OCTOBER 19, 1967 35c

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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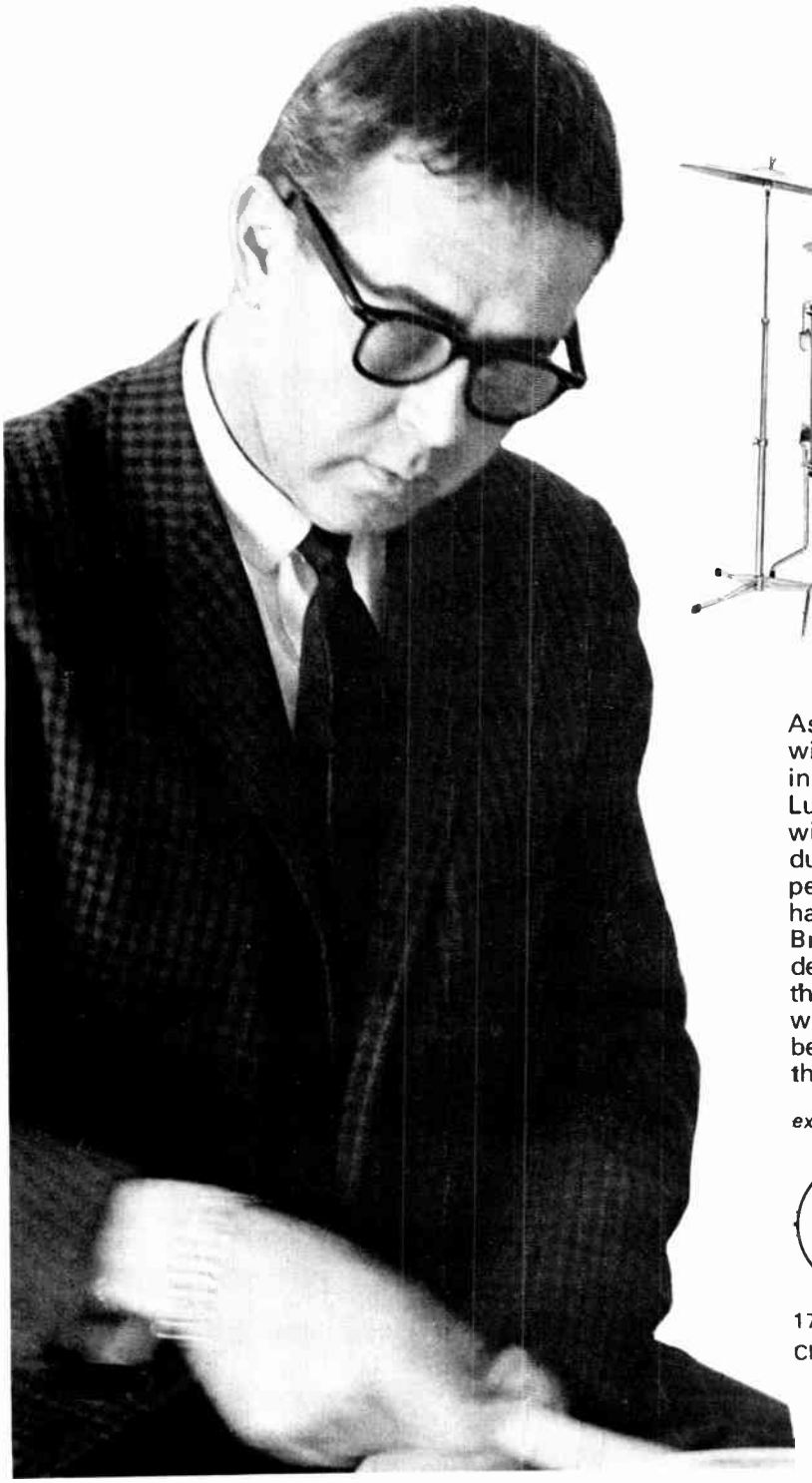

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October 19, 1967 Vol. 34, No. 21

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contents

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Gabor Szabo & Gibson at work for Impulse Records.

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Poll Corrections

As a long-time fan and ardent admirer of the Saints and Sinners, I was disappointed that they were not listed in the TDWR section of the International Critics' Poll.

They did receive the required 10 votes in that category, and a listing therein might have helped in gaining the recognition that they do, indeed, deserve.

H. M. Townley
Toronto, Canada

There is a mistake in the tabulation for the Critics' Poll: votes for the Gustav Brom Band (Doruzka [3]; Heckmann [2]; Vogel [3]; Waschko [2]) total 10 points.

Why was Gustav Brom not included in the tabulation? Please correct this.

Eric T. Vogel
New York City

Mrs. Townley and Vogel are correct. Our computer regrets the oversights.

The Truth About Skokie

In John Gabree's article *Conversation with Lenny* (*DB*, Sept. 7) he begins . . . "My friend Lenny from Skokie dropped over Saturday night . . .". Please ask him who his friend Lenny is. Having resided in Skokie for almost eight years, I have yet to know anyone who at the mere mention of "Bird" or "Trane" will not think of a little feathery creature with wings or the Skokie Swift. You can hardly buy a *Down Beat* out here.

Sandra Levy
Skokie, Ill.

Don't Stuff

The 32nd Annual Readers' Poll has begun, and I would like to make a request that . . . people please do not stuff the ballot boxes for their favorites.

I, and I'm sure many others, want to know how the readers really feel about certain jazz musicians, and how (their views) differ from the Critics' Poll.

Alvin Joseph
Los Angeles

Tell It Like It Is

Enjoyed Dan Morgenstern's words on Bessie Smith in your recent Critics' Poll issue. We should all be pleased that she finally made it after a scant 30 years. (Freedom Now! Can't happen overnight. Mustn't rush things.)

Sadder and wiser, I now have everyone's number and realize most of the polled critics are the true mouldy fyggs—for (since labels are still stylish) it should be noted, and I gladly note it here, that the music of Louis Armstrong is as "avante" and "moderne" as *possible*. . . .

Are the ears of most of them there critics plugged with wax—are their brains locked with fyggs!?! Surely hope it's not too late to apply the remedy of dear old Swiss Kriss as played on the Selmer trum-

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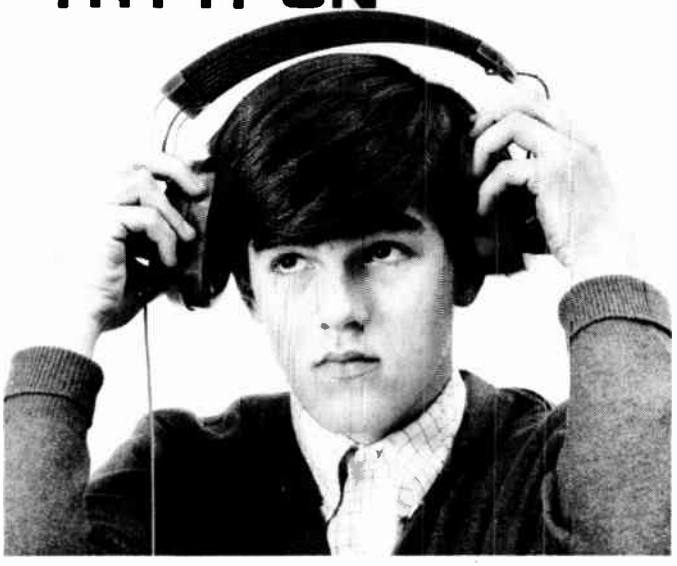
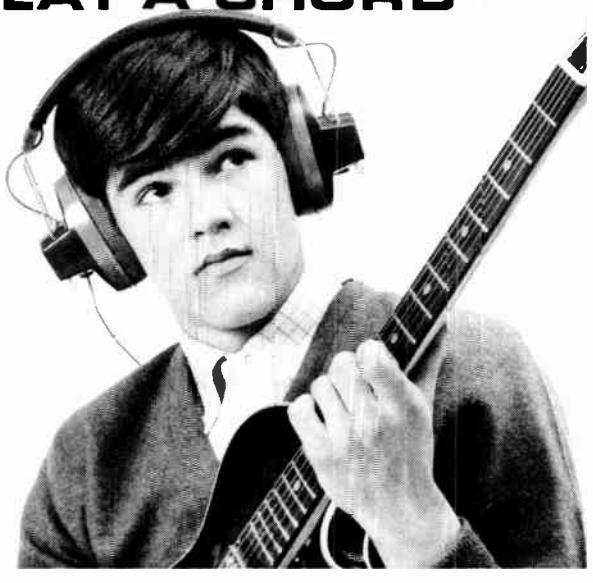


PLUG IT IN

PLAY A CHORD



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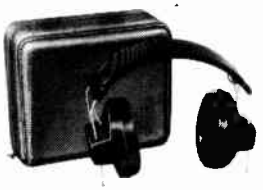

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pet by the King of Jazz—Louis Armstrong!

If those who listen can't hear that Louis' swing is in, out of, and beyond polls . . . I guess I'll accept the truism that the critics I refer to are tuned in to something else—on a lesser channel. I can't be smug while I thank my lucky star that there is a King Louis Armstrong, here and now, for all of us. He is feeling just great and delivering the most righteous message going. If you dig the Ayler and the Sun Ra—guess that's your red wagon. But do there have to be so many of these wagons dragging along?

Long live Pops—the best friend jazz music ever had.

Roni Failows
New York City

The Great Debate Continues

On the basis of his weighty, sweeping pronunciations of drivel and inaccuracy, I hereby nominate Robert Rosenblum (*Chords, DB*, Sept. 7) for the post of Reactionary Laureate. . . .

The quote from the article on rock merely expresses bassist Steve Swallow's observation of the scene, but Rosenblum uses it as a springboard to launch an attempt at mockery. . . . Rosenblum seems unaware that Swallow is a jazz bassist, not a big, bad rock-and-roller.

Who told Rosenblum that a rock fan desires nothing more than volume and a big beat? I'm a rock fan, and I desire much more, and from the better groups I get it. (Incidentally, as a jazz fan I desire more than suspended rhythm and mysticism, but that's another story.) Apparently, Rosenblum is put off by the volume and hysteria which are a commercial fringe, a selling point of much rock. But thumbs down on excessive volume? Let's see—that eliminates Stan Kenton, Johnny Richards, Woody Herman, Dizzy's 1947 band. . . .

The responsibility of a critic, Rosenblum to the contrary, is not to uphold and raise the values of jazz—that's the musicians' job. The critic's responsibility is to get his two cents in at the right moment so he can continue to pose as an authority. The only decent jazz criticism is reporting; the only intelligent critics are the journalists. Words are not music.

To close, may I offer a quote from Rosenblum—"My purpose in writing this letter is not to eliminate rock from the music scene. . . ."

Well, teenie-boppers, we can rest easy; we are spared the thunderbolt of Jupiter!

Bob Melton
San Diego, Calif.

For several of my 21 years I have been an avid jazz fan. I've had countless people tell me a real jazz fan reads *Down Beat* and I agree with them. I think you've got a great magazine on your hands, but there is one thing about it that really bugs me and my friends. How come names like the Beatles, Supremes, and Lovin' Spoonful pop up in your publication? I and every other jazz fan consider *DB* as their Bible so to speak, so please leave rock articles to someone else. Let's stick to the only real music the world knows—JAZZ!

John Kaffenberg
USS Nereus AS-17

Duke

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REX STEWART DIES

Cornetist Rex Stewart, 60, died Sept. 7 in Los Angeles of a brain hemorrhage. He was stricken at the home of a friend and was dead when doctors and a fire department rescue team arrived minutes later.

Stewart was a true original whose musical career spanned five decades. Born in Philadelphia, he was raised in Washington, D.C., where he began to receive music instruction in grade school, and also from private teachers.

His professional career began early; he was only 14 when he went on the road with a musical comedy show. He came to New York in late 1921 with a band called the Musical Spillers, and for the next several years worked at many famous Harlem spots with numerous leaders, including Elmer Snowden.

Louis Armstrong recommended Stewart as his replacement with the Fletcher Henderson Band, with which the young cornetist stayed for several months before joining Fletcher's brother Horace at Wilberforce University in a band that also included Benny Carter.

Stewart rejoined Fletcher Henderson in 1928, staying for more than two years, after which he joined McKinney's Cotton Pickers. Following a brief reunion with Henderson, Stewart led his own bands in New York for several years, played briefly with Luis Russell, and in Dec. 1934 began a 10-year stay with Duke Ellington as one of the band's most prominent soloists.

Leaving Ellington in 1944, Stewart formed his own combo, which he took to Europe in 1947. He remained abroad through most of 1951, spending long periods in France and Australia. Upon his return to the United States, he settled in upstate New York, where he was active as a disc jockey and program director for two local radio stations, and also played occasional gigs.

In 1956, he returned to New York City and full-time musical activity. He organized and directed two Fletcher Henderson alumni bands at the Great South Bay Jazz Festival in 1957 and 1958; in the latter year, he also appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival with a group of ex-Ellingtonians.

Stewart was with the house band at Eddie Condon's from Feb. '58 to July '59, and was featured in the famous television program *The Sound of Jazz*.

In 1960, Stewart settled in California, where he resumed his disc jockey activities on station KNOB as well as gigging with his own groups. He appeared at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1962 and 1965, and the following year toured Europe and appeared at the Prague and Barcelona jazz festivals.

In the '60s, Stewart also developed a talent for writing which first had become apparent with a contribution to the 1946 *Esquire Jazz Book*. His witty and perceptive profiles of jazz greats past and present became a regular feature of *Down Beat*, and his writing also appeared in *Playboy* and other magazines. At the time of his death he had nearly completed work on a book of jazz memoirs.

Stewart, who played the cornet exclusively throughout his career, early developed a distinctive style of his own, which he refined and distilled into one of the most personal sounds in jazz.

His early work was characterized by great speed and vehemence, as well as a lively sense of humor. Later, especially during his Ellington period, his range of expression broadened, and his playing was often marked by speech-like inflections, as well as the half-valve effects for which he became noted. He was also very adept with a plunger mute.

REX STEWART
Unique Voice Stilled

Stewart's greatest solos include *Stampede; Sugar; Sugarfoot Stomp* (Henderson); *Do You Believe in Love at Sight; Rocky Road* (McKinney); *Kissin' My Baby Goodnight; Boy Meets Horn* (his famous feature); *Subtle Lament; Morning Glory; John Hardy's Wife* (Ellington); *Tea and Trumpets; Sugar Hill Shim Sham; Finesse; I Know That You Know; Mobile Bay; Subtle Slough; Shady Side of the Street* (own groups).

Stewart also composed many fine themes, among them several mentioned above, as well as *Backroom Romp, San Juan Hill, Dreamer's Blues, Helena's Dream*, and *Jug Blues*.

A memorial service was held Sept. 11 at the Angelus Funeral Home in Los Angeles. Stewart had left specific instructions in his will as to the kind of service he wanted. He requested that there be no eulogy; instead three young poets from the Watts Workshop (in which Stewart had participated) recited from their works.

Stewart had requested a musical tribute, which was organized by his old friend Benny Carter. Trumpeter Teddy Buckner played a muted solo version of *Just A Closer Walk with Thee*, and then, *Mood Indigo* was performed by Buckner, trumpeter Norman Bowden, baritone hornist Dick Carey, clarinetists Barney Bigard and Bob McCracken, tenor saxophonist Sammy Lee, organist Edgar Hayes, and bassist Ira Westley.

Stewart's son, Rex Stewart, Jr., then read a passage from his father's will asking that there be "nothing sad," and that his friends should "eat, drink, and be merry." In accordance with Stewart's wish, the assembly moved to a nearby Elks Hall, where food and refreshments were served, and a session took place, including the musicians who had performed at the service, and pianist Nellie Lutcher and drummer Jesse Price.

BIG DAY FOR JAZZ IN NEW YORK CITY

As part of New York City's "Cultural Fortnight" (Oct. 1-14), Mayor John Lindsay has declared Oct. 7 New York's first official Jazz Day. Several concerts are scheduled, and many attendant events have mushroomed around them.

The impetus for Jazz Day was supplied by Jazz Interactions, working in cooperation with the city.

On the morning of Jazz Day, an all-star group will give three Jazzmobile concerts in Harlem at locations near public schools (134th St. between 7th & 8th Aves. at 10; 105th St. between 1st & 2nd Aves. at 11; and 114th St. between 7th & 8th Aves. at noon). In case of inclement weather, the schools' auditoriums will be used.

The outstanding feature of Jazz Day will be the premiere of *Jazzhattan Suite 1967*, composed by Oliver Nelson. The work, a special commission by B.M.I., has been described as celebrating the relationship between New York City and jazz. It will be premiered at the Central Park Mall in a free public concert at 2 p.m. Then, at 8 p.m., it will be repeated for an audience of invited guests, including city officials and leading figures from the music world, at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum.

On both occasions, trumpeter Joe Newman, vice-president of Jazz Interactions, will conduct a large orchestra including trumpeters Ernie Royal and Thad Jones; trombonists Urbie Green and Benny Powell; reed men Phil Woods and Zoot Sims; bassist Richard Davis; and pianist Billy Taylor.

Duke Ellington will receive a *Musician of the Century* award, and Mayor Lindsay will be presented with a special award on behalf of the city's jazz community.

For those not invited to the Metropolitan, there will be a concert at Town Hall with pianist Toshiko and an all-star band including trumpeter Bill Berry, saxophonists Charlie Mariano, Eddie Daniels, and Joe Farrell, and bassist Ron Carter. This event is not sponsored by Jazz Interactions, but will be tied in with Jazz Day.

MILESTONE RECORDS EXPANDS OPERATIONS

Milestone records, the New York-based label devoted primarily to jazz, has been acquired by Robert Bialek, a leading Washington, D.C. record and book retailer. Milestone began operations on a limited scale last year with new releases by trumpeter Thad Jones and blues singer-guitarist Big Joe Williams, and reissues of Johnny Dodds and Ma Rainey material.

Orrin Keepnews, former a&r chief at Riverside records, who had been producing for the label and serving as over-all adviser on a part-time basis, has been named general manager by Bialek.

Milestone's first release under the new regime will include albums by vocalist Helen Merrill, reed man James Moody, pianist Wynton Kelly, and French pianist Martial Solal. As part of its classic jazz reissue series, Milestone will offer sets by Jelly Roll Morton and Blind Lemon Jefferson.

To feed the reissue series, arrangements have been made to draw from the catalog of Paramount records with the active cooperation of John Steiner, current owner of that pioneer jazz label. Sets by King Oliver and Louis Armstrong are being planned.

Milestone will also employ the services of several independent producers. "We are pleased to be working with men who really know what they are doing in their special fields," Keepnews stated, "jazz producers like Albert Marx on the west coast and Dick Katz in New York, and blues expert Pete Welding."

A FIRST IN SEATTLE: ROCK MEETS BALLET

When the City Center Joffrey Ballet combined forces with the Crome Syrcus at the Eagles Auditorium in Seattle, on Aug. 2, it was apparently the first time that a rock band accompanied a ballet performance.

A standing ovation from about 1,000 hippies, jazz fans, balletophiles, teenieboppers and "straights" greeted the dancers and rock musicians at the end of *Opus 65*, a half-hour ballet choreographed by Anna Sokolow, with music based on a score by Teo Macero.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet was in residence for the summer at Tacoma, near Seattle, and had asked the Crome Syrcus, a Seattle rock band whose members had all attended the University of Washington School of Music, to adapt Macero's 28-piece score for rock band instrumentation. Judging from the reactions of both audience and performers, the experiment was largely successful.

The Crome Syrcus set up music stands with lights, tympani, electric organ, and their usual rock instruments, plus alto and tenor saxophones, flute, and trumpet, and read the entire performance. The rock flavor never quite disappeared, although the music had passages of hard-swinging jazz, elements of classical origin, and traces of electronic music of the continental variety. The score, rewritten by drummer Rod Pilloud, was conducted by organist Ted Shreffler, who doubled tambourine with his left hand. Also in the Syrcus are Dick Powell, John Gaborit, and Lee Graham, all of Seattle.

Robert Joffrey, the ballet's founder and director, asked the Syrcus to accompany *Opus 65* for four performances in Tacoma, and then signed the band to write a new piece for premiere in New York City Sept. 19. *Astarte*, the first ballet choreographed by Joffrey in five years, has a rock music score written by Pilloud and his friends, and was given five performances in New York with the Crome Syrcus in the pit.

Opus 65 reverted to Macero's original 28-piece chart.

The show was produced by Boyd Grafmyre, who also presented the Moby Grape and the Time Machine, west coast rock bands. They were an anticlimax.

"FATHA HINES, MEET PAPA HAYDN . . ."

Among Earl Hines' many admirers is concert pianist Vera Tisheff. A child prodigy, she played in Steinway Hall when she was 8 and in Carnegie Hall when she was 9. Much of her musical education was subsequently acquired at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, at Yale, and at Juilliard. Besides numerous personal and TV appearances in this country, she has made concert tours of Mexico, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Canada, where her ability as a linguist has also sometimes stood her in good stead, for she speaks Russian, Macedonian, Greek, Serbo-Croatian, Italian, and French.

After hearing Hines at the Village Vanguard, Shepheard's, and the Riverboat in New York, Miss Tisheff surprised him by suggesting that they give a recital together. He was willing enough, but their varying itineraries and the problem of booking a theater caused the project to be postponed. Eventually, however, on the Sunday afternoon of July 23, the recital was given in the Tarrytown home of Alex Racolin, a well-known publisher of art books.

Miss Tisheff planned the program after studying Hines' recent records. She wanted to focus attention more on "the contrasts, separations, and extremes" than the similarities, in the belief that such juxtapositions would result in greater depths of "intensity, insight, and satisfaction." As it turned out, her intention was amost perfectly realized. It was certainly a new experience for the 80-plus enthusiastic guests who jammed the Racolins' large living room.

The pianists sat facing each other at two grand pianos, and Miss Tisheff opened with six short, sensitive pieces by Rameau (*Les Tendre Plaintes*, etc.). Hines "replied" with *St. James Infirmary* and *Avalon*, the former slow, sad, and then menacing, and the latter full of power and fire. Miss Tisheff next played Haydn's *Sonata in B Minor*.

After an intermission, the jazz pianist did his ever-changing version of *West Side Story*, which he transposed to Illinois by enframing it with *Chicago*. He followed this with *Tea for Two*, building an enormous, glittering edifice on a slight foundation as only he can. Miss Tisheff returned with Debussy's *Hommage a Haydn* and *La Cathedrale Engloutie*, and Ravel's *Menuet sur le nous d'Haydn* and *Valse a la maniere de Borodine*. The second Debussy piece, with its liquid colors and rhythms, communicated to the jazz section of the audience most readily, for it created a mood with which they were familiar, if only in translation.

