

SEPTEMBER 4, 1969 35c

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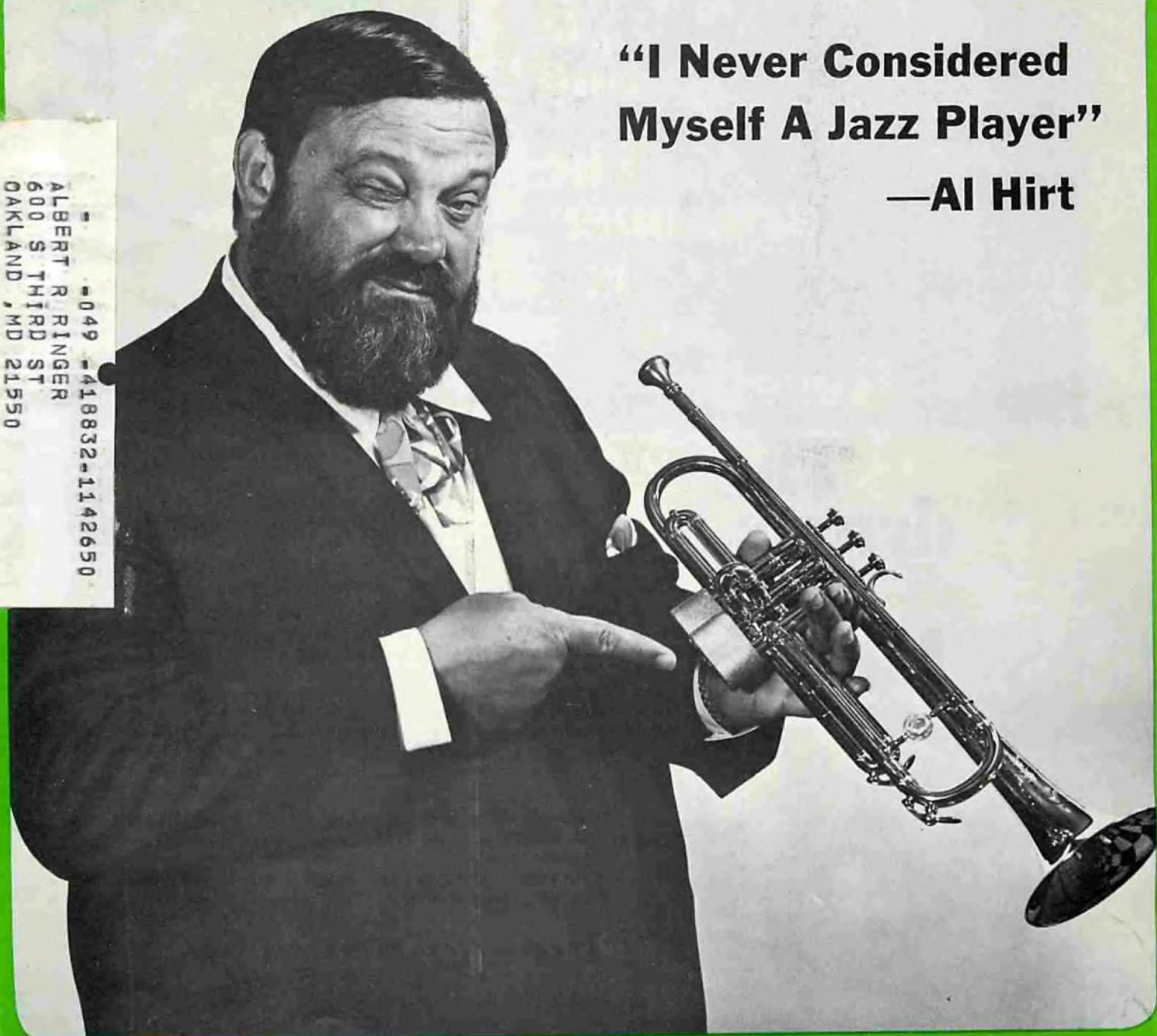
■ Randy Weston Finds Peace in Africa ■ Duke's New
Trumpet Man ■ Mallet Percussion Studies

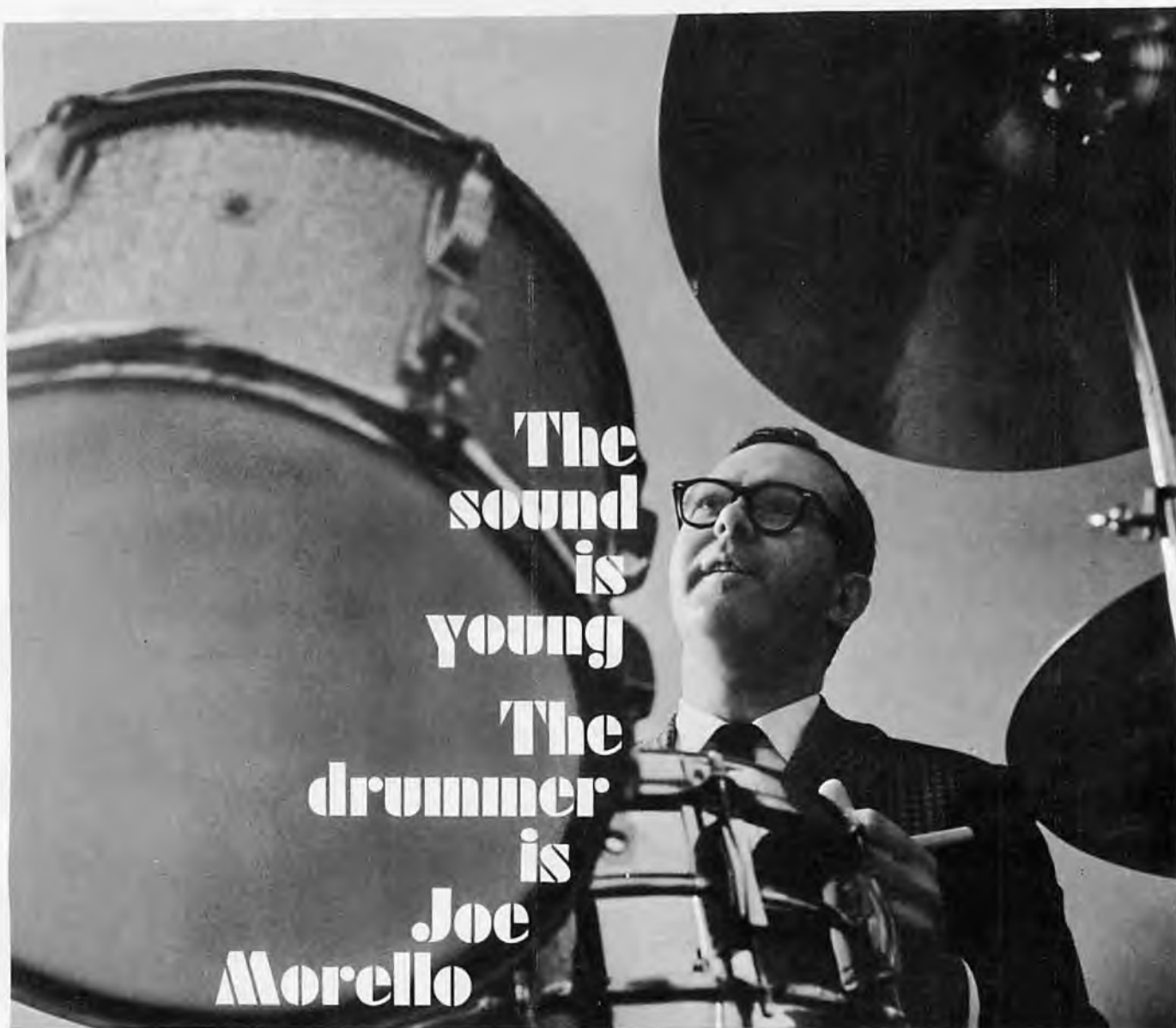
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

"HELP!" WAS THE cry clearly heard from young musicians and older educators at the recent Youth Music Symposium held at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

The young musicians—members of jazz/rock/folk groups from Salt Lake City, Philadelphia, Tacoma, St. Louis, and Chicago—came out straight to the point. "Listen to me." . . . "Give me a chance." . . . "Don't put my music (me) down." . . . "Don't take what's mine." . . . "Help me learn music and I'll create my own thing."

The music educators—about 150 of them, plus administrators, MENC staff, critics, and journalists—admitted to needing help, the first step to treatment. They wanted to know how to make their programs relevant. They wanted to do right after so long a time of not doing. They exhibited a strong feeling of *mea culpa* which lead some into naive conclusions. For example, many of the older educators seemed eager to teach rock in their junior and senior high school classes in spite of no grounding in jazz or blues. The younger, more worldly teachers wanted support from administrators to be more flexible and responsive to the music needs of all students.

Persons with a jazz background have needed little encouragement to give kids a wider and deeper musical experience. But traditional teachers did make a first courageous step in attending the symposium. They sincerely wanted the speakers

and panelists to show them the way home. Generally, they don't know the blues, so rock is incomprehensible. They haven't experienced or used the creative possibilities of improvisation, so the values of jazz and some rock remain a mystery. Previous inertia and inexperience have left them vulnerable to the simplistic equation that Youth Music is Rock Music.

The symposium was a three-day interlude during the third week of the first Youth Music Institute, sponsored by the United States Office of Education, the Music Educators National Conference, and the Extension Music Department of the Univ. of Wisc., Emmett Sarig, director.



The four-week institute brought in 31 educators, 13 guidance counselors, 20 youth performing groups (five each week) with a faculty of 10—specialists in sociology, anthropology, psychology and various fields of music. (A complete report will be in the next issue of *Down Beat*).

Our presentation to the symposium was mainly concerned with what music educators and their administrations can do right now to make music education relevant.

We suggest an immediate program of

paid or volunteer aides to assist the classroom teacher in making and keeping contact with kids outside of structured classroom music. Aides can easily be recruited from local Phi Mu Alpha and student MENC chapters, junior and senior high school students with leadership qualities, and mus-ed majors from nearby colleges. We suggest immediate school teaching of guitar and other instruments pertinent to today's music, plus direction in electronic technology.

We suggest a system of rewards (possibly in the form of credit hours) to encourage over-worked educators to become personally involved in Youth Music. Make certificated teachers up-date their music awareness; attend and participate in summer (and winter) jazz clinics; take modern arranging and revitalize the schools' mouldy music libraries; organize materials clinics and find out about modern methodology and published music.

We suggest—and this is critical—that all five days of the 1970 Music Educators National Conference (Chicago, March 6-10) be devoted to all aspects of Youth Music. Serve notice on everyone in music—particularly those (ir)responsible for teaching teachers—that time is running out. Impress the whole musical establishment that relevancy is critical. Now! (It was ironically fitting that the Supervisor of Music from San Bernadino, Calif. had to fly home from the Institute to protest the firing of all his elementary school music teachers.) The usual conference lobby sings and correlative studies on English Hunting Horn and Hand Bells can wait.

Wouldn't it be fine to be able to say that 1970 was the turnaround year for school music?

25

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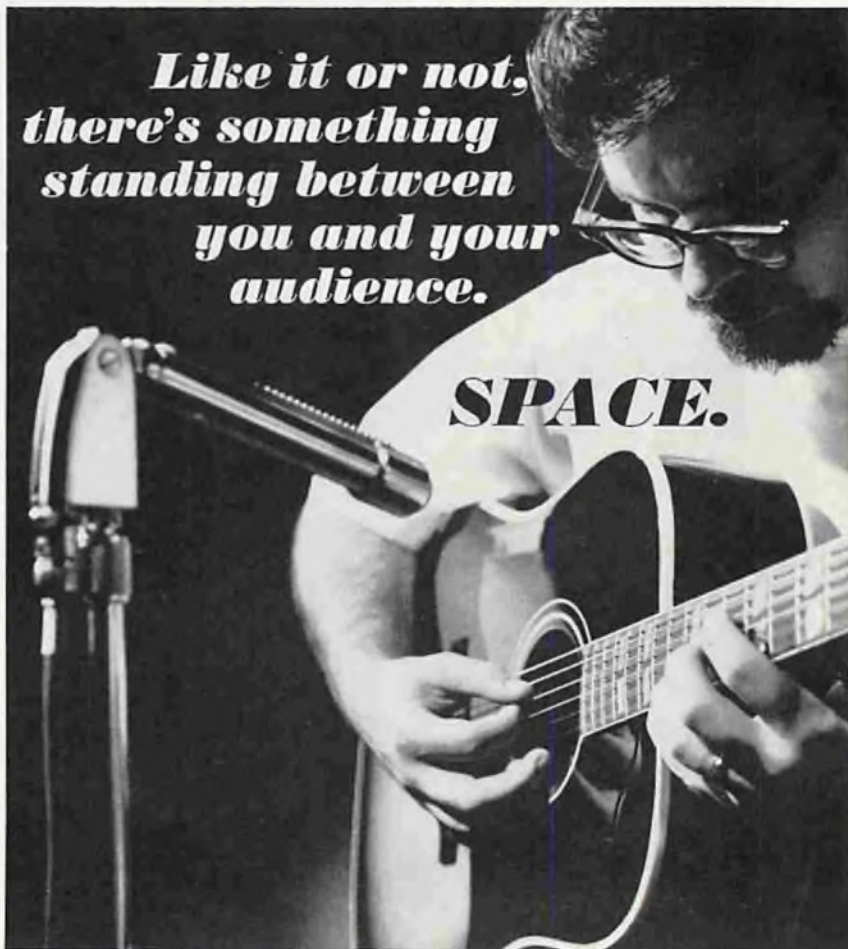
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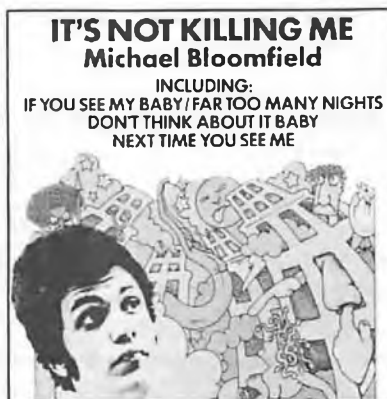
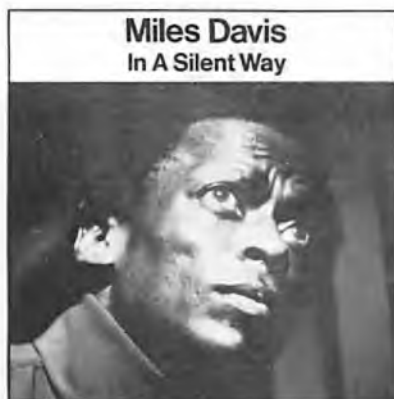
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down beat

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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

Berkeley Bravo

The success of the Berkeley Jazz Festival was inevitable, but with the depth and perception of Joe Gallagher's review (*DB*, July 24) I was able to enjoy it as though I had attended myself.

Because I was unable to make my annual trip to Berkeley this year, I was anxious to read the *Down Beat* review; and because I am acquainted personally with many of the artists who appeared, I was particularly anxious to see if the reviewer would agree with me about their musical and personal attributes. He does! They're all great, bar none!

Thank you for the review. I will, as well as many others, I'm sure, await the Fourth Annual Berkeley Jazz Festival with impatience.

Rose Marie Barbee

Seattle, Wash.

Grouchy Grauss

You didn't even mention my band in the (San Francisco) Ad Lib section on the Berkeley Jazz Symposium (*DB*, July 24). Every other band except mine; the Lowell Grauss Bopset featuring Pat Wallace, Jay Hardman, Bo Young, David Frierman, Dennis Crossan, and Chief Cloud on bass.

Shape up! We did the best music of the festival.

Lowell Grauss

Berkeley, Calif.

The item on the Symposium, which listed 21 names, represented a most conscientious effort by our correspondent, Joe Gallagher, to obtain details from the producer of the event. What we printed was all we had.—Ed.

Newport Nay

Many people in the music business, people I respect, have made it a point to tell me what a great guy George Wein is, and how he loves jazz. Let's say I believe them, because I want to. I have met Mr. Wein just once, backstage at a jazz show, and he greeted me cordially.

But what is one to say of the George Wein who was instrumental in producing the latest rape of Newport? At this point, the tavern wench in *Man of La Mancha* looks like a pristine virgin when compared to Newport Jazz.

The cynical canard that rock and jazz must one day meld into a common music was never more abruptly pulverized than at Newport '69. There was no communication between the many fine musicians at Newport and the rabble that defied security police and battered down fences. These activists were obviously more interested in being photographed by the wire services while making the two-fingered peace sign than listening to music of any kind.

One can understand the desire of Wein and his associates to assure financial solvency by the booking of hard rock acts

in order to support the less profitable jazz groups, but can't they be booked on separate nights, or perhaps different weekends?

Al Fisher

Wantagh, N.Y.

Seems Like Old Times

We recently had a musical adventure which we felt many *Down Beat* readers might be interested in. While out in Ohio, we discovered that Les Brown had taken a band out on tour again for the first time in six years. So, we stopped to see them near Dayton and found that the "Band of Renown" has lost none of the many things we always admired about them. In fact, we would go as far as saying that this was the best Brown outfit we have heard since the '52-'53 band which made the fine Palladium "live" LP on Coral.

To begin with, Jack Sperling was on drums, and this 47-year old youngster is surely one of the unacclaimed greats. The many years in the studios (Mancini, etc.) haven't hurt his touch one bit. He was on a month's vacation from N.B.C. and decided to take his time off traveling with Les. He read the entire book, but you would never have known it.

Stumpy Brown was there, playing a strong bass trombone and sharing humorous vocals with Butch Stone. Old Butch seems to get just as much kicks from singing his old tongue-in-cheek numbers as ever: really a showman, most gracious, and strictly professional. He is the spark of the band, yet must be in his '60s.

Jo-Anne Greer sang the ballads. This gal should do an album of her own: Doris Day in her youth was never this good. Les? As usual, he stands in front, mouth-ing the parts and looking to be the happiest guy there. He didn't spend much time at the mike, preferring to give the people music and not warmed-over Hollywood humor. (Mr. Zentner, are you listening?) He went out of his way to talk to people and, in fact, the entire band mixed freely with the fans. A lot of leaders and musicians could learn from these guys.

Don Rader, of Basie, Herman, and Rich fame, handled the trumpet solos. Each section played letter-perfect. Was there ever a cleaner band? The saxmen soloed and were apt, but unfortunately we didn't get their names. They had an amp and knew its limitations. Also, there was an electric bass—remember when Kenton and Herman used them long before anybody heard of rock?

In conclusion, we think the world could stand a few more fine bands like this one, just honest-to-God good music, music that makes you feel good all over! There were quite a few teens in the audience and we got the feeling that they came thinking they were going to hear a once famous "has-been". You should have seen them perk up when the band started roaring! The place was packed, the dance floor full, and in front of the bandstand it was at least 40 deep. We didn't think it could still happen—it was wonderful!

Charlotte and Ed Mulford
Monroe, Conn.

MOSCOW FILM FESTIVAL TRIGGERS JAZZ ACTION

The Moscow International Film Festival, held in mid-July, furnished the occasion for the first showing of an 18-minute USIA film of Duke Ellington at the White House and also stimulated considerable jazz activity in the Russian capital.

Two members of the U.S. delegation to the festival, Willis Conover of the Voice of America and Leonard Garment, lawyer and former professional musician recently appointed special assistant to President Nixon, were at the hub of the action.

On arrival at Sheremetyevo Airport, Con-



Alexei Zubov and Leonard Garment Jamming in Moscow

over was greeted by representatives of the Soviet jazz scene, including writer-broadcaster Alexei Batashev, and on their first night on the town, Conover and Garment (who had brought his clarinet) visited the Pechora Cafe, a new jazz spot on Moscow's modern Kalinin Prospect, comparable to New York's Fifth Avenue.

"The club," Conover told *Down Beat*, "seats some 300 people comfortably. Like all public places in Russia, it is brightly lit. For \$2-2.50, you get dinner and music. It features three groups, one led by tenor saxophonist Alexei Zubov, the other by altoist Georgi Garanian, the third a Dixieland band led by a trumpeter named Gratchov."

Batashev is the emcee, and the two non-traditional groups, according to Conover, "have a determinedly contemporary sound." He was impressed with altoist Alexei Kozlov ("not without passion") but particularly by tenorist Zubov ("Influenced by Coltrane, Rollins, and Hawkins, but very much Zubov, he could make it anywhere. The Russian fans proudly call him their only 'black' musician.").

Garment, who once played tenor for Woody Herman, sat in and "did well," Conover said. "He was never at loss for ideas."

After the screening of the Ellington film, during which the audience burst into spontaneous applause when the President

was shown awarding Duke the Medal of Freedom, an official U.S. reception was held at the Hotel Rossia ("A modern Hilton-type hotel"), to which a dozen local jazzmen and their wives had been invited. The affair began at 11:45 p.m., and it was not until 6 a.m. that Conover said good-night to the last musician. (The guests were transported home courtesy of the U.S. Embassy.) Garment sat in once more, and among the guests who particularly enjoyed the action was former Vice President Hubert Humphrey, visiting Moscow on a world tour.

A jazz concert was held the following night, featuring many of the same musicians, and Conover was interviewed by Radio Moscow. "The Russian jazzmen are most anxious to have Western musicians come to play with them," Conover said. "Of course, they'd love visits by jazz groups, but even if the musicians came only one at the time, it would be a great thing."

STELLAR JAZZ BASH IN NEW JERSEY SEPT. 5-6

For the second consecutive year, a two-day jazz festival will be held at the Garden State Arts Center in Holmdel, New Jersey. The 5,500 amphitheater on the Garden State Parkway is less than an hour's drive from New York City.

On Friday, Sept. 5 the lineup will include Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, and Tal Farlow's quartet. Sept. 6 will see Miles Davis, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Thelonious Monk and Jackie & Roy on stage. An all-star band under the direction of clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton and including trumpeter Buck Clayton and trombonists Britt Woodman and Benny Powell will open both concerts at 8 p.m.

Tickets are available from the Garden State Arts Center, P.O. Box 116, Holmdel, N.J.

FINAL BAR

Bassist Ernie Farrow, 41, drowned in a tragic swimming pool accident in Detroit July 14.

Farrow first became widely known in jazz circles in the late '50s when he joined the ranks of Detroit jazzmen in New York, playing and recording with two of his home town associates, Yusef Lateef and Barry Harris. He also toured with Stan Getz, Terry Gibbs and Red Garland.

In 1964, Farrow returned to Detroit, forming his own quintet which worked at local clubs. Last year, he formed an intriguing 10-piece band, the Big Sound. Between gigs as a leader, Farrow worked with the groups of Jack Brokensha, Marian DeVore, Terry Harrington, Ben Jones and Harold McKinney, among others. Early this year, he was instrumental in bringing jazz back to its historic Detroit

home, Clarence's Bluebird Inn, where his quintet was appearing at the time of his death.

Farrow's style was in the basic bebop mold, but his manner was completely in-



dividual, rhythmically strong and harmonically assured. On the bandstand he was a true leader, energetically coaxing peak performances from his sidemen.

Farrow's influence on music was not limited to playing and bandleading. He was also active in concert promotion and made many personal sacrifices to give other bands a chance to be heard.

Songwriter Frank Loesser, 59, died of lung cancer July 28 in New York City. He had been hospitalized for four weeks.

A native New Yorker, Loesser was a newspaperman and vaudevillian before scoring his first song hits in the early '30s. He soon became one of the most prolific writers in the field. Many of his songs were lightweight efforts, but a number, including *I Hear Music*, *Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year*, *Slow Boat To China*, *I'll Know*, and *I Believe in You* became standards. Among his several successful Broadway scores were *Guys and Dolls* and *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*.

Pianist Roy Zimmerman, 55, died in Gulfport, Miss. July 11. One of the most popular pianists during the Dixieland revival of the late '40s, Zimmerman was active in New Orleans, playing in the important Parisian Room band with Sharkey Bonano, Irving Fazola, Monk Hazel, and others. He was featured with Phil Zito's International City Dixielanders in 1949. This band later became the Basin Street Six (with trumpeter George Girard and Pete Fountain). He recorded with the Basin Street Six (Mercury) and can also be heard on several Southland LPs with Al Hirt, Santo Pecora, and Raymond Burke.

Singer Roy Hamilton, 40, died in New Rochelle, N.Y. July 20 after having suffered his second stroke. He was enormously popular in the '50s, with *Unchained Melody* among his biggest hits, but little was heard of him in recent years, though he recorded for RCA Victor in 1966.

