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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ANNUAL
KEYBOARD
ISSUE

Pianist
Jaki Byard



The Growing Achievements
Of: Jaki Byard, Herbie
Hancock, Denny Zeitlin




Poll Ballot Inside

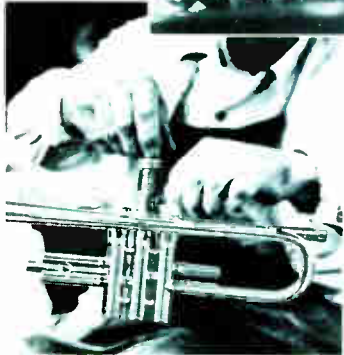
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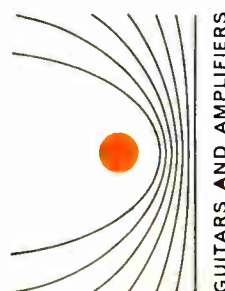
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education in jazz

—by Dave Brubeck

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gratifying to me is that with all the freshness and spontaneity of their improvising, their understanding of melodic and harmonic principles is consistently in evidence.

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Dave Brubeck

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Gitler Vs. Hentoff

Ira Gitler does quite a bit of name-calling (*Chords and Discords*, Sept. 9) for a responsible critic. How many hours has Gitler ever spent listening to Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, and Archie Shepp? But far be it from Gitler to make such "mistakes" as Nat Hentoff. Gitler is content to speak only after the dust has long since cleared and the mainstream has been well established.

The point is that whatever else one might say about Hentoff's writing and judgments, they have usually been characterized by a frankness and integrity—guts—that are needed just as much in jazz writing as in the other fields that Hentoff deals with.

Martin S. Mitchell
New York City

Ira Gitler's reply to Nat Hentoff is as ridiculous as some of his reviews. Because the "new thinkers" did not draw huge crowds at Newport does not make Gitler right and Hentoff wrong. A filled stadium or concert hall doesn't mean that something is being said there, or that because there were few people present, not much was shaking.

There are many people who do not want to sit and listen to the same thing, be it Miles or Monk, all the time. There are times when a person craves something new, really new; it may not always be pleasurable but it is gratifying.

Eric Miller
Claremont, Calif.

Ira Gitler's eloquent and scorching answer to Nat Hentoff cannot be improved in any way. Gitler certainly put him and the "new thing" in their proper place.

Jazz for me comes down to very simple terms: Do I like it? Does the musician project soul? How anybody can honestly say that they feel soul from a bunch of people playing disconnected notes in a flat and discordant tone is beyond me. (I think it appropriate to state that I am not 70 but 21, and my jazz collection is over 90 percent modern.)

Michael C. Young
Columbus, Ohio

The members of the Connecticut Jazz Appreciation Society want to thank *Down Beat* for printing Ira Gitler's letter concerning Nat Hentoff.

We all felt that it was a wonderful letter and that Gitler is correct. Jazz would be much better off if Hentoff would concentrate on his political and racial interests and stop writing about music. We feel that he, and writers of his party line, do a music we love a great deal of harm.

Mrs. Charles Mulford
Monroe, Conn.

For Hentoff's answer to Gitler's letter, see page 39.

Three Cheers For The Stones!

In the two rather angry letters (*Chords*, Sept. 9) condemning critic Daniel Filipacchi, both singled out his vote for the Rolling Stones as "an insult to the critics poll." I must take issue with this statement.

My record collection contains everything from Dolphy and Coltrane to Peterson and Mulligan. I also listen to, and enjoy, my Rolling Stones albums. What makes them any different from Ray Charles or Muddy Waters? Certainly their music is just as bluesy. Appearance cannot be a factor in judging a performer.

Today vocal jazz is lagging behind in the development of the music. If Clark Terry can garner enough votes to be recognized as a vocalist, why can't a solid r&b group be entitled to its share of votes without being called an insult? It's time we stopped slapping success in the face.

Peter Gross
Cape Elizabeth, Maine

I was momentarily taken aback by critic Filipacchi's votes for Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones.

However, I have since done some analyzing and found with interest that their music contains an important jazz factor, spontaneity, and a good deal more originality and sincerity than most accepted, "comfortable" jazz vocal groups.

John David Owen
Lancaster, New Brunswick

Jazz purists David B. Morgan and Andre Kaldi seem intent on crucifying the followers and musicians of rhythm and blues and feel insulted by the recognition of the Rolling Stones in *Down Beat's* recent poll.

I recommend that they listen to the deep and soulful quality of the Stones and compare it to some of the superficial junk now being passed off under the guise of jazz. They might also stop insulting those who can find meaning and understanding in this music.

Jonathan M. Miller
Philadelphia, Pa.

Humor And Jazz

What a pleasant surprise to find at least two articles with such delightful humor in one issue of *Down Beat* (Sept. 9). I am referring to the very interesting article about Paul Desmond by Dan Morgenstern and the wonderful Rex Stewart *Blindfold Test*. They were both amusing and enlightening.

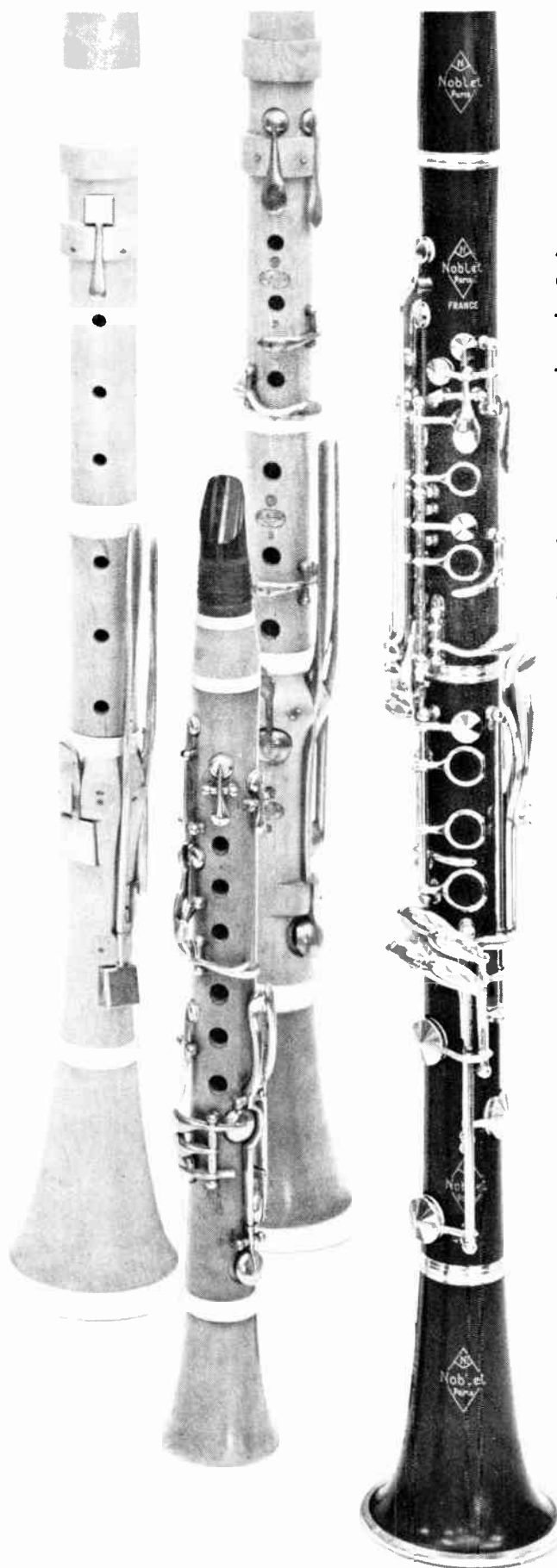
It seems like there is so much dissension among jazz buffs or aficionados that one wonders if some enthusiasts have actually lost or mislaid their sense of humor when they are so vehemently critical of America's greatest art form.

Kathy Wemple
Newport, Calif.

Marching Along Together

My thanks to Paul Desmond for his views on Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. Now I know I don't have to follow the crowd.

Michael P. Gill
Brooklyn, N.Y.



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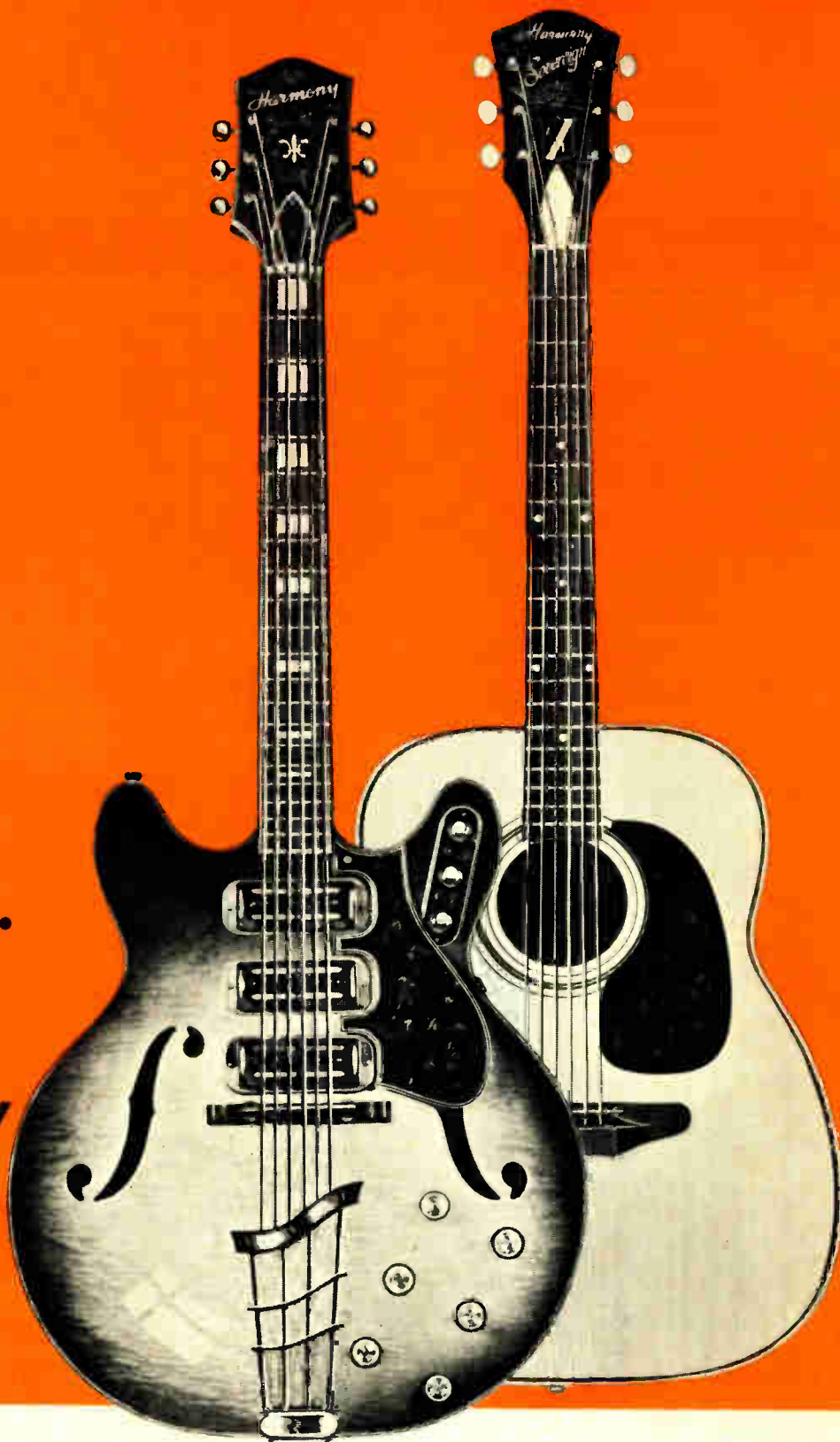
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October 21, 1965

Vol. 32 No. 22

AMERICANS IN EUROPE— THE BUSY CYCLE CONTINUES

Though jazz musicians seldom agree about anything, most allow that Europe has virtues as a source of income and place of residence. Many have gone to the Continent for a short tour or club engagement and stayed. A few have spent considerable time there and returned to the United States, only to scurry back across the Atlantic. Two who recently made the forth-back-forth scene are drummer Art Taylor and vibraharpist Walt Dickerson.

Taylor returned to his homeland early this year after almost two years working in various European cities, mostly Paris. But he stayed here less than a month. He currently is back in Paris working with tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin, another who finds cooking on the Continent to his taste.

Dickerson toured Europe for about a year before dashing back to his Philadelphia home early in September. After a two-week whirl of seeing friends and family, the vibraharpist flew off for a Sept. 16 appearance at a festival in Lugano, Italy. Other Italian gigs also were scheduled, so Dickerson said he figures to stay away from home for a month or two before returning. He said something like that the other time.

Two trumpeters who have resided in Europe for almost two years, Donald Byrd and Don Cherry, also have figured in recent jazz news.

At last report, Byrd, who returns periodically to the United States, either to teach or work a few jobs, had decided to take a permanent position as an arranger-composer for Thorleif Ostereng's orchestra, which broadcasts regularly over an Oslo, Norway, radio station. Byrd also plans to start a Jazz Composer's Workshop with Ostereng. Byrd and tenorist Dexter Gordon, who resides most often in Denmark, were the star soloists with U.S. composer George Russell's big Swedish band at a recent concert in Stockholm, where Russell now lives.

Cherry, who moved from New York to Europe after a long association with alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman (also currently in Europe), joined Russell and a smaller group for two concerts and a record date in Germany last month. Earlier in the year, Cherry formed an international quintet that, under the title the Complete Communion, includes Argentine tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, German pianist-vibraharpist Karl Berger, French bassist J. F. Jenny-Clark, and Italian drummer Aldo Romano.

The group's first engagement was a three-month gig at the Chat Qui Pêche in

Paris. The five also appeared at jazz festivals in Bologna, Italy, and L'Isle de Re, France. The Communicants, according to leader Cherry, are "playing collectively improvised suites of tunes based on original lines and sources from all corners of the world (such as Latin American or Arabian songs) and also jazz standards or parts of them, creating uninterrupted changes of moods, of collective and solo parts of rhythms and tonalities."

While Cherry was performing in Germany with Russell, soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy played at the Chat Qui Pêche with Berger, Jenny-Clark, and Romano. Lacy was to record (with group) for French Polydor records.

Cherry's group is scheduled for the second annual Prague Jazz Festival, to be held in the Czechoslovakian capital Oct. 17-20. The Modern Jazz Quartet and a group led by U.S. trumpeter Ted Curson also will appear at the festival, which includes on its programs seven Czech groups, two from the Soviet Union, and one apiece from Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands, Poland, Romania, and France.

Though the Prague lineup is impressive, all is not cool in Czechoslovakia. The country's leading saxophone and flute player, Jan Konopasek, reportedly became so angered by the government's refusal to allow him to go to Western European countries with the jazz group in which he played, the S&H Combo, that he stopped playing and became a cabdriver. Most recently he has reportedly defected to West Germany.

Though the import-export balance is, in a noneconomic way, in Europe's favor, the imbalance will be partially corrected when the Swingle Singers come here for a 2½-month tour. The Parisian group begins its trek with a concert at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and ends it with a Dec. 23-Jan. 1 stint at New York's Village Gate. In between are to be numerous concerts in the Midwest and on the West Coast, a shot on the *Ed Sullivan Show* (Nov. 28), and two appearances on Dean Martin's television show.

But then perhaps the balance will not be too much redressed after all—Ward Swingle, the head of SS, is a native of Alabama.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: A benefit program on Oct. 10 for Philadelphia's St. Andrew's and St. Monica's Episcopal churches will find one of the largest assemblages of jazz talent gathered on a stage in that city since the days of the Jazz at the Philharmonic tours. Billed as the Philadelphia Jazz Festival, the two programs (at 5:30 and 9:30 p.m.) will feature jazzmen Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, the Jack McDuff Septet, Red Prysock's band, Mongo Santamaria and his orchestra, the Lloyd Mayer Trio, vocalists Gloria Lynne, Arthur Prysock (Red's brother), and Joe Dukes, and comic Redd

Foxx. The festival will be held at the Philadelphia Athletic Club.

Singer Nancy Wilson has lined up a practically nonstop schedule. She is set for three television specials with NBC during the '65-'66 season. In addition, she will video tape a guest appearance for the *Red Skelton Show*, to be seen next spring. Ditto for a *Dean Martin* TV show scheduled for early February. Also on the agenda is a co-starring role with French singer-actor Charles Aznavour for a special on Television Francaise. And in a straight dramatic capacity, Miss Wilson will be a guest on a two-part segment of a new TV series, *The Baron*.

Frank Sinatra continues to receive heavy exposure. *Newsweek*, which rarely devotes its covers to show-biz personalities, did so for Sinatra. The magazine even ordered an extra press run. CBS-TV is planning a profile on Sinatra to be seen Nov. 16, while NBC-TV will air a similar review eight nights later.

Two jazz artists will be included in the Great Performers at Philharmonic Hall concert series sponsored by Lincoln Center during the 1965-66 season. Duke Ellington will appear with "assisting artists" on Dec. 12, and Dave Brubeck and his quartet will be heard April 6. Other performers in the series include violinist Yehudi Menuhin, soprano Birgit Nilsson, pianist Robert Casadesu, and folk singer Joan Baez.

FINAL BAR: Drummer George Williams, organizer of New Orleans' famed Olympia Brass Band, died in the Crescent City last month . . . Ernest J. (Red) Ingle, 58, best known for his comedy music but also a saxophonist who worked with various Chicago jazz bands in the '30s, died of a liver ailment at Santa Barbara, Calif., Sept. 7. As a comedian, he came to prominence with the late Spike Jones' band. Ingle left Jones in the mid-'40s and formed his Unnatural Seven; his record of *Cigaretts, Whisky, and Wild, Wild Women* became a hit. Ingle is survived by his widow, Edwynna, and his son, Don, who is the trumpeter with Bill Reinhardt's traditional jazz band at Jazz, Ltd., in Chicago . . . The body of singer-entertainer Dorothy Dandridge, 41, was found in her Hollywood, Calif., apartment Sept. 8. Death was caused, according to toxicological examinations, by bone-marrow particles from a tiny foot-bone fracture that entered her bloodstream and reached her brain and lungs. The examining doctor called the medical circumstances extremely rare. Miss Dandridge had been scheduled to begin an engagement at New York's Basin Street East Sept. 9 . . . Hyp Guinle, owner of the Famous Door in New Orleans, died of a heart attack in August. Guinle opened the club in 1934. It became the center of a Dixieland revival in the late 1940s when Sharkey Bonano's Kings of Dixieland played there. The club was a springboard for numerous Dixie groups and individual jazzmen such as Sam Butera, the Dukes of Dixieland,

(Continued on page 41)



WATERMELON MAN:

Herbie Hancock

By DON HECKMAN

THE TENUOUS LINE between jazz-as-art and jazz-as-popular-entertainment is one that few jazz artists have successfully bridged. It is all the more unusual, therefore, that pianist Herbie Hancock, at 25, already has gathered fruits of both worlds.

It comes as no news to anyone that Hancock's *Watermelon Man* has been extensively recorded and widely received. But *Watermelon Man* is only one element in a burgeoning musical career. Since his arrival from Chicago in 1961, Hancock has been one of the most sought after New York sidemen, first with Donald Byrd's group and later as a regular participant in rhythm sections for Blue Note records; occasionally with Jackie McLean, J. J. Johnson, and the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet; and from June, 1963, as pianist for Miles Davis.

Hancock has had a long playing experience. The son of a Chicago government inspector, he began taking piano lessons when he was 7, focusing, as do most beginning students, on the traditional classical fare. An awareness of jazz came later.

"Jazz first made an impression on me when I was in high school in about 1954," he said. "When I was younger, I listened to rhythm and blues. I remember turning on a rhythm-and-blues station, and there was one record they played that I liked. I couldn't understand it, but I

liked it, and I knew it was jazz. . . . *Moonlight in Vermont* by Johnny Smith. I couldn't understand it for the world. It sounded pretty, but it didn't make any real sense to me. It sounded like it just kept moving.