Hines brought the performance to a conclusion with a moving *Blues for Art Tatum* and a dazzling improvisation on *I've Got the World on a String*. The fact that three-quarters of his music had been improvised had not been stressed, but by this time it was evident enough. This factor, the distinctive sound he produces from the piano, the strong beat of his foot on the parquet floor, and the little vocal noises indicative of emotional and harmonic involvement, were all in contrast with the formal precision and discipline of the other pianist's playing.

In sum, it was a program as instructive as it was entertaining, one that might prove a huge success in college auditoriums. —*Stanley Dance*

POTPOURRI

A mammoth benefit for two ailing jazz veterans, trumpeter **Sidney De Paris** and pianist **Hank Duncan,** will be held at the Village Gate in New York City Oct. 8. Both the upstairs and downstairs rooms of the club will be utilized for a continuous round-robin of music. Scheduled to appear are bands led by trumpeters **Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Charlie Shavers, Joe Thomas, Yank Lawson, Henry Goodwin,** and **Louis Metcalfe;** trombonists **Wilbur De Paris** and **J. C. Higginbotham;** clarinetist **Tony Parenti,** and pianist **Dick Wellstood,** as well as pianist **Willie (The Lion) Smith's** trio; clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell;** tenorists **Bud Freeman** and **Buddy Tate;** pianists **Claude Hopkins, Sam Price,** and **Cliff Jackson;** **Jimmy** and **Marian McPartland;** trombonists **Jimmy Archey** and **Dickie Wells;** singer **Jimmy Rushing,** and others. The benefit is sponsored by a committee headed by Metcalfe and including AFM Local 802 president **Max Aarons, Fess Williams,** and **Hayes Alvis.** Emcees will include Fr. **Norman O'Connor** and **Billy Taylor.** Tickets are $3 and can be obtained at the Gate, Jimmy Ryan's, the Ali Baba, and through radio station WLIB.

•

Ronnie Scott's Club, London's leading jazz emporium, is in the midst of an Autumn Jazz Festival, the club's most ambitious venture to date. The festivities began Sept. 18 with the **Max Roach** Quintet featuring **Abbey Lincoln,** in residence through Oct. 7. On Oct. 9, the **Top Brass,** a touring U.S. package including trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson** and his band, the **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer** Quintet, trumpeter **Doc Cheatham,** trombonist

Benny Morton, pianist **Nat Pierce,** bassist **Eddie Jones,** drummer **Jake Hanna,** and various British musicians, comes in for a week. On Oct. 16, **Herbie Mann's** quintet takes over; Oct. 23 will bring the **Gary Burton** Quartet; **Roland Kirk** starts Oct. 30; **Archie Shepp** (with **Roswell Rudd** and **Grachan Moncur III** on trombones) opens Nov. 13; and the festival concludes with **Stan Getz** and his foursome, featuring **Roy Haynes** (Nov. 27 to Dec. 12). Also on hand throughout the proceedings will be a variety of top British groups, plus vocalists **Marge Dodson** and **Druid Chase,** and alto saxophonist-vocalist **Vi Redd.**

•

Miles Davis, the **Modern Jazz Quartet, Wes Montgomery, Jimmy Smith, Duke Ellington, Oliver Nelson,** and **Don Ellis** are slated for the Second Annual Pacific Jazz Festival in Costa Mesa, Calif., October 6-8. The three-day event will include five concerts, three of them at night. Tickets for the evening performances are priced at $6.50, $5, $4, and $3, and afternoon prices are $4 and $3. Tickets and further information are available from the Pacific Jazz Festival, P.O. Box "Jazz," Costa Mesa, Calif.

•

A recent unveiling of the new electronic amplification device from Conn, the Multi-Vider, featured a group of well-known musicians from the New York area. Performing in an afternoon session at the New York Hilton Hotel, a sextet under the leadership of trumpeter **Mel Davis** demonstrated the effect of the Multi-Vider on a variety of wind instruments. **Tommy Newsome** was on tenor saxophone and clarinet; **Buddy Morrow,** trombone; **Derek Smith,** piano; **Trigger Alpert,** bass; and **Bobby Rosengarden,** drums. A special clarinet soloist was **Paul Lavalle,** guest conductor at Radio City Music Hall.

•

Ornette Coleman's quartet (bassists **Charlie Haden** and **David Izenzon,** and drummer **Eddie Blackwell**) was scheduled to begin a Japanese tour—Coleman's first—in early October. Press conferences were scheduled in Japan for Oct. 1 and 2, and on the 4th, the group began a series of five concerts. Upon returning, the quartet will play at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Los Angeles for one week, beginning Oct. 10.

•

A summit meeting of song was scheduled to take place in early October on an NBC-TV sound stage in Los Angeles. **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Frank Sinatra** will join forces in a special program, *A Man and His Music Plus Ella,* to be colorcast before the year's end. Singer-composer **Antonio Carlos Jobim** will also participate, and **Nelson Riddle** will do the backing.

•

Oliver Nelson's musical tribute, *The Kennedy Dream,* will be performed live November 22 (the fourth anniversary of the Kennedy assassination) at Temple Emanuel, in Beverly Hills. A number of world religious leaders have been invited to attend by Rabbi **Sanford Shapero,** who last year invited **Duke Ellington** to perform his *Sacred Concert* at his temple.

DUKE ELLINGTON, PIANIST

1967 is Canada's centennial year, and all kinds of special projects have boosted the work of the music community. Related to this, but not directly a centennial project, is the five-year plan of a special committee of the Composers, Authors, and Publishers Association of Canada (CAPAC) and the Canadian Association of Broadcasters (CAB). They have allocated $250,000 for the recording of Canadian music. On July 24 and 25 they embarked on their eighth endeavor: the recording of works by jazz composers Ron Collier, Gordon Delamont, and Norman Symonds (*DB,* Sept. 7).

When the project was first conceived, a little over a year ago, it was decided to invite a famous jazz musician to be the featured soloist.

Duke Ellington has been closely associated with the Canadian music scene since he was commissioned to write the *Such Sweet Thunder* suite for the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. Thus, he seemed a natural choice for the featured soloist's spot. Last autumn, Ellington was again at Stratford. He was approached and was immediately enthusiastic.

BILL SMITH

ELLINGTON AND SYMONDS
A Memorable Experience

There was an air of tense expectancy as the first recording session drew near. No one was quite sure what would happen. The music was much different from Ellington's usual fare, and though tapes and scores had been sent to him in advance, it seemed unlikely that he would have had much time to study them. As it turned out, the situation was even worse than anyone had expected. "As we're traveling all the time, the music and I always seemed to be in two different places. In that sense you could say I am a little unprepared," Ellington blithely informed the committee.

The first composition to be recorded was *The Nameless Hour,* a string work by Norman Symonds. This was probably the most challenging of the pieces. The role of the soloist is completely free, except for written passages at the beginning and end.

Ellington, at the piano, stared intently at the score as the orchestra ran the music down. Occasionally he would doodle away at the keyboard, often squinting quizzically at the manuscript. After listening to the music two or three times, he began to figure out his parts. He used single-note lines, displaying much economy in what he chose to play. By the time the taping began, the pianist was relying almost entirely on his ear for guidance.

At the second session—later the same day—the strings were augmented by a jazz orchestra of four trumpets, three trombones, five reeds, French horn, guitar, bass, drums, and additional percussion. This time, a Ron Collier work was recorded. *Aurora Borealis,* written originally as a jazz ballet for television, is a ten-minute work evoking many differing moods. It sets off the soloists against the full orchestra. Fluegelhornist Freddie Stone, trumpeter Guido Basso, and trombonist Butch Watanabe shared solo space with Ellington. His two solos were in contrasting veins.

The second day was long and exhausting for everyone. Collier's 11-piece jazz band was on hand, and Gordon Delamont's *Song and Dance* was tackled first. Written especially for the occasion, it was a difficult work in two parts.

In the first of his solo spots, the Duke ran into problems with the construction of the piece, but this was resolved by his taking the solo unaccompanied and out of tempo. It proved to be very effective, sharpening the contrasts within the piece.

With studio time running out and Ellington having to catch a plane, the pressure mounted noticeably. The three final pieces were all short, and had been chosen for their radio air-play potential. Symonds' *Fair Wind,* a catchy bebop riff, was quickly committed to tape. Ellington's piano part acted as a running commentary.

Collage #3 by Delamont was another matter. An intricate chart requiring great precision in performance, it gave the band considerable difficulties. Finally a break was called to let everyone catch their breath. On return, everything ran smoothly and Duke's solos grew in stature and complexity with each take.

Finally, Collier's *Silent Night, Lonely Night* was recorded with relatively few problems.

It had been a tough assignment, but Ellington seemed reasonably satisfied with the outcome. He wouldn't commit himself, of course, except to say "I seemed to play the same thing all the time." He was probably putting everyone on, for his playing had been rich in variety and color. As Norman Symonds put it: "Working with Duke was a memorable experience. I had always respected him, but it's obvious I had completely underestimated him. He's a musician who has never stopped growing. He utilizes the experience and knowledge of 50 years to build fresh ideas and approaches. He's a virtuoso musician."

—John Norris

YES, VIRGINIA, there *are* leprechauns. I know because I've been running into one lately in Los Angeles. It seems everywhere I go, he's there, listening, burying himself in some dark corner, just "quietly finding out what's happening." He must be a leprechaun. He's 5'2" and has a pixieish smile. Of course, he doesn't always get away with being incognito. Sometimes the musicians in the clubs he infiltrates recognize him, and then comes the inevitable announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a very special guest with us tonight, and with a little encouragement, I think we can bring him to the stand . . . ERROLL GARNER!"

To have Garner in our midst, or for that matter in anyone's midst, for an extended period is a rare privilege. His traveling schedule is usually as persistent as his left hand. But at the moment he's "re-discovering" the city he once briefly called home.

Of course, there is more involved than nostalgia. Garner has been bitten by the writing bug. Not just the writing of songs; he's more than proven his skill in that form. What he seeks are outlets commensurate with his talents. And since those talents are formidable, the ideal outlets would be motion pictures and television. But he has his sights set beyond.

"I really want to write something. Not classical, but modern. I hope to do a ballet someday. And I don't mean a ballet like *West Side Story*. I'm talking about a real legit ballet like *Swan Lake*. I would also like to write a Broadway show—either a musical comedy, or a play that calls for music in it. I figure I'm not the only one to write flops. Not that I want to spend the people's money—what do you call them in the theatre—stockholders? Don't get me wrong. I don't want to make them lose their money, but I wouldn't be embarrassed. The most important thing for me is that at least I made the attempt. Understand what I mean? Man, I just want to spread."

He still hadn't touched on the most accessible Hollywood media—films and TV. Those answers were harder to come by. "Well, I can't say anything at this point. We've been in touch with some important people and I've had a few scripts sent to me already, so we'll see what happens. At this point, nothing has been signed."

Another factor temporarily interfering with Garner's campaign to "spread out" is his prohibitive concert schedule. He's really torn, because he loves to travel and he loves to play—whether it be in a concert hall or a club. At press time, he was busy choosing a drummer to go along with him, bassist Al McKibbon, and percussionist Jose Mangual for a scheduled German tour.

When the tour is over, Garner will be back in Los Angeles, hopefully to get down to some serious writing. Since Garner would be writing themes and someone else would be doing the scoring, he was asked about his choice of orchestrator.

"I would pick someone who could understand what I hear and what I feel. Someone who knows me. The first one I can think of is Leith Stevens. He's the one I did the film *A New Kind of Love* with. He's scored over 60 films and you might say he knows a little bit of everything. He goes way back; in fact, he's the one who did the arrangement for Bunny Berigan on *I Can't Get Started*. Yeah, Leith knows the people who can play and he always gets the best musicians on his dates."

Another project is occupying Garner's busy mind—that of music for an album devoted to the "sights and sounds of Los Angeles." He's not sure what form it will take, nor even the instrumentation at this point, but one thing he makes certain: "I want to be free to experiment."

Garner paused a bit, then came up with an interesting self-evaluation: "I feel like I got a lot of stuff on the surface, but I'm really like an iceberg, you know what I mean? There's a whole lot of stuff down there that hasn't seen daylight yet."

The idea of writing for films or TV, or for that matter, the idea of even writing songs, brought up a subject which could be a source of embarrassment to a less honest musician than Garner.

"Do you or do you not read music?" was the tactful way I broached the topic. "There have been distortions and exaggerations in articles I've read about you, and general disagreement among musicians whenever your name crops up." Garner replied, without hesitation, "The truth is I don't. And there are a lot of people who still don't believe it."

THE NATURAL

by harvey siders

A conversation with Erroll Garner

"Did you ever study piano as a child?"

"Oh sure, I went up to about the seventh book when I was a kid in Pittsburgh. But one day my piano teacher said, 'O.K., let's go back to Book One.' When I couldn't remember how certain melodies went, she suddenly realized I had learned everything she played by ear. Not only that, but I was adding notes that weren't there. So that ended that. She felt so ashamed, 'cause she and my mother belonged to the same club at the time. She really felt so bad about the whole thing she wanted to give my mother the money back. But they decided to put the money into the club."

THIS IS PROOF that Erroll Garner is one of those rare birds in this business known as "naturals." It is a much abused and little understood term, tossed off as casually as the phrase "perfect pitch." But "natural" applies to Garner as accurately as the word "pianist." People are amazed by natural musicians, and even though they don't understand the mechanics of music, are awe-struck by the fact that such a great sound can come from an unschooled talent. There are even musicians who look upon Garner with suspicion. They respect his proficiency, but wonder how such consummate artistry can flow from those fingers.

Bassist Al McKibbon, who can hold his own in the rhythm section of any band or combo, is one of those who has no doubts about Garner. Following a recent week at the Greek Theatre (in the Hollywood Hills) in which the pianist used McKibbon on bass, and Bill Douglass on drums, McKibbon told this writer, "I wouldn't dare take my eyes off Erroll's left hand. He not only reharmonizes at the drop of a hat, but he also played something in A that we had rehearsed in A-flat!"

Garner was amused when that incident was brought up. His eyes flashed that familiar mischievous look as he said, "Well, I'm not sure what key I was in, but I wanted a more brilliant sound, something that would give the tune a different outlook."

No put-on; just a natural answer. As natural as his gravitation to a sharp key. All part of the paradox that is Erroll Garner. A paradox because he's a happy enigma. Enigmas aren't supposed to be happy. Everybody knows that except Garner. But there he is, sitting on top of the world (with the aid of his telephone book—as inseparable from Garner as the handkerchief from Satchmo) bursting with talent; bubbling with the contentment that aesthetic and financial success bring; brimming with ideas for new fields to conquer.

The real enigma is the creative process itself. Woodshedding and dues-paying can only partially explain it. Studying with the most gifted teachers won't reveal much more. And when someone like Garner comes along, all theories are shot to hell. It's better not to try to explain him—merely to enjoy.

"I'm one of the fortunate pianists in this world. I've had some of the finest rhythm sections that any pianist could ask for. I've had Shadow Wilson, John Simmons, Red Callender, Harold West, J. C. Heard, Oscar Pettiford, Slam Stewart, Leonard Gaskin, Charlie Smith, Denzil Best, Candido, Eddie Calhoun, Kelly Martin—and I've recorded with guys like Don Lamond and Alvin Stoller. Jeez—I think I've been very fortunate."

Equally fortunate were those who played behind him. Garner never asked any one of them to duplicate the sound of the bass player or drummer who preceded him. "I would never tell a guy to play like someone else. I think that's the worst thing you can do. You know, I wouldn't even tell him what I wanted to hear—well not exactly. I might tell him what I expect to hear, but I always tell him to play it his way, which is a different thing."

"How about playing *your* way? When did you develop that guitar-like left hand," I asked.

"Oh that—I started doing that in a night club in Pittsburgh. You know, I've really been playing piano since I was three years old, but it wasn't until that job that I really had to do something different. I tried to hire a drummer—it was the kind of club where they wouldn't let you have a bass. So I just had to provide my own. Between my foot and my left hand I started making my own rhythm section."

Garner recalled that he used to stomp so loudly the club owner decided to put a rug under the piano. At that time he wore cleats on his shoes, and even with the rug the sound still came out as "clack, clack, clack."

"Funny thing—everyone thought I was making triplets with my heel—'clack, clack, clack'—I'd stomp on breaks and everything. But that's really how the steady sound of my left hand got started."

So much for the hand and the foot. Now what about the grunt-along?

"Oh that? I've been a noise-maker all my life. There's no thinking back on that. At times I catch myself when I get real loud and I try to hold back a little bit. But really, I'm not doin' anything—just playing and singing what I feel. I find it helps me to get the notes out right. Of course, if I ever played what I'm humming, I don't know what that would sound like.

"I'll never forget the first time I ever did it in a recording studio. It was at Columbia, and a guy runs out of the control room and he starts looking all over the piano. He was one of those real great guys, you know; he knew all the knobs and everything. Well, he kept searching and just as he was ready to get me another piano, he found out it was *me*. It was a funny scene, but what could he do? So after that they just let it stay in.

"I'll tell you something: I can be walking down the street and I start humming to myself, and before I catch myself, I notice people giving me strange looks. It happens a lot, but I can't help it—something comes into my mind, y' know what I mean?"

CERTAIN THINGS would come into his mind when he was playing cocktail lounges, but fortunately he could give vent to them. Things like *Misty*, *Dreamy*, *Solitaire*, *Gaslight*. "They'd have this request thing in the clubs, you know, little cards on the table. The people would write their requests on the card, then send it up. Oh, man, I'd have them stacked up this high, and after I played a bunch of requests I got brainwashed. So to get my mind off all that stuff, I'd sit there and make up my own melodies."

Garner's lack of reading knowledge does not hinder his composing. He merely puts the melody on tape or disc and someone takes it off. When he played with big bands, such as Georgie Auld's, he didn't have to rely on anyone else. "I just sat there and listened to the band rehearse. Then when they finished and said 'let's run down everything now with the piano,' boom—there I go. If I had a solo, I knew where it came in. Once it hit my ear, there it stayed. The more they played, the more it stayed. There were times when I learned certain chords from guitar players who played chords the way I do."

Anyone familiar with the pianist's expansive, free-wheeling style of playing might wonder if playing in a band might cramp his style. But according to Garner, if he could feed a saxophonist or trumpeter a good background, it gave him the same satisfaction as taking a chorus himself.

As Garner explained: "I love to comp, and that's what they need more of in big bands today—and behind singers. You know, I came up playing for singers. I know them very well, well enough to stay out of their way and just keep feeding 'em. I've worked with Billie Holiday, with Sarah, and once or twice with Ella. I didn't *work* with Ella; just jammed with her, somewhere on the Street" (52nd Street, in the mid-40s).

"I used to drop into the Down Beat —that was next door to the Three Deuces—and it was really two kicks in one: not only playing behind Billie, but working with Big Sid Catlett on drums. Boy, oh boy, that was a million-dollar gig for me. Of all the singers I ever heard, Billie Holiday had the finest sense of expression. There was a certain magic in the way she'd sing the words—like she was living them for you right before your eyes. And of all the singers today, Peggy Lee shows the most respect for her."

To Garner's way of thinking, accompaniment is an important art. He cited the contributions of Ellis Larkins, not only for his backing of Lee Wiley, but for the accompaniment he lavished on harmonica virtuoso Larry Adler.

The praise that Garner heaped on good accompanists, plus the genuine satisfaction he derives from comping, seem inconsistent with his musical personality. Outwardly, that personality is assertive, persuasive, as unyielding as the Rock of Gibraltar, and firm enough to test metronomes. But somewhere in the communications apparatus that links head, heart, and hands is the self-effacing side of his nature—that part of his psyche that encourages him to subordinate his strong pianistic personality for the over-all good of the musical experience.

That's the Erroll Garner that's been making the rounds—from the Sunset Strip of West Hollywood to the "chitlin circuit" of South Los Angeles—quietly, unobtrusively, devoid of fanfare.

"I prefer to do it that way, 'cause that's what I believe in. It's the only way I get to hear what's going on, and it saves an artist from either getting nervous or going into some other kind of bag just because I'm there. I just want to catch them relaxed, like they are, then let me draw my own conclusions."

The only thing that occasionally prevents Garner from drawing his own conclusions is, using Garner's epithet, "an ear-beater." He invariably comes across that species just when he's ready to sit back and listen to something of interest. Since the "ear-beater" is a universal annoyance that confronts all of us in one context or another, I asked Garner for his method of extricating himself from his grasp.

"Well I hate to say it, but when it reaches a certain point I simply announce 'excuse me, but I've got to go to the men's room,'" he laughed.

Another common but more enjoyable interruption to his listening forays is the invitation to sit in. And Garner confessed, "I'll sit in any time they ask me. Of course if there's some kind of contract restriction hangin' over my head, then I can't."

Garner explained that if he had a week off after, say, the gig at the Greek Theatre, he could play anywhere. But the contractual ban on his pre-Greek appearances protects the public. "Somebody will say 'I saw him jamming three nights in a row—why should I go up to the Greek to hear him'—you follow?"

ON THE SUBJECT of the avant garde, Garner was extremely cautious about committing himself. There were some sounds he dug; others he "didn't quite get with yet." Maybe "cautious" or "non-committal" are inaccurate. He was being very *fair* about the subject. His criterion for judging is listening to a group in person. Recordings are one thing, but as he pointed out, "a lot of these guys are well-trained, and they went to universities. If you went to meet 'em and talk to them, you might learn a little more about what they're trying to do or what they're aiming for. But I haven't been able to catch these groups in person. That's been my hang-up." However, he did offer one basic reaction to the sounds of today: "I don't think jazz should get to the point where it is completely undisciplined."

No hang-ups when the conversation got down to one of the racial schisms dividing jazz today. To the allegation that jazz is the exclusive property of the Negro, Garner remarked, "I don't get that message. I certainly couldn't say that, because I've been around some pretty good musicians who can play jazz real well. Like Zoot Sims, who is a very close friend of mine, and Al Cohn —I can name off plenty. Woody Herman had colored and white musicians in his band and they liked each other's playing. Charlie Parker had Al Haig—Dizzy had Lalo Schifrin; they all liked each other's playing, and hung out together, went out every night and jammed together. So it doesn't make sense. If you feel that way about something, why do it if you're not gonna be happy with it? Why record with each other, unless it's for the money? What are they proving? I'm sure they had their choice of people they wanted to play with."