POTPOURRI

International Art of Jazz, Inc., the non-profit organization which has been sponsoring jazz events on Long Island for the

past five years, is currently producing a series of free neighborhood jazz concerts in the low-income areas of Suffolk County. So far, **Marian McPartland**, **Benny Powell**, **Roland Hanna**, **Jerome Richardson**, **Clark Terry's** big band and the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra** with **Ruth Brown** have appeared in places such as Brookhaven, North Amityville, Wyandanch and Bayshore. Tenor saxophonist **Billy Mitchell** is slated for an Aug. 24 concert in Huntington and the **Adderley Brothers**, **Cannonball** and **Nat**, will be at the **Brentwood High School** Sept. 7.

Due to great audience reaction, *Tap Happening*, the Monday night presentation at the Bert Wheeler Theater in Manhattan, shifted to a new location, the Mercury Theater at 134 East 13th St., and has been on a nightly basis since July 17. In addition to Tuesday through Friday evening performances, there are both matinees and evening shows on Saturdays and Sundays. The production is now entitled *The Hoofers* and the dancers include **Chuck Green**, **Sandman Sims**, **Lon Chaney**, **Jimmy Slyde**, **Raymond Kaulund**, **Tony White**, **Rhythm Red** and **Leticia Jay**, the lady who started the whole thing.

Chicago trad fans flocked to Sloppy Joe's first jazz festival July 27 in such numbers that a repeat was set for Aug. 24. Lineup will include the **Salty Dogs**, **Steamboat Stompers**, and **Bob Roberts-Marty Grosz Guitar Duo**.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Muddy Waters' opening night at Ungano's turned into an all-star blues session with **Pinetop**, piano; **Rick**

Grech, bass; **Buddy Miles**, drums; **James Cotton**, harmonica; and **Waters**, **Eric Clapton**, **Sam Lawhorn** and **Pee Wee Madison**, guitars . . . Trombonist **Kai Winding** made a rare jazz club appearance, teaming for a week with tenor saxophonist **Al Cohn** at the Half Note. Backing them were **Ross Tompkins**, piano; **Russell George**, bass; and **Denny Siewell**, drums . . . **Sonny Criss** played his alto saxophone for Jazz Interactions at Danny's on West 46th St. with **Cedar Walton**, piano; **Buster Williams**, bass; and **Tootie Heath**, drums. The session was shifted from the regular Sunday afternoon site, The Scene, due to a brawl the night before that really broke things up . . . Pianist **Walter Bishop** returned to the Needle's Eye for a few weekends. He also completed a week at the Top of the Gate for **Junior Mance** when the latter's trio moved out for a six-week stay at the Downbeat. The same weekend, **Buddy Rich's** band gave the Gate downstairs a mini-festival when they joined **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Herbie Mann** on Friday evening . . . **Cal Tjader**, in town on his annual eastern excursion, played at the Mod Scene on Bleeker St., did two nights at the Manor in Bayside, and also appeared at the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park. With him were **Al Zulaica**, electric piano; **Jim McCabe**, electric bass; and **Johnny Rae**, drums . . . Drummer **Don Michaels** did a one-nighter at the Manor recently with **Billy Mitchell**, tenor saxophone; **Eddie Diehl**, guitar; and **Zeke Mullins**, organ . . . The Latin American Festival at Randall's Island featured **Jose Feliciano**, **Tito Puente**, **Mongo Santamaria**, **Monguito Santamaria**, **Willie Bobo** and **Ray Barretto**, among others . . . **Elvin Jones** opens at **Ronnie Scott's** in London Aug. 25 . . . Trombonist-vibist

Tyree Glenn did a long stint at the Roundtable with **Wynton Kelly**, piano; **Buddy Catlett**, bass; and **Jimmie Crawford**, drums . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland** has a busy schedule coming up. In September she'll be at **Blues Alley** in Washington, D.C., followed by an engagement at the Midtown Hotel in Rochester. On Oct. 17 she goes into the Downbeat. Miss McPartland recently recorded an album for Circa with **Michael Moore**, bass, and **Alan Dawson** and **Jimmy Madison** splitting drum assignments . . . **Lionel Hampton** and his 14-piece band played a concert for the inmates at Riker's Island in late July . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Shavers** did a week at La Boheme . . . Drummer **Horace Arnold's Here and Now Company** played a concert at Carleton University in Ottawa, then returned to New York, where they sessioned for Jazz Interactions. The "Company" consists of **Mike Lawrence**, trumpet; **Sam Rivers**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Karl Berger**, vibes, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass. **Roy Ayers** replaced **Berger** for the Canadian concert . . . On the Sunday between the **Sonny Criss** and **Here and Now** presentations, Jazz Interactions had vibist **Warren Chinsson** with reedman **Joe Farrell**, bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, and drummer **George Brown**. **JI** is also again involved with the Tuesday evening concerts at the Garden State Shopping Center in Paramus, N.J. The groups of **Frank Foster**, **Jaki Byard**, **Roy Eldridge** and **Roland Kirk** appeared during July. **Foster**, **Byard** and **Keith Jarrett** also played at the Monmouth Shopping Center in Eatontown, N.J. . . . Guitarist **Jim Hall** recently returned from Europe, where he did TV shows in Paris, Barcelona and Stockholm. In Uppsala, Sweden he concertized with

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ROCK'S IN MY HEAD

By ALAN HEINEMAN

WILL EVERYONE out there who knows, with me, that *After Bathing at Baxter's* is the finest American rock album ever produced, and one of the most important pieces of contemporary music around, please raise your hands? Two? Three? Well; no matter.

My God. What have we done to deserve a gift like *Baxter's*? Unbreakable, yet.

Speaking of onslaughts, I see/hear by a recent shipment of MGM sides that they're still recording *Orpheus*, *Ultimate Spinach* and the *Velvet Underground*. Why?

Speaking of the late, unlamented *Bosstown Sound*, why isn't *Vanguard* making

some PR noise about *Far Cry* and *Listening*? Those two are Boston bands worth talking about.

Speaking of good new groups, you might dig *Bonzo Dog Band's* latest, *Urban Spaceman* (Imperial 12432). For sheer manic, satiric unpredictability, they're close to the *Mothers of Invention*, although the music isn't nearly as complex or interesting.

Speaking of humor, I become more and more conscious that the only salient lack among the best white blues bands is humor. There are some great white blues players. But they're so damned serious. Or else they're comedians, which ain't hardly equivalent to including in serious music a sense of play.

Speaking of white bands in general, why are all lead singers tenors?

Speaking of tenors—and manzellos and striches and flutes and gongs—**Roland Kirk** not long ago played Boston with the *Who*. After *Kirk's* set, *Peter Townshend* paid him lavish tribute. Called him a genius (yes, indeed) and said other nice things, the top of which was that

Kirk had proven that he deserved the mantle of *Rock-and-Roll Player* as well as *Jazz Player*.

The nerve! The effrontery! The sheerchutzpah! We all know that any competent jazzman could cut these rock cats at their own music with one chop tied behind his back.

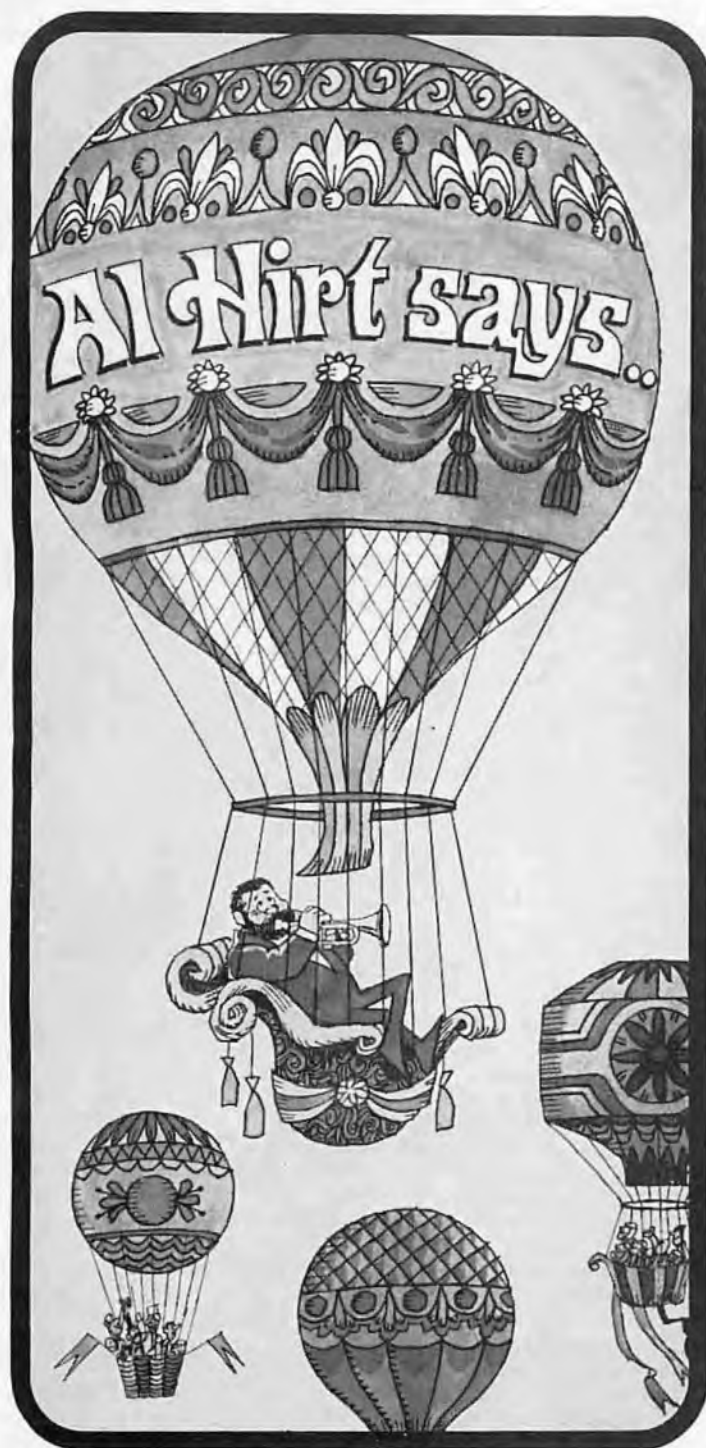
Oh, yeah?

Speaking of jazz vs. rock, why are the rock drummers so far behind their confreres on other horns? (With exceptions, of course.)

Speaking of drums, a parable:

When I was taking traps lessons, I would come home from the studio after having practiced little idiot paradiddle exercises, put *Tony* or *Elvin* on the stereo, and fling my sticks across the room in disgust. Finally gave up. Humility is a good thing, but self-laceration as a way of life is no bargain.

Moral: Will *Pete Welding* please stop writing about blues and rock? Why do you know so much, *Welding*, you bastard? As *Salinger's* *Buddy Glass* says of *Seymour*, his dead paragon of an elder brother: "Is he never wrong?"



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STRAIGHT TALK FROM AL HIRT: an interview by Charles Suhor



For several years now, big, friendly Al Hirt has operated his own club in his native New Orleans. He has booked some of the best jazz groups in the country, and done a great deal to integrate the local jazz scene. This interview, conducted by our New Orleans correspondent, an old friend, found the trumpeter at a home stand at his club. —Ed.

SUHOR: In the last couple of years you've moved away from a Dixieland format and programming and more into the pop area. Can you summarize why you wanted to go in this direction?

HIRT: Well, frankly, Charlie, I never knew why I was looked upon as a jazz player, because I never really considered myself one. I think people sometimes assume something without any reason. The most I'd ever done in jazz, really, was to be a lead trumpet player in a section. I can read; I've studied all these years and I think I know the instrument well, but all the (big) bands I've ever played in, I always was the lead trumpet player. I never played any jazz solos. I don't say that I can't—I can probably do a little of it, but I never considered it anything earth-shaking. It was always something in the vein of somebody else's bag; you know, like I always played something that was influenced by someone else. I never was a good improviser and never blazed any trails of my own. So I never really considered myself a jazz man. But evidently some people thought I was trying to assume this image, so when I have a chance to say it like it actually is, I say it like it is—I'm a pop, commercial musician. I've been successful at it and that's about it.

C.S.: I recall back before your days at the Pier 600 on Bourbon Street, you used to have a dance band around New Orleans and your publicity stressed your experience with big bands, your standing offers with Dorsey and Kenton rather than a jazz bag.

A.H.: You've got a good memory. That's a long time ago.

C.S.: Possibly the jazz image grew because your first band that hit it big nationally was called "Swinging Dixie" and this, besides your being out of New Orleans, might have put the label on you and made it something that was hard to slip out of.

A.H.: Possibly so.

C.S.: But then, wasn't your first record session a Dixieland thing on Audio-Fidelity label?

A.H.: In fact, I first did a couple of things for Southland, a local label. Then I did some for Audio-Fidelity, and the only thing they wanted me for was that kind of thing. Actually, we were in the shadow of the Dukes of Dixieland, who were big recording stars for that label at the time. And they had a lot of success with stereo sound—you remember, when Sid Frey had a big jump on everybody with great sound. And so they put us on the label, and actually Sid never did give us a lot of money to sign a contract. We were de-

lighted, of course, to get on the label and to have that opportunity. As for *Swinging Dixie*—when we used to do a radio show on Sunday afternoons from Pier 600 when we first started playing there, Dick Martin tabbed it that. I never was a down home two-beat player, but I knew the charts, you know. I knew the charts but my interpretation was not in a standard jazz tempo. It was in a kind of a bright tempo, actually too bright to really play down home jazz. Martin said it was a mixture of Dixieland and Swings, so why not call it "Swinging Dixie"?

C.S.: That record puzzled me at the time because everything I'd heard you play before—and I had backed you up on drums at shows at Loyola and different places—had been pretty much virtuoso stuff with a tinge of jazz, not too far from the things you did with Horace Heidt back in 1950.

A.H.: That's always been my thing.

C.S.: But that Audio-Fidelity record was almost in a Chicago jazz style—some very straight Dixie blowing—and you never did anything like it before or since that I recall. Later, you adapted your Dixieland combo into a showcase group with fast tempos and plenty of showmanship.

A.H.: Listen, there's nothing I'd rather do than do some of these real pure jazz things. I think I could, as I said, jump in somebody else's bag and give a pretty fair imitation of something that's been done, but as far as originality or conception or original ideas in jazz playing I don't fool myself in that respect.

C.S.: How would you describe your present group?

A.H.: Very, very commercial and always aware of pleasing the public. And if it so happens there's a little bit of interesting music along the way—well, it's secondary to pleasing the public. I've always tried to surround myself with good players and I've been fortunate in that respect. Occasionally we get down and play something jazzwise and the guys who are with me can do it. So we really try to go in every direction we can musically, but mainly we try to gain a rapport with the audience. This has been the format I started with, and let's face it, it's been successful for me. I've made a lot of money doing it, and so, until such time as the public doesn't want it anymore, I don't know any other direction I could go in musically and be completely honest about it.

C.S.: Pee Wee Spitelara is the musician who has been with you the longest, and between the Dixie group you had and the present group he's the one thread of continuity. How do you picture his role in the group? Is he kind of a reminder of Dixieland for the people who want it?

A.H.: I would say definitely he is. We still get lots and lots of requests—a lot of people still say, 'Man, you're from New Orleans. You play *Dixieland*.' And I say, 'Well, we really don't.'

C.S.: During the last set tonight they were asking for *Muskrat Ramble*.

A.H.: Right. We never play *Muskrat Ramble*. Man, like we have an organ. We don't have a Dixieland format. We have Tony Monjure, who's playing tenor sax. Tony's a good player, but Tony doesn't know any of those Dixieland tunes. We play a few Dixie things on request, because as long

as I can play a line and Pee Wee and my pianist, Ellis Marsalis, can play along, all the guys fall in, and the people—they say, 'Yeah, that's Dixieland!' Of course, Pee Wee can bridge the gap. He can think in the other bag pretty well, too. **C.S.:** I was surprised how adaptable he was. On the few tunes before you came out tonight he was playing different things very well with the ensemble, and it worked out nicely.

A.H.: Yeah, he can do it. We're sort of a potpourri, I guess, of everything—a little bit of every style, and with me a lot of it is flash and showmanship. The last three or four albums I've been doing now, I've had a lot of success with things just playing the melody.

C.S.: I heard *Eleanor Rigby*, which was very pretty.

A.H.: You know, maybe sometimes it's a hangup to have had all this schooling and technical study and all that—because if you can't think of a jazz idea you go to playing a lot of notes, so actually, just to stick around the melody and play close and improvise—I enjoy doing that very much, but it's not a natural thing for me. I'm usually the one that would go off on some kind of a solo flight.

C.S.: What I like about *Eleanor Rigby* is the way you play the melody, but there are some nice bent notes in there, sort of a Miles Davis effect.

A.H.: Well, I try. Of course, I admire him and Dizzy and all the guys who play great jazz very much, and I wish I were capable of invention and simplicity, in a way, like they are.

C.S.: I've known some of your sidemen for many years, and we were sitting around talking before. They say, 'Well, look, Al can do anything he wants, man. He can play anything. It's just what he wants to do for his present bag and for his present audience.' I think this is a picture many musicians have—that wherever you want to lay your talent, that's where it's going to come out the stronger.

A.H.: I don't know whether they're right about that, Charlie. As I said before, I could possibly do a few jazz things here and there, but I would say the true bag for me is not that way. I think what I'm doing with the showmanship and all is the most honest thing that I can do, because I get a kick out of it. On top of all that I consider myself very lucky because people *dig* it. If you can do something you enjoy, that takes the work out of it for you. Because if it's not phony and people go along and dig it with you, well then you've got a very happy scene.

C.S.: How do you feel about the fact that just after you left the Pier 600—at the beginning of your breakthrough into the major clubs and major TV shows—the jazz press was fairly strongly against you? How do you react now that this wave of criticism has died out?

A.H.: Yeah, it's gone now, Charlie. But at the time—well, any player would get

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THIRTY YEARS OF BLUE NOTE

by Ira Gitler

Down Beat isn't the only organization in the music business celebrating a milestone anniversary this year. 1969 also marks the 30th anniversary of Blue Note, the oldest surviving label specializing in jazz in the world. Until it was bought by Liberty Records in 1966—it is now under the aegis of the Transamerica Corporation along with Solid State, Pacific Jazz and other labels—Blue Note was the oldest independent record company, its longevity outranked only by such giants as Victor, Columbia and Decca.

To understand the Blue Note achievement it is essential to know about the men who started the company and to learn just how it all began.

In 1925, Alfred Lion was a 16-year-old boy who enjoyed ice-skating in his native Berlin, Germany. One night, he spied a poster outside the arena where he often skated. It advertised an American orchestra, Sam Wooding and his Chocolate Kiddies. Curious, he went inside, and became completely enamored of jazz, a music whose name he did not even know. Several days later his mother played a recording of *Oh, Katarina*, a hit song of the day. He didn't care for it, but looked at the label and saw the name Sam Wooding. Turning the record over, he found *Shanghai Shuffle* and again became as excited as he had been a few nights earlier. From that time on he became involved in collecting the music of his heart on records. At first he met with quite a bit of difficulty. German record clerks didn't know what he was asking for, and Lion himself wasn't too sure, either. Not until he went on a business trip to the United States was he really able to find the Duke Ellingtons, Jelly Roll Mortons and other treasures he had been seeking.

When Lion returned from this trip to Berlin in 1930, he brought with him over 300 records. During the next seven years, he continued to add to his collection as he travelled through Europe and eventually to South America. Finally, in 1938, he landed once again in New York, this time to stay. Unwittingly, Hitler played a role in the foundation of Blue Note.

As a budding American, Lion became more and more involved with jazz. After listening to the boogie woogie pianos of Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis and Pete Johnson at John Hammond's *Spirituals to Swing* concert at Carnegie Hall in December 1938, he asked Ammons and Lewis to make some private recordings for him. This was accomplished on January 6, 1939 and Lion was so pleased with the results that he decided to release them commercially.

The acetates he received from the recording studio were 12-inch and he was informed that only classical records were issued on this size record. Undaunted, Lion had 50 copies of each pianist's record pressed. He not only received positive critical reaction but an order was placed by a store in Philadelphia, and Blue Note was officially launched.

In June, Lion recorded a group called

the *Port of Harlem Seven* under the leadership of trumpeter Frankie Newton. On the date was Sidney Bechet, whose idea to record Gershwin's *Summertime* was to Lion's liking even though it had been rejected by a major label. Before that tune was to be cut, Newton had to go to the bathroom. He never got to play on the record. By the time he returned, Bechet had waxed a masterpiece. Lion suspects that Bechet's action was deliberate.

Bechet, although already a jazzman of renown, was at the time going through a period of discouragement and had turned to his old trade, tailoring, to make a living. Lion, of course, had sunk his limited capital into the record venture. After the date, the two went to a small delicatessen on Third Avenue. They sat in a tiny back lunchroom which had a few tables and walls liberally adorned with stacked rolls of toilet paper. Bechet looked around and turned to Lion. "Well, Alfred," he said, "we're really in the outhouse now."

When *Summertime* became what he called his "first little hit," it put a strain on Lion, who up to then had been doing his own packing, delivering and mailing, in addition to holding down a regular job in an export firm. Fortunately, in October, Francis Wolff, whom Lion had known as a young record collector in Berlin, arrived in New York to join forces with him. Wolff, a talented lensman, went to work in a photographic studio and Lion continued with the export outfit. Between them, they managed to run the one-room office they had set up for Blue Note on West 47th Street. They were kept busy particularly by the Commodore Record Shop, one of the important retail outlets for jazz records in those days.

The came World War II. Blue Note almost became one of the early casualties. "Alfred got his draft notice," recounts Wolff, "so we figured we'd have to give it up for the duration. When we sent notice to the stores that we were going to discontinue, that brought in quite a lot of business. Then Commodore opened a wholesale department for their own label and decided to also distribute Blue Note."

By the end of 1941, Wolff had gone to work for Commodore's new department where he could also tend directly to Blue Note. "With the war," Wolff remembers, "the record business immediately picked up. The soldiers wanted them—the Army wanted them. Records became hot and Commodore sold a lot of them, mail and wholesale. Shellac was scarce, and only people who had been in business before the war could get a priority."

When Lion was discharged from the Army in 1944, Blue Note reorganized and took new offices on Lexington Avenue. Recording activity, somewhat curtailed during the conflict, resumed on a wider scale. The company that had recorded Earl Hines, James P. Johnson, J. C. Higginbotham, Pete Johnson and Edmond

Hall continued its interest in traditional jazz but also began to delve into Swing. Clarinetist Hall's 1941 recording of *Profoundly Blue* with Charlie Christian on guitar had broken through in Harlem and set a new direction for Blue Note. "A disc jockey played it once," reminisces Wolff, "and we were called by the Rainbow Record Shop on 125th Street which had never ordered before. We had never sold anything in Harlem. It was unknown territory. But *Profoundly Blue* was a groovy blues."

Although it was made four years later, *Blue Harlem* by tenor saxophonist Ike Quebec, featuring guitarist Tiny Grimes, was descended from *Profoundly Blue*, and really established Blue Note uptown. In addition to Bechet, men like Art Hodes, Sidney De Paris, and Wild Bill Davison were recorded but names like John Hardee, Buck Clayton and Ben Webster began to appear on the label. "While Commodore went more with Chicago, we went more with New Orleans and Harlem," explains Wolff.

Quebec made himself felt not only as a musician but as an adviser. Lion and Wolff had become interested in modern jazz through the records Ross Russell was producing for Dial, and in February 1947 they did a date with singer Babs Gonzales' Three Bips and a Bop. Tadd Dameron was the pianist, and in September they recorded his band, featuring trumpeter Fats Navarro. Then Quebec made some suggestions. "We were very close with Ike," says Wolff. "He knew about Monk and Bud Powell and thought they were the outstanding modern pioneers on piano."

Monk did two sessions in October and November, and in December, his drummer, Art Blakey, led his original Messengers in a Blue Note date. Powell's date did not come until 1949, but like Monk's and Blakey's, it was his first as a leader.

(Continued on page 31)



Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff

RANDY WESTON: THE BEAT IS UNIVERSAL

by Valerie Wilmer

MOROCCO OFFERS a kind of haven for the traveler who wants to escape from the Western way of life without going too far afield. It's a country with the quality of timelessness, a land that offers a feast of smells, colors, and sounds that go easy on the ear and eye and senses. Cultural contrasts abound there, too, and from a racial point of view it is healthily heterogeneous. One can be black or white there, Arab or Jew, and no one bothers too much as long as you're self-sufficient. There's poverty there, certainly, and religious restrictions, but for a black American who feels that he always has lived at the focal point of hostile eyes, Morocco can be like a dream come true.

Heads still turn when Randy Weston walks through the crumbling Medina (old quarter) of Rabat or climbs a twisting Tangier hillside, but for the first time in many years he can find reassurance in the fact that he stands almost 6 feet 8 inches and is quite a memorable sight.

"The main thing is that you make it on your own merit," he said. "Nobody is impressed if you're blond or black; they may be impressed if you're tall like me but that can happen anywhere. It's true that there is a heavy class system in Africa, but in everyday things what you can do matters more than your background."

