

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JAZZ FESTIVAL IN PRAGUE

Willis Conover reports on his recent trip to Czechoslovakia

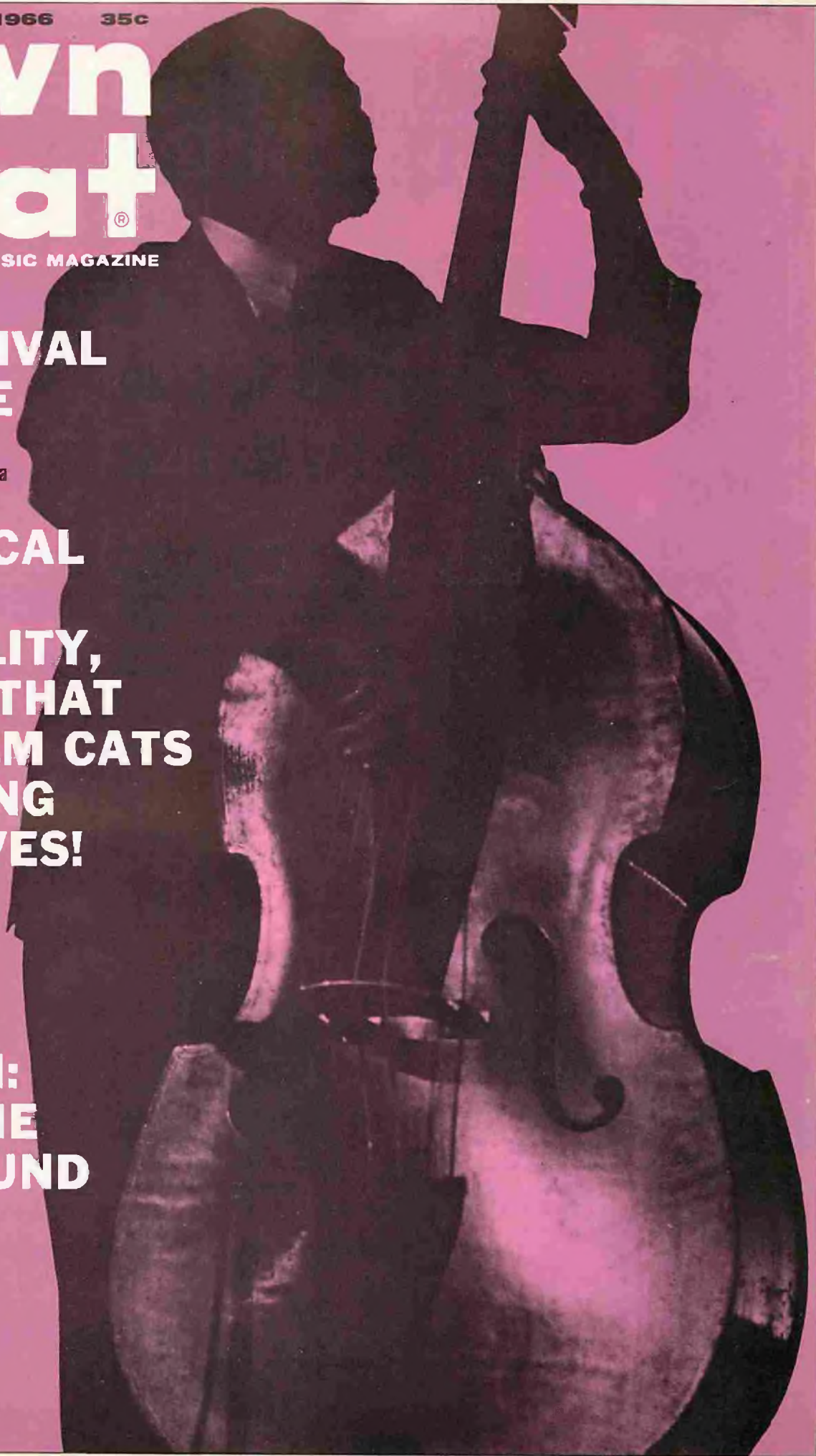
THE CRITICAL CULT OF PERSONALITY, OR, STOP THAT WAR—THEM CATS ARE KILLING THEMSELVES!

Critic Harvey Pekar contends other critics do more proselytizing than criticizing

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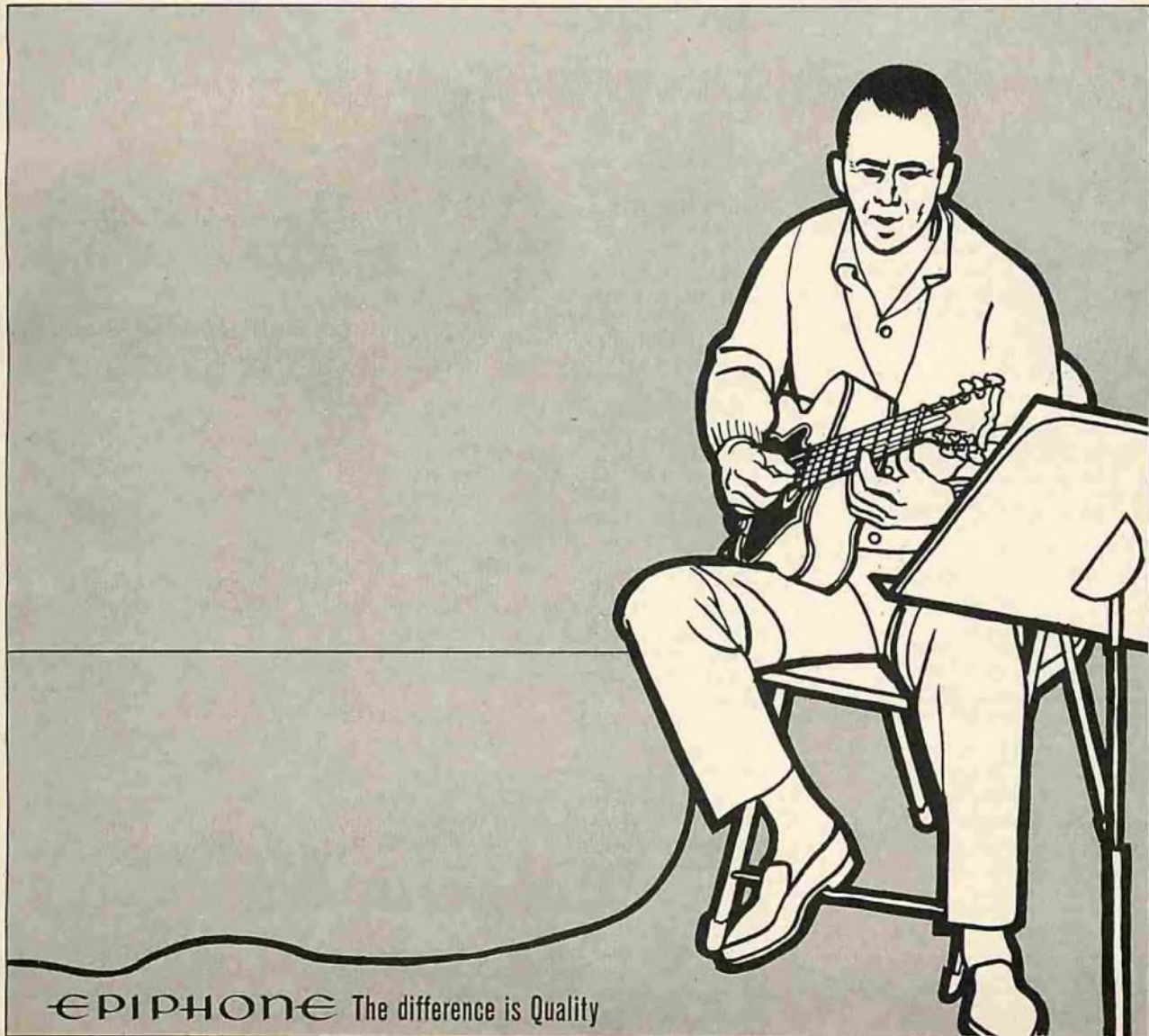
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Williams Replies To Feather

I think that *Down Beat* readers may be misled by Leonard Feather's self-congratulatory and abusive column in the Dec. 16 issue. (A plea for less infighting? Anything but!) My letter to "another jazz magazine" was largely musical, even technical, and was specifically nonpolitical. It was addressed to the magazine's readers (the heading was the editor's idea) and was an effort to correct mistakes, some of which I had been accused of making.

Martin Williams
New York City

That Shepp Article

I have been a jazz fan for almost 40 years. The first record I recall loving was one of Fletcher Henderson's, and from that period on I worked and saved in an effort to buy every jazz record released. I discovered *Down Beat* early and have needed it for 30 years. I became an amateur jazz critic. Although at the time I was not wealthy, I never accepted a penny for my writing because I wanted to write for jazz, the music I loved. About five years ago I discovered that the music had grown too technical for me to write qualified reviews of it. I stopped writing about jazz and returned to what I always was at heart—a pure fan.

Now after all these years of loving jazz, I fear for its future. It seems to carry the seeds of its own destruction. In the Dec. 16 *Down Beat*, there is a letter by Ira Gitler which I find sensible and truthful; in the same issue, though, I find an article by Archie Shepp which contains some of the most vicious, revengeful garbage I have ever read.

The words that people like Shepp and LeRoi Jones are putting into print are pure animal, and they can only harm the music we love. The hatred they spread cannot possibly help their race in any way. Unless this insanity is brought to a halt now, we will all suffer, as will the music. We must learn to respect and love all men.

What the "haters" and "new thingers" do not seem to realize is that two wrongs do not make a right. Unless they learn it, we can forget jazz and maybe even civilization.

Ed Mulford
Monroe, Conn.

I address this letter to Archie Shepp: I was among the thousands of both black and white that were booing your playing at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival. Do you want to know why? Because I love jazz, and, man, you just can't blow jazz. Sure, you blew your guts out that night, but it wasn't jazz.

As LeRoi Jones says, there is nothing wrong with hating white people. But it is wrong to use jazz as a means of expressing this hate. By doing so, you are destroying the true art and quality of jazz. And that is what you did in Chicago. It

is too bad that a great musician such as John Coltrane had to team up with you, because you are only using him and will probably destroy him too. You don't belong with great musicians. You belong with Jones at the Black Arts Theater in Harlem. There you can express all your hate.

Craig Ridout
South Bend, Ind.

Shepp's lame lament has moved me to conclude that he is not only an inferior jazz musician, as shown by his dismal and disgusting performance with John Coltrane at the *Down Beat* Jazz Festival (I would presume that he believes he was booed off the stage by an audience of racists and facists), but he is also a sick and pitiful man, as evidenced by his hate-filled tirade of crap, which for some reason beyond my comprehension (except perhaps to expose this charlatan for what he is) *Down Beat* saw fit to publish.

J. C. Gordon
Riverdale, Ill.

No matter how the cake is cut, Shepp is right.

Any black man, or any quarter-intelligent white (like myself) with five Mingus records who does not have at least a romantic involvement with a disruptive force of "evil," say, the Viet Cong, is a fool.

Hugh Walthall
Oakland, Md.

• The Viet who?

I agree wholeheartedly with Shepp. I only wish he agreed with himself.

"I am an antifascist artist," he says. I wonder if he knows what a fascist is? Some months ago, the *New York Times* reported Shepp as saying he was sick and tired of listening to reports of the 6,000,000 Jews slaughtered by the European fascists. Of course, Shepp is 28 years old now—which means he was only 8 in 1945.

Martin Rodman
New York City

The article by Archie Shepp was marvelous. I think that it should mark the beginning of a series of articles, and I have a few suggestions to get the ball rolling. How about some comprehensive excerpts from *Mein Kampf*; a transcript of one of Grand Dragon Robert Shelton's more fiery speeches; a tape recording of the pre-battle plans at a Mau-Mau meeting; and for variety, to give the series a bittersweet tone, a sermon by Billy Joe Hargis?

I hope this all works out. I'd like to be the one who can say he gave the downbeat. Jazz is wonderful.

Sam Whitaker Jr.
Bethesda, Md.

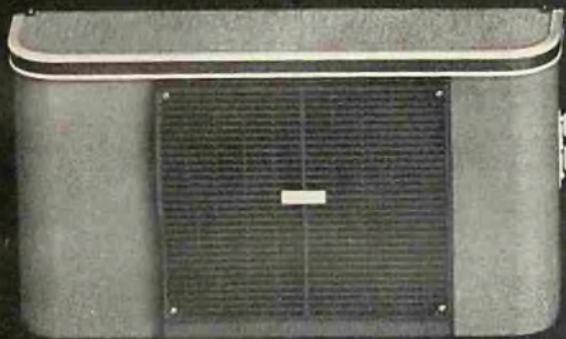
Ramsey's On The Right Track

Leonard Feather's article on Ramsey Lewis (*DB*, Dec. 2) was great. Ramsey really expressed an opinion that impressed me and certainly must have other readers. Both rock and jazz would benefit if Lewis' idea of having them more closely linked would be adopted.

Don Shaneor
Middletown, Pa.



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DOWN BEAT: January 13, 1966

Death Takes Three

They had little in common, except a dedication to jazz and a mastery of its diverse disciplines, but death came to all within a few days' time. One was a swing-era clarinetist; one was a post-bop tenor saxophonist, while the third was a drummer with more than 50 years' service to his credit.

Clarinetist Hank D'Amico, 50, died Dec. 3 in New York City of cancer. Born in Rochester, N.Y., D'Amico played violin and clarinet while in school, first working professionally on the boats plying the Great Lakes between Buffalo, N.Y., and Chicago.

From 1936 to '39, D'Amico, who also played alto saxophone, was a member of the band led by Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey, following this with a year in Bob Crosby's band. Subsequent stints with Richard Himber and Tommy Dorsey preceded D'Amico's formation of his own short-lived big band.

After work with Raymond Scott's CBS house band during 1943, the clarinetist was a staff musician at ABC until 1955. Since then he freelanced in the New York City area and appeared at the New York World's Fair in 1964. His last engagement was with drummer Morey Feld's group.

A lyrical, warm-toned clarinetist, D'Amico's best recorded work was with Johnny Guarneri and Lester Young for Savoy in 1944, and later that year with small groups of his own, including Don Byas, Frankie Newton, and Cozy Cole, for National records.

Tenor saxophonist Frank Haynes, 37, died Nov. 28 at Veterans Hospital in New York City of a malignant tumor of the throat.

Born in Tulsa, Okla., Haynes began his musical studies on clarinet, switching to tenor saxophone when he was 15. Upon graduation from high school, he joined the territory band of Ernie Fields. Haynes served in the Air Force as a member of the 766th Air Force Band, which included such famous-to-be jazzmen as drummer Elvin Jones, pianist Dwiki Mitchell, bassist Willie Ruff, and tenor saxophonist John Gilmore.

Upon discharge, Haynes settled in San Francisco, working with, among others, bandleader Gerald Wilson. Subsequently moving to New York City, he was a

member of groups led by trombonists Curtis Fuller and Al Grey and pianists Walter Bishop Jr. and, most recently, Randy Weston. Haynes also recorded with pianist Les McCann, drummer Dave Bailey, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine, and trumpeter Blue Mitchell.

Funeral services were conducted Dec. 3 by the Rev. John G. Gensel at the Lutheran Church of the Advent. Weston and his group performed at the services.

Traditional-jazz drummer Richard Curry, 71, died Nov. 28 in Chicago's Presbyterian-St. Luke's Hospital of uremic poisoning. Curry had been ailing for some months and had been operated on for a kidney ailment two months prior to his death.

Born in Greenfield, Ind., but raised in Chicago, Curry began his professional career in 1915, working with Clarence Miller's orchestra at Chicago's Dreamland Ballroom. The drummer then joined the Charles Elgar Band, traveling with the *Plantation Days* review until 1923. He later toured Europe with pianist James P. Johnson. An engagement of several years with Jimmie Bell's 20th-Century Theater Band in Chicago preceded Curry's joining Ethel Waters' *Miss Calico* show for a tour. He later worked with clarinetist Darnell Howard's band and rejoined Bell for engagements throughout the Midwest.

Since 1955 Curry had been a member of Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars.

Tenorist Johnny Griffin Injured In Auto Crash

Tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin, following his regular gig at the Jazz Land club in Paris, Dec. 3, was heading for the Living Room club and the Art Simmons Trio at 3 a.m. when the car he was in, driven by his bassist, Alby Cullaz, collided with another vehicle at an intersection.

Griffin's head went through the windshield. He suffered face and neck cuts and was taken to a hospital for stitches in his neck. His lip was also cut, and he was unable to play for a week. Drummer Art Taylor, also in the car, and Cullaz escaped with bruises.

The previous day Griffin had been a key man in a recording session sponsored by millionairess Doris Duke. She had flown to Paris from Los Angeles with singer Kitty White, who taped a dozen

numbers arranged by Paris-based pianist-arranger Art Simmons.

Other jazzmen on the date included tenorists Dexter Gordon and Nathan Davis, bassist Jimmy Woode, and drummer Kenny Clarke.

Tribute To Louis Fails To Swing

From a jazz point of view, the tribute to Louis Armstrong organized for the benefit of the AGVA youth fund at Carnegie Hall Dec. 2 was a disappointment. But then, the occasion was Armstrong's 50th anniversary in "show business," and that is what the American Guild of Variety Artists represents.

The orchestra, directed by George Rhodes, was visually promising, since it included, in addition to a string section, trumpeters Doc Severinsen, Snooky Young, and Ray Copeland; trombonists Eddie Bert and J. J. Johnson; saxophonists Jerome Richardson and Frank Wess; bassist Milt Hinton; and drummer Herbie Lovelle. But the promise went unfulfilled: the overture was strictly Broadway, and the rest of the band's work was to accompany singers and play fanfares. (No mention was made of the sidemen at any time.)

There was a youthful dance group, made up, according to emcee Joey Adams, of ex-delinquents rescued by AGVA. There was a never-ending series of comedians, including Harry Hershfield, George Kirby, Henny Youngman, Adam Keefe, and the veteran team of Smith and Dale, whose Dr. Kronke routine got the evening's biggest laughs. Another veteran team, that of singer Noble Sissle and pianist Eubie Blake, was rushed off stage after one brief number.

There was a plethora of singers, among them Arthur Prysock, Tom Jones, Fran Warren, Arthur Tracy (remember radio's "Street Singer"?), Gordon and Sheila McRae (Mrs. McRae's decolletage was the night's visual high—or rather low—point), and intrepid Connee Boswell, whose singing had zest and whose choice of repertoire at last had some relation to the evening's honored guest.

After more than two hours, it was time for Armstrong.

But first, before he and his group could play, there was the presentation of various scrolls, medals, and awards, such as a citation from New York City (presented

by Sen. Jacob Javits), life-time memberships in the AFM and AGVA, and an honorary scroll from Local 802.

Finally, Armstrong and his group were allowed to play. Though they had been scheduled to perform for half an hour, there was by now time only for three numbers: *Indiana*, *Blueberry Hill*, and, of course, *Hello, Dolly!* Tried and true, but also sparkling and joyful. And in trombonist Tyree Glenn and clarinetist Buster Bailey, Armstrong has his best front line in quite some time.

After the usual encores of *Dolly*, Armstrong delivered a short but moving speech, and the night was over. In the audience were a number of celebrities and politicians, but the only jazz musician *Down Beat* spotted was Erroll Garner.

The tribute Armstrong so greatly deserves from the jazz world is long overdue. Once again, it seemed that this great man was being used, albeit in a worthy cause. But the speeches were very pretty.

What Makes Sammy Run So Much?

The unquenchable energy of Sammy Davis Jr. is already a show-business legend. But even the performer's closest friends were amazed by his display of stamina in recent weeks.

In addition to starring in a long-run Broadway musical, *Golden Boy*, Davis is rehearsing for his upcoming television series and is making a movie.

The film, first titled *Adam* but now *A Man Called Adam*, stars Davis in the role of a jazz trumpet player.

Part of the music score (by Benny Carter) was recorded in the last week of November (*DB*, Dec. 30), and a few days later, Davis was simulating the sound of Nat Adderley's cornet on the bandstand at Small's Paradise in Harlem, where location filming of a night-club sequence was taking place.

Also on hand were Louis Armstrong and His All-Stars, doing an even more realistic job of simulating their own playing. Armstrong has a featured role in the picture, and other leading dramatic parts are played by Ossie Davis, Cicely Tyson, Peter Lawford, and Frank Sinatra Jr.

Between takes, Davis was everywhere, joking with the musicians, talking seriously to the director, encouraging the technicians, and greeting friends among the extras.

Later that week, a party scene was filmed at the old Fox Movietone Studios on W. 54th St. The set was quite realistic: a party-dressed crowd was gathered in a simulated duplex living room, complete with grand piano, a groaning buffet, and liquor at a bar.

A number of celebrities and journalists had been sprinkled among the extras. On hand were comedian Jack E. Leonard, restaurateur Jilly Rizzo; saxophonist Yusef Lateef; *Down Beat's* associate editor, Dan Morgenstern; *Ebony's* New York editor, Allan Morrison; singer Joe Williams, disc

Lucky Thompson Says Later For Music Business

Throughout his long and honorable career in jazz, saxophonist Eli (Lucky) Thompson has been a man of principle, one who has gone his own way, refusing to compromise his talents with the usual distasteful requirements of an art that is also a business.

Now he has decided to discontinue his involvement in the business side of music. Though through with competing in the market place, Thompson made it clear that he is not divorcing himself from music.

"My music shall become better now in every respect," he said. "Music is my life, but to be a competitor out here, running from one place to the other, just to be seen or to earn a living—I'm finished with that."

Calmly but emphatically, Thompson told *Down Beat* he was taking this step after considerable reflection.

"The basic situation which produced this decision had a great deal to do with my responsibilities to my children—I have to be both father and mother to them," Thompson said, referring to his two young sons, Bubi, 9, and Kimmie, 5, whose mother died shortly after Thompson's return in 1962 to this country from France after a six-year absence.

"I realized that the conflict between fulfilling that responsibility and maintaining my desire to be competitive was overpowering at this point. I was not doing either in a manner that I liked. But with the situation so chaotic as it is today, I would feel this way even without the kids. With the time I have put into my profession, I see so very little that gives me the desire to sacrifice the formative years of my children.

"Now I can study harder and practice harder, free of that competitive burden I've been carrying. I can go into music for music's sake, which is what I always wanted."

Going deeper into the reasons for his decision, Thompson continued, "A man gets to the point where he has a different perspective, a clear vision of what makes him function best. One's values are much different during one's infancy. In the beginning, you feel that you must remain within the circle to be part of what is happening. But now I am fortunate enough to have realized that the sources from which I gain inspiration and fertility do not exist within the framework of the music business.

"There is no heart any more. This is a cold and calculating business. A few like me are a thorn in the side to those who run things. But I'm in the record books now. And I give full credit, respect, and love to the Great Master. I am proud to say that I have always maintained humility toward my art, and my greatest desire now is to see how

sensible a human being I can be."

Thompson said he has not decided yet whether to remain in the United States.

"I'm willing to go wherever I'm needed," he said, "and where I can put my best foot forward."

Thompson, who recently produced an album of his own compositions and jazz standards in partnership with the independent Rivoli label, plans to record and make occasional public appearances, but on his own terms. He also wants to teach music—but not music isolated from the problems young musicians inevitably must encounter.

"I'll teach in order to try to save what's left of this sick and chaotic business," he explained. "Youth must be trained to be good human beings, and



Thompson: 'There's no heart anymore.'

to assume their share of responsibilities, so as not to forfeit their dignity for the sake of existing. I am happy to have come to this realization, because I had always felt obliged to remain a participant in my profession. But after being confined with the children for three years, I had a chance to analyze things and to realize that I don't owe anyone anything—except the Master who is the Giver and to use my gifts in the first degree."

"Any artist," Thompson elaborated, "who is not able to receive the exposure to go along with his capabilities is just defeating his own purpose. And accepting a substitute is just a way of stifling one's growth. I like to look back at the end of each day to see what I have accomplished."

Thompson has a message for musicians and also for "everyone connected with performers." For too long, he said, "we have allowed our ignorance to exceed our better judgment. But if we

(Continued on page 38)

jockey William B. Williams; and comedian George Kirby.

The set began to take on the aspect of a genuine party, and when the clock read noon, it might as well have been midnight. Leonard convulsed everyone with a continuous flow of jokes. But then he jostled with Davis.

"When are you going to buy a temple, Sammy?" he quipped, getting a good laugh from the allusion to Davis' Jewish faith.

"When I can get the Apollo," Davis shot back, referring to Harlem's famous variety theater. Leonard was at loss for words, and the laughter was deafening.

Then Mel Torme simulated himself doing the film's theme song, *And All That Jazz*. At the recording session, the singer had left himself openings for brief ad-lib passages, and he now used these to good advantage in bits with Leonard, Williams, and Kirby.

After a single run-through, Torme had his routine down and, the filming complete, left the set to rousing applause from all hands. "That's a real pro," said Davis.

After a break for lunch, the filming of the party scene progressed, surrounding the insertion of several dramatic vignettes. Davis, a perfectionist, made sure there were acceptable versions of each take to choose from—and still he had time to banter and sign occasional autographs.

The shooting ended at 7 p.m., and Davis was still on the set, munching a sandwich and carrying a drink. There was a bit of dialog he wanted to polish. In 90 minutes, the curtain would go up on *Golden Boy*, and time had to be allotted for travel and makeup.

"How do you do it, Sam?" a friend asked.

"The main thing is not to let yourself get nervous," Davis answered.

Tete A Tete A La Duke At The Urban League

There wasn't a dog-act in the house.

The famed and the non-famed, the great and the at least good in the music entertaining business sang and danced and played in honor of Duke Ellington. There were several with worldwide reputations, well deserved, and many with equally solid abilities whose reputations should be worldwide.

The National Urban League was honoring Ellington with a supper party at the Rainbow Room in New York's Rockefeller Plaza.

After the league's president, Whitney Young Jr., had presented him with an illuminated scroll extolling him for his contributions to music and humanity, Ellington proceeded to introduce from the floor some of those gathered to honor him. They included music-world figures Lena Horne, Billy Strayhorn, Stan Getz, Cab Calloway, Bobby Short, Zutty Singleton, and Noble Sissle; jazz ministers Norman O'Connor and John Gensel; record producers John Hammond, Teo Macero, and Brad McCuen; and Voice of America broadcaster Willis Conover.

