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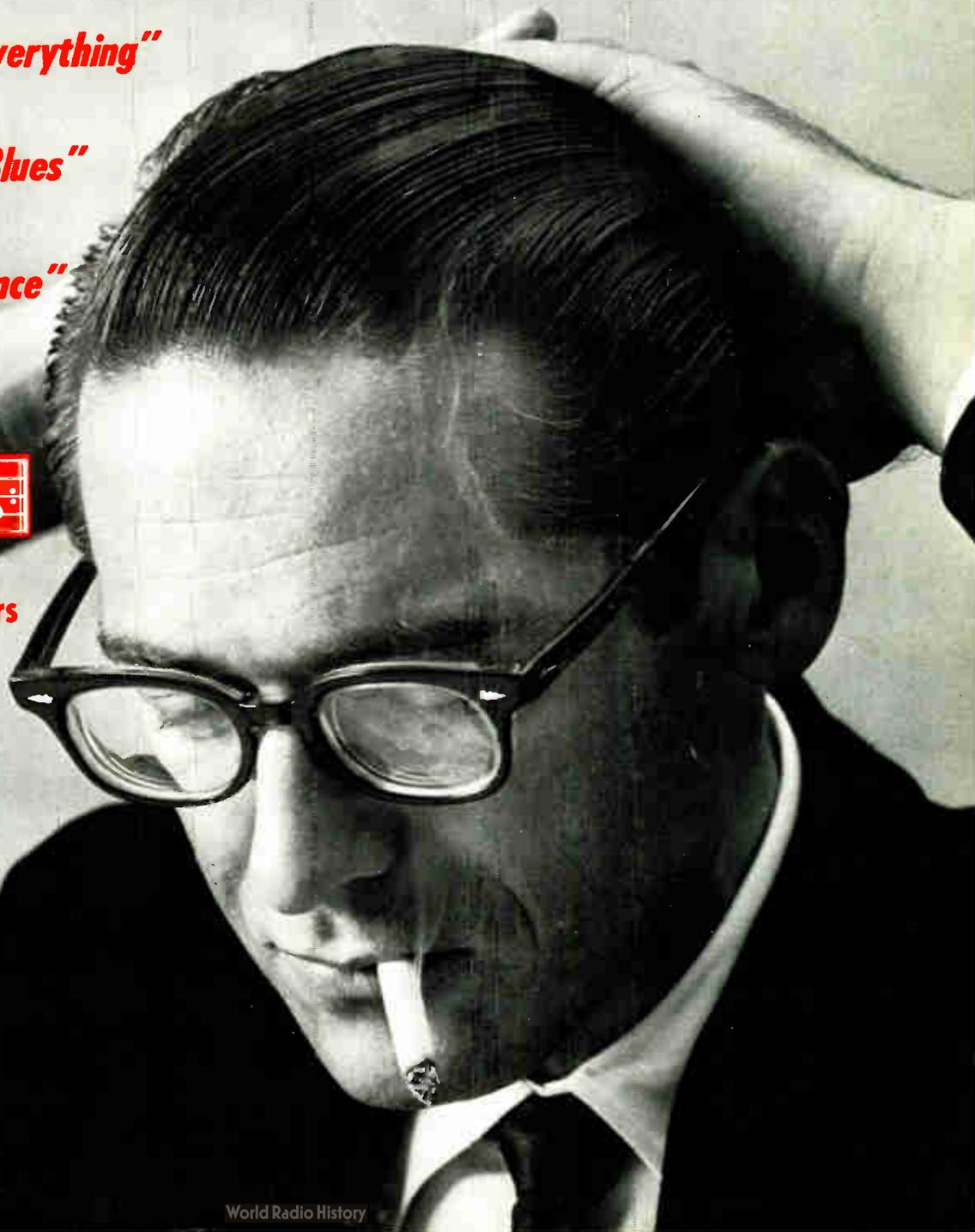
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

LET'S CALL THIS Part Two of "Careers In Music", carrying forward our discussion of the last issue (DB, Oct. 3).

In addition to possible employment in large music publishing houses, there is an increasing number of small, independent firms headed and run by talented musicians. Often these companies are begun as an outlet for the musician's own creative product as arranger-composer. More often than not he soon attracts others looking for a place in the musical sun and lo, he's a publisher. Some examples come quickly to mind: Art Dedrick (Delevan, N.Y.); Bob Seibert (Dallas, Tex.); Oliver Nelson (Hollywood, Cal.); and Ralph Mutchler (Bremerton, Wash.). The growth and potential of these firms are enhanced by the relatively low cost of modern offset printing and the acceptance of hand calligraphy and music typewriter in lieu of expensive music engraving.

Directly linked to these publishing efforts and the larger houses is the career of copyist. It is not widely known, but there is a good minimum union wage for copying plus what the market will bear for fast, clean work. College musicians with a steady hand and a penchant for the particular should keep this source of income in mind.

The continual earmarking of certain government funds for the purchase of audio-visual equipment and published music and recordings for schools has brought about an ever-increasing demand for qualified musicians to specialize in these fields. School and public libraries need music librarians and instructors in the intricacies of audio-visual equipment. The manufacturers of this equipment have a related need for designers, marketing personnel, and salesmen who know music and who can correlate music instruction with the advances of electronics and sound reproduction.

And then there is the wide, wide field of commercial music composition and arranging. These opportunities range from Hollywood productions to documentary and educational films plus jingles and commercials. The money is very good, the challenge is great, and the competition is tough, but the demand continues to increase. A particular advantage to jingles is that Hollywood, New York, Nashville, and Chicago do not enjoy the same near-monopoly as they do in the general recording field. Local and regional radio-TV outlets have voracious commercial appetites and can always use talent and imagination.

Of course, there is disc jockeying, which can be an honorable way to make money from a knowledge of music and musicians, depending on the market level of station management.

A necessary but often belittled adjunct to the music business is the field of booking and management. Music entertainment is a big international business and needs the specialized know-how of lawyers, auditors, and managers, many of whom have a working knowledge of music as well as percentages.

There are many and varied careers in music. They can be as satisfying and rewarding as your motivations allow. Or to reprise an apt cliché—you get out what you put in.

education in jazz

By Phil Wilson

When I was recently asked to join the teaching staff at Berklee, my delight at the opportunity to be a part of what I knew to be an excellent faculty at an exciting and progressive music school was immediately following by a "but what can I contribute" reaction. My



PHIL WILSON

own background was varied but certainly not what might be considered conventional preparation for a college teaching career. Some college training in traditional music, enough talent to get professionally involved at an early age, a stint with the NORAD Command Band, experience with several name bands and finally four years as trombone soloist and arranger with Woody Herman.

My first conversation with the Administrative staff at Berklee, however, made it immediately apparent that my strong interest in teaching supported by my extensive professional experience was exactly what the school required in all of its faculty appointments. More specifically, what I was told was "we don't just want you to teach the theory of trombone playing; we want you to prepare your students to make a living." Well, I had made a good living as a professional trombonist for a number of years and I was certainly aware of the varied and exacting demands of the world of professional music.

I'm now comfortably, if somewhat hectically, situated at Berklee teaching arranging, coaching ensembles and "preparing trombone students to make a living." As chairman of the trombone department, I've made certain that all my students are involved in a wide variety of ensemble activities . . . large and small jazz groups; theater and studio orchestras; brass quartets, quintets and choirs; concert bands; and even a special ten trombone jazz workshop.

I don't know exactly what musical directions each of my students will choose, but I do know that each will leave Berklee well prepared technically and musically for a career as a professional trombonist.

Phil Wilson

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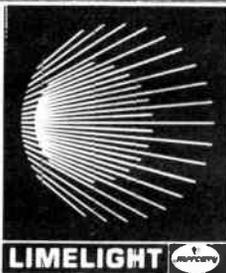
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October 17, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 21

down beat

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Subscription rates \$7 one year. \$12 two years. \$16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add \$1. for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

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POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60608

MAHER PUBLICATIONS, DOWN BEAT:
MUSIC '68: JAZZ REVIEWS:
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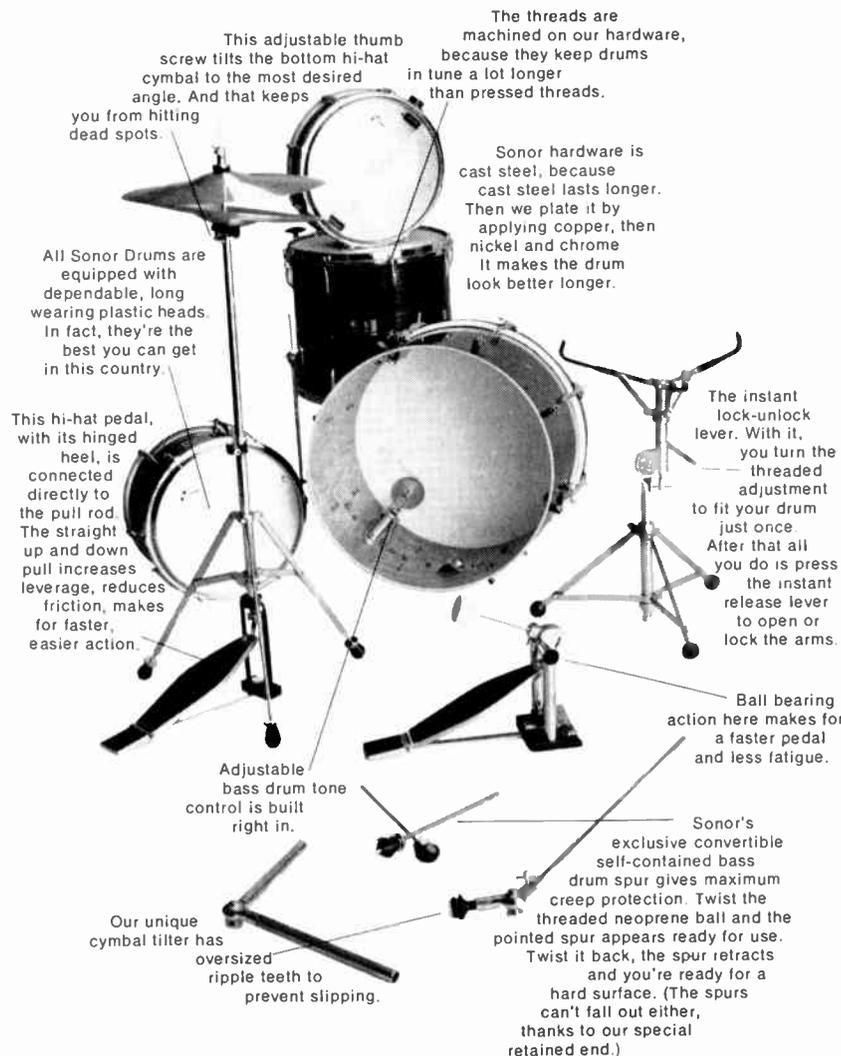
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Workshop Eyes

As an old subscriber of your magazine (14 consecutive years!), I am writing to congratulate you for the excellent idea in publishing a new column by the title of *Music Workshop*.

This section, which you published a few years ago by the name of *Up Beat Section*, is of great interest for us, readers and musicians. Now, more than ever, I'll be eagerly waiting for each new issue. Please make sure I won't miss any of them!

My congratulations again, and keep up the good work!

Wilson Curia

Sao Paulo, Brazil

I am a former New York music educator now teaching clarinet and saxophone and organizing concert jazz bands in the Stockholm music schools.

Occasionally, some of the more progressive instrumental supervisors have invited me to direct a big band workshop series (rehearsal methods, improvisation techniques, sight reading new material, etc.). During these sessions, old and new questions come up—like, how in the world can today's music teachers fill the yawning gap between Beethoven and the Beatles? These discussions have convinced me that there must be other European school band directors in the same "bag." Now surely there is a vast pool of concepts and methods to be shared simply by exchanging views with one another. I, for one, am willing to begin by "opening my studio" to any of my continental colleagues interested enough to correspond. My address is: Karlbergsvagen 27, Stockholm VA 11327, Sweden.

Johnny Woods

Stockholm, Sweden

Krupa Nomination

... I am greatly surprised at the neglect of the great Gene Krupa in your polls' Hall of Fame category. This man has made the drummer what he is today, and has converted many people to jazz. He has exposed the talents of Roy Eldridge, Anita O'Day, Gerry Mulligan, and Sam Donahue to the field and the public.

I firmly believe the world owes this man the position of first place in the Hall of Fame this year.

Gene Hargrove

Raleigh, N.C.

Bloody Beautiful

Recently, a number of young *DB* readers have been writing to your column *Chords and Discords*. Well now it's my turn, only I'm a *DB* fan with a difference ... I'm Australian.

Like the few hundred other young *DB* fans in Australia, I'm living in a country of roughly 12½ million people, of whom probably not 12½ thousand would dig any

form of post-swing jazz, and at a guess, not 12½ hundred buy *DB*. What I'm trying to say is that the Australian jazz scene is not flourishing.

Out of this musical (as well as geographical) desert, and against all odds, have emerged many fine musicians. Sydney is a point of convergence for many of these talented young and not-so-young Australians and New Zealanders: unfortunately, and probably because of lack of work and stimulation in the mere handful of clubs, Sydney acts only as diving board for those heading for the overseas jazz scenes of the States and Europe.

San Francisco, Sydney's official sister city, and with a comparable population, has roughly three times the number of clubs as we have, and even has a worthwhile jazz festival. And you in the U.S. lament the waning jazz scene! Hell, you don't know what you're talking about. You've still got Miles Davis, radio stations with as near to all-jazz policies as is economically possible, and (comparatively) lots of jazz on TV: you've even got non-antiquated jazz in your high schools! The only jazz that ever happens at my all-girl, state-run high school is when I hit a wrong note while playing bass (the bass I christened "Mingus") in the school orchestra—I excuse my ineptitude by telling the others that in fact they are hearing Izenzon-styled avant gardism. As if they'd dig!

The most comforting thing about the jazz scene here is that the ABC (equivalent to England's BBC) broadcasts a total of 17 hours "jazz" per week. Unfortunately, 50% of the so-called jazz is little better than dinner music: still, some of the rest is pretty solid jazz, so I don't complain—beggars can't be choosers, etc. However, the ABC refuses to go as far as putting any jazz on telly, other than Ellington at Coventry Cathedral, and the annual replays of Steve Race's *624* and *Feather's Nest*. The ABC obviously doesn't get *DB*, or they must purposely ignore the many mentions you make of worthwhile TV programs concerning jazz.

So much for the Australian scene: now for my requests. Firstly, next time any one is planning a tour of the East, please consider making a detour on the way home and take in Australia (better still, send the Jazzmobile—we're culturally deprived too). Secondly, dear *DB*, start sending your magazine airmail, 'cos ten weeks is too long to wait to get each issue! No, seriously, today is Aug. 30, and I just bought the June 13 issue.

Thanks for such a bloody beautiful mag, may it ever prosper.

Vivian Isolde King
Sydney, Australia

Marquis de Gitler?

In his searing account of the performance of the Don Ellis Orchestra at Newport (*DB*, Sept. 5), Ira Gitler exhibits the same sadistic qualities which prompted him to treat us to those jokes.

Douglas Wright
West Long Branch, N.J.

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BOOKER T. OF MGs TO SCORE FEATURE FILM

Booker T. Jones, leader of the popular Memphis-based group Booker T. and the MGs, will write and arrange the music for Paramount's new film, *Uptight*. The film, written and directed by Jules (Never On Sunday) Dassin, and starring Julian Mayfield and Ruby Dee, is Hollywood's first attempt to show the revolution in attitude among black Americans.

The 23-year old Jones, who was working professionally at the age of 12 and had his first gold record by the time he was 16, said that his group's music was right for the picture's subject matter.

Before beginning his assignment, the young musician consulted with Quincy Jones, whose many film credits include the scores for *In the Heat of the Night* and *For Love of Ivy*.

The MGs comprise pianist-organist Jones, who recently received a degree in applied music from Indiana University, guitarist Steve Cropper, bassist Donald (Duck) Dun, and drummer Al Jackson. Jones and Jackson are black; Cropper and Dun are white. The group's latest hit is *Soul Limbo*.

SCHLITZ SALUTE A HIT; '69 EXPANSION PLANNED

The *Schlitz Salute to Jazz*, a 21-concert tour of 20 cities produced by George Wein for the Jos. P. Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, grossed in excess of \$850,000 and was attended by some 55,000 persons, it was announced by Dino Santangelo of Wein's Festival Productions.

Santangelo also stated that the tour will be repeated in 1969, with the probable addition of 15 cities, including Los Angeles, Seattle, Minneapolis, Miami, Honolulu, and Toronto with others still to be determined.

The *Salute*, which toured from June 21 to Aug. 18, featured the groups of Cannonball Adderley, Herbie Mann, Gary Burton, and Thelonious Monk, and singer Dionne Warwick. Wes Montgomery had originally also been scheduled, but when the guitarist died last June, the services of Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Smith, Ramsey Lewis, Oscar Peterson and Hugh Masekela were enlisted to perform in his place when available.

Sellout performances were given in Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh, and near-capacity houses were reported in Denver, Houston, and Austin, Tex. Chicago was the only city in which more than one performance was given. The city's Opera House was the site of an Aug. 16 doubleheader. Schlitz also sponsored a big-band night at this year's Newport Jazz Festival.

A meeting between Schlitz and Festival Productions was set for late Sept. to consider plans for the 1969 season.

Wein's next big project is London's *Expo '68*, a mammoth affair to be held from Oct. 19 to 26.

The Readers Poll Ballot in this issue is your last chance to vote in Down Beat's 32nd Annual Jazz Poll, the last chance to register approval of the musicians whose work you admire. Voting in the poll (the oldest continuing poll in jazz) is the best kind of positive criticism, the kind of criticism you make when you choose what albums to buy, what clubs to attend.

As you fill out your ballot, you may feel a variety of emotions—the comfort of adding to the total of an acknowledged great who will probably top his category; the satisfaction of registering a vote for a star of yesterday who is regaining his former eminence; the excitement of voting for a largely unknown musician who may be one of tomorrow's giants, wondering whether he will get enough votes to make the final tally.

Every year, after the poll results appear, we get letters which complain that Musician X didn't deserve to win, that Musician Y was unjustly neglected. We can't be sure how many of those who complain didn't take the time to vote, but, if there are any who didn't, they did an injustice to their favorite musicians. A musician's place in the Down Beat Jazz Poll can have as real an effect on his career as his record sales or the success of his live performances. Like other artists, musicians want to know that their audiences care. Fill out your Readers Poll Ballot and show that you do.

COMINGS AND GOINGS OF JAZZ EXPATRIATES

We get all kinds of letters, some from irate fans, and some from itinerant musicians. One of the latter turned up in August, although it was dated June 29. It read "(gigi gryce) (*Trade Mark*), who is legally named Basheer Qusim, will leave the United States to live in Switzerland. He will write, play and teach from there.

"His children, Bashir, Laila and Fdthia, will be educated completely there and live there in the family home. Mr. Qusim will use only his legal family name, consequently dropping the trade mark, but not relinquishing his rights to royalties and other benefits."

Qusim, as Gryce, was well-known in the 1950s as a composer-arranger, and for his alto saxophone work with Art Farmer, Donald Byrd, and his own groups, but has been off the jazz scene during most of the '60s, teaching in the Long Island, N.Y. school system. He has now joined the growing number of American jazzmen who have defected to Europe.

Singer-comedian Babs Gonzales was about to embark on a tour of six East European countries, including Czechoslovakia, when news of the Russian occupation of Prague reached him.

"This sure blew my Iron Curtain gig," said Babs ruefully in his Copenhagen hotel room. "Those Russians sure ain't expubident. I was really looking forward to meeting and entertaining those people."

Fortunately, the singer had plenty of other work lined up, including television appearances in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Brussels, plus a number of club bookings on the Continent.

Gonzales also spent several weeks in Britain promoting his autobiography which, he says, has sold over 14,000 copies.

Swedish sources have informed us that drummer Albert (Tootie) Heath, who has made his home in Scandinavia since 1965, will be returning to the U.S. late this month. The quota of American jazzmen in Stockholm, however, will remain stable, since bassist Red Mitchell arrived to set up housekeeping there in August.

Mitchell was quoted by the Swedish newspaper *Expressen*: "I had been planning this move for a long time. The murder of Robert Kennedy was the last straw. American society is rotten through and through. . . . I've come to Sweden to stay."

Saxophonist Lucky Thompson, who came to Europe for an extended stay in early July, spent the greater part of the summer working on his autobiography.