Last year the pianist decided that he had gone as far as he could in the insecure world of jazz, and for a man with three children to support, that's not very far. Weston, who has been living in Morocco since January, 1968, said he feels he escaped while the going was good.

"If you ask me how I feel about being away from the mainstream of jazz, all I can say is that I was away from it in New York," he said.

"Musicians tend to play just what they feel, but the writers give labels to the music so that the new thing tends to push the older thing out of the limelight. But as for the so-called new thing in New York, I found it was making me angrier and angrier about the situation in modern-day life.

"So I haven't really missed anything because when I was in the States, I stayed in my own little cave and listened to the music I liked. I was still as amazed by Ellington as I was 10 years ago."

Weston has a plain and functional house furnished in the Moroccan style in the capital, Rabat, and his teenage son and daughter attend the American School in Tangier. The pianist plans eventually to tour the African continent, soaking up indigenous sounds and preserving them wherever possible on tape. Already the clamor of the Moroccan market place and traditional Berber flute music with its sound that lies midway between bagpipes and the blues have put new life into Weston's compositions. Such pieces as *Marrakesh Blues* and *A Night in the Medina* are uniquely evocative of their ancient, slightly mysterious sources of inspiration.

Although he said he has no particular method when it comes to writing, Weston is conscious of rhythm, especially, he says, after being exposed to African music.



Weston receiving a drum lesson from Berber musicians.

"I've been this way since the late '50s when I first started writing," he said, "but here the feeling is stronger. If I hear a rhythm that appeals to me, I'll go to the piano, taking that rhythm, and create a melody. Although there are times when I get melodic ideas, usually the tune follows the rhythm I have in my head. I try to keep my antennae open to be aware of other kinds of music and the sounds of life—the rhythm of a horse cart or somebody whistling something—just the sounds of nature can inspire a composition."

In Africa, the sounds of nature predominate, and Weston considers them more complex than city sounds. "Ellington used the sounds of the city," he said, "but whatever he does, you can always hear the sound of the blues. And I think that so-called blues feeling, its rhythm and sound, is the sound of the African village."

"For example, I was once in Gabon, where I attended a very interesting ceremony that was a combination of all kinds of music—religious music, pagan music, and Catholicism. Afterwards, I went into the forest with my tape recorder and simply recorded the sound of the insects and the wind and the birds at night. And it was fantastic. It was like a whole orchestra of counterhythms, and each member of the forest had his own rhythm going. And this is something I noticed with the people there, too; they have a rhythm in their life, their speech, their movements, and, of course, in their music."

In Morocco, Weston has found abundant enthusiasm for his own music, whether he dons a tuxedo to play piano for a concert audience or rolls up his shirtsleeves for an impromptu percussion session with villagers in the secretive Rif mountains, or again, with the indigo-stained Blue People, the Goulamines, who dwell at the edge of the Sahara. All this he has done with jazz, a kind of music the theorists say is totally alien to the local culture. Weston has shown that the beat is universal.

He has left joyous hearts and minds

behind him wherever he has played, and he has also lectured extensively about jazz and the influence of African music on his writing. During his concerts he always gives a demonstration of how a work can grow from a simple melodic or rhythmic pattern that his ever-open ears have retained from the welter of daily sound.

While he is converting the Moroccans to his music, he is reaching the people through their own, for when he incorporates local folklore into his work, he speaks to them in a language they can understand. At the same time, he is reviving a folk-art form that is in danger of dying out as it becomes overly "show business" in outlook and presentation.

When Weston was asked to pose for a photographer playing on an unfamiliar drum and surrounded by curious villagers, he refused. "I have too much respect for the drum and for African music to fool with it," he said. He lives close to the heartbeat of Africa, and his refusal to be photographed under staged conditions was typical. He is almost religious in his fervor for things African and continually affirms his love for the drum, the instrument, which, he maintains, "echoes the heartbeat."

He explained: "The heart is the first instrument that man became aware of, and I'm sure that's how the drum came to be. It is as old as civilization itself, and if you look around you, you'll realize that the whole world is based on rhythm."

Rhythm, of course, is the keynote of jazz, and the African continent is packed to the edges with its good vibrations. And Weston's opinion echoed what another pianist, South Africa's Dollar Brand, once said: "The whole of Africa moves in time to music. We sow seeds to music, and we sing songs to the corn to make it grow and to the sky to make it rain. Then we reap our harvest to the sound of music and song."

Yet few U.S. musicians have made the trip back to the home of rhythm. Weston has been there seven times; the last time he decided to stay. He feels at home there—literally—and that's the key to his

"We got off the plane and all of a sudden we heard the sound of drums . . ."

newfound happiness. He still wears mo-hair trousers and trims his hair, but more often than not he'll don a Ghanaian shirt—a gift from admirers there—and bright yellow Moroccan slippers to go about his day-to-day business. When he walks through the streets, greeting friends in his limited but functional Arabic, his walk is sometimes juttingly American, at others totally African as he lopes along and rolls back on his heels.

"It's gotten so that I can look African whenever I want," the pianist said with a smile. "Some people think I'm from Senegal. They never think I'm American until I open my mouth."

Weston is an amiable, open-minded, and personable giant of a man. He has a capacity that is as big as he is for understanding Africa and its peoples and being understood in return. In this he is again an exception, for in the past many black Americans who have visited Africa looking for a kind of Canaan, left, finding nothing. Notable among the disillusioned was novelist Richard Wright who reported that he found no love there. Weston has a different story to tell:

"I think that if one lives in Africa, one has to have a basic love for nature and for life, just for the more natural things," he said. "It doesn't mean one has to be poor, but even if you've got the biggest house in Africa, there's something basic about your existence. There are a lot of people who can't see this, can't adjust, but I think that here you'll find whatever you come looking for. And I've found more love here than any place I've been."

Weston was born in Brooklyn 42 years ago, and not surprisingly for a man with his background, he always regarded violence as commonplace. It was not until he went to Africa that he realized there were places without it—at least on a personal level.

"And it was such a feeling of relief," he said. "People are so gentle and kind here, you know. They'll go out of their way to help you. Many times I've been out on the road, and someone will stop his car to help or stop what he's doing, put down his work, and go with you. And if you're interested in their music, they'll go all out to show you what's happening."

The pianist first encountered this spirit of musical brotherhood when he went to Nigeria in 1961. Six years later he took a sextet featuring flugelhornist Ray Copeland and tenorist Clifford Jordan on a U.S. State Department visit to 14 countries, and the feeling was even more pronounced.

"Driving through a village, we'd hear sounds coming from somewhere so we'd stop the car," he recalled. "We'd go and look for the music, and when the people realized what we wanted, they'd talk with us, bring us food, and we'd end up by spending hours there, just digging."

Aside from the lack of interest in his music at home, it was the lack of such brotherly love in America today that prompted Weston to try his luck in this ancestors' homeland. As a composer who relies on beauty for inspiration, he became

perturbed when he noticed this quality was on the wane in his work. Then he realized that there was nothing in his surroundings conducive to beauty.

"Everything around me was ugly—the people, the situation, the political setup," he said, and even though he has little time for the aggressiveness of the avant-garde, he admits that the sounds acutely mirror the contemporary ferment at home. "The dirt is coming up from under the rug, and it's being heard in the music of today."

So, in 1967, at the end of the State Department trip, Weston made his decision. Morocco was not perhaps the most logical choice of country, but his largest audience response came from there. After the sextet had played Rabat, Casablanca, and Marrakesh, the U.S. Embassy and the local radio stations were flooded with fan mail asking for the return of the piano giant.

"So," he smiled, "we didn't choose Morocco. Morocco chose us."

The pianist's long-standing interest in Africa was stimulated initially by his father—sometime barber, sometime restaurateur, and natural philosopher—who went to New York City in 1916 from Panama.

"We have a lot of West Indian blood in our family and the West Indians in America have always had this tremendous sense of pride," Weston explained. "My father was no exception, and he always used to talk to me about Africa. He'd talk about the old civilizations of Africa and so on, and I guess he did this to me because, growing up in America, you can have such a tremendous sense of guilt about having a black skin or African blood. You can feel you're just an inferior person, and I think my father desired to counteract this."

As a result of his father's judicious advice, Weston was encouraged to read deeply and to take an interest in the world outside the United States. Both at school and afterwards, politics and street-corner sociology dominated his conversation. Gradually he began to realize just how much white America had taken from African culture in terms not only of human lives and labor but also in music, dress, and the entire culture of "hip."

"It's really come to the point, through the whole rock-and-roll thing, that they use our language throughout the white world," he said.

In the '50s, the pianist met a drummer from Guinea who gave him a firsthand account of the structure of African society. "Asedela was a tremendous drummer and he told me about tribal life, about music and the drums and how beautiful the people were," Weston said. "He also told me I should go there. In spite of the way we'd been taught that Africa was primitive and savage and full of cannibals and so on, this guy brought me much closer to the truth. He explained how a drummer not only has to play but has to be a poet, too—how, to be able to tell stories with the drums, he has to have fantastic depth."

In 1961, Weston visited Nigeria on a cultural exchange program in company with Lionel Hampton, Nina Simone,

Ahmed Abdul-Malik, and the late writer, Langston Hughes. The moment he set foot on African soil, Weston realized, he said, that it was not so much a visit as homecoming. The plane landed around midnight, and as soon as the doors were opened the airport was flooded with lights.

"We got off the plane and all of a sudden we heard the sound of drums," Weston recalled. "I knew then that this was my homeland."

To him, this homecoming took on mystical proportions as it gave him a feeling never before experienced. Weston remembers that a little boy ran up to him, grabbed his arm, and looked him in the eye: "'Well,' he said, 'so you finally decided to come back home!'" He said, "You've been gone 300 years, and you finally made it—where have you been so long?" The moment he said that, I realized that in spite of a three or four hundred years' gap, spiritually and rhythmically we hadn't changed at all. You can't make a culture lie down."

The next day Weston walked all over Lagos, and everywhere he went, in market places and government buildings alike, he was reminded of New York's 125th St. "I saw all these faces that I knew, people I recognized, and I kept on wanting to go over and say 'hello' to them," he recalled.

Later he met a Nigerian pianist named Wole Bucknor, who bore a striking resemblance to another pianist, Mal Waldron. The two men became very close because of Bucknor's interest in jazz and Weston's preoccupation with the sounds of Africa. They made plans to tour the country and tape folklore, but before doing so, Bucknor insisted that Weston visit his grandfather.

"He took me way out into the bush one night," Weston said. "It was so dark that all we had were lanterns and I could hardly see anything. Suddenly we were there at his grandfather's house, and I saw this fantastic old man. He was talking to me in the Yoruba language, and although I didn't understand what he was saying, just seeing him and Wole's grandmother, the way they moved their hands, the way they talked and expressed themselves, was an experience. Everything was so typical of the older people I remembered back in America. I really saw the connection and realized how remarkable it was that we'd changed so little in three or four hundred years."

Then and there the purpose of his journey was proved. The troupe had gone to Nigeria to see what links if any were remaining; Weston found the chain unbroken.

In retrospect, he admits that the emphasis on the tour was on Western music rather than jazz, although after the concerts the jazzmen made their way to the clubs to hang out. But two years later, he had his first chance to work with African percussionists in Lagos—"And those drummers had me playing things I'd never thought of! It was really wild."

The dominant factor in the pianist's ability to integrate on both musical and

/Continued on page 32

MONEY JOHNSON: Duke's New Trumpet

By Stanley Dance



HAROLD (MONEY) JOHNSON is one of those musicians who are better known within the profession than outside it. Prior to joining Duke Ellington, he was, like Snooky Young, Ernie Royal and Jimmy Nottingham, one of that corps of seldom-publicized brass players who form the backbone of the New York studio scene and who are not a little responsible for that city's reputation as a recording center. Arrangers who are enticed to Los Angeles by the prospect of greater financial rewards often sigh, in unguarded moments, for New York's brass, its dependability, flexibility, personality.

Johnson has played in a lot of big towns and a lot of big bands, and it seems odd that he isn't more widely known. He has toured Russia and Europe with Earl Hines and South America with Panama Francis. He has been in show bands at places like Basin Street East, the Copacabana, and the Apollo Theater. Last year, he was at the Newport Jazz Festival and at Las Vegas with Duke Ellington and this year, in June, he took over Cat Anderson's chair with the band.

He was born in Tyler, Texas, on Feb. 23, 1918, and as far back as he can remember, always wanted to play trumpet. When he was 15, a friend gave him an old, battered, taped-up cornet. No music was taught in his high school, so he took the horn to a teacher named Leonard Parker, who played in the town band. Parker gave him exercises to do and a

book to study. He progressed so rapidly that within a few months, he began to play in Eddie and Sugar Lou's professional group. Eddie Fennell sang and played guitar, and Sugar Lou Morgan played piano.

They rehearsed and played afterhours parties at the house of Johnson's aunt, around the corner from his mother's. He'd go there on weekends or after school and remembers how "they'd dance at the parties and have food, and the tunes would be like *You Rascal, You; Shine; Peanut Vendor; and Chinatown*. My family used to buy Louis Armstrong's records of those numbers, and a next-door neighbor used to let me borrow other records to study. . . .

"Eddie and Sugar Lou's band played by ear, and it was one of the most popular bands around. Besides a trombone player named Ashby, Jerry Bates was on alto, and we had a tenor player whose name I forget. Skagmo, who has since died, was the drummer. I made some records with them and also did some broadcasts. Before I joined, they had a weekly radio program over a station in Houston. There wasn't any augmenting in those days, and the regular band played all the dates. They were mostly dance dates, and we'd go all around, even as far as Amarillo. I was still at school, and I'd have to be back there in the morning, but most of these jobs were at weekends.

"It didn't take me long to catch on, because I was so interested. I felt compelled to do what I was doing, for it was what I had wanted to do all my life. Louis Armstrong was my first inspiration, and I'll never forget when he came to my home town. He played a dance at the state fair. I didn't have admission, but I stood outside and listened. It was Luis Russell's band, and there were guys in it like J. C. Higginbotham and Charlie Holmes. Louis would be hitting all those C's, two or three hundred, and at that time for a trumpet player to hit a C was like a guy hitting a G or a B flat above the staff. It was something else, and I've never forgotten it."

Johnson had a cousin, Red Calhoun, who played alto saxophone, lived in Dallas, and led a band there. "He was a grown man, and I was a kid," he remembers, "but he used to visit Tyler, and he knew I was learning trumpet. Leonard Parker was a great help to me, and I must have picked up pretty fast—I was still 15 when my cousin sent a telegram for me to join his band."

His mother wanted him to stay home, and he had to talk to her, explaining that "this way I could do more for her." He convinced her but because he still was of school age, he had to transfer to high school in Dallas, 108 miles away.

"Dallas was quite a jump for me," he said. "What went on in Tyler was mostly roses, cattle, cotton, and oil. Red Calhoun's band was very popular around Dallas. He used to play all of Duke Ellington's hits, and take them off the records himself. He had three trumpets, three saxes, and four rhythm. Sometimes he had a trombone, but he had three trumpets all the time. We worked quite a lot, and we used to play in an upstairs ballroom called the Dallas Rhythm Club. There weren't really any names in the band. Hot

Lips Cole was one of the trumpets, and we had a fine drummer too. We used to call him Pretty Daddy."

Johnson was with Calhoun's band at least two years and says that it was with him that he thinks he first used a plunger mute, something occasioned by Calhoun's copying Ellington's jungle-sound arrangements. He left to play with John White, a trumpeter, who had a band about the size of Calhoun's. White could play all of Armstrong's solos "and play them well, not louse them up," Johnson said. White had a strong lip, he said, and "he'd play them three or four times a night. It was amazing. His mother was a schoolteacher and he never wanted to go no place. He just wanted to be a musician. He was a real good influence on me."

Johnson's next band was also led by a trumpet player—Henry Thompson, nicknamed Skunny. Also born in Tyler, he had traveled the country before deciding to return to Texas and form a band of three trumpets, trombone, three saxophones, and rhythm.

"We went to the Tip Top Club in Oklahoma City. This would be in '36. I had met Charlie Christian and Henry Bridges, the tenor sax player, in Dallas the year before. They were in a show or something, and we used to get together in the afternoons. Oklahoma City was their home, and now we got together again. There was a lot of jamming after the job was over in an afterhours place across the street from the hotel we stayed at. Charlie was playing amplified guitar even in '36. It wasn't an amplified guitar like they have today, but you could hear him all over. He was working with his brother, who was a good piano player. He's still around, but for some reason he never did reach the big time. Charlie used to work for a trumpet player called Simpson, who had a band out there.

"Bridges was free-lancing, and he and Charlie were pals. They'd be together on gigs and in different bands. They used to call on me, and we'd work together and have a ball."

When Johnson joined Nat Towles in Oklahoma City in 1937, it was a landmark in his career, "a big step up," he said.

"We had been doing a lot of head arrangements with Skunny and Calhoun, but we didn't do any heads in Towles's band. He had hard music and several arrangers. Buster Smith was one of them. Weldon Sneed, a very dear friend, a trumpet player and fine musician, was another. Then there was C. Q. Price, the alto player from Buffalo, who later was with Count Basie. And two weeks after I joined, Sir Charles Thompson came in. He learned how to write between C. Q. and Weldon Sneed. They told him what he shouldn't do and what he should do. Before he left the band, he was writing things you wouldn't believe such a kid could do. He and I were the youngest in the band."

Among the other musicians were Siki Collins (alto), Casey Smith (banjo), Leonard Talley (baritone), N. R. Bates (first trumpet), Lee Pope and Bob Dorsey (tenor saxophones), Nathaniel Mack or "Little Mack" (drums), and trombonists Archie Brown and Henry Coker. "Coker was out of sight when they discovered

him," Johnson observed. "He came from Dallas, a part of the suburbs called St. Louis, and he was playing so much trombone they couldn't believe it. Before him, there had been a guy we called Trombone Buddy, who used to play with Lawson Brook's big band in Dallas, and he was the baddest of the trombone players. He worked with Earl Hines at the Grand Terrace, but he gave up the music business and is now, I think, a mail clerk back in Dallas. They thought no one could follow him, but after they heard Lorenzo—as he then was—Coker, they forgot about Trombone Buddy.

"After Coker left, Towles got another great trombone player—Fred Beckett. Beckett was wonderful, too, and he had a beautiful conception, but he loved to drink. He would stay up 'til all times at night, come around to see his friends, and have himself a ball. I think it was one of those cases where a man has something on his mind—maybe a woman—and thinks he can drink and drown out his troubles. But it can't be done. I don't know what it was with Beckett, but something went wrong, and drink and lack of sleep finally killed him. After he left our band he was with Harlan Leonard and Lionel Hampton.

"While I was in Omaha, I worked with Alphonso Trent once. This was after his big-band days were over, and it was one of those gigs like when you go up in the mountains and play with two or three pieces. He's come down in the world quite a bit, but it was great for me, because I'd heard of him when I was a kid in knecpants. As a pianist, he wasn't any Fatha Hines, but maybe like Fletcher Henderson in his day."

"My seven years with Towles were the most important part of my career. Calhoun gave me a foundation, but I learned more in the Towles band. They were all experienced guys, and they took a liking to me, and tried to help me, and I appreciated this. Lee Pope was my roommate, and he gave me my nickname, because he used to borrow money from me. I was 17 when I joined, 24 when I left.

"Horace Henderson was scouting for a big band, and he probably heard Towles had a good bunch of musicians. He came out with just Emmett Berry and Israel Crosby. He cleaned out Towles's band, took everybody he needed—except the rhythm section—and hired Debo Mills on drums. Nat Towles didn't have any contracts with us then. If you were working for a leader in those days, you could just give him two weeks' notice, and he would accept it. You can't do that nowadays. Naturally, Towles didn't appreciate what Horace did.

"The way it happened was that the guys had been in Omaha so long, and when Horace said he was going to take the band to New York—well, everybody wanted to go to the big city. Horace had his own book, so we rehearsed right there in Omaha, did one-nighters, and came on into New York. That was the first time I came East, and it meant a whole lot to me.

"When we recorded for John Hammond (on Okeh), I soloed on *Smooth Sailing*—written by Sir Charles—and sang on *I'll*

Always Be In Love With You. Emmett Berry played the trumpet on *Ain't Misbehavin'*. C. Q. Price used to write for Horace, too, and eventually we got Elmer (Stomp) Whitlock as a kind of staff arranger. He was a beautiful little cat, a trumpet player who had worked with Louis Armstrong. He's still out there somewhere."

Johnson noted that when he went back to Omaha four or five years later with Bull Moose Jackson, things weren't the same. "Everybody had left, and there was nothing there, nothing," he said.

"We played one-nighters with Horace, working around New York. We played at the Savoy from time to time for two or three years. Once, when Basie was playing downtown, Buddy Tate and all the guys came by and caught us at the Savoy. Buddy had been with Towles for years, but he left to go with Basie before I joined. He's a beautiful human being."

When the Henderson band broke up, tenorist Bob Dorsey contracted a job in Rochester for a group including Johnson, Debo Mills, and C. Q. Price. Later, Sir Charles Thompson came in on piano and they stayed in Rochester for two years. Then Johnson rejoined Towles, who had a job at the Rhumboogie in Chicago.

"That was where Basie heard and liked my playing and got me to join him in New York," Johnson said. "I took the place of Buck Clayton, who was leaving for the Army, but I was more or less playing in Harry Edison's style, and Basie found he didn't need two of the same. He and Cootie Williams were good friends, and when Cootie needed a trumpet player, Basie sent me over to join him. At the time, Cootie was doing theater one-nighters in a package with the Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald, and Nat Cole.

I was with Cootie about a year, and being with him gave me an itch to play plunger again. He seemed to like what I did with it, like little things behind Ella. Cootie had a sextet within the big band, and he would do his own plunger thing with the sextet. He had two tenor players, Lockjaw Davis and Sam Taylor, and they would alternate. The rhythm section was Bud Powell, Norman Keenan (now with Basie), and Sylvester Payne.

"Around '47, I joined Lucky Millinder, then went back to Cootie, and back again to Lucky. Both bands were big then, but Lucky gave me more to play, featured me more, and paid a better salary. Lucky always had a name for paying guys. We worked the Savoy and did a lot of one-nighters with Sister Rosetta Tharpe, who was hot then."

After a lengthy stay with Millinder, Johnson continued to work at the Savoy, this time in Lucky Thompson's band. Other engagements followed with Sy Oliver and Herbie Fields, and he remembers recording *Chinese Lullaby*, among other titles, with Fields for Victor. He then joined a group fronted by Bull Moose Jackson that was organized by Lucky Millinder, for whom Jackson had made several hits as a vocalist.

The instrumentation was trumpet, alto, two tenors, piano, bass, and drums. Frank Wess and Jackson played the tenors. Recordings emphasized Jackson's vocals, but

at dances the band played many instrumentals.

In 1954, Johnson went to South America in a band led by drummer Panama Francis and including Elmer Crumpley, trombone; Arthur (Babe) Clark, tenor; Charlie Bateman, piano; and LaVern Barker, bass.

"About that time," Johnson recalled, "I decided to quit traveling and stay around the city. The road is rough, man, but it gets into your system to the point where being on the road is your normal life. Like the life the guys with Duke live. There's always that thing about getting out from under. You're always coming and going, and there's no sense messing with the bringdowns about the upkeep at home, etc. Plus there's the fact when you're out on the road you land up somewhere where you've got pals, and you meet up with them, and drink, and it's beautiful, and you're gone again next morning."

For several years, Johnson was a regular member of the Reuben Phillips Band at New York's Apollo Theater, but demands from recording studios for his services increasingly conflicted with appearances there, so he quit the band. He worked a number of gigs with Buddy Johnson's small band and was always called when Mercer Ellington was putting bands together. When Mercer became road manager for his father's band, he didn't forget Johnson.

"I've sometimes been approached about going on the road with Duke," Johnson said shortly before making his decision, "but I don't really know whether I'd want to or not. The band is tops, and I've always loved it, because so many of those guys play so good. But the road is something else. Those guys are used to it, and I was once the same way. It isn't family reasons really. We don't have children. We had a boy, but he had rheumatic fever and passed some years ago."

Johnson made the State Department tour of Russia with Earl Hines in 1966 and was a big success—and surprise—playing his plunger-muted version of *Can't Sit Down*. He joined Hines again in the fall of 1968 for an extensive European tour, impressing audiences as a soloist on the same number and in a sensitive interpretation of *It's the Talk of the Town*.

Like several of his colleagues, he took up the fluegelhorn a few years ago. "I like the sound," he said. "There are certain things for this horn, and others for the trumpet. The bore in the fluegelhorn mouthpiece is different from the trumpet's. They feel the same, but the difference is inside. It has to be a little bigger on the fluegelhorn, because the horn is a little deeper. To get the fluegel sound, you have to use a fluegel mouthpiece. Some guys are not doing this, and that's why they don't sound like fluegelhorn players. You don't blow as hard on the fluegelhorn as on the trumpet. It's a real mellow horn when it is played right."

