

NOVEMBER 17, 1966 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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by Nat Hentoff

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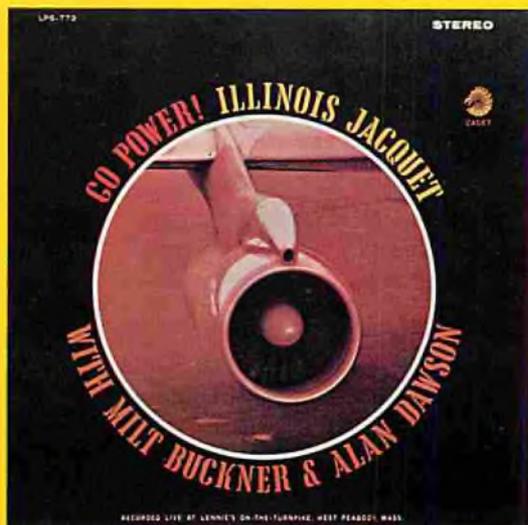
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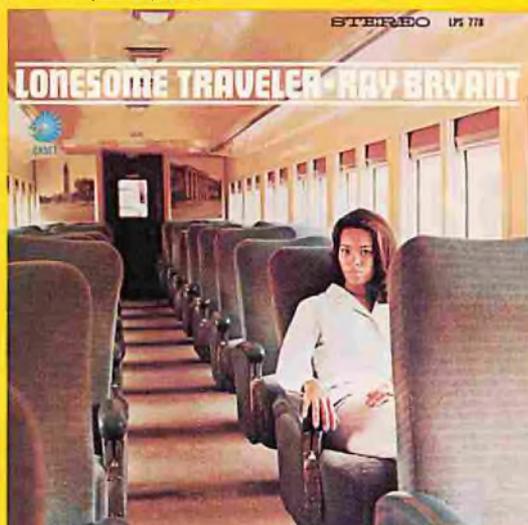
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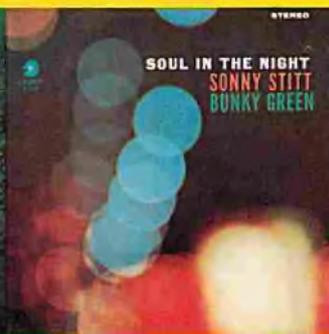
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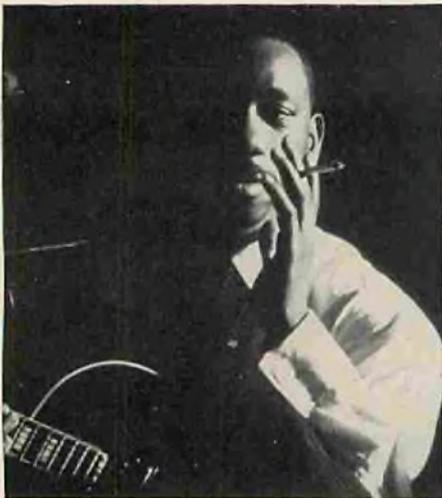
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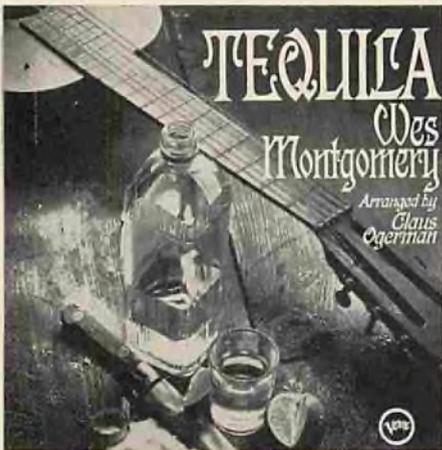


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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Render Unto 'Jazz'...

It is a well-known fact what the mainstream school and the modern school consider a "jazzman." That is the reason for so much dissension about the results of polls. It is about time some clarification or change in identification took place.

In most cases, the modern or contemporary "jazzman" and his followers judge good jazz by technical display, unfamiliar tone quality, and other things which tend to express the "old American custom" of constant newness with complete disregard to the final sound—if it will sell.

The mainstream, or "old-time," jazzman in most cases grew up with the true jazz spirit and feeling which cannot be assimilated otherwise than having lived through a certain period of time when things were less tense and developed the real blues, swing, and inspired "feel" which is completely lost today.

Thus we don't have development—we have two different types of music which sometimes coincide in the way that certain popular tunes are based on classics.

Following the old adage of first come first serve, although we can't clearly define the borderlines, I think the youngsters should come up with a new name rather than "jazz" to identify their music and leave our sacred vintage alone with the name jazz. We are a people of category and classification, regretfully. Therefore, one should not try to identify with something he is not.

Malcolm D. (Mat) Nevins
Arlington, Va.

Sharp Eyes

Watch those captions, please! Accompanying the article *Minister of Jazz* by George Hoefler (DB, Oct. 6) is a picture whose caption reads "The Rev. Gensel . . . at a club listening to drummer Max Roach's group."

If anyone had bothered to look at the picture with any degree of care they would have realized that that isn't "Max Roach's group." The bassist is Charles Mingus and the pianist is Randy Weston, and if I'm not mistaken the picture was taken during a TV show presented in 1963 (I think) on the NBC *Here and Now* series; it was done at the Village Gate. And, may I add, all three musicians were featured equally during the show.

Harvey Goddard
New York City

Reader Goddard is correct on all counts.

Rebound In Helsinki

Jazz keeps taking its lumps and bounding back, not only in the States but in many overseas locales. It is a great relief and pleasure to report that now, after a disturbing hiatus, jazz is regaining its customary force in Helsinki, Finland.

The outlet for musicians was wiped out when the Old House Jazz Club closed, but an encouraging bit of leadership was

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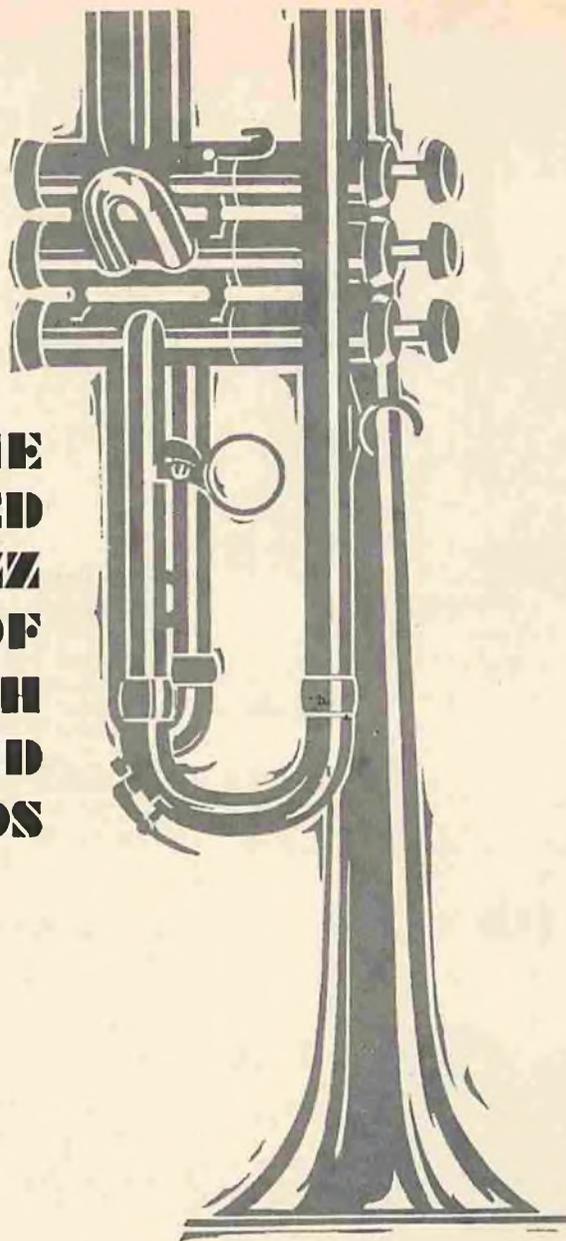
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shown by one of the country's leading co-operatives, Elanto, which sponsored a tasteful suite of rooms in the Finnish capital and invited the jazzmen-at-large to sit in. The site is called the E-Club, and the music varies from bop to Kansas City to avant-garde to Dixie.

Jazz is contagious, and the E-Club is stimulating both performers and listeners. Leading jazzmen in the resurgence are tenorist Seppo Rannikko, drummer Matti Koskiala, pianist Heikki Sarmanto, bassist Teppo Hautaako, drummer Chris Schwindt, and myself on trumpet.

We are happy for this better jazz condition and wish to share the good news with *Down Beat*.

Bob LaPlante,
Diplomatic Courier
American Consulate General,
Frankfurt/M, Germany

Justice Done

We read Don Nelsen's profile of Walter Bishop Jr. (*DB*, Sept. 8) with one of those great "there's justice in the world after all" feelings.

It's about time people started paying a little tribute to Walter. Not only is he a really fine musician, but his critical faculties—whether in terms of life or art—are finely honed. Listening to him—on the piano or otherwise—is always a pleasure.

Mr., Mrs. Ronald L. Gibel
New York City

'Sittin' In' Outstanding

I was pleased to pick up my copy of *Down Beat* and read Art Hodes' sensitive piece on John T. Schenck (*DB*, Oct. 6). John would have liked that.

John's world was that of the Chicago jazzman. He formed many personal ties—the Yanceys, Lee Collins, Little Brother Montgomery, Don Ewell, George Zack, Earl Murphy—to name just a few.

Nice job, Art!

Bob Downs
San Francisco, Calif.

Jazz' Cousin Rock

In *Chords & Discords* (*DB*, Oct. 6), you published a letter by a reader who maintained that by *DB's* devoting space to rock groups it is becoming less jazz-oriented. However, I take quite an opposite stand on this question.

Obviously, many people believe that rock and jazz are two different forms of music. But I don't believe this is true. After all, what is jazz by definition? Jazz is a many-faceted thing, and the forms of music considered "jazz" are big band, bebop, and avant-garde. And yet each of these forms carry distinctly different sounds. So, why not rock? After all, both jazz and rock had the same origin. They both originated from the black American. If rock isn't a form of jazz itself, then it most certainly is a close cousin and deserves some coverage in *DB*.

DB's occasional coverage of rock does not make it any less a jazz magazine. On the contrary, it makes *DB* a leader in the world of jazz by giving coverage to all of its many faces.

Michael Pastorkovich
Monessen, Pa.

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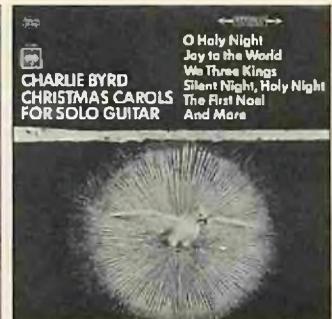
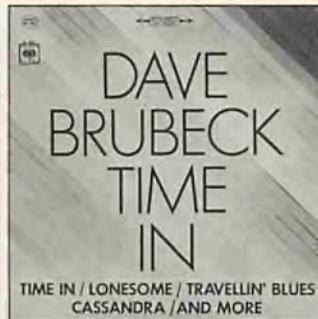
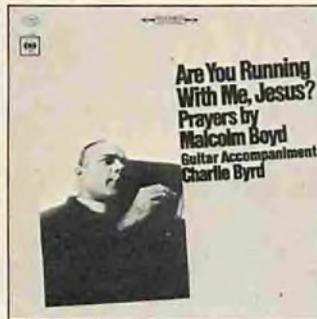
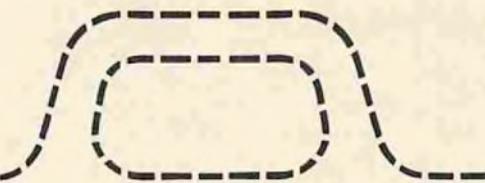
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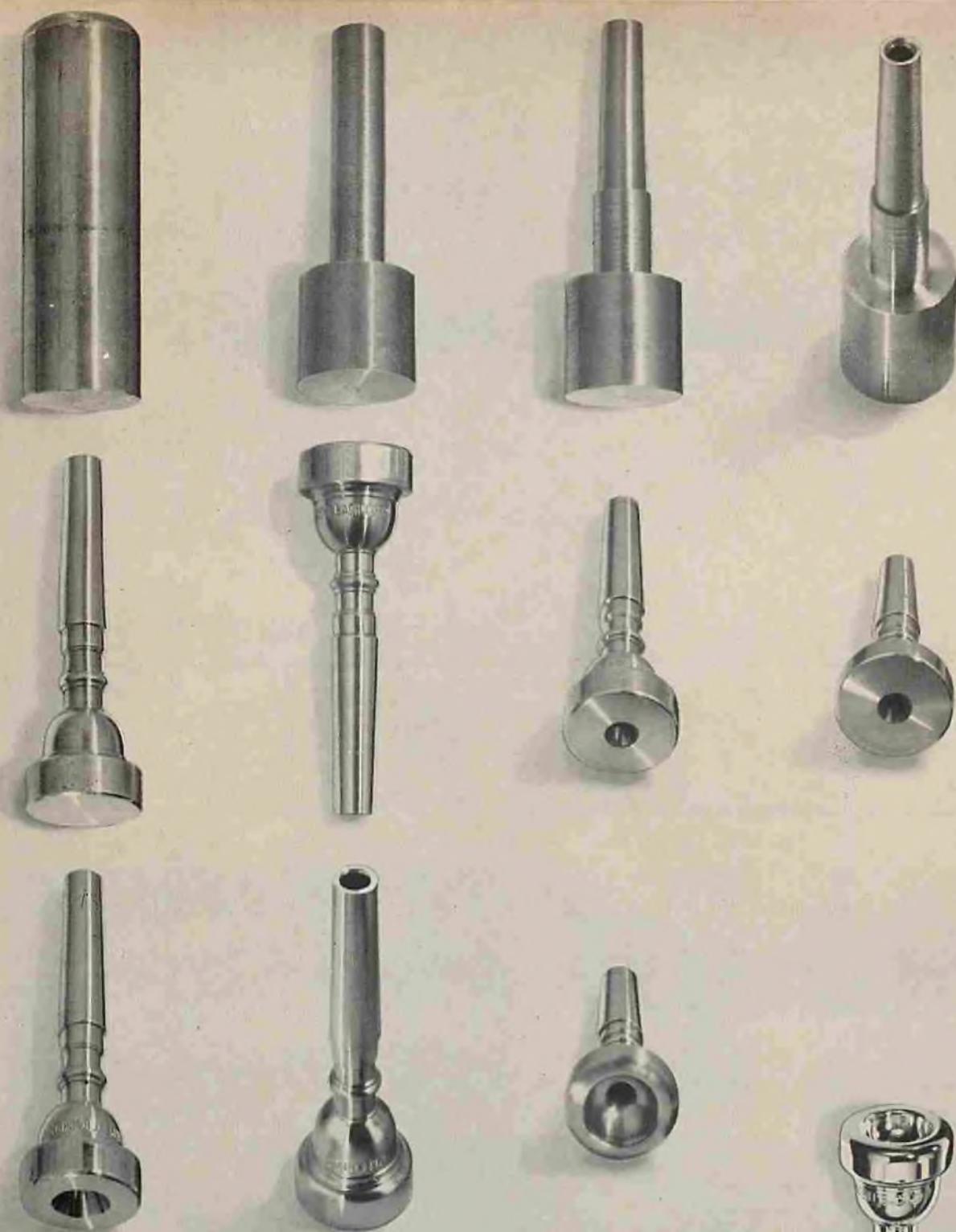
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Dave Lambert Killed

Dave Lambert, 49, who in recent years was fond of referring to himself as "the world's oldest bebop singer," was killed near Westport on the Connecticut Turnpike early Oct. 3, when a trailer truck struck him while he was changing a flat tire on his car. A motorist assisting Lambert also was killed. The truck driver was charged with negligent homicide.

David Alden Lambert, born in Boston, Mass., had a colorful career. He worked as a drummer for three seasons with the Hugh McGuinness Trio in New England in the late '30s; then he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps and became a tree surgeon. He was a paratrooper in the U.S. Army from 1940 to 1943, followed by a stint as a vocalist with the Johnny Long



LEE TANNER

LAMBERT

Accident ends colorful career.

Band. After a time with Hi, Lo, Jack, and the Dame, a vocal group, he joined Gene Krupa's band, singing with and arranging for the G-Notes, a vocal group that also included the late Buddy Stewart.

It was with Krupa's band that Stewart and Lambert recorded his *What's This?*, the first bebop vocal on a record, in January, 1945. After leaving Krupa, Lambert worked briefly with Harry James, led a vocal quartet in the Broadway show *Are You with It?*, and recorded for numerous small jazz labels with his own vocal groups.

Later, Lambert was active as a contractor and arranger for vocal groups working in films, radio, television, and recording. He also wrote arrangements for Carmen McRae and Charlie Parker during this period.

In 1957 he teamed with singer-lyricist Jon Hendricks in scoring a vocal-group arrangement of Woody Herman's hit, *Four Brothers*. The record was not commercially successful, but the budding partnership with Hendricks expanded to include British singer Annie Ross and soon blossomed out into Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

The trio recorded a set of Count Basie big-band arrangements in early 1958 and appeared in person for the first time at the Randall's Island Jazz Festival that year. The group's unique vocal adaptations of instrumental solos, plus musical wit,

captured the public, and it soon became, as *Down Beat* called it, "the hottest new group in jazz."

For the next three years, the trio appeared at jazz festivals, recorded prolifically, toured major night clubs here and abroad, and won numerous jazz polls, including the *Down Beat* and *Playboy* readers polls. In April, 1963, Miss Ross left the group and was replaced by Ceylonese actress-singer Yolande Bavan. Two years later, Lambert resigned from the group, which soon disbanded.

After a brief period with a vocal quintet of his own, Lambert returned to contracting and arranging work in the New York studios, doing single engagements as a singer, and some acting stints. He starred in a short jazz film, *Audition*, and, at the time of his death, had completed work in a pilot film for a projected TV series.

Funeral services were held Oct. 5 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in New York City, the Rev. John G. Gensel officiating. Composer John Benson Brooks delivered the eulogy, and guitarist Jim Hall and tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims played *Always*, Lambert's favorite tune.

A benefit was held at the Village Gate Oct. 23, and a commemorative concert, proceeds from which are scheduled for a music scholarship in Lambert's name, is being planned for early 1967. The singer is survived by a daughter, Dee.

Europe Beckons

Europe continues as a strong attraction for U. S. jazzmen. Among the latest to play engagements there was tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp's quartet (Roswell Rudd, trombone; Charlie Haden, bass; Beaver Harris, drums), which spent 2½ weeks in Stockholm, Sweden, in late September and early October. The group gave two concerts at the state theater there; did three nights at the Golden Circle, now on a part-time-only jazz policy; and performed for a Swedish student organization.

Guitarist-composer Attila Zoller was in Germany to record his score for the new Gunter Grass film *Cat and Mouse*. While there, Zoller also made an LP with trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff and appeared at a jazz festival in Nuernberg.

Vibraharpist Dave Pike left New York Oct. 17 for a lengthy European stay. He will do five weeks at the Jazz Gallery in Berlin, appear at the Berlin Jazz Festival this weekend, and do recording and television work, followed by a two-week tour of other German cities. Subsequently, the vibraharpist will play at the Golden Circle in Stockholm, the Montmartre in Copenhagen and work in France and Spain.

Impresario Norman Granz will shepherd a Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe on a European tour that begins Nov. 19. The personnel will be trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry; tenor saxophonists Coleman Hawkins, James Moody, and Zoot Sims; pianist Teddy Wilson; bassist

Bob Cranshaw; and drummer Louie Bellson. Featured vocalist with the concert package will be T-Bone Walker.

The tour begins in Amsterdam, Holland, and will wend its way through Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, Belgium, England, and France, closing in Paris on Dec. 5.

Big Bands Busy

Stan Kenton's prophecy that the big-band field will explode again "in not more than three years" (*DB*, Nov. 3) may be coming true—and a lot quicker than he thought. For example, three leaders of earlier days—Earl Hines, Charlie Barnet, and Cab Calloway—are, or have been recently, leading full orchestras.

Hines, who since breaking up his big band in the '40s has led small groups of various sizes and instrumentations, currently is ensconced with a 15-piecer at New York City's Mark Twain Riverboat. Sharing the spotlight with the pianist is singer Ella Fitzgerald (who led her own big band many years ago).

Barnet just finished a two-week run with 16 of Hollywood's finest at Los Angeles' Chez. Fronting a New York crew, saxophonist Barnet is scheduled to open Dec. 15 at Basin Street East in Manhattan.

Before Hines' stint, singer Calloway, whose big band of the '30s and '40s was home to many excellent jazzmen, conducted a large group at the Riverboat.

While Calloway was at the Riverboat, the Woody Herman Herd laid it down for audiences at Basin Street East, paving the way for singer Lloyd Price and his 16-piecer. Following Price at the club was drummer Buddy Rich and his new big band, which will stay through November.

Barnet's return to the uncertainties of the big-band field follows a five-year hiatus from music.

"Before that," he told *Down Beat*, "I was leading dance bands until I just couldn't take it any more. It got to the point where if a young fellow came up to the bandstand, I'd say 'drop dead' before he had a chance to say anything."

Barnet thought about that for a moment, then added, "Funny thing . . . it's possible he might have wanted an autograph or to tell me he thinks the band is the greatest.

"I won't go on tour, but I'll work any dates where I don't have to play for dancing. I've asked Bill Holman to write a new book for me, and, of course, we'll be using some of the old things too."

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, things were not going smoothly for prophet Kenton. He dissolved his business association with Sid Garis and Gus Greif—which probably means the end for Kenton's Neophonic Orchestra.

According to the leader, the 27-piece contemporary-jazz orchestra is running approximately \$30,000 in the red following its first two seasons (of four concerts each) at the Los Angeles Music Center, and

A Reply to Nat Hentoff

As a practicing professional in the field of jazz for almost 30 years, I long ago learned to ignore the jazz reporters. I say reporters, because with the exception of two or three writers of jazz who qualify as critics, most are engaged in a kind of reportage of their emotions—political and racial more often than musical—and in inventorying their impressions of the jazz scene.

But finally one gets fed up with some of the amateurish nonsense that's printed in *Down Beat*. A case in point is Nat Hentoff's *Second Chorus* in the Oct. 20 issue.

Hentoff, a pseudo-social scientist, has devised a curious kind of Parkinson's Law wherein he bends fact to fit his conclusion; moreover, he does it with



GRANZ: "... finally one gets fed up."

such smug arrogance. "Tell me not of cost accounting," he cries. "Where are Bob Thiele, Alfred Lion, and Nesuhi Ertegun?" He can't, as a sometime a&r man, be in the same room with the aforementioned a&r men professionally in terms of his contribution to jazz. He neglects to add that in every one of his pitiful forays into a&r work he bombed, not only economically, which can be demonstrated statistically, but artistically as well. What did he ever contribute of lasting worth in recordings? And his jazz-concert impresario activities sank without a ripple. Why? Too successful?

Does it ever occur to Hentoff and others like him that an a&r man—Ertegun of Atlantic records, for instance—may have an honest, different taste from theirs? That, moreover, Ertegun's track record in producing and subsidizing good jazz for years may give him more right to decide what should be recorded than captious suggestions by the Hentoffs?

Hentoff is sure that Cecil Taylor will sell enough records to cover recording costs. (Incidentally, I hope Taylor gets all the record gigs he can handle.) I'm sure if Taylor, or anyone else who Hentoff lists, sells enough to merit recording and to make a profit for the company, then the line forms on the right to record them. And why, when he was a&r man at Candid records, didn't Hentoff do the definitive recording of Vic Dickenson? Vic was around;

he was ready to record. And why didn't Hentoff record Pee Wee Russell in "optimum surroundings"?

And why the bug up his nose about Ella Fitzgerald? I know she didn't suffer—obviously, that is—as much as Billie Holiday, and in Hentoff's lexicon that's a crime. Hentoff once admitted to me that he thought anything that Billie Holiday did at any time in her career was five stars. But he admitted that he couldn't defend that position critically or artistically. Yet he said that's the way he felt and that's the way he judged her records when called upon to do so.

But with great contradiction he doesn't give Ella Fitzgerald the same treatment. He used to vote for her as the best singer in jazz. Now does he really feel that she's dropped down that much that her records shouldn't be released any longer? Either he disqualifies himself because of his peculiar standards of judgment, which have nothing to do with music, or he must consistently apply the same criteria to every artist. In fact, I'm curious that Hentoff is so impoverished a writer that the best he can do to elevate the singers he likes is to derogate Ella.

