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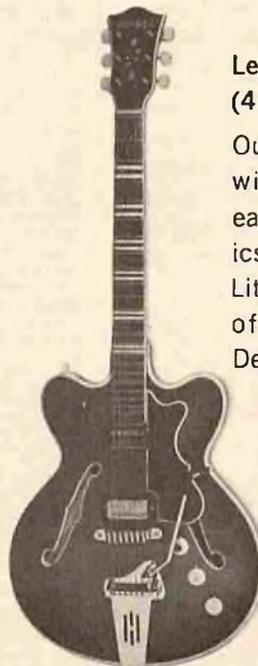
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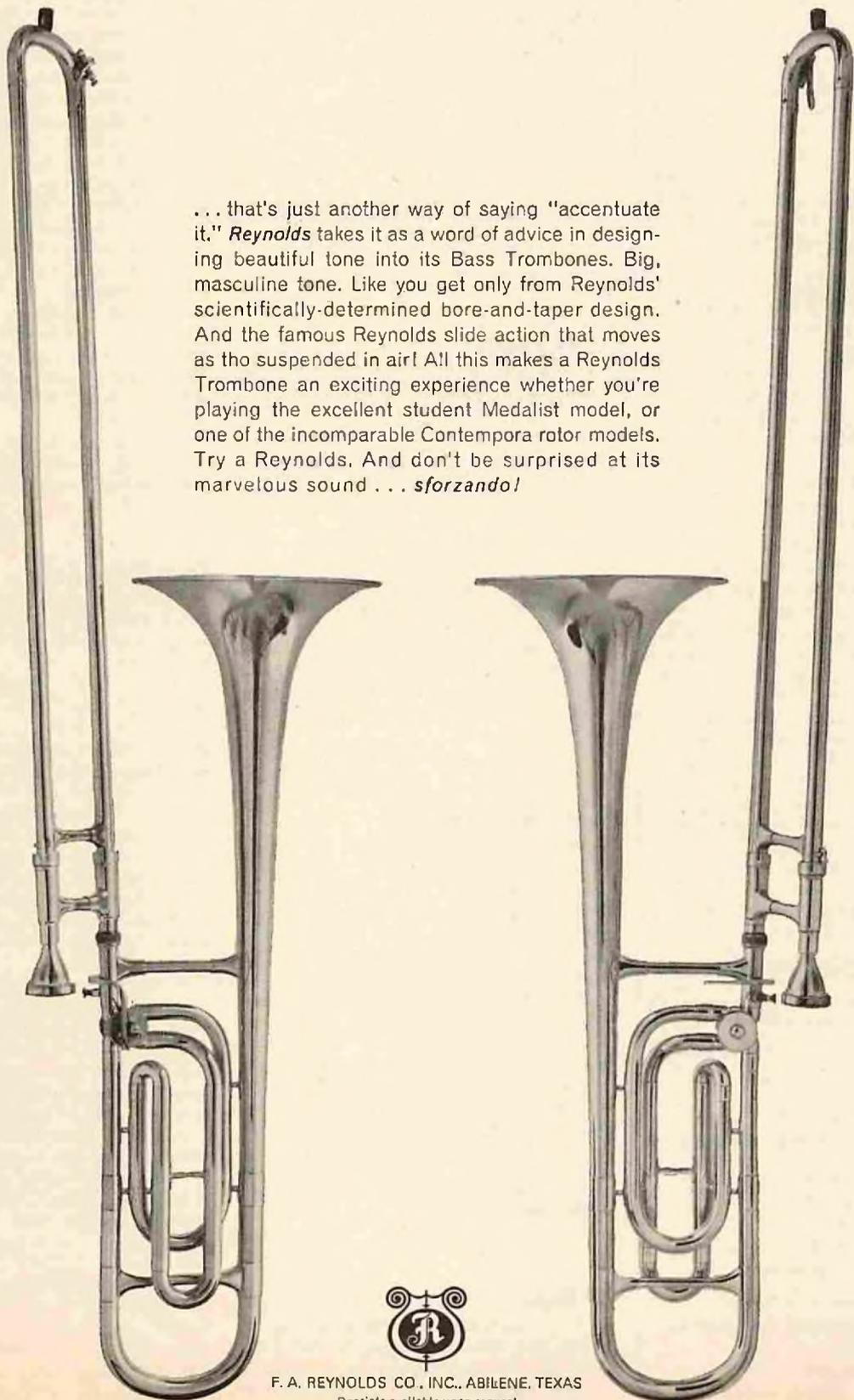
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education in jazz

—by Benny Golson

Recently, I had a very stimulating personal contact with the students of Berklee School of Music in Boston. They arranged and performed a group of my compositions on the latest in the fine series of "Jazz in the Classroom" disks. *Down Beat's* 5-star rating for the record gave me a particular thrill because this disk vivified a point which has long been a favorite subject with



me. Here is a group of students not only performing but doing the arranging in the finest tradition of jazz.

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Benny Golson

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Wilmer's Where It's At

In the Sept. 8 issue of *Down Beat* I read with great interest the excellent article by Valerie Wilmer on Ronnie Scott's club—*Where It Is in London*. I found it particularly timely since I had just returned from London, and while there I spent an extremely enjoyable evening at the club.

The most important requisites of a club such as this are the acoustics and the seating arrangements, and in my opinion both of these were all that could be desired.

Let's have more clubs such as Ronnie Scott's and also more articles such as Valerie Wilmer's.

Evan L. Simmons
New York City

Frank Fingers

I was glad to see your recognition (*DB*, Sept. 8) of Walter Bishop Jr. One note might be added: the honest strength of his playing—he doesn't have a phony finger on his hands.

Jack N. Arbolino
New York City

I was delighted to read about a long-neglected artist, Walter Bishop Jr.

Not only the readers of *DB* but the entertainment world in general could well profit by seeing more of Bishop's intellectual and constructive treatment of the problems of addiction among jazz musicians. His experience, his candor, and his talent make him someone worth listening to.

Mrs. John A. Friedman
New York City

Cold Water On Rivers

Why that glorifying spread on a non-jazz, rootie-lootie amateur sax player, Larry Rivers (*DB*, Aug. 11)? Come off that Madison Ave. jive, *Down Beat*; you don't need to write about jazz dilettantes like Rivers. Why not do spreads on the true jazz creators, the young "new thingers" or the old, almost-forgotten swingers?

I have met many *Down Beat* readers who would appreciate reading about dues payers such as drummer Roy Brooks, trumpeter Don Ayler, drummer Billy Higgins, the Shorter brothers, Carla Bley, bassists Gene Taylor and Gary Peacock, and many other professional jazz musicians. Please, in the near future, take care of serious jazz business.

Ted Joans
Copenhagen, Denmark

LP Blues

Each year record companies are issuing fewer and fewer jazz records that I am interested in purchasing. As a longtime modern jazz fan with a collection of close to 700 LPs and a habit that moves me to

keep adding to it, this can be a problem.

Most of the modern greats such as Stan Getz, Miles Davis, Zoot Sims, Bob Brookmeyer, Ben Webster, Sonny Stitt, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Sonny Rollins, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Pepper, Oscar Peterson, Gerry Mulligan, John Coltrane, Coleman Hawkins, Art Farmer, Dexter Gordon, and Lucky Thompson are well represented in my collection, but I must admit the "new thing" has not reached me.

This year has hit a new low. Of the records reviewed in *Down Beat* during the first eight months, only nine have sufficiently aroused my interest to consider their purchase, and two of those were reissues of sides cut in the '40s.

What I want to know is—am I completely out of step or are the record companies failing to satisfy a large group of potential record buyers such as myself who are practically being forced out of the market as a result of the type of recent record releases?

I would appreciate any advice which will enable either jazz or me to get on the right track. As a loyal jazz fan of many years, I am truly concerned for the future of jazz if it continues in its present direction. I am convinced that many other friends of jazz feel as I do, and unless some help is given, many of us will be lost—indeed a sad fate.

Ken Ewing
Worthington, Ohio

Davis Drums Kettle

I am writing concerning the article on Elvin Jones by Rupert Kettle (*DB*, Aug. 11), particularly his comments on the tune, *Four and Six*.

It is a shame Kettle feels "bassist Art Davis and Jones trade fours and seem to get a little mixed up, playing as they do in 4/4. Things are finally straightened out gracefully, however."

I would think that Kettle would be able to count, and certainly as technically inclined as he seems to be, Kettle could perhaps get a metronome (electric or otherwise), put a setting of six, count each measure thoroughly, and see that both Elvin and I have soloed 24 measures (two choruses). Then he should start to notate.

If he wishes to understand the change from 6/4 to 4/4, he could change the metronome to a setting of four and count each measure. He should get two choruses—24 bars or measures. Then Elvin goes back to 6/4 for four measures, so the setting should be put back to six.

Although there are some minor errors before, there are some things that Kettle notated at the end of Bar 19 that get me a little "mixed up." However, he seems to notate correctly, and "things are finally straightened out gracefully" in Bars 23 and 24.

I can understand the difficulty in transcribing or notating solos, since very few people play as complexly as Elvin; I, for one, always enjoy working with such a true artist as Elvin.

Art Davis
Peekskill, N.Y.

Museum Jazz Series Sets Attendance Mark

The *Down Beat* co-sponsored series of ten jazz in the Garden concerts at New York's Museum of Modern Art drew a record attendance of 28,636, according to the museum's final tabulations.

The series concluded Sept. 1 with a concert by tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin's quartet (Jaki Byard, piano; Junior Booth, bass; Sonny Brown, drums). Other artists in the series were trumpeter Ruby Braff; pianists Earl Hines (with the group that toured Russia, making its only U.S. appearance), Bill Evans, and Dollar Brand; the Saints & Sinners; and saxophonists Lee Konitz, Jimmy Giuffre, and Jackie McLean.

Roland Kirk, whose scheduled Aug. 11 concert was rained out, was unable to perform at a later date because of other commitments. The biggest attendance for a single concert was 3,623 at the Giuffre event.

The series was produced by *Down Beat's* Dan Morgenstern, Herbert Bronstein of the museum, and high-fidelity consultant Charles Graham. It was the museum's fifth season of Jazz in the Garden.

Darnell Howard Dies In San Francisco

Clarinetist Darnell Howard, 74, died Sept. 2 in San Francisco, where he had been hospitalized since June, when he suffered a stroke.

Nearly 100 of his friends attended San Francisco funeral services that paid an impressive tribute to the man whose career spanned a major portion of jazz history. Among the mourners were several of the clarinetist's former associates, including cornetist Muggsy Spanier, bassist Pops Foster, and drummer Earl Watkins.

As the religious services ended, trombonist Turk Murphy's sextet, seated in an anteroom, played *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* and followed with *Just a Little While to Stay Here* and *1919*, an old New Orleans march. After the services, the body was shipped to Chicago for burial.

Though he was most often thought of as a New Orleans clarinetist, Howard was born in Chicago and originally was a violinist. He was featured on violin with the W. C. Handy Band in Memphis, Tenn., in 1919. In the early '20s, however, he gained a reputation for his flowing clarinet work, which was somewhat in the style of Jimmie Noone. In 1923-24 he toured Europe with pianist-composer James P. Johnson's *Plantation Days*, a musical revue. He later went to China with pianist Teddy Weatherford's band.

During the '20s, Howard was featured with numerous Chicago bands, most

notably those of King Oliver and Charles Elgar. In 1930 he began an eight-year stay with pianist Earl Hines' big band. In the early and middle '40s, Howard was a key member of the traditional-jazz revival in Chicago and was featured in many concerts and sessions.

About 1946 he went to California to join veteran trombonist Kid Ory's band, was back in Chicago in 1948-49, and in 1951 moved to San Francisco, where he played with bands led by Spanier and the late Bob Scobey. From 1955 to 1960 he



HOWARD
With malice toward none

was a member of Hines' Dixieland combo. The group played long engagements at San Francisco's Hangover and Black Sheep clubs as well as on the road. For the last few years Howard had played mostly casuals, though early this year he toured Europe with the Original New Orleans All-Stars.

Trombonist Murphy, who had played alongside Howard at many sessions and knew him well, said, "He was one of the greatest clarinet players and most underrated musicians I've ever known. And personally, he was unbelievable; he had no malice in his system."

Sideman Switches

In the good old days, keeping track of the changes in big-band personnels was one of the favorite pastimes of jazz fans. Since then, the lineups of the few remaining big bands have been relatively stable. Recently, however, it seemed like old times when quite a few switches and changes occurred in the ranks of the Count Basie

and Woody Herman bands.

Drummer Louie Bellson, who only last month replaced Sonny Payne, who quit Basie suddenly in San Francisco, has been replaced by Rufus Jones, whose place in the Herman band was taken by Gus Johnson, himself a former Basieite. (Johnson was with Basie from 1948 to '54, was replaced by Payne, who was superseded by Jones in mid-1965, who gave way to Payne again later in that year.)

In the Basie trombone section, Henderson Chambers was recently replaced by Richard Boone, who also does scat-comedy vocals. In early September trombonist Al Grey left the band to go on tour with Sammy Davis Jr. and his troupe. His place was taken by Chicagoan Harlan Floyd, a former Red Saunders sideman.

Rutgers And Carnegie Plan Jazz Concerts

The Institute of Jazz Studies, recently transferred to Rutgers University, and the Carnegie Hall Corp. will jointly present two series of jazz concerts during the 1966-67 season, which also marks Carnegie Hall's 75th anniversary.

One series, Jazz in the Great Tradition, will take place at Carnegie Hall, while the other series, Jazz—The Personal Dimension, will be presented first at Carnegie Recital Hall and then repeated on the Rutgers campuses in New Brunswick and Newark, N. J.

The Great Tradition series will begin Jan. 15 with a 1967 edition of John Hammond's *Spirituals to Swing* concerts, first presented at Carnegie in 1938. Hammond, now director of talent acquisition at Columbia records, will produce the concert, and Goddard Lieberman, president of the CBS-Columbia Group, will emcee. The concert will be recorded by Columbia.

The series will continue on Feb. 18 with a Salute to Louis Armstrong, a concert featuring the trumpeter and his all-stars, plus guest artists. On March 28 Count Basie will perform with his orchestra and selected alumni. The series will conclude April 13 with a concert by the Duke Ellington Orchestra, plus appearances by former Ellingtonians.

The Recital Hall series opened Oct. 3 with the Mitchell-Ruff Trio. Pianist Randy Weston's sextet performs Dec. 5; clarinetist Pee Wee Russell's group Feb. 20; and Muddy Waters and His Blues Band April 17. In all cases, the Rutgers campus concerts will be held on the two following nights.

Julius Bloom, both executive director of the Carnegie Hall Corp. and Rutgers' director of concerts and lectures, is producing the concerts with the assistance of an advisory board consisting of Hammond; Dr. Marshall Stearns, founder of the Institute of Jazz Studies; critic Stanley Dance; Brad McCuen, jazz a&r man at RCA Victor

records; Dr. William Weinberg, assistant to the president of Rutgers; Robert Altschuler, head of information services at Columbia records; and Dan Morgenstern, *Down Beat's* associate editor.

In announcing the series, Dr. Mason W. Gross, president of Rutgers, said the institute will be moved to the university's Newark campus next spring, where it will be housed in library facilities now under construction.

Dr. Gross said the institute will be maintained by Rutgers as "an autonomous but affiliated part of the university." The famous collection of jazz recordings, books, publications, manuscripts, memorabilia, and instruments was organized in 1952.

Potpourri

FINAL BAR: Charles H. (Pop) Kennedy, for 16 years president of San Francisco's AFM Local 6, died of a heart attack Aug. 2 in San Diego, Calif., where he was attending a meeting of the California Theatrical Federation. In addition to his position in Local 6, Kennedy, 64, was a member of the AFM international executive board, the executive board of the San Francisco Labor Council, and of the San Francisco Art Commission. Albert F. Arnold, for 10 years the local's vice president, succeeded Kennedy as president.

Pianist **Teddy Roy**, 61, died of cancer Aug. 31 at the Veterans Hospital in New York City. Born in Du Quoin, Ill., Roy began his career in the mid-1920s playing with bands in the Midwest, among them the **Coon-Sanders Nighthawks**. Later, he went to New York and worked with commercial bands such as **Vincent Lopez'** and **Leo Reisman's**, and with jazzmen **Brad Gowans**, **Bobby Hackett**, and **Miff Mole**. In later years, Roy was a solo pianist at **Eddie Condon's** club and at the **Henry Hudson Hotel** opposite **Bobby Hackett's** band, and he freelanced in New York. Roy recorded on Commodore with a mid-'40s edition of the **Original Dixieland Jazz Band**, which included trombonist **Eddie Edwards**, drummer **Tony Spargo**, and **Gowans** on clarinet.

Ever wonder—or care about—what became of **Russ Morgan**, **Charlie Spivak**, **Johnny Long**, **Clyde McCoy**, **Vincent Lopez**, and **Jan Garber**? Those who are still hopeful of the return of big bands care—in fact, they cared enough to form an organization called ASPBBS, the American Society for the Preservation of the Big Band Sound. The founder, **Charles Rayburn**, a public-relations man from Las Vegas, Nev., hopes to organize chapters of the ASPBBS in major cities and through them sponsor personal appearances of big bands for dances and concerts. But the organization was not formed soon enough to save one of the best-known homes of such bands, the **Aragon Ballroom** in Chicago. With the Latin strains of **Xavier Cugat's** band in the background, the Aragon closed its doors for the last time this summer. And another ballroom becomes a bowling alley.



Raise Waxing Criteria

Second Chorus

By NAT HENTOFF

One of my reservations about participating in critics' polls is that invariably I remember gaping omissions in my ballot after it's too late.

Among my omissions this year, for example, were **Betty Carter** and **Jaki Byard**. I make this belated correction mainly because both of them—and **Abbey Lincoln**, too, among others—reflect the imperfections of jazz recording.

I heard **Miss Carter** one night this last summer in New York and wondered how a musician of such stunning individuality, drive, subtlety, depth, and wit could be so underrepresented on records. And of her few albums, most bristle with the conflicting imperatives of **Betty** and various a&r men.

Left free, and with musicians of her choice, she could record a series of albums that would help set new criteria for what jazz singing can be in terms of where the new music is taking us. So where are **Bob Thiele** or **Alfred Lion** or **Nesuhi Ertegun**?

As for **Byard**, **Prestige**, to its credit, has recorded him. But **Byard's** singular scope has only been marginally revealed on records so far. And **Jaki** has been startlingly himself for far too long a time still to have such minimal recognition. If anyone deserves the kind of promotion an **RCA Victor** or **Columbia** could give (I long ago gave up on **Capitol** as far as jazz is concerned), it's **Jaki**.

During my brief time as an a&r man for **Candid**, I recorded **Abbey Lincoln**, but since then, so far as I know, she's been heard only on a **Max Roach Impulse** album. Why? This is a woman of such strength of emotion, such unmistakably personal sound, and such trenchant knowledge of material best suited for her, that it's absurd to have her unrecorded during these years.

Sheila Jordan is another. One **Blue Note LP** still in the catalog, and that's all. But the facile **Ella Fitzgerald** albums pour forth.

There are so many other examples of what could and should be done in jazz recordings. We have far too little of the current **Red Allen**. And only rarely, very rarely, is **Pee Wee Russell** recorded in optimum surroundings. When, furthermore, will an a&r man do at least one definitive **Vic Dickenson** session? Or let us hear what **Valdo Williams** can do? An **Episcopal priest**,

Tom Vaughn, meanwhile, gets a **Victor** date only because he's a man of the cloth and, therefore, good copy. Let us indeed render unto **Caesar** that which is **Caesar's**.

Booker Ervin's back in the States. Who's going to record him with the time and care he deserves? And in more than a quartet setting?

And what of **Jeanne Lee** and **Ran Blake**? And most astonishing of all, consider how few albums we have by **Cecil Taylor**. Tell me not of cost accounting. **Taylor** by now has an audience, and **Taylor** albums that are decently recorded and decently promoted cannot help but do much more than make back their cost.

It may be that one main answer for the future is specialized labels sold mainly by mail, something like the **Connoisseur Society** in classical music. **Charles Mingus'** efforts in this direction have awakened more response than even he anticipated.

But I keep wondering about the lack of acumen on the part of the regular record producers. **Thiele** has proved through **Impulse** that a diversified catalog, conscientiously produced and astutely packaged, can profitably encompass **Johnny Hodges** and **Archie Shepp**, **Gabor Szabo** and **John Coltrane**.

What's happened to **Pacific Jazz**, **Contemporary**, **Atlantic**? Does **Teo Macero** at **Columbia** have to be that careful? Is **George Marek** at **Victor** ever going to awaken more fully to his responsibility to the music—jazz and classical—that is happening now?

Meanwhile, the **National Council on the Arts** has announced a series of federal grants to novelists (\$10,000 apiece), acting and dancing troupes, classical-music organizations, etc. But nothing, of course, for jazz. No grant, for example, to permit the recording of musicians of stature who cannot otherwise get recorded. The reason: jazz still has no real stature in this country. To get on records, **Betty Carter** might well do better to go to **Europe** for a while. That's what **Albert Ayler** did.

Well, what can you expect? A country that's going to bring peace to **Vietnam** even if it has to kill everybody there to do it simply isn't ready to listen to what **Betty Carter** and **Jaki Byard** are saying. 

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Clarinetist **Benny Goodman** was presented with the Handel Medallion, New York City's highest cultural award, by Mayor **John V. Lindsay** at a ceremony at City Hall Sept. 13. The award was made for Goodman's "contributions to American music." Among celebrities invited to attend were composers **Irving Berlin**, **Morton Gould**, **Frank Loesser**, and **Richard Rodgers** and drummer **Gene Krupa** . . . Vibraharpist **Lionel Hampton** left New York City Sept. 9 for a one-month tour of Europe, his first since 1960, with a personnel of **Wallace Davenport**, trumpet; **Ed Pazant** and **Edlin Terry**, reeds; **Zeke Mullins**, piano; **Lawrence Burgan**, bass; **Billy Maelkel**, guitar; **Al Levitt**, drums; and **Pinochio James**, vocals. Hampton is to perform in Belgium, France, Germany, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, and England. In London the group will also tape a show for BBC-TV . . . Clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko**, long-incumbent house-band leader at **Eddie Condon's Club**, left New York in August to settle in Los Angeles. The club reopened in September after a brief summer vacation, with a band led by trumpeter **Yank Lawson** . . . Alto saxophonist-flutist **Leo Wright**, back in the United States after a long stay in Europe, did a week at **Embers West** before moving on to California . . . A new club, **Hugo's**, at Amsterdam Ave. and 140th St., initiated a weekend avant-garde jazz policy in September with alto saxophonist **Marion Brown's** quartet . . . Trumpeter **Jonah Jones's** quartet (**Andre Persianny**, piano; **John Brown**, bass; **Danny Farrer**, drums) did two weeks at the newly refurbished **Rainbow Grill** . . . Trombonist-composer **J. J. Johnson** joined **MBA Music, Inc.**, as a staff composer, arranger, and conductor . . . Tenorist **Al Sears**, formerly with **Duke Ellington**, is the new general manager of singer **Ray Charles's** **Tangerine Records** . . . Singer **Etta Jones** did two weeks at the **Five Spot** in September . . . Clubowner **Art D'Lugoff** presented pianist **Dave Brubeck's** quartet, the **Jimmy Smith Trio**, and singer **Lou Rawls** in a double-header concert at **Carnegie Hall** Sept. 24 . . . Vibraharpist **Ollie Shearer's** group (**Jerry Dodgion**, reeds; **Gene Taylor**, bass; **Warren Smith**, percussion) joins forces with dancer **Vija Vetra** for two concerts of ethnic and jazz dance and music at **Carnegie Recital Hall** Oct. 7 at 8 p.m. and midnight . . . Drummer **Bill English's** group at **Minton's** had trumpeter **Dave Burns**, tenor saxophonist **Frank Foster**, pianist **Russ Thomas**, and bassist **Gene Taylor** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Sam Margolis** spent the summer working at the **Elbow Beach Club** in **Bermuda** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan's** quintet at **Slug's** had **Julian Priester**, trombone; **Ronnie Mathews**, piano; **Ray McKinney**, bass; and **J. C. Moses**, drums . . . Shepherd's, New York's pioneer discotheque, hired a jazz group, **Andy Angel & the Angels**, to alternate with its recorded dance music. Leader **Angel** plays trumpet, flugelhorn, and valve trombone, with

Paul London, tenor saxophone and flute; **Marvin Schueck**, organ; **Lynn Zody**, drums . . . Saxophonist **Steve Laey** played several concerts in **Buenos Aires, Argentina**, during August. Accompanying him were trumpeter **Enrico Rava**, bassist **Johnny Djani**, and drummer **Louis Moholo**.