On trumpet or fluegelhorn, Money Johnson always sounds a part of the richest jazz tradition, demonstrably a musician with a story to tell and the ability to tell it. Perhaps his association with Ellington will bring him the recognition he deserves.



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Karl, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Irvin Moskowitz, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

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.

Gary Burton

COUNTRY ROADS & OTHER PLACES—RCA LSP-4098: *Country Roads*; *The Green Mountains*; *True or False*; *Gone, But Forgotten*; *Ravel Prelude*; *And on the Third Day*; *A Singing Song*; *Wichita Breakdown*; *My Foolish Heart*; *A Family Joy*.

Personnel: Burton, vibes, piano; Jerry Hahn, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass, electric bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Some movements can be thought of as tributaries of the jazz mainstream. They are characterized by uniqueness and experimentation, but for one reason or another are not very influential. Sometimes their originators eventually move back into, or closer to, the mainstream.

Red Norvo, for example, made some fine, really original chamber jazz records in 1933, but by 1936 he had formed a big band and his experiments did not resume until some 20 years later.

Burton has stuck with his personal approach for several years now, but while he has become a very popular jazzman, not many other musicians have been influenced by his group's conception.

The music of Burton's group is characterized by several qualities. It is sometimes influenced by c&w music, as *Country Roads* and *Wichita Breakdown* indicate. It is chamber jazz often marked by restraint and lyricism. Burton also has his buoyant side. His composition, *A Singing Song*, written in 6/8 time, is infectious as well as pretty.

Burton's approach has also been marked by classical music. On Ravel's *Prelude* he is heard, thanks to the miracle of modern electronics, playing vibes and piano simultaneously. He handles this selection very well, moving from a "legitimate" statement of the theme into an improvised section smoothly and with impeccable taste.

Swallow makes a contribution as a composer here. Of his pieces I enjoyed the delicate, pretty *The Green Mountains* the most. Mike Gibbs also contributed to the date, and his pensive *And on the Third Day* is most impressive. It has a very unusual melodic contour. (Gibbs, incidentally, is a talented composer whose work deserves more attention than it has gotten.)

When Burton made his appearance on the scene he was known as an *enfant terrible* with great technique.

He's still a fine technician, but you don't notice that so much any more because his playing is distinguished by more important things. Over the years he has become an increasingly more original improviser. He still employs complex phrases but he can also play economically, as his work on *Third Day* indicates. He consistently uses interesting intervals and his

playing is faultlessly tasteful.

On *My Foolish Heart*, the vibist performs unaccompanied and does a fine job, staying fairly close to the melody like Art Tatum, whose work Burton's has something in common with on this selection, often did on ballads. Burton employs ornamental runs and a heavy vibrato on this track and while his playing is warm and romantic, it's not schmaltzy.

Hahn's playing is strongly influenced by c&w music. Like the other members of this group he's a sensitive, intelligent musician. I particularly enjoyed his work on *Wichita Breakdown*, a delightful duet performance with Burton. He's a fine accompanist as well as being a good soloist.

The work of Swallow and Haynes is very musical. Functioning as an accompanist, Haynes conceives one gem of an idea after another. He also contributes well-constructed solos on *True or False* and *A Singing Song*.

The rapport between the members of Burton's group is something; they play as if they are tuned in on each other's minds. Whether Burton proves to be influential or not, music like this will secure an honorable place for him in jazz history.

—Pekar

Burton Greene

PRESENTING BURTON GREENE—Columbia 9784: *Ballad in B Minor*; *Slurp!*; *Nirvana Vibrations*; *Lebanese Turn-A-Round*; *Eastern Folk Song*; *Voice of the Silences*.

Personnel: Byard Lancaster, trumpet (track 3), alto saxophone; Greene, piano, piano harp; Steve Tintweiss, bass; Shelly Rusten, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a three or three-and-a-half star record with a five-star track—*Silences*, 11:33 of the finest, most sensitive free playing in recent memory.

It also contains the best Lancaster on record, although the altoist (his brief trumpet excursion on *Nirvana* makes it clear that he's an altoist) mars some of his work with the sort of aimless sameness predominant on his own Vortex I.P.

Greene has chops and imagination, but it sounds as if he's still looking for a distinctive voice. At several junctures, a voice almost emerges, then subsides into Tayloresque random clusters.

All the tunes are Greene's, and some are very nice. *Ballad* is pretty, and Lancaster's restatement of the line at the end of the cut is agonized and arresting. *Lebanese* is an attractive waltz with a good, if brief, Greene solo. And *Folk Song*, on which Lancaster sits out, is a rich composition, structured ABCAB. The A section is built over a repeated staccato chord, and it trucks right along.

Slurp! is kind of playful. A Moog syn-

thesizer is overdubbed intermittently—often to no real purpose except play—and Greene, doodles with considerable charm, throwing in snatches of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, among other Oldies But Goodies. Tintweiss has an interesting, disjointed solo, and on the melody reprise, Lancaster warps the line brilliantly—the inspiration is Ornette, but it's a highly original statement and ends with an unexpectedly warm, lyrical coda. He has another fine, sobbing solo on *Nirvana*.

One of the best things about the album is the interplay. These men have learned—and it appears a rare if obvious bit of understanding—that free playing requires closer attention by each musician to the others than does any other music. The four have been together, off and on, for a couple of years, and they anticipate each other with keen prescience. Tintweiss is unusual among the post-La Faro bassists in that he doesn't try to kill you with the number of notes he can play. (*Slurp!*, *Nirvana* and *Silences*, e.g.)

Rusten is less impressive. The empathy is there, but he really doesn't contribute much, and is by far the weakest member of the quartet—a thin sound, and limited technical resources.

Now, about *Silences*. It almost sounds as if it were composed note for note, so logical are the sections and solos. And the use of spaces, as the title indicates, is integral and at some points utterly inspired. There are recurrent motifs, the main and opening one being a series of five chords, widely spaced and sharply cut off, which is effective. Another consists of Rusten playing 16ths on the snare, Greene playing eighth-note chords, and Lancaster moving sinuously over them; it builds tension remarkably, and the pauses that follow are greatly relieving.

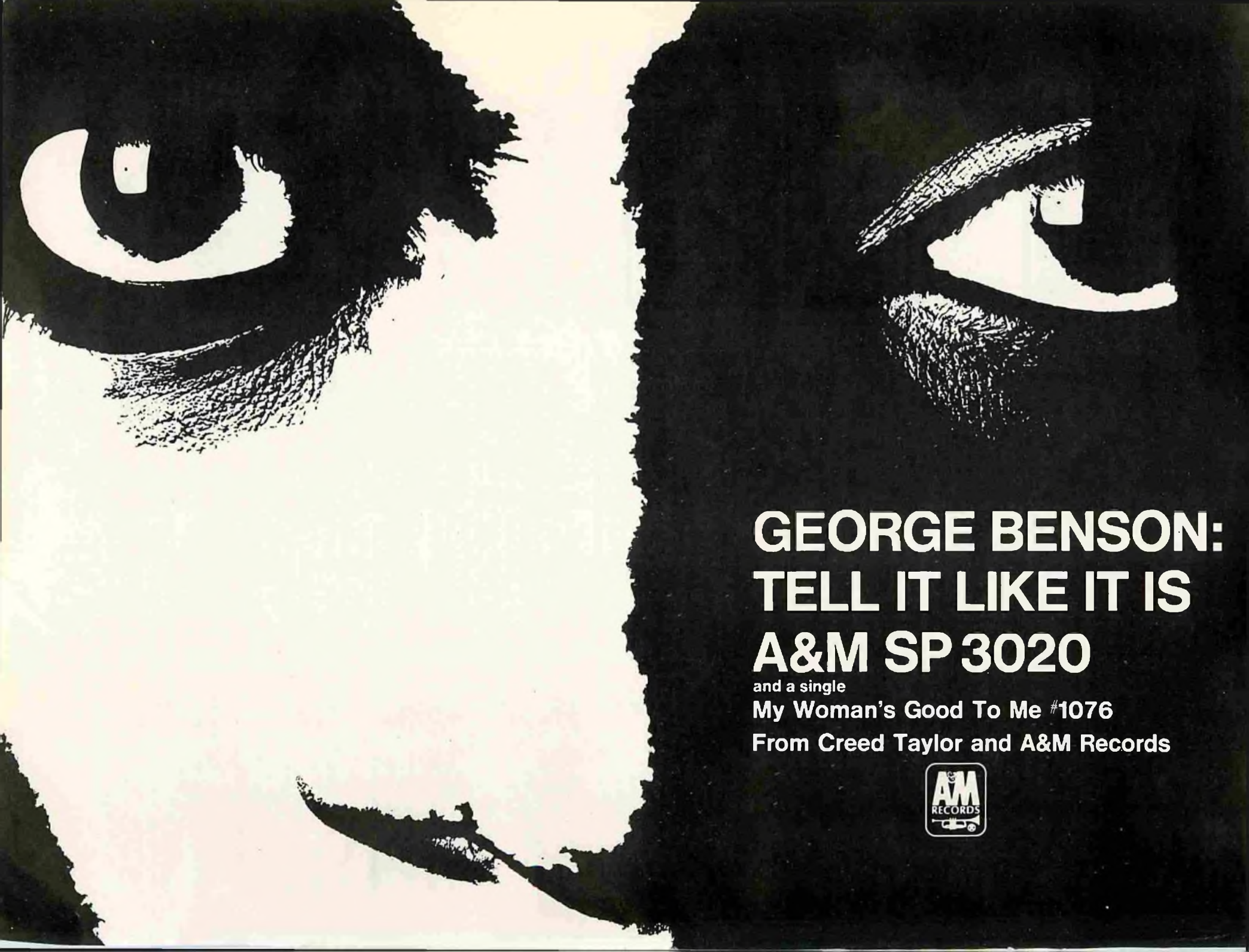
Lancaster is controlled, intelligent and provocative in his solos, and Greene is sporadically very moving, particularly in a segment where the piano is muted or somehow muffled. The ending of the cut is great: the secondary motif is played and accelerated with Lancaster's disciplined frenzy on top. Stop. Two of the five chords of the opening motif; we expect the third, but suddenly the music breaks free for a few tantalizing seconds. End.

Neither Greene nor Lancaster is a major force in music yet; Tintweiss and Rusten will probably never be. But there's a lot of communicating going down, and that's part of what jazz is about. This record, despite its many relatively barren places, is recommended listening.

—Heineman

Rating: ★

Judging from Greene's own liner notes



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for this album of his compositions, it is apparent that he takes himself and his work quite seriously, a fact which makes this LP even more absurd than if not a word had been said. In that event, it could be dismissed as just bad. As it is, however, accompanied by Greene's preachy comments, it becomes worse than bad: it becomes pretentious.

Slurp and *Vibrations* are downright unlistenable. They are as tasteless a pair of performances as anything Columbia has ever passed on to the marketplace. With no apparent attempt to integrate tone and rhythm, and without any feeling for dynamics, tone color, or the common disciplines of modern music, they make absolutely no musical sense.

Ballad and *Lebanese* feature the hard, stoney-sounding alto of Lancaster in a less chaotic and more placid tapestry. His long notes begin on target but veer slightly into sharp and flat territory (quarter tones) at the end, descending into dissonant whines and caterwauling.

Eastern is a series of piano musings by Greene which seem to lack direction but are listenable and at times attractive. *Silences* is a ludicrous attempt to portray the polarities of nature, an attempt made even more silly by the composer's self-conscious attempt to analyze the work in terms of his rather esoteric and, to say the least, eclectic religious experiences.

—McDonough

Andrew Hill

GRASS ROOTS—Blue Note BST 84303: *Grass Roots*; *Venture Inward*; *Mira*; *Soul Special*; *Bayou Red*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Hill, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Hill is quoted in the liner notes as saying, "Before this I had been trying to gratify myself as a musician. . . But that kind of self absorption tends to leave out a large number of people. I finally felt that the time had come for me . . . to make an album like this. . . I want to reach out from myself to make people happy. . ." These statements may cause some to wonder if Hill has gone commercial. They need not worry. This album presents less of a challenge to the listener than others Hill has cut, but he is not trying to become another Ramsey Lewis.

Hill wrote all of the originals ("I tried to write each one as lyrically as possible but each in a different mood", he says) and each has something to recommend it. The attractive *Grass Roots* is a deceptively simple, one-note-at-a-time piece. *Venture Inward* and *Bayou Red* are rhythmically fresh and interesting compositions. *Mira* is a graceful, Latin-influenced selection. *Soul Special*, a soul-funk type of tune, is disappointing but it's still better than most other compositions in this genre.

The soloing is very good. Ervin plays imaginatively and constructs his solos well. His work is noted for its forcefulness and on *Venture Inward* he demonstrates that quality once again. However, he can play lyrically as well, as his song-like work on *Mira* indicates.

Morgan's work is (for him) very restrained. He often plays reflectively, making an interesting choice of notes. We've

heard too little of this pensive side of his personality.

Hill's playing is thoughtful and masterful. He employs some clichés during his *Soul Special* spot, but elsewhere his solos are virtually devoid of the commonplace. As usual his improvisations have an angular quality and he employs dissonance tastefully and intelligently.

Carter turns in another praiseworthy performance and Waits plays quite sensitively.

Hill is a really admirable musician: an outstanding composer and soloist who probably has not had the influence on other jazzmen he should; a man whose work is so original that he is practically a movement in jazz by himself. I urge jazz fans who have not already done so to investigate his music.

—Pekar

Thad Jones—Mel Lewis

MONDAY NIGHT—Solid State SS 18048: *Mornin' Reverend*; *Kids Are Pretty People*; *St. Louis Blues*; *The Waltz You Swang For Me*; *Say It Softly*; *The Second Race*.

Personnel: Jones, flugelhorn; Snooky Young, Richard Williams, Jimmy Nottingham, Danny Moore, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Jimmy Cleveland, Jimmy Knepper, Clifford Heather, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Seldon Powell, Pepper Adams, reeds; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Perhaps some readers will think I'm rendering a judgment too soon, but it seems obvious to me that the Jones-Lewis band is one of the best bands in jazz history.

Maybe that's not saying too much because, despite all the nostalgia abroad in some quarters about the "wonderful" big band era, only a relatively small number of big bands have existed that were really great. This is caused partly by the fact that outstanding jazz composers and arrangers, who are extremely important to the success of a big band unless it has had a fantastic wealth of soloists as the Count Basie band of the late '30s and early '40s did, have not been as plentiful as outstanding jazz improvisers.

But the Jones-Lewis band has been blessed not only with fine soloists but with gifted arrangers. As a matter of fact, on this LP the Jones-Lewis outfit is more an arranger's than a soloist's band. The solos often seem called up by the arrangement, and are important not only for themselves but as a part of the total performance.

On one selection here, however, *Mornin' Reverend*, which features Daniels, the soloist is definitely the main attraction. This and every other piece on the LP except *St. Louis Blues* was composed and arranged by Jones.

The *Mornin' Reverend* theme has a gospel quality, though it's not as churchy a tune as its title suggests. I find Jones' arrangement of it particularly interesting because it's influenced by Duke Ellington, as the wa-wa muted playing, among other things, indicates. Not that Thad attempts to copy Duke; there are plenty of his own touches here. Still, he manages to convey a feeling of wild euphoria which is characteristic of some of Duke's work.

Daniel's Coltrane-influenced tenor playing is very inspired; he swings like a man possessed and his work has fine continuity.

Kids Are Pretty People has a warm

and swinging arrangement, and there's humor here, too, in one brief, wildly cacophonous section. Knepper takes a fine solo, displaying his rich, pretty tone.

St. Louis Blues, which lasts over 12 minutes, has an ambitious arrangement by Bob Brookmeyer. His chart contains subtle, sometimes slyly humorous effects and also has some powerhouse sections. All sorts of unusual things can be heard here, like tempo acceleration and deceleration during Brown's spot and a deliberately old-timey solo by Hanna.

Waltz is an infectious, driving performance on which Davis plays magnificently as an accompanist. His playing is sometimes complex, sometimes deceptively simple, but it's always effective. Richardson's soprano playing is very energetic here.

Say It Softly is full of rich colors and textures, and the writing for brass is very impressive. Jones turns in some beautifully controlled playing and Dodgion takes what may well be his best recorded alto solo here, playing with grace, power and imagination and producing a lovely bittersweet tone.

The Second Race, a blues, contains good muted work by Williams, a solid, driving Powell tenor solo and some fine ensemble shouting.

Think about what you get on this LP. There are excellent arrangements and fine solos and, as suggested above, the solos are well integrated into the arrangements. The rhythm section work is powerful and full of variety and the horns play in ensemble with precision and inspiration. You can't reasonably ask for much more.

—Pekar

Spider John Koerner/ Willie Murphy

RUNNING JUMPING STANDING STILL.—Elektra 74041: *Red Palace*; *I Ain't Blue*; *Bill and Annie*; *Old Brown Dog*; *Running, Jumping, Standing Still*; *Sidestep*; *Magazine Lady*; *Friends and Lovers*; *Sometimes I Can't Help Myself*; *Good Night*.

Personnel: Tod Anderson, trumpet; Ken Jenkins, trombone, tenor saxophone, cello, bass; Murphy, piano, tack piano, organ, electric bass, vocals; Koerner, guitar, vocals; John Wilce, banjo, mandolin; Sandy Konikoff, drums.

No Rating

Judged objectively, this performance is pretty good—maybe three stars' worth. The backup musicians are sloppy, Murphy's voice is thin and usually unappealing, and even Koerner's guitar work, surprisingly, is somewhat ragged.

But if ratings reflect whether a record accomplishes what it sets out to, then this is about a 20-star session. If you can listen to the music here without feeling uncontrollably happy, the cosmic blues have really got a hold on you.

In some ways, this is not the Koerner of the *Blues*, *Rags* and *Hollers* phase. Murphy has clearly influenced him; there are hints of a rock orientation (*Sidestep*) and some snatches of lyrical impressionistic moods. The most obvious departure from the traditional things Koerner had been performing is the use of odd time signatures: *Palace* has a section with three bars of 5/4; *Running* has a chorus with 8 bars of 4, 7 of 3, 1 of 5, 8 of 4, 3 of 3 and 1 of 5 (got that?), and its tag is in 3; the bridge of *Sometimes* has two measures of 11 followed by 5 in 3; and *Lady* is entirely in 5/4. (Koerner and Murphy

co-authored all the tunes.)

Despite the formal sophistication, though, the songs convey the raggy, good-time, inflated, ironic braggadocio or self-deprecation characteristic of Spider John. Who else would refer to himself as "one of the nation's major disgraces" (*Sometimes*), or advise, "When in danger, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout" (*Palace*)?

The prevalent tone is, as stated, one of infectious joy. The most effective tune, however, is *Blue*. It has superbly understated lyrics that belie the title—a lonely man whistling in the dark. Koerner's vocal is awfully good. *Friends* is the other downer: a wistful piano intro by Murphy and another fine vocal by Koerner; good lyrics and an unusual, moving melody.

Murphy's only really successfully vocal is on *Sidestep*. He and Koerner are anything but precise in the harmony parts—sounds as if the problem may be Murphy's indecision as to whether to sing close harmony or octaves—but they redeem themselves on the pensively lovely ritarded tag. Murphy's piano work is unexceptional, too, save for a fine solo on *Sometimes*; the concluding phrase begins with a near-quote from *Yankee Doodle*, with Murphy scatting in unison with his piano line. (At the end of this joyous track, everybody in the studio applauds. It must have been the incredibly modest Koerner who insisted on dubbing some funny sound effects over the applause.)

Lady, best described as a love song to a Playmate-of-the-Month, has yet more fine lyrics, at once wistful and self-ironic—with some afterthoughts: if we went for a swim, Koerner asks, "would you look the same when you left the water as when you went in?" Nice. No problem with the 5/4, either. It swings.

But talking about the parts doesn't really get at the tenor of the whole. An Elektra advertisement shows the album cover on a bottle of pills. "For relief of all kinds of misery," the copy reads, "take one of these." For once, the hype is right on the button.

—Heineman

Charles Lloyd

SOUNDTRACK.—Atlantic SD-1519: *Sombrero Sam*; *Voice in the Night*; *Pre-Dawn*; *Forest Flower '69*.

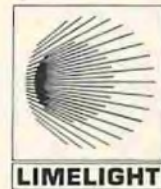
Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Keith Jarrett, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The jazz world is full of underrated musicians, but there are those who are overrated, too. Charles Lloyd is a case in point.

Lloyd's phenomenal success since venturing out on his own four years ago is largely due to the energetic promotional activities of George Avakian, who literally pushed the former Chico Hamilton-Cannonball sideman to his present heights. I can think of no other jazz artist who has been promoted to the extent that Lloyd has. (When I was working as a broadcaster in New York, I recall Avakian personally bringing me the latest album by his protege, and, whenever Lloyd toured Europe, a jazz disc jockey could be sure to receive from him a picture postcard.) Lloyd is a good musician, to be sure, but there are those around who are his equals,

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if not better, and they have to make it without the backing of a publicity machine.

Although the album cover does not directly say so, I am assuming that *Sound-track* is made up of music from the Eric Sherman film *Journey Within*, which was premiered at the Yale Film Festival in May of last year. In any case, the performances were recorded live and there's quite a bit of life in them.

The life comes not so much from Lloyd as from the rhythm section and, especially, pianist Keith Jarrett, the real star of this album.

Lloyd's playing, which still has too much Coltrane in it, is fragmentary and one has a feeling that the whole thing would fall apart if it weren't for Jarrett, McClure and DeJohnette. *Voice in the Night*, for instance, sounds like a disjointed tenor exercise until Jarrett enters for his solo spot, when it begins to flow and take on beauty. A bit of Albert Ayler creeps into the end of this track and again in the *Pre-Dawn*, actually a 2½-minute unaccompanied tenor introduction to *Forest Flower* '69.

The latter, a new version of one of Lloyd's most popular compositions, is a beautiful example of how Jarrett can play rings around Lloyd, both as far as musicianship and originality are concerned. It also features some excellent bass work by McClure and a good, though sometimes a bit too heavyhanded performance by DeJohnette.

Lloyd is more original on flute than on tenor, and he handles the instrument very well on *Sombrero Sam*. But again it is Jarrett who walks off with the honors.

Because examples of Jarrett's work on records are still limited (let us forget about the abortive gimmickry of *Restoration Ruin*, which hopefully has disappeared by now) this album takes on a greater importance than it otherwise would. Perhaps it is, after all, good that Lloyd is overrated, for it brings to a wider audience the noteworthy playing of Keith Jarrett, to whom go three of the above four stars.

—Albertson

Eddie Miller

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIEND—Coral CRL 75702: *You're Just in Love*; *A Hundred Years From Today*; *Out of Nowhere*; *Alfie*; *We Two Blues*; *New Orleans*; *With A Little Help From My Friends*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Dream*; "Mission Impossible" Theme; *What's New*.

Personnel: Miller, tenor saxophone; Pete Fountain, clarinet (tracks 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10); unidentified orchestra including harpsichord and strings.

No Rating

Assuming that all other possibilities were considered and rejected, this is evidently Coral's choice as the best way to introduce Miller to the under-30s, and to reintroduce him to the Supp-Hose crowd who may have let him slip a bit—Miller has not exactly basked in the limelight's glow lately—from their memories and affections. And this precludes another assumption—that both groups tolerate, if not endorse, the Mod Pop (my terminology, and cleaned up somewhat from the original) rhythm section.

In the same bag as Fountain's latest (DB, April 17), but with less emphasis on "now" tunes, this set exemplifies some

of the herniated thinking that goes on around a&r water coolers. Pete, alone, sounds okay in this rhythmic frame, because he adjusts to it. Eddie, no less to his credit, barely troubles to do so (I would have been embarrassed, I think, had he acknowledged it any more than he did). He gentles along in his warm, familiar fashion, while the accompaniment pops, whangs, and whoons away in an antiseptic businessman's rock. The comfy old ballads emerge in fool's clothing; *Dream* is the epitome of this nonsense ("... Dream" *WHACK thud-thud, WHACK thud-thud* ... "when you're feeling blue" ... *WHACK thud-thud, WHACK thud-thud* ...).

For whom or what is this album tailored? Not for Miller's followers since the Bob Crosby band days unless, unsuspecting, they buy it sound unheard. Pete Fountain fans? More likely. A more sensible setting, it seems to me, for what is essentially Miller's comeback album, would have been Pete's 10-piece band, wherein Eddie is featured in the front line. The ballads could have stayed, and we could have had some Dixieland which, after all, is what Eddie Miller people expect.