Dance music was ably provided by trumpeter Dick Vance's septet, which included trumpeter Taft Jordan, reed man Eddie Barefield, and drummer Herbie Lovelle. Bea Benjamin sang *Prelude to a Kiss* and an original by her husband, pianist Dollar Brand, who accompanied her. Dancer Bunny Briggs performed.

Ellington persuaded Miss Horne to sing with Strayhorn as her accompanist. The number she chose was Duke's *I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good*. Her interpretation inspired Ellington to remark, "I don't think anyone else can sing that right away!"

By this time, his own band was on the stand, and after explaining how often he and Calloway had been mistaken for one another in the last 35 years ("I was in Texas last week, and they asked me to sing the *Hi-de-ho*"), Ellington brought Calloway on the stand for an enthusiastic and athletic performance of *Minnie the Moocher*.

The evening continued in grand fashion, which is usually the case when Ellington is celebrating another addition to his warehouse filled with honors and awards.

Election In Chicago— A Taste Of Money

It was like no other AFM election ever held: two presidential candidates hired public-relations firms to help run their campaigns; another candidate took ads in local newspapers, which gave the campaign a coverage usually reserved for congressional elections; one leading contender said he would plump for a "jazz season" if elected and hired a bevy of jazzmen to play for the windup of his campaign; a total of 140 musicians ran for various offices; the election was supervised by Loyola University's Institute of Industrial Relations; and for the first time in any musicians union election, voting machines were used.

At stake: the presidency of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, AFM Local 10, at a salary of \$26,000 a year (plus expenses and use of a union-rented automobile) and the offices of vice president, recording secretary, financial secretary (all three at \$19,500 a year), as well as seats on the board of directors and other boards and committees.

Almost 3,000 of the local's 11,000 members waited in line as long as two hours to cast their votes at the union's headquarters. The presidential winner was incumbent Bernard F. Richards, who was stoutly opposed by five other candidates, including his vice president, Rudolph Nashan. (Nashan and Richards had split soon after they took office following the 1962 election in which the slate they headed had ousted longtime president James C. Petrillo.)

Most of the candidates running on Richards' ticket were elected: Dan Garamoni replaced Nashan as vice president, and a new board of directors was elected (the majority of the old board had opposed Richards too).

A fly in the Richards' ointment, however, was H. Leo Nye, re-elected recording secretary, a post he has held for six years. (Nye is the only one of the Petrillo machine to have withstood the onslaught of three years ago, and during Richards' first term of office, he was in almost constant opposition to Richards, Nashan, and the board of directors).

Nashan's campaign, which along with Richards' was guided by a p-r firm, grabbed a lot of newspaper space, particularly when he called for a season of jazz concerts, much as that of the symphony orchestra. On the day before the Dec. 6 voting, Nashan held a "musical marathon" at an Old Town restaurant. The marathon lasted 20 hours and employed 18 jazz musicians in various groupings.

When the votes were counted, though, Nashan had only 637 to Richards' 783 and Walter Nied's 648. LeRoy Petrillo, son of the former Local 10 and AFM president, who advertised his candidacy in newspapers, was fourth with 330 votes.

Festival Philanthropy

The Monterey Jazz Festival—which in 1965 grossed the largest revenue in its eight-year history, \$133,958—has answered the Monterey County Symphony Association's call for assistance. Festival directors voted to present \$1,000 to the symphony to help pay the salaries for first-chair positions and \$500 to the Monterey County Youth Orchestra for the purchase of music.

The directors also announced the festival is planning a \$5,000 scholarship to be presented to a young jazz musician chosen by a panel of five jazz artists and which can be used at a school of the winner's choice.

In another action, the festival decided to evolve a program for donating musical instruments to the Monterey Peninsula school districts to assist youngsters in gaining musical skills.

Potpourri

Singer-pianist Ray Charles, inactive since November, 1964, and for the last several months a patient at a Los Angeles hospital undergoing psychiatric treatment, resumed his professional activities late in November when he participated in the filming of the Electrorama musical variety show *This Could Be the Night*. The film, shot at L.A.'s Moulin Rouge, features a number of performers from the pop and folk fields and will be released Jan. 26.

The New York Art Quartet—composed of Roswell Rudd, John Tchicai, Walter Booker, and Milford Graves—opened a series of "Artist's Choice" concerts at the New School Dec. 10. The music, of a deep avant-garde stripe, was reflected in the program listing of the quartet's instruments according to the technical classification and nomenclature of musicologists

Ernst Von Hornbostel and Curt Sachs: Rudd's trombone and euphonium were described as "slide aerophone" and "cylindrical bore valve aerophone, conical bore"; Tchicai's alto saxophone as "aerophone with single percussion lamella, keys and conical bore"; Booker's bass as "vertical chordophone," and Graves' drum as "idiophones or membranophones."

It appears that recurring reports of **Louis Armstrong's** possible retirement have been slightly exaggerated. After a strenuous zigzag tour of the South and Midwest in December and January, including also a stint at Harold's in Reno, Nev., the trumpeter is booked for a super 10-day, 16-performance date at the first annual Delaware Valley Sportsman's Show Jan. 28-Feb. 6 in Trenton, N.J. An official at Associated Booking Corp., in confirming Armstrong's Trenton date, said the news accounts that the trumpeter is thinking of laying down his horn soon are "somewhat premature." Armstrong & Co. will play two concerts a day at Trenton's 1,900-seat War Memorial Auditorium Friday through Sunday on successive weekends and will play one concert daily Monday to Thursday.

The *Boston Globe* will sponsor a jazz festival in Beantown Jan. 14 and 15. The newspaper has commissioned **George Wein** to produce the event, which will be held at the new War Memorial. Already signed for appearances are **Thelonious Monk**, **Dave Brubeck**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Sonny Stitt**.

Pianist **Ralph Sharon**, who emigrated to the United States from England and found the change rewarding, has quit his job as singer **Tony Bennett's** music director to become music director of San Francisco's newly established Playboy Club. Sharon will organize performances in the club's showrooms and arrange the secondary billings, which are made locally (the top spots are dealt from Chicago). For associates in his trio, Sharon has picked bay-area musicians **John Mosher**, bass, and **John Markham**, drums.

Making only her third concert appearance since she was felled by a heart attack in Chicago 14 months ago, Gospel singer **Mahalia Jackson** charmed 1,400 listeners in the Oakland, Calif., Auditorium Theater in November. "God still is in the healing business," she told her audience. She also told *Down Beat* she had lost 100 pounds during her illness but had put 15 pounds back on—"and the doctor's after me. He wants me to get down to 170."

The date of the Penn State Jazz Festival, a collegiate jazz competition held at the Pennsylvania State University in University Park, Pa., has been changed from April 20 to May 7. As a result, the deadline for entrance applications and supporting tape recordings has been extended to Feb. 1. Further information may be obtained from the Penn State Jazz Club, Hetzel Union Building, University Park.



A Musician For All Occasions— Calvin Jackson

The number of musicians who love, understand, and are proficient in the polar extremes of their profession—jazz and classical—can be counted on the fingers of any one-handed pianist.

Calvin Jackson fits that description—everything except the "one-handed pianist." He addresses the keyboard in a full-bodied manner that must be considered orchestral. And his is a versatile "orchestra." His jazz technique goes from a Fats Waller type of stride and the pyrotechnics of Art Tatum to the cool and contemporary impressionism of Bill Evans.

In a classical vein, Jackson is an unabashed romanticist. Rachmaninoff is woven through the fabric of most of his improvisations (extemporizing in the 18th-century tradition, i.e., variations on a theme, fugal treatments, etc.), but he can be as precise and mathematical as Bach or as dissonant as Stravinsky. The mood varies constantly and seems to be as far-ranging as his repertoire. He is too jazz-oriented ever to play the same piece twice in the same way. It makes for some of the most emotionally and musically satisfying listening in Los Angeles, where he has lived for a number of years.

Jackson can be found six nights of each week at the concert grand of the plush Belgian restaurant on Sunset Strip, the Villa Frascati.

Actually, he can be found all over Hollywood these days. Each weekday morning, he and bassist Chris Clark enliven *Adams at Noon*, a variety show seen on the local CBS outlet; almost every afternoon, he and variable numbers of the top West Coast swingers cut commercials in some recording studio; in his "spare" moments, he is lecturing college students on the relationship of classical music to jazz, or he's on a Midwest speaking engagement, convinc-

ing advertising executives that a consistent musical motif is as advantageous to a corporate image as a visual trademark.

Recently, he could be found on the Columbia movie studios lot, filming a sequence in the new Jerry Lewis comedy, *Three on a Couch*. "My cameo," Jackson explained, "consisted of providing a piano background for some typical Jerry Lewis facial mimicry."

Of all his activities, the most lucrative has been his writing and scoring of commercials.

Three years ago, he and his partner-manager, Al Saparoff, formed Cal-Al Productions. Its beginning was modest—local accounts mostly for radio. But now Cal-Al has expanded into national accounts, and there is so much television work, the company plans to expand its facilities to include storyboard and copy.

Saparoff played two reels of tapes for *Down Beat* consisting of commercials that Jackson had written for Bank of America, Coca-Cola, Ford, and Campbell's Soup, among others. They ranged from string quartets and brass and wind ensembles to jazz combos and big bands.

The sounds were refreshingly crisp—and little wonder, considering the caliber of the musicians employed: guitarist Laurindo Almeida, bassist-tubaist Red Callender, reed man Buddy Collette, trumpeter Don Fagerquist, drummer Chuck Flores, saxophonist Bill Green, percussionist Shelly Manne, bassist Al McKibbon, reed man Bud Shank . . . and that's only a sampling.

The project that is occupying Jackson the most is his preparation for the world premiere of his piano concerto, *Profile of an American*. It is dedicated to John F. Kennedy, whom Jackson met in the mid-'40s.

In 1963, a few months before Kennedy was assassinated, Jackson began composing the work. It eventually assumed the form of a three-movement tribute and is as vital as was the life of the late president.

Cast in a classical mold, the sections are subtitled *The Motive*, *The Man*, *The Method*. "The first movement," the pianist said, singing the sprightly theme, "is highly syncopated and captures Kennedy's vibrant personality.

"The second movement is rhapsodic. It depicts JFK in his meditative, introspective light. There's a feeling of Rachmaninoff in the slow portion. The finale is a tribute to the New Frontier. It's fast, but it's written in 5/4.

"I played it for Pierre Salinger, and he suggested that it be performed for the benefit of the Kennedy Memorial Library. So in late February, or early March, I'll premiere the work with the Hollywood Symphony Orchestra. [Jackson is its conductor and Saparoff its concertmaster]. I don't know yet if I'll conduct from the keyboard or if we'll have a special guest conductor."

This will be a milestone in an outstanding career. It will go a long way toward spreading a unique brand of Calvinism.

—Harvey Siders

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Trumpeter **Harold (Shorty) Baker** went into Veterans Hospital in Manhattan in November for treatment of an inoperable tumor of the throat. A benefit for the ailing former **Duke Ellington** sideman was held Dec. 5 at Luigi's Restaurant in Greenwich Village . . . Ellington and his drummer **Louie Bellson**, flew to Dallas, Texas, Dec. 1 to participate in a performance of Ellington's *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple* with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. **Mercer Ellington** conducted the band at Basin Street East for his absent father, with pianist **Jimmy Jones** taking the maestro's keyboard spot, **Ray Nance** substituting for Mercer in the trumpet section; **Gus Johnson** was on drums and **Joe Benjamin** bass . . . **Bill Dixon's** *Mirage for Brass Quintet and Duo* was performed Dec. 8 at the season's first Columbia University Composers concert. The piece was played by the composer, flugelhorn; **Alan Silva**, bass; and a quintet of classical brass players. Also on the program were three pieces by pianist **Ran Blake**, performed by Blake and French singer **Barbara Belgrave** . . . A concert of contemporary religious music by **Ed Summerlin** and **Don Marsh** was given at Carnegie Recital Hall Nov. 28. Participating musicians included clarinetist-tenorist Summerlin, alto saxophonist **Don Heckman**, pianist **Dingwall Fleary**, and bassist **Targon Unutmaz**, plus a chorus and vocal soloists . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill** will conduct a creative workshop at the Harlem YMCA. A series of weekly jazz concerts will be presented in conjunction with the workshop beginning Jan. 14. The first concert features Hill and saxophonist **Louis Brown's** quartet . . . Pianist **Sun Ra** and his Arkestra were featured at a Newark, N.J., Jazz Art Music Society concert Nov. 28. Also on the program was the **Contemporary Jazz Ensemble**, which includes **Clifford Thornton**, trumpet; **Pharoah Sanders**, **Benny Maufen**, tenor saxophones; **Jane Getz** piano; **Donald Moore**, bass; and **J. C. Moses**, drums . . . Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins**—with **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Walter Booker**, bass; and **Frankie Dunlop**, drums—did a two-week stand at the Village Vanguard in December . . . The Phone Booth, a club hitherto devoted to rock groups and singers, has announced a policy of Monday night jam sessions . . . Disc jockey **Mort Fega's** *Jazz Unlimited* show moved to station WTFM Nov. 22. **Jim Ellison** took over Fega's WRFM slot . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones'** quartet was extended at the Rainbow Grill through New Year's Eve.

CHICAGO: **Miles Davis** began a two-week stand at the Plugged Nickel Dec. 21. Columbia records taped the trumpeter's group during the first three days of the stint. It was the first recording Davis has done for almost a year . . . **Mel Torme** is currently at Mr. Kelly's. It is the first Chicago engagement for the singer in several years . . . Clarinetist

Volly DeFaut has returned to Chicago after almost five years in Davenport, Iowa. He recorded with **Jelly Roll Morton** in the '20s and was an important figure in the revival of traditional jazz in Chicago during the '40s. DeFaut said he plans to form a group that will play not only traditional jazz but more modern music too . . . The **Woody Herman** Herd did a two-night stand at the Plugged Nickel Dec. 6 and 7 . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** have left the Velvet Swing. The group has been working at the Swing and, previously, Bourbon Street for the last two years, except for short tours.

LOS ANGELES: As with British saxophonist **Tubby Hayes**, who had to fight a few fast rounds in order to work at Shelly's Manne-Hole last summer, British pianist **Laurence Holloway** had a difficult time securing a work permit from the California Department of Labor. Holloway is accompanist for his wife, vocalist **Marian Montgomery**. He finally secured a temporary permit toward the end of her month-long gig at Los Angeles' Slate Bros. club. Once the permit came through, pianist **Charlie Shoemaker**, fronting the house trio, switched to vibraharp. While in town, Miss Montgomery's lawyer secured her release from her Capitol records contract . . . **Phil Moore Jr.** has formed a quintet that he has dubbed the Brothers. The group's first gig came the night after Christmas at the Edgewater Hotel, in Long Beach, under the supervision of disc jockey **Al Fox**. Personnel of the Brothers includes **Lester Robinson**, trombone; **Hadley Calliman**, tenor saxophone; **Moore**, piano; **Stan Gilbert**, bass; **Carl Lott**, drums . . . Another embryonic group waiting for things to happen is a quintet fronted by an ex-Stan Kentonite, **Bob Lan**. The group, whose accent is primarily Latin, consists of Lan, clarinet, flute, alto saxophone, English horn; **Coz Sincere**, vibraharp; **Joe Pass**, guitar; **Chuck Berghofer**, bass; and **Chuck Flores**, drums. Lan recently sat in with Shelly Manne and His Men at one of Manne's Monday night sessions at the Manne-Hole. Lan played alto, along with the group's regular altoist, **Frank Strozier**, and trumpeter **Conte Candoli**, pianist **Russ Freeman**, bassist **Monty Budwig**, and drummer "Manne. Lan commented: "What a rhythm section—like having the New York Philharmonic behind you." . . . News of another group comes from the campus of the University of California, where everything from "free speech" to "free form" happens. **Lee Schipper**, a vibist, fronted a quintet (tenor, piano, bass, and drums) in a program of contemporary music, including a **Modern Jazz Quartet**-styled updating of a Bach fugue. The purpose of the Dec. 15 concert was to create support for a University of California jazz ensemble, as well as possible inclusion of a jazz workshop in the curriculum . . . **Kellie Greene** has returned to the Playboy Club after a brief hiatus. She has two new sidemen, **John Worster**, bass, and **Alonzo Giabaldi**, drums . . . Singer **Gene Stridel**, backed by the **Eddie Donaldson** Trio,

followed pianist **Gene Russell** into the Coronet Room . . . **Ocie Smith** completed a two-week gig at the Melody Room, backed by the **Art Graham** Trio . . . *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* finally made its local debut over KTTV on Dec. 19. **Oscar Brown Jr.** is host of the weekly show produced by **Steve Allen's** production company . . . Jazz harpist **Olivette Miller**, who worked as a solo harpist for many years in the East, recently headlined a show at the Sands in Inglewood. The rest of the troupe consisted of five male dancers, plus **Lorenzo Holden's** house combo.

SAN FRANCISCO: **Guido Cacianti**, a co-founder of San Francisco's pioneering modern jazz club, the Black Hawk, is reliably reported planning to return to the city early this year to get back into the world of jazz with a new club. The Black Hawk closed in July, 1963, and since that time Cacianti and his family have been living on their ranch near San Andreas . . . The series of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts by the **John Coppola** small band plus guest stars, staged in Oakland at the Showcase, have ended as result of a disagreement between Coppola and clubowner **Don Barksdale**. Coppola and his producer, **Carl Martin**, are seeking another site . . . Not one to waste time, owner **Art Auerbach** of the Jazz Workshop has lined up bookings through June 12. He followed the **Quartet Tres Bien**, which was making its first S.F. appearance, with saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd's** combo and then congaist **Mongo Santamaria's** group. Subsequent groups listed included those of pianists **Les McCann** and **Thelonious Monk**, altoist **Hank Crawford**, folk-blues singers **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee**, tenorist **Zoot Sims**, singer **Jimmy Rushing** with the **Junior Mance** Trio, flutist **Herbie Mann**, and pianists **Horace Silver**, **Wynton Kelly** (with guitarist **Wes Montgomery**), and **Mose Allison** . . . Basin Street West was slated to get off its rock-and-roll kick in January with the appearance of the **Oscar Brown Jr.** revue. February bookings include the **Woody Herman** Band, the **Count Basie** Band, and organist **Jimmy Smith's** trio . . . **Mel Torme** is scheduled for the hungry i in February . . . Tenorist **Hank Mobley's** advertised appearance at the Both/And Club with pianist **Freddie Redd's** trio (**Philly Joe Jones**, drums, and **Bob Maize**, bass) didn't materialize. Some days later tenorist **Walter Benton**, of Los Angeles, joined Redd's trio. The **John Handy** Quintet opened a month's return engagement at the club in late December . . . Trombonist **Frank Rosolino** and guitarist **Howard Roberts** headed a quartet that played a recent Friday-Saturday at the Gold Nugget in Oakland. The club's music program has been sporadic since its recent refurbishing. The bandstand was made smaller, leaving no space for the grand piano. Until an upright piano is installed, the club is limited to pianoless groups . . . The **Escovedo Brothers** Latin jazz octet has been so

(Continued on page 42)



CTIBOR MORAVEK

Romanian pianist Iancy Korossy

Conover In Europe, Part I Jazz Festival In PRAGUE

By WILLIS CONOVER

YOU THINK: *I'm in Prague!* You think: *Remember, this is an Eastern European jazz festival, so let's make allowances.*

Then an orchestra begins to play—and there goes your condescension. It's a fine band, and this is an excellent jazz festival.

(The second International Festival of Jazz at Prague was presented Oct. 13-17 in Lucerna Hall on Wenceslas Square. Every seat was occupied, and there were standees everywhere, an audience of perhaps 3,000. Radio and television brought the festival to the rest of Czechoslovakia.)

The stage is uncurtained, brightly lit, simply but tastefully decorated with two large, free-form sculptures on the rear wall. There is a baffle around which the musicians come from the backstage lounge.

A nearly bald man in his 40s addresses the audience. He looks more like a physician than a jazz-festival emcee. He is, in fact, both: Dr. Jan Hammer is Prague's leading cardiologist—and a bassist, vibraharpist, singer, composer, the head of a family of four jazz performers, president of the Prague Jazz Club, and emcee for the festival.

Dr. Hammer introduces Gustav Brom, an exceptionally able bandleader with a gentle smile and an affable spirit.

The Brom band was a five-piece

combo 25 years ago. Today it comprises 11 men, and it sounds like 18. Four saxophones, three trumpets, a trombone, and a rhythm section (plus a singer and the leader) play more adventurous scores than any permanent big jazz band in the United States and then relax into tochtus-tossing dance music.

Brom's opener was Josef Blaha's *Ornis*, a fast-tempo vehicle for tenor saxophonist Zdenek Novak. The band then played Jaromir Hnilicka's *Variations on a Religious Theme (Kyrie Eleison)*; saxophones alone played organ harmonies, with the baritone player soloing; Hnilicka trumpeted a muezzin's call over ad lib cortege rhythm; then the baritonist rejoined the trumpeter against angry section dissonances. Some chain-gang, rock-pile drumming ended with choir-singing. Remarkable.

Bass trumpeter Alfa Smid came forward to play vibes behind Helena Bleharova, a lovely girl whose vocal style is rooted somewhere between Nancy Wilson and Dakota Staton. She sang Benny Carter's *Blues in My Heart* with understanding and then scat-sang

try, physically reminiscent of Bill Evans, pianistically reminiscent of Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Erroll Garner, Bob Zurke, and Evans, Korossy didn't try to show his awareness of contemporary piano. He just sat down and played the hell out of it.

He did three unaccompanied pieces, his own *I'm Happy* and then *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* and *Stompin' at the Savoy*. A bassist and a drummer—in Czech army uniforms—made it a trio for Dvorak's *Humoresque* in 3/4 and a fast blues that became *C Jam Blues*. After much applause, Korossy returned alone for a version of *All the Things You Are* that contained as much Bach as Kern.

A father-and-son team from Switzerland was next. Alto saxophonist Flavio Ambrosetti and his son, trumpeter Franco Ambrosetti, played with Swiss pianist George Gruntz and the Swingle Singers' bassist, Guy Pedersen, and drummer, Daniel Humair.

The quintet, a stylistic cousin to Cannonball Adderley's or Miles Davis', played three originals with assurance. Franco's facile, daring trumpet work, from the Davis school, and



MAREK A. KAREWICZ

Helena Bleharova's vocals were supported by the Gustav Brom Orchestra

Hnilicka's *Jezinka (Sorceress)*, an uptempo blues in 6/4.

The Brom program closed with a long modal piece by the band's excellent bassist, Milan Rezabek, *Give Us—O Jazz!—This Day Our Daily Bread*, with solos by Smid on vibes, Hnilicka on Miles Davis, brief alto and baritone saxophone passages, the composer's bass, and vibes again, the work halting in Elizabethan England. I timed the applause: a full minute.

Dr. Hammer next introduced the most thoroughly jazz-rooted pianist I've heard in Europe, Iancy Korossy. Romanian-born of Hungarian ances-

Humair's drum tricks (never sacrificing swing for showmanship) were the crowd's favorites. Gruntz was outstanding.

The eight smiling Swingle Singers gave 55 minutes to Bach, Vivaldi, Handel, and Mozart with skill and verve, soprano Christiane Legrand as always astonishing. (The Swingles had to beg off; they were leaving in the morning for New York and an appearance at Town Hall.)

The concert ended at midnight, and a jam session began at Lucerna Bar, a large night club adjoining the hall. My wife and I got home about 5.

TWO AMATEUR (not amateurish) groups headed the next afternoon's program. The Prague Traditional Jazz Studio—organized by students in 1960, and consisting of trumpet, cornet, trombone, banjo, tuba, piano, drums, and on clarinet the group's spokesman, Pavel Smetacek—played Jelly Roll Morton's *Black Bottom Stomp* with a steady beat and ensemble precision. Pianist Antonin Bily was a good barroom professor.

A tenor saxophone was added for Duke Ellington's 1929 *Haunted Nights*, Smetacek playing subtone Barney Bigard-styled clarinet and cornetist Lubos Zajicek recalling the Louis Armstrong of the Hot Five. Bily's medium-fast *Harlem Vespers* sounded authentically 1920s. On Smetacek's medium-slow *The Wandering Budulinek*, tenorist Hanus Berka offered Coleman Hawkins with a little Sidney Bechet vibrato. *King Porter Stomp* took it out. The group's ensemble dynamics were well planned, well rehearsed, well played. Good fun. And Ivan Smetacek is a fantastic tubaist.

With the afternoon's second amateur group, Combo Usti, five professional technicians brought "West Coast modern" jazz from Usti and Labem in northern Bohemia. An original by alto saxophonist Jaroslav Jakubovic began fast and then accelerated, losing its unity, which was regained in the second number, Paul Horn's *Cannot You Change*.

Karel Velebny's interesting *The Blond* used the rhythm section subtly, dropping it in and out behind a trombone solo by Svatopluk Kosvanec in a J. J. Johnson cast. A surprisingly fast *Tenderly* starred the trombonist again; the melody was stated only at the end. Pianist Pavel Stolba was the leader and spokesman.

I WAS EAGER to hear the musicians from the USSR. The audience welcomed the Soviets with applause as spontaneous as any other group got. The four American-looking young men (one of them told me later that Russians think Americans look Russian) were George Garanian, alto saxophone and spokesman; Nikolai Gromin, guitar; Andrey Egorov, bass; and Valeri Bulanov, drums.

A medium-fast *On Green Dolphin Street* showed Garanian in complete command of his instrument and himself, bringing to an American mind Charlie Parker and Phil Woods modified by Paul Desmond, with Egorov providing an irresistibly firm, steady pulse. In Garanian's attractive *Ballad* the saxophonist hinted at a remarkable range, hitting the top of the alto register just once but cleanly. At one



Russian jazzmen Andrey Egorov, George Garanian, Valeri Bulanov, and Nikolai Gromin

point in *Ballad*, Gromin began strumming his guitar as if it were a balalaika, refreshingly illuminating the importance of bringing one's cultural traditions naturally into jazz. There were beautiful unison passages by guitar and alto in Bill Evans' *Interplay*; by now, Garanian had burned up his insulation and was pure musical fire. His original *Armenian Bounce* ended the set admirably.