And I question his honesty: when did he last hear an Ella Fitzgerald album? When did he discover that she became so facile, in the pejorative sense that he used; and how accurate is he when he says that Ella Fitzgerald albums "pour forth"? So far this year she has had only one album released, and that with Duke Ellington. I wonder if Hentoff judges that to be merely "facile" singing? In fact, I wonder if Nat Hentoff ever has any misgivings that perhaps, in the face of all the musicians and singers—in short, the real pros—who proclaim Ella's greatness, that his own opinion might be open to just a little self-doubt and re-examination.

And finally: his incredible naivete in recommending to Betty Carter that she "might well do better to go to Europe for a while." What does he know about European recordings? Does he really think that the European record companies (even in those countries not at war/peace with Viet Nam) do better by jazz artists—their own or others?

Either let him get his facts in order or shut up.

—Norman Granz

A Reply to a Reply:

Norman Granz' accomplishments for jazz, which have been considerable, have seldom been accompanied by a capacity to respect opinions differing from his own. That self-righteous incapacity has apparently grown in direct ratio to his distance from the current jazz scene.

Factual note: I've never been a concert or any other kind of impresario.

—Nat Hentoff

with prospects dim for the emergence of a financial angel (individuals or foundations), the chance of a Neophonic season has all but vanished this year. However, Kenton is still clinging to a slim hope.

"We're going to try everything we can to put on at least two concerts this season," he said, "But frankly, I don't know where the money is coming from."

While its big brother flounders, though, the Junior Neophonic is flourishing. Kenton, who heads that organization with Jack Wheaton of Cerritos College, said, "The Junior Neophonic, made up strictly of college kids, put on two concerts last year, and will play four this season."

As for Kenton's near-future activities, he will tour with his present band. "I've got to get out and meet more people and be seen and heard by more people," he said. "We're going to travel each spring and fall instead of just in the summer."

Flurries of big-band activity have not been rare during the last 10 years, but what may be a significant indication that this time the bands just might come back was the opening of a new kind of discotheque, the Tamburlaine in New York—the club's loud-speakers blare forth only vintage big-band records. Now, there's a real sign of something in the air.

Potpourri

Evansville, Ind., in 1960-61 the site of the now-defunct Indiana Jazz Festival, will take another fling at jazz spectacularism Nov. 6 when the first Evansville Jazz Festival takes place. Gene Krupa is the headliner, but there will be almost 40 local musicians taking part, among them the **Joe Hary Quartet**, the **Nat Story Quintet**, the **Dixie Muskrats**, and the **Gene Martin-Jack King Band**. Any profits from the venture will be donated to a fund for the American Music Hall of Fame, a projected \$1,000,000 music archive.

Free-jazz concerts are increasingly frequent, but free free-jazz performances are rare. Nonetheless, Hunter College in New York City is the site of such a without-charge series. The **Giuseppe Logan Trio** was first in line, on Oct. 26, and was to be followed by the **Bill Dixon Quartet** on Nov. 2. The **Ric Colbeck Sextet** (with reed man **Byard Lancaster** and cellist **Joel Freedman**) is scheduled for Nov. 23, and the **Burton Greene Quintet** is set for the final concert on Dec. 7.

John S. Wilson is about to embark on a jazz critic's dream: early in November, he will begin a six-week stay in Honolulu as a "scholar in residence" at the University of Hawaii. His duties call for him to sit in the school's library in the afternoon to answer questions about jazz that any student might come up with.

FINAL BAR: Drummer **Vernon L. Brown**, 56, died of cancer at Seattle, Wash., Sept. 29. He was active in Chicago during the '30s and worked extensively in Seattle after settling there in 1943. During his career, Brown worked with many well-

known musicians, among them **Count Basie** and **Louis Jordan**. A fund-raising concert was held in his memory Oct. 16 at AFM Local 76's meeting hall in Seattle. Brown is survived by his widow, **Wanda**, and daughter, **Myna**. . . Trumpeter **Robert (Little Diz) Gay**, 36, died of a heart attack Oct. 10 in Chicago. He had played with such jazzmen as **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Charlie Parker**, and **Lester Young**.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Singer **Bob Crosby** began a six-week stand at the Rainbow Grill Oct. 10 fronting a new edition of his Bobcats. Trumpeter **Yank Lawson**, clarinetist **Matty Matlock**, tenor saxophonist **Eddie Miller**, and bassist **Bob Haggart**—all ex-Crosbyites—are in the group. The octet is filled out with trombonist **Lou McGarity**, pianist **Ralph Sutton**, drummer **Morey Feld**, and the leader's son, guitarist-singer **Chris Crosby**. . . The October line-up at the Village Vanguard included cornetist-violinist **Ray Nance** (who was backed by pianist **Walter Bishop's** trio), pianists **Bill Evans** and **Honore Silver**, and tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins' quartet**. . . Drummer **Max Roach's quintet** played the first of several scheduled weekends at **Hugo's** Oct. 7 and 8. The club, the newest Manhattan jazz spot, is located on Amsterdam Ave. between 140th and 141st streets. It features afternoon jazz workshops during the week, as well as a permanent art gallery. . . Altoist **Ornette Coleman's** trio did three days at **Slug's** recently. . . Trumpeter **Roy Eldridge's** quartet has been held over at **Embers West** through Nov. 20. . . Pianist **Dorothy Donegan's** trio at **Shepherd's** had **Arville Shaw**, bass, and **Bob Pike**, drums. . . Bassist **Jimmy Butts' duo**, with pianist **Juanita Smith**, returns to the **Hotel Summit** Dec. 5 for two months. . . Trombonist **Benny Powell's** quintet performed a concert in the **Cooper Union Forum** series Oct. 28. Earlier in the month, **Powell's** group (**Frank Foster**, tenor saxophone; **Pat Rebillot**, piano; **Bob Cunningham**, bass; **Leo Morris**, drums) was the first group to be featured in three October Jazz Interactions concerts at the **Top of the Gate**. The other two groups were altoist **Marion Brown's** quartet (**Dave Burrell**, piano; **Norris Jones**, bass; **Bobby Kapp**, drums), which performed on Oct. 16, and tenorist **Eddie Daniels' quartet** (**Al Dailey**, piano; **Chuck Israels**, bass; **Mel Lewis**, drums), the feature on Oct. 23. . . With reed man **Tony Scott** at the **Dom** are pianist **Jaki Byard**, bassist **Charlie Haden**, and drummer **Rashid Ali**. . . A Friday night jazz policy was initiated at **Mike & Dave's Restaurant** in downtown Brooklyn with trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen**, clarinetist **Joe Muranyi**, pianist **Don Coates**, and drummer **Sonny Greer** as the first incumbents. . . Alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson's** quintet (**Lonnie Hillyer**, trumpet; **Barry Harris**, piano; **Ray McKinney**, bass; **Billy Higgins**, drums) and solo pianist **Toshiko Akiyoshi** did two weeks at the **Five Spot** prior to drummer **Elvin**

Jones' scheduled opening Oct. 18. . . Drummer **Johnny Fontana's** quartet (**Norm Marnell**, tenor saxophone; **John Mayer**, piano; **Bucky Calabrese**, bass) plays for dancing and listening at the **El Carib** in Brooklyn. . . Cornetist **Bobby Hackett** played his first engagement at the **Half Note** recently. . . Trombonist **Benjie Green's** quartet did two recent weeks at **Minton's**. . . Tenor saxophonist **Zoot Sims**, multireed man **Jerome Richardson**, guitarist **Toots Thielemans**, pianist **Roland Hanna**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Grady Tate** joined for a Sunday session in October at the **Bobin Social Hall** in Rockland County. . . Trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** and trombonist **Marshall Brown** were among the players recently featured at the regular Wednesday sessions at the **Continental** in Fairfield, Conn. . . Vibraharpist **Warren Chiasson**, with **Don Palmer**, alto saxophone, and **Jan Arnet**, bass, is at **P. J. Schwartz** in Queens. Drummer **Don Michael's** trio (**Ellen Starr**, piano, vocals, and **Bob Cunningham**, bass) is there Monday nights. . . Bassist **Paul Chambers** and drummer **Chuck Lampkin** are with pianist **Mike Longo's** house trio at **Embers West**. . . The second concert in the **Ask the Artist** series co-produced by bassist **Chris White** and drummer **Rudy Collins** featured pianist **Bobby Timmons' trio**. Pianist **Herbie Hancock** is to perform Nov. 28. The concerts are held at the **GADA studios**, 11 E. 17th St. . . Byard **Lanester**, performing on flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, alto saxophone, and harmonica with guitarist-banjoist **Sonny Sharrock**, bassist **Jerome Hunter**, and drummer **Bobby Kapp**, gave a recital titled **Dixieland—2000 A.D.** at the **Oriental Rug Gallery** Oct. 7. . . The **Apollo Theater's** October blues show featured singers **B. B. King**, **Odetta**, **T-Bone Walker**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, and **Bobby Blue Bland**. . . Singer **Carol Ventura** did two weeks at the **Living Room** recently. . . **Slug's** Monday night schedule this month includes the groups of pianist **Lamont Johnson** (Nov. 7), multireed man **George Braith** (Nov. 14), drummer **J. C. Moses** (Nov. 21), and alto saxophonist **Robin Kenyatta** (Nov. 28).

CHICAGO: While entertainer **Sammy Davis Jr.** was hospitalized here with an attack of hepatitis, his trombonist, **Al Grey**, played a few nights at **Stan's Pad**. Backing the former **Count Basieite** was the club's house band—pianist **Ken Chaney**, bassist **Melvin Jackson**, and drummer **Bucky Taylor**. . . The **The Ionious Monk Quartet** is scheduled for a Nov. 19 concert appearance at the **University of Illinois' Chicago campus**. The concert will be staged in **Circle Center**, 750 S. Halsted St. **Monk** is scheduled to open at the **Plugged Nickel** Nov. 22. The night before flugelhornist **Art Farmer's** opening last month at the **Nickel**, the **Woody Herman Herd** held sway at the club. The **Three Sounds** came in after **Farmer**. . . The **Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians** has announced a tentative lineup of fall concerts to be led by altoists **Roscoe Mitchell**, **Troy Robinson**, **Joseph Jarman**, **Virgil**

Pumphrey, bassist **Allan Joiner**, and pianist **Richard Abrams**. Dates and locations of the performances were not set at presstime. . . **Mitchell's** quintet gave a concert Oct. 16 at the **Happening** on North Ave. In the altoist's group were trumpeter **Lester Bowie**, violinist **LeRoy Jenkins**, bassist **Malachi Favors**, and drummer **Leonard Smith**. . . The **Salty Dogs** performed at a benefit to raise funds for the **Armitage Methodist Church**. The concert, held at the church Oct. 16, was emceed by **Down Beat's** editor, **Don DeMicheal**, and organized by banjoist **Bob Sundstrom**. . . Tenorist **Sandy Mosse** has been working the **Friday Jazz 'n' Cocktail** sessions at the **Playboy Club**. His group usually includes pianist **Stu Katz**, bassist **Ron Fudoli**, and drummer **Tommy Rudtke**. . . The **Schwall-Segal Blues Band** has replaced the **Monday sessions** at **Mother Blues**. The session slack was taken up last month, though, with **Monday get-togethers** at the recently reopened **Sutherland Lounge**. Performing at a recent session there were trumpeter **Lester Bowie**, alto saxophonists **Sterling Watson** and **Roscoe Mitchell**, tenor saxophonist **John Tinsley**, pianist **Tom Washington**, bassists **Wilbur Ware** and **Sherman Davis**, drummers **Bob Crowder** and **Jerry Griffin**, and congaists **Didymus** and **Vicki Damore**.

LOS ANGELES: The **Chez—Los Angeles' newest nightery** featuring the big bands—opened auspiciously with drummer **Buddy Rich's** band, which included trumpeters **Bobby Shew**, **Walter Battagello**, **Jon Murakami**, **John Sottile**, trombonists **Jim Tumble**, **John Boice**, **Dennis Good**, reed men **Gene Quill**, **Pete Yellin**, **Jay Corre**, **Marty Flax**, **Steve Perlow**, pianist **John Bunch**, guitarist **Larry Zweig**, and bassist **Carson Smith**. Most of the band's arrangements are by **Oliver Nelson** and **Bill Holman**, with **Bill Reddie** and **Herb Phillips** also contributing. One night during **Rich's** stand found **Tony Bennett**, **Eddie Fisher**, **Connie Francis**, and **Judy Garland** taking turns singing with the band. Comedian **Milton Berle** then announced, "If all the contestants will return to the stage, we will pick a winner." . . . Two big bands in a row fulfilled engagements at **Shelly's Manne-Hole**: **Gil Evans**, with essentially the same crew that lost the battle of acoustics at **Monterey**, followed by **Stan Kenton's** crew. In the **Evans** band were **Al Porcino**, **Johnny Coles**, trumpets; **Kenny Shroyer**, trombone; **Henry Sigismonti**, **Richard Perissi**, French horns; **Howard Johnson**, tuba; **Billy Harper**, **Jay Migliore**, reeds; **Evans**, piano; **Mike Anthony**, guitar; **Don Moore** (**Ray Brown** occasionally), bass; **Elvin Jones**, drums. The same personnel played the **Pacific Jazz Festival**, Oct. 7-9, in **Costa Mesa, Calif.**. . . Cars have been spotted in the **Los Angeles** area with bumper stickers, fore and aft, asking "Where Is **Don Ellis**?" A number of record companies reportedly have been courting **Ellis** since his 20-piece band broke things up at the **Monterey Jazz Festival**. . . A lecture-and-performance series—**The Negro** and the **Arts**—began

(Continued on page 48)

the truth is marching in

by nat hentoff



IN A RESTAURANT-BAR IN Greenwich Village, tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler was ruminating on the disparity between renown and income. In his case, anyway. Covers of his albums are prominent in the windows of more and more jazz record stores; references to him are increasingly frequent in jazz magazines, here and abroad; a growing number of players are trying to sound like him.

"I'm a new star, according to a magazine in England," Ayler said, "and I don't even have fare to England. Record royalties? I never see any. Oh, maybe I'll get \$50 this year. One of my albums, *Ghosts*, won an award in Europe. And the company didn't even tell me about that. I had to find out another way."

All this is said in a soft voice and with a smile but not without controlled exasperation. Bitterness would be too strong a term for the Ayler speaking style. He is concerned with inner peace and tries to avoid letting the economic frustrations of the jazz life corrode him emotionally. It's not easy to remain calm, but Ayler so far appears to be.

In manner, he is reminiscent of John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet—a gentle exterior with a will of steel, a shy laugh, and a constant measuring of who you are and what you want. Ayler's younger brother, trumpeter Don, is taller, equally serious, and somewhat less given to smiling.

"I went for a long time without work," Albert said. "Then George Wein asked me to come to Europe with a group of other people for 11 days starting Nov. 3. I hope to be able to add five or six days on my own after I'm there. Henry Grimes and Sonny Murray will be with Don and me. But before I heard from Wein, I'd

an interview with albert & don ayler

stopped practicing for three weeks. I was going through a *thing*. Here I am in *Time*, in *Vogue*, in other places. But no work. My spirits were very low."

"That's what they call the testing period," Don volunteered. "First you get exploited while the music is being examined to see if it has any value. Then when they find there's an ideology behind it, that there's substance to it, they'll accept it as a new form."

"What is its ideology?" I asked.

"To begin with," Albert answered, "we are the music we play. And our commitment is to peace, to understanding of life. And we keep trying to purify our music, to purify ourselves, so that we can move ourselves—and those who hear us—to higher levels of peace and understanding. You have to purify and crystallize your sound in order to hypnotize. I'm convinced, you see, that through music, life can be given more meaning. And every kind of music has an influence—either direct or indirect—on the world around it so that after a while the sounds of different types of music go around and bring about psychological changes. And we're trying to bring about peace. In his way, for example, that's what Coltrane, too, is trying to do.

"To accomplish this, I must have spiritual men playing with me. Since we are the music we play, our way of life has to be clean or else the music can't be kept pure."

This meant, he continued, that he couldn't work with someone addicted to narcotics or who otherwise is emotionally unstable.

"I couldn't use a man hung up with drugs, because he'd draw from the energy we need to concentrate on the music," Ayler said. "Fortunately, I've never had that problem. I need people who are clear in their minds as well as in their music, people whose thought waves are positive. You must know peace to give peace."

"You can hear what we're talking about," Don emphasized, "in the sound of the musicians we've worked with. It's a pure sound, like crystal."

"Like Gary Peacock," Albert said.

"That is," he said, smiling thinly, "if you can hear it on the kind of recordings we make. Except maybe for *Ghosts*, we have yet to be recorded right. So far, they've just run us into a studio and out again with never time to get a real balance. That's the worst way to exploit an artist. When I hear how well Coltrane is recorded on Impulse, I feel all the more keenly what is lost of us when we record."

"We're still in the position," Don added, "of the guy blowing a harp on a corner years ago, and some record man comes up to him and says, 'We'll give you something to drink while you play into this tape recorder, and we'll see what you can do.'"

The image of the harmonica player on the corner stirred Albert to a reminiscent smile, and he said, "I

used to blow footstool when I was 2. My mother told me how I'd hold it up to my mouth and blow, as if it were a horn."

THE ELDER AYLER brother was born in Cleveland, Ohio, July 13, 1936.

"My father played violin, and he also played tenor somewhat like Dexter Gordon," he said. "He played locally and traveled, but he never was where he wanted to be musically. He thought I might get to where he wanted to be; so when I was young, he *insisted* I practice, sometimes beating me to play when I'd rather be out on the street with the other kids.

"On Sundays I'd play duets with him at church. I started on alto, and gradually I began to work with various rhythm-and-blues combos, including Little Walter's. As for training, my father taught me until I was 10, and from 10 to 18, I studied at the Academy of Music with Benny Miller, who had played in Cleveland with Bird and Diz and who had also spent about four years in Africa. My technique grew to the point that in high school, I always played first chair."

For three years, Albert was in the Army. "It was at that time," he said, "that I switched to tenor. It seemed to me that on the tenor you could get out all the feelings of the ghetto. On that horn you can shout and really tell the truth. After all, this music comes from the heart of America, the soul of the ghetto."

"Do you feel, then, that only black men can play this kind of music?" I asked.

Ayler laughed and said, "There are ghettos everywhere, including in everybody's head."

"What this music is," Don added, "is one individual's suffering—through his imagination—to find peace."

"In the Army," Albert said, returning to autobiography, "we'd have to play concert music six and seven hours a day. But after that, we'd always practice to find new forms. The C.O. in the band would say about my playing during those times, 'He's insane. Don't talk to him. Stay away from him.' But all the guys—and Lewis Worrell was one of them—were just as interested as I was in getting deeper into ourselves musically."

Two years of that Army service were spent in France, and in off-base hours, Ayler played at the Blue Note and other Paris clubs. On being discharged in 1961, he stayed in Europe for a time. There were eight months in Sweden during which he traveled through the country in a commercial unit that included a singer.

"I remember one night in Stockholm," he said, "I started to play what was in my soul. The promoter pulled me off the stage. So I went to play for little Swedish kids in the subway. They heard my cry. That was in 1962. Two years later I was back with my own group—Don Cherry, Sonny Murray, Gary Peacock. The promoter woke up. He didn't pull me off the stage that time."

By 1963 Ayler was back in the United States. He

was heard in New York with pianist Cecil Taylor, and the word began to spread that whatever was going to happen in the music in the years ahead, Albert Ayler would be an important force. But lack of work at the time sent him back to Cleveland.

"Our parents are very understanding," he said. "When the economics get to be too much, we've always been able to go back home, work out new tunes, and keep the music going."

In 1964 Albert was back in Europe with bassist Peacock and drummer Murray, picking up trumpeter Cherry who was already there. Their tour included Sweden and Holland. Since then, records Ayler made in Europe and albums he recorded here for ESP have strengthened his reputation and have intensified curiosity about his work. But club and concert work remains exceedingly rare.

DON AYLER, born in Cleveland Oct. 5, 1942, was taught alto saxophone by his father. While studying at the Cleveland Settlement, he switched to trumpet when he was about 13.

"I enjoyed the trumpet more," Don explained, "because for me, it was possible to deliver a more personal feeling and explore a greater range on that instrument."

In 1963 the younger Ayler went to Sweden. "I wanted to free my mind from America," he said, "and I wanted to find my own form—not only in music but in thought and in the way I used my imagination. After four months in Stockholm, I felt my imagination wasn't being stimulated any more. And I wanted to be a free body, moving. So I went up to the North Pole. I hitchhiked three or four thousand miles to a place called Jokkmockk."

"With a big pack on his back," Albert added admiringly.

"In 1964," Don continued, "I came back home to Cleveland, and for three months, I just stayed in the house, practicing nine and 10 hours a day."

I asked the brothers about the primary influence on their music.

"Lester Young," Albert answered. "The way he connected his phrases. The freedom with which he flowed. And his warm tone. When he and Billie Holiday got together, there was so much beauty. These are the kind of people who produce a spiritual truth beyond this civilization. And Bird, of course. I met him in 1955 in Cleveland, where they were calling me 'Little Bird.' I saw the spiritual quality in the man. He looked at me, smiled, and shook my hand. It was a warm feeling. I was impressed by the way he—and later, Trane—played the changes.

"There was also Sidney Bechet. I was crazy about him. His tone was unbelievable. It helped me a lot to learn that a man could get that kind of tone. It was hypnotizing—the strength of it, the strength of the vibrato. For me, he represented the true spirit, the full force of life, that many of the older musicians had—like in New Orleans jazz—and which many musicians today don't have. I hope to bring that spirit

back into the music we're playing."

"The thing about New Orleans jazz," Don broke in, "is the feeling it communicated that something was about to happen, and it was going to be *good*."

"Yes," Albert said, "and we're trying to do for now what people like Louis Armstrong did at the beginning. Their music was a rejoicing. And it was *beauty* that was going to happen. As it was at the beginning, so will it be at the end."

As for Don's influences, they were John Coltrane, Parker, Eric Dolphy, and, later, Clifford Brown and Booker Little.

"Also Freddie Webster," he emphasized. "One of the best trumpet players there ever was."



I asked the brothers how they would advise people to listen to their music.

"One way not to," Don said, "is to focus on the notes and stuff like that. Instead, try to move your imagination toward the sound. It's a matter of following the sound."

"You have to relate sound to sound inside the music," Albert said. "I mean you have to try to listen to everything together."

"Follow the sound," Don repeated, "the pitches, the colors. You have to watch them move."

"This music is good for the mind," Albert continued. "It frees the mind. If you just listen, you find out more about yourself."

"It will educate people," Don said, "to another level of peace."

"It's really free, spiritual music, not just free music," Albert said. "And as for playing it, other musicians worry about what *they're* playing. But we're listening

to *each other*. Many of the others are not playing together, and so they produce noise. It's screaming, it's neo-avant-garde music. But we are trying to rejuvenate that old New Orleans feeling that music can be played *collectively* and with free form. Each person finds his own form. Like Cecil Taylor has beautiful form. And listen to Ornette Coleman—rhythmic form.

"When I say free form, I don't mean everybody does what he wants to. You have to listen to each other, you have to improvise collectively."

"You have to hear the relationship of a free sound when it happens," Don said, "and know it's right and then know what the next one will be."

"I'm using modes now," Albert said, "because I'm trying to get more form in the free form. Furthermore, I'd like to play something—like the beginning of *Ghosts*—that people can hum. And I want to play songs like I used to sing when I was real small. Folk melodies that all the people would understand. I'd use those melodies as a start and have different simple melodies going in and out of a piece. From simple melody to complicated textures to simplicity again and then back to the more dense, the more complex sounds. I'm trying to communicate to as many people as I can. It's late now for the world. And if I can help raise people to new plateaus of peace and understanding, I'll feel my life has been worth living as a spiritual (Continued on page 40)

IT IS OBVIOUS that the new jazz is here to stay. Few young musicians who feel drawn to jazz will be attracted to anything other than today's avant-garde. In light of this, it is the critic's central task to try to determine the viable directions the music is taking. It is not the critic's proper job to engage in partisan tactics on the behalf of some style to which he is personally attached and consign all other methods to the rubbish bin.

The current devotion to "political" and pejorative ranting on the part of both critics and musicians has, perhaps, its own value. But in the meantime, the tasks of explication and evaluation remain.

The development, then, of the new jazz probably depends on the emergence of some dominant figures who will determine its course, as such figures have in the past. Without the presence of such players, the new jazz may well founder in a sea of competing alternatives, none of which may achieve realization if there is no one to pull them together and realize some common style that can be consolidated by the talents of lesser musicians.

The strongest contender for this position seems to be tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler. With this in mind it is worthwhile to consider where he comes from and to attempt to discern where he may be going. With someone who has recorded as seldom as Ayler, and whose public appearances have been so few, the difficulties of assessing his work are considerable.

