FEBRUARY 8, 1968 35c

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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down beat

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By Quincy Jones

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QUINCY JONES

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Quincy Jones

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Poll Reactions

With the release of the balloting results of your 32nd Annual Readers Poll (*DB*, Dec. 28), two distinct trends are evident. A resurgence in popularity of mainstream-modern, as evidenced by the ascensions in the standings by Buddy Rich, Clark Terry, Bobby Hackett, James Moody, Erroll Garner, George Duvivier, and Thad Jones (arranger).

Secondly, the pervasive influence of pop-rock, most evident in the readers' recognition given Charles Lloyd, Gary Burton, Gabor Szabo, Larry Coryell, Mike Bloomfield, Eric Clapton, Paul Butterfield, Lennon/McCartney, Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Janis Joplin, and Cannonball's new-found popularity via *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy,* etc.

This second trend certainly does not make Szabo's controversial position any less tenable.

Richard A. Waters
Madison, N.J.

I was quite shocked with the outcome of your 32nd Annual Readers Poll. . . .

Earlier this year, *DB* made an unprecedented change in its point of view. You stated that you would begin to cover the realm of rock-'n'-roll music. At that time, being in a liberal mood, I thought that it would be all well and good.

However, as time took its course, and as I began to read the reviews and articles . . . I realized that rock music, lo and behold, was lowering the standards of a great jazz magazine. I would like to challenge the editors of *DB* to return to accounting for *jazz* music as it is heard during these trying times. We cannot afford to adulterate our midsts with forms that are merely trying to emulate a truly improvisational music.

I cannot understand how The Beatles can win such acclaim . . . for accomplishing something that they merely borrowed from John Coltrane. Yet, Coltrane cannot even be voted at The Jazzman of the Year. I fail to see how Lou Rawls can top Frank Sinatra as a *complete* jazz vocalist and musician. And finally, how can Buddy Rich (who admittedly has a great band) top some of the younger drummers who have been topping him heretofore? This is the price that you pay for changing your point of view.

The only conclusion that I can draw is that, alas, *DB* is turning commercial. It will be interesting to see how *Playboy's* Jazz Poll (another commercial poll) fares. Let's take a look at Japan's *Swing Journal* (*DB*, Dec. 28). Speaking from the total perspective of the jazz aficionado's point of view, *Swing Journal's* poll results were a lot hipper.

Thomas D. Harris, IV
Virginia Union University, Richmond

Mr. Harris' conclusions are unwar-

a taste for everyone on Blue Note records

"New And Old Gospel" Jackie McLean
BST 84262

"The Right Touch" Duke Pearson
BST 84267

"Open House" Jimmy Smith
BST 84269

"Mr. Shing-A-Ling" Lou Donaldson
BST 84271

ranted. In 17 of the poll's 24 categories, the winners were the same as in 1966, when **DB** *did not cover rock. In that poll, Rawls trailed Sinatra by a mere 22 votes. A study of the poll from its inception will show that the U.S. jazz audience (or that portion of it which votes in the poll) has always been more "commercially" oriented than foreign audiences.* **DB**'s *coverage of rock is not "unprecedented," but quite consistent with the coverage of "sweet" and dance bands in the 30s and 40s, and of what was called "pop" in the 50s.*

—Ed.

Blow Your Minds

A simple message to other jazz lovers:

I have been a jazz idolator since I was 15 years old—five years. Until only recently I had always snubbed rock-'n'-roll as being below me. However, I have gradually awakened to the realization that much of the popular music of today is highly imaginative and exciting; that the musicians are often very talented and dedicated; and that they are pioneering in a new field of music, such as jazz once was, grooving new sounds out of the old.

It is a music that is very close to jazz in a sense: that is, their music is coming from everywhere—from classical, from folk, from the blues, from the East, and also from jazz itself. Also, like jazzmen they are more flexible, more apt to catch on to the essence of a musical sound and translate it to their own feelings.

It is too easy to be merely a jazz purist, it seems. All one has to do is to aggressively disapprove of anything popular, whether it be The Beatles or Brubeck, and secondly, to follow the strutting "I am above you all" attitude of our "great" jazz critics. One does not need to be creative or talented to do that. . . .

Wake up *other* jazz fans. Expand your consciousness!

R. Lafontaine
Ottawa, Ont., Canada

In Memoriam

It was with deep regret that I read of the death of George Hoefer, your *Hot Box* columnist. His articles in *Down Beat* were always something to look forward to. They were a joy to read and so alive with the feeling of the earlier jazz era that you could almost hear the music. His story on *Collecting* in *Music '63* was a classic that I must have re-read dozens of times.

The jazz world—and all fans—have lost a true friend.

Helen Commodore
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Word From Far Away

Keep up the good work. *Down Beat* delivers oceans of information on the jazz scene to this remote corner of the world.

Thanks also to the Voice of America and Willis Conover for making the magazine most regularly available.

Raminder S. Bajaj
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TT91 BLUES, EAST & GULF COAST STATES: Don Pickel: Ride to a Funeral in a V-8, Early One Morning; John Lee H: Baby's Blues, Down at the Depot & Alabama Boogie; Doug Quattlebaum: Don't Be Funny Baby & Skoodle Dum Doo; Sheffield: Gas Ration Blues & Tampa Blues; Leroy Dallas: I'm Down Now & Your Sweet Man's Blues; Country Paul: Mother Dear; Blues King: Me and My Baby & Good Boy; Curley Weaver: My Baby's Gone; Julius King: If You See My Lover & I Want a Slice of Your Pudding. $5.20 less 15% (overseas customers) British purchase tax.

TT51 NEW ORLEANS ALLSTARS: Archey, Pops Foster, Purnell, Cie, Alcorn, Keith Smith, Darnell Howard: Struttin', Bourbon Street, Indiana, Wolverine Blues, Panama etc. (2nd side): Johnny St Cyr, Ed Garland, Purnell, Keith Smith, Andrew Blakeney, Alton Redd etc.: Ory Say's, Slow Blues, Dippermouth, Savoy, etc. $4.80. Rare limited edition!

TT90 CHARLIE PARKER IN SWEDEN: Rolf Ericsson + 4 top European musicians, Malmo 1950. Anthropology, Cheers, Lover Man, Cool Blues, Plus 3. $4.15 less 15%.

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TT83 BUCK CLAYTON: Robbins Nest, The Huckle Buck, etc, etc. $2.70 less 15%.

TT84 CHICK WEBB: Nit Wit Serenade, Big John's Special, Tea for 2, Sugarfoot, Keepin' Out, Blue Room, Liza, Stompin' at the Savoy, King Porter, Don't Be That Way, Grand Terrace Rhythm, 1 O'Clock Jump, How Am I, Blue Skies, Crazy Rhythm. $3.90 less 15%.

TT43 PHONOGRAPH CYLINDERS, Jazz and Ragtime 1879-1928: Make That Trombone Laugh, International Cakewalk, Hungarian Rag, Georgia Camp, Hiawatha Rag, Meadow Lark, Dardanella, Night Time in Italy, Bill Bailey, My Sumuran Girl. $4.60 less 15%.

TT86 RHYTHM & BLUES PARTY: D. Johnson orch.: Jackson's Blues, State Street Boogie; J. Westbrook: Ice Cream Boogie, Back Porch Blues; St. Louis Jimmy: Biscuit Roller & I'm Sorry Now; R. Sykes: I Wear the Pants & This Tavern Boogie; Clarence Lewis: Your Heart Must Be Made of Stone & Lost Everything; Great Gates: I Ain't Got No Money & Central Rocks; Little Caesar: I Can't Stand It All Alone & Big Eyes; Rufus Thomas: Save That Money; Jimmy Cotton: Hold Me In Your Arms. Import $6.

TT22 JAZZ FROM A SWINGING ERA: Hines, Eldridge, Clayton, Dickenson, Buss Johnson. Into the Blues Bag, Satin Doll, Smiley's Blues, Rosetta, Swingin' the Blues, Tres Chaud, Secret Love, 3d's in 2 b's Time, I'll Try Swingville, What Is There to Spy, I Can't Get Started, Jive At 5, If I Had You, Indiana, This Is Always, Lester Leaps In, Night Cap. A 2 LP album of wonderful music. Bargain $4.60 less 15%.

TT1153 SPIKE HUGHES ALL AMERICAN ORCH: Benny Carter, "Red" Allen, Dicky Wells, Hawkins etc. Nocturne, Somebody Stole Gabriel's Horn, Pastoral, Bugle Call, Arabesque, Fanfare, Sweet Sorrow Blues, Music at Midnight, Sweet Sue, Air in D Flat + 4. $2.50 less 15%.

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TT1178 AL BOWLLY: with Lew Stone orch. Just Let Me Look At You, You're a Sweetheart, Go, I Love You Truly, Little Lady, How Could We Be Wrong, You Couldn't Be Cuter, Moonlight on the Highway, You'll Be the Same Sweetheart, Isn't It Heavenly, Hand In Hand, Penny Serenade, Fare Thee Well. $2.50 less 15%.

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TT26 MUGGSY SPANIER IN CHICAGO: Hines, Archey, Howard, Foster et al. Carvan, Baby Won't You Please Come Home, Toure, Monday Date, Waiting for the Sunrise, Pops Blues + 4. Great music recorded in 1950's. $3.90 less 15%.

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TT82 BEN WEBSTER/JACQUET/IKE QUEBEC: Scuffin', I Q Blues, Girl of My Dreams, Savoy, Doggin', Minor Romp, Berry's Blues, Blue Skies, Kats Fur, I Surrender, Honeysuckle Rose. $2.70 less 15%.

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TT93 BARNES/BOCAGE BIG FIVE: Ed Dawson, Homer Eugene, Albert Jiles—1954. When I Grow Too Old, Rat's Blues, When My Sugar, Sheik, Hattin' the Blues, Toot-toot Tootsie, Sit Right Down, Heller Blues, Blue Heaven, Honky Tonk Town, Mama Inez. Limited edition $6.30.

TT105 TEDDY HILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA. 1937/WILLIE BRYANT AND HIS ORCHESTRA. 1936. TEDDY HILL ORCH: Bill Dillard, Frank Newton, Lester "Shad" Collins, tp; Dicky Wells, tb; Russell Procope, cl/as; Howard Johnson, as/arr; Teddy Hill, Kenneth Holton, ts; Sam Allen, p; John Smith, g; Richard Fulbright, b; Bill Beason, dm on (a). Recorded 1937, March.
Dizzy Gillespie, tp; Robert Carroll, ts; replace Newton & Holton on (b). April 1937.
King Porter Stomp, a); Blues Rhythm Fantasy, (a); Big Boy Blues, (a); A Study In Brown, (b); Twilight In Turkey, (b); The Harlem Twister, (a); Marie, (a); China Boy, (b).

WILLIE BRYANT ORCH: Taft Jordan, tp/voc; Richard Clark, tp; Jack Butler, tp/voc; John Haughton, George Matthews, tb; Glyn Paque, cl/as; Stanley Payne, as; Charles Frazier, Johnny Russell, ts; Roger "Rom" Romirez, p; Arnold Adams, g; Ernest Hill, b; Cozy Cole, dm; Willie Bryant, ldr/voc.
Is It True What They Say About Dixie, All My Life, The Right Somebody To Love, Ride, Red, Ride, I Like Bananas, Cross Patch, Mary Had A Little Lamb. $5.10.

TT106 CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS ORCHESTRA. 1933-1934. Lamar Wright, Doc Cheatham, Edwin Swayzee, tp; De Priest Wheeler, Harry White, tb; Eddie Barefield, cl/as; Andrew Brown, as/bar; Arville Harris, Walter Thomas, cl/ts; Benny Paine, p; Morris White, bjo/g; Al Morgan, b; Le Roy Maxey, d; Cab Calloway, ldr/vcl. Harlem Hospitality, The Lady With The Fan, Harlem Camp Meeting, Zaz, Huh, Zaz, Father's Got His Glasses On, Little Town Gal, There's a Cabin In the Cotton, The Scat Song/Minnie The Moocher, Kickin' the Gong Around, Long About Midnight, Moon Glow, Margie, Jitter Bug, Hatcha Razz-Ma-Tazz. $5.10.

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PAUL WHITEMAN DIES

Paul Whiteman, 77, died Dec. 29 in Doylestown, Pa. of a heart attack.

In the 1920s, during the heyday of his fame, Whiteman was dubbed "King of Jazz," a title that was to haunt him in later years, and which made difficult any objective assessment of his large contribution to popular music.

The genesis of the title has often been misunderstood. It was coined at a time when the term "jazz" had a different meaning, a fact that becomes obvious when one considers that the 20s were known, contemporaneously, as "The Jazz Age," though hardly anyone at that time knew what jazz music really was. Jazz was simply a handy synonym for the peppy dance rhythms and hectic tempo of life peculiar to the period. Thus Whiteman should not be accused of usurping a title to which he had no right, for he was indeed the kingpin of the popular music world.

Paul Whiteman was born in Denver, Colo., March 28, 1890. His father, Wilberforce Whiteman, was a music supervisor in the public schools (Jimmie Lunceford was his student), and his mother had been a singer. The boy began on violin at 7, under the strict thumb of his father. Later, he switched to viola and became a member of the Denver Symphony, and later of the San Francisco People's Symphony.

After a hitch in the Navy, where he was a bandmaster, he formed his first dance orchestra in 1919. (This band included the New Orleans clarinetist Gus Mueller.) He was discovered by the Los Angeles movie colony, and in quick succession landed choice engagements in Atlantic City and at the Palais Royale on New York's Broadway.

In New York, Whiteman's smooth (for the period) and eminently danceable music became a sensation, and when Victor signed him to a recording contract in 1920, his popularity spread. Such records as *Whispering* and *Japanese Sandman* sold in the millions, and the band was featured in the Ziegfeld Follies, in George White's Scandals, and at the Palace Theater.

After returning from a European tour, Whiteman staged his famous (to some, notorious) concert of "Symphonic Jazz" at Acolian Hall on Feb. 12, 1924. For this occasion, he commissioned *Rhapsody in Blue* from George Gershwin, and four short pieces from Victor Herbert, and his invited guests included Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Kreisler, Stowkowski, and Heifetz.

The concert was an enormous success, and later was said to have made jazz "respectable," but since no actual jazz was performed, this would seem to have been an impossible feat.

However, the concert, and Whiteman's insistence on the highest standards of musicianship in his organization, did contribute to raising performance levels in American popular music, and throughout his many years as an active bandleader, Whiteman employed many of the top instrumentalists and arrangers.

He was, in fact, the first bandleader to insist on special arrangements, and many of his musicians were expert "doublers" on two or more instruments. His repertoire ranged from "symphonic" versions of light classics, and such substantial pieces as Gershwin's *Concerto in F* (which he introduced), to comedy novelties supplied by the famous Rhythm Boys (Bing Crosby, Harry Barris, and Al Rinker).

It also included a measure of jazz, especially when one or more of his star sidemen were allowed to take a "hot"

PAUL WHITEMAN
Made Lasting Contributions

(i.e., improvised) chorus or two. In the middle and late 20s, this "hot contingent" included such players as Bix Beiderbecke, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Joe Venuti, Frank Trumbauer, Red Nichols, Min Leibrook, Andy Secrest, Izzy Friedman, Ed Lang, and Bill Rank. There was also bassist Steve Brown, who had been with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

Whiteman's arrangers included Ferde Grofe, Roy Bargy, Matt Malneck, Lennie Hayton, Don Redman, William Grant Still, Fred Van Epps, and two men, Bill Challis and Tom Satterfield, who were especially sympathetic to Beiderbecke and often scored whole Bixian choruses for the full brass section.

In the 30s, Whiteman concentrated on film and radio work, though he still toured with the band. Jack Teagarden was with him from 1933 to 1938, and in this period, Red Norvo, Charlie Teagarden, Bunny Berigan (briefly), Trumbauer, Miff Mole, George Wettling, Rollo Laylan, and other jazzmen also passed through the ranks.

Whiteman can well be said to have created the featured band vocalist. Crosby was first and biggest. With Whiteman, Mildred Bailey became the first featured girl singer with a name band. Teagarden did vocals, and so did Red McKenzie and Johnny Mercer; in 1938, Whiteman introduced his Modernaires, the first featured vocal group with a big band.

In 1943, Whiteman became music director of the Blue Network (later ABC), conducting his *Philco Radio Hall of Fame*. By the 50s, his music had gone out of style, but though he retired several times, he made comeback attempts as recently as 1960 and 1962; in the latter year, he played a month in Las Vegas. At the peak of his career, he had been the world's highest-paid band leader, taking in as much as $10,000 for a night of providing entertainment for millionaires' parties. His income for 1925 was $680,000, and his recording of *Three O'Clock in the Morning* sold 3.4 million copies. He was famous for his generosity, paid his musicians the biggest salaries, and was considerate of their problems.

As a conductor, the 6-foot, 300-pound Whiteman was an imposing figure physically, but though his bands put on a great show, he himself was not a showman—he would merely flick his baton or wag his head. But he knew what he wanted, and how to get it from his men.

Whiteman's hobby was automobile racing, and he was a director of Daytona Speedway in Florida and several other well-known tracks. He was married four times, and is survived by his widow, a son, and three daughters.

Among Whiteman's thousands of records, a number contain fine jazz solos and good work from the band (and the arrangers) that compares well with the best of the period. It was long the fashion among jazz collectors to savor only the solos and denigrate the band as a whole, but this is an error, as such pieces as *From Monday On, Lonely Melody, San, Miss Hannah, Louisiana, Changes, Nobody's Sweetheart,* and *Travelin' Light* will bear out.

No "King of Jazz," Paul Whiteman was by any standard one of the most important figures in the history of 20th Century American popular and dance music, and he set the stage for many things to come.

JAZZ BONANZA IN STORE ON EDUCATIONAL TV WEB

It may not be too early to ask jazz fans to mark May 19 as a definite stay-at-home Sunday, and to make sure that the old television set will be working.

On that day, four successive one-hour shows, filmed in color at the 1967 Monterey Jazz Festival, will be shown on National Educational Television's 180 affiliated stations throughout the U.S.

There will be three performance shows and one documentary. Program One features Carmen McRae, Mel Torme backed by Woody Herman's band, Earl Hines playing his *Blues in Thirds* with the Herd, and the Herd by itself.

Program Two will have blues and Gospel, with the Clara Ward Singers, B.B. King, T-Bone Walker, Richie Havens, and Illinois Jacquet. The third program features Dizzy Gillespie and his quintet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Don Ellis Orchestra, Jacquet, and the Violin Conclave, with Svend Asmussen, Jean-Luc Ponty, and Ray Nance.

The documentary will include footage on Bill Holman rehearsing the Herman Band in his *Concerto for Herd*, and plenty of candid backstage stuff.

The shows were taped by the film unit of San Francisco station KQED, and produced by Lane Slate and Ralph J. Gleason. (This was the team responsible for the memorable *Love You Madly* Duke Ellington documentary last year.)

Additionally, Gleason's well-remembered *Jazz Casual* series will be revived by NET come summer. There will be programs on Count Basie (just piano and rhythm, with a Basie vocal!); B.B. King, and Charles Lloyd, all taped in recent months, as well as two older programs, *Jam Session* (with Jon Hendricks), and a John Handy feature. These will also be seen nation-wide. The Monterey programs will also be shown on German TV.

FREE JAZZ FEATURED IN GERMAN FESTIVAL

For the second year, German jazz critic-promoter Joachim E. Berendt produced his *Baden Baden Jazz Meeting*, a five-day event. (Baden Baden is not a hip new jazz expression but a German town.)

Held Dec. 16-20, the festival devoted the first three days to "free jazz" in an international format. Participating artists included trumpeter Don Cherry, alto saxophonist Marion Brown, bassist Barre Phillips and singer Jeanne Lee from the U.S.; Danish alto saxophonist John Tchicai; pianists Peter Brotzmann and Gunther Hampel and trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff from Germany; British drummer John Stevens, and French composer-pianist Francois Tusques.

The last three days of concerts involved what the producer described as "conventional" jazz, and featured tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, pianist Mal Waldron, guitarist Rene Thomas, trumpeter Dusko Gojkowic, and others. All performances were recorded for broadcast over Germany's Sudwestfunk network.

CLARK TERRY SERENADES LADY BIRD AND HATCHER

Clark Terry celebrated the holiday season with two conspicuously prestigious gigs—one in Washington, D.C., the other in Gary, Ind.

On Dec. 22, the trumpeter, with a combo led by Skitch Henderson, provided the music for Lady Bird Johnson's birthday party at the White House. (The other members of the group were guitarist Toots Thielmans, doubling harmonica; bassist

RAYMOND ROSS

Bob Haggart, and drummer Bobby Rosengarden.)

On New Year's Day, Terry led his big band for Mayor Richard G. Hatcher's inaugural ball at the National Guard Armory. Though some of the bandsmen had a long way to travel from New York City, the leader didn't, having just finished an engagement at Chicago's Plugged Nickel with a new quintet co-starring Zoot Sims.

EPIC ENTERS REISSUE SWEEPSTAKES IN STYLE

Epic Records, a member of the CBS family (with vast jazz holdings), has launched an *Encore Series* of jazz reissues with an initial release of six albums, thus joining the recently inaugurated Decca *Jazz Heritage* and the well-established RCA Victor *Vintage* reissue programs.

The Epic albums, produced by Frank Driggs, feature deluxe open-fold packaging. Most of the six initial releases are updatings of long discontinued Epic product, but with 16 rather than 12 selections per LP and new sound-processing.

Included are albums by small groups from the Duke Ellington Band (*Hodge Podge; The Duke's Men*); Bobby Hackett; Chu Berry; Red Norvo (with Berry, Teddy Wilson, Mildred Bailey, and Bunny Berigan, among others), and a ringer, *Gabbin' Blues* by Big Maybelle.

FINAL BAR

Two well-known New Orleans jazz veterans died recently. Trumpeter-violinist Peter Bocage, 80, died Dec. 6 after a brief illness. He made his professional debut with the Original Superior Orchestra, and was with the Original Tuxedo Orchestra and the famous Onward Brass Band. After working the Mississippi riverboats with Fate Marable, he joined A. J. Piron's band, which played and recorded in New York in 1923-24. Bocage remained active throughout his long life, and in later years led his own Creole Serenaders, with whom he recorded for Riverside in the early 60s. He was the composer of *Mama's Gone, Goodbye*.

Trombonist Joseph (Hooks) Loyacano, 74, started his career in 1917 with trumpeter Abby Brunies' band, with which he recorded in the 20s, when it was known as the Halfway House Orchestra. He later switched to bass, and worked with Johnny DeDroit, Louis and Leon Prima, Sharkey Bonano, and Tony Almerico.

John H. Mills, 85, father and one-time member of the famous Mills Brothers, died in Bellefontaine, Ohio, Dec. 8.

The senior Mills, who retired in 1956, joined the vocal group when John Mills Jr. died in 1935. He sang the bass parts. The three remaining brothers, Herbert, Harry, and Donald, are still touring and recording. Two daughters also survive.

POTPOURRI

The National Council on the Arts, a government agency, has awarded a matching grant of $5780 to Hunter College for assistance in the production of a five-concert series, *New Image of Sound*. Participating artists and groups will include the **Ornette Coleman Trio**; the **Contemporary Chamber Players** conducted by **Ralph Shapey**; soprano **Bethany Beardslee**; **Gunther Schuller**, and the **Composers String Quartet.**

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One of the long-time gentlemen of jazz, **Benny Carter**, recently ended a six-month playing hiatus (induced by his heavy writing schedule) and fronted an all-star quintet at Donte's in Los Angeles for three weekends. Carter played mostly alto saxophone, but doubled on trumpet and a special cornet he borrowed from **Dizzy Gillespie** (who was playing at the Century Plaza at the same time). **Billy Byers**, whose writing chores also keep him on the inactive playing list, was on trombone; **Jimmy Jones**, one of the latest emigres from back east, on piano; **Red Mitchell** on bass; and **Joe Harris**, a recent returnee from Sweden, on drums. Surprise guest sitting in on alto: **Sonny Criss.** Benny begged him to sit in, but Criss was reluctant, finally giving in on the condition that they play one of Carter's old tunes, *Blues in My Heart*. Among the spectators was clarinetist **Joe Marsala**, making a rare visit to the west coast. What brought him out was an engagement by his wife, harpist **Adele Girard**, at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

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The Academie du Disque Francais has awarded its 1968 Grand Prix, jazz category, to **Mary Lou Williams'** *Black Christ of the Andes*, produced and released by German SABA.

