

NEWPORT FESTIVAL: TROUBLE AND AFTERMATH

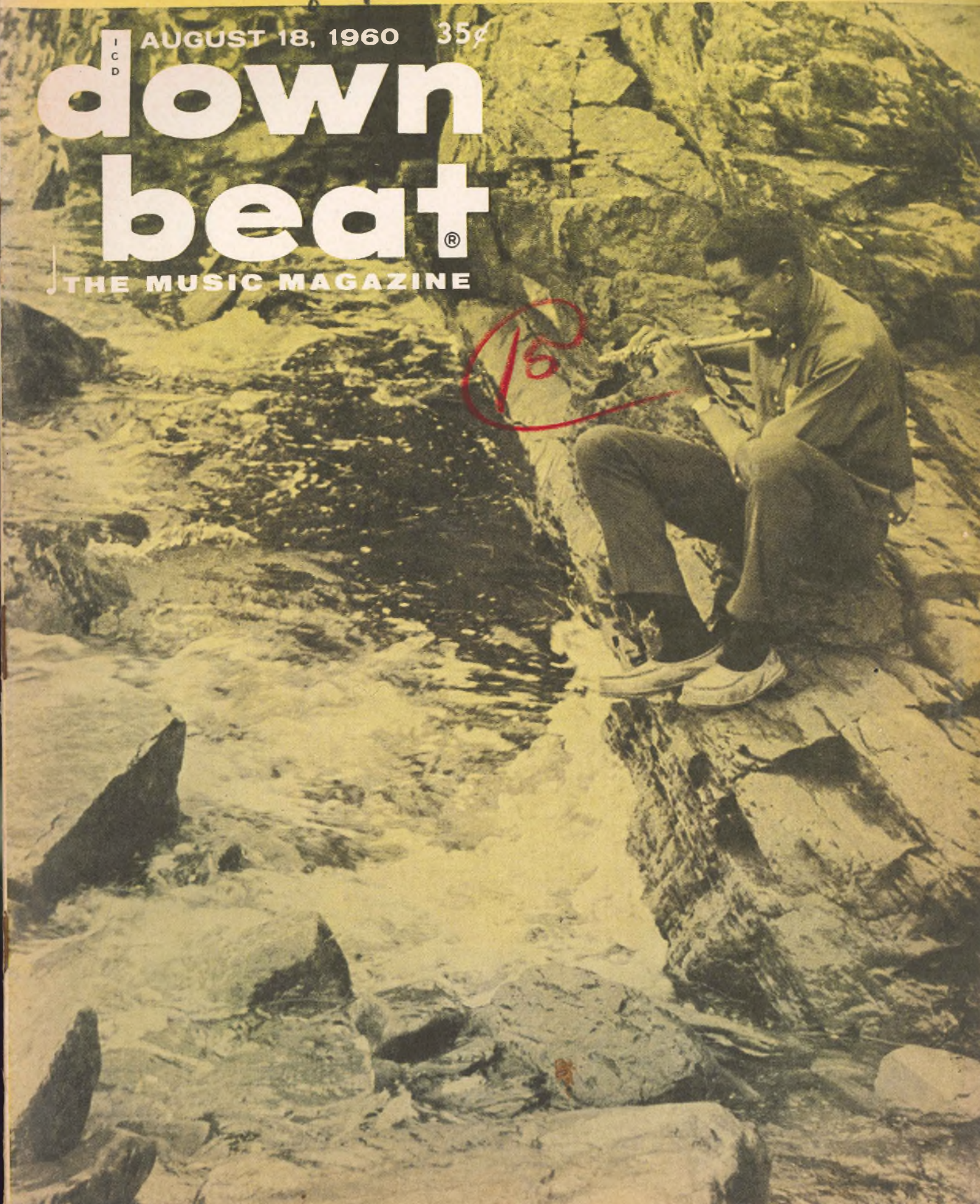
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AUGUST 18, 1960 35¢

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THE MUSIC MAGAZINE

15



All The JAZZ Festival Favorites are on Roulette and Roost



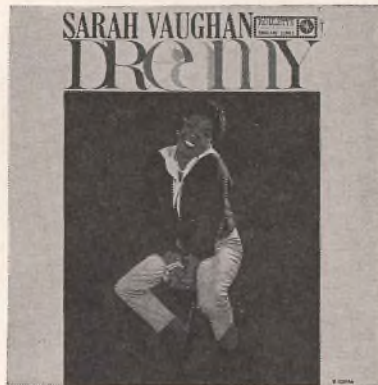
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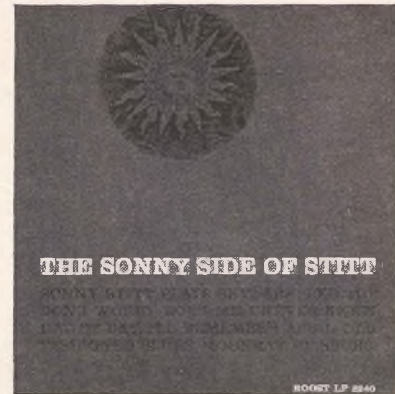


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THE FIRST CHORUS

BY CHARLES SUBER

The Newport riots were shameful, a disgrace to jazz. Many people were given the mistaken impression that rowdyism—and worse—is symptomatic of jazz. It is not enough to say that the Newport incident was caused by poor local planning, weak public relations, and a general feeling that bigness was an end to itself.

If anyone needs reassurance that jazz is strong enough to take blows like Newport in its stride, please take careful heed of this news, received at the last minute:

As Gene Lees virtually predicts in his article on the troubles at Newport elsewhere in this issue (that part of this issue went to press early), the French Lick festival is out. Sheraton hotel chain officials, who had seen the French Lick event following a course toward trouble distressingly like the pattern of Newport, were anxious. When the manager of the Sheraton French Lick hotel gave his

recommendation that the event be cancelled, they concurred.

Then came a surprising turn of events. In nearby Evansville, Ind., a young petroleum geologist named Hal Lobree—a 35-year-old jazz buff who used to put on jazz concerts when he attended the University of Texas—heard the news of Newport and realized that the same thing could happen at French Lick because of the lack of facilities to handle big crowds. Proud of jazz and the stature it has achieved, Lobree feared that one more incident like Newport would do jazz and jazz festivals irreparable harm.


He went to the Sheraton hotel people and told them that if they were going to drop the festival, he would like to take it over. He would hold it, he said, in Evansville. He wasn't fearful of lack of community support, or an inability to handle crowds: he had both in his back pocket. His cosponsors would be

the Fraternal Order of Police (with 700 members) and the Junior Chamber of Commerce (500 members) of Evansville. On top of that, the five local radio stations and three television stations had promised him free time and complete support.

The Sheraton people were delighted. In not much more time than it takes to affix a signature to a contract, they had turned the French Lick festival over to him, lock, stock and talent.

Lobree chose not to break continuity. Instead of calling it the first Evansville festival, he is calling it the "Third Annual Indiana Jazz Festival (formerly held at French Lick)". He scheduled three evening performances (July 29, 30, 31) at the three-year-old Municipal Auditorium, which has a capacity of 14,000 and an excellent sound system.

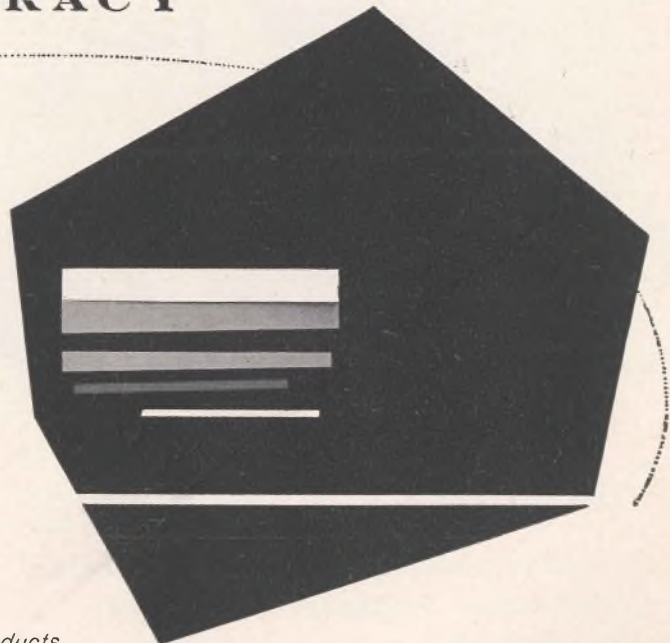
The whole town of Evansville backed Lobree. More than 2,000 hotel and motel rooms were set aside to accommodate festival-goers. The mayor's office turned over the city's swimming pools for the use of the visitors during the three days. In short, jazz fans were to feel wanted, not frowned-upon. And they were expected to behave themselves as any house guests would.

Do you need any more evidence that jazz is strong enough to withstand even such setback as that of Newport? 



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ON THE COVER

Within hours after the rioting and dissension at Newport, the city had resumed its identity as a sleepy little New England town with quiet streets and sun-swept beaches. Symbolic of the pastoral mood of the city is this photo of Eric Dolphy, one of the most rapidly rising young musicians in jazz. Dolphy, who performed in the rival Jazz Artists Guild festival at Newport, slipped away to practice on the seacoast and was caught by the camera of *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees, who tells the story of the trouble at Newport on page 20.

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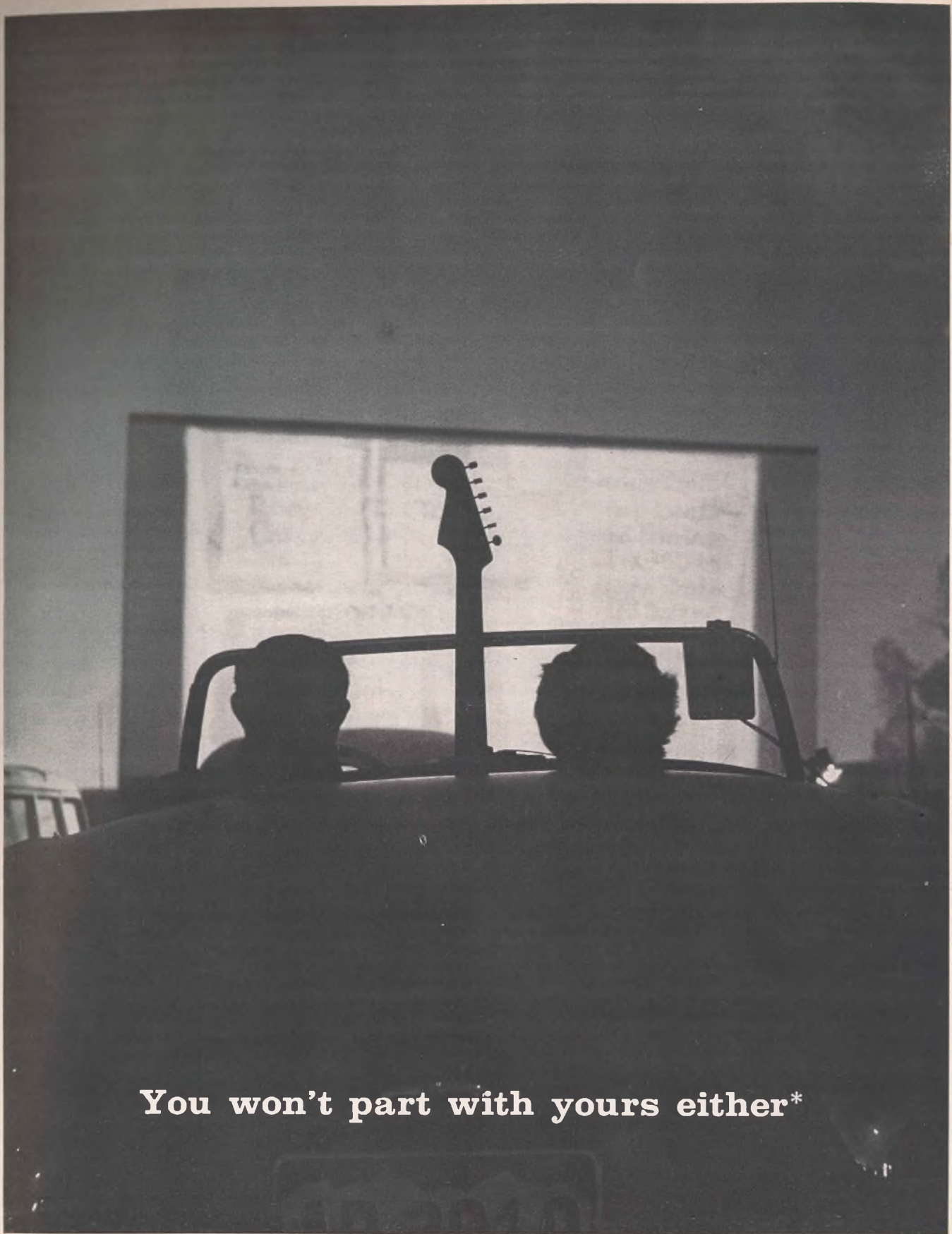
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By Marshall Brown

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Jazz'll Never Make It

. . . Rock and roll is a music medium, and there is no getting away from this. There are a lot of performers who have made this a fact, but it seems that most jazz fans only look at the few performers who are lowering rock and roll.

I'm sure there are few rock and roll fans who will not agree that five years ago it was a pretty big mess all around. I know you will not agree with this, but there is also the fact that the rock-and-roll medium has much improved in these last five years. So much so that you should think twice before calling it "junk music."

A talent like Bobby Darin has worked hard for what he's got and will get, and he's sure no junk peddler. Paul Anka is a songwriter and singer, who, like Darin, will end up on top. His voice and writing ability have been considered among the best of our time. Neal Sadaka, a Juilliard graduate, is one of today's teenage idols . . .

I hope you aren't thinking that I'm like all the rest of the teenagers of the country, praising all the rock and rollers. There are quite a few who aren't worth the wax their songs are cut on. These make me madder, more disgusted than you will ever be. They lack a quality called talent . . .

I would like to add this last note:

Jazz always was and always will be, but it will never make it as did swing and rock and roll as a musical medium. This is mostly because of the effect of the teenage set on the record business. You have to play and record what they want because that's what will sell.

Rock and roll might be pushed out tomorrow (you would have to tell me what could do it), but you have to admit it was great while it lasted.

New Iberia, La. Dennis Broz
*Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
—all we ever get is promises.*

Kind Word for Critics

When I first began to read *Down Beat*, the excitement over a certain alto man was such that it took me several months to find out what "Bird's" real name was.

This excited, moving style of exuberant writing about jazzmen compelled me to go and listen to these musicians who preached sorrow and happiness, love and life . . .

I listened, and it was there. It was there for me as it was for you and still is, apparently for us both. The staff of *Down Beat* today and in years gone by is directly responsible for winning at least one new disciple to jazz. For that, I am ever in your debt.

There are those, however, who write indignant letters; who scream on paper, "Cancel my subscription!" They are infuriated because a critic doesn't hear something they hear or vice versa. To these people I say that if it's there for you, take it.

Jazz is for many individuals, by many

individuals, and looked upon by very independent minds. Take it for what it's worth to you and accept other opinions as such . . .

Ft. Gordon, Ga.

Guy Medlock

Too Modern?

I have been a *Down Beat* reader for nearly 10 years. I have unfortunately noticed a trend which I consider somewhat undesirable. It came to my attention through the news item *Dixieland's Revenge* in your June 9 issue.

I agree with Capt. Detzer's action and address this letter to DJ Shields and to some of your writers who editorially slant the facts.

First, you state that "Jazz has a dedicated fan in Mr. Shields." Anyone who refers to any form of jazz as "junk" displays shortminded ignorance. I may remind you that jazz includes Dixieland, swing, modern, etc. It is peculiar that modern fans such as Mr. Shields are so shortsighted. Conversely, people who dig Dixie will listen to progressive jazz with an open mind, and while they may admit that they don't understand it, they will seldom condemn it . . .

If you continue to blast Dixie editorially, perhaps you had better change your name to *Modern Down Beat Only* . . . Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against modern jazz; as a matter of fact, I probably listen to (and enjoy) modern jazz more than Dixie. I just think that anyone supporting the whole world of jazz could be a bit more liberal.

New York City

Russ Bowman

Listen to the Little Guys

This is an open letter to Stan Kenton and those who share his belief that every year finds fewer new composers and performers making their mark in modern jazz . . .

The great jazz today is not on records, nor it is being performed in the over-rated jazz meccas and festivals. Rather, it is occurring in the small town neighborhood clubs and taverns, in rehearsal bands, and in impromptu sessions held everywhere from college frat houses to private homes. The composers, arrangers, and performers are not the poll winners but ordinary guys working in banks, garages, bakeries, and grocery stores. They don't have the press agents, personal managers, and fair weather fan clubs to ballyhoo their works. Nor do they possess the polish of performance and the wardrobe that is associated with the jazz greats; but they compose, arrange, and perform the best of modern jazz.

To Stan and all the others of his position I say, "Listen!" Listen not to the chosen few who are nationally known, but listen to every "little guy" who has made a home recording, or who is playing two shows a night (with a stripper and

Continued on Page 10

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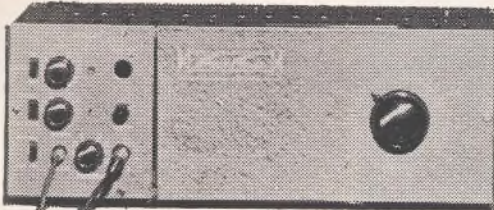
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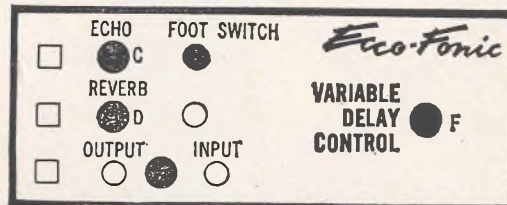
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a comic) at an obscure club in East Overshoe.

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Bangor, Maine

Don Sylvia

Gripes About Disceries

An open letter to all recording companies:

I know that J. J. Johnson was born in Indianapolis, sometimes called 'Naptown. I know that Stan Getz is *the* established star on tenor and that Art Farmer is one of the most promising young trumpet players. I know all this because you have printed it on the back of every record album that they ever recorded . . .

What I'd like to know is who plays alto on my new Maynard Ferguson album? Who is on piano on my latest Dizzy Gillespie LP? I haven't had the opportunity to see the groups who make the records I buy, so could you print some sort of clue on your liners?

Findley, Ohio

Diane A. Dreyer

I have been a devoted fan of the late Billie Holiday ever since I came across a copy of her old record of *Summertime* and *Billie's Blues*.

To me, Billie was and always will be the greatest thing that ever happened to jazz. Let's face it—Billie was jazz.

When Billie passed away last July, it was reported that practically every record company having some of her recorded work in its vaults was planning LPs either of new material or tribute albums made up of reissues. Until now, I know of only two companies that have released anything by Billie, and both of these have only released reissues . . .

Let's not forget her now that she's gone.

Oswego, N. Y.

Fred Cox

Praise for Movie

I would like to use this means to congratulate Bert Stern, Aram Avakian, et al for their fine film *Jazz on a Summer's Day*. Despite the presence of Chuck Berry and Big Maybelle, it offered a fine hour's entertainment and, in my opinion, is one of the best uses of jazz in films yet . . .

I am looking forward to the day when I will be able to go to a movie theater and see a full-length film starring jazz artists as well presented as this film does. Maybe the day isn't far off.

Harold Dvorin

Congratulations, Ralph . . .

Having completed Ralph Gleason's article *Stan Kenton—the Restless Searcher*, I would like to express my deep appreciation for such a fine article . . .

My chances of meeting Mr. Kenton are small, but this article has certainly made me fonder of him . . .

Salem, Ore.

Carole Nemeyer

. . . and Leonard

To *Down Beat* 969,000 stars for its excellent two-issue story on Gerry Mulligan. Hats off to Leonard Feather.

Congratulations and thanks for the previous stories on Miles Davis and Stan Getz. You have covered "the big three" so very, very well.

Utica, N. Y.

Virginia Gaylord

More Inside Stuff (more or less) from RIVERSIDE Records . . .

We had intended to devote this second in a series of informal discussions on the general subject of RIVERSIDE to some of our exceptional Summer new releases.

