Jacquet

/Continued on page 39



LOVED YOUR BOOK

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

ON THE DUST JACKET to Gunther Schuller's *Early Jazz* (Oxford), I am quoted as believing the book is "A superb job, in its thorough scholarship, its critical perception, and its love and respect for its subject. All future commentary on jazz—indeed on American music—should be indebted to Schuller's work."

That ought to indicate that I hold the book in the same kind of high regard that Dan Morgenstern offered it recently in these pages. But just in case it doesn't, I will add that Schuller straightens me out on a couple of errors in the course of the book, and frankly I'm flattered to be there. I'll add that for me one of the best qualities of Schuller's work is that although he is authoritative, he does not pontificate, and always implicit in his tone and attitude is the acknowledgement that, although musical facts are musical facts, matters of taste are matters of taste.

The review of Schuller's book which appeared in the New York *Times* Sunday "Book Review" supplement also holds it highly. The reviewer called it "the definitive work" and said that it is "a remarkable book by any standard, it is unparalleled in the literature of jazz."

And to whom did the New York *Times* offer this obviously important volume for review? A major music critic? No. A historian of American music?

No. How about a jazz journalist? Still no.

The reviewer is named Frank Conroy, and the *Times* identifies him with this little entry in the awkward sentence derby: "Mr. Conroy is the author of 'Stop-Time' as well as being an accomplished jazz pianist."

In a sense, Mr. Conroy offers his own credentials in his opening paragraph: he names jazz, along with sex techniques, nutrition, group therapy, movies, education, Wall Street, and pet care, as primary among the subjects on which have appeared "the worst books written in this country in the last ten or fifteen years." Well, maybe.

He continues that "virtually all" jazz books "are illiterate, opinionated, and inadequately researched." Well some are "illiterate" and some "inadequately researched," but unless we know which books Conroy condemns and which few he exempts, the point gets to be a bit gratuitous.

Is Whitney Balliett illiterate? Is the Rust-Allen King Joe Oliver opinionated? Is *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya* inadequately researched? Is Willie "The Lion" Smith's autobiography maybe opinionated and authoritative? But anyway, you see the real point: anybody who can issue such a blanket put-down as Conroy's is just bound to be a real authority, right? Just bound to be.

Conroy hasn't finished. "Most jazz fans," he continues, "have given up in despair . . . and content themselves with an occasional glance at the often hysterical prose of *Downbeat* magazine, or a quick skim on the backs of their record albums." Presumably, then, Mr. Conroy finds record liner notes more authoritative than books on jazz and less "hysterical" than the prose in this magazine. Another thing: if it isn't jazz fans who buy jazz books, who does buy them?

Disillusioned nutritionists, maybe. Still another thing: the name of this magazine is *Down Beat*, not *Downbeat*.

Conroy rightly identifies Schuller as "associated with" Third Stream music, but Conroy defines it as "an attempt on the part of certain composers to widen the forms of orchestrated jazz." Which statement is (a) inadequately researched (i.e., wrong), and (b) implies a kind of condescension toward jazz which the author of *Early Jazz* is highly unlikely to have.

Later, Conroy chides Schuller mildly for his prose style in a sentence in which Conroy uses the rich, beautiful clause "which is less than insipid." He follows that one in the next paragraph with the lovely phrase, "a much-needed book."

Now none of this would be worth bringing up if it were not part of the *Times* woefully inadequate—not to say disgraceful—record in reviewing jazz books. Many are not reviewed; or, some important ones are not reviewed, while some trivial ones are. And for every competent music critic or jazz journalist who reviews a jazz book, the *Times* will turn over three jazz books to publicists, tin pan alley hacks, and vaguely jazz-oriented novelists who get a column or two in the back pages. In the case at hand, I dare say that anyone acquainted with jazz would know that Schuller's is a praiseworthy book, and would say so. But the point is that a book like this one clearly deserves to be discussed and evaluated by the best musical and critical minds we have.

There seems to me no excuse for this. Particularly not from a paper which knows enough about the importance of jazz to keep on a regular jazz writer, John S. Wilson, and to assign free-lance jazz coverage to others from time to time as well.



GARY BURTON: Upward Bound



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

A COUPLE OF YEARS ago, when Gary Burton was still with Stan Getz, he was the image of a studious musician—crew-cut, bespectacled, and conservative in attire. Today, the 25-year-old vibist wears his hair almost shoulder-length, the glasses are gone, and his dress is fashionably (and tastefully) “mod.”

But even while he looked conservative, Burton's music was adventurous and original and the new image in fact is a more appropriate reflection of his approach.

“I'd dress the way I do even if I weren't a musician,” he stated recently. “People said I was doing it to attract attention and go commercial, but that soon died away as others began to do it, too. What we started out to do with the group was to be ourselves.”

And themselves the Gary Burton Quartet—guitarist Larry Coryell, bassist Steve Swallow, and, since June, drummer Roy Haynes—certainly are. Formed in April 1967, the quartet has already become one of the outstanding jazz ensembles of the day: fresh, original, together, and capable of arousing enthusiasm not only in the established jazz audience but also in those young listeners generally more attuned to other forms of contemporary music.

This year is going to be a big one for the group. It has appeared at Newport, and is currently touring the country as part of the *Schlitz Salute to Jazz* package appearing in 22 cities. Then comes Monterey and the group's second European tour; again, as last year, with George Wein's *Newport Jazz Festival in Europe*.

At Monterey, there will be something special; something which Burton is looking forward to with pleasure. “We'll be doing a new work by Carla Bley which we have just recorded for RCA Victor. It's new music; ‘non-jazz’ music in a lot

of ways, but not pop, either. I don't know what to call it, but it is very theatrical; it reminds me of what Kurt Weill might do if he were around today. There's a lot of humor in it too.”

The piece, called *A Genuine Tong Funeral*, utilizes the quartet, augmented by the composer on piano and organ and five horns. On the recording, these were Mike Mantler, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Gato Barbieri, tenor sax, and Howard Johnson, tuba. At Monterey, Lacy and Knepper will be replaced by California musicians, with the rest of the personnel as on the record (except that Haynes has replaced Bobby Moses in the quartet).

The performance will be theatrical in more respects than musical ones. Miss Bley and the quartet members will wear colorful costumes, and the other musicians will be dressed in formal black. There will be stage sets as well, and Burton uses the term “pageant” to describe the happenings. In addition, the quartet will also perform a set of its own.

Between the concert tours and festival appearances, the group will do club dates, including an August stint at New York's Village Gate, and an appearance at Fillmore East, a rock haven.

“One out of 10 gigs we do might be a rock concert or rock gig,” Burton explains, “which gets us to audiences we wouldn't normally reach. This spring, we played The Scene in New York—a struggle of a job, since the people didn't seem to know what to make of us. But when we were at the Village Vanguard the following week, 90% of the audience there were people who'd seen us at The Scene and had never been to the Vanguard before.”

When the quartet plays opposite a rock group, there will be problems, but Burton feels the potential benefits are

worth the effort. “The loud groups have a captive audience, but then we come on and people find that they can talk to each other, so we have an uphill battle,” he points out. “But some find out that they have to listen more deeply than they're used to. We are more successful than other jazz groups with these audiences—though Charles Lloyd does very well too, of course—probably because we are a younger group than most. It gives them something to identify with, and we look the part.”

Burton thinks that “one reason why jazz isn't more popular with young audiences is that it's hard for them to identify with 40ish musicians in tailored suits. They could loosen up some—not dress up and all that, but relate more.” (One “older” group that seems to have gone all the way recently is Cannonball Adderley's, which, according to reports, now dresses up in assorted odd costumes, beads, etc.)

But while the Burton quartet is aware of its visual and generational appeal to the rock audience, it does not tailor its music to fit that audience. “At first,” Burton recalls, “there was some publicity about our being a ‘jazz-rock’ group, but then it was found that we were ‘just a jazz group after all’—and that's all we ever wanted to be. Fresh, yes; young, yes—but we had no desire to make a hybrid music. Of course, you are exposed to different kinds of music all the time; bombarded by radio and TV everywhere you go: Indian music, pop, jazz, soul. And we wanted to do things that were all around us.

“I spent some time in Nashville, as did Larry Coryell, and heard some interesting country music. And Steve Swallow and I wanted to do things we'd never done with Stan Getz. Music has become very eclectic. I usually don't approve of that, if it means just borrowing, but we're doing things we are familiar with. We've dropped the things we had no special relation to.

“We use things we like,” the young vibist continues. “With a guitar in the group, it's a natural for us to use some rock, but actually it's country things, not rock. Rock is very country-influenced, and I was much more exposed to country music at the start.

“Then, Stan (Getz) had taken Brazilian music and played with it—his style on their rhythm section—a combination which worked. That's what made me think of country music. On the *Tennessee Firebird* album I tried everything I could think of; different styles of country music. It wasn't that successful, but I enjoyed it. We did it down in Nashville, and I'd asked Roy Haynes to be on it. I told him what it was going to be, and he said he'd try anything once. But the country musicians, who are jazz fans and have incredible respect for it,

knew who Roy was and loved him.

"When we were at the Vanguard, Roy's wife came down to hear us, and said she'd hoped to hear some country music. If it had worked out, I might have hired a fiddle player . . . maybe I was before my time. The Byrds have declared themselves a country group, and the rush to Nashville is on."

IT WAS IN NASHVILLE that Burton, born in Andersonville, Ind., made his recording debut, significantly a jazz date with country guitarist Hank Garland. It was there he met Chet Atkins, and two other men who were to have considerable impact on his subsequent career.

These were the late Steve Sholes, an RCA Victor Records executive, and George Wein, the Sol Hurok of jazz, who is now Burton's personal manager. The Victor people thought Burton was going to be a child prodigy, and signed him to a contract. He is still with the company.

"Steve Sholes was my biggest supporter," he says. "It was so sad that he died just before we were beginning to pay off." When Burton met Wein, he was invited to come to Newport with the jazz contingent from Nashville scheduled to perform at the festival in 1960, but the so-called riot intervened, and though the musicians were actually in Newport, they never did get to perform. The only outcome was a record for RCA Victor, *After the Riot at Newport*.

"Maybe it was a good thing we didn't get to play," Burton jokes. "The record has some bizarre moments on it. It's fun to listen to now. As for George, I can't begin to say how much he's done for us . . . and not just for us, for jazz. He's giving more work to more people than anybody else."

While saying good things about people, Burton also mentioned his a&r man at Victor, Brad McCuen.

"He has been very open," Burton says. "The Carla Bley record is the most daring and the most costly we've ever done, and Brad has been very cooperative. We did another experimental-type thing on *Lofty Fake Anagram* (the quartet's most recent album), *General Mojo Cuts Up*. It took several weeks of eight-hour days of editing. There were 1000 splices, and Steve [bassist Swallow "wrote" the piece] made them all himself. Some were serial, some random. We made a prepared tape, recorded fragments, improvised over them, then re-edited. It was an artistic success, but there was no comment about it. The critics took very little notice. The title was a clue, and I thought the hip people would pick up on it. It *sounds* spliced up."

"We've done it live," Burton continues, "with a machine that plays the tape through a big amplifier. Each of us

took a solo, and the others started to do various things to pass the time. We began to dismantle the instruments and build a stockpile of the parts on stage as the tape went roaring on. It was great at the concert we did in New York—audience laughter and reaction, and so on. I felt knocked out—like a comedian or something. But we've stopped doing it. We couldn't take the machine on tour, and dismantling the instruments is no good in clubs when you have to put them up again for the next set."

The group has enough equipment to contend with as it is. Amplifiers often need repair, so they carry a spare. "We took two to Europe last year," Burton recalls, "and both of them blew out. That was when we were traveling with a guitar workshop, and the guitarists were constantly blowing out fuses. They forgot about the transformers. George Benson's octave machine blew out the amplifier, and Barney Kessel blew it out too. I'll be getting into the act now with my new vibes."

THESE NEW VIBES are an amplified model recently developed by the Ludwig Drum Co. "They commissioned a professor at Annapolis to develop some really good amplified vibes," Burton says, "and I've checked them out and they really work. I'd tried some before—Terry Gibbs and Red Norvo had some made by other people—but this model has it. I hope to get them in time for Monterey. It's not going to change vibes playing drastically, but vibes players have always been at a disadvantage when it comes to miking the instrument."

"The vibes sound is spread out," Burton explains, "and you can't aim one or two mikes at the source. At the big concerts we have lots of trouble. I'm always very careful about how the sound system is worked, but once you're out there, you have to make do with it. This amplified instrument should be a great help. I understand there are some other good models too."

The use of this new instrument will be the only major change in the Burton group since its inception in April 1967, other than the recent change of drummers. But that, in a sense, was a homecoming, since Haynes had played with Burton and Swallow in the Getz quartet, and had been the drummer on the Burton group's first record (*Duster*).

"The conception of the group's sound didn't exist before that record," Burton points out, "but we realized then that it was the start of something, and Roy was in on that. His conception was part of it, and Bobby Moses followed in the mold that Roy had started. Bobby left us because he wanted to do some other, more experimental things. He has his own things he wants to work on—he's made a record that I hope may be is-

sued—so when Roy left Stan it was perfect timing for us, and I was gassed when he agreed to join us.

"It was so great when he came back; I couldn't believe the first couple of nights how good it was. Some people may think it's kind of funny, Roy being with us, but he is one of the youngest people I know. He has such young spirit."

When Burton made that first album (far from his first as a leader, but the first with his own actual group) he'd had no clear idea what he wanted, only that he wanted his own thing. He left Getz, with whom he had been for two years (prior to that, he'd spent some time with George Shearing), because he was getting restless.

"I wanted to be my own person," he says. "It was getting frustrating to work for someone else when I had my own ideas and it wasn't in my place to express them. (This is no reflection on his high regard for Getz, however, and the two have remained on friendly terms.) I'd first decided to go out as a single with a rhythm section, but then Larry, whom I'd met through mutual friends, was available, and I used him on my first gig at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, and it was a case of instant rapport."

Swallow and Burton had first met through guitarist Jim Hall, who recommended the bassist highly for a record date the two were planning together. Subsequently, Burton recommended Swallow to Getz, and the vibist and bassist have been team-mates ever since.

"After that, things picked up quickly. I made the group permanent, and everything happened faster than my timetable was laid out. I get the feeling that something might change—someone might leave or we'll have a style change, or something. Larry will eventually leave, I'm sure, to go out on his own, though as far as I'm concerned, the longer he stays, the better."

But such feelings of foreboding are uncharacteristic of the young leader, who is not a brooder by nature, and whose swift rise in the world of jazz has not gone to his head.

"It's amazing to me how things have exceeded all our expectations," he says. "We're booked up into next year already, and on the verge of being permanently established. We'll have more exposure than ever this summer. If we stopped at this point and leveled off, we'd pass into a memory fairly quickly, but I'm just glad to be working when things supposedly are so tough."

With his personal style, sensitive musicianship, ability to choose compatible talent, and eminent good sense, chances are that Gary Burton has just begun to cut a swath, and will be working in the jazz vineyards for a long time to come.



aretha . . .

an interview by valerie wilmer

"WHAT'LL YOU TELL ME 'bout that?" demanded a jubilant Aretha Franklin as she bounced offstage following a thunderous reception at the end of her first British visit. The comfortably rounded, earthy little singer was clearly amazed at the way she'd inspired the audience to wind up by rushing the stage, clamoring for another helping of greens from "Lady Soul."

"I'd felt they were uninhibited as people, but I didn't know whether they were going to like what I was going to do," she later admitted. "I thought they might enjoy the show, but I just didn't think they'd like it that much. Then, the deeper I got into it, everything happened. I could have gone on and on because I was really feeling good!"

For a singer who has spent the past year outselling all others in the U.S. Top 40, such modesty is rare, but Miss Franklin is one of the few genuinely shy people left in show business. It's not until she hears the cheers that she realizes she has won the race, for she seems to be plagued with a feeling of insecurity in spite of producing six million-selling singles in less than a year.

Her professional career as a solo artist has occupied the past nine of her 26 years, and yet she seems only to come to life on the stage. It is hard to associate the unbridled, emotional way she bares her soul onstage with the reserved little-girl-lost who is just a Detroit housewife in private life, and yet they are one and the same—two sides of a composite personality. Aretha can move you because she hits home where it hurts and is unashamedly truthful about her needs and desires. Proclaiming her happiness, she makes you sing inside, makes you shout along with her; she limits her stage movements to a bare minimum, yet imbues her voice with enough suspended rhythm to make a block of wood get up and dance.

She is totally convincing, too, because she believes in what she is singing. "I have to," she stressed, "or associate a song with something I know about. There are some nights when you don't have the same drive or the particular feeling. I guess by living every day and days being different, the feeling changes. But even if I don't get the overall feeling sometimes, there are certain songs that, regardless of how I'm feeling, I always feel deeply about. *Respect* is one; *Baby, Baby, Baby* and *Since You've Been Gone*—I have to feel them."

1967 was undoubtedly Miss Franklin's year, and there is no good reason for this one not being equally good to her. Yet she waited a long time for the success that was her due. Between winning the *Down Beat* Critics' Poll as New Star Female Vocalist in 1961 and racing to the top of the charts last year with *I Never Loved A Man, Respect, Baby I Love You* and so on, she made a reasonable name for herself on the nightclub circuit and recorded eight albums for Columbia.

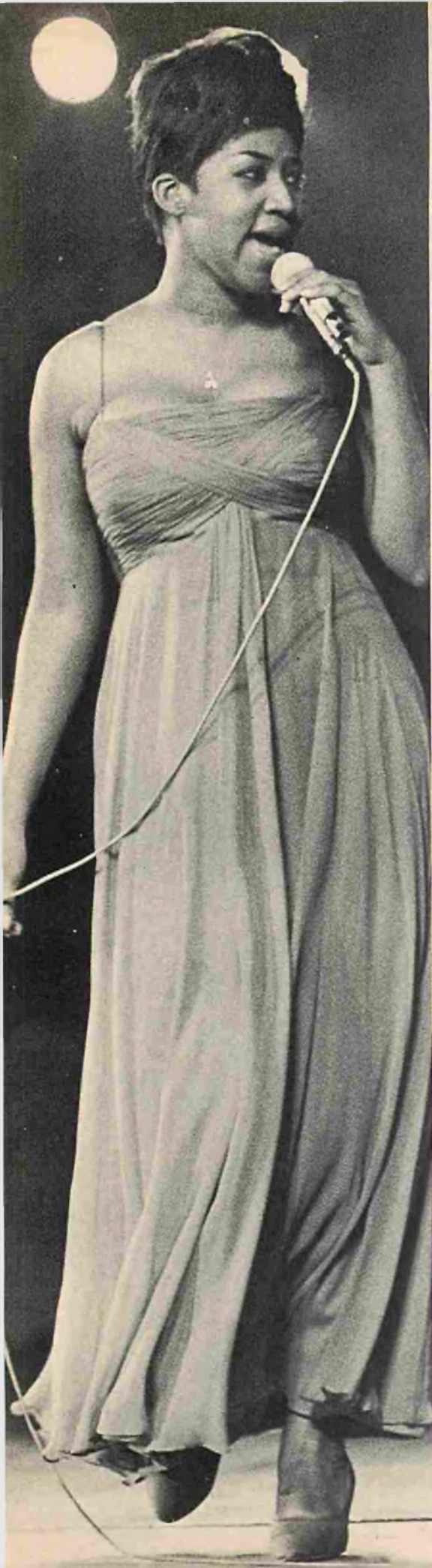
It was not until she signed with Atlantic last year, however, that the singer's fortunes rapidly changed. Although she acknowledges her respect, thanks and continuing friendship for John Hammond, who was behind her initial recording career, she has every reason to be grateful to her new label and the chance that producer Jerry Wexler gave her. A million sales on an initial single are not to be sniffed at, after all! Atlantic encouraged the Gospel according to Aretha Franklin to come forth shouting.

