OCTOBER 5, 1967 35c

down beat®

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

VOTE NOW READERS POLL BALLOT INSIDE

JAZZ AS WE'VE KNOWN IT IS DEAD, SAYS GABOR SZABO

COLEMAN HAWKINS' PIONEER DAYS

WORLD OF ROCK, PT. III

NEW IDEAS FROM CHICAGO: RICHARD ABRAMS

JOE WILLIAMS BLINDFOLD TEST

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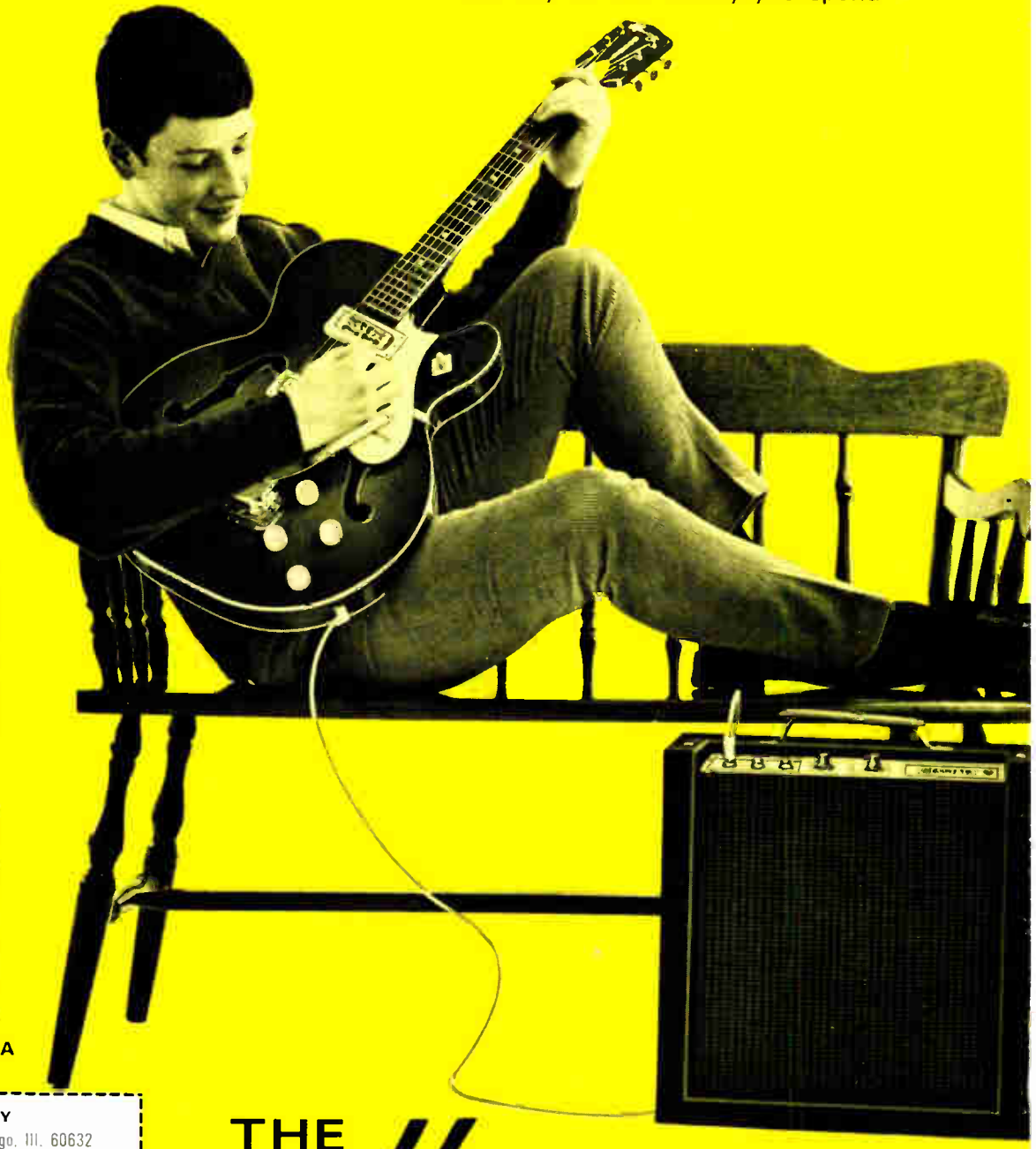

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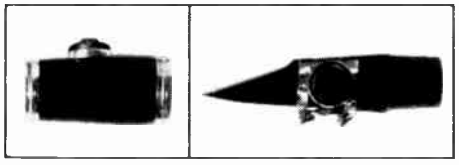

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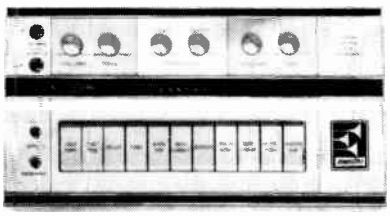

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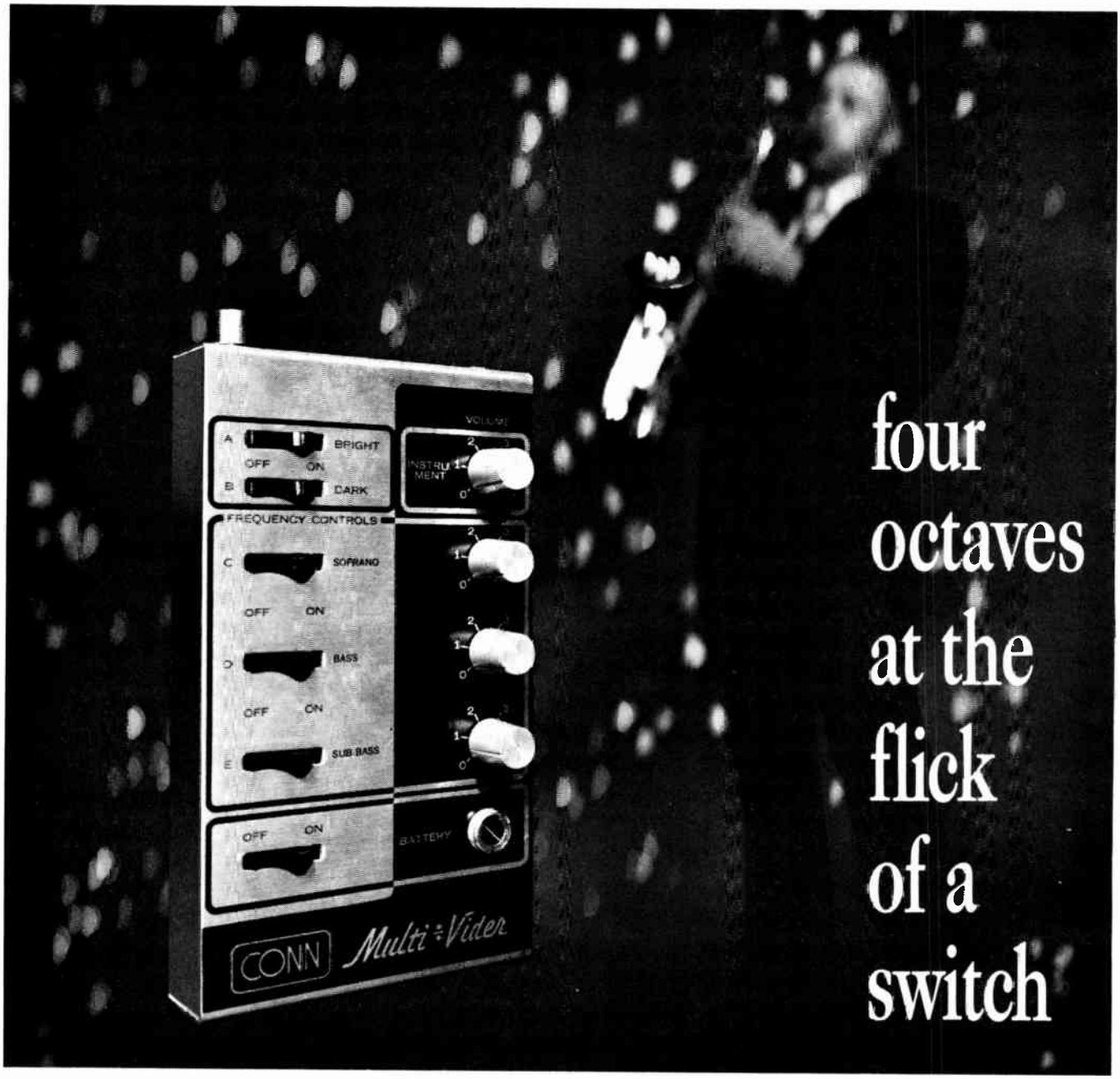

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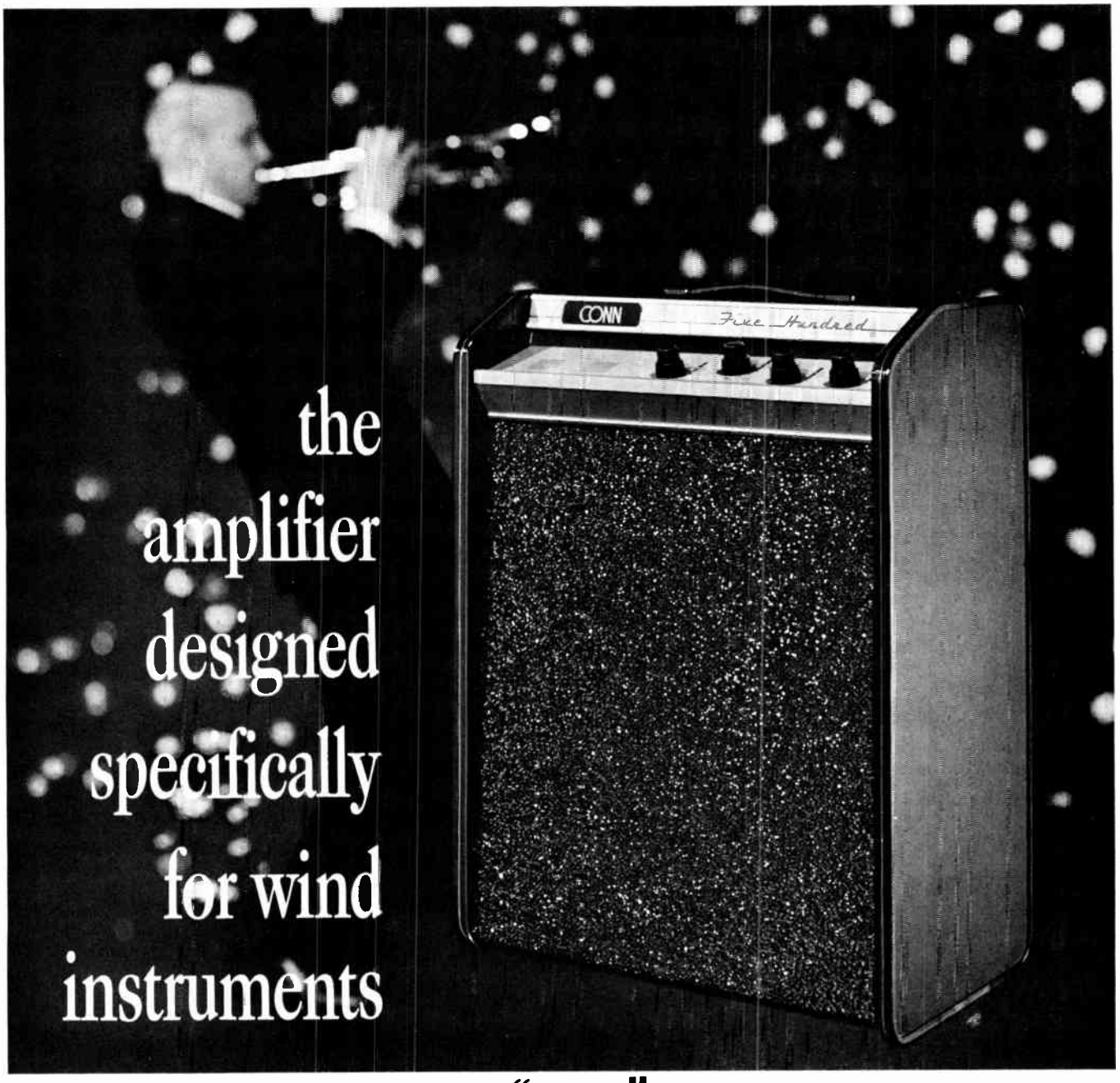

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down beat

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GRETSCH

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Newport Echoes

Having caught the Friday night and Saturday afternoon performances at Newport, I would like to register one complaint and single out one group for my own special mention.

The complaint: amateur photographers were not allowed near the stage on Friday night, which meant if one didn't have a telephoto lens, one settled for poor pictures or took none. (At the Saturday afternoon session all camera bugs could get quite close to the performers, with no evident bad consequences.)

There were a number of memorable contributions to the two programs I attended, high points of jazz even among the general level of excellence in evidence . . . . Yet the music that really turned me and my fiance on was that of Albert Ayler and his fellows. Their performance, the last on the Friday bill, was our first exposure to Ayler's approach. But the sheer excitement, the intensity of their playing, communicated to us a strange beauty; we immersed ourselves in the sound.

The times that our ears were jarred somewhat were more than offset by the sustained moments in which the music got to us and moved us in a way no others had done, or would do. Sure, some members of the audience were vocal in their displeasure; but it seemed to me there were a lot more among those left at that hour (near 1 a.m.) who applauded and cried out for more, as I did . . . .

James D. Marsden
North Dighton, Mass.

Flower Eyes

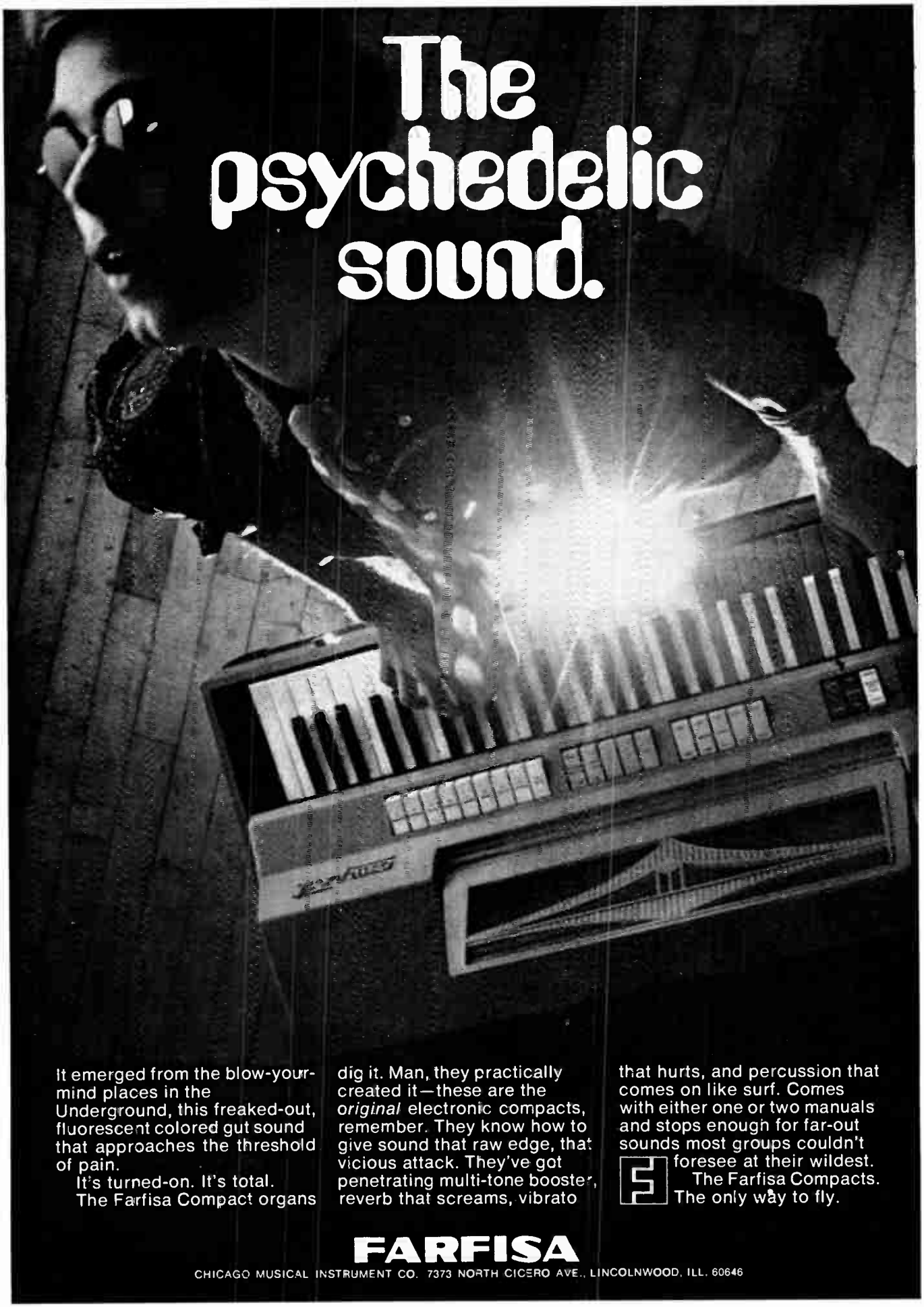
Bill Quinn's review of Charles Lloyd's *Forest Flower* (*DB*, June 1) credits Lloyd with redeeming flute work in the *Sunset* portion of the title composition. Actually, Lloyd plays tenor saxophone throughout the piece, which makes the closing minutes all the more remarkable. All competent saxophone players can play several harmonic tones above the range of the horn, but Lloyd's inventiveness and beauty in the upper registers distinguishes him from other tenor men.

Listen again: *Forest Flower: Sunset* is even more extraordinary than you thought.

Edmond Weiss
Philadelphia, Pa.

Poll Afterthoughts

It was a nice idea to include coverage of rock 'n' roll in your magazine. According to the results of the International Jazz Critics' Poll, however, there is a marked reluctance to go along with your decision. These critics seem to forget that 40 years ago, when jazz was becoming popular, no so-called "serious" music critic would accept it as an art form, which it was. In so doing they ignored the fact that it was



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jazz, and not "serious" music, that appealed to and spoke for the people; that jazz was more honest than any music around at that time. . . .

Tom Scanlan writes: "I say jazz is keep it honest." There is no music in the world today more honest than rock 'n' roll—for adults as well as for teenagers. (Listen to *Eleanor Rigby* if you don't believe me.) Music and lyrics reflect (or try to) all aspects, ideas, and moods of modern life. The beat is not an insult to the ear; it is, in fact, used to good effect. In *Summer in the City* it suggests the rising and falling of a hammer, feet running down an alley. In *California Dreamin'* it rolls like the surf or the wind. In *White Rabbit* it is like a heartbeat. In *Day in the Life* it conveys weariness, tension, and horror.

Furthermore, I will fight almost to the death anyone who claims that the Mamas and the Papas can't sing in tune, or that the Lovin' Spoonful can't keep time. . . .

Irene Lawrence
Norwalk, Ohio

I wish to commend Leonard Feather on some of his choices of "rock groups" (C. Adderley, Jimmy Smith, G. Szabo) in the published results of the International Jazz Critics' Poll (*DB*, Aug. 24). I think he should also have included Ramsey Lewis, Wes Montgomery, Bud Shank, and scores of other contemporaries.

However, these individuals and groups do not deserve praise for their choices of musical expression.

Alexander Lupinski
Jamaica, N.Y.

The Hendrix Experience

I have been reading your magazine now for the last two months, but it was your Festival issue (*DB*, Aug. 10) that prompted me to write you. I want to congratulate you on your excellent article on the Monterey Pop Festival, and specifically the review of Jimi Hendrix' performance. After having seen him in person last night in Washington, D.C., I can attest that he is truly fantastic. . . .

As a 17-year-old guitarist and jazz and rock buff I am pleased to see the addition of rock-and-roll coverage in your magazine. . . .

Bill Cabrera
Springfield, Va.

On Siders' Side

The column by Leonard Feather in the Aug. 10 issue was very interesting.