Through July and August, Thompson appeared at a number of festivals in Scandinavia and on the Continent. He also played dates in England and Finland.

Thompson wants to settle in Europe and hopes to make London his home base. "I want my two boys to be educated in England," he said.



Elvin Jones, kept dry by good samaritan, plays at "Back to School Drum-In" sponsored by Drums Unlimited in Chicago's Grant Park. Barrett Deems, Joe Morello, Joe Cusatis and Eddie Higgins' sextet also appeared. Jones' trio is at Chicago's new Tejar Club through Oct. 5.

They Still Play Ragtime

CLASSIC RAGTIME reached its zenith of popularity more than 50 years ago, leaving various bastardized musical forms to live on its name since. A flurry of interest in the original form occurred when Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis published *They All Played Ragtime* in 1950. In the last few years, though, there has been a re-birth of interest and a growing number of new performers in the classic idiom.

One of the leading organizations devoted to classic ragtime is located in Toronto. The Ragtime Society was formed in 1961 by three enthusiasts—John Fisher, Idamay McInnes, and Jim Kinnear—and has since grown to attract members from all around the world.

What is particularly interesting is that a major percentage of them play and have developed extensive collections of classic ragtime—the music of such composers as Scott Joplin, James Scott, Joseph Lamb, Eubie Blake, Luckey Roberts. The society published its first newsletter in February, 1962, and this blossomed into a regular magazine, *The Ragtimer*, in April, 1967.

The drive and energy of the society's founders has been maintained by the current officers (John Arpin, John Fairhead, and Miss McInnes) to the point where seven new recordings have been issued on the society's own label and four successful annual conventions have been held. The records all feature young men interpreting the classic repertoire but also contain many original compositions within the idiom. Artists represented are Tom Shea, Arpin, Charlie Rasch, Trebor Tichenor, and Max Morath.

The annual get-togethers of the society have grown into something special. This year's was held in the basement of a church hall in Weston, a suburb of Toronto.

The rapid increase in attendance of the previous years' celebrations necessitated a move to larger premises. On stage were two pianos and a framed blowup of a Joplin photograph. Memorabilia decorated the walls (sheet music, posters, etc. from the old days). The pianos were in constant use, allowing such experts as Mike Montgomery, Bob (Spider) Seeley, Tex Wyndham, and Arpin to perform.

Nonetheless, everyone who wanted to get a chance to play, although some hadn't progressed beyond the parlor-room level.

Arpin and Seeley, in particular, showed a keen understanding and sympathy with the idiom, while Montgomery displayed his flexibility within the traditional jazz idiom by accompanying singer Olive Brown in a series of tremendous blues choruses.

Not to be outdone, Seeley then took over and kept Miss Brown singing through several more numbers. The power and vitality of her delivery astonished the audience, which had not expected a Bessie Smith to rise phoenixlike before them. She was one of the high spots of the convention.

Undoubtedly, though, everyone was waiting for Eubie Blake, the guest of honor. The 85-year-old composer-pianist performed twice, each time staggering the mind with the magic of his playing. To begin with, he performed with the vigor of a man half his age. Further, he made it abundantly clear through his



BILL SMITH

Eubie Blake

playing that ragtime is (and was) a living, vital force in the jazz story.

The mechanical reproduction and fumbling interpretation of most revivalists has nothing to do with ragtime as music. Blake demonstrated this by playing his own *Stuyvesant Rag*, plus *Stars and Stripes Forever* and Luckey Roberts' *Spanish Venus*. The music swung, it had tremendous dynamic range, keen articulation, and a shimmering sound quality all its own.

Blake, of course, is one of the best-known songwriters from the 1920s, having written, in collaboration with Noble Sissle, the music for such shows as *Shuffle Along*. His most famous songs are *I'm Just Wild About Harry*, *Love Will Find a Way*, and *Memories of You*.

An extensive folio of Blake's compositions was performed for the composer the following day by Arpin in the studio of his home, where the inner core of the society continued its celebrations. Blake listened keenly to the old songs, singing snatches of lyrics from time to time and occasionally rising to demonstrate a point at the piano.

Arpin's sight reading of the songs was

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DOC SOUCHON, 71, DIES; CHAMPIONED N.O. JAZZ

Dr. Edmond (Doc) Souchon, 71, surgeon, guitarist, and jazz historian, died in New Orleans Aug. 24. Souchon was entertaining friends at a jam session and party at his home when he was suddenly seized by a heart attack. Among those present were clarinetist Raymond Burke, bassist Sherwood Mangiapanne, and trumpeter Bill Gality.

Souchon was a walking library of jazz information. As a boy, he haunted the Basin Street area, listening to early jazz groups outside Tom Anderson's Cafe and other Storyville clubs, and was befriended by King Oliver. He started to play guitar and mandolin about 1910, and in 1913 organized the 6 and 7/8 Band, a unique amateur jazz string ensemble that recorded for Folkways Records decades later.

Souchon was an outspoken champion of jazz in New Orleans during the many years when jazz was regarded as underworld music. He delivered lectures, wrote articles, and edited the official publication of the New Orleans Jazz Club, *The Second Line*, for a number of years. He cut dozens of records and made innumerable appearances as a sideman, singing and playing guitar with Dixieland groups in New Orleans. Last summer, he and Al Rose published *New Orleans: A Family Album* (LSU Press), a book of biographies and photographs from his extensive collection of jazz memorabilia.

NEW MANHATTAN JAZZ ROOM BOWS WITH HAMP

Newest addition to the New York jazz scene is the Plaza 9 Room of the posh Hotel Plaza. Now called Plaza 9 and All That Jazz, it opened Sept. 24 with Lionel Hampton's band. Scheduled for a three-week stand beginning Oct. 8 is the trio of pianist Dorothy Donegan, to be followed by the Dukes of Dixieland Oct. 29. Dizzy Gillespie is due in early December. Drummer Mousey Alexander heads the house trio for dancing, with Annette Sanders as the first in a scheduled series of vocalists.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Brew Moore did go into the Half Note for two weeks in early Sept. as reported in the Oct. 3 issue, but with a different rhythm section. With the tenorist were Nat Pierce, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; and Gus Johnson, drums. Cornetist Ruby Braff was held over to share the bandstand with Moore . . . September also found Thelonious Monk at the Blue Cornet and the Ahmad Jamal Trio at Count Basie's . . . Mose Allison's trio played the Top of the Gate with pianist Errol Parker soloing opposite . . . Teddy Wilson concluded the summer concert series at the Garden State Plaza shopping center. Wilson's trio played for Jazz Interactions at one of their Sunday afternoon bashes at the Dom. Another group featured in this series was the quintet of altoist Sonny Red and trumpeter

Blue Mitchell, with Bobby Timmons, piano; Walter Booker, bass; and Leo Morris, drums . . . Pianist Walter Bishop Jr. played the Top of the Gate with Reggie Johnson, bass, and Freddie Waits, drums, then took a quartet into the Min-ton's with tenor man Jimmy Heath, bassist Herbie Lewis, and Waits. In between, Bishop played a weekend at Pee Wee's with violinist John Blair and bassist Scott Holt . . . The Museum of Modern Art's *Jazz in the Garden* series closed with some jazz—the Clark Terry Quintet featuring Zoot Sims . . . The Penthouse 320 in Brooklyn presented a Labor Day week-end dance introducing **The Jazz Professionals**: Curtis Fuller, trombone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Larry Gales, bass; and Hugh Walker, drums . . . Bassist-vocalist Steve Tintweiss and his Purple Why were among the groups performing at a benefit, Operation Airlift Biafra, at St. Mark's

Church. The band was comprised of James Dubois, trumpet; Mark Whiteage, tenor saxophone, flute; Laurence Cook, drums; and Judy Stuart, vocals . . . The new **Blood, Sweat & Tears** did three days at the Cafe Au Go Go . . . Buck Clayton put together an unusual band for a private party in Greenwich, Conn. Included in the group were Coleman Hawkins, Urbie Green, Jim Hall, and Gus Johnson . . . Marc Levin played a Wedding Suite, his own composition, when Dan Mallea married Cathleen Knapp. Mallea is a film-maker and an organizer of the Teacher's Freedom Party. Levin, a protege of Bill Dixon, played Indian oboe, cornet, fluegelhorn, mellophone, trombone, flute, pennywhistle, and percussion. With him in his wedding band were Wesley Whittaker, trombone; Monty Waters, alto and tenor saxophones; Lewis Worrell, bass; and Art Lewis, drums . . . Marian McPartland did a one-nighter at the Con-

tinental Restaurant in Fairfield, Conn. . . . Drummer Jim Blackley, who filled in for the late George Wettling during the latter's final illness, has become a permanent member of the trio at Bill's Gay Nineties, joining clarinetist Clarence Hutchenrider and pianist Charlie Queen-er . . . Pianist Jay Chasin, with trombonist Jack Hitchcock, bassist-vocalist Ray Rivera, and drummer Mike Dasek, has been playing weekends at the Carleton Terrace in Queens. Chasin has also been working the Monday night sessions at the Polka Dot in Yonkers with Rick Eckes, bass, and Eddie Mayo, drums . . . Channel 13 recently aired a production of WEDH, Hartford, of an outdoor jazz concert at the Mystic Art Gallery on the Mystic River. Featured were the groups of John McGill and Paul Brown . . . Prestige has signed Illinois Jacquet to an exclusive contract. The tenor saxophonist

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A NEW KIND OF TEACHER

Background Music

By BURT KORALL

CHARLES BELL is into something central to opening and clearing the line of communication in elementary education. A 35-year-old pianist-composer-teacher from Pittsburgh, with albums on Atlantic and Columbia to give him currency in the jazz community, he is bringing immediacy and a sense of the contemporary to music teaching. Employing a method he calls "frustration free", Bell makes learning fun.

With "American" music—jazz, rock, country, folk—as his primary tool, Bell has enjoyed great success teaching music to both recalcitrant and openly eager youngsters. He has done so well at it, in fact, that he now teaches his secrets to elementary education students and primary school teachers at Herbert H. Lehman College in New York City.

Bell, a graduate of Carnegie Tech with bachelor's and master's degrees, felt the lack of rapport between teachers and students when he became an instructor in Pittsburgh. The youngsters, particularly the underprivileged ones with the instant "maturity" provided by life in the streets, were not reached by old methods.

To establish some basis of interchange in his first classes, Bell played rock tunes. Not yet having formulated his method, he could not then give a specific reason for playing this music for his students other than citing the need to establish rapport and trust. The educational establishment, devoted to functionalism in the formal sense of the word, found his methods questionable. Bell was fired from

two teaching positions in Pittsburgh before going to New York City three years ago.

While giving daily piano instruction to youngsters from the poverty pockets around the city, Bell formed the premises of his concept.

He noted that his students' musical growth paralleled the degree of interest he could provoke in them. It mattered little that they had no pianos at home on which to practice; if the learning process was made a positive, relevant experience, they worked the lessons out in their heads and progressed. This led Bell to conclude that anyone can play and write music if methods are carefully devised and tailored to specific situations.

"What I did with these young people is quite simple," he explained. "Instead of insisting on exercises and other rigid formulae, I created little contemporary tunes for each student to practice and learn. If the first one didn't grab the kid, I'd write another, then still one more, until he found a song that got to him. The thing worked. It wasn't too difficult to move inside the youngsters. As soon as they realized you were hip to them and their needs and had something real for them to learn and show to their friends, the breakthrough was made."

The Bell manner of instruction took fire and final form after he had been engaged as a teacher at New York's Public School 169. He continued to write original tunes in the modern mode but this time used them to teach his classes of seven to 10 pupils the phonics of the English language. The children immediately showed an interest in discovering the language and the components that make it possible to read.

"The success of my tunes and lyrics determined the degree of impact of each lesson," Bell added. "It was a heavy daily challenge for me, both as a composer and educator. But when I heard the kids singing my songs in the halls, unconsciously learning what they had to know to move on, I was paid in full for all my work and the pressure of every day."

Big Time Selfish, a pop opera de-

scribed by its composer as "contrapuntal rock 'n' roll," was Bell's crowning achievement at P.S. 169. Bringing into play sounds of individual letters and blends thereof in a clever manner, he combined pleasure and education on a large scale. He had fashioned not an exercise in painless learning but a positive, memorable experience—retained if only for that reason.

Slim, intense, articulate, a black man bringing equal portions of his education, musical background, and heritage to his work, Bell was asked by Dean Rita O'Hare to join Lehman College for the summer semester. Dean O'Hare, having observed Bell's classes, felt his method would fill a great need among elementary-school teachers.

Bell taught a six-week summer course, without a formal day-to-day plan. With over-all objectives in mind, he wed techniques of education and improvisation and brought his students along fast. He provided these student and elementary-school teachers, most of whom had no musical background, with skills they could readily put to work.

"At the end of the course, three-quarters of my class of 60 were playing piano on a two-year level," Bell said enthusiastically. "All of them were sufficiently grounded in composition and orchestration to pass along my concept."

"During our time together, they collectively created a text of songs to use as an additional tool. We call it *Bible of Elementary School Music*; this is the first of many volumes to be developed by my students. It makes communication more direct and proves that you can learn quickly through pleasure, using American music as the means. Perhaps most important—these young student and professional teachers are bringing music with a black base into our schools, without making a big point of it!"

Bell, who wears a bell on a chain around his neck to toll symbolically, as he says, his emancipation as a man, musician, and teacher, is back at the same stand this fall. Now employed in three courses, his work is testimony to the power of a new, viable concept. **EB**

HAMP'S NEW BLUES: HAMPTON HAWES TALKS WITH HARVEY SIDERS



KATSUJI ABE

CAN YOU TEACH an old cat new tricks? Can a product of the bebop era make it in today's beaded, flowery, Nehru-jacketed market and still play his own thing? Can a jazzman refuse to compromise and "tell it like it is" without committing artistic and financial suicide? Hampton Hawes says, "Yes."

His answer might not have been affirmative a year ago, but that was before the pianist embarked on a nine-month tour of Europe, the Middle East, and Asia. The catalyst for that trip was the sabbatical leave earned by Hamp's wife, Jackie, from her schoolteaching duties.

Shortly after his return to Los Angeles, he, my tape recorder, and I focused on the depressed area of Hampton Hawes. Or to use his alliteration, "depressed, despondent, discouraged, and drugged." I placed the mike between us, but Hamp picked it up and intoned philosophically: "Ah, the tube of truth."

He never let go of it after that. In fact, he would bring it closer to his mouth each time we hit on a subject that provoked his memory, pricked his conscience, or prodded his bitterness.

"You know, before I left, I put up some kind of funny facade, like everything is cool. Since I've been back, I just don't give a damn. I'm gonna tell it like it is. In other words, before I left, I was bitter—bitter about everything. Bitter about me, about not having the proper education to be a classical pianist. Because, man, I think I could have been. I was bitter about not getting the breaks. I was bitter

about myself messing up the breaks after I got them, 'cause I was too young. I was bitter because I was a Negro. I was born here in Los Angeles, and the people held me down."

Hamp's voice grew louder; the mike was pulled closer; my VU meter began to object. "Now I blame society, I blame the establishment, I blame everybody. But man, I blame *me* for being stupid. And that's one of the key solutions. A lot of cats tell me everybody else is stupid, but I'm just now waking up to this. You know, as a cat gets older, he matures. And I'm at the age of maturing. I'm approaching middle age, so I figure nature has something to do with it. I've been through a whole bunch of bull corn. What I've been doing since I got back is evaluating everything I went through and finally coming up with some answers. A lot of cats know the answers, but they still fail 'cause they won't admit it. But I'm honest enough now. I'm not running away from nothing and nobody."

I was used to hearing the 39-year old pianist swing—but not swing out. This seemed to be a different Hamp. Like one of his own choruses, Hamp was groping, not quite sure what the tune would be, and not sure, once he found it, what key or tempo he would assign it.

Jazzmen are a breed apart. Spontaneity is as much a part of their thinking as it is of their blowing. Although the avant garde is not Hamp's bag, the conversation was assuming all the exciting anarchy of free form. So I steered Hamp—at least for

a while. I began with his itinerary, and learned that he had been in England, France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Italy, Spain, Greece, Israel, India, Thailand, Hong Kong and Japan, with a stop-off at Hawaii on the way home. The tour also included a brief excursion behind the Iron Curtain when he visited East Berlin. He played in every country on that list, doing club dates and appearing on radio and TV. There was never any hassel communicating with sidemen or other musicians. As Hamp explained: "No matter what country I was in, I found the jazzmen could speak enough English so we could get by musically."

What about his reception in Europe? The very first thing Hawes reminded me of was that he had recorded no less than seven albums while on tour. "Seven albums in nine months. Would you believe I recorded for Columbia and RCA in the same week in Japan—and I couldn't even tell you what street either company is on in Hollywood! I'll tell you something else. A cat named George Gruntz, who played the Monterey Festival, liked me so much he came to Paris from his home in Switzerland and subbed for me for two nights so I could go to Rome and make a gig with Kenny Clarke. How about that? They flew this cat 8,000 miles to play at Monterey, and he says to me, 'If you ever come to Switzerland, you won't have to worry about a job!' He drove all the way up from Switzerland to work in my place and them fools up there in Monterey—they never had me play! I've never been invited anywhere! I can't even tell you where Newport is.

"You've got to remember this: I did make a reputation for myself here in the States—even if it isn't payin' off. To the people in Europe, when I got there it was a big deal. Here was a major jazz artist from the United States, so they recorded me. The way they received me there, man, it gave me more self-respect."

The inevitable question followed: if everything is so groovy there, why come back to all the frustration and racism here? Hamp's answer was an ear-opener, because he stated in no uncertain terms what many musicians are reluctant to imply.

"I've seen all the cats there, man. They go to Europe and they are supposedly happy, but I don't think so. How could they be happy? A cat has to live 8,000 miles away from home to be happy? That's a drag in itself. I saw Don Byas, one of the greatest tenor saxophone players in the world; Dexter Gordon, another one of the greatest saxophonists in the world; Kenny Clarke, one of the greatest drummers in the world—all them cats over there, and when they see me, the first thing they ask is, 'They build a new freeway, huh?' You know why? 'Cause they're concerned about what's going on back home.

"So they're over there speaking French and German. You know, Don Byas speaks so much in a foreign tongue, I can't understand him. And he's a beautiful cat. He shouldn't be there; that cat's from *here*. He's not supposed to be in Amsterdam. He's supposed to be blowing here, at Shelly's. He ain't supposed to be way over

there. When he talks English, people don't know what he's talking about.

"Take Arthur Taylor—another beautiful cat. The best record I made in Europe was with Arthur Taylor and Jimmy Woode. Arthur is bitter like I am; the only difference is he's bitter in France."

Hawes made it perfectly clear he had no intention of running away from anything—or anybody, no matter how frustrating it proved to be at home. He certainly has no objections to touring Europe.

"I wouldn't mind going there for a trip, man. You know, go on a tour and make some bread, but I have no intention of living there. No, not me. I live at 1-9-3-0-7 Broadacres, in Compton, and that's where I'm going to stay. It's as simple as that."

The pianist raised a valid point when he said that musicians can become local artists in Europe, just as they can anywhere else. So why should he travel 8,000 miles just to become local? "I'd rather be local here, right where I was born, you dig?"

This points up a tragic fact of show business: the easily impressed squares who cough up the cover and guzzle up the minimum. They would rather pay the prevailing high tariffs for groups "direct from . . .", than for an excellent combo whose unpardonable sin is that each of the musicians lives within shouting distance of the club.

While Hawes doesn't pretend to be a sociologist, his comments on the racial scene in Europe revealed considerable depth of perception and a terseness worthy of Miles Davis: "Baby, geography don't mean —! It don't make no difference where you go in the world. If you're black, you're black; if you're white, you're white; and if you're polka dot, you're polka dot. Europe is the same as here. People are people. Sure, the Negro may be treated better in Europe, but there are two reasons for that; could be that some people over there just aren't indoctrinated yet—or some people treat you nice because you are an American and they figure you have money. And there's another category: some people there treat you the right way because you're a Black American and they want to be hip. They don't want to be like the U.S. Well, that's being silly right there 'cause they're not doing it for a sincere reason. If you're gonna be nice, then be nice."

Trying to localize the racial overtones, I inquired about the studio scene, and found that Hawes' bitterness did not obscure a significant truth that so many black musicians in Los Angeles conveniently overlook. "As you know, man, I'm self-taught. That's why I'm not working in the studios. I can't sight-read fast enough. What one cat can read in three seconds would take me three days. When I get it, I've got it! But I just can't produce fast enough."