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In December, **Harry James**, 51, married former Las Vegas showgirl **Joan Boyd**, 27, scotching rumors that they had wed secretly.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Trumpeter **Don Cherry** returned to New York from Europe in December. In Stockholm, he played with tenor saxophonist-sitarist **Bernt Rosengren** and soprano saxophonist **Bengt Nordstrom**; in Copenhagen he concertized with drummer **Al Heath** and with alto saxophonist **John Tchicai** and his group; in Paris he did an experimental color TV show with Argentinian guitarist **Pedro Ubina.** He also took part in the avant garde festival at Baden-Baden, Germany. While in Europe, Cherry studied old Turkish music with Turkish jazz trumpeter **Maffy Falay.** In New York, he hopes to put on some concerts through his organization, Movement Inc., which he runs with his wife, Moqui. She creates the "environment" which provides the setting for the musicians. Cherry hopes to record a composition written for him by **Ornette Coleman,** entitled *The Lighthouse* . . . Another visitor from Europe to hit these shores in December was French tenor and soprano saxophonist **Barney Wilen.** With **Karl Berger,** piano and vibes; **Alan Silva,** bass; and **Andrew Cyrille,** drums, Wilen supplied the live sound for *The Tragic Destiny of Lorenzo Bandini,* an "image improvisation" by **Francois De Menil** which was shown as part of a program entitled *Man, Woman, Machine* at New York University's Loeb Student Center. Another part of the program, devoted to the machines of **Jean Tinguely,** included participation by *Down Beat* columnist **Mike Zwerin** on trombone, and painter **Larry Rivers,** for a few notes, on soprano saxophone . . . Yet another visitor from abroad was active on the New York scene in December. Argentinian tenor saxophonist **Gato Barbieri** appeared in a concert performance of **Marc Levin's** *Dragon Suite* at the Sheridan Square Playhouse. Featured were Levin, flute and brasses; **Jay Colantone,** vocals; **Calo Scott,** cello; **Louis Worrell,** bass; and **Frank Clayton,** drums . . . Pianist **Ahmad Jamal** and singer **Gloria Lynne** opened the December festivities at the Village Gate. With Jamal were **Jamil Sulieman,** bass; and **Frank Gant,** drums. The next show consisted of comedian **Dick Greg-**

/Continued on page 43

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

A FEW YEARS ago, I was asked to give a brief introductory presentation of jazz at a school for commercial artists in New York. My presentation was part of a full semester's course which covered several things besides jazz. The idea was to give the students, who were exposed to little else except the craftsmanship of illustration and design, some perspective on various contemporary arts.

One man came in and did a month on the movies, another on contemporary architecture. The regular instructor, who was present at all the class meetings, talked about modern painting.

I was there because it had been decided that it wouldn't do to get somebody to talk about modern concert music. As I remember, they had tried it the previous semester and it hadn't meant much to the students; most of them had no experience with the music. They read, they looked at buildings, they went to the theater and the movies, but few of them haunted Carnegie Recital Hall or Judson Hall to hear new "classical" music. It would be better to have someone talk to them about jazz.

Since I am not much of a believer in introducing jazz with romantic trips up the Mississippi, or anecdotes about the "colorful characters" who play the music, I tried, according to my own knowledge and limitations, to talk about jazz as music. So I talked briefly about the various ways of making variations, about the blues, and then about certain leading figures from different eras and what they contributed—in a very brief course like this one, chiefly about Jelly Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker. At the time of the course, jazz was into the rediscovery of Thelonious Monk, and the early emergence of Ornette Coleman, and I talked about them too.

Some of the students, either because they were alert or because they were doing a little apple-polishing with the regular instructor, would occasionally make analogies between what I was saying, and the records I played, and the things their instructor had told them about modern painting. This being several years ago, before Andy Warhol had convinced the New York art market that the hottest thing in fine arts is silk-screened shipping cartons, there was some talk about abstract expressionism and, chiefly, Jackson Pollock.

Well, you can believe me, when Pollock's name came up, the instructor was careful to say that everybody ought to learn the fundamentals first—as any good instructor in a commercial art school should—and went on to explain that Jackson Pollock had been a good craftsman and an accomplished realist before he began spreading paint around on those abstract canvases.

Maybe he was. I don't know. But from an observer's point of view, those abstracts, as they are and on their own terms, are either art or they are not art. And that, I think, is that. I don't know how Pollock got there, and while I'm looking at one of his pictures, I don't necessarily care. The first consideration is that the picture either means something to me or it doesn't.

Suppose Pollock had produced those abstractions but *couldn't* paint realistically? Would he have been less of an artist?

I'm not bringing all this up arbitrarily. The same kind of questions about technique and traditional disciplines come up in connection with almost any contemporary art, and heaven knows they come up often enough these days in connection with the new jazz.

One sometimes hears this sort of thing: "Who? Him? A *musician*? He's jiving! I used to know him in [naming his home town], and he was just a kid who didn't know his horn well and couldn't make the changes to the tunes we played. That's all. So he's just onto a good thing in this new music. He still isn't playing anything."

The people who say this sort of thing are usually quick to add that of course John Coltrane knew traditional techniques, and to imply that, since he knew them, he was (then and only then) fully entitled not to use them.

It happens that I have heard Ornette Coleman play almost exactly like Dick Stabile. And I heard him one night take off on a Charlie Parker blues so authentically as to make one reject all of Parker's imitators, and perhaps believe that the ghost of the master had possessed Coleman for twenty choruses. Others have attested that he can play 1930s-style alto, in the manner of, say, Tab Smith, to perfection, and I believe them. I have also heard him play a keyboard parody of hip, be-bop piano that is uproarious. But I won't ask you to take my word for any of this.

I doubt if Ornette would play the way he does if he couldn't do all these things, but I couldn't prove it, exactly, and I don't know just what or just how much his traditional knowledge does for you as a listener, although, at second-hand, it may be a great deal.

Let me put it this way: I don't know anything about what Albert Ayler knows or doesn't know about traditional craftsmanship, techniques, or traditional procedures in jazz as such. I know that, for example, he has an exceptional control over the upper, "false" reaches of his horn. And that chance or accident seems to have little or nothing to do with the control, in sound and volume, that he has over the shrieks and blasts and obliquely-intoned saxophone cries that he sometimes uses. And I know that to my ears he has a very good ability to take a small motif, a brief phrase, and develop it into a long, sequential improvisation.

Thus, in the ways I have indicated, I know that he knows his horn and that he is an orderly and disciplined improvising melodist. And I know that *these* techniques help him to make the kind of music he wants to make.

As a listener, what else do I need to know?

Old Times: Art Hodes with Pee Wee Russell and Herb Ward in New York

THE PHONE RANG; now, I don't get many calls from New Orleans. I was curious. It was Doc Souchon. The good medic has about retired from his profession (with summa cum laude honors) but he is still involved in music. You see, he plays guitar and he sings (kind of dusty-voiced) songs I dig. He doesn't hurt you in a group. I know; we've recorded. Come to think of it, that cat has cut more sides than I. Well, gettin' back to the call; "I want you to make this Disneyland gig with me." Doc went into particulars; I would be flown down to New Orleans (arrive on a Wednesday); check into a first-class hotel, all expenses paid. The next morning, we would be flown to Los Angeles (Disneyland) in a private plane. Then we play Friday and Saturday, and we're back in New Orleans Sunday. The money would be split, right down to the penny. Doc can be persuasive; when he said he needed me, I automatically said O.K. That took some doin' on my part. You see, I have this thing about flying. Back in New York. . . .

It was in the 40s. The Big Apple had bounced me every way but loose but I had hung on. So occasionally a "goodie" would come my way. I had this offer to bring a jazz group to Montreal. I believe I played that gig twice. But it was the second time that I decided I could do without the upper strata. Off hand, I can't recall who I took the second time, but two guys I definitely do remember. Pee Wee Russell was one; the other was the late Sidney De Paris, trumpet man. Everything went swell at the concert. Now we were coming back. Sid and I were reminiscing. I was reminded of a story someone had laid on me about Sidney. Seems that he was on an out-of-town date with some band and the guys were in a room having a talk-fest. When De Paris walked in it got quiet for a bit. He noticed it and remarked, "You don't have to stop talkin' about me just 'cause I'm here."

The things you remember. Something I never will forget is the way this man blew a horn. I don't have to trust memory; we cut a couple of sides together. Well, the trip went like that 'til we neared home. Suddenly you can't see out. Like you're looking into a frosted electric bulb. And I'm wondering what the pilot sees. Just then the hostess announces that we will be "circling" for 45 minutes, but everything was O.K. Well, you know that short speech created a lot of doubts. And it got bumpy up there. You have to remember that this was back when a plane trip was a sober event; no bracers. You made it on sheer guts. We were a highly nervous group of musicians. When we finally landed, we'd had it. It was Sidney who expressed it for me. He got down and kissed Mother Earth and said: "If they ever get me up there again, that'll be the day."

Since that time I've cooled it. If I had to fly, I would, but I carried a lot of trepidation. So you see, the trip itself didn't excite me. But I was committed, and eventually the day arrived and I was at the airport. The first thing they tell me is that "the equipment" hadn't arrived, and instead of a "straight through" flight, I would get to New Orleans via Houston. That just about did it. This could be an omen. It's a good thing my witch-doctor wasn't handy. Well, here we go. And you know somethin'? It was a good trip; less than four hours and I'm there.

So I find the Royal Orleans and check in, and right away I run into Doc Evans. He'll be playing trumpet and he came in from Minneapolis. Well, we cut a touch (talked) and remembered "back when."

Pretty soon the Souchons arrived, and the Disneyland people (there were three newspaper men who came from L.A. to get stories on the guys in the band). Someone said, "Lets go eat." In New Orleans, that's when I begin to get the feel of the town. But that wasn't all. Just down the street we came upon piano man Armand Hug in a delightful (the only word I can think of) room; you're at ease. And make no mistake; this cat plays. It was enjoyable. Soon Doc S. and Doc E. (with Evans, it's Doctor of English) were playing, jamming. Eventually Armand got me up. This part of the evening is what I'd like to remember. I'd like to forget the street that looks for the tourist. As you walk along, some barker reaches out and actually grabs your arm, saying, "Come on in; I'll buy the first drink." The "undress" joints follow one after the other. I couldn't wait to get back to my domicilly.

So now it's a.m., and we leave at 10. We're in the lobby, and there's a welcome face: Raymond Burke; unpretentious; carrying the few things he'll need, plus his clarinet. Here's a guy who plays from inside. In time, he tells me about his store (used everything for sale; records, medallions, what have you). So the gigs aren't plentiful. "We'll be on a wagon Mardi Gras. Doc has us booked." Music and the music business; two different things.

SO WE WALK AND talk and ride on out to the airport. This Disney plane is a smaller job (smaller than the jet); we all fit comfortably in this million- dollar creation. I manage to snare an invite to sit right between but just behind the pilot and navigator. We'd met last night doing the rounds. This is their gig, and they proceed to lay it on me. It's a liberal education, and as knowledge enters, fear seems to exit. Man, you have to be a musician (or be rich) to fall into things like this. Meanwhile, just back of me Souchon has his "axe" out, and Raymond is playing along; we're in a jam session 22,000 feet up. And here come snacks; like too much, man. About the same time, the newspaper men are interviewing those of us they can grab; I get into this act. You see, Doc Evans is going to do a TV thing with me, so this was a good opportunity for me to get some material on him; and I did. Yeah, but there alongside the window Emile Christian and Chink Martin are playing cards. You listen and you dig the "asides"; the way they carry on. There is a real nice feeling among this bunch.

"We're comin' in." Smooth, man. And what do you know? They've got TV cameras meeting us; and The Firehouse Five group playing; and a couple of big horses with wagon. The music comes on, our group comes off, and everybody's blowin'. Now follows a press conference. (This always brings to mind one I attended way back where somebody asked me, "What do you do in the winter time?" And I said, "I wear an overcoat.") But we take it in our stride, and there's more coffee and goodies. Finally, we're on our way; off to the Disneyland Motel. We have to pair off, and I draw Burke for a roommate. You sign for everything you need, so I can see where my penmanship is

going to improve. Man, Disneyland is a vast place! Well, I'll see it tomorrow.

It's Friday and we're gathered for rehearsal. I haven't seen Doc Cenardo (we are loaded with Docs; Cenardo is a electronic doc) for ages. We made the Jazz Ltd. scene together. Cenardo is a drummer. This band has got to swing, what with string bass, tuba, guitar, drums, and piano. It has to, and it does. It's a "talk-rundown" rehearsal. Now I know this is going to be kicks. Souchon makes room for everybody; getting Evans to beat off tempos (such leaders are unusual), thus acknowledging the New Orleans tradition; most of its bands are trumpet-led. We pick a gang of tunes, and now it's time to get fitted for "monkey jackets." No one really digs this bit, but you've got to go along with it. It's their bag. We settle on some "middle-of-the-road" garments; that's that.

It's evening; as I wait to be picked up, there's Pee Wee Russell. Condon's here. It's been awhile since Pee Wee and I broke bread. Yeah, now his Mary is gone. "Art, you know, I've been painting. Haven't done a thing since Mary passed." I wondered how he could do anything; she'd been such a big part of his life. "Art, this is my first time out." Yeah.

Well, we're inside the Disney grounds now, and wagons and horses; torches. Boy, these people (like they say) don't spare the horses. Watch where you walk. It's colorful, but you can bet Eddie C. managed to stay in the business suit bit. No pianos on the wagons, but I get to beat the big bass drum. The bit catches up with me, and I'm part of it. Lights, camera, action. People applauding; we're on our way. Our spot is the French Market; outdoor setting. Besides us (Condon's group and Souchon) there's Teddy Buckner's group, the Firehouse Five + 2; the Young Men From New Orleans. But that place is so huge you don't even hear an echo of another band.

Armed Forces Night; private affair. I recognize the style. I've worked for enough wealthy folks to dig. You see, when they have a party they may hire you (all the help) for a two-night gig, run the first night for neighbors, etc. and get the kinks out of it. If there are going to be mistakes, let them happen the first night. But once we start playing, it don't matter; we're gone. This band fits. I don't care how old Emile and Chink are. They've got it. There's something about a New Orleans band you don't try to explain. I remember Bunk Johnson's easy tempos. This band has that "feel"; it feels so good you don't need a lot of tunes. No frantic pulsation.

It's an ensemble effort, with individuals stepping out for solo bits. I can't get tired in this kind of band. Emile Christian goes back to the ODJB (Original Dixieland Jazz Band); that's 1919. Chink Martin has been playing 60 years. You listen to these cats, and watch 'em, and damned if you don't get the feeling they're trying to make good; go over. This isn't a gig for money (oh sure, they'll get paid; and accept it), this is a chance to ply their trade. Man, New Orleans must be the place to live and grow old gracefully. Doc Evans plays

Doc Souchon & Ray Leatherwood

fine. I don't hear too many horn men play melody like it's something they like. Doc does. He's heard Louis and Bix and just about everyone else that could blow horn. He puts it down so that the clarinet and 'bone have a line to hue to. This is a fine front line; too bad we didn't get a chance to record. I'll say this for Souchon; he's gathered the right children.

"YOU'RE ALL INVITED; a party for the help (musical help)." Well, first let's shed the monkey-suits. We find the spot. Guys I haven't seen for oh-so-long. One cat doesn't even know me; and we just recorded several years ago. Oh well; maybe it's something he ate. Condon stops to chat. Doesn't seem like he's changed; looks good. Meanwhile, music is going on. Cats are jammin'. Here's somethin' funny. For years, if you said about a cat (white) that he played like a Negro, that was a great compliment. But this night I'm hearing a Negro who sounds almost white. Fine horn; Michael Delay. And I get to hear Buckner, who makes me feel I'm at a jam session at Ryans (N.Y.C.). Yeah, guys pair off; all kinds of conversations going. McCorkel shows up; this cat has got to be the oldest fan as far as years of listening is concerned. He keeps threatening to write a book titled *100 Years Of Listening; 50 With Each Ear.*

"Hurry down sunshine; see what tomorrow bring." It's Saturday; I wonder what the poor people are doing. Man, we're eatin' like it's going out of style. Guess I'll walk around and see this Disneyland bit. Tell you one thing; you can call it Fantasyland but, boy, those registers keep on ringing. The wearing of the green. That part's for real. It's a good kick to see a place where they think big, make it big. But I'm not much on this walking endlessly. So I get back and talk to people. Pee Wee tells me he's not getting his rest. "You know where Eddie conducts his business? Yeah; right in my room." Condon managed to find Johnny Mercer and four hours of togetherness. I get Jack Tracy on the phone. "I'm not doing any jazz, Art; strictly commercial stuff." Well, one thing's for sure; these people have the weather; beautiful. Sidemen aren't getting rich out there; not the jazz sidemen. Mostly the guys are doing their two nights a week. And it's like here in Chicago; they've got some daytime thing going.

We're on again. Talk about crowds. I bet there's 16,000 people roaming around. We get our share. I see faces I haven't seen in years. Leonard Feather steps up, and we shake hands. As he put it: "Whatever differences we may have had long since melted into insignificance." Ross Russell, who may have been about the first to record bop, grabs me. It's one person after another. Slim Evans is a sight. We did the early Chicago scene together. Flashbulbs are working overtime. We've got an audience and plenty of *in*centive. Souchon is against intermissions. Man, we play. We work a little harder, but we get it off the ground. Such a good feeling when you jell. At the closing number, it's standing ovation style. Something wells up inside you.

So it's Sunday, and "get-away" time. The kind words have been spoken: "You'll be back." Man, I sure hope so. Not that it's a money deal. Not when you take six days to do a two-night gig (even though Souchon split the money down the middle). I couldn't begin to tell you why it added up to a good taste. On the return trip, we loafed, chatted, hoped we'd get together again. Souchon promised to send me his New Orleans book (just got it, and it looks great; naturally it's about jazz; full of rare pictures). We talked about the guys, one by one. Then Doc told me this story about Raymond Burke. It's almost like a picture of what was and what is. It's a true story:

"Raymond was called to make this rehearsal. Trumpet player had the gig. They get to blowin', and pretty soon the leader solos, and he's all over his horn; very proficient; technical; fast. Raymond sits there and listens and listens. And automatically, as he's listening he's taking his clarinet apart, cleaning each part and puttin' it in his case; closing it up, getting up and leaving. That was it."

New Orleans; land of dreams (so the song goes). This time I take the time to "pick up" on people. Again I sense the "feel" of the town. It must have been a gas here when jazz had its heyday. It's so tempting now. I feel like a citizen. I've got New Orleans "inside." And when you come to think of it, that's what counts. You can be in the town but not "of" the town. In the final analysis, all this jazz is an inside job. . . . db

BUDD JOHNSON:

DUES PAID

as told to Michael Zwerin

Tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson is so lucid, so interesting, that my role was that of a typist. ☐ *For those who don't know much about him—and I fear there are too many—the* Encyclopedia of Jazz *says this about him: "Johnson played a unique role in the development of modern jazz. The only large bands in the early 40s involved in the transition from swing to bop were those of Earl Hines and Boyd Raeburn in 42-44, Billy Eckstine and Woody Herman in 44-45, and Gillespie in 45-46. The only common thread linking them was Johnson, who wrote music for all five bands and played tenor sax in person or on records with all but Raeburn's."* ☐ *Budd has been working recently with Earl Hines' quartet. I got to know him when we spent six weeks together in the Soviet Union in 1966, with a larger group that Hines put together for a State Department-sponsored tour. His playing was a real pleasure for the entire trip, as was his special brand of intuitive intelligence.* ☐ *He has written a good deal of poetry that he hopes to publish. He now lives on New York's Long Island and likes to play golf.* ☐ *Here is his story, from birth in 1910 in Dallas until he moved to New York City in 1942.*—Zwerin

MY FATHER WAS musically inclined; he taught the choir in church, played the trumpet and a little piano. But he never worked at it seriously.

At any rate, he never did discourage music for my brother and myself. He said, "Well, if that's what you want to do, go ahead and try. Get out into the world. If you can't make it, I'll send for you." That was in 1928, the year I left home for good. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

I studied a little piano at first, and then I took up the drums, fiddled around with some other instruments, and finally got to the saxophone. One day, I was practicing up a storm at the house. I was always practicing. I felt the presence of someone, and I happened to stop and turn around, and my father was standing in the doorway, shaking his head. He said, "So this is jazz, huh? So this is what you call jazz? . . . Can you read?" I always remember that little story—"Can you read? You're trying to play a horn, and you can't even read music." He knew what jazz was all about, but he thought that my approach to it was wrong, that I was just faking on the instrument.

But I kept working at it. One day, a band came into my home town—Holloway and His Merrymakers.

Holloway had what we thought was the most beautiful tone in the world on the alto saxophone. He had this deep vibrato, more or less like the Lombardo sound. Most of the guys in the band were from Little Rock, Ark. This was about 1926. By then, I could fake pretty good on the horn, but I hadn't even thought about trying to read or play the chromatic scale on it.

Holloway used to play with Alphonso Trent's band. Back in those days, Trent was like Duke Ellington. They called his band the Orchestra of Gold, and they played all the big-time white hotels all through the South. Even back then, the sidemen were making a hundred and a quarter a week. That was an awful lot of money in those days. Those guys were just rich. You've got to remember that $15 or $20 a week then could support a family with two or three kids, put them through school and everything.

We all looked up to those guys. So when Holloway formed his own band and came into Dallas with it, it was a big deal. I felt pretty proud when I finally did get on his band. But here I was, sitting between these two alto players, and I couldn't read a note of music. I was strictly using my ear to try to find that tenor part.

In those days a tenor saxophone part was different than now—it wasn't like the two altos. They really hadn't learned to write for three saxophones yet. They used the tenor like they did the trom-

bones; he'd play the cello part, a counter melody to the altos. The altos would be playing all the eighth notes, and the tenor would just play a whole note against it. So it wasn't too difficult for me to try to find the part to play. I would always get every sheet of music out when they'd call the number. I'd sit it in front of me and be looking at it as I was faking. Finally, one day, they put up a new piece, and right in the middle of it I realized I was reading music.

Well, Holloway left, and Ben Smith took over the band. We went to El Paso, Texas, and worked at the West Ypsilanti Country Club. We got $30 a week, plus room and board.

I eventually joined a band called Eugene Coe and His Happy Black Aces. It was a pretty good band too. Coe played drums, and his wife played the piano. She wasn't bad either. We played some little town in Oklahoma—I forget the name; it's where the Blackfoot Indians come from. I got in on the tail end of that job. I worked there about a week and then the job was over.

Coe had a touring car. We drove it from Oklahoma to his home town, Amarillo, Texas. He didn't have any work, but he wanted to hold the band together. So he decided to take everybody to Amarillo and feed and sleep us until he could get something.

That was some trip. Everybody, plus the luggage and instruments, was in this one car—and it was a 12-piece band. We kept having blowouts. We were all over the fenders, standing on the running boards—all over the place. It took us three days to get to Amarillo.

