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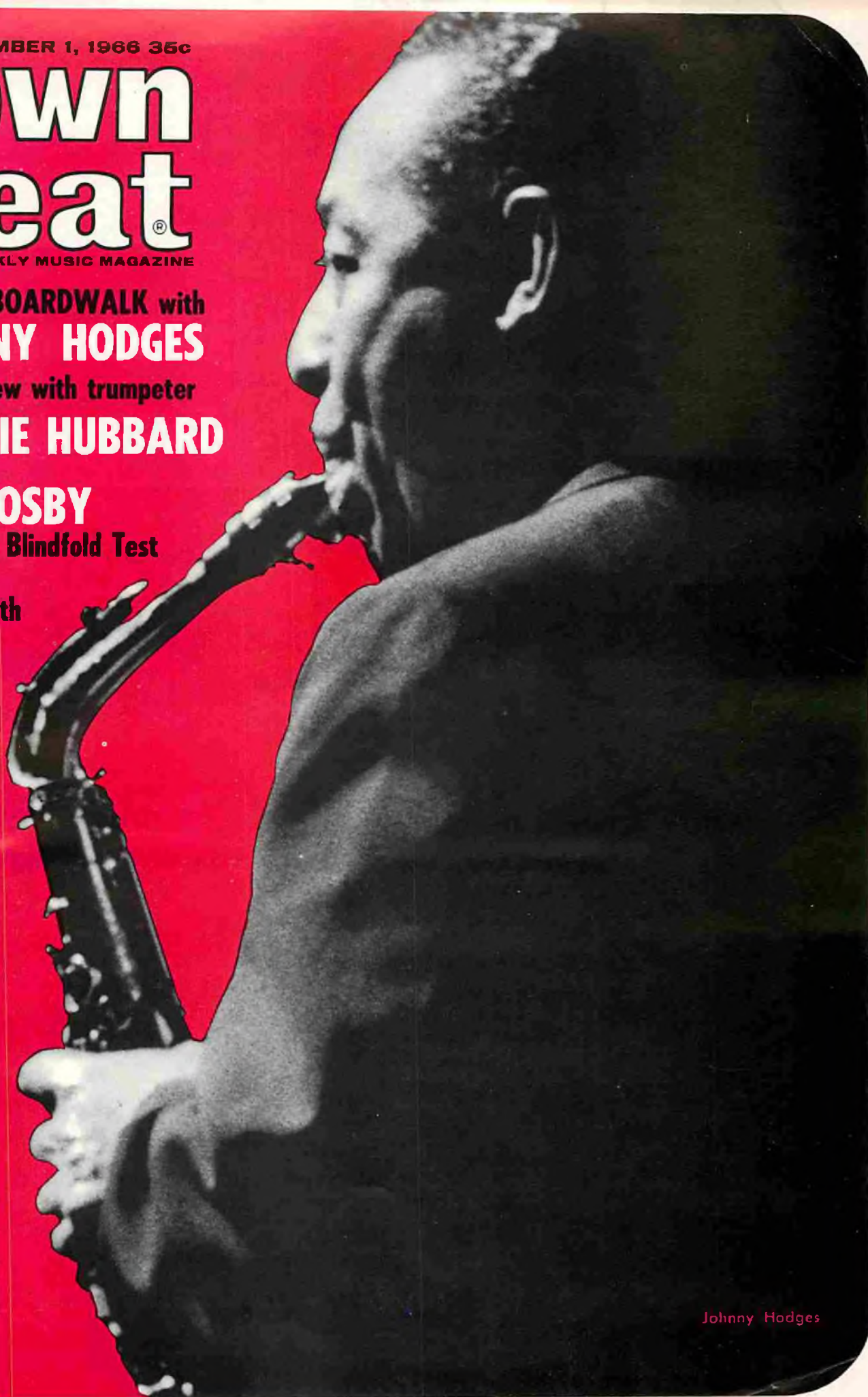
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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

**ON THE BOARDWALK with  
JOHNNY HODGES**  
an interview with trumpeter  
**FREDDIE HUBBARD**

**BILL COSBY**  
Takes The Blindfold Test

**A Talk With  
VOLLY  
DE FAUT**



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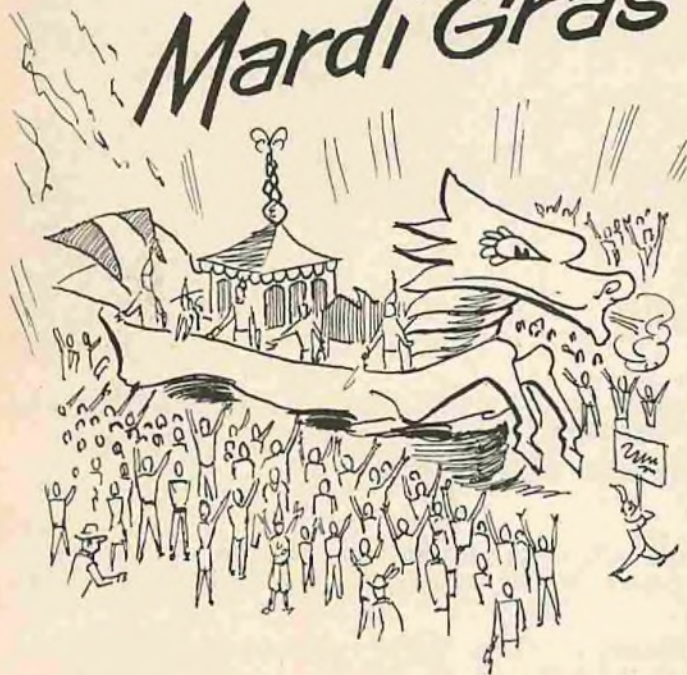


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—by Dave Brubeck

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*Dave Brubeck*

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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

### Crawford Credits

I happened to be listening to Charles Mingus' *Meditations on Integration* when I came upon *Requiem for a Tortured Heavyweight* (DB, Oct. 20), and the two modes of expression came together and really tore me all up.

For once we have a decent tribute, full of feeling and imagination if not literary perfection. In spite of your faults, such as the coverage given to unimportant musicians like Dave Brubeck and Ramsey Lewis and neglect of important people such as John Handy and Wayne Shorter, and the printing of LeRoi Jones' rambling nonsense and reviews of irrelevant commercialism such as paperbacks about Bob Dylan, I will continue to buy your magazine—provided you publish more people with the awareness and insight of Marc Crawford.

Frank Roellinger Jr.  
Wilmington, Ohio

Thank you for the Marc Crawford page of beauty. It was superbly written.

The horrible shameful thing about it (as Crawford mentions) is that a talent such as Bud's goes virtually unnoticed until it is too late.

Pity the ignorant, unmerciful souls who have put the giants in their graves.

Veryl Oakland  
Sparks, Nev.

### Jazz Jester Rejected

I would like to register a strong protest to Orrin Keepnews' article on Lenny Bruce (DB, Oct. 20). I never was able to see the merit of this man Bruce in life and thus have nothing to say about him in death. Neither apparently has Keepnews.

His belabored analogies between Bruce's so-called style and jazz patterns were unconvincing and in no way justified the inclusion of this article in a magazine which should be concerned with jazz writings. That Bruce was considered a jazzman's comedian is news to me as well as to many musicians, I'm sure.

Let's not get carried away with mourning all the "tortured" dead souls on *Down Beat's* pages. Bud Powell, yes. Let's honor our own.

Mary Anne Matelli  
New York City

### Liberal Praise

Thank God for Brooks Johnson! Why won't LeRoi Jones direct his fantastic abilities toward this end?

Margie Feldman  
New York City

### The Smith Sound

Don Heckman's coverage of the Village Theater concerts (DB, Oct. 20) was unusually good. He obviously used an open ear as well as his good taste in refraining from dogmatic value judgments.

The only point that I disagree with is

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his criticism of the Smith concerts. While it is true that the essence of his playing consists of sirenlike runs and overblowing, his sound conveys great intensity and zeal. If anything, he certainly has "esthetic energy," as well as a beautiful sense of humor.

To say that he has assimilated some of Pharaoh Sanders' or Albert Ayler's methods is as much as to say that they have assimilated his.

To best describe his playing, I would say he has a "big sound," a very, very big sound that is well worth hearing.

Al Padovano  
New York City

**Mongo on Mongo**

In the Oct. 20 issue of *Down Beat*, the column *San Francisco Ad Lib* related an item that I was playing with a trio on Wednesday nights, solo on Thursday nights, and with a banjoist on Friday and Saturday nights.

I would appreciate it if you would correct that item in your next issue. For the past five years I have had my own band.

At the time your item was printed I was filling a three-week engagement at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco.

Mongo Santamaria  
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

*A printing error resulted in a mix-up that substituted Santamaria's name for pianist Burt Bales'.*

**Alas, Stan**

Old-timers who used to read the now-defunct magazine *Metronome* might recall that in my articles from the mid-'40s through the mid-'50s I was always a warm admirer of Stan Kenton. Thus, I was sad in spirit after reading his comments in the *Blindfold Test* (DB, Sept. 22).

It seems to me that Stan just hasn't kept touch and somehow has lost his taste. He fails to recognize the Woody Herman Band, and while he correctly praises a side from *Woody's Winners*, I can't understand how he could miss this LP, which so many of us have been raving about for the last six months.

I am not happy to see Stan drifting into oblivion because I think we need his pleasant personality and his roaring big band back in jazz. But in his reviews of these records, I think the reason why Stan has fallen behind is obvious.

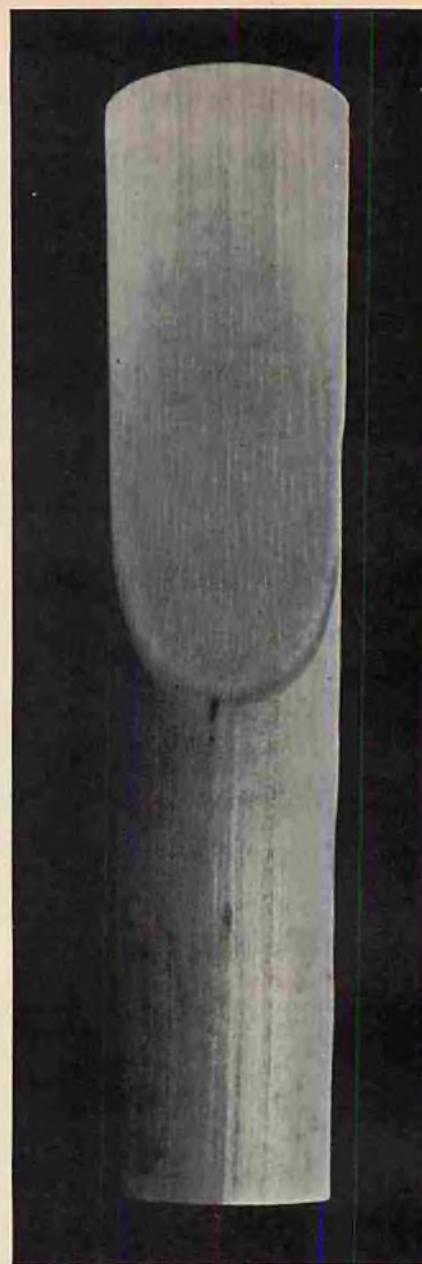
Ed Mulford  
Monroe, Conn.

**More Marian**

I've been a *Down Beat* fan since Copy 1, and since I'm in the record business, I find your record reviews helpful as a buying guide. The reviews written by musicians are especially valuable. Marian McPartland is not too bitingly critical, and yet she stirs up some enthusiasm for the sounds, something I think we can use more of in current-day jazz.

How about some more of her humorous profiles? I'm still laughing at the one she did on Paul Desmond long ago.

Cliff Green  
Bijou, Calif.



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## Getz Quartet Plays Johnson's Thai Party

Tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, who frequently has performed at the White House, took his quartet—vibraharpist Gary Burton, bassist Chuck Israels (replacing the ailing Steve Swallow), and drummer Roy Haynes—to a dinner hosted by President Lyndon B. Johnson Oct. 29. The dinner, however, was not in Washington—it was a state affair held at the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok, Thailand. Guests of honor were the king and queen of that southeast Asia nation. (King Bhumiphol, an avid jazz fan and amateur saxophonist, has in the past played with such visiting jazzmen as Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden.)

While in the Thai capital, Getz and his men also performed for U.S. servicemen at a local hospital. They also were scheduled to play for troops in South Viet Nam.

Getz and the quartet then left for Europe for a scheduled 15-day concert tour, beginning Nov. 4 at the Berlin Jazz Festival. The group will also perform in Finland, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Spain, England, and Ireland.

## Notre Dame Festival To Offer Cash Prize

The ninth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival will be held next March 3-4 at the University of Notre Dame. The festival, the oldest and foremost competition among college jazz musicians and bands, will be co-sponsored by the university and *Down Beat* magazine.

Among several firsts at the 1967 event is a cash prize of \$500 to be awarded to the big band or group chosen best of the festival. It is the first time a cash prize has been offered at a U.S. collegiate competition. As in other years, there will be several prizes of instruments and scholarships for individual winners.

The festival will be staged in the university's Stepan Center, a theater-in-the-round recently completed. In past years, the bands were required to play in the school's cavernous fieldhouse.

Plans call for a seminar on jazz to be held the day before the festival begins, with noted musicians and critics participating, and a high school stage-band clinic directed by the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

There will be five or six judges for the collegiate jazz competitions; at presstime three judges had been selected—composer William Russo, *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal, and Berklee School of Music administrator Robert Share. The other judges will be well-known jazz instrumentalists.

Combos (eight musicians or fewer) and big bands (nine or more) wishing to apply for the competition should write to Collegiate Jazz Festival, Box 115, Notre Dame, Ind., 46556. Each member of a

musical group must be enrolled for at least six credit hours at the college from which the group originates. The deadline for submitting applications and the required 10-minute tape recording of the group is Jan. 15, 1967. Semifinalists will be notified in early February.

## Lurning In Watts

One of the most ambitious projects to rise from the ashes of the 1965 Watts riot involves the use of good music on juvenile and adult levels. The focal point for this activity is Henry Grant's Music Center, in Los Angeles, a combination music school and collection of rehearsal studios.

Ever since that fateful August, Grant has been "taking the talented but idle kids off the streets" and opening up new possibilities for them with good music. He has organized rehearsal bands and jazz combos to the point where his modest facilities have already reached the straining point.

Typical of such undertakings, funds are woefully lacking. Space has been allotted for a recording control booth but the recording equipment has yet to be purchased; soundproofing is achieved through the cheapest expedient (cardboard egg cartons on the walls and ceilings); and, of course, the most basic need of all is out of reach—advertising, so that the various groups rehearsing at the center can obtain engagements. In short, Grant's needs grants.

His philosophy of changing the infamous slogan "burn, baby, burn" to "lurn, baby, lurn," has inspired a 15-piece adult orchestra to adopt that latter phrase for its name. Fronted by Edward Greenwood, the Lurn, Baby, Lurn Orchestra—mostly from the Monterey Park area—recently completed five successive Friday nights at the Showcase Room, in Los Angeles, playing for dancing.

Another community orchestra recently put on a show at Grant's Music Center called Youth on Parade, and the accent was certainly on youth. The band members range in age from 10 to 21, the youngest being J. J. Wiggins, bass-playing son of pianist Gerald Wiggins.

"There's a great deal of talent in these kids," Grant said, "but it has to be brought out slowly and carefully. It's going to take time and money."

## Euro Critics Unite

One of the more important sidelights of last month's Prague Jazz Festival was turned on by Swiss disc jockey Lance Tschannen when he suggested to the group of international critics assembled that a federation of European jazz critics be formed.

Tschannen, the voice of Swiss radio's nightly English language jazz broadcast, pleaded for more professionalism in jazz criticism—regardless of the media.

He pointed out that there are many persons writing and commenting about jazz who have neither the musical nor

the journalistic training to do so. "Since these people don't know what to say about the music, they write about jazz criticism," said Tschannen. "But the subject of jazz criticism is not jazz criticism but jazz. Many critics hide the subconscious knowledge of their own inabilities behind constant quarreling with other critics—and musicians. If jazz criticism goes on like this, it will soon come to the point where it extinguishes itself."

Critics from France, Holland, Belgium, Germany (East and West), Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Sweden, Russia, Yugoslavia, and Norway all agreed to collaborate with Tschannen, who will correlate all jazz news received from the international group, edit it, and make the entire body of information available to each member of the federation.

Tschannen further recommended that European newspapers, magazines, radio, and television should employ only those critics who meet the standards of the federation. Said Tschannen, "a 'jazz critic' who is not in the position to inform other people about the substance and the message of a musician's music serves no function at all."

## Trio-In-Residence At Wayne Church Center

A jazz group in a church is hardly new, but the Keith Vreeland Trio of Detroit has carried the combination one step further with its appointment as jazz-trio-in-residence at the Wayne State University Christian Center.

Largely responsible for the move is the Rev. John G. Hutchinson, a Baptist chaplain at Wayne.

"It just happened," he said. "I don't know who suggested it to this day."

The Rev. Mr. Hutchinson met Vreeland while the pianist was teaching at the university's arts and crafts center. Vreeland invited him to hear his trio, with bassist Dick Wigginton and drummer Jim Nemeth, at Half Pint's, a small club near the Wayne campus.

"We had been talking about doing something creative in worship—not necessarily jazz," the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson said, "and when I heard the trio, I thought this might be it. So I asked them if they would be interested in doing something in church. The answer was 'Yeah!' Later we went to a room up in a warehouse, isolated ourselves, and talked for a whole afternoon. Jimmy, a Wayne history major, was on a Bible-study kick and said, 'Let's do a story from the Scriptures.'"

This was the beginning of the trio's first church performance, a Good Friday service at St. Andrew's Church on the Wayne campus.

The service consisted of prayer and Scripture and poetry readings, alternated with the trio's original music depicting scenes from the trial and crucifixion of Christ. The service was well attended and received nationwide television coverage. This led to appearances at other Detroit



churches as well as at the American Baptist student convention at Green Lake, Wis., and in the conference on radical theology at Ann Arbor, Mich.

According to Vreeland, "The experience has been good for us musically. You go into a club, and you just blow. All you're thinking about is music. This is the first time we've had to portray a definite idea, story, or emotion in each tune. It will deepen our ideas in jazz. And we've been treated better than in any club. The people take us more seriously. The piano is always good. And John is a swinger."

Plans for the trio include appearances at St. Andrew's at least once a month and other Detroit area churches, plus college concerts around the East and Midwest.

## Potpourri

A bevy of top drummers—**Art Blakey**, **Elvin Jones**, and **Tony Williams**—is completing a tour of Japan, the third such percussion parade to play the islands. The band with the drummers includes trumpeter **Jimmy Owen**, tenor saxophonist **Wayne Shorter**, pianist **McCoy Tyner**, and bassist **Ben Tucker**. The tour closes Nov. 17.

**SWEET MUSIC DEPT.:** Singer **Jeri Southern** and arranger-saxophonist **Bill Holman** eloped to Mexico Sept. 23. In recent years Mrs. Holman has been more active as vocal teacher and songwriter than as a performer.

The deadline for applications to enter the seventh annual Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival is Dec. 15. Applicants must be college students taking a minimum of six credit hours. A tape of at least 15 minutes of music must accompany all applications. The festival will be held Feb. 24 and 25. The festival's address is Box 2555, Villanova, Pa.

**FINAL BAR:** Guitarist-banjoist **Lee Blair**, 61, died Oct. 15 in New York City. Blair worked with **Jelly Roll Morton** from 1928 to 1930 and was featured on many of the pianist's most famous recordings. He was with **Luis Russell's** band from 1930 to 1940 and with trombonist **Wilbur DeParis'** traditional-jazz band for most of its long tenure at Jimmy Ryan's club on 52nd St. For the last several years, Blair and pianist **Jimmy Greene** were the house group at Tobin's Restaurant in Manhattan. . . . One of the staunchest advocates of Chicago-style jazz, trumpeter **Johnny Mendel**, 61, died Oct. 11 in the Windy City of a combination of emphysema and asthma. He had come to Chicago from his native Connecticut in the '20s during the city's jazz heyday and worked with such local musicians as tenor saxophonist **Bud Freeman** and trombonist **Floyd O'Brien**. His best recorded work was on the 1928 Freeman versions of *Crazedology* and *Can't Help Lovin' That Man*. In 1950-51 he played in bands at Jazz, Ltd., and in 1953 led the night-off band there. In recent years Mendel participated in several concerts that traced the history of jazz in Chicago.

## Pee Wee The Painter

About a year ago—on Nov. 30, 1965, to be exact—clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell** completed his first oil painting. Some 10 months later, he was happily at work on his 61st canvas, the walls of his cozy Manhattan apartment covered with brightly colored examples of this sudden and prolific burst of creative energy in a new medium.

As might be expected from a musician as inventive and unorthodox as Russell, the paintings bear the stamp of a strong, uniquely personal vision.

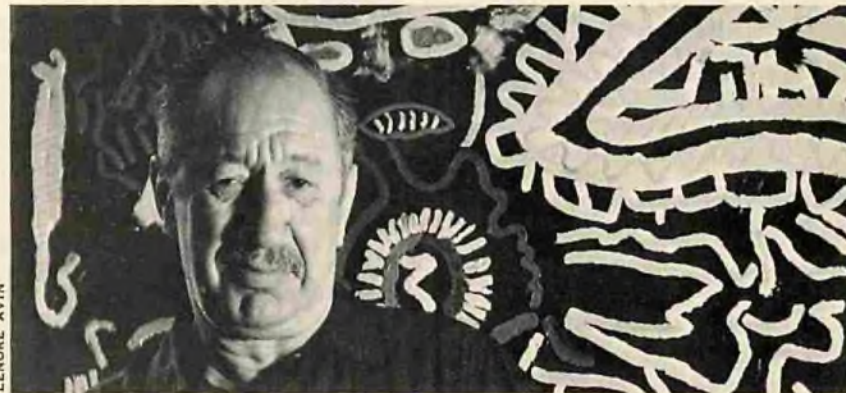
At first glance, a viewer (if tempted to employ the terminology of contemporary art criticism) might label Russell's work as "geometric abstraction." But a closer look reveals that the bold and striking patterns, though sometimes wholly abstract, more often than not

"I came home that night, dumped the stuff in Pee Wee's lap, and that was that," Mrs. Russell said. "Of course, I had no idea that this would happen."