There is a very serious mistake in it, though. Harvey Siders did not criticize Wes Montgomery's *Tequila;* Harvey Pekar did (*DB*, Nov. 31). This is a great injustice to Siders, who uses taste and imagination in his reviews and seldom, if ever, puts a commercial tag on a record while Pekar does this constantly.

Siders should be praised for his review of *Sound Pieces* by Oliver Nelson (*DB*, Aug. 10) a musician who doesn't get enough credit for his work.

Frank Schander
Oak Lawn, Ill.

Harvey Pekar has resigned from the DB reviewing staff.

BRUBECK QUARTET WILL DISBAND AT YEAR'S END

One of the most famous and successful groups in jazz, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, will disband—at least temporarily—when 1967 comes to an end.

The move, prompted by Brubeck's desire to concentrate on composing (and, more than likely, also by a surfeit of traveling), will end one of the most productive and long-lasting partnerships in jazz, that of the pianist-leader and alto saxophonist Paul Desmond.

The two teamed up in San Francisco in 1951, and have been together since then, though Desmond has been recording independently since 1960, and Brubeck has made occasional musical forays without the saxophonist.

VALERIE WILMER

BRUBECK & DESMOND
The Hour of Parting?

Before the break-up, plenty of work remains. After an August vacation, the quartet resumed its busy concert schedule, including an October-November tour of England and continental Europe and a trip to Japan in December. After that, Brubeck, Desmond, bassist Gene Wright, and drummer Joe Morello will go their separate ways.

Brubeck did not exclude the possibility of an occasional reunion. "George Wein has made me an offer to go to South America next April, with or without the quartet," he said. "Maybe the guys will get together with me for an occasional tour."

Brubeck recently completed a religious work, *A Light in the Wilderness,* which he hopes to perform extensively. As for Desmond, he told *Down Beat* that his plans for forming a group of his own were indefinite, adding that he was looking forward to pursuing a long-time avocation—writing. Prose, that is—not music.

NY JAZZMEN ORGANIZE WITH AFM ENDORSEMENT

A group of New York jazz musicians, spearheaded by drummers John Lewis (no relation to the MJQ John Lewis) and Ron Jefferson and pianist Rheet Taylor, are in the process of forming a Jazz Musicians Association of members of Local 802 of the AFM.

The aims of the organization, which has the endorsement of Local 802 and an invitation from the union to utilize resources and privileges open to members, are manifold. In a manifesto printed in the 802 newspaper, *Allegro,* the following aims were outlined: to set up clinics and conduct educational lectures; create and expand job opportunities for jazz musicians; secure rehearsal facilities; establish better communication between jazz musicians and the administration of the union local; and to explore ways and means to acquire funds and grants to implement these programs and projects.

The first meeting of the JMA, at which goals and objectives will be discussed, officers delegated and committees formed, will be held at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, Sept. 27 at the Palm Gardens on West 52nd St., between 8th and 9th Aves. The JMA urges all jazz musicians to attend and take part in the formation of what will hopefully become a major force for jazz in the New York area.

ABC RECORDS ACQUIRES RIVERSIDE CATALOG

The trend toward the acquisition of smaller, independent jazz labels by large record corporations has been confirmed by the announcement that ABC records will distribute the Riverside label's catalog on an exclusive, world-wide basis.

News of the alliance was disclosed by Jesse Selter, president of the National Mercantile Corp., prominent distributors of records to leading discount, variety, and retail chains. National Mercantile first acquired the Riverside, Jazzland, Washington, Wonderland, Battle, and Offbeat labels through the purchase of Orpheum Productions, and then negotiated the deal with ABC.

Larry Newton, president of ABC, announced that an album repackaging program for Riverside and its affiliate, Jazzland, will begin immediately. Artists represented in the sizable Riverside/Jazzland catalog include Cannonball Adderley, Bill Evans, Milt Jackson, Thelonious Monk, and many others. ABC's license for distribution of the two labels is for six years with a four-year renewal option.

Orpheum, according to Selter, will continue to produce new records and function as an important part of the National Mercantile Corp.

JAZZ STARS, COSBY TAKE TIME OUT FOR WATTS

Things were hot in Watts again, but this time it was strictly on cue. The occasion: the Second Annual Watts Festival. This year, a more deliberate attempt to integrate the performing musicians was made, and the results were less self-conscious and more successful than the first Watts Festival.

Among the most enthusiastically received sets were those featuring Shelly Manne's combo; Bud Shank with the Gene Russell Trio; and the well-integrated Gerald Wilson Orchestra. The biggest draw of the festival was the closing night, featuring Count Basie and his alumnus, Joe Williams. Also participating in the three-day bash were comedian Bill Cosby, who sang along with the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band; trumpeter-singer Hugh Masakela and vocalist Letta Mbulu; Kenny Burrell and the Harold Johnson Sextet; the Afro-Blues Sextet; Oscar Brown Jr. and the Freedom Sounds; and another big hit of the festival, singer Lorez Alexandria.

With more than 15,000 in attendance for a rock 'n' roll concert on the final afternoon, a sudden surge on stage (Smokey Robinson and the Miracles were performing) forced a cancellation of the remainder of the show. Robinson lost part of his clothing in the scuffle.

The combination of "Silver Throat" Cosby and the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band was not confined to Watts. They were booked at the Whisky A-Go-Go for three nights at a special benefit, admission price of $10 per, to help the underprivileged in Watts. For that gig, the seven-piece 103rd St. Band was augmented by additional brass and reed men (among them, trumpeter Freddie Hill and tenor saxophonist Herman Riley).

The Watts combo, led by Charles Wright, continues to be heard around Los Angeles, playing clubs (Cheetah, Haunted House, Guys and Dolls, South Gate Palace) that reflect its half rock-half jazz format, a sound largely attributable to arranger James Carmichael's skillful blend of the two idioms.

JAZZ SOCIETIES TO HOLD REGIONAL CONFERENCE

The first annual Eastern Conference of Jazz Societies, co-sponsored by Jazz Interactions, the Hartford Jazz Society, and the Jazz At Home Club of Philadelphia, will take place September 29 through October 1 at the Fine Arts Center of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, 52nd St. and Lexington Ave. in New York City.

The conference will include seminars, discussion groups, showings of rare jazz films, and a workshop featuring the Cold Spring Harbor High School Band directed

by Clem DeRosa. Willis Conover will deliver the keynote address.

There will also be field trips to New York jazz nightspots, and Jazz Vesper Services October 1 at St. Peter's, conducted by the Rev. John G. Gensel and featuring Howard McGhee's big band and Joe Newman's combo. Interested individuals are invited to register (fee: $2) in person or by mail at The Pavillion, room 923, 500 East 77th St., New York City, N.Y. 10028.

PENNSYLVANIA FESTIVAL TO BENEFIT HEART CARE

On October 1, the first annual Pennsylvania Dutch Jazz Festival will be held at the Lancaster Riding Club near Lancaster, Pa. At presstime, Count Basie and his orchestra, trombonist Cutty Cutshall, trumpeter Buck Clayton, and reed man Bob Wilber had been signed to appear, with additional talent scheduled, according to festival sources.

The festival will be a benefit for the Cardiac Intensive Care Unit of St. Joseph Hospital in Lancaster. A committee headed by Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth M. Carroll, and including many doctors and other employees of the hospital, is vigorously promoting the event in the central Pennsylvania area.

The Lancaster Riding Club is located on Route 340, two miles west of the Lancaster city limits. If weather prevents the festival from being held outdoors, a large tent will be available. Tickets are $5.00 for general admission, and $10.00 for patrons.

Further information can be obtained by writing to: Pennsylvania Dutch Jazz Festival, Box 1731, Lancaster, Pa. 17604 or by calling (717) 394-1967.

TAPS FOR FIVE SPOT: EXIT JAZZ, ENTER FOOD

The Five Spot, one of the most famous jazz nightclubs of the past decade, is a jazz club no more. For the time being, at least, the sound of jazz will no longer emanate from the southeast corner of St. Marks Place and 3rd Ave.

August 13 was the official end of an era. Before switching their Sunday base of operations to the Red Garter, Jazz Interactions held the last in a long series of afternoon sessions at the Five Spot with trombonist Roswell Rudd's quintet as the final group.

Since then, food has taken over completely. On the St. Mark's side is the pizza and sausage dispensary which owner Joe Termini has operated for a year and which actually helped keep the jazz policy going. On the 3rd Ave. side is Iggy's Corner (named for and run by Joe's brother Iggy Termini), a snack shop. Termini's main room is currently only a bar, but he has tentative plans to turn it into a restaurant in the fall. He was even entertaining the idea of featuring some incidental music—a jazz piano trio, perhaps—but he said, "ASCAP's $760 yearly fee is discouraging me."

The Five Spot, in its present location since 1962, was originally located on 3rd Ave. between 4th and 5th Sts. In 1955, it was a neighborhood bar where many of the area's artists would congregate.

The jazz policy began informally, with open house jam sessions run by French hornist-composer David Amram. In 1956, Cecil Taylor's quartet played the first full engagement by a jazz group there. When Thelonious Monk began a long-term association with the club in 1957, both he and the Five Spot achieved simultaneous recognition. In 1959, Ornette Coleman made his important New York debut there. When the club moved, Charles Mingus and Monk enjoyed successful long runs there, but for the past few years attendance had been falling off.

Now it is quiet. "Jazz just isn't profitable anymore," said Termini. "Not enough people came in for me to pay the bills. For college kids, the place to go used to be a jazz club. Now they have other interests."

RAYMOND ROSS

FIVE SPOT IN ACTION
The Song is Ended

The big jazz names that Termini knows he needs to fill the club are too expensive for him. He tried rock for a while before his final returning to jazz. "It was beginning to make money, but I didn't like the crowd it brought in. I have to be here 10 hours a day. I have to live with it."

The Jazz Interactions sessions drew well, but exited because of the lack of certain facilities. "Sure, I'd like to get a new sound system and fix the air conditioner," Termini said, "but you have to have the money to do that.

"If you're going to make money because a musician is working for nothing, then it's not valid. On the other hand, if the musician is taking it all, that isn't right either.

"I have to survive. I have a family to feed," Termini summed up.

FINAL BAR

Belatedly, word has arrived of the deaths of pioneer jazz flutist Wayman Carver and tenor saxophonist Morris Lane.

Carver, 61, died May 6 in Atlanta, Ga., after a long illness. A thoroughly schooled musician, whose uncle was director of the municipal band in his native Portsmouth, Va., Carver, who also played clarinet and saxophones, began his musical career in college.

He was with Benny Carter in 1933 and recorded the first significant jazz flute solos (Alberto Soccarras had used the instrument on some Clarence Williams recordings in the late '20s) in that year with the Carter band under the direction of British composer-critic-bassist Spikes Hughes (*Sweet Sue; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?*). He joined the Chick Webb Band in 1934, remaining through 1939.

Subsequently, Carver became professor of music at Clark College in Atlanta, also directing the school band and playing occasional dates with local combos.

Lane was prominently featured with Lionel Hampton's big band in the late '40s and later worked with Earl Hines, Mary Lou Williams, and rhythm-and-blues groups, as well as leading his own combos. He died in Gary, Ind., in late May.

Roy J. Carew, internationally known ragtime authority, died Aug. 4 in Providence Hospital in Washington, D.C., after a short illness. He had become interested in ragtime and jazz when he met pianist-singer Tony Jackson in New Orleans in 1904.

Years later, he befriended and helped Jelly Roll Morton in Washington and played an important part in reviving Morton's career. Carew was a frequent contributor to jazz publications and was often consulted by historians and researchers.

POTPOURRI

Pianist **Marian McPartland** has been busy lately. She has formed her own record company and publishing company—both named Halcyon—and plans an album of her own solo piano as first release. The pianist and her cornetist-husband **Jimmy McPartland** also recorded for Muzak. Mrs. McPartland featured her spouse's early records on a September segment of her recently reactiviated WBAI-FM record show, and on Oct. 3, she opens with her trio for three weeks at the Regency Hotel in Atlanta. By that time her drummer, Jim Kappes, will be back from his three weeks in the Army. Fittingly, he was stationed at Camp Drum.

•

Pianist **Ran Blake,** who played in Greece earlier in the summer, wants it known that he will donate his services anywhere to raise funds to help Greek artists, writers, and musicians jailed by the new regime in that country. He can be reached in Suffield, Conn., and invites musicians and other interested parties to contact him.

•

Ella Fitzgerald has been selected as one of *Harper's Bazaar* magazine's "100 Women of Accomplishment" for the year.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: **Eddie Blackwell** was **Ornette Coleman's** choice to replace **Charles Moffett** as drummer in his quartet (**Charlie Haden** and **David Izenzon,** basses) during a recent engagement at New York's Village Gate, but Blackwell didn't stay long. He left for Africa with **Randy Weston** to fulfill a two-week engagement. Coleman then called on **Billy Higgins,** who had been the drummer in his original group at the Five Spot in 1959. For Coleman, Higgins, and Haden (another member of that first quartet) it was a grand reunion . . . Versatile multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** was a veritable whirlwind after his return from the Molde Festival in Norway and the Danish Radio Festival in Copenhagen. To begin, he and his quartet (**Ron Burton,** piano; **Steve Novosel,** bass; **Jimmy Hoppes,** drums) played at the Village Vanguard opposite the **Bill Evans** Trio (**Eddie Gomez,** bass; **Philly Joe Jones,** drums). During this stint, Kirk & Co. helped Jazz Interactions open their new series of Sunday afternoon concerts at the Red Garter. (Fluegelhornist **Art Farmer,** with tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath,** pianist **Cedar Walton,** bassist **Roland Wilson,** and drummer **Billy Higgins,** shared the bill.) The following week, the Kirks played opposite **Milt Jackson's** unit (Heath was in this group, too) at the Club Ruby in Queens. And while visiting the Rainbow Grill to hear **Duke Ellington,** Kirk sat in with the maestro on soprano saxophone and clarinet. In the middle of all this he found time to sign an exclusive, long-term contract with Atlantic records . . . **Jaki Byard,** recently re-signed by Prestige records, has been working at Sergio's in Westchester, with **Jack Gregg,** bass and **Roger Blank,** drums . . . Alto saxophonist **Sonny Criss** spent a couple of August weeks in New York concertizing and recording. He led a quartet including Cedar Walton, bassist **Bob Cranshaw,** and drummer **Lennie McBrowne** in concert at the Museum of Modern Art, with vocalist **Earl Coleman** as guest. The next day,

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State Of Mind

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

By MICHAEL ZWERIN

ROBERT AND I are lost in Frejus, driving around in circles. We are looking for the Autoroute to Juan-Les-Pins and the Antibes Jazz Festival. Finally, we ask a cop standing in front of a gendarmerie. He points the way politely.

"That's the building they took us to—looks like it at least," Robert says.

"Who took you?"

"The cops. They picked us up, man."

"What for?"

"For being in the south of France. We were sitting in a cafe in Cogolin having coffee. Two cops pulled up and said to come with them. We told them we had an important date in a half-hour to see about a gig. They didn't care, though. We had our passports, and they let us go after two hours.

"Long hair can be a hangup. I cut mine a couple of times—couldn't decide which way I wanted to go. Finally, I let it grow long after I saw the Stones for the first time. I like that look. But you get put in a bag. We are known as a psychedelic group so everybody looks at us like we are some kind of side show. People say, 'Boy, it must be wild to play on acid.' Man, I do my thing myself. I don't need acid to play the drums."

As we chug along in my little old French car, Robert starts singing *Donna Lee,* and Bird's solo on it. "Man, for a 21-year-old rock-and-roll drummer, you sure know a lot about jazz," I shout over the unmuffled motor.

Robert is hugging his crumpled shirt and shaking his blond hair rhythmically as he talks.

"I spent a lot of time listening to jazz," he says. "That's all I did when I wasn't in school. I even wrote some criticism once."

"Really? About what?"

"Sonny Rollins and Cecil Taylor. But it was mostly teenage fan stuff. I was pretty star-struck. Still am, I guess. It's a drag, too, because—well, I know that most of the guys I like don't dig what I'm doing. Categories are a drag. But I guess I'm just a rock-and-roll drummer. Funny. . . ."

He talks about Robert Graves, the poet and novelist, and the two summers he spent in his house on Majorca. I think about the Soft Machine, the pop group from London with which Robert Wyatt is drummer and lead singer. They are pretty freaky-looking on stage, wearing their weird hats, long hair, shades, and their funky, bizarre garb. It is odd that young people who look that way are familiar with *Donna Lee,* Robert Graves, or Cecil Taylor. But things are not always as they appear.

The Soft Machine has been playing around St. Tropez a lot since I've been here, and I've heard them a lot. There is no doubt that the music they play is jazz. Of course, there are vocals, but when Ray Charles or Jack Teagarden sing, it is still jazz, isn't it?

In between the vocals, the Soft Machine improvises, and they swing. It's not simple-minded either. They do it all on electronic instruments, though, and this throws many people off. The sound is as new, as strange—and as fresh—to jazz as bebop seemed at first. And as the older cats laughed at the boppers in the '40s, the establishment of jazz laughs at the music of the flower children in the '60s.

The Soft Machine's members have a cloudy sound. They use vocal sound effects close in on microphones. Robert sings with plenty of soul, in tune, swinging, reminiscent of Wilson Pickett or Otis Redding. Mike Ratledge on organ is a very exciting cat. He is obviously influenced by Cecil Taylor as he flies around the keyboard, often atonally, over the hard rock beat.

And rock is stretching out. The time moves from slow to fast and back again. They have a number in 7/4, subdivided 1,2,3,—1—1,2,3. Robert swings hard in a style I've never heard before, a combination of Ringo Starr and Elvin Jones. The tunes are very long, perhaps too long. They sometimes lose the dancers and even the listeners. But the Soft Machine is exploring in lonely territory, not accepted by its heroes and yet not commercial enough to make heavy bread. If it should eventually have a hit, it may be because it has sold out, whatever that means. The temptations of the market place can be overwhelming. Right now, though, you really have to listen to the Soft Machine to understand it. And it is music really worth listening to, truly avant-garde. All you have to do is throw away all your prejudices.

In Juan-Les-Pins, Robert and I take a walk before the concert. Robert talks about drummers. Elvin is his favorite but "Jimmy Cobb is very underrated. When everybody was driving that two-and-four high-hat thing into the ground, Jimmy was doing something entirely different. Tching, tching, tching, tching, on the ride cymbal, way on top of the beat. Man, that's a groovy way to keep the time. And when he plays in another meter, like six, he just keeps doing it instead of subdividing into two threes, like so many other drummers."

Later, we have dinner with Paul Desmond. I wonder, at the beginning, how these two generations of jazz musicians will relate to each other. It is immediately clear that Robert has great respect for Paul and is rather flattered to be with him.

Like so many of his peers, he is extremely mature and knowledgeable for his age. He talks and listens in the proper places. He talks about the musicians he likes—Mingus, Monk, Trane, Ornette. He knows details about the life and music of Steve Lacy and even about more obscure players such as Clarence Shaw.

As the evening progresses I can see that Paul is becoming more interested in Robert, less concerned with his long hair or image.

The next night, the Soft Machine is working. They are covered with moving, multicolored polka dots. Lights are flashing. Dancers, bodies are jumping, twirling, shaking. The place is alive and swinging with the Soft Machine in gear, and there is no category. db

GABOR SZABO: JAZZ AND THE CHANGING TIMES

by Don DeMicheal

GABOR SZABO casts a spell over his audience these days. No one talks while the warm, romantic music flows from his guitar. The long, straight hair of the slim girls sways slightly; knowing smiles flicker across the lips of the modishly dressed young men. Otherwise, there is little display of emotion. No finger-popping, no foot-patting.

Szabo is more outwardly emotional than his perceivers. As he gets into what he's doing, he gradually bends forward until his face is pointed directly at the floor, eyes closed to slits, knees bent to 90-degree angles. It's like watching a man grow into a guitar.

The music stops, the applause washes over the small, fragile-looking man. He smiles wanly and lightly jumps down from the bandstand.

Several young people approach him, ask their questions, get their autographs, take their looks, and leave. Obviously, Gabor Szabo is important to them.

Two years ago, few knew his name. Two years ago, Hungarian-born Szabo was one of the lesser jazz heroes, the men who really aren't supposed to make it. Now he continually reaches a large audience. His music may or may not be jazz any more, depending on how narrow one's definition is. Nonetheless, there certainly is a jazz base for all he plays, though there also are tinges of Brazil, Hungary, India, and teenage America. Szabo's music speaks with many accents.