Another significant truth is that Hawes does *not* want the studio scene. He'd be as out of place in a studio setting as Nasser would be at a bar mitzvah. His *raison d'être* is jazz. He just wants to play. He has something to offer and he knows it. The recent tour proved that he can still communicate—in his straight-ahead, Bud Powell-oriented approach to the joys of

swinging. The big hang-up, of course, is the lack of outlets in Los Angeles for his no-nonsense style of jazz. His bag is bop—pure and simple—but he insists that even today it's a valid form of expression. "I thought that I was in the area of the cats who lived in the '50s. True, that was bebop, but I figured, 'well damn, this is the '60s and all that's gone.' But it *ain't* gone. If a cat could do something in the '50s, he can do it in the '60s. So what I'm going to do now is try to take care of business."

O.K., where? By his own admission, Hamp "made a trip around the world, and the only cats who would give me a job when I came back were Shelly Manne and Rudy [Onderwyzer—Shelly's partner]. They're beautiful. They are the only cats who have treated me like an artist." But how often can Hamp play there? The Manne-Hole keeps rotating groups, generally on a bi-weekly basis, with occasional additional groups on weekends. That has been practically the sum total of Hamp's playing since his return: two weekends at Shelly's. There was a one-nighter at Marty's. Now Marty's is closed. A Sunday matinee looked hopeful at Redd Foxx's, but after two weeks of minimal promotion, management nixed the idea.

"I need a manager—a good one. Someone like Billy Shaw. There's been no one like him since he died. He was handling Oscar Peterson, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, and do you know why he signed me? He had never heard of me or any of my records. But Oscar said to Billy, 'Sign this cat.' He did, and in 1956 I was making \$1500 a week, and in 1968 I can't find a job.

"Let me tell you something else about this Los Angeles: I've been in the union now for 20 years. I should have a gold card, but the only thing they send me is a reminder: 'You owe us \$5. Make sure you pay your work dues.' Well dig this: I never got a job from the union in my life! Now I'll tell you something else: They've got cats out there in the studios, and all these cats are so goddamn nervous that every time they see me they apologize for what they're doing. I ain't apologizing for nothing!"

As far as his style is concerned, there has been no basic change in the way Hawes makes love to a keyboard. Visually, he is still a study in intensity. His intros are still cadenzas—brilliant meanderings that usually encompass the entire keyboard and, at the same time, maybe a measure or two of the song he's about to play. It's usually a long, well-developed theme-and-variations, while his sidemen remain poised, watching him for an indication of tempo or a hint of the key in which he will eventually launch the tune. And sometimes, during one of the choruses, the spirit moves him and he becomes his own trio—a self-sufficient throwback to the stride technique of the '20s and '30s. His left hand undulates through an intelligently melodic pattern of bass notes while his right hand jabs with close clusters in Charleston syncopation. He puts on an amazing show of honest swing that functions best when he is allowed to stretch out. If he plays more than three tunes

in a set, Hamp's been hampered. That kind of emotional display is disappearing from the few clubs that feature jazz today. Most of them have gone the route of gimmickry that Hamp detests.

"There are a whole bunch of cats who can't run changes, but they can play a lot of far out stuff. When you ask them 'What was that?'—they say, 'Well, I'm out there.' Now what is that crap? That don't mean nothing! *Music* is what's happening. Man, I don't care nothing about 'out there.'"

Getting back to his own mainstream groove, he thought about the musicians who would make ideal sidemen. Among bass players: Richard Davis, Ron Carter, Red Mitchell, Charlie Haden, Monty Budwig, Albert Stinson, Buster Williams. For drummers: Tony Williams, Elvin Jones, Shelly Manne, Donald Bailey, Carl Lott.

The "tube of truth" drooped a little as Hamp sat there, reflecting. "I guess it doesn't make much difference which way you go, as long as when you go there you mean it. That's why I dig Miles Davis. With each album those cats get a little freer to explore more things and go a little farther out. But they have the ability to clean up and come back. You must have an eraser with you. If you can't erase what you did wrong, you're in trouble."

Hamp has had his ups and downs, but he wouldn't erase the lean periods because he has always played what he believed to be his best. It's that same inability to compromise that has prevented him from enjoying a hit record. "You know, Les Koenig [owner of Contemporary Records, where Hawes used to be under contract] mailed me about 20 songs that Ramsey Lewis and Les McCann and other cats have made hits with. Know what happened? I went home and tried them and said 'I can't play it.' I can't go against what I feel.

"Take Martial Solal. Now there's a beautiful cat. He's going through the same thing in France that I'm going through here. He could be writing for the movies there, but he wants to play jazz. There's nobody that can play piano better than him. Yet the people in Paris take him for granted, like the people in Los Angeles take me for granted. Know what Martial told me? 'Hamp, we both hit the door and it didn't bust. Let's hit it together and maybe it will give.' That's why we recorded together. I never thought I'd ever be hired by a piano player. He doesn't need me. He can play like six piano players."

Talk of joining forces brought up the subject of Sonny Criss, another non-compromising Angeleno. I asked Hamp if he feels his future might somehow be linked with Sonny's. "I feel that Sonny and I have always been comrades. The first job I ever played was with him. I was on the demo he cut for Prestige that led to his contract. We came up the same way. I love him and he loves me. Right now he's in a better position than I am, because he's found a way for everything to clear. I hope to hell he gets up there so he can hire me. He's gonna make it, and he was more stubborn than I was. He wouldn't

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MOSE ALLISON: COUNTRY SOPHISTICATE

By Jim Delehant

THE CURRENT Schwann Catalog lists no less than 16 available albums by Mose Allison, representing just about a decade of the Mississippi-born pianist-singer's work. Ironically, the album he considers his best, *Hiram Brown Suite* (Columbia), is among the few that have been discontinued.

Shortly after this interview took place at Allison's home in Smithtown, N.Y., he went to Los Angeles for an engagement at the Lighthouse, where he recorded for Atlantic with Red Mitchell on bass (incidentally, it was the bassist's last record date prior to his departure for Europe). The album, to be released soon, consists entirely of new Allison pieces.

JD: What was your life like down South?
MA: I was brought up in a Mississippi cotton farming county on the Delta. It was a crossroads place. It had a service station, cotton gin, and a general store. My mother was a grammar school teacher, and my father owned the general store. He also farmed. I did all the things that you don't want to do, I found out about work early—the truth about work, the truth about the fields. I got out of Mississippi when I joined the Army. I was in an Army band. We played a lot of dances and I met some good musicians. Then I went to the University of Mississippi, mainly because they had a good band.

After that I went on the road and finished college at Louisiana State. Some of the guys I played with once in a while were Joe Houston and his band, and Gate-mouth Brown. He had a good band. I used to listen to Bull Moose Jackson. I heard Percy Mayfield. I dug Charles Brown. I was pretty well saturated with it. I didn't have to buy blues records, because there was so much of it around in person. That's about all I heard when I was growing up. The guitars were amplified then, but they were more subtle. All the groups had two or three horns and little ensemble things worked out.

JD: What was your first learning experience as a musician?

MA: I had piano lessons as a child for about five years. I stopped the piano and played trumpet in a high school band. I played piano again when I was in the Army. Nat King Cole was my first big influence; he the boogie woogie players too. That was happening when I started out. In the 1930s boogie woogie and jazz were the same thing. Aside from popular songs of the day, I learned to play boogie woogie. Boogie woogie is happening all over again in rock 'n' roll. It's just eight to the bar. Even cha cha and folk music is all similar. I've got some Hungarian folk music here that's got that eight-to-the-bar feeling. You find it everywhere. It's a physical release. It has a circular motion, as opposed to up and down. With swing you used to be all up and down—1-2-3-4. That's the way marches are, and a lot of Western music. But the Latin stuff and the music from Africa and Asia—even Indian music, it's got that eight-to-the-bar feeling. It flows more.

JD: Are your lyrics from your own experience?

MA: Sure. I've visited Parchman Farm, a friend of mine was in there once. I

never did time there, but I lived near there when I was a kid. I heard a lot about it. *Your Mind Is On Vacation* and *Your Mouth Is Working Overtime* just came out of useless conversation. I'm beginning to wonder if I'm writing the songs or the songs are writing me. It's not difficult for me to write lyrics, but it's hard to find ways of expressing them. I don't like to write the same thing over again. I get lots of song ideas, but I have to get them in shape. I got a lot of stuff piled up. I have to get them recorded.

JD: Did you hear John Mayall do *Parchman Farm*?

MA: I didn't hear that, but Johnny Rivers did one. I guess that's my most recorded song, but the one I made the most money on is *I'm Not Talking*. I think the Yardbirds did it. . . . I keep getting checks for it, so somebody must have done it. That's okay, but I don't want to have to keep doing the same things over and over just to come up with a hit. I want to stay as flexible and independent as possible. I don't want to start figuring out what's selling and what isn't.

JD: You and Jerry Lee Lewis are both from Mississippi. But why is he so primitive whereas you're so sophisticated?

MA: It's a different background and temperament. I had a liberal arts background. I have a B.A. in English. At one time, I wanted to be a writer.

JD: You could probably play real funky if you wanted.

MA: That's it. I don't want to have to do that—on the vocals either. My piano playing is always in transition. I'm always adding things to it. That's how I stay interested in it. I don't want to toss off a bunch of clichés just because I can do it. I'm not funky in the popular sense of the word. But it's always been blues. When I first started recording, it was like Southern romanticism and that's where the funky stuff came from.

JD: Bobbie Gentry seems to be the female counterpart of you.

MA: Well, there is a difference. She uses a lot of local color—"black-eyed peas" and so forth. I never do that too much. "Pass the grits" and all that is old stuff. A goodlooking chick can sing that, but I can't. When I heard that song, I figured she hadn't been home in quite a while. The people down there are trying to get away from that stuff now.

JD: Were you ever involved in church things down there?

MA: No, but the country blues tunes were important to me. I've worked out of that pretty much—that local color stuff. I'm trying to be more universal now. There are still funky elements, but not in the ordinary sense of the word. Probably neofunk.

JD: Did you play with any Negro bands down South?

MA: When I was coming up in Mississippi, I jammed with a lot of blues guys. I sat in with B. B. King's band a few times in Memphis. I knew Bill Harvey, who used to be B.B.'s tenor player. I used to hang out with him. There were a lot of great bands around then. Where I was raised in Tippto, Miss., there were just a few local guitar players. When I finally

got on the road, I heard a lot of them. I played a lot of dates in Southern Louisiana, with my trio mostly. Mississippi was dry, but there was a lot of liquor and gambling in other places.

JD: Do you ever get tired of playing blues?

MA: Blues is a very limited thing to play. I have to keep adding things to it to keep it interesting. I keep striving for higher levels of performance. That's the only way I can maintain the pace of going out and playing. It gets tiring going from California to Chicago. If you're not interested in it, it can get to be like prison. Now B. B. King, he was never an improviser. He's a blues guitar player—a natural cat. He tries to get better doing his natural gig. I don't think he consciously seeks new influences.

I don't go out and consciously look for something to stick in my playing either. You've got to absorb it. When I run across something I've never heard before, like this Hungarian folk music, I listen a lot and absorb something from it. Somehow it blends in with what I'm doing. But blues is the basic thing. Good country blues is the basis of my thing and it always will be.

JD: Have you ever worked with an electric bassist?

MA: No, but I'm not against it. I have played with r&b bands down South and in the midwest. I used to have trios, quartets and quintets, sometimes two horns, and we'd play a lot of rock 'n' roll stuff. We called it r&b then. We relied on that for working. It was mixed in with jazz. Actually, it's hard to draw the line.

JD: Are you glad to be out of that now?

MA: I'm glad to be out of the South. There was no money there, just little bars and honky-tonks. We had to play a lot of bouncy stuff like the King Cole Trio used to play, and a lot of early Ray Charles, Charles Brown and T-Bone Walker stuff. Most of the guys I played with down South are still stuck there. Only one of the guys I can think of went on to be something, and that was Brew Moore, the tenor player. Some came to New York, but they couldn't take it.

JD: Do you have a regular band now?

MA: No. Just pickup musicians.

JD: What would be your ideal band?

MA: That's hard to say. I actually prefer a trio because it gives me more freedom. Once in a while, I'll have a guitar player, when I find one I like. Now I'm trying to figure out a band for vocal backgrounds. I don't know how many pieces it should be. I'm way behind. I'm hanging it up myself trying to decide what I want. Atlantic wants something with a bigger band for vocal backgrounds. I've been working on it for months—whether to use two horns, four horns, six horns. I just don't know. I did another album with a couple of horns and it didn't come off right. The timbre of my voice gets wiped out by certain instruments. I want definition between my vocals and the background.

JD: You've worked with lots of sidemen. Who are your favorites?

MA: It varies. They go through phases and I go through phases. There's one level

of players that are always good. Currently, I've been using Walter Booker on bass, and on drums I have had real good results with Billy Higgins and Pete LaRoca.

JD: Who are some guitar players that you like?

MA: I like Sonny Greenwich from Toronto. He came to New York for a couple of months with John Handy and then he went back. I haven't heard about him since. I like Gabor Szabo, and Grant Green too. I don't use a guitar player because it clashes with me. There's always a problem in voicing.

JD: Would you consider recording at Stax in Memphis?

MA: Yes. Nesuhi (Ertegun) mentioned that once. I'd like to give it a try, but I'm hung up on the instrumentation. I like the horns down there, but every instrument you add puts it in a different mood—should I have it loose and let the horns do what they want or should I have a big arranged thing?

JD: Do you do your own arranging too?

MA: Yes. But I don't like the tedious part—sorting it all out. I think I'll just lay it out on a tape recorder and let someone else transpose it.

JD: Are you interested in commercial success?

MA: If it happens, it's great. But I don't want to push it. I just want to keep working. I've got a bunch of original tunes I haven't recorded yet. I want to set them up to the best advantage. I don't want a strictly commercial record. I want total control of the music on the date. I don't want a bunch of things going just because it would sell.

JD: Are you happy the way it is now?

MA: Sort of. I need to have more record sales. Most of my stuff is done with a trio and it doesn't have much market value. I need somebody else to record my songs. I think eventually a lot of young groups will do my songs.

JD: Would you consider the *Hiram Brown Suite* a highlight in your career?

MA: Yes. It didn't get much attention, but I think it's the best I've ever done, as far as sustained performance and the tunes themselves are concerned. I've used that "country to city" theme for the last few years. I might do something like that again. I'd like to do vocal albums with horns, and piano albums with just the trio. On the piano album, I'd do another long thing. I would be more experienced this time.

JD: Do you listen to all kinds of music?

MA: Yes. Right now I'm interested in folk music. I listen to all the rock groups too. There's good rock and mediocre rock. But I really like folk music of the world. I listen to a lot of contemporary American composers too. This all goes into my style because I'm still developing.

JD: Any rock bands that you like?

MA: Oh yeah. I like the Beatles, but I didn't care much for the *Sgt. Pepper* album. It sounded like they were playing around with the London Philharmonic. The London Philharmonic in India. But they have to stay one step ahead. I dug them three years ago best of all. There's definitely talent in it though.

JD: Do you think your kind of jazz can

help to save the jazz scene?

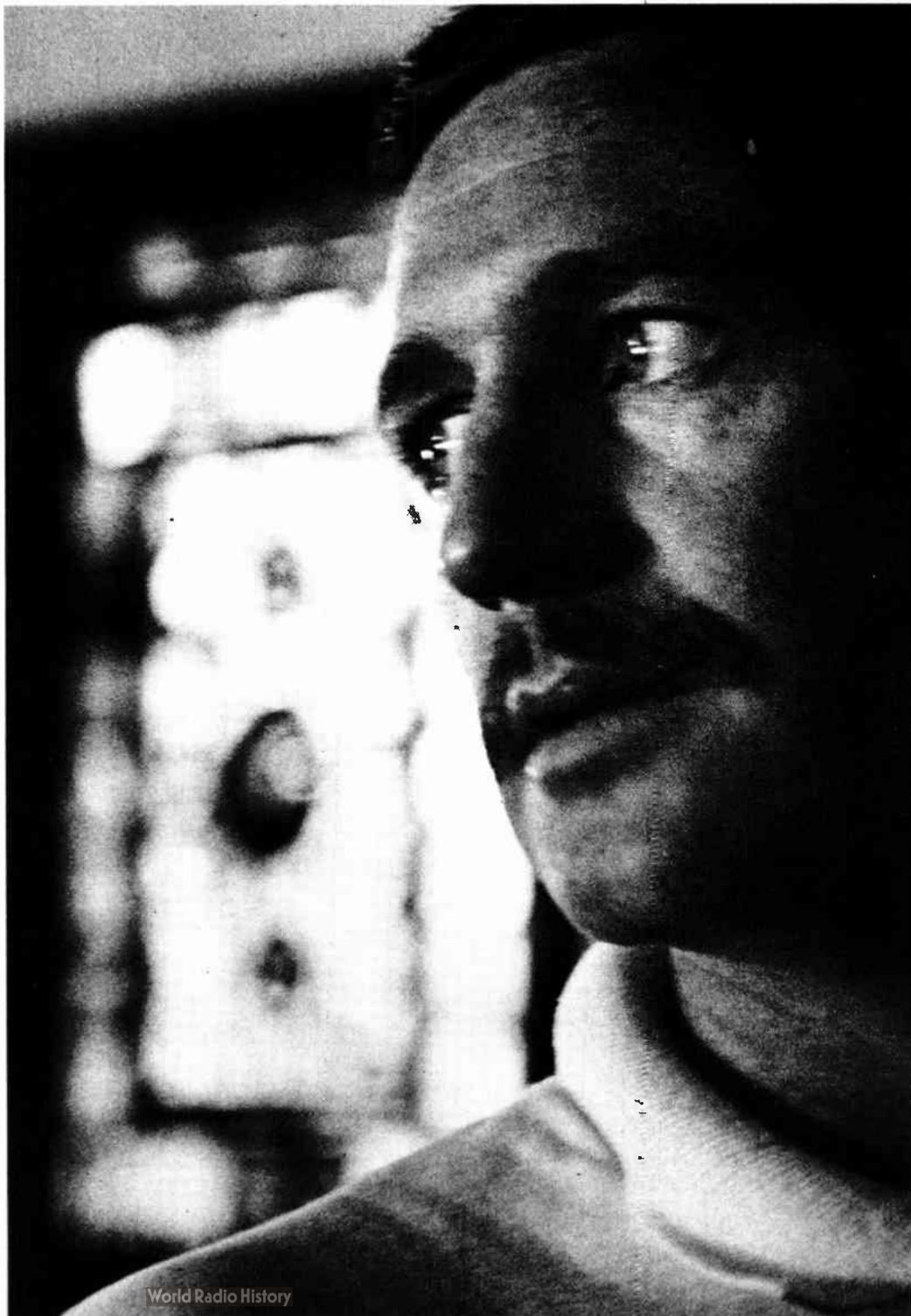
MA: There's a link between rock 'n' roll and good jazz playing. It's definitely there, but it's hard to define, and it's hard to make a trend if you can't define it easily. I don't know if it can become a trend but it serves a purpose. It's a go-between for rock and basic jazz.

JD: How do you answer the critics who say jazz is dying?