However, his recording of *Summertime* provides a good starting point.

It is clear that his technique of melodic development comes, stylistically, directly from the work of Sonny Rollins and Thelonious Monk. Ayler carefully restructures the George Gershwin melody into a plaintive statement of exacerbated lyricism. He never really leaves the melody; rather he concentrates on a shaping of its contours that amounts to an exploration of its rhythmic and lyric possibilities.

Nevertheless, the presence of a conventional post-bop rhythm section hampers his efforts. The pianist tries to guide him harmonically in irrelevant directions, and the drums only accent futilely, for the obvious fact is that Ayler's rhythmic manner comes from John Coltrane. He requires a non-timekeeping rhythm section that will provide a thick backdrop of percussion around which he can weave a line that sings with his vibrato and cellolike timbres.

On his ESP trio date drummer Sonny Murray and bassist Gary Peacock

give him the type of accompaniment he needs—Peacock plays contrarhythmically and contramelodically to Ayler's line while Murray's drums lay down an independent quasi-melodic pattern with which Ayler interlaces his improvisation.

With this sort of sympathetic backdrop, Ayler displays his full talent. The almost hypnotic quality of his harsh, brooding tone and line sets up an emotional ambience of deep, nearly shattering desolation. *Spirits* and the second version of *Ghosts* are ad-

whither albert ayler ?

BY HENRY WOODFIN

mirable exhibitions of his skill.

However, it is also apparent that Ayler docs have certain problems.

The highly tense emotional atmosphere of the improvisations seems to incline him to rather gratuitous howls and snorts that do not, as similar devices in the hands of Rollins do, further the consistent development of his variations. Rather, they seem like fill-ins to cover the momentary failure of inspiration or planning. They work as fillers, much as the fast runs of arpeggios to which the less skillful—and some of the more adept as well—bop players resorted.

Similar problems of full articulation are to be found in the concert recording *Bells*. Ayler's work here seems again fragmentary, although this is offset by those fragments that succeed

in consistency and lyricism.

Certainly the merely emotion-charged howls and shrieks Ayler contributes can be considered as errors of the still-maturing musician playing in an atmosphere thick with intense feeling. Nevertheless, one must ask of any performer that his performance be clearly expressed and worked out. The only alternative is John Cage, and I don't think that is Ayler's way.

The direction that seems more promising for him—and it demands talent and control—is to work further with the technique of "free" improvisation.

Such a procedure requires that both Ayler and his fellow performers achieve the highest sensitivity to each other and their respective styles. It has been the failure of stylistic congruity that has damaged the attempts at "free" jazz from Ornette Coleman to Coltrane. However, considering the relative novelty of the method, it is still too soon to expect any but the most halting of successes. But it does seem that this sort of approach is the only one that can save the jazz musician from the pitfalls of the repetition of the past and the inarticulate grunt.

Of course, an examination as cursory as this cannot take account of many of the major problems facing both Ayler and the other new jazzmen. For instance, without its traditional audience-base in the Negro community, will the new jazz end as only an imitation of modern concert music? Already its audience is now, in the main, made up of disaffiliated intellectuals and their various hangers-on, and this trend is probably not reversible in any creative manner. Also, the despair and anguish of the music may, in the long run, lead to a deadly narrowness of expression.

But Ayler seems to have a better chance than many of his contemporaries to avoid these perils.

His sense of form has already been well displayed, and it is doubtful that any musician with this feeling for structure can be content with formlessness. His rhythmic skills are not yet fully developed, but the rhythmic deftness of his playing and the ways in which he moves, like Coltrane, through and around an implicit time lead one to think he may be able to go beyond the facile, often arrhythmic, work of so many of Coltrane's followers. The lyricism of his work shows he can do more than echo the agitated emotions of his contemporaries.

Ayler may achieve an art which contains love and hate, despair and fulfillment, tragedy and comedy. If he succeeds, he will, indeed, be an artist to reckon with.

RECORD REFERENCES:
Fantasy 6016: *My Name Is Albert Ayler—Summertime*
ESP 1002: *Spiritual Unity—Spirits and Ghosts*
ESP 1010: *Bells*

recollections of a great drummer

ONE AFTERNOON, while en route to the Rhythm Club, I paused at the corner of 132nd St. and Seventh Ave. when I saw the sage of the Harlem musicians engaged in serious discussion with a fellow who was a stranger to me. The sage was Chick Webb, the alert, gregarious little drummer from Baltimore. The stranger loomed like a mountain over Chick, who was asking the fellow questions (as he usually did with everyone), and at the time, I supposed that he was merely passing the time of day with some truck driver fresh out of Bam (as Manhattanites called all the area south of New York's South Ferry).

As I drew closer, I was surprised to gather from their conversation that the big man was a musician. "Probably a bass player," I thought to myself, but having a date to play pool at the Club, I forgot about the stranger until a few days later. Then, somebody mentioned that Sammy Stewart had brought a good outfit in from Chicago and that the drummer was great. I didn't connect this with the man I'd seen until I fell into Small's Paradise one morning and found a drummers' session in full swing.

I don't remember everyone who was there, but I recall seeing Walter Johnson; Manzie Johnson; Nightsie Johnson; George Stafford, drummer for Charlie Johnson, who had the house band (and, incidentally, none of these Johnsons was related); Chick Webb; Kaiser Marshall from Fletcher Henderson's band; and Kid Lips Hackette. It seemed as if every drummer in Harlem was there, standing around eyeing the stranger, Sid Catlett.

As daylight broke, Catlett not only proved to have as fast and skilled hands as anyone around town, but he also took one of his rare solos (Catlett didn't really like to solo). I suppose he sensed that this was his debut in the Big City, so he performed like a champ—not the usual drum gymnastics coming on like thunder, either. On the contrary, Sid gassed the house by taking a medium, relaxed tempo and working his snare and bass drum in conjunction, as if they were kissing cousins. Then he topped off the sequence by doing a stick-bouncing and stick-twirling spectacle that caused the entire house to burst into applause.

Such an artful exhibition delighted and bedazzled the audience, including me, despite my having witnessed several drummers doing the stick-bouncing and twirling tricks previously. However, Catlett's performance was the epitome of grace and beauty. Beads of sweat coursed down his mahogany-colored jaws as he chomped chewing gum in perfect rhythm with his drum beat.

As I watched, completely absorbed, I was quite aware that what Big Sid was doing was not unique, but the ease with which he recovered a far-flung stick or the comic twist he projected with a glance toward a cymbal—as though it were a naughty boy over which he had no control—was sheer genius.

Actually, such stick performances went way back to Buddy Gilmore, the drummer who starred with Will Marion Cook in 1919. I also had watched Rastus Crump, another sterling old-timer, feature this sort of technique with, as I recall, Gonzella White, who had a revue on the Columbia burlesque wheel. Count Basie later left the East Coast to go on the road with this group. Basie's cousin, Sonny Greer, was another great exponent of drum stickery. He created a sensation when he hit Washington, D.C., with this crowd-pleasing effect.

Today's tub thumpers perhaps would frown on such a simple method of communication with drums, since they are so busy creating a self-image and playing melody on drums, of all things. No doubt, I am a fuddy-duddy, but I regret that most of the current crop never had the pleasure of hearing Bid Sid and what he was putting down. In that context I must mention Kid Lips Hackette, who

might be considered Big Sid's alter ego. While Hackette never hit the big time, and only played with territorial bands, like those of Frank Terry, Chick Carter, and Zack White, and although he did not resemble Catlett physically, he played very much like Sid and also did the drumstick solo in just about the same fashion, without missing a beat.

Big Sid was never ruffled, always alert, with a quick mind and perfect co-ordination. These qualities made him very popular with all the theatrical acts from Bill (Bojangles) Robinson down to dance teams like Tip, Tap, and Toe and Buck and Bubbles, as well as with chorus girls.

Aside from his talent, Sid was a big fellow in many ways. He was so big in heart that he made others, whose standing in the profession was more exalted, seem small by comparison. His generosity matched his size—a brawny 6 feet, 2 inches—because he would give you the shirt off his back if you needed it. Usually relaxed and courteous, there still were occasions when the broad grin that customarily adorned his face would disappear, and a roar of anger would serve as a warning of impending violence—and the offender had better watch out!

CATLETT WAS BORN IN Evansville, Ind., on Jan. 17, 1910. He told me years later, jokingly, that his parents were concerned about his tiny size at birth but that the doctor reassured the anxious parents that the 7-pound child would become a big fellow. These words were prophetic as little Sidney Catlett grew until he outgrew the town of Evansville and went on to Chicago.

There he acquired the nickname of Big Sid. By this time, he also had begun to acquire some reputation as a drummer—nothing spectacular, but the portents all pointed toward greatness. This embryo giant started his move, happily stretching his huge limbs, practicing drums, listening, watching, and learning.

Though he would slip away from home to venture into some joint on Chicago's south side, where perhaps Jasper Taylor or Baby Dodds was playing, he was always careful to get home before daybreak. As he later explained to me, he didn't want to worry his mother. But there did come a time when he begged, pleaded, and nagged her until she reluctantly gave Sid permission to leave home to become a professional drummer. There was one stipulation—he must return home from wherever he might be at Christmastime and spend the holidays with her. As far as I know, this promise was sacred to Catlett, because he always headed home at Christmas time. In any case, however, once he had his mother's consent, Big Sid put Chicago behind him.

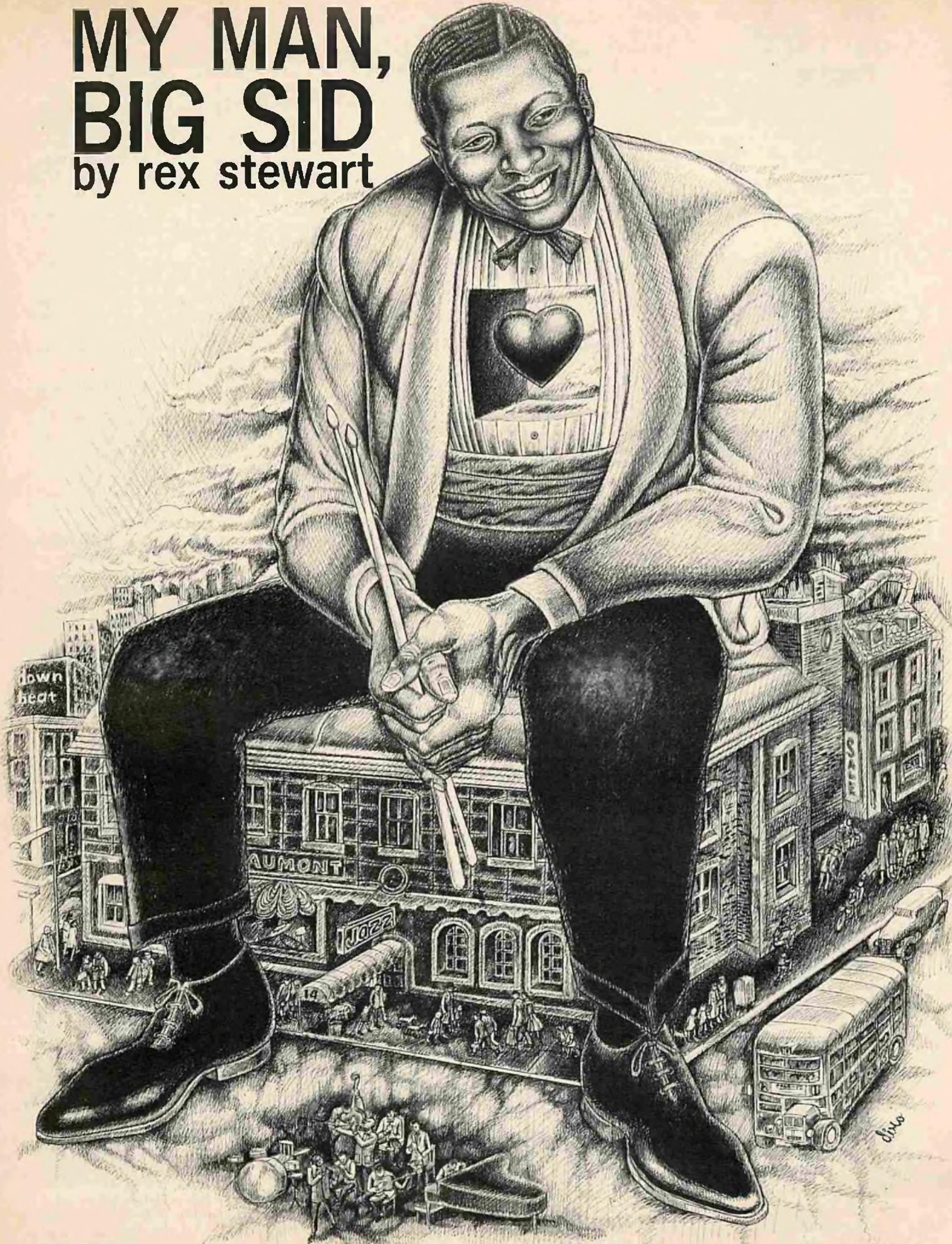
I calculate that Sidney must have been probably 16 when he started out in the profession and had about four years of seasoning around Chicago before he arrived in New York with Sammy Stewart. That would make Catlett about 20 years old at the time I met him, in 1930.

As a youngster, Sid loved all sports, but he was most partial to swimming. Together, in our youth, we used to frequent the Lido pool, which was located on Seventh Ave. at about 148th St. Lots of the musicians went in for a swim, and most of the time one could find Louis Armstrong, Buster Bailey, John Kirby, Chu Berry, Don Redman, and sometimes Fats Waller among the throng who were on the spacious veranda where cooling potables were served. The popular drinks were mint juleps, Singapore slings, and Harlem's favorite, "top and bottom," which was a concoction of gin and port wine, which would make you high quick and cheaply.

Although we were not working together in the same band at the time, Sid, tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, and I, for some unknown reason, used to find ourselves always

MY MAN, BIG SID

by rex stewart



together at the pool. We started calling each other by number. "Hey, No. 1"—that would be Sid. No. 2 was Ben, and I was No. 3. In the hubbub that accompanied the antics of more than 100 musicians and show people, this proved very effective, since each of us was able to whistle loudly through our fingers. One loud whistle signaled to Sid, and three whistles always alerted me to look for my buddies.

Another thing that held us together might have been Ben's car. He had a new Buick and could always be counted on to drop Sid and me off at our homes after a swim.

When Catlett arrived in New York City, several of us musicians had just finished roller skating as a pastime, and everybody had gone in for bicycle riding. I remember how drummer George Stafford had all of the cats drooling when he bought an English bike. Assembling for our customary morning outing in front of Small's Paradise one early June day, we were all surprised when Big Sid spurted around the corner, coattails flying and all grins. Up until then, he had not joined the bike riders. But there he was in all his glory with his new bicycle. True, it was not a British Sportster complete with gear shift, but we could tell it was a premium wheel, and Sid was proud of it.

The setting was too perfect to avoid the good-natured rivalry that existed in those days. Here were two of Harlem's top drummers, one a veteran and the other a newcomer, so the air was charged with excitement as Stafford said to Catlett, "That's a pretty machine you've got there, Sid. How about a race around the block? Let's see which bike is the fastest."

They agreed to race three times around the block and the loser was to buy drinks for the gang. They started off, and George was leading all of the way until the very last time around when he made the mistake of turning his head to wave at the bunch and ran smack into a laundry truck. Luckily for him, the bundles of clothes absorbed the shock, and no bones were broken. But Sid won the race.

Later, Sid told us that he really didn't want to race George, because the difference in ages amounted to a handicap in his favor, even though George's bicycle had gears and his did not.

Another sport that the Big Three—Stewart, Webster, and Catlett—liked to fool around with was basketball.

Bob Douglas, who operated the Renaissance Casino (which at the time was the home of the famous Renaissance semipro basketball team), knew and liked us. Often, we'd go up there in the afternoon and work out, mostly throwing balls into the basket. This was fun, and all went well for a while. Then Ralph Cooper, a popular emcee at the Apollo Theater and a pretty good amateur athlete, decided to pit his team of performers and musicians against the Renny team for a benefit performance.

Naturally, being great tavern talkers, the Big Three announced they were going to play on the Cooper team. We all bought shoes and went into training, cutting down on our smoking and limiting our drinking to getting only half-loaded at night. I must say that Cooper was a good coach. He made Sid the center and Ben the left guard. But with me there was a problem in fitting me into the proper spot, and I wound up as the official water boy.

The big night arrived, and the Casino was crowded. Cheers greeted each announced name, even mine. It was no contest, of course, although I had that water bucket swinging. Webster managed to steal the ball once from the pros, and Sid really starred. He sank a basket, scoring for our team, and was going great guns until somebody accidentally stepped on his foot. Then, the air turned blue,

as Sid limped off the court cursing and yelling, "They fouled me!"

It was not too long after the basketball fiasco that I became afflicted with leaderitis and put together a big band of 13 pieces for a Broadway ballroom, the Empire. The band was distinguished by the fact that all the saxophones doubled violin. The 13th man was Sonny Woods, whom I had brought into New York from Pittsburgh to do the vocals (later, he was featured with Louis Armstrong's big band). My drummer? Big Sid Catlett, of course, a fact that has escaped some historians.

The year was 1931, the depth of the depression, which worked to my advantage, since I was able to assemble a talented bunch of musicians. Sid sparked the band and was the No. 1 crowd-pleaser. On the occasion of our first radio broadcast, he really saved our necks. I was supposed to give the downbeat for the theme but froze with nervousness. Sid came in with a rhythmic succession of beats, which filled the gap until I recovered my wits.

Sidney's tenure with us ended when Christmastime came around, as, much to everyone's dismay, he cut out for Chicago and his mother. While he was in the Windy City, we lost the gig. Still, we had had a 13-month engagement after originally being booked for only two weeks. While the band broke up a couple of months later, Catlett went on to greater heights.

Paramount among his gifts was his sense of fitness in a group large or small, which projected Sid into the lime-light. He intuitively chose a particular rhythmic pattern or beat that enhanced the soloist of the moment.

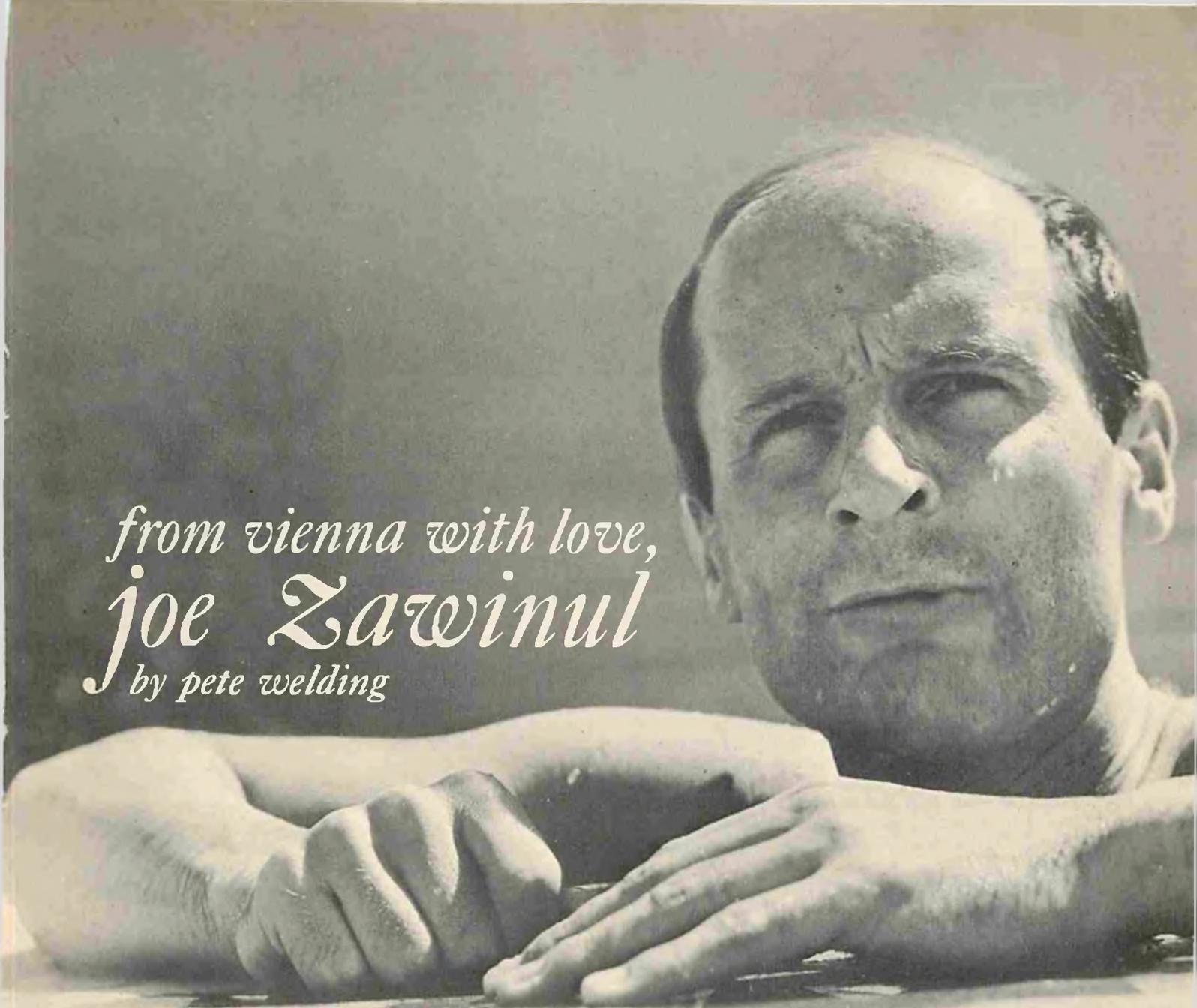
On the East Coast, during the '30s and '40s, there was a group of four colored theaters (the Howard in Washington, the Royal in Baltimore, the Pearl in Philadelphia, and the Apollo in New York City) left over from the ancient Theater Owners Booking Association (TOBA) chain. These houses were called "the round the world circuit" by show people, including musicians, which is one indication of how low the business had sunk for the profession (the Harlem members, that is).

Each house maintained a resident chorus line of 15 or so girls, with the girls vying for the reputation of constituting the greatest dancing line. The chorus girls' jobs really depended on how well their dance routines went over with the audiences, and this resulted in the drummer's being the key figure. If he was not adept and quick to accompany those intricate dance steps, the routine would bomb, and the girls would start cursing the drummer and the band.

Catlett's ability to catch the dancers' steps and emphasize every tap just as they performed them made him the favorite of all of the chorus girls. Ristina Banks' best chorus soon discovered Sid's talent, and that was important, because she had the group at the Apollo in New York. To her, there was no drummer like Sid.

Bandleaders who were fortunate enough to have Sid in their orchestras agreed. He was the No. 1 drummer wherever he went, and he played in a variety of bands. Personally, I remember his playing with Sammy Stewart, Benny Carter, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Jeter-Pillars in St. Louis, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, and Teddy Wilson, in addition to the stint with my band. There must be some groups that I have overlooked, but any way you figure it, that's a lot of bands to have played with.

In 1947 I went to Europe and didn't see Sid again until I returned in 1950. Taking a hiatus from playing, I bought a farm but soon found that this was a money-losing proposition. So I packed my horn and retreated to New York. After devoting a few evenings to looking up old cronies and trying to extract a possible job (*Continued on page 40*)



*from vienna with love,
joe Zawinul
by pete welding*

DISCUSSING HIS CAREER with pianist Joe Zawinul can be at once stimulating and frustrating. His enthusiasm and joy in what he is doing are as contagious as they are unfeigned. Therein lies the stimulation. Talking about his membership in the Cannonball Adderley Quintet for more than 5½ years, Zawinul shows a conversational intensity that mirrors his own approach as pianist with the group.

As he discusses his associates, his regard for them and their music, Zawinul speaks with mounting fervor, rapid bursts of speech colliding as he tries to say, all at once, everything in his mind. Occasionally the flow comes to an abrupt stop as he seeks the perfect word or phrase to express himself.

He wants to be understood unequivocally, to communicate as fully and precisely as possible his feelings about music, for Zawinul is first and last a musician. One cannot help but catch fire from the pianist's love of what he is doing.

The frustration arises from his deprecation of his achievement. He dismisses the past with a shrug. He refuses to attach any particular significance to the fact that he is one of a handful of non-American musicians to have

achieved any prominence in jazz, let alone to have contributed something to it.