Inside Information Note No. 1: Being us, we often like to operate on reverse-theories. So, if everyone else decides that you out there don't buy records in the Summer and so they'll pull their punches until the Fall, we figure that leaves the bins nice and uncluttered and ready for you to spot much more easily some first-rate items from us. Clever? Therefore, we had meant to use this page for details on such highlights as (1) **THE THREE FACES OF YUSEF LATEEF** (RLP 325; Stereo RLP



1176), marking the Riverside debut of that triple-threat artist; (2) **BARRY HARRIS AT THE JAZZ WORKSHOP** (RLP 326; Stereo RLP 1177) a wonderfully "live" performance by the Adderley band's new pianist; **LOVE LOCKED OUT** (RLP 328; Stereo RLP 1182), which is also a Riverside debut by a most moving young singer named **BEV KELLY**; plus (4) a second "Cannonball Adderley Presentation," **DICK MORGAN AT THE SHOWBOAT** (RLP 329; Stereo RLP 1183), denoting Cannon's discovery of a remarkable new pianist with a whole lot to say; and (5) a truly unique and soul-stirring album by **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and the great big sound of **THE BIG-SOUL BAND** (RLP 331; Stereo RLP 1179).

This, as we started to say, was our intention. But Down Beat and all those critics crossed us up by almost (but not quite) embarrassing us with the results, last issue, of the **INTERNATIONAL JAZZ CRITICS POLL**. To ourselves (but not out loud, of course) we're call-

ing it the "International Jazz Critics Love Riverside Too, or Who-Needs-Payola" Poll. Consequently, we feel impelled to use most of this page to give thanks to Down Beat and the Critics for all the honors heaped on all those Riverside artists (which, as you know, is really a sneaky way of making sure that everyone digs those crazy results again):

Thank you on behalf of THELONIOUS MONK, who seems to have a well-deserved lock on the position of Critics' Choice among pianists. (Latest release: **THELONIOUS MONK AT THE BLACKHAWK** - RLP 323; also Stereo RLP 1171.)

Thank you on behalf of CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, who for the first time heads the list of altoists. By the way, just to show that one man can please two extremes, Adderley is ranked third among all jazz instrumentalists as "favorite" of the nation's jazz disc jockeys in The Billboard's recent poll. (Latest release: **THEM DIRTY BLUES** - RLP 322; also Stereo RLP 1170.)

Thank you on behalf of no less than four New Star winners (which makes us feel particularly proud of our ability to pick 'em). In no particular order, they are:

WES MONTGOMERY on guitar, a near-unanimous choice with a rousing 52 points, far and away the highest vote total for any New Star winner. His newest LP is **THE INCREDIBLE JAZZ GUITAR OF WES MONTGOMERY** (RLP 320; also Stereo 1169), and it's becoming clear that its title is, if anything, an understatement. Wes is also the choice of Billboard's poll of critics and jazz A&R men (you mean other labels like us, too?) as outstanding **new instrumentalist of the year**.

That poll, incidentally, divided all Gaul into two parts: piano and everything else. Know who won out as the year's top new pianist? None other than **BILL EVANS** (who just can't win Down Beat New-Star honors any more, having copped that award in both 1958 and '59, but who did finish a close third among all pianists in the Critics' Poll, giving us a most impressive 2-out-of-the-top-three there).

Bill's latest is **PORTRAIT IN JAZZ** (RLP 315; Stereo RLP 1162).

NAT ADDERLEY is New Star on trumpet (okay, hippies, we also know he plays cornet). As we've been saying, there are two phenomenal Adderleys, and this is the one featured on **WORK SONG** (RLP 318; Stereo RLP 1167), which we recommend to all budget-minded fans as the best way to pick up on new stars in bunches, since Nat just happens to have with him on this one both Sam Jones and Wes Montgomery!

SAM JONES' selection as new star on bass is an honor that coincides neatly with the appearance of his first LP as a leader: **THE SOUL SOCIETY** (RLP 324; also Stereo 1172). Come to think of it, this is the album for all those who want to pick up on next year's New Stars now - at least we'll take all bets that such of his colleagues in the "society" as **BLUE MITCHELL** (2nd on trumpet in this year's New Star voting), **BOBBY TIMMONS** (3rd among N-S pianists) and tenorman **JIMMY HEATH** will be cracking the polls wide open in the year to come.

JOHNNY GRIFFIN is hardly a "New" tenor star - we and many others have been Griffin fans for years, but sometimes critics are a mite . . . well . . . cautious. Anyway, their timing couldn't be better, because there really is a "new" Griffin, sounding better than ever on an astonishingly different and soulful big new album - the one we noted way back in our first paragraph, and which is so **BIG** that it's announced all by itself in an ad elsewhere in this issue.

And so we bring to a close this frankly prideful little essay. But before we get off the page, it might be a good idea for us to thank all the artists mentioned on this page, whom we really enjoy working with - but, even more importantly, men without whom . . . there wouldn't be any us.

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NEW YORK

Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate, a large night club located in the basement of the old Mills hotel, has switched from a folk music policy to jazz for the summer months. The opening bill in July featured **Herbie Mann's Afro-Jazz Sextet** with **Olatunji** on African drums and singer **Maya Angelou**. Mann was followed by singer-pianist **Nina Simone's** trio, sharing the bill with **Yusef Lateef's** mid-east jazz quintet. The club hopes that **Dizzy Gillespie** will be able to put in a week or two before fall. The Gate, at 185 Thompson St., is surrounded by beatnik coffee houses. It was the site of **Pete Long's** Monday night jazz concerts last season . . . Business was so bad at **Eddie Condon's** last month that the entire band was fired. Guitarist-greeter **Condon** stayed on as **Bobby Hackett's** band taking over the music.



Lateef

Featured at Milton's in the Bronx are **Rudy Rutherford**, clarinet; **Gene Ramey**, bass; **Sonny Donaldson**, piano, and **Dave Pochonet**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Shorty Rogers** led a sextet at Basin Street East for a week during his recent trip to the east coast . . . Ex-Jazztet trombonist

Curtis Fuller led a quartet, featuring **Walter Bishop** on piano, for a short mid-summer date at Max Gordon's Village Vanguard. Gordon is now in Europe, scouting London, Paris and Rome for new jazz talent.

Ralph Watkins, a partner in both the Basin Street East and the Embers, has discovered two trios and signed them to long term contracts as intermission acts. The Embers will have frequent appearances by **Harold Quinn**, while patrons of Basin Street East will often hear **Freddie Cole** (**Nat Cole's** brother). Both trio leaders are pianists . . . The Dune Deck, a club facing the ocean at Westhampton, L.I., has engaged the **Teddy Wilson Trio** . . . the **Newt Thomas Trio** will be at the Polizos brothers' Jolly Roger in Norfolk all summer. This spot has had a jazz policy for six years.

Bassist **Doug Watkins** replaced **Henry Grimes** in the **Billy Taylor Trio** during the Prelude engagement . . . **Bill Rubinstein** left the piano chair with the **Peter Appleyard Quartet** to become accompanist for singer **Carmen McRae**. Appleyard recently broke his elbow in a horse-back riding mishap in Central Park and had to cancel an engagement in Bermuda. It is now out of the cast and healing.



Hackett

Zoot Sims took a quartet to Provincetown, Mass., for an extended date. The group included Zoot, tenor and alto sax; **Mose Allison**, piano; **Bill Crow**, bass, and **Paul Motian**, drums . . . Alto saxman **Herb Geller** is forming a quintet in Cincinnati for a road tour. The group will include guitarist **Billy Bean** and **Dee Felice's** Ohio jazz trio.

Louis Armstrong, **Lionel Hampton** and **Dizzy Gillespie** had ringside seats at the **Patterson-Johansson** heavyweight title bout . . . **Artie Shaw**, who has just passed his 50th birthday, has settled into his Lakeville, Conn., home. His property boasts a good fishing stream and is only 12 miles from his former farm in Dutchess County, N. Y. . . . **Myron (Mickey)**

Continued on Page 45

down beat

Down Beat

August 18, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 7

THE SOUND OF MILES

Miles Davis's first music teacher in East St. Louis, Ill., was adamant on one point: he told the future jazz great, "No vibrato! You're going to get old and start shaking, so play without any vibrato." Miles was 13, and in grade school.

Twenty years later, taping a half-hour television film for CBS films, Miles described his own playing as, "fast, light, and still no vibrato."

The film, *The Sound of Miles Davis*, is one of a series of 26 on subjects ranging from drama to ballet, produced by Robert Herridge. The only other jazz film in the series is a half-hour on pianist Ahmad Jamal.

Made over a year ago, the films are now ready for syndication to CBS outlets across the country as *The Robert Herridge Theater*. Six of the episodes, including the Davis film, are being shown during July and August on New York's WCBS-TV (non-network). The Davis film was shown Thursday, July 21. It was the trumpeter's first major appearance on television.

Herridge, who appears on camera as narrator, confines his introductory remarks on Miles to a few words. The music is divided into two segments: Miles accompanied by members of his quintet, and accompanied by a 19-piece orchestra under the direction of Gil Evans.

The first nine minutes feature the quintet playing the Davis original *So What*. There are short solos by tenor saxophonist John Coltrane and pianist Wynton Kelley, though most of the running time is devoted to Miles. Also on camera are bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Jimmy Cobb. (Alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley, who at the time of the taping was a member of the Davis group, was sick and unable to make the session.)

The balance of the program—approximately 15 minutes—features three tunes played by Miles with the Evans orchestra behind him. In the larger group are Ernie Royal, Louis Mucci, John Coles, Emmett Berry, and Clyde Reisinger, trumpets; Frank Rehak, Jimmy Cleveland, Bill Elton, and Rod Levitt, trombones; Julius Watkins and Robert Northern, French horns; Romeo



Miles Davis and Gil Evans, recording for TV film

Penque, Danny Banks, and Ed Caine, woodwinds; John Coltrane, alto saxophone (in place of Adderley); John Barber, tuba; Paul Chambers, bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Davis, concentrating on the music in his brooding manner, is seen and heard performing *The Duke*, a tribute to Duke Ellington written by Dave Brubeck; *Blues for Pablo*, a ballad by Gil Evans, and *New Rhumba*, by Ahmad Jamal. All are tunes from the album *Miles Ahead*, on which Davis was paired with arranger Evans.

Usually Davis hates to take a backward look at his work. He says, "You always see how you would have done it differently." Herridge feels it is significant that Miles has watched the film at least five times.

Davis, who looks and acts fiercely individualistic, has this to say, "If I play good for eight bars, it's enough for me. It's satisfaction. The only thing is, I don't tell anybody which eight bars are the good ones. That's my secret."

KING OF SWING SWINGS WITH KING

Swing king Benny Goodman was jazz host to King Rama IX of Thailand in New York City last month.

King Rama, on a state visit in the United States with Queen Sirikit, is the only U. S.-born monarch in the world. He was born in 1927 at Cambridge, Mass., when his father was studying medicine at Harvard university.

He has long had an avid interest in jazz and plays alto saxophone, clarinet, and trumpet. When Goodman and Jack

Teagarden visited Bangkok on their respective U. S. State Department tours, they were invited to the Royal Amphorn palace for jam sessions with the king.

The young Eastern ruler also composes in the American manner, although native Thai music is in a five-note scale. His song *Blue Night* was presented on Broadway in Mike Todd's *Peep Show* 10 years ago. Another of his tunes, *When*, struck the fancy of Teagarden, and the trombonist now features it with his sextet.

The New York reception committee was more cognizant of the king's private enthusiasms than were his hosts in Washington, D. C. President Eisenhower personally invited Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians to play for the king at a dinner-dance in the White House.

New Yorkers, realizing the king digs jazz and bridges, made plans to see he got his kicks. No sooner had he landed than he was whisked up to Pocantico Hills near Tarrytown, N. Y., via the Triborough, George Washington, and Tappan Zee bridges.

At Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's estate he was the guest at a dinner party for which Goodman's sextet furnished the music. The governor, who says he likes Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk, saw to it that the royal clarinetist and the king of swing were able to renew the jazz fest they had in December, 1956, in Bangkok.

After dinner, the two kings, accompanied by the sextet, worked over *Sweet Georgia Brown* on clarinets. King Rama just happened to have his instrument along. The session evolved into an hour and a half of Dixieland and swing tunes.

One of the musicians in the sextet later commented, "The king (Rama) swings pretty well, and he really digs the music."

Another participant said, "The king went through the whole list, and he was terrific."

A MONUMENT FOR BECHET

Antibes-Juan-Les-Pins, a resort town on the French Riviera, has won a place on the jazz map of the world. And, like Newport, R. I., the French playground town has seen more than a few unusual sights related to the world of jazz.

It was on Aug. 7, 1951, that Antibes witnessed the wedding of New Orleans-born Sidney Bechet to Elizabeth Ziegler, a woman of German origin. The affair was an international event as well as a jazz carnival.

The couple were transported to and from the ceremony in a horse-drawn carriage with 10 jazz bands marching alongside. They drove the two-mile distance to a reception at the city hall, admirers dancing in front of the horses and releasing doves from cages while girls gave out free wine from kegs. The celebration continued for days and people talk about it in Antibes to this day.

Bechet had first gone to France in 1918, as a member of Will Marion Cook's Southern Syncopators. In Paris the clarinetist-soprano saxophonist met Elizabeth Ziegler. She eventually married a Frenchman and Bechet returned to the United States and married Marilouise Crawford of Cleveland, Ohio.

Both marriages ended in divorce. When Bechet returned to Paris to live in 1949, the old affair was renewed after a lapse of almost 20 years.

The couple not only were married in Antibes, but set up a summer home there. (They also had a home in Grigny, a Paris suburb.) The marriage did not work out. Bechet had become not only a living legend, but an idol of the French people. As a result, women were always available to him. One night-club manager in Paris told a writer, an American, "The girls just throw themselves at that old man and he does nothing. They do it all, and I feel sorry for M. Bechet."

The jazzman did do something about one of his admirers, however: a young French girl bore him a son named Daniel, now five years old. At the time of his death, Bechet was preparing to obtain a divorce from his estranged wife and marry Daniel's mother.

Although he had been lionized by the French since 1919, Bechet was

outspoken about the adulation. He once said, "The French have no call to crow over Americans . . . I have been to Dakar and witnessed how they treated Negroes there, and Frenchmen are no better than anyone else in that respect." He was quoted in 1958 as saying, "I live in France because that's where I can make a living. If I could make out with money back home, I'd be back in New York tomorrow."

Bechet died on his birthday, May 14, 1959, at the age of 68. More than 3,000 fans and musicians attended the burial service in the Roman Catholic cemetery in the Paris suburb of Garches, where he had spent his last months.

There was no jazz played at the service (by request of his estranged wife); but, after the burial, American trumpeter Jack Butler stood beside the grave in the cold rain and played *My Buddy*.

Jazz came again to Antibes last month when the first all-European jazz festival was held for one week in Forte Carre Park. An immense auditorium was prepared in the park to accommodate 30,000 spectators, around a stage that could hold 200 musicians.

Jazz bands from Britain, East and West Germany, Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Poland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and France were booked. America's André Previn (born in Berlin of French parents) made a guest appearance as piano soloist.

The opening feature of the festival was the unveiling of a bust of Sidney Bechet. Thousands of jazz fans watched the ceremony. It started with a procession of 25 orchestras from 16 countries, who marched through the streets of the resort.

NEW TEETH FOR MISTER CHOPS

One night six years ago, trumpeter Maynard Ferguson was playing an industrial dance. Suddenly a drunk with a warped sense of humor—probably the kind who pushed other kids' heads down on drinking fountains in school—smacked the bell of his horn, driving the mouthpiece back into the trumpeter's mouth.

THE UNSHOD

The following is a direct quote from United Press International's syndicated entertainment page:

"Helen Merrill's *American Country Songs* (Atco 112) offers 12 numbers by a talented hillbilly."

Now if only Mabel Mercer will make a rock-and-roll record, we'll be straight.

The immediate damage was one cracked tooth. But as time went on, it became evident that the damage had been more serious: because of the odd blow, a natural part between Ferguson's front teeth was growing wider. By this year, the gap had become so wide that it was causing a scar on the inside of his lip—a scar that would sometimes start to bleed as he played. A dental expert told him he'd better do something about it.

Last month, Maynard sat back in a dental chair and braced himself for 14 injections and seven hours of work. When he was through, his teeth had been ground down and work begun on capping. A few days later, he was back on the bandstand with his virile big band; but his mouth was so painful that he couldn't play. The next night it was better. By the third night, he was picking high ones out of the stratosphere, or scooping down for the fat low ones that are as much a part of his famous and phenomenal trumpet technique as the top notes.

Maynard was unconcerned. "That's an old wives' tale that you're ruined if anything happens to your teeth. Most of it's in the lip. I know three trumpet players who are having the same work done on their teeth that I did.

"The only thing is that it feels strange for a while. I have to build a whole new embouchure. I wish I could get four or five days off, but the band's booked so much this summer that I can't."

He grinned suddenly, revealing a brand new, improved (no gaps between the teeth) smile. "The guy who hit me," he said. "I'm not a fighting man, but I really *wasted* that cat."

BOOTLEG JAZZ DRAGS PRAVDA

It's no secret that the American record industry is plagued by the bootleg problem. This is the lucrative practice of pressing counterfeit copies of the current hot singles, faking labels that look like the original article, and selling the records on the open market without as much as a by-your-leave from the company that originally released them.

But American record makers are not the only ones upset by bootlegging. Moscow's *Pravda* is furious, too. The difference is that in the USSR, the bootlegging is confined to pirating hard-to-get American jazz records and pressing the grooves of the original discs on sheets of X-ray film. Unorthodox though this may be, it has been received joyously by jazz-starved Soviet youth who dub the X-ray discs, "rocks on the bones."

Recently the USSR Communist party

press announced the breakup of a ring of rock-on-the-bones producers and distributors that operated out of Moscow and covered Russia from the Black Sea to the Arctic reaches. Now, to judge from a fresh report out of Moscow, the plague has again appeared, with "rocks" peddlers brazenly hawking their discs on Red square across from the Kremlin.

Incensed, *Pravda* blasted the bootleggers and said a new combine is going full blast selling both discs and tape recordings in the Soviet capital. The paper adjured its readers to have nothing to do with the "rocks" merchants because, it complained with Marxist-Leninist propriety, proceeds from the bootleg sales put easy money in the peddlers' pockets "for drinking parties and raffish evenings at hotel restaurants."

"BYE, BYE, OLD BUDDY"

The ambulance was on its way, but Lee Collins died before help arrived. A stroke was the final blow that ended the career of one of the most expressive of the old New Orleans trumpet men. Death came in Chicago on July 3. Collins was 58 years old.

Suffering from a lung ailment, Collins had been in and out of hospitals since he collapsed Dec. 4, 1954, while playing a concert with Mezz Mezzrow in Paris. He had been unable to play since. Although it was generally known that he was desperately ill, his death still came as a shock to his many traditional jazzmen friends. Several were present at the wake, but some others who were thought to be close did not pay their respects or even answer Mrs. Collins' messages.

Louis Armstrong and wife, Lucille, sent a large spray of roses with the touching message, "Bye, Bye, old buddy." Jack Teagarden, informed of Collins' death, sadly shook his head and mumbled, "He's another one of those that the world is going to miss. Lee was really great—a real pro."

Collins was an outstanding example of the Bunk Johnson school of trumpet playing. During the '40s, when Collins was working at the Victory club on Chicago's near north side, Bunk spent week on end visiting and playing with his old friend. Many others—both musicians and New Orleans jazz fans—made the club their second home. Although his greatest fame stemmed from this time, Collins had been highly respected among his fellow traditionalists for many years.

He first came to Chicago from New Orleans, his birthplace, in 1924 to replace Louis Armstrong with King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band at the Royal Garden cafe. His stay was a short one;

the club burned to the ground six or seven months after his arrival. He returned to the Crescent City for a few years, during which he recorded with legendary saxman Davey Jones. These sides by the Jones-Collins Astoria Hot Eight are now prized collectors' items. Collins was also quite effective backing singers such as Lil Johnson, Chippie Hill, and Victoria Spivey.

His career is best summed up in the words of his widow, Mary, "His life was his trumpet."

L. A. FESTIVAL \$17,000 IN RED; 30% OF TALENT UNPAID

When the final figures were in, the shadow of gloom hanging over Omega Enterprises, Inc., which promoted the second Los Angeles Jazz festival at the Hollywood Bowl June 17 and 18, failed to cover the seriousness of the situation.

Omega President Hal Lederman, with a total investment of nearly \$60,000, reported a gross take of only \$43,000 for the three-concert event. This put Omega \$17,000 in the red. Only 70 per cent of the performing talent has been paid to date.

Much of the blame for the financial fiasco has been laid by performers at the feet of Los Angeles AFM Local 47. The union reportedly waived its normal requirement that 50 per cent of performers' fees be deposited in advance as insurance against financial loss.

