

OCTOBER 27, 1960

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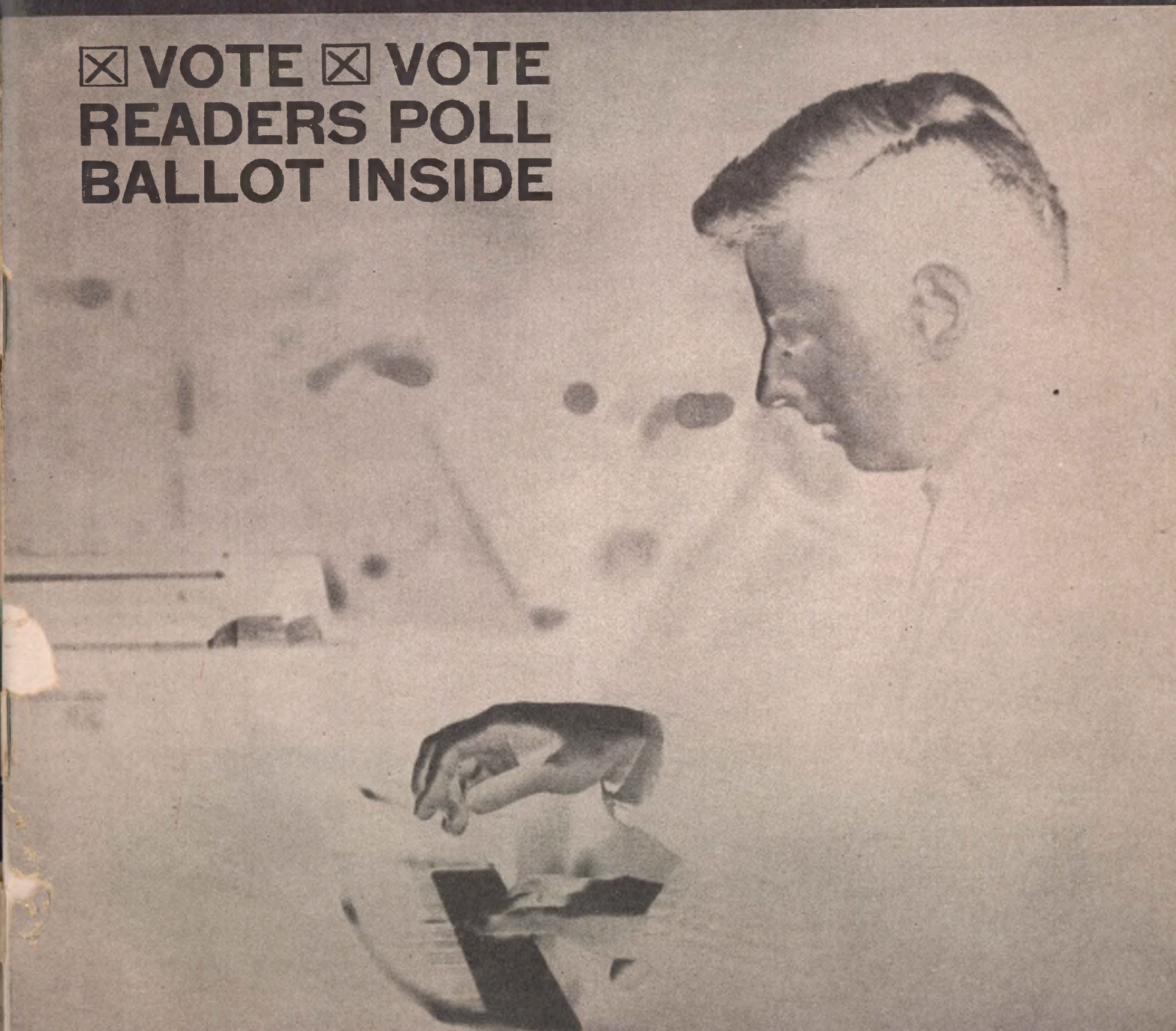
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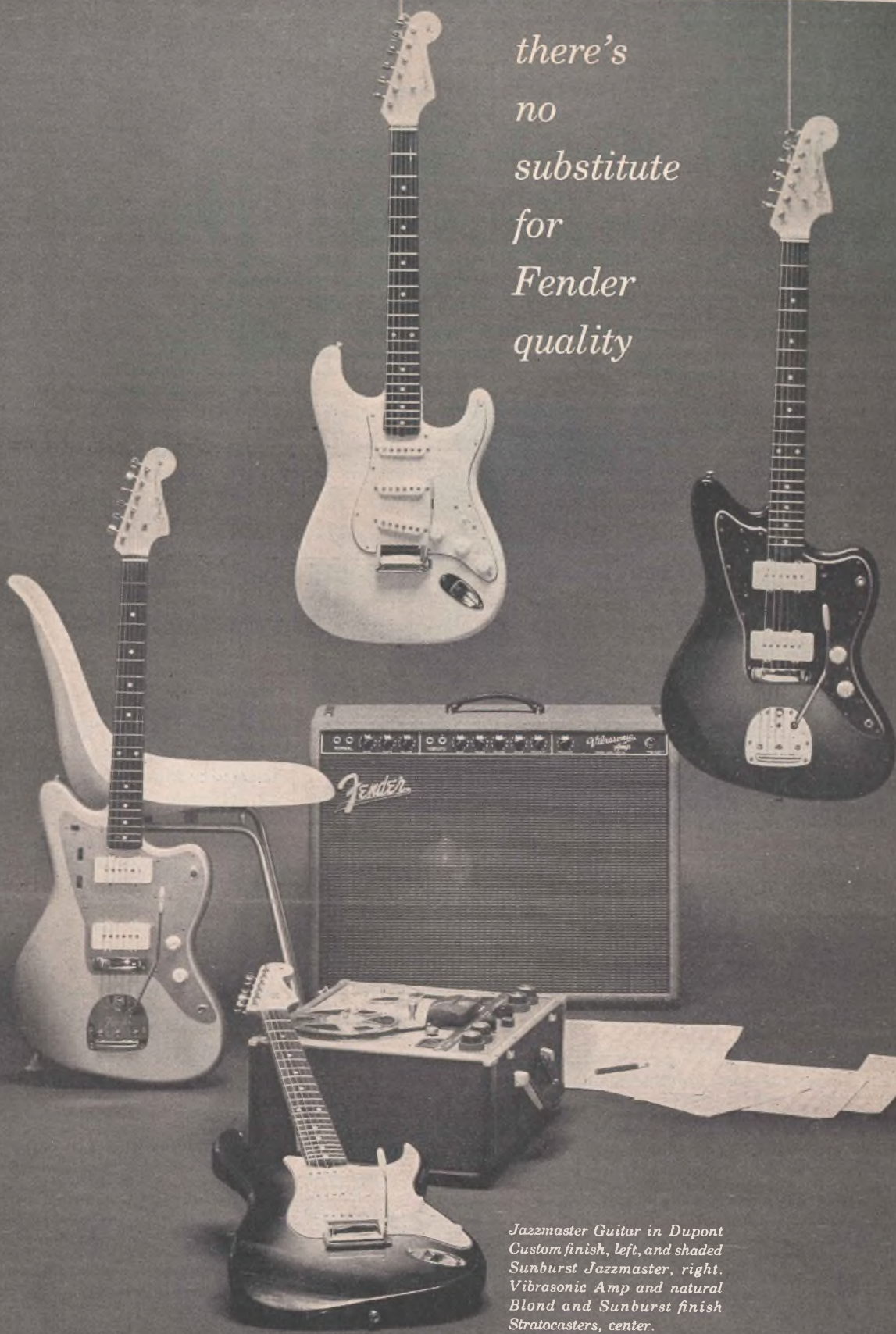


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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

It seems some people were shaken up by some blunt talk in this column last issue. They had a chance at rebuttal at the ballroom operators' convention in Chicago.

The attitude of most of the operators was one of unhappy contentment. They were contented because their business was good in terms of rentals, private parties, and "over-30" dances. They

were unhappy because they missed having large numbers of people pay admissions to dance to live music.

The business meetings were largely a mixture of fantasy and stubbornness. Sometimes angrily, sometimes wistfully (but not altogether ignorantly) they embodied a wish for a return to a "golden era of big bands", all of them sweet, all of them "danceable".

Fortunately, not all the operators were in agreement with one up-state New York operator who proudly explained and recommended to the audience his system for troublemakers: he pays the local police a dollar a head

for every peace disturber hauled off to the pokey. Teen dances are fine, he went on, providing colored and white are not allowed to mix! Some operators looked embarrassed, but no one voiced any objection.

The agents got their lumps, as usual, but not all of it was warranted. The boys from MCA are still smarting at the raw deal they had to endure last year when Claude Gordon won the musicians union best new dance band contest. MCA put money into the band, ready to accept and promote the bookings promised the winning band by the operators. The operators reneged, claiming the band wasn't "danceable". Gordon and MCA lost a pile.


This year's AFM contest came in for some spirited discussion. *Down Beat* had criticized the union rule limiting a band to 15 pieces. We think that the basic instrumentation for today's big bands normally starts at 16. And why restrict musicians from participating and exposing themselves to an already estranged public? Stan Ballard, secretary of the AFM, defended the restriction on grounds of transportation costs and that some leaders, if encouraged, would organize 40-piece bands. Now wouldn't that be a pity?

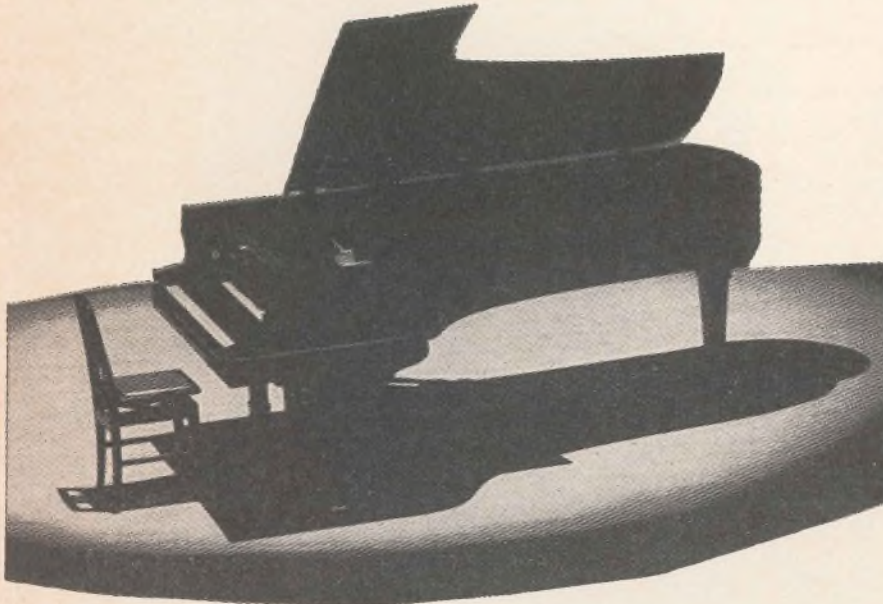
Lawrence Welk was there as the operators' "golden boy". Larry meant well. Especially when he sadly wondered where the new sweet bands were—and why it was so hard to get young, talented musicians. (Larry, consider this an invitation to be my guest at our school festivals.)

Si Zentner was also there and made a fervent plea for acceptance and cooperation. His remarks hit home so accurately that people were on their feet shouting at one another as the meeting was hastily adjourned.

The convention was not entirely fruitless. It was a pleasure to see how many operators wanted to do something far-reaching by working with young people. Some of them actually understood that their market of tomorrow is in the hands of the kids of today. A minority understood that the kids will not have their musical tastes dictated to them, especially by "old men".

To prove that age has nothing to do with a state of mind, consider the reactions of Joe Barry, 73, (Ritz Ballroom, Bridgeport, Conn.) and Ray Hartenstine, 68, (Sunnybrook Ballroom, Pottstown, Pa.). Their eyes lit up as they praised the enthusiasm and musicianship of the Newport Youth Band. Barry also had lots to say in praise of Maynard Ferguson who has played often for him always doing well.

All in all, there was more agreement with *Down Beat* than rebuttal. 



My name is YAMAHA, and I am a distinguished member of a fine old piano family. I come from Japan, and I am a world traveler, known to sensitive pianists everywhere. Mother says I am royalty; a Grand in the YAMAHA clan. However, I don't feel any superiority to my spinet and upright brothers and sisters, but maybe I am a little bit more beautiful. Our family has many love affairs with pianists everywhere, but we can't help it. The unexcelled care taken in our creation, inspiring tones, and the way we retain our beauty to a ripe old age gets us into so many affairs; but I must add, always with fine ladies and gentlemen.

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ON THE COVER

One of the most learned men in the field of jazz is pianist-arranger-composer André Previn, at 31 a veteran of several fields of music. One of the most skillful of jazz pianists, Previn is just as much at home in the world of classical music. Perhaps for this very reason, he has been viewed with suspicion by many people in the jazz world. On Page 19, John Tynan presents a portrait of this brilliant young musician.

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education in jazz

By Tony Scott

Dear Student Musician:

Being a musician, who for years in high school, college and the army, was considered an "outlaw" for organizing jazz groups, large and small, I am glad to find a school like Berklee where a musician can be prepared to make a livelihood in the music field and to get the advantage of group study without the feeling you are breaking the rules, by playing jazz. In high school my playing of jazz was always outside of my regular music courses. What a difference from today's marching bands that use jazz type arrangements. In college I organized a large jazz orchestra which rehearsed at night so everyone could get together without conflicting with their classes. During the day we would look for empty rooms and sneak in for a jam session. Among my partners in crime were many musicians who today are well-known in the fields of music which utilize knowledge of jazz techniques in playing and writing.



Tony Scott

What a relief to find a college which encourages and sponsors jazz groups of all sizes and provides for the growth of composers, arrangers and musicians in the jazz field.

I have had many years of formal training in classical music both as a composer and musician and I know that it was of great value to me. I only wish that I had had more easy access to my jazz training in a school like Berklee or at least have had a choice in the type of music I would like to follow for a creative and successful career.

Hats off to a school that has scholarships in jazz for musicians overseas as I have traveled there and know what a great interest there is for this music.

Long live Jazz and Berklee!!

Tony Scott

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

More Thumbs Up for Nat

JUST FINISHED READING THE NAT ADDERLEY ARTICLE *NAT TALKS BACK* IN AUG. 4 ISSUE. RECOMMEND IT BE MADE DAILY REQUIRED READING FOR SUCH JAZZ WRITERS AS GLEASON, HENTOFF, WILSON, AND PARTICULARLY BALLIET AS A MODEL OF CLARITY AND HONESTY. IT'S THE MOST REFRESHING THING I'VE READ DURING THE LAST 20 YEARS IN THE *BEAT*. MY CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. ADDERLEY.

Copenhagen, Denmark Norman Granz

Evansville Hurrahs . . .

After reading your article on the Evansville Jazz festival, I have only one thing to say: I dig Hal Lobree.

Midland, Texas Scott Stripling

Evansville must be a swinging town for the citizens to offer their homes and other facilities to the musicians playing the festival. It's nice to read something good about jazz festivals . . .

Philadelphia, Pa. Harry Cooper

. . . And Complaint

Your article in the Sept. 15 issue of *Down Beat* concerning the the Evansville Jazz festival was fairly accurate in most respects, but I wish to point out what I believe to be a serious omission on your part.

In paying tribute to the various persons and groups who worked to promote the festival and make it a success, you completely overlooked the tremendous job of free advertising done by this city's radio and television stations.

This station arranged for an airplane to be flown over nearby communities dropping free tickets to the festival; our disc jockeys plugged the festival from sign-on to sign-off; I rarely did a newscast without a mention of the festival and gave the jazz festival twice as much attention on newscasts than it otherwise would have deserved. Other radio and television stations were equally as active.

I am convinced that the thousands of dollars of free advertising given to the festival by this city's radio and television stations was twice as effective as anything the newspapers ever did . . . and we were not even mentioned in the article.

Evansville, Ind.

Robert E. Wilson
News Director, WJPS

'Trane on Right Track

The jazz world should be thankful for John Coltrane! May *Down Beat* continue its fine articles.

Chicago, Ill.

Bonita Walker

DB Too One Way?

I applaud Russ Bowman for his views as expressed in *Chords and Discords* in

the Aug. 18 issue. It's a shame, I think, that a trade magazine should lean almost completely toward one phase so heavily, whether it be the best-selling form of jazz or not. I am keeping away from the term "broadminded" because I can tell by your staff's writing that they are well-educated men. But I believe you are playing it a bit too close to commercialism.

I have close friends in just about every form of jazz. Many of them say they don't read *Down Beat* because its leanings are too one-sided . . . I would enjoy *Down Beat* much more if you would give a little more attention to those jazzmen who, unfortunately, came along a few years before the present crop . . .

San Diego, Calif. Frank Bowers

In its 26 years, Down Beat has strived to keep its readers informed of the latest happenings in the music world. It has also attempted to include historical material from time to time, as a glance at the hundreds of back copies would show. But Down Beat is also cognizant of the sparseness of such material in its pages in the last few years. In our attempt to give the magazine more scope, we recently have added two record reviewers, Gilbert Erskine and (in this issue) Pete Welding, who specialize in other than modern jazz. Down Beat has commissioned Charles Edward Smith, a jazz critic and author of long standing, to write an article on clarinetist Edmond Hall. Art Hodes, a pianist well known among traditionalists, has promised to write about his experiences at early jam sessions with men like Bix Beiderbecke. Also scheduled is an article on trumpeter Bob Shoffner, a man whose jazz experience includes working with King Oliver. P.S. Down Beat isn't a "trade" magazine.

Soul Reporting

Your Sept. 15 issue leveled a justifiable slap at the news services for their "sloppy reporting" of a rock-and-roll show as a jazz festival.

Later on in the issue John Tynan reported on Les McCann's listeners coming up to the musician at the end of a set and trying to touch him and, using McCann's quote, "like we've healed them." Man, oh man. This so-called "soul" attitude will probably give jazz a shot in the arm, but statements like McCann's are nothing more than a kick in the head. *Down Beat*, too, is guilty of sloppy reporting when it prints idiotic opinions like that.

Toronto, Canada Dave Martins

Tynan's was not a case of sloppy reporting. McCann's statement at is appeared in Down Beat was an accurate and direct quote.

Mehegan, Critics, McCann

I would like to respectfully submit a dissenting opinion in the case of Messrs.