When we got there, we were all broke. Coe put us up in this little hotel a friend of his had. It was right next door to a theater. Who was playing piano for the silent pictures but Ben Webster. That's when I met Ben. I used to go there a lot, and Ben and I became good buddies. At that time, Frankie Trumbauer was the baddest cat around. Everybody dug Frankie Trumbauer. He had recorded a solo on a tune called *Singin' the Blues*, and everybody memorized that solo.

One day Ben said to me, "Hey, man, I sure would like to learn how to play that solo on the saxophone." I said, "Well, man, first you got to learn how to hold the thing and get a sound out of it and run the scale and everything." So he said, "Show me the scale." I showed him the C scale, how to lift the horn and hold it, and that's all I showed him. Ben had a good musical background, so he learned pretty fast. He played wonderful piano in those days—in fact, he was pretty hard to beat. He also played violin. He had this background, so he just took it from there.

Then my brother Keg, who played trombone, and I got a call to go to Dallas. They were opening the first Negro night club in Dallas, and they wanted the Johnson boys to play there. Keg and I had left home together. So we went back to Dallas—it must have been 1928. The fellow who was organizing the band for this night club was Jesse Stone. He wrote *Idaho;* a great songwriter. They sent to Chicago to get the dancers and singers and all that—it was a big thing. It was called the North Dallas Club. A guy named T. H. Smith owned it. He was a wealthy real estate man in Dallas, owned a lot of drug stores, and he decided he'd like to have a night club.

Jesse Stone was the piano player and musical director. The leader was a guy named T. Holder, who had once played trumpet in Alphonso Trent's band.

After that job was over, we were supposed to have a job in Tulsa, Okla. In those days you never wrote anything down on paper, and there was no union to be bothered about. When we got there, the place we were supposed to work at had a padlock on it. So there we were, stranded in Oklahoma.

Being infuriated at T. Holder, we decided to fire him. We elected Jesse Stone leader—the boy we thought was so together. We told T. Holder, "Man, for what you owe us you can drive us to St. Jo, Mo."—This was Jesse's home town. So he did.

That was some ride. The same situation as before: everybody in one car, hanging all over it. I remember two of us got on top of the car. It was a 14-piece band. Can you imagine that? No money; we were like immigrants.

Somehow we got to St. Jo. Jesse went down to a hotel and got two rooms—seven to a room. The first four that got to the beds slept in them. Everybody else was on the floor or in chairs. Sometimes a guy would stay in bed all day, not to lose his place. But nothing was happening. Jesse hustled around, but we would only get a little gig now and then, which would pay something like $2 or $3 a man. We rehearsed all day, every day, and we were getting pretty good. People were all talking about it. We had a lot of spirit. Whatever money we earned went into a pool—you couldn't keep it yourself. We would use that money to pay rent and buy food and uniforms. You just worked for the survival of the whole 14, not as an individual. You couldn't hold onto your own $2. Even if you got hold of a nickel or a dime and bought some crackers or something, you had to bring them back and share them. That's the way those bands survived back in those days. It was like one big family. This band became tremendous! What a beautiful band it was!

Finally Jesse got a job in a place called Dallas, Mo. That's way out in the country. It was a beautiful place, and they had rooms there. Our salary was just room and board. We put tips in a kitty, and this would pay for a trip once a week to hang out with the guys in Kansas City, eat in a restaurant, get a haircut. This was when I started to meet the guys in Kansas City and hear a lot of the great talent that was around there.

THE TWO GREAT BANDS IN Kansas City at that time were Bennie Moten's and George E. Lee's. Bill Basie was in town, just gigging around. He could play an awful lot of piano and organ. In fact, he just fascinated me. His fingers were *flying* all over the piano. That was his style. We used to hang out and drink beer and whisky and have a ball.

One night Basie said, "I'm going to come out to Dallas and blow with you cats." Now, he didn't know what kind of band we had; he had never heard us. We were working out every day, and we had musical arrangements on paper and we had them worked out to perfection. We had novelty numbers on which everybody sang. We played jugs. Or we would say "let's do something different," and everybody would sing his part instead of playing it on his horn. It was so great, a Jimmie Lunceford-type band, although we hadn't even heard of him then.

Basie came out, and he brought some of the guys. And I guess he'd tell you this himself, but Basie can't read, at least he couldn't at that time. So, he sat down at the piano and, man, he scuffled. It was obvious they were all impressed.

This was 1929. We were sharp. Oh, did we have a band! We stocked up on about a month's supplies—a lot of crackers. If you eat crackers and drink water, they sort of swell up inside you, and you feel full. But we didn't have much luck, and the band began to disintegrate, because Bennie Moten and George E. Lee had their eyes on us. They had heard the band. In those days, nobody had arrangements on paper. We were the first band that had that around there.

After a while, I went with Lee's band. So did Jesse. He had a swinging band. There used to be an argument around town as to who had the best band, Moten or Lee. Then they would have a battle of the bands, and the money would go to the musicians union, Local 627, the Negro local.

Lee lived on Euclid Ave., in Kansas City. We used to go there and rehearse every day. There were always some kids playing stickball in the street. I found out later that Charlie Parker was one of those kids—he was about 9 then, I guess.

You could say that we were a territory band. We used to play ballrooms all up through the Midwest and down South, as far out as Arizona or North Dakota. We used to play all the state fairs, two or three days at a time, in these little towns, and they would have their hogs and corn and all—old-time country fairs.

We worked every night—used to beg for a night off. We had Cord automobiles and an Essex instrument truck. We traveled

PHOTO/LEE TANNER

in style then, no more than four to a car. We were hot stuff traveling through the country—a big name band. I was making $7 a night and that was real good money then.

IN 1932, I WENT TO CHICAGO. My brother Keg had gone there a few years earlier. He was working with Ralph Cooper at the Regal Theater. All the bands had two jobs in Chicago at that time. You worked a theater and a night club afterwards. Two different salaries. The guys were making plenty of money in Chicago. It was jumping! When I got there, my brother had money and everything, so I was under no strain. I used to go down to the Grand Terrace Ballroom and sit in with Earl Hines' band.

The Grand Terrace was a place where all the movie stars came. This was big time. It was a theatrical cafe. It used to be an old Fox Theater, and they had built it into a beautiful night club, like the Cotton Club. They had fabulous shows.

The first time I sat in with the band, I sight-read the whole book without any trouble. At that time they only had three saxophones—Omer Simeon, Darnell Howard, and Cecil Irwin. Irwin was a great arranger. He did most of the writing for Earl's band in those days. He was a very fine person. After he found out I could read, he started calling me sometimes to sub for him when he had a writing job to get out fast. That was all right with Earl, because he knew I could read—and I could outblow Irwin too. He was pretty good, but I was young and cocky in those days. I felt like tearing him apart—maybe he was tearing me apart, but I couldn't see it.

By this time I knew all the musicians in town. My brother and I and Teddy Wilson were roommates. Teddy was about 18 then. We used to play all the time and rehearse—we were always together.

Then we took a band into the Grand Terrace when Earl went out of town for a tour. I was musical director, the arranger, and what-not. It was a great band. We used to get telegrams like: "Oh, gee, Earl, you sound much better tonight on the piano." But it would be Teddy Wilson. Teddy idolized Earl and had lived in Earl's home for a while, studying with him. But he idolized Tatum, too, and this gave him this difference.

We were on the air several times each night. We had air shots all the time then. That was the time Lindbergh's baby was kidnaped, and they were broadcasting news about it all the time. In between the news we'd play. Sometimes we'd have to go down there at 3 in the afternoon and then come back at 7, and then broadcast later while we were on the job.

After that, we took a job which was in forbidden territory to anyone but members of Local 10, Chicago's white local. Petrillo was president of No. 10 then. Albert Bouchet had the Villa Venice, 10 miles on the other side of Niles Center. We had to pass through Capone's territory to get there. Bouchet told us, "You want this job. It pays $60 a week, and I'll pick you up and send you home with an armed escort every night. I want you guys because you play better dance music and you can still read the show"—better than the white bands that he had there before. And I guess he wanted something new.

At that time, segregation was for real. Petrillo called out to the job on opening night and told us that if we didn't leave the job in 30 minutes, he would have some people out there to *run* us off the job or wipe us out. Villa Venice was an exclusive millionaire joint—there were 35 acres, and Bouchet had gondolas and stuff like that. So we were taking work away from Local 10 guys. But Bouchet said, "Now, if you want to stay, you stay—I'll give you protection. I don't care nothing about Petrillo and his threats." So we said okay.

Every night we went past the north side both ways with machineguns in the car with us. And if your car wasn't locked when you stopped for a light, they might just snatch you out of there and beat you to death. It was rough. It's a lot better now, of course, but in those days a colored fellow would have to be out of his mind to take a walk over on the north side.

Then, Teddy Wilson, my brother, and I got a call from Louis Armstrong. It was 1933. Z. T. Randolph was the musical director of his band then. Mike McKendrick was the band manager and guitar player. You probably heard Louis call his name on some old records. So the three of us joined Louis' band in 1933. We worked for him for the remainder of that year—until Louis decided to go back to Europe.

After that, I fooled around Chicago for a while. By then, though, things were really difficult. This was the depression, and prices were going down. We made only $40 a week with Louis and that was on the road. Not only that, but if we worked only two days any week, we were paid pro-rata. I really hadn't felt the depression before that because I'd been working. I knew it was there, of course. You could see the bread lines and the people sleeping in the park.

Chicago was hard-hit, but fortunately I was able to find some employment. Of course, I never waited for it to come to me—I was always looking for it. But it was really lean after I left Louis. We gigged around a little and the world's fair brought some money into Chicago, and things got a bit better.

In 1935, Earl's band had a bad bus crash while they were on a tour. Cecil Irwin was killed instantly, and a lot of the other guys were badly messed up. By this time Jimmy Mundy had joined the band—there were four saxes now—and so had Trummy Young. Earl picked them up in Washington, D.C. They called for me to join the band in Minneapolis, where they were working the Orpheum Theater. I got there the night after the accident. The guys were all bandaged up. I remember the date for some reason—it was June 10, 1935.

I stayed with Earl off and on for eight years. My salary then was $8 a night on the road, and when we were at the Grand Terrace we made about $50 a week. Whenever we could get the money from the boss, that is. He was a tough cat. His name was Ed Fox. He never paid people all their money at one time.

Fox was working for Joe Fosco, a big man for Al Capone. The Grand Terrace was part of the syndicate. Those guys loved us, though. And we loved them, in a way, because they were very good to musicians. I never knew Al Capone, but I knew his brother Ralph. Those cats were around us three or four days a week. Sometimes we would go out with them and drink with them.

We were still getting tips in those days. When you saw one of those cats walk in the place, you'd stop whatever you were doing and start his favorite tune. They used to walk up and tear a hundred-dollar bill in half and say, "When you finish it, you'll get the rest of it. Come by the table." That's how their money was flowing. They always told us, "You want to stay around here? Okay. You see nothing, you hear nothing, and you'll get along." Well actually, I never saw anything happen in there, but they just didn't want you talking in case there should be something happening some day.

One night, I was playing, and a waiter came up to me and said that this gentleman would like for me to come to his table. After the set, I went over there, and he says, "My name is Gus Arnheim, and this is my wife."

My mother was the head maid at a place called Stoneleigh Court in Dallas, where a lot of rich people stayed, and Arnheim had just left there. He said, "I met your mother, and she told me she had two boys that played music—one with Cab Calloway, the other with Earl Hines. Since we are here in Chicago, we thought we would come on out and say hello to you because your mother was such a wonderful woman."

"By the way," he said, "when you go back up to the bandstand, play some of your arrangements—you write music, don't you?" So I had Earl call some of them. When I went back after the set, he said, "Well, good. You know we are opening in the Congress Hotel. We have a rehearsal tomorrow at 1 o'clock. You think you could have something done and /Continued on page 40

RICHIE HAVENS-BROOKLYN TROUBADOR

by Chris Albertson

THE SOMEWHAT sandpapery, Dylanesque quality of his singing voice would not overly impress a vocal coach, his guitar playing is rather average, and his most successful recording to date is of a song written by someone else. Yet, at 26, Richie Havens has suddenly become a name to be reckoned with in the folk-rock field.

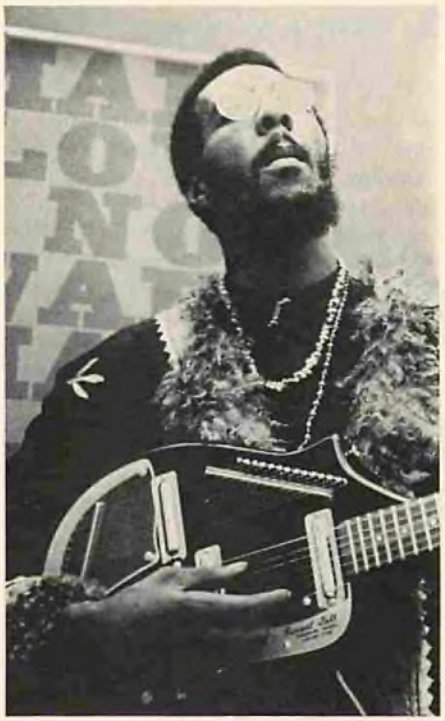
He himself offers no outright explanation, but admits to being somewhat confused by his success. "I still walk down the street and forget that all this is happening to me," he explains, in a soft-spoken voice with slight traces of a Brooklyn accent.

What is happening is simply a growing awareness and appreciation of Richie Havens' personality, as expressed through his music, an appreciation which he himself is reluctant to share. In fact, he clearly indicates that should the demand for his music suddenly subside, it would worry him less than it would some of his staunch followers. "Music is not my whole world and I don't think it will ever be," he explains. "I sing a little, I play a little, and I talk a lot—I find that I can do a lot of things—I can do woodwork, I draw, I can sweep, and so on. These are things I really enjoy doing—they're not below me or anything like that, they're really part of me."

It is rare to find an artist who is as sincere and unassuming as Richie Havens. It also speaks well for him that he has managed to get this far in a field where elbow-pushing and conformity often make up for a lack of talent. "I don't think I'll ever conform," he observes. "I'm still late for important dates and I can still go out with 3 dollars in my pocket and enjoy myself."

One of nine children, Havens was born and raised in what is often considered New York's toughest neighborhood, the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. The despair and bitterness which surrounded him as a child did not rub off on him. "I don't think I was ever a Brooklynite," he says. "I mean for what was happening there when I lived there—it wasn't really me at all. I wasn't into beating or killing this guy, or arguing with that one. From the time I was maybe 8 or 9, I used to leave the neighborhood and go to see other places, where I had never been before —get on a subway train and just ride and get off and walk around. I just did what I really felt like."

In 1959, Havens was old enough to leave Brooklyn permanently. He moved to the East Village, that part of Greenwich Village which in recent years has been colonized by wayward teenagers who, in the guise of "hippies" (a singularly inappropriate term), while away important formative years.



Havens, on the other hand, did not waste time. For a year and a half, he worked as portrait artist in a little shop on McDougall Street. "Then, for about six months, I wandered around to bars and places where people might want their picture drawn," he recalls, adding, with some amusement, "I made a lot of money until I started singing."

HAVENS ACTUALLY started singing many years ago, while still in Brooklyn. "I probably was in thousands of singing groups that we formed, but we never did anything, because every time we tried to break into the professional world, we would start getting so rigid that the group would simply fall apart. I never sang lead, but always stayed in the background and let the talented people sing—I always enjoyed hearing good people sing."

After two years as a Greenwich Village artist, Havens decided to take up music again. "I heard folk music and I really liked it and understood what was happening in it. There was more of a story in that than the usual 'I love you baby and you love me', which was the kind of singing I was used to. Seeing people play and sing inspired me to start again. Back in Brooklyn we never thought of taking up an instrument because nobody played and sang at the same time. Now you have to—that's why I picked up a guitar."

He taught himself the rudiments of guitar playing, and soon began supplementing his income from portrait painting by becoming a sort of wandering minstrel. "I probably worked in every 'basket coffee house' in the Village—that's where you don't get paid, you just pass the basket around. I enjoyed this because I met a lot of nice people and learned a lot about music—I was just picking songs and singing them, as opposed to what I am doing now—saying what I really feel."

A contract with Warner Bros. records was signed in 1962, but it expired before any actual recording had taken place. "I knew I wasn't ready to record—and they knew it, too, so, for four years we just didn't do anything."

Although he still didn't think he was quite ready, Havens signed a new recording agreement in 1966, this time with Verve's Folkways (now Forecast) label. The first album, *Mixed Bag*, was released in March of that year and became what is known in the record industry as "a sleeper." It was there, but nobody paid much attention to it until Havens appeared at the 1967 Monterey Pop Festival. Then disc jockeys and critics suddenly began to notice Richie Havens.

Verve recently released Havens' second album, entitled *Something Else Again*. Here he is backed by flutist Jeremy Steig's group, and a good rapport is evident. Steig, who is essentially a jazz musician, has in recent years become more closely associated with what, for want of a better term, can be called funky guitar-harmonica rock-blues sounds. He has been known to drop in on a late night New York radio show to accompany, with a flute obbligato, such blues performers as Mississippi John Hurt and Big Joe Williams —something he does very effectively. "He's a great musician, and I had wanted to work with him for a long time," said Havens. "I hope to work with him again on my next album."

Another departure which the second album represents is Havens' use of the sitar, the most popular stringed instrument of India, dating back some 700 years. A rather complex instrument, the sitar produces sounds at times reminiscent of some of Blind Willie Johnson's guitar work. Recently, it has been employed by a number of pop groups, most notably the Beatles, who have featured George Harrison's sitar on such tunes as *Love You To* and *Within You Without You*.

By incorporating the sitar in their music, rock groups have created a wide interest in such old, established masters of Indian music as Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Kahn. "I heard Ravi Shankar about 10 years ago," Havens recalls. "He was the first jazz musician, as far as I was concerned. When I first heard him play, I said, 'God, that's jazz and it's blues and everything.' From that time on, I've always wanted a sitar, but I have just been able to afford it. I started out with what I thought was

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By Martin Williams

IN THE 1940s there was published a book of casual humor, anecdote and interview by H. Allen Smith called *Low Man on a Totem Pole*. Such a volume may seem an unlikely place for an historian of American music to be doing research, but there is a chapter in it about a small child, the son of an avid jazz fan with a sizeable collection of swing-era recordings. The infant boy, barely able to talk, was very fond of the records and able to tell one group from another. He is described at one point as pointing to the phonograph and gleefully identifying "Benny Gooman, Benny Gooman!"

That listening prodigy was Steve Kuhn, and he remained something of a prodigy for years thereafter. While still a teenager and a high school student in Boston, he was working with the likes of Coleman Hawkins, Vic Dickenson, Chet Baker, and Serge Chaloff. Out of the prodigy class, he subsequently worked in New York with John Coltrane, Kenny Dorham, Stan Getz, Art Farmer, and Charles Lloyd.

Steve Kuhn was born in Brooklyn, and as indicated, he began his acquaintance with jazz at a tender age. As soon as he was physically able, he was putting the records on the turntable and playing them for himself. And by the time he was 5, he knew that he wanted to be a musician. On the advice of his father, who had been taught violin in his own youth, he undertook piano as the best place to start, a place from which he could move on to other instruments if he wanted to. He has never wanted to.

As Kuhn remembers it, he found it very difficult to play the classics that were an inevitable part of his instruction without doing some tampering. "Apparently I could improvise some even then, and it was hard for me not to when playing the little Bach and Mozart pieces I was assigned. My teacher knew about my interest in jazz, so as a reward for a good lesson, he would bring in some of the Pine Top Smith and Meade Lux Lewis boogie woogie transcriptions that had been published and let me play them."

In 1947, the elder Kuhn's business took him to Chicago for three years, and then to Boston in 1950. It was in Boston that Kuhn began working as a side-man accompanist to the aforementioned visiting stars, or with local men like Ruby Braff, as a kind of house-pianist at Storyville and its downstairs branch, Mahogany Hall. He also became an irregular regular at the Stable with Herb Pomeroy's sextet.

PHOTOS/JACK BRADLEY

Kuhn also continued his studies, now with Margaret Chaloff, the renowned classical piano teacher who loves jazz and has been a friend to jazzmen—Charlie Parker used to refer to her as "Mama" and she is very proud of that fact. Her son was of course Serge Chaloff, the baritone saxophonist. Chaloff became a major influence on the young Kuhn and gave him ideas about comping and how to play behind a soloist, ideas about soloing, and a general approach to the problems involved in getting up in front of people and making music.

"We took all kinds of jobs in little clubs around Boston for about eight or nine dollars a night. And often Serge would be yelling out to me the changes he wanted to hear in the piece we were playing, but I never felt he was doing it insultingly. I would come off the stand drenched in perspiration time after time, but I really felt as if I'd done something up there. It was hard work too, because we usually had to work without a bass player," Kuhn recalls.

Another influence on Kuhn was Dick Twardzik, the Boston pianist who died in France in 1955 while touring with the Chet Baker group. "I admired Twardzik very much, particularly harmonically. He listened to all the modern European composers and was quite advanced.

"He would play relief piano at the Stable, and he was supposed to be on for about twenty minutes. But he would get so involved that he might play on and on, usually working on the same piece. Finally, Herb Pomeroy gave him an alarm clock, and when the bell would go off, Dick would stop exactly where he was, pick up the clock and leave the stand.

"He once paid me a compliment on my playing—I was still very young then—and of course I've never forgotten it."

By this time, Kuhn's modern jazz influences were beginning to emerge. He still loved Fats Waller, for one, but he had begun to admire Erroll Garner, Horace Silver—particularly for his feeling—Lennie Tristano, Tommy Flanagan, and above all, Bud Powell. It was only after he had begun to learn from Powell's work, by the way, that Kuhn began to appreciate Art Tatum.

IT WAS NOT until some time later, during his last year in college, that Kuhn began to appreciate Bill Evans, a player to whom he is sometimes compared. "When he got it together, to me, it was as though he had done something that most of the good jazz pianists had been contributing to, and reaching for, for several years," Kuhn says.

Meanwhile, still in high school, Kuhn had begun to work around Boston on his own in a trio with drummer Arnie Wise, and, at first, bassist John Neves, later Chuck Israels.

In the summer of 1955, incidentally, Kuhn was scheduled to perform a Prokofiev piano concerto with the Boston Pops Orchestra, and he and Margaret Chaloff worked on it for a year. But it turned out the orchestra didn't know the piece and couldn't take the time to rehearse it.

The following fall, Kuhn was at Harvard as a music major, and work with the trio continued. In 1957, he, Israels, and Wise made a trio recording for United Artists, but the session came at a time when UA was losing interest in jazz and it was never released.

In the summer of 1959, Kuhn was a scholarship student at the School of Jazz in Lennox, Mass. It was an important session for that school in several ways, and one of these was the presence of two other students named Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry. "I was put into the same group with Ornette, and we were playing his music. It was the best group, and I was flattered to be in it. At the same time, I was confused about what to do. Max Roach was the faculty instructor of the group, and John Lewis was also around a lot of the time. I asked John how he thought I could best fit into the music. I knew what Ornette was doing. I have absolute pitch and I could hear the quarter tones and micro-tones of his music."

Kuhn did find a way to fit in, and in the final school concert he played a relatively simple melodic solo on Coleman's *The Sphinx*. Many another pianist with Kuhn's technical equipment, but with less discretion and taste, would surely have thrown caution to the winds and been all over the keyboard showing off his prowess.

Schooling done, Kuhn headed for New York to seek a career as a jazz musician. In the fall of 1959, he became a member of Kenny Dorham's quintet —Dorham had also been a faculty member at the School of Jazz—along with baritone saxophonist Charles Davis and bassist Butch Warren. They worked in Brooklyn, did jobs in Washington, Montreal and elsewhere, and had a stay at the Five Spot in New York.

