

DECEMBER 2, 1965 35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JAZZ ON TAPE

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Year's Pre-Recorded Jazz Tapes

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The Return Of Tony Scott

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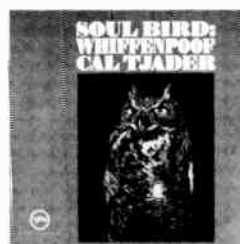
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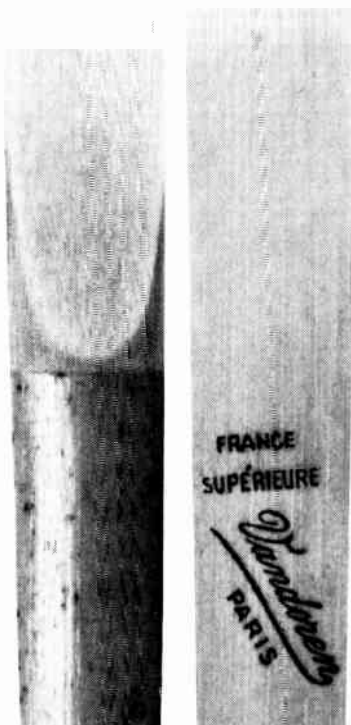
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Vol. 32, No. 25

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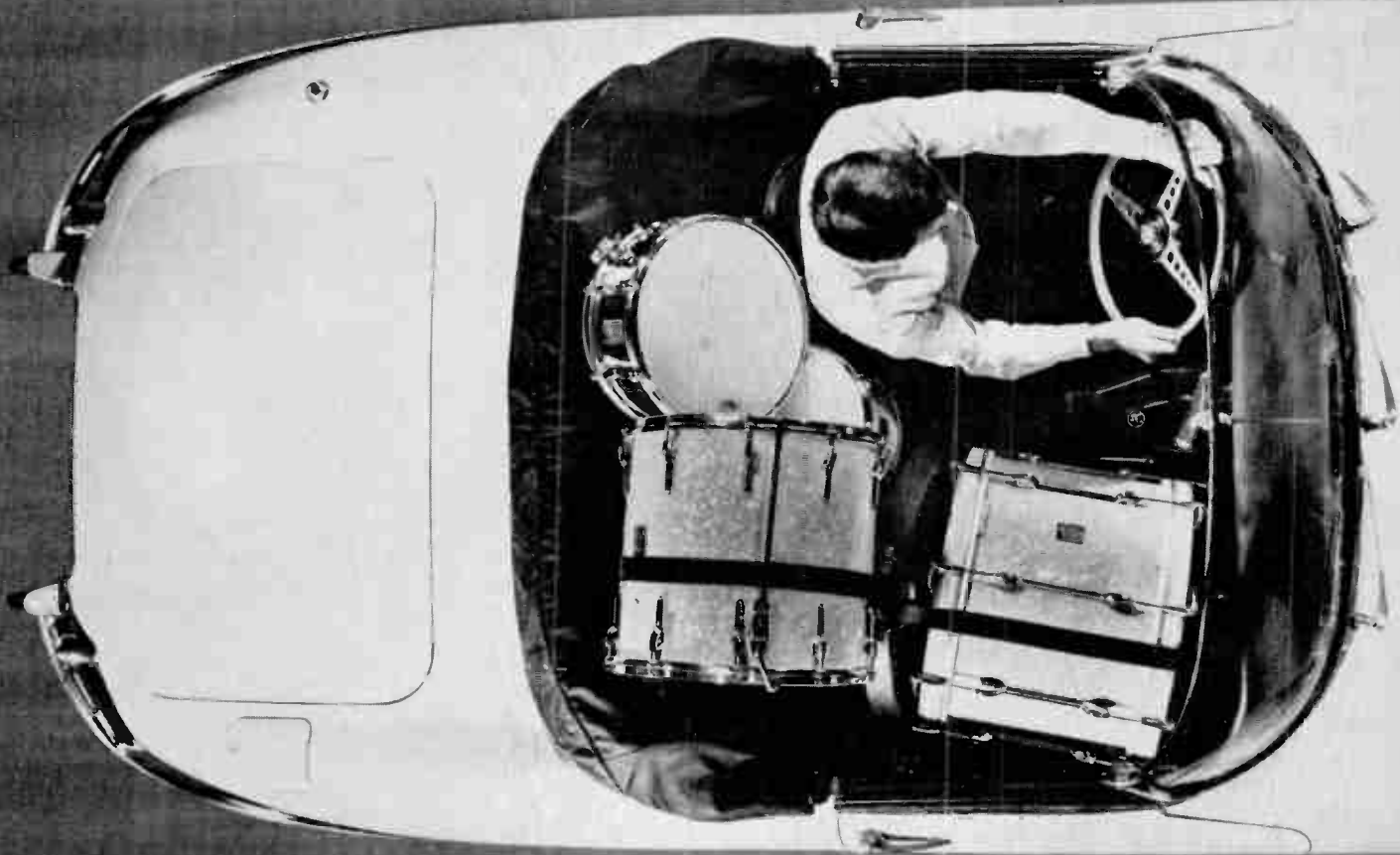
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Impressive Hancock

Herbie Hancock sounds like a truly open-minded individual. His views on the racial issue in the article *Watermelon Man* (DB, Oct. 21) should serve as a model for some of the younger jazzmen, particularly those who seem to be living in a fairy-tale world of good and evil, black and white, Armageddon, etc.

Musically his talents seem to be endless. If he makes a rhythm-and-blues album, it will probably be a milestone in American music.

George J. Horn
Live Oak, Calif.

An Article For Camp Followers

The two-part Martin Williams article, *One Cheer for Rock and Roll* (DB, Oct. 7, 21) is camp at its zenith.

Charles Fero
Richfield Springs, N.Y.

Agreement

To Art Hodes on beat-up pianos in his article, *See What the Piano Player Will Have* (DB, Oct. 21):

AMEN!

Ronny Phillips
Dearborn, Mich.

Tear Down The Stars!

Your record-review section has reached a new low.

First John S. Wilson uses a review of Bill Evans' latest record to attack Evans' whole career. Then Kenny Dorham gives Charles McPherson's *Bebop Revisited* 2½ stars—when, if you read the review without looking at the rating, you would expect another star.

Abolish the star system! Basically it is bad, for too many of the reviewers are inconsistent in their integration of opinion and actual rating. Harvey Pekar, for instance, seems afraid to rate anything less than four stars unless it is a commercial tenor-organ record.

Whoever gives out the assignments should be more careful. We know what Wilson thinks of Rod Levitt from his review of Levitt's *Riverside* album. Why let him review his new album? (A record with such weak soloists does not deserve five stars, no matter how good the writing is.)

Why not hold a readers' referendum on the out-of-date star system?

Max Harris
New York City

Two Reactions To A Blindfold

I was completely taken by surprise and at the same time was flabbergasted at the fact that Denny Zeitlin mistook Miles Davis for Nat Adderley, or a trumpet player with "a Nat Adderleyish kind of sound" (*Blindfold Test*, Oct. 21). Everybody knows Miles, even in a *Blindfold Test*.

Zeitlin, I assume, never expected Miles to indulge in the "avant-garde," so he

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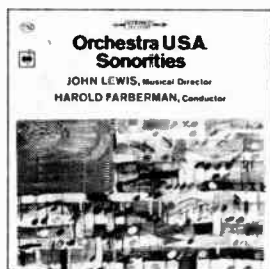
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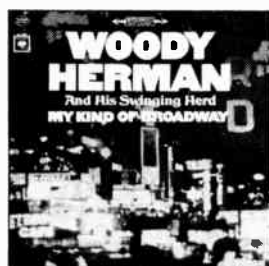
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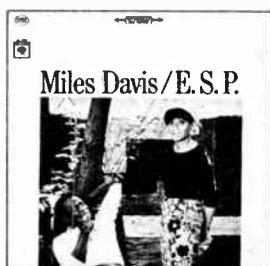
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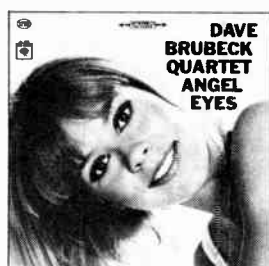
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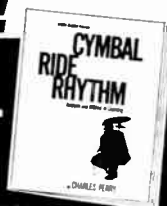
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blames it on poor Nat, who is miles away from the "new thing."

Earl Early
Cincinnati, Ohio

Being a newcomer to the jazz-appreciation scene, I do not profess to have as deep an insight into the subject as most of your contributors seem to have, but I do know what I like.

The first time I had ever heard of Denny Zeitlin was in the annual Keyboard Issue (Oct. 21), and this fellow's honest and pure responses to the *Blindfold Test* caused me to cringe with delight. I am familiar with all of the selections save one, and for once the complicated jargon of the musically inclined was replaced with realistic reaction. Zeitlin reflects my own deepest musical values.

Jerry Wayne Morgan
Elmendorf A.F.B., Alaska

Zeitlin's Clarification

Being confronted with the Oct. 21 *Down Beat* quoting remarks I made to Richard Hadlock and, shortly thereafter, to Leonard Feather, made me realize that some clarification is needed.

My use of the term "stooge" to describe the role of bass and drums in Ornette Coleman's previous quartet was inappropriate. So strong a word probably stemmed from my feeling that the genius of Coleman's music, which is one of the most significant contributions to jazz, would have been strengthened if men of Higgins', Blackwell's, and Haden's gifts had more frequently departed from a constant rhythmic pulse.

However, Haden points out that Ornette imposed no restrictions on his players, and that whatever emerged from the rhythm section did so with complete freedom.

Denny Zeitlin
San Francisco, Calif.

Setting A Record Straight

In the liner notes for Bill Evans' Verve album *Trio '65*, I quoted Jimmy Giuffre as saying that Evans "is a greater musician than Charlie Parker." Giuffre says he did not make that statement and that what he meant was misinterpreted by me. His true feelings about Evans, he says, are these:

"There is a pool on a high plane where categories disappear. Bill Evans can function on this level. He can play conventional jazz on the highest level, can compose improvisations in the abstract (or non-chordal) style, and I've heard him play classical pieces with top-flight virtuosity, all without losing his identity.

"Being a better or lesser musician is not an issue to me. I've never thought in comparisons. Each contributor has a different offering. My idea here was to show the flexibility of Bill Evans. Most jazz players play in such a stylized way that they don't fit into realms of music other than jazz."

In view of Giuffre's remarks, I agree that a misinterpretation may have occurred. Such things unfortunately do happen, and I am particularly sorry about this because I admire Giuffre professionally and like him personally.

Don Nelsen
New York City

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news and views

DOWN BEAT: December 2, 1965

AGVA And NYC To Honor Louis Armstrong

On the occasion of his 50th year in show business, Louis Armstrong will be honored by the American Guild of Variety Artists with a salute at New York City's Carnegie Hall Dec. 2. The event will be a benefit for the AGVA youth fund, which fights juvenile delinquency in urban centers throughout the country.

"It is fitting that we should honor Louis Armstrong, a man whose name is synonymous with youth, and with what show business should look like," said AGVA president Joey Adams, pointing out that Armstrong had been the youth fund's first guest star in New York City classrooms many years ago.

Among the several artists scheduled to appear, if commitments don't interfere, are Duke Ellington and Count Basie and their orchestras; singers Ella Fitzgerald, Diahann Carroll, Robert Goulet, and Fran Warren, and actor-singer Dean Martin. Sammy Davis Jr., chairman of the event's entertainment committee, will be the emcee.

The famed trumpeter, who will be present at the salute, also will be honored in a ceremony at City Hall Nov. 29, when Mayor Robert F. Wagner will proclaim Louis Armstrong Day in New York City.

Altoist Earl Bostic Dies Of Heart Attack

Alto saxophonist Earl Bostic died Oct. 28 in Rochester, N.Y., following a heart attack two days earlier. He was stricken the night after he opened at the Midtown Tower Hotel. Bostic had recently begun playing engagements again after a period of semi-retirement because of ill health.

BOSTIC

Bostic was born April 25, 1913, in Tulsa, Okla., and was best known as leader of a jazz-flavored rhythm-and-blues group. He had several hit records in the late '40s and early '50s. Before he formed his successful group, Bostic played with the bands of Charlie

Creath-Fate Marable, Edgar Hayes, Don Redman, Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Cab Calloway, and Lionel Hampton.

At various times, his combo included young musicians who later became well known jazzmen, among them saxophonist John Coltrane, who worked with Bostic in 1952 and '53.

"I consider [Bostic] a very gifted musician," Coltrane once said. "He showed me a lot of things on my horns. He has fabulous technical facility and knows many a trick."

Bostic also was an arranger-composer and had written arrangements for bands led by Paul Whiteman, Louis Prima, and Ina Ray Hutton. His best-known composition was *Let Me Off Uptown*, which became a hit in the '40s.

A New Umbrella For Duke And Ella

For three days at United Recording Studios in Hollywood recently, there was in the air a scent of joy that no perfume salesman can dispense. Ella Fitzgerald was recording a new Verve album with Duke Ellington's orchestra.

The meeting of giants was an event not without precedent. In 1957 Norman Granz went for broke with a four-disc album that brought Miss Fitzgerald's voice and Ellington's songs under one musical umbrella. Four of the eight sides joined her with the full band; the other four set her against tenor saxophonist Ben Webster and a rhythm section.

This time it was the singer and the band all the way, for a single LP featuring several tunes on which they had not collaborated previously. Granz again was in the recording studio.

"You learn something every time you listen to them," said pianist-arranger Jimmy Jones as he sat listening to a playback. Sent out from New York by Ellington a week ahead, Jones had transmitted Miss Fitzgerald's vocal keys to Ellington on the road and wrote some of the arrangements.

"Are you sure that was all right, Duke?" she would ask after skimming through a vocal masterpiece. After Ellington's graceful reassurance, she would turn to Granz, who might observe, "Maybe that wasn't a perfect take technically, but the feeling is what we're aiming at; the over-all mood is what counts."

After a few minutes of never-heated discussion, it would be, "All right, just



DUKE AND ELLA: Reunited giants

one more take, for Ella." Then she would turn in a performance even finer than the one before, and altoist Johnny Hodges' creamy tone would be just a shade creamier, and Cat Anderson's last trumpet note a hair wilder.

Granz, rarely an excitable man at a record date, was in an exceptionally amiable mood. In the control booth was his bride, Hanne, a former airline stewardess, whom he married last Aug. 22. Millionaire Granz nowadays divides his time between importing concert tours to Europe, playing tennis, indulging a passion for photography ("I want to become a professional photographer"), and occasionally leaving Paris or Geneva for a return to his native land for a Fitzgerald record date.

Miss Fitzgerald, who has a reputation for nervousness at recording dates, did not seem to mind the presence of the typical accumulation of hard-core Ellington fans that can be found reunited at every Ellington event. Bandleader-composer Gerald Wilson was on hand, his happiness redoubled when the singer and the band went into the first rundown of *Imagine My Frustration*, a Wilson-Ellington-Strayhorn collaboration.

The camaraderie of the three evenings was best reflected in a unique moment between takes of *The Brownskin Gal in the Calico Gown*, when Ellington and Miss Fitzgerald, struck by the dainty quality of the tune, went into a combination soft-shoe and minuet routine.

"Now here's one picture you missed!" she said, as Granz, too late, started to pick up one of several of his elaborately accoutered cameras.

As the final overtone of the final take on *Cotton Tail* faded and the clock pointed to union maximum, Granz said, "What'll we do, Duke? Shall we go into overtime? Is there nothing we need an extra take on?"

Ellington grinned and made a forget-the-clocks gesture. "I know what let's do,"



he said. "Let's make another album."

There wasn't time to follow his suggestion; but judging from the high spirits and good humor of the record date—and the party in Miss Fitzgerald's home that followed—the next reunion can't be too soon.

College Fests Blossom

The collegiate jazz festival, it seems, is here to stay.

In the coming year, for example, at least five major jazz competitions will be held with student musicians from all over the nation competing for a wide array of prizes, including instruments, scholarships, and playing engagements. Some of the festivals will be broadcast and telecast—at least the final heats.

For would-be contestants, *Down Beat* here offers a roundup of the coming year's five major festivals.

COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL: March 25-26, 1966, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind. Regulations—members (including leaders) of all groups must be enrolled at the same school for at least six credit hours and submit affidavits to this effect; no musician may be a member of more than one big band or one combo (membership in both a big band and a combo is permitted). Nine big bands and nine combos will be selected for competition on the basis of submitted tape recordings (3¼ or 7½ ips, 10 minutes long, with at least two selections). Application fee is \$18 a group; deadline is Jan. 30, 1966. Three combos and three big bands (subject to change at judges' discretion) will be selected for finals.

Judges are Billy Taylor, Robert Share, Charles Suber, plus two more as yet unannounced. Awards will be made for best big band, best instrumentalists and vocalist, most promising instrumentalists, most promising arranger and leader, and the outstanding original composition. Prizes include instruments, stage-band camp scholarships, and engagements. Mailing address—Collegiate Jazz Festival, Box 115, Notre Dame, Ind.

INTERCOLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL: Feb. 25-26, 1966, Villanova University, Villanova, Pa. Regulations—group members must be enrolled at same college or university, taking a minimum of six credit hours apiece; complete roster of members must accompany application. Participants will be selected on basis of 15-minute tape recording submitted with application; no application fee required; deadline is Dec. 20.

Awards will be made for finest jazz group, best big band (10 or more pieces), best combo (nine or fewer members), most promising arranger/composer, most promising leader, and outstanding instrumentalists. Neither prizes nor judges have been announced. Mailing address—IJF, Box 1966, Villanova, Pa., 19085.

PENN STATE INTERCOLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL: April 20, 1966, Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pa. Regulations—festival participation open to gradu-

'In Crowd': Nothing Succeeds Like Success

On a recent Saturday night, a crowd of almost 1,500 milled around on a narrow street in Hermosa Beach, Calif. Police were called to control them, but there was no panic; after waiting patiently, some for as long as 3½ hours, they gave up and went home. The reason: none of the jazz fans who sat jammed into the Lighthouse, listening to the Ramsey Lewis Trio, wanted to give up his seat.

"We played *The In Crowd* every set, thinking they'd say, 'Well, this is where we came in,' and leave," Lewis said, "but they didn't. It's been the most fantastic engagement. In fact, everything that's happened in the past two months hardly seems real—sometimes I wonder when I'm going to wake up."

What has happened, of course, is that after nine years of moderate success, much of it in his native Chicago, Lewis has become the hottest commercial property in jazz. The single of *The In Crowd* has sold extremely well, as has the album of which it is the title song. Though Argo-Cadet, for which Lewis records will not give out sales figures, a spokesman said both the single and LP were selling "big—very big."

As is so often the case with events that bring great rewards, this was all to some extent a lucky accident, as Lewis explained:

"A year or so ago, on the first Bohemian Caverns album, we did *Something You Got*, and this was the track that most of the pop stations jumped on. We had so much air play out of that, we figured we'd put another tune of the same type in our new album, which was going to be our second live-at-the-Caverns set."

Three days before the session, the pianist continued, he still hadn't made up his mind on which tune to use. Then he was sitting in a club in Washington that had a jukebox, and somebody played a record by Dobie Gray doing *The In Crowd*, a song by young Los Angeles writer Billy Page.

"I figured we'd give this one a try," Lewis said. "A night or two before the taping started, we began to play it in the club, and the response immediately was tremendous."

"It's an interesting thing. The Bohemian Caverns is the kind of room where people like Monk and Coltrane play—representatives of what you'd call the real hard jazz in the purest sense. Yet when we'd play a thing like this, these audiences would react in what some people would call a square manner—clapping hands and singing along and the whole bit."

Lewis' analysis of *The In Crowd*, and its acceptance, acknowledges the tune's earthiness and blues-rooted simplicity ("the most intricate chord in the entire thing, I think, is a seventh").



DON BRONSTEIN

LEWIS

The whole rhythm-and-blues atmosphere of the track has a uniquely engaging quality. It is a jazz performance by a jazz group, and its presence on the charts these last four months, towering over Bob Dylan, Barbra Streisand, the Beach Boys, and the Dave Clark Five, has come as a shock to everyone, including Lewis himself ("we never got higher than about No. 89 before").

An immediate consequence of the trio's new-found popularity is the need to switch most of its activities away from the small rooms, where disappointed late-comers have to be turned away nightly, and toward the concert halls. Major television shows were also being lined up at presstime—after months of resistance among producers still scared of jazz.

Lewis sees a healthy portent in the success of a performance that bridges the gap between jazz and rock and roll.

"Remember when we used to have what they called race stations?" he asked. "They would play blues, and they'd play Gene Ammons and Lester Young and all the great jazz people who were close to the blues. That was beautiful. But then all of a sudden it was torn apart, and the blues were prostituted into rock and roll. It would do my heart good to see the two get closer together again."

"It's important to distinguish between rhythm and blues and rock and roll. I would say that the Negro artists are about 85 percent more in the rhythm-and-blues category, while among the white artists the proportions are reversed. Rock and roll to me means music that's badly recorded, has a very big beat and very crude harmony. Rhythm and blues to me means things like Ray Charles, Jimmy Witherspoon—yes, and *The In Crowd*."

"People who buy the album for this tune will listen to something more intricate, one of the ballad tracks like *Come Sunday*, and perhaps get to dig something a little more involved. But just because you have a degree in music, and have the ability to play an augmented 13th or something, does that mean that everything you play has to be as complex as possible? What's wrong with being simple on some things, sad on some, and cute on others?"

Evidently nothing.—Leonard Feather

ate and undergraduate students attending school full time. Participants will be selected on basis of 15-minute tape recording submitted with application, no fee required. Deadline is Jan. 6, 1966. Categories of competition are big band (eight or more members) and combos. Judges and prizes have not yet been announced. The festival will be televised on educational station WPSX. Mailing address—Penn State Jazz Club, Hetzel Union Building, University Park, Pa.

KANSAS UNIVERSITY JAZZ FESTIVAL-WORKSHOP: Feb. 26, 1966, University of

Kansas, Lawrence, Kan. Regulations—all members of a group must be enrolled for at least six hours in an accredited college or university; to represent a school only one member of the group need attend that school; because a workshop format will be followed, participation is open only to modern-jazz combos (six members or fewer). Five participants will be selected on the basis of tape recordings (10-12 minutes, two selections) submitted with application form by Dec. 27.