In contrast to the 1959 bowl festival, which succeeded financially, this year's event grossed \$30,000 less than last year's figure. The total cost for talent came to \$32,000. Lease of the bowl cost Omega more than \$10,000.

The loss could well drive Omega Enterprises into bankruptcy, according to Lederman, unless the firm is enabled to "reorganize and refinance" which means further investment by outside backers.

Lederman discounted the location and the weather as factors in the failure of the three concerts.

"All the other festivals have done better the second year," he said. "Why didn't we? It just didn't figure. I guess it just wasn't meant to be, or something."

Then he added, "But if I could go through this thing all over again, I don't know that I'd do anything differently."

Down Beat learned that the only acts to get paid in advance were those booked by Associated Booking Corp., whose representative, Frank Rio, was present at the bowl both nights and insisted that Duke Ellington, Sarah Vaughan, Gerry Mulligan, Roy Eldridge, et al., get paid in cash before mounting the revolving stage.



THE LITTLE FESTIVALS

A map of the eastern seaboard from Washington, D.C., to Maine is polka-dotted with the locations of local jazz concerts and festivals. This summer there are free jazz events, as well as many designed to raise money for towns, music tents, roadhouses, and various community activities. Among these were three . . .

IN CONNECTICUT an enormous three-sided tent was pitched on the New Haven green to enclose an all-jazz program presented by New York artists, plus several local groups. The program was the initial event of the New Haven Arts festival.

Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Vinnie Burke's Trio, vocalist Marge Dodson, and *Down Beat's* humorist, George Crater, were the performing artists from out of town, while New Haven disc jockey Gene Stuart, the Jimmy Peters Orchestra, and Eddie Cercone's Quartet from Hartt Musical College of Hartford were the local attractions.

This free event drew an audience of 9,000 persons, sitting in the 1,000 available chairs or on the ground. Around the edges were standees and a few determined jazz fans perched in the surrounding trees.

Budgetary considerations prevented Sims and Cohn from bringing their own rhythm section. Sims' tenor saxophone solo on *Willow, Weep for Me*, brought him an ovation. The two tenor saxophonists played some numbers with the Burke trio and others with the Peters band behind them.

Bassist Burke's group included John Bunch, piano, and Art Madlia, drums. Besides working with Sims-Cohn on Cohn's *Morning Fun* and Sims' *Zoot Case*, Burke played the Sonny Rollins tune *St. Thomas* to heavy applause from the large crowds.

Other highlights were singer Dodson's *Angel Eyes*, accompanied by the Burke rhythm, and the Peters band on *Just You, Just Me* with Sims and Cohn soloing.

Peters, the librarian at radio station WAVZ, conducts his big band at local concerts and dance dates and on the air. One and one-half hours of the New Haven program was aired over WAVZ, which led New Haven police to say of the audience, "That broadcast is the reason there were only 9,000 instead of 15,000."

Alto saxophonist John Mills was prominently featured with the Cercone quartet. This group recently competed in the finals of the Georgetown University Jazz festival contest.

The concert was emceed by WAVZ's

Gene Stuart, the producer of the jazz portion of the arts festival for three years.

JAZZ AND BAROQUE chamber music came together at a two-day concert series held on New York City Island early this summer. The Randy Weston Quartet and the Bernard Krainis Baroque Ensemble shared the honors.

The session, under the music direction of jazz writer Ralph Berton, was held in a refurbished theater even before the fresh paint on the floors was dry.

Berton, appearing as emcee, opened the Saturday night performance (a repeat show took place Sunday afternoon) with a comparative analysis of improvisation in the fields of jazz and chamber music. His dissertation was illustrated by jazz pianist Weston and harpsichordist Ellen Forsberg.

This introductory phase of the program was followed by the well-known dance demonstration put on by Al Minns and Leon James. Berton gave the lecture, usually presented by Dr. Marshall Stearns, as the jazz dancers performed the historical steps from the cakewalk to the modern-day steps, accompanied by the Weston group.

Mood singer Marilyn Moore, accompanied by pianist Jimmy Jones, took the stage for a set of songs performed in the fashion of the late Billie Holiday.

After an intermission, the program

changed to 17th-century baroque. Krainis, a featured performer on the recorder, led Josef Marx, oboe; Morris Newman, bass, and Miss Forsberg, harpsichord, in a group of selections designed to show the common denominator of jazz and baroque string music. Each musician in the ensemble tendered his own interpretation and variation on the themes.

Emcee Berton's brother Eugene sang a set of six avant-garde songs composed by Satie, Poulenc, Blangini, and Stravinsky. The orchestrations were by Eugene Berton, who has studied extensively abroad.

The closing portion of the program was devoted to Weston's jazz originals and played by his quartet. The group included Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Ron Carter, bass, and Clifford Jarvis, drums.

It was hoped that this series would inaugurate regular weekend concerts on City Island, a park area located in the Bronx. The poor attendance at both performances makes it unlikely they will be continued.

PROBABLY THE MOST unusual jazz festival to be held this summer took place at the Chalet, a roadhouse in Granite Springs, N. Y., where jazz writer-alto saxophonist Bill Simon held his third annual Upper Westchester festival.

It was a combined music fest and

social gathering, which could have been labeled the Jazz Critics' ball.

The event celebrated Simon's third season as leader of the weekend combo at the Chalet. Other members of the regular group are Duke Jessup, piano, and Danny Rizzi, drums. Simon plays tenor and alto saxophones and bongos.

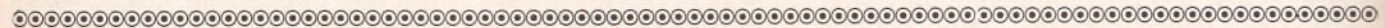
One Saturday night a year, the management allows Simon to present guest stars of his own choosing. Simon, who is in charge of the RCA record section of the Book-of-the-Month club, selects his cohorts in the jazz-writing fraternity and invites them to bring their axes—kazooes, washboards, ukeleles — and some money.

Answering the call were George Simon (no relation), former magazine editor; Burt Korall, freelance writer, and *Down Beat's* George Crater and Ira Gitler.

This made for a guest band with an instrumentation of two drummers (Simon and Korall) and two saxophonists (Crater and Gitler).

The drummers alternated sets, Simon furnishing a big-band propulsion while Korall stayed in a modern small-band groove.

Crater and Gitler, who have clashed on the printed page, went into the hottest carving contest of 1960, regardless of which drummer was behind them. Gitler outstayed Crater by sheer stamina.



ATLANTIC CITY FESTIVAL

come to the 1960 Convention of Meatcutters and Butchers. But in spite of the official snub, jazz enthusiasts were made welcome by the tradesmen and citizens of this city where hospitality is literally a way of life. No doubt this was part of the reason the approximately 4,000 persons who filled the Warren theater on the Boardwalk for each of the six performances seemed so full of good will and pre-acceptance of the music.

There were two performances each night. The festival ran three nights. Audiences were responsive, and made their pleasure audible. One performer was hardly out of view before the farewell ovation turned into a welcome mat for the next group. The artists loved it; they responded by giving all they had.

Still, in its first half-hour, this newest of the jazz festivals seemed to be struggling. It had all the omens of the stereotype package. The house looked bad and was filling but slowly. Sarah Vaughan was kicking up a ruckus because she was scheduled to follow Count Basie. She contended—with much justification, as events were to prove—that no vocalist backed by a trio should be asked to follow the Basie band and a shouting Joe Williams.

Adding to the opening-night problems was the fact that the Cannonball Adderley Quintet was about 20 miles outside the city limits at curtain time. As is often the case, the nice guy becomes the fall guy: Horace Silver was asked to take the tough job of opening the show, and agreed to do it.

But it worked out. From that moment on, the Atlantic City festival gathered momentum to become the most successful event of the still young Festival Season 1960.

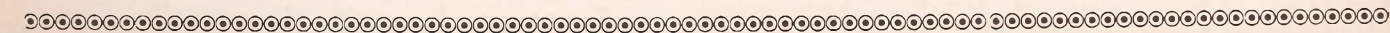
Silver and Co. made no surprise offerings. They played

By Barbara Gardner

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

The rain that fell Friday night at Newport fell on Atlantic City too; but the troubles of the next night did not. It was almost as if everyone attending Sid Bernstein's first Atlantic City Jazz festival was leaning over backwards to make sure that jazz, given one black eye in Rhode Island, would not get another in New Jersey.

As jazz fans from all over the country trickled with the rain into Atlantic City, they were greeted by a big neon sign that showed where the heart of city hall was. It read: Wel-



the standards from their book—*Blowin' the Blues Away*, *Sister Sadie*, and *Juicy Lucy*. Drummer Roy Brooks drove the group mercilessly, and the enthusiastic applause inspired the group to fill the tunes with fire and life, though they had played them hundreds of times before.

Amid applause for Silver's closing tune, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross rose out of a pit in front of the stage. This was the first time the audience realized that two stages were in use, eliminating time lags between groups. The trio sang its hits, Jon Hendricks breaking up the crowd with his impression of Charlie Mingus playing an angry bass solo on *Swinging Till the Girls Come Home*.

By then, the Adderley quintet had arrived. Its performance was impressive and refreshing. Of all the instrumental groups in the festival, this was the only one that played two completely different programs that night.

For those who in the past year have lamented the appearance of a superficial, coy Sarah Vaughan (and I have been one of them), the reemergence of the mature, capable artist was the highlight of Friday's program. Miss Vaughan was overwhelmingly impressive as she lilted through both the early evening and the midnight shows. She continued to astound herself and the audience as she piled one musical feat on top of another.

The Count Basie powerhouse was the only possible act to follow Miss Vaughan, proving how just her argument had been. They blasted down the wild ovation that followed Sarah and roared into their set. Intermingled with the band's standard pitch-builders were a couple of newer tunes that Basie did not bother to identify. Joe Williams joined the band for four tunes. On the first of the night's shows, Miss Vaughan joined him in *Teach Me Tonight*.

Basie closed the opening night. That good feeling was beginning to take hold, and the word was out: "The Atlantic City Jazz festival is going to be a ball."

Saturday night saw the arrival of the first capacity crowds. Though musically it was the weakest night of the festival, the audience was warm in its approval. The Basie-Williams team had much less fire on its second night than on Friday; Al Grey became the favorite of the crowd.

The Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet and the Dave Brubeck Quartet provided the musical high points. The Jazztet scored heavily with its hit, *Killer Joe*, and played magnificently on Farmer's *Mox Nix*. Brubeck alternately brought wild roars and absolute silence to the crowd of 4,200. He swung the pendulum from his lightweight funk to his grandiose concert piano mannerisms, but between these two extremes played exciting piano. The group radiated unity.

Art Blakey and Dinah Washington were, for the most part, exhibitionists. Fortunately, beneath their surfaces, both are artists of great stature, and their performances came off. Blakey had the considerable advantage of having in his group three of the most talented young jazz artists in view: Bobby Timmons, Lee Morgan, and Wayne Shorter.

A rumor had it that Sarah Vaughan was now out front in the audience, listening. So Miss Washington opened her pipes and hollered. While she has been far more musical in the past, this performance revealed a calculated aim to build intensity and excitement, and she stayed onstage until she had succeeded. Then she sailed triumphantly off, refusing to return even for a bow.

Youth had its say at Atlantic City, as it had at Newport (through the Newport Youth Band). Here, it was the Stanford Youth Band, from Stanford, Conn., a group of youngsters who elicited from Gerry Mulligan—standing backstage to listen during the Sunday performance—the comment, "Boy, if I'd had chops like that at that age! They don't swing that much, but they've got ears. Good ears."

Sunday brought the festival to a vibrant conclusion. By now, the news of the Newport nightmare was abroad, and everyone seemed eager to prove that this was a festival of a different color. There was no hint of trouble, and the few policemen on duty were hard put to look busy.

By now there was so much balking by various artists at their positions on the program that all pretext of following the printed schedule collapsed. The order of performances was completely reversed; intermissions were omitted.

Chaos was reigning as the neophyte of the night, Gloria Lynn, was shoved up into the unwanted opening slot. Her pianist hadn't arrived, and after agonizing minutes of bustling panic, she went on with a substitute accompanist. Needless to say, she wasn't in top form on that first show. But in the second show, she emerged as the undisputed new talent of the festival. She sang with freedom and conviction, her sincerity ringing through infectiously. Her performance of *I'm Glad There Is You* brought tears to the eyes of many listeners even as they coursed down her own face. Technically, Miss Lynn has a lot to learn, but her ability to communicate honestly makes her one of the most refreshing young singers on the scene.


Oscar Peterson, according to reports, had understandably failed to click with his usual intensity the previous night at Newport. As if to compensate, he was a smash at Atlantic City. "Smash" is the only word to describe the wild applause that both interrupted and followed the Peterson trio's performances. The tremendous unity the group has acquired in the past year was in evidence. Peterson, bassist Ray Brown, and drummer Edmund Thigpen worked as one man, and the group fed upon itself, drawing from its different parts.

Dakota Staton followed. Miss Staton, alas, has not fulfilled whatever promise she showed when she first hit hard with the public in 1955. Her performance in Atlantic City, though popular with the crowd, involved an ill-chosen assortment of tunes that fell into one of two categories: they were out-and-out rock-and-roll; or they were pretentious, arty versions of tunes Sarah Vaughan had sung beautifully and meaningfully the night before. It was small wonder that Gloria Lynn walked off with the vocal honors Sunday night.

While other groups were limited to three or four tunes, for some undisclosed reason the Gerry Mulligan big band played a 45-minute set at each performance. Mulligan's new band is interesting, yet there seems to be a spark missing, a spark that would transform the group from a Bob Brookmeyer mouthpiece (Brookmeyer is writing many of the band's charts) into a solid, swinging organization.

The decision to move Ray Charles from the opening slot to the final spot, during the last-minute program reshuffling, was one of the wisest of the festival. Though the audience listened attentively to his instrumental tunes, there was a latent anticipation that erupted when he began to sing. By the time he had gone through three tunes, many persons were dancing in the aisles, yelling, clapping, snapping their fingers, and shouting responses to Charles' calls. This was happy and wild frenzy, and it came as a cold shock when the merrymakers looked up from their dancing and found that Charles had quietly made his exit. There was a groan of disappointment, then gratified applause, so that the Atlantic City Jazz festival ended not with a bang, as Newport had, but with a contented whimper.

The crowd made an orderly exit.

Whether or not there would be a 1961 Newport Jazz festival, it looked as if there would definitely be a 1961 Atlantic City Jazz festival. The oldest of U.S. jazz festivals might be dead; the youngest came into life with amazing strength and vigor. Said promoter Bernstein, with full cash registers, "I'm happy about the whole thing." 



NEWPORT THE MUSIC

By John S. Wilson

As far as it went, the Newport Jazz festival was really making it this year.

Before the beer-swilling street Arabs who had been loitering and littering the town all day finally clashed with the police the third night of the festival and panicked the city council into closing down the concerts, those who were sufficiently interested in jazz to go inside Freebody park had heard some of the best programming and production that the festival had offered in its seven years of existence.

On every side there was evidence that the festival authorities had made a perceptive reappraisal of their efforts of the past few years in the light of the increasing criticism that they had evoked. That they were determined to put on a jazz festival this year was apparent in their abandonment of their disturbing policy in recent years of booking nonjazz acts (the Kingston Trio, the Four Freshmen, Pat Suzuki) as crowd bait. The closest to this sort of booking this year was Dakota Staton, and she is not, strictly speaking, a nonjazz act. There are jazz roots in her singing although her projection of them is sufficiently insensitive to qualify her as a pop performer.

In the process of doing this, the festival authorities discovered that they had reached a point at which they could have their cake and eat it, too—that it wasn't necessary to offer a list of powerhouse names to draw a full house, that the festival itself had become more of a drawing card than specific names (the biggest crowd in Newport's seven-year history, approximately 15,000 on Saturday night, came to hear such minor to middling mass draws as Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Ray Charles, Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver, Miss Staton, Tyree Glenn, Harry Edison, and Georgie Auld).

Neither did the evening programs straggle on into the early morning hours as they frequently did in the past (an intentional exception to this was the Saturday night program which was deliberately kept going to 1:30 in the morning to keep the audience inside the park until the mayhem in the surrounding streets had subsided). The programs averaged about 3½ hours in length, a reasonable sitting time, and moved along smoothly. The morning programs of talk and demonstration, which have often been the highlights of past Newport festivals, were blended with the afternoon sessions this year. This was a welcome innovation not only because it changed the matinee sessions from rambling mish-mashes to well-structured programs but, more importantly, it allowed those who wanted to savor some of the finest moments of the festival to get needed late-morning sleep, and presented one of the most worthwhile aspects of the festival at a time when it could be conveniently attended by more people.

The opening program Thursday night augured well for the quality of this year's festival, although the audience, less than 5,000, was disappointing ("Tomorrow's a working day," festival officials alibied, peering uncertainly through their rose-colored glasses. "They'll get here for the weekend." End of unfortunate prediction.)

Marshall Brown's Newport Youth Band raised the curtain with a show of more polish and guts than their recent records have suggested. Brown has whipped this group into a clean, full-throated ensemble with a good feeling for dynamics. His soloists (Mike Abene, piano; Benny Jacobs-El, trombone; Harry Hall, trumpet; Andy Marsala, alto; and Ronnie Cuber, baritone) are impressive, considering that they are teenagers, although by top professional standards they are still limited improvisers.

Marsala, who has been Brown's protégé since the days of the Farmingdale High School Band, is moving away from his early Parker influence and is launched on a search for his own musical personality (he's now 17) which, at the moment, seems to have taken him to the fringes of Coltrane territory. He is a remarkably facile performer, as he showed when Cannonball Adderley joined him in an alto duet, *Party Line*, written by Ernie Wilkins. Cannonball played with the surging passion that one expects of him, and, although Marsala is scarcely as commanding a performer, he held up his end with admirable aplomb.

Adderley's quintet, following the youth band, gave the festival a roaring session of crisply urgent, vigorous blowing. Cannon himself was swinging strongly all the way (*Del Sasser*, Nat Adderley's *Work Song*, and Tadd Dameron's *Stay On It* made up their program), and Nat's trumpet work was sharp, biting, and properly pungent. The group projected waves of vitality, although Barry Harris' smooth but unemotional piano seemed pretty routine in such rousing company.

The Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet showed some of this same surging spirit at times later in the evening (most notably on *Bean Bags*), but the Jazztet reduced its impact considerably by rambling off on long turn-about solos which were not adequately sustained. *Mox Nix*, for example, opened with a strong ensemble and a stinging, neatly structured solo by Farmer. But then it slowly fell to pieces as Golson spewed out a frantic and aimless solo, which was not helped at all by Lex Humphries' busy, heedless drumming; Bernard McKinney followed with a long, stolid session on euphonium. This group has so much to offer—Golson's distinctive arrangements, its effective use of mutes and hats for the brass, Farmer's disciplined solos, and Golson's solos when they, too, are disciplined—that it is discouraging to hear it reducing itself to this sort of least common denominator.

Change of pace between the Adderleys and the Jazztet was provided by Nina Simone's excellent showmanship and keen sense of the dramatic. She is, of course, not exactly a jazz performer—or possibly one should say that she is a lot more than just a jazz performer, for her piano playing certainly has jazz coloration—but she is an exciting entertainer with sufficient valid jazz characteristics to justify her presence at a jazz festival.

After the Jazztet came Dave Brubeck with one of his better Newport performances. Paul Desmond, whose work has been erratic in the past year or so, seems to be the bellweather of the Brubeck quartet. When he is uninspired, the entire group is affected, largely because Brubeck seems to push harder, thus bringing out the worst side of his playing. But Desmond was in fine fettle this night, and Brubeck was showing more of his easy, graceful side than of his head-shaking thumping. Gene Wright and Joe Morello provided their usual consistent, strong foundation; Morello's drum feature was a model of witty and intensely rhythmic,

uncacaphonic solo construction.

Morello's drumming skill was, of course, anticipated. But when Rufus Jones came on next, drumming with Maynard Ferguson's band, the festival offered its first real ear-opening surprise. Jones is a tremendously vital addition to the Ferguson band. He charges the up-tempo numbers with rollicking, lifting rhythm that has the light, excited, verve of an exhilarated waterbug skittering across the surface of a pond. And when the band shifts to a ballad, he creates a wonderfully strong, pulsing foundation cushion.

The band as a whole is the soundest that Ferguson has led yet. There is still a tendency to try to overpower the audience—he threw four fast balls and only one change of pace at his Newport listeners—but the arrangements are showing greater internal variety and inventiveness.