"The first real impression jazz made on me was when I went to a variety program at my high school. There was a trio there, and a guy in my class was playing some music in a way that I could tell he knew what he was doing. I had thought jazz was for old men—I thought you had to really be 'down' musically to play jazz—and here's this guy my age playing it, and I was wondering how he could do that. So I became good friends with him. We hung out together during the rest of my two years in high school. His idol was George Shearing, so he was using all the block chord stuff. I didn't understand that either, but it was farther out than Johnny Smith."

The friend showed him some basic chords and bass lines.

"As soon as I could play the blues in one key," Hancock recalled, "I was playing for dances. I couldn't take any solos, and *forget* the right hand. I could just play chords. After Shearing, I dug Erroll Garner, then the West Coast people—Dave Brubeck, Stan Kenton, Pete Jolly. I still didn't know what I was listening to, but everyone interested in jazz that I knew liked certain people, and so I just followed the pack. From there I went to Oscar Peterson.

"Meanwhile, everyone was telling me they didn't like hard bop, so of course I didn't like hard bop either, even though I didn't know what hard bop was. . . . Then one day I saw a record, and its title was *Hard Bop*. Maybe this is what they're talking about, I thought, and I bought the record and I liked it. From then on I went over to the East Coast, mentally."

Despite the gradually acquired interest in jazz, Hancock was not particularly eager to pursue a career in music. At Grinnell College in Iowa—a highly regarded liberal arts school—he started engineering, changed to music, and graduated with a bachelor of arts degree.

"I wasn't really quite sure of what I wanted to be," he said, "an engineer, a psychologist, or what. I promised my mother I wouldn't be a musician—promised myself too. But I had to break my promise. Even though my mother was against it, she didn't try to hold me back when I decided to be a musician. She's always been my biggest supporter."

Listening to Hancock's music, one

can only be pleased that the promise was broken. His interests, his views—both musical and personal—reflect the attitude of a person who knows what he is about and where he is going. His comments on *Watermelon Man* reveal this. Hancock outlined its sources:

"At the time *Watermelon Man* was written, I had a dual purpose in mind. The first was to help sell the album, but I didn't want to prostitute myself to do that. I also wanted to write something that was actually authentic, something that I knew something about."

The most salable commodity at the time was soul music, so Hancock went into his own "personal American Negro background," to find within himself what he had gone through that could be projected musically.

"I've never been in jail," he said, "so I can't write about chain gangs or cotton fields. Then I remembered when I was in Chicago and the watermelon man used to go through the alley—a couple of times a day—and he had a little song, 'Wah tee mee lo-w.' There were cobblestone alleys, and the first idea I got was to try to make some kind of rhythmic sound like a soulful wagon going over the cobblestones, with the horse's hooves and everything. For the melody I started thinking—suppose somebody were calling the watermelon man, what would they say? They'd say, 'Hey, watermelon man.' So I tried to write a melody that sounded like that. And even before the lyrics came out, any time anybody joked with me about *Watermelon Man*, they'd sing, 'Hey, watermelon man' to the first melodic phrase, even though they didn't know I had this in mind. I guess the melody sounds so strongly like it that you automatically get that kind of verbal image."

Watermelon Man has given Hancock access to an audience far wider than that reached by most jazzmen. Recently he was asked to write a song for Lena Horne, and other opportunities in pop music seem to be opening up. Characteristically, Hancock recognizes that "popular" does not have to mean "tasteless" or "shoddy." Like a number of other observers, he recognizes the significant changes taking place in pop music.

"My sister Jean loves rhythm and blues, and she's been playing a lot of these things," he said. "At first I didn't pay any attention to it. But once she had a record on by somebody, I think Dionne Warwick, and I was just passing through the living room when all of a sudden I said, 'Wait a minute. What is this?' I

heard some strange chords being played and different kinds of phrases—three-bar phrases and five-bar phrases and 19-bar tunes. And pretty soon I began listening to these things. Through the technical interest that was stirred up in me, I finally got back to the emotional thing which is actually the basis for rhythm and blues. It just happens that certain tunes have 19 bars or have three-bar phrases. I think it's becoming very artful, as a matter of fact. The Beatles, for example; some of their songs are very artful. And Dionne Warwick, James Brown, Mary Wells, Smoky and the Miracles, the Supremes—I even know the names now."

TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS have passed since Hancock joined the Miles Davis Quintet. In that time, his work with bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams in the trumpeter's group, has set a standard of inventive and progressive rhythm section playing. Yet the manner in which Hancock was added to the Davis group in June, 1963, was hardly calculated to inspire a young musician's confidence.

"I heard that Miles' old group had been disbanded and he was looking for a new group," he recalled. "A couple of guys told me he was trying to get in touch with me. At the time I didn't believe it. . . . Then I got a call from Tony Williams, and he told me that Miles was going to call and ask me to come over to his house to play. Next day, or maybe it was the same day, Miles called me up. He asked me if I was busy, if I was working. I was at the time, but I told him no; so he asked me if I would come over to his house the next day. I told him sure, but he hung up without giving me his address or anything. Luckily I had gotten it from Tony.

"Next day I went over. Tony was there with Ron and [tenor saxophonist] George Coleman. We ran over some things while Miles walked around and listened. Philly Joe Jones stopped by too. Then Miles called up Gil Evans. He said, 'Hey, Gil, I want you to hear my new drummer.' Because Tony really knocked him out.

"After we rehearsed the next day, he told us we were going to do a record in two days. I was wondering what was going on; he hadn't even told me whether I was in the group or not. So I didn't say anything, and we did the record—*Seven Steps*. Then we had another rehearsal, and he mentioned a job at Bowdoin College. I said, 'Wait a minute, Miles. You

haven't even told me if I'm in the group or what.' And he said, 'You made the record, didn't you?' So I said, 'Yeah, okay.' That was fine. I was jumping through hoops."

Today Hancock gives serious consideration to his own music and his own developing artistic sensibilities.

"I'm trying to collect different kinds of musical experiences," he explained. "I guess I went naturally through the post-bebop and the late post-bebop thing, the impressionistic thing of Bill Evans, and now I've started to open my mind and my ears up a little more to other kinds of sounds, the so-called avant-garde. I did an album with Tony Williams recently, and as far as the level is concerned, it's probably the farthest-out thing I've done that I've been satisfied with. I wouldn't say that the album is necessarily as far out as Grachan Moncur's *Some Other Stuff*, but I'm more satisfied with my own playing on Tony's record. Young as he is, Tony has really helped open my ears up to some of the new things."

Does Hancock, then, consider himself a participant in the avant-garde?

"I have a certain concept of freedom," he answered. "At my best, I'd like to consider myself a free player. By freedom I mean I'd like to be able to play the music of my moods. And if I want to play rhythm and blues all night, I'm still a free player. Or if I want to play rhythm and blues for one number, and the next number play on the strings of the piano, or even if I'm playing bebop all night, I'm still a free player. No matter what I play, I just want to be able to recreate my moods or at least have my mind open enough so that I can do what I want, so that I can hear or conceive of what I want, even if I can't reproduce it. This is my freedom."

Nor does he pull punches in his estimate of avant-garde activities:

"Some of the sounds of the musicians I like, some I don't. Some I like sometimes. I have a feeling that there are a few musicians that have concepts about music that I can't agree with, for one reason or another. Some guys aren't ready to do a certain thing. Being a practicing musician is not for everybody. Even if you're musically talented, talent comes in degrees depending on a whole bunch of factors. Quite often some people just will not be prepared to do certain things."

HANCOCK FEELS there are three different ways in which he approaches his playing. The first he calls the "mental approach"; in the second,

he lets his fingers play "what they want to play"; in the third, he plays what he hears.

"I'm pretty sure that when I perform," he said, "there's sort of a subconscious thing that happens in which I use all three of these different techniques, at different times with different combinations of each. Sometimes I just let my fingers do what they want to do—whichever impulse is the strongest. If what I hear is stronger than what my fingers are doing, then I'll try to play what I hear. It depends on the situation, and it's hard work. Playing the piano is hard work, but I'd rather do it this way because it's the way I feel the most satisfied—even if it doesn't always come out."

Much of this is evident in the remarkably intuitive interaction that takes place between Hancock and the other members of the rhythm section. His conception of the musical relationship allows that if another member plays something stronger than what Hancock has in mind, he will react to the other player's urgency.

"I think all human beings are related in certain ways," he noted. "There are some things about you that are exactly like me, or directly related to me. It's like a common denominator. If you hang around with somebody long enough, you find the common denominator, musically. It's a subconscious thing. You don't try to do it. It's something that just happens. And when it does, it knocks me off my feet. Sometimes Tony and I get into a thing where we hit a particular kind of a groove or rhythm that becomes so strong, so hypnotic, that it almost throws me off the piano.

"I try to stay with it, you know, just trying to stay in there, to keep my balance, but it almost throws me off. It's really strange."

A relationship between the new jazz of the '60s and the social revolution now taking place in the United States has been noted by a number of observers. Hancock finds influences and inspiration from his youthful environment, but he seems always to be an artist first.

"I don't feel that I hate white people," he said. "It's like the shoe being put on the other foot—you change the label from white people hating black people to the other way around. Since I don't feel the hate-white thing, I don't identify with it. I understand what those who do are talking about, and to a certain extent I can see a partial validity to what they say, but that extremist thing I can't go for. I can't hate the people who feel that way, but I'm just sorry

(Continued on page 37)

BEFORE DENNY ZEITLIN began playing at the Trident in Sausalito, Calif., Monday evenings in the plush waterfront club were rather quiet. Now, after nearly a year of once-a-week appearances, Zeitlin has returned the room's nights-off into very special musical events. Every Monday the club packs in a few more enthusiastic Zeitlin fans, the kind of fans who are delighted by the management's measured requests for silence during each performance.

There are signs of a public response to Zeitlin's trio that may make him the hottest local jazz attraction the San Francisco Bay area has seen since Dave Brubeck.

A leading national news magazine is working up an article on the pianist. Some of the excitement among journalist types no doubt springs from the fact that Zeitlin is both a successful jazzman and an M.D. Editors love angles like that. But the stir at the Trident every Monday has to do with the Zeitlin trio, a stimulating musical unit with some impressive ideas of its own.

Zeitlin, drummer Jerry Granelli, and bassist Charlie Haden got together last year, and their growth as a group has been fascinating to observe. This is hardly a matter of

Taking five at Newport



COLUMBIA RECORDS

The Combined Careers Of

DENNY ZEITLIN

Analyst's Couch And Piano Bench

By Richard B. Hadlock

a hot-shot pianist picking up a couple of good rhythm men. What goes on here is the result of three men, inspired by a talented leader, working hard to achieve common musical goals.

"I want no musical stooges," said Zeitlin. "I was very lucky to find Charlie and Jerry, who are so close to my outlook. We set up challenges and work them out together in a way that permits each man broad freedom—but freedom with responsibility.

"The way Charlie used to play behind Ornette Coleman was unstructured, but he was caught in a situation designed to make Ornette free at the rhythm section's expense. What we're trying to do is keep our individual freedom to play what we want but also set up various means of structuring a successful group experience.

"When Charlie first began to play with us, it brought him up short to have specific responsibilities along with a large degree of freedom. But he soon got on to it, and the result is beautiful. He has a very remarkable ear."

Z EITLIN'S POSITIVE OUTLOOK tends to determine the group's direction, yet Haden and Granelli never seem put upon. Indeed, they have matured and deepened their musical outlooks in the trio.

"It seems to me," Zeitlin explained, "that an awful lot of groups are coping out with music that is arbitrarily 'free' without going anywhere. Without discipline, some are just playing chance notes, random effects, and striking 'hip' postures. There has to be a set of standards by which musicians can judge for themselves whether they're getting into anything or not."

Zeitlin and his colleagues have their ups and downs, like any group. On some sets at the Trident the pianist falls into almost conventional chorus-playing with rhythm accompaniment. Zeitlin has a few personal clichés he can get hung on and is not beyond being trapped by the Bill Evans ballad approach. But when all is well, there is a spontaneous excitement and marvelous rapport, a kind of musical radar, that only a scant number of jazz groups ever attain. It is the sort of instant mutual response one has heard in such combinations as Charles Mingus and Dannie Richmond, Bill Evans and Scott La Faro, or Coleman and Don Cherry; but this is a three-way phenomenon.

"Ornette has been an important influence on me," Zeitlin pointed out. "But most of the form in his music came from what he and Cherry did together. Without that, it sometimes broke down."

"Another big influence on my music has been John Coltrane. But John, as great as he is, sometimes can bore you with his long solos. I remember one time when I walked out after John had soloed for 45 minutes. I feel that all musicians, even great ones, have some responsibility to the listener."

Zeitlin talks of the many musicians who he thinks have affected his work without concern for which are hip and which are not. Among them are Billy Taylor ("for his taste and touch"), Brubeck and George Shearing ("who turned me on at a very early stage"), Lennie Tristano, Bud Powell, and Chris Anderson ("almost a legend around Chicago and a master of close, spare voicing"). According to Zeitlin, Anderson influenced many young pianists, including Harold Mabern and Herbie Hancock.

"And, of course," he continued, "there are nonpianists too. Charlie Parker blew the top of my head off when I first heard him. And Bartok. His violin concerto affected me so much that I once heard Yehudi Menuhin playing it in my head while I was dissecting a cadaver."

ZEITLIN EXPLAINS his medical/musical career simply: "I just can't imagine life without either one." Most members of his Chicago family have been active in both medicine and the arts, and his dual course is no surprise back home.

"I dug improvisation even when my studies were exclusively in the classical realm," Zeitlin recalled. "I started playing at 6 and didn't encounter jazz until high school. I played a little Dixieland for a while but never got a real lift from it. The harmonic and rhythmic sameness of it became annoying, and the attitude always seemed to be to play like somebody else—Bix or Jess Stacy or somebody. I couldn't express myself, and it seemed to me a dead vocabulary."

"At one point, I thought Goodman's *Sing, Sing, Sing* was a gas, but it didn't really get to my core. Even Art Tatum didn't do it, though I can get excited over his technical virtuosity. I guess I was just waiting for modern jazz to reach me."

From his classical studies the pianist has retained a concern for form and thematic development. He tries to make use of every musical experience and refuses to play in any one bag.

"Although I don't care to play Dixieland," he said, "I admire the music of Bix Beiderbecke and of old-time stride pianists. I like to turn their ideas around and use them in a modern context. It's a pity, I think, that so many jazzmen have an either/or feeling about music—that they must play either on tunes or completely free, for example. What I want is to draw on the entire spectrum. Atonal, pantonal, tonal, and modal elements all have a place, maybe side by side. There's a whole chromatic universe there. To play, say, rubato fantasy and suddenly shift to a charging four—bam! That can be very exciting."

"I am fond of programmatic ideas, although, to some, the very thought seems precious or contrived. But I find that both listeners and musicians may carry away more from the experience as a result. With *Carnival*, for example, I talked to Jerry and Charlie of my feelings about carnivals. As a result we went into the piece with the feeling that it was more than just another composition to

play. I have great faith in using such programmatic ideas to unify the group. Perhaps all this comes from the time I spent as an accompanist for a dancing class, where it was necessary to establish specific moods."

"But I don't care for just creating moods or color excursions. Dick Twardzik did that, and, for me, there was no sense of inevitability about his work because it lacked form and design. The theme-and-variation approach is very important to my playing."

BECAUSE HE POSSESSES enormous energy—"I've trained myself to get along on four or five hours' sleep," he explained—and the capacity to organize his time well, Zeitlin seems to be accomplishing as much outside his medical life as do those devoted to music full time.

His drive for mastery of whatever he undertakes may be seen in many ways, as in his determination to learn how to play bass and drums just to know what bassists and drummers are going through. Few of Zeitlin's hours are wasted on unplanned activities.

"I want to treat the piano as a piano," he said, "and, in the limited time I have, explore the totality of the instrument."

He said he feels he is not ready to incorporate the prepared piano yet, but he already is working on direct plucking of the strings. The result is not, as is often heard these days, random clouds of tones but rather quite lovely, deliberate voicings. It is typical of Zeitlin that he would not reach for any string without knowing exactly which string it was and what its effect might be within the context of his solo.

This degree of concentration and dedication must be considered extraordinary in a man who is well on the way to becoming a psychiatrist. Zeitlin has completed his medical internship and has just begun a three-year residency at Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco—and at least one musician who has played with Zeitlin has expressed some doubt as to whether he can pull it off. "Medicine will drain off the extra energy Denny needs to move ahead musically," the musician said, and it is possible that time will prove him right. It is also possible that the roughest years are behind him and that Zeitlin will find more time for music as he moves into private medical practice.

"My prime obligation must be to medicine," Zeitlin said, "but this does not imply that there are less kicks in medicine than in music. In psychiatry, especially, there is the demand for creativity that produces moments of ecstasy and excitement not at all unlike those in music. The universal need to be understood and my particular need to immerse myself in *being*, in the existential sense, make medicine and music equally rewarding."

"I don't think I could ever thrive in the sociological structure of the itinerant jazz musician. I want to carve out a life with a wife and children and with roots in one place. Trying to be creative while enduring cheap hotels and one-nighters strikes me as impossible, at least for my temperament. I can be more creative musically by staying in one place, which, of course, a good medical practice generally requires."

At 27, Zeitlin seems to have things pretty well figured out. His demanding life timetable has been set up for years, and so far he is right on schedule. May he never find out that gifted jazzmen aren't supposed to act that way.



"See What The Piano Player Will Have"

Ah yes! Take good care of the piano man; he's got to have his vitamins. It's as someone once pointed out: "More people have concerned themselves that I had something to drink, but it's hard for me to recall anyone—I mean *anyone*—ever asking if I needed food, or anything else, for that matter."

It's a wonder we piano men didn't develop sore rear ends the amount of time we spent sitting on hard chairs (you'd be surprised at the contraptions we came up with to soften the blow—that's long ago before foam rubber). Yes, sir, you put in those hours (and we did) with no intermissions except the time you can steal (maybe) to make the men's room scene. And even there the knock on the door would follow you, with the dreaded cry: "Hey, are you on vacation?" See what the piano player will have, indeed. . . .

I go back to my breaking-in period . . . learning the business. One of my earliest "schools" was the Liberty Inn at Clark and Erie in Chicago.

One player operated the keyboard in the front bar, the other in the back room. The music kept going; nobody spelled you. Once you sat down, that was it. How do you suppose those players developed such good left hands? Reaching for a drink with their right, while the left kept on noodling (I'm only kidding, though there could be plenty of truth there).

In that back room, if you hit at 10 p.m., the routine was: play a dance set (usually the place carried a four-piece band); then get up and roll the small piano onto the floor (push it back to the side when you're through), tinkle a few notes that the first entertainer you want up will recognize, and you're off; gal makes the rounds, and so on to the next warbler. You've got about 20 minutes to do and then back to the band.

Do this a couple times, and then it's show time. So you play for all the acts (emcee, a few strippers, fan dancers, contortionists, etc.), then a dance set, and that should bring you to the 1 a.m. set. The bewitching hour. So,

you've put to bed the early birds, the guys who have to hit the sack, the neighborhood trade, the normal, everyday people.

But now comes the night people—all kinds, but with one thing in common (you hope): a loose buck. In the final analysis, Mr. Piano Man depended for his pay on the tips the entertainers brought in. And right now was the first time in the evening that you got excited. This was the set when you began to earn your loot. No time now to be tired. Shake it off and go to work. Now the torch songs get played—*If I Had My Way*, *Girl of My Dreams*, *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?*, and *Gee, But It's Tough When the Gang's All Gone Home*. Yes, sir, we had quite a collection of goodies. Better know 'em too.

What about yesterday's pianos? In many ways this scene wasn't much different from today's. If you wanted to hear the boss scream, tell him, "The piano needs tuning." So many clubowners felt their obligation ended when they bought the piano. Some of those old upright monstrosities! And do you know that even to this day you can hit a gig—and it could very well be at a real nice place—and find the world's worst contraption to play on? One A-natural and the musicians give up trying to tune to it—they just get close. That's where the term "close enough for jazz" originated, I'm sure. Catering halls were bad offenders; there the piano was like a fixture. No one thought of it. Now, if it were the second button on the cash register . . . you'd see some action if that went bad.

Just recently on a date in Wisconsin—a high-school date where I hoped to leave the jazz message with some thousand youngsters—I found on arrival that the performance would take place around the corner at the Town Hall "auditorium." Sounded good but didn't look healthy; a big, old, frame building with a side entrance. Inside is a large room that evidently is used as a gym, but you get a bunch of youngsters setting up chairs, and the place begins to look orderly. Only nothing can restore that piano.

