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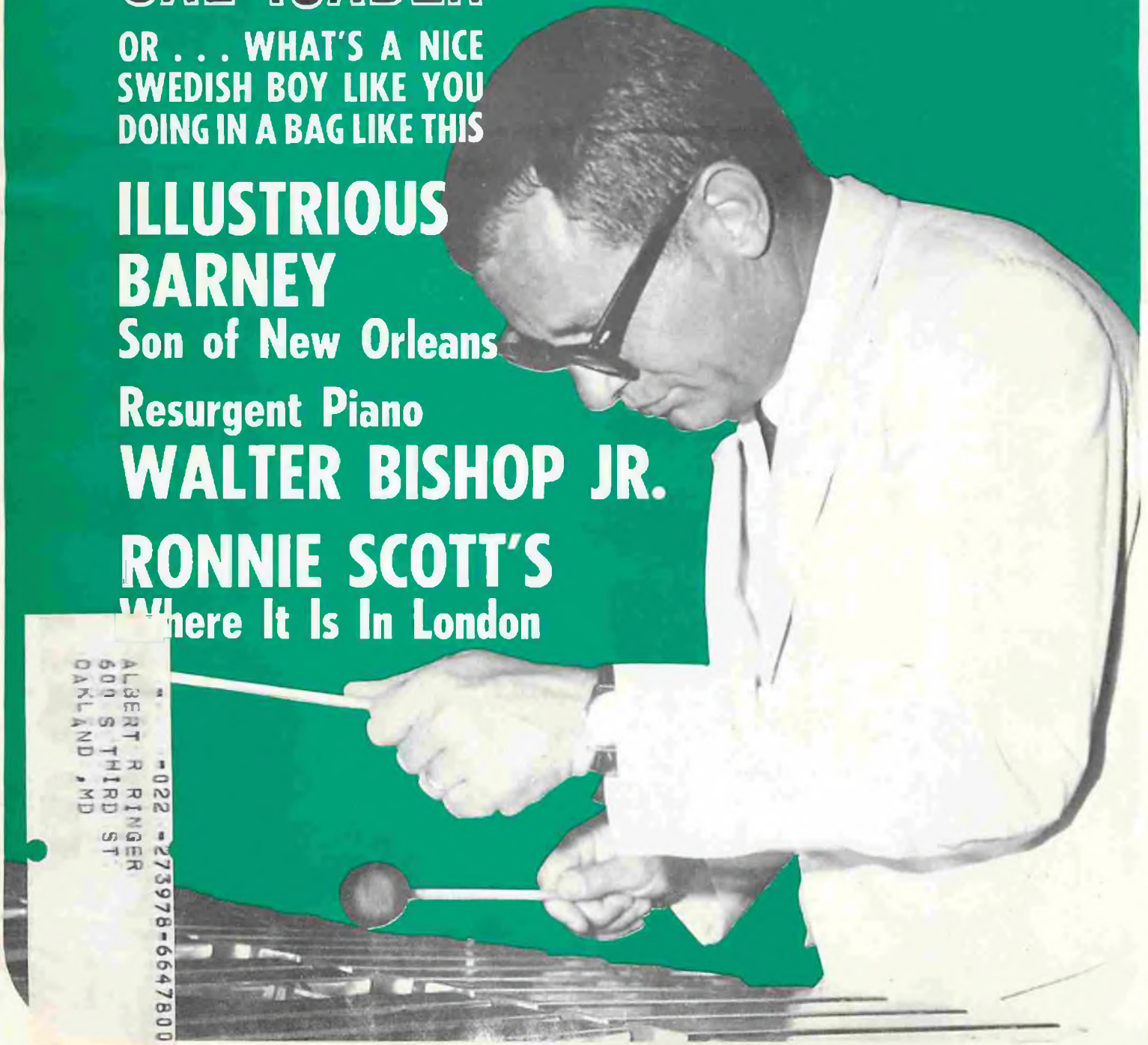

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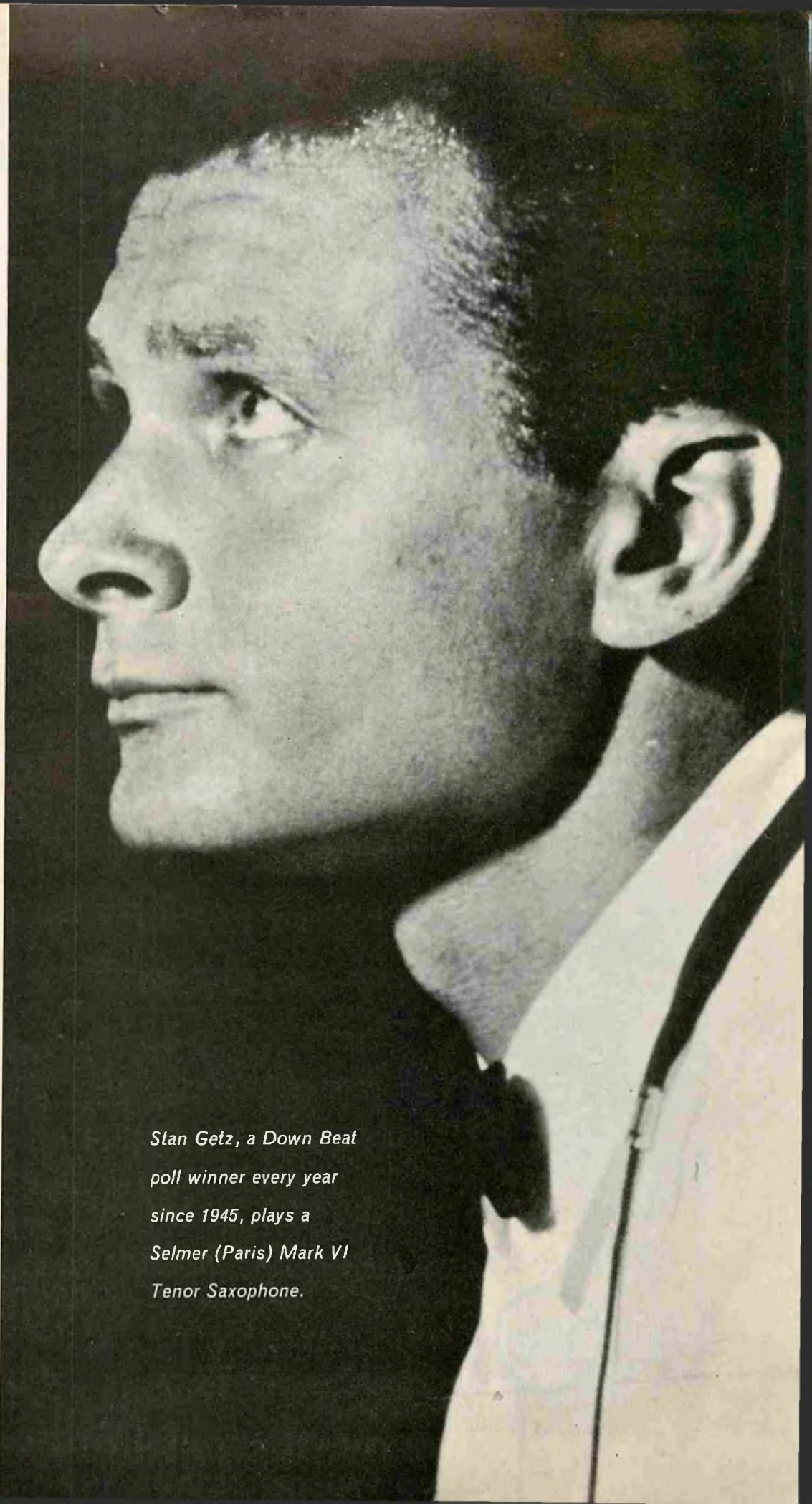

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September 8, 1966 Vol. 33, No. 18

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

On Newsstands Throughout the World
Every Other Thursday
READERS IN 124 COUNTRIES

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Cover photograph by Lou Blackburn/Custom Photo Service

Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.
EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, Financial 6-7811. Martin Gallay, Advertising Sales. Don DeMicheal, Bill Quinn, Jan Seefeldt, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.
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WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028, HO 3-3268. Harvey Siders, Editorial.
Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Published bi-weekly. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Subscription rates $7 one year, $12 two years, $16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents, for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add $1.50 for each year.

If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; MUSIC '66; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. Daily

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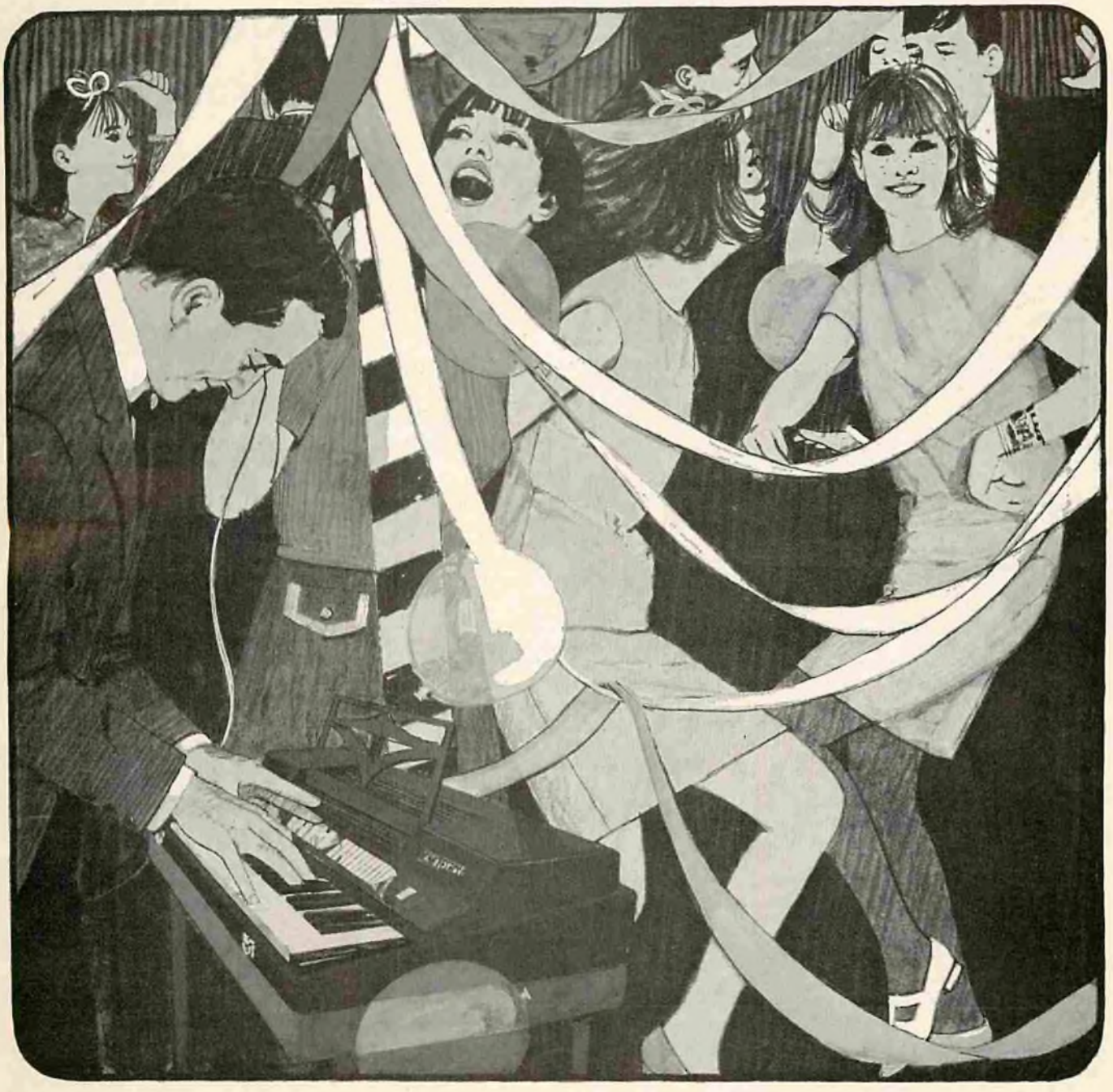

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Critique Criticized

Don Ellis, by criticizing the music of Albert Ayler and Archie Shepp (*DB*, June 30), has aligned himself with the tradition of Paul Whiteman and Stan Kenton. Like these two, Ellis is using as a standard of jazz excellence the techniques now used in European avant-garde. Apparently he thinks that all that distinguishes jazz from improvised European music is the rhythm section.

Real jazz as created by the black American has always been misunderstood by people like Ellis. The music of King Oliver had to be made "ladylike," Parker and Navarro weren't "progressive" enough, and now Ellis says Ayler and Shepp aren't really avant-garde.

They aren't trying to be. They're merely trying to express themselves the jazz way —not trying to swing John Cage.

John Doyle
St. Leonards, Australia

Self-Explanatory Music

I find it disturbing to see this constant controversy of words continuing over the musicality of the avant-garde. There has been much chatter covering everything from a lack of understanding to listening with a musical "openness."

I believe if a musician has to explain in words what his music is saying or trying to put across rather than have it right there in the pieces themselves, then something isn't right. The music must speak for itself; to clarify it is one thing, but to speak for its meaning is a sham.

Most listeners don't know if a musician is playing in a chord built on F major or B minor—or if he is playing around a chord at all. Yet if the music has something there for the people, it will get to them with the allowance of time.

It is not inconceivable for me to see that Albert Ayler or Sun Ra will be in great public demand some day, yet perhaps not, for it is all up to the people and what they want to hear. Be he black, white, or pink, if he's got the goods, the people will hear, but in the words of the late great Wardell Gray, "You've got to dig it to dig it."

Al Padovano
New York City

Kessel Kashing In?

While perusing the article on Barney Kessel (*DB*, July 14), I caught myself frantically flipping the pages back to the cover for reassurance that it was *Down Beat* and not a businessman's memoir in *Fortune* magazine.

"Radio jingles, TV commercials," "numerous rock-and-roll records," "my motivation is to make a living—not to judge whether something is good or bad," says Kessel. A disturbingly sobering confession from a famous musician indeed. If esthetic judgment and integrity collapse before the dollar with so little resistance, then I cannot but anticipate a Barney

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Kessel disc of some dazzling arpeggios on a cash register instead of a guitar. Surely these quotations cannot be attributed to a serious jazzman!

But just in case the cold ink reads true, this disillusioned jazz lover hereby resolves to remain beyond the range of Mr. Kashbox Kessel's vibrations and press his ear just a little closer to Django's sound.

J. A. Bayne
Toronto, Ontario

Django's Birthplace

In the article *The Magnificent Gypsy* (*DB*, July 14) by George Hoefer, I read: "Django was born Jean-Baptiste Reinhardt on Jan. 23, 1910, in Liverchies, Belgium, a village near the French border."

The same mistake lies in every biography of Reinhardt. The village where he was born is not called Liverchies but Liberchies; that village lies about 30 miles from the French border, which, on Belgian scale, is not so near the French border.

Robert Jacquet
Gosselies, Belgium

Jab For Jamal Judges

As comic-strip character Charlie Brown might utter, "Good grief!" Harvey Siders' remarks on the latest Ahmad Jamal LP, *Rhapsody* (*DB*, July 14): ". . . gone are Jamal's silences and playful excursions into treble-land. . . . The old humor and excitement have faded." Good grief!

The "old stylings" were being criticized as "commercial cocktail" music. Many of his albums during this period were exceptional; however, how many received a four-star rating or better? None! Now the "new" stylings (very exciting, fresh, and powerful) are being knocked just as much.

The only solution that comes to mind is this: since *DB* seemed to have failed to appreciate Jamal's work for the last eight years, why not stop reviewing his LPs? I'm sure the countless Ahmad Jamal fans would feel a lot better then.

Dennis R. Hendley
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mann Blindfold Too Tight?

In response to Herbie Mann's *Blindfold Test* (*DB*, Aug. 11), how on earth does he have the lack of tact to criticize flute players when his own playing contains more flaws than the playing of those he put down?

The excuse "I'm very critical with my own playing" is meaningless when not subsequently followed by study, practice, and demonstrable improvement over the years.

Reese Markewich
New York City

Cheers For Rex & Art

As a regular reader of *Down Beat*, I'd like to thank you for the Rex Stewart articles, particularly the recent Coleman Hawkins feature (*DB*, May 19). Stewart has a very pleasant literary style which holds my interest. Another feature I like to read is *Sittin'* by that arch humorist, Art Hodes.

Alec Bruer
Dulwich, Australia

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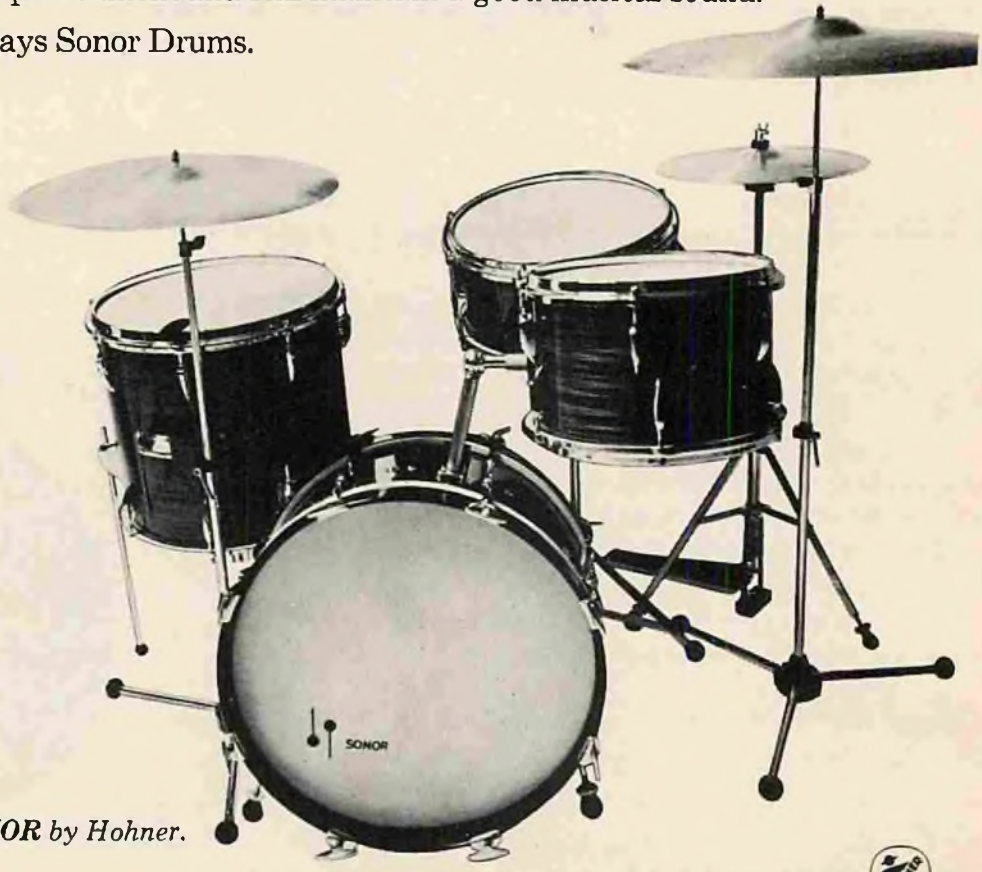

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DOWN BEAT September 8, 1966

Requiescat in Pace: Bud Powell—1924-66

It should have been expected, the confusion that followed Bud Powell's death. His life had never run smoothly. It was tortured, filled with tragedy, sickness, deprivation, and disillusion. And in death, the specter of the twisted life seemed to hover over the body.

The funeral arrangements were a mess. At one point, a wire-service story said Powell's body lay unclaimed in the Kings County Morgue in New York City. It was a distortion of the truth. Bernard Stollman, Powell's attorney and manager, first had assumed the responsibility of making the funeral arrangements. Then Buttercup, who was Powell's wife during the last years of his life, wired authorities from Paris, where she lives, that she was flying to New York to claim the body. His daughter by a previous marriage, Celia, also filed a claim.

The authorities, after hesitating for a couple of days, honored Celia's claim. Buttercup took over, though, on her arrival.

In the meantime, a committee of Harlem citizens and representatives of AFM Local 802 was formed and arranged for a memorial service in Harlem.

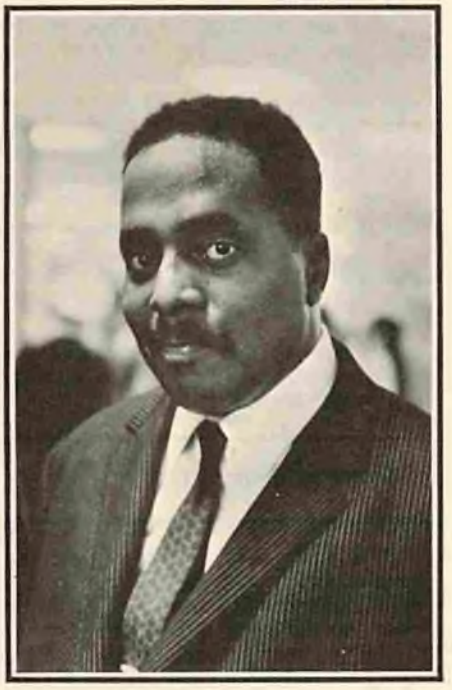
A Roman Catholic funeral service was held Aug. 8 at St. Charles Church in Harlem. Two memorial services were held in addition to the funeral rites. At St. Peter's Lutheran Church, the Rev. John Gensel officiated and vibraharpist Milt Jackson performed at an Aug. 7 service.