After morning performances, participating groups will engage in afternoon work-

shops with clinician-judges; two finalist groups will perform at an evening concert. Clinician-judges are Clare Fischer, Phil Woods, and Donald Byrd (a fourth is being considered). Prizes have not yet been set. Mailing address—Kansas University Jazz Festival-Workshop, Kansas Memorial Union, Lawrence, Kan.

MOBILE JAZZ FESTIVAL: April 2-3, 1966, Municipal Auditorium, Mobile, Ala. Regulations—all participants must be enrolled at a college or university. Six participants will be selected in each of four categories—big band, combo (eight members or fewer), vocalists (including vocal groups), and instrumentalists—on the basis of tape recordings (7½ ips, 10 minutes, two selections) submitted with application by Dec. 15.

Winners will be selected on the basis of both preliminary and semifinal competitions. Judges and prizes have not yet been announced. Finals will be broadcast over the ABC radio network. Mailing address—Mobile Jazz Festival, P.O. Box 1098, Mobile, Ala., 36601.

Krupa On Drumming Today And Yesterday

Many teenagers scoff at "the old man," saying he couldn't carry Ringo Starr's drumsticks. Their parents, however, still call him America's greatest drummer.

Hipsters laugh if you mention his name in the same breath with those of Elvin Jones, Max Roach, or Art Blakey.

Despite the divergence of opinion, Gene Bertram Krupa, at 56, and after 43 years in the band business, is probably as well known today as he was in the late '30s and early '40s, considered by many, including Krupa, as his prime years.

"Technically speaking, today's kids put my generation to shame," said Krupa, during a break after a 45-minute set at Chicago's London House.

"By the time they take their first professional job, most of the kids have mastered the techniques of drumming. When it comes to what they are playing and to what they are trying to say—that is something else again."

"The big problem the kids face today is playing," said Krupa, running his hand through his hair, once black, now a silver gray. "By that I mean there aren't enough places for the kids to play, to develop. They listen to records; they jam in a few spots, then they think they're ready to back Miles or Pops."

"When I was a kid in Chicago in the '20s, I used to jam seven nights a week, entered every amateur contest in the city, and played with some of the biggest Mickey Mouse bands ever."

"But all in all, you can't compare what is being played today with jazz in the swing era. You had fine musicians then; you have fine musicians today. My feeling has been—and always will be—that it is not how you play, or the style in which you play, but the way you play."

"After all, the simple things in life are sometimes the most appreciated. If a person plays jazz well, it's good jazz, regardless of whether he belongs to the swing era or is playing today's modern music."

Krupa, whose once boyish face has grown a little rounder, a little softer, had some definite feelings about his own playing.

"I'm playing with more assurance

today than I ever had," he said. "I think you can compare me to an old-time pitcher who has lost his fast ball; he pitches more with his head than with his arm. I play differently today than I did 20 years ago."

To point up the difference, he noted how, when younger, he would break 24 pairs of drumsticks a week—and break 12 drum heads a year.

"Now I've mellowed," he said. "Hell, I've grown older."

And so he goes through only 10 pairs of sticks a week—and can't remember when he broke his last head.

Mellowed he may be, and older he is, but of retirement he is having none.

"Why should I want to quit?" he asked. "Frankly, what else could I do? I like to play; I like to meet people; I just plain like the music business."

His quartet, Eddie De Haas, bass; Carmen Leggio, tenor saxophone; and Dick Wellstood, piano, has plenty of bookings. They do about 20 to 25 weeks in the New York area, about four weeks a year at the London House, and then play Baker's in Detroit, and Al Hirt's in New Orleans.

"Actually, we've got more jobs than we can handle," he said.

When talking about drumming with Krupa it's impossible to go very far without his bringing up the name of Buddy Rich.

"As far as I'm concerned there's only one drummer: Buddy Rich," he said. "Oh sure, Max Roach, Shelly Manne, Art Blakey are great. They are wonderful technicians. But I feel they still haven't developed as far musically as they will. With Buddy it's a different thing. He's on a plateau all by himself."

Despite the fame and fortune, there is one goal that has escaped Krupa.

"I never have played with a symphony orchestra," he said. "Since I was a kid I always wanted to play with a symphony. I once had a chance to do something with the Boston Pops, and there was even talk I might work something out with the New York Philharmonic. But I've either been too busy to make good on an offer, or I haven't had an offer when I had the time. Before I call it quits, I would like to make it just once." —Bernie Brown

Potpourri

Saxophonist **John Coltrane** caused a sensation when he played Los Angeles' It Club last month. Added to his regular rhythm section of pianist **McCoy Tyner**, bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, and drummer **Elvin Jones** were bassist **Donald Garrett** and drummer **Frank Butler**. Tenor saxophonist **Harold Sanders** also was on some sets of the 10-day gig. According to



COLTRANE: High-decibel rating in L.A.

some observers, the sound level when Jones and Butler got warmed up, was, to say the least, intense. When asked if the expansion of his group was permanent, Coltrane, who has used two bassists and extra horn men on several occasions, said that it wasn't. "This is purely experimental," he told *Down Beat*. "I just wanted to see how it would work out. I may try it again later. . . ."

Jazz got into the heated New York City mayoral campaign when **Lionel Hampton** made a couple appearances in support of candidate **John V. Lindsay**. The veteran vibraharpist brought his band to rallies at Herald Square and Harlem's Hotel Theresa in the final stages of the contest. At one point, singers **Ethel Merman** and **Eddie**

Fisher joined Hampton for a rendition of his campaign version of *Oh, Johnny, Oh!* A day before the Nov. 2 election, Hampton—sans singing partners—opened at the Mark Twain River boat, located in the Empire State Building.

A benefit show for the New Orleans victims of Hurricane Betsy was held last month in the Crescent City. Numerous musicians, actors, and show-business figures were flown in from Hollywood and New York. Among them were former Orleanians tenor saxophonist **Eddie Miller** and guitarist **Nappy Lamare**, who played in an all-star group that included localites trumpeter **Sharkey Bonano**, trombonist **Santo Pecora**, and clarinetist **Harry Shields**. **Mel Torme**, who starred at the Roosevelt Hotel's Blue Room at the time, also sang on the program; he was backed by **Leon Kelner's** big band.

Jazz Unlimited, Canada's oldest jazz radio program, went off the air Oct. 17. **Phil MacKellar**, who took over the show after **Dick MacDougal's** death in 1957, gave a brief account of the program's history. Presented weekly by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. for the last 24 years, the program was originally conducted by **Byng Whitteker** and **Elwood Glover**, now nationally known CBC figures, and later by **Gordon Keeble**, **Bernard Cowan**, and **John Rae**. With the show from the beginning was scriptwriter **Clyde H. Clarke**, whose excellent section of the show, *The Jazz Band Ball*, won many recruits for traditional jazz.

Pianist **George Shearing** is the narrator of a 60-minute educational film called *Guide Dogs*. The film will be used to raise funds for the Guide Dogs for the Blind organization. Shearing, blind since birth, has used a guide dog for the last three years.

The *Du Pont Show of the Month* plans to film several jazz veterans playing on the stand of New Orleans' Preservation Hall as well as a traditional Crescent City funeral procession, complete with band, for an upcoming program tentatively titled *The Changing South*.

FINAL BAR: Pianist **Bus Moten**, 61, died at his home in Kansas City, Mo., in mid-October. He was the brother of the late bandleader **Bennie Moten**, whose band in the early '30s included such jazzmen as pianist **Count Basie**, tenor saxophonist **Ben Webster**, trumpeter **Oran (Hot Lips) Page**, trombonist **Eddie Durham**, alto saxophonist-clarinetist **Eddie Barefield**, and bassist **Walter Page**. **Bus Moten** played accordion in his brother's band during its heyday. In recent years, he worked as a solo pianist in various Midwest cities. . . . Trumpeter **Al Cuzzo**, 50, a member of the **Harry James** and **Benny Goodman** orchestras in the 1940s, died of a lung ailment in New York City Sept. 30. He was with **Mike Durson's** band at the Copacabana until 1955, after which he held a civil-service job with the City of New York.



SECOND CHORUS: By NAT HENTOFF

Learning To Listen To Avant-Garde --A Basic Problem

As is clear from the letters column of this magazine, the angry puzzlement being stirred by the new jazz is increasing rather than abating.

I can understand the militantly negative reactions, having gone through a similar embattled period of resistance in the early 1940s. At first I couldn't "hear" **Charlie Parker** and **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Thelonious Monk**. Gradually, I began to realize that I was so immersed in doctrinal ways of hearing that I wasn't really listening.

It took time, and I was helped by conversations with **Parker**, **Gillespie**, and young modernists in Boston. I can't be precise about when the breakthrough came, but, suddenly, I was able to hear what was happening as music and not as debating points in a religious war. Some of the music I still didn't like, but by that time, I was able to listen to bop in terms of individuals, not causes.

How can today's resisters find a bridge—provided they're willing to try? A beginning step would be not to assume automatically that all the current explorers are con men. Grant them at least a seriousness of purpose until you have listened to them enough—as individuals—to have some measure by your own criteria as to whether they're putting you on or not.

Also, whether you like it or not, many of the new players are committed to music not only as a way of expression but also as one of the ways in which to change the world. Or more basically, to change their listeners. Not to convert them to particular kinds of politics but to stimulate them to an awareness of how hard it is to retain individuality, let alone integrity, in an increasingly organized society in which fewer and fewer people have a part in the key decisions that affect their lives.

In a penetrating analysis of the new jazz in the June 7, 1965, *National Observer*, **Robert Ostermann** quotes **Albert and Don Ayler** as saying that their music is intended to put a "person right where he is." Their music, they add, says: "Don't move. Consider who you are and what you are, where you are and where you're going."

In this respect, many of the new musicians consider irrelevant the com-

plaints by some readers of this magazine that there is no place in jazz for such "extraneous" concerns as race and the search for an acutely human basis for life in a world held in a balance-of-terror.

They feel themselves to be more than musicians, certainly more than entertainers—as have many artists in many fields before them. And you simply cannot circumscribe for them what ought or ought not be in their music.

Some of these musicians reject the word "jazz" entirely. In that *National Observer* article, **Byron Allen** says, "My mother didn't bring a jazzman into the world; she brought a human being. That's what I'm playing—human music."

Some, like **Allen**, prefer to keep the ugliness they see and experience out of their music. Others consider no emotion, no experience alien to what they say musically. And there have indeed been many complaints that the music is ugly, is harsh, is unsettling because of its formlessness. (But what is form, especially when in all new extensions of art, form follows function?)

Toward the end of his life, **Beethoven** was accused by many contemporaries of creating ugly music and of destroying the formal symmetries with which they had become comfortable. I remember as a teenager being able to buy a ticket easily to hear **Stravinsky** conduct at an afternoon concert at **Symphony Hall** in Boston although tickets usually were exceedingly difficult to obtain for concerts at the hall. To the regular seat-holders then, **Stravinsky**, too, was ugly and chaotic. Now he would fill any hall, including **Symphony Hall**.

There is also the point made in the Sept. 9 *Down Beat* by **Gabor Szabo** that what we redefine in each generation as "ugly" is part of change. "Like giving birth" was **Szabo's** analogy. Breakthroughs do not occur gently or in decorators' colors.

I am not advocating an unlimited permissiveness in listening to the new music. Some of it you will find ugly and meaningless beyond all arguments about **Beethoven** or the imperatives of change. What I am advocating is that you try to listen without locked-in pre-sets about what jazz has to sound like in order to be "authentically" jazz.

Listen first with your emotions before even trying to analyze. If you are emotionally moved, that experience in itself will help clarify subsequent analysis.

For myself, a prime value of some of the new jazz is its insistence on excavating feelings—those of the players themselves and of the listeners. I agree with **LeRoi Jones** that "the denial of feelings" is "heresy, against one's sources, running in terror, from one's deepest responses and insights." Much of the way we live now and kill long-distance is a result of that denial of feelings.

Another factor in all the arguments about the new music is this observation by **Gary Peacock**: "Learning to listen is a basic problem. Everyone has it." **ES**

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims was admitted to the New York Veterans Hospital Oct. 15 suffering from spinal meningitis. His condition was reported satisfactory at presstime. **Richie Kamuca** substituted for Sims at the Half Note . . . The final days of New York's controversial World's Fair, which closed Oct. 17, were not without jazz. Trumpeter **Erskine Hawkins** led a quintet at the 7-Up pavilion featuring his former big-band tenor saxophonist **Julian Dash**, with a rhythm section of **Ray Tommey**, piano; **Al Williams**, bass; and **Al Foster**, drums, while drummer **Les DeMerle** led a trio at the Balcony in the fair's amusement section, with trumpeter **Chuck Mangione** and organist **John Patton** . . . Pianist **Horace Silver's** quintet played the Village Vanguard for the first time since 1957 for two weeks beginning Oct. 26. The Monday night jam sessions at the club, with disc jockey **Alan Grant** as host, recently featured reed man **Roland Kirk**, saxophonist **Lucky Thompson**, pianist **Horace Parlan**, and drummer **Oliver Jackson** . . . Bassist **George Tucker's** funeral Oct. 13 was attended by a large number of his musician friends. Pianist **Randy Weston** and bassist **Bill Wood** performed Weston's *Where?*, and trumpeter **Howard McGhee**, accompanied by pianist **Andy Bey**, played an original composition dedicated to Tucker . . . A re-creation of the Newport Jazz Festival's Drum Workshop was to be presented at Hunter College Nov. 19. Among the scheduled participants were drummers **Art Blakey**, **Jo Jones**, and **Max Roach**, trumpeter **Johnny Coles**, tenor saxophonist **George Coleman**, bassist **Ben Tucker**, and pianist **Billy Taylor**, who doubled as emcee. Two more concerts in the series are planned: Great Jazz Composers (Dec. 21) and Jazz by Special Arrangement (March 18). Taylor is scheduled to emcee both . . . The season's second Columbia University jazz concert will be held at Ferris Booth Hall Dec. 4, with trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard's** quartet and singer **Sheila Jordan** participating . . . The duo of tenor saxophonist **Frank Smith** and drummer **Gerry Tomlinson** gave a concert at Hunter College Nov. 3 . . . The **Jazz Crusaders**, a California-based group rarely seen in the New York area, concluded a two-week engagement at the Key Club in Newark, N.J., Oct. 10. Also in Newark, trumpeter **Leon Eason** celebrated his ninth anniversary Oct. 14 at the helm of the trio at Pitt's Place with **Frank (Red) Brown**, organ, and **Gus Young**, drums . . . Singer **Pearl Bailey** brought her revue, featuring jazz tap dancer **Bunny Briggs**, to the Apollo Theater in late October . . . Trumpeter **Joe Newman** and pianist **Roger Kellaway** are featured at the jazz vesper services regularly conducted by the Rev. **John Gensel** on Sundays at the Biblical Seminary. Kellaway and bassist **Carl Pruitt** subbed for **Ross Tompkins** and **Russell George** with Newman's group at the Embers West for two

weeks in October . . . *Dial M for Music*, a CBS television show produced in co-operation with New York City's Board of Education, featured pianist **Teddy Wilson**, vibraharpist **Gary McFarland**, and singer **Yolande Bavan** Oct. 16. Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, now sporting a newly grown full beard, taped a program scheduled for showing Oct. 30 . . . Pianist **Elmo Hope** was heard in concert at Judson Hall Oct. 31 with bassist **John Ore**, drummer **Billy Higgins**, and vocalist **Dotti Mor** . . . Blues singer **Natalie Lamb**, supported by pianist **Sammy Price's** quintet, featuring trombonist **J. C. Higgins** botham, gave a Town Hall recital Oct. 30 . . . Alto saxophonist **Bobby Brown**, with **Gildo Mahones**, piano; **Bob Cunningham**, bass; and **Chico Hawkins**, drums, began the season's Jazz on the West Side concerts at the YMCA Oct. 18. . . Tenorist **Albert Ayler** did a Monday night at Slug's Saloon in October . . . Former **Count Basie** clarinetist and saxophonist **Rudy Rutherford** leads the band for weekend dancing at the Ramapo Country Club in Spring Valley . . . Tenor saxophonist **Joe Farrell**, with pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, did a night at the Five Spot Oct. 25 . . . Cornetist **Wild Bill Davison**, who went to Detroit after his recent Las Vegas, Nev., engagement, has had his chair at Jimmy Ryan's kept warm by such notables as **Jimmy McPartland**, **Herman Autrey**, and **Henry Goodwin** . . . Pianist **Ramsey Lewis's** trio and flutist **Herbie Mann's** group will be heard in concert at Carnegie Hall Nov. 24 . . . A blues and folk concert, produced by **Bob Maltz**, is scheduled for Carnegie Nov. 26. Blues singers **Son House**, **Skip James**, **Big Joe Williams**, **Bukka White**, and **John Hammond Jr.** will be on hand, as well as folk artists **Jack Elliott**, **Jean Ritchie**, **Tom Paxton**, and the **New Lost City Ramblers**.

CHICAGO: Following trumpeter **Miles Davis's** last-minute cancellation of his appearance at the Plugged Nickel (he called the night before opening and said he didn't feel up to playing before an audience), the club management had organist **Jimmy Smith** return for a weekend following his successful run at the club and then lined up the **Wes Montgomery-Wynton Kelly** unit to play the second week of Davis' engagement. **Louis Jordan** was in next for a week; then it was **The Jazz Crusaders** for a week . . . A group of Chicago musicians, headed by vocalist **Lurlean Hunter**, provided the entertainment at the second annual concert of Local 738 of the Grocery and Food Products, Processors, Canneries, Frozen Food Plants, Coffee Vending, Miscellaneous Drivers and Salesmen, Warehousemen and Related Office Employees Union, a teamsters' union affiliate. Held in late October at the local's auditorium, the concert also featured a group organized by guitarist **Bob White**, that included trumpeter **Frank Gordon**, tenor saxophonist **Berkley Mudd**, pianist **Art Peck**, bassist **Ron Fudoli**, drummer **Terry McNeil**, and **Little Jake**, vocals, conga, and bongos. AFM Local 10 vice president **Rudy Nashan** was among the speakers at the

event which was organized by Local 738 secretary-treasurer **Michael J. Fomusa** . . . Vocalist **Joe Williams** was in Chicago briefly during October to perform for a private party held at the local NBC broadcast studios . . . The Dec. 7 election of officers at AFM Local 10 will be bitterly contested. Of the several men running for the presidency, the strongest contenders are incumbent president **Bernard F. Richards**, **Rudy Nashan**, and **Lee Petrillo**. Nashan is currently vice president of the local but has been in opposition to Richards almost from the time they were elected to office three years ago. Petrillo is the son of former Local 10 and AFM president **James C. Petrillo**, who was ousted by Richards in the last election . . . Trombonist **Larry Boyle** was scheduled to leave the Old Town Gate where he has fronted a Dixieland band for the last year. Boyle said he will begin rehearsing a 13-piece band this month. He has commissioned **Oliver Nelson** and **Rod Levitt** to write some of the arrangements . . . The **Count Basie Band** is scheduled to be the New Year's Eve feature at the Pick-Congress Hotel . . . South African trumpeter **Hugh Masakela** played an engagement at Mother Blues last month . . . Tenor saxophonist **John Tinsley**, pianist **Fred Humphrey**, and bassist **Betty Dupree** have been working Tuesdays at the Window. Various drummers have completed the quartet.

LOS ANGELES: KBCA disc jockeys **Les Carter** and **Tommy Bee** present name talent on Monday nights at Memory Lane (trumpeter **Harry Edison's** "head-quarters"). So far, the bands of **Gil Fuller** and **Gerald Wilson** have appeared, as have singer **Jon Hendricks** and his rhythm section . . . The recent incoming and outgoing acts at the It Club—saxophonist **John Coltrane** and singer **Arthur Prysock** gigged at the Kabuki Theater, where the hours are from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. Sundays . . . For swinging early-risers or late-retirers, there is a club where the jazz starts at 6 a.m. on Sunday: the Beverly Caverns. Its new policy finds the **Los Angeles Jazz Sextet** in residence (**James Mooney**, trumpet; **Dick Hyde**, trombone; **Jay Migliori**, tenor saxophone; **Joe Lettieri**, piano; **Jim Crutcher**, bass; and **Maurice Miller**, drums). They play until 3 p.m. and then return for a civilized stint at 9 p.m. Monday . . . The president of AFM Local 47, **John Tranchitella**, griped in the local's publication that only an organist was employed for the World Series games the Dodgers played at home, while the Minnesota Twins used a band to provide between-innings entertainment. Tranchitella has appealed many times for more work for more musicians at Dodger Stadium but has never got to first base . . . The sixth annual Halloween Masque Ball, sponsored each year by the Los Angeles chapter of the League of Musicians' Wives, with proceeds to help establish a trust fund for construction of a musicians' rest home and for a scholarship program at the Neighborhood Music Settlement, honored bandleader **Stan Kenton**, singer **June Christy**, composer **Johnny Mercer**, and the

(Continued on page 38)

JAZZ ON

A Survey Of The Year's Pre-Recorded Stereo Jazz Tapes, By Don DeMicheal

TAPE

THERE IS A GROWING number of listeners who prefer to hear jazz at highest fidelity—on pre-recorded stereo tapes. The amount of jazz available on stereo tape is increasing as the sales of four-track tape recorders continue to grow. According to a spokesman for Ampex Stereo Tapes, which issues more jazz tapes than any other company, sale of the company's jazz tapes in 1964 was 50 percent greater than in 1963 and is this year running 30 percent more than last.

Still the actual number of jazz tapes sold is small compared with the sales of LPs. There are several reasons why. One of the most important is the cost of a good tape machine, which almost invariably means additional investment, since most potential tape-recorder owners also have playback equipment for discs. Then, not all who own tape recorders are buyers of pre-recorded tape; most tape machines are used for home recording. Another important reason for the relatively low sales of jazz tapes is their cost: a 7½-inches-per-second reel of pre-recorded tape (which has the same amount of music as an LP) usually lists for \$7.95.

Who can afford to pay the price of pre-recorded tapes determines what is selected for issuance. What sells well on disc does not necessarily sell well on tape because of the difference in tastes of the disc buyer and tape buyer.