BY USING SECULAR words in an obvious Gospel frame, Aretha has suffered categorizing from the start. Journalists on both sides of the Atlantic find it hard to believe that the essence of her material had its roots in her father's New Bethel Baptist Church in Detroit and leave it at that. They can't seem to recognize the simple truth once pointed out by Beatle John Lennon: "They all seem to come out of the church and they just change the words. They say 'baby' instead of 'Lord', so I really can't tell the difference, except I know that if they're singing about Jesus and the Lord and that, well, it's Gospel. If they're not, it's r&b or rock, whatever you like."

Even Aretha herself evades the obvious. "At the time they called me a jazz singer it was not that I wasn't interested in the idea; I didn't feel that I was a jazz singer. I still don't, though a lot of people say that I am. I think it's in regards to what you prefer; if you like jazz you might feel it was more of a compliment, and if you like Gospel, then vice-versa. Now I think what I sing is closer to rhythm-and-blues and straight blues, sometimes a little pop mixed with blues. I always wanted to do the blues but never completely.

"It was the church that first taught me how to stand on the stage," Aretha continued. "I was scared to death, but

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lady soul

an appreciation by helen dance

I MARVEL AT Aretha Franklin. She is an amalgam of so many things. She makes up for much that seemed to have been lost to the past. She has so many grooves that it's hard to be consistent about what is most moving. There are times when I think it may be the lesser-known things, like *96 Tears*. Then she comes on with *Satisfaction* or *Baby, Baby, Baby*. That is *some* way of singing; exciting, and bad in the best sense!

She makes up for Billie Holiday. As Duke Ellington says, why bother about categories? Her singing transcends boundaries.

She has that feel for time and that grasp of a number that makes it as much hers as if she wrote it herself. Maybe this doesn't sound like the right thing to say, but there are times when I don't really know what she's singing about. But she's singing. That feeling is there, and one doesn't need her words. She has a terrific range of feeling. She's moved by myriad gradations of blues and Gospel. But it's not just Ray Charles all over again. It's a new world.

There always has been something in Gospel that waited on jazz. There can be a real marriage there, especially when the blues are included. Maybe that accounts for a rare unanimity among such writers as John Wilson, Leonard Feather and Nat Hentoff; Europe's Hugues Panassie, and LeRoi Jones. Few artists have a following that spans so many generations.

One reason probably is that Aretha is *Feelgood* herself. Maybe that's why she recalls the past. She seems to have restored something that's been lacking, a naturalness that she expresses in contemporary form, free of intellectual flim-flam. Not everyone, certainly not the general public, has an affinity for egg-head music. When it comes to listening, lots of people have more heart than head. There are other demands on the head and too few on the heart.

She has found the choice of material to be very important. Her Columbia albums never really got off the ground because, I believe, their approach to material was not consistent enough. Columbia patterned her after other people—but what she had to offer was unique. This is something Jerry Wexler at Atlantic records has grasped. He saw that it was necessary to simplify things, to eliminate everything that detracted from the essential artist. In his notes to *Aretha Arrives*, Hentoff pointed this out, remarking that in her Gospel years he had marveled at the size of feeling in her voice but that on records something had gone awry. Then Atlantic released *I Never Loved a Man Until I Loved You*, and it happened. Aretha had indeed arrived.

There are writers who criticize some of the musical backgrounds Atlantic has devised. But Aretha dominates all. The beat and her sound creates an immunity. In general, the frameworks suit her. They are modeled on her conception of the material at hand.

"As long as it fits," she has said. "It *has* to fit." And it does, because Arif Mardin at Atlantic waits until she has everything worked out at the piano and then builds an arrangement that complements her ideas.

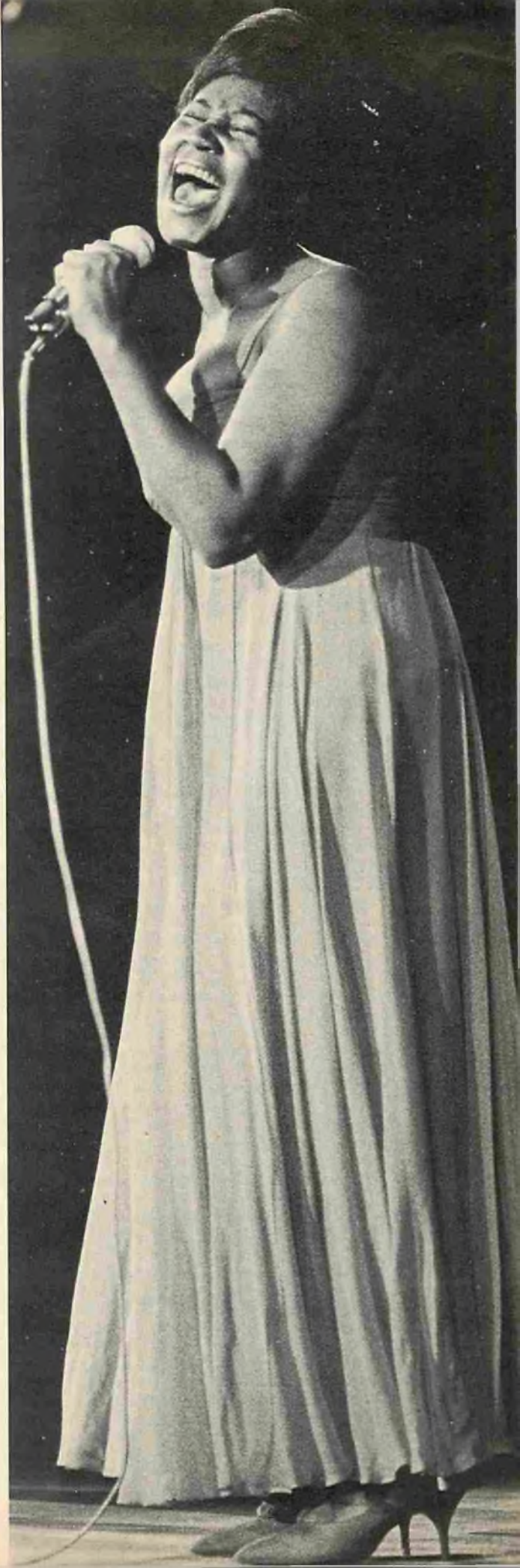
The takes are not made all at one time. She makes the first playback alone, and the next emphasis is placed on the rhythm section. Sometimes the horns are not dubbed in until a day or so later. Occasionally, the singer is no longer in town when the voices are added.

"If we're using the Sweet Inspirations," she said, "they usually know pretty well what I want." If her sisters are present, generally the backgrounds are fitted in right on the session.

"But she works from built-in backgrounds," Mardin said. "She doesn't need support. She can always treat a song as though she had 40 pieces back of her."

Aretha likes to work from the keyboard and customarily provides all the piano accompaniment. As a pianist, she doesn't make a big thing of her qualifications, but the musicians accompanying her are enthusiastic.

"They think it's a joy to work with her," Mardin said. "After a take, the entire band goes into a huddle for the playback.



There is terrific entente. Nobody minds if what we are after means a lot of hard work. These sessions never just happen. And Aretha never holds back. On that date which took place after she'd fractured an arm, she played piano regardless, one-handed at times."

Aretha: Lady Soul (Atlantic 8176), her third album for that label, was released last February. Like *I Never Loved a Man Until I Loved You* (8139) and *Aretha Arrives* (8150), it contains two titles, *Chain of Fools* and *Natural Woman*, that were released as singles and at once became hits. Her first single, *I Never Loved a Man*, released 12 months previously, sold 250,000 copies in less than two weeks. *Respect* and *Baby, I Love You* followed, each selling more than 1,000,000 copies. *Respect* this year won the NARAS award as best rhythm-and-blues recording of 1967.

Careful routining was responsible for much of these albums' success. In each instance, the singer contributed such varied material that there was small risk of sameness or letdown. It's doubtful whether any successive LPs ever contained a greater number of hits. Both open with titles already well known in their own right—Otis Redding's *Respect* and the Rolling Stones' *Satisfaction*—which Aretha transformed into personalized versions of hard-driven rock. *Drown in My Own Tears*, a no-holds-barred blues, followed *Respect* and was succeeded by *I Never Loved a Man*. The concluding numbers were *Soul Serenade*—not so well known, but one of her finest selections—and two of her own compositions, *Don't Let Me Lose This Dream* and *Baby, Baby*. The latter, written in conjunction with her sister, Carolyn, typified the exultant Franklin approach. This side of the album had no arid patches.

Aretha Arrives, the second release, contained as many inimitable numbers and was another tour de force. *Satisfaction* preceded *You Are My Sunshine*, a Gospel spectacular, and *96 Tears*. Here, and also on the irresistible *Baby, I Love You*, the effect was immeasurably heightened by memorable exchanges between Aretha and her sisters, Irma and Carolyn. On *Going Down Slow*, Aretha was featured in a moaning chase chorus with King Curtis' tenor saxophone. The Curtis contributions and the vocal interpolations provided the best type of background for the heady Franklin sound. Strings and horns, however, arranged by Ralph Burns, were used to good effect in ballads like *That's Life* and *I Wonder*.

Much has been written about Aretha's interpretation of lyrics, but more remarkable still is her identification with the feel of a song, her ability to communicate what the music conveys. There's wonderful nostalgia in *Night Life*, but independent of convention, the singer never relinquished the beat.

"The feeling is Gospel," was her explanation of the swinging waltz time on numbers like *People Get Ready* and *Tain't No Way* in her last album, *Lady Soul*. Even more Gospel was her version of *Ain't Nobody Gonna Turn Me Around*, where she preaches like Cootie Williams. She gives some of her best performances on her own songs, like *Dr. Feelgood* and *Good to Me as I'm Good to You*. *Feelgood* is new-blues, a '60s paraphrase of Billie Holiday's anthems. *My Man* is what it says.

This could be cause for alarm—because when an artist's popularity suddenly attains unusual proportions, it's an invitation to pop writers to equate success with sex symbolism and to indulge in the jargon that accompanies it. If she should get typed this way, her marvelous spontaneity and breadth of approach could be seriously jeopardized.

The mystique surrounding show biz exercises a fatal attraction. *Time* magazine says Aretha ranges "from a sensual whisper to a banshee wail as she projects the confident sexuality of *Baby, I Love You*." *The Saturday Review* says she "celebrates sensuality and womanhood in song." These sentiments were further exaggerated by Albert Goldman in the *New York Times*: "At another time, in another society, her complete freedom from emotional restraints might appear a dubious value. Today it seems like a state of grace." Wrapping it up, he concludes, "She makes salvation seem erotic. And the erotic our salvation."

I hope Aretha hasn't arrived at last merely to be transplanted into dollars and cents. At Philharmonic Hall in October, 1967, her opening numbers were *There's No Business Like Show Business* and *Try a Little Tenderness*, and it would be hard to find justification for this, or for the Jolson touch in *Rock-a-bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody*. These evoked considerably less re-

sponse than *I Never Loved a Man* and *Natural Woman*.

This was partly due to accompaniment provided onstage by Carolyn Franklin, flanked by two other girl singers, all three effectively dressed and routined. To put Aretha across requires no more behind her than this. Her sound was hindered rather than helped by an orchestral background involving fiddles, mandolins, guitars, electric bass, and the lot. Onstage her greatest hits are numbers like *Respect* and *Satisfaction*. By the time she gets Gospel-minded and those top notes come out, her audience is carried away.

"Like Sinatra or Presley, she engenders a cult," arranger Mardin observed.

She comes by that naturally, for her father, the Rev. C. L. Franklin, still enjoys a devoted following. Although she's only 26, Aretha has been singing for years. She started in the choir of the New Bethel Baptist Church before she was 12, and at 14 accompanied her father on evangelistic tours. Her gifts are inborn and bred. It wasn't easy for her, however, to switch from Gospel to the secular approach.

Bassist Major Holley, also from Detroit, remembers that she experienced a hard time when she first came to New York. Holley, who had formed a close friendship with her father, watched over her and attempted to bring her to the attention of better known agents.

She lived on the east side, in a YWCA, and each day the two met and set out on the rounds. When they approached Max Gordon of the Village Vanguard, Holley discovered she wasn't yet old enough to obtain a cabaret work-permit card. She returned to Detroit, but after a time her father encouraged her to try again, paying for demonstration records, and once more Holley took her to agents he knew. He remembers a day at the Shaw Artists offices when she made a great impression.

But work was scarce, and they landed no more than a week at the Vanguard, with Ellis Larkins on piano and Holley on bass.

Yet this was a turning point, for the bassist then took her to meet John Hammond at Columbia records. "She needed no help after that," he recalled. "She's been great, too, always crediting me with giving her a start. When the City of Detroit honored her this year by proclaiming Aretha Franklin Day, she gave me a build-up right in Cobo Hall."

Considering her gifts, progress at Columbia was slow. Hammond produced her first two albums, *Aretha Franklin with Ray Bryant Trio* and *The Electrifying Aretha*, and employed musicians such as Ray Bryant, Skeeter Best, Tyree Glenn, Quentin Jackson and Milt Hinton to provide accompaniment. Later a series of albums with such titles as *The Tender*, *The Moving*, *The Swinging Aretha Franklin* (CS 8963), *Laughing on the Outside* (CS 8879), *Unforgettable, a Tribute to Dinah Washington* (CS 8963), *Runnin' out of Fools* (CS 9081), *Soul Sister* (CS 9321), *Take It Like You Give It* (CS 9429), and *Take a Look* (CS 9554), were produced by Robert Mersey, Clyde Otis, Bobby Scott, Belford Hendricks and others. Over the years, while she was being booked on the night-club circuit, Columbia tried to build her along conventional lines.

Although certain of these albums met with moderate success, the break-through awaited the switch to Atlantic in 1966. There the corporate efforts of Wexler, Mardin, and engineer Tom Doud resulted in a fresh approach.


"At Columbia I'd make a tape to give them an idea what I wanted," Aretha explained, "and they'd write the music round that. Everything was planned before I ever came in for the date."

By contrast, at Atlantic her sessions come to life at the keyboard, following conferences on material among herself, husband Ted White, and Wexler.

"Twenty pieces can't give her anything she hasn't already got," Mardin observed. "She plays good piano too. She has an ear for dissonance and modern chords."

Wexler considers her a consummate artist who has given contemporary rhythm-and-blues its most effective expression, incorporating in a single offering the best of Gospel, pop, and rock. It has been years since a singer has aroused so much excitement. No one comes near her for rhythmic drive. And curiously enough, her style sometimes recalls—as in *Night Life*—that of her precursor, Bessie Smith, the greatest blues singer of all.

Her approach is instinctively positive. "She likes what she does," Major Holley said. "She enjoys it all."

In so doing Aretha bridges the gap between disparate generations, radiating heat on a scene that was once proudly cool. 

MONTREUX:

The Swiss Festival That Runs Like Clockwork

By Gene Lees

IT USED TO BE an axiom of jazz that there were no good rhythm sections in Europe. Things have changed. One of the most striking things about the recent Second Montreux Jazz Festival, held June 12-15, was the abundance of skilled young bass players deriving from the Scott LaFaro school of the instrument. And there were some surprisingly good drummers, who often worked in tight cohesion with their team-mates. There was, of course, some sloppy work, but the best performances of the festival—by horn as well as rhythm players—were very good indeed.

What marks the Montreux Festival as unusual is its emphasis on European rather than American players. The festival is a competition to select the "best" groups and soloists, and 13 countries, including Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and East Germany, sent groups. The festival jury selected the Riel-Mikkeltorg Quintet, from Denmark, as the best. It was, all things considered, a just decision. One of the group's leaders is Alex Riel, an intense and driving young drummer. The other is Palle Mikkeltorg, a trumpeter who is derived from Miles Davis, but has his own ideas as well. Whereas Miles likes those lengthy open areas in his solos, Mikkeltorg tends to keep his lines continuous. His tone is different from that of Davis, too: warm and wide. Mikkeltorg is an extremely good player, and if he played as well at the Newport Festival as he did here—an expense-paid appearance at Newport was the group's prize—many American listeners are already aware of it.

Chosen second-best group of the festival was the Jan Garbarek Quintet from Norway, featuring singer Karin Krog. Each group had 20 minutes to put its best foot forward. The Garbarek group devoted all of it to a free-jazz development on *Lazy Afternoon*, based on interplay between Garbarek's tenor and Miss Krog's voice. How the jury decided this was the second-best group is beyond me, unless they were basing the decision on previous knowledge of the performers' work—just at that time, the festival's sound system went badly out of balance, so that both Miss Krog and the bass player were inaudible.

This is not to suggest, however, an ulterior motive to the voting, which was

scrupulously fair. The groups appearing in the festival had been chosen by their respective national radio-television systems, and each of these systems had its own representative on the jury. None was allowed to vote for his own countrymen. The vice presidents of the jury were Robert Share, director of Boston's Berklee School of Music, and Karel Srp from the Czech television system. (I was president of the jury.)

Chosen best soloist of the festival was John Surman, baritone saxophonist with the Mike Westbrook Band from England. A separate press jury also picked the Riel-Mikkeltorg group as the best, and gave a *prix d'honneur* to the Jim Doherty Quartet from Ireland, an honorable mention as soloist to the group's skillful guitarist Louis Stewart, and an honorable mention to Hungary's Rudolf Tomsits Quartet. Tomsits, who played trumpet and flugelhorn solos of impressive beauty and control, was for me one of the most striking players in the competition.

Guest performers who appeared at the festival but did not take part in the

competition, of course, included the Bill Evans Trio, the Young-Holt Trio, Nina Simone, and the Brian Auger group, featuring singer Julie Driscoll. Auger is English. He played derivative organ. Miss Driscoll sounds for all the world as if she were black, without having anything much to say. I thought they were genuinely ghastly. Miss Simone, who was in an unusually good mood, sang very well indeed, and managed something that is normally not among her most notable qualities: she swung. But everyone agreed that the peak of the festival was the Evans appearance.

Relaxed, tanned, and in a better frame of mind that at any time in the many years I've known him, Evans played at the absolute peak of his form before an audience breathless with attention. The crowd exploded with applause and wouldn't let him get off the stand. Some of it may have had to do with drummer Jack DeJohnette, formerly with Charles Lloyd, who joined Evans a month before the Montreux appearance. Evans has long had rhythm section problems. DeJohnette could be the answer: he played



JAMES LEE WOOD/COURTESY MONTREUX FESTIVAL

Winners Bernt Rosengren, Bo Stief, Palle Mikkeltorg and Alex Riel

very free time, but without ever losing the pulse, and his taste was impeccable. The audience went mad over him, and over Eddie Gomez, who played, as usual, spectacularly fast bass, but with more depth than he's ever shown before.

Happily, the Evans performance was recorded. It will be released in an album by Verve in the fall.