Neither did her husband, but both, of course, are delighted with the results.

Characteristically, Russell approached his newfound craft with maverick tactics. He does not use an easel, preferring to rest the canvas on his lap or to place it, horizontally, on a chair. From the start, he mixed his own colors, achieving a remarkable palette. He hasn't taken an art lesson in his life and says he has no intention of starting now—and has been advised against it by professional admirers of his work, such as the well-known Canadian painter, Mike Snow.

Word of Russell's painting soon



Russell with self-concept.

are related to the textures of life rather than mathematics.

There is, for example, *Yazoo and Delta*, a bird's-eye view of the famous railroad crossing commemorated in Handy's *Yellow Dog Blues*—not representational in a "realistic" way, yet including railroad tracks and landscape features. *Newport*, a larger canvas employing a similar perspective, also yields a number of definitive clues, while *Improvisation 2066*, Russell's impression of "what improvisation will look like in the year 2066," contains elements of musical notation.

*Subway to the Bronx*, a strong yet delicate composition in black and white, set off by two circular patches of radiant colors, is an impression of the bumpers, cables, and wires connecting two railway cars, and *Chinese Laundry* is just that—though if untitled, either canvas might be interpreted as "pure" abstraction.

How did a musician approaching 60 suddenly take up as a "hobby," as he calls it, a form of artistic expression for which he had shown no previous inclination—or, even, particular interest? Quite simply because Russell's wife, Mary, felt that her husband—at home resting after a strenuous European tour—needed something to occupy his time.

On impulse, Mrs. Russell bought a set of oil paints, some brushes, and a couple of canvases.

spread among his friends. Fellow musicians **Bud Freeman**, **Yank Lawson**, and **Bob Haggart** were among the first to acquire pieces of his work. Recently, Russell made the first two of what he calls "legitimate sales," both to respected art collectors who were "complete strangers" to him but had heard about his painting.

An experimental film-maker of some repute, **Jud Yalkut**, has completed a movie of Russell at work, and there may be a gallery exhibit soon. Russell still considers his gift only a "very relaxing pastime" though he takes modest pride in his work and is happy that people appreciate it.

He is somewhat disturbed, however, by rumors that he is now a full-time painter and may retire from music.

"I met a man the other day," he said, "who told me he'd heard I'm giving up the clarinet. I had to set him straight about that."

There have been other jazz-musician painters. Drummer **George Wettling**, for one, has had showings of his works and studied with the late **Stuart Davis**, a prominent U.S. abstractionist. And the late **Frankie Newton's** amateur efforts showed considerable talent. The most famous, of course, is **Larry Rivers**. But Russell's painting—the way he goes about it and the way it came about—is certainly unique, as his music has been for so long. —*Dan Morgenstern*





## White Blues

### Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

IN A RECENT ACCOUNT OF Charles Keil's book *Urban Blues* in the Sunday New York Times Book Review, John S. Wilson remarked that "only two white singers—Jack Teagarden and Mose Allison—have attempted the blues with any consistent success."

There is no argument that, in the size of his audience and the extent of his influence, one of the most successful blues singers this country has ever seen was the white performer Jimmie Rodgers. From the late '20s and into the early '30s, when he died, Rodgers' recordings were best-sellers, particularly in the rural South and the poorer white neighborhoods of the urban South—and these were the depression years, remember.

Probably a fairly large majority of the numbers in Rodgers' repertory were 12-bar blues. He made no bones about where he got the form of these pieces and some of the verses; he said they came from Negro music, and that he, himself, got them directly from Negroes. Through Rodgers, the blues form and some of its attitudes entered the lives of thousands of white people, which is to say that the blues entered the repertory of what was then called commercial "hillbilly music" and is now called "country and western."

The blues have stayed there. Rodgers' style was his own, however, and the lives of thousands of white people, related to his roots in the white southern and western ballad and hoedown tradition. In no sense, it seems to me, did he attempt, once he adopted the blues form, to undertake either a jazz style or a Negro style. He sang the blues his own way and in his blues reflected his own life and the life lived by his audiences.

Then, as Wilson noted a few years back in one of his most interesting Sunday Times pieces, Elvis Presley sings a lot of blues. Indeed Presley is a pretty good blues singer—or he was a few years ago—and his approach is much closer to Negro blues in style than was Rodgers'.

For that matter, is Bill Haley a white blues singer? He has sung a lot of blues numbers, whether or not he has sung them well.

On the other hand, if we look at Jack Teagarden's total career, it might be said that the blues were not typical of his vocal repertory. He undertook

to sing some blues verses on his early records, and he kept such material later in his career, adding such related pieces as *St. James Infirmary* and *Beale Street Blues* as he went. But the typical Teagarden vocal, I think, was a more or less obscure but interesting pop song.

To me, there is nothing false or affected in Teagarden's work. His style is a jazz style and, therefore, a style that came from Negro American music, but Teagarden—even in his most obviously Louis Armstrong-inspired solos—is never a white man assuming the mask of a Negro. He is simply Jack Teagarden, making music in his unassuming way, out of the musical and emotional experiences he has had and that have meant something important to him.

I get quite a different effect—again speaking for myself—out of Woody Herman's singing.

If one added up some totals in the matter, he would probably find that Woody Herman has done more blues singing on records and in person than Jack Teagarden. Now, I have considerable respect for Woody Herman as a bandleader, as a developer of young talent, and, from what I know of him, as a man. But I confess that in his blues singing, he assumes an emotional and stylistic mask that—quite unconsciously and unintentionally, I am sure—has unfortunate aspects of a blackface act.

I feel the same way, and much more so, about some of the British rock groups (not the Beatles but certainly the Rolling Stones) and about many of our U.S. folkniks, and I find their unpainted blackface painful and embarrassing.

We could go on with a listing of white singers who do blues numbers. Take Dinah Shore: the role of a singer of blues was forced upon her early in her career by a particular radio show for which she was hired, but she persists in it. And on a recent television variety show, she devoted half of her spot to singing 12-bar blues verses.

Indeed, almost any white pop singer you name sings blues afterhours, off-stage, among friends, for his or her own training and amusement. I'm not saying that you or I would consider such behind-the-scenes blues singing good or authentic or even worth listening to; I am merely saying that it is, to the singers, an important and little-known aspect of their lives.

But to come back to where we started, Jimmie Rodgers was obviously an "important" blues singer. Now I confess that as far as I'm concerned, I have little esthetic interest in his work; it does not appeal to me either musically or emotionally. It holds little meaning for me. And I may as well add that Mose Allison's blues singing holds little meaning for me either. On the other hand, Joe Turner's work holds a great deal of meaning for me and has for more than 20 years.

## Strictly Ad Lib

**NEW YORK:** A "battle of trumpets," held at Long Island University's Brooklyn Center Oct. 29, featured the groups of Art Farmer, Freddie Hubbard, and Joe Newman, with singer Irene Reid as an added starter. The tenor saxophonists had their innings at a "tenor forum" the following week at Harlem's Renaissance Casino; featured were Roland Alexander, Booker Ervin, Benny Golson, Jimmy Heath, Joe Henderson, and Hank Mobley, supported by two rhythm sections, with trombonist Benny Powell, whose Ben-G Enterprises sponsored the event, as emcee and guest soloist . . . Powell also headed a quintet at a Jazz Interactions session at the Top of the Gate, with tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, pianist Pat Rebillot, bassist Bob Cunningham, and drummer Leo Morris. Other recent Sunday sessions sponsored by the organization have featured alto saxophonist Marion Brown (with Dave Burrell, piano; Norris Jones, bass; Bobby Kupp, drums) and tenor saxophonist-clarinetist Eddie Daniels (with pianist Al Dailey, bassist Chuck Israels, and drummer Mel Lewis). Pianist Teddy Wilson is the regular attraction at Top of the Gate through Nov. 18 . . . Clarinetist Benny Goodman's sextet, with trumpeter Doc Cheatham, guitarist Les Spann, pianist Hank Jones, bassist Al Hall, and drummer Morey Feld, is at the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room through Nov. 26 . . . Buzzy Drootin replaced Feld with Bob Crosby's Bobcats at the Rainbow Grill, while trumpeter Buck Clayton subbed for Bobcat Yank Lawson at guitarist Eddie Condon's club. The Condon band's regular pianist, Dave McKenna, took time out to work with cornetist Bobby Hackett at the Half Note (bassist Dave Sibley and drummer Ray Mosca rounded out the group) and was spelled by Don Coates . . . Tenor saxophonist Richie Kamuca, with Mike Abene on piano, heads a quartet at the Half Note through Nov. 26, working opposite singer Chris Connor. Kamuca and trumpeter Roy Eldridge joined forces at an October session at Robin Social Hall in Rockland County. Multireed man Jerome Richardson's quartet (Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums) was also on hand . . . The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, in addition to its regular Monday nights at the Village Vanguard, did a Friday and Saturday night at the club Nov. 4 and 5 along with singer Carol Sloane. They split the week with tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins' quartet and singer Pat Lundy. Hawkins and Miss Lundy were also on hand through the following week . . . Pianist Erroll Garner and his trio will be heard in concert at Oneida, N.Y., Nov. 18 and in Syracuse the following day. On Dec. 3 Garner performs at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Music Hall, the pianist's first solo concert in his home town in 14 years . . . The Gotham Jazz Society is producing bi-monthly jazz concerts at the Brooklyn Apollo Theater. The series began Oct. 15 with alto saxophonist Jackie McLean's



quartet (Lamont Johnson, piano; Scotty Holt, bass; Billy Higgins, drums), pianist McCoy Tyner's quartet (John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Herbie Lewis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums), and singer Betty Carter backed by pianist John Hicks' trio. The second concert, on Oct. 29, had trumpeter Lee Morgan, with tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Billy Higgins, as well as a group made up of guitarist Grant Green, organist John Patton, drummer Clifford Jarvis, and singer Leon Thomas . . . A Bud Powell memorial concert was held Oct. 18 as the first in a projected series of Tuesday night jazz concerts at the Tremont Lounge in Newark, N.J., featuring the Vanguards (Charles Mason, trumpet; Harold Van Pelt, alto saxophone; Mike Melillo, piano; Vinnie Burke, bass; Bobby Darden, drums) . . . L'Intrigue has returned to a jazz policy with singer-pianist Blossom Dearie and pianist Joe Black's group (Mike Mainieri, vibraharp; Don Payne, bass; Don McDonald, drums) . . . The Lee Shaw Trio (Mrs. Shaw, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Stan Shaw, drums) was at the Concord in October . . . Drummer Dick Berk did six weeks in Buffalo, N.Y., with pianist Monty Alexander's trio and worked in Albany with baritone saxophonist Nick Brignola . . . Bassist Gene Ramey, now a supervisor at Mount Sinai Hospital, is working weekends with pianist Jimmy Green at Crayton's (formerly Junior's) on 52nd St. . . . Multi-instrumentalist Yusef Lateef's quartet is at Slug's through Nov. 20, following one-week stands by the groups of organist Shirley Scott, alto saxophonist Lou Donaldson, and trombonist Curtis Fuller. Tenor saxophonist Pharoah Sanders, with pianist Dave Burrell, bassist Herb Lewis, and drummers Rashid Ali and Ed Blackwell, was among the recent Monday night attractions at Slug's . . . Trumpeter Donald Byrd did two weeks at the Five Spot, with tenor saxophonist George Coleman, alto saxophonist Sonny Red, and drummer Freddie Waits in the group. Byrd was followed by singer Betty Carter. Tenor saxophonist-bass clarinetist Joel Peskin, with Steve Tintweiss, bass, and Randy Kaye, drums, did a recent Sunday matinee at the club.

**CHICAGO:** The Jazz Interpreters were replaced the weekend of Oct. 22 at the Sutherland Lounge by the Richard Abrams Quartet (Maurice McIntyre, tenor saxophone; Abrams, piano; Lester Lashley, bass; Alvin Fielder, drums). Abrams' quartet is one of the groups from the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Other AACM affiliates heard recently in concert were the sextet of altoist Troy Robinson at St. John's Grand Lodge and the sextet of altoist Roscoe Mitchell at Abraham Lincoln Center. The Gerald Donovan Quintet will perform at the Grand Lodge Dec. 4. Bill Russo's Chicago Jazz Ensemble is rehearsing two of Abrams' compositions for future concerts . . . Detroit poet John Sinclair and altoist Joseph Jarman (with pianist Christopher Gaddy, bassist Charlie Clark, and drummer Thurman Barker)

performed a concert of contemporary music and poetry Oct. 21 at Ida Noyes Hall on the campus of University of Chicago . . . Vocalist Frank Sinatra Jr., with trumpeter Charlie Shavers, vocalist Jeannie Thomas, and the Sam Donahue Sextet, played the first half of November at the London House. Pianist Les McCann is there now . . . The Buddy Rich Band did a one-nighter in Arlington Heights . . . The Plugged Nickel had saxophonist Sonny Stitt Nov. 2-6. Thelonious Monk is scheduled to open at the club Nov. 22 . . . Vocalist Barbara Roman, backed by reed man Jimmy Ellis and the Ken Chaney Trio, holds forth weekends at Stan's Pad at 1314 E. 47th St. . . . Ray Charles will do concerts Nov. 18 and 19 at McCormick Place . . . Pianist-singer Otis Spann suffered a mild coronary attack while playing with Muddy Waters' band in Los Angeles. After treatment there, he returned to Chicago to undergo tests at Hines Veterans Hospital. So far, doctors have discovered high blood pressure and hypertension . . . Altoist Bunky Green leads a Latin-jazz outfit at the Havana-Madrid on weekends . . . Just returned from Army service, altoist Anthony Braxton, with bassist Charlie Clark and drummer Alvin Fielder, recently played at the new Archway Lounge.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** The University of California's extension division here is sponsoring a weekend program (Nov. 18-20) devoted to the blues. The program includes a blues recital, lectures, films, and a round-table discussion, all aimed at giving a musical and historical survey of the blues and its place in U.S. culture. Taking part will be singer-guitarists Manee Lipscomb and Fred McDowell, author and Howard University professor Sterling Allen Brown, blues experts Pete Welding and Chris Strachwitz, a rock-and-roll band, and columnist Ralph Gleason, who is also program moderator. An even more extensive program, "Jazz in the Classroom," was staged Nov. 11-13 by the U. C. extension division, in co-operation with the Monterey Jazz Festival, at the Asimolar Conference Grounds in Pacific Grove, Calif. The festival underwrote the expenses of the project, which included lectures and discussions by jazz and educational authorities and a concert by bassist Ray Brown's trio. Among those participating from the jazz side of the fence were critic Leonard Feather, Gleason, writer Phil Elwood, and educator-disc jockey-writer Herb Wong. From the educational field were Fred Warren, chairman of Sonoma State College music department; Morton Gordon, director of the U. C. extension at Berkeley; and Dr. Lawrence Greenlegh, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California's medical school. Edward Larsh, a director of the Monterey festival, also was on hand . . . "The Soul in Jazz," intended as an informal history of jazz and starring Gospel singer Marian Williams, played four performances at the On Broadway theater here. The band included trombonist Dickie Wells, trumpeter Jesse Drakes, and reed man Rudy Rutherford.

**LOS ANGELES:** Singer Della Reese, with trumpeter Bobby Bryant's quintet at the Playboy Club, was held over—possibly because of the humorous routines the group added to the performance. The Bryant quintet (Herman Riley, Hadley Caliman, tenor saxophones; Henry Cain, organ; Carl Lott, drums) is soon scheduled to move into the trumpeter's new club, Marty's, after its tour with Miss Reese . . . The Afro-Blues Quintet + 1 recently shared the stage of the Kabuki Theater with congaist Mongo Santamaría for a 2-6 a.m. session. Before that, the ABQ + 1 subbed for drummer Buddy Rich's band when the band went to play at the Pacific Jazz Festival in Costa Mesa. The Rich organization drew so many listeners to the Chez during its stay that the management presented the drummer with a plaque . . . Trombonist Lou Blackburn has narrated a 27-minute film on the unusual structure in south Los Angeles known as the Watts Towers, made by one man out of cast-off materials . . . Shelly's Manne-Hole featured a double header recently: the Elvin Jones Quintet (Johnny Coles, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Hampton Hawes, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Jones, drums) and the Kenny Burrell Quartet (Richard Wyands, piano; Burrell, guitar; Martin Rivera, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums). Earlier, the Charles Lloyd group performed on two successive Mondays . . . The Pied Piper continues with singer David Bryant (backed by pianist Joe Sample, bassist Buddy Woodson, and drummer Varner Barlow) doing six nights; pianist Dolo Coker is there Tuesdays . . . Vocalist Abbey Lincoln just finished three weeks at Ye Little Club, a Beverly Hills nightery. Backing Miss Lincoln was the house duo of pianist Dick Shreve and bassist Irv Edelman . . . Drummer Sonny Payne recently fronted a group (tenor saxophonist-flutist Plas Johnson, pianist Dell Kendrick, and bassist Dave Tyson) for a series of Tuesdays and Wednesdays at the Tiki . . . The Scene, fluctuating between toplevel efforts and jazz in order to compete with its Sunset Strip neighbors, has a solidly musical entry for an indefinite engagement: South African vocalist Letta Mbulu. Backing Miss Mbulu are pianist Cecil Banard (also from South Africa), bassist Jack Bruce, and drummer Chuck Carter . . . Donte's, in North Hollywood, brought in the quintet of guitarist Howard Roberts for two nights . . . At Memory Lane, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, minus its altoist-leader, made use of a recent Monday night session to cut a new live album. In addition to cornetist Nat Adderley, tenorist Joe Henderson stood in the front line . . . Vocalist Lorez Alexandria at the Tropicana Lounge was backed by trumpeter Kenny Dorham and tenorist Frank Foster . . . Diamond Lil's in Riverside recently featured drummer Gene Krupa's quartet for a week . . . Louis Armstrong made a series of October one-nighters along the West Coast . . . Bandleader Stan Kenton and vocalist Sarah Vaughan shared the theater-in-the-round stage at

(Continued on page 41)



By STANLEY DANCE

*"Will my bodyguard be ready at 7?" Johnny Hodges was preparing for his daily march from the Hotel Dennis to the ballroom at the end of the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, N.J., where Duke Ellington's band was playing a week last August. It may not have been a mile, but it seemed like it that hot, humid evening, because holidaymakers jammed the Boardwalk. Although he had been playing with organist Wild Bill Davis until nearly daybreak, Hodges looked surprisingly fit as he sauntered along.*

# on the boardwalk with johnny hodes

*"I don't sleep long at a time," he said. "I gave up cigarets six years ago, and I haven't had a drink since April 26, when the doctor said it would be best for me to quit. Now . . . you see that shape?"*

*A girl was moving down the Boardwalk ahead with an undulating walk. Hodges was silent but observant.*

*It was barely 8 p.m. when he reached the dressing room behind the ballroom stage. The band didn't hit until 8:30, and, as he leisurely changed, he began to reminisce:*

*"We were in Antibes this summer, the town where Sidney Bechet was married, where they had the parade and everything. They have a square named after him there and a bust in the park. It's about 3 feet tall, I'd say, and mounted on a pedestal. They took my picture looking at it, and it brought back some memories. It's kind of odd that it's where it is, but he was very well known and lived in France for years. There isn't anything similar in this country that I know of, but there ought to be. He ought to be in the Down Beat Hall of Fame, too, and I hope he will be.*

*"I met him in Boston years and years ago, when he was playing in burlesque, in Jimmy Cooper's Black and White Show. I had a lot of nerve when I went backstage to see him, with my little curved soprano wrapped up under my arm. But my sister knew him, and I made myself known. 'What's that under your arm,' he asked me.*

PHOTO/TED WILLIAMS







"A soprano."

"Can you play it?"

"Sure," I said, although I had only had it about two days.

"Well, play something," he said.

"So I played *My Honey's Lovin' Arms*.

"He encouraged me.

"That's nice," he said.

"I think sopranos were played more in those days, but I just liked mine because it looked so pretty. Later I changed to alto, for so many people told me where it fitted in the family of saxophones, although at that time a lot of musicians were playing C-melody, and some bass saxophone, besides the others. I took to alto, but later I ran into Bechet again. I had taken a liking to his playing, and to Louis Armstrong's, which I heard on the Clarence Williams Blue Five records.

"I didn't have any tuition, and I didn't buy any books. A friend, Abe Strong, came back and showed me the scale just after I bought the horn, and I took it up from there by myself, for my own enjoyment, and had a lot of fun. So far as reading went, I took a lesson here and there, and then experience taught me a lot, sitting beside guys like Otto Hardwicke and Barney Bigard. They were very helpful to me."

Before Hodges had got the saxophone, he played drums, but not professionally. He also played "house hop" piano. (Hodges' family, from his mother to his son and daughter play piano for enjoyment.) He remembers playing house parties for \$8 a night and that once, when Count Basie was in town with a show, he took over as Hodges' relief man.

"After we had moved from Cambridge to Hammond St. in Boston," Hodges said, "there were several other young musicians nearby. Howard Johnson used to live around the corner from me on Shumant Ave. His was a very musical family. He played saxophone, his brother Bobby played banjo, his mother, his sister, his other brother, and his uncle—they all played piano. Charlie Holmes lived on Tremont St., and I think he took up saxophone in the high school band. Harry Carney lived just a couple of blocks away on Cunard St."

Hodges went back to soprano when he joined Sidney Bechet at his club, the Club Bechet, on 145th St. and Seventh Ave. in New York. Bechet had another soprano, a straight one, that he gave to Hodges and would teach him different tunes to play as duets. Hodges learned the introductions and solos, and if Bechet was late, would take over until he got there. This was in 1923 or 1924, before he joined either Chick Webb or Ellington. The latter used to come to Boston every summer and ask Hodges to join him, the altoist said.

"Neither the straight nor the curved soprano is easy to play," he continued, "and both are just as hard to keep in tune. But there is an advantage to the curved one—you can cheat more on it. There are a lot of ways of cheating, though many saxophone players might not approve of them. I think you can get the same tone on the curved one as on the straight, but you've got to practice every day. You can't just pick it up and play one chorus tonight, and then play it again two nights later. I gave it up when Cootie Williams left the band in 1940. The last thing we played was *That's the Blues, Old Man*."