Because this was my first and possibly my last chance to meet the musicians before they returned to Russia, I looked them up later at a jam session. They were seated at a table listening to other musicians playing. I walked over, introduced myself, and asked if I might join them. I told them how much I liked their performance. Garanian modestly suggested that I would be even more favorably impressed by two absent altoists, Roman Kunsman and Gennadi Golstein.

From the evidence in Prague, I said, Soviet jazzmen must be superb musicians and we should hear more of them. (Conversation was eased by unofficial interpreter Alex Batashev, a young Soviet physicist who knows and loves his people and their music.)

The Modern Jazz Quartet succeeded the Russians at the concert with *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Django*, dedicated to Django Reinhardt; *Winter Tale*, echoing more traditional gypsy music; *Pyramid*, for Mahalia Jackson; *Ralph's New Blues*, for Ralph J. Gleason; Miljenko Prohaska's *Intima*, the occasion for John Lewis to praise the Slavic jazz advance; Milt Jackson's new *Novamo*; *One Never Knows*, from Lewis' Venetian score for a French film; and *Bags' Groove*. They returned with Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Desafinado*. Because the place had run out of tickets, the MJQ did a second concert later.

The S&H Quartet of Prague followed the dinner break, one hour and one instrument—a guitarist, Miroslav Kefurt—away from the MJQ. Another

good East European bassist, Jiri Mraz; a crisp drummer, Milan Madek; and vibist-pianist Karel Velebny superficially recalled the MJQ sound, especially with Velebny's vibes vibrato set slow like Jackson's. But Velebny writes his own way. His songs—heard occasionally throughout the festival—often engage the sections as challengers, the rhythm section a friendly antagonist for the soloist and a bonus for the listener.

The Junior Trio was led by 17-year-old pianist Jan Hammer Jr., a member of Prague's First Family of Jazz. His father we have met. His mother is the popular Vlasta Pruchova, who began her singing career in 1947. His younger sister plays drums—at home.

Jan Jr., a sort of fundamentalist Bill Evans, was accompanied by 17-year-old Miroslav Vitous, bass, and Miroslav's brother Allan, drums. Hammer played with charm and thorough competence, Miroslav with exceptional technique, intonation, and cellolike purity. An admirer of Scott LaFaro and Steve Swallow, Miroslav played bass while seated on a stool. If he ever stands up and learns to swing a line of horns, too, he will make the front rank anywhere.

The Junior Trio smartly programmed three Moravian folk songs, young Hammer once unconsciously quoting Bill Evans' way with *Israel*.

Dr. Hammer then introduced his wife, a pretty, happy blonde, who whispered *Goodbye* and then sang *A Foggy Day* as if Louis Armstrong were Ella Fitzgerald, which doesn't adequately describe her appeal but confirms her jazz authority. She called her husband out, and the dignified Dr. Hammer beamed and bounced and scat-sang with his wife in her rip-roaring arrangement of *Four Brothers*.

The energetically exploratory Jean-Marie Troisfontain Trio of Belgium played two choppy originals, with solos by the percussive pianist-leader; by bassist Jose Bedeur, a sure-footed

guide to Andalusia; and, at some length, by drummer Tony Liegeois, who sometimes suggested Chico Hamilton.

They then accompanied Tany Golan, from The Congo, through three standards; in her closing *Yesterdays* they aimed at swing and hit it. Miss Golan, a loving listener to Billie Holiday, also sang a cappella blues. The audience approved, and the photographers went mad.

I was disappointed by Kurt Edelhagen and the West German Radio Network orchestra, from Cologne—surprisingly, because it's well known, experienced, based in the West, and stocked with international stars like Shake Keane, Karl Drewo, Wilton Gaynair, Derek Humble, Jiggs Whigham, and Bora Rokovic. Most of the writing was conventional, the program sequence in poor balance, and the ensembles often unfocused and spiritless.

Since the Edelhagen book can be challenging, too, the "safe" programming may have come from advice unwisely given or taken. The relatively lackluster playing, I think, must be the leader's fault.

If the scrutiny is stern, it is without malice, for a bandleader from the West invites it when he plays in the East.

To begin with, in the small world of big jazz bands led by Ellington, Basie, Dankworth, Herman, Prohaska, James, Krautgartner, Kurylewicz, and Kenton, a nonplaying leader has been an anachronism since the 1940s. Gustav Brom meets the problem by ignoring it: he seems on thoroughly good terms with the members of his band; his smile shows he's enjoying their music; there's no question that Brom is the leader. But before an audience he does what's needed and stays out of the way. Karel Krautgartner picks up his alto saxophone once in a while, though not just to make the point that he's a musician; the rest of the time, Krautgartner can simply stand and look at the band and be in charge.

Edelhagen, however, goes through a bandleading ballet that makes Marshall Brown before a high school band a solemn statue by comparison. He drops into a sudden crouch to accompany the dynamic drop the band was going to make anyway. He shoots a finger at the pianist when the arrangement already calls for a piano solo. He shakes the hand of a soloist like a symphony conductor and his concertmaster. The effect is of a man who wants a jazz audience to believe that his musicians wouldn't have known what to do unless he were directing.

The audience knows better, and so do the musicians. At a jazz concert

this thing insults the orchestra, and I can't imagine that their enthusiasm isn't diminished along with their self-respect. More restraint by Edelhagen might mean less restraint by the band.

Going from potential to actual credits: I thought the rhythm section admirable. Drewo's tenor solo on *I Can't Get Started* was warm and full-bodied, Gaynair's brief tenor spots were virile, and Whigham's trombone solo suavely knowing. The Ernie Royal of the band, whoever he was (Keane perhaps), was a powerful high-note hitter at the end of *Breaking Away*. And the vital performance of the closing *Saints Are Marching* peeked at horizons the Edelhagen band is eager and able to reach if its leader unleashes them and leads—not directs—them quietly.

I've listened to the Edelhagen set again back home, on tape. While the program still seems commercially rather than creatively motivated, I must say in fairness that the band itself doesn't sound bad and sometimes sounds very good, though seldom convincing that its power is fully engaged. I can only conclude that the acrobatics in Prague put a barrier between the music and me.

THE THIRD DAY's program consisted of jazz ballet in the afternoon and "symphonic jazz" in the evening. I missed the evening, announced as Gershwin, Milhaud, and new compositions by Czech composers; I couldn't make it any longer without sleep. But I'm glad I caught the afternoon ballet, danced by a Polish and two Czechoslovak troupes.

The first Czech ensemble was non-professional, a group of high-school dancers, completely unpretentious and utterly charming in imaginative choreography by Hana Machova and Frantisek Pokorny set to taped music by Ludek Hulán, Pavel Smetacek, and Kamil Hala plus three excerpts from Duke Ellington's *Such Sweet Thunder*.

Incidentally, Jiri Kilian, who danced Romeo in Ellington's *The Star-Crossed Lovers*, is headed for greatness. The only professional with the Czech student group, Kilian was a convincing actor as well as a disciplined and inspired dancer. Remember his name.

Next was Balet Praha, the professional Prague ballet. Their work was surer than the students' but less effective, owing to a dependence on modern-dance clichés. They danced to tapes of a Karel Krautgartner suite, Pavel Blatny's superior *Passacaglia*, and an MJQ reading of a Bach fugue.

Last was Phantom, the Polish ballet troupe. Choreographer Mazurova, who

also danced, dealt her Poles some darkly forbidding postures; but their unsmiling faces contrasted effectively with the sunny Czech expressions, and the dancing was accomplished. Mazurova chose Andre Hodeir's *Jazz Sonata* for electronic music and solo voice and Andrzej Trzaskowski's *Nihil a Novi*, an other-world exploration taped in a powerful performance by trumpeter Don Ellis and a Polish orchestra.

The midnight jam sessions were held in the split-level night club adjoining Lucerna Hall. Musicians climbed a small stage to play in combinations of Russian-Hungarian-Romanian-American and German-French-Czech-Swiss, free of the concert consciousness, able to play for kicks while other musicians and fans listened and drank and talked at tables. Every night, the session lasted till 4 a.m. or later.

The jam sessions were supervised, and, when proper, emceed, by Josef



Two Czech swingers: Vlasta Pruchova and her husband, Dr. Jan Hammer

Soucek, vice president of the Prague Club and member of the staff at Supraphon, the Czech record company.

Soucek's genuine joy in his work, his alertness to the needs of every guest, his enthusiastic but never obtrusive attention to details, added overwhelmingly to the success of the Prague festival where it counted most: in smoothing away the frictions that arise in any project this big. As much as anyone there, Soucek made music-lovers of all nations friends of Czechoslovakia.

In four Eastern European countries that I visited on this trip, I met more than a thousand people. The one word that describes them all is *friendly*. In three weeks there were only six or eight exceptions, and none of them in Prague, excepting one inept political "confidence man" and two low-brow snarlers. But you can get the same thing in a New York night club or taxicab. But in New York, of course, we snarl back.

(Continued in the next issue.)

THE CRITICAL CULT OF PERSONALITY,

Or, Stop That War— Them Cats Are Killing Themselves! By Harvey Pekar

IT'S NATURAL for those concerned with an art form to develop strong opinions about it, but when carried too far, cults of personality often appear.

As jazz evolved, a variety of schools developed, and some critics (and fans) began to favor one type or another. In some cases their partisanship became so blind they unmercifully and often unintelligently assailed approaches that didn't appeal to them and attempted virtually to deify the musicians they favored. It wouldn't be too inaccurate to call some jazz writers publicists instead of critics; they rarely have a bad word for their heroes.

Unfortunately, sycophants have been influential almost from the time people realized that jazz was more than a background for dancing and drinking.

Readers probably are familiar with the term "moldy fig" to describe a fiercely narrow-minded supporter of traditional jazz. Many figs describe the playing of musicians older than 60 (and who weren't especially good in their prime) in terms more appropriate to good Louis Armstrong improvisation. Much of the early written history of jazz was done by figs and resulted in some gross inaccuracies.

Take the case of Freddie Keppard. He's considered in some quarters to be among the top three New Orleans trumpeters, along with Armstrong and King Oliver. But listen to his recorded work. His melodic-harmonic ideas are elementary, and rhythmically his playing is stiff, even corny. His supporters apologize for him, saying his records don't do him justice. (One critic wrote, "The best of these

[records], *Stockyard Strut* and *Salty Dog*, while giving evidence of the rough tone and attack, do not preserve for posterity the power and range for which Keppard was famous.")

They allege that he was past his peak when he cut them. They have only the word of some of his contemporaries that he was a great musician, but they accept it without reservation. Hearing his records, they may be disappointed and, therefore, assume that he was at his best about 1915—before jazz records were being made—and that he declined rapidly after that. The fast life he is said to have led is often given as the cause of this decline. But Keppard was in his 30s, not in his 70s, when the records were cut and did play with considerable vigor.

Listening to his records, one can hear no evidence that his playing was in any way impaired by mental or physical strain. Rather, I think, Keppard was a man who came to the fore during the primitive period in jazz history and whose work, though it may have been better than that of any New Orleans trumpeter in 1915, did not advance. Today it sounds dated, without the hint of pacesetting style. His solos are interesting from a historical standpoint but are not of great esthetic value.

Kid Ory, another of the figs' favorites, is extremely limited technically, and the figs know it, so they have asserted that his ensemble playing is brilliant. Granted, it is solidly constructed but certainly not extraordinary enough to make him one of jazz' great trombonists, as some figs see him.

Ironically, in their zeal to lavish praise on early jazz players, the figs have not sufficiently publicized some of the really outstanding ones.

One of these could be Johnny Dunn, whose muted work showed great subtlety (he may have influenced Bubber Miley) and whose double-timing and change-running on records made in 1921 still sound fresh.

Another is Jabbo Smith. He anticipated by five years some of the things Roy Eldridge did in the 1930s. Unfortunately, Dunn and Smith did much of their best work in New York, an area that doesn't hold the same romantic attraction for the figs as the Mississippi River delta.

THE MOLDY FIG is not as influential today as he was two decades ago, but his place has been taken by the mainstreamer, an enthusiast of swing-era music.

The '30s was the period that saw

the emergence of perhaps more outstanding musicians than any other era in jazz. Nevertheless, these musicians were human, and most had faults, though one would not guess it from reviews and articles written about them.

Has a mainstream-oriented writer ever charged that the raspy tone Ben Webster employs for long periods of time on up-tempo tunes these days is tasteless? Students of Webster should notice the striking contrast between his musical, up-tempo *Cottontail* solo with Duke Ellington in 1941 and his raunchy, less satisfying solo on, for instance, Buddy Rich's *The Monster*, made about 15 years later.

Nor has such a writer noted that Coleman Hawkins' work, for all its brilliance, is sometimes rhythmically stiff and monotonous.

Webster and Hawkins have established themselves among the greatest jazzmen. However, they do have shortcomings, and the mainstreamers, who have taken the swing period as their own, should point them out in the interest of objectivity.

Buddy Tate, a good, strong, but not notably inventive musician, is praised as though he were among the top half-dozen swing tenor men. No differentiation is made between good and bad Roy Eldridge playing. (Eldridge is not only one of the greatest jazz trumpeters; he's also one of the most inconsistent.)

Moldy figs knew what they liked and tried to set down in words why they liked it. Mainstreamers are less thoughtful: they lavish praise on their favorites, but about the most analytical phrases they employ are that so-and-so has a fine tone or swings a lot. This simplistic approach leaves much unsaid. Mainstreamers wax enthusiastic over Don Byas' tone but virtually ignore his harmonic genius—i.e., the brilliant use he made around 1946 of substitute chords.

Lionel Hampton also deserves more attention. In the last 15 years or so his improvisations have been marked not only by tremendous swing but also by a greater richness of harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic ideas than ever before. This development has gone unnoticed by the mainstreamers. They decided Hampton was outstanding in 1939 and have stopped listening carefully to him even while they continue to sing his praises. (Anybody with only this superficial interest in Hampton might do well to investigate the astonishing Design LP *Spotlight on Lionel Hampton and His Big Orchestra*, DLP 157.)

Though their attitude has softened somewhat recently, mainstreamers are

still quite hostile to modern jazz and have loosed a fusillade of irrational statements concerning it.

I think of one critic in particular who has written to the effect that bop is some kind of weird mutation of the music that preceded it. He has written, "The postwar generation has been fed a lot of nonsense about the stagnation of jazz prior to the life-saving act of Messrs. Parker and Gillespie. Jazz was not standing still before them, nor would it have done so without them. *It is quite possible that it might have taken a different, better road*" (italics mine).

Well certainly, there was plenty of great music being played by swing musicians around 1940. But was bop so alien to swing? Certainly not. It was a logical extension of swing and was latent in the conceptions of Hawkins, Eldridge, Art Tatum, Buster Smith, Jo Jones, Benny Carter, and Lester Young, to name a few.

One of the most ridiculous charges mainstreamers have leveled is that modern pianists are no good because they don't use their left hand enough. This makes as much sense as saying Ray Nance is a poor trumpeter because he doesn't play a lot of notes.

There are good reasons why modernists don't use the left hand in the same way traditional pianists do. As jazz bassists and drummers improved and pianists began to play more in small, rhythm-dominated groups than they had, they found they did not have to set their own explicit beat.

Mainstreamers, too, have been guilty of inconsistency in applying their left-hand argument. Count Basie was using his left hand sparingly in the '30s, and there are recorded examples of Nat Cole comping like a modernist in the early '40s.

Then there are some modern pianists who do use a lot of left hand (although they don't emphasize traditional jazz piano devices like stride figures and walking patterns). Bud Powell did in the late '40s and early '50s. Yet this was not acknowledged by the mainstreamers.

They seem to employ a double standard. Why, for example, is Charlie Parker criticized by them for his hard tone while the similar bittersweet sonorities of older Kansas City altoists (Buster Smith, Don Stovall, Eddie Barefield) are not?

IN TOLERANCE and hero-worshipping aren't characteristics of certain traditional and swing enthusiasts only. In the '50s some modern jazzmen attained commercial success and were then dismissed as hacks by several critics.

The controversy regarding George Shearing is a case in point. Shearing's lush, mood-music albums, with large ensembles proved popular, but they were pap. Critics correctly pointed this out, but in doing so often portrayed him as another Roger Williams.

Listen, however, to his London trio (*The Fourth Deuce, To Bop or Not to Bop, The Man from Minton's*) or early quintet sides, and you'll hear Shearing playing masterly locked-hand chordal passages and single-note lines loaded with varied rhythmic patterns. His fingering was (and remains) graceful and clean, his touch gentle. He deserves consideration among first-rate modern jazz pianists. True, these early efforts were praised by critics, but there is no reason to dismiss him now as a slick cocktail pianist.

Dave Brubeck is another who has caused a good deal of argument. His supporters think he's a daring, highly influential experimenter. On the other hand, certain fans, critics, and musicians speak of him as a heavy-handed mediocrity.

Both points of view are distorted. His faults are obvious; he often plays in a clumsy, bombastic manner and is a derivative musician, employing a whole range of cliches from tired classical devices to stale funk. He has got himself together on some occasions, however, to turn in more than creditable solos. His work on the *Columbia Jazz Goes to College LP* is tasteful and often harmonically interesting. The first 32 bars of his *The Way You Look Tonight* (quartet on Fantasy) are very good bop.

Brubeck also has written fine compositions (*The Duke, In Your Own Sweet Way*), and he led some stimulating—if little discussed—octet dates. The better tracks, *J.P.C.A.* (which has good Brubeck single-note playing) and *Let's Fall in Love*, contain a unique, stimulating combination of melodic lines showing the influence of both bop and the Lennie Tristano school, plus orchestration reminiscent of the Miles Davis Nonet sides.

Brubeck is not a major musician, but he has solid achievements to his credit, and it makes little sense to set him up as a whipping boy for all the commercial junk associated with jazz.

As indicated earlier, modern jazz followers are as prone to hero-worship as the figs they may hold in contempt.

There are critics and fans fiercely loyal, for example, to Charlie Mingus. Mingus, an emotional fellow, may have them convinced that he's the Life Force personified. They are certainly justified in feeling that he is an outstanding musician. A great bassist

and provocative pianist, he is also an excellent composer.

Many of his best compositions were done in the middle and late '50s. Toward the end of this period he began recording pieces strongly influenced by early blues and Gospel sources. Some of these were enjoyable, others dull and cacophonous. Grouped in a body, they lacked the harmonic-melodic richness of his earlier work. They also were far more popular. People taken in by the soul mystique thought them the real stuff—real root music. (Even his feeble attempt to sing in a down-home style on the *Oh Yeah* Atlantic LP was lauded as emotionally moving by a few critics.) It's a sad fact that a cute but inconsequential piece like *Better Git It in Your Soul* is better known than the lovely *Reincarnation of a Lovebird*.

Oddly, while the jazz writers praised Mingus for his funky efforts, they kicked Les McCann when he gained prominence playing music filled with stock Gospel devices. Mingus is the more talented musician (though McCann has more ability than some realize), but there isn't that much difference in conception between Mingus' worst down-home and McCann's work. Both are cliché-laden.

Almost everything Mingus does is richly praised because his esthetic successes are so numerous that the critic who raps him risks being called incompetent. There's also the personality angle—Mingus is supposed to be a rebel, and the romantic figure he cuts is likely to incline attitudes favorably toward his music. But these factors shouldn't make him immune to thoughtful criticism.

THE MOST VIOLENT controversy currently raging in jazz is over the "new thing." Of course, it has plenty of detractors, as avant-garde movements do, but unfortunately, the men who've appointed themselves spokesmen for the new jazz aren't doing such a good job of explaining what it's all about.

They may wax enthusiastic over the vague metaphysical statements of an avant-garde musician or write about political and social problems. That's fine; these things are interesting—but, as long as these men are so enthusiastic about the music, they should try to analyze it in lucid, precise terms instead of merely slinging around emotion-laden adjectives, displaying their knowledge of hip slang, and describing it in obscurities.

An example of this in comment on trumpeter Don Cherry's sidemen: "Sanders is out of the Coltrane bag.

(Continued on page 39)

TOMMY FLANAGAN

OUT OF THE BACKGROUND

By STANLEY DANCE

IN THE DECADE since he descended upon New York City, Tommy Flanagan has won fame as a pianist of exemplary taste, subtlety, and invention. He has won it in a great variety of contexts, in person and on records, with Kenny Burrell and Tyree Glenn, with Miles Davis and J. J. Johnson, with Coleman Hawkins and Ella Fitzgerald—and not by accident.

"I wanted to do everything," he explained.

His presence on scores of records indicates the degree of acceptance and esteem he has been accorded by fellow musicians, but so far there have been only two albums issued under his own name, both on Prestige and both with a trio. To the general public, he therefore is not as familiar as he deserves to be.

"I have never been obvious," he said a little ruefully, adding, with a quick smile, "but I wouldn't mind being palatable to the mass market."

A 1961 *Down Beat* record review accurately described him as one "who displays a few roots without pulling them up to wave." The style, in this case, is indeed the man.

Despite his quiet, unassuming manner, Flanagan's conversation is interspersed with well-aimed shafts of wit and irony, shafts that variously deflate, disconcert, and devastate those holding unreasonable suppositions or principles opposed to his own. Thus, when a musician he much admired was referred to as being not at his best, he asked coolly, "When do you think he was at his best?" As in his music, which is never harsh or overbearing, there is always present this quality of firmness and penetration.

Born in Detroit in 1930, Flanagan recalls one Christmas, when he was 6, his guitarist father and pianist mother gave all the children instruments as gifts.

"I had four brothers and a sister," Tommy said, "and I got a clarinet. I played it all the way up through high school, where I had a chance to fool around with a lot of other instruments, including saxophone. But it was mostly clarinet, and I almost moved into the first chair! We played school stuff, marches and so on, but that was when I first got interested in jazz. Benny Goodman was the thing then, and my brother used to bring home those Billie Holiday records with Pres on them.

"I could play things I liked to play—whatever I heard—but I was really more of a mimic. I believe the clarinet influenced my thinking on the piano, but although I kept playing clarinet, I liked the piano better. That was because I was given lessons on the piano, and the clarinet seemed more of a school thing. I had instruction on the clarinet, but I got all the time I needed on piano."

Flanagan was, moreover, exposed to the piano playing of his oldest brother, Johnson Flanagan Jr., whom he tried to imitate. Currently active in New York state and a well-trained pianist, Johnson left Detroit in the mid-'40s with the Basin Street Boys, the group with which tenorist Lucky Thompson had recorded earlier.

"I liked to do what my big brother did," Flanagan continued. "That was it. The more music I heard, the more I liked it. I went to the same teacher as my brother—

Gladys Dillard. She really went through the family. She would take you for seven years, and she was thorough, so that you couldn't get away with too much.

"I could see I was getting results, and I liked the way I was developing, so I stayed with her. The last few years, after my brother left Detroit, I was less under his influence, and I was growing more interested in playing jazz.

"My early jazz influences were nearly all on records. That was the case with Bud Powell and others, except when they came to Detroit. I heard Charlie Parker with a small group—Miles Davis, Duke Jordan, Tommy Potter, and Max Roach—and it was great. I wasn't old enough to go in, but I could stand right by the side door, which was a better place to hear than being in the club. To have heard the records and then to hear what could be done in person was a great thing to me.

"There were some popular groups that you would go to hear at a dance, and they'd play numbers note for note as on their records. This wasn't so when I heard Bird and Dizzy, and I was very much impressed by horns at the time. As much as I liked the piano players, Bird and Dizzy overwhelmed me. They affected me a lot, particularly as regards phrasing.

"But I still tried to get my piano thing together, to be able to work singly, as I'd heard Art Tatum do. Later on, I wasn't satisfied that I was pianistic enough. I realized that I was thinking too much as a horn player, and quoting horn phrases, but as early as I can remember, my playing always had a kind of rhythmic single line. I kept that, but I always wanted the big chordal sound, the orchestral sound."

Flanagan had heard a lot of Teddy Wilson and some Count Basie on records before he encountered Art Tatum, again on records. Then, in 1945, Tatum arrived in Detroit.

"He did a concert all by himself in the Masonic Temple," Flanagan recalled, "and he played for about an hour and a half, not counting the intermission. He didn't draw a big crowd, but it was very enthusiastic. All I could afford was the balcony, and I was almost alone up there. It was a big thing for me to see and hear him, and I knew enough about him by then to think that I wanted to play that way myself."

A special place Flanagan remembers was Freddie Guignard's, an afterhours hangout up the street from the Paradise Theater ("where I saw for the first time a lot of people I'd heard on records, like Jimmie Lunceford, Earl Hines, and Fats Waller"). The club was in the basement of Guignard's home, and Tatum would go by there—or any other place where they had a good piano.

A protege of Tatum, Willie Hawkins, played there, and Hawkins would play very much like Tatum. He would play until Tatum was ready, or until anyone else who wanted to play was ready.

"I was a little too shy then," Flanagan said. "In fact, I would be now if Art were around—but if I knew he was coming, I'd just stay until he eventually played. He played quite a bit this night I remember, and people were talking afterwards and asking about chords. A chord had bothered Art in something Willie Hawkins played, so he played the tune over the way it should sound. Then, when they were all talking again about how much Tatum knew about chords and changes, he turned to them and said, 'Duke Ellington is the master of the chords.' I don't know how much he had listened to Duke's orchestra, but he certainly knew all about the piano players.

"All I wanted to hear was Art Tatum, because his approach tied up with my studies. He was so gifted that I felt he was really a genius. At first, I thought he was totally blind. Later, I found out he wasn't, but I don't

think he could ever have read much. How he could have found out so much about the techniques of playing the piano, I don't know, but the harmonic structure of his playing indicated training. He was *really* a virtuoso, and you don't look for virtuosity unless the basic training is there."

Another of Flanagan's major influences was Hank Jones, whom he first heard on records with Coleman Hawkins.

"His playing was in the same mold, I felt, as Teddy Wilson's," Flanagan said, "but updated. And I always felt, that, after Tatum, Hank was the second piano player. My thinking hasn't changed much since then. I've always admired Hank's playing, and I think it shows. I used to think I would be able to play like Art, but after a time, I realized that it was hopeless to try to play exactly like him. So then I started listening to Hank a lot. I heard Bud Powell too. The difference in touch people have spoken of is possibly a physical matter, but I had an aversion to playing real hard. Nothing I had to play, in the small groups I preferred, seemed to need the hard approach anyway."