The Young-Holt group worked as a sort of house trio right through the festival, and their infectious, good-humored bluesiness added another dimension to the event.

The festival was held in the Montreux Casino, a vast turn-of-the-century pleasure palace. The music was performed in its nightclub, which is as big as a concert hall. Nonetheless, the hall was crowded to the point of discomfort on the night of Evans' appearance, by an audience of about 1,000. Next year, the festival's directors plan to cover the adjacent terrace, open up the nightclub's glass wall, and set up seating for at least double that number. Thus you'll be able to listen to the music and stare across the waters to the French Alps. No other festival has so exquisite a setting.

There were several additional features to the festival, including a showing of old jazz films, an exhibition of jazz record-cover art, which was projected on a screen in the Casino's comfortable little movie theater to the accompaniment of recorded music in stereo, a record collectors' exchange, and a drum clinic, presided over by Arthur Taylor and Kenny Clarke, who are part of Paris' growing colony of "refugee" American jazz musicians. Next year, there will be an award for the best jazz recording of the year, similar to an award given at the Montreux classical festival, which is held at the end of the summer.

The attention to detail shown by the festival's producers was refreshing. Everything started on time and went off like clockwork. The television-radio system of Suisse Romande installed a closed-circuit set-up that put screens in strategic positions throughout the hall, so that even if you were seated far back, you could see the soloists close-up, including the hands of pianists. The sound system, new and experimental, was marvelous.


Like Newport, Montreux is a resort center whose period of maximum affluence occurred around the turn of the century. But whereas Newport was built from the summer homes of the wealthy, Montreux was a hotel resort. After World War I, it fell on sleepy days, though an aging Russian princess or two can still be found wandering the huge corridors of its hostels.

The Montreux Office of Tourism,

which is financed and supported by local businessmen, decided about 10 years ago to change that. The classical festival draws people at the end of the summer, after the normal tourist season is ended. Claude Nobs, the young assistant director of the tourist office who happens to be a dedicated jazz fan, dreamed up the jazz festival for the start of the season. He was given a go-ahead to try it by Raymond Jaussi, director of the office. Jaussi gave him a completely free hand, explained the purposes of the festival to local businessmen, and Nobs did the rest. Thus the festival is in the curious position of not having to make money: if they break even, or don't lose too much, and the tourist business benefits, everybody's happy. This is a very different situation than that of the Newport Festival, which has encountered considerable local hostility for years.

Because of its location in a tourist center, Montreux can offer the younger festival-goers remarkably good accommodations for very little money—sometimes as little as \$4 a night. Really first-rate accommodations, with a large room, bath, and three meals a day, can be obtained for as little as \$8.

Given these virtues, the festival seems likely to flourish. The day after it ended, Nobs learned that his budget had been doubled for next year. He promptly expanded the festival from five nights to six, booked the Clarke-Boland Big Band, and began looking for a few American performers to round out the program. Dates for the third festival have been set: June 18 to 22.

It seems likely that even more countries will be represented, including one that was particularly conspicuous by its absence. Reports have it that next year, the Russians are coming. 



Kenny Clarke at Drum Clinic

Intercollegiate Jazz Festival 1968

By John S. Wilson

The battle of the big bands, which began last year at Miami Beach at the first Intercollegiate Jazz Festival (then known, to placate sponsors, as the Intercollegiate Music Festival), continued this year at the second festival, held in June, this time in St. Louis.

Last year the event was the upset of the polished, confident North Texas State University Band by Ladd McIntosh's Ohio State University Jazz Lab Band. It was a significant victory for the Ohio State band. North Texas State, directed by Leon Breedon, represented the epitome of college big bands at that time—a band that roared through a collection of standard big band arrangements, projecting them with brilliance and precision. The Ohio State band, not quite such a well greased machine, nonetheless cut the North Texas band through the fresh, imaginative arrangements by McIntosh of his own compositions.

Neither band was at St. Louis' Kiel Opera House this year. In the three days of the festival—two nights of semi-finals, one night of finals—big bands, combos and vocal groups were heard that had won at six regional festivals: The Cerritos College Festival in California, the Intermountain Festival in Utah, the Little Rock University Festival in Arkansas, the Midwest Festival in Illinois, the Mobile Festival in Alabama and the Villanova University Festival in Pennsylvania. The big band finalists were the Millikin University Jazz Lab Band, directed by Roger Schueler, the Philadelphia Musical Academy band, directed by Evan Solot, and the University of Illinois Jazz Band, led by John Garvey, which had taken first place at the Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame in March, winning out over McIntosh's Ohio State band there.

Coming to St. Louis wrapped in its Notre Dame laurels, the Illinois band gave a surprisingly lackadaisical, unimaginative performance and barely sneaked into the finals over the Colorado State College Jazz Ensemble, the Los Angeles Valley College Studio-Jazz Band and the Loyola University Stage Band. The crisp spirit and precision of Millikin and the individual virtuosity of the Philadelphia Musical Academy Band, particularly a superb soprano saxophone solo by Mike Pedicin, Jr. highlighting a Solot original, *Bacchanalia*, indicated that the finals would be fought out between these two bands.

But you never can tell what will happen overnight. In the finals, neither Millikin nor Philadelphia were quite up to the level of their performances in the semi-finals. Possibly they had peaked early and could not sustain that original edge. This, however, proved to be less crucial than what Garvey did with his Illinois band.

Starting with as relatively minor a point as seating arrangement, Garvey presented what might have passed for a completely different band if one were not already familiar with the faces. The programming was superbly planned: An attention-riveting opening flag-waver, *Ladybird*; then a masterful mixture of rich jazz and showmanship, *Old Beezlebub Blues*, that involved a touch of banjo



Vocalist Don Smith with U. of Illinois Jazz Band

and some muted wah-wah ensembles that came straight out of Duke Ellington's Cotton Club period; a strong ballad performance, *Darn That Dream*; a rocking blues sung by Don Smith; and, for a capper, *The Lunceford Touch*, a contemporary arrangement spiced with elements of the Lunceford style including the fan-hat trumpets with, for the bit that was just too much, a fan hat tuba.

All of this would have meant nothing without the performance that the Illinois musicians gave it. They were up for this challenge and, led by Howie Smith, an electrifying and versatile altoist (who brought Willie Smith up to date in the Lunceford number), the band played with such conviction and spirit that there could scarcely be any doubt of the judges' choice. Unlike Ohio State, which had won the

the Mike Pedicin Jr. Quintet, one of the combo finalists along with the Hipps-Everman Group, a trio from Northwestern University, and the New Directions Quartet of Arkansas A.M. & N. College. The Pedicin quintet was a forthright group of mainstream swingers which rode on Pedicin's tenor solos and Steve Weiner's fluegelhorn. Hipps-Everman was a studied reflection of Bill Evans (Jon Hipps) and Miles Davis (Welch Everman) while the New Directions Quartet, the only Negro group at the festival, suffered from a lack of cohesiveness so that they could not get their basically sound and provocative ideas off the ground. The group's bassist, James Leary, was cited as a top instrumentalist.

After finding last year that "jazz vocalists" scarcely



The U. of Illinois Jazz Band, John Garvey directing

year before largely on the originality and imagination of Ladd McIntosh's arrangements, Illinois took the honors this year primarily through the force of personality of its musicians, something of a departure for college bands. This factor was also at work for the Philadelphia Musical Academy band but not to quite a sufficient extent to overcome the tremendous surge of the Illinois band.

Competition among combos was less intense. The winner, the Jac Murphy trio of Southern Methodist University, was a polished, well balanced trio (Murphy, piano; Gil Pitts, bass; Banks Dimon, drums) that played with imagination and a strong sense of unity. In their semi-final set, Murphy got some interesting effects by damping the center of his keyboard with a tambourine, using the device as part of the texture of his solos rather than an intermittent gimmick. He suggested his relationship to Dave Brubeck (and his group's relationship) in the finals by playing Brubeck's *Blue Rondo a la Turk*, but took it completely out of the Brubeck aura. Dimon was an exceptionally good drummer for this set-up, not only providing strong, closely related backing but brightening the performances constantly with fascinating little touches. For my taste, he was the best drummer at the festival although the judges picked Chuck Braugham of the Illinois band and Jim Paxson of the Philadelphia Musical Academy as top men on drums.

Paxson played both in Philadelphia's big band and in

exist on a college level, the festival changed its vocal sights this year to vocal groups with results that were little better. The three competing vocal groups, from Cerritos College, Ohio State and Kansas State, were bland, commercially-oriented and, to a distressing extent, inept. The winner, the Burgundy Street Singers of Kansas State, had the merit of relatively polished showmanship, with two boy singers doubling guitars, two more on trumpets and three girls who could do some simple drill formations. The best singer at the festival—and the only jazz singer—was Don Smith of Illinois, but none of the judges seemed to notice.

Other individual winners were Cecil Bridgewater and Jim Knapp of Illinois and Ed Etkins of Philadelphia Musical Academy, composer-arrangers; Tim Barr, bass, and John Clark, reeds, Los Angeles Valley College; Ken Ferrantino, trumpet, Illinois; George Duke, piano, San Francisco State; Dwayne Hitchings, piano, and Steve Weiner, trumpet, Philadelphia Musical Academy.

Duke Ellington was voted into the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival Hall of Fame. The only resident of the Hall, Stan Kenton, elected last year, served as master of ceremonies.

The judges were four musicians—Thad Jones, Clark Terry, Marian McPartland and Tom Scott—plus Robert Share of the Berklee School of Music and former *Down Beat* editor Dom Cerulli.

BBB

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Mical, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey 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.

Don Ellis

ELECTRIC BATH—Columbia 2785/9585: *Indian Lady; Alone; Turkish Bath; Open Beauty; New Horizons*.

Personnel: Glenn Stuart, Alan Weight, Ed Warren, Bob Harmon, Ellis, trumpets; Ron Myers, Dave Sanchez, Terry Woodson, trombones; Ruben Leon, Joe Roccisano, Ira Schulman, Ron Starr, John Magruder, reeds; Mike Lang, piano, Fender piano, clavinet; Ray Neapolitan, bass, sitar; Frank De La Rosa, Dave Parlato, basses; Steve Bohannon, drums; Chino Valdes, conga, bongos; Mark Stevens, vibes, timbales, percussion; Alan Estes, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I'm tired of hearing Don Ellis criticized because he studiously avoids 4/4, or because he is not doing anything startlingly new. Neither putdown is valid, especially if the end product is of quality. What Ellis strives for, and conveys, is a brand of excitement that has "today" written all over it. An Ellis chart is nervous, frenetic and exciting; unconventional meters; the "acoustical incense" of Eastern rhythms aided by the "now" twang of sitars; amplified instruments, echo chambers, tape loop delays; and the probing, sometimes abrasive clash of quarter-tones. This spells Ellis, and he puts it all together with taste, a sense of balance, and an urgent desire to swing.

He uses three basses and three drums, and with good cause. For the power he summons up, he needs that foundation. (Remember Babe Ruth—an awesome "swinger", but way out of proportion on those spindly legs.)

Regarding Ellis' penchant for odd time signatures, bassist Charlie Haden once quipped: "The only thing Don Ellis plays in 4/4 is *Take Five*." What really counts, though, is that Ellis is able to generate swing within the different frames of reference. He *thinks* in 5, 7, 9, 11, etc.; he writes and solos in these signatures, and what might be uncomfortable for some has become second nature to him. More important, his amazing sidemen respond to these "hard times" with an accuracy that implies built-in metronomes.

All this exotic excitement is captured in the band's first effort for Columbia. The recording balance is outstanding: you hear the hyper-active Bohannon pushing his percussion army, and you hear Mike Lang's clavinet comping with equal clarity.

Producer John Hammond has wisely let Ellis and his men stretch out. The shortest track is a Hank Levy chart, *Alone*—and it runs over five and a half minutes. It is a very soothing flute salad with Latin dressing; a 5/4 bossa nova, featuring a low-key blues-tinged muted solo by Ellis.

Indian Lady is an excellent example of the Ellis excitement. The leader's quarter-tone trumpet soars, wails, and scrapes through and above a busy background, but the logic of it all is never obscured—even in the release of the second chorus, when Ellis pierces through massive brass pyra-

mids. Other fine solos co-exist with the same competition: Lang on electric piano, Myers on trombone, and Starr on tenor. A touch of humor is added to the chart when a "fall"—symbolically from exhaustion—leads to an Ellis postscript and a reprise of the throbbing excitement.

Another afterthought can be heard in *Turkish Bath*. Arranger Ron Myers has voiced his reeds a quarter-tone apart—an interval just dissonant enough to scare 'em in the harem. It begins peacefully with Neapolitan's sitar, but grows wilder as Ellis, Myers, Land and Roccisano (on soprano) contribute great solos.

New Horizons is an enigma: dated figures squeezed into a futuristic pattern of 5-5-7. While you're trying to find "one", you hear arco bass lines underlying weird hesitation-phrases from various sections. The most compelling ensemble comes from the trombones. The most memorable solo comes from Lang, whose contrary motions and Charleston accents mix high camp with high musicianship. Ellis' solo over moaning brass is a perfect example of restraint, building slowly and deliberately until the final bravado choruses.

The high point of the album must be Ellis' echo-induced conversation with himself on the electronic tour de force *Open Beauty*. The piece itself is a study in tranquility, a shimmering mood piece made more translucent by Lang's electrified keyboard arpeggios over the meanderings of bowed basses. But, in a remarkable cadenza, Ellis, with electronic trumpet and loop delay, confronts himself and begins an excursion into "responses to his own calls" that is no mere novelty, but well-organized forays into simple and complex harmonies, overlapping in thirds, fifths, parallel and contrary motion—the whole gamut.

Electric Bath won't diminish the shower of criticism; but it will leave Ellis followers tingling.

—Siders

Billy Hawks

MORE HEAVY SOUL!—Prestige 7556: *O' Baby; Drown in My Own Tears; W'ip It on Me; W'bat More Can I Do?; Heavy Soul; You've Been a Bad Girl; I'll Be Back; I Can Make It; That's Your Bag*.

Personnel: Buddy Terry, tenor saxophone (tracks 2 and 7 only); Hawks, vocal, organ; Maynard Parker, guitar; Henry Terrell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Hawks is working the wrong side of the street. Several minor changes in his group format and recording method and he easily could step up to a much higher tax bracket. In both his singing and organ playing he is able to generate that ecstatic emotionalism that is the essence ("soul," if you will) of Negro vocal music. One senses that he is capable of communicating great excitement and intensity. However, the approach that

is followed here is not conducive to the generation and realization of those qualities. There is a restraint here that usually is associated with jazz recording but which in the case of Hawks and his fellows is not justified since they are not especially interesting improvisers.

A much more satisfactory approach for his producers to follow would be to record Hawks as a popular rather than as a jazz performer. The distinction, believe me, is crucial. First, mike his voice a lot closer and hotter. Bring it up front and let it develop all the excitement it can. Second, emphasize the rhythm much more prominently and, most important, add a good, heavy electric bass. Bring out the drums more fully and with greater definition. And what is most essential is a strong, heavily amplified blues guitar in the B.B. King-Albert King idiom. From this, it's a short step to the full panoply of contemporary rhythm-and-blues effects—horn section, vocal group backup, etc. Hawks wouldn't even have to change his material overmuch.

Jazz record producers seem to approach this kind of material and direction with strong reservations about its "artistic worth." Consequently, they effect a compromise in recordings similar to this one, and what they wind up with is a beast that's neither fish nor fowl. Good rhythm-and-blues is its own best reason for being, after all; it doesn't need the specious crutch of jazz presentation, for the restraint this approach entails robs the form of practically all its vitality and passion. It simply eviscerates it.

Hawks, who has improved vastly over his earlier work, indicates in his performances here that his potential would be far better realized in the heavier, more overt, volcanic rhythm-and-blues format. His producers should have allowed him his head. They should have striven for the approach the album title calls for—more heavy soul.

—Welding

Yusef Lateef

THE COMPLETE YUSEF LATEEF—Atlantic SD 1499: *Rosalie; In The Evening; Kongsberg; Stay With Me; See Line Woman; Brother; You're Somewhere Thinking of Me*.

Personnel: Yusef Lateef, alto, tenor saxes, flute, oboe, vocal; Hugh Lawson, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums; Sylvia Shemwell, tambourine.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The Complete Yusef Lateef is an apt description. Lateef is a thoroughly articulate multi-reed man who is capable of portraying many moods.

He plays flute on *Rosalie*, which here reminds me of Nat Adderley's *Work Song*. The tambourine provides an interesting embellishment while Lateef achieves a spiritual quality in his playing.

The group takes care of business on the funky *In The Evening*. Lateef picks up the

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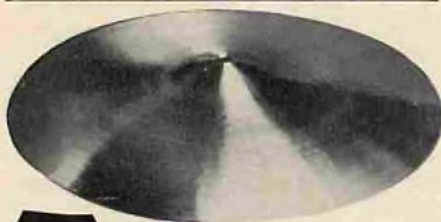
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oboe to tell it like it truly is (he is particularly effective on this instrument).

He takes to the tenor sax on the perky *Kongsberg*. Brooks keeps the kettles hot and the leader charges forth with a very gritty solo. Lawson, a man of talent, solos with verve.

Lateef's flute is subtly beautiful on the longing *Stay With Me*. Through the technique of overdubbing, he is heard on flute and tenor simultaneously on *See Line Woman*. Again, the tambourine enhances this sanctified performance.

Brother strides in spirited fashion, Lateef weaving urgent patterns. Lateef gives a fairly pleasant vocal reading of the blues on *You're Somewhere Thinking of Me* with a *Go-Down Moses*-like theme for background, and fingerbells for Far Eastern flavor.

—Johnson

Thelonious Monk

UNDERGROUND MONK—Columbia CS 9632:
Thelonious; Ugly Beauty; Raise Four; Boo Boo's Birthday; Easy Street; Green Chimneys; In Walked Bud.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone (tracks 2, 4, 6); Monk, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums; Jon Hendricks, vocal (track 7 only).

Rating: ★★☆☆

The total lack of clues notwithstanding, this album is a significant addition to Monkiana, since it contains no less than four new pieces by the master, plus his interpretation of an oldie (*Easy Street*) he has not tackled on record before.

The liner notes don't tell you that, nor do they point out that tenorist Rouse lays out on all but three tracks. Instead, they ramble on about the ultra-campy cover, making the joke pointless in the process. Only Monk, a true untouchable, could survive such treatment with his dignity intact.

Monk occupies a peculiar position in jazz today. On the one hand, he is revered as a man who never compromised his integrity and yet made it. On the other, though none put him down, there is a definite air of taking Monk for granted—even of being somewhat bored with him. ("How was Monk?" "Well . . . Monk was Monk . . . you know . . . into his usual thing. . .")

The implication is that Monk's usual thing is just not very exciting any more. Everybody wants to be excited today, as if that were the most needed sensation to be derived from music (or any art) in these particular times. But there are degrees of excitement, even if one grants this dubious premise.

I, for one, find it "exciting" that Monk is still Monk; that he goes about distilling rather than diluting what is essential to him. It is ironic that a man who is respected precisely for having made the world accept him on his own terms should be slighted for maintaining his iconoclasm in the face of that acceptance. In today's terminology, hearing Monk is taking a trip, every time.

There has been a rather long stretch during which Monk hasn't come up with more than one or two new pieces per year, so the present additions to the canon (a quite respectable one, indeed; I'd estimate it at 60-plus tunes) are most welcome.