"Then I heard that Coltrane was leaving Miles Davis and looking for a band. I called him up, saying that I didn't know if he knew who I was, but could we get together and just play a bit. I knew it sounded funny and that it wasn't the usual way of doing things, and I said so. He said he'd let me know. He called me back—I suppose he must have been asking around about me in the meantime—and said we'd rent a studio and play some. We played for about two or three hours. Then we went out and had dinner. He was kind of quiet about things, as he always was about everything. We drove back to his house on Long Island and played some more, about four or five hours this time. Afterward, he and his wife rode me back to Manhattan, and when they let me off, he said he'd call. Two days later he did call. He simply named a salary and asked me if it would be all right. We opened at the Jazz Gallery with bassist Steve Davis and drummer Pete LaRoca.

"He was all music—everything was music for him. I had never met anyone in jazz so completely intense and dedicated about the music before Coltrane," the pianist said.

"As for my work with him, I figured I could do *anything*. But with the freedom I was allowed, I ran too much of the spectrum, and the result wasn't really together. Finally, he gave me notice, saying that he had to and couldn't really tell me why. To tell you the truth, I was just about to give *him* notice, because I knew it wasn't working musically. But the event was still hard for me to swallow. I simply hadn't found myself stylistically. I was not supporting him, really. In a sense I was competing. He wanted McCoy Tyner, and when I heard them together, I knew McCoy was supporting him.

"I would see Coltrane afterwards, of course. I remember once I ran into him on the street, and he said to me quite seriously, 'Steve, show me something new.' Imagine! Me show *him* something new. He never stopped searching. His total dedication never let up."

ASKED WHOM HE would name as the epitome of swing, incidentally, Steve Kuhn unhesitatingly answers, "Coltrane."

Early in 1961, Kuhn joined Stan Getz through the intervention of the late bassist Scott LaFaro. Kuhn greatly admires Getz' technique, facility, and harmonic imagination. "He is a marvelous player, and his ballads are masterful."

When he left Getz, Kuhn felt that perhaps now he could really get together his own trio. To that end, he rented a studio and made a record of his own, hoping to place it with an established company. He didn't succeed.

Before long, Kuhn was working with Art Farmer's quartet, after the departure of guitarist Jim Hall and at the suggestion of bassist Steve Swallow. But during that time there was a trio album for a small label, Contact.

For the past 2½ years, Steve Kuhn has also been a part-time piano teacher. His students have represented all levels, from beginners through amateurs to professionals. "I was against doing it at first, but now I feel that as my own playing schedule permits, I want to maintain as many students as I can for the rest of my life. I learn a lot from it."

Otherwise, Kuhn has held out for the past two years for work as a leader of his own trio, taking on an occasional gig, perhaps, but no regular jobs. He has also made a very well-received album for Impulse, *The October Suite*, a collaboration between Kuhn and composer Gary McFarland, another fellow-student from the 1959 session of the School of Jazz. Kuhn feels that the music on this album, although it involves a string quartet on some selections and a woodwind group on others, is also representative of the kind of music his trio makes. "I think that in the last 10 years, I have learned all that I'm going to learn from the jazz tradition. My influences are assimilated and my own style has taken shape. I listen to a great deal of classical music, including Chopin and Liszt, but especially from Debussy to the present. But in my own playing, I think jazz is where my feeling is. If my music represents a kind of converging of two idioms, all right, but for me there is no question that the jazz feeling is the srongest.

"We play selected standards, a couple of originals by Carla Bley, and, more and more, my own originals. We need some point of departure, some frame of reference, and so does the audience, but we treat the pieces without preconceptions as to tempo or chord changes. We may pick a standard—a new one, say, like one of Burt Bacharach's pieces —but we might use only parts of its melody, its opening phrase or opening couple of phrases, as a basis for what we improvise."

Kuhn feels strongly that communication with an audience is the crux of the matter for a musician, and he believes that the concert stage presents the best future milieu for his group. Not just the big halls in the large cities, but the hundreds or thousands of smaller halls throughout the country, particularly those on college campuses.

"The auditoriums are there, and so are the potential audiences—appreciative audiences, I think, for jazz of all kinds. Someone has got to get it together, set up the circuit and start the booking. We'll play clubs too. There's one advantage to playing in clubs, you know. You don't often come away feeling the evening has been too short."

JAZZ AUDIENCE BEHAVIOR:

some sour notes

By Gus Matzorkis

A COUPLE OF thousand miles and 15 years separate my two most melancholy experiences with execrable behavior by a nominal jazz audience. One involved the mass mindlessness of seemingly excessive zeal, the other a boorish mannerlessness born of indolent self-indulgence. Both reflected that arrogance of our pseudo-Freudian world which, in the name of freedom and honesty, declares that the whim of the moment is master, is subject to no standard, and is to be given free rein.

The first experience ruined an evening in Chicago in 1952 or late 1951. One of Norman Granz' *Jazz At The Philharmonic* troupes was in town, probably at the Civic Opera House. Memory mercifully balks when I try to dredge up recollections of all the musician victims of the giddy-brained mob which filled the house that night. I do know that Ella Fitzgerald and probably Oscar Peterson were there. Among the others may have been Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, Bill Harris, Buddy Rich, and Hank Jones.

Most Granz concerts, by then, had pretty much come to be exercises in simulated hysteria. Portions of a *JATP* evening sometimes did provide some good-to-fine music, though, and that was my rationalization when I decided to attend. Besides, the Granz show provided the only opportunity for jazz listeners in most of the country to hear mainstream and post-mainstream players like Eldridge and Young and Coleman Hawkins (and even Charlie Parker) "live" in the early 1950s.

The first indication that this was to be a wild crowd even by *JATP* standards came when strident shouts of "GO, GO, GO, GO, GO, GO!" greeted Granz's introductory remarks. The fever rose when he introduced Flip Phillips, a fine straight-ahead Ben Websterish tenorist (albeit a minaturist-soloist in the best sense of the phrase) in his days with the first Woody Herman Herd of 1945, who had squirmed into an acrobatic bag of unending manipulated, disjointed grunts and screeches after a couple of *JATP* tours. Advocate of raw exuberance in jazz though he is, Granz looked startled in the face of this crowd's coming to climax at the mere mention of a musician's name. Even the vicarious experience of a voyeur, after all, is ordinarily based upon his *seeing* something.

The free-for-all set at the beginning of the concert was like a take-off on a Hollywood caricature of a jam session. The sight of the musicians appearing to blow intensified the simian uproar of the crowd, and that became something like mass madness when Phillips stepped forward and affected the grimaces and bumps and grinds that were supposed to bespeak an artist in creative heat. The shouting, foot stomping, and hand clapping came in a wild profusion of time signatures by comparison with which the contemporary rhythmic experiments of Don Ellis would sound like a hotel dance band playing a polite two-beat. (Those are the overlapping waves of audience caterwauling we're talking about now, not the music; whatever the musicians were playing up there on the stage eluded the ear's effort to distinguish it from the general uproar in the place.)

When Ella Fitzgerald appeared and seemed to start singing a ballad, the din reached a new level of frenzy. "Yaaaah Ella!" was the predominate cry, but there were also calls of "Go man!" and "Swing it Ella!" and "Aarrghhh!" and "Unnhhh!" and "Yoooo!" All that plus the up-tempo hand clapping, foot stomping, and head wagging bore not the remotest relationship to the ballad which an increasingly bewildered Miss Fitzgerald was trying to sing. Finally she just stopped singing and

looked to the wings for help.

Norman Granz angrily strode out to center stage and delivered a homily to the temporarily subdued crowd. If they hadn't come to listen to the music themselves and wouldn't give the others there a chance to hear it, he concluded with some indignation, they could get their money back and leave. You wouldn't argue with what he told them, I guess, any more than you would deny the appropriateness of the image that formed in my mind of a Dr. Frankenstein earnestly lecturing to the creature of his own making about good breeding. The crowd was not much improved within a few minutes after this interruption, and we left early.

This 15-year-old experience came drifting back a few months ago during the second annual Pacific Coast Jazz Festival in Costa Mesa. Miles Davis, George Shearing, and Duke Ellington on Saturday night's program gave rise to some hope of sharing in musical kicks ranging from nostalgic fun through mental pungency to perhaps even that particular inner glow which comes along to suffuse the gut of musicians and listeners just often enough to keep them going through the bad and just fair and pretty good playing and listening experiences in between.

MUCH OF THAT Saturday night *was* a groove. The Miles Davis group was beautiful. Davis, Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, and Bill Plummer puzzled those in the audience who had stopped hearing anything beyond the 1948 Shearing quintet, but even the quizzical ones appeared to be feeling or at least generally sensing the intensity and strength of the group. They listened hard, and the rest of the audience listened *and* dug what was going on. (Three brief incidental observations: Bill Plummer on bass kept up with, and contributed nicely to the very fast company of the superlative Davis rhythm section. I do not care either way about Davis not announcing numbers and walking off the stage between his own solos, but running all the numbers together in one long uninterrupted set is kind of a drag; too crowded and rich and obliterative of the special thing a particular musical piece has. Consciously intended that way or not, the group's heartfelt playing of the classic Davis-Coltrane quintet's arrangement of *'Round Midnight* was the perfect tribute to John Coltrane.)

The Shearing set was mostly innocuous, sometimes fun. Joe Pass on guitar and Shearing had some very good solo moments. The sound system, which had been exactly right for Davis, was lousy for this set.

The sound system was not much better during most of the closing set by the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Ellington largely overcame *that* obstacle, just beautifully. As always, he gave us some show biz stuff. Even that was pretty damned good stuff, though, and much of the rest of what he gave us was truly fine music, music which we have no legitimate right to simply take for granted. He presented a number of new compositions and many strong, masterful statements by that wondrous team of soloists. The dismal fact is that a sizable minority of the audience that night treated it all with a casualness that amounted to contempt—and that brings us back to the subject of terrible jazz audiences.

About two-thirds of the way through the Ellington set, people began to get up and walk out. Their exit was more than normally disruptive because they had to walk up the aisles to the front of the stage and then turn to get out. The majority of the crowd tried not to be distracted by the increasing numbers of departing thickheads, but their amoeba-like proliferation made that impossible. Ellington and the men in the orchestra were no less affected by the tensions in the air between a departing minority of listeners who simply were not in touch with the music at all and a remaining majority who were very much with them and clearly anxious to hear more. I am fully aware of the fact that no music, not even Ellington's, is so fundamentally universal that it invariably reaches out and deeply moves everyone who hears it. But damn it, those people were not expressing displeasure with the music; their unwittingly patronizing exit reflected some mildly felt, childish self-indulgence and certainly not a firm stance of some kind.

In his newspaper column covering the festival, Leonard Feather speculated that the early departures were sparked by a desire to avoid a traffic rush. He suggested that the guilty ones be punished by being forced to listen to a heavy dose of the Jefferson Airplane. I really don't want to

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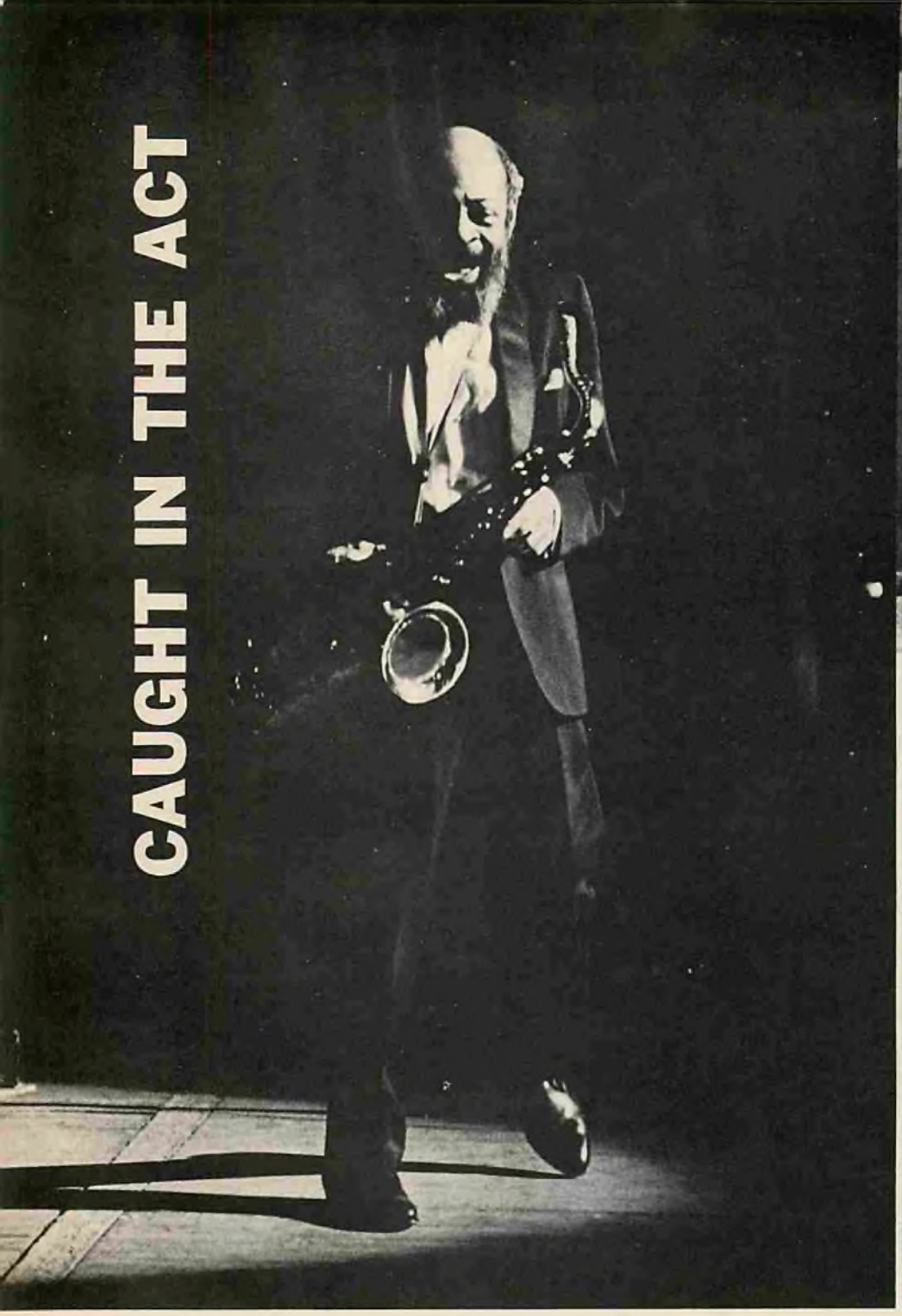
CAUGHT IN THE ACT



RON HOWARD

Tommy Vig

Coleman Hawkins

Ronnie Scott's Club, London, England

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Mike Carr, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Tony Crombie, drums.

I'm getting just a little bit tired of the romanticism on the one hand and the carping on the other that pervades every criticism of Coleman Hawkins these days. Sure, he's getting on in years, and it shows. He has perhaps weathered age less gracefully than some other Grand Old Men of Jazz, but what counts is the mountain of music that still tumbles nightly from his bountiful horn.

He recently wound up a month-long stint at Ronnie Scott's finely appointed London jazz room, and according to reports from all quarters, every night was an object lesson in improvement. The saxophonist was accorded a full house nightly, yet there were many sceptics who stayed home because of the adverse reports concerning his health that have filtered through the grapevine of late. I heard the Hawk blow on a number of occasions, and I only wish that someone would have made it mandatory for all Doubting Thomases to be seized by the scruff of their necks and have their noses rubbed in the mess of blues the saxophonist laid down on one particular night to remember.

Hawk ended a set with a *Stuffy* guaranteed to swing out; way-out and beyond all comers for some time thereafter. The admirably uncomplicated rhythm-team built up heavy, thick patterns for Hawkins to work with, Crombie flailing his crash cymbal mightily as the saxophonist roared through his own composition with the ineffable verve of the Ellington reed section. Once and for always, "the Old Man" showed that his only grey is in his beard. And didn't he love turning the tables on the critics! He blew like a bat out of hell.

The set had started with a bouncy *Moonglow*, and from the very beginning Hawk made his phrasing tricky. The verb "to coast," so familiar to most of his generation, has no place in the Hawkins book. Unhampered by any loudness or unadaptability in his backing, he was able to guide the tune his own way, riding in and out of the changes, rewriting the story as he went along.

Then came *Sweet Georgia Brown*, the saxophonist blowing a sparse intro over stop chords before pointing his golden horn into straight 4/4 swing. The old master slipped and slid with ease through the familiar progressions; but his sound! Like a lion's roar, his saxophone beat at the walls and on the believers' ears.

September Song started out *colla voce* as it does these days, Hawkins' craggy solo climb reminding you that he was probably the first man in jazz to dispense with accompanists and go it alone this way. Then he jerked back into tempo with a strident shout and a don't-you-*dare*-forget-about-me feeling of presence. Hawkins laughed between phrases as if he realized just how good he was blowing, then chided the prettiness from the melody, finally letting its intrinsically sentimental pattern come to the surface.

Of course he's not the Hawkins of *Body and Soul*, but is Gillespie the Dizzy of *Groovin' High*? No one puts Dizzy down, but people do change with the years. But just by virtue of that huge, monolithic sound, you know that Hawkins could still give the youngsters a hard time they wouldn't forget. And his actual improvisation? He's foxy, and as grand as Fort Knox gold. Hawk *talks*—and nightly, baby.

Bassist Holland was deputizing for Dave Green on the night of review, but you wouldn't have known it, for the three local

Violinists Svend Asmussen, Stephane Grappelly, and Jean-Luc Ponty

Elvin Jones

men fitted Bean like a custom-tailored suit. Crombie combines just the right degree of coarseness with finesse to make him the best of British drummers, and at the end of every carefree Hawkins' coda, Carr tied up the loose ends with expertise.

Paring it down to essentials, Coleman Hawkins, in spite of his years and vintage appearance, still makes his music count. There was a whole gang of happy faces at Ronnie's that night. —*Valerie Wilmer*

Stuff Smith Memorial

University of Aarhus, Denmark

Personnel: Stephane Grappelly, Svend Asmussen, Jean-Luc Ponty, violins; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

The growing internationalization of the jazz community becomes evident in several ways. Consider, for instance, the sad fact that two jazz giants are now buried in Denmark: Oscar Pettiford, who died in 1960, and Stuff Smith, who left us seven years later.

When O.P. died, friends arranged several benefit concerts in order to help the bassist's family, and when Smith left his daughter Christine without any means, the Danish Jazz Academy, in cooperation with the Scandinavian Booking Agency, arranged a big memorial concert in Copenhagen.

At the University of Aarhus, listeners had a chance to hear the main attractions in a more intimate setting and in more extended performances than had been the case in Copenhagen.

The Kenny Drew Trio opened the evening with two fast numbers, *Vierd Blues* and *Ack, Varmeland du Skona* (or *Dear Old Stockholm*, if you prefer). Obviously, these two numbers were intended to serve as groove-setters for the trio—and for the audience, which consisted of 500 more or less attentive youngsters.

The trio had been working steadily for several months, and is an established rhythmic trinity. With seeming nonchalance, they vigilantly and impeccably administer the rhythmic heritage of the Miles Davis Quintet of the late 50s.

Asmussen was the first of the fiddlers three, and he also served as emcee for the concert. He opened with a medium *When You're Smiling*, and after a vocal in his usual easy, swinging style and a few improvised choruses, he faded the rhythm section out, and delivered a memorial speech—a moving tribute to Stuff Smith, the man and the musician. "Thanks for the lesson, Stuff," he concluded.

Asmussen's musical tribute, *To My Black Brother*, written especially for this occasion, was a haunting little melody, with soulful passages showing Asmussen's tonal mastery as well as his technical skill.

Lest the atmosphere should become *too* sad, Asmussen went into a driving version of *Timme's Blues*, a medium twelve-bar blues, which Asmussen and Smith made very popular during their many concerts together (Timme, of course, is Timme Rosenkrantz, who brought Smith to Denmark).

The very relaxed, very elegant Grand Old Man of European jazz violin, Stephane Grappelly, played three numbers—*Pennies from Heaven*, *I Can't Get Started*, and *I'll Remember April*.

Although Asmussen and Grappelly are indeed "two of a kind" (the title of a record they made together a few years ago) the differences between them are also considerable.

Grappelly radiates a certain *esprit*, a noble masculinity, which in my mind makes him the jazz violinist who best represents the flowing and singing quality found so often among gypsy fiddlers. The Frenchman's sound is slim and smooth, and the picture of him as jazz *Primas* is evident also in his rhythmic phrasing. He swings in his own elegant way. The rhythm section is always welcome to join him, but is unable either to change or to add much to the musical picture.

Jean-Luc Ponty, the 25-year-old phenomenon, is different in many respects from his two older colleagues. He opened with a medium blues (from the book of the aforementioned Davis quintet), and continued with a very fast *Love for Sale*.

It was evident from the very first bars of Ponty's performance that Al Heath, especially, became more attentive, and answered the violinist's contemporary phrasing with supple figures on the drums, and dancing and firm cymbal work.

Perhaps Ponty has a more advanced arco technique (although Asmussen and Grappelly certainly know how to handle the bow), but Ponty's superiority stems from his rhythmic conception, which is more contemporary. His older colleagues play in a no-kidding-right-on-the-beat style, which is compelling, and a real joy for the listener.

But Ponty is *exciting* in a way one had thought was reserved for tenor saxophonists. He flows against and/or across the tide of the rhythm section.

Yet Ponty is not as homogenous a musician as his older colleagues. The moment he becomes a little inattentive, he falls back on a melodic conception, and there he is not the peer of Asmussen and Grappelly.

One could not avoid noticing that Ponty gave Drew, Orsted, and Heath possibilities to play extended solos—which had not been the case earlier in the evening. This was another sign of Ponty's different approach to his role.

The differences and the similarities between the violinists were even more evident when they played together, opening with *Take the A Train*.

It was a memorable evening filled with emotions ranging from Asmussen's "Thanks for the lesson, Stuff," to the happy and humorous chases between the three violinists.

The great pioneer of the jazz fiddle has left us, but his colleagues and successors happily are very much alive.

—*Finn Slumstrup*

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VIOLINISTS/COMET: JONES/RYUICHIRO MAEDA

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Ira Gitler, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin. Reviews are signed by the writers

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Jaki Byard

LIVE! THE JAKI BYARD QUARTET—Prestige 7477: *Alan's Got Rhythm; Jaki Byard's Ballad Medley (Tea for Two; Lover; Strolling Along; Cherokee; Shiny Stockings); Cathy; Bass-Ment Blues.*

Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone, flute, drums; Byard, piano; George Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, drums, vibraphone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The intimacy, vibrancy, and immediacy of a fine in-person performance rarely survive the transfer from club to tape. Something invariably is lost in the transition. Yet this album, recorded at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike near Boston, captures most of the flavor. *Live!* is warm, gusty, gutsy, happy, introspective, humorous—in brief, really alive.

Much of this is due to leader Byard, whose robust and humorous sorties—delivered both vocally and musically—easily disarm the audience. He is irrepressible, a genuinely funny fellow whose fun comes on naturally, is never forced.

An example is *Medley*, a joyous romp kicked off by a mad scramble of notes which don't mean a damned thing but do reveal some of Byard's technical virtuosity. From there, he tips off one of the fastest *Tea for Two's* I've ever heard. How can his fingers stand the strain? And what a put-on. One can imagine the audience wearing a sort of awed grin. A short, slower-paced interlude of more jiggery-pokery with his men, and then a madcap *Lover*.

However, Byard knows the value of pacing. *Strolling Along* has Farrell's fine, round-sound tenor at medium tempo. But it's only a teaser for *Cherokee*. Here, Farrell comes roaring back with machine-gun rapidity which, indeed, seems too much for him at moments. His thinking lags a trifle behind his playing.