"I don't know if I have the right to call myself a jazzman to begin with, being from another country," Szabo said. "I've always flirted with it and loved it, but I was not born here, and in a way I believe the roots of jazz have to spring from an American origin. Still, I have definitely chosen jazz as the form through which I would like to communicate."

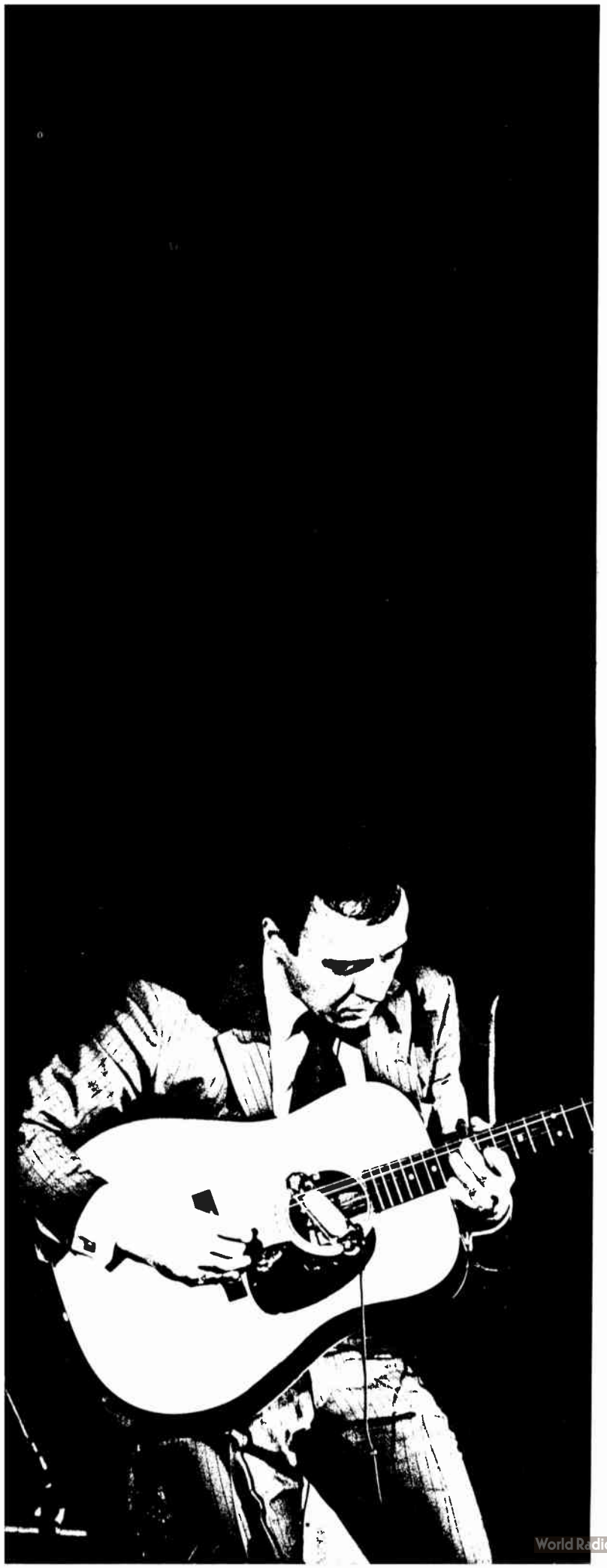
Despite misgivings about his credentials, Szabo has a creditable jazz background, including study at the Berklee School of Music and stays with Chico Hamilton, Gary McFarland, and Charles Lloyd. Though never part of the hell-for-leather jazz corps—as his sideman experience makes clear—he was a well-respected member of the New York Advanced-But-Light Chapter. Whatever he was, he certainly was not a rock-and-roller.

"Up to the time the Beatles came along, it was a natural thing to put down rock-and-roll," he said. "Everything that was rock-and-roll was bad. Then every once in a while I'd hear something like *Yesterday*. It was compositions like *Yesterday* and *Michelle* that made me stop and say, 'Here I am, still putting down rock-and-roll and the Beatles, and they are writing tunes as fresh as anything in the last four, five years.' That was the first thing to change my mind about the whole scene. It made me start really thinking about what was happening in the pop-music field."

Szabo also began thinking differently about jazz. He saw no future for it or its practitioners unless some adjustments were made.

"I was very pessimistic," he recalled. "Jazz, the way we knew it—the festivals, the blowings, the big ovations, and the crowd-pleasers and all that—somehow that was ending. The new generation was not going to do that for us. They are less demonstrative. They are different. That is an era that has ended.

"I found that while I was playing with Charles, and with Chico also, I was becoming a snob musically. I deliberately made my music more and more complicated because I knew that was avant-garde. Somehow I thought that to play anything valuable you had to make your music more complicated. Right after Charles Lloyd, I went to the other extreme; I went to Gary McFarland's group, which was much too sweet. . . . Then I found I love simplicity, I love mysticism. I like deep music, but it may only have two or three notes in it. I found the basic medium I like to communicate through, which is a mystic quality—whether it's the Hungar-



ian quality or the Indian or even some of the Brazilian songs.

"Finally I'm not lying to myself. So if it's a French chanson I feel like playing, I'm going to play it. And I think I can make it sound like my music. I think it comes from finally coming to terms with myself, that I'm just not supposed to be an avant-garde player playing 50,000,000 complicated notes and getting the freakiest sounds out of my instrument I can think of—though I do like some sound effects.

"Sound actually is the key word. For me, sound is the most important thing. Once I get that beautiful sound that to me means music, then I can start playing music. But if I don't get the sound, I don't care how hip those notes are or the chords or the rhythms. . . . The sound is the key element in my playing."

A good part of the problem with jazz, as Szabo sees it, has been the growth of the virtuoso at the expense of the group, particularly in the bebop days when soloists indulged themselves in survival-of-the-windiest contests.

"The jazz musicians proved that they were just as much masters of their instruments and just as much in control of the knowledge of music as classical players," he said. "All right, but now let's get down to business and use this to make music—even if it's just play this whole note with this other horn to get this sound. This is what music is all about. This is what jazz got away from. Everybody was so busy trying to outblow the others that they forgot what beauty there is in creating music in a group sound."

Limiting oneself to playing only jazz is unnatural in Szabo's eyes. He said he cannot be satisfied with only one kind of music, one kind of feeling. Such restriction is almost impossible anyway, according to Szabo, because the musics of the world have been imported and exported to such an extent that they belong to everyone now. To Szabo, it is the jazz-only musicians who are really missing out on things:

"Some people say, 'If I can't play jazz, I'd rather drive a cab.' Those people are trying to be loyal to some false image that isn't even there. Why don't they just start playing some music that will communicate to people? I don't know what they'd call it, whether it would be jazz any more.

"I think jazz had a purpose; it gave a lot of freedom to musicians, let them develop their improvisational qualities. Jazz has left its mark on the whole music scene—the Brazilian music, the pop music. And definitely jazz musicians have the strongest weapon in their hands to shape the music of the future, because they are the most qualified.

"But they have to listen to all the sounds, all the things that are happening around them, and try to slip into reality. For example, bebop, as much as some musicians love it, just why will you play that anymore? That was like a movement. You can't come out on the stage of Carnegie Hall and tell these young people: 'Look, I'm going to play bebop, and it is good, and you're going to listen to it.' They're not going to enjoy it. So use your knowledge to play what will create new feeling or whatever and communicate with people. Or then be a classical musician and just be happy playing someone else's music.

"But if you want to play your own music, you will always be faced with the fact that some people might not like it. No one can guarantee that if you play valid and good music, you're going to be able to sell it or make a living out of it. That's why I don't understand all these complaints like, 'I'd rather drive a cab' or this or that. Just who do they report this to? Who will say, 'I don't want you to drive a cab, and I will make you successful'?"

What a person is going to be is entirely in that person's hands, Szabo continued, and someday he may have to face it—he just didn't make it.

"I may have to face that some day, too, but it doesn't mean I didn't try or that I'm a bad musician—it could just

PHOTOS/VERYL OAKLAND

mean that a whole lot of unfortunate things happened, or that I just don't know how to communicate to people," he said.

"Jazz musicians would have a great future if they'd make these few adjustments and play 1967 style. I don't mean commercialize themselves but bend just a little bit with the times.

"Jazz, the freest form of music, actually became quite conformist in the last decade or so. Especially the beat, which is the basic cause for not communicating to young people. I'm talking about the drummers who, though they complicated their playing, did not change the basic pulsation—it actually is still the same kind of basic swing it was in the Benny Goodman days, which will not communicate to the young people of 1967.

"That's the basic difference between rock music and jazz —the beat is much looser, it's more of a cosmopolitan beat today than it was in, say, the bebop days or even in the avant-garde music. It's very complicated, but it's basically the same feel of a swing beat."

SINCE HE'S HAD HIS own group—it's about a year old—Szabo has found that he is playing for what he calls "real" people, as opposed to hippies. He says his audience now is made up of young intellectuals, middle-aged, middle-class citizens, and "the long-haired mod-type people" who also attend Ravi Shankar and Beatles concerts, enjoy classical music as well as the Jefferson Airplane. He has no regrets about not reaching the hippies.

"That's one type of audience I don't care to impress or play for any more," he said with some trace of rancor. "I was very disappointed in my hard-core jazz years with those people. They are the ones who encourage you to keep on going and play way out and play avant-garde and so on. But they don't show up, and they don't support you at all when the time comes when you get your own group together.

"It was proven in a way with Charles Lloyd. I remember when Charles and I were with Chico, people kept encouraging us to do this, do that. We got a group together, and these people were somewhere else, probably listening to some rock-and-roll group or doing the frug in some discotheque. Those people are dangerous because they make you feel like you're an artist and must not commercialize yourself. You must not play for the other type of people, who are superficial, they say. And *they* are actually the most superficial people there are."

Szabo's escape from the hippies into the arms of reality came with his *Spellbinder* album. Though it was released last year, Szabo said it is still gaining him followers, many of whom are quite young—subteens even.

He followed *Spellbinder* with *Jazz Raga,* on which he played sitar. Indian music has worked a strong influence on Szabo, but this was the first time he had recorded with an Indian instrument. Unfortunately, it was not a good sitar. By the end of the date, Szabo said only two strings were functioning—the instrument would not hold the others in tune. He is in the market for a good sitar, he said, because he wants to play it with his group.

He is quick to emphasize, however, that he would not attempt to play authentic Indian music—"that's a religion, a way of life, and it takes a lifetime to play it the way they do"—but he would use the "language" of Indian music, that is, its sound and feeling.

"I would like to have 15-20 minutes of a set when we would sit down on the floor and play," he said. "My other guitar player would play the tamboura, and the conga drummer would play the tabla. I'd like to do that once or twice a night, dedicate 20 minutes to these instruments."

Even now, on his guitar, Szabo achieves something quite close to an Indian sound.

"I can get that sound by picking closer to the bridge and also by using a lot of open strings parallel," he explained. "I will get a note and also double it with an open string if it's available. I get a much longer sustained note that way and more of a drone effect. I've been doing these things for the last six, seven years—ever since I became aware of Ravi Shankar."

AT LEAST ON THE SAME LEVEL as jazz and Indian music in Szabo's scale of importance is the music of the Beatles. He is particularly smitten with their most recent album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

"I may be sticking out my neck," he said, "but I feel that nothing has been done similar in value in the last 10, 15 years. Not the chords or the rhythm—we've all heard that before—but the conception is so advanced. . . . The music, together with the lyrics and performance, is something nobody has come close to in freshness. The album as a whole is a composition; it starts, it develops, and it ends. It's funny, and it's scary at times; it's romantic and has lyrical quality and, of course, the throbbing beat. It's the message of 1967; everything is in there."

But what, Gabor Szabo, is 1967?

"This is what we're all trying to find out," he said. "Definitely it is turmoil. In 1965 or '66, certain things ended. . . . In a sad sense, jazz as we knew it ended. Now all of a sudden, 1967, some new things have started. And that's what so scary, for none of us knows exactly what is going to be musically—and music is always to some extent sociological. In the *Sgt. Pepper* album, the Beatles have already started something that is going to be the future. It's somewhat of a space age, with its scary emotions, its scary beauty—scary to me because I remember the things that ended.

"Maybe it's only scary to me because its a brand new thing, and I know I am going to be a part of it, because I'm still too young [31] to give it up, and I'm going along with it. It's already started, this new music, and the whole world seems to be coming together. It's not just American jazz or Viennese waltzes and stuff like this—in some way everything is concentrated . . . cosmopolitan unity. I sense it so much in this music. . . . We all had our cozy little nests, we were Americans or Hungarians and part of some heritage and all that. But it feels as if all of it is gone now. We are now just World, Earth. The music definitely reflects this.

"And the jazz musicians should have first shot at this because they have all the facility. If they would only open their minds. . . ." db

Coleman Hawkins' Pioneer Days

by George Hoefer

COLEMAN HAWKINS, often referred to as the father of the tenor saxophone, never has concerned himself with his past. He has been too busy following a credo he once stated: "The main thing is to be original—to play in a way of your own."

If a fan asks Hawkins what tunes he recorded with Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds, the retort most likely will be: "Who wants to know?" If Hawkins should deem the questioner worthy of a somewhat gentler reply, he might say, "That was my father who made those sides, you know."

Hawkins tends to feign amazement whenever anyone brings up his early recordings. He can't imagine, for instance, how he managed to perform in the slap-tongue style that marked the playing of most saxophonists during the early '20s. Until young Louis Armstrong joined the Fletcher Henderson band in late 1924, Hawkins was the unit's star soloist and copiously used the slap-tongued phrases.

When the trumpeter left after a year, the saxophonist had begun to break the spell, and under the influence of Armstrong's flowing cornet choruses and reedman Don Redman's arranging techniques, a new concept of saxophone playing, more legato in form, was heard in the Henderson band.

Years later, when Hawkins' famous 1939 version of *Body and Soul* was issued, he was nonplussed, not only by the influence it had on other tenormen but also by the fact that it became a best-seller in the commercial market. He said at the time, "It's just a little something I used to get off the stage with in Europe."

Hawkins had been talked into committing *Body and Soul* to wax by Leonard Joy, an RCA Victor recording supervisor. The tenorist, who had recently returned from Europe, was putting his horn away after the session, when Joy suggested one more number. "Do that version of *Body and Soul* you play when you finish up a set," he said. Hawkins first didn't want to bother, saying, "Oh, that's just a little encore, you know. I don't have an arrangement."

But Joy prevailed, and Hawkins recorded *one* quick take. He touched on Johnny Green's melody in the first few bars, and went on to improvise two relaxed, flowing choruses with such originality that one reviewer wrote, ". . . he seemed to be writing a new tune." This Hawkins denied. "I was making notes all the way," he said. "I wasn't making any melody. I just played it like I play everything else."

With Hawkins, everything depends on musicianship. He never has resorted to gimmicks, nor does he have a talent for showmanship in the entertainment sense. He is an artist, and this factor alone accounts for his enviable position as top man on his instrument for almost 40 years. As one of his fans once remarked, "All Hawk cares about are the answers to three questions: What's the bread? Where's my horn? Which way is the audience?"

A most important key to Hawk's success can be found in his insatiable curiosity about all music, whether classical or the newest developments in jazz. He once observed, "Too often improvising is copying. To really improvise, a musician needs to know everything. This includes mastery of your instrument, plus a knowledge of harmony, composition, and theory—the whole works."

For a veteran jazz artist, Hawkins received an unusually well-rounded musical education. Five years after he was born on Nov. 21, 1904, in St. Joseph, Mo., his mother, an organist, started him out on piano. Two years later, he was studying cello, and on his ninth birthday his parents presented him with a saxophone.

ALL OF THE SAXOPHONES, from bass at the bottom to soprano at the top, were neglected instruments around 1913; they were only occasionally used in military and concert bands. Although Adolphe Sax had developed the horn in 1840, while attempting to build a clarinet that would overblow an octave, the hybrid instrument's potential as a versatile musical voice had not yet been discovered. Its use in classical music was confined to a few pieces by French impressionists.

After World War I, the saxophone family was destined to go through a period of wide acceptance in the field of comedy. This was due to the popularity of the Six Brown Brothers, an all-saxophone sextet. Clad in clown suits, this group traveled the vaudeville circuits and convulsed their audiences with such numbers as *Chasing the Chickens*, *Bull Frog Blues*, and *That Moaning Saxophone Rag*. Using horns of a graduated tonal spectrum, they tried to emulate the human voice as they laughed, squealed, cackled, and grunted on their instruments.

The first popular musician to bring a semblance of musical dignity to the saxophone was a former clarinetist, Rudy Wiedoeft. He had experimented with a saxophone in the United States Marine Band during World War I. By 1919, Wiedoeft was billing himself as the "Kreisler of the Saxophone" and had begun to make a name as the outstanding proponent of his instrument.

He performed on a C-melody saxophone and featured a good many of his own compositions, such as *Saxema*, *Saxarella*, and *Saxophobia*, especially written to show off the tonal capabilities of the horn.

One of the older jazz saxophonists, altoist Rudy Powell, has recalled "Wiedoeft's quality on the saxophone was very much like the human voice. He did quite a bit of legitimate solo work, and his way of playing reminded me of a violin or viola." Credit has been given to Wiedoeft, who died in 1940, for popularizing the staccato style of saxophone playing.

Thus, there was little from which a saxophone neophyte could learn at the time Hawkins got his first horn. In an interview released on Riverside records more than a decade ago, Hawkins said he didn't take his music too seriously as a youngster. He did admit, however, that he devoted a good many hours to practice and that some of this time was taken up with attempts to play jazz.

There is some evidence that Mrs. Hawkins was a hard taskmaster when it came to young Coleman's musical studies. There is a legendary story that he ran away from home at the age of 14 to escape from the discipline of an ambitious mother. This tale is probably confused with the fact that his mother was against his joining Mamie Smith's traveling troupe when he was 17. Nevertheless, Hawkins took off.

According to Hawkins' own recollection, his family had considerable interest in his musical career. He was sent to Washburn College in Topeka, Kansas, where he spent several years studying music, with courses in harmony, counterpoint, and composition. He also remembers that his parents bought season tickets for the entire family to attend a classical music series given at the Auditorium in Topeka.

While attending Washburn, the young saxophonist spent many evenings and weekends jobbing with local bands. His territory was within the triangle formed by St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Topeka.

The date when Hawkins joined Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds was fairly well established by clarinetist Garvin Bushell in an interview with Nat Hentoff in 1959. Bushell recalled that he and cornetist Bubber Miley went on the road with Miss Smith's theatrical troupe in late 1921.

"We played the 12th Street Theater in Kansas City, and that's where I first met Coleman Hawkins. They had added a saxo-

phonist to play in the pit with us. He was ahead of everything I had ever heard on the instrument. It might have been a C-melody he was playing then. He read everything. And he didn't—as was the custom then—play the saxophone like a trumpet or clarinet. He was running changes, because he'd studied the piano as a youngster."

MAMIE SMITH, whose 1920 recording of *Crazy Blues* had placed her in the upper echelon of Negro show business, was a temperamental and flamboyant singer-entertainer. She would spend several months at a stretch in New York City, singing in Harlem cabarets and making records. Periodically, when her latest records came on the market, she would embark on a promotional tour of vaudeville houses in the larger cities around the country. Her traveling troupe always included a five or six-piece band billed as her Jazz Hounds.

From left: Coleman Hawkins at the Palace in Amsterdam, 1938, with Dutch drummer Maurice Van Kleef and the late American pianist Freddy Johnson; Hawkins with part of the band that made **Body and Soul**; Hawkins at the Tabarin in Zurich, with Swiss musicians Ernst Berner (piano) and Hennes Landolt (drums).

Miss Smith and her manager, Perry Bradford, were inclined to enroll a different band for each specific job; whether it be a tour, a record date, or a cabaret stand (most singers were accompanied by the spot's regular pianist). As a result, many young musicians who were later to become jazz names were in and out of the Jazz Hounds. These included trumpeters Johnny Dunn (who appropriated the band's name for his own recordings after he left Miss Smith), Bubber Miley, and Joe Smith; reedmen Bushell, Sidney Bechet, Buster Bailey, and Happy Caldwell, and pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith.