The funeral service was preceded by a parade in which the casket was carried from a Harlem funeral home to the church.

Pianist Powell, 41, died July 31 at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn. In ill health for several years, he was admitted to the hospital July 24. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia, complicated by malfunction of the liver and yellow jaundice. Powell would have been 42 on Sept. 27.

One of the key figures in the creation of the music that came to be known as bop, Powell, whose given name was Earl, was born and raised in New York City. His family was musical: a grandfather had been a musician, his father was an accomplished stride pianist, and an elder brother, William, was a professional trumpeter. (Powell's brother, Richard, also a pianist, was killed in the 1956 automobile accident that took the life of trumpeter Clifford Brown.)

Bud began to play the piano at 6. When he was 15, he dropped out of high school and began his professional career with his brother's band. After working with singer-trumpeter Valaida Snow, the Sunset Royals, and with small groups in Harlem and Greenwich Village, he joined trumpeter Cootie Williams' big band in 1943 and remained a year.



From 1944 on, Powell became a familiar figure on New York's 52nd St., where he played with numerous small bands, including those of John Kirby, Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Sid Catlett.

In 1945 the pianist suffered the first of several emotional disturbances that were to plague him and was confined to a mental institution for 10 months. A recurrence of the illness in November, 1947, resulted in his being confined to New York's Creedmore Hospital for 11 months. Ten weeks after his release, he was back in the hospital, this time until April, 1949. He was committed again in the fall of 1951 and was released in April, 1953, to the custody of Birdland manager Oscar Goodstein, who temporarily became his legal guardian.

During this period, in spite of recurring illness aggravated by his heavy use of alcohol and narcotics, Powell made some of his greatest records and worked with many groups in New York.

Though his health remained precarious, and he was re-hospitalized at regular intervals, Powell continued to play and record.

In 1959 he settled in Paris, where he stayed for the next five years, becoming a regular attraction at the Blue Note club in the French capital and making occasional club and concert appearances in Germany and Denmark. In mid-1963 Powell was stricken with tuberculosis of both lungs; ironically, his playing had recently begun to show signs of its old brilliance.

A French commercial artist, Francis Paudras, was credited with being largely responsible for Powell's recovery. Paudras took the pianist in hand, nursed him back to health, and protected him from the various social vultures that were always nearby.

On Aug. 16, 1964, Powell, accompanied by Paudras, returned to the United States against the advice of friends and family.

His opening night at Birdland later that month was the occasion for a standing ovation from the packed house, but Powell's playing was uneven during his month's stay at the club, ranging from excellent to barely coherent.

When it was decided that Powell should return to Paris with Paudras, the pianist disappeared on the eve of his departure and was missing for several days. Before the second set of plans for his return to France could bear fruit, he disappeared again. Paudras returned to Paris alone.

Shortly thereafter, Powell took up residence in Brooklyn.

His last public appearances were at a Carnegie Hall Charlie Parker memorial concert in March, 1965, and at Town Hall in the spring of that year.

Despite his losing battle with personal tragedy, Powell, at his zenith, was a pianist of unforgettable brilliance. His unique style, first influenced by his youthful idol, Billy Kyle, then by Teddy Wilson, Earl Hines, and his lasting favorite, Art Tatum, and molded by two close personal friends, Elmo Hope and Thelonious Monk, combined remarkable technique with even more remarkable imagination, rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic.

At his best, Powell matched the genius of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. He spoke the same revolutionizing musical language. He influenced myriad pianists, including practically every jazz musician to take up the instrument after his advent.

Fortunately, Powell's playing at its height has been preserved on record. Among the best available examples are *Bud Powell: Jazz Giant* (Verve); *Bud* (Roost); *The Amazing Bud Powell,* Vols. 1 and 2 (Blue Note); *Jazz at Massey Hall* (Fantasy); *All God's Children* (with Sonny Stitt, Prestige); and *The Charlie Parker Story,* Vol. 1 (Savoy).

Powell composed a number of durable original pieces, among them *Webb City, Bouncing with Bud, Un Poco Loco, Dance of the Infidels, Celia, Strictly Confidential, Glass Enclosure, Hallucinations,* and *Parisian Thoroughfare.*

Bellson Joins Basie

Drummer Louie Bellson, whose career has included associations with the Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, and Duke Ellington orchestras, along with Jazz at the Philharmonic and leadership of his own big bands, has joined the Count Basie Orchestra.

He replaced Sonny Payne for the last two nights of the band's two-week stand at San Francisco's Basin Street West.

Asked about Payne's departure, Basie said, "We decided to give him a rest." Those were the same words he used a year and a half ago when Payne was replaced by Rufus Jones. Payne came back to the band at the end of 1965.

Reports from within the band were that Basie's ire was stirred when Payne failed to make a rehearsal, one of a series the band has been holding to teach its book to new members, trumpeters Roy Eldridge and Gene Goe and trombonist Richard Boone.

Bellson said he planned to stay with the band indefinitely.

Jazz Goes To High School

The federal government's aid-to-education program has gained a large amount of publicity, much of it bad. A major complaint has been that too much money is being spent in the wrong places at the wrong times with the wrong people.

This summer in Chicago, the timing might have been a bit off, but a healthy chunk of the education program's funds certainly was channeled in the right direction and made available to the right people when the government gave the city's public school system $750,000 to bring music to underprivileged children. Most of the money went for new instruments, but a large portion of it was used to hire musicians to give special programs for the children attending summer-school sessions.

At first, plans called for the youngsters to be exposed only to classical music. Then Theodore (Red) Saunders, veteran bandleader and drummer, heard about it. He asked why jazz was not included in the frantic attempts to spend all that money before the Aug. 15 deadline.

The director of the Chicago schools' music department, Emile Serposs, was informed of Saunders' query and agreed that jazz certainly is cultural and should be included. The go-ahead was given, and a six-week series of evolution-of-jazz concerts, mostly for high school students, by Saunders' 13-piece band was launched.

Saunders enlisted blues stalwarts Muddy Waters and Little Brother Montgomery to perform examples of their music. Pianist Art Hodes was called on to exemplify the Dixieland period. Saunders, who gives a brief history-of-jazz talk at each concert, even found a 13-year-old drummer, Kenneth Elliot, who created a sensation among the teenage students.

Tenor saxophonist Joe Daley's avant-garde trio alternated weeks with the Saunders' band.

Daley, Saunders, and Hodes had all participated in a similar program sponsored by the Caesar Petrillo Fund of Chicago's AFM Local 10-208.

Chicago received more money for the music project than any other city, Daley said, because "the musicians here already had a program going."

"We are bettering conditions for jazz musicians, who can use the work," Saunders said, "and we are informing the kids, who haven't been exposed to music—except the kind on the radio these days—that there is a segment of their culture they have a right to be informed and proud of. We have proved that these lecture-concerts are a much needed thing."

The concerts were received with such enthusiasm by the students that means for allowing them to continue this fall are being sought.

"We are ready to begin this thing again as soon as Washington gives us the financial okay," Serposs said.

Boyd Raeburn Dies

Boyd Raeburn, 52, leader of one of the most musically advanced big bands of the post-World War II era, died Aug. 2 at his home in Lafayette, La. A friend of the family said that Raeburn had been seriously injured in an automobile accident almost three years ago and never fully recovered. Raeburn had been living in the small southern Louisiana town for the last several years.

The Raeburn bands that gained wide attention among musicians—and stirred heated controversy among critics and jazz fans—included in their personnels such men as trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Harris, and Ray Linn, trombonists Trummy Young, Britt Woodman, Si Zentner, and Bennie Green, clarinetist Buddy DeFranco, saxophonists Al Cohn, Serge Chaloff, Hall McKusick, Johnny Bothwell, and Lucky Thompson, pianist Dodo Marmarosa, bassist Oscar Pettiford, and drummers Shelly Manne, Jackie Mills, Jack Winkler, and Irv Kluger. Most of the arrangements were by George Handy, Johnny Richards, and Ed Finckel—all of whom were influenced by classical composers, particularly Igor Stravinsky, and gave the band a distinctly avant-garde flavor.

Raeburn had not always been a jazz leader, however. In Chicago, where he settled after leaving his native South Dakota to study at the University of Chicago, he led a highly commercial band during most of the '30s. Though the style of the band was moving toward that of the swing bands in the late '30s and early '40s, it was not until 1944 that he decided to form an out-and-out jazz band. He moved from Chicago to New York, where he selected most of the sidemen.

BOYD RAEBURN

The band broke up after much internal dissension in August, 1947, but Raeburn formed another group in 1948. He gave up traveling, however, in 1950 and limited his appearances to the New York area.

In 1952 Raeburn entered the furniture business and in 1957, his last year of musical activity, took up residence in Nassau, Bahamas. Two years later his wife, who had sung with his band as Ginnie Powell, died. Raeburn later married again and moved to Lafayette.

Potpourri

Though it was not open to the public, the 11th annual Lorton Jazz Festival drew 2,000 enthusiastic listeners. The audience for the July 26 event gave a rousing welcome to the star of the show, singer **Ray Charles**, his band, and his vocal group, the **Raelets**. Also on hand were tenor saxophonist **Charlie Rouse**, singer-pianist **Shirley Horn's** trio, and two rock groups, the **ESP** and the **Soulfuls**. Why such a small audience? The festival was held at Lorton Reformatory, in Lorton, Va., for the inmates of that penal institution.

•

Alto saxophonist **Art Pepper** has been released from the California Conservation Camp, where he completed a jail sentence after conviction of parole violation in April, 1965. At that time Pepper had recently been released from San Quentin Prison after serving 3½ years for violation of narcotics law. He currently is playing in the Los Angeles area.

•

FINAL BAR: **Milt Shaw**, former head of Shaw Artists, died of a heart attack at his New York City home June 12. He had recently sold his booking agency, which is now known as SAC. In the mid-'40s, Shaw served as a booker for trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** big band . . . Drummer **Ross Pollack**, 19, was killed in a freak accident in Monte Carlo, Monaco, late in July. He was waiting for an elevator in the hotel where he was staying as a member of singer **Johnny Mathis'** accompanying group, and at the moment the young drummer peered over the protective gate to see if the elevator was coming up, it descended, killing him instantly. Pollack had just joined the Mathis troupe; he had served as one of three percussionists in trumpeter **Don Ellis'** experimental big band in Los Angeles immediately before going overseas with the singer. At Pollack's funeral in his native San Fernando, Calif., three bands played: the Ellis orchestra, a group led by bassist **Ralph Pena**, and the **Robin Hood Band**, a high school organization in which Pollack once played.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Larry Austin's *Improvisation for Solo Jazz Trio and Orchestra* was performed Aug. 18 at the third Tanglewood, Mass., Festival of Contemporary Music, which was sponsored by the Fromm Foundation of Chicago. **Gunther Schuller** conducted the **Berkshire Music Center Orchestra,** with alto saxophonist **Andrew White** (ex-**JFK Quintet**), bassist **Buell Neidlinger,** and drummer **John Bergamo** as the jazz contingent . . . The Newport Folk Festival's total attendance was more than 66,000, as compared with the jazz festival's 59,000-plus. This year, the folk event included appearances by traditional jazz artists from New Orleans (clarinetist **George Lewis,** husband-and-wife team of pianist **Billie** and cornetist **Dede Pierce,** and the **Preservation Hall Jazz Band**). . . . Altoist **Benny Carter** has scored the sound track for the short film *Urbanissimo,* prepared by animators **John** and **Faith Hubley** for the upcoming Montreal, Quebec, *Expo '67* fair. Pianist **Pete Jolly,** bassist **Ray Brown,** and drummer **Shelly Manne** were among Carter's musicians . . . Among the performers at the Mobilization for Youth-sponsored free concerts at Tompkins Square Park on Manhattan's lower east side in July were pianist-composer **Sun Ra** and his Solar Arkestra (**Ali Hassan** and **Teddy Nance,** trombones; **John Gilmore, Pat Patrick, Marshall Allen, Danny Davis, Robert Cummings, Carl Malone,** reeds; **James Jackson,** flute, drums; **Ronnie Boykins,** bass; **Clifford Jarvis,** percussion; and "space vocalist" **Art Junkens**); pianist **Lamont Johnson's** quintet (**Jimmy Owens,** trumpet, fluegelhorn; **Howard Johnson,** baritone saxophone, tuba; **Herb Buschler,** bass; **Warren Smith,** drums); pianist **Burton Greene's** quartet (**Byard Lancaster,** alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; **Steve Tintweiss,** bass; **Shelly Rustin,** drums); vibraharpist-pianist **Dave Horowitz'** quintet, and singer **Kathy Kelly** . . . Clarinetist **Benny Goodman** and his sextet (**Doc Cheatham,** trumpet; **Hank Jones,** piano; **Les Spann,** guitar; **Al Hall,** bass; **Morey Feld,** drums) played a concert at Stony Brook Amphitheater July 23 and Lewisohn Stadium July 28. At the stadium concert, Goodman also performed **Carl Maria von Weber's** clarinet concerto with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under **Ignace Strassfogel** . . . The **New York Jazz Sextet,** with a revamped lineup of trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard,** trombonist **Tom McIntosh,** tenor saxophonist **Benny Golson,** pianist **Roland Hannah,** bassist **Barre Phillips,** and drummer **Freddie Waits,** gave concerts in early August at Rutgers University, New York State University at New Paltz, and Carleton University in Ottawa, Ontario . . . A new big band, co-led by tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson** and trumpeter **Kenny Dorham,** made its debut at the Dom July 17. The nucleus of the band, under clarinetist **Tony Scott,** also performed at a Jazzmobile concert in Staten Island . . . Trumpeter **Bobby Johnson,** with pianist **Bill Sanford,** bassist **Hank Young,** and drummer **Frederick Everett,** leads the house band at the Nevelle Country Club in Ellenville, N.Y. Singer **Trudy Desmond,** a winner of several intercollegiate jazz competitions, has been working with the band. Miss Desmond will also be featured in the NBC-TV special, *Class of '67,* to be seen nationally Sept. 10 . . . Two great jazz pianists, **Thelonious Monk** and **Bill Evans,** split the bill at the Village Vanguard during the first two weeks of this month . . . Drummer **Max Roach** and bassist **Charles Mingus** performed as a duet at a fashion-show cruise in July . . . Pianist **Ran Blake** and singer **Edythe Dimond** gave a concert at Phillips Academy Aug. 6 . . . Alto saxophonist **Ed Curran's** new trio (**Bill Folwell,** bass, and **Bob Pozar,** drums) made its bow at the Community Church July 31 . . . Among the trumpeters recently featured with clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko's** band at Eddie Condon's have been **Jimmy McPartland, Herman Autrey,** and **Johnny Windhurst** . . . Alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz,** with **Attila Zoller,** guitar; **Russell George,** bass; **Ross Tompkins,** piano; **Ron Lundberg,** drums, did three weeks at the Embers West in July-August.

LOS ANGELES: Trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** literally blew into town and created quite a stir at Memory Lane. With him were **Harold Land,** tenor saxophone; **Hampton Hawes,** piano; **Buster Williams,** bass; **Chuck Carter,** drums. Pianist **Phil Moore's** trio (**Chuck Carter,** drums, and **Henry Franklin,** bass) worked behind Hubbard for the last part of the gig and then accompanied the trumpeter to San Francisco. Moore is now arranging for the **Afro-Blues Quintet** + 1 . . . Hawes is also doing split weeks at Donte's, sharing the bill—and packing the house—with the trios of pianists **Jimmie Rowles** and **Pete Jolly** . . . Trumpeter **Harry Edison** just finished a month at the Melody Room on Sunset Strip, with **Mike Melvoin,** piano; **Leroy Vinnegar,** bass; **Johnny Baker,** drums . . . Who the pianist will be when the **Eldee Young/Red Holt** Trio debuts at the Lighthouse Oct. 16 was unknown at presstime. The two ex-members of the **Ramsey Lewis** Trio haven't as yet named a "replacement" for their piano player . . . Club host **Rudy Onderwyzer** —**Shelly Manne's** bearded alter ego—will soon alter the Sunday policy at the Manne-Hole from a steady attraction to a different name group each week. The **Sonny Criss** Quartet just finished nearly two months of Sundays; altoist **Art Pepper** was to follow for the matinees. The **Denny Zeitlin** Trio (Zeitlin, piano; **Fred Marshall,** bass; **Jerry Granelli,** drums) played two consecutive weekends at the Manne-Hole during the two-week stand of the **John Handy** Quintet (Handy, alto saxophone; **Michael White,** violin; **Jerry Hahn,** guitar; **Don Thompson,** bass; **Terry Clarke,** drums) . . . The **Three Sounds** followed pianist **Dorothy Donegan** into the Living Room and then moved to Memory Lane for a week . . . The **Marv Jenkins** Trio—former house trio at the Playboy Club—has moved to the Scandal Room . . . Vibist **Red Norvo** is fronting a small combo at the Charter House in Anaheim . . . Vocalist **Ann Richards** finished two weeks at Dino's Lodge . . . The **Count Basie** Band was in the area for a one-nighter at the Showboat in Corona before moving on to Harvey's at Lake Tahoe . . . **Don Abney's** trio (Abney, piano; **Chuck Berghofer,** bass; **Bill Douglass,** drums) followed pianist **Ike Cole** into the Beverly Hills Club to back up English vocalist **Patricia Dahl.** The Cole trio is now a sextet, removing Ike from the keyboard completely and allowing him to sing . . . Pianist **Stan Worth's** trio (**Al McKibbon,** bass, and **Allen Goodman,** drums) moved from Bill Chadney's to the Sportsmen's Lodge . . . Reed man **Buddy Collette** is scoring industrial films for schools and colleges under the aegis of Churchill Films.

CHICAGO: The **George Shearing** Quintet followed the **Quartette Tres Bien** into the London House. The pianist's group closes Aug. 28. Tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz** occupies the L. H. bandstand Aug. 30-Sept. 11 with his quartet, consisting of vibist **Gary Burton,** bassist **Steve Swallow,** and drummer **Roy Haynes.** Organist **Richard Holmes** will spend a week at the club beginning Sept. 28. Pianist **Earl Hines,** recently returned from a State Department-sponsored tour of Russia, will put in three weeks there beginning Oct. 4, to be followed by singer **Frank Sinatra Jr.,** opening Oct. 25 . . . The Pershing Lounge has opened again. The once well-known jazz club now has different happenings practically every night: sessions on Mondays; blues groups on Tuesdays; **Bobby Reed's** organ trio on Fridays and Saturdays; and the music of Africa, led by drummer **Sam Akpabot,** on Sundays . . . The Plugged Nickel headlined flutist **Herbie Mann's** Afro-jazz group Aug. 3-14 and singer-pianist **Mose Allison** Aug. 17-21. Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** will appear Aug. 31-Sept. 11 . . . The Playboy Club's Friday evening Jazz 'n' Cocktails sessions began July 22 with tenor saxophonist **Eddie Harris'** group (Harris normally holds forth at the Sultan Club every Wednesday through Sunday). The **Sandy Mosse** Quartet went in the next Friday; altoist **Bunky Green** was featured on Aug. 4; pianists **Larry Novak** and **Gene Esposito** are to play future Fridays, though the dates were not set at presstime . . . **Eddie Gomez,** who joined **Bill Evans'** trio here early this year, was the bassist with the **Miles Davis** Quintet when it opened at the Plugged Nickel.

SAN FRANCISCO: The **Buddy Rich** Orchestra's week at Casuals on the Square (Oakland's Jack London Square, that is) was so successful it was held over for a second week . . . Singer **June Christy** made one of her rare bay-area appearances on a recent Friday and Saturday at the Gold Nugget in Oakland and drew turnaway crowds. Her accompaniment was by husband **Bob Cooper,** tenor saxophone, and localites **Gerry Olds,** piano; **Tom Beeson,** bass; **Lee Charlton,** drums . . . Trumpeter **Maynard Fergu-**

(Continued on page 42)

Moscow Jazz Festival

Moscow, USSR

Just a month after the curtain of the Leningrad Jazz Festival dropped, the third Moscow Jazz Festival opened at the end of May. It was sponsored by the Moscow City Committee of VLKSM and the local section of the composers union. The festival jury awarded a number of first- and second-degree diplomas to the best groups, the best musicians, the best original compositions, and the best arrangements. The festival's three concerts attracted more than 1,000 listeners.

The VIO-66 Orchestra, conducted by Yuri Saulski, opened the festival. Saulski's *Prologue*, Igor Bril's *Awakening*, Miles Davis' *So What?*, and Nat Adderley's *Work Song* were performed as they had been at Leningrad. There were no new items in the set.

A month of work had helped the orchestra, but it was still far from its top form. Alexei Koslov, featured on alto saxophone, wasn't at his best, hitting clinkers and playing repetitively at times.