Five stars for the saxophonist. Four for the players and the arranger(s), who competently did what they were told to do. None for the album concept and the meager (28:44) playing time.

Now, Eddie, what would you like to do?

—Jones

James Moody

DON'T LOOK AWAY NOW!—Prestige 7625: *Don't Look Away Now*; *Darben the Red Fox*; *Easy Living*; *Hey Herb!*; *Where's Albert?*; *Hear Me*; *When I Fall in Love*; *Last Train from Overbrook*.

Personnel: Moody, alto and tenor saxophones; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; Alan Dawson, drums; Eddie Jefferson, vocal (track 4).

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

The tenormen who came up during the bop era—Moody, Dexter Gordon, Gene Ammons, Wardell Grey, Sonny Stitt, and lesser-known but equally skilled players like Chicagoan Von Freeman—faced a unique situation. Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young and the other giants of the '30s presented them with a rich heritage of saxophone lore, but I imagine that the figure of Charlie Parker made it difficult for them to simply become Hawkins or Young disciples. A certain distance had been established.

So, each of these men blended elements of Hawkins, Young, etc. with as much Bird as they could assimilate. And each of them arrived at a style that was completely personal—a kind of musical synthesis reminiscent of the way swing era musicians on all instruments had borrowed from Louis Armstrong.

In Moody's playing, then and now, you can hear Pres, Bird, and, perhaps, a little jump alto, but the result is distinctively Moody. His musical wit is particularly delightful. On *Hear Me*, for example, he gives a stock "soul" lick a ballet-like grace through variations in tone and rhythm. Similarly, on *Hear Me* and *Easy Living*, he incorporates some of the vocalized effects of the avant garde. It sounds, in both cases, as though he's saying, "Watch

me get into this and back to my other things without a hitch."

So, we have one of jazz' most gifted craftsmen, who is quite capable of sustaining an entire LP, but the result is two excellent tracks (*Darben* and *Hear Me*), three partial successes, and two throw-aways. (Of course the economics of independent jazz labels can be an obstacle for musicians and producers alike.)

Bob Cranshaw, a fine bassist, plays electric bass throughout at Moody's request, but, to me, the instrument's plunky, non-sustained sound inhibits swing. The engineer may be partially at fault here, since, at the other end of the sound spectrum, Dawson's cymbals are mildly distorted. And, once again, Harris has to cope with a less-than-good piano. (He even makes constructive use of its twangy tone during his marvelous, Monkish solo on *Love*.)

The ballads are somewhat disappointing, because Moody has too little space for improvisation, and he hardly blows at all on the title track and *Hey Herb*. When he does solo at length, on *Darben* and *Hear Me*, he demonstrates that he is playing as well, or better, than ever.

You'll want this album for its best tracks, and, if you don't know Moody, you'll discover a new way music can delight. And the faithful can pray for the day Don Schlitten can record these men in a top-notch studio with as much time as he needs to capture the best they have to offer.

—Kart

Horace Silver

YOU GOTTA TAKE A LITTLE LOVE—Blue Note BST 84309: *You Gotta Take a Little Love*; *The Risin' Sun*; *It's Time*; *Lovely's Daughter*; *Down and Out*; *The Belly Dancer*; *Brain Wave*.

Personnel: Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn; Bennie Maupin, tenor saxophone, flute; Silver, piano; John Williams, bass; Billy Cobham, Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★

This is jazz in a style that has stood still for the past five years and sounds uncomfortably old hat in mid-'69.

Back in the Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook days of the Silver Quintet, and adventure-some spirit prevailed and the group used to swing appropriately with the times, excluding moments of great musicianship and flashes of humor.

This album sounds tired. Young fingers are popping to a different tune these days and even the fingers that a decade ago were animated by *Sister Sadie* or *Filthy McNasty* will find it difficult to come alive to this set.

Silver has taken an assortment of blues-bop patterns, added some pseudo-middle-eastern sounds (*The Belly Dancer*) which come off sounding more like the Tijuana Brass, and written some rather unimaginative arrangements which the group seems to stumble through.

The two horns sound cold and indifferent, except on *Brain Wave*, a Silver tune (all but *Lovely's Daughter* are his) for which the quintet sheds the old sound and produces a modicum of excitement in a freer form. This is, however, the album's final track and, unless one skips the others, one risks having had his senses dulled by the time he gets to it.

I guess I have really given this effort a thorough going over, but I believe it deserves it, for Silver is an excellent pianist and composer and his current cohorts are not exactly amateurs. Therefore, I cannot find any excuse for coming up with an album which is as mute as this one is. The moral might be that you gotta take a little *more* than love. —Albertson

Johnny Smith

PHASE II—Verve V6-8767: *Can't Take My Eyes Off of You*; *Don't Sleep in the Subway*; *Shiny Stockings*; *Emily*; *This Guy's in Love With You*; *Light My Fire*; *Sunny*; *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*; *Exodus*; *Maybe September*; *Wave*.

Personnel: Smith, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass (on track 2); Joe Mack, Fender bass (on tracks 4, 7 & 8); Derryl Goetz, drums.

No Rating

I tried, I really tried to find something worthwhile in this record. I suffered through it twice and have decided that it is a good example of how good taste can be a crashing bore.

The tunes are mostly from the '60s, but they are given a '50s cocktail lounge treatment with about as much imagination as a Nixon speech—somehow you feel you've heard it all before.

Hank Jones plays some nice things here and there, but he is not able to save the date. Smith is a fine guitarist, but he fails to generate excitement, and his phase II seems to have been reached about 15 years too late. —Albertson

Sonny Stitt

LITTLE GREEN APPLES—Solid State SS 18047: *Little Green Apples*; *Beale Street Blues*; *I Say A Little Prayer*; *Oh Me, Oh My*; *I Go Congo*; *Girl Watcher*; *I've Never Ever Loved Before*; *Extra Special Delight*; *Friendless Blues*; *Aincha Got Music*.

Personnel: Joseph DeAngelis, Donald Coreado, French horns; Stitt, alto saxophone with Varitone attachment; Haywood Henry, baritone saxophone; Paul Griffin, piano; Eric Gale, guitar; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Joe Marshall, drums.

Rating: ★★

This album doesn't find Stitt in his usual context. Some listeners who are tired of Stitt-with-rhythm-section LPs may be happy to hear that. Unfortunately, however, this is one of the least interesting records he's ever made.

It's a kind of oddly put together LP. There are some recent pop tunes, but also a couple of pieces by W. C. Handy, one by J. P. Johnson and Andy Razaf, and three originals which producer Richard Carpenter is given credit for co-composing. The LP is probably aimed at the casual rather than the intensely involved jazz fan.

Jimmy Mundy's arrangements are competently written. He uses French horns and baritone saxophone to create dark tone colors which contrast interestingly with Stitt's bright tone (muddled somewhat by the varitone).

Stitt is under wraps too much of the time here. His main function seems to be that of stating melodies. He doesn't get enough room to really stretch out and wail.

There is a flash of brilliant Stitt work, though, on *I Go Congo*, on which he turns in some complex, effortlessly swinging improvisation. There simply isn't enough playing of this kind on the album, however, to allow me to recommend it to serious jazz listeners. —Pekar

Various Artists

BOOGIE WOOGIE RARITIES 1927-1932—Milestone MLP 2009: *Honky Tonk Train Blues* (Meade Lux Lewis, piano); *Molasses Sopper Blues* (Lewis, piano, George Hannah, vocal); *Number 29* (Wesley Wallace, piano and narrative); *Chain 'Em Down* (Blind Leroy Garnett, piano); *On the Wall* (Cripple Clarence Lofton, piano; Louise Johnson, vocal); *Playing the Dozens* (Will Ezell, piano); *Just Can't Stay Here* (Ezell, piano and narrative; unknown cornet and guitar); *Hastings Street* (Charlie Spand, piano, Blind Blake, guitar and talking); *Levee Camp Man* (Spand, piano, vocal); *Jub Blues* (Jabo Williams, piano); *Chimes Blues* (Cow Cow Davenport, piano); *New Cow Cow Blues* (Davenport, piano, B. T. Wingfield, cornet); *Deep Morgan* (Henry Brown, piano); *Dearborn Street Breakdown*, (Charles Avery, piano).

Rating: ★★ ★★

This reissue of early blues piano (they are *not* all boogie pieces) includes some very fine examples of this idiom, with at least one masterpiece, but it also has some rather ordinary tracks which can only be of interest to the collector who feels compelled to gather as much available vintage material as possible.

In spite of such ordinary fare as Will Ezell's *Playing the Dozens* (his *Pitchin' Boogie* would have been a more interesting inclusion), Henry Brown's Yanceyesque *Deep Morgan* and Charlie Spand's *Levee Camp Man*, which is one of the non-boogies, the album has a great deal to offer, musically.

The masterpiece I referred to is, of course, Meade Lux Lewis' great original version of *Honky Tonk Train Blues*, a study in polyrhythm. Lewis made several subsequent recordings of this famous piano piece, but none as intensely driving and spirited as this 1927 performance. That he was also an excellent accompanist is evidenced on *Molasses Sopper* which features the high-pitched voice of George Hannah who, after a couple of records disappeared into deserved obscurity.

Charlie Spand's *Hastings Street*, with Blind Blake's fine and sympathetic guitar work, is another classic which, along with *Honky Tonk*, Cow Cow Davenport's lusty *Chimes Blues* (not the Oliver tune), Wesley Wallace's *Number 29* and Blind Leroy Garnett's *Chain 'Em Down*, form the highlights of this album and make it more than worthwhile having.

Davenport's *New Cow Cow Blues* is marred by B. T. Wingfield's somewhat tentative cornet playing (although he produces brief moments of beauty), as is Cripple Clarence Lofton's *On the Wall* by Louise Johnson's shrill vocal. However, these performances are not entirely without merit and in fairness to producer Orrin Keepnews, one must take into consideration that his selections were limited to the Paramount catalog. It is therefore understandable that all 14 tracks could not have been of equal musical quality.

Mait Edey's liner notes are good and honest. He does not try to justify but rather points to some of the less fortunate performances. It is further to Milestone's credit that they have not tried simulated stereo, a never-perfected technique which has ruined many a reissue.

If you are a connoisseur of vintage jazz piano, or if you are curious about the roots of some of today's music and don't already have the now unavailable Riverside reissue of these sides, this album definitely belongs in your collection.

—Albertson

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JOHN KLEMMER

Chicago is not only the city where numerous tough tenor men from Gene Ammons to Eddie Harris were born, but also has been the breeding ground for many definitive tenor battles, most notably the Ammons-Sonny Stitt encounters. John Klemmer is the youngest, and one of the most promising, of a new breed of tenors nurtured in this background.

Born in Chicago July 3, 1946, he started on guitar at six and took up alto saxophone five years later. As a freshman at Niles West High School he moved on down a little lower, switching to tenor.

Though he prefers not to talk about it, Klemmer spent several summer vacations on the road with dance bands. This provided him, he says, with useful experience in terms of teamwork and professionalism, but offered very little musical stimulus.

There have been three major turning points in his career. Just before his 21st birthday, he taped his first LP for Cadet (there are now three). In July 1968 he moved to Hollywood to join Don Ellis' band, with which he visited Europe. Last spring, he joined the Oliver Nelson Septet for a tour of West Africa. Nelson reports that the solos of his young protege were received with consistent enthusiasm.

This was Klemmer's first blindfold test.

—Leonard Feather



1. JAMES MOODY. *Last Train From Overbrook* (from *Don't Look Away Now!*, Prestige). Moody, tenor saxophone, composer.

That was a tune called *Last Train From Overbrook*. I don't know who the saxophone player was. At times I dug some of the things he played. I don't really think the solo continued along with the intensity as much as I would have liked to hear it.

I didn't care too much for the shuffle thing in front. I didn't mind it during the solos. I guess I'd only give it two stars. It didn't knock me out, although there were two or three high points by the tenor player.

2. LOUIS BELLSON. *Breakthrough* (from *Breakthrough*, Project Three). Peter Christlieb, tenor saxophone; Sam Most, flute; Mike Barone, composer, arranger.

That sounded like something made on the west coast. I think it's a difficult thing soloing on a saxophone in a big band, and I thought the saxophone player could have done more to keep the intensity going throughout his solo. The flute thing was cute.

When I hear a big band chart, I like to hear it either start off cooking or come up, build up; that went up and down. The arranger sounded like he knew what he was doing. I think a big band is more of an arranger's vehicle. . . .

I'd like to give it four stars for the arranger, because he sounded like a very capable writer.

3. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. *Planet Earth* (from *Planet Earth*, Riverside). Nat Adderley, cornet; Adderley, alto sax; Yusef Lateef, tenor sax, composer; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

That sounded like one of Cannonball's earlier bands. I dug the thing all the way through; it cooked. I'm sure that was Cannonball on alto and I dug the solo. The drummer seemed to get more into it behind Cannonball's solo than anybody else's.

I dug the composition. I also dug the background riffs during the alto solo more than I dug the background statements behind the tenor. That was much weaker compared to the alto solo, but the rhythm section sounded tight. Five stars.

4. GERALD WILSON. *Paper Man* (from *Live and Swinging*, Pacific Jazz). Charles Tolliver,

trumpet, composer; Hadley Caliman, tenor sax; Phil Moore, piano.

I didn't really enjoy it too much. I found the chart rather boring. The trumpet player sounded like he has some potential, but I thought the rhythm section could have done so much more behind him in those open spots. . . .

The tenor player sounded good; he had good facility on his horn, sounded like he knew what he was doing. After a while it got a little dull, but I think that the saxophone player would have gotten into more if the rhythm section was pushing him a little harder, and playing something a little more imaginative.

I don't know who it is. I know Buddy Rich has a live album out, but I'm sure Buddy would have played more than that. I really think that was just lack of imagination. Even with a boring chart like that, during the solos the rhythm section could have a ball. I'd give only one star, for the saxophone player and the trumpet player.

5. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *Enfant* (from *Ornette on Tenor*, Atlantic). Don Cherry, pocket trumpet; Coleman, tenor sax, composer; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

I thought that was crazy. I'm sure it was Ornette on tenor, an earlier recording, with Don Cherry on trumpet. I think whether or not people care for Ornette is a matter of taste, but he's always done something that's interesting. I love the crazy line he's playing and the rhythmical things he did; the same with the whole group. It kept my interest all the way through.

I was a little skeptical of Ornette when I first heard him, but I delved into his music and played some of his tunes, and I really dig him. I especially remember Don Cherry on a thing he did with Sonny Rollins. I think it's called *Our Man In Jazz*. This is rhythmically like something was popping all the time, as well as the lines. For instance, compared to the big band thing before, what a difference! It holds your interest, and they're really trying for something.

I think what I look mostly for in players is somebody trying to do something with imagination, of course with the prerequisite of knowing what they're doing and studying for it. Five stars.

6. COUNT BASIE. *Broadway* (from *Standing Ovation*, Dol). Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; Henri Woodie, composer; Chico O'Farrill, re-arranger.

That, of course, was the Count. There's two bands in which I wish I could have worked, or hope to at least briefly work some day, and that's the Count and Duke's band. I'm not really a fan of big bands, because of my desire to be a soloist. But playing on bands like that, with such great masters, is so good for your training, so good for your head, because of the high degree of professionalism and musical ability and everything that entails making someone really great. It's like it's not what's happening now, but if something's good, it lasts forever.

No matter what kind of things I may get into as far as playing, how abstract, etc. I'll always reach back; and I always do for people like Count and Bird and Sidney Bechet and Duke, and incorporate that and the things I learned from them into what I want to try and do.

I don't know if there's ever going to be any bands like those again; the age has changed, and the people's demands on musicians and big bands have changed, so I think what the bands play has to be altered some.

Five stars because it's Count, and because it's good, the whole thing.

7. THELONIOUS MONK. *Brilliant Corners* (from *Monk's Blues*, Columbia). Charlie Rouse, tenor sax; Monk, piano, composer; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

That sure sounded like Monk and Charlie Rouse with a big band. I dig the whole thing. It was very effective. If it was Monk and Charlie Rouse, I just wish they would have played more.

When Monk first came in with the soloing—you played a record previously of an earlier Ornette—and they both had those jumping lines and the rhythmical thing. I've heard players that play crazy notes but rhythmically it's not interesting, and vice-versa. So this thing of Monk's took my head back to Ornette jumping all around.

I don't know the name of the tune, but it kept my interest all the way through and I dug it. Five stars. I like for things to be happening in music.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



WILLIAM E. SMITH

Bobby Hackett/Vic Dickenson

Hotel Pontchartrain, Detroit

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Dickenson, trombone; Lou Forestieri, piano; Frank Skeete, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums.

On Aug. 30, the Hackett-Dickenson Quintet will finish a 9-week run at the swank Cabaret La Boheme atop the Hotel Pontchartrain in downtown Detroit. The room is spacious and comfortable, offers a fine view, and has gourmet food and gorgeous waitresses. And as those who have been hearing the hour-long Saturday night location broadcasts over station WJR can testify, it has one of the finest jazz groups around today.

Ostensibly playing music for dining and dancing (and the dance floor is filled each set), the group has a heavy representation of show tunes in its repertoire. The volume of sound is often discreet, as is appropriate for dinner music. Any other comparison with a commercial hotel band would be absurd. I have never heard either Hackett or Dickenson play so well, and as a horn team, I am tempted to say that today they are peerless. Dickenson, a strong, warm player, seems delighted with Hackett's lyrical bent, while Hackett seems to feed on Dickenson's vigor.

On the opening set, the first two numbers were wooden, but then, on *Just You, Just Me*, sparks began to fly. Hackett's high praise of Dickenson ("He always plays the right thing at the right time in the right way") is no overstatement. The trombonist has developed a high degree of awareness of the motion, the direction, of Hackett's musical thinking, and his lines, moving now above, now below Hackett's lead, both answer Hackett's prior phrase and anticipate his next. Dickenson developed this kind of playing during his years with Eddie Heywood, but I do not think his sensitivity then could match his sensitivity now. And what humor! The best jazz has always been joyous, free, and fun, and that is what Dickenson's playing is.

Take The A Train had a luminous, biting Hackett chorus, and a good piano solo by young Forestieri, who plays somewhat like Dave McKenna. On *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, the *Salt Peanuts* phrase came roaring out of Dickenson's horn right in the thick of things. The best thing of the night was *String of Pearls*, Hackett and Dickenson tinkering with the chord changes, the whole thing shimmering in beauty.

Hackett has firm plans for recording the group again (their first album, *This Is My Bag*, with a different bassist and

drummer, is on the Project 3 label and received 4½ stars in *Down Beat*), this time under conditions of his own choosing. "Things are usually too rigid in the big studios," he said. "They have fixed notions of what they want you to do, and most of the time it doesn't work out. Can you imagine some 30-year old telling Vic what to play?" If those future recordings capture the flavor of the band as it sounded this night, they will be priceless.

—Gilbert M. Erskine

Jazz By The Bay

International Sports Arena
San Diego, California

Put jazz festival, benefit and bi-centennial together and what have you got? Ideally, you should end up with a swinging mish-mash. But this two-day, three-concert orgy of local and imported jazz names booked to fatten the coffers of COPE (Community Opportunity Programs in Education) within the context of San Diego's 200th anniversary was less than ideal.

Add a cadre of loquacious disc jockeys who can't separate chauvinism from show biz, let groups go on *ad infinitum*, extending some concerts to five intermission-less hours; confuse soloists to the point where they have no idea who will comprise their rhythm sections—and you create more mish-mash than swing.

Such were the glaring flaws of *Jazz By The Bay*, despite the consultative capacity of Monterey impresario Jimmy Lyons. Amateurishness can be overlooked or at least mitigated in the case of charity, but since the benefit was as under-publicized as it was over-priced, COPE did not even realize what it deserved materially.

Whether the fans got what they deserved is another matter. There was enough, quantitatively and qualitatively, to please jazz buffs of any persuasion. The first test came with the seating arrangements in cavernous International Sports Arena, built to accommodate political conventions, but no acoustical friend to jazz. While the San Diego Youth Symphony played *Rhapsody in Blue* (how's that for opening a jazz festival?), the scattered few remained motionless, perhaps in disbelief. But as soon as the Clara Ward Singers began, the crowd shifted to a better vantage point, mostly on the arena floor, which must have delighted the \$12 ticket holders who had first claim on that area.

The Ward Singers, with numbers such as *Jericho* and *He's Got The Whole World*,

generated much enthusiasm and had the audience so well disciplined that no one was clapping on 1 and 3. Lorez Alexandria was in fine form, adding an original touch via tempi to tunes such as *You're Gonna Hear From Me* (slow); *Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe* (slow, then up); *This Girl* (in 3/4); and *Make Someone Happy* (with just a walking bass). Her backing was first rate, even though guitarist Francois Vaz, pianist Joe Sample, bassist Bob Haynes and drummer Donald Bailey claimed later they could not hear each other.

At this point, the festival climax occurred—at least in terms of a benefit. Indefatigable Sammy Davis, Jr., "fresh" from three shows at Lake Tahoe (the last having ended at 5 that morning) flew in with his back-up band and put on a hard-singing, hard-talking, hard-smoking one-man exhibition of showmanship. Unaware of Lorez's set, he sang *This Girl* to the accompaniment of a walking bass, but so what—quality bears repetition. He sang *What Kind of Fool Am I* to solo guitar backing; gave a no-nonsense pep talk about brotherhood, and worked up to a standing ovation with an apt finale, *I've Gotta Be Me*. Then he flew back to Tahoe for another three.

Herbie Hancock had the dubious distinction of following, but for lovers of hard-edged combo jazz, there was no let-down. *Maiden Voyage* featured the unusually beautiful blend of flute (Joe Henderson); fluegelhorn (Johnny Coles); and trombone (Garnett Brown). *Toys*, another Hancock original, featured the same pleasing front line, with Brown sounding like a modern Vic Dickenson. While drummer Tootie Heath could be heard without effort, bassist Buster Williams was barely audible. Paul Lopez' band, from East Los Angeles, made a fine impression in its finale role. The tightly knit, highly infectious flavor of *Spanish Harlem* provided the perfect dessert.

Saturday evening began with one part of a suite entitled *San Diego Set To Jazz*. This portion, devoted to the bay city's early history, was composed by Dr. Merle Hogg of San Diego State College. It was performed by the band from that school under the direction of Russell Estes. The work had an overall Spanish accent and was laced with frequent cadenzas allowing plenty of stretchout room for the eager young soloists. Particularly outstanding was the work of altoist Mike Graf.

Shelly Manne's new group followed and caught fire immediately with pianist Mike Wolford's *Flin Flam Man*. Shelly is justifiably proud of his quintet (Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor; Wolford, and Dave Parlato, subbing for bassist John Heard). They keep him young with their exciting excursions into the land of the free. They stayed on to back Gabor Szabo, who proved a great crowd-pleaser with Freddie Hubbard's *Little Sunflower*, predictably followed by his favorite ballad, *My Foolish Heart*. Strangely, with poor acoustics bugging everyone, Gabor's feedback gimmickry never sounded better. It cut through the combo with the persistence and body of a French horn.

Good contrast was afforded by the comfortable, straight-ahead groove set by the



ALLAN S. FLOOD

Herbie Hancock, Buster Williams, Tootie Heath (partially hidden), Johnny Coles, Joe Henderson, and Garnett Brown.

Hollywood All-Stars (Sweets Edison, trumpet; Bob Cooper, tenor sax; Herb Ellis, guitar; Vic Feldman, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Frankie Capp, drums). They remained to accompany June Christy, and the whole package was one of the musical highpoints. Miss Christy, though still plagued by intonation trouble, revealed a poignancy that conjured up Lee Wiley. She was obviously inspired by the backing she got: *My Shining Hour* swung politely; and *Willow Weep For Me* featured additional "weeping" by Sweets and Ellis.

Vocal contrast came in the following set with the funky raspiness of Vi Redd. Her best vocal was *If I Should Lose You*; her most exciting alto sax work was heard on *Shadow Of Your Smile*, but we were almost deprived of her best anything. For a while, she was scheduled to go on with the drummer from the San Diego State College Band. That's how confused the backstage production was. Miss Redd was too much of a lady to hurt the student drummer's feelings, but fortunately Earl Palmer (on the scene strictly as a spectator) got wind of Vi's plight and gallantly volunteered his services.

Another singer followed—Grady Tate—but his tendency to overdramatize drained his set of any excitement. Numbers such as *Windmills of Your Mind* and *I Love Her* lose their intimacy in the galactic environs of an arena. And *T-N-T* is strictly Las Vegas, definitely unsuitable for a jazz festival. Even Tate had to improvise a rhythm section, but he was extremely lucky. Ben Tucker, on business to promote Skye Records in San Diego, played bass for the first time in two years; Francois Vaz stuck around to play guitar; and Earl Palmer made another bid for the most valuable pinch-hitter award.