Garner's personal preferences among fellow pianists back up his own feelings on the matter. "I like Shearing, Oscar Peterson, Teddy Wilson, Wynton Kelly, Andre Previn, Ray Charles, and Gerald Wiggins." But his tastes are not confined to the keyboard. "I love to hear big bands; singers; anything that includes Ray Charles; that group with Red Skelton—you know, the Alan Copeland Singers; I like rhythm and blues, a little rock 'n' roll; I like a lot of classical things and Brazilian things. By that, I mean correct *Bossa Nova.*"

With interests as broad as that, it comes as no surprise that Garner is concerned about reaching the youngsters across the country. "Sure, it's possible to go to the schools. I've played many high schools. But what they should have more of is the matinee where the kids can attend. They don't have to serve liquor. They got 'em for the rock 'n' rollers—so why can't they have 'em for jazz?"

The rapport Garner establishes with his young audiences, whether at special matinees or during numerous campus tours, is so strong it has a built-in danger: a type of "backfire" induced by idolatry. What if some gifted youngsters should decide that since Erroll made it without reading or formal study, why should they bother?

"Well, for the kids' sake, I wouldn't want to see that happen. If a kid has a gift, then decides 'well I don't read and that's tough,' he might find himself unable to play anything worthwhile in the future. If he's lucky enough he may end up as just another one of those cocktail-bar piano players."

Warming up to the subject, Garner had another bit of advice for young musicians: "Whatever you write or play, make sure it has a little bit of melody to it. Like I always say, if I take you out, I'll bring you back when I come back. I don't say it's wrong to take people out—but don't leave 'em to find their own way back."

With Garner as guide, no listener will ever have a re-entry problem. Perhaps that's the secret of Garner's longevity. A gimmick as uncomplicated as "a little bit of melody." I've seen diverse audiences react to Garner's pianistics, and their reactions were as predictable as Erroll's grunts.

First comes his characteristic intro: highly complex, contrapuntal imitation. (Maybe Garner wouldn't describe it that way, but then he's not obliged to; he merely perpetrates it.) Not only does the left hand *know* what the right hand is doing, but it literally gives chase, setting up a rhythmic "interference" so intricate in its syncopation you tend to trip over the offbeats.

Then comes the release from the tension: just a little bit of melody over that steady, tight-voiced pulsation in the left hand. Before he reaches the fourth bar, he is bathed in appreciative applause.

And Garner returns the warmth as he flashes his little-boy smile—teeth, eyes, and even the patent-leather hair, all reflecting the lasting love affair between the audience and the swinging leprechaun perched on the telephone book. DB

body & soul:

The Total Experience Of Denny Zeitlin

by Steve Toomajian

THE CREATIVE PERSON faces a difficult but ultimately rewarding task, one difficult to repeat with frequency and consistency, for the artist at top form must call on the maximum potential of mind and heart. Occasionally, the perfect balance between intellect and emotion is achieved, but too often one rules the other. The mind dominates when the artist cuts off his deeper feelings, the emotions when the artist cannot discipline himself or when his technique is too limited.

Pianist Denny Zeitlin is among those performers who, through training and growth, can strike a consistent balance between mind and emotion. His music increasingly is projecting timelessness, that point where opposites join, where past meets future. This is what Zeitlin calls "the Now."

It is the point, he says, when "I'm so immersed in the flow of the music that my conscious computer is pretty well disengaged, and the music is coming through a kind of intuitive filter that supplies whatever intellectual framework I have in my musical history and philosophy. Music then comes through me without my conscious manipulation of it."

Yet being in "the Now" is far from a total negation of the conscious self. In fact, it helps a musician to reach this point if he has a large conscious reservoir to tap. This is why Zeitlin expands his musical vocabulary.

"At any given point in the creative process," he commented, "I might feel the need to express myself in various ways: with modal pieces, odd rhythmic patterns, programatic music, standards, completely free things, and so on."

His accompanists are also important in the shaping of emotion. Zeitlin has much praise for bassist Joe Halpin and drummer Oliver Johnson, who have been with him for nearly a year.

"Joe is an incredible bassist," Zeitlin said. "He has great facility and creative power and is very sensitive to what's going on. Oliver has tremendous natural ability. He gives the music the unabashed fire I really want.

"They're both open to exploration. We are getting into some electronic music, besides extending the sounds which can be coaxed out of our own instruments."

Zeitlin often plucks the piano strings or plays them with small wooden mallets. Johnson frequently rubs the microphone against the wire strings of a zither or his drum head or a transistor radio. Halpin comes up with some unusual bowed effects on the bass. All three men play various other percussion and auxiliary instruments.

The trio employs these odd sounds mostly in free improvisation. These pieces develop differently from the manner of free numbers recorded by other groups in the recent past. Zeitlin's impromptu productions flow from mood to mood, rather than blasting away at one feeling. Though the presentations are unplanned, they satisfy the mind as well as the heart. This is a quality of all Zeitlin's music, no matter what form it has.

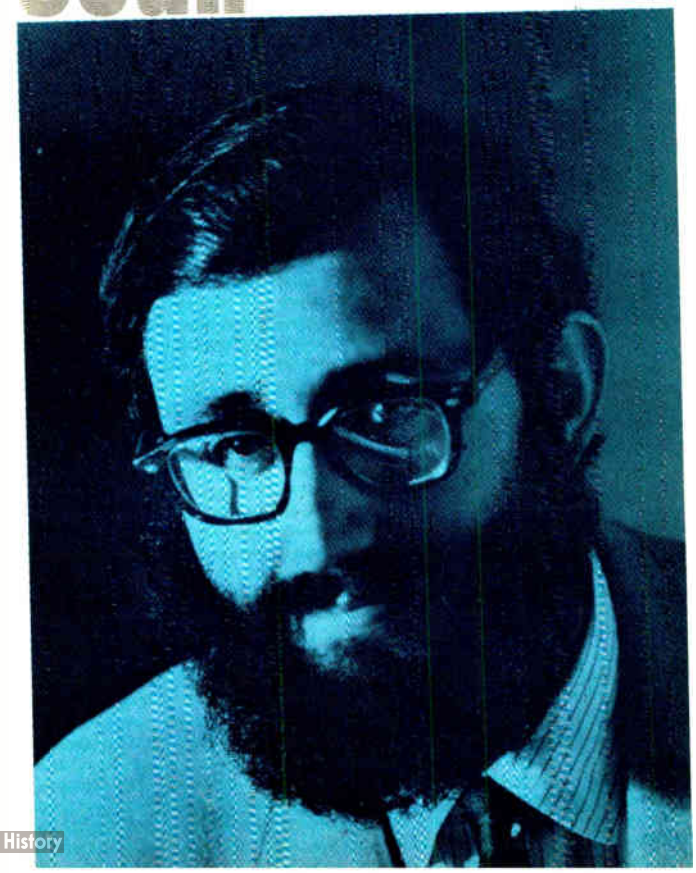
"If I'm really going to be centered in the music, my whole being has to be there," he said. "That includes not only the emotional part of my self but the intellectual part."

It is a mark of growth that Zeitlin can put together such a fascinating network of sounds from no premeditated base.

"To repeat things you've done before is even more seductive here than in other styles, because it's harder to get inside the music," he said. "You really have to play something new, and it's not easy."

The free pieces have helped the trio in all aspects of its music. Numerous melodic fragments are created along with intriguing harmonic blends. Rhythmically, each free number is a separate and exhilarating adventure. The three musicians are all moving, sometimes in different directions, sometimes at different speeds, coming together, or suddenly pulling apart.

MOST OFTEN there is a flow to the music, but occasionally it feels disjointed. Space—silent space—becomes essential to



the fabric of the performance, and Zeitlin gives credit to the modern classical composers for increasing his appreciation of silence.

Spontaneous, meterless improvisation also has extended the group's intuitive sense of time when playing within a steady beat, leading more depth to the rhythmic embroidery.

The trio is also adept at shifting the meter, the key, and the mood, separately or all at once. Zeitlin himself says his own melodies are increasingly being built within complicated conceptions of time.

The group's new album, *Zeitgeist* (Columbia), contains a complex piece called *Mirage*. It has two measures of 3/4 time, two measures of five, a measure of two, a measure of 13, two of four, three of three, and one of 13.

"It really forced us out of our comfortable bag when improvising," Zeitlin said. "We had to get a whole new way of moving through that maze.

"In my mind I hear melodies within odd time signatures. Of course, the trio has worked a long time on these strange rhythms. We're at the point where we can get the over-all flow of 11/4, or seven, or 13, or whatever."

The trio's new album will mark the recording debut of Halpin and Johnson. On Zeitlin's first album as a leader, he was joined by bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Frederic Waits. Then, after graduation from Johns Hopkins Medical

CAROLE ZEITLIN

School, Zeitlin moved to San Francisco in July, 1964.

Almost immediately he began looking for a bassist, found Charlie Haden, and added drummer Jerry Granelli a couple of months later. After a month of playing together, the trio recorded the album *Carnival* and then played Mondays at the Trident in Sausalito for 2½ years. *Shining Hour*, Zeitlin's third album as a leader, was recorded with Haden and Granelli at that club.

At the same time, Zeitlin served his internship at San Francisco General Hospital. He is now a resident psychiatrist at Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, also in San Francisco.

Though his dual vocation permits him little sleep, his enthusiasm for music and medicine has enriched each career.

"It is not easy to determine in any concrete way how the cross-pollination of my music and psychiatry has occurred," he said. "But it would be naive for me to think my training in psychiatry doesn't at some intuitive level make me more receptive to what I experience with other people, including my music colleagues.

"Right now, this is the right group for me. Jerry, Charlie and I shared a tremendously intense and meaningful two years together. Our personal growth eventually brought us to a place where we felt a need to seek new directions separately."

THE NEW GROUP, mainly because of Johnson's impulsiveness, possesses a raw power that seems able to explode at almost any time. But such forceful displays are integrated into the movement of the music, and the trio is always together, never letting things get beyond control.

Zeitlin tries to become just as involved with his audience. His numerous college concerts often include seminars, which he conducts.

"The students think of provocative questions on music, but the discussions always seem to end up reflecting the problems that happen when people get together and try to communicate," he pointed out. "The discussions have further stimulated my thinking about psychotherapy.

"Possibly the only real disadvantage of the dual career is that I have less access to touring and I don't play many club dates. So I might be more well known, but I wouldn't be as happy as a full-time musician.

"My musical development would not be any more rapid if I were a musician alone, for I would be unfulfilled in this other area, psychiatry. Both are necessary for me."

Zeitlin always has been interested in music and science. As a child in Chicago he collected butterflies, was fascinated by pictures and models of prehistoric animals, had a love and curiosity for astronomy, and in high school liked chemistry and everything else having to do with science and medicine.

He began his formal music training at 6. This had been preceded by endless hours of "playing" the piano on his own since the age of 2. While he was practicing the classical repertoire, his parents also exposed him to jazz, which Zeitlin calls a "made-to-order musical area for me." It focused on composition and improvisation, always his main interests.

He became even more engrossed in jazz during his early high school years. His aware parents allowed him to go to Chicago's south-side jazz clubs and stay out until the early-morning hours.

Even his music teacher, Marian Anderson, "would sense how turned on I was by modern jazz and modern classical music," Zeitlin recalled. "She let me play things technically way over my head, but because I loved it so much, I learned to play it."

Zeitlin believes that this sort of training, rather than an endless repetition of scales and arpeggios, increased his technical skill.

"I got just as big a kick hearing someone else play Ravel as when I played Ravel, so I began to incorporate what was particularly meaningful to me in Ravel's philosophy to my own music," he said. "It became something more clearly mine."

Thus Zeitlin was able to go beyond the mechanics and put his knowledge to work within his personal emotional framework, something he has been doing since. He has never stopped growing technically and emotionally, and is equally attracted by the Beatles and John Cage. Zeitlin's distinctive approach, no doubt, derives from his diversified listening habits as well as from his formal studies with Alexander Tcherepnin, George Russell, and other teachers.

Zeitlin has blended this varied universe of music into a personal amalgam that probably will not make him an international idol. He knows that popularity on a mass scale usually requires a static, readily identifiable sound, something he cannot stand.

He would rather not communicate with people on a superficial level, even if this means limiting the size of his audience.

"A real sharing," Zeitlin said, "involves a commitment on the part of the audience to transcend its passivity—to become truly involved. At moments like this, jazz becomes a total experience." db

CHEERS FOR SHEARING

by harry frost

THERE ARE striking analogies between jazz and sports. A jazz player, at his best, must be in condition to meet the demands of a music that draws much from mental and physical reservoirs, and like the athlete who constantly faces situations that require split-second decision and response, the improvising musician must have the ability to react with speed and certainty.

The happy anomaly between these two fields is that a jazz man's prime can extend decades beyond an athlete's; indeed, jazz seems to have certain youth-perpetuating properties, and aging is relative, determined not so much by years as by spirit and drive. The benign effects of nightly transfusions of invigorating sound are evident in the many examples of older players who continue to perform with essentially their full power. Of course, we have enduringly great figures such as Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, and Stan Kenton, but more dramatic examples are provided by the men who retain their strength and vitality as soloists—among others, the dazzling Dizzy Gillespie and the amazing Buddy Rich at 50, and George Shearing, who turned 48 in August and today plays with more spark and drive than he has in many years.

A large part of Shearing's new-born enthusiasm is generated by the fine players he has with him now, a quintet measuring up to any he's had. The group includes Joe Pass, guitar; Charlie Shoemake, vibraharp; Bob Whitlock, bass; and Colin Bailey, drums.

Through the years, Shearing has done many things that are not the ideal of what he wants to do, but his integrity has held firm. Many of his records are frankly commercial, but his has been an artful compromise. Withal, there is a line he never has dropped below—a standard.

"You know," he remarked with a smile and a tilt of his head, "I love to play tinkly piano with a big string section behind me. It's pleasant . . . it certainly doesn't go against the grain. Then, when we're on the road, I get a chance to extend myself, and in certain clubs I can take the lid off the group."

When he does take the lid off, unfurls the more challenging side of his library and turns his players loose, the results come as more than a mild surprise to those who have written off the Shearing quintet as no more than purveyors of bland popular music.

The Shearing story has been well detailed, from his position as Britain's top jazz pianist to his postwar decision to make his home in the United States, his initial struggles, and his rise to fame with his quintet. From 1949 to '52, during which years he won the *Down Beat* Readers' Poll as best combo, Shearing sat atop the jazz world and at the same time commanded a large pop following.

Then, as the '50s unfolded, there was a shifting of the image, and Shearing became more the property of the general public. It appeared that he was no longer important to jazz, nor jazz important to him.

Having achieved financial security, Shearing moved from New York to Hollywood in 1961, apparently to settle into the easy life. In the early '60s, he made token appearances with groups that were, at best, distant echoes of what he had in the days of Al McKibbon, Jean Thielemans, and Cal Tjader.

In the last few years the resurgence has come. For one so deeply committed to music, the turbulent state of things demands more than passive concern. Shearing's posture these days is strong, musically and physically. He represents an island of sanity between the frenzied outposts of jazz and the outré parade of sheep dogs unleashed by the Beatles. Shearing holds the key position of a still youthful elder statesman conversant with music at all levels. With his quintet, he voices the universals of a language that in some ways has ceased to be universal.

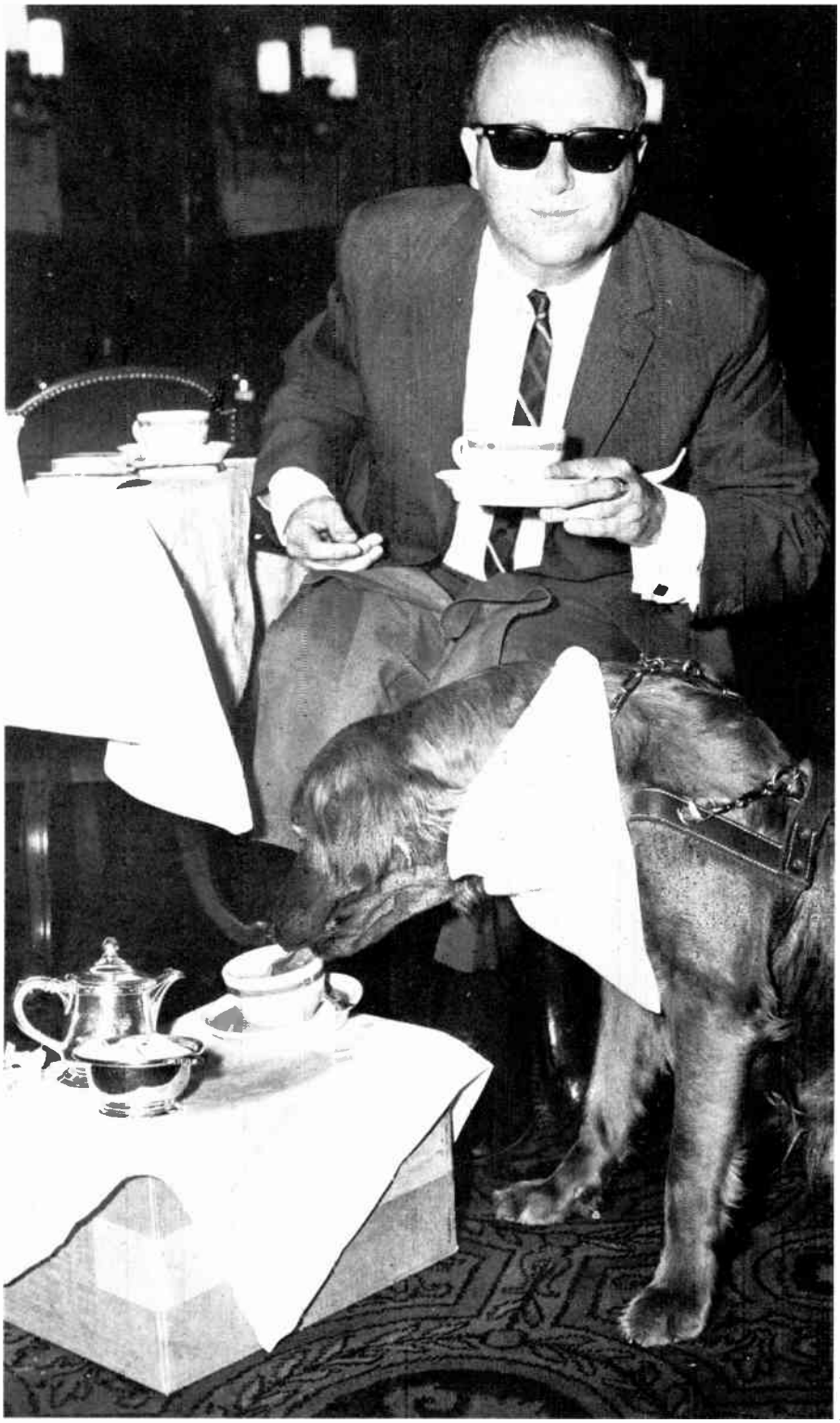
When speaking of age, Buddy Rich was mentioned as comparable to Shearing, which might not seem quite valid, since Rich is a fireball and the Shearing flame burns cooler. But there is a particular link. Rich ignores his cardiac history and cuts a path that his young band must give its all to follow; Shearing has faced a serious health problem that on one occasion brought him close to death, and yet he goes on with undiminished drive.

Some indication of the force that has driven Shearing in the last few years was dramatically shown over Christmas, 1965, in Salt Lake City. He was looking pale and drawn, and there was also anemia in his playing. In his own words: "Technically, I was falling all over the keyboard." In the words of one of his musicians: "He was playing like a high school kid, and we knew something was wrong." Quintet members urged him to see a doctor. But the leader scoffed: "There's nothing wrong. I had a checkup before we came on the road. I'm just a little tired."

It was his blood that was a little tired; three quarts were trying to do the job of six. When at last they got him to a hospital—where he should have been days before—exploratory surgery revealed small duodenal lesions, a recurrence of the ulcers that have plagued him for the last 15 years. The doctors were puzzled by the great loss of blood and also by the phenomenon of a man in this condition working until a few hours before his entry into the hospital. It was almost a brush with death, but a few months later Shearing had recovered and was back in action with his quintet, and back in action as well as a listener and observer.

IN THE SUMMER of '66 he heard the Don Ellis Band at Bonesville in Los Angeles in a stirring display of unusual time signatures.

"It was a tremendous experience—really inspiring—and I wound up writing a thing in 13/4 which I called *Baker's Dozen*," Shearing said. "The quintet handled it with no trouble—I mean the ensemble parts came off easily—but the first few times we played it, some of the guys felt constricted on their solos and couldn't swing the way they wanted to. Then after a few more times, they got into it, and now they feel comfortable with it. Once the pattern is established in your mind, you can swing freely in almost any time construction, ex-



LARRY KENNEY

Coffee break for Lee and friend

cepting the really long, complex things."

Baker's Dozen was essentially a spontaneous creation, as is nearly everything Shearing composes.

"I don't write in the sense that I sit at the piano and work something out," he said. "When I hear something in my mind in the nature of a composition, that's when it's written. One piece came to me while I was in the hospital in Salt Lake. Ironically enough, the only words that came to mind were Merry Christmas. . . . I say ironically because my operation was on Dec. 27. So it didn't materialize as a Christmas song. Later I got together with Johnny Mercer, who wrote some lyrics, and it became *Too Good to Be True*. But it's funny—it's almost like there's a little man in my head who writes these things for me. Many themes are presented to me intact. I'm glad that little man is there, because I'm really pretty lazy when it comes to this sort of thing."

The list of originals produced by Shearing's mental lethargy is crowned by one of the most-recorded jazz pieces of all time, *Lullaby of Birdland*, and from there the quantity of his output is best indicated by the one he calls *And Then I Wrote*. In respect to unusual time structures, Shearing's *Changing with the Times*, with its use of 5/4 in the first two measures, put a chink in the meter-barrier later exploded by Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond—and Shearing did this in '49, almost 10 years before the appearance of *Take Five*.

Shearing's fondness for puns is reflected in many of his titles, things such as *Get Off My Bach*, or the tune he wrote as a feature piece for the drummer with his original quintet, the late Denzil Best, *Nothing but D. Best*. For his wife Trixie, he did *How's Trix?* He has talked, in jest, of writing one for his bass player, Whitlock, and titling it *Born out of Whitlock*.

Another cornerstone of the Shearing personality is an openness and bigness, marked by his capacity to appreciate and praise the work of other musicians. In an Omaha, Neb., hotel room he stood transfixed, arms extended and fingers moving in empathy as a Martial Solal record played: *Suite Pour Une Frise* from *Newport '63*.