(Continued on page 8)

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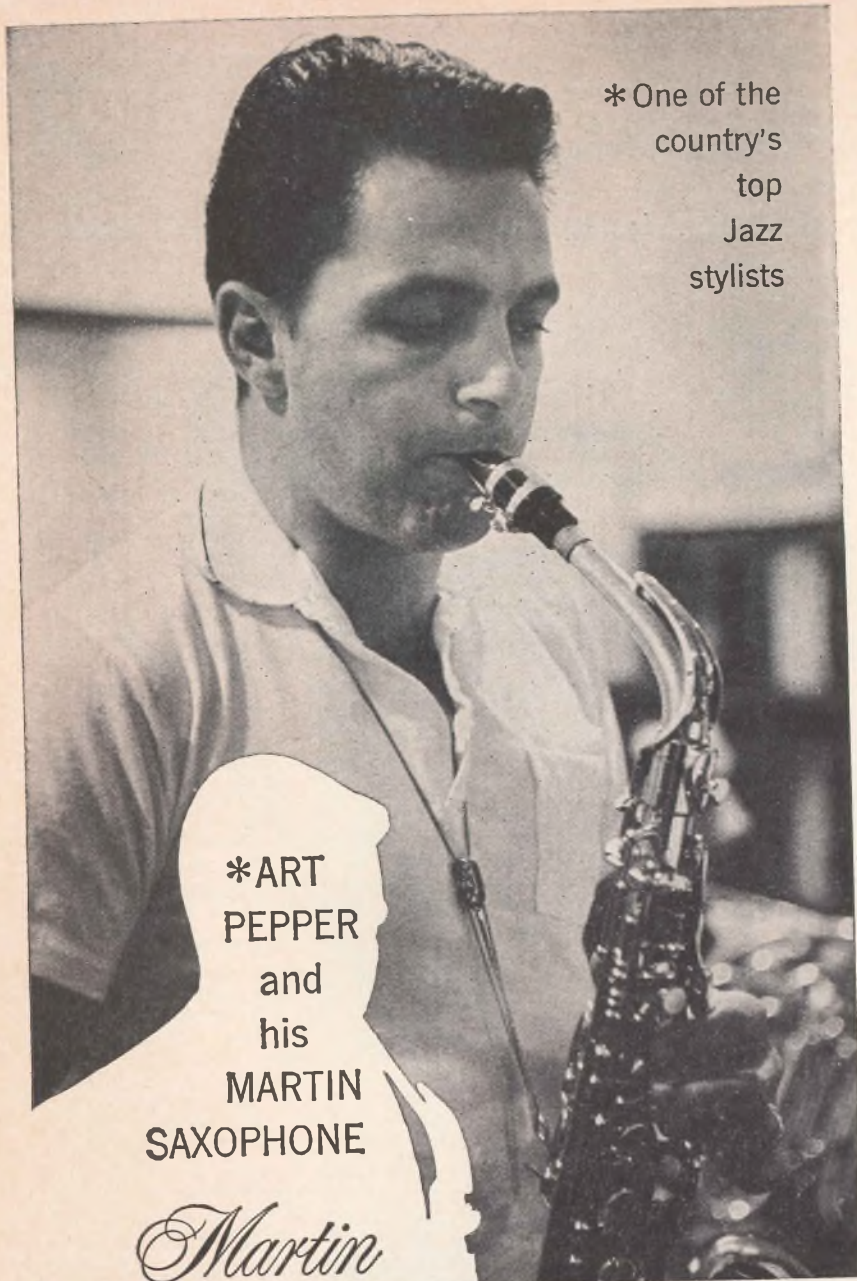
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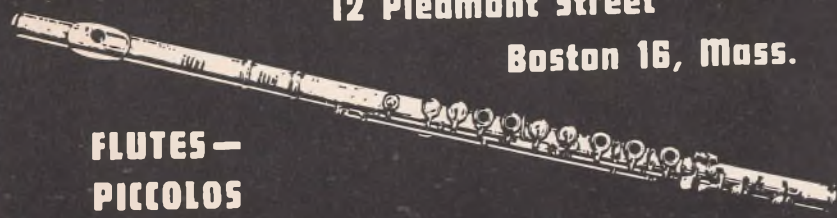
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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

Gitler and Wilson versus Les McCann.

I realize that it is a difficult task, wading through some 20 or 30 releases a week, writing a brisk review to give the hasty shopper some general clues (not unlike an elevator operator in a department store: "men's funk, soulsville, modified ethnic, ladies' extended form, children's hard bop, etc."), and finally making some comment in depth, preferably in capsule form.

This is not an easy task, since, as Stravinsky has pointed out, some insincere art is very good and a great deal of sincere art is often very bad. Further, no reviewer can be entirely oblivious to a jazz album selling upwards of 30,000 copies, and if the performer involved is not a congealed Buddha, a reviewer can look good, at least on paper, if he can put someone away until *Jazz Review* disinters him.

Also, a reviewer may feel that his charges (the audience) have been truant in embracing a new release without his consent. If some popular album strikes the reviewer's fancy, then he can lend his approval (father-image style) to the LP in question.

At the risk of Ralph Gleason's not sending me any more bass lines, I would like to submit that Gitler and Wilson are guilty of a serious goof in the McCann matter. The crux of their position seems to be the issue of simulated funk (homogenized to Gitler) as opposed to authentic funk.

In recent years a complex mystique has developed over this question of funk. Musicians themselves are not always sure as to whether some funk is spurious or real (Miles has accused Oscar of spurious funk), so I suppose critics can be excused.

A short while back, a best-selling LP of simulated funk won all kinds of kudos from critics and public alike, which is all right for the public, which only knows what it likes, whereas the critic is supposed to deal with the deeper problems of the Platonic "good." Values these days are at a low ebb since Monk, who doesn't even pretend to play the piano, is deemed No. 1 in that department.

I am not completely familiar with Gitler's frame of reference in these matters. I know Wilson doesn't care for either Peterson or Hawes, thereby rejecting the two leading exponents of authentic keyboard funk. Wilson is also very fond of John Lewis.

It seems to me that Les McCann has become the unwitting victim of Gitler's irritation of simulated funk and Wilson's distaste for funk in general, spurious or not.

McCann, to me, is the most refreshing pianist since Hampton Hawes, excluding nonfunky Bill Evans. He is authentic, original, possesses a fine harmonic and textural sense at the keyboard, and is an exciting performer. He plays the hell out of a ballad, in a very personal way, and comes by his "funk" as naturally at a lemming takes to unwarranted destruction in times of famine.

New York City. John Mehegan

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NEW YORK

Tony Scott left New York last December to spend two years traveling in the Orient. After playing for one week in Honolulu, Hawaii, with a local group, he went on to Tokyo, where he has been performing occasional club and TV dates. The jazz clarinetist and his wife **Fran** eventually rented a house and have been residents of the Japanese city for the past nine months. Scott, whose aims have been to study the ethnic culture and music of the Far East, recently signed for a nine-week tour of Southeast Asia under the sponsorship of the U. S. State Department. He will visit Indonesia, Malaya, and Thailand as a single. In places where there are no accompanying musicians available, he will play tapes and lecture on jazz.



Scott

The **Quincy Jones Band** arrived in New York on Sept. 12 aboard the S.S. *United States* after nine months in Europe. They have been vacationing, playing a few one-nighters, and are now at Pep's in Philadelphia. New York City will have an opportunity to hear the band during a month-long engagement at Basin Street East beginning Nov. 4 . . . Bandleader **Johnny Richards** moved from New York to Los Angeles to work on a library for the new **Stan Kenton Orchestra** . . . **Marshall Brown's** Newport Youth Band represented Local 802 of the AFM in the mammoth Labor Day parade on Fifth Ave. . . . Roulette Records presented daily concerts by the **Maynard Ferguson Band** during the 1960 high fidelity show.

The **Zoot Sims-Al Cohn Quintet**, on a recent engagement at the Half Note, included **Mose Allison**, piano; **Bill Crow**, bass, and **Gus Johnson**, drums. Sims will accompany the **Gerry Mulligan Concert Band** on their American and European tour as a special tenor saxophone soloist . . . **Ornette Coleman** replaced bassist **Charlie Haden** with **Scott La Faro** before heading west for a Jazz Workshop date in San Francisco. Coleman will be back in New York on Nov. 1 to open opposite the **Modern Jazz Quartet** at the Village Vanguard. The club's manager, **Max Gordon**, booked Coleman at the request of MJQ musical director **John Lewis**.



Sims

Singer-pianist **Nina Simone** has been a hit at the Village Gate and returns in December for a third extended engagement. Her accompanying trio is **Al Shakman**, guitar; **Chris Whit**, bass; **Bob Hamilton**, drums. Owner **Art D'Lugoff**, who tried a jazz policy through the summer in place of folk music, will continue with jazz indefinitely . . . Drum protege **Barry Miles**, age 13, is featured on college dates in New Jersey, with a group consisting of pianist **Nat Pierce**, bassist **Vinnie Burke**, tenor saxophonist **Bob McGall**, and blues vocalist **Big Miller**. They have dates to fill every weekend until the first of next year.

American jazz pianist **Freddie Johnson** is ill in a hospital in Copenhagen, Denmark . . . Bassist **Oscar Pettiford**, who died

(Continued on page 67)



THE EVIDENCE OF THE DAMAGE

The evidence of the damage was unmistakable: as the summer wore on, about half the jazz festivals reported in as financial flops. Indeed, the festival season had started off with a failure—that at Los Angeles.

Even the word *jazz* had become suspect. In Pittsburgh, the Civic Light Opera company at first tried to back out of the lease it had given to Jazz Horizons Unlimited—the company was afraid of riots. When Jazz Horizons made legal moves to force the opera to live up to the lease, the company backed down, but they specified that the word *jazz* was not to be used in any promotion or publicity, except where the name of the producers, Jazz Horizons Unlimited, Inc., had to appear.

To such a melancholy level had the image of jazz sunk as a result of the trouble at Newport.

These were some of the festivals that followed after Newport (made a financial flop by the city's cancellation of the license), Atlantic City (a success), Evansville, Ind., (a success), Randall's Island (a flop), and Detroit (a flop):

Philadelphia

A cop was heard telling a motorist, "The parking lot for that crazy show is to your right. The "crazy show" was the Quaker City Jazz festival, held three nights in Connie Mack stadium.

Philadelphia, too, had concluded that jazz was trouble-making music, and the police were looking for it. Two police inspectors, a captain, 72 patrolmen, and four police dogs stood by to go after troublemakers. There was no trouble; perhaps significantly, there were no alcoholic beverages on sale in the stadium.

With crowds seated in the stands of the ball park, and the bandstand in the infield just beyond third base, there was little intimacy to the performances. Said Cannonball Adderley, "I don't know whether I dig playing in the ball parks. It's like calling a child who has been told to stay within hollering distance but takes the maximum allowable radius."

Adderley had had recent sad experience with ball park performance: his group was only half heard at the Urban League "jazz festival" in Chicago. But

unlike the Chicago event, the Philadelphia festival had good stereophonic sound. At least Cannon was heard, if little seen, by the distant audience.

On the program was a standard roster of festivaleers: the Duke Ellington Band, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, the Oscar Peterson Trio, Dinah Washington, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Horace Silver Quintet, Herbie Mann's Afro-Cuban group, and the Chico Hamilton Quintet, plus the Jack Teagarden Sextet and the Gene Krupa Quartet. Comparatively new to the festival scene were the Toshiko Mariano Quartet and the Fred Kaz Trio. Ornette Coleman, playing his first large eastern jazz festival, garnered polite applause.

Philadelphia itself was represented by the Harold Corbin Quartet, the Red Rodney Quintet, and singer Gloria Lynne. The Four Freshmen were there as a crowd-gathering device. They were coyly out of place in the event.

If all this sounded like an event dreamed up by George Wein; that, no doubt, was because Wein produced it.

Estimated loss of the festival: \$15,000.

Commented Wein: "Look, we have a flop. I'm not the boy to say anything else. I think if you have a failure, come right out and say so. Don't give the artists any exaggerated ideas about themselves. When they bomb, let them know it. If nothing else, it will give you a lever the next time you have to bargain with them."

Buffalo

Wein, in partnership with Ed Sarkesian of Detroit and Al Grossman of Chicago, produced four festivals in August. Along with those at Detroit (see *Down Beat*, Sept. 29), there were two smaller, two-night festivals at Buffalo and Pleasure Island in Wakefield, Mass.

The Buffalo festival drew 8,000 persons its first night and 6,000 the second night. The festival theme was "Buffalo Likes Jazz" (in Evansville, the theme had been "Indiana Likes Jazz"). There was no trouble. The Buffalo police department had announced in advance that a newly formed K-9 corps of five German shepherd dogs would be on hand to control the jazz fans, whom

Buffalo cops, like those in Philadelphia, evidently expected to be wild-eyed fanatics. This was another indication of the image projected by the Newport rioters. Buffalo, too, saw Cannonball, Ellington, Peterson, and Krupa on hand, along with Louis Armstrong.

Local performers included the Sam Noto Quartet (trumpeter Noto has played first trumpet for Stan Kenton, Billy May, and Woody Herman) and singer Patti Leeds.

Pleasure Island

Last year, producer Wein presented the first Boston festival at Fenway ball park. It was a financial failure. This year, he was invited by ex-disc jockey Norm Prescott to stage the festival at Pleasure Island, a 70-acre amusement park on a man-made island not far from Boston. Prescott, who lost his DJ job at WBZ during the payola scandals early this year, is now executive vice president of Pleasure Island.

Extensive anti-riot security measures were taken. There was no trouble; again, there was no alcohol sold on the grounds. Wein said the festival went well. "No trouble, no problems, and almost capacity business each of the two nights."

Wein and Sarkesian had also planned to stage a festival in Pittsburgh's Forbes Field early in August, but cancelled the idea after the Newport debacle. This opened the way for Jazz Horizons, an organization of 2,000 Pittsburgh-area jazz fans.

They booked Nina Simone, Dizzy Gillespie, the Newport Youth Band, Woody Herman's fourth herd, the Horace Silver Quintet, Oscar Peterson, the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Brubeck, and several local groups, including the Charles Bell Quartet, winner of the Georgetown university jazz contest last May.

Publicity on the festival was good—though it was called the Modern Music festival. But the people of Pittsburgh were more interested in the first-place Pittsburgh Pirates and a county fair. Rain on Sunday night helped knock the three-day gross down to \$30,000, producing an estimated loss of \$20,000.

Phil Brooks, president of Jazz Horizons, said the organization was "beaten, bloody, and bruised." But, he added, "We will be back next year."

ONE CLUB BURNS, ANOTHER RETURNS

Score card of jazz clubs: one more gone, and another back on the scene.

Missing from the roster of the nation's jazz clubs is Cleveland's Theatrical grill, the city's top jazz spot for 25 years. It was destroyed by fire in mid-September. But it will be replaced, and two weeks later, one club that had disappeared did a comeback: Fack's II in San Francisco was opened again, though under a new name.

The Cleveland fire did not bring cancellation of the contracts of artists booked there: Jules Weinberger, manager of the nearby Hickory grill, offered to pick up the contracts of headliners who had been scheduled to play the Theatrical grill. These included the Ramsey Lewis and Ellie Frankel trios. Weinberger also offered to pick up any future contracts held by the theatrical.

Morris Wexler, owner of the Theatrical, agreed, and Weinberger promptly announced that Roy Eldridge, the Illinois Jacquet Quartet, and the Terry Gibbs Quartet would also play his room.

Curiously, the fire may mean that there will be two name jazz rooms in Cleveland. Weinberger began making further alterations in the recently-remodeled Hickory to accommodate larger groups. Meantime, Wexler was making plans to open a new club on the Theatrical site—and within 60 days.

But the fire brought losses to the musicians playing at the Theatrical. Red Holt, drummer with Ramsey Lewis, lost his drums in the fire, and El Dee Young lost his bass. Holt scurried around Cleveland to assemble a new set while Young flew to Chicago to pick up another instrument he had at home.

"I'll never find another bass like the one I lost," Young lamented. "It will take a long while just to break in this other one."

Ellie Frankel, pianist and leader of the house group, lost part of her wardrobe in the fire; her bassist, Lou Lacey also lost his instrument, and the drums owned by the house were destroyed.

In San Francisco, Fack's II, shut down in an income tax dispute the night after Duke Ellington opened there last July, has been bought by young and wealthy Michael Du Pont, and reopened Sept. 26.

The club will be renamed Neve: San Francisco, and Ellington, on the coast for a special appearance at the Monterey Jazz festival, will go back to finish out his contract there.

Following Ellington, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral or Lambert-Hendricks-Ross will headline.

PHILADELPHIA DA SEEKS PAYOLA INJUNCTION

Victor H. Blanc, Philadelphia's district attorney, has acted to "perpetually" stamp out what he calls a \$140,000 payola scheme in his city. He is seeking a civil court injunction barring record distributors from doling out payola and disc jockeys from taking it.

Blanc is aiming at 11 distributors and 28 jockeys he accuses of taking part in the huge scheme that won for Philadelphia a reputation as one of the nation's worst payola centers. Members of this group, plus any others who wanted to, would sign a consent decree permanently barring them from giving or taking payola. Those of the accused group refusing to sign would be charged under Pennsylvania's bribery act. Those who signed and violated the provisions could be charged with contempt of court as well as bribery.

The DA said the payola racket is still flourishing. He said the record firms would like to kill payola but that "one company cannot cut it out until all the rest cut it out."

Blanc's maneuvers sounded like a good thing for the music business. But then he reported that a disc jockey organization was being formed to enable radio and television performers to "police themselves." It will be headed by TV disc jockey Dick Clark.

Blanc said Clark is "innocent of payola." But, among the 28 accused jockeys, Clark's former sidekick, Tony Mammarella, was named. Blanc didn't explain how Mammarella, who quit when the payola scandals broke, could be involved if his boss is innocent.

Clark, meanwhile, is acting as if the payola mess had never been uncovered. He drew the biggest crowds of the year in a recent personal appearance at Atlantic City's Steel Pier and he continues to push junk music on his national *Bandstand* program.

But more disturbing is a report from Eugene Gilbert's syndicated *What Young People Think* column, which appears in hundreds of daily newspapers.

Gilbert reported that a nationwide survey of teenagers showed 69 percent felt Clark justified in promoting records in which he had a financial interest.

"This enthusiastic vindication of their idol," Gilbert wrote, "ignores the fact that Clark has already divested himself of his record company interests and agreed to stick to entertaining."

A defender of Clark said, "It's his company and his show, so it's his privilege to do what he wants." An opponent said Clark's conduct "cheated the public" and didn't give all records an equal chance of becoming hits.

But only 10 percent of those surveyed approved direct payola for play-

ing certain records. Another 21 percent thought it "wasn't too bad," 30 percent called it "undesirable" and 38 percent called the practice "very wrong."

On the broader issue of their own fathers accepting gifts from business associates seeking favors, a surprising 58 percent said they see nothing wrong with dad accepting payola.

One of the dissenters, 17-year-old John Chelstrom of St. Paul, said he regarded any compromising of ethics as "another symbol of the moral sickness of our society."

AFM-SPONSORED BAND CONTEST SWINGS

During the week of Oct. 8-15, dance bands across the land are swinging like old times. To celebrate National Dance Festival week, the American Federation of Musicians is holding the regional contests of their second annual national dance band competition.

More than 170 dance bands located between Moses Lake, Wash., and Clearwater, Fla., will be playing the required song *Melancholy Serenade*, written by the festival's honorary chairman, Jackie Gleason, along with a set of their own arrangements. The winners of the regionals will compete in semifinals and finals several weeks later. The festival is co-sponsored by the National Ballroom Operators association and AFM.

George V. Clancy, AFM treasurer and chairman of the best-band competition, announced the bands will be competing for prizes consisting of more than \$20,000 worth of new band instruments donated by the nation's leading band-instrument manufacturers; a nation-wide tour of famous ballrooms offered by the NBOA; a special two-week engagement at the Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas, Nev.; a complete new outfit for the winning band by Saxony Clothes of New York, and many other offers being reviewed by the national dance band committee, including recording albums and television appearances.

Ronnie Drumm, leader of a Sammy Kaye-styled band from Springfield, Mass., filed the first entry in early August to start this year's competition. Drumm was nosed out in the New York finals last year by Claude Gordon's Los Angeles band.

Among those entrants to date have been Los Angeles bandleaders Jack Mellman, Johnny Anderson, Rene Block, and Tommy Oliver who were in last year's contest at the Palladium. Others were Joseph Epps, Jerry Jennings, Abe Most, Johnny Catron, Bob Tate, Pat Chartrand, David Wells, Keith Williams, and George Andrews.

Entered in New York are Leo S. Ball, Gerry Bendett, Frank Caputo, Tony Carter, Robb Davis, Ben O'Haiti, Rus-



AID FOR YOUTH

Herman D. Kenin (left), president of the American Federation of Musicians, is shown presenting to a tickled-to-death Stan Kenton the union's check for \$1,000 in aid of scholarships to Kenton's clinics at the annual summer band camp.

sell Dunn, David Lewys, Bernie Mann, Chris Marlo, Tommy Ortel, Joseph Payne, Bill Shiner, Alan Sitkowski, and Al Worsley.

Other entries include Johnny Cardoni, Jimmy Diamond, Allan Teeter, all from San Francisco, Calif.; Chester Cline, Ozzie Howard, and John Lanzillo, Louisville, Ky.; Allan Jackson, Newark, N. J.; Jimmy Driscoll, Baltimore, Md.; Wade Springsted, St. Joseph, Mo.; Hal Curtis, Jack Purcell, Glenn Ross, and Bobby Vinton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Charles Peak, Horace Puckett, and Sandy Sandifer, Fort Worth, Texas; Rob Aaberg, Minneapolis, Minn.; Johnny Austin and Al Raymond, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. J. Speck, Morristown, N. J.; Arlen Saylor, Pottstown, Pa.; Tommy Glass, New Haven, Conn.; Johnnie Kaye, Peru, Ill.; Fred Grant, Lima, Ohio; Jimmy Cook, Las Vegas, Nev.; Eddie Madden, Portsmouth, N. H.; Steve Laughery, Moses Lake, Wash; Henry Gallagher, Richmond, Calif.; George Parrish, Paynesville, Ohio; Jack Howard, Clearwater, Fla., and Pat Alparone, Plainfield, N. J.