Friday night's programing was as close to an ideal as one has a right to expect: three extremely different, top-flight groups—the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band, and the Louis Armstrong All-Stars—each given plenty of time to stretch out. But Fate wasn't letting Newport have any breaks this year. That night the rains came. It was pouring when Gillespie opened the program, and it was still pouring when Armstrong wound it up 3½ hours later. Despite this, some 8,500 persons not only showed up, but even stuck it out all the way under umbrellas, ponchos, soggy newspapers, or nothing at all. They even yelled insistently for more when Armstrong's group closed it up at midnight.

Armstrong played his usual program, varied only by the return of Barney Bigard on clarinet, and Gillespie was in his relaxed, polished, latter-day form.

It was Mulligan's group, however, that was the major point of interest. It played a program that was both reminiscent and adventurous. Some of the reminiscences came out of Mulligan's past—big band arrangements of pieces that had originated in his quartets, *Walkin' Shoes* and a rugged, charging version of *Blueport* in which the brass ensembles bit like a barracuda, as well as the *I Want to Live* theme. Another reminiscent sound was the rich, suspended ensembles, out of Claude Thornhill via Gil Evans, used on Django Reinhardt's rarely heard *Manoir de Mes Reves*, a sound which is to be an essential part of the Mulligan band's arsenal. The inclusion of this Reinhardt piece and another fine but neglected tune, Fats Waller's *Sweet and Slow* (in an appropriately finger-snapping arrangement by Al Cohn), is an indication of the unsteretyped thinking that is going into this band.

Mulligan, naturally, was his own prime soloist, but he got strong solo support from Gene Quill on alto (he plays clarinet most of the time in the reed section), particularly on an original, *Eighteen Carrots*, dedicated to Johnny Hodges, which made effective use in the opening and closing ensemble of what sounded suspiciously like a variant of an old Teddy Hill riff.

At this stage in its development, the band could stand strengthening in the solo department (Bob Brookmeyer gets featured billing but his solo contributions at Newport were routine) but in other respects it is a swinging, spirited band with a thoroughly individual approach.

The last evening program before the city council lifted the festival's entertainment license was the Saturday night concert which, as has been noted, played to a record-breaking audience. To say that it was the least satisfying of the three evening performances is no great rap, since the other two were unusually good. And this one had its moments.

The Horace Silver Quintet came on with a set that for sustained, intense drive far surpassed anything else heard at the curtailed festival. The group's very intensity, however, eventually became self-defeating because the senses

can be battered to a point at which they become unreceptive. Silver's quintet achieved some variety in its development of *Senor Blues* which, over the years, has acquired passages with a gently lyrical quality. But this was his opening number. From there on, all stops were out incessantly.

Ray Charles, after a desultory start by his band, took over the spotlight and worked up to a rocking, antiphonal performance which caught up the audience, generated responses, handclapping, and some dancing. For a few moments, it looked as though Charles might have touched off a dangerous spark, particularly in view of the pitched battle that was going on outside the park at the time. But the ushers (Pinkerton men) kept the more exuberant exhibitionists in line and Charles followed with a slow, soothing blues that held and settled the audience.

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross set out a generous assortment from their repertory, including several newly added Ellington numbers. Georgie Auld, playing with Tyree Glenn's bland quartet, reminded those who had forgotten that he is a very warm and flowing disciple of Lester Young; but Harry Edison, working with the same group, offered little but a few of his patented bleeps. Oscar Peterson scatted his way through a brief set that never got off the ground. And there was Miss Staton's shallow shouting.

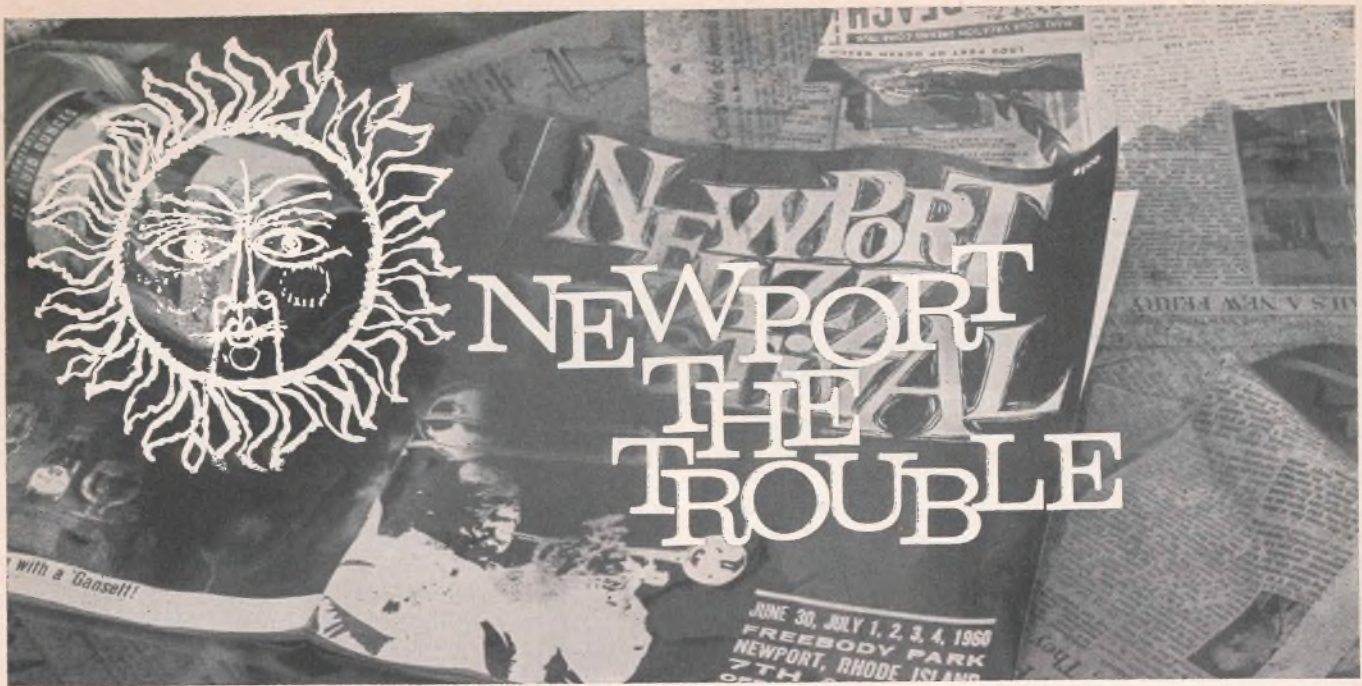
The afternoon programs organized by Marshall Stearns were planned to cover a generous area of jazz from stride piano on Friday to the doorstep of the future on Monday (Gunther Schuller with John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, and Bill Evans). But, of course, Monday never came for the Newport festival. So, in addition to stride piano, it boiled down to the blues (Sunday) and a rather unrelated program on Saturday focused on the Newport Youth Band (with commentary by Dom Cerulli on the big band situation) and including a mainstream set by a suave group with a front line consisting of Ruby Braff and Pee Wee Russell and a finale by Herbie Mann's Afro-Jazz group which was stirred to a tremendous head of steam by the African drummer, Michael Olatunji, whose flowing robes and decorated cap lent the group an air of authenticity.

The stride piano session on Friday afternoon was a mellow and heartwarming occasion not only because of the presence of Eubie Blake, a delightful and vigorous man at 77 who can still rip off some of his old rags with a lot of spirit, but because Don Lambert was lured from his cocktail hideaway, Wallace's, in West Orange, N. J. Lambert was born in the same year as Fats Waller (and that Waller student Bill Basie) and his piano work is remarkably similar to Waller's. He is a rollicking, tremendously rhythmic two-handed performer whose work deserves to be known to more than the limited few who drop into Wallace's for a taste. Good-time jazz lived again when Lambert and Blake romped through a four-handed version of *Charleston* (repeated by audience demand) backed by a string trio (Danny Barker, guitar; Bernard Addison, mandolin; Al Hall, bass) that added a few vaudeville touches to the program.

Willie (The Lion) Smith was also present, putting out a bit more than he usually does at concerts, showing how he re-wrote Chopin's *Polonaise* and singing *Ain't Misbehavin'* without removing his cigar from his clenched teeth. Rudi Blesh's narration and introductions were deftly informative, although he couldn't resist a few smug digs at postwar jazz.

If ever an organization which had suffered a barrage of critical blasts (not without justification) gave evidence of good intentions in responding to its critics, the Newport festival was in the process of doing it this summer. The tragedy and irony of this year's festival is that such a successful effort should have been destroyed by people who didn't know and, in most cases, didn't care whether the festival was good or bad.





By GENE LEES

(PHOTOS BY THE WRITER)

In general, the reporting job done by the lay press on the riot was fair and accurate. They told it as it was: some 12,000 adolescents, most of them drunken, rioted around Freebody park, a menace to the jazz fans and musicians who, inside the walls, went on with the business of the Newport Jazz festival, generally unaware that there was trouble outside.

Yet when the riot of besotted college kids was over, almost everyone in or close to the profession of jazz music recognized with helpless despair that youngsters with little or no interest in jazz and no purpose but to get drunk and bed down with members of the opposite sex, had given jazz its biggest black eye since it severed its early connection with the brothels of New Orleans.

"I can see it now," said one musician a few hours after the bludgeons of police and the Marine corps had reduced Newport to a queasy calm. "The New York News and the *Mirror* will have it all over the front pages. They'll say 'Jazz Fans Wreck Newport' or something like that."

The apprehension was justified.

Though most of the reporters did their work honestly and well, the headline writers did not. "Like Man, Newport Longhairs Give Jazz Cats the Broom," said one New York headline. "7 Jazz Fans Fined Over Riot at Newport," said another.

But the New York *Mirror*, justly famed for sensationalism, did the most damage, with an editorial that exposed its own astonishing out-of-touchness with American society within five words

of the start of its commentary.

"Sooner or later the hepcats had to go berserk in Newport," the *Mirror* said. "The Jazz Festival was, in many respects, a crazy idea . . . (It) is the only one in the world (Ed. note: 12 jazz festivals are scheduled in the United States this summer, and there are others at Cap d'Antibes on the French Riviera and elsewhere in Europe) and it attracts the votaries of jazz — Dixieland jazz, progressive jazz, and other manifestations of this form of music. They are mostly boys and girls who travel in slacks and sweaters, sleep where they can, neck on anyone's property, and end up in a riot so fierce that the Marines had to be called out to restore order.

"The reports have it that 12,000 youngsters rioted. That is a lot of youngsters, but the cause was music, not the world revolution. These kids wanted to hear jive."

So incredibly ill-informed was the *Mirror* that the editorial is not worth detailed correction. Suffice it to say that the New York News, the *Mirror's* arch-rival and enemy, has to some extent espoused the cause of jazz, sponsoring a pair of big jazz concerts at Madison Square Garden a few weeks ago. A newspaper with a truly well-developed sense of irresponsibility, like the *Mirror*, would not let damage to a major art form stand in its way if it saw an opportunity to make a thrust at its enemy. So let the *Mirror* editorial stand, misinformation, grammatical errors and all, and try for the moment to sort out the complex factors that led to the death of the Newport Jazz festival.

For the festival is indeed dead, at least as of this writing. George Wein, its director, said it was all over. In New-

port itself, however, there are citizens who think cancellation of the festival's license by the city was a serious error, and festival officials have filed a \$4,-000,000 lawsuit against the city over it. Some Newport people want the event back. It had put Newport on the map and pumped impressive sums of money into the town's economic arteries.

Indeed, some people were downright angry about the cancellation, including the hotel that got stuck with uncounted unsold gallons of lobster Newburg.

Still, for the nonce, the festival is officially dead. Just don't make any bets that there won't be a Newport jazz festival of some sort—whether under the same sponsorship and management or not—next year.

The seeds of decay for the festival were sown some time ago, and the first sprouts of trouble came up four years ago, when crowds of college kids arrived, bringing with them a negligible interest in jazz but a great deal of interest in beer, two or three cans of which was often sufficient to put a look of cow-like stupidity in their faces and rubbery uncontrol in their walks. Their presence was not discouraged by officials of the festival: their ticket money was as good as the next man's.

Indeed, Newport even courted their company: a so-called "blues" show in 1958 was, in fact, a rock-and-roll show. In 1959, there were such performers as the Kingston Trio and Pat Suzuki on the bill. Repeatedly this magazine warned that this type of non-jazz programming was encouraging the kind of crowd that could eventually collapse the whole jazz festival idea. So severe was the criticism that officials reformed Newport for 1960. There were no non-

jazz acts on this year's program.

In the issue of July 7, 1960, this magazine said:

"One of the problems that Newport has faced is its appeal to college-age youths as a place to ball it up. Attracted, in the view of many observers, by commercial acts pitched to sophomore tastes rather than an interest in jazz, such young persons made Newport a locale for general hell-raising last year. That reputation is established. Will the switch back to valid jazz artists eventually discourage ill-behaved youngsters from coming, turning Newport back to the jazz lovers who helped build it, and without whom it can't survive?"

"No one expects that this will happen in the first summer of Newport's 'reformation'—last year set the pattern too firmly with that element among the kids."

Ironically, that issue was on newsstands in Newport the night the kids killed the festival.

But the hell-raisers weren't the only problem faced by Newport. There was division of viewpoint among festival officials. And there was the problem of the Lorillards.

Louis and Elaine Lorillard, two members of posh Newport society, were the founders of the festival. Last year the Lorillard's were divorced. From that moment on, it was war. Mrs. Lorillard spoke out repeatedly against the festival, filing a suit against it, claiming it was a profit-making organization and she was entitled to her share, though the organization lost money last year with tours of the U. S. and Europe and was, according to George Wein, \$50,000 in debt when this year's festival began. So much did Mrs. Lorillard irk the festival (and publications trying to give an accurate report of her action against it) that she earned a reputation of sorts among journalists. "Watch that Elaine Lorillard," said one of them. "She throws lawsuits around like confetti."

It is a bitter irony that the Lorillards' marital problems should have any bearing whatsoever on jazz. But they did.

While Mrs. Lorillard was taking her various actions, both legal and verbal, against the festival, another resentment was building up: bassist Charles Mingus, whose career has known many frustrations, suddenly focused all his anger on the Newport festival. Somehow, Mingus saw in the festival a symbol of all those forces opposing him, keeping him from his rightful recognition—though in point of fact one of the chief impediments to his popularity is, simply, that lay audiences often find his music hard to understand.

Mingus's basic complaint was this: in the first year of the Newport festival, officials had urged him to play for them

cheap, on the grounds that they were just starting. He did so. As the years went by and the festival grew commercially more successful, Mingus continued playing the event but, he said, always for meager remuneration. Why wasn't he getting the money other groups were commanding?

Mingus apparently could not understand that the law of supply and demand, as deplorable as it may be, operates as inexorably in art as it does in business. A writer who is in demand can command excellent deals; one who is not is forced to take what he can get, even though his work may be more important and better than that of the man in demand. The same is true in painting—and in jazz. But Mingus felt he was in demand. He said his *Mingus Ah Um* album had sold 90,000 copies, a statement which prompted a smile from a Columbia records official who said, "Well, let's say it sold well. But 90,000 is a bit, shall we say, exaggerated."

Somehow, Mingus seemed to think, Newport was to blame for all his



Eager, Ware, Cherry, Benton, Taylor at 'rump' festival

troubles. He decided to start his own Newport festival. How to do it? Mingus said he contacted Nat Hentoff, sometime jazz writer and full-time opponent of almost everything. "Nat told me to get in touch with Elaine Lorillard," said Mingus. "He said she could introduce me to some people. So she got in touch with the owner of Cliff Walk Manor" (a resort-type hotel a few blocks from Freebody Park).

The owner of Cliff Walk Manor, a man named Nick Cannarozzi, agreed to help Mingus. A deal was made whereby Mingus and other musicians would hold a festival on the lawn of the hotel. The musicians would get the entrance fee; Cannarozzi would profit by stimulated business at the hotel and bar. George

Wein says that Cannarozzi approached him some time in the past, asking him to send festival musicians down to play free after the festival hours; Wein says he refused the request.

Mingus set to work with all the force of his prodigious energies and anger to organize the rival festival. He rounded up various musicians. He threw out a charge that the regular Newport festival was Jim Crow; Nat Adderley says that when he turned Mingus down, because Newport was treating him all right, Mingus accused him of having no "race pride". Nat demanded: "What the hell has race pride got to do with this?"

Mingus continued to level the charge, however. Just how thoughtlessly he threw it around became clear when vibist Teddy Charles arrived in Newport to work with Mingus in the festival.

"Did you get me a place to stay?" Charles asked.

"Oh man," said Mingus in a widely-quoted retort, "I can't get you a room in this damn Jim Crow town."

The line cracked everyone right up. Charles is white.

Mingus rounded up a great body of talent for his "rump festival," as one wag dubbed the Cliff Walk event. Working with him were Charles, Max Roach, Jo Jones, Wilbur Ware, Arthur Taylor, Ahmad Abdul-Malik, Kenny Drew, Kenny Dorham, Coleman Hawkins, Yusef Lateef, Ornette Coleman, and many others. Some were known as men of stability and intelligence. But several had reputations as men with problems—eccentrics, to be kind about it. All were men who command great respect as musicians within their profession; but a majority were men whose recognition has been more professional than popular. Some, like Wilbur Ware, were there "just to play." Others were men frustrated and furious because they know they are fine musicians and important artists but have not been able to make the magic breakthrough to the big money. In joining with Mingus, they were able to find an outlet for their justified resentments; whether they aimed it in the right direction is still an unsettled point.

The rump festival started day and hour with the regular Newport festival. There was no particular organization to it. On its first afternoon, the men just started blowing—on occasion, superbly.

Hastily assembled, unpublicized, it drew a sad little audience of 40 to 50 persons the first day. It continued in its unorganized fashion—jamming alternating with the Charlie Mingus group alternating with the Ornette Coleman Quartet. (Coleman, who reportedly had demanded more money than the regular festival would pay and had been turned down, was not so angry that he was

not negotiating to play it anyway. During the course of the rump festival, he and George Wein reached an agreement. Coleman said he was going to play the regular event on the Monday. As it happened, there were no Monday performances; city officials announced cancellation of the regular festival's license after the Saturday night riots).

Mingus continued making charges against the regular event, including that of Jim Crow. Several persons cautioned him to drop the charge: the majority of the musicians at the regular festival were Negroes. And, they pointed out, if a picture of George Wein and his wife were to turn up in any of the newspapers, Mingus could look ridiculous. Wein's wife, Joyce, is Negro.

Eventually the Jim Crow charge disappeared.

Then Mingus and the rump festival made the front pages. Mingus, after all his accusations against Newport, made an incredible move: he asked the regular festival to make a public endorsement of the Cliff Walk event; Wein de-



Wein at "His"

clined. Wein said later that during the course of that day, Mingus told him he was going to kill him "in front of 10,000 people" and throw acid in Louis Lorillard's face. "Acid, George! Not a gun. Acid in his face." That line hit the front page of the Newport *Daily News*, in another bit of dandy publicity for jazz Mingus later told this writer that he had not said "acid" but "ask 'im," meaning that he wanted Wein to ask Louis Lorillard about giving the rump festival help. Mingus said he had gone to see Wein with black pepper in his hand to throw in the faces of the festival officials. When I asked him what this would accomplish, he said, "Make them cough and sneeze and things."

The two festivals continued side by side, the musics from the two sometimes clashing in the air. On its peak night, the rump festival drew about 500 persons. New York columnist Bob Sylvester referred to the two festivals as "His and Hers". Elaine Lorillard came and went at "Hers," wearing the same ice-blue sunglasses and turquoise colored suit she had worn at last fall's Monterey festival, where she criticized the New-



port festival to anyone who was interested in listening. Over at the regular festival, Louis Lorillard came and went with a sadly bovine look on his face; at the rump festival, Elaine turned up here and there, from time to time smiling her stiff smile. Some of the musicians began wondering about the wisdom of the association. Even Mingus said:

"I wish Nat (Hentoff) hadn't introduced me to her. No, I can't say that. I like a lot of things about her. And she did introduce me to the club owner. I hope she isn't just using us."

Shortly after that, his anger was as intemperate as ever. A helicopter passed low over the lovely lawn of Cliff Walk, drowning the music. "Louis Lorillard's doing that to us," Mingus said to Canarozzi. "He hired them to spoil our festival."

The helicopter Lorillard had "hired" was painted fluorescent red and had "U. S. Navy" blazoned on its body. It was searching for someone lost in the surf (and apparently rescued later). It passed over both festivals.