But he immediately recoups with the medium *Stockings*, where he joins the boss in a solid, bedrock-beat performance which ends to loud applause. To enhance the aura of aliveness, the track retains a few end-set words by club owner Lennie Sogoloff, who soft-sells the virtues of his roast beef and home-baked ham sandwiches. He sounds like a nice guy. Altogether, *Medley* is a well-served-up bouillabaisse, laced with ebullience and humor.

Yet *Medley* is by no means the only goodie on this platter. One of the best is *Rhythm*, where Dawson forsakes drums for vibes, Farrell climbs on the drum stool, and off they go at medium-fast. I have heard neither Dawson nor Farrell at these instruments before, but they owe apologies to no one. Dawson is deft and inventive as the unflagging Farrell boots him on strongly.

A note on the musicianship here: it is top-notch. This is craft, craft practiced with gusto, warmth, and joie de vivre. Dawson is clean, fleet, sure-handed; Farrell is a full-throated swinger on tenor, and adept on the flute.

Byard is a man for all seasons—and for all reasons. He has enviable control of his instrument. He can play in many styles and modes, and yet he is always Byard. Note his use of the swing-bass left hand on *Bass-Ment*, a delightful recreation of a style of yesteryear. And he makes it fit. As someone pointed out, he is the history of jazz piano rolled into one.

The heartbeat for the entire date is the late George Tucker, whose gutstrings provide the foundation for everything. Strong, facile, very inventive, he is the undercurrent that flows on, never diverted. And when he comes to the fore, most prominently on *Bass-Ment*, the bass becomes a solo instrument to be admired and dug.

My one complaint is that I found *Cathy* and *Blues* a bit overextended musically; hence, a mite draggy in spots. But when set against the overall substance of this record, the complaint seems trifling. This is one album that will always be on my shelf—or, more properly, on my turntable.

—Nelsen

Rolf and Joachim Kuhn

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK—Impulse! A-9158: *Impressions of New York I (Arrival; The Saddest Day; Reality); Impressions of New York II (Predictions).*

Personnel: Rolf Kuhn, clarinet; Joachim Kuhn, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Aldo Romano, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Perhaps the clarinet is due for a comeback in jazz. The work of Perry Robinson, Eddie Daniels, and Rolf Kuhn indicates that it might be.

Rolf is a veteran musician whose playing has evolved from mainstream/modern to a far-out style. This album, in fact, is an avant garde blowing session featuring solo work by all members of the quartet. It also contains collective improvisation.

Rolf performs fairly well. He displays a big, if rather colorless tone and improvises passionately. He employs two approaches here. When engaged in simultaneous improvisation with his brother he uses an agitated, non-swinging method of playing. When he solos, his work has a more relaxed, swinging quality.

Brother Joachim has been influenced by modern classical music. He has good technique, but uses it merely for bravura display. Most of the time he just demonstrates that he can run over the keyboard rapidly. He does improvise rather lyrically following Garrison's solo on the first side, however.

The best thing about the record is the work of Garrison and Romano. Garrison is his usual strong, dependable self. He plays a long, very well-organized solo on *Impressions I*.

Romano is a sensitive drummer. He plays crisply and cleanly, and I was impressed with his skill in coordinating cymbal and snare work during his solo.

Though sometimes stimulating, this album leaves much to be desired. *—Pekar*

Shelly Manne

JAZZ GUNN—Atlantic SD 1487: *A Bluish Bag; Silver Tears; Sweet; Theme for Sam; A Quiet Happening; Night Owl; Peter Gun.*

Personnel: Conte Condoli, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Frank Strozier, alto saxophone, flute; Mike Wofford, piano; Monte Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Gunn is a clean, well-crafted piece of work—what you might expect from Manne. The musicianship is for the most part very good, the music easy to listen to; but the listener's pulse is never quickened.

Perhaps the most satisfying performance, because of its structure and voicings, is *Sam*. It begins as a slow bluesish wail, plodding along like the weary feet of a field hand. The feeling really gets across. The exchanges between Condoli's trumpet and Strozier's flute are reminiscent of the front-line dialogs of New Orleans jazz. They talk to each other.

The swinger of the date is definitely *Bag*, an up-tempo romp redolent of the golden days of bop. All comport themselves with appropriate elan except Wofford. A friend tells me that the pianist is regarded by some West Coast musicians as something special. If he is, he does a superb job of hiding his talent here.

The standout of the session is Budwig, who seems to grow with each outing. Whether arco or just plain old fingers, he really moves the tunes and manufactures some dandy figures. The music is all by Henry Mancini. *—Nelsen*

Jimmy Owens—Kenny Barron

YOU HAD BETTER LISTEN—Atlantic SD 1491: *You Had Better Listen; The Night We Called It a Day; Gichi; Love, Where Are You?; Carolina John.*

Personnel: Owens, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Benny Maupin, flute or tenor saxophone; Barron, piano; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins or Freddie Waits, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Considering the talent involved, this is a terribly disappointing record. The soloists frequently do not get off the ground.

It's understandable why Barron and Owens are below par on *Listen, Gichi*, and *John*, however. These selections are marked by infectious, almost hypnotic, rhythm section work. Barron and Owens give in to the temptation to merely ride the groove established by the rhythm, em-

ploying some "hip" ideas but not really improvising imaginatively.

Night, a tightly-arranged selection, is pretty much a waste. The arrangement is pleasant but nothing special, and the soloists don't have enough room.

James Moody's ballad, *Love,* a showcase for Owens, is a highlight of the album. Owens plays with considerable warmth and sensitivity, showing a Miles Davis influence, but not aping Davis. (On the other tracks, Owens' work isn't nearly as Miles-like.)

Despite having been let down by his playing here, I still submit that Owens has great promise. He's a fine technician with excellent range. Few men can handle the fluegelhorn as well as he. The horn doesn't seem to present him with any particular problems; he plays high notes strongly and cleanly, and produces a big, rich tone. And he has demonstrated in the past that he can play with daring and imagination.

I wish I could be as enthusiastic about Barron. He was once one of the most exciting young jazzmen. His recorded work of several years ago with Dizzy Gillespie and James Moody was brilliant. At that time, he employed complex single-note lines and sometimes played with considerably lyricism. His exquisite solos on Moody's *Another Bag* LP (Argo) remind me of Al Haig's work.

On this album, however, Barron's work is far less interesting. His solos are relatively simple and lack substance. Too often he employs common-property funky devices.

Maupin's tenor solos are the outstanding feature of the LP, though I get the feeling that he also has more going for him than he shows here. His spot on *Listen* is notable for its variety of colors and textures. He contributes good, hard-swinging tenor to *Gichi* and *John.* —*Pekar*

Nina Simone

SILK AND SOUL—Victor LSP 3837: *It Be's That Way Sometime; The Look of Love; Go to Hell; Love o' Love; Cherish; I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free; Turn Me On; Turning Point; Some Say; Consummation.*

Personnel: Miss Simone, vocals; unidentified orchestra conducted by Sammy Lowe.

Rating: ★★★

There are few singers who can grab an audience as effectively as Miss Simone, but on this album her usual intensity seems restrained. The performances are good, mostly; but with a singer of Miss Simone's capacities, one expects something more distinctive. Perhaps she just wasn't in the mood this time.

Three tunes, however, do strike the ear: *Turning Point, Turn Me On,* and *Cherish. Point* presents a little girl made aware for the first time—by her mother—of race. She tells the parent of the wonderful times she and her little brown playmate have at school. "Can't she come over and play dolls with me, ma? What? Oh." And another innocent is tarnished. The lyric is childlike, thoroughly befitting the circumstance, and Miss Simone treats it simply, without affectation, like a tot reading from a story book.

Turn Me On describes a lonely woman whose man has split. The pace is slow, almost funereal, but the singer evokes all the forlorn weariness and hopeless hope of a chick that's been had but still wants the guy—perhaps only to end her loneliness.

Miss Simone harmonizes with herself (via tape, of course) on *Cherish.* Although the effect of the double voicing at times tends to obscure the lyric, the resonant beauty of Miss Simone's treatment brings it off. But it might have been just as effective had the singer merely hummed her way through.

The arrangements seem at times to have Miss Simone at their mercy. To these ears, she's best with a small group. —*Nelsen*

Al Tanner

HAPPINESS IS . . . TAKIN' CARE OF *NATURAL* BUSINESS . . . DIG?!—Touche TRLP 100: *Zaltanica; The Magi; Kubal; Poor Me; Bronson's Blues; Rolon's Groove.*

Personnel: George Alexander, trumpet and flute; Roy Henderson, tenor saxophone; Tanner, piano; Edgar Williams, bass; William (Smiley) Winters, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is a solid San Francisco-based group that plays in the Jazz Messenger tradition. Though Tanner is the leader, the notes imply that Winters is the outstanding musician in the group. Apparently he is accorded a considerable amount of respect in San Francisco, though he has no national reputation. This isn't unusual. Many gifted jazzmen, for one reason or another, stay on their home base for years, playing well but attracting little attention, while other, sometimes less talented musicians gravitate to New York and make names for themselves.

Winters is a major leaguer—a crisp, authoritative accompanist and, if his playing on *Poor Me* is representative, a musical soloist who sustains the momentum in his spots very well.

Alexander isn't the most polished trumpeter around, but he is a stimulating soloist. I'm particularly impressed with his melodic inventiveness; his lines are complex and fresh. He has a bright tone and frequently uses the upper register; unfortunately, his high-note playing isn't too strong. His flute solos on *Kuba* and *Bronson's Blues* are rather amateurish. He doesn't have technical command of this instrument.

Tanner and Henderson are competent post-bop soloists. Henderson's style has been influenced by John Coltrane, though his work is simpler and he has a fuller, softer tone. I particularly liked his hard-swinging, melodically attractive spot on *Poor Me.* Tanner plays some neat, unobtrusive solos, displaying a good, prodding left hand. —*Pekar*

Lucky Thompson

KINFOLKS CORNER—Rivoli LPR 44: *You Stepped Out of a Dream; Kinfolks Corner; Open Haus; I'll Be Around; Star Eyes; Poor Butterfly; Anthropology; Who Can I Turn To; Caressable.*

Personnel: Thompson, tenor and soprano saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank Anderson, organ (tracks 2, 6, 8); Wally Richardson, guitar (tracks 2, 6, 8); Willie Ruff, bass; Walter Perkins (tracks 4, 9) or Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

This is Thompson's best album since that fine Jerome Kern set of a few years ago. The program of great standards and excellent Thompson originals is varied and

well-paced, and the leader's playing on both horns is consistently admirable.

Lucky is one of the great "loners" in jazz. He refuses to compromise his musical and personal standards of integrity. This may have cost him public acclaim, since he does not work with the frequency that his talent merits, but it has kept him sane in mind and body. And judging by this record, his chops haven't suffered a bit.

It would be a mistake to equate Lucky's principles with a lofty or disdainful attitude towards music. His use of an organ on several tracks here, for instance, is hardly an indication of aloofness. And the title piece features some really down, haunting blues from Lucky's tenor.

What he does have in the highest degree is taste. On that blues, he never uses the devices so dear to tenorists in this kind of groove: no rasps, no honks, no growls. The playing is clean and utterly musical, yet has all the intensity one could ask for. It is emotion without pose. And very neatly arranged, one might add—making good use of Richardson's talking guitar and Anderson's well-modulated organ.

Each track could be cited for something of particular merit, but a special treat is the original approach to *Anthropology*. Playing soprano, Lucky takes it at a relaxed medium-bounce tempo that brings out new aspects of this time-tested bebop anthem. It is delicious, and so is Flanagan's piano spot. (Now there's a pianist who needs more exposure!)

The soprano, which Lucky plays in a manner quite his own—subtly, with an oboe-like sound, beautiful control, and perfect intonation—is featured on *Dream, Haus*, and *Star Eyes*, in addition to *Anthropology*. *Dream*, especially, seems to "lay" just right for the instrument.

I'll Be Around, a lovely tune, is a mellow, moving performance on tenor, by a master of the horn. *Turn To* is the best interpretation I've heard of the piece, and *Caressable* is a delightful Bossa Nova original; melodic, gentle, and warm, done with the right touch.

The rhythm sections are tailor-made for the occasion. Flanagan has no peers as an accompanist, and his solo spots are all superior. Ruff surprises with his fat sound and fluid drive; I've always known him to be a first-rate musician, but didn't know he could swing like this. Jackson is Mr. Taste personified.

Being on a small label, this record might not be readily available, but you can write to Rivoli Records, 1650 Broadway, New York 10019. Highly recommended. —*Morgenstern*

Father Tom Vaughn

MOTOR CITY SOUL—RCA Victor LSP-3845/LPM-3845: *How About You; Girl Talk; The Nearness of You; Motor City Soul; Tenderly; I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free; So What; The Shadow of Your Smile; The Girl from Ipanema; The Party's Over.*

Personnel: Father Vaughn, piano; Dan Jordan, bass; Dick Riordan, drums.

Rating: ★

There are plenty of fine jazzmen in this country; men who deserve national exposure but can't get it; men who can't even make a living at music. Then there are musicians with little to offer, such as Father Vaughn, who are making it.

Father Vaughn has cut LPs and appeared on network TV shows and at the Newport Jazz Festival primarily because he is a curiosity—a clergyman who is also a jazz musician.

If this LP is representative, however, he is a mediocre jazz musician. It's difficult to describe his style (if it be conceded that he has one). He has borrowed devices from a number of musicians. Unlike, say, McCoy Tyner, who has picked up ideas from several sources and synthesized them to form an original approach, Father Vaughn hasn't done much melting down—mostly he's just borrowed. His vocabulary consists of too many common-property cliches that sound hip to those who haven't heard much jazz. He's obviously been influenced by Oscar Peterson (directly or indirectly) but has picked up things from a number of other musicians.

Father Vaughn's approach is eclectic; some of his *Motor City* work is out of a quasi down-home bag; on *Nearness* and *Party* he sticks pretty close to the melody, sounding like an anonymous cocktail pianist. He is also given to flowery, overly romantic playing, as *Tenderly* demonstrates.

So What is his most ambitious effort. He uses space quite a bit and throws in some "far-out" devices and techniques, such as tone clusters and piano string strumming, and some romantic bombast as well as the usual jazz cliches.

So what? —*Pekar*

Denny Zeitlin

ZEITGEIST—Columbia CS 9548: *Dormammu; Put Your Little Foot Right Out; The Hyde Street Run; Here's That Rainy Day; I Got Rhythm; Maiden Voyage; Offshore Breeze; Night and Day; Mirage.*

Personnel: Zeitlin, piano; Joe Halpin or Charlie Haden, bass; Oliver Johnson or Jerry Granelli, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Zeitlin reminds me of certain fashion models, with their straight noses, even, flashing eyes, and perfect mouths. So much polish equals a flaw in itself—a flaw which is hard to pin down. He has technique, involvement, breadth, and even swings occasionally. And passion. But that passion doesn't reach me. I find my thoughts wandering from his music. I continually have to discipline myself to listen.

Why? His voicings are tight and move well. His improvisations are well-planned and always under control. But I find the music faceless, like those models. While I might stare at that perfection, I can't really get hot about it one way or the other.

A word about Charlie Haden. Fantastic! His solo on *Mirage* is a miracle of lyricism and clarity. He isn't afraid of silence, and unlike some of his contemporaries, doesn't feel the compulsion to play violin cadenzas all over the place all the time.

But in general, the rest of the rhythm section is sublimated and not very sublime.

I tried very hard with this record. I wanted to like it. Attractive, cleanly modern, certainly musical, my mind finds no fault with it. Only my chemistry just won't respond. —*Zwerin*

SOUL STIRRINGS

BY BOB PORTER

Wild Bill Davis, *Midnight to Dawn* (RCA Victor 3799)

Rating: ★★★★

Lou Donaldson, *Alligator Bogaloo* (Blue Note 4263)

Rating: ★★★★½

Pat Martino, *El Hombre* (Prestige 7513)

Rating: ★★★

Johnny (Hammond) Smith, *Gettin' Up* (Prestige 7494)

Rating: ★★★

Stanley Turrentine, *The Spoiler* (Blue Note 84256)

Rating: ★★★

Davis is the old pro. The first man to make meaningful modern jazz on the organ is presented here with his working group before an enthusiastic Atlantic City, N.J., audience. It includes Bob Brown, tenor saxophone; Dickie Thompson, guitar; and Bobby Durham, drums.

One of the common complaints about organ groups is that the man at the keyboard tends to dominate everything. Not so with this band. Each man has adequate solo space, and there is no grandstanding. A good, tight-knit group.

Brown is a tough tenor with a conception that shows many influences, but there isn't any one that dominates. He has plenty of drive and, within this framework, he is quite fluent. He switches to flute for *Cute* and sounds quite at home.

Thompson is a master. Like Billy Butler and Bill Jennings, other guitarists who have spent much of their time in organ groups, he is expert at feeding. His solo style is in the Charlie Christian manner, although his approach has modernized to some extent in recent years.

Durham, now with Oscar Peterson, is an excellent young drummer. He has some good fours with Davis on *Straight, No Chaser*.

Davis is the complete organist. He makes full use of the wide range of sounds available to him and plays with taste at all times. Whether he is strutting out funk *(Up Top)* or cooking *(Chaser)*, he is consistently inventive. The repertoire is varied, and the consistency of each performance is an asset seldom found in this type of disc.

Donaldson has had an odd career. One of the many altoists who grew up in the Charlie Parker mold, he was featured for years as a blowing soloist in standard bebop settings. For the last five years or so, Donaldson has led an organ group, and consequently has modified his playing. Always a conservative improviser, he has mellowed to the point where his work is comparable to that of Gene Ammons. His solos are invariably well-constructed statements with little in the way of tonal variety, but this simplicity has its own merits —never too long, they are models of restraint and good taste.

Guitarist George Benson and organist Lonnie Smith are present here, and al-

though the emphasis is less on the hard cooking they are accustomed to, each performs excellently. Smith struts right out on *The Thang*, and the tune moves from Bar 1. Donaldson drops in a quote from *What'd I Say?* to open up his segment, and Benson has a beautifully relaxed spot.

I Want a Little Girl is Donaldson letting his beautiful sound—somewhat like Benny Carter's—sing the blues. It is a masterly performance.

Rev. Moses and *Thang* are up-tempo workouts. They are both simple blues in the Donaldson manner. Three other tunes are in the medium-tempo contemporary funk bag. Melvin Lastie Sr., a Blue Mitchell-influenced trumpeter, has some good spots, and Leo Morris is a good drummer for the band. A fine record from Donaldson, his best yet in this context, made even better by the excellent work of his sidemen.

Martino is a young guitarist from Philadelphia who has played with several well-known groups (Willis Jackson, Jack McDuff, and John Handy). He is fleet, fluent,

and one of the top young stars on his instrument. This, his first album under his own name, doesn't really do him justice.

Despite the fact that he has played excellent jazz in the organ group context before, he appears uncomfortable in that setting here. Trudi Pitts is the organist, and although she shows considerably more talent on this disc than on the recent issue under her own name, she tends to overplay in the section.

Martino goes Wes on Jobim's *Once I Loved*, and this track has excellent feeling. Miss Pitts doesn't help much, but the big problem involves two Latin drummers. Jobim's music demands a spare approach, and the more stuff added, the worse it sounds.

The title track has some excellent flute work from Danny Turner, an underrated veteran of more than 20 years' service in jazz. Turner also has a good spot on *One for Rose*.

Just Friends is a fine performance, but then, it's hard to sound bad on this beautiful standard. Miss Pitts has a good spot here.

Organist Smith's latest could have been better. Engineer Rudy Van Gelder is the primary culprit, since the organ is overrecorded. In some solo spots it is difficult to hear the horns.

There is a certain amount of duplication between the chores of Thornell Schwartz' guitar and Jimmy Lewis' electric bass. The whole rhythm section seems overloaded, and one wonders about the reason for including the guitar.

Smith has most of the solo space. He is a capable player. The tunes are deep in the soul bag; somewhat of a departure for Smith, since his previous efforts have been less commercially involved.

Ebb Tide is swung Mistily—a much better way of playing this tune if one must play it. *The Soulful Blues* is that, some dirty Schwartz opening it up. Smith has a powerful solo, and there is a good spot from tenorist Houston Person, a rough-and-ready player, who is lacking in polish but makes up for it with drive. The soul-circuit favorite *Stand by Me* should have been brighter. *Summertime* and *The In Crowd* are throwaways. Trumpeter Virgil Jones and drummer John Harris complete the group.

A good start in a new direction for Smith, but let us hope that next time he will be given better recording.

To me, Stanley Turrentine is an enigma. Seven or eight years ago, when he first began recording, I felt that he would become the next big tenor star. I'm still waiting.

I think the problem is one of overexposure. Turrentine has been recording regularly with his wife, Shirley Scott, as well as making his own dates plus occasional sideman appearances. It is possible that a record date just doesn't mean much to him anymore.

His sound is still provocative, and his attack has lost none of its energy but, well, he plays a lot of old Stanley.

This album is a follow-up to his successful *Rough and Tumble* date. The arrangements are by Duke Pearson, one of *the* arrangers out there. The band is familiar with the material, and everything is cleanly played. Pearson has a little Tadd Dameron in him, especially in the way he scores a ballad.

Blue Mitchell has a good spot on *The Magilla*, a rockish opener. Pepper Adams, for those unaware of it, is The Man on baritone, and he has a tough, strutting spot on *La Fiesta*. Pianist McCoy Tyner is very earthy here, and contributes a sparkling introduction to *When the Sun Comes Out*, a highlight of the album.

Sunny is disappointing. This is an attractive melody with considerable potential as a blowing vehicle, but I think it would sound better without the rock rhythm. Mitchell sounds a bit uneasy with it in his spot.

There is nothing really wrong with what Turrentine plays here, except that he features a lot of cliches. With some players (Gene Ammons, Dizzy Gillespie, Illinois Jacquet), cliches wear well, but with others, they don't. Turrentine is in the latter category, and he is capable of much more. db

Herbie Mann is one musician who refuses to sit around contentedly leaving well enough alone. Most combo leaders, once they have hit on a successful instrumentation and style formula, stay with it forever (Shearing, Brubeck, MJQ). Mann, however, believes that a change of pace every once in a while is good both for him and his public.

Accordingly, last year he jettisoned his brass section, along with his Afro-Cuban percussionist Potato Valdes, and equipped himself with a brand new outfit featuring Roy Ayers on vibes, and blues-rock guitarist Sonny Sharrock. He expanded his repertoire to include a number of current pop tunes, mostly of rock origin.

"We're all subject to change," he said. "I'm putting in these new ideas because I have a young band, and I find that we can identify with these songs and bring in more people too. Frankly, I'd rather listen to a lot of the rock groups than most of the new jazz combos I've been hearing. The rock musicians are so much more vital."

The records selected for his latest test reflected an international assortment of ethnic influences. He was given no information about them. —*Leonard Feather*

1. MILES DAVIS. *Orbits* (from *Miles Smiles*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone, composer; Herbie Hancock, piano.

That's my favorite band and my favorite trumpet player. We did eight concerts this summer with Miles, and I got a chance to listen to the band every night. They certainly are very true.

Miles is one of my influences—Miles and Ray Charles—not so much in playing, but in the fact that he's very true to himself; he's very believable and he's his own person, and I try to set that standard for myself.

I've heard the group play fantastically and I'd give this four stars for *almost* fantastically. I think this is from *Miles Smiles*. Wayne, Herbie, Tony, and Ron are the tightest there is in the business, because they all listen to each other all the time. That's the beautiful thing about it.

2. MIRIAM MAKEBA. *Jol'inkomo* (from *Pata Pata*, Reprise).

In 1959, just before we went to Africa, we played at the Village Vanguard. It was Miriam's first gig in America and she had that beautiful, real thing then. Now, she's really got her act together; she's got a hit record, finally. She's a very sensuous performer and it comes across on the record —I love her. Twelve stars! OK, 5½.