ONE OF THE FIRST GROUPS Flanagan remembered working with was in junior high school—a trio consisting of piano, saxophone, and drums. He was 13 then and soon began to get jobs in Detroit of the kind he was advanced enough to take. When Lucky Thompson returned to the city in 1947, he worked in the tenor saxophonist's septet, as well as with vibraharpist Milt Jackson and with guitarist Kenny Burrell.

When he was old enough to play in clubs, there were plenty of places to work in Detroit, and plenty of good musicians, many of whom went on to make their names in New York. Tenorist Frank Foster came through, settled for about two years before going into the Army, and "made quite an impression," Flanagan said.

Flanagan himself was in the Army from 1951 to 1953. He was about to be sent to Korea as an infantryman, with no classification as a musician, when good fortune required a pianist in the night-club scene of a camp show. Winning the competition for the spot, he was transferred to Special Services. At this camp—Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.—he ran into baritonist Pepper Adams, who had also been in Lucky Thompson's Detroit band.

"He had finished his weeks of basic," Flanagan remembered, "and knew I was green. So the first time I'm marching off to bivouac, here's Pepper running up while I'm still in the ranks, and stuffing a flashlight in my pocket. 'You'll need this,' he said."

Home after a period in Korea, Flanagan worked at the Bluebird, where tenor saxophonist Billy Mitchell had a band.

"It was a beautiful club with all the atmosphere that is not in Detroit anymore," he recalled. "It's gone, for that matter, practically everywhere in the country. I never saw a place like it even in New York. It had a neighborhood atmosphere and all the support a jazz club needed. Everyone who loved jazz in Detroit came, and it was a very inspired group that played there. Thad and Elvin Jones were in it, and James Richardson [former Count Basie bassist Rodney Richardson's brother] on bass.

"We were always able to play what we wanted to play, and the people liked what they heard. It was played well, and we had the feeling that we were all developing together. It seemed to me that Thad and Billy were already fully developed, and Elvin was playing not far from the way he does now. He was always an interesting part of the band, because no one else in Detroit was playing like that, and the more you play with him the more you *can* play



with him. I think we were there about a year, and then we went to another club until people started leaving the group."

Burrell and Flanagan drove to New York in 1956 to look the city over. They had saved some money, and they stayed with Burrell's aunt for the first few weeks. Thad Jones and Mitchell were among the Detroiters who had preceded them, and they were able to recommend them to various leaders. Each of the newcomers soon found his feet. Flanagan recorded, played a concert, and did some small-group dates with the late bassist Oscar Pettiford.

About this time, Flanagan said, Elvin Jones was working with Bud Powell at Birdland. When Powell was missing one night, Flanagan went in after a concert with Gil Fuller, filled in for Powell, and finished the two-week engagement at the club. After that, he got his first call from Ella Fitzgerald and worked about three weeks with her. Things were picking up. He had worked with Miles Davis at the Bluebird in Detroit and got a call for a record date with him. Then there was one from drummer Kenny Clarke for a date on which Clarke didn't show. But saxophonist Sonny Rollins did, and that meant a later date with him. Flanagan got into the swim fairly quickly. He kept busy and didn't pass up anything.

"After Ella, I was with J. J. Johnson for about three years, from 1956 to 1958," he said. "He and Kai Winding had just split up, and the quintet he formed got fairly tight and sounded good after a while. The other members were Elvin Jones, [reed man] Bobby Jaspar, and [bassist] Wilbur Little. We did a tour of Sweden in 1957, and it was great. I made the first album under my own name there, for Metronome, and Prestige bought it later. I like doing that kind of thing very much, and I'd like to make another trio album, one that I'd prepared for and really put some thought into."

When he left Johnson, Flanagan was tired of the road and wanted to stay in New York City. He took a trio into the Composer club in late '58 and then joined trombonist-vibist Tyree Glenn at the Rountable, where he worked, off and on, for two years.

"These were good years for me," he said. "The job kept my head above water, and I was able to do a lot of recording. Most of the calls were for strictly spontaneous jazz dates, where you went into the studio not knowing

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson.

Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Lester Young

PRES AT HIS VERY BEST—Emarcy 26010 and 66010; *Just You, Just Me* (two versions); *I Never Knew* (two versions); *Afternoon of a Basieite* (two versions); *Sometimes I'm Happy*; *After Theater Jump*; *Six Cuts and a Prince*; *Lester Leaps Again*; *Destination K.C.* (two versions).

Personnel: Titles 1-4—Young, tenor saxophone; Johnny Guarneri, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; Sid Catlett, drums. Titles 5-8—Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Young; Count Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Rodney Richardson, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

These are among the greatest performances Young ever cut. The quartet records were made on Dec. 28, 1943, and the septet session was held March 22, 1944. Both dates were produced by Harry Lim for his fledgling Keynote label.

I bought the records when they first came out and have cherished them since. The approximately 30 minutes of music contained on the two 10-inch and two 12-inch 78-rpm discs convinced me that Young was the greatest tenor saxophonist extant. I didn't need to hear more. (At 16, in 1944, I was familiar with the King Oliver recordings made 21 years before, and, to me, the Pres records were almost totally unconnected with Oliver, who sounded hopelessly dated. Now I wonder if today's 16-year-olds who hear this re-issue will have a similar reaction to Young in relation to, say, John Coltrane. But that couldn't be, because these Pres records are as fresh as . . . ah, nostalgia . . . ah, flown youth.)

With this release, not only are the original performances available again, but four additional takes are issued for the first time. It's like 1944 all over again.

Young's solo on the first take of *Just You* is almost the equal of his exquisite improvisation on the originally issued second take. The two solos are quite different, though both are graceful and flowing, thanks to Young's utter relaxation. When Young improvised at this level, each note was a gem, an integral part of the whole solo.

His two-chorus solo on the previously unissued version of *I Never Knew* is a bit rougher than the one originally issued. Still, it has those long, loping lines that he was so fond of, and the first solo contains several ideas that he uses in the second take. Young's solo in the second version contains an outstanding example of his chewing on one note to create tension; no one ever did it quite as well. The first take, by the way, is stopped before its completion because an extra beat is added in the exchanges between Stewart and Catlett.

Young seems hurried in his solo on the unissued *Basieite* (Catlett is pushing very hard), but in the closing ensemble Pres drives like a demon, which is not the case in the released version. But the *Basieite* originally issued is superb all around—Young's and Catlett's solos are perfect examples of those masters' inventiveness.

Though there is only one version of *Sometimes I'm Happy*, it suffices, for this is a classic Young performance, one that might provide students a textbook on how to play the melody while not exactly playing it. And the record's last eight bars are monumental. I wonder how many jazzmen have memorized those few measures by Young. Thousands, probably.

Guarnieri, Stewart, and Catlett lent fine support to Young at this session (with the exception of the goofing on *I Never Knew*). Stewart's solos did not vary much from take to take, but Guarneri's and Catlett's did. Without exception the piano and drum solos on the second takes are better. For example, Guarneri states the basic premise of his *Just You* solo on the first take; by the time the second take was made, he had the solo superbly put together, his use of off-beats as a climax being especially well done; it is one of his finest recorded solos.

This album's other titles were made when Young had returned to the Basie fold after leaving in December, 1940, and shortly before his induction into the Army. (His traumatic experiences in the service affected him to such a degree that he seldom ever again reached the level of greatness that was his whenever he wanted it up till the time he was given an Army uniform.)

The 12-inch records were originally issued as by the Kansas City Seven (and Five for *Lester Leaps*). Basie was listed in the personnel as Prince Charming because of his contract with Columbia. All the men, except Pvt. Clayton, were in the Basie band at the time.

Young evidently was in a different mood at this session from the one earlier with the quartet. Here he is as artistic but less direct—he comes in sideways, as it were, more often than straight on. Sometimes his phrases climb jaggedly; at other times they float like ghosts over the rhythm or cascade dizzily around the other horns. All his solos, of course, are marked by the easeful flow that was quintessential to Young's work.

Lester Leaps, by Young and the rhythm section, stands out from the rest, for it is here that Young and Basie have at it together, trading choruses and four-bar

exchanges, both in superb form, neither giving a musical inch, but each complementing the other. Pres eases into his solo, gradually tightening the cinch by chewing on notes, arching phrases as if they were arrows shot from a bow, sending up ascending batches of notes as if they were flares. Basie, the wise one, follows the Young fireworks with a few well-placed plinks, letting things simmer down before he builds a rollicking solo.

Clayton plays beautifully on *Theater, Prince*, and the two versions of *Destination*. Tart, tightly constructed, lyrical, his trumpet improvisations are models of the modified Armstrong school that look root in the old Basie trumpet section.

Wells, a master never given his proper due in this country, is equal to his company on this record; his warm, witty, husky-toned solos are as delightful now as they were in 1944.

The rhythm section could not have been improved. Richardson and Green are as one; Basie knows when to put in a chord and when not to; Jones gleefully drops accents in unexpected—but so right—places, and his hi-hat cymbals flash through each performance, providing just the proper background for the horn men and Basie (who plays brilliantly throughout) to bounce their solos off.

If I ever had to pick one record with which to spend the rest of my days, it would be this one. I might, however, insist on a mono version instead of the electronically produced stereo. (D.DeM.)

Ted Curson

THE NEW THING & THE BLUE THING—Atlantic 1441: *Straight Ice*; *Star Eyes*; *Ted's Tempo*; *Nublu*; *Reava's Waltz*; *Elephant Walk*. Personnel: Curson, trumpet; Bill Barron, tenor saxophone; Georges Arvanitas, piano; Herb Bushler, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Straight Ice is in a 12-bar form that repeats itself—the feeling and participation for the most part is bluesy in the ensemble. Curson opens in a Lee Morgan type of groove, followed by a second chorus in the likeness of Freddie Hubbard or the late Freddie Webster, and then a la K.D., maybe Howard McGhee, for the rest of his solo. All in all, it's some spunky, finger-snapping groove music, with Berk keeping the groove where they seem to like it.

Barron enters with an exciting flurry of flutters, after which he applies himself in a workmanlike manner—cascading with some of the “new thing” concept, while retaining the deep-rooted emotional thing in an original manner, except for a few fine Benny Golson—really, Hawk—climaxes. Quite an elastic imagination.

Arvanitas delivers a warm, infectious Steve Kuhn type of piano introduction for Curson's melodic rendition of *Star Eyes*. If Ted had a better knowledge of the lyrics for the fifth and sixth bars of the bridge, it might have helped achieve a more complete musical description.

Arvanitas plays a big, plush, open-air Parisian cafe-cocktail kind of avant-garde solo with some open locked hands thrown in for change of pace.

It's almost like listening to myself from

Curson's last bridge to about the end, but there's a Clifford Brown adventure at the very end (the grace notes). If I said Dud Bascomb, you probably wouldn't know of whom I'm speaking (formerly with Erskine Hawkins). But Brownie? Yes. (I hope.)

Ted's Tempo is a 16-bar modal tune, with Curson playing the lead melody while Barron plays the countermelody and the eight-bar bridge (in which the modal chain is broken). After the first ensemble, I don't think there is enough of a dynamic marker, by volume or strong beat in the rhythm section, to indicate an alert signal and that the soloists are now promenading.

Ted's the first soloist. He has the chord structure together, but his driving. . . . That precisioned beat—it has to be there. The beat is, but Ted's not on top of it. At any rate, he's a greatly improved trumpeter.

Barron is tuned in closer to the music. Could it be because he played fewer choruses? Could—would—he have come to a greater climax had he played longer? I don't think so, because he was driving hard already. Was it because Ted paced himself in order to play more choruses? That will sometimes dampen an opportune, screaming, screeching climax.

Arvanitas delivers some "in" and "out" combinations between vamps, after which Berk plays some tasty rolls; then it's exchanges by the horns, ensemble, and fade vamp. The anchor man, Bushler, is holding forth throughout.

Nublu is unusual. The first part sounds like a chase or background music. I don't know about this one, but it's strong musically (the bass line). The construction is odd: a nine-bar theme, which is repeated, followed by a three-bar interlude and an eight-bar, jump-band, heavy ensemble.

Ted begins his solo amid fortissimo rhythm. After his solo, the eight-bar jump ensemble is played to introduce Barron's solo. After the tenor, Arvanitas has a brief solo, with bassist Bushler really playing strong rhythm beneath him. Then it's unaccompanied solo bass before exchanges between drums and horns, ensemble, and out.

The only thing different about *Reava's Waltz*, a B \flat blues, is its fast clip. Ted moves right through with a crisp trumpet sound. Bushler plays inventively. Barron is vigorous in solo. Then the two horns play a blueslike fanfare and out. Well, that was different.

Elephant begins with unaccompanied trumpet in an upper-register fanfare that ends in a low-register trill. Then bass and drums enter in 6/4, and the melody is stated. This composition is new in a way—12 bars used differently than in a blues context. I suppose this is the "new thing" here. It's relaxing.

Curson's solo is buoyed by the waves of the rhythm as he rides right along into Barron's solo. Arvanitas covers the area with some fresh melodic contours and with a blanket of sound. Bushler plays well and sets up a vamp on the last part of his solo introducing the reprise of the theme.

For the rapid progress made by Curson in the last two or three years and because I'm flattered at his sounding more like me than anyone else, I rate him 100 stars. The tracks, though, were a little long for what they had to say. But the originality of the compositions alone is worth 3½ stars. (K.D.)

Duke Ellington

CONCERT IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS—Reprise 6185: *Island Virgin*; *Virgin Jungle*; *Fiddler on the Diddle*; *Jungle Kitty*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Big Fat Alice's Blues*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *The Opener*; *Mysterious Chick*; *Barefoot Stomper*; *Fade Up*.

Personnel: unidentified but including Ray Nance, Cootie Williams, Cat Anderson, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, trombones; Paul Gonsalves, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Russell Procope, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

It's good to have Ellington playing himself again after his recent series of records on which his sources were practically everybody but himself. It's good even when quite a bit of the material is second-rate Ellington, as much of this is.

There also is some first-rate Ellington in this album—namely, *Alice*, a gorgeous bit of Hodges with Ellington diddling behind him, plus a lush background riff by the reeds; *Bridge*, on which Gonsalves takes over, *vice* Webster, and has a rare opportunity to show that he really can play (there is also a sample of his more customary nonplaying on *Opener*); *Chick*, a delightful framework for exchanges between Brown and Nance (using plunger mute); *Things*, which seems to get better with time; *Up*, for some pungent, plungered Williams; and *Jungle*, one of the few Ellington pieces on which Hamilton's Benny Goodman-like clarinet style has been completely at home.

Jungle is one of four pieces that make up a *Virgin Islands Suite*, which starts with an adequate bit of calypso (*Island*), proceeds to the interesting (*Jungle*), and then descends to the drab and aimlessness (*Fiddler* and *Kitty*).

Despite the album title, this is not a recording of a concert—just a studio collection. But, at least, it's Ellington.

(J.S.W.)

Ahmad Jamal

EXTENSIONS—Argo 758: *Extensions*; *Dance to the Lady*; *This Terrible Planet*; *Whisper Not*.

Personnel: Jamal, piano; Jamil S. Nasser, bass; Vernel Fournier, drums.

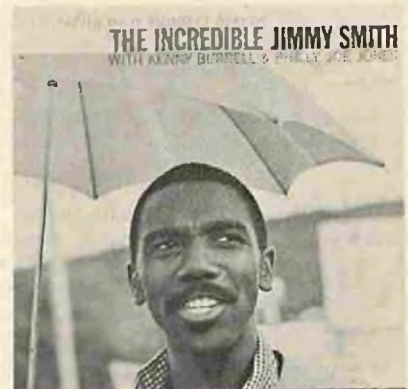
Rating: ★★ ★ ★

This is as vigorous and exciting an album as Jamal has turned out. I speak particularly of the composition *Extensions*, but *Planet* and *Whisper* are stimulating performances too. Only *Dance* seems to fall below the standard of craftsmanship displayed elsewhere on the record.

According to the liner notes, Jamal considers *Extensions* the album's most important composition. Doubtless it is the most ambitious. It is lengthy (more than 13 minutes), well conceived, deftly executed. Structurally, it alternates passages of traditional trio group play with solos that hint at the avant-garde.

It opens with a brief ensemble sortie; then Nasser posts a statement that suggests urgency, life's hustle-bustle. Silence. Then comes Fournier for a short visit.

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Brief ensemble, Fournier again, then Jamal plucking melody from the piano strings. This may sound like a gimmick, but it is very effective and the music produced rather beautiful.

The remainder of the performance follows suit: intensely personal comments from each man, sometimes alone but sometimes in league with one or two of the others, contrasted with the kind of trio play usually expected from Jamal's groups.

The hints of avant-garde influence include—besides plucking of piano strings—pregnant pauses in unexpected places, abrupt changes in direction or mood (or so they seem to me), and a willingness to introduce fresh intervals. Some may deplore such inclusions as tricks and think them out of place; however, *Extensions* is most winning as it stands.

Planet, Whisper, and Dance are performed in more traditional manner. Jamal's blocks of chords are at times too frequent and heavy for my tastes, but, in the over-all view, they do not detract that much from his vigorous yet discriminating play. *Dance* is disappointing as an example of cocktail-circuit oratory at which Jamal can be so adept. Even so, his is a very superior brand. (D.N.)

Billy Larkin

BLUE LIGHTS—Aura 23003: *Little Jr. Detroit; Charade; Quintessence; Sticky Wicket; Transfusion; The Cooker; Dallas Blues; Blues for Dinner; Killer Joe; Blue Lights.*

Personnel: Clifford Scott, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Larkin, organ; Hank Swarn, guitar; Mel Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This album is hardly an ultimate achievement, but it does have one big advantage: it is not the ordinary, ponderous organ/saxophone combination of mediocre sound.

The general mood of the album conveys an effortless, rollicking sway. Not quite good, hard swing but almost. The tempo ranges from a rather frantic, way-up *Dallas* to the quietly executed *Quintessence*. In between, the group touches on medium cookers, r&b lopers, and slow-starting, dragging change-of-pacers.

Larkin is an unobtrusive instrumentalist, and he chooses to entice rather than browbeat. It is a wise decision.

Scott here is heard to far better advantage than he is on several of his own dates. The burly, raucous sound that ordinarily plagues his playing is under wraps on this LP most of the way, and the emerging, full-bodied tone lends conviction to his blues-tinged style.

The second most conspicuous instrumentalist is Swarn. He is confident and direct. One can hear him best on *Charade* and *Transfusion*. He promises to become a real contributor on the guitar.

As for Larkin, he is a refreshing organist. He displays no startling creativity or original approach. He is a competent, developing organist who seems dedicated to bringing discipline and order to the instrument.

Over-all, it is a relaxing, enjoyable session. It is a safe album. There's nothing really to complain about. There's little to get excited about either. (B.G.)

Charles Lloyd

OF COURSE, OF COURSE—Columbia 2412 and 9212: *Of Course. Of Course; The Song My Lady Sings; The Best Thing for You; The Things We Did Last Summer; Apex; One for Joan; Goin' to Memphis; Voice in the Night; Third-Floor Richard.*

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

Lloyd's group plays some of the leader's best compositions: the lovely ballads, *My Lady and Voice*, and the interestingly constructed *Joan* (which has an unexpectedly abrupt ending). Among the other Lloyd tunes are the boppish *Apex* and *Of Course*, a stop-and-start piece that leaves holes for the rhythm section to come through.

Lloyd, already having established himself, I think, as an excellent composer, is a pleasant surprise as a tenor player. He's

begun to show a little individuality, to make at least a step in the direction of creating a personal variant of John Coltrane's style (Coltrane being his primary influence on tenor).

His improvisation is more restrained than I've ever heard it, so that, despite his Coltrane-like harmonic and rhythmic ideas, the effect of his playing is sometimes reminiscent of Stan Getz', especially on the slow-tempo pieces. (The tones of Getz [circa 1950], Coltrane, and Lloyd are not dissimilar. They hold lean, brittle, penetratingly pure qualities in common.)

Lloyd's work on *Summer, My Lady, and Voice* is extremely delicate. Even though he cruises along powerfully at up tempos, his solos are now more controlled than they used to be on fast selections. Whether the change in his playing is



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permanent cannot be determined on the basis of one record, but hopefully, it is—he's rarely, if ever, performed so well on record.

Lloyd's flute spots are nice enough but lack the emotional depth of his tenor performances.

It's always a pleasure to hear Szabo's spare, glowingly lyrical work. His solos are jagged, sometimes having a dissonant quality, but in the end he ties up everything beautifully.

The guitarist and Lloyd have a good deal of empathy, as they demonstrate on their *Summer* duet—a gentle, pastoral selection.

The rhythm section is brilliant. Carter makes an excellent choice of notes, and his lines have a combination of strength and suppleness that few bassists have.

Williams must have extrasensory perception; he's there underlining, punctuating, and coloring beautifully all the time. Lloyd speaks very highly of Williams in the notes, and what a joy it must be for a horn man to be supported by such a drummer. (H.P.)

Les McCann

BEAUX J. POOBOO—Limelight 82025: *The Grabber*; *Les McNasty*; *Green, Green Rocky Road*; *Send Me Love*; *This Could Be the Start of Something Big*; *The Great City*; *Beaux J. Pooboo*; *But Man*; *Roll 'Em, Pete*; *Old Folks*.
Personnel: McCann, piano, vocals; Vince Corrao, guitar; Victor Gaskin, bass; Paul Humphreys, drums.

Rating: ★★½

One must assume that McCann exercises a magic in personal appearances that refuses to communicate itself through tape and vinyl. There is no doubt that in

a cozy club with the spirits of good fellowship pervading, a personally dynamic musician can charge the atmosphere with more excitement than his music might otherwise occasion.

So it seems with McCann, for his efforts here, heard in the cooler clime of the living room, inspire little enthusiasm.

McCann's attack features a good deal of very percussive block-chording and an inordinate amount of right-hand embroidery in the high octaves. On most numbers he runs the changes with much vigor but little originality. However, two tunes—both originals—lift the level considerably.

Pooboo thematically is a beautiful piece of work. One immediately feels the atmosphere of the church in its slow, antiphonally structured, bluesy plainsong style. The church, yes—but this music is no fake, hackneyed Gospel warmer. Though the blowing segment abruptly (at least for me) changes the mood, McCann's playing of the theme at beginning and end is considerably moving. Corrao's solo is fine, as indeed his work is throughout. Ditto for Gaskin and Humphreys.

The second redeemer is *McNasty*, a slow blues that McCann opens with Bill Evans-like voicings. The first few measures are quite sensitively performed; but again McCann can't seem to keep that right arm from overplaying its hand in the high register.

McCann's playing has a certain buoyant, spirited quality, but it leaves the persistent impression that one has heard most of it before on other pianos in other rooms. *Great City*, one of two McCann vocals (the other is *Rocky Road*), illustrates the general poverty of idea in this album.

Here McCann's playing (his voice is not bad) and an attendant mediocrity of lyric make a singularly uninspired performance. The lyric, like much of the music, deals in shopworn phrases and is a rap against New York City. So what else is new?

Personally, I think that if McCann were to stop trying to please everyone with a variety of devices and be more of himself—as he has shown he can be on a couple of other albums and here briefly on *Pooboo*—he would be a much more respected, and perhaps even more popular, musician. (D.N.)

Gerry Mulligan

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM—Limelight 82021: *King of the Road*; *Engine, Engine No. 9*; *Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte*; *I Know a Place*; *Can't Buy Me Love*; *A Hard Day's Night*; *If I Fell*; *Downtown*; *Mr. Tambourine Man*; *If You Can't Beat 'Em, Join 'Em*.
Personnel: Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Pete Jolly, piano; Johnny Gray, guitar; Jimmy Bond, bass; Hal Blaine, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This Mulligan outing offers the baritonist tackling works identified primarily with rock and roll and folk singers and the teenage market.

The album title contains a certain comic irony in that Mulligan doesn't have to beat or join anyone to get through to a large public. He is, like Miles Davis, Bill Evans and some others, rather more than a jazzman.

Though a jazz artist with a powerfully individual playing style, Mulligan, in the

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sign language of art, speaks a universal tongue. What he says is meaningful not only to those within but to scores outside the jazz pale. Such a talent does not disdain good material merely because he finds it flourishing in unfashionable circles. He recognizes it, takes it, transforms it and makes it into a statement of his own personality.

Despite Mulligan's formidable gifts, however, it is difficult to regard this album—or the idea behind it—as more than a gimmick.

This is not to accuse the baritonist of playing tunes only for their commercial value and to earn a few bob. The notes say he genuinely likes the tunes. I believe him. For one reason, I like them myself and think them good choices for jazz exploration. For another, each song has a pretty and/or infectious melodic character, and Mulligan is a great explicator and votary of the lyric muse.

Perhaps the date was a lark on his part. It sounds as if the baritonist, without overmuch preparation, came to the studio to spend a pleasant couple of hours and did. His playing is loose, free, amiable, relaxed, engaging, urbane, and, seemingly, thoroughly unconcerned.

The solo action belongs mostly to the baritonist and to Jolly, who takes it as easy as the boss, though he makes a fine appearance on *Downtown*. Gray comes off well on *Fell*, and Bond contributes a nice vignette to *Charlotte*.

Tambourine Man and Mulligan's own *Beat 'Em*, however, show the maestro at his customary resource and vigor, and the latter tune includes spirited, stimulating solos by all. (D.N.)

Lou Rawls

LOU RAWLS AND STRINGS—Capitol 2401: *What'll I Do?; My Buddy; Du Bist die Liebe; Margie; Now and Then There's a Fool Such as I; 3 O'Clock in the Morning; Me and My Shadow; Cold, Cold Heart; I'll See You in My Dreams; Charmaine; Nothing Really Feels the Same.*

Personnel: Rawls, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Benny Carter, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★½

Everybody in entertainment knows that Rawls is a fine singer—right? And that Benny Carter is a terrific musician-arranger—right? Together the two should swing.

Not necessarily. The ingredients are there, but the mixture never really jells.

The album is one continuous loping adventure in which the principals render competent, lackluster performances. The necessity of the big band's participation throughout the LP remains a mystery. The arrangements are so loose that they require nothing of significance from the orchestra, and its huge sound juggles around, ripping off innocuous fills, riffs, and saccharine introductions to no purpose. The one instrument that stands apart is a monotonous, plinking guitar.