Comic Gleason is lending his support to the contest, he said, in the hope that it will help bring back big bands.

WHEN IS A COFFEE HOUSE A CABARET?

The cabaret division of the New York City police department contends that the Greenwich Village coffee houses are cabarets because they serve food, beverages, and put on entertainment.

To avoid such classification, which

entails the necessity of obtaining cabaret licenses and work cards for employes, as well as paying cabaret-operating taxes, the Village's espresso house owners have formed an association to battle the police on the issue.

Police action has been prompted by a recent trend to feature poetry readings, folk singers, and jazz groups in the places where formerly espresso was the main attraction. San Francisco beatniks have been credited with bringing this idea to New York's Village about three years ago.

Many of the entertainers receive their pay out of the hat that is passed around the room after a performance. These entertainers say they would prefer to keep it that way on account of taxes.

Coffee houses using jazz groups usually confine their music activities to weekends, when the Village is full of visitors. Two spots regularly using jazz are Phase 2 and Cafe Rario. Phase 2 has been featuring a small modern group led by trumpeter William Dixon, the founder and former president of the United Nations Jazz Society. The Rario does not identify its group in ads.

This summer, police brought the situation to a boiling point by issuing a flurry of summonses served not only on the owners but also on coffee house employes ranging from bus boys to cashiers. Their complaint was that the houses did not have cabaret licenses, nor did the employes have cabaret cards.

When the action came up for a court hearing last month, the owners of the

cited places assumed legal responsibility for their employes and retained attorney Maxwell T. Cohen to represent the coffee house owners association.

Cohen, familiar to *Down Beat* readers for his battle against the cabaret card system, based his case for the coffee houses on historical precedent. He insisted that references to "cabarets" had been introduced into local legislation in the 1920s to control speakeasies. The term referred to establishments where entertainment, food, and alcoholic beverages were sold, he said, and maintained that the police department had overstepped its authority without cause when it issued summonses to espresso houses, where no liquor is sold.

It was Cohen's contention that if the coffee houses are classified as cabarets, so might movie houses and cafeterias be put into the same category. Movie houses sell popcorn and soft drinks, while cafeterias operate with piped-in music. This would give the police unlawful authority and control over many areas of the entertainment industry, he argued.

"Police control over an area of culture and entertainment," Cohen warned, "carries the connotation of censorship and taste-control."

If the hearing judge decides in favor of the coffee houses, it will mean more employment for jazz musicians. But if he favors the police, many of the coffee spas will go out of business, while others will revert to just coffee.

BLUES SOCIETY GROWS FROM SEARCH FOR ROOTS

The search for the roots of jazz has led many researchers and fans into the vast area of American folk music. An object of special study has been the country blues. So much interest has been generated in the last few years that Chris Strachwitz, one of the foremost authorities on rural blues, has formed the International Blues Society.

The society aims to document and preserve the music by means of recording. The discs are to be issued on the society's own label. Strachwitz said he feels that it is vital to start the recording project now, for many performers are getting old.

The IBS LPs will be made up of original recordings of authentic country blues artists taped in the field by such researchers as Strachwitz, Mack McCormick, Paul Oliver, and Jaques Demetre. Oliver and Demetre are European blues experts doing research in this country on the music of the American Negro. They are subsidized by grants from their governments.

Contrary to usual practice, artists will be paid royalties as well as a recording fee. Artists recorded thus far by the society include K. C. Douglas, Lowell

and Martin Fulson, Thunder Smith, John Hogg, Blind Charlie White, and James Butler.

In addition to new releases, the society will reissue material from small, now-defunct blues labels. Strachwitz has obtained rights to reissue material from several small, independent west coast labels.

The society's recordings will be available to members only. Nonmembers may write for further information to Chris Strachwitz, 17650½ Navajo Trail, Los Gatos, Calif.

HOPE SPRINGS FOR NEWPORT

Will there be a jazz festival at Newport, R. I., during the Fourth of July weekend of 1961?

George Wein, producer of all seven yearly editions of the NJF, said, "It is my opinion that very shortly the City of Newport will extend an invitation to the Newport Jazz festival to return for the season of 1961 for its eighth consecutive year."

Wein is reasonably sure of this, despite the riots that canceled the remainder of this year's festival—and despite the filing of a \$450,000 suit against the city by the festival committee.

This optimism is further supported by a story that appeared in the *Providence Journal* late in the summer. The *Journal* reported that 402 members of the Newport County Chamber of Commerce, out of a possible 562, answered a questionnaire sent out by the chamber's executive secretary, Ted C. Jarrett. Of these 402 members, 327, or a little more than four out of five, sought the festival's continuance.

But most of those who approved of the festival's return, also specified that they wanted proper policing, a set of widely publicized festival regulations, ticket sales limited to the capacity of Freebody park, and a ban on drinking in public places.

The 61 members who frowned on the return of the event included more than 30 who said they might be willing to reconsider if they were satisfied with a detailed plan of policing and regulations that might be drawn up. The remaining members in this group said they felt "this festival is too large for the area and cannot be controlled."

There were 14 replies that did not express a stand one way or the other regarding the festival's continuance.

Views on subquestions in the poll were as follows:

Only 51 percent of those approving the festival felt that it should be run on the Fourth of July weekend; 85 percent favored four or five consecutive nights; 89 percent called for a complete ban on drinking in public places, including parks and beaches; 87 percent said

package stores and bars should be allowed to operate within the hours prescribed by law; 70 percent answered that sleeping on the beaches would be all right with proper supervision; 86 percent said ticket sales should be limited and the capacity of the park limited as well because there had been disputes after the rioting about the sale of tickets to standees.

Of those opposed to the continuance of the event, the chamber received the following answers:

Seventy percent said the festival was too large for the area, 69 percent said proper control was impossible, 52 percent agreed to reconsider if a satisfactory plan of policing and control was drawn up, 61 percent doubted the value of the festival to the city's economy, and 79 percent replied that the jazz festival hurt the city's other tourist attractions.

The poll was taken after Newport's businessmen had had a chance to look over their books and estimate their chances for a good year in '61. Could they afford to be without that sharp spiral up over the Independence day holiday? Their estimates, in the questionnaire, as to the financial benefit to Newport from the festival ran from \$30,000 to \$2,000,000.

Jarrett was quoted as saying that several Newport residents told him they would like to see a similar questionnaire inserted in the Newport *Daily News* as an ad in order to get a larger segment of public opinion in the area.

Other persons have been holding their own small, private polls. One, Eric Vogel, American jazz correspondent for Germany's *Jazz Podium*, stopped in Newport this fall on his way to a Cape Cod vacation. He asked 20 Newporters at random about the festival. Vogel wrote, "Everybody was hoping for a revival in 1961."

John Hammond, vice president of the festival's board of directors, has been optimistic since July 3, the day the city council voted four to three to cancel the

remaining 1960 concerts. Hammond was quoted that day as saying, "I feel sure the festival will be back in its original locale in 1961 because it is the biggest single event Newport has had for the past several years."

Hammond is more concerned at the present time with plans for 1963, when the festival is scheduled to have a band shell and park of its own, financed by the State of Rhode Island. The state figured that the festival brings in close to \$1,000,000 worth of business every Fourth of July. Hammond also has announced that the festival band will erect a jazz pavilion on the grounds of the 1964 World's fair, to be located on the Flushing Meadows in New York City.

Marshall Brown, another board member, is more cautious about the possibility of another festival at Newport, saying, "Wait—you can't sue a guy with one hand and ask him for a license with the other."

Brown is one of the four members of the festival board who reportedly signed a separate note—along with president Louis Lorillard, Hammond, and Wein—to underwrite the 1960 festival for \$60,000.

The suit mentioned by Brown is the formal suit for \$450,000 filed against the City of Newport last August. This is considerably lower than the original amount of \$4,000,000 voted on by the festival committee the evening of July 3.

The \$450,000 is to cover the losses and damages suffered by the cancellation of the festival's license last July 3. Attorney Morris Kirsner of Boston, representing the board, called the Newport city council's action "premature, ill-advised, illegal, and unjustifiable."

The festival's claim alleges that the festival was unable to fulfill its contracts with numerous artists, for whose services contracts had been executed for the full period.

Kirsner's brief further claims, "The reputation and worldwide fame of the Newport Jazz Festival, Inc., and its promotions in the City of Newport and elsewhere had been irreparably affected, with the festival suffering the attendant financial loss."

At the present time, the suit stands, and there has been no further word on licensing the 1961 festival. Later this fall, Elaine Lorillard's \$100,000 suit against the Newport Jazz festival comes up in the U. S. district court in Providence.

Mrs. Lorillard's suit was filed in August, 1959. She claims \$100,000 from Newport Jazz Festival, Inc., on the grounds that it was her idea, that she performed valuable services for it, and that she was ousted as a director at an allegedly illegal meeting in December, 1958.

INSTANT BIRD

Personnel Research, Inc., a Los Angeles firm, has announced "a revolutionary new testing technique for vocational guidance and in fitting workers to jobs for which they are qualified . . . The new device, aptly called the Career Finder, is the result of a quarter-century research to determine the kinds of traits, temperament, knowledge, and skills necessary for success in each occupation. It is unique in that it takes only about one hour to complete without supervision . . ."

Now we'll know who's the next Bird.

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON PIANO

By GENE LEES

One of the facets of jazz that leaves me vaguely puzzled is the ambiguity of viewpoint that obtains on the subject of technique.

I have never been able to understand why the most exquisite standards of execution are expected and admired of trumpeters, saxophonists, drummers, and bassists, while the most dismally sloppy piano playing not only gets by but is even admired. As far as I am concerned, there are fewer than a dozen men in the front ranks of jazz who really know how to play piano.

Let's look at it another way:

It is axiomatic that as players in most areas, the better jazz musicians have long since caught up with and exceeded their classical counterparts. To be sure, those few men who have played jazz on French horn have never come near achieving the mastery that the late Dennis Brain possessed — but then, has anyone else? There are other obvious exceptions.

But the fact remains that in general, and on those instruments they have chosen to use most, jazzmen are phenomenally advanced technicians. When Maynard Ferguson worked with the New York Philharmonic on Bill Russo's symphony, *The Titans*, the symphony brass men reportedly applauded him at rehearsal, and the classical critics were dumbfounded, their reviews indicating a complete obliviousness to what jazz musicians have achieved in recent years. Even more striking is the case of trombone. Symphony trombone men, in the main, couldn't even hope to do the things that J. J. Johnson or Julian Priester or Curtis Fuller or Jimmy Cleveland or Urbie Green and many others — including men dating as far back as Jack Teagarden and George Brunis — have long been doing as a matter of routine.

But jazz piano players, in general, are about two centuries behind the classical musicians, and most have only a fraction of the technique that has been considered requisite for a first-rate player since the time of Liszt. Even a second-rate concert pianist can blow most jazz pianists right out of town when it comes to the playing of the instrument.

Indeed, so anomalous is the situation that there seems to be a vague distrust of jazz pianists if they do show signs of having technique. Hence the condescension of some of the ultra-hip toward Oscar Peterson, and the shockingly unfair rejection of André Previn — both of whom are men who acquired technique first and depth later, though too many of their critics operate on the out-

dated assumption that they have *only* technique.

Yet the fact remains that aside from Previn, Peterson, Bernard Peiffer, Hank Jones, Bill Evans, and a fistful more, there are incredibly few jazzmen who really know how to play piano. Teddy Wilson played (and can still play) about four times as much piano as the younger men of today. And one giant, Art Tatum, actually exceeded classical musicians in certain facets of technique, and reportedly numbered among his admirers such men as Vladimir Horowitz. But is it Tatum's influence you hear among young pianists? Rarely — more often, you'll hear Monk.

There was a time when jazz piano was pianistic, and showed signs of becoming more so. The way Teddy Wilson constructed solos in the Goodman days showed signs of a familiarity with Bach. But such a line of development seems to have faded. This, no doubt, is the consequence of the "horn" influence on piano, the concept of the single line backed up by occasional quick chords in the left hand.

But piano isn't a horn and never was. In classical music, it is used but rarely as an ensemble instrument, having been recognized in its true identity as a chiefly solo instrument. When Gerry Mulligan decided it was unnecessary as an ensemble instrument and even got in the way, it was considered pretty revolutionary; classical composers have known this for a couple of hundred years.

Because classical pianists approach the instrument as itself, not as an imitation horn (it makes a pretty inferior "horn" because it cannot produce the true legato flow possible on a horn or stringed instruments), they have overcome the instrument's inherent weaknesses while capitalizing on its strengths. Most jazzmen haven't.

A classical musician of even moderate skill can produce shifts of emphasis within a chord, and, in a series of vertical chords, can achieve the effect of two or more horizontal lines. Only a very few jazz pianists can do this, among them Peterson, Previn, George Shearing (when he feels like really playing), Bill Evans, and Dave Brubeck.

A classical pianist must play runs evenly and with clear articulation; if he fails, he is criticized. Many jazzmen play fuzzy, bumpy runs—but some cat in the front row will always murmur "Yeah!" A classical pianist is expected to have a broad control of tone and dynamics; most jazz pianists are sadly lacking in these abilities.


Because of the widely prevalent lack of appreciation of piano as the magnificent instrument it is, or of its history, there is often unfairness in the evaluation of jazz pianists. For example, André Previn has been charged with "eclecticism" (why this is always considered a sin evades me) and even with stealing "Bill Evansisms." I wonder if Bill Evans was made uncomfortable by that? Because what have been called Evansisms are in part Chopinisms, and when it comes to the application of classical methods to jazz, Previn was there first. Before anyone else charges Previn with theft while exonerating Evans, somebody should take a good look at the origins of Evans' style — the influence of French impressionist composers among them. If you require a good place to start digging into his eclecticism, listen to Chopin's E Minor Prelude, then to Evans' *Young and Foolish*.

Lest this be construed as an indictment of Evans, let me say that he is one of my favorite pianists. It is precisely because of the breadth of his background that I do enjoy him.

Alas, other pianists do not seem to be following the Evans direction — nor that of Tatum or Peterson. To do so would involve hard work and gruelling practice. Why do that when you can play sloppy and call it "soul"? Why expend the effort when a pianist like Les McCann is moving into the money, and when Thelonious Monk, a simply dreadful player of the instrument, (even though an incredibly rich and gifted composer and musical thinker), is winning the polls *as a pianist*?

Herewith somebody is going to leap up to declaim that I am advocating the slick and the superficial, which is the standard rebuttal used to becloud this issue. It happens that I respect and enjoy Horace Silver as well as Oscar Peterson, and would rather hear Junior Mance than Bernard Peiffer, though Peiffer is by far the superior technician. And I much prefer Erroll Garner to Phineas Newborn. So I'm not saying at all that technique is more important than content. Only in jazz do you find this asinine half-belief that you have to be a bad pianist in order to be a feelingful artist — this unspoken mystique that technique is the enemy of feeling; it *can* be, when technique is pursued for its own sake; but it doesn't have to be.

What I am saying is that I admire technical control, and that I believe that the *best* music comes from men who have both — technique *and* emotion, or, if that is unclear, chops *and* soul.

We don't seem to be getting that combination in many jazz pianists. 

Jazz Organ-izing

Few instruments have had a harder struggle for acceptance in jazz than the electric organ. Even flute, long considered too delicate for jazz, has a large number of performers and, evidently, a following.

But organ, along with accordion and, to a lesser degree, harmonica, has had to stage a difficult uphill fight. Why?

Chances are that the antagonism toward all three instruments is based on subconscious associations. Accordion is associated with foreign groups and "square" music — despite Tommy Gumina, Leon Sash, Frank Marocco, Pete Jolly, and the early George Shearing.

Harmonica is associated with primitive and unschooled music. Hence, no doubt, the difficult struggle of the remarkable Jean Thielemans for acceptance of his harmonica in preference to his guitar.

Organ probably owes the past public apathy to soap operas. Many jazz fans need only to hear the sound of electric organ to think of *Ma Perkins* and *Mary Marlin, Backstage Wife*. Even the affection for the instrument of Fats Waller, Count Basie, Hank Jones, Oscar Peterson, and a host of other pianists, could not for a long time break down the antipathy.

But in the past year, the situation appears to have shifted. Organists Jimmy Smith and Shirley Scott have become popular favorites, and several labels report they are doing brisk business in jazz organ recordings.

"They sell fine," said bluff Bob Weinstock of Prestige. "Why else would I have three jazz organists under contract?" Weinstock's catalogue includes LPs by Miss Scott, Johnny (Hammond) Smith, and Jack McDuff.

At Blue Note, owners Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff are reaping financial rewards from 16 LPs by Jimmy Smith — and report that singles by Smith are doing well on juke-boxes as well as over-the-counter sales.

In California, Dick Bock of Pacific Jazz considers the market for jazz on organ so strong that he is looking for more talent. Argo has released an album by Milt Buckner, a one-time Lionel Hampton pianist who taught himself to play organ. Columbia has released an album by Sir Charles Thompson.

But the big names on the instrument, so far as the public is concerned, are Miss Scott and Jimmy Smith. Both are

Pennsylvanians, both began as pianists, both switched to organ in the middle 1950s.

Miss Scott took up Hammond organ in 1955 and joined forces with tenor saxophonist Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis. The same year, Smith, who had been playing piano and some organ with Don Gardner's Sonotones, formed his own trio and concentrated on Hammond.

Despite their parallel backgrounds, Miss Scott and Smith have different approaches to the instrument. Reviewing a Scott album, *Down Beat's* John Tynan said, "One feels from her playing that she is first an organist, a jazz player second; just as one might say the opposite holds for Jimmy Smith."

The organ is one of the most difficult jazz instruments on which to obtain a personal sound, although it has approximations of virtually every musical instrument among its many stops. Lockjaw Davis said of Miss Scott, "To most people, the organ sounds the same regardless who plays it. I believe that one reason she has suddenly become a favorite among jazz fans is that after three or four years of explorations, she has finally come up with a style that is all her own."

Miss Scott freely explores the tonal possibilities of her instrument while playing with a strong, swinging drive. She puts emphasis on massed chording, rhythmic shift of balance, and ever-changing tonal colors. Her ability to coax sounds from the manuals in a truly unique manner has been described as her "talking" effect, which runs through her playing as an identifying characteristic. On several of her recent albums, Miss Scott has been doubling piano by tape dubbing.

The most frequent criticism of her style has been overuse of the glissando effect. This has come from jazz writers. But her liking for florid glissandi has helped her commercially.

Miss Scott fronts a trio that currently includes tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine and drummer Arthur Edgehill. On club dates, she plays the bass line with her feet; for record dates she adds a bassist.

Jimmy Smith, who works with guitar and drums in person, is a more flexible artist than Miss Scott. He plays with more improvisational daring and flash, yet with considerable technical skill. His talents as a jazz creator in a blowing session have given him the credit for making Hammond organ a part of

jazz. One writer described him as "using a saxophone conception," and in some of his funky blowing, there is that feeling of a fast moving sax chorus.

Behind horn choruses, Smith sometimes contributes a pulsating walking bass line, where Miss Scott usually comps unobtrusively. Smith, like Miss Scott, has his moodier moments. When he performs ballads, he manages to project an individual style by his harmonic and dynamic variations.

Smith has from time to time been accused of using too many wobbles, flutters, and wows, which jazz reviewers are inclined to think of as banal fireworks. But here again it is a way of wooing the non-jazz listener. However, Smith does swing with validity on an instrument that is comparatively hard to get into a jazz setting.

Organist Milt Buckner uses a locked-hands approach with an interminable series of riffs. Columbia's Sir Charles Thompson has a powerful attack and a big, healthy sound that caused one liner-note writer to say that "he comes on like the whole bleeding Basie band."