Few, however, would deny that he commands the idiom with exceptional authority—even more fluently, in fact, than does his almost perfectly Americanized English, in which only a slight accent betrays his Viennese origins. Yet, to hear Zawinul tell it, there's nothing remarkable in his having attained his idiomatic mastery of modern jazz piano unaided by any direct contact with U.S. jazzmen, major or minor, in the unsettling atmosphere of a four-power-ruled Vienna in the years immediately after World War II. Nor does he attach any significance to the fact that, given this background, he currently should be occupying the piano chair in one of the reigning groups in jazz, succeeding in the job such men as Bobby Timmons, Barry Harris, and Victor Feldman.

"That's not important," he said about his apprenticeship. "Nobody's interested in that. *Now* is important—what's going on now."

And it was easy to believe he meant it. Zawinul impresses as a man not overly fond of looking back. His absorption is with the here-and-now, his engagement to-

tally with his music *today* and how it might be improved tomorrow.

It is his past accomplishments, however, that convince one that Zawinul will persevere and succeed in his intention to deepen and intensify his playing. His journey to his current level of achievement has not been an easy one.

ZAWINUL WAS BORN in Vienna, Austria, on July 7, 1932. A twin brother died in infancy. Several years of, as he describes, "fooling around with music, on accordion and such," were followed by formal piano instruction beginning when he was 11. As a result of a nationwide search for young musicians possessing perfect pitch that was conducted by the German government in the early 1940s, Zawinul was offered membership in the world-renowned Vienna Boys Choir.

"It was typical of Germanic thoroughness," the pianist recalled wryly, "that they decided to bring together all the youngsters with perfect pitch in the country and use them as the foundation of a new choral group. That was supposed, of course, to give them a fantastic head start."

In any event, Zawinul did not join the chorus, but his having placed so well in the competition was instrumental in his later receiving a scholarship to the Vienna Conservatory, where he pursued the normal regimen of classical studies.

After spending a half year in Czechoslovakia at the war's end, Zawinul returned to Vienna for further private musical studies while attending college. It was while he was preparing for an international piano competition that he began receiving calls to play in various dance and cabaret bands in that traditionally musical city.

By 1952 Zawinul was playing these engagements so regularly that he joined the musicians union and soon was a member of a number of leading dance and radio orchestras, as well as serving as house pianist for German Polydor records, where he gained broad musical experience by participating in a variety of popular-recording situations.

It was then, at the arts club in Vienna, that Zawinul met Friedrich Gulda, the concert pianist, who was to exert a major influence on his musical development. Gulda, internationally known as a Beethoven interpreter, introduced Zawinul to jazz. Gulda had returned to Vienna from a concert tour with a batch of current U.S. jazz albums and a consuming love of the music.

"As a result of his towering reputation in the concert world," Zawinul said of Gulda, "he was able to do pretty much what he wanted—even in the pursuit of jazz studies and the fostering of interest in the music—without official censure of any kind. We soon became friends and used to gather with a group of young Viennese musicians to listen to jazz records and to attempt to play it."

Zawinul was drawn to the music and set out to learn to play it, taking his impetus and direction from the few recordings of U.S. jazzmen to which he had access in postwar Vienna.

"It was almost impossible to get new records from the States," he recalled. "You had to order them from friends in France or elsewhere—if you could—and even then it was a long time before they ever reached you—if they ever did."

Contact with U.S. jazz musicians was virtually nonexistent, the pianist said and added, "During all that time the only American jazz I heard live was when the Lionel Hampton Band passed through, briefly. Some of the guys in the band sat in at one of the clubs for an hour or so—and that was it."

Zawinul paused and then said, "Things have improved greatly for European jazz musicians since that time . . .

in this respect at least. They now have one important advantage that we, in that time and place, never had—immediate contact with American musicians. So many jazz musicians are visiting or living in Europe nowadays that it's a great deal easier for the European musician to learn, to absorb and assimilate the music first hand. But we didn't see any Americans in those days."

Despite these handicaps, the pianist had progressed so rapidly that when the influential jazzman, Fatty George, returned from Germany to his native Vienna in 1956—the year after the four-power occupation of the city was ended—to open a night club and form a jazz group, Zawinul was able to work with the group on its own terms. With George's tenor saxophonist, Karl Dravo, he soon formed an octet, in which he played bass trumpet in addition to piano. He had taught himself the horn.

Working regularly in George's club and directing a stable group provided the young jazzman useful discipline. So did writing and arranging, in which he quickly involved himself upon forming the group with Dravo.

"Much of what we did," Zawinul recalled, "was pretty lightweight stuff. We were copying most of our music from American records—and all you could get during that period was West Coast. That's all people were hearing, so that's what they requested, and that's what we pretty much had to play."

A more satisfying and important step in this area resulted indirectly from Gulda's receipt of a commission from the Vienna Broadcasting Corp. to organize an orchestra for network broadcast. Original music had to be furnished, and Gulda approached Zawinul about assisting with this.

"The contract called for some 90 compositions," Zawinul said, "and Gulda asked me if I would split it down the middle with him. I was thrilled, of course, at being asked because it was an important and prestigious assignment—exciting, too, for we had a completely free hand. I wrote only about 20 or 25 of the pieces, and Gulda wrote the rest. I was a slow writer—it was difficult for me at that time—but for him it was easy. He is such a fantastic musician, a genius."

Zawinul was likewise a member of the orchestra and takes great pleasure in recalling a number of two-piano pieces featuring Gulda and himself that the band had in its repertoire. It was a valuable and enjoyable experience.

This was to represent a high spot for Zawinul, even though he felt that he had reached a musical standstill and could progress no further on his own.

"I *had* to get to the United States if I was to grow as a musician," he said. "I had to have contact with the music as a living force. And I couldn't get this in Vienna."

ZAWINUL ARRIVED in the United States in January, 1959. He had a scholarship to the Berklee School of Music in Boston, but his attendance there was short. After two weeks in this country, he found himself a member of the Maynard Ferguson Orchestra, with which he remained until the next July.

Of this hectic period he said, "It was an exciting and challenging experience for someone like me. And it did wonders for my self-confidence as a musician. The band at that time had a number of really fine young musicians in it. [Trombonist] Slide Hampton was musical director, and we became good friends (and working with him helped me a lot), and there were also [trumpeters] Richard Williams and Don Ellis, [saxophonist] Wayne Shorter, and [drummer] Frankie Dunlop. I learned a lot; in fact, it was a situation in which someone like myself couldn't help but learn—working regularly with such top musicians.

"After leaving Maynard, I worked with Dinah Wash-

ington for about 19 months, and that was a ball. We had played opposite her for a couple of weeks in Atlanta, and she told me that if ever I were looking for a job, to give her a call. She was that kind of generous, outgoing person.

"Well, after I had left the Ferguson band, I thought about that, but I didn't want to presume on her offer . . . so I didn't get in touch with her. But I ran into her one night in New York shortly afterwards, and she asked me to come down to sit in at her Village Vanguard opening a few nights later. I did, and she offered me the job as her pianist right then and there—on the stand.

"I was delighted to take it and remained with her until March, 1961. By then I had had my fill of steady road work and wanted to stay around New York for a while. But, again, I gained quite a bit of invaluable experience working with her. She was a remarkable musician, and we developed a beautiful musical relationship almost immediately. Some nights were such a groove—the times we really got into some exciting, mutually stimulating things together! She could do that—inspire her musicians, and when everything jelled, it was simply uncanny. And those, of course, are the times you remember—when you're working at the peak of your abilities with people who are doing the same. Everything catches fire. We had lots of nights like that.

"But after 19 months on the road, I had had enough . . . I wanted to try to stay in New York for a while. There's another thing too. While backing a singer poses a musician certain challenges, it wasn't the same thing, to my way of thinking, as playing jazz. And that was what I really wanted—to play good, strong, pure jazz. After all, that's what I had come here for."

Settling in New York, the pianist worked for a while with his close friend, trumpeter Harry Edison, who was then heading the group backing singer Joe Williams.

While the job necessitated some traveling, Zawinul at least felt it satisfied his jazz-playing desires. He found further stimulation in the company of pianist Barry Harris, with whom he established a warm friendship and musical rapport.

"Barry and I used to rehearse together a lot at that time," he said. "It was kind of a one-sided relationship in one respect, though. I got a lot from him. Coming to jazz when and where I did, I missed the bebop thing, and that was the style of piano playing I wanted to learn. To my mind, Barry was about the closest there was to the pure bebop style—after Bud Powell, that is. Barry has got that down beautifully; he's a superb musician. We used to spend all our time at Riverside records' studios, rehearsing. As I say, he gave me a great deal, and I will never forget it or be able to repay him for it."

Returning from an engagement in Detroit with Williams and Edison, Zawinul received a call from Cannonball Adderley, who needed a pianist for his popular quintet, then riding a string of successful recordings. Zawinul joined the altoist's group in April, 1961.

"It was a groove from the start," he recalled. "That first week was fantastic. It's a very good, musical group; the musicianship is extraordinarily high all around. And Cannonball is a very open person, receptive to everything that's going on around him. He's been responsible, whether he knows it or not, for helping me a great deal. It's as a result of knowing him that I've finally been able to resolve some of the problems, musical and personal, that I had.

"After I had been with the group for a while, I started messing up. Goofing. I used to drink a lot, for example—so much so that now I find it difficult to listen to some of the records I made with the band then. I wasn't playing as well as I was able . . . because of the drinking, and that was the result of tensions I had developed over what

I was playing—or, rather, wasn't playing.

"You see, I'm a very stubborn person. I had gotten certain very definite ideas about what I should be playing fixed in my mind somehow, and when these clashed with what I was called upon to play when working with the band—things I thought were contrary to what I felt I ought to be playing—well, I got confused and couldn't resolve the confusion. So I drank. And you can imagine how much *that* helped.

"But it was my problem—let me emphasize that. It had nothing to do with Cannonball, the group, or our music. It was something within me, some distorted or unfocused attitude about music I had gotten somewhere. And it just hung me up for a long time; it just had to work itself out, but it finally did.

"The clearest way I can now express what it was is to say that part of my mind was closed to stimulation. I just blocked out certain ideas—perhaps because they didn't originate with me or weren't freshly minted then and there. That sometimes happens—a disenchantment with what you're doing, especially when there's a certain amount of re-creation present. Maintaining that sharpness, that clean-burning flame of creation has always been the artist's problem, and those who have come to grips with it know that the answer doesn't come from anywhere else but inside the artist. It can't possibly come from anywhere else.

"It's simple, of course: if I want my music to be good, I've got to make it that way. Each time and every time. There are no cop-outs; it's solely up to me. I can't blame it on Cannon or Nat [Adderley] or the tune. It always comes back to *me*."

Zawinul remarked that he has felt a newfound confidence in his abilities for more than a year now. Having come to certain basic conclusions about himself has brought him a measure of serenity and security that he had not experienced before. Maturity, he said, has come to him in the last year, and with it, he senses new depths and strengths in his playing.

"I'm playing better now than I ever have before," he said. "I am enjoying music—all music—much more fully than I ever have before. Playing is a joy in a way that it hadn't been in a long time. One indication is that I am practicing, using exercise and method books, for several hours every day. I haven't done that for years."

These days, he said, he is brimming with ideas, interested in hearing and experiencing new music, eager to play and experiment. He is excited about a violin work by British composer William Walton that he is transcribing for use by a jazz trio. He also is interested in the possibility of working with a woodwind group and a mixed group of strings and woodwinds.

The pianist recently returned from a visit to his homeland, where he participated in the international jazz competition in Vienna organized by his old friend and mentor, Gulda. Along with Adderley and other top-flight U.S. jazzmen, Zawinul served as a judge of the competition, acted as clinician, and was featured as well in a two-piano work, with Gulda, as part of the event's series of concerts.

His obvious delight in being invited to participate indicated his refreshing lack of pretence; it seemed to acknowledge both how far he had come and how much farther he felt he yet had to go.

He was still talking animatedly about music—what he had heard that morning, what he was planning to hear, and several ideas of his own he had in mind as the interview ended. Gathering several exercise books, Zawinul went off for an afternoon's practice in the deserted jazz club in which he would be playing with the Adderley quintet that evening.



Rusty Dedrick

Church of the Advent, Westbury, N.Y.

Personnel: Dedrick, trumpet, fluegelhorn, arranger; Lev Gluckin, trumpet; Tony Agresta, trombone; Pat Cochran, French horn; Arnie Lawrence, Arlie Baker, Morty Lewis, Gene Allen, reeds; Don Burns, accordion; Ray Alexander, vibraharp; Bill Barber, tuba; Joe Kay, bass; Si Salzberg, drums; Annette Sanders, vocal.

This benefit concert, yet another example of New York musicians' willingness to come together in a good musical cause, in the main displayed the talents of studio musicians too seldom heard in public and provided an opportunity to enjoy the playing and arranging of Dedrick, a veteran of big bands (Claude Thornhill, Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, Ray McKinley).

Dedrick is an excellent trumpeter and a deft and often imaginative arranger. The unusual instrumentation of the band invited comparisons with Thornhill's but proved original in Dedrick's hands. The presence of an accordion might be cause for raised eyebrows, but Burns has a jazzman's conception and a lightness of touch that made his contributions exciting and enjoyable.

The program struck a nice balance of originals, standards, current hits, and interesting Dedrick adaptations of pieces by Prokofiev (*Marche from Love for Three Oranges*) and Shostakovich (*Prelude No. 14*). There even was a happy Dixieland interlude with *Muskrat Ramble*.

Among the standouts were Barber's melodic and flexible tuba, featured on a relaxed *Stompin' at the Savoy*; Dedrick's warm fluegelhorn on Adolphe Sandole's *Did You Find Someone New?*, a moody ballad; Morty Lewis' mellow, swinging tenor work on *I've Found a New Baby*; and Alexander's nimble vibraharp and Burns' accordion on *Tangerine*, a quartet feature.

Perhaps the most exciting soloist was Lawrence, a young alto saxophonist recently featured with Doc Severinsen's sextet. He has his own sound and conception, great vitality, and real fire and inspiration. He was featured on a whirlwind version of *Honeysuckle Rose*, which made an effectively climactic conclusion.

Dedrick's adaptations of the modern Russians were delightfully unpretentious. On *Prelude*, an interesting sound was created by Baker's clarinet lead over tuba and arco bass in octaves, while the humorous *Marche* was taken at double tempo, with an effective, short solo by Burns.

Barber's tuba was also heard in slapstick breaks on *Downtown*, a hit with the younger segment of the audience.

Miss Sanders, who impressed so favorably in her recent appearances with Benny Goodman's sextet, was even better with a large band behind her and in the relaxed, friendly atmosphere on this occasion.

She has a big voice but puts it to consistently musical use, never showing off or indulging in theatrical effects. When the material was suitable for belting (as on *Somewhere* from *West Side Story*), Miss Sanders really let go, but when the required mood was more intimate, as on the bossa nova treatment of *I Have Dreamed*, she showed admirable taste and restraint.

A highlight of the singer's set was a relaxed *Let's Fall in Love*, on which she dueted with the flute playing of her husband, Lewis, and displayed excellent time and an ability to swing. *Why Was I Born?*, on which Miss Sanders sang the rarely heard verse, was also delightful.

This was the band's first public performance, though the men have been rehearsing for almost a year. The time and effort showed. —Dan Morgenstern

Salt City Six

Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, West Peabody, Mass.

Personnel: Dick Baars, cornet; Hans Kuenzel, trombone; Jack Maheu, clarinet; John Ulrich, piano; Bill Ermi, bass; Tommy Swisher, drums.

This group, now billed as Jack Maheu's Salt City Six, has a new look with a correspondingly fresh sound. It is the most musically alert group to work under the SC6 banner.

Its bag is Dixieland, as it has been for the SC6 for more than a decade, but there is now more improvisation along the mainstream. The rousing clichés and the short bits of hokum have been eliminated and replaced by muted cornet solos (using a water glass), well-thought-out trombone choruses, and breathtaking clarinet statements. Additionally, each rhythm man takes solos that fit well into the over-all context.

The band's extensive repertoire includes tunes such as *The Song Is You*, *Bourbon Street Parade*, *Lush Life*, *Georgia Cake-walk*, *El Capitan*, *Mama's Gone Goodbye*, and *Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me*. There is a tendency to stay away from the Dixieland warhorses.

Leader Maheu, a technically gifted clarinetist who has long gone unappreciated (mainly because of a loss of interest in the instrument among jazz listeners), is the sole remaining charter member of the original unit that came out of Syracuse, N.Y., in 1952. Although he spent periods with the Dukes of Dixieland and Muggsy Spanier, Maheu has preferred, for the last 10 years, to devote most of his musical energies to performing in the freer framework of this combo.

There are improvised clarinet solos on most of the band's numbers, but, in addition, Maheu has worked up several specialties that vividly illustrate the wide scope of his talent. He plays *Tiger Rag* at an unbelievably rapid tempo, does an effective build-up of tension on *St. James Infirmary* by slowly moving from low to high registers, and offers a beautiful version of *Up a Lazy River*.

Cornetist Baars plays imaginatively constructed solos and has the capacity for driving the ensembles home. His horn led off *Big Butter and Egg Man* and *Ace in the Hole*, the former resolving into a rouser, while the latter was a somber, but expressive, slow rendition. Baars' plunger work, in the manner of Bubber Miley, was especially effective on *I Ain't Got Nobody* and *Tishomingo Blues*. He also takes an occasional relaxed vocal chorus.

Possessing a fine technique, trombonist Kuenzel plays excellently in ensembles, and his solos are made up of phrases built from original ideas. His well-articulated

solos are reminiscent of the work of his two idols—Abe Lincoln and Jack Teagarden.

Pianist Ulrich takes long solos with the Six and at times rocks like Joe Sullivan. He also has contributed some worthwhile arrangements to the band. One is a cleverly devised adaptation of *The Maids of Cadiz*.

Ermi builds firm rhythmic foundations and is an expressive soloist.

Swisher has a youthful drive, coupled with precision, that lifts the band. His drum solos seem to fill the bill for the listeners who like such things. His approach is quite similar to that of his two favorites—George Wettling and Cliff Leeman.

The musical abilities represented in this group are such that if the big bands were still around, these players would all be featured soloists. —George Hoefer

Aspen Jazz Party and Festival

Hotel Jerome, Aspen, Colo.

Jazz festivals and jazz parties tumbled almost one on top another in mid-September in Aspen, Colo., that mecca for culture in the summer and skiing in the winter.

From Sept. 16 to 18 the fourth annual Jazz Party—a private event created by Dick Gibson, a Denver businessman and socialite, as a birthday present for his wife, Maddie—took place in the Hotel Jerome. On Sept. 19-20 the new owners of the Jerome staged the first Aspen Jazz Festival, a public event, and the confusion over whose jazz was whose was such that even the local radio station had difficulty explaining that one was private and the other public.

The Gibsons' party over the years has evolved into a sort of musicians' party, designed as well for the delectation of the Gibson guests. The performances this year were on Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Featured were basically three groups, but the personnel and sizes of the bands changed frequently (and sometimes brilliantly) as the sessions progressed. Band 1 had Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Lou Stein, piano; George Barnes, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums. Band 2 had Buck Clayton, trumpet; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Teddy Wilson, piano; George Van Eps, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Mousie Alexander, drums. Band 3 had Yank Lawson, trumpet; Matty Matlock, clarinet; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Clancy Hayes, banjo; Bob Haggart, bass; Morey Feld, drums.

This year a cocktail gathering preceded the opening session in the hope that the guests would exhaust the noise of their greetings. It was a good idea, but it didn't work at all. The buzz of conversation that marred the Friday sessions of other years carried right on into the session this year. It seemed, in fact, that everyone, musician and listener alike, was on edge that night. Most of the groups slam-banged, playing without subtlety, and the crowd was gushing, excited, and noisy, applauding anything and everything.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

There were, nevertheless, several outstanding performances. Butterfield proved in top form, fusing sharp, billowing melodic invention with an exhilarating swing. He leaned into the blue notes, touching, tugging the heart. Surely, he has seldom played better.

Clayton, too, was exceptional, turning his phrases in unexpected directions and playing with great warmth. The Wilson quartet, with Van Eps, Lesberg, and Alexander, drifted on a windless sea early in the evening, but on the last set of the night, Wilson, with a front line of Clayton, Hall, and Miller, surged. The feeling spread, and these musicians, jamming old standards, were strong, poignant, and romantic. The lyricism was often exquisite.

By some alchemy, the edginess and tenseness of the previous night had dissipated by the opening of the Saturday afternoon session. The musicians were relaxed and aware of what the others were playing, and the crowd was quiet, alert, and responsive.

Sutton and Van Eps contoured a medium-tempo Harlem blues, and when Hall joined in with several rasping, vibrant choruses, the place jumped. On *Honey-suckle Rose*, Sutton began working with a sequence of descending bass figures that cut through the band ensemble, and the other rhythm players kept looking up in happy surprise.

Dick Carey, a surprise guest, sat in on piano with a Clayton-led quintet, soloing well and providing sensitive support for the leader's soaring horn on *Georgia* and *I Can't Get Started*. (Carey, scheduled for an operation for lip cancer, has temporarily discontinued his cornet playing.) On *Sweet Georgia Brown*, Clayton and Leeman prodded each other in trading fours.

Wilson, Lesberg, and Alexander routinely played two numbers. Then, almost as if Wilson suddenly decided he was going to play, the trio launched into a fast *Love*. If negotiations are ever completed for commercial issue of the tapes of Gibson's Jerome sessions, this track will surely loom as a masterpiece. All the working parts of a superb creative apparatus—imagination, technique, drive, sensitivity—were on display, and everyone in the room knew it. Lesberg and Alexander were equal to their tasks.

Guitarist Eddie Condon made a brief appearance with a Freeman quintet but played only behind the latter's booting horn, laying out for Stein's piano solos. Matlock and Miller played a lush *Summertime*, with Matlock's clarinet two octaves above Miller's tenor, effecting an old Bob Crosby Band sound. Matlock, erratic up to this point, was excellent.

The Saturday night session was black tie, but fortunately the relaxed mood of the afternoon was sustained. McGarity and Cutshall got moving on *Get out and Get under the Moon*, and Van Eps' guitar chords kept surfacing in wonderful places. Lawson unleashed his attack on *Jazz Me Blues*. Butterfield, determined to pay his annual tribute to Bix Beiderbecke, got Dick Carey back on the stand for a set that included *I'm Coming*, *Virginia* and



Singin' the Blues.

Feld, a much more forceful and swinging drummer this year than last, had a large part of *Caravan* to himself, and the front line of Lawson, Hucko, Miller, and McGarity scrambled for harmony parts on a riff that had suddenly appeared. Nostalgia for the old days of swing, fitting through the room all day, came in an inundating tide when Haggart and Feld rambled through *Big Noise from Winnetka*.

But the night belonged to Hucko. Honed by competition from Matlock and Hall, the clarinetist was becoming increasingly kindled. Backed by Wilson, Barnes, Haggart, and Feld, he took *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* apart, ideas triggering rapidly, welling up from his imagination or reflecting things played by Wilson and Barnes. The crowd was on its feet as one for prolonged applause.

The Sunday sessions being traditionally the best, the room was packed early, and the first group started 10 minutes early.

Hinton, a crowd favorite all through the sessions, took a chorus on *Whispering*, trading ideas with Wilson. Stein, with great beads of sweat rolling onto his shirt, got a roaring response for his stunning interpretation of Duke Ellington's *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*. Hall and Matlock both performed unaccompanied. Matlock with a soft, thoughtful *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?* and Hall with a moving minor-key blues.

Drummer Bert Dahlander (now a resident of Aspen and exhibiting paintings in town that week) sat in with a Wilson trio but was slightly off form. Van Eps and Barnes performed together, Barnes hard-driving and Van Eps with immense harmonic sophistication, their styles forming a near-perfect complement. The audience was rapt.

Freeman and Miller, supported by Carey, Barnes, Haggart, and Leeman began jumping on *Oh, Lady, Be Good* and *Perdido*, and excitement mounted. Miller gave a lovely rendition of Vernon Duke's *What Is There to Say?*, Freeman following with a slow *Dinah*, his tone husky and his phrases laden with emotion.

Lawson, Clayton, Butterfield, Hall, Hucko, Matlock, McGarity, and Cutshall crowded on the stand for the last set, and for a minute it looked as if the party was going to end on the shoals of chaos. But instead of every-man-for-himself, the horns played riffs behind the soloists, the riffs then becoming motifs for ensembles that gradually swelled into roars. On *That's A Plenty* Leeman, Hinton, Hayes, and Sutton got a powerhouse, spine-jarring beat going, and the horn men, all of whom seemed to be watching the others to see which way the music was going, handled their section chores as masters. The place simply rocked.