Getting little or no inspiration from the band, the singer gives back little. Rawls dashes off the lyrics with pat, pseudo-hip phrasing, and pays so little attention to the job at hand that he finds himself upstream without a pitch paddle. *Shadow* is one example, as is *Charmaine*. The latter crashes to a cliff-diving finish. Still, the singer is Rawls, who remains

the most promising male vocalist to emerge since Ray Charles. The album is not bad. It is just lethargic. (B.G.)

Salt City Six

DIXIELAND FROM MEMPHIS TO TIPPERARY—Audiophile 85: *Memphis Blues; I Ain't Got Nobody; Original Dixieland One-Step; Shine; Riverboat Shuffle; Sleepy Time Down South; It's a Long Way to Tipperary; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jellyroll.*

Personnel: Paul Squire, trumpet; Will Alger, trombone; Jack Maheu, clarinet; Robert Mahan, piano; Lou Johnston, bass; Ralph Haupter, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

This band has so much bright, airy charm that it is disappointing to find it expended on such routine repertory.

Alger is a broad, warm and lusty trombonist in whose playing one hears echoes of Jack Teagarden's lyricism mixed with the sturdy attack of Jimmy Archey. Squire's trumpet is also a compound of two relatively opposite styles—the rough-edged drive of Wild Bill Davison and the flowing melodiousness of Bobby Hackett. Although Mahan serves as co-leader of the group with Alger, he is not as strong a musical personality as the trombonist or Squire.

The ensemble work of the band is consistently fresh and appealing, something of a triumph when you consider the well-worn paths traveled. The one piece that is a bit off the usual Dixieland-traditionalist track is *Tipperary* which brings out some of the sextet's liveliest playing and gives Alger an opportunity for a magnificent display of his authority and spirit in an extended series of breaks. (J.S.W.)

Stuff Smith

SWINGIN' STUFF—Emarcy 26008: *Bugle Blues; Only Time Will Tell; Old Stinkin' Blues; Mack the Knife; C Jam Blues; One O'Clock Jump; My Blue Heaven; Blues for Timme; Take the A Train.*

Personnel: Smith, violin, vocals; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Alex Riel, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Stuff Smith is a phenomenon. Jazz violinists are a rare breed, and among them, he has no peers. He also has few equals as a creator of swing and excitement, and though he has not been given due credit in the history books, he was one of the genuine precursors of modern jazz—an original musician if there ever was one.

In spite of his great talent and unique brand of showmanship, Smith has not been in the jazz limelight since the mid-'40s. During the last decade, his appearances on records have been infrequent, amounting only to four albums for Norman Granz and a date as a sideman with guitarist Herb Ellis in 1963.

Thus, this album, recorded at Copenhagen's Montmartre Club on March 23 of this year, is a welcome event. Performing for a responsive audience, Smith has been captured in peak form, and there isn't a weak track in the set.

Smith's technique, while unorthodox, is by no means primitive. His dexterity with bow and fingers is astonishing, and he approaches his instrument as if it were a horn. His moods range from gentle to fierce, and his ideas flow unceasingly.

The violinist's fire, warmth, and inventiveness inspire the rhythm section. Drew, an expatriate for some years, is

relaxed and flowing, in a mainstream groove appropriate to the setting.

Pedersen, though not yet 20, is a bassist equipped with phenomenal instrumental technique. Here, he patterns his work on Ray Brown and Oscar Pettiford, with a sound that makes such comparisons credible, though his playing still lacks the emotional depth and involvement of the seasoned jazzman.

Pedersen's fellow Dane, drummer Riel, plays surprisingly well—considering the low esteem in which European drummers are generally held. But then, Smith swings hard enough to move mountains.

Five of the nine tracks are blues, ranging from the mellow funk of *Old Stinkin' Blues* (my nomination for title of the year) to the violent swing of *C Jam. Blues for Timme*, a moving track, is dedicated to critic-promoter Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, who supervised the session.

Smith invests *Mack*, a tired warhorse, with new life, and this version of *A Train* compares well with his fantastic flight on the 1959 Verve album, *Cat on a Hot Fiddle*, though the tempo is not quite as staggering.

Smith sings on *Heaven*, an old favorite of his, and *Stinkin'*, in a hoarse but curiously attractive voice, and in a style that stems from Louis Armstrong. Though his voice shows the passage of time, his playing is, if anything, even more stimulating, vigorous, and full of surprises than in the past.

To anyone unfamiliar with Smith's work, this record is an admirable intro-

duction. His old admirers will not want to be without it. (D.M.)

Bobby Timmons

HOLIDAY SOUL—Prestige 7414: *Deck the Halls; White Christmas; The Christmas Song; Auld Lang Syne; Santa Claus Is Coming to Town; Winter Wonderland; We Three Kings; You're All I Want for Christmas.*

Personnel: Timmons, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It's a pity that this album was not received in time for a preholiday review, for it makes an excellent antidote to the musical treacle that abounds then.

Pianist Timmons and his companions have approached their assignment in a spirited and jolly manner, and the assorted warhorses are transformed into sprightly, prancing trotters. The sole slow-tempo track is *You're All I Want*, and even this is handled tastefully.

The light touch that predominates may surprise those who still identify Timmons with the funk-soul movement. Actually, he is a versatile player with considerable facility and very good time, and though not a stylist with an unmistakable identity, he avoids the clichés and mannerisms that make most piano-trio LPs sound alike.

He is helped considerably by Warren and Perkins. The bassist, from whom too little has been heard since his tenure with Thelonious Monk, is outstanding both in solo and accompaniment, his strong, fat tone in evidence throughout. He has a fine solo on *White Christmas*, which sounds surprisingly fresh in this unexpected up-tempo treatment.

Perkins, using tambourine and bells as well as regulation equipment, can be subtle as well as driving, and his humorous touches on *Santa Claus* are delightful.

In all, this is a pleasant, unpretentious album that can be enjoyed on its own terms, in any season. (D.M.)

Jimmy Witherspoon

BLUES FOR SPOON AND GROOVE—Surrey 1006: *Tell Him I Was Flyin' (Pt. 1); Goin' to Chicago Blues; In Blues; Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?; Loser's Blues; Life's Highway; Cry the Blues; Out Blues; Since I Fell for You; Tell Him I Was Flyin' (Pt. 2).*

Personnel: Richard (Groove) Holmes, organ; Witherspoon, vocals; other unidentified.

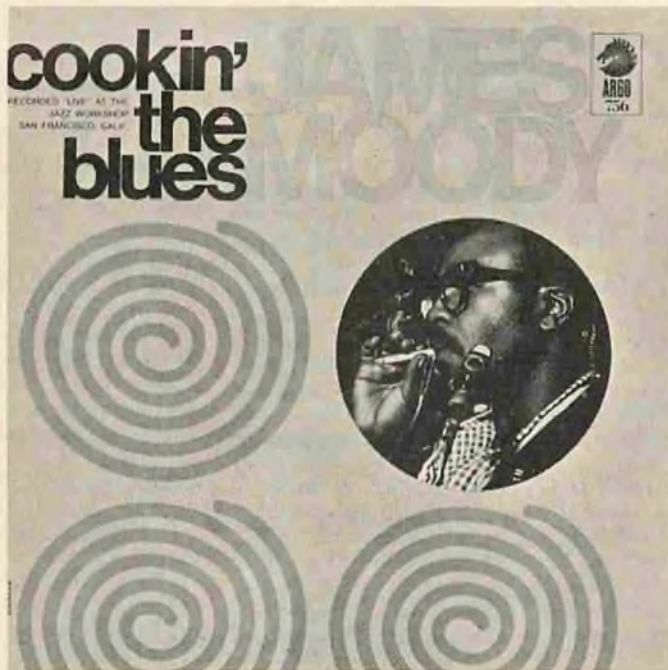
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This set, recorded several years ago but not released before, caught Witherspoon in good interpretive form but with a voice that is not quite as cleanly full-bodied as it often has been. Occasionally the power of his singing is diminished by a balance that slightly favors the accompanying ensemble, particularly Holmes' organ. Otherwise, this is a good collection of standard blues, some in disguise—*Life's Highway* is *Key to the Highway*; *Out Blues* is *Wee Baby*; and *Tell Him I Was Flyin'* is *Take This Hammer*.

There seems to be no particular reason to have included two "parts" of *Flyin'* except to fill out the disc. They appear to be two takes, and presumably they were placed as far apart as possible (the opening and closing tracks) instead of together in an attempt to make this less obvious.

Holmes and a strong tenor saxophonist (Teddy Edwards?) are the main voices in the accompaniment. (J.S.W.)

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DOWN BEAT'S MUSIC ANNUAL

MUSIC '66

ON SALE JANUARY 13, 1966

OLD WINE- NEW BOTTLES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Oscar Peterson (Metro 524)

Rating: ★★★

Mose Allison, *Down Home Piano*
(Prestige 7423)

Rating: ★★★

Shirley Scott, *Sweet Soul* (Prestige
7360)

Rating: ★★½

Ramsey Lewis, *Choice* (Argo 755)

Rating: ★★½

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, *Sing a Song
of Basie* (Impulse 83)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Modern Jazz Quartet *Plays for
Lovers* (Prestige 7421)

Rating: ★★★★★

Miles Davis *Plays for Lovers* (Prestige
7352)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Peterson, Allison, Scott, and Lewis records have much in common: a keyboard soloist is spotlighted; there is little emotional depth in, or involvement with, the music; clichés abound (except for Allison); each LP makes pleasant background music because few demands are made on the listener.

The Peterson LP consists of 10 tracks from his older Verve albums, which generally are not of the artistic merit of his more recent work. All the tunes are standards—*Isn't It Romantic?*, *It Could Happen to You*, *My Old Flame*, *The Nearness of You*, *Stella by Starlight*, *That Old Black Magic*, *Three O'Clock in the Morning*, *Sunday*, *Over the Rainbow*, and *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe*—but there are too many slow ballads, all of which are given a lushly romantic, though almost straight, treatment. The string section on some of the tracks merely thickens Peterson's sugar coating.

The brisker-paced tunes are more interesting: *Black Magic*, *Morning*, and *Sunday*. *Morning* is one of Peterson's very early performances, when he was supported by only a bassist (either Ray Brown or Major Holley); his facility is much in evidence, particularly in a complex locked-hands passage. *Sunday* is notable for the presence of tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, who puts a great amount of passion into his solo. (This track, by the way, is from one of the best albums Webster has made: *Ben Webster Meets Oscar Peterson*, Verve 8349.)

As with other Metro releases, the personnel is unlisted. There is no excuse for this, bargain-price label or not.

Allison's album consists of his originals played in trio context, with Addison Farmer, bass, and Ronnie Free or Nick Stabulas, drums, supporting the leader's piano. Unfortunately, Allison's playing is

not strong enough to sustain a whole LP in which the only respites from his piano are short bass solos and drum breaks.

Allison is a talented composer, as these tunes make clear, and I believe he is a vocalist of unique talent; but his piano playing often lacks life, shading, and enough contrasting elements to keep a listener interested. His humor and combination of rural charm and urban sophistication, however, is attractive, though these qualities come out most strongly in his singing and writing.

In this instrumental album, he invariably states the melody (usually a clever one) and then tiptoes into a weak improvisation; things might have been better if he had worked out his pieces more thoroughly, relying less on improvisation.

The most interesting performances are *Creek Bank*, *Devil in the Cane Field*, and *The Minstrels*. The other, more one-dimensional pieces are *Dinner on the Ground*, *Mule, Town, Moon and Cypress*, *Carnival*, and *Mojo Woman*.

Miss Scott is another instrumentalist who cannot sustain listener interest over the course of two sides of an LP. On the *Sweet Soul* album (originally issued not long ago as *Happy Talk*) neither of her supporters, bassist Earl May and drummer Roy Brooks, solos (May does, however, play two introductions). Miss Scott's improvisations, like Allison's, seldom rise above the one-dimensional—there's little contrast between phrases, either in tension or, even, volume. Miss Scott, though, does have good musical taste and is always in control of her instrument. She usually plays with an attractive good-time feeling, most notably here on *My Romance*, *Where or When*, and *I Hear a Rhapsody*.

The album's other two performances bog down somewhat—*Happy Talk*, which is too long, and *Sweet Slumber*, the only tune played at less than a bounce tempo, but one that Miss Scott evidently felt impelled to give a soap-opera treatment.

The Lewis album, according to Cadet-Argo's a&r man, Esmond Edwards, consists of the trio's most requested tunes. The titles, gleaned from several Lewis LPs, are *Something You Got* (a dramatic performance with a tongue-in-cheek touch), *Little Liza Jane* (strong theatricality but clichéd, uninspired Lewis piano), *Memphis in June* (strings added to shallow, society-to-soul piano), *Travel On* (a repetitive performance featuring bassist Eldee Young on cello), *Delilah* (something for almost everyone—exotica, funk-Gospel, Ahmad Jamal licks, and a Paramount Theater ending), *C C Rider* (good blues piano before the hackneyed *One O'Clock Jump* riff appears), *Lonely Avenue* (moving Young cello), *Look-a-Here* (heated, churchy piano), *My Bucket's Got a Hole in It* (trio plus a Ray Charles-like band), *Hello, Cello* (more of Young's blues-inflected cello), *Blue Spring* (a Lewis original very similar to *The Playboy Theme*), *Carmen* (just preposterous), and *Blues for Night People* (clicheville).

The Lambert-Hendricks-Ross outing was recorded in 1957 and released the following year on ABC-Paramount. It was the trio's first—and best—recording.

Meticulous care and preparation are evident in the multitracking that enabled Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross to emulate the whole Count Basie Band. Ably supported by pianist Nat Pierce, guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Eddie Jones, and drummer Sonny Payne, the vocalists display their ability to sing multinoted, wordy lyrics. When they sing solos taken from the original Basie recording, the words come so thick and fast that it is impossible to decipher what is being said, but the album includes printed lyrics to all but one of the performances (*One O'Clock Jump*). The printed lyrics are not 100 percent accurate, but they help one fathom what lyricist Hendricks intended.

Miss Ross, whose range is almost unbelievable, is quite effective in several solos, especially when she sings in unison with herself to re-create Joe Newman's trumpet on *Down for the Count*. She does Basie's piano solo on *Avenue C* at an amazing, but unintelligible, clip.

In addition to *One O'Clock*, *Avenue*, and *Count*, the Basie arrangements re-created are *Everyday*; *It's Sand, Man*; *Two for the Blues*; *Little Pony*; *Down for the Double*; *Fiesta in Blue*; and *Blues Backstage*.

In all, it's an admirable accomplishment, even if the end result is only musical novelty.

Despite their titles, neither of the *For Lovers* albums is mushy. On the contrary, they contain some of the strongest work Davis and the MJQ did for Prestige in the '50s. And though the material is available on various other Prestige albums,

these two LPs make good additions to one's collection because of the programming.

The MJQ performances are from the group's first and third albums. Dating from a 1952 date are *All the Things You Are*, *Autumn in New York*, *Rose of the Rio Grande*, and *But Not for Me*; the musicians are vibraharpist Milt Jackson, pianist John Lewis, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Kenny Clarke. Connie Kay replaced Clarke in 1955, when this current album's other titles were made: *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise*, *All of You*, *I'll Remember April*, and a George Gershwin medley (*Soon*; *For You*, *For Me*, *For Evermore*; *Love Walked In*; *Our Love Is Here to Stay*).

As in all MJQ recordings, there is much thought given to musical structure, to the solos, to the collective improvisation. The 1952 performances are stiffer than the later ones, but this is understandable since the group was not a working unit at the time. Despite this, there is intriguing music to be heard on these tracks—the introduction to (and Jackson's joyous improvisation on) *All the Things*, dancing Lewis piano on *Rose*; the subtlety of the support behind Jackson on *Not for Me*, and Jackson's lovely rendering of *Autumn*.

A greater maturity is evident in the 1955 recordings, particularly in Jackson's work.

The vibraharpist is at the top of his game in *Morning* and plays a brilliant improvisation. On *All of You* he plays a handsomely shaped solo laden with melancholy, and on *Love Is Here* he climaxes his improvisation with a wonderful arch-

ing phrase. He falters a bit, however, on the up-tempo *April*, and his work is ragged.

Lewis also is superb in his solos from the 1955 date. In *All of You* he builds from seeming simplicity to seething intensity; it's as if each note has been carefully placed, as in a written composition. The strong rhythmic base of Lewis' "delicate" playing is evident in all his solos, particularly on *April*.

Intensity cloaked in seeming delicacy is also a hallmark of trumpeter Davis. In the *For Lovers* album he uses a mute most of the time, either a Harmon (*There Is No Greater Love*, *Something I Dreamed Last Night*, *When I Fall in Love*, *I See Your Face before Me*) or cup (*You Don't Know What Love Is*). The personal sound of Davis' Harmon-muted work in this album has seldom been surpassed—it's like a tender warrior whispering about dreams in the midst of battle.

Davis plays open horn on *That Old Devil Moon*, *Smooch* (a fetching ballad by the trumpeter and Charlie Mingus, who plays piano in this version), and *Will You Still Be Mine?* There is less moroseness and more cockiness in his playing when it is unmuted.

But whether open or muted, Davis' work is the epitome of jazz lyricism. He is accompanied by various combinations of pianists Red Garland, Horace Silver, and Mingus; bassists Percy Heath, Paul Chambers, and Oscar Pettiford; and drummers Philly Joe Jones, Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, and Max Roach—an impressive supporting cast for the dramatic trumpeter.

—Don DeMicheal



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SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Once, in a review of a Ramsey Lewis album, I wrote in this magazine: "Lewis today is moving toward the stage at which all the critics will put him down while the big spenders will take him up. If he's bowing to Basin Street East, good luck to him; he'll do great, with no help (and no need of help) from us experts."

This comment was premature but otherwise correct. The review was written in 1961, and after several years of moderate success, the Lewis trio in 1965 reached that point in its career the review predicted.

The trio has out now a successful LP, *The "In" Crowd*, the title tune of which has been put down as rhythm and blues. Such criticism neglects to consider two important points: the tune is not representative of all the trio can do, for in the album can be found several tracks of considerable melodic value and superior harmonic interest; and it is unrealistic for a jazz artist of any school to ignore the importance of the fact that a record of this type can rival the Beatles for the top spot, among all the hundreds of bundles of trash that litter the list of best-sellers week after week.

RAMSEY LEWIS:

'Since the emotions are involved in music, you're always looking for a beginning, a middle, and an end, no matter how it's done.'

DON BRONSTEIN



1. Billy Taylor. *Soul Sister* (from *Right Here, Right Now!*, Capitol). Taylor, piano, composer; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

Who it is I can't say. I do know it's probably a very accomplished musician. He gets a good groove. The band sounds very good. Here again I can't make any identification. The over-all feeling is fine. Well, out of five stars, I would give this three, for the happy feeling. Happiness!

2. George Shearing-Montgomery Brothers. *Double Deal* (Riverside). Buddy Montgomery, vibraharp; Shearing, piano, co-composer; Wes Montgomery, guitar, co-composer.

I don't know the name of the composition, but this is no doubt one of George Shearing's groups. I probably couldn't name who's in his group. However, a bit about George Shearing:

George no doubt is one of the most tasteful, sensitive musicians in jazz today. I've always admired his tone, the sound he gets from the piano. Probably he has one of the most beautiful piano tones in music, not only jazz. His whole approach to the piano is so wonderful.

The composition here holds your interest without becoming too complicated. Very interesting, easy to listen to, and its certainly a good vehicle for soloing.

For George Shearing four stars, because George Shearing is George Shearing—and for what he's been doing over the years in our business.

3. Toshiko Mariano. *Israel* (from *Jazz in Japan*, Vee-Jay). Shigeo Suzuki, alto saxophone; Mrs. Mariano, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; John Carisi, composer; Charlie Mariano, arranger.

I find here a composition that I don't think is extraordinary. It's nice. But here, too, it proved to be a good vehicle for the soloists. The pianist had a very interesting solo. He started out with evidence of a very heavy Bill Evans influence—the single notes in the right hand and the block chords in the left hand for each note. . . .

The bass player reminded me in spots of Earl May. . . . The saxophone solo

was good, though not extraordinary. For the arrangement, the over-all picture, I'd say good—three stars.

4. Ray Charles-Milt Jackson. *Love on My Mind* (from *Soul Meeting*, Atlantic). Jackson, vibraharp; Charles, composer, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar.

Very relaxing. I don't know who the pianist is. The vibe player is definitely either Milt Jackson or very heavily influenced by him.

The guitar solo—whoever it was—was very pleasant. There really isn't too much you can say—nothing spectacular happens anywhere, but the whole performance makes for good listening. Three stars.

5. Junior Mance. *Trouble in Mind* (from *Straight Ahead!*, Capitol). Mance, piano; Richard M. Jones, composer; Bob Bain, arranger.

It's interesting how they try to utilize the old boogie-woogie-type left hand, the Pete Johnson-type thing.

This didn't do too much for me. It's nice that somebody reached back and tried to use those old ideas, but it didn't come off too well on the whole.

It seemed that the pianist wasn't trying to reach for any definite thing, except it's obvious he was trying to play in a so-called soul bag, and the trombone section was trying to give it that type feeling; however, the arrangement, the voicing of the horns, didn't really go together with what the piano player was trying to play. The arrangement was sort of in the way; there were two different trains of thought going their own separate ways, and no doubt the pianist was influenced by this. Two stars is about all I can say for that.

6. Duke Ellington. *Very Special* (from *Money Jungle*, United Artists). Ellington, piano; composer; Charles Mingus, bass; Max Roach, drums.

Duke Ellington on the piano, with Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison or somebody like this. If it is Ellington, the song didn't take on the form that, even when Ellington is improvising, he has a natural tendency to develop. Everybody was play-

ing, but I don't think it went in a particular direction.

The bassist—this is the first time during this *Blindfold Test* that I've been inclined to say here is someone who is heavily influenced by Mingus. In connection with the Coltrane-type music, it reminds me that Mingus was playing this way several years ago, though I've never really connected him with this type music.

For the caliber of musicianship, I'd say three stars. Obviously these are three pros, and it's obvious, too, that this is not their best.

7. Cecil Taylor. *Luyah! The Glorious Step* (from *Looking Ahead!*, Contemporary). Earl Griffith, vibraharp; Taylor, piano, composer; Buell Neidlinger, bass; Dennis Charles, drums.

I enjoyed the drummer quite a bit.

The Monkish beginning was interesting, and the drummer and bassist kept a very good pulse throughout; they are to be commended. But there was no particular line being built; there was no stirring of the emotions involved here. It was more intellectual than emotional. . . .

The pianist is probably a very good piano player; however, he played a lot of little technical ideas, strung to each other, but one didn't necessarily lead to the other one. You wait for him to develop an idea, and give you a nice little climax, and it doesn't happen.

Since the emotions are involved in music, you're always looking for a beginning, a middle, and an end, no matter how it's done. I couldn't find the middle here.

This is music for people who like their toast very dry. Good, say, for a class on jazz; it's more like laboratory or experimental-type music. If you took away the bass and the drums, the pianist wouldn't be swinging. Perhaps it would sound better that way—maybe as a background for a musical cartoon.

The vibes didn't say too much to me either. The whole picture I got was of a very abstract painting. Three stars for the musicianship, two stars for the effort. **LB**

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Miles Davis

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

In his first New York appearance since his recent recovery from hip and leg ailments, Davis proved the old magic hasn't waned. The long lines of people waiting outside—not a common sight on today's night-club scene—testified to Davis' drawing power, and the music more than justified the turnout.

Though he has lost weight, Davis appeared to be in good physical condition, and his playing certainly reinforced this impression. Featuring open horn for the most part on opening night, Davis was probing, fiery and strong, playing like a man happy to be back in his element.

There were no stage-waits before or between sets, no displays of moodiness, and no letdowns in the caliber of the music. From start to finish of each set, Davis and his men were taking care of business.

The Davis repertoire hasn't changed (there had been little time for new additions at this stage), but it is varied enough to sustain interest. Like most of the great players, Davis has found a number of tunes that are to his liking, and he continues to discover new aspects and dimensions in them.

So one heard, with undiminished interest, the standards ('Round Midnight, If I Were a Bell, When I Fall in Love, I Thought About You) and the Davis originals (Four, So What?, All Blues, The Theme), and, as an added treat, a spontaneous blues, on which Davis dug deeply to roots, toying with phrases from *Royal Garden Blues* and *Easy Rider*.

Among Davis' most moving performances was a finely wrought solo on *I Thought About You*, developing from a slow, muted opening statement, into a flowing, medium-tempo, open-horn improvisation, plus a near-perfect opening chorus on *When I Fall in Love*, which was a masterly distillation of the essence of the melodic line.

Davis was in driving mood on a way-up *Four*, displaying beautiful tonguing in his fast runs, and inserting a fitting quote from *Skyliner*. Not less exciting was his work on *All Blues*, for which he again discarded the mute after the atmospheric opening and unleashed some piercing, crying high notes, filled with a strange kind of painful joy.

Shorter was the other prominent soloist and acquitted himself well. His playing was often understated and at other times presented more ideas than he seemed able to order well. His tone was hampered (perhaps by a cold horn) early in the evening but became fuller as the night went on.

Interplay between Shorter and Williams often gave rise to interesting structures, as on the ad lib blues, in which Shorter went "outside" in a more decisive manner than in the occasional avant-garde departures inserted in his more conservative solos.

One of Shorter's best moments came on *Four*, when he opened his solo with intense drive and swing for a chorus or two before beginning to break up the time (and, unfortunately, the flow). But Shorter is never dull.

Hancock confined himself to short solos (one of the best came on *I Thought About You*, on which he concluded with some striking, Ellingtonish clusters). In accompaniment, his sensitive choice of notes and space never interfered with the logic of Davis' lines. He seemed more aggressive behind Shorter, and there were intriguing exchanges of ideas between these two.

Workman is a potentially ideal bassist for this group, in which teamwork really counts.

He has a big, beautifully articulated sound, an extremely versatile and fluent instrumental technique, and an excellent ear. His time-sense cannot be faulted. He had little solo space, but when he took the spotlight, he was impressive. His flawless sliding notes made a considerable contribution to *All Blues*.

Drummer Williams is the backbone of the group and a complete delight. Few drummers, and none so young, combine astonishing instrumental dexterity and ease of execution with such a high degree of musical sensitivity. Williams never lets the band down, and what he plays, even when it is at its most original and unexpected, always seems right. He swings—and make no mistake, this is a group of men who like to swing. Even when they indulge in liberties with steady tempo, the musicians never lose the pulse that is so essential to continuity within a piece, that something that used to be called a groove. Williams is largely responsible for this.