Young Hawkins was to manifest a characteristic on his first big-time job that would stay with him during his career. He was steady and dependable as long as the money, his horn, and an audience were available without disturbing his peace of mind. He was with Miss Smith for a year and a half. He stayed with Fletcher Henderson for 11 years, outlasting all his colleagues (of course, he was making $125 a week while the other sidemen were making a mere $80).

The tenorist arrived in New York City with the Jazz Hounds early in 1922. The singer became the featured attraction at the Garden of Joy, a fabulous canvas-enclosed entertainment spa located on top of a rock-shelf along Seventh Avenue between 138th and 139th Streets. The band accompanying the star included Hawkins and at various times, Miley and Bechet.

HAWKINS MADE HIS first recordings with Miss Smith's group late in the spring of 1922. She sang, for the OKeh label, *Mean Daddy Blues, Dem Knock-out Blues, Lonesome Mama Blues,* and *New Orleans.* It is quite probable that Hawkins also participated in the rest of the singer's four or five recording sessions held before the Smith entourage hit the road in early '23. Hawkins, in a discussion with the editors of *Record Research* magazine, acknowledged that he made a batch of sides with the singer, but the only title he could recall was *I'm Gonna Get You* (listed as having been made in Dec., 1922). He also remembered that the other musicians on the session were the same men (with the exception of Buster Bailey), who made up the Jazz Hounds on a tour to the West Coast during the spring of 1923: Joe Smith, cornet; Cecil Carpenter, trombone; Bob Fuller, clarinet; George Bell, violin; Harvey Brooks, piano; Cutie Perkins, drums.

Before the extended theater tour, there was a period of several weeks during which Hawkins played at the newly opened Club Bamville in Harlem, with a band led by violinist Shrimp Jones: Howard Scott, trumpet; Ralph (Bob) Escudero, tuba; Leroy Tibbs, piano; Kaiser Marshall, drums. With Jones and Tibbs out, this group became the nucleus of the first permanently organized Fletcher Henderson Band less than a year later.

While playing at the Strand Theater in Long Beach, Calif., Hawkins was talked into leaving the Jazz Hounds by Joe Smith, who constantly roamed from one job to another. The two headed back to New York, and luckily this timing made Hawk available when Henderson started making records under a new contract with the Vocalion label.

Henderson's recording outfit, which included the members of the old Bamville band with Henderson in place of Tibbs, had Elmer Chambers, cornet; Teddy Nixon, trombone; Charlie Dixon, banjo; and Don Redman, reeds.

The new band received an unexpected opportunity to audition for a job at the Club Alabam in midtown New York. The Alabam, in the basement of the building now housing the Little Theater on 44th St., was to be a fancy carbaret, and the Hendersonites clinched the job. Since the band was to play for an elaborate floor show, they hired violinist Allie Ross, an experienced show musician, to front the band.

Henderson's recordings for Vocalion began to be labeled "Fletcher Henderson and his Club Alabam Orchestra." Henderson, having built up a name as an accompanist, continued making sides with various blues singers, sometimes adding one or more of his sidemen. It was on a Rosa Henderson date for Vocalion, made shortly after the Alabam opening, that Hawkins' name first appeared on a record label. Both sides of Vocalion 14682 listed "Piano by Fletcher Henderson, Saxaphone (sic) by Coleman Hawkins" for *It Won't Be Long Now* and *Every Woman's Blues.*

EARLY PHOTOS of the Henderson organization show Hawkins with an array of reed instruments in front of him. On one reference source, he is identified by the nickname of Ace, his battery of horns including bass, baritone, and tenor saxophones, plus clarinet.

Hawkins' big-band career as a sideman lasted from 1923 until 1934; subsequently, with the exception of occasional appearances as a featured soloist with large orchestral backgrounds and a year or so of leading his own big band (1940-41), the Hawkins tenor has mainly been heard accompanied by a rhythm section, sometimes in tandem with a trumpet.

Among Hawkins' early accomplishments can be listed the inadvertent responsibility for getting the Henderson band transferred from the Club Alabam to the Roseland Ballroom in 1924. The featured singer in the Alabam floor show, Edith Wilson, requested that Hawkins come down from the bandstand and join her with his horn in the spotlight for a short comedy routine.

This was fine with the tenorman, but one of his stipulations—where's the loot?—went unheeded. When the young musician's request for an extra fee was conveyed to the club's owners, they demanded that Henderson fire Hawkins, which in turn, enraged the entire band. They accepted an offer from the then-floundering Roseland on Broadway.

The move turned out to be a wise one, for they were relieved of the confining aspects of having to play for a floor show and were able to concentrate on their own dance arrangements, all of which were then made by Redman. Shortly after opening in the new location (which was to be home for the next seven years), they were inspired by the addition to their ranks of a young New Orleans cornetist named Louis Armstrong.

Henderson's tenure at the Roseland represented years of development, not only for the band, but for Hawkins too. The tenorist once explained how he arrived at his full-toned technique:

"When I started, I played very loud,

LEE TANNER

Coleman Hawkins Today

using a kind of stiff reed, as I was trying to play my solos over seven or eight horns all the time. The fullness of my sound just developed as I used to work on those reeds and fool around with mouthpieces all night long. I figured it was foolish to be blowing if no one could hear you. You had to compete with guys like Armstrong, Charlie Green, Buster Bailey, and Jimmy Harrison."

There is evidence that Hawkins found the Roseland nights more musically satisfying than the later Connie's Inn period, when Henderson himself was doing the arranging, attempting to emulate some of the effects used by the Casa Loma, Paul Whiteman, and Jean Goldkette bands.

The tenorman once observed, "I always thought Smack should have kept that stomping style we had at Roseland."

MUSICALLY, there is little reason for the Jazz Hounds sides to be available. The saxophone playing could be by any reed man of that early era. Hawkins rejects any suggestion that he was the first real jazz saxophonist, recalling he was still with Miss Smith when he heard Happy Caldwell and Stomp Evans in Chicago. "They were playing jazz saxophones like mad," he has said. "And so was Prince Robinson."

For readers who would care to trace the development of the early Coleman Hawkins, there is *A Study in Frustration* (Columbia C4L-19), a four-record reissue set of Fletcher Henderson material from 1923 to 1938.

The opening track, *Dicty Blues*, has a driving solo by Hawkins' tenor, and he is also heard playing unison walking bass figures with the tuba. He solos on *Teapot Dome Blues, Go 'Long Mule*, and *How Come You Do Me Like You Do?* The period covered is up to mid-1925, and Hawkins' work is a little more sure, more driving, but in the same staccato style as on the Mamie Smith sides. Armstrong, whose playing influenced the entire organization, is heard on all but the first two tracks.

The Stampede was recorded on May 14, 1926, shortly after Armstrong had returned to Chicago. This track illustrates the beginnings of an arpeggio style. The saxophonist is starting to work with intricate harmonic changes. From here on, the Hawkins solos (such famed examples as *Tozo, St. Louis Shuffle, Whiteman Stomp, Hop Off*, are included on the reissue) show the development that led jazz enthusiasts to name him father of the tenor saxophone.

Hawkins rarely played his other instruments on record dates. But there are a few exceptions: on *Old Black Joe Blues* (in the ensemble), he plays bass saxophone; on *Hot and Anxious*, he takes a clarinet solo. Another known example, although not included on the Henderson reissue, is with the Dixie Stompers, a Henderson unit. He plays bass saxophone on *Spanish Shawl*.

Redman, who did all Henderson's arranging up to 1928, once said Hawkins would bring in one or two arrangements a year. One that he remembered especially was a fine treatment of *Singin' in the Rain*, which apparently was never recorded.

During the summer of 1933, a few months before the tenorist left the band to go to Europe, Fletcher's brother, Horace Henderson, wrote an arrangement of an original composition by Hawkins, *Queer Notions*. The number, described by a critic as ". . . based on augmented chords which achieve a whole-tone scale effect," is included on the last record in the Columbia reissue collection. Hawkins solos at length.

When Hawkins left for England to work for Jack Hylton, the British counterpart of Paul Whiteman, it was on a six-month leave of absence from Henderson. But he stayed in Europe for five years, making a great impact on the jazz scene in Holland, Belgium, France, and Switzerland.

In France, Switzerland, and Holland there were opportunities to record, and the records found their way back to the United States. Meanwhile, however, Hawkins' style was being challenged by the new approach of Lester Young, and such former disciples as Chu Berry.

Hawkins' star was in danger of being eclipsed. He came home shortly before the outbreak of World War II, and recorded *Body and Soul*. After that, he shared the pinnacle with Young, taking on all comers.

Hawkins has never compromised his music. He made his point when leading his big band in Broadway's Danceteria in 1940. The management suggested that he get some stock arrangements of current hits like *Playmates* and *The Woody Woodpecker Song* to play for the dancers.

Hawkins' answer was blunt. He pulled his band out of the Danceteria, saying, "I don't play mouse music." And he never has. DB

Chicago's Richard Abrams:

A Man With an Idea

by John Litweiler

"I had to write quite a bit until I had musicians who could create *a part . . . Now I can take eight measures and play a concert."*

RON HOWARD

NEW YORK CITY, the early '40s: Minton's Playhouse; 52nd Street. Chicago, 1967: Abraham Lincoln Center; Hyde Park. What do these places have in common? Although today's new jazz movement in Chicago is isolated, its spirit of excitement and exploration have the aura of a legend in the making.

Quite possibly, the second crucial phase in the evolution of jazz' most vital and promising era is taking place—apparently alone for now—in Chicago. Ten years ago the revolution began with Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy, and John Coltrane, and in recent years a second wave of innovators has appeared to reinterpret the terms of that revolution. (Most prominent, probably, are Albert Ayler and the recent work of Sun Ra.) The Chicago musicians associated with the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians have completed that reinterpretation to the point of revitalizing the whole concept of "free jazz," with the emphasis on variety and structure.

One can hear this excitement in the traditional jazz environments—at the club in Old Town where drummer Jerol Donovan's organ-based trio plays its neo-funk, the bandstand crowded with sitters-in, or at Joseph Jarman's staged jam sessions at the University of Chicago Contemporary Music Society. But it is best heard at the AACM events.

The AACM, a nonprofit organization dedicated to showcasing the original compositions of its membership, training aspiring young musicians, and fostering a better public image of the musician, was founded by Richard Abrams and other local musicians concerned about the current conditions and future directions of contemporary music and its exponents. Abrams has been the ACCM's president since its formation more than three years ago.

Notable names include Maurice McIntyre, a gifted tenorist; Jarman, a brilliant altoist; altoist Roscoe Mitchell's classic commedia dell'arte troupe; Lester Bowie, trumpeter; Malachi Favors, bassist—only the beginning of a long list of exceptional musicians who, unfortunately, are likely to remain unfamiliar to the non-Chicago public for some time to come.

If these players were living in New York, the jazz publicity mill (journalists, record companies, agents) certainly would be aware of them. Chicago musicians, however, know that despite the publicity, Taylor, Ayler, etc., don't work steadily. If Chicago avant-gardists don't generally work any more frequently, the AACM still is a stimulatingly close-knit, interdependent family. More than ever, security and public success in jazz are limited at best—and so, consciously and, almost completely, the Chicago movement remains outside the conventions of jazz-as-commerce.

Without composer-pianist-clarinetist-Abrams, there might be some kind of avant-garde underground in Chicago today, but few will argue that Abrams' personality and point of view have largely shaped what does now exist. Nearly all AACM members have worked with his Experimental Bands, and the best of them have been strongly influenced by his ideas. Beyond Abrams' enthusiasm and the free exchange of ideas that he stands for, there are important reasons for his impact on contemporary Chicago jazz.

First, he was already a veteran musician when the younger players were discovering their own voices in his bands—Jarman and Mitchell, for instance, literally grew up musically with Abrams' groups.

Second, Abrams and another Chicagoan, pianist-composer Sun Ra, founded the first two working big bands in the "free jazz" era. These two not only developed their voices simultaneously, but they also shared several fundamental and characteristic musical approaches. Eventually, of course, the Sun Ra Solar Arkestra left Chicago. (Abrams said, "Whenever Sun Ra and I met, we never talked about music," indicating that the similarities were coincidental.)

Third, there is Abrams' music itself: direct and personal to a degree that not a great deal of "free jazz" by others is. A familiarity with Abrams' approach is necessary to understand what contemporary Chicago jazz today is all about. The terms of his music are not only the standard characteristics of new Chicago jazz, but are likely to influence music everywhere.

Chicago, in the late '40s and early '50s, was a lively place for jazz. Abrams was out playing music "in the streets" almost from the very beginning. When he was 17, he began to study piano and enrolled in a now-defunct conservatory. Four years of study followed, a course that ended comically and dramatically when Abrams' instructor, in an evasive way, tried to learn from him the changes to *April in Paris*. Until then, the young musician hadn't realized how thorough his education in the streets really had been.

THE STREETS of Chicago were the best kind of place to learn and work: blues, dance, and bop bands proliferated, and throughout the golden '50s, Chicago tended to resist the waves of fashion that swept over jazz elsewhere. Around 1950, Abrams was writing for the King Fleming Band. "Original things and arrangements," he recalled, "but I could go just so far on standards. I was writing about, like, the things that were around then—bebop and so on."

Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, and Miles Davis were among those who either lived off and on in Chicago or played extended gigs in the city during those years (Abrams recalled that "Miles used to carry his trumpet in a paper sack," suggesting how long ago that was). Jamming, club dates, and writing for various groups kept Abrams busy. Beginning around 1955, a group called the MJT + 3 became his

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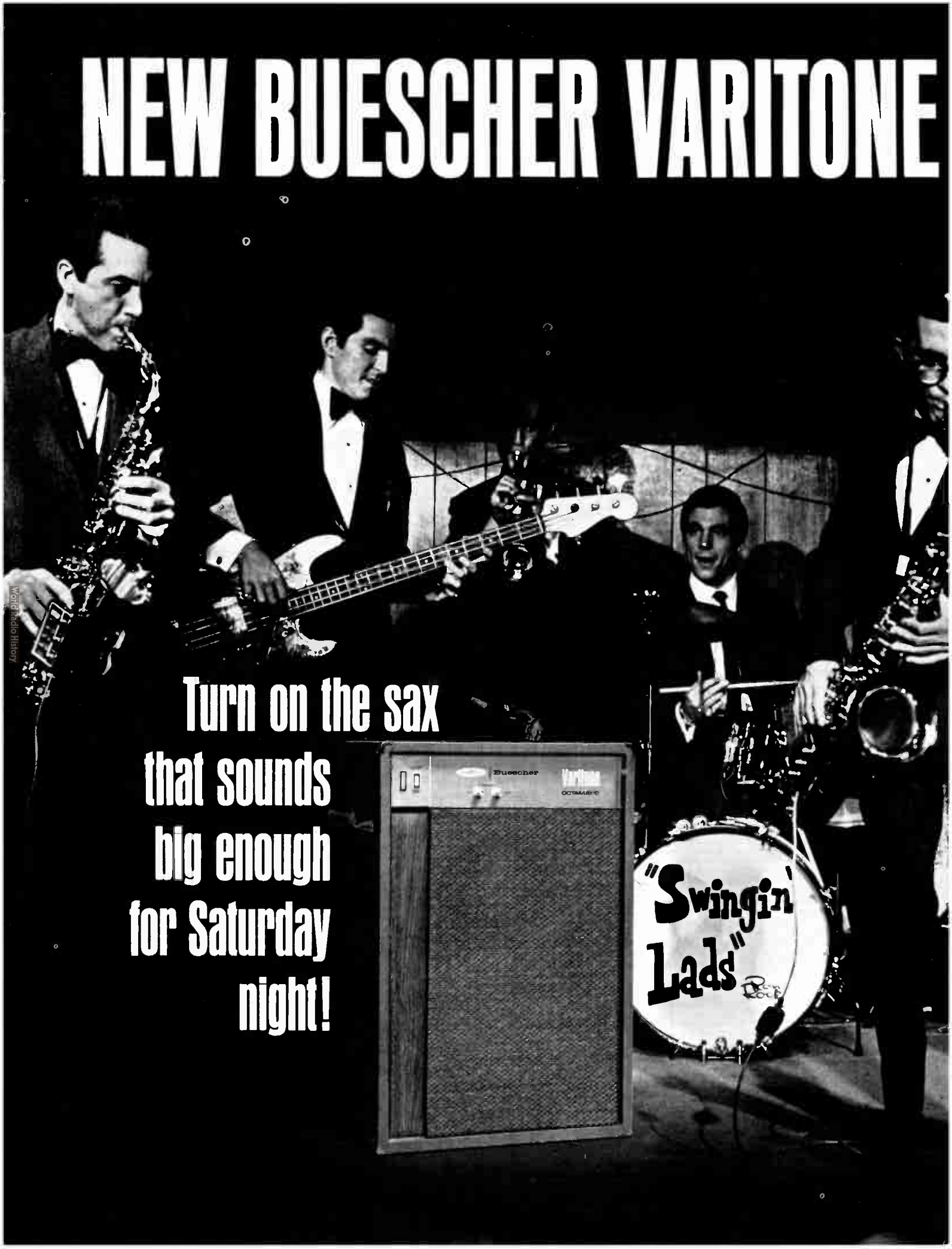

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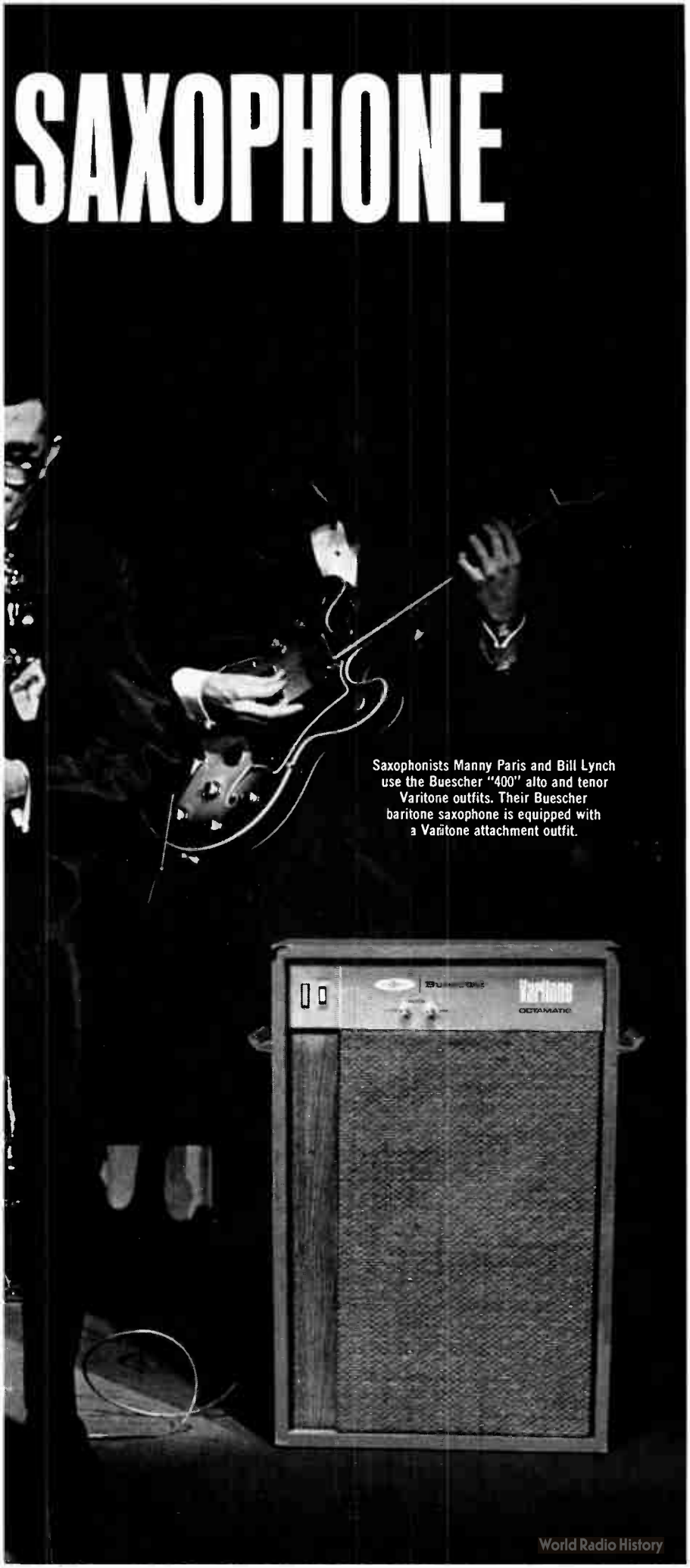

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principal area of interest: Abrams was the talented group's pianist and principal composer-arranger. The group recorded for Vee-Jay records.