"Ahh, that trill," Shearing breathed in pleasure. "Beautiful . . . he's a fantastic player."

Shearing's immersion in the mainstream of jazz is represented by a library that brims with the works of other musicians, most often other pianists, including Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Horace Silver, Randy Weston, Ray Bryant, and Teddy Wilson. There are several Benny Golson numbers in the book, including *I Remember Clifford*, and Clifford Brown's own *Joy Spring*. The nest of manuscripts is well feathered with Charlie Parker compositions, among them *Donna Lee, Confirmation*, and *Scrapple from the Apple*.

The Shearing library, some 400 pieces in all, is also liberally stocked with standards. A primary reason for the range of Shearing's success has been his ability to unearth forgotten songs and breathe new life into them, from the million-selling *September in the Rain* of '49 to dozens of others he has resurrected since—*East of the Sun, Roses of Picardy*, and *Little White Lies*, to name a few. This passport to success carried with it the stamp of rejection from many fans and critics who found much of the Shearing fare repetitious. The leader's reply is: "We'll do a *Dancing on the Ceiling* or an *Autumn Leaves*, get the audience on our side, then spring a Benny Golson number on them."

Shearing has memorized more than 300 pieces in the library, but when the quintet takes to the road, the book is pared to about 250. In this respect, the demands are now more stringent than they have been. At one time the entire Shearing library was carried in the heads of the quintet and imparted by word and example to any new members. Through the years, the library has become so voluminous that everything now has been notated. Therefore, Shearing today needs not only swingers, but schooled, sight-reading swingers.

"When I auditioned Colin Bailey for the band," Shearing recalled, "I had already heard he was a fine drummer, but I wanted to establish this to my own satisfaction. So I hit him with a chart in 9/4

/Continued on page 40

DOWN PATTI

A Profile of Patti Bown

By Helen Dance

"WHEN I FIRST came to New York, it was very frustrating," pianist Patti Bown said. "They wouldn't let me work any of the jazz clubs. I could sit in at the Five Spot, but that's all. I had to go all the way to the Bronx to practice. There was a chick up there who played cocktail drums and had a beat-up piano. But she was nice, and liked to hear me play."

One evening she introduced Patti to tenor saxophonist Ike Quebec, and the three sat up all night talking about what a painful thing it was just to l-i-v-e.

"When I cut out that morning and made my way home," related Patti, "it was beautiful. Real early, and the markets were open, decked out with fruit and greens. All of a sudden it seemed very clear to me. It's like everyone is on a train, I thought."

She smiled. "You dig? Where you get off you don't know. You may think you do. Really, the only thing you know is how it looks to you. And how you see it, that's the way you got to play it. Maybe you feel you're in control and have it all spelled out. But the inevitable is there somewhere—waiting. And in the meantime . . . *G'Won Train.*"

This is a piece Patti wrote a while back. It has been recorded a number of times, by Quincy Jones and others. Patti was in Europe with that Quincy Jones Band which, featured in Harold Arlen's blues opera *Free and Easy* at the Paris Alhambra, garnered a reputation that endures to this day. The star musicians Quincy had gathered around him were Melba Liston, Jimmy Cleveland, Aake Persson, and Quentin Jackson, trombones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Phil Woods, Sahib Shihab, Porter Kilbert, Jerome Richardson, and Budd Johnson, reeds. Buddy Catlett, bass; Les Spann, guitar; and Joe Harris, drums, completed the rhythm section with Patti; and the trumpets were Floyd Standifer, Lenny Johnson, and Clark Terry.

"Patti is a gas," stated Clark Terry categorically. "None of the musicians regarded her as a chick. Like guys usually sum up a girl with *she plays fine for a chick*. Right? Not so Patti. It wasn't like that with Patti. And her time is something else. She's got a beat like a man."

It was a great band that Quincy had, Patti agreed, and she feels that she owes Quincy a great deal. "But I wouldn't want the road forever," she said. "The future holds too much else." Growth is one factor she knows lies ahead. "I live life by ear, and I'm used to that feeling which says I have to develop. It's natural, I guess. There's always something building up inside you, and what you have been learning has to come out. Even from the worst kind of musical situation, there's something you can learn." She smiled. "From the most horrible piano, I learned to appreciate a good one."

Most pianists concur that bad pianos are daily hazards, but this is a challenge that Patti doesn't mind. Neither is she afraid to think creatively, and at this point she philosophizes, "The most successful person could be the well-organized failure." Pursuing this, she went on, "A big commercial success could rob you of the time you needed to live fully. . . . Sure, I feel I have to make money," she conceded. "I have to meet personal obligations like everyone else. But for the rest, what money has to buy me is a good piano, a fine stereo, a tape recorder, some books, and a place to live where I can play when I need to, 24 hours a day. Because if I can't sit down when I'm composing and catch it on tape, later it may be gone. Tomorrow's another day. Sometimes I remember, sometimes I don't."

She recently completed a number that Duke Ellington heard and requested when she was rehearsing with his band. Patti's close friend, trombonist-arranger Melba Liston, had written some charts for Ellington's vocalist, Tony Watkins. Being essentially a gospel singer, Tony looked to Patti for assistance with delivery. The one recommending the other, Melba and Patti work with a number of vocal groups and singers. "I was seldom happier," Patti volunteered, "than during the 2½ years I was musical director for Dinah Washington. She was great and I learned a lot from her. Then I was with Sarah Vaughan a short while."

Patti responded to a hurry-up call from Miss Vaughan when her regular pianist had left to join Nancy Wilson. Within 24 hours, during which time they merely talked over the library, Patti went on with Sarah's group. Her stay was brief, but she worked on their book and arranged a medley of Vaughan hits that is still being used.

TALKING OF THE importance of music in her life, Patti recalled something Dame Myra Hess once said. "She called her harpsichord her husband, and that's how I feel about my piano. I play because I want to, but even more because I have to. I have to sit down at the keyboard and

talk over what's going on. I'm not supposed to stand up on a soap-box. Instead I have to play what I want to say. And for me there is no other medium by which I can communicate certain things. Anyway, words get twisted." She looked up mischievously. "Take the guy writing a song called *Our Day Will Come*. He's telling the kids that they can make things beautiful after they've cleaned up the world. Next, take two cats walking up to a counter and mad about something. 'Two coffees and, man, make it sharp,' they snap. 'Because, baby, *our day will come!*' " She laughed. "You dig?"

Patti likes to think ahead. "I look forward to more study," she explained. "With me it's a life-long habit. You can always learn something new. I want to write, and I want part-time performance. I also want to be a human being. By that I mean I want time to get into books, to be with some of the really fine people in the world and, well, just to sit, if I want to. You need leisure to keep some kind of connection between what is, what you would like it to be, and what went before."

What went before, in Patti's early life, accounts to a great extent for the reputation she enjoys today. "I started to play when I was 3," she said. "There were four of us, three sisters and myself, and we all played by ear." *Etude* magazine thought this sufficiently unusual to want to devote space to them, particularly since all four were endowed with perfect pitch. Herself an artist, Patti's mother insisted that piano lessons for her daughters came before everything, and a musical career awaited not only Patti, but also Edith, her eldest sister.

Edith was classically inclined and exceptionally talented. With the backing of several good friends in Patti's home town, Seattle, Edith went abroad to study with Robert Casadesus. Following her return, Sol Hurok booked her into Town Hall for a concert sponsored by Clare Booth Luce, but later she encountered the same obstacles that hampered artists like Marian Anderson and Leontyne Price. They made the way to the top so difficult that after her marriage to Gerry Valentine, an arranger for Billy Eckstine, Art Blakey, Miles Davis, and others, she abandoned her career.

Her sister's experience naturally prejudiced Patti. "I was always playing jazz, anyway," she commented. "When we were small, though, the four of us played everything: Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. And if Mama let us, one of us would play jazz while the others danced. Or we'd sing Gregorian motifs. From the time we were children we knew Marian Anderson. She used to visit a lady we called Aunt Sarah Brown whose piano was 'way off key. One time Mama wanted us to perform for both, so we were decked out and presented, all ready to go. Being the youngest, I had to play first. I hit those keys, and *wham!*—I just couldn't play. I couldn't even explain. That out-of-tune piano had washed out the concert before it got started."

Today Patti thinks you can learn a lot in the business from upsets like that. "If things are a musical drag, it is twenty times more challenging to try to say something valid. The situation requires more control, more inspiration, the lot. And challenge I like."

Background played an important role in Patti's life. With admiration Patti described her father as "87 years old and still swinging." He worked very hard, she said appreciatively, and made a great many sacrifices to see that his daughters received a good education and the best musical training available. "And I came from an 'apple-pie' mother," she said. "Though she'd had a real hard time of it, she'd made the grade and she knew everything she ought to teach us. She was orphaned at 12, and after she'd got her little brother placed in a home, she took a job living in and made enough money to put herself through three years of college at Fisk. She had a half-dozen talents: she composed and painted, she read poetry and liked to write. I remember her saying my grandmother had travelled barefoot across a frozen river to escape a slave-master. I guess character, for her, was a legitimate inheritance."

When Patti's mother died of cancer in her early 60s, the family suffered a real blow. "But she was a devout Catholic," Patti explained, "and had taught us to face up to things. My sister had died of cancer ten years earlier. In her first year of college, studying to be a doctor, she'd developed cancer of the glands. My third sister is a fine lab technician, and, like Mama, an active Catholic. Last year in Seattle she was named Catholic Mother of the Year."

Patti's memories of her own involvement with religion brought a smile to her face. The family lived close to a convent that housed an enclosed order of Carmelite nuns. It was Patti's job, during high school, to go by the convent, lay out vestments for Benediction and, when she left, lock the door.

"Those nuns were wonderful," she said, "and they loved my family. Mama's and my sister's stories are on record in the diocese, because the Carmelites associated them with remarkable cures. My Mother, besides, helped found a center a block long, near where we live."

WHEN SHE WAS growing up, nothing kept Patti away from music. Somehow she attended all kinds of concerts and recitals. "I'd manage to hear Rubinstein, for instance," she recalled. "And contrive to meet him, too. I told him personally what I felt about what he played. When I was five years old, I made Katherine Dunham promise she would take me to New York."

When she finished high school she had not turned 17, but she had won a number of awards, coming first in a concerto contest which involved performing with the Seattle Symphony.

"Some 30 scholarships were open to me then," she said, adding wryly, "but no money in it, only tuition. In the end, I chose Seattle University where I was to play in a double quartet, but since you needed clothes to wear to functions, socially I felt left out. Athletes are lucky because they get the right kind of a deal. For sweeping the gymnasium they get $20 or $30 a week. A musician or an artist fends for himself."

She decided that college didn't give her enough musically, and that she needed to attend the Conservatory as well. Her teacher there was brilliant, ". . . worth his weight in gold," she remembered, but his lessons weren't covered by a scholarship allowance. By a strange coincidence, before he could arrange a grant for her, he, too, died of cancer.

Patti had to start earning. In addition to attending lectures from 8 a.m. until noon and eating lunch on the bus en route to the Conservatory, she studied the keyboard until 4 p.m. and then set out for the Post Office.

"At first I couldn't arrange for part-time hours," she recalled, "and I was sometimes up until 2. Eventually it worked out at six hours a night. It was rough, but I didn't mind. It was a challenge, again."

Patti looks on recording sessions today as a further challenge. "You can't simply make them any old way," she insisted. "Everything has to be right. I don't want to make albums under my own name unless I've been working with a rhythm section a long while. Unless you're being booked on the road, that makes it pretty hard. If you want to stay in New York, it's difficult to arrange for that much continuity. I don't want to go into a studio and find out at the last minute a sideman has been switched. Because if the rhythm is not right, nothing is happening at all."

But despite herself, Patti is in constant demand in the studios, for pop as well as jazz. "I have a feeling for kids," she explained. "I identify with them. It helps them a lot. But you can't lie on a session. What you play goes down for all time. Besides being the greatest, recording can also be the most condemning factor that ever was. You need integrity, humility, fortitude, and lots of love and faith in what you want to say."

She added: "If an artist is going to progress over the years, he has to expand. He must develop as a person, to give value to what he says."

Duke Ellington concurred. "Patti knows," he said. "She's always moving ahead. She has that indescribable ingredient which many people try to sum up with phrases like, 'she swings' or 'has soul'. But what she's got is a unique potion. It's there, and it's that, and *that's it, baby*."

On *Patti Bown Plays Big Piano,* which she made for Columbia several years ago with Joe Benjamin on bass and Ed Shaughnessy on drums, four of her own numbers were included among the selections: *Waltz De Funk, Head Shakin', Nothin' But the Truth,* and *G'Won Train.*

Memories of this session evoked further revelations concerning that imaginary train. "It carries you a step beyond any you've ever made before," she said. "There's always a thought you've not thought yet, an emotion not yet experienced.

"Guess my imagination works overtime," she conceded, laughing. "But can you see how we're like instruments? Like voices, taking over from one another? Coming together at times, discordant at others, climaxing, dispersing, and climaxing again? One long succession—isn't that life? Me, I hope there's a long stretch ahead. . . .

"It's, like, *g'won train!*" db

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Barry Harris and the Webb City All-Stars

Museum of Modern Art, New York City

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Harris, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Obviously a "dream" band—and it lived up to the promise implicit in the lineup. Everything about this concert, beginning with Ira Gitler's unassuming, knowledgeable introduction of the musicians, had the sweet smell of artistic mastery, the certainty of a swinging session; the mere roll call of the names had a throb of power in it.

The first piece was Bud Powell's *Webb City*, and I only wish Bud could have been there to hear what Harris and friends made of it. No pretensions or overarranged arrangements here—merely the classic bop tradition at its forthright best: the obligatory unison opening statement, then the gem-hard take-your-turn solos by the horns, then the rhythm alone.

At first, all one could hear was Harris, with a ringing, joyous solo that soared like a swallow. Then one suddenly became aware of what Chambers was putting down—a driving powerhouse beat that swept in from below like a groundswell, framing what Harris was doing at the keyboard in an even more headlong context; I caught myself holding my breath 'til it was over. Hayes, one of the swingingest drummers around, wasn't hurting the beat any either. All too soon it was unison again, and out.

The leisurely, contemplative *My Ideal*, composed almost wholly of a muted Dorham horn solo, was a lovely respite; I am not often charmed by the institution of the jazz ballad, with its tendency to sentimental overelaboration and the naively "profound;" but every note of this was in impeccable taste. I hadn't heard Dorham for some time, and to my ear he has gained new power and new stature.

Luminescence featured an unexpectedly swift and swinging solo, arco, by Paul Chambers, with none of the elephantine strenuousness that so frequently turns extended bass solos into interminable acrobatics. Like everything these musicians did that night, it was always graceful, swinging, *and musical*.

Hayes, by the way, also made me reverse my customary reaction to long drum solos; light, witty, superbly constructed, his was an unalloyed delight to the ear (not to mention the hands, feet, and intestines).

Harris' original, *Nicaragua*, with its involuted but ever-stimulating and ingenious theme, was ideal for this group. Each soloist caught fire from his teammates. Adams positively exploded with chunky, massive phrases, and then Cook came riding in right on top of him with an entering wedge that was breath-stopping. Dorham followed with a solo in Miles Davis' best style, shining with sparse, haunting, deeply affecting epigrams.

After all that, one would have thought there was nowhere to go, dramaturgically speaking, but back into the unison—but Harris is a man of seemingly infinite resourcefulness. He turned everyone around with a funky, simplistic, deliberately archaic solo, in no way tongue-in-cheek but, on the contrary, a loving and profoundly appreciative (and appreciated) tribute to the roots of the art he so authoritatively expounds.

The final song, *Even Steven*, gave everyone a chance to cook again, as Cook led off with a relaxed, superbly understated examination of the melody we had just heard in unison. By the way, an interesting feature of this entire session was the consistency with which the whole group, individually, built virtually every segment of every solo *on the melody* of each tune, which coruscated and wove itself through every variation like the jeweled basic design of a fine tapestry. I think this was the

STEVE SCHAPIRO

HARRIS
No Pretensions

number on which they got into a stretch of "fours," each horn alternating with an answering salvo from Hayes that invariably launched the next horn like a bolt from a crossbow—a fitting end to a perfect evening.

Only one criticism can be made of such a session: it should have gone on all night.

—Ralph Berton

John Malachi

Ed Murph's Supper Club
Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Malachi, piano; Fred Williams, bass; Fred Snowden, drums.

This bourgeois-type, smartly appointed club (complete with patio, Grecian busts, period chandeliers, and a piano of determined gracelessness) is hardly a place where one would expect to find a pianist of Malachi's stature.

Yet, there he was—inattentive, uninformed patrons and all—playing mostly ho-hum versions of undistinguished tunes (and the patrons none the wiser) but playing a steady gig.

Except for a few appearances in Canada, the pianist, who has worked with, among others, Sarah Vaughan and the legendary Billy Eckstine Band, has spent the last several years sticking rather close to Washington, where he has family ties.

I caught three sets. First—among those numbers not easily forgettable—was an abbreviated, typical treatment of *Alfie*. Then there was *Walkin'*, strutting, rather sprightly and energetic, dancing its way in and out. *Crazy He Calls Me*, a neglected, beautiful ballad, had very good Malachi, good percussion, and an imaginative bass line. *Daahoud* was a beautiful surprise, since almost all other piano versions of this tune sound Oscar Petersonish.

Snowden and Williams produced sensitive interplay with Malachi. The trio is well integrated.

Rumor has it that the management plans to enlarge the club by knocking out one wall. Perhaps, in the process, a piano worthy of the pianist might be found. If so, the news undoubtedly will get around, and Malachi may find himself performing before more appreciative audiences.

—Ben S. Page

Stan Kenton

Gold Nugget Club, Oakland Calif.

Personnel: Dalton Smith, Jay Daversa, Carl Leach, Mike Price, Bob Scillato, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Dave Roberts, Tom Whittaker, Jim Amlotte, Graham Ellis (doubling tuba), trombones; Ray Reed, Allan Rowe, Bob Dahl, Bill Fritz, John Mitchell, reeds; Kenton, piano; John Mosher, bass; Dee Barton, drums.

Perhaps the surroundings were conducive to the band's excellent performance. Sometimes known as the Kenton Shrine, the Nugget's walls are adorned with etchings of Stan and photos of the orchestra in action. Worshipers were there in abundance on opening night, which also inaugurated the club's new home.

Each of the four sets played opened unobtrusively with a ballad. *Here's That Rainy Day*, molded by Barton; *I'm Glad There Is You, All the Things You Are*, and *Somewhere* were a facet of Kenton as listenable as the accustomed thunderous sonorities. Featuring the sections or the full ensemble, with occasional obbligato trumpet, the ballads were tenderly handled.

Altoist Reed, on *My Ship*, the evening's second number, gave a superb oration. A waterfall of notes, all well channeled, tumbled out. Reed is a youthful master with the same suavity on up tempos. His invention never dried.

Kenton, aside from his introductory remarks, stayed close to the piano. The band needed no prompting. Material by Bill Holman, Gene Roland, and Johnny Richards received exuberant airings. The quasi-rock treatment of Roland's *The Blues Story* came off surprisingly well.

Only a few of the old totems were raised. *Intermission Riff* was freshened up by Reed's alto, Daversa's trumpet, and Rowe's tenor. The *Peanut Vendor* still sells; at one point, the reed and trumpet sections had a variety of percussion instruments going, while the hypnotic trombones played on. The brass battlements reared high, but lead trumpeter Smith scaled them in no nonchalant fashion.

Even *Vendor* was outvolumed by *Malaguena*, less Latin-spiced but with even more brass. Trombonist Shearer performed strongly on both numbers. He pulled on the velvet glove for his featured spot on *Don't Worry About Me*. It was a highlight of the evening.

Bassist Mosher and drummer Barton

/Continued on page 42

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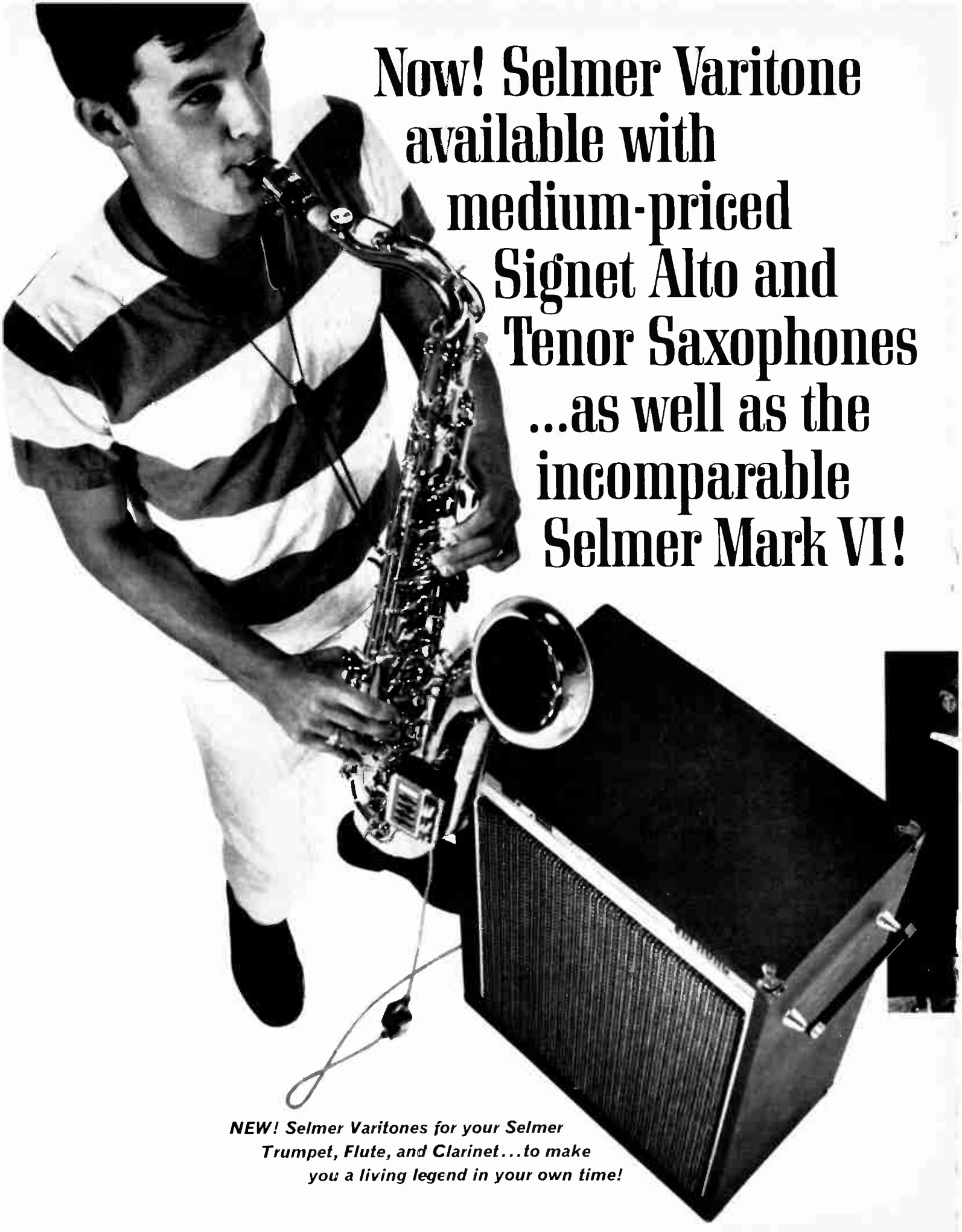

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Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

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

Ray Charles

INVITES YOU TO LISTEN—ABC 595: *She's Funny That Way; How Deep is the Ocean; You Made Me Love You; Yesterday; I'll Be Seeing You; Here We Go Again; All for You; Love Walked In; Gee, Baby Ain't I Good to You; People.*

Personnel: Charles, vocals, piano; unidentified orchestra arranged and conducted by Sid Feller.