What is available is made up mostly of modern-mainstream albums by well-known artists. For example, of the out-and-out jazz released by RCA Victor in the last three years, only Paul Desmond, Sonny Rollins, and Benny Goodman are repre-

sented in the company's tape catalog. Columbia tapes include performances by Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Duke Ellington, and Dave Brubeck. Capitol, which like RCA Victor and Columbia produces its own tapes, has several 7½-ips tapes by Stan Kenton and George Shearing plus a few by Howard Roberts and Cannonball Adderley. Performances on Atlantic, Verve, Mercury, Philips, Limelight, ABC-Paramount, Impulse, and Pacific Jazz are issued by Ampex; but there is a predominance of the conservative (though usually musically excellent) in Ampex' jazz releases. The audience for pre-recorded jazz tapes of a more adventurous musical nature evidently does not exist yet.

To reduce the price of the tapes (the amount of raw tape used determines the price) Capitol and Ampex have begun issuing 3¾-ips tapes. The Capitol releases are made up of two albums and list for \$9.98; Ampex also has two-album tapes at the slower speed for \$9.95, but several of the company's 3¾-ips jazz releases are single albums, at a suggested retail price of \$5.95. Though the slower-speed tapes bring the price of an album down to about the same as a stereo disc, the fidelity is not quite as good: some of the high frequencies are lost (3¾-ips tapes do not reproduce more than 12,000 cycles per second as compared with the 15,000-17,000 cps of discs and 7½-ips tapes).

One of the advantages of tape over disc is permanence. A tape's sound will not deteriorate with repeated playing, as will an LP's; in fact, the tape will get better, since each playing wears down the slight roughness of the coating. Another advantage of tape is the smaller storage space needed.

But the main advantage 7½-ips tape has over disc is sound quality. Given the same quality playback equipment for disc and tape, there generally is more clarity and separation with tape; the illusion of depth and spaciousness also is usually greater. (Most tapes are a one-to-one transfer from the master tape; that is, they mirror what is on the master. For discs, there is another step: the transference of the master tape's sound onto a metal master disc. The more steps involved from the sound recorded to the sound reproduced, the lesser the fidelity. Still a few discs sound better than their tape counterparts because the bass or treble

has been boosted or some other mechanical manipulation of the sound has taken place in the transfer from tape to disc.)

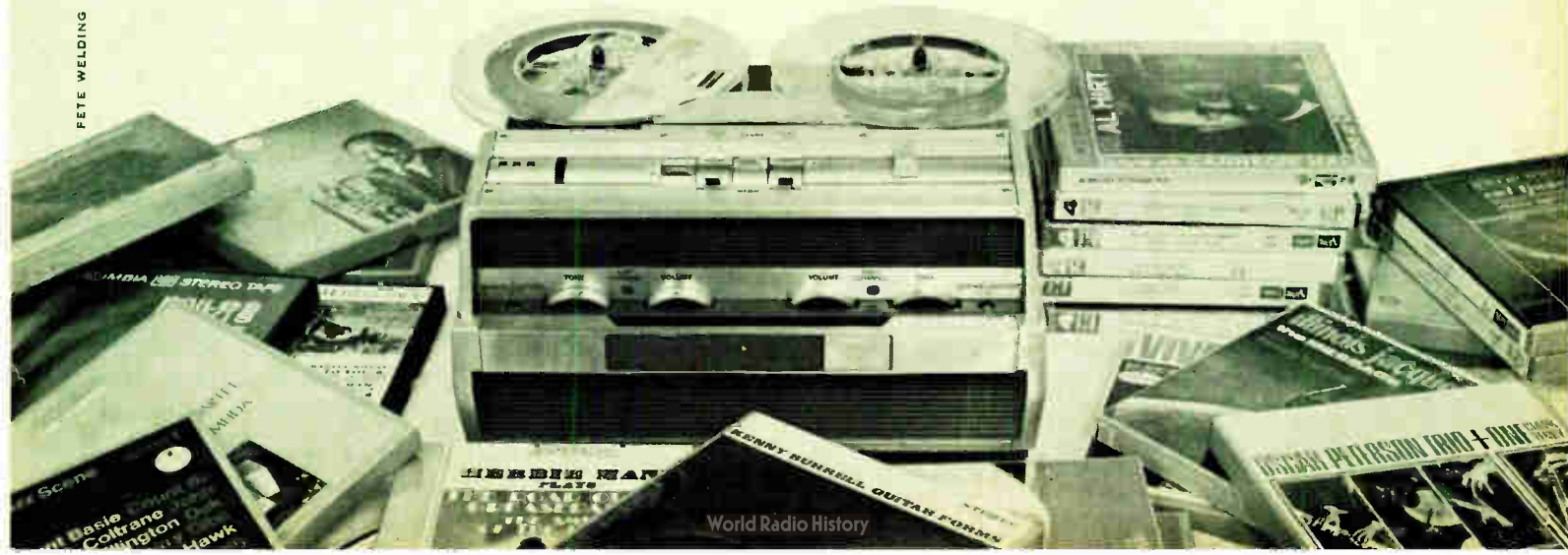
With all its excellence, the stereo-tape sound still varies from reel to reel and sometimes from track to track. The most desirable sound is a personal choice, and for each tape the listener usually must reset the treble and bass controls (and sometimes the balance) of his equipment in order to get closest to his personal standard. This fiddling with controls seems less necessary with discs. The variation in sound results from several variables: where the recording was done, what kind of and how many microphones were used, who engineered the recording, who supervised the date, what manipulations of sound were done with the master tape. Of these variables, it seems the engineer is the most crucial.

The quality of sound, like that of the music, varies among the pre-recorded jazz tapes issued this year, but both sound and music are generally good. Following is a personal assessment of most of the 1965 jazz tape output. (Unless otherwise indicated the tapes discussed are 7½-ips.)

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: *Fiddler on the Roof/Live Session!* (Capitol Y2T 2291). This is one of Capitol's 3¾-ips, two-album sets. The sound quality of *Fiddler* is below that of the stereo disc; on *To Life in the Fiddler* album cornetist Nat Adderley's Harmon mute sounds like a cup mute.

Altoist Cannonball is in fine form on the title tune, *To Life, Sewing Machine*, and *Now I Have Everything*. Charles Lloyd's tender tenor treatment of *Do You Love Me?* is also well done. The sound of *Live Session!* is better than *Fiddler*, but it is not as good musically, mainly because most of the performance time is taken up with Ernie Andrews' enthusiastic though sometimes tasteless singing. In between the vocals, though, there are some nice solos by Cannonball and Nat (the latter takes an excellent solo on *Ten Years of Tears*).

No liner notes or personnel listings are included. The rhythm section on both albums is Joe Zawinul, piano (he plays some fetching solos on the *Fiddler* performances); Sam Jones, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums. Lloyd is not present on *Live Session!*, and because of his absence (and Yusef Lateef's, who preceded him as the sixth member of the Adderley crew) and



the nature of Cannonball's and Nat's playing, one might suspect that the session was recorded some time ago and released on Capitol disc earlier this year.

COUNT BASIE: *Basieland* (Verve VTSC 320); *Basie Picks the Winners* (Verve VSTC 330). There is good bass and sax-section sound on *Basieland*, but the brass comes through a bit thin. The sound of the piano, though, is closer to the instrument's true sound than is the case in most recording.

The band is in its usual trim form playing a program of Billy Byers arrangements on *Basieland*. No personnel listing is given, but there are a sweet muted trumpet solo on *Count Me In* (a *Li'l Darlin'* type of tune and arrangement), good tenor solos on *Yuriko* (a cute theme featuring two flutes and also sporting a lyrical trumpet solo) and *Doodle-Oodle* (tandem tenors, Eric Dixon and Frank Foster, improvising on *There'll Be Some Changes Made* changes), and several good Basie piano spots.

The Winners is also a program of Byers arrangements, mostly of hit tunes. The sound is superb. (When one can hear Freddie Green's unamplified rhythm guitar underneath everything, that's fine recording.) The album was recorded by engineers Lee Hirschberg and Eddie Brackett at the United Recording Studios in Los Angeles.

The band exhibits its control of dynamics on *I'll Get By, I'm Walking*, and the joyously shouting *Volare*. Tenor saxophonist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis is heard to advantage on *Watermelon Man* (Dixon also plays a nice tenor solo on this take), *Come Rain or Come Shine*, and *Volare*. Al Grey's witty plunger trombone is featured on *Watermelon Man* and the melody of *Exodus*, and trumpeter Al Aarons plays a tasteful solo on *Oh, Lonesome Me*. But it is Basie who stands out among the instrumentalists with a driving *My Kind of Town* solo and some backroom piano behind Leon Thomas' talk-singing of *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*.

BASIE-SAMMY DAVIS JR.: *Our Shining Hour* (Verve VSTC 324). The sound is a bit thin on this mismatch between the Golden Boy and Basie.

Davis conveys little conviction in his vocals—one might compare Joe Williams' version of *Work Song* with Davis' in this set to see the weakness of Davis' performance. He is best on such tunes as *She's a Woman*, in which he can bring his knowledge of drama and pacing to bear. The best performance by both the band and Davis is *You're Nobody till Somebody Loves You*.

Quincy Jones conducted the date and arranged all but two of the tunes (*The Girl from Ipanema* and *Blues for Mr. Charlie* were scored by Davis' pianist-accompanist George Rhodes).

BOB BROOKMEYER: *And Friends* (Columbia CQ 693). Columbia's only jazz tape release this year has valve trombonist Brookmeyer cavorting with his old sidekick tenorist Stan Getz and vibist Gary Burton, pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Elvin Jones; the vibes are exceptionally well recorded, but the sound of Carter's bass is a bit

weak. (The stereo disc version of this session is of at least the tape's quality.)

The best performances are *The Wrinkle* (admirable solos by Getz, Brookmeyer, Burton, and Hancock), *Bracket* (razor-sharp Getz), and *I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face* (pretty Getz, burry Brookmeyer, jovial interplay between the two).

KENNY BURRELL-GIL EVANS: *Guitar Forms* (Verve VSTC 327). The combination of the awesome talents of guitarist Burrell and arranger Evans has produced this superb album, certainly one of the year's finest. The sound is as excellent as the music. Rudy Van Gelder was the engineer, and Val Valentin was the director of engineering (as he is for most Verve dates). Creed Taylor was producer.

But most of the credit for the excellence of this album must go to Burrell, who puts on such a tour de force that no one can deny his stature among jazz guitarists. Whether playing unaccompanied classical guitar, back-country-flavored blues, romantic Latin music, glistening single-note modern jazz, or caressing a ballad, Burrell is superb. Evans' haunting scores accompany him on all but four performances—an excerpt from George Gershwin's *Prelude No. 2*, *Downstairs*, *Terrace Theme*, and *Breadwinner*. The other compositions are *Lotus Land*, *Moon and Sand*, *Loie, Greensleeves*, and *Last Night When We Were Young*.

GIL EVANS: *The Individualism Of* (Verve VSTC 319). If the music of any one musician is best heard and appreciated in stereo it is Evans'. The melancholy music in this album was recorded at four sessions, in three locations, employing three different engineers (Phil Ramone, Bob Simpson, and Van Gelder). Though the sound is very good throughout, Simpson's work on *Hotel Me* and *Las Vegas Tango*, both recorded at New York City's Webster Hall, is outstanding.

Evans achieves a somber effect by using alto flute on *Barbara Song*, which has an exquisite Wayne Shorter tenor saxophone solo. In several of his scores, Evans uses one of his favorite devices—an ominous "flutter" of closely voiced, trilling horns, sometimes voiced with his piano. These flutters are a major part of the blues-enriched *Hotel Me*. Evans underlines Johnny Coles' poignant trumpet solo on *El Toreador* with shifting, various colored textures of sound, well captured on the tape.

STAN GETZ: *Au Go Go* (Verve VSTC 323). This in-person recording has better sound (Van Gelder, engineer; Valentin, director; Taylor, producer) than music.

Most of the Getz group's efforts are spent backing the dead-pan vocals of Astrud Gilberto, who sounds as limber as a log. The best of the mediocre lot is *Here's That Rainy Day*, an instrumental with Getz in good ballad form on the first chorus before doubling up for some interesting improvising. The only other full-blown instrumental is *Summertime*, which is rather lackluster. Mrs. Gilberto manages to breathe life only into *The Telephone Song*. The personnel varies, but Getz and vibist Gary Burton are constant.

On the disc version of these performances, there is a mysteriously short version of Burton's *6-Nix-Pix-Flix* at the end of

the first side. The tape version reveals why: it has the goodnight announcement by Getz that was deleted from the disc.

AL HIRT: *Live at Carnegie Hall* (RCA Victor FTP 1305). The sound of Hirt's Carnegie performance last spring was well captured by engineer Ed Begley.

Most of the selections in this lively collection feature Hirt with a big band of top New York musicians playing scores by Gerald Wilson, who also conducts. That Hirt is a master of his instrument is brought home on every take—in fact, he sometimes hits the listener over the head with the fact. Still, this is the most rewarding jazz album Hirt has done. The best tracks, all around, are *Walk Right In*, *Limelight*, and *Going to Chicago Blues*. Of the three Hirt sextet tracks included, two (*Up Above My Head* and *Java*) are nothing, but the other (*Down by the Riverside*) has some fine, Irving Fazola-flavored (with dashes of Benny Goodman and Pete Fountain) clarinet by Pee Wee Spitelera.

This is the only jazz tape released by RCA Victor this year.

HERBIE MANN: *My Kinda Groove* (Atlantic ALC 1932); *The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd* (Atlantic ALC 1934). Of these two albums, *Groove* has the better jazz, but the sound quality ranges from very good to fair, with some distortion evident in the recording of Don Friedman's piano and Dave Pike's vibraharp. (Tom Dowd and Phil Lehle were the engineers.) Mann's bass flute is recorded well and is musically effective on *Morning after Carnival* (a lovely lament written by Mann), *Vikki* (composed by Pike and arranged for large group by Oliver Nelson), and *Saudade de Bahia*.

The best performances are *Blues in the Closet* (nicely turned Mann flute and Attila Zoller guitar), the aforementioned *Carnival* (good Pike marimba and unamplified guitar by Zoller), and *Mushi Mushi* (a gay, humorous Mann theme that has a fittingly witty fluegelhorn solo by Clark Terry).

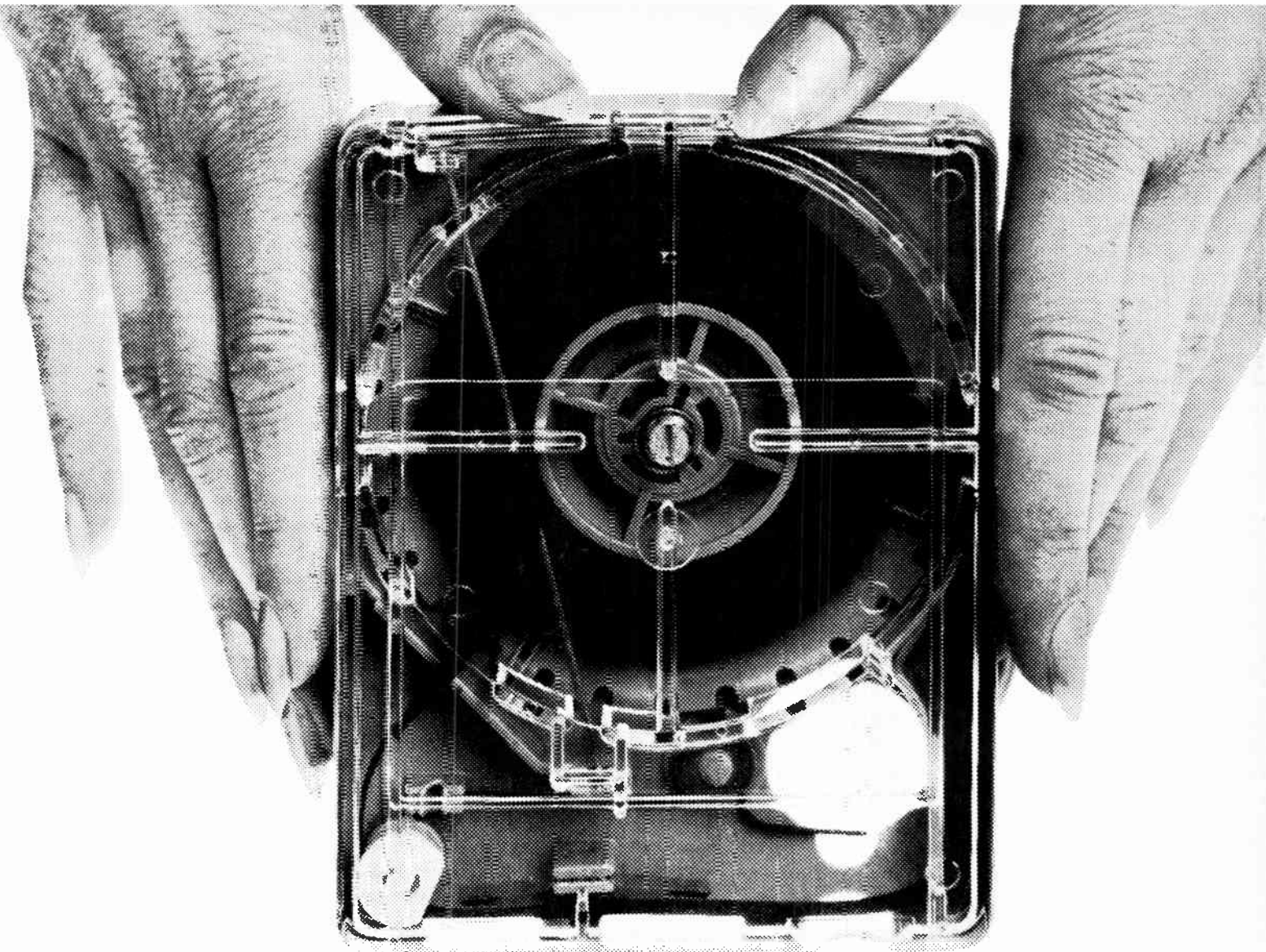
Greasepaint is a mite better recorded, but sometimes the background tends to drown out the soloists.

Ray Ellis arranged the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley tunes and conducted the large group, which has several strings, for which Ellis writes quite unimaginatively. The best blowing takes place on *My First Love* and *A Wonderful Day Like Today*, both of which have leaping and inventive Mann flute.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET. *Collaboration* (Atlantic ALC 1931). Though there is some distortion of Milt Jackson's vibraharp sound, this stunning combination of the quartet and guitarist Laurindo Almeida sounds even better on tape than on disc. The engineer was Ray Hall; Nesuhi Ertegun supervised the recording. Almeida's guitar, particularly in his unaccompanied solos, is extremely well recorded.

Almeida's work on the mournful *Concierto de Aranjuez*, the album's outstanding performance, is utterly beautiful. Solos by pianist John Lewis and Jackson are, as usual, well constructed, imaginative, and

(Continued on page 33)



TWO EARS, FOUR WHEELS, SIX CYLINDERS, EIGHT TRACKS: A GUIDE TO AUTO STEREO

By LEONARD FEATHER

TECHNOLOGY is the handmaiden of art. The relationship between scientific advances and esthetic developments is sometimes like that in a shotgun wedding, but because of the former's expansion into new areas, there is greater and more attractive access to the latter. The most important proof can be found in the rapid and impressive development of that youthful symbol of Sybaritic living, commonly known as auto stereo.

A decade ago, the concept of carrying recordings and equipment on which to play them as fixed accessories in an automobile was as much an oddity as car radios had seemed around the time of the repeal of the prohibition law. Today the auto stereo business is as lively and fast growing a part of music

as the LP record was in 1950.

There is an interesting parallel between 1950 conditions in the phonograph recording industry and the 1965 situation in auto stereo. Once again there is a two-way battle going on. This time the point at issue involves not a difference in speeds (everyone seems to agree that auto tape cartridges should be set at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips), but in the number of channels (four-track vs. eight-track stereo tape).

Once again, too, it is RCA Victor that has been a major factor in the schism. Everything seemed to be going along as smoothly as a T-Bird on Route 66, with thousands of tapes rolling off the assembly lines on the seemingly standardized four-track basis, until RCA, with elaborate fanfare, announced an

initial release of 175 of its best-selling albums as eight-track stereo tape cartridges.

As was the case when RCA introduced the 45-rpm disc, which seemed to serve no function not already adequately taken care of by Columbia's $33\frac{1}{3}$ LP, there are so many millions of dollars involved on all sides, not to mention the immense prestige battle involved, that the most likely resolution of the conflict probably will be comparable to that of the discs.

Just as we have learned to live with the two disc speeds, even though there is not the slightest advantage in a dual system, we shall probably find that both tape cartridge methods will be around indefinitely. A major difference, however, is that while most record players

are equipped to resolve the problem by playing either speed, the two forms of tape cartridge are mutually exclusive. That is, when one buys a unit of the type that plays Sonny Rollins' RCA *Now's the Time* cartridge, he will find that it is incapable of playing the Muntz cartridge that contains John Coltrane's *Africa Brass*, or the Auto-Stereo tape that plays Jimmy Smith's *The Cat*. Similarly, if one buys a Muntz automobile tape player set, it will play the most recent Ella Fitzgerald Verve release but, as of this writing, will not play the latest RCA Joe Williams.

THE HISTORY of the once tiny but now large auto stereo market can best be traced through the involvement in it of Earl William Muntz, a shrewd and resourceful businessman who, in his days as a car salesman, was known as Madman Muntz.

In the old days, Muntz was the man who hired skywriters to tell his girl "I Love You" in smoke letters half a mile high. For some time during the 1950s he manufactured television sets.

Muntz has had his eye on automobile stereo from the start and has been actively involved in it since the early stages.

"It was around 1956," he said, "that the first attempt was made to put a record player in an automobile. Chrysler had one at that time, but it was in the form of discs that played at 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ rpm. It was an awkward system, and the records had a tendency to warp or melt in the heat. Later there was an attempt by one company to arrange a player on which you could stack a pile of 45-rpm records in the car. The stylus traveled pretty well, without jumping. It was an improvement, but it still wasn't the answer.

"The first monaural tape cartridge was demonstrated for the Ford company in November of 1961. It was an AC unit with a converter in the trunk.

"The first two-track stereo tape cartridge came along in 1958; then we developed a four-track, single-reel system, and delivery of the playing units was started in February of 1962."