One look, even from a distance, and I knew: "Man, is this the only thing you have for me to play?" That was it; the front was off, strings with keys that wouldn't work, notes that when you hit 'em two sounds came out, plus the fact that many ivories were missing. Honest, they must have tossed basketballs at this box.

So the principal apologizes openly for the shape of the instrument. Somehow you get through your performance; do more talking and pick two

octaves that are better than the rest. Don't get too excited. The idea is to get out without being wounded. You have another date to do.

Anyone remember piano man George Zack? He had a way with pianos . . . I'm going back now to the old Chicago days when Frank Melrose was around and we three were a trio. (I don't mean we worked as a trio; if one of us had a gig, invariably the other two would show up sometime during the evening.)

We could enjoy one another's music. George is a big guy with big hands and little tolerance of bad pianos. Believe me, I've had to follow him on jobs where the piano wasn't to his liking. Well, forget it; George'd hit that piano so hard that the keys would be popped and no one could make sense on it. This was his way of getting the message across to the boss ("you've got to get his attention").

Another piano player who comes to mind is Tut Soper. Good player but, again, very short on piano tolerance. There's the story of the Floyd Towne Band—one of the only good bands of its day, the 1930s—getting a job (cause for celebration). It was at an out-of-town ballroom owned by some fan who'd dug the band.

Arriving at the gig, the band and the boss stepped up to the bar, and warmth exuded. Soper wasn't present; he'd heard the boss say, "Wait'll you see that grand piano I have for you." Tut had gotten the key to it (yes, the boss kept it locked; this was his baby, his pride and joy), and pretty soon you could hear music. Tut was giving it a good play. Then silence, and so the boss and the band stuck their heads into the room. There was Soper on the floor detaching the legs that held the pedals, and as everyone entered the room, Tut got up and slid the pedal attachment across the floor to the boss, saying, "Yeh, here's what I think of your pride and joy."

"See what the piano player wants."

I'll tell you one thing he wants—new pianos, good pianos. Everybody in the band has an instrument of his own choosing, usually a man-sized instrument. The piano-player takes what he finds; many times it's a toy, a little something for junior to learn on.

You'd be surprised at the number of places that lay out thousands of dollars weekly for music and have some ancient monstrosity for the pianist to operate. What the Chicago piano players want is another Chicago fire that would go to work on the old dogs that should have been retired years ago. Yes, let's gather the hacks and blaze it up. That would be noteworthy.

AB



HOT BOX:

By **GEORGE HOEFER**

AL HAIG

THE DEVELOPMENT OF bop in the 1940s included basic changes in jazz' rhythm structure. Writer Ross Russell has termed the bop rhythmic approach "polyrhythmics" and described its purpose: "to unfold the successive chord changes for the soloists and to supply them with feed, fill, and echo chords."

This rhythmic requirement had a tendency to relegate the piano to the role of accompaniment only. As critic Barry Ulanov wrote in his *History of Jazz*, "The piano had little place in a music that was essentially a one-line form of expression, played by a single-line solo instrument (usually a trumpet or saxophone) or by several such instruments in unison."

Pianist Al Haig, who had a background of classical training, came into prominence on 52nd St. in 1945. He became an effective bop pianist—tenorist Stan Getz called him "the greatest accompanist in jazz"—and also offered solos in the bebop context that warranted serious consideration of his work as an individual jazz voice.

Alan W. Haig was born of Scot parentage in 1923 in Newark, N.J., and was brought up in that city's residential suburb of Nutley. At 9, he started to study classical music, but by the time he was in high school he was the pianist with the school's dance

band and was an avid listener to recordings by Teddy Wilson.

He added Nat (King) Cole's early records as favorites when he went to Oberlin College in Ohio for two years of intensive study in music theory and piano.

His formal education was cut off when he entered the Coast Guard in 1942. While in the service for two years, he played clarinet in the marching band and piano with a Coast Guard dance orchestra. When he was transferred to Ellis Island in New York harbor, Manhattan's 52nd St., where many jazzmen were employed, was only a hop, skip, and a jump away.

On leaves in New York City he jammed at the Stage Door Canteen and made frequent forays to the clubs where he could hear Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Oscar Pettiford, as well as the piano playing of Clyde Hart, Thelonious Monk, and Art Tatum.

He has said of this period, "I was impressed by the sound of this new idiom [bop], and I liked especially the unusual intervals that were a characteristic part of the melodic creations."

He studied the recordings on which Gillespie played, and by the time he was discharged in the spring of 1944, had decided on a career as a jazz pianist. He soon joined clarinetist Jerry Wald's swing band, but his main interest drew him to 52nd St. He finally caught on with a combo led by Tatum's guitarist, Tiny Grimes, when Tatum retired temporarily for an operation.

In November, 1944, Haig was selected to play with the first group to perform at the Spotlight on 52nd. The unit, a secondary attraction, included Rudy Williams, alto and tenor saxophones; Haig, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; and Eddie Nicholson, drums. It alternated with a combo led by bassist Pettiford and trumpeter Benny Harris, which also had saxophonist Budd Johnson, pianist Hart, and drummer Dinny Dinofer.

Within a period of six months The Street had offered the playing of pianists whose styles ranged from Harry (The Hipster) Gibson to Art Tatum—on hand had been Teddy Wilson, Johnny Guarnieri, Hart, Nat Jaffe, Erroll Garner, Monk, Joe Springer, and Eddie Heywood. The 21-year-old Haig was up against formidable talent.

Early in 1945, conditions on 52nd St. suffered because of blackouts and wartime taxes. Haig went back to the big bands and played with Les Elgart's at the Pelham Heath Inn. A reviewer for a music journal took special notice of the pianist and wrote, "Al Haig

shines as a soloist, while the rhythm quartet, as a unit, propels a steady and tasty beat."

Haig's playing on 52nd St. was not forgotten by his fellow musicians. In March the new idiom had lost one of its best and most active practitioners with the death of Hart, and when Gillespie put together a group to go into the Three Deuces in April, he hired Haig.

This Gillespie quintet also had altoist Parker, bassist Curly Russell, and drummer Stan Levey; it has been called the best of the many small groups the trumpeter led on 52nd. The unit, with Big Sid Catlett in place of Levey, on May 11, 1945, played at Gillespie's second Guild recording session. The tunes were *Shaw 'Nuff*, *Salt Peanuts*, *Hot House*, and *Lover Man* (with a Sarah Vaughan vocal). These were the first recordings to give an accurate idea of the new music. *Hot House* was a Tadd Dameron work based on the chords of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* and featured Haig's sensitive accompaniment under Gillespie's superb solo, as well as a piano interpolation in the restatement of the theme. On the tricky *Salt Peanuts*, Haig maintained the rhythmic flow and played an excellent solo. His solo work is also heard on the rapid *Shaw 'Nuff* (named for Gillespie's manager at that time, Billy Shaw).

When Gillespie closed at the Deuces, he organized a big band for the ill-fated *Hepcats* of 1945 roadshow tour of the South. Parker and Haig stayed in New York City with the small band and returned to the Deuces with tenor saxophonist Don Byas in Gillespie's place.

Haig stayed on 52nd St. until October. When Parker left the Deuces, tenor saxophonist Allen Eager came in and played with a rhythm section of Haig, bassist Al McKibbin, and drummer Levey.

A big band finally got Haig, who preferred combos, when Marty Napoleon left the Charlie Barnet organization. Haig recorded with the band on Oct. 2, 1945, and immediately afterwards went to the West Coast, where Barnet held forth at the Casino Gardens in Ocean Park, Calif. On Dec. 6, Haig recorded with the Barnet band in Hollywood, including an Andy Gibson arrangement of *E Bob O Lee Bob*, on which he soloed.

Four days after this Decca session, Haig rejoined Gillespie for the famous engagement at Billy Berg's, where the Los Angeles musicians and jazz fans gave the boppers the cold shoulder. Besides leader Gillespie, the group had Parker, tenorist Lucky Thompson;

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Ready, Willing, And Able:

JAKI BYARD

IN JAZZ, as in other things, fame is not always a concomitant of talent. To some, fame comes early and stays late, while others flash and fall. Then there are musicians who have worked the vineyards for years. Known mostly among musicians and serious listeners, they are often praised but rarely rewarded.

Jaki Byard is such a man, but now perhaps his time has come. In any case, Byard is ready. A professional musician for 27 of his 43 years, a brilliant pianist with a profound knowledge of the jazz history of his instrument, an unsung but excellent composer and arranger, and a player with a working knowledge of all the instruments in the orchestra, he is his own man with his own voice.

After some four years with bassist Charles Mingus' Jazz Workshop, Byard is now once again leader of his own group, a quartet that has been heard in New York City and Boston and will soon make its debut on records. It is a group unlike any other on the scene today, and that is the way Byard wants it.

"If there's one thing that bores me," he says, "it's hearing the same thing over and over again."

Byard concedes that it's hard to get away from it—that he hears it in his own playing—"so we're trying not to sound like the average group, not just to be different, or go in a new direction, or anything like that, but to apply what we have to something that will make us sound a little more fresh and have a little more variety."

Variety could be the key word in Byard's musical career, which began in his native Worcester, Mass., when he was 8, with piano lessons from a woman who "showed you how to play pieces the way she played them. She taught me the C scale and pieces like Paderewski's *Humoresque*, *The Scarf Dance*, and Chopin's *Waltz in C-Sharp Minor*. I didn't find out until later that I wasn't learning anything."

After two years of this, the depression arrived, Byard's father lost his job, and the piano lessons ended.

"From the age of 10 to 16, I was goofing off," Byard said, "hanging on the corner after school. I used to go in the house and play once in a while, and every other week or so

By DAN MORGENSTERN

my mother would give me 50 cents so I could go and see the different bands that came to town. All the bands. Fats Waller, Fletcher Henderson with Coleman Hawkins, Basie, Lunceford, Joe Venuti, Isham Jones, Chick Webb. . . . I used to sit in front of the stage, half asleep sometimes, digging all the cats. But the one band that really intrigued me was Fatha Hines'."

Young Jaki also attended the community dances, where the featured band was Freddie Bates and His Nighthawks.

"I remember dreaming about being in that band, and I finally did wind up playing with them, years later," Byard said.

When he was 16, he played his first professional job with a band led by Doc Kentross.

"In order to make the band, I had to take home the music to *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter* and study it," Byard remembered. "It was a white band—does that interest you? Worcester was a town then of some 400-500 Negro families—a few professional men but mostly maintenance workers."

That first night was a tough baptism because the young pianist had fallen on his left hand that day, an accident that required six stitches.

"But I had to play that gig, and I made it," he said. "It was a little high-school dance. From then on, I became enthusiastic about music."

BYARD'S ENTHUSIASM was not confined to the piano. His father, a baritone horn player in a marching band, had a trumpet and showed Jaki the fingering. The rest he picked up himself. Jaki's next job with a local band, the Freddie Bates group he had dreamed of joining, was as second trumpet.

"Roy Eldridge was the man then, and Walter Fuller, who was with the Hines band. Those were the licks we picked up on," he recalled.

A guitarist, Lenny Waterman, showed Byard "things about chords and talked about a fabulous trumpet player who had died some years before, Bix Beiderbecke. I studied Bix'

In a Mist and also heard Django Reinhardt on records. We dug the really advanced musicians, like Coleman Hawkins. . . ."

It was through Hawkins, indirectly, that Byard had his first experience as an arranger. He scored the tenorist's famous *Body and Soul* solo for the four horns in the Bates band. "I wrote out the whole solo in quarter notes—everybody knew how it went, so I got away with it," he remembered with a laugh.

Back at the piano in 1941, he was ready to study the instrument seriously. He began to take lessons with Boston teacher Lennie Sachs, but shortly thereafter, he received his draft notice.

"I was shipped down South," he said with a grimace, "and since they had too many trumpet players in the Army anyway, I became a hustler—gambling and all that jive—until I fell in with some of the musicians on the base. [Drummer] Kenny Clarke was in the same barracks and so was a fine pianist, Ernie Washington. He became one of my influences."

In the Army, Byard learned his third instrument: trombone. "I took it up to stay out of the field," he said. "Ernie was playing glockenspiel in the band and I trombone. But we would get together on the piano and have some sessions." In the Army, Byard studied music a bit more, and after he was discharged and back in Boston in 1944, he "really started to buckle down and study, mostly in the library."

"I didn't go to school," he said, "but I was hip to how they taught, and I would go to the library. But don't say I'm self-taught. I'll kick your teeth in if you say that. I studied with other people, and we'd get together and discuss things. I recently found a book by Schoenberg that was a gas! He was thinking about progress in music in 1897, and he didn't dig wasted energy. He also studied in the library, but would you call him self-taught?"

"I picked up on all the other instruments for composition," he said. Among these were violin, cello, guitar, bass, and the saxophones—the saxes were an early love, unrequited because Byard's family could not afford to buy him a horn.

IN ADDITION to studying, Byard gigged around Boston with a variety of bands, ranging from the orchestras of Dean Earle and Hilary Rose to Danny Porter and Sandy Christopher, and the band of clarinetist Phil Scott, “who played just like Artie Shaw and had copied all his arrangements.” With that band, Byard played piano; with some of the others, trumpet.

Byard also worked with the Sal-Sala band—a rehearsal group “led by two Turkish boys . . . we had a lot of Jimmie Lunceford things in the book”—and was instrumental in organizing the Saxtrum Club, a spot where visiting musicians could jam after their regular jobs were over.

“All the cats from the different bands would come in and jam,” he recalled, “except the guys from Stan Kenton’s band. Maybe they were too busy rehearsing. . . .”

Finally, Byard settled down for a two-year stint with the late Ray Perry, a fine musician who doubled violin and alto saxophone.

“It was Ray who encouraged me to play saxophone,” Byard said. “‘Play as many as you can; it’s good for you,’ he told me. ‘Look at Ray Nance and Benny Carter.’” Byard’s saxophone in those days was a tenor, but it was as a pianist, and with Perry’s group, that he made his first records.

Byard also recorded with his next leader, alto saxophonist Earl Bostic. That was in 1947, and by then Byard had heard Charlie Parker and Bud Powell, a fact that caused some dissension between himself and Bostic.

“He didn’t dig Bird—Bird had no tone for him,” Byard said of Bostic. “And my guys on piano were Bud and Erroll Garner, who played behind the beat, while Bostic liked to go forward. We didn’t get along too well.”

Nevertheless, Byard takes some pride in the fact that he was the first of many modernists (John Coltrane among them) to play with Bostic, and he held the job for a year.

After investing in a band in Canada and losing his savings (“the cat never paid me back, so I won’t call his name”), Byard organized a big rehearsal band in Boston, which included such players as trumpeters Joe Gordon and Lennie Johnson and tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers.

“We were attempting to be the hippest bebop band in town,” Byard said.

The band was ahead of its time, and so Byard went on the road with a traveling revue, for which he also wrote some music. “It was pretty

“I think hardly any of us can be completely ourselves, pianistically, what with all the people that have been before us, so I try to go into each phase of the piano with respect. If you’re going to do it, do it all the way.”

JOE ALPER



sad,” he sighed.

Back in Boston, Byard found a three-year berth at the Melody Lounge in suburban Lynn, where he worked with alto saxophonist Charlie Mariano and trumpeter-violinist Dick Wetmore (“fabulous musician”). This band, with Herb Pomeroy replacing Wetmore, also recorded, and these were the first records on which Byard could be heard to some advantage.

By now, Byard had become a temporary recruit to the Islamic Faith. “I even had a beard,” he said, “and it made me study a little more.” He also had become aware of Art Tatum, of whose piano style he is one of the few to have captured the essence.

“I’d heard him earlier, of course,” Byard said, “but at that time I was in Fatha Hines’ thing, and Tatum didn’t fascinate me that much ‘cause he sounded a lot like Fats Waller and Hines. But later, he completely floored me, and I went to the sax again.” (This also happened when Byard heard young Oscar Peterson in Canada. “I became a little discouraged,” he recalled.)

“I also began to dig the contrapuntal thing on piano, something like what I’m trying to do now. I studied Bach and tried to apply it to jazz—but not with that stiff approach. I try to stay away from that.”

Byard became involved in the Jazz Workshop Orchestra organized by trumpeter Pomeroy.

“He asked me would I mind playing tenor, and I said, ‘If you don’t mind’. . . . That first band, with Serge Chaloff in it, that was the one they should have recorded. The most fiery band you’d ever want to hear.”

Byard did some of the best arrangements in the band’s book, but “after a slight hassle,” he left and went to work at the Stables as a solo pianist.

“Playing alone, I became interested

in different styles of piano,” he said, and this interest has remained with him. Shortly thereafter, Byard formed his own trio, working steadily in two Boston clubs. Word got around that here was a pianist to watch, and Blue Note records was interested. But, characteristically, Byard didn’t want to compromise.

“They didn’t want my bass and drums, but instead two guys who were prominent in New York at the time, so I refused to come.” Byard’s group had drummer Al Francis, who doubled vibraharp, and a bassist who doubled cello, and it didn’t sound “like the average piano trio.”

A summer job in Gloucester, Mass., where, of all things, Byard had to play a repertoire of Rube Bloom compositions, led to an offer from Maynard Ferguson. But the job was a disappointment, according to Byard.

“It was good experience working with the famous high-note trumpet player,” said Byard, who is fond of referring to another ex-boss as “a prominent bassist.”

“But it broke the chain in my writing. He had the B-flat king in the band, so he wouldn’t use any of my arrangements. Everything was in B-flat, and that was as far as it went.”

The Ferguson band, however, did record two Byard scores for which he didn’t receive credit: *Lucky Day* and *Extreme* (the latter also was recorded by the late Eric Dolphy, one of Byard’s favorite musicians, as *Ode to Charlie Parker*). Then came the years with the “prominent bassist,” Charles Mingus.

“Mingus wanted a piano player who could play ‘old-fashioned,’” Byard said. “There aren’t too many cats who can go that way. He certainly is one of the bassists who have influenced a lot of players, but I haven’t

(Continued on page 38)

ONE CHEER FOR ROCK AND ROLL!

Part II—The Razing Of Vienna

By **MARTIN WILLIAMS**

Is there race prejudice operating here on the part of the fans of, say, the Rolling Stones? Unquestionably there is—and probably some of it is quite unconscious. However, the question would obviously be simpler if such younger U.S. blues stylists as Martha and the Vandellas, the Supremes, Mary Wells, Dionne Warwick, and Major Lance had no white following. (It might be interesting to test a junior high school class—preferably a racially mixed class—with alternate, unidentified records by Muddy Waters and the Animals or Bo Diddley and the Kinks and see what the youngsters' comments would be.)

In any case, rock and roll is not going away, and, if only by default, there is reason for it to stay. Actually, there is more to it than the default of our other popular music, and more to it even than the talents of Charles, Presley, and the Beatles.

The music has been maligned as primitive, sensual, crude, as placing its main emphasis on rhythm, and so on. To anyone familiar with the history of U.S. music in the last 60 years, these strictures must sound terribly familiar. In the teens of this century, ragtime was attacked in almost the same terms. Similarly, the jazz of the '20s. One respected American dictionary for years carried an entry on "jazz" that spoke only of rude, blatant, cacophonous nonmusical noises. And the swing music of the '30s was

told to go away by the self-appointed arbiters of our culture for much the same reasons.

What did the attackers of these idioms recommend for popular consumption? Well, of course they were always terribly pious about the European classics, but many a guardian of U.S. musical life was pushing pretty hard for the likes of Victor Herbert and Sigmund Romberg, or, to a later generation, George Gershwin—the man who, in the phrase of the '20s, "made an honest woman out of jazz."

Perhaps we were brainwashed by the ideas of late 19th-century German music instructors who touted Brahms and Schubert but who then smiled with benign indulgence on the likes of Ludwig Engländer's *A Madcap Princess*, Gustav Lauder's *The Fair Co-ed*, and, later Rudolf Friml's *Rose Marie*.

In the first part of this series I noted that leadership in American music once came from Broadway, from Kern, Gershwin, and the rest. Those men learned from their predecessors in the theater, from men like Victor Herbert and Sigmund Romberg, who, in turn had borrowed from the never-never, wish-fulfillment Vienna of Oscar Strauss and *The Chocolate Soldier*.