SAN FRANCISCO: **Duke Ellington's** orchestra, which headlined the closing night's program of this year's **Monterey Jazz Festival**, played several concerts in the **San Francisco** area during its western sojourn. The first of these was in the outdoor amphitheater on **Mt. Tamalpais** and was sponsored by the **Atheneum Arts Foundation**. A concert in the **California Palace of the Legion of Honor** was under auspices of the **Patrons of Art and Music**. On the Saturday before its appearance at **Monterey**, the orchestra presented **Ellington's** concert of sacred music (*In the Beginning God*) at the **Oakland Civic Auditorium**. This was sponsored by the **Downs Memorial Methodist Church** as a benefit for its youth program. The city took official note of the occasion as **Oakland Mayor John Reading** proclaimed **Duke Ellington Day** . . . The **Don Piestrup Orchestra**, organized in **Berkeley** several years ago as a workshop unit, made its last appearance with a one-nighter at the **Gold Nugget** in **Oakland**. **Piestrup** is moving to **Los Angeles**, where he'll write for the **Buddy Rich Band** and also freelance . . . Pianist **Chris Ibanez** and bassist **Vernon Alley** have been booked for an extended engagement at the new lounge scheduled to open in the **Villa Roma Motel** here . . . A 10-hour concert was to be staged in the **Fillmore Auditorium** here to help the **Both/And** jazz club, faced by a financial crisis. The club has brought to **San Francisco** some of the foremost groups in contemporary jazz—among them those led by **Ornette Coleman**, **Archie Shepp**, **Andrew Hill**, **Fredie Hubbard**, and **Bill Evans**—as well as serving as home base for the **John Handy Quintet**. Participants in the benefit were scheduled to include the **Randy Weston Sextet**, singer **Jon Hendricks**, the **Elvin Jones-Joe Henderson Quartet**, the **Denny Zeitlin Trio**, **Big Mama Thornton**, and several rock-and-roll groups . . . Some 20,000 listeners turned out for a free Sunday afternoon concert in **Stern Grove** city park. This was the first jazz concert staged there since the annual midsummer music festivals were begun 28 years ago, and it drew the largest crowd ever to assemble in the natural amphitheater. The crowd heard sets by **Rudy Salvin's** band, **Turk Murphy's** group, the **Vince Guaraldi Trio**, and the **John Handy Quintet**. **Handy's** portion was filmed for scheduled network release on the **Bell Telephone Hour** television show Nov. 20 . . . Guitarist **Eddie Duran** joined guitarist **Gabor Szabo's** quartet for most of its eight-week engagement at the **Trident** in **Sausalito** . . . Conga drummer **Mongo Santamaria** now is playing Wednesday nights with a trio (**Vince Cattolica**, clarinet, and **Cuz Cousineau**, drums) and Thursday nights solo at **Pier 23**. Friday and Saturday nights he's with a banjoist at the **Straw Hat**

Pizza restaurant in **Fremont**, across the bay. **Bill Erickson's** combo plays **Pier 23** on weekends . . . Making his first **San Francisco club** appearance in several years, singer **Billy Eckstine** used a septet, led by his longtime pianist, **Bobby Tucker**, for his engagement at **Basin Street West**.

LOS ANGELES: One go-go club that went-went is the **Action**, a **Santa Monica Boulevard** nitery that once blared rock-and-roll. It has grown up to become the **Chez Supper Club**, with drummer **Buddy Rich's** the first in a series of big bands, to be followed by those of **Gerald Wilson**, trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson**, and vibist **Lionel Hampton**. **Wilson's** appearance is the second extended gig in this area. He just finished two weeks at the **Playboy Club** . . . Another jazz name appearing at **Bunnysville** also has had unusually favorable exposure: vocalist **Teri Thornton**, who shuttled between her regular gig at the **Playboy** and the **Cocanut Grove**, where she subbed for ailing singer **John Gary** . . . Pianist **Ahmad Jamal** and altoist **Cannonball Adderley** gave recent demonstrations of combo expertise at **Shelly's Manne-Hole**. Members of **Jamal's** trio are bassist **Jamil Nasser** and drummer **Frank Gant**. Members of **Adderley's** five are brother **Nat**, cornet; **Joe Zawinul**, piano; **Vic Gaskin**, bass; **Roy McCurdy**, drums. **Zawinul** recently recorded a concerto for two pianos and orchestra with its Viennese composer, pianist **Friedrich Gulda** . . . Another dip in the **Third Stream** took place during a recent one-nighter at the **Hollywood Bowl**, which was devoted to a cross section of **Duke Ellington's** work. Among the items performed by his band, combined with the **Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra**, were *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *New World Acoming*, *Golden Broom* and the *Green Apple*, and **Ellington's** tribute to **U.S. Negro culture**, *Tone Parallel to Harlem* . . . **Bill Fritz**, reed man for **Stan Kenton**, and his bride were serenaded at their wedding reception by **Kenton's** trombone section: **Bob Payne**, **Dick Shearer**, **Dave Roberts**, and **Jim Amlotte** . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson's** week at the **Greek Theater** was backstopped by **Sid Feller's** orchestra, including **Miss Wilson's** own accompanists: pianist **Ronnell Bright** and bassist **Buster Williams** . . . Behind singer **Rod McKuen** at the **Troubador** were **Eddie Beal**, piano; **Jim Helms**, guitar; **Stan Gilbert**, bass . . . Waiting out his transfer from **AFM Local 802** to **Local 47**, drummer **Sonny Payne** is not being fussy about playing anything, including rock-and-roll. One night after **Payne** played a rock joint called **Direct Line**, the place was burned out . . . In other one-nighter news, drummer **Chico Hamilton** and his quartet performed at the **Santa Monica Civic Auditorium**. At a special **ASCAP** party, entertainment was furnished by singer-pianist **Bobby Troup's** trio, plus **Troup's** wife, vocalist **Julie London**. For two nights, trumpeter **Hugh Msekela** and his quartet gigged at the **Carousel Theater** in **West Covina**. Shortly before

(Continued on page 46)

BY MARC CRAWFORD



PHOTO/TRANSMONDO, BY FRANCINE WINHAM

REQUIEM FOR

THE UNPRESSED SUIT looked Brooklyn pawnshop, and the frayed collar and cuffs of that once white shirt and the shine-hungry shoes had enjoyed better seasons. Thinning hair was turning gray with his years, and the telltale pink of his dark lips said something about a lot of great gigs on a lot of great bandstands, all of them in the gone times. Now he stood there in the mortuary, waiting for the rosary service to begin, stood there stooped over the coffin, his tears staining dark the white silk framing the corpse.

"In the bars along Kingston St.," the black man told the black corpse, "they said I shouldn't have bought you all them drinks. You know I had to, don't you? They didn't understand, Bud. They didn't know who Bud Powell really was. Now we don't have to worry about that no more. You safe now, Bud. Baby, you safe."

Hail Mary, full of grace, The Lord is with thee . . .

"I FURTHER CERTIFY," wrote Dr. H. Eisenberg on Bud's death certificate at Kings County Hospital, "that death was not caused directly or indirectly by accident, homicide, suicide, acute or chronic poisoning, or any suspicious or unusual manner, and that it was due to natural causes."

Blessed art thou amongst women . . .

PARIS: Sometimes in the season of the sun he'd sit alone by the hour, there in the churchyard beneath the towering spires of St. Germaine de Pres. Not a muscle would he move nor sound make and his fingers laced in the fashion of men grown old. It was then he seemed most at peace with himself. He'd watch the passers-by at that corner which is the crossroad of the Western world, and then it would hit him like a whiplash, first the terrible pain in those big bulging eyes, then the fear, the awful fright in those eyes before they went out like a light, and then the kind hand of priest Abbe DuPree on his shoulder massaging away the menace of all those years.

And then in the early hours of morning, after his gig at the Bluenote Club was finished, Bud walking back to the right bank so that he could buy red wine with the money that was his taxi fare. Walking, as he had many times before, down the Champs Elysees, and marveling:

"That's the Eiffel Tower, ain't it?"

"Yes, Bud. That's the Eiffel Tower."

"You see that in pictures sometimes."

"Yes, Bud. You see that in pictures sometimes."

Now at the Cafe Echaude, his money gone, his red wine finished, calling out to the waiter who loved him like a brother, worshiped him like a god, and made it his business always to take the cigaret butt from Bud's fingers just

A TORTURED HEAVYWEIGHT

before the tender place that held it began to burn.

"Robert, give me a red wine, please. I'll pay you tomorrow, hear? Honest, I'll pay you tomorrow."

"Oui, Monsieur Powell," he'd say, knowing tomorrow for Bud would be like all his yesterdays.

And the young French pianist, sitting across the room, fixing Bud in his stare, eyes glazed, getting out of his chair, charging across the room, confronting Bud and shouting at the top of his lungs: "I do not care, Bud Powell. To me you are still the greatest in the world." And Bud, looking at him for a long minute, his glass suspended in the air, a feeble awareness of forgotten things fighting for a place in his eyes, then wordlessly putting the wine down untouched, pushing the table away, and shuffling out into the streets—into that no man's time, which neither fully belongs to the night nor the morning, and home to Buttercup and their son Johnny.

Porkchops and soul food at Gaby and Haynes restaurant, and more wine, despite doctor's orders against fried foods and drink. Bad liver, you know? And Buttercup taking him to the mountains and sea places of Europe, trying to help Bud find the peace that had eluded him since the beginning. But turning from a magnificent sunset and, in a rare moment of lucidness, softly asking: "Buttercup, why are you always trying to save me when you know how bad I want to die?"

And Buttercup with no other reason than: "I love you, Bud."

And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus . . .

NEW YORK: Bud coming home after five years, having to face the lie he'd told himself so many times. He had not gone home when his mother died. Why should he? "She ain't dead," he told himself. Then home and the terrible truth of it. But tired, sick of music and the stale taste of music in his life. Blaming music for the death of kid brother Richie, who died with Clifford Brown in a 1956 auto crash, when both of them stood on the threshold of greatness. He had taught Richie piano. Bud, sick of music because it imprisoned him from his earliest recollection.

"Heh, heh, heh," William Powell laughed, remembering. "I tell you when Bud was 7, the musicians would come and actually steal him, take him from place to place playing music. Nobody had ever seen a jazz musician that young or heard one play like Bud. He was a li'l old chubby fellow, and by the time he was 10 he could play everything he'd heard by Fats Waller and Art Tatum. Music just came natural in this family. My daddy was a guitar

player. He went to Cuba during the Spanish American War, and when he came back, he was one of the greatest flamenco guitarists in the country. I played piano. I taught Bud on that old upright Play-o-Tone there. I couldn't go on the road and have a family too. So I stayed home. But Bud was a genius. When he was just a little fellow, they'd come and steal him and make him play sometimes to 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. When he was just a little fellow. . . ."

Bud, in the last years of his life, his place in the history of jazz secure, begging his father to teach him a trade besides music, just as he'd done for Richie. Bud, trapped because he didn't know how to do a single thing other than play piano.

Bud, in his early years, in his most sensitive years, living in the most primitive of societies for all its riches and chrome plating. Bud, a part in the creation of an art form which shall echo down the corridors of human existence so long as men inhabit this earth, being told that his skin color made him less than a man, being forced to look in the distorted mirror of American life for definition. Bud, rejecting the reflection, fighting it, hurling himself against it again and again until he was bent, busted and broken by it, driven beyond the limits of his sanity by it on at least four occasions.

And that is why Bud did not even care, even as he lay dying, that the Congress of his country was still debating whether or not Bud Powell should have a legal right to live in American suburbs with American people—the white-skinned kind. Long ago he had given up on his country. Though he carried a strange love for it in his own way. It was a little like loving a woman whom he knew could never love him.

So Bud, dying slowly and knowing it and not caring because nearly all of his old friends were gone—Bird, Pres, Fat Girl, Lady, Waddel, Oscar—nearly all of them. . . . "He wanted to be where they were," Buttercup said. And that is what she thinks he had in mind when he uttered his last words: "I'll be all right." He was going to be with them.

In some far-off times, men not yet born will say, "Once there lived a great jazz pianist named Bud Powell." But perhaps only those of us whose lives he touched will ever have an inkling of the high price Bud Powell was forced to pay for his greatness.

*Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for us sinners now
And at the hour of our death. Amen.*





hampton hawes revisited

By LEONARD FEATHER

WHEN JIMMY GARRISON brings his bass back from Europe at the end of a tour with the John Coltrane Quartet this December, he expects to terminate his six-year association with the saxophonist to form a new alliance. The impending partnership will team him with Hampton Hawes.

"There's backing for the deal, and there's a manager," Hawes said. "It's too early to go into any details about the group, but we've found a sensational young drummer, and one or two horns may be added."

The prospect of an organized group is exciting to Hawes. So is the probability that he will be working extensively in the East and other areas of the country where he has been practically unknown for the last decade.

The Hawes-Garrison group may bring belated acceptance to a pianist who for many years has been a sort of *éminence grise* in contemporary jazz, mainly because he

has been locked so firmly into the West Coast scene.

Many of the more discerning musicians have recognized Hawes' importance and seek him out whenever they have the rare opportunity to catch him in person. When Toshiko Akiyoshi arrived in Hollywood a couple of months ago, she spent her first evening in town at The Scene, digging Hawes.

The occasion had many nostalgic overtones. Hawes was using Gene Cherico, who had been her bassist for several years. For the two pianists, it was their first meeting in a decade. Toshiko sat in. The pair gassed each other.

"I saw her the first night she got here from Japan," Hawes recalled. "I had met her in 1954. . . . I was in the Army, and we used to jam at a place called the Tennessee Coffee Shop in Tokyo. It really gassed me—she had this Japanese costume on, then sat down and swung like she

PHOTO/ROGER MARSHUTZ, ©CONTEMPORARY RECORDS, INC.

was from Kansas City.”

Where does Toshiko belong in a story about Hampton Hawes?

Aside from their early encounter in Japan, there is the common bond of their musical ideas and ambitions. Both have studied extensively, both represent a breed of musician that places artistic achievement before commercial success. Both, of course, were originally in deep debt to Bud Powell. Neither has had a big-selling record.

This reunion rekindled a mutual respect between two artists whose accomplishments have remained consistently ahead of their economic achievements.

Hawes' 15 months in the Army were not notably rewarding. His playing was limited to weekends, or whenever he could obtain a pass (“I was in an Army band, and the only thing we did was play the ships in at the dock”).

There has been no durably smooth road in any stage of the 38-year-old pianist's professional life. In the early years there was no portent of the detours ahead.

His father, now retired, was a clergyman. His mother played for a Los Angeles church choir. “I'd sit on the piano bench while she played; so piano music was the first thing I heard and learned,” Hawes said.

He was still going to high school when he started playing professionally.

“Study at school all day,” he said, “then go to work at night with Big Jay McNeely or Sonny Criss. I was 16. Even the night I graduated, I had to hurry and split so I wouldn't be late for a gig—I ran out the door wearing the cap and gown and got to the first set just in time.”

Between 1945 and 1950 Hawes worked his way into a somewhat obscure though intensely vital corner of the West Coast jazz scene. He is inclined to shrug off the use of the phrases “West Coast” and “East Coast.” As he points out, “a lot of the most important guys who spent some time out here were from the East. Art Farmer was out here. Bird was here for a while, of course. Howard McGhee, John Simmons. Almost every night everybody used to work at a different club, and it would be like a jam session.”

“Russ Freeman started out at that time,” he continued. “A lot of good musicians never came to prominence—some died, others just withered away. There was a fine pianist, Duke Brooks, who died . . . a real good alto player from Chicago, Henry Pryor.

“Bird used to run around waking everyone up and getting them to jam. It was exciting, and I enjoyed it. That was my school—the streets. We weren't making any money, but it was a groove.”

The undercurrent of segregation was a strong factor in Los Angeles. Racially mixed groups in a car might be stopped and questioned anywhere in town. Separated widely by geography, the musicians rarely had a chance to integrate freely; moreover, racial mixing was discouraged both on the bandstand and among customers. At one time Hawes had a gig with Teddy Edwards and Art Farmer.

“It was probably the hippest five-piece band going at that time, not only for Los Angeles but for anywhere,” he said. “Well, we drew so many different kinds of people that they put pressure on the club, and it had to close after two weeks. I wonder if anyone remembers it—it was the Dixie Club at 52nd and Broadway.”

BY THE BEGINNING of the 1950s a clique of white musicians had formed that was eventually to earn the West Coast identification. Hawes was one of the few Negroes who managed to break into this inner circle. In a quiet, level-toned voice that one can hardly imagine ever exploding into anger, he offered an explanation:

“First of all, I was learning to play, and I didn't stop to think who I was playing with. Musicians were all musicians to me. For another thing, there weren't too many piano players out here. I can only think of four—Russ Freeman, Dodo Marmarosa at Billy Berg's, Jimmy Bunn, and myself. That was about it. Plus the fact that Shelly Manne and I were both working at the Lighthouse, so we got to make a record date together and played gigs off and on. As far as I'm concerned, people are people. I knew the situation out here was weird, but I didn't know why; the only thing on my mind at that time was playing.”

The major influences on Hawes, as on so many other pianists at the time, were Bud Powell and Charlie Parker. Parker, with whom Hawes worked briefly, was as imposing a father figure to brass men, guitarists, bassists, and pianists as to alto saxophonists.

Trumpeter Shorty Rogers, like Manne, got to know Hawes through the Lighthouse. “I thought he had his own thing going even back then, around 1951,” Rogers recalled. “Hamp played on the Capitol date Gene Norman produced for me, and later on he worked on my first RCA album, with the Giants. For that session I wrote a number featuring him, *Diablo's Dance*.

“We played several one-night gigs together. To give you an idea of the kind of scenes that were happening once in a while in Hollywood at that time, I remember a gig we did just before Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker began to make it with the quartet. We played in Balboa, with Chet, Bob Enevoldsen, Art Pepper, Mulligan, Hamp, Joe Mondragon, Lawrence Marable, and myself. It was one of the grooviest gigs I can remember—I still have the tape of it—and Hamp was playing way ahead of his time.”

Just as it appeared that Hawes was beginning to make some headway in a generally square and musically restricted area, the Army cut in and kept him off the scene until 1954. The next year a relationship began that was to last intermittently up to today—Hawes and bassist Red Mitchell found a musical affinity rarely attained among the piano-bass teams of jazz history.

There was an eight-month alliance at the Haig; later many gigs around Los Angeles brought them together again, most often in trio format (the early drummers were Mel Lewis and Chuck Thompson), occasionally as a duo.

During the next three years, 1955-58, Hawes seemed to be making up for the time lost in the service. He even worked his way east, playing the Embers in New York City, Storyville in Boston, and the Blue Note clubs in Chicago and Philadelphia with Mitchell. (For a few months they changed the trio format, using guitarist Kenny Burrell instead of a drummer.)

“We got a good feeling from the start,” Mitchell said. “We were playing bebop. I found nothing lacking in that form of music, and I find nothing lacking in it today. Hamp was a masterful performer, who had his own sound within that idiom. He was easy to work with and always will be. Our roots are the same, and we got along musically and personally.”

It was around the time of the first Hawes-Mitchell partnership that another significant association entered the pianist's life: he got to know Lester Koenig and began to record for Koenig's Contemporary label.

“Lester is an unusually sympathetic and understanding record man,” Hawes said. “He was the first one who really helped the trio. We are friends, and I admire him for many reasons. For one thing, he's got a lot of guts; he'll still put out a record, knowing that it's not going to sell, because he just likes good music. He just refuses to

record any trash, anything that he doesn't believe in himself. Unfortunately, I'm not selling any records for him, and he's not selling any for me, but I believe something is going to happen pretty soon."

Koenig, like a small minority of other jazz & r men, prefers to remain in the background and is reluctant to take any bows.

"I didn't do anything for Hampton Hawes' career," Koenig insisted. "Hampton Hawes did. He was the one that did the piano playing.

"The first time I saw him was at one of those Sunday marathon concerts at the Lighthouse. I saw a slender, sensitive young man who was totally immersed in what he was doing and didn't even look up to acknowledge the applause. The group included Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne, and they were playing *All the Things You Are*. I knew immediately that this was someone I wanted to record. The Lighthouse session came out in Vol. I of that series, but because of the Army interruption, it was more than two years before I could arrange an exclusive contract with him and start cutting studio sessions."

The first album, *Hampton Hawes, Vol. 1: The Trio*, received a five-star review in *Down Beat*. The celebrated *All Night Session*, recorded with guitarist Jim Hall, Red Mitchell, and drummer Bruz Freeman during the night of Nov. 12-13, 1956, earned five more stars and unanimously enthusiastic reviews everywhere.

Hawes even acquired followers among the Eastern pianists and critics.

John Mehegan wrote of him in 1957 as "the key figure in the current crisis surrounding the rhythmic (funky) school of jazz piano," though it is questionable whether Hawes belonged in the funky bag, for he was far too flexible to be placed in any one category. As Koenig observed in the notes for his first album, "Hawes is primarily a swinging jazzman, but he is more than just that. He is an instinctive artist with a remarkable sense of the form and substance of a tune. His lyrical, pianistic style finds expression in long (full chorus) ad-lib introductions. . . . He is very much at home with the blues. . . . But whatever he plays, standard or blues, the basic form is respected, and his performances achieve vitality from the extremely personal character of Hamp's improvisations set against the swinging beat."

THE MODEST BUT GROWING success of the trio, on records and in person, west and east, augured well for Hawes' career. But just as it seemed to have begun to gain momentum, another and more serious interruption blocked the roadway. Hawes had fallen into the narcotics pit and was given a stiff jail sentence that kept him in Fort Worth, Texas, at the government rehabilitation center for about half of a 10-year sentence.

"It's strange," he says now, "but I've almost forgotten everything about those years—which is actually what I wanted to do. But I know I did a lot of thinking and found out how I really needed to work out my life."

From Fort Worth, Hawes wrote thoughtful, sensitive, and poignant letters to Koenig and a few other friends. Sustaining his morale was his wife Jacqueline, a schoolteacher, whom he married 15 years ago ("she's been my backbone throughout everything that's happened").

Hawes' letters and the obvious determination to set his life in order were transmitted through important channels. Ultimately, after months of agonizing suspense, he was granted executive clemency when President John F. Kennedy commuted his sentence. The President's act was extremely rare; the commutation was said at the time to have been only the third of its kind in 40 years.

Hawes was freed Aug. 15, 1963, rehabilitated. Within a week of his arrival in Hollywood, he was back at work, playing at Mr. Konton's, a Sunset Boulevard restaurant, with vibist Roy Ayers, bassist Victor Gaskin, and drummer Eddie Williams.

John Tynan, reviewing the group for *Down Beat*, wrote: "When Hawes tore into his solos, it was as if the piano had life of its own; it was a performance that scorched. These were moments to be long remembered by those attending. One listener, a well-known drummer, commented, 'It's about time we had a real piano player back.'"

Recalling the traumatic days of his return, Hawes said, "Seeing and hearing the changes that had taken place by the time I got back, I knew that it was going to take more time than I'd expected to do what I wanted to do. One reason was the difference between playing for music and playing for money.