Prestige's Johnny (Hammond) Smith and Jack McDuff are swinging organists but have a long way to go to match their label partner, Shirley Scott, in artistry. Another swinging jazz organist is Strethen Davis.

Capitol's Jackie Davis is more in the rock-and-roll field than in jazz, as are Bill Doggett and Wild Bill Davis.

Jazz organ has even invaded the fields of mainstream and Dixieland jazz. Pianist Skip Hall played organ on the Felsted LP *Bones for the King*, which featured trombonist Dickie Wells. On one track of the set, the organ was used in conjunction with an ensemble of four trombones.

Sonny White, pianist with the Wilbur De Paris Dixieland Band, played organ on a recent Atlantic album featuring the De Paris New Orleans style.

The progress of the electric organ in jazz has been slow, but as such performers as Miss Scott and Jimmy Smith blaze the trail, more new organists will come on the scene to further entrench the instrument in the field.

There is an unusually talented jazz organist in Chicago named Les Strandt, inactive of late because his style has been too esoteric for the routine organ cocktail lounge market. Yet Strandt might be the man who will eventually bring the organ to the modern jazz concert level.





ANDRE PREVIN: SPANNING TWO MUSICAL WORLDS

By JOHN TYNAN

In the commissary at Paramount Studios, the lunch-time air was filled with dish-clatter and trade gab. Clustered at tables in the large restaurant, groups of men and women directly—and indirectly—involved in the making of motion pictures buzzed in unceasing conversation. Through mouthfuls of tuna salad or pastrami on rye, the dream makers dreamed—and talked, talked, talked.

Mostly it was what is known as “Hollywood talk”: “Jerry, baby, it’s only the most daring concept that’s ever been attempted on film . . .” “Tell you what, Mickey, let’s have lunch and kick this around . . .” “But you *gotta* do the music, sweetheart, we need your talent.” And the familiar,

“Let me get back to you on that. Okay?”

In this setting André Previn is an anomaly, in a sense. He is as much a part of Hollywood as Grauman’s Chinese theater and has been active in film music since the age of 17, yet he refuses to get caught up in the psychological treadmill common to so many of his colleagues in the picture business. His activity as a jazz musician is reflective of this.

Highly articulate and with a range of interests extending far beyond either classical, movie, or jazz musics, Previn at 31 knows where he’s going, what he must do in life, and how he’s going to do it. He sees no conflict of interest in increasing his jazz activity; indeed, his current concert tour

of the western states is programmed equally of classical works for piano by such composers as Samuel Barber, Paul Hindemith, Maurice Ravel, Aaron Copland, and Sergei Prokofiev followed after intermission by a jazz recital accompanied by bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Capp.

Over a late breakfast of bacon and eggs at Paramount, Previn emphasized, "I want constantly to play and write both kinds of music. It seems to me that entirely too much is made of the 'impenetrable barrier' between the two. There's no reason that concertgoers should not accept the two on the same program. Actually, I would think you can draw enough of a musical corollary between *all* 20th-century serious music."

Thus, the split programming of his concerts which, he said, he wanted to be advertised truthfully, "so that those who come to hear Red and Frank won't be bored to tears by the piano recital and vice versa."

Early in 1961, Previn said, he plans to tour cities east of the Rockies playing within the same concert format. "I don't know whether it's been done before," he commented, "but it's certainly worth the effort. I'm very caught up in this. Of course, everybody is at liberty to quarrel with the performance, but the idea is valid and, I think, valuable."

There has been a tendency in some critical quarters to sluff off Previn's jazz playing as superficial, too studied, top-heavy with demonstrations of dazzling keyboard technique, and in general, second-rate and eclectic. But in recent years some jazz critics have apparently become appeased to the extent that they now allow there may be room in the same league for Previn and Thelonious Monk.

In 1957, Nat Hentoff wrote: "Previn in the last couple of years has been forming another kind of personalized jazz language that is more forceful, more often aimed at being funky, and more ambitious in the range of moods it tries to communicate."

In somewhat less backhanded fashion, Martin Williams had this to say in a *Down Beat* review of the album, *Gigi*, the following year: "As someone said once (in a *Blindfold Test*, I think), Previn listens to everybody. And the role that he has fallen into with the series of 'musical score' albums of which this is the latest, the role of a kind of popularizer, is one to which he seems excellently suited. He manages to be light without being slick or phony; he has managed to use the devices and ideas of any number of jazz pianists beginning with his first, somewhat hesitant, assays in Tatum's style during the war, without being really tricky or gimmicky, and, at the same time, with some identity of his own. He manages this chiefly, I think, by a communication of his own delight in playing and swinging and by an appreciation of the work of the men he hears. Another man might treat their playing only as a set of mannerisms—Previn seems to know better." Williams added, "There is no real depth in this music, but there is no dishonesty, either, and there is little banal contrivance. Nor does Previn patronize his sources or his talent or talk down to his listeners. In that sense, and on its intended level, his work represents an achievement."

Though softer in tone than previous critical comment, both the above-quoted remarks reveal a sort of suspicion, a built-in distrust and subtle snobbery-in-reverse that has plagued the pianist for a long time. It is as if, being thoroughly aware of Previn's astonishing musical background and his (supposed) presumption to invade the field of jazz, a preconditioned show-me attitude on the part of some critics has militated against him—at least from their viewpoint.

Previn couldn't care less about adverse criticism and makes no bones about it. If the critics pan his work, he said, "I feel it's because they honestly don't like it." Then

he added, "But unlike many musicians who say they never read reviews, I *always* do." Expanding on the subject, he continued, "Frankly I don't worry about critics reviewing records because by the very nature of their function critics are concerned with what is past, with what has been done. I'm not. I never replay my old records, for example."

But, "I care very deeply about what other musicians think." Then he added with a smile, "Anyway, you'd be surprised how few musicians take criticism seriously."

Almost as an afterthought he declared, "I'm all in favor of jazz being taken seriously (but) the writing about jazz has transgressed into being totally pretentious." This, he noted, is particularly true of LP liner-note commentary. "Now, Ornette Coleman," he said by way of example, "has been done what I hope is not an irreparable harm. They (the commentators) have made a premature monument out of Ornette. His music has, as part of its charm, a total freedom. Now I just hope that he doesn't start to intellectualize about it, because he'll go down the drain if he does."

"I've been sufficiently cowed," he said in mock, sarcastic confession, "by what certain critics have written about me, that I'm not sure I can comment on Ornette." With a shrug, he added, "Maybe they've studied music much more deeply than I. I don't know."

Elaborating on the general theme of pretentious writing and what he termed "analytical tracts" on jazz and jazzmen, he said he considered such literary product "mainly a crashing bore and secondly an imposition on the reader."

"My personal hero is Dizzy," he went on. "Now, nobody could be more serious about his music, but try to analyze him in that manner and you can only end up looking silly. Oscar Peterson, too, falls into that category. Not only is Oscar one of my favorite pianists, but I admire his attitude toward this type writing a great deal."

Not all critical comment has been adverse or suspicious, however. Leonard Feather, for example, has described Previn as "an amazing musician . . . equally at home in jazz, classical, and pop fields, playing jazz in a style reflecting the impact of his three favorites: Tatum, Peterson, Bud Powell." Ralph J. Gleason recently told the writer, "André Previn is one of the most intelligent, articulate, and literate musicians I've ever met, and his command of the instrument is fabulous. It's sheer delight to watch him play." Bill Coss, in a recent issue of *Metronome*, summed up neatly the case for the defense when he wrote, "It has lately become a kind of parlor game to criticize André as a fancy embroiderer of minimum jazz talent. But André and pals (he was discussing Previn, Red Mitchell and Shelly Manne on the LP of music from *West Side Story*) are three who can search out whatever there is in a song, not content with lesser music, and you will wander far before you will find a trio so musical. . . . If you like your jazz on the musical, rich, and expansive side, this album is for you."

It is a fact—and Previn is first to enunciate it—that he has grown beyond measure as a jazz artist by virtue of association, musical and personal, with certain musicians resident in the Los Angeles area. "I'm terribly partial to Shelly, Red, and Barney (Kessel)," he admitted. "Shelly possesses one of the most unique musical minds I've come across. Red is just a fantastic bass player. Barney needs no accolade. And Frank Capp, who is touring with me, is not only an excellent drummer but a good arranger and all-around musician." As a footnote, he added, "I especially admire people who not only play the instrument proficiently, but are good, well-rounded musicians."

What do other jazz musicians think about André Previn? A poll gets to be monotonous because his playing admirers seem to be of one mind when questioned. None can find enough adjectives of praise for his talents and André seems to defy thumb-nail comments from them. It's either a terse,

"Just too much!" or a stream of awe-struck commentary usually beginning with, "One time I was listening to him and I heard him do so-and-so and he gassed me completely." And on the matter of Previn's apparent lack of acceptance because of his impeccable musicianship and classical background, Stan Kenton caustically remarked, "If a guy doesn't come from a tiny, smoky, hole-in-the-wall of a club somewhere, he's not a jazz musician to some people."

On current influences in jazz, Previn has a few complaints. Of Gospel-based playing he said, "I am so sick of it. It's a wonderful feeling in jazz but now the clichés are ten-a-penny. And what's more, they're forcing tunes into that *métier* that simply don't belong there."

He repeatedly made reference to technical proficiency and in that context mentioned his favorite jazz pianists: Oscar Peterson, Russ Freeman, Horace Silver, in the older, more established group. Among the newer players he named Tommy Flanagan, Bill Evans, and Dave McKenna.

"They're all individualists," he explained, "and I like them all for what they do musically. But they all *really play* the piano. They've got the facility to express themselves, to get what they're after." Then he added with pointed emphasis, "I've spent too many years listening to the comment, 'Gee, we know he can't really play, but, boy! what he's thinking there.'"

An interview with André Previn cannot be restricted to the subject of jazz. Jazz doesn't bring him his not inconsiderable income; the bread-and-butter money comes mostly from motion picture work, and lately he has become increasingly occupied with television, his latest TV assignment being music director of this month's Donald O'Connor special.

But Previn is a scarred veteran of the movie lots with two Academy awards (for *Gigi* and *Porgy and Bess*) to his credit. Yet these are not his two favorite scores. Those he prefers out of the 37 films scored in less than 15 years are *Bad Day at Black Rock* and the recently completed *Elmer Gantry*.

"I suppose these are a curious two," he speculated, "because I won the award for two others. But the ones I got the Oscars for were not original musicals, just adaptations. Both *Bad Day* and *Gantry* were dramatic pictures and I was given total freedom to write anything I wanted, in any style. So they still hold up musically more than the others."

With evident satisfaction he said, "The day of the non-writing music director on a picture has just about had it in Hollywood." Ghost composers, arrangers, and orchestrators have not completely disappeared, though, he added, noting, "there are enough exceptions to the new situation to make it disgusting. In general, though, if you see a music credit on screen, it's for real, and I'm very glad to see this in the motion picture industry today."

With a reported 200,000 LP albums of Previn's sold in 1959 alone, the pianist-composer finds himself in an odd niche as a recording musician. He appeals to at least three distinct groups of record buyers: the jazz listener, the classical buff, and the fan of light, orchestral music. This is further pointed up by the fact that the albums sold last year were recorded on three labels, Contemporary, Columbia, and M-G-M.

Noting "I'm going to do lots of classical things from now on," Previn said he is planning to record the three Hindemith piano sonatas for Columbia. His classical plans, he said, could also include recording for Lester Koenig's Society for Forgotten Music label "if they come up with something interesting."

Columbia has released his Gershwin *Concerto in F*, and Contemporary now has in the can a Previn solo piano LP of Harold Arlen's songs. Forthcoming is a second Arlen album, this time with two pianos at the mikes, the second batch to be occupied by Russ Freeman. Finally, there are the movie soundtrack albums, inevitable in today's record industry.

Not to be discounted in the least is the songwriting that Previn currently is engaged in with his lyricist-bride of last November, Dory Langdon. He said they have completed an hour-long original musical for television to be aired on NBC in February. It's a version of the James Thurber short novel *Many Moons*. Further, he said his wife and he have been writing "many songs" for Judy Garland, Vic Damone, the movie *Pepe*, and a Broadway musical.

This is but part of the somewhat incredible accomplishment of André Previn in his brief, but crowded, adult musical life. If it does contain a message for the jazz-preoccupied reader, it could be that true musical maturity, on the listening as well as the performing level, knows no restriction. Just ask André.



SHORT TAKES FROM ANDRE PREVIN

"A lot of people who are not themselves deeply involved in jazz can do and are doing a lot of good within their commercial idioms. Hank Mancini is probably the best example of this. Mancini and Robert Farnon, both of them master craftsmen. If they can get people interested in jazz, that is, people who would not normally be interested, then this is great."

Today the film scorer is a public figure—at least, André Previn became one after the release of *Porgy and Bess* and *Elmer Gantry*.

"You'd be amazed at the letters I got after I did those pictures," he said. "After *Gantry* I got over 50 letters attacking me for 'making fun of religion.' And there was one real beauty with things in it like, 'What can you expect from a Jew . . . ?' After *Porgy*, the letters began to come from the south hitting me for 'working with niggers' and the like. Luckily, letters like that are in an infinitesimal minority, but they upset you."

"Typically, some of my records I personally like, they can't give away as bingo prizes. Like the Vernon Duke solo album, which I love . . ."

"I don't see why it's such a crime to make records that will appeal to people other than jazz fans."

"I'm very much against theme songs sung over the titles of motion pictures when they bear absolutely no relation to the film itself. If, say, a screen version of a Faulkner novel has the Ames Brothers singing over the main title, well, the purpose simply eludes me. This idea has been abused and misused terribly. I shouldn't be surprised to hear about a new title tune called *Finnigan's Wake, I Love You*."

"When I consider all the centuries of music, I always come back to Mozart. Were I metaphysically inclined, I'd feel there was something of the superman about him. But that feeling is nothing original, for every composer has said the same in substance."

MIKE MAINIERI UNLIMITED



By DON DeMICHEAL

A minor miracle is happening in the jazz world these days: a young vibraharpist with no albums on the market, no previous audience exposure, and no connections with any influential critics is causing an incredible stir. The few critics who have heard him have been beside themselves with enthusiasm, as is evidenced in Mike Mainieri's placing second in the new talent vibraharp category of *Down Beat's* 1960 International Jazz Critics poll. Lem Winchester, after years of struggle, beat him by only four votes, and this margin might have been narrower yet—or non-existent—if Mainieri had been adequately exposed prior to the poll.

He was so new at the time of the poll-taking (June) that his last name was spelled several different ways on the ballots: Maineri, Maneri, Mariani. But, though they were not in accord on the spelling of Mainieri's name—it's pronounced man-yair-ee—these critics were unanimous in their opinion of his excellence. Mike can boast that he is the only musician ever to come second in an important poll with his name distorted almost beyond recognition.

But Mainieri is hardly the boasting kind—he's soft-spoken and laconic—nor is there likely to be any mistaking his name in the future. For when the LPs do hit the market, and as more aficionados hear him with the Buddy Rich Sextet, his name is going to be hard to forget. He is the first really original vibraharpist to come along since the ascendancy of Milt Jackson.

Several qualities make his playing

outstanding. Not the least of these is his astonishing technique and control of his instrument, an instrument not easily tamed.

Until Mainieri, Red Norvo was the almost-universally acknowledged master of vibre technique: he played cleaner and probably faster than any other jazz vibraharpist. He was also king of the difficult four-mallet technique. But Norvo achieves cleanliness and speed at the expense of volume and, sometimes, intensity. It's much easier to play fast if you don't lift the mallets too far above the bars.

Mainieri not only can match Norvo in speed and precision of attack, but plays at greater volume, even at break-neck tempos. He also comps like a pianist, as Red does. But he has carried this technique a degree further than the bearded one—Mike is more pianistic. He has developed the ability to produce moving-voiced tremolos with the two mallets in his left hand while the two in his right play variations.

He uses this seldom-heard technique on up tunes as well as ballads. But it is on the slow tunes that his mastery is most apparent. However, it's more than awe at his use of spread chords and the tremolo effect that rivets listeners' attention to his ballad work: his clean, non-funky approach charms them with its sweet-breathed innocence. Hard-eared audiences, callous to any jazz group, suddenly become silent when Mainieri plays a slow tune. Even the glasses stop rattling. When he is through, there is sort of a stunned silence, then the applause comes like the roar of surf.

Another point—the most important

one—in his favor is his fresh, original conception, untainted by influences of the older vibists. "I always listened to horns—Charlie Parker, Clifford Brown, people like that—and piano players" Mainieri explained recently. "I never listened much to vibes players, although I do have one record by Milt Jackson—the old 78-rpm version of *Bags' Groove*."

While Mainieri's playing at this stage of development lacks some of the maturity and depth of the older vibre men, one need only listen to his ballad work to realize these qualities will not be long coming. Mainieri has the facility, the desire to learn, and the willingness to help others. All three are prerequisites for growth.

W hence this phenomenon?

Until April of this year, Mainieri's life was hardly of legend-making stuff. He was born in the Bronx, July 4, 1938; started playing vibes at 13; turned professional a year later; then formed a Red Norvo type of trio that won a Paul Whiteman award as Act of the Year and appeared on Pops' radio and TV programs. An uneventful life, even a little dull. Uneventful, that is, until a drummer Mike had once hired, Pete Voulo, made a phone call this spring to Buddy Rich, who was still recuperating from his heart attack.

Rich told Voulo, one of the many young musicians with whom he is friendly, that he wasn't interested in vibre players. "I was used to playing with honking tenor players," Rich says.

Three days before he was to open at Birdland, the friend called, again and begged Rich to listen to Mike play just one tune. Buddy gave in and told the young drummer to have his friend at the Village Gate, where Buddy was working, that night.

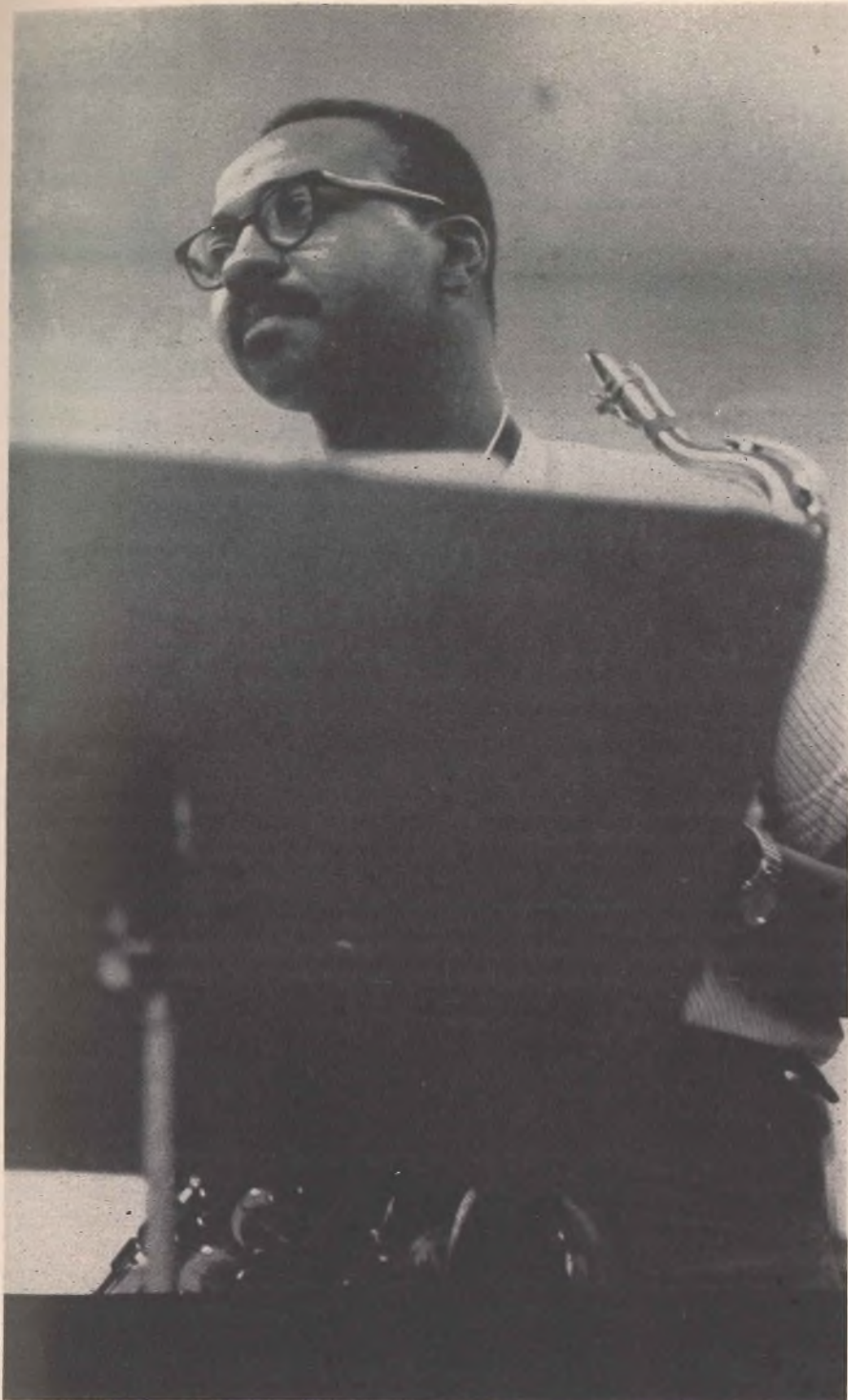
With a grin, Rich recalls his first meeting with Mainieri vividly:

"I was sitting at a table waiting to play the first set, when in walks this long-haired, scraggly looking kid dressed in a zoot suit and carrying a set of vibes. I took one look and said, 'Oh, oh!' But I told him to set up his stuff and wait till I called him. There was a helluva crowd there. I had him wait three sets. I was hoping the crowd would thin out so it wouldn't be too bad if he didn't make it.