3. CHARLES LLOYD. *Third Floor Richard* (from *Of Course, Of Course*, Columbia). Lloyd, flute, composer; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

That sounded like the Japanese flute player I worked with in Japan recently, Sadao Watanabe. I'm not sure, but he has the same upper register sound, a little out of tune. The only reason I say it's a Japanese recording is we did a date in Tokyo with the group and they tried to record the drummer the same way, way in the distance. That's why I think it's a Japanese group.

It's a nice old kind of blues, straight time, but the drummer and the bass player weren't together. The bass player was playing on top of the beat, and the drummer was trying to catch up and playing behind the beat. It was a nice record, but if it was Sadao, he's playing much better now. I've got to give it 2½ stars.

4. THE FIFTH DIMENSION. *The Magic Garden* (from *The Magic Garden*, Soul City). Jim Webb, arranger, composer, conductor.

It's wild, contemporary music nowadays combining so many different things. For instance, in the bridge of that tune there was a bossa nova. I don't know who the group was. I know it wasn't a Motown thing, because it was too big and too Hollywood style, but there was rock in it, a beautiful arrangement, and it sounded a little bit like *Georgy Girl*.

The new music of today is, for me, so happy. I like The Beatles and The Fifth Dimension, and sometimes the Rolling Stones and The Supremes, and a lot of others in that field. Donovan completely floors me. The Rolling Stones are doing fantastic things with sounds.

I think that the contemporary music—whatever you want to call it, rock, jazz, soul—is successful because so many of those people are more honest with themselves than a lot of jazz performers.

There are better records than that one you played, but it still has a happiness about it, and was very competent. I'll give it three stars. As far as those lyrics are concerned, they're all today's lyrics, and that's why the people can identify with them.

One of the reasons that Lennon and McCartney are so successful is that their things always hit home. You know, I think they're the Rodgers and Hart of this generation. *Norwegian Wood* is the *Tea For Two* of today. There are some critics that say you're not supposed to improvise on rock music—let's not call it rock music, because some of the music that Burt Bacharach writes and John Lennon writes is more involved than some of the music Archie Shepp writes, harmonically. Take some of the songs Dionne Warwick sings, and listen to what goes on there, and the same thing goes for John Lennon. These people are writing beautiful music, and the fact that a lot of people like it doesn't take away from its value.

5. GABOR SZABO. *Little Boat* (from *The Sorcerer*, Impulse). Szabo, guitar; Louis Kabok, bass; Marty Morrell, drums; Hal Gordon, percussion.

That's Gabor with Potato and Willie Bobo—I think—I think I recognize Potato and Willie Bobo's playing. There was still a clash between the bass player and the regular drummer, and I don't really feel that a conga drum really belongs in bossa nova.

One of the things about music now is that people say that if you're unhappy, you're supposed to play unhappy; if you've got problems, you're supposed to play in a way that reflects your problems. Well, around the rest of the world, when things are bad everyone plays happier, to try and forget about it. Remember in *Black Orpheus* when everybody died, the kid picked up the guitar and said "We'd better start playing, otherwise the sun's not coming up."

People here are always saying you can't be happy when there's trouble in the rest of the world. Well, it's like the other thing; you sing the clouds away.

If this is Gabor, he's playing much better now than he was on that record. It didn't sound like a Brazilian bossa nova, definitely. I can't truthfully see timbales and a conga drum on a bossa nova. I have done exactly the same thing, and I'm the first to admit it was wrong.

I wouldn't want to rate this.

6. BENNY GOODMAN. *A Man & A Woman* (from *Benny Goodman & Paris*, Command).

I'm gonna cry! Such a beautiful song from such a beautiful picture, theme from *A Man and a Woman*, played by such a beautiful musician, and played so *badly*, with no feeling whatsoever.

I wonder whoever could have had the idea for Benny Goodman to do songs from France, right after he was working at the Roosevelt Grill, because that's what it sounds like—"Grab your partner, right foot, left foot," and it's as dull as hell. You never hear the 5/4 beat in there at all, incidentally.

Benny sounded like he was just running through the thing, just playing it straight. It makes me feel very sad, because you know, Benny is the first reason I ever got into playing whatsoever. My parents took me to see him in 1939 at the Paramount, and when the bandstand came up, that was it! I was 9 years old, and I said I wanted a clarinet. But, I still have to admit this thing is sure dull. Minus five stars. DB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 27)

Dud Bascomb-Etta Jones

Front Room, Newark, New Jersey

Personnel: Bascomb, trumpet, vocals; Lucky Thompson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Skeeter Best, guitar; Dud Bascomb Jr., bass; Jimmy Johnson, drums; Miss Jones, vocals.

Busy recording in the New York rock mines, Bascomb is too seldom heard in a jazz context such as this, where in justice he should always be.

He is a great trumpet player with a quality of deliberation that is sometimes reminiscent of Shorty Baker's. Another word for it might be "precision," but it was not so much technical as in the mind; in a determination to say on the horn exactly what he wanted to say, with no ragged edges, no confused nuances. He used a plunger mute frequently, and with impressive skill, sometimes to growl, sometimes for punctuative wa-wa effects, but more often simply to produce a warm, mellow tone.

With or without a mute, he was always remarkably attentive to dynamics. (This aspect of his playing has not been adequately caught on records, as a rule.) He has a brilliant and powerful open tone, and occasionally used this for climactic

purposes, or to contrast with softer, muted passages. It was when playing open at up tempo, too, that he would surprise with a rapid string of notes delivered with incredibly exact definition. This might be one reason why Dizzy Gillespie admires him so much.

On one set, when Lucky Thompson was having trouble with the keys on his horn, Bascomb decided to sing. *Georgia* was handsomely done with trumpet responses to vocal phrases in the last chorus. *Mack the Knife* was due tribute to Louis Armstrong, and then there was the blues, Bill Broonzy's *Just a Dream*, done with individuality, humor, good taste, and the right quality of voice. It was a pity there was no piano on which he could have accompanied himself.

Otherwise, the piano was not missed. Drummer Johnson, formerly with Duke Ellington, seemed technically stronger, and provided a firm beat all night long. His solo on *Take the A Train* was well conceived, and executed with unruffled assurance.

Dud Bascomb Jr., studying at NYU by day, is already a first-class bassist. The electric bass, with its uncomfortably narrow neck, does not appear to be an instrument designed for virtuosity, but when his father suggested Ellington's *Jack the Bear*, the son played brilliantly on it. Between them, they seemed to cover the whole Ellington arrangement. When they occasionally elected to play a number with rock rhythm, such as *Sunny* or *What Now My Love?*, he switched to Fender bass with appropriate and satisfying results.

Best, subbing for Wally Richardson, was another revelation, and surely another musician who has not had due recognition from the public. (Like Bascomb, he is highly esteemed within the profession.) He seemed to be so much more a complete musician than most guitarists heard in recent years. There was much variety in his playing, and he was featured on every number. He could play pretty as pretty could be *(Misty)*, and then turn around and jump like T-Bone Walker *(In a Mellotone)*. When Bascomb and Thompson were doing a medley that included *Talk of the Town* and *Lover Man*, he made the modulations easily and gracefully, and when Etta Jones sang *Don't Go to Strangers* he played a chorus as rich and sensitive as that on the record. A fine technician careful in maintaining a good tone, an accomplished improviser, and a swinger, Best should be heard more often.

After his tenor defected on what promised to be a ravishing *Body and Soul*, Lucky Thompson was confined to the soprano, an instrument he plays with ever-growing mastery and affection. He has a very personal and literally wailing sound on it—melancholy, slightly haunted, yet somehow dignified and cool. One uninhibited outburst occurred on *Sweet Georgia Brown*, however.

What was particularly attractive was the combination of the soprano's lower register with Bascomb's plungered sound. Both men are perfectionists in their different ways, and if they had the chance to work together long it could become a striking feature of a group such as this.

Etta Jones was unquestionably in good form. She sang inventively and with occasional wry humor on *Just Friends, On a Clear Day, Moonlight in Vermont, More,* and *Who Can I Turn To?*, and she swung infectiously through *Poor Butterfly, Them There Eyes,* and *'Tain't Nobody's Bizness*. On the last two numbers, her acrid, bittersweet voice inevitably recalled Billie Holiday's, but rhythmically her conception belonged to a later era. Bascomb, often using a Harmon mute, and Best distinguished themselves in the accompaniment.

Altogether, it was an evening of refreshing jazz by a group that must be commended to those responsible for the presentation of small concerts in New York, where the same names tend to recur too frequently. —*Stanley Dance*

Stan Getz

Royal Festival Hall, London, England

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Chick Correa, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

The Getz quartet met in London after its leader had been on a special Scandinavian Airlines flight from Copenhagen to Bangkok. Getz and his wife, Monica, were guests of honor on the flight, along with author James A. Michener, inaugurating SAS service between the two cities. While in Bangkok, Getz was invited to participate in a session with the world's most illustrious amateur jazz player, King Bhumipol of Thailand. The King maintains a palace band for such occasions. After that encounter with royalty, Mr. and Mrs. Getz flew to London for the saxophonist's appearance at Royal Festival Hall. Although they hadn't been together for more than a week, the pieces—meaning the quartet members and the numbers they played—fell neatly into place, though somewhat jarringly in the case of Roy Haynes.

Whether it was the microphone set-up or over-zealousness on the part of Haynes, the drummer's renowned snap-crackle style was very much in "serial" form, his incessant percussive chatter, punctuated by numerous zonks and bombs, continuing from one number to the next, abating only during the piano solos, and unfortunately obscuring a large measure of what Getz played. The saving grace is that Getz is strong as well as lyrical, but the sad fact is that many of the nuances that make his work the admirable thing it is, just did not get through the barrage. There can be no doubt that Haynes is a gifted musician, possessed of great originality and dexterity in combination with what George Shearing calls "the biggest ears in the business." Getz obviously draws great inspiration from Haynes and it can only be hoped that their future performances will be in better balance, however it may be achieved.

Depending largely on tunes from his recent album, *Sweet Rain*, including the title piece, Getz also played Dizzy Gillespie's *Con Alma*, and a piece from his current *Voices* release, *Nica's Dream*. More exotica was provided with the inevitable Brazilian medley, launched by the piece which heralded a new phase of the Getz career, *Desafinado*. Pianist Correa was impressive, his cleanly-fingered flights at once refined and startling. Bassist Booker, whom Getz introduced as the reincarnation of Oscar Pettiford, presented immediate physical evidence to justify the statement, and proceeded to validate the description musically. The intensity of his sound and his superb choice of notes were very much evocative of Pettiford.

The high spot of the concert, without doubt, was Getz' treatment of *I Remember Clifford*. In this instance, Haynes was quiet, and so was everyone else. It was a breathtaking performance, Getz making use of a retard at the end of the bridge, a suspended few moments of gorgeous solemnity that were enough to bring tears to the eyes of anyone who appreciated Clifford Brown. Getz hewed closely to the lines of Benny Golson's composition, and it was touchingly evident that he was remembering Clifford every note of the way. —*Harry Frost*

Tommy Vig

Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas

Personnel: Louis Valizan, Dick Alber, Wes Honsel, Jim Strnad(cq), Herb Phillips, trumpets; Archie LeCoque, Cliff Stark, Tom McMurray, Hoot Peterson, Bill Smiley, trombones; Dick Paladino, Charlie McLean, Tony Oslecki, Rick Davis, Tom Hall, reeds; Vig, vibraharp; Elek Bacsik, guitar, violin; Ernie McDaniel, bass; Karl Kiffe, drums; Roger Rampton, percussion.

Competition is an indispensible incentive in this business. Vig must be aware of that because he is competing with himself—and winning. For the last three years, I have had the good fortune to cover Vig's special concerts of modern music. The slight, Hungarian-born percussionist fronts an outstanding rehearsal ensemble containing the cream of Las Vegas house-band sidemen, each of whom is hungry to

sink his chops into well-constructed arrangements.

This year's extravanganza must rank as the best, and use of the word "extravanganza" is deliberate but not in the usual Vegas sense of ostentation. In Vig's case, it is a penchant for the offbeat, relying on the element of surprise and a sense of the absurd, with the whole concept held together by smooth timing.

Typical of such "production," was the opening of the concert. With the cavernous Circus Maximus filled to capacity, two spotlights crisscrossed on the stage's closed curtains as kettle drums rolled. When the curtains parted, a motorcycle (only its rear end visible) revved up and zoomed offstage, and suddenly Vig materialized—on a rope, sweeping from side to side like a diminishing pendulum.

To emphasize his "swinging" entrance, Tommy plunged immediately into an irreverently modulating satire on a Strauss waltz, followed by another exercise in key changes: *It's Only a Paper Moon*. The latter showed how Vig can infuse an arrangement with his pixie sense of humor: the key would wander, the instrumentation would "mature" from piccolos to trombones, the mood would change from mischievous staccato to a somber legato filled with delayed resolves—sometimes within four measures. But at all times—especially during Vig's inspired vibes solo—*Paper Moon* swung and elicited laughter-punctuated applause.

In essence, *Gypsy in My Soul* is an autobiographical venture for Vig. He must be intrigued by the title, for he programs it as often as he can. His arrangement is the kind that wears well and reveals interesting doublings. Particularly pleasing were the unison lines of Osiecki on piccolo and Hall on baritone saxophone and, later, altoist McLean and trumpeter Phillips.

Between the experiments in voicings, Vig took one of his most impassioned solos of the evening. The whole thing was pushed authoritatively by Kiffe.

Another example of direct involvement was the ballad the leader wrote for his recent bride, Mia (one of the talented Kim Sisters), *Just for You*. It is a lush waltz, with any saccharine temptations balanced by tonal clusters that leave dissonances unresolved, giving off an air of painful beauty. Trombonist LeCoque lent his big tone in solo. Matching his mellow phrasing in the background were guitar arpeggios and a cushion provided by five flutes.

An excellent change of pace found a quartet zipping through *I Want to Be Happy:* Vig, vibes; McDaniel, bass; Bacsik, guitar and electric violin; and Kiffe. Stealing the show—and very nearly the concert—was the fantastic fiddling of Bacsik.

Excitement was the keynote of *Sunrise, Sunset,* probably the fastest 24 hours on record. This is a grinding 3/4, a hard-edged approach to big-band jazz, and the sections responded the way Vig wrote: in *italics*. Dynamics were faithfully observed, much credit going to Vig's unobtrusive conducting (he holds the business end of a mallet and uses the stick as a baton). McLean contributed a memorable solo, replete with his trademark of fluttering, often funky tremolos.

Collage for Jazz Band could not have been otherwise titled. It is an uproarious, but ever swinging canvas—a syncopated happening, filled with abstract episodes: the reedmen stand but take no solos; the trombonists rise, only to remove the slides from their horns; tenorist Rick Davis comes forward to the mike, his horn poised, but all that emerges is a four-chorus dead-pan; Tommy—intense and stolid—begins a solo, and in moments *all* the sidemen crowd in front of his vibes, shoulder to shoulder and expressionless, obscuring the diminutive leader. A true, ingenious, free collage. But there is one more color to be added: for a vibrant finale, Rampton rushes forward and takes a vicious home-run cut at a gigantic suspended gong.

A study in big-band jauntiness—*Short Story*—revealed Vig's affinity for his countryman, Bela Bartok. A passage of staccato trumpets conjured up Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*. The rarely heard solo horn of Paladino (his influence as lead alto is always felt) was much appreciated. Less appreciated was the overly loud comping and chomping of guitarist Bacsik. The imbalance destroyed the desired Basie-type four-square rhythmic effect.

The forceful driving of Kiffe pushed *Winning Piece,* with solo honors going to trumpeter Phillips, and screeching honors to the incredible lungs and lips of Valizan.

Jet Flight in G-Minor, predictably way up, provided a most gratifying finale, especially with Valizan finally getting a solo. Built around Kiffe's drumming, the piece featured a brilliant, highly melodic drum monolog, Kiffe super-imposing a feeling of three against the four of the final choruses.

It was a rousing, percussive postscript to the exciting concert, made possible by AFM Local 369 and the Musicians' Performance Trust Fund—and of course, Caesar's Palace.

Vig's writing is becoming more massive; at times the totality of sound is overwhelming. But the loudness is the inevitable result, not the deliberate goal of his sound layers. The most remarkable aspect of such concerted writing is the enviable balance he achieves. Sections overlap and reinforce each other, but never obscure the independent timbre.

The only negative criticism arising from the arrangements is one of mild frustration. Eloquent soloists were sprinkled throughout the band, but they did not get the opportunity to stretch out. All statements—with the exception of Kiffe's—were short. —*Harvey Siders*

Stephane Grappelly/Memphis Slim

Aux Trois Mailletz, Paris

Personnel: Grappelly, violin; Dominique Chanson, tenor saxophone, flute; Claude Guilhot, vibraharp; Heinz Schaefer, piano; Jack Sewing, bass; Michel Denis, drums. Memphis Slim, piano, vocals; Henri Tischitz, bass; Denis, drums.

The last violinist to appear at this picturesque club on the Left Bank was the late Stuff Smith, and there could be no

greater contrast in jazz violin styles than between Smith's and Grappelly's.

Where Smith was a hard-swinging, rasping, staccato player, using his violin like a horn and producing lusty, almost percussive sounds from it, Grappelly is the quintessence of sweetness, with a polished legato style and phrasing of sinuous fluency.

He uses few dynamics, and exploits the fact that one doesn't have to take a breath on the violin to toss off meandering, chorus-long phrases.

Sometimes inclined to be bland, his playing is nevertheless marked by superb intonation and an impeccable technique, and he has enough taste not to overdo the amplification.

Grappelly makes no concessions to modernity, either in his style of playing or his choice of tunes. But he is one of the few individualists of European jazz with an instantly recognizable sound.

Grappelly opened with the indestructible *Pennies from Heaven* and proceeded to embellish the tune with rippling runs over the whole range of the violin.

Chanson, sounding uncannily like the late Bobby Jaspar, followed on flute. Then Guilhot took over for a confident chorus before Grappelly took the tune out.

On *I Can't Get Started*, Grappelly played a beautifully reflective solo, coaxing vibrantly mellow sounds from the lower register of the instrument.

How High the Moon had Grappelly playing at his best, with an unflagging flow of melodic invention. Inspired solos followed from Chanson, Guilhot, and Schaefer, who worked wonders on a chronically sick piano, and there was some fine, strong walking from Sewing.

Grappelly next paid tribute to Django Reinhardt with a haunting interpretation of *Nuages*, which had a soulful half-chorus from Chanson, and the set closed with a *The Lady Is a Tramp*, which elicited good solos all around.

Memphis Slim, in addition to being one of the best blues singers around, is also no mean pianist, and though his set of 10 tunes included nine 12-bar blues, there was no sense of monotony or repetition because he paced and varied his program well—and there is, after all, more than one way of playing and singing the blues.

Slim's rich, dark-brown voice, full and resonant, is ideally suited to his material, and his piano playing embraces a wide range of jazz idioms from boogie woogie to soul, from Gospel to swing.

Kansas City; Shake, Rattle, and Roll (with a fine boogie chorus); *Wanna Big Fat Mamma*, and *She Brings Out the Animal in Me* were all handled with the assurance and controlled power of a man who has spent most of his life singing and playing the blues.

Slim is an intelligent performer who is less concerned with being relentlessly "authentic" than with entertaining. He spiced his playing and his lyrics with wit—"the kind of girl you keep with you so you don't have to kiss her goodbye"—and effected rapid changes of mood by keeping his numbers relatively short.

He got good support from Tischitz and Denis.

—Mike Hennessey

Elvin Jones

Pookie's Pub, New York City

Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jones, drums.

Much public acclaim has been accorded the "new jazz." Critic Don Heckman has characterized it as the "most significant impetus the new music of the 60s has yet received." The wave of the new jazz has attracted a multitude of performers and has generated a respectable and growing audience. In its wake, bebop has suffered a sharp decline in prestige and popularity. Illustrative of this decline is the following:

Pookie's Pub, a stone's throw from the Half-Note in New York's Greenwich Village, is featuring the Elvin Jones Quartet. Jones, winner of the *Down Beat* Critics Poll for the last four successive years and the Readers Poll for another two years, and pianist McCoy Tyner comprised one-half of the fabulous John Coltrane Quartet. Bassist Richard Davis is popular, and also a poll winner. Joe Farrell, a Chicagoan like Davis, is a gifted young tenorist in the Coltrane tradition who won recognition as featured solist with Maynard Ferguson's big band in the early 60s. Logically, such a brilliant array of talent should draw an SRO crowd. But on the night I attended, there were only about 10 people in the audience until midnight, including the owner and his staff.

The first set consisted of two selections, each featuring extended solo work by all musicians. As an opener, the group selected a Brazilian bossa nova based on a repeating 8-bar theme, alternating between the C7 and E♭7 chord, played at a bright up tempo. This simple type of vehicle is characteristic of the most recent thematic material used by beboppers. The second selection was a medium-tempo 16-bar blues theme, but all solos were played on the pure 12 bar blues.

Farrell's tenor work was superb, consisting of long rolling passages reminiscent of Coltrane's *Giant Steps* era, and sprinkled with exciting original excursions. Jones was sparkling. He has the uncanny ability to successfully combine power and taste in his playing. Davis played an amplified bass with metal strings. His time was impeccable, his solos beautiful experiments in tone and rhythm.

The musical high points of the evening were Tyner's masterful piano solos. Tyner relentlessly charged through the changes, employing every conceivable variation, substitution, and invention. *It* was incredible that his right hand could keep up with his mind.

As the set ended, to small but enthusiastic salvos of applause, the misfortune of the situation became apparent. Public apathy toward bebop is greatly premature. To be sure, there is a dramatic schism between bebop and the new jazz, but the latter is no more an extension of the former than absract painting is a replacement for expressionism. Elvin Jones' group can serve as a model of the results of the conceptual expansion of bebop, and illuminates the myriads of unexplored avenues which abound in the field of structured improvisational music.

—Stuart C. Katz

BOOK REVIEWS

New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album, by Al Rose and Edmond Souchon. Published by Louisiana State University Press, 310 pages, $17.50.

Someone once said that "a picture is worth a thousand words." Now I know what they meant. What do you say on viewing a priceless object? I've thought of a number of adjectives and rejected them all. From cover to cover (including the cover), this book holds and fascinates you. Let me tell you something: I handed this tome to a friend of mine; a musician who'd stopped in to visit. A mistake; I never heard a peep out of him for the next two hours. You turn a page and you're involved.

Of the 310 pages, close to 300 contain pictures. Cats I've never seen; just heard of. Historical cats. Antique-type pictures: posed; at ease; dressed up; shirt-sleeved. There's a shot of Louis Armstrong that's a gas. Red Allen's dad, Sidney Bechet, Barney Bigard (my people); Stirling Bose as a young "orchestra" man. Paul Barbarin, Steve Brown, Danny Barker; George Brunis; Johnny and Baby Dodds. Jazz history stares me in the face. People I know (or knew) and never suspetced were of New Orleans vintage. Each individual gets a short biographical sketch. Not all who are mentioned get "pictured," but every page is both historical and pictorial.

The preface opens with these words: "The authors of this work do not intend that it should be a history of New Orleans jazz, though history pops from every page. Rather do we look on it as a kind of deluxe family album of pictures of which it has been our good fortune to be the custodians. Many of the photographs, approximately four-fifths, we estimate, have never before been published."

For the jazz collector or student, this book is invaluable. It corrects and updates biographical data given elsewhere, as well as adding new material. Page after page finds me "bumping into" people in the business that I've been hearing of time and again. Take the name Tony Jackson. How many times have I read raves about this cat. Jelly Roll Morton (his contribution) has my respect; Tony Jackson had Jelly Roll's. Now I meet the cat; picture and all. I learn he was the unrivaled King of Storyville "professors" (ivory ticklers); composed hundreds of songs which he sold for $5 or $10 apiece, but did manage to retain copyrights to *Some Sweet Day, Pretty Baby,* etc. And I meet Buddy Bolden, legendary trumpet great. There are so many stories on this cat, like, when he blew, you could hear him for several miles; always had chicks following him. Was undisputed "king" in his day. So that's what he looked like!