Since then, well over 100,000 Muntz units have been installed, and a large number of rival sets have proliferated. Muntz Music, the original name for Muntz' company, became Auto-Stereo; then two years ago Muntz sold his interest in Auto-Stereo, which now operates as one of his competitors in the manufacture of units and cartridges. Muntz' firm operates under the name Muntz Stereo-Pak.

Within the last year or two, Stereo-Pak and Auto-Stereo have contended with such competitive unit-manufacturers as Auto-Sonic, Craig-Panorama,

Trans-World, Viking of Minneapolis, and a half a dozen more. Almost all these players use the four-track cartridges. However, the number of companies manufacturing and selling the pre-recorded tape cartridges is far smaller. Muntz claims to have the bulk of the business, selling 60 to 70 percent of the cartridges. But Auto-Stereo, according to Walt Heebner, the ex-RCA Victor record business veteran who is now ensconced in the Van Nuys, Calif., factory, has a very substantial percentage—possibly as much as or more than Muntz, he said.

The picture threatened to change drastically when it was announced a few months ago that Ford, in its 1966 automobiles, would offer as optional equipment on all new models a combination radio and stereo cartridge player made by Motorola and based on the eight-track system.

This does not mean that those who have bought four-track players suddenly will find their units obsolete, any more than owners of LP players were upset by the introduction of the 45s. The Motorola unit, designed by a company known as Lear-Jet Corp., will create a need for two kinds of cartridges, and it is reported that some of the cartridge manufacturers (including Muntz) already have started to prepare for the future by releasing tapes in both forms.

What is the technical difference between four-track and eight-track?

For one thing, only half as much tape is needed on eight-track for the recording of the same amount of music. On a four-track tape, containing, say, 32 minutes of music, Tracks 1 and 3 will play the left and right channels respectively of half the music originally contained in an album; at the flip of a switch one can listen to Tracks 2 and 4, on which are the two stereo channels containing the other 16 minutes of music.

On the eight-track tape, the same 32 minutes of music must be split into four pairs of tracks, each containing eight minutes of music. Instead of flipping from one pair of tracks to the other, as on the four-track tape, one has a switch that can flip to and from any of four pairs of tracks.

There is a technical problem here that can play havoc with some of the music programing.

Unless the musical content of a cartridge can be broken down into four convenient segments that happen to add up to about the same number of minutes each, the tunes must be juggled around into an order that will make four pairs of tracks possible. If an LP album comprises just three tracks, each 10 to 15 minutes long, release of a cartridge of this type would be impossible, unless

one interrupted a tune in the middle and resumed on another track or transferred the whole thing to a larger-size cartridge, perhaps in combination with a second album.

Fortunately for jazz fans this snag seems unlikely to present itself for the moment, since the four-track cartridge seems to have a vast edge in the quantity of jazz available.

Muntz has a total of some 2,800 tapes available, of which 400 or 500 can be classified as jazz, near-jazz, or first-class pop and classical music. He has acquired the rights (in some cases exclusive) to several valuable catalogs, most notably those of Verve, MGM, Philips, Mercury, Mainstream, World Pacific and Pacific Jazz, and Reprise.

RECENTLY I had a stereo set installed in my car. Installation at the Muntz factory took less than an hour and included four five-inch speakers. Two carry the left channel to the front and rear corners, while the other two do the same for the right channel.

The power output is five watts for each channel, which is well beyond anything one is likely to need. In fact, the temptation is to turn up the sound so high that all noises from the street are blocked out, including fire engines and ambulance sirens, which is fine but only if one is parked.

Musically, the quality is impressive. (I have listened to the Lear unit and found it about equal in fidelity.) The first time one listens to stereo in an auto, the effect is startling. One feels enveloped in sound, as if sitting in the middle of the orchestra. In this sense, automobile stereo adds a dimension to what is heard in regular home stereo. (Some of the unit manufacturers also produce non-auto types of cartridge players, suitable for use in the home.)

The frequency range runs from about 50 to 10,000 cycles. This is the figure claimed by Muntz, but it is approximately the same for all models. There are three controls: volume, channel "contour" (i.e. balance of sound if one wants to favor the volume on one channel or the other), and tone. The tapes, on the four-track and on the RCA eight-track cartridges, are looped. Since the players are fully transistorized and there is no drain on the auto batteries, this means that theoretically if one leaves the unit playing one pair of tracks, it will continue to play that same 16 minutes of music forever.

The most impressive tape I have heard is *The Symphonic Ellington* (Stereo-Pak 26-116). The encircling sound of a vast European concert ensemble, with Johnny Hodges or Paul Gonsalves front
(Continued on page 36)

RETURN OF THE LONG-AWAITED

TONY SCOTT

By DAN MORGENSTERN

WHEN TONY SCOTT left the United States in 1959—on a two-year trip that lasted for six—he already was, at 38, well established on the jazz scene. He left, he said, “because the clarinet died, and I hate funerals.”

He’s back now, he said, to try for a rebirth of the instrument. But he has returned with his eyes open, aware that the more jazz changes, the more it stays the same—at least economically.

Scott is not a man to become depressed, and he never was one who was depressing. He says he thinks a clarinet can be played as strongly as a saxophone or a trumpet, “and I think I can do that now. It can be a delicate instrument, but it can be robust, can be played with the vitality that some guys have on the other horns.”

He knows the problems to be faced and appreciates the difficulty of making a choice for jazz “because the future is so undecided. Things change, and you find yourself on the outside.”

A versatile and technically impeccable musician, Scott is not likely to find himself outside, for he can play in—and enjoy—all idioms, but he has found disheartening a jazz society that seems to him to be growing more, rather than less, fragmented stylistically.

Always a dedicated jazzman, a lover of jam sessions, Scott is concerned about the virtual disappearance of these forums for the free exchange of musical ideas and good fellowship.

“If there were just some places to jam, so you could get your horn out and blow,” he said, “without feeling that you’re stepping on someone’s toes or trying to play music that’s someone else’s private property—but nobody says ‘come on and blow,’ which is bad. . . .”

“I meet guys who don’t seem to know that other music exists besides their own. . . . I seem to be among different nations.”

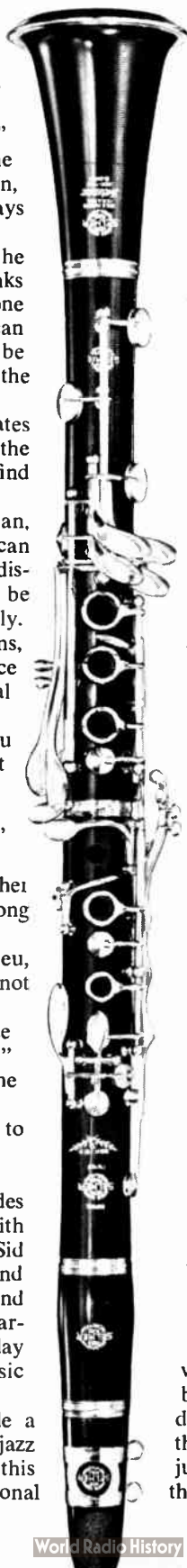
Scott played his formative years in a different milieu, and isolation from the other person’s music was not the way it was then.

“On 52nd St. everybody went to the White Rose or Reilly’s Bar for intermission to drink and talk,” he remembered, “and you always could look into the next joint and hear what was going on.”

“Musicians,” he reflected, “don’t seem to listen to each other any more.”

SCOTT HAS behind him a career that includes studies at Juilliard, work as a sideman with the combos of Buddy Rich, Ben Webster, Sid Catlett, Trummy Young, and Earl Bostic and the bands of Charlie Ventura, Claude Thornhill, and (for a month) Duke Ellington. He has written arrangements for singers, among them Billie Holiday and Sarah Vaughan. He even did a stint as music director for Harry Belafonte.

From 1953 Scott led his own groups and made a name for himself not only as a clarinet stylist in jazz (from 1953 to 1959, he was a frequent winner on this instrument in the *Down Beat* Readers and International



Jazz Critics polls) but also as a baritone saxophonist and composer.

Before his departure for the Orient in 1959, he made a seven-month tour of Europe and Africa. He often was seen and heard at jazz festivals and on television.

During his sojourn through the Orient, Scott was active as a player and a teacher of jazz. He studied the native musics and acquainted himself with the cultures and customs of the countries he visited (and indulged himself in his favorite hobby, photography).

Scott returned to this country in July, appearing first at the Newport Jazz Festival. “If it hadn’t been for Newport,” he said, “I probably would have gone straight to Europe. But George Wein invited me, and it was a warm feeling to come back to.”

Currently, Scott is in New York City—his old home base.

“I hate to leave New York, once I’m in it,” he said. “But when I get tired of it, there’s no place to go. . . . I don’t particularly want to go to Cleveland.

Overseas, there always was the chance to write ahead to some promoter and go to an entirely different place, but after six years—and I had some wonderful experiences—after I’d seen and heard and smelled and photographed everything, I felt the need for a change.”

He has not been inactive around New York. There was a week at Slug’s Saloon, a week at the Half Note, a series of Monday night sessions at the Village Vanguard. And Verve records is releasing an album, *Music for Zen Meditation*, that Scott taped in Japan with the famed koto player Shintchi Yuize and a Japanese flutist. On Nov. 1 he joined pianist Mike Nock’s trio at the Dom discotheque.

“When I think of all the outlets overseas,” he said, “I almost want to leave. There are just a few clubs here, and how often can you play each one? But if you can accept that you’re not going to get big by playing pure jazz, that’s okay. I’m trying to live at a minimum cost, so that I won’t have to branch out and look for work in the commercial music world.”

The spectacle of many old acquaintances out of work is disheartening to Scott.

“The problem is,” he said, “bebop is not old enough, and perhaps didn’t have enough of a true following, to have developed a reliable, mature audience, like Dixieland has. With Dixie, you can always find some place to play and make a little living.”

The other side of the coin he finds hardly an improvement: “Great musicians apologize to you because they are playing nothing but jingles and commercials, which is a musical dead end. They’re making money but have no other satisfaction. They seem even more depressed than the jazz musicians, who at least have their convictions going for them. Music has become just a trade to the commercial men, which isn’t what they had in mind when they started out.”



Village Gate reunion: Scott, Mrs. Scott, John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk

When Scott appeared at the Village Vanguard, he started some informal sessions of the type he holds dear, an attempt to rekindle the old spirit, but they have since been taken over by disc jockey Alan Grant, a development about which Scott is not bitter.

"I enjoyed myself," he said. "I had a chance to meet some new faces, and to give a little work to good players. Grant is able to draw more of an audience with his radio listeners. Of the guys sitting in, there were a few, very few, who could play anything that came along—like Roger Kellaway, who covers the piano from stride to abstract. But a lot of guys get into their own little world because they can only play one way."

On his regular jobs, Scott also has allowed guests to join his group but not always with happy results.

"People sitting in," he said, "seem so hungry to play that they play only for themselves."

He found the task of getting a group together wasn't an easy one. He had to ask himself whom he wanted to play with him: "Someone who will swing steadily, or someone who will get into new ways of playing—or just plain someone who'll show up on the job. There's the strain of being a leader, and then you're supposed to play your best on top of that. You'd like to have your own mind clear, but somebody is unhappy with the state of the piano, and another guy doesn't like the acoustics. Overseas, we had a lot of problems like that, but we just kept smiling. You can't hurt people's feelings when you are a guest in their country, and besides, there's the enthusiasm for your music."

Scott's response to the "new thing," which he prefers to call abstract jazz, is one of interest and respect—but not unqualified admiration. He takes pride in the fact that he was responsible for some earlier experiments in "free" and atonal improvisation, as exemplified in *Abstraction No. 1* and *Three Short Dances for Clarinet* on his album *Scott's Fling*, made in 1957, and a free collective improvisation on the 1958 program *The Subject Is Jazz*.

"When I talk about the new music," he said, "it's not quite like a Dixielander or a bebopper putting down something he's never tried. I've tried and liked it myself. I get a kick out of being absolutely free, but only to an extent. It may open up too much of an area. A jazz player is subjective to begin with. You start with the melody, then play yourself. But you can reach a point where there is no framework at all.

"The musician says: 'This is me in this world,' but is that still going to be a music? What are we going to base it on? Maybe modern jazz needs another color, something to bounce off against, like contemporary painting uses mixed media—collage and oils and such—or Coltrane putting that Indian feeling into jazz. In a pure state, it sounds too much like classical music—like jazz musicians capable of playing atonally, which, after all, isn't such an accomplishment anymore."

Scott is also sensitive to the limited emotional framework of much of the new jazz.

"Its scope," he said, "seems to be all nervousness, frustration, and excitement—nothing in a quiet mood. Isn't there

room for a little love? A man must feel love towards something, if only a private thing, like his wife or his family.

"I can understand that the racial situation keeps the emotions in a turmoil, and it is amazing to me that there are people who still don't realize that there is a struggle going on and that the Negroes have been in this country longer than almost anybody else. . . . The sad thing is that, while there is such a drive for integration, it's practically lost in the modern jazz field."

Scott, predictably, won't be dogmatic about the current scene and finds things to admire in the new and the old, sometimes almost side by side. He recalled one night that encompassed Tony Parenti and Cecil Taylor.

"Taylor is very exciting. By coincidence, I went down to hear him at the Vanguard after I'd dropped in at Jimmy Ryan's," Scott said. "It was Tony Parenti's 65th birthday, and I had a ball sitting in and playing in that style, with Zutty Singleton and Cliff Jackson—I love those guys. And then I went down to hear Cecil. I'd have loved to sit in with him too. As long as it swings, it's a ball. I asked him some questions about his music, but nobody can really answer that. It comes out in the playing. I admire those guys. Take Monk—he's always played Monk—it took people 20 years to catch on that he wasn't Tatum, wasn't Oscar Peterson, but Monk."

The only thing Scott doesn't respect is what he calls "shamming." He wants to name no names, but "some guys are just running their hands over their horns and making a lot of noise. I can understand that they feel like that, but that doesn't make it music. It's not only jazz musicians who are frustrated. I know a very frustrated carpenter. . . ."

Economic frustration, however is a fact of the jazz life that Scott accepts, saying, "There are too many musicians in New York; everybody seems to be here, and everybody seems to be out of work. I wonder if any of the new government subsidies for the arts will seep down to jazz. It wouldn't take much. All people are asking for is a place to play."

The musicians themselves, Scott said, could do something to improve the situation, but "the hardest thing to do is to organize musicians. We wait till somebody dies to hold a benefit. There should be benefits for a fund to go to musicians—for purposes from organizing concerts to paying somebody's rent. But everybody's sitting around doing nothing."

Thinking of what could be done, Scott becomes enthusiastic:

"Look, you could run weekly sessions in which musicians could 'buy stock,' by coming in and playing, and raise funds for a place like a fraternal clubhouse, where guys could get together. Everybody has a social club, but not the jazz musicians. Guys could hear each other, meet each other, listen to different types of music. Everybody seems to be fighting each other. This way, they could see that we're all human beings."

It wouldn't be easy, of course, to achieve this camaraderie, but Scott, on a personal level at least, seems willing to try.

"I want to play in all kinds of styles," he said. "The old type of swing is like a log burning; the new, hard type is like setting gasoline afire. I'm going to stick around for a while, see and hear everybody, play with all kinds of musicians, and plug away at getting people to hear me."

If it doesn't work out, Scott said, "I'll go overseas again and see the rest of the world. There, at least I was able to work and play for people. Sometimes I was forced into the role of an entertainer, which, fortunately, I was able to fill [he proved this at a recent New York concert, telling jokes, doing a history of scat singing, and giving hilarious imitations of Chinese opera and Japanese Kabuki theater]. A little humor and a little happiness make people more receptive to the music."



RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, George Handy, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

DIZZY GILLESPIE AND THE BIG JAZZ BAND

Dizzy Gillespie

THE NEW CONTINENT—Limelight 86022: *The Legend of Atlantis; The Empire; The Conquerors; The Chains; The Swords; Chorale.*

Personnel: Gillespie, Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Stu Williamson, Conte Candoli, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Mike Barone, Bob Edmondson, Kenny Shroyer, trombones; Ches Thompson, Stewart Rensley, Luis Kant, French horns; Red Callender, tuba; Phil Woods, Charlie Kennedy, James Moody, Bill Perkins, Bill Hood, reeds; Lalo Schiffrin, piano; Buddy Clark, Chris White, basses; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Mel Lewis, Rudy Collins, drums; Emil Richards, Larry Bunker, Francisco Aquabella, various percussion instruments; Benny Carter, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

Lalo Schiffrin has created a masterpiece of contemporary composition by transcending big-band jazz without forgetting the debt he owes to that precise sound.

At the same time, he has provided Gillespie with an ideal showcase for his multifaceted trumpeting: a tailor-made travelogue that explores the full range of the instrument, satisfies Gillespie's probing into exotic rhythms, and integrates that inquisitive trumpet into a restless tone poem of constantly shifting moods that range from quiet impressionism to explosive polyphony.

Between the two extremes, Schiffrin has woven a loose-flowing collection of orchestral portraits, the fabric of which is Latin-pervaded but meticulously stitched together with enough threads of improvisational big-band swing to be called jazz.

Each of the six movements is self-contained, but additional enjoyment awaits the listener who can appreciate their interdependence, recognize the thinly disguised return of a theme from an earlier segment, or be aware of its complex metamorphosis; Schiffrin borrows techniques from classical form and occasionally inverts his original thematic material.

There are so many highlights that the only way a reviewer can do justice to the album is to undertake the helpful type of movement-by-movement analysis that Leonard Feather provides in the liner notes. But here, let it suffice to point out certain features that reveal the most satisfying

hallmark of this album: musicianship of a caliber equal to the imagination of the composer.

Atlantis opens and closes with a modal theme uniquely voiced with vibraphone and two basses. Gillespie's solo contribution is muted throughout, with excellent background provided by Hendrickson, and sequential countermelodies by French horns.

A percussive flurry reminiscent of Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* opens *The Empire*, a movement graced by the composer's piano over comments by both bassists. Gillespie explodes onto the scene and drives the entire ensemble with him, but Schiffrin shows wonderful restraint by ending quietly with just flutes.

A consistent Spanish flavor runs through *The Conquerors*, with a brief hand-clapping sequence that lends a flamenco dimension to it. Gillespie's solo statements are mellow and lush, enhanced by outstanding background figures that find even Callender's tuba used to its fullest advantage, especially in the treble range.

The Chains begins with lumbering allusion to its title but then quickly lightens to include two fiercely swinging solos, one by Rosolino on a minor blues in 3/4 and the other by Gillespie against a rhythm-and-blues feeling. The latter mood extends into the trumpeter's final cadenza.

The fifth movement—*The Swords*—is an ingenious up-tempo change of pace.

It could be taken out of context and utilized as a typical modern big-band arrangement. Its cumulative effect is overpowering. The theme begins with the basses, passes to tuba, and is picked up by the trombones, by which point the reeds, horns, and trumpets contribute countermelodies. The whole movement is given a tremendous percussive lift as Lewis, Collins, Aquabella, and Kant are all used on drums.

In *Chorale*, Schiffrin pulls out all his compositional stops.

Themes from each of the five preceding sections are employed but in somewhat altered texture. There are bitonal passages in which Schiffrin has one ensemble playing in C and another in B minor. Rhythmically, there is a simultaneity of Latin and straight-ahead jazz. But at no point do these complexities diminish the flavor or momentum of the swing.

The New Continent is an important work, an artfully conceived expression of jazz-flavored modernity. Everyone connected with this enduring project is worthy of five stars. (H.S.)

Gil Fuller-Dizzy Gillespie

GIL FULLER AND THE MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Pacific Jazz 93: *Man from Monterey; Angel City; Love Theme from "The Sandpiper"; Groovin' High; Be's That Way; Big Sur; Moontide; Things Are Here.*

Personnel: Gillespie, Freddie Hill, Harry Edison, Melvin Moore, John Audino, trumpets; Lester Robinson, Francis Fitzpatrick, Jim Amlotte, trombones; Herman Lebow, Sam Cassano, David Duke, Alan Robinson, French horns; Buddy Collette, Gabe Balazsar, Bill Green, Carrington Visor Jr., Jack Nimitz, reeds; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Phil Moore Jr., piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; Fuller, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

Fuller seems to be Gillespie's musical alter ego much in the same manner that one associates another Gil with Miles Davis.

Thanks to this album, Fuller finally

emerges from the shadow of the ebullient trumpeter to claim his first album as a leader. And for the first real showcase for his mighty talents, Fuller is blessed with a cohesive, fired-up band (most of whom formed the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival Orchestra) and an inspired Gillespie, who displays the dazzle and exuberance he was generating when he and Fuller first joined forces 20 years ago.

Monterey sets the pace immediately, with Fuller's explosive writing for brass punctuating outstanding solo work by Gillespie and altoist Baltazar. The whole tune is pushed along tastefully by drummer Palmer.

Over Bond's full-bodied bass work and pianist Moore's arpeggio comments, Gillespie and Harry Edison paint a seductive, muted portrait of *Angel City*. The arrangement is Fuller at his impressionistic best. Following the long and, at times, free-form introduction, the tune bumps and grinds forcefully, pivoting on Nimitz' baritone.

Johnny Mandel's beautiful theme from *Sandpiper* is given a reverent treatment, and *Groovin' High* is cast in a setting of nostalgic bop. Both tunes find Gillespie respectively lush and hard-driving.

Enlivening *Be's That Way* is an excellent trumpet duet in which Edison matches Gillespie note for note, shout for shout, idea for idea, over a funky blues background.

Another full-bodied arrangement is heard on *Big Sur*, but Gillespie cuts through with some of his most incisive solo statements, followed by the all-too-brief comments of Baltazar.

Gillespie lavishes much warmth on *Moontide*, and Fuller's tune deserves it; but, ironically, the arrangement itself does little justice to what is a beautiful tune. Only the melody of the release is heard in toto; the rest is loosely improvised.

The virtuosity of the orchestra really asserts itself in *Things Are Here*. Brilliant flashes of unison trumpet passages punctuated by unison horn backgrounds signal an explosive entrance and brilliant solo by Gillespie.

The album marks an auspicious debut for one of the giants of jazz, whose talents have long been recognized among musicians. Perhaps now he'll be given the credit he deserves from the public. (H.S.)

Cannonball Adderley

LIVE—Capitol 2399: *Little Boy with the Sad Eyes; Work Song; Sweet Georgia Bright; The Song My Lady Sings; Theme.*

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

To those particularly interested in Cannonball's alto playing, the album should be worth even more than 4½ stars—he is in absolutely top-notch form.