Rating: ★

This is a disappointing album in every sense of the word, and hearing it caused shock and pain.

The recording is of poor quality, the selections seem to have been chosen indiscriminately, the arrangements are vapid, Charles' performance lacks depth and feeling, and the liner notes are simply awful. He employs the device of a high falsetto on nearly every ballad, producing a grating and most unpleasant sound.

Perhaps Charles was indisposed at the time of the date, but insisted on doing the album nevertheless. In any case, he has seriously neglected his responsibility as a performer, and his numerous fans will justifiably feel the sting. —*Sloane*

Don Heckman-Ed Summerlin

THE DON HECKMAN-ED SUMMERLIN IMPROVISATIONAL JAZZ WORKSHOP—Ictus 101: *Jax or Bettor; Leisure #5; Dialogue; Five Haikus.*

Personnel: Heckman, alto saxophone; Summerlin, tenor saxophone; Lew Gluckin, trumpet; Bob Norden, trombone; Steve Kuhn, piano; Ron Carter or Steve Swallow, bass; Joe Hunt or Joe Cocuzzo, drums; Lisa Zanda, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Well, Heckman and Summerlin have taken the bull by the horns and started their own record company, which gets off to a fine start with the release of this exemplary set.

There are two Heckman compositions, *Jax* and *Haikus*, while Summerlin has contributed *Leisure #5* and *Dialogue*. All are impeccably played by the ensemble the two men have brought together.

In their notes is stated the purpose of the unit, which ". . . is implicit in the name of the group." Jazz workshops in the past have often stressed composition at the cost of the life blood of jazz—improvisation. Heckman and Summerlin are deeply convinced that a valuable musical contribution can be made by the creative, improvising composer-performer. Both coleaders are active players who constantly reshape their music in the act of performing.

There is a real sense of spontaneity to the group's music, and this applies equally to the composed sections. The success of the latter is due wholly to the writers' ability to fashion thematic materials that are in themselves interesting, have an air of naturalness and inevitability about them, and are also shaped by the normal playing styles of the executants. And they swing.

In fact, the approach to which *Jax, Dialogue*, and *Leisure* hew might be described as contemporary small orchestral—or rather a cross between the Miles Davis nonet and avant garde. (The theme of Summerlin's *Leisure*, for that matter, vividly brings to mind the Davis group's performance of the Bud Powell-Davis piece *Budo*.)

I hope I am not trying to force a parallel when I say I find real similarities between the work of the Davis nonet and the Heckman-Summerlin ensemble. It does seem that despite the differences in vocabulary they are employing basically the same approach, probably as a result of their similar aims.

Both try to bring about a more meaningful relationship between composer and improviser in the context of a small band. The two groups employ roughly the same approach to writing: the composed sections generally have the same kind of linear movement, being horizontally rather than vertically oriented. And there is, to a degree, the same kind of contrapuntal activity beneath the soloists.

But I don't want to push the parallel too far. The Heckman-Summerlin performances are far more open and extended than were those of the Davis group, a fact that may only reflect the profound change the long-playing record has brought. The Davis sides were prepared for and issued to an audience still geared to the 78-rpm single release.

Be that as it may, these sides effect a balance between written and extemporized music that is both refreshing and successful. The composed sections are unpretentious, often humorous, and they have swing built right in.

Summerlin, on the basis of his two arrangements, seems the more overt swinger of the pair: *Dialogue* and *Leisure* are brighter and more buoyant in character than is Heckman's work in the same genre, *Jax* (*Haikus* is a piece of a different color).

Actually, there is a marked difference in character between the composed and improvised sections; the former seem far more conventionally jazz-inflected (the leaders' description is appropriate: "fairly traditional contemporary jazz") than do the solo statements by Heckman, Summerlin, Kuhn, and Carter, which reflect current avant garde practice for their respective instruments. The soloists for the most part, however, lead one gradually into this more energized kind of playing. And, it must be admitted, it works.

There is a sardonic, kind of musty quality to Heckman's *Jax* theme. His solo builds to a peak of screeching fervor, the punctuations of Kuhn, Carter, and Hunt culminating in a free-swinging melee as the other horns enter, forcing the climax.

Kuhn then develops a jabbing, shattering mood that subsides gradually, builds again, and then ebbs into the ensemble statement, a variation of the theme that Heckman describes as "Basielike," leading to a brief Carter improvisation which gathers momentum to the ensemble recapitulation. Impressive.

Leisure follows, and after the thematic statement Summerlin takes his tenor on an outing in which he demonstrates a fine command of its tonal possibilities. It is Heckman's alto solo that most impresses me here, however, for he plays with a searing force and brusqueness and does some mighty things indeed. Just in terms of the effects he wrests from the horn the solo is exciting, but beyond this is the real power and directness with which he lays assault to his goals.

Kuhn displays sensitivity and inventiveness in his gentle, ruminative statement at the outset of *Dialogue*, softly plucked strings leading into a lovely, understated piece of eloquent music.

Heckman and Summerlin strut their stuff next: first alto, then the two horns jointly, before the tenorist leads with a soft susurrus of sound into an ensemble punctuation. After this he builds to a socking, honking climax which subsides, only to be built up again as the entire ensemble constructs a climax piecemeal, leading to the theme once more.

Haikus left me cold, seeming in comparison with the other pieces much too forced and artificial. Contrived, even, and not a little self-consciously arty. The gently cryptic nature of the five haikus was torpedoed, for me at least, by their having been overblown into such gigantic proportions.

The musical settings were much too exaggerated in their effects for the indirect ends of the poems. But this is just my impression.

Ictus records are, at this time, sold only by mail. The album may be ordered for $5 postpaid, from P.O. Box 2, Village Station, New York City 10014.—*Welding*

Jazz Corps

THE JAZZ CORPS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF TOMMY PELTIER FEATURING ROLAND KIRK—Pacific Jazz 10116: *Harplyness; Serenity; Peru-T; Another Plum; Chalan Pago; Le Blessing; Meanwhile.*

Personnel: Peltier, cornet, fluegelhorn; Freddy Rodriguez, alto, tenor saxophones, flute; Kirk, baritone saxophone, flute, strich; Lynn Blessing, vibraharp; Bill Plummer, bass; Maurice Miller, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

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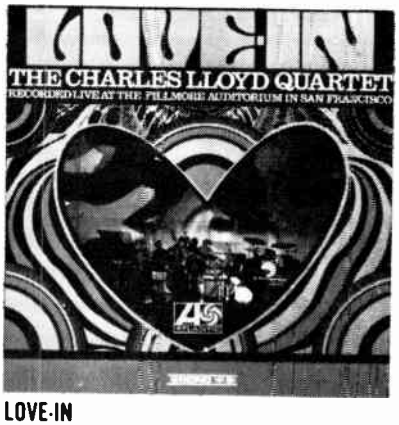

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closely may have noticed my vote for Peltier as composer deserving of wider recognition and for the Jazz Corps as combo deserving of same.

My basis for these votes was the record under discussion here, which was released some months ago, but inadvertently not reviewed in *Down Beat* until now.

Perhaps the Corps would not sound as good as it does here without the added strength of Kirk, but I tend to think it would because of the strong group feeling and because of Peltier's intriguing compositions.

While the melodies are not startling, they are usually original enough to be distinctive, even when they are close to an established genre, as in *Serenity*.

This is a group that could appeal to the youngsters of the flower generation as well as listeners of longer standing. I do not mean to imply that it is a rock group. It is a group of *today*, combining essences and aspects of Ornette Coleman, Miles Davis, the Beatles, the Tijuana Brass, and nonspecific Latin elements.

Some of it is intentional, and, I'm sure, a lot is by osmosis. The result is delightful; a kind of west coast "new thing" (I don't use "west coast" in a derogatory manner, but it couldn't have happened anyplace in the United States but in southern California).

Harplyness is a "love" sound. Peltier plays mellow cornet. His chops are not the most powerful, but he has a warm conception. Rodriguez' alto shows some Eric Dolphy-like touches, and he incorporates them delightfully into his conception. Kirk's baritone solo has a relaxed, floating quality, a caressing sound, and some effective double-timing as a climax.

Serenity finds Kirk and Rodriguez blending flutes with Peltier's muted cornet. It's a lovely melody. The solos sustain the mood perfectly.

Kirk, on strich, gets into a Caribbean island bag quite comfortably on *Peru*. Peltier plays a la Miles Davis in places, and Rodriguez, on flute, enhances the trip as the rhythm section adds the right punctuations. It ends with Plummer's strumming.

The bassist and drummer Miller are prominently featured on *Plum*. First Miller backs Plummer's well-articulated solo and then gradually becomes the dominant voice. Peltier plays fluegelhorn here, and Rodriguez tenor, but neither solos. Even the theme itself is mainly a rhythmic one.

Pago is an exotic number with some nice twists. Blessing comps well, as he does in several other spots. Kirk's flute is a jungle bird, and he does some unison singing with it that really blends well.

Blessing is another "love" theme, with good bass by Plummer. One gets to hear enough of Blessing to realize he is a vibist to reckon with. He can play pretty and also swing a while. The notes mention a tenor solo by Rodriguez, but instead I hear a baritone solo by Kirk. There is a short tenor bit at the end when everyone gets into a modified freedom bag.

Meanwhile (at 8:12 the longest track in the set) sounds like Ornette Coleman and Herb Alpert in a not unpleasant confrontation. There's a *John Brown* strain in the main theme. Rodriguez has a rough-and-ready solo on tenor, followed by a Don Cherry-like excursion from Peltier that fortunately does not last long. Blessing gets into some Monkish cadences as the horns bleat a bit behind him.

The theme that precedes each soloist is reintroduced as Plummer bows over noise elements in the background. This is followed by some furious noodling by the horns, Plummer flying all over his instrument from bottom to top. What makes this effective is that it is not allowed to continue to the point of boredom, as so many avant garde forays do. The theme is partially stated at points along the way and then re-emerges, whole, to close the track.

What Peltier and the Jazz Corps have accomplished is more than an eclectic hodgepodge. It is a synthesis that works because there is thought and, above all, warm, human emotion involved. With Kirk in fine form, this is an album to which you should open your ears and hearts. —*Gitler*

Oscar Peterson

THOROUGHLY MODERN TWENTIES—Verve 8700: *My Heart Stood Still; Lady, Be Good; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Should I?; Liza; Manhattan; Remember; Ol' Man River; I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar (tracks 4, 7, 9); Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums (all tracks not with Ellis).

Rating: ★★★★

Actually, this is old wine poured from a new bottle, and while the wine is enhanced by the aging process, the bottle leaves something to be desired. The fact that all these tracks come from seven albums recorded during 1959-60 plays an important part in the inconsistencies of sound and miking.

Conceivably, this collection could provide ammunition for those who claim Peterson isn't saying anything new. The only answer can be, "So what?" Peterson and Brown were geniuses then and have remained so. Each has maintained supremacy on his instrument. What the trio said then had a timeless quality of perfection that has not diminished in the current fad-conscious world of jazz.

What makes this album especially interesting is that it provides comparison of two different trio approaches, one with guitar, the other with drums. Taking one track apiece for illustration, *Should I?* indicates a contrapuntal conception, with oodles of notes generated by piano and guitar. It has the excitement of a Dixieland out chorus and places a rhythmic burden on Brown to which he was equal.

Ol' Man River, on the other hand, shows how Thigpen's intense brush work provided an inspirational foundation that goosed both Peterson and Brown. It also shows Thigpen at his best in "answering" Peterson, as he did with tom-toms for the intro.

I wonder how many of today's combos will sound so vital eight years from now? —*Siders*

Robert Pozar

GOOD GOLLY, MISS NANCY—Savoy 12189: *The Mechanical Answering Service of Chris and Marta White; Robin Hood; Renfield; Keying in Your Bank; Maia; Good Golly, Miss Nancy.*

Personnel: Mike Zwerin, bass trumpet, trombone; Kathy Norris, cello; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Pozar, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Some fast impressions of this album: Pozar is an impeccable drummer, with a deft, light touch, and he has surrounded himself with musicians who share his understated approach to music. The music the group plays is quiet, reflective, unfrantic—thoroughly disciplined, in short, and quite the opposite of much of the agonized frenzy that passes for creative ferment in the avant-garde.

Why then do I not particularly respond to it? Well, to put it oversimply, primarily because it doesn't go anywhere.

The players are extraordinarily sensitive to each other's work and to the process of group improvisation. Their interaction is most impressive: always in good taste, restrained, and even elegant. Well-ordered all around; never up tight, frantic, or intrusive.

Listening to the album, I was reminded of a clutch of guitarists I once heard jamming together in a Nashville music store. Their involvement in the act of playing together was total; they were good jazz-based musicians and they gloried in the way they responded to each other's improvising. And they gloried and gloried, and played and played. They were transfixed.

For the listeners, however, it was a different story. Uninvolved in the actual physical processes of playing together, of give and take, as were the musicians, the hearers were forced to fall back on what the guitarists were playing, which was, sad to say, dull. It just kept circling over the same area.

Much of what occurs in the Pozar set reminds me of that. The four musicians deployed in the six pieces seem more taken up with the manner of their playing together than with the matter that the group interaction is supposed to be generating.

Make no mistake: their rapport is immaculate, their responses to each other immediate and sensitive. In terms of total interactive playing the Pozar ensemble is a gem among gems.

But its music is so sterile, so ingrown. It is distressing to hear a group that has developed such remarkable powers of ensemble interaction and that has failed, for some reason, to find or project an end worthy of the means they have so painstakingly achieved.

This is not to say that there is nothing of interest here. All through the six performances there are moments of real excitement, of creative ferment, of lovely playing—moments in which the attention to detail pays off handsomely. But the music fails to cohere; in the end it bores, because the elements do not fuse into a larger, consistent whole.

But what a tremendous foundation they have built! These excellent artisans ought to summon an architect whose designs will be worthy of their abilities to execute them. —*Welding*

Buddy Rich

BIG SWING FACE—Pacific Jazz 20117: *Norwegian Wood; Big Swing Face; Monitor Theme; Wack, Wack; Love for Sale; Mexicali Nose; Willowcrest; The Beat Goes On; Bugle Call Rag.* Personnel: Charles Findley, Yoshito Murakami, John Scottile, Bobby Shew, trumpets; Ron Myers, James Trimble, Bill Wimberley, trombones; Quin Davis, Ernie Watts, Jay Corre, Robert Keller, Marty Flax, reeds; Ray Starling, piano; Richard Resnicoff, guitar; James Gannon, bass; Rich, drums; Cathy Rich, vocal (track 8).

Rating: ★★★★

No doubt about it, Rich's band gets all the plums: the richest bookings, summa cum laude press coverage, and a summer-long television show. An oft-heard criticism, in the circles I run in, is that "the cat doesn't deserve it." On the contrary, though I feel his talents are more mechanistic than musical, Rich is a tremendous percussionist and a fantastic leader; he is the only person I've seen lead a big band from the drumseat.

The trouble is not that Rich gets a lot of play—it's that so many other great groups get so little. Count Basie could videotape 13 weeks of TV shows with less trouble than Rich's group (the Basie book is tighter), and, with Ellington, the network wouldn't even need to hire an emcee. So much for fantastication.

Again, credit where it seems due: the Beatles, a group I've had no particular fondness for, really have a melodic gem in *Norwegian,* and the Rich band polishes it to an exciting luster.

There are solos by Trimble on trombone and Watts on alto, but it's really the massed voices of the entire band—each section laminated to the next, building to a great shout in 12/8 time—that impresses here. At 2:57, this was obviously cut for air play but could have been stretched out far longer.

Swing Face is written and arranged in a Basie mold, and, though pianist Starling goes his own solo route, it sounds as if Freddie Green were piloting the rhythm section behind him. Watts, again, and Shew solo on this one, and the reed section is particularly capable in ensemble.

The NBC *Monitor Theme,* another of the Rich plums; *Mexicali;* and *Willowcrest,* a further 12/8 time adventure, are rich in ensemble texture and big-muscled drive.

Love for Sale begins unostentatiously with the trombones laying a soft, Kentonesque shade of melody over the pulse, followed by the reeds and trumpets adding hues. Watts, the band's flying buttress soloist, fires off a hot salvo, and Corre, another mainstay, burns a chorus. An ensemble chorus punctuated with Rich's deft fills climaxes with the leader meat-cleaving 3½ bars of single strokes, spacing for two beats, and then—neck and neck with his young bandsmen—charging hell-bent through the out chorus.

Wack, Wack is a play for younger ears and, as such, features a heavily wired guitar and the kind of funky cliches that "get 'em every time."

There was a time, if one encountered proud parents, all one had to endure were baby pictures. Now, among proud artistic parents, one also has to endure other things. Though she can't reach the bottom note on the end of each phrase, 12-year-old Cathy Rich at least gives *The Beat* a

game vocal, and she has inherited her old man's sense of time.

Though the band does well with the material and Rich offers a 4th of July solo, nothing can rescue *Bugle Call* from its dated pose. After a flashy ensemble blast that leads to another Rich moment of glory—a filigreed march-time beat generating into a nearly polymetric display of virtuosity—the leader caps this with a predictable ruffle and flourish to let the group know that it can come back in again.

Generally, the reed soloists are made of sterner stuff than their brass counterparts, and the group's best moments come with all the instruments firing away together while Rich bombards the ground around them. But if the public keeps supporting this band and it stays together, the soloists undoubtedly will grow stronger and more confident, and this group will join the handful of great bands around.

I'd still like to see Duke Ellington with a television show. —*Quinn*

Various Artists

CLASSIC JAZZ PIANO STYLES—RCA Victor LPV-543: *Freakish; Fat Frances; Pep; Handful of Keys; E-Flat Blues; Tea for Two; Russian Fantasy; Rosetta; Body and Soul; Sunny Side of the Street; Melancholy Baby; Yancey Stomp; State Street Special; Boogie Woogie Man; Cuttin' the Boogie.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5: Jelly Roll Morton, piano; tracks 4-7: Fats Waller, piano; tracks 8-11: Earl Hines, piano; tracks 12, 13: Jimmy Yancey, piano; tracks 14, 15: Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, pianos; Jimmy Hoskins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Another excellent entry in Victor's Vintage series, this album presents a cross-section of important piano styles: ragtime, boogie woogie, stride, swing. But since the exponents heard here are all distinct individualists, this is anything but an academic survey. Rather, it is proof that great stylists transcend styles.

An exception, though, is Yancey, who, while certainly the possessor of a very personal vocabulary, is probably the purest representative of boogie woogie piano on record. *Stomp* and *Special* are two of his best pieces; the first a fast-paced dazzler, the second more reflective. Both have a characteristic Yancey idiosyncracy: a concluding modulation to E-flat, regardless of what has preceded.

Boogie woogie is the only jazz piano style that owes absolutely nothing to the non-jazz traditions of the instrument, and this is apparent in Yancey's work. The somewhat younger Ammons and Johnson reflect a familiarity with other approaches, but their crack teamwork is certainly not unauthentic, and generates terrific swing, especially on the stomping *Man*. (The presence of drummer Hoskins is not indicated in the notes.)

The three Morton pieces are among his best recorded solos. *Freakish* is aptly titled; the unusual 9th chords in the first strain give the tune an ominous quality. Gaiety, however, soon takes command, and the construction of this and the other two pieces, as well as their melodies, contain more than an echo of ragtime's charm.

Morton's beat, though, is jazz, as is his phrasing. But it is a slightly archaic conception of rhythm when compared to Waller's, whose *Keys* also strongly reflects ragtime. This version (like the other Waller items in this collection, it stems from transcription sources) is the fastest he made, and displays the prowess Art Tatum so admired.

Waller's *E Flat*, like most blues performances by stride pianists, is almost delicate when contrasted with "funkier" examples of piano blues, but it is moving and beautiful. *Tea* is an extended performance by mid-'30s standards (recorded), being over four minutes long. It is a fancy version, with showmanship flourishes, and a lot of fun to hear.

Russian Fantasy, a Waller, oddment, shows that he, like Willie (The Lion) Smith, James P. Johnson, and the other stride greats, was raised on the light classics of the turn of the century. At the end, there are echoes of Rachmaninoff.

In the work of Hines (the pieces date from 1939 to '41), we find, full-fledged, what later was to be called "modern" jazz piano. His extremely flexible rhythmic and harmonic sense invests these performances with a permanent power to surprise.

Soul was recorded on a "Stoytone" piano, a 1940 RCA experiment in electronic instrument-building. The sound is dry and lacks resonance, but the keyboard action must have been good, since Hines is inspired to do some fancy fingering indeed (some of his "asides" are reminiscent of Monk—or more probably, vice versa). All four Hines tracks are brilliant examples of the true father of post-stride jazz piano.

—*Morgenstern*

ROCK 'N' POP

BY JOHN GABREE

The Yardbirds, *Little Games* (Epic LN 24313)

Rating: ★★★½

John Mayall-Eric Clapton, *Blues Breakers* (London 3492)

Rating: ★★★★

The Cream, *Fresh Cream* (Atco 33-206)

Rating: ★★★★

The Who, *Happy Jack* (Decca DL 74892)

Rating: ★★★★★

Zoot Money, *Big Roll Band at Klook's Kleek* (Epic LN 24241)

Rating: ★★★½

Bee Gees, *The Bee Gees' First* (Atco 33-223)

Rating: ★★★½

The Yardbirds were the most exciting experimental rock group of the first several years of the British revival. Always a step or two ahead of the Rolling Stones, they pushed rock further structurally and harmonically than any other group. They had a few medium-size hits, but their main influence came through album sales to other groups and live appearances (they are the group that breaks up the guitar in Antonioni's *Blow Up*).