"Finally, I called him up on the stand and asked him what tune he'd like to play. He said anything would be all right. So I called up *Broadway*—I figured all the young boppers would know that. He played hell out of it. I figured it was a lucky break; I'd hit one of the tunes he knew.

"He did a ballad next—*Tenderly*, I think. To really appreciate what hap-

(Continued on page 66)



NEW MOOD FOR MOODY

By IRA GITLER

James Moody has an uncle named Louis, who works overseas for the United States government.

When Moody was 16, Uncle Louis gave him his first alto saxophone. Several years later, when Moody had reached his 30s, Uncle Louis told him, "You've been in music for so many years, and what do you have to show for it? Why don't you give it up and go

into some business or something?"

Uncle Louis had a point: by the 1950s, Moody simply had not received recognition or commercial success commensurate with the time and energy he had expended in developing his talent and offering it to the public. Evidently Uncle Louis couldn't understand it. I know that I can't.

I've never been able to fathom fully the reasons Moody has been overlooked and/or under-rated by critics and certain

segments of the jazz public. He hasn't been taken for granted so much as he has been categorized in an off-hand manner. Too many persons have cast him as a rhythm-and-blues performer on the periphery of jazz.

This general benightedness may be due to lack of proper presentation in the past. In the midwest, Moody and the band he now fronts have their following. But for a long time, they were not getting any New York or California dates. Happily, that situation has changed of late. Since the band signed with Shaw Artists as its booking agents, it has appeared at the Apollo theater and Birdland in New York, and recently played its first important west coast engagements in several years. "You know," Moody said recently with a look of security, "Milt Shaw (head of Shaw Artists) used to be Dizzy's road manager."

Not only is that a statement of faith on Moody's part, it is a clue to his musical origins. Ralph J. Gleason, one of the few critics to have appraised accurately the worth and position of the Moody band, wrote in a 1959 *Down Beat* review of an Argo album, "This LP . . . reveals that this small band is closely knit in the Gillespie-Dameron style, which Moody relates to."

Moody was one of the strong wailers in the most exciting edition of Dizzy's orchestra, vintage 1947. It was a band that swung even when its members were not on the bandstand. I can remember Moody and Milt Jackson running races from the awning of the old *Down Beat* club to the corner of 52nd St. and 6th Ave., and the saxophone section blowing exuberantly in the club's upstairs between sets.

On the stand, Moody was given plenty of blowing space and combined the new ideas of Parker and Gillespie with an older brand of tenor sax in climactic solos while the band roared behind him. As a young alto player, he had heard and seen Don Byas and Buddy Tate with Count Basie at the Adams theater in Newark, N. J., and had bought a tenor. "I liked it when a soloist walked up to the mike," he says.

Neither the musical nor fraternal spirit of the Gillespie organization left Moody when he formed his own group upon returning from Europe in 1951. The physical format was the same as that of the band Moody leads today—four horns and three rhythm. With him were two other Gillespie alumni, trumpeter Dave Burns and trombonist William (Shep) Shepherd. It had been Burns who recommended Moody to Diz at the end of 1946. Before that, they had been Army buddies.

As the 1950s progressed, the band's book grew. There were arrangements by

Quincy Jones (*Wail Bait*), ex-Gillespie writer Gil Fuller (*Workshop*), and former Gillespie pianist Johnny Acea (*Show Eyes*). The influence of Tadd Dameron, already accounted for, was re-introduced through the contributions of Benny Golson.

By 1958, Moody was not setting the world off its axis, but the band was recording and working on a fairly steady basis, even if the dates were not the choice ones. This kept the group on the road a great deal. The combination of the hard grind and Moody's self-effacing personality caused him to turn repeatedly to the wine bottle. Singer Eddie Jefferson says, "He was to the point where he needed alcohol to face people."

Then disaster struck in the form of fire. In a holocaust that destroyed Philadelphia's Blue Note, Moody lost all the band's instruments and uniforms, and an irreplaceable book valued at \$6,000. This was the crusher. He went to Overbrook sanitarium in New Jersey for nine months of rest, cure, and rehabilitation. The visits of his mother, Mrs. Ruby Watters, were of great comfort and inspiration, but Moody himself, with great determination and new confidence, finally stood himself up on his own feet again. Dave Usher, at that time a&r man with Argo Records, came east to encourage him, and on Sept. 8, 1958, Moody went to Chicago and recorded the album titled *Last Train From Overbrook*.

Three months later, Moody reformed his band and started on the road back—or back on the road. Today he has the best group of his career.

The Moody group is a versatile band with a good blend. It can shout when it has to but doesn't do it constantly. With its book, it is capable of playing a dance where people come to dance and to listen. During the past summer, I heard the group in the different settings of the Apollo and Birdland; it was equally effective in each place.

The personnel hasn't changed too radically since the re-formation. Trombonist Tom McIntosh left to join the Farmer-Golson Jazztet, but Moody was fortunate enough to replace him with the brilliant young Chicagoan Julian Priestler, who until recently had been with Max Roach. The good McIntosh did during his two years with the band lives on, however, in the 15 arrangements he left behind. Through the three sets I heard at Birdland, the band played his *Blue Jubilee*, *Malice Toward None*, and *Talli*, all of which indicated why Moody esteems him so highly.

Other writers represented in the varied book of more than 50 number are Chicago bassist Bill Lee (*Mirage*), Milt Jackson (*Bells and Horns*), Tadd Dameron (*Our Delight*), Nat Pierce (a num-

ber simply entitled *Nat Pierce*), Quincy Jones (*I'm Gone*) and Moody himself (*Darben*, *the Redd Foxx* and *Last Train from Overbrook*).

An outstanding soloist is John Coles, whose trumpet was heard in the Gil Evans orchestra during Moody's lay-off. His thoughtful, warm, Miles-inspired horn is especially effective in *Mirage*, which is done without piano or drums. Bassist Ernest Outlaw bows behind the ensemble and supports Coles' solo with a regular plucked beat.

Another Chicagoan, Pat Patrick, is the anchor man on baritone sax. As a soloist, he has some rough edges, but the talent is there for all to hear. It is only a matter of time before he gains complete command of his full powers.

Pianist Gene Kee, who is from Newark (Moody's adopted home town), comps well for the soloists, underlines the ensembles nicely, and is an adequate if not spectacular soloist.

The swinging rhythm section is rounded out by drummer Clarence Johnston, one of the holdovers from the pre-1958 band.

The other old associate is a very important one. He is Eddie Jefferson, who not only gives the band an added dimension with his humorous, happily frantic, verbal versions of famous jazz tunes and instrumental solos but, as band manager and close friend to Moody, is one of the moving forces behind the whole show.

Moody first met Jefferson in 1951 in Cleveland. Eddie was a member of a dance team, but for a long time had been indulging in the hobby of setting words to the solos of musicians he admired. "I started doing it back around 1938 or 1939," he said recently. "I used to have a record player in my hotel room and just sing along with the records for my own amusement and for the cats who always hung around."

In 1953, when Babs Gonzales left the band, Eddie joined Moody. In December, 1958, he assumed the dual role of singer-manager.

Jefferson is more than good at his chosen specialty. He doesn't cheat by stretching a word over several notes when it would be easier to sing that way; instead, he fits a word to each note with a rapid-fire delivery that not only swings but can be highly amusing. Above all, he is a fine entertainer with a large sense of humor. The way he duets with himself by singing a falsetto for the girl's part on *Moody Mood for Love* never fails to break it up. Other tunes in his standard repertoire include *I Got the Blues* (based on Moody's record of *Les-ter Leaps In*), Charlie Parker's Jazz at the Philharmonic solo on *Lady Be Good* (recorded on Prestige as *Disappointed*), *I'm Gone*, and *The Birdland*

Story (the latter from Moody's record of *Blue and Moody*). Recently, Jefferson has been doing *Sherry* from Ray Charles at Newport (Atlantic) and this is a real upsetter.

But Jefferson's role should not obscure Moody's. Moody is about the farthest you can get from a puppet leader. Although he gives his sidemen ample opportunities to solo, he doesn't neglect himself. His driving, full-bodied tenor occupies most of his time, but he still leaves room for alto sax and flute. The former is used mostly on ballads—and to distinct advantage. On flute, he displays a great facility and a sound all his own that is so big you would swear he is playing an alto flute. The night I was at Birdland, tenor man Allen Eager said, with the approval of a professional, "He can do anything he wants to on his horn."

Eager was talking about a musician who started out with alto sax lessons at 25 cents per visit and who learned to read while he was in the army.


"Whenever a new cat comes on the band, I don't bug him," Moody said. "I never tune a band up. If I hire someone, I expect him to be able to play. I like to have men better than I am. That's the way I learn. I learn by surroundings, not by books."

Moody's record affiliation is still with Argo. "I'm there!" he says affirmatively. Two interesting dates have been taped in the last few months. On one of them, an all-brass ensemble backed Moody; on the other, Moody improvised on all three of his instruments against a rhythm section comprising Hank Jones, George Duvivier, and Osie Johnson. Moody talked excitedly of the date, and of the writing for it done by arranger Torre Zito.

Perhaps no one knows Moody better than Jefferson. "I think he's a genius as a musician," Jefferson said. "That's why I've stuck with him so long. As a man, he's sincere, very conscientious, and very honest. He knows which way he's going."

Moody is also a man of true humility. "There's no limit to what he can reach," Jefferson says. "He underestimates himself so much."

If Moody is his own severest critic, he has, however, acquired an underlying carpet of confidence that he formerly lacked, and he has a sense of conviction about his band. "They've tried to cut down the size of our group," he said, referring to past booking agents, "but I wouldn't let them. My ambition is to eventually have a big band."

And Moody does not intend to be denied. With his faith and straight-ahead thinking, and with all the talent at his command, he should find full recognition. It is long overdue. 

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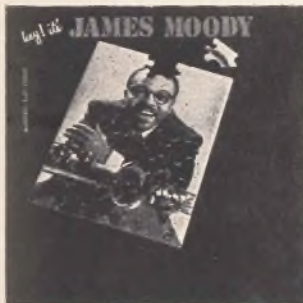
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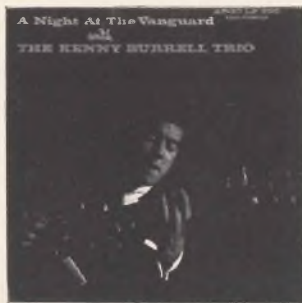
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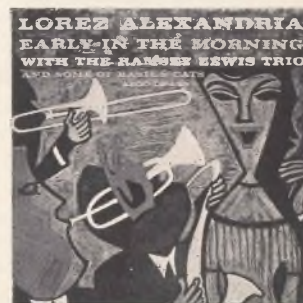
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OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

It never ceases to amaze me how some critics feel that a vote of confidence for a new jazz musician by Gunther Schuller, John Lewis, or Leonard Bernstein is a sort of *Good Housekeeping* seal. Every time I hear that Leonard Bernstein "hugged" some new jazz musician, I get the panics.

Then it starts: "Are you kidding? Man, I saw Stravinsky in Seymour's buying every one of Ornette's albums!"

"Yeah, I used to dig Jackie McLean but have you dug Hugo Katz yet? Gunther Schuller fainted down at the Five Spot when he heard him . . ."

Or "Yeah, he invited the whole group down to Carnegie hall to dig his rehearsal!"

I can tell you this much: if I was a new jazz musician and Leonard Bernstein hugged *me*, I'd smack him right in the chops! I'd like to see what the classical music critics would have to say if Dizzy jumped up on the stage at Carnegie hall and hugged Leonard Bernstein after a Philharmonic performance! Then I suppose Diz could invite Leonard and *his* whole group (all 117 of them!) down to the Metropole to dig *his* rehearsal!

Actually, the hugging bit is the thing that bugs me. If this kind of thing continues, the jazz field is going to get bum-rapped like interior decorators and ballet dancers. And look at it this way: Can you picture Charlie Mingus as a June Taylor Dancer?

At last I can pass on some information to all the readers who've inquired about Zoot Finster. Zoot, as you probably know, disappeared from the scene, right after his split with trumpeter Miles Cosnat. Immediately the rumors started: Zoot felt he needed some more woodshedding after hearing Coltrane; he was going to devote a full year to just writing; he was seriously ill in his pad; he became an IBM operator to get away from the business for a while; he was playing down south with a rock-and-roll band to get some roots; he'd given up music to enter medical school; he'd bought a sail boat and was sailing the south seas; he decided to open a dress shop in Des Moines; he changed his name to Tommy Sands and was going to marry Nancy Sinatra; he defected to Cuba with all of Tito Puente's charts.

But, as in most cases, these were all rumors. The truth of the matter is, Zoot has been out in Hollywood writing all the jazz backgrounds for the *Father Knows Best* television series. Between that and ghost-arranging for Johnny Mandel on *Queen for a Day*, Zoot's been kept quite busy. On Christmas Eve, Zoot joins André Previn, Desi Arnez, Horace Silver, Johnny Green, the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, Howard Rumsey, Johnny Mathis, Terry Gibbs, James (Gun-

smoke) Arness, Beverly Aadland, Hank Mancini, Ornette Coleman, Oscar Levant, and Siggy Schatz in the Hollywood Bowl premiere of Previn's latest work, *Like Huge*. An interview with Zoot will appear in this column soon.

Miles Cosnat became an IBM operator to get away from the business for a while.

Let-Me-Tout-You-To Department:

1. *Doctor Cyclops* when it makes the Late Late Movie.
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A lot of out-of-town readers write me asking about the various jazz clubs in New York. I guess that's cool, because I'd be a little hung up if they wrote me, asking about the various jazz clubs in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. To be perfectly honest with you, I'm not even sure there *is* a Cedar Rapids, Iowa. But anyway, every time I receive one of these letters, an interesting question comes to mind, "What does Nat Hentoff do when he gets a letter like this?"

As everyone knows, Nat doesn't like and rarely visits jazz clubs (if memory serves me, the last *Caught in the Act* Nat did was on the original Glenn Miller Band). So what does he do when he gets a letter like that? Refer it to Dorothy Kilgallen?

A couple of theories have been offered to me: Nat has mastered ESP and doesn't even have to leave his living-room to hear a musician in a club—it just comes to him; prosperity has enabled Nat to install closed-circuit TV in each of the New York clubs and a receiver in his den; a tight schedule forced him to hire a small, swift young man to listen and observe for him.

That last theory is interesting. I think I'll write a letter asking, "What do you think of Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, and what did you think of their playing during their last stay at the Half Note?" Then I'll address it "Small Swift Young man, c/o Nat Hentoff, c/o . . ." Now that raises *another* problem. What publication do I send it to? Oh well . . .

I never opposed the fact that Prestige Records gave birth to soul music. As a matter of fact, I was there when it happened! I remember distinctly holding the pan of hot water for Symphony Sid, who was a free-lance midwife at the time . . .

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in review

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

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

CLASSICS

Ives/Bernstein
[M] [S] CHARLES IVES—Columbia KS-6155 [S] and KL-5489 [M]: *Symphony No. 2*.
Personnel: New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It is to Bernstein's everlasting credit that he resurrected this wonderful work by Charles Ives, composed between 1897 and 1902. It is, in this reviewer's estimation, the best symphonic piece by any American so far. Ives, as everyone must know by now, was a successful insurance man who wrote scores so revolutionary that it is difficult to comprehend that their techniques owe nothing to Mahler, Stravinsky, and other seminal figures in music.

Ives not only was not influenced by the great European composers, but even actually arrived at devices such as polytonality before they did.

The value of his *Symphony No. 2*, however, is not mainly historical; this is great music, even though its playful use of American folk themes may throw the listener off at times. Bernstein gives it a glowing performance, con amore, and the sound is equal to every Ivesian climax. Bravo, all concerned. (D.H.)

Wolfgang Sawallisch

[M] [S] BRAHMS—Epic BC-1093 [S] and LC-3722 [M]: *Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Op. 73*.
Personnel: Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sawallisch.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The scarcity of young conductors of unquestionably first-rate talent is so widely recognized these days that we are in danger of overlooking the fact that a few promising newcomers have been gaining in international esteem since World War II. One of this blessed handful is Sawallisch, chief conductor of the Vienna Symphony.

Although he has recorded often in the past, this Brahms *Third* is the young German's first effort on the Epic label—the first of a series, it is understood. It is an auspicious beginning. Sawallisch moves the amiable old music purposefully but with unhurried elegance: he tends toward the Middle European tradition of languid tempos and warm, long-lined phrases. His rhythms are pleasantly free of the oafishness that afflicts this work too commonly. (D.H.)

Rudolf Serkin

[M] [S] BRAHMS—Columbia MS-6156 [S] and ML-5491 [M]: *Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major*.

Personnel: Serkin, piano, accompanied by Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Serkin and Ormandy have remade their

famous version of the second Brahms concerto in stereo and, as would be expected, it takes its place with the two or three best performances on records. The major competitors each has its points: Gilels and Reiner whip up more sheer excitement, Rubinstein and Krips bring out more Brahmsian warmth, and Richter-Haaser and Van Karajan project a nobility sometimes lacking in others.

Serkin and Ormandy know how to bring off the bravura sections, of course, but the emphasis is not on fireworks here. The performance is Olympian in its pace and conception, surely one of the most deliberate versions on record. Serkin lets one hear more notes (especially in the left hand) than any of his peers. You cannot go wrong with this recording, no matter what brand of Brahms you favor. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Cannonball Adderley

[M] [S] THEM DIRTY BLUES—Riverside RLP 12-322: *Work Song; Dat Dere; Easy Living; Del Sasser; Jeannine; Soon; Them Dirty Blues*

Personnel: Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Barry Harris or Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

So often, an unsure musician ducks tail and runs in the opposite direction at the first serious adverse blast at his mode of expression. It is rewarding to find that this very fine musician has seen fit to stand by his guns and do the thing he does best—play the blues and play them competently in a fashion that is at once musically acceptable and that also strikes responsive chords in most jazz listeners with a traditional frame of reference from which to draw.

This album is a paragon of oneness. This positive attribute eventually becomes its outstanding negative quality. The Adderley brothers share an identity of musi-

A NEW REVIEWER

Down Beat, with this issue, adds another member, Pete Welding, to its record reviewing staff. Welding is an expert in blues — both country and urban — and folk music. While the bulk of his reviewing will be in this increasingly popular field, he occasionally will review modern jazz records.

Welding has contributed articles on various aspects of folk music, blues, and jazz to the *Saturday Review*, *Hi Fi Review*, *Tempo*, and the Swedish jazz journal *Estrad*, among others.

cal approach and conception in which they often complement, supplement, and occasionally duplicate each other. Nat continues to be startling as a profound jazz musician.