The other big band closed the festival. Conducted by arranger Vadim Ludwikowski, the band included some star soloists—George Garanian, alto saxophone; Alexei Lubov, tenor saxophone; Konstantin Bacholdin, trombone; Adolf Satanowski, bass; and Alexander Goretkin, drums. The orchestra's principal job—sight reading new arrangements—demands great coordination, which regrettably had to be attempted with a minimum of rehearsals.

The band played well but without much sensitivity. However, both large orchestras were rewarded with special diplomas for successful performances.

These two big bands and 14 traditional, modern, and avant-garde combos played better than average jazz during the three days. The combos were actually of only two main types—traditional and experimental.

There were two experimental groups—the trios of German Lukjanov and Evgeny Gevorgian. The first played its Leningrad program plus Lukjanov's *Fine Day*, a marvelous water-colored landscape sketch Lukjanov was inventive and confident on fluegelhorn, Leonid Tchizhik showed tasteful piano textures, and Vladimir Vasilkov's drumming combined propulsion with rhythmic complexity. The trio members were in agile contact with one another. A 100-bar rondo, *Peasant Wedding*, and the recitative *Prayer* were well thought out.

Though the trio was received rather coolishly by the audience, it had the jury's acclaim, just as it had in Leningrad. The trio set a festival record: it won a first-degree diploma, all three members won first degrees, and *Wedding* also was awarded a first.

The Gevorgian trio was notable for its rhythmic and metric experiments, more flexible soloist-rhythm section concept, and introduction of folk modes.

The group consisted of pianist Evgeny, his younger brother Andrei, who plays bass, and drummer Yuri Nizhnitchenko. The main difference between Gevorgian's and Lukjanov's approaches is that the first establishes a foregoing plot, a sort of scenario in emotional terms, and the second has only a roughly shaped scheme that depends appreciably on interplay and collective improvisation.

PHOTOS: MOSCOW FESTIVAL, BY VICTOR REZNIKOV/LEONID BERGOLTZEV

(Incidentally, these two Russian ensembles were the least swinging. I dislike definitions and personalizations, but Gevorgian's playing is somewhere between free jazz and Third Stream, resembling the technique of Joseph Scianni with David Izenzon.)

Lukjanov played one or two borrowed themes and four or five originals in the set. Gevorgian's trio played only its own creations.

Two such originals were Andrei's *Galaxy 1980* and Evgeny's *Russian Drink*. The construction of the first was clear and eloquent, its unplanned rendition was successfully impregnated with radiant melodic locutions. The second might be a model of jazz pointilism if it were more laconic and less stodgy.

It's curious that these two most original groups aroused contrary reactions from the jury, which barely allowed Gevorgian's group to finish—then nearly ostracized the trio at the jury session. (An impression formed that to find an "ideological enemy" —at least one—represents the condition *sine qua non* for the Moscow jury.)

A moderate avant-garde trend was shown by two other groups made up of VIO-66 members.

The Igor Bril Trio (Bril, piano; Alexei Isplatovski, bass; and Vladimir Zhuravski, drums) injected gentle lyricism into the elegant constructions of its originals and won a second degree. Altoist Alexei Koslov joined them to perform his version of Paul Desmond's *Take Five*.

Russian poet Valeri Brusov's *I Love Another Man*, set to music by Koslov, was performed by the quartet coupled with the VIO-66 vocal octet. The result was poor: accentuated sketchiness and contrasted rhythm changes—introduced here by Gevorgian three years ago—were not logical.

On the other hand, the skillful Boris Rytchkov Trio demonstrated its indebtedness to Oscar Peterson. Dizzy Gillespie's *Con Alma* contained little that had not been played by Peterson's trio.

Fortunately, gifted young bassist Serge Martynov diversified the Peterson climate. His slamming voice-and-arco playing and powerful, crisp pizzicato were remarkable. His *Song*, obviously influenced by mid-Russian chants, won great favor with the jurors. But as far as I could see, the 12-bar minor blues variations didn't fit the theme.

The CM Quartet (Vladimir Sermokashev, tenor saxophone; Vadim Sakun, piano; Andrey Egorov, bass; and Valeri Bulanov, drums) was, as usual, relaxed and authoritative. It was no surprise that it was awarded a first-degree diploma. The original pieces in its set were Sermokashev's *Times Goes* and *Waltz for Natasha* and Sakun's *Ballad* and *Aukerebis*, the latter in 5/4 time.

The quartet played with more concentration than it had in Leningrad. I suppose Egorov and Bulanov are one of the best Soviet 4/4 rhythm teams, and they are surely the best 5/4 exponents. Tinkling piano texture was fairly successful in *Ballad*. Sermokashev is one of the most knowing Soviet jazzmen, fully respected by his fellow musicians. But I feel, as I did in Leningrad, that his group would have been better had it dispensed with borrowings and presented more of its own ideas.

Altoist George Garanian played with his rhythm section: Nikolai Gromin, guitar; Adolf Satanovski, bass; and Alexander Goretkin, drums. The quartet's set included *On Green Dolphin Street*, Garanian's *Ballad*, Bill Evans' *Interplay*, and two new items—Bill Potts' *Sh-sh* and Gromin's *Hello, Ivan*.

Garanian was the most traditional altoist at the Moscow festival and revealed some new modal approaches in *Interplay*. Dedicated to Nikolai's new-born son, the up-tempo blues was a ball. The easy-swinging and soft-sounding group was nevertheless quite dynamic. It was the fourth and last group awarded a first-degree diploma.

The discovery of the festival was the Boris Frumkin Quintet (Vitali Kleinot, tenor saxophone; Andrey Towmosian, trumpet; Frumkin, piano; Vladimir Antoshin, bass; and Vladimir Amatuni, drums).

The group opened with Charlie Parker's *Confirmation*; then the three main soloists showed their originals: Towmosian's *Az*, Frumkin's *Big City Jive*, and Kleinot's *Once before a While*. The Frumkin piece didn't

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

DOLLAR BRAND **MIAMI ALL-STARS**

BRAND, BY LEE TANNER; SULLIVAN, ET AL. BY DAVID SPITZER

suggest any new concept, but the group fractured me. It played with real integrity, and Towmosian's playing was the best feature of the group.

The quintet had frankness and a sense of humor. Once, in a solo, Kleinot played a favorite Parker phrase, and Towmosian shot him a glance and played the rest of the phrase in unison. Then they stopped and burst into laughter.

Kleinot's solos revealed his fundamental musical study and preparation. Frumkin can make an unexpectedly great claim: he owns a soft ballad touch and sharp, striking technique in rapid passages.

The jury's decision to award the Frumkin quintet only a second-degree diploma might be a point of argument, but its decision not to award the Konstantin Bacholdin Quintet anything could hardly be justified.

Two Alexei Zubov originals, *Minarets of Samarkand* and *Trembita,* sounded fresh and new. The theme of the second one was played in unison by trombonist Bacholdin and tenorist Zubov, with bass arco by Satanovski. The piece was saturated with modes of Carpathian songs, and *Minarets* was obviously influenced by mid-Asian music. On this, Zubov made a successful debut as a flutist. Inspired by such men as Yusef Lateef, Dave Brubeck, and Ahmed Abdul-Malik, the quintet tried to create its own jazz impressions of our outlying ethnic districts. The attempt wasn't in vain.

Two other modern combos won second-degree diplomas: the Vladimir Cooll Quartet and the Victor Misailov Quartet. Two Moscow Dixieland bands, Wladyslaw Gratchev's and Albert Melkonov's, also took part in the festival.

A few lines on the festival guests: the Yuri Vetkhov Trio from Kazan (Leonid Yankov, trumpet; Valentin Suhoy, bass; and Vetkhov, drums). In their home town they have practically no opportunity to play concerts, and in order to play at the festival, they had to travel a long way, naturally at their own expense.

This trio shares the destiny of a number of gifted musicians living far from our jazz centers. Only a few are able to endure the long isolation and the constant choice of either giving up jazz performances altogether or hiring out with a road band.

Even so, there are now outlying towns where new jazz is generated. Trombonist Arcady Shebashev from Kazan and tenor man Stanislav Grigoriev from Tula are reported by many persons to be among the most outstanding players.

As usual, there were many observers and visitors who came from many parts of Russia at their own expense. Not able to listen to live jazz at home, a few of these enthusiasts had to come great distances to reach the festival.

Gradually, some broadcast and printed information is becoming available for them. The eight-month old weekly radio jazz program, *Metronome,* sponsored by radio station Yunost, expands listeners' horizons by featuring the leading Soviet jazzmen. Monthly Leningrad television sessions of Gorizont, conducted by Grigori Frank, does the same visually and audibly. Sporadic accounts and historical reviews appear in some periodicals, mostly in *Musical Life.* The natively developed jazz is being recorded. The first Soviet album. *Jazz '65,* based on last year's Moscow festival was issued recently.

Jazz '66 in Moscow showed a fairly even level of performance, which was gratifying, as is any kind of cultural progress.

—Alex Batashev

Dollar Brand

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Morris Goldberg, clarinet, alto saxophone; Byard Lancaster, bass clarinet, alto saxophone; Brand, piano; Junior Booth, bass; Sonny Brown, drums.

South African pianist Brand laid it on the line at his Jazz in the Garden concert. His program was announced as consisting of three original compositions—*The Call, Anatomy of a South African Village,* and a two-part piece based on poems by Adam Small, *South Easter* and *Alge and Wildrose.*

Brand then proceeded to play the entire program without a stop. One solid hour of totally unfamiliar material requires quite a lot of an audience of 1,600 that is sitting on a stone floor, leaning against statues, or peering through shrubbery.

A measure of the quality of what Brand had to offer was the fact that his audience stayed with him fairly intact until the last 10 minutes or so—and what departures there were then probably could be attributed to the fact that Lancaster was repeating for the fourth or fifth time the collection of bleats he kept passing off as a solo.

Brand's compositions and his manner of developing them were interesting and varied. Attractive, inviting melodies kept turning up all evening. He made effective use of changing and broken rhythms, adaptations of African chants and dances, and duet passages involving his two reed men.

As long as Brand, the composer, the conductor, or the pianist, was in charge, everything went swimmingly. He played relatively little himself but what he offered was strong and spare, positive in the manner of Duke Ellington or Randy Weston.

Goldberg also held the solo spotlight extremely well on both alto and clarinet. He has a warm and joyous attack that breathes life into everything he does.

Lancaster, too, showed that he could be equally skillful when he was under discipline—in a duet or an ensemble. His solos, however, invariably consisted of the more basic squawking banalities common to the avant-garde. Lancaster obviously is a very capable musician, but he has allowed himself to become hung up on these contemporary cliches just as an army of long-forgotten saxophonists trapped themselves 20 years ago in the delusion that repeating a series of phrases copied from Charlie Parker constituted the creation of a jazz solo.

It is unfortunate that Brand allowed what could have been a distinctive concert to be undermined by the inappropriate inclusion of Lancaster in his group.

—John S. Wilson

Charlie Austin, Herbie Brock, Ira Sullivan

Jazzville at the Seville, Miami Beach, Fla.

I have been to a great number of local jazz concerts, and the most memorable was this Alan Rock session. On this Sunday afternoon, all the musicians involved played at a high level of musical creativity. The enthusiasm of the crowd further stimulated the performers.

Pianist Brock, a New Yorker now living in southern Florida, was a delight. At home in almost any channel of jazz expression, his mood and intensity changed from tune to tune. He was backed by a rhythm section that was more than adequate.

Don Coffman's bass lines gave the leader a firm foundation on which to play. Drummer Rufus Cleare, popularly known as Turnip Greens, was expert at choosing various rhythms and dynamics that complemented Brock's various approaches. Cleare's extended bongo solo on *Love for Sale* was a change of pace in the trio's second set.

Brock put *My Funny Valentine* through many variations, utilizing numerous devices tastefully abstracted from various styles. *So What?* swung deeply, and the pianist's subtle dissonances were a pleasant variation from most blues-oriented pianists.

The Miami Jazz All-Stars, a rather trite name for such a talented group of musicians, has been featured at various concerts throughout the Miami area for the

(Continued on page 43)

Illustrious Barney... Son of New Orleans

By Rex Stewart

ALBANY LEON BIGARD is one of the illustrious sons of New Orleans. He is also one of the clarinetists taught by the Tio family, Papa Tio and his nephew, Lorenzo. Evidently, there was unusual rapport between this musical Mexican clan and fledgling clarinetists, for the Tios sent out an impressive list of artists to dazzle the worlds of jazz and classical music.

Among the Tio jazz scholars were Albert Nicholas, Jimmie Noone, Omer Simeon, and, of course, Barney Bigard. But in the beginning, Bigard's tone on the clarinet was not something of which the Tios would have approved.

It was quite a while after Bigard started playing that he became accepted as a professional by fellow musicians.

Barney describes his tone then as something horrible, resulting in his being nicknamed the Snake Charmer. Barney enjoyed the nickname at first, feeling he was now one of the gang. Then one night he overheard a drummer (who later became big in the business) tell a friend: "Guess who's on clarinet tonight—that g.d. Snake Charmer!" The remark made him feel like going through the pavement, Barney says. It also had a positive effect—Bigard decided that he was going to become one of the best clarinet players that New Orleans had ever known. He started woodshedding at home, in addition to taking lessons from Lorenzo Tio.

With one of those hearty bursts of laughter for which he is known, Bigard relived the scene of his brothers, Alexander and Sidney, going through the house with their fingers in their ears. And even Papa Bigard, who was a music lover, found things to do outside the house when Barney started practicing.

Barney was about 12 when Johnny Dodds (who played in the band of Emile Bigard, Barney's uncle) lent him an E-flat clarinet, an instrument chosen because Barney's small fingers could not cover the wider key span on a B-flat clarinet.

It wasn't too long before the men who had put him down began competing with each other for his services. In those days, as Barney tells it, every musician had a little book in which to write down data concerning his dates—time, place, pay. The money was of paramount importance; it would run from 75 cents to $1.50 for a dance or funeral. All the musicians would accept several gigs for the same night and then, at the last minute, choose the one that suited them the most, judging this either by the pay or by whom they would be playing with. Thus the ex-Snake Charmer was in a position to snub some of the cats who formerly had derided him.

Bigard is a fine fusion of French, Spanish, Indian, and Negro, with a coloration that is almost white. He is Creole, of an imposing, dignified appearance that belies his occupation. His patrician profile is a facsimile of an old Roman's, with prominent nose, deep-set eyes, and an expression of benign tolerance.

Barney is the second of three sons born to Emanuella and Alexander Bigard. He was born in 1906. One brother, Sidney, is dead. Alexander Jr. still plays drums in New Orleans.

The Bigards are one of the oldest families in New Orleans, dating back to the middle 1700s. Through the lineage, there have always been musicians. Most of them played only as a hobby, however, and earned their living in fields such as cabinet-making (they were considered the most talented in the city) and cigar manufacturing. Barney's father was in the insurance business, far removed from the remote ancestor who buccaneered with Jean Lafitte.

Trumpeter Buddy Petite led the first big-time New Orleans band in which Barney played. He soon achieved mastery of the clarinet. About that time, the saxophone was becoming a favored instrument among musicians and audiences, and Barney switched to tenor. Again, he showed such promise that the word spread to Chicago and cornetist Joe (King) Oliver.

When Oliver got a contract to open at the Royal Garden in Chicago (formerly the Lincoln Gardens), he started looking for new sidemen. His original men had been snapped up by other bandleaders like Erskine Tate, Dave Peyton, and Charlie Cook, who could pay more than Joe.

Oliver, going back to the source, wrote friends in New Orleans to recommend young, talented musicians who would play for less than the Chicago fellows. Barney was high on the list of recommendations, and in the fall of 1924, he went off to Chicago to play with Oliver. He was hired as a tenor saxophonist, but when Albert Nicholas and Omer Simeon left, Oliver remembered that Barney played clarinet and bought him an instrument. From then on, Barney doubled on tenor and clarinet.

When Bigard and the other young New Orleanians arrived in Chicago from the South, considerable resentment arose among local musicians over the imported competition. This attitude may or may not have been responsible for the mysterious fire that burned the Royal Garden to the ground. In any case, the new musicians were left in a rough spot, looking for work in the strange city.

At this point Barney credits fate. Omer Simeon, then working mostly with Jelly Roll Morton, left Morton for Charlie Elgar. So Barney started playing with Jelly Roll on record dates and one-nighters, earning a living until Oliver could get started again.

When Oliver opened at the Plantation Club, Bigard was with him and, as he tells it, had his first close-up of the gangster scene:

One Saturday night, the place was crowded with the usual throng—shipping clerks and their girls from the north side, pimps and race-track hustlers, fresh-faced housewives and spouses from suburban Oak Park. Then, as if by magic, the dance floor cleared, and four men slow-walked through an aisle of people. Barney says he didn't realize that the men in front were being herded out of the place at gun point—until they passed the bandstand. Then, he says, he got so frightened he grabbed his horns and ran home, where he stayed until Luis Russell, Oliver's pianist, came and got him. Later, he saw newspaper pictures of the people he had seen being ushered from the club. They were quite dead.

During those Chicago days, Barney also recalls a place called Dreamland. This was a huge ballroom that boasted three bands. The featured orchestra was that of the illustrious Doc Cook. He led an 18-piece group, then the largest Negro dance band in the world. There were 16 instrumentalists held together by two drummers, one of whom was the famed Jimmy Bertrand. Cook offered Barney a job with this band, but Bigard refused, explaining that he felt more at home with Joe Oliver. There were obviously strong rapport and great mutual admiration between the two New Orleans musicians. And when Joe headed east in 1927, Barney was with him. On the way to New York City, the band, as Barney vividly remembers, became stranded in St. Louis after leaving Chicago. They were bailed out by the management of New York's Savoy Ballroom so they could open there as scheduled.

Oliver's 1927 Savoy band consisted of Red Allen, Oliver, trumpets; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Albert Nicholas, reeds; Luis Russell, piano; Pops Foster, bass; Paul Barbarin, drums; and Bigard.

After the Savoy engagement, pianist Russell took the group into the Nest Club, where Barney remained until bassist Wellman Braud induced him to join Duke Ellington in 1928. Barney did not want to leave Russell because the tips in the Nest Club were so good, but Braud painted a great musical future for the Ellington band and persuaded Barney to make the change.

When Barney became part of the Ellington organization, there were lots of excellent clarinet players around New

Tenor saxophonist-clarinetist Bigard and alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges made up half of the Duke Ellington Orchestra's reed section during the early and middle 1930s.

York. Buster Bailey was with Fletcher Henderson; Prince Robinson held down both the clarinet and tenor saxophone solo posts with Elmer Snowden at the Nest Club; William Thornton Blue, with an inimitable buzz style, was featured with the Missourians (which later became Cab Calloway's orchestra); Jerry Blake was with Chick Webb; and a Cuban wizard with the improbable name of Carmelita Jejo dazzled audiences at Small's Sugar Cane Club.

At the time, Duke's band was an unknown quantity for Harlem's musicians because the crime syndicate, which operated the Cotton Club where Duke played, made no exceptions in its lily-white customer policy. A black man was forbidden to darken the Cotton Club door. Therefore, we musicians heard the Washingtonians only on records—not that we habitues of the Rhythm Club cared. As a matter of fact, Ellington at that period meant little to us, and the newspaper ads proclaiming all that "jungle jazz" show stuff irritated Harlem so much that the public and the tooters alike ignored the existence of the club—and the Duke.

This was the attitude until Duke came out with a record of his tune *Jig Walk*. It was his first recorded effort and a hit in Harlem, though lots of folks took exception to the title. They used the word jig in a fraternal sense among themselves and were offended when it was employed as a song title. But the musicians loved the record. It wasn't too much later that Barney made his first record with Ellington, which, he recalls, was *Bugle Call Rag*.

When the clarinet players found out that Bigard had come out with an unorthodox way of swinging on the instrument, they all wanted to get him in a session to see if they could cut him (or steal what they could).

This was easier desired than accomplished, since, with the exception of trombonist Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton and trumpeter Bubber Miley, the Ellingtonians were rarely caught sitting in at a jam session. Drummer Sonny Greer and his sidekick, altoist Otto (The Baron) Hardwicke, were at the bars nightly, but no jamming ever interferred with their relaxation periods—that was for peasants, according to Toby Hardwicke.

Finally, one night we were all standing at the bar in Big John's Saloon, where most cats congregated, when Jonesy, a Cotton Club waiter who doubled as Ellington's band valet, came in. He proclaimed that Ellington had the greatest band in the world and was the King of Harlem. All the musicians stopped talking and listened with amusement as Jonesy continued that there were no trumpet players in town to compare with Bubber Miley. Several heads nodded acknowledgement while grins grew broader.

Jonesy went down the list of fellows in Duke's band until everybody in the place became bored. We knew the capabilities of the Washingtonians. But when Barney Bigard's name was mentioned, everyone looked blank. Bigard? Nobody seemed to know him. But it happened that Happy Caldwell, the Chicago tenor saxophonist, popped in then and told us that, in his opinion, Barney played great clarinet.

William Thornton Blue spoke up, saying to Jonesy, "Well, if your man is so great, you tell him to be in the Rhythm Club with his horn, and I'll show him how to play it."