As usual, he swings very hard, sometimes shifting accents in a manner that makes his lines seem to ricochet ahead. His improvisation is also very well paced, particularly on *Eyes*. *Lady* has one of the best-recorded Cannonball ballad solos, romantic but not saccharine. His big, warm tone, expressive use of the upper register, and short ascending runs make him sound

almost like a modern Johnny Hodges.

Nat's performance is uneven. He plays well on *Eyes* and *Work Song*, but some of his ideas are clearly derived from Miles Davis. His *Work Song* and *Bright* solos contain rich lines, but their continuity breaks down in places; on *Lady* he meanders.

Lloyd has established himself as a fine composer (*Lady* and *Bright* are his pieces) but has shown little development as a soloist. His tenor work on *Eyes* indicates that he is still a disciple of John Coltrane. He shows talent in using Coltrane's vocabulary, but it's about time he started developing his own.

Zawinul functions mainly as an accompanist but has plenty of room to stretch out on *Lady*. He makes good use of it, employing both lyrical and pyrotechnical approaches. (H.P.)

Donald Byrd

UP—Verve 8609: *Blind Man, Blind Man; Boom Boom; House of the Rising Sun; See See Rider; Canteloupe Island; Bossa; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; You've Been Talkin' About Me, Baby; My Babe.*

Personnel: Byrd, trumpeter; Jimmy Heath or Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw or Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Candido, Latin percussion; the Donald Byrd Singers, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Pop-rock, with vocal backgrounds and twangy guitar, is mixed with jazz touches in what appears to be an attempt to get Byrd into a commercial rut. As such things go, it has its moments of interest because Byrd, Burrell, and (on two pieces—*Canteloupe* and *Bossa*) Turrentine step out and blow a little.

The steady series of rocking riffs which is the functional basis of the disc is broken once—on *Child*, sung practically straight and with some affecting trumpet by Byrd. It's a welcome change of pace. (J.S.W.)

Walter Bishop Jr.

SUMMERTIME—Cotillion 236: *Things Ain't What They Used to Be; I Thought About You; Tell It the Way It Is; Falling in Love with Love; Dottie's Theme; Dinkum; Summertime; Easy to Love; 33rd Off 3rd; Love for Sale; Our Romance Is Over; Getting off the Ground.*

Personnel: Bishop, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★

On this release, Bishop presents himself as another of the polished, assured pianists who use a full, singing tone, big, broad chords, and a firm, positive beat to grind out one piece after another that has superficial glitter and practically no substance. It is a very impersonal way of playing—technically capable, quite professional but ultimately sterile.

Bishop is a straight-ahead pianist, relying largely on borrowings from Erroll Garner as he charges along with scarcely any shading or use of dynamics. He develops quite a bit of rhythmic momentum on some pieces—*Way, Sale*, and *Dinkum* are instances—but the big, glossy sounds that he imposes on this momentum are too empty to sustain interest. (J.S.W.)

John Coltrane

THE JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET PLAYS—Impulse 85: *Chim Chim Cheree; Brazilia; Nature Boy; Song of Praise.*

Personnel: John Coltrane, soprano and tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Art Davis, bass, added on Track 3.

Rating: ★★★★★

Hearing Coltrane begin and develop a

theme like *Nature Boy* is a reassuring experience. As the experimenters and the random players become more frequently heard these days, going back to Coltrane is a pleasing way to reaffirm that there is more to artistry than gall, intensity, and nervous fingers.

Coltrane is artist and musician down to his toes. His control of the saxophone and of his musical materials makes most of the young set sound like bumbling amateurs. I do not always enjoy those of his long solos that develop into scalar exercises, but even then there is still the fascination of listening to a musician who really knows what he's about.

This quartet is one of those rare combinations that have stayed together long enough to achieve complete unity of purpose and outlook. With Coltrane function-

ing as its brain and Jones as its heart, the group plays as one.

The leader's soprano saxophone is, if possible, more intense than his tenor. *Cheree* works into one of those pyramiding 3/4 affairs that Coltrane enjoys so much, with incredible emotional peaks and a final running out only after all possible wringing of the theme has been accomplished.

Brazilia, an original played at walking tempo, is rather like Coltrane of old. Here he indulges in short bursts of interrelated patterns, stringing them together like little pieces of tapestry, each of a slightly different design. Jones and the others sound downright traditional on this, obviously enjoying a bit of good old 4/4 swinging.

Song of Praise is one of Coltrane's hymn-like excursions, a kind of sequel to

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Alabama and *A Love Supreme*. It represents a relatively recent phase of the saxophonist's development, and he is at his expressive best in this idiom, alternating vertical exploration with horizontal lyricism. (R.B.H.)

Johnny Dankworth

THE ZODIAC VARIATIONS—Fontana 27543: *Way with the Stars; Aquarius; Pisces; Aries; Taurus; Gemini; Cancer; Leo; Virgo, Libra, Scorpio; Sagittarius; Capricorn.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Leon Calvert, Greg Bowen, Ken Wheeler, Gus Galbraith, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Tony Russell, Johnny Marshall, Chris Smith, trombones; Ron Snyder, tuba; Dankworth, Phil Woods, Al Newman, alto saxophones; Zoot Sims, Lucky Thompson, Ronnie Scott, Danny Moss, Art Ellefson, tenor saxophones; Ronnie Ross, Paul Carrol, baritone saxophones; Alan Branscombe, vibraharp, piano; David Snell, harp; Chuck Israels or Ken Napper, bass; Osie Johnson or Johnny Butts, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Considering all the records that are made with seemingly little thought or

planning, it may appear ungrateful to complain of a record that has been overplanned. But in view of the talent involved here, that would seem to have been the stumbling block in Dankworth's attempt to develop a series of variations on a basic theme. To accord with the 12 zodiacal signs, Dankworth has written 12 variations, each influenced by one of the seven basic modes. Soloists on each variation are musicians actually born under the appropriate zodiacal sign.

"I adopted this very rigid scheme of things," Dankworth writes in his notes, "knowing full well that it could prove a millstone around my neck but feeling as the work took shape a help rather than a hindrance from it."

It would be going too far to call it a millstone, but one cannot help feeling that so much rigidity in planning has reduced

this set of variations to considerably less than one might anticipate from the collection of transatlantic talent involved (it was recorded in both London and New York City). Even such usually infallible musicians as Clark Terry, Phil Woods, and Zoot Sims have trouble making much of their spots. Oddly enough, the most effective piece involves David Snell on harp (*Taurus*), although Ronnie Ross' baritone saxophone on *Libra* comes through strongly. (J.S.W.)

Al Grey

SHADES OF GREY—Tangerine 1504: *Tain Me Loose; Bewitched; I Know You Want Me; Put It on Mellow; Dinnertime; Dinah; A New Blues; Jilly's Honey.*

Personnel: Harry Edison, trumpet; Grey, Grover Mitchell, William Hughes, trombones; Vi Redd, alto saxophone; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Kirk Stuart, piano, organ; Wyatt Ruether, bass; Sonny Payne or Rufus Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Unlike most of the earlier discs on which Grey has appeared as a leader, discs that focused almost entirely on his trombone, this is a varied and interesting potpourri. In addition to some wryly elegant Grey, there are outstanding solos by Miss Redd, a number of provocative appearances by the relatively uncelebrated Stuart on both piano and organ, and some strongly visceral Davis tenor. The arrangements by Roger Spotts make frequent use of a lusty trombone ensemble that, on *Know*, takes on Kentonian touches.

Grey's big moment is a magnificent and deliberately developed treatment of *Bewitched* during which he plays a rich, singing solo that is decorated but not undermined by amusing slurs. Davis follows him with a passage that manages to combine virile strength with unexpected softness. Davis is back, again on the strong side, on *Dinnertime*, a coaxing riff piece, and with a ripping, cutting solo on the up and swinging *Know*.

The searing cry of Miss Redd's alto is featured on *Mellow* and *Dinah*, while Stuart, who is particularly impressive on piano on *Dinnertime* and *New Blues*, constantly makes his presence felt, either on piano or organ, behind and between the other soloists and in ensembles. (J.S.W.)

Illinois Jacquet

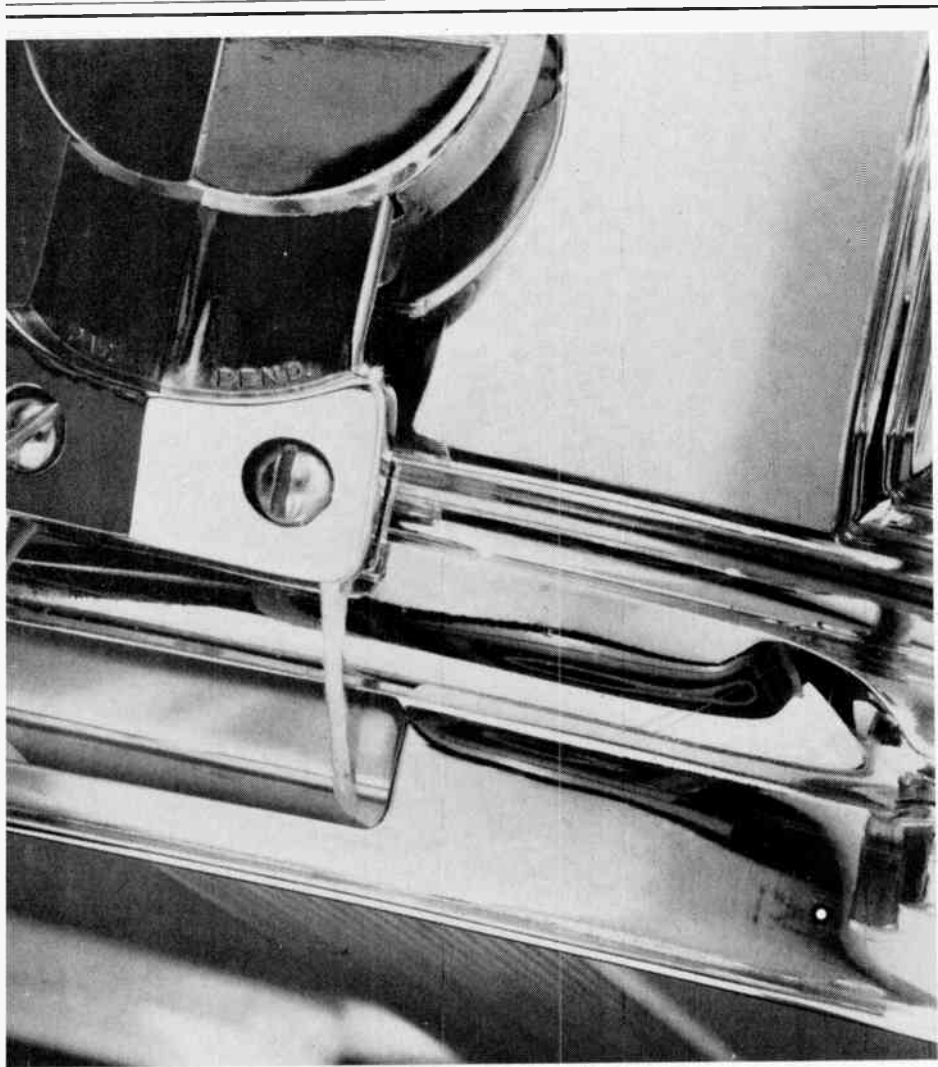
SPECTRUM—Argo 754: *Goin' out of My Head; Spanish Boots; Elise; I Remember Her So Well; Now and Then; Blues for Bunny; Black Foot; Big Music; Blue Horizon.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5—Ernie Royal, James Nottingham, trumpets; Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Buddy Lucas, Heywood Henry, reeds; Edwin Stoute, piano; Billy Butler, Eric Gale, guitars; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums; Bert Keys, arranger, conductor. Tracks 6-9—Russell Jacquet, trumpet; Illinois Jacquet, Parti Bown, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Candido Camera, conga drums.

Rating: ★★½

The two sides of this album have almost nothing in common, save the presence of tenorist Jacquet. The first, an obvious a&r attempt at making commercial-sounding hits, has the tenor saxophonist struggling manfully to make himself heard above the clamor of level boosts, echo chambers, and pedestrian background scores. On the second, he is at the helm of a small band with a strong rhythm section, and the results are conspicuously superior.

Illinois Jacquet, of course, is a sterling player, one of the great tenor saxophonists, in spite of the notoriety he earned himself



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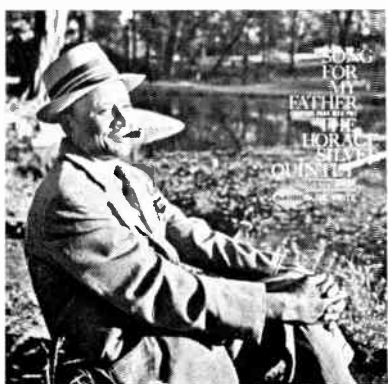
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(along with great successes) as a honker in the late '40s.

In retrospect, even his more extreme departures of that day have an excitement and a musicality that place them above today's attempts at commercial jazz, but basically, he always has been a big-toned, warm player with plenty of swing and a gift for both the blues and ballads, a musician of big Texas soul.

But Jacquet is helpless when faced with such items as *Head*, *Boots*, and *Remember*, though he rises above the occasion when given half a chance, as on *Elise*, of which he makes much more than there seems to be, in a mellow, romantic vein, and *Now and Then*, a good production number on which he builds to a great, flowery coda in the classic Coleman Hawkins manner.

On the second side, he is joined by his brother Russell, familiar from the tenorist's small groups up to a few years ago, and his own recordings from the '40s, but now active mainly in Texas and California. An accomplished trumpeter, he seems on a Miles Davis kick on *Bunny* and *Foot* but is more customarily in a Harry Edison-cum-bop vein on *Music*.

Brother Illinois swings and roars with a great, dark sound on *Bunny*, a Latin-flavored blues line, with Candido much in evidence but never in the way. *Foot* has a slightly Oriental flavor but is still basically the blues. Miss Bown's entry is appropriately Japanese; a two-fisted pianist with plenty to offer, she is long overdue for fuller exposure on records.

Illinois tears into his own *Music* with some effective smears, and the tenor-trumpet unison work on this track is truly brotherly. The tenor man goes down to Texas for the really earthy blues in his solo, the album's high point. *Horizon*, featuring tenor and a brief piano solo, is less exciting, in a minor vein.

Duvivier's big sound and impeccable time are felt throughout, and Tate also gives solid support. As distinct from the hokey sound on the first side, the small group is recorded well, with Illinois' fine sound in true focus. (D.M.)

Clifford Jordan

THESE ARE MY ROOTS: CLIFFORD JORDAN PLAYS LEADBELLY—Atlantic 1444: *Dick's Holler*; *Silver City Bound*; *Take This Hammer*; *Black Betty*; *The Highest Mountain*; *Goodnight, Irene*; *De Gray Goose*; *Black Girl*; *Jolly O the Ransom*; *Yellow Gal*.

Personnel: Roy Burrowes, trumpet; Julian Priest, trombone; Jordan, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Chuck Wayne, banjo; Richard Davis, bass; Al Heath, drums, tambourine; Sandra Douglass, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★★

A sound idea, thoughtful planning, and good execution make this an interesting and appealing album, the best yet to appear under this gifted tenor saxophonist's name.

In his search for new material, Jordan has gone to one of the great seminal figures of the Afro-American musical tradition. His selections from the extensive canon of Leadbelly's songs are judicious.

He has avoided the shortcut of merely using Leadbelly's blues and has managed to adapt less obvious and more rewarding pieces to the jazz idiom without strain or artificiality. His arrangements of the songs are clean and clear, and he has chosen a

group of excellent and compatible players to bring them to life.

Among the best tracks are *Holler*, a haunting minor melody somehow reminiscent of early Duke Ellington (an impression reinforced by Burrowes' growl trumpet touches); *Betty*, with overtones of country blues and Gospel; and *Ransom*, a happily swinging line. But all are good, and Jordan's one original, *Mountain*, stays in the appropriate context.

Miss Douglass sings on *Hammer* and *Black Girl* in direct and unmannered fashion. On the former, she receives colorful assistance from the horns, notably Priest's, while *Girl* is given a straight treatment with no jazz touches. An unbilled guitar is present on both tracks, probably played by the singer.

Though Jordan is well featured, he has made room for other soloists. Burrowes, an Ellington sideman in the recent past, takes a good plunger-muted solo on *Betty*, and his open horn on *Yellow* has bite and swing. Priest, who has been absent from records too long, is heard to advantage on *Irene* and *Goose*, while pianist Walton has two good spots on *Holler*.

Walton and Wayne are absent on several tracks, but Wayne's banjo adds an idiosyncratic touch, especially on *Silver City*, where it blends with Heath's tambourine. He takes a brief solo on *Goose*, phrasing rather like a guitarist—which is not surprising.

Davis and Heath are impeccable throughout; the bassist's solo on *Irene* demands rehearsing.

But it is Jordan who stands out, playing with impressive fluency and heartfelt conviction. He blows up a storm on *Silver City* and *Ransom*. On *Irene* he is warm and moving, while his "hollering" on *Betty* would have pleased Leadbelly. Sincerity is a hackneyed word, but there is none that better describes Jordan's work on this record.

The tracks are concise (the longest is well under five minutes), and there are no dull spots. This album offers persuasive evidence of the unbroken continuity of the jazz tradition. (D.M.)

Herbie Mann

LATIN MANN—Columbia 2388: *Let's Boom Chitty Boom*; *What'd I Say?*; *Senor Blues*; *Bilou*; *Jungle Fantasy*; *Watermelon Man*; *Interlude*; *The Five Samba*; *Ave Maria Morena*; *Manteca*.

Personnel: Carmell Jones, Jerry Kail, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Jack Hitchcock, Mark Weinstein, Quentin Jackson, Tony Studd, trombones; Mann, flute; Danny Bank, bass clarinet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea or Charlie Palmieri, piano; Dave Pike, vibraphone; Earl May or Bobby Rodriguez, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; Willie Bobo, Rafael DaVila, Carlos Diaz, Tommy Lopez, Jose Manquial, Willie Rodriguez, Raymond Sardinis, Patato Valdes, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★ 1/2

STANDING OVATION AT NEWPORT—Atlantic 1445: *Patato*; *Stolen Moments*; *Musubi*; *Comin' Home, Baby*.

Personnel: Hitchcock, Weinstein, trombones; Mann, flute; Corea, piano; Pike, vibraphone; May or Ben Tucker, bass; Carr, drums; Valdes, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★ 1/2

The Columbia LP, containing Latin-influenced jazz pieces, Latin standards, and rock-and-roll tunes, is one of the most commercially oriented Mann has made. It's one of his better ones as well.

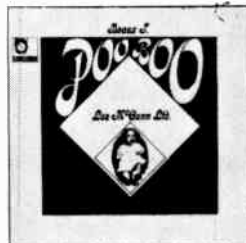
The quality of the tracks varies quite a



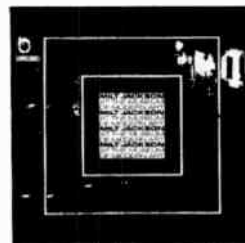
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THE NEW CONTINENT
Dizzy Gillespie & The Big Band
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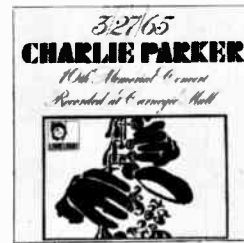
GRAND REUNION
The Earl Hines Trio Featuring Cole-
man Hawkins & Roy Eldridge—
LS 86020/LM 82020



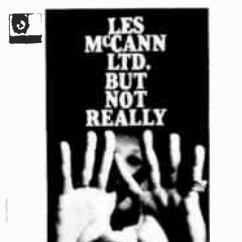
BAKER'S HOLIDAY
Chet Baker—LS 86019/LM 82019



SOUL FINGER
Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers
LS 86018/LM 82018



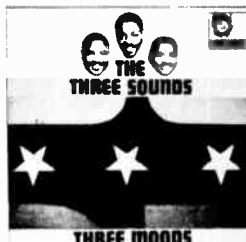
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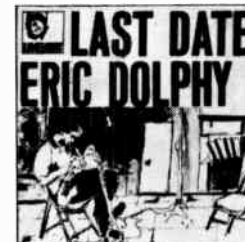
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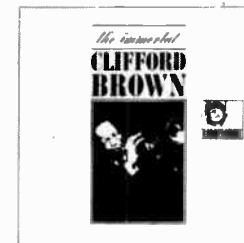
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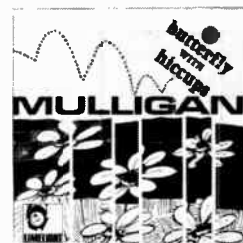
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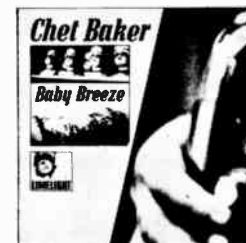
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bit, but a constant plus factor is Oliver Nelson's writing. His arrangements have a strong, uncluttered quality and, within the limits a date of this kind impose, are imaginatively done.

Morena, a Cuban song, is, I think, the best track. Piano vamping is largely responsible for establishing and maintaining a buoyant groove. It features a delightful vocal arrangement sung by the trio of DaVila, Diaz, and Sardinis. Mann, perhaps inspired by them, contributes some infectious improvisation.

The flutist has the biggest part of the blowing room on the album, and his work leaves something to be desired; he plays spiritedly but generally relies too much on stock devices. There are excep-

tions though: in addition to *Morena*, he acquires himself well on *Bijou*, employing bits from the theme at first and then building nicely with short punching phrases, and he picks his way gracefully through the space provided for him in the beautiful Nelson arrangement of Pete Rugolo's *Interlude*.

Unfortunately, Mann's talented sidemen aren't given much space, but trumpeter Carmell Jones has a majestic spot on *Jive*, and tenorist Jimmy Heath comes through strongly on *What'd I Say?* and *Senor*.

Three of the tracks on the Atlantic album were cut at the Newport Jazz Festival, where Mann made quite a hit. The other was recorded at the Village Gate. The addition of two trombonists to Mann's regular

group is a happy one. Neither is an impressive soloist—at least not here—but they do add color to what has been, at times, a pallid ensemble sound.

Patato, an infectious Pike theme, dedicated to percussionist Valdes, fittingly enough has excellent rhythm section work. Pike and Mann solo fairly well, but a trombone chase section is just plain crude.