"The difficulty is not with the audience, because the audiences exist. The problem lies with the other people who are involved with jazz, the booking agents, the record administrators, people in the business end. In a sense, I'm sympathetic with them, because they have to look at it two ways—what you play, and how many records you're going to sell. But the way I look at it is, some people get a wrong conception of what commercialism is. I used to think that anybody who played 'commercial' played something bad, but the ironic part is that regardless of what style you're playing—good, bad, or indifferent—if you sell a whole lot of records, they call you commercial.

"I've been given a lot of advice by a lot of people about doing this and doing that to make me some money, but my feeling is that you can do it your own way and still make some money. The biggest proof of this, to me, is Miles Davis, who has always played what he feels and has made a lot of money."

During his first few months back in action, Hawes seemed a little uncertain of his direction. The power and the beauty were still clearly present, but there seemed to be a groping for new directions. During the last three years, had he altered his style or modified any aspect of his approach to the keyboard?

"I think so," he said. "All music has always influenced me. From the first note I heard when I was a little boy, any time I heard something pretty, it would have an effect on me and on what I played. Of course, this doesn't mean that I want to be like somebody in particular, because in the first place you just can't, and in the second place I feel I have something of my own to say. But as far as hearing something groovy, chord structures, anything new or different—well, if you can use it to your advantage, you're crazy not to.

"Some guys are reluctant to play something because it has been played by someone else. There's no room for that kind of attitude. Andre Previn used to listen to me, and he liked what I did and maybe used some of it. Well, in the same way, I like to listen to other cats play. I like what Bill Evans does, and if I can hear something in his work that I think is groovy, I'm going to use it. I'm sure he would do the same thing—in fact, Bill and I have discussed this.

"I like a lot of the people that have come up in the past few years. I like McCoy Tyner. Herbie Hancock is saying something. Denny Zeitlin can play—I know he has a dual thing going, with the career as a doctor, but I could see very easily where what he's playing could make a lot of money without any commercial concessions. I know that if he went to the average recording executive and said 'let's make a record of this' and played in his own style, they'd tell him he was nuts and that he has to make something that sounds like what the (Continued on page 44)

GENIUS IN RETROSPECT ART TATUM

BY REX STEWART

AT EVERY DANCE THAT Fletcher Henderson's band played there'd be someone boasting about home-town talent. Usually, the local talent was pretty bad, and we were reluctant to take the word of anyone but a darn good musician, such as alto saxophonist Milton Senior of McKinney's Cotton Pickers, who was touting a piano player.

"Out of this world," Milton said. We were persuaded to go to the club where this pianist was working.

The setting was not impressive; it was in an alley, in the middle of Toledo's Bohemian section. I'm not sure if the year was 1926 or '27, but I am sure that my first impression of Art Tatum was a lasting one. As a matter of fact, the experience was almost traumatic for me, and, for a brief spell afterward, I toyed with the idea of giving up my horn and returning to school.

Looking back, I can see why Tatum had this effect on me. Not only did he play all that piano, but, by doing so, he also reminded me of how inadequately I was filling Louis Armstrong's chair with the Henderson band.

To a man, we were astonished, gassed, and just couldn't believe our eyes and ears. How could this nearly blind young fellow extract so much beauty out of an old beat-up upright piano that looked like a relic from the Civil War? Our drummer, Kaiser Marshall, turned to Henderson and said it for all of us:

"Well, it just goes to show you can't judge a book by its cover. There's that beat-up old piano, and that kid makes it sound like a Steinway. Go ahead, Smack, let's see you sit down to that box. I bet it won't come out the same."

Fletcher just shrugged his shoulders and answered philosophically, "I am pretty sure that we are in the presence of one of the greatest talents that you or I will



ever hear. So don't try to be funny."

Coleman Hawkins was so taken by Tatum's playing that he immediately started creating another style for himself, based on what he'd heard Tatum play that night—and forever after dropped his slap-tongue style.

To our surprise, this talented youngster was quite insecure and asked us humbly, "Do you think I can make it in the big city [meaning New York]?" We assured him that he would make it, that the entire world would be at his feet once he put Toledo behind him. Turning away, he sadly shook his head, saying, kind of to himself, "I ain't ready yet."

However, as far as we were concerned, he was half-past ready! I can see now that Tatum really thought he was too green and unequipped for the Apple, because he spent the next few years in another alley in another Ohio city—Cleveland—at a place called Val's.

It was probably at Val's that Paul Whiteman "discovered" him a year or so later, when Art was 19, and took him to New York to be featured with the Whiteman band. But insecurity and homesickness combined to make him miserable, and after a short time, he fled back to Toledo. This is a good example of a man being at the crossroads and taking the wrong turn.

After returning home, Tatum gradually became confident that he could hold his own. When Don Redman was passing through Toledo a year or so later, Art told him, "Tell them New York cats to look out. Here comes Tatum! And I mean every living 'tub' with the exception of Fats Waller and Willie the Lion."

At that time, Art had never heard of Donald (The Beetle) Lambert, a famous young piano player around New York in the '20s, and he came into the picture too late to have heard Seminole, an American Indian guitar and piano player, whose left hand was actually faster than most pianists' right hands. In any case, to Tatum, Fats was Mr. Piano.

The admiration was reciprocated. The story goes that Fats, the cheerful little earful, was in great form while appearing in the Panther Room of the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. Fats was in orbit that night, slaying the crowd, singing, and wiggling his behind to his hit *Honeysuckle Rose*.

Suddenly he jumped up like he'd been stung by a bee and, in one of those rapid changes of character for which he was famous, announced in stentorian tones: "Ladies and gentlemen, God is in the house tonight. May I introduce the one and only Art Tatum."

I did not witness this scene, but so many people have related the incident that I am inclined to believe it.

At any rate, before Tatum did much playing in New York, he spent a period of time with vocalist Adelaide Hall as part of a two-piano team, the other accompanist being Joe Turner (the pianist). Miss Hall, then big in the profession, took them with her on a European tour.

In appearance, Tatum was not especially noteworthy. His was not a face that one would pick out of a crowd. He was about 5 feet, 7 inches tall and of average build when he was young but grew somewhat portly over the years. Art was not only a rather heavy drinker but was also fond of home cooking and savored good food. As he became affluent, his favorite restaurant was Mike Lyman's in Hollywood, which used to be one of Los Angeles' best.

An only child, Tatum was born in Toledo Oct. 13, 1910. He came into the world with milk cataracts in both eyes, which impaired his sight to the point of almost total blindness. After 13 operations, the doctors were able to restore a considerable amount of vision in one eye. Then Tatum had a great misfortune; he was assaulted

by a holdup man, who, in the scuffle, hit Tatum in the good eye with a blackjack. The carefully restored vision was gone forever, and Tatum was left with the ability to see only large objects or smaller ones held very close to his "good" eye.

Art had several fancy stories to explain his blindness, and a favorite was to tell in great detail how a football injury caused his lack of sight. I've heard him go into the routine: he was playing halfback for his high school team on this rainy day; they were in the huddle; they lined up; the ball was snapped . . . wait a minute—there's a fumble! Tatum recovers . . . he's at the 45-yard line, the 35, the 25! Sprinting like mad, he is heading for a touchdown! Then, out of nowhere, a *mountain falls* on him, and just before oblivion descends, Tatum realizes he has been tackled by Two-Ton Tony, the biggest fellow on either team. He is carried off the field, a hero, but has had trouble with his eyes ever since.

The real stories about Art are so unusual that one could drag out the cliché about fact being stranger than fiction. When Art was 3, his mother took him along to choir practice. After they returned home, she went into the kitchen to prepare dinner and heard someone fumbling with a hymn on the piano. Assuming that a member of the church had dropped by and was waiting for her to come out of the kitchen, she called out, "Who's there?" No one answered, so she entered the parlor, and there sat 3-year-old Art, absorbed in playing the hymn.

He continued playing piano by ear, and he could play anything he heard. Curiously, there was once a counterpart of Tatum in a slave known as Blind Tom. Tom earned a fortune for his master, performing before amazed audiences the most difficult music of his time after a single hearing. But Tom couldn't improvise; he lacked the added gift that was Tatum's.

Tatum played piano several years before starting any formal training. He learned to read notes in Braille. He would touch the Braille manuscript, play a few bars on the piano, touch the notation, play . . . until he completed a tune. After that, he never had to "read" the song again; he knew it forever. He could play any music he had ever heard. One time, at a recording session, the singer asked if he knew a certain tune. Art answered, "Hum a few bars." As the singer hummed, Art was no more than a half-second behind, playing the song with chords and embellishments as if he had always known it, instead of hearing it then for the first time.

His mother, recognizing that he had an unusual ear, gave him four years of formal training in the classics. Then, the day came when the teacher called a halt to the studies, saying, "That's as far as I can teach you. Now you teach me."

Tatum carried his perception to the nth degree. Eddie Beal, one of Art's devoted disciples, recalls their first meeting, which happened at the old Breakfast Club on Los Angeles' Central Ave. about 4 a.m. The news had spread that Tatum was in town and could be expected to make the scene that morning. Just as Tatum entered the room, as Beal tells it, "whoever was playing the piano jumped up from the stool, causing an empty beer can to fall off the piano. Tatum greeted the cats all around, then said, 'Drop that can again. It's a Pabst can, and the note it sounded was B-flat.'" Rozelle Gayle, one of Tatum's closest friends, tops this story by saying that Tatum could tell the key of any sound, including a toilet flushing.

GENIUS IS AN OVERWORKED word in this era of thunderous hyperbolic press agency. Still, when one considers Arthur Tatum, there is no other proper descriptive

adjective for referring to his talents. I have purposely pluralized them, for Tatum possessed several gifts—most of which remained unknown to all but a few of his best friends—his prodigious memory, his grasp of all sports statistics, and his skill at playing cards.

Art was a formidable opponent in all types of card games, although bid whist was his favorite. There are a few bridge champions still around who recall the fun they had when Tatum played with them. According to one's reminiscence, Art would pick up his cards as dealt, hold them about one inch from the good eye, adjust them into suits and from then on, never looked at his hand again. He could actually recall every card that was played, when, and by whom. Furthermore, he played his own cards like a master.

He had an incredible memory not only for cards but for voices and sounds as well. One account of his aptitude in catching voices has been told and retold. It seems that while playing London with Adelaide Hall back in the late '30s, he was introduced to a certain person and then immediately swept along the receiving line. Six years later, when he was playing in Hollywood, the person came to see Tatum. He greeted him with "Hello, Art. How are you? I'll bet you don't remember me," Tatum replied, "Sure, I remember you. Gee, you're looking good. I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to talk to you at that party in London. Your name is Lord So and So."

I realize that nature has a way of compensating for any inadequacy, but Tatum's abilities transcended ordinary compensation. With only a high school education, he was a storehouse of information. His favorite sports were baseball and football, followed by horseracing. Tatum could quote baseball pitchers' records, batting averages for almost all players in both big leagues, names and positions of football players, the game records for any year, and so forth. Rozelle Gayle, one of Tatum's closest friends, recalls back in Art's Chicago days (the '30s) that all the musicians frequented the drugstore on the corner of 47th St. and South Park. Art became so respected as an authority on any subject (and that included population statistics) that the fellows would have him settle their arguments, instead of telephoning a newspaper.

Despite impaired vision, he was a very independent man. He had little methods to avoid being helped. For example, he always asked the bank to give all his money in new \$5 bills, which he put in a certain pocket. When he had to pay for something, he gave a 5 and then counted his change by fingering the \$1 bills and feeling the coins. The 1s then went into a certain pocket and the coins into another. He had a mind like an adding machine and always knew exactly how much money he had.

One of the most significant aspects of Tatum's artistry stemmed from his constant self-challenge.

At the piano, Art seemingly delighted in creating impossible problems from the standpoint of harmonies and chord progressions. Then he would gleefully improvise sequence upon sequence until the phrase emerged as a complete entity within the structure of whatever composition he happened to be playing. Many is the time I have heard him speed blithely into what I feared was a musical cul-de-sac, only to hear the tying resolution come shining through. This required great knowledge, dexterity, and daring. Tatum achieved much of this through constant practice, working hours every day on exercises to keep his fingers nimble enough to obey that quick, creative mind. He did not run through variations of songs or work on new inventions to dazzle his audiences. Rather, he ran scales and ordinary practice exer-

cises, and if one didn't know who was doing the laborious, monotonous piano routines, he would never guess that it was a jazzman working out.

Another form of practice was unique with Tatum. He constantly manipulated a filbert nut through his fingers, so quickly that if you tried to watch him, the vision blurred. He worked with one nut until it became sleek and shiny from handling. When it came time to replace it, he would go to the market and feel nut after nut—a whole bin full, until he found one just the right size and shape for his exercises.

Art's hands were of unusual formation, though just the normal size for a man of his height and build. But when he wanted to, he somehow could make his fingers span a 12th on the keyboard. The average male hand spans nine or 10 of the white notes, 11 is considered wizard, but 12 is out of this world. Perhaps the spread developed from that seeming complete relaxation of the fingers—they never rose far above the keyboard and looked almost double-jointed as he ran phenomenally rapid, complex runs. His lightning execution was the result of all that practice, along with the instant communication between his fingers and brain.

His touch produced a sound no other pianist has been able to capture. The method he used was his secret, which he never revealed. The Steinway was his favorite piano, but sometimes he played in a club that had a miserable piano with broken ivories and sour notes. He would run his fingers over the keyboard to detect these. Then he would play that night in keys that would avoid as much as possible the bad notes. Anything he could play, he could play in any key.

WITH ALL THAT TALENT, perhaps it is not strange the effect that Art had on other pianists. When he went where they were playing, his presence made them uncomfortable. Some would hunt for excuses to keep from playing in front of the master. Others would make all kinds of errors on things that, under other circumstances, they could play without even thinking about it. There was the case of the young fellow who played a great solo, not being aware that Tatum was in the house. When Art congratulated him later, he fainted.

This sort of adulation did not turn Tatum's head, and he continually sought reassurance after a performance. Any friend who was present would be asked, "How was it?" One couldn't ask for more humility from a king of his instrument.

A little-known fact is that Art also played the accordion. Back in Ohio, before he had gained success, he was offered a year's contract in a night club if he would double on accordion. He quickly mastered the instrument and fulfilled the engagement, but he never liked the accordion, and after that gig, he never played it again.

Tatum always liked to hear other piano players, young or old, male or female. He could find something kind to say even about quite bad performers. Sometimes his companion would suggest leaving a club where the pianist could only play some clunky blues in one key. But Art would say, "No, I want to hear his story. Every piano player has a story to tell."

His intimates (two of whom—Eddie Beal and Rozelle Gayle—I thank for much of this information) agree that Tatum's favorites on the piano were Fats Waller, Willie (The Lion) Smith, and Earl Hines. He also liked lots of the youngsters, including Nat Cole, Billy Taylor, and Hank Jones.

In the days when most musicians enjoyed hanging out with each other, Art and Meade Lux Lewis palled around. Two more dissimilar *(Continued on page 42)*



FRANK SMITH: "... techniques alone cannot replace esthetic energy and emotional focus."

Village Theatre, New York City

First Program Personnel: Giuseppe Logan Sextet (Logan, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Dave Burrell, piano; Scotty Holt, Reggie Johnson, basses; Clifford Jarvis and Bobby Kapp, percussion). Frank Smith Sextet (Smith, tenor saxophone; Jack Gregg, Teddy Wald, basses; Doug Murray, violin, bass; Randy Kaye, Laurence Cook, percussion). Ornette Coleman Trio (Coleman, trumpet, alto saxophone, violin; David Izenzon, bass; Charles Moffett, percussion).

Second Program Personnel: Marion Brown Quintet (Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Brown alto saxophone; Dave Burrell, piano; Reggie Johnson, Norris Jones, basses; Andrew Cyrille, drums). Jeanne Lee-Ran Blake (Blake, piano; Miss Lee, vocals). John Coltrane Quintet (Coltrane, soprano and tenor saxophones; Pharaoh Sanders, alto and tenor saxophones; Alice Coltrane, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Rashid Ali, percussion).

Third Program Personnel: Albert Ayler Quintet (Don Ayler, trumpet; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Michael Sampson, violin; Lewis Worrell, bass; Ronald Jackson, drums). Archie Shepp Quintet (Roswell Rudd, trombone; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Charlie Hadon, bass; Beaver Harris, drums). Frank Smith Sextet (Marly Cook, trombone; Marzello, Smith, tenor saxophones; Byard Lancaster, alto saxophone; Teddy Wald, Doug Murray, Steve Tintweiss, basses; Randy Kaye, Laurence Cook, drums).

One swallow does not make a spring, and it may be too optimistic to say that the growing number of concerts featuring new jazz performers reflects any meaningful change in the climate of public opinion, but the fact remains that, in New York at least, more new jazz was heard this summer than ever before.

Such a development, of course, is to the good; no previous developmental period in jazz has required quite the intimate listening experience of the newest styles.

Record albums, despite their importance as a means of bringing new names to a wider public, have been almost totally inadequate in reproducing power and intense directness—the seminal forces in the new jazz. The various programs that filled the New York summer have served only to confirm this fact. Among the best series was this one, "A Perspective in Revolution," produced by Lovebeast Enterprises.

I was able to hear only the final portion of Logan's set, which was devoted in its entirety to a work titled *Sonorus: A Suite*. The composition appeared to include a succession of alternating solo sections with Logan playing—during the part I heard—bass clarinet and alto saxophone. Not much can be said about his bass clarinet playing; it consisted of fragmented lower-register flurries and high-register squeals and screams.

Since the bass clarinet is an instrument that is prone to produce these squealing

sounds both intentionally and otherwise, especially in the upper register, it was difficult to separate calculation from accident in Logan's performance. I do not necessarily feel, however, that it is important to be able to do so.

Logan, like Albert Ayler, has disassociated himself from most of the vocabulary of Western European music (a factor in his favor), but on some of the instruments I have heard him play—the bass clarinet is one—Logan's relative independence fails to produce anything more provocative and stimulating than would a more controlled, deterministic playing style.

I found his performance on alto to be something else again—warm and communicative. In his playing of the closing theme (a pleasant 5/4 melody) and in a final cadenza section he revealed a genuinely personal style. The accompanying group offered firm support, but I was somewhat disturbed by pianist Dave Burrell's tonally oriented comping—inappropriate for most of the sections.

Tenor saxophonist Smith has assimilated some of the methods of Ayler and Pharaoh Sanders, but techniques alone cannot replace esthetic energy and emotional focus.

His set of four pieces consisted of a nearly continuous stream of tenor saxophone harmonics, growls, honks, and squeals. Many of these sounds were drawn from two or three fundamental notes, with Smith examining and re-examining the natural harmonics that are produced on the saxophone by overblowing these lower-register notes. A good portion of Smith's playing, in fact, depended upon this fundamental technique, his high-note squeals, sirenlike runs, and double harmonics all resulting from overblowing.

What little conventional use he made of the instrument was generally limited to rapidly repeated descending diatonic phrases, tremolos, and trills. The energetic intensity of Smith's playing was a bit studied, an involvement with the act of jazz that reached its peak too quickly. (It reminded me, in fact, of a concert of exceedingly lightweight Baroque music by flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal that I heard earlier this year. Rampal appeared to be transfixed by the music by the time he reached the second bar, bobbing and

weaving like Muhammad Ali on one of his better days, but the split-second emotion just wasn't believable. If music that vapid could produce such instant intensity from Rampal, then I could only speculate with trepidation on what might happen to him if he played some really good Bach.)

Again unlike Ayler, the length of Smith's phrases was determined almost entirely by the length of his breathing: deep breath—long phrase; short breath—short phrase. Smith's group produced an acceptable carpet of sound but had little personality of its own—a fact probably resulting more from the nature of the music than from their individual abilities.

Coleman's portion of the program included five original works, all apparently new. The first, *Jungle City*, was played at a moving up tempo. Coleman was fluent and articulate but somewhat prone to fall back on personal clichés. He tried one new technique—howling with his voice through the horn, placing it at the most dramatically climactic points in his solo. For Coleman, it seemed superficial, a more intentional device than he generally employs.

After David Izenzon's bass chorus, Coleman soloed again, playing this time with a looser, easier flow of ideas. His sequences—a basic component in his improvisational style—were more surprising, and he exhibited a solid control of both high harmonics and a full, lower-register tone.

On the second tune, *Strange as It Seems*, Coleman was brilliant. The line is blues-like, and Coleman used it as a starting point, reaching deep into the Southwest blues roots so firmly imbedded in his playing. The shuffle-rhythm, even-metered eighth notes that had often kept Coleman's earlier playing earthbound were gone, replaced by a subtly articulated rhythmic flow. Since Izenzon played sliding arco sounds, the responsibility for rhythmic impetus was placed upon Coleman, whose superb sense of musical contrast (alternating blues fragments with fast runs and lovely deep-register legato phrases) dominated the piece.

Drummer Charles Moffett played with greater subtlety than at Coleman's recent Philharmonic Hall concert; his interaction with Coleman was extraordinary. Curiously, when the piece came to what seemed a logical conclusion, Izenzon embarked on a long, bowed, high-camp version of a classical bass solo. Funny, but not all that appropriate.

On *Freeway Express* Coleman played trumpet. I am not yet fully converted to a fondness for his work on this instrument, although a few Harmon-muted forays into the mike were attractively reminiscent of Don Cherry. *Hip Kid* was a medium swing line with Coleman playing long, streaming sequences interrupted by occasional punctuations by noiselike elements. Again Coleman's more familiar licks were too evident.

Coleman's violin playing on the final tune, *Sound Gravitation*, demonstrated his growing strength with the instrument. I

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

suspect that he has now reached the point where he can make the violin do what he wants it to do. One of the best effects his playing has had has been to open the doors to a new perception of its jazz potential.

The violin rarely worked in jazz before because most traditional jazz definitions of rhythm, sound, articulation, etc., had been determined by wind instruments and, therefore, were inappropriate for small stringed instruments. Perhaps it was necessary for an "unschooled" player to start from scratch with the instrument, as Coleman has done, in order to point out meaningfully and effectively a new path of development. I have little doubt that young jazz violinists will soon be advancing in the direction Coleman has suggested.

Opening the second Lovebeast concert, Marion Brown's group played in what might be termed "conventional" avant-garde fashion, with the leader's work far stronger and more direct than it has sounded on recently released recordings.

I do not wholly subscribe to Brown's tendency to permit the high harmonics of the alto to dominate his playing, but once he ventures into other areas, his genuine potential for excellence is fully evident. This is a player to watch.

The supporting group was adequate for the circumstances, but as so often happens with hastily assembled ensembles, it lacked cohesiveness and dynamic interaction.

Jeanne Lee and Ran Blake offered highly distilled, intensely personal interpretations of a rather lengthy program of standards and originals. Miss Lee takes more freedom with her material than any singer around, frequently doing so at the cost of any direct connection with the originals.

Unfortunately, she generally failed to make these excursions interesting enough to warrant such license. More important—and more damaging to the duo's performance—was the cavalier approach taken toward rhythm and the ponderous quality this approach imparted to what might otherwise have been interesting lines.

I am not suggesting that Miss Lee and Blake should revert to more conventional rhythms but simply that energy can come as much from accent and articulation as from pulsation and the more obvious forms of swing. The Lee-Blake duo's resources would be considerably augmented if they could find a rhythmic expression that matches the unquestioned excellence of their melodic and harmonic interplay.

John Coltrane's current playing—and this program included a healthy sample of it—is little short of astonishing. All the carefully evolved steps in his musical development—the painful reworking of harmonic extensions, the gradual employment of the 16th note as a basic building block, the modal improvisations, the Indian influences—have now been assimilated into what is, for me, the most brilliant *total* improvisational style in jazz.

What makes his work so special is the fact that even though Coltrane can probably do anything he wants as an improviser, he constantly sets goals for himself while he plays that require an outpouring of the most demanding personal energies. Few players of Coltrane's generation continue to place such demands on themselves, and the great magic is that he more often than not finds the resources within himself to meet these demands. The resulting personal esthetic odyssey makes almost every exposure to his work a memorable experience.

Coltrane's set began with a lengthy, stunningly conceived bass solo by the usually unsung Jimmy Garrison. Coltrane then embarked on a long soprano trip, floating in and out of the rhythm with unbelievable poise; he is perhaps the greatest rhythmic player that jazz has yet developed—a fact more immediately apparent in his single notes than in his runs.