Such public challenges were rare, but sure enough, the next night the Rhythm Club was packed. Blue told Bobby Henderson, an up-and-coming piano man, to play *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* in a very fast tempo. Then Blue proceeded to play the devil out of the song, swinging with his familiar growl (a vibration emanating from the throat that Benny Goodman learned from Blue during Harlem jam sessions).

On this night, old Blue was blowing in extra fine form. He took over the house until. . . . It was Barney's turn. He damn near split our eardrums, opening his chorus with a wild, screaming high note, which he held all through the first chorus. Then he played the second chorus with lots of what Ellington later called "waterfalls," which I can only describe as sounding like chromatics, except that when one analyzes the passages, they prove not to be true chromatics at all.

Barney glissed, swooped, soared, making his clarinet smoke to the point that Blue packed up his horn and said, "Well, Barney, I guess Jonesy was telling the truth. I'll be in Big John's, and the drinks are on me."

Barney's Ellington days started at a time when all the guys were young and full of animal spirits, which came out not only in their music but also in the form of pranks they played on each other.

There was the time the arrangement called for Wellman Braud to make a quick switch from his string bass to tuba. At the crucial moment, Braud, unaware that Barney had filled the upright bass to the brim with water, blew a cascade of H_2O down on the sax section, with Barney catching most of the deluge.

There was the stink-bomb episode, contributed by a brother who shall remain nameless. This, according to Bigard, happened on the stage of the Pearl Theater in Philadelphia.

With rapt attention, they were accompanying a famous female singer when, as she reached her shining moment at the end of the song, a faint aroma of something quite unpleasant was detected onstage. As it grew stronger, guys started looking accusingly at each other, trying hard to preserve a dignified appearance. But the tension increased as the odor mounted, until there was no containing the mirth. Then, noticing a vacant chair, they had the answer, for the absent musician was noted for his stink-bomb jokes. Revenge was in order, so later on, the culprit's tuxedo was doused with itching powder. The combination of those old-time klieg lights onstage and the powder soon had the guy in agony. And the air was clear from then on.

In addition to joining in the jollity, Barney also was inspired to create melodies during those Ellington days. Among the credits he claims are *Mood Indigo, Saratoga Swing, Minuet in Blue, Saturday Night Function, Stompy Jones, Clouds in My Heart, Rockin' in Rhythm*. There are many others, too, that he sold or gave away.

In 1942 he left the Ellington band to join pianist Freddy Slack. He stayed with Slack's band a year or two, then played a while with Kid Ory, and in 1946 joined Louis Armstrong, working with him off and on for some 15 years. While with Satchmo, he toured the world and made many observations. He recalled playing theaters in the southern United States where Negroes were afraid to show appreciation until the white audiences indicated it was good. Later, he found a similar situation in Africa, where the tribal chief's approval apparently was as necessary as the white people's in the South.

Today, Bigard is semiretired because he's tired of travel. However, he always enjoys playing at sessions and college dates, if they are not too far from his home in Los Angeles. He and his wife Dorthe are frequently visited by the children of his earlier marriage—Barney Jr., Wini, Patricia, and Marlene, plus 11 grandchildren.

Jazz of today is Barney's pet peeve. He says it does not employ melody and sacrifices rhythm just to be different. He also says he feels that if this continues, jazz will continue to die.

Barney's playing differs from any other clarinetist's in that he does not play orthodox harmonic lines. His tone ranges from a keening wail in the upper register down to a somber, rich, dark-hued tone. Bigard is an artist of tremendous facility. He is a virile, creative instrumentalist. To an acute listener, clarinet by Bigard creates a broad expanse of melodic excitement, a departure that soars fresh and warm from his soul. db

The Latinization of Cal Tjader

By Harvey Siders

what's a nice swedish boy like you doing in a bag like this?

HIS NAME AND HIS MUSIC have puzzled people for some time; he doesn't particularly "look Swedish," and his music is as Scandinavian as the score for a Kabuki play. When he talks, Callen Radcliffe Tjader Jr. transcends nationality in the improvisatory style of a jazzman taking a chorus. His conversation swings in a style suggestive of his playing. It's directly to the point, with an enviable simplicity of expression. But it never lacks color. These qualities typify Cal Tjader's personality as well.

"I guess I've always been around some element of show business," he said recently. "Actually it all began in St. Louis, where I was born in 1925. My parents were in vaudeville—they had an act with the Duncan Sisters—and they played the Orpheum circuit. I got into the act as a solo tap dancer when I was 4. I was momma's little talent. That was a time when 'soft shoe' was the rage, and the thing to do was to send your kid to dancing school every Saturday afternoon to study tap and ballet."

A few years later, the Tjaders moved to San Francisco where Cal's father opened dancing schools there and in San Mateo. It wasn't until he was in the eighth grade, he said, that he first became interested in jazz. "I got an old set of drums," he said, "and by the time I was in high school, I was working with a Dixieland combo, playing those old Spud Murphy stock arrangements. On Sundays we'd all go over to Sweet's Ballroom in Oakland

and hear some great sounds. They had a major orchestra there *each* week, and we heard Jimmie Lunceford, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Benny Goodman. . . .

"I remember one of those Sundays in particular. They had a Gene Krupa contest which I won by playing **Drumboogie.** It was a big thrill for a 15-year-old, except that something else happened that same day that completely overshadowed the drum contest—the date was December 7, 1941."

Tjader joined the Navy in 1943. When he got his discharge three years later, he entered San Jose State College and began studying with the tympanist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Walter Larew. While at San Jose, he gigged with local groups, and bought an old set of vibes, mainly because he liked the work of Lionel Hampton.

"It was late in 1947 when I began playing vibes seriously," Tjader recalled. "I figured if I could double on vibes, like Hamp, I was really going to prove something.

"In 1948, when I had switched to San Francisco College [among his classmates were reed men Paul Desmond and Jerome Richardson], I had the pleasure of sitting in with Hampton's band. He offered me a job, and I just couldn't believe it. You know, I was 22 and here's one of the giants of jazz offering me a job. As flattering as it was, I turned it down."

Why did he say no?

"Because I was right in the middle of my education. I was a sophomore at State; I was majoring in education. Granted, music meant more to me than teaching, and emotionally I certainly wanted to take the job, but I was on the G.I. Bill, and I didn't want to lose that benefit. Besides, I felt I had to study for something, so I stayed in school. But just being asked by Hamp—I thought that was tremendous.

"Later that same year, I joined Brubeck. Dave had a rehearsal octet at the time, and when his drummer left—I believe it was Joe Dodge—my opportunity came. It was strictly a rehearsal thing until Jimmy Lyons came along. He managed to get a radio show **(Lyons Busy)** on KNBC for the rhythm section of the octet, and this soon led to the early trio recordings—Dave, Ron Crotty on bass, and myself—during '49-50.

"One thing I was aware of at that time: I was doubling quite a bit on vibes, and whenever I left the drums to play vibes, the bottom dropped out completely."

He interrupted himself to straighten out the chronology and recall his marriage:

"Sorry—I forgot to mention that fact. I met Pat at San Jose State; we went through school together, got married in 1949 and graduated together the following year. She's a very fine pianist—not a professional—and her style is reminiscent of Teddy Wilson and Nat Cole.

"It may sound like I'm skipping about, but there's a reason for bringing in the marriage at this point. During '50-51 the Brubeck trio toured all over the country and finished up in Honolulu for $400 a week. Try to imagine a trio getting $400 a week and paying agent's commissions out of that. We were barely surviving. It was at this time that Dave injured himself. In fact, he nearly broke his neck showing his son Darius (named after Dave's teacher, Darius Milhaud) how to dive. He was hospitalized for a month, and I took this opportunity to return to school to get my teaching certificate.

"I had all the qualifications—B.A. in education, minor in music—except practice teaching. But how could I take care of that? It would have meant getting up at 7 each morning, and by then I was working six nights a week. I was doing quite well, working with Vernon Alley and Jerome Richardson, and I just couldn't see giving it all up, so I never did get the teaching certificate."

WHEN BRUBECK recuperated, he returned to San Francisco and organized a quartet with altoist Paul Desmond. Tjader played with various local groups, worked with Alvino Rey's band, and later fronted his own trio until 1953, when he joined George Shearing. He stayed a year and a half.

It was at this time, Tjader said, that he became enamoured of Latin music. "I have Al McKibbon to thank for that," he said referring to the Shearing group's bassist at the time. "You know, he had been with Dizzy Gillespie when Chano Pozo was in the band, and Al was really aware of Latin sounds and rhythms. It was Al who turned me on to it when we were in New York. He used to take me to the Palladium and other places where I heard Tito Puente, Machito, Rodriguez. This was the first time I'd heard such exciting Latin sounds. Up to that time the only Latin music I heard was Perez Prado's band. But what was happening in New York in the early '50s—that message really got to me. Especially Puente and Machito.

"For the first time I saw the potential of what I have to call 'Latin jazz.' Shearing also got the message then, and he began his intense interest in Latin, or Afro-Cuban."

Shearing, recalling his young sideman at that time, remarked, "Cal really got enthusiastic about Latin music. I can remember how, at all hours of the night, Cal would wake Jean Thielemans—who used to play *guitar* and harmonica with my group—and they would get together and beat out some new, exciting rhythm on timbales. Cal really got worked up over the new sounds."

By the end of 1954, Tjader parted company with Shearing.

"In the fullest sense of the meaning," Tjader said, "Shearing's was a road band. We spent one solid year on the road working one week in Cleveland, one in Boston. . . . By the time the tour was over, I'd had it. My leaving George had nothing to do with personality or music. In fact, the year and a half I spent with him was extremely important for me. I learned a great deal about harmony and conception. But I was tired of traveling. Furthermore, my roots were growing stronger in the San Francisco area. Pat and I had just bought a sail boat in Sausalito, and I was anxious to get back. I didn't care where I worked. I just wanted to sail and live normally."

In San Francisco, he joined the house combo at the Black Hawk, but he was itching to have a group of his own—a Latin-jazz quintet.

"I had this thing in my head ever since I saw Puente," he recalled. "And finally I found the guys—Manuel and Carlos Durand, Benny Velarde, and Edgar Rosales. We were booked as 'Cal Tjader and His Modern Mambo Quintet,' stayed around the bay area for two years, during which time we undertook one disastrous eight-week tour.

"We opened in Detroit and there were 12 people in the club—the Rouge Lounge. Next night, there were 14; the following night, 16. And that's the way the tour went, at least in the Midwest. Of course, we just had one album on the market, which was not enough. But more important, except for New York, the people weren't ready for Latin jazz. As far as New York was concerned, we were playing Birdland, opposite Dizzy Gillespie's big band. His band was so great, it was like following World War III."

Before the tour, Tjader's group had recorded its first sides for Fantasy, an association that was to last six years.

"Those albums were good for me as far as exposure

was concerned," he said. "I feel I got my foot in the door as a result. They sold fairly well, mainly because they had a slightly different sound—Latin and jazz. We didn't try for an authentic Latin sound. What we did was record jazz tunes and put a Latin beat to them . . . things like **Midnight Sun** and **Bernie's Tune.**"

Since then some of Tjader's albums have sold more than 30,000, among them the version of **West Side Story** that Clare Fischer arranged for the group and the LPs with Latin percussionists Willie Bobo and Mongo Santamaria. But it was Tjader's **Soul Sauce** that hit big.

"It was one of those things which makes this business so unpredictable," Tjader said. "We recorded it in 1964, and Creed Taylor [a&r man for Verve, for which Tjader currently records] came up with a real catchy name, one that gave us an additional play on r&b stations. As of now, over 100,000 albums of **Soul Sauce** have been sold."

Tjader is by no means pleased with every album he's done:

"Musically I'd have to say I've done some dumb albums. Like **Breeze from the East.** Creed would be the first to admit it didn't make it. He tried for a sound, and when I heard it, I went outside and vomited—figuratively, not literally.

"Frankly, what I'd like to do now is another **Warm Wave** album. I told Creed I just want to go in and do an uncomplicated, unadorned, no-gimmick type album—a quartet session of ballads with musicians like Kenny Burrell, Richard Davis, and Grady Tate."

Hasn't he reached the success plateau where he can record what he wants?

"Well, you don't go in to a recording studio and do these eight-minute tracks, not unless you're a Bill Evans or have a—how shall I put it—a strong musical personality," he answered. "Of course, the whole recording picture has changed. You've got to record things for AM play—you know, 2½-minute tracks.

"There's another factor too. I turned 40 last July, and you know, I find myself getting lazy. I have to be honest. I'm not as musically productive as I should be. I get inspired, write a few bars, and suddenly it sounds unoriginal. I find that I get a greater kick out of interpreting other people's work. Something comes along like Johnny Mandel's **Shadow of Your Smile** or Brazilian things—those lovely bossa novas by Jobim or Bonfa—and I'd rather work on them. I'm not the great composer I had hopes of once being."

Talk about "being inspired" by other musicians' creations led to a discussion of Tjader's own musical preferences:

"People have always associated me with the Afro-Cuban/Latin thing, and it is an honest, deep love of mine; but there is another area which has gone unnoticed, possibly because of the albums. I love ballads, and I like to play pretty. . . . I am not a fast player like Terry Gibbs. But, of course, you can't play ballads all night. You've got to pace each set. But I could play a ballad every other number.

"My real kicks come from listening. Like, for example, the latest Tony Bennett album of movie themes. Every day, for the past few weeks, I've listened to that album. I can't get enough of it; I have to devour it. It's so damned beautiful, it's like having a section of your body that needs filling up and you keep getting it.

"My wife feels the same way . . . I've played Puente and Rodriguez for her, and she can take it or leave it alone. But the sounds of Ellington, or Basie, or the simplicity of the MJQ—now, those are the things we enjoy.

"It's quite a mixture of things. I even dearly love some old Judy Garland recordings. I'm not a sentimentalist, and it's not nostalgia, but there's a certain sound—someone once described it as the 'east side sound of New York'—that I really love. It's a combination of Cy Walter, Teddy Wilson, and Herman Chittison—an entire era that's been forgotten. It's been forgotten the way Teddy Wilson has been neglected, and there's a real tragedy."

THE LOOK BACKWARD was contrasted with an appraisal of the current jazz scene.

"What is happening today is disturbing me very much," Tjader said. "If the things that the Shepps, Minguses, and Coltranes are doing now are the direction that jazz is taking, then I'll turn in my union card. I can't be part of it.

"Last year, at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco, my wife and I went to hear John Coltrane. I went in with an open mind—I wanted to dig him, but after about 25 minutes of whatever he was playing, I had to leave. Now I'd never walked out in the middle of anyone's set before, but this was so bad, I just couldn't make it—I thought I was going to flip out.

"The tragic part about something like this is I can remember how Coltrane was playing a few years ago with Miles Davis. Remember the things they used to do on tunes like **Bye, Bye, Blackbird**? I used to play that recording over and over . . . the solos were beautiful, mainly because they represented tension, and a release from tension. The contrast is important.

"But when I saw Coltrane with his quartet, it started out mad and stayed hateful all the way. No search for beauty—it was just protest. It was like one continuous blob of color that hit you right in the face."

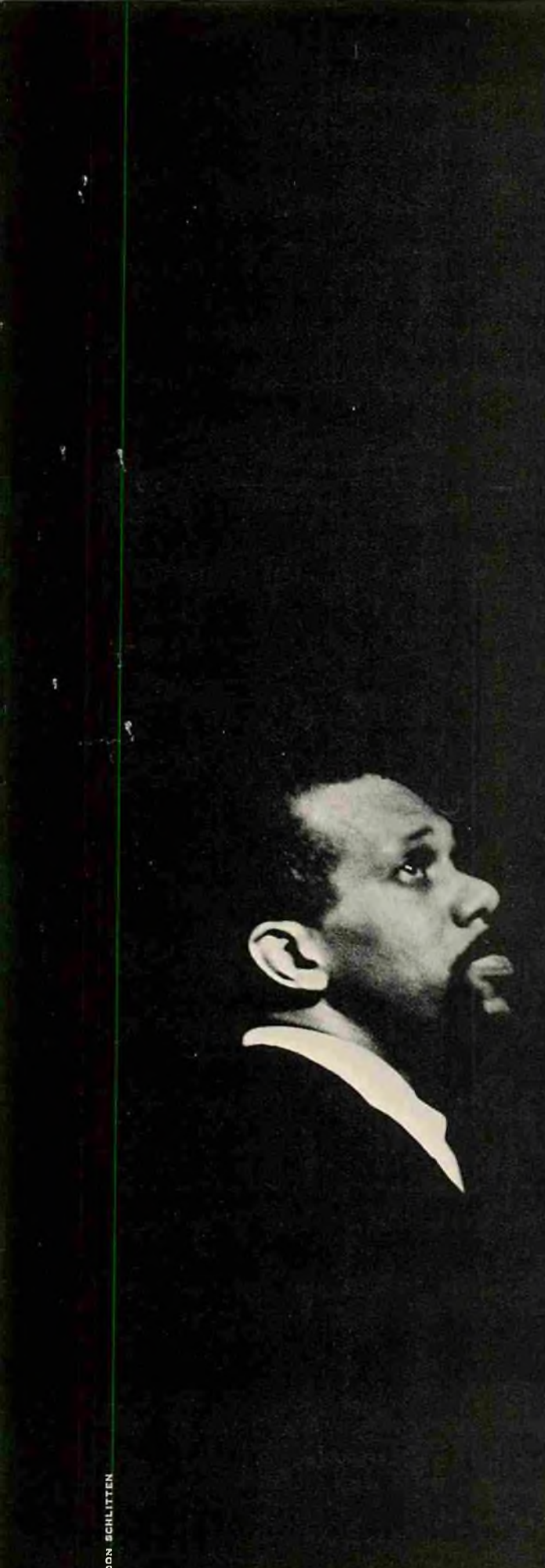
Does he feel that jazz is basically a Negro's idiom?

"I'm not a musicologist, so I'm on unsure ground," he replied. "I've never been much concerned with who plays what or who came first. But I'm pretty sure the most influence on jazz . . . the most innovators were Negroes. But I wouldn't say that only the Negro plays jazz. The white man has learned from him. There are so many instances of one influencing the other. Stan Getz was influenced by Lester Young, but I'm sure Herbie Hancock listened to Bill Evans, but I couldn't care less. What each one says is valid.

"The real tragedy is Crow Jim. I've been told that Charlie Mingus makes an open point about not playing with white musicians. I don't understand that. When I was learning drums, I was living in the Fillmore district of San Francisco, and I used to play with an all-colored band. Now, maybe I was an intruder, but I wasn't aware of it. For me, it was a great thrill just to sit in at a jam session. Sure, we knew things weren't perfect, and social conditions could have been better, but we were doing our part, indirectly, just by playing together.

"Maybe I'm oversimplifying things by saying this, but the bandstand—or, for that matter, any art form—should be the last place for social preaching. Look at how long Lalo Schifrin played with Dizzy Gillespie. Now, I am sure Dizzy didn't give a thought to color. If a Japanese-Indian or an Eskimo came along and had the right feeling for the blues, Dizzy would hire him. But today, it's so mental. Today, you keep hearing 'he plays pretty good for a white guy.' My God—think of someone like Zoot Sims; he can play with **any** group.

"There has got to be a return to beauty, but I'm afraid this whole protest thing is pushing jazz in the other direction. That's the big hang-up. You know, sometimes I get the feeling that if everything were all right in the world, these characters would be lost—there'd be nothing to cry about." db



DON SCHLITTEN

RESURGENT PIANO:

FOR SOME WAYFARERS, every silver lining has a cloud. Apparent opportunities are merely disappointments in disguise. Life is a series of subway car doors shut on your nose.

Walter Bishop Jr.'s good standing in the cloud club will resist the most rigorous examination. He hasn't had a good break in years, though he does have one of the most enjoyable quartets afloat. In these days of the avant-garde, he is not exactly hot copy. He is neither an outspoken newcomer nor, at 38, really old enough to be rediscovered as a venerable but neglected jazzman Who Had It All The Time But Nobody Was Listening.

Does he have it? Sure. Is he great? Maybe not, though, with candor, he will dispute this, and it must be said he has powerful supporters.

"You know, he played with Charlie Parker, and Parker had phenomenally good taste in musicians," said Max Roach. "I think Walter is an exceptionally talented individual. He is one of the musicians who really had it and still has it. A man like that can't help but develop with maturity."

From Bill Evans: "I like him as a representative of the best feeling to come out of the bop era. He has a very good comping and very good swinging feeling."

There is no doubt that Bishop was one of the most vital early bop pianists and a guy Parker dug having on the piano bench. He played with Parker for three years—1951-53—and built himself a solid reputation. But that reputation has just about evaporated, and what's left can sometimes be pretty painful. For instance:

The Bishop quartet will play this club. Times seem to be getting better. Bishop's had a few nice gigs. Nothing fabulous financially, but the audiences seem to respond, and self-confidence is reasserting itself. He finishes the set, and as he steps off the stand, a customer tugs his coat and says:

"Hey, that was great. You know, you're great, but, man, your father was out of sight."

"Father?"