Their biggest problem on record has always been lack of discipline. They would engage in interesting harmonic, instrumental, or structural experiments—baroque chants, electric saws, and so on—and they had, in Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck consecutively, two of the best guitarists in Britain. But they often released tracks that needed to be worked out further in the studio.

On their newest release, the Yardbirds have switched to producer Mickie Most (Herman's Hermits, Donovan, early Animals), and the result is an album as exciting as their earlier ones and a good deal more ordered. The range is wide and the writing is improved.

Highlights include a beautifully commercial song about maturation *(Little Games);* a harsh, bluesy *Smile on Me* (like the "old" Yardbirds); a remarkable fusion of folk-rock and Eastern music in *White Summer;* a gay adaptation of the nursery rhyme *Tinker Tailor, Soldier Sailor;* a thing called *Glimpses* that sounds as if it might be the theme from a hippie movie; a beautiful folk-rock tune called *Only the Black Rose;* and *Little Soldier Boy,* an antiwar protest, in the background of which there is an ironic trumpet parodying both martial music and Beatles baroque.

The best Yardbirds' alumnus so far is guitarist Clapton, who is featured with vocalist-harpist-organist John Mayall on *Blues Breakers* and who is the leader of a new hard-rock trio—called Cream—with two other famous British rockers, bassist Jack Bruce and drummer Ginger Baker.

Mayall is a highly individualistic performer who, over the last four years, has led a succession of blues bands, all dedicated to authenticity. His singing is a mellow combination of Jimmy Cotton and Buddy Guy, and his playing is solidly in the Chicago school.

Clapton is the most influential guitarist in England and something of a legend (having quit the Yardbirds almost immediately after *For Your Love* became a hit). His work has been available only sporadically in the United States (though we have had good looks at some of his followers, such as Jeff Beck and Peter Townshend), so the albums have an added interest.

To my mind, the best numbers on *Blues Breakers* are Mayall's own compositions: *Little Girl;* the ominous *Double Crossing Time* (with Clapton); the rocking *Key to Love;* and the intense *Have You Heard?* On his only vocal, Clapton gives a warm rendition of Robert Johnson's *Ramblin' on My Mind.* John McVie, bass guitar, and Hughie Flint, drums, provide a perfect back-up for the leaders.

Less purely in a blues bag but almost as exciting—and more important, since the group probably will hold together long enough to grow—is *Fresh Cream.* (Another Clapton follower who has become his own man, Peter Green, has succeeded Clapton on the new *Breakers* album, soon to be released in the U.S.)

The Cream tackles six originals of varying quality and four traditional blues, the best of which is a good-timey version of Robert Johnson's *Four Until Late* (avoid this track if traditional blues is your bag). One of the best examples of the Clapton

style comes on *Cat's Squirrel*, a remarkably subtle performance that builds to dizzying dramatic heights.

I'm So Glad is an up-to-date version (which may also bug purists) of Skip James' blues.

The trio blends vocally and instrumentally in a reserved intensity that has the power of a laser beam. The only thing that can keep the Cream from developing into the best hard-rock group in England is Clapton, who already sounds just the tiniest bit bored by it all.

The Who is the summation of everything that has happened in the destructive, social-commentary, tell-it-like-it-is camp that includes the Stones, the Yardbirds, and Clapton, Beck, Green, et al. In every way, the Who is an exceptional group, providing several points of comparison with the Cream. Since Roger Daltry, the excellent lead singer, only dabbles on the piano, the Who is essentially a drum-bass-guitar trio with vocals.

Nineteen-year-old Keith Moon is the only drummer in England who equals Ginger Baker, but his style is as irregular as Baker's is precise. He fills the background with rumbles, shots, and blasts that unaccountably fall perfectly behind whatever is going up front. Bassist John Entwhistle lays down a solid foundation, but he is overshadowed by Moon and by lead guitarist Peter Townshend. It is hard to find precisely the right way of describing the group's sound, though either "controlled Yardbirds" or "gentle Stones" might do.

The most notable composition is Townshend's mini-opera, *A Quick One While He's Away*, which runs about 11 minutes and has four or five separate themes and an episodic story line. Townshend's other four compositions are all interesting and original, as are the two each by Moon and Entwhistle. Only Daltry's *See My Way* is an inferior tune, but the group carries even it off in a remarkable burst of talented rock-and-rolling.

Two other new British LPs deserve attention. Money's *Big Roll Band at Klook's Kleek* captures the feel and sound of the James Brown organization in a way matched in the United States by few groups, black or white.

Money and sideman Paul Williams have rich but unpretentious voices, and they approach the blues with neither condescension nor overrespect. The band is solid; all the solos are interesting, including excellent organ work, presumably by Money, though the liner notes are unclear. Most of the titles are hard-rock standards. This is a happy, swinging effort.

Bee Gees' First is *Revolver*-type Beatles, with slight echoes from the Stones, Spencer Davis, and Motown. The band is tight, the lead singers are good (especially the soulful voice in command on *One-Minute Woman, To Love Somebody*, and *I Can't See Nobody*), and most of the songwriting is of high quality, if a bit too Beatlish.

Included is their first U.S. hit, *New York Mining Disaster 1941*, and 13 other tuneful, literate compositions. The Bee Gees still need to develop their own sound, but they are already far beyond most groups that have grown up with the Beatles. db

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CLARE FISCHER / BLINDFOLD TEST

In addition to his well-known talents as pianist, organist, and composer-arranger, Clare Fischer has a good empirical knowledge of the tuba and several other brass instruments, as well as saxophones and violin. He studied harmony, theory, and composition at Michigan State College, where he earned his master's degree.

Fischer first came to prominence as pianist and music director for the Hi-Lo's from 1957 through 1961. Toward the end of that period, he scored the celebrated Dizzy Gillespie album of Duke Ellington tunes that brought him to the attention of jazz students. (He names Ellington as his earliest writing influence.)

Although many musicians have claimed a major role in the importation of bossa nova, Fischer is one of the few who can back up such assertions. In March, 1962, he wrote the first bossa nova orchestrations created in this country, as part of an album he scored for Cal Tjader.

The records selected for this *Blindfold Test* were chosen because they seemed likely to be of special interest to Fischer as pianist, arranger, and/or samba specialist. He was given no information about them.—*Leonard Feather*

1. ROGER KELLAWAY. *Spirit Feel* (from *Spirit Feel*, Pacific Jazz). Kellaway, piano; Paul Beaver, tape sound effects.

Was that an in-person performance? Then what the devil was all the tape reverberation and all those other things in there? In a studio it would be something you could overdub. But how could they get that reverb on the piano at a concert?

Isn't that funny—here I am listening to a record, and my main reaction to it concerns the technical aspect. I've no idea who it is. The pianist sounds like someone who's normally a very down-home player, who in order to get into something else, goes off into something that has no relationship to what he left. No logical bridge between his conventional and unconventional bags.

I'd give it two stars.

2. GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA UNDER DIRECTION OF BUDDY DE FRANCO. *Chelsea Bridge* (from *In the Mod*, RCA). DeFranco, clarinet, arranger; Billy Strayhorn, composer.

I'm going to take a wild guess—I think that was Buddy DeFranco, and possibly the Glenn Miller Orchestra.

The band strikes me as an enigma, in that, first of all, some interesting harmonic things are happening as far as the individual voicings are concerned, but yet it's played in an older, tighter fashion. For instance, the bass player, if there are chord changes happening every two beats, plays the root for two beats, and then the next root for two beats—that type of sound.

The harmony, especially in the opening part where the theme is established, is a lot more modern than that kind of band would normally sound. I think they're playing that way deliberately to keep the Miller identity, with that rhythmic tightness.

I'd give the arrangement a good four stars, and, if it's permissible, three stars for the record.

3. QUARTETTE TRES BIEN. *The Shadow of Your Smile* (from *Here It Is!*, Decca). Jeter Thompson, piano; Richard Simmons, bass; Albert St. James, drums; Percy James, conga.

Now that record—if you told me that was a Brazilian group, I'd just die, right here and now. Because that is the epitome of what all my Brazilian friends really detest about the things American jazz musicians are doing to what they call bossa nova.

For instance, adding a conga to that sound is the first criminal sin. And yet that's the first thing that most normal Latin groups would do. It's part of their natural instrumentation. But this is completely foreign to the nature of the music.

The drummer sits there playing what you might consider the first pattern that drummers ever learned in this country for the bossa nova, which has become so hackneyed. It's like taking some two-bar phrase they heard Count Basie comp and then playing that same comping pattern throughout the whole piece.

Both the drummer and the left hand of the pianist got so involved with that *daht, daht, daht . . . daht, daht*—it really became tiresome. And the pianist had all sorts of conflicts harmonically. For instance, he plays two-handed chords in which he plays one alteration of the chord in the left hand and another in the right hand, in complete conflict. Boy, as far as I'm concerned, you can give that one star.

4. SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66. *Watch What Happens* (from *Equinox*, A&M). Mendes, piano, arranger; John Pisano, guitar; Joao Palma, drums; Michel Legrand, composer.

When I asked Sergio Mendes why he still called his group Brasil '66 in 1967, he said "'66 was a good year!" That's his group and the French song from *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.

It's not one of their better tracks. Some of the things they've done I have enjoyed tremendously, though it's getting to the point where he's had commercial success doing what he's doing, so it's now somewhere in between strong Brazilian music and quasi-rock.

Joao Palma is an excellent drummer. Here they have John Pisano of the Tijuana Brass playing an amplified guitar. He is one of the few people who, on the regular *un*amplified guitar, has really got the Brazilian thing down. He can play in the Baden Powell style, which is so complicated and so dynamic.

Sergio normally is a much more melodic pianist, but here he's trying to give a hardness and vitality to the over-all commercial sound, and he comes out lacking what he usually has—his lines are usually very smoothly melodic.

This has nothing to do with jazz, but I find it pleasant; on the other hand, some things they do, like *O Pato*, or some of the faster things, I enjoy much more. Two stars.

5. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Agra* (from *Far East Suite*, RCA). Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, composers, arrangers; Harry Carney, baritone sax).

That's wild! I'll start off with five stars and work backwards from there. Now there, to me, is the most perfect band in existence, whether you're thinking of it orchestrationally or in terms of Duke's immensely creative writing. I can't think of anybody I admire more than this man; nobody could even be compared with him, except Billy Strayhorn.

Duke does something with this same old tired instrumentation of trumpets, trombones, and saxophones, and he has a perfect way of utilizing the men's specific sounds. Anything he plays is a work of art. The band is out of tune, for instance, and it doesn't even matter. They almost have their own brand of intonation.

Duke can take an exotic-sounding idea and create something—you might call it sophisticated crudity. It gives both the qualities that I look for—an earthy quality and the sophisticated quality.

The saxophone section—especially Harry Carney here—they play so velvety and subtone-sounding until they sound like flutes, and yet they can get raucous with the hard sounds when they need to really dig in for something. Usually you get either the soft sound of the Paul Desmonds and Lee Konitzes, or else the people who are completely hard, with the metal mouthpieces and the strong reeds.

The trombones, too, have a very special sound. Too often, trombones—when you get into a thing like this—can be played very blatantly and raucously; but these guys, without sounding academic, get a certain feeling that is all their own.

Now that is the kind of record I like. Why didn't you play more things like that? db

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SHEARING

(Continued from page 22)

that required not only expert sight-reading but also some tricky execution and coordination. Well . . . Colin sat down and sight-read that thing in 9/4 and knocked me out."

Bailey, a transplanted Britisher like his boss, is a remarkable player. He delivers the time with crisp authority, has lightning hands, and a thunderstruck right foot. He has written an instruction book on bass drum technique and has another book forthcoming. Bailey is also working his way into vibes under the guidance of quintet-mate Shoemake, a versatile musician much in demand around Hollywood. Guitarist Pass has the instrument covered from Django Reinhardt through Charlie Christian to the present. Pass' wizardry will be noted frequently in the course of a night's work when Shearing will gasp a "Whee!" or "Whoo!" while comping behind Pass' fleet, intricate lines.

The boss is responsible for eliciting a few gasps as well, from his players and members of the audience. On a piece called *Why Not?* he does an unaccompanied solo interlude that evolves, or *devolves*, into a Bach fantasy that threatens to entrench itself in the year 1750 and never return. Then, while his players listen in wonderment, Shearing works his way out and jumps back into the 1960s, his men falling in behind him. For the windup of each night's performance, as a matter of custom and tribute, Shearing's men follow him through the timeless contours of one of the Charlie Parker originals in the book.

GEORGE SHEARING is a mirror of the positive things, the constructive elements in jazz. The reflections are toned with refinements and variations but remain true to the original. Jaundiced businessmen, who don't know Bird from John James Audubon, applaud Parker compositions when Shearing plays. That is one of his great gifts to jazz—getting it into places it's never been, in rooms and ears and minds that are otherwise closed.

Shearing wants jazz to stay on a course that pays heed to the signposts.

"I'm concerned about the way our traditions are being swept aside by some musicians," he said. "We have to progress, and progress requires experimentation, but there must be a link with the past. When bop exploded in the middle '40s, it was considered completely revolutionary, but it was, in fact, evolutionary. For one thing, many of the bop pieces were no more than variations on standard tunes. Some of the jazz that's played is so wild that it's beyond any criteria by which to evaluate it.

"When I speak of tradition, I mean not only jazz traditions but those relating to music as a whole. Certainly, my classical training influences the jazz I play. By contrast, the quintet sound was suggested to me by Glenn Miller's reed voicing."

Pointing out the varied sources of inspiration, Shearing continued, "The success of the Beatles was no accident. They had an instinctive feeling for melodies that communicate, and some of their better songs have the character of Elizabethan folk ballads. I toyed with the idea of making an album called *Music in the Eliza-Beatle Mania*, doing their songs in the formal Elizabethan style." Instead, Shearing has recorded some Beatle numbers in the quintet style.

When hearing the touch that is Shearing's, it burdens the imagination to envision a 5-year old beating on the piano with a hammer. That was George's first manner of musical expression, and his mother and father, to spare their nerves and the piano, decided to get him lessons. Home ground in those early years of his life was London's working-class borough of Battersea.

With a family of nine children, money was scarce in the Shearing home. George was born blind and learned to read Braille at the Shillington Street School for the Blind. He then went to Linden Lodge School, when by the age of 12 his uncommon musical gifts began to flower. To this day, Shearing thinks warmly of his instructor, George Newell, who taught him in both schools and nurtured his talent.

Until he was 16, George studied only the classics, but then he came into contact with the records of Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller, and the fantastic Art Tatum, and these gentlemen of the jazz piano introduced him to a new kind of expression that stimulatingly counterbalanced the strict discipline of earlier study.

These dual influences are endemic to the Shearing style. The quintet sound, with its

delicate interlacing of piano, vibes, and guitar, underscored by the smooth pulse of bass and drums, has a texture so evocative it almost has a fragrance, and even on numbers of strong propulsion, a certain ethereal quality remains.

Shearing always has been able to take raw musical force and tame it; he showed that original compositions could be striking without being shattering, that the ear could be stimulated without being shocked. There is a measured quality about his writing and playing; everything falls into its proper place. His solo pieces are things of grandeur, his beautifully constructed and executed *April in Paris* one of the most grand. With *La Marseillaise* neatly embroidered into the start and finish, he weaves in statements from *The Last Time I Saw Paris* and *An American in Paris* along the way, as well as some touches of Bach, in a performance that is as splendid an illustration of his mastery as anything he does.

As he brings virtual perfection to the piano, his finely honed hearing demands the same from it. It is the custom at Chicago's London House to have the piano tuned once a week; during Shearing's engagements, the piano is tuned three times a week.

The compensatory development that sharpens the other facilities when one has a sensory handicap is evident to an uncanny degree in Shearing. In the manner of a clairvoyant, without any intention of creating such an impression, he is able to render pinpoint judgments about persons he meets—their attitudes, background, experiences in life. He sees more than most who have sight. His pale blue eyes radiate awareness. There is no registration of image, but there is a knowing look in them (Bud Powell once said of Shearing, "That cat ain't blind—he's just acting").

There is a certain tentativeness of movement born of bruised-shin caution, but the myriad hotel rooms he inhabits are quickly solved as to dimensions and furnishings. Long a person of method and order, Shearing gets by with a minimum of difficulty. To negotiate outside areas he has had for the last few years a guide-dog named Lee, a large and handsome Golden Retriever.

As does any dog trained to guide the blind, Lee responds instantly to all commands. Almost all commands. On the Mike Douglas television show Shearing appeared with his quintet, and Lee, who lay at the side of the piano as his master played. When the number was over, Douglas chatted with Shearing, and they talked for a moment about Lee. Shearing tugged on the leash to turn Lee around and give the audience a better look at the dog, but Lee demurred, refusing to face the viewers. "All right, Lee," Shearing quipped, "that's enough of those Miles Davis impressions."

Shearing's perception extends to the matter of clothes, and while he must depend on others for color, he is very conscious of material and styling.

"Feel that," he'll say, turning the lapel of his jacket, "Isn't that beautiful? Let me see *your* jacket . . . Ahh, yes, that's nice material, but what is *that—three* buttons? Man, what's the matter with you? One button swings more than three."

Sitting in a distinguished old German restaurant, the Berghoff in Chicago, Shearing was feeling relaxed and contented. He had made efficient work of pot roast and potato pancakes to the accompaniment of some excellent German wine, which the waiter had recommended, and Shearing had two small glasses, a rare departure from the nonalcoholic regimen dictated by his ulcer condition. Now he was at work on some marzipan strudel and raving about it between mouthfuls: "Oh, this is marvelous . . . just beautiful. What? You can't eat all yours? . . . You can't be serious. Well, don't let the waiter take it. Cut it in half, and I'll take it along. I'll have it after the job with a cup of tea."

This man, who performs so brilliantly at a piano keyboard, brings some of the same grace to the keys of a Perkins Braille-Writer. On one occasion, in a Chicago hotel room, he was filling out an application to the Hadley School for the Blind, an institution that offers free correspondence courses in Braille. Shearing wanted to take a course in business law. His road manager, Wally Ryan, sat on the bed reading off the questions, and Shearing sat at the desk with the Braille-Writer, filling in the answers. "Okay, next," Ryan said. "What is your reason for taking the course?" Shearing paused and then said, "Hmmm . . . uh, advancement."

Shearing sails on, presenting music that is always *music,* wreathed in confidence, curiosity, and humor. dB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 26)

came across clearly. Barton, an ex-trombonist, is rapidly gaining stature on his late love, the drums, and carving a niche for himself as a composer-arranger. His three originals made for provocative listening.

Singing Oyster was a delight in 3/4 time. Polyphonic, the sections moving in close order with Rowe and Daversa making salaams, it probably will be in the book until it's dog-eared. *Three Thoughts* contrasted sepulchral brass with alto and trumpet in a subdued mood, the gradually slowing rhythm reflecting the languor of the piece. Barton's *New Day* started slowly, Daversa's serene trumpet over an elegiac background, and then accelerated into a steady 4/4 whipped to a breakneck pace, while Daversa remained unruffled at all tempos.

An accolade for Duke Ellington was a straight-ahead *Take the A Train*. It is a rare thing for Kenton to dip into another bandleader's repertoire. Rowe played genial tenor here and was downright brilliant on *Summertime*.

Auxiliary percussion was used again for the Latin American aid that bridged and peppered a medley of familiars: *Eager Beaver, Opus in Chartreuse*, and *Artistry in Rhythm*. The trombones' slow intonation of Kenton's leit-motif on *Artistry* climaxed the evening.

Forger and sometime prisoner of fortissimo chains, Kenton can deal in finesse as expertly as in shout. His current orchestra is eloquent on all musical levels.

—*Sammy Mitchell*

Arrangers' Holiday 1967

Eastman School of Music
Rochester, N.Y.

Personnel: Arrangers' Workshop Orchestra; Rayburn Wright and Manny Albam, conductors. Rochester area high school stage band, the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., director. The Jazz Quartet: Thad Jones, fluegelhorn; Chick Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

The many faces of jazz were displayed to a near-capacity crowd at the eighth annual Arrangers' Holiday at Eastman. Begun as a showcase for student arrangements by the members of the arrangers' workshop at the school, the annual event has matured, under the direction of Wright and Albam, into an outstanding jazz presentation.

The workshop makes use of a resident, professional 50-piece studio orchestra, which functions in various capacities—from combos to big band to small orchestra to full orchestra—to give student arrangers a chance to hear exactly and precisely what they have written. This ensemble, in its various guises, provided the basic performance unit for the concert.

In the first part of the program (arrangements written during the second session of the workshop), an up-tempo, driving setting by Lovell Ives for *Work Song* was followed by an arrangement of *What Now, My Love?* by Warren Kellerhouse. It opened with a lonely and murky string-and-woodwind section, setting up Eugene

Wade's French horn handling the melody over a Latin base.

An Oriental rock original by Earle Cory, *Suk Chu*, featured mallet colorations over a gently "rocking" rhythm, before leading to a subdued violin solo, a trombone solo by Tony Studd, and piano work by Tom Ferguson. The orchestra switched into a funky 3/4 before a recapitulation of the Oriental percussion section.

Studd's scoring of *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* provided a poetic, complex, impressionistic background for a sensitively phrased baritone saxophone solo by Ned Corman. *Casino Royale*, introduced by conductor Wright as a "Bondish" piece, was pretty much of a put-on. The arrangement, by Gene Ronsonette, was a humorous rock melange larded with liberal quotes from classical sources.

A Rochester area high school stage band —a lab group for Eastman's stage-band procedures course—rode the creaky pit elevator up to the stage with John Morris' punching, up-tempo arrangement of *Rose Room*, and followed with creditable readings of two Albam arrangements from his *Brass Afire* album: *I Get a Kick Out of You* and *My Heart Stood Still*.

The first half of the concert ended with a film festival including a demonstration of silent-movie house piano technique by the retiring director of the Eastman summer session and founder of the arrangers' workshop, Allen I. McHose.

The second half highlighted the guest artists for this year's concert. Thad Jones was sincere and communicative on fluegelhorn; Mel Lewis rock-solid, generally unobtrusive, and always kicking on drums; Richard Davis' lightning fingers laid down bass lines that were so right, so musical, so solid; and Chick Corea comped creatively with a crystal-light touch on piano, soloing with a classical orientation.