Meantime the kids were pouring in to town. Wearing not slacks and sweaters, as the *Mirror* said, but pedal pushers or bermuda shorts and bright-colored T-shirts as a sort of trouble-making uniform, they began drinking their beer, scattering the cans on the street, and commencing their libertinism. A Newport teenager reported that a few of the boys were nude on the beach by then. A Newport fire department official said that in one instance, a young couple were engaged in the indoor sport outdoors in full daylight, with a crowd of half-plastered teenagers looking on. By 7 p.m. the boulevards and soft lawns were scattered with bottles, cans, and teenagers who had already passed out.

Police were later criticized for premature violence against them—with triggering the riots by moving in with billies and teargas when the kids had done nothing. This is nonsense. This writer witnessed three fights in walking from the Viking hotel to Freebody Park; one youngster threatened to take a poke at me because I was disinclined to take

a photograph of him.

The storm-laden atmosphere that was reached by 1 a.m. Saturday night last year was full-blown and still growing by 7 p.m. this year, and the first violence already beginning to crackle. One musician reported that an acquaintance of his, heading festivalward, heard a group of drunken youngsters say, "Hey, there's a nigger, let's get him." The musician's friend made tracks—fast.

It is an interesting sidelight to the festival that there were no Negroes among the trouble-makers.

Shortly after 9 p.m., the lid blew off. Clashes between police and the vast milling throng of young drunks began. A policeman fired teargas into one mob. It was, as a Providence newspaper reporter drily wrote, "the shot heard 'round the block." Part of the street mob tried to crash the gate of Freebody park but was driven back.

The Newport police force, with fewer than 100 men to handle the crowds, called for help. The Marine Corps sent reinforcements. So did the Navy. From little towns all around, policemen came—a carload of cops sometimes constituting a community's entire constabulary. Nightsticks swinging and teargas bombs bursting, they drove the crowds back.

Pianist Oscar Peterson, coming into Newport in his Mercedes-Benz sports car, heard a group of drunks yell, "Hey, look at the Mercedes." Peterson took off while the kids pursued, eventually got jammed up in traffic, providentially was recognized by a woman fan who lived nearby and was told he could leave his car on her property, and walked to the festival from there. A police escort took him back to his car to get his clothes, so he could go onstage.

With drummer Ed Thigpen and bassist Ray Brown, he went on to close the Saturday night event. The crowd was quiet and attentive. They had, to be sure, cheered somewhat excitedly for Ray Charles. But now they were quiet. Many of them said later that they had no idea what was going on outside. But Peterson had. He played poorly—poorly for him, that is.

So calm was Freebody park, in fact, that it seemed like the eye of a hurri-



cane. Sordid forces having nothing to do with jazz music were swirling around it. The college kids were smashing windows and throwing beer cars and bottles both empty and full in a queer commentary on the refining powers of contemporary education. "You could tell the students from Harvard and Yale," someone said later. "They were throwing only imported beer bottles."

Fate was moving ineluctably in on the Newport Jazz festival.

By 1 a.m. some semblance of order had been restored, though by no means complete calm. MPs, state troopers, Newport policemen and others, lined the main streets, nightsticks at the ready, keeping the crowds moving. Scores of rioters—none of whom had even seen the festival—were in jail for the night. The musicians prepared to go home.

They gathered their cars into a convoy for safety. It was almost as if they were going into battle. A cop opened the rear gate at the festival grounds. The cars went out in a line—Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Ed Thigpen, members of the Horace Silver group, musicians from the Ray Charles band, all wearing worried looks. The police helped them get onto the main road. They headed out of town. One of them said he would never play Newport again, even if there was another festival.

The city council assured that there would not be. In an emergency session on Sunday morning, the council announced that it was withdrawing the entertainment license of the festival. There would be no show that night. The decision was 4-3; the dissenting element included Mayor James L. Maher, who called the vote "a poor decision."

So did festival officials. They charged that Newport police had been woefully unprepared for the crowds, despite repeated warnings from festival officials and others and that once the trouble had begun, the police behaved in panic. They thought the decision to cancel the night's event was rash, that there was no reason why it could not go on as planned.

Certainly Newport by Sunday was a quiet place, except for the weird clanking rattle, something like that of a Sher-

man tank, of the big streetsweeping vehicles as they gobbled up thousands on thousands of beer cans in the gutters. The hooligan element had been driven out of town. It is possible that had the festival been permitted to go on, it would have been the most orderly evening the event had known in years.

But the decision was taken. Sunday afternoon's performance, devoted appropriately to the blues, was the last. The historical-minded may take note that if the Newport Jazz festival began on the evening of July 17, 1954, with a performance by Eddie Condon, it ended on the afternoon of July 3, 1960, with a performance by blues singer Muddy Waters.

Poet Langston Hughes wrote a blues for the event. Festival master of ceremonies Willis Conover told the audience of the city council's decision and said, "Instead of treating the sickness, they shot the patient. But the germs are still there."

Meanwhile, back at the rump festival, there was ill-concealed glee. Max Roach, a gracious master of ceremonies and one of the planners of the event, smiled a broad smile and said that Art Blakey would be with them tonight because he certainly wasn't going to be able to play Freebody park.

What Roach was smiling about, whether he was fully aware of it or not, was this:

The collapse of an event that, until it went wrong, had done much for jazz, and was now trying to right itself; the quaking of other festivals and possible collapse of those at Boston and French Lick from the tremors; the consequent disappearance of an important source of work and possible return to summer doldrums for jazz musicians; and a major public relations disaster that had seen jazz make headlines literally from coast to coast (including the front pages of the *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times*) in a context that suggested to laymen that the music is inflammatory and inextricably linked with drunkenness, licentiousness, and violence—the very impression all serious jazz artists and lovers of the art have been trying to eradicate for years.

If there was any doubt that the tremors had travelled the length and breadth of the jazz world, Monterey festival officials cleared it up with a hasty press release:

"Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the Monterey Jazz festival, Sept. 23-25, today (July 3) issued the following statement regarding the Newport riot:

"The riot in the city of Newport adjacent to the Newport Jazz festival has no more bearing or influence on the forthcoming Monterey Jazz festival . . . than a riot in Yankee stadium would

have on a Giants playoff in San Francisco's Candlestick park.

"It would be a great mistake for anyone to link this disturbance with jazz music and certainly with jazz festivals in general. During the two years of its existence, the Monterey Jazz festival has never encountered any difficulty whatsoever . . ."

It was a case of protesting too much. Lyons, by the very fact and tone of the release, indicated that even Monterey—the festival least like Newport and the most respected to date—was concerned, and perhaps downright worried.

And Lyons had not been so afraid of an association-by-implication with Newport earlier that week. On June 29, the Monterey festival's publicity office sent out a release nicely timed to fit with the festival publicity generated by Newport. "It is flattering and not a little gratifying," the release quoted Lyons, "to find older and more established jazz festivals such as Newport copying the pattern we created the past two years." Five days later, Lyons



Roach at "Hers"

evidently didn't find it so flattering and gratifying.

The Rev. Norman O'Connor of Boston, widely known as the "jazz priest", thought the collapse presaged the end of jazz festivals. Even the best of them, he thought, would sooner or later get caught in the economic trap wherein it is necessary to book more popular acts in order to make enough money for a festival to survive.

The rise of jazz to the recent heights of respect and recognition was concurrent with the rise of the festivals. There are those who think the festivals were one of the forces that helped get it this broad recognition. Now the whole structure was trembling and quaking. No one knew where it would end.

On the afternoon of July 4, Charlie Mingus sent an invitation to George Wein. He asked Newport festival officials to be his personal guests at the last performance of the rump festival. Now everybody was sorry, it seemed, and wanted to extend the hand of peace and consolation. Wein said he couldn't stay. He had to leave that afternoon for

Continued on Page 44

OUT OF MY HEAD



BY GEORGE CRATER

How do they start these things? Oh yes . . . "I know you won't have the guts to print this but . . ."

I too have a protest, and I intend to use the space this issue to put down *Down Beat*, the management, the jazz critics, the U.S. Post Office department (for the benefit of readers not "inside," this is a federal system established for the distribution of correspondence) and everyone concerned with the International Jazz Critics Poll, the results of which appeared in the last issue.

I've never claimed to be an international jazz critic. Not even a domestic one, in fact. I've never suggested that anyone was influenced by anyone. I've never answered the question, "What is jazz?" I've never analyzed Coltrane. I don't own a single Buddy Bolden record. I don't own an autographed picture of me sitting with a smile on my face, surrounded by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Mary Lou Williams, and Slim Gaillard. I don't think Ornette Coleman is the shape of jazz to come, and I hope to live to witness his maturity. I don't even have John Hammond's phone number!

If all that is true, obviously a serious jazz critic I'm not.

But when *Down Beat* sends ballots to practically everyone who owns a typewriter and not to me, baby I'm drugged! If I'd just *received* a ballot, I'm sure I would've let my serious-minded colleagues have their little field day. But since no one cared enough to send me a ballot (*or the very best*), I have no choice but to unleash my profound opinions in the column. Here, then, is the Crater International Jazz Poll:

Big band: Eugene Ormandy (new star: 13th U.S. Coast Guard Reserve Band, Butte, Montana).

Small group: Johnny Puleo (new star: "William Talman for President").

Arranger: J. S. Bach (new star: Dave Pell-Style Arrangements, Inc.).

Trumpet: Kirk Douglas (new star: Ziggy Shatz).

Trombone: Jack Lescoulie (new star: Lillian Briggs).

Alto Sax: Ornette Coleman (new star: Aldous Huxley).

Tenor Sax: Marcel Mule (new star: Marcel Mule's brother).

Baritone: Edmund Purdom (new star: Tallulah Bankhead).

Piano: Sugar Chile Robinson (new star: Cornel Wilde).

Guitar: Chet Atkins (new star: no choice).

Vibes: Minneapolis Swiss Bell Ringers (new star: Frank Minneapolis).

Bass: (no choice) (new star: Chet Atkins).

Drums: Sal Mineo (new star: Gene Krupa).

Flute: Bess Meyerson (new star: Betsy Palmer).

Miscellaneous Instrument: Dr. Frank Strange, scalpel (new star: Nurse Molly Byrd, forceps).

Miscellaneous Musician: Don Elliott (new star: Tony Graye).

Holding-their-Instruments-Correctly: Myron Floren (new star: Don Shirley, Jr.).

Male Vocalist: Jimmy Rushing (new star: Fidel Castro).

Female Vocalist: Blossom Sealey (new star: Blossom Dearie).

Vocal Group: Lambert, Hendricks, and Glick (new star: the American Legion).

If anybody's interested, I've got a tear gas bomb autographed by Oscar Peterson for sale . . .

Did you ever get the feeling that the *dishwashers* have a better union than the musicians?

It looks like that ad agency was right—"the hint of mint" did make the difference in Newport . . .

Those *Down Beat* Star File cards are groovy, except that I sorta miss the bubble gum . . .

Since Roland Kirk has won so much acclaim for playing *three* saxophones at one time, can you imagine the heights Joe E. Brown could reach? Between him and Martha Raye, they could put Stan Kenton out of business . . .

I think if I was a good singer and Louis Armstrong kept topping me in the critics polls, I'd do one of five things:

1. Learn to perspire.

2. Vote for Mel Tormé on drums in the reader's poll.

3. Poison Joe Glaser.

4. Cry.

5. Switch to miscellaneous instruments, and take my chances with Roland Kirk and his manzello and his strich.



deebie's scrapbook # 38



"This guy's got to have a special bass drum beater!"

in review

● RECORDS ● JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE ● BLINDFOLD TEST ● CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

Rating are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] mean stereo.

CLASSICS

Foss/Bergsma

[M] LUKAS FOSS *String Quartet No. 1*; WILLIAM BERGSMAN *Third Quartet*—Columbia ML-5476 Modern American Music Series.

Personnel: Juilliard String Quartet (in the Bergsma); American Art Quartet (in the Foss).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Foss is the talented pianist and composer who has been working to revive the practice of improvisation among classically trained chamber musicians—a project that might make a fascinating record. The present disc contains none of Foss' improvisational ideas but, instead, his youthful and immediately appealing *Quartet No. 1*, beautifully played and recorded.

Contrasted with Foss' lyric buoyancy is Bergsma's ruminative *Third Quartet*. In places, this latter work reminds one of Alan Hovhaness in its emphasis on repetition and subtle variation of rhythmic and melodic ideas. It is painstakingly constructed, and surprisingly mild and unassertive for the work of a young modern. Although it carries no impact, it leaves its own peculiar impression of sincerity and strength. (D.H.)

Jascha Heifetz

[M] JASCHA HEIFETZ—RCA Victor LM-2382: *Hungarian Dances Nos. 11, 17, 20*, Brahms; *Song Sonata*, Bennett; *Cod Liver 'Ile Suite*, Shulman; *Sabre Dance*, Khachaturian; *Caprices Nos. 13, 20*, Paganini-Kreisler; *Serenata Napoletana*, Sgambati; *Banjo and Fiddle*, Kroll; *Berceuse* from *Firebird*, Stravinsky; *Menuet* from *Sonatine*, Ravel-Roques; *Danse Fantastique No. 2*, Shostakovich-Glickman; *The Girl with the Flaxen Hair*, Debussy-Hartmann; *Hora Staccato*, Dinicu-Heifetz; *Havanaise, Op. 83*, Saint-Saens.

Personnel: Heifetz, violin; Emanuel Bay and Brooks Smith, pianos; (in *Havanaise*) the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

As an example of violin playing, this record rates five stars, but since the musical sugar content is so high, it cannot be endorsed completely.

Some of the numbers Heifetz resurrects here have not been heard since the heyday of the Longines Symphonette; many of the remainder, such as the Bennett sonata, are barely worth hearing. This is the sort of encore program that Kreisler fans used to love, and presumably there still is a market for it.

As indicated, the disc is a dazzling exhibition of fiddling from first to last and testifies to the preservation of Heifetz' technique. Still, in 1960, this collection of trivia and transcriptions has a musty sound. Especially hard to swallow is the Ravel *Menuet*, guaranteed to give vertigo to anyone who knows the piano original. (D.H.)

Ricci/Prokofiev

[S] PROKOFIEV VIOLIN SONATAS—London CS-6059: *No. 1 in D Major, Op. 19*; *No. 2 in G Minor, Op. 63*.

Personnel: Ruggiero Ricci, violin; L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Even if this were not the first record to couple these two Prokofiev concertos, it would be worth any collector's consideration. Ricci's style is just right for these works, and Ansermet backs him up strongly.

Stern and Oistrakh in the *D Major*, and Stern, Heifetz, and Kogan in the more familiar *G Minor* may be preferred to Ricci on interpretative grounds, but this is traveling in fast company for any violinist. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Ornette Coleman

[M] CHANGE OF THE CENTURY—Atlantic 1327: *Ramblin'*; *Free*; *The Face of the Bass*; *Forerunner*; *Bird Food*; *Una Muy Bonita*; *Change of the Century*.

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is, of course, the best of all the Coleman LPs issued so far and is the only one to which I can listen with any degree of pleasure at all. So much for that sort of comment, except that I might add that the use of the a priori propaganda of titles like *Change of the Century* and *Shape of Things to Come* reminds me more of Stan Kenton and his "Forwardism" than anything else.

This LP, like all the others, consists of original compositions by Coleman in which there is trumpet-alto ensemble, trumpet solo, alto solo, exchanges, and, now and then, solos by the bass and drums.

Since we don't know the tunes themselves (and one observation I would like to make is that I will be surprised if a great many of these tunes become standard jazz vehicles even to the extent of being played by the fledglings in their emulation of the latest word), we don't know if the various shiftings, etc., take place all the time.

If you don't know the reference, you can't get the real point.

I would suggest that this music is part of the general revolt against the bop cliché, the endless routinizing of tunes, the orthodox solo pattern, and the general stagnation into which the newcomers in jazz have been mired for a couple of years now. (The major forces make their own rules.) It may or may not be the music of the future; only time will tell that. But it is symptomatic of a new wind ablowin' just as Kerouac, the Tokyo riots, Absolute

Beginners, and La Dolce Vita are symptoms of new things.

It would be helpful for evaluation even now if there were an LP of the group playing standards. Then there might be some clue for us tin-eared critics. As it is, there's nothing to do but face the music squarely—if you will forgive me. So my reaction, after numerous hearing of this LP, is the following:

I do not think that this is what Ornette Coleman will sound like when he has perfected his style. He is, after all, one of the few major contributors (if he is a major contributor) not to come completely formed (as Lester Young, Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk did) to recording. We are watching the thing work out here. If this is what he wants to sound like ultimately, I am sorry, but it is an annoying and unmusical sound to my ears.

In *Ramblin'*, for instance, I find the echoes of the street bands like the Jenkins Orphanage Band of the '20s rather than any bow to the Bird's word. In *Una Muy Bonita*, by far the most attractive tune, there is a kinship between the playing and the overtones of Spanish music that is surprising.

All in all, I find the tunes difficult to judge and the playing of Coleman himself highly individual, highly erratic and harsh, and sometimes ingenuously winning.

He and Cherry obviously improvise together with facility and empathy that is not all surprising, since they have worked together so long. Just as on the other LPs, I feel that Cherry is the only one who knows or senses what Coleman is up to at any given point. Not that the others don't fit. They do, or rather the pattern is one that allows them to *sound* as if they do, and no one knows if they are successful in Ornette's terms or not, only whether or not the over-all effect is good.

Again, I say I cannot listen, except to *Ramblin'* and *Una Muy Bonita*, for personal pleasure—and not much then.

But this does not mean the LP or the total body of work is unimportant. It obviously is. And in my opinion, it marks the turning point away from the ultimate extension of swing into bop and is another indication of possible new directions for part of jazz to take, along with John Lewis and Gunther Schuller's "new music", John Coltrane, Monk, Sonny Rollins, Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, and the others who are attempting to create a music that is still jazz but is more free of the restrictions inherent in swing-bop than what has been done so far.

Of course, for musical value, there's always Duke Ellington. (R.J.G.)

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Terry Gibbs

☐ STEVE ALLEN PRESENTS TERRY GIBBS AT THE PIANO—Signature SM 6007: *Stretchin' the Blues; You Go to My Head; Fickle Fingers; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Cherokee; Country Boy; For Keeps; Easy Blues; Shufflin' Blues; Lover Man; The Way You Look Tonight; Airmail Special.*
Personnel: Gibbs, Donn Trenner, Steve Allen, pianos; unidentified guitar, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The two-finger piano technique that Gibbs employs may be a gimmick, but the music he makes is definitely valid. Terry plays happy, swinging jazz in a mixture of the Count Basie tradition, Charlie Parker, and Bud Powell.

Trenner of the Les Brown Band is the accompanying pianist for most tracks. Allen is on a couple. He fails to designate where in his liner notes, but it would be safe to assume that Allen is on *Shufflin'*.

The guitar, bass, and drums, playing supporting roles, are not named. Is Allen trying to pull a Norman Granz? The guitar is probably Herb Ellis, since his tune, *Country Boy*, is included. Whoever the others are, they swing. The bassist has a big sound. Could he be Al McKibbon?

There are some pretty tunes here, such as the minor-keyed *Country Boy* and Gibbs' collaboration with his wife, Donna, *For Keeps*. Good blues are to be heard in *Stretchin'* and *Things*. On the ballads, *Head and Lover Man*, Terry keeps things moving in that won't-sit-still style of his, but he is at his best on the real swingers. *Fickle Fingers* drives like mad, and Terry really tears 'em up on *Cherokee*. On these swiftly paced tracks, there is a definite parallel with the Lionel Hampton of *Central Avenue Breakdown*.

It is obvious that Gibbs enjoys playing. This helps immeasurably in communicating the happy excitement. As a result, everyone has a ball.

One drawback is that Gibbs stays almost exclusively in the upper reaches of the piano. This can get a bit monotonous, although not as obviously so as the shuffle rhythm on *Shufflin'*. (I.G.)

Ahmad Jamal

☐ HAPPY MOODS—Argo LP 662: *Little Old Lady; For All We Know; Pavaane; Excerpt from the Blues; You'd Be So Easy to Love; Time on My Hands; Raincheck; I'll Never Stop Loving You; Speak Low; Rhumba No. 2.*
Personnel: Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This one left me in a pretty unhappy mood despite the fact that it was well executed. So many jazzmen have listed Jamal as one of their first sources of inspiration. It is more than mildly disappointing, therefore, to hear this artist collapse into a sea of pretty clichés, pyro-dynamics, and technical chicanery.

There are occasional flashes of thoughtful creativity throughout. *Old Lady* is one, portions of *Blues* is another. The album swings quite satisfactorily. However, there is that uncomfortable bounce created by the brief piano stabs by Jamal punctuated by Fournier's bass drum.