Poor Vee-Jay. In spite of its hit-record orientation, the Chicago label died without having given much of an idea about this unique group, or about Abrams (he appeared on three unreleased sessions as sideman). The one MJT + 3 set that did get issued showed little more than that the band was skillful and that Abrams was a proficient songwriter.

Today, the late tenorist Nicky Hill has become a Chicago legend; bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Walter Perkins have moved on to New York and qualified success, and Abrams and trumpeter Paul Serrano stayed at home. The group was probably the best in Chicago at the time, and in the four years before the work ran out, Abrams had plenty of freedom and opportunity to write and play.

He took advantage of this freedom by studying, on his own this time, the techniques of composition. His texts were the Schillinger system first, and then Paul Hindemith's teachings (by this time, Abrams' career was already an example of Hindemith's pragmatism in action). For all the exhilaration of those days, Abrams felt, he said, that something was missing in his own music. Then he rediscovered Art Tatum.

"I always played changes quite successfully," he said, "but I always felt caged in. When all the musicians could copy Bud Powell note for note, I could hear it and play it, but when I got to the stand, my mind would always go off somewhere else —it would always get kind of wild. So I found out from Art Tatum that I needed to adhere to my rhythmic feelings more, and then I would have less trouble keeping up with what wanted to come out."

Then it was Tatum who opened the door for Abrams into the new music?

"That's right," he said. "The real genius of Tatum was his rhythmic concept. Expansion and contraction of rhythm; my system always seemed to need that, though I didn't know what it was, and it has resulted in whatever is happening now, because I never discarded it."

This was in the days when Ornette Coleman first upset New York. At about the same time, Abrams found a kindred spirit—Donald Garrett, professionally a bassist, but actually a skilled multi-instrumentalist and writer whose thinking paralleled Abrams' own. For a time the two studied and wrote together. From this association came the first scores for the Experimental Band. And thus began the Chicago movement of our time and Abrams' strongest musical work as well.

What exactly is Abrams' music like?

First, it's deceptive. A listener, hearing the Experimental Band for the first time, may feel that he's hearing just a series of lengthy improvisations, sometimes punctuated with brief lines. The point is not only the skill with which it is done; it is the structure as well—a whole concert consisting of a single work, depending almost entirely on improvisation to deliver the composer's message.

ONE COULD ALMOST catalog the ingredients Abrams prefers: supersaturated rhythm sections (a recent concert had four wind instruments and six strictly rhythm players); carefully controlled duets by highly complementary woodwind improvisers; massive (and effortless) shifts in the band's rhythmic/sonoric balance in each sequence; usually fast, sometimes slow, but seldom medium tempos; and strictly functional composing: a brief, hectic bop line to link long solo sequences; melodic counterlines for a soloist to play against, or complex coloristic sequences (imagine a 12-piece jazz band playing *Parsifal*). In Abrams' view, all these elements are strictly materials, means.

These concerts are cast like plays.

"I always had composing music to tell a story in mind," Abrams said. "I wasn't always able to do it, didn't have the musicians to carry it out. . . . I plot a story, and the music is just furthering the symbolism."

From the beginning of the Experimental Bands, Abrams said, he felt he actually was writing psychological plots.

Such an undertaking demands exceptional musicians. Abrams' successes result in part from having at his disposal players who can double. Lester Lashley ("Musicwise," Abrams said, "he and Donald Garrett are two of the most inspiring people I know") may be the most sympathetic of them all—a fine trombonist, he is no less original and creative as a bassist or cellist.

In the early Experimental Bands, Abrams, of necessity, wrote a great deal more than he writes now. And now?

"You don't need much to get off the ground when your musicians are spontaneous enough—just rehearse and let things happen," he said. "Donald Garrett used to tell me that someday there wouldn't have to be written compositions—he saw it before I did. I had to write quite a bit until I had musicians who could *create* a part, and then I wrote less and less. Now I can take eight measures and play a concert."

So Abrams' direct control of his concerts is minimal; a tempo is set, the rhythm section's role is defined, and the soloist may be given a melodic line to improvise on (in a given sequence)—he may even have the structure of his improvisation predetermined. These are extremely loose scenarios, based on two considerations: "What I'd like to speak about and the musicians I have to participate," Abrams said. And, he added, "the sympathetic part is always there."

Then what does the music speak about? Since music is music and not poetry or sculpture, Abrams' messages are strictly emotional ones. He said his work is inclined to be introspective. A listener might agree, hearing his occasional total impressionism, or again, the mixture of awkward elements into a consistent flow of music, or yet again, the preference for fast tempos and the fact that he always has all the spaces filled.

Abrams' music is not only unromantic, it is sometimes deliberately antiromantic. A sequence at a recent concert had the winds playing a plodding, sickly sweet line, emphasized by Abrams' too-juicy piano flourishes, while soprano saxophonist Jarman improvised a curdled countermelody out of bent notes, chirrups, and growls. The only thing like it that comes to mind is the contrast of Barney Bigard and Johnny Dodds in the 1926 King Oliver *Someday, Sweetheart,* but Abrams and Jarman carried the idea to a deliberate extreme.

Perhaps more typical of Abrams' direct "hardness" is a series of equally spaced staccato quarter-notes that goes up half an octave by whole notes; the series is played, followed by a long rest while the rhythm section plays a fast tempo. Then the series is played again. Absolutely simple, starkly dramatic, the line has a compelling force and is used as a frame for long solos.

Abrams' first LP by his own 1967 septets, soon to be issued by Delmark records, will give a solid taste of these practices. But probably the best indication of his sense of values is his piano playing.

Like the elements in his composing, Abrams' piano style is a unique combination of the awkward and the smooth. Tatum may have done his best playing solo, but Abrams, an avant garde pianist, can use the same rhythmic/structural devices with like-minded musicians, both as soloist and accompanist. The influence of Powell is strong in Abrams' free playing: bop piano is the melodic/harmonic basis of Abrams' contemporary style, no matter how much it is altered.

THE DYNAMIC LEVEL of his solos remains constant and surprisingly low, considering their rhythmic force. Here, again, every bit of space is filled with sound; there are no rests. Matched, linking, and alternating melodic segments create a continuously rising and falling flow, structured fairly simply over long sequences—alterations of the rhythmic flow might mark the structural pivot points. It always sounds as if Abrams' concentration on melody is deliberate.

He pointed out that in the '50s he was concerned with developing harmonic textures, and today "my personality calls for quite a bit of harmony—but I concentrate on melody. I've been playing piano for so long that it gets complicated to divorce myself from harmony."

Still, for jazz there are as yet "untouched harmonic textures that go into the esthetic aspects of things like melody does."

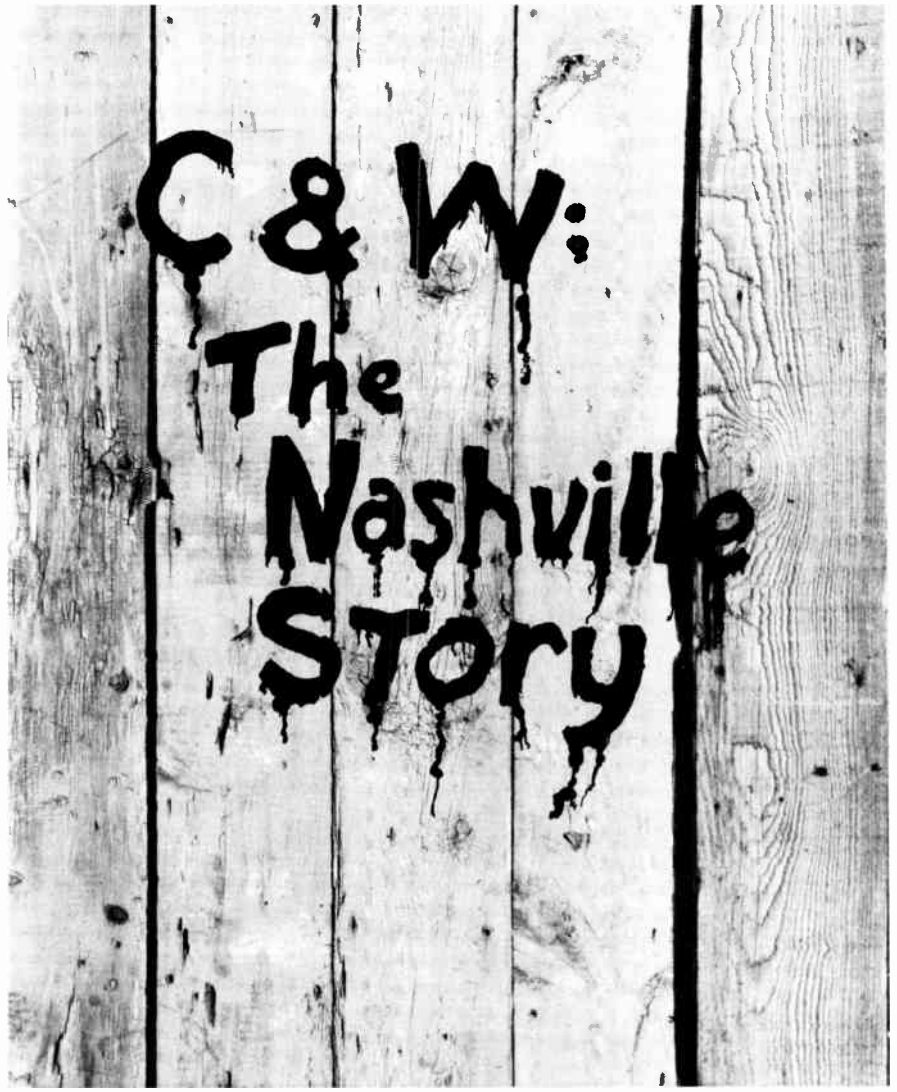
Thelonious Monk showed the possibilities, and so does classical music. But the possibility, given free jazz, of a purely melodic music? "It's what's happening," Abrams said. "The harmony *as such* really isn't needed. Harmony generates an emotional atmosphere; melody generates a purely mental atmosphere. The new musicians have a need for mind expansion." And Abrams explains what he means by that phrase:

Life is made of functional, "concrete" aspects, and "abstract" aspects, according to Abrams. The former are the materials of man's need to survive in his necessary physical environment, and the latter are the opposite of mechanistic. An old saw

/Continued on page 41

The World of Rock, Pt. III

by John Gabree



Nashville cats
Play clean as country water
Nashville cats
Play wild as mountain dew
Nashville cats
Been playin' since they'se babies
Nashville cats
Git work before they're two
—John Sebastian

Nashville, the capital city of Tennessee, is a gentle town of 170,000, nestled on the banks of the Cumberland River in the heart of the middle Tennessee River basin. Investment and insurance firms are both commercially important, and among the more than 500 different kinds of manufacturers, no one industry dominates the economic life of the city. Nashville is widely known as a religious and educational center. It is also the capital of country and western music, and the home of the "Nashville sound."

Modern country and western is the product of two continuing strains. The first developed largely to the east of the Mississippi. It was born of the isolation of several generations of rural Americans cut off from the industrialization and modernization going on in the rest of the society, who entertained themselves with music of their own making. This is "hillbilly" and folk music, as popularized in the folk revolution of the last dozen years. This was the music played in the early days on the *Grand Old Opry* which began broadcasting on November 28, 1925 (now nationally syndicated from WSM's Ryman auditorium, the *Opry* is the longest-lived radio show). This is the simple music of informal country dances and fiddle contests of the Cumberlands and the Alleghenies.

The second component of modern c&w is known as western swing and developed in the Southwest during the '30s. The Light Crust Doughboys, formed in Fort Worth by Bob Wills in 1932, was the first such band, with a repertoire that included Texas-Mexican songs like *El Rancho Grande* and hoedowns like *Old Joe Clark*.

According to Robert Shelton, author of *The Country Music Story*, Wills was the Benny Goodman of western swing: "Although . . . they used brass occasionally, they did not make their most lasting contribution in this respect. The featured instrument in the Wills organization was the fiddle, the instrument that Wills played." His western swing stressed "a heavy, insistent beat, the jazz-like improvisations of the steel guitar, and the heavily bowed fiddle. It was a rhythmically infectious music designed for dancing, but it also stressed lyrics rendered usually by a vocalist like Tommy Duncan. . . ."

A close relative of western swing was the honky-tonk band, the most recent example of which is the swinging style of Hank Thompson and his Brazos Valley Boys.

Country music made itself felt on the pop charts early. The first hit country tune was by Wendell Hall, "the red-headed music maker" from Chicago, in 1923. *It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo* was Victor's top record of that year, and spurred recording companies to seek out new talent.

One of the most important Victor finds was Jimmie Rodgers, "The Singing Brakeman," who made his first test record for the company in 1927 and had sold more than 20 million records by the time of his death from tuberculosis at 35 in 1933. Rodgers combined a number of strains—straight country, jazz, blues, pop, minstrel—into a unique style of crooning, eschewing the nasal twang that had limited the popularity of much country music. He recorded in a variety of settings (including *Blue Yodel No. 9* with Earl Hines and Louis Armstrong!) and spawned a whole string of followers and imitators, among them Hank Snow, Lefty Frizzel, Wilf Carter, and Ernest Tubb.

The same week that Rodgers made

LAWRENCE SHUSTAK

his test record, perhaps the same day—Aug. 1, 1927—a family journeyed from Clinch Mountain to Bristol on the Virginia-Tennessee border to audition for Victor talent scout Ralph Peer. A.P., Sara, and Maybelle Carter were to have a tremendous effect on the development of c&w. Never the popular success that Jimmie Rodgers was, through their vocal stylings, their 250 recorded songs, and the special guitar playing of Maybelle, they became the germ of Bill Monroe's bluegrass band in the '40s. The Carters were also a major force in the folk revival of the late '50s and early '60s, helping to shape the styles of such city folk singers as Pete Seeger and Joan Baez.

The other major country influence on the city folkies was Woody Guthrie. Guthrie, who wrote *This Land is Your Land,* never had much of a following in the country, but his creative reworking of country material was an important link between the two cultures.

Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys play the kind of music that most superficial listeners think is typical of the field. It is characterized by highly nasal tenor vocalizing and prominent display of fiddle and five string banjo. The team of Earl Flatt and Lester Scruggs has developed the widest non-country audience for this type of music. The interplay between voice, guitars, and banjo (and occasionally fiddle, dobro, or mandolin—Monroe's instrument) is often highly complex. A great deal of excitement is generated when a bluegrass band is really cooking. But Monroe's is just one of dozens of different c&w styles that can be heard today.

Another important voice was that of singer-songwriter Hank Williams, who wrote 125 songs before his death at 29 in 1953. It is the straightforward style of country writing, in fact, that has tended to have the greatest effect on pop.

Rock has felt the influence of c&w in several ways. (Someday, we may be able to talk about music without dividing it into categories. Just like jazz, country has its purists. The line should be drawn at electrification, they say. Or this kind of song or that isn't country. And, of course, so and so has sold out. All this is futile and tragic because it keeps us from listening to music that we might very well enjoy.)

In the first place, radio and television, to say nothing of records, have placed all this music at our finger tips (ear lobes?). Second, in most major cities the influx of white southerners and the residue of natives who appreciate c&w has assured the presence of at least one radio station devoted to country music (WJJD, Chicago; WJRZ, New York; KFOX in Southern California; etc.). Third, the folk revival turned a whole generation of young people on to bluegrass and country through such groups as Flatt and Scruggs, and city imitators like the New Lost City Ramblers.

Fourth, a number of c&w singers have appeared with some regularity on the pop charts: besides Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, and the Everly Brothers, there were Johnny Horton, Marty Robbins, Jim Reeves (the number one male singer in Britain last year), Carl Perkins, Jimmy Dean, Roy Orbison, Don Gibson, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Johnny Cash, to name only the ones who come immediately to mind.

True, some of these (especially Holly, Presley, Lewis, and Cash) were molded by other — usually blues — sources, too, but all of them were basically country musicians and they built up in the audience a tolerance and taste for c&w. Fifth, a number of groups and individuals — the Beatles, the Lovin' Spoonful, etc.—deliberately incorporated part of the country sound into their styles. And Ray Charles contributed his important interpretation of the genre. In fact with the current hit *Ode to Billy Joe* by Bobbie Gentry, we may be seeing the beginning of a "trend" (usually a big song in an unusual mode attracts imitators) toward story songs in a country style.

Although the dials have been clear to the eclectic singing and writing of the Orbisons, Cashes, and Millers, we have been effectively kept from hearing, via the mass media, many more traditional but equally interesting and exciting groups, such as Buck Owens and his Buckaroos. Owens is a fine, expressive singer and his band is one of the best in the field. And yet, to my knowledge, the only echo of his style to get a hearing from the pop audience is Ringo Starr's copy of *They're Gonna Put Me in the Movies.*

There is no technical definition of the Nashville sound. It is only a flavor, a feeling, an ambience. It is the manner of playing of the musicians who have matured and worked in the relaxed atmosphere of the c&w capital. Much of it is worth the attention of serious listeners of pop music.

DISCOGRAPHY

Grand Ole Opry Spectacular, Starday 242

Saturday Night at the Grand Old Opry, Vol. 1-2, Decca 4303, 4539

Anthology of American Folk Muisc, Folkways 2951-53, 6 records

Old Time Music at Clarence Ashley's, Folkways 2355, 2359

The Best of Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys, Harmony 7304

Golden Country Hits, Hank Thompson and his Brazos Valley Boys, Capitol 2089

Best of the Legendary Jimmie Rodgers, Victor 3315

Hall of Fame, Jimmie Rodgers, Victor 2531

More Hank Snow, Victor 2812

Saginaw, Michigan, Lefty Frizzell, Columbia 2169

Wilf Carter, Camden 527

The Ernest Tubb Story, Decca 8871-2

A Collection of Favorites by the Carter Family, Decca 4404

Great Original Recordings, Harmony 7300

Woody Guthrie Library of Congress Recordings, Elektra 271-2

Bluegrass Special, Bill Monroe, Decca 4382

Flatt & Scruggs at Carnegie Hall, Columbia 2045

Country Music and Bluegrass Live at Newport, Vanguard 9146

Dang Me, Roger Miller, Smash 27049

I Wrote a Song, Don Gibson, Victor 2702

I've Got a Tiger by the Tail, Buck Owens, Capitol 2283

A Touch of Velvet, Jim Reeves, Victor 2487

Modern Sounds of Country and Western, Ray Charles, ABC 410, 435

Ode to Billie Joe, Bobbie Gentry, Capitol 5950 db

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Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Dan DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Ira Gitler, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Edward A. Spring, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Eddy Davis

LIVE AT THE OLD TOWN GATE—Blackbird 12001: *Medley: Mame; Hello Dolly; ODJB One Step; It Don't Mean a Thing; Sister Kate; More; My Kind of Town; Louisiana; Jazz Me Blues; Limehouse Blues; Kansas City Torch; Bill Bailey.*

Personnel: Norman Murphy (tracks 2-7) or Jack (The Bear) Brown, trumpet; Jug Berger, clarinet; Davis, banjo, vocal; Jerry Lofstrom, bass (track 1 only); Ed Wilkinson, tuba; Wayne Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

That the banjo can be a musical instrument has been demonstrated by, among others, Johnny St. Cyr, Elmer Snowden, Danny Barker, and Lee Blair. In the hands of Davis, unfortunately, the instrument's negative and absurd qualities are allowed to stand unredeemed—and the album features him.

It's a pity, since so little of what is now called "traditional jazz" is recorded these days. One would like to be able to encourage a new label dedicated to fill this gap, at least in Chicago, but this first effort rates no cigar.