There was no special reason that he gave it up, but he was getting a lot of alto solos to play and figured they were responsibility enough.

"Duke had been writing a whole lot of arrangements with soprano on top," Hodges said, "and the responsibility

of playing lead and then jumping up and playing solos, too, was a heavy one. So I just laid it away. I know the soprano has come back into popularity, and some day I hope to get mine out again. I'd like to get it together and then make a record."

Before Antibes, the Ellington band had been to Dakar for the first World Festival of Negro Arts. Hodges seemed to have taken Africa in stride.

"There was the city, of course, and the people," he said. "The drummers were Sam Woodyard's stick, but I've been listening to drummers for years, and I heard a lot when my daughter was dancing in the African Village at the New York World's Fair. I used to go out there regularly. The Watusis had that terrific rhythm. They'd put those big drums on top of their heads—a hand at one end, and then take the sticks with the other and rattle them. I don't think Sam Woodyard ever heard them, but he's been doing that rhythm for years. He just fell right in there. Every night he does it, but I don't think more than two or three guys in the band know what it is.

"It was a funny thing, but when they were out at the fair and you got within two or three blocks, it was as though those drums would draw you. I was talking to a clarinet player yesterday who worked out there with Olatunji, and he was telling me that after you put those drums on top of your head, you could imagine you could hear a whole arrangement with violins, harps, flutes, piccolos, and everything—through the drums and the beat. I guess it's something like when a bass player puts his head down on the strings."

THE NIGHT before the foregoing conversation, there had been a live recording session at Grace's Little Belmont on N. Kentucky Ave. The room is small, but the producer and engineer had managed to get all the recording equipment into a window alcove. Wild Bill Davis and his organ, Dickey Thompson, guitar; Bob Brown, tenor saxophone, flute; and Bobby Durham, drums, normally had minimal working space in the middle of the oval bar, but now Hodges and trombonist Lawrence Brown were added to their number and accommodated by a slight extension of the stand into one of the bar gangways.

Although it was very hot, the atmosphere was happy and full of anticipation. Across the street, the doors of the Club Harlem were wide open, and the loud sounds of the alternating Willis Jackson and Jimmy Tyler bands were wafted in between numbers.

There were numerous jazzmen working the Atlantic City clubs that week, and the Ellington musicians, Duke among them, came by to size up the situation. Buster Cooper and Chuck Connors, of the trombone section, were there all the time.

"We have to support our leader," Cooper said with a grin, nodding in Lawrence Brown's direction.

Paul Gonsalves arrived from another club, where he had been jamming.

"It's how it is sometimes in the band," he said appreciatively. "When Rab [Hodges] feels like blowing, he stirs us all. He's got a heart, believe me, and he'd give you the shirt off his back."

Brown was causing a lot of excitement, too, playing with unusual fire and energy. The word got around among young local musicians, who soon came in to listen.

"They don't often get a chance to hear trombone playing like that down here," Hodges said, as he sipped a Coke at the bar during intermission. "They nearly all play saxophone, because that's what they" (Continued on page 40)

**or  
jazz  
is  
where  
you  
find  
it**



# TOWARD COMPLETENESS

an interview  
with trumpeter  
**FREDDIE  
HUBBARD**

By Dan Morgenstern

WHEN THE TALK turns to trumpet players these days, it doesn't take long before the name Freddie Hubbard is mentioned. With his bold attack, bright and brassy tone, and adventurous ideas, this young man with a horn from Indianapolis is most decidedly a trumpet player in the grand, expressive tradition of his instrument.

"A trumpet is a trumpet," Hubbard said recently. "If you're going to play a bugle, that's one thing, or if you're going to play a cornet, that's another approach, but the trumpet—well, there's a certain thing that you have to get. It's brass, and you have a brass mouthpiece against flesh, and if you just try to hum a note and then play it, that's not tone quality. There's a certain amount of control involved."

"Some of the trumpet players," he continued, "who are playing so-called avant-garde or whatever-you-call-it music fail to realize that it's still a trumpet. It's not that you have to play with a straight 'legit' tone, but you still try to get the body out of the horn."

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude from this attitude that Hubbard is a musical conservative. To the contrary, he is intent upon widening the effective scope of the trumpet, to do "some things that I know are not the normal kind of trumpet playing, technically speaking."

"A lot of the things I play are not 'normal' for the trumpet . . . they might be more like a violin or a piano. I'll try something, and people will say, 'Man, you sound like a tenor sax; what are you trying to do?'"

But Hubbard, who at 28 has behind him considerable playing experience in a variety of musical settings, does not allow such occasional resistance to frustrate him unduly.

"When you're young and playing your own ideas," he said, "they are not always taken for granted. People seem to say they're going to listen to this for a period of time before they accept it."

Nor is he unaware of the musical trap of "getting hung up in your own thing." He wants, he said, "to be a musician," and this means "to be able to do anything I'm capable of and have it accepted."

He explained: "If Count Basie called me for a gig, I'd want to be able to fit and project my own things, and if I'm playing with Friedrich Gulda, I'd want to be able to do that, or with Elvin Jones or with Art Blakey or Manny Albam—and still, it would be me. It can be done."

Currently, Hubbard is a member of drummer Max Roach's quintet but works and records with his own group when Roach lays off. In his own quintet he often uses men from Roach's group, such as pianist Ronnie Mathews and alto saxophonist-flutist James Spaulding, a boyhood friend and longtime musical associate from Indianapolis. Prior to joining Roach, the trumpeter spent considerable time with Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

"I'm having quite an experience playing with Max," Hubbard said. "He knows such a wide area of music—dynamically, musically, and in terms of drums. He doesn't drown you out, like most drummers do; they tend to overplay, because they don't know the timbre of the instrument."

"Max has all this in his head. I'm a spoiled trumpet player in terms of drummers, because, after working with Max, Art, Philly Joe Jones, Elvin Jones, Tony Williams, Clifford Jarvis . . . you get to playing with some of the young cats, and you don't feel there's any bottom with them."

Finding the right drummer for his group has been a problem. "It's almost like asking too much," the trumpeter said, "because it's age and experience that's involved, and I've always been looking for a young drummer with the maturity of the masters."

At the time of this interview, however, Hubbard had just finished rehearsing for a record date with a young drummer from Indianapolis, Ray Appleton, and was enthusiastic about his work:

"I think he's what I've been looking for—not because he's from my home town, but because he seems to take all the important things into consideration—bottom, beat, pulse. We grew up together; he's younger than Spaulding and myself and used to come to sessions and listen. He

always wanted to play, but he didn't know too much then. Later he went with Buddy Montgomery to San Francisco, and I heard him out there recently. He sat in, and I hired him."

Coincidentally, Hubbard made his first record with vibraharpist-pianist Buddy Montgomery and his brothers, guitarist Wes and bassist Monk. "I was 18 and thrilled to death," he recalled, "but I think the date that really got me started was the one I made with Paul Chambers, Cannonball Adderley, Wynton Kelly, and Jimmy Cobb [*Go!*, a 1959 Vee Jay LP issued under bassist Chambers' name]."

BY THAT TIME, Hubbard had left Indianapolis, and today he looks back on his early years in that midwestern city with mixed emotions.

There are good memories:

"I'll never forget the club called George's Bar on Indiana Ave., a street where everybody would come out on weekends in their best attire and go from club to club. That was the thing. A few of the guys and Spaulding and myself formed a group called the Jazz Contemporaries. We'd rehearse and rehearse, and finally we got the job at George's Bar, and all the musicians, like James Moody and Kenny Dorham and many others, would come by and listen when they were in town. That was an inspiration."

But other recollections are less happy:

"I went to a mixed high school outside my own neighborhood. You might say I was almost transplanted. I was integrating a high school for the first time and growing up with Caucasians . . . which was quite a different experience."

"A lot of times, I would be the only Negro kid in a class, and the vibrations I felt, I think, made me sort of rebel . . . so I didn't dig a lot of subjects, like American history and math—mainly because of the teachers and the kids."

But one subject was not affected. "Music always held out, no matter what I was in," he said. "Music was it."

He studied French horn and played in the marching band, doubling on trumpet. At times he "wanted to do something else with the music, because I felt it wasn't me," but the band director would tell him, "Play it like it is on the paper, Freddie."

He tried for a scholarship to Indiana Central College, but though he had an A average in music, his major, his over-all academic average was too low to qualify him.

"I wasn't interested in anything



except music until I got into the 12th grade," he explained, "and by then I tried to cram, but I didn't get the scholarship."

Instead, he enrolled at Jordan Conservatory, a branch of Butler University in Indianapolis.

"Everything was good, I was taking harmony, theory, private instruction on trumpet," he said. "But then, after the first semester, the dean tells me I have to take a test in other subjects. So I get all my books out, my electricity books, my algebra books, and go through them in a couple of days, which was a heavy thing. . . ."

Hubbard was told that he had failed the test.

"Even my teachers tried to keep me in," he recalled. "They knew I didn't have any money, that my mother was poor, and that I was gigging trying to get some money for her. But they put me out because my point average wasn't high enough, academically. But I was doing fine in music, which is what I was there for—the real reason was that they didn't want you to mix with the white ladies."

The young man accepted this turn of events, fortified by a maxim taught him by his father, which, he said, he often recalls when confronted with the lack of acceptance for the music he plays, a music that, like so many musicians of his generation, he doesn't like to call jazz. "I am what I am; otherwise, I place myself as nothing—that was one good thing my father taught me," Hubbard said.

HIS THOUGHTS on jazz are centered on the stigma that, he feels, is still attached to the word, at least in the United States.

"It's American music," he said, "because you have different ethnic groups involved in it, but the word jazz seems to be a dirty word. I think the hangup is what Americans associate with the word, and I don't know why they're trying to oppress this music. The word doesn't mean a thing. I play all sorts of music. Louis Armstrong doesn't play 'jazz,' he plays music that makes you grin and feel happy."

Hubbard is distressed, also, at the lack of acceptance for jazz among Negro audiences:

"They'd better wake up, and I'm saying this in all sincerity, because we created this thing, and they can't even accept it. Colored people can't dig Charlie Parker; they're so busy listening to cornball crap. Real music swings, you can dance to it—if you can dance. . . ."

He is not, however, putting down other types of music. "I like classical music, I like commercial jazz, I like

television music. It's all part of what's happening, and I'm going to get with everything I can get with. I want to check out everything. I'm not going to be limited."

To prove his point, his next recording venture is going to be different from what he has attempted before.

"I'm doing mostly short things," he said, "and the majority of them will be of a commercial type—just to see what I can do with it. It's the most popular thing today. . . . Little Anthony and the Imperials used to do it a long time ago; all of a sudden, the name put to it has changed, and it's accepted."

Hubbard said he was strongly influenced by Sonny Rollins, with whom he worked shortly after coming to New York City. "He has been my greatest inspiration," Hubbard said. "When I worked with him, I learned more than I ever learned, because I never knew what he was going to do next. And he's rooted—I've heard him sound like Coleman Hawkins, which is pretty hard to do."

Another musician Hubbard greatly admires is Thelonious Monk. "I'd like to study with Monk," he said, break-

ing into his characteristic, infectious laugh. "Study trumpet with Monk—hah! If he could take the time. . . . Monk told me something once at the Five Spot; he said that everybody's playing chords, but Sonny Rollins is playing *ideas*. 'That's all you've got to do,' he said. 'Don't just play chords, you've got to play some ideas.'"

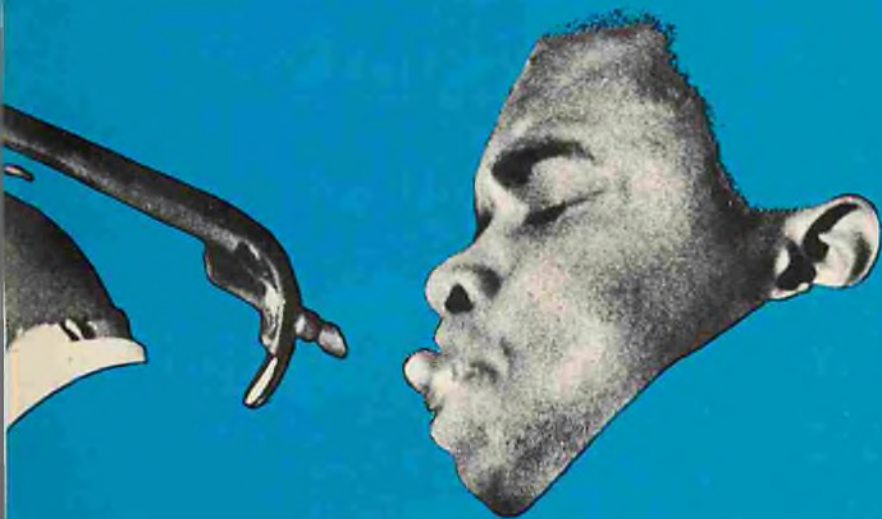
The remark stayed on his mind for quite a while, Hubbard said, because "you can play on chords, and just run up and down, but there is a way of playing ideas on the chord that really makes it—you can't play all the notes in a chord, anyway."

Since much avant-garde jazz is based on playing without chord progressions, and since Hubbard was involved in two of the key record dates of the "new music"—Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz* and John Coltrane's *Ascension* (he pointed out that solo credits for himself and trumpeter Dewey Johnson were erroneously reversed on the Coltrane record's liner notes)—his ideas about musical "freedom" are of interest.

"*Ascension* was still based on scales," he said. "At least, it wasn't based just on playing without any







vibrations from the other musicians. In other words, we knew when we had to build something off a certain scale or something. It wasn't just playing—at least, that's what I got out of it."

Hubbard said he believes that this kind of music doesn't work unless one is working with musicians "who feel the same vibrations." In his own recorded work, both with pianist Herbie Hancock and on his own album *Breaking Point*, this was the case, he said, and there were certain basic guidelines as well.

"I had a certain mode that I was playing off," he explained, "and we built on that mode. We would take the notes in that scale and expand on it. For example, if it was an A major-7th chord with a raised 5th, we might play in the key of A, which is an extension of the chord, and then, from there, we might go F/G/A $\flat$ /D $\flat$ /D/E and play off any of those notes . . . you might hit a particular note and then go off into another chord, but still, it made sense, because the piano player was listening.

"It's not like just playing anything that comes into your mind, and that's

where the mistake is made, I think. A lot of guys are talking about 'freedom,' and it's not really freedom. Freedom of what? Speech? Is it free because you embarrass someone with what you say—is that being free? Or is it telling someone what you feel? Freedom is just a word; it's what you make it, and a lot of the things guys are playing just don't make musical sense to me, when they're just *playing*."

Hubbard also said he feels that there is a certain danger in pursuing music without any rules or standards:

"If they don't watch out, this so-called freedom music will be overrun by people who know nothing about chord progressions, melody, tone quality, and basic musical background. It's like opening the doors for people who know nothing about music. . . . Anybody might have a love for musical sounds, but if it's not a good sound, it's no good."

As for himself, Hubbard said, "I make dates with certain people who know something about music, but I'm not going to make it with anybody who I feel doesn't know anything about the background of music. You

have to know something about what you're doing.

"It's beautiful to express your emotions, but I think they should be expressed in terms of unity. It's like playing and listening and contributing at the same time, which is hard, and if you don't have the right guys together, it's not going to happen."

But Hubbard is no dogmatist and wants it understood that this "is a very touchy subject, because everybody has their own ideas about what type of music they want to hear." It is his own musical standards he is concerned with.


Among the things Hubbard would like to do in the future is to bring his brother, Herman Hubbard Jr., to New York to record with him. ("He plays good piano, but he's hung up because he doesn't read.") The trumpeter credits his brother with first opening his ears to a kind of jazz other than the then-popular West Coast sound he was exposed to on the radio as a youth:

"I'd be listening to Shorty Rogers, and he would be playing this weird music all day, so I'd say, 'Man, what are you doing, I don't hear this stuff on the radio—what is it?', and he'd say, 'Man, this is patting music!'—he was a stone bebopper."

Clifford Brown was Hubbard's first idol. "He amazed me—he had such depth," he recalled. "His sound was brilliant and at the same time, it was large; he had a broad tone, and he was warm. For a long time, I tried to play like Clifford, but I couldn't get the tone going—his attack was so pronounced, almost like a legitimate trumpet player's."

Before Brown, there was an Indianapolis musician, Charles Hummel, who called himself Diz and "lived like a hermit. He played very well and was my first big influence in learning jazz trumpet. There was one thing he always tried to show me about the attack of a note—I haven't got it yet, but I'm working on it. He taught me a lot."

Hubbard is also grateful to the teacher with whom he studied for three years after leaving Jordan Conservatory—Max Woodbury, first trumpeter of the Indianapolis Symphony. ("He really helped me on my breathing, because I was losing air out of the side of my mouth, trying to get a big sound.")

About the future course of music, Hubbard says that "nowadays you have to be able to do almost anything, because anything might happen—it's in the air." Whatever it might be, Hubbard aims to be ready to play "with just about everybody and still be able to sound like me." 



SOME LIVES are simple. You walk along a straight line, evidently going from goal to goal. Example? Benny Goodman. He was in the band at the Hull House, Chicago. I'm sure he worked at his instrument, followed instructions, found himself in the music business, was "discovered" in due time, as step by step he ascended the ladder of success. He wasn't a rebel; he worked his way through the ranks and eventually became a bandleader. Most certainly he was capable.

Some lives are complex. They start along the same straight line, but somewhere they wander; they get off the path. A man may be blessed with the same touch of greatness, may have played with any number of the greatest of greats, gone from jazz to symphony. But from starlight to obscurity. How do they explain it?

Volly DeFaut may be a name that means nothing to you. How long is your memory? Or do you have any jazz *Who's Who* around? Look him up; he's in there. Chicago was his home, and he was there when it happened, when jazz and its great exponents went to the Windy City. It's hard to believe that the town jumped as it did in the '20s. It's hard for me to believe it as I sit and listen to this man unfold a tale. . . .

"At one time I worked three jobs: Canton Tea Garden 12 to 2 (noon), Moulin Rouge 3 to 6 (afternoon); then I'd work my regular job [with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings] 1 to 6 a.m.," Volly said. "That was at Friars Inn; all paid big money—\$150 a week (seven-day week) at Friars; and another \$100 in tips. There was one guy who used to tip us \$1,000 at a crack; then there was this guy from the Cedar Mop Co. who was good for a \$500 bill. Then there was this character who'd like to kick the head [drum] in. He was always good for a big tip. Remember Yellow Kid Weil? He hung around. And we had a guy that liked to tear up \$100 bills and give parts of the bills to different guys in the band. We had one guy in the band who'd take 'em home and work into the morning putting them together.

"Then there was this stock broker who'd come in with an alarm clock, drink a big glass of whisky, and go to sleep on the table. The alarm would ring, and he'd get up and leave. John Barrymore used to come in, sit at ringside. He'd carry that stick with him. Huh! Any woman who danced by with her back to him would get a goose. They'd swing around, but when they saw who it was, they'd smile. Friars Inn was a hangout. Al Capone would come in. Also Dion O'Banion. And all the jockeys. Every type of person wandered in. That place would be packed every night."

I kind of sighed as I pictured this description—a time that was. Work was plentiful; can you picture a time when a musician held three jobs in one day?

I looked at Volly; he carries his years well. This cat has avoided that middle-age spread. About 135-140 pounds. The not-too-heavy mustache gives him a sort of European air. And his face lights up as he remembers things and people. He smiles easily. Like many another musician, the

instrument he started on is not the one he now plays.

"I started on violin when I was 5," he said, "but when I came to high school (at 12), I got started on clarinet and sax. Eventually I made the whole sax-family scene. And I played the dances and neighborhood jobs.

"Remember Mel Stitzel? Piano player? I went to school with him; he was a pro then. Say, by the time I was 17, I'd played a summer-resort job and was a union man. Then I went to Texas with Roy Wetzel, a piano man who was making Q.R.S. piano rolls. He was way ahead of his time. You know how he made arrangements? He'd get a blank piano roll, and as he'd visualize various instruments playing bits here and there, he'd mark the passages in different colors, and when he played the roll, he actually could hear how the orchestra would sound.

"I was born in Little Rock, but the family came to Chicago when I was 6. I was raised on the south side, around 58th and South Park (Englewood 8563; I even remember my phone number). You remember the Studs Lonigan book? Well, that guy knew better than to come around that neighborhood after the book appeared, 'cause the characters he wrote about were from that neighborhood.

"Remember Don Murray? Clarinet player? He was from that section; his father was a minister. There was a fine all-around musician. I remember going to Detroit with Steve Brown. Murray was in town, with Goldkette. I met him as he was walking along with an armful of instruments. He saw me, dropped the instruments, and greeted me with outstretched arms. I joined Ray Miller in Detroit. Went right to work; none of that waiting out your union time."

I couldn't help notice that DeFaut is very outspoken. I didn't know Volly back in the "good old days." We didn't meet till the early '50s. We had a mutual friend, who, it turned out, had been one of the millionaires who frequented Mike Fritzel's Friars Inn.

"Where was Friars? It was at the corner of Wabash and Van Buren; three places occupied that corner. The Canton Tea and the Moulin Rouge. You know Fritzel used three bands—3 to 7, 7 to midnight, and then we played from then to 6 a.m. They used to stand in line way up Wabash to get in. An old marble floor and tables 'n' chairs, no tablecloths, and the place packed with millionaires. That's where I met Roy Gwathmey (our mutual friend). He could run a tab for a \$1,000; in fact, his bar bill was \$1,000 a month. At that time my father was a member of the Illinois Athletic Club; I had a junior membership; later I got a full membership. My father didn't care much for the music I was playing; he liked opera, you know. But when he found out what I was earning, he'd introduce me with pride. Remember Floyd Towne, the sax man? [Do I remember him? He was my leader at Harry's New York Bar in the early '30s.] He used to swim there; he was on the polo team



The New Orleans Rhythm Kings in 1923: Georg Brunis, trombone; Paul Mares, cornet; Ben Pollack, drums; Leon Rappolo, clarinet; Mel Stitzel, piano; Volly DeFaut, reeds; Lew Black, banjo, guitar; and Steve Brown, bass. The tuba was used for posing only.

(water polo), 1923."

What about the New Orleans Rhythm Kings—how good was that band? Sure, I heard them on records. I wish I'd heard them in person. That's the only way I can tell (for sure) about a band. But the best way is to be in the band.