At the same time, Gibson's Jazz Party was ending, the Jerome management was busy mounting the first phase of its festival: a Sunday evening performance at the City Auditorium in Denver. Featured were the Count Basie Band with singer Bill Henderson, the Gene Krupa Quartet,

(Continued on page 42)

**Aspen
Reflections:
Eddie Miller,
Bob Haggart,
Bud Freeman**

BARBARA ELFSGAR

RECORD REVIEWS

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

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

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

Dave Brubeck

TIME IN—Columbia 2512 and 9312: *Lost Waltz*; *Softly, William, Softly*; *Time In*; *40 Days*; *Travelin' Blues*; *He Done Her Wrong*; *Lonesome*; *Cassandra*.

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★★

The musical format of the Brubeck quartet is much the same as it was at the group's inception.

The leader still serenely pursues his own course, a little more conservatively perhaps, as regards time signatures, but his ideas, now as then, express his unswerving individuality. His latest compositions are as charming as any he has written (notwithstanding the fact that *Summer Song* has long been my favorite), and Desmond wends his lyrical way through every song, his tone liquid and lovely, as always. Morello has lost none of his dazzling technique. Wright still demonstrates his ability to play straight-down-the-middle time, blending perfectly with the drums.

This recording reflects several moods and feelings, but I feel that the group has made its best records when taped at a concert, when everyone is caught up in the excitement of a spontaneous performance. There must be something about the atmosphere of a studio that inhibits Brubeck a trifle, for his playing here sounds a little tense and unrelaxed at times. However, there are many beautiful moments, including some of the expected but nonetheless beguiling rhythmic and harmonic ideas that are the group's trademarks.

Waltz starts as a meditative, simple, minor-key theme, and then suddenly everyone charges off at a fast clip; Morello sounds cleanly incisive as he whips off a couple of four-bar breaks with a sort of savage gusto.

Desmond plays *William* with wistful delicacy. As the song unfolds, he and Brubeck create a nostalgic, pensive mood. Dave's touch and feeling are beautiful here. On *Time* he gets off a percussive first chorus before delving, rather predict-

ably, into his 3-against-2 bag, while bass and drums keep time circumspectly behind him.

Travelin' covers some well-trodden paths in rather sedentary fashion. *Wrong*, a Brubeckian adaptation of *Frankie and Johnnie*, is a Gopelly 5/4 with tambourine. This has all the earmarks of a hit.

Lonesome starts out with a beautiful piano exposition of the tune. (This is probably something Dave wrote in 10 minutes between planes, but I hope not. Somehow I like to think that something so pretty took a little time to create.) As the tune develops, it becomes dirgelike. Perhaps the other rhythm-section members should have added a little free-thinking of their own to this one to give it more life.

A half-note triplet introduction leads

into an up-tempo, lightly swinging *Cassandra*, which gets a good feeling as Dave plays a very loose 3-against-2 while Wright and Morello keep the lively momentum going; it's a delightful piece. Morello's second eight-bar solo is a real cliff-hanger, but he finally pulls out of it with a little groan of exasperation.

The dignity and grandeur of *40 Days* is an integral part of Dave's writing, which ranges far beyond the scope of jazz. He has a classical approach, and, like Frederick Delius, he creates a quiet pastoral feeling in his slower pieces. Like folk songs, they evoke the sounds and images of the countryside—wild flowers, green fields, woods, and streams. Here Dave is at his most imaginative, and such moments as these are moments worth years.

—McPartland

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Chico Hamilton

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF EL CHICO—Impulse 9114: *Got My Mojo Working*; *Who Can I Turn To?*; *That Boy with That Long Hair*; *Daydream*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Evil Eye*; *Monday, Monday*; *Manila*; *My Romance*; *Stella by Starlight*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet; Jimmy Cheatham, trombone; Danny Bank, piccolo; Jerome Richardson, flutes; Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Ron Carter or Richard Davis, bass; Hamilton, drums; Victor Pandoja, Willie Bobo, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Joe Pass

THE STONES JAZZ—World Pacific 1854: *Lady Jane*; *I Am Waiting*; *19th Nervous Breakdown*; *Not Fade Away*; *As Tears A-go By*; *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction*; *Play with Fire*; *Paint It Black*; *What a Shame*; *Mother's Little Helper*.

Personnel: Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone; Pass, guitar; Bob Florence, arranger-conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

These are two good albums, and I don't want to quibble about them. But they have

a common basic flaw. I think, and I'll talk about that first in order to put what comes later in perspective.

A unifying theme in a jazz album not only makes good commercial sense, but it also can help the artist paint a more interesting and complete picture—healthy discipline.

The only trouble is that these packaging ideas sometimes result in each track in the album being too much like the others. On the Hamilton record, every tune is accompanied by a Latin-flavored rhythm section, and this gets a bit monotonous. The rhythm section does what it has to well enough, but there is too much discipline for me. Just one or two tracks of a loose four would have acted as a foil, illuminating the basic precept of the record that much more clearly.

Perhaps the biggest fault with rock-and-roll is the unimaginative way its players treat the time. It's always the same—often swinging but rarely subtle or variegated. And in the Pass-Florence adaptations of tunes by the Rolling Stones, the worst aspect of the originals was preserved: the beat remains uncomplicated. The pliability of the swing is one big advantage jazz has over rock-and-roll—2 against 3, 5 against 4, etc.—but this advantage was generally overlooked.

Furthermore, what's the big secret about the personnel? The bass player, drummer, four trombonists and baritone saxophone player (Perkins, maybe?) are all unidentified. Come on, World Pacific, give some credit to the guys without whom you wouldn't have a business.

Now what's right:

Terry on *Mojo* and *Daydream* proves all over again that he is one of the best. His style just won't age. Mariano gets better all the time; on *Shadow* he gets inside that beautiful melody, making even more magic of it. Szabo produces sensitive sounds on *Turn To* particularly, and everywhere his playing is a Slavic romance. Hamilton's *Long Hair* is a haunting tune, and I agree with Nat Hentoff who says in the liner notes that someone should write lyrics for it. *Monday*, one of my favorites by the Mamas and the Papas, has been transformed into a melancholy wisp, reminding me of how I used to feel on those rainy Monday mornings going to school on the first day of the new term.

On the Pass album, Florence's arrangements are in fine taste, bringing out harmonic varieties I never heard in the originals—*Paint It Black* particularly.

Pass, as usual, is all over the guitar in a way that I can't help but think would win him Charlie Christian's vote up there in that great big jazz poll in the sky.

What I like most, though, is the way Florence and Pass have used material considered alien to jazz (not by me, incidentally) and merged it into the idiom with grace. I only wish there were more tracks like *Mother's Little Helper*, in which they drop the modified rock-and-roll or semi-Latin beat and just cook. —Zwerin

Andrew Hill

SMOKE STACK—Blue Note 4160: *Smoke Stack*; *The Day After*; *Waiting Wall*; *Ode to Von*; *Not So*; *Verne*; *30 Pier Avenue*.

Personnel: Hill, piano; Richard Davis and Eddie Khan, basses; Roy Haynes, drums

Rating: ★★☆☆

The message in this music seems to say that, much of the time, life is rather depressing . . . dreary . . . without much joy. At the same time, there is a suggestion of urgency, a hurrying and scurrying, a throbbing, thrumming, clicking and clacking that never ceases. The bass lines leap and spring, crossing and recrossing different harmonic paths. The drums beat an incessant tattoo of intricate rhythms.

There is, however, some reflection and repose in *Verne*, a ballad of great sensitivity and beauty that has a hymnlike quality (an example of how lyrically Hill can write). But much of the accompaniment on this track, and in the other pieces, seems designed to distract from Hill's playing, to obscure it rather than enhance

STICK REBOUND



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it. The effect is reminiscent of the sounds heard when different musicians are practicing simultaneously in separate rehearsal studios. Perhaps this is the effect Hill is looking for. I find it difficult music to listen to; yet the creative ability of the musicians is undeniable. Their playing is superb, whether one identifies with what they are doing or not.

Hill sounds very musical, his approach a composite of Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, and Earl Hines. Parts of his writing have a majestic air, and some of it is somber, without lightness or humor, like a shadowy, twilight world. And there is passion, intensity, a cry of misery, anger.

Occasionally, as if by chance, bass and piano collide, arriving on the same chord change at the same time but rather infrequently (freedom imposes its own limitations). The music evidently engrosses the four players, for they perform it with dedicated skill.

Haynes is brilliant within the required framework; his solos are flashes of quicksilver. He keeps a momentum going, a solid rocking tempo that is particularly effective on *Pier*, which swings hard as Khan solos, getting a big full sound. The over-all effect, well stated, is of a busy but rather gloomy thoroughfare.

Hill's compositions are imaginative. He calls forth a definite picture that he wants to convey in sound; through his pieces run fragments of melody, flashes of rich chords.

Davis, as usual, is the complete virtuoso, strumming, plucking, slashing his way up

and down his instrument. In the high register he gets a dry tone; then he slurs down to play some deep, full notes. The percussive sound he gets as he pulls the strings is so well recorded that every nuance is heard. His arco bass sounds like a cello in the droning passages of *Wailing Wall*, a very unhappy-sounding piece indeed.

The abundance of ideas the musicians contribute gives the impression they are playing against each other. In a way, this is stunning in its impact, the two basses and the drums keeping up an uninterrupted barrage of rhythms, swirling clouds of sound around the piano. But the album *Smoke Stack* is more a smoke screen, though moments of clarity are there—like a pale sun on a winter day, they shine luminously through the haze.—*McPartland*

Earl Hines

HINES '65—(French) Black and Blue 33001: *My Blue Heaven; I Know a Little Bit about a Lot of Things; Serenade in Blue; I Know That You Know; Huntin'; Hines '65; If I Could Be with You; The Midnight Sun Will Never Set.*

Personnel: Hines, piano, vocals.

Rating: ★★☆☆

PARIS SESSION—(French) Ducretet-Thompson—40262: *I Surrender, Dear; I Cover the Waterfront; Second-Balcony Jump; A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody; I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby; Blue Because of You; Somebody Loves Me; 65 Faubourg; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Sweet Sue.*

Personnel: Hines, piano, vocal.

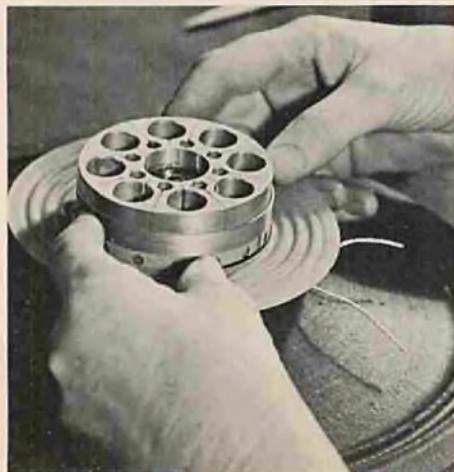
Rating: ★★☆☆½

Hines' place in the development of jazz has, until recently, been too often ignored or faintly praised. The records he made in 1928 with Louis Armstrong—a series of masterpieces—were, at one time, only

partly accepted by New Orleans-jazz enthusiasts, whose hearts reached out to the Louis of the Hot Fives. And the reason the later records never set too well with them was the presence of Hines. His playing was highly sophisticated—rhythmically and harmonically—and very much a departure from the raggy style affected by other pianists. In fact, a good case can be made for Hines' being the true father of modern jazz, a case strengthened by another remarkable series of 1928 Hines records—the solo piano sides cut in December of that year.

In these solos, Hines loosed his imagination even more fully than he had with Armstrong. The solos are breathtakingly daring, full of darting chromatic runs and unexpected offbeats in the bass, swooping treble pyrotechnics, and astonishing rhythmic displacement. At times, Hines pulls off a passage that seems to be in another tempo, only it falls perfectly within the two or four bars it displaces in the original tempo. For example, one of these passages may be in a tempo that covers 5½ bars in the original tempo's four-bar unit—and he was able to go off in the seemingly faster tempo, play the 5½ bars, and return to the original pulse without breaking meter or faltering. These records are among the most important made in the '20s.

Between then and now, though, Hines has been through a lot. There was the big band he headed for almost 20 years, his stint with Armstrong's small group in the late '40s, followed by a dismal period during which he led a Dixieland band (Hines



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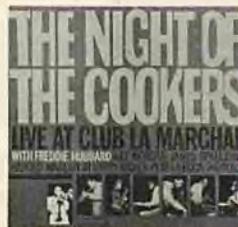
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was never a traditional-jazz musician by any stretch of the imagination), and a fortunately short period when he headed a unit that included an organ, a male singing trio, and a girl singer (it was embarrassing to see him trying to foist this melange off as "what people want—entertainment"). About three years ago came the current concern with Hines as a major jazz soloist in his own right (a role I suspect he is not sure he should be playing, as is often the case with musicians, including Armstrong and Duke Ellington, who matured in a world in which they considered themselves entertainers first and foremost).

During his recent resurgence, Hines has recorded extensively, but most of the records have been with at least bass and drums; only one LP released in the United States since then has been a collection of solo piano, which is a pity, for Hines has always, at least to me, been best when unencumbered by accompaniment. Alone, as on these French LPs, he is more adventurous and attempts feats that would make lesser men blanch at their thought.

In ways, he is more daring on these recordings than he was in 1928; certainly his left-hand figures are more eccentric, dashing in and out of the tempo unpredictably. Unfortunately, there has been some deterioration of his remarkable sense of time, and sometimes passages in which he superimposes a different tempo sputter to inconclusive endings, the original pulse, if not lost completely, jarringly reinstated. Hines also occasionally adds beats in these difficult passages—which, on records, he never did as a young man. The performances' endings almost invariably are rambling, where-am-I? affairs (but that was also the case sometimes in 1928). In his current playing there is too much lace-work; at times he sounds like a frilly but heavy cocktail pianist. There also is a nervous quality to his playing at times, as if frenzy were about to give way to hysteria.

Yet . . . however . . . but . . . Hines can at one moment ooze treacle and then, without warning, play something that is almost beyond belief in its intricacy, daring, and musicality. And then it comes clear that, despite his faults, nobody plays the piano like Earl Hines.

Of the two discs, the Ducretet-Thompson has less trite music than the Black and Blue. The former also contains only one Hines vocal, and the latter has two, which may account for the first's slight edge in quality (Hines' vocals I can do without).

The most interesting tracks on the *Paris Session* LP are *I Surrender*, *Waterfront*, *Anything but Love*, *Blue*, and *Somebody*. Of these, *I Surrender*, a shouting performance, and *Somebody*, made intricately complex by whipping crossrhythms, are especially rewarding listening.

On the *Hines '65* album there is much meat in *Blue Heaven* (long treble lines and unexpected left-hand jabs), *I Know* (great chunks of sound), *Hines '65* (a minor blues with adroit shading and rhythmic displacement), and *If I Could* (sparkling double-time after a lackluster vocal).

All considered, these two LPs, despite Hines' lapses of imagination and taste,

are the most rewarding to be issued under his name in the last three years. Too bad they're not available in the United States.

—DeMicheal

Billy Larkin

HOLD ON!—World Pacific 1850 and 21850: *Hold On! I'm Acomin'*; *Cubby Frito Man*; *It's a Man's Man's Man's World*; *Barefootin'*; *Jennee*; *Dirty Water*; *Blowin' in the Wind*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *When a Man Loves a Woman*; *It's All Right with Me*.

Personnel: Arthur (Fats) Theus, tenor saxophone; Larkin, organ; Jimmy Daniels, guitar; Jessie Kilpatrick, drums.

Rating: ★

Some of the least interesting contemporary jazz is being produced in the organ-saxophone genre. On the whole, practitioners of this music apparently do not care about playing imaginatively, but the efforts of many of them are at least forceful.

Not even that can be said for Larkin and his Delegates. Their music is not only stale harmonically, rhythmically, and melodically, but it lacks vigor as well. The whole album has a plodding, listless quality. The men seem as if they're dead tired and are just going through the motions most of the time. Only Daniels even approaches inspiration.

I've heard better groups of this sort playing around the corner in neighborhood bars.

—Pekar

Gary McFarland-Gabor Szabo

SIMPATICO—Impulse 9122; *The Word*; *Nature Boy*; *Norwegian Wood*; *Hey, Here's a Heart*; *Cool Water*; *Ups and Downs*; *Yamaba Mama*; *You Will Pay*; *Spring Song*; *She's a Cruiser*; *Simpatico*.

Personnel: McFarland, vibraharp, vocals, whistling; Szabo, guitar, vocals; Sam Brown, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums; Tommy Lopez, Barry Rodgers, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ 1/2

Glancing at the titles and personnel one might reasonably assume that this LP consists of jazz versions of pop songs. Not so. It contains pop interpretations of pop tunes with a Latin touch added.

The duo of Szabo and McFarland provides the vocals. Their work is inoffensive but undistinguished and lifeless. The producer of this record might have found better singers by choosing them at random from the phone book.

There are some nice originals here (*Heart* by McFarland and *Pay* by Szabo),

but these interpretations don't do them justice.

McFarland whistles on some tracks, but this doesn't come off any better than the singing. In fact, the album has an amateurish quality about it.

Only the fine rhythm-section work and Szabo's few guitar solos are of interest.

—Pekar

Quartette Tres Bien

"IN" MOTION—Decca 4791: *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Master Charles*; *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *Saint Sylvester*; *Love Theme from "Madame X"*; *It Could Happen to You*; *Bad People*; *Charade*; *Brother Percy*.

Personnel: Jeter Thompson, piano; Richard Simmons, bass; Albert S. James, drums; Percy James, bongos, conga drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The only quality lacking in this collection is more of the kind of excitement generated in the final, and longest, track, *Percy*. That track—a showcase for James' melodic percussion—underscores the group's strength and suggests its basic weakness: without the bongos and conga, the Quartette Tres Bien would merely be a Trio Tres Intime.

As a result of the deference shown to the distinctive quality of the bongos and conga, James matches Thompson in dominance, and the results are gratifying.

Other highlights in the album include *Ain't Necessarily*, done surprisingly as a Latin waltz; *Quiet Nights*, fluctuating between a fast bossa nova and an unsubtle Charleston; *It Could Happen*, swinging comfortably in an Ahmad Jamal groove; and *Charade*, with subdued Latin percussion seemingly flirting with the expansive melody.

Not to cast aspersions on James, but *Heaven's Sake* comes as welcome relief from the ubiquitous percussion. (During his rubato contemplations, Thompson manages to sneak in a beam of *Clair de Lune*.) Thompson dominates another outstanding track, his own *Bad People*, a three-part treatment of a simple but haunting minor theme. The first section is most effective, showcasing plucked piano strings over a funereal march figure.

It's a good album by a good quartet, but a little spark is still needed.

—Siders

Lou Rawls

SOULIN'—Capitol 2566: *A Whole Lotta Woman*; *Love Is a Hurtin' Thing*; *So Hard to Laugh*; *So Easy to Cry*; *You're the One*; *Don't Explain*; *What Now*; *My Love*; *Memory Lane*; *Old Man's Memories*; *It Was a Very Good Year*; *Growing Old Gracefully*; *Old Folks*; *Autumn Leaves*; *On a Clear Day*; *Breaking My Back*.

Personnel: Rawls, vocals; H. B. Barnum, arranger-conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

If Rawls is difficult to pigeonhole, his latest album won't help to clarify matters. It reveals the same inconsistencies and contradictions of style that have accompanied Rawls' rise to fame: from hard rock to pure jazz, with digressions along a spectrum that spreads from blues to rhythm-and-blues.

They're all included here, so let's forget about the drivel found in such tunes as *Lotta Woman*, *Hurtin' Thing*, *So Hard*, *You're the One*, and *My Back* and concentrate on the quality songs.

Unfortunately, Billie Holiday's classic, *Don't Explain*, comes off poorly, with Rawls lavishing everything on it except

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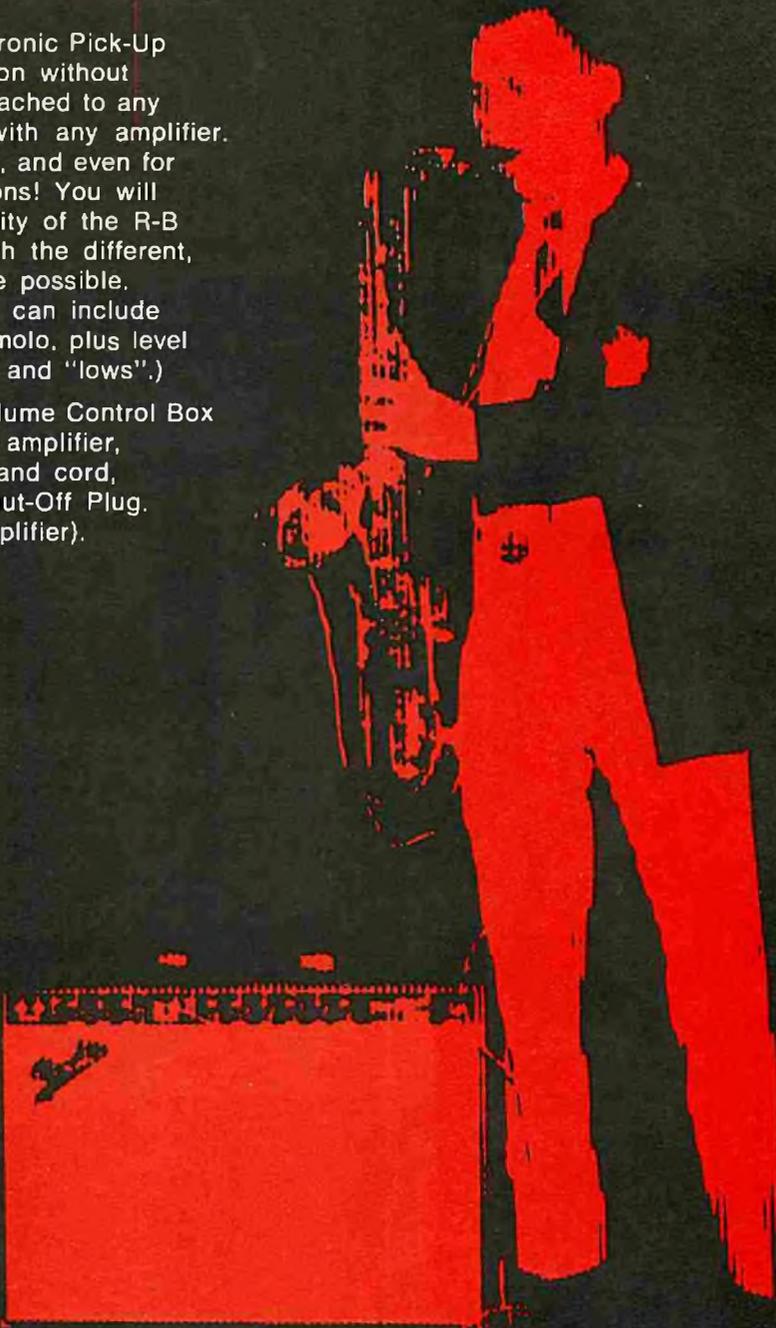
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the emotion it demands. *What Now?* hits an immediate groove with arranger-conductor H. B. Barnum's funky support. Rawls' treatment expands the melody to twice its length, giving him more room to wail.

Sandwiched between unnecessary monologues is an excellent up-tempo version of *Very Good Year*, followed by a soothing tribute to *Old Folks*, but Rawls never makes that last note—it's too low.

Autumn Leaves and *Clear Day* cook as far as tempos go, but Rawls' renditions smack of insincerity. He gives the impression that these tunes are not his cup of soul.

The whole album is disappointing. The material is too shabby for Rawls' jazz-flavored conception—a conception that can

be so meaningful that one can easily overlook his occasional faulty intonation.

—Siders

Della Reese

LIVE—ABC Paramount 569: *Gotta Travel On; I Got It Bad; Girl Talk; Ill Wind; Driffin' Blues; Good Morning, Blues; Who Can I Turn To?; There'll Never Be Another You; Detour Ahead; But Beautiful*

Personnel: Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Bill Doggett, organ; Gerald Wiggins, piano (Track 7); Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Miss Reese, vocals.

Rating: ★

If you like records with a "live" atmosphere so thick that one can cut it with a knife; with announcements by disc jockeys (three of 'em here) who are oh-so hip; with singers who use good material as vehicles for studied mannerisms, incredibly arch pronunciation, and heavy melo-

dramatics—with some tasteless, screechy trumpet solos also thrown in—then this record is your dish.