Among his other virtues is his sound, which is subtly shaded to fit whatever he is backing. He has power to spare, but he doesn't waste it, and he doesn't impose.

After this prolonged involuntary absence, it is indeed a pleasure to welcome back Davis & Co. There has never been a greater need for the musical virtues this group represents so well. Among these are taste, disciplined freedom, swing, concise expression, and beauty.—*Dan Morgenstern*

Paris Jazz Festival

Palais de la Mutualite, Paris

The somewhat forbidding fastness of the Palais de la Mutualite in the heart of the Latin Quarter was the setting for the second Paris Jazz Festival in November.

But if the surroundings were drab, the music—about 10 hours of it—was vigorous, richly varied, and colorful. If the three concerts that made up the festival can be taken as representative of the jazz of today, then the music is in a robustly healthy state.

The festival, staged by the Société

Francaise de Concerts in association with the French state broadcasting service, which also recorded the show for television, was a triumph not only in terms of music but also of organization.

Participation of U.S., British, French, Dutch, Danish, and German musicians gave the festival a truly international flavor and testified to the tremendous strides made by European musicians in attaining a status comparable to that of the Americans.

In fact, of the 30 artists taking part, the most vociferously acclaimed was the phenomenal 19-year-old Danish bassist, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, who played with Bill Evans and Lee Konitz.

The festival got off to a roaring start with the unscheduled appearance of the big French band led by Jean-Claude Naude. With six trumpets, three trombones, five saxophones, and three rhythm, the band performed some exciting arrangements with impressive cohesion and fire and climaxed the set with a crisply played treatment of Woody Herman's high-speed *Hallelujah Time*, which featured a storming tenor duel between Dominique Chanson and Gerard Badini.

Naude's group got a warm reception—but it was merely a murmur compared with the ovation that greeted Teddy Wilson's first appearance on a French stage. In refreshing contrast to the many jazzmen who never utter a word throughout their performance, Wilson thanked the audience for their response, announced his program, and then introduced his rhythm team—Peter Trunk, bass, from Germany, and Ceef See, drums, from Holland.

Although suffering a broken fingernail on each hand (necessitating Band-Aids) Wilson played with all his customary delicacy and fluency, receiving extremely sympathetic support from Trunk and See, the latter using brushes most of the time and playing with brisk precision.

Wilson opened with *Stompin' at the Savoy*, those characteristically sparkling right-hand runs and nimble left-hand 10ths in evidence. A Gershwin medley followed. *Someone to Watch over Me*, *Nice Work If You Can Get It*, *Our Love Is Here to Stay*, and a furious-paced *I Got Rhythm* featured some brilliant "fours" between Wilson and Trunk and then Wilson and See.

Wilson got into a surprisingly funky groove on *Shiny Stockings* and then tackled a Latin treatment of *Love* to finish his set. But a clamorous audience brought him back for *Body and Soul* and *Honeysuckle Rose*.

When the applause finally died, Dakota Staton, stunningly attired, glided on stage. Backed by a British rhythm section—Johnny Patrick, piano; Freddie Logan, bass; and Johnny Butts, drums—she opened with a fast *Cherokee*. Apart from her too-cheerful, album-plugging announcements, Miss Staton made a great impression. More tempo variation would have been welcome—she tended to alternate ballads with very fast numbers—but she demonstrated an impeccable sense of time and very good control.

One of Miss Staton's virtues is that she

sings all the notes, a thing particularly noticeable in *Misty*, where that tricky ascending phrase "and I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud" came across clean and clear.

Earl Hines played two solos in his unmistakable style, received unstinted acclaim, and then, one by one, introduced the all-stars. Bassist Jimmy Woode (also nursing a damaged finger) came on to solo on *The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else*. Then came Kenny Clarke for a short workout on *You're the Cream in My Coffee*.

Tenorist Don Byas, deputizing for the absent Gerry Mulligan (who left the tour unexpectedly in Copenhagen), introduced himself with a relaxed blues, violinist Stuff Smith played three beautiful choruses on *I Can't Get Started*, tenorist Ben Webster tentatively tackled *Cherry*, and finally trumpeter Roy Eldridge sang a couple of improvised choruses in Pittsburgh French.

The all-stars then honored Hines by swinging into *Rosetta*, which featured a remarkable fluegelhorn solo by Eldridge, who was ripping off G's and A's with incredible facility.

Byas contributed a beautifully lyrical *Tenderly*, and then Smith, the standout soloist of the whole set, played a short but piquant *Timme's Blues*.

The drum-piano conversation between Hines and Clarke was a friendly enough exchange of eight-bar and four-bar breaks, but later in the set a dispute between Hines and Clarke as to where the beat lay nearly wrecked proceedings. This was on the final number, *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*, and only the timely and authoritative intervention of Eldridge's forceful trumpet restored order. Hines' jagged and unorthodox piano style does not blend easily with the drumming of Clarke, whose time is beyond reproach.

The second concert produced some of the most memorable music of the festival.

It opened with the elegant and freely inventive alto saxophone of Konitz backed by the mighty Pedersen and the talented Alan Dawson, surely one of the most resourceful and commanding drummers on the scene.

Konitz' convoluting alto explored the outer reaches of *What's New?* and then gave way to a magnificent solo by Orsted Pedersen. This young bassist seems to lack nothing—his sound is big, his tone pure, his intonation faultless, his time rock steady, and his improvisational facility, for other and older bass players, must be nothing short of alarming. He scattered his solo with flurries of 16th notes that were logically and melodically constructed and were thus much more than a display of technique.

Konitz, whose playing is refreshingly free of licks, took off on *All the Things You Are*, which he enriched with out-of-the-rut phrases and harmonies. Pedersen's solo had all the fluency of an electric guitar, and Dawson contributed an inspired and supremely confident three choruses.

Konitz then gave way to pianist Evans, whose limpid, romantic piano was a sheer delight. The exhilaration derived from

listening and watching three virtuoso musicians almost completely overwhelmed the feeling that Dawson and Pedersen were perhaps a shade too robust for the beautiful filigree of Evans' piano.

Konitz returned for the last number of the set, a medium-paced *Melancholy Baby*, which produced excellent solos from all four men.

The second pianistic debut in France that evening was by Lennie Tristano, who played *Darn That Dream*, *Lullaby of the Leaves*, and *Imagination* and drew warm applause. He enhanced all three selections by the use of unusual chords and the occasional employment of a double bass line in the left hand.

By the time Art Blakey's group came on to bring the first evening to a close,

In The Jan. 27 Down Beat

ANNUAL BRASS ISSUE

SPOTLIGHT ON:

LAWRENCE BROWN

REX STEWART DONALD BYRD

On Sale Thursday, Jan. 13

the audience, after more than six hours of music, was getting restless.

A lesser group might have proved an anticlimax, but with four high-caliber musicians like Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Nathan Davis, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; and Reggie Workman, bass, there was no danger of a lull.

The outstanding soloist was Hubbard. He played a version of *Blue Moon* that injected new, vibrant life into this standard. He demonstrated a beautifully warm tone, superb technical mastery, and inspired use of shadings. Davis, too, impressed as an original and fluent soloist, and Byard's sprightly, unpredictable piano had an appealing freshness.

Blakey himself showed an undiminished vitality, and, assisted by the sterling support from Workman, he drove the group with characteristic verve.

The second concert featured the Sonny Rollins Trio—with France's Gilbert Rovere, bass, and Art Taylor, drums—and the Ornette Coleman Trio, with David Izenzon, bass, and Charles Moffett, drums.

Both groups received thunderous applause, and for Coleman in particular the festival was an unqualified triumph, indicating a far bigger following in France for free jazz than might have been supposed.

Rollins walked on stage playing a blues and treated the audience to a marathon of continuous improvisation. In typical harsh, staccato style he worked his way through *I Can't Get Started*, *Three Little Words*, *St. Thomas*, *There'll Never Be Another You*, *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*, and even *O Sole Mio* and *Mademoiselle de Paris*, jumping from one tune to another as fancy took him.

Except for the solo space accorded to Rovere and Taylor—both of whom played brilliantly and watchfully—Rollins never had the tenor out of his mouth. He was still playing when he walked offstage.

Coleman's set was notable for the fine drumming of Moffett and the extraordinarily gifted and ingenious Izenzon, who coaxed a remarkable variety of sounds from his bass, played fast pizzicato with breathtaking facility and, in an arco solo, used harmonics to create an intriguing viola sound.

Coleman played alto saxophone, trumpet, and violin but was most convincing on alto, exhibiting a rich, warm tone and, of course, a complete disregard of conventional solo construction. Far out though the set was, the audience lapped it up, and by the closing number were clamoring vainly for more.

More than 2,000 persons attended each of the three concerts, and there can be no doubt from their reaction that they felt they got excellent value for their money.

—Mike Hennessey

Sonny Criss

Edgewater-Marina Hotel,
Long Beach, Calif.

Personnel: Criss, alto saxophone; Mike Wofford, piano; Ralph Pena, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

A rather poorly known musician among most listeners—undoubtedly because of his wandering habits and few, difficult-to-find recordings—Criss has steadily improved within the Charlie Parker framework he long ago chose for himself.

At first he was only bright and virtuosic but uneven in conception, often dull and repetitive. Those days are past. Now Criss puts a solo together much better; his tone is, with occasional exceptions of floridity, a gorgeously rounded version of the Parker sound; and he swings much harder than before. For this last reason, I don't like to hear him play bossa nova, because he can't resist bursting out of its gentleness. But in the bop repertoire, including associated standards such as *My Old Flame*, he has no peers out west.

Criss obviously was pleased with his associates, as well he might be.

Pianist Wofford has established a wide reputation (still not verifiable via phonograph) as one of the best offsprings of Bill Evans, has played and recorded (unreleased) with the Larry Bunker-Gary Burton Quartet, and, like pianist Evans, is flexible enough to provide appropriate backing for Criss yet maintain his relatively more abstract style as well.

Bassist Pena's sound really projects (like Ray Brown's); he swings hard; and he plays thoughtful solos.

Drummer Butler was his leaping, wailing self as a player. He demonstrated how it is possible to play cleanly and crisply but at the same time with great virility and variety. He always plays at the outer limits of his techniques, never beyond them, and he absolutely never stops listening to what he is supposed to be accompanying.

In this Al Fox concert-session setting, the group was lacking somewhat in the polish and verve that it frequently displays in its weekly Monday nights at Shelly's Mann-Hole, but the disappointing acoustics of the Galleon Room, and an unattended amplification system with its volume level turned up to an irritating level contributed to the problems.

On a bop theme over *I Got Rhythm* changes, Criss soared excitingly, executing with clarity at a very fast tempo. Wofford successfully avoided Evans clichés and built a thoughtful solo marred only by one of his few personal patterns (which has plagued him at up tempos since at least his recordings with Burton and Bunker.)

On *Satin Doll* Criss was pretty in theme statement, a bit disconnected in solo, but successful over-all; Wofford built from an odd, mulling idea to a distinctive improvisation in his solo, and Pena made a long, masterly executed statement, really covering his instrument.

Butler was featured in an up-tempo blues, and although he dropped two sticks and unaccountably had a couple of stick-clash problems, he nonetheless constructed a musical statement of interest to people who don't often like drum solos (such as me).

I wish Criss could record with this quartet. It's easily the best he's had, and if it continues to develop, extending its repertoire beyond its current rather tired state, and find ways of increasing musical interplay beyond simple solo sequences, it could become an important contemporary voice of jazz on the West Coast.

—John William Hardy

Natalie Lamb-Sam Price

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Miss Lamb, vocals; Price, piano; Joe Jordan, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Hayes Alvis, electric bass; Candy McDonald, drums.

Miss Lamb is the latest entry in a line of singers that includes Claire Austin, Barbara Dane, and Britain's Otilie Patterson—white women who are attempting to revive the classic urban style of blues singing made famous by Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith in the 1920s.

Inevitably, there is something anachronistic about such attempts, but Miss Lamb, a statuesque platinum blonde with a background of classical voice training and folk singing, approached her task with zest and vitality.

Her voice, a rich and powerful contralto, is well suited to her material and style and lends a surprisingly authentic touch to her singing—she even manages the "growls" characteristic of Negro blues singers without strain. Her stage manner is assured and relaxed.

At her debut concert, Miss Lamb offered some 20 selections, ranging from Bessie Smith's *Trombone Cholly* and *Backwater Blues* to Ray Charles' *Yes, Indeed* and *Come Back, Baby*; also included was such nonblues material as *Mama Goes Where Papa Goes*; *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?*; and *Some of These Days*.

She was, in fact, more effective on Roaring '20s items such as *Days* and *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*, in which her good-natured shouting conjured up the image of "red-hot mamas" of days gone by. But when it came to the pure blues, she was less successful.

The classic blues style, after all, was a highly sophisticated art, depending on perfect time, nuance, and subtle shading, as well as the projection of deep involvement with the material. Miss Lamb's *Backwater Blues* was a far cry from the original ver-



Miss Lamb: A new red-hot mama?

sion, a species of "blues" singing having more in common with Paul Robeson's *King Joe* than with the real article.

Nor was her approach to the songs associated with Ray Charles designed to stand comparison to the model. Here, in fact, her lack of swing (as opposed to good time, which she does have) became very noticeable, and even McDonald's good drumming and Price's rolling Gospel piano couldn't save the day.

Miss Lamb's commentary and introduction were generally apt and interesting, but her little speech about "the honesty of the blues" became unintentionally humorous when she employed it as a preface to *Mama Goes*, a nonblues composed by the Tin Pan Alley team of Jack Yellin and Milton Ager.

The quintet assembled and led by Price was a decided asset to the proceedings. Price, a master accompanist, is surely one of the most accomplished blues pianists on the scene. (He is not limited to the blues, being an excellent all-round jazzman, but here confined himself to this role.) He gave Miss Lamb the best support imaginable, though the band was somewhat hamstrung by overly neat and tidy arrangements, which severely restricted the traditional antiphonal role of the horns.

On occasion, however, Higginbotham's robust trombone erupted from the con-

lines, making for some of the most exhilarating musical moments of the evening. He also shone on the two band numbers of the night, both free-wheeling up-tempo blues, on which the horn men and Price had a chance to stretch out. Price's rolling, rocking piano and Higginbotham's lusty trombone solos brought back happy memories of the days when Price made his fine series of recordings for Decca under the name of Sam Price and his Texas Bluesicians.

Trumpeter Jordan was a bit too boppish and intricate to fit well into these surroundings, and his accompaniments were consistently sharp. He got off two good choruses on *Mama Don't Allow*, however.

Alvis, a veteran musician whose long career has included work with Jelly Roll Morton, Jabbo Smith, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington, was strong and solid; and McDonald, an admirably steady time-keeper, also provided visual interest with a style of show drumming (stick twirling and such) rarely encountered these days.

—Dan Morgenstern

Johnny Griffin-Michel Roques

Music Hall du Marais, Paris

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Roques, tenor saxophone, flute; Jean-Claude Lubin, alto and soprano saxophones, flute; Jacques Peltzer, piano; Benoit Quersin, bass; Jacques Thollot, drums.

If nothing else, the jazz ballet staged by the Roger Ribes dance company at the Music Hall du Marais from Oct. 27 to Nov. 4 gave Paris jazz fans the chance to hear the richly talented and versatile Michel Roques. Roques, who is blind, led a group that accompanied the dancers in spontaneous dance improvisations.

If the performance failed to jell, it was because there was only one-way communication. The dancers certainly drew inspiration from the music, but the musicians didn't show much inclination to get with the dancers.

Roques, however, was most impressive. Although his playing is strongly derivative—detectable influences are Roland Kirk, even down to the guttural throat noises while playing flute, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane—he is an agile and resourceful soloist with a good command of all his instruments.

The ballet was followed by a short session with tenorist Griffin, currently resident in Paris, who used the Roques rhythm section.

Griffin is playing with more fire and fervor than ever. He opened with a lusty *Blue Monk* and excelled in four unaccompanied choruses in which he made extensive use of brilliant 16th-note runs.

All the Things You Are, taken at a brisk tempo, was a showcase for Griffin's great talent for incorporating slightly bent quotes into his solos. But along with the humor, there is formidable musicianship. Griffin never misses a chord and often uses two or three for every one in the original piece.

For a final *Now's the Time*, Griffin was joined by Roques. Griffin is a daunting man with whom to trade fours, but Roques gave almost as good as he got.

In short, the ballet wasn't brilliant, but the jazz was fine. —Mike Hennessey

Joseph Jarman-John Cage
Harper Theater, Chicago

Personnel: Jarman Quartet—Ellis Bishop, trumpet, alto saxophone; Jarman, alto saxophone; Bob Hodge, bass; Doug Mitchell, percussion, piano. John Cage, electronic sounds. Jarman Quintet—Jarman, alto saxophone; Fred Anderson, tenor saxophone; Billy Brimfield, trumpet; Charles Clark, bass; Arthur Reed, drums.

As the new music continues to define its esthetic standards, it becomes increasingly clear that the new modes of expression require extraordinary musicians—players of genius perhaps—not merely competent or adequate improvisers and technicians.

In the past, the structures and forms of jazz' idioms (New Orleans style, swing, bebop, etc.) provided their respective frameworks, superstructures, and vocabularies for the average, competent musician to use and flesh out—if not with great originality, at least with intelligently reshaped material common to the idiom.

But the new music, having called for a complete reassessment and often an abandonment of those conventions, requires—as perhaps never before in jazz history—players of great daring, strength, originality, and ability.

The true group empathy and collective improvisation that are emerging as the hallmarks of the avant-garde place great burdens on the musician, burdens that cannot be shouldered by the merely competent musical craftsman. The high standards of creativity that the avant-garde is so insistently developing and demanding preclude the chord-running and cliché-dependence of the past.

The disciplines being shaped by the still-emerging new music call for throwing away these crutches so that the player may strike out into free, total playing, into creation of music that is unbuttressed and unimpeded by forms or conventions.

Having few readily discernible guideposts, the new music has attracted more than its share of outright charlatans and well-intentioned but basically unequipped musicians, men who have not as yet developed the necessary skills and artistic disciplines to work convincingly and meaningfully within the new music.

These thoughts are occasioned by a recent concert by two groups of young Chicago avant-gardists headed by Jarman.

Both units, a quartet and a quintet (the only common member of which was leader Jarman), though composed of obviously talented musicians, made painfully clear in their work at this concert the need for uncommonly gifted improvisers to serve best the goals of the avant-garde.

The inability of these young players to bring off the kind of tight, inspired group playing effort the new music requires was perhaps most tellingly demonstrated in the quartet's initial offering, *Imperfections in a Given Space*, which consisted of its responses to sounds generated electronically by avant-garde composer Cage.

Cage sent a variety of electronic stimuli into the auditorium through a complex of electronic amplification equipment (the sound of an eraser on paper, or of water being swallowed, when amplified a thousandfold, makes for an eerie listening experience indeed!), to which the Jarman

group was to respond musically.

They *did* produce something, to be sure: the bleats, cries, flutters of notes, and calls they unleashed from their instruments as they moved freely through the auditorium made for an unusual listening experience, but it was scarcely what could be called a *musical* experience.

There seemed, for one thing, to be very little in the way of actual interaction with what Cage was generating; it was as though the group were merely sending into the air its own unrelated signals at the same time as the electronic ones were being generated, with little or no regard to ordering or organizing the combined sounds into something meaningful.

There was no true *response* as such, except occasionally from leader Jarman, the group's strongest instrumentalist, who at least seemed to be listening to Cage and attempting to frame replies to him.

The work was perhaps better titled than its composer(s) might have anticipated, for its manifest imperfections and inconclusive nature led to boredom and sterility instead of igniting into the wildly explosive experience it might have been.

Improvisation #4, the quartet's second offering, was cast along more or less orthodox avant-garde lines, with the instruments engaging in a dialog on a freely stated theme.

In this performance, Jarman quite commendably asserted the force and passion and the quick, lively intelligence that flow through his playing, raising it high above that of his fellows in the group. The altoist shapes interesting, molten lines that fuse into a free form like a sculpture of welded metal rods, a combination of tensile strength and lightness.

Trumpeter Bishop, on the other hand, seemed too much imprisoned by his instrument. He has not risen above the mechanics of playing, and most of his lines seemed dictated more by the instrument's fingering patterns than by any direction of his mind or will.

Jarman's quintet was more interesting and a bit more satisfying. The musicianship, for one thing, was generally higher, the group interaction more complete, and the use of three-voice arrangements imparted a dimension (and a point of reference, to be sure) not present in the work of the quartet. But essentially both groups suffered from a very real lack of improvisational fertility.

The quintet negated the effectiveness of its arrangements by permitting each of the three horns far too much solo space.

Again, Jarman impressed as being the most forceful and comfortable (in the sense of being "at home" in the discipline) player.

Tenor saxophonist Anderson at times generated considerable power in his solo sallies, but he gave the impression that he would have been far more compatible in a more mainstream-oriented group. (He has that pre-Coltrane sound, and his lines suggest this orientation as well.) Trumpeter Brimfield varied his effects much more satisfactorily than Bishop, alternating flashes of note-spewing with more reflective passages.

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Perhaps the most impressive of the five musicians, in terms of potential was bassist Clark, a student of Wilbur Ware.

During the three quintet performances, Clark took a number of solos that revealed an imaginative turn of mind, a ready wit, and a more than commendable technical prowess. His lines often terminated in sliding, ululant figures that suggested Indian music, and he peppered his solos with strummed, moving chord passages that were most effective.

Reed is a sensitive ensemble drummer, responding immediately and intelligently to the collective and solo work of the three horns. His rhythms were alive and crackling, creating a shifting pattern of colors and accents, and they generated considerable interest and fire behind the others. But was unimpressive as a soloist.

The few moments of spontaneity and inspired collective playing that accumulated during this otherwise overlong and overambitious concert could not compensate for the general impression of aridity and lifelessness. The spark was struck several times, but finding no tinder, ignited nothing.

—Pete Welding

American Folk Blues Festival

Fairfield Hall, Croydon, London, England

Personnel: Fred McDowell, vocal, guitar; Dr. Isalah Ross, vocal, guitar, harmonica, drums; J. B. Lenoir, vocal, guitar; Buddy Guy, vocal, guitar; Jimmy Leo Robinson, vocal, guitar, electric bass; Walter Horton, vocal, harmonica; Roosevelt Sykes, vocal, piano; Eddie Boyd, vocal, piano; Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton, vocal, drums; Fred Beelow, drums.

The fourth annual pilgrimage of Horst Lippmann's traveling blues show enjoyed somewhat mixed fortunes in the British segment of its European itinerary this year. Possibly because of recent overexposure of blues and near-blues in the United Kingdom, the houses generally were something less than sell-outs. (In Paris, however, the package did two SRO concerts.) The blues movement in England seems in danger of driving itself right into the ground (remember the "trad boom"?), a state of affairs that prompted British promoter Harold Pendleton to exclude the often-seen John Lee Hooker from the blues package during its appearances in Britain (Hooker participated in the Continental part of the tour, however).

Despite the unquestionable integrity of most of the artists, the package evidenced an unevenness of quality, presentation, and pacing. Even without Hooker, the show was overloaded with talent, with the inevitable concomitants of time problems and, consequently, frustrations.

The undoubted hit of the festival was Mississippi singer Fred McDowell, who reached the audience in no uncertain fashion, creating an impact similar to that achieved by Lightnin' Hopkins in last year's festival appearances. McDowell displayed his celebrated bottleneck guitar technique and long lines to great effect, particularly on the perennial *Highway 61*. His is genuine country blues projected with sheer emotion and artistry. He is an artist to be heard at length and savored, but time problems resulted in his playing only two numbers during one Croydon concert.

Also from Mississippi originally was the one-man-band, Dr. Ross, like McDowell

unknown until comparatively recently. Ross came over well on *Cat Squirrel* and *Chicago Breakdown*, although his continued use of bass drum and hi-hat cymbal proved monotonous and irritatingly distracting from his otherwise excellent singing and harmonica and guitar playing.

At the more urban end of the blues scale, Chicago's J. B. Lenoir made a strong impression with his impassioned "protest" announcements and powerfully extroverted singing and guitar playing. His bitterness toward Alabama and all it means to him was reflected in frequent scathing references.

Pianist Boyd, another Mississippian by way of Chicago, did his renowned woman blues, *Five Long Years*, and worked well through *Twenty-Four Hours* and *Bad Luck*, accompanied by house guitarist Guy, bassist Robinson, and the excellent drummer Beelow.

The effervescent Guy, on his second trip to England this year, supplied the main rhythm-and-blues element of the show and was onstage a large portion of the time, either leading his own group (Robinson, Boyd, and Beelow) or backing other artists.

Robinson (billed as "Lonesome Jimmy Lee") had his own feature spot, as did harmonica player Horton, before veteran barrelhouse pianist Roosevelt Sykes showed that he had lost none of his humor, power, or drive in such pieces as the vocal *Night Time Is the Right Time* and the rocking instrumental *Left Foot Boogie*.

The top of the bill in England went to Big Mama Thornton. She stormed earthily—but somewhat untidily—through *You've Got to Move* and *Night Time Is the Right Time* to bring the show to a not altogether spectacular conclusion. Big Mama stayed onstage to lead a diabolical "all in" finale that offered the depressing sight of hand-clappers McDowell, Ross, Horton, and the rest of the cast cavorting around the stage in a vain attempt to achieve a climax that just would not come.

The festival was not, therefore, an unqualified success. The package would undoubtedly benefit by better continuity, fewer acts on the bill, and if a final ensemble number is really essential, surely it's high time a little discipline were added.

—Alan Bates

Tito Puente

Mark Twain Riverboat, New York City

Personnel: Pat Russo, Jimmy Frisaura, Pedro Bologne, Rafael Chaparo, trumpets; Jesus Caunado, alto saxophone, flute; Al Abreu, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Milt Hister, tenor saxophone; Shop Pullman, baritone saxophone; Gil Lopez, piano; Bobby Rodriguez, bass; Puente, drums, vibraphone; Frank Malabe, conga; Jimmy Santana, bongos; Santos Colon, vocals.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,

That all, with one consent, praise newborn gawds,

Though they are made and molded of things past,

*And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gold o'er-dusted.*

—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene 3

If making great jazz were enough to make a man a famous jazzman, the perennially boyish face of Puente would frequently gaze out at us from the covers of

the jazz magazines, this one included.