So tightly knit is the unit that the replacement of Timmons with Harris was no monumental loss. Internal compensation takes care of that. Notice the subtle, intensified driving of Hayes on the Harris comping tracks. Timmons is, without a doubt, here recorded as much more compatible to the "unit feel," and it is not enough to say that he is merely funky. That Timmons can play cleanly and with as much polish as can his replacement is demonstrated in *Del Sasser* as well as *Soon*, on which he sounds technique conscious.

The opening track is Nat Adderley's driving, generating tune based on the traditional work chant. Nat begins a fiery solo, muddies it up, and finally emerges cleanly. At the trouble spot, listen as Hayes jumps in with a driving fury and kicks Nat on to a logical, sane, if not brilliant conclusion.

On *Dat Dere*, it is Timmons' tune all the way. The horn soloists get in and out, leaving room for Timmons to build a solo. It is not at all surprising to hear *Go Down, Moses* inserted in Timmons' choruses, the entire solo has that fervent flavor.

Cannonball's circumlocutive entrance to *Easy Living* precedes his opening choruses. His opening statement is personal and packed with controlled feeling. Every statement he begins is not always carried through to its completion; but then, seldom does emotional expression slavishly follow the rules of orderly statement and summation. On this tune Harris is so articulate.

Del Sasser is a highlight. Not only do the horns carry their end of the load, but Jones' imaginative patterns behind them also are well worth hearing.

Hear Hayes throughout but especially on *Jeannine*, on which he stays on the beat and pushes the group relentlessly. Jones' solo here is a typical Jones statement of authority.

Nat Adderley states the theme and has the first solo on *Soon*. His light, muted tone and musical progression reflect his affinity for the Gillespie-Davis tradition.

A fine album, one which should provide many hours of unsophisticated listening pleasure. (B.G.)

Candoli Brothers

[M] [S] TWO FOR THE MONEY — Mercury 20515: *Splanky; Soak Yo' Sally; A-Lue-Cha; Riffs for Rosie; Caravan; Take the "A" Train; Doodlin'; Willow, Weep for Me; Blue 'n' Boogie; Richard Diamond's Blues*.

Personnel: Pete Candoli, Conte Candoli, trum-

pets; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Howard Roberts, guitar; Max Bennett, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★

Although the Candoli brothers are effective in ensembles, neither is a particularly interesting soloist. So these pieces are passable, if uninspired, when the brothers are jointly playing written passages. But their solos are empty, varying between treading water and zooming off flashily to nowhere. Capp's stagnant, overrecorded drumming is no help, but Rowles breaks through with some firmly stated piano solos, most notably on *Willow*, *Weep* and *Blue 'n' Boogie*. (J.S.W.)

Jim Chapin

THE JIM CHAPIN SEXTET—Classic Editions CJ6: *In a Little Spanish Town*; *Blue Lou*; *Sonny's Tune*; *The Goof and I*; *Cherokee*; *Woodlore*; *Little Marty*; *Jazz Crossroads*.

Personnel: Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Don Stratton, trumpet; Billy Byers, trombone; Sonny Truitt, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Chapin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Although there is no indication as to the date of this recording, it is a New York session and one of the Chapin-led series on this label. The writing is of mid-1950s vintage in the general style of what has come to be termed west coast, i.e., complex, tight, and controlled arrangements, much experimentation with changing time signatures, and carefully worked-out ensemble passages.

While this approach to small- to medium-group jazz since has passed into history, there is much of musical interest in the writing of Woods, Truitt, and, for one track—*The Goof*—Al Cohn.

Cherokee is a tour de force in rhythmic gymnastics, opening in 5/4 and shifting to 4/4, 6/8, and 6/4. This track contains an excellent alto solo by Woods and some fine Byers.

Spanish Town is another of the let's-see-what-we-can-do variety. Woods' arrangement spells out Chapin's idea to play parts of the tune in 6/4 time and in a send-off section shuttles between two bars of ensemble 3/4, two bars of alto 4/4, a repetition of this then again into 4/4 for the balance of the alto solo. It's all very tricky and at times quite interesting and might have come off much more successfully in the hands of a more flexible drummer. For all Chapin's demonstrable technique, and solid bass support from Andrus, the set just chugs along for the most part.

That old devil swing unfortunately took a holiday this time around. (J.A.T.)

Teddy Charles

ON CAMPUS! IVY LEAGUE JAZZ CONCERT—Bethlehem BCP 6044: *Riffide*; *Too Close for Comfort*; *These Foolish Things*; *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*; *Yesterdays*; *Yale Blue*; *Whiffenpoof Song*; *That Old Black Magic*; *Nigerian Walk*.

Personnel: Charles, vibes; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Sam Most, flute; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Dave McKenna, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If you're not the type who is repelled by exclamatory album titles and album notes that start, "Frankly, this is a damned good jazz package," and provided you can listen past the opening track, you'll find quite a few moments of excellent jazz in this album.

The full personnel is present only on the run-of-the-mill *Riffide*, one of Cole-

man Hawkins' lesser riffs on *Lady, Be Good*. The other tracks spotlight each of the group, with the exception of Crow, in solo excursions: Sims on *Too Close* and *Foolish Things*, McKenna on *Barbecue*, Raney on *Yesterdays*, Charles on *Blue* and *Whiffenpoof*, Most on *Magic*, and Shaughnessy on *Nigerian*.

Sims' two tracks are worth the price of the whole album; his work is the best I've heard from him in several years. His way of "leaning" on a sustained note and hurling stabbing rhythmical phrases at his listeners has rarely been captured as well on record before. He masterfully alters the melody of *Foolish Things* in the first chorus enough to lend spice to his pudding but retains snatches of the melody so there's never any doubt as to what he's playing.

Raney's *Yesterdays*, touched by a sadness that can be found in much of his playing, serves to remind that he is still one of the really excellent guitarists in jazz. His tone is so "pure" and his execution so clean that his instrument at times achieves a timbre strikingly like that of a piano. His one track shows that it's possible to play with strength without flexing one's bulging muscles.

The tracks featuring McKenna's strong-handed pianistics and Shaughnessy's bare-handed drumming are as musically interesting as they are amusing.

The weak tracks of the album are

Charles' and Most's. Charles' vibe work is inconsistent; he occasionally tosses off a good idea, but most of his playing on this album is hackneyed. His time limps—it's kind of mushy—and his execution, especially on the out-of-tempo first chorus of *Whiffenpoof*, is downright sloppy. Perhaps he was out of practice at the time of this concert. Whatever the reason, his is a poor showing.

Most's flute is disappointing, which leads me to believe this LP was cut some time ago, for his present-day playing is far superior to his lackluster work here.

But even with the weaknesses noted, this release provides plenty of good listening and should serve to draw attention back to two exceptional jazzmen, Sims and Raney—lost as they are in the shuffle and backbeat of today's holy rollers, who seem to be engaged in the last of the great Crusades. (D.DeM.)

Arnett Cobb

MORE PARTY TIME—Prestige 7175: *Lover, Come Back to Me*; *Blue Lou*; *Swanee River*; *Down by the Riverside*; *Blue Me*; *Sometimes I'm Happy*.

Personnel: Cobb, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan or Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums; Danny Barrajanos or Buck Clarke, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Cobb, one of the most assertive of the roistering tenorists, is in goodly rhythmic company here, and the piano strength is quite considerable.

It's a relaxed, unpretentious session, with

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, folk, 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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Miles Davis-Gil Evans, *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL 1480)
Eric Dolphy, *Outward Bound* (New Jazz NJLP 8236)
Bill Evans, *Portrait in Jazz* (Riverside RLP 12-315/1162)
The Incredible Jazz Guitar of Wes Montgomery (Riverside RLP 12-320)
Various Artists (folk), *Prison Worksongs* (Louisiana Folklore Society, LFS A-5)
Various Artists (folk), *Angola Prison Spirituals* (Louisiana Folklore Society, LFS A-6)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Thelonious Monk Quartet Plus Two at the Blackhawk (Riverside RLP 12-323/1171)
Max Roach, *Quiet As It's Kept* (Mercury MG 20491)
Mel Torme Swings Shubert Alley (vocal) (Verve MG V-2132)

★ ★ ★ ★

Red Allen/Kid Ory, *We Got Rhythm* (Verve 1020)
Kenny Burrell, *A Night at the Vanguard* (Argo 655)
Al Casey, *Buck Jumpin'* (Prestige/Swingville 2007)
Sonny Clark Trio (Time 70019)
Ornette Coleman, *Change of the Century* (Atlantic 1327)
Gigi Gryce, *Sayin' Something* (New Jazz 8230)
Coleman Hawkins with the Red Garland Trio (Prestige/Swingville 2001)
Paul Horn, *Something Blue* (Hifijazz J 615)
Blues by Lonnie Johnson (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1007)
Melba Liston and Her 'Bones (Metrojazz SE1013)
Charlie Mingus, *Mingus Dynasty* (Columbia CL 1440)
King Pleasure (vocal), *Golden Days* (Hifijazz J 425)
The Happy Jazz of Rex Stewart (Prestige-Swingville 2006)
The Return of Roosevelt Sykes (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1006)
Joe Turner (vocal), *Big Joe Rides Again* (Atlantic 1332)

nobody attempting much more than riding easily through the tunes, and Cobb is surprisingly subdued. But, above all, the *time* is right there all the way, and if the conga is rather superfluous, it doesn't distract from the basic swinging.

Riverside kicks off on a Gospel track with Preacher Timmons in the pulpit. The conga, however, becomes almost irritating. But the tempo is really moving, and Cobb digs in and sanctifies. Taylor and Jones are a particular delight behind Timmons' cooing solo, working together in tight, comradely rapport.

Blue Me is quiet and easy with a moving Flanagan solo. *Sometimes* strolls along in a similar groove. Throughout, Cobb is in steady control of his horn, shunning gimmicks, honks, and undisciplined blowing. All in all, this is a pleasantly grooving set. (J.A.T.)

King Curtis

THE NEW SCENE OF KING CURTIS—Prestige/New Jazz 8237: *Da Duh Dah*; *Have You Heard?*; *Willow, Weep for Me*; *Little Brother Soul*; *In a Funky Groove*.

Personnel: Curtis, tenor saxophone; Little Brother, trumpet; Wynton Kelley, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Perhaps experience playing rhythm and blues is better for a jazzman than no experience at all, but I doubt it in most instances. Curtis, as recorded here, has become thoroughly saturated with the idiom. He has a big, full, often raucous tone that blurs out one rhythm-and-blues cliché after the other. The real tragedy is that he apparently knows his horn well. What he plays, he plays with confidence and agility.

Curtis has listened to a number of tenor men. Among those whose influence he reflects most is Gene Ammons. The young tenor man also shows a great affection for altoist Julian Adderley in both phrasing and technique. He even employs the characteristic Adderley flutter tone approach.

Perhaps this artist will be able to make the transition into jazz. During this "soul" and "funky" period, he should be able to ease across the border. If he is wise, he will utilize this period to woodshed privately and be ready, when this phase is past, to come forward with some original ideas, some results of serious probing into the sounds of jazz, and most of all, the renunciation of all those applause-getting r&b clichés.

The emerging jazz talent on the date is the Edison-influenced trumpeter Nat Adderley hiding behind the sobriquet Little Brother. His trumpet is fiery and sailing throughout.

The other sparklers on the date are Kelley and Chambers. Kelley does a consistent, representative job as accompanist, and his solo passages are well conceived. His brief opening bars on *Have You Heard?* predict the pulsating blues playing he maintains throughout the tune.

Chambers plays with the power and imagination that have placed him among the foremost bassists. *Have You Heard?* provides some Chambers at his best, both as soloist and rhythm man.

The album is well worth its price for the three jazz performers alone. Curtis

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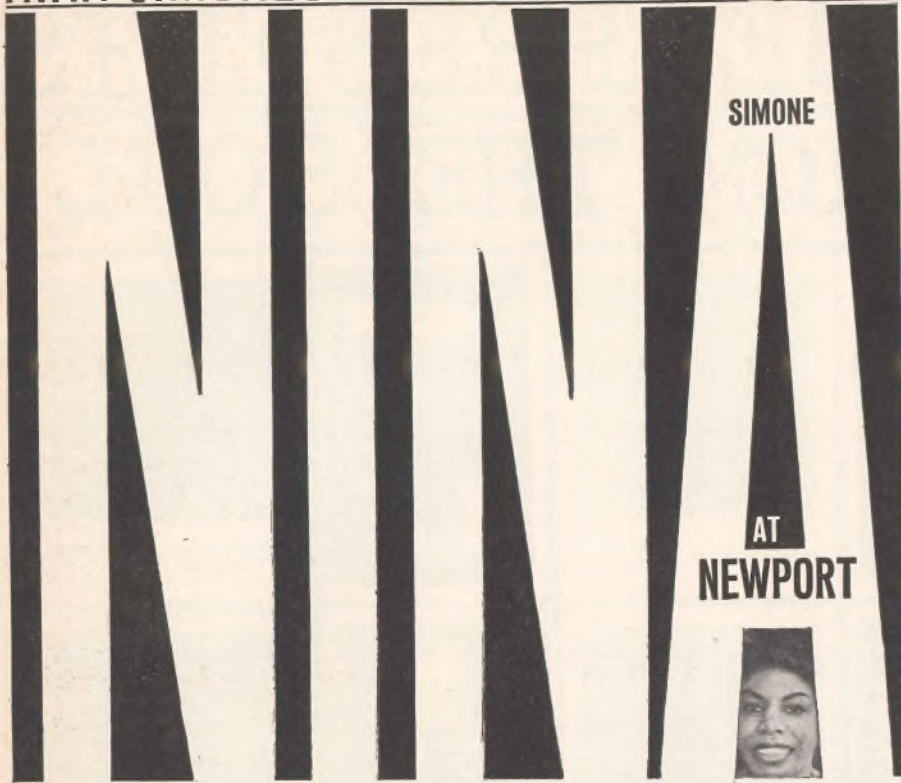
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is not to be discounted as a promising artist. He just is having some growing pains, after which, it is hoped, he may become truly a new voice in jazz. (B.G.)

Tal Farlow

THE GUITAR ARTISTRY OF TAL FARLOW—Verve MG V-8370: *A Foggy Day; The Man in My Life; Sweet Lorraine; West Side; Telefunny; Blue Funk; Saratoga.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 5: Farlow, unamplified guitar; Bobby Jaspar, flute, tenor saxophone; Milt Hinton, bass. Tracks 2, 4, 6, 7: Farlow, amplified guitar; Frank Wess, tenor, alto saxophones, flute; Dick Hyman, piano; Wendell Marshall or Joe Benjamin, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album, the result of two sessions, is quite uneven in quality. The trio tracks are delightfully pleasant; the quintet tracks competent but tired.

The larger group sounds like what might be called a hip society band—polished, professional, but uninspired. Much of this society-band feeling stems from Hyman, whose heavy playing—at least, it sounds heavy compared with the lightness of flute and guitar—seems oriented more toward the country club than the jazz club. Even Wess, who usually turns in an excellent job no matter in what company he finds himself, is rather pedestrian. When Farlow is at his best, his playing seems to float. Witness the old Red Norvo Trio. But on the quintet tracks of this LP, he founders and sinks.

The trio tracks are another thing, however. On these, Farlow plays beautiful unamplified guitar. His unaccompanied work on the first 16 bars of *Lorraine* and his chorded solo in the last chorus of that tune are, to use an overworked word but one that is fitting in this instance, charming.

The bass and guitar interplay on *Telefunny* is so intriguing that I'd like to hear a whole album of just Hinton and Farlow. This does not mean that Jaspar gets in the way; on the contrary, he adds much to the group. It's just that these two work so well together that I feel an album of duets would be rewarding.

If the whole album had been of the quality of the three trio tracks, the rating would have been higher. (D.DeM.)

Barry Harris

BARRY HARRIS AT THE JAZZ WORKSHOP—Riverside RLP 326: *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?; Curtain Call; Star Eyes; Moose the Mooche; Lolita; Morning Coffee; Don't Blame Me; Woody'n You.*

Personnel: Harris, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For many years, Harris has been an almost legendary name on the lips of the many Detroit jazzmen who moved to New York and fame while this pianist chose to remain with his family and play only around Detroit. His decision early this year to join Cannonball Adderley's Quintet as replacement for Bobby Timmons led to this album cut on the spot at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop.

Harris' many evangelists certainly know whereof they speak, as this LP attests. Essentially lyrical in performance and as a writer (*Curtain*, *Lolita*, and *Coffee* are his) he discloses a deep, built-in propensity for swinging hard; a mellow, rounded touch; and a mature, balanced concept of improvisation.

His treatment of *Is You Is* is as de-

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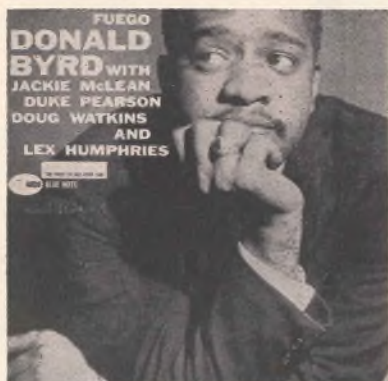


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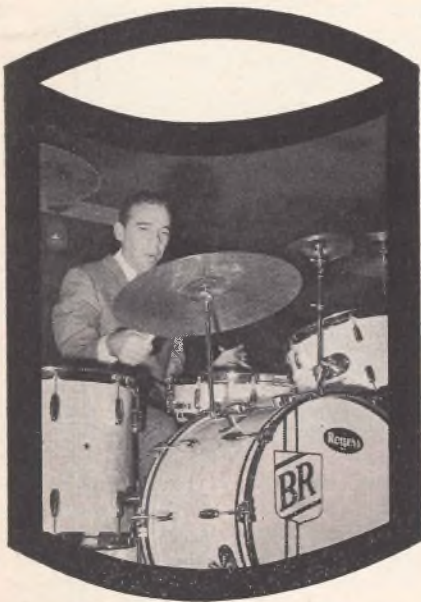
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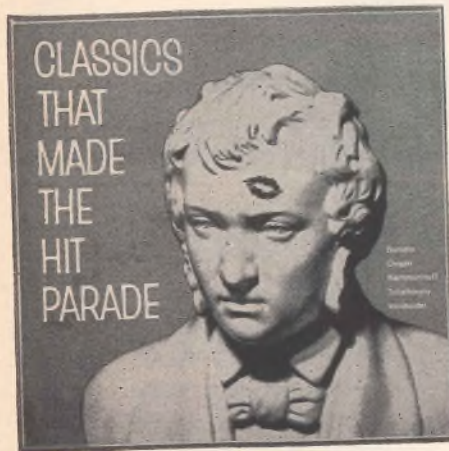
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lightful as the selection of the tune is unexpected for a modern jazzman. (Unexpected, perhaps, but logical, too, because it always was a pretty good tune in spite of the lyric.)

Bassist Jones plays three good solos on *Is You Is, Moose*, and *Coffee*, while Hayes, that impeccable and inspiring drummer, stays with timekeeping for the most part but is heard in a round of fours on *Mooche* that raises the temperature considerably.

Curtain is what its title pegs it to be and is a variation of the oldie, *Hallelujah*, taken way up. On *Star Eyes*, Harris gives a demonstration of mature confidence to the extent of waxing skittish midway through his solo. *Lolita*, a medium-tempered Latino for the first chorus before dropping into an easy but driving four-four, is an attractive line in a romantic vein.

Throughout the tracks, Harris plays with a deceptive ease, great imagination, and essential grace that marks him as one of the giants of modern jazz piano. This record is most welcome. (J.A.T.)

Milt Jackson-Coleman Hawkins

BEAN BAGS — Atlantic 1316: *Close Your Eyes*; *Stuffy*; *Don't Take Your Love from Me*; *Get Happy*; *Sandra's Blues*; *Indian Blues*.
Personnel: Jackson, vibraphone; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This album shows how tired material can be transformed by two masters and four above-average jazzmen into something interesting. The transformation is not effected by any new approach to the tunes. In fact, the melody-choruses-out approach is almost as tired as the material. No, the transformation is the result of sheer excellence of improvisation.