This country's tunesmiths have thus been heirs to the musical forms and the philosophy, implicit and explicit, of Middle European operetta. They have in-

RAY CHARLES discovered his real musical talents when he switched from lightweight balladry to wailing Gospel-influenced blues. Elvis Presley, whether his talent is really musical or not, made a striking synthesis of the country-and-western and the rhythm-and-blues idioms. In Paul McCartney and John Lennon, the Beatles have, respectively, a melodist and lyricist of potentially high caliber, whose ditties have more to do with the tradition of British balladry than with any other musical idiom. Significantly, none of these men in his best work looks to Broadway, past or present, for inspiration or guidance.

With the other shaggy-haired and sweet-faced British groups that have appeared since the success of the Beatles, the story is somewhat different.

Their repertory most often comes from Negro America, sometimes country blues singers, men largely unknown to white audiences, with sometimes colorful professional names: Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, and Jimmy Reed. Last year the Rolling Stones invited Waters to their recording session in Chicago and treated him with a respect that amounted to reverence; one wonders how many of the Stones' youthful fans have ever heard of him. Of course, it is worse than deplorable that Muddy Waters and the other blues bards have so limited an audience in the United States and never, or hardly ever, appear on national television.

Ray Charles: Turned his back on Broadway



World Radio History

herited the decadent, love-conquers-all romanticism of Franz Josef and the morality of a dying aristocracy and an encroaching bourgeoisie. Musical theater in the United States was sired by Johann Strauss Jr. or Franz Lehar with the *Countess Maritza*. Then it was raised, in the phrase of British critic Max Harrison, "in the gutters of Vienna."

Can anyone doubt that the sentimental spinster secretary of Richard Rodgers' *Do I Hear a Waltz?* is the Countess' natural granddaughter? No, she no longer marries a prince—she has an adulterous fling with a good-looking Venice shopkeeper. A note of sordid reality has intruded upon the Middle Europe daydream.

THE HISTORY of popular music in the United States since 1900 has been the history of a clinging to the Viennese tradition, represented by Broadway on the one hand, and an ever more frantic and frenzied effort to break away, represented by jazz and related forms on the other.

If one is faced with a choice between *Love Is Just a Game That Two Are Playing* and *The Leader of the Laundromat*, he is perhaps faced with a musical and philosophical dilemma indeed. On the other hand, the choice may be between the deluded innocence of *Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere* and the recent hit-parade threat of a *World without Love*. Taken together, these two titles may be said to represent a terse history of the soul of 20th-century man, and it may not be too farfetched to contend that the later piece echoes the insights of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* as they hit the rock-bottom of popularization (pun intended).

Lyricist E. Y. (Yip) Harburg said it recently: "The elder generation was a victim of illusion. They were Pollyannas, prettyfying everything. So now we live with disillusion."

As the writer of the lyrics for *Over the Rainbow*, "where troubles melt like lemon drops," and *How Are Things in Glocca Morra?*, Harburg should know.

Of course, Cole Porter and Richard Rodgers and Irving Berlin do not sound exactly like Sigmund Romberg. One thing that keeps them from merely echoing Middle Europe is a few, fleeting borrowings from jazz.

The story of the influence that jazz has had on all our music—an influence wide but not yet deep enough—is one few Americans know anything about. How many realize, for example, that the major effect on the style our most durable popular singer, Bing Crosby, was the work of a great jazzman, Louis Armstrong? For that matter, Armstrong has affected every area of our music. Our classicists write differently because of what he showed the trumpet could do; our symphonic brass men play with a vibrato they are not supposed to have because he had one; even our popular songwriters can be dated stylistically as pre-Armstrong (Vincent Youmans) or

post-Armstrong (Harold Arlen).

Light borrowings from jazz once entered the vocabulary of popular musicians fairly quickly. But as jazz has become more and more sophisticated and developed, and more specifically an instrumental idiom, the process may take years of sifting down.

Twenty years later it is possible to hear snippets of the revolutionary jazz of the mid-1940s, of modern jazz or bebop, introducing a comic on a television variety show or bubbling through the theme music of a situation-comedy series. Imitation Miles Davis is now used to sell cigarets on television and imitation Stan Getz to promote jet flights to Miami. (And real Stan Getz to sell cigars.)

As if to confound matters, jazz itself is at the moment entering a new phase, and this fact inevitably alienates its more advanced forms for the time being from any mass following or possibly even direct influence.

While the modern jazz of the '40s was still sifting down, popular music had turned to rhythm and blues, actually another and much simpler form of jazz. And in so doing, popular music was once again turning its back on Vienna—or the Vienna of 60 years previous—but this time more firmly than ever and more deeply.

THE CURRENT ASCENDENCY of popular "folk music" is all of a piece with the popularity of rock and roll. The Kingston Trio and the Rooftop Singers are not folk singers but singers of folk songs—that is, to put it briefly, they are singers of almost any and all songs that do *not* derive from the theaters of Middle Europe but come instead from the traditional balladry of England, Ireland, and the United States, from the blues of American Negroes, from almost anywhere except from the entertainments of the Hapsburgs.

Joan Baez, perhaps the most talented of the young folk singers, recently expanded her repertory by recording a selection by Heitor Villa-Lobos, and the effort has been well received. If Miss Baez had chosen Jerome Kern or Rudolf Friml, she would have been a dead duck: the students who asked her to sing at Berkeley, Calif., during the recent campus "free speech" demonstrations would have sensed that she had somehow sold out, and they would have been right.

It has been said that the musicals of Rodgers and Hammerstein represent the beginning of a truly American musical theater. But it is quite possible that what they actually represent is the last flowering of a dying tradition, transplanted in the United States. And it is quite possible that the current wretched state of Broadway music has come about because theater composers are beginning to sense there is no more gold to be panned from the Viennese gutters and have not yet discovered a vein of their own.

In its now-frantic effort to break away from affected innocence, to turn away

LONDON RECORDS



Rolling Stones (l. to r.) Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, Brian Jones, and Mick Jagger

from an operetta philosophy—where love often came to mean manipulation of another's will, and concern for one's fellow man often meant knowing what's best for somebody else—in all its effort to break away, current popular music has found delusions that are frequently much more frightening than those it rejects. But for all its restless monotony, its banality, and its own special set of delusions, contemporary popular music here and in Europe still holds the promise of a rebirth.

The promise is of a popular idiom that will embrace traditional folk balladry and blues, that will have a firm melodic lyricism and considerable rhythmic sophistication. Its philosophy may well have a reality and an honesty that will make the chic sophistications of Cole Porter and Lorenz Hart seem like clever daydreams of talented schoolboys. If such a musical idiom should come, I have no doubt that it will capture the imaginations of all sorts and conditions of men the world over and be equally important in Trent, Tallahassee, and Tokyo.

In any case, there is no question of turning back. Our popular musical culture will find a way to express the positive sensibilities of this century or it will perish.

I do not suppose that anyone who has listened to the Top 40 lately or watched the faces of our young people as they dance to it could doubt that the time is running out or could doubt that if our popular music does topple, it could easily indicate that all else is about to topple too.

(15)

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

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

Ray Charles

COUNTRY & WESTERN MEETS RHYTHM & BLUES—ABC Paramount 520: *Together Again; I Like to Hear It Sometime; Tiger; Please Forgive and Forget; I Don't Care; Next Door to the Blues; Blue Moon of Kentucky; Light Out of the Darkness; Maybe It's Nothing at All; All Night Long; Don't Let Her Know; Watch It, Baby.*

Personnel: unidentified big band; Charles, vocals; combinations of the Jack Halloran Singers, the Raelers.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The major distinction of this album is that it demonstrates the differentiating qualities of rhythm-and-blues, rock-and-roll, and country-and-western stylings. Few vocalists are as proficient in all these styles as Charles.

This is not a particularly brilliant batch, but the nuances are all presented. The fine lines are most acutely drawn on these above-average deliveries.

The c&w hit, *Don't Let Her Know*, has all the twangy pathos and floundering pride so integral in much of that music. The cute, light *Nothing at All* is bouncy, with r&r insinuating much but reflecting little maturity of message or development of theme.

The most arresting performance in the album is *All Night Long*, done in the highest form of r&b. It reflects intense emotion, personal involvement, and total commitment to mood.

All the trappings of extra singers, lush strings, etc., were quite unnecessary. They contribute nothing unique to the album, and Charles could have conducted this little demonstration without them. (B.G.)

Johnny Griffin

NIGHT LADY—Emarcy 26001 and 66001: *Night Lady; Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day; All the Things You Are; Scrabble; Summertime; Old Stuff.*

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Francy Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Lady, a blues waltz, is an infectious melody with lively rhythm backing. After the statement of the theme, Griffin is off to the races, pacing himself quite well for the first two or three choruses.

Griffin's solo is followed by a driving

Boland solo. It doesn't go anywhere for the first three or four choruses, but the pianist creates some contrasting effects and colors with upper-register doodling—clean, explicit playing. In the last two choruses he exhibits some delectable outside maneuvering—in this case, the flatted 5th inversion of the dominant-7th chord (C7)—constructing from G \flat as root—G \flat 7 atop C7... whew!

Woode's bass solo and foot tapping are in very good cadence but not too cohesive thematically, though they fill the gaps.

Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day—so it is for the usually restless Griffin with the restless horn; he is quite at peace here after a thoughtful introduction by Boland.

Griffin takes it easy and plays with a full, flowing tone. He seems to be trying to say something here. There are short, pensive piano and subtle bass solos. Griffin's horn becomes restless as he plays some flourishes on his re-entry (chord structures and getting over the saxophone present no problems to this instrumentalist whose facility is so great it seems divinely inspired). The last eight bars consist of improvised melody with a picturesque nursery rhyme interpolated.

Griffin states the melody of *All the Things* and then lets off emotional steam in his improvisation, with Clarke forcing him to beckon his kinetic energies.

Woode's bass is really pushing beneath Boland's man-at-work, unspectacular solo here. (Boland may be playing too well to be spectacular. If one plays this well and nothing happens, playing from the hip can be a contrast.)

The first half of the first chorus of *Summertime* has a broken bass line beneath Griffin's melody statement. Woode switches to four-to-the-bar for the second half with Klook and Boland moving in slowly for dynamic effects, all of which more or less serve as an introduction to Boland's creative solo following Griffin's dynamic solo.

Old Stuff is a driving theme. After the melody, Griffin goes to work with the other three, laying the groundwork. Boland does some swing-era swinging—1939 to begin with—though cooking. Woode gets off an even cadence here. Between Clarke's solo stints, Griffin does some humorous-vibrato, eight-bar phrases—Sonny Rollins style... Vido Musso. They dance all the way out for the last chorus. *Little Man*, you've had a swinging busy day.

Passing comments: bass underrecorded; chiefly a blowing, low-budget date; Kenny Clarke younger than spring. (K.D.)

Vince Guaraldi

VINCE GUARALDI AT GRACE CATHEDRAL—Fantasy 3367: *Kyrie Eleison; Come With Us, O Blessed Jesus; Nicene Creed; Come, Holy Ghost; Theme to Grace; Sursum Corda and Sanctus; Lord's Prayer; Agnus Dei; Holy Communion Blues; Humbly I Adore Thee; In Remembrance of Me; Gloria in Excelsis; Blessing.*

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Tom Beeson, bass; Lee Charlton, drums; Choir of St. Paul's Church of San Rafael, Barry Mineah, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Still another meeting of jazz musician and church service, this time recorded during an actual service at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco.

Guaraldi's concept is a relatively mod-

est one, since he lets the choir and the service go their customary ways for the most part. His contributions are lightly swinging backgrounds and some graceful, flowing piano lines in a pleasant, subdued pop vein. In relation to other efforts that have been characterized as jazz masses, this might be considered a cocktail-piano service.

All the sections are brief, mostly around the two-minute mark, except for one long (11½ minutes) solo by Guaraldi, *Holy Communion Blues*, an amiable bit of placid, pastoral mulling that lolls in one speaker and out the other.

Unlike most "jazz" services, Guaraldi's writing and playing are in a simple, direct, popular idiom with which most contemporary listeners can associate very readily. To this degree, it makes the service more broadly accessible and, as Bishop James A. Pike says in his introductory remarks, provides an opportunity "to reinvolve ourselves together." (J.S.W.)

Bobby Hackett

TRUMPETS' GREATEST HITS—Epic 24155 and 26155: *What's New?; Sugar Blues; I Can't Get Started; And the Angels Sing; The Man with the Horn; Java; Ciribiribin; Oh! My Papa; Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White; When It's Sleepy Time Down South; Davenport Blues; Memories of You.*

Personnel: Hackett, trumpet; unidentified orchestra, Johnnie Spence, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

The Hackett heard in this set is not simply the nonjazz Hackett made familiar on such string sessions as the Jackie Gleason records. It is a Hackett who goes so far as to remove the jazz elements even from pieces that are of some jazz tradition, such as *Davenport, Started*, and *Memories*.

Surrounded by what is billed as "a setting of wall-to-wall strings," Hackett drags his way slowly through tune after tune in a manner that may be intended to be dreamy but is usually only droopy. Still, no matter how dull the assignment may be, Hackett does play a nice horn. The rating is entirely for that. (J.S.W.)

Bill Henderson

WHEN MY DREAMBOAT COMES HOME—Verve 8619: *Lay Down Your Weary Tune; When My Dreamboat Comes Home; If I Could Be with You: June Night; Who Can I Turn To?; This Is My Country; Who's Sorry Now?; It's You or No One; I'm Still Around; When You're Smiling; People; Matchmaker.*

Collective personnel: strings, winds, French horns, plus Jimmy Cleveland, J. J. Johnson, Chauncey Welsh, Tony Studd (tracks 2, 3, 4, 8), Milt Bernhart, Dick Nash, Dick Noel, Barrett O'Hara, trombones (tracks 1, 7, 10); John Pisano, Barney Kessel, Lou Morell, guitars (tracks 1, 7, 10); John Pizzarelli, bass guitar, ukulele (tracks 2, 3, 4, 8); Mike Lang, piano (tracks 1, 7, 10); George Duvivier, bass (tracks 5, 6, 9, 11, 12); Milt Hinton, bass (tracks 2, 3, 4, 8); William Plummer, bass (tracks 1, 7, 10); Al Lucas, electric bass (tracks 2, 3, 4, 8); Larry Bunker, drums (tracks 1, 7, 10); Grady Tate, drums (tracks 2, 3, 4, 8); Herbert Lovelle, drums (tracks 5, 6, 9, 11, 12); Bobby Scott, Jimmy Jones, Rene Hall, arrangers/conductors; unidentified vocal group.

Rating: ★ ★

Henderson may deserve more stars, but this recording rates none. Seldom have so many good jazz sidemen been buried in a morass of gimmicky sounds, lackluster arrangements, and cheap commercialism aimed at the teeming teens.

The occasional breakthrough of a relaxed pulse (*Dreamboat, If I Could Be*,

June Night, Smiling), over the unsubtle chompings of an electric bass, ukulele, and a battery of guitars, makes one wonder if Verve is aiming at the go-go element.

Then when one hears *Lay Down*, he's convinced the disc is dedicated to the folkies who are under the mistaken notion that Bob Dylan is a songwriter. My *Country* is in the same class.

Another element is that vast market of adults who treasure the Nat Cole recordings with the vocal groups singing along in the background. The singers on this record (mercifully unidentified) do nothing to enhance Henderson's efforts on *June Night, Who's Sorry Now?*, and *Smiling*.

And in case anyone has been overlooked, there are pretty ballads that have been virtually unscarred: *Who Can I Turn To?*, *People*, and *You or No One*.

Henderson has been ripped asunder, "charted" by various special interests, and then synthesized into a commercial composite. In the process, the distinctive, jazz-flavored quality to his voice has been sacrificed.

While the record is a bitter disappointment, Henderson's potential can still be recognized. He should be given a better setting. (H.S.)

Yank Lawson

BIG YANK IS HERE!—ABC-Paramount 518: *Chim Chim Cheree*; *When My Baby Smiles at Me*; *Hot Lips*; *Bury Me on Basin Street*; *Kissin' Cousin*; *Come Back, Sweet Papa*; *Breezin' Along with the Breeze*; *Boy from New Orleans*; *Beverly Hills, L.A.*; *Sidewalk Blues*; *Five Point Blues*; *Crazy Blues*.

Personnel: Lawson, trumpet; Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Bill Stegmeyer, clarinet; Dave McKenna, piano; Clancy Hayes, banjo, vocals; Bob Haggart, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Lawson, along with Billy Butterfield, Muggsy Spanier, and Sterling Bose, was a big gun in the trumpet section of the Bob Crosby Band of the late '30s and early '40s. He was a featured soloist with the big band, but his hot, driving horn was at its best in the band's Dixieland unit—the Bob Cats—in such notable recordings as *Fidgety Feet*, *Coquette*, *March of the Bob Cats*, and *Stumbling*.

This album has much of the flavor of the Crosby days. On *Chim Chim*, a minor-mode tune, Lawson's last muted chorus recalls his moving blues playing on Crosby's *Chain Gang*. *Five Point* was a standard item for the Bob Cats, and *Sweet Papa* was in the big-band library.

Along with these goodies, however, this album has *Hot Lips*, with its stilted, commercial shuffle rhythm, and *Kissin' Cousin*, which is an undisguised move toward Al Hirt's frivolity. The idea for this record, it seems, was to include something for everyone.

Vigorous and swinging as ever, Lawson has a good stop-time spot on *Sweet Papa*. Hayes sings a tribute to Louis Armstrong on *Boy*, and his husky sound is a joy. Johnson's press roll behind Stegmeyer's solo on *Five Point* shows how well he has adapted himself to this kind of playing. On *Sidewalk McKenna* and Cutshall have brief, flashing solos; and Haggart, on *Five Point*, cuts through the final ensemble

with a series of beautiful walking triplets.

This album isn't up to Lawson-Haggart items of the '50s, but it is good to hear Lawson playing jazz again. (G.M.E.)

Junior Mance

THAT'S WHERE IT IS!—Capitol 2393: *Wabash Blues*; *In the Dark*; *The Host* (W.L.Y.T.M.); *I've Got It Bad*; *I Want a Little Girl*; *That's Where It Is!*; *St. Louis Blues*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Caribe Blues*; *God Bless the Child*; *Hanky Panky*.

Personnel: Mance, piano; George Tucker, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Mance has developed a stylish way of playing what boils down to slick funk. It is rhythmic, deliberately phrased, and played with a clean, positive touch—a neat and glittering manner that has enabled him to elbow his way onto the narrow ledge where such polished stylists

as Ahmad Jamal and Ramsey Lewis roost.

With Tucker supplying strong bass support, Mance turns in some attractive performances. They swing along easily, but there is so much emphasis on repeated tricks of phrasing that even as well conceived a treatment as he gives to *I've Got It Bad* is dulled by the fact that it is buried under the clichés of his style.

(J.S.W.)

Buddy Rich

THE DRIVER—Emarcy 26006 and 66006: *Brainwashed*; *A Swinging Serenade*; *Big Leg Mary*; *Straight, No Chaser*; *Bloody Mary*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *Miss Bessie's Cookin'*.

Personnel: Irvin Markowitz, trumpet; Willie Dennis, trombone; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Mike Mainieri, vibraharp; Dave McKenna, piano; Earl May, bass; Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

This LP is perfectly named. Rich is at

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(August 12, 1965 issue)



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his driving best, and although his sidemen may not always match his fervor, they at least drive in an equally straight line.

Certain tracks are outstanding—and that comes about when everyone's cooking.

Brainwashed is a relentless swinger in which everything falls into place, at a supersonic speed. Ernie Wilkins' arrangement is a gem of tight, economic voicings, but Rich hammers away at it and extracts every ounce of responses from the ensemble. The unison passages (tenor, trumpet, and vibes) are remarkably clean; Mainieri's solo fairly sizzles; Rich's stickwork and interplay with May's bass lines are genuinely humorous as well as being musically sound. None of the other up-tempo tracks matches this one for excitement.

The other Wilkins arrangements are built on the same concept of repetitious

unison figures alternating with a close, chamber blend, but in tunes such as *No Chaser* more heat than light is created. *Tunisia* is dominated by Rich's extended solo. He has a lot to say, and he says it with hard-driving eloquence.

On more moderate tempos, *Mary* is one of those relaxed blues one wishes would never end. Overshadowing the solo work are the wide-open voicings that burst into partial riffs. Rich again shines in brief solo splendor, and May's bass cuts through with conviction.