Corea performs competently on *Moments*, a track that is highlighted by Mann's best solo of the album—a very well-constructed effort. Pike turns in good, complex improvisation.

Mushi Mushi, a happy piece by Mann, was recorded at the Village Gate about six weeks before Newport. The composer has a simple, melodic solo. There's more trombone chasing here, and this time Hitchcock and Weinstein almost make up in enthusiasm and drive what they lack in ingenuity.

Comin' Home, *Baby* features a duet by flute and bass (the tune's composer, Ben Tucker, is the bassist). Mann does a lot of flashy double-timing, and the crowd seems overwhelmed by it. Unfortunately, his work is repetitive and cliché-ridden. However, the performance elicits a big hand and an encore of *Comin' Home*. (H.P.)

Les McCann-Gerald Wilson

McCANN/WILSON—Pacific Jazz 91: *Could Be*; *Stragler*; *Restin' in Jail*; *Bailor the Wailer*; *Maleah*; *Lot of Living to Do*; *Kathleen's Theme*; *Gus Gus*.

Personnel: McCann, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Wilson, conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

There are certain musicians who share similar musical philosophies; they may even share the same record label. But in terms of performance, it is a mistake to share the same mikes.

As good as this album is in terms of honestly swinging, McCann and Wilson seem to be, with rare exceptions, as compatible as oil and water. Each one's musical contribution emerges independently, never encroaching upon the other, never upstaging the other. But as enviable as politeness might be, this does not mean that the ideal blend is achieved.

The best moments of piano-integrated-with-orchestra can be heard on *Stragler*, *Bailor*, and *Gus*. Significantly, McCann's best playing can be heard on *Living*, a number that features just his trio (Gaskin and Humphrey). The drummer takes an uninteresting chorus, firmly anchored to his hi-hat, but contributes a perfect tongue-in-cheek ending with an exclamation point on a choked cymbal.

Wilson's finest writing is heard at the outset. *Could Be*, alone, is worth the price of the album. It has the tight voicings of the old Claude Thornhill Band, over the guitar-punctuated, loose-swinging feeling of the Count Basie outfit. The dynamics are excellent, with sections squeezing out the message. Again significantly, the whole six-minute track is essentially an orchestral sound; McCann's comments are incidental.

Strings suddenly appear behind McCann's trio in *Kathleen's Theme*, the only arrangement not written by Wilson. Jimmy Haskell's voicings provide a rich

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sonority for McCann's easy-going funk.

Gaskin's strong bass lines come booming through on all tracks, but his most sensitive contributions are heard on *Could Be*. Ditto for Budimir, whose chordal approach adds considerable depth to the concerted orchestral passages and whose single-string pedal point ignites *Maleah*.

The album is more pleasant and relaxing than memorable. (H.S.)

Don Patterson

PATTERSON'S PEOPLE—Prestige 7381: *Love Me with All Your Heart*; 42639: *Please Don't Talk about Me when I'm Gone*; *Sentimental Journey*; *Theme for Dee*.

Personnel: Sonny Stitt or Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the best organ-tenor album I can recall hearing. Patterson is a fine musician who just happens to play organ, and unlike many contemporary organists, he shuns the crowd-pleasing effects and the clichés.

His surging, long-lined work is heard to excellent advantage on *Love Me* and 42639. On *Sentimental Journey* he organizes his playing lucidly and reaches powerful chordal climaxes on the ballad *Dee*.

Stitt and Ervin split the saxophone space.

Stitt improvises very well on the up-tempo 42639. He's played with more drive and continuity, but a slightly below-par Stitt is still better than the majority of tenor men. His *Don't Talk* work is better—good-humored, quietly cooking, and rich in ideas.

Ervin's solos convey a feeling of great urgency; his upper-register notes are strongly played—they seem to rocket out of his horn. He swings with compelling forcefulness, and his sense of time is extremely sharp. (H.P.)

Howard Roberts

GOODIES—Capitol 2400: *Love: Who Can I Turn To?*; *Three O'Clock in the Morning*; *Marie*; *Girl Talk*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Goodies*; *More*; *I Know a Place*; *Summer Wind*; *Chim Chim Cher-ee*.

Personnel: Charles Kynard or Pete Jolly or Henry Cain, organ; Howard Roberts, Donald Peake, Thomas Tedesco, Carol Kaye, John Pisano, John Gray, guitars; Charles Berghofer or Max Bennett, bass; Hal Blaine or Frank Capp or Shelly Manne or Larry Bunker, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is quiet, background jazz with a little spice tossed in here and there by Roberts, Manne, and Cain to keep the ear honest. Much of the music leans on riffs or a twist approach (*Marie* included), balanced by some slow, bland bits.

The group is best on *Morning*, which is spurred by Manne's light and zestful drumming and some strongly swinging organ by Cain. (J.S.W.)

Archie Shepp

FIRE MUSIC—Impulse 86: *Hambone*; *Los Olvidados*; *Malcolm*, *Malcolm*, *Semper Malcolm*; *Prelude to a Kiss*; *The Girl from Ipanema*.

Personnel: Ted Curson, trumpet; Joseph Orange, trombone; Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Reggie Johnson or David Izenzon, bass; Joe Chambers or J. C. Moses, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I suppose the fact that one of America's most celebrated racists, LeRoi Jones, beats his drum for Shepp has turned some otherwise interested listeners away from the tenor saxophonist. This is regrettable, for

in Shepp's music there is warmth, originality, and provocative musical thought. Shepp's views on society and politics may hold interest for his Greenwich Village friends, but for record listeners it's what he does with music that counts. And he does a good deal.

Four horns with just bass and drums could make for a top-heavy sound, but the instrumentation is skillfully handled in this instance. Like some other young jazzmen, Shepp and friends seem to be building logically on foundations laid by Duke Ellington, Charles Mingus, and Ornette Coleman. (In this age of composer-arranger-instrumentalists it is interesting that the patterns of influence have changed from the hard Charlie Parker-Clifford Brown-Sonny Rollins line to more diverse and personal combinations. Modern jazzmen are finally opening their ears to a wider jazz spectrum.)

Hambone and *Olvidados* are built on relatively simple thematic statements, which Shepp explores in a free, but not irresponsible, manner while his colleagues put most of their energies into lining out a punching background for their leader. Curson solos, but the impression I get is one of neat musical doodling. The intense, loose ensemble shouting on *Hambone* is close to the spirit of Mingus.

Shepp's croaky solos are often well conceived and full of controlled passion. He has been compared to Ben Webster, but this album makes the parallel seem at least inappropriate. If one must compare him to a mainstream player, perhaps altoist Don Stovall, a more venturesome player than Webster, would be a better choice. But Shepp is, happily, like no one else.

The balance of orchestral unity, compositional depth, and solo space on these numbers is commendable. There is always interesting movement taking place, and no one overplays his assigned role. Chambers fills out the holes with skill and daring yet never smothers his fellow players.

Prelude is full of delicious, traditionally moist ballad devices, as such a lovely tune really should be. Shepp "sings" the tune romantically and bends notes—it's about time a young player rediscovered these basic elements of musical communication. There is, too, a bit of flippancy and damn-the-tune "freedom" here—the kind one may hear in, say, a Sonny Rollins ballad performance.

Ipanema is totally unlike any other version of this piece I've heard. The approach is loose, quite free, and decidedly "hot", in contrast to most bossa nova renditions. Shepp solos just a little too long on this one, wavering on the brink of tedium in his final choruses. When his usually bright flame lowers, the saxophonist's statements often begin to sound like disconnected murmurings.

Malcolm, performed by the trio of Shepp, Izenzon, and Moses, is close to program music, but in it can be heard convincing saxophone moanings and some striking arco bass work. There seem to be overtones of Sonny Rollins' *Freedom Suite* here and there in this work. Shepp also reads his own poem, the judging of which I leave to others. (R.B.H.)

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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

CLARK TERRY



HERB SNITZER

1. Gil Fuller. *Moontide* (Pacific Jazz). Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Herman Lebow, Sam Cassano, David Duke, Alan Robinson, French horns; Fuller, composer.

I liked the record—very much. I'm sure it was Diz . . . at least, I think it was Diz, and I always admire the way Diz treats a ballad, not to mention his other jazz. But I particularly liked the horn section—weren't there French horns there?

I do quite a bit of work with guys like that in New York, and this was a good section. Obviously it's guys like Jim Buffington and John Barrows, Ray Alonge, and that bunch; sounds like a good typical, first-string New York horn section.

The tune is beautiful; I don't know who wrote it, but it's marvelous.

I'd have to give Birks five stars for anything he does . . . for the record over-all I'd say four.

2. Charlie Byrd. *Jazz 'n' Samba* (from *Brazilian Byrd*, Columbia). Byrd, guitar; Antonio Carlos Jobim, composer; Tom Newsom, arranger.

That one just about completely baffles me! I don't have the slightest idea who it is. Doesn't sound like an American band, to me. Sounds like it might be something from Europe . . . reminiscent of Django there, in parts. The chord structure of the tune is nothing real fresh. It's got the same old Sears and Roebuck changes, but it's very nicely treated.

The guitarist was very outstanding . . . does a few very soulful turns and twists there. . . . I'm not really in love with the arrangement, but it's good; it's treated very well. I like the arrangement better than the tune. I'd say three stars.

3. Buddy Rich. *Miss Bessie's Cookin'* (from *The Driver*, Emarcy). Marky Markowitz, trumpet; Willie Dennis, trombone; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Mike Mainieri, vibraharp; Dave McKenna, piano; Earl May, bass; Rich, drums.

Yeah! That's very, very tasty and very interesting. I was listening particularly to the stereophonic effect. Very nice, with the vibes and the trumpet and the bass on left channel, and the two horns and piano on the right. It sounded very well balanced.

The trumpet kind of baffles me—could it possibly be Ruby Braff? Nobody comes to mind right now, except Ruby. And there was some Pres in the tenor there; could be Seldon Powell—he's one of the few cats around with that knack for treating a note the way Pres did. And the trombone baffles me a bit—sounds like Willie Dennis

to me. I'm probably all wrong, but just from my association with these guys that's who it sounds like.

I like the record—give it five stars. Beautiful. That drum solo was just marvelous! Like the way Skoonje—Louie Bellson—or Philly Joe or one of the great guys would treat a solo like that.

4. Ted Curson. *Ted's Tempo* (from *The New Thing & The Blue Thing*, Atlantic). Curson, trumpet; Bill Barron, tenor saxophone; Georges Arvanitas, piano; Herb Bushler, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Well, that's an experience. . . . I don't know, guess I've been listening to too much funky-butt music to really understand this type of music. It's very difficult to say too much on those one-chord-type things anyhow, and I give the guys credit for the efforts they put forth.

I haven't the slightest idea who it is. Sounds like it could have been somebody like Sun Ra playing piano and maybe Archie Shepp . . . and my little buddy that plays the pocket cornet . . . Don Cherry. Could have been that bunch.

I like what they're doing, but maybe I'm just an old square!

First of all I was listening objectively, stereophonically, and I don't think it came off too well . . . the balance. I think maybe the right channel was plugged in a little better than the left channel, because whoever was on the woodwind over there on the right was definitely much more dominant than the left, where the trumpet was.

As far as the emotion was concerned, the repetitious thing that was going on . . . I've heard Ellington play some of those things where they get into the one groove that seemed to interest me a little more than this does.

However, like I said, I give the guys credit, they're obviously trying to do something that's new. I'd say about a deuce.

5. Al Grey. *Put It on Mellow* (from *Shades of Grey*, Tangerine). Harry Edison, trumpet; Grey, trombone; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Vi Redd, alto saxophone; Kirk Stuart, organ.

I'll take another order of that!

Without a doubt, that was "Nasty" Edison on trumpet, sounding just like he did when he played for Capt. Joe Streckfus on the riverboat! He's always been the funkiest one around. I always dig Sweets; he's my man.

I think the tenor sounded like Jaws. It's

The reader's image of Clark Terry may vary according to his age or listening habits. To some he is "that trumpet player on the *Tonight Show*." To night-club habitués he is the fellow who leads the quintet with Bob Brookmeyer. To record buyers he may be the crazy bop singer who did *Mumbles* with Oscar Peterson.

He is all of these, of course, but for any jazz student beyond his teens, Terry has an identification that will always remain the strongest of all: from 1951 until 1959 he was a member of Duke Ellington's brass section. Before that he had several big-band credits: 18 months with George Hudson in his native St. Louis, almost a year in California with Charlie Barnet, and a couple of years with Count Basie.

Credited by Miles Davis as an early influence, Terry at 45 is one of the stablest, most versatile, and most inspired soloists on fluegelhorn and trumpet. Though he has been on the NBC staff since March, 1960, he has continued to work actively in jazz and refuses to grow complacent or stale.

in Jaws' vein; if it wasn't him, it's somebody who had Jaws to a T. The alto kind of baffled me. I really couldn't pick out who it could have been. He sounded good. Excellent. Good tone; he played pretty.

The 'bone . . . could have been the big plunger . . . what's his name Grey. We nicknamed Al Grey "Miff Mole" in the Navy, because he always used to practice and get a sound that just seemed like "miff . . . miff!" To this day I still call him Miff—and he doesn't like it!

I don't know who the organist was . . . I dug it very much. That's a fiver, that whole track. Very relaxing; you don't have to tax your brain to find out what's going on there.

6. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass. *Lollipops and Roses* (from *Whipped Cream and Other Delights*, A&M).

Well, that was one of those infectious-type things that's very popular, a trend lots of people are going for today. Kind of cute, different, with a little jingle-bell rhythm going on there. . . . Nice for a change of pace. I couldn't fall in love with that style if it were here to stay. But at least it's a break away from the rock-and-roll thing.

I heard this on the car radio; it's obviously a hit. It's the Tijuana Brass, I guess. Three stars for being different.

7. Duke Ellington. *Angu* (from *Afro-Bossa*, Reprise). Ray Nance, cornet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Ellington, piano, composer; Billy Strayhorn, mandolin-piano.

That was old Rembrandt himself. Rab sounded beautiful, and of course my man Dip was toning away—Dip, that's what we call Ray Nance. A Chicago name, Little Dipper.

Beautiful. That was probably Betty Glamann on harp there; was it? He's used her on a few occasions.

I always call Ellington maestro, and I call him that with a passion. He's one of the most beautiful people I've ever met in my life, and one of the greatest experiences that ever happened to me was the nine years I worked with the band. It was like going to a university for nine years; I got experience that I couldn't have paid to acquire anywhere. There is something about being around this man for a time that just rubs off on you.

He's a great man. His true greatness won't be realized until a hundred years from now. Four-and-a-half stars. **[B]**

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

The Jazz Crusaders

Madison Club, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone, euphonium; Wilton Felder, alto, tenor saxophones; Joe Sample, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

As jazz continues to divide into camps, the individual influences relative to each come under scrutiny. Consequently, rock and roll, too, must be considered.

For example. . .

Whether or not their direction is that conscious, the Jazz Crusaders are definitely a rock-oriented group. Rock-and-roll gigs underwrote their leaner days, and the influences are still in evidence. Fresh and spirited, they are one of the best exponents of this musical phenomenon.

The Crusaders (with exception of Lewis) have played together for more than six years and anticipate each other like a championship basketball team. Their ideas have formed almost collectively, but even so they are varied. Making only their second appearance in this area, their sound was still new to Baltimoreans. Their willingness to blow (and hard) made them well received. Cookers rather than introspective, complex performers, they projected a teenage enthusiasm; however, their unlimited energy sometimes led to monot-

ony: the Crusaders still must learn to scale their sound and vary their intensity.

The program was speckled with a few standards and new arrangements, but primarily the group relied upon their record-and library. *Tough Talk*, *The Thing*, *Milestones*, and their staccato trademark, *The Young Rabbits*, all resounded with their characteristic big beat. Hooper's sock-cymbal work on the latter made for a flexible, yet firm, foundation for the soloists to work on. It cooked from Henderson's probing opener, through Felder's rock-house solo, and on to the out chorus.

Unfortunately, the Crusaders didn't know when to turn it off. *You Don't Know What Love Is* began as a ballad with Henderson's moody euphonium but then developed into an overgarnished up number when Felder and Hooper came in. *'Round Midnight* suffered similarly; it was overdone and lacked the simplicity that the line calls for.

Surprisingly, their departures from the big sound produced some of their best work. *No-Name Samba* bore little resemblance to bossa nova but had an infectious melody and rhythm. Felder's tenor this time was subdued and complemented Sample nicely. Unassuming but imaginative, Sample was probably the most complete player on the set.

Technically sound, the group's ensemble work is its strongest asset. This was proved on *Turkish Black*, an Eastern-tinted tune by Felder that had an exotic blend before reverting to more up choruses.

Henderson is well paired with Felder

but isn't as exciting a soloist, perhaps because the group's big-beat conception doesn't lend itself to a trombone sound.

Milestones, *Weather Beat*, *The Breeze and I*, and *Well, You Needn't* also were performed. And in up fashion.

No doubt the Crusaders' programing is geared to their free spirit. Though more variety and restraint might be desired, it's a pleasure to hear a group that leaves neuroses in the hotel room and comes to blow.

—Don Buday

Woody Herman

Mark Twain Riverboat, New York City
Personnel: Herman, clarinet, alto and soprano saxophones; Bill Chase, Ziggy Harrell, Paul Fontaine, Alex Rodriguez, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Gary Potter, Jerry Collins, Henry Southall, trombones; Lou Orenstein, Frank Foster, Andy McGhee, tenor saxophones; Tom Anastas, baritone saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Tony Leonardi, bass; Ronnie Zito, drums.

The opportunity to hear the Herman Herd play for dancers doesn't often arise in New York, and it was interesting to note how readily the band adapts itself to this task. Dancing, after all, was the genesis of big jazz bands, and still provides a good percentage of the bookings.

The Riverboat, a cavernous, mirrors-and-upholstery restaurant in the depths of the Empire State Building, has been presenting various big bands for dancing and late dining for the last eight months, but Herman's was the first with any jazz identification.

The band's fine beat and varied tempos, and Herman's relaxed and friendly bandstand manner, served to establish rapport with the dancers, most of whom stayed on

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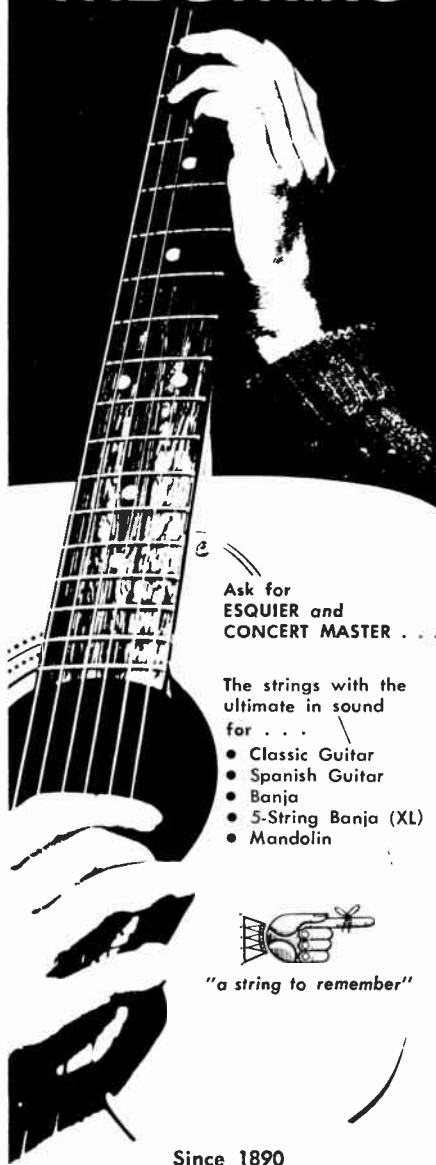
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the floor between numbers. Before trotting out one of his flag wavers, Herman would warn the customers: "This is a fast one coming up." But there were relatively few of these.

The band did not have to compromise its musical standards to please the dancers. In fact, it seemed more relaxed and swinging, at times, than during a concert or festival appearance. This might also be due to the rhythm team of Leonardi and Zito, who drive less hard but swing more supplely than their predecessors, Chuck Andrus and Jake Hanna.

The trumpets, with some new faces on hand, had their customary bite and sparkle, paced by Chase's remarkable lead work. Fontaine's return is welcome; he handles the bulk of the trumpet solo work, muted and open, with taste and feeling. Chase has some exciting solo bits, mostly in high-note climaxes, but also in a more melodic vein, as on *Everybody Loves Somebody*.

Phil Wilson's departure has left Southall with the bulk of the trombone solo spots. He is a vigorous, Bill Harris-tinged player with a fitting sense of humor and explosive swing. Collins also has some smooth, cleanly played bits.

The saxes, with Foster on his last gig with the band (he was replaced by Bob Pierson), have the customary "Brotherly" flavor on most arrangements, but a welcome contrast occurs in the section's sound when Herman plays lead alto, his strong, pretty sound and sure intonation giving a lift to the whole band.

McGhee, a long-time *Flying Home* specialist in Lionel Hampton's band, has more of a chance to show his mettle with Herman. A warm, swinging player, he shone on the balladic *Shadow of Your Smile* (the theme from the movie, *The Sandpiper*, in an attractive Pierce arrangement).

Foster contributed several good solos, with some impressive upper-register work; his high notes are exciting but never shrill or tasteless. Orenstein plays pleasantly in a Sims-Getz way, but was unable to fill Getz' shoes on *Early Autumn*, which spotted a nice Pierce solo in place of the original vibraharp passages.

Pierce, of course, is an important anchor man in the band, contributing the bulk of the excellent book as well as his solid pianistics.

Herman, who was often slighted or patronized for his solo efforts in the days when bop was king, has in fact always been an excellent jazzman, ever since he took "hot" solos with Isham Jones in the '30s. And, like all good players, he continues to improve with maturity; his contributions are essential to the band's appeal.

Herman was at his best with some lovely blues clarinet on *Woody's Whistle*, a good arrangement; with a Johnny Hodges-tinged alto solo on *Poor Butterfly* (in a nice, dance-band-styled-but-swinging version); and on soprano saxophone—a recent addition to the Herman doubles—in a socking blues. He plays the straight saxophone with his customary good sound and overtones of both Hodges and John Coltrane.