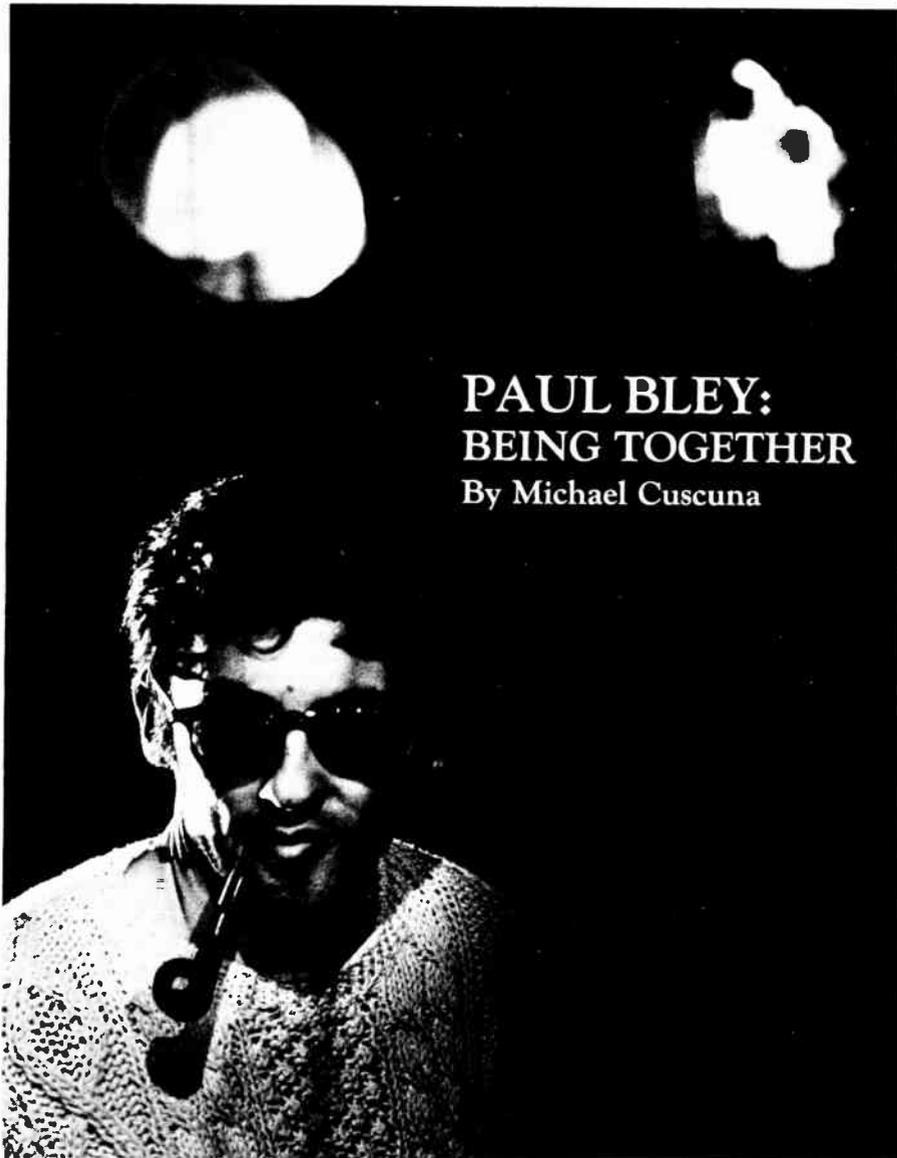
MA: I really couldn't say what the future of jazz is. I'd say it's up to the media. Right now the media are keeping their hands off jazz. There doesn't seem to be any excitement about jazz. Nobody seems to know what direction it's trying to go. Maybe the whole merchandising thing is going to have to change. I know new players are having a hard time trying to

break ground. The groups that are working are doing okay. But first of all, we have to redesign what jazz is. It's very confusing. You always hear things about "jazz compositions", but there's no such thing. Maybe Ravi Shankar will bring back a new appreciation of Charlie Parker. Rock 'n' roll is introducing everyone to the basics. Maybe we can grasp things further on through that.

It's time for something in between far-out jazz and basic rock. After all these years of playing, when my time comes, I probably won't be able to make it. I'll probably be sick. A rediscovery of the *Hiram Brown Suite* might be able to do it for me, but that's about the only one of my albums that you can't get anymore. That's typical. 



LEE TANNER



PAUL BLEY: BEING TOGETHER

By Michael Cuscuna

FEW PEOPLE KNOW that the legendary original Ornette Coleman Quartet began as four-fifths of the Paul Bley Quintet. That, of course, says nothing about Bley the man or the musician; but it does show that the pianist was a pretty good talent scout.

Though Bley is mainly concerned with the present, and requested that this interview deal only with his post-1965 career, a few preliminary remarks seem in order.

The pianist, now 35, has been in jazz professionally for some 20 years, and his career has been a changing and fluctuating one. It is likely that each reader will come to this article with a particular image of Bley: the young man upon whom Charles Mingus lavished so much praise in 1953, or the young California combo leader who in 1958 recorded a very popular version of *Porgy*, or the pianist in Jimmy Giuffre's revolutionary trio of the early '60s. Or perhaps the rebel quintet leader in the short-lived Jazz Composers Guild. Or the current avant garde trio leader whose stage presentations and appearance are as bizarre as Monk's or Charles Lloyd's.

The fact is that Bley is all these people, though it may be somewhat startling

to contemplate that one man could be into so many different things. Since 1948, the pianist has shared the bandstand, as leader or sideman, with Charles Mingus, Charlie Parker, Art Blakey, Chet Baker, Sweets Edison, Elvin Jones, Jimmy Giuffre, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Ornette Coleman, Oliver Nelson, Don Ellis, Bobby Hutcherson, Don Cherry, Marion Brown, Gary Peacock, Eric Dolphy, Lee Konitz, Archie Shepp, Steve Lacy, Robin Kenyatta, Bill Evans, Steve Swallow, George Russell, David Izenzon, et al.; in other words, many of the major jazz figures of the past 20 years and a majority of the young talent of today.

From the beginning of his career, Bley has been an undeniably original musician. Even those who do not care for his music must admit that. "I find that I am my own influence," he says. "I have always affected the people that I have played with. I started very young and had a great deal of experience, so that I had already been into the areas in which these musicians were playing."

From straight swing and ballads to dissonant funk and jagged, threatening freedom, the repertoire of Bley's trio contains great variety, a quality lacking in too many

working groups today. He doesn't feel, however, that there is "variety" in his music. "I feel that it is always an expression of myself, I feel that one can recognize me whatever I play."

That brings us to the inevitable question: does he consider himself a free player and a part of the new music? "Free is a relative thing," he answered. "On the first album I did with Art Blakey and Charles Mingus in 1953, there were totally free sections with no preconceived ideas. It must have been natural, because that is the way I felt it. I've always been interested in challenges in playing. When I was 15, I played with a magnificent musician who himself was a work of art, who carried a culture around in himself. That was Charlie Parker. When I was first exposed to those kind of vibrations, I realized that what everyone talks about most people know nothing about. In the presence of a great jazz musician, i.e. his musical presence while playing with him, you are in the presence of a very wonderful thing. And I have found that to get that kind of strength, I have to use the freshest material available, what I consider valid and useful to everyone. So if that puts me in the new movement, then fine."

The tall, lanky ex-Canadian is virtually an expert at the art of existence and co-existence. He has spent the better part of his life absorbing and evaluating every experience, discovering and making peace with all the givens of our society. He is quiet, soft-spoken and a man of few words; yet his presence can be felt in the noisiest, most crowded of rooms. Above all, he is aware of his position, his potential and his relationships with this world.

To attain such awareness one must be egocentric, a trait which is often misconstrued as conceit. This egocentricity has given Bley confidence, peace, and the ability to live with himself while maintaining a creative existence. He is a walking definition of the state known as "being together."

For example, he insists that "to be a complete human being, one must understand one's childhood, what he came out of, how he reacted to it, and, when on his 18th birthday he received the license to adulthood, what exactly his inheritance was, because there are things to keep and things to avoid. One must be aware of one's entire output."

Bley is "together" in many areas. On one occasion, he quickly produced for me a list of the leading car-rental agencies in Manhattan, their rates, and their respective advantages and disadvantages. He can do the same with promoters, record producers, tailors, photographers, critics, and auto mechanics. Yet he rarely uses this talent to gain advantages in the business side of the music world. Although he is not bitter, the pianist has become almost indifferent to the fast-moving and often mercenary music business.

Aside from his fruitful European tours of 1965 and 1966, and several well-spaced concerts in the United States and Canada, he does not work or seek work. If the people want to hear the Paul Bley Trio, he maintains, they will see to it that he

GIUSEPPE PINO

appears in public.

Like classical pianist Glenn Gould, composer George Rochberg and many other artists, he feels that his work will be preserved (in his case on records) and he continues his artistic development with little regard for fads, images and compromises. "In the first place, I work for money. And if the piano is not beautiful in some personal way, if it's a poor instrument, and if the conditions are not suited for playing, I prefer not to play. You can conceivably make more money doing several concerts per year than working 365 nights in night clubs."

This does not mean that the trio refuses to appear in clubs, for the leader claims that some of their greatest musical moments occur in the club atmosphere, if conditions are right. Like so many jazz artists, young and old, the pianist finds his most receptive and largest audience in Europe.

"Believe me, I think it's about time that the American public began paying for their artists. In some European countries, each citizen has to pay a \$15 licensing fee for his enjoyment of television and radio programs. Most of that money is channeled to the performing artists. In this country, the artist is the last person to get paid and the one who gets the least. We were discussing Charlie Parker before—he is a good indication of America's listening taste. They listen to all the watered-down versions, but hardly listen to Bird, the originator of that certain way of playing. You never hear Bird on the radio," he states.

Realistically understanding the level of acceptance of artistic accomplishment in a society controlled by mass media, Bley peacefully contends that "I make music primarily for myself, so that I can listen to it and enjoy it. My main purpose in playing is to make the music that I hear, that I enjoy listening to. For an artist to claim that it is his great duty to expose to the public his wonderful work is to take a rather presumptuous position. Why do you do something? It's obvious, and other artists have said it. Because you want it; you like it."

Bley's musical evolution has been a natural expression of his artistic drive. Such extraneous elements as acceptance, criticism and trends obviously have an effect on the pianist, but they do not act as motivating forces which alter his style or change his goals and direction.

"When you're talking about the future, an artist cannot see beyond the future of his own music. This takes care of influences and predictions. If one considers his own work to be the only music in the world, then one looks for the implications in the music past to determine what will come next in one's playing."

The pianist considers music to be a very special form of individual artistic expression. "All that music really is is communication between two people. You are dealing directly with emotion and the intellect in music. You just bypass certain things of the material world," he states.

In 1962, Bley settled in New York and organized a trio with bassist Steve Swal-

low and drummer Pete LaRoca. With the exception of a brief tenure in the Jazz Composers Guild leading a rather boring quintet, and a period in 1964 when he teamed with bassist David Izenzon in a duo, Bley has maintained the trio format for the past six years.

"I like playing in all size groups, but a trio seems to be the best way to clarify my ideas," he says. Since that first trio, which recorded for Savoy, the bass chair has been occupied by Gary Peacock, Kent Carter, and most recently, Mark Levenson. Levenson, a Boston-based musician, is a Bley discovery who has studied with both Peacock and Carter.

The pianist says: "I think anyone with a few years on his instrument has the ability to play anything. The trouble is their minds. They can't hear. In the '60s, there are certain prerequisites that are mandatory for a player. As soon as an instrument is expanded in some way by some figure, then this expansion becomes required for anyone else on that instrument. It seems to me that a bass player should have the tone of Steve Swallow, the technique of Gary Peacock, and the percussiveness of Wilbur Ware. These advances have already been made. This should be a starting point. Now, if someone chooses not to use these things and to express himself in some unique way, that is fine. There are many good models of what a drummer should be. From the standpoint of tone alone you have the great Roy Haynes, Tony Williams, Art Blakey and Philly Joe Jones. They have the ability to strike a drum and make a sound that's clear in definition or muddy depending on how they choose to play. Among the new music drummers, unfortunately, there's not much tone around. But it's asking a lot of a musician to be an innovator and still play well."

LaRoca, Paul Motian and Barry Altschul have been the major drummers in the trios. Most recently, Bley has been working with a young Bostonian, Billy Elgart. As implied concert master of the rhythm section, or as leader of a trio, it is the jazz pianist who has been most discerning in the selection of bassists and drummers.

The leader—the true leader—of a musical group is not the man who happened to get the gig or record date. The true leader must be an individual innovator on his instrument, must offer original material, must create a certain group sound that no one else can achieve, and must be a talent scout who takes in young musicians and helps them to develop in every way. That narrows the list to a handful, which must include Miles Davis, Randy Weston, Monk, Coltrane, Ellington and Bley. (In Bley's case, original material was contributed by Carla Bley and, Ornette Coleman; and currently, Annette Peacock.)

The trio's first recording with Steve Swallow and Pete LaRoca was entitled *Footloose* (Savoy 12182). In 1965, Bley, with Swallow and Altschul, taped a session which was ultimately released as *Closer* (ESP-Disk S-1021). On a European tour that same year, the trio (with Kent Carter **now Ron Bass**) recorded a

somewhat freer album called *Touching* (European Fontana). In 1966, Bley, Altschul and Mark Levenson made another European tour which resulted in as yet unreleased sessions for Deutsche Grammophon, RCA Italiano and I.T.A. The one released record from that tour is *Blood* (Fontana 883911), which the pianist considers a summation of all his musical past. The album includes tunes by Annette Peacock, Carla Bley, Coleman, and Bley himself. The tracks are short and cover a variety of approaches from ballads to funk to frantic free pieces and the unique Bley Latin tunes.

While playing concerts on the West Coast this spring, Bley, Peacock and Elgart re-recorded most of that album; it will be released at year's end by Mercury's Limelight label under the title *Mister Joy*. In the near future, the trio, with Carter and Elgart, will do a date for Orrin Keepnews' Milestone label.

Another project which the pianist is quite thrilled about involves double albums consisting of four tunes each which he is producing independently.

"The last record we made in Europe was the one on Deutsche Grammophon which was a tape of a live concert and had long tracks," Bley says. "Annette suggested that she'd like to hear more long pieces. If something is good, I like to stay with it for a while. We have finished one double album which has Barry Altschul on drums and, on three tracks, Mark Levenson. The last tune, *Ending*, was done last summer with Barry and Gary Peacock when he came East for a short time. One album will be ballads and the other will be Latin tunes." The pianist is also listening to tapes of his 1957 group with Don Cherry, Bobby Hutcherson, Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins as well as some quartet tapes from the early '60s for possible release on a small independent label.

The future holds continued work and creation and, hopefully, wider acceptance and acknowledgement for Paul Bley. As for the shaky and much discussed future of the music known as jazz, "the present is marked with individualists. The future will hopefully continue in the same way. But I've never worried about the future of music. It seems an irrevocable factor because the changes that happen do happen in spite of any one person. And they are always the best changes that could happen. If they weren't, they would be rejected by the large body of musicians. Art forms evolve. Lesser forms just change style. So the evolution of an art form is inherent in the givens of its past and present. What happens to jazz in the next 20 years will be a wider exposition of a half-dozen leading people. There've been a lot of changes made in the last few years, but little music made so far. The next 10 years will show a lot of music being made by the individualists who are around now, and by a whole school of people who are going to hope that there is enough freshness left so that they can contribute. Time will separate the stylists from the innovators."

For the rest of Paul Bley's 1968 story, I suggest you listen to his music. **ES**

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Micheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Ralph Johnson, Lawrence Kart, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

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.

Monty Alexander

ZING!—RCA Victor 3930: *Zing!; You're My Everything; Once Upon A Time; Always True To You In My Fashion; The Magnificent Seven; Bossa Nova Do Marilla; Small Fry; Girl Talk; Nocturne In E-Flat.*

Personnel: Alexander, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums. (Bob Cranshaw, bass; Al Foster, drums; tracks 1,5,7,8.)

Rating: ★ ★

The first thing you see on the album is Batman-type onomatopoeia which screams the title of the album and carries out the hard-sell theme in promoting this "truly exciting new piano talent." The second thing you notice is the look of adulation on the faces of two teen-agers ogling the pianist.

The first thing you hear in the album is not "exciting new talent" but pleasant old cocktail piano. Alexander's admitted early influences were Bill Doggett and Carmen Cavallaro. Such an unlikely amalgam is precisely the sound Alexander produces: a slick lounge background style with occasional heavy-handed attempts at swinging. Another unlikely coupling finds tasteful support from two wasted rhythm sections. Gaskin and McCurdy swing so smoothly; Cranshaw and Foster cook so convincingly (most of the two stars belong to the sidemen); Alexander plods along like an ostentatious stranger in paradise.

The only sign of hope (face it, Alexander is 23—and that's not even puberty in the world of jazz) is *Small Fry*. Nice touch, good feel; an actual small group togetherness. What he does to *Girl Talk*—better they should have group laryngitis.

Then there's Chopin's *Nocturne in E-Flat*, with its showy runs and its *bravura* ending, and I suddenly felt like asking those two teen-agers on the cover whether they would have put Oscar Pettiford and Jo Jones behind Eddy Duchin. —Siders

Dave Brubeck

THE LAST TIME WE SAW PARIS—Columbia 9672: *Swanee River; These Foolish Things; Forty Days; One Moment Worth Years; La Paloma Azul; Three to Get Ready.*

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

Rating: ★ ½

I think Martin Williams once attempted to explain Brubeck's popularity by saying that his music had the good-guy charm of a bright college boy. If that doesn't explain his popularity, it will do as a description of his playing.

Over the years, Brubeck has dropped many of the borrowed classicisms that gave his playing individuality though not musicality. Now he sounds rather faceless, and only the occasional heavy-handedness and stiff time remind you who is at the piano.

Desmond is, of course, something else,

a gifted lyric improviser, but only *La Paloma* here approaches his best work. His solo on *Foolish Things* is unusually segmented for him. The liner notes imply that, at the time of the concert, he might not have completely recovered from a bout with illness.

Morello is precision personified, but to me he has always seemed to have difficulty blending with other musicians. He sounds as though he is playing at a distance from the group.

Wright handles his chores with efficiency. There are other albums which better present the virtues of this now disbanded group. —Kart

Erroll Garner

UP IN ERROLL'S ROOM—MGM 4520: *Watermelon Man; Talk of The Town; Groovin' High; The Girl From Ipanema; They've Got An Awful Lot of Coffee In Brazil; Cheek to Cheek; Up In Erroll's Room; I've Got A Lot of Living To Do; All The Things You Are; I Got Rhythm.*

Personnel: Bernie Glow, Marvin Stamm, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Wayne Andre, trombones; Don Butterfield, tuba; Jerome Richardson, tenor, flute, piccolo; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; (tracks 1,5,6,8,10); Garner, piano; Ike Isaacs, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums; Jose Mangual, congas, bongos. Band arrangements: Don Sebesky.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Erroll's room is done in "early *joie de vivre*," unquestionably, a comfortable, lived-in pad, constantly reverberating to the sounds of happy piano and honest grunts. One piece of front-line furniture sticks out as the work of an inferior decorator: a brass bed. All Erroll needs is a piano bench with a thick telephone directory that somehow raises him and his listeners to rarified heights.

What I'm trying to say amidst this clutter of imagery is that the best format for Erroll Garner is, and always will be, the bare bones; the chamber sound of combo jazz. As good as Sebesky's writing is, as impressive as the individual springs in his "studio" bed are, the horn-rimmed superstructure tends to inhibit the highly individualistic sound of effervescent Erroll.

Predictably, the high point of the album can be found in a quartet track: *Talk of the Town*. And in that track, the amazing self-sufficiency of Garner's stride technique reduces the number of personnel to the basic number of one (at least for the first and part of the last choruses).

Other combo delights include the extended, almost double intro to *Groovin' High*; the bossa nova abandon of *Ipanema*; the straight-ahead sanity of *All The Things You Are*; and the rag-like flavor of the title tune.

Of the ensemble tracks, the best writing—a tight, concerted sound that swings quite intimately—can be heard on *Coffee In Brazil*. Making it a stronger brew are

the tasty offbeat passages. *Watermelon Man* is a happy Latin rock, and *Cheek To Cheek* climaxes to good momentum-building phrases following some of the best montuna octaves that Erroll has ever recorded. The weakest tracks are *Lot of Living* and *I Got Rhythm*, both diluted by dated riffs.

Garner doesn't need any help. He's a whole orchestra. Why settle for a brass bed when you already have a four-poster?

—Siders

Herbie Hancock

SPEAK LIKE A CHILD—Blue Note 84279: *Riot; Speak Like a Child; First Trip; Toys; Goodbye to Childhood; The Sorcerer.*

Personnel: Tracks 1,2,4,5: Thad Jones, flugelhorn; Peter Phillips, bass trombone; Jerry Dodgion, alto flute. All tracks: Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

McCoy Tyner

TENDER MOMENTS—Blue Note 84275: *Mode to John; Man from Tanganyika; The High Priest; Utopia; All My Yesterdays; Lee Plus Three.*

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Bob Northern, French horn; Howard Johnson, tuba; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Bennie Maupin, tenor saxophone; Tyner, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums. Track 6: Morgan, Tyner, Lewis, Chambers only.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The second wave of post-Bud Powell pianists has problems. Cecil Taylor threatens them with irrelevancy, while the best of their immediate predecessors—Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, etc.—seem, on the whole, to make better music.

The reason for the relative failure of men like Hancock and Tyner lies, I think, in their dependence on harmony at the expense of melody and rhythm. Coltrane's middle-period playing provided them with an extended range of harmonic possibilities, but they have been unable to produce a music of similar emotional impact.

Some of their difficulty stems from the nature of the piano. The instrument cannot produce the contrasts in timbre and dynamics, the intense, focused sound that gave variety and weight to Coltrane's harmonic explorations. Also, Coltrane used harmonic explorations as means toward an expressive end. His pianistic disciples seem to have mistaken the means for the end.