Time and space keep me from dwelling and drooling, quoting the "goodies" in the first 128 pages of biographies. Now I'm invited to *A Jazz Band Ball.* A view of the New Orleans bands that made jazz history. I'm gassed with the "get hot" posed pictures; the white suits and black bow ties (they take you back to 1900). One band actually called itself the Original Tuxedo Orchestra. There are "informal" shots; bands "caught" and history preserved (Eagle Band, 1916). Brass Bands; string bands; bands on wagons; bands parading. Seventy pages of "musical group" picture history.

Now I turn to *Where's Where In New Orleans Jazz.* Here we see the jazz landmarks. Canal Street, Uptown; Downtown; Milneburg; Old Spanish Fort, etc. Storyville, the legal red-light district (1898-1917). Haymarket Cabaret (the Original Dixieland Jazz Band worked this spot; weren't they the first band to hit a million records?). And there's the house Louis Armstrong was born in. Here's a picture of a band, with "advertising" wagon, that goes way back (probably the oldest photo of its kind). Congo Square, Preservation Hall, Artesan Hall. Man, you'll gas yourself; there's so much here. Buddy Bolden's

home; even a picture of Tom Brown's Band from Dixieland (on arrival in Chicago) showing Al Capone, as a youth, leaning on the trombone case.

There follows a chapter on *New Orleans Jazz Afloat.* Jazz was played on steamboats; side and stern wheelers plied the Mississippi as excursion boats. The *S. S. Capitol,* where the Fate Marable Orchestra played. Pictures of bands posing on board; alongside. Familiar names; new faces. Even a calliope.

Now comes a bit titled *No Business Like Show Business.* Photos showing New Orleans jazzmen doing the "show-biz" bit. Some of these gems come under the heading of "snappy bits"; costumed (some pre-1920). Vaudeville groups; there's one of the King Oliver Band that's a gem. The "get-ups"; the clothes. A bit of something.

There's more; it seems endless. Going over it again, it's fresh. I feel that it always will be. There's so many good things about this book that I can't bring myself to criticize. It is a beautiful piece of work, done in the best of taste. This is a book that you don't get through with. Recommend it? With a fervor. It's the greatest book of its kind I've ever seen.

—Art Hodes

Mojo Hand, by Jane Phillips. Published by Trident Press, 180 pages, $4.95.

What is so rare as a novel that treats the jazz life with unsparing accuracy, realism, and artistry? Well, one dealing with the blues world on similar terms would be, to my way of thinking, rarer than a mint Paramount 78 by Tommy Johnson. Not that we have such a rarity in this book, but it does appear to be the first novel that attempts to come to grips with the milieu of the Negro bluesman in anything approaching what might be designated as "realism."

Mojo Hand basically is rather romantic in approach. It was written by a young white blues enthusiast and sometime performer who spent about a year living in Houston, Texas, where she was able to observe at close quarters and in his own environment a genuine blues tradition-bearer, Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins. One assumes (particularly as a result of having come to know Hopkins) that he serves as a partial model for Miss Phillips' Blacksnake Brown, the itinerant, irresponsible singer-guitarist who is one of the central characters in the book, and whose pithy speech, mother-wit and cunning provide the novel with the bulk of such interest as it possesses.

It is only occasionally—especially in the encounters between Brown and the book's young heroine, Eunice Prideaux, a light-skinned middle-class mulatto in search of her identity—or in the fleeting descriptions of Negro ghetto life that read like sharp reportage rather than fiction—that the book starts to bristle with any semblance of life. Miss Phillips has a good ear for the rhythms of Negro folk speech and the book abounds in fine slices of convincing idiomatic dialog.

For the most part, however, *Mojo Hand* fails to convince; it is one-dimensional. Most of its characters are caricatures rather than full-blown delineations, and this is particularly true of the heroine. Eunice's problems are never made to seem real; her conflicts appear almost completely arbitrary, and the motives and impulses which drive her are so dimly and imperfectly focussed that one never once gets an idea of the supposed flesh-and-blood behind her. Miss Phillips is acutely aware of this deficiency, for she has her heroine pause to indulge in lengthy interior monologs from time to time in an effort to make explicit the conflicts she is experiencing. But it doesn't work, is too obtrusive, and slows everything down.

What the novel lacks is a consistent point of view; a strong, convincing story line, and events that can properly motivate the characters. As it is, they merely are manipulated by Miss Phillips to conform to the varying demands of the episodes she sketches in. In fact, too much of the book smacks of the author's manipulative heavy-handedness; it possesses little life of its own, in the sense that events do not unfold themselves with the organic unity a good novel should possess.

Miss Phillips, it must be remembered, was only 21 when she wrote *Mojo Hand,* and its failings are those of youth and inexperience. Its virtues are, on the other hand, the result of her percipient command of the nuances of Negro folk speech and of her power to etch sharp, powerful scenes of conviction, utter reality and immediacy. I hope she perseveres in her writing and retains her interest in this music, for we need keen and perceptive reporters like her.

—Pete Welding

BUDD JOHNSON

(Continued from page 20)

come by and let us run it over at rehearsal?"

I didn't get off till 3 or 4 in the morning—and he had a big band—I think 15 pieces. But I told him yes, I would be there with an arrangement. I sat up all night writing and copying it and took it down to the rehearsal. Well, he dug that. So he said, "Do you want a job writing for my band?" I said, "At the present time I'm with Earl, and I'm pretty satisfied." He said, "Well, I'll pay your transportation plus a hundred and a quarter a week." Man, I'm making 50 bucks. I said I'd have to speak to Earl and see if he'd let me go. I talked to Earl about it, and he said, "All right, go ahead."

So I joined Gus Arnheim's band as the arranger. I'd write four arrangements a week and copy them myself. The piano player with the band was Stan Kenton. That's when I first met him. Arnheim wanted to sound like our band. He wanted to have a jazz band, so I was wailing with him. I stayed with Arnheim till the beginning of 1937—about a year. We worked at the New Yorker Hotel for three or four months, and after that, the band broke up. I went back to Chicago because, by now, I felt that my home was in Chicago.

I went back with Earl Hines, playing lead alto. That lasted quite a while. One time, when the band was laying off, Fletcher Henderson was working at the Grand Terrace. I got a phone call from Fletcher, and he asked if I could come right over there. He said that Hilton Jefferson had just left to join Cab Calloway, and that his band was due on the air in 20 minutes.

I knew Fletcher had a tough book, but I said, "Yeah, I'll be right over."

When I got there, I had just about five minutes. They had my set picked out for me, and—man! I looked at this music, and I said to myself, "How am I ever going to make this?" There were all these hard Benny Carter sax choruses they used to feature a lot. And I'm playing first—*some* first, actually, because Eddie Barefield was the other alto, and he played some too. I went upstairs and woodshedded for about two minutes on things that looked difficult to me. Because they were in, like, seven sharps or six flats. That's the way Fletcher wrote. He didn't fool with the common keys. It was a school within itself. I managed to struggle through it, and I stayed with Fletcher for a while.

Then he went out on the road, and I didn't want to do that. I joined his brother Horace's band. He had a great band in Chicago. Really, most of that stuff like *Big John Special* was done by Horace and not Fletcher, but Fletcher got all the credit. We played the Savoy Ballroom in Chicago for a while and then I went back with Earl.

Earl had a pretty good band, then. This was 1936 or 1937. The Grand Terrace was our home, but we would go out on the road every so often too.

In the latter part of 1937 we were doing some theaters and one-nighters around the East. We hit Washington, D.C., and played the Howard Theater. Billy Eckstine was working at the Crystal Caverns, and I went over to hear him. I had met him before in Pittsburgh, but I didn't know he could sing. He used to be an emcee and do some dancing—that was all. I said, "Man! Listen to *this* cat." I mean, he was the best singer I'd heard.

One night we were out in front of the Howard, getting ready to go back to Chicago, and Billy came by to say goodbye. He said, "I sure would like to join the band." I told him, "Come to Chicago with us. I'll get you in the band." But he said, "No, man. I'm scared. I heard there's a cat who sings like Bing Crosby in Chicago—they call him the Black Bing—and I know this cat can outsing me." That style was in then. Bing was coming into his own, and everybody was trying to imitate him. So I said, "Oh, man, don't be like that—come on in."

He didn't come. Some weeks later, still on our way back to Chicago, we played Detroit. Billy was working downstairs at the hotel where we were staying—emceeing and dancing and singing. He came to my room that night with this little trumpet he'd bought. He said, "Man, can you teach me how to play the trumpet?" We talked all night, and I convinced him to come to Chicago.

When Billy did come to Chicago, Ed

Fox was against him coming in the band. Earl always had somebody in the band who could sing. Leroy Harris was the third alto player and singer in the band. Fox couldn't see paying an extra salary. I said that if Billy didn't come in the band, I'd quit. Earl didn't want this because I was important to him. They decided to let Billy come in. But Billy was working at another club, and he had to be very careful about leaving that job because cats couldn't leave jobs without permission. I mean guys would leave jobs in St. Louis, come to Chicago, and the hoods would follow them there, beat them up, and drag them back. They'd say, "You quit when we tell you to quit."

But everybody liked Billy at this place —he'd made friends there—so he got permission to come and join us at the Grand Terrace. He was a little slow getting started, but finally Earl commissioned me to do quite a few arrangements for Billy, and he really came on fast.

We went on from there up until 1942 when I left the band for the last time. The reason I left the band—I imagine I can say this, because it was so long ago—was because Earl, maybe unknowingly, hurt my feelings.

I used to scuffle with the band, rehearsing it and whipping it into shape while we were doing our own booking. We had pulled away from Fox. I set the organization up. We had our business manager, a paymaster, a treasurer; I took care of the music. I had told Earl, "Man, when you used to be on the road all that time, you weren't making it on Fox' name, as far as the public was concerned. You were building Earl Hines. You know the people where we worked, you got their names written down. Get on the phone and call them and try to get dates."

So he worked in that department, and we started getting deposits for certain engagements, and with this money we rented a bus. Earl sat down with Billy Eckstine and me one day and said, "If anything happens to me, this is your band because you guys really put it together. And nobody is going to make any more than you two guys. You are going to make the same salary, and you'll be the highest-paid guys on the band."

At that time we were paying the men $10 a night, and we were paying Earl $15 a night and building a treasury. We paid him his salary. He let us run the whole thing. So we got stable—we built the thing up.

One day, Earl came to us and said he needed more money. He just couldn't make it on $20. So we gave him $35 and raised ourselves to $20. He couldn't get it without us approving, and he accepted this, because he knew deep down that we wouldn't steal a penny from him. Well, time went on, and Earl was making $50 a night. Billy Eckstine was a big star—this was in the early 40s. I found out what Billy was making, and I went up to Earl to get my raise. But Earl rebelled at it, and we got into a little discussion—no violence or anything—just talking. I reminded him that I built the band, I rehearsed the band, I wrote the music. He didn't even have to be at the dance—the job would go on without him just the same. I set up the whole machinery. I said that I didn't care if Billy was the star. Let him have the name and glory, but I wanted to make the same salary that he did. But Earl couldn't see it—so I quit.

That's when Billy told Earl that he believed he could get Charlie Parker, and Charlie took my place in the band. Then I moved to New York.

This concludes Budd Johnson's recollections of his early career. After moving to New York, Johnson, in addition to his catalytic work for the Woody Herman, Boyd Raeburn and Billy Eckstine bands, was a prime mover in the first bebop recording session (Coleman Hawkins' band; Apollo, 1944), arranged What's This, *the first bop vocal hit, for Gene Krupa; wrote for Georgie Auld's big band, and was a member, with Dizzy Gillespie and Oscar Pettiford, of the first bop combo in 52nd St. (Onyx Club, early 1944). Subsequently, Johnson freelanced as arranger-player in the recording studios, worked with Cab Calloway, Lips Page and J. C. Heard; arranged and played for Benny Goodman, with whom he toured Asia in 1956-57; was with Quincy Jones' band in Europe and the U.S. in 1960, with Count Basie during 1961, and has been with Earl Hines since 1965. He made LPs as a leader for Riverside, Prestige, and Cadet, and in recent years has become an outstanding soprano saxophonist.* 35

HAVENS

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close to real sitar playing, until I heard it played back one day and realized that I was so American that it was a shame. Then, on my second trip to California, I spent two weeks studying with Ali Akbar Kahn, in Berkeley. Now I'm working on sitar exercises more than anything, because I really want to learn how to play traditional Indian music instead of just fooling around with it." Though he is tradition-minded, he uses a modern, amplified sitar.

The new album also affords a better opportunity to hear Richie Havens, the songwriter. His songs are poetry set to music, subtle message songs without any traces of the bitterness and cynicism so prevalent in today's folk-type output. This is not to say that he doesn't sing cynical songs—he does, but he simply doesn't write them.

As a poet, he is quite prolific, using an agility with words to make astute observations of life around him. "When I write," he says, "it comes on from beyond me to the outside, and I have to directly, immediately obey my own words." Samples of his writing are published on the back of both his albums, in place of the usual laudatory liner notes.

Havens admits to a limited understanding of jazz. "I don't like too much avant garde or 'out there' jazz," he observes, "I listen to straight lyrical jazz—I dig Erroll Garner and Miles Davis, I love Miles' *Sketches of Spain* and that type of thing. I enjoy all kinds of music, and I've heard a lot about Bessie Smith and those people, but I never really get a chance to hear them."

About today's pop music, he says: "When I listen to the rock 'n' roll which I, as a teenager, related to, I feel it's amazing how the beat has changed. The beat they played for Elvis Presley had just a little bit of music going on—it was very subtle and very few instruments were used. Now it's all filled up, and everything is so filled up that it explodes inside of you, because, after it's all out of the performers, you've got to carry it. I think that's really good." db

AUDIENCE

(Continued from page 25)

punish those people myself—especially not with Gracie Slick, who, to many of us, is no punishment at all. I just want to forget them, after first giving expression to some thoughts about the difference, yet in the last analysis similarity, between the 1967 Costa Mesa uncivility and the 15-year-old *JATP* mob scene.

In Chicago, the sin was a seeming overenthusiasm. In Costa Mesa, it was a seeming underenthusiasm. However, that apparent difference is a lie, just as the wellspring of both audiences' misbehavior was self-deception.

In Chicago, the seeming overenthusiasm was fake. I have seen and participated in beautifully wild audience responses to jazz music—examples easily come to mind of certain good time jazz sessions by traditionalists, and shattering brass section shouting of some big bands on some nights, and certain charged-up performances by modernists. These are not necessarily the "best" listening experiences, of course. Jazz properly has to do with, and reflects a good deal more than sheer excitement. But direct physical excitation *is* sometimes the dominant reward of a jazz performance. I not only do not knock that, I exult in it. The point is that in that *JATP* circus in Chicago, there was no genuine opening up of the self to the music, but only a desperate posturing by a mass of up-tight saps who badly played a phony game of going through the outward motions and sounds of jubilation.

In Costa Mesa, a newer generation of up-tight saps walked out on Ellington. Glancing at watches and chatting amiably, they streamed out of the fairgrounds, interposing themselves between Lawrence Brown or Johnny Hodges or Ellington piano or the multi-textured layers of old and new orchestral sounds up there on the stage, and a straining majority of the crowd trying to stay with it. I have no fundamental quarrel with the act of walking out on a shoddy performance as a direct expression of strong disapproval. In his autobiography, *My Life in Jazz*, Max Kaminsky writes of a scuffling Dave Tough stalking off a bandstand where some clumsy fifth-rate jazz was being played, and one of the fine minor moments of my life came a few years ago when I read of a French film festival audience hooting to a halt the showing of the Yul Brynner-Maria Schell-Claire Bloom desecration of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Such acts of disapproval reflect affirmative commitment and involvement with something—right or wrong, polite or not. There was nothing like that in the Costa Mesa spectacle of non-listeners drifting out to their cars, but only a vapid concession to some vague notion that it somehow was time to leave.

The on-the-spot impulse was to get mad, to want to apologize to Ellington and the others up there, to write off all jazz festivals as the carnivals they too often are. The later reaction to it all was just to pity those poor, tight Chicago and Costa Mesa cats. Ellington, who surely lives more fully and vibrantly in a day than they do in a year, doesn't need my apology. I can tell him nothing about all this which he does not already feel and/or know very well. I *can* tell concert and festival promoters that they bear some responsibility to serious musicians and listeners in sparing them the disruptively ventilated hangups of the mindless many they too often attract to their events. And I can ask of those mindless many themselves: "Do you really know or deeply feel *anything*?" db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

ory, in the midst of his hunger strike, and **Charles Lloyd's** quartet (**Keith Jarrett,** piano; **Ron McClure,** bass; and **Jack DeJohnette,** drums). The Lloyd group did a concert with the **Vanilla Fudge** at the Capitol Theatre in Portchester, N.Y. on Dec. 29 . . . **Mose Allison,** his piano, trio, and vocals, were in residence at the Top of the Gate until after New Year's. The holiday show downstairs consisted of **Herbie Mann's** quintet (**Roy Ayers,** vibes; **Sonny Sharrock,** guitar; **Miroslav Vitous,** bass; **Bruno Carr,** drums); singer **Morgana King;** and trombonist **Wilbur De Paris'** band, which included **Emmett Berry,** trumpet; **Eddie Barefield,** clarinet; **Sonny White,** piano; **John Smith Jr.,** guitar and banjo; **Ed Snead,** bass; **Wilbert Kirk,** drums and harmonica . . . The **Otto-McLawler** Trio (**Richard Otto,** electric violin; **Sarah McLawler,** organ; **Sam Cox,** drums) switched their base of operation to the Three Swans Pub of the Forest Hills Inn on Jan. 17 . . . Tenor saxophonists **Hank Mobley** and **Jimmy Heath** and their quintet, vocalist **Joe Carroll,** and trombonist-emcee **Benny Powell** filled the bill at the Club Ruby in Jamaica, N.Y. on Dec. 14 . . . **Roland Kirk** and **Thelonious Monk** were at the Vanguard Xmas.

Los Angeles: **Willie Ruff** has been signed to score his first feature film, *Prelude.* It will star **John Astin** and be independently produced . . . The **Gary Burton** Quartet had to fight the holiday doldrums at Shelly's Manne-Hole. With **George Wein** now managing his group, Burton said he already has 40 concert dates scheduled for 68. Most of them are college appearances, with the group slowly drifting away from the club scene. During one week of the gig, the **Roger Kellaway** Quartet shared the bandstand with them . . . **Bola Sete** followed the **Three Sounds** into the Lighthouse, but not until the Sounds had recorded a live album there for World-Pacific . . . The **Young-Holt** Trio spent a week at Marty's-on-the-Hill, and following the holidays, **Mongo Santamaria** opened there . . . **Tommy Alexander,** who fronted a big band during the fifties, is back with an octet he calls **Alexander's Ragtime Band.** He played at Mickie Finn's in San Diego, and at Fort Ord for three nights, and plans a campus tour this spring. Most of his sidemen are alumni of **Red Nichols'** combo or the **Bob Crosby Bobcats** . . . The **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** Quintet was scheduled to play three nights at Donte's. **Roy Maxwell** has become personal manager for the co-leaders . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** blew in the new year during a three-week stand at the Hong Kong Bar . . . Pianist **Larry Cansler,** who fashioned a book that combines jazz with the best of rock, is fronting a band once a week at the exclusive Beverly Hills key club, The Daisy. Personnel includes **Steve Huffsteter, Larry McGuire, Howard Katz,** trumpets; **Bob Edmondson, Bill Smith,** trombones; **Plas Johnson, Jack Kelso, John D'Andrea,** reeds; **Pat Senatore, Dave Cohen,** guitars; **Kenny Watson,** drums; **James Harris,** bongos . . . A recent one-nighter at the Century City Playhouse marked the debut of the **New Art Jazz Ensemble,** fronted by reed man **John Carter,** and including **Bobby Bradford,** trumpet; **Tom Williamson** (who replaced **Richard Taylor**), bass; and **Bruz Freeman,** drums. **Ray Bowman,** who produced the concert, presented another evening of modern jazz the following week, featuring the **Nova Jazz Quartet** (**Dennis Drieth,** reeds; **Rob Roy,** vibes; **Don Forthal,** bass; **Don Heffington,** drums). The first of the two concerts was recorded for playback over noncommercial FM station KPFK . . . **Joe Parnello,** former music director for the Hollywood Playboy Club, returned to front a trio for singer **Burt Taylor's** gig . . . **Nellie Lutcher** participated in a special two-day event for the Foundation for the Junior Blind, sponsored by the Publicists' Guild . . . Synanon hosted a holiday benefit that attracted a number of jazzmen: **Louis Bellson, Bob Edmondson, Frank Rosolino, Frank Strazzeri,** and **Peter Christlieb** . . . A number of groups took part in a concert at Harbor Junior College with **Howard Rumsey** and **Rick Holmes** sharing emcee chores: **Big Black;** the **Jazz Notes;** the **Gene Russell** Trio; the **Larry Carlton** Trio, and the **Sounds of 67.** Russell and his trio played another campus gig at East Los Angeles Junior College, and continue at the new **Willie Davis** nitery, Center Field, backstopping singers **Gene Diamond** and **Jean Sampson. Jim Hughart** and **Henry Franklin** were recent subs there for Russell's regular bassist, **George Morrow** . . . The search for a sub caused **Harry Edison** no end of concern during a recent Saturday night. A communications breakdown between Sweets' regular drummer at Memory Lane, **Ed Thigpen,** and the sub he'd lined up resulted in no drummer showing up. Sweets, **Sonny Criss, Tommy Flanagan,** and **Buster Williams** spent most of the night calling drummers until a cousin of Edison, **James Shultz,** was recruited . . . The **Archie Taylor** Trio finished out a gig at Robin's Restaurant in Anaheim. With Taylor, drums, were **Dodge Bolton,** piano; and **David Stevens,** bass . . . A musical and personal reunion took place at Donte's with the pairing of **Bud Shank** and **Laurindo Almeida** for a one-nighter . . . A number of original compositions by **Ralph Pena** were highlighted at a recent meeting of the Los Angeles Bass Club, with Ed Thigpen and **Gabe Baltazar** assisting in the ensemble. The Los Angeles Pianists' Club heard from **Edgar Hayes** as he accompanied vocalist **Mary Evans.** Both clubs are functions of AFM Local 47. The same local recently sponsored a free *Showcase Jazz Concert* at Hollywood High School, thanks to the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industry, plus the Bureaus of Music, both city and county. Featured were a 20-piece band led by trumpeter **Billy Brooks,** and the **Russ Freeman** Quintet. Personnel in the band: **Steve Huffsteter, Robert Mitchell, Ike Williams, Herbert Anderson, Kenny Heath,** trumpets; **Don Cook, Gene Connors, Bill Smith, Thurman Green,** trombones; **Teddy Edwards, Preston Love, Shelly Thomas, Johnny Williams, Melvin Jernigan,** reeds; **James Carmichael,** piano; **Irving Ashby,** guitar; **Stan Gilbert,** bass; **Wilbur Jackson,** drums.