For the twisters, there was a rousing *Watermelon Man*. *My Favorite Things*

(the night's sole drum feature) was taken at a very fast clip. Foster's *Tomorrow's Blues Today* added a futuristic touch. But most of the fare was at comfortable dance tempos, with the band in a particularly relaxed groove on *Bedroom Eyes*, a Matthew Gee line arranged by Pierce.

Whether soft or shouting, this is a fine band, a jazz band, a band that plays good music. No longer as intent on proving how much power it can generate, this edition of the Herd has learned to relax. Listening to them, and watching the dancers enjoying themselves on the floor, it is easy to believe that this kind of music once again could become a popular favorite. In the meantime, Herman & Co. are keeping the faith. —Dan Morgenstern

Bobby Hackett-Tommy Gwaltney

Blues Alley, Washington, D. C.

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Charlie Butler, trombone; Gwaltney, clarinet; Steve Jordan, guitar; John Phillips, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Eddie Phyfe, drums.

For more than two dozen years the word mellow—which means softened, ripe, mature—has been used, properly, to describe the sound of Hackett's cornet.

Have no fear, believers—the Hackett cornet is still mellow. Those codas of his remain amazing, too, and this little jazz giant can still curl together strikingly original melodic phrases when they are least expected. Just when one thinks all Hackett is going to do, this time on this chorus, is play the melody, note by note, prettily, with feeling, he inserts a gorgeous phrase that can only be described as a Hackettism. Make no mistake: Hackett doesn't play like Bix Beiderbecke or anyone else. Hackett plays, and has always played, like Hackett.

He is 50 now, and in some overpublicized jazz circles his relentlessly melodic approach to the jazz spirit is somewhat out of fashion, possibly because he plays friendly, not angry. But even if Hackett is not what's happening now, baby, his kind of jazz has a long way to go before any sane man could call it dated. This was proved again, by the vitality of his music and the attention and applause it received from capacity crowds at Gwaltney's Blues Alley club.

Hackett's two-week engagement was enormously successful, commercially and artistically, and one reason why was club-owner Gwaltney's house band, a group of true professionals, wonderfully right for Hackett's talent. By the end of the second week, this band was really cooking.

With a marvelous rhythm section and a superb though nationally unknown trombonist, the Hackett-Gwaltney combination ripped through some of the best no-nonsense, no-gimmick jazz heard in the nation's capital in recent years. Call it mainstream, call it neo-traditional, call it swing, call it just seven guys playing old songs well. Call it whatever you want, it was much music.

Hackett is justifiably well known for his ability to transform a schmaltzy, drag-tempo, with-strings overarrangement into meaningful music, but he is at his best when he can relax with a solid rhythm section, and he had that at Blues Alley.

First, Phyfe is a rare kind of drummer.

He can keep time, and he plays for and with the other members of the band. With Phyfe in command at the rhythmic throttle, with Betts (a bassist who knows all the tunes and plays the right notes, on the button, all the time) supplying the vital bottom, and with Jordan (one of the few remaining masters of unamplified rhythm guitar) tying things together, this was a rhythm section that continually delighted the ear and quickened the pulse.

Hackett is not a watch-me-blow-them-all-out-of-town player and never was, but he typically found exciting new ways of improvising upon such warhorses as *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* without seeming to improvise at all.

Hackett is also one of those rare individualists who can play a tune note by note, or nearly so, and still make it jazz and still make it seem to be *his* song.

One of the delights of Hackett's final evening at Blues Alley found him doing just this, squeezing all the melodic juice possible out of *Under a Blanket of Blue*. This was introduced by Gwaltney as "Hackett with strings, all six of them," and so it was, since the cornetist was accompanied only by Jordan's flashing chord changes on six guitar strings. Hackett, a former rhythm guitarist himself, is one man who appreciates Jordan's guitar playing.

Gwaltney, a better clarinetist than many with bigger reputations, was at his best with Hackett. He swung with gusto, assurance, and grace on *Shine* and *Sugar*

particularly. The youngest member of the band, pianist Philips, managed to hold his own in this band of accomplished jazz veterans.

In many ways, however, the most exciting soloist on the bandstand—including Hackett—was trombonist Butler. Each of his solos was a driving, forceful, well-constructed gem, complete with beginning, middle, climax, conclusion, and sense of humor. Somewhat like J. C. Higginbotham in his prime, somewhat like Vic Dickenson, slide trombonist Butler brought wide, appreciative smiles of rhythmic joy to his colleagues on the bandstand as he ripped off biting, virile, and often amusing "talk" on *Indiana*, *I've Found a New Baby*, *Perdido*, *Royal Garden Blues*, and *Wang Wang Blues*.

Butler is also down home enough to know what to do with a rubber plunger and how to use a tailgate slur in ensemble work.

Possibly the cookingest piece played by this group was *Washington and Lee Swing*, taken at a sizzling, nonmarch, 4/4 tempo. An amusingly wry "rah, rah, rah" vocal chorus by Jordan midway in the romp helped to keep it stomping.

Gwaltney said Hackett's visit was "a wonderful two weeks for us," and he wasn't just talking about the crowds.

Jazz could use more Hacketts. But what trade, what profession, what art, couldn't? Nice, modest people with great talent sometimes do receive the attention they deserve, and Hackett did at Blues Alley.

—Tom Scanlan

JAZZ ON TAPE

(Continued from page 16)

moving; they are at their best on *One Note Samba*. The other titles are *Silver*, *Trieste*, *Valeria* (melodic Lewis and furling Jackson), J. S. Bach's *Fugue in A Minor*, and *Foi a Saudade* (a lilting Latin tune played with proper crispness and a light touch).

JOE PASS: *For Django* (Pacific Jazz WPTC 1022). A comparison of the review copies of this album's tape and disc issues revealed a slightly better sound on the tape (though there is sometimes a slight sound blur and lack of highs) and about an eighth of a tone difference in the music.

Pass is at the top of his game, improvising one flashing solo after another. The most invigorating performances in this happy, unpretentious set are *Night and Day* and *Limehouse Blues*, both of which swing hard from the first note. Other notable performances are *Django* (fleet Pass), *Rosetta* (tough Pass), *Nuages* (tasteful Pass), and *Django's Castle* (sensitive Pass). The other members of the group are guitarist John Pisano, bassist Jim Hughton (a strong man), and drummer Colin Bailey.

OSCAR PETERSON: *Trio + One Clark Terry* (Mercury STC 60975). This is one of the happiest records issued in the last two years, and the clarity of the tape version makes it all the more enjoyable.

Terry's put-on nonsense singing on *Mumbles* and *Incoherent Blues* (the funnier of the two) has gained great popular-



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ity, but there is more of attraction in this album than those two selections: *Brotherhood of Man* (strong Peterson piano and humorous Terry plunger trumpet), *Blues for Smedley* (infectious Terry and good Ray Brown bass work), *Roundalay* (great Brown bass lines strolling behind Terry's solo), *Mack the Knife* (heated Terry), and *Squeaky's Blues* (a smoker).

HOWARD ROBERTS: *Is a Dirty Guitar Player/Something's Cookin'* (Capitol Y2T 2337). This double-album, 3½-ips release is well engineered, even though one misses the brightness of the high frequencies.

The music in both albums is pleasant but hardly earth-shaking. Roberts is a highly competent guitarist who invests much of his work with funky licks.

The *Dirty* album is by a quartet of guitar, organ, bass, and drums. No personnel is given but the other musicians are organist Burkley Kendrix, bassist Chuck Berghofer, and drummer Earl Palmer. The best tracks are *Watermelon Man* (slower than one is used to hearing it), *If Ever I Would Leave You* (hackneyed treatment of the theme but a well-constructed, warm Roberts solo), *Rough Ridin'* (good guitar and nonhysterical organ), *Smokin'* (a sort of back-country twist laced with tongue-in-cheek humor), and *One-Note Samba* (not a bossa nova but straight-ahead 4/4 with dryly witty licks by Roberts).

Cookin' features Roberts' quartet with a brass section (again, no personnel given). The brass, most of which is on the right channel with the organ, outbalances Roberts. *Frankie and What's His Name*, *Blues in the Night*, *Cute*, and *People* are the best of the album's 10 selections.

GEORGE SHEARING: *Jazz Concert/San Francisco Scene* (Capitol Y2T 2266). The total playing time of this two-album, 3½-ips tape is 80 minutes. The sound is good.

The best performances are on *Concert*, with fine solos by pianist Shearing, vibist Gary Burton (who sounds much looser on this record—made about three years ago—than he does sometimes today), and guitarist John Gray on *Walkin'*, *Love Is Just around the Corner*, and *Bel Aire*. The other selections—*I Cover the Waterfront*, *Love Walked In*, and *There with You*—are less interesting, though Shearing's verbal introduction to *Waterfront* is quite humorous.

The *San Francisco* album is a standard Shearing program: bounce tunes with short solos by guitar and vibes before a longer piano solo and stereotyped unison ensembles, an unaccompanied piano solo on a standard, and a few stiff and cold Latin numbers with congaist Armando Peraza added to the quintet, the members of which are unlisted, though Shearing announces the presence of guitarist Dick Garcia.

CLARK TERRY: *The Happy Horns Of* (Impulse ITC 312). The bass-heavy recording on these performances muffles some of the musical effects.

The personnel is impressive: besides the leader on trumpet and fluegelhorn, there are Phil Woods, alto saxophone and clarinet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; and Walter Perkins, drums. Unfortunately, the


playing sometimes sounds perfunctory. Still, there are moments of beauty in Bob Hammer's arrangement of Bix Beiderbecke's *In a Mist*, Terry's lyrical but heated playing on *Do Nothin' till You Hear from Me*, and Webster's impassioned *Jazz Conversations* solo. Kellaway offers the biggest surprise of the album when he takes a deep bow in the direction of Joe Sullivan in his introduction to *Do Nothin' till You Hear*.

CAL TJADER: *Warm Wave* (Verve VSTC 321); *Soul Sauce* (Verve VSTC 326). Part of *Warm Wave* was recorded by Phil Ramone in New York's A&R Studios and part by Van Gelder at his studios in New Jersey. The difference in the sound of Tjader's vibes at the two dates is striking—on Ramone's the instrument sounds much brighter than on Van Gelder's.

It really doesn't make a lot of difference though, since the album is hip mood music, a collection of nice ballads lightly improvised on by Tjader and cushioned by a string section or a vocal group (either the Swingles or Double Six) doing arrangements by Claus Ogerman.

Soul Sauce is another dish altogether—Latin jazz with lots of heat for the most part. (The sound varies from the brightness of *Pantano* to the bass-y quality of *Afro Blue*, and the piano is unclear in most of the takes.) Tjader tends to be too rhapsodic on the album's two ballads—*Somewhere in the Night* and *Spring Is Here*—but he tightens up his playing on the Latin ballad *Leyte*, written by himself and his pianist, Lonnie Hewitt. The album's best moments come on the Tito Puente-influenced *Maramoor*.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Definitive Jazz Scene, Vol. 1* (Impulse ITC 311). The different sound qualities achieved by various engineers at various studios is nowhere better demonstrated than on this tape. The engineers represented are Van Gelder, Bob Arnold, George Piros, Bob Simpson, and Mickey Crofford. There are differences in the amounts of highs and lows and in the balance between the two channels. Of them all, Crofford's recording of Shirley Scott's *Lisa* and *Pam* is the most lifelike, though Piros' handling of *Avalon* by a Shelly Manne group with Coleman Hawkins achieves great presence.

Musically, this is one of the better tapes issued this year. It contains *Solitude* by a Duke Ellington-led quintet that features Hawkins on tenor and some nice Ray Nance violin; a Basie septet version of *Trey of Hearts*; Ben Webster in tender mood on Ellington's *Single Petal of a Rose*; vibist Terry Gibbs, ably supported by guitarist Kenny Burrell, bassist Sam Jones, and drummer Louis Hayes, performing *Tippie*; the aforementioned track by Miss Scott; John Coltrane playing soprano saxophone on his own composition *Big Nick*; Manne's *Avalon*, the outstanding performance in the collection (Hawkins roars in his solo, and Manne seemingly has a ball backing the group); Charlie Mingus' *Freedom*, played by an 11-man group and featuring preaching Booker Ervin tenor; *Hammerhead Waltz* by Clark Terry's group with Webster and Phil Woods; and pianist McCoy Tyner's *Flapstick Blues*. 



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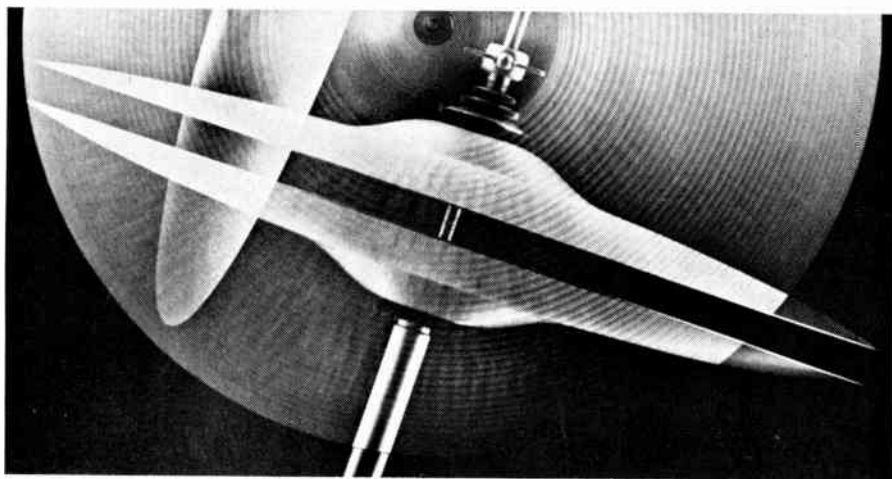
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AUTO TAPES

(Continued from page 18)

and center, is indescribably vivid.

This item is listed at \$6.98; it is classified by Muntz as a "king single," his term for albums that consume an unusual quantity of tape (playing time 44 minutes or more).

Until recently there was a curious inconsistency in the price range of the cartridges. Those of normal length (i.e. single-album playing time) ran from \$3.98 up, at \$1 intervals, to as high as \$9.98. Perhaps as a result of the growing competition, there was a reorganization last July that brought the Muntz prices in line with those of regular albums on disc. *Dizzy Gillespie on the French Riviera*, for instance, once \$7.98, came down to \$4.98. Art Blakey's *Jazz Message* also is \$4.98, Gerry Mulligan's *Paris Concert* \$3.98. A few items, such as *Lionel Hampton at the Vibes*, are \$2.98.

There are also the Twin-Paks, large enough to accommodate the contents of two albums. Ray Charles' *Genius Hits the Road* and *Sweet and Sour Tears* (both from the ABC-Paramount catalog) come in a Twin-Pak at \$8.98. And there are a few quads, but these big four-album cartridges, costing as much as \$16.98, are low in jazz content.

The catalog is surprisingly varied. The jazz includes John Coltrane, Ben Webster, Jimmy Witherspoon, Terry Gibbs, Jackie McLean, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, and Eddie Condon. Aside from jazz there are pop singers and vocal groups, background mood music, rock and roll, pop pianists, show tunes, western and folk, Latin and Hawaiian, comedy albums, and about 60 classical items.

The catalog of tapes manufactured by Auto-Stereo, lower in aggregate output than that of Stereo-Pak (about 1,500), nevertheless has begun to show promising signs. Auto-Stereo recently acquired the rights to the Contemporary and Good Time Jazz catalogs and plans to use them in no fewer than 200 four-track cartridges, virtually all of them jazz, within the next year or so. Auto-Stereo recently acquired exclusive rights to the Atlantic catalog, and like Stereo-Pak, has nonexclusive rights to such labels as Mercury, Philips, ABC-Paramount, and some 20 other labels.

The quality on Auto-Stereo shows evidence of considerable care in sound values and balance. Like Muntz, Auto-Stereo releases its material in cartridges of three different sizes, known respectively (because of the footages) as 300, 600, and 1,200, and sold at \$6.95, \$10.95, and \$17.95. (Playing time is roughly one-half hour, one hour, two hours.) One admirable 600 tape com-

bines two fine Impulse albums: Quincy Jones' *Quintessence* and Chico Hamilton's *Passin' Through*.

The jazz items, as with Muntz, are not necessarily all in stereo; this depends, of course, on the recording dates. For instance, there is one four-album package by Gerry Mulligan from some of his classic mono sessions of the early and middle 1950s.

Despite the overlapping of catalogs, there are many items available on Auto-Stereo but not on Muntz and vice versa. Auto-Stereo, for instance, has five Dinah Washington Mercury sets and four by Sarah Vaughan, as well as a Gerald Wilson (*Portraits*). Muntz, on the other hand, has a couple of Ellington albums that have not yet appeared on Auto-Stereo. An interesting curiosity on Auto-Stereo is Woody Herman's *The Fourth Herd*, which seems to have been drawn not from a regular LP at all but from a Sesac set recorded originally for radio transcription use.

None of the companies currently releasing four-track stereo cartridges has access to all the major catalogs.

Three of the biggest—Columbia, Decca-Coral, and Capitol—have waited on the sidelines. Their catalogs will not be available in tape cartridges until they have decided which way the wind is blowing; they will then go with the four- or eight-track system or, if necessary, with both.

A few technical problems need ironing out.

On many tapes a trace of print-through can be heard, though it was seldom loud enough to be obtrusive. A few Muntz reels sound as though the transfer to tape had been effected by an auto mechanic with no knowledge of music, since the balance between channels was incorrect. There is no fast-forward or reverse control; once a favorite track has passed, one must wait until the whole side has played before hearing it again.

Information on the cartridges is skimpy, usually just the artist's name and titles; on Impulse's *The Definitive Jazz Scene, Vol. 2* all nine personnels are unlisted, which will certainly not help sales of what is actually an excellent tape. A leaflet containing full album notes should be included—unless the manufacturers are willing to limit their market to buyers of background sounds rather than music lovers. Auto-Stereo, unlike Muntz, does take the trouble to list clearly the artist's name and tune order for each pair of tracks separately.

The advantages of tape over radio for automobile use are numerous. There is no interference from power lines, no reduction of volume while passing through tunnels or over bridges; and, blessing of blessings, no commercials.

A major plus factor, too, is the selectivity that comes with the ownership of a personal tape library. Many car drivers are imprisoned for hours on end with the agony of AM radio and the Top 40. Even those with FM radios can't be sure when they will reach an area where no such stations are within range or a time of night when FM is silent.

The greatest value, of course, is the stereo sound, compared with which the sound of any monophonic single-speaker car radio seems feeble indeed. Even some of the early, monophonic items in the catalogs gain in quality—a fascinating example is *Blackbirds of 1928*, a 1932-3 recording with the Ellington band, the Mills Brothers, Ethel Waters, and Adelaide Hall.

Muntz was recently reported to be selling playback units at the rate of 2,500 a month while his Van Nuys factory duplicates some 15,000,000 feet of tape a month. Heebner states that Auto-Stereo is selling at least 1,000 cartridges daily, 2,500 units monthly and uses enough tape a month to stretch in a straight line from Seattle, Wash., to Miami, Fla.

Since regular royalties are being paid on these tapes to artists and publishers as well as to the record companies, a valuable industry is developing here that will provide a new source of income for performers and composers.

The cost of the typical unit is reasonable, mainly because this single sale is calculated to lead to many future sales of tape cartridges, and it is in the latter that the real profit lies. The Muntz units range from \$79.95 to \$109.95, including installation. Auto-Stereo has three models, \$89.95 (three watts a channel), \$139.50, and \$159.50 (both eight watts a channel). Lear-Jet's eight-track unit, which includes a radio, sells for \$179.95.

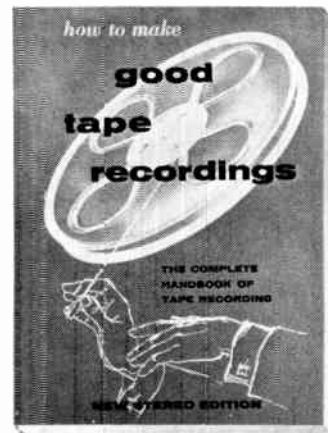
Incidental intelligence: there are advertisements around nowadays that offer "magical music in your car" under such names as Audio Spectrum and Porta-Tape. They are not to be confused with full-scale auto stereo. They are monophonic outfits that have to be played through your car radio speaker and amplifier. They cost between \$70 and \$90; some include a free half-hour tape. The installation is usually do-it-yourself.

Any form of auto record player is clearly preferable to being stuck with the nearest rock-and-roll radio signal; however, if one is contemplating the big move, the stereo system is the only way to fly. Whether used in four- or eight-track form, in auto or boat or private plane, the transportable stereophonic tape-cartridge player is, most listeners will agree, the greatest invention since Roland Kirk.

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(Continued from page 14)

singing **Four Freshmen**. The event took place at P.J.'s, and music was provided by the house band fronted by pianist **Eddie Cano** . . . Singer **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Duke Ellington** shared the circular stage at the new Carousel Theater in West Covina for a recent one-nighter. In the Celebrity Lounge of the theater, pianist **Joyce Collins**—back from Mexico—holds forth with bassist **Ted Hughart**.