Volly said, "I've never played in a band or heard a band that had the rhythm that band had. I can't describe it, but at least one or two times a night they would do things to me that I've never experienced since. You know, we had Ben Pollack on drums; he was tops. Steve Brown would do things on bass; he picked a bass like no one today. He made the Whiteman band, and he didn't read. [Trombonist] George Brunis had talent; [clarinetist] Leon Rappolo was great. He didn't have the technique of today, but for tone and feeling, no one could touch him. Nothing like it today.

"Yeah, I heard me some music then. We'd go out to 35th St. I lived there for eight years—Plantation, Sunset, Oliver, Armstrong. They had a jazz flute player that would make today's crop look sick. Trumpet? George Mitchell was a fine trumpet player, but to me, the greatest of all was a guy called Bobby Williams. He made Freddie Keppard look sick. I played with him [Keppard]—lot of power, but that was all he had. But Bobby Williams—never made a record, died of heart failure. Used to work one job from 7 to midnight, then work another till 5 a.m.—just trumpet, piano, bass. Powerful lip.



# volly de faut



"Barney Bigard was on the street then, but Buster Bailey was the best clarinet player at that time—way ahead of everybody. He studied with the same man my teacher studied with. I was playing Albert system, and he got me to change. Then there was a drummer around, played at Lorraine Gardens on State near 38th. Lil Armstrong was on piano; Buster Bailey was with this group; so was Freddie Keppard. This drummer—let me think . . . it was Jimmy Bertrand. He was about the best I'd heard.

"Remember Jimmie Noone? There was a fine clarinet player; one of my favorites. And Johnny Dodds was a good clarinet player, a real old-timer in his style. His brother Baby was a good drummer—even after he had a stroke he was good enough to get by."

How well I know. About '53 we cut some trio sides for John Steiner's Paramount label. One date had Volly with Jasper Taylor on washboard and drums, and the other had Baby and Darnell Howard on clarinet. Baby held on.

"From 1920 to the '30s," DeFaut continued, "the best jazz in the world was played on 35th St. Not only the local musicians but the best from New Orleans were located around 35th St. It was jumping. Remember Omer Simeon, clarinet man, all-around fine musician? He was around. Remember Percy Grainger? He had a tune called *Juba Dance*. I arranged it for Earl Hines' band. That Percy—there was something. He gave a concert at Orchestra Hall. Used 25 pianos—whole stage full, conducting his own music. In the dead of winter he'd wear summer outfits.

"And Bix—he used to come down and sit in with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. All the musicians would watch him

'cause he fingered everything backwards, but all the right notes would come out. I heard he was composing with Stravinsky in New York. Loads of talent. Then, when I was with Charlie Straight at the Rendezvous, he came in off a freight train. Dirty? We got him cleaned up, bought him clean clothes, and he went right to work. But he drank. I saw him sober one night. Tremendous talent.

"Jelly Roll Morton? You know, I recorded with him. He was very impressive; he sounded like a band. Nobody could touch him in his field. He was a composer. Also was a tough character and could shoot pool. But he got cheated in the music business. You know he sold Melrose those tunes for \$50 to \$100. I was in that craze. Melrose published a tune for me. I used to sell 'em \$50 for a third share, \$100 for two-thirds.

"Bessie Smith? I recorded with her. Did some things for Sophie Tucker too. You got around \$50 a side in those days. There was a lot of money in recording. You know, my father was vice president of Brunswick Balke Co. He knew when Ray Miller got a \$100,000 advance on a recording contract."

All things come to an end, and so did the jazz scene. For Volly "it lasted till 1928, when I went to Detroit. Worked with two bands, Isham Jones and Ray Miller. Miller was a wonderful guy to work for. Boy, he had his ways. Never buy one shirt—he'd buy a dozen, tailor-made. And one time he bought a carload of whisky from bootleggers. Turned out to be water.

"He was good to musicians—guys like Dorsey, Miff Mole got a start from him. At one period he owed me \$750 for recordings on Brunswick. He'd go out and gamble. But one time I caught him with \$35,000 in bills under his white silk shirt. I got my money. Later, around '37, I ran into him in Chicago, and he was on his 'lowers.' I cashed my own check for \$35 and gave him the money. He gave me his check. Later in the morning I got a wire from him; he was on his way to Texas. The wire read, 'That check is drawn on the wrong bank; please substitute this name. So I put it through. Don't you know it bounced. I wonder why he did that.'

In Chicago again, Volly did the Balaban & Katz Theater circuit.

"I don't remember all the leaders I worked for—they changed," he said. "But I do recall Paul Ash and Bennie Krueger. And, of course, I was on WGN. One show I did 6 a.m. on NBC with—you'll never guess!—Red Norvo on xylophone; Dave Rose, piano, and Wingy Manone, trumpet.

"During the years of 1931-32, Adolph Dumont was the conductor; there was an acid, hard-boiled conductor if I've ever seen one. He was hell on strings. He had a baton he'd wave in their faces—lean right over and talk to them: 'There's two things come from Russia—thieves and fiddlers, and you are not fiddlers.' But to me he was strictly a gentleman; wonderful man. I must have been there nine years at least. Army drafted me, and I was

very close to 38. But one of my neighbors was on the draft board, and he didn't like me. He made sure I went right away."

So, you're in the Army now; and for Volly DeFaut it was two years at Pomona, Calif., as regimental-band conductor, conducting the shows that were being put on for the troops. As we talked, I discovered that Volly had spent at least a year at St. Louis University studying music and going after a degree. He later taught high school band music and theory and even elementary school in Oklahoma—Buffalo, in the panhandle. There were 2,000 youngsters in that high school, a 60-piece band, and 12 baton twirlers ("that town was band crazy").

I was curious about when he last played professionally.

"That was in 1950 for Doc Evans," he said. "It lasted about eight to 10 weeks. He had a good piano player—Don Ewell."

After that? Well, I could remember a part of it, for Volly landed in Chicago Heights, south of Chicago, and was working with a veterinarian, helping out, working with dogs, a practice he had picked up in Hollywood after Army service. Soon thereafter, he tried his hand at cooking and became a good chef.

"Even worked as a hotel chef," he said. "But outside of rare occasions I've never returned to music, although I do a lot of listening and more or less keep up with the development."

Anything he turns to, he gets involved with and does it well. More recently he's gone in for house painting.

"I went to the library," he said, "and got some books and studied up—I knew how to do it."

Now he's after me to see if I can spot him a bicycle. Amazing guy, and this is no kid you know—Social Security has set in.

I got around to asking him what he thinks of music today.

"Like any other thing in this respect," he said, "you either progress or regress. In most departments it's been progress—except guitar. Today's guitarist must have the price of a guitar, then learns three chords—tonic, subdominant, and dominant—and in two weeks he can become a full-fledged musician.

"But jazz music? Some's wonderful. Some is so far over in left field it's over the fence. Neither from a harmonious standpoint nor melodic line does it have an appeal, to me. Some seem to feel that if they do something difficult, it's good. That's not so. Any day now I expect them to bring out Greek quarter-tone scales. And they've done everything electrical you can think of.

"I'm coming back in the business because the old-timers are the only ones that can play. I'd like to play with someone like Jimmy McPartland, but actually I'd rather not play than play with a real bad Dixie band. But if you got a good rhythm section and bass, nothing too much matters to me. That's where a lot of these Dixie bands are weak these days.

"I definitely want to get back in the music business. And I'm not going to do anything else, because the minute I do, my music suffers."





## Pacific Jazz Festival Costa Mesa, Calif.

For the last eight years, southern Californians have bemoaned the fact that the less populous half of the state has boasted a bona fide jazz festival. This year, however, the imbalance came to an end.

Shortly after the Monterey Jazz Festival turned 9, its producer, Jimmy Lyons, had another offspring on his hands: Costa Mesa (50 miles southeast of Los Angeles) had given birth to the first annual Pacific Jazz Festival. And to prove how festival-hungry the southland had been, the event even ended a few hundred dollars in the black as some 17,000 fans paid close to \$80,000 in admissions for the three-day, five-concert festival.

To offset sibling rivalry, the Pacific Jazz Festival presented a number of groups that were not scheduled at Monterey. Chief among them was the Stan Kenton Orchestra with two of its alumni, trumpeter Maynard Ferguson and tenor saxophonist Vido Musso, in a session called Balboa Revisited.

Kenton's band gave off its usual brassy forcefulness, and its leader worked his way up to a jet-propelled *Limelight Blues* by beginning the set with an enticingly slow ballad and then moving to a moderate, funky blues. His piece de resistance was Bill Holman's exciting arrangement of *Malaguena*, climaxing a well-balanced set that featured fine solo statements by trombonist Dick Shearer, trumpeter Gary Barone, and tenorist John Gross.

Comedy overshadowed musicianship after Musso and Ferguson were introduced.

Respectively, they had their solo moments on *Body and Soul* and *Over the Rainbow* (Ferguson asserted the latter to be "an original I wrote backstage"). Together they jammed on *Intermission Riff*, with Ferguson adding a warm nostalgia to the event by climbing up to the trumpet section and reliving his old screech function.

Also setting the Costa Mesa festival apart was Miles Davis. His *being* at a festival was rewarding; his *being festive* was downright disarming.

Davis had his self-critical moments, but in general, he achieved what he was striving for, and his sound was firm, his tone supple. His exuberance touched all his sidemen except tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter, who remained uncommunicative, musically and personally. Pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, and drummer Tony Williams gave the trumpeter an inspirational rhythmic foundation, but Davis' best thoughts were saved for ballads such as *Stella by Starlight* and *'Round Midnight*.

Another delight was Buddy Rich, whose tight, well-rehearsed band proved how all-encompassing the straight-ahead approach can be—especially with arrangements by Bill Holman and Billy Byers. Rich gave an excellent lesson in pushing an ensemble and filling all gaps with percussive logic.

Cal Tjader's group, coming after the Afro-Blues Quintet and Vince Guaraldi's trio, showed how Latin should be conjugated.

What hurt the Afro-Blues group was



PHOTOS: CHARLES LLOYD, BY JEAN-PIERRE LELOIR; GIL EVANS, BY JIM TAYLOR

rock-touched drummer Jim Keltner. The best thing going for it was flutist Jack Fulks. Guaraldi was his usual inventive but heavy-handed self. His best effort was *Cast Your Fate to the Winds*.

Tjader was smooth, but his most exciting offering came as Al McKibbin sat in on bass (effecting a reunion that dates back to '59 when Al and Cal played with George Shearing). McKibbin and conga drummer Armando Peraza engaged in a fascinating follow-the-leader of Latin cross-rhythms, the bassist taking complete charge.

A pleasant surprise happened in the person of Jeanne Hoffman, a first-rate pianist from San Francisco with a gratifying masculine keyboard touch. Less gratifying was her singing, with an inclination toward cuteness that impeded the swinging.

Astrud Gilberto made a cameo appearance with the Gil Evans Band and showed little improvement in intonation.

The Jazz Crusaders put on a good set but failed to generate much excitement. The most meaningful sounds came from trombonist Wayne Henderson and pianist Joe Sample.

Among the Monterey repeaters, Charles Lloyd was clearly the hallucinogenic hit of the festival.

Lloyd managed to enter into an immediate trance, whether driving hard on tenor or waxing impressionistic on flute. He also played second fiddle, as it were, to his pianist, Keith Jarrett. This youngster revealed a classical background with his prodigious technique and lent full-bodied support to Lloyd's solos. But on his own, Jarrett resembled a mad piano tuner, constantly leaning over the keyboard and plucking away at the strings, occasionally dropping drumsticks on the strings to punctuate the happening. Bassist Cecil McBee seemed to flourish in this wild atmosphere, adding his melodic comments to the whole spontaneous scene.

The music, however, did not suffer because of the visual antics. The group operates on a high level of artistry. With a

steady pulse missing, Lloyd and his men swung by implication. Frankly, I'd rather hear than see them.

The Evans band did eminent justice to the leader's meticulous arrangements. Outstanding in the solo department: Bill Green, whose soprano saxophone interpretation of *Buzzard Song* made one forget it had been scored originally for a muted Miles Davis. Other excellent solos from Evans sidemen (the band played Friday night and Sunday afternoon) included those by Billy Harper, tenor saxophone; Johnny Coles, trumpet; and Howard Johnson, playing amazing tuba.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet swung with a lighter touch than usual, mainly because Brubeck matched altoist Paul Desmond for gentleness. The over-all sound was extremely satisfying. Bowing to demands of the crowd, the quartet ended with *Take Five*.

A similar demand echoed through the Orange County Fairgrounds for *Spanish Lady* when altoist John Handy and his quintet came onstage. He kept the audience waiting much longer than Brubeck did, but, then, everything about the Handy quintet is more expansive—especially the solos. On the night of their appearance, Handy and his sidemen arrived early and went on last. During the whole evening, they sat behind the stage, practicing. By the time Jimmy Lyons brought them on, the quintet was thoroughly warmed up. Particularly outstanding was violinist Michael White, who matched Handy's frenetic improvisations.

Trumpeter Don Ellis and his band did not duplicate the stir they created at Monterey, and one explanation might be the time differential. At Monterey, he had an hour and a half; at Costa Mesa his set lasted 35 minutes. But at least it included two numbers that are among the finest in his polyrhythmic book, *Fire-dream*, a restful opus in 5/4 that features some translucent scoring for five flutes, and the jaunty, ever-modulating *Concerto for Trumpet*, an ideal showcase for the





## CAUGHT IN THE ACT

leader's quarter-tone trumpet.

One who nearly repeated his great success at Monterey of three weekends earlier was Bola Sete. The Brazilian master demonstrated a gentle intensity with a series of bossa novas and some flamenco music that made one wish all guitars could be unamplified. The most infectious medley of all was made up of themes from *Black Orpheus*. Equally brilliant in this quiet Latin group was drummer Paulinho—one name but an infinite variety of percussive tricks.

Various hues of blues were on display at Costa Mesa. Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton simply took over the fairgrounds with the Gospel according to Bessie Smith. And Jon Hendricks showed how humorous blues can be with a riotous monologue a la *Mumbles*. Helped by Big Black on conga and Larry Vukovich on piano, Hendricks fashioned a smooth vocal version of Miles Davis' solo on *All of You* and did a fascinating study of nonvibrato with Horace Silver's *Song for My Father*.

Vi Redd proved to be a first-class exponent of gutsy blues, more so on alto saxophone than in her singing. She managed to get a big, fat, down-home thing going on *Willow*, *Weep for Me* long before the novelty of a female blowing a horn wore off. Another fine blues merchant was Muddy Waters, who kept his balance on those thin lines that separate jazz from folk and folk from rock.

Making a ludicrous attempt to elevate themselves from beneath their overamplified rock to the rarefied air of pure blues were the shaggy-haired youngsters who call themselves Jefferson Airplane. They were strangers in paradise at Monterey and remained out of place at Costa Mesa.

What should have been included at this particular jazz festival was Dixieland. If promoters Ted Fuller and Ted Geissler know anything about Orange County, then they must realize it is the hotbed of traditional jazz. Would they stage an operetta festival in London and omit Gilbert and Sullivan?

—Harvey Siders

### Gerry Mulligan-Gil Evans

Royce Hall, University of California, Los Angeles

**Personnel:** Johnny Coles, Hobart Dotson, trumpets; Ken Shroyer, bass trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone saxophone; Richard Perissi, Enrico Sig's-monti, French horns; Billy Harper, Jay Migliori, reeds; Mulligan, baritone and alto saxophones; Mike Johnson, guitar; Roger Kellaway or Evans, piano; Don Moore, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

What Evans and Mulligan offered on the stage of Royce Hall was essentially what the pair, individually and collectively, had presented at the Monterey and Pacific Jazz Festivals. The chief difference, however, was that in the hall's more intimate, contained atmosphere, it was possible to hear the subtleties of Evan's writing.

The Evans orchestra was featured during the first half of the concert in a program of five works, only one of which, *The Meaning of the Blues*, was fully effective.

During its Monterey performances the orchestra had been noticeably ragged, something that had not been corrected appreciably by the time of this concert despite several weeks' work at Shelly's Manne-Hole in the interim. Cues were missed, the time occasionally in question, and the percussion overloud—nor was the balance helped by poor microphone placement.

But what the orchestra suffered from chiefly was a lack of inspiration. The major improvisational burden was carried by trumpeter-fluegelhornist Coles, and when all was going well with him, as on *Blues*, the effect was electrifying. That performance was a seamless whole. Coles' solo was thoughtfully conceived and executed with burning warmth and clarity, seeming a beautiful extension of the orchestral setting, each reinforcing the other. But where Coles and the other soloists were less than at the top of their games, the totality suffered considerably.

Evans' writing places great premium on the complete interaction of solo voice and orchestral mass, and, seemingly, his music demands great improvising. This holds true especially for those pieces in which the orchestral writing moves slowly, densely,

subtly; but it is likewise true—though perhaps to a lesser extent—for the more rhythmic, up-tempo selections as well. Where the solos cohere, the performance follows in kind, but where flaccid improvising occurs, it seems to drag the entire edifice down with it.

A number of the performances would have benefited from tighter control by Evans. The insistent *Tome of the Barracuda* was a perfect example.

Tenor saxophonist Harper contributed the piece's first solo, a long, arching improvisation full of crying intensity that caught the audience up in its excitement. If the number had ended at this point, it would have been successful. But there followed a tentative, pointless solo by Coles and an acid-toned baritone saxophone solo by Howard Johnson, as lengthy as it was empty. Whatever power the performance had accumulated in Harper's forceful work had long since been dissipated in the windiness that succeeded it.

Much the same was true of *La Nevada* and *Freedom Dance*.

Coles' playing on the latter was discursive but competent, and it was followed by another Harper tenor outing that built to a tremendous head of steam. His solo was like a lunging, bullying, kaleidoscopic montage of stomping tenor styles, throughout which were scattered bleats, grunts, and other visceral effects. Johnson, this time on his more usual tuba, followed with a solo that was scarcely audible to the audience but that, when it could be heard, sounded only huge and lumbering.

Things perked up after intermission.

Mulligan provided to perfection the unifying solo voice in his selections with the orchestra, and most of these pieces were short, concise performances with no excess fat to them. Added factors were the presence of pianist Kellaway and Mulligan's use of a small group to provide contrast with the orchestra.

The baritonist led off with a fine, spirited performance of *Godchild*, in an arrangement that had been expanded from that used originally by the Miles Davis Nonet some 16 years earlier. The arrangement sounded as fresh and invigorating as anything on the program and, thanks to Mulligan's airy variations, was excellently realized.

Evans' succinct, impressionistic orchestration of *Summertime* followed, and Mulligan's propensity for muscular lyricism flowered luxuriantly in his beautifully controlled solo.

The small group made its appearance for the next three numbers.

On the first, the delightfully polyphonic *Line for Lyons*, Mulligan was joined by pianist Kellaway, guitarist Mike Johnson, bassist Moore, and drummer Jones. Kellaway furnished a successful substitution for Chet Baker's original trumpet line, and the whole piece sounded as viable today as when it was minted more than a dozen years ago.

A long, flowing baritone solo was supported by a spare piano accompaniment. Kellaway threw caution to the wind, however, in his own improvisation. It was full of surprise, very exciting in its cir-



clinging bursts of notes and lines and delivered with a sophisticated rhythmic sense.

Fluegelhornist Coles was added for the next two selections, on both of which Mulligan switched to alto saxophone. He was impressive at Monterey on this instrument, but his work this evening—especially on the up-tempo *Scrapple from the Apple*—was not nearly so satisfying. His tone seemed quite a bit harsher—like a dyspeptic Paul Desmond—and his lines were of the mechanical character that comes from allowing fingering patterns to dominate the solo. This was more true of *Scrapple*, evidently as a result of its faster tempo, than was the case on the more lyrical *Marguerite*, a gentle bossa nova.

Coles constructed a fine, carefully molded improvisation on this number, and Kellaway brought down the house with a fantastic solo on *Scrapple*, in which he ran the gamut of keyboard expression from stride to abstract, all the while maintaining pulse and a singleness of purpose.

Mulligan's baritone stated the melody of *Shadow of Your Smile* in his most lyrical manner, backed solely by the rhythm section; after the first chorus, however, the orchestra entered with warm, floating chords behind his line. The number was energized almost completely by Mulligan's unabashedly romantic playing.

The evening concluded with *King Porter Stomp*, which got off to a rousing start with a fine Harper tenor spot with orchestral punctuations generating a good bit of fervor before leading to a Mulligan baritone statement, the significance of which was largely lost to the audience, since he played off-mike through most of his solo.

At the piece's conclusion Mulligan loped offstage and, after a whispered conference at stage left, Evans returned to the microphone to say, "Well, I guess that's all." The curtains closed. —Pete Welding

## Tommy Vig

Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.

**Personnel:** Bill Chase, Charlie Turner, Buddy Childers, Wes Hensel, Herb Phillips, Merv Harding, trumpets; Charlie Loper, Archie LeCoque, Abe Nole, Tommy Hodges, Bill Smiley, trombones; Vince DeRosa, Henry Sigismonti, Arthur Maebe, Haig Eshow, French horns; Don Hannah, tuba; Dick Paladino, Charlie McLean, Irv Gordon, Tony Osoika, Tom Hall, reeds; Vig, vibraharp; Ronnie DiFillips, piano; Mo Scarazzo, bass; Karl Kiffe, drums; Roger Rampton, Mark Barnett, percussion.

No other entertainment capital has so many first-rate jazz musicians bogged down in show bands behind wearisome singers, repetitious comedians, and dull extravaganzas as does Las Vegas. The need for musicians to meet and play meaningful arrangements borders on desperation.

Fortunately, vibraharpist Vig is in their midst. This short, dark, intense, Hungarian-born vibist has fronted a rehearsal band—with a fairly consistent nucleus—for the last couple of years.

This year's writing and rehearsing efforts culminated in a recent Sunday afternoon concert in the spacious Circus Maximus of Caesars Palace. In every aspect, it was better than Vig's first concert a year ago: the band was bigger—augmented by extra percussion, more brass, a tuba, and French



Altoist McLean and vibist Vig: "... an important milestone."

horns (three horn players came from Los Angeles especially for this concert); the arrangements more exciting, the section work more responsive, and soloists more inspired; and the jazz-thirsty crowd larger and more attentive.