And there's nothing especially daring about the solos either, but the men maintain such a high average, especially Jackson, that one could hardly wish for anything more pleasant.

For instance, Bags plays his typical blues style on both *Sandra's* (minor) and *Indian* (major), but his playing is so satisfying and interesting that the fact that you may have heard him play blues hundreds of times before matters very little. At least, it matters very little to me. The man is a master blues player, but even though this accomplishment is beyond the ken of most jazzmen, he's more than that as well. His humor is evident in *Don't Take*. His sense of form and contrast can be heard in the loping, loose melody statement of *Close* and in his duple-meter second chorus. Jackson is one of the handful of jazzmen deserving to be called great.

Hawkins is another. This is not the best Hawk record ever made, but even though he is off his top form, he turns in a musically valid performance. And this is one of the measures of greatness, the ability to play interestingly and logically even on the bad days. His work on this LP suffers from lack of rhythmic contrast—most of it has a chunky and heavy 12/8 feel to it.

Burrell and Flanagan are in top form, however. The pianist's solos are spare, yet at the same time, they flow. I do wish

he'd use his left hand more, though. Burrell plays excellently on *Close* and even surpasses Jackson's and Hawkins' efforts on *Happy* with a well-thought-out solo.

There is one thing that bothers me about this album, however. I wonder what John Lewis would have to say about Jackson's interpretation of Indian music on the last track? (D.DeM.)

Ahmad Jamal

JAMAL AT THE PERSHING/VOLUME 2—Argo 667: *Too Late Now*; *All the Things You Are*; *Cherokee*; *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *I'll Remember April*; *My Funny Valentine*; *Gone with the Wind*; *Billy Boy*; *It's You or No One*; *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; *Poor Butterfly*.

Personnel: Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

If you dig Jamal, you dig Jamal. This album, recorded the nights of Jan. 16 and 17, 1958, in the lounge of Chicago's Pershing hotel, is the other half of the session released in 1958 under the title, *But Not for Me* (LP 628). Naturally, it is more of the same Jamalery. The notes cascade and burst like clusters of fire-crackers in the upper treble; the pauses-for-effect leave you hanging; the carefully routinized interplay between piano and bass is clever to the point of irritation. Where's the jazz? Ah, there's the rub, as the man said.

But Crosby is a marvel. He pulses and propels without letup and with consummate musicianship. Fournier's brushes crackle like burning sagebrush on *All the Things* and *Cherokee* but splash-plash monotonously on the ballad, *Spring*.

For all the tricks and contrivances, however, there is much that is appealing in Jamal's playing. His touch, for one thing. He gets a silvery quality at times that exhudes "purity". And he's quite a "pleasant" pianist to listen to, or half-listen to as background for luncheon conversation. Noel Coward would dig Jamal. (J.A.T.)

Ramsey Lewis

STRETCHING OUT—Argo LP 665: *Little Liza Jane*; *This Is My Night to Dream*; *Scarlet Ribbons*; *Here 'Tis*; *My Ship*; *Put Your Little Foot Right Out*; *Solo Para Ti*; *These Foolish Things*; *When the Spirit Moves You*; *A Portrait of Jennie*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; El Dee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums.

Rating: ★

This is another album of pop jazz with portions of semiclassical schmaltz and stylized funk, sometimes incongruously mixed. On ballads, Lewis invites comparison with Billy Taylor, but the two shouldn't be mentioned in the same sentence. His cut-and-dried formula funk is less convincing than Les McCann's.

On *Foolish Things*, bassist Young displays his talent, but Lewis gets in the way, corning it up in several places. Young's bowed solo on *Spirit* is undistinguished. (I.G.)

Booker Little

BOOKER LITTLE — Time 2011: *Opening Statement*; *Minor Sweet*; *Bee Tee's Minor Plea*; *Life's a Little Blue*; *The Grand Valse*; *Who Can I Turn To?*

Personnel: Little, trumpet; Wynton Kelley or Tommy Flanagan, piano; Scott La Faro, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Little has a warm, strong trumpet tone and, to a certain extent, a sensitive and

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selective way of phrasing. But he has not yet reached the stage where he can play rewardingly at great length. His solos in the six selections that make up this set usually start off promisingly. But they begin to ramble as he appears to search for something new to say and eventually they dissolve into aimless exercises. Flanagan inserts some pleasant, modest solos, but La Faro's bass work tends to be ponderous. (J.S.W.)

Shelly Manne

Ⓜ Ⓢ AT THE BLACKHAWK, VOL. 2—Contemporary 3578: *Step Lightly; What's New?; Vamp's Blues.*

Personnel: Joe Gordon, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

In his liner notes C. H. Garrigues stresses Manne's interest in extended jazz performance (as distinguished from extended jazz composition in which he has already manifested considerable interest). The three performances that make up this disc do not offer much in the way of support for the possibilities of extended performance, for all three pieces suffer from over-extension, making essentially interesting material and soloists appear tiresome. Feldman, playing gutty, chomping piano, comes closest to sustaining his long solos. Kamuca leaves his customary willowy way on Benny Golson's *Step Lightly* to play in a more Golsonesque manner, which makes for a little variety, and Gordon's full, crisp attack sustains the early portions of his solos. But everything—solos and selections—are stretched out beyond all reason. (J.S.W.)

Dick Morgan

Ⓜ AT THE SHOWBOAT—Riverside 329: *For Pete's Sake; I Ain't Got Nobody; Misty; The Gypsy in My Soul; Will You Still Be Mine; Big Fat Mama; Like Lois; It's All Right with Me.*

Personnel: Morgan, piano; Keter Betts, bass; Bertell Knox, drums.

Rating: ★

Morgan appears to be capable of pleasantly slick cocktail jazz piano. He draws on Garner and Peterson, has a strong positive attack and knows the familiar routines. But he yammers, chants, and mumbles so vigorously all through his performance on this album that they are practically unlistenable. Bass and drums are closely miked and tend to cover the piano, but nothing obscures Morgan's irritating vocalizing. (J.S.W.)

André Previn

Ⓜ Ⓢ LIKE PREVIN! — Contemporary 3575: *Rosie Red; If I Should Find You; Sad Eyes; Saturday; Tricycle; I'm Mina Mood; No Words for Dory; Three's Company.*

Personnel: Previn, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Previn's trio turns its attention to eight Previn compositions in this set. They make up a pleasantly serviceable program that includes an intriguing blues waltz, a hard-driving swinger, and a couple of ballads.

Previn's playing is relaxed, unaffected, and consistently attractive. His taste and touch are extremely refreshing, particularly when he digs in on the hard-driving *Saturday* and, in what could have been a bit of surface skittering, produces a sensibly funky effect without being the least bit heavy-handed about it. In this day of

monotony at the keyboard, this is something to be especially grateful for.

Mitchell is superb throughout the set. He gives Previn perceptive, firm support, and his occasional solos are models of neat, selective phrasing. (J.S.W.)

Mel Rhyne

Ⓜ Ⓢ ORGAN-IZING—Jazzland JLP 16: *Blue Farouq; Shoo, Shoo, Baby; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Barefoot Sunday Blues.*

Personnel: Rhyne, organ; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

With the boss attitude of Mitchell and Griffin, I found it difficult to concentrate on Rhyne as the leader of the date. Apparently, Rhyne had the same problem because he shows up here completely overpowered by his horn men, and even the Harris piano is much more in evidence usually than is the organist.

The idea of piano-organ combination is novel perhaps, but as Rhyne's is a basically light-fingered, pianistic approach anyway, there is little variation in color or texture when the two men alternate the comping chores, and Harris outpoints his leader in the solo contest.

The combination of Griffin and Mitchell provides infinitely more interest than the keyboard twosome. While Mitchell gently exploits his horn to its fullest musical measure and squeezes out every possible variation of personal ideas, Griffin reverts to every cliché at his command (even the overworked ad lib bars) to create the illusion of originality and fervor. Mitchell makes his accomplishments seem effortless, light, and uncomplicated.

Griffin sounds as if he were extracting the final ounces from both his horn and himself. His talent hits you over the head in its obvious bid for recognition. The high squeals, the whinnies, his vocal grunts, and repetition all scream, "Listen to what I'm doing!" Much of what he is doing is top-flight Griffin. At its worst, it is simply an excellent tenor man hamming it up.

The group stretches four tunes with very slim and simple lines into an entire album; consequently, there is room for everybody. Julian Adderley's *Barefoot Sunday* runs 13 minutes, and it is here especially that Good Griffin is interspersed with Grottesque Griffin.

Things takes off like a lead balloon at a fairly slow drag, but it soon recovers. The mood settles into a groove, and the tune becomes a smoldering, undulating thing. Mitchell's solo picks it off the ground. Oh yes, and hear Harris on this track.

This review is not primarily about the leader, but that is because he does not exert himself as such. Rhyne shows that he is a fairly competent organist who does not plan to overpower with thunderous organ, but he must have ideas. I would like to hear him at least twice state an original one for more than 16 bars. He must have talent, and I would like to hear him display it without hiding behind a barrage of established men. He must have at least one left hand; I would like to hear him use it. (B.G.)

Luckey Roberts/ Willie (The Lion) Smith

Ⓜ LUCKEY & THE LION: HARLEM PIANO — Good Time Jazz M12035: *Nothin'; Spanish Fandango; Railroad Blues; Complainin'; Inner Space; Outer Space; Morning Air; Relaxin'; Rippling Water; Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; Tango La Caprice; Concentratin'.*

Personnel: Roberts, piano (Tracks 1-6); Smith, piano (Tracks 7-12).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Two of the important Harlem pianists play extended versions of their own compositions in their own manner on this LP. The enterprise was well worth the effort. The number of pianists in and around Harlem during the formative years of the Harlem style probably was quite large. This album, together with the James P. Johnson *Riversides* and some early Fats Waller and Duke Ellington still available, would comprise an adequate synthesis of the important features of this early piano style.

Both men have considerable technical ability, and both are capable of extensive melodic and harmonic invention and variation. Inevitably, you compare these men with Jelly-Roll Morton and the south side Chicago piano men, who were developing in roughly the same period. The latter have the more vital jazz drive, but the Harlem men have the greater technique and the greater range of mood. Of these two—Roberts and Smith—the Lion is the smoother, but Luckey attempts the more difficult.

Roberts is tricky. Just when you're near the point of irritation with his ornate frills and flash, you become captivated by his melodiousness. He gives *Spanish* a good workout, with the theme played in the left hand while the right provides rich embroidery. The middle section has well-executed ascending scalar runs. *Nothin'* romps. *Inner Space* resembles the Lion's *Relaxin'* (or vice versa), and both make you realize the vast debt Waller owed these men.

Smith's selections are all his own tunes, excepting *Devil*, and this is the least interesting of the lot. *Tango* is charming, and has recurring breaks that are like sudden glints of sunlight. *Morning Air* wanders around for a while with subordinate themes in slow tempo but then leaps into a buoyant strut for the thrilling final part, making you think that the fabulous nights of Harlem piano playing probably were not exaggerated.

This album is a must for students of jazz piano. (G.M.E.)

Charlie Rouse

Ⓜ TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS—Jazzland JLP 19: *Blue Farouq; 204; Uppitantk; Weirdo; Pretty Strange; They Didn't Believe Me.*

Personnel: Rouse, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Walter Bishop, piano; Earl May, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If some effort had been made to keep this session from sprawling, this would have been a higher-rated album and a more auspicious debut for Rouse as leader. But even though there are moments when not much is happening, this is still a better-than-average blowing session.

Most of the excitement is generated by Rouse's electrifying tenor. Mitchell and Bishop offers mostly clichés in their solo work in much of the album, especially

Let's
spell it out
for the team!

R-I-V-E-R-S-I-D-E

At a recent Riverside recording session, a visitor with a head for figures did a quick bit of addition and pointed out that no less than seven of the ten musicians in the studio had made albums of their own for us. Contrary to what he might have thought, this was not a matter of the company insisting on using its own musicians in preference to "outsiders." Actually, every man in that studio was there only because he had been specifically picked out by the musician who was the leader on the date.

This situation seems to tie in rather neatly with a couple of comments noted in a recent Down Beat interview (October 13th issue) with Riverside jazz a&r man Orrin Keepnews, who was described (accurately, he tells us) as wanting Riverside artists "to have a personal pride in the label" and also as saying that the "musicians themselves are the best talent scouts."

The point is that (although it did not really start out as a deliberate plan on our part) one important aspect of the present overall theory of operations at Riverside is an inter-related and mutually helpful use of the artists associated with the label—something that is very possibly unique in the history of jazz recording.

Chronologically, this team method was given its initial impetus by THELONIOUS MONK, the first important artist to join forces with the label. Monk, in addition to his other major jazz qualities, is an incisive judge of talent. It was he who first called our attention to JOHNNY GRIFFIN, and Thelonious' recommendation had a lot to do with our recording CLARK TERRY. (As an example of teamwork, one of Monk's very rare sideman appearances of recent years came when he volunteered for a Terry album, In Orbit¹, that remains one of the most intriguing and downright happy LPs we have ever heard.)

Terry himself deserves (and hereby receives) Riverside's heartiest public thanks for having spoken most warmly about the label to his good friends and neighbors CANNONBALL and NAT ADDERLEY, a vital first step in bringing these two vibrant jazz stars into the Riverside fold. Cannonball, even before launching into his present additional

function as a record producer and ideaman, was directly responsible for focussing our attention on such bright talents as BLUE MITCHELL and WES MONTGOMERY. And BOBBY TIMMONS, of course, became impossible for us to miss from the moment his "This Here" was played at the Jazz Workshop on the night the celebrated Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco² album was recorded. And there are many others, such as JIMMY HEATH, about whom many musicians spoke to us most insistently.

The presence of such men on the Riverside roster, and consequently their availability to assist each other's recordings, is a vital asset of which we and the musicians quickly became aware. And it's more than just a matter of "availability." There is a considerable degree of mutual respect, admiration, and compatibility involved that makes so many of these artists truly eager to help further the record careers of their "teammates." That this is musical fact and not flag-waving Riverside propaganda is readily demonstrated by several recent albums:

SAM JONES is a bassist whose indisputable excellence has made him widely and thoroughly in demand for record dates. He is less well-known for his strikingly original jazz cello work, but Nat Adderley called on him as a cellist and on Wes Montgomery's guitar to give a unique flavor to his Work Song³ LP. And when Sam made his record debut as a leader, on an album most aptly named The Soul Society⁴, he was in turn able to call on Nat, Mitchell, Timmons, and Heath to provide the feeling he wanted. Jimmy Heath's buoyantly exciting new big-band effort, Really Big⁵, obviously profits greatly from the presence as sidemen of both Adderley brothers and Clark Terry.

Two brand-new Fall releases (which we'll be writing about in fuller detail in the next issue), demonstrate more of the same. One is Bobby Timmons' Soul Time⁶, on which Bobby feels the specific assistance of Blue Mitchell to have been of vast importance. The other is That's Right!⁷, a brilliant and truly different effort by Nat Adderley and "The Big Sax Section" — that is, Nat's cornet backed by a bevy of saxophonists that includes Jimmy Heath, Yusef Lateef

and brother Cannonball. (And this album also leans heavily, and wisely, on the soaring arranging skills of Heath.)

Since these and other such LPs all express the definite and individual points of view of their leaders, there is no real danger of the inter-acting personnel giving any feeling of sameness. There is, on the other hand, an unprecedented series of opportunities for the further and further development of a stimulating spirit of cooperativeness and teamwork that can only operate to the great benefit of all concerned and particularly of you, the jazz listener.

... Now if we can only get someone to use GEORGE CRATER⁸ as a sideman ...

Footnote Department: Full numerical details on the records referred to above are:

1. IN ORBIT: CLARK TERRY Quartet featuring THELONIOUS MONK (RLP 12-271)
2. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO (RLP 311 and Stereo 1157)
3. WORK SONG: NAT ADDERLEY (RLP 318 and Stereo 1167)
4. THE SOUL SOCIETY: SAM JONES (RLP 324 and Stereo 1172)
5. REALLY BIG: JIMMY HEATH ORCHESTRA (RLP 331 and Stereo 1188)
6. SOUL TIME: BOBBY TIMMONS (RLP 334 and Stereo 9334)
7. THAT'S RIGHT!: NAT ADDERLEY and The Big Sax Section (RLP 330 and Stereo 9330)
8. OUT OF MY HEAD: GEORGE CRATER (RLP 841)

Let's
spell it out
for the team!

R-I-V-E-R-S-I-D-E

Farouq. Only when Rouse takes over on this track is anything new heard, and what he plays points up the I've-heard-this-before playing of the other soloists.

Rouse perks up the rhythm section markedly on *Believe Me* and inspires Mitchell to turn in his best work on the date. There's another extremely good Rouse solo, full of pepper, on Kenny Drew's *Weirdo*. His use of a slight growl on the high notes in his solos is quite effective. And he can fill up his horn with a big, darkish tone when the occasion calls for it, as on Randy Weston's beautiful ballad *Pretty Strange*. On this track though, Rouse sticks pretty close to the melody and does little exploring.

It's all too easy to tag Rouse as underrated, shake your head, and forget him. He's deserving of the closest attention. Rouse is saying and has a lot to say on his horn. All you have to do is listen. (D.DeM.)

Shirley Scott

SOUL SEARCHING—Prestige 7173: *Duck and Rock*; *Gee*; *Baby*; *Ain't I Good to You*; *Yes, Indeed*; *Boss*; *Moanin'*; *Plunk, Plunk, Plunk*; *You Won't Let Me Go*; *Soul Searching*.
Personnel: Shirley Scott, organ; Wendell Marshall, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I wonder if anyone shares this "soul" saturation feeling that I'm acquiring? Frankly, I've had it up to *here* with the wild covers, the contrived groove, and the symbolic soul title which, for some reason, assumes an immunity to adverse criticism. Omitting this title and the three stated implications makes a big difference in what you hear on this album. Truthfully, the album makes it on its own merits.

Miss Scott is a tremendous organist. She is powerful, consistent, and remarkably discerning in her choice of ideas. And best of all, she still exhibits growth and development.

Moanin' is a good track; Miss Scott's solo builds quite logically before the tune sinks away. *Soul Searching*, after a somewhat corny beginning, settles down into a slow bluesy mood. *Boss* is Miss Scott's technical showcase, and she carries it off well. Despite *Gee*, *Baby*'s usually being an in-person hit, the performance here is stiff and artificial.

Miss Scott and Edgehill work well together, having been the rhythm section for Eddie Davis for some time. Marshall fits into the unit quite snugly, and his powerful lines are especially exciting on *Plunk* and *Soul Searching*. (B.G.)

Bud Shank

SLIPPERY WHEN WET—World Pacific Stereo 1265: *Mook's Theme*; *Surf Pipers*; *The Surf and I*; *Up in Velseyland*; *Surf for Two*; *Slippery When Wet*; *Going My Way*; *Old King Nep's Tune*; *Walkin' on the Water*; *Soupsville*.
Personnel: Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Billy Bean, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Now that it's become unfashionable to be west-coastish, an album like this one probably will be passed over by the record buyers. This is a shame, for men such as Shank, who has remained true to himself and has not jumped on the get-hard bandwagon, still have much to offer.

Although this album does not contain

a track of the beauty of Shank's earlier *Nature Boy* (some sort of peak of romanticism), it has enough of worth in it to warrant a reconsideration of Shank.

In the last few years, since the decline of the west coast movement, Shank has been taken for granted, and while not exactly disparaged, he has been sometimes merely tolerated. Perhaps for good reason: his playing often of late has been buried in studio groups in which he was given a short solo from time to time. But in this album he has more room to develop his ideas.

If you compare this release with his earlier quartet albums on Pacific Jazz, you will hear that he has not remained at a standstill. There has been no devastating change, yet his flowing alto now has more bite to it; his flute, while still romantic, has more guts to it. In other words, Shank has retained the virtues of his playing—romanticism and delicacy—but has also reduced his greatest weakness—lack of fire.