The same two spice *Bessie's*, only this time Rich reveals some tasty brushwork while May has a little more to say as a soloist. Dennis displays some of the sardonic wit of Vic Dickenson in a solo that also shows the influence of J. J. Johnson.

Serenade, a tune that opens like an in-

verted *Spring Is Here*, is pushed along nicely and easy by May's solid walking and Mainieri's well-sculptured runs. Again, Rich sweeps over the whole track with his restrained brushwork. *Big Leg* contains McKenna's finest moments as he carves out an extremely melodic statement.

The work of Powell and Markowitz is outstanding in ensemble passages but only adequate in their solos. (H.S.)

Nina Simone

PASTEL BLUES—Philips 200-187 and 600-187: *Be My Husband; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; End of the Line; Trouble in Mind; Tell Me More and More and Then Some; Chilly Winds Don't Blow; Ain't No Use; Strange Fruit; Sinnerman.*

Personnel: Miss Simone, vocals, piano; Al Shackman, harmonica, guitar; Rudy Stevenson, flute, guitar; Lisle Atkinson, bass; Bobby Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Miss Simone's failures can be as striking as her successes. This disc contains instances of both. She is essentially a delineator of moods and emotions, and when she is working in this area, she can be superb.

Here she does a long version of *Sinnerman* that allows her to build and build to a high emotional pitch, using her voice, her piano, and her wonderfully disciplined and resourceful little group to add layer upon layer of moving, searing sound to create a remarkable performance. She does equally well in a very different, low-keyed mood on *Line* and *Tell*, in a Gospel vein on *Use*, and in a female variant of the work-song format on *Husband*.

On the other hand, for *Nobody* and *Trouble* she takes a rather stiff and straightforward approach, and, even though the songs would seem to offer her opportunities that are quite close to other things she does well on this disc, she leaves the impression of being relatively uninvolved.

Strange Fruit is a tough assignment for any singer. Billie Holiday made it so definitively her own that anyone else's version inevitably runs the risk of comparison. Miss Simone comes out of it creditably. She does the Lewis Allan song as a slow recitation, much more deliberately and with more purposeful dramatics than Miss Holiday used. It is a valid performance that stands well on its own even though, in the back of one's mind, Miss Holiday's way of doing it keeps seeping through. (J.S.W.)

Sun Ra

SECRETS OF THE SUN—Saturn 9954: *Friendly Galaxy; Solar Differentials; Space Aura; Love in Outer Space; Reflects Motion; Solar Symbols.*

Personnel: Eddie Gale, trumpet, or Al Evans, flugelhorn; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone, merron, flute; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone, flute; Sun Ra, piano, sun harp; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Ronald Boykins, bass; Tommy Hunter or C. Scooby, Stroman, drums; Ahrt Jnkens, "space voice."

Rating: ★★ ★

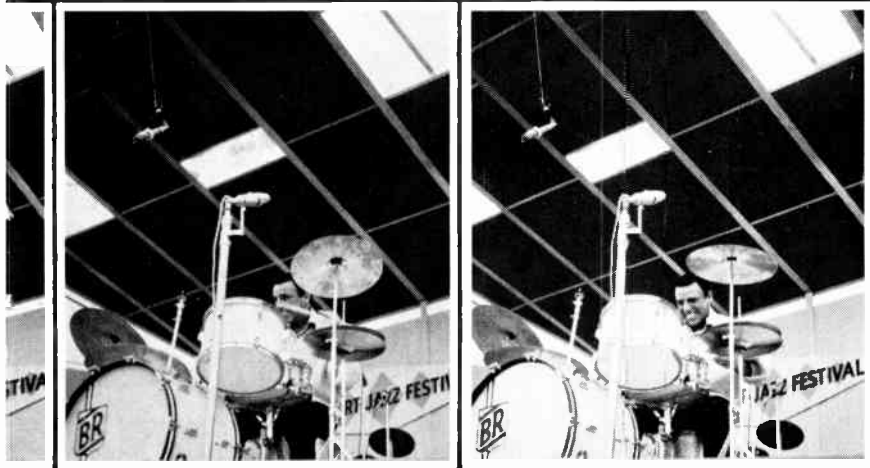
THE HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS OF SUN RA—ESP 1014: *Helio-centric; Outer Nothingness; Other Worlds; The Cosmos; Of Heavenly Things; Nebulae; Dancing in the Sun.*

Personnel: Chris Capers, trumpet; Teddy Nance, trombone; Bernard Pettaway, bass trombone; Marshall Allen, alto saxophone, piccolo; Danny Davis, alto saxophone, flute; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Robert Cummings, bass clarinet; Sun Ra, piano, celeste, bass marimba; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Jimmie Johnson, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

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persisted in his "solar music" for a good number of years. Now, it seems, his perseverance has paid off: time has caught up with him, and he is now aligned—rather loosely, it would seem—with the jazz avant-garde. In any event, he now appears in the ESP records roster, along with the likes of Albert Ayler, Pharaoh Sanders, Byron Allen, Guiseppe Logan, et al.

At best it's an uneasy alliance—perhaps one of convenience—for Sun Ra's purposefully "weird," childlike music-making seems oddly at variance with the deadly serious, intense, often pretentious, approach of the new-things. The listener need play only one of these two albums and compare it with any by the above avant-garde jazzmen to realize how tenuous is the relationship of Sun Ra's music to that of the mainstream of avant-garde music.

First off, his music never goes anywhere; it seems wholly wrapped up in itself (and in the composer's philosophic concepts), totally arbitrary, and unorganized. There is no coherent design or organization behind the music—at least repeated listening does not reveal one. But then, Sun Ra most often seems preoccupied with producing music that reflects his somewhat special and undefined view of the cosmos—his "space-age music," that is.

What one hears in these two albums must necessarily be thought of simply as sound for sound's sake—not music in the universal, accepted sense of the word, but Sun Ra's rather personal conception of music and its goals. The function and

definition of music involve far more than the mere production of a sequence of startling effects. It is how the effects are organized by the musical sensibility behind them that makes music a meaningful, communicating art.

Which is not to say that the effects are not themselves occasionally interesting. On these two LPs are dozens of striking moments—strong, yeasty solos by tenorist Gilmore from time to time; bizarre, disturbing instrumental sounds and combinations; intriguing ensemble textures (as on the restless, anguished frenzy of *Other World* in the ESP album), and fascinating rhythmic textures. But they remain effects, with nothing in the way of a musical intelligence to organize them into coherent wholes.

The composer has the choice of outlining balanced, carefully wrought musical arrangements or of striving for the spontaneity of "instantaneous composition." If he opts for the latter, however, he runs the risk of achieving momentary excitement at the expense of unity, development, and, in the final analysis, sufficient musical integrity to make the work durable. And that is what has happened in these randomly-organized performances. They never fuse organically in the heat of musical birth into anything of structural significance. They'll remain ever inchoate, formless, meaningless sequences of musical sounds held together only by the fact that a microphone and tape recorder were present when they were sent out into the air.

The original sounds are probably way out in space by now, and maybe that's where Sun Ra was directing them. So be it.
(P.W.)

Mel Torme

THAT'S ALL—Columbia 2318: *I've Got You under My Skin; That's All; What Is There to Say?; Do I Love You Because You're Beautiful?; The Folks That Live on the Hill; Isn't It a Pity?; Ho-Ba-La-La; P.S., I Love You; The Nearness of You; My Romance; The Second Time Around; Haven't We Met?*

Personnel: Torme, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Robert Mersey, arranger and conductor.

Rating: ★★½

"Lush and romantic." That's how Columbia describes Torme's debut album for the label. But that's only half the story. This collection of standards provides an ideal outlet for Torme's jazz-flavored singing at a leisurely pace.

His ability and desire to swing within any framework reveal an approach to vocalizing that is basically instrumental. This is evident on each track. Torme takes enough liberties with the melodies to make it interesting not only for himself but for the listener as well.

What makes his free interpretations so listenable is the realization that none of his "deviations" is contrived. Torme is too much the singer's singer to try a tune the same way twice.

Ho-Ba-La-La, *Romance*, and *Under My Skin* are given mild Latin flavorings. The last named is suffixed with a string of provocative tags; *Romance* ends up as *Romahnce* as the "A" gets broader with each repetition of the title; and *Ho-Ba-*

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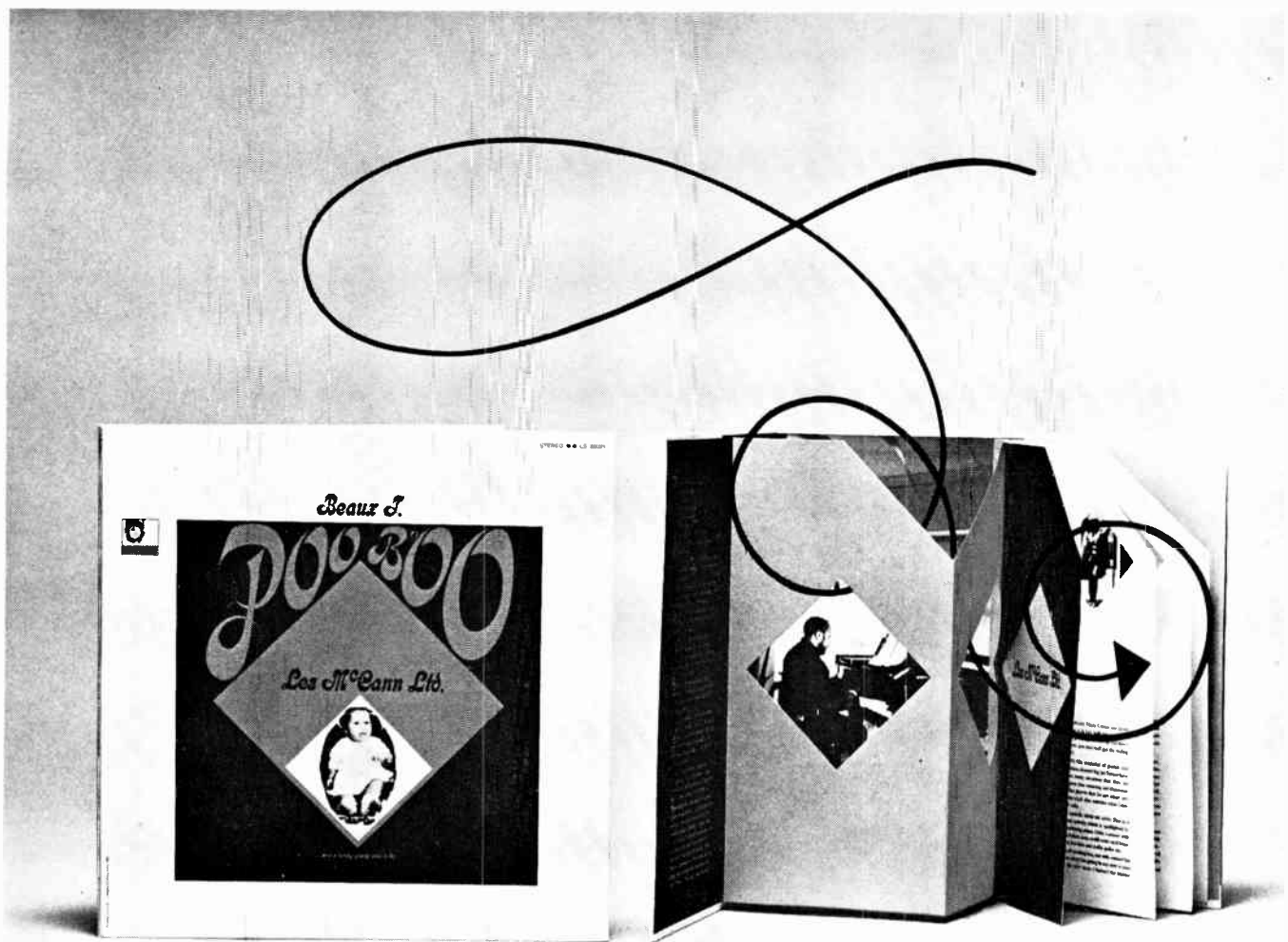
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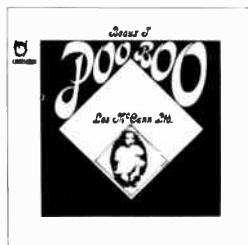
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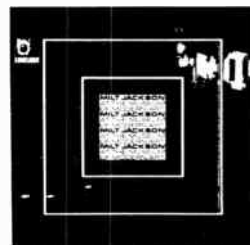
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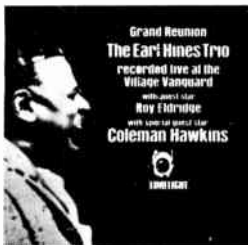
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La-La is enhanced by some bossa nova scatting.

Torme's penchant for witty lyrics and internal rhymes is fully realized in an unjustly neglected Gershwin opus, *Isn't It a Pity?* On *That's All*, he falls off certain tones just before the title, and his phrasing resembles that peculiar to saxophone players.

The joyous lilt of *Haven't We Met?* points up Torme's skill with 3/4 time. The arrangement also provides the only respite in the unending parade of very slow tracks.

The piano introduction to *What Is There?* and the guitar introduction to *Second* (how did they let Torme's opening flat note slip by?) make one wish all

arrangements were similarly spare. Not that Mersey's arrangements are overdone, but shimmering strings and an occasional wordless vocal-group segment are not needed to project the mood of romance. Torme has all the necessary vocal equipment and know-how for that. (H.S.)

Village Stompers

SOME FOLK, A BIT OF COUNTRY, AND A WHOLE LOT OF DIXIE—Epic 24161 and 26161: *Lemon Tree*; *We'll Sing in the Sunshine*; *Red Roses for a Blue Lady*; *Mr. Tambourine Man*; *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*; *Engine, Engine, Number 9*; *Sweet Water Bay*; *I'll Never Find Another You*; *You Were Only Foolin'*; *King of the Road*; *Magic Horn*; *You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You*.

Personnel: unidentified.

Rating: ★★

When the Village Stompers first ap-

peared with their mixture of folk and Dixie sounds, the relative freshness and novelty of what they were doing was attractive. Repetition dissipates novelty, however, and by now the Stompers' performances have taken on an air of tired inevitability—the banjo and/or guitar opening followed by the Dixie ensemble has become banal both in conception and, on this disc, in performance.

If the Stompers had built on the basic idea that launched them, the group might have acquired some individuality, some personality. But the band that plays these pieces clomps through them in complete anonymity not only so far as any performing credits are concerned but also in relation to any exhibition of personal style. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

TRADITIONAL JAZZ AROUND THE WORLD—Jazz Crusade 1004: *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*; *Shine*; *Honky-Tonk Town*; *Red Onion Blues*; *Wild Cat Stomp*; *Golden Leaf Strut*; *Blues for Papa John*; *Over in the Gloryland*; *Decatur Street Blues*; *My Josephine*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—Eiji Yamamoto, cornet; Yoshimasa Kasai, clarinet; Junichi Karwai, banjo; Tetsu Arai, bass; Yoichi Kimura, drums. Tracks 4, 5—Abbie Huebner, cornet; Gerd Goldenbow, trombone; Claus Moller, clarinet; Peter Meyer, banjo; Lorenz Schwieger, piano; Wilm Dohse, drums. Tracks 6, 7—Joe Van Rossem, cornet; Jim Falconbridge, clarinet; Geoff Holmes, trombone; Cliff Bastin, banjo; Tom Duquette, bass; Ron Sullivan, drums. Tracks 8-10—Dennis Jones, Clive Blackmore, trumpets; John Defferary, clarinet, alto saxophone; Mike Pointon, trombone; Ken Saunders, tenor saxophone; Bill Stagg, banjo; William Cole, bass; Kid Martyn, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is the first album of a series planned by Jazz Crusade's Bill Bissonnette to show the spread of traditional jazz throughout the world.

Featured in this album are groups from Canada, Germany, England, and Japan. A remarkable fact is that each of these groups takes its inspiration from New Orleans renaissance recordings (from 1939 on), rather than the music of King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong, et al., of the 1920s.

Golden Leaf and *Papa John* are by the Black Eagle Band of Canada. Cornetist Rossem rides with clipped phrases over a strong rhythm section, and there are good slashing breaks by Falconbridge, a George Lewis disciple.

This is a good band, but it lacks, on these tracks, change in emotional levels, which is paramount in holding a listener's attention.

The Low Down Wizards from Germany have *Red Onion* and *Wild Cat*. *Red Onion* mirrors the 1939 Johnny Dodds recording in form and temper, and both tunes have spirited tromboning by Goldenbow. This band has drive, but both Huebner and Moller tend to become shrill at times.

Martyn's English band is featured on the last three tracks, and, in spite of some good trumpeting, these are the weakest of the album. Some of the passages in *Gloryland* are unbelievably stiff and rickyticky, and there is some rather sickening saxophone work (John Defferary, however, has some effective Jimmie Noone-like passages when he switches to clarinet).

The Yoshimasa Kasai Ragtime Band is a delightful surprise. Taking its conception from George Lewis New Orleans

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band style, it shows an impressive grasp of jazz.

Horn men Yamamoto and Kasai both have a sense of relaxation and space in their phrasing that is usually totally lacking in this type of music. Most traditionalists will rush into the breathing pauses of the lead horn with anything to fill in the space, but these musicians respond to the statements of each other with incomplete lines, delayed lines, or nothing at all, letting the ear float over the rhythm in anticipation. The tension created is perfect, and this tricking the ear commands attention.

On *Shine* the emotional intensity spirals as Yamamoto and Kasai, each trying to outwit the other, flare into the final ensemble, pulling the listener along with the shattering beauty of their exchange. *Honky-Tonk* is not quite up to this level, but, for the playing on *Dream* and *Shine*, this band deserves to be heard.

This series was a good idea, and if Bissonette can discover more groups on a level with the Kasai Ragtimers, the project will be very worthwhile. (G.M.E.)

Various Artists

THE NIGHT PASTOR AND SEVEN FRIENDS PLAY CHICAGO JAZZ—Claremont Records 7098: *Beale St. Blues; Black and Blue; In a Little Spanish Town; Tin Roof Blues; Tiger Rag; When the Saints Go Marching In; Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?; Louisiana; St. Louis Blues; Exactly Like You; Wolverine.*

Personnel: Norman Murphy, trumpet; Jerry Fuller, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Dave Remington, trombone; Andy Johnson or the Rev. Robert H. Owen, piano; Johnny Porazzo, guitar, banjo; Bob Cousins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Father Owen, an Episcopal priest, works among musicians and entertainers on Chicago's near-north side, ministering to people at night in their own environment. Remington, a member of the Night Pastor's advisory council, assembled this group for this album as a promotional and fund-raising effort for Father Owen's work.

These are all thoroughly professional musicians performing well, but it would have been better for a session such as this to channel all this talent toward something more demanding. There is adequate playing throughout, but only occasionally are there flashes of creative or emotional effort on these warhorse tunes.

Psalm 150, a favorite with jazzmen working with religious material, is recited as an introduction to *Saints*, and the gradual fusion of the instrumental lines to the voice line is effective.

Fuller gives a very good accounting on *Black and Blue*. Father Owen, appearing on *St. Louis* and *Tin Roof*, shows a strong Jess Stacy influence in his figures. Murphy plays a sensitive horn on *Louisiana* and drives the whole band on *Spanish Town*. Cousins, an excellent drummer, is in top shape.

Father Owen has a five-star project that deserves a five-star album. With better material, more time, and better planning, he may well have that next time around.

The record is available from the Rev. Mr. Owen, 30 E. Oak St., Chicago, Ill. 60611. A contribution of at least \$5 is asked. (G.M.E.)

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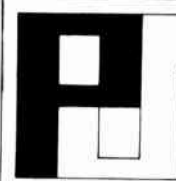
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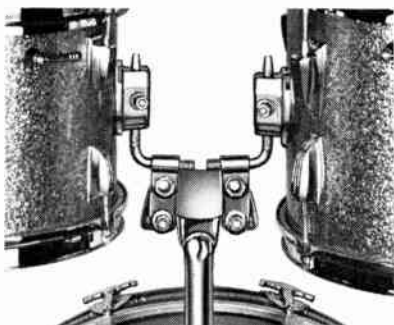
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JOE ALPER



Denny Zeitlin

"As far back as I can remember," Denny Zeitlin once said, "my interests have been in both music and medicine. I would feel I were incomplete if I didn't continue to devote my time to both."