This quartet also served as rhythm section and soloist on four big-band numbers, three of which were from the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band book.

The line on *Three and One* was quietly stated by Jones and Davis with shouts from the band. After a blistering saxophone ensemble, Jones and Davis engaged in one of their free, humorous "conversation" solos. Throughout the evening Jones took his fluegelhorn to the heights with exciting screech effects. Bob Brookmeyer's arrangement of *Willow Tree* featured long, asymmetric lines by Davis, bending in and out of time.

A high school graduate and future music major at Ithaca College, David Berger, won the Duke Ellington Scholarship (offered by Eastman to a student arranger) for his setting of *Lover Man*.

Opening with a warm fluegelhorn statement, moving effectively in and out of double-time sections, the arrangement made good use of French horns and somber big-band colors, as well as dramatic and unusual full ensemble shouts. Beautiful ensemble writing surrounded bass and piano solos leading to Jones' humorous closing display of flexibility.

Jones' *Once Around* was up tempo, Lewis kicking the band and the combo all the way. Davis' bass solo was a virtuosic but tasteful display of technique, his lines assuming a hornlike legato quality. In this solo, he effectively used bent notes and slides, building tension over insistent pedal points—sometimes moving, sometimes stationary.

Corea's solo was deeply inflected with classical piano techniques. His approach to the instrument is thoroughly orchestral. Throughout the evening, he demonstrated remarkable control and touch, especially behind the bass solos. In his solo spots, Lewis engaged in coloristic exploration of the drum set, especially of cymbal sounds.

The quartet interspersed three numbers of their own in this half of the program. Corea's *What Was!*, a jazz waltz, opened with Jones' playing of the haunting, "times past" melody over complex rhythmic patterns that avoided the usual jazz waltz feel. Behind the solos, Davis kept spreading the time and building tension.

Steps, a fast minor blues by Corea, featured Jones in a furious, jagged solo, Lewis really cooking behind him and then contributing a fiery, wild solo.

CHARLES STEWART

MANNY ALBAM
Outstanding Presentation

The long concert ended with the first performance by the full orchestra of a suite adapted from Albam's *Soul of the City* recording under the composer's direction. The Jazz Quartet again served as the rhythm section, Jones handling all the solo spots.

After a dramatic, fanfare-ish orchestral opening, *Born on Arrival* featured subdued playing by Jones. The lightly swinging *Ground Floor Rear (Next to the Synagog)* was punctuated by ethnic interludes. The happy, lilting, 3/4-time *Children's Corner* was a most ingenuous and simply pleasing line, interrupted from time to time by game cries. Organlike and melancholy string voicings introduced *View from the Outside*, featuring simultaneous improvising by altoist Jerry Niewood, trombonist Studd, and Jones. An exciting reading of *Game of the Year* concluded the suite and the concert.

Eastman has become committed to jazz only in the relatively recent past, but the commitment is now a deep and extensive one, and a successful one as well, if the arrangers' workshop and Arrangers' Holiday are a valid measure.

—George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

Various Artists
Meadows Club, Chicago

What kind of tribute would be fitting for John Coltrane? More than Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong, or who you will, Coltrane became very popular without his audience understanding much of what he was up to. In fact, the greater part of that audience had already appeared when he was with Miles Davis, and since then, of course, Coltrane has become a public symbol of newness and progress, orgiastic ritual, even cultivated savagery.

This image seemed to embarrass Coltrane; he would tell interviewers that he felt his own role was simply to suggest new ideas and techniques to other musicians.

If this were really true, he would have been no more than one of those unhappy figures who inhabit the transitional periods of any art's history. To the contrary, apart from his technical and rhythmic innovations, Coltrane's contribution was a uniquely powerful mind and a complete dedication to the craft of creation and performance. When he said, "My music is an act of devotion," he was stating a plain truth. Did any other musicians, who recorded as frequently, manage to retain standards of quality as consistently high as Coltrane's? His complete seriousness and responsibility could profoundly illuminate even a failure like *Ascension*—and somehow most of the musicians and fans who heard Coltrane missed the message.

Saying this is to say that Big Joe Williams could just as appropriately pay tribute to Coltrane as Joseph Jarman or Albert Ayler or Pharaoh Sanders, and for the same reason, Phil Cohran and his Artistic Heritage Ensemble were definitely inappropriate.

Pianist Ken Chaney organized this concert, surely a difficult job; the show started late, and I arrived later, in time to miss Chaney's trio spot entirely—too bad, because his brief chorus in Bunky Green's set, later, called for more.

But Anthony Braxton and Maurice McIntyre were the second group. These two made perfect foils for each other: Braxton, a wildly luxurious altoist, and McIntyre, a straightforward, economical tenorist, both spoke the same Coltrane-like rhythmic-harmonic language. These two, plus fluent bass and violin solos, were framed with and matched to shifting tempos, ensemble improvisations, group themes—an unwieldy performance.

From then on it was very good, very bad, or very indifferent. Piano trios led by Louis Hall and Willie Pickens were orderly, graceful, and professional, and nothing else. One interesting thing did happen: sitter-in bassist Wilbur Ware still felt like playing after pianist Pickens and drummer Vernell Fournier were done. Pianist Richard Abrams came to Ware's rescue, and the two created a nutty blues, swapping threes and sevens and even dropping in a bit of Stravinsky-and-stride piano. Lots of good fun.

Abrams' own set was another story. His sextet incorporated the Roscoe Mitchell Trio and some of the ideas the trio had

readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 32nd annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is under way. For the next four 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!

used in a recent concert—the set seemed compressed (likely an "equal time" rule was in effect for the groups), so what happened this time never quite jelled.

For instance, Abrams began a marvelous piano solo, contrasting and matching left- and right-hand melodic lines in an unadorned, consistent rhythmic flow—and suddenly it was over. Altoist Mitchell attempted to structure a solo in too-brief sequences, and then trumpeter Lester Bowie finally did create a long, self-contained statement, varying sound and phrasing over a shifting tempo and ensemble improvisation—a concisely spaced and varied work.

Then Mitchell and Bowie led the group in ensemble improvisations, surprisingly spare and wistful, during which Mitchell presented a short series of variations on Coltrane's *Impressions;* this strange, moving—and excellent—set ended with *Greensleeves,* played straight.

But then came Cohran and the Artistic Heritage Ensemble. First Cohran told a story about how he played against Coltrane and Eddie Vinson in a "battle of the bands" somewhere in 1948 and how, 15 years later, he stood for an hour waiting to get into a club to see if Coltrane remembered "the little curly headed boy who wore a turban and played the trumpet" somewhere in 1948. His selling gimmick is to lecture audiences on some detail from *Every Boy's Book of Negro History* and then play a ditty "based" on that detail. This time he told a story about someone who was lonely, "and I'm sure that sometime in his life, somewhere, Coltrane was lonely too." Nice tie-in.

The song featured the line "let me go back home" sung in unison over and over. Since by now Cohran had equaled the time taken by the other groups, he announced, "I always love to tell the story of the minstrel," and then, by gum, he did.

The "original" that followed offered long solos by each of the 15 or 20 Ensemble musicians, each solo based on the premise that the audience couldn't hear any given phrase unless it was repeated at least half a dozen times—maybe so, since conga drummers, honking saxophones, and electric thumb piano (!), guitar, and bass made it deafening.

It takes considerable restraint to not go into detail about this act, at least as much a social phenomenon as a musical one; the importance of Cohran is not to be underestimated, because a book could be written on the sociological aspects of the performance—and not the least important factor was that it was in absolutely dead seriousness. After this, it was a pleasure to hear alto saxophonist Bunky Green's modest, good-natured quintet rip through *Green Dolphin Street*—drummer McCall, who had been a bit uneasy with the Abrams group, now drove Green along nicely.

The last spot was Jarman's quartet, plus tenor soloist Fred Anderson, and somehow everything that had happened before was immediately forgotten. The typical, tempoless, mezzopiano opening, with the myriad tiny bells and tinkling toys, was a different world already; gradually the volume rose; then, suddenly, drummer Thurman Barker and bassist Charles Clark were playing a spirited, if softly stated, fast—medium tempo.

Anderson then played a fluent, big-toned hard bop solo—"He hung out huge sides of lean, red beef," as critic J. B. Figi once described his playing. Jarman, on alto, joined, making explosions of lyrical fireworks freely and brightly through Anderson's lines—a sequence more compelling for Jarman's sweet music than for even the rhythmic excitement that was generated.

The beauty of it was not only in Jarman's unequaled virtuoso technique (few can match his instrumental control, even in the overtone ranges). Even in a complementary role like this, each phrase is sculptured to be complete in itself and at the same time part of a larger design—a long motivic variation, for instance, itself a sequential variation within the improvisation's superstructure, all springing from the opening motif, sparely detailed but highly suggestive.

Pianist Christopher Gaddy played a long, dissonant, excellently timed and structured solo. Here is where the group's virtues are best revealed: Gaddy's very romantic dissonances are one aspect of Cecil Taylor telescoped, and because of this the flexible, responsive Gaddy, rather appropriately, tends to dominate the group sound. But bassist Charles Clark's variety and rhythmic electricity are another singular wonder, and in this straight-ahead piece Barker's flashing decorations were quite perfect. Together they make an unusually fine and complementary group.

When they settled into Coltrane's *India,* over a slower tempo, Jarman breathed a long-lined soprano solo, with each phrase, each rest so very precisely placed and spaced, with bent notes contrasting with "straight" notes and each so exactly articulated.

To conclude, Jarman read a poem over Gaddy's plaintive background. The title of Jarman's set was *Ode to John Coltrane, Master Musician,* and it was the one completely fulfilling event of the evening.

What did all of this mean?

Well, the whole evening was a chance for musicians to hear each other again, and for the Braxton, Abrams, and Jarman groups, a chance to acknowledge their various debts to Coltrane. Jarman's personal style, in fact, derives from Coltrane's mid-60s rhythmic and even structural ideas, and I suspect that at one time Jarman may have even sounded a bit like Coltrane. These are the best reasons for a musician to acknowledge Coltrane's impact formally.

And for the audience, it was another social affair at the country club, an excuse to visit and drink cocktails, so that Cohran's group, the one band that played loud enough to pulverize all the chatter, got a standing ovation.

No doubt a number of other "Tributes to Trane" have taken place throughout the country by now; hopefully, all of them had, as this one had, a few moments that were genuine tributes. —*John Litweiler*

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Clarinetist **Tony Scott** recently joined the long-incumbent **Elvin Jones** group at Pookie's Pub . . . The **Roland Kirk** *Jam-happening,* rained out Aug. 24, closed the *Down Beat*-co-sponsored Jazz in the Garden series at the Museum of Modern Art on the following Thursday. Kirk, on tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, amplified clarinet, sirens, and chimes, led a jam session featuring **Charlie Shavers,** trumpet; **Jaki Byard,** piano, vibes, and tenor saxophone; **Ben Tucker,** bass; and **Elvin Jones,** drums . . . **Mongo Santamaria's** band played opposite **Ornette Coleman's** quartet during the last of Coleman's five weeks at the Village Gate. On Coleman's closing night, **Lee Konitz** sat in with him. **Nina Simone** and Latin percussionist **Montego Joe** followed Santamaria and Coleman at the club, while vibraharpist **Johnny Lytle's** trio was held over through Oct. 1 at Top of the Gate . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** checks into the Royal Box of the Americana Hotel Oct. 17 for a three-week stay. . . **Buddy Rich's** orchestra ends a two-week voyage aboard the Riverboat on Oct. 8; the bands of **Ray Anthony** and **Larry Elgart** comprised the doubleheader preceding Rich . . . **Erroll Garner** was set to make a special appearance on CBC-TV from Montreal Sept. 30. There was also a possibility at presstime that he would play at the Youth Pavilion of Expo '67. On Nov. 10 and 11, Garner will play with the Milwaukee Symphony, and on Nov. 25, with the Baltimore Symphony. In early November, he is scheduled to take part in the Berlin Jazz Festival and also play in Munich and Stuttgart . . . Sunday evening sessions are taking place at the Palm Gardens on West 52nd St. between 8th and 9th Aves. Run by **Matty Walsh** of Jimmy Ryan's club and **Max Cavalli** ("Max the Mayor"), the Oct. 1 kickoff bash was scheduled to feature trumpeter Shavers and clarinetist **Sol Yaged.** Trumpets in tandem, with **Roy Eldridge** and **Wild Bill Davison,** is the theme for the Oct. 8 program. Davison, recently returned to the east after a long stay in California, will play a gig at the Shearaton Motor Inn in Groton, Conn. Oct. 13, and proceed to West Peabody, Mass., where he will be in residence at Lennie's from Oct. 16-22 . . . Doug Duke's Place, a club run by organist-pianist **Doug Duke** on Lake Ave. in Rochester, N.Y., has been the scene of much summer activity, and will continue special events through the fall months. Recent attractions have included Eldridge, **Teddy Wilson,** and guitarist **Charlie Byrd.** Charlie Shavers plays there Oct. 8 . . . **Benny Goodman** was awarded the keys to the city of Norwalk, Conn., when he appeared there in a free concert by the **Lou Williams** Orchestra . . . **Marian McPartland** played a concert at the Continental Restaurant in Fairfield, Conn., in early September . . . Soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy's** quartet, plus **Karl Berger** on vibes, did the sound track for *A High Price for Love,* a film about sky diving to be released soon . . . Pianist **Lee Shaw's** trio, plus altoist **Arnie Lawrence,** played at Manhattan's Carl Schurtz Park near Mayor Lindsay's Gracie Mansion. It was the first time in 10 years that a jazz group has appeared in the concert series *Music in the Mayor's Back Yard.* The pianist and her trio, with husband **Stan Shaw** on drums, began an indefinite stay at the Apartment Sept. 11 . . . **Jonah Jones** and his quartet opened at the Rainbow Grill for six weeks Sept. 5 . . . Recent guests with drummer **Joe Coleman's** quartet at the Star Fire Lounge in Levittown, L.I., have been trumpeters **Jimmy Nottingham** and Shavers, and clarinetist **Jimmy Hamilton** . . . The Long Island Jazz & Stage Band Lab, which meets every Tuesday night from 7 to 10 in Long Beach, gave a concert on Aug. 28 in that Long Island community . . . The **Otto-McLawler Trio,** with electric violinist **Richard Otto,** organist-vocalist **Sarah McLawler,** and drummer **Sam Cox,** opened at the Lake Tower Inn in Roslyn, L.I., on Sept. 5 for an extended stay.

Los Angeles: **Bola Sete** followed the **Gabor Szabo-Gary Burton** booking for a two-week stay at Shelly's Manne-Hole. **Sebastian Neto** is still on bass; **Claudio Slon** recently left **Walter Wanderley** to replace **Paulinho** on drums . . . **Lennie Sogoloff,** major-domo of the off-Boston jazz club Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, swept into Los Angeles with a vengeance, squeezing every jazz room he could find into a three-night listening orgy. Aside from catching a maximum of sounds, Lennie was mainly embroiled in shop talk with fellow club owners—**Shelly Manne, Howard Rumsey (John Levine's** second-in-command at the Lighthouse), and **Cary Leverette** at Donte's. While Manne was on equal footing in his own club, come next April, the relationship will be strictly labor and management. Lennie has Shelly's group penciled in for an April 2 opening. (In Shelly's group, trumpeter **Conte Candoli** was on vacation; trombonist **Frank Rosolino** was subbing.) Lennie also seems to have lured **Howard Roberts** back to the east coast. Roberts' group was at Donte's when Lennie walked in. Personnel: **Tom Scott,** reeds; **Steve Bohannon,** organ; Roberts, guitar; **Chuck Berghofer,** bass; **John Guerin,** drums. It is unlikely that studio commitments would allow the group to go east intact, but this is the combo that has been playing together for a number of weekends at Donte's. As for the Lighthouse, **Wes Montgomery's** combo was the attraction. No chance of stealing them; they had just played Lennie's. They were in the fourth week of their Lighthouse engagement and the club was still going strong—strictly SRO. In fact, Montgomery's combo broke the all-time attendance record set last year at the Lighthouse by **Ramsey Lewis.** Besides the Montgomery brothers—Wes, guitar; **Buddy,** piano; **Monk,** bass—there were **Billy Hart,** drums, and **Alvin Bunn,** bongos . . . Conga drummer **Big Black** is now fronting his own octet and recently brought it into the Tropicana. Known as the **Big Black African Octet,** the personnel consists of **Maurice Spears,** trombone; **Howard Johnson,** tuba and baritone saxophone; **Herman Riley,** flute; **Charles Mallory,** guitar; **Caiphus**

Semenya, piano; **Ron Marshall,** bass; **Billy Moore,** drums . . . **Terry Gibbs,** who closed a successful month-and-a-half gig at the Playboy Club, followed Howard Roberts into Donte's for a series of weekend stands. With Gibbs on vibes: **Herb Ellis,** guitar; **Ray Brown,** bass; **Ed Thigpen** or **John Guerin,** drums. It will come as no surprise to learn that **Steve Allen** sat in with Gibbs during the Playboy stint . . . Gibbs will also be included in the new fall series taking place in the Pilgrimage Theater. The success of the summer series encouraged the Los Angeles Board of County Supervisors to expand the free Sunday matinees in the outdoor amphitheater. The series began with **Emil Richards'** combo, Sept. 17; followed by **Gill Melle** and his **Electronic Jazz Quartet,** Sept. 24; then **Don Ellis** and his band, Oct. 1. Remaining in the series: **Shelly Manne and his Men,** Oct. 8; **Tommy Gumina** and his quartet, with singer **Gwen Stacy,** Oct. 15; Gibbs' quintet, Oct. 22; a doubleheader on Oct. 29, featuring the **Clare Fischer** Trio and the **Victor Feldman** Trio; and finally **Gerald Wilson** and his orchestra, Nov. 5 . . . **Tom Scott,** multi-reed man formerly with Don Ellis, lately with Howard Roberts, has signed a three-year contract with Impulse. Also signing with that label: bassist **Bill Plummer.** His first album, however, will find him playing sitar. Plummer recently taught actor **Peter Sellers** how to play sitar . . . Ellis found a new home for his 20-piece orchestra: Shelly's Manne-Hole on Monday nights. His former home, Bonesville, is fluctuating between an on-again, off-again music policy and when it is open, cannot decide between jazz and rock. The final night for Ellis' band was SRO as early as 8 p.m. Featured guest was **Louis Bellson.** Ellis will be going to Europe for two weeks in November to conduct local ensembles in special material he is preparing. One of the groups he'll conduct is called the **Berlin Dream Band.** Ellis is also writing a piece for his band and the **Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra** to be conducted by the Philharmonic's music director, **Zubin Mehta** . . . Another bassist switched momentarily to sitar for a gig in Oakland: **Hersh Hamel,** with **Art Pepper's** quartet. Rounding out the group: **Dick Whittington,** piano; **Jerry Granelli,** drums; former altoist Pepper is still playing tenor saxophone most of the time . . . It's not every singer that earns a *Festwoche.* **Nancy Wilson** did, and from Süd-Deutscher Rundfunk, yet. Miss Wilson enjoyed a week-long salute over the South German Radio network in Stuttgart. The network programmed one Nancy Wilson selection each hour during the festival week. Domestically, Miss Wilson was recently honored by NATRAS as "top female jazz vocalist." Miss Wilson just signed the **Three Sounds** to accompany her on her fall campus tour . . . **Tommy Peltier** and his **Jazz Corps** worked a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena. Featured Corps-men are Peltier, trumpet and fluegelhorn; **Fred Rodriguez,** tenor and alto saxophones, flute; **Lynn Blessing,** vibes; Bill Plummer, bass; **Maurice Miller,** drums . . . **Nellie Lutcher** is finishing up a four-week engagement at Whittinghill's, in Sherman Oaks, with her trio . . . **Eddie Cano** and his quartet moved from the Lemon Twist to the 940 Club . . . The **Al Reece** Trio moved into Sneeky Pete's as **Art Graham** moved his trio over to the Little New Yorker . . . **Willie Bobo** followed **Ahmad Jamal** into the Lighthouse, and **Oscar Peterson** just completed a gig at the Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza Hotel . . . The Golden Bear at Huntington Beach—ordinarily the home of folk music—recently presented the **Charles Lloyd** Quartet for six nights . . . Disneyland presented a one-nighter featuring **Louis Armstrong, Teddy Buckner,** the **Young Men from New Orleans, Doc Souchon,** and the **Firehouse Five Plus Two.** After the orgy of traditionalism, Armstrong was scheduled to appear (Oct. 18) at the Ilikai in Honolulu . . . British Dixielander **Kenny Ball and His Jazzmen** stopped off in Garden Grove on their way to New Zealand to play at the Fire Station Inn for two nights, sharing the stage with **Sonny Helmer's Ragtimers.** In addition to Helmer, **Beatrice Kay** is now a regular attraction there on Thursdays and Fridays . . . **Bobbie Douglas,** expatriate British Dixieland clarinetist, has left Los Angeles to take up permanent residence in New Orleans . . . **The Ambassadors**—local 15-piece orchestra—played a special going-away dance for its organizer, **Ed Greenwood,** at the Elks Ballroom . . . **Bill Fritz**

—reed man for **Stan Kenton,** and faculty member at California Institute of the Arts (where he teaches jazz ensemble and jazz composition)—just conducted a week-long writers' clinic at Fresno State College . . . In other academic matters, free-lance jazz writer **Charles Weisenberg** is giving a course called "Jazz: An American Experience" as part of the University of California extension program. The course includes weekly lecture-discussions illustrated by recordings . . . The **Gene Russell** Trio (Russell, piano; **George Morrow,** bass; **Clarence Johnston,** drums), who just played two nights at the Brass Ring in Sherman Oaks, guested on a new show called *Groovy,* produced by an independent station, KHJ-TV . . . **Bob Corwin,** who fronts one of the house trios at the Playboy Club, has been named entertainment director for the local bunny hutch, replacing **Joe Parnello,** who left many moons ago to become **Vic Damone's** music director . . . **Neal Hefti** just recorded his score for Universal's *New Face in Hell.* 20th Century's *Star* just used trumpeter **Jake Porter's** Dixieland combo for a sequence . . . **Russ Freeman** has written some special charts for **Diana Darrin's** new club act. **Oliver Nelson** is doing the same for **Lena Horne.** In addition, he's scoring a number of episodes for the new TV series, *Ironsides.*