Shortly after the guest of honor, Stan Kenton, introduced the vibraharpist, the concert began with the Vig work Kenton had premiered last April at a Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra concert, *Four Pieces for Neophonic Orchestra*. The opening—a crisp chord with all the bite of an exclamation point—put the entire presentation into swinging synchronization, like the claspstick used prior to video taping. The four movements revealed how neophonic in scope Vig's writing actually is. His scoring for a large ensemble never obscures the various sections or the intricate voicings within them.

Also revealed was the honesty of Vig's conducting. Once he sets the tempo, he gets out of the way, unless the time changes or the dynamics vary. No wasted motion, no pretentiousness. The same can be said for his vibraharp playing. His solo work, as well as that of trumpeter Phillips and drummer Kiffe, highlighted the opener.

Equally at home in handling larger compositional forms is trombonist Hodges. His *Jazz Impressions*, a seven-movement suite based on a science-fiction novel, *The Day of the Triffids*, was the sensation of the afternoon with its constantly shifting tempos, jaunty themes, forceful brass writing—especially, and understandably, for trombones—and some clever woodwind voicings. Scarazzo's strong bass lines pushed the whole work with the drive of a drummer, and Childers' fluegelhorn never sounded mellow. Two brilliant dialogs sparked the piece: Hensel's muted obligato to Phillips' open comments, and the percussive conversation between Kiffe on drums and Rampton on kettledrums.

Solo statements by trombonist LeCoque and baritone saxist Hall nearly outshone trumpeter Phillips' writing efforts on *Theme*.

McLean's amazing solo work on *Elegy and Variations for Electronic Alto* not only minimized the scoring of Rick Davis, but almost made the crowd overlook the novelty of the instrument. Playing the prototype of a new electronic alto, McLean put on a dazzling exhibition of horn playing, with ideas flowing in a stream of consciousness that was still ever swing-

ing. As for the electronic saxophone, it opens up vast potentialities of coloration, tremolo, and echo. But most useful is its sub-octave, which extends the alto's range down to baritone territory. When used for rapid passages, the sub-octave and the normal tone give the impression of two horns playing in flawless unison.

The remainder of the concert featured works by Vig—an excellent cross section of shorter works. *Jet Flight in G-Minor* was swinging perpetual motion. The frisky theme of *Short Story* had an element of humor halfway between Billy May and the Tijuana Brass, climaxed by a slowly resolving plagal cadence, and providing a good showcase for Vig's vibes. *Song*, cooking at a torrid 6/8, featured brief solos by altoist McLean and trumpeter Phillips, ending in a surprisingly pleasant piccolo-clarinete unison. The one ballad that was played, *I Miss You Today*, is a hauntingly beautiful theme. Added to the beauty was McLean's soulful wailing. The influence of Kenton could be heard in the persistence of the theme over changing rhythmic figures—somewhat like *Artistry in Rhythm*.

The concert, sponsored by AFM Local 369, was not without an excursion into slapstick. Vig's *Collage for Jazz Band* had just about everything: soloists, as well as whole sections, stood up and blew not a note; a trumpeter hit a high note and collapsed in a heap; the serious, sober Vig, clad in an Oriental smock and coolie's hat, tried to play vibes while the sidemen clustered around his instrument, pushing and shoving each other. Into this maelstrom of madness strode classical clarinetist Wolf Adler, impeccably attired in white tie and tails, to play unaccompanied excerpts from the *Chromatic Fantasy* and a violin sonata—both by Bach. A study in nonsequiturs followed as comedian Pete Barbutti read free verse (to the accompaniment of bass and brushes) that analyzed the incongruities of jazzmen's lives, e.g., "Count Basie playing at a Polish wedding." As DiFillips scurried through some frantic silent-movie music, Rampton ended the group therapy with a resounding J. Arthur Rank smash on an enormous suspended gong.

Interesting unison blends ran through the final arrangement of *Gypsy in My Soul*: piccolo, baritone, and vibes and, later, alto, trumpet, and vibes. It was a well-conceived finale to an important milestone for Vig.

—Harvey Siders





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# RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

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.

## DOUBLE REVIEW— TRANE'S MEDITATIONS

### John Coltrane

MEDITATIONS—Impulse 9110: *The Father and the Son* and the *Holy Ghost*; *Compassion*; *Love*; *Consequences*; *Serenity*.

Personnel: Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, Rashied Ali, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Jazz has taught me much about myself and life. The most recent illumination happened earlier this year. Actually there were two incidents, within a few days of each other, but they really were one:

When Bill Mathieu told me his Chicago Improvisational Players were giving a concert and asked me to come, I didn't want to. I had gone to the group's first concert and intensely disliked what I heard. But I went to the second concert anyway.

When the group began to play, I thought I'd made a mistake. It was the same thing again: skittering, scattered, disconnected snips of sound that were senseless to me. Getting angrier by the minute, I started to leave, but I didn't.

Then it happened. Suddenly what the group was doing called up within me a vision of the clattering, cluttered, confused day-to-day life most of us endure. Nobody had ever done that to me. I was shaken. All the noises, voices, musics, colors, sights, movements we most often do not experience consciously, but which weld together and fall on us during a "normal" day, was in what the musicians were doing. That mass of life confusion embeds itself in part of us, there to remain, for most, covered over, sightless, soundless, but bearing down with monstrous force. The musicians were digging deep.

Four days later I heard Coltrane's group that included Pharoah Sanders and two drummers. Shortly before, I had read a scathing review of Coltrane's performance with a similar group in New York, and I was prepared not to like what I was about to hear when I walked into the club where John was working. I didn't. The blast of sound almost bowled me over. It repelled me. I hated what they were playing—

those drums and maracas and bells and tambourines . . . with all the clatter I couldn't hear Jimmy Garrison's bass and sometimes couldn't hear Coltrane or Sanders, even though I was seated not six feet away.

I decided to go home but had a couple beers instead. Intermission. John came over and sat down. What was he trying to do in the music? Just trying to get it out, he said, making a scooping motion with his hands away from his chest. But what was all this, I said, pointing at the bandstand? He didn't know for sure; things were not right with the music yet, he said; but he wants to get into rhythm more, and this is what might lead him to it.

The next set I heard it. Experienced it. Not what John talked about so much as what I was grappling with . . . why I was repelled, why I wanted to run.

He and Sanders and the two drummers—that screaming, terrifying, heaving mass of sound—gave me a deeper look into what I had glimpsed from Mathieu.

It is here on this record, though it is less intense than it was in person.

I do not pretend to understand this music. I doubt if anyone, including those playing it, really understands it, in the sense that one understands, say, the music of Bach or Billie Holiday. I feel this music, or, rather, as I said, it opens up a part of my self that normally is tightly closed, and seldom-recognized feelings, emotions, thoughts well up from the opened door and sear my consciousness.

Parts of Coltrane's music are aural reflections of what I believe lies deep within each of us—the chaotic, brutish, wrenching torture chamber of humanness. The hell-pit screams of Coltrane and Sanders in *Father* and *Consequences*, combined with the seething, upheaved sounds produced by Jones and Ali, are clear description of that base part of the self.

Sanders is heard only on those two sections, but I was stirred by his playing, as I had been earlier at the performance in the club. I've never heard anyone express hurt as Sanders does. It is not pain or sadness or melancholy or loneliness—it is profound, gut-deep hurt.

Not all here is torture and anguish, though. There is great clarity of musical thought—and "peaceful" emotion—on *Compassion* (Tyner is crystal clear), *Love* (beautiful Garrison and simple, melodic Coltrane), and *Serenity* (loving Coltrane and impressive Tyner). The alternation of the seemingly chaotic with the peaceful sheds light on both, as well as on the whole performance. And the total effect of the music on this record is overwhelming, as is that on Coltrane's two preceding albums—*A Love Supreme* and *Ascension*. Taken together, these three statements stand as a towering triptych of Coltrane's artistic achievement. They are one man's pursuit of his hell, his truth.—DeMicheal

### John Coltrane

MEDITATIONS

Rating: ★

Reviewing this record has not been, I'm sorry to say, a very pleasant task. The music here is mostly inconsequential and boring, and only on occasion does it rise

above itself. One of these occasions is to be found during the last few moments of *Serenity*.

Coltrane lacks the spirit of the idiom he attempts. He gets stuck, repeating figurations time and time again, as if such repetition could somehow improve what little they had to offer the first two or three times they occur. It doesn't, obviously.

Coltrane reminds me of a man shopping for a new suit, trying on one that he especially likes although he knows that it's wrong (I almost said unsuitable) but unwilling to take it off because he thinks it will look better the longer he views it in the mirror.

And the other players are stuck too. They are repetitious, pretentious, reluctant to listen to each other and pursue several directions at one time. The music lacks, in other words, a collective sense—all the more destructive to music like this because it is built on the premise of collective improvisation.

And the liner notes, by Nat Hentoff, read like *Art News*: ". . . the impact of Sanders can be shatteringly revelatory—revelatory of the further possibilities of each listener's self-discoveries in reacting to this kind of movement through textual shapes." These words are simply without meaning—which makes them, alas, poignantly appropriate to the music itself.

—Russo

### John Anderson

TIME WILL TELL—Tangerine 1506: *Time Will Tell*; *Brasilia*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face*; *Flame on the Desert*; *Frantic Fiesta*; *The Twister*; *Passione Blues*; *A Woman of Stature*.

Personnel: John Audino, Bobby Bryant, Anthony Terran, Harry Edison, Melvin Moore, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, Pete Myers, Ernest Tack, trombones; William Green, piccolo; Buddy Collette, flute; Jewell Grant, Walter Benton, Teddy Edwards, Harold Land, Carrington Visor, reeds; Barney Kessel or John Pisano, guitar; Jack Wilson, piano; Robert West, bass; Mel Lee, drums; Anderson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Anderson has arranged for Count Basie, Harry James, and Ray Charles and has played trumpet with Basie, Charles, Benny Carter, and several top-drawer Latin bands, including Perez Prado and Tito Puente.

His writing indicates solid craftsmanship, a tasteful approach to Latin-flavored jazz scoring, and an orientation solidly rooted in the tradition of swinging big-band music.

This orientation, however, does not preclude original touches—as heard in his voicings of guitar in the ensemble and his use of piccolo and flute blended with reeds or brasses.

*Passione* is perhaps the most interesting and successful piece; it has an Ellingtonish mood and attractively combined flutes, reeds, and muted brass in the opening and closing passages. *Fiesta* makes good use of Kessel's guitar as an ensemble voice and builds excitement without overreaching for effects.

The opening of *Time* shows an acquaintance with the Jimmie Lunceford sound but settles into a Count Basie groove. *Flame*, a nice tune, has excellent, full saxophone ensembles, and *Woman*, a fast blues, employs ensemble riffs effectively.

The band is a studio group, of course,



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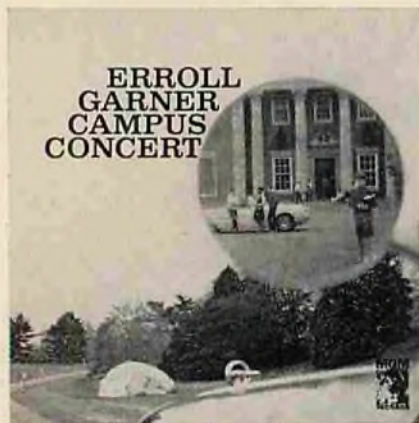
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but Anderson has managed to make it sound like his group. The saxophone section is first rate, the trumpets have bite and brilliance, and the rhythm section swings the band.

Solo spots are frequent, though not extended; this, too, is in the big-band tradition. Bryant, however, has a feature to himself on *Accustomed*. Set off by a good arrangement, he plays tastefully, with fine articulation from top to bottom of the horn. He also plays well on *Passeone*, but on *Time* he sounds a bit like a latter-day Erskine Hawkins.

Land has several good spots, notably on *Passeone* and *Brasilia*, while Edwards shines on the title track. The uncredited tenor solo on *Flame* might be by Benton, a fine player of whom too little has been heard in recent years. The solo on *Woman* sounds like Edwards' work.

Edison's only solo, on *Flame*, is a high point of the set but, alas, too short. Kessel is in fine form on *Fiesta*, and Pisano begins *Woman* in a relaxed, swinging groove. Wilson's piano is featured on *Twister*.

Ray Charles, who runs *Tangerine*, deserves credit for giving Anderson a chance to display his talent. —Morgenstern

## Chet Baker

QUIETLY, THERE—World Pacific 1847 and 21847: *Early Autumn*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *Forget Him*; *Christmas Song*; *Quietly, There*; *Spring Can Really Hang You up the Most*; *Stranger on the Shore*; *You Don't Have to Say You Love Me*; *The More I See You*; *No More Blues*; *Message to Michael*; *You're My Soul and Inspiration*.

Personnel: Baker, flugelhorn; Carmel Strings; unidentified orchestra, vocal group

Rating: 1/2★

DOUBLE SHOT—World Pacific 1852 and 21852: *Dancing in the Street*; *Ring of Fire*; *Yesterday's Gone*; *Danke Schoen*; *The Blue Dove*; *Red Rubber Ball*; *When You're Smiling*; *Enamorado*; *Agua Caliente*; *Wheels*; *But Not Today*; *Green Grass*.

Personnel: Baker, flugelhorn; Mariachi Brass; others unidentified.

Rating: ★

Attempting to fathom, rationalize, or justify these unfortunate recordings is a situation as depressing as it is ultimately pointless.

Approaching these two albums while understanding the financial pressures that brought Baker to the assignments and appreciating, too, producer Dick Bock's well-meant intention to produce a series of commercially appealing albums that would guarantee Baker some measure of financial success—knowing all this, one still can only deplore the results. The plight of the creative artist reduced to playing a purely mechanistic role is always saddening; but beyond this there is the added conviction with which one is inevitably left: that the financial ends will not—cannot—materialize sufficiently to justify the artistic compromise that represents the means in these two LPs.

The first disc, with arrangements by Harry Betts and Julian Lee, contains a dozen samples of "mood jazz," a debased musical hybrid that dilutes whatever vitality jazz might possess by reducing it to the androgynous level of background music.

This art of the epicene is practiced superbly here; rarely, in fact, has Baker sounded as flaccid as he does against the keening strings and choral ooh-ings and

aah-ings of these performances. He's a shade out of tune, too, for added drama.

The set with the Mariachi Brass is a trifle better but only as the lesser of two evils. The whole tenor of the proceedings is considerably less dyspeptic—one might even say exuberant. Baker, at any rate, plays with greater drive, incisiveness, and—if one might exercise a bit of poetic license—conviction, as though sensing a slightly healthier atmosphere in this music. At least it's more in tune with the vitality of the common run of contemporary popular music. And when this is the best that can be said of it, the reader can get some idea of its desultoriness. —Welding

## Count Basie/Alan Copeland Singers

BASIE SWINGIN', VOICES SINGIN'—ABC-Paramount 570: *Happiness Is*; *I Surrender, Dear*; *Oh, Lady, Be Good*; *You Are My Sunshine*; *Until I Met You*; *Candy*; *Down by the Old Mill Stream*; *Fantastic*; *That's You*; *One for My Baby*; *Girl Talk*; *Call Me*.

Personnel: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Billy Byers, Al Grey, trombones; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Eddie Shaughnessy, drums; Alan Copeland Singers; Copeland, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★ 1/2

At first glance, this album had little going for it: tunes like *Sunshine*, *Stream*, *Surrender*, and *Candy*, with Basie and a few of his sidemen on the date for support. But at first hearing, the preconceived suspicions vanished.

The Copeland Singers (six of each gender) are a highly polished, responsive chorale. They blend, phrase, and articulate with a precision that says everything one has to know of their leader.

Copeland is an honest craftsman, striving for, and achieving, a quality that complements the understated swing of Basie. No gimmicks, no cuteness, no melodramatics. Just crisp vocal lines, modern harmonies (including some wide-open reharmonizations), and occasional humor.

As for Basie and his colleagues, their contributions have the same economy of means. Not one unnecessary bar can be found—written or improvised. It makes for a relaxed, integrated groove. The best tracks are Green's *Until I Met You* and the provocative *Girl Talk*. —Siders

## Art Blakey

INDESTRUCTIBLE!—Blue Note 4193: *The Egyptian*; *Sortie*; *Calling Miss Khadija*; *When Love Is New*; *Mr. Jin*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★★

HOLD ON, I'M COMING—Limelight #6038: *Day Dream*; *Hold On, I'm Coming*; *Secret Agent Man*; *I Can't Grow Peaches on a Cherry Tree*; *Walking My Cat Named Dog*; *Sakena*; *Got My Mojo Working*; *Name*; *She Blew a Good Thing*; *Monday, Monday*; *Slowly but Surely*.

Personnel: Chuck Mangione or Freddie Hubbard and Morgan, trumpets; Tom McIntosh or Melba Liston or Garnett Brown, trombone; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; Frank Mitchell, tenor saxophone; John Hicks, piano, or Grant Green, guitar; Reggie Johnson or Victor Spioles, bass; Blakey, drums; John Rodriguez, conga.

Rating: ★★ 1/2

If Blakey's spirit had been abroad in other times and/or places, it would probably have materialized as a gunslinger or a Samurai, a Saracen, or a Masai warrior (during the time when the young cats slew lions with spears to prove their manhood).



And in each culture Blakey would have been considered an artist—be it at the fast draw or karate chop.

But Blakey is a contemporary musician, and his weapon is jazz—jazz as a Samurai chieftain would play it if he had been born in Pittsburgh in 1919.

That crocodile-jawed sock cymbal dictating the second and fourth beats of each measure or that now-patented samba figure that rears its head afresh in his solos, those fierce 6/8 rim-shots against that driving ride cymbal, and the way he has of damping a tom-tom head at the end of a solo barrage are all signs of a muscular individualism that indicate Blakey would be Blakey in any time or place.

But even Achilles had a soft heel—and the *Hold On* album is Blakey's.

Jazz' warrior has tipped his spear to the bubblegum-and-acne set on this one. I guess it doesn't matter to enough jazz right-wingers or purists (if it did, his purer efforts on Blue Note would be selling more and he would have no need to cut something like *Hold On*). It's regrettable—Maria Callas never has to sing country and western to make a good living.

Maybe I'm too stiff. After all, as the cat said on the *Hold On* liner notes: "You don't see the Lovin' Spoonful taking themselves seriously except on deposit day at their neighborhood bank. It's a Pop, Op, comic-book world we live in, anyway. And who's counting?"

Looking at both albums is a fair way to decipher the difference between what I like to think of as the pure Blakey and the Blakey that bread is building.

*The Egyptian* on the Blue Note LP is a most impressive piece. Fuller takes the first solo followed by Shorter, who plunges in, unwinding long, bright streamers of sound against the rummaging rhythm section. Fuller sustains notes behind Shorter, and then the trombone and saxophone weave a strong flutter against Morgan's line, which leads into Walton's solo. Workman works way up near the bridge of his bass. Walton spirals down against the threatening horns, and Blakey slashes in between the ascending and descending horns in the theme.

On *Sortie* Walton describes a figure that's duplicated by the horns. A 16-bar Latin bridge is planted solidly in the first chorus. Then Morgan emerges from the ensemble mightily. Blakey establishes a strong 2 and 4 and then works back into a Latin structure, through which Morgan lightly skips to come out swinging on the other side. Shorter and Fuller come up with confident statements on top of the violent rhythm section.

*Khadija* begins with an ostinato bass line, picked up by Walton and Blakey and then the horns. Much dramatic motion is conveyed in the theme. Morgan bursts out of the spraying ensemble into a funky solo, after which an agitated Shorter passes the baton to Fuller, who grabs it on the dead run.

*Love* is a romantic ballad belonging to Shorter, but Morgan's solo is in strict empathy. Fine coloration is produced by the ensemble. *Mr. Jin* is rollicking in the manner of *The Egyptian*.

The thing is that this album didn't take much work to produce—Blakey & Co. have made many similar ones—but it's still great jazz.

It's probable that *Hold On*—with 14 musicians gathered at one point or another, the slick arrangements, etc.—proved to be more of a task. But the album conveys a sort of we're-all-in-this-together attitude in the ensemble work, and not many solos are distinguished by bold musicianship. The tunes, of a pop nature, are sugar-coated with bland organ work; most of the tracks—with the exception of *Surely*—just chug along, belaboring their points until they fade out.

—Quinn

#### Gary Burton

THE TIME MACHINE—RCA Victor 3642: *The Sunset Bell*; *Six-Nix*; *Quix*; *Flix*; *Interim I*; *Chega de Saudade*; *Childhood*; *Deluge*; *Norwegian Wood*; *Interim II*; *Falling Grace*; *My Funny Valentine*.

Personnel: Burton, piano, vibraphone, marimba; Steve Swallow, bass; Larry Bunker, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Though tracking—an artist's dubbing additional parts to one he had recorded earlier—is common practice in popular music, most jazzmen have been reluctant to experiment with the technique. In this thoughtful and professionally astute album, Burton and his fellows demonstrate that everything is grist for the mill of the intelligent artist, that technology can serve as a legitimate and useful tool of expression.

Every track but the virtuosic *Valentine* employs one or another multiple-recording technique—overlaying, Selsyncing, pre-recorded tape played at double-speed, or combinations of these.

The most impressive track, in terms of the sophistication of techniques used, is *Deluge*, on which the double-speed replaying of the pre-recorded theme is superimposed on the trio's studio playing of the material (at normal speed, of course). The total effect is interesting—swirling, encircling eddies of sound an octave higher than the theme material as played. *Norwegian* employs three separate layers of sound—all played by Burton—piano, vibraphone, and bass marimba. It coheres nicely and the sound is full and rich without being overbusy. Four layers were used on *Saudade*, two on *Sunset* and *Six-Nix*. But the mere enumeration of the technological processes tells nothing about the music.

The musical level is generally high. Burton & Co. have, for all practical purposes, accomplished what they set out to do with their instruments and the recording engineer's skills (another instrument, in fact). Burton writes in the notes that "recording allows us to capture a moment in time to be relived again and again. The performance is the same . . . the meaning of the experience is variable according to Time. Multitaping allows the musician not only to re-experience a moment in time, but to alter and develop it. The possibilities suddenly increase. Spontaneity is not only present in one form but in many . . . multiplicity of meaning becomes a form of communication. The performance becomes a variable."