Drummer Rashid Ali does not provide the same kind of hot rhythmic counterpoint that Elvin Jones did, but Ali's rolling flow of time is more appropriate for the wide-open, shifting accents that characterize Coltrane's current playing.

Pharaoh Sanders' solo was, contrary to what many commentators have suggested about his playing, a model of technical control. Quite simply, he began with a single, relatively basic phrase, played in conventional fashion, and continued to repeat it, gradually altering embouchure and fingering until the phrase became something immensely different from its original, sputtering and writhing with inner stresses and strains. Then, in almost classical fashion, he turned the process around, re-forming the phrase and returning to its first identity.

It was an object lesson in what the new players are doing with their material, an almost rudimentary description of how they have transformed the act of improvisation to suit their own historical, emotional, and environmental expression.

On the second number, Coltrane on tenor and Sanders on alto played a breathtaking duet in which they seemed literally on the verge of blowing their in-

struments to pieces. Sanders, unlike many other players who attempt the curiously difficult double of alto and tenor saxophones, sounded even stronger on the higher instrument, executing his thoughts and feelings with a dexterity that was flawless.

This current group of Coltrane's must be heard to be believed. If it is not so acceptably innovatory (in the traditional sense, that is) as previous Coltrane groups, it is accomplishing the far more difficult task of establishing meaningful standards of excellence for the newest wave of jazz.

Albert Ayler impresses me more every time I hear him. His music reaches toward what seems to me one of the profound innovations of recent jazz history.

In the most basic sense, he is returning to fundamental jazz elements—melody, a rudimentary I-V or I-IV-V harmonic pattern, and a tireless re-examination of the major triad.

One would assume that the familiarity of these elements would make Ayler's music accessible to a wide audience, and I suspect that such, indeed, may be the case as his music receives better exposure.

The problem, of course, is that other aspects of Ayler's music are considerably less accessible. These are the parts that are more typically avant-garde—waves of high harmonics, rattling rhythms, and dense textures. Yet even these parts of Ayler's music seem to have a point and a focus that similar sounds from many other new groups do not.

I think, perhaps, this may be due to the interconnection between the two principal forces in Ayler's music—the clear, quasi-primitive basic elements and the whirling energies of the new music style. The effect is not unlike that of, say, Stravinsky reworking Pergolesi or of Webern orchestrating Bach, and the parallel—Ayler overlooking the Romantic middle period of jazz in much the same way that Stravinsky and Webern found greater inspiration in pre-Romantic concert music—raises some provocative questions about the nature of contemporary esthetics.

The first part of Ayler's program was almost ruined by poor handling of the

ARCHIE SHEPP: "... great cohesiveness and intuitive interaction."



PHOTOS/RAYMOND ROSS

public-address system, mostly centered on a distortion-producing contact mike on Worrell's bass. Once this problem was alleviated, the interrelationships of Ayler's music became clear.

His lines were, as already mentioned, deceptively simple, sounding not unlike old hymn tunes, fragments from marching-band pieces, and mariachi music. Ayler never made the mistake of extending a work beyond its productive limits; there was an occasional solo by him, sometimes one by his brother, a few duets, and brief sections in which one or the other would state the melody while the other improvised.

In the final piece, *The Light in the Darkness*, the group gradually worked its way into a stunning flow of rhythmic power, the sound pulsating in swirls of vibrant force—a brilliant example of the new music's ability to sustain interest with few familiar jazz elements other than a primal stream of rhythm.

The Archie Shepp Quintet, too, limited itself to fairly concise statements. Again, microphone problems caused the drums to dominate the opening section of Shepp's first piece, *A Portrait of Bob Thompson (with the Break Straw from Suza's King Cotton)*, the title listed on the program, although the performance clarified the fact that the name might have been spelled Sousa.

After a long section of what appeared to be relatively free but well-co-ordinated improvisation by the entire group, the texture suddenly broke open to reveal Duke Ellington's *Prelude to a Kiss*.

This alternation pattern, once established, dominated the remainder of the piece, with interjections of the march (apparently *King Cotton*, although the dim memories of my marching-band days have merged most Sousa pieces into a vague mono-march), *Prelude to a Kiss*, *In a Sentimental Mood*, and group and solo improvisations appearing between fragments of other melodies, apparently Shepp originals.

It is a testimony to the great cohesiveness and intuitive interaction of the Shepp quintet that so episodic a work managed nonetheless to come off as well as it did.

One of Shepp's major strengths as both performer and leader is his ability to transform familiar melodies into rhythmically floating, vocally articulated versions that retain the familiar, subliminal characteristics of the original but that become thoroughly and completely Shepp's expression. It is a power, I think, that all the great jazz players have had and that I have heard in only one or two other new jazz groups.

Frank Smith's appearance on two of the three programs was a mystery to me. So many young players desperately need to be heard on programs like this that the allocation of extra time to a player who failed to indicate any special superiority was inexcusable.

Although he worked with a slightly different group on the last program, Smith and his music sounded little different from his earlier appearance in the Lovebeat

series. My comments for that appearance apply, for the most part, to this one. The single notable difference was in the presence—for one number—of altoist Byard Lancaster, a fine new player who warrants more public notice. —Don Heckman

Charlie Parker Memorial Concert

Either/Or Club, Chicago

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Bob Ojeda, trumpets; Bunky Green, alto saxophone; Eddie Harris, tenor saxophone; Jody Christian, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

One thing this 11th annual Charlie Parker Memorial Concert demonstrated was that the intrusion of mechanism and malevolence into urban life hasn't killed the joy of naked, hard-blown jazz—either for the audience or the performers.

For the 46th anniversary of Parker's birth, jazz entrepreneur Joe Segal brought together a number of Chicago's best jazz lights as well as a couple of stars from the East for this two-part concert.

The afternoon segment got off in true bop-era fashion: at the announced starting time the club was packed to its humid gills with the cognoscenti and the curious; a confusion of microphones and Haynes' blond drum set, a bass, and a piano clustered on the stage (an arena bounded on three sides by tiers of cocktail tables). But no musicians. Only a hard-at-work piano tuner.

Parker's legacy poured out of a tape recorder.

Finally, after 45 minutes, the piano was tuned, and Segal sounded assembly for the musicians.

The performance was in two sets; the front-line players alternated, but the rhythm section stood fast. Altoist Green and trumpeter Ojeda greeted the ornithologists with *Billie's Bounce*. Green's normally fast-fingered execution and familiarity with Parker's melodic figures was evident. A broad grin broke across Haynes' face, and he nodded approval. Ojeda's tone and horizontal phrasing contrasted nicely with Green's parabolic runs.

The Green-Ojeda set ended, and trumpeter Hubbard came onstand, looking as much the agile boxer as the musician. Haynes welcomed him with a gamma-ray tempo, and Hubbard & Co. bit into *Just One of Those Things*. The trumpeter etched fiercely difficult, yet fragile, ideas on the smoky air. Tenorist Harris leisurely unpacked his tenor and then dived into the musical deep water. He swam well.

No longer able to contain himself, Green, seated at stage-side with alto in hand, leaped into the hurricane, whirling figures spewing forth from his horn. Hubbard, who was ending his blazing solo, looked around with a smiling "I'll be damned" and let the eager altoist take it.

Lover Man got fond treatment. Hubbard fleetingly caressed the tune with bell-clear tone. Harris explored the range of his horn, both lightly pealing off notes at the top and growling soulfully around the ankles of the tenor's range. Harris constructed tight, complex melodic structures and then reversed them, exhibited a prism of timbres, and fired or banked the tempos



ROY HAYNES: "...always there but never rude."

as fit his unfolding story.

Salt Peanuts, a drummer's vehicle in any case, became Haynes' Ferrari. He didn't stomp the gas pedal immediately but built slowly on top of the sock cymbals with taste and humor—snickering cymbals, chattering rim shots, talking tom-toms, yelling snare, grunting bass drum—putting them all together, at once, in 10 minutes of compelling exhortation. The thunder subsided, though the tempo was still running in the sock. Then a slight but undaunted brush figure, a ghost of the storm gone by...

"Where's my beer," some chick slurred from a corner. "I paid for it, and now I want my beer!"

The audience broke up.

Haynes, meanwhile, began increasing the volume again and ended the set like Thor throwing hammers. There was a standing ovation for this man who had demonstrated a solo ability rarely excelled in jazz percussion.

The afternoon portion of the concert ended with *Star Eyes* and a snatch of Parker's now common-property *Theme*. Everyone went out to eat, to rest, to sleep, or, in a few cases, to reflect on the three solid hours of music they had heard.

At the night concert the bullpen was filled with relief pitchers—musicians, old and young, carrying all types of instrument cases. It was like Minton's or 52nd St. must have been in the old days. Almost...

Now's the Time kicked in—hot, flashy, and thoroughly welcomed by the crowd.

The relaxed groove of *Just Friends* allowed Green, a musician who obviously enjoys his work, running room. Ojeda again played competently, as did bassist Jackson. Haynes was always there but never rude about it. Christian unwound on this number, as he had on the previous one. His piano took on a luster it lacked in the afternoon.

The Hubbard-Harris crew reappeared with an extroverted *Perhaps* and brought a cheer with *All the Things You Are*. On the latter, Haynes interspersed his metronomic drive with eight-bar Latin phrases

in the theme, but Hubbard and Harris took solos to bass accompaniment only.

Around midnight there was an intermission, filled with poet Kent Foreman reading his tribute to Parker. (The title was either *Elegy for the Late Charles Christopher Parker*, or *Lament for Charlie Chan*, or *Bye, Bye Blackbird*—the listeners could choose their own).

A sensitively propelled mallet solo, rising and trailing off, by Haynes followed the reading. Green sliced the silence with a plaintive scream and descended into *K. C. Blues*. Cheering, Ojeda and Christian embellished the 12-bar classic with their fingerprints, and Jackson was caught signifying on his bass.

Trumpeter Paul Serrano joined the group, along with bassist Ernest McCarty, who spelled Jackson. Green also returned to stage center.

Though the next number was *Theme* again, it no more meant they intended to give it up than did one of John Coltrane's 1964 codas signal an imminent finish to one of his tunes. It was 1:30 a.m., and the music had been going, mainly up-tempo, since 5 p.m. (with only a two-hour break). But Hubbard, hunched over his horn, turned in an extended solo. Funky, half-valved cries preceded burnished, triple-tongued attacks. Harris followed that with a swirling a cappella statement.

In a thoroughly inspired set of eight-bar exchanges, Haynes suggested the melody for famous Parker/Dizzy Gillespie renderings—*Star Eyes*, *Manteca*, etc.—and Hubbard echoed the actual tune. This inventiveness wasn't wasted on a saturated audience either; the scrappish climax came amid waves of applause.

It all happened on the night before Charlie Parker would have been 46.

—Bill Quinn

Denny Zeitlin

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles

Personnel: Zeitlin, piano; Fred Marshall, bass; Jerry Granelli, drums.

The initial impact made by Zeitlin is visual. His head is almost completely obscured by a luxurious growth of black hair that culminates some four inches below his chin. When he plays, it is further obscured as he hovers inches above the keyboard. It's not myopia; it is a form of intense concentration reminiscent of Bill Evans.

If the resulting sound owes a debt of gratitude to Evans, it is nonetheless peculiar to Denny Zeitlin. The evolution is evident; so, too, is disparity. Zeitlin's playing is less impressionistic and more muscular, less subjective and more pulsating. Both trios are instinctive in their ability to respond to "happenings." Both are beautifully integrated, but Zeitlin's manages to swing more fiercely.

On the night of review, the trio began with an original, *Concrescence*, which means a growing together.

Except for a distracting Indian rattle, used by Granelli, the work was appropriately named. It began with some introspective dawdling at the keyboard, gradually built in intensity and tempo, worked

to a climax at midpoint, and then subsided to the slow meanderings of the introduction, with Zeitlin adding a postscript by plucking the piano strings.

Another well-named piece followed: *Some Other One*, a delicate waltz in which the pulse constantly shifted. Zeitlin enhanced the fragile quality of the number with chord clusters in the right hand.

The juxtaposition of 6/4 and 7/4 highlighted the up-tempo *At Sixes and Sevens*, a Zeitlin original. The pianist might have been at sixes and sevens with himself, figuratively, as he overpowered the keyboard with contrary motion (he must have a separate motor in each arm), but the rhythmic flow created by Marshall and Granelli transcended the alternation of six and seven until it swung with the straight-ahead, cumulative energy of 4/4.

Quiet Now was introduced by reflective solo piano and developed into a beautiful song filled with modulating surprises in the release. Zeitlin revealed a fluidity in single-note phrasing that lent an impression of speed to the number, although the basic tempo never shifted from that of a slow ballad.

The final offering was structured loosely on *I Got Rhythm*, but it was burdened with the title *Improvisatory Explorations*.

It took off and cooked at a tempo that made it difficult even for agile toe-tappers. Marshall contributed an excellent bass solo, pulling out all the double stops. Granelli's solo flight was extremely fragmented—the kind of percussive statement from which it is difficult to derive any emotional satisfaction. But he revealed enormous technical proficiency.

Since Dr. Zeitlin is currently in residence at the Langley-Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco, he can gig only on weekends. Obviously he must store up a lot of jazz during the week. He and his trio are overwhelming.

—Harvey Siders

Saints and Sinners

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Herman Autrey, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Rudy Powell, clarinet, alto saxophone; Red Richards, piano; Danny Mastri, bass; George Reed, drums.

The Saints and Sinners have been functioning as a unit since 1960, with considerable success in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Toronto. Although based in New York, this was one of the rare opportunities that city has had to hear them.

The group has a quiet, mellow quality built around the inimitable, burry character of Dickenson's trombone. *Beale Street Blues*, *Watermelon Man*, and *One O'Clock Jump*, the first three numbers, were representative of the repertoire and the approach. Although Dixieland numbers were played, the principles were basically those of the swing era, background riffs taking the place of collective improvisation.

Powell plays clarinet, as he did with Fats Waller, and he gallantly essayed *High Society* ("people say, 'I didn't know you were from New Orleans,' and I say, 'I'm not'"). It is on alto saxophone, however, that he is most effective in the group. On *Watermelon Man* he phrased the melody well while Dickenson and Autrey

blew plungered riffs behind him. On *One O'Clock Jump*, a breakdown of the Basic arrangement that managed to sound surprisingly full, the saxophone was essential. *I Can't Stop Loving You*, later in the program, was perhaps even more indicative of what the group does best. Here, with a kind of Jimmie Lunceford tempo and beat, the alto had the theme, and the two brass instruments made their own rhythm patterns in the background.

At 62, Autrey plays astonishingly well. He was sometimes more ambitious than his chops would support, going for high ones as though he were in his 20s, but his muted solos were well conceived and appealing. Moreover, as a teammate for Dickenson he was irreproachable. His showcase was *Mack the Knife*, done with shuffle rhythm and vocal a la Armstrong, the trombonist contributing an appropriately "dirty" obligato.

Dickenson is, of course, the star of the band, as well as its co-leader with Richards, but he is featured on the same footing as the others.

One of the highlights was Dickenson's version of *Basin Street Blues*. Despite the fact that it has become, through repetition, almost an arrangement, it still sounded fresh and distinctive. Here the precise was contrasted with the slurred, the straight with the comic and the dramatic, the whole being followed by a kind of sotto voce, growled commentary, which seemed to be saying, "Let's not take ourselves too seriously, now." On the other hand, his solo and ensemble work on *One O'Clock Jump* were consistently and firmly authoritative.

Richards has an unusual style in which several influences are curiously blended. His gentle touch, relaxed expression, and penchant for understatement make him a good partner for Dickenson. His feature was *After Hours*, and he played it with more respect for Avery Parrish's original version than is now common.

The rhythm section, functional and unobtrusive, was completed by Mastri's always musicianly bass (showcased on *Old Devil Moon*) and by Reed's drums. Apart from breaks on an up-tempo *Sweet Georgia Brown*, Reed's role was strictly that of an accompanist, and in this he acquitted himself faithfully and well.

The concert was not an optimum performance by the sextet, but it served to showcase a group that is now virtually unique and also to display one of the most individual trombone styles jazz has produced.

—Stanley Dance

VIC DICKENSON: "... of course, the star."



LENORE AVIN

RECORD REVIEWS

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

Reviews are initiated by the writers. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Johnny Hodges/Rex Stewart

THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE—RCA Victor 533: *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Squatty Roo*; *Passion Flower*; *That's the Blues*; *Old Man*; *Good Queen Bess*; *Day Dream*; *Junior Hop*; *Goin' Out the Back Way*; *Linger Awhile*; *Mobile Bay*; *Some Saturday*; *Poor Bubber*; *My Sunday Gal*; *Menelik (The Lion of Judah)*; *Without a Song*; *Subtle Slough (Just Squeeze Me)*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-8—Cootie Williams or Ray Nance, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Hodges, alto and soprano saxophones; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Duke Ellington, piano; Jimmy Blanton, bass; Sonny Greer, drums. Tracks 9-16: Stewart, cornet; Brown; Otto Hardwicke, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Carney, alto and baritone saxophones; Ellington; Blanton; Greer.

Rating: ★★★★★

Since this Vintage reissue contains some of the most beautiful and completely realized performances in the story of recorded jazz, it obviously fills a conspicuous gap in the available portion of that story.

It is a record to cherish, one that will give its owner an inexhaustible supply of pleasure and joy. I have owned some of the performances reissued here for some 20 years and have learned to love them—and, like anything capable of arousing real love, they are inexhaustible.

The prevalent perspective in jazz circles today—from players through commentators to listeners—is imbued with change and search. That may be germane to the times, and somehow inescapable, but unfortunately creates partial blindness.

In its grossest (and most frequently encountered) manifestation, this affliction expresses itself in the denial of the jazz tradition, mistakes change for progress, and stultifies much of the music made today.

Therefore, it becomes necessary to make a few points about music such as that on this record.

When a work of art attains a certain level, it is, so to speak, removed from historical considerations. It is, in essence and literally, timeless. Such works have been created in jazz, and some of these are reproduced here.

Only true insolence could proclaim that such masterpieces have been eclipsed by

more recent works. Music equal to this is rare at any time but, if anything, rarer today than in 1940 and 1941, when these pieces were created.

If you've never heard this music, you are to be envied for the joy of new discovery.

One could describe this music in detail without getting bored or tiresome. (Some day, someone should.) Suffice it to say here that the Ellington small-group recordings from the period 1936-41 are a musical treasure, and that some of the pieces on this LP are among the finest of that flowering of imagination and skill, beauty and balance.

This is music of astonishing density. The longest piece lasts 3 minutes and 37 seconds, the shortest 2 minutes and 22 seconds; yet all are complete—and completely satisfying. Nothing is superfluous, nothing is gratuitous, nothing is wasted.

A variety of moods and feelings is created and expressed with such seeming ease. The sound alone is a sensual experience, but it is never merely seductive—there is substance too. The blend of the instrumental voices of these players, the palette with which they paint, is inimitable, representing that unity of purpose that, when fully realized, is one of the crowning glories of jazz.

Listen to the ensemble on *That's the Blues*, *Old Man* led by Hodges' soprano, the backdrop to his alto (and its merging with it) on *Passion Flower*, the almost eerie vocalizations on *Poor Bubber*, the total unity of *Squatty Roo*, and you'll know what is meant by being together—the jazz truth of realization of individuality through collective expression.

For an indication of expressive range within the so-called limitations of traditional jazz forms, try to pair the eight pieces from the two Hodges sessions: *Blues* and *Things Ain't*, for the blues; *Roo* and *Queen Bess*, for variations on *I Got Rhythm*; *Passion Flower* and *Day Dream*, for "ballads"; and *Junior Hop* and *Back Way*, for original lines fashioned from the reservoir of jazz chord patterns. Each is unique; none ever becomes too familiar.

That's for openers—you can go on to other blues (*Poor Bubber* and *Mobile*), standards (*Linger* and *Song*), and, if some of the other Ellington small-group treasures now in Columbia's vaults were available, many more. But such games, of course, are incidental to the matter of this music, which will get to you, if you're open, whatever approach you take.

Details of performances are there to be discovered, but among them are:

Hodges' sublime slow pieces (this, the first version of *Passion Flower*, has a kind of fervent decadence singular in all music) and his lovely soprano on *Blues* (unfortunately, his swan song on the instrument).

Stewart's amazing range of feeling, from the humor of *Slough* (another masterpiece) through the turbulence of *Menelik* (so "weird" it wasn't issued until late in the next decade) to the compassion of *Bubber* (a neglected gem in the gallery of Ellington "portraits") and the Bixian element of his open solo on *Song*.

And then there is bassist Blanton, whose

fabulous playing can really be appreciated everywhere on this record, but particularly on *Squatty* (dig him when the piano lays out and the way he drives throughout), *Mobile* (behind Webster), and *Bubber* (the final chorus before the ensemble ending).

Nor should Webster go unpraised—he is masterly on *Mobile*, *Bubber*, and *Linger*.

Ellington's ensemble fills, introductions, touches, and solos, especially on *Things Ain't* (shades of Monk's time) and *Junior* (wit and charm), are just perfect.

Everybody contributes; Greer, too often low-rated, is excellent—and how Blanton made him able to relax!

Hardwicke, one of the champion lead altos, also contributes on one Stewart session, though no discography or liner note has made mention of his presence. Yet it is obvious; he even solos (the introduction of *Linger* and eight bars on *Sunday Gal*), and three saxophones are apparent in many ensemble passages.

Happily, the excellent sound of the original recordings (no label topped Victor in this department) has been retained, even enhanced—by bringing out detail, not by distorting. A reissue of the sides under Barney Bigard's leadership, which include some gems, is promised in Stanley Dance's notes. After a long hiatus, Victor, with its Vintage series, is now assuming the leadership in the jazz reissue field.

(D.M.)

Manny Albam

BRASS ON FIRE—Solid State 18000: *That Old Black Magic*; *After You've Gone*; *Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe*; *Lullaby of Broadway*; *My Heart Stood Still*; *My Old Flame*; *Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart*; *Strike up the Band*; *Carioca*; *I Got a Kick out of You*; *Jada*; *Just One of Those Things*.

Personnel: Danny Stiles, Johnny Frosk, Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Bob Brookmeyer, Eddie Bert, Tony Sudd, trombones; James Buffington, Earl Chapin, Howard Howard, Al Richmond, French horns; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Ted Sommer, bongos; Albam, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★

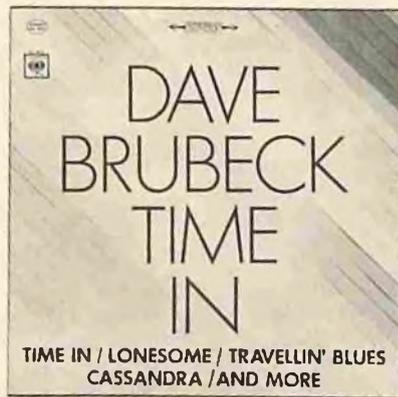
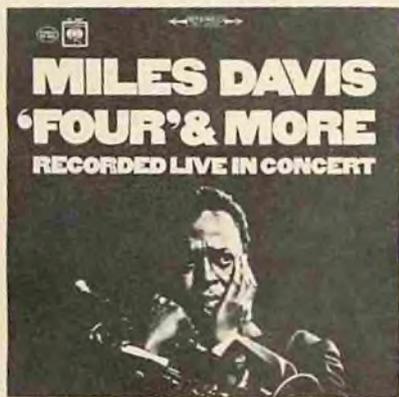
On the whole, the language of the jazz orchestra is a common language. It exploits material from all of jazz history, excluding only the developments of the avant-garde during the last four or five years. It is more hot than cool, and its chief influence is Count Basie/Lester Young, but it also embraces Stan Kenton and Bix Beiderbecke.

It is a language we all know. It is a good, firm language. It can be read off with remarkable ease by musicians of greatly varied skills, backgrounds, and ages. We take it for granted, its beauties as well as its crudities. Everyone liked to hear it, and everyone likes to play it. Few take it seriously.