The sole redeeming factor is the presence of Berger and Murphy—incidentally the senior musicians on the record. Murphy, especially, has some nice things to say. A veteran of Gene Krupa's big band (Roy Eldridge edition), he is a seasoned player and a real pro. If the surroundings leave him relatively uninspired, he can hardly be blamed; even so, his playing is never less than tasteful, his time and phrasing sure and supple. On *Louisiana* and *Thing*, he indicates what he could do in better circumstances, and he saves *More* from total disaster by dipping into his Bobby Hackett bag.

Berger, a graduate of Chicago small groups, has a pretty sound and favors the warm middle register of his instrument. At times, he gets a Fazola-like tone, and he is a relaxed player. His best moments also come on *Thing* and *Louisiana* (these two tracks also have the best tempos and least stiff rhythm). His gruff, good-natured singing of *Sister Kate* is a relief from the strained collegiate vocalisms of Davis and Brown, heard on several tracks. (Drummer Jones also "sings," on *Jazz Me;* he is less hard to take than the two other minstrelmen.)

It is hard to tell if Davis' solos sound off-key because he plays wrong notes, or because he hasn't tuned his instrument properly—perhaps it's a little of both. His attempts at bravura are disastrous and funny (though the joke wears a bit thin). Undoubtedly, he means well, and I'm sure that aging collegians love every minute of his performances . . . you can almost see the straw hat when he plays.

The Old Town Gate, located on Chicago's famous North Wells Street, usually has better music than this to offer. An album featuring Murphy, and something with clarinetist Frank Chace, for instance, would be a lot more welcome.

—Morgenstern

Steve Kuhn-Gary McFarland

OCTOBER SUITE—Impulse 9136: *One I Could Have Loved; St. Tropez Shuttle; Remember When; Traffic Patterns; Childhood Dreams; Open Highway.*

Personnel: Kuhn, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Marty Morell, drums (all tracks). Tracks 1-3: Isadore Cohen, Matt Raimondi, violins; Charlie McCracken, viola; Al Brown, cello. Tracks 4-6: Joe Farrell, Don Ashworth, Irving Horowitz, Gerald Sanfino, woodwinds. McFarland, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is beautiful music of many moods and many feelings—thoughtful, gentle, dream-like. Yet there are moments when it erupts with fire and pulsating excitement that compels one's attention. McFarland is a tremendously gifted composer and arranger, and here he writes as if he were picturing scenes and incidents dear to him, drawing on a store of treasured memories and setting them to music. There is a golden, lost-in-time feeling in each piece that seems to invite the listener to daydream—to reflect and meditate.

The interplay between piano, bass, and drums is exceedingly good; these three sensitive, imaginative musicians are the perfect choice for interpreting music of this kind—expressing their own ideas within the framework of the arrangements with disciplined freedom.

The swooping bass glisses; the clear, incisive yet delicate ring of the cymbal; the sparkling piano sound; all are beautifully recorded, and the string quartet and woodwinds (the strings are on one side of the record, the woodwinds on the other) are orchestrated quite sparingly, complimenting the trio without ever getting in the way.

Morell is a very original-thinking drummer, unorthodox in his approach, his touch refreshingly light and musical.

There is a restlessness in Kuhn's playing, and he has a way of reaching for a handful of notes as if he had six fingers on his right hand. The resulting dissonances create tension and excitement, and the passionate, almost savage way he punctuates some passages with percussive chords is dramatic.

Kuhn and Carter work well together; there is a lovely, soft passage on *Dreams*, and on *Shuttle*, they get into an intriguing interchange which weaves in and out throughout the whole piece. *Patterns* starts with a shifting flurry of cross-rhythms—the bass pulsating steadily like a heartbeat—and there is a brief exchange between harp and piano which is interesting.

When is a mere sliver of melody:

But it is harmonized with tender beauty, and the strings are voiced in lush dissonances that enhance its poignant sound. Listening to this, and in fact, to the entire album, should refresh the mind and spirit considerably.

—McPartland

Oliver Nelson

THE KENNEDY DREAM—Impulse 9144: *Let the Word Go Forth; A Genuine Peace; The Rights of All; Tolerance; The Artists' Rightful Place; Jacqueline; Day in Dallas; John Kennedy Memorial Waltz.*

Personnel: Unidentified large orchestra including Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Phil Bodner, English horn; Hank Jones, piano, harpsichord; George Duvivier, bass; Don Butterfield, tuba; Grady Tate, drums; Nelson, composer-arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

A musical tribute such as this—with recorded excerpts from actual speeches by President Kennedy interpolated into the score—indicates an important new direction for the jazz idiom.

How well Nelson has accomplished his purpose leads to one basic question: is the jazz idiom appropriate for this type of project? With one exception, Nelson has molded it, intelligently and sensitively, to a politically inspired text, resulting in a quasi-documentary approach. Stirring pronouncements are made. The warmth and humor of a great personality is projected. Nostalgia blends with high-flown oratory.

As a rule, the emotion and the freedom of improvisation associated with jazz would not blend well with these excerpted speeches. The fact that it does is a further tribute to the youthful vitality and spontaneity of JFK. More important, it's a tribute to Nelson's artistry. His skill is evident on each track.

Let the Word Go Forth: the Word alternates between 7/8 and 9/8, with wind instruments and vibes beautifully interwoven in the 7/8 part, and the trombones and reeds clustered tightly for an exciting jazz waltz in the 9/8 section.

A Genuine Peace: there is an allusion to *Greensleeves* here that obviously refers to Kennedy's Irish heritage. Tate provides some tasteful drumming.

The Rights of All: this blues-based swinger is dressed up with a pulsating string background and some fine harpsichord comping by Jones behind the ex-

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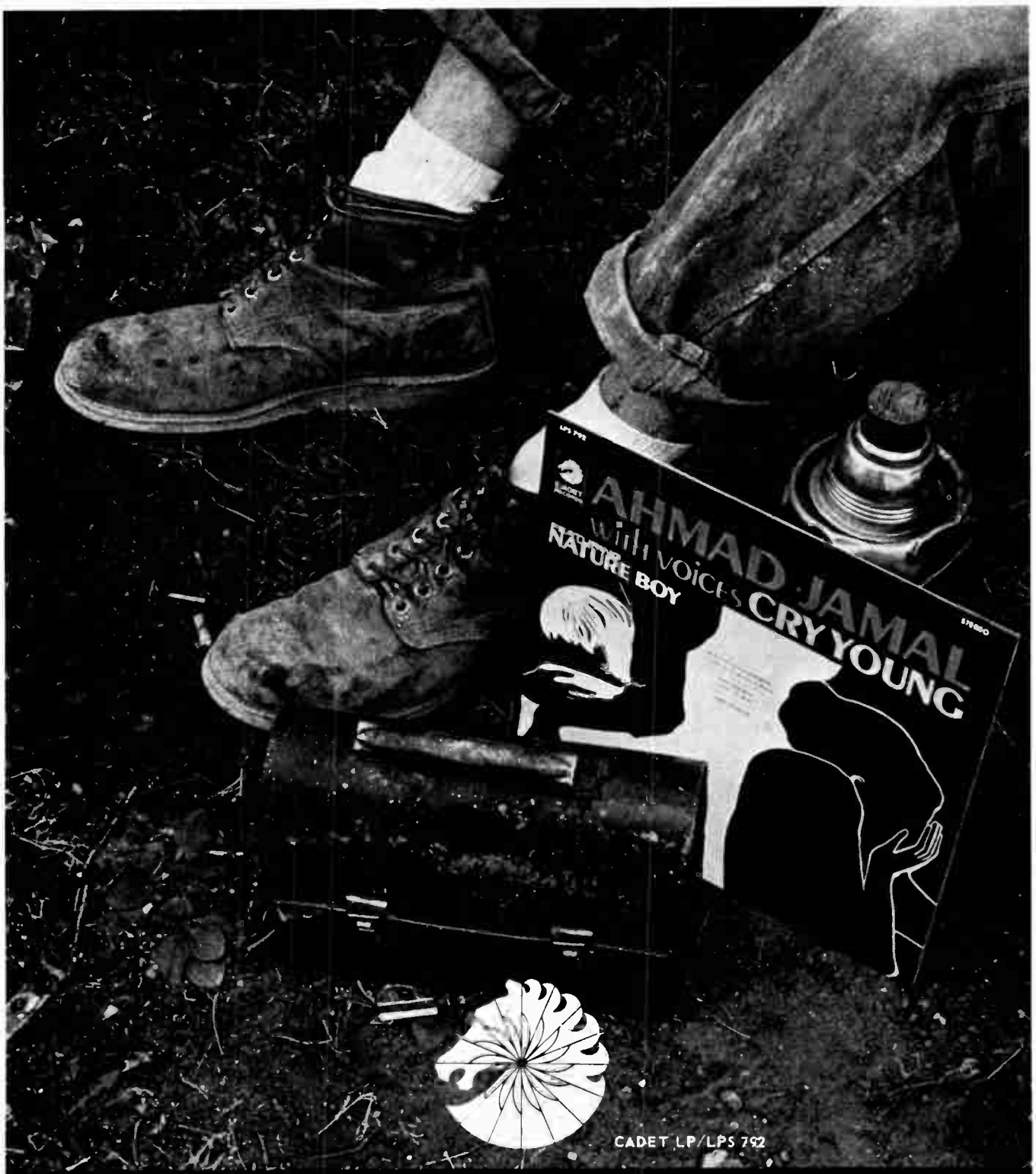

CADET RECORDS

cellent solos by Bodner on English horn and Woods on alto.

Tolerance: Bodner's English horn is used in obbligato to Kennedy's plea, followed by some "classical American" string voicings in which Nelson captures the essence of Copland, Roy Harris, or Leonard Bernstein—a clean, spare sound that often relies on modes.

The Artists' Rightful Place: from the title alone, it is understandable that a "shout for joy" from the saxophones should lead to a brisk, happy swinger. There's intelligent use of Butterfield's tuba, and a fine alto solo from Woods. The unison lead is fiendishly difficult, with awkward intervals reminiscent of Gil Evans' *Freedom Dance*. Tate sandwiches some energetic flourishes between the forceful closing chords.

Jacqueline: predictably, this melody is radiant in its simplicity, carried by the strings with effective backing by Jones' harpsichord, Duvivier's bass lines, and Tate's brushwork.

Day in Dallas: the only purely instrumental track, it is also the only disappointment in the collection. It begins and ends with appropriately ominous low strings and woodwinds, with drum rolls adding to the disquietude. But a middle section—clarinet over strings—is strangely lush.

John Kennedy Memorial Waltz: this is all lush, and understandably so. A beautiful theme (the only one not written by Nelson; it is by George David Weiss) to commemorate a great man. Woods' alto solo is obviously a labor of love.

Indeed, the whole album could be called a labor of love. Too bad that all the sidemen who responded so well couldn't be given their due credit—only Woods is listed in the album's notes. *—Siders*

Original Salty Dogs

THE ORIGINAL SALTY DOGS—G.H.B. 44: *Panama; You've Been a Good Old Wagon; Emperor Norton's Hunch; All the Wrongs You've Done to Me; Come Back, Sweet Papa; Cornet Chop Suey; Tia Juana; The Chant; Ida; Flat Foot; Annie Street Rock.*

Personnel: Lew Green Jr., cornet; Jim Snyder, trombone; Kim Cusack, clarinet, alto saxophone; Johnny Cooper, piano; Bob Sundstrom, banjo; Mike Walbridge, tuba; Wayne Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Though nothing much is heard of it these days in the jazz press, the revivalist branch of traditional jazz still sprouts considerable foliage. The movement began in 1939 when Bunk Johnson emerged from the Louisiana levee and Lu Watters gathered his band of stalwarts in California.

It reached a peak in the late '40s, when college boys throughout the land discovered King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Johnny Dodds, et al., and sundry bands dedicated to the cause proliferated. Some good professional musicians emerged from this odd schooling (among them pioneers Bob Wilber and Dick Wellstood, and latecomer Roswell Rudd), but it was mainly an outlet for devoted amateurs, and so it remains today.

The Salty Dogs, founded at Purdue University in 1947, have undergone numerous changes in personnel since then. But the album's lineup does consist of ex-collegians, with only one full-time professional among them, drummer Jones (who has since left the fold). Nevertheless, the band performs quite frequently, and has developed a following in the Midwest.

As it was 20 years ago, the music is determinedly cheerful, generally loud, not always in tune, and rhythmically prehistoric. Stiff rhythm sections, inevitably featuring banjo and tuba, have been the albatross of revivalist jazz. Perversly, an instrumentation abandoned by most professionals by the end of the '20s was fervently embraced by the young archeologists.

Muggsy Spanier once described the sound of a banjo in a jazz rhythm section as "like a gang of tin cans falling down a flight of stairs," and this album brings his words to mind. Ah, for the joys of a rhythm guitar and string bass (though Walbridge is a good tuba player).

Within their self-imposed strait jacket, the Dogs make some pleasant sounds. Their dedication and sincerity are obvious, and their repertoire is intriguingly catholic. Represented here is material from Armstrong's Hot Five *(Chop Suey, Papa);* Bix Beiderbecke and the Wolverines *(Tia Juana);* Morton *(The Chant);* Bessie Smith *(Wagon);* Red Nichols *(Ida);* Clarence Williams' Blue Five *(Wrongs);* Johnny Dodds and Kid Ory *(Flat Foot)*—and Watters *(Hunch* and *Rock).*

The treatment is generally faithful to the

the best in jazz from BLUE NOTE RECORDS

spirit, if not the letter, of the originals (questions of rhythm aside).

Curiously, the best results come on a relatively "modern" (by '20s standards) piece like *Ida*, where some soloistic invention manifests itself in the work of Cusack (on alto, a la Frank Trumbauer), pianist Cooper (shades of both Bix and Jelly Roll), and cornetist Green (Nichols). Jones even throws in a cute Vic Berton drum break.

Wagon, a vocal performance in the original, gives the boys some spur to originality, and it starts out nicely with honest cornet and a robust Snyder trombone solo. Some gauche group singing and a sloppy closing ensemble spoil the mood, however.

Wrongs, a fine tune, gets a semblance of looseness in the ensembles and has a jovial tuba spot. Cusack's clarinet solo on *Papa* gets into something after a weak start, and this track has the best solo on the record, played by Green with a brass hat wafting over the bell—a sound I've always liked.

It's not easy to assign a place to this music in the grand scheme of things. But must one? It certainly doesn't harm anybody, it gives pleasure to the players and to those listeners who dig it (and who almost inevitably have no use for other kinds of jazz), and it keeps alive a piece of the jazz heritage. But, oh, those rhythm sections. . . . —*Morgenstern*

Nina Simone

SINGS THE BLUES—RCA Victor LSP 3837: *Do I Move You?; Day and Night; In the Dark; Real, Real; My Man's Gone Now; Backlash Blues; I Want a Little Sugar in My Bowl; Buck; Since I Fell for You; The House of the Rising Sun; Blues for Mama.*

Personnel: Miss Simone, vocals, piano, with unidentified accompaniment.

Rating: ★★★★

If you enjoy authentic blues singing—if you are a fan of Leadbelly, Blind Lemon Jefferson, John Lee Hooker, Big Mama Thornton, et al.—then you, as I did, will find this set splendid in every way.

It is well recorded, the selections are ideally suited to Miss Simone, and her performance throughout is smashing. Concerning *My Man's Gone Now* (incidentally, the best vocal interpretation of the tune I've heard to date) the liner notes state that it was the last tune of the session, and that the singer had expended all her energies. She did indeed "pull this one out of the fire."

JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

However, this curious ability to get deep into a song at a time when you feel drained is shared by most singers I know, myself included. It's a throwback to jam session days, I guess. You're really tired, but you'd like to sing something special—a ballad, usually—now that the club has become quiet, and most of the customers have gone. Anyway, you just sing, and maybe for the first time that night you can really hear yourself. So you "stretch out," as they say.

That's what Nina did on *My Man's Gone Now*, and this tune is all hers.

There's more to the album, of course: good, straight, down-to-earth blues singing in the finest tradition, and heartily recommended.

To Nina's fans it will be a delight; to her detractors, a revelation; and to those who may have inadvertently neglected her of late, a refreshing rediscovery.—*Sloane*

Ira Sullivan

HORIZONS—Atlantic 1476: *E Flat Tuba G; Norwegian Wood; Everything Happens to Me; Adab; Horizons; Oh Gee!; Niniveh.*

Personnel: Sullivan, trumpet, fluegelhorn, tenor and soprano saxophones; Lon Norman, trombone; Dolphe Castellano, piano, electronic harpsichord; William Fry, bass; Jose Cigno, drums, timpani.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Sullivan is one of those legendary players with a big underground reputation who surfaces occasionally but never has stayed in sight long enough to get the recognition he deserves.

And Sullivan deserves to be widely known—no question about it, even though this album, his first in many years, may be a bit disappointing if you know what he can do. Perhaps this is because he tries a little too hard to show that he is not a period player: he made his mark playing "bop" and now he wants to prove that he is capable of playing "free" also.

He does prove his point, but spends a little too much of the record doing it. He plays soprano on *Wood, Niniveh,* and *Adah,* and the similarly modal climate of all three tracks robs the album of some of its potential variety.

His soprano is interesting, however, and though the mold is Coltrane, the sound is his own. It is smooth, almost silken, with an oboe-like quality, and he has mastered the instrument's intonation problems. Voiced with baritone horn and electronic harpsichord on *Wood,* it produces a haunting, unique ensemble sound. On the other two tracks, the soprano is the only horn.

The most successful of the deliberately "contemporary" tracks is *E Flat,* on which the leader plays trumpet and tenor. The line (his own) is interesting, and his solo trumpet has some of the lively freedom of Don Cherry (and much better command of the horn). His tenor is vigorously "outside," too.

In contrast, he plays these two instruments with warm melodic grace and easy swing on *Everything,* throwing in some pretty fluegelhorn for a few good measures. The first chorus, melodic exposition with nice embellishments, played out of tempo and showing fine trumpet chops, is a telling indication of Sullivan's stature. The half-chorus of relaxed, velvety tenor is lovely, too.

It's all tenor on *Horizons,* a good up-tempo line by pianist Castellano. Sullivan begins a bit like current Getz, but soon has his own thing going. His mind is as fleet as his fingers, and he can make the horn do his bidding.

Oh Gee, which shows signs of studio editing, is a happy, straight-ahead track, everybody having a relaxed good time. Sullivan's tenor boots, and Norman takes a good trombone solo, with plunger. (The sidemen are from Sullivan's regular Miami group, and they are good players all—Norman and Castellano are capable soloists, and the rhythm section is together, "in" and "out.")

Now that Sullivan has shown that he isn't dated, let's hope he'll let his hair down and relax on the next outing. He can play all his horns, he's a complete musician, and he has a story to tell. Though his group is fine, perhaps he could use that extra added something that comes from the company of peers (some of his best work on records was done with Red Rodney).

In the past, Sullivan has been a "one record" man; i.e., he hasn't had the chance to follow up. Atlantic, having had the good judgement to bring this fine musician back out where he belongs, will surely have the good sense to record him again, with the pressure of being "rediscovered" off.

—*Morgenstern*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Antibes International Jazz Festival

Antibes, France

"Baba doo zot . . . Good evening, everybody," growled Louis Armstrong through a smile as white and wide as his handkerchief. We'd arrived at the high point of the eighth Antibes Jazz Festival.

It didn't really matter that his solos were tantalizingly rare, that he sang *Hello, Dolly* for the 3,893rd time, that he conserved his chops by giving generous feature spots to the talented musicians surrounding him. Here was Armstrong, the most celebrated trumpet player not only in jazz but in the world, back in Europe, recovered from a recent illness and bathing the audience in that magic glow that is the mark of a master entertainer.

When an artist earns the status that Satchmo enjoys, he puts himself out of reach of the muddy paws of criticism. One doesn't evaluate an Armstrong performance; one just exalts in the sound of that horn, the size of that personality, and in the soothing balm of nostalgia evoked by *St. James Infirmary* and *Blueberry Hill*. Louis and his band had the last two nights of the six-day festival to themselves and played each night to a warmly responsive audience of 4,000.

The band is strong in soloists, with Tyree Glenn on trombone and vibes the most outstanding. Glenn was magnificent in his storming version of *Volare*, playing the verse out of tempo with a wah-wah mute and then steaming into tempo with a solo that was a masterpiece of control and timing.