Hancock is a puzzle. He is a generally good and sometimes excellent accompanist, but his solo work here is dull. In the notes to the album, Hancock speaks of creating "simple, singable melodies" and sacrificing "the vertical for the horizontal structure," but his playing seems to consist of one harmonic pattern after another, strung out in single-note lines. Melodic interest is rarely apparent, and the evenness with which he plays his lines doesn't allow for much rhythmic variety.

The music might still work if the har-

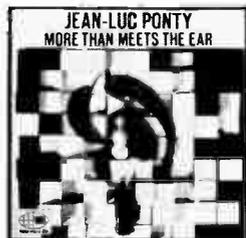
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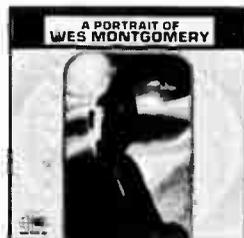
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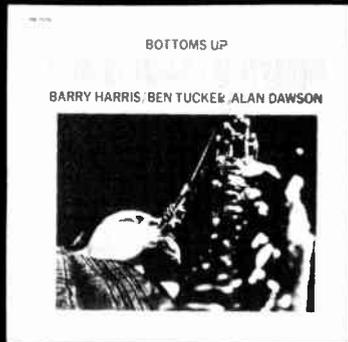


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VOTE see page 36 VOTE

monies were explored with a sense of surprise, but the shifts from one harmonic color to another soon become predictable.

Unfortunately the design of the album emphasizes Hancock's deficiencies. The tracks with horns feature opening and closing statements by the ensemble, sandwiched around Hancock's playing. There are no other solos, although the horns occasionally contribute a background figure.

Hancock's "bluesy" playing on *First Trip* sounds like updated Billy Taylor. On the two ballad-like pieces, *Speak Like a Child* and *Goodbye to Childhood*, the rhythmic impulse almost disappears, and the playing anticipates the Muzak of the 1970s.

Tyner is more successful. His music is almost as melodically barren as Hancock's, but he can achieve rhythmic variety by tying his phrases to the drummer's accents. On one of his best recorded solos, *Afro-Blue* (from *Coltrane Live at Birdland*), his phrasing is so inspired by Elvin Jones' rhythmic patterns that it almost sounds as if Jones is playing the piano as well as the drums.

Tyner plays best here when the tune or drummer Joe Chambers provide him with a fairly complex pattern of accents. When the time evens out, he can be as dull as Hancock. *Man from Tanganyika*, for example, alternates from 6/8 to 4/4 during the solos. Tyner's playing sparkles during the 6/8 sections and becomes bland each time the 4/4 pattern returns.

Tyner has done all the writing here. He seems to have divided the ensemble into high- and low-pitched instruments, without much regard for their individual timbres, an approach that works well on *Tanganyika* and *Utopia*.

The High Priest is a largely unsuccessful reflection of Thelonious Monk. Tyner imitates some of Monk's harmonic colors, but Monk's structural unity and use of harmonies to tell a story escape him. The melody of the bridge seems to have no particular relation to the rest of the composition, an error that Monk would never have made.

The other soloists range from fair to very good. Spaulding's work is consistently inventive on both alto and flute. His alto playing, which combines legato phrasing with an acrid, expressive tone, sounds like a weird cross between Benny Carter and Jackie McLean.

I've always liked Lee Morgan's rhythmic zest and humorous tonal effects, but he is too often content with decorative playing. His best work here is on *Utopia*, where he develops a solo that really flows from beginning to end. Julian Priester's virtues are similar to Morgan's, but his one solo, on *Tanganyika*, is not on a level with his best playing.

The album as a whole ranges from very good (*Tanganyika* and *Utopia*) to fair (*High Priest* and *All My Yesterdays*). The latter track has Tyner's version of 1970's Muzak. It is as dull and "pretty" as Hancock's.

While Hancock has been a fine accompanist in other contexts, and Tyner can produce good music when the rhythm inspires him, these albums give an over-all impression of good musicians who are

approaching a musical dead end. For the benefit of the musicians and the music as a whole, I hope I'm wrong. —Kart

Harold Mabern

A FEW MILES FROM MEMPHIS—Prestige 7568: *A Few Miles from Memphis; Walkin' Back; A Treat for Bea; Syden Blue; There's a Kind of Husb; B & B; To Wane.*

Personnel: George Coleman, Buddy Terry, tenor saxophones; Mabern, piano; Bill Lee, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Harold Mabern's first album as a leader is an unpretentious, blues-based date—three of the tunes are blues.

Mabern has done some clever writing for the two tenors. On *To Wane*, the effect of voicing the horns in parallel harmony and then having one tenor move away from his previous harmonic position while the other stays put is especially pleasing. The voicings on *A Treat for Bea*, however, are a little cute.

Coleman is the better of the two tenors and he is thoughtful and swinging throughout. Terry plays well on *To Wane*, but elsewhere he employs some effects that seem calculated.

Other than *To Wane*, on which everybody plays well, the best track is *B & B*, a pretty ballad dedicated to Clifford Brown and Booker Little. Mabern's playing here is openly romantic, and, while he becomes cloying in spots, he never loses the rhythmic flow. Lee's accompaniment to Mabern's solo is excellent.

The liner notes identify the tenor soloists on all tracks except *B & B*, where my ear tells me that Coleman takes the solo.

If you are looking for pleasant, danceable music with an occasional solo that will catch your ear, then Mabern is your man. —Kart

Art Tatum

PIANO STARTS HERE—Columbia CS 9655: *Tea For Two; St. Louis Blues; Tiger Rag; Sophisticated Lady; How High the Moon; Humoresque; Someone to Watch Over Me; Yesterdays; I Know That You Know; Willow Weep For Me; Tatum Pole Boogie; The Kerry Dance; The Man I Love.*

Personnel: Tatum, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

Jazz has produced a number of astonishing virtuosi. The majority of these invented new approaches to and techniques for their chosen instruments (trumpet, trombone, the saxophones, guitar, string and brass bass, and drums). Sometimes they even invented (or modified) the instrument itself (the amplified guitar; the jazz drum set).

Few, however, brought to jazz a virtuoso technique from an already established tradition, and the piano has the most elaborate virtuoso tradition of them all.

Art Tatum was a bona fide virtuoso in this tradition—the greatest jazz has produced. To conclude from this, as Leonard Feather does in his notes to this album, that Tatum "was the greatest soloist in jazz history, regardless of instrument," is to furnish grounds for debate. One could certainly argue the cases for Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker, but none (except, perhaps, the hyper-fastidious Andre Hodeir) could argue that Tatum was not the greatest virtuoso pianist in jazz history.

This is not to say that Tatum wasn't

more—much more—than a great technician. Had virtuosity been all he had to offer, he would most certainly have become a kind of Jose Iturbi, for even though he was black and almost sightless, his gifts were such that a career in the popular concert field would have been open to him. (Attempts, in fact, were made to steer him in this direction.)

But Tatum was a black man, and heard the music his people were making. Born in 1910, he was exposed in his formative years to a creative ferment, a musical revolution, and the path he chose was one of commitment to that revolution.

It was not an easy path, for jazz was first and foremost a collective music, and Tatum was first and foremost a soloist. Furthermore, his formal studies and phenomenal ear enabled him to imagine and execute musical ideas of a sophistication beyond the grasp of almost all his contemporaries. Even the most gifted and skilled among them were awed by his presence, and inhibited by his almost monstrous (and almost always pitiless) displays of brilliance.

Thus, Tatum had to go his own way, though he was the most sociable and competitive of musicians, and loved nothing better than cutting contests and jam sessions. He had to go his own way, too, in the world of commerce, for once he had committed himself to be a jazzman first, he had to carve a niche for his unusual and demanding art within the constricting framework of the jazz marketplace.

It is ironic and embittering that Tatum never made a concert tour as a solo attraction, that he played most of his engagements in nightclubs (where he would often have to suspend playing until a decent level of background noise had been established), and that his sole visit abroad was a brief one to England in 1938, where he played (like his idol, Fats Waller) in "variety", not in concert halls. It is no solace to suggest that this happened not because Tatum was black but because he was a jazz musician.

But Tatum in any circumstance was remarkable, and while it is not quite correct, as the *New Yorker* recently had it, that "all of Tatum" is on this record, there is a considerable part.

What there is becomes even more interesting because the only Tatum material available to Columbia stems from the pianist's first solo session in March, 1933 and from an outdoor concert in Los Angeles more than 16 years later. The album provides samples of a great artist at 22, when he was still working out his style, and at 38, when all aspects of that style had crystallized.

On both occasions we hear Tatum, the master stylist, playing pieces he had polished and mastered. Like all virtuosi, Tatum delighted in astonishing and dazzling his audiences, and like all virtuosi, he had many set pieces in his repertoire.

Tatum's bravura style exhibited an elegant surface (unlike other great jazz improvisers, he rarely departed totally from the theme, and he never failed to state it as a point of departure) beneath which broiled a fantastic imagination. It is underneath the surface and especially in its cracks and frequent suspensions (Tatum

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loved breaks) that one hears the master of rhythm and harmony as well as the master of technique and melodic exposition. He was not unlike a great painter whose luminous, balanced compositions reveal, on closer scrutiny, a mysterious and apocalyptic inner vision.

Each track on this album contains staggering moments. Of the four early pieces, only *Tiger Rag* fully stands the test of comparison with later Tatum—perhaps because it is inspired by Armstrong's treatment of the tune, which makes it the piece least indebted to other pianists. Also, it brings to full bear Tatum's orchestral conception of the piano, and is taken at a frightening tempo (about a bar per second) sustained by a combination of rhythmic finesse and firmness of time that can only be described as incredible. One can imagine what a weapon such a piece must have been to Tatum in his beloved battles with other pianists—who would have dared to follow it!

In *Tea for Two*, we recognize two great influences: Fats Waller and Earl Hines—the former in the steady stride of the left hand and the rippling, calm arpeggios in the contrasting right, and the latter in the rhythmic suspensions and "strange" harmonies of the breaks in the second chorus. Interestingly, he does not yet swing as much as either of these men already did (though he outdoes both on *Tiger*).

St. Louis Blues is immature compared to the version recorded for Decca six years later. Tatum, from Toledo, Ohio, and inspired by eastern pianists, had apparently not yet discovered (or not yet fully absorbed) the essence of the blues, and his approach to it here is a surface one. Though his only other blues on this set is a display piece at breakneck tempo (*Tatum Pole Boogie*), it shows how much Tatum had learned about the blues. (For his lovely, deeply moving slow blues, one must look elsewhere, and to later and late Tatum especially.)

Sophisticated Lady, then a brand-new tune (Ellington's first version had been recorded only a month before), must have intrigued Tatum with its harmonic subtleties, which he handles masterfully. But there isn't much depth in his playing, except in the break that links the first and second chorus, and the remarkable harmonic inventions during the latter. Near the end, there is even that extreme rarity, a corny idea; i.e., the "chime" chords, for which he atones with a dazzling coda.

The 1949 *How High the Moon* that follows immediately illuminates drastically how Tatum had grown. First of all, there is his touch—by now a magic combination of gossamer and bessemer. In a dynamic spectrum that ranges from whisper to roar, each note is articulated with the clarity of a bell. There is a startling rhythmic freedom, allowing Tatum to play with time in the most astonishing manner. Even the out-of-tempo first choruses of which he was so fond suggest a beat, or rather several shifting beats, and he was an unequalled master at transitions from rubato to swing. His independence of hands was the envy and frustration of other pianists.

On *How High*, there are passages that strikingly prove Bud Powell's ancestry

(3rd chorus), while the employment of a wide variety of technical, rhythmic, and harmonic devices from Tatum's vocabulary suggest that he was using this as a warmup piece (he misses a few notes in a run; later in the concert he executes far more complex ones without dropping a stitch).

Dvorak's *Humoresque*, which Tatum loved to play, has caused certain critics to frown. Approaching Tatum with a European bias, they failed to understand his liking for this shopworn staple in the semi-classical repertoire, but how they could fail to appreciate his treatment of it, which combines just the right amounts of affection and liberty, is mystifying.

Someone to Watch is a fond and relaxed performance; Tatum and George Gershwin formed a mutual admiration society. He is taking a breather here, playing a melody he likes, ornamenting and embellishing rather than improvising. But watch those harmonic inventions that made him such an important influence on the incipient boppers.

Yesterdays is a masterpiece. This is serious Tatum, not merely decorating but transforming his material. The beguine pattern, the startlingly effective broken-chord passage, the octave unison fingering in fast tempo, the kaleidoscopic display of ideas, and their coherence and structure add up to a breath-taking musical experience.

I Know That You Know returns to pure display—but what a show! Experimenting with all kinds of time (straight, halved, doubled) and all kinds of rhythm, Tatum imbues what might have been merely gratuitous with a disarming lightness and joy—and does he swing!

Willow Weep For Me, a lovely piece, is not quite as perfect in this version as in the less florid Capitol recording from the same year.

Kerry Dance is a little throwaway employed by Tatum to beg off after several encores, full of wit and charm and of the briefest duration. It should have been placed last on the program.

The Man I Love is again a piece for which Tatum had genuine affection. His theme statement is lovely—in fact, the opening half-chorus is the high point of the rather reflective performance—and the final bridge is pure bop.

Listening to Tatum in depth temporarily spoils one for all other pianists. His like will not be heard again, for he was a phenomenon. Others have emulated his technique but lack both his excellence and his musicality. Surface elements of his style (the extensive rubato; the arpeggiated runs; the decorative embellishments) have been adopted by untalented lounge pianists all over the world, as well as by a few players more than that but far less than Tatum. The only pianist of stature who borrowed extensively from Tatum and emerged with his own intact style was Nat King Cole, whose textures could be amazingly Tatumesque. Bud Powell, of course, drank deeply at the well, and others used Tatum elements to creative advantage. But Tatum remains an inimitable, unsurpassable, and inexhaustible delight.

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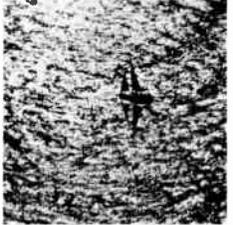
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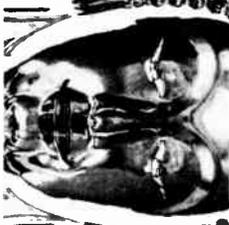
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OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

The Great Jelly Roll Morton (Orpheum 103)

Rating: ★★★★★½

The Immortal Jelly Roll Morton (Milestone 2003)

Rating: ★★★★★

Mr. Jelly Lord (RCA Victor 546)

Rating: ★★★★★½

These reissues span the crucial years of Jelly Roll Morton—1923-1930. During that time he grew from a rag-sprung pianist and composer to a major jazz band-leader and then became an anachronism. The albums trace the recorded beginnings and disintegration of an important—though limited—talent. Unfortunately, the full flowering of that talent is not well represented among these three LPs, for Morton reached the pinnacle of his artistic success in a series of band recordings made in Chicago during 1926-27—the Red Hot Peppers sides with such luminaries as cornetist George Mitchell, clarinetist Omer Simeon, trombonist Kid Ory, bassist John Lindsay, and drummer Andrew Hillaire. (The best of these performances are on *The King of New Orleans Jazz*, RCA Victor 1649.) Four performances from that golden period are included in the *Mr. Jelly Lord* album, but they are not typical.

Of the 40 tracks among the three LPs, 16 are piano solos of generally high order: *Great Jelly* consists of 12 recorded for Gennett in 1923 and '24; *Immortal Jelly* has four made for Paramount, also in '24. All except two are Morton compositions, and these two—*Bucktown Blues* and *35th Street Blues*—are the least interesting performances, which proves that Jelly always played Jelly better than anybody else (an ambiguous phrase that means all it says).

Morton was primarily an organizer of music, either on paper or in assigning roles to various musicians under his command, but he also was a pianist of more than adequate skill. True, he often backed himself into Clinker Corner when he got too fancy, and he sometimes rushed tempos, but when he had everything together and was playing at the medium tempo he favored, he could swing with what can only be described as swagger. He could get maximum swing out of such simple licks as a syncopated alteration of the major and minor third, a device that shows up again and again in these solos (as does the four-bar tag ending).

The solos on *Great Jelly* that attain the highest degrees of swing and inventiveness are *King Porter*, *New Orleans Joys* (his masterly superimposition of a broken phrase in 6/4 over the basic 4/4 is a precursor of Louis Armstrong's work five years later), *Wolverine Blues*, *Shreveport Stomp*, and *Perfect Rag*. Of the four solo tracks on the Milestone album, *Froggy Moore* and *Mamanita* are better than *London Blues* and *35th Street Blues*. (There's another of those sweeping passages of six against four in *Mamanita*, which, like *Joys*, is one of Morton's Spanish fantasies.)

Morton loved a heavy afterbeat (just listen to the many band performances in which he has the drummer whacking hell out of 2 and 4), and on several of these early solos he got it by playing what might be called inverted stride.

The first and third beats are stressed in stride by playing a single bass note on them, followed on the second and third beats by chords higher up on the keyboard. Morton maintains the order of bass note-chord, but places the chord *below* the single note, which puts the stress on 2 and 4. (In the last 16 bars of *Kansas City Stomps* on *Great Jelly*, he combines inverted stride with flashy syncopation, and it appears he has become hopelessly entangled and has turned the time around; confusion reigns for six bars, and then he sails out of the jumble—he wasn't lost

for a moment and the meter has remained constant.)

Morton's compositions have been heavily praised for their structures, but this fascination with the way he put things together tells nothing of the melodic content of his work—and some of his compositions are not very interesting melodically, since they follow a predictable path that doesn't cover much musical ground.

Morton also sometimes overstuffed a composition. In these instances, snatches of ideas (some not his own) fly right and left; none bear fruit. *Tom Cat Blues* in the Orpheum album is an example of this arrested development.

His early compositions grossly fall into two rhythmic categories. Some were primarily rag-flavored instrumentalist's tunes: tricky and fast-moving excursions into the

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rococo (e.g., *Shreveport Stomp* and *Grandpa's Spells*). There is a decided two-beat cast to them. The second category would include less ornate but more lyrical compositions, such as *King Porter*, *Stratford Hunch*, and *Big Fat Ham* (all are in *Great Jelly*, and a band version of *Ham* is in *Immortal Jelly*). Tunes of this genre were in 4/4 and sometimes displayed a harmonic sophistication lacking in the older-style compositions.

Morton, of course, occasionally mixed the two—*Wolverine* is an example—and at first the result was highly attractive, but eventually his attempts to blend the old with the “modern” were miserable failures.

But to the successful first.

Each of these albums contains a first-rate version of *Wolverine*. In fact, *Jelly Lord* has—praise be—two excellent ver-

sions, one of which has not been released before, by a trio of clarinetist Johnny Dodds, drummer Baby Dodds, and Morton. (The album also has a beautiful *Mr. Jelly Lord* by the same trio.)

There is a strong similarity between the 1923 solo version of *Wolverine* in *Great Jelly* and the 1927 trio performances. Morton's piano parts are basically the same; the clarinet solos in the trio are simply laid over. The first trio master, which was released in 1927, is faster than the second and has high-stepping Morton and gorgeous low-register clarinet. The second Victor master is slower and swings more; however, Morton's solo is not as well executed as that on the first take, though it is more adventurous. Johnny Dodds' solos are practically the same on both masters. Baby Dodds is the one who gives these

performances their tremendous swing. He follows a percussion pattern used by Morton in other trio dates (one chorus choked cymbal; the next, brushes; the last, Chinese tom-tom), but his touch, taste, and rhythmic acumen infuse life into what could have been (and in other hands was) a straitjacket.

The other *Wolverine* is a duet with clarinetist Volly DeFaut, made in 1925; it bears scant resemblance to the 1923 and '27 versions. There is little evidence of the tight organization of the others: Jelly merely plays the last four bars of the main theme as an introduction, and they're off to the races. This session-style approach was rarely found in Morton dates, but this was probably an off-the-cuff, casual meeting. DeFaut shows himself to be a very good player working somewhat in the Leon Rappolo style of limpid, liquid-toned, singing improvisation. He is in good form on another performance from this date, *My Gal*; but the addition of kazoo detracts from the over-all effect. On both tracks, Morton's accompaniments are more restrained than usual.