Ugly Beauty, the ballad (a *Monk* title, isn't it?) is bittersweet, of the lineage of *Ask Me Now*, *Ruby My Dear*, *Panonica* and *Crepescul with Nellie*—the reflective, nostalgic aspects of love. As always, the interpretation brings out the melody in full contour, and Rouse is tuned in.

Green Chimneys is my favorite, a riff piece; minor with a major bridge. It reminds of *Dickie's Dream*, the "old" Lester Young classic. Rouse gets off on this. (He, too, so long with Monk, is taken for granted, while little heed is paid to the fact that he has absorbed more about how Monk's music should be played than any other saxophonist, including perhaps more brilliantly individualistic ones, who ever worked with him.)

After Rouse's fine solo (note how he employs the full register of the instrument to create unexpected contrast: sudden leaps to high notes; sudden barks below) Monk picks up a phrase the tenor man has toyed with and used to end his say, and works around with it delightfully. Then there's some finely attuned contrapuntal work between the two.

Raise Four is a blues by the trio; only Monk could take such a seemingly simplistic pattern of notes as this line, voice and space it so uniquely, get away with repeating it to the point of near anguish in the listener—and yet produce a feeling of release.

Boo Boo's Birthday is medium-up and pretty, the melody attractively exposed by piano and tenor. It reminds me a bit, in mood and shape, of *Eronel*, but that may be an idiosyncrasy; it's really quite distinct.

Easy Street seems to Monk's liking, for he plays it almost straight (but with those voicings and that phrasing) for two choruses and gets away from it for only two-thirds of the next. It is a likeable melody.

Jon Hendricks takes most of *Bud*—his lyrics refer to Dizzy, O.P., Byas and Bird, which the hippies might not be able to relate to—scatting with feeling. Monk does take a solo—spidery, almost Basie economical, and a gas.

The rhythm department is in good hands. While not aboard the Monk space ship quite as long as Rouse, these two men have been at it, and know where it's at. Gales has nurtured his sound to the point where it has grown fat and sleek; unfortunately, he doesn't get much opportunity to display his witty solo side. Riley's time is firm and his touch is right.

Columbia has issued a brace of Monk albums by now. One was with big band; the others all quartet, trio, and solo. How about adding another horn next time? Like Ray Copeland, whom Monk really digs.

—Morgenstern

Trudy Pitts

THESE BLUES OF MINE—Prestige 7538:
Organology; The House of the Rising Sun; Just Us Two; Eleanor Rigby; Count Nine; Man and Woman; A Whiter Shade of Pale; Teddy Makes Three; These Blues of Mine; What the World Needs Now.

Personnel: Miss Pitts, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Bill Carney, drums.

Rating: ★

No matter which way you slice it, Trudy Pitts is a bore. She doesn't swing, can't sing,

and her choice of tunes is miserable.

Pat Martino is a bitch, but he obviously has no interest in what is happening here. Carney is adequate.

To say any more would only be a waste of space. —Porter

Tamba 4

WE AND THE SEA—A&M 2004: *The Hill; Flower Girl; Iemanjá; We and the Sea; Chant of Ossanha; Dolphin; Consolation.*

Personnel: Luiz Eca, piano, organ; Dorio, guitar, bass, percussion; Bebeto, flute, bass; Ohana, drums, conga.

Rating: ★★½

If, as Oscar Wilde observed, nothing succeeds like excess, the Tamba 4 should do well indeed. Hailing from the northern



part of Brazil, where the samba is a bit more forceful than in the south, the group reveals itself on this album as an extremely competent and resourceful unit whose one flaw would appear to be an over-resourceful pianist.

Eca's keyboard antics are all splash and tinkle, much too busy and pretentious (he never lets you forget he's a conservatory graduate—know what I mean?), full of a blatant showiness that is dangerously close to cocktail piano. He's sort of a Brazilian Bernie Nierow, the kind of fellow who turns the lovely Antonio Carlos Jobim-Vinicius deMoraes piece *O Morro* (here translated as *The Hill*) into an eight-minute extravaganza, in the course of which all its original charm and grace are completely submerged in bombast.

It's too bad, because the group demonstrates that it's really quite a nice, supple bossa nova unit, with an admirable singer and tasty flutist in Bebeto. The rhythm work is absolutely impeccable throughout; Ohana is a monster when it comes to generating that deceptively easy samba rhythm that is silk on the surface but pure tensile steel at the core. Good bass playing by both Dorio and Bebeto, too.

The choice of tunes is excellent. There are three pieces by Baden Powell, doyen of the northern samba style, written in collaboration with deMoraes—*Iemanjá*, *Chant of Ossanha*, and *Consolation*, the last of which is subjected to another of Eca's show-biz outings. And there's Roberto Menescal's *We and the Sea*, too.

Here's the way it stacks up: five tunes are given nice, invigorating bossa nova performances, totaling 16 minutes and 28 seconds of playing time. In opposition to these are two lengthy showpieces, *The Hill* and *Consolation*, totaling 16 minutes and 18 seconds of pretentious twaddle. The rating represents a balance—I would rate the straight performances at about 4 stars, the others maybe ½ star. Can't anyone get to Eca? —Welding

Johnny Hammond Smith

SOUL FLOWERS—Prestige 7549: *N.Y.P.D.; Dirty Apple; Days of Wine and Roses; Ode to Billie Joe; You'll Never Walk Alone; Alfie; Tara's Theme; Here Comes That Rainy Day; I Got A Woman.*

Personnel: Earl Edwards, Houston Person, tenors; Smith, organ; Wally Richardson, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, bass; John Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is a party record. There is nothing very creative about it, but after three or four you can really get into it. The rhythm section is good—most of this music swings hard in an r&b groove.

Dirty is the hit track on this LP, and Richardson leads the way with some down home guitar. Person has a good spot and Smith also solos well.

Billie Joe isn't much, nor is *N.Y.P.D.* *Walk* should probably be reserved for Junior High graduations but, like *Ebb Tide* in Smith's last LP, this is swung in style.

Much has been made of the fact that Smith, for years a musician who played tasteful jazz without many concessions, has decided to get into the soul bag. At first, he didn't sound entirely comfortable with it, but on this album he seems to have gotten the hang of it. His next should be even better, and hopefully there will be more originals. —Porter

Soul Flutes

TRUST IN ME—A&M 3009: *Try A Little Tenderness; Trust in Me; In the Wee Small Hours; Scarborough Fair; Bachianas Brasileiras #5; Cigarettes & Coffee; Pu Po; Early Autumn; Day-O; Buckaroo.*

Personnel: Herbie Mann, Romeo Penque, George Marge, Joel Kaye or Stan Webb, flutes, piccolos; Herbie Hancock, piano, organ, harpsichord, or Paul Griffin, organ; Henry Watts, vibraharp, marimba; Eric Gale or Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Barretto, percussion (track 7 only).


Rating: ★★½

This is a very pleasant, thoroughly professional album of jazz-inflected mood music featuring Herbie Mann (here disguised, for contractual reasons, as "The Fluteman") and a brace of other flutists. Arranger Don Sebesky has done himself proud in wresting quite a tasty array of sounds and colors from what is basically a fairly small number of musicians. There is a good bit of variety to the set, an interesting choice of tunes, not a little humor, and more jazz flavor than one might expect, considering the nature of the mood-jazz genre.

Expectedly, Mann occupies the spotlight throughout the set, playing with his usual warmth, rich tone, and that carefully controlled combination of abandon and restraint that marks his approach to the instrument. From time to time he gives the impression that he's just on the verge of letting go, of being swept into a passionate utterance of some sort but, of course, it never happens. He's always firmly in command—of himself and of the music.

There's some tasty vibes work from time to time by Watts, some superlative playing by the masterful Ron Carter (what taste this cat has!), and in fact generally excellent work by all concerned. They fully realized the producers' intentions in producing an album of low-keyed, pleasant, eminently forgettable music, music that neither excites nor incenses the listener but which, rather, just lulls him. It's well done, though. —Welding

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Cal Tjader

HIP VIBRATIONS—Verve 8730; *Blues March*; *Georgy Girl*; *Hip Vibrations*; *A Waltz for Diane*; *Windy*; *Sweet Honeybee*; *Django*; *Moanin'*; *Canto de Ossanha*.

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Marvin Stamm, trumpets, flugelhorn; Alan Raph, J. J. Johnson, trombones; Jerome Richardson, reeds; Tjader, vibraphone; Herbie Hancock, Patti Bown, or John Bunch, piano; Ron Carter or Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Ray Barretto, conga drums; Bobby Rosengarden, various percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Tjader displays his jazz roots in most of these performances. It's a pleasant return to his original point of departure.

On his many Latin and exotic albums, Tjader's work usually has been marked by a four-square kind of time that I, for one, find more attractive in a Tito Puente than a Tjader. On this record, however, Tjader's playing has a springiness (when he isn't caught up in quarter-note triplets) that echoes his early work with Dave Brubeck and George Shearing. While Tjader is not a major improviser, he is a capable and clever one, and his music is filled with well-turned, if not memorable, phrases.

The adroit arrangements of Benny Golson and Bobby Bryant do much to enhance the work of Tjader and the other soloists. Of the two arrangers, I found Golson's writing the more musicianly, though Bryant's (*Hip*, *Waltz*, *Moanin'*) generates good soul feeling.

For my money, the best tracks are *March*, *Django*, and *Ossanha*.

All three are beautifully scored by Golson, who shows his utter mastery of orchestration in each. His voicing of flute with low brasses on *Django* (and *Diane*) produces a gorgeously rich sound; his scoring of *Ossanha* achieves a lightness and grace that's a perfect musical complement to Baden Powell's lithe melody.

March and *Django*, in addition to the Golson touches, have fine solos by Tjader and Hancock, plus a charging rhythm section, led by the immensely talented Carter. Tjader's solo on *Django* owes a great deal to Milt Jackson, as does Tjader himself, but it is, nonetheless, a rousing improvisation. Hancock plays a fascinating solo on *Django*, one that entwines itself before tapering off with a Wynton Kelly-ish return to the land (Hancock also seems to be in a W.K. mood on *March*).

Flutist Richardson is heard in several solos, the most imaginative coming on the montuna-like *Windy*. His work in the ensembles is superb.

In all, this is the most enjoyable Tjader record I've heard in some time.

—DeMicheal

Various Artists

JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON (VOL. 1)—Solid State SS 18027; *Blues For Max*; *Lullaby of the Leaves*; *Lover Come Back to Me*.

Personnel: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Ray Nance, violin; Chick Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis (tracks 1 & 3) or Elvin Jones (track 2), drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ 1/2

JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON (VOL. 2)—Solid State SS 18028; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *On The Trail*; *Tour De Force*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Adams, baritone saxophone; Corea, piano; Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ★

Two things that these albums, recorded

live at New York's Village Vanguard, really bring home is how much jazz misses the kind of spirited session in which musicians who don't ordinarily play together can do so under groovy conditions; and how extraordinary a player Gillespie is. When he gets sharpened up for a session his greatness is clarified and magnified and leaves you stupefied.

The revelations don't stop there. Nance's violin is a powerful jazz voice all too seldom heard these days, and Corea's piano really gets a chance to operate in this relaxed framework.

Adams, too, enjoys the greater freedom of the jam session but he has been sounding consistently good all during 1968, both with the Jones-Lewis Orchestra and whenever he has recorded as a sideman in a small group. This is just more of the same, multiplied. Dig him on *Georgia*—he's a jet steamroller.

Brown, one of the best young trombon-



ists, is also into some full-blooded swinging on *Georgia*. You are never in doubt as to what instrument he is playing.

The rhythm section of Davis and Lewis goes together as beer and stout. Davis has a fantastic dialog with Gillespie on *Lover*, and helps hold together an exciting counterpoint between Dizzy and Adams on *Georgia*.

Lewis solos strongly on *Georgia*, but his forte is his subtle but in-there backing, which helps give the session its bottom. And as you know, every tub must rest on its own bottom.

Jones plays only on *Leaves*, but his cymbal behind Diz is a sound unto itself, and his general, bashing accompaniment burns with a hot light.

Max, dedicated to Village Vanguard owner Max Gordon, is a down blues with Gillespie, the thinking man's blues-sayer, and the deep-cutting Nance. Adams goes into the nether reaches of his horn.

Nance's Gypsy-jazz fiddle mines the minor on *Leaves*. Corea plays a building solo as the rhythm works fiercely behind him.

On *Trail*, Corea is reminiscent of Jaki Byard, a good place to be from. Davis supplies some of the virtuosity that prompts Kenny Dorham to intone "Play Segovia" when the two are working a gig together.

Tour, a Gillespie original that dates from his big band of the late '50s, has solid Adams and Brown, then some casually brilliant Diz that later explodes into some breathtaking double-timing.

Lover, like *Georgia*, occupies an entire LP face. There is fire, swing, humor, inventiveness and, above all, *joie de jouer* in every groove. If you have any feeling for jazz—and I don't mean jive jazz—you should own these LPs.

The extra half-star on volume one is for Nance. Dizzy is really beyond the galaxies.

—Gitler

RECORD BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

After an initial flurry of intense activity some four to five years ago, at which time the bulk of its achievements were made, bossa nova quickly settled into the pattern it has since followed. For the most part, this has consisted of more or less authentic b.n. small group performances, vocal and instrumental, against the standard string and horn orchestral settings characteristic of what has come to be known as "mood" or romantic "background" music, i.e., lush and schmaltzy. While this is something of a mixed blessing, we b.n. fanciers have had to settle for that or nothing.

Sometimes the genre has attained to truly lovely heights, as has been the case in the series of collaborations between composer-performer Antonio Carlos Jobim and orchestrator Claus Ogerman. The pair's most recent effort, *Wave* (A&M 3002), maintains the collaboration's high level of artistry and introduces a number of extraordinarily handsome new Jobim compositions—in fact, just about any one of the 10 pieces would make the reputation of a b.n. composer. Ogerman's orchestrations complement the music perfectly providing just the right note of restrained romanticism. *Captain Bacardi*, incidentally, is an object lesson in how to construct a rhythm that is light as air and powerful as a piston, tribute to the strength and sensitivity with which the rhythm section (percussionists Dom um Romao, Bobby Rosengarden, and Claudio Slon, and bassist Ron Carter) sets about its task. But it's Jobim's show, and a beautiful one it is too. Highly recommended.

Djalma Ferreira is another performer-composer who has garnered considerable acclaim in his native Brazil for his charming melodies. He has elected to introduce a dozen of his songs in a self-produced album, *The Brazilliance of Djalma* (D.F. Records 13001), recorded in Los Angeles with a clutch of studio musicians (including drummer Slon, guitarist Laurindo Almeida, and bassist Red Callender, among others). The tunes are attractive, undeniably, but the arrangements are so hackneyed and unimaginative (and heavy-handed too), and the playing so pedestrian that the production falls flat. I am surprised at a musician of Ferreira's melodic sensitivity producing such dated, cornball settings for his pieces (actually, string arranger Eddie Bradford must share the blame too). They never get off the ground. Too bad, for the man's gifted.

Reflecting a younger generation and an approach that might be described as bossa-rock (mild, this latter part) is singer-composer Jorge Ben, whose album *From Brazil* (Kapp 4 Corners 4247) offers a representative sampling of his work in this new genre. Fans who prefer their b.n. light and lyrical would do well to pass this up, for the approach is in comparison somewhat heavy, and not nearly so melodic as rhythmic. The whole set is rather unpretentious, swings nicely, with Ben at

times sounding like a Brazilian Mose Allison. He has the unfortunate habit, however, of punctuating his vocal work with high-pitched croons, barks, and cries that, to these ears, detract unnecessarily from otherwise fine singing. Not bad though, and worth a listen.

Luiz Bonfa, guitarist and composer, has been one of the prime movers of bossa nova right from the start. In addition to his superlative guitar playing, he has contributed a whole raft of memorable melodies to the genre, not the least of which has been his work on the *Black Orpheus* score, which alone would have been enough to assure his reputation. A composer whose output has been as durable as it has been prolific, Bonfa over the years has recorded often, though recently not always wisely. While his early sets on Atlantic, Epic, Fontana, Philips, and Verve, among others, have been absolute gems, models of taste and elegance, the same cannot be said for his two most recent outings on the Dot label.

The earlier of the two, *Luiz Bonfa* (Dot 25804), congeals Bonfa's music and his playing in a covering goo of vocal and string writing of appalling mediocrity. The arrangements, incidentally, are by Eumir Deodato, and the air of syrupy "romantic" corn that suffuses them is all but suffocating. Only two of the 11 pieces escape this fate; they—Bonfa's *Batuque* and Deodato's *Baiaozinho*—are given delightful, unpretentious small-group performances. All things considered, this is pretty much a waste of talent all around. The total playing time for both sides of the LP is but 24½ minutes which, come to think of it, might actually be a blessing.


Bonfa fares only slightly better on the second set, *Black Orpheus Impressions* (Dot 25848), in which he attempts to return to the scenes of earlier glory. It is only partially successful, for even though the guitarist is given a bit more solo space and the arrangements—by Deodato, Bonfa, and Arnold Goland—are not so heavily larded with Hollywood sugar coating, they do possess more than a modicum of overlush schmaltz. The settings simply do not amplify, enhance, focus, or in any way improve the material Bonfa has crafted; if anything, in fact, their heaviness and unsubtlety bog the tunes down like so much excess baggage. And bossa is much too airy a creature to carry such a heavy load and move with any grace. The tunes, of course, are fine but the performances as a whole lack excitement. It just proves, I suppose, the old saw about not being able to go home again.

On the basis of their sensitive work on the album *Maria Toledo Sings the Best of Luiz Bonfa* (United Artists 3584), one suspects that the blame for the blatant hucksterism of the two Bonfa albums should be laid not at the feet of Bonfa and Deodato but is solely the responsibility of the albums' producers. Certainly Miss Toledo's album—with Deodato orchestrations, and the guitarist prominently featured—indicates just how well the two can work in the idiom (given the proper goals and the requisite freedom from overt commercial restraints). The whole set is a joy—

full of humor, grace, lightness of touch, great musicality, and thoroughgoing unpretentious elegance. As the album title indicates, all the tunes are Bonfa's and are sung with considerable charm and warmth by his wife Miss Toledo—and, wonder of wonders, all in Portuguese too! A delightful, recommended album that is all the more commercially successful for the non-commercial nature of its producers' intent. Everyone connected with this venture simply wanted to make fine music, and they succeeded admirably. Dot, take notice.

Though I rarely have found in organist Walter Wanderley's albums anything approaching the highest achievements of the b.n. idiom, they have been full of an easy-going, light-hearted insouciance that is quite pleasant and the very definition of unpretentiousness. His performances are musical, always fun, and this is the case in his most recent effort, *Kee-Ka-Roo* (Verve 8739). Excellent rhythm playing allied with a firm sense of humor and a lightness of touch is the secret of the Wanderley group's unambitious, but thoroughly enjoyable music. The album is a modest gem.