It is the music of Kansas City and New York rather than Los Angeles and Chicago (two softer cities). It is both black and white rather than either alone (it flourished in a day when greater affection between musicians prevailed). It is masculine, bread-and-butter, everyday music. It is filled with horse sense and is built on musical fundamentals that are as hard as rock.

It is in decay, and its decay is fairly

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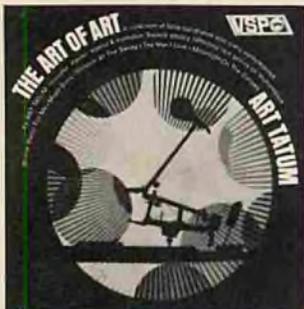
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long-standing, dating, I believe, from the "new" Count Basie Band of the middle 1950s.

A common language, in the sense I mean, is stationary. But a stationary language need not decay; it can grow, casting off the bad and pushing forward the good. A decaying stationary language, however, will decorate and ornament itself and look in the mirror at its own vision. It is this that has happened to the common language of jazz; it has enlarged its chords (but their mode of construction and their root movements are unchanged), it has enlarged its orchestral range (the trumpets are being written higher and the trombones lower), it has used faster tempos for corresponding materials, and it has introduced exaggerated accents and dynamics.

This album, by all means worth hearing, demonstrates the common language in clear relief—and with its best foot forward.

Albam is a writer of undisputed talents, and the orchestra he has assembled on this occasion is at times extraordinarily adept. The horns are particularly felicitous: Albam has given them graceful and grateful parts (in a slightly higher range than usually the classical composer would), especially in respect to their compatibility with jazz materials, and the players acquit themselves splendidly.

The rhythm section is first rate—a nonsense, meat-and-potatoes New York rhythm section. The ensemble playing on *After You've Gone*, in which the wind-instrument figures are in double-time while the rhythm section states the basic tempo, is extraordinarily well conceived and well played. And the chain of trombone shakes in *Happiness* is performed with superb accuracy and clan.

The performance flaws are of the usual sort, so usual that they have become almost acceptable—all the more reason to designate them, in the hope that they will be rooted out: excessive crescendo (trumpets and trombones in the fifth eight-bar unit of *Broadway*), excessively quick crescendo (*After You've Gone*, toward the end of first chorus), unco-ordinated releases (trumpets during first theme of *After You've Gone*), disagreement about the placement of an upbeat eighth note tied into the next beat and excessive crescendo (both evident in *Broadway*, trumpets and trombones in the fifth eight-bar unit). (W.R.)

Mose Allison

WILD MAN ON THE LOOSE—Atlantic 1456: *Wild Man on the Loose*; *No Trouble Livin'*; *Night Watch*; *What's with You?*; *Powerhouse*; *You Can Count on Me to Do My Part*; *Never Before*; *That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch*; *Warhorse*.

Personnel: Allison, piano, vocals; Earl May, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Allison grew up in Tippecanoe, Miss., and his early consciousness was bombarded with black honky-tonk and blues. He is entirely convincing in singing this music. His southern inflections, the directness and total lack of sophistication, and the general atmosphere of his songs all smack of roots in the great pine forests of the South.

With all this talent granted, Allison has serious flaws as a jazz musician. His rollicking attack and swing are undeniable, but his piano ideas lack invention, and, what is worse, there is a finger of monotony running throughout his instrumental performances.

On *Warhorse* the gyrating figures swell with emotion, but the flow of feeling sometimes sounds like an exercise in scales and chord runs, and the ending, with those tired riffs, is disappointing.

Eight of these nine tunes were written by Allison, and this is perhaps another reason why there is such a sameness to his playing on all these tracks.

Still, Allison's singing is another matter, and the unaffected charm of *That's the Stuff* or *No Trouble* goes a long way in tipping the scale the other way. (G.M.E.)

George Benson

IT'S UPTOWN—Columbia 2525 and 9325: *Clockwise*; *Summertime*; *Ain't That Peculiar?*; *Jaguar*; *Willow*; *Weeb for Me*; *A Foggy Day*; *Hello, Birdie*; *Bullfight*; *Stormy Weather*; *Eternally*; *Myna Bird Blues*.

Personnel: Ron Cuber, baritone saxophone; Benson, guitar; Lonnie Smith, organ; Jimmy Lovelace, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

There's another "title" on this album (that shares size and prominence with *It's Uptown*): "The most exciting new guitarist on the jazz scene today." Without the superlative, that bit of flackery comes close to summing up Benson's talents—but not necessarily this album.

His guitaristry is showy, and there is considerable substance behind it, especially in his single-string improvisations. What makes Benson's solo flights so interesting is the fact that his ideas keep pace with his technique. What makes the album somewhat disappointing are:

Benson's vocals (please, encourage him to stick with his guitar); the occasional lapse into the rock-and-roll milieu from which Benson managed to escape; and the lack of a strong bass feeling (Smith's footwork is not sufficiently agile).

That the album swings with intensity is a triumph of musicianship over instrumentation. At first glance, one might distrust the combination of baritone saxophone and organ. But much credit must go to Cuber for moving about adroitly while projecting a light, pleasant tone. The worst exception to that is in *Jaguar*, when the baritone is weighted down with tubalike comments.

Smith comps with sensitivity, and Lovelace, when not detoured by the incessant demands of rock, provides some fancy and meaningful brush work.

But the album's highlights belong to Benson: *Willow* is all warmth until it evolves into a happy jam session; *Birdie* gives him an impressive opportunity to explode in a fast waltz; *Bullfight* finds Benson quite at home with flamenco guitar, with just drums and organ pedal point as accompaniment.

The only ensemble writing worth mentioning is heard on *Clockwork* during which staccato bop figures in tick-tock unison fan out into descending cascades that reveal a good tight voicing for guitar, baritone, and organ. (H.S.)

Harold Betters

OUT OF SIGHT AND SOUND—Reprise 6208: *You're a Sweetheart; On a Clear Day; One, Two, Three; You're Gonna Hear from Me; Watermelon Man; Cool Dr. D; Pretty Flamingo; The Shadow of Your Smile; Wba-Cha-Ma Call It; Unchained Melody; When a Man Loves a Woman.*

Personnel: Betters, trombone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Betters' popularity is comparable in nature, if not in scope, to that of Jonah Jones and Al Hirt in that he appeals mainly to pop rather than to hard-core jazz listeners.

Almost anything that the pop fan is likely to enjoy is grist for Betters' mill. Some of these selections have a rock-and-roll beat. *Dr. D* is a Gospel-influenced tune, and there are also some ballads.

What people probably dig about Betters is his blasting, gutty style. Though he's a modern musician, his work has much in common with J. C. Higginbotham's. His playing has an infectious quality, but he employs stale, common-property ideas. Most of his solos are haphazardly constructed, consisting of a series of carelessly thrown together clichés. (It should be pointed out, however, that the context in which Betters plays is not likely to inspire him to play imaginatively.)

His ballad work is the best feature of the album. He plays in a warmly extroverted manner, displaying a full-bodied tone.

Depending on the selection, an anonymous vocal group adds a syrupy or coy note to the proceedings. (H.P.)

Terry Gibbs

REZA—Dot 3726 and 25726: *Missouri Waltz; Autumn Leaves; Secret Agent Man; Norwegian Wood; Canadian Sunset; Sweet and Lovely; Star Dust; The Shadow of Your Smile; Reza; Soon; Ebb Tide; Tbat Old Black Magic.*

Personnel: Gibbs, vibraharp, xylophone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ 1/2

The only credits given on the liner notes are "Arrangements by Terry Gibbs and Shorty Rogers; produced by Terry Gibbs and Shorty Rogers." Since Gibbs mentions that 15 sidemen were involved in the recording, it is curious that none of their names was listed. But after listening to the LP, I can only assume that they asked not to be identified.

Not that this is bad music—the arrangements are competent and are well executed by the men involved, and Gibbs plays adequately—but seemingly everyone connected with the album set his sights so low that the end result was pretty much doomed from the start. The arrangements pit glossy strings against chugging electric rhythm in what one can only assume is the producers' conception of contemporary rock-and-roll.

Gibbs' unambitious playing is set on top of this like pretty icing on a bland, tasteless cake. Apparently he is to furnish the jazz flavoring, while the sodden rhythm playing and the choice of tunes are geared to attract the pop-music fan.

Unfortunately, however, there's nothing here in sufficient quantities for anyone—jazz fan, pop fan, or purchaser of mood music.

What prevents this and similar jazz-

meets-pop affairs from ever getting off the ground, in my opinion, is the condescension with which the jazzman (soloist, arranger, sideman) approaches rock-and-roll or contemporary pop music. There's no reason why such meetings cannot be fruitful and mutually stimulating. There's nothing wrong with good rock-and-roll; it might even be admitted that much r&r possesses an immediacy and vitality conspicuously absent in much current jazz. The rock-and-roll playing style has never seriously been attempted on any jazz-rock date I've heard, yet the vitality and force of the approach would seem to provide a powerfully stimulating setting for the jazzman who wanted to get with it and work from within. (P.W.)

Dexter Gordon

GETTIN' AROUND—Blue Note 4204: *Manba de Carnaval; Who Can I Turn To?; Heartaches; Shiny Stockings; Everybody's Somebody's Fool; Le Coiffeur.*

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Expatriate Gordon cut this record more than a year ago on a visit to the United States. It's a relaxed session, with no tunes faster than a medium tempo.

Gordon has played with more intensity, but his work here is satisfying.

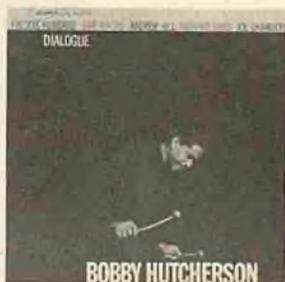
In the '40s his use of wide intervals and jagged phrasing anticipated the innovations of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. Now, though maintaining his individuality, Gordon seems to have picked up some things from them. The construction and

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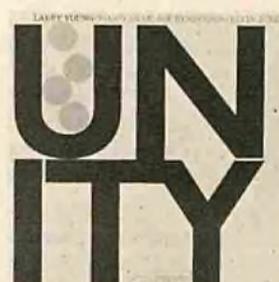
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melodic content of his work on this LP is notable. He plays in an unhurried manner, improvising lyrically and resolving his ideas logically. His restrained *Carnaval* solo can be described as "pretty" in the best sense of the word.

On the slow-paced *Turn To* and *Somebody's Fool*, Gordon's normally hard tone softens as he turns in tasteful, pensive performances. On *Heartaches*, *Stockings*, and *Le Coiffeur* he loopes along easily, and his work has good continuity.

Hutcherson, who has been identified with the jazz avant-garde, plays in a traditional style here. He and Harris improvise lucidly and imaginatively.

Not an outstanding record, perhaps, but one that is well worth hearing. (H.P.)

Eddie Harris

MEAN GREENS—Atlantic 1453: *Mean Greens; It Was a Very Good Year; Without You; Yeah, Yeah, Yeah; Listen Here; Blues in the Basement; Goin' Home.*

Personnel—Tracks 1-4—Ray Codrington, trumpet; Harris, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Tracks 5-7—Codrington, trumpet, percussion; Harris, tenor saxophone, electric piano; Sonny Phillips, organ; Melvin Jackson, bass; Bucky Taylor, drums; Ray Barretto, Latin percussion (Track 5).

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

With a minimum of embellishment and a maximum of spirit, this album proves to be an enjoyable session, dominated by Harris' happy, Earl Bostic type of drive. The accent is on solo contributions, ensemble writing serving only as a launching pad—and a pretty weak one most of the time.

Harris varies his approach to the tenor, coaxing a range of moods from bombastic to sarcastic, from gentle to elemental. But at all times he swings.

Even his debut on electric piano shows the same down-home talent. No matter what he does, he gets a thing going. It may lack finesse, but it still sparkles.

The finest tracks are *Year* and *Basement*. The last-named represents, as Harris is quoted as saying in the liner notes, "a regular get-together session." Much credit for the two tracks' propulsion goes to bassists Carter and Jackson.

Other solo accolades: pianist Walton on *Year* for a fascinating melodic line, as well as sympathetic comping, and Codrington on *Without You* for warm, yet restrained, trumpet tones.

To feel the over-all mood of the album, listen to *Yeah*. It features the honks as well as the squeals of Harris; a driving tenor-trumpet unison over a tongue-in-cheek jazz samba, with an excellent obbligato by Walton. Happy musicianship. (H.S.)

Rod Levitt

FORTY-SECOND STREET—RCA Victor 3615: *Shuffle Off to Buffalo; Forty-Second Street; I'm Shooting High; Alone; When Did You Leave Heaven?; About a Quarter to Nine; Lulu's Back in Town; Please; Twilight on the Trail; Here Lies Love; Paramount on Parade.*

Personnel: Bill Berry, trumpet; Levitt, trombone, arranger; Buzz Renn, clarinet, alto saxophone, flute, piccolo; George Marge, tenor saxophone, clarinet, oboe, alto flute, flute; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Sy Johnson, piano; John Beal, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is Levitt's fourth album, his third for Victor, and the first not to contain any

of his originals, being devoted entirely to movie tunes from the '30s—an idea with possibilities.

The tunes are well chosen, including both chestnuts and unfamiliar material (unfamiliar to all but '30s fans, whose number is growing).

The results are generally successful, though the humor gets a bit broad at times. (*Lulu*, for instance, is not a burlesque queen and has been more properly treated by Thelonious Monk, Mel Torme, and, in her youth, Fats Waller.)

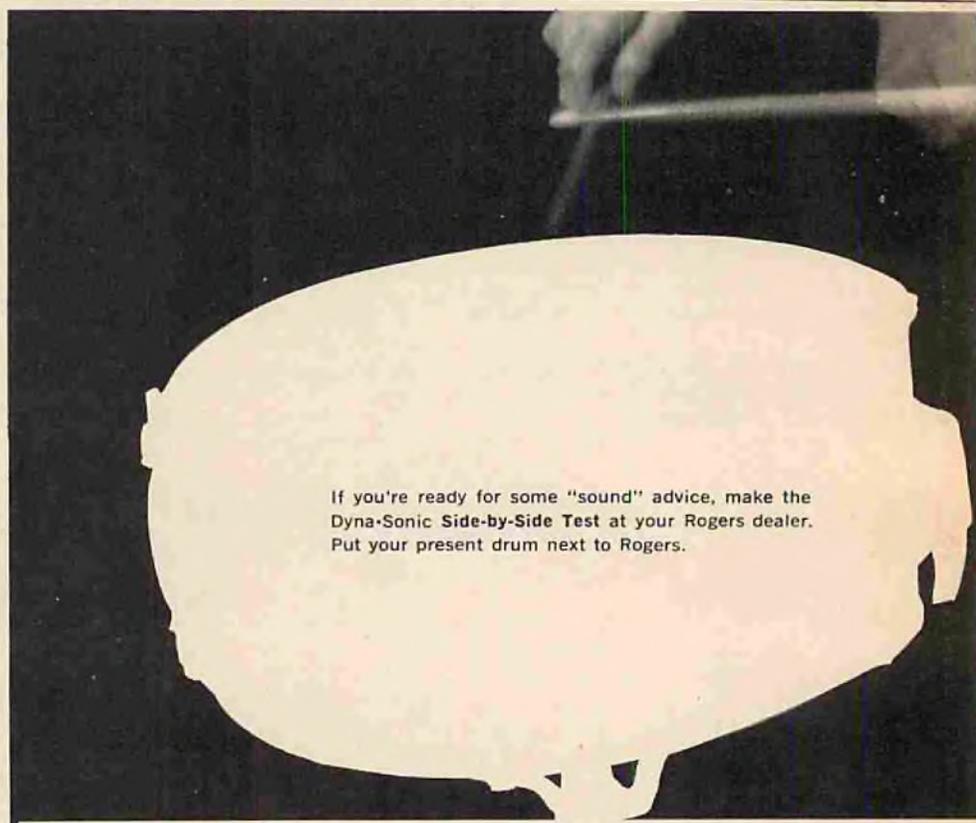
The Levitt ensemble is rare in today's jazz, both in terms of its concern for ensemble unity and detail, and its stable personnel. The first and only change since the group came to public attention nearly four years ago is trumpeter Rolf Ericson's replacement by Berry.

Solo work has become more extensive since the group's first LP; never has there been as much as on this record. Levitt, too, has begun to feature his trombone more. The solos are competent, and sometimes more, but the ensemble work is still the thing.

Levitt's writing is never routine, and he approaches each tune with something definite in mind. Things go very well with the title tune, in which a somewhat ominous mood is created and sustained by low reeds, Levitt's plunger, Allen's baritone touches, and Beal's superb bass.

Nine, in an arrangement full of ideas, gets an Ellington flavor without resorting to copying and has such nice touches as a stop-time trumpet solo with clarinet flutters.

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Levitt and Allen to the fore, and fine obligato from Berry.

Alone, revered by Marx Brothers fans, is treated atmospherically, with Latin effects, but though a Kurt Weill-like nostalgia is created, the character of the melody is lost.

Heaven is treated with respect and has good solo work by Allen, who has been buried for years in sections but who is a capable improviser and fine instrumentalist with a warm, full sound.

Levitt happily accepts the character of his instrument and doesn't try to turn it into a trumpet or a saxophone, though he obviously has heard the modernists. His sound is burry and broad, he uses a plunger mute well, and he savors the humorous potential of the horn without overdoing it. His breaks and solo on

Shuffle, in which he uses a Lawrence Brown sound, are particularly good.

Twilight spots Marge's oboe; he plays this difficult instrument with assurance. This track also has good Allen. Berry, a gifted trumpeter, gets a chance on *Gold Digger* and makes one want more. This arrangement throws too much in the pot, but there is a fine saxophone passage, with an aura of vintage Fletcher Henderson-Benny Goodman.

Johnson, who should have more solo space, steps out briefly on *Paramount*, a swinging track with blowing room for Renn's agile alto and Allen's baritone. Beal takes a fine solo here; his time and sound in the section are something to hear.

Bedford handles his demanding role with aplomb, keeping the time moving as well

as adding coloristic effects. The tempo on *Shooting*, though, is too fast for comfort all around.

This is a nice record, especially if you like fine ensemble playing, skillful and inventive arranging, and nice old tunes. The group conveys a sense of enjoyment and conviction too often absent from contemporary jazz. (D.M.)

Don Menza

MORNING SONG—German Saba 15066: *Cinderella's Waltz*; *Morning Song*; *Oliver's Twist*; *When Johnny Comes Marchin' Home*; *New Spanish Boots*; *Devil's Disciples*.

Personnel: Rick Kiefer, trumpet; Rudi Fuesers, trombone; Dick Spencer, alto saxophone; Menza, tenor saxophone; Fritz Pauer, piano; Gunter Lenz, bass; Pierre Favre, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is Menza's show all the way. In addition to having most of the solo space, he did the arranging and contributed the originals. His writing is good though not extraordinary. *Cinderella's Waltz* and *Morning Song* are attractive melodically, and *Twist* is a building, medium-fast tune. *Boots* is reminiscent of Gil Evans' writing.

Menza's tenor style seems to be drawn from several bop and post-bop musicians. A hot, aggressive improviser, he's gifted in several areas. On *Johnny*, *Boots*, and *Twist*, he demonstrates the ability to swing with so much momentum that he seems to ricochet along. His lines are meaty, and his solos have fine continuity.

Menza's ballad work can be heard to advantage on *Song*. Here the quality of his sonority varies quite a bit, ranging from breathy to brittle. The only detraction from his improvising is lack of individuality.

Spencer also plays well, although he doesn't get much solo space. Like Menza, he's a good, driving soloist but not a very original one.

The other soloists perform competently if not memorably. (H.P.)

Pucho and Latin Soul Brothers

TOUGH!—Prestige 7471: *Cantaloupe Island*; *Walk on By*; *Just for Kicks*; *And I Love Her*; *Vietnam Mambo*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Strange Thing Mambo*; *Goldfinger*; *Yesterday*.

Personnel: Vincent McEwan, trumpet; Claude Barte, tenor saxophone; William Bivens, vibraharp; John Spruill, piano; Jon Hart, bass; Pucho, timbales; Richard Landrum, conga drum; Norberto Apellaniz, bongos.

Rating: ★★½

The album title is apt. The music of Pucho and associates is tough—strong and assured, with considerable melodic and rhythmic interest. The octet, in fact, generates great excitement—and not merely of the expectedly rhythmic variety, either.

Not only are its credentials in this area fully in order, but there is as well an uncanny rapport among the band members, and its arrangements—whoever crafted them—make artfully effective use of variety and contrast. Punctuations and riffs behind solos lend the music interest and momentum. And the band drives powerfully.

Though working primarily in the area of Latin dance music, the group has much to interest the jazz listener. The feeling and textures of jazz color much of what the band plays, and the soloists—Bivens, Spruill, McEwan, and especially Barte—reveal strong jazz orientations in their work. Barte easily takes the LP's jazz



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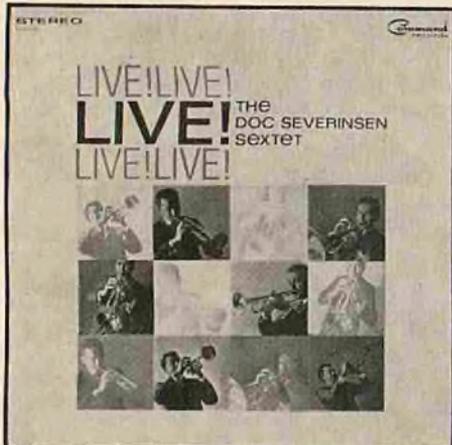


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honors with a series of cry-filled, vocally inflected solos on Herbie Hancock's *Cantaloupe* (given a delightful performance by the group), on *Kicks*, *Vietnam*, and *Strange Thing*. The tenor saxophonist evidences the most contemporary thinking of all the soloists on the date.

McEwan, who is merely adequate most of the time, plays a dark, probing improvisation on the attractive *Shadow*. Though he is no Miles Davis, his solo is spare and effective, easily his best in the album.

It is difficult to form much of an impression of the work of either Spruill or Bivens, as their playing on the four numbers on which the group is heard without horns—*Walk on By*, *And I Love Her*, *Goldfinger*, and *Yesterday*—does not depart radically or long enough from the straightforward theme statements to allow one to assess their jazz capabilities.

Throughout the album, the rhythm playing is spicy and easy and only rarely becomes heavyhanded or overexplicit (an example of this is the brief middle section of *Goldfinger*).

Pucho and his men have found a delightful middle ground that draws equally on Latin dance music and honest-blowing jazz. A good bit of thought and care have gone into the band's arrangements, and this attention to detail has paid off handsomely—the music moves briskly and interestingly, capturing one's attention with its movement and variety. The octet's spirit reminded me greatly of that of the Horace Silver group.

This LP is unpretentious and thoroughly engaging. (P.W.)

George Russell

AT BEETHOVEN HALL—German Saba 15059: *Frein' Up*; *Lydia and Her Friends*; *Lydia in Bags' Groove*; *Lydia's Confirmation*; *Lydia 'Round Midnight*; *Takin' Lydia Home*.

Personnel: Don Cherry, Berril Loewgren, trumpets; Brian Trentham, trombone; Ray Pitts, tenor saxophone; Russell, piano; Cameron Brown, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

It is a triumph of justice over iniquity that Russell is able to pursue his art in relatively unharrassed and sympathetic circumstances. I refer to his residence in Sweden since 1964. He has been accepted there with a degree of generosity not available to him in the United States—at least not in New York City.

The influence of such generosity is to be seen in this album, which was recorded in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1965. The music is alive and exciting, expansive rather than closed, and, above all, curious about life.

It lacks, I feel, the development, sensitivity, and breadth of *All About Rosie*, Russell's magnum opus, and it pursues some paths that are less than salubrious (chief among these is the construction of a harmonic framework that is far too static). Nevertheless, Russell is opening new doors, and Sweden deserves our gratitude.