If not, forget it. It's a pity, too, for Miss Reese has good equipment—a strong, well-projected voice, good time, and plenty of "presence." And her accompanists (excepting trumpeter Bryant, who has done much better elsewhere) are consistently excellent. But show biz has the upper hand; there is no respite.—*Morgenstern*

Shirley Scott

PLAYS THE BIG BANDS—Impulse 9119: *Roll 'Em; For Dancers Only; Little Brown Jug; Stompin' at the Savoy; Ain't Misbehavin'; Sophisticated Swing; Sometimes I'm Happy; A Tisket, A-Tasket; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Tippin' In.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 6, 7—Ernie Royal, Jimmy Nottingham, Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Clark Terry, trumpets; Melba Liston, Paul Farris, Quentin Jackson, Tom McIntosh, trombones; Jerry Dodgion, Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Bob Ashton, Danny Bank, reeds; Miss Scott, organ; Attila Zoller, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor. Tracks 3, 4—Miss Scott; Duvivier; Tate. Tracks 5, 8-10—Miss Scott; Richard Davis, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★★

Miss Scott, undisputed queen of jazz organists, has made a huge number of records. Her followers will not be disappointed with her latest effort, on which she exhibits, as usual, the virtues of swing, restraint, and solid musicianship.

Nothing spectacular happens on the trio tracks; both rhythm teams, as could be expected, are first-class, and the tempos well chosen. *Savoy*, *Tippin'*, and *Jug* are routine, but *Tisket*, surprisingly, inspires the organist to her best playing on the album. *Misbehavin'* is a nice, tasteful job, and *Things* gets a good blues groove.

The big-band pieces are sparked by a heavyweight trumpet section, making up in spirit what it occasionally lacks in polish. The reeds shine on *Happy*, the best realized arrangement, following the classic Fletcher Henderson model (vintage 1935) almost to the letter.

Dancers, a workmanlike job, indicates that the Jimmie Lunceford beat and Sy Oliver ensemble texture were unique and impossible to copy, or even approximate. *Swing* is the dullest of the lot, but *Roll 'Em*, originally a fine Mary Lou Williams arrangement for Benny Goodman, is recreated with aplomb and crackling brass.

Nelson, except on *Swing*, wisely avoids competition between organ and big-band sonorities, preferring instead to utilize Miss Scott as soloist between band segments. On *Roll 'Em*, the exchanges on boogie-woogie patterns between band and soloist are stimulating.

Duvivier's superb playing should not go unmentioned. It's too bad that he confines himself to studio work, but who can blame him? —*Morgenstern*

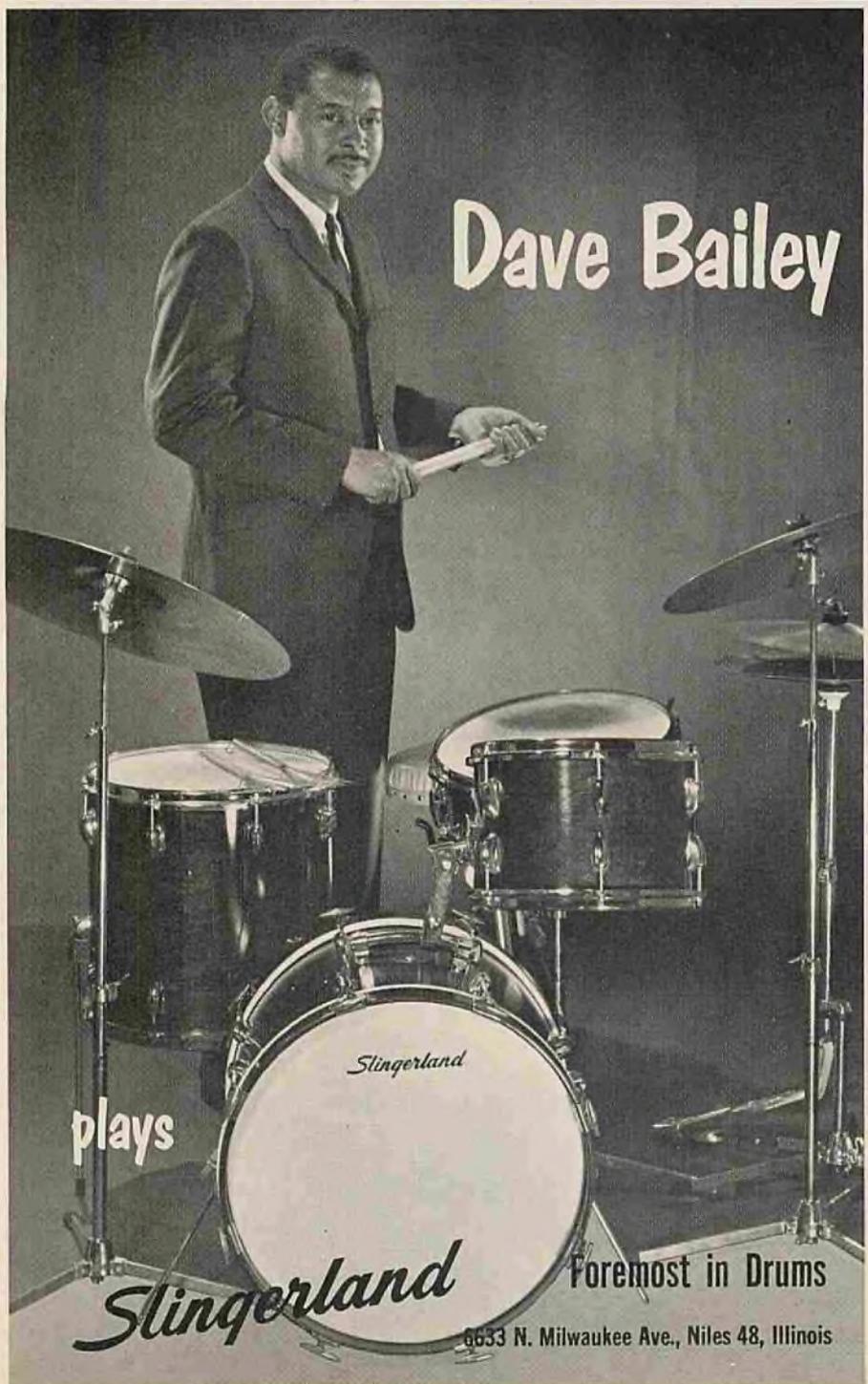
Frank Sinatra-Count Basie

SINATRA AT THE SANDS—Reprise 1019: *Come Fly with Me; I've Got a Crush on You; I've Got You under My Skin; The Shadow of Your Smile; Street of Dreams; One for My Baby; Fly Me to the Moon; One O'clock Jump; The Tea Break (monolog); You Make Me Feel so Young; All of Me; September of My Years; Get Me to the Church on Time; It Was a Very Good Year; Don't Worry 'bout Me; Makin' Whoopee; Where or When; Angel Eyes; My Kind of Town; A Few Last Words (monolog); My Kind of Town.*

Personnel: Count Basie Band; Sinatra, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Sinatra doesn't have the vocal equip-



ment he did years ago, but his decline in certain areas hasn't been a steep one, and he's sounded better on other recent occasions than he does here. However, the decline is evident. Once an effortless singer, he now strains at times, and his phrasing is not as smooth as it once was.

His timbre has lost some of its purity; it sometimes has a grainy quality. But Sinatra, at the top of his game, is still The Boss—an immensely tasteful and subtle vocalist.

He's below par here though, emphasizing showmanship as much as singing. During *I've Got a Crush*, for example, he interrupts his vocal with bantering remarks. The audience may have got a kick witnessing The Great Man engage in horseplay, but obviously his work on this selection is not compelling. In fact, his performances often lack intensity.

Even below par, however, Sinatra is more interesting than most other singers. He doesn't depart radically from the melodies, but his alterations of them are consistently fresh.

On the jump tunes, he still projects joie de vivre—his swaggering, hard-swinging work on *My Kind of Town* is one of the highlights of the two-LP album.

The instrumental tunes, *One O'clock* and *Whoopee*, are undistinguished, but Basie's band does an inspired job of backing Sinatra. Quincy Jones' arrangements are excellent, buoying Sinatra along or providing him with a warm cushion of sound as the situation demands.

Sinatra's banal "comedy" monologs detract from the album. —Pekar

Jimmy Smith

BUCKET—Blue Note 4235: *Bucket; Careless Love; Three for Four; Just Squeeze Me; Sassy Mae; Come Rain or Come Shine; John Brown's Body.*

Personnel: Smith, organ; Quentin Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★½

It is a tribute to Smith's consistency as a performer that Blue Note can still find things by him in its vaults that are worth issuing. Judging from the personnel, these date from around 1962, and while not all of the tracks are top-drawer Smith, none is poor and some are first rate.

Among the latter: a fine, understated, slow-drag treatment of *Careless*, which, unfortunately, is faded out while Smith still has a good groove going; *Bucket*, a rocking blues with a consistently light and easy touch; *Shine*, a good, straightforward, melodic ballad performance; and *Squeeze*, featuring Warren's softly chorded guitar and a good chorus by the organist.

The rest is routine, but be it noted that routine Smith still is better than most organ fare by other hands. Bailey's drumming, by the way, is excellent throughout, and the sound is clean and undistorted.

—Morgenstern

Sonny Stitt-Bunky Green

SOUL IN THE NIGHT—Cadet 770: *Soul in the Night; It's Awfully Nice to Be with You; Hot Line; Homestretch; The Spies; One Alone; Sneakin' up on You.*

Personnel: Stitt, Green, alto saxophones; Odell Brown, organ; Bryce Robertson, guitar; Maurice White, drums.

Rating: ★★

Possibly because he has recorded so many blowing dates like this one, Stitt is

a little disappointing here. He shows flashes of brilliance on *Hot Line*, *Spies*, and *One Alone* but too often plays well-worn phrases.

The fluency and litheness of his work, however, makes the worst of it worth hearing.

Green works hard all the time on this record. From a later generation than Stitt, he has learned from Charlie Parker but also seems to have been influenced by John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley. He has a hard tone and often employs multnotated lines. The intensity with which he improvises makes up, to some extent, for his lack of originality.

Brown's solos consist of cliches.

—Pekar

Bud Shank

GIRL IN LOVE—World Pacific 1853: *Lady Jane; Strangers in the Night; When a Man Loves a Woman; The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine (Anymore); Don't Go Breaking My Heart; Everybody Loves Somebody Some Time; Girl in Love; Summer Wind; Time; The Shining Sea; Lara's Theme from "Dr. Zhivago"; Solitary Man.*

Personnel: Frank Rosolino, trombone; Shank, alto saxophone; Bob Florence, piano; Herb Ellis, Dennis Budimir, John Pisano, guitars; Bob West, bass; Frank Capp, drums; Victor Feldman, percussion; Oliver Nelson, arranger-conductor; others unidentified.

Ramsey Lewis

WADE IN THE WATER—Cadet 774: *Wade in the Water; Ain't That Peculiar?; Tobacco Road; Money in the Pocket; Message to Michael; Up Tight; Hold It Right There; Day Tripper; Mi Compastou; Hurt So Bad.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Maurice White, drums; Richard Evans, arranger-conductor; others unidentified.

Ratings: see below

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album. It accomplishes exactly what it attempts. You can tell what it attempts by the cover, on which there is a picture of a very pretty young girl with dark rings under her wide eyes, as if she hasn't been sleeping too much. When you spend an evening with this girl—who just adores Bud Shank, Dave Brubeck, and Ella Fitzgerald (she's a jazz fan, you see)—play this record.

I don't mean to put any of these people—or the record—down. It's meant to be commercial and is good that way. I wish all commercial records were that good. Shank plays melodies musically, and Oliver Nelson's arrangements are top notch, as usual. It's the hippest Muzak you'll ever hear. But it's bland, and I kept wishing for Charlie Parker with strings.

Again the rating problems. I wish *Down Beat* would forget about "stars." I'll give it four as a commercial record and two as a jazz record, averaging three. I suppose.

The Lewis record is of the same breed. The girl who looks as if she's fruging in the water isn't nearly as pretty as the one on the Shank album, though. But again you can tell the orientation of the music from the cover.

Lewis plays his usual stuff, this time with brass and woodwinds behind him. There is really not too much to say about it because one track sounds pretty much like another, and, while Richard Evans' arrangements strike me as less imaginative than Nelson's, the album is also successful in its way.

There is no real improvisation, not too

much swing, and no fresh ensemble playing. Mostly it's formula music, a formula Lewis handles well and which has made him a "name." Since I have to rate it, I'll give it three as a commercial record and 1½ as a jazz record, averaging 2¼.

—Zwerin

Ed Thigpen

OUT OF THE STORM—Verve 8663: *Cielito Lindo; Cloud Break; Out of the Storm; Harper; Elbow and Moutb; Heritage; Struttin' with Some Barbecue.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Thigpen, drums

Ratings: ★★ ★

Thigpen's first date as leader is well planned and organized. Besides employing five superb musicians to help make the date a success, Thigpen also uses a new and different sounding drum—a tom-tom with variable pitch—in a variety of ways that adds fresh tone color to the group's sound.

The combination of the drum and the first-rate playing of the six musicians makes pleasant listening. The material is varied and well programmed, consisting of a movie theme (*Harper*), originals by Thigpen and Burrell, and two rather disparate standards (*Barbecue* and *Lindo*).

On *Lindo* the variable-pitch drum is used to state the melody (more or less). It's an interesting idea that serves to kick off the tune in an ear-catching way; it swings exuberantly in a light Latin vein, as Terry, Burrell, and Hancock sail through it with two choruses apiece.

Cloud goes like the wind, and Thigpen gets off some neatly played, two-bar

breaks between fleet solos by Terry, Burrell, and Hancock.

The possibilities of the tom-tom as an added color are demonstrated on *Storm*, a moody, restless piece, as it starts with a variety of strange sounds, everyone pitching in to create an effect of inner turmoil. (I wondered for a moment if someone was snoozing on the date when this strange heavy breathing started, but it was Terry blowing into the mouthpiece of his horn.) Burrell and Hancock add delicate, fragmentary embellishments to the theme. Terry contributes a soft, mournful solo, and Carter gets an unbelievably erotic sound as he echos the low timbre of the trumpet.

Elbow is a quaint blues line by Burrell, and from the outset it swings in a way that does one's heart good.

Heritage features Thigpen, who, with little cries and shouts, answers himself on the tom-tom. He displays its versatility—and his—with simple but effective Latin rhythms. Burrell joins in with an oddly muted sound. Terry keeps up a running commentary, and the drums seem to moan and echo hollowly back and forth as Thigpen bends notes . . . now deep, now shrill and resounding.

On all selections, Hancock is, as usual, sheer delight with his delectable touch and fresh ideas. Carter is the catalyst, his deep rich notes, singing tone, and long, supple lines providing a thick carpet of sound behind the soloists.

Thigpen distinguishes himself on this album as a player, arranger, and composer. —McPartland

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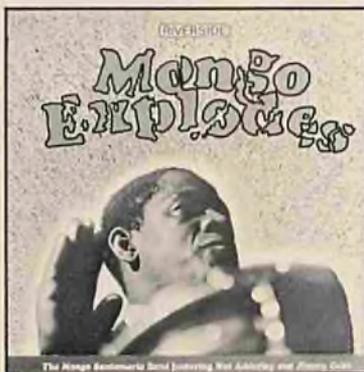
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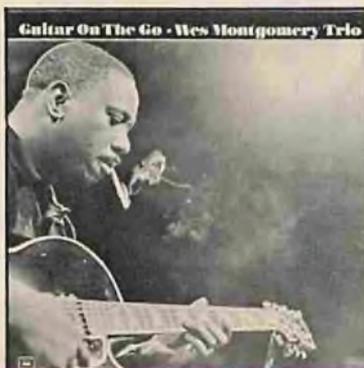
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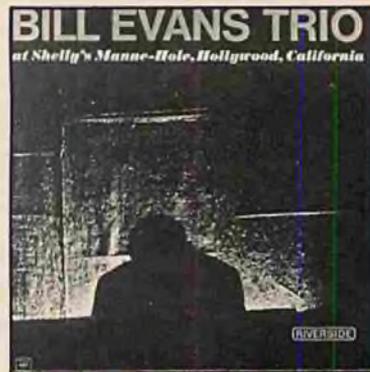
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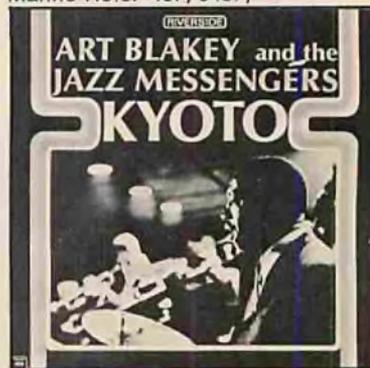
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BY LEONARD FEATHER

Elvin Ray Jones of Pontiac, Mich., is one of the most admired, most discussed, and most imitated drummers of the 1960s. Winner of numerous polls in the last couple of years, including *Down Beat's* Readers and International Jazz Critics polls, Jones started a new phase of his career early this year when, after six years with John Coltrane, he decided to go out on his own.

Born in 1927, he is younger than his brothers, cornetist Thad and pianist Hank. Both brothers were firmly established as important jazz contributors before Elvin moved to New York City a little more than 10 years ago and began gigging with Bud Powell, Pepper Adams, Donald Byrd, and others.

Like his brothers, Elvin is a man of broad knowledge and far-ranging interests. His career in recent months has been similarly diversified, taking him from big bands (Gil Evans and, briefly, Duke Ellington) to small-group gigs with his own and other combos. He has recorded as a leader for several labels. This was his first *Blindfold Test*, and he was given no information about the records played.



JEAN-PIERRE LÉLOIR

1. LEE MORGAN. *The Joker* (from *Search for a New Land*, Blue Note). Morgan, trumpet, composer; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

I can't figure out who was playing, but it sure was nice. The tune and all the musicians knocked me out. Fine trumpet solo, strong bass player, and good rhythm section. The arrangement was very representative of the form. Five stars.

2. CHICO HAMILTON. *Evil Eye* (from *the Further Adventures of El Chico*, Impulse). Gabor Szabo, guitar, composer; Hamilton, drums.

That reminded me of a rhythmic pattern that Vernell Fournier used on brushes. It's a musical arrangement based on that pattern. Very interesting. It was a good guitar player, but I have no idea who he was. Three stars.

3. BUDDY RICH-MAX ROACH. *Figure Eights* (from *Rich vs. Roach*, Mercury). Rich, drums (left channel); Roach, drums (right channel).

Drums aplenty! That's an interesting way to make a drum record—just two cats playing eight bars apiece.

It sounded like Louie Bellson to me on the left channel—and Buddy Rich, maybe, on the right. Or maybe not. Maybe it was Louie over there, too, 'cause they sound so much alike.

I would like to hear that again; I would even go so far as to buy it! I liked the continuity very much—they listened to each other and complemented one another, so there wasn't too much duplication.

The bass drum work was sort of reminiscent of some of the things that Max has introduced. . . . I think if they had taken a chorus apiece at some point, it would have progressed a little bit more, so that the bass drum pattern would have

developed. It's very difficult to develop anything in eight bars that will make any kind of impression.

It still knocked me out, though. Five stars.

4. PAUL BUTTERFIELD. *Mary, Mary* (from *East-West*, Elektra). Butterfield, vocal, harmonica.

Modern music! Old-time modern music, I guess you'd call it. And very well done. This has a nice feeling; they got a good little groove. I couldn't identify it; there's a lot of groups like that.

The rhythm sounded almost like a Latin thing—or rather Spanish. In this kind of thing you can track down where everything comes from. I'd give that five stars. I mean it!

5. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS. *Balanced Scales=Justice* (Solid State). Jones, fluegelhorn; Hank Jones, piano; Sam Herman, guitar; Lewis, drums; Tom McIntosh, composer-arranger.

Well, now . . . are the trumpet player and the guitar player bald? Fat? And with big teeth? And the drummer is losing his hair too?

Okay, I'll give you my unbiased, bigoted opinion. Five stars. I'm very prejudiced—I love my brother! And my brother's big band. And Hank is in there too—sounding great.

That arrangement was very interesting. You noticed how the flutes came in there? Very delicate and light in flavor—for a band that large to have that delicacy was remarkable. I don't know who wrote the tune or the arrangement.

When Mel had to go to Vienna for a couple of weeks last spring, I had a chance to play two Monday nights with the band, and it was a real experience, a ball. They're just getting better and better all the time. I knew they'd made a record, but this is

the first time I've heard anything from it. Beautiful!

6. LOUIE BELLSON. *The Diplomat Speaks* (from *Live at the Summit, Roulette*). Bellson, composer, drums; Bob Florence, arranger.

Now this time it's *got* to be Louie Bellson! Louie with Duke Ellington's orchestra. Years ago, when Louie was with Duke the first time, he was at the Fox Theater in Detroit, and Hank was there accompanying Ella, and he introduced me to Louie. Louie gave me a pair of sticks—I still have them.

Five stars—or 10!—you can't beat that. It sounds like Louie's tune. He writes a lot of nice things.

That was some solo he developed—the graduation was so nice.

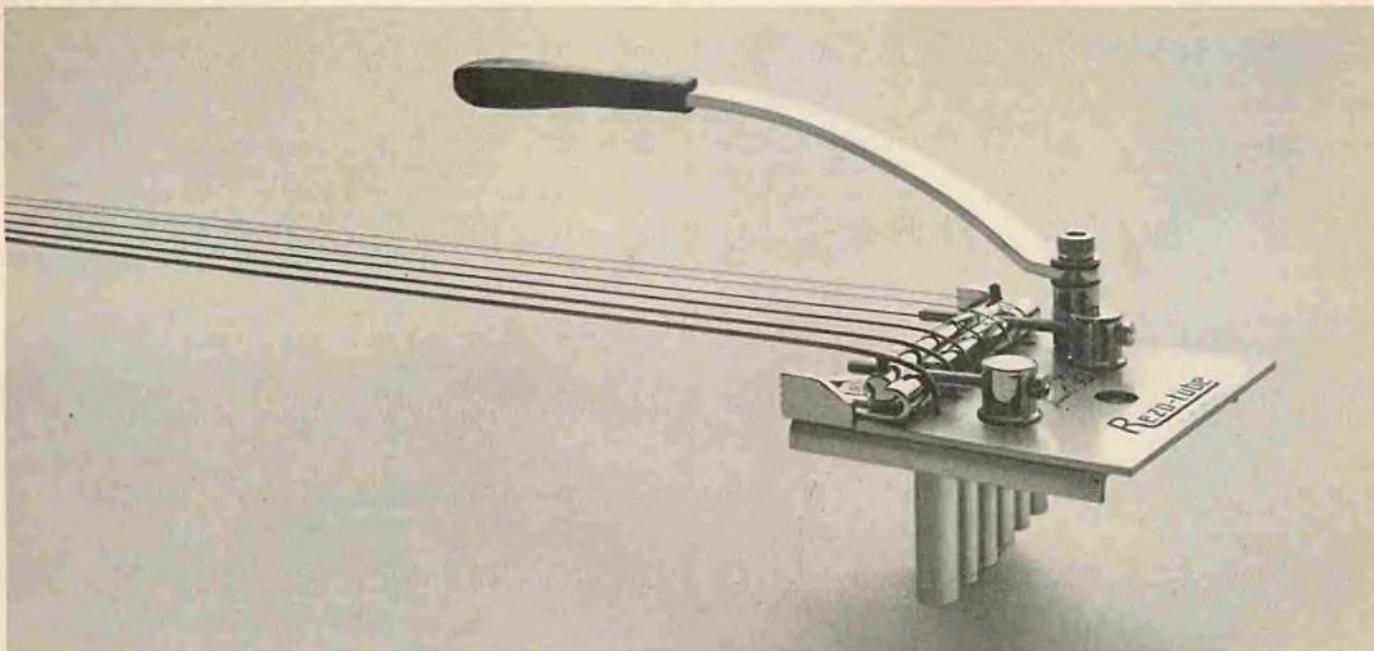
7. ANTHONY WILLIAMS. *Barb's Song to the Wizard* (from *Life Time*, Blue Note). Herbie Hancock, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Williams, composer (no drums).

A lot of bass players and pianists are developing this particular form right now. Very interesting; opens up many possibilities. I'd like to see this kind of thing develop more and more. For the interest alone, I'd give it five. This is an incentive for artists to develop their techniques. It sounds like something Bill Evans might do, but I won't hazard any guesses.

8. COUNT BASIE. *Until I Met You* (from *Basie Swingin', Voices Singin', ABC-Paromount*). Basie, piano; Alan Copeland Singers.

Almost had that Basie sound, with a Jon Hendricks choral group or something like that. I didn't like that too well; I've heard it done better. It wasn't swinging, and it wasn't together that much. Nothing happening. I really can't see that one. No stars.





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AYLER BROTHERS

(Continued from page 18)

artist, that's what counts."

"Why," I asked, "did bop seem too constricting to you?"