"Yeah. The guy who used to play with Bird."

So, in effect, Bishop is just getting started again. But why does a musician's reputation vanish almost without a trace like that, especially when the reputation was built on a lot of early promise?

It's an old story, and Bishop got stuck with it. He was a narcotics addict for seven years, and this is a reputation that doesn't die easily. He has been clean for the last seven years, but it is those other seven when, artistically speaking, he lay fallow that are hurting him. He lost seven years that can't be recaptured. He just stopped developing, and it's

WALTER BISHOP JR.

BY DON NELSEN

only in recent times that he's been getting it together again.

"The years with Bird would have been the best period in my life if I hadn't been addicted," Bishop said. "Now I can look at it objectively. I just got to the point where the music was nothing more than the means to support my habit. My progress stopped—and I could have learned so much then. At first, when I'd be under the influence, it seemed to inspire me to practice and create. But this was a deception, as I found out after about a year. The more addicted I became, the less I practiced or did anything new.

"I was content to play what I'd been playing. I was withdrawn, detached. Listen, all I was enthusiastic about was getting high. If it had to do with that, man, I was there. The most important thing about playing was getting paid off at the end of the night so I could get high."

Thus, seven years on the spike, two self-committals to Lexington, two trips to the Manhattan jail on Riker's Island, and an incalculable loss of development in the prime years. On his last release from Riker's in 1958, Bishop figured out what he had to do: get the hell away from jazz.

"If I had to stay out of music to stay clean, I'd stay out," he says.

So, at last, he became part of the audience by taking a day gig. This experience would crucially affect his playing when he decided to return. He found out what audiences are like.

"When I did return to the piano," he said, "I found I was more positive in my playing. I had the desire to relate to an audience, a desire I never had before. Now they were part of the whole experience, where before they were just there—and I learned it because I wasn't playing."

When he says he wasn't playing, he means it literally. He got a job wrestling 300-pound barrels in a plastics warehouse and was so sapped at night that he just dropped on the mattress until it was work time again. But it was invaluable therapy.

"As little as it was," he explained, "I felt the sense of accomplishment. As I grew strong physically, I grew strong mentally. I got back the confidence in myself that I hadn't had in years. That's what junkies are always trying to cover up with heroin—no confidence in themselves. They're afraid, so they fall back on the works to get away from the problem. You know, my quest for recognition musically isn't entirely selfish. I think it's necessary for the many friends I left behind who are still addicted. They need living examples that society will give them a chance if they give themselves a chance."

What Bishop would like to do now, besides making it musically, is to work with HARYOU-ACT in Harlem in trying to combat the effects of poverty and discrimination—one of which is addiction. He signed up some time ago but is still awaiting the call, hoping things will move a bit faster. He sounds like the ideal warrior. After all, he's been there and made it back—one of the few who have.

His engagement at the warehouse lasted a year before he was laid off. But by then he was over the hump.

"I drifted back into music as a way of making a living," the pianist said. "I wasn't worried about drugs anymore. I had built up enough resistance to keep off.

"Besides, my whole outlook toward music has changed. I wanted people to feel that when they came into a club to hear me, it would be a happy and enlightening experience. I'm still too much the musician to play solely for the sake of making money. I like to be happy when I'm playing, and I can't be happy unless I play good music. For happiness and my own peace of mind I have to play good music."

What is "good" music? What should it be? The paradoxical answer is that good music can be anything because anything *can* be good. It doesn't have to appear in one specific form to be recognized. Bishop, for instance, plays good music in one manner; some avant-gardists play it in another; and Bishop recognizes the validity of both.

"When I got to 52nd St., our music was regarded in much the same way as avant-garde music is today," Bishop said. "A lot of it sounds like chaos and confusion. When you're young, you always want to tear down mountains. Then you reach a leveling-off when you develop assuredness. You know what you want to do and how you want to do it. You're no longer groping."

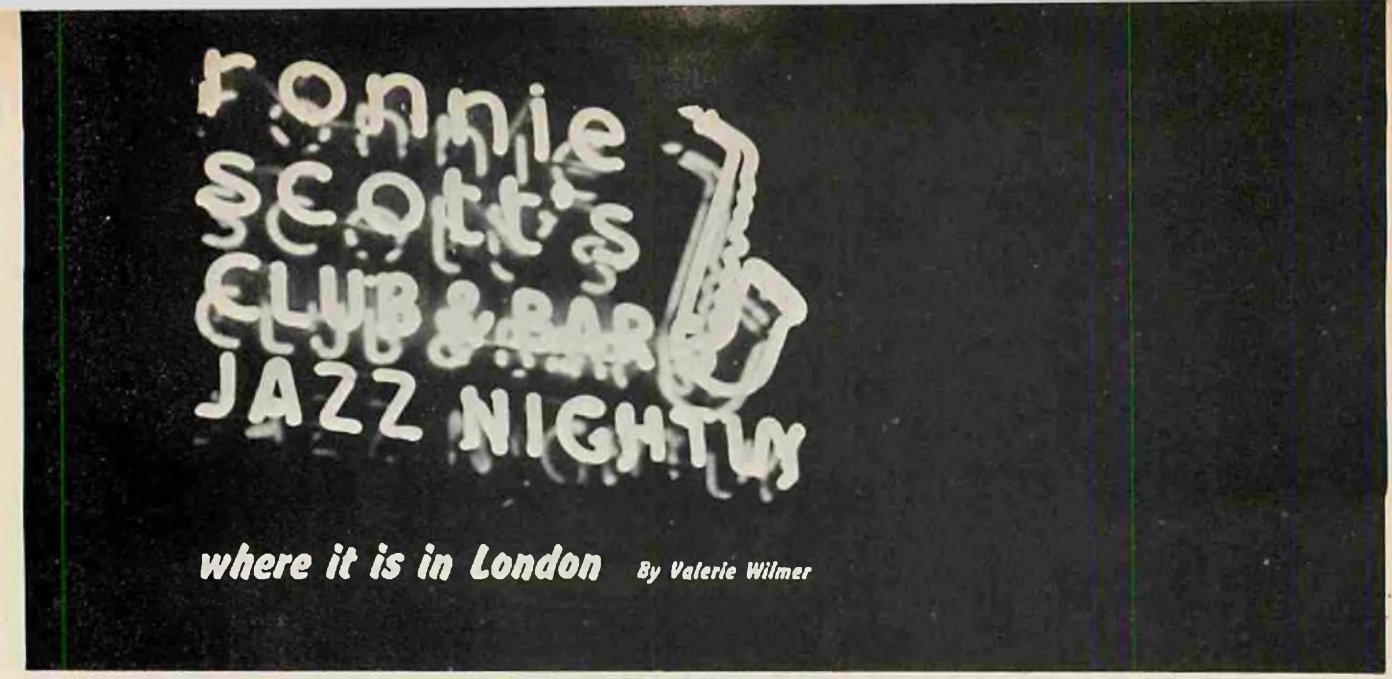
Still, Bishop's open-mindedness on the subject of the new jazz does not come without reservations, which he noted:

"I believe that music should communicate beauty and love, although I'm aware that the newer guys are going through what I went through in the bop days—you know, play for yourself and the hell with everyone else. Only time will tell the validity of their work. Some of them just use free-form because they don't know what's happening. It's an out for them. And critics, in particular, feel they don't want to be left out. Remember the first Bird reviews? A lot of critics don't want to get caught like that again.

"But some of the younger musicians I respect because they can do the new stuff and come back. They know what they're doing. They know their craft. I love that. That's Blakey's secret: always playing with innovators. I personally like pianists like McCoy Tyner, Kenny Barron, Al Dailey, and Cedar Walton among the newer men."

His view that music should communicate beauty and love is interesting in the light of how he views his own style. He

(Continued on page 40)



where it is in London

By Valerie Wilmer

WHENEVER U.S. musicians head for Europe, there are three clubs where they are assured of attentive audiences and a fair deal: the Jazz Gallery in Berlin, the Montmartre in Copenhagen, and the club in London run by saxophonist Ronnie Scott.

British jazz activity is largely centered in London, and the Scott club has long been the hub of most of it. The proprietor—dark, good-looking, and always impeccably dressed—is a respected musician who worked at one time with Ted Heath, has led his own big band, and for two eventful years co-led the Jazz Couriers with tenorist Tubby Hayes. Scott is, in the thinking of many, the most consistently creative tenor saxophonist in Britain.

Six years ago he and ex-musician Pete King opened a basement club on Gerrard St. on the fringe of London's Soho area. In December, 1965, they moved to more palatial premises at 47 Frith St., taking with them a reputation for good music, food, and drink in equal quantities, all at prices within the reach of the average enthusiast.

Scott is hip without being a hippie, an attitude reflected in the club's enlightened and broad-minded policy. It is an ideal room for musicians and listeners, the seating being arranged in tiers facing the bandstand to allow the performers to be seen from every corner of the club. The sound system is perfection itself.

The room is completely staffed by jazz people—"if they're not jazz fans when they start here, they end up by digging it," Scott said. When were waitresses last seen snapping their fingers in between serving drinks? Chief cheerleader is handyman Gypsy Larry, onetime guitarist and a fixture of the Soho scene since the 1920s, who enlivens any sagging audience with his shouts of "Voila!" and "Formidable!" at the end of a good solo.

When the club first opened, admission was set as low as 28 cents, and for this paltry sum patrons could sit on hard-backed chairs and listen to the best in local jazz. Such musicians as Tubby Hayes, Joe Harriott, Jimmie Deuchar, and the proprietor were featured alongside lesser-known performers. The most potent brew available was coffee. Liquor licenses are hard to come by in the land of the early-closing pub, but after the club had spent several years proving its worth, a bar was installed, and Ronnie Scott's became the first London night club to provide jazz seven nights a week.

The move to larger and plusher premises had been anticipated for some time because of the overcrowding at the Gerrard St. location, but the day when Scott would present such outstanding international stars as Stan Getz, J.J. Johnson, and Wes Montgomery never entered his mind when he opened the club as a place where local musicians could blow.

"We just shared whatever we took in amongst whoever played," Scott recalled. "We had no thought of bringing in foreign musicians, but unfortunately it just didn't work with local guys alone."

"People weren't too interested," he elaborated. "They'd seen all the guys before. Even with a license it still wasn't an economic proposition, so we went to the musicians' union and told them things weren't working out. The only way to do something about it was to bring in foreign musicians, Americans in particular."

The union agreed to relax its long-standing ban on U.S. artists working anywhere except at concerts, and Scott's became the first club to feature them—for a trial period. The exchange problems were sorted out to allow Zoot Sims to perform at the club with the Stan Tracey Trio in 1962, and the saxophonist's initial month-long date proved a tremendous success. The problems did not stop there, however. Scott explained:

"In the first instance, any American playing in a club was a tremendous novelty, but we always knew that it would reach a kind of level after we'd brought in a number of guys. People would get used to the idea and pick and choose whom they came to hear—which they do. But since then, the club has at least paid its way. It has never been an enormous financial success, but I don't think anything can be an enormous money-making thing as far as jazz is concerned. At least we haven't got into any more trouble than we were ever in."

The ban against U.S. musicians playing Britain had been operated by the American Federation of Musicians and the British Musicians Union since 1939, and only since 1956 has it been relaxed on a reciprocal one-for-one exchange basis. Scott feels that the ban may eventually be lifted, "although," he added, "I can't see any prospect of it in the near future."

"There are good and valid reasons," he said, "for not just opening the thing up and allowing anyone who wants to to come in, or any fellow to bring in musicians haphazardly. There has to be some sort of control, and this is perfectly understandable. There are things where I don't quite go along with the union, but they do have a difficult task to keep the interests of British musicians first and foremost.

"It works pretty well so far. I mean it would be different if jazz were an

PHOTOS BY VALERIE WILMER

Session at Scott's features trumpeter Roy Burrowes, the tenorist-proprietor, drummer Jackie Dougan, saxophonist Sonny Stitt, and bassist Gene Wright.

enormous kind of commercial thing, where a dozen clubs or promoters wanted to bring American jazz musicians in, but there just aren't. Nobody's going mad to do this. I don't think that the business warrants anyone going out of their way to do so."

SCOTT'S IS, in fact, the only jazz club of its kind in Britain, and it has a virtual monopoly on the potential jazz audience. Now that the club has moved, prices have increased through necessity, but the number of patrons continues to grow. Within the limits of success that jazz can achieve, the club does well.

"I think the reason is that we have never changed our policy," Scott said. "We've always set out to be a jazz club —this is a business we wanted to be in, and we've always tried to present the best that we possibly can.

"There's always been a hard core of jazz fans, not enough to fill the enormous places, but enough to keep at least one club sort of plodding along. We've built up a kind of reputation for the things we do, and so when people come to London and want to hear some jazz, this seems to be the natural place for them to go."

Since the club has featured American artists, it has attracted more than just the hard core of enthusiasts.

"Jazz has its ups and downs," Scott said. "At the moment I don't think there are too many things that attract the out-and-out jazz fans, so when we moved to the bigger place, we tried to formulate a policy whereby we would not only feature an instrumentalist but also, whenever possible, a jazz-based singer."

Vocalists Ernestine Anderson, Betty Bennett, Mark Murphy, and Blossom Dearie have been presented alongside musicians Yusef Lateef, Lou Bennett, Lee Konitz, and Sonny Rollins.

"In the old place you came in and sat down, and it was difficult to move around," Scott said. "So you were kind of subjected to four hours of nonstop instrumental jazz. You really have to be a jazz fanatic to take that. A lot of people would like to hear a singer and aren't too keen on instrumental jazz for any length of time, while there are people who do like it, and they'll also take a singer, providing it's a good singer. And so they both come here."

Originally, Scott's was more or less a stronghold of hard bop but over the years has presented artists as disparate in style as Ben Webster, Sonny Rollins, Art Farmer, Jimmy Witherspoon, the Bill Evans Trio, and the Ornette Coleman Trio. Plans are afoot to feature Elvin Jones, Jimmy Rushing, and the Horace Silver Quintet during 1966. It is rare to find such a wide variety of stylists appearing regularly at any single venue. Although the proprietor's own sympathies do not particularly extend to the avant-garde, he would like eventually to feature instrumentalists involved in the movement.

"I want to present as much jazz and as varied a program as possible," he said. "But the other thing we have to look to—the important thing—is the economic angle. There are a lot of guys we'd like to bring in who wouldn't mean anything economically, and after all, we've got fairly high overheads and are not in a position to lose money. We've got to at least break even every week; otherwise, we're in serious trouble.

"So we've got to bring in singers and musicians who will draw to a certain extent, and I'm not sure that guys like Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler would mean very much economically at the moment. They may well do so in the future. What I'd like to do is to bring in somebody like that, plus some kind of name vocalist who would draw."

SCOTT is one of the British musicians who have played in the United States in exchange for artists appearing at his club, but he is not particularly happy about performing across the Atlantic.

"Quite frankly, I prefer to play at home," he said. "I get a bit tense if I do work in America, where you have to play for an audience of musicians you've known and admired for years. Some guys don't seem particularly bothered, but it's very difficult for me."

Scott has for some time been one of the authoritative tenor saxophone voices in Britain. But regrettably, his other activities take up too much of his time nowadays for him to play more than the opening set of the evening at his club. An inventive musician with an instantly recognizable personality on the saxophone, he admits that he is far from happy about this state of affairs:

"It's very difficult for me at the moment because the rhythm section I work with, the Stan Tracey Trio, is also involved in accompanying whatever foreign artists we have here. There isn't really much room for me to play, as far as time is concerned. I want to try and form a kind of group and, rather than play one set six nights a week, perhaps to use the new group as the featured group three nights a week. I'd rather do that than just play the first set. It's always a bit difficult to play . . . the audience is hard to warm up and so on."

Scott continues to play the occasional outside gig with his quartet—Tracey, piano; Jeff Clyne, bass; Bill Eyden,

(Continued on page 38)

RECORD REVIEWS

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

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.

Albert Ayler

SPIRITS REJOICE—ESP 1020: *Spirits Rejoice; Holy Family; D.C.; Angels; Prophet.*

Personnel: Don Ayler, trumpet; Charles Tyler, alto saxophone; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Call Cobbs, harpsichord; Henry Grimes, Gary Peacock, basses; Sonny Murray, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Albert Ayler is one of the most original jazz tenor saxophonists and probably will become one of the most influential. He has already marked the styles of a number of young musicians.

He is, however, far from being a perfect musician. On this album the virtues and shortcomings of his approach are clearly illustrated. He hurls himself violently into almost everything he plays, seldom improvising with restraint for very long. His work is often extremely violent. Speed is a very important element of his playing. He sometimes plays so fast that the notes in his phrases nearly seem to lose their identities; it's almost as if these extremely complex lines were not composed of individual notes but were ascending and descending unbroken ribbons of sounds.

When playing this way, the tenorist does not have much time to think; consequently his extremely agitated playing does not have melodic substance. (Some of the runs and phrases he chooses to play lie under his fingers in such a way that they are relatively easy to play swiftly. They are sometimes rather trivial melodically.)

His playing derives its interest from its speed and from its author's use of varied textures and colors and freak effects, i.e., rasped and honked tones and high notes that are above the normal upper register of the tenor saxophone. When he plays fast, his tone is extremely dry and cuts like a knife.

His fast playing is explosive and powerful, but during some of these solos, it sometimes becomes boring, the result of several factors. For one thing, he does not build to a fever pitch; he starts at one and stays there. His fast work then lacks variety; it is pretty much on one level of intensity. It also does not have particularly good continuity, for he does not seem concerned, when playing fast, with making a smooth transition from one phrase to another.

It is interesting to contrast Albert Ayler's fast playing with John Coltrane's sheets of sound, which preceded it. Coltrane's sheets are much richer in distinctive melodic and harmonic ideas.

Tenorist Ayler's fast solos here are fairly short, but they have dull moments as well as arresting ones. In fact, his work on the *Spiritual Unity* LP (ESP 1002) is, I think, generally more imaginative.

I should mention that he has demonstrated, when playing in a relatively calm manner (particularly on *Spirits*, ESP 1002), that he can improvise interesting melodic lines, full of fresh (in their context) intervals.

On the other hand, his work is sometimes extremely romantic. From time to time he employs a tone that is so syrupy and plays so shakily that it goes beyond parodying the "sweet" saxophone style.

It's a jarring experience to hear him play romantically. Sometimes his slow work is invested with a quality that might be called insane, or at least eerie; often it's quite moving.

I react differently every time I hear his gushing *Angels* work, usually finding it humorous. Others may think it poignant. It's sort of like watching an intense but clumsy suitor. You don't know whether to laugh or sympathize.

Donald Ayler attempts to emulate his brother's approach, but with less satisfactory results.

Trumpeters can profitably pick up some things from Albert, but it would appear to be a mistake, in most cases, for them to base their styles entirely on his. Many of his pet devices are extremely difficult to approximate on trumpet. Donald, for example, doesn't even attempt to scream in the upper register, like Albert. He would need an iron lip to do so. He seems to take the easy way out, playing a lot of notes to little purpose. His work has intensity but little of the textural richness of Albert's.

All of the compositions are credited to Albert Ayler. He is an intriguing writer. His pieces sometimes have an old-fashioned quality and are composed of odd combinations of elements.

Spirits Rejoice is reminiscent, at some points, of martial and processional music. Some of the compositions would not be out of place in the sound track of a movie about royalty in 18th-century Europe. It even has a snatch that's reminiscent of *La Marseillaise*.

Angels, a slow, sentimental composition, derives its interest from the weird coupling of harpsichord and tenor saxophone (especially the way Ayler plays it) with discreet rhythm-section backing. It's a humorous selection, sounding like a put-on in various spots, but the humor is almost certainly unintentional.

The veteran Cobbs, who played with Johnny Hodges in the '50s, turns in some fleet, exquisite harpsichord work on *Angels*.

Family, a simple, trivial piece, sounds a little like hoedown music.

There are better Ayler albums available, but anything he does now is worth having. (H.P.)

Eddie Cano-Nino Tempo

ON BROADWAY—Atco 33-184: *On Broadway; A Hard Day's Night; Reza; Don't Think Twice; King Kong; My Resolution; Call Your D; For Whom the Bell Tolls; Insensatez; Adios Corazon; His Groove; Hip Street.*

Personnel: Tempo, tenor saxophone; Cano, piano; David Troncoso, bass; Fred Aguirre, drums; Carlos Mejia, conga.

Rating: ★★½

Jazz connoisseurs, particularly those of avant-garde persuasion, will find this Latin-rhythmed cutting of little moment; they've heard it all before. However, those not so dedicated to the advancement of learning may discover a rather warm and engaging album.

The music is heavy on the melody and somewhat lush when the tenor moves on the scene. Tempo's delivery is quite Getzian, though on some tunes (like *Broadway*) he tempers this sound with a harsher rock-and-roll quality.

The similarity to Getz is so decided, in fact—especially on *Adios* and *Reza* and extremely so on *Insensatez*—that annotator Leonard Feather apparently felt compelled to ask Tempo about it. The tenorist denied any conscious influence; yet the close resemblance is unmistakable. This aside, he lends a salutary presence to what otherwise might have been a routine cocktail session.