The music is thoughtful, carefully conceived and executed, yet it is rarely

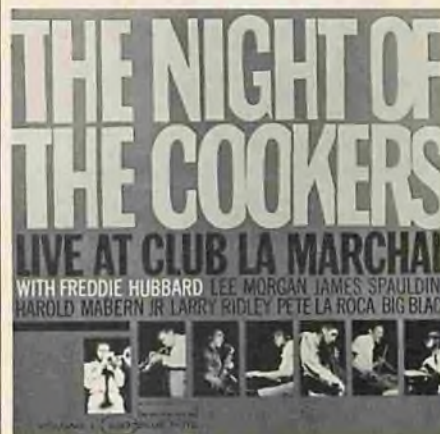
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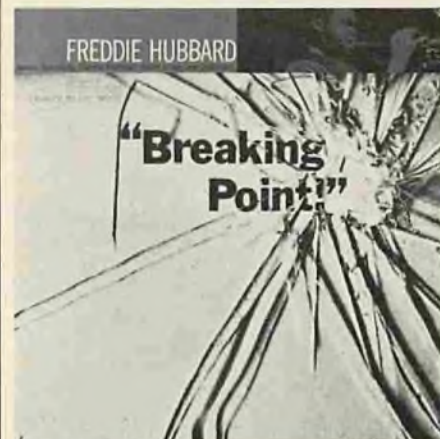
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studied or forced and is, in fact, often full of motion and life. More than any other jazz recording that has employed multiple-recording techniques that I've heard, this one succeeds far more fully as a musical experience. The overdubbing is rarely obtrusive, the feeling of gimmickry hardly ever present, and the preoccupation of Burton, Swallow, and Bunker with subserving these techniques to musical ends exclusively is evident.

*Sunset*, which might be described as a surreal ballad, is quite lovely in a deliberate, ethereal way. Its slowly moving theme is played on piano with lapping echoes from vibraharp; then Burton solos on the latter before returning to piano. Burton alternates these two instruments again on *Six-Nix*, and the piece rushes forward nicely with a kind of childlike playfulness, though the continual staccato attack gets a bit tiresome after a while.

*Interims* are interesting sonic interludes, quite brief, in which Burton and Bunker investigate a variety of tonal effects their vibraharp and drums, respectively, can produce.

*Saudade*, a most appealing bossa nova, makes tasteful use of the tonal resources of marimba and bass marimba in concert with vibraharp and rhythm. *Childhood* is a fleeting bit of impressionism, more the hint of a mood than anything else. *Deluge* offers perhaps the most stimulating use of multiple-recording techniques in the set; it possesses quite a bit of successful dialog, and it proceeds briskly, in contrast to *Norwegian*, which, while attractively conceived, is a mite flaccid. *Grace* is one of the more appealing and successful pieces in the album, and *Valentine* is truly a tour de force, with the positive and negative connotations that term carries.

All told, though, the three men managed to bring off a most difficult assignment with a minimum of pretension. For the most part, they have managed to work naturally within the rather rigorous discipline of multiple recording and have succeeded in getting it to work for them, rather than the other way around. Continued work with these techniques can have even more stimulating results, if these impressive initial efforts are an augury rather than a final word. Familiarity is sure to dissolve the occasional stiffness that crops up here.

—Welding

### Kenny Burrell

THE TENDER GENDER—Cadet 772: *Mother-in-Law*; *Hot Bossa*; *People*; *Isabella*; *Girl Talk*; *Suzy*; *The Tender Gender*; *La Petite Mambo*; *If Someone Had Told Me*; *I'm Confessin'*.

Personnel: Richard Wyands, piano; Burrell, guitar; Martin Rivera, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

One measure of the ways in which Burrell is rapidly becoming for many the guitarist is the manner in which he takes care of a routine assignment like this disc. The aim obviously was the fashioning of a set of low-keyed, quietly swinging bluesy performances that might serve both as listenable jazz and mood jazz. Usually these efforts to straddle two camps satisfy neither, but in this case Burrell and his regular co-workers have produced music that more than bests its twin challenges.

As background music, it succeeds perfectly,

with just the proper blending of funky phrasing, unabashed romanticism and insinuating rhythms projected with a group sound that is sufficiently *au courant* to pass muster in the mood-jazz camp.

The great achievement of the quartet, however, is that working solely within the confines of this unambitious approach it has been able to invest the music with so much—subtlety, conviction, sinew, power. The Burrell group brings to its playing of small-scale, unpretentious music such as this the same commitment and attention to detail it lavishes on more demanding fare. As a result, the music is shot full of a kind of sensitive, finely detailed improvising that is almost at variance with the subject matter being treated.

Burrell, featured extensively, plays with the warmth, taste, inventiveness, and flowing ease one has come to expect of him. His time sense is provocative and his placing of accents sensitive and witty (the rhythmic tensions of the sly *Mother-in-Law* are nothing short of delicious, in fact). Just about any of his solos here might serve as a model of construction and pacing.

The unaccompanied, somberly colored *People* obviously is meant as a tour de force and, as such, succeeds.

The support the guitarist is given is largely accountable for the album's palpable success, for without the total empathy of the group response, this music scarcely could have been as perfectly realized.

—Welding

### Benny Carter

ADDITIONS TO FURTHER DEFINITIONS—Impulse 9116: *Fantastic*; *That's You*; *Come On Back*; *We Were in Love*; *If Dreams Come True*; *Prohibido*; *Doozy*; *Rock Bottom*; *Timouse*.

Personnel: Carter, Bud Shank, alto saxophones; Buddy Collette or Bill Perkins, Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophones; Bill Hood, baritone saxophone; Don Abney, piano; Barney Kessel or Mundell Lowe, guitar; Ray Brown or Al McKibbon, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Of the eight pieces in this album, six were composed by Carter, and the remaining two are his arrangements (how I hate that word). He writes exceedingly well for the five saxophones (no doubling on woodwinds, blessedly), and the performance of the section is superb. Its releases are excellent, by which I mean they are uniform and tapered, and its use of vibrato (for unison, too) provides a good example of what vibrato should sound like.

Some of the best saxophone playing is to be found in *Come On Back*, in the passages that alternate with Kessel's guitar.

The rhythm section is first rate, although I found Abney's background playing far too active, especially in the first and last choruses of *Come On Back*. And Stoller's emphasis on the second and fourth beats of the measure was excessive.

As soloists, however, Abney and Stoller provided wonderful moments. Among the best of these is the fill-in solo (with brushes) by Stoller in *Come True*. The saxophone solos ranged from crude and pointless (Hood, on *Rock Bottom*) through good but out of synch with the environment (Carter) to excellent (Perkins, during the first few measures of his solo on *Prohibido*).

—Russo



### Sammy Davis Jr.-Buddy Rich

THE SOUNDS OF '66—Reprise 6214: *Come Back to Me*; *I Know a Place*; *What Did I Have That I Don't Have?*; *What the World Needs Now Is Love*; *Once in Love with Amy*; *Ding, Dong, the Witch Is Dead*; *What Now, My Love?*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*; *If It's the Last Thing I Do*; *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*.  
Personnel: Rich, drums; unidentified band; Davis, vocals; George Rhodes, Ernie Freeman, arranger-conductors.

Rating: ★★½

Few entertainers have the bravado of Davis. Yet somehow, possibly because of his swashbuckling approach to singing, he often is overlooked as a jazz singer.

However, his style—whether recorded in studio conditions or at in-person performances, as on this album—contains those ingredients necessary to jazz expression. Those techniques are much in evidence on this LP—a freedom of rhythmic conception and phrasing; the ability to improvise, or at least stray from the melody intelligently; an instrumentalist's concern for dynamic shadings; and humor.

Helping all these elements on this record is the persistent Buddy Rich. He never lets one forget he's on the scene, and what a pleasure his reminders are. He drives the band and pushes Davis—the latter no easy task. In fact, there are times when a listener wishes some of the tracks were purely instrumental. That's not intended to detract from Davis' singing—just an accolade for Rich. On this album he's what makes Sammy run.

The best tracks are *Come Back to Me*, *What the World Needs Now*, and *Please Don't Talk*. —Siders

### Bill Evans-Jim Hall

INTERMODULATION—Verve 8655: *I've Got You under My Skin*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *Turn out the Stars*; *Angel Face*; *Jazz Samba*; *All Across the City*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Hall, guitar.

Rating: ★★½

This is a second recording by these two gifted musicians in an almost completely improvised setting. This kind of musical interaction requires a high degree of musicianship, intelligence, and mutual understanding, and as an extemporaneous creative endeavor, it is top flight.

Without a banal note, and soft as thistledown, the delicate probing figures are like tendrils of sound that curl around the melodies with a wispy, ethereal quality.

Such music wears well—the more one listens the more there is to hear.

Both players have such a feeling for beauty that their intertwined musical thoughts are like the fine tracery of a mimosa leaf, the lines flowing serenely. From the swansdown softness of *Angel Face*, a slow, tranquil piece, to the intense, pulsating rhythm of *Samba*, Evans and Hall are in complete understanding, commenting back and forth thoughtfully.

Evans tends to take the dominant role. Hall serves most often as the gently propulsive accompanist, a more demanding role, one that calls for him to anticipate every move Evans makes and provide a delicately woven skein of counterpoint.

It is very emotional music but not forceful or insistent. There are a few slight imperfections, a difference of opinion on a chord change here, a tentative moment of indecision there, but these are minor flaws on a canvas colored as delicately

as one by Claude Monet.

Anyone who listens to this record with his whole mind and heart will not fail to be moved by it. Hall's *City* is particularly enchanting, and there is a marvelous solo by Evans on *Skin*, in which he barely touches on the melody until the end of the track, when he plays it lingeringly and with deep feeling.

The album is enhanced by Skitch Henderson's notes. Urbane and sophisticated, they do not attempt a cerebral analysis of the music but serve as a pleasant, dignified, and knowledgeable commentary on the talents of the musicians involved. His closing remark says all that needs to be said: "Listen and you will be rewarded." —McPartland

### Joe Henderson

MODE FOR JOE—Blue Note 4227: *A Shade of Jade*; *Mode for Joe*; *Black*; *Caribbean Fire*; *Dance*; *Granted*; *Free Wheelin'*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Henderson, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Cedar Walton, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

A lot of people are always asking where jazz is going, without taking the time to consider where it is. While attention should certainly be paid to the groping and experimentation going on today, more note should perhaps be taken of a player like Henderson, who has his thing together and tells his own story with coherence and conviction.

Not that he is a conservative. His playing shows awareness and understanding of everything happening in music today, and he keeps getting better. But he never forgets the essentials of communication and swing, and when he chooses to go "outside," he always has some "inside" stuff to set it off.

This is a most enjoyable and musicianly album. There is good balance between writing and improvisation, and everybody came to play. There is variety in the material: the leader contributed *Jade*, *Granted*, and *Dance*; pianist Walton, *Mode* and *Black*; and trumpeter Morgan, *Wheelin'*, which was put together in the studio.

Walton's two pieces show him to be an unusually gifted writer. *Mode* is especially attractive, with a release that offers good contrast.

Henderson hollers on *Mode* but also plays smoothly, with flowing ease. On *Black* the tenorist's solo shows his marvelous ear—no matter how unexpected and startling his improvisations, they stay related to the basic structure and material of the piece, something that seems, to me at least, more challenging and worthwhile than so-called total freedom. Henderson's re-entry on this track is a gas.

On *Dance* Henderson seemingly is inspired by the fine work of the rhythm section. The tune is strange and haunting. In contrast, *Granted* is a straightforward (but fresh) blowing line. Here, Henderson uses a phrase from *In a Persian Market* to build his first chorus; his solo surges and swings like crazy, with a buoyancy that is reminiscent (not literally but spiritually) of Lester Young.

Henderson is dark and moody on *Shade*, in keeping with the thick ensemble textures; on *Wheelin'*, a blues in 6/8, he is

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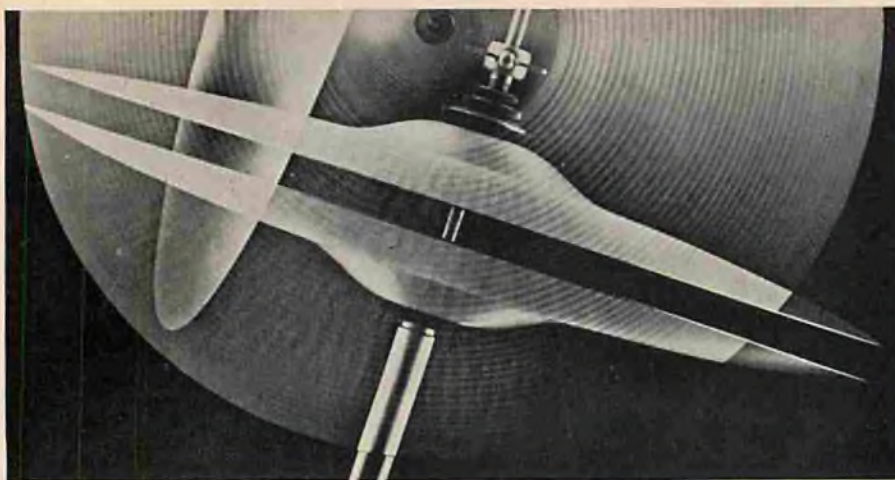
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Of the other soloists, Morgan and Walton are the most consistently creative. Walton is in excellent form on *Black and Mode*, and he comps expertly on *Wheelin'*. Morgan's best solo of the date, as far as execution and consistency is concerned, also comes on *Wheelin'*. His solo on *Shade* is also very good. On *Fire Dance* he begins excitingly, and if his chops had been up to his conception, this would have been a solo worthy of Clifford Brown. Morgan is crisp and sure on *Granted* but has to skate a bit on *Black*.

Carter's big, round sound and expert time are felt throughout, and he solos well on *Mode*. Chambers is strong and tasteful, giving excellent support to the soloists. Toward the end of *Fire Dance*, he explodes into the ensemble openings, adding drama to the climax of the track.

Hutcherson's rather gentle playing is somewhat overshadowed by the horn men, but he contributes nice touches to the collective passages, and his solo on *Wheelin'* is inventive. Fuller has fine chops, and his big, warm sound is most pleasant. His rather clipped and angular phrasing, however, sounds a bit mechanical in contrast to Morgan and especially Henderson. But on *Wheelin'* he really gets something going.

Henderson is out on his own now; this record proves he is ready.—*Morgenstern*

## Thad Jones-Pepper Adams

MEAN WHAT YOU SAY—Milestone 1001 and 9001: *Mean What You Say*; *H and T Blues*; *Wives and Lovers*; *Bossa Nova Ova*; *No Refill*; *Little Waltz*; *Chant*; *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*.  
Personnel: Jones, flugelhorn; Adams, baritone saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Milestone's jazz series is off to an auspicious start with the delightful, honest music of this invigoratingly disciplined group. Most of the group's members are associated with the big band co-led by Jones and drummer Lewis, which possibly explains this quintet's concern with contrapuntal movement, orchestral color, provocative writing, full sound, balance, and so on. As a result of its attention to detail in these matters, the music represents the very happiest kind of balance between small-group freedom and large-ensemble order and discipline.

The group has a lot going for it. Its arrangements are handsomely crafted and make sensitive use of interesting textures and colors that are never too busy or over-ambitious, adroitly employing space and contrast, balancing written and extemporized parts well—in all, achieving a most judicious, knowing fusion of freedom and discipline. The quintet's approach recalls that of the Jazz Lab Quintet co-led some years ago by altoist Gigi Gryce (and whatever happened to him?) and trumpeter Donald Byrd, though Jones-Adams & Co. are guttier.

Another strong point is improvisational talent, which this group has in abundance. Flugelhornist Jones is a compelling, warmly lyrical soloist whose extemporizations are restrained and elegant, shaped by a keen and ordered intelligence. Adams, on the other hand, pursues a more untrammelled line of blowing, and the ap-



proaches of the two leaders offer intriguing contrast. The third solo voice is that of pianist Pearson, who is discreet, lyrical, muscular, and extraordinarily tasteful. And in terms of rhythmic support, one could not ask for more sympathetic or skilled players than Carter or Lewis.

The primary impression one has of this group's music is of extraordinarily lyric beauty, which stamps everything it plays. All the soloists, all the arrangements have this common concern with melodic flow, and the net result is that the eight selections possess a much higher lyrical content than is usual for the music of a similar sized or composed unit.

It is to be hoped that Jones and Adams can manage to keep this refreshing group going. Jazz certainly can benefit from, and perhaps is in need of, their thoroughly committed brand of lyricism. —*Welding*

#### Gary McFarland

**PROFILES**—Impulse 9112: *Winter Colors* (An Early Morning River Stroll, Gray Afternoon, January Jubilee); *Willie*; *Sage Hands*; *Bygones and Boogie* (Boogie and Out); *Mountain Heir*; *Milo's Other Samba*.

**Personnel:** Clark Terry, Bernie Glow, John Frosk, Bill Berry, Joe Newman, trumpets, flugel-horns; Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Bob Northern, French horn; Jay McAllister, tuba; Jerry Dodgion, Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Richie Kamuca, Zoot Sims, reeds; Sam Brown, Gabor Szabo, guitars; Richard Davis, bass; Tommy Lopez, Latin percussion; Joe Cocuzzo, drums; McFarland, vibraharp, marimba, conductor.

Rating: ★★

This album, recorded in February, 1966, during a concert at Philharmonic Hall of Lincoln Center in New York City, has a great deal to recommend it.

The orchestra itself, an ad hoc group but one whose members work together frequently, leaves much to be desired (ragged releases, bad intonation unyieldingly continued, and an absence of uniform brass sonority—one hears chiefly the first two or three trumpets in the brass and ensemble passages), but several of the soloists are first rate, and a considerable part of the writing is highly attractive.

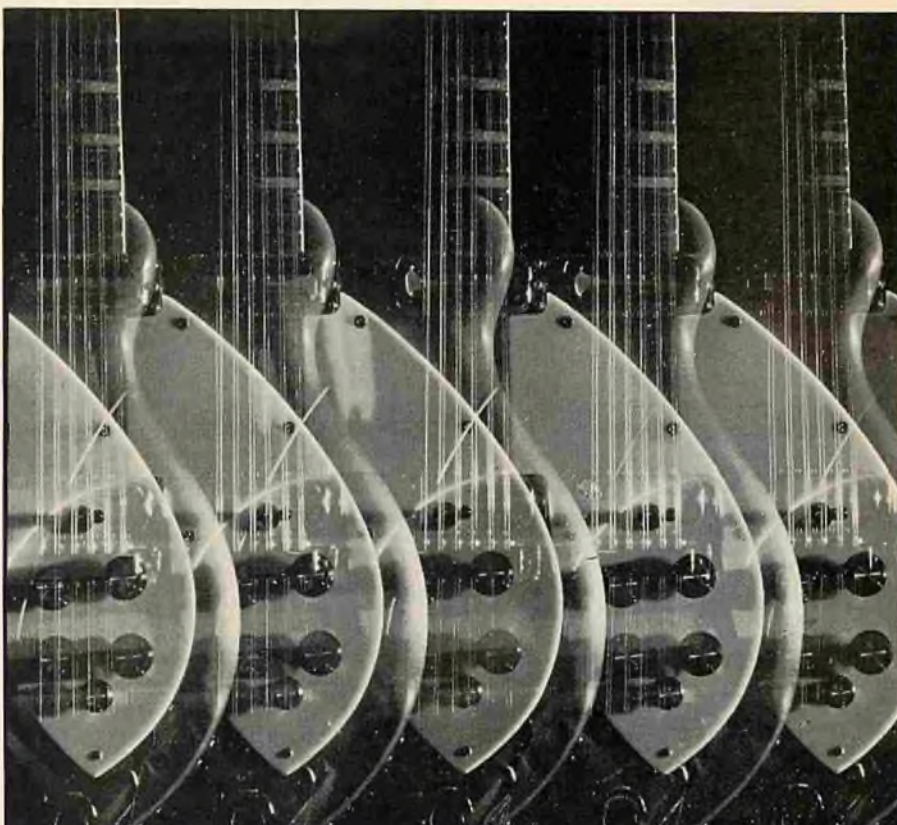
Of the soloists, I found Sims the most interesting, although occasionally out of the spirit of the music, most obviously in *Milo's*, a piece that ardently pursues gaiety but never achieves it.

Brookmeyer plays beneath his usual high standards, although it should be pointed out that he has little opportunity to play and what he does play displays the quality I most admire him for—*presence*, the ability to play a note and really mean it.

The most expressive soloist, I thought, was Szabo, whose performance on *Mountain Heir* (supposedly Hungarian in its use of some materials, although I found it more Japanese than Hungarian) is exquisitely conceived and performed.

Of the six compositions, all by McFarland, *Bygones and Boogie* struck me as best. It makes excellent use of boogie-woogie sources, both in the accompaniment figurations (the rhythm section and some of the winds reproduce the part played by the left hand of the boogie-woogie pianist, very much in the style of Tommy Dorsey's *Boogie Woogie*) and in the principal melodies.

McFarland succumbs to what I would

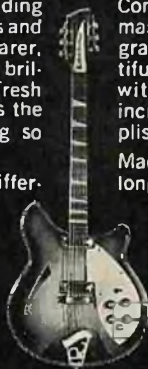


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imagine to be an irresistible urge toward modernity on only two occasions: a beautifully played but inchoate bass solo by Davis (improvised, I would think) and a display of supercolossal chords in the last ensemble passage. In both cases the composition suffers.

Otherwise, the piece is successful, and it suggests to me the line that McFarland might most profitably take: to construct pieces in which less is left to chance—or left to the cumulative effect of piled-up ostinatos—than is true in some of the other pieces included here. —Russo

### Lalo Schifrin

SCHIFRIN/SADE—Verve 8654: *Old Laces; The Wig; The Blues for Johann Sebastian; Renaissance; Beneath a Weeping Willow Shade; Versailles Promenade; Troubadour; Marquis de Sade; Aria; Bossa Antique.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, Jimmy Maxwell, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Urbie Green, Thomas Mitchell, trombones; Ray Alonzo, Richard Berg, James Buffington, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Jerome Richardson, Romeo Penque, reeds; Schifrin, piano, harpsichord; Gene Bertoncini, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Alfred Brown, Harry Lookofsky, Gene Orloff, Christopher Williams, violins; George Ricci, cello; Gloria Agostini, harp; Rose Marie Jun, vocal; Schifrin, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

The only sadism in this ambitious project is its full title: *The Dissection and Reconstruction of Music from the Past as Performed by the Inmates of Lalo Schifrin's Demented Ensemble as a Tribute to the Memory of the Marquis de Sade*. No study in perversion, this. Instead, we have a remarkable insight into Schifrin's musical schizophrenia: a firm background in traditional harmonies, tempered with a fierce desire to swing. Significantly, the two extremes merge in the one medium common to both—improvisation.