Zeitlin's dual life was to some degree predestined. Born in Chicago on April 10, 1938, he heard music constantly from infancy. His father, a physician, played piano by ear; his mother, who has a degree in speech pathology, had studied classical piano.

After playing by ear at an early age, Zeitlin studied piano formally for some eight years.

Currently in residency in a hospital in San Francisco, Zeitlin in two years will be a psychiatrist. He is already, and will continue to be, an extraordinarily gifted professional pianist. Recently he spent a day in Hollywood and dropped by for his first *Blindfold Test*. He received no information about the records played.

1. Miles Davis. *Agitation* (from *E.S.P.*, Columbia). Tony Williams, drums; Davis, composer, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Ron Carter, bass.

Is that wax in my ears or is it really hard to hear what's going on?

This seemed like a group of very competent musicians playing some very ordinary material, perhaps aimed at being somewhat avant-garde. I didn't feel as though any of the men was able to transcend his usual stock way of playing.

The most interesting musician on the date was the drummer, who sounded a little bit like Tony Williams, or someone who was Tony Williams-influenced. If it was Tony, I've heard him play a lot better than he did on this track. But I find that kind of approach to drumming very exciting.

The trumpet player had a Nat Adderleyish kind of sound; it could have been Nat, but I don't want to get involved in guessing games.

It was all rather boring. The saxophone player sounded like he is able to get around his instrument and has imbibed a Coltrane influence, but there was very little fire. There wasn't any fire in the whole thing, except for what the drummer generated.

The composition seemed like just a bunch of arbitrary sections that came in and went out. The recording quality was so poor that I had difficulty even hearing the bass player's line. Two stars.

2. Art Hodes. *Moten Blues* (Emarcy). Hodes, piano; Truck Parham, bass.

A very pleasant boogie-woogie-type blues; relaxed, simple, thoroughly innocuous—something that would be nice to drive down to the beach by. But it had an authentic quality that I responded positively to. Nothing exciting, but I guess I'd give it three.

3. Albert Ayler. *C.T.* (from *My Name Is Albert Ayler*, Fantasy). Ayler, tenor saxophone; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Ronnie Gardiner, drums.

My reaction was one of interest for the first few minutes, then rapidly increasing boredom as it continued for what threatened to be an interminable period of time. I don't know who they are. The saxophonist could be Albert Ayler, or someone who has been strongly influenced by him.

Some avant-garde music faces a problem: Ornette, when he started out exploring new areas of improvisation, still

used his rhythm section men as stooges to a large extent.

I talked with Charlie Haden about this. Ornette had his drums and bass play time, largely, while he himself was free to wander across the bar lines any way he saw fit. Well, in this track, the saxophone player was able to transcend the notes of his own instrument and get into the *sounds* of the instrument, which is an interesting approach and an important part of playing. But the people playing with him lacked an understanding of what he was trying to do. They were playing far too metrically, for my own taste.

I have heard Sonny Murray and Gary Peacock play with Albert Ayler in a way that very much enhances his approach. But this was an approach that felt almost ad hoc. I felt there was no real structure to this track; it would have been far more successful had it been one-tenth as long.

Everybody ran out of things to say, and it became very ruminative and repetitive. For the moments of intensity, I'd give three to four, but at this excessive length, as a whole I'd give it between two and three.

4. Bill Evans. *Israel* (from *Trio '65*, Verve). Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; John Carisi, composer.

I just wonder whether Bill has had a chance to sit down and listen to what Verve has done to his sound. This is really a travesty, compared to the beauty that Riverside was able to give what his trio produced in the past. Especially in listening to a tune like *Israel*, which I heard him do so many times in person and on the Riverside version, I find this leaves *everything* to be desired.

This may sound unfair, but I don't think any bass player in the immediate future is going to replace the role that Scotty [La Faro] filled. I don't think Bill's approach to music has changed so much that one doesn't feel the lack of someone similar to Scotty. Chuck has come a long way in terms of learning how to play with Bill in his own way, and it shows up here.

I have never been happy with any of Bill's drummers. Paul Motian's approach seemed a little stiff; Larry Bunker's is, for me, far too cluttered, a busy, almost sophomoric kind of approach.

I'm just very unhappy with the all-over

approach on this whole album. Bill is one of the true greats of our age. I wish I could hear him in a context that would really do him justice, force him to get outside of himself and explore the new parts of himself that I know, from talking to him, he wants to get into.

This album should never have been released; it's far below the genius of which he's capable. I won't even try to rate it.

5. Jimmy Smith. *Organ Grinder Swing* (from *Organ Grinder Swing*, Verve). Smith, organ, voice.

That was very refreshing. A nice bluesy thing, poppin' right along there, complete with interpolated voice signifying up a storm! Unpretentious and happy; for what it was, I'd give it three or four stars.

6. McCoy Tyner. *Satin Doll* (from *Tyner Plays Ellington*, Impulse). Tyner, piano; Elvin Jones, drums; Willie Rodriguez, Johnny Pacheco, Latin percussion.

This seemed like an example of the many records you can pick up today so easily—a Red Garland-influenced piano player surrounded by a cordon of Latin instruments playing a tune that's been done into the ground.

The treatment was so cluttered—this bevy of instruments in the background shuffling along, creating a smokescreen, while essentially cocktail-type jazz improvisation was superimposed on it. It certainly wasn't particularly offensive, but it doesn't seem very important. I really couldn't give it more than two stars.

7. Phineas Newborn. *Celia* (from *The Great Jazz Piano of Phineas Newborn*, Contemporary). Newborn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Milt Turner, drums; Bud Powell, composer.

It's nice to hear some bebop! A thoroughly facile pianist—sounded to me like Phineas Newborn. So many of these ideas were direct impressions of Bud Powell that it recalled the days when Bud himself was playing this way—and with much more fire and authority.

I was bothered by the accompanists. The bassist had a very punctate, short-lived sound that bothered me—much the way Tommy Potter bothered me in his recordings with Charlie Parker. And I found the drummer's ride didn't really help things move along. There wasn't much of a push behind each beat.

Nevertheless, on the whole it was well done. I'd give it three or four stars. **[AS]**

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Various Artists

Festival of the Avant Garde '65 Judson Hall, New York City

Personnel: Jimmy Giuffre Trio—Giuffre, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums. Don Heckman—Ed Summerlin Jazz Workshop—Lew Gluckin, trumpeter; Bob Norden, trombone; Heckman, alto saxophone; Summerlin, tenor saxophone; Steve Kuhn, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums; Lisa Zander, vocal. Charles Lloyd Quartet—Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums. Sheila Jordan, vocals; Dave Frishberg, piano; Lew Berryman, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

This was the jazz night in a series of eight programs devoted to avant-garde doings presented by cellist Charlotte Moorman, a well-known catalyst of "happenings" around New York.

Though too long, it was an interesting evening. Miss Jordan began the proceedings with John Benson Brooks' *Look at What the Wind Blew In*, followed by *He Was Too Good to Me*, Bill Evans' *Waltz for Debby*, her version of *You Are My Sunshine*, and a swinging wrap-up, *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*.

A true stylist, Miss Jordan does delightfully musical things with a melodic line. She has an excellent ear, and her improvisations are often startling, though never gratuitous; she takes liberties but respects

her material. Her voice is small but well controlled, and she swings—even in the doleful a cappella opening of *Sunshine*. Miss Jordan received expert backing, notably from Frishberg, who is an ideal accompanist.

Lloyd began his set with an up-tempo variation of *Sweet Georgia Brown*, featuring his fluent tenor and the talented Szabo's guitar, both in solos and intricate interplay. A flexible and versatile musician, Lloyd is forging a personal tenor style from still discernible Coltrane and Rollins influences. (Citing these predecessors is not intended to slight Lloyd; a player with roots in the jazz tradition may have a distinct advantage over those who forcibly try to be "original" at all costs—including musicality.)

Lloyd next presented an attractive original ballad, *How Can I Tell You?*, playing with warmth and melodic invention. Carter came in for a good solo spot on this. The set concluded with a Szabo original, on which Lloyd played expert flute. Szabo's long and well-sustained solo showed his interest in Indian music. Though each of the group's three pieces was perhaps a bit long, it was a rewarding and interesting set. Lloyd's blend of vivacity, melodic appeal, and swing with such "new thing" elements as experimentation with time and meter and unusual sonic effects (squeals, screeches, and whispers, and Szabo's work above the guitar's bridge) effectively closes the gap between avant-garde and more conventional forms of jazz expression.

The second half of the program was

more in keeping with the festival's overall aims. Giuffre's new trio focused on the leader's revived interest in the tenor saxophone; only two of the five pieces were devoted to the clarinet.

Giuffre's playing on both instruments seemed more robust and outgoing than before, and there were fewer excursions into outer space. (At one point, Giuffre rattled his tenor keys, but he didn't dismantle his instruments—as he has on other occasions—and there was only a smattering of overblowing or exaggerated effects.)

The three musicians formed a tight unit, with Davis' bass a remarkably flexible and multifaceted voice, whether in support of the leader's improvisations, in interplay, or on its own. A genuine virtuoso, Davis never indulges in mere technical wizardry but always has something to say musically. Chambers was restrained and tasteful, though he generated plenty of tension during the propulsive passages on *Drive* and *Angles*, two Giuffre pieces featuring tenor saxophone.

On Ornette Coleman's *Cross Roads* the drums participated in the theme statement, in unison with arco bass and clarinet. The theme returned repeatedly, separating passages of free improvisation. *Quadrangle*, for which Giuffre again switched to clarinet, developed a pastoral mood, broken by an interlude of jagged, frenzied character. During *Drive* the Giuffre tenor delivered some remarkably Getz-like phrases, while *Angles* featured a gutty, Rollins-like attack.

While Giuffre's music had structure,

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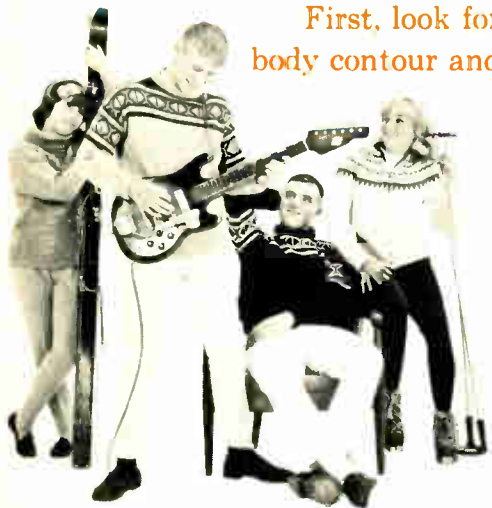
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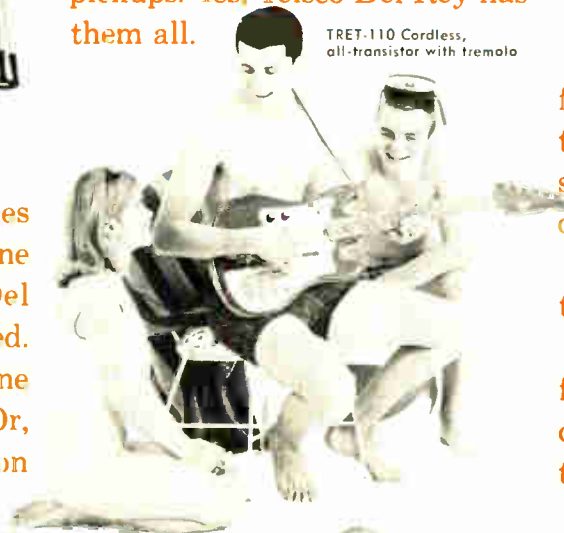
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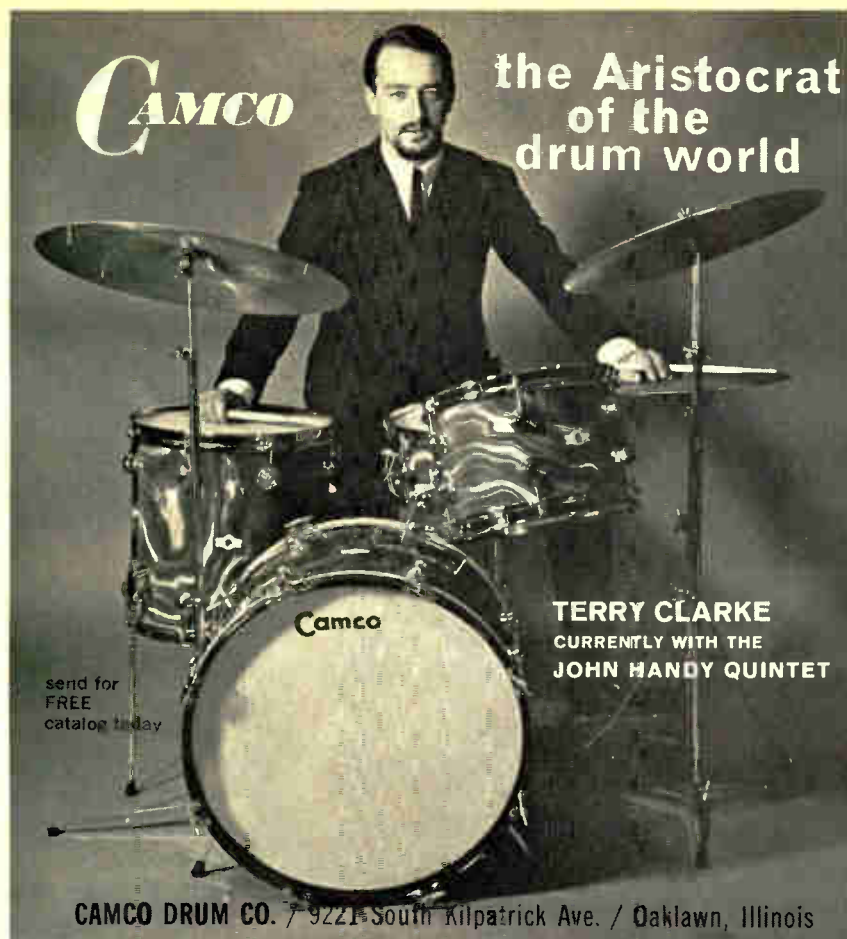
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balance, and an inner logic that made it convincing, the set by the Heckman-Summerlin ensemble was marked more by "happenings" than by musical content.

Jax or Better, a Heckman original, contained attractive and surprisingly conventional ensemble passages (the opening was Ellingtonian in texture) of varying meters, but the "free" solos that formed the bulk of the piece were generally rather thin and disappointing, though Heckman contributed some moments of interest, showing the influence of Ornette Coleman but with a sound and feeling of his own.

Heckman's *Five Haiku Pieces* featured *sprechstimme*-flavored sing-song and stylized gesturing by Miss Zander, which were followed by instrumental interludes. Some of these had a Stockhausen hue, while others brought out the more extreme "advanced" devices: for example, Heckman, at one point, removed the neck of his alto saxophone and blew into the remaining section, producing a bellow-like sound. The concluding section featured some solid walking bass by Swallow.

Summerlin's *Dialog*, the group's final effort, again showed contrast between written and improvised passages. The former had a sound and texture related to the Miles Davis Nonet, while the latter were radically "free." The high point was a long solo by Kuhn, during which he rolled his knuckles over the keyboard, scratched the piano's strings with some unseen object, and pounded the keys with the glee of a noise-making infant. He also had time, however, to deliver himself of some pretty, impressionistic passages.

A conversation between Heckman and Summerlin could have been subtitled "Up-roar on the Turkey Farm," as the two saxophonists gobbled and bleated at each other. Gluckin, a skilled trumpeter, played a few bars of *Tiger Rag* during his solo, but it was probably accidental. A long and occasionally interesting solo by Cocuzzo brought back the ensemble, and so concluded a concert that once again underscored the fact that the house of the avant-garde has many mansions.

—Dan Morgenstern

Jaki Byard

Jazz in the Garden

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone, flute; Byard, piano; George Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, drums, vibraharp.

A crowd of some 1,800 and a perfect summer night were on hand to greet the newly formed Byard quartet in its New York debut concert. This was the same group that had a successful spring run at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, near Boston.

Byard is a unique pianist with his own approach to jazz. The musical range of the group is quite astonishing, as demonstrated by the poles of Byard's James P. Johnson-ish stride passages on *Just Rolling Along*, and the "space music" (that is how it was announced) separating two ballads.

Whether tradition-rooted or "free," the quartet's music is fresh and alive. Farrell plays booting, big-toned tenor with power and swing, in a style not obviously indebted to anyone but with a touch of

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Dawson is a marvel, one of the greatest drummers in jazz today. He, too, combines the virtues of firm time-keeping and musical creativity. He accents plenty, but always where it fits the soloist, not merely in display of facility. He has technique and speed to spare, and his tempos never stray.

In addition to his drumming, Dawson was featured as a vibraharpist in duet with Tucker on a shimmering, impressionistic version of *Ghost of a Chance*. He plays with a delicate strength reminiscent of Milt Jackson. Tucker also shone on this selection, playing meaningful melodic bass with a big, mahogany sound.

Byard didn't feature himself sufficiently, though what he did play was more than an indication of his multifaceted talent. He is able to play in many different grooves but always remains himself, even when delving into styles associated with other players.

Byard's approach to the past is most refreshing. He uses his great knowledge and understanding of such players as Johnson, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, and Erroll Garner *not* to parody their styles but to incorporate varying moods and pianistic textures into his music. Nor does he rely on this amazing skill; he is able to become quite himself when the music requires it. His compositions are not mere blowing lines but have shape and content. His ballad, *Denise*, was touching and reflective, while *Twelve* (a number on the significance of which Byard expounded at some length) was a robust, swinging exercise in modernity.

The "space" interlude that separated *Denise* and Farrell's tender *Kathy* was effervescent, with Farrell's flute, Byard's arpeggios, Tucker's strumming and bowing, and Dawson's rhythmic touches blending into a musical concoction with a touch of the light fantastic, far out and free but never less than beautiful.

It was a rewarding evening. The Byard quartet has something unique to offer the jazz world, and, judging by the audience's obvious appreciation, it is something that will find listeners if given the opportunity.

—Michael Morgan

Harold (Shorty) Baker

Embers West, New York City

Personnel: Baker, trumpet; Ross Tompkins, piano; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.

It is a consoling belief that when one door closes, another opens. Doors had been closing to jazz so frequently in midtown Manhattan that the opening of such an attractive venue as Embers West was more than ever welcome.

Run by the brothers Sol and Morty Dacks, who were formerly the most gracious of the Metropole's hosts, it had

presented Marian McPartland, Joe Newman, and Ruby Braff before Baker took over with the house rhythm section of Tompkins, George, and Lundberg.

The bar at the entrance has become something of a rendezvous for musicians, and it occasionally serves as the point of departure for the Duke Ellington band bus. Carmen McRae and Joe Williams have dropped in to sing with Baker, and musician guests, such as reed man Frank Wess and trombonist Benny Powell, are often present. Roger Kellaway subbed for Ross Tompkins one night and was in turn temporarily replaced by composer Frank Fields, who proceeded to demonstrate a couple of his numbers to an interested customer. In short, it is a profitable place to visit, musically and socially.

Bandleader Don Redman once described Baker as one of his "best men," and there are certainly few trumpet players to be heard today who have Baker's ease of execution and beauty of sound. He uses mutes on this job, but his control and feeling for dynamics make his full, open tone equally appropriate to the intimate character of the room.

Favoring standard tunes, Baker plays, for example, *I Want to Be Happy* with bucket mute in the first chorus and open in the last, *I've Got It Bad*, and *That Ain't Good* with a cup mute, *Sunday* with a felt mute, and *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* open and with Harmon mute. An immediately answered request for *When Your Lover Has Gone* was given an ironic lilt and cocked-valve statements in the Rex Stewart manner.

Baker's remarkable feeling for melody and proper breathing were no less apparent in an obbligato to a guest's vocal on *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*. Baker sings on the horn, echoes and fills in phrases with a smooth sensitivity that recalls no one so much as Joe Smith, Bessie Smith's favorite accompanist. And he admitted that Joe Smith followed Louis Armstrong as his major influence.

"Anybody who ever heard Joe Smith, if they played the same instrument, would want to play like him," Baker insisted. "He played almost like a voice, like a true singing voice, with clean, clear notes."