Thanks to his recent alliance with Herb Alpert, pianist Sergio Mendes has been enabled to score a phenomenal popular success with his *Brasil '66* unit. The group has had three LP collections on Alpert's A&M label—*Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66* (A&M 4116), *Equinox* (4122), and *Look Around* (4137)—and all have evidenced the same tasteful, intelligent alignment of musicality and commercial appeal. The music on the three sets is scarcely my idea of deathless—it's nowhere near as interesting or exciting as the two initial recordings by Mendes' first edition of the group (*Brasil '65*, Capitol 2294, and *In Person at El Matador*, Atlantic 8112)—but it is pleasant, well conceived and executed, and doesn't insult your intelligence overmuch. The choice of material is about equally divided between authentic b.n. pieces and contemporary pop tunes given a b.n. rhythm treatment. The arrangements are for the most part straightforward but are occasionally a mite cute. One virtue at least derives from the pieces' brevity (for possible airplay), which is that of conciseness, tightness of focus. Mendes, for example, gets little chance to engage his penchant for pianistic filigree work and rarely turns in anything less than a tight, well-directed solo. The rhythm work is excellent, and the singing—particularly the harmonized—is quite nice. Competent, well-made music all around, and the next best thing to the genuine article.

A final note: Capitol has reissued and retitled a set of bossa nova performances originally issued in 1963 by altoist Cannonball Adderley with a sextet of Brazilian musicians under the leadership of Mendes, "the Bossa Rio Sextet." The album, which is excellent and which contains some memorable improvisations by the altoist and some fluid, tasty pianistics by Mendes, is now available as *Cannonball Adderley and the Bossa Rio Sextet with Sergio Mendes* (Capitol 2877); it initially came out as *Cannonball's Bossa Nova* (Capitol 455). Recommended. 

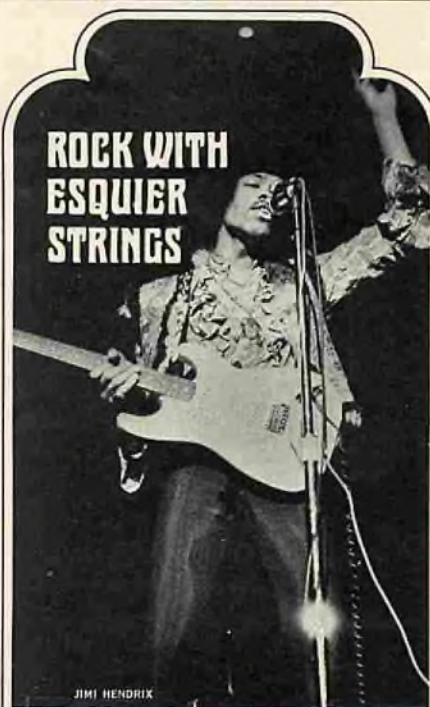
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ROLAND KIRK/BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 2



VERTY OAKLAND

Probably the most frustrating situation that can confront a truly original artist develops when some lesser talent attempts to capitalize on ideas that he originated.

Admittedly, it is extremely difficult to draw any firm line between inspiration and imitation. In a sense every living trumpet player may owe something to Louis Armstrong, even though it came fourth or fifth hand via Roy Eldridge or Red Allen and Dizzy and Miles and others. Roland Kirk himself, at some point in his career, must have studied every major saxophonist from Coleman Hawkins on down, but unlike many jazz virtuosos, he was able to distill a style and sound of his own without conscious or unconscious pilferage.

Because of his sensitivity, and because so many accusations have been unfairly leveled against him (of using the multiple horns as a gimmick, of playing out of tune, etc.), he is inclined at times to be highly critical of others whom he believes to be guilty of the very offenses with which he was charged.

These observations should be borne in mind in connection with some of the comments below, tape-recorded during Kirk's two-part *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records.

—Leonard Feather

1. JEREMY AND THE SATYRS. *Foreign Release and Satyrized* (from *Jeremy & The Satyrs*, Reprise). Jeremy Steig, flute; Adrian Guillery, guitar, harmonica, vocal, composer; Eddie Gomez, bass; Donald MacDonald, drums (on *Satyrized*); Warren Bernhardt, piano; *Satyrs*, composers (on *Foreign Release*).

LF: Confused?

RK: No, I'm not confused . . . they're confused. I could say a whole lot about that, and it would take up a whole lot of time.

First of all, I'd like to tell all those guys that there's no short cuts, so there's no need of fooling themselves, thinking they can do a record like that, fool the people and say they're gonna play a blues, and

play what they really want to play, and then put some electronic things on there, and try to get that crowd too.

To bring it right down to brass tacks, the average colored man, the guy that singer was trying to aim at, he wouldn't listen to all the stuff that went on before, all the electronics. The average person just isn't on that level of thinking, whereas you and me would take time to listen to it and maybe get something out of it.

Jeremy does sound better than he did. His sound has improved, but I still hear a whole lot of me in it. He doesn't even speak to me today when he sees me in a music store. All this kind of stuff is New York sickness to me. It's what the record companies and people's parents do to things to separate the people. I think that a musician, first of all, should be professional—learn to be professional along with learning to play.

As an example, when I go into a club to see an owner about getting a job, I sit down, get a drink and listen to the band for a set, and if the owner wants to talk to me, he'll come over. In that way the band can't say that guy came in and didn't listen to the band—even if I don't dig the band. But those guys have got to get themselves together and try to play the music they really want to play, or learn to play the blues. Like, I heard the blues trying to be played, but I didn't hear the blues; just implications of the thing people are trying to do today. There's a certain amount of blues playing you're gonna have to do to get your thing together.

Five years ago, if I'd wanted to do a record like that, the record company would have just listened to the tape and told me, "Well, I can't use that," so he doesn't know how lucky he is that people like me and Yusef and Sam Most set the pace for him to play flute that way.

Jeremy gets a beautiful sound on the first part of it, and it could really have blossomed out into a thing, but then smack dab in the middle, he gets into another blues thing, and the whole thing just falls apart. It was together for a while—I call it minute togetherness, it'll snap somebody for a minute—but when somebody picks that record up again, it's not going to be a lasting thing to him.

Now, a guy who'd begin his listening with that record, maybe it'll get to him, but for people that really know about listening to music, who've got roots back to Jelly Roll up to Bird up to Shepp and those cats, that record would just go through them like prune juice going through a body.

2. TOM SCOTT. *Naima* (from *The Honeysuckle Breeze*, Impulse). Scott, soprano saxophone with electronic octave divider; John Coltrane, composer.

Who's that group, the Californians? I know it was a boy out here on the coast named Scott, playing saxella, an instrument copied off the manzello, and it's a hard instrument to play in tune. This sounds out of tune to me. He didn't sound like he was too sure of the melody on the first couple of bars; then as he went through it—when he was going into the changes—it kept me on eggshells. It didn't

make me lay back and relax and drink my beer and say, "Yeah, that guy's really sailing through them changes," because the tune is not that hard.

It's a beautiful tune, I mean it's hard to interpret it the way that Trane wrote it, so it's hard to interpret because when you see the pedal, you say, "Yes, it's a pedal thing" but it's more to it than that. I think you're supposed to drain the four or five chords that's there, really get the different colors that the chords go through.

That octave thing kept me unrelaxed, because people used to get on to me about being out of tune, and they make these electric things—I played one of them—and you still have to think in tune to play one of them.

People think it's easy to play two horns, and they think you can play the same thing on a single instrument with the octave divider, but it isn't that simple. It's not just like making a run—you've got to think that you're making a run for two people, and try to get these two people to half-way think alike, and that's hard to do even to get both your selves—I mean it's something hard to get your body to think like your inner self is thinking, so it's hard to get an electronic thing with the horn—to think the same way. In other words, you got three things you're thinking for. A lot of people don't take that into account when they go out and buy one of them. They just say they got a thing that'll make octaves, and think they can just keep playing the same way they have for years, and it doesn't make it that way.

I think that's where the tragic point of it is, because everybody's going to buy one thinking that way, and there's just going to be a few innovators who'll come out with something on it. I would never do it, because one of the guys who helped invent it in Europe told me that the way they got the idea for the octave thing is when they first heard me play the two saxophones. I'd rather play the two saxophones than try to get both notes out of the one saxophone. I get more beauty out of my two horns, and struggling with them, than I could from worrying about an electronic thing, getting on the job and it might not be working one night.

3. BILL PLUMMER. *Journey to the East* (from *Cosmic Brotherhood*, Impulse). Plummer, sitar; Hersh Hamel, poem, composer.

Don't they play any jazz on that record at all? The only thing I've got to say about that is I think the Eastern Indians are trying to get revenge for what the American white man did to the American Indians. I think they're pulling a big joke on all the people here; just getting thrown in that bag. Here you got a man on this record with a southern accent, and I don't hear no Eastern thing on it at all. Instead of saying "Sunshine" he says "Sunshahn", and he says he went to the East, but I can't hear what he got out of it. He's got a rock 'n' roll beat; I don't hear any kind of abstract Indian beats in it at all, so I think somebody's really getting messed up.

As for my friend Mr. Plummer, I was looking forward to hearing him play some beautiful bass, like he could play, but I don't hear it yet.

RB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Clark Terry: A Natural Leader

Pennsylvania Dutch Jazz Festival Lancaster Riding Club, Lancaster, Pa.

An earlier date (June 23) than last year was no guarantee of good weather for this festival. A heavy overnight storm had made the riding oval decidedly soggy, but the good-humored crowd that took possession of it had come prepared with comfortable chairs, rugs, buckets of ice, and all manner of stimulating accessories. The trunks of cars backed near the ring revealed astonishing resources, enough for all but the direst emergency. For the few improvident souls who arrived without chairs, the local funeral parlor was on hand with a generous selection from its stock (of sitting-up models). When the music began, the only problem was the heat of the afternoon sun, but this was not entirely responsible for the sheen several musicians subsequently developed.

Horses galloped in the background, and a husky belonging to Bob Messinger (who directs the fortunes of the Clark Terry Band) had the happiest day of her young life—in the bus, on stage, backstage, in the ring, and through and under the audience's collective legs. In all, it was a friendly, country occasion, informal and unmarred by officiousness of any kind. The fuzz were conspicuously absent.

The program began with the William Penn Srenaders, a high-school band from York of above average ability. The new

Newport All-Stars took over for 40 minutes of the tried-and-true like *Just You, Just Me*; *Sometimes I'm Happy* (at a slow, medium tempo); *Blue and Sentimental*, and *Take the 'A' Train*. Ruby Braff and Buddy Tate were their dependable selves, and the rhythm section of Nat Pierce, George Duvivier and Jake Hanna set a high standard for everyone else to attain.

Next up was a local trio featuring Kenny Hodge on piano, and on drums a pupil of Sonny Igoo, Ken Carroll (son of Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carroll, who had done so much to make this and last year's festival possible).

Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, accompanied by Don Friedman, Joe Benjamin and Grady Tate, played a typical swinging set that embraced *Red Door*, the blues, and *Love for Sale*. The rhythm section and Sims reappeared shortly afterwards as part of Clark Terry's big band, which also included Lloyd Michaels, Ziggy Harrell, Steve Furtado, Woody Shaw, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Jimmy Knepper, Julian Priester, trombones; Jack Jeffers, bass trombone, tuba; Bobby Donovan, Arnie Lawrence, altos; Lew Tabackin, tenor; Danny Bank, baritone.

The band played for an hour and made a strong impression. All it needs is more work and more exposure to gain a place in the top four or five of the nation. Terry's infectious joyous personality makes him a natural leader, and his men's

response indicated both admiration and friendship. There was a good feeling on the stage, and when he beat off the time with, "Eh-one-eh-two, you know what to do!", his confidence was usually confirmed.

The book was consistently interesting, but never pretentious. Its objective was obviously to maintain communications without playing down—but without playing over the heads of the people either! How else can a big band today retain esprit de corps and hope to find an audience?

The first number was *Etoile Y'all*, written by Phil Woods and displaying the reeds in some excellent passages. Terry's *Delight* featured the leader on fluegelhorn, Sims, and some fat, satisfying baritone fills by Bank. *Here's That Rainy Day* was a vehicle for Arnie Lawrence, who blew at length with a wide variety of ideas. *It Used to Be Blues*, arranged by Nat Pierce, had a Basic feel (this often emerged in the band's playing). Terry took to trumpet and plunger on this, and was followed in solo by Cleveland and Tabackin. *Flower People* was a warm and groovy arrangement by Sid Cooper. Taken at a slow tempo, with Joe Benjamin walking strong, this had Tabackin, Sims and Terry—again with plunger—as soloists. *Minor Blues* was arranged by Bobby Donovan, who routined it in performance from his chair in the middle of the reeds. Jeffers took to tuba for lower bottom, and Sims played a gentle, exquisitely phrased solo before

Woody Shaw was given his time in the sun.

All *Heart*, arranged by Nat Pierce and showcasing Terry on fluegelhorn, was one of the day's peaks. The band gave it warmth and richness, building on Bank's full, sure baritone sound, while the leader invested the lyric theme with an authority and beauty different from Shorty Baker's on the Ellington original, but otherwise comparable qualitatively. *One Foot in the Gutter*, a crisp foot-stamper for contrast, featured Jimmy Knepper in the best trombone solo of the day, one full of meaty, well-digested jazz content, and Bank made a rare appearance as soloist, his tone and execution again impressive. Then there was the well-remembered *Flute Juice* (Tabackin on flute), Julian Pricster in a virtuoso version of Phil Woods' *Hymn for Kim*, and finally Mr. Mumbles himself hollering and croaking before and after a volatile alto solo by Lawrence. Throughout, the rhythm section acquitted itself well, Friedman playing neat introductory choruses, and Tate kicking the band with more abandon than is always permissible in the recording studio.

The Lancaster All-Stars played a comfortable set of standards, pianist Dick Hamilton revealing an exceptional talent. In his case, indeed, it seemed improper that music should remain no more than an avocation.

Bobby Troup, born and raised in the area, was welcomed home enthusiastically. His style is appropriate to an intimate supper club, and he is a sensitive, tasteful performer—"an anachronism in these times," one of the local musicians exclaimed. When he finished *Yesterday*, there were cries of "Beautiful!" from the musicians in the "wings." His accompaniment re-introduced that marvelous guitarist, John Collins, who sounded better than ever, in support and solo. It was not only Collins' association with him that brought Nat Cole to mind; the trio as a whole often evoked that pianist-singer's approach. On drums, and a tower of strength whenever he appeared this day, was Grady Tate. In a rare gesture, Troup had him sing *Body and Soul*, while Oliver Jackson took over on drums. Among those surprised and impressed by his singing was Earl Hines, who has always had a quick ear for a good vocalist. A conspiracy of defamation was soon under way, however, Nobody in jazz wants to see Grady make it as a singer. He is too indispensable as a drummer!

When the Hines quartet went into action, it was over an hour late. The piano had taken a beating from the sun and humidity and was ready to die. Under such circumstances, Hines plays with a kind of viciousness that seems at first to perturb and then amuse his accompanists. It was like that on *Second Balcony Jump*, but Oliver Jackson soon had his measure, and an incisive performance resulted despite the piano's inadequacies. Next, the inevitable demand for *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues* was answered, but this time with the same routine applied to *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Black Coffee*, *Sugar*, *Tea for Two* and *Bernie's Tune* (Jack-

son wielding mallets to great effect) preceded *It's Magic*, on which Budd Johnson's soprano welled liquidly from the tent backstage. When he came out front, the piano was sounding so sick that he found it hard to stay in tune. But on the following *Please Don't Talk About Me* (at the same superb tempo as on the recent Hines-Jimmy Rushing record), when he played tenor, everything jelled for one of those unexhibitionistic but real performances that occur infrequently, and often pass unnoticed, at jazz festivals. *Love Is Just Around the Corner* at up tempo, Hines hammering heady rhythm out of the beat box, and Johnson wailing on soprano, brought the day to a close as the Dutch folded their chairs and stole away into the gloaming.

Well, not quite. Some of the locals kindly played an envoi as ice and jugs were being loaded with desperate efficiency on to the Manhattan-bound bus. The night people needed to recharge batteries after their duel with the summer sun.

—Stanley Dance

Chuck Israels

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Alan Rubin, Gary Molnikoff, Jimmy Owens, trumpets; Barry Maur, Lynn Welschman, Pete Phillips, trombones; Art Rubinstein, French horn; Dick Spencer, Al Rogni, alto saxophone; Lew Tabackin, Lou Del Gatto, tenor saxophones; Joel Kaye, baritone saxophone; Benny Aronov, piano; Howie Collins, guitar; Bob Daugherty, bass; Alan Schwartzberg, drums; Israels, conductor.

This is a big band with an approach that differs from other large organizations, new and old. Israels does not play bass with the band but concentrates on conducting his own very fine arrangements. Israels' charts are the heart of his band's unique personality. It is definitely not a band that clubs you into submission. It is mellow, subtle, highly melodic with lines that move in wondrous ways.

This is not to say that the band does not swing or that it does not reach peaks that excite the audience. Its long suit, however, is the coloration and emotional depth it achieves through the voicings and judicious use of solo space. Israels has fashioned an orchestra that flows in beautiful channels, and beauty is something jazz can use these days.

Perhaps the most ambitious piece the band attempted at the Vanguard was *Extract I*, a composition in three movements with echoes of Stravinsky and excellent use of flutes. The opening section featured the open, biting trumpet of Owens and some alto by Spencer that harked back to Gene Quill. Aronov's sensitive pianistics dominated the reflective center portion, while Tabackin's tenor, as lusty as his mod sideburns, supplied the spark in the climactic, final segment. Sonny lives—Trane, too.

Tabackin, Aronov and Owens (on fluegelhorn as well as trumpet) were all heard to advantage amidst the light, airy swing of *David's Theme*, a bossa composed for a movie. Phillips' bass trombone was a mellow voice here.

Owens and the band outlined the loveliness and vitality of the titular season in *It Might As Well Be Spring*. *I'm All Smiles* described the individual members of the band and the audience reaction to the chart and solos by Tabackin, Regni and Welschman.

The latter was heard again in *My Romance*, which also spotted Collins, Del Gatto (good use of a calypso motif in the middle of his solo), and Owens—coming at you from all sides, jumping and darting around, then flowing straight ahead.

Here's That Rainy Day was intelligently and movingly voiced for Maur's trombone and Kaye's baritone saxophone. Another lovely standard, *Lazy Afternoon*, was a vehicle for Tabackin's flute. He gave the pastoral mood purity, warmth (even fire) with perfect control.

Maur, Aronov, Owens, bassist Daugherty, Spencer and lead trumpeter Alan Rubin all were soloists on *Summertime*. A duet between Spencer and Rubin highlighted the number, with the altoist figuratively singing, in his best solo of the evening.

From his long association with Bill Evans, Israels has brought specific music as well as general musical experience. The pianist's *Nardis* was orchestrated in moving fashion with solos by Phillips and Aronov, and the tranquility of his waltz, *Very Early*, was captured in a mesh that was both gauze and metal. Owens' fluegel took solo honors.

This is a band to check out. The originals are original, the standards are freshly reworked, and they are played with passion and understanding. Schwartzberg's pulse, never bombastic, moves the listener as surely as it moves the band. Israels deserves a lot of credit, but more importantly, the opportunity to be more widely heard.

—Ira Gitler

Gil Evans

Whitney Museum, New York City

Personnel: Johnny Coles, Lou Soloff, trumpets, fluegelhorns; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone saxophone; Hubert Laws, Joe Farrell, Billy Harper, Carl Porter, reeds; Evans, piano, electric harpsichord; Joe Beck, guitar; Herb Bushler, bass; Warren Smith, drums.