"For me," he said, "it was like humming along with Mitch Miller. It was *too* simple. I'm an artist. I've lived more than I can express in bop terms. Why should I hold back the feeling of my life, of being raised in the ghetto of America? It's a new truth now. And there have to be new ways of expressing that truth. And as I said, I believe music can change people. When bop came, people acted differently than they had before. Our music should be able to remove frustration, to enable people to act more freely, to think more freely.

"You see, everyone is screaming 'Freedom,' but mentally, everyone is under a great strain. But now the truth is marching in, as it once marched back in New Orleans. And that truth is that there must be peace and joy on earth. Music really is the universal language, and that's why it can be such a force. Words, after all, are only music."

"Sure," Don said. "Music is everybody's middle name, but people don't know this. They don't know they live by music all the time. Their thoughts are dancing; their words are music. People don't realize that they are continually producing and reacting to sound vibrations. When you're connecting—in work, in talk, in thought—you're making music."

I still wasn't clear as to how music could bring peace.

"People talk about love," Albert explained, "but they don't *believe* in each other. They don't realize they can get strength from each other's lives. They don't extend their imaginations. And once a man's imagination dies, he dies."

"Everybody," Don said, "is afraid to find out the ultimate capacities of his imagination."

"And our music, we think, helps people do just that," Albert said firmly. "This music is our imagination put to sound to stimulate other people's imaginations. And if we affect somebody, he may in turn affect somebody else who never heard our music."

In an article on the new music by Robert Ostermann in *The National Observer* (June 7, 1965), Don Ayler had rejected jazz as a name for their music because, he said, "Jazz is Jim Crow. It belongs to another era, another time, another place. We're playing free music." But he had also said that their music was not exclusively an expression of their personal problems or those of the American black man. "We aren't selfish enough to limit it to that," Don had been quoted in the piece.

I asked him if he still felt that way.

"Yes," said Don, "people have to get beyond color."

"True," Albert added, "but I think it's a very good thing that black people in this country are becoming conscious of the strengths of being black. They are beginning to see who they are. They are acquir-

ing so much respect for themselves. And that's a beautiful development for me because I'm playing their suffering, whether they know it or not. I've lived that suffering. Beyond that, it all goes back to God. Nobody's superior, and nobody's inferior.

"All we're guilty of anyway," said Don, "is breathing."

"I'm encouraged about the music to

who was playing bebop but who can feel the spirit of what's happening now. He's trying to reach another peace level. This is a beautiful person, a highly spiritual brother. Imagine being able in one lifetime to move from the kind of peace he found in bebop to a new peace."

"The most important thing," Don said, "is to produce *your* sound and have no psychic frustrations. And that involves having enough to eat."

"Yes," Albert said. "Music has been a gift to me. All I expect is a chance to create without worrying about such basics as food."

"To give peace," Don said, "you have to have peace." 

BIG SID

(Continued from page 22)

lead, I ran into Sid. We got to talking about the state of the business. We thought that things were tough then (in 1950), but little did we know that it was going to get tougher.

Sid was in a good position, as far as I could see, because he could play with the swing groups as well as the bop groups. However, Sid was feeling uneasy, and we spoke about the evils existing in the business, agreeing on every point.

Right then we decided to get together an all-star band. I am sure that the idea sprang from Sid's telling me that one of the biggest bookers had assured him of steady bookings if he put together a good group. This we proceeded to do, with Ken Kersey, piano; Benny Morton, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Lloyd Trotman, bass; myself, cornet; and Catlett, drums.

After a bit of woodshedding to set the routines, we opened at the Hurricane at 49th and Broadway, and I led the group. We had a two-week engagement there, followed by a week at the Showboat in Philly. Then, we got a week in Boston, playing the Hi-Hat Club. By that time, the handwriting was on the wall.

Buster Bailey left and was replaced by Edmond Hall. Sid and I were becoming disenchanted, since we had promoted the gigs ourselves, and, after we closed Boston, Catlett started haunting Mr. Big's anteroom, hoping he would keep his promise about booking Sid's group. But he was never "in." Then, I got the idea of sending him telegrams (in Sid's name), and still nothing happened. So after a month, I returned to my farm, saying goodbye to the fellows.

It was then late fall, and I suppose that Sid went home to mom in Chicago for his usual Christmas visit. He never came back. Big Sid, only 41 years old, had a heart attack after the holidays and died early in 1951. If he were still around, he could show some of these modern drummers a thing or two about communication, both with his fellow musicians and the audience.

Fortunately, Sid did a lot of recording, and his easy style lives on, to be heard, studied, or just enjoyed by a new generation who have lost the opportunity to evaluate this great man in person. For my money, Sid Catlett was the greatest. 

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come," Albert said. "There are musicians all over the States who are ready to play free spiritual music. You've got to get ready for the truth, because it's going to happen. And listen to Coltrane and Pharaoh Sanders. They're playing free now. We need all the help we can get. That *Ascension* is beautiful! Consider Coltrane. There's one of the older guys

BOOK REVIEWS

Jazz Masters of the '40s, by Ira Gitler. Published by MacMillan, 290 pages, \$5.95.

I expected more than I got from this book. Gitler knows the bop era well and has been close to many of its practitioners for years, but not enough of this knowledge and personal experience is in the book.

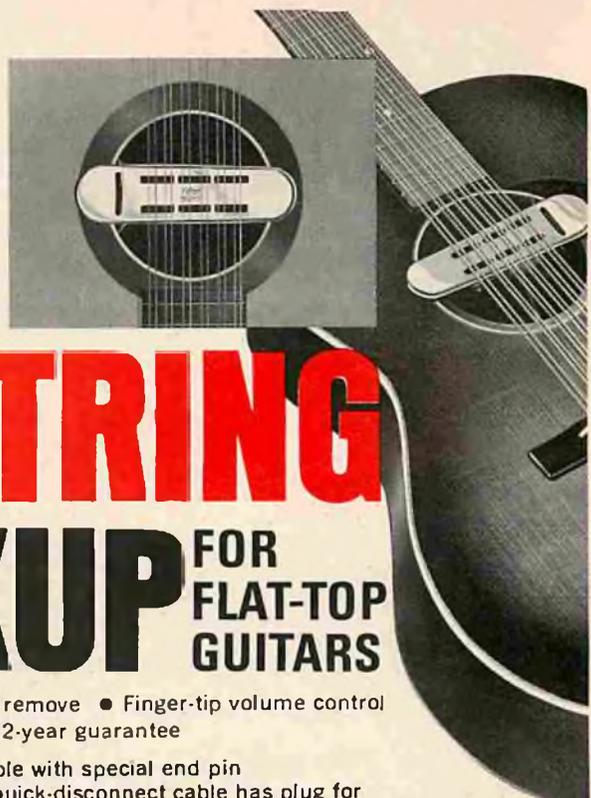
Instead of giving his own evaluations of the music, Gitler almost invariably quotes another critic when the chips are down; and the author's personal contact with the musicians too often is used as "inside" stuff—for example, he writes, "Those who were at the Half Note on a particular night in 1961 will attest that [Sonny Stitt] fell before Zoot Sims on *Sweet Georgia Brown*. . . ." The book is cluttered with such trivia.

What Gitler has done in most of the chapters ("Dizzy Gillespie and the Trumpeters," "Charlie Parker and the Alto Saxophonists," etc.) is compile musicians' histories (mostly from material readily available elsewhere) and lard them with quotes from the subjects (too often from previously published interviews) and from other critics. When he gathered his own material—for example in the cases of Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, and Lee Konitz—the book takes on a good deal more interest. The best chapters, in fact, are those on Gillespie and Lennie Tristano/Konitz. In the latter he also offers more of his own judgments, which helps.

There is too much concentration on the psychological problems of the subjects in chapters dealing with Bud Powell and Max Roach. Certainly some mention should be made of a musician's disability if it affects his music, but too often in this book personal problems are brought up almost as hot gossip. Some connection also should have been shown between a musician's hobbies (Gillespie's collection of Meerschaum pipes and his chess playing) or attitudes (J. J. Johnson's wonder at being up and about at 8 a.m. with "day people") and the man's music.

Some of the most valuable material is contained in quotes from pianist Dick Katz. His recollections of playing with bassist Oscar Pettiford and drummer Kenny Clarke give much insight into the workings of those men's music. But also in the Pettiford chapter, Gitler has included a lot of material on the bassist's hassel with another musician during a tour of Korea, all of it taken from news stories in *Down Beat* in 1952. There seems no point in its inclusion, since it tells nothing about Pettiford's music. It tells something about Pettiford's personality, but there is no attempt to show how his personality directed his music.

Nowhere in the book does the author state in clear terms exactly what the music he is dealing with is all about. There are quotes from other critics that dwell on an aspect or two of bop, but it would have been of greater service to the readers (not all of whom are necessarily as hip as



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Gitler might assume) to define the music or treat of its characteristics in some depth.

In essence, the book fails to bring much new material of value to light and is devoid of a fresh approach to bop. Gitler should have done better.—*Don DeMicheal*

They All Played Ragtime, by Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis; third (revised) edition. Published by Oak Publications, 347 pages, paperback, \$4.45.

This book, originally published by Knopf in 1950, is one of the few really original historical books in jazz bibliography. Unlike other jazz histories, it has no imitators and still stands alone in its field as scholarship of the highest order.

It is a welcome event that this book is again available. In it the story of ragtime is completely documented, from its origins of folk songs and minstrelsy, through its classic period in Sedalia, St. Louis, and Chicago, to the recent revival of interest and accomplishment.

The authors were the first to set forth the accomplishment of the Big Three—Scott Joplin, James Scott, and that fascinating maverick, Joseph Lamb—and to identify correctly the stride styles of Baltimore and Harlem as valid forms of ragtime.

Having said all this, I feel compelled to ask—since this reissue is supposed to be a “revised edition”—of what do the revisions consist? After reading calls for

new information published in the *Ragtime Society Newsletter*, I had come to expect an essentially new book, and it is not.

This is not even a revised edition, as I understand the term; it is a reprinting with some additional material inserted. Comparison with the Knopf edition shows that the original pages were simply reproduced with the same page numbers. The index and certain listings have been photo-reproduced on a smaller scale, some of them apparently from the Grove paperback edition. New material consists of:

A new preface of seven pages.

Additional acknowledgements, three pages.

A new table of contents and lists of illustrations and scores (these are the only genuine revisions), six pages replacing four.

A blank space on Page 209, at the end of the chapter on stride piano, has been filled up with additional remarks trying to relate this music to later developments.

Added, on Page 274, is a listing of dates of death of ragtime pioneers, a poignant reminder that the authors caught many of them just in time for their original edition.

Pages 297 to 301, 4½ pages of new information on musical compositions.

Pages 343 to 347, 4½ pages of new listings of phonograph records.

Page 347, half a page of errata.

Very importantly, the complete piano

scores of 15 compositions, including recent discoveries by pioneer Arthur Marshall as well as new rags by the current generation, have been added.

There are an additional 14 pages of photographs, with four minor pictures deleted and seven substitutions as well as several fine additions.

The only other deletion is a listing of cylinder records.

I don't know who is responsible for the new format, but it is certainly disconcerting to read here the original 1950 text, as if Brun Campbell and Joe Lamb were still alive—when the front cover implies that the text has been brought up to date—only to discover that in each of these cases the revision consists of a one-line obituary on Page 274.

I am sure Blesh must have uncovered much more new information about the pioneers than was presented in the addenda and errata, and surely the recent resurgence of interest deserved more than a few pages of preface. And if it is the author's thesis that Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, and Earl Hines have a place in ragtime in the broad sense and provide transitions to swing and even bop, then surely that deserves more space than the afterthoughts on Page 209.

But perhaps I am quibbling. The main thing is the book is back in print. I unhesitatingly recommend it.

—*Walter C. Allen*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 27)

the Cal Tjader Quintet, singers Teri Thornton and Ethel Ennis, clarinetist Freddie Fisher, bassist-cellist Paul Warburton, and the Joe Kloess trio.

The next day the package moved en masse to Aspen and opened in the evening with simultaneous performances in the Pantaloon Room, the hotel's new night club, and in the old dining room, site of the Gibson sessions.

The double sets accommodated the large crowd the Jerome had anticipated, but it played havoc with those who wanted to be where the best things were happening. Was it better listening to Basie or Cal Tjader at this time of night? Krupa or Teri Thornton?

Richard Boone, clown and catalyst, is a stimulating Basie trombonist, and at the Monday night concert he was cutting such other Basie soloists as trumpeter Al Arons and tenor saxophonist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis. Altoist Marshall Royal played lushly on his own arrangement of *Royal Blues*. Miss Ennis, attractive, poised, and in good voice, sang with pianist Kloess' trio (Jim McCabe, bass, and John Rae, drums), winning everyone with her lovely *Shadow of Your Smile*. Krupa, suffering from the 7,900-foot altitude (“Man, I'm about ready to call the priest!”), was nevertheless drumming in top form, playing boppish figures behind tenor saxophonist Carmen Leggio's thrusting lines.

Intense and swinging, Tjader's quintet

(Al Zulaica, piano; Stan Gilbert, bass; Carl Burnett, drums; Armando Peraza, conga) stretched out. When he wasn't playing vibraharp, Tjader was dancing in the middle of his group, and rattling all sorts of hand percussion instruments.

Miss Thornton does not have the same full voice as Miss Ennis, but she is in many respects a better jazz vocalist. Singing with the Kloess trio, her phrasing, tripping and floating, was similar to the playing of a classic Kansas City tenor man.

The Tuesday performances were considerably better. Someone said it takes at least a day for a newcomer to become accustomed to Aspen's altitude; more likely, it was the warmth shone by the town toward all of the musicians that made all groups eager to play. On Monday night, Basie had been presented with a pair of skis by Dr. Harold Whitcomb, president of the Aspen Ski Club, and, the next morning, a number of musicians had been on a tour of the surrounding ski slopes.

Krupa's bassist, Benny Moten, was sparkling on *Take the A Train*, and his pianist, Dill Jones, dug into Fats Waller's *Alligator Crawl* at Tuesday's event.

Henderson, overwhelmed by the town, in turn overwhelmed the crowd with his vigorous singing in front of the Basie band, which decided to rock. Krupa and Sutton tried for the same empty chair, right between Basie and guitarist Freddie Green, in order to hear better.

Fisher, well known in the '30s as Freddie (Schnicklefritz) Fisher, leader of a

novelty band and an earlier confrere of Chicago clarinetist Frank Teschemacher, turned out to be a surprisingly good jazz clarinetist. One of Aspen's best-liked citizens, he now plays only occasionally. Featured with the Kloess trio, he displayed a beautiful tone, especially in the lower register, and good ideas.

Paul Warburton, a fast, exciting bassist from Denver, was featured as a cellist with Kloess.

Aspen had both quality and quantity in jazz that week, and reverberations from this interest in jazz are being felt throughout the area.

An enterprising Republican committeeman in Denver arranged to have Clayton, Hall, Miller, Cutshall, Sutton, Barnes, Lesberg, and Leeman play for a political rally the night after Gibson's party ended. Hard-playing pianist Flip Nunez and drummer Al Coster have come to Aspen from the West Coast for an engagement.

Earlier, jazz events included Stan Kenton's first appearance in Aspen, this summer, and the Gibsons, working overtime, sparkplugged the booking of Lawson, Hucko, Freeman, Cutshall, Sutton, Hayes, Haggart, and Feld into the Trocadero Ballroom in Denver for two weeks this last July. Plans are now afoot to hold the second Aspen Jazz Festival in January, during the town's Winterskol Festival.

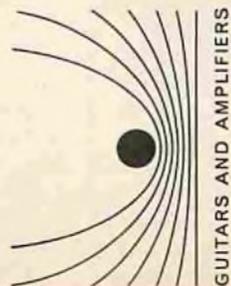
So signs augur well for jazz in the area, and judging from Basie's words (“You people make me feel so happy, you make my boys feel so happy . . .”), the people there deserve it. —*Gilbert M. Erskine*



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FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

Dizzy Atmosphere, composed by Dizzy Gillespie, arranged by Glenn Osser; Leeds Music Corp.

Groovin' High, composed by Gillespie, arranged by Osser; Leeds Music Corp.

These two arrangements are part of the third series by Osser—the Leeds' Swingin' Big Band series. This set differs from the other Leeds' stage-band publications in that they are not stock-voiced arrangements.

These two closely resemble each other, since they take two standard jazz lines by Gillespie and treat them in a similar style and layout.

After a short introduction (the weakest part of both arrangements and easily skipped), the saxophones take the melody with brass backing and punctuation on the bridge.

Solo choruses follow, and here lies one of the biggest values in the arrangement. Osser uses the original Charlie Parker and Gillespie solos. In *Dizzy Atmosphere* there is the Parker solo, transcribed for alto and then for the whole section. The second chorus has Gillespie's solo, harmonized for the trumpet section. The saxophones take the tune out with a full-band coda.

In *Groovin' High* the saxophones have the first part of the line—Parker's solo harmonized—and a solo trumpet has Gillespie's solo transcribed for the bridge and final eight. A driving, big-band ensemble sets up the final recapitulation of the line by the saxophones and the full ensemble ending.

Both arrangements are up-tempo, driving, and well done. This is enough to recommend them. Besides this, however, they are good teaching materials to introduce the band to two classic bop tunes and the solo lines of Gillespie and Parker.

They also provide excellent sectional training in the transcribed soli sections. They are of medium difficulty and fine arrangements for training and performance.

Night in Amsterdam, composed and arranged by Bob Bunten; Kendor Music, Inc.

Trombone solis are fairly rare in published stage-band literature. In *Night in Amsterdam* the trombone section is featured in full-sounding section writing when they have the up-tempo statement of the theme. They have to balance, punch, and drive. Fluidity and precision are demanded. The full band, with interlocking sec-

tions, leads to a 32-bar trumpet solo (written solo provided) with sectional interplay serving as an interlude.

Dynamic contrast, paced up to a punching climax and then back to build again, ties the next section together. The trombones repeat their opening line to close the arrangement.

The arrangement is of medium difficulty and calls for a good trombone section. Precision is one of the large problem areas. Tight phrasing also will be vital to a good performance. Beyond this, there are many little challenges—lots of scoops, glisses into attacks, forte-pianos, and biting fall-offs.

The arranger makes frequent use of interweaving sections that will force the band to sectional independence and to an awareness of sectional balance and the movement of lines.

The arrangement will provide plenty of challenge for most high school stage bands. It will also keep the frequently forgotten trombones happy.

Fancy Me, composed and arranged by Art Wiggins; LeBlanc Publications, Inc.

LeBlanc Publications is developing a rather extensive series of arrangements taken from the library of the NORAD Commanders.

Fancy Me, one of its latest additions by Wiggins, staff arranger with the band, is an easy-swinging, grooving arrangement in the traditional big-band idiom. And it is fairly easy, which makes it a fine number for almost any high school group. At the same time it is musically sound enough for more advanced groups. All the basics of proper interpretation are demanded, and there are plenty of opportunities in the arrangement to stress and teach them.

A sax soli opens the number. It demands crisp, clipped final eighths a la Count Basie and a lay-back feeling especially on 2 and 4. The full ensemble takes the bridge, and attention must be paid to dynamics in pacing a crescendo over the eight bars.

The next section again demands dynamic control with loud accents on 4 punctuating an otherwise soft ensemble. Care must be taken to avoid rushing, and sectional balance becomes an important and obvious necessity.

A tenor solo follows and leads to a soft, kicking ensemble that, after an interlocked section between the brass and saxophones, brings the latter back for a restatement of the theme that takes the arrangement out.

There are plenty of opportunities for the drummer to fill and set up ensemble attacks, in the manner of Sonny Payne, for instance.

All in all, this is a most highly recommended arrangement.

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(Continued from page 15)

Oct. 18 at UCLA. The first program centered on "The Development of Jazz," with the **Randy Weston Sextet** (**Ray Copeland**, trumpet; **Cecil Payne**, baritone saxophone; **Weston**, piano; **Bill Wood**, bass; **Lenny McBrowne**, drums; **Big Black**, conga) and commentator **Rudi Blesh**. The next week, Oct. 25, "The Negroid Idiom in American Music" explored various types of writing, "from folk-blues to commercials," with pianist **Calvin Jackson** participating in the discussions. On the Oct. 28 program, "Music by Contemporary American Negro Composers," Jackson conducted six of his own works. Sharing the conductor's podium that night were composers **Clarence Jackson**, **Ulysses Kay**, and **William Grant Still**. The final performance Nov. 19 will be a concert by the **Duke Ellington Orchestra**, immediately preceded by a symposium in which Ellington, critic **Leonard Feather**, and altoist **Benny Carter** will take part . . . Another UCLA activity is the fourth Workshop in the Recording Arts and Sciences. Among the early lectures, reed man **Dave Pell** participated in an overview of the recording industry on Sept. 26, and pianist **Ernie Freeman** discussed the arranger's part in preparing for a record date Oct. 3. Pianist **Andre Previn** took part in a discussion of classical recordings Oct. 31. **Dick Boek**, of World-Pacific Records, will talk about the jazz portion of "the specialized market" Nov. 7. Paul Tanner, former **Glenn Miller** trombonist, helped to organize the workshop . . . The **Gene Russell Trio** just finished a two-week engagement at the Living Room, following a week at the new Tropicana. The group—**Russell**, piano; **George Morrow**, bass; **Clarence Johnston**, drums—will tour northern California between November and February. Appearing with the Russell trio at the Living Room was singer **Johnny Hartman** . . . The after-hours policy at the Adams West (during normal hours it's a Japanese movie house called the Kabuki) continues uninterrupted on Sundays, 2 to 6 a.m. One of the latest packages to appear there included trumpeter-singer **Hugh Masakela**, singers **Lorez Alexandria** and **Ocie Smith**, and bassist **Ike Isaacs'** trio . . . Recent Monday night concerts at Memory Lane have featured the groups of reed man **Charles Lloyd** and **Masakela**. Lloyd followed with two successive Mondays at Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . Vibraharpist **Terry Gibbs'** music school in Sherman Oaks, Calif., the Music Stop, now boasts some 50 pupils. Drummer **Buddy Rich** played at a matinee concert there with **Gibbs**, pianist **Frank Strazzeri**, and bassist **Mort Klasner**. Currently **Gibbs** is in the midst of a five-week tour with entertainer **Steve Allen**. Allen, meanwhile, just signed to compose his first motion-picture score—a Global Screen Associates spy saga, *A Man Called Dagger*. **Ronald Stein** will arrange and conduct the music . . . A new group has hit town: the **Jazz Pioneers**. Fronted by drummer **Eccleston Wainwright**, the group includes **Kenny Heath**, trumpet; **Frank McCrary**, reeds; **Danny Pollack**,

guitar; and **John Preston**, bass. The quintet appeared at the Atlanta, Ga., Jazz Festival before coming to Los Angeles . . . Altoist **Art Pepper** became ill and missed the final three Sundays of his series at Shelly's Manne-Hole. **Pepper** called on **Sonny Criss** to fill in. **Criss** used **Pepper's** rhythm section (**Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Hersch Hamel**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums) for the first Sunday matinee and then used the **Ike Isaacs Trio** (**Guido Maltonis**, piano; **Isaacs**, bass; **Jimmy Smith**, drums) for the final two gigs . . . Singers **Frank Sinatra** and **Nancy Wilson** and **Nelson Riddle's** orchestra were among a host of big names slated to raise campaign funds for Gov. **Edmund G. Brown** in a Night of Stars, Oct. 20, at the Sports Arena. In September the same talent put on a similar show in San Francisco and raised \$175,000 after expenses . . . For the first time, singer **Ella Fitzgerald** will be booked into the Coconut Grove. Dates for the engagement are Dec. 26-31.

SAN FRANCISCO: Pianist **George Duke's** trio (**John Heard**, bass, and **Pete Magadini**, drums), now in its eighth month at the Half Note here, played recent concerts at the Sausalito Art Fair, the San Francisco Art Fair, and Merritt College (in Oakland) and also appeared at the Watts Summer Jazz Festival in Los Angeles. An album recorded for a German label, Saba, featuring the trio and bass trumpeter **David Simmons** is slated for fall release, **Duke** said . . . The **Louis Armstrong's** All-Stars were booked for concerts Oct. 21 at Diablo Valley College and Oct. 23 at the San Jose Civic Auditorium. On Nov. 7 the group is to perform at Stanford University . . . Trombonist **Turk Murphy's** band went south last month to play at the seventh annual Dixieland at Disneyland show in Anaheim, Calif. . . . Recent bookings at the Jazz Workshop, following **Cannonball Adderley**, have been blues men **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee**, pianist **Randy Weston's** sextet, and **Muddy Waters** and his band. Following its bay-area stay, **Weston's** combo played several college concerts in Southern California . . . Tenorist **Booker Ervin** had trumpeter **Charles Tolliver** and pianist **Phil Moore Jr.** with his quintet when it played the Both/And last month . . . Bassist **Fred Marshall** and drummer **Jerry Granelli** have left pianist **Denny Zeitlin's** trio . . . Pianist **Earl Hines** flew in to Oakland between his Cincinnati and Chicago engagements to help daughter **Janeer** celebrate her 16th birthday. **Hines** said he plans to spend three weeks at his Oakland home at the end of the year.