He also played vigorous vibes on *I Love Paris*. But what lingers most in the mind is the delicacy and taste of his trombone fill-ins behind Armstrong's vocals.

Joe Muranyi, a new recruit to the band from the Village Stompers, doesn't have the fastest clarinet technique in the world, but he is strong on dynamics and has a stimulating attack.

The rhythm section swung the band relentlessly. Buddy Catlett was a tower of strength on bass, Danny Barcelona is an impressively dexterous drummer—though his solo on *Stomping at the Savoy* went on a shade too long, possibly because he mistook the whistles from the audience as sounds of approval—and Marty Napoleon showed himself to be a versatile pianist with a strong melodic sense.

That rare Armstrong trumpet was heard to best advantage on a crystal-clear chorus of *A Kiss to Build a Dream On*, but most of the time he rested his lip in the shelter of the ensemble.

Though everybody has an impersonation of Louis vocalizing, he proved on such numbers as *Mack the Knife, You'll Never Walk Alone*, and *That's My Desire*—the latter sung in a "cod" duet with Tyree Glenn—that there's nothing quite like the original.

Armstrong kept the show rolling with his good-humored announcements. And when a noisy element in the crowd became a little too vocal, he said, "Ain't but one damn fool supposed to be at this mike." And no more was heard from them.

Singers with the Armstrong band have always seemed to me to have the function of allowing the leader to retire downstage for a smoke, but Jewell Brown proved to be a gratifying bonus. She sang with great feeling and verve in a variety of moods, from the sensitive interpretations of *I Want to Be Around* and *What the World Needs Now Is Love* to the superbly cooking *Bill Bailey* and *There'll Be Some Changes Made*.

Outside the unquestionable triumph of the Armstrong band, the festival had much to offer, both in variety of jazz and quality of names.

Topping the bill on the opening two nights was the Dave Brubeck Quartet—and once again one is obliged to do a critical cop-out because what else is there to say about this group? Brubeck and Paul Desmond have been together for 17 years—you don't need me to tell you what they sound like. Let's just say they performed well up to par—as musicians of their abilities and experience must be expected to.

The revelation of the festival was the John Handy Concert Ensemble, featuring Handy playing the electronic alto for only the second time in his life. Last year, it was Charles Lloyd's group that created most of the excitement here, and there is a clear parallel between the two outfits, particularly now that Handy features the same instrumentation (Mike Nock, piano; Albert Stinson, bass; Doug Sides, drums).

Handy is an extremely gifted and exciting musician who, like Lloyd, is an exponent of what has not very felicitously been called "flower power" jazz. He has a foot in the avant-garde camp, but is clearly also strongly influenced by blues and Gospel. This makes his music an earthy-ethereal amalgam that generates tremendous emotion and is strongly communicative.

This group's tour de force was *Tears of Ole Miss*, Handy's dramatic jazz portrait of a race riot.

Antibes' mandatory Gospel interlude was this year provided by the Stars of Faith; there was healthy, virile Dixieland from clarinetist Claude Luter's band; frenzied avant-garde from the Manfred Schoof group, which employed two frantically competitive drummers; and some tasty and hard-swinging neo-bop from "reformed" avant-gardist Ted Curson, whose quartet of Nick Brignola (baritone saxophone and saxello), Reggie Johnson (bass), and Dick Berk (drums) was one of the tightest knit and most unashamedly grooving groups in the show.

Curson featured a number of his own engaging originals and was in excellent form on trumpet and the four-valve piccolo trumpet. This group really cooked on its second night, when it had the added support of the excellent pianist George Arvanitas.

readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 32nd annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is under way. For the next six weeks—until midnight, Nov. 1—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot, printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices, and mail it. No stamp is necessary. You need not vote in every category, but your name and address must be included. Make your opinion count—vote!

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Nov. 1.

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

3. Jazzman of the Year: Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz in 1967.

4. Hall of Fame: This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, and Bessie Smith.

5. Miscellaneous Instruments: This category includes instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions: valve trombone (included in the trombone category), cornet, and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).

6. Record of the Year: Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate which volume number you are voting for.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW!

Other festival highlights were the brilliant flute playing of Michel Roques in trumpeter Roger Guerin's quintet; the muscular mainstream of the fine Alex Welsh Band from Britain, and the big sound of the Jean-Claude Naude Orchestra that produced spirited readings of some well-conceived though derivative arrangements by Naude and Claude Gousset.

—Mike Hennessey

Mahalia Jackson

Oakland Auditorium, Oakland, Calif.

Personnel: Miss Jackson, vocals; Edward Robinson, piano; Charles Clensy, organ.

The first thing one notices about Mahalia Jackson is her firmness. She is sure of herself and of her God. Her songs imply a separation of God and man, yet her deep spirit seems to be the Eternal of which she sings. She is majestic, primitive, tender, brash, weary, loving, ecstatic, and humble.

She has been everlastingly strengthened by a "vision," as she calls it, and has dedicated her life to spreading this vision among the Earth's peoples. Her Oakland performance was proof of her proficiency. More than 1,200 listeners were enraptured, hundreds of them reacting vocally, and everyone was tapping his foot on the floor or clapping his hands.

The music was largely planned ahead of time, but the infectious combination of thin organ lines and bluesy, percussive piano inspired, and was inspired by, the urgent joy and pain of Miss Jackson's message.

At any tempo, she gave meaning to the more significant words of each song. After singing a sequence of slow and precisely controlled phrases, she suddenly made the loud and emphatic declaration, "I'll help somebody, and my living shall not be in vain."

At other times, she sustained fire throughout a song, such as *Book of the Seven Seas*. She was never at a loss for the very high or very low note that would make her delivery even more effective.

Several of her "stories" were laden with pathos, to be topped by carefree emotional release. Again, the key words struck hard: "Tell me how I made it over my hard times. My soul look back and wonder how."

One of her most convincing numbers was *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands*. Miss Jackson sang it simply, buoyantly, and securely. It was impossible not to believe in an omnipotent Being after listening to her.

She fell to her knees, tears flowing down her face, and prayed. The audience prayed along with her.

But the singer did not have enough physical strength to rise from her knees and had to be assisted. She should have been back home in Chicago nursing her heavy cold, but she wanted to please her admirers, and please herself too.

As the Rev. Bob Harrison said later, "Miss Jackson is not a well woman. But she comes out to sing anyway, because she knows He is real. She knows."

She does. *—Steve Toomajian*

JOE WILLIAMS/ BLINDFOLD TEST

The last time Joe Williams dropped by for a *Blindfold Test* he had been working as a single for about six months, after terminating his long association with the Count Basie Band, which began on Christmas Day of 1954 and ended in January of 1961.

The test was published in *Down Beat* Sept. 14, 1961. In the foreword, I commented that there was considerable speculation concerning Williams' future.

Any fears about his future, as it turned out, were groundless. This became evident when, in clubs and on records and particularly at jazz festivals, Williams proved that no matter who accompanied him, he had matured into a nonpareil all-around performer in all three of his main areas of interest—ballads, pop rhythm songs, and, of course, the blues.

For this new test, the records were selected with Joe's broad musical interests in mind. He was given no information about them beforehand. —*Leonard Feather*

JIM MARSHALL

1. IRA SULLIVAN. *E Flat Tuba G* (from *Horizons*, Atlantic). Sullivan, trumpet, tenor saxophone, composer; Lon Norman, trombone; Dolphe Castellano, piano; Jose Cigno, drums; William Fry, bass.

Yes, that was very wild! My mind went immediately to Richard Williams, Richard Davis, and Julius Watkins—yet at times it sounded like a trombone. There was a tenor solo in there, too. I couldn't pin the drums down at all.

They are very accomplished musicians and know what they're doing. Probably Roland Hanna on piano. They know where they are every single second—they know where the chord progressions are and where the pattern changes and everything. Now, this is as avant-garde as I'd care to be, for listening pleasure anyway. They really are out there and I'd give it at least four stars.

2. TONY BENNETT. *Fly Me to the Moon* (from *Songs for the Jet Set*, Columbia).

Five stars—nobody's gonna do that any better! Really, that's Tony Bennett at his warmest and best. It's a great arrangement and beautifully recorded.

I think it's great when you can get to the point where Tony is, when you can get what you want on records; he has his own deal, he does pretty much anything he wants to do. Consequently, when you buy a record of Tony Bennett's, you're getting Tony Bennett and Tony Bennett's ideas along with the people who love Tony and are inspired by him—and who inspire him. He tries to surround himself with this kind of person, which is why he is such a fine artist.

Most of us just don't have that control. We have little people in the background who have more control over our product than we do. They don't actually produce the product themselves, and yet they put themselves down as producers, and this isn't so—you and I know it isn't so. The arranger, the musicians, and the singer, *they* are the producers. They and the engineers who can capture this kind of thing, and then we have the people who will package and sell it.

They come out with good ideas occasionally. A&r men have great ideas—sometimes—and can help you in many areas, but then they boil it down and say this is gonna be the A side and this is gonna be the B side, and they play it for all their friends, and their friends flip over it—but their friends don't buy records! Their friends are not the record-buying public, and they lose sight of this, I'm afraid. So, five stars for Tony.

3. COUNT BASIE. *Here's That Rainy Day* (from *Broadway, Basie's Way*, Command). Roy Eldridge, fluegelhorn; Chico O'Farrill, arranger.

That's as straight as you'll ever hear Roy Eldridge play. He's been a favorite of mine since the days I first heard him with Fletcher Henderson. I'd like to have heard him more loose than he is on this one, because he can play some very inspiring and pretty things. It's a good orchestra, incidentally; studio group, no doubt.

I don't know whose orchestra it could have been, if it was a regular orchestra, but I heard a good sound in there like the Marshall Royal-type sound, playing lead in the saxophone section. All in all, pleasant listening. Must give that three stars.

4. EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON. *Flat Broke Blues* (from *Cherry Red*, BluesWay). Vinson, vocal, alto saxophone.

Yes, that's Eddie Vinson. Eddie's been a fine blues singer for many years, and a fine instrumentalist. I'm sorry he didn't play more of his fine alto on this, because I love to hear him play.

I had a chance to see him recently in Chicago. He was working at a club there and I heard him play—and sing, of course. He is a man who can make you laugh doing the blues. He's really funny. Incidentally, he's no longer 'Cleanhead'—he's let his hair grow again. It's really something to see him perform.

This isn't one of his better efforts. It's a very steady rhythm, and it's there, but I couldn't really give it more than three stars.

5. ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM. *Off-Key (Desafinado)* (from *A Certain Mr. Jobim*, Warner Bros.). Jobim, vocal, composer; Claus Ogerman, arranger; Gene Lees, lyrics.

I have no idea who that is. This is a little parody on the song; I wonder if he was the composer. I think it's cute. Cute musically, and sounds musically great, too. The sound of the orchestra is good. I can't remember the original title of this. It's been a couple of years now since this kind of thing was so popular and everyone was humming and singing it.

It's a funny idea; the guy almost makes fun of his own singing, and I don't know whether it's calculated or not. He hits some very pretty notes, and as he says, he has feeling and it shows. I think the idea is worth three stars.

6. RAY CHARLES. *In the Heat of the Night* (from original sound track, United Artists). Quincy Jones, composer; Alan and Marilyn Bergman, lyrics.

The president of the Soul Society . . . brother Ray Charles. Give him four stars for that one. As far as I'm concerned, he is by far the greatest exponent of blues and feeling and what we call soul. Anything he does, he just seems to get across the message, that either this is a very happy situation or it's a very unhappy situation. It feels so good, and he can feel better than anybody else, on recording, and on this, incidentally, the engineers did a tremendous job, because it sounded stronger than I've ever heard Ray before—more depth. If he's feeling good, he really makes you feel better than anyone else, and if he's feeling bad, he can make you cry. His musical taste for the thing he does is impeccable. I'd give him four stars—because I didn't have that five star feeling for that particular song.

7. JAMES COTTON. *Feelin' Good* (from *The James Cotton Blues Band*, Verve-Folkways). Cotton, vocal, harmonica.

There's a lot of free form going there! It's done exactly the way he felt it, and the way the group felt with him, to make sure it would come out together. I don't know who it is; reminded me a little bit of Louis Jordan, because Louis used to do that kind of thing very, very well, and he would take a thing like that and swing you out of the theater, practically.

Because they got it together, I'm gonna have to give it three stars. That's the house-rent party thing, where the musicians get together, and if one goes one way, everyone goes right there with him. It's a matter of feeling. They do that thing and dance and just have a ball. db

ABRAMS

(Continued from page 26)

says that music is the most abstract art, to which Abrams adds: "The musician can take this abstract quality farther—the melodic thing, growing and growing out into space. The concrete can't sustain a progressive-type person."

"Mind expansion" is an increasingly popular catch phrase these days among young people, and Abrams said, "Environment and experience determine the need—but the *need* for expansion is what we all have in common. There are people who've been fed up with the lies they've been told, and they want to break out of it.

"So it can get way past the intellect, into what I call the spiritual plane. Intuition takes what it needs from the intellect when they meet; emotion is used to develop beauty once it gets to this plane." If all this appears idealized, note that Abrams' ideas derive from almost two decades of constant study and musical activity; the statements are observation rather than speculation.

For all his gifts as a piano soloist, Abrams prefers to manipulate, usually subtly, behind the scenes. The Experimental Band is a single, many-faceted organism, and Abrams the piano soloist is only one part: Lashley, Jarman, McIntyre, Mitchell, and perhaps two dozen others are equal parts of the music.

The president of the AACM and of Richardo Music (which publishes his music as well as that of Mitchell, Jarman, and others in the association) talks with pleasure about the development of the Experimental Bands and the players who have helped him mold the band's conception.

Jarman and Mitchell appeared on the scene shortly after the first Experimental Band began around 1961, Mitchell bringing Jarman to a rehearsal, after which both took to serious woodshedding.

"I thought they did pretty well," Abrams said. "Troy Robinson showed up at the same time, and he stuck."

Robinson, an altoist, now leads his own band in Chicago; for a time he wrote as much of the Experimental Band's music as Abrams did, and he also studied with Abrams. So did Jarman and Mitchell. "Our meeting seemed to stimulate the atmosphere, and things seemed to start moving," Abrams said. A few years later, Mitchell brought another new man to an Abrams rehearsal: altoist Anthony Braxton, a former college classmate of Mitchell's. Braxton now appears in all Abrams' concerts, as well as on the LP.

The atmosphere of music and talk that centered on Abrams, Mitchell, and Jarman grew into the AACM in the spring of 1965. Abrams now is planning two late-summer concerts with the Experimental Band (one will be in an opera format) and an appearance, along with poet David Moore, who frequently reads at AACM concerts, at a conference of American music at Madison, Wis.

But that isn't all. Because Abrams and his wife and daughter have to eat and pay the rent and because in Chicago, as elsewhere, avant-garde jazz is not self-supporting, Abrams still earns his living in the streets. Within two recent weeks, for instance, he had played with Morris Ellis' dance band at a downtown Chicago hotel, spent a weekend on the road with Woody Herman, and returned to work as intermission pianist at a local club. This, plus practicing piano, clarinet, cello, and rehearsing his own groups. Even so, "it doesn't have to be a hassel." Abrams said.

In recent months, Abrams has played bop with both bassist Wilbur Ware and tenor saxophonist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis. He plays good bop, and he enjoys it.

Among the avant-gardists outside Chicago, only Ornette Coleman has held Abrams' consistent attention.

"Albert Ayler, Pharaoh Sanders—they always seemed to be in the air, too, though," he said. Cecil Taylor attracts him as well (but Abrams says he buys only "stride piano records—James P. Johnson, etc.").

It is to the Experimental Bands that Abrams turns to revitalize himself—these groups, which speak in many voices, are his own true voice. He did not set out to start a second revolution in free jazz. It was a by-product of his musical fulfillment. As the unhappy situation of present-day jazz stands, though, it may be that what's good for Richard Abrams is good for music. Certainly his own work and the movement he has inspired gives that impression. db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

Criss and the same rhythm section recorded for Prestige with guitarist **Tal Farlow** added. It was the guitarist's first record date in several years . . . Farlow was also featured in a special Sunday afternoon guitar workshop with **Jim Hall** and **George Benson** at Lennie's in West Peabody, Mass. in late August, while another well-known guitarist, **Jimmy Raney**, has been working with bassist **Teddy Kotick** at the Frammis, a new east-side club . . . Tenor man **Hank Mobley's** group replaced **Freddie Hubbard** at La Boheme, the trumpeter taking his group to Slug's . . . Tenorist **Bill Barron** played one of the last Jazz Interactions sessions at the Five Spot with brother **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Chris White**, bass, and **Roger Blank**, drums . . . The last concert of the season at Heckscher Park, Long Island, featured **Eddie Daniels** on tenor saxophone and clarinet, and trumpeter **Larry Canciler** . . . Columbia records signed **Don Ellis** to a long-term contract.

Los Angeles: Changes are in store for Marty's-on-the-Hill. KBCA disc jockey **Tommy Bee** has moved his Monday night Jazz Society from Memory Lane. Trumpeter **Alex Rodriguez** now fronts the house band there, and on Monday afternoons the **Clifford Scott** Trio holds forth at the club. The same lineup (Scott, tenor saxophone; **Art Hillery**, organ; **Kenny Dixon**, drums) appears at the Parisian Room the rest of the week, but with Dixon fronting the group. The **Three Sounds** followed **Richard (Groove) Holmes** into Marty's, and during their engagement, **Count Basie** did a one-nighter. With organist Holmes were **Gene Edwards**, 12-string guitar; and **John Boudreau**, drums. . . . **Mongo Santamaria** brought his septet into Shelly's Manne-Hole for two weeks, following an extended tour of non-jazz clubs. In the Latin-jazz group: **Ray Maldonado**, trumpet; **Bob Porcelli** and **Freddie Washington**, reeds; **Rodgers Grant**, piano; **Victor Venegas**, bass; **Carmelo Garcia**, timbales and drums; and the leader on bongos and conga drums . . . After a five-day gig that combined **Gabor Szabo's** Quintet and **Gary Burton's** Quartet, the Manne-Hole turned Latin again with **Bola Sete's** Trio . . . The **Four Freshmen** checked in at the Century Plaza's Hong Kong Bar, bringing their horns as well as their voices: **Ken Albers**, fluegelhorn; **Bob Flanigan**, trombone; **Bill Comstock**, guitar; **Ross Barbour**, percussion. Sharing the bill was local singer-pianist-organist **Perri Lee**—a former protege of **Dinah Washington**—who, with drummer **Wayne Robinson**, worked at the Parisian Room for nearly five years . . . Pianist **Roger Kellaway** was scheduled to bring his quartet (**Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Michael Kollander**, guitar; **John Baker**, drums) to Monaco to play a Red Cross benefit for **Princess Grace** . . . Pianist **Joe Sample** and the **Jazz Crusaders** are slated for a two-week tour of Texas, their home state. Sample recently was at Shelly's as part of **Oliver Nelson's** Quartet (Nelson, soprano saxophone; Sample, piano; **Red Mitchell**, bass; **Shelly Manne**, drums). The quartet filled a booking gap of two nights at the Manne-Hole, but all concerned wished it could have been longer . . . Recent guests on ABC-TV's *Joey Bishop Show:* The **Clara Ward** Singers; **Dizzy Gillespie**, in town to appear at the Hollywood Bowl as featured soloist in **Lalo Schifrin's** *Gillespiana;* **Joe Williams**; and **Count Basie** (without the band) . . . **Joe Zawinul** recently recorded a suite by **William Fisher** called *The Rise and Fall of the Third Stream* . . . **Ahmad Jamal** played two weeks at Memory Lane, then followed **Wes Montgomery** into the Lighthouse. Romping with Jamal: **Jamil Sulieman**, bass; **Frank Gant**, drums . . . At the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel: the **Kellie Greene** Trio (Miss Greene, piano and vibes; **George Clark**, bass; **Mark Stevens**, drums) . . . At the Scene: pianist **Calvin Jackson's** trio (**Carson Smith**, bass; **Jack Ranelli**, drums). Among the opening night celebrities: **Pierre Salinger**, who will figure prominently in the debut of Jackson's *Kennedy Concerto* (for piano and orchestra) later this year. Also on hand were **Ray Johnson**, whose own trio is still at The Swing in Studio City; and **Erroll Garner**, maintaining his policy of unobtrusive listening . . . **Hugh Masakela** put in two weeks at the Whisky A-Go-Go and a one-nighter at Marty's-on-the-Hill . . . A special outdoor bash at Redondo Beach featured **Rex Stewart's** combo with clarinetist **Barney Bigard**; the affair was appropriately labeled *Struttin' with Some Barbeque* . . . At the Beverly Hilton Hotel, reed man **Bobby Smith** fronted a large band for the presentation of the NAACP Image Award to the producers of *Hogan's Heroes, Daktari, Star Trek, Mission: Impossible, I Spy,* and news shows regularly employing Negroes. In the band: **Mel Moore, Billy Brooks, Richard Silvestri, Al Pavlovich**, trumpets; **Maurice Spears, Walter Fucuals, Willie Bolden, Don Cooke**, trombones; **Ed Pleasants, Braxton Patterson, Edwin Stanfield, Andrew Ramos**, reeds; **Dodge Bolton**, piano; **John Collins**, guitar; **Harper Cosby**, bass; **Abe Mills**, drums. Also at the hotel, saxophonist **Preston Love** fronted a band for the Baldwin Hills Pops Club with **Ike Williams, John Anderson, Billy Brooks** (doubling on skoonum), trumpets; **Thurman Green**, trombone; **Teddy Edwards, Shellie Thomas, Joe Roccisano, Klovis Walker**, reeds; **Gerald Wiggins**, piano; **Henry Franklin**, bass; **Slim Jackson**, drums; **Lawrence Stone**, vocals . . . The **Sounds of Synanon** failed to finish a three-weekend gig at Donte's when business took a sudden drop.