However, we know that the world wags rather differently—the jazz world too.

Judging by the number of sets, played by some famous jazzmen, that I have yawned my way through in the last decade or two, a Big Reputation in that world often implies a number of other things: novelty, even if achieved at the expense of taste and drive; pretentiousness, usually involving ill-fated attempts to introduce nonjazz elements into the music; more or less deliberate obscurantism, practically guaranteed to arouse an almost religious awe in some listeners (apparently on the theory that anything they don't understand must be pretty deep); and an equally deliberate violation of the tempo requirements for a swinging beat, by playing everything either so fast that what, under more rational treatment, would emerge as a melodic line, becomes a senseless jumble of notes, or so slow that any sense of pulsation or rhythmic surge is lost.

Some of the jazz immortals have repeatedly been guilty of these and other insults to the discriminating ear (my own, of course): Duke Ellington with his gallant (and dull) onslaughts on the longhair orchestral world; John Lewis' solemn (and dull) determination to make like baroque; Miles Davis' earnest (and dull) ersatz flamenco; the innumerable perpetrators of interminable (and dull) drum solos that spoil so many otherwise wonderful sessions. Then there are the men of meager musical gifts like Stan Kenton and Dave Brubeck, with taste enough to employ great jazzmen but a well-nigh unconquerable itch to make them play Improved Music. And so on.

Meanwhile here, all the time, is a cat like Puente, who never has stopped swinging and who also has not forgotten to grow (his music has a fine modern sound) but in a way that is never ostentatious or obtrusive, always natural in feeling and structure. Here he is virtually ignored by the hippies, classed as a "Latin American" band playing essentially to a Latin American following.

There is something especially ironic about this band not being thought of as an outstanding jazz group because of its "Latin" label, for this is a time when nearly every jazz celebrity has self-consciously added the bossa nova to his rhythmic arsenal, most such performers doing only passably what Puente's band does with natural and compelling power. Even the best "Latinized" endeavors of the good jazzmen sound feeble by comparison with the effortless virility of Puente's beat.

Puente, I gather, has done most of the writing for his band himself—and fine, sensitive, fertile writing it is. The voicings are reminiscent of good Ellington; the happy, zany, healthy togetherness of soloists and sections are vintage Woody Herman; but the relentless driving beat and constantly building tension that gets both the band and the dancers shrieking with spontaneous enthusiasm is pure Puente.

If you've wondered where the pleasure went, spend an evening with Puente, and you'll know the answer: right there.

—Ralph Berton

BOOK REVIEWS

Lena, as told to Richard Schickel. Published by Doubleday & Co., 300 pages, \$4.95.

In Person—Lena Horne, as told to Helen Arstein and Carlton Moss. Published by Greenberg, 249 pages, \$4.95.

Yes I Can: The Story of Sammy Davis Jr., as told to Jane & Burt Boyar. Published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 612 pages, \$6.95.

The writing of autobiographies by (or rather for) personalities in music and the other nonliterary arts usually presents problems of varying magnitude to the subject and to the collaborator.

Ideally, of course, the story of a musician or singer should be told in his or her words, and with total recall of things past. The writing style would be of minor importance if the personal quality, and the extent of the recollection, compensated for inadequacies of literary competence. In one instance this almost happened, when Louis Armstrong set out to tell his tale; but some fledgling subeditor at Prentice-Hall got hold of the manuscript and corrected Armstrong's English, thus nearly ruining what could have been a warm, close, and highly readable document.

Neither Lena Horne nor Sammy Davis Jr. lacks the literacy to produce an autobiographical work. The lacks, as in most of these cases, are those of time, inclination, and past writing experience. It is easier to hire a good collaborator, work with a tape recorder, and, if the ears of the colleague are sufficiently sensitive and the attitude of the subject completely honest, the result can be a work of substantial value.

The reader may be surprised to see two Lena Horne books listed above. The reason is that Miss Horne is one of the very few show-business people who has had two autobiographies published within so short a space of time as 15 years. The Arstein-Moss book, published in 1950, probably is now hard to find, but it is of great interest to compare it with the current work, since this points up an inescapable fact: few of us can really remember exactly what happened to us.

The differences between the Horne books are fascinating. For several hours this reviewer sat with both volumes side by side, comparing chapter with chapter and incident with incident.

In many cases there are considerable shifts of emphasis. Miss Horne's humiliating experiences when she was a member of the Charlie Barnet Band in 1941 (and Barnet's sympathetic attitude during those painful months) were discussed in great detail in the earlier book but are glossed over somewhat hastily in the Schickel. On the other hand the full circumstances of her romance with Lennie Hayton, its social overtones, the happiness to which it led, and the personality of Hayton himself were almost entirely ignored in the 1950 book, published not long after the

secret marriage had been made public. In the current work not only is the Hayton-Horne marriage a major point of the last several chapters, but the story of the wedding itself (with arranger Luther Henderson as a prominent participant in the cloak-and-dagger adventure) is also outlined in fascinating detail.

In addition to shifts of emphasis, there are changes of fact. In the earlier book, when one of the Cotton Club hoods heard of her stepfather's intention to take Miss Horne out of the show, they dunked his head in a toilet bowl and threw him out. She was supposed to have had a job lined up with Noble Sissle's band before this happened.

In the Schickel book, however, some of the boys simply followed the stepfather out into the street and beat him up, and it was not until after she was through at the Cotton Club that a friend introduced her to Sissle to see if he could help her.

In the 1950 version, after the breakup of her first marriage, she returned to New York and immediately checked in at the YWCA. In the new version, she got a room at the Theresa Hotel.

Minor factual details such as these are immediately evident. Less obvious are the subtle changes of nuance, the increased candor about sex, intermarriage, and the entire racial scene. Fifteen years ago Miss Horne was involved in the civil rights struggle to the extent then compatible with her understanding of its problems. Today, more sensitive than ever and as intellectually hip as she is beautiful, she is capable of going into these aspects of her life and background at greater length and to more telling effect.

Moreover, she seems to have done better with a single collaborator than she did in 1950 with two.

A strong contrast is seen where Arstein-Moss made innumerable attempts to reconstruct passages of dialog; this is rarely attempted by Schickel. Schickel also has brought out more fully Miss Horne's always sage and thoughtful reflections on her identity as a Negro. A particularly impressive chapter is the account of her meeting, attended also by prominent colleagues in the arts, with Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. His attempts to establish a rapport, she points out, had an effect directly contrary to what was intended.

"I wondered afterward whether he had read any of James Baldwin's books or been briefed on them," her book notes. "If he had, he would have realized that the emotions of Negroes are running so differently from those of white men these days that the comparison between a white man's experience and a Negro's just doesn't work. I don't even think logic works any more. What has made the Negro mood of the moment is not logic. You can't think about his condition or his demands these days in a purely logical way. There is no logic in the way the Negro has been treated, and so, to suddenly start asking the Negro to be logical and reasonable and patient in his demands, which is what Mr. Kennedy was trying to do, was ridiculous to me."

On the musical level the reader will find the book intermittently interesting.

As in the earlier autobiography, she stresses the empathy she has always felt with musicians and particularly her close friendship with Billy Strayhorn and Duke Ellington.

It would be difficult for Lena Horne to appear any lovelier or more gifted in 1965 than she was 15 years ago. Somehow, though, she has become more beautiful both inwardly and outwardly, has matured on every level, and has arrived at a point where she is far more capable today of establishing a statement of identity. *Lena* is an engrossing and generally successful example of the show-business autobiography.

The Sammy Davis story contrasts sharply in many respects with both of Miss Horne's books.

The collaborators, a freelance writer and his wife, have been close friends of Davis for nine years and spent a year or two actually living with him. During this time, their uncannily acute sensitivity to his personality, combined with almost limitless use of a tape recorder, provide them with a powerful advantage.

Like *Lena*, the story of *Yes I Can* inevitably takes on the character not of a show-business autobiography but of a study in U.S. race relations. There are passages that the sensitive reader will find almost too sickening to digest, notably the account of Davis' traumatic Army experience at the hands of white bigots.

The early chapters serve a dually successful purpose. They tell the story of a Negro boy whose background, though it stemmed from Harlem, was directly antithetical to that of Claude Brown, whose recent *Manchild in the Promised Land* was a terrifying story of youth, dope, and crime in Harlem. [Ed. note: see next page for a review of Brown's book.]

At the same time the story of the Will Mastin Trio gives an extraordinarily sensitive picture of old-time vaudeville, of show business in the 1920s and '30s, and of what it was like to be part of a talented but always struggling Negro act waiting for the big break around the corner.

Through the years of success, near tragedy, and ultimate triumph, while telling a story the truth of which sometimes seems almost too brutal to be anything but fiction, Davis' honesty with himself allows him to admit his mistakes, from lack of gratitude to wildness of spending and shallowness of affection. Simultaneously, he is able to furnish the white reader with crushing illustrations of how it feels to be a Negro celebrity to whom everybody is trying much too self-consciously to be polite, kind, and tactlessly tactful. At times these scenes almost resemble one of Lenny Bruce's satires on the white liberal meeting the Negro at the cocktail party.

Curiously, though he plays drums and several other instruments reasonably well, Davis seems to have less direct interest in musicians than has Miss Horne; with him music is merely one of many avocations.

The reconstructed conversation of the early years rings true, and the many dialog passages of the past decade presumably were taken directly off the tape. This reviewer, who has known Davis casually over a period of years, can testify to the

accuracy with which his personality and speech mannerisms are reproduced.

Davis allows the chips to fall on many sensitive feet, not only those of rightist bigots but also on a variety of Negroes and whites of every political and social area where he has encountered prejudice.

Though its relationship to music is only peripheral, *Yes I Can* is indispensable reading for anyone interested in the social backgrounds and environment that led to the development of many great jazzmen, as well as to the evolution of the one-to-a-century genius of a Sammy Davis Jr.

—Leonard Feather

Manchild in the Promised Land. by Claude Brown. Published by MacMillan Co., 415 pages, \$5.95.

We are plodding painfully through an era of black times in which black hands write black thoughts about the blackness of it all.

The range has been wide: from the calculated acrimony of LeRoi Jones through the passionate damnation and brimstone of James Baldwin to the tragic-comedy of Ossie Davis. These are the black men of letters. Dozen of less literary-oriented commentators have cropped up throughout the country.

In soothing rebuttal has come the constant refrain: "Everything's going to be all right, soon." Well, everything is not going to be all right ever—until everyone admits we're in a sad state of affairs.

The period is so confused with guilt and bitterness and ignorance and opportunism that a book like *Manchild in the Promised Land* can become a blind bee in our social bonnet, stinging everyone's sensitivities and raising welts of outrage.

Only one reason can be advanced for the publication—in its existing form—of this book: Brown is a Negro with some fairly graphic remarks to make about the United States' model ghetto—Harlem. There is not even the claim of exclusivity, for his Harlem is a personal composite of the teeming community long harked by writers of varying capabilities.

The protagonist was born, the second of four children, to an indigent couple who had moved to Harlem from the South in the '30s. The Brown family is scantily sketched, but one gets the feeling that this is the typical celluloid group, tailor-made and belched full blown out of Hollywood: the classic, devoted mother, only slightly ignorant and superstitious; a father who provides meagerly for the family between bouts of drinking, brutality, and carousing; two plain, ordinary sisters who endure and persevere; and a younger brother who emulates the hero.

At 5 or so, the protagonist takes to the street, falls in with bad fellows in the neighborhood, and is off on a 12-year binge of petty thievery, intimidation, lying, brutality, etc. He pays periodic dues to society in reform schools, psychiatric observation wards, and detention homes. But fate hovers ever near, and he avoids a life-damaging police record. Fate is not so generous to Brown's friends and fellow hellions. One by one, they are consumed

by disaster and death.

At 17, for reasons never disclosed, Brown leaves Harlem to live in Greenwich Village. He becomes interested in jazz and takes up piano. He returns to school. And as the book skitters to an inconclusive conclusion, we are led to believe that Brown is ready to put the bad blood and gore of Harlem behind him in quest of an education and the "real" things of life.

Perhaps my lifetime of distant deference to companies as big and imposing as MacMillan has been unwarranted. However, I find it hard to believe that this random, unmotivated, inconclusive, disjointed theme would have interested this power 10 years ago—or even today—if the writer were not vocalizing some pretty commercial concepts in the spiciest terms available. This unattractive suspicion is fortified by the slipshod editing.

Someone higher up was concerned more with punch than with punctuation, with what Brown was saying rather than how or when it was being said. The narrative is plagued with poor characterization, ambiguity, repetition, faulty structure, and a confusing, lopsided, uneven style. The author was permitted to indulge in petty mud-slinging against easily identifiable public figures.

For all the story lacks technically, Brown does have an easy, unself-conscious flair for words that enables him to relate personal experience excitingly, with vivid clarity and immediacy.

Novelist-essayist Lillian Smith has said every person has one best-seller to write—the story of his own life. The uniqueness of this book is in its writer's ability to tell this story with much objectivity and to do it in a consistent mode of idiomatic expression.

The language is so precisely accurate that literal definitions of idiomatic expressions, without feeling for the nuances of inflection and circumstances they convey, would be meaningless, even misleading. Brown has attempted to minimize the problem of this usage by explaining it as he goes. But the task is simply too monumental—he has to assume that the reader can feel some identification with the general tone of the book; unfortunately, this does not necessarily hold true. The words are English, and it is very easy to read the words without comprehending the subtlety of the idiom.

This matter of comprehension emphasizes the underlying issue, which is racial sensitivities. The people who view Harlem as a violent, black jungle of degenerates are the ones who will not understand a single subtlety in this book. They will relish the account and point to the literal words to substantiate their limited, biased knowledge. Even now, the book is being hailed as a graphic work depicting "life in Harlem."

This is unfortunate. However, the truth would probably reveal that, all things being equal, the book would never have been printed had Brown presented a more balanced impression of Harlem. The book, then, represents one more in a long line of exploitations. —Barbara Gardner

THOMPSON

(Continued from page 11)

don't realize that we must give respect and love to each other, there just won't be anything left to share. For the joy in life is in giving. . . ."

"What I wish more than anything else," he said, "is that people would become more willing to assume their share of responsibility, which in turn would reward them with more self-confidence and make them less afraid to face reality. And this would make it less enticing for those who are now exploiting them to continue to do so. And surely there is no such thing as a man being able to live without dignity."

If this were to take place, Thompson added, "there would be no such thing as vultures any more. [Vultures is Thompson's term for those who prey on musicians for purposes of exploitation.] For they are successful as vultures only because of the weaknesses of others. But as failures as human beings, they are worthy of being relieved of the title of vultures, and being called unfortunates."

Speaking of his experiences with these "unfortunates," Thompson stated:

"My not having been accepted on a full scale has been the greatest compliment to me. For anyone to be rejected by those who mean so little as human beings should consider it an honor. And when those who are supposed to have power have to work overtime to block one individual's progress, then this makes the honor even more significant. Then, without question, they are the most insecure of all. And as a result, I have always been grateful for the privilege of knowing that my only defense was to stay prepared, in order to give my very best at all times."

Making it clear that he was not "copping out," Thompson pointed out that he has been "a puzzle" to many people. "Many have been under the impression that I'm the unlucky one," he said, "but for some reason they never got around to asking me how I felt about it. They undoubtedly formulated such conclusions because of my not having been as active as others, and have assumed that I don't have the social, political, or monetary pull that others might seem to show. But in my humble opinion, a man is never unlucky, so long as life doesn't demand more than he has to offer, or more than he is willing to give."

"Actually," he continued, "I'm one of the luckiest persons in the world. For I have always been true to what I felt inside, even when I didn't understand its full significance. So therefore, whatever position I may have gained in my profession is not due to any political or social influences, but is a result of my own hard work. And I'm happy to say that at this stage of the game, I've only scratched the surface."

"I chose the road I took. The easiest thing for anyone to do is to sell himself. Today, you even have to stand in line to do that." —Dan Morgenstern

CULT OF PERSONALITY

(Continued from page 19)

but that bag became bigger—a long time ago—than Coltrane knew. Sanders is putting it all together very quickly; when he does, somebody will tell about it. But he can play now. Altoist Paul Allen was the other horn in the group and he can blow—toward a smoother groove, but complicating."

That's great, unless one wants more than a murky picture of what Sanders and Allen play like.

I was curious about the music of Archie Shepp, Roswell Rudd, and John Tchicai when they first achieved attention, and I depended on the professional "new thing" writer-advocates for information about them. The enthusiasm of these critics was evident, but they were not enlightening. This sycophantic approach to criticism may be regarded as constructive by fans who are unswervingly committed to the new music. But what about those who aren't familiar with it and haven't reached an opinion in advance? What good is it to them?

Frankly, I was somewhat surprised to find that Shepp and Tchicai were such commendable musicians.

As I've indicated, reading some pro-

"new thing" critics, one gets the impression that almost every performer connected with the avant-garde is a genius. I agree that Ornette Coleman is a great artist and that the others I've mentioned rate a lot of praise. But there *are* poor musicians connected with the movement—musical athletes (if I may borrow a term from Don Heckman), who try to mask their lack of inventiveness by playing a bushful of notes and freak noises. Complexity and intensity, however, are not the same as ingenuity. Banal, sloppily constructed solos remain such even when played with vigor.

Those writing about the avant-garde ought to present an objective picture and expose its charlatans.

Strangely, a few fine avant-garde musicians have been virtually ignored by the new-thing publicists. A few years ago altoist Sonny Simmons and flutist Prince Lasha made an excellent album (*The Cry*, Contemporary). Why haven't "new thing" spokesmen pushed them harder? Not just because they aren't current members of the New York "in" group, I hope.

Another talented new-thinger who seems to be out is trumpeter Don Ellis. His output has been uneven, but the best of it is very good.


The impressive work of the British

experimenters Joe Harriott, Shake Keane, and Pat Smythe has been given little if any notice by "new thing" spokesmen. I don't know the reason for their attachment to one particular group of avant-gardists, but it's not healthy in any event.

Like moldy figs and mainstreamers, the "new thing" enthusiasts I speak of have shopped around to pick their heroes and know in advance that they're going to go nuts over their albums and concerts.

Many a talented jazzman whose playing doesn't fall into a particular category and who doesn't belong to an "in" clique is going to be ignored—such musicians have been in the past—because of this cult-of-personality business, while less gifted men collect accolades.

It's a sad business, one that jazz could do without. I urge jazz listeners to think independently instead of accepting uncritically positions that may be irrational, to judge the artists as individuals, remembering that even the great ones can have faults and weak moments.

If more listeners would disregard dogmatic positions and listen a little more closely to the music, maybe there'd be less distortion of jazz history in the future. 

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FLANAGAN

(Continued from page 21)

what you were going to do. 'You've got the intro,' the leader would say. Now, I like to make up intros for a cat to follow, but it gets to be almost too much when you're asked to do this every time you go into a studio. Sometimes you have to think up the ending, too, and the 'blowing' date becomes more of a 'thinking' date.

"You can think more than you can write, but you don't get credit for it, and it leads to doing more of the same. In a way, you're taken advan-

tage of, if they know you can do it without an arrangement."

After the months at the Roundtable, Flanagan freelanced around New York until he made the first of many recordings with Coleman Hawkins, which he found to be "a gas; I always dug him, and he kind of liked what I played. Having played clarinet and some saxophone, I knew he was the master of his instrument. He has big ears, and no one his age thinks like him. He doesn't care what he loses if there's something to gain. After we'd made a second album, we had some dates together. I was at the Metropole with him and Roy El-

dridge; we worked in Hartford and Schenectady; we went to South America and Europe. Most of that time, if we hadn't a gig, we were in the studio. When we came back from Europe, we were a quartet, and I was happy just working with Coleman. The time with him was very enjoyable, and it still is, because I like getting together with him."


There was a lull then, until Flanagan got a call from guitarist Jim Hall. The Five Spot club had moved to a new address and hadn't got its cabaret license. Without it the club could not hire drummers. So Hall and Flanagan, with Percy Heath playing bass, went in.

"I hadn't worked like that since Detroit," he said, "and we got into something there. Jim plays such good rhythm that I liked playing without drums. We ought to have recorded after about the second week, when it was hot, when we knew what we could do and how far we could go. After that, I went with Ella Fitzgerald again, after my second baby was born."

Though numerous records attest to his excellence as an accompanist, it is not a role entirely satisfying to him.

"I don't really like the way I've been playing lately," he said. "I've been accompanying so much. It's all right if that is what you want to do. But Ellington's is my ideal approach to music. If I could ever write something that would have that kind of impact on people. . . . I'm talking of writing a piece of music, not arranging. I've not written anything I'm proud of, but a lot of what I've done could be extended orchestrally. I'm equipped, I think, to write down anything I want to hear. I'd like to write backgrounds for Coleman Hawkins. I could write something for just a rhythm section that would inspire him. If you give him the idea, and he likes it, he's gone with it!"

"Of course, everybody needs time to be by himself to do that kind of thing, and I've never given myself time. You're supposed to be able to think beyond what you play as you are improvising, just as you've got to think *before* you play. Everything just doesn't come that spontaneously, although your fingers can take you a lot of the way. Certainly fingers repeat patterns. In fact, they do it *too* often. But sometimes, if they happen to be misguided, you can think your way through."

Perhaps Flanagan's future does lie in composition and arranging, but in any event, it is nice to know that someone who has achieved so much so uncompromisingly, and in so short a time, is far from satisfied. 



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Stereo Shopping With Chris White

By Charles Graham

"An accident, really, was how I started to play bass," said Dizzy Gillespie's bass player, Chris White. "I was a pretty good trombone player in the high school symphony orchestra and a fast reader. So when our director needed a bass player, he figured it would be easier to convert somebody who could already read the bass clef. He 'volunteered' me for it, even though I didn't really like bass that much and would have been happy to stay with trombone."

White did like the bass viol after he started—enough to stay with it after high school through three years of premedical studies at City College of New York.

"I was planning to be a doctor, too," White said, "even though I took the bass seriously enough to study with several top symphonic players," including Philip Sklar, at that time first bassist with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, and Robert Bernard, today the first-chair man with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. White finally decided to switch to music and enrolled at the Manhattan School of Music.

While there, he began jobbing and worked briefly in a group with Cecil Taylor. He was deeply impressed with the avant-garde pianist, saying, "Cecil was my biggest jazz influence before Dizzy. You might call me a transition bass player, between what I've gotten from him and Diz. I think Cecil has taught me what the new musicians are trying to do, and through John Birks I've learned a lot about the rest of it. When I first joined Dizzy, I didn't even understand bebop."

White's first full-time music job was with pianist Bernard Peiffer's trio on a 1959 tour. Then he worked intermittently with Sal Salvador's big band in New York, which rehearsed a lot but played all too few engagements.

In 1961 he joined singer Nina Simone, gaining experience with her on the jazz-festival circuit and in tours. Late that year he worked for two weeks in New York City's now-defunct Birdland, playing bass for Nigerian drummer Michael Olatunji. Gillespie's quintet was playing opposite. One night when Gillespie's bassist couldn't make the gig, White filled in, and two months later the trumpeter hired him full time. He has been with Gillespie since.

When he was a youngster, his parents got a big Zenith radio-phonograph on which, he said, "I heard much Bach and other classical composers as well as lots of ethnic and calypso music but no jazz." Nor was there any jazz played on the Admiral console the family got a few years later. After he left home and began traveling, he didn't have a phonograph at home again until this year.

"I'd rather not have any player at all than a machine with inferior tone," he explained. "Like the time when I couldn't afford a good bass violin. I used to practice in my head, instead of on the bass I had for six months, but I would play on Sklar's wonderful instrument when I'd go to his house for my lessons."

White had seen many record-playing systems during his travels, including components setups. He'd saved \$600 with which to buy a good one, and settled tentatively on an all-in-one stereo FM tuner-amplifier (called "receiver" when all on one chassis), the Fisher Model 400, which lists for \$280. He expected to be able to save about 15 percent of the total price by shopping around. This left about \$270 for the turntable and two loud-speakers.

White looked at record changers and manual turntables and listened to them

White chose the top machine Garrard makes, the Lab-80, which lists for \$100 and has several features that appealed to him, including a cueing control that permits one to place the tone arm over any part of the record and then, by pressing the proper lever, lower the needle automatically into the desired groove. The Garrard also has another lever that raises the arm and keeps it suspended just over the spinning disc. It then can be positioned forward or back before being lowered again on cue automatically. In record-changing position, it plays any size of record at all regular speeds.

White selected the Pickering V-15 AME-1 cartridge, which costs \$30 and incorporates every advance that manufacturers of phonograph pickups have developed, including the elliptically shaped (instead of conically shaped) diamond stylus for best



with various records, especially solo piano. Discovering that they all sounded alike to him, he asked what accounted for the price difference. It was explained that higher-price changers remain trouble-free longer and include extra operating features. Manual turntables sacrifice the convenience of automatic changing, but they are much simpler machines, made with greater precision, and are less likely to get out of adjustment.

White said he wanted a changer, because he often likes to put on a stack of records, but also liked to be able to move the needle to replay parts of a record. He was shown several "automatic" turntables—changers that also have a manual position.

Chris White's home music system and costs:


Fisher 400 FM receiver	\$280
Garrard Lab-80 turntable	\$100
Pickering V-15 AME-1	\$ 30
Fisher XP-7 speakers (each)	\$140
Koss Stereophones	\$ 29
Sony 200 tape recorder	\$230

tracking of the grooves toward the center of the record.

As is so often the case, White had the greatest trouble deciding what speakers to buy. He had allotted himself \$100 to \$150 for each of the two speakers. He was impressed with several brands of acoustic suspension speakers.

He listened to a playback of a Lime-light record by Gillespie's group made recently, *Jambo Caribe*, on which White plays guitar on several tracks while the group's pianist, Kenny Barron, plays bass.

He found it difficult to choose between two similar-sounding loud-speakers made by different manufacturers, but he finally decided on the Fisher XP-7, which lists for \$140, because, he said, of "its extraordinary bass reproduction."