Crosby is uncompromising in his taste, and he continues as the sparkplug of the group.

In case you hadn't noticed, consider that one cute little tune, *Time*, has only the opening chorus and a "closing vamp"; that *Loving You* has some awfully cute

quotes from *Over the Rainbow*; that *Rhumba No. 2* has some very cute trills and frills, and that the playing time runs exactly 36 minutes and 36 seconds (isn't that cute?) All this considered, the album is just a little *too* cute for jazz. It is a first-rate contribution, however. (B.G.)

Paul Horn

☐ ☐ SOMETHING BLUE — Hifjazz J615: *Dun Dunee; Tall Polynesian; Mr. Bond; Fremptz; Something Blue; Half and Half.*

Personnel: Horn, alto saxophone, flute, clarinet; Emil Richards, vibes; Paul Moer, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Horn has conceived and brought forth an album filled with light and air, flowing with color. This illusion of floating on a cloud is achieved by surrounding Horn's lead, usually on flute, with vibes and piano. Unfortunately, this rich sound is varied little throughout the album, giving the LP an aura of sameness. It's as if an artist painted one pastel landscape over and over—lovely but a bit repetitious and marshmallowy.

Another drawback to the album is its similarity to Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue* release of a year or so ago. Even the titles of the two efforts are quite close. On *Mr. Bond*, Horn's alto takes on definite Cannonball-with-Miles characteris-

tics, making the comparison stronger yet. Although the album has these weaknesses, it has strong points that far outweigh them. Not the least of these positive features is the playing of Horn.

His flute work is especially noteworthy. It drives and pushes without becoming raucous or distasteful. His rich tone is enhanced by a perfectly controlled vibrato, a vibrato which he varies from fast to very slow, depending on the effect he desires. His flute playing reaches a passionate peak on Moer's lovely ¾ *Polynesian*. He plays clarinet on only *Something Blue*. His clarinet is in the classical tradition—pure tone, no vibrato. But he escapes the coldness that usually envelopes this style when used in jazz by not being caught up in a meaningless display of fast fingers.

Richard plays exceedingly well on this session. He is one of the few vibraharpists who is not trapped in Bags' groove. He's developing a quite personal mode of expression, one that's more of a synthesis of styles rather than an aping of a particular one. Listen to his flurry-of-notes entrance on *Dunee*.

The rhythm section is not just a cooking one but is also an integral part of what's happening in the front line. Bond is a soloist of worth as well as being a

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Helen Humes (vocal) (Contemporary M-3571)
Freddie Redd, music from *The Connection* (Blue Note 4027)
Various Artists, *One World Jazz* (Columbia WS 314)

★ ★ ★ ★

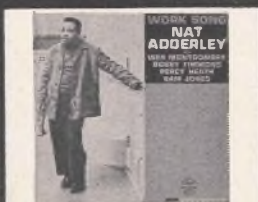
Nat Adderley, *Work Song* (Riverside RLP 12-318)
Mose Allison, *Transfiguration of Hiram Brown* (Columbia CL 1444)
Frank D'Rone (vocal) *After the Ball* (Mercury MG 20586)
Red Garland Trio and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis (Prestige Moodsville Vol. 1)
John Handy, *In the Vernacular* (Roulette Birdland R 22042)
Jimmy Heath, *The Thumper* (Riverside RLP 12-314 and 1160)
Woody Herman's Big New Herd at the Monterey Jazz Festival (Atlantic 1328)
Earl Hines, *Earl's Pearls* (MGM E 3832)
Stan Kenton, *Standards in Silhouette* (Capitol ST 1394)
Wes Montgomery-Harold Land, *Montgomeryland* (Pacific Jazz Stereo 5)
Jelly-Roll Morton Plays and Sings (Riverside RLP 12-133)
Oscar Peterson, *Swinging Brass with Oscar Peterson* (Verve MG V-8364)
Mavis Rivers, *Hooray for Love* (Vocal) (Capitol T 1294)
This Here Is Bobby Timmons (Riverside RLP 12-317)
Tommy Turrentine (Tim T/70008)
Various Artists (reissue) *Singing the Blues* (RCA-Camden CAL 588)
Phil Woods-Gene Quill: *Phil Talks with Quill* (Epic LN 3521).
Si Zentner (dance), *Suddenly It's Swing* (Liberty D-LST 7139).

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It occurs to us that, without our having particularly planned it that way, large chunks of the RIVERSIDE catalogue offer an excellent practical definition of SOUL in its various aspects. There is, above all, the most soulful music of CANNONBALL ADDERLEY (for details, turn the page); and there is the startlingly new BIG SOUL-BAND sound of JOHNNY GRIFFIN (for details, turn two pages). And there is this whole host of RIVERSIDE albums and artists, to help you discover precisely what SOUL MUSIC is all about —



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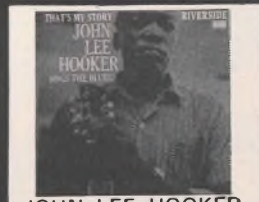
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rock-solid section hand; his solos on *Polynesian* and *Mr. Bond* are especially well put together. Higgins is given more solo space than is usually allotted a drummer on sessions such as this, but he uses the space to show he is deserving of the new talent International Critics poll award, though he is better in section than in solo work.

If this is an indication of the goal Horn is working toward, I can but wish him godspeed. (D.DeM.)

Horace Parlan

MOVIN' & GROOVIN'—Blue Note 4028: *C Jam Blues*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Up in Cynthia's Room*; *Lady Bird*; *Bags' Groove*; *Stella by Starlight*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *It Could Happen to You*.

Personnel: Parlan, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

There is no pussyfooting around and feeling their way in. This group plunges right in, no holds barred.

Parlan, first of all, is a technically competent pianist, which is saying a lot in view of the new crop of sloppy, inadequate pianists who flounder under the guise of "soulful brothers."

Next, Parlan does possess that rare ability to communicate sincerely and effectively. His almost ponderous funky grooves sound honest, though a trifle monotonous.

This album is also within the realm of good taste. Groovy though he may become occasionally, Parlan is never offensive, and when the funk becomes too heavy, he lightens the load brilliantly with respectable, clean-cut, incisive phrases.

The album is well conceived, the material is varied and the level of performance is consistently high. Parlan should become a prominent figure in jazz. (B.G.)

Herb Pilhofer

THE HERB PILHOFFER TRIO—Argo LP 657: *Valse Hot*; *Sweets*; *More Than You Know*; *The Duke*; *My Ship*; *Trio*; *Ship Without a Sail*; *Isn't It Romantic*; *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *Godchild*.

Personnel: Pilhofer, piano; Stuart Anderson, bass; Dale Olinger, guitar.

Rating: ★★★

Add a dash of Red Norvo Trio to a cup of J. S. Bach, sprinkle with just a dash of Impressionism, cook at a low temperature, and the result is an attractive dish that tastes of all the ingredients but has no flavor of its own. This rather strained metaphor pretty well expresses my impression of the Pilhofer group.

The leader's piano chatters and snarls on most of the up-tempo tracks but is void of much feeling on either ballads or the stronger takes. His unaccompanied, out-of-tempo parts on *Spring* sound empty and have a flat taste.

Olinger is a blend of Raney and Farlow, but is generally more satisfying as a soloist than Pilhofer. On several tracks he uses a bongo effect that was popular during the old Norvo Trio days but has since become dated and not a little nerve-racking.

Anderson has the tough job of maintaining the time and swinging his compatriots at the same moment without any help. He pulls it off successfully, but his few solo spots are rather lifeless.

Now that the nasty and distasteful chore of pinpointing individual faults is

over, let's swing the spotlight on the group's saving graces. Above any individual shortcomings, these three men are a *group*—one of the mostly closely and smoothly integrated trios of this sort that I've ever heard. The way Pilhofer and Olinger almost imperceptibly pick up where the other leaves off is remarkable. This flowing-into and meshing with one another is especially effective on *More*.

If these men don't arrest their development at this bits-and-pieces-of-others stage and start to grow as individuals, they could develop into something of significance. Perhaps the next Pilhofer album will see the promise hidden beneath the faults of this LP brought to fruition.

(D.DeM.)

EDUCATIONAL

Berklee School Students

JAZZ IN THE CLASSROOM VOL. 4—Berklee Records: *Dilemma*; *Three for All*; *Summer Day*; *Back Bay*; *A Ballad for Me*; *Blues Before and Because Of*; *By My Side*; *Pamela*; *Lonely Horn*; *Free Forms*; *New Life*.

Personnel: Herb Pomeroy (faculty), conductor; Everett Longstreth (faculty), Ed Armour, Paul Kelly, Gerald Lamy, Alan Ware, Jack Weaver, trumpets; Keith Davy, Michael Gibbs, Jack Wertheimer, Dick Wright, trombones; Wright, bass trumpet; Dick Johnson (faculty), Ted Casher, John Cieslak, Bob Seastrom, Barry Ullman, saxes; Gary McFarland, vibes; Bob Clear or Don Skea, piano; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Tony Teixeira, bass; Butch Axsmith or Harry Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

First, let it be made clear that the rating of this album is *not* based on any easier system for young student musicians; these young men gained the rating just as Basie or Ellington gain theirs—by competition and comparison with all comers. Although this LP is in an educational category, it can stand its ground as good big band swinging in almost anybody's book.

The arrangements — by McFarland, Szabo, Wright, Cieslak, Teixeira, Don French, and Dick Loven—are all skillfully done, generally in good taste, and well conceived. The band sounds extremely well-rehearsed; the only out-of-the-ordinary raggedness shows up in *By My Side*.

Johnson is the main soloist, appearing as an altoist for the most part but revealing a seldom-heard talent for clarinet in *Ballad for Me*. Wright on bass trumpet, while lacking fire, is promising.

But the outstanding soloist is *Down Beat Hall of Fame* scholarship winner McFarland. His vibe work is marked by a lyricism quite charming in its poignancy. His writing—the best thematically of the date—plus his excellent playing adds up to a talent worth keeping an eye on.

The two small-group tracks, *Forms* and *Pamela*, fall below the level of the big band takes. *Forms* is frankly experimental with no format set in advance; the soloists are not entirely at ease and seem to be grasping for ideas and continuity. *Pamela*, a ¾ ballad by McFarland, is played by vibes, guitar, and bass. Although the theme is quite pretty, the group tends too much to imitate the Red Norvo Trio.

The most satisfying band track is Cieslak's Basieish *Blues*; his sax scoring is very effective with its wiggly slurs. Honorable mention should go to McFarland's Miles-flavored *Back Bay*.

In essence, a fine album for budding

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musicians to study (a useful score book is available) and big band fans to take hope from. As long as there are young men of this caliber and enthusiasm around, big bands will not die. (D.DeM.)

VOCAL

Jackie Paris

■ **JACKIE PARIS SINGS THE LYRICS OF IRA GERSHWIN**—Time 70009: *Girl of the Moment; The Girl That Got Away; Let's Take a Walk Around the Block; This Is New; There's No Holding Me; Sure Thing; For the Life of Me; Long Ago and Far Away; That Moment of Moments; My Ship; Fun to Be Fooled; One Life to Live.*

Personnel: Paris, vocals; Irving Joseph, piano; Joe Wilder or Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Spencer Sinatra or Phil Bodner, flute; George Ricci, Harvey Shapiro, Alan Shulman, cellos; Gene Orloff, violin; Barry Galbraith, Al Casamenti, guitars; Eddie Costa, vibes, xylophone; Joe Benjamin or George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip or Roy Haynes, drums; Bob Rosengarden, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

"Jackie Paris is a choice singer." "Jackie Paris is a choice singer." "Jackie Paris is a choice singer."

Believing that if I said it often enough, it would be so, I made the three charmed sayings. But this album lay right there, refusing to get off the ground, making a mockery of the time-worn belief. It is one thing to take it easy on a date and an altogether different matter to relax into inertia.

Granted, the Gershwin lyrics are primarily show tunes and often require all the tinsel trapping to convey their impact. However, this most ordinary hodgepodge really does a great injustice to both Gershwin and Paris.

Intonation has long been a problem with this singer, and *This Is New* and *Long Ago* especially find him often painfully and obviously at variance with the band. It is difficult to imagine the beautiful *My Ship* as a musical casualty; yet Paris strikes a devastating off-key blow both times he attempts to return from the bridge to the last eight.

In spite of all this, I firmly believe he has potential. His articulation is marvelous; his phrasing is good; he works wisely and well within the confines of his vocal range.

But another handicap to be faced in this instance is the fact that the arrangements are not the best and the three groups that back him seem only superficially sympathetic.

Gershwin and Paris got a pretty unfair shake from this album, because, like I heard, Jackie Paris is a choice singer.

(B.G.)

Mel Torme

■ **MEL TORME SWINGS SHUBERT ALLEY**—Verve MG V-2132: *Too Close for Comfort; Once in Love with Amy; A Sleepin' Bee; On the Street Where You Live; All I Need Is a Girl; Just in Time; Hello, Young Lovers; The Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Old Devil Moon; Whatever Lola Wants; Too Darn Hot; Lonely Town.*

Personnel: Torme, vocals; Marty Paich, piano, arranger, leader; Art Pepper, alto saxophone; Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone; Bill Hood, baritone saxophone; Stu Williamson, Al Porcino, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Vince DeRosa, French horn; Red Callender, tuba; Joe Mondragon, string bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★½

There can be little doubt that this will rank as one of the best jazz-based vocal albums of 1960. Torme has outdone himself this time and is helped by the pen

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THE BIG SOUL-BAND

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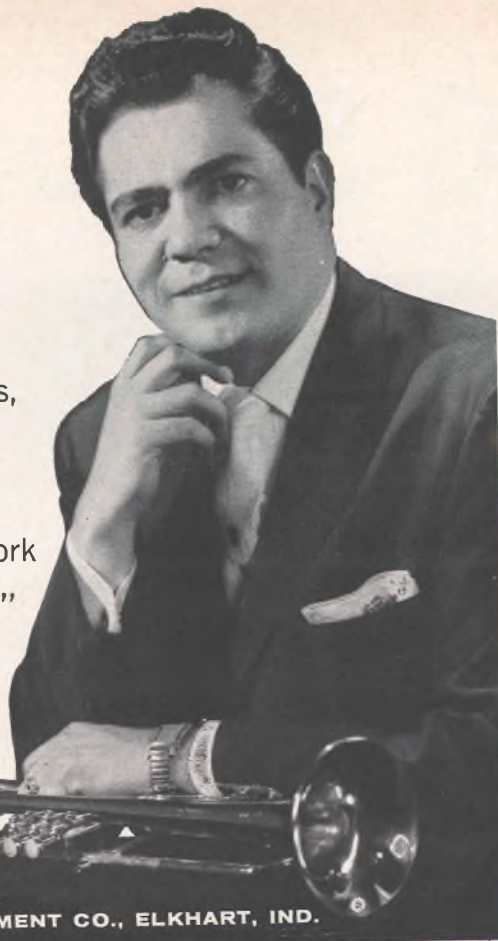
The vibrant and large-scale sound heard here is one that achieves much of its dynamic and deeply-moving newness by reaching back to the roots and soul of jazz. It makes excitingly emotion-charged modern use of such fundamentals as spirituals, blues, and gospel-imbued jazz. This is also big music; the rich, bursting full sound of brass and reed sections. For the very first time, a truly big-band sound has been dramatically merged with the soulful earthiness of the stirring new jazz of the 1960s — music that combines down-home funk with the aggressive surge of the big city.

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It never has been enough for Tormé merely to sing verse and lyric to an accompaniment and leave it at that. He always has had to participate directly in the arrangement itself, augmenting the instrumental lines by using his voice virtually as an additional horn. So sensitive is his taste in so doing that the arranger never need worry about the propriety of his ad libs. This is truly jazz singing, and it is evident throughout this album.

Altoist Pepper carries the main solo burden here and is heard blowing statements of varying lengths on five of the tracks, *Too Close*, *On the Street*, *Hello*, *Lola*, and *Hot*. He is in great form, and the album's value is greatly increased by his presence. *Bee* and *All I Need* have nice tenor breaks by Perkins, and *Just in Time* concludes with a Williamson trumpet figure over a rich, fat ensemble chord. Callender's tuba part in *Amy* is effective and humorous, and Tormé's last word on this track is a left-field lick from *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* that couldn't be more perfect.

Without Paich's writing, this album would be by far the poorer. Working with the instrumentation at hand, he has craftily woven some of the best — and swingiest — vocal backgrounds ever recorded. Note his carefully controlled dissonance on *Old Devil Moon* as an example.

Tormé never has sounded better, and that's going some. His voice is warm, rich, and pure, a mature vocal instrument. His perceptive phrasing is sheer delight. And his treatment of the Leonard Bernstein gem from *On the Town*, *Lonely Town*, cuts the Sinatra version. Get this.

(J.A.T.)


FOLK

Various Artists

PRISON WORKSONGS—Louisiana Folklore Society LFS A-5: *Berta* (Big Louisiana, Reverend Rogers, Roosevelt Charles); *Take This Hammer* (Guitar Welch, Hogman Maxey, Andy Mosely); *Stewball* (Rogers, Big Louisiana, Jose Smith); *Five Long Years for One Man* (Odea Matthews); *Alberta*, *Let Your Bang Grow Long* (Welch, Maxey, Mosely); *I Had Five Long Years* (James Russell and Gang); *Early in the Morning* (Johnny Butler and Gang); *All Teamed up in Angola's Mule Lot* (Charles, Arthur Davis, Big Louisiana); *I Got a Hurtin' in My Right Side* (Willy Rafus and Gang); *Let Your Hammer Ring* (Big Louisiana, Rafus, Davis); *Cleanin' This Highway* (Mosely, Butler); *John Henry* (Welch, Maxey, Robert Pete Williams); *Something Within Me* (Matthews); *Jesus Cares* (Murray Macon).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ANGOLA PRISON SPIRITUALS—Louisiana Folklore Society LFS A-6: *I'm on My Way* (Andy Mosely accompanied by Robert Pete Williams, guitar); *Church on Fire with the Word of God* (Williams, vocal, guitar); *What Shall I Do?* (Guitar Welch, vocal, guitar); *Brother Norah* (Willy Rafus, Edward James, Ollis Brown, Burnel Jones); *Little School Song* (Tom Dutton accompanied by Williams); *Dyin' Soul* (Williams, vocal, guitar); *Let My People Go* (Roosevelt Charles); *So Much Is Happening in the News* (Williams, vocal, guitar); *Dig My Grave with a Silver Spade* (Dutton accompanied by Williams); *Brother Mosely Crossed the Water* (Mosely, vocal, washboard; Hogman Maxey, guitar); *I'm Stranded on the Banks of the Ole Jordan* (Willy Joe, Charles, James, Willy McGee); *I'm Goin' Back with Him When He Comes* (Williams, vocal, guitar); *The*

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Old Ship of Zion (Rev. Benjamin E. Osborne and Congregation).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

These two albums are reviewed together not only because they were both recorded at Louisiana's Angola prison by more or less the same inmates, but more importantly, because they are indicative of important sociological changes and portray interesting psychological aspects of the Negro in the south, in or out of prison.

The jazz fan will be struck by the similarity of this music and that produced by the back-to-the-land modernists. It's no accident. These are the roots of Negro music—not just jazz.

As the Negro progressed from plantation to city and some sort of acceptance, he also has progressed from a rejection of

self as Negro to acceptance of self as a man with a rich cultural background. This is more clearly seen in the work of the modernists than in that of the traditional jazzmen, who were of a generation fighting for acceptance in a white society. The older jazzmen, thus, had to play down the folk undertones. Only in the rural blues singers — Blind Lemon Jefferson, for example — were these roots exposed. Now with the return of pride in his heritage, the Negro jazzmen can produce music stemming directly from these folk roots.

The worksongs album notes — a mimeographed booklet — point out that these songs are sung by the older prisoners, for the most part, not by the young unfor-

tunates. The young men reject these songs as being Uncle Tomish and plantation flavored. And, in a way, they are. They are also a rational means of coping with a frustrating situation: prison and white supremacy. The songs are *not* an acceptance of inferiority; there is a strong, thinly veiled protest strain running through them.

The prisoners also escape through the songs' imagery and symbolism. The name Berta (or Alberta or Roberta) comes to symbolize woman, sometimes in an idealized state, other times in reality. Berta will plead my case before a judge; Berta is a sweet-loving woman; Berta is that bitch that made me go wrong. The captain or boss is the white man in the dominant position — the man to placate, the evil to escape from. "Take my hammer an' take it to the captain; tell him I'm gone, Lawdy, tell him I'm gone."