The guest artist is Cherry, who is not at the height of his creative and performing powers here, I am sorry to say.

Two points about his view of creativity are brought up in the liner notes, written

by Joachim E. Berendt: the first, Berendt's own point, is "fascinating is the nonchalance with which Don takes up phrases and lets them drop again—phrases with evident continuity once they are begun"; the second, in Cherry's own words, is "Look at the children. . . . Not even they sing their songs unto the end. . . . they only hum them and think the rest. Why should not grown-ups do the same?"

Berendt's point, if I sort out the syntactical elements correctly, is that a strong melodic line can be constructed out of elements that at first appear discontinuous. This is a cliché, posing as insight.

Cherry's point is nonsense, posing as a syllogism. The songs children sing are songs they have heard before; they are not addressed to an audience, as is Cherry's music; they constitute not art but play, and although play is always in art, art is not always in play.

Fortunately, however, we judge a musician by his music rather than by his creed; what Cherry plays makes more sense than what he says. It even repudiates what he says, since at its best it demonstrates a fair degree of old-fashioned completeness and continuity.

Trumpeter Loewgren (the only European in Russell's sextet—the others are Americans) is much less compatible with the music than is Cherry but plays his instrument with greater finesse and accuracy.

Trombonist Trentham similarly finds himself at odds with Russell's grand design. Although saxophonist Pitts is in Russell's bag, he is an undisciplined and chaotic player and detracts from the aims of the sextet as much as Loewgren and Trentham do.

What Russell wants, I sense, is for his players to lose themselves in the group effort. He wants them to go where the music goes, rather than where they went before. He wants a real compositional effort. He wants what he got, I believe, from Bill Evans and Hal McKusick in one or two albums of several years ago.

The problems he has may derive from technical impediments or from weak ears (some evidence of the latter suggested itself in *Lydia and Her Friends*); I suspect, though, that these difficulties emanate from the unwillingness of his players to give themselves completely over to him—to his design. They ought to, because his design is worth executing. (W.R.)

Cal Tjader-Eddie Palmieri

EL SONIDO NUEVO—Verve 8651: *Los Jibaros*; *Guajiro en Azul*; *Ritmo Uni*; *Picadillo*; *Modesty* (*Modesty Blaise Theme*); *Unidos*; *On a Clear Day* (*You Can See Forever*); *El Sonido Nuevo*.

Personnel: Jose Rodriguez, Mark Weinstein, Julian Priester, trombones; Barry Rogers, trombone, conga; George Castro, flute, percussion; Tjader, vibraphone; Palmieri, piano; Bobby Rodriguez, bass; Tommy Lopez, Manny Oquendo, drums; Ismael Quintana, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

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and subtlety are of paramount importance, a style of music that depends much more on overlapping layers of contrasting rhythm than on melodic interest for its appeal and excitement. As a result, it's somewhat difficult to judge it by the kind of standards—melodic power and development, for example—with which one evaluates jazz and most popular instrumental music. Rather, one listens for the effectiveness of the rhythmic development, for the subtlety and creativity the players bring to the building up of rhythmic density and excitement.

This is quite an exciting album of Latin dance music. The rhythms are strong, sure, and supple; there is an air of great power and sensitivity to the playing.

Palmieri, one of the busiest of the Latin bandleaders in the country and a recording star in the idiom for many years, emerges as the most interesting solo voice in the album. His improvisations reveal an agile and fascinating mind that continually wrests exciting rhythmic variations from the music. He is a much more adventurous rhythm player than is Tjader, the featured "name" on the date.

It is interesting, for example, to compare the solos of the two on the numbers on which they are jointly featured—*Picadillo* and *Unidos* are perhaps the most illuminating. Tjader, though supple and confident in his long-lined playing, is much more conservative and predictable. His lines flow evenly and effortlessly but are much less interesting than are Palmieri's thorny, angular, provocative rhythm variations. The pianist *thinks*, and he thinks all the way through, never letting up, piling variation upon variation.

The rhythm section is authentic and powerful, as are most of the tunes and their treatments (the exception being an inapposite—but mercifully short—*On a Clear Day*). The gifted Claus Ogerman arranged the surging *Jibaros* (an utter gas!), *Guajira*, *Modesty*, and *Unidos*; Palmieri orchestrated the others. This is as fine an album of fiery Latin dance music as one is likely to hear, but don't expect to hear much jazz. (P.W.)

Walter Wanderley

RAIN FOREST—Verve 8658: *Summer Samba*; *It's Easy to Say Goodbye*; *Cried, Cried*; *Rain*; *The Girl from Ipanema*; *Beloved Melancholy*; *Taste of Sadness*; *Beach Samba*; *Call Me*; *Cry out Your Sadness*; *The Great Love*; *Song of the Jet*.

Personnel: Urbie Green, trombone; Joe Grimm, flute; Wanderley, organ; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Wanderley, a tasteful, restrained organist, is among the more popular bossa nova specialists in Brazil. This album, made with a cadre of top New York studio jazzmen, will be of greater interest to jazz fans than was his earlier album on Capitol, a U.S. reissue of the organist's Brazilian recordings.

Basically, however, this set is more warmly romantic background music than jazz.

Wanderley's organ is discreet and understated, his rhythmic sense fluid and deft. His pieces move easily, with a blithe innocence and brightness that are delight-

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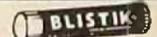
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ful. He often punctuates his playing with a staccato attack that breaks up the rhythm interestingly and lends such pieces as *It's Easy*, *Cried*, and *Beloved Melancholy* a quiet excitement.

One of the more enjoyable interludes in the album comes at the end of *Beach Samba*, where Wanderley's sensitive organ punctuations impart not a little bite to trombonist Green's lilting ad lib cadenza.

Green, incidentally, is the album's most arresting soloist. He has a particularly lovely solo on *Rain*, on which his beautiful, bittersweet tone shows to superb advantage. This is the longest non-Wanderley solo on the record. The others—one-chorus affairs—are by guitarist Pizzarelli and flutist Grimm, who turn in competent accounts of themselves on *Taste of Sadness*. Other than that, they're under wraps.

Nice "seduction music," with Wanderley's taste and restraint and Green's soaring trombone work—but not enough of this—to recommend it. (P.W.)

Kui Winding

DIRTY DOG—Verve 8661: *Dirty Dog*; *Sunrise*; *Sunset*; *Cantaloupe Island*; *Blindman*; *Blindman*; *Something You Got*; *The Sidewinder*.

Personnel: Winding, Carl Fontana, Urbie Green, Bill Watrous, trombones; Herbie Hancock, piano; Buzzy Bavarian, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★

A great record for a house party—if you have lots of goo-goo girls, a big jar of whisky, and a well-amplified stereo system. Each track is either a toe-tapper or a thigh-slapper, or both. But the album advances the cause of rock-and-roll further than the cause of jazz (as is the case with most pop-rock-jazz amalgams).

There are some excellent musicians assembled here, but, sadly, Winding and the a&r man have chosen to direct the talent available toward the rock market.

Cases in point are the tunes selected. From Hancock's wide-ranging book, *Blindman* and *Cantaloupe* have been chosen, apparently because they most nearly resemble his winner, *Watermelon Man*. Also Lec Morgan's pop-chart topper, *Sidewinder*, is treated as commercially as possible.

Dirty Dog is truly in the road-house idiom, with twangy guitar shouts, salty trombone eruptions, nasal snorts from the electronic bass, and vocal screams. I had the uneasy feeling that all of this was applied with straight faces.

Sunrise is a shuffling waltz with good solos by Bavarian and Hancock. On *Something*, Winding throws open the flap on the revival tent, and Hancock passes the collection plate with fistfuls of "y'all come" piano.

Winding's solo on the rhythm break after the *Sidewinder* theme seems to have caught him with the slide out of his horn; he plays unimaginative half-notes where the space cries for articulation.

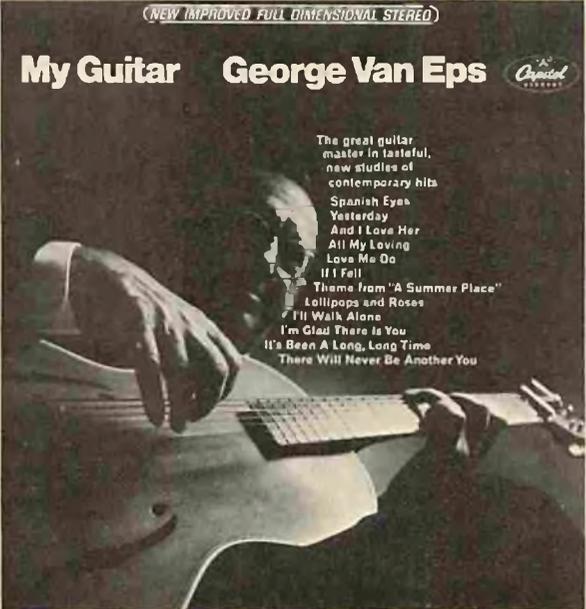
Though musical gimmicks proliferate in this album and the degree of its musical sincerity is questionable, it offers a pleasant tonal effect created by the four trombones—they are not overbearing or muddy, indicating that this brass quartet could produce genuinely interesting music after the cash register stops ringing. (B.Q.)

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:
Junior Wells/J. B. Hutto/Otis Spann, *Chicago/The Blues/Today!*, Vol. 1 (Vanguard 9216 and 79216)

Rating: ★★★★★

Jimmy Cotton/Otis Rush/Homesick James, *Chicago/The Blues/Today!*, Vol. 2 (Vanguard 9217 and 79217)

Rating: ★★★★★

Johnny Young/Walter Horton/Johnny Shines, *Chicago/The Blues/Today!*, Vol. 3 (Vanguard 9218 and 79218)

Rating: ★★★★★

Produced by country-blues authority Sam Charters, these three records offer a fairly representative survey of current blues activity in Chicago.

With the exception of the impressive Shines, who does not work in music, all the men included in the set have been active in the city's hectic blues life for a number of years.

The general musical level of the performances is high, and the range of styles included in this cross section of "modern" approaches is impressively broad, extending as it does from the powerful Robert Johnson-based music of Shines to the sleek urbane blues of the talented Rush.

Charters accurately indicates in his liner notes the thorough grounding of the modern urban blues in the harsh, introspective music of the Mississippi delta.

This is most markedly demonstrated in the haunting singing and playing of Shines, who played and traveled with the near-legendary Johnson in the mid-30s. The impress of Johnson's taut, gripping style is most patent on a magnificent performance, *Dynaflow Blues*, which is a recasting of Johnson's *Terraplane Blues*. Shines' *Black Spider Blues*, with the sensitive harmonica of Horton, is the most effective of the singer's five numbers in more conventional modern Chicago style.

The influence of Johnson is further evidenced in the work of two bottleneck guitarists, Hutto and Homesick James.

In their cases, the influence has filtered through to them via a Johnson disciple, Elmore James, one of the most popular of post-World War II blues artists. Hutto is the more visceral of the two performers, however, and his impassioned singing and acid-toned guitar are shot through with gutty power. His is much more intense music than is Homesick's; the country influence seems much more a concomitant of Hutto's singing and playing than is the case with James.

In the face of the ringing urgency of Hutto's strong music, James seems almost subdued. The fact that he's not a particularly good singer (he has quite a bit of trouble with intonation on *Set a Date*, for example) also tells against him. It must be said, though, that his *Somebody Been Talkin'* is a fine performance by any standards, but I'll take Hutto's raw, overt power.

The infectious, good-timey aspects of the Mississippi-cum-Chicago blues are well set out in the exuberant singing and playing

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of Young, whose music carries some of the zesty pungency of the Mississippi Sheiks, who Young heard and admired as a youth in Mississippi.

Young's music is steeped in the joyous dance music of his native state, and his warm, disarming singing comes across well.

Young is an accomplished mandolinist, too, and this seldom-heard blues instrument is featured on *Stealin' Back*, a traditional country dance piece, and *I Got Mine in Time*. Unfortunately, the backing of these comprises only electric bass and drums, and the absence of a strong supporting instrument—such as guitar or piano—gives the pieces a disappointingly empty quality. Young has been far better.

Formerly a harmonica player with Muddy Waters but currently leading his own group, Cotton shares this happy, good-humored approach to the blues, and his five selections (with the support of three fellow members of the then Waters band) are pleasant but scarcely more than that.

Cotton is not a particularly original artist, but his harmonica playing is often full of slashing drive. Not much happens here, though there is little that can be faulted in the lightweight performances.

Pianist Spann, prodded deftly by drummer S. P. Leary, offers a delightful celebration of the traditional piano blues in his five pieces.

As usual, his playing is impeccably resilient and marked by great sensitivity, but his singing here lacks fire and conviction. He sounds tired, and the pieces never really ignite into the spellbinding blues Spann can weave so stunningly. But his piano is a joy anytime.

Horton's solitary piece, *Rockin' My Boogie*, despite its technical brilliance, fails to come alive. The second harmonica, played by Charlie Musselwhite, is barely audible; the whole performance, in fact, sounds rushed and unfinished.

More recent developments are charted in the music of Wells and Rush.

Harmonica player-singer Wells, with the backing of guitarist Buddy Guy, sounds better here than I've heard him recently. His playing is particularly fine, especially on the rocking *Messin' with the Kid*, perhaps the best of the group's five selections, though his sensitive playing considerably enlivens *A Tribute to Sonny Boy Williamson*. Again, Wells indulges his penchant for vocal mugging, though less than usual.

The group also could have benefited from an additional harmonic instrument, freeing Guy for lead-guitar playing. As it is, he's somewhat hamstrung by having to provide the harmonic underpinning as well as engage in single-note improvising.

Rush represents the most advanced extension of the modern Chicago idiom and has been considerably influenced by the popular B. B. King. Rush is an excellent singer, with a high, anguished voice that fits beautifully with his taut, supercharged guitar, but he seems under wraps here. The performances are competent, but there is little of the intensity he can generate.

Charters and Vanguard have done well, for the most part, in documenting some aspects of the current Chicago blues scene.

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BY LEONARD FEATHER

More than a decade has passed since Toshiko Akiyoshi arrived in the United States to advance her jazz knowledge by studying at the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

At the time of her first U.S. appearances, wearing Japanese gowns, she was regarded by many observers as a novel musician, one who played well for a girl and/or an Oriental. Since then, there have been extensive changes in her work and in the attitude of fellow musicians.

Toshiko today has emerged from the shadows of Bud Powell and Oscar Peterson and has become, in this writer's opinion, one of the four or five superlative pianists in jazz, a composer-arranger whose fascinating writing never has been fully explored, and a skilled, experienced teacher.

It occurred to me that an unusual *Blindfold Test* could be assembled almost entirely out of tracks included in *The Jazz Piano*—an RCA Victor album recorded last year at the Pittsburgh Jazz Festival. The notes do not identify the bassist and drummer, but *Down Beat's* review of the event would indicate they were Larry Gales and Ben Riley, respectively.

Toshiko received no prior information about the records played.



1. Duke Ellington. *The Second Portrait of the Lion* (from *The Jazz Piano*, RCA). Ellington, solo piano, composer.

I don't know who it is. It's interesting; it's traditional, in the Willie (The Lion) Smith era. But I don't think it was recorded a long time ago, because the piece is quite long.

He has a raw, rough character, but there is a very lively swingness to it... and, naturally, the stride. Only thing is, some of the runs, some of the harmonic changes, have a little bit more modernness to it; I hear newer things, a more contemporary flavor at times.

All young players, myself and others, miss a lot of good quality of this time; in the old type of playing they used to use the left hand. We don't have to use it the same way, but it seems we've forgotten to use the left hand.

I really like this kind of music. Three stars.

2. Mary Lou Williams. *45° Angle* (same LP). Miss-Williams, piano; bass and drums unidentified.

It's so hard to tell who the piano player is, because I can't hear the particular touch the piano player has; the balance is pretty bad. The piano gets a very metallic sound, and I don't enjoy the recording.

He has a good percussive left hand; his playing is traditional, in a way, but modern. It's good, it's an enjoyable performance, but the drummer is a little too overpowering. . . . Also there are a lot of places that the piano player plays a certain figure, which should go together with percussive sound, but the drummer just kept time. Very unimaginative. Very heavy on the sock cymbal. . . . Two stars.

3. Duke Ellington and Earl Hines. *House of Lords* (same LP). Hines, Ellington, pianos, bass and drums unidentified.

It's two pianos, I guess. Certain places came out very dry but kind of interesting. But I enjoyed it more because they seemed to have fun in doing it. But musically, I

strongly question something like this. I didn't hear anything happen rhythmically or melodically or dynamic-wise.

One star, I guess. . . . but such a big difference between two stars and one—I hate to give it only one.

4. Billy Taylor. *Biddy's Beat* (same LP). Taylor, piano, composer.

This is a live recording, right? I don't know if the drummer and the piano player work together regularly. The head had certain rhythm figures, patterns; it sounds 300 times better if the drummer would play together.

I really question a group that doesn't go into small details. A piano trio is very hard to listen to for ordinary people. When you have a horn, the horn itself makes whatever emphasis should be, and it comes out without anybody realizing it. I think in a piano trio more attention is needed for these details, and a lot of them overlook this.

He reminds me of Billy Taylor a lot. . . his melodic line. When he went into the left-hand part, more so. If not Billy Taylor, then somebody. . . similar. The whole form is strongly influenced by Billy Taylor. I think two stars.

5. Willie (The Lion) Smith. *Contrary Motion* (same LP). Smith, solo piano, composer.

Boy, that ending was pretty wild! This could be Willie the Lion. All those songs are structured so different from tunes that we're used to now. Sounds very elegant, very bright, not like the muscular type jazz of today, more dainty. Beautiful stride too. I really enjoy a thing like that. Three stars.

6. Charles Bell. *Whisper Not* (same LP). Bell, piano.

This tune is the one written by the tenor player. . . Benny Golson. I think the piano player's intention on this tune is to make the whole thing classical—deliberately

classical harmony. He is very interesting. He is strongly influenced by Monk as far as time conception. . . and colorful like Monk plays. But I doubt very, very much that it is Monk.

The drummer sounds like he and the piano player have worked together quite often. Came out very, very nicely. Two stars.

7. Earl Hines, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Billy Taylor, George Wein, Mary Lou Williams. *Rosetta* (same LP).

(Laughs) Hard to tell who it is—got to be big names like The Lion, Duke Ellington. It's a piano workshop kind of thing. They're probably alternating; I hear about three different hands on one channel, two on another. Maybe sometimes two piano players on one piano, two on the other.

The continuity, the spontaneous things happening. . . very enjoyable. Swing was there, and it was up there all the time. Two stars.

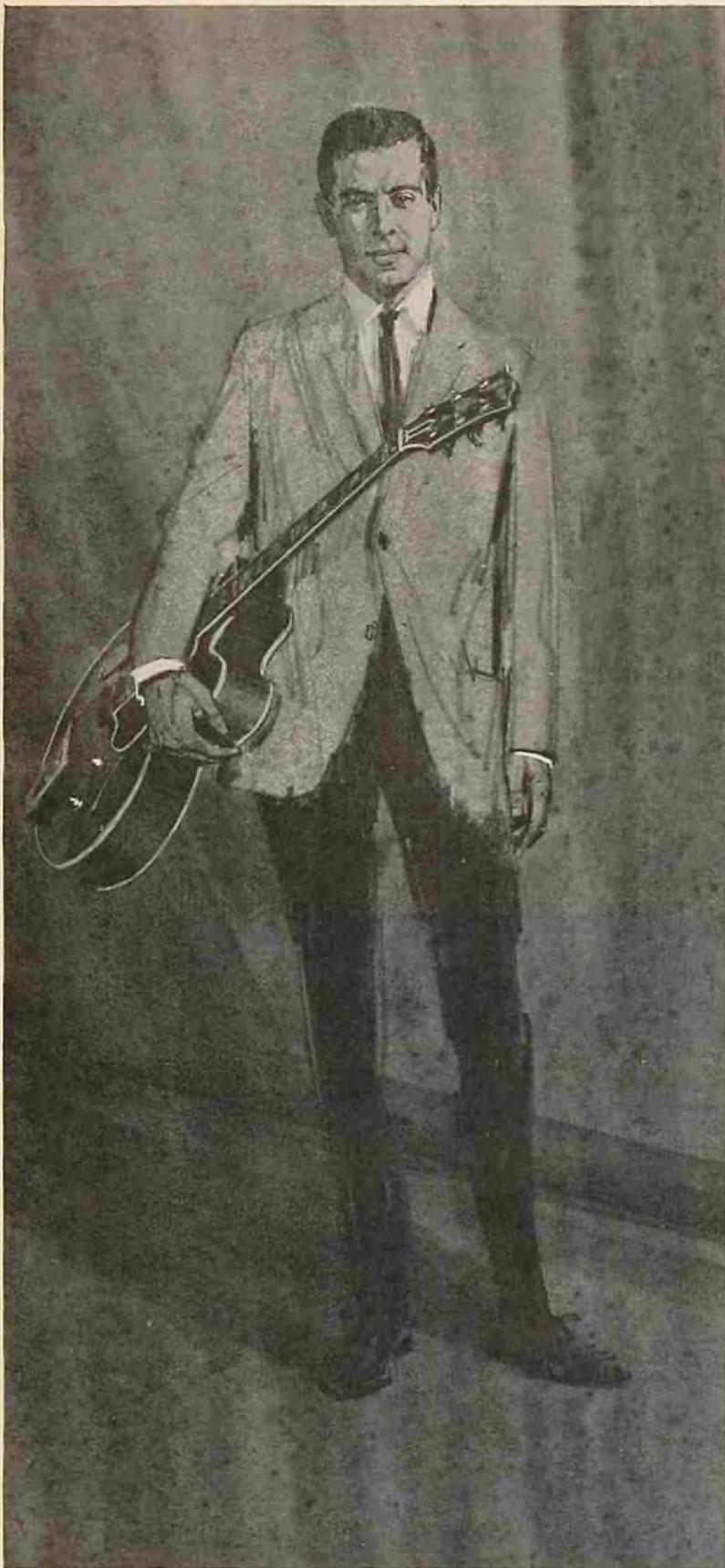
8. Bill Evans. *Time Remembered* (from *Bill Evans with Symphony Orchestra*, Verve). Evans, piano, composer; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

Oh! That's *beautiful!* The recording's so good too. I hope people can understand that recording has a lot to do with it. This could be recorded very badly, and I wouldn't get the whole benefit. That could happen with some other records too. But this excellent recording—it's like a musical cloud that hangs over you, then gradually moves away. . . .

It's just wonderfully done. I think it's Bill Evans. Arranging, probably somebody like Gil Evans. Whoever wrote this arrangement really knows Bill Evans. Is this Bill's original tune? Sounds like it.

I enjoy very much his playing, but at the same time, more so I enjoyed the writing, the orchestration, and the mood. The color. It all caught so much of Bill Evans, the feeling, something special about him that is very well emphasized here.

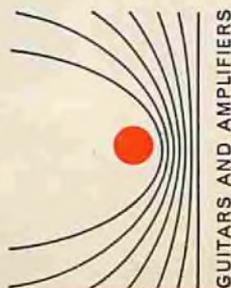
I have to give it five stars.



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BOOK REVIEWS

Call the Keeper, by Nat Hentoff. Published by Viking Press, 116 pages, \$3.95.

"Slickly handled Chester Himes," was my reaction to this novel as I read the first few pages. I felt that it was watered down through the use of too many social-psychological asides. I thought Hentoff was attempting to dismiss the whole "inner city scene" (as the jacket blurb calls the Negro and white casbahs of New York) in a few hip-jargon monologs by stylized hipsters.

There where even, of all things, readily identifiable caricatures, I thought, of a couple of good-copy "villians" lifted right off the pages of *Time* magazine.

I got mad.

But reading further, I began to feel that Hentoff presented a fairly accurate picture of the situation: here, after all, is all the murderous hatred, the cold apathy, the jagged-lived humanity that survives by its starved-wolf wit as much as by its hard-earned welfare checks.