DETROIT: Singer **Aretha Franklin's** new accompanying group includes **Claude Black**, piano, and **Rod Hicks**, bass. **George Davidson** remains on drums. **Miss Franklin** continues to work out of Detroit, so her sidemen are heard frequently here. Recently **Hicks**, playing cello, and **Davidson** sat in at the Hobby Bar, where organist **Ben Jones** and drummer **Walter Little** comprise the house group . . . The

Keith Vreeland Trio (**Vreeland**, piano; **Dick Wigginton**, bass; **Jim Nemeth**, drums) played at the Jefferson Ave. Baptist Church on two recent Sundays. The first was a workshop-seminar explaining jazz and how it can be incorporated into worship services. The second week the group played for a jazz service. The **Vreeland** trio also returned to the club scene after a long absence when it backed singer **Mark Richards** at Momo's . . . Organist **Charles Harris**, with tenorist **Cranford Wright** and drummer **Arthur Smith**, does six nights a week plus a Sunday matinee at the Tonga Bar. Recent guests with the group have included reed man **Roland Kirk** and tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander**, who has returned to Detroit after many years in Cleveland. **Alexander** was also heard recently with bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet at Paige's. **Farrow** now appears there weekends . . . Singer **Sarah Vaughan** did a week at the Top Hat across the river in Windsor, Ontario. Her sidemen included former Detroiters **Bob James**, piano, and **Omar Clay**, drums . . . Trombonist **George Bohanon's** quintet (**Miller Brisker**, tenor saxophone; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Will Austin**, bass; **Bert Myrick**, drums) continues to play cabaret parties, the latest at the Latin Quarter Sept. 29. On the previous weekend, trombonist **Norman O'Gara**, with saxophonist **Chuck Rand**, organist **Johnny Griffith**, and drummer **Larry Carroll**, played for a similar function in the Gold Room of the Twenty Grand . . . Baker's Keyboard returned to modern jazz after a month of Dixieland or no music when it booked guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** group . . . The redoubtable rhythm pair of bassist **Will Austin** and drummer **Bert Myrick** fill in for **Dan Jordan** and **Dick Riordan** with vibist **Jack Brokensha** at Brokensha's club Wednesday and Thursday nights. **Bess Bonnie** remains as pianist throughout the week . . . The Blues Unlimited has discontinued Thursday night jazz sessions. The sessions were originally well attended, but crowds had fallen off sharply in the last few weeks . . . Vocalist-drummer **Don Cook** returned to the Shadow Box, this time accompanied by **Bobby Fenton**, piano, and **John Dana**, bass.

BOSTON: The Playroom, the city's newest jazz club, opened recently with singer **Chris Connor** as the featured attraction. The **Three Sounds** came in next, followed by Latin percussionist **Willie Bobo's** group . . . Trumpeter **Henry (Red) Allen** did a week at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike before drummer **Max Roach's** group began its engagement there. With **Roach** were trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** and altoist **James Spaulding**. The group also was seen on Channel 2's *Jazz* while in the area . . . Another feature on *Jazz* last month was vibist **Walt Dickerson's** quartet, which was working at the Jazz Workshop. A group led by pianist-organist **Sir Charles Thompson** alternated with the vibraharpist's group . . . Reed man **Frank Wess** made one of his rare appearances as a leader when he headed a group at **Bill Russell's** . . . Another infrequently seen musician—trumpeter **Joe**

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GRETSCH



Thomas—headed a group at Estelle's at about the same time.

PITTSBURGH: The Pioneer Inn has been hanging out the SRO sign on Fridays and Saturdays when the **Troy Campbell Quartet** plays the club. With reed man Campbell are pianist **Jim Bell**, bassist **Rich Frushell**, and drummer **Jake Howard** . . . Pianist **Walt Harper's** first October Jazz Workshop drew a capacity audience (400) to the Redwood Motor Hotel. Featured were saxophonist **Eric Kloss** and singer **Sandy Staley**. Harper appeared on three television and radio shows plugging the Workshop series. He also was the subject of a feature story in the Sunday magazine section of the *Pittsburgh Press* . . . Clarinetist **Jack Mahen's** **Salt City Six** was ensconced at the Riverboat Room at the Penn Sheraton Hotel early this month . . . Drummer **Jerry Betters** has been breaking it up at the Thunderbird Boatel and the Aurora Club, which has been featuring a series of Sunday afternoon sessions. Among droppers-in have been saxophonist **Al Morrell** and trumpeter **Mike Maricino** . . . The Viking Motor Inn has been featuring a trio led by trombonist **Sonny Tucci**.

CLEVELAND: A concert titled the World Series of Jazz was presented Sept. 25 in Cleveland's Public Hall. The **Count Basie Band**, vocalists **Gloria Lynne** and **Arthur Prysock**, organist **Jimmy Smith**, and alto saxophonist **Hank Crawford** were featured . . . **East High Jazz Trio** (pian-

ist **Adrees Sadig**, bassist **Chevera Jeffries**, and drummer **Ray Ferris**) is currently at the Tangiers . . . Organist **Eddie Baccus** and his trio are swinging at the Continental Room . . . Jazz is the policy weeknights at the Copper Kettle . . . The new group at the Watson Motor Inn is the **George Peters Trio**. Featured with pianist Peters are drummer **Val Kent** and bassist **Lamar Gaines** . . . **Lou Sivillo** took over at the Versailles to lead the house band backing singer **Nancy Wilson** Oct. 10. Trumpeter **Sivillo**, recently in from Las Vegas, Nev., stays on to lead various-size house bands backing the Versailles' name performers . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** and his trio return to Leo's Casino Dec. 1 . . . Coming to the Theatrical Grill will be the **Dave Yuen Trio**, congaist **Willie Bobo**, and trumpeter **Roy Liberto**, all before the new year.

CINCINNATI: Singer **Lou Rawls** appeared at the Music Hall Oct. 14 . . . Pianist **Earl Hines'** trio worked at the Living Room during the last week of September; he was followed later in October by singer **Johnny Hartman** and the **Dee Felice Trio** . . . The **Three Sounds** also were in town recently, appearing at the Baby Grand. This club also had trumpeter **Donald Byrd's** group in September. The club is managed by **Jerry Herman**, brother of **Mel Herman**, who owns the Living Room here . . . Drummer **Ron Enyeart's** quartet opened at **Herbie's Lounge**. With the group are tenor saxophonist **Gordon Brisker**, pianist **Sam Jackson**, and bassist **Mike Moore**.

BALTIMORE: The Jazz Society of Performing Artists ended its summer sabbatical in early October by presenting tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan's** quintet at the Forest Manor. The group included trombonist **Julian Priestler**, pianist **Lonnie Smith**, bassist **Ray McKinney**, and drummer **J. C. Moses** . . . Tenorist **Coleman Hawkins** brought a quartet into the Madison Club for the Left Bank Jazz Society. In the Hawkins four were **Barry Harris**, piano; **Ron Carter**, bass; **Eddie Locke**, drums. The following Sunday fluegelhornist **Art Farmer** brought in his quintet featuring tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath**, with pianist **Al Dailey**, bassist **Walter Booker**, and drummer **Mickey Roker**. The calendar remaining for October had altoist **Jackie McLean's** group scheduled for Oct. 9, a quintet led by drummer **Bill English** and tenor man **Frank Foster** the following weekend, and vocalist **Joe Lee Wilson** Oct. 30.

NEW ORLEANS: Tenor saxophonist **Tony Pastor**, during his appearance at trumpeter **Al Hirt's** club, joined Hirt and his band for a session . . . Drummer **Charles Blancq** recently returned to the Crescent City and will be playing at the **Golliwog Lounge** . . . **Henry A. Kmen**, local musician and historian, has a new book out, *Music in New Orleans: The Formative Years, 1791-1841* . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** is back in town after a round of personal appearances . . . Saxophonist **Don Suhor** returned to Bourbon St., playing at the Sho Bar . . . The **Lee Castle-Jimmy**

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Dorsey Band did a one-nighter at Al Hirt's Club. Entertainer Cab Calloway is currently at the club; his two-week stand began Oct. 24 . . . Pianist Joe Burton is planning a morning jazz show for WYES-TV. James Black is supposed to join Burton on the program . . . The New Orleans Jazz Museum is preparing for its fifth anniversary celebration.

MIAMI: Trumpeter Don Goldie, who recently closed at the Boom Boom Room in the Fountainbleau Hotel, used pianist Ralph Hinden (formerly with trumpeter Phil Napoleon), bassist Johnny Behney (ex-Jimmy Dorsey Band member), and drummer Charles Cameron . . . Vocalist Fifi Barton and saxophonist Bruce Turell were featured with the Andy Bartha Band at the Ranch Lounge at a recent Jazz Jamboree . . . Don McLean drummer for the Bartha group at the Oceania Lounge, was cited as one of the 10 best drummers in a *Jazzology* magazine poll. Don Ewell again was among the first 10 pianists in the same traditional-jazz poll . . . Singer Buddy Greco will appear at the Chateau Madrid in Fort Lauderdale Nov. 10-16. Louis Armstrong signed for the choice New Year's week at the same hotel . . . Appearing at Alan Rock's new Jazzville Sept. 24 were the Ira Sullivan Four (Sullivan, trumpet, tenor, alto, soprano saxophone, and flute; Dolph Castellano, piano; Don Mast, bass; and Jose Cigno, drums) and tenor saxophonist Charlie Austin with Eric Knight, piano; Richard Johnson, bass; and Bobby Chin, drums. The next concert, Oct. 2, again featured the Sullivan group, this time opposite tenorist Jerry Coker and pianist Tony Castellano, bassist Walter Benard, and drummer Buddy Deleo. Joani Harrison supplied the vocals. Rock produced an Oct. 6 concert at Miami-Dade Junior College featuring the 18-piece Chubby Jackson Band and the Sullivan Four . . . Singer Mavis Rivers recently sang at the Playboy Club for two weeks . . . Harry's American Bar will feature pianist-singer Ike Cole's trio for two weeks beginning Nov. 14.

LAS VEGAS: Tenor saxophonist Stan Getz brought a touch of quality to the Strip scene last month. With him at the Tropicana Blue Room were vibraharpist Gary Burton, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer Roy Haynes. Completing a triple bill at the Blue Room were singer Anita O'Day and the Gene Krupa Orchestra, the latter consisting of his regular quartet (Carmen Leggio, tenor saxophone; Dill Jones, piano; Benny Moten, bass) plus several Las Vegas stalwarts, including Buddy Childers, trumpet; Keith Moon, trombone; and Raoul Romero, reeds . . . Lena Horne, vocalizing at the Sands after an absence of several years, brought some notable jazzmen to accompany her in the persons of guitarist Gabor Szabo, pianist Gerald Wiggins, and bassist Albert Stinson . . . The Black Magic, combining the talents of multi-instrumentalist Gus Mancuso on piano with bassist Billy Christ and drummer Santo Savino and a new Mexican food menu, did its best business in many moons. Pianist-singer Johnny

Veith, bassist Connie Milano, and drummer Ron Ogden followed Mancuso, who left for a short road trip . . . Organist Paul Bryant's trio returned to Reuben's, replacing the group of Eagle-Eye Shields.

SEATTLE: The first youth concert of the Seattle Jazz Society was given Oct. 23 in A Contemporary Theater, where several hundred heard a traditional sextet led by trombonist Mike Hobi; the Northwest Jazz Quartet, a young modern group led by Gard White who plays piano, trumpet, and trombone; the Jimmy Hanna Big Blues Band, consisting of 11 young r&b players and three singers. A panel discussion followed in Le Rapport coffee house downstairs, with disc jockey Bob Gill as moderator . . . Bill Owens resigned his jazz booking spot with Northwest Releasing to go on his own. His first solo effort is a pair of concerts, Nov. 4 at Oregon State College in Corvallis and Nov. 5 at the University of Oregon, in Eugene, with the 15-piece Teddy Moore Band from Portland augmenting singer Nancy Wilson's accompanying trio and the Bola Sete Trio . . . Now playing Charlie Puzzo's Penthouse is the John Handy Quintet, until Nov. 12, to be followed by the Oscar Peterson Trio Nov. 17-26, and the Sete trio Dec. 1-10 . . . The Brothers Tavern in Everett now has jazz Wednesday through Saturday nights and a Saturday afternoon session with a quintet co-led by tenor saxophonist Curtiss Hammond and vibist Milton Simon . . . Recent happenings at Vancouver, British Columbia, included a week's run for the Maynard Ferguson Band at Isey's Oct. 3-8 and an Ahmad Jamal concert Oct. 2 at the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse. The Jamal concert was sponsored and videotaped by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. as a part of the television network's festival of music to be aired later in the season.

TORONTO: The Toronto Musicians' Association celebrated its 65th anniversary last month with a dinner-dance that attracted 1,300 musicians and friends. In attendance were the Count Basie Orchestra and AFM president Herman D. Kenin . . . Opening the same night were tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet (with organist Milt Buckner and drummer Harrison Molock) at the Park Plaza and drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (trumpeter Charles Mangione, tenorist Frank Mitchell, pianist Chico Corea, and bassist Anthony Booth Jr.) at the Town Tavern . . . Doris Hines is singing at the King Edward Hotel . . . The Saints and Sinners returned to the Colonial for three weeks . . . Singer Odetta was featured for a week at the Riverboat last month.

PARIS: The Modern Jazz Quartet played a concert in the Maison De La Radio Oct. 4 . . . Tenorist Dexter Gordon played at Jazzland throughout September accompanied by pianist Jean-Claude Petit, bassist Michel Finet, and drummer Art Taylor . . . The Michel Roques Trio continues at the Blue Note, playing opposite the Kenny Clarke Quartet (Clarke, drums; Marc Hemmler, piano;

Pierre Sim, bass, Jimmy Courley, guitar) . . . The American Folk Blues Festival '66 played the Theatre des Champs-Elysees Oct. 1. Featured were Big Joe Turner, Roosevelt Sykes, Sippie Wallace, Robert Pete Williams, Sleepy John Estes, Yank Rachel, Little Brother Montgomery, Otis Rush, Junior Wells, Jack Meyers, and Freddie Below . . . Trumpeter Ted Curson followed Hal Singer into the Chat Qui Peche . . . Drummer Ron Jefferson is organizing Sunday night "jazz togetherness" sessions at La Boheme, where musicians, known and unknown, can jam . . . Pianist Ran Blake and singer Jeanne Lee made a brief visit to Paris and then left for an engagement at the Blue Note in Brussels, Belgium . . . Singer Dakota Staton did a tour of U.S. bases accompanied by Nathan Davis, tenor saxophone; George Arvanitas, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; and Joe Harris, drums . . . Cornetist Rex Stewart was featured at the Trois Mailletz Club backed by the Dominique Chanson group.

BELGIUM: Tenorist Nathan Davis, building an impressive Belgian following, played to a packed house on the occasion of the reopening of the Muze in Antwerp. He was backed by the Scott Bradford Trio. Davis also appeared for two nights opposite pianist Ran Blake and singer Jeanne Lee at the Blue Note in Brussels. Belgian radio is becoming increasingly active in the jazz field, mostly because of the efforts of Elias Geisterlinck, who recorded tenorist Davis with the radio orchestra, the Clouds. In November, Davis is set to record with an 85-piece orchestra . . . Tenorist Johnny Griffin played the Blue Note Sept. 9, Fats Sadi's quartet appeared there Sept. 15, and Scott Bradford's trio on the 16th. Bradford recently back from Portugal, has formed a new trio with Nick Klechkovsky, bass, and Freddy Rottier, drums. Both recently returned from a Stateside tour with singer Caterina Valente . . . In October there were visits from tenorist Illinois Jacquet and baritonist Cecil Payne.

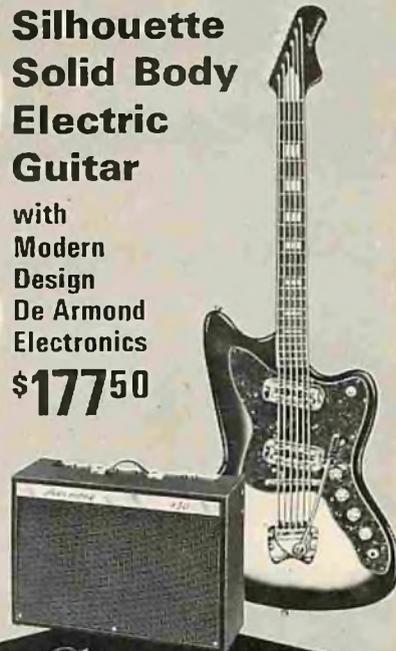
POLAND: Currently, several top-line Polish jazzmen have signed long-term contracts to appear abroad. Bassist Roman Dylag, a resident of Sweden for the last several years, who has performed extensively elsewhere in Western Europe, has been joined in Scandinavia by tenor saxophonist Michal Urbaniak, pianist Wojciech Karoluk, and drummers Andrzej Dabrowski and Szymon Walter. Urbaniak, who appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1962, now gigs in Switzerland as well. In addition, alto saxophonist Zbigniew Namyslowski recently closed at the Montmartre Club in Copenhagen, Denmark . . . Danish jazz violinist Sven Asmussen appeared at this year's International Song Festival in Sopot . . . Polish television is showing a series of famous jazz film programs. The first features pianist Thelonious Monk. Other installments included the New York Symphony Orchestra's Leonard Bernstein conducting a Gunther Schuller composition, *Journey into Jazz*.

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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 Neely.
Aztec Village (Huntington, N.Y.): Clark Terry, 11/13.
Basin St. East: Buddy Rich to 12/3.
Bisie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon. George Benson to 11/6.
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: Rob Wilber.
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.
Embers West: Roy Eldridge, Mike Longo.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): Gene Hull, 11/3.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Maura, Jack Six. Five Spot: Elvin Jones, Walter Bishop Jr., Mon. Gaslight Club: Sal Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano.
Half Note: unk.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson. Hugo's: sessions, wknds.
Hunter College Auditorium: Modern Jazz Quartet, 11/8.
Jazz at the Office: (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon. Smith St. Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, wknds.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Earl Hines, 11/4-19.
Metropole: Dukes of Dixieland to 11/5.
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens. 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.
Summit Hotel: Jimmy Butta.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Top of the Gate: Don Friedman, Chuck Israe's, Rondi Salyvo.
Village East: Larry Love.
Village Gate: Gloria Lynne, Jimmy Smith to 11/3. Carmen McRae, Modern Jazz Quartet, 11/15-11/27.
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.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Redd Foxx, 11/5-14. Joe Williams, 11/24-12/3.
Big George's: Romy Rand.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Thur.-Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.-Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat.
Diamond Lil's: Skip Kalich, Tue., Thur.
Drome: Mamie Lee, 11/4-13.
French Leave: Jimmy Dixon.
Frolie: Don Davis, Thur.-Sat.
Gene's (Inkster): Joe Burton.
Hobby Bar: Ben Jones, Mon.-Thur.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat.
London Chop House: Bob Pierson.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.
Palge's: Ernie Farrow, Thur.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Manco, Mon.-Sat. Jack Pierson, Sat.
Roostertail: Chuck Robinett, hb.
Shadow Box: Don Cook, Tue.-Sat.
Side Door (Kalamazoo): Dave Ferguson, Sun.
Tonga: Charles Harris.
Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.
Webbwood Inn: Rudy Robinson, Sun.

CHICAGO

Either/Or: Ken Rhodes, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Organizers, Thur.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Frank Sinatra Jr. to 11/13. Les McCann, 11/15-27. Oscar Peterson, 11/20-12/18. Eddie Higgins, 12/19-25. Cannonball Adderley, 12/27-1/8. Gene Krupa, 1/10-29. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novack, 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, hb.
Plugged Nickel: Thelonious Monk, 11/22-12/4. Horace Silver, 12/21-1/1.
Ricardo's Lounge: Virgil Pumpfrey, Wed.-Thur. Stan's Pad: Ken Chaney, wknds.
Sutherland: Jazz Interpreters, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, wknds.
Blue Note: Don James, hb.
Fats States Lounge: Freddy Washington, sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Hi Ho: The Tempos.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Marty's: Sal Ferrante.
Mr. C's La Cachette: Upstream Jazz Quartet.
Mr. Ford's: Allan Mcriweather, hb.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Playboy Club: hb.
Puppet Pub: Herb Drury, wknds.
Renaissance Room: The Marksmen.
River Queen: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker.
Stork Club: Roger McCoy.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

NEW ORLEANS

Al Hirt's: Cab Calloway to 11/6.
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, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy, hb.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun. afternoon.

CLEVELAND

Americana Lounge East: Hugh Thompson.
Blue Chip Inn: Duke Jenkins.
Brothers Lounge: Harry Damus.
Cappelli's: Frank Albano-Johnny Fugero.
Continental Room: Eddie Baccus.
Copa: Wayne Quarles.
Copper Kettle: jazz, Mon.-Thur.
Downstairs Room: Snap Shots.
Esquire Lounge: Winston Walls.
House of Blues: name jazz groups.
Impala Lounge: Ray Bradley.
Tally-Ho: Joe Dalesandro.
Theatrical Grill: Bob McKee, hb.
Versailles: Lou Sivilio.

TORONTO

Castle George: Lonnie Johnson to 11/6.
Colonial: Jimmy Rushing, 11/14-26. Junior Mance, 11/28-12/10.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, tfn. Art Ayre, 11/7-19.
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg, tfn.
Royal York: Mills Bros., 11/7-19.
Savarin: Cozy Cole, 11/21-12/3.
Town: June Christy, 10/31-11/5.

LOS ANGELES

Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon., Thur.-Sun. Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton, Tue.-Wed.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, Fri.-Sun.
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Cisco's (Manhattan Beach): Allen Fisher, alternate Tue.
City Hall (Pico Rivera): Pico Rivera Stage Bands
Club Casbah: Harry Edison, Dolo Coker.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.-Mon. Various groups, Tue.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Guys & Dolls (Sepulveda): El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.
International Hotel: Joe Loco.
La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston, Kenny Hagood, Gene Russell, Tue.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Oscar Peterson to 11/12. Gerald Wilson, 11/13-25. Wes Montgomery, 11/27-12/10. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-Tue.
Marty's: Lou Rivera.
Melody Room: Ocie Smith, Mary Jenkins.
Memory Lane: name groups nightly.
Nite Life: Jimmy Hamilton.
Norm's Greenlake (Pasadena): Ray Dewey, Fri.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson. Reuben Wilson, Mon.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, hb.
Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Thurs. Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Lou Rawls, 11/17-20.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jon Hendricks, 11/1-6. Hugh Manekela, 11/7-13. Barney Kessel, 11/15-20. Afro-Blues Quintet, Sun. Shelly Manne, wknds.
Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.
Ship of Fools: Don Rader, Tue.
Sneak Inn: Jay Migliore.
Sportsmen's Lodge: Stan Worth.
Tiki: Richard Dorsey.
Tropicana: Sessions, Mon.
UCLA: Duke Ellington, 11/19.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Cannonball Adderley, Ramsey Lewis, 11/26-27. Hugh Parker, Fri.-Sat.
White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-Sun.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Arthur Lyman to 11/3. Earl Hines, 11/30-12/17.
Both/And: Hugh Manekela, unk.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: unk.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover.
Hungry 1: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merle Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: unk.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Round Room: Chris Ibanez-Vernon Alley.
The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinola, tfn.
Trident (Sausalito): Don Scaletta, 11/1-28. Eddie Duran, 11/29-12/18. Bola Sete, 1/3-2/10.

PHILADELPHIA

Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Contes Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola.
Pen's: name groups.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time 6.
Show Boat: Cannonball Adderley, 11/28-12/3.
Esther Phillips, 12/5-10. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 12/12-17.
Starlite: Johnny Lytle, 11/21-26.
Temple's Coffee House: avant-garde sessions.

MIAMI

Hon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.
Chateau Madrid (Fort Lauderdale): Roddy Greco, 11/10-16. Louis Armstrong, 12/29-1/4/67.
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.
Deauville: Bobby Fields, hb.
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds, hb.
Harbor Lounge: jazz nightly.
Harry's American Bar: Ike Cole, 11/14-28.
Jazzville-Rancher: Ira Sullivan-Alan Rock. Dolph Castellano, hb.
Yacht South Seas: Harry Manian, hb.

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