Jimmy Smith, who closed out the evening, was even luckier. He talked Tate into playing drums, from which Grady has publicly stated he would like to cease and desist. On guitar once again was Francois Vaz. Smith was the big drawing card that night, and true to his reputation, kept most of the crowd well past 1 a.m. with a hard-swinging, blues-punctuated set.

The final concert on Sunday afternoon was wisely shifted to the chummy confines of the International Room at El Cortez Hotel, which was blessed with excellent acoustics and accommodated 1,000 persons quite comfortably. Ideal conditions notwithstanding, the matinee fell flat on its face at the very out-set. A local vocal

group, Orpheus, Inc., lulled everyone into a stupor with a boring presentation attempting to combine dialogue and stylized choreography with songs. Another home-grown talent, obviously a pro but not very satisfying, was Peggy Minafee. She knows how to generate heat, but she failed to shed much light. On numbers such as *Lover Come Back* and *Bye Bye Blackbird*, she reached a vocal climax much too soon, then strained with ineffectual scat to work up more steam. She was not aided by three very young San Diegans on piano, bass and drums. They played correctly, but not very inspiringly.

A breath of fresh, imported air came with the Eddie Cano Quartet. Cano has two of the strongest hands in the business, and he knows how to control dynamics, usually achieving inner climaxes and allowing the infectious Latin rhythm section to gradually ease the tension. On an opening Latin blues, Cano's montuna-like figure was duplicated by the bass, allowing the pianist more freedom to improvise. On *Watermelon Man*, bassist Oscar Meza contributed an outstanding solo. And Jobim's *Favela* was done as a flowing jazz waltz that segued to Latin. Cano's set was inexplicably cut short when the curtains were drawn although Cano later said he was prepared to continue. Disappointing, since his quartet was definitely one of the high points of the afternoon.

Another localite followed: singer Bruce Cloud, whose pleasing voice saved San Diego from striking out in terms of talent.

Part two of *San Diego Set To Jazz* was the musical zenith of the festival. Programmatically, it was designed to capture the *now* sound of San Diego, but actually it could have served the same purpose for any American city with Spanish roots. The *gringo* portion of the suite was written by Buddy Collette, who fronted a large band (inflated by French horns, two basses and extra percussion) of Hollywood studio swingers. Among them, on tuba and bass, was Red Callender, who also contributed the Latin part of the work.

Their arrangements, featuring many chordal clusters that found horns woven among the brass and reeds with tuba holding up the bottom, conjured up the lattice-work of Gil Evans. But the straight-ahead swing was built mainly on solos—brass and sax duets that brought the composition to a rousing climax. Outstanding among the soloists, who were obviously enjoying the big band format,

were Joe Sample, piano; Jackie Kelso and Plas Johnson, tenors; Bill Green, soprano sax; Collette, piccolo; and above all, Bobby Bryant and Freddie Hill, trumpets.

Monty Alexander's trio followed with a set that revealed a flashy pianist very much under the influence of Oscar Peterson, but lacking in substance. The best thing about the trio was bassist Victor Sproles (the drummer was Mel Brewer), and that point was driven home when they stayed on to back Johnny Hartman, who was to have been accompanied by the Wynton Kelly Trio. Alexander really had to scuffle to find many of the changes. Had it not been for the fine musicianship of Hartman and the strong intervention of Sproles, Alexander might have hijacked the singer to a foreign key in a number of instances. Hartman had the audience with him all the way. He lavished his deep resonant tones on *Joey*, *The More I See You*, *On A Clear Day* and a medley of *Ain't Necessarily So* and *Summertime*, for which he brought some youngsters on stage and serenaded them. The high point was a beautifully controlled interpretation of *Lush Life*, and for a change it was gratifying to hear a singer who knew how to italicize Billy Strayhorn's internal rhymes. Hartman is undoubtedly one of the most underrated singers around today.

He was followed by a singer who has never been underrated: Odetta. Her powerful alto soared through a set of gutsy, down home blues that makes it understandable why she is as much at home at a folk festival as she is at a jazz festival.

It was past 7 when Ahmad Jamal finally began to play. His refined swing provided a most civilized finale to the weekend. Especially interesting was an original suite, *Manhattan Reflections*. It typified the contrasts in Jamal's keyboard attack—from firmly rooted pedal points to light, airy treble meanderings. He deserved a more favorable spot on the program—one that would have guaranteed a maximum audience.

To guarantee even a minimal audience, if there is to be a second annual San Diego Jazz Festival, may I suggest more pre-planning, realistic production (in other words, a stage manager) and fewer disc jockeys (preferably none!) No criticism for the security personnel—just praise. They were the politest and most helpful fuzz ever to watch over a jazz gathering. Perhaps they are one reason—as Sammy Davis pointed out—why "you just don't read about San Diego."

—Harvey Siders

James Stevenson

Cafe Au Go Go, New York City

Personnel: Stevenson, piano, Taiwanese flutes, argol; Sonny Greenwich, guitar; Pete Rose, tenor saxophone, Indian sona; Perry Lind, acoustical bass, electric bass; Gene Perla, acoustical bass, electric bass; Ron King, drums and percussion; Barry Altschul, drums and percussion; Bob Moses, drums and percussion.

There's probably not a jazz musician alive who hasn't viewed—with a perplexed mixture of admiration and envy—the successful show-biz gimmickry of the rock players. True, it's an obvious generalization to suggest that the success of rock music traces only to flashy costuming and show-biz antics. Even so, the implication for

jazz players is clear: communication between performer and audience has become virtually nonexistent, and if there is going to be a breakthrough, it is going to have to come from the performers.

Stevenson, an erstwhile bassist, has taken the bull by the horns in his recent performances. Whether or not the kind of communication he is establishing follows precepts traditionally associated with the jazz experience is another question, however. For his afternoon performance at the Go Go, Stevenson appeared dressed in a colorful dashiki-like shirt, his long hair nearly obscuring his face. At the piano, he rarely sat still, bouncing up and down, whipping his head around to make his hair fly, Medusa-like, over his shoulders, and occasionally—when he was particularly moved by something he or one of his musicians played—emitting a rending scream.

Okay. Stevenson has read, no doubt accurately, the writing on the wall, and seemed to be reaching his predominantly youthful audience—and for that, he should be given credit. But what about the music? Like much of today's contemporary mainstream, it was oppressively dependent upon early '60s Coltrane for inspiration. Now, there's nothing wrong with following the lead of Coltrane—nothing at all—except for the fact that it is amply available on recordings in superior original form.

Tenor saxophonist Pete Rose played a sterling Coltrane imitation, but I was more impressed with his playing in the rare but pleasant moments when his own hearty, rocking style slipped past the impersonation. Stevenson appears to be chipping away at an original piano style, but at the moment he is knocking off chunks too large to handle. After about half an hour, I simply began to wish that he wouldn't play so bloody *much*; as with Rose, when Stevenson paced himself and used silences as well as sounds, he suggested a few rather intriguing musical ideas. The rhythm section, led in fine fashion by the still too underrated Altshul, had some differences of opinion with Stevenson about where the beat was, but for the most part it provided a provocative cushion of energy-rhythm.

Since the program was late in starting, another commitment forced me to miss the final work—presumably the *pièce de résistance*—called *Freedom Suite* (no, not the Sonny Rollins composition). On *Eulogy*, singer Timaris McDowell was added; her voice was pleasant enough but the composition was hardly calculated to challenge her creative potential. It might be interesting to hear Miss McDowell in another setting.

—Don Heckman

Gary Bartz

Left Bank Jazz Society, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Bartz, alto saxophone, steel drum, handbells; Albert Dailey, piano; Bobby Cunningham, bass; Rashid Ali, drums.

This was a homecoming of sorts for Bartz, who left Baltimore four years ago to play with Art Blakey and later with Max Roach, with whom he still appears. This was his second concert for the LBJS as a leader. In the audience were his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bartz, who used

to run Baltimore's North End Lounge, a mecca for local jazzmen where Gary used to sit in with various groups, and Orrin Keepnews, who was recording the concert live for Milestone Records.

Bartz, a serious and somewhat ascetic-looking 28-year-old with bush haircut and beard opened the first set with a Latin-Afro original, as yet untitled. (He does most of the writing for the group, which sounded as if it had been playing together for a good deal longer than the few days it actually had.) The ensemble passages were crisp and clean, the solos lukewarm. They followed with a blues and an original ballad called *Amahl*, and things started to pick up.

The group generates as much visual as musical excitement. Bartz was dressed in a brightly-colored dashiki, as were trumpeter Shaw and drummer Ali. Bassist Cunningham wore a black garment which looked a little like a priest's surplice. The only sartorial oddball was pianist Dailey (another Baltimorean), who had on a suit and tie. While the others are playing Bartz rings small handbells or picks up a pair of mallets which he uses to play a steel drum, (providing "an African sound," he says).

The last tune of the set was a two-part composition based on a couple of chords. Shaw had a fast, strong solo reminiscent of Clifford Brown and Dailey, whose influences include Bill Evans but whose emerging style makes him a pianist to watch, contributed a two-handed, chorded passage. The transition was left to Cun-

ningham who had a long, bowed solo which ended with Bartz tapping on the steel drum in the background and the bassist draped around the neck of his instrument like a dying cleric, plucking lugubrious and oddly comic notes from the strings near the bridge of the instrument. It provided a perfect lead-in for Shaw's pyrotechnics that started the second part of the piece.

During the second set, Bartz lit a couple of sticks of incense (at times it looks as if the group is performing a service rather than a concert) and the band really came to life. *Opus Three*, an original, featured Shaw, very Clifford Brownish and very good. The third set offered a repeat of *Amahl*. After the horn solos, there was a striking passage that found Bartz ringing bells, Cunningham bowing and Dailey noodling away at the upper end of the keyboard. Bartz then blew hell out of Ellington's *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*, the only standard offered during the concert. It drew an admiring, head-shaking response from one fan who noted, several times, "Don't mean a thing. . . ."

Bartz, who contributed consistently lean, hard solos throughout the afternoon is like Dailey, developing his style and is definitely a young man to watch. It would seem that with his own ability, and the support of such players as Ali, a fine and exceptionally strong but not overpowering drummer, Dailey, and Shaw, the last thing he has to worry about is not having that swing.

—James Dills



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WESTON

(Continued from page 17)

social levels is that he feels all African music, (with the possible exception of some with the stronger Arabic influence), is rhythmically geared to man's basic nature.

"I don't care if you're an intellectual or an idiot—that beat's going to get to you," he maintained. "Whether or not it's complex, it hits home inside. You do more than just hear it with your ears. Your whole body absorbs it. Then sometimes it will take you away with it, too. The trance is universal."

Weston's residence in Morocco comes at the end of his fourth visit there. In 1967, the sextet was surprised by its

reception from the Arab world, and Morocco was especially generous. As a result of a concert where he played with two Berber drummers for an audience that included members of the Moroccan cabinet, Weston soon returned with bassist Bill Wood and drummer Edward Blackwell to work the country's leading hotel chain.

"They are very interested in our plans to establish a jazz school here," said the pianist, "and they're the only African government I've actually been able to approach on the subject." In return for the ministry of tourism's faith in his music, Weston has assimilated huge hunks of local folklore.

It was not difficult, for his ears were already receptive. "Everything I've heard in Morocco so far has been like a minor

blues," he explained. "The Berbers take a simple blues theme, and while the rhythms keep changing in the background, they sing and they dance and even make rhythmic patterns with their feet in place of a drum in some parts of the country."

Weston's aims are threefold: first, to collect folk music for posterity; second, to create modern versions using this music; and third, to inspire young persons to use their folk heritage and not let it mold beneath an anachronistic covering of rock-and-roll. Weston said he feels particularly suited to take on these projects, since a musicologist is limited in the sense that he can only collect and notate and catalog tapes, but we have the advantage that we can get out there and play."

The communication that Weston, Wood, and Blackwell have won in Morocco has replaced for them the dwindling friendship of the once abundantly social jazz scene. Weston says he has no regrets—"taking the subway and walking down Fifth Avenue are not important to me"—and for him the scene had ground to a halt.

"The comradeship you feel in Africa is something you notice not only with the musicians but with the people too," he said. "Here the everyday people love music so much that you feel a closeness. Because they're closer to nature, they appreciate the simple things of life, which are really the most beautiful, and wherever we travel, there is the tremendous rapport. This is how it used to be years ago, but people in the West have forgotten how to enjoy themselves."

Weston has his father and children with him in Morocco, Blackwell his wife and family. There are still many mouths to feed, and the work is scarce, but they have no words to explain the feeling of total relaxation they can indulge in. Africa, Weston maintains, does not change the individual so much as give him a chance to be himself, explaining, "People here live life, you know? A lot of them don't have very much, but they make it. I'd always dreamed how Africa would be, and it turned out to be just as I'd expected."

Already the trio is starting to work with young Moroccan musicians, encouraging them and trying to teach them a little about jazz. At the same time they have been working down the west coast of Africa, in Ivory Coast, Liberia, Togo, and Senegal.

"What we're attempting to do now is based on a dream for the future," the pianist said. "Whether we succeed or not, we are still planting a seed. If we are able to accomplish great things, this is beautiful. If we don't, we have started something for the others."

Weston is a big man with a big heart and love for people and their music that has little equal elsewhere. He intends to live his life on African soil. "To me, this would be the greatest way to spend one's life," he said. Whatever country he chooses, or that chooses him is immaterial.

"I sort of consider Africa as one place, musically," he said. "I don't see any boundary lines as far as the music is concerned."



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HIRT

(Continued from page 14)

a little bit uptight about it. The only thing I thought was why should jazz critics assume I was trying to be a jazz player when I never said I was. I thought they'd accept me for what I thought I was, not for what *they* thought I was trying to be, you see? I think perhaps because I came along out of left field and became real popular all of a sudden, a lot of guys said, "Who does this guy think he is?" And I never did think I was anybody. I was very happy to be working and being successful. But as it is now, a lot of the jazz critics are my friends. It's all past, and guys like Feather and Ralph Gleason are always nice to me. If I do a thing with any little remote jazz ideas well, they say, "Oh, well, Al Hirt played that real nice," whereas before, if I did it they'd say, "What's he trying to do; who's he kidding?"

C.S.: I seldom see that kind of criticism any more. It seems that now in the polls that are pop-oriented, like *Playboy*, you come out skyrocketing and in polls that are strictly jazz-oriented, people like Miles and Diz are the ones who come out on top.

A.H.: Oh, without a doubt. *Playboy* of course did a very smart thing when they decided to quit calling it the *Playboy Jazz Poll* and called it the *Playboy Pop Poll*. Which is true—because, how embarrassing for a guy like me, for God's sake, to finish ahead of Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie as a jazz player. Miles and I are very close friends and Dizzy and I are very close friends, and the first time that happened I wrote them both and apologized. I said, "Well, this is ridiculous, this is a pop poll." And they wrote me back and of course they were very gracious and said, "Are you kidding?" And all of a sudden who wins it last year? I mean one thing I *will* say is I play a hell of a lot more jazz than Herb Alpert. Herb Alpert won it last year!

C.S.: I didn't realize that. I don't always follow that poll.

A.H.: Now, Herb Alpert is a successful business man, he's got a sound that's popular with the public, and *good*—I'm all for him for that. But I mean, as far as a trumpet player, he doesn't know how to play.

C.S.: He's certainly no dazzling instrumentalist.

A.H.: No, he's not. He's got a good thing going, and here he is way out in front of that poll in front of Dizzy Gillespie and Miles and all the rest of the great jazz players.

C.S.: Those pop-oriented polls often run up funny combinations—like the first five trumpeters might be Herb Alpert, Dizzy Gillespie, Al Hirt, Miles Davis and Louis Armstrong.

A.H.: Yeah, that's really freaky. That's why I think when they decided to call it a pop poll it made a lot more sense. To call it a jazz poll was ridiculous.

C.S.: Well, if they ever include a category for the most straight-talking musician, Al Hirt should be pretty near the top of the list.

BLUE NOTE

(Continued from page 15)

Modern jazz was far from immediately successful. Monk's records sold fairly well only in Harlem. "The reviews were bad," states Wolff. "It was discouraging." Not sufficiently discouraging, however, to deter Blue Note from its policy of recording the music in which they believed. The 1950s and the advent of the LP found the company continuing to sign and foster new talent. Men like Clifford Brown, Jimmy Smith, Kenny Drew, Wynton Kelly, Sonny Clark, Lou Donaldson and Horace Silver all were given their first chance as leaders by Lion and Wolff.

Silver started a whole new wave of "funky" jazz with his recording of *The Preacher*, based on the chords of *Show Me the Way to Go Home*. "Al and Frank thought it was too corny," says Silver, "but I convinced them to let me do it."

Besides Silver, Blakey and Smith, Blue Note had help in the "funk-soul" department from Donaldson and Stanley Turrentine. Significant modern players like Milt Jackson, Miles Davis, Kenny Dorham, J.J. Johnson, Kenny Burrell, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane and Dexter Gordon graced its roster. In the 1960's the avant garde has been represented by Andrew Hill, Don Cherry, Eric Dolphy, Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, and the modern mainstream by such bright lights as Joe Henderson, Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Jackie McLean, Grant Green, Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson and Elvin Jones.

Over the years Blue Note has built a reputation not only by blazing new musical trails but by careful production and packaging. Wolff's photographs made the front covers outstanding, and errors were a rarity in the liner notes on album back covers. "We established a style," says Wolff, "including recording, pressing and covers. The details made the difference."

When Blue Note was sold in 1966 Lion entered a state of happy retirement. Liberty's Mel Fuhrman came in as general manager. He and Wolff function in tandem as a combination of old and new. "I'd like to bring Blue Note more to the forefront," says Fuhrman, "to an audience that may dig jazz and not know that what they dig is jazz." He has taken certain artists like Turrentine, Donaldson and Blue Mitchell and pointed them in a more pop-oriented direction, covering hits, etc. In the soul department, Blue Note has signed organists Lonnie Smith, Reuben Wilson and Jack McDuff. At the same time, it has recorded young musicians like trumpeter Eddie Gale and Detroit pianist Kenny Cox who are more in the straight jazz category.

In 1969, Blue Note began to reissue some of its older material from the '40s, never before on 12-inch LP. This fall it plans to mark the 30th anniversary by releasing three anthological albums, each representing a decade in the company's history.

Fuhrman states it clearly: "Whatever we have had going, we are going to keep, and whatever new is happening, Blue Note will be in the middle of."



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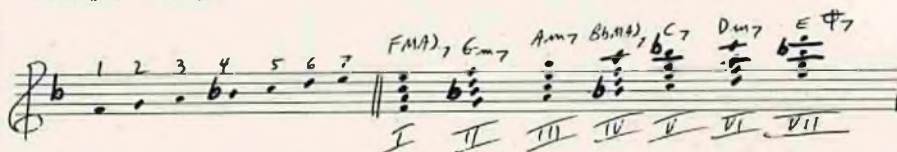
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Example—C Major:



When this exercise is transposed and played in every key, it will be seen that the major mode will be constant. Every I (tonic) is a major 7th chord. Every II (supertonic) is a minor 7th chord. Every III (mediant) is a minor 7th chord. Every IV (sub-dominant) is a major 7th chord. Every V (dominant) is a dominant 7th chord. Every VI (sub-mediante or superdominant) is a minor 7th chord. Every VII (leading tone) is a half-diminished 7th chord.

Example—F Major:



After the scale tone chords are practiced in every key, they can be used as substitutions and alterations in the following manner:

A: I, III, and IV replace a major chord. I Cmaj7; III Cmaj9th chord; VI Cmaj6th.

B: II prepares V (Dm7 to G7). Dm7 resolves up a 4th to G7 and is a G dominant 11th chord in form.

C: IV and VI are altered forms of II and can replace the II chord. IV (Fmaj7) is a Dm9 and VI (Am7) is a Dm11.

D: VII (B half-Dim7) is a G9 chord and replaces the G7 (V) chord.



Thus, the II chord prepares the V chord and the V chord prepares the I chord:

Dm7	G7	C
Dm9	to	to Cmaj7
Dm11	G7	Cmaj9
		C6

Another common progression contained in the scale tone chords is the Cantor Chord sequence. This is a progression built on I VI II & V.

Example—C Major:

C	Am7	Dm7	G7
I	VI	II	V

This sequence usually alters an original I to V progression.

In our next column, we'll analyze the basic blues progression and apply the alterations studied to date.

POP GOES THE MOOG

The following is an interview with Rob-in McBride, Product Manager of Mercury records' Limelight division.

How did you become interested in electronic music?

First of all, I suppose it was through electronic music recordings on the Folkways label, most notably an extended work by John Cage entitled *Interferences*. I was fascinated by these recordings, as I am by much avant-garde music. A little over a year ago Mercury Records asked me to head up their Limelight label and to involve the label in experimental products. Since that time, Limelight has had a very ambitious program of releasing experimental rock material, music from the Far East, etc. with particular emphasis on serious and pop-oriented type music.

How did Moog Groove come about?

It probably goes back to the original negotiations on the album that was released on Columbia as *Switched-on Bach*. Last summer was my first introduction to the Moog Synthesizer console, and I immediately began to think of it in terms of its application to pop music. Walter Carlos had applied the Moog most imaginatively and

successfully to serious repertoire, and I had heard some efforts of pop-oriented electronic music, but too often the pop material was too mechanical. Although the Moog can excellently approximate most instrumental sounds (including percussion), it still is unable, in my experience, to perform in the mode that gives the feeling of a rhythm guitar. In discussions with a couple of friends from the West Coast, we felt that the answer was a formula in which we would record back rhythm tracks with real instruments and then, through multi-track recording and over-dubbing, have the Moog perform not only as a lead voice, but as accompanying voices as well. Unfortunately, my friends and I were unable to realize this idea together. They are completing their project on the West Coast, using Mike Melvoin and the facilities of Paul Beaver and Bernie Krause. I was able to put together a team in Chicago consisting of Eddie Higgins as arranger and keyboard performer, and Hans Wurman and Chuck Lishon as engineers who do the "set-ups" on the Moog. With this team, we try to use the Moog as an entirely musical instrument and yet

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Moog Groove". It consists of several staves. The top staff is a Moog part with a box above it containing the text: "~ 8' Δ 2' WHITE CONTROL INPUT 901 B+2 ATTACK 200". Below this is another Moog part with a box: "~ 4'". The third staff is another Moog part with a box: "~ 8' ~ 4' ~ CONTROL INPUT 901 BC+1". The fourth staff is a guitar (GTR.) part with chords E7, A, and D7. The fifth staff is a bass (BASS) part. The bottom staff is a drum (DRUMS) part with the text "PLAY TIME".

Sample of score from "Moog Groove"

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use musical sounds and timbres that were not easily obtained with conventional instruments. This is basically how *Moog Groove* came about.

How did you select the repertoire for the album?

Originally, it was conceived as an album which would use exclusively Beatles songs. Consequently, our experimental session included *Hey Jude* and *Penny Lane*. However, the time between the first experimental session and the go-ahead to complete the album made a totally Beatles album less desirable, and we went to the Top 100 charts to select songs that would give us a variety of musical approaches. *Rock Me*, the Steppenwolf tune, was chosen especially for its feel. *Atlantis* was chosen because it gave us an opportunity to build a musical crescendo through arranging. *Aquarius* was chosen because it seemed to lead to certain abstract Moog effects, and *Windmills of Your Mind* and *Both Sides Now* because of the counterpoint possible. *Oh Happy Days* and *Feelin' Alright* were used because we believe that the Moog can be as expressive as an expressive lead vocalist, and we try to use the instrument in that way on these tunes. *How were the sounds for the album decided upon and realized?*


First of all, most of the sounds that we used were all essentially manufactured from scratch by utilizing the various oscillators, envelope generators, and filter banks, etc. of the Moog Synthesizer to create new

sounds that one could not really categorize as being indicative of particular acoustic or non-electronic instruments. By starting off with essentially a basic wave type, and then conditioning it and adding various harmonics changing the attack and decay—almost like adding and taking away ingredients in a good recipe—the sounds evolved for us one by one. The prime difficulty seems to be that music takes on a whole new dimension working with new instruments, and we have only begun to explore an area which apparently has no limits.

Is the Electronic Concept Orchestra a performing group?

Not at this point. It is, at this time, an umbrella name that covers the collective studio efforts of the people involved in our "team". For the Electronic Concept Orchestra to be a performing group is not probable at this time, as the Moog is a bit unwieldy as a public performance instrument.

What is your next project?