It seems a number of critics have unconsciously declared open season on Gil Evans. One put down his last record as a rambling toward nowhere. Next, Evans' public appearances on the West Coast a couple of years ago elicited a unanimous sigh of regret from the Fourth Estate because he had not rehearsed the orchestra well enough for them and allowed its members too much solo time, thus doing injustice to his own music, which all jazz critics know is just great because they've said so in Miles Davis record reviews. (The same criticisms, of course, can be made of many of Duke Ellington's performances, but then you get into blasphemy.)

So what did two leading New York critics say in print about this concert? Too many solos; more rehearsal needed. So it goes with fallen angels. (To give the devils their due, there was one awkward moment when at least half the band was lost, the men staring hard at their parts, horns in mouths but no notes sounding. Everybody finally got back on the track, however.)

Well, what else is new? Doesn't anybody really listen to those gorgeous Evans records that built his reputation? Gil Evans' music has never been "well rehearsed"—clinkers abound in all his records, probably because his is devilishly difficult music to put together as he hears it. And Evans has always held soloists in high regard; his arrangements are for improvisers, not manuscript collectors. Evans' music is alive, it

is not imprisoned in record stores.

It was very much alive and unencumbered this night at the Whitney. And the noncritics present reveled in it, judging by their enthusiasm. (The gallery in which he and his men played was packed. A museum guard, eyeing the mass of mostly young persons, incredulously asked an aged member of the audience, "Did all these people pay to get in?" They had, but the aged one hadn't.)

For this concert, his first in New York since a Carnegie Hall date with Miles Davis six years ago, Evans put together an array of masterly players, some relatively new on the scene, others veterans.

The rhythm section was free in the way

album released a few months ago. I'd never seen him; yet his playing is so much his own, that, without knowing who the guitarist was at this concert, I recognized it immediately. His improvisations bear the impress of rock and avant garde and old-time jazz, but they come out as something exceedingly personal and lovely. There is a deep loneliness about his work that touches the heart. Few musicians his age—he looks to be in his early or middle 20s—have developed their inner selves to such an extent as has this truly gifted guitarist.

Veteran Coles—now *there's* an under-appreciated musician—was at the top of his game on *La Nevada* and a loose-jointed



Gil Evans: Alive and Unencumbered

Miles' is free—bass lines flashing in and out of the basic pulse (which is not often stated); percussive explosions erupting in just the right places; piano chords sometimes, but more often blocks of piano sounds hurled into the fray; guitar asides slithering across rhythm, soloist, and orchestra. The continual churn of urgency set up by the rhythm section sent the young soloists skyrocketing and kept the older men on their toes (a couple got stumped, too). The youngsters often tilted head on at the quivering wall of sound erected by the rhythm men.

In his solos this night, tenor saxophonist Harper, who at one time attended North Texas State University and was featured in that school's mighty jazz band, proved he is ready for anybody on his horn. He built his solos carefully, letting out the intensity slowly, holding back just a little before exploding his music into a dazzling display of invention and facility. Searing but controlled. He and the rhythm section really got into something on what started as a ballad, the name of which I don't know. It was a delicious moment.

Beck, like Harper, is ready for all comers. He was featured throughout the program, but was particularly fetching on *Summertime*. I had heard Beck only once before, on an excellent Mike Mainieri

blues that closed the concert. Coles is another heart man. He can play, as he did here, an eight-bar trill, iron it out into a long held note, end with two eighth notes and bring tears to a listener's eyes. Magic. His lines have a grace, a flow, a logic that mark him as a great lyrical jazz player.

Farrell got off a rousing flute solo on *Cue 1A*. He knows what time is, and he shot his notes off the rhythm section with the skill of a master. For most of the concert, however, Farrell did section work.

Laws also spent most of his energy in the section, but he played one piccolo solo of such artistry and bravura that none who heard it could doubt the great depth of this young man's talent. It came near the end of *Cue 1A*, and though all that preceded was of extremely high order, this was the moment of truth. He played long sweeping lines of pure melodic improvisation, the like of which I've not heard since John Coltrane in 1962. But what proved his superb musicianship was a little thing: two 16th notes, an octave apart, placed with consummate skill and precision in just the right place in the phrase, in just the right place in his solo. It was one of those moments when one can only gape in awe.

But of course, all the marvelous music played this night would not have been possible without Evans, who may look like a

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benign ancient mariner in need of a hearty meal but who is, in reality, a musical tiger. For it was Evans who put together this group of superb musicians. It was Evans who whipped the rhythm section with barbed-wire chords and clusters. It was he who wrote the framework for the soloists—and that frame made the improvisers' paintings all the more vivid.

Despite the critical snappings at his heels, Gil Evans remains a giant.

—Don DeMicheal

Duke Ellington—Tony Bennett

Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, Calif.
Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, Calif.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, Herbie Jones, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Benny Green, Chuck Connors, trombones; Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope, reeds; Ellington, piano; Jeff Castleman, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Bennett, Peggy Blake, Trish Turner, Tony Watkins, vocals; San Francisco City College Choir.

It was at Grace Cathedral that Ellington first began cutting a jazz swath in ecclesiastics, and the faults that reportedly marred the initial Sacred Concert, though modified by a newly installed sound system, still persisted. The music may have been on the side of the angels; the acoustics were a cardinal sin. Reverberations that might suit the thunders of theology breaking upon recalcitrant sinners flawed the offerings of the orchestra, augmented for this occasion by a trio of singers—Trish Turner, Peggy Blake, and Tony Watkins—and a battery of bright young choristers from San Francisco's City College.

But the acoustical imps were helpless before Harry Carney's gruffly pliant baritone on the opening, *Praise God*; Cootie Williams' trumpet on *The Shepherd*—muted snarls or an open torrent of sound—and Jimmy Hamilton's redeeming clarinet on *Supreme Being*. But the opening section on the latter, scored for dissonance, melted into confusion, and the imps were triumphant.

Echoes also jostled elbows above the brassier passages on *The Biggest and Busiest Intersection* and *It's Freedom*, a number in eight segments (probably the most ambitious and least successful among the work's sections) which a string of good solos failed to thread together.

Something About Believing was a medium-paced blessing that bubbled gayly all the way, the trio of vocalists, the choir, and orchestral sections and soloists popping up in effervescent fashion. A number full of the grace of good swing. *Meditation* was delicate Duke, adorned with the Castleman bass.

The vocalists fared best, simply because they sang up front at the communion rails, away from the abyss of effects that swirled around the chancel where the orchestra was stationed. The two girls, in their different styles, were outstanding. Closer to the jazz circuit, Trish Turner's blithe modernism on *Believing* and *Heaven* contrasted nicely with the San Francisco Opera Ring's Peggy Blake, who classically irradiated *Almighty God* and *T.G.T.T.*

99% *Won't Do* and *Don't Get Down* *On Your Knees To Pray Until You Have Forgiven Everyone* were strong Watkins, whose simple and effective a cappella

Lord's Prayer climaxed the concert.

Prior to that, in an all-in, up-tempo explosion, the vocalists, choir and orchestra all had their say. Paul Gonsalves' tenor, Hamilton's clarinet and Cat Anderson's trumpet testified against brassy back-grounds. During all this—just to freeze any puritan blood—the Sheila Xoregos Modern Dance Company came bounding and cart-wheeling down the aisles, scattering rose petals where they might.

Pews were tightly packed from front to back. Ellington's one obvious answer to a clergyman pondering over a thinning congregation, but though Duke's skilled lines and glowing colors could be glimpsed under the beard of reverberation that furred much of the music, the Sacred Concert paled before the rich spread of pastels at the Oakland Coliseum, a vast giants' gymnasium of a hall. Here, the sound came across perfectly, the band gliding through ever-greenery in great fashion.

Two versions of *Take The 'A' Train*: the first medium, some choruses in 3/4, broad strokes from the saxes and the brass scorching with stereo clarity, Cootie Williams buzzing with muted effrontery; the second fast, Hamilton's clarinet at the whistle. There was disarming Gonsalves tenor on *Satin Doll*, Castleman climbing out of the slow groove with emphatic strumming.

Hodges' third note of his solo on *I Got It Bad*—a favoring of *A* that filled the hall with silver—brought on a blizzard of applause. His alto flights—astonishing swoops and bends and light-fingered flurries and double-timing—are the stateliest in the business, of a filigree elegance that Carney's husky mutterings matched in musicianship on *Sophisticated Lady*. His breath control at the climax would have done credit to a guru: the penultimate note sustained through bar after bar—suddenly dropping off to a low grunt. Courtiers like this supply reasons why the Duke has held such uninterrupted sway.

More baritone and Brown's trombone spiced *Caravan*; restrained reeds and delicate brass daubed *Solitude* and *In A Sentimental Mood*; the front-lining of Procope (clarinet), Carney and Brown painted *Mood Indigo*; warbling saxes and punching brass illuminated *I'm Beginning to See the Light*—it could have been blase, but instead it was great blowing.

The Tony Bennett half needn't have been a let-down, but it was.

The band held its end up, moving skillfully from Ellingtonia into arrangements crafted by, among others, Al Cohn and John Mandel, that had plenty of solo outlets. But on Bennett's part there was little of the deft poise and only a shred of the sophistication he can light up a number with.

Some of the blame could be laid at the door of a jaded repertoire; an over-pouring of sentiment on the slows (*If I Ruled The World*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *I Left My Heart In San Francisco*) and a straw-boater bravura on some of the beats (*Sunny Side Of The Street*; *Always*; *The Lady's In Love*). *Fool Of Fools* and a new Mexican number, *Whispering Your*

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Name, were good, if still a little too tear-streaked. The most convincing swing came on a fast *Moment of Truth* and *Broadway*. Bows to the Duke were *It Don't Mean A Thing, Solitude*, and *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*.

And a host of other numbers, none of them Bennett at his best. The Duke was more than mere consolation: he was at his definite best, the orchestra's top form bringing out the elixir in the writing.

—Sammy Mitchell

Andre Previn

Jones Hall for the Performing Arts
Houston, Tex.

Personnel: Previn, piano; Arnl Egilsson, bass; Jimmy Simon, drums.

For the first time in over three years, to near-capacity audiences in the 3,000-seat Jones Hall, Previn acknowledged his past by featuring half an evening of jazz on each of four pop concerts. The pianist, of



Andre Previn
Jazz Revisited

course, is now conductor of the Houston and London symphonies and has, to a large extent, downplayed his jazz roots.

To judge from the second concert, however, it was obvious that the woodshed has not exactly had outhouse status with Previn. Within the context carefully established at the beginning of the set, the jazz he offered was substantial, at times inventive, and thoroughly enjoyable.

Preceding the jazz set, the Houston Symphony offered a mixed bag of selections, including Walton's *Portsmouth Point*, a *Scheherazade* lacking in luster, and a brilliantly played *American in Paris*. Then it was time for the trio or, rather, what the program notes called "Previn's Jazz Combo."

"This series of concerts brings the first

Houston appearance of Andre Previn's Jazz Combo, a group of versatile musicians personally chosen by Mr. Previn from within the Houston Symphony Orchestra," the notes read. "No set program has been planned. To borrow a phrase from the jazz musicians' jargon, they will be wingin' it."

Fortunately, the music did not reflect the condescending view of the program notes.

For his new role, Previn switched from tails to guru coat. "You just can't play jazz in tails," he said.

All through the program, he carried on a one-sided conversation with the audience, explaining how long it had been since he played jazz, how a jam session had developed during the symphony's just-completed road trip, how he had found an "extraordinary bass player," and how useless it was to adjust piano stools—"I've been doing this (turning the stool knobs) all my life and it doesn't do a damn thing."

Citing a lack of rehearsal time, Previn warned, "If you are looking for intricate tempos, forget it."

Previn had indeed achieved rapport with Egilsson, but the bassist took to the bow for every solo, apparently more hung up on technique than he needed to be. His work in support of Previn, while certainly not representing any danger to Ray Brown, indicated that he could have handled a plucked solo without great difficulty.

Simon's playing, on the other hand, was stiff and mechanical, as if he had difficulty involving himself with the music. He didn't even smile until near the end of the set.

Previn started with *Like Young*, ran conventionally through the melodic line and began improvising. He was stiff, and the notes had a disturbing sense of discontinuity about them. Disaster seemed imminent, and I remembered something Charlie Byrd had once said about the difficulty of maintaining first-rate facility in both jazz and classical music at the same time.

But by the second chorus, Previn's playing had become more fluid, more similar to that of a decade ago. His first and last obvious awkwardness of the evening had passed.

Over the Rainbow was brief, with little room for improvisation, although Previn avoided a heavily sentimental approach.

As a preface to *Ode to Billie Joe*, Previn admitted that he was not very familiar with current tunes and groups except for the general observation that "if the electricity went off, there would be no music at all." On *Ode*, Previn managed to achieve a regional tonal coloration in much the same style as Mose Allison. One of the tune's chief assets, however, is its rhythmic possibilities and the group just didn't swing.

Previn's movie-score work was represented by *You're Going to Hear From Me*, played fairly straight; a jazzy and delightful *Goodbye Charlie* in $\frac{3}{4}$ that was the group's best up to that point, and *Valley of the Dolls*, which was undistinguished.

The best number of the concert was *On the Street Where You Live*, which followed much the same pattern as Previn's recording for Contemporary many years ago. The group took its time, and Previn improvised well.

—Arthur Hill



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db music workshop

GARY BURTON

On the following pages, the *Down Beat* Music Workshop presents an original composition by Gary Burton, *No Man's Land*, arranged by the composer and Chris Swansen. It stems from 1963, when Burton was attending the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

Though Burton studied composition and arranging, he is self-taught on the vibraharp. In spite of his youth (he is 25), he has appeared on an impressive number of recordings, both under his own name and as a sideman.

His recording debut was made on a Columbia album featuring guitarist Hank Garland, no longer available. Also discontinued is the RCA Victor album *After the Riot at Newport*, on which the 17-year old vibist can be heard with a jazz contingent from Nashville (see article, p. 14).

The next year, 1961, Burton made his first LP as a leader. *New Vibe Man in Town*, a trio date with bassist Gene Cherico and drummer Joe Morello (RCA Victor LPM 2420). Just prior to that date, he was on a session led by Morello including alto saxophonist Phil Woods and a brass section (*It's About Time*; LPM 2486). Burton's next own date, *Who Is Gary Burton*, also featured Woods and Morello, as well as Clark Terry and Tommy Flanagan (LPM 2665).

His next, a quartet date (LPM 2725), featured trumpeter Jack Sheldon, bassist Monte Budwig, and drummer Vernell Fournier. This was made in Los Angeles in early 1963, about the time when Burton joined the George Shearing Quintet, in which Fournier was among his colleagues. Of several Capitol LPs made with Shearing, *Rare Form* (T 2447), a live date, and *Out of the Woods* (T 2272), featuring compositions and arrangements by Burton, should be mentioned.

Burton's next own Victor date, perhaps his best prior to the formation to his own permanent group, was *Something's Coming* (LPM 2880) with guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Chuck Israels, and drummer Larry Bunker.

In 1964, Burton joined Stan Getz. *Getz Au Go Go* (Verve V-8600) is representative of his work with the tenorist, but some of their best moments together were on an all-star date, *Bob Brookmeyer And Friends* (Columbia CL 2237), the other friends being Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Elvin Jones. Brookmeyer was present on Burton's jazz version of the score from *The Sound of Music* (LPM 3360), which also had strings. *Time Machine* (LSP 3642) includes some tape experiments. *Tennessee Firebird*, discussed in the article, is on LSP 3719.

The work of Burton's current group appears on *Duster* (LPM 3835) and *Lofty Fake Anagram* (LSP 3901).



LEE TANNER

INTRO

Vibes

Vlv. Tbn. **FINISH CYMBALS**

Bass

Drums

TUNE HIGH TOM TO A (MO)

Vibes

Vlv. Tbn. **(TO BONE)**

Bass.

Drums

A (mallet chords)
Amj Dmj

Vibes **A**

Vlv. Tbn.

Bass

Drums

ALL

Vibes								
Vlv. Tbn.								
Bass								
Drums								
Vibes								
Vlv. Tbn.								
Bass								
Drums								
Vibes								
Vlv. Tbn.								
Bass								
Drums								

INTRODUCE

SOLO

INTERLUDE

SOLO

FINISH CYMALS

[REPEAT 4x]

(Accompany Solo at Piano)

Final Dm

Dm

2nd Solo at Piano

Dm

Dm

(ACCOMPAINMENT)

(Solo)

(Solo)

(Solo)

(Solo)

Handwritten musical score for a 5-piece band. The score is written on a grid with 10 measures. The instruments are Vibes, Vlv. Tbn., Bass, and Drums. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, melodic lines, and drum patterns. The first measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The second measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The third measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The fourth measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The fifth measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The sixth measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The seventh measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The eighth measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The ninth measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change. The tenth measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change.

ARETHA

(Continued from page 16)

finally I learnt how to stand there without fainting. It also helped me to learn how to communicate with the audience, something very important because their response has a lot to do with the way I sing. If I feel it and they don't, I'll lose something, but if they're with me, we've got it!"

In her father's church, young Aretha heard Mahalia Jackson, Lou Rawls and Sam Cooke, but it was Clara Ward whose vitality made the biggest impression. "Clara knocked me out," Aretha related. "From then on, I knew I wanted to sing." The Rev. C. L. Franklin himself had several albums of sermons out on the Chess label, but was understandably a little unhappy when his daughter quit touring with him. "But I think he felt that if it was what I wanted to do, I should go ahead," said the singer. She's since received no adverse comments about taking sacred music into the secular world.

When pushed, she admits to the continuing Gospel influence. "Basically, yes, the feeling is still there and it will always be, more than likely. But if you really wanted to break it down, you could go back even further to more distant roots—if you wanted."

But although the roots are obvious for all who have ears to hear, "the hottest new singer in the world" has little time to talk about them. Her stated desire is to be "deep and greasy" and she's just that, even if the marrow of her music is as old as religion itself. She belongs to the new generation of popular Negro singers whose music appeals to every race, the "soul" singers who make the Top 40 charts and play a far more important role in integration than the majority of tub-thumpers. "Soul music is a very different type than other types of music," stipulated Aretha. "Perhaps that might have something to do with bringing (integration) a little more forward, but I think all music makes a contribution."

In every album she makes, you'll see Aretha credited as co-writer on two or three of the songs. She wrote *Dr. Feel-good*, *Since You've Been Gone* and *Don't Let Me Lose This Dream* in collaboration with husband Ted White, and *Baby, Baby, Baby* with sister Carolyn who has also contributed a couple of her own—*Ain't No Way* is one of them. *Save Me* was written with Carolyn and tenor saxophonist King Curtis. Aretha enjoys writing, but like many singers she is lazy about it. "I try to do it when I have the feeling and that might be the day before the session or six months before. Or I might do it during

the session; I just have to feel it.

"The melody is the most important part, but sometimes I get the words first. With *Think*, something happened I can't explain. Before I finished the first verse I knew what the second verse was. It seemed like the words were there and I just wrote it out. I never really thought about it, I just knew what it was going to be."

She tries first to write the melody down in its barest form. "If I can remember that, I can also recall what was around it and how I wanted it to go." In addition to her songwriting, she plays piano on several album tracks and always does at least one number at the keyboard in person. Her regular pianist is Claude Black, and she also carries a twelve-piece band led by trumpeter Donald Towns. Most of the charts are penned by Atlantic's Arif Mardin and Aretha has an expressed preference for the big band sound. "You can get unique arrangements with a trio, but not like you can with the big band," she stressed. "I like the strings, too."