How overwhelming Morton's accompaniments could be is clearly heard in a small-band cut of *Mr. Jelly Lord* in *Immortal Jelly*. His backing of the kazoo player gradually gains the upper hand—and fortunately so, since Jelly was making a lot more sense than the kazooist. Morton's accompaniment also provides the only interest on the album's *Muddy Water*, a hopelessly flat-footed band performance. *Immortal Jelly* has four other band tracks (he doesn't even play on one); they are generally lacklustre, despite the presence of trumpeter Lee Collins on two—*Fishtail Blues* (a forerunner of Morton's *Sidewalk Blues*, though *Fishtail* is credited to Collins) and a clumsy *High Society*.

Though these band records may be interesting as indication of what was to come, they are quite inferior to what did come, those 1926-27 Pepper dates.

In 1928, Morton left Chicago and went to New York City. The old jazz style that was epitomized in his work and that of such veterans as King Oliver and the Dodds brothers was all but dead. Louis Armstrong had changed the role of the soloist, and such bands as those led by Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, and Luis Russell set a more modern pace for composers and arrangers. A new wave was breaking over jazz; it was cresting in New York, and it eventually drowned Morton.

Morton evidently knew what was happening and where it was happening. He tried to adapt his older style, more compositionally than instrumentally, to that of the young Turks, but he failed.

With only a few exceptions, the big-band records he made from 1929 till his Victor contract was up in 1930 or so were far below the level of the '26-27 dates, though they never reached the depths of the '23-24 band records. The latterday exceptions were almost always those performances that harked back to the earlier, more raggy style, not only in performance but in composition as well.

The *Jelly Lord* album, a mishmash, contains two of those quasi-successes:

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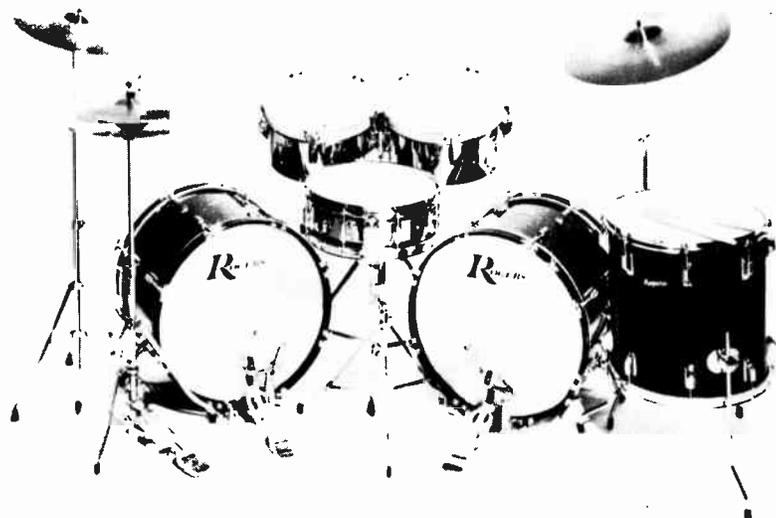
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Deep Creek Blues and *Red Hot Pepper*. *Pepper* is a no-holds-barred stomp that rises above the awkwardly arranged passages to reach a level that approaches that of the best Morton band sides. *Deep Creek* comes closer. It is poignant and mournful, a slow blues with superb solos by soprano saxophonist Russell Procope and a trumpeter who is probably Ed Swayzee. Morton's solo is in the vein of his earlier *Smokehouse Blues*, but his time is a bit off in *Creek*. Both *Creek* and *Pepper*, interestingly, were cut the same day (Dec. 6, 1928).

The album also has a band track from the Chicago days: *Someday, Sweetheart*, cut by the edition of the Peppers in 1926 but marred by Morton's attempt at salon music (two violins are added, and Simeon plays the melody on bass clarinet). Still, there is a flash of what it was really all about—in the closing ensemble, the band improvises collectively and achieves a remarkable floating effect.

This light, gossamer quality was missing from the New York dates. Most of the compositions were over-arranged, and the ensembles were heavy and ponderous. Morton sometimes went to the opposite extreme and courted chaos by having as many as seven horn men improvise collectively—and not all of them had the hang of soloing, much less of fitting into a fluid mosaic of sound.

The album's *Load of Coal*, *Crazy Chords*, and *Funny Mabel* offer evidence of Morton's losing battle with "modernity." There are some good solos—particularly by trumpeter Ward Pinkett on the first and second, guitarist Bernard Addison on the third, and Morton on all three—but the ensembles are graceless, the compositions (of the 4/4 variety) dull and, in one case (*Chords*), corny.

Addison's *Chords* solo and drummer Cozy Cole's brush work behind Morton on *Coal* reveal where the trouble lay: the young men thought about rhythm differently from Morton. They felt unaccented four, and Morton felt two. The critical difference in concept is heard clearly when one compares Cole's brush work with that of Dodds on *Wolverine*.

The old guard had had it, and there was only one way for Morton to go—down.

This album—very unfortunately—includes examples of some of the things he did (had to do?) to survive in the East. There are two tracks by a band led by novelty clarinetist Wilton Crawley that are quite poor, despite the efforts of Morton and several members of the Ellington band of the time. There's also a track by singer Billie Young accompanied by Morton. The lady could not sing in meter, and throughout the performance Morton is either catching up with her or waiting for her. He does not solo; his fills are often aborted by the singer. There is no reason why such a dreadful performance should ever have been issued, much less reissued.

But it does serve as unpleasant reminder of what a man can be reduced to doing when his time has passed. The same thing has happened—will happen—to others, and that is the shame of this country and this music.

—Don DeMicheal

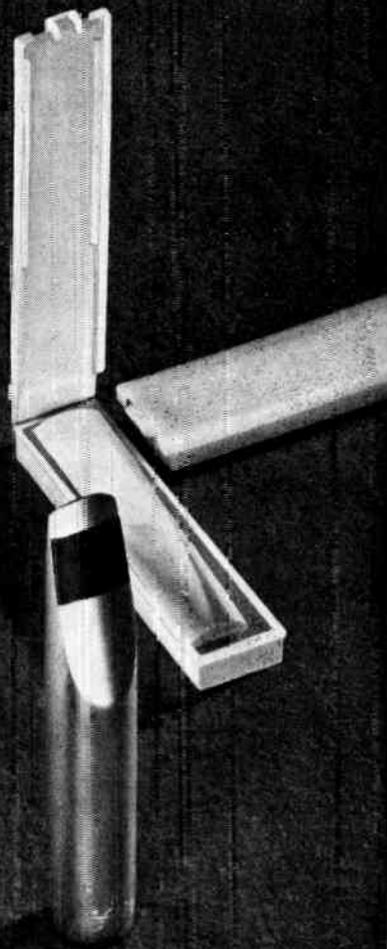
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DUKE PEARSON/BLINDFOLD TEST

One of the most significant consequences of the reorganization at Blue Note records during 1967 was the elevation of Duke Pearson to the role of producer. He had already served as Alfred Lion's a&r assistant since 1965.

The Atlanta-born pianist-composer is ideally qualified for an assignment of this nature. His musical background is extensive; for several years, before settling down at the keyboard, he played a variety of horns: mellophone, baritone horn, and later trumpet, which he played during his Army service in the mid-1950s.

Born Columbus Calvin Pearson Jr. and given his nickname by an uncle who was an Ellington fan, Duke rose to prominence during the '60s mainly on the basis of his work with Donald Byrd, in person and on records; first as pianist, then as composer, and very impressively as arranger. The Byrd-with-Voices sessions were particularly effective in establishing his credentials.

Pearson also has recorded for Blue Note as leader of a trio, various combos and his own big band. This was his first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather

1. DAVID NEWMAN. *And I Love Her* (from *Bigger & Better*, Atlantic). Newman, alto saxophone; William Fischer, arranger.

I'm not sure who that was. It sounds maybe like a present-day jazz musician that's trying to go a little commercial in order to make some money.

I don't care too much for the arrangement, mainly because it doesn't offer any freedom for the soloist. There's a lot of repetition there that seems to get in the way, and he doesn't have the freedom.

At times it sounded a little like Hank Crawford, but I can't give it any rating, because there wasn't anything I especially cared about. It didn't seem to go any place, mainly because of the clouded background and accompaniment.

2. RAMSEY LEWIS. *Do You Know the Way to San Jose?* (from *Maiden Voyage*, Cadet).

This is very confusing. It sounded a little like Ramsey Lewis or Les McCann, but I don't believe it was either. If it was one of the two, I'd say it was closer to Ramsey. It's an easy-listening record for mood or whatever. But to place a pianist in this type setting, I would have to go along with a better-type pianist.

I did hear quite a bit of rushing throughout. It seemed like the parts where the piano was in with the vocals were rushing.

I would say that it's very close to Ramsey Lewis. If it was him, I have heard him play much better, and I don't know this tune either, although it sounded like another Beale tune.

I really couldn't rate it. The arrangement started out like it was going to be a very delicately played thing, but once it got past the introduction, it just started rushing too much to have any value.

3. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Blood Count* (from *And His Mother Called Him Bill*, RCA Victor). Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, composer.

It had to be Duke Ellington. This is the most beautiful band in the world. I'm sure there are millions of people that will



BLUE NOTE RECORDS

echo this statement. It's too bad that today there aren't too many people who would really appreciate this kind of playing, because this is music that will never die. This man is a living legend. This is the kind of music that, say, from 15 to 30 years ago was so well received, and it has made Duke Ellington the man that he is today, in achieving this stature and maintaining it through the years.

I can remember as a teenager going to school proms and hearing this kind of music, not wanting to hear any other kind of music. If we did, just break it up with a fast tune, or jitterbug tune, but come back to this, and dance in a dark corner with your girl, and say sweet things. With music like this you can relive memories, pleasant things happening to you. That was Johnny Hodges on alto; couldn't be anyone else.

I think that's a Billy Strayhorn tune. It had to be, because of its melodic structure, even though Duke could have written it himself. I don't recognize it, but it's from that band, and I don't think there's anyone on earth could write the way those two men do. I loved it—I can give this one 20, 50 stars. . . .

4. GARY BURTON. *Dreams* (from *Gary Burton Quartet in Concert*, RCA Victor). Steve Swallow, bass.

What was going through my mind was that this was a bass player who knew what it was all about, and someone who thought a lot of Ray Brown and was very well in tune—even though I knew it wasn't Ray, because at times I heard the lower strings making noise, cicking—but the intonation was good, the mood was good, and the accompaniment was in order. At times, it sounded like he was in the cello range, then going beyond in the lower notes, very much in tune.

Inasmuch as I didn't hear any other solos, I can't tell you any of the other members. I'm very glad, though, to hear Steve Swallow on this; I've always liked him. He has very good hands.

I'd have to rate that as excellent; ex-

cellent solo, good mood, and very good accompaniment—the subdued vibes. Five.

5. JIMMY McGRUFF. *Hob Nail Boogie* (from *The Big Band*, Solid State). McGriff, organ; Manny Albam, arranger-conductor.

That sounded like a Quincy Jones arrangement. At first I thought it was the Basie band with the introduction, and then I thought it was Shirley Scott. Then I didn't know exactly who it was. I think it was a West Coast organist or band. It didn't have any specific identification after a while, but it was all good.

It was a very good arrangement, the organ was very good, and it filled in the right spots at the right moments. There was one run in there that made me think it was Jimmy Smith, so now I'm very confused. I know it wasn't Count Basie, and I'm almost sure it wasn't Shirley Scott.

Over-all, a very good recording. Four stars because of the way it held together.

6. JAKI BYARD. *St. Louis Blues* (from *Sunshine in My Soul*, Prestige). Byard, piano.

I think that was possibly Dave Brubeck, because it sounded as technically competent as Brubeck, but I think the way the tune was played sounded too much like an attempt to be different—maybe funny or cute. I really can't appreciate that approach to a tune that has established itself as well as this one.

If I were to attempt to do anything like that, I'd write a composition for this specific purpose alone. I think the composer who composes a tune has a definite purpose in mind, and if I were to record a tune by another composer, I would try to improve on it without taking anything away from it.

I've heard Dave Brubeck play very delightful piano on many recordings and in person. I'm not saying this was him for sure, but it sounds like someone as capable as he is and did sound exactly like him in spots.

I couldn't rate it, because I didn't like the approach to the tune. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Bill Evans

Ronnie Scott Club, London, England

Personnel: Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums. Elaine Delmar, vocals; Pat Smythe, piano; Dave Holland, bass; John Marshall, drums.

When Bill Evans is in town, one goes not to listen so much as to worship. And this is no criticism either of the audience or the musician. At his best, Evans creates such a communicative atmosphere that it is no longer necessary to listen closely, only to bask in the ambiance and absorb the emotional message.

On his most recent visit to London, however, it was worthwhile to study his work in depth because Evans is now playing more than he has in a long time. The reason for this may well be drummer DeJohnette, who recently left the extramusical trappings of Charles Lloyd's group to concentrate on developing his considerable talent. Even if what DeJohnette does so far is straight out of Tony Williams, his approach to backing Evans confirmed that he is, above all, a listening drummer. But since he is much more extroverted than Evans' previous percussionists, the pianist responded on an up-tempo *Stella by Starlight* and a long *Someday My Prince Will Come* (with alternating choruses in 3/4 and 4/4) by digging in powerfully the way he did on his earliest records.

As a result, Evans' lyrical ballads and delicate out-of-tempo intros seemed all the more beautiful in comparison, and here too (with DeJohnette proving a master of discreet brush work) bassist Gomez made an important contribution. Building on the almost pianistic conception of the late Scott LaFaro, Gomez has a firmer tone and more accurate intonation than LaFaro, and his ideas are amazingly complementary to those of Evans. Although this group has a very stable repertoire (with occasional additions like *You're Gonna Hear From Me* and *Alfie*—one of my unfavorite tunes), Evans has for the first time devoted a whole number (*Embraceable You*) to featuring his bass player.

Something rather interesting happened in the opening set of the evening, when the Pat Smythe Trio (on hand to accompany Miss Delmar, who was at her best in a controlled *Sophisticated Lady*) was joined by DeJohnette playing melodica. This small reed instrument sports a piano-type keyboard and sounds uncomfortably like a harmonica but, unlike any other performer I have heard, DeJohnette blew on it in such a way as to get a real jazz sound, bending his notes at will and making skillful use of vibrato. The highlight of the set, *There Is No Greater Love*, found him and bassist Dave Holland (who had been highly praised by none other than Miles Davis on the night before my visit) chasing each other around the key cycle, knocking each other out.

Although Evans' performance was all that had been expected and more, it would also seem that young Jack DeJohnette, who incidentally plays excellent piano as well, is already a force to be reckoned with.

—Brian Priestley

Gene Shaw

Hungry Eye, Chicago, Ill.

Personnel: Shaw, trumpet; Bobby Pierce, organ; Fred Stoll, drums.

Shaw, it seems clear by now, is one of the outstanding trumpeters of his generation, in fact, one of only two or three to survive the hard bop era as genuinely successful artists.

There are not many to compare to him, because too many of his contemporaries these days have chosen fashionable modal jazz or soul music, and others, like Ray Copeland, linger in an unfair obscurity. Uniquely, Shaw has stayed with chords and the standard mid-'50s bop repertoire, and few of the others can approach the incisive power and daring of his art.

His style is almost a final refinement of the hard-bop trumpet idiom. Certainly the most personal quality of his solos is their comprehensive structure, achieved by almost every means possible—contrasting dynamics, rhythms, note-values, lines and spaces, use of juxtapositions for resolutions, balancing sequences against each other. His method is not so different from that of, say, Roy Eldridge, or some of the craftier swing-oriented players—except that Shaw's harmonic-rhythmic basis is more sophisticated, he is subtler, and his good taste is more consistent.

He is not a straight-ahead soloist, for Shaw's imagination instinctively turns toward illuminating attractive byways and dark, strange shapes. Yet he avoids any kind of thematic improvisational approach, and his solos are almost never ordered around a single central, climactic idea. The perfectly formed ideas evolve naturally, one on another, resulting in relaxed, lyrical, satisfying statements.

A recent evening found Shaw in especially fine form, stretching out, in the course of two sets, to his heart's content. It totaled nearly three hours of continuous music, broken only by one of the shortest intermissions in Chicago night-club history.

Both sets opened with songs at grooving, medium tempos. On them all Shaw's resources were brought into play as he set up clearly defined, but ever-changing frameworks, occasionally adding surprising inflections (flatted notes, rare half-valving, seemingly gratuitous low-register long tones). The delight of these solos was hearing Shaw's bright message flowing through spectrums of melody, his free imagination bound only by his uncommon sense of musical relevance.

Funny Valentine and *Round Midnight* are two of the most dangerous songs in the jazz repertoire. How many times have you heard ballad trumpeters fall into a sort of senior-prom band bravura or else avoid the issue entirely by double-timing? The Monk piece was especially revealing, for the strong line and chords can devastate a musician. Shaw's choice was to avoid the line entirely; he improvised long, involved sequences made of resilient blues phrases, a really fine work.

As the evening progressed, esthetic de-

lights abounded. A fast Miles Davis blues found Shaw implying a sort of mockery, his secret smile lurking behind chorus after chorus. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that, despite his taste for Davis' lines, Shaw's phrasing seems to be based more on Clifford Brown's and, particularly, Dizzy Gillespie's.

It should be emphasized, though, that he is a mature, original artist—his music reflects the others, but in the same way Gene Ammons or Sonny Rollins or Albert Ayler reflect other artists' ideas.

Shaw swapped eights at great length with various drummers (sitters-in are encouraged), and showed that he is one of the few who can make such chases interesting. He added long coda-vamps to several songs, a little in the spirit of Rollins, as though he were enjoying the chords too much to quit.

True, in such long sets, invention sometimes flagged, and the listener was left with a simple respect for his structural intentions. Even so, the quality of his playing is usually consistently high. Relaxation and lyricism are the heart of his music, and they permit him a rare control of his message.

The temptation to criticize Shaw's accompanists is muted by the fact that his art is out of place in any sort of extremely extroverted context—big bands, pop jazz groups, or organ groups. A skillful, conventional bop rhythm section would be more appropriate for him—some impersonal players whose ideas wouldn't contradict Shaw's. Stoll was not very energetic or sympathetic, and Shaw's graceful swing made his drumming sound crude. Pierce dealt in rather low-grade Jimmy Smith, but if one overlooked the conflict of styles, some of his accompaniments seemed quite alert.

This Hungry Eye gig marks Shaw's second return to jazz, following two years of serious religious study.

It is worth recalling that his earliest career in jazz, as Clarence Shaw, culminated in three fulfilling years with one of the best bands Charles Mingus has ever led. His first long retirement was followed by a productive Chicago stay in the early- and mid-'60s.

His current renaissance is a thoroughly valuable phenomenon, and one is urged to hear him as soon as possible. An evening of Shaw's music is guaranteed to be a rewarding musical experience.

—John B. Litweiler

Don Ewell

Golden Nugget, Toronto, Ontario

The return and recovery of Ewell has been something to wonder at. Last December, when he was sent home to Florida from Toronto after suffering a minor stroke, it was unclear just when he might play again.

A fight towards recovery was in store for the brilliant pianist whose stylish interpretations had won him a keen following wherever he worked. It was appropriate, perhaps, that Toronto's Golden Nugget should invite him back in mid-February for a lengthy engagement with clarinetist Henry Cuesta (the Nugget had been one

of Ewell's resident spots during the preceding two years). The hours were long (7 p.m. to 1 a.m.) and the huge open spaces inherent in clarinet-piano duets meant it wouldn't be possible for Ewell to coast along while readjusting himself to the demands of the instrument.

As it turned out, this type of job was ideal for him to regain his strength (it takes a lot of muscle, co-ordination, and power to play piano the way Ewell does at his best). Gradually, the hands began to respond more quickly to messages from the brain, and the characteristic Ewell choruses began to shape themselves in a manner befitting his reputation. It was an excellent two-month workout and one that established that the pianist had suffered no lasting defects from his illness.

It has been the more recent bookings, however, that have really proved the management's faith in Ewell.

Retaining Ewell as regular pianist, the Nugget has hired a variety of exceptional jazz musicians—Bud Freeman, Eddie Barefield, Jo Jones, Trump Davidson, Buddy Tate, Lonnie Johnson, Earle Warren—in settings that have enabled him to display a wide range of expression.

Ewell's background has made him peculiarly suited for his role at the Nugget. His musical study included a period at Peabody Conservatory, where his knowledge of musical theory was established, and a different kind of training with such diverse and talented jazz musicians as Bunk Johnson, Kid Ory, and Jack Teagarden. His on-stand performances are also his hours for "practicing" jazz. He prefers to work

out at home with exercises and classical pieces. For someone like Ewell, practice is performing.