Tempo also appears to be a more inventive player than Cano. The pianist is, as other commentators have pointed out, most accomplished technically, but his creative fires are banked rather low. I think he would be impressive in a low-lit lounge. On the other hand, he shows he is capable of writing fine melodies: *Adios* is not only lyrically pretty but very blowable harmonically.

Troncoso gets only three chances at the solo switch, but he suggests within these brief showings that he is capable of much. (D.N.)

Walt Harper

ON THE ROAD—Gateway 7016: *Michelle; Buster Brown; People; Heartbreak; Shiny Stockings; Watermelon Man; Shadow of Your Smile; Bewitched; Corcovado; Dawn.*

Personnel: Jerry Elliott, trombone; Nat Harper, tenor saxophone; Walt Harper, piano, vocals; Tommy McDaniel, bass; Bert Logan, drums; Gloria Brisky Singers, vocals.

Rating: ★★★½

Michelle has a piano introduction followed by bass for four bars, and the melody commences atop the rhythm section—naturally—plus a bongo drum. It's all romantic, free and easy with good dynamics, and danceable.

Buster Brown is a long-meter blues in 4/4 with the drums and bass playing double time—a rock that might make some dancers happy—but not me. It's sad. Like bad with a capital B.

People has tenor saxophonist Nat Harper playing, moving the melody with warm, beautiful, and thoughtful grace and conviction.

Heartbreak is a hard driver with that Wild West beat, r-e-a-l jump-band style.

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This one has Walt Harper singing with the Waltettes, after which Nat rocks the record with some robust tenor. Walt and singers take the last section out.

Shiny Stockings' ensemble has trombonist Elliott and tenorist Nat playing symmetrically down the track leading to Nat's tenor solo, after which Elliott plays tastefully. Then Walt plays some light, nonchalant, swinging locked-hands piano, and they take it out with Logan taking care of all kinds of business in the open spots of this thoughtful Frank Foster composition.

Watermelon, as one might expect, demonstrates that hardly anything different can be done with this composition, in as much as the original Herbie Hancock arrangement was quite appropriately descriptive. However, this version does add a couple of nice variations, with the group singing and the rhythm varying. I suppose this is entertaining; it has a few seeds in it . . . rather earthy.

Your Smile features Walt's good cocktail piano with a nice arrangement that is not overly cliche-ridden.

Walt sings *Bewitched* (I was looking for "bothered and bewildered," but this is an entirely different composition). Entertaining. It contains a round of solos the last of which is Walt's seguing into his vocal.

Corcovado is a fair-to-good interpretation. It's almost impossible to play a bad bossa nova, for the buoyant rhythm seems to keep everything afloat, alive and vibrant. I liked the arrangement.

Down is a Holy Roller revival vehicle. It's a cooker if you like it. I didn't dig it too tough, but maybe it was my mood.

It's difficult to say what it is about this album that sort of unleveled me. It has variety and good programing, and the performance isn't that bad. It has good drive. Maybe it was the signs for that good Gulf Oil seen on the cover that made me woozy. I used to work on a gasoline truck in Texas. (K.D.)

Steve Kuhn

THREE WAVES—Contact 5: *Ida Lupino; Ah, Moore; Today I Am a Man; Memory; Why Did I Choose You?; Three Waves; Never Let Me Go; Bits and Pieces; Kodpiece.*

Personnel: Kuhn, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

There is a tremendous vitality and originality in Kuhn's playing that covers a whole range of expression—from the soft-gentle treatment of *Choose* to the thunderous crests of *Three Waves*. The waves are often of tidal proportions, crashing mightily on the shore, spume flying, as Kuhn, with LaRoca and Swallow, takes a turbulent voyage over uncharted seas.

Their music is at times fiercely, almost terrifyingly violent . . . yet it can be delicate and hauntingly beautiful, as in Kuhn's *Memory*. Occasionally it is imbued with a childlike simplicity shown in the uncluttered lines of Carla Bley's *Ida Lupino*. In fact, it is a personal expression of feeling quite paradoxical, with its many changes of pace and mood.

Kuhn states unequivocally that there are not too many standards that he enjoys playing; hence his choice of material in this collection consists mainly of his originals and some little-known pieces that evidently appeal to him for their unusual construction and harmonic content and that seem to express his thoughts and feelings in a way that more conventional material could not do.

Ida Lupino is a rather mystifying amalgamation of thoughts and ideas. The title suggests a sophisticated movie star, but the melody is a gentle folk song. The first line of a lyric put to the tune by Paul Haynes is spoken in a sombre tone by Kuhn as an introduction: "Is it now in season. . . ."

Ah, Moore, by Al Cohn, is the perfect medium for Kuhn's thoughtful, introspective way with a ballad. He embellishes it with little rushes of notes and swiftly moving passages that make the piano come alive under his fingers, using staccato groups of notes, often repeated, with tension-building emphasis. Swallow's lines are long and reflective, seeming to pause and hover as if suspended in time, giving a quality of repose that offsets Kuhn's restless searching and the relentless shifting rhythms of the drums.

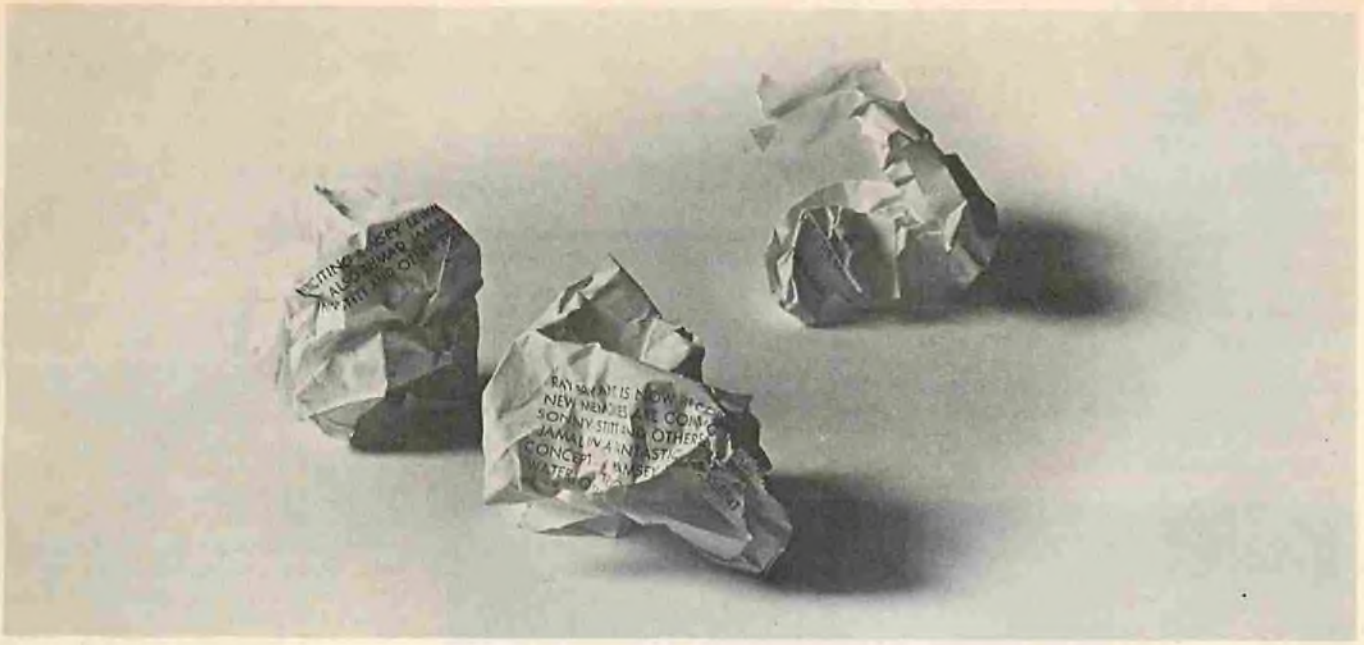
Man, a Kuhn original, is confirmation of his ability to take a melodic line apart, bend it, and reshape it on his own plan. The bass line leaps like a brook from note to note. LaRoca keeps up an insistent, rocking beat as Kuhn, busy constructing little jagged peaks of sound, plays several rhythmic ideas, one superimposed on another, great swatches of chords that sound as if Kuhn were reaching for every possible note within his grasp and finding it. In contrast, Swallow's solo has an almost conversational air, creating the effect of a relaxed comment on Kuhn's playing. Near the end of the piece, LaRoca whams out some declamatory solo breaks that carry through the urgency and excitement to the end.

Memory is an exquisite eight-bar melody; its unusual intervals make one think of the free wild sound of a bird singing. The trilling figures of the improvisation are delicate and intense; Kuhn uses the chords, as he says, "like springboards," from which he takes off in a series of throbbing, coruscating sparklets of melody, ending softly with the same sweetly moving theme.

The trio plays *Choose* as a gently flowing bossa nova. Kuhn toys sensitively with the melody, putting it in a simple gemlike setting. His voicing of chords, rich and full, has his own stamp. His touch reflects his classical training. Clearly defined, evenly spaced notes flow from his fingertips. This quiet, reflective feeling contrasts interestingly with the majestic, towering strength of *Waves* with its flood of notes, the crash upon crash of chords.

On *Never*, Kuhn bypasses the lovely melody until the last few bars. He weaves tantalizingly in and around the harmonic structure with a double-time feeling, which, to me, never quite replaces the beauty of the original tune. Considering the tenderness with which Kuhn plays a ballad, he could have used more of the melody, for when he does finally touch on a few bars of it, the song glows momentarily with sudden warmth and beauty.

Bits and Pieces rushes furiously along like a hurricane spiraling into a funnel of



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dissonance. Swallow seems to create an effect rather than actually playing a line. He executes humming, droning passages that provide a thick carpet of sound upon which Kuhn builds layer upon layer of cross-rhythmic patterns.

LaRoca plays with a strong, surging feeling of motion, an implied beat that loosely holds the music together so that each musician feels free to go out on a separate limb, and return, without losing the closely knit feeling of a trio. It creates the illusion of being in space, free-floating, and LaRoca is adept at generating this feeling; it has a certain recklessness about it, but he plays with an inner core of stability that enables the players with him to be confident and relaxed.

The bass line seesaws, vibrating darkly; and with little growling jabs at the lower register of the piano, Kuhn ends the piece dramatically, all stops out.

This selection of music shows dedication to an ideal, with Kuhn at his creative best. (M.McP.)

Harlan Leonard

HARLAND LEONARD AND HIS ROCKETS —RCA Victor 531: *Rock and Ride; Dameron Stomp; Skee; A-La-Bridges; Too Much; Take 'Um; Ride My Blues Away; I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire; Rockin' with the Rockets; Southern Fried (Hairy Joe Jump); Parade of the Stompers; Mistreated; Keep Rockin'; "400" Swing; Please Don't Squabble; My Gal Sal.*

Personnel: Edward Johnson, William H. Smith, James Ross, trumpets; Richard Henderson, Fred Beckett or Walter Monroe, trombones; Harlan Leonard, Darwin Jones, Henry Bridges, James Keith, saxophones; William S. Smith, piano; Stanley Morgan or Effergee Ware, guitar; Billy Hadnott or Winston Williams, bass; Jesse Price, drums; Myra Taylor, Ernie Williams, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★

This Vintage release, containing 16 selections recorded in 1940, illustrates what a small number of afficionados have long maintained—that Leonard's orchestra was one of Kansas City's best. Leonard's approach was not unlike that of Count Basie in that he emphasized a loose-swinging style of playing.

Most of the arrangements (for example, the riff tune *Hairy Joe Jump,* which was later recorded by Charlie Barnet as *Southern Fried*) are simple, buoyant vehicles for improvisation. Some were written by Tadd Dameron, but they do not indicate the direction his work was shortly to take. His best composition is the pretty ballad *A-La-Bridges.*

The outstanding soloist in Leonard's band was trombonist Beckett, who has been named by some as one of the precursors of modern jazz.

Beckett's harmonic and rhythmic ideas were not particularly far out, but his great technical facility allowed him to play smoother, more complex solos than most other trombonists of the day. He used the upper register in a consistently tasteful, musical manner. On medium- and up-tempo selections his powerful but relaxed playing seems influenced somewhat by J. C. Higginbotham. However, his warm-toned *A-La-Bridges* work is more reminiscent of Jack Teagarden.

The most frequently heard soloist is Bridges, a good tenor player in the Herschel Evans tradition, who surges ahead forcefully on the jump tunes and plays feelingfully on *A-La-Bridges.* Keith, another Evans disciple, is also solid.

Ross and William H. Smith are the trumpet soloists. The former has an exuberant, if sometimes strident, approach. The able Smith displays a slightly more restrained style. His tasty muted work on *Hairy Joe* is a highlight of the album.

Pianist William S. Smith is also used as a soloist. A sober, economical musician, he obviously owes something to Basie.

It's an enjoyable LP and also a valuable historical document. (H.P.)

Oliver Nelson

OLIVER NELSON PLAYS MICHELLE—Impulse 9113: *Island Virgin; These Boots Are Made for Walkin'; Jazz Bug; Together Again; Flowers on the Wall; Yesterday; Once upon a Time; Michelle; Do You See What I See?; Fantastic, That's You; Beautiful Music; Meadowland.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Clark Terry, Joe Newman, trumpets; Nelson, Phil Woods, Danny Bank, Romeo Penque, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Billy Butler, Al Lucas, Barry Galbraith, guitars; Bob Cranshaw, Richard Davis, basses; Grady Tate, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★

If we must have pop jazz, then let it be arranged and played in this manner. With few exceptions, the tunes cook. With no exceptions, the band sounds loose and happy. And what a band, a hand-picked bunch of swingers, capable of much doubling and obviously having a ball with tunes that, in many cases, shouldn't be taken too seriously.

The one who is having the most fun of all is Nelson and not just through his writing.

For the first time in three years, he blows on one of his dates. And the results —on tenor and alto—are rewarding. His solo on *Do You See?* is satisfyingly gutsy, goosed by "doits" that sound more like gulps; his solo on the title track and *Yesterday* offer the contrast of sensitivity; and the barking byplay between the horns of Nelson and Woods on *These Boots* gives rise to a swinging conversation.

Woods dominates the solo statements, the firm cutting edge of his alto most apparent on *Fantastic* and *Together Again.* He achieves his most relaxed groove on *Once upon a Time,* a track delightfully buoyed up by bassist Cranshaw.

In terms of solos, Terry cannot be overlooked. On *Flowers* he contributes a restrained excursion into bop over Nelson's nostalgic look backwards via a pulsating Charleston riff. Terry switches to fluegelhorn for an all-too-brief comment during a restful Nelson treatment of *Beautiful Music,* a flute-flavored bossa nova.

Only *Meadowland* fails to please. The writing is too straightforward to overcome the inherent repetition of the Russian folk tune. (H.S.)

King Oliver

KING OLIVER IN NEW YORK—RCA Victor 529: *Too Late; Sweet Like This; What You Want Me to Do?; I'm Lonesome, Sweetheart; Frankie and Johnny; New Orleans Shout; St. James Infirmary; Rhythm Club Stomp; Edna; Mule Face Blues; Struggle Buggy; Don't You Think I Love You?; Olga; Shake It and Break It; Stingaree Blues; Nelson Stomp.*

Collective personnel: Oliver, Dave Nelson, Henry (Red) Allen, Bubber Miley, trumpets; James Archey, trombone; Hilton Jefferson, Bobby Holmes, Glyn Paque, clarinets, alto saxophones; Charles Frazier, Walter Wheeler, tenor saxophones; Don Frye, Hank Duncan, James P. Johnson, or Norman Lester, piano; Arthur Taylor or Walter Jones, banjo; Jean Stultz, guitar; Roy Smeck, guitar, harmonica; Clinton Walker, tuba; Freddie Moore or Edmund Jones, drums; Frankie Marvin, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★

Ever since the appearance in 1939 of *Jazzmen,* with its moving essay on Oliver, the later years of the trumpeter-bandleader's career have been painted in gloomy hues. The picture that emerged was of a player in premature decline, unable to adapt himself to the changes in musical style, and dogged by bad luck.

In the period between the glories of Oliver's Creole Jazz Band in Chicago and his truly tragic final days in Savannah, Ga., however, not all was gloom, doom, and decline.

Contrary to the New Orleans-centered opinions of the early jazz writers, Oliver did have good and fairly successful big bands, first in Chicago and then in New York. This album (and two sets of earlier big-band material recently issued in England) shows that Oliver was then still capable of excellent playing and that his bands, while not equal to the best in jazz, were always musicianly and often quite excellent.

In keeping with the image of Oliver's rapid decline was the theory that he hardly ever played on the Victor records issued under his name and let other trumpeters, notably his nephew and arranger, Nelson, take the required trumpet solos.

Recent research, notably by Brian Rust, Walter Allen, and Martin Williams (the latter compiled and annotated this collection), has shown that this, too, was far from the truth. In fact, Oliver was responsible for the bulk of trumpet solos on the records from this period, though this reviewer is inclined to believe that Williams has been overly generous in crediting him with so many of the trumpet spots included here.

There can be no question that it is Oliver who plays, for instance, the pretty obligato to the tuba solo on *What You Want* and takes the muted solo on *Frankie and Johnny.* On several other tracks he offers convincing proof that he was far from being played out.

In his work here, one can trace his great influence on young Louis Armstrong (particularly, perhaps, in the art of phrasing and attention to melody), though one sometimes suspects that the reverse was also true—the latter part of the arrangement of *St. James,* for example, is taken from Armstrong's Hot Seven version of the tune.

With all due respect for Oliver, and the importance of having these samples of his later work made available, his own work, and Nelson's (which was often a more obvious and less-nuanced version of his uncle's), the most impressive trumpet playing on this album is contributed by young Allen, whose brilliance and rhythmic ease lift *Mule Face, Stingaree,* and, briefly, *Shake It* into another realm, that of post-Armstrong jazz trumpet.

Mule Face, in fact—and not only because of Allen—is one of the highlights of the album. The band's rhythmic drive heralds the coming of swing. Jefferson's sinuous alto solo is a gem (Trumbauer-tinged but with superior rhythm), and Walker's fine tuba (a standout throughout the set) is in there punching.

Stingaree is another good performance, with Jefferson again in good form, plus nice arranging touches, while *Stomp* is one of the best scores by Nelson, who was a gifted arranger. The middle trumpet solo here is, I believe, neither by Nelson nor Oliver; the complete personnel details of these records still have not been established and probably never will be.

The pieces date from November, 1929, to September, 1930, and of the earlier ones, *Sweet* is one of the best. It has two pretty themes and two trumpet solos, one open, the other muted, the latter almost certainly by Oliver. *I'm Lonesome,* after Nelson's vocal, has very good open Oliver horn and also shows the influence of the then-rising "sweet" bands on jazz.

St. James features the personal growl style of Miley, another man influenced by Oliver. (Curiously, Oliver himself seemed to have abandoned his famous plungers and "freak" mutes by then, unless he should be credited with the uncharacteristic "wa-wa" passages on *Shake.*)

There are interesting spots on all the tracks, which have been selected with care and good judgment. The band, in general, falls somewhere between McKinney's Cotton Pickers and Luis Russell's orchestra and is definitely Midwestern-New York rather than New Orleans in flavor. It is a jovial band, with a rolling rhythm; there are brief spots by several fine Harlem

pianists of the day; some clean, pleasant-sounding Paque alto (and clarinet?); occasionally venturesome Holmes clarinet, and brusque tenor by the long-forgotten but capable Wheeler and Frazier.

Trombonist Archey, far from forgotten, is heard frequently in solo. Competent and flexible, he often plays in the manner of Miff Mole, though he had not yet discovered the art of telling a story. But Oliver had, and it is good to have this album on hand, to dispell one more of jazz' sentimental myths, and to bring into fuller focus one of its greatest early figures. (As usual in Vintage releases, the sound is superb.) (D.M.)

Kitty White

KITTY WHITE—Clover 1229: *Visit Me; Summer in the City; My Kind of Guy; Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe; So Many Beautiful Men; Do It Again; Call Me Darling; Disenchanted Lady; Would I Love You?; Bossa Nova All the Way; Say It Isn't So; Just in Time; Mood Indigo.*

Personnel: Tracks, 1, 3-9, 11-13—Sonny Grey, trumpet; Melih Gurel, French horn; Johnny Griffin or Hal Singer or Dexter Gordon or Jean-Louis Chautemps, tenor saxophone; Pierre Cullaz, guitar; Jimmy Woode or Michael Gaudrey, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Miss White, vocals; Art Simmons, arranger. Tracks 2, 10—Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Vernon Polk, guitar; Wilfred Middlebrooks, bass; Billy Moore, Jack Costanzo, percussion; Miss White, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

How does one distinguish a jazz singer? Is it by a certain feeling that is created, a certain way of phrasing, emotional involvement with a song? Is it also choice of material . . . the ability to improvise?

Is "jazz singer" another name for one of those rare persons who are wholly and completely themselves when they sing, totally committed to the art of telling a story, who have a burning need, almost amounting to a compulsion, to sing a song their way, who have an inborn ability to express themselves naturally?