BOSTON: Connolly's returned to its jazz policy this fall. Bassist **Larry Richardson** heads the house rhythm section, which usually includes pianist **Chick Corea** and

drummer **Bobby Ward**. In the last few weeks saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, tenorist **Coleman Hawkins**, and the **Mitchells**, trumpeter **Blue** and tenorist **Billy**, have been featured . . . Singer **Jimmy Rushing** and tenor saxophonist **Stan Monteiro's** quartet played the Jazz Workshop followed by the **Herbie Mann** group . . . Reed man **Phil Woods** and pianist **Horace Parlan** joined bassist **Tony Eira** and drummer **Alan Dawson** at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike for a recent stint. They were followed by trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet . . . **Alan Rowe**, young British tenor saxophonist attending the Berklee School of Music, has formed a quartet, which is working one-weekers around town. The group includes **John Abercrombie**, gui-

tar; **Nate Heglund**, bass; and **Teddy Sadyk**, drums . . . **Michael Fleming**, former bassist with **Roland Kirk**, and drummer **John Lewis** played a week with a folk group appearing at the Unicorn, a coffee house . . . The **Cannonball Adderley Quintet** was the first feature in a series of contemporary concerts at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

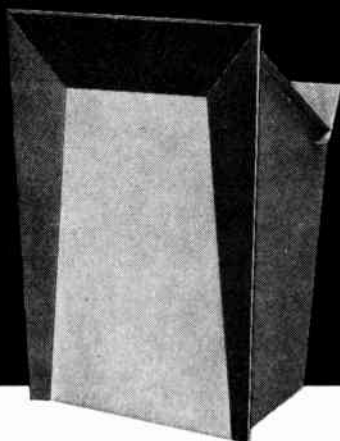
PHILADELPHIA: **Dizzy Gillespie** played a week at Pep's before leaving for his European tour which is to include concerts in six countries. The trumpeter was a guest on the **Mike Douglas** television show, which now is based in Philadelphia . . . The two Philadelphia Athletic Club concerts featuring Gillespie, singer **Gloria Lynne**, Latin percussionist **Mongo Santamaria's** group, and others were sold out . . . **WHAT-FM**, the 24-hour jazz station, is extending its coverage area by increasing its power output to the equivalent of 100,000 watts . . . Tenor saxist-arranger **Budd Johnson** was in town with **Earl Hines** for the pianist's Cadillac Sho-Bar date. Backing Hines were drummer **Eddie Locke** and bass man **Gene Ramey** . . . **Chuck Mangione**, now playing trumpet with **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, was reunited with his uncle, **Jerre Mangione**, University of Pennsylvania professor-novelist, during the Messengers' recent date at Pep's . . . Singer **Johnny Hartman** and pianist **Junior Mance** took time off from their date at the Show Boat to appear on the opening segment of **Sid Mark's Mark of Jazz** TV show over Channel 17, the new UHF station . . . The Rev. **John Gensel** brought trumpeter **Joe Newman** into town for a Sunday night "jazz at church" session in the city's Germantown section.

PITTSBURGH: Local jazz artists were featured prominently on a one-hour television show, carried by the city's three channels, which opened the annual drive for contributions by the United Fund of Allegheny County. Host **Dave Garroway** had plenty of ad lib praise for trumpeter **Benny Benack**, trombonist **Harold Betters**, and altoist **Eric Kloss** . . . In late October **Walt Harper** played in Philadelphia for the state NAACP convention and at St. Vincents College, where he alternated with the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** . . . Drummer **Jerry Betters** has been leading a group and handling vocals to comfortably sized crowds at After Five, a new downtown spot . . . Pianist **Bill Cotton** has quite a following for his mainstream jazz offerings weeknights at Paris After Dark. **Bill Smith** takes over with his **Contemporary Jazz Quartet** on weekends. . . . Some 2,000 persons greeted a late October performance by clarinetist **Pete Fountain** at Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall. The audience was receptive throughout two hours of swing and Dixieland by Fountain and sidemen **Paul Edwards**, drums; **Godfrey Hirsch**, vibraharp; **Earl Drivick**, piano; **Oliver Felix**, bass; and **Paul Duma**, guitar . . . The **Walt Harper Quintet** so charmed **Ed Tesaro**, owner of the Redwood Motor Inn, at a private party there, that the jazz-boosting proprietor has signed the combo for a series of Monday

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night gigs . . . The Charles Lloyd Quartet opened a one-week stand at Crawford's Grill in mid-October. Lloyd's Friday afternoon matinee at the club was SRO . . . Jack McDuff made the organ such a popular sound at the Hurricane in early October that the proprietors found another organist to replace the McDuff quartet when it left Oct. 16—Raymond Jackson.

CLEVELAND: The Jazz Clique, a young Cleveland quintet, recently made its second tour of overseas military bases for the USO, this time to the Mediterranean and Near East. The first tour, five months in duration, covered six countries and ended with the group's appearing at alto saxophonist Herb Geller's new jazz club in West Berlin opposite Geller's own combo, which included trumpeter Benny Bailey; altoist-flutist Leo Wright also sat in. Between tours, the Clique, which comprises Al Antonini, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Les Salvatore, baritone saxophone, flute; Larry Salvatore, piano; Jim Eterovich, bass; and John Sciarra, drums, appeared at the Tangiers, where it was followed by the trio of pianist Bill Gidney and then the Sky-Hi Trio (David Gwinn, piano; Sammy Abrams, bass; and Tony Haynes, drums) . . . Clarinetist Pete Fountain and pianist Don Shirley appeared with their groups in concerts at John Carroll University . . . At the Esquire, reed man Dave O'Rourke left after a long run. His sidemen, organist Ed McKeta and drummer Bob Lopez, stayed on, with Lopez later leaving for an operation to correct a shoulder separation and being replaced by Val Kent and avant-garde tenor saxophonist Frank Wright added on weekends; altoist Arthur Jones and tenorist Ernie Krivda were frequent guests at the Saturday sessions. McKeta and Kent moved to the Thunderbird as organist Eddie Baccus and drummer Lester Sykes (back from a tour with organist Bill Doggett) returned to the Esquire. Saxophonist Krivda spent the summer with the Lee Castle Band, while trumpeter Chuck Findley played lead with the same group.

ST. LOUIS: The Quartette Tres Bien returned home last month for a four-week engagement at Mr. Ford's in East St. Louis. Vocalist Jean Trevor also was home again; she was booked for four weeks at the Vanity Fair in Gaslight Square, where pianist Peanuts Whalum accompanied her . . . Gary Dammer's 18-piece band will be heard in jazz concerts at various high schools in the area in the next few months . . . Singer Lou Rawls gave concerts at the Riviera Civic Center Oct. 22-24. Comedian Redd Foxx was also on the show. Rawl's music director is former St. Louisian Tommy Strodes.


KANSAS CITY: Drummer Jo Jones led a group at Walter's Lounge last month . . . Les McCann's trio played a three-night engagement at the Town Hall Ballroom . . . Pianist Pete Eye's trio moved into the Playboy Club replacing the Frank Smith Trio . . . The Vanguard, a coffee house that features jazz on Sun-

day evenings, has used the Ray Rayburn Quartet and other local jazz groups . . . Busy rehearsing for dates is the new Jay McShann Band . . . Tenorist-leader Arnett Cobb came back to K.C. to hold a swinging reunion party with members of AFM Local 627.

CINCINNATI: Name jazz activity in the Queen City perked up with the opening of the New Living Room. The first group to play the 300-seat supper club was trumpeter Maynard Ferguson's sextet. Drummer Cozy Cole's group followed . . . Meanwhile a steady roster of jazz talent appeared at the Top Shelf, a key club, under the aegis of bookers Dick Schaefer and Dino Santangelo, who brought in successively the Jack McDuff Trio, vocalists Betty Carter and Johnny Hartman, and saxophonist Sonny Stitt, who returned a week later with trombonist Benjie Green. All the acts except McDuff were accompanied by drummer Slim Jackson's trio. On his opening night, organist McDuff was dismayed to discover that his regular guitarist, Pat Martino, had been drafted. He promptly hired Cincinnati Wilbur Longmeyer . . . The Cincinnati Symphony's "8 O'Clock" concert series began Oct. 23 with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. The program included Brubeck's *Brandenburg Gate*, conducted by Erich Kunzel, making his first local appearance as assistant to the orchestra's conductor, Max Rudolf. Other performers in the series will be Skitch Henderson, Carlos Montoya, and Duke Ellington (who will perform original works with the orchestra) . . . Also at the Music Hall last month, the George Shearing Quintet and the Swingle Singers gave a concert . . . Guitarist Longmeyer and drummer Popeye Maupin augmented the Inner Circle's continued booking of the Good Sounds Quintet (Ed Morgan, trombone; Jim McGary, tenor saxophone; Cal Collins, guitar; Jack Prather, bass; and Grove Mooney, drums) . . . The Don Lewis Quartet continued into October at Billy's Bar, where a predominantly hard brand of jazz had been drawing a regular following throughout the summer . . . The Lee Stoller Trio at the Whisper Room and the Chris Brown Trio at Bonne Villa continue to play jazz at those two busy clubs.

MIAMI: Bob Vrooman directed the Oct. 10 Dixieland jazz concert at the latest "Jazz at the Norton" series held in the Norton Art Gallery auditorium in West Palm Beach. The artists included were the River Boat Six, a traditional New Orleans style of band, and Margie Pardee . . . Trumpeter Phil Napoleon and His Memphis Five appear during the breaks of the television taping sessions of the Jackie Gleason Show, which originates from Miami Beach . . . Luiz Bonfá, the guitarist-composer who composed the music for the film *Black Orpheus*, gave a concert at Dade County Auditorium Oct. 30 . . . The Nov. 16 community music-appreciation program, one of eight to be held at the University of Miami, was to present "20th Century Jazz," with guest

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lecturer **Fred Wickstrom**, instructor in music at the university . . . Students on the University of Miami campus recently reactivated the U. of M. Jazz Club. At the first meeting since 1948, 25 students attended. **Ray Caruthers** is the new president. Miami now has three active jazz societies: **Alan Rock's 3½ Club**, **Jazz Association of Miami**, and the **U. of M. Jazz Club** . . . The Hillsborough County Association for Mental Health will sponsor a benefit concert of traditional jazz on Dec. 3 at the Curtis Nixon Convention Center in Tampa. Being brought in for the one-night event, called "Jazz: From Bayou to Bay," are cornetist **Paul (Doc) Evans**, trombonist **Munn Ware**, clarinetist **Raymond Burke**, pianist **John (Knocky)**

Parker, guitarist **Edmond Souchon**, banjoist **Marvin Montgomery**, bassist **Sherwood Mangiapane**, and drummer **Paul Barbarin**.

LAS VEGAS: **Larry Grayson**, entertainment manager at the Tropicana, expressed enthusiasm at the reception given the new policy of big name bands plus name singers in the Blue Room. **Si Zentner's** young crew began the program behind singer **Mel Torme** and then was held over to back **Johnnie Ray**. **Vaughn Monroe**, **Art Mooney**, and **Benny Goodman** are to follow for four-week dates . . . **Raul Romero**, tenorist and arranger with **Woody Herman** last winter, is writing the music for the new show at the reopened

Silver Slipper, where **Al Alvarez** will conduct the house band . . . The current lineup of the swinging **Steve Perlow** nonet at the Torch Club contains many of the jazz stalwarts of the area: **Herb Phillips** and **Carl Saunders** or **Buddy Childers**, trumpets; **Charlie Loper**, trombone; **Charlie McLean**, **Bill Trujillo**, and **Perlow**, saxophones; **Ronnie DiPhillips**, piano; **Moe Scarrazo**, bass; and **Santo Savino**, drums. **Bob Aragon**, also a fine bassist, sings with the group . . . **Keith Moon**, former **Stan Kenton** trombonist, is an instructor in brass instruments and conductor at Nevada Southern University.

MONTREAL: The outlook for in-person jazz is not too bright during the winter season. There will be one or two spots featuring local jazzmen but few chances to hear name players . . . The **Harlem Lounge** is presenting jazz concerts every Sunday afternoon, carrying on a tradition set by the **Cafe St. Michel** 15 years ago . . . Organist **Bill Doggett** played at the **Esquire Show Bar** recently . . . The **Dave Robbins** Octet, of Vancouver, and Toronto's **Phil Nimmons** are presenting concerts on CBC radio every Saturday, 10:30-11 p.m. . . . Local musicians are getting a break at Tuesday sessions at **Hermitage Hall**. So far, the **Yvan Landry** Quartet and the **Pierre Leduc** Trio have been heard. Others booked are **Vic Vogel**, **Nelson Symonds**, and **Roland Lavallee** . . . Hard-working Montreal tenor saxophonist **Nick Ayoub** received more accolades at the **Festival du Disque** held at the **Maurice Richard Arena** in October. His **RCA Victor Canada** International series LP *Montreal Scene* won him the award in the "light instrumental music" category. Apparently festival officials don't like the word jazz . . . The **Lee Gagnon** Orchestra was taped during the festival for a CBC French radio program.

PARIS: After five years in the jazz limbo, tenorist **Barney Wilen** has returned to the Paris jazz scene in a new club, the **Requin Chagrin** . . . When the **Count Basie** Band's two concerts at the **Salle Pleyel** had to be canceled when a transport mixup sent the band's instruments astray, the only chance for Parisians to hear Basie—if not the band—was at the **Jazzland Club** on the **Left Bank** as the Count sat in on piano for one number with tenorists **Johnny Griffin** and **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis**, bassist **Alby Cullaz**, and drummer **Art Taylor**. Other sitters-in included trumpeter **Philip Guilbeau** and vibraharpist **Milt Jackson** and bassist **Percy Heath** of the **Modern Jazz Quartet**. The **MJQ's** Paris concerts were triumphant sell-outs . . . Trumpeter **Carmell Jones** played a concert at the **Maison de la Radio** leading **Nathan Davis**, tenor saxophone; **Rene Urtreger**, piano; **Gilbert Rovere**, bass; and **Daniel Humair**, drums . . . The "American Folk Blues Festival '65," featuring singer-guitarist **John Lee Hooker**, pianist-singer **Roosevelt Sykes**, singer **Big Mama Thornton**, and pianist **Eddie Boyd**, was set to play the **Theater des Champs Elysees** Oct. 30.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalfe, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
 Basie's: Sonny Payne to 12/5.
 Basin Street East: Duke Ellington, Mel Torme, Joan Rivers, to 12/4.
 Carlton Terrace Forest Hills: Johnny Fontana, tfn.
 Carriage House: Ram Ramirez, Mon.-Fri.
 Charlie Bates: Stan Levine, Sun.
 Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, tfn. Jack Reilly, Sun.
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb. Andrew Hill, wknds.
 Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamboa, hb. Sessions, Sun.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.
 Embers West: Joe Newman, Joe Shulman, tfn.
 Five Spot: Art Blakey, tfn.
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wetling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.
 Half Note: Wes Montgomery-Wynton Kelly to 11/22. Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 11/23-12/14.
 Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson, tfn.
 L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.
 Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Traill, tfn.
 Metropole: Gene Krupa to 11/20.
 Minton's Playhouse: name jazz groups.
 Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.
 Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
 Plantation Room (Asbury Park, N.J.): Tal Farlow, Fri., Sun.
 Playboy Club: Monty Alexander, Ray Starling, Nat Jones, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn.
 Slug's: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
 Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.

Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.
 Village Gate: Carmen McRae to 11/21. Swingle Singers, 11/23-28. Herbie Mann, 11/30-12/21.
 Village Vanguard: sessions, Mon.
 Well's: Abbey Lincoln, tfn.

TORONTO

Bohemian Embassy: Clive Kingsley, tfn.
 Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.
 George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 12/6-18.
 Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
 Last Chance Saloon: Larry Dubin, tfn.
 Penny Farthing: Lonnie Johnson, tfn.
 Town Tavern: Joe Williams, 12/6-11.
 Lido: Norm Amadio, tfn.

BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
 Connolly's: name jazz groups, weekly.
 Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Howard Jefferson-Dick Hill-Bob Gould, tfn.
 Floral Steak House: Danny Camacho-Bill Tannebring-Bob Purcell, tfn.
 Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: John Coltrane to 11/21. Muddy Waters, 11/29-12/5.
 Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: unk.
 Maridor (Framingham): Al Vegas, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Herbie Mann, 11/29-12/4.
 Kenny Burrell, Arlene Bailey, 12/6-11.
 Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Johnny Ellis-Tony DeNicola, tfn.
 Eagle Tavern (Trenton): Wolverines, tfn.
 Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, hb.
 Pep's: Ahmad Jamal, 11/29-12/4.
 Show Boat: Wynton Kelly-Wes Montgomery, 11/22-27. Mose Allison, 11/29-12/4. Ramsey Lewis, 12/13-18.

MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, tfn.
 Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney.
 Miami-Dade Junior College: Paul Winter, 11/20.
 George Shearing, 12/17.
 Opus No. 1: jazz groups, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Sam DeStefano, hb.
 Roney Plaza: Phil Napoleon, hb.
 South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, hb.

CLEVELAND

Bit-N-Bridge: Carl Gulla, tfn.
 Brothers: Harry Damas, wknds.
 Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald, Thur.-Sat.
 Club 100: Winston Walls, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Continental: Chino Feaster, tfn.
 Cucamonga: Johnny Trush, Sat.
 Downtowner Motel: Eddie McAfee, tfn.
 Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon Street Bums, wknds.
 Green Tree: Angel Sanchez, Thur. Don Picozzi, Bob Santa Maria, Wed.-Fri.
 Her's: jazz, wknds.
 Highlander Motel: Billy Vale, tfn. Angel Sanchez, wknds.
 Impala: Ray Bradley, Wed.-Sat.
 Jamaica House (Parma): Gene Toney-Chuck Rizon, Wed., wknds.
 Judd's (Wickliffe): Jerry Altes, tfn.
 Kinsman Grill: Chester High, wknds.
 LeRue: Charlie Beckel-Bill Strange, tfn.
 Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
 Lion & Lamb: Jim Faragher, tfn.
 Lucky Bar: Jose Harper, wknds.
 Masiello's: Par Three, wknds.
 Moulin Rouge: Betty Robertson, Dick Trotter, tfn.
 La Porte Rouge: Wayne Quarles-Bobby Few, wknds.
 Sahara Motel: Tamiko, tfn. Buddy Griebel, hb.
 Al Serafini, wknds.
 La Scala (Garfield Heights): Angel Sanchez, Wed. Gigolos, wknds.
 Shakey's Pizza: various ragtime groups.
 Shibley's Sahara: Bob DeMarco, Fri.
 Somerset Inn: Carl Baum, tfn.
 Squeeze Room: Spencer Thompson, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
 Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Earl Sparks.

Down Beat's Ninth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

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

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This year's two full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the Down Beat readers in the December 30, 1965 issue. The scholarships will be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by Down Beat.

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

WHO IS ELIGIBLE?

Junior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1966.

Senior division: Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1966.

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

Scholarships to be awarded are as follows: two full scholarships of \$980 each; four partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.

DATES OF COMPETITION:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1965. The scholarship winners will be announced in a March, 1966, issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED:

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

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Versailles Motel: Fats Heard, hb.

CHICAGO

Across the Street: Sandy Mosse, Wed., Sun.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn. Prince James, Mon., Tue.
Islander Lounge: Prince James, Wed., Sat.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.
London House: Cannonball Adderley to 11/21.
Oscar Peterson, 11/23-12/5. Les McCann, 12/7-19. Ramsey Lewis, 12/21-1/2. Jonah Jones, 1/4-23.
Midastouch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
Moroccan Village: Kansas Fields, Joe Killian, tfn.

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INDIANAPOLIS

Barrington Lounge: Jimmy Coe, tfn. Sessions, Thur.
Carrousel: Bob Snyder, tfn.
Cactus Club: Pookie Johnson, wknds.
Chateau de Count et Eve: Count Fisher, hb.
Embers: Oscar Peterson to 11/20.
Embers Lounge: Judy Jae, tfn.
Lampighter Lounge: Dave Ressler, tfn.
Marott Hotel Patio: Larry Liggett, Wed.-Sat.
19th Hole: The Aristocrats, tfn.
Place to Play: Crusaders, tfn.
38th St. Bar: Naptown Strugglers, wknds.

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ST. LOUIS

Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.
Fats States Lounge: Don Cunningham, Sat. afternoon. Freddy Washington, Mon.
Mainlander: Marion Miller, tfn.
Mr. Fords: Quartette Tres Bien, wknds.
Mr. Franks: Joe Murphy, tfn.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
Oyster Bed: Connie Morris, tfn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno 4, hb. Jim Bolen, wknds.
Silver Dollar: Mugsy's Gaslighters, tfn.
Sorrentos: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, tfn.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.
Vanity Fair: Jean Trevor, Peanuts Whalum, tfn.

LAS VEGAS

Flamingo Hotel: Harry James, Della Reese, 12/6-26.
Fremont Hotel: Ted Fio Rito, tfn.
Fremont Hotel Theater: Nat Brandwynne, tfn.
Riviera Hotel: Marty Hein, tfn.
Sands Hotel: Red Norvo, hb.
Torch Club: Jimmy Cook, Tue. Steve Perlow, Wed. Bill Trujillo, Thur. The Avant Gardes, Fri. Charles McLean, Sat. Rick Davis, Letti Luce, Sun. Lyn Keath, hb.
Tropicana: Art Mooney, 11/20-12/19. Benny Goodman, 12/20-1/16.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Caverns: L.A. Jazz Sextet, Sun., Mon.
Beverly Hilton: Freddie Karger, tfn.
Blinkey's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Bowman-Mann Galleries (Beverly Hills): jazz concerts, Sun.
Caribbean: Reuben Wilson, tfn.
Caravan (Redondo Beach): South Bay Jazz Band, Fri.
Carousel Theater (West Covina): Joyce Collins, Ted Hughart, tfn.
Cascades (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Sun.-Wed.
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun. Gene Russell, tfn.
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, tfn.
Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, tfn.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.-Tue.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Mardi Gras Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
Kabuki Theater: sessions, afterhours, Sat.
Leapin' Liz: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Great Society Jazz Band, Wed., Thur., Sun.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Gerald Wilson, 11/19-28.
Living Room: Afro-Blues Quintet, tfn.
Marty's: William Green, tfn.
Melody Room: Art Graham, tfn.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, wknds.
Nite Life: Bert Kendrick, tfn.
Officers Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, tfn.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.
P. J.'s: Eddie Cano, hb.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike Melvoin, hbs.
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Sun.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Thur.
Roaring '20s: Hot Toddy Dixielanders, wknds.
Rumbleseat (Hermosa Beach): Good Time Levee Stompers, Fri.-Sat.
Salvick (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Fri.-Sat.
Shakey's: Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Charles Lloyd to 11/28.
Swingle Singers, 11/30-12/5. Various big bands, Mon.
Tang's: Gabe Baltazar, tfn.
Tiki: Harold Jackson, tfn.
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago.
Villa Frascati: Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.
Wagon Wheel Inn (West Covina): Rick Fay, Paul Gardner, Billy Devroe, hb.

PARIS

Blue Note: Nathan Davis, Jimmy Woode, Kenny Clarke, Lou Bennett, Rene Thomas, tfn.
Chat Qui Peche: Steve Lacy, tfn.
Cigale: Jacques Butler, Bonny Waters, tfn.
Jazzland: Johnny Griffin, Art Taylor, tfn.
La Calavados: Joe Turner, tfn.
Living Room: Art Simmons, Aaron Bridgers, tfn.
Requin Chagrin: Barney Wilen, tfn.
Trois Maillets: Dominique Chanson, Memphis Slim, tfn.

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