At the present time, we are engaged in the creation of an album to be entitled *Electric Love*. The repertoire will be current and very melodic and romantic. We are trying to integrate Moog realizations with lush strings. We are presently recording and mixing this material, which is scheduled for a release before Sept. Hopefully, we shall be able to come up with fresh approaches in pop music for the Moog Synthesizer. 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Art Farmer and Red Mitchell; in Berlin he recorded an album for Saba with Jimmy Woode, bass, and Daniel Humair, drums . . . July groups in the *Jazz On a Saturday Afternoon* series at the Vanguard were tubaist Howard Johnson's *Substructure*; singer Ruth Brisbane; and alto saxophonist Gary Bartz's quartet . . . Jay Brackett and his Dixieland All-Stars played a free jam session in Washington Square Park sponsored by Community Planning Board No. 2 and N.Y.U. With trombonist Brackett were Jack Fein, cornet; Bruce McNichols, soprano saxophone; Fred Giordano, piano; and Bob Huggart, Jr., drums . . . Singer Thelma Carpenter did two lunch-hour concerts for Trinity Church on Wall St. as part of the church's Summer Arts Festival . . . A young rock group (none of the members are over 18) named Heaven's Sundae did a concert at Wayne Hills High School in Wayne, N.J. . . . Recent guest artists at the monthly Ferry Boat Jazz Festival in Brielle, N.J. have been Roy Eldridge, Richie Kamuca, Norman Simmons, Buddy Catlett, Sonny Greer, Etta Jones, Eddie Locke, Eddie Durham, Lloyd Mayers and vocalist Joe DeVito. The concerts are organized by Jimmy Hamilton, who plays regularly at The Ferry Boat.

Los Angeles: Willie Ruff and Dwiki Mitchell played their first club date in five years at Donte's. Although Mitchell lives in New York and Ruff in Los Angeles, they still get together for 75 to 100

concerts annually. The duo has recorded an album of Billy Strayhorn compositions, including a piece for French horn, *Explorations in D*. In the audience was Julian Lee, composer-arranger-pianist from Australia who tried the studio scene here for a while returned to Australia, and now is back after discovering that "nothing is happening down (under) there." He worked with Joe Pass' quartet at Donte's for four weekends in June . . . Jimmy Smith plans to open a jazz club in San Diego in conjunction with Lola Ward, who used to own Ward's Jazzville in that Bay City . . . Joe Williams played the Hong Kong Bar for three weeks, backed by Ellis Larkins, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Panama Francis, drums. Larkins is Williams' regular accompanist; they rely on local men to round out the rhythm sections . . . Sid Feller was elected president of NARAS' Los Angeles chapter, replacing Irv Townsend. Earl Palmer was voted first vice president, and Leonard Feather, secretary . . . Frank Sinatra subbed for Aretha Franklin at Caesars Palace when Miss Franklin bowed out of her limited engagement. Officially, the casino announced that illness was the reason . . . Turning to other singers, Rhetta Hughes followed Louis Jordan into Baby Grand West; Jesse Davis closed at That John's in Palm Springs, and is currently on an Australian tour; Morgana King worked two weeks at the Coconut Grove; Ray Charles opened there for three, Aug. 13. O.C. Smith was honored as "Father of the Year" at Baby Grand West; Peggy Lee has been booked into Disneyland for two weeks beginning Aug. 25; and Big Mama Thornton shared the stage of the

/Continued on page 39

how they voted

This is the continuation of individual ballots from the 17th International Jazz Critics Poll. The listings will be concluded in our next issue.

TIMME ROSENKRANTZ

Journalist, broadcaster, Danish Radio

Band: Ellington—5; Basie—2; Charlie Barnet—2; (Woody Herman—5). **Combo:** Buddy Tate—5; Saints and Sinners—2; Jazz Giants—2; (Louis Jordan—5; Arne Domnerus—4). **Composer:** Ellington—5. **Arranger:** Ellington—5; Mary Lou Williams—2; Bill Holman—2. **Trumpet:** Eldridge—4; Hackett—3; Bill Coleman—2; (Doc Cheatham—3; Wild Bill Davison—3; Finn Otto Hanson—3). **Trombone:** Lawrence Brown—3; George Chisholm—3; Dickenson—3; (Tyree Glenn—5; Dickie Wells—4). **Alto:** Hodges—5; Benny Carter—4; (Arne Domnerus—5; Phil Woods—4). **Tenor:** Ben Webster—5; Buddy Tate—4; (Zoot Sims—5; Don Byas—4). **Baritone:** Carney—4; Mulligan—3; Ernie Caceres—2. **Clarinet:** Procope—3; Hamilton—3; Bigard—3; (Putte Wickman—5; Peanuts Hucko—4). **Misc. Instrument:** Ponty—3; Joe Venuti—3; Svend Asmusen—3. **Flute:** Moody—4; Lateef—3; Wess—2. **Vibes:** Hampton—4; Norvo—4; Burton—1. **Piano:** Hines—3; Teddy Wilson—3; Garner—3; (Mary Lou Williams—5; Kenny Drew—4). **Organ:** Wild Bill Davis—4; Basie—4; Ram Ramirez—1. **Guitar:** Burrell—5; Charlie Byrd—4. **Bass:** Ray Brown—3; Mingus—3; Orsted Pedersen—3. **Drums:** Jo Jones—4; Bellson—3; Rich—2; (Sam Woodyard—5). **Male Singer:** Armstrong—5; Joe Mooney—2; Johnny Hartman—2; (Louis Jordan—5). **Female Singer:** Vaughan—3; Fitzgerald—3; Pearl Bailey—3; (Cleo Laine—5). **Blues-R&B Group:** Ray Charles—3; Benson—3; Louis Jordan—3. **Hall of Fame:** Jack Teagarden, Henry Red Allen. **Record of the Year:** Erroll Garner—*That's My Kick*; Ellington, *Mother Called Him Bill*. **Reissue of the Year:** Tatum and Webster; Hodges, *Hodge Podge*; Art Tatum, *Piano Solos*.

In making the selections, one is sadly reminded of the depletions in the ranks of great jazzmen these last years and would like to salute those who have passed since the last Poll with a solemn tip of the hat to those of good taste who survived the winds of change during the last couple of decades and who resolutely carried on with impeccable good taste in music to the end, regardless of current modes and fancies.

WILLIAM RUSSO

Director, Center for New Music of Columbia College, Chicago

Band: Ellington—5; Clare Fischer—4. **Composer:** Ellington—5; Fischer—4. **Trumpet:** Gillespie—5. **Alto:** Konitz—5. **Tenor:** Warne Marsh—5. **Baritone:** Mulligan—5. **Vibes:** Milt Jackson—5. **Organ:** Clare Fischer—5. **Bass:** Eddie Gomez—5. **Blues-R&B Group:** Jefferson Airplane—5; Cream—3; Aretha Franklin—2; (Quicksilver Messenger Service—5). **Hall of**

Fame: Billy Strayhorn. **Record of the Year:** *Thesaurus*, Clare Fischer.

As my selections might indicate, I have heard less jazz than usual during the last year and what I have heard has struck me less forcefully than in previous years. I am particularly aware that the new players have shown very little development, whether because they are denied a milieu or because they see no new horizons I cannot say.

TOM SCANLAN

Army Times, Voice of America

Band: Ellington—5; Basie—3; Jones-Lewis—1. **Combo:** World's Greatest Jazz Band—5. **Composer:** Ellington—5; Tom McIntosh—2; Manny Albam—2. **Arranger:** Ellington—5; McIntosh—2; Albam—2. **Trumpet:** Clayton—3; Hackett—3; Ruby Braff—3; (Joe Wilder—5). **Trombone:** Urbie Green—5; Dickenson—2; Buster Cooper—2; (Charlie Butler—5). **Soprano:** Bob Wilber—5. **Alto:** Benny Carter—3; Hodges—3; Woods—3. **Tenor:** Sims—3; Webster—3; Bud Freeman—3. **Baritone:** Mulligan—5; Adams—2; Carney—2. **Clarinet:** Benny Goodman—5; Bob Wilber—4; (Wally Garner—5). **Misc. Instrument:** Toots Thielemans—5; Joe Kennedy (violin)—2. **Flute:** Wess—5; Moody—2; Herbie Mann—2. **Vibes:** Hampton—5; Norvo—2; Jackson—2. **Piano:** Teddy Wilson—5; Peterson—2; Hank Jones—2; (Dave McKenna—5; Jimmie Rowles—2; Hampton Hawes—2). **Organ:** Shirley Scott—5; Joe Mooney—4. **Guitar:** Freddie Green—5; Steve Jordan—3; Barry Galbraith—1; (Dennis Budimir—5). **Bass:** Duvivier—4; Ray Brown—3; Hinton—2. **Drums:** Jo Jones—5; Gus Johnson—3; Don Lamond—2. **Male Singer:** Armstrong—5; Clancy Hayes—2; Jimmy Witherspoon—2; (Joe Mooney—5). **Female Singer:** Peggy Lee—4; Fitzgerald—4; Anita O'Day—1; (Lurlean Hunter—5). **Hall of Fame:** Jack Teagarden, Roy Eldridge, Teddy Wilson. **Record of the Year:** Hackett Quartet Plus Dickenson; Goodman, *Album of Swing Classics*; Garner, *Up in Erroll's Room*. **Reissue of the Year:** Wingy Manone, Vol I; Henry Red Allen; Fats Waller, *African Ripples*.

I prefer the swingers. Obviously, jazz without joy means little to me. Despite all the claptrap written about "the new jazz" I still believe honest jazz music is fun, not a problem.

VICTOR SCHONFIELD

Contributor, *Melody Maker*, *International Times*, etc.

Band: Clarke-Boland—5; (Augmented Spontaneous Music Ensemble—5). **Combo:** (Spontaneous Music Ensemble—5; Instrumental & Electronic Improvisation—4). **Composer:** (John Stevens—5). **Trumpet:** (Kenny Wheeler—5; Lester Bowie—3). **Trombone:** (Paul Rutherford—5; Kim Menser—3). **Soprano:** (Evan Parker—5). **Alto:** (Trevor Watts—5; Roscoe Mitchell—3). **Tenor:** Rollins—5; (Warne Marsh—5; Evan Parker—2; Peter Brotzmann—2). **Vibes:** (Karl Berger—3). **Piano:** Tristano—5; Hines—4; (Peter Lemer—5). **Guitar:** Coryell—3; (Derek Bailey—5; Sonny Sharrock—3). **Bass:** (Jeff Clyne—3; Johnny Dyani—3; Dave

Holland—3). **Drums:** (John Stevens—5; Jamie Muir—4). **Female Singer:** (Maggie Nichols—5; Norma Winstone—4). **Hall of Fame:** Ornette Coleman, Django Reinhardt, Warne Marsh. **Record of the Year:** Spontaneous Music Ensemble, *Karyobin*; Jeff Clyne-Carr-Watts-Stevens, *Springboard*. **Reissue of the Year:** Tristano-Red Rodney-Al Haig, *Behop*; Johnny Dodds; Dicky Wells in Paris.

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DIETRICH SCHULTZ-KOHN

"Dr. Jazz"

Band: Ellington—3; Ellis—3; Herman—3; (Harry James—3). **Combo:** Charles Lloyd—4; Adderley—3; Three Sounds—2. **Composer:** Zawinul—2; Oliver Nelson—2; Clare Fischer—2. **Arranger:** Oliver Nelson—4; Quincy Jones—3; Fischer—2. **Trumpet:** Clark Terry—4; Thad Jones—3; Charles Tolliver—2; (Randy Brecker—2). **Soprano:** Lacy—3; Woody Herman—3; Pony Poindexter—2. **Trombone:** Jay Jay Johnson—5; Bob Burgess—2; Curtis Fuller—2. **Alto:** Jerry Dodgion—3; Woods—3; Leo Wright—3. **Tenor:** Getz—4; Hank Mobley—2; Lateef—2. **Baritone:** Mulligan—4; Carney—4; P. Adams—1. **Clarinet:** Kuhn—3; Tony Scott—2; Pete Fountain—2. **Misc. Instrument:** Corky Siegel—4 (mouth organ); Ponty—3. **Flute:** Herbie Mann—3; Kirk—2. **Vibes:** Burton—4; Jackson—4; Hutcherson—1; (Dave Pike—3; Godfrey Hirsch—2). **Piano:** Bill Evans—3; Clare Fischer—3; Billy Taylor—3; (Charles Red Richards—2). **Organ:** Jimmy Smith—4; Jack McDuff—2; Wild Bill Davis—2. **Guitar:** Burrell—3; Budimir—2; Johnny Smith—2. **Bass:** Ray Brown—5; Ron Carter—3; Red Mitchell—1; (Chuck Israels—3; Eddie Gomez—3). **Drums:** Roy Haynes—3; Elvin Jones—3; Sonny Payne—2; (Jack DeJohnette—3; Don Bailey—2). **Male Singer:** Ray Charles—3; Torme—2; Mark Murphy—2. **Female Singer:** Fitzgerald—4; McRae—3; (Big Mama Thornton—3). **Blues-R&B Group:** Junior Wells—3; Curtis Jones—2. **Hall of Fame:** Benny Carter, Horace Silver, Django Reinhardt. **Reissue of the Year:** *Roots of America's Music*.

MICHAEL SHERA

Contributor, *Jazz Journal*

Band: Ellington—4; Clarke-Boland—3; Mike Westbrook—2; (Clarke-Boland—4; Mike Westbrook—3; Stan Tracey—2). **Combo:** Elvin Jones—5; Ronnie Scott—2; Alex Welsh—2; (Ronnie Scott—3; Joe Hamolt-Amancio d'Silva—3; Don Rendell-Jan Carr—3). **Composer:** Ellington—5; Mike Westbrook—2; Stan Tracey—2; (Westbrook—3; d'Silva—3; Surman—3). **Arranger:** Gil Evans—4; Ellington—4; Francy Boland—1; (Jimmy Owens—4; Stan Tracey—4). **Trumpet:** Gillespie—3; Eldridge—3; Owens—3; (Lonnie Hillyer—3; Kenny Wheeler—3; Henry Lowther—3). **Trombone:** J.J. Johnson—3; Lawrence Brown—3; Ake Persson—3; (Persson—3). **Soprano:** Surman—5; Joe Far-

rell—4; (Surman—5; Farrell—4). Alto: Hodges—3; Woods—3; Konitz—3; (Konitz—5). Tenor: Getz—3; Booker Ervin—3; Illinois Jacquet—3; (Dexter Gordon—4; Johnny Griffin—4; Ronnie Scott—1). Baritone: Carney—4; Surman—4; Sahib Shihab—1; (Surman—5; Johnny Barnes—1). Misc. Instrument: Ponty—3; Kirk—3; Nance—3. Flute: Jerome Richardson—3; Moody—3; Kirk—3; (Farrell—5). Vibes: Hutcherson—5; Hampton—2; Walt Dickerson—2. Piano: Tristano—4; Barry Harris—3; Byard—2; (Tommy Flanagan—5). Organ: Jimmy Smith—4; Lonnie Smith—3; Freddie Roach—2; (Lonnie Smith—5). Guitar: Burrell—5; Amancio d'Silva—2; Jim Hall—2; (A. d'Silva—5). Bass: Richard Davis—3; Ron Carter—3; Jimmy Garrison—3; (Dave Holland—4; Dave Greene—4). Drums: Elvin Jones—3; Kenny Clarke—3; Roy Haynes—3. Male Singer: Armstrong—3; Joe Turner—3; Jimmy Witherspoon—3; Babs Gon-sales—5). Female Singer: Vaughan—3; McRae—3; Cleo Laine—3; (Norma Wine-stone—3). Hall of Fame: Johnny Hodges, Jack Teagarden, Lennie Tristano. Record of the Year: Ellington, *Mother Called Him Bill*; Clarke-Boland, *All Smiles*; Bud Powell, *Blues For Bouffemont*. Re-issue of the Year: Chu Berry, *Stompy Stevedores*; Johnny Hodges, *Hodge Podge*; Lennie Tristano, *New Tristano*.

HARVEY SIDERS

West Coast editor, *Down Beat*

Band: Rich—4; Basie—3; Ellis—2; (Bellson—4; Pearson—3; Blood, Sweat & Tears—2). Combo: Peterson—4; M.J.Q.—3; Adderley—2; (Hancock—3; "Sweets" Edison—3; Oliver Nelson—3). Composer: Schiffrin—4; Quincy Jones—3; Clare Fischer—2; (Hancock—3; Dave Grusin—3; Gary David—3). Arranger: Bill Holman—4; Oliver Nelson—3; Don Sebesky—2; (Tommy Vig—3; Jimmy Cheatham—3; Don Piestrup—3). Trumpet: Gillespie—4; Miles Davis—3; Hubbard—2; (Jay Daversa—4; Conte Candoli—3; Gary Barone—2). Trombone: J.J. Johnson—3; Fontana—3; Brookmeyer—3; (Kai Wind-ing—4; Jimmy Cleveland—4; Thurman Green—1). Soprano: Oliver Nelson—4; Bill Green—4; (Tom Scott—3). Alto: Criss—5; Desmond—2; Bud Shank—2; (Tom Scott—3; Gabe Baltazar—3; Ernie Watts—3). Tenor: Rollins—4; Harold Land—3; Farrell—2; (Pete Christlieb—5; Bill Perkins—2; John Klemmer—2). Baritone: Adams—4; Mulligan—3; Carney—2; (Bill Hood—4; Jack Nimitz—3; Bill Perkins—2). Clarinet: Pete Fountain—4; DeFranco—4; Procope—1; (Ira Schulan—3; John Lowe—3). Misc. Instrument: Ponty—5; Kirk—3; Willie Ruff (French horn)—1; (George Bohanon (euphoni-um)—3; Lateef—3; King Errison (con-gas)—3). Flute: Bud Shank—3; Moody—3; Kirk—3; (Paul Horn—3; Wess—3; Gary Foster—3). Vibes: Burton—4; Jackson—3; Hutcherson—2; (Emil Rich-ards—3; Lynn Blessing—2). Piano: Peter-son—5; Garner—3; Roger Kellaway—1; (Joe Sample—3; Mike Wofford—3; Tom-mey Flanagan—3). Organ: Jimmy Smith—5; Shirley Scott—2; Clare Fischer—2; (Jack Wilson—3; Dave Mackay—3; Hen-ry Cain—3). Guitar: Howard Roberts—

3; Joe Pass—3; Burrell—3; (Joe Beck—3; Dennis Budimir—3; Lennie Breau—3). Bass: Ray Brown—4; Richard Davis—4; Gomez—1; (Buster William—4; Jeff Castleman—3; Jan Arnett—2). Drums: Rich—5; Bellson—2; Manne—2; (John Guerin—4; Larry Bunker—3; Mick Carol-li—2). Male Singer: Torme—4; Joe Wil-liams—3; Ray Charles—2; (Dave Mackay—3; Richard Boone—3; Kenny Hagood—3). Female Singer: Fitzgerald—4; Betty Carter—3; McRae—2; (Marlena Shaw—4; Letta Mbulu—3; Mavis Rivers—2). Blues-R&B Group: 5th Dimension—3; Spanky & Our Gang—3; Ike & Tina Turn-er—3; (Booker T & MGs—2; Staple Sing-ers—2). Hall of Fame: Fletcher Hender-son, Dinah Washington, Pee Wee Russell. Record of the Year: Lee Konitz Duets; Blood, Sweat & Tears; The Sound of Feel-ing—Oliver Nelson. Reissue of the Year: *V.S.O.P.*, Armstrong; The Immortal King Oliver; Henry Red Allen.

As lines separating jazz, blues, r&b, rock and pop grow increasingly fuzzy, I become increasingly frustrated trying to place Jackie & Roy, the Sound of Feeling, etc., in their proper bags.

RUGGERO STIASSI

Editor, *Modern Jazz*,
Contributor, *Down Beat*

Band: Ellington—3; Jones-Lewis—3; Ellis—3. Combo: Modern Jazz Quartet—3; Miles Davis—3; Monk—3. Composer: Oliver Nelson—3; John Lewis—3; Gil Evans—3. Arranger: B. Golson—3; Min-gus—3; Mulligan—3. Trumpet: Gillespie—3; Miles Davis—3; Hubbard—3; (Don Ellis—5). Trombone: J.J. Johnson—3; Curtis Fuller—3; Grachan Moncur III—3. Alto: McLean—3; Woods—3; McPherson—3. Tenor: Rollins—3; Dexter Gordon—3; Getz—3. Baritone: Adams—3; Mul-ligan—3; Carney—3. Clarinet: Guiffre—3; Bill Smith—3; De Franco—3. Misc. Instrument: Kirk—3; Lateef—3; Jerome Richardson—3. Flute: Charles Lloyd—3; Moody—3; Bud Shank—3. Vibes: Jack-son—3; Hutcherson—3; Burton—3. Pi-ano: Peterson—3; Bill Evans—3; Corea—3. Organ: Jimmy Smith—5. Guitar: Bur-rell—5. Bass: Richard Davis—3; Mingus—3; Ray Brown—3. Drums: Roach—3; Blakey—3; Elvin Jones—3. Male Singer: Sinatra—5. Female Singer: Fitzgerald—5. Blues-R&B Group: Aretha Franklin—5. Hall of Fame: Cecil Taylor. Record of the Year: Gary Burton, *Duster*; Dol-phy, *Memorial Album*; Gillespie, *Live at the Village Vanguard*. Reissue of the Year: Panassie Sessions; Miles Davis, *Greatest Hits*.

CHARLES SUHOR

Contributing Editor, *New Orleans*,
Correspondent, *Down Beat*

Band: Ellington—5; Basie—2; U. of Illinois—1; (U. of Illinois—5). Combo: Burton—5; Adderley—3; (Willie Tee—5). Trumpet: Terry—5; Gillespie—2; Miles Davis—2; (Sam Alcorn—4; Thomas Jef-ferson—3; Warren Luening—2). Trom-bone: Albert Mangelsdorff—3. Alto: Konitz—4; Adderley—4; Ornette Coleman—1; (Earl Turbinton—3; Gunter Kronberg—3; Don Suhor—3). Tenor: Gonsalves—5; Charles Lloyd—1; (James Rivers—

5; Ron Dewar—2; Heinz Sauer—2). Clar-inet: Pete Fountain—3; Ray Burke—3; Harry Shields—3; (Alvin Batiste—3; Don Suhor—3; Ray Burke—3). Misc. Instru-ment: Ravi Shankar—5. Flute: Moody—5; (James Rivers—5). Vibes: Burton—5. Piano: Thelonious Monk—5; Tommy Flanagan—2; (Fred Crane—5; Bob Greene—4). Organ: (Willie Tee—5). Guitar: Coryell—5; (Bill Huntington—3; George Davis—3; Danny Barker—3). Bass: Charles Haden—3; Swallow—3; Hinton—3; (Jeff Castleman—5; Bill Hunt-ington—2; Richard Pays—2). Drums: Ed Blackwell—5; Haynes—4; (David Lee—2; John Von Ohlen—2; Blackwell—5). Male Singer: B.B. King—5; Louis Arm-strong—1; Jose Feliciano—3; (Richard Boone—2; Don Smith—2; Feliciano—5). Female Singer: McRae—4; Franklin—4; Rita Reyes—1; (Rita Reyes—4; Margie Joseph—4; Betty Farmer—1). Hall of Fame: King Oliver, Baby Dodds, Max Roach.

This is a parochial ballot, but I hope there's value in the viewpoint of a writer whose main listening experience are in a single city. Many fine local artists (Burke, Joseph, Rivers, the Turbintons) obviously won't be winners, but I believe their names should appear in a comprehensive poll.