I think it is all this and more, and the "more" is almost impossible to define. Elusive as the wind, it is a delicate, fine line that separates Day from Holiday; it is a personal matter of taste and an intangible thread between singer and listeners who must listen creatively, using their own inherent good taste and imagination as a guide. And still there's more.

Listening to Miss White, I get the feeling that she is not yet completely aware of her direction, not yet committed to a definite line of thought about her musical future, but regardless of anything, she is an accomplished singer, possessing a voice with a rich, amber quality, at times dark and sultry, at times bubbling with the effervescence of champagne.

She has a sort of sumptuous elegance about her, with a little hint of contrariness that is quite provocative. She can swing, and she can also create a quiet mood when she wishes.

On two of the selections, Miss White has a small group behind her, and with this she seems more in her element than with the bigger band that recorded with her in Paris. Here, despite some fine solo work by the various jazz luminaries who took part in the session, many of the ensembles are, for some reason, woefully out of tune, and to me, many of the selections are overarranged.

A redeeming feature is the beautiful support given her by Clarke and Woode, lending a big lift to some of the tunes, notably *Men*, her own very beguiling composition, and *Guy*. On *Summer*, with its lazy mood, Edwards plays a langorous accompaniment to the evocative lyric. *Joe* is performed with dramatic intensity, but the background is obtrusive. Some of the songs are rather vapid, particularly *Disenchanted Lady* and *Darling*, which have a dated air about them. *Bossa Nova* I found a very dull song. *Indigo*, though well sung, with a muted trumpet accompaniment subtly played, has an out-of-tune introduction and backgrounds. (One wonders if the a&r man has cloth ears to allow this on so many tracks.)

Despite these conflicting elements, Miss White comes across as a young woman with style, class, and much warmth. It doesn't really matter that her coiffure is by Alexandre and her costume by Yves St. Laurent. In fact, putting this information on the jacket seems to be egregious affectation on someone's part. Her singing is the important part of the album, and she can sing. No matter what way you slice it, she is a fine, sensitive performer, charming and, as the cover shot of her indicates, pretty. (M.McP.)

Attila Zoller

THE HORIZON BEYOND—Emarcy 26013 and 66013: *The Horizon Beyond; Explorations; Blizzards; Ictus; The Hun; Flash Back Two.*

Personnel: Don Friedman, piano; Zoller, guitar; Barre Phillips, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The more intensely and often one listens to the music in this album, the more he is rewarded. Following the intricate traceries of the group interplay can be a fascinating—and, at the same time, frustrating—experience, for all four men are quick, intelligent musicians who react sensitively and immediately to the demands and challenges of the others' playing.

Zoller and Friedman especially seem to rise to the challenge of each other's improvising, and the richness of their joint efforts is often astonishing. Bassist Phillips is no slouch either. For an example of the fascinating textures they can create and the total responsiveness of their playing, Zoller's *Blizzards* is a good track.

Yet for all its richness of interplay, the brilliance with which the challenges of totally empathetic group playing are carried off, the moments of incendiary joint improvising, the quartet's music is in the final analysis cold and dispassionate.

The feeling with which one often is left is that of a fantastically complicated computer program—intricately detailed but essentially lifeless. The music's surfaces are hard-edged, cold, and glistening, its impulses mechanistic rather than warm-blooded and human. (For these reasons, some may assert that the music adequately mirrors its times, but it seems to this listener that all great music has been at once both of and beyond its time. While reflecting the prevailing artistic and social attitudes of its time, enduring art is also timeless in its ability to touch the deep human impulses of all men in all times.)

The rating is primarily for the technical prowess demonstrated by the four men. (P. W.)

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ROY AYERS BLINDFOLD TEST

BY LEONARD FEATHER


RAY AVERY

One of the most gratifying results of this year's *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll was the victory of Roy Ayers as vibraharpist most deserving of wider recognition.

Born in Los Angeles Sept. 10, 1940, Ayers was 21 when he came to the attention of a few jazz listeners on an LP he made with Vi Redd. (He owes some of his musical education to Miss Redd's great-aunt, Mrs. Alma Hightower, with whom he studied piano.) He also played and recorded in the early 1960s with saxophonist Curtis Amy.

As a result of the album with Miss Redd, he soon cut a date of his own for the same label (United Artists) and during the next couple of years became increasingly active on the Los Angeles scene.

His technique and creativity improved continuously. During the last year or two he worked chiefly with Gerald Wilson's band and the Jack Wilson Quartet. At the time of the interview below, Ayers was due to leave the West Coast to become a member of Herbie Mann's combo. The following was Ayers' first *Blindfold Test;* he received no prior information about the records played.

1. Modern Jazz Quartet + Big Band. **Ralph's New Blues** (from **Jazz Dialogue,** Atlantic). Milt Jackson, vibraharp, composer; John Lewis, arranger.

That was MJQ, of course. That particular arrangement I didn't really like; the band didn't seem like it really got into it with the quartet. The band seemed to overshadow the quartet quite a bit.

They've recorded this number several times before; I heard it with a different arrangement. The MJQ records the same tunes quite a bit, and I was wondering why. . . . I'd really prefer, myself, to hear them get into some more interesting, different things, newer. They seem to be very repetitious with their songs on each record.

One of my favorite groups is the MJQ; Milt Jackson was one of my first influences. But the public always knows basically what they're going to play. It tends sometimes to be somewhat of a drag—still, they always manage to strike up a good groove; I'm not saying anything about their musicianship. I'd give the quartet three stars. For the arrangement I'd give it one.

2. Gary Burton. **Climb Ev'ry Mountain** (from **The Groovy Sound of Music,** RCA Victor). Burton, vibraharp; Gary McFarland, arranger.

That was Gary Burton. It seems that the four-mallet vibists are coming back—and more beautiful than ever.

I was listening to Gary a while ago; I caught him at Shelly's Manne-Hole with Larry Bunker. He's one of the most beautiful vibists I've heard in my life. His four-mallet work is exceptionally good, and he takes beautiful solos. That particular arrangement was very pretty—didn't seem like it was recorded too well—you know, the background, the strings, and the rest of the orchestra. Maybe the engineering was poor.

I've never heard him with Stan Getz, but when I heard him at the Manne-Hole, he really wigged me out; he's a wonderful technician as well as a beautiful soloist. I'd rate it 3½.

3. Archie Shepp. **The Original Mr. Sonny Boy Williams** (from **On This Night,** Impulse). Shepp, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Henry Grimes, bass; J. C. Moses, drums.

Since the vibes didn't solo, I really couldn't be sure who the vibist was on that; I'd take a wild guess and say it was Bobby Hutcherson. I think the tenor saxophonist was Sam Rivers. The rest of the group, I really don't know who it was.

The drummer seemed to be uncertain about his time—he had a lot of breaks in the arrangement, in the music as a whole. It might have been Richard Davis on bass. It just seems like the drummer lacked in fire; he didn't *push,* seems like, on that particular thing, and he was very sloppy, a sloppy-style drummer.

I didn't like the head arrangement of it; it didn't strike any kind of a groove for me, not at all. Actually, as a whole, they didn't really seem like they got into it too much at all. For an avant-garde group, they didn't seem like they were really out there, so to speak. I wouldn't give that any rating.

4. Terry Gibbs. **Oge** (from **Take It from Me,** Impulse). Gibbs, vibraharp; Louis Hayes, drums.

Leonard, I haven't heard much work by him, but I'd say that's Victor Feldman, and possibly Colin Bailey on drums.

The way he deadens his notes with the mallet—I've heard it done by several vibists. I don't like that sound; what's his name—John Lytle—he does that a lot. I thought it was him, but John Lytle doesn't really get into his solos as well as this vibist did.

It seemed that this particular recording didn't have any drive or rhythm or anything; it was like a minor blues, in a way, and didn't seem like it had any fire. I'm sure it was a West Coast recording; it didn't have that eastern flavor in it at all.

What the vibist played, aside from his sound, was good. Two stars.

5. Bobby Hutcherson. **Idle While** (from **Dialogue,** Blue Note). Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Sam Rivers, flute; Hutcherson, vibraharp; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums, composer.

That was beautiful, man, that was beautiful! It must be a Blue Note recording—Freddie Hubbard. I heard Freddie right away. Bobby Hutcherson sounded beautiful. I know that was Bobby. I think the bassist was Richard Davis, who I think is one of the most beautiful bassists in years.

I've never heard this song or this album; it *could* perhaps be Bobby's album, but I understand that on his first album he had Sam Rivers on it, and I don't know if Sam plays flute, but I'd take a wild guess and say that that's Bobby's album, and I think that's Sam Rivers if he does play flute; I know he plays tenor.

As a whole, the arrangement was beautiful. The solos were beautiful. I always have liked Bobby's playing, and Freddie's is always superb. I caught Freddie the other night, at Memory Lane, and he left me with my mouth open; it just overwhelmed me, this guy has so much talent. I'd give that five stars.

6. Herbie Mann. **The Young Turks** (from **Monday Night at the Village Gate,** Atlantic). Mann, flute; Dave Pike, vibraharp; Arif Mardin, composer.

That was Dave Pike with Herbie Mann. Dave Pike is a beautiful vibist; I love the way he plays. This particular album I've heard before; it's that Herbie Mann at the Village Gate album.

When I first started playing music, I was in the Latin vein; I had a Latin-jazz group, and I was heavily influenced by Latin jazz. At that particular time, Cal Tjader, more than anyone else, was a very heavy influence on me. Later, I came more under the influence of Bags—*and* Cal Tjader, because Cal plays beautiful vibes in jazz. Latin is as important in jazz as in any other music, because Latin and jazz are closely related.

This is a good album by Herbie Mann. I like the arrangement, and the group sounded very good—a lot of fire, and the drumming was pushing a lot. Maybe Bruno Carr. I've heard Herbie on better things than that personally, solowise, but I'd give it 3½. db

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RONNIE SCOTT'S

(Continued from page 27)

drums—and is sometimes featured as a soloist on the Continent. His horn is also a valuable addition to the strictly-for-kicks big bands led by Tracey, Harry South, and Tubby Hayes, but, as he commented, "There's only a very limited scene."

He agreed that the business of running a club and continuing as a performing musician do conflict to a degree, although his partner, Pete King, a hardened Cockney with an organizational knack and a heart of gold, takes care of many of the mundane matters involved in keeping the club going.

"I honestly couldn't do it without him," Scott admitted. "But one always has things on one's mind about the running of the club, which doesn't help playing.

"Playing really is a full-time thing, or should be, and it's very difficult for me to concentrate on it as much as I would like to, but then again, what's the choice? What can I possibly do—can I just drop the whole idea and concentrate on playing? In the first place, there are very few places to play; and in the second place, there are certain things about running the club that I like and that I don't think I could now do without. I'm not talking about financial things; it's just that there's a certain amount of satisfaction to be got out of running a place the way I think it should be run, and the times when it's successful and people come who enjoy what's going on."

Scott is a longtime member of the British jazz fraternity, having been a professional musician for 23 of his 39 years. He is a champion of his country's musicians, though by no means a crusader.

"In the last year or so there has been a crop of young British musicians who are really very good," he stated. "I've been rehearsing with a nine-piece band with which we hope to do something at the club, and there are some very good young guys in it.

"This is something that we've got to do because there are half a dozen names—mine amongst them—who have been around for years. People just are not interested any more, and one can't blame them. The future of the whole thing lies with featuring these younger musicians, and the last thing I want to do is to have a club which features nothing but foreign musicians."

On the subject of the younger musicians, Scott mentioned the influence of the avant-garde:

"The danger is that young players hear these guys and read about what they're trying to do and the rest of it, and they seem to think that all they have to do is just get up and blow. They think whatever happens happens and it must be valid because it's how they feel at the moment. To me, the first thing is to be able to play.

"The great guys like Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman are really great players with a tremendous command of their instruments, and they know all the basics that go towards playing. A lot of young guys seem to think that all this is unnecessary and, whether consciously or unconsciously, treat the whole thing as a short-cut whereby they don't have to learn the basic things like harmony and all the rest of it. I think this is a pity."

Scott smiled one of his rare smiles. "I'm old-fashioned insofar as I like foot-tapping things," he remarked. "Some people say that it doesn't have to swing? Oh well, it's nice if it does. I enjoy it more."

And people—musicians and listeners both—enjoy a club that swings. An ambivalent description maybe, but the word sums up the free-and-easy atmosphere of the Scott establishment. One noted American trumpeter described it as the best club he'd ever played in. For many, it has long been the most advantageous for listening too. db

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WALTER BISHOP JR.

(Continued from page 25)

sees it as an instrument forged in many fires: Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Nat Cole.

"Cole showed me that everything didn't have to be complex," Bishop said. "There's beauty in simplicity. Before, I was so technique-conscious that I ran up and down the board at 80 miles an hour."

Tatum and Cole both were influences on the junior Bishop, and Tatum was a close friend of Bishop's father, songwriter Walter Bishop Sr.

"My father is the most successful man I know," Bishop said. "Not *in* terms of what he's netted from songwriting but in the way he leads a full life. He's always doing something. He is in his early 60s, but he's younger than I am in some ways because he is always interested in something, always moving."

One thing Bishop Sr. is interested in is his son's writing. The father thinks his son has talent in this direction, but the latter said that though he feels he has the writing potential, "after those lost years, I feel as though I'm still trying to establish myself as a player; and I've found, with some exceptions, that the best players are the lesser writers and vice versa."

So Bishop beats on, trying to breast a tide that might leave him behind. He's been able to keep together a quartet—tenorist Harold Vick, bassist Eddie Khan, drummer Dick Berk—and they've run up a nice string of jobs. There seems to be a fair number of clubowners, too—like the Five Spot's Termini brothers in Manhattan—who are in the market for Bishop's brand of music.

"I like to extract the best from everything," the pianist said. "Although the group theme is hard swing, we also use Latin things, bossa nova, a few modal things, too; and with Harold Vick we do some things reminiscent of Trane with the soprano. Even some rock-and-roll."

About Bishop and his music, drummer Berk observes, "He is the most underrated piano player there is. He's better than all those other piano trios that are so famous. I think it's a goddamned shame he hasn't made it. The whole jazz scene is ridiculous if a man with his talent can't make it."

Yet Bishop is not embittered, though, God knows, he, like many others, has a right to be.

"I remain optimistic because I find things seem to come to me late in life," he said. "Like I couldn't drive or didn't own a car until three years ago. I didn't learn how to swim until about two years ago, and now I'm a constant scuba diver. I'm still not married; that's yet to come. And I didn't record an album under my own name until I was 34.

"I don't think I ever play bad. Regardless of a nonmusical problem that may be bothering me, I feel I must rise to the occasion when I get in front of an audience. I'm enough of a realist to know that people who come to hear me aren't concerned with my problems. They come to hear a performance. I owe them a performance. If you can't make it, then get off the stand and send somebody else in."

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(Continued from page 15)

son's appearance at the S.F. Playboy Club as leader of a 13-piece, locally organized band also attracted full houses. Ferguson followed up with a week at the Jazz Workshop fronting a quartet . . . Altoist **Ornette Coleman** returned from a Los Angeles sojourn to play another engagement at the Both/And, this one for a week, and was followed by trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** group . . . Vibist **Cal Tjader's** quintet was held over at El Matador . . . Tenorist **John Coltrane's** group was at the Jazz Workshop for two weeks after its recent tour of Japan.

PHILADELPHIA: The Robin Hood Dell open-air music amphitheater once again is ignoring jazz in its programing . . . Pianist-vibraharpist **Johnny Coates Jr.,** in the Pocono Mountains for the summer, is arranging for **Fred Waring's** music-publishing house and also playing at an inn in the mountains . . . Bandleader **Stan Kenton** was booked for two appearances in the area over the summer—at Atlantic City's Steel Pier and at the Lambertville Music Circus . . . The Barn Arts Center at Riverside, near Camden, N.J., has had a strong lineup this summer: flutist **Herbie Mann** is slated to close the season, which also featured pianist **Thelonious Monk,** singer **Nina Simone,** drummer **Chico Hamilton,** trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie,** organist **Jimmy Smith,** pianists **Horace Silver** and **Bill Evans,** and percussionist **Mongo Santamaria.**

BOSTON: Singer **Joe Williams** followed his Newport Jazz Festival appearance with a week at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike. Appearing with him were pianist **Harold Mabern,** bassist **Herb Brown,** and drummer **Bobby Thompson.** Williams was followed by tenorist **Archie Shepp's** group, which was making its first appearance in this area. Shepp's group had **Roswell Rudd,** trombone; **Howard Johnson,** tuba; **Charlie Haden,** bass; and **Beaver Harris,** drums . . . At the Jazz Workshop, **Wynton Kelly's** trio was followed by a group led by altoist **Lee Konitz** that included trumpeter **Herb Pomeroy,** pianist **Ray Santisi,** bassist **Nate Heglund,** and drummer **Philly Joe Jones** . . . The Showboat started a policy of jazz weeks, beginning with one featuring the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet. There will be sessions on Sundays . . . Organist **Rhoda Scott** and her trio were held over at Estell's . . . Pianist **Dave Blume** and his trio (bassist **George Moyer** and drummer **Jeff Brillinger**) did a month at Paul's Mall . . . Trombonist **Don Doane,** now living in Portland, Maine, brought his own 13-piece band into Lennie's for a one-nighter. Its reception was so good that Lennie's owner is planning to initiate a big-band-night policy starting in the fall . . . Vocalist **Marge Dodson** and pianist **Junior Mance** split the bill for a week at Lennie's . . . Pianist **Ray Bryant,** with bassist **Jimmy Rouser** and drummer **Freddie Waits,** did a week at the Jazz Workshop. The trio was followed by alto saxophonist **Lou Donaldson's** quintet, which included trumpeter **Bill Hardman,** pianist **Billy Gardner,** bassist **Larry Richardson,** and drummer **Eddie Williams.** The Jazz Workshop will be moving. Owner **Vary Haroutunnian** plans to take over the old Storyville Room at the Bradford Hotel. The new club will continue to be called the Jazz Workshop. The new owners of the present Workshop site plan to continue a jazz policy in that room. A new name has yet to be selected . . . The Showboat featured the quintet of vibist **Don Moore** for a week. Sessions happen there on Sundays . . . The **Los Muchachos** have split up, ending an association that provided some of the more exciting Latin-oriented jazz in town . . . *Jazz* on Channel 2 featured the groups of **Ray Bryant** and **Lou Donaldson** . . . Connolley's recently had groups led by pianist **Ali Yusef** and tenor saxophonist **Andy McGhee.**

DETROIT: The **George Bohanon** Quintet (Bohanon, trombone; **Miller Brisker,** tenor saxophone; **Kenny Cox,** piano; **Will Austin,** bass; and **Bert Myrick,** drums) appeared in concert July 31 at the University of Michigan. The quintet also served as house group for a recent Thursday night session at Blues Unlimited . . . A recent **Kenny Cox** composition, *Trance Dance,* was recorded by the **Jazz Crusaders** during their appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival . . . Pianist **Horace Silver** brought a group to Detroit for the first time in several years. With Silver at the Drome were trumpeter **Woody Shaw,** tenor saxophonist **Tyrone Washington,** bassist **Larry Ridley,** and drummer **Roger Humphries** . . . Meanwhile, pianist **Oscar Peterson,** with bassist **Sam Jones** and former Detroiter **Louis Hayes** on drums, was at Baker's . . . WCHD disc jockey **Jack Springer** has moved his Sunday sessions from Club Stadium to the Webbwood Inn. Drummer **Hindal Butts** leads the house band, which includes trumpeter **Gordon Camp,** tenor saxophonist **Wayman Studemayer,** and organist **Rudy Robinson.** . . . Organist **Earl Marshall's** trio at the Chit Chat includes alto saxophonist **Larry Smith** and drummer **Doug Hammon.**

CLEVELAND: Joining pianist **George Peters** are bassist **Lamar Gains** and drummer **Ron Browning.** They swing nightly at the King's Pub with tenor man **Ernest Krivda** assisting them on Saturdays . . . **Lanny Scott** moves into the piano spot at the La Rue Lounge with **Eddie Myers** on bass . . . Returning to the Brothers Lounge is the trio fronted by drummer **Harry Damus** with **Mike Charillo,** bass, and **Al Balough,** piano . . . The new **Ramsey Lewis** group will play at Leo's Casino Sept. 15-18 . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet again played to a capacity crowd under the tent at Musicarnival July 24 . . . Following the **Jazz Crusaders** into the House of Blues is the **Jimmy McCracklin** group Aug. 23-28.

MILWAUKEE: The Ad Lib Club brought back the **Cannonball Adderley** Sextet for a week's engagement, followed by the groups of **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Ahmad Jamal** . . . The quartets of **Dave Brubeck** and **Stan Getz** each played two nights at the Attic Club . . . **Stan Kenton's** orchestra played a two-nighter and an outdoor concert here recently . . . **Duke Ellington's** orchestra also did an outdoor concert and is scheduled for an October concert at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee . . . Historyland at Hayward, Wis., booked 10 jazz and big bands for its summer season. Ellington on Sept. 4 rounds out the series.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL: **Toni Lee Scott** is reviving memories of the torch singing school down in the depths of Davy Jones Locker . . . **Harry Blons** and his Dixie Five wrapped up a progressive public relations stunt when they played concerts in the Farmers and Mechanics Bank in Minneapolis . . . Guitarist **Bola Sete** was heard in the second in a series of all-Brazilian programs at the Festival of the Elegant Arts at the White House in Golden Valley . . . Critic **Martin Williams'** syndicated jazz program has just celebrated another year of broadcasting on WLOL-FM . . . Singer **Patty McGovern** completed a short run at the Golliwog Room of the Sheraton-Ritz . . . Pianist **Oscar Peterson's** trio was a sellout for its Jazz at the Guthrie concert.