San Francisco: The Both/And, in an effort to ease the pinch on the fan's pocketbook and to bring more listeners into the club, has made available a cut-rate membership card. The card, priced at $10, is good for 15 free admissions to the Both/And at any time. Singer **Bobby Blue Bland** will be at the club Nov. 2-5, and organist **Jimmy Smith** will play for a week starting Dec. 12. September and October saw some of the best musicians on the modern scene at the Both/And, including **Miles Davis, John Handy,** the **Modern Jazz Quartet,** and **Wes Montgomery.** The John Coltrane Memorial Workshop continues on Sundays . . . The fourth annual Mt. Tamalpias jazz concert, Oct. 8, is scheduled to spotlight **Duke Ellington's** band and **Bola Sete's** trio (bassist **Sebastian Neto,** drummer **Claudio Slon**) . . . **Dave Brubeck's** quartet will be at Cal State in Hayward Oct. 14. The concert precedes an extensive European tour by the quartet . . . Sitarist **Nikhil Banerjee (Mahapurush Misra,** tabla; **Ashish Khan,** tamboura) gave a mid-September concert in the San Francisco Veterans Auditorium. The performance was sponsored by the Society of Eastern Arts . . . Two days later, the New Orleans Jazz Club held an outdoor picnic-concert in Guerneville. Featured were **Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band** (cornetist-vocalist **Ray Ronnei;** trombonist **Bob Mielke;** clarinetist **Phil Howe;** bassist **Squire Girshback;** drummer **Vince Hickey,** and banjoist Shafer), and the **Chicago Ramblers** (cornetist **Bert Barr;** trombonist **Jim Snoke;** saxophonist-cornetist **Mark Drunosky;** tubaist **Tom Jacobus,** and banjoist **Larry Risner**) . . . The same day, **Louis Armstrong** gave a concert at Stanford University . . . Trumpeter **Kenny Ball and His Jazzmen** shared the bill with **Turk Murphy's** combo Sept. 12 at Earthquake McGoon's . . . **Don Ellis'** orchestra played a one-nighter in Oakland's Gold Nugget. **Shelley Manne and His Men** and pianist-singer **Bobby Troup** performed there two nights each . . . The **Tijuana Brass** and **Brasil '66** gave a concert in Oakland's new arena . . . **Little Richard** performed at Concord's coliseum . . . **Jon Hendricks** shared the bill with comedian **Allan Sherman** at the Hungry i . . . Pianist **Vince Guaraldi** drew big crowds in his two-week engagement at C'est Bon and was held over for another two weeks . . . Pianist **Jean Hoffman** initiated a series of Monday night appearances at the Trident in Sausalito . . . Drummer **Dick McGarvin** (bassist **Terry Hilliard;** pianist **Ed Kelly**) is performing Sundays at El Matador, in addition to his Monday appearances at C'est Bon . . . Old Town, a complex of shops and restaurants in Los Gatos, includes a 500-seat theater which recently showcased **Cal Tjader** and Bola Sete. The house band at Old Town is the **Los Gatos Quatro,** led by **Dave Hoffman.**

Detroit: One of Detroit's finest jazz groups is without a home since bassist **Ernie Farrow** pulled his group out of Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant. Farrow hopes to take his group on the road . . . Trombonist **George West,** formerly with **Woody Herman** and **Kai Winding,** has taken over the **Michigan State University Jazz Lab Band** . . . Another valuable addition to the Lansing scene occurred when baritone saxophonist **Les Rout** joined the MSU faculty . . . On Lansing radio, **Bryan Rublein** has taken over **Bud Spangler's** *Jazz Horizons* show on WKAR . . . At the University of Michigan, Labor Day weekend featured two extremes of jazz, with concerts by **Louis Armstrong** and a "free" group led by flutist **Art Fletcher.** Fletcher's group also can be heard at Clint's Club, formerly the Midway . . . The Drome returned to a name group policy in September, starting with bagpiper **Rufus Harley's** quartet. For trumpeter **Willie Wells'** last weekend at the club, **Doug Hammon** replaced **James Youngblood** on drums. A guest was **Aretha Franklin's** bassist **Rod Hicks** . . . Pianist-vocalist **Barbara Logan** has left Pier One. Her replacement on piano is **Charles Boles.** Bassist **Willie Green** has taken over leadership of the group. Sidemen include tenorist **Maurice Hooks** and drummer **Drew Evans** . . . During vocalist **Mark Richards'** illness, pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio became a quartet with the addition of vibist **Dick Tapert** . . . The current drummer with organist **James Cox'** trio at the Hobby Bar is **Bobby Lewis** . . . Free concerts at the Michigan State Fair have included one by **Sergio Mendes' Brasil '66** and one featuring singer **Buddy Greco** with the **Buddy Rich** Band.

Las Vegas: The big band of **Buddy Rich,** augmented by the string section of the house orchestra, provided powerful backing for **Frank Sinatra** in his September engagement at the Sands. Because of throat trouble, Sinatra was forced to take things easy, vocally, and **Sammy Davis Jr.** teamed up with him for the first few shows. The Rich band was featured at length, and received enthusiastic response from the standing-room-only crowds . . . Also at the Sands, in the Celebrity Theater, **Count Basie** and band were in for a three-week booking. **Sonny Payne,** with some time off from the **Harry James** Band, was back on drums with Basie, while pianist **Rudi Eagan** guided the band through arrangements for singer **Marlena Shaw** . . . At the Sahara, **Nancy Wilson** opened a four-week engagement using arrangements by **Billy May** and **Allyn Ferguson.** Directing the orchestra was pianist-conductor **Donn Trenner,** with bassist **Buster Williams** and drummer **Mickey Roker** in the rhythm section. The **Doodletown Pipers,** also on the bill, joined Miss Wilson at the end of each show . . . Tenorist-composer **Raoul Romero** began rehearsals of another big band, with arrangers **Herb Phillips** and **Rick Davis** as well as Romero himself contributing to the book.

Boston: Organist **Jimmy McGriff** and his trio, featuring guitarist **Thornell Schwartz,** played the Jazz Workshop for a week. Tenorist **Eddie Harris** followed, backed by the **Joe Beck-Mike Mainieri** Trio (Beck, guitar; Mainieri, vibes; **Lyn Christie,** bass; **Jim Cappes,** drums) . . . Vocalist **Helen Forrest** did a week at Paul's Mall with the **Rollins Griffith** Trio. She was followed by a newcomer to the Boston jazz scene, **Roberta Peck,** backed by **Dave Blume,** piano; **John Neves,** bass; and **Jeff Brillinger,** drums . . . Pianist-vocalist **Mose Allison** was featured for a week at Club 47 with bassist **Tony Eira** and drummer **Alan Dawson** . . . The big band sound of **Buddy Rich** and his 16 pieces was heard for two weeks at Lennie's on the Turnpike . . . *Jazz on Channel 2* recently featured Mose Allison, Roberta Peck, and Eddie Harris.

Cincinnati: A memorial concert was held Aug. 20 for the benefit of the family of trombonist-vocalist **Monte Tabbert,** killed in an automobile accident earlier in the month. The concert was organized by **Terry Moore, Jim McGary,** and **Alex Cirin,** and featured the groups of **Gene Mayl, Dee Felice,** McGary, **Cal Collins, Lee Stolar, Carmon DeLeone, John Wright,** and the **I&M Big Band.** Emcees were disc jockies **Ray Scott, Dick Pike, Oscar Treadwell,** and **Ty Williams.** The music began at 3 and continued until midnight . . . Three Cincinnati jazz groups were presented in concert in conjunction with the Cincinnati Symphony's Summer Festival. Opening the concert was the **Dave Engle** Trio, currently appearing at the Playboy Club. Working with pianist Engle were bassist **John Parker** and drummer DeLeone. The John Wright Quintet, working nightly at Herbie's Lounge, followed, with Wright, tenor and soprano saxophones; **Rickey Kelley,** normophone;

Sam Jackson, piano; **James Anderson,** bass; and **Bobby Scott,** drums. Tenor saxophonist McGary's quartet (**Ed Moss,** piano; **Lou Lausche,** bass; **Dave Frerichs,** drums) currently appearing at the Blind Lemon, closed the program . . . Herbie's Lounge will present the **Woody Evans** Trio this fall, followed by **Sonny Cole's** group . . . The Living Room Supper Club continued a name jazz policy throughout the summer and early fall. **Lionel Hampton, Erroll Garner, George Shearing, Ramsey Lewis/Jack Sheldon,** and **Groove Holmes** have made recent appearances . . . Drummer **Jimmy Madison** recently joined **Lionel Hampton.** Madison formerly worked with trumpeter **Don Goldie.**

Seattle: **Charles Lloyd** and his quartet are booked Oct. 7 and 8 at the Eagles Auditorium opposite a local rock band, the **Magic Fern,** with a light show. The event is co-sponsored by the Seattle Jazz Society. The **John Handy** group was also at the Eagles last month, opposite the **Youngbloods.** Both Lloyd and Handy gave concerts at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Canada . . . Singer **Ernestine Anderson** has returned home from three years in Europe and England . . . **Roland Kirk's** quartet appeared at the Penthouse last month, followed by the **Miles Davis** Quintet, the **Oscar Peterson** Trio, and from Oct. 12 through 21, **Bola Sete** . . . The Colony Club held Sunday sessions with vocalist **Jo Miya,** tenorist **Gerald Brashear,** pianist **Lee Anderson,** bassist **Rufus Reid,** and a promising drummer, **Tommy Henderson** . . . **Joe Williams** and the **Harold Mabern** Trio played the Olympic Hotel's Marine Room late in August . . . A driving local blues group opened at D-J's last month, led by guitarist **Joe Johansen,** with tenorist-flutist **Bob Krause,** organist **Buck England,** and drummer **Chip Hayes** . . . The **Grateful Dead** and the **Peanut Butter Conspiracy** were at the Eagles last month . . . **Diana Ross and the Supremes** are appearing in Eugene, Ore., Oct. 22, and in Spokane, Wash., Oct. 29 . . . The Seattle Coliseum was the scene of recent appearances by the **Jefferson Airplane** and **Donovan** . . . The Checkmate opened its first Sunday set with the **George Siegel** Big Band, a 16-piece group including **Floyd Standifer** and **Ed Lee,** trumpets; **Bill Brown,** tenor; **George Griffin,** drums, and Lee Anderson and Rufus Reid completing the rhythm section.

Toronto: Two founding fathers of bebop were in town at the same time recently: **Thelonious Monk** at the Colonial, and **Dizzy Gillespie** at the Town. With the pianist were **Charlie Rouse,** tenor saxophone; **Larry Gales,** bass; and **Ben Riley,** drums. The trumpeter's men included saxophonist-flutist **James Moody; Michael Longo,** piano; **Russell George,** electric bass; and **Candy Finch,** drums . . . Prior to Monk's engagement, tenor man **Illinois Jacquet** and organist **Milt Buckner** appeared at the Colonial . . . **Percy Faith** shared conducting duties with **Howard**

Cable at the annual two-week Canadian National Exhibition Grandstand show. The 60-piece orchestra, which included several members of the Toronto Symphony, also featured jazz musicians **Peter Appleyard, Carol Britto, Phil Antonacci, Guido Basso, Butch Watanabe, Rob McConnell,** and **Ray Sikora.**

Norway: **Karin Krog** has been engaged to sing at the Berlin Festival (Nov. 3-5) with the **Don Ellis** Big Band. After Berlin, she will do a concert with the **Danish Radio Orchestra** directed by **Ib Glindeman** . . . The student city at Sogn, Oslo, opened their jazz club Sept. 10 with trumpeter **Per Borten's Swing Department, Ltd.,** a new Norwegian swing band, with whom **Roland Kirk** asked to sit in both times he visited Norway. Borten has the same name as the Norwegian prime minister, hence the band's name. **Ben Webster** also was happy with this band and sat in one evening in Molde. Borten is also owner of a shipping line. The club, open every Sunday, plans to engage trumpeter **Rolf Ericson** before his return to New York, and also tenorist **Bernt Rosengren,** who has moved from Sweden to Denmark, where he joined the radio big band . . . **George Russell** gave a superb concert with his 17-piece band at the Aulaen, with **Brian Trentham,** trombone; **Rupert Clemendore,** conga; **Bengt Hallberg,** extra pianist; other Swedish musicians, and two Norwegians, tenorist **Jan Garbarek** and drummer **Jon Christensen.** Christensen received the Buddy statuette as best Norwegian jazz musician of the year. He also plays with the Polish **Namyslowski Quartet,** and will take part in the Warsaw Festival in October.

Australia: Australia's first psychedelic jazz concert, promoted by **Donald Westlake,** a member of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Cell Block theater in East Sydney. Musicians included **John Sangster,** pianist **Judy Bailey,** and New Zealand trombonist **Bob McIver.** Major work was a 45-minute original, *Psychedelia,* by 24-year old tenor player **Graeme Lyall.** Pianist **Lewis Lederer,** Public Affairs officer for the United States Information Service, attended the concert, at which lighting and special effects were directed by sculptor **Gordon Mutch** . . . The **Ray Charles** Band performed four concerts in Sydney to an average attendance of 3,000. Pianist-organist **Billy Preston** received standing ovations at each concert . . . Adelaide pianist **Bobby Gebert** did a tour of New Zealand with bassist **Andrew Brown** and drummer **Frank Gibson, Jr.** . . . Altoist **Charlie Munro** has been approached by "Ballet Australia" choreographer **Ruth Galene** to write an original jazz score. Phillips records has announced late October as release date of Munro's latest LP, *Eastern Horizons* . . . The Australian Performing Rights Music Foundation sponsored an LP of original jazz compositions, featuring groups led by John Sangster, **Bernie McGann, Don Burrows,** and Judy Bailey, which will be released on the CBS label next month.

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: unk.
Basie's: **Willis Jackson** to 10/8. **Wild Bill Davis,** 10/10-15. **Harold Ousley,** Sun.-Mon.
Bear Mountain Inn (Peekskill): **Vince Corozine, Fri.**
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
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): **Otto-McLawler** to 11/4.
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: **Buddy Rich** to 10/8.
Metropole: **Gene Krupa,** 11/24-12/2.
Miss Lacey's: **Cecil Young.**
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.
Royal Box: **Ella Fitzgerald,** 10/17-11/12.
Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.**
Shepheard's: **Walter Wanderley** to 10/7. **Young-Holt,** 10/9-28.
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.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): **Dottie Stallworth,** Wed.-Sat.
Toast: **Scott Reid.**
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): **Ray Alexander,** Mon.
Top of the Gate: **Willie (The Lion) Smith,** Oct., Nov. **Dottie Stallworth,** Tue.
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.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: **Maurice Miller,** Fri.-Mon.
Big Rock (Malibu): **Vicki Hamilton, Dave Mackay,** Sun.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): **Paul Lopez,** Mon., Fri.-Sat. **New Era Big Band,** Tue.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): **Bobby Troup.**
Club Casbah: **Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.**
Dino's Lodge: **Bill Marx,** hb.
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.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): **Sonny Helmer. Beatrice Kay,** Thurs.-Fri.
La Duce (Inglewood): jazz, nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): **Cal Tjader** to 10/15. **Willie Bobo,** 10/17-29. **Jazz Crusaders,** 11/1-13.
Little New Yorker: **Art Graham.**
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: jazz, nightly.

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.
Pilgrimage Theater: Shelly Manne, 10/8. Tony Gumina, Gwen Stacy, 10/15. Terry Gibbs, 10/22. Clare Fischer, Victor Feldman, 10/29. Gerald Wilson, 11/5.
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: Ornette Coleman, 10/6-12. Wes Montgomery, 10/17-30. Don Ellis, Mon. Shelly Manne, wknds.
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.
Tudor Inn (Norwalk): Gary Jones, hb.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Nellie Lutcher.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Jackie Wilson, 10/12-21. Little Richard, 10/27-11/4. Duke Ellington, 11/9-19.
Bop City: Benny Wilson, hb.
Both/And: Wes Montgomery to 10/8. John Handy, tfn. John Coltrane Workshop, Sun.
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez-Vernon Alley.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Juan Serrano to 10/7.
Haight-Levels: Sonny Lewis.
Half Note: George Duke, hb.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): George Fletcher, wknds.
Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Terrell Prude-Rusty Carlyle. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Jazz Workshop: Willie Bobo to 10/15. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.
Jukebox: Norman Williams, hb. Sessions, Sat.-Sun.
Just Fred's: Abe Batat, hb.
Little Caesar: Mike Tillis.
Luther's Off-Plaza: Jules Broussard.
Nob Hill Room (Fairmont): Jean Hoffman, hb.
Pier 23: Bill Erickson, wknds. Sessions, Sun.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): Gary Burton to 10/8. Teddy Wilson, 10/10-11/19. Jean Hoffman, Mon.
Villa Roma: Primo Kim, hb.
Weekender: Jason Holiday, hb.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Celebrity Club: name groups, weekly.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: The Organizers, Mon.-Thur. Various groups, wknds.
Hurricane Lounge: Eddie Harris, wknds. Ken Chaney, Mon.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Earl Hines to 10/15. Jonah Jones, 10/17-29. Dizzy Gillespie, 11/1-12.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Thur. 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: various name groups.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds. Joe Boyce, Tue.
Robin's Nest: various r&b groups.
Showboat Sari-S: George Brunies, Mon.-Sat. Jazz at Noon, Fri.
Stan's Pad: Jimmy Ellis, hb.
Sutherland: sessions, Mon.
Trip: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Johnny Gabor, Tue.-Sat.
Whiskey A-Go-Go: 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.

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: name groups weekly.
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.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Baker's Keyboard: Redd Foxx, 10/6-13. Joe Williams, Harold Mabern, 10/20-29. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 11/12-19.
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.
Clint's Club (Ann Arbor): Art Fletcher.
Drome: name groups weekly.
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.
Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
St. Regis Hotel: Bobby Laurel.
Shadow Box: Charles Rowland, Tue.-Sat.
Showboat: Earl Scott.
Sir-Loin Inn: Jerry Libby.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Thur.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

Down Beat's 11th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full-year scholarships and 10 partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of Down Beat's Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's two full scholarships, valued at $1300 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the Down Beat readers in the December 28, 1967 issue. The scholarships will be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by Down Beat.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four $500 and six $250 grants.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE?

Junior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1968.

Senior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1968.

Anyone, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Hall of Fame Scholarships Date_____
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222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Illinois 60606

Please send me, by return mail, an official application for the 1968 Down Beat Hall of Fame scholarship awards. (Schools and teachers may receive additional applications upon request.)

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Scholarships to be awarded are as follows: two full scholarships of $1300 each; four partial scholarships of $500 each; six partial scholarships of $250 each.

DATES OF COMPETITION:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1967. The scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1968, issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED:

All decisions and final judging will be made solely on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in value of $1300.00. Upon completion of school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships, which are applied to tuition costs for one school year, are in the value of: four at $500, and six at $250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1968, or January, 1969, or else forfeit the scholarship.

HOW TO APPLY:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, Down Beat, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606, to receive the official application form.

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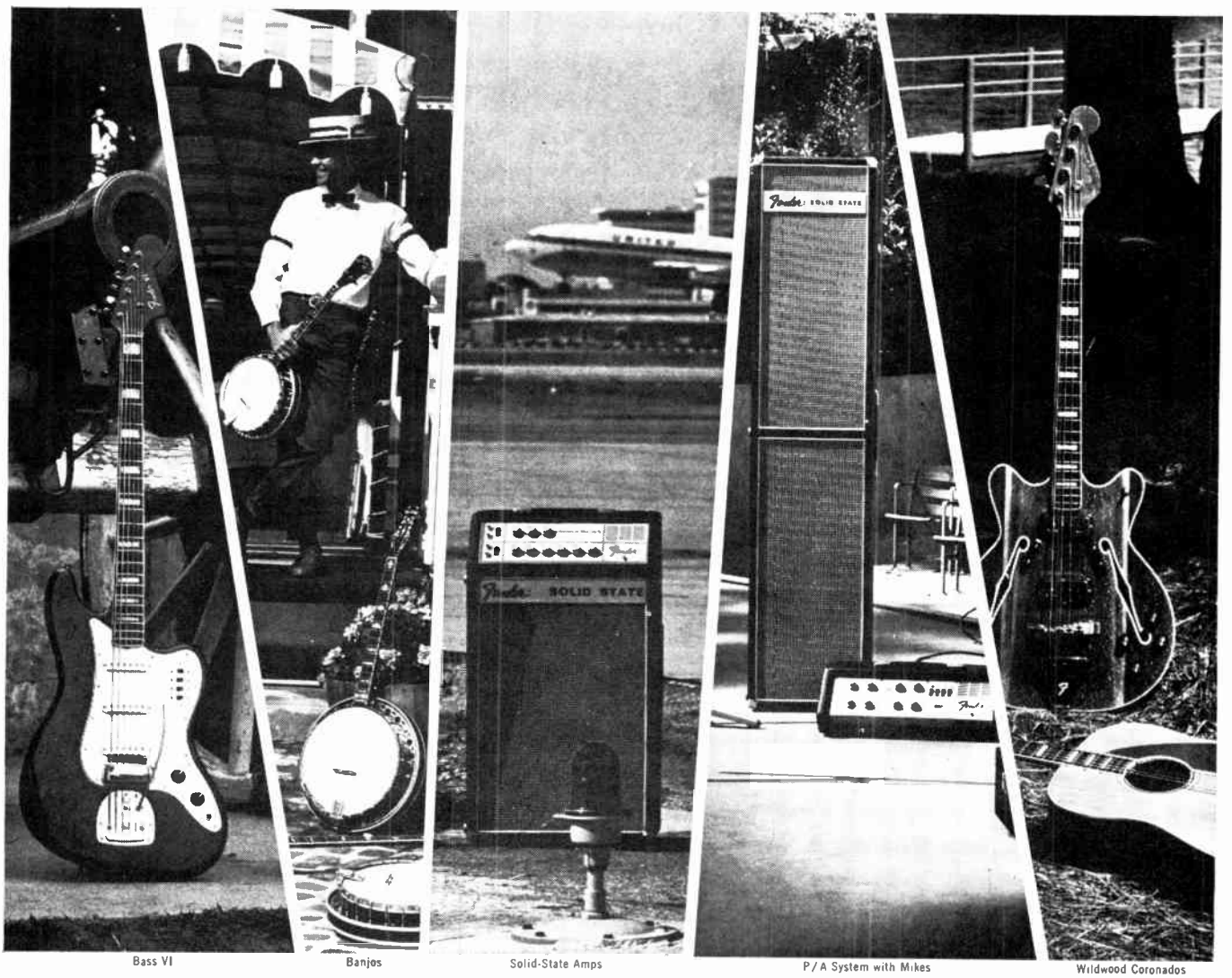

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