A deeper sociological meaning is evident in the young inmates' rejecting the worksong as a means of expression: these songs emphasize working together, helping one another get a stinking job over with. In a word, group action. Can the rejection of such songs indicate that the younger generation of southern Negroes is drawing away from collective action in forced-work situations? The spread of industrialization and consequent urbanization may be destroying the group-mindedness that has marked the behavior of the southern rural Negro. There is, after all, growing dissatisfaction with the passive-resistance movement.

These changes in social consciousness, if they are true, give the worksong album an even greater value than the music alone does.

After the older generation passes, there may be no one to carry on the tradition. This would be a great loss to folk music, for these songs, as heard in the album, are full of pathos and a sort of glowing inner beauty.

Most are in free verse or a mixture of free verse and rhyme, giving the singer much leeway in expressing his emotions of the moment. The song is usually built on a minor chord, forcing the artist to achieve musical variations by rhythmic emphasis or de-emphasis. This gives the music a rich rhythmic plasticity, which the singer can compress or expand, as he sees fit.

This freedom (still another socio-psychological aspect) is also evident in the religious-song collection. The best example is *The Old Ship of Zion*. The preacher — and he is a preacher in the true sense of the word — berates and accuses in a chantlike sermon. His use of short-word phrases builds in rhythmic impact until preacher and congregation burst into song.

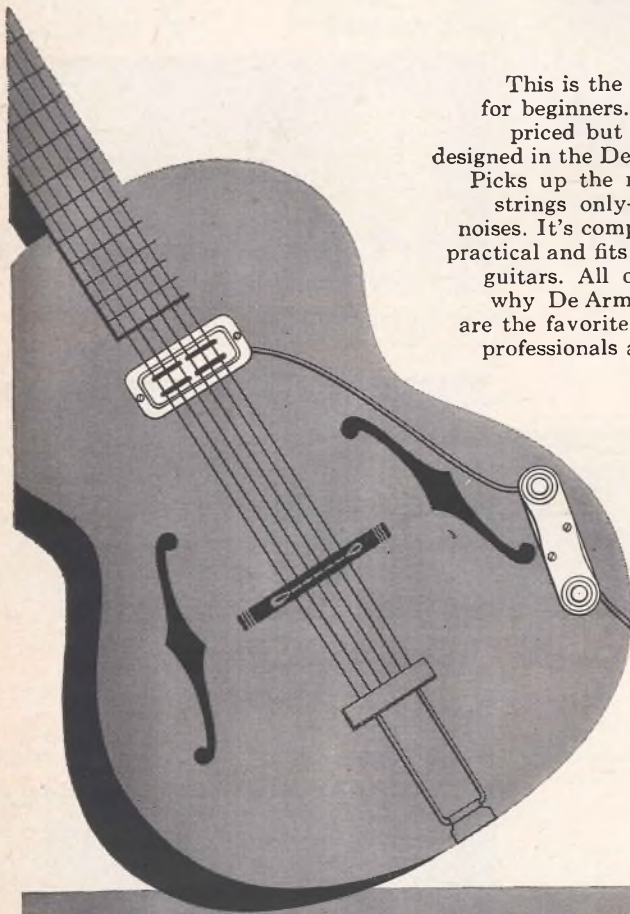
Another excellent example of talk-song is Williams' topical spiritual *So Much Is Happening*. He uses current events to make his point. His roughhewn guitar becomes not just an accompanying instrument but another person entering into his song.

Again, the protest and escape of the worksong carry over into the religious song. When Williams sings of "goin' back with Him when He comes," he's not just

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speaking in the religious sense. And what Caucasian can escape a sharp pang of guilt when the congregation sings, "Jesus is on our side"?

The albums are available from Folk-Lyric Recording Co., 3323 Morning Glory, Baton Rouge, La. They're an invaluable addition to any serious folk or jazz collection. (D.DeM.)

NEW JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records. Reviews will appear in future issues of *Down Beat*.

Gene Ammons, *Light, Bluesy and Moody* (Mercury **M** MGW 12156)

Les Brown, *The Swingin' Sound* (Signature **M** SM 1019)

Dave Brubeck Quartet, *The Riddle* (Columbia **M** CL 1454)

Joe (Fingers) Carr, *The World's Greatest Ragtime Piano Player* (Warner Bros. **M** and **S** WS 1386)

Ray Charles, *The Genius Hits the Road* (ABC-Paramount **M** ABC-335, **S** ABCS-335)

Wild Bill Davis, *Dance the Madison* (Everest **M** and **S** SDBR 1094)

Ella Fitzgerald, *Ella in Berlin* (Verve **M** MB V-4041, **S** MG VS-6163)

Panama Francis and his Orchestra, *The Beat Behind the Million Sellers* (ABC-Paramount **M** ABC-333, **S** ABCS-333)

Erroll Garner, *The One and Only Erroll Garner* (Columbia **M** CL 1452)

Jimmy Giuffre, *Western Suite* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1330)

Johnny Griffin, *The Big Soul-Band* (Riverside **M** RLP 12-331, **S** 1179)

Tiny Grimes with Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, J. C. Higginbotham and Ray Bryant, *Callin' the Blues* (Prestige-Swingville **M** 2004)

Blind Lemon Jefferson, *Blind Lemon Jefferson: Vol. 2* (Riverside **M** RLP 12-136)

Bill Jennings with Jack McDuff, *Glide On* (Prestige **M** 7177)

Hank Mobley, *Soul Station* (Blue Note **M** 4031)

Gatemouth Moore, *Gatemouth Moore Sings Blues* (King **M** 684)

Marshall Royal, *Gordon Jenkins Presents Marshall Royal* (Everest **M** and **S** SDBR 1087)

Artie Shaw, *Artie Shaw* (Rondelette **M** 852)

Buster Smith, *The Legendary Buster Smith* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1323)

Roosevelt Sykes, *The Return of Roosevelt Sykes* (Prestige-Bluesville **M** 1006)

Billy Taylor, *One for Fun* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1329)

Bobby Timmons, John Jenkins, and Clifford Jordan, *Jenkins, Jordan and Timmons* (Prestige-New Jazz **M** 8232)

Joe Turner, *Big Joe Rides Again* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1332)

Jimmy Wisner Trio, *Apperception* (Chancellor **M** CHJ-5014, **S** CHJS-5014)



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Jimmy Giuffre

By Leonard Feather

"A lot of assumption goes on in the listener's mind, about the artist," Jimmy Giuffre said. "We assume things that we can't really know. I prefer to assume that the musicians are sincere, no matter what they are trying to do but also that they are not trying to say this is the way everybody should play.

"In England a critic asked me why I was trying to force folk music into jazz. I told him I didn't try to force anything; it was just something that appealed to my nature at that time. So you can't take things on the surface and say why did he or why didn't he do this or that. You have to try to find the positive aspects to what he did.

"Of course, you don't want someone to jive his way through . . . If you're sure that he's just jiving, it should be pointed out. But it's so hard for a musician to make it; he needs all the help he can get. Besides, a record date is a hit-or-miss thing; in a few hours in a studio you have to come up with something, sometimes with strange musicians.

"These are some of the thoughts that have crossed my mind since the last time I took the *Blindfold Test*. I'll try to approach this test in an objective manner—fair but not complacent."

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



"A musician needs all the help he can get."

The Records

1. Pete Brown. *Cherokee* (From the *Heart, Verve*). Brown, alto saxophone; Wally Richardson, guitar.

I can't make a guess on the alto player. The guitar player sounded in places like Herb Ellis—at least, the style of some of his ideas. However, the sound wasn't like Herbie at all; in fact I didn't like the sound at all; it was something like the kind of sound they try to get in rock and roll. A treble-y sound.

The alto had a very strange style. I like the sound he got. In fact, I like the way he plays, but it seemed as if he was just sort of fooling around and never really did get down to business. But maybe that's what the effect is that he was trying to get.

It's sort of a dated record; the kind of thing I wouldn't find particularly interesting myself, but it sounded like they were sincere. That's their style. For what it was intended to be, it certainly wasn't bad, so I'll just say three stars, for their style.

2. Four Brothers. *Four Brothers* (Vik). Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Herbie Steward, Serge Chaloff, saxophones; Giuffre, composer; Cohn, arranger.

I never heard this track before, though I have heard some of the other things from that album. I think it's called *The Four Brothers*, with Zoot and Al and Serge and Herbie. Now this is a good example to show the difference it makes in having a band that plays together all the time, as opposed to going into a record studio and making an album, as they did here.

The original performance of that

piece with Woody Herman was just phenomenal, and it was accomplished by a long period of rehearsing it on the job. It took a long time before they even played it regularly on the job, because it was difficult, and in order for Woody to feel like doing it, he felt like the sax players should be able to almost memorize it, and stand up, and sort of put on a show with it.

But they kept playing it until by the time they got to the record date, it was part of them. So I felt there just wasn't that togetherness on this record. Of course, you miss the brass, too. But I liked the arrangement, especially the B flat chorus, where, in the original, it was unison. It's Al Cohn's arrangement, I guess. I'll give it a three because it doesn't really gas me, but there are wonderful things on it.

3. John Coltrane. *Naima* (from *Giant Steps*, Atlantic). Coltrane, tenor saxophone, composer; Wynton Kelley, piano; Paul Chambers, bass.

Gee, that's beautiful. That's John Coltrane, but the way the arrangement went down, I'd say it isn't his group. I'm not sure if that's Red Garland or not on piano . . . This is strange; John is always being accused of overplaying, but this time, for me, he underplayed! Probably purposely, but I was almost frustrated wanting him to play some notes.

It was a wonderful mood; the bass player was terrific. The piano was excellent but not the kind of thing that attracts my attention particularly. The way John played the melody was very lovely, so I would give it four stars.

4. Harry Lookofsky. *Little Willie Leaps* (from *Stringsville*, Atlantic). Bob Brookmeyer, trombone, arranger; Lookofsky, string ensemble and solo parts; Miles Davis, composer.

That was very good! I think I know who this is—is his name, ah, Henry Kapinsky? Something like that—can't think of his name exactly, but he's been doing that multiple record up at Atlantic. And I heard Bob Brookmeyer.

The violin solo work is very intriguing—he really states it. I felt it didn't get settled down 'til the middle. That often happens; it's hard to get a piece of music off the ground from the first note. If you could start in the middle, you'd be swinging!

Boy, that's the first time I've heard the violin really work like that. I love the way Stuff Smith plays; he has a very specialized style. But this steps up through some modern ways of playing and really brings it off. Four stars.

5. Al Cohn Quintet. *Two Funky People* (from *Al & Zoot*, Coral). Cohn, clarinet, composer; Zoot Sims, second clarinet solo; Mose Allison, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums.

That was Al and Zoot. I like the tune and the way they both play the instrument—very much like the way Lester Young played it.

I think the solo parts were prevented from really getting into it, because the rhythm section was not very inspired. Especially the piano. I don't know who it was, whether it was Mose Allison or someone else, but the piano behind the clarinetists seemed like he was just coasting; he didn't ever get them any spark. After a while, I wanted something showing a little energy . . .

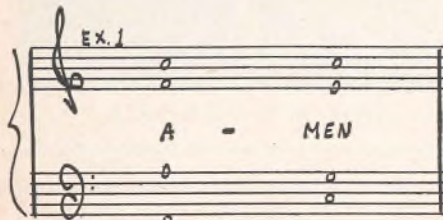




BY BILL MATHIEU

The last couple of *Inner Ear* columns have dwelt on various methods that jazz players can use to improvise on a Tin Pan alley tune and its accompanying chord pattern. Now I'd like to talk further about how melodies can be derived from chords.

Here is the simple church cadence quoted last month. It demonstrates one of the purest harmonic progressions.



The easiest way to make a melody over these chords is to play the chordal notes one by one in an arpeggio, just as they would appear in their most compact version:

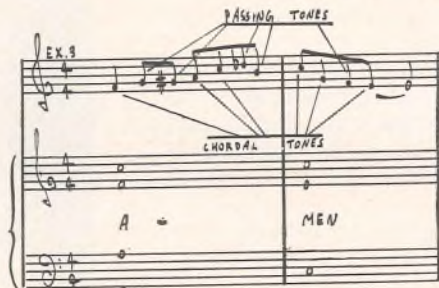


Now how to improve the melody? One of the most effective ways is to introduce some additional notes that are more interesting to the ear than the ones we are already familiar with in the harmony. The *basic* melody notes of Example 2 should still occupy the choice positions and should remain the most conspicuous to the ear. But the *added* notes will give the melody color and life. These new tones are called "nonchordal tones" because they are not basic to the underlying harmony. Among them are:

Passing Tones. Passing tones do what their name implies: they pass from one thing to another. Specifically, they bridge two chordal tones. Not only are passing tones outside of the underlying harmony, they often clash horribly against it. These intentional clashes create a split-second tension that is resolved by moving again to a chordal tone. This constant motion from chordal tones to passing tones and back again gives us the feeling that we're being led over a

hurdle from one musical place to another. Passing tones used in this way are responsible for much of the driving forward motion so essential to modern jazz.

Here is the prosaic melodic idea of Example 2 spiced with a few passing tones:



Blue Notes. A special kind of passing tone is the blue note. These tones are, by definition, the flatted third of a major triad and they always resolve to the tonic.



Blue notes lend a peculiar sort of off-color quality to a phrase. Part of the reason for this is that when they are played well, they come out just a little flat. They do not exist (in their most effective form) on the piano keyboard. But wind players—especially in early styles of jazz—use them all the time.

Escaped tones. Another interesting kind of nonchordal tone is what composer Bill Russo calls an escaped tone. These resemble hiccups, and they come from left field without any apparent rhyme or reason.



Escaped tones can be used very effectively. A careful player like Miles Davis or Stan Getz will let an escaped tone hang in the air for a few seconds while the melody churns on—and then reach out and resolve it with a musical coup de grace.

In the column after next, I'll follow up these thoughts by examining some of the peculiarities in jazz harmony that

give it its unique flavor (as opposed to classical harmony).

But first, I have a hankering to re-score the opening bars of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* as a jazz arranger might do it, to point up some of the outstanding difference between jazz and classical music. This will appear next month.



UP BEAT SECTION



The Long Wait by Turkish composer-arranger Arif Mardin is a 12-bar minor blues scored for trombone, baritone sax, and four rhythm. Close attention should be paid to all expression remarks and a light but steady swing feeling maintained throughout. Tempo should be about a quarter note = 120, but in no case any faster than the theme and interludes can be played with relaxed ease. It is, of course, advisable that the soloists become completely familiar with the chord changes before attempting the improvised solos.

Arif Mardin originally came to America in 1958 as recipient of the Quincy Jones Scholarship Award at Berklee. After a brief return to Turkey last year, Mardin is now back at Berklee as a graduate student and member of the instruction staff.

The Long Wait has been recorded on Berklee Records, *Jazz in the Classroom*, Vol. IV along with other compositions of Mardin's. LP and/or scores may be ordered from the Berklee School of Music, 284 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

THE LONG WAIT

TROMBONE

EASY MEDIUM TEMPO

THE LONG WAIT

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY
ARIF MARJIN

③ A

② B

PLAY 2X ONLY

C

SOLO

① 1. 12.

② 12.

③ 7

④ 7

⑤ 3

① 12.

D.S. AL CODA
(FIRST BRIDGE ONLY)

④ CODA

rit.

BARITONE

EASY MEDIUM TEMPO

THE LONG WAIT

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY
ARIF MARJIN

③ A

② B

PLAY 2X ONLY

C

① 1. 12.

② 12.

③ 7

④ 7

⑤ 3

① 12.

D.S. AL CODA
(FIRST BRIDGE ONLY)

④ CODA

rit.

PIANO **3/4** **EASY-MEDIUM TEMPO** **THE LONG WAIT** **COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY ARIF MARDIY**

1. **2.**

1. **2.**

3.

4. **5.** **6.** **7.** **8.** **9.** **10.** **11.** **12.**

13. **14.** **15.** **16.** **17.** **18.** **19.** **20.** **21.** **22.** **23.** **24.**

25. **26.** **27.** **28.** **29.** **30.** **31.** **32.**

GUITAR **EASY-MEDIUM TEMPO** **THE LONG WAIT** **COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY ARIF MARDIY**

1. **2.** **3.** **4.** **5.** **6.** **7.** **8.** **9.** **10.** **11.** **12.**

13. **14.** **15.** **16.** **17.** **18.** **19.** **20.** **21.** **22.** **23.** **24.**

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33. **34.** **35.** **36.** **37.** **38.** **39.** **40.**

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73. **74.** **75.** **76.** **77.** **78.** **79.** **80.**

81. **82.** **83.** **84.** **85.** **86.** **87.** **88.**

89. **90.** **91.** **92.** **93.** **94.** **95.** **96.**

97. **98.** **99.** **100.** **101.** **102.** **103.** **104.**

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY ARIF MARDIY

PIANO **3/4** **EASY-MEDIUM TEMPO** **THE LONG WAIT**

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY ARIF MARDIY

GUITAR **EASY-MEDIUM TEMPO** **THE LONG WAIT**

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY ARIF MARDIY

(BASS)

EASY MEDIUM TEMPO

THE LONG WAIT

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY
ARIF THAROH

Musical score for Bass. It consists of 12 staves of music. The first staff is marked with a treble clef and a common time signature. The score is divided into sections labeled A through F. Section A includes first and second endings. Section B is a first ending. Section C is a first ending. Section D is a first ending. Section E is a first ending. Section F is a first ending. The score concludes with a CODA section and a RIT. (Ritardando) marking.

(DRUMS)

EASY MEDIUM TEMPO

THE LONG WAIT

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY
ARIF THAROH

Musical score for Drums. It consists of 12 staves of music. The first staff is marked with a treble clef and a common time signature. The score is divided into sections labeled A through F. Section A includes first and second endings. Section B is a first ending. Section C is a first ending. Section D is a first ending. Section E is a first ending. Section F is a first ending. The score concludes with a CODA section and a RIT. (Ritardando) marking.

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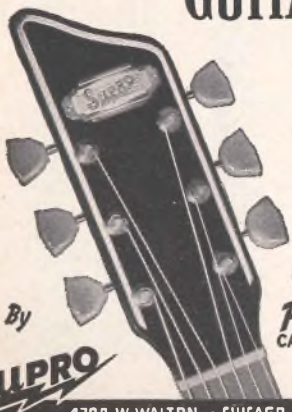
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TROUBLE AT NEWPORT

(Continued from page 23)

Storyville-on-the-Cape, his nightclub, where Sarah Vaughan was to open.

Elaine Lorillard said she was sorry that the Newport festival had collapsed.

That afternoon, the musicians of the rump festival held a meeting. They set up an organization. They called it Jazz Artists Guild, (JAG for short), and its chiefs for the time being were Max Roach, Jo Jones, and Charlie Mingus. They were going to fight the wicked forces conspiring against the jazz artist. They were going to book concerts and other events. They would oppose Birdland, another symbol to them of the forces of evil. Birdland, they said, exploited jazz musicians, made a lot of money and paid them poorly.

(In New York a few days later, Horace Silver said that whatever its faults, Birdland was the highest-paying jazz club in New York. He added gently: "I hope they are good enough businessmen to bring off [the Jazz Artists Guild]. Jazz musicians aren't very good businessmen, as a rule.")

The rump festival continued. Attendance that night was poor; those in town for the main Newport festival, from whom the JAG festival had drawn most of its crowd, had long since left.

There was nothing much for anyone to be proud of at Newport 1960. Those who claimed to love the lady Jazz had violently abused her—exploited her, raped her, shamed her. How many people hung their heads in shame afterwards is unknown. But almost everybody should have: the college kids who are America's hope; Newport festival officials now paying for sins of the past no matter how genuinely repentant; those who fomented the dissension; the Lorillards; Charlie Mingus with his wild charges at all and sundry; the City Council; the police department that failed to make adequate preparations for the crowds; those reporters who wrote distorted stories of the riots; headline writers who compounded the inaccuracy; and the clown who wrote the editorial for the New York *Mirror*.

In the weird battle between the big and little Newport festivals, it was impossible to say who won. But it was easy to say who lost: jazz.

There were those who thought that it would all be forgotten soon. But no one will ever know how many young people won't get to the Monterey festival because Mother read of the Newport riot and has decreed: "You're not going to one of those disgusting jazz festivals with all that drinking and carrying on. Why I wouldn't have a moment's peace worrying about you there with all that wild, trouble-making music!"