Two outstanding examples of new wine in old bottles are the *Blues for Johann Sebastian* and *Bossa Antique*, in which Bach-period ground-bass figures are molded into 12-bar blues and bossa nova, respectively. Equally rewarding is Schifrin's keyboard work, whether on piano or harpsichord. Appropriately, his single-note lines resemble John Lewis', for their intellectual austerity, and Andre Previn's, for their lightning flurries. These pianists share Schifrin's affinity for the musical past.

*Weeping Willow* juxtaposes the pure soprano tones of Miss Jun with a breathy flute solo. The alternation of the virginal with the sensual—in 3/4 and 4/4—show Schifrin "beside himself" in his ingenious "divertissement." *Aria*, again employing Miss Jun, has all the exotic serenity of a Villa-Lobos *Bachianas Brasileiras*.

*The Wig* has much of the well-controlled absurdity of Rameau coming to life and changing his name to Ramsey. In *Renaissance* Bertoncini shows that lute is more than an ancient way of spelling bread. His guitar introduction, simulating a lute, leads to an excellent integration of hard-rock figures with Richardson's sensitive flute backed by a delicate quintet of strings and a soothing vocal obligato.

Tate's fine brush work and Davis' soulful walking provide ideal foils for Schifrin's elegantly swinging harpsichord in *Versailles*. And in the harpsichord-punctuated ostinato of *Sade*, Richardson lets

loose (within strict classical confines) with an excellent tenor saxophone statement.

It's a highly cerebral excursion, one which its producer, Creed Taylor, must realize has little chance of making the charts, but he deserves many accolades for allowing Schifrin to wax creatively. Few albums aim for the heart and the head with such eloquent accuracy.—Siders

### Jimmy Smith

HOOCHIE COOCHE MAN—Verve 8667: *I'm Your Hoochie Cooche Man; One Mint Julep; Ain't That Just Like a Woman?; Boom Boom; Blues and the Abstract Truth; TNT.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, Dick Williams, Gene Young, trumpets; Melba Liston, Tom McIntosh, Quentin Jackson, Britt Woodman, trombones; Willie Ruff, Donald Corrado, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Jack Agee, Bob Ashton, Jerry Dodgion, reeds; Buddy Lucas, harmonica; Smith, organ, vocals; Kenny Burrell, Barry Galbraith, Billy Butler, Bill Snyker, guitars; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion; Oliver Nelson, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

I finally know what smog sounds like: it's the voice of Jimmy Smith.

Suffice it to say, he swings as he sings. And his staccato treatment of *Boom Boom* is one of the most delightful put-ons this side of Louis Armstrong. The only irritating factor in Smith's arias is Lucas' folk-oriented harmonica.

But Nelson and Smith clear the air in strictly instrumental jazz terms. Smith's solos throughout are among his most intense recorded efforts—hard-driving, inventive, single-note improvisation.

Nelson's backgrounds are among his most economical and, in deference to Smith's mighty instrument, wisely so. The only chance for Nelson really to expand—*Abstract Truth*—is the high point of the album, for both Nelson and Smith. The arrangement has a Gil Evans edge to it (closed chords in clusters, tuba on the bottom.) Beginning with a tricky unison figure in 4/4, an answer evolves into counterpoint, and then, following a brief transition in 5/4, Butterfield's tuba sets the tempo at 3/4. By the time Smith grabs center stage, the climate returns to 4/4. Accompanied by Rosengarden's bongos, Smith wails. With the inspiration provided by Nelson, he could not talk any other talk. —Siders

### Sonny Stitt

WHAT'S NEW?—Roulette 25343: *What's New?; Jumpin' with Symphony Sid; Stardust; Cocktails for Two; Georgia on My Mind; Mame; Morgan's Song; Fever; Round Midnight; I've Got the World on a String; If I Didn't Care; The Beastly Blues.*

Personnel: Joe Wilder, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Stitt, electronic alto and tenor saxophone; Illinois Jacquet, tenor saxophone; George Berg, baritone saxophone; Mike Mainieri, vibraharp; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Ellis Larkins or Billy Taylor, piano; Les Spann, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

THE MATADORS MEET THE BULL—Roulette 25339: *Duketation; T'wana; Icy Sione; Pink Gloves; Let My People Sliit; Samba de Orfeo; Liberian Love Song; Hunkerkchief Head; Stitt's Song.*

Personnel: Joe Newman or Clark Terry, trumpet; Urbie Green, Johnson, trombones; Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Berg, baritone saxophone; Davis, organ; Junior Mance or Taylor, piano; Spann, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Perkins, drums; Joe Cuba, Ray Barretto, Tito Puente, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

The *What's New?* LP marks the first time the electronic saxophone has been used at a jazz recording date, and evident-



ly there was some problem in capturing its sound. At the time of the recording (July 28, 1966), Stitt had been aware of the instrument's existence for just a couple of weeks and, perhaps playing it safe, used only its octave device (the notes sound in both the normal register and an octave lower).

The sound of the octavated alto is something like that of alto and baritone saxophones or alto and low-register guitar. With tenor, the lower line resembles one played on bass saxophone or string bass.

Seldom on these performances, however, are the two lines in good balance; one usually dominates, making the other sound like a ghostly echo. Still, the device produces a startling effect in Stitt's hands, and as one hears his long, snapping doubled phrases, it becomes clear that in the past when two horns played in octaves they seldom were perfectly together.

But despite the unsatisfactory aural results of this first recording, Stitt no doubt was inspired by the instrument. His improvising is highly inventive, particularly when he plays alto, as he does on the majority of tracks. The best performance, all around, is *Stardust*, in which Stitt unleashes a marvelously flowing solo, free of cliché and filled with unexpected twists and turns. Not far behind in excellence is his dashing solo on *Georgia*.

The arrangements are merely background sketches, and there are occasional solos by vibist Mainieri (who's playing more warmly than he used to), organist Davis, Johnson, and Wilder.

The arrangements on the *Matador* album are more fully developed and, in general, are well crafted and executed. The most interesting are *Duketation* and *Liberian*, both tunes written by the date's producer, Henry Glover, who also composed most of the other material for the session.

While Stitt turns in a commendable solo job, especially on *Duketation*, his playing is not as fresh as on the other record. There is, however, more solo space for the sidemen on this LP, and Terry, Johnson, Newman, and both Davises fill it with their usual skilled improvisations, though none reaches for anything beyond the usual. —DeMichael

#### Various Artists

**BARRELHOUSE BLUES & STOMPS**—Euphonic 1204: *Blues on My Brain* (Speckled Red, piano, vocal); *Deep Jungle* (Charlie Rasch, piano); *Greenville Rocks* (John Bentley, piano); *21st St. Stomp* (Henry Brown, piano, vocal); *Miss Clementine from New Orleans* (Dink Johnson, piano, vocal); *All on Account of You* (Speckled Red, piano, vocal); *Whip It to a Jelly* (Rasch, piano); *How Long Blues* (James Crutchfield, piano, vocal); *West Texas Shout* (Bentley, piano); *Egyptian Fantasy* (Buster Wilson, piano); *Exactly Like You* (Johnson, piano, vocal).

Rating: ★★

It is impossible to evaluate an anthology of several different barrelhouse pianists collectively when individually the performances are from poor to good. Certainly one cannot expect the performances from older musicians that they were able to give in their prime, and this is, of course, true of Speckled Red. His piano playing is still exciting, rhythmically subtle, and driving. His voice, however, conditioned by age and gin, is rambling and nontonal and tends to obscure his exciting playing.

Rasch's playing I feel ambivalent about. He uses an exciting walking bass with open fifths and really drives on *Jungle*, a number of his own that has Clarence Lofton and Romeo Nelson influences. On the other hand, his crudity sounds over-worked, perhaps a bit affected and lacks the spontaneity of the players who were crude much more naturally. His *Jelly* is a rambling Eastern Seaboard rendering of a blues.

Crutchfield plays and sings two pleasant, undistinguished blues. Bentley's *Greenville*, after a cautious beginning, really rocks, and he plays it with much enthusiasm. However, his *Shout* lays an egg if compared with Albert Ammons' *Bear Cat Crawl* or *Boogie Woogie Prayer*, and it is

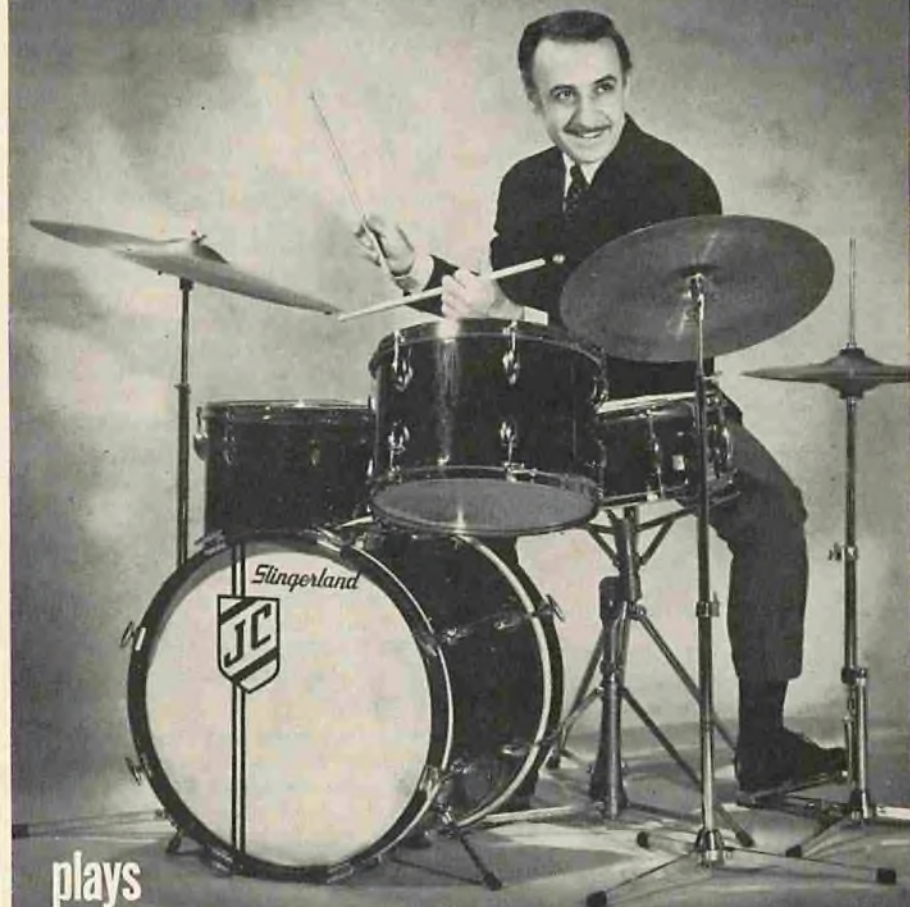
Ammons who obviously influenced Bentley.

Brown plays a rambling, unenthusiastic *Basin Street Blues*, which he prefers to call *21st St. Stomp*, and is credited with being the composer.

*Egyptian*, credited to Sidney Bechet, is played in the Spanish-tinge style of Jelly Roll Morton by Wilson. But Wilson lacks Morton's cleanness of style and makes bad flubs, which prove embarrassing. Don Ewell cut a much better recording of the same number on Circle.

Johnson, with his ragged-bluesy quality of playing and singing, as usual evokes smiles and good humor with his good-time piano. His playing makes me want to reach for a stein of draft and start dancing. —Helfer

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BY LEONARD FEATHER

It is a rare occurrence when a major artist, whose working hours are taken up by an area of performance removed from jazz, nevertheless finds the time to develop a serious interest and a genuine understanding. A notable case is Bill Cosby's.

Before the *I Spy* television series brought him to national attention, Cosby was a talented night-club stand-up comedian. A couple of years ago I began running into him at Los Angeles jazz clubs. Cannonball Adderley would open at the Manne-Hole, and there, sitting alone in a corner digging the music, would be Cosby. Jimmy Smith came to the It Club; Cosby was on hand. Inevitably we came to trade opinions, and I learned more about his background as an amateur drummer, collector of records, admirer and personal friend of Charles Lloyd (whose music he said he hopes to use some day on a TV special) and other contemporary jazzmen.

Cosby was not afraid to guess identities, and he almost invariably guessed right. He was given no information about the records played.



1. DAVE BRUBECK. *Lost Waltz* (from *Time In*, Columbia). Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano, composer; Joe Morello, drums; Eugene Wright, bass.

That was Brubeck . . . and the sound—I don't know, because I'm not too familiar with Brubeck's work. . . . I listen to a lot of FM radio, and I don't hear that much about him, except for *Take Five*. If you played Brubeck for me, with just a trio, I probably wouldn't know. . . . The signature, to me, is Desmond. For me there's no other alto player that sounds like Desmond. I imagine Joe Morello was on the drums. I don't know the bassist, but I imagine it's the same guy that's been with him for about the last five or six years.

The song is nothing you would either pat your feet to or strain your face to. First 16 bars could probably be somebody's signoff.

As far as Brubeck, I remember back to when he was really, really big in our neighborhood, when he had Joe Dodge with him. They did *The A Train*—this was in Philly.

There was one particular tune—I forget the title—something French, that was the classic with our group. These were all Negroes, and they were saying "you gotta dig this," and the thing I liked about Dodge was he was dropping some bombs in on Dave's solo. I was sorry to find out later that he had quit or they got rid of him. But Morello comes on. He's highly respected among the jazz musicians I know.

I give it two stars because there's nothing particularly outstanding. It's a nice, light, happy kind of thing.

2. LALO SCHIFRIN. *The Wig* (from *Schifrin/Sade*, Verve). Schifrin, leader, composer, piano, harpsichord; Grady Tate, drums.

Okay, I think I heard Grady Tate on the drums. That piece itself reminded me an awful lot of Cannonball's *Elephant Walk*. The piano did not excite me. At all. Just sounded like something they laid in to try and get some funk in there, with a little classical thing. I know that Lalo Schifrin has done some things like this; that might be he.

I would give it—well, once again, as far as jazz is concerned, I really do feel that's too close to *Elephant Walk* to have any real originality—I'll take a chance

and say that was Lalo, laying in a few licks there, with little Grady Tate. I give it three stars for sounding pretty decent, but as far as jazz is concerned, no.

3. MOSE ALLISON. *That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch* (from *Wild Man on the Loose*, Atlantic). Allison, piano, vocal; Earl May, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

That was Muddy Waters! No, that was Mose Allison. Mose Allison singing Mose Allison singing Mose Allison, who sings Mose Allison in each blues he does, but he changes the words. But he's always singing the same notes.

When I was coming up, we all thought that he was colored. Everybody thought he was. I don't know why. Maybe they didn't put his picture on the albums—just set out to fool the public. But when we saw him in person, we said, "Well, isn't that something, now?" And then, of course, they had to justify his sounding like that, and they told many stories about being on the chain gang and living in the South; so we figured, well, if he lived in the South, you know, he's got a right to sing that way.

Mose, again, is not one of our great soloists, as far as pianists go. I always kind of give him a little bit because he sounds like he's playing with gloves on. And that piano he was plunkin' on didn't sound like one of the greatest they've ever made. . . .

Mose is good, and I go to see him whenever I can, but for that particular song I would say three stars. Nothing world-upsetting. Good sidemen—cats didn't get in the way.

4. CHARLES LLOYD. *Goin' to Memphis* (from *Of Course, Of Course*, Columbia). Lloyd, composer, tenor saxophone, flute; Gabor Szabo, guitar.

I'm going to just jump right out on the limb and say that was that Hungarian guitarist—I can't pronounce his name—Gzabo or something like that. And that was Charles, *Of Course, Of Course*. That wasn't the number, but that was Charles Lloyd, because he writes some very . . . well, I dig his humor.

Of course, some people would debate that Charles is not one of the greatest soloists. . . . I do recognize in Charles' playing an awful lot of Rollins and Col-

trane, but as far as writing goes, I dig the humor that Lloyd lays in there. I've heard Lloyd do some very, very beautiful work. Particularly his ballads.

I can listen to this kind of thing all day, because it's like a cooking little thing. The song, like I say, I don't know, but that's my man. I give it four stars, because I dig it.

5. JEFFERSON AIRPLANE. *Blues from an Airplane* (from *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off*, RCA).

Well, now, I don't know what you're doing to me here. I don't know who that is, but I call that kind of stuff "pity me." I really don't dig it at all. It ain't jazz, I know that.

I don't know the group. Sounds like about a hundred voices and a tambourine,

I would give it no stars, because it's an imitation of something that goes too far back for the people singing it to realize what it's all about. We're talking about the blues and suffering, and with this kind of teen sound, it's kind of blasphemous.

That is what is known as a Con Edison group. If Con Ed goes on strike, these cats are out of work.

6. JOHNNY HODGES. *That's the Blues, Old Man* (from *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, RCA Victor). Hodges, alto saxophone, composer; Duke Ellington, piano. Recorded 1940.

I love you madly. I'm not too familiar with big bands, or old Duke Ellington, but Duke's solos . . . I'm afraid, give him away! It's always like all 10 fingers. And I guess it's like I said before—that's where they got *Night Train* from.

I don't know what the name of the song is, but that first thing . . . (sings) I enjoyed it, not because it was old jazz but because it has an awful lot of feeling in it. I would give it five stars, because everybody's there, nobody's attacking, and they laid everything in there right on time. Good juice.

I guess those are Duke's boys, I'm not familiar with the band. . . . My father took me to see Duke Ellington once in Philadelphia, and he conned me, because I think I was about 8 years old, and my father told me we were going to see the Lone Ranger! While Duke was on, I kept yelling at him, "When is the Lone Ranger coming on?" But maybe that's still the boys.





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## JOHNNY HODGES

(Continued from page 18)

hear most of with the organ groups, and they go around like gunfighters trying to cut each other down. You can tell by the way they look that Lawrence got to 'em."

Then everything was shaking on the stand again. Fellow Ellington altoist Russell Procope was celebrating his birthday, and he, his wife, Cuc Hodges (Johnny's wife), and Cooper were dancing like a chorus line in the aisle.

The tempo changed, and the group went into a standard Hodges had thought of as he walked by the sea to the club.

"Let's do it again," he called to the a&r man. They did it three times, and then it wasn't the famous standard any longer.

"You see what I mean?" Brown asked when he came off. "He's been doing that all his life. He gets an idea, thinks up a countermelody, and you end up with a whole new song. Yet nobody seems to recognize him as the composer he is."

Hodges was happy with what had happened.

"I think that will be enough for tonight," he said.

Later, in the hotel, he looked up from his tea and lemon and asked, "You remember when Duke went to England with Ray Nance and Kay Davis in 1948, after his operation? Well, while we were laying off, Russell Procope and I came to Atlantic City with our wives for a little vacation. One night, we decided to go to the Bel-

mont and hear Wild Bill. He invited us to a jam session, so we took our horns and jammed until 7 or 8 in the morning.

"Our jamming drew most of the people over from the Club Harlem, and a couple of clubowners from New York heard us. One of them had the Apollo Bar on 125th St., and when we got back, he approached me about getting a little band together. So Billy Strayhorn, Tyrce Glenn, Jimmy Hamilton, Sonny Greer, Al Hibbler, and I went in there, and we got very lucky and started putting 125th St. on the map again. Later on, we added Junior Raglin on bass, and we stayed there for seven weeks, until Duke came back. He got right off the boat and came to the Apollo Bar to find out what was going on and whether we were going to continue with this little band. But we were loyal, and we broke the band up and came back."

A few days after the most recent session at the Little Belmont, Hodges was into something else again, this time in Rudy Van Gelder's Englewood, N.J., studio. The band consisted of Snooky Young and Ernie Royal, trumpets; Tony Studd, trombone; Frank Wess, Jerome Richardson, Jimmy Hamilton, and Don Ashworth, reeds, woodwinds; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; and Grady Tate, drums. Jimmy Jones wrote the scores and conducted.

"I tried to give Johnny a new framework," Jones said. "It was certainly unlike any in which the altoist previously had been recorded. The musicians soon were creating an agreeably smooth ensemble

sound, but Jones detected imperfections and began to wrestle with them. Hodges, as soloist, stepped away from the debate.

"That's why," he said, taking off his hat, "I still have all my hair!"

When the problem had been ironed out and a clean take of *Blue Notes* made, he came over to where Tom Whaley, an arranger-copyist who has been associated with Ellington for several years, was sitting. Whaley, also from Boston, is close to Hodges, and his seniority in age permits him to act as the voice of dissent.

"You ought to record with some gut-bucket musicians," Whaley said.

This was somewhat unexpected, to say the least, because Whaley never hesitates to declaim against sloppy playing that may occur on Ellington recording dates.

"There's a difference between 'inside' and 'outside' musicians," Hodges countered. "Studio musicians play more exact."

Whaley, meanwhile, was paying close attention to Jimmy Jones' writing.

"You know," he said suddenly, "I think I'll go and take one of these modern courses in arranging. There's always something new to learn."

At the next session, Hodges recorded another original, *Broad Walk*, with Royal using the plunger effectively in a big, shouting climax.

"Now where did you get that from?" Whaley asked.

Hodges smiled and said, "Remember the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, young man?"



## Down Beat's Tenth 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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The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

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**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, 1967.

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## AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

Melodyland, in Anaheim, for a one-nighter last month . . . The Don Ellis Orchestra gave a recent free recital at Hollywood's Pilgrimage Theater as one of six Sunday concerts at the outdoor theater. Pianist George Shearing sat in with the Ellis band at a recent Monday session at Bonesville . . . Vocalist Damita Jo just completed three weeks at the Playboy, while singer Ann Richards was featured at Dino's Lodge, on the Strip, for a similar period . . . Blues singer Muddy Waters took his septet into the Troubador for one week. Big Mama Thornton was booked into the same club shortly after . . . Duke Ellington performed his Concert of Sacred Music at Beverly Hills' Temple Emanuel on Nov. 15.