White set up his equipment with long lines of lamp cord running to each loud-speaker. He already had a good tape recorder, the Sony 200, which he connected into the Fisher, so he can record either FM radio programs or LPs onto tape. And, of course, he now can play back tapes through the speakers. 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

successful with its Sunday afternoon concerts at the Apartment, in Oakland, that the club has booked it for regular weekend gigs . . . Brazilian pianist **Jono Donato's** trio played several nights at El Matador here, preceding vibist **Cal Tjader's** engagement, and followed with a weekend at the Trident in Sausalito before pianist-singer **Jean Hoffman's** combo began an eight-month stay . . . Saxophonist-flutist **Virgil Gonsalves'** quartet is playing a rare gig here—perhaps in the nation. The combo is working (musically) weekends at Country Club Billiards, one of those posh, high-camp poolrooms that have begun flourishing across the nation. Gonsalves' associates are pianist **Larry Vuchovich**, bassist **Tom Beeson**, and drummer **Art Lewis**.

BOSTON: Jimmy Bird of radio station WILD presented a jazz concert at the Back Bay Theater that included the **Count Basie Band**, pianist **Ray Bryant**, altoist **Hank Crawford's** band, the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**, saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, and singer **Lou Rawls** . . . Club 47, Inc., long noted for its folk presentations (**Joan Buez** and **Jackie Washington** started there), has added a jazz evening to its weekly schedule. Groups led by tenorist **Sam Rivers** and altoist **Ken McIntyre** played alternating Monday nights, and the response has been such that Sunday afternoon sessions may become part of the schedule . . . Channel 2's *Jazz* has started to stretch out. In addition to the live Wednesday program on television, radio stations in Boston, Amherst, and Albany, N.Y., will carry the program's sound portion simultaneously . . . Cornetist **Ruby Braff's** sextet included trombonist **Gene DiStasio**, tenorist **Jimmy Mosher**, pianist **Ray Santisi**, bassist **Tony Eira**, and drummer **Dick Berk** during its recent engagement at the Jazz Workshop . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike has had a full month musically. The **Count Basie Band** was followed by a group led by tenorist **Billy Mitchell** with vocalist **Jran Bonard**. After their two-week stint, flutist **Herbie Mann's** octet did a week, followed by the **Thelonious Monk Quartet**.

PHILADELPHIA: Trenton jazz pianist **Kirk Nurock**, now enrolled at the Juilliard School of Music in New York City to study composition, is one of five students getting private instruction from composer **Vincent Persichetti**. Nurock, 17, commutes daily from his New Hope home in Bucks County, Pa. . . . The **Shorter** brothers of Newark were in town on the same night recently, tenor man **Wayne** with **Miles Davis** at the Show Boat and trumpeter **Allen** for a concert at the Philadelphia College of Music. **Allen** used drummer **Dick Berk**, alto saxophonist **Marion Brown**, and bassist **William Bennett**. The brothers are scheduled to make their first record together soon, for Blue Note . . . The Show Boat and Pep's plan to close for the first two weeks

of January . . . Tenorist **Paul Gonsalves** used a night off from the **Duke Ellington Band** to play a Sunday night date at Henderson's Club 50 in Trenton. Trumpeter **Cat Anderson** sat in with his fellow Ellingtonian and was scheduled to return in December on his own. Other December Club 50 bookings: clarinetist **Tony Scott**, trombonist **Bill Watrous**, and reed man **Jerome Richardson**. Artists scheduled for early 1966 include trombonist **J.J. Johnson**, tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, and trumpeters **Ernie Royal**, **Roy Eldridge**, and **Clark Terry**. Eldridge was also set for one of his infrequent Philadelphia bookings at the Show Boat late in December . . . Singer **Chris Connor** was in town to appear on **Sid Mark's** television show . . . The **Swingle Singers** recently appeared in concert at Villanova University.

WASHINGTON: Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** completed his eighth year (with time off for concerts and other road dates) at the Showboat Lounge in December . . . After many months at Stouffer's Restaurant, pianist **John Eaton** is now at the Silver Fox, located on Wisconsin Ave. near the Maryland state line. . . Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge** will be at **Tommy Gwaltney's** Blues Alley for two weeks Jan. 10-22. Three attractive and highly skilled singers were in the guest-star spot at the Georgetown club during October and November: **Lurlean Hunter**, **Ann Read**, and **Carole Sloane**. Miss Hunter, with a stunning gown change for every set, silenced the sometimes noisy Alley crowd with her large voice, warm personality, and impeccable enunciation. Washington's own Miss Read warmed up some old tunes associated with **Billie Holiday**, and Miss Sloane demonstrated that she understood the melodic grace of many a **Duke Ellington** song. Clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko** returned to Blues Alley for two weeks recently. Singer **Jimmy Rushing** was in from Dec. 6 to 18. Singer **Joya Sherrill** is booked to open Feb. 7 . . . **Bobby Timmons** continues as a kind of house pianist at Bohemian Caverns, working with a trio and also backing guest stars ranging from singer **Joe Carroll** to **Andy and the Bey Sisters** . . . Pianist **Reuben Brown**, known to many Washingtonians for his work with the local **Billy Taylor Trio**, is now part of the **Jimmy Adams Trio** at Charley's in Georgetown. Adams plays bass, and the drummer is **Guy Vespoint**. Meanwhile, the Taylor trio (led by the bass-playing son of the swing-era bassist, **Billy Taylor**) is completing another year at the Cafe Lounge on Connecticut Ave. . . . That return to a music policy at the Merryland Club didn't last long. About three weeks. Owner **Olivia Davis** is now back with strippers only.

BALTIMORE: Two local clubs that had abstained from jazz since last summer have taken it up again. The North End Lounge booked the quintet of drummer **Max Roach** for one in late November and promises more name jazz

to follow. Roach's personnel included trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**, recently returned from Europe. Crosstown, the Lexington West had vocalist **Etta Jones** early in December, followed by altoist **Hank Crawford's** band for a week . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society presented the quartet of multireedist **Roland Kirk** in concert Nov. 21. The following Sunday a quintet made up of trumpeter **Johnny Coles**, tenorist **Hank Mobley**, pianist **Ted Carson**, bassist **Wilbur Little**, and drummer **Bertell Knox** was featured. December's lineup included a double-header with pianist **Shirley Horn** and her trio paired with an all-Baltimore quartet of tenorist **Mickey Fields**, pianist **Claude Hubbard**, bassist **Phil Harris**, and drummer **Pernell Rice**. Baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams** played a return engagement for the LBJS on Dec. 12, headlining a quintet that included trumpeter **Blue Mitchell**, pianist **Duke Pearson**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Joe Chambers**. Tenorist **Lucky Thompson** followed with a quintet on Dec. 19.

NEW ORLEANS: The Blue Room of the Roosevelt Hotel, which has shied from jazz acts, is in for an overhauling, according to **Richard Swig**, the hotel's new owner. Swig said he plans to do away with the room's Victorian decor and its near-Victorian entertainment policy and added that the room will bring in big names in show business and jazz, with **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Nancy Wilson** as possible bookings . . . The Holiday House is the site of a new series of modern sessions on weekends. Reed man **David Lastie** leads a quintet that includes **Emile Vinet**, piano; **George French**, bass; **David Lastie**, drums; and **Benjamin Stewart**, conga drums . . . Pianist-vocalist **Effie** replaced **Phil Rundy** in the Living Room at the Playboy Club. The Playboy has booked **Teddi King** and **Ruth Brown** for February appearances, during the Mardi Gras season . . . Bassist **Bill Huntington** played several weeks with pianist **Bill Cannon's** trio at the Black Knight before joining **Ronnie Dupont's** trio at the Cellar . . . **Sandra and Allan Jaffe** of Preservation Hall have booked a traditional group for a concert tour in the New Haven, Conn., area. The band is composed of trumpeter **Kid Howard**, trombonist **Jim Robinson**, tenor saxophonist **John Handy**, and drummer **Sammy Penn**. A pianist and a banjoist from Connecticut will join the group for the tour, as will British clarinetist **Sammy Rimington**, who recently took up residence in Bridgeport, Conn., where he plays with the **Easy Riders Jazz Band**.

MIAMI: Reed man **Charlie Austin's** quartet (**Eric Knight**, piano; **Bob Thomas**, bass; and **Dave Nuby**, drums) presented a jazz concert Dec. 10 for UNESCO at the Miami Public Library . . . The **Cannonball Adderley Quintet** was featured in concert at the Miami Beach Convention Hall on Dec. 4. **Aretha Franklin** was the featured vocalist . . . Singer **Al Hibbler** played Harry's American Bar in the Eden Roc Hotel on Miami Beach. He

was backed by pianist **Roland Hanna's** trio . . . Tenor saxophonist **Flip Phillips** recently was featured at the Beach Club Hotel in Fort Lauderdale . . . The Nov. 22 jazz concert at the Happening in the Barcelona Hotel in Miami Beach spotlighted the **Dolph Castellano** Quartet . . . Trombonist **Pee Wee Hunt** returned to the Oceania Lounge in Fort Lauderdale; he was on the same bill with **Andy Bartha's** Deep South Dixieland Band. Bartha's group opens Jan. 14 at Mickey's Cricket Club in Pompano Beach . . . Jazz pianist **Herbie Broek** recently opened at the 700 Club in Coral Gables . . . Vocalist-pianist **Hal Frazier** closed Nov. 27 at the Playboy Club. The **Bill Rico** Trio is now in its fourth year at the hutch . . . Miami-Dade Junior College south campus featured altoist **Paul Winter's** group Nov. 20.

LAS VEGAS: The Colonial House, hitherto merely a piano bar, is set to book local jazz groups on a six-day after-hours basis. The **Steve Perlow** Nine and the **Carl Fontana** Quartet will introduce the new policy . . . **Benny Goodman** is attempting to recruit local men for his four-week stand at the Tropicana Hotel. Some of the men he wishes to use, however, cannot gain temporary releases from their regular gigs, so he may need to import bandmen . . . With **Hurry James** also due at the Flamingo for the holiday season, the Strip will have more big-band sounds than for many a Yuletide . . . Tenor saxophonist **Georgie Auld** returned here recently with plans for a new act, rumored to feature four girl singers . . . Singer **Nita Cruz** has an excellent unit backing her on the early shift at the Flamingo Hotel's lounge. The leader is reed man **Irv Gordon** on tenor saxophone and flute, and the group comprises **Art Vasquez**, trumpet, valve trombone; **George Pollak**, piano; **Ralph Enriquez**, bass; and **Mo Mahoney**, drums . . . Drummer **Colin Bailey** has taken over the drum chair behind comedian **Jerry Lewis** at the Sands in order to allow its former occupant, **Bill Richmond**, to concentrate on his movie script-writing activities for Lewis' production outfit.

TORONTO: Cornetist **Ruby Braff**, accompanied by the **Jimmy Coxson** Trio, played two weeks at Club 76 at the same time singer **Jimmy Rushing** and pianist **Teddy Wilson** were pulling in the patrons at the Colonial Tavern. In Wilson's group were drummer **Ed Thigpen**, alto saxophonist **Pat Riccio**, and bassist **Doug Wilson** . . . The **Bernie Pilitch** Quartet has been playing for the late Saturday night crowds at the Bohemian Embassy club . . . Guitarist-singer **Lonnie Johnson** is at Steele's Tavern, while his former haunt, the Penny Farthing, presents **Jimmy McHarg's** Metro Stompers on week-ends . . . Visiting musicians in the downtown taverns have included singer-pianist **Blossom Dearie** and tenorist **Sam (The Man) Taylor** at the Town and **Earl Warren's** sextet at the Colonial. In the Warren group are **Emmett Berry** and **Jimmy Tyler**. **Olive Brown** is the vocalist

. . . Clarinetist **Edmond Hall** played two weeks at Club 76 recently . . . The **Jimmy Dorsey** Orchestra, directed by trumpeter **Lee Castle**, played for the Toronto Musicians Association's annual dance at the Royal York Hotel.

LONDON: The Marquee Club was the site of a recent appearance by the new big band of pianist-arranger **Harry South**. Band members included **Tubby Hayes**, **Ronnie Scott**, **Ian Carr**, **Phil Seamen**, **Keith Christie**, and **Dick Morrissey** . . . Tenorist **Benny Golson** played two weeks at **Ronnie Scott's** club accompanied by the **Stan Tracey** Trio. **Ernestine Anderson**, who now lives in England, is sharing the bill with reed man **Yusef Lateef** at the club until Jan. 15. Following them will be singer **Mark Murphy** and the organ-drums duo of **Alan Haven** and **Tony Crombie** . . . **Duke Ellington** opens a short tour at London's Royal Festival Hall Feb. 12. **Ella Fitzgerald** will be sharing the second half of six concerts with the band . . . Hungarian bassist **Aladar Pege** will make his first trip to Britain this month leading a trio or quartet, while Poland's **Zbigniew Namislowski's** quartet plans to make its second visit here in March. Meanwhile, singer **Annie Ross** was among artists appearing at the Warsaw Jazz Jamboree early in December . . . Blues men **Roosevelt Sykes** and **St. Louis Jimmy Oden** will tour Britain from Jan. 28 to Feb. 20 . . . On Jan. 21 **Tubby Hayes** flies to Amsterdam to appear on a half-hour television program; then he goes to Oslo, Norway, where he will record several of his own compositions and arrangements with the Norwegian radio network band led by **Thorlief Ostereng**.

POLAND: The Polish Jazz Federation has organized a lecture course for jazz musicians. Lectures have been given by several Polish jazzmen as well as two foreign ones, Swedish drummer **Rune Carlsson** and U.S. trumpeter **Ted Curson**, both of whom participated in the recently held International Jazz Jamboree. The federation recently received government authorization to organize jazz concerts, and a special concert agency has been set up within the federation . . . Jazz pianist **Krzysztof Komeda** has written the musical score for a new film made by Polish film director **Roman Polanski** in London. The assignment duplicates the earlier Komeda-Polanski collaboration on the award-winning *Knife in the Water*. The new film is titled *A Hole in the Water* . . . Top Polish jazz musician **Andrzej Kurylewicz** has resigned as leader of the Radio Jazz Big Band in order to manage a small Warsaw jazz club, where he will appear with his combo and his vocalist wife, **Wanda Warska** . . . After its successful appearance at the International Jazz Festival in Prague, the Polish jazz ballet troupe, **Phantom**, received important bookings at festivals and on television shows throughout Europe. The troupe consists of six dancers who perform to advanced jazz, both recorded and live.



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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 Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
 Basie's: Willie Bobo to 1/23.
 Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.
 Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn. Jack Reilly, Sun. Jazz at Noon, Mon.
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.
 Coronet (Brooklyn): Vera Auer, 1/4-9.
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamha, hb. Sessions, Sun.
 Dom: Tony Scott, tfn.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
 Embers West: Illinois Jacquet to 1/8. Joe Shulman, hb.
 Five Spot: Art Blakey, tfn.
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetting, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
 Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach): Lee Shaw, tfn.
 Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing, to 1/16.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson, tfn.
 Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
 Kenny's Steak Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed.-Fri.
 L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
 Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Trull, tfn.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: name dance bands.
 Minton's Playhouse: name jazz groups.
 Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
 Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
 Plantation Room (Asbury Park, N.J.): Tal Farlow, Don Friedman, Vinnie Burke, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Monty Alexander, Ray Starling, Nat Jones, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zully Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
 Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
 Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
 Val Anthony's (Roslyn Heights): Sol Yaged, Mon.
 Village Gate: jazz, wknds.
 Village Vanguard: Mose Allison to 1/2. Sessions, Mon.
 Well's: Abbey Lincoln, tfn.
 Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

TORONTO

Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
 George's Spaghetti House: Pat Riccio, 1/17-22.
 Last Chance Saloon: Larry Duhin, tfn.
 Penny Farthing: Jim McIlrath, tfn.
 Town: Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 1/3-15.
 Windsor Arms: Herbie Helbig, tfn.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
 Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
 Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff-Tones, tfn.
 Floral Steak House: Danny Camacho-Bill Tanneberg-Bob Purcell, tfn.
 Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: Johnny Hartman to 1/2. Charlie Mariano, 1/3-9. Roland Kirk, 1/10-16. Freddie Hubbard, 1/17-23.
 Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: unk.
 Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.
 Paul's Mall: Dave Blume, tfn.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, hb.
 Oceania Lounge (Fort Lauderdale): Andy Bartha to 1/13.
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.
 South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Buck's: The Groovers, tfn.
 Club Casino: Soul Brothers, tfn.
 Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.
 Heritage House: Jerry Clifford, tfn.
 Judge's: The Progressions, tfn.
 Keystone: The Admirals, tfn.
 Krazy Kat: Jimmy McKnight, tfn.

Le Coq D'Or: African Jazz Quartet, tfn.
 Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.
 Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.
 Martick's: Brad Wines, tfn.
 Moe's: Dave Ross, tfn.
 North End: Bill Byrd, tfn.
 Phil Burke's: George Eckler, tfn.
 Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, tfn.
 Sperl's: Gene Franklin, Pier 5, tfn.
 Steve's: Jolly Jax, tfn.
 Sweeney's: Sal Massi, tfn.
 Well's: George Jackson, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 1/31-2/5.
 Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates-Tony De-Nicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.
 Eagle (Trenton): Wolverines, tfn.
 Kreechmer's: Billy Kreechmer-Conrad Jones, hb.
 Three Chefs: Demon Spiro, tfn.
 Trenton War Memorial: Louis Armstrong, 1/28-2/6.
 Woodland Inn (Abington): Ron Parker, tfn.

CHICAGO

The Bulls: Pieces of Eight, Sun.
 Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn. Prince James, Mon., Tue.
 Islander Lounge: Prince James, Wed., Sat.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
 London House: Ramsey Lewis to 1/2. Jonah Jones, 1/4-23.
 Maxim's: Paul Friedman, Fri.-Sat.
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hb.
 Moroccan Village: Kansas Fields, Joe Killian.
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, tfn.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Goffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Inco, hb.
 Plugged Nickel: Miles Davis to Jan. 2.
 Rathskellar: Gene Esposito, Thur.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: unk.
 Black Knight: Bill Gannon, Jan Allison, tfn.
 Cellar: Ronnie Dupont, tfn.
 Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 El Morocco: Magnificent 4 + 1, tfn.
 Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, tfn.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
 Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
 Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.
 Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours wknds.
 Kolo's Korner: Ronnie Kole, tfn.
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
 Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Effie, tfn.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-noon.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

DALLAS

Black Garter: Don Jacoby, hb.
 Blue Note: Contemporary Jazz Sextet, tfn. Sessions, Sun.
 Commonwealth: Ernie Johnson, tfn.
 Fink Mink: Banks Dimon, tfn.
 King's Club: John Farley, hb.
 Levee: Ed Bernet, wknds.
 Music Box: Jack Peirce, hb. Shirley Murray.
 Twentieth Century: Dan McCleskey, Ralna Hendrix, tfn.
 Twenty-One Turtle Creek Club: Ray Herrera, Char Lovett, Ray Mendios, tfn.
 The Villager: Juvey Gomez, tfn. Penny Metropolitan, wknds.

LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: Steve Perlow, Carl Fontana.
 Flamingo Hotel: Russ Black, hb.
 Fremont Hotel Theater: Nat Brandywynne, hb.

Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, Jack Cathcart, hb.
 Sahara Hotel: Louis Basile, hb.
 Sands Hotel: Red Norvo, Al Morelli, Vido Musso, hb. Frank Sinatra, Count Basie, 1/5-18.
 Torch Club: Jimmy Cook, Tue. Bill Trujillo-Archie LeCoque, Thur. Avante-Gardes, Fri. Charles McLean, Sat. Rick Davis, Letti Luce, Sun. Bunny Phillips-Ronnie DiFillips, hb.
 Tropicana: Benny Goodman to 1/12. George Shearing, 1/13-26. Eddie DiSantis, hb.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Hilton Hotel: Freddie Karger, tfn.
 Beverly Rodeo Hotel: Morty Jacobs, tfn.
 Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
 Bowman-Mann Galleries (Beverly Hills): jazz concerts, Sun.
 Cappy's (Van Nuys): Ray Bauduc, Bob McCracken, Mon.-Tue.
 Cascades (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Sun.-Mon.
 Cavalier (Montebello): Al Morgan, Buddy Banks, tfn.
 Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
 Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun.
 Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dads, tfn.
 400 Club: Mirth Francois, Frank Perry, tfn.
 4 Winds (Huntington Beach): Charlie LaVere, Sun.-Mon.
 Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, Tue.-Sat.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
 Hacienda (Fresno): Four Freshmen, Sue Raney, 1/27-2/9.
 Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
 Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.
 Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
 Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Mike Riley, Fri.-Sat.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
 International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.
 It Club: Gene Russell, Mon. Jimmy Smith opens 1/28.
 July Jug (South El Monte): Roger Stillman, Doc Canardo, Johnny Zarr, Fri.-Sat.
 Kabuki Theater: afterhours sessions, Sat.
 Leapin' Liz's: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Art Blakey to 1/9.
 Jazz Crusaders, 1/14-23. Mongo Santamaria, 1/28-2/13. Howard Rumsey, 2/14-17.
 Living Room: Gene Russell, Sun.
 Lucky's (Anaheim): Hal Lotzenhiser, tfn.
 Marty's: Bill Green, tfn.
 Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn. Various groups, Mon.
 Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, tfn.
 Officers' Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
 Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
 Pasadena Civic Auditorium: Nancy Wilson, 2/19.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, hb.
 Raven Room (Westminster): June Derry, Tues.-Sat.
 Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
 Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
 Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.
 Roaring '20s (Beverly Hills): Hot Toddy's Dixielanders, Wed.-Sat.
 Shakey's (Hollywood): Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Les McCann to 1/9.
 Thelonious Monk, 1/11-27. Shelly Manne, Mon.
 Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago, tfn.
 Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.
 Wagon Wheel Inn (West Covina): Rick Fay, Paul Gardner, Billy Devroe, tfn.
 Ward's Jazzyville (San Diego): Adam Cato, Leon Petties, hb.
 Yerba Linda Country Club: Bobbie Douglas, Fri.-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Oscar Brown Jr. to 1/22.
 Woody Herman, 2/2-5. Count Basie, 2/7-8.
 Jimmy Smith, 2/9-26.
 Both/And: John Handy to 1/16.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
 El Mutador: Vince Guaraldi to 1/8.
 Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morell, wknds.
 Hungry 1: Eddie Duran, hb.
 Jazz Workshop: Mongo Santamaria to 1/15.
 Les McCann, 1/11-23. Thelonious Monk, 1/25-2/6. Hank Crawford, 2/8-20. Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee, 2/22-3/6. Zoot Sims, 3/8-13.
 Jimmy Rushing, Junior Mance, 3/15-27. Horace Silver, 3/29-4/24. Wynton Kelly, Wes Montgomery, 4/26-5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-29. Herbie Mann, 5/31-6/12.
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, hb.
 Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman to 1/23.

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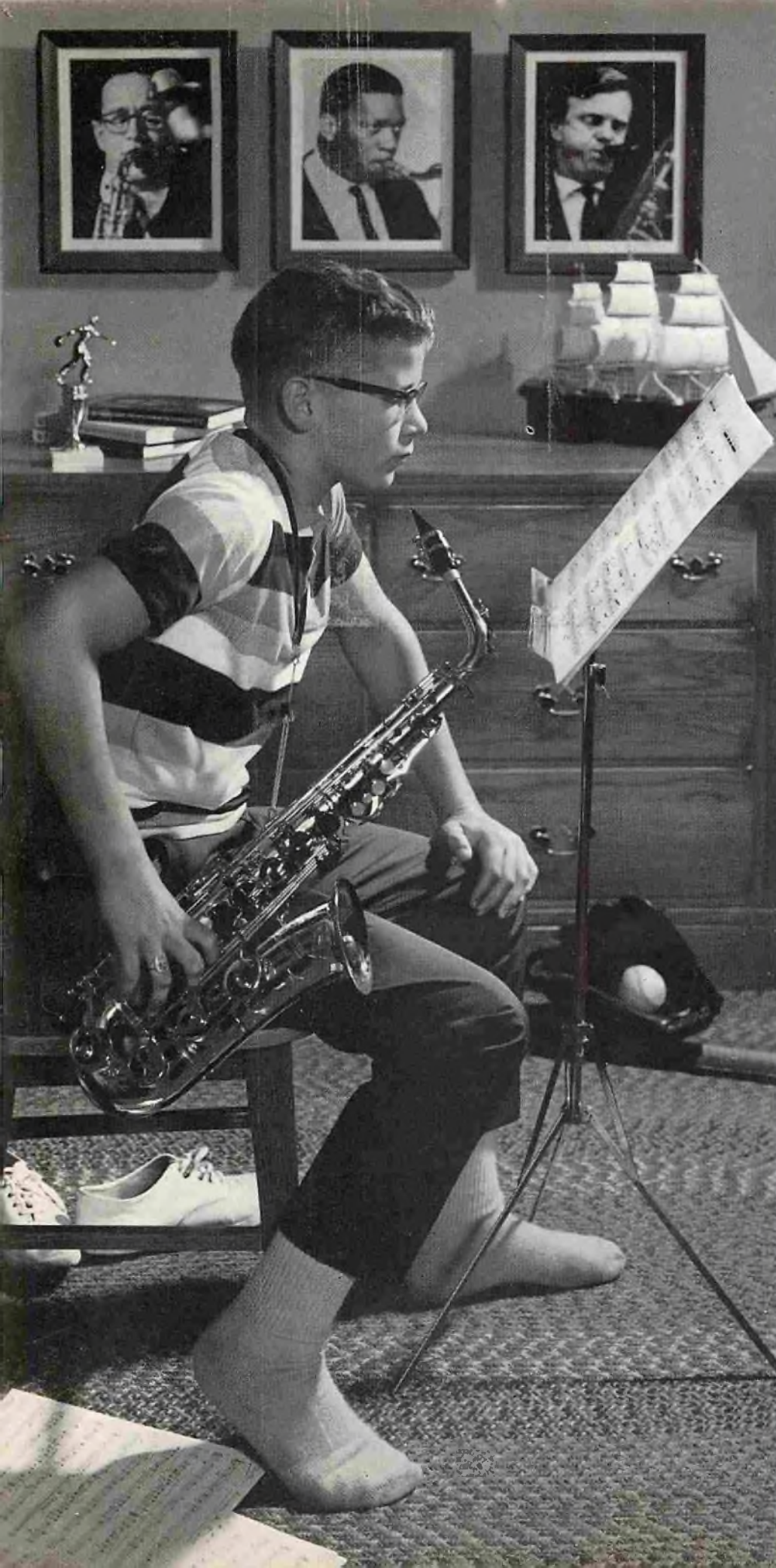
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