All the guests so far have represented first-time encounters for the pianist, and they have offered him challenging and exciting moments. The first such engagement had, perhaps, the most punch. Tenorist Freeman, back to playing after recovery from injuries suffered in a car accident, was particularly exuberant and vigorous. Helping immensely on this occasion was drummer Buzzy Drootin. These three established the kind of empathy that one often dreams about but rarely gets to witness in the topsy-turvy world of jazz. The instant exchange of ideas made for a happy bandstand, and, for Ewell, it was confirmation that everything was back in order.

One of the more interesting aspects of these encounters is the tremendous store of tunes that Ewell keeps in his mind.

This was never more apparent than when he teamed with Tate. The tenor saxophonist was in particularly good form and seemed pleased by the opportunity to play with such an uncompromising perfectionist as Ewell. They charged through stomping versions of swing-era classics as well as digging into lesser-known ballads, which Tate's sensuous artistry and persuasive vibrato gave just the right edge.

Ewell, in this setting, became lighter and more expansive, as he voiced beautifully rich harmonic accompaniment in a manner that would have done justice to Teddy Wilson at his best. It was during this engagement, too, that Ewell and Tate demonstrated their ease at overcoming the

handicap of lead-footed local drummers, the curse of many a visiting musician in Toronto.

Charm of a different kind was in store when Ewell encountered guitarist Johnson, who has created a new career for himself in Canada by singing sentimental ballads and acting the role of night-club entertainer. Only rarely does Johnson the New Orleans-born jazz musician emerge.

At the Nugget, of course, he worked through his familiar repertoire (*I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, *September Song*, etc.), but Ewell also threw a few curves at him. He called *Lady Be Good*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *All of Me*, and *One O'Clock Jump*. It was then that the adrenaline began to work. Johnson began to play solid rhythm guitar behind Ewell's theme statements and solos and then began to develop the kind of single-string solos that made him famous in the 1920s.

There were moments of confusion, but there were many choruses of great music, Ewell urging the older man along, forcing him to dig deep into his memory to bring out those shimmering lines that adorn the old recordings with Eddie Lang, Louis Armstrong, and Duke Ellington.

There were times when the empathy was staggering. It was often an incomplete feeling, but there was enough there to make one know that one was hearing a collaboration of giants.

An engagement of this kind has been much-needed therapy for Ewell. He has been able to regain his strength, confidence, and sense of purpose. Further, perhaps even more challenging encounters are in

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—John Norris

Lionel Hampton

The Riverboat, New York City

Personnel: Charles Sullivan, Vincent Di Martino, Richard Williams, Mike Burnett, Paul Cohen, trumpets; Leon Comegys, Jimmy Cleveland, Vin Vindinti, trombones; George Dorsey, Chet Sacso, alto saxophones; Dave Young, Barry Titone, tenor saxophones; Hampton, vibes, drums; Zeke Mullins, organ; Billy Mackel, guitar; Major Holley, bass; Reggie Ferguson, drums; Rita Dyson, Pinocchio James, vocals.

The program here, as could be expected, was quite different from the kind Hampton used to present at the Metropole. The opening set began at 7:30, so dinner music as well as dance music were obligatory, and by midnight requests for

Flying Home had been acceded to only once.

Hampton knows how to combine what people want to hear with what he likes to play. He enjoys playing ballads and he picked good ones. Besides *Stardust*, there were *Ode to Billie Joe*, *On a Clear Day*, *Shadow of Your Smile* and *Yesterday*. He chose good tempos for them, too, and they were all played with a relaxed, insidious beat. A vital element in his musicianship, and part of his endowment as a drummer, is an unerring feel for danceable tempos.

The band—heard a couple of days before the end of the engagement—made a very good impression. *Esprit de corps* appeared to be excellent, and there was nothing half-hearted about even the vocal

responses on the time-worn *Hey-Ba-Ba-Re-Bop*. The rhythm section probably had much to do with this, for it was cooking.

Zeke Mullins' way of comping on the organ was very effective. He was never loud, and he filled in with restraint and rare sensitivity. Major Holley was obviously giving the others in the section their kicks. He concentrated on a walking bass with melodic patterns that were never so intellectual that they detracted or distracted. Billy Mackel was, as ever, a delight—a guitarist with more soul and swing than many highly publicized heroes. When his solos and the rhythm section really grooved together, as on *Greasy Greens*, he wore a benign expression like a cat full of cream. Reggie Ferguson enjoyed himself all night long, and teamed well with his section-mates. Perhaps the scarcity of big-band drummers is over, because—like Basie's Harold Jones—he knew what to do and did it well. When the leader sat down at a second drum kit, the two of them gave the band a lifting, unconfused beat; and when they exchanged fours, each displayed spirit and authority.

Among the more interesting solos noted were George Dorsey's on *What Kind of Fool Am I?* (smooth and pretty, with echoes of Hilton Jefferson); Barry Titone's on *Shadow of Your Smile*; Jimmy Cleveland's on a new instrumental, *Chicken Kisser*; Leon Comegys' (vigorous pre-bop trombone) on *Bill Bailey*; and Dave Young's on *'Round Midnight*. *Flying Home* also featured Young and, in the encore, Richard Williams, Cleveland and Paul Cohen. The major soloist was, of course, the leader on vibes. Consistently inventive throughout the evening, he turned in many beautiful improvisations.

Most of the new dance arrangements were by Titone (brother of Hampton's manager, Bill Titone) and Frank Como. The vocals were sung by Pinocchio James (*Georgia, Blowing in the Wind, Sunny, That's Life, Sneakin' Around*, etc.) and Rita Dyson (*I'm Going Out of My Head, That Old Black Magic, Call Me*, etc.). The latter hasn't an exceptional voice, but she phrased well and *looked* even better. This magazine might well consider a return to its policy of yesteryear, and inaugurate a series of good-looking girl vocalists with Miss Dyson as a starter. There are several other shapely subjects around now, such as Trish Turner with Ellington, and they would surely be easier on the eyes than unkempt teenage males!

Alternating with Hampton was the Emerald Show Band from Derry City. "After you've heard the boys from Ireland," the vibist announced, "the boys from Harlem will be back again." The Irish had a cheerful, healthy presence, and played every kind of material with animation. Not surprisingly, they broke it up with an Irish jig. They have been on this side of the Atlantic a year, and most of what jazz content there was in their presentation came from John Deehan, a capable tenor saxophonist. The other members of the group are Colm Arbuckle, Edmund Dillon, guitars; Mickey Murray, bass guitar; Jack Coyle, drums; and Dick McManus, vocals.

—Stanley Dance

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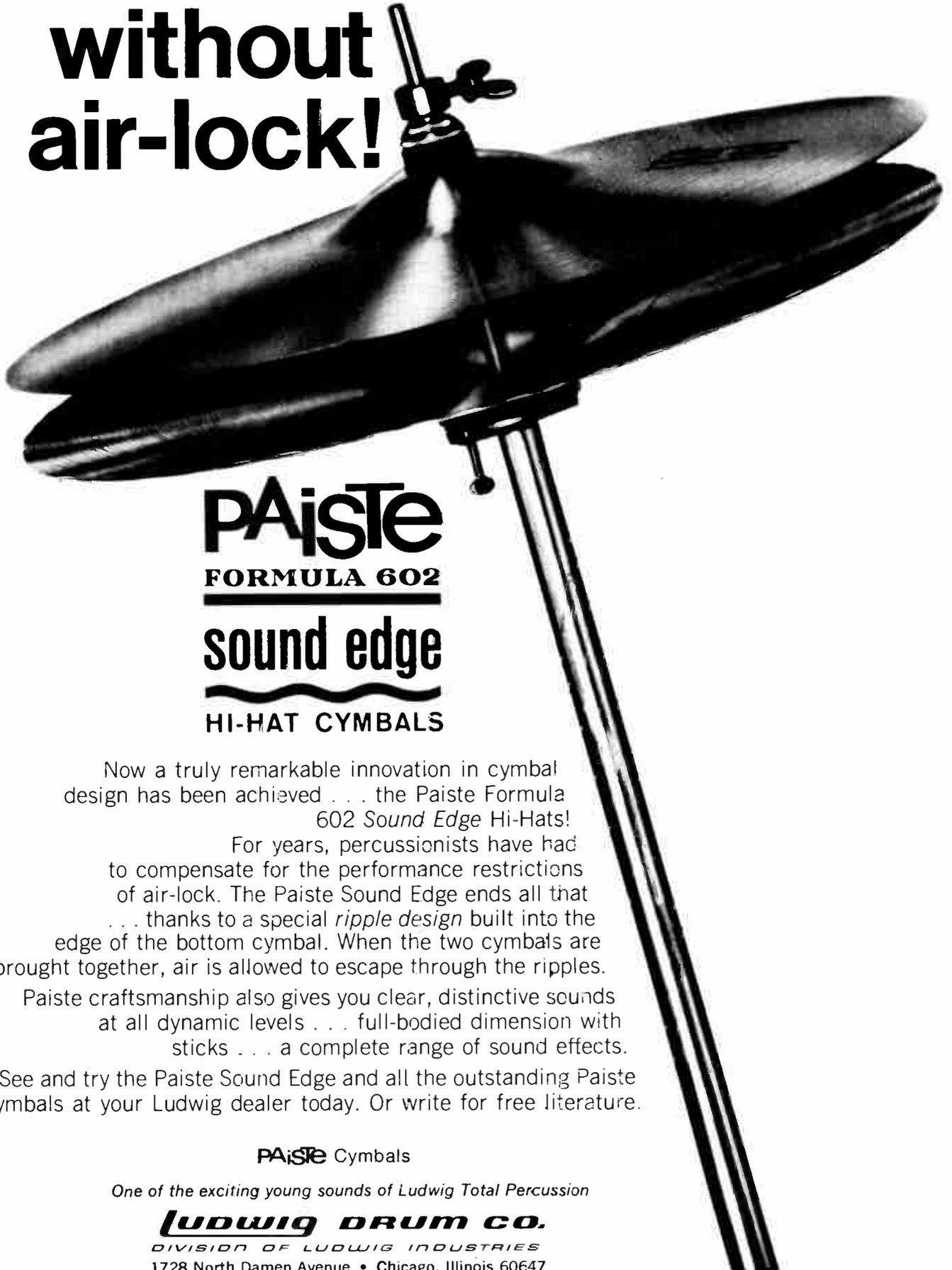
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readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 33rd annual Down Beat Readers Poll is under way. For the next eight weeks—until midnight, Oct. 25—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

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

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Oct. 25.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. **Jazzman of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz in 1968.
4. **Hall of Fame:** This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller.

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

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

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW!

BILL EVANS

by Marian McPartland

"You can hear that I know exactly what I'm doing—there's no doubt in my mind when I play. I know the reason for everything I do." Bill Evans was speaking to me on the phone in the London hotel where we were both staying recently. I had asked him to give me some thoughts on playing that would be of interest and help to the young musicians.

"If you play too many things at one time, your whole approach will be vague," he said. "You won't know what to leave in and what to take out. I would say to a young musician: Know very clearly what you're doing and why—play much less, but be very clear about it. It's much better to spend 30 hours on one tune than to play 30 tunes in one hour."

I asked Bill about his method of practicing. "Play anything," he said. "Read a lot, then break off, try to get into something with one particular tune. Learn the

basic structure. You know, you have to repair some things in sheet music—you'll sense a chord or a phrase that seems weak, so ask yourself, why is it weak? Then set about trying to find the right chord, the one your instinct tells you is right."

Evans described to me quite graphically something I myself have always believed—that a youngster starting out to play entirely from written music could discover that he or she had the ability to play jazz.

"When I was 10, I got medals for playing Mozart and Schubert," Evans told me, "but I couldn't even play *My Country 'Tis of Thee* without the music. When I was about 12, I started playing in the school band. One of the tunes was a stock arrangement of *Tuxedo Junction* and I was playing the piano part note for note. Then one day, I hit a chord (the piece was in B flat, and the notes I played were C sharp, D and F). Man, I was so thrilled I couldn't believe it! Here was something I had done myself—something that wasn't written down. It sounded great to me—a

chord that I had made, that wasn't in the music sheet! That very experience started me in jazz."

From this time on, Evans says, he started to learn a great deal about how music is put together. He suggested something for young students to try at the piano. "Take an idea—any idea (Example I). Play it upside down, backwards, change the register, the key, the rhythm, and so on. Take any combination of notes that might occur to you and try to find 18 different ways of doing it."

EXAMPLE I



As a final example for the young player, Evans has sketched out his own composition, *Very Early*, which appears below. Please write me your comments and questions c/o *Down Beat*. I'll be looking forward to hearing from you.

THE THINKING DRUMMER

By Ed Shaughnessy

$\frac{5}{4}$ SWING

This rhythm can be played in two basic ways, the first being to use a pattern of 3 beats plus 2 as in pattern **A**. The second is the reverse, or using a pattern of 2 beats plus 3 as in pattern **B**.

Pattern **A**  or Pattern **B** 

The two examples above are shown so that the student may understand clearly the basic groupings in the jazz patterns to follow. The A and B Patterns in $\frac{5}{4}$ may be favorably compared with the clave beat and its inversion in Latin American music. That is: the version is used which is most compatible to the melodic theme and/or the bass pattern which may be written or improvised. If the music is very much free-form, play what you feel, but always listen!

In $\frac{5}{4}$ playing, the feet pattern play an even stronger foundation role, and will therefore be studied first. The student should apply himself to a strong program of feet practice in $\frac{5}{4}$ and rhythms to follow later, since he will then be able to have a reliable guide for applying the cymbal beats.

PATTERN **A** shown above is heard somewhat more often in modern jazz playing, and for that reason will be studied first. Note: In all these $\frac{5}{4}$ studies, accent beat one with the bass drum to establish each measure. This accent should be felt more than heard.

BASIC FOOT PATTERN is:



Practice this foot pattern until it can be played smoothly at a good bright tempo!

To the Basic Foot Pattern should first be added straight quarter notes on top cymbal, as the start of combining hand and feet together. This step by step procedure will not allow too much at once to be attempted, which is the usual reason for discouragement in study.

- ① Basic Foot Pattern **A**
with Straight Cymbal
Beat



The next step is to start the cymbal beat sounding with the jazz flavor. Below:

- ② Basic Foot Pattern **A**
with Cymbal Beat
(simple)



- ③ Basic Foot Pattern **A**
with Final Cymbal
Beat *



* This "final" Cymbal beat is one of many possible. Others will be shown later.

Excerpt from "New Time Signatures In Jazz Drumming" (Belwin Co.); used by permission

HAWES

(Continued from page 17)

give an inch and paid for it. And he's right, 'cause I gave half an inch and it did no good. Ain't that a bitch?"

In order to "make it", Hamp realizes he's got a lot of work ahead of him—he knows he'll have to study more, "buckle down and concentrate on my craftsmanship." He also wants to "develop another personality"—that is, expand his comping role. For that, he hopes to add a guitarist to his group if the work ever starts coming in. "So many musicians told me they liked what I did behind Harold Land on one of my albums. And I liked what I did behind Martial Solal." Hawes also showed a strong preference for the comping of Herbie Hancock behind Miles; Bill Evans behind Tony Scott; Brubeck behind Paul Desmond; and John Lewis behind Milt Jackson. "Another reason I enjoy comping: it gives me a chance to think about what I can do for my own solo."

I gave him a chance to think about what he'd do if he got a new manager, a recording contract, a good a&r man, and a chance to make a recording that was slightly commercial. What if it came to that moment of truth? Hamp didn't delay. "I'll probably just walk out. If they give me some junk to play, I'll tell them to 'kiss my butt!' But let me put this on you: the next morning, I'll wake up and say 'I'm an idiot.'"

There was a long pause. Finally, Hawes waved the mike at me. "You know what I'm beginning to think about, man? November 13, 1968. I'll be 40, and you know—I might just *not* make it." 

RAGTIME

(Continued from page 14)

phenomenal. He captured the mood and much of the expression of the material in one playing. The composer expressed his satisfaction with the performance, describing Arpin as "the Chopin of ragtime." Some of the songs had been played so infrequently since the original shows that Blake had forgot them.

A collection of Blake's piano rolls, all cut before 1920, was also played, demonstrating the highly developed piano technique of the composer as well as his great interpretive skills. The piano roll, if untampered with, can be a true reflection of the skill of the pianist who cut the roll, and this was amply demonstrated when a number of James P. Johnson pieces were run through.

Ragtime is a highly skilled, technically demanding way of playing music, and the Ragtime Society (P.O. Box 520, Weston, Ontario, Canada) is one of a number of organizations contributing constructively to the expanded knowledge and understanding available to the student.

Blake, however, is one of the few originals still playing. He is one of the giants of ragtime, and proud of his contributions. But there was more than a touch of sadness in his voice when he said, "It's almost a lost art; an artistic way of playing the piano." —John Norris

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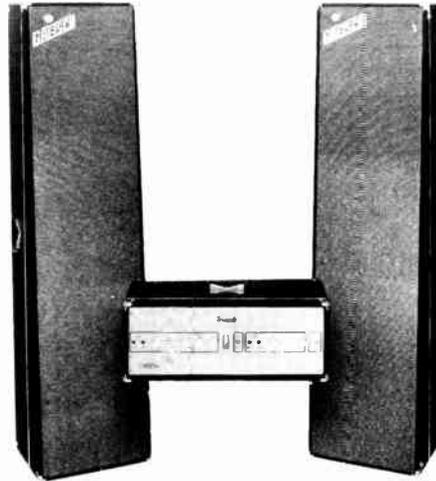
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

recently recorded with **Joe Newman**, trumpet; **Milt Buckner**, piano, organ; **Billy Butler**, guitar; **Al Lucas**, bass, tuba; **Jo Jones**, drums; and **Montego Joe**, conga.