"Ours," Elaine Lorillard told a news-

paperman proudly of the little festival, "was an artistic triumph."

Coleman Hawkins had played *Stuff* four times and Kenny Dorham had played *How Deep Is the Ocean* five times.

Cliff Walk Manor takes its name from a nearby path that threads along the top of the bluff in front of the vast mansions of Newport with their gracious trimmed trees and vast velvet-green lawns.

On the afternoon of July 4, after the Jazz Artists Guild (their anger now turned from the Newport festival to Birdland) was duly set up, it was a pleasant place to walk. The sun was bright and the sea moved gently.

Then a strange sound floated on the air—that of a flute, feathery and soft and a little eerie. It was hard to tell where it came from. First it was in front of you on the path, then it was behind you. It was as if some disembodied spirit out of Greek mythology were floating over the landscape, playing a pipe of Pan.

Obviously the sound came from a less romantic and occult source than that. Finally, after trying to trace it for several minutes, I detected that it was coming from somewhere below, on the rocks. I worked my way down the cliff.

And there, in solitude, was Eric Dolphy, the gifted young saxophonist and flutist with the Charlie Mingus group. I took several photos before he saw me and broke the mood. Then we chatted for a while. Eric lamented the animosity in today's world.

He said he had found this secluded place among the rocks and had been coming there to practice in quiet. He said he hoped to buy an alto flute soon, because of its warm haunting tone.

I left after that. The waves came in to the rocks, as they had been doing since Narragansett was the name of an Indian tribe inhabiting the area instead of a name on beer cans that had strewn the streets.

Eric stayed on the rocks, his flute seeming to whisper to the waves, and the waves whispering back.

And that's what music is all about, really.



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AD LIB
 Continued

Folus rejoined **Woody Herman's** saxophone section after an absence of 12 years. He had been working for local groups in Schenectady, N. Y. . . . **Bernie Mann** is leading a dance band at the Riviera in Port Washington, L. I. Name musicians playing in the band include trumpeter **Taft Jordan**, trombonist **Bill Rauch**, guitarist **Billy Bauer**, and bassist **Bobby Haggart**.

Max Kaminsky's Dixieland band was a feature of the grand opening of the Hilton Inn, Atlanta, Ga. The jazz combo, made up of Kaminsky, trumpet; **Ray Riehl**, trombone; **Bob Wilber**, clarinet; **Marty Napoleon**, piano; **Mickey Sheen**, drums, and **Vince Gerard**, bass, played on a raft moored to the banks of one of the Inn's two swimming pools.

Pianist-critic **John Mehegan** has signed a one-year contract to record for Columbia. His first LP, entitled *The Act of Jazz*, includes narration and illustrative music tracing a jazz performance. Mehegan used drummer **Dave Bailey** and bassist **Ernie Furtado** along with his own piano . . . The new **Miles Davis-Gil Evans Spanish Sketches** LP on Columbia is reported to be something else . . . **Jack Tracy** came into town to record **James Moody** with strings for Argo . . . Capitol's **Nancy Wilson** will record an album of **Fats Waller** tunes . . . **Harry Mills** of the Mills Brothers digs **Duke Ellington's** singing. He has been urging **Irving Townsend** to produce an album called *Ellington Sings Ellington*.

Poet-composer **Langston Hughes** was awarded the Springarn Medal for 1960. It was won by Duke Ellington last year. The Theater Guild will produce Hughes' play, *Tambourines to Glory*, adopted from the novel of the same name concerning two women gospel singers who live in Harlem. **Hazel Scott**, the pianist-singer, will have a leading role when the production is tested in Westport, Conn., Sept. 5.

The first Carolina Jazz festival will be held at Legion lake near Columbia, S. C. on Aug. 7 with Carolina musicians making up the performing groups . . .

The Modern Jazz Quartet, the **George Shearing Sextet**, and the **Al Minns-Leon James** jazz dance program will make separate appearances at the Antioch-Yellow Springs Music festival this summer. Shearing is due Aug. 6, the MJQ Aug. 13, and the dancers on Aug. 20. The festival, embracing six weekends, will be held on the campus of Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Pianist **Maurice (Reese) Markewich** was married to **Linda Kay Lawner** in New York . . . Trumpeter **Cal Massey**,

in the

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OILS

who has worked with **George Shearing**, **Billie Holiday**, and **Charlie Parker**, is undergoing a series of operations at the Jewish hospital in Brooklyn . . . Trombonist **George West** of the Kai Winding group and leader-trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson** are expecting additions to their families . . . **Diahann Carroll** (Mrs. **Monte Kay**), who expects her baby around the first of September, has been signed to do a dramatic role in the forthcoming movie version of *Paris Blues*. She will not sing in the picture as she is cast as the American school teacher who falls in love with the jazz musician played by **Sidney Poitier**. Filming will start in the studio outside Paris around the middle of October.

A new Inner Sanctum mystery, *The Dead Beat*, is concerned with an offbeat musician who pays his debts by murder . . . The publication date for **Leonard Feather's** new edition of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* is Oct. 17. It will have the following new features: *The Jazzman as a Critic*, *Jazz Overseas*, **Gunther Schuller** on *Jazz and Classical Music*, birthplaces and birthdates of 2,000 jazz artists, and the latest poll results. The publisher is Horizon Press.

IN PERSON

Basin Street East—**CHRIS CONNOR**. **DAVE BRUBECK** Quartet, **HERBIE MANN** Afro-Cuban Band; weekend of Aug. 4, 5, 6. **GENE KRUPA** Quartet. **DINAH WASHINGTON**; weekend of Aug. 11, 12, 13. **JOHNNY NASH**, **SAL SALVADOR** Band; weekend of Aug. 18, 19, 20.

Birdland—**CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet and the Afrojazzics, Aug. 4-17.

Embers—**ERSKINE HAWKINS** Quartet. **HAROLD QUINN** Trio, until Aug. 14. **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio. **RALPH FLANAGAN** Quartet, Aug. 15-27.

Five Spot—**GEORGE RUSSELL** Sextet, until Aug. 21.

Gondolier—**BLOSSOM DEARIE**.

Half Note—**SLIDE HAMPTON** Octet, until Aug. 14. **HERBIE MANN** Afro-Cuban Band, Aug. 16-Sept. 4.

Hickory House—**MARIAN McPARTLAND** Trio, until Aug. 15.

Joe Howard's—**CRYSTAL JOY**.

Jazz Gallery—**THELONIOUS MONK** Quintet.

Metropole—**JACK TEAGARDEN** Sextet, until Aug. 21. **GENE KRUPA** Quartet, Aug. 22-Sept. 11.

Nick's—**PEE WEE ERWIN** Dixieland Jazz Band.

Roosevelt Hotel—**LENNY HERMAN** Orchestra, until Sept. 1.

Roundtable—**DICK HAYMES** and **FRAN JEFFRIES**, **JOHNNY LA SALLE** Quartet. **HARRY EDISON** Quartet, until Aug. 22.

Top Club (Harlem)—**CURLY HAMNER** Band.

Village Vanguard—**MILES DAVIS** Sextet, featuring **SONNY STITT**, until Aug. 14. **CHARLIE BYRD** Trio, **LES McCANN** Trio, Aug. 16-Sept. 4.

BOSTON

Carousel, summer tent theater in Framingham, has a special Sunday night series. Past appearances have been by the **Benny Goodman** Band and folk singer **Odetta** and the **Harry Belafonte** folk singers. An evening with **Theodore Bikel** is set for September 11.

The **Four Freshman** will appear for one night on August 23 at **Boots Mus-sulli's** Crystal Room in Milford on August 23 . . . Singer **Dinah Wash-ington** and the **Stanley Harris** Band did a one nighter at the Statler Hilton in July . . . Alto saxophonist **Jay White's** combo



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continues there for the summer . . . The **Will Mastin Trio** with **Sammy Davis, Jr.** had a completely successful engagement at the Salisbury Beach Frolics . . . The main ballroom at the Bradford Hotel presented the **Count Basie Band** with singer **Joe Williams** on July 22 . . . The Sand Bar at Revere beach has sessions on Saturday and Sunday afternoons for the season. The group includes: **Ernie West**, drums; **Harry Ferullo**, piano; **Dick Whetmore**, trumpet, and **Bill Wellington**, tenor saxophonist . . . **Manny Denize's** group is at the Surrey Room at Falmouth on Cape Cod.

Herb Pomeroy's new thirteen-piece band premiered July 19. Columbia a&r man **Ted Macero** will audition the band in August for possible recording. The complete lineup includes: trumpets, **Pomeroy**, **Lennie Johnson**, **Nick Capozuto** and **Dan Nolan**; saxophones, **Dick Johnson**, alto; **Varty Haroutunian**, **Jimmy Mosher**, tenors, and **Jimmy Derba**, baritone; doubling trombones and bass trumpets, **Gene DiStasio** and **Dick Wright**; drums, **Jimmy Zitano**; bass, **John Neves**, and piano, **Ray Santisi**.

PHILADELPHIA

A near-capacity crowd of 1,500 turned out for the **Dave Brubeck Quartet's** date at St. John Terrell's Lambertville Music Circus . . . Altman **Mike Goldberg** sat in with **Gerry Mulligan** during the redhead's Red Hill Inn date. Other recent attractions at the "new" Red Hill included **Ray Bryant** and **Lem Winchester** . . . **Cannonball Adderley**, fresh from Newport and Atlantic City, played a week at Pep's, following singer **Norma Mendoza** and pianist **Jimmy Wisner**. Norma's new Firebird album, *All About Norma*, has been released. Jazz columnist **Nels Nelson** of the *Daily News* did the liner notes.

The Showboat was closed for a week after featuring **Sarah McLawler** and **Richard Otto**. Owner **Herb Keller** is getting ready for the Aug. 26-28 Quaker City Jazz festival, which he is running with the Wein-Sarkesian-Grossman combine. The foursome promise some changes from last year's Connie Mack Stadium bash, which ran in the red . . . **Milt Buckner** returned to his home town for a week at the Germantown Tavern . . . **Chuck Sherman**, WHAT-FM disc jockey, has been awarded a scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communications . . . Drummer **Dave Levin** was booked to lead a jazz group at a July 31 concert in Wildwood, N. J.



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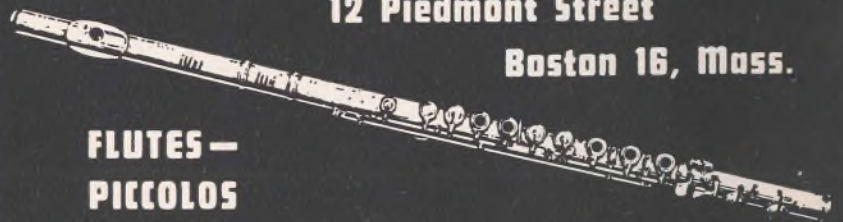


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TORONTO

Portrait of a City, with readings of Canadian poems, and music composed by **Ron Collier**, was given a repeat broadcast on the CBS Trans Canada network. The jazz background was played by Collier's 16-piece orchestra, with songs by **Don Francks**.

Lil Armstrong, at the Westover, says she'd like to return to Paris for a year or two . . . The City of Toronto and the Musicians' Union are once again sponsoring open-air jazz concerts every Thursday night in Eglinton park. **Jimmy Scott's** band and the **Pat Riccio Quartet**, the **Moe Koffman** quartet and **Bud Hill's** Dixieland band were the first to kick off the summer series . . . **Cathy McKinnon** now singing with **Doug Kemp's** orchestra, which is broadcasting every Wednesday night on the CBS Dominion network . . . **Mel Torne** was at the Town for a week, followed by **Roy Eldridge**, with **Harry Edison** holding forth at Le Coq Dor for the same period.

CHICAGO

A nightclub sequence for the film *Raisin in the Sun*, which stars **Sidney Poitier**, was shot at the Kitty Kat club on the south side last month. The **Duke Groner Trio** (**Jodie Christian**, piano; **Earl Teddy Thomas**, drums; Groner, bass), regular group at the spot, were prominent in the scene. The irony of the whole bit is that Groner's group, an excellent trio, was hired to go through the motions, only. Precorded, you know.

When the king commands, **Jack Teagarden** obeys. During his recent visit to this country, the King of Thailand asked to see Teagarden in order to renew the friendship established during the trombonist's State Department tour last year. Teagarden flew to New York City July 4 to spend his London House off-night with his majesty. They exchanged gifts—Teagarden received a leather bound copy of the king's tunes, and Jack reciprocated with his latest album, which includes the king's tune *When* . . . Argo signed Teagarden's trumpeter **Don Goldie** to a three year contract. His first date for the label is to be a free-swinging one.

Lee Wiley was laid up for a few days in Columbus hospital. Seems she slipped in her New York apartment a couple of months ago. Ignoring her aching foot, she set off for Chicago to visit a doctor friend and wife. The doctor immediately booked her into the hospital. Diagnosis: deep bone bruise. No complications expected . . . Chicago traditionalists are mourning the recent deaths of two clarinetists, **Bud Jacobson** and **Odell Rand**. Jacobson was active during the revival of Chicago jazz in the '40s; Rand worked with such names

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The Chez Paree closed for the summer and will reopen in September . . . Sutherland hotel lounge operator **Lou Alport** will have to build a special stand to accommodate **Maynard Ferguson's** big band for Ferguson's August date . . . **Bill Mathieu**, *Down Beat* columnist and **Duke Ellington** arranger, is still composer-pianist at the Second City, a club featuring satirical reviews . . . **Ray Charles** and **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** headed the bill at the Regal in mid-July . . . **Chico Hamilton** worked nine days in the lounge at Lake Meadows, the modern South Side housing development . . . **Gene Ammons'** first steady gig since his return to the scene was at Robert's Show club . . . **Benny Goodman** played a one-nighter at the National Association of Music Merchants big convention last month **Red Norvo** was featured. Selmer picked up the tab, naturally.

IN PERSON

Cafe Continental—CLANCY HAYES, THE DIXIECRATS. TONI LEE SCOTT. Cloister Inn—BOBBY SHORT. Easy Street—RICK FRIGO Trio. Hucksters—JACK MAHEU Quartet. Jazz Ltd.—BILL REINHARDT group. Kitty Kat—DUKE GRONER Trio. London House—OSCAR PETERSON Trio. GEORGE SHEARING opens Aug. 9. TYREE GLENN opens Aug. 30. Red Arrow (Stickney, Ill.)—FRANZ JACKSON'S Original Jazz All Stars (weekends). Scotch Mist—TOM PONCE Trio. Sutherland—JOHN COLTRANE Quartet until Aug. 14. MAYNARD FERGUSON, Aug. 24-28. Swing Easy—GENE ESPOSITO Quartet (weekends). Tradewinds—PHIL FOSTER.

DALLAS

The Texas State Fair this October will again feature a jazz concert, although no names have yet been released. The bands of **Chris Barber** and **Woody Herman** were presented at the fair's initial concert last fall . . . Current weekdays at the Dallas Jazz Ltd. is the **Al Fretta Trio** with singer **Betty Davis** . . . **Buddy Johnson's** 12-piece band in town June 30 with a rock n' roll package . . . **Rusty Brown's** Cell Block Seven is currently working the long road through the deep south . . . **B. B. King** appeared for one night at the Longhorn Ranch . . . Baritone saxman **Leroy Cooper** joined "Fathead" Newman and **James Clay** at the American Woodman Center in July.

LOS ANGELES

Name jazz groups once again will be a steady attraction in Los Angeles nightlife. **George Alford**, owner of the Zebra Lounge at Central and Manchester, is waging a one-man campaign to bring back the names in modern jazz that

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disappeared from local marquees when the Jazz Cabaret folded so-o-o long ago. First group to kick off at Alford's club is the **Jimmy Smith Trio**, with other high-powered names to follow (see IN PERSON). Alford is attempting to book **Horace Silver** for a November stand.

What ever happened to plans for filming *Solo*? After hiding the script on the shelf for years, 20th Century-Fox now announces *Solo* will be actor **Robert Wagner's** final picture called for in his 10-year contract with the studio. **Dick Powell** will produce and direct the screen version of **Stanford Whitmore's** novel when (or if?) it finally gets before the cameras.

Looks like **Howard Rumsey's** new policy of booking name jazz groups into the Lighthouse for continuous Sunday concerts is paying off. Filling the July Sundays at the Hermosa Beach establishment were the groups of **Buddy De Franco-Tommy Gumina, Barney Kessel, Chico Hamilton, Shorty Rogers, and Shelly Manne**. Sessions are from 3 to 7:30 p.m. and from 9 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Rumsey's All-Stars, playing Mondays through Saturdays, is now comprised of **Gabe Baltazar, alto; Johnny Anderson, trumpet; Dick Johnston, piano; Roy Roten, drums, and the leader on bass.**

Westlake College of Music, long situated on Sunset Blvd., pulled up stakes and moved lock, stock and **Learned**

(**Alvin, that is**) to Laguna Beach . . . **Garner Clark** took over the Capri after former owner **Monty Rainer** got himself put on the unfair lists of both AFM and American Guild of Variety Artists. Clark renamed the place Basin Street and installed his own two-beat band.

Duke Ellington has written music for the tuned-up version of Peter Abrahams' novel, *Mine Boy*, a South African story slated for presentation soon in London, according to the author . . . **Les McCann**, nature's gift to The Bit, wings east for his first New York booking, three weeks at the Village Vanguard. McCann, bassist **Herbie Lewis**, and drummer **Ron Jefferson** will also play the Randall's Island festival Aug. 21, then Pittsburgh and Philadelphia before returning to New York and a date at Small's Paradise beginning Oct. 11.

Doug Marsh, drummer with the Air Force dance band, vibist, mallet man-in-general, and arranger, will settle on the coast after discharge this fall. The **Chuck Marlowe** big rehearsal band tried some of his charts for size. A perfect fit.

IN PERSON

Basin Street (La Cienega)—**GARNER CLARK** Dixieland band.
Ben Pollack's—**RAY BAUDUC** and the Dixielanders, weekends.
Beverly Cavern—**GEORGE LEWIS** band.
Boom-Boom (Santa Barbara)—**DUTCH PONS** Trio.
Bravo (La Cienega and Melrose)—**GENE RUSSELL** Trio, Wednesdays through Sundays.

Casino ballroom (Avalon)—**ED GRADY** Orchestra.
Cloister—**RAY CHARLES** Band.
Dragonwyck (Pasadena) — **CHARLIE LLOYD** Quartet, weekends.
Drift inn (Malibu)—**BUD SHANK** Quartet, weekends.
El Sombrero (Belmont Shore, L.B.) — **RAY MCGINNIS** Trio with alternating guests **HERB GELLER, alto; BILL PERKINS, tenor; FRANK ROSOLINO, trombone.**
Gay 90's (Long Beach)—**GENE BOLEN** Band.
Huddle (Wilshire and LaBrea) — **BETTY BRYANT, piano.**
Insomniac (Hermosa Beach)—International Jazz Quartet, Sundays, Mondays, Thursdays.
Jimmie Diamond's lounge (San Bernardino)—**EDGAR HAYES, piano.**
Kismet club (West Los Angeles)—**ART DePEW** Band, Mondays.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—Name jazz groups Sundays. **HOWARD RUMSEY'S** All-Stars Mondays through Saturdays.
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Sanbah—(East Hollywood)—**BARNEY KESSEL** Quartet, opening Sept. 7 for three weeks.
Sportsman (Costa Mesa)—**JACKIE JOCKO, piano, vocals; JOE PETERS, drums, nightly** except Sundays, until October.
Sundown—**ALLYN FERGUSON** Band, Mondays; **TERRY GIBBS** Band, Tuesdays.
The Bit — **LES McCANN** Trio; **CHARLIE LLOYD** Quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays.
The Blue Beet (Newport Beach)—**ART PEPPER** Quartet, Fridays and Saturdays; Sunday sessions.
The Cascades (Belmont Shore, L.B.)—**VINCE WALLACE, tenor saxophone; CLYDE CONRAD** Trio.
The Losers — **PETE JOLLY, piano; RALPH PENA, bass; UKIE SHARON, piano.**
Wind and Sea (Santa Monica)—**BILL BEAU** Trio, nightly except Tuesdays and Wednesdays; **BEN WEBSTER, Sundays.**
Zebra lounge (Central and Manchester)—**JIMMY SMITH** Trio, until Aug. 11. **THREE SOUNDS**, opening Aug. 12 for two weeks; **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, Sept. 28-Oct. 10; **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** with **JOHNNY GRIFFIN**, Oct. 25-Nov. 7.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena)—**ROSY McHARGUE** Band, nightly.

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