San Francisco: The Gilded Cage, in Sacramento, Calif., 100 miles northeast of here, has announced a strong lineup of jazz groups to continue its three-year-old music policy. "We are the only club in the capital of the largest state in the union that books this class talent," owners Jane and Carl R. Sugarman claim. The club has presented such names as **Dizzy Gillespie, Willie Bobo, Gabor Szabo,** the **Montgomery Brothers, Gary Burton, Les McCann,** and **Vince Guaraldi. Gene Krupa's** combo will be at the club March 7-9, **Mongo Santamaria,** March 19-24, **Ahmad Jamal,** May 2-5; **Bola Sete,** May 16-19; and **Cal Tjader** in June . . . Pianist Guaraldi's quartet, which now includes guitarist **Eddie Duran,** played holiday concerts with the San Francisco Boys Chorus—the nation's only boy soprano opera repertory chorus—here and in Walnut Creek. Another jazz-oriented Christmastime program was staged at Merritt College in Oakland by college vocal groups, pianist **Arthur Fletcher's** trio and pianist-singer **Jeanne Hoffman** and bassist **Mickey McPhillips** . . . On Christmas Eve Sunday, Glide Memorial Methodist Church in downtown San Francisco presented the latest of its unusual services. At 11 a.m., in the sanctuary, pianist **Denny Zeitlin's** trio and **Gloria Unti's** dancers joined the Rev. **Cecil Williams** in a service dedicated to anti-violence. At 5 p.m., the church presented a street dance with music by **Meridian West,** an Afro-Cuban and Israeli jazz-folk group . . . **Jimmy Sia,** longtime bartender at the Jazz Workshop, and a former assistant bartender, **John Lou,** together with their associate, **Kuo Hing Chung,** a financier, have made a deal to purchase the club . . . Saxophonist **Monty Waters'** tentet, which was formed three years ago and has played a good many Sunday and Monday dates here, plus a few longer engagements, made its TV debut on **Rolfe Peterson's** *Pow!* program. Waters has been playing recently with the quartet backing singer **Jon Hendricks** . . . Pianist **Lonnie Hewitt** has a new combo, a septet he calls the **San Francisco Yeast Band,** perhaps because he hopes it will be a gas. The former Cal Tjader pianist's associates are trumpeter **Tom Herald,** trombonist **Al Bent,** flutist-saxophonist **Sonny Lewis,** bassist **Harley White,** drummer **Dale Smith,** and conga drummer **Dean Couey.** The septet made its debut with a week at El Matador here, and followed with 10 days at Nighttown, a new Berkeley club that opened the previous week with the **Bola Sete** Trio . . . Denny Zeitlin's trio (**Joe Halpin,** bass; **Oliver Johnson,** drums) played a doubleheader concert at the University of California Student Union as part of the continuing *Jazz 67* program that will culminate in the second annual U.C. Jazz Festival in April . . . The San Jose State College Jazz Ensembles, ranging from combos to big band, presented their

fourth annual programs on recent Thursday and Friday nights, under the leadership of **Dwight Cannon,** assistant professor of music and one-time Chicago jazz trumpeter . . . At Hayward, the California State College 19-piece band and a combo made their debut with a program that included tunes from the **Count Basie, Woody Herman,** and **Stan Kenton** books, and charts by student composer **Bill Law.** Both groups, directed by instructor **Dan Livesay,** stem from the Jazz Workshop, a newly established class in the music department . . . Sunday jam sessions under leadership of bassist **Jerry Good** have been installed at the C'est Bon club here. Besides Good, the basic quartet includes pianist **Jack Coker,** drummer **Benny Barth,** and a guest instrumentalist (**Denver Bill Perkins** was the first). Other musicians can sit in during the 4 to 8 p.m. soirees. Pianist **Chris Ibanez** operates the club, and his trio (**Vernon Alley,** bass; **Dave Black,** drums) plays there Tuesdays through Saturdays. The trio has just taped its first album . . . The Half Note, where pianist **George Duke's** trio (**John Heard,** bass; **Al Cecchi,** drums) and singer **Al Jarreau** are heard Thursdays through Sundays, has begun showing old but good feature movies *(Bridge on the River Kwai)* on Wednesday nights, and has been getting a good response.

Detroit: Pianist-organist **Phil Hill,** who had worked with most of the best Detroit jazzmen of the 40s and 50s and recorded with the late tenorist **Wardell Gray,** died Dec. 16 . . . Eddie's Latin-American Restaurant was the scene of a highly successful benefit for the family of the late drummer **Billy Hardy.** Hardy's last employer, bassist **Ernie Farrow,** and his quintet (**John Hair,** trombone and baritone horn; **Joe Thurman,** tenor; **Teddy Harris,** piano; **James Youngblood,** drums) appeared, as did bassist **Ron Brooks'** quartet (**Charles Moore,** cornet; **Kenny Cox,** piano; **Danny Spencer,** drums). Among the many other musicians who played were pianists **David Durah** and **Harold McKinney,** bassist **John Dana,** drummer **Bert Myrick,** trumpeter **Marcus Belgrave,** trombonist **George Bohanon,** and tenorist **Leon Henderson** . . . Farrow's group, with visiting altoist **Sonny Red** in place of Hair, worked the New Year's weekend at the reopened Drome. Future policy at the Drome is uncertain . . . Another holiday visitor was pianist **Stan Cowell,** currently with drummer **Max Roach.** Cowell sat in with his former leader, **Ron Brooks,** at the Town Bar in Ann Arbor . . . More session activity can be expected at the Town Bar in February when the University of Michigan holds its annual Creative Arts Festival. Two jazz groups will be featured: vibist **Bobby Hutcherson's** new group (**James Spaulding,** alto and flute; **Cedar Walton,** piano; **Reggie Workman,** bass; **Joe Chambers,** drums) and Brooks' sextet (Moore, Bohanon, Henderson, Cox, Spencer) . . . Following **Johnny Hartman's** opening, the Robbins' Nest brought in singers **Freddie Scott, Lou Elliott, Roy Hamilton, Irene Reid,** and **Johnny Nash** in rapid succession. All of them were backed by **Harold McKinney's** house band . . . Vocalist **Gary Haines** can now be heard six nights a week at Barkey's. Backing Haines are pianist **Chuck Robinett,** bassist **Jay Dana,** and drummer **Art Mardigan** . . . **Duke Hyde** has replaced **Drew Evans** on drums with bassist **Willie Green's** group at the Pier One . . . **Bill Stevenson** was a recent sub for pianist **Kirk Lightsey** in reed man **Terry Harrington's** quartet at the Bandit's Villa . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery's** group at Baker's included pianist **Buddy Montgomery,** bassist **Monk Montgomery,** drummer **Billy Hart,** and congaist **Alvin Bunn.**

New Orleans: **Bobby Hackett's** group at **Al Hirt's** club last month included **Dave McKenna,** piano; **Dick Phillips,** bass; and the trumpeter's son, **Ernie Hackett,** on drums . . . Modern pianist **Chuck Berlin,** a doctor at the LSU Medical School here, is working cocktail hours at the Fairmont Room of the Roosevelt Hotel . . . Trumpeter **Kid Shiek Colar** and alto saxophonist **John Handy** recently returned from a successful tour of Japan . . . Appearing at a New Orleans jazz club jam session at the Roosevelt Hotel were the **Last Straws;** British trumpeter **Clive Wilson and His International Jazz Band;** and the **Eureka Brass Band.** The Eurekas were also featured with **Sweet Emma's Jazz Band** at the fund-raising parade and concert for Halfway House, a proposed rehabilitation center for prisoners released from Angola State Penitentiary and Orleans Parish Prison. **Emma Barrett,** still recovering from a stroke suffered last March, did not play piano with her combo, but has hopes of regaining the use of a paralyzed arm.

Las Vegas: **Sammy Davis Jr.** returned to the Sands' Copa Room for a six-week engagement in December with pianist-conductor **George Rhodes** directing the **Antonio Morelli** Orchestra, augmented by **Renauld Jones Jr.,** trumpet; **Lloyd Mayers,** piano; **Barry Zweig,** guitar; **Michael Silver,** drums; **Johnny Mendoza,** Latin percussion; all members of the Davis musical retinue . . . For his first booking in Las Vegas in nearly four years, **Duke Ellington** played a brief eight-day gig at the Flamingo Hotel. A return engagement of longer duration is anticipated for 1968 . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Teagarden** recently quit his job in the section of the **Lewis Elias** Orchestra to become business agent for Local 369 of the Las Vegas Musicians Union . . . **Eartha Kitt,** while appearing at Caesars Palace, found time to record some new material at United Recordings, accompanied by a quintet comprised of the **John Veith** Trio (Veith, piano; **Ralph Enriquez,** bass; **Bobby Malloy,** drums), plus **Dick Eliot,** guitar; and Miss Kitt's accompanist, **Modesto Duran,** on Latin percussion . . . **Maynard Sloate,** producer of the Hotel Tropicana's Blue Room shows, continued to sponsor the big-band sound by inaugurating a series of late-hour jazz concerts in the Blue Room, the first of which presented the 20-piece band of **Raoul Romero,** and featured the jazz stylings of vocalist **Bunny Phillips.** Scores by arrangers **Louis Bellson, Rick Davis, Herb Phillips,** and **Abe Nole** were heard during the concert, which was hosted by disc jockey **Bob Joyce** of Station KRAM. Sloate hopes to make these big-band presentations a regular series, with the possibility of bringing in, from time to time, well-known arrangers from Los Angeles to conduct the bands and showcase their arrangements. The second concert in the series will feature the orchestra of trombonist **Jimmy Guinn,** with singer **Diane Elliott.** The Romero orchestra included **Carl Saunders, John Foss, Tommy Porello, Jerry Van Blair, Bob Shew,** trumpets; **Abe Nole, Eddie Morgan, Jerry Collins, Ralph Pressler,** trombones; **Joe Bonati, Tony Osicki, Rick Davis, Marty Flax, Kenny Hing,** reeds; **Roger Rampton,** vibes; **Ron Feuer,** piano; **Joe Lano,** guitar; **Moe Scarazzo,** bass; **Ted Snyder,** tuba; **Santo Savino,** drums.

Paris: The **Archie Shepp** Quintet, with **Roswell Rudd** and **Grachan Moncur,** trombones; **Jimmy Garrison,** bass; and **Beaver Harris,** drums, followed **Dexter Gordon** into the Chat Qui Peche for a short stay . . . Starring in **Charles Delaunay's** annual *Nuit du Jazz* at the Salle Wagram from 9 p.m. till dawn on Dec. 16 were **Bill Coleman,** trumpet and fluegelhorn; **Hal Singer,** tenor; the **Martial Solal** Trio; the **George Arvanitas** Trio, and the big band of **Jean-Claude Naude** . . . Former **King Oliver** sideman **Benny Waters,** resident at La Cigale jazz cafe, has recorded an album for the President label. Waters, playing tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones and clarinet, led **Jimmy Gourley,** guitar; **Eddie Louiss,** organ; and **Rene Nan,** drums . . . Violinist **Stephane Grappelly** opened at the Hilton Hotel Dec. 15 . . . Paris-based Martinique pianist **Michel Sardaby** recorded an album of his own compositions with **Gilbert Rovere,** bass, and **Philippe Combelle,** drums . . . The French state radio organization presented a piano workshop at the Maison de la Radio Jan. 6, featuring Arvanitas, Solal, Louiss, **Raymond Fol, Rene Urtreger,** and **Maurice Vander** . . . Tenorist **Nathan Davis** produced and financed a recording session in mid-December for an album which he will market himself. On the session, which featured all Davis originals, were pianist **Hampton Hawes,** stopping over in Paris with his wife on their world tour; bassist Garrison, and drummer **Art Taylor.**

Germany: Leading German piano player **Wolfgang Dauner** has written the music to three German movie shorts—one of them for the Mercedes-Benz Co. (also to be shown in the U.S.), and two for films which received a German movie award. Dauner also contributed two new compositions for a jazz workshop organized by the Federation of West German jazz clubs in Dortmund, Duren, and Aachen. Featured in the four successful workshop concerts were **Manfred Schoof,** trumpet; **Albert Mangelsdorff,** trombone; **Glen Buschman,** clarinet; **Michel Pilz,**

bass clarinet; **Klaus Holz,** flute; **Gerd Dudek,** tenor saxophone; **Franc Lemair,** baritone saxophone, clarinet, flute; **Eberhard Weber,** bass, cello; **Cees See,** drums, musicians from Germany, France, and Holland . . . Two new workshops have been organized by **Hans Gertberg** of Norddeutsche Rundfunk, Hamburg. One was dedicated to **Tony Scott** and featured **Sonny Gray,** trumpet; **Dominique Chanson,** reeds; **Mal Waldron,** piano; **Pierre Cavalli,** guitar; **Alex Riehl** and **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen,** basses. The other workshop was dedicated to the experiments of the American pianist-composer **John Eaton,** living in Rome. Eaton was featured on his new electronic instrument, the synket, assisted by **Bernard Vitat,** trumpet; **Tubby Hayes,** tenor saxophone, flute, alto flute; **Bernard Guerin,** bass; and Swiss drummer **Pierre Favre** . . . Singer **Mark Murphy** recorded for SABA in Cologne with members of the **Clarke-Boland** big band . . . The Donaueschingen Music Festival—one of the leading avant garde festivals in the world —this year featured a jazz concert, the first to be held there since 1957 (when the **Modern Jazz Quartet,** the **Eddie Sauter** German Big Band, and **Andre Hodeir's** *Jazz Group de Paris* appeared there). This year, Donaueschingen had **Archie Shepp's** group (with **Roswell Rudd, Grachan Moncur, Jimmy Garrison,** and **Beaver Harris**), a new and different confrontation, *Jazz Meets India* (featuring the **Dewan Motihar** Trio, the **Irene Schweizer** Trio, French saxophonist **Barney Wilen,** and German trumpeter Schoof), and a new piece commissioned from **Alexander von Schlippenbach** for his *Globe Unity Big Band,* a large ensemble of leading free jazz players from Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Sweden . . . SABA has issued a new record, *Free Action* by pianist Wolfgang Dauner, featuring violinist **Jean-Luc Ponty** in a septet format; a new LP by the Clarke-Boland big band, *Sax No End,* and further records in its series *Jazz Meets the World.* This unique series features encounters between leading American and European jazz musicians and Japanese, Brazilian, Spanish flamenco, Javanese-Balinese, Arabian, and Indian musicians. So far, eight records have been issued, the newest is *Noon in Tunesia,* combining a jazz quintet (**Sahib Shihab,** soprano sax and flute; Ponty, violin; Swiss pianist-composer **George Gruntz; Eberhard Weber,** bass; **Daniel Humair,** drums) with an Beduin Arab quartet from Tunesia. Leader of the Beduins is **Salah El Mahdi,** composer of the Tunesian national anthem and director of the Conservatoire National in Tunis . . . German free jazz saxophonist **Peter Brotzmann** has issued a record of his group on a private label "because official record companies did not do anything for our music." Brotzmann has played with **Carla Bley, Mike Mantler, Don Cherry,** and many other leading European and American free jazz players.

Pittsburgh: **Chuck Maurice,** veteran Pittsburgh pianist, has been signed to provide the entertainment at the new Sheraton Motor Inn's Library Lounge in the South Hills area. Once a music director for **Al Morgan,** Maurice has incorporated much jazz into his book in recent years. He just completed a year's engagement at the Gaslight Room . . . **Winston Walls** was the latest organist to be featured at the Hurricane Bar, with **Larry McGhee,** guitar; **Bobby Watley,** drums, and **Tiny Irvin,** vocals . . . Vibraharpist **Johnny Lytle** opened a 10-day engagement at Crawford's Grill Dec. 14 . . . **Harold Betters'** trombone sounds were employed in a Christmas LP promotion package by a local bakery chain . . . Duquesne University Freshman **Eric Kloss** has been promoting the tunes from his latest Prestige LP at the Holiday Inn near the Pittsburgh Airport. Kloss' saxophones share the spotlight with the trio of pianist **Bob Negri,** and vocalist **Sandy Staley** . . . Vocalist **Tom Evans** made the jazz buffs take notice during his recent appearances with pianist **Carl Arter.** The two were signed for a gig at the Webster Hall Hotel during the public reception which ended George Washington Carver Week, Jan. 5. Another guest soloist was tenor saxophonist **Jon Walton** . . . Pianist **Walt Harper** plans to do at least one concert next summer with the Music Guild of Pittsburgh.

Baltimore: The Baltimore Hebrew Congregation scheduled an experimental jazz evening service written by **Jonathan Klein** for the end of December. Klein, a Brown University sophomore and a student at the Berklee School of Music (and the son of a Massachusetts rabbi) has adapted the Reformed service to jazz by writing new melodies for established prayers. The group consists of contralto and soprano voices; piano; bass, and drums . . . To conclude its activities for 1967, the Left Bank Jazz Society featured **Count Basie's** band on Dec. 3 and the **Yusef Lateef** Quartet the following week. With Lateef were pianist **Hugh Lawson,** bassist **Cecil McBee,** and drummer **Roy Brooks.** The LBJS devoted 70 per cent of the proceeds from the latter concert to Target, Inc., a self-help program for ex-convicts . . . Baltimore bandleader-composer **Hank Levy** is rehearsing a 27-piece band made up of students from Towson State College. The band, which includes two bassists and four percussionists, plays in a variety of time signatures. Levy hopes to have the group ready for the collegiate jazz festivals later in the year.

Toronto: The world premiere of composer **Norman Symonds'** latest work, *The Democratic Concerto,* in Winnipeg Dec. 14, featured **Fred Stone's** jazz quartet and the Winnipeg Symphony, conducted by **Victor Feldbrill.** The centennial-commissioned work introduced Stone's amplified trumpet . . . **Russ Little,** 25-year-old Jamaican-born Toronto trombonist, has joined the **Woody Herman** Band . . . Toronto bassist **Doug Willson** is now with the **Salt City Six,** who feature another Canadian, trombonist **Alfie Jones** . . . **Willie (The Lion) Smith** and **Claude Hopkins,** with clarinetist **Eddie Barefield,** played a two-week date at the Colonial. Hopkins stepped in on short notice when **Don Ewell,** who has been teamed with The Lion, suddenly took ill . . . Montreal-born pianist **Reg Wilson,** who has been leading his jazz trio at the Cava-Bob Restaurant, added something new to the night club scene. He gave a premiere performance of his piano concerto, which will be presented next year at Carnegie Hall by the Symphony of the New World. The 34-year-old pianist-composer will be soloist at the New York performance.

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WHERE WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): Art Williams, Fri.-Sat.
Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Stella Marrs, wknds.
Apartment: Lee Shaw.
Arthur's Tavern: Grove Street Stompers, Mon.
Basie's: unk.
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.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Cotton Club (Patterson, N.J.): Hank White, wknds. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Seasions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.
East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otter-McLawler Trio, tfn.
Frammis: Lynn Christie, Roland Hanna, tfn.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 2/18.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrique (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Guy Lombardo to 2/22.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
077: unk.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
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.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepheard's: unk.
Slug's: unk.
Smalls Parndise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon.. Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions. Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Jim Kappes, Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth. Wed.-Sat.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Traveler's Cellar Club (Queens): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart.
Village Gate: Wes Montgomery, Arthur Prysock, 1/26, 27.
Village Vanguard. unk.
White Plains Hotel: Saints and Sinners, Thur.-Sun.
Wineceller: unk.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Phil Cohran, Fri.-Sun. evening, Sun. afternoon.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Kirby Stone Four to 2/4. Joe Bushkin, 2/5-25. Walter Wanderley, 2/27-3/10. Gene Krupa, 3/12-31.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoon. Tommy Ponce, Sat. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Midas Touch: Oscar Lindsey, Wed.-Sun. Ken Rhodes, Mon.-Tues. Gene Fox, sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Mister Kelly's: Felecia Saunders to 2/4. Arthur Prysuck, 2/10-3/3. Miriam Makeba, 3/18-31. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: Linn County Blues Band, Wed.-Fri.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ron Elliston, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: name groups, Feb.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
Sauer's Bruhuus: Richard Abrams, Fri.-Sat.
Scotch Mist: Harry James, 2/12-2/26.
Showboat Sari-S: Georg Brunis, Mon.-Sat. Jazz at Noon. Fri.
Trip: Allan Stevens-Marie Arcarl, Johnny Gabor, Tue.-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: The Checkmates, 2/16-24.
Bop City: Peter Mendelsohn, afterhours.
Both/And: Ike & Tina Turner, 1/26-28. Freddie Hubbard- Joe Henderson, 2/6-20. Bill Evans, 2/27-3/10. Miles Davis, 4/23-5/5.
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez, Tue.-Sat. Jerry Good, Sun. Dick McGarvin, Mon.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Cal Tjader to 2/3. Charlie Byrd, 2/5-17. Gene Krupa, 2/22-3/2. Mongo Santamaria, 3/25-4/6.
Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
hungry I: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Kenny Burrell, 2/6-20.
Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
Little Caesar: Mike Tilles.
New Hearth: Burt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
Pier 23: Bill Napier, Carol Leigh, wknds.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): unk.
Villa Roma: Jeanne Hoffman.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.
Apiks (Montebello): Eddie Cano.
Beverly Hills High School: Festival of the Performing Arts. 2/10, 17, 24.
Beverly Rodeo Hotel: Joe Castro.
Center Field: Gene Russell, Jean Sampson, Gene Diamond, Von Holt, Tue.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Sam Fletcher, Dolo Coker.
Cocoanut Grove: Mel Torme to 1/30.
Daisy (Beverly Hills): Larry Cansler, Wed.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Dixie Junction (Orange): Tailgate Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Teddy Buckner, Tue. Brass Night, Wed. Louis Bellson, Thur. Various groups, wknds.
Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Ice House (Pasadena): avant-garde concerts, twice monthly
Immaculate Heart College: Bobby Hutcherson, 2/11.
Intermission Room: Rose Gilbert.
It Club: jazz, nightly.
La Flambe (Tarzana): Matt and Ginny Dennis.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): The Freedom Sounds to 2/4. Dizzy Gillespie, 2/6-18. Young-Holt Trio, 2/20-3/3.
Lytton Center of the Visual Arts: jazz lecture by Ornette Coleman, 2/23.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Special guests, Mon. Kenny Dixon, hb.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis. John Anderson-Shellie Thomas, Mon.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
Pablito's Place: Vladimir & His Orchestra, Fri.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson. Jimmy Bunn, Tues., Sun.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Les McCann, 2/8. Gene Palumbo, Bob Corwin, hbs. Willie Restum.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence. Dini Clarke, Sun.
Redd Foxx: Kirk Stewart, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
San Moritz Inn (Rosemead): Mort Marker, Mon.-Sat.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Les McCann to 2/4. Bill Evans, 2/6-18. Charlie Byrd, 2/20-3/3. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat.
Sherry's: Don Randi. Joanne Grauer, Sun.-Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Stonewood Res. (Downey): Gary Jones, hb.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard. Freddie Clark, Tue.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
UCLA (Royce Hall): Ravi Shankar, 1/26, 28.
Wonder Bowl (Downey): Johnny Lane.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel.
Baker's Keyboard: Rev. Tom Vaughn, 2/9-11. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 2/22-3/3. Prof. Irwin Corey, 3/15-24. Jimmy McGriff, 4/5-14. Redd Foxx, 4/22-5/2.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Barkey's: Gary Haines, Chuck Robinett, Mon.-Sat.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Breakers: Alex Kallao, Tue.-Sat.
Chez Beaux: Danny Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.
Empire Lounge (Flint): Don DeAndre, Mon.-Sat.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande.
Pauper's Club: Jimmy Stefanson, Bu Bu Turner, Thur.-Sat.
Pier One: Willie Green.
Playboy: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Robbins Nest: Jimmy Witherspoon to 1/28. Harold McKinney, hb.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
St. Regis Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.
Shadow Box: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
Sheraton Motor Inn (Warren): Harrison Price, Fri.-Sat. Carole Coleman.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Thur.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Leuning.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberto, hbs.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Holly's: modern jazz, afterhours, Fri-Sat.
Jazz Corner: Willie-Tee, hb.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Bob Prado.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson, Sat.
Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name groups, Sun.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk. Jimmy Wells.
Red Fox: Ethel Ennis, wknds.

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