Los Angeles: Betty Carter returned to the West Coast for the first time since the It Club closed (her name still adorns its moribund marquee). Miss Carter alternated between Shelly's Manne-Hole and Donte's. At the Manne-Hole, she had **Clarence McDonald**, piano; **Albert Stinson**, bass (later, **Jim Gannon** subbed for Stinson); and **Maurice Miller**, drums. At

Donte's: **Joe Sample**, piano; **Bob Mathews**, bass (filling in for **Bob West**); and **Miller**. Miss Carter kept changing caps (she makes her own satin Apache caps in different solid colors). Dropping in to Donte's to catch the capped Carter: drummer **Joe Harris**, just returned from a road trip with **Ella Fitzgerald**. He is currently helping to "warm up" the audiences that attend the tapings of *Good Guys* at CBS-TV. Others in the warm-up group: **Don Abney**, piano; **Frank De La Rosa**, bass. Harris also relaxed by playing with **Sweets Edison's** group at Memory Lane, filling in for **Paul Humphrey** . . . Bassist **Gary Walters**, fresh off the **Buddy Rich Band**, subbed for **Whitey Hoggan** with **Bobby Troup** at the China Trader. Guitar-

ist **John Gray** was subbing for **John Collins**, who was recording at NBC-TV, a pick's throw from the China Trader. Sitting in with the group was drummer **Ed Thigpen**, so the only regular was Troup himself. Thanks to **Shelly Manne**, Thigpen taped his first acting role for a segment of *Daktari*. He plays the part of a "music man" (a sort of "syncopated witch doctor"). Manne writes the music for the series. Walters is now part of **Father Tom Vaughn's** trio at Whittinghills in Sherman Oaks. On drums: **John Sumner** . . . The **Jazz Crusaders**, after very careful consideration, much soul-searching and consulting with those who have been there, decided against their scheduled Johannesburg trip. They're currently in much friendlier territory: the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach . . . **Big Black** and his combo played The Golden Bear in Huntington Beach for one week . . . Donte's featured **Sylvia Syms**, backed by the **Joe Pass Trio**, for two successive Mondays; then **Irene Kral**, backed by the **Jimmy Rowles Trio**, for two successive Tuesdays . . . **Stan Kenton** brought his 20-piece band into the outdoor Pilgrimage Theatre for a Sunday matinee, and was followed the next week by the **Ron Anthony Quintet** and the **Vie Feldman Trio**. Anthony is still with **Bobbi Boyle's** trio at the Smoke House in Encino (third member: **Chris Clark**, bass). **Dave Mackay** is at the keyboard on Mondays; **Joyce Collins** on Tuesdays. Plans have been finalized to record the Boyle trio, plus **Chuck Piscitello** on drums, at the Smoke House for the Encino label in a limited pressing to be sold in the club . . . **Don Ellis'** hopes of finding another permanent home in the Los Angeles area for his band were temporarily delayed when a union and legal hassle erupted over the psychedelic nitery Kaleidoscope. His band played one week at the Jazz Suite, where part of his next Columbia album was recorded. The other part will be completed at Stanford University. **Al Cooper** is now producing Ellis' records, and a single has been released—rather rare in the jazz market these days . . . Trumpeter **Alex Rodriguez** has moved to New York . . . The **Bud Shank Quintet** and **Gerald Wilson's** big band were the latest to participate in Local 47's free "Jazz-at-the-Park" concerts in south central Los Angeles . . . **Freddie Hubbard** made one of his rare West Coast appearances at the Lighthouse for a solid month, with **James Spaulding**, alto saxophone; **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Junie Booth**, bass; **Louis Hayes**, drums. Following the Lighthouse gig, Hubbard came into Donte's for two weekends . . . **Lorez Alexandria** was featured at **Redd Foxx's** for two weeks, backed by **Ronnell Bright**, piano; **Ike Issacs**, bass; **Jimmie Smith**, drums . . . **Page Cavanaugh** finished a long stand at Duke's Glen Cove in West Los Angeles . . . **Kim Weston** opens a three-week stand Oct. 15 at the Century Plaza's Hong Kong Bar. **Louis Jordan** and his **Tympani Five** were featured for two weeks at the Bill of Fare . . . **Della Reese** headlined the Ghetto Freedom Awards at the Hollywood Palladium. Also appearing: **Clara Ward** and her Gospel singers. That same afternoon at Memory Lane, the Westside



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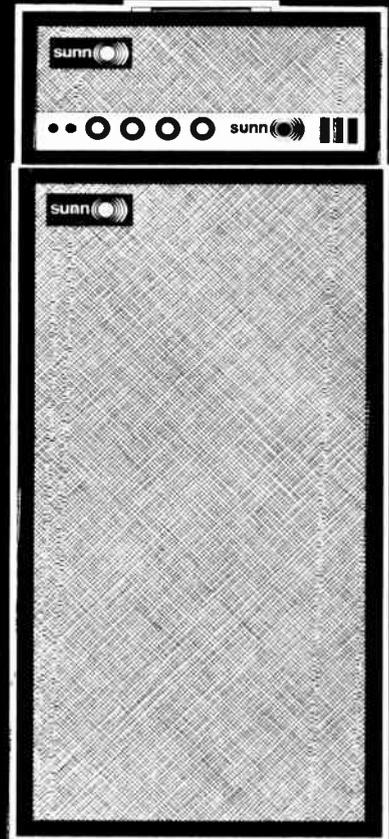
LAST CHANCE!
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SEE PAGE 36

Branch of the NAACP put on a show with vocalist **Carolyn Blanchard** backed by **Tommy Flanagan's** trio . . . **Edna Washington**—one of the great blues belters from the New Orleans era—is confined to her home in Los Angeles after suffering a series of strokes. If friends would like to contact her, the New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California has kindly furnished her address: 129 W. 61st St. Also on the ailing list, but well on his way to recovery: **Quiney Jones**, who had an appendectomy, performed at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood . . . Singer **Rita Graham** has been signed by Tangerine Records. **Ray Charles**, who owns the label, will produce her albums. Charles and **Aretha Franklin** have recorded a series of radio commercials for Coca-Cola, arranged by **Rene Hall** and **Sid Feller**.

Chicago: The **Albert Wynn** benefit scheduled for Aug. 26 at Mother Blues was postponed when a police order closed the club during the disturbances surrounding the Democratic Convention. Delmark records' **Bob Koester** was bopped on the head by police while on his way to the club and was hospitalized briefly . . . **Bo Diddley** followed **Little Richard** at Barnaby's . . . **B. B. King** played a Monday date at the Burning Spear . . . **Odell Brown** and the **Jazz Organizers** closed at the Plugged Nickel Sept. 15. **Jimmy Smith** opened the following Wednesday for a week, after which the **Miles Davis Quintet** moved in for a similar stay. The **Oscar Brown-Jean Pace** revue is the current attraction . . . **Wilson Pickett** played the Aragon-Cheetah Sept. 20-21. Sundays are now devoted to nostalgia in the form of ballroom dancing to "sweet" bands . . . **Lurlean's** presented singer **Cecelia Norfleet**, backed by drummer **Vernel Fournier's** house trio . . . **Tom Washington's** **Soul Jazz Quartet** was on the bill at the New Sutherland Show Lounge . . . After **Mongo Santamaria's** stay, the London House welcomed the **Earl Hines Quartet** Oct. 1. The pianist had **Budd Johnson**, tenor and soprano saxophones; **Bill Pemberton**, bass; and **Oliver Jackson**, drums . . . The Baroque featured the **Jazz Exponents** on Fridays and Saturdays, and the **Don Bennett Trio** on Wednesdays . . . **Judy Roberts** continues at Will Sheldon's after **Eddie Higgins' busman's** holiday there from the London House . . . Trumpeter **George Finola** played with **Art Hodes** in Springfield.

Detroit: The **Jazz Masters** (**Charles Moore**, trumpet; **Leon Henderson**, tenor; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Ron Brooks**, bass; **Danny Spencer**, drums) have been keeping busy between stints as houseband at the Drome. In August there was a concert at Cranbrook; Sept. 1 found them sharing the stand with several rock groups in a Kiwanis-sponsored concert at Lafayette Park; Sept. 15 they shared the bill with headliners **O. C. Smith**, **Jimmy Smith**, and **Eddie Harris** at Masonic Temple; and Sept. 22 was a concert-fashion show for **Farr and Farr**. They have even played a couple of weddings lately. But the biggest news is that, with a boost from WCHD disc jockey **Jack Springer**,

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they have signed with Blue Note Records . . . Meanwhile at the Drome it was homecoming week for trumpeter Gary Chandler, who just a couple of months ago worked there as a member of The Expressions. This time Chandler was a member of altoist Lou Donaldson's quartet. Other members were organist Charles Earland and Detroit drummer Drew Evans . . . Organist Smith's engagement at Baker's marked the return to his group of drummer Donald Bailey. Rounding out the group was guitarist Nathan Page . . . Aug. 28, Charlie Parker's birthday, was the scene of a musical tribute to Bird at Odom's Cave. Featured was bassist Ernie Farrow's quintet (John Hair, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor; Teddy Harris piano, and Bert Myrick, drums).

Other participants were trumpeter Herbie Williams, reed man Eddie Rowland, pianists Bob McDonald and Harold McKinney, bassist James Richardson, and drummer Ed Nelson . . . Pianist Kirk Lightsey, with Charles Dungey or Ron Brooks on bass, and Doug Hammon on drums, did a short stint at the Playboy Club . . . The Detroit scene continues to absorb a number of Cleveland musicians. One of the latest arrivals is reed man Otis Harris, a frequent guest with the Nu-Art Organ Quartet at the Twenty Grand . . . Another recent immigrant, trumpeter Doug Holliday, formerly of Chicago, has become virtually an ex-officio member of reed man Larry Nozero's group at the Ivanhoe . . . Singer Peggy Lee's engagement at the Roostertail was

a guitarist's convention. In the augmented band backing Miss Lee were Johnny Smith, Mundell Lowe, and former Detroit Wayne Wright. Currently holding down the piano chair in trumpeter John Trudell's Roostertail houseband is Charles Boles.

Philadelphia: Saxophonist-arranger Vince Trombetta of the Philly-based Mike Douglas Show is off on a four-week tour of Europe where he hopes to visit with his friend Phil Woods and other jazz folks on the continental scene. Vince once had an avant garde big band, and frequently rehearsed with Phil's groups in New Hope, Pa. . . . Tenor saxophonist Al Steele has been playing most of the summer at a swank resort, the Host Farm in Lancaster, Pa. . . . Vocalist Liz Coleman did a week at the Club Harlem in Atlantic City, N.J. in August . . . The Nate Jones big band, featured at a recent Afro Brothers concert at the Heritage House, included Will Letman and Warren Carter, trumpets; Fats Williams, trombone; Ray Wright, alto saxophone; Sylvester Middleton, tenor saxophone; Bill James, baritone saxophone; Wayne Dockery, bass; Warren McLen-don, drums. Vocalist September Wrice was featured on the program. The Eddie Green Trio, slated for a following concert, was replaced at the last minute by a group featuring drummer Lex Humphries, as it was feared that the Green group would not return in time from Atlanta where they were booked for a month. Bassist Joe Kerney, and drummer Sherman Ferguson made the Georgia trip with Green . . . Vocalists Betty Green, Evelyn Simms, and Ernie Banks were slated to appear at Sonny Drivers First Nighter supper club for a meeting of the Fred Miles' American Interracialist Jazz Society on Saturday, Sept. 14. Miss Sims and Banks also did an outdoor concert in Wilmington, Del. recently, with Gerald Price and his trio, featuring Leroy Terry, bass, and Billy Davis, drums . . . Song-writer-pianist Horace Gerlach (*Swing That Music and Daddy's Little Girl*) sent another tune to Louis Armstrong . . . Out in the Coatesville, Pa. area, Pecks Meadow Brook Inn held a Coatesville Harris night in honor of the great drummer who did so much to publicize the town. Harris was once featured with the Louis Armstrong big band and led his own group in Philly for a number of years. Harold Johnson, former light-heavyweight champion of the world, had his band on hand for the event and the mayor made a presentation . . . Cat Anderson, trumpet; Danny Turner, alto saxophone; Sam Dockery, piano; Skip Johnson, bass, and Bob Fant, drums, played an exciting weekend at Drews Rendezvous in West Philly with lots of Ellingtonia reverberating through the room . . . Trombonist Al Grey has formed a new group with Lenny and Clarence Houston on saxophone and drums. The group recently played Rochester, N.Y. . . . Recent groups at the Aqua Musical Lounge on 52nd Street have been Lee Morgan, Elvin Jones, and the Duke Pearson group with Frank Foster, Randy Brecker, Bob Cranshaw, and Dotty Dod-

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In 1956 Down Beat established an annual scholarship program in honor of its Jazz Hall of Fame, suitably located at the internationally famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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Junior Division (under 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated high school and who has not reached his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

Senior Division (over 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION: Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1968. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1969 issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED: All decisions and final judging are the exclusive responsibility of Down Beat and will be made on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS: All Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are applicable against tuition fees for one school year (two semesters) at the Berklee School of Music. Upon completion of the school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

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gion. Sonny Stitt and vocalist Irene Reid were slated for September.

New Orleans: Pianist Chuck Berlin moved from the Fairmont Room of the Roosevelt Hotel, where he was playing a single, to the same hotel's Rendezvous Room with a trio. Bassist Jay Cave and drummer Lee Johnson left pianist Buddy Prima at the Downs Lounge to join Berlin. Prima switched to electric piano and hired guitarist George Davis and drummer James Black. Black is also leading an afterhours combo at Club 77 on week-ends. A mid-September special concert at Club 77 featured drummer Smokey Johnson with a big band led by trumpeter John Fernandez. Also on the session were organist Alan Toussaint, vocalist Jerri Hall, and pianist-blues singer Cousin Joe . . . Trombonist Jerry Hirt, brother of Al Hirt, opened his own club in the French Quarter last month and is leading a combo there . . . La Strada, another new lounge, brought in the Guy Faciani Trio with drummer Don Hesterberg. Hesterberg is remembered for his work with the Fred Crane Trio three years ago . . . Dizzy Gillespie played an early August concert on the Steamer *President* under the sponsorship of disc jockey Larry McKinley . . . The Stereo Lounge in Jefferson Parish is featuring pianist Roger Dickerson's quartet, with tenor man Ralph Johnson, bassist Chuck Badie, and drummer Tom Moore. Vocalist Jerri Hall is a co-feature at the lounge . . . A Municipal Auditorium

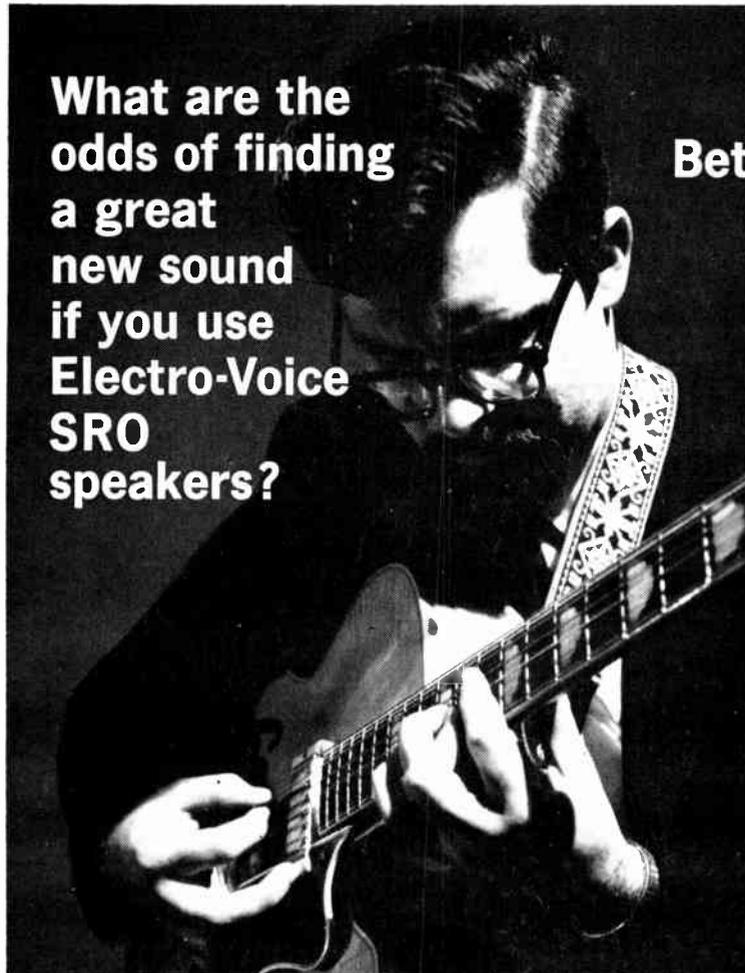
concert in September brought tenor saxophonist Boots Randolph, pianist Floyd Cramer, and guitarist Chet Atkins together before a large audience . . . Sitting in with drummer June Gardner's combo at the VIP in recent weeks were Charlie Persip and James Moody . . . Pianist Ronnie Dupont's quartet and vocalist Betty Farmer did a TV spot for the local United Fund campaign . . . The widow of Henry (Red) Allen presented her husband's trumpet to the New Orleans Jazz Museum. The gift was accepted by curator Danny Barker.

Kansas City: An enthusiastic audience of 7,000 enjoyed George Wein's *Schlitz Salute to Jazz* concert at Municipal Auditorium Aug. 9. Dizzy Gillespie, Ramsey Lewis, Herbie Mann, Gary Burton, Thelonious Monk, Eddie Harris, and Dionne Warwick were featured . . . Kansas City continued its annual policy of jazz at the shopping center during July and August. Woody Herman brought in his swingin' Herd for a two-hour outdoor fling at the Mission Shopping Center July 16 . . . WDAF radio and TV stations formed a 61-ton iceberg at the Landing Aug. 12 to kick off a week of entertainment and festivities. Steve Miller's band performed there Aug. 14 to 16 . . . Exciting songstress Betty Bryan closed out a six-week stay at the Seville Cantina (Plaza Inn) in late July. She is scheduled for a return appearance in early November . . . Organist Gene Moore leads a

trio at the U-Smile Motor Hotel featuring Bon Bussey, reeds, and Dick Hurst, drums . . . The Gold Room in the Pickwick Hotel has been completely redecorated and is under new management. Featured at the popular downtown spot is vocalist Stevie Kay, backed by the Pat Bell Trio (Bell, piano; Tom Flaherty, bass; Ron Shield, drums) . . . One of the best-sounding groups in town is led by lovely pianist Carolyn Harris. Also appearing in her trio at the Penthouse (Hilton Inn) is Bob Branstetter, bass, and Casey Combs, drums . . . Aretha Franklin proved she is still an all-time favorite of Kansas Citians, judging from the large crowd she attracted at the Municipal Auditorium July 12 . . . The trio of guitarist Calvin Keyes has replaced the threesome of organist Charles Kynard at OG's Lounge . . . Kansas City's own Fabulous Four, who play six nights a week at the Attic Lounge, are now called The Next Exit and have a smooth, new release on Warner Bros. entitled *I'm the Only One*. The tune is quickly gaining popularity here . . . In the Ozarks vacation region of Missouri, top-notch jazz was quite plentiful in August. The luxurious Tan-Tar-A resort, located at Osage Beach, featured vocalist Tony Martin plus the big band of Woody Herman on Aug. 24. One week later, they brought in Louis Armstrong for a one-night gig. The fabulous trumpeter-vocalist had just finished a 15-performance run at HemisFair '68. Not to be outdone, the plush Lodge of the Four Seasons, at Lake Ozark, had Jonah Jones and his group

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in for a three-week engagement which opened Aug. 12.

Denver: Again without a club boasting a big-name policy, Coloradans have nevertheless been able to hear some live jazz this summer. Harry James and his band played at Elitch's in late August, followed by Woody Herman . . . Count Basie and company did a one-nighter in mid-August at the Lakeside Ballroom . . . Elitch's Trocadero was host to a six-night "Ten Greats of Jazz," with featured trumpeters Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield, trombonists Cutty Cutshall, in

one of his last engagements, and Lou McGarity, clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, tenorist Bud Freeman, pianist Ralph Sutton, and a rhythm section of Bob Haggart, bass; Morey Feld, drums; and Clancy Hayes, banjo. Others who appeared during the sessions were Dick Hyman, Jack Lesberg, Mousey Alexander, Red Norvo, Joe Venuti, Teddy Wilson, Buck Clayton, Urbie Green, Johnny Smith, and Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Sarah Vaughan was featured one evening at the mid-July concerts . . . Buddy DeFranco appeared in concert with the Neil Bridge Trio of Denver at the University of Denver Aug. 8 . . . The

Les James Trio opened the Tiger's Lair, a new room at the Rodeway Motel . . . Pianist Jack Larson fronts a trio with bassist Andy Arellano Jr. and drummer Bill Carter at the Red Vest Inn . . . Jodi Randall sings at the Piccadilly with the Bud Poindexter Trio (Dick Howard, bass; Bill Kelliher, drums) . . . Stew Jackson's big band wails on Monday evenings at Le Big Band . . . Singer Toby Knight appeared Fridays-Saturdays at Shaner's with the Neil Bridge Trio while guitarist Johnny Smith was on vacation . . . Peanuts Hucko performs nightly at his own club, the Navarre, with singer Louise Tobin, who is Mrs. Hucko.



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Dallas: The recent one-night appearance of the Longhorn Jazz Festival was marred by the choice (or forced acceptance) of an unsuitable hall, the State Fair Livestock Coliseum. The un-airconditioned building and 93 degree heat kept many fans away, and those who came found that an inadequate sound system obscured the music of Gary Burton and Thelonious Monk. Producer George Wein apologized for the difficulties, but the apology should have come from the building management. Perhaps next time the better halls will not be booked, or an outdoor stadium will be used . . . The American Woodmen Hall is once again being packed by fine local groups. David (Fathead) Newman is an occasional visitor . . . After competition with other groups, the Jac Murphy Trio recently won a grant from Anheuser Busch to continue studies. The trio was also picked by George Wein to work in one of the Schlitz-sponsored jazz events. The collision of interests was almost self defeating before both companies decided the name of the game was jazz, not advertising . . . Don Jacoby has been getting national airplay on a single he's released of the "Love Theme from *Elvira Madigan*" . . . Muddy Waters and his band recently put in a tremendous appearance here at the Family Circle that had the house constantly packed . . . Jim Morrison and the Doors, Jefferson Airplane, the Jimi Hendrix Experience, Vanilla Fudge, Canned Heat, The Iron Butterfly, and others have scheduled appearances in Dallas within just a few weeks of each other.

Toronto: Wild Bill Davison's band, better known as The Jazz Giants, returned to the Colonial Tavern for a month long engagement, following Eddie Condon's three-week date. Ed Hubble joined the Condon band a few days after Cutty Cutshall's death in Toronto . . . Appearing in town the same time as the Condon crew were the Bobby Hackett Quintet, starring Vic Dickenson, with pianist Lou Forestieri, bassist Roland Haynes, and drummer Joe Brancato. The Hackett band played at The Town, which had featured the Junior Mance Trio the previous two weeks, an engagement that marked the return of jazz after a six month period when rhythm and blues prevailed. Other jazz names expected to appear at The Town are Illinois Jacquet, Roland Kirk, Chris Connor, Joe Williams and Jackie and Roy.

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