MIAMI: **Art Dunklin** promoted and **Henry (Lindy) Lindermeir** directed An Ellington Jazz Concert—Lindy Digs Duke at the Norton Art Gallery in West Palm Beach. The featured musicians were **Jim Surbaugh,** alto saxophone; **Bruce Budd Brown,** baritone and tenor saxophones; **John Cimino,** piano; **Guy (Buddy) Hulet Jr.,** vibraharp; **Billy Korban,** bass; **Jack (Curley) Holdam** and **Michael Starita,** drums; and **Micki Shaw Cox,** vocals . . . **Bob Vrooman** will direct Just Jazz, starring **Pic Gordon,** Aug. 20. Future concerts are to include a modern-jazz session directed by **Stan Sheet,** a traditional one directed by Vrooman, and a big-band session supervised by **Paul Chafin** . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** recently packed West Palm Beach Rosarian Academy auditorium for three performances that benefited the girls school at $50 a seat and up. Other jazz activity in the Palm Beach vicinity includes **Sally DeMarco, Chuck Billows,** and **Martin McNally** at the Patio Deck of the Palm Beach Pier for Sunday afternoon jam sessions. Pianist **John Curioba** and drummer **Bill Wink** hold forth at O'Hara's. **Al (Father) Neff** and the **Castaways** are at Chances-R. **Jerry Johnson** and **Duncan Neville** are at the Kandy Bar. George's Restaurant has **T. J. Griffin,** and the Seaview features the **Knights of the Road** . . . Pianist **Rudy Ferguson** and bassist **Rick Thomas** recently played at the Bonfire Restaurant . . . Tony's Fish Market featured singer **Frank Sinatra Jr.** on July 22 and 23. With the vocalist were trumpeter **Charlie Shavers** and the **Sam Donahue** Sextet . . . The **Diplomats 3** moved to the Robert Meyer in Orlando . . . A jazz show at the Oceania in Fort Lauderdale July 22-30 brought forth guest bandleader **Tex Beneke** with **Andy Bartha,** cornet; **Larry Wilson,** clarinet; **Lee Gifford,** trombone; **Larry Schram,** banjo; **Billy (Fats) Hogen,** piano; **Gene Dragos,**

bass; **Don MacClean,** drums . . . The July 19 Jazzville at the Seville concert had drummer **Dave Akins'** trio with **Hank Haynie,** bass, and **Reggie Moore,** piano. The **Miami Jazz All-Stars,** with **Ira Sullivan,** trumpet and soprano saxophone; **Charlie Austin,** tenor, soprano saxophones; **Dolph Castellano,** piano; **Don Mast,** bass; and **Jose Cigno,** drums, took the audience through Austin's new avant-garde composition, *Computer.* Vocalists **E. Lois Forman** and **Medina Carney** were also heard at **Alan Rock's** Sunday concert . . . The **Billy Burns** Quartet with vocalist **Jimmy Gee** held forth at the Rancher Lounge recently . . . Veteran entertainer **Cab Calloway** took his personal brand of jazz to the Brownsville Neighborhood Center. The trios of **Dave Akins, Dino Derose,** and **Dizzy Jones** and **Carrol Joyce** were on the bandstand, and Cab's sister **Blanche** was emcee.

NEW ORLEANS: Clarinetist **Bill Kelsey's** trio at the Famous Door was augmented last month by the addition of bassist **Jay Cave.** Kelsey also hired drummer **Jimmy Zitano** to replace **Paul Ferrara** . . . Pianist **Fred Crane** moved to Dallas, Texas, after disbanding his trio. Crane is writing and playing for Pepper records, of which another ex-Orleanian, pianist-trombonist **Larry Muhoberac,** is vice president . . . Altoist **Don Suhor** and drummer **Sam Cohen** subbed for vacationing tenor man **Iggy Campisi** and drummer **Reed Vaughan** with **Ronnie Dupont's** quartet at the Bistro . . . The New Orleans Jazz Museum has acquired two rare prints of Negro musicians by 19th-century artist **William Sidney Mount.**

LAS VEGAS: Bandleader **Woody Herman** and the Herd thundered into the Tropicana lounge for four weeks, but after backing singer **Mel Torme** and laying out for a comedian, they were left with little time to roar. Trombonist **Carl Fontana,** who left the band at the completion of the recent European tour, rejoined Herman for the Las Vegas engagement . . . At the Sands, drummer **Buddy Rich** started an eight-week stint with his big band, in support of new singer **Bobbe Norris** for the first half, vocalist **Buddy Greco** the second . . . The **Four Freshmen** and singer **Sue Raney,** this time at the Sahara, were given solid support again by the **Ron Feuer** group, consisting of **Al Longo,** trumpet; **Raoul Romero,** saxophones, flute; **Ernie McDaniel,** bass; **Hank Nanni,** drums; and the leader on organ . . . The Black Magic is continuing its Sunday night big-band sessions with the **Jimmy Cook** Orchestra. Organist **Paul Bryant** moved from Reuben's to the Magic as the regular weekday attraction, while **Eagle-Eye Shields** took over at the Reuben's, with **Johnny Veith,** piano, and **Carl Pruitt,** bass . . . Longtime Las Vegas resident **Buddy Childers** took his trumpet, fluegelhorn, and family and moved to Los Angeles, where, he said, "Things are happening again!" . . . New York recording executive **Harry Lim** was prevented by the airline strike from traveling to Las Vegas to record local jazz groups. The plans are still pending.

TORONTO: "Jazz on the Lake," an annual outing arranged by promoter **Ron Arnold,** attracted a crowd of 800 fans. While the riverboat cruised the lakefront, **Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers** and **Arnie Chycoski's Out Crowd** entertained. A second outing featured **Moe Koffman's** band, the McHarg group again, and singer-guitarist **Lonnie Johnson** . . . Trumpeter **Buck Clayton** was back at the Colonial recently. He had tenorist **Buddy Tate** and drummer **Jackie Williams** with him. They preceded an engagement by drummer **Ed Thigpen's** new group, featuring vocalist **Salome Bey** of **Andy and the Bey Sisters** . . . Altoist **Marion Brown** and his group played a weekend at the Cellar . . . Organist **Jackie Davis** is once more at the Park Plaza's Plaza Room.

PARIS: Tenorist **Hal Singer** is appearing at Le Chat Qui Peche during August. He is backed by **George Arvanitas,** piano; **Jacky Samson,** bass; and **Charles Saudrais,** drums . . . A quintet consisting of **Sonny Grey,** trumpet; **Nathan Davis,** tenor saxophone; **Art Simmons,** piano; **Jimmy Woode,** bass; and **Kenny Clarke,** drums, recorded the background music for a still-untitled movie shot mostly in Africa by Dahlia Films. Themes were written by Davis, Clarke, and Woode . . . Tenorist Davis recently gave a talk on jazz improvisation at the newly opened Paris American Academy of Music on the Left Bank . . . A quartet led by trumpeter **Ted Curson** (**Jack Sewing,** bass; **George Arvanitas,** piano; and **Franco Manzecchi,** drums) played a concert at the Mutualite . . . This year's Marais Festival featured a concert by the quartet of tenorist **Johnny Griffin,** who led **Eddie Louiss,** piano; **Gilbert Rovere,** bass; and **Art Taylor,** drums . . . A Fourth of July jazz concert and poetry reading at Jacky's Far West Saloon included a recital by drummer-flutist **Ron Jefferson** . . . Guitarist **Jimmy Gourley** replaced **Nathan Davis** in the **Kenny Clarke** Quartet at the Blue Note in July, joining **Pierre Sim,** bass, and **Marc Hemmler,** piano. Playing opposite the Clarke quartet and making its Blue Note debut was the trio of **Michel Roques** (Roques, tenor saxophone, flute; **Benoit Charvet,** bass; and **Franco Manzecchi,** drums).

THE NETHERLANDS: Thanks to a substantial subsidy from the Dutch government and with the help of various other funds, it was possible for the quartet of pianist **Misja Mengelberg** (**Piet Noordijk,** alto saxophone; **Rob Langerijs,** bass; and **Han Bennik,** drums) to play at the Newport Jazz Festival . . . For the first time, various jazz groups appeared during the Holland Festival, one of the major cultural events in this country. The quintet of German trombonist **Albert Mangelsdorff,** pianist **Pim Jacobs'** trio with singer **Rita Reys,** the Mengelberg quartet, and **Boy Edgar's** big band all were featured . . . Altoist **Cannonball Adderley** gave a one-night performance at the jazz club in Loosdrecht, which is owned by Pim Jacobs. Adderley was accompanied by pianist **Loek Dikker** and drummer **Martin Van Duynhoven** . . . The **Gunter Hampel** Quartet (**Nedley Elstack,** trumpet; Hampel, vibraharp; **Victor Kaihatu,** bass; and **Pierre Courbois,** drums) has recorded for a German label, Saba. The group also will be appearing at the Blue Note in Paris upon its return from a tour of northern Africa . . . Drummer Courbois, with German altoist **Peter Brotzman,** pianist **Karlheinz Berger,** and bassist **Peter Kovach,** is making a record for the DGG classical label. It will be the first jazz album for DGG . . . A 16-piece rehearsal band led by pianist **Hans Van Veen** will be on KRO radio at the end of September.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 17)

last year. No one can contest the excellence of Sullivan's musicianship; he has equal facility on all the saxophones as well as trumpet. He developed in Chicago by playing with some greats of jazz—Stan Getz, Charlie Parker, Wardell Gray, and Art Blakey, to name a few.

Austin, originally from Memphis, Tenn., also grew up with a number of current jazz celebrities. He is one of the most technically competent tenor saxophonists in the country.

Pianist Dolph Castellano has a style characterized by fine lyricism in addition to a clear technical brilliance.

Austin and Sullivan were propelled into life-affirmative jazz situations by drummer Jose Cigno, recently returned to Miami from a road trip with Paul Winter, and bassist Don Mast, who joined the group for this concert. It was obvious that Cigno and Mast were listening intently to each other throughout the set. From listening to each of these men, singly and in different group situations, this reviewer felt that the all-stars were in rare form.

A few words about three particularly appealing compositions:

Austin's *Ira* was written as a "conversation" between Tadd Dameron and Thelonious Monk. Castellano's *Horizons* produced a tasteful melody played freely and eventually resolved into a swinging bridge. The solos were based on changes that allowed for inventiveness by each soloist. The emphasis was on creativity without complexity.

The last tune of the evening was Sullivan's *Nineveh,* which was inspired by a Scottish dance and the Book of Jonah. Switching from trumpet to soprano saxophone, the composer opened with a modal introduction that was played in a free manner. Tenorist Austin played his most powerful solo of the evening on this number. His contribution was in the avant-garde realm, in which he speaks with authority. He began with slight variations built around the melody and gradually worked into a furious, complex expression, undergirded by masterly technique, new ideas, and allegiance to Karlheinz Stockhausen and other avant-garde composers.

Handshakes for Rock, who made this concert possible, so that jazz lovers in the area could be exposed to top-rate musical talent. —*David Spitzer*

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.
Anderson Theater: Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, Frank Smith, 8/26.
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Dom: Tony Scott, Jaki Byard. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, Ruby Braff.
Embers West: name jazz groups.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro.
Five Spot: Betty Carter, John Hicks.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.
Half Note: name jazz groups.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jillys: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: name bands.
Metropole: Gene Krupa, 9/2-10.
Museum of Modern Art: Jackie McLean, 8/25.
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Howard Danziger.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown. hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Slug's: Freddie Hubbard to 8/28. Sessions, Mon. Jeanne Lee, Ran Blake, Sun. afternoon.
Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Top of the Gate: Dave Pike, Bobby Timmons.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, Horace Silver to 9/4.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Thelonious Monk, 9/6-18.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Wollman Auditorium (Central Park): Herbie Mann, 8/27. Count Basie, 8/29. Gary Davis, Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee, 9/2. Gospel Show, 9/4. Lionel Hampton, 9/5.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott, Eddie Stone.
Connolley's: name groups, weekly.
Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff-Tones.
Fantasy Lounge (Framingham): Andy Mason.
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys.
Jazz Workshop: Junior Mance to 8/28.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Salt City Six to 8/28. Jimmy Witherspoon, 8/29-9/4.
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega.
Paul's Mall: Dave Blume.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Imperial Inn: Judy Roberts, wknds.
London House: George Shearing to 8/28. Stan Getz, 8/30-9/11. Earl Hines, 10/4-23. Frank Sinatra Jr., 10/25-11/13.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.-Tue.
Pershing Lounge: various groups.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Wes Montgomery, 8/31-9/11.
Window: Warren Kime, Wed.

DETROIT

Act. IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Artists' Workshop: Charles Moore, Sun.
Baker's Keyboard: Kenny Burrell to 8/28. Pee Wee Hunt, 9/9-18. Wes Montgomery, 9/30-10/8. Les McCann, 10/19-28.
Big George's: Romy Rand.
Blue Chip: Mark Richards, Tue.-Sat.
Blues Unlimited: sessions, Thur.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.-Sat.
Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.
Drome: Jazz Crusaders, 8/26-9/4. Roland Kirk, 9/9-18. Rufus Harley, 9/23-10/2. Quartette Tres Bien, 10/7-16.
Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
Momo's: Danny Stevenson, Thur.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sun.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roxy Bar: Clarence Beasley, Fri.-Sat.
Shadow Box: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Mon.-Sa .
Village Gate: George Bohanon, Fri.-Sat.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Webbwood Inn: Hindal Butts, Sun.

LOS ANGELES

Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, Fri.-Sun., Mon. afternoon.
Charter House (Anaheim): Red Norvo.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
China Trader: Bobby Troup.
Cisco's (Manhattan Beach): Allen Fisher, alternate Tue.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Hampton Hawes, Tue.-Thur. Pete Jolly, Fri.-Sat. Jimmy Rowles, Sun.-Mon.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Greek Theater: Nancy Wilson to 8/27. Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, 9/19-25.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Joe Loco, Eddie DeSantis.
Jazz Corner: John Lemon, Jimmy Hamilton.
Kiss Kiss Club: Jack Costanzo.
La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Charlie Byrd, 8/24-9/10. Mongo Santamaria, 9/25-10/15. Eldee Young, Red Holt, 10/16-29.
Marty's: Jazz Diplomats, wknds.
Memory Lane: jazz, nightly.
Norm's Greenlake (Pasadena): Ray Dewey, Fri.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson. Reuben Wilson, Mon.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-Mon.
Scandal Room (Bel Paese): Marv Jenkins.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Ahmad Jamal to 8/28. Cannonball Adderley, 8/30-9/11. Toshiko, 9/13-18. Afro-Blues Quintet +1, Mon. Art Pepper, Sun. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Ship of Fools: Don Rader, Tue.
Sojourn Inn (Inglewood): sessions, Sun.
Sportsmen's Lounge: Stan Worth.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Miles Davis, 9/23. Kenny Burrell, 10/7-9. Cannonball Adderley, 10/21-23. Wes Montgomery, 11/11-12. Ramsey Lewis, 12/13-18.
Woody's Wharf (Newport Beach): Dave Mackay, Chuck Domanico.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Billy Eckstine to 9/4. Ahmad Jamal, 9/5-16. Carmen McRae, 9/9-16. George Shearing, 9/16-24. Duke Ellington, 9/27-10/2.
Both/And: Memphis Slim to 8/29. Jon Hendricks, 8/30-9/11. Randy Weston, 9/13-25.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Juan Serrano to 9/10. Charlie Byrd, 9/12-24. Jonn Donato, 9/26-10/8.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover, Bill Bell.
Hungry I: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Mongo Santamaria, 8/30-9/18. Cannonball Adderley, 9/20-10/2.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hbs.
The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinola, Tue.-Sat. Escovedo Bros., Sun.

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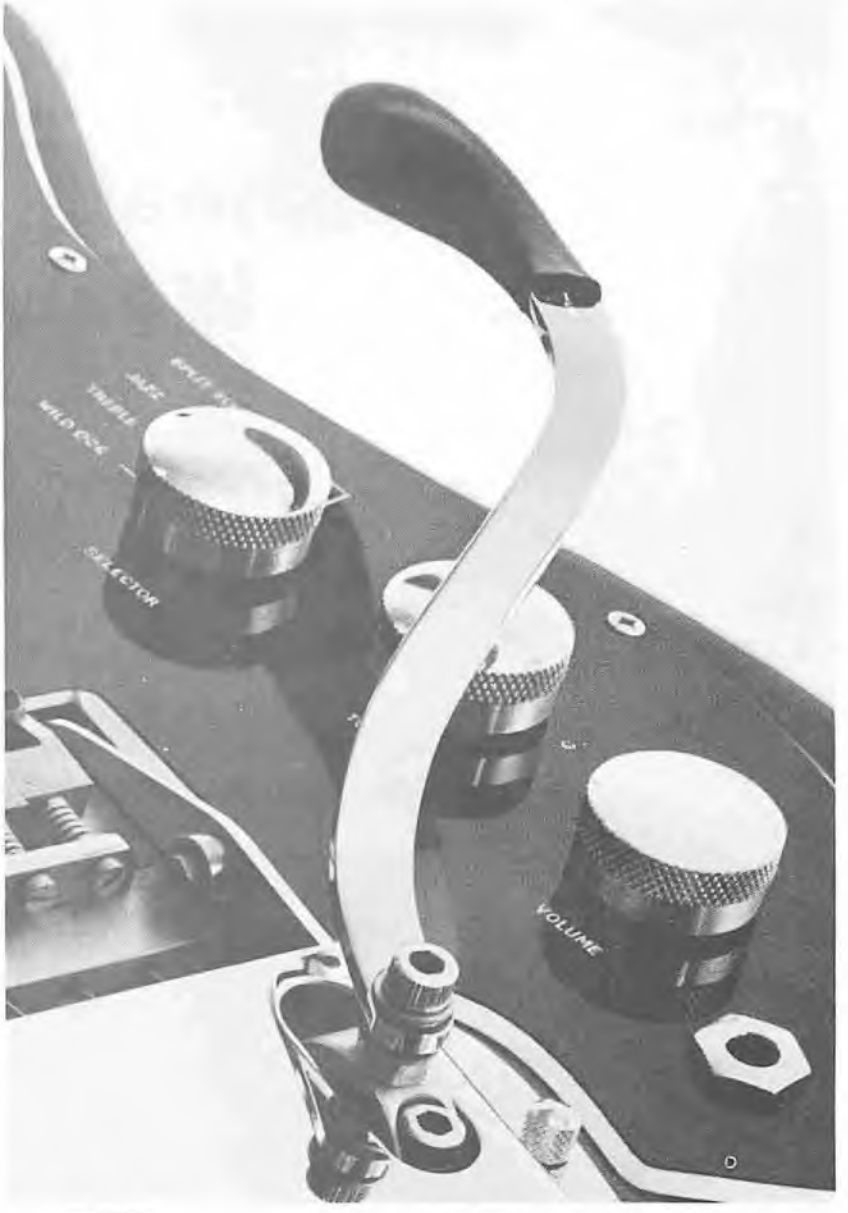

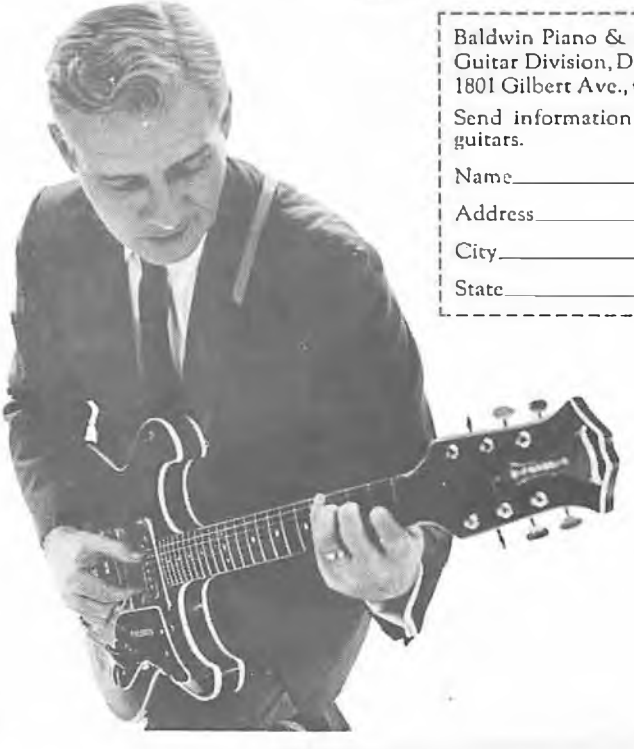

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