At Atlantic, Aretha has a pretty free hand when it comes to suggesting arrangements, Mardin enlarging on her ideas. "With Columbia they were very liberal—to a point," she recalled. "After that the arranger and everybody else had it. Now they'll let me try at least." As soon as she started her first session for Atlantic, producer Wexler was surprised by her self-possession when it came to getting down to the music, and as a consequence, Aretha takes a substantial hand in what actually goes on to her records. She is responsible for arranging the vocal backings recorded by sisters Carolyn and Irma and the Sweet Inspirations and sung on live appearances this year by Carolyn, Willine Ivy and Charnessa Jones. And she'll often multi-track all three voices herself on record. "I usually put the lead voice on first, then the higher voice and then I go to the lower," she explained. "Sometimes the main voice is the third part of the harmony so I only have to do two voices."

Aretha's astonishing range is one of the most earth-shattering in the business and the way she can switch from solid, down-home preaching to a soaring high-pitched note that sears right through you is the exclusive prerogative of the church-reared performer. At one time she went to a vocal coach to learn how to use her range to the best advantage but stopped after three months when the instructor died. "She helped me to round my tones and get the correct sound of the words," said Aretha. "But I'll tell you, when you get to singing you forget about the shape and *everything* and you just go right on! Some of the things you contain and remember,

but a lot of them you don't. I have to say it the way I'm feeling it."

The singer complained that her voice lowers considerably if she stops singing for four days at a stretch. "I should sing every day like a dancer practices," she admitted. "If I started doing my exercises and singing from my stomach, I wouldn't have so many problems. But I forget. I'll do it at the piano to get that big push, but sitting out there you sound alright but you don't look so good when you sing that way. I mean, you don't look like a Marilyn Monroe profile-wise!" she laughed. "And that's how I get into trouble because unless I'm sitting at the piano, you know—relaxed, I'll sing from up here," she indicated her throat, "all the time."

But whether she sings from throat or diaphragm physically, emotionally, Aretha sings from the heart. She tells it with the majesty of Mahalia Jackson and the conviction of every woman that ever loved or had any kind of need for a man. It's a feeling no man can quite convey, for Aretha is the "Natural Woman" of her song, a woman who can get right in there with her rawness and make your insides *shout*. Once again she is reticent when it comes to admitting that women have the edge on men as far as this feeling is concerned. "I wouldn't say that they're more convincing," she said slowly, "but people might feel that because the man is supposed to be the stronger sex and the woman always has a tendency to fall behind. Maybe—that's a wild question! But you could make a comparison with Joe Williams' song, *A Man Ain't Supposed To Cry*: whereas a woman will just break out and cry in a minute, a fellow has got a little reserve. Perhaps, I don't know; I've heard some men who can get right to it, too."

The singer's own musical tastes are unrelated to what she does herself. She enjoys the Beatles and the Rolling Stones (she recorded their *Satisfaction*), Charles Aznavour ("he's for real; I can hear that!") and Nina Simone. She also listens to a lot of jazz: Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver, Junior Mance and Freddie Hubbard being particular favorites. "Whichever way the music goes is the way I'm going to go in my feeling," she said of the future. "I want to try and stay fresh musically."

Wherever she goes, though, Aretha will never stray far from the Gospel roots that nurtured her. She couldn't. "Soul to me is feeling, a lot of depth and being able to bring to the surface that which is happening inside, to make the picture clear. The song doesn't matter. A writer can have soul, many people can have soul. It's just the emotion and the way it affects other people."



AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

and **Milt Buckner** shared the bill . . . The latter also appeared for a regular week at the Dom. Pianist **Keith Jarrett**, taking time off from the **Charles Lloyd Quartet**, headed a group at the Dom last month. With him were **Charlie Haden**, bass, and **Bob Moses**, drums . . . The **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** has replaced **Traffic** for the Aug. 19 date of the **Schaefer Music Festival** in Central Park . . . The **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet** followed their **Slug's** date with a stay at the **Village Vanguard**. Vibist **Hutcherson** and tenorist-flutist **Land** had **Chick Correa**, piano; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; **Joe Chambers**, drums . . . The **Free Spirits** have taken up residence in San Francisco. The group originated on the lower East Side and has been working in the Metropolitan area for the past two years. Recently, saxophonist **Jim Pepper** was featured on his own album for the **Apostolic** label. Pianist **Mike Noek**, guitarist **Larry Coryell**, bassist **Eddie Gomez**, and drummer **Elvin Jones** were on the date . . . After an absence of three years, singer **Thelma Carpenter** returned to New York for an engagement at the **Apartment** . . . The **Charles Moffet Quartet**, the **Substructure**, and the **Ron Jefferson Choir** with **Ted Dunbar** and **Allan Murphy** were part of a recent Saturday lineup at **Slugs**. **Pharoah Sanders'** group put in a week at the club . . . The **Hartford Jazz Society** reports that among the recent Connecticut jazz activities have been gigs by **Illinois Jacquet-Milt Buckner**, **Frank Foster's** band, and a **Dixieland** session with **Max Kaminsky**, trumpet; **Catty Cutshall**, trombone; **Kenny Davern**, clarinet; **Dick Wellstood**, piano; **Jack Lesberg**, bass, and **Cliff Leeman**, drums. The **Community Renewal Team's** summer concerts in **Hartford** were kicked off by **Muddy Waters** on July 1. Other performances were by trumpeters **Clark Terry**, **Donald Byrd**, and **Freddie Hubbard**, and singer **Roberta Peck**. The series ends with **Horace Silver** July 29 and **Art Blakey** Aug. 5 . . . A program by pianist-composer **Mel Powell**, described as "taped sounds with live sound mobiles", led off the **Electric Circus** "Electric Ear" series of electronic music and mixed media performances. **Powell's** work was titled **Immobiles I-IV** . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson** was at the **Playboy Club** for weekends in June and July, and at presstime it was hoped his stay would be extended through the entire summer . . . Altoist **Jackie McLean** preceded **Willie Bobo** at the **Blue Coronet** in Brooklyn earlier this month.

Los Angeles: **Hampton Hawes** did a one-nighter for **Tommy Bee** at **Marty's-on-the-Hill**, using **Stan Gilbert**, bass; and **Carl Burnett**, drums—both ex-**Cal Tjader** sidemen. At presstime, the pianist was signed to do five nights at **Shelly's Manne-Hole** and two successive "piano nights" at **Donte's** with the same group . . . Also at **Marty's**, to welcome the returned ex-

patriate **Hawes**, was **Eddie Harris**, enjoying an off-night from his first West Coast gig at **Shelly's Manne-Hole**. He brought his quartet for a two-week stay (**Jodie Christian**, piano; **Mel Jackson**, bass; **Richard Smith**, drums). **Harris** was using an amplified tenor (not a **Varitone**, as everyone was calling it, but a **Maestro**, made by **Chicago Musical Instruments**) that bassist **Jackson** would occasionally plug into. **Harris** then took his group to the **Jazz Workshop** in **San Francisco**, and was scheduled to return here for a one-nighter at the **Checkmate** . . . **Al Porcino** has joined **Buddy Rich's** band as lead trumpeter, playing his first gig with the band at **The Factory**. **Rich** cut a live album at **Marty's-on-the-Hill** during a 10-day gig there. A number of **Rich's** sidemen dropped into **Donte's** to catch the one-nighter by **Clare Fischer** and his big band . . . Another band that recently played **Donte's** was fronted by **Dan Terry**, who prefers the moniker "Big Daddy." Bedecked in big ties, top hats and fancy cutaways (**Terry** cloth, no doubt), **Big Daddy's Jazz Band** boasted the following 19: **Clyde Reasinger**, **Jack Feierman**, **Jon Murakami**, **Carleton McBeath**, **Dick Collins**, and **Big Daddy** himself on trumpets; **Billy Byers**, **Charlie Loper**, **Morris Repass**, **Bill Tole**, trombones; **Ira Schulman**, **Lee Collete**, **Gary Le Febvre**, **Joe Lopes**, **Bob Lawson**, reeds; **Shep Meyers**, piano; **Al Vescovo**, guitar; **Gary Miller**, bass; **Chiz Harris**, drums. For one of **Donte's** recent "piano nights", **Claude Williamson** came out of studio hibernation, with **George Williams**, bass; and **John Terry**, drums. **Williamson** just finished working on an album with **Marion Love**—a new jazz singer under contract to **Capitol**. The **George Shearing Quintet** (minus **Shearing**) also played at **Donte's**. To qualify for "guitar night", the group was called the **Dave Koonse Quartet**, but on the stand, it was vibist **Charlie Shoemake** who called the tunes and set the tempos. According to **Shoemake**, **Shearing** just signed an unprecedented contract with the **Century Plaza Hotel**, calling for the quintet to appear there three months a year (not necessarily consecutive). The contract stems from **Shearing's** last appearance at the hotel's **Hong Kong Bar**, where all attendance records were broken. **Shearing** and group did a benefit recently in **Santa Barbara** for the training of seeing-eye dogs. This is an annual commitment on **Shearing's** part . . . When the **Craig Hundley Trio** made its debut at **Donte's** recently, the producer of the **Jonathan Winters Show** was in the audience and was so impressed by the youngsters (**Hundley**, piano, 14; **J. J. Wiggins**, bass, 12; **Gary Chase**, drums, 14), he promised them a definite guest appearance on one of the **October** shows. Also impressed: **Newsweek** magazine. Correspondent **Nolan Davis** was taking notes for a spread on the kids . . . A pleasant surprise took place at **Donte's** during **Al Viola's** weekend gig. Pianist **Frank Strazzeri** whipped out a baritone horn. Others in the group: **Jim Hughart**, whose bass sports a special C-string extension, giving his instrument more depth; and drummer

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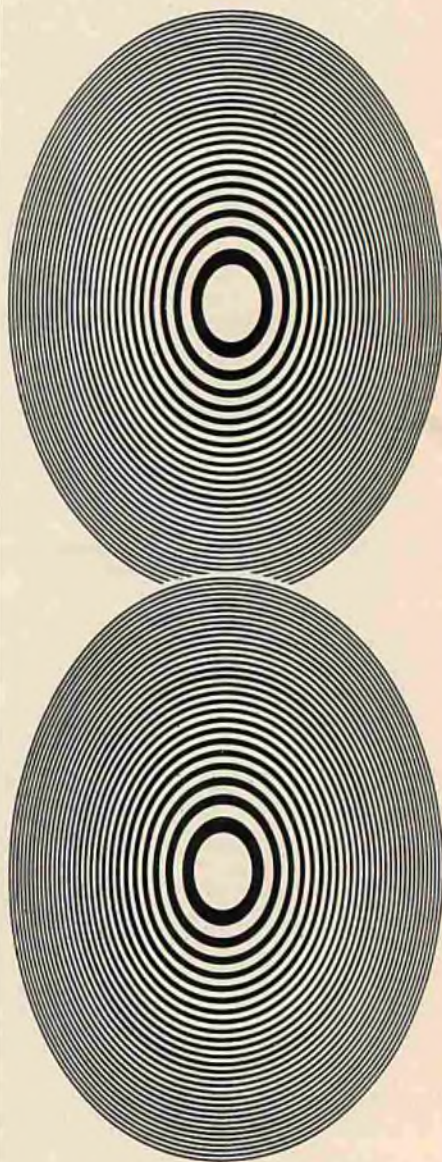
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In the August 22 Down Beat

RESULTS OF THE 16th ANNUAL DOWN BEAT INTER- NATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS POLL

Gene Estes, who will front a big band at Donte's July 28 . . . While **Bobbi Boyle** is recovering from her recent surgery, a number of pianists have filled in at the Smoke House in Encino, where guitarist **Ron Anthony** has taken over the group. Among them: **Tommy Flanagan**, **Dave Mackay**, and **Marty Harris** . . . The Century Plaza gave the star treatment to **O. C. Smith** for his recent three-week engagement at the Hong Kong Bar. He was backed by the **Jack Wilson Trio**. Pianist Wilson has recovered fully from his recent diabetes attack . . . Bassist **Stan Gilbert** flew to Oklahoma for a concert with **Gerald Wilson's** band after which he immediately flew back to Los Angeles for the Hampton Hawes one-nighter at Marty's. On weekends he is playing at the Holiday Inn in East Los Angeles with a trio fronted by **Shelton Kilby**, a pianist who just emigrated here from the east. Completing the combo: drummer **Bob Warner** . . . Only **H. B. Barnum** could head up a label with the name Mother's. He has signed up two singers for it so far and is writing charts for both: **Spanky Wilson** and **Gene Diamond**. He is also managing both singers . . . Among recent emigres to Los Angeles: **Irene Kral** and **Jim Stewart**. Guitarist Stewart brought his **Advancement** into Donte's for another guitar night. Stewart took part in a concert devoted to modern music in San Francisco with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by **Aaron Copland**. Stewart played in the world premiere of a work for two electric guitars and orchestra by **David Dell Tredici**, a student of **Roger Sessions**. Stewart also recently played with **Vince Guaraldi's** trio at the Trident in Sausalito, and wrote all the exercises and solos in a new **Wes Montgomery** guitar manual which Robbins will publish shortly . . . **Roger Kellaway** is scoring his first film: **George Plimpton's** *The Paper Lion* . . . **The Sound of Feeling** recently played at a special double baby shower for **Edie Adams** and **Carol Burnett** at Chasen's in Beverly Hills . . . **P.J.'s** was dark for a brief spell before **Mongo Santamaria** opened there . . . **Nellie Luther** has been appointed to the trial board of Local 47's Board of Directors. She fills the void left by the death of **Harvey Brooks** . . . **Mickie Finn's**—the Beverly Hills counterpart of the nitery of the same name in San Diego—has filed a bankruptcy plea. Exit one more outlet for traditionalists . . . **Trummy Young** is alive and flourishing in Honolulu. The trombonist and his quintet were just signed for three months at the Hilton Hawaiian. **Nancy Wilson** did a recent one-nighter at the nearby Ilikai, then toured the islands' military bases . . . **The Quintet De Sade** played a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena under the auspices of **Ray Bowman** . . . **Hugh Masekela** is coming in for the biggest promotional boost since Hollywood unveiled **Raquel Welch**. Uni records will have three-foot stand-up easels of Hugh for in-store displays; all kinds of giveaway posters; 15 x 21 placards; and a sweepstake contest, not to mention the radio and TV build-up . . . **Phil Moore Jr.** fronts a

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doubled in the
last five years



trio at Memory Lane on Mondays, along with singer **Frances Fisher**, while **Sweets Edison** and his colleagues (**Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Frank De La Rosa**, bass; **Paul Humphrey**, drums) enjoy a night off . . . **Gil Melle** is scoring *Act of Piracy* at Universal, using full band with plans to overdub his electronic quartet. His combo of electronauts is basically the same: **Forrest Westbrook**, piano; **Ben Matthews**, bass; **Fred Stoflet**, drums. The only temporary change finds **Albert Stinson** subbing for the ailing Matthews. Melle will also score a 28-minute documentary for Encyclopaedia Britannica called *Time*, using his quartet plus the **Westwood Wind Quintet** . . . **Bobby Rosengarden** brought out a small group of East Coast studio swingers with him for the *Dick Cavett Show*, including **Ernie Royal**. The ABC-TV variety show originated here for two weeks and the band was supplemented by a number of West Coasters: **Clyde Reasinger**, **Conte Candoli**, **Gary Barone**, trumpets; **Gil Faleo**, **Kenny Shroyer**, **Mike Barone**, trombones; **Bill Hood**, reeds; **Tony Rizzi**, guitar . . . **Richard Boone** (of the Basie band) dropped into town for a recording session at **Don Costa's** new studios. While in town he sat in with **Dolo Coker's** Trio at the Club Casbah. Also sitting in: **Sonny Payne** (of the **Harry James** Band); and vocalist **Rita Graham** who just finished recording an album with **Ray Charles** (**Sid Feller** did the charts). Currently appearing with Coker's combo is **Austin Cromer**—who used to sing with **Dizzy Gillespie** . . . A number of new faces can be seen in **Don Ellis'** band, plus a couple of returning familiar ones. Back in the fold: reed men **Ira Schulman** and **Sam Falzone** and trombonist **Don Switzer**. Just added: reed men **Frank Strozier**, who left **Shelly Manne's** combo after three years, and **John Klemmer**, from Chicago; and trombonist **Glenn Farris**. Two Ellis alumni—**Tom Scott** and **Mike Lang**—will rejoin the band for a performance of **Lalo Schiffrin's** *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* at the Monterey Jazz Festival this September . . . **Duke Ellington** will play with and conduct the Hollywood Bowl Pops Orchestra Aug. 3. **Henry Mancini** will be the conductor two weeks later, on Aug. 17, and **Don Shirley** is soloist for an all-Gershwin program Sept. 7 . . . Tiki Island has a new trio in residence: **Reggie Buckner**, organ; **Ray Crawford**, guitar; **Red Bruce**, drums. **Kitty Doswell** is featured on vocals . . . The **Clara Ward Singers** played the Troubador for one week . . . **Morgana King** was featured at a recent B'nai B'rith testimonial for **Milton Berle** . . . At a meeting of the Los Angeles Bass Club, **Andy Simpkins** was the featured guest, accompanied by another bassist, **Red Mitchell**, on piano. Rounding out the trio: **Dick Wilson** on drums. Recent elections of the Bass Club produced these results: Vice Presidents: **Mitchell**, **Ralph Pena**, **Bill Plummer**. Among the new treasurers: **Frank De La Rosa**. And on the Board of Directors: **Ray Brown** and **Al McKibbin** . . . **Mose Allison** followed **Carmelo Garcia** into the Lighthouse. **Paulinho**, ex-Bola Sete drum-

mer, brought his new group in to follow.

New Orleans: The New Orleans Jazz Club's seventh annual *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* series opened June 30 with a concert and parade by drummer **Paul Barbarin's Onward Brass Band**. Acting as Grand Marshall and performing with the group was banjoist-vocalist **Danny Barker**. The July 7 concert featured trombonist **Santo Pecora's** new band, including drummer **Fred Kohlman**. The Aug. 4 session will bring on **Louis Cottrell's Dixieland Hall Band** with vocalist **Blanche Thomas**, a combination which recently won acclaim at the San Antonio Hemisfair. The final concert on Aug. 18 will spotlight a revivalist group, the **Last Straws**. The concert series is a benefit for the Jazz Museum, which is slated to be expanded

and relocated in the near future . . . Backing up saxophonist **Roland Kirk** at his recent Jewel Room concert were Orleanians **Ellis Marsalis**, piano; **Richard Payne**, bass, and former **Yusef Lateef** drummer **James Black**. Set for an appearance with trumpeter **Clark Terry** are **Willie Tee and the Souls**. The Souls recently replaced the **Dead End Kids**, a pop-rock group, at the Playboy . . . The Club Off Limits is featuring afterhours modern jazz on weekends by **David Laste's** combo . . . **Sergio Mendes** brought his Latin-rock troupe to the Municipal Auditorium for a July 15 concert. The auditorium was also the site of a concert by trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** the following week . . . Trumpeter **Murphy Campo's** Dixieland band played for the Musicians' Union convention in Shreveport, La., on the same bill with trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** . . . **Billie and DeDo**



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Pierce's traditional group has been signed for the Stanford University Summer Festival . . . **Pete Fountain** hopped to New York to tape a *Kraft Music Hall* program, then to Philadelphia for two sessions on the *Mike Douglas Show*. He is also scheduled for appearances at Cleveland and Chicago's Ravinia Festival in July . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** was presented the Hornblower Award for 1968, a citation for outstanding contributions to public relations for the city New Orleans. The award was made at a banquet at the Royal Orleans Hotel by the local chapter of the Public Relations Society of America.