"Clean, clear notes" give Baker's music distinction, and unless melody and melodic variation are considered out of style, there is nothing dated, nothing faded about his music. It is highly professional and often almost chillingly brilliant when he makes the trumpet sound like an easy instrument to play.

The accompanying rhythm section is efficient and tasteful. Tompkins, formerly with Kai Winding, plays with a very agreeable touch, fluent ideas, and a consistently good rhythmic feel. Kellaway, in his stead, was enjoyably unpredictable but somehow always able to render his conceptions appropriate to the context.

Joe Shulman, the Glaswegian formerly known as Joe Saye, was intermission pianist. His excellent choice of material, and discursively original explorations thereof, invariably kept conversation down to a mannerly minimum.

—Stanley Dance

HANCOCK

(Continued from page 15)

that they believe in that sort of thing."

Hancock's plans for the future include a wide range of activities—from pop music to electronic sounds: "I like all kinds of music, and there are certain types that are directly related to me. Rhythm and blues is part of my own personal background, not just from being a teenager during the time rhythm and blues first started, but because I'm a Negro; and as far as pop music is concerned, it is probably basic to everybody's listening. The next album I do for Blue Note is going to be a rhythm-and-blues album."

With a smile, Hancock explained that it would not be a jazz version of rhythm and blues, but a real rhythm-and-blues album ("straight down the line"). "I want to see," he went on, "if I can do it, if I can produce authentic rhythm and blues with that particular essence that makes it good."

He has an equal fascination for a number of figures in the world of classical music, a few of whom are:

Karlheinz Stockhausen, the German avant-gardist, whom Hancock credits with first interesting him in electronic music through his *Gesang der Junglinge*. The pianist said he feels a jazz musician should have a different kind of feeling for that type of music, "probably a little less mathematical an approach."

Igor Stravinsky, whose *Rite of Spring* Hancock said he still hasn't got over and whose *Firebird Suite* also is a favorite of his, because "I like the sounds Stravinsky gets out of the instruments."

Lili Boulanger, a 1920s French composer of unquestioned talent and promise and sister of the world-famed conductor and teacher, Nadia Boulanger. "She was more modern than the Impressionists," Hancock said. "She died when she was 24, but the Everest recording of her works is one of the most beautiful records I've ever heard in my life."

The list can go on—the music of Robert Farnon (a special taste for a number of jazzmen), Bela Bartok, Ustad Ali Akbar Khan, among others—describing the tastes of a perceptive musical intelligence.

Explaining the effect of this catholicity of interests upon his music, Hancock said, "The sky's the limit. I'm interested in music as a whole, including classical music as well as jazz. I want to study more; I want to do so much. I guess I'm still a kid at heart wanting to chase fire engines."



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HAIG

(Continued from page 17)

Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Haig, piano; Ray Brown, bass; and Stan Levey, drums.

Despite their poor reception, the men stayed at Berg's for almost two months, and shortly before returning east, they recorded for Ross Russell's Dial label. One of the numbers on the session was Thelonious Monk's moody 'Round about Midnight, on which Haig took a relaxed and beautifully executed solo. On this same date he also had a good spot on *Diggin' for Diz*, a bop version of *Lover*.

Soon after the group returned to New York in February, 1946, Leonard Feather featured Gillespie in Victor's *New 52nd Street Jazz* album, with Haig in a rhythm section that also had guitarist Bill DeArango, bassist Brown, and drummer J. C. Heard. Haig had short spots on *Anthropology* and *Ol' Man Rehop* (*Ol' Man River*).

Haig worked with Gillespie during the winter and spring of 1946. He was the pianist on Gillespie's Musicraft record date in May that produced *One Bass Hit, Part I*; *Oop Bop Sh'Bam*; *That's Earl, Brother*; and *A Hand Fulla Gimme*. This was the group—Gillespie; Sonny Stitt, alto saxophonist; Jackson, vibraharp; Brown, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums—that Haig worked with at the Spotlite until Gillespie organized his second big band.

When Gillespie took the big outfit into the Spotlite with Thelonious Monk on piano, Haig moved over to the Three Deuces to work with Ben Webster. The tenor man had a strong rhythm section with Haig, bassist John Simmons, and drummer Catlett. In June they added guitarist Bill DeArango and recorded for the Haven label. The tunes were *Frog and Mule*, *Spang* (*These Foolish Things*), *Park and Tilford Blues*, and *Doctor Keets*. Haig plays some good bop piano on *Blues*.

Late in the fall of 1946, Haig participated in the first of several recording sessions he was to do with singers Dave Lambert and Buddy Stewart. The first date, for Keynote, was an early attempt to use voices in scat style to emulate instruments playing bebop.

Red Rodney played a trumpet lead, accompanied by Haig, Curly Russell, and Stan Levey, on *Gussie G* (*Idaho*), *Perdido*, Tiny Kahn's *A Cent and a Half*, and Lambert's *Charge Account* (based on *All the Things You Are*, with the two vocalists singing unison passages and Lambert scatting solo). This record date, along with another

Keynote session with a slightly altered personnel some weeks later, triggered a fad of bop vocalese performances.

When Haig started to record under his own name in 1948 for the Jade and Sittin' In labels, an attempt was made to cash in on the vocal gimmick with duets by Terry Swope and guitarist Jimmy Raney. Nothing much happened with the singing, but Haig played some fine piano solos. A good example was his *Haig 'n' Haig* on Jade.

Aside from the nine months Haig spent with Jimmy Dorsey's band in 1946-47, he kept busy recording on the small bop record labels. He did many sides with saxophonists—Wardell Gray, Leo Parker, Eddie Davis, Herbie Steward, Don Lanphere, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, and Stan Getz. For long periods, he was the pianist with groups led by both Charlie Parker and Getz.


It has been pointed out that Haig's improvisations were the opposite of those of the era's most influential pianist, Bud Powell. Where Powell was intense and played with a fast, swinging line, Haig produced solos with an air of restraint and a untroubled lyricism.

English critic Max Harrison has pointed out that Haig developed an independent approach, only superficially similar to Powell's, and has said, "Haig was, in many respects, the most sympathetic pianist to record with Parker." (Parker's success at the Paris Jazz Festival in 1949 was credited in large measure to the way he wove in and out of the rhythmic patterns set up by Haig and drummer Max Roach.)

Although Haig did some arranging and composing—his *Bruz* was recorded by a Kenny Clarke group on Century in 1949, and some of the numbers Haig recorded under his own name are originals—he was always more interested in playing.

He once said of bop, "It is making an important contribution to America's music. However, it is not likely to stop as a basic form but will be a milestone on the road to musical progress."

The pianist has been active in music for the last 15 years. He took a year off for study in the early 1950s, and when he returned, began playing primarily as a solo pianist.

Haig was last heard in New York City in a trio backing African singer Miriam Makeba at the Village Vanguard a few years ago. Today, he is playing at the Westwood Room in West Orange, N.J., and if he is playing as well as he was at the Vanguard, he certainly has been too long overlooked. 

BYARD

(Continued from page 19)

got too much to say about working with him. One of the reasons was exposure. But I can do without the dictator approach in music. . . ."

A clue to this reaction may be found in Byard's own approach to playing: "When I have a feeling, I like to play a certain thing, but sometimes I don't have that feeling, and when it's forced on me, it becomes another thing entirely."

And though he is a master of the older styles of piano, he has no fondness for parodying them.

"I don't play tongue-in-cheek," he said, "and I hate to hear people say this about me. I think hardly any of us can be completely ourselves, pianistically, what with all the people that have been before us, so I try to go into each phase of the piano with respect. If you're going to do it, do it all the way."


His versatility and stylistic range are "not a gimmick thing," but the result of an inner attitude. "I can't sit there and just play single lines all night and go away satisfied. I can't play one way all night; I wouldn't want to, and I wouldn't want the public to hear me that way. If you stay in one groove, you can't reach the people."

Reaching the listener is something Byard wants to do with his music—not for commercial success but because he has something he wants heard. His music can be as far out as any of today—with the important difference that it always makes sense as music—or it can reach back to the stride roots of James P. Johnson.

Though he says what he wants to say with his music, he has a verbal message he wants to get across:

"Put this down: I'm against all those who talk hate. I don't hate them; I pity them. I pity their poor souls. If they spent more time trying to spread more happiness, express good music, good thoughts . . . they would accomplish more as a family, as Americans. They have too much to say and are saying nothing. Many of them are failures, musically and as people."

And then his sense of humor shone through: "Let them come to my house. I have a machine, a head-computer, and I'll compute their knowledge and show them where they're really at if they want."

And finally, again seriously: "Don't mess with my music. If you want to listen to it, listen; if you don't, don't. But don't tell me how to play." 

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

In a letter in the Sept. 9 *Down Beat*, Ira Gitler addresses a jeremiad to me that in its hysterical ignorance recalls some of the more transient moldy-fig vs. boppers cockfighting of 20 years ago.

My initial sin apparently was to fantasize a jazz festival unconcerned with boxoffice receipts and thereby able to have two nights of Taylor, Shepp, Ayler, Rudd, et al.

Gitler the logician of esthetics scorns the concept because Shepp, Taylor, and the Jazz Composers Orchestra "didn't draw flies" during their one afternoon at this year's Newport Jazz Festival.

I find it curious that Gitler judges the validity of new music by the size of its audience in its first years. The music of Anton Webern, to cite one of many thousand examples, didn't "draw flies" (in Gitler's characteristically felicitous phrase) for a long time. In retrospect, however, Webern turned out to be one of the most pervasively influential composers in contemporary classical music, and his own small body of work more than endures.

Gitler goes on to say that if I were so "sincere" about the new jazz, I would "invest some of the rewards that jazz, directly or indirectly, has given him. It doesn't have to be as extravagant as a festival. Let it be a concert."

Gitler's proposal has two edges. For a critic to promote a concert turns him into an entrepreneur, and I don't consider that to be a critic's function, just as I don't think a critic should double as a manager or booker.

But let us grant his premise for argument's sake. Most of my "rewards" for some years have come from writing in fields other than jazz, and what I have left over from familial imperatives goes to groups like the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee because, as vital as jazz is, basic social change in this country is, by my criteria, much more essential. I assume Gitler will allow me my choice of disbursements.

I am further accused of being on the jazz scene only when I have gigs ("emcee or the like"). Aside from benefits, I have had only two gigs as a compere in some five years. But I am not that rare a presence on the nocturnal jazz route. I expect Ira and I make different scenes.

The charges continue. I was wrong about a Sonny Rollins record in 1954. I am indeed guilty of hearing imperfectly at various times and was wrong in

fact in the mid-40s. As for my record of being "right" (however one determines the scale of marks one gives reviews), the collected *Down Beat* record reviews from 1953 to 1957—as well as my judgments in *HiFi/Stereo Review* since then—can allow anyone interested to make up his own mind.

A look at those reviews, incidentally, would demonstrate the sweeping Gitler assertion that I consider *anything* new to be good is at best absurd and at worst a pathetic instance of Gitler's callowness as a polemicist.

Gitler roars on by asserting that I "parrot" the "LeRoi Jones party line." LeRoi's view of the future, as it hap-

pens, is more apocalyptic than mine. I still think there's a chance to redistribute and transform power in this country through community organization leading to politics. LeRoi apparently foresees an Armageddon. He may be right, but my commitment is to those like SNCC, the Northern Student Movement, and Students for a Democratic Society, who believe that organic change can take place by making democracy fully participatory.

(If Ira is really interested in my views in this area, he can consult recent issues of *Partisan Review*, *Liberation*, the *Village Voice*, and *Massachusetts Review* as well as the lead book review

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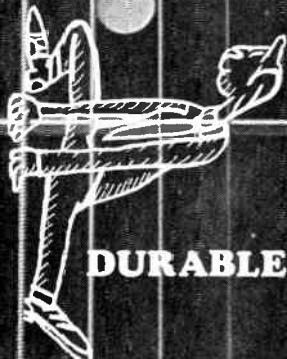
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in the July 31 *New Yorker* and *Last Exit before the Great Society* in the September *Evergreen Review*. I've hardly been reticent in making clear where I stand.)

Gitler lectures me, furthermore, to the effect that politics is not music. Since I've never said it was, I ascribe that tactic also to Gitler's casual use of fact in those many areas in which he is well over his head.


Finally, Gitler would "really" like to know how many hours a week I spend listening, for pleasure, to Ayler, Taylor, and Shepp.

Aside from reviewing time, I listen according to mood. Usually at night, I use music as a relaxing agent and so play Billie, Lester Young, Duke, and the chamber music of Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven. (Behold a reactionary!) During the day, when listening for kicks, I often use music as an energizer, visceral as well as psychic, and then play Taylor, Shepp, Ayler, and similar explosive spirits.

How many hours of the new jazz? I haven't counted lately, but I'd guess 10 or 12 a week, and if Gitler will supply me with a straw boss, we can be more specific.

Gitler is exasperated, in sum, because "in print," I am "always telling everyone what to do." Of course, I am. So does every critic and apprentice commentator on the society. Those who don't like the message don't read it. And if there aren't enough of the others, the advocate loses his place. A most democratic, functional process.

Why, even Gitler has had a few ideas in print from time to time, and some have been useful to this reader. I don't expect to learn anything of substance from him about Cecil Taylor, but he has been knowledgeable about such as Bud Powell and Sonny Stitt. His problem, alas, is that his listening has become narrow and insular through the years, but many people do resist enlarging their capacities. It is more comfortable to be smugly righteous as to the nature of "true" jazz.

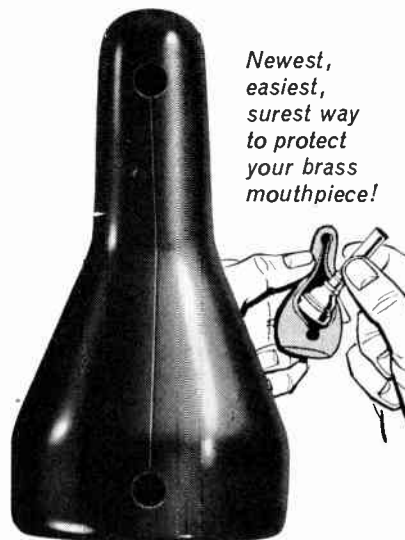
I do have some advice for him—a close reading not of LeRoi Jones the political theorist but of LeRoi Jones as a social historian of jazz in *Blues People: Negro Music in White America* (now available in an Apollo paperback). That is, if Ira's mind isn't already impenetrably closed—a supposition perhaps supported by the rigid irrelevancies in his letter. 

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Readers Poll Ballot on page 44

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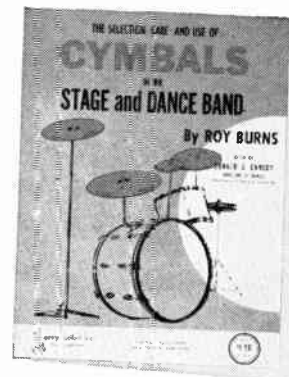
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

Pete Fountain, George Girard, Al Hirt. The club will remain open under the management of Guinle's widow, with trumpeter **Mike Lala's Dixie Six** and **Santo Pecora's Tailgaters** continuing as house bands . . . **Alfred J. Manuti**, 56, president of Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians and a member of the AFM executive board, died Sept. 11 at his home in New York City. Since 1953 head of 802, the union's largest local, Manuti was stricken with cancer some years ago but remained in his job until recently. He began his music career as a bassist when he was 19, working mainly in Broadway show pit bands . . . **Theodore (Steve) Brown**, New Orleans-born bassist credited in jazz circles with developing the "slap bass" technique, died in Detroit Sept. 15. He was 75. Brother of trombonist **Tom Brown**, who brought the first New Orleans-styled jazz band to Chicago in 1915, the bassist joined his brother there in the early '20s, later playing with the orchestras of **Paul Whiteman**, **Benny Goodman**, **Joe Venuti**, and **Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey**.

NEW YORK: Basin Street East, after a summer of rock and roll, discotheque, and a brief vacation, reopened Sept. 10 with a show featuring trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson's** group and comic **Redd Foxx**. Singer **Morgana King** was booked into the club next; Miss King was a substitute for the late **Dorothy Dandridge**, who died two days before her scheduled opening at Basin Street . . . Trumpeter **Joe Newman's** birthday was celebrated Sept. 7 at the Embers West with an assist from his former Count Basie colleagues, trombonist **Benny Powell**, tenor saxophonist **Frank Wess**, baritone saxophonist **Charlie Fowlkes**, and bassist **Eddie Jones**, plus drummers **Bill English** and **Mike Silver** . . . **Eddie Condon's** club reopened after summer holidays Sept. 8 with clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko** in charge of a band including trumpeter **Yank Lawson**, trombonist **Cutty Cutshall**, and drummer **Morey Feld**. Condon is on hand as host . . . The Front Room in Newark, N.J., continues its parade of name jazz artists. Currently at the club are pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio and guitarist **Wes Montgomery**; vibraharpist **Johnny Lytle** takes over for a week starting Oct. 10 and will be followed by tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins**, who is set through Oct. 23 . . . Clarinetist **Tony Scott** has been playing at the Shady Oaks in his home town, Morristown, N.J., where the house band, organist **Danny Brown's** Dynamics, features organist **Shirley Scott's** brother, tenor saxophonist **Teo Scott** . . . South African singer **Miriam Makeba** and her husband, trumpeter **Hugh Masakela**, were at the Village Gate for one month beginning Sept. 8. With them were pianist **Larry Willis**, bassist **Hal Dodson**, and drummer **Makaya Ntshoko** . . . Drummer **Max Roach's** quintet has been held over indefinitely at the

Five Spot. The management says it is confident that Roach will duplicate the successful long-term Five Spot stints of pianist **Thelonious Monk** and bassist **Charles Mingus** . . . Mingus' group, which closed at the Village Gate Sept. 8, emphasized brass, with **Hal Dotson** and **Lonnie Hillyer**, trumpets; **Jimmy Owens**, flugelhorn; **Julius Watkins**, French horn; and **Howard Johnson**, tuba; plus **Charles McPherson**, alto saxophone; and **Dannie Richmond**, drums . . . The second jazz show in National Educational Television's series on the arts in America was taped Sept. 10 at the Village Gate, with Mingus' Workshop and pianist **Cecil Taylor's** trio featured . . . Baritone saxophonist **Ronnie Cuber**, currently with vibraharpist **Lionel Hampton's** small group, headed a quartet at the Five Spot Sept. 12 . . . Trumpeter **Manny Smith** brought his quintet to the Club Coronet Sept. 5. With him were **Joe Henderson**, tenor saxophone; **Andy Bey**, piano; **Eddie Khan**, bass; and **Charlie Persip**, drums . . . The trios of pianist **Mose Allison** and guitarist **Jim Hall** held forth at the Village Vanguard during September . . . Guitarist **Grant Green** heads a trio at Wells' in Harlem . . . The **Clara Ward Singers** began booking at the Copa Lounge Sept. 10 . . . Blues singer-guitarist **John Hammond Jr.** and **Oscar Brown Jr.** were featured at the Cafe Au Go Go last month . . . The big band of **Les and Larry Elgart** returned to the Mark Twain Riverboat in the Empire State Building . . . Brazilian jazz singer **Eliana Pittman** is at the Bon Soir . . . Alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** did a week at Slug's, followed by a return engagement for tenor saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd's** quartet . . . Among the jazzmen recently doing record shows for WBAI-FM have been pianist **Ray Bryant**, trumpeter **Kenny Dorham**, and trombonist **Curtis Fuller**.

DETROIT: Yusef Lateef's quartet played to SRO crowds at the Drome in September. The reed man's group was followed by pianist **Monty Alexander's** quintet . . . Singer **Carmen McRae** was followed by pianist **Teddy Wilson** at Baker's Keyboard last month . . . Pianist **Alex Kallao's** trio has moved from the Left Bank to the Shadow Box Lounge . . . Detroit's home of Dixieland, the Show Boat downtown, had the **Dukes of Dixieland** for two weeks before the return of trombonist **Pee Wee Hunt's** band . . . Singer **Aretha Franklin** recently returned to her home town for an engagement at the Twenty Grand . . . The Detroit Jazz Society has embarked upon its second season with a series of concert-lectures titled "The Jazz Vocalists." The first DJS fall concert featured **Mark Richards** with the **Ralph Jay Trio**. The DJS also took a group of its members on a "jazz field trip" to the Drome to hear Lateef's group. The field trips serve to introduce interested members to music that is new to them . . . The Artists' Workshop will have a new jazz magazine, *Change*, out this month. Edited by **John Sinclair** and cornetist **Charles Moore**, the magazine will be an organ for news, reviews, and articles on,

by, and for avant-garde musicians. It is available from the Artists Workshop Press, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit.