What's more, he employs a seldom-used approach to storytelling: threading events through the experiences of four characters—two Negroes and two whites—each of whom tells his part of the story, in the first-person, in alternating chapters.

The action is set in the shadows of Greenwich Village, though there is a strong Harlem penumbra. The book's two most vivid characters, one of whom is ob-

viously intended to recall LeRoi Jones, swing the action. But the complete story of Jones (or John the Avenger as he is called in the book) is possibly Hentoff's next opus because John's outcome and that of Negro nationalism today, is predicted on future events.

John comes off second best in narrative interest (though I hold more hope for him than anyone else in the cast) to the philosophically violent Septimus. With more time devoted to relieving Septimus' personality from the tapestry of characters surrounding him, Hentoff—because he empathizes well with the life and people of the ghetto and post-beat areas—might have shown his suburban readers just what kind of brilliantly twisted mind the ghetto washes up and away daily, an incalculable loss in talent and creativity . . . in humanity.

I am being purposefully circumspect about the actual plot because *Call the Keeper* and novels of its stripe probe at the guts of America's greatest dilemma and should, therefore, be read not only to find out what happens next but to acquire a visceral understanding of racial hatred.

Unfortunately, the same lack of understanding and prejudice that produced the conditions that make this no work of socio-science fiction will make this book acceptable to a limited audience. Because Hentoff more than hints at the depth of black rage and disenchantment in the United States, of sexually self-conscious whites who have dreams in which they release their libidos in the images of Negroes, the book captures a reality that will

be indigestible to most whites.

That this book should be reviewed in *Down Beat* is not to be thought odd, though jazz and its offertory spas flow only slightly into the story's main current. The violent libretto of racial strife in the United States is set to the syncopation of more than one angry ax. Jazz and its involvement in this country's racial issue have become this decade's music polemic.

—Bill Quinn

A Pictorial History of Jazz (revised edition), by Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer Jr. Published by Crown Publishers, 297 pages, \$5.95.

This new edition (revised by co-editor Keepnews) is at once an improvement and a disappointment in the inevitable comparison with the original edition.

The original, published in 1955, has 14 fewer pages of photographs than the new edition. The revised copy has been printed on finer-quality stock, enhancing the clarity and contrast of the reproductions, resulting in their looking more like photographs than photostats. All the classic jazz photos are included: there are scenes of New Orleans, 52nd St., Lulu White's and shots of Bix Beiderbecke, Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Freddie Keppard, etc.

The subject matter has been only slightly updated. The blues chapter has some minor corrections and additions and, as expected, the section on modernists has been reworked.

The seeds of commercialism have begun to sprout in the newer work; this is especially revealed in the blues chapter. Sleepy

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John Estes, Mississippi John Hurt, and Son House, among others, have replaced Roosevelt Sykes, Alberta Hunter, and Lizzie Miles. (Jazz/Blues vs. Folk/Blues?) It must be the changing times we live in.

The chapters on the Condon gang and the Dixie revival have added photographs, though it's not clear why. In order to make room for additional shots of the same artists, many other historic faces formerly included are missing.

With the chapter titled "Groovin' High" the fruits of the revision can be clearly seen, and—on comparison with the original—one might get slightly angry. Why are photographs containing two persons cropped in half, retaining one person while replacing the other with a "glossy" publicity shot of the type given free to fans and trade magazines?

A book such as this is important to the entire scheme of jazz history, and if it's going to be done, it should be done right. It is necessary that all photographs at least have captions—and correct ones at that. The photos of Charles Tolliver and Albert Ayler are, in reality, photos of Dewey Johnson and Pharaoh Sanders. The captions under the pictures of blues singers Son House and Big Joe Williams are reversed.

If the book is going to contain three photos of Archie Shepp, how can photos of such men as Wardell Gray, Ike Quebec, Jaki Byard, Tiny Grimes, Joe Albany, Freddie Webster, Phil Woods, Elmo Hope, Budd Johnson, Leo Parker, Bennie Green, Nelson Boyd, Red Rodney, Duke Jordan, and Cecil Payne be omitted?

And where are Slam Stewart, Howard McGhee, Jimmy Heath, Tony Scott, and Jimmy Raney, all of whom appeared in the original edition but now seem to have been demoted to obscurity?

The Pictorial History of Jazz deserves a place on your bookshelf. If you have the original, I can't say that the revised edition is essential also. But if you don't have the first, then I certainly recommend it, though a book as incomplete as this one leaves one thirsty for photos of the real jazz legends—the people we've heard about but have never seen—and, of course, photos of the many important people who were slighted in this edition.

—Don Schlitten

Folk Rock: The Bob Dylan Story, by Sy and Barbara Ribakove. Published by Dell Publishing Co., 124 pages, paperback, 50 cents.

This slight volume—which purports to be an examination of the development of the so-called folk-rock slice of current popular music, as focused in the musical odyssey of young Dylan—is an example of the recent wave of "disaster" books that have memorialized a variety of news happenings, beginning with the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Usually issued in paperback and gotten out in record time, so as to cash in on the timeliness of the events with which they deal, they might be considered publishing's equivalent of the broadsides and topical songs of days past. As has been the case with those venerable ballads, few

are likely to last beyond the events of which they treat—though they might provide interesting footnotes to historians in future generations.

Certainly there is little in this opus to recommend it to students of musical history, for it merely is a rehash of concert and record reviews, articles, letters to the editor, and liner notes by and about contemporary folk bard Dylan.

Apparently the authors have been unable or unwilling to interview their subject, for most of the quotes scattered through the book are from published sources (that are only rarely precisely credited). As a result, the portrait is more like a cartoon than a well-modeled delineation of personality or character.

In the sections of the book that deal with musical developments, the authors might have done the reader a valuable service in analyzing the singer's style and accomplishments, but even this was botched.

The final chapter, *Dylan on Discs*, might have made up for all the book's shortcomings by giving an acute and sensitive analysis of Dylan's recordings, thus delineating the progression of his musical development, but the Ribakoves are unequipped for this task, except in the most rudimentary sense.

However one may feel about Dylan's work, there is no doubting that he has had an indelible effect on much of the music of his generation. In that sense his is an important story. But it is a story that is only dimly suggested in this insipid volume.

—Pete Welding

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FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews

By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

If it is true that a considerable share of the blame for the manifestly unhealthy condition of the educational jazz movement can be laid on the publishers, it's also true that the publishers are in business to make money—and they will cater to our tastes.

They will publish what we will buy. The inescapable conclusion is that too many of us directors are selling educational jazz short and are, in effect, destroying it.

While recently engaged in teaching a stage-band procedures course at the Eastman School of Music, I became involved in a conversation with a young symphony conductor from Texas. When he found out what I was doing at Eastman, he remarked that in his mind he could more easily justify stage bands in edu-

cation than he could the concert band, since stage bands were involved in the living tradition of jazz.

His argument with school music, as epitomized by the concert band, was based on the fact that it never really came to grips with music, that it was too concerned with entertainment and with manufactured materials that were impoverished in emotional, intellectual, and esthetic content.

This is not an uncommon and, at least, a partially valid indictment of school music. As the stage-band movement has been developing, I feel the shoe fits here all too well.

If the stage-band movement stagnates, it is not the fault of the students—or of jazz. It is our fault for selling the students an ersatz product under the name of jazz. Too often, our attitudes, approaches, methods, and philosophies are at fault.

How many of us teach the elements of improvisation? How many of us teach the basics, much less the subtleties,

of jazz phrasing? How many of us teach the elements of theory and arranging?

If we threw the music in front of our concert groups, rehearsed and performed it with no attempt or effort to teach the musical aspects involved or to see that the proper interpretation was followed, we would be censurable.

How many of us buy the musical garbage some presses are grinding out nonstop? Too many of us, judging by the flood of arrangements.

The traditional thermometers of stage-band health and growth have been the number of bands attending the various festivals and clinics, the number of colleges with stage bands, the attendance at, and proliferation of, summer stage-band camps, and the "legitimate" camps with stage band in the curriculum.

All these indicators have shown an upswing. Why, then, do so many of the bands play as poorly today as they did several years ago? Why has the quality of music performed in the many high school clinics been so bad?

Maybe the clinicians are at fault for not really teaching and communicating. Maybe the directors are at fault for not really caring and for not really trying to learn techniques, or for thinking that their professional stature somehow would be diminished if they went into a learning situation.

A director once asked me, upon learning of my intention to attend a workshop in stage-band methods: "Won't that hurt your reputation if people see you there?"

If we, as directors, have departed so far from basic humility and reality as to close our minds to instruction and betterment, we, and music education, are in sad shape.

Let's demand better arrangements. Let's teach more jazz. Let's get off our proverbials, check our attitudes, and evaluate our abilities and then revitalize our programs if the need exists. Students are willing; the music is waiting; we can't afford to be wanting. 

FIDDLING AROUND

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

In something like three-quarters of a century, jazz has produced few violinists. However, don't think you can count them on one hand, for here's a baker's dozen for you to identify:

1. _____ From 1934 to 1939, he was a co-leader of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France.
2. _____ One of the few modern-jazz violinists, he was featured in Vinnie Burke's String Jazz Quartet.
3. _____ Much more widely known as a trombonist, he played jazz violin on the Yank Lawson-Bob Haggard record of *Tennessee Waltz*.
4. _____ Denmark's top jazz violinist, he also sings, does comedy, and plays several other instruments.
5. _____ An exceptional violinist, this former Duke Ellingtonian is also a top trumpeter, singer, and comic.
6. _____ In the early years of jazz, his band included Louis Armstrong, Buster Bailey, Freddie Keppard, and others.
7. _____ After years of study in Chicago, Paris, and Budapest, he became the finest musician to dedicate himself to the playing of jazz violin.
8. _____ A violinist since 1912, he played with Freddie Keppard, James P. Johnson, Luckey Roberts, Lloyd Scott, Noble Sissle, among others, before abandoning violin for alto saxophone and clarinet.
9. _____ A veteran of the Jan Savitt and Gene Krupa bands as well as the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra and New York Philharmonic, he wrote *The Hot Canary*.
10. _____ This "new thing" leader is better known for his solo work on plastic saxophone.
11. _____ Often called the first jazz violinist, he played with most of the big names of the 1920s and early '30s, and led his own Blue Four that at different times included Eddie Lang, Frankie Trumbauer, Adrian Rollini, and Jimmy Dorsey.
12. _____ A graduate of the Isham Jones and Vincent Lopez bands of the '30s, his record, *Miracle in Strings*, was the first successful use of a string quintet in modern jazz.
13. _____ The first barrelhouse jazz violinist, described as "the palpitating Paganini," he is also the composer of *Time and Again*, *Desert Sands*, *Midway*, *Skip It*.

ANSWERS: 1. Stephane Grappelly. 2. Dick Weinmore. 3. Lou McGarity. 4. Svend Nerg. 5. Ray Nance. 6. Erskine Tate. 7. Eddie South. 8. Juice Wilson. 9. Paul



READERS
POLL

ART TATUM

(Continued from page 19)

chums could hardly be imagined. Tatum was a rather brooding, bearlike figure of a man, and Meade Lux was a plumper, jolly little fellow. They kept a running joke going between themselves, Meade Lux claiming that Art was cheap, even if Tatum was paying the tab.

Tatum's leisure hours began when almost everyone else was asleep, at 4 a.m. or so. He liked to sit and talk, drink and play, after he finished work.

There was a serious and well-hidden side to the man. His secret ambition was to become known as a classical composer, and somewhere there exist fragments of compositions he put on tape for orchestration at some later date.

Tatum also wanted, very definitely, to be featured as a soloist accompanied by the Boston or New York symphony orchestras, which he considered among the world's best. As a matter of record, this admiration for the longer-haired musical forms was mirrored; he had numerous fans among classical players, who were astonished at his skill, technique, and imagination. To them, his gifts were supernatural. Vladimir Horowitz, who frequently came to hear Art play, said that if Tatum had taken up classical piano, he'd have been outstanding in the field.

It's been said that Tatum forced today's one-hand style of piano into being because after he'd finished playing all over the instrument with both hands, the only way for the piano to go was back, until the people forgot how much Tatum played.

Another of Art's ambitions, also unrealized, was to be a blues singer! He loved to relax by playing and singing the blues. He knew he didn't have much of a voice, but when he was offstage, he'd sing the blues. He had a feeling for the form but kept that side of himself well hidden from the public. He really adored Blind Lemon Jefferson, Bessie Smith, and, especially, Big Joe Turner.

Most musicians could never guess what Art was going to play from one moment to the next, which made the group he had with guitarist Tiny Grimes and bassist Slam Stewart unquestionably the best combo he ever had. The trio played on New York's 52nd St. around 1945. These three communicated, anticipated, and embellished each other as if one person were playing all three instruments. It was uncanny when it's considered that they never played it safe, never put in hours of rehearsal with each sequence pinpointed. On the contrary, every tune was an adventure, since nobody could predict where Art's mind would take them.

Tatum loved to go from one key to another without his left hand ever breaking the rhythm of his stride. Even in this, he was unpredictable, since he never went to the obvious transpositions, like a third above. No, Art would jump from B-flat to E-natural and make the listener love it.

While Art was alive, and as great as he was, there were still a few detractors. One such critic had been trained as a

classical pianist but was trying desperately to apply his academic training to jazz. This fellow said, during one of Tatum's superb performances, "Sure, Art's great, but he fingers the keys the wrong way."

How sour can grapes get?

Another compatriot who used to haunt every place that Art played, night after night, made the public statement: "Good God! This Tatum is the greatest! Thank God he's black—otherwise nobody's job would be safe." I suspect there was a lot of truth in that remark.

Art never seemed to let the inequities of his situation bother him. Still, in the early morning when he had consumed a few cans of beer and was surrounded by his personal camp followers, he would unburden himself, asking, "Did you hear so-and-so's latest record? What a waste of wax, for Christ's sake! There must be over 2,000 fellows who can play more than this cat. But you see who he's recording for? It will probably sell half a million copies while Willie the Lion just sits back smoking his cigar, without a gig. When will it end?"

Tatum was a great crusader against discrimination, but in his own quiet way. He used to cancel engagements if he found that the club excluded colored persons. Loyalty to his friends, even when it was not advantageous to his career, was another strong point. (I recall the time I went to catch him at a club called the Streets of Paris, in Los Angeles. After a

period of superlative enjoyment, I went to the piano to pay my respects and leave. But just as Art said, "Hello, how long have you been in the joint?" Cesar Romero and Loretta Young walked up. So I stepped back to let Art converse with the movie royalty. Art said, "Come on back here. I want to introduce you. Cesar, Loretta, I want you to meet Rex Stewart," and went on to build me up, undeservedly, till they asked for my autograph!)

Art was no glad-hander. He was polite, reserved, affable but not particularly communicative unless the conversation was about one of his hobbies. A more self-effacing person would be hard to find, and he was generous to a fault with his friends. Yet, he could summon up a tremendous amount of outraged dignity when it was called for.

Perhaps Art Tatum would have been assured a firmer place in musical history if he had not alienated too many of the self-righteous aficionados who preferred their piano sounds less embroidered, less imaginative, and more orthodox. Therefore, it follows that Tatum would never be their favorite pianist. Posterity tends to prove that Art requires neither champion nor defense, since the proof of his genius remains intact and unblemished. The beauty within the framework of his music transcends the opinions of critics, aficionados, fans, and musicians themselves. History is the arbiter. For the truly great, fame is not fleeting but everlasting. 

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HAMPTON HAWES

(Continued from page 16)

crowd wants to hear. But they could be wrong. They've been so wrong, so many times, about people that were once thought to be uncommercial."

In the three years since his re-emergence, Hawes' steadiest and most gratifying job has been the year (from the spring of 1965 until a few months ago) working with Mitchell at a spot called, purely by coincidence, Mitchell's Studio Club. At first they worked as a duo; as business improved, a drummer was added. Then when things seemed to be swinging steadily, the management decided against jazz.

"That was a beautiful year, very beautiful," Hawes said. "We built a following, and you could tell people were enjoying themselves. It was not only a steady job; it was proof that I don't have to get hysterical and do some way-out handsprings in order for somebody to pay attention."

Soon after the Mitchell's stint, Hamp and Red inaugurated a jazz regimen at another spot, Donte's, near Universal City.

In the last few months Hawes also has worked two nights a week at the Lighthouse, subbed on various jobs around town, occasionally worked a full week when such a rare opportunity presented itself (most recently he drew substantial crowds to the Scene, on the Sunset Strip), and once in a while has even worked as a sideman. In mid-September he went to Seattle, Wash., as a member of Shelly Manne's quintet.

This is the kind of life a jazz musician must lead in southern California if he has not entered the pearly studio gates.

A central problem, of course, has been the lack of work outside California.

"Aside from Seattle, and one trip to Canada, I haven't been outside the state. I know it's been holding me back. The clubowners don't know me back East, and the clubowners don't book on merit—they book on reputation and cash receipts."

Though he has not listened extensively to the avant-garde, Hawes says he has admired what he has heard of pianist Andrew Hill. He is also willing to concede that patience is required before an opinion is formed of the radically new.

"You have to listen and want to grow," he said. "Some cats grow by association. I'm sure that both Bill Evans and Herbie Hancock grew partly because of the way Miles could show them different ways to voice chords; that's why people say Bill and Herbie sound a lot alike harmonically."

"I'm still listening and still trying to grow. A lot of the musicians nowadays are in the studios, playing to—you know—the crowds. Which is all right for them. But for me, I still want to play the way I feel, and I still think there's an audience for that. I realize it's going to take me longer to get through than if I set out deliberately to make a record that would sell a million. But I don't care about selling a million copies. I just care about playing music, and if I can do that and make a comfortable living, then I'm happy."



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(Continued from page 11)

that, the quartet had completed engagements at the Living Room and Memory Lane . . . In Covina, trumpeter **Teddy Buckner** took a well-deserved vacation, while another trumpeter, **Wild Bill Davison**, filled in for him at the Huddle . . . **Louis Armstrong** and His All-Stars played at California State College in Fullerton. Shortly afterwards, he took part in the seventh annual Dixieland at Disneyland show. Others in the show: singer **Bob Crosby** and his Bobcats, trombonist **Turk Murphy** and his band, vocalist **Nellie Lutcher**, and the **Firehouse Five + 2** . . . Interesting sounds supplemented the **John**

Handy Quintet's gig at Memory Lane when congaist **Bob Jenkins** sat in and generated considerable excitement. Pianist **Andrew Hill** is off on a month-long South American tour. Personnel for his group had not been set at presstime.

CHICAGO: For his recent two-week engagement at the Plugged Nickel guitarist **Wes Montgomery** was accompanied by his brothers, pianist **Buddy** and bassist **Monk**, and drummer **Bill Wilson** . . . Drummer **Roy Haynes** didn't spend an idle night in Chicago during his two-week engagement at the London House with the **Stan Getz Quartet**. On Mondays, the musicians' traditional night off, Haynes played at entrepreneur **Joe Segal's** Mother

Blues sessions—at the Sept. 5 one, Haynes gave a 15-minute speech in appreciation of his warm Windy City welcome . . . Segal is planning to import multi-reedist **Roland Kirk** for a Sunday afternoon session in an as-yet-unspecified Old Town club sometime in October. Segal also plans to do a series of lecture-demonstrations on the history of jazz at Knox College in Galesburg, Ill., this fall, using the talents of Dixieland pianist **Art Hodes**, altoist **Bunky Green**, alto and tenor saxophonist **Sandy Mosse** and the **Pieces of Eight**, and avant-garde tenorist **Joe Daley** . . . Drummer **Andrew Mel'Pherson's** quartet played a one-nighter celebrating the first anniversary of Smedley's Lounge in the Hyde Park area . . . The Either/Or Club, site of the recent **Charlie Parker Memorial Concert**, has begun a weekend jazz policy. The first group to appear at the N. Wells St. club was that of pianist **Ken Roach** with singer **Holly Maxwell**.

DETROIT: A guest with **Sonny Stitt's** group (Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; **Don Patterson**, organ; **Billy James**, drums) at the Drome was altoist **Larry Smith**. Stitt was followed by the **Jazz Crusaders**, who also inaugurated another series of **Ed Love** jazz concerts. On the bill with the Crusaders were vocalist **Irene Reid** and pianist **Claude Black's** quartet, with **Charles Miles**, alto and soprano saxophones, flute; **Dedrick Glover**, bass; **Ed Nelson**, drums . . . The next Love concert featured the **Roland Kirk Quartet** and trombonist **George Bohanon's** quintet (**Miller Brisker**, tenor saxophone; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Will Austin**, bass; **Bert Myrick**, drums). Bohanon's group also played a dance at AFM Local 49 on Aug. 26 . . . The **Keith Vreeland Trio** (Vreeland, piano; **Dick Wigginton**, bass; **Jim Nemeth**, drums) continued in the liturgical jazz vein by playing for the Conference on Radical Theology at Ann Arbor, which was sponsored by the Association of Ecumenical Ministries Sept. 27-29 . . . Pianist **Kirk Lightsey** has replaced **Johnny Griffith** with reed man **Bob Pierson's** quartet at the Playhouse. Other members of the group are bassist **Gino Biando** and drummer **Tom Brown**. Pierson's group hosts jam sessions at the Playhouse Wednesday nights . . . Lightsey's place in bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet at Paige's was taken by **Teddy Harris**. Farrow also broke new ground for jazz by taking a quartet, with trombonist **John Hair**, tenor saxophonist **Joe Thurman**, and drummer **Bill Hardy**, into the newly opened **Brown Bunny Club** Tuesday and Wednesday nights . . . Two more clubs were lost to jazz when **Momo's**, which had featured pianist **Danny Stevenson's** trio, switched to organ music, and **Chic's**, most recently the home of pianist **Charles Rowland's** quartet, dropped music completely . . . A recent Blues Unlimited session co-featured vocalist **Wilbur Chapman** and trumpeter **Donald Towns**. Towns' group included **Donald Walden**, tenor saxophone; **Clarence Bensley**, piano; **Rod Hicks**, bass; **Leon Bowles**, drums . . . Guitarist **Don Davis' group** at the



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Frolic currently includes organist Lyman Woodard and drummer George McGregor.

CLEVELAND: Riding high at the On the Mall concert, Aug. 25, was drummer Gene Krupa, who was elevated 20 feet above the ground by lift truck during his performance with the Al Russo Band. This, the first of four free concerts, was sponsored by the Cleveland Musicians Union and the Chamber of Commerce . . . The Ramsey Lewis Trio finished four days at Leo's Casino Sept. 15. The new group consists of Lewis, piano; Cleveland Eaton, cello, bass; and Maurice White, drums. The group played to full houses every night . . . Playing in town at the same time at the House of Blues were former members of the Lewis Trio, bassist Eldee Young and drummer Red Holt . . . Count Basie and band will perform Oct. 7 at the Pick-Carter Hotel.

CINCINNATI: There was considerable summer jazz activity here. The Dee Felice Trio (Frank Vincent, piano; Lee Tucker, bass; Felice, drums) worked several weeks at the Buccaneer Lounge during the early part of the summer before departing for a gig in Cleveland, Ohio; the trio was followed by the duo of Jimmy Ryan and former Woody Herman bassist Mike Moore . . . Pianist Ed Moss, with bassist Jack Prather and drummer Grove Mooney, have been the supporting trio for vocalist Adrienne Rich at the Hauf Brau House on Dixie Highway in Kentucky since June . . . The John Bercaw Trio (Bercaw, piano; John Spurrier, bass; Terry Moore, drums) has been working the summer patio gig at the Blind Lemon . . . Tenorist John Wright has been fronting a quintet at Herbie's Lounge that features Hickey Kelly, mellophone; Champ Childers, piano, trombone; Oscar Crumie, bass; and Bobby Scott, drums . . . James Madison's trio, with tenor saxophonist Jimmy McGary and Madison on organ, has been working at Babe Baker's for several months . . . The L&M Band played jazz for dancing at Ault Park three nights in August under the leadership of drummer Freddie Lucht and trumpeter Rudy Minniti. It featured arrangements by Lucht and tenorists Ron McCroby and Gordon Brisker . . . At the Living Room in August, vocalist-pianist Amanda Ambrose worked with and opposite the Eldee Young-Red Holt Trio . . . Altoist Cannonball Adderley's group worked at the Sportsman Club in Newport, Ky., following pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio . . . The Baby Grand started a new jazz policy with the Jack McDuff Quartet and followed with the Young-Holt trio.