**BOSTON:** Tenor saxophone dean Coleman Hawkins headed a quartet at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike last month. Singer Mae Arnette and tenorist Houston Person came into the club next . . . The Playroom featured the Three Sounds recently. It was the first Boston engagement for the trio. Latin percussionist Willie Bobo's new sextet, which stars trumpeter Blue Mitchell, followed the Sounds . . . Vocalist Carmen McRae (accompanied by pianist Norman Simmons' trio) shared the stand with pianist Junior Mance's trio at Varty's Jazz Room last month. Drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers were next up at the club . . . Trumpeter Donald Byrd and his quintet played a week at Connolly's and were followed by singer Mamie Lee . . . Singing duo Jackie Cain & Roy Kral did a week at Paul's Mall in October . . . Clark Terry, flugelhorn in one hand and trumpet in the other, was a recent Jazz Workshop feature. He was accompanied by pianist Ray Santisi, bassist Nate Hygelund, and drummer Jeff Brillinger. Singer Mark Murphy was booked into the club after Terry.

**BALTIMORE:** World Series celebrators had a wide selection of jazz fare in early October. Vocalist Mel Torme played series week at the Club Venus, the first jazz-oriented act to play that supper club. Pianist Ramsey Lewis was included in a concert at the Civic Center the previous Sunday. Altoist Jackie McLean appeared for the Left Bank Jazz Society with a rhythm section that included pianist Lamont Johnson, bassist Scotty Holt, and drummer Billy Higgins. Altoist Sonny Simmons played a fortnight at Peyton Place. And the Jazz Society for Performing Artists opened their series with a group that included tenorist Clifford Jordan, pianist Lonnie Smith, bassist Ray McKinney, and drummer J. C. Moses . . . A new teen night club, Blackjack, opened an upstairs jazz room called the Night People. The opening night featured baritone saxist Henry Levy's big band and drummer Ted Hawk's trio . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society presented a quintet headed by drummer Bill English and tenorist Frank Foster (Dave Burns, trumpet; Albert Dailey, piano; Richard

Davis, bass) Oct. 16. Tenorist Sam Rivers brought in a quartet for LBJ's Oct. 23, and vocalist Joe Lee Wilson was set for the 30th. November's lineup has so far included tenorist George Coleman and multi-reedist Charles Lloyd's quartet. The Woody Herman Herd is scheduled . . . The Jazz Society for Performing Artists added trumpeter Kenny Dorham as a guest soloist for a bill featuring the trio of pianist McCoy Tyner, with bassist Herbie Lewis and drummer Freddie Waits, on Oct. 17 . . . Tenor man Al Baitch has moved a jazz trio into Sweeney's, the favorite rock room of touring ballplayers.

**DETROIT:** In January, Baker's Keyboard Lounge will be the scene of one of the first live recording dates in Detroit for a major company when Cadet records guitarist Kenny Burrell's quartet there . . . The first concert presented by the In Stage was an artistic and financial success. There were a few last-minute changes in musical personnel. Drummer Bert Myrick subbed for the ailing Bill Hardy in bassist Ernie Farrow's quintet. Pianist Bob McDonald expanded his trio to a quartet, using two bassists, Frank Vojcek and Harvey Rohb. Vojcek also filled in on bass with pianist Harold McKinney's quintet, to which tenor saxophonist Miller Brisker returned for the concert . . . Trombonist Slide Hampton took a quintet into a new coffee house, the Et Cetera, but the gig lasted only one week. Hampton did succeed in bringing jazz back to Blues Unlimited, where his group, with tenor saxophonist Joe Alexander and various local rhythm sections, can now be heard Thursday nights . . . The latest Ed Love concert featured the Quartette Tres Bien and jazz harpist Dorothy Ashby's trio . . . Pianist Lenore Paxton, with bassist Fred Housey, has returned to grace the cocktail hour at the Act IV. The duo also can be heard six nights a week at the Caucus Club . . . Reed man Bob Pierson's quartet at the London Chop House includes Kirk Lightsey, piano; Gino Biondo, bass; and Doug Hammon, drums.

**KANSAS CITY:** The increase in jazz activity continues at the University of Missouri in Kansas City. In mid-October there was a concert featuring the Bob Simes Octet and the Greg Meise Sextet. A jazz-workshop concert will be open to the public at noon on Nov. 23 at Pierson Hall . . . Woody Herman's band was recently featured at the Tan-Tar-A resort on the Lake of the Ozarks . . . The Landing, a south-side shopping center, puts its large parking area to good use every year with the Landing Festival of Music. The fourth annual concert headlined the Herman Herd. The rest of the week was devoted to local groups, including the Bob Simes band, the UMKC Drum Ensemble, the trios of pianists Darrell DeVore and Pete Eye, and the big bands of Warren Durret and Raytown South High School . . . The Three Sounds recently played the Club DeLisa, preceding multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk's one-week stand . . . Singer Ray Charles was in town for

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a Memorial Hall date in late September . . . Trumpeter **Louis Armstrong** gave a concert at the Music Hall for the benefit of the Project Hope organization . . . The Music Hall will present the **Count Basie Orchestra** Nov. 27.

**LOUISVILLE:** The annual Downtown Salutes the Arts concerts included several jazz groups this year—pianist **Don Murray's** trio, tenorist **Bobby Jones' quartet**, drummer **Bill Lipsey's** Fog Bound Five, tenorist **Everett Hoffman's** quintet, altoist **Jamey Aebersold's** sextet, **Richard Smith's** quintet, and pianist **Bill King's** trio. One concert featured what was called the Four Brothers Ensemble (tenor saxophonists Hoffman, Jones, **Harold Crum**, and **Mel Owens**) accompanied by the Murray trio. The high point of the series was a concert by fluegelhornist-trumpeter **Clark Terry** backed by saxophonist **Billy Taylor's** 16-piece orchestra . . . The recent River Bank Jazz Concert featured the groups of Aebersold, Hoffman, and King . . . Aebersold has begun another series of educational jazz programs (*DB*, Sept. 22). So far his group has played concerts at Lees Junior College in Winchester, Ky., and at several Indiana high schools . . . The 1966 *Crusade for Children* telethon featured trumpeter **Doc Severinsen**, who also gave a concert-clinic, sponsored by AFM Local 11, while in town.

**MIAMI:** Billy Eckstine recently opened for two weeks at Harry's American Show Room in the Eden Roc Hotel in Miami Beach. Singer **Sylvia Syms** is slated to appear there in November . . . La Chacota Lounge in the Doral Hotel featured the **Gospel Jazz Singers**, who recently finished 22 weeks at New York's Copacabana . . . Tenor saxophonist **Jerry Coker** recently directed the University of Miami Jazz Band in a concert. With him were trumpeters **Dave Sloan** and **Stewart Brenner**, alto saxophonist **Whit Sidener**, tenor saxophonist **Gary Campbell**, pianist **Mitch Farber**, guitarist **Steve Blum**, and drummer **Bob Huston**. Coker is a visiting professor in the department of theory and composition at the university . . . **Count Basie** was scheduled here during November for the taping of a segment of the *Jackie Gleason Show*. On Nov. 4-5 Basie and his band appeared at the Knight Beat . . . Vocalist-pianist **Ray Charles** and the **Raeltes** performed in concert Oct. 8 at the Dinner Key Auditorium . . . The Birdland Jazz Lounge in Fort Lauderdale has been featuring the trio led by pianist **Frank Sullivan** and including bassist **Marsha Sullivan** and drummer **Chick Williams** . . . A recent **Alan Rock** Jazzville concert featured a quartet co-led by tenorist **Flip Phillips** and bassist **Chubby Jackson** (who normally leads a trio at the Dream Lounge). **Tom Howard** was the pianist and **Pete Hellman** the drummer. The following week pianist **Reggie Wilson**, bassist **Walter Benard**, and drummer **Buddy Deleo**, along with guitarist-blues singer **Nick Bontempo**, the **Ira Sullivan Four**, and comedian **Bob Altman**, were the Jazzville features . . . Drummer **Delco** recently joined pianist **Bill Rico** at the Playboy Club.

**NEW ORLEANS:** Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** appeared on the bill of the annual concert-dance sponsored by AFM Local 174. Among others playing the benefit were pianist **Ronnie Dupont's** quartet, the **Last Straws**, clarinetist **Tony Mitchell**, and the **Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls** . . . Drummer **Paul Ferrara** has a quartet at the newly opened **Caesar's Palace** . . . The Dillard University Jazz and Folk Concert was a success. Guitarist-banjoist **Danny Barker** promoted the event, which featured the **Onward Brass Band**, saxophonist **Red Tyler's** quartet, **Smiling Cousin Joe**, **Louis Cottrell**, and the **Dixieland Hall Jazz Band** . . . With the addition of **Joe Burton's** 6:30 to 7 p.m. television show, *Cool School*, jazz reaches a new high in radio and TV offerings; *Toby's Tower of Jazz* is heard 8-12 p.m. on WNNR-TV, and the AM offerings of **WYLD's** Saturday afternoon jazz show continues its long run.

**LAS VEGAS:** Trombonist **Carl Fontana** returned to leading a jazz unit at the Black Magic, using pianist **Ron DiFillips** and drummer **Tony Marillo**, with various bassists filling in until **Ernie McDaniel** became available . . . Clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco**, leading the **Glenn Miller Orchestra**, followed the **Stan Getz-Gene Krupa-Anita O'Day** package into the Tropicana's Blue Room. The Miller book has been considerably updated, with several new arrangements featuring the leader's clarinet and done by such noted jazz arrangers as **Thad Jones** . . . Vibraharpist **Tommy Vig's** second concert at Caesar's Palace, featuring a 25-man orchestra, played to a packed house. Several hundred prospective listeners were turned away at the door. Bandleader **Stan Kenton** attended as guest of honor.

**SWEDEN:** The first official Stockholm Jazz Festival came off quite well, artistically and economically. The expected economic loss was so little that the festival will be held again next year. The performers at the festival were **Archie Shepp's** quartet, **Horace Silver's** quintet, singer **Sheila Jordan** with **Bengt Hallberg's** trio, a Scandinavian big band under the direction of composer **George Russell**, pianist **Jan Johansson**, drummer **Bengt-Arne Wallin**, and bassist **Georg Riedel**, trombonist **Eje Thelin** and his new quartet featuring tenorist **Barney Wilen** and American drummer **Billy Brooks**, and other Swedish-based groups led by **Shahib Shihab**, **Bernt Rosengren**, **Arne Domnerus**, **Putte Wickman**, **Gilbert Holmstrom**, **Bengt Ernyrd**, and **Borje Frederiksson**. In addition, there were several Swedish traditional bands. From Hungary came bassist **Aladar Pege's** trio and from Poland alto saxophonist **Zbigniew Namyslowski's** quartet. **Lionel Hampton** and his little-big band gave a concert the night before the festival started. The biggest European surprise was the new sextet of the young and talented trumpeter **Ernyrd**. The sextet, among other things, played two special arrangements of pieces by **Arnold Schoenberg**. The biggest surprise among U.S. performers was tenorist **Shepp**, who was very well received.



# WHERE & WHEN

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

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

## NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Lonis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely.  
The Apartment: Marian McPartland.  
Basin St. East: Buddy Rich to 12/3.  
Basie's: Harold Ousley, Sun.-Mon.  
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri.  
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.  
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sat.  
Dom: Tony Scott. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Eddie Condon's: Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson.  
El Carib (Brooklyn): Johnny Fontana.  
Embers West: Roy Eldridge, Mike Longo.  
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.  
Five Spot: Elvin Jones, Walter Bishop Jr., Mon.  
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.  
Half Note: Chris Connor, Richie Kamuca to 11/27. Carmen McRae, 12/6-18.  
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.  
Hugo's: sessions, wknds.  
Hunter College (Student Lounge): Ric Colbeck, 11/23. Burton Greene, 12/7.  
Jazz at the Office (Freeport, N.Y.): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.  
Jilly's: Monty Alexander, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.-Mon.  
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon. Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Thur.-Fri.  
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.  
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, wknds.  
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.  
L'Intrigue: Jo Beck, Mike Mainieri.  
Marino's Boat Club (Brooklyn): Michael Grant, Vernon Jeffries, Bob Kay, wknds.  
Mark Twain Riverboat: Earl Hines to 11/19.  
Duke Ellington, 11/21-12/10.  
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 11/18.  
Mike & Dave's (Brooklyn): Red Allen, Sonny Greer, Fri.  
007: Donna Lee, Mickey Dean, Walter Perkins.  
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolf Knittel, Ted Kotick, Paul Motian.  
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Joe Farrell, Bill Crow, Frank Owens.  
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.  
Slug's: Yusef Lateef to 11/20. Session, Sun. afternoon, Mon.  
Steak Pit (Paramus, N.J.): Connie Berry.  
Summit Hotel: Jimmy Butts.  
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.  
Toast: Scott Reid.  
Top of the Gate: Teddy Wilson to 11/18.  
Tremont Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Jazz Vanguards, Tue.  
Village East: Larry Love.  
Village Gate: Carmen McRae, Modern Jazz Quartet, to 11/27.  
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.  
Waldorf-Astoria: Benny Goodman to 11/26.  
White Lantern Inn (Stratford, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun.  
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

## PHILADELPHIA

Club 50 (Trenton, N.J.): Johnny Coats Jr., Johnny Ellis, Tony DeNicola.  
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time Six.  
Show Boat: Esther Phillips, 12/5-10. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 12/12-17.  
Starlite: name groups.

## TORONTO

Colonial: Junior Mance, 11/28-12/10.  
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman.  
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg.  
Savarin: Cozy Cole, 11/21-12/3.  
Town Tavern: Mark Murphy, 11/28-12/10.

## MIAMI

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.  
Chateau Madrid (Fort Lauderdale): Louis Armstrong, 12/29-1/4/67.  
Chez Vendome: Herbie Brock, hb.

Denuville: Bobby Fields, hb.  
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, wknds.  
Harbor Lounge: jazz groups nightly.  
Jazzville (Rancher): Ira Sullivan.  
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, Buddy Delco.  
Yacht South Seas: Harry Manian.

## BALTIMORE

Buck's: Bill Byrd.  
Forest Manor (Jazz Society of Performing Artists): concerts, Sun.  
Howard Manor: Fred Weiner.  
Jones': Leroy Hawthorne.

Jockey Club: Thomas Hurley.  
Kozy Korner: Ed Birdson.  
Left Bank Jazz Society: concerts, Sun.  
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza.  
Madison Club Raths Keller: Mickey Fields.  
Martick's: Brad Wines.  
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.  
Prime Rib: Dick Aitken, Jerry Clifford.  
Roosevelt Hotel: Otis Bethell.  
Uptown: Lloyd Grant.

## DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lenore Paxton.  
Baker's Keyboard: Roy Hamilton, 11/25-12/4.  
Cannonball Adderley, 12/7-17.  
Big George's: Itomy Rand.  
Blues Unlimited: Slide Hampton, Thur.  
Cafe Gournet: Dorothy Ashby, Thur.-Sat.  
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton.  
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.  
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 London Chop House: Bob Pierson, Mon.-Fri.  
 Momo's: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.  
 New Olympia: Norman Dillard, Thur.-Sun.  
 Paige's: Ernie Farrow, wknds.  
 Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Vince Mance. Jack Pierson, Sat.  
 Roostertail: Chuck Robinett.  
 Shadow Box: Don Cook.  
 Side Door (Kalamazoo): Dave Ferguson, Sun.  
 Tonga: Charles Harris, Mon.-Sat. Matinee, Sun.  
 Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd.  
 Webbwood Inn: Rudy Robinson, Sun.

## CINCINNATI

Babe Baker's: Jimmy McGary.  
 Herbie's Lounge: Ron Enycart.  
 Living Room: Buddy DeFranco-Glenn Miller, 11/16-17. Count Basie, 12/5-6.  
 Playboy Club: Dave Engle, Woody Evans.  
 Western College (Oxford): Dick Monaco, Fri.  
 Windjammer: Bill Walters, Cal Collins.  
 Whisper Room: Dee Felice.  
 Caucus Room: Mildred Bailey.  
 Carousel Motel: Teddy Rakel.

## CHICAGO

Chicago Circle Campus: Thelonious Monk, 11/19.  
 Either/Or: Ken Rhodes, wknds.  
 Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.  
 Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Mon.-Wed. Jazz Organizers, Thur.-Sun.  
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.  
 London House: Les McCann to 11/27. Oscar

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Peterson, 11/29-12/18. Eddie Higgins, 12/19-  
 25. Cannonball Adderley, 12/27-1/8. Gene  
 Krupa, 1/10-29. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak,  
 hbs.  
 McCormick Place: Ray Charles, 11/16-19.  
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, wknds.  
 Old Town Gate: Eddy Davis, Mon.-Thur. Franz  
 Jackson, wknds.  
 Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph  
 Massetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
 Plugged Nickel: Thelonious Monk, 11/22-12/4.  
 Horace Silver, 12/21-1/1.  
 Stan's Pad: Ken Chaney, wknds.  
 Sutherland: unk.

## NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony  
 Page.  
 Caesar's Palace: Paul Ferrara.  
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
 Famous Door: Bill Kelsey, Santo Pecora.  
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain.  
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry.  
 Goliwog: Armand Hug.  
 Haven: Keith Smith, wknds.  
 Hollie's: George Davis, afterhours, wknds.  
 Joe Burton's: Joe Burton.  
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.  
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelson.  
 Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Rus-  
 sell, ttn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Phil Reudy.  
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
 Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-  
 noon.  
 Your Father's Moustache: Jim Liscombe, Sun.  
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\*Method Jazz Drumming—trade mark.

## KANSAS CITY

Golden Horseshoe: Bettye Miller-Milt Abel.  
 Levee: George Winn, Mon.  
 Mother's: Emmett Finney, wknds.  
 Municipal Auditorium: James Brown, 11/24.  
 Music Hall: Count Basie, 11/27.  
 O.G.'s: Jimmy Eds.  
 Playboy: Pete Eye.  
 Plaza III: Caroline Harris, Tue.-Sun.  
 The Place: Baby Lovett, wknds.  
 Twelfth of Never: Sam Alexander.  
 Vanguard: Frank Smith, Sun.  
 Venture In: George Salisbury-Arch Martin,  
 wknds.  
 Voo Doo Village: Frank Smith. Sessions, Sun.  
 afternoons.

## LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: Gus Mancuso.  
 Flamingo Hotel: Harry James to 11/23, and  
 12/29-1/25. Della Reese, 11/24-12/14. Dionne  
 Warwick, 3/23-4/10.  
 Ruben's: Paul Bryant.  
 Sands: Sammy Davis Jr., 1/11-2/7.  
 Tropicana: Maynard Ferguson, George Shearing,  
 to 12/1. Woody Herman, Dukes of Dixieland,  
 Julie London, 12/2-22. Benny Goodman, 12/23-  
 1/12.

## LOS ANGELES

Boneville: Don Ellis, big band, Mon.; quartet,  
 Thur.-Sun. Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton,  
 Tue.-Wed.  
 Carol's A Go Go: sessions, Mon., Thur.  
 Charley Brown's (Marina del Rey): Dave Miller.  
 China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.  
 Donte's: Mike Melvoin, Mon.-Thur. Howard  
 Roberts, Fri.-Sat. Jack Sheldon, Sun.  
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron,  
 wknds.  
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner.  
 International Hotel: Joe Loco.  
 La Duce (Inglewood): John Houston, Kenny  
 Hagood.  
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Gerald Wilson  
 to 11/26. Wes Montgomery, 11/27-12/10. Les  
 McCann, 12/11-24. Howard Rumsey, Mon.-  
 Tue.  
 Melody Room: Marv Jenkins.  
 Memory Lane: name groups.  
 Norin's Greenlike (Pasadena): Ray Dewey, Fri.-  
 Sat.  
 Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.  
 Reuben Wilson, Mon.  
 Pied Piper: David Bryant, Joe Sample.  
 Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saun-  
 ders.  
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano.  
 Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Bob Corwin, hbs.  
 Reuben's (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes, Fri.-  
 Sat.; (Whittier), Tue.-Thur.  
 Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Edgar Hayes,  
 Sun.  
 Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Lou Rawls, 11/17-20.  
 Scene: Letta Mbulu.  
 Shkey's: Silver Dollar Jazz Band.  
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Barney Kessel to 11/20.  
 Gabor Szabo, 11/22-12/4. Cal Tjader, 12/6-18.  
 Bola Sete, 12/20-1/1/67. Shelly Manne, wknds.  
 Sherry's: Mike Melvoin, Sun.  
 Sportsmen's Lodge: Stan Worth.  
 Tiki: Richard Dorsey.  
 Tropicana: sessions, Mon.  
 UCLA: Duke Ellington, 11/19.  
 Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Ramsey Lewis,  
 11/26-27.  
 White Way Inn (Reseda): Pete Dailey, Thur.-  
 Sun.

## SAN FRANCISCO

The Apartment (Oakland): Ted Spinola, Tue.-  
 Sat. Escovedo Bros., Sun.  
 Basin Street West: Sarah Vaughan to 11/20.  
 Wes Montgomery, 11/22-26. Earl Hines, 11/30-  
 12/11. Miriam Makeba, 12/2-11. Redd Foxx.  
 Joe Williams, 12/13-1/8. Dizzy Gillespie, 1/11-  
 22. Jimmy Smith, 2/7-19. Carmen McRae,  
 2/21-3/5.  
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco,  
 wknds.  
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy  
 Hayes.  
 Half Note: George Duke.  
 Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover.  
 Hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.  
 Jack's of Sutter: Merle Saunders.  
 Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Witherspoon to 11/27.  
 Big Mama Thornton, 11/29-12/4. Three Sounds,  
 12/6-18. Les McCann, 12/30-1/5. Richard  
 Holmes, 1/10-22. Roland Kirk, 1/24-2/5. Art  
 Blakey, 2/21-3/5.  
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.  
 Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.  
 Trident (Sausalito): Don Scaletta to 11/28.  
 Eddie Duran, 11/29-12/18. Bola Sete, 1/3-  
 2/10.  
 Villa Roma: Chris Ibanez-Vernon Alley.





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