Detroit: Bassist **Rod Hicks** and drummer **George Davidson**, on leave from singer **Aretha Franklin's** group, have replaced **Sam Scott** and **Bob Battle**, respectively, in pianist **Harold McKinney's** quintet. The other members remain **Marcus Belgrave**, trumpet; **Wendell Harrison**, tenor, and **Gwen McKinney**, vocals. The group continues to play and lecture in the Detroit public schools. Davidson was also heard recently sitting in with *The Expressions* at the Drome, as were Miss Franklin's musical director, trumpeter **Donald Towns**, and tenorist **Paul Olszewski**, a fugitive from trumpeter **Al Hirt's** band . . . Avant-garde jazz returned to Plum Street as the Society of Experimental Arts initiated an afterhours policy with five of Detroit's finest young jazzmen: cornetist **Charles Moore**, tenorist **Leon Henderson**, guitarist **Ron English**, bassist **John Dana**, and drummer **Danny Spencer** . . . Organist **Charles Harris** and his trio (**Marvin Cabell**, reeds; **James Brown**, drums) have shifted their base of operations from *Morie Baker's Showplace* to *Argyle Lanes*. Harris' replacement at the Showplace was alto and tenor saxophonist **Charles Brown** . . . The effects of the newspaper strike and urban tensions, which have all but destroyed the downtown entertainment scene, claimed another victim as **Jack Brokensha's**, the only jazz club in the New Center area, shut its doors. Vibist-owner **Brokensha** and his quartet (**Bess Bonnier**, piano; **Dan Jordan**, bass, and **Bert Myrick**, drums) continue to do concert work . . . Myrick also recently subbed for **Gene Stewart** in pianist-vocalist **Bobby Laurel's** group at the Apartment. **Fred Housey** is the bassist with the group . . . Jazz continues to hold its own in the downriver area. The principal attraction is trumpeter-tenorist **Dezie McCullers'** group at the Visger Inn, with **Joe Burton** on organ, and **Doug Hammon** replacing **Archie Taylor** on drums . . . Organist **James Cox**, tenorist **Stoney Nightingale**, and drummer **Johnny Cleaver** can now be heard at the Eagle Show Bar . . . The big band co-led by reed men **Lannie Austin** and **Emil Moro** made a recent appearance on WXYZ-TV's *Morning Show*.

Philadelphia: This writer spent a most pleasant day and evening with trombonist **Al Grey** recently. We drove over to Laurettas High Hat Club for a few moments to watch WHY-TV shoot part of their

Soul Series with bassist **Slam Stewart** and pianist **Beryl Booker**. The room was filled with patrons and TV equipment. Lauretta had a nice free buffet of cold cuts and salad. At the Tioga-Quaker City Golf Club, operated by WDAS disc jockey **Kai Williams**, Al's combo was waiting, including guitarist **Eddie McFadden** and organist **Joe Johnson**. Grey hopes to join **Jimmy Rushing** for dates in Canada soon . . . Drummer **Bobby Durham** of the **Oscar Peterson Trio** is starring with organist **Wild Bill Davis** in Atlantic City when not working with Oscar. His semipermanent replacement with Wild Bill is **Earl Curry**, and other members of the Davis group are **Dickie Thompson**, guitar and **Frank Heppenstall**, tenor sax and flute. The group works at the Little Belmont Club . . . A Sunday night visit to the clubroom of AFM Local 274 found **Kit Carson**, trumpet; **Bootsie Barnes**, tenor sax, and **Al Thomas**, piano joined by WDAS-FM disc jockey **Lloyd Fatman** on trumpet. Drummer **Skeets Marsh** and **Bill Bailey** (Pearl's brother) had also wandered from home to join in the club's festivities. Singer **Eura Bailey** (Pearl's sister) is working at the Bayou Club on Locust Street with pianist **John Berry** . . . Hansens Inn in Trenton has been advertising jazz for listening and dancing on Wednesday evenings. Local musicians **Joe Roberts**, **Bill Weikel**, **John Simmons** and **Andrew King** have worked the spot . . . *Scotty's Lounge* on 52nd St. in West Philadelphia is featuring a regular jazz group led by **Leonard Huston**, alto sax, and **Clarence Huston**, drums, and featuring **Sid Simmons**, piano, and **Eddie Harris**, bass. The Hustons are brothers of pianist **John Huston**.

Pittsburgh: Civic and combo leader **Walt Harper** has been appointed coordinator of 80 concerts, mostly jazz, to be sponsored in Pittsburgh this summer by the Mayor's Committee on Cultural Arts. The popular pianist's quintet also was featured at the Three Rivers Arts Festival along with drummer **Roger Humphries** and the **Tommy Lee Quartet** . . . "The Professional Men in Jazz" headed a benefit show at the Pittsburgh Playhouse for Camp Achievement, an integrated camp for poor children. Instrumentalists included **Harry Nash**, trumpet; **Jimmy Pellow**, **Jon Walton** and **Judge Warren Watson**, saxophones; **Major Illery**, piano; **Eugene Youngue**, guitar; **Harry Bush**, bass, and **Dick Brosky**, drums. Vocalists were **Tiny Irvin**, **Tom Evans** and **Brue Jackson** . . . Saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** delighted fans at the Hurricane Bar early in June with his organ trio featuring **Don Patterson** . . . Singer **Dionne Warwick** had a full house June 2 at the Twin Coaches near Bell Vernon, Pa. Two Pittsburgh combos, the **Walt Harper Quintet** and the **Bobby Jones Trio**, were also featured . . . Jazz fans in Greensburg, Pa. are excited over the **Dave Wilkinson Organ Trio** at the Can Can Room. Organist **Wilkinson** also sings and **Ron Gatty** plays excellent alto sax. The group makes an occasional gig at the Holiday Inn in Ligonier, Pa. . . . The **Harry James Band** did several one-night-

ers around the area in late May. Biggest crowd attracted by the band was at the Flying Carpet, where the younger generation got hip to Harry and tenorist **Corky Corcoran** for the first time . . . The **Count Basie Band** visited The Flying Carpet on June 17 and 18. In addition to the swinging Basieites, visitors also got to hear good jazz sounds in the lounge emanating from drummer **Ronnie Scholl** and organist **Johnny Tee** . . . The Holiday Inn near New Kensington, Pa. has been the scene of a number of guest shots from saxophonist **Eric Kloss**. Pianist **Frank Cuni-mondo's** Trio had the June gig . . . Drummer **Max Roach** was a June visitor to Crawford's Grill . . . Guitarist **George Benson** brought his quartet, featuring organist **Lonnie Smith**, to the Hurricane Bar for seven days in June . . . Deejay **Bill Powell's** jazz sessions at the Aurora Lodge Club, every Fri., Sat., and Sun. are becoming a popular gathering place for musicians. Drummer **Roger Humphries** leads a trio . . . **Louis Armstrong** and his sextet made a one-night mid-June appearance with the American Wind Symphony at Riverview Park in Oakmont, Pa. . . . Trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** had a one-week early June run at The Encore . . . **Lou Schrieber**, best known as a saxophonist, plays tasteful piano on Mondays and Tuesdays at the Hospitality Inn in Penn Hills.

Las Vegas: After an absence of some months, the First Lady, **Ella Fitzgerald**, returned to the Flamingo Hotel for a four-week engagement, accompanied by the **Tee Carson Trio** (Carson, piano; **Keeter Betts**, bass; **Joe Harris**, drums) to augment the **Russ Black** house orchestra, playing the arrangements of **Marty Paich**, **Nelson Riddle** and **Carson**. Black's personnel was: **Carl Saunders**, **Chico Alvarez**, **Wes Hensel**, **Jerry Van Blair** (who played most of the instrumental solo jazz backgrounds for Ella), trumpets; **Archie Le Coque**, **Gus Mancuso**, **Pat Thompson**, **Dick Winter**, trombones; **Charlie McLean**, **Eddie Freeman**, **Rick Davis**, **Jerry Zuern**, **Kenny Hing**, reeds . . . Another of the Tropicana Hotel's concert series recently presented the talents of a group assembled by tenorist **Dave O'Rourke**, featuring **Carl Saunders**, trumpet; **Carl Fontana**, trombone; **Adelaide Robbins**, piano; **Gus Mancuso**, bass, and **Ron Ogden**, drums, with singer **Dianne Elliott** creating some tasteful jazz moods. Saxophonist **Buzzy Rand** was also featured as guest artist on soprano during this relaxed early a.m. session . . . At the Frontier Hotel, **Peggy Lee** swung through an exciting two-week date backed by the house band of **Al Alvarez**, which was also augmented by the singer's regular rhythm section and instrumentalists (**Mundell Lowe**, **Wayne Wright**, **Steve Blum**, guitars; **Ben Tucker**, bass; **Ed Thigpen**, drums), directed by pianist **Lou Levy** and featuring the arrangements of **Shorty Rogers** and **Lowe** . . . Bass trombonist **Marty Harrell**, formerly with the **Tommy Dorsey-Sam Donahue Orchestra** and the house band at Caesars Palace, recently joined the **Harry James Band** which is due in at the

Frontier Hotel in the near future . . . A unique presentation of an extension of modern jazz forms was given at a recent concert at Nevada Southern University by the John Sterling Quartet, featuring Joe Marillo, tenor & flute; Ed Boyer, bass; Grover Mooney, drums; and John Sterling, guitar. Following the playing of a number of selections from their repertoire, a series of visual effects (slide and motion picture images abstract in line and form) were projected on to a screen, providing inspiration for the group to create, in free form, a variety of expressions. These visual effects, developed and photographed by Greg McKenzie and Terry Weetling, are an extension of the "Light Show" idea and contribute greatly to the success of the quartet which has been together for some months and is anticipating a series of college presentations after the positive audience reaction to this first concert.

Baltimore: Tenor saxophonist Sonny Stitt, with organist Don Patterson and drummer Billy James, played a week in mid-June at Henry Baker's Peyton Place. They were replaced June 25 by Roland Kirk . . . Local tenor saxophonist Dave Hubbard played a recent Monday night concert at the Alpine Villa for the Jazz Society of Performing Artists. The following week, pianist Les McCann played for the organization and stayed on for a week at the Alpine Villa . . . On June 16, the Left Bank Jazz Society featured trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, with altoist Jimmy Spaulding, pianist Kenny Barron, bassist Herbie Lewis, and drummer Louis Hayes. On the 23rd, the Walter Bishop Jr. Quartet, with saxophonist Harold Vick, bassist Reggie Johnson and drummer Leo Morris performed for the LBJS . . . Louis Armstrong and Washington guitarist Charlie Byrd played succeeding nights at the mid-month Annapolis Festival of the Arts . . . Cannonball Adderley, Hugh Masekela, Mongo Santamaria and Kenny Burrell were booked for a Wes Montgomery Memorial Concert at the Civic Center June 30.

Minneapolis-St. Paul: Undoubtedly the finest jazz trumpet player in town, Jackie Coan, has moved to Los Angeles to pursue his ambitions in the recording field . . . The *Jazz at the Guthrie* series was completed June 23 with the appearance of Mose Allison and his trio. The Tyrone Guthrie Theatre also presented the Miles Davis Quintet . . . Buddy Rich and his cookin' band drew a full house at the prom ballroom, metamorphosed into a concert hall for the occasion . . . The Downbeat Club on Lake Minnetonka is again featuring trombonist George Meyer's big band on Saturday and Sunday nights with Arny Ness, Dick Palumbo, trumpets; Bruce Paulsen, trombone; Terry Martin, French horn; Russ Peterson, Glenn Nord, Bob Rockwell, Jim Greenwell, saxophones; Bob Peterson, piano; Rod Grimm, bass; Dick Brusik, drums . . . The University of Minnesota presented classics and jazz on the same program: the Dick Whitbeck 17-piece band followed the Minneapolis Sym-

phony in concert at Northrup Auditorium June 21.

Toronto: The Jazz Giants, the Sackville record album made by the band in Toronto last March, has been a steady seller here since the band's return in June. The first record turned out by a new company, it features Wild Bill Davison, pianist Claude Hopkins, clarinetist Herb Hall, trombonist Benny Morton, bassist Arvell Shaw and drummer Buzzy Drootin . . . Jazz has been enjoying a revival on Canadian airways. Throughout the summer, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation will present jazz five nights a week on its FM network. On Monday nights, Dixieland re-

cordings from Toronto; Thursday, modern jazz from Windsor, and on Friday, Henry Whiston's *Great Moments in Swing* from Montreal. A special program in the *Bright Lights* series, heard Monday Nights, will feature Oscar Peterson talking about and playing recordings by the late Art Tatum. The date is July 29 . . . Ted O'Reilly, host of a nightly two-hour program of jazz recordings on CJRT-FM Toronto, is presenting a special 60-minute program with panelists Marion Brown, Detroit poet John Sinclair and *Coda* editor John Norris discussing "the new music" . . . Summer cottagers are listening to the Sunday afternoon show, *In a Jazz Bag*, with commentary by John Delazzer on the Kitchener FM station, CFCA.

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WHERE WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): unk.
Apartment: Ray Starling, Charles DeForest, tfn.
Baby Grand: Connie Willis, tfn.
Bastie's: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Shirley Scott, Stanley Turrentine to 7/28.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): unk.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
De Lux Cafe (Bronx): Jazz Peace Bros., wknds.
Dom: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
El Caribe (Brooklyn): Dan Michaels, tfn.
Electric Circus: Bagatelle to 7/28.
Encore (Union, N.J.): Russ Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vance, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Fillmore East: Jefferson Airplane, 7/26-27.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler to 9/15.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Raymond Tunia, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): unk.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yagel, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.
Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
Half Note: Jake Hanna, Richie Kamuca, Bill Berry, July, Ruby Braff, Zoot Sims, Aug.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): Don French.
Holiday Inn (Jersey City): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon. Booker Ervin, tfn.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Eddie McGinnis, tfn.
Bobby Sherwood, 7/25-8/14.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Mottl (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
007: unk.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Flip Wilson to 8/3.
Rx: Cliff Jackson.
Red Garter: unk.
Jimmy Ryan's: Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt. Shepherd's: unk.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sports Corner: Drew Moore, Sun.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn, L.I.): Slam Stewart, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Tom Jones: Dave Rivera, tfn.
Top of the Gate: Billy Taylor, Toshiko, July.
Travelers (Queens): unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis to 7/28. Hugh Masekela, Jimmy Smith, 7/30-8/11.
Carmen McRae, Dizzy Gillespie, 8/13-18.

Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis to 7/29.
White Plains Hotel: unk.
Wincellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): no jazz till fall.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Don Boudreau, Jean Sampson.
Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Clem's (Compton): Tony Ortega, Sun. 6 a.m.-noon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Thur.-Sun.
Cocoanut Grove: Ray Charles to 7/28. Tony Bennett, 7/30-8/11.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Piano Night, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Big bands, Sun. Pete Jolly 7/26-27.
Edgewater Inn (Long Beach): Stan Kenton, 8/16.
Eugene's (Beverly Hills): jazz, periodically.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Greek Theatre: Buddy Rich, 8/12-18.
Hollywood Bowl: Duke Ellington, 8/3.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Jonah Jones, Joe Pass to 8/4.
International Hotel: Stan Kenton, 7/19.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Bobby Butcher-Harold Laud to 8/4. Vi Redd, 8/16-18.
Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: Jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
Palms Cafe (Glendora): Teddy Buckner, Thur.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green.
Celebrity night, Mon.
Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
Pied Piper: Gene Diamond, Karen Hernandez.
Clara Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Raffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
Redlands University (Redlands): Stan Kenton Clinic, 7/28-8/2.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shakey's (various locations): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Yusef Lateef, 8/6-18.
Closed Sun.-Mon.
Shifty's (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Royle, Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Sneaky Pete's: Art Graham.
Tiki Island: Reggie Buckner.
Vinn's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Goo Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): John Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.

TORONTO

Ascent Inn: Bernie Black, hb.
Castle George: Brian Browne, tfn.
Cav-A-Rob: Tony Shepherd, tfn.
Colonial Tavern: Eddie Condon, 8/12-31.
George's Kibitzeria: Moe Koffman, hb.
Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
Stop 33: Hagood Hardy, tfn.
Walker House: Paul Grosney, hb.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Leaning, Dave West, Sun.
Brothers Three Checkmate: Porky Jones, after-hours, wknds.
Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Cozy Kola's: Ronnie Kola, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Don: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Dream Room: Santo Pecora, tfn.
Dungeon Annex: Laverne Smith, tfn.
El Morocco: Clive Wilson, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.

Famous Door: Murphy Campo, Roy Liberto, hb.
Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
Fontainbleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fontain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Fats Domino to 7/27.
Jewell Room: modern jazz, Sun. afternoon.
Kola's Korner: Ronnie Kola.
Off Limits: David Laste, wknds. afterhours.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Willie Tee and the Souls.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Storyville: Sal Franzella, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touche: Armand Hug, tfn.
VIP: June Gardner, Germaine Razzle, tfn.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.
Cat's Eye: Pat Panessa, Sun.-Mon. Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
Earl of Old Town: unk.
Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodges, Sun.
Good Bug: La Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Runky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Fri.-Sun., Tue. Various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: AACM concerts, Sun.
London House: Eddie Harris to 8/5. Cannonball Adderley, 8/6-25.
Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Millionaires Club (Park Forest): Pat Panessa, Fri.-Sat.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur.
Midus Touch: Cary Coleman.
Mister Kelly's: Redd Foxx, Lyn Roman to 7/28.
Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hb.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Elliott, Fri.-Sat.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Eposito, Joe Iaco, hb.
Plugged Nickel: Mose Allison to 7/28. Kenny Burrell, 7/31-8/11. Cal Tjader, 8/12-18.
Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiaras, Thur.-Mon.
Pussycat: Odell Brown & the Organizers, Mon.-Tue.
Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

DETROIT

Apartment: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Argyle Lanes: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat.
Baker's Keyboard: Oscar Peterson to 7/28. Les McCann, 8/1-10. Jimmy Smith, 8/16-25. Art Blakey, 8/30-9/9.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Chessmate: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Driftwood Lounge (Battle Creek): Bill Dowdy, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Drome: The Expressions, Fri.-Sun.
Eagle Show Bar: James Cox, Fri.-Sat.
Frolic: Lyman Woodward, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Dome (Troy): Ken Rademacher, wknds.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Mr. D's: Michel David, nightly.
Nordia (Battle Creek): Dick Rench, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Society of Experimental Arts: Charles Moore, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Spiro's (Lansing): Les Rout, Sun.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Flip Jackson, Thur.-Sun.
Twenty Grand: John "Yogi" Collins.
Vigier Inn (River Rouge): Dezie McCullers, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Chico Hamilton, 8/11. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 8/18.
Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields.
Lenny Moore's: Fuzzy Kane.
Peyton Place: Maurice Williams.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.

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