INDIANAPOLIS: **John Coltrane** made his first night-club appearance in Indianapolis when his quartet played the Chateau de Count et Eve the first week in September. Coltrane's appearance also marked the first booking of a name jazz group into the former Pink Poodle since the club reopened under a new management in early summer . . . But while the Chateau was making a jazz comeback, Mr. B's Lounge—the city's only consistent name jazz room for the past year—was feeling a vacation attendance squeeze. Following the appearance of **Zoot Sims** in mid-August, the club dropped its cover charge and for a few weeks' "readjustment period" used the **Earl Van Riper Trio**, a local group. Name jazz was to resume in early fall with groups including those of pianist **Junior Mance** and reed man **Yusef Lateef** . . . The **Craftsmen Trio** returned to the Patio Lounge in August for an indefinite stay . . . **Woody Herman's** band was booked to play a dance Sept. 24 for American Legion post of suburban Greenfield.

ST. LOUIS: **Oliver Nelson** recently completed an engagement at the Blue Note in East St. Louis with the club's regular group, **Leo's Five** (**Larry Prothro**, trumpet; **Charles Wright**, alto saxophone; **Don James**, organ; **Eddy Fisher**, guitar; and **Kenny Rice**, drums) . . . Afro-Cuban and Latin jazz sound nightly from **Don Cunningham's** group at the Corinthian Room of the Parkway House Motor Hotel (West) with Cunningham on bongos, conga, vibraharp, marimba, and vocals; **Manny Quitera**, drums; **Hillard Scott**, bass; and **Arthur Relford**, piano, vibraharp, and marimba . . . **Eddy Fritz** recently replaced **Gale Belle** at the piano at the Upstream Lounge, changing the group's name from the Gale Belle Quartet to the **Upstream Jazz Quartet**. The other members remain the same—**Jim Casey**, bass; **Paul Belle**, drums; and **Rich Tokatz**, bongos . . . The Millcreek Valley Festival of the Arts, held Sept. 25 on the grounds of the Laclede Town Co., featured a varied musical program including **Singleton Palmer's** Dixieland band and a group composed of pianist **Dave Venn**, guitarist **George Harlan**, and other local musicians.

BALTIMORE: The North End Lounge recently changed hands but will continue with a jazz policy, according to new owner **Randolph Wells**. Altoist **Gary Bartz** brought in a group on Sept. 28 for a week. Future autumn bookings at the North End include multireedist **Charles Davis** and tenor-flutist **Charles Lloyd** . . . Pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio plus guitarist **Wes Montgomery** closed a week at the Madison Club with a Sunday evening moonlight cruise for the Left Bank Jazz Society. Billed as Jazz on the Chesapeake, the concert was sold out several hours before departure. The LBJ society has presented a banner lineup recently: on Sept. 12, a quintet of altoist **Sonny Red**,

trumpeter **Dizzy Reece**, drummer **Clifford Jarvis**, bassist **Ernie Farrow**, and pianist **Barry Harris**; on Sept. 19, the quintet of tenorist **Jimmy Heath** and trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**; on Sept. 26, the **Jazz Crusaders**; on Oct. 3, an all-star local group featuring altoist **Jack Blake** and tenorist **Dave Hubbard**. Dates are being set for the quartets of **John Coltrane** and **Yusef Lateef** to follow . . . Pianist **Don-Old Criss** has added the horn of New York altoist **Al Doctor** to his trio, which includes bassist **Sterling Pointer** and drummer **Reggie Glascoe**. The new quartet, retitled the **African Jazz Quartet**, holds forth at Le Coq d'Or and has a November date at the Coronet in New York . . . The Lexington West continues presenting complete floor shows. Current attraction is the trio of pianist **Bobby Timmons**, vocalist **Betty Carter**, and comic **Redd Foxx**.

NEW ORLEANS: The Black Knight, a new suburban club, opened with a jazz policy last month. Houston pianist **Bill Cannon** plays six nights a week at the Veterans' Highway Lounge with bassist **Larry Nolan** and drummer-vibist **Joe Morton** . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** has booked only two road engagements until 1966, anticipating the renewal of his *Fanfare* television series before the end of the year . . . Clarinetist **Bill Kelsey** replaced **Herman Nichues** with **Santo Pecora's** band at the Famous Door . . . Saxophonist **Al Belletto** took his quartet and a full review to the Tidelands Hotel in Houston, Texas, for a week in late August. Subbing for Belletto at the Playboy during the engagement was a quartet composed of **Tony Monjure**, tenor saxophone; **Ellis Marsalis**, piano; **Walter Payton**, bass; and **Lou Dillon**, drums.

LAS VEGAS: The Harry James Band and singer **Della Reese** closed out a successful month at the Flamingo in Las Vegas . . . Also along the strip, vocalist **Billy Daniels** moved into the Sands after songstress **Keely Smith** and saxophonist **Vido Musso** . . . Jazz harpist **Gloria Tracy** cut her first album for **Hanna-Barbera** records and then returned to the Tropicana . . . All the activity in Las Vegas is not necessarily on the strip. The Torch Club, for instance, features a different group each night of the week. On Mondays, the **Lynn Keith Quintet**; Tuesday, **Jimmy Cook**; Wednesday, the **Steve Perlow Ninetet** (he originally called it a nonette, but no one quite dug); Thursday, **Archie Lecoque** and **Bill Trujillo**; Friday, the **Avant-Gardes**; Saturday, **Charlie McLean** and **Charlie Loper**; and Sunday, **Rick Davis** and **Letty Luce**.

LOS ANGELES: The Cannonball Adderley Quintet gave a concert at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, a first for the new art emporium. The altoist's group includes brother **Nat**, cornet; **Joe Zawinul**, piano; **Sam Jones**, bass; and **Roy McCurdy**, drums . . . Singers **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Jo Stafford**, backed by **Nelson Riddle's** band, turned the proceeds of their recent one-nighter at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium over to

the building fund of Our Lady of Malibu Church. Riddle is currently scoring a segment of CBS-TV's *The Loner*, called *The Oath*. Miss Fitzgerald turned up among a dozen baseball fans at Dodger Stadium whose "man-on-the-street" comments were used on a local TV news program. The subject was the aftermath of the Roseboro-Marichal hassle . . . At the Intermission, **Phil Moore Jr., III** (he has a hard time explaining that moniker), has the house trio (**Buster Williams**, bass, and **Frank Butler**, drums) and features a different instrumentalist every two weeks. Recent bookings have included tenor saxophonists **Harold Land** and **Teddy Edwards** and vibraharpist **Bobby Hutcherson**. Just to keep the record straight, Moore's father is **Phil Moore Jr.**, who used to have the Phil Moore Four and more recently was **Diahann Carroll's** music director. A recent sitter-in at the club was vocalist **Joe Lee Wilson**, who spent some time in L.A. before heading north for his gig at San Francisco's hungry i . . . Singer-pianist **Nellie Lutcher** is at the Gaslight Club for an indefinite engagement, with a good possibility of cornetist **Rex Stewart** being booked into that key club . . . Pianist **Gene Russell's** trio (**Bill Hillman**, bass, and **Kenny Dixon**, drums) was told it has a home at the Coronet Room, along L.A.'s Restaurant Row. Owner **George Silva**, a former musician, has had jam sessions there on Sundays but recently switched to a six-nights-a-week policy . . . Trumpeter **Don Ellis**, whose Hindustani

Jazz Sextet has been combining jazz and Eastern musics at the Club Havana lately, has formed a large rehearsal band to explore in expanded versions many of the same things the sextet does. Members of the orchestra are **Larry Maguire**, **Blaine Hales**, **Paul Lopez**, **Bud Billings**, trumpets; **Lou Blackburn**, **Bob Enevoldsen**, **Dick Hyde**, trombones; **Anthony Ortega**, **Rubin Leon**, **Jay Migliori**, **Sam Falzone**, **Tom Scott**, saxophones; **Dave MacKay**, piano; **Porky Britto**, **Ray Neapolitan**, **Ted Hughart**, basses; **Bill Goodwin**, **Steve Bohanon**, **Ross Pollock**, **Lloyd Morales**, drums; **Chino Valdes**, conga drums. **MacKay**, **Bohanon**, and **Falzone** are also members of the sextet . . . Seven Arts is toying with the idea of nationally syndicating **George Shearing's** weekly TV show, which emanates from L.A.'s Channel 13—KCOP. An unlikely combination finds the pianist paired with Metropolitan Opera soprano **Anna Moffo** for a concert tour, which should cover everything from Puccini to Parker . . . **Neal Hefti** has been signed to write and conduct the score for the United Artists' release *Duel at Diablo* . . . The Ray Charles recording of *Cherry* was bought by Screen Gems to be used as the theme song for a pilot that bears the same name . . . *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, produced in Los Angeles in 1962 and already seen on television screens in dozens of countries, has at last found a Los Angeles outlet. The 26 shows, produced by **Jimmie Baker** for **Steve Allen's** Meadowlane Enterprises, will be seen on

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

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Managing editor: none

7. OWNER (if owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual must be given).

Name	Address
John J. Maher Printing Co.	205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois, 60606
J. J. Maher	750 W. Ogden, Hinsdale, Illinois
E. V. Maher	750 W. Ogden, Hinsdale, Illinois

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities (if there are none, so state). None.

9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

10. This item must be completed for all publications except those which do not carry advertising other than the publisher's own and which are named in sections 132.231, 132.232, and 132.233, postal manual (Sections 4355a, 4355b, and 4356 of Title 39, United States Code)

	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run)	84,682	85,856
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	19,428	19,567
2. Mail Subscriptions	35,509	41,324
C. Total paid circulation	54,937	60,891
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	2,531	1,663
E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D)	57,468	62,554
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	27,214	23,302
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	84,682	85,856

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature publisher & owner)
J. J. Maher

KTTV, Channel 11, starting on or about February 4, 1966 . . . Louis Armstrong, tired after being dogged continuously for several weeks by a reporter gathering material for a major spread on the trumpeter in *Life*, stopped off in Hollywood long enough to record a session for Mercury. Guitarist-banjoist Johnny Gray was added to Armstrong's group for the date . . . The West Coast personnel of the Elliot Lawrence Band heard regularly on Les Crane's *Nightlife Show* comprises Conte Candoli, Ray Linn, Ray Triscari, and Lee Katzman or Bobby Bryant, trumpets; Urbie Green, Vern Friley, and Kenny Shrouder or George Roberts, trombones; Lawrence, piano; Buddy Jones, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; Billy Byers, arranger. The alternates will play on different nights. Lawrence also has been negotiating with Lonie Bellson, and at present there was a possibility that Bellson might quit Duke Ellington to take the studio job.

SAN FRANCISCO: A weekend of jazz concerts concluded the Marin Summer Festival of the Arts last month—Earl Hines, the John Handy Quintet, the Buddy Montgomery Quartet, and singer Mary Stallings played Saturday; a 17-piece festival orchestra directed by Gerry Olds and the Vince Guaraldi Trio with guitarist Bola Sete played Sunday. The four previous weekends were devoted to dance, new music, drama, and folk music. The festival was staged in the outdoor Mountain Theater on Mt. Tamalpais, across the bay from San Francisco. Some 2,500 attended the Sunday jazz concert and 1,100 the Saturday session . . . A free outdoor concert of traditional jazz ushered in Oakland's annual outdoor art festival in Jack London Square. Clarinetist Darnell Howard led a six-piece band, and veteran bassist Pops Foster sat in for one set—his first gig since undergoing surgery on his right arm to remove a blood clot . . . Duke Ellington's orchestra recorded in a San Francisco studio for three days after completion of its engagement at Basin Street West and preceding its gig at Lake Tahoe, Nev. . . . When former bandleader Phil Harris recently played Harrah's Tahoe (as singer-comedian), he took with him from Los Angeles reed men Matty Matlock and Eddie Miller, pianist Stan Wrightsman, and drummer Nick Fatool, all of whom sat in with the Leighton Noble house band when Harris performed . . . Baritonist-flutist Virgil Gonsalves and pianist Richie Crabtree are adding their jazz-based talents to the orchestra touring the United States and Canada with the Contemporary Dancers show, *Love Is a Ball*. Gonsalves' quartet recently played a week at Mothers before this new S.F. club shifted to a "rock" format, and the leader subsequently guested with the Escovedo brothers Latin jazz band . . . Oakland's Gold Nugget, widely known as "the Kenton Shrine," underwent a bit of renovation during the summer, including remodeling of the bandstand. The club, whose owners are probably Stan Kenton's most ardent sup-

porters, features weekend music by groups made up of Kenton alumni . . . S.F. pianist George Duke's trio played a week at the Trident, in Sausalito, between the end of Howard Roberts' engagement and the beginning of drummer Shelly Manne's two-week stay . . . Organist Merl Saunders' trio (guitarist John Bishop and drummer Eddie Moore) is concluding a stay at Jack's of Sutter; they'll be followed by organist Richard Holmes.

EUROPE: Altoist Lee Konitz has been playing during September at the Cafe Montmartre in Copenhagen, Denmark, where earlier were heard trumpeter Donald Byrd and tenorist Dexter Gordon, who joined for a two-week engagement. Byrd also appeared at the fall opening of the Golden Circle in Stockholm, Sweden, where he was accompanied by pianist Lars Sjosten, bassist Cam Brown, and drummer Albert Heath. Cornetist Don Cherry and young trombonist Brian Trentham also sat in a couple of nights . . . Jazz violinist Stuff Smith has recovered after having been in a Paris hospital for several weeks and appeared at a recent jazz festival held at Helsingor, Denmark. Norwegian vocalist Karin Krog also was on the program . . . Tenorist Ben Webster has been appearing in Copenhagen at the Vingaarden with Arved Meyers' orchestra . . . Altoist Sahib Shihab was a recent soloist on the Swedish radio program *Jazz under the Stars*, as was cornetist Cherry . . . The "Jazz Ballet '65" troupe, led by Lia Schubert, is touring Sweden this fall. The music, played by the Arne Donnerus Orchestra, was composed by bassist Georg Riedel and pianists Jan Johansson and Bengt Hallberg . . . The annual Warsaw Jazz Jamboree will be held this year Dec. 4-7. At the moment negotiations are being made with many outstanding European groups, including the French vocal group, the Double Six, and British singer Annie Ross. A possible performance by the Woody Herman Band also is being discussed.

RECORD NOTES: Harry Lim, well remembered as one of the most creative a&r men of the '40s (for his own Keynote label), is back in the game for the first time in some 15 years, as an independent producer. Lim recently went to Los Angeles, where he organized several sessions, including two with former Jimmie Lunceford and Harry James alto saxophonist Willie Smith. On one, Smith was joined by accordionist Tommy Gmina, pianist Johnny Guarneri, guitarist Irving Ashby, bassist Paul Ruhlard, and drummer Stan Levy. The second included tenor saxophonist Bill Perkins, pianist Jimmie Rowles, bassist Red Callender, and Levy. Lim said he also plans to record guitarist Teddy Bunn . . . Impulse will release an album by clarinetist Pee Wee Russell (with Marshall Brown, valve trombone; Russell George, bass; and Ronnie Bedford, drums) on which Russell plays an Ornette Coleman composition . . . Pianist-singer Maurice Allen was signed by Impulse.



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WHERE WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
Carriage House: Ram Ramirez, Mon.-Fri.
Charlie Bates: Stan Levine, Sun.
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn.
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups. Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Mon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
Embers West: Joe Newman, Joe Shulman, tfn.
Five Spot: Max Roach, tfn.
Front Room (Newark, N.J.): Wes Montgomery to 10/10. Jimmy Lytell, 10/11-16. Sonny Rollins, 10/17-23.
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Quener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
Half Note: Tony Scott to 10/10.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson, tfn.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Traill, tfn.
Minton's Playhouse: name jazz groups.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
Pave Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
Playboy Club: Milt Sealy, Vin Strong, Milt Buckner, Ross Tompkins, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, hbs.
Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
Tower East: Don Payne, Bill Russell, tfn.
Village Vanguard: Tony Scott, Mon.
Wells: Grant Green, tfn.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
Floral Steak House: Danny Camacho-Bill Tannerbring-Bob Purcell, tfn.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
Jazz Workshop: Herbie Mann to 10/10. Mose Allison, 10/11-17. Cal Tjader, 10/18-24.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Phil Woods to 10/10. Dizzy Gillespie, 10/11-17. Abbey Lincoln, 10/18-24.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
Meadows (Framingham): Clarence Jackson, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
Glenn's Lounge (Jacksonville): Bill Davis, tfn.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney.
Miami-Dade Junior College: Stan Getz, 10/21.
Peter Nero, 11/4.
Mother's: various groups.
My Cousin's Place: Dave Akins, tfn.
Opus #1: Ira Sullivan, wknds.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, tfn.
South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

CHICAGO

Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Gene Krupa to 10/17.
McCormick Place: Swingle Singers, 10/22-23.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Frank Shea, Joe Killian, tfn.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, wknds.
Orchestra Hall: Woody Herman, 10/11.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Willie Pickens, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Miles Davis, 10/19-31.
Velvet Swing: Dukes of Dixieland, tfn. Beebe-Oakley Survivors, Sun.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Lionel Hampton to 10/10. Ronnie Kole, hb.
Black Knight: Bill Gannon, tfn.
Blue Room: Mel Torme, 10/12-11/11.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.

544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reuay.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: Jim Lipscombe, Fri.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

ST. LOUIS

Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.
Corinthian Room: Don Cunningham, Mon.-Sat.
London House East: various groups.
Mainlander: Marion Miller, tfn.
Mr. Fords: Bernard Hutcherson, wknds.
Mr. Franks: Joe Murphy, tfn.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Oyster Bed: Connie Morris, tfn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno 4, hb. Jim Bolen, wknds.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gaslighters, tfn.
Sorrentos: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, tfn.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

LOS ANGELES

Bill Bailey's (Encino): Pete Daily, tfn.
Blinky's Garden Grove: Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, tfn.
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz Band, Fri.
Cocoanut Grove: Buddy Greco to 10/11.
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun. Gene Russell, tfn.
Direct Line: sessions, Mon.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Tue.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy's Dixieland Band, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Intermission: Phil Moore Jr., III, tfn.
Jack's (Catalina): Johnny Lane, Sun.
Jazzville (San Diego): Maurice Stewart, tfn.
Knickerbocker Hotel: Charlie Morris, hb.
Leapin' Liz': El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Ramsey Lewis to 10/17. Howard Rumsey, 10/18-21.
Marty's: William Green, tfn.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds.
Nite Life: Bert Kendrick, tfn.
Officers' Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, hbs.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Ray Bauduc, Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Thur.
Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee Stompers, Fri.-Sat.
Salvick (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Fri.-Sat.
Shakey's: Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Miles Davis to 10/17. Oscar Peterson, 10/21-31. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sonny Criss, Mon.
Sly Cat (Pacoima): Gabe Baltazar, tfn.
Tiki: Harold Jackson, tfn.
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago, tfn.
Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Ahmad Jamal to 10/19.
Ramsey Lewis, 10/20-11/2.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
Both/And: John Handy, tfn.
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Charles Mingus to 10/10.
Muddy Waters, 10/19-31. Mose Allison, 11/2-14.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Jon Hendricks to 10/31.

READERS POLL BALLOT

The 30th annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll has reached the halfway mark. For the next few weeks—until midnight, Oct. 31—**Down Beat** readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Tear out the card, fill in your choices in the spaces provided, and mail it. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom.

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once. Vote early. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 31.

2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.

3. In voting for **Jazzman of the Year**, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in 1965.

4. In the **Hall of Fame** category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz during his entire career. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, and Earl Hines.

5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.

6. In the **Miscellaneous Instrument** category, a miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).

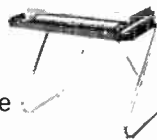
7. In naming your choice of **Record of the Year**, select an LP issued during the last 12 months. Include the album title and artist in the spaces provided.

8. Make only one selection in each category.

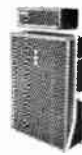


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