Chicago: The 13th annual **Charlie Parker** Memorial Concert, held Aug. 26 at the Old Town Gate, featured altoist **Sonny Criss**, drummer **Roy Haynes**, pianist **Chick Corea**, and bassist **Walter Booker**; the **Eddie Harris** Quartet (Harris, tenor saxophone; **Jody Christian**, piano; **Melvin Jackson**, bass; **Richard Smith**, drums); singer **Pat Thomas**, and a quartet led by altoist **Roscoe Mitchell** . . . **Stan Getz**, whose rhythm section (Haynes, Corea, and Booker) was among the Parker concert's stars, closed at the London

House during the first week in Sept. The group was followed by **Cannonball Adderley,** whose quintet closes Sept. 24. They will be followed by pianist **Earl Hines,** who opens Sept. 26 for three weeks. Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** will come in Oct. 17, and trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie** will bring his four men, featuring reed man **James Moody,** into the club from Nov. 1-12 . . . Pianist-singer **Mose Allison** closed his gig at the Plugged Nickel in early September, and was followed by **Woody Herman's Herd** Sept. 5 for a one-nighter. Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** is currently at the club . . . The **Oscar Lindsay** Trio holds forth at the Midas Touch Wednesdays through Sundays . . . The r&b scene at the Whisky A-Go-Go is big, with **Sam and Dave** at the club until Sept. 30, followed by **Peaches and Herb** from Oct. 5-14; the **Impressions** Nov. 1-11, and **Otis Redding** Nov. 16-25 . . . Bassist **Reggie Willis** has replaced **Nevins Wilson** in pianist **Willie Pickens'** house group at singer **Lurlean Hunter's** Lurlean's Place. The drummer remains **Vernell Fournier** . . . The **Organ-izers** have a new schedule at the Hungry Eye: Monday through Friday . . . Pianist **Ken Chaney's** group at the Hurricane continues to pack them in . . . **Richard Abrams'** late September concert at Ida Noyes Hall at the University of Chicago was a success.

Paris: With the Living Room closed for a month and the Blue Note for two weeks, the right bank of Paris was completely barren of jazz clubs in mid-August . . . Tenorist **Nathan Davis** starred in the Jazz-Folk Festival at Sint Amands, Belgium, July 30. Jazz groups participating included the **Jack Sels** Quintet, the **Al Jones** Trio, and vibraharpist **Fats Sadi's** combo . . . Trumpeter **Bill Coleman** made his first Paris club appearance in three years when he opened for a month at the Trois Mailletz. Previously, singer **Jeanne Dee** and pianist **Ran Blake** were featured for a short season . . . **Woody Herman's** band is set for an Oct. 5 appearance at the Olympia Theater . . . After his appearance at the 8th Antibes Jazz Festival, trumpeter **Ted Curson** opened for two months at Le Chat Qui Peche with **Nick Brignola,** baritone saxophone and saxello; **George Arvanitas,** piano; **Jacky Samson,** bass; and **Charles Saudrais,** drums . . . Trumpeter **Jack Butler,** whose quintet has been resident at the Cigale for many years, will hand over leadership to saxophonist **Benny Waters** while he takes three months off for a tour of Belgium . . . Drummer **Art Taylor** returned to Paris after a two-month stay at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, where he successively backed **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Johnny Griffin,** and **Dexter Gordon** . . . French tenorist **Guy Lafitte** is at the Lady Bird club.

Las Vegas: **Buddy Greco** recently concluded a four-week gig at the Celebrity Theater at the Sands Hotel backed by a romping band directed by his pianist-conductor, **Dick Palombi.** Top local jazz musicians in the band were given opportunities to solo, and Greco managed to feature his solo piano work in every set. The band personnel was **John Hudgins, Norm Pren-**

tice, John Foss, Bob Steed, trumpets; Jimmy Guinn, Gus Mancuso, Bill Rogers, trombones; Charlie McLean, Raoul Romero, Rick Davis, Jimmy Cook, Steve Perlow, reeds; Moe Scarazzo, bass; Nick Martinis, drums . . . Also at the Sands was trumpeter Doc Severinsen's sextet, with Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Sonny Russo, trombone; Ross Tompkins, piano; Bill Takas, bass; and Ed Shaughnessy, drums. The group's arrangements had a jazz flavor, showcased some excellent trumpet solos, and gave all the members of the sextet a chance to stretch out . . . The Three Sounds were heard at Ruben's Supper Club for five weeks during the summer . . . Si Zentner brought one of his best-sounding bands to date to the Tropicana's Blue Room for a recent three-week engagement. Featuring the arrangements of trumpeter Don Dimick and pianist Hal Stesch, the band played exciting instrumentals and gave singer Julie London fine backing during her stay. Veteran reed man Milt Yaner is now band manager as well as lead altoist for Zentner and has just cut his 8,677th record since 1931, when he joined the Isham Jones Band. The Zentner personnel also includes Walter Johnson, Bill Crisman, Joe Hackney, trumpets; Jeff Sturges, Enrique Mora, Bernie Robier, trombones; Lester Holmquest, Harry Kleintank, Larry Schlect, Chuck Simpson, reeds; Jerry Johnson, bass; John Landaker, drums . . . Buck Monari's new jazz-rock group, the Lazybones, has made its first record and has created much interest locally. With valve trombonist Monari are Carl Fontana, Jim Guinn, Gus Mancuso, Abe Nole, trombones; Ron Feuer, organ; Bob Massimino, bass; Ed Pucci, drums . . . Former Spike Jones trumpet soloist George Rock is now leading a Dixieland-styled band in the Stardust Lounge, featuring vocalist Elaine Evans and trombonist Lou Sino. Charlie Clark, clarinet; Jack Taylor, piano; Russ Gehrt, bass; and Bill Smiley, drums, round out the group . . . Jazz pianist Paul Moer conducted the Carlton Hayes house band at the Desert Inn for singer Rosemary Clooney and managed to sit in with trombonist Tommy Turk's quintet at Duke's, where the Jimmy Cook Band still plays the Tuesday night sessions . . . Frank Sinatra, Vic Damone, Steve Lawrence, and Buddy Greco were all on hand for Dean Martin's opening night at the Sands.

Detroit: One of the local jazz events of the year was Baker's surprise booking of pianist Bill Evans and his trio (Eddie Gomez, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums). Evans' last night coincided with the Detroit appearance of George Wein's traveling festival. After the concert, bassist Ron Carter and pianists Joe Zawinul and Albert Dailey (the latter currently with Woody Herman) were heard at Baker's . . . The Drome bounced back from riot damage with a local quartet led by trumpeter Willie Wells, featuring pianist Stanley Booker, bassist Sam Scott, and drummer James Youngblood. Youngblood also recently served as drummer with bassist Ernie Farrow's group at Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant, while Booker recently subbed for pianist Willie Metcalf to back vocalist Jewell Diamond at Big George's downtown . . . Around the corner from Big George's, pianist Howard Lucas' trio has closed at Barkey's due to contractual complications . . . Pianist Jerry Harrison now heads the group at Checker Bar-B-Q. With Harrison are bassist John Dana and drummer Frank Isola . . . Pianist Bobby Cook has switched to organ for a gig at Chappie's in River Rouge, with guitarist Leon Warren and drummer Bert Myrick . . . Organist James Cox' trio at the Hobby Bar features reed man Norris Patterson . . . Trombonist Norman O'Gara's organ quartet, plus vocalist

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Marie Harold, recently played a dance-concert for the Phylo Civic Progressive Group in the Gold Room of the Twenty Grand . . . Drummer **Mel Ball's** group at the London Chop House currently includes pianist **Dan Jordan** (not to be confused with the bassist of the same name), bassist-flutist **Mario Romano,** and vocalist **Marlene Hill** . . . **Ed Love,** Detroit's most influential jazz disc jockey until his controversial dismissal by WCHD earlier this year, is back on the air at WJLB . . . More jazz came to the local air waves with drummer-disc jockey **Bud Spangler's** switch from WKAR in East Lansing to WDET.

St. Louis: Mr. C's La Cachette has been featuring vocalist **Clea Bradford** Tuesday through Saturday, backed by the **Upstream Jazz Quartet (Ed Fritz,** piano; **Jim Casey,** bass; **Rich Tokatz,** Latin percussion). On Monday nights, the group backs singer **Jeanne Trevor** . . . **Ramsey Lewis'** drummer **(Maurice White)** and bass player **(Cleveland Eaton)** dropped by the Montmartre Lounge after a recent concert and joined pianist **Herb Drury,** bassist **Jerry Cherry,** vibist **Jim Bolen,** and drummer **Phil Hulsey** in a session which had the place jumping . . . Local tenor saxophonist **Freddy Washington** has joined the **Mongo Santamaria** group for a tour . . . Drummer **Tom Widdicombe** left the **Glenn Miller** Band, fronted by **Buddy DeFranco,** after a one-nighter at the Starlight Ballroom . . . The **Washington University Concert Jazz Band** recently taped a repertoire workshop featuring **Oliver Nelson** charts for television. The band is fronted by trumpeter **Don Bearmen**. . . The Iron Gate recently returned to a jazz policy with pianist **Greg Bosler,** bassist **Connie Kay,** and **McClinton Rayford** on drums . . . **Joe Russo's** Starlight Ballroom had **Lee Castle** and the **Jimmy Dorsey** Band booked for Sept. 13.

Dallas: Singer **Diane Wisdom** recently opened at the Chateau Briand with the **Ernie Johnson** Trio . . . A teenaged jazz group from Dallas, the **Jerry Gussman** Sextet, recently took third place honors in the Texas Youth Conference Talent Festival in Austin, competing against all kinds of show-biz acts . . . Tenorist **Eddie Harris** liked his reception in Dallas . . . The Sunday sessions sponsored by promoter **Tony Davis,** which recently moved from the Woodmen Auditorium to the Marriot Motor Hotel's Conquistador Room, have just moved again, this time to the Adolphus Hotel downtown . . . Pianist **Red Garland** called the Fink Mink recently to chat with bassist-club owner **Jim Black.** Garland is temporarily inactive, but happy and well . . . Trombonist **Bobby (Butter) Burgess** continues to reinforce the brass at the Village Club, under the direction of **Don Jacoby** . . . Saxophonist-flutist **James Clay** is with the **Jazz Workers** in Fort Worth.

Buffalo: The Royal Arms presented the **Earl Hines** Trio **(Bill Pemberton,** bass; **Oliver Jackson,** drums) in early August. The small turnout attested to Buffalo's lack of interest in classic performers. Hines was followed by **George Shearing;** Brazilian organist **Walter Wanderly;** vocalist **Joe Williams** (Nov. 4); and **Mel Torme** (Nov. 20) . . . Traditional jazz at the suburban Castle Supper Club was cut back to one night during the summer. Friday night Dixieland was resumed in September . . . Local ragtime specialist **Don Burns** is drawing a full house nightly at the downtown Holiday Inn . . . **George Wein's** Newport package played Memorial Auditorium Aug. 19 with **Nina Simone, Cannonball Adderley, Miles Davis, Jimmy Smith, Herbie Mann,** and **Woody Herman** . . . Local tenorman **Don (Red) Menza,** who is a network staff musician in Munich, Germany, returned home recently for a visit . . . The State University of New York at Buffalo featured a concert by pianist **Bill Penn's** trio **(Joe Dibartolo,** bass; **Bill Thiel,** drums) as part of the Creative Arts Festival. Campus jazz programming director **Greg Perla** will present weekly jazz concerts at the Buffalo campus in addition to his daily jazz show over WBFO-FM. A return of the **UB Lab Band** is planned for late September. Concerts by the **Don Ellis**-oriented **Sam Falzone** group and the **Charles Gayle** Trio are in the planning stage . . . Pianist **Rubin Mitchell** played two weeks at the Tailesman late in August . . . Banjoist **Charly Mussen** works three nights a week at Johnnie's Old Timer Saloon in suburban Tonawanda.

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.
After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): Art Williams, Fri.-Sat.
Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Bob Shelley, wknds.
Apartment: Marian McPartland to 10/1.
Basie's: Willis Jackson to 9/24. Wild Bill Davis, 9/26-10/8. Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): Vince Corozine, Fri.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Brown's (Loch Sheldrake): unk.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Central Park North (White Plains): Sal Salvador, Wed.-Sun., tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., wknds.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Johnny Fontana, Pat Rebillot, Bucky Calabrese.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
Cromwell's Pub (Mt. Vernon): unk.
East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Eddie Condon's: unk.
El Carib (Brooklyn): unk.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Sonny Oliver.
Frammis: Jimmy Raney.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Big bands, wknds. Howard McGhee, Mon.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Kutscher's (Monticello): unk.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Bill O'Brien, Whitey Walsh, Eric Stevens.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Living Room: Lee Shaw.
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.
Mark Twain Riverboat: unk.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: unk.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
007: unk.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Peter's (Staten Island): Donald Hahn, Fri.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: Elvin Jones.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 10/14. Bob Skilling, hb.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepheard's: Walter Wanderley to 10/14.
Slug's: Sun Ra, Mon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Phil Leshin, Jim Kappes, Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon. Jazz at Noon, Mon.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Traver's Cellar Club (Queens): sessions, Mon.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, 10/13-14, 20-21.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: Herman Autrey, Red Richards, wknds.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Celebrity Club: name groups, weekly.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: The Organizers, Mon.-Fri. Three Souls, wknds.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Cannonball Adderley to 9/24. Earl Hines, 9/26-10/15. Jonah Jones, 10/17-29. Dizzy Gillespie, 11/1-12.
Jack Mooney's: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Midas Touch: Oscar Lindsay, Wed.-Sun. Ken Rhodes, Mon.-Tues. Gene Fox, sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Ted Ashford, Fri.-Sat.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Panda: Gene Esposito, Tue.-Sat. Larry Novak, Sun.-Mon.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco. hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Kenny Burrell to 9/24.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Robin's Nest: various r&b groups.
Showboat Sari-S: George Brunies, Mon.-Sat.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
Web: Tommy Ponce-Judy Roberts, Mon.-Tue.
Whisky A-Go-Go: Sam & Dave, 9/21-30. Peaches & Herb, 10/5-14. The Impressions, 11/1-11. Otis Redding, 11/16-25.
White Elephant: Jazz Prophets, Tue.
Yellow Unicorn: Dave Catherwood, Tue. eve., Sun. afternoon.

ST. LOUIS

Brave Bull: The Marksmen.
Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
HiHo: The Tempos.
King Brothers': Eddie Johnson, hb.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Montmartre: Bill Hulub, Tue.-Wed. Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Upstream Jazz Quartet. Clea Bradford, Tue.-Sat. Jeanne Trevor, Mon.
Mr. Ford's: Allan Merriweather, hb.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Parkway House West: Don James-Ken Rice, Gene Lynn.
Playboy Club: Don Cunningham, Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb.
Renaissance Room: Sherry Lyn and the Ra-Jons.
River Queen: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
Sherwood Forest: Jim McClendon, wknds.
Silver Dollar: Dixie Jesters.
Top of the Tower: Tony Connors.

BOSTON

Beacon Terrace: Dick Buchell.
Chez Freddie: Maggie Scott, Eddie Stone.
Connolly's: Paul Neves, guest artists.
Driftwood: Jefftones.
Eliot Lounge: Don A'Lessi.
Estelle's: name groups weekly.
Jazz Workshop: Gabor Szabo, 9/25-10/1.
Kismet Lounge: Ronnie Gill.
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: name groups weekly.
Maridor: Al Vega.
Village Green: Dick Creedon, guest artists, Fri.-Sat. Dick Madison, Sun.

DALLAS

Adolphus Hotel: sessions, Sun.; various artists.
Attic Club: unk.
Club Lark: Joe Johnson, tfn.
Chateau Briand: Diane Wisdom, Ernie Johnson, tfn.
Fink Mink Club: Jim Black, Betty Green, tfn.
Mr. Lucky's: Sammy Jay, tfn.
Village Club: Don Jacoby, Bobby Burgess, hb, various artists.
Villager: Paul Guerrero, hb.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Maurice Miller, Fri.-Mon.
Big Rock (Malibu): Vicki Hamilton, Dave Mackay, Sun.
Bonesville: Don Ellis, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Paul Lopez, Mon., Fri.-Sat. New Era, Tue.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Clara Ward, Firehouse Five + 2.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jazz, nightly. Guitar Night, Mon. Mike Barone, Wed. Serendipity, Thur.
Embassy (North Hollywood): Gwen Stacy, Tommy Gumina, Fri.-Sun.
Empire Room (Culver City): Ernie Scott.
Escapade Club (La Habre): sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Escobar (Sherman Oaks): Alberto Perez, Mon.
Hollywood Bowl: Herb Alpert, Sergio Mendes, 9/29-30.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Willie Bobo to 10/1. Cal Tjader, 10/3-15. Willie Bobo, 10/17-29.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Oliver Nelson, Joe Williams to 9/24. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: Jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Orange County Fairgrounds (Costa Mesa): Pacific Jazz Festival, 10/6-8.
Parisian Room: Ralph Green, Kenny Dixon. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: Ike Isaacs, Aaron McNeil.
Pier 52 (Hermosa Beach): Lou Rivera.
Playboy Club: Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Scene: Calvin Jackson.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gerald Wilson to 9/24. Modern Jazz Quartet, 9/26-10/1. Shelly Manne, wknds. Special guests, Mon.
Sherry's: Don Randi. Mike Melvoin, Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Barbara): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Swing (Studio City): Ray Johnson, Wed.-Sat.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Page Cavanaugh.
Wit's End (Studio City): Joe Rotondi.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Baker's: George Benson to 9/21. Afro-Blues Quintet, 9/22-10/1. Redd Foxx, 10/6-13. Joe Williams, 10/20-29.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Big George's: Willie Metcalf, Jewell Diamond, Thur.-Sun.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Chappie's (River Rouge): Bobby Cook, Fri.-Sun.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Jerry Harrison, Mon.-Sat. afterhours.
Drome: unk.
Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant: Ernie Farrow, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Frolic: Don Davis, Thur.-Sun.
Hobby Bar: James Cox, Mon.-Tue., Thur.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
St. Regis Hotel: Bobby Laurel.
Shadow Box: Charles Rowland, Tue.-Sat.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Thur.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Pontiac): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Back Stage Lounge: Frankie Ford.
Bistro: Pibe Hine, Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer.
Famous Door: Roy Liberto.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.
Golliwog: Armand Hug.
International Theatre Restaurant: Sam Cohen.
Jazz Corner: Willie-Tee.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Joe Morton.
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. afternoon.
Sho-Bar: Don Suhor.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson, Sat.
Top of the Mart: Paul Guma.
Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.

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