FRANK TENOT

Editor, *Jazz Magazine*, Paris

Band: Ellington—5; Basie—2; Gillespie—2; (Clarke-Boland—5). Combo: Burton—3; MJQ—3; Peterson—3. Composer: Ellington—5; Lewis J.—2; Monk—2. Ar-ranger: Ellington—5; B. Carter—2; Thad Jones—2; (F. Boland—5). Trumpet: Gillespie—4; Miles Davis—3; Terry—2; (Bill Coleman—4; Al Aarons—3; Jimmy Owens—1). Trombone: Lawrence Brown—5; Slide Hampton—3; Brookmeyer—1. Soprano: Thompson—3; Budd Johnson—3. Alto: Hodges—5; Woods—2; McLean—2; (J. Spaulding—5). Tenor: Shepp—4; Gonsalves—2; Getz—2; (Johnny Grif-fin—5; Eddie Harris—2). Baritone: Car-ney—5; Mulligan—2; Payne—2. Clarinet: Hamilton—5; (A. Nicholas—3; Claude Luter—2). Misc. Instrument: Ponty—5; Kirk—3; Nance—1; (S. Grappelli—5). Flute: Moody—4; F. Wess—3; Kirk—2; (Farrell—5; Eric Dixon—3). Vibes: Jack-son—4; Burton—3; Hampton—2. Piano: Garner—5; Hines—3; Byard—1; (M. So-lal—5). Organ: Jimmy Smith—5; W. Bill Davis—3; Larry Young—1; (Milt Buck-ner—5; Lou Bennett—4). Guitar: Burrell—4; Benson—4; Coryell—1; (Fred Green—5; Billy Butler—3). Bass: R. Davis—5; C. Mingus—3; R. Brown—1; (Henri Texier—5; A. Bell—3). Drums: Roach—4; R. Haynes—3; E. Jones—2; (Rufus Jones—4; O. Jackson—3; Harold Jones—2). Male Singer: Ray Charles—5; Arm-strong—3; Williams—1; (Jon Hendricks—5). Female Singer: Fitzgerald—5; Franklin—3; Vaughan—1. Blues-R&B Group: James Brown—5; Jimi Hendricks—3; Cream—1; (Buddy Guy—5; Cham-bers Brothers—3; Canned Heat—1). Hall of Fame: Django Reinhardt, Clifford Brown, Strayhorn. Record of the Year: Dizzy Reunion Big Band. Reissue of the Year: *African Ripples*, Fats Waller.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 34)

Magic Circus, in Los Angeles, with a number of rock acts for a recent one-nighter . . . **George Shearing**, in the midst of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, not only played his own things, but was featured as soloist in Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 23, with **Arthur Fiedler** conducting. On the same program: **The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble**. The concert took place at the Hollywood Bowl. Also at the Bowl recently: **B.B. King**, **Fats Domino**, and **Canned Heat** for a one-nighter . . . Singer-composer-pianist **Howlett Smith** is now working Charay's in Los Angeles, after six years at Sterling's in Santa Monica. With Smith are **Wilfred Middlebrooks**, bass; and **Jimmy Miller**, drums. On Thursday and Fridays, **Eddie Cano** and his quartet play during the cocktail hour . . . **The Preservation Hall Jazz Band** returned to UCLA July 27 for a concert at Royce Hall. **Billie and DeDe Pierce** brought their New Orleans "youngsters" to UCLA two years ago and it proved to be one of the most successful concerts ever staged on that campus . . . Another in the series of Sunday Jazz Cruises floated happily around Los Angeles harbor recently. Reedman **Hank De Vega** fronted a group with **Roger Kellaway**, piano; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; and **Carl Lott**, drums . . . **Joanne Grauer** fronted a quintet at Donte's for two Thursdays with **Jay Daversa**, trumpet; **Joe Roccasano**, reeds; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Dick Berk** (first night), **Joe Porcario** (second night), drums. Other groups gigging at Donte's included a guitar night tandem of **John Gray** and **Joe Pass**, backed by Neapolitan and Berk; and a combo led by **Jimmy Stewart**: **Tony Ortega**, reeds; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **Wolf-gang Melz**, Fender bass; Berk, drums. And **Tom Vaughn** brought in a trio for two Tuesdays, with **Gary Walters**, bass; and the ubiquitous Berk on drums . . . **Accordianist Art Van Damme** closed out an immensely successful series at the Pilgrimage Theater, with **Charlie Shoemaker**, vibes; **Pass**, guitar; **Andy Simpkins**, bass; Berk, drums . . . **Paul Horn** has formed a concert ensemble sponsored by the Artley Flute Co. Naturally, the front line resembles flute salad, what with Horn, **Tim Weisberg**, **Mike Vaccaro** and **Bruce Emarine** all featured on woodwinds—predominantly flutes. Backing them are **Joanne Grauer**, piano; **Dave Parlato**, bass; **Mike Kollander**, guitar; and **Bart Hall**, drums. They played a concert in Tucson and plan to tour nationally in September with Artley's blessing . . . **Gil Melle** closed at the Moonfire Inn. He is currently scoring *My Sweet Charlie* for Universal; expanding his earlier score for a film on Watts; and has been signed to score eight segments of an NBC-TV Anthology Series called *The Bold Ones*. He recently gave a lecture-concert at San Fernando Valley State College . . . **The Golden West Elks Jetsetters** have embarked on a program that is as worthwhile as it is ambitious: a "mobile revue" which will tour through central and south Los Angeles. In addition, the Jetsetters will give free choral

and instrumental training, and instruction in composing and arranging to all interested young people. The project was kicked off by a two-day jazz-rock-blues concert and dance over the July 4th weekend.

San Francisco: Over the weekend of Aug. 22-24, San Francisco will be the scene of a unique festival. With 80 performers per day, a circus, exhibits, and numerous other happenings, the creative powers of the Bay Area will bear down upon the sprawling focal point that is Golden Gate Park. And it will all be free. The festival, dubbed *Wild West*, is the child of the *ad hoc* San Francisco Music Council, whose board of directors includes **Tom Donahue**, formerly of KSAN-FM; columnist **Ralph J. Gleason**; Fillmore head **Bill Graham**; **Ron Polte**, **Rock Scully**, and **Bill Thompson**, managers, respectively, of **Quicksilver Messenger Service**, the **Grateful Dead**, and **Jefferson Airplane**; **Jann Wenner**, editor of *Rolling Stone*; and coordinator **Barry Olivier**, who founded the Berkeley Folk Festival 11 years ago. On July 7, there were well-attended benefits for *Wild West* at Fillmore West and at the newly-opened Family Dog. Performers included **Phoenix**, **Ace of Cups**, **The Fourth Way**, **Jefferson Airplane**, **It's a Beautiful Day**, **West**, and **Joan Baez**. Also, there were to be fundraising concerts at Kezar Stadium on the nights of the festival . . . After **Lee Morgan's** stay, the *Both/And* brought in vibist **Bobby Hutcherson**, who fronted altoist-flutist **Frank Strozier**, pianist **George Duke**, bassist **Ron McClure**, and drummer **Billy Higgins**. Next up were **Rufus Harley**, with bagpipes and other reeds, and singer **Letta Mbulu**. Co-owner **Delano Dean** expected future appearances by **Roland Kirk**, the **Tony Williams Trio**, and the **Miles Davis Quintet** . . . During July, Fillmore West featured, among others, **Johnny Winter**, **Eric Burdon and War**, **It's a Beautiful Day**, **Cat Mother**, **B.B. King**, **Aum**, **Taj Mahal**, **Elvin Bishop**, **Albert Collins**, **Country Joe and the Fish**, **Joe Cocker** and the **Grease Band**, **Ten Years After**, **Ike and Tina Turner**, **Steve Miller**, **Albert King**, **Canned Heat**, and the **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** . . . After a week by the **Bill Evans Trio** (bassist **Eddie Gomez**; drummer **Marty Morell**) at the end of June, the Jazz Workshop presented **Rufus Harley** during the first week of July. **Mose Allison** followed for three weeks, then **Willie Bobo** for two. Scheduled next were **Eddie Harris** and **Sonny Rollins**, each for two weeks . . . Berkeley's New Orleans House featured two nights with the **Sons of Champlin** in July, and the Bear's Lair on the U. of C. campus featured a night with guitarist **Elvin Bishop** . . . For more than two months, trumpeter **Federico Cervantes** has been rehearsing a 16-piece band whose repertoire will include much of his own writing. During the late '50s, when he was playing piano under the name **Freddie Gambrell**, Cervantes recorded several albums of his own for World Pacific and one featuring him with **Chico Hamilton**. Cervantes' new band, now ready for work, includes trumpeters **Tony Latizi**, **Zane Woodworth**, and **Tom Harrel**; trombonists **Pat O'**



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Hara, Gordon Messick, Van Hughes, and Phil Henderson; reedmen Greg D'Augelli, Chuck Peterson, Bob Ferrera, Barry Ullman, and Jim Rotherman; guitarist Steve Erquiaga; bassist John Mosher, and drummer Benny Barth (who was with the Montgomery brothers in the Mastersounds).

Chicago: Joe Segal has been busy bringing jazz musicians to Chicago. Sonny Criss spent two weekends at Jazzville, two nights at the Tejar Supper Club and then teamed up with Roland Kirk for one of Segal's *Modern Jazz Showcase* concerts at the North Park Hotel. Segal's 14th Annual *Charlie Parker Memorial Concert*, with stars to be announced, will be held at the hotel Aug. 30-31, and Yusef Lateef will return to Chicago in September . . . The North Park was also the scene for a concert featuring Bunky Green's quartet and musicians from the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, including pianist Richard Abrams, trombonist Lester Lashley, and the alto-flute duo of Henry Threadgill and Joel Brandon. Members of the A.A.C.M. who went to Paris (including Lester Bowie, Roscoe Mitchell, and Joseph Jarman) are reportedly living some 10 miles outside the city and have found a home for concerts . . . Pianist-vocalist Judy Roberts, with bassist Nick Tountas and drummer Rusty Jones, leads the new house trio at the London House, replacing 12-year man Eddie Higgins. Young-Holt Unlimited, with new trumpeter Cleo Griffin and pianist Ken Chaney, did four weeks at the club, followed Aug. 19 by the Glen Covington Trio for a fortnight . . . Billy Eckstine was at Mr. Kelly's . . . Despite a toothache, Benny Goodman was a smash hit at Ravinia, where he played a Hull House benefit. The capacity crowd loved everything with the exception of the group's rendition of *Aquarius*. Playing with Goodman were Jimmy Nottingham, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Jerome Richardson, tenor sax; Derek Smith (a last minute replacement for Hank Jones), piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Mounsey Alexander, drums, and vocalist Lynn Roberts . . . Franz Jackson's band with singer Jeanne Carroll returned to the Showboat Sari-S for a few weeks at the end of August. The boat, which is up for sale, had been featuring trombonist Danny Williams's band with Nappy Trottier, trumpet; clarinetist Jerry Fuller; Marty Grosz, guitar, and drummer Skip Goldwater . . . After a 19-month run, Pigalle gave Norm Murphy's band a month off due to lack of business during August. Murphy, bassist Truck Parham, pianist Joe Johnson, and drummer Tony Bellson were expected to return sometime during September . . . Dave Phelps is now the regular pianist at Jazz Ltd. . . . Georg Brunis, recovering from an ulcer operation, hopes to play a session at the Edge Lounge in the next few months . . . Little Brother Montgomery is playing weekends at Sam Ferrera's Lounge . . . The La Tour restaurant was the scene for Art Hodes' introduction of some arrangements which his band had been rehearsing for about a month. In the pianist's band are George

Finola, cornet; Jim Beebe, trombone; Rail Wilson, bass, and Hillard Brown, drums . . . The Concept Ballroom had a lively Sunday afternoon of music in mid-July with Don Patterson on organ, drummer Wilbur Campbell, guitarists Bebop Sam Thomas and George Freeman, and the latter's brother, Von Freeman, playing beautiful tenor sax. George is now playing at the Toast of the Town, and Von is with the Eddie Buster Trio at the Living Room. Patterson also did a weekend at the Apartment with drummer Billy James, tenor saxophonist George Coleman, the Vernell Fournier Trio, and singer Lorez Alexandria . . . Buddy Rich played a one-nighter at the Plugged Nickel, where Muddy Waters is in the midst of a three-week gig . . . The Phil Upchurch quartet is now the house band at Soul Junction.

Detroit: The Detroit Creative Musicians' Association is currently providing the musical fare at 285 East. Responsible for selection of groups heard at the near East side coffee house is DCMA treasurer Hank Hence. Five groups are set to alternate: Organist Butch Cornell's trio (James Brown, drums; Charles Miles, reeds); the Contemporary Jazz Quintet (Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums); reed man Larry Nozero's quintet (Doug Halliday, trumpet; Keith Vreeland, piano; John Dana, bass; Paul Ambrose, drums); drummer Archie Taylor's quintet (Nick Feretti, trumpet; Al Crawford, alto; Charles Eubanks, piano; Jesse Starks, bass) and drummer Doug Hammon's quintet (Crawford, Nozero, Dana, and guitarist Ron English) . . . After-hours activity on the west side takes place at Kingdom of Universal Truth Church, where the pastor is Rev. T.T. Hicks. Rev. Hicks' brother is bassist Rod Hicks, formerly with Aretha Franklin and currently with the Butterfield Blues Band. House band at the church is led by reed man Sam Sanders and includes pianist Claude Black, bassist Robert Allen, and drummer Jimmy Allen . . . When the old Falcon Bar in Ann Arbor moved around the corner and became the Golden Falcon, jazz went out and various kinds of dance music moved in. But it was like old times July 6 as Ann Arbor's best known jazzman-in-residence, bassist Ron Brooks, hosted an afternoon session at the new location . . . The Detroit-Windsor Freedom Festival, honoring the Independence Days of the U.S. and Canada, was the occasion for two concerts at Ford Auditorium, both featuring Duke Ellington and the Ron Collier band from Canada . . . For the concluding jazz concert of the series at the Art Institute, the big band co-led by reed men Lannie Austin and Emil Moro was augmented by a contingent of strings from the Detroit Symphony . . . Guitarist Kenny Burrell, a perennial favorite at Baker's Keyboard, had drummer Jimmy Cobb in his accompanying group this time, along with stalwarts Richard Wyands, piano, and Martin Rivera, bass . . . During multi-instrumentalist Yusef Lateef's stay at Baker's Keyboard, former sideman Ernie Farrow sat in for a set of '50s style Detroit bop. Pianist Harold McKinney also sat in with

Lateef. Yusef's rhythm section (Hugh Lawson, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums), former Detroiters all, returned the visit later in the week by journeying to their musical alma mater, Clarence's Bluebird, to sit in with bassist Farrow's quintet. Among the notable Detroit alumni augmenting Farrow's group during the weeks preceding his tragic death (see p. 11) were bassist Melvin Jackson, currently with Eddie Harris; drummer Oliver Jackson, formerly with Earl Hines, and Ahmad Jamal's drummer, Frank Gant. Substitutes with the band included pianist Charles Eubanks and tenorist Donald Walden . . . Just before moving back to Detroit, Mel Jackson cut an album for Limelight. One side features various artists from Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians; the other incorporates the vocal stylings of the Sound of Feeling . . . Latin music with plenty of blowing room is the menu served up three nights a week by the Cubana Brass at El Sol. Members include John Mayhan, trumpet and piano; Clyde Savage, trumpet; Jose Guadiana and Jimmy Stefanson, reeds; Robert Allen, bass; Sherrill Grogan, drums and Pablo, vocals . . . Pianist-vocalist Vince Mance holds forth at the Ivanhoe, backed by Fred Housey on bass and Ed Nelson or Danny Spencer on drums . . . Quentin Denard replaced Jay Harris on drums with organist Charles Harris' trio in the Fireside Lounge of the Twenty Grand.

Philadelphia: Drew's Rendezvous, the little 52nd Street jazz room, has been jumping since ex-Ellington trumpeter Cat Anderson joined the Jimmy Oliver Quartet. Anderson also served as starting pitcher when Drew's baseball team played a Sunday game in Atlantic City, N.J. Pianist Eddie Greene joined the Oliver aggregation for this engagement . . . Evelyn Simms and Jimmy Gaskins' Jazz East Trio were booked for two weeks at North Philly's Gay Paree and planned to follow up with the first two weeks in August at the First Nighter Club . . . Cecil Collier, better known as Kid Haffey, vocalist-bouncer from the old Blue Note Club, and his Mrs. are planning a 15th wedding anniversary picnic party for Labor Day weekend. Mrs. Collier always cooked for the Blue Note's jazz artists, so musicians all over the world will understand when I say that I'm looking forward to a feast . . . Sonny Rollins' group, with Tootie Heath on drums, followed the Wynton Kelly Trio at the Aqua Musical Lounge . . . By popular demand, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band did a return engagement at the Temple University Music Festival Aug. 3. The New Orleans group drew over 3000 fans at the first concert in North Philly early in August . . . The Heath Brothers are becoming very familiar figures at the Aqua. Jimmy Heath made his umpteenth appearance there with Milt Jackson, pianist Barry Harris; Herman Wright, bass, and Frank Gant, drums. The Heaths always play their best in Philadelphia and Barry Harris was just beautiful. Herbie Hancock and Freddie Hubbard were slated for the club in late July and early August . . . The Show Boat Jazz Theatr should be

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open again as this issue reaches the stands. The room was being set up for business with **Little Jimmy Scott** in the opening spot late in July. Philadelphia columnist **Esther Edwards** is one of the new partners operating the club . . . Trombonist **Al Grey** hopes to get together with his old partner, **Billy Mitchell**, for a few major engagements. The two played some sessions at the Steer Inn in Freeport, Long Island, not long ago . . . Drummer **Bobby Durham** returned from Japan for a short vacation before boarding a plane for Paris with his boss, **Oscar Peterson** . . . The Clef Club, at AFM 274, was shut tight on the night of the moon landing. The annual "Old Timers" show at the Club Harlem in Atlantic City, N.J. drew so many employees and customers that **Jimmy Adams** declared a holiday . . . **Jimmy Keys**, publisher of *The Voice*, a popular West Philly Entertainment Paper, had his annual party and boat trip slated for Tuesday August 5th on the Show Boat (the cruise ship, not the night club). A battle of the tenor saxes with **Jimmy Oliver** and **Vance Wilson** was promised, with the band of **Carl Holmes** and vocalist **Justine Taylor** . . . Vocalist **Evelyn Simms** was set for an engagement at the First Nighter Supper Club with the Jazz East Trio and a visit to the Beacon Inn at the Flying W Airport in South Jersey, where she was to join the **Johnny Walker Trio**, featuring **John Lamb**, bass . . . The **Duke Ellington Orchestra** played at Atlantic City's Steel Pier, but many fans were turned off by advertisements that gave **The Cowsills** top billing. Actually, Duke played another room on the pier and there was no conflict . . . A program of bebop is planned at **Drews** for Saturday, Aug. 30th from 3 P.M. until. The **Fred Miles American Interracialist Jazz Society** will present its first **Beboppers Reunion** with the hopes that it will be an annual event. The affair will honor the birthdays of **Lester Young** and **Charlie Parker** . . . The **Furness Brothers**, with **Charlie Rice** on drums, were brought back to the Clef Club for another return engagement . . . Beautiful **Kim Weston** appeared at Atlantic City's Club Harlem in July with **Johnny Lynch** and his orchestra. Prior to Miss Weston's engagement, tragedy struck at the club when drummer **William Milton** died of a heart attack while playing with trumpeter **Lynch's** houseband for the room's opening of its 35th annual *Smart Affairs Revue* . . . Drummer **Frankie Root** has been playing at Germantown's Gaslight Club with pianist **Bob Cohen** and a number of other fine local musicians . . . Wedding bells will be ringing in August for tenor saxophonist **Bootsie Barnes** and **Corrine Simms**, sister of vocalist **Evelyn Simms**. Barnes recently left the **Al Grey Band** to return to fronting his own combo . . . New York jazz columnist **Ruth Henderson** moved her popular column, *Ruthies Box*, to the *Nite Owl* publication recently. This Philadelphia entertainment weekly also features a column by this writer, *The Wonderful World of Black and White* . . . The Walnut Lounge has added the **Lady Armstrong Trio** for a long engagement . . . **Martin Kaelin** recently returned from another of his annual trips to New Orleans where he sketched and photographed

a bit more of New Orleans jazz history . . . The **Trudy Pitts** trio, featuring drummer **Mr. Carney**, left for Barcelona, Spain, in June for a series of concerts, and is due to return in late August.

New Orleans: Summer concerts are in bloom in New Orleans. In addition to appearances by **Pete Fountain** and **Ronnie Kole** with the New Orleans Pops and the New Orleans Jazz Club's Sunday afternoon concert series, **Aretha Franklin** and **Margie Joseph** have been heard in recent concerts. Miss Joseph is a Dillard University student who is gaining a large following as a blues/pop performer . . . **Dick Allen** of the Tulane Jazz Archive recently gave an illustrated history of jazz lecture with pianist **Armand Hug** to students in a special summer program at Trinity Episcopal school . . . Arranger-alto saxophonist **Charlie Brent** of the Loyola University Jazz Lab Band took a summer gig in Las Vegas writing for **Wayne Cochran** and the **C.C. Riders**. Cochran was recently featured at the **Al Hirt** club. Another Loyolian, drummer **Johnny Vidacovich**, joined pianist **Ronnie Dupont's** combo at the Bistro, and trombonist **Alan Hermann** joins the Dupont combo on Friday and Saturday nights . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** will play 40 weeks of the year at Economy Hall of the new Royal Sonesta Hotel on Bourbon Street. Trumpeter **Frank Assunto** will be associated with the Sonesta, importing other jazz acts as well as leading the Dukes . . . **Willie Tee's** group at the Jazz Workshop was the subject of a cover story in the *Times-Picayune's* Sunday Roto late in June . . . The folk-rock scene grew livelier here as two new coffeehouses opened uptown in July, the Pen and Pencil and the Different Drummer. Both will feature folk music, and the P&P also plans to use modern jazz. In the French Quarter, the Head on Toulouse Street has spotlighted groups like **Paul Varisco's Milestones**, **Impulse Federation**, and **Super Group**. Another rock club, the Roach, is currently under court injunction to turn down the amplifiers at its Royal Street location but has been active with such bands as **Deacon John** and the **Lectric Soul Train** and **White Clover**. The Bank on Decatur Street continues to prosper with an acid rock policy . . . The hippie community turned out in large numbers for a July 4th love-in at Mardi Gras Fountain on Lake Pontchartrain. Among the bands performing at the peaceful swim-and-picnic fest were the **Paper Steamboat** and the **Louisiana Ball and Freon** . . . **Nick Fa-tool** will take a 12-week vacation from **Pete Fountain's** band. **Darryl Prechter**, currently with the **Dukes of Dixieland**, is set to sub . . . Cornetist **Phil Napoleon** and **Terese Sbarbaro**, sister of drummer **Tony Spargo** of the **Original Dixieland Jazz Band**, were among the recent visitors to the Touche Lounge to hear pianist **Armand Hug** . . . Tenor saxist-flutist **Joe Gordon** has been playing weekend jam sessions at the Horse Stable on Bourbon Street . . . **Maison Bourbon** brought in a Dixie trio called the **East End** in July . . . The new dean of Loyola University's Music School is **Dr. Joseph B. Buttram**, who replaces **Michael Carubba**. Among

the advances made during **Carubba's** tenure were the establishment of the Jazz Laboratory Band as a credit course. **Carubba** becomes chairman of the applied music department at Loyola.

Pittsburgh: Pianist-combo leader **Walt Harper** has opened the first new Downtown club to feature jazz in almost a decade. Called "Walt Harper's Attic—And All That Jazz," it features the Harper quintet as house band and will book other jazz attractions when the popular combo hits the road for proms, jazz concerts, etc. Both the press opening on June 25 and the formal opening on June 27 were SRO, and attendance since then has been excellent . . . Numerous jazz stars played a benefit for Camp Achievement, an integrated facility for deprived youngsters. Held at the Redwood Motor Hotel and emceed by **DB Pittsburgh** correspondent **Roy Kohler**, it featured pianists **Reid Jaynes**, **Carl Arter** and **Spurgeon Illery**; trumpeters **Hershey Cohen** and **Harry Nash**; tenor saxophonists **James Pellow** and **Art Nance**, and **Walt Harper's** quintet. Vocalists were **Jeanne Baxter** and the **Three Belles**, and **Tom Evans** . . . **Groove Holmes** was around the district in late June with dates at the Keystone Elks Club in Washington, Pa. and the Hollywood Club in Clairton. The latter popular weekend jazz spot also had the **Jimmy McGriff Quartet** . . . **WAMO** radio executive **Bill Powell** continues to turn up most of the new jazz talent at his Sunday evening sessions at the Aurora Lodge Club. Recent appearances were by the **Soul Brothers** and **The Headliners** . . . Drummer **Van Harris** and vocalist **Candy Cotton** were features of an organ trio at the Hurricane Bar . . . **Duquesne University's Eric Kloss** was set to cut another album for **Prestige** and do some summer gigs around Pittsburgh . . . Veteran pianist **Chuck Maurice** turned the Gaslight Club in Shadyside into a summer jazz rendezvous with his fine trio. Bassist is **Dan Mastri**, on leave of absence from the **Saints and Sinners**. The drummer is another topnotcher with years of jazz experience, **Henry Sciuillo** . . . **Charles Bell**, the pianist who led a movement to combine jazz and classical music in the late 1950s, has returned from New York to teach at the University of Pittsburgh. He plans to put a swinging band together at Pitt . . . **Lionel Hampton** had a July one-nighter at the Flying Carpet, a motel near the Pittsburgh airport which has facilities for big bands . . . **Dancer Rudy Moses**, who heads a cultural arts school, is organizing a jazz benefit for late summer. He says the **George Benson Quartet** will head the bill. Benson's son is one of the pupils at the school . . . A **Steubenville, Ohio** group, **The Stereos**, gained a lot of friends with their recent gig at the Hurricane Bar . . . Other up-and-coming young groups are **The Trademarks**, who made a fine impression at the Aurora Lodge Club, and **The Electrons**, who often play at the Hollywood Club in Clairton, Pa. . . . Pianist **Carl Arter**, part-owner and manager of Pittsburgh's first integrated country club, the **Cosmopolitan Club**, says he soon will be rehearsing a big band to play in the club's restaurant near Butler.

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