MIAMI: Trumpeter Bob Vrooman, pianists Al Neef and Bill Hobart, and drummers Jim Payne and Frank Schumacher were among the participants at entrepreneur Art Dunklin's Just Jazz concert Aug. 28 at the Norton Gallery in West Palm Beach . . . The Fort Lauderdale Elks Lodge presented its seventh annual jazz concert. Some of the featured

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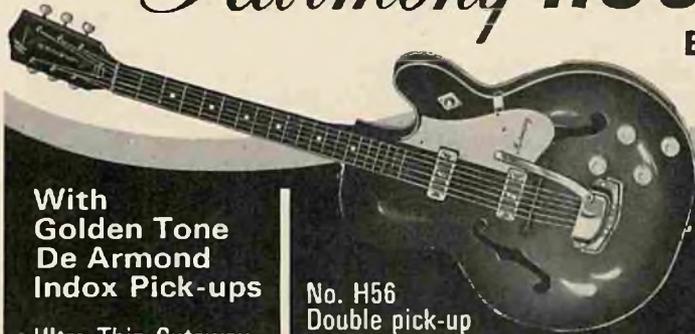
I am a professional player, teacher and student
 of drumming. Approaching these activities with a
 sense of responsibility and personal involvement, I
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groups were the Pinkston Quartet; the
 Charlie Austin Quartet; the Jessie Smith
 Trio, with tenorist Chet Washington and
 drummer Dave Rudolph; and the Frank
 and Marsha Sullivan Trio . . . A quintet
 called the Den Dwellers, with tenor saxo-
 phonist Murty Goldinher, pianist Ron
 Miller, and drummer Bobby Goldstein,
 recently played the Den in north Dade
 County . . . Trumpeter Billy Butterfield
 was a recent attraction at the Barefoot
 Mailman Hotel on Hillsboro Beach. He
 is expected to return one week out of each
 month during the winter season. The hotel
 continued to swing with the trumpeter's
 rhythm section, made up of Newton
 Thomas, piano; Gene Drago, bass;
 Charlie Cameron, drums. Tenor saxo-
 phonist Flip Phillips took over Butter-
 field's spot . . . Bassist Chubby Jackson
 and his drummer son recently played at
 Fazio's in Fort Lauderdale . . . Bandlead-
 er Tex Beneke, an attraction at the
 Oceania Lounge in Fort Lauderdale, did
 so well he will return in March. Before
 then, however, trombonist Pee Wee Hunt
 is in for eight days in November. And jazz
 sessions are in the offing at the Oceania
 during October . . . Promoter Alan Rock
 continues his weekly jazz concerts at the
 Jazzville. The Aug. 28 event featured the
 Buddy Deleo Quartet, with the leader on
 drums; Pete Ponzol, soprano, tenor saxo-
 phones; Tony Castellano, piano; Jimmy
 Glover, bass. The Ira Sullivan Four
 shared the billing. Sullivan's pianist, Dolph
 Castellano, produced a new composition,
And Devine, for the Miami *Herald's*
 Larry Devine, who wrote a four-page
 Sunday supplement article on the Miami
 jazz scene with special emphasis on trum-
 peter-saxophonist Sullivan's group. A
 vigorous drum battle between Delco and
 Jose Cigno topped off the concert, and
 singer Joani Harrison swung for two
 numbers. The Sept. 4 concert featured
 Charlie Austin, tenor saxophone; Eric
 Knight, piano; Jimmy Glover, bass;
 Bobby Chinn, drums, as well as Miss
 Harrison and the Sullivan Four.

NEW ORLEANS: Louis Arm-
 strong played a concert at Municipal
 Auditorium Sept. 21, a year after his
 mammoth homecoming concert sponsored
 by the New Orleans Jazz Club last summer
 . . . Some ex-Orleanians vacationing here
 recently included trumpeter-singer Louis
 Prima, pianist-singer Fats Pichon, and
 trombonist Lou Sino. Pichon has been
 undergoing treatment for his eyes here
 and in Chicago and has partially regained
 his sight. Sino, a former Prima and
 George Girard sideman, was at Al Hirt's
 club with pianist Big Tiny Little. Little
 and Sino are looking for a French Quarter
 spot that they can use as a home base
 . . . A new club, Caesar's Palace, opened
 last month on Tulane Ave. with a jazz-
 tinged quartet led by trumpeter-singer Jay
 Barry. With pianist Ronnie Dupont's
 quartet next door at the recently opened
 Bistro Lounge and clarinetist Tony Mit-
 chell's combo across the street at the
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 tion shows promise of blossoming into a

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jazz and dance area . . . **Harold DeJean's** Olympic Brass Band played a concert at the Museum of History and Technology in Washington, D.C. The session was sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution in connection with an exhibition called Music Making—American Style . . . Pianist **Joe Burton** is doing nightly radio shows from 1 to 4:15 a.m. on WNNR-FM from his modern-jazz room on Toulouse St. Burton's drummer, **James Black**, led his own group in a concert at the ILA Hall in September.

TORONTO: Singer **Gene Stridel**, working the Golden Nugget here, said he's excited and scared about playing the title role in MGM's *Nat King Cole Story*. "I've never really acted before—just a bit of summer stock," he said. When Stridel left the Nugget at the end of September, he began a European tour. At the Nugget he was backed by the **Henry Cuesta Quartet** . . . Pianist **Wynton Kelly**, with drummer **Jimmy Cobb** and bassist **Ron McClure**, followed the **Marian and Jimmy McPartland Quintet** and the **Junior Mance Trio** at the Park Plaza Hotel . . . Valve trombonists **Bob Brookmeyer** and Toronto's **Rob McConnell** headed a jazz group at the Town, backed by bassist **Bill Britto**, guitarist **El Bickert**, and drummer **Ron Rully** . . . Vocalist **Amanda Ambrose** appeared for a month at Old Angelo's Tavern . . . Pianist **Earl Hines'** band, with tenor saxophonist **Budd Johnson**, was also in for a month's engagement at the Colonial.

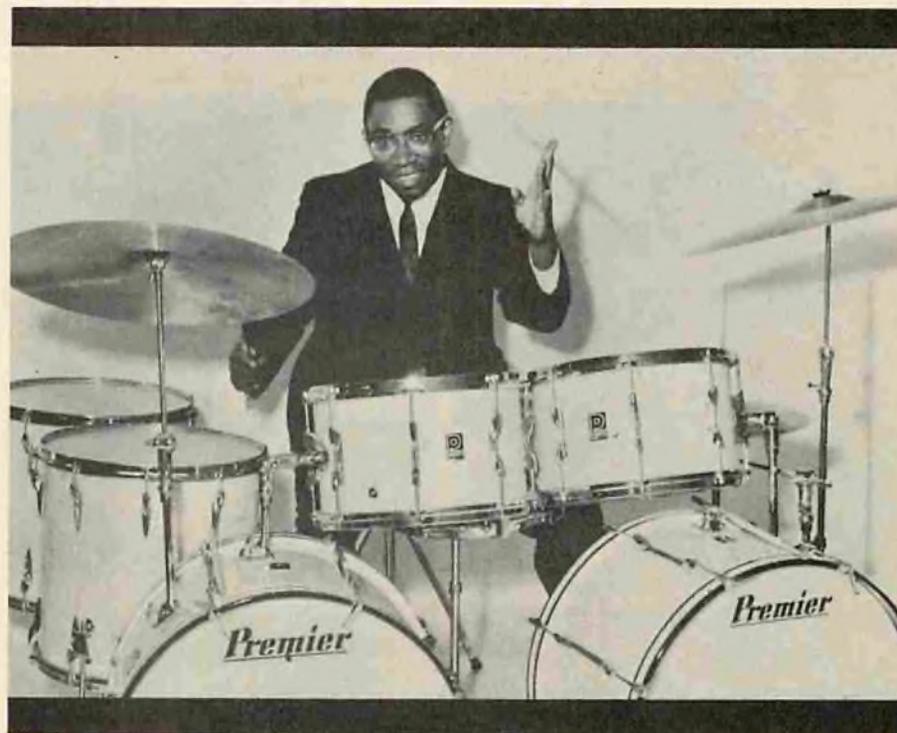
THE NETHERLANDS: The annual Loosdrecht Jazz Festival reached its climax this year with a performance by a 24-piece band called **Orchestra 1966**. Directed by saxophonist **Willem Breuker**, the avant-garde orchestra included two drummers, four bassists, a singer, and a dancer . . . The Rotterdam jazz club, B-14, brought in saxophonists **Ben Webster** and **Yusef Lateef**, the first Americans to appear this season at the club . . . Pianist **Pim Jacobs** is organizing a jazz contest that will be held during the Utrecht Fair. Among those taking part will be the **Hand Van Der Veen Band**, **Orchestra 1966**, and **Hans Dulfer's** free-jazz group . . . The most recent jazz concert held during the Holland Festival featured **Boy Edgar's** big band, singer **Abbey Lincoln**, saxophonists **Ben Webster** and **Willem Breuker**, and **Greetje Kauffeld**. The concert was taped for television broadcast. Saxophonist **Theo Louvendie** will become leader of Edgar's band when Edgar leaves for a one-year stay in the United States . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** and vocalist **Astrud Gilberto** will be guests at the upcoming Grand Gala du Disque Populaire . . . An open-air jazz festival was held at Edam featuring the groups of **Dick Vennig**, **Rob Kattenburg**, and **Lee Strawford** . . . The **Albert Ayler Quintet** will be visiting this country at the end of the year. Dutch violinist **Michel Samson** will join the saxophonist's group for the tour . . . The first concert at the Amsterdam concert hall during the coming season will be given by vibist **Lionel**

Hampton, who will be followed by the **John Coltrane Quintet**.

POLAND: Pianist-composer **Krzysztof Komeda**, who specializes in film music, is in London working on the score for director **Roman Polanski's** latest picture. The film is being made for MGM. Apart from *Repulsion*, for which drummer **Chico Hamilton** wrote the music, Komeda has written the music to all Polanski's most famous films, including *Knife in the Water* and *Cul de Sac* . . . Negotiations are under way for pianist-composer **George Russell** to come to Poland to head Polish Radio's Workshop . . . Krakow's **Jazz Band Ball** traditional group played Soviet

holiday spots on the Crimean coast of the Black Sea. This month the band is to play in Paris, France . . . A couple of Polish musicians, tenor saxophonist-flutist **Jan Ptaszyn-Wroblewski** and altoist **Zbigniew Namyslowski**, have been invited to join an international orchestra that is to tour Italy in December. Other members of the orchestra will be U.S. pianist **Mal Waldron**, Yugoslav trumpeter **Dusko Goykovich**, and Italian drummer **Prince Pepito Paliatelli** . . . Apart from regular jazz programs given in the Polish Radio's Home Service, jazz is also featured on the station's external broadcasts. In English there is a *Spotlight on Polish Jazz* and in German *Jazz aus Polen*.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 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 Nec'y.
Apartment: Marian McPartland.
Basic's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. Pucho to 10/23.
Carnegie Recital Hall: Vija Vetra, Ollie Shearer, Jerry Dodgion, 10/7.
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: Yank Lawson, Ray Bryant, Catty Cutshall.
Ember West: Mike Longo.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
Five Spot: Elvin Jones, Sessions, Mon.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano.
Half Note: Zoot Sims to 10/23.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Jilly's: 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: Dizzy Gillespie, 10/7-15.
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Pt. Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.

Playboy Club: Kni Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Howard Danziger.
Red Carpet (Ozone Park): Lee Shaw to 10/11.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Slug's: name jazz groups. Sessions, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
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, Don Friedman, Chuck Israels, Rondi Salvia.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: The Byrds to 10/16.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Fri.
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, hb.
Harbor Lounge: jazz nightly.
Jazzville (Seville Hotel): Ira Sullivan, wknds. Concerts, Sun.
South Seas Yacht: Harry Manian, hb.
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Wes Montgomery to 10/8.
Les McCann, 10/19-28. Redd Foxx. 11/5-14.
Joe Williams, 11/24-12/3.
Big George's: Romy Rand.
Blue Chip: Mark Richards, Tue.-Sat.

Blues Unlimited: sessions, Thur.
Brown Bunny Club: Ernie Farrow, Tue.-Wed.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.
Drome: Quartette Tres Bien, 10/7-16. George Benson, 10/21-30.
French Leave: Jimmy Dixon.
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.
Gene's (Inkster): Joe Burton.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Pixie Wales, Wed.-Sun.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Paige's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Peter Pan: Clarence Price, wknds.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roostertail: Chuck Robinett, hb.
Shadow Box: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Side Door (Kalamazoo): Dave Ferguson, Sun.
Stage Bar: Stan Chester.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Webbwood Inn: Rudy Robinson, Sun.

TORONTO

Golden Nuggett: Henry Cuesta, hb.
Hook and Ladder: Brass Buttons.
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg, wknds.
Royal York: Ray Anthony, 10/10-22.
Town: Joe Williams, 10/10-15. Jean DuShon, 10/17-29.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
Blue Chip Inn: Duke Jenkins.
Brothers Lounge: Harry Damas.
Cappelli's: Frank Albano-Johnny Fugero.
Esquire Lounge: Winston Walls.
French Cellar: Ski Hi Trio.
Impala Lounge: Ray Bradley.
Mardi Gras: Wensel Parker.
Squeeze Room: Jim Diamond.
Tally-Ho: Joe Dalesandro.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
Thunderbird Lounge: Ed McKeta.
Versailles: Dee Felice.

CINCINNATI

Babe's Baker's: James Madison.
Baby Grand: name artists, Fri.-Sun.



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 Jerble's: John Wright.
 Living Room: Redd Foxx, Johnny Hartman,
 10/17-22.
 Playboy Club: Dave Engle, Woody Evans, hbs.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
 Either/Or: Ken Roach, wknds.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
 London House: Earl Hines to 10/23. Frank
 Sinatra Jr., 10/25-11/13. Eddie Higgins, hb.
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.
 Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.-Sun.
 Pershing Lounge: various groups.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph
 Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: Richard Holmes to 10/9.
 Ricardo's Lounge: Virgil Pumphrey, Wed.-Thur.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, wknds.
 Blue Note: Don James, hb.
 Fats States Lounge: Freddy Washington, ses-
 sions, Sat, afternoon.
 King Brothers: Eddie Johnson.
 London House East: David Hines, wknds.
 Marty's: Sal Ferrante.
 Mr. Ford's: Allan Merriweather, hb.
 Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
 Playboy Club: Don Cunningham, Jazz Salerno.
 Puppet Pub: Herb Drury, wknds.
 Renaissance Room: The Marksmen.
 River Queen: Jean Trevar, Pennuts Whalum.
 Stork Club: Roger McCoy.
 Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet,
 wknds.

KANSAS CITY

Benny's: Emmett Finney, wknds.
 423 Club: Frank Wilson, wknds.
 Golden Horseshoe: Bettye Miller-Milt Abel.
 O.G.'s: Jimmy Eds.
 Playboy: Pete Eye.
 Plaza III: Caroline Harris.
 The Place: Baby Lovett, wknds.
 Twelfth of Never: Sam Alexander.
 Vanguard: Frank Smith, Sun.
 Venture In: George Salsbury-Arch Martin,
 wknds.
 Voo Doo Village: Frank Smith, sessions, Sun.
 afternoon.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony
 Page.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
 Gollywog: Armand Hug.
 Haven: Keith Smith, wknds.
 Hollie's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.
 Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.
 Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum
 Russell, lfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy
 hbs.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-
 noon.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night
 Owls, Sat.
 Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.
 afternoon.

LOS ANGELES

Bonerville: Don Ellis, Mon.
 Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, Fri.-Sun.
 Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
 China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
 Ciseo's (Manhattan Beach): Allen Fisher, alter-
 nate Tue.
 Club Cashah: Dolo Coker, Harry Edison.
 Donte's (North Hollywood): Hampton Hawes,
 Tue.-Thur. Pete Jolly, Fri.-Sat. Jimmie Rowles,
 Sun.-Mon.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron,
 wknds.
 Guys & Dolls (Sepulveda): El Dorado Jazz
 Band, Fri.-Sat.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
 International Hotel: Joe Loco.
 Jack London's (San Gabriel): Clyde Amsler,
 Wed., Fri.-Sat.
 Jazz Corner: John Lemon.
 La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mongo Santama-
 ria to 10/16. Eldee Young, Red Holt,
 10/16-20. Howard Rumsay, Mon.-Tue.
 Marty's: Lou Rivera.
 Melody Room: Ocie Smith, Mary Jenkins.
 Memory Lane: name groups nightly.

Nite Life: Jimmy Hamilton.
 Norm's Greenlino (Pasadena): Ray Dewey,
 Fri.-Sat.
 Orange County Fairgrounds (Costa Mesa):
 Pacific Jazz Festival, 10/7-9.
 Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
 Pled Piper: Ike Isaacs.
 Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saun-
 ders, Fri.-Sat.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Boh Corwin, hbs.
 Prime Rib (Newport Beach): Jan Deneau,
 Thur.-Sat.
 Rama Room (Studio City): Paul Sorenson, Mon.
 Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
 Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.
 Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.
 Royal Roman Inn (Santa Ana): Fred Carroll.
 Sandpiper (Playa del Rey): Don Rader, Sun.-
 Mon.
 Shankey's: Burt Wilson, Fri.-Sat.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Stan Kenton to 10/9. Paul
 Horn, 10/24-31. Afro-Blues Quintet, Mon.
 Shelly Manne, wknds.
 Sherry's: Mike Melvoin.
 Ship of Fools: Don Rader, Tue.
 Sportsman's Lodge: Stan Worth.
 Tiki: Richard Dorsey.
 Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Kenny Burrell,
 10/7-9. Cannonball Adderley, 10/21-23. Ram-
 sey Lewis, 11/26-27. Hugh Parker, Fri.-Sat.
 White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-
 Sun.
 Woody's Wharf (Newport Beach): Dave Mac-
 kay, Chuck Domanico.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Godfrey Cambridge to 10/16.
 Oscar Peterson, 10/18-29. Stan Kenton, 10/31-
 11/1.
 Roth/And: unk.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy
 Hayes.
 El Matador: unk.
 Half Note: George Duke.
 Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover.
 Hungry in: Clyde Pound, hb.
 Jack's of Sutter: Meri Saunders.
 Jazz Workshop: unk.
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
 Playboy Club: Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hbs.
 The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinola, Tue.-
 Sat. Escovedo Bros., Sun.
 Trident (Sausalito): Jon Hendricks to 10/30.

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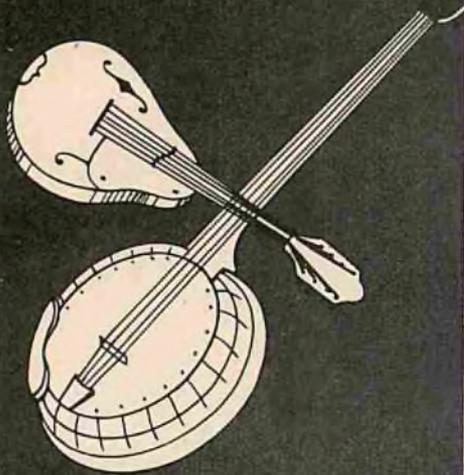
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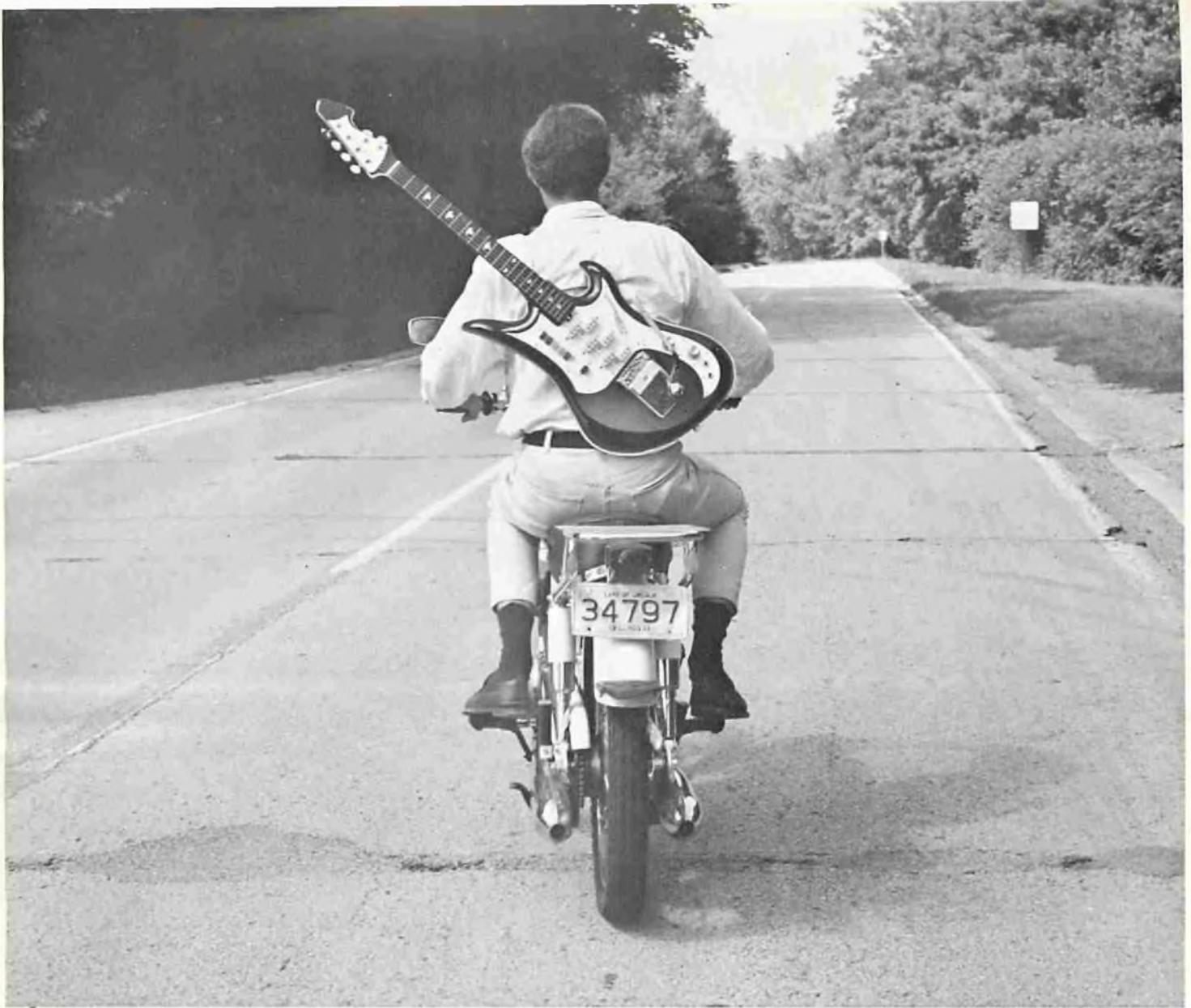
READERS POLL BALLOT

The 31st annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is now under way. For the next six weeks—until midnight, Nov. 2—**Down Beat** readers will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

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

RULES, ETC.:

1. Vote only once. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Nov. 2.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. In voting for **Jazzman of the Year**, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in 1966.
4. In the **Hall of Fame** category, name the jazz performer—living or dead—who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz during his career. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, and Charlie Christian.
5. Vote only for living musicians in other categories.
6. In the **Miscellaneous Instrument** category, a miscellaneous instrument is defined as one not having a category of its own. There are three exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (votes for cornetists and fluegelhornists should be cast in the trumpet category).
7. In naming your choice of **Record of the Year**, select an LP issued during the last 12 months. Include the full album title and artist's name in the spaces provided. If the album you choose is one of a series, indicate which volume number you are voting for.
8. Make only one selection in each category.



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