While Shank is the strength of the LP, he is also its weakness. The fault is not in his playing but in his writing. The tunes are from a background he wrote for a movie about surfboarders, *Slippery When Wet*. There are basically three approaches in this collection: a minor theme, blues, and one of those fourth-changes things that were popular among jazzmen a few years back. Thus the group has only three directions to follow, and there's much duplication of mood and conception. The material is just too thin to stretch over a whole LP, though the men do what they can with it.

Peacock and Bean play well together; both have a sinewy approach that is at its finest in *Surf for Two*. Flores keeps in the background except for a few short solos, usually with brushes. He seems to have learned the virtue of restraint.

(D.DeM.)

Billy Taylor

BILLY TAYLOR UPTOWN—Riverside RLP 12-319: *Le Petite Mambo*; *Jordu*; *Just the Thought of You*; *Soul Sister*; *Moanin'*; *Warm Blue Stream*; *Biddy's Beat*; *Cu-Blu*; *'Swonderful*.
Personnel: Taylor, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Ray Mosca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

A firm believer in the musically subtle and understated, Billy Taylor is at his most restrained and suggestive in this set recorded live at New York's Prelude last Feb. 4. This is a new trio with bassist Grimes replacing Earl May and drummer Mosca on the drum stool long held by Ed Thigpen.

Mambo is an unambitious outing a la Latin with the pianist sticking to plain statements of the rather monotonous theme. Duke Jordan's standard, *Jordu*, is taken at medium tempo, with Taylor treating it lightly in rippling solo lines. Grimes plays telling bass counterlines, and Mosca's brushes are unobtrusive in this tasteful, if unexciting, track. *Just the Thought* is a Taylor original, a dreamy ballad vested by the pianist with delicately woven solo patterns. *Sister* is what might be termed gentle "soul" jazz and Taylor keeps his keyboard subdued and tightly reined throughout.

Bobby Timmons' *Moanin'* gets the amen treatment as Taylor decides to lay down

the law. But it's pretty routine and never gets off the ground. *Stream* is an aptly titled ballad, rich in lush changes on which Taylor works to evoke a warm and caressing mood. *Biddy's* is a medium-up swinger with the pianist at his cleanest and most precise. There is a brisk exchange of fours with Mosca followed by a good Grimes solo. *Cu-Blu* and *'Swonderful* are both up tunes, the latter coming alive in Taylor's hands.

By and large, the feel of the set is one of subdued restraint. The Taylor touch is immaculate as ever, and his execution is a thing of wonder. But the darn session just doesn't get up on its hind legs and romp. (J.A.T.)

Cal Tjader

CONCERT ON THE CAMPUS—Fantasy 3299 (M) and 8044 (S): *S.S. Groove*; *Goodbye*; *Moment in Madrid*; *Rezo*; *Love for Sale*; *Then I'll Be Tired of You*; *Theme for Duke*; *Cuban Fantasy*.

Personnel: Tjader, vibraharp; Lonnie Hewitt, piano; Eddie Coleman, bass; Willie Bobo, drums, timbales; Mongo Santamaria, conga drum (Tracks 4, 8).

Rating: ★ ★

I've always admired the relaxation of Tjader's vibe work and the ease with which he gets over his instrument, but on this LP, recorded at concerts staged at junior colleges in California, his ease and relaxation are tinged with what sound like down-pat routines, especially on the Latin-flavored tracks *Love*, *Fantasy*, and *Madrid*.

His crossing of Latin and jazz produces a hybrid that does justice to neither idiom, and his playing also becomes hybrid in the process—sort of a combination of Tito Puente and Milt Jackson. But working in both idioms has resulted in Tjader's possessing a time conception that he could not have developed had he limited himself to either one. It's this time sense, plus a "ping" in his sound, that makes Tjader unique among vibraharpists. Both these virtues are heard throughout the album.

His best playing is on *Groove*; his best writing is the lovely theme *Duke*. His ballad playing on *Goodbye* and *Tired of You* has a glittering surface sheen but lacks the depth that Tjader has shown himself capable of on past occasions. His overuse of the sustaining pedal causes a disturbing ringing at times, a fault easily corrected by raising the foot.

Pianist Hewitt shows that he has listened to the funkies and that he knows how to conform to present-day concepts of "soul" piano. His best effort is *Reza*, in which he plays an interesting out-of-tempo solo with punctuations by congaist Santamaria followed by a loping, blues-inflected excursion in 12/8.

The group's treatment of Ray Bryant's *Fantasy* features Bobo in an overlong, frenzied timbales solo, which bores more than it excites.

Tjader can do and has done better than this. (D.DeM.)

Various Artists

NEWPORT FESTIVAL ALL-STARS—Atlantic 1331: *Royal Garden Blues*; *Sunday*; *Dinah*; *'Deed I Do*; *Pee Wee Russell's Unique Sound*; *You Took Advantage of Me*; *Rose Room*.
Personnel: Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Bud

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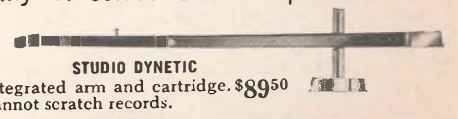
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Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Champ Jones, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The idea of getting Clayton, Russell, Dickenson, and Freeman together in a group was a good one and had good results. The tunes and style are the Chicago or post-Chicago patterns long familiar to Freeman and Russell. Dickenson has had plenty of experience in the Chicago field, but he, like Clayton, is essentially of the Kansas City mint, leading one to suspect that, at best, this would be a curious coalition, good for maybe a few odd kicks. Not so. Clayton's flowing phrases, wonderfully interconnected, give new life to these old tunes. Dickenson manages to kick any group he's with, and Russell and Freeman show new vigor in this company.

The band is far from perfect—Clayton, for example, in the final choruses is frequently up in the clarinet register rendering ineffectual anything Russell is playing but the over-all effect of this group is far from the dismal doodling that has become the hallmark of too many bands trying to play in the traditional idiom.

Royal Garden has brisk ensembles a terse, rasping solo by Russell and, as Wein points out in the liner notes, rather formidable breaks by Freeman in his chorus. *Sunday* is given an original touch: Clayton starts out with rhythm and, then, apropos of nothing, Russell joins him in the second eight, giving a disjointed effect. Dickenson comes in in the third eight, playing lead, with the trumpet and clarinet in subordinate roles. In a quick switch, Clayton takes the lead again and closes the ensemble leading into Freeman's solo. *Rose Room* is strung out with a series of restrained, almost sedate solos; then, bang! Pee Wee explodes in the ensemble, and the band immediately perks up.

Wein plays good blues piano on *Unique*, but elsewhere his playing has a heaviness, which shows, probably, that a many-fingered entrepreneur doesn't necessarily develop into an especially good piano player. Jones and Hanna both play well throughout. (G.M.E.)

Stanley Wilson

THE ORIGINAL JAZZ SCORE FROM SHOTGUN SLADE—Mercury 20575: *Shotgun Slade Theme*; *Open Skies*; *Ride Alone*; *Saddle Swing*; *Gently*; *Joe Clark*; *Night Stalking*; *Weary*; *Rolling Home*; *Them Swingin' Doors*; *Danger Trail*.

Personnel: Unidentified.

Rating: ½ ★

The fact that this record is identified in large letters as an "original jazz score" is as scurrilous a libel on the name of jazz as Paul Whiteman's onetime billing as the King of Jazz. *Shotgun Slade* is a TV western series, and the so-called jazz that accompanies it is similar in its general structure to the so-called jazz that accompanies TV's private eyes. The difference is that the tense, nervous atmosphere of the eye music is replaced by an open feeling of wide spaces. Otherwise it is just as predictably cut, dried, and jazzless.

This rates nothing as jazz, but the professional competence of the musicians who drew pay on the date deserve at least whatever recognition can be offered by half a star. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Paul Chambers

CHAMBERS JAZZ: A JAZZ DELEGATION FROM THE EAST—Score SLP-4033: *Dexterity*; *Stablemates*; *Easy to Love*; *Visitation*; *John Paul Jones*; *Eastbound*.

Personnel John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This belated, though nonetheless welcome, release by Score, a west coast label retailing at \$1.98, presents three-fifths of the Miles Davis Quintet (Chambers, Coltrane, Jones) plus a ringer, pianist Kenny Drew, under the very real leadership of Chambers. The session was cut in March, 1956, when the Davis group was fulfilling a number of coast engagements, and was originally issued on Jazz: West.

That the date is certainly several cuts above the run-of-the-mill studio blowing session is due to a number of reasons, not the least of which are the splendid rapport among the musicians and the obvious thought and care that went into its production. The selection of tunes is a happy one—one standard, two modern jazz pieces of classic stature, and three attractive originals.

Chambers quickly emerges as the strongest voice of the group. His tone is firm and muscular; technique astonishing and completely subservient to its end; his ideas are fresh and spontaneous, conceived in long, looping, hornlike lines of great warmth and power. And he is a pillar of strength in the rhythm section.

Coltrane has just begun to develop an exciting and emotive approach of his own. Here he is gripping and groping in turn—but never dull. Drew proves a more-than-adequate replacement for Red Garland, and Philly Joe is a powerhouse, as usual.

The theme of Parker's *Dexterity* is stated in unison by tenor and bass, after which Chambers takes off on a telling and long-lined solo. Benny Golson's *Stablemates*, with its effective alternation of straight 4/4 and misterioso Latin rhythms, serves primarily as a vehicle for Coltrane's surging, restless convolutions. A long, lyric, and pensive arco solo by Chambers and some light and buoyant Drew piano highlight *Easy to Love*.

Impressive as Paul is on this piece, his brilliant work on his own *Visitation* (based on the changes to the *Guis and Dolls* ballad *I'll Know*) easily eclipses it. This number is among the high points of the album; certainly it is a tour de force for Chambers. Backed only by Jones and with an occasional chord or two from Drew, he spins out a beautifully developed solo, logical, ordered, and meaningful, springing directly from the melody line, cogent and cohesive. It is a great tribute to his artistry that the listener's interest never flags during this long, virtually unaccompanied piece.

John Paul Jones, a brooding, blues-based Coltrane original, offers some stimulating solos. Coltrane pensive and slow-paced, some plucked Chambers, funky

Drew, and Jones coming on like thunder. Drew's arrangement, *Eastbound*, is an up-tempo number with some interesting changes. Coltrane struts his stuff here. After stating the theme, he embarks on a long melodic and rhythmic exploration, his longest solo on the date, and Drew comes across with some crackling work. (P.W.)

Benny Goodman

SWING, SWING, SWING—Camden CAL 624: *Chloe*; *Who?*; *Cuckoo in the Clock*; *Make Believe*; *When a Lady Meets a Gentleman down South*; *Bach Goes to Town*; *I Had to Do It*; *Handful of Keys*; *Popcorn Man*; *Hunkadola*.

Personnel: (various groupings) Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Chris Griffin, Irving Goodman, Zeke Zarchey, Pee Wee Erwin, Ralph Muzillo, Jerry Neary, trumpets; (various groupings) Murray McEachern, Red Ballard, Joe Harris, Vernon Brown, trombones; Goodman, clarinet; (various groupings) Hymie Schertzer, Bill DePew, Vido Musso, Art Rollini, Noni Bernardi, Jerry Jerome, Dave Matthews, Lester Young, Babe Russin, Bud Freeman, George Koenig, Toots Mondello, Dick Clark, saxophones; Jess Stacy or Teddy Wilson or Frank Froeba, piano; Allan Reuss or Benny Heller or Freddie Green or George Van Eps, guitar; Harry Goodman or Walter Page, bass; Gene Krupa or Buddy Schutz or Lionel Hampton or Dave Tough, drums; Hampton, vibes; Johnny Mercer or Helen Ward or Martha Tilton, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

These random selections make a good panoramic view of the Goodman units in the swing era, extending from the 1935 trio recording of *Who?* to the Mercer novelty *Cuckoo in the Clock*, made early in 1939. *Hunkadola*, recorded by large elements of the early band, gets a theater-style treatment with shuffle rhythms and mild solos, but *Chloe*, with the James-Elman-Griffin trumpet team and a Henderson arrangement swings all the way. This track also shows what a fine conception Stacy has of section and solo piano.

The band on *Make Believe* has a special glow, probably caused as much by the Henderson arrangement as by the presence of the Basie men, and here there is an unusual spot of cascading trumpets in the first chorus leading into James' muted solo.

Miss Ward's vocal on *When a Lady* is warm, and both she and Miss Tilton sound surprisingly fresh in this album. *Bach Goes to Town* was probably the result of a lighthearted idea, but you still wish *Bach hadn't* gone to town.

Goodman is fine form on all these tracks. He swings always, and though he is frequently dismissed these days for having too much of a vertical conception in his solo work, this always has seemed to me to be a strange criticism, considering the results he gets with this approach. Arpeggiated playing without regard for melodic continuity is one thing, but this is hardly descriptive of Goodman—listen, for example, to his working of the melodic lines of *Who?*, with the ideas welling up and being dispersed in the first chorus, and the logical echoes and extensions of these ideas appearing and reappearing in the low-register second chorus and in the final chorus.

The other soloists are of variable interest. James' solos have good tone and good drive, and though he never did have the imagination of someone like Bunny Berigan, he fits in well with this group. A big disappointment in this album is that, considering the array of saxophone talent on the various tracks, there

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isn't, anywhere, a sax chorus of any distinction.

Stacy and Wilson are excellent. Wilson's exciting opening of his solo following Goodman's low-register chorus on *Who?* was probably very bold for 1935.

While there are other and better Goodman albums around, this one makes a good sampling of the variety and texture of the band that gave shape and direction to a large part of jazz in the swing era. (G.M.E.)

Jimmy Rushing/Jack Dupree

■ TWO SHADES OF BLUE—Audio Lab AL 1512: *The Way I Feel; In the Moonlight; She's Mine, She's Yours; Go Get Some More; Somebody's Spoiling These Women; Walking the Blues; Harelip Blues; Overhead Blues; Silent Partner; Everybody's Blues.*

Personnel: Rushing, Dupree, vocals; accompanied by unidentified musicians.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

King Records recently initiated a low-priced (\$1.98) subsidiary label, Audio Lab, as a vehicle for the reissuing of some of the hundreds of old singles—among them some truly fine blues performances—in its vaults.

This album is the offspring's first blues collection, and it is a worthwhile addition to any library of blues recordings, for it makes available on LP some impressive shouting by Rushing and some really excellent performances by Dupree, a blues artist certainly not suffering from what the ad men would call overexposure. The Rushing sides were among King's earliest releases, while the Dupree selections are more recent. The remastering in both cases is excellent; sound and surface are crisp and sharp.

Rushing's vocals (the first five selections listed) are buoyant, virile performances, delivered with his customary authority, ebullience, and brassy enthusiasm. They are vapid, insipid tunes for the most part; but alchemist that he is, he almost manages to make them convincing.

I don't know whether it's merely an injudicious selection of material (but almost all the time?), an attempt to widen his audience, or what—but I'm getting vaguely tired of this constant sleight of hand, this perennial transmuting of base metals. Practically every one of his collections has more than its share of effluvia, and this is no exception, as witness *Go Get Some More; Moonlight*, and *Somebody's Spoiling*. His backing, supplied by an unidentified, medium-sized Basie-patterned group, is more than the selections warrant.

The Dupree performances more than compensate for these failings, however. At 49, New Orleans-born Champion Jack is an uncompromising, wholly individual performer, who, despite the development of a uniquely personal point of view, has remained faithful to the blues and has worked wholly within its boundaries. That these limitations are by no means constricting is vividly evidenced in the highly original character of the arresting and imaginative style he has evolved, an approach as individual among contemporary blues artists as Rufus Perryman's was in its day.

Dupree has decidedly gone his own way, and a strange way it is, too (his muse surely must be one of the three

weird sisters in *Macbeth*). In a number of his recent recordings—one of which, *Harelip Blues* (a powerful blues lament cast in the classic mold and sung as an imitation of the speech impediment named in the title), is included here—have evidenced a preoccupation with the grotesque, the eerie, and the morbid.

This near-sinister, Gothic approach of Dupree is almost without precedent in the blues, and one wonders why it has been so seldom employed. Accepting the singer's admission that his work mirrors his own life and what he's observed, and knowing what life must be like for the Negro, it's surprising that Dupree's approach is unique. (But then, perhaps the ability to perceive the distinction between the grotesque and the merely ugly is not so widespread as might be supposed.)

This protestquerie is but one aspect of his talent. The other is that of a sly, mischievous commentator on absurdities he observes. Set most often in the framework of a talking blues and delivered with a wry good humor in which he never fails to expose his own foibles, they are not unlike Perryman's somewhat more mordant *Dirty Dozens*.

Dupree accompanies himself on piano, a bright, pulsing boogie-woogie style learned in his youth.

The rating of this album represents an average; individually, the Rushing efforts are fair and the Dupree selections very good. (P.W.)

Various Artists

■ EARLY AND RARE: CLASSIC JAZZ 'COLLECTORS ITEMS'—Riverside RLP 12-134: *Honky Tonk Train Blues; Wringing and Twisting Blues; Mojo Strut; More Motion; Mr. Conductor Man; Maple Leaf Rag; King Porter Stomp; Trixie Blues; Jack o' Diamonds Blues; Everybody's Doin' the Charleston Now; Screenin' the Blues; Trenches.*

Personnel: Track 1—Meade Lux Lewis, piano. Track 2—Ma Rainey, vocal; Joe Smith, trumpet; Charlie Green, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Fletcher Henderson, piano; Charlie Dixon, banjo. Track 3—Tommy Ladnier, cornet; Jimmy O'Bryant, clarinet; Harris, tenor saxophone; Lovie Austin, piano. Track 4—Cripple Clarence Lofton, piano. Track 5—Big Bill Broonzy, guitar, vocal. Track 6—Scott Joplin, piano. Track 7—Jelly-Roll Morton, piano. Track 8—Fats Waller, piano; Anna Jones, vocal. Track 9—Blind Lemon Jefferson, guitar, vocal. Track 10—same as Track 2 except Trixie Smith, vocal, instead of Ma Rainey. Track 11—Ike Rogers, trombone; Henry Brown, piano. Track 12—Turner Parrish, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Most of these tracks were recorded in that exciting time in the '20s when Chicago was the focal center of jazz, and the south side was teeming with the great New Orleans bands, with the bluesmen up from the southern work fields, and with rent-party boogie-woogie piano players.

Some of the men in this album have a primitive, often strikingly beautiful approach to music, and these tracks give you something of an idea of their contribution to the many colors of jazz that began to unfold during this period.

Jefferson's *Jack o' Diamonds* has uncertain tempo and uncertain meter, but there is nothing uncertain about the raw power of his delivery. This type of performance must have been popular in the southern rural sukey-jumps that blues historian Paul Oliver talks about. On *Trenches*, Parrish speeds up the tempo and does not appear to follow any sort of metrical progression—you never know

where he is and you wonder how he knows where he is—but this doesn't stop him from turning in a thumping, vigorous solo.

Ma Rainey's *Wringing and Twisting* is disappointingly plain, but this is compensated for by Anna Jones' lovely vibrato and extremely blue vocal on *Trixie Blues* (but you have to adjust to the awful barroom twang of the piano Waller plays). Trixie Smith has a good vocal on *Charleston*, and there is a sample here of Joe Smith's celebrated tone and his peculiar style of balanced understatement.

King Porter Stomp, taken from a piano roll, sounds as if someone might have told Jelly-Roll to play in a restrained, polite way that would be proper for living-room player pianos, because he starts out just this way. But by the time he has reached the last section, the piece has taken on the great stomping swing that is characteristic of Morton's playing in this period.

Ladnier's dark, haunting cornet tone and his spare, but effective, melody line make *Mojo Strut* a beautiful thing, this in spite of the clowning buffoonery of clarinetist O'Bryant. Ike Rogers' novelty approach to *Screenin'* is nothing compared with the great outpouring of the blues by Teagarden on *Knockin' the Jug*, recorded the same year, but Henry Brown gives a sensitive piano accompaniment.

The liner notes tell us that *Maple Leaf Rag* was taken from a piano roll that states "played by Scott Joplin." If this is really a Joplin item, it is quite an item since, according to Rudi Blesh, the only piano rolls Joplin made were circa 1907. At any rate, the tune is given a polished, authoritative performance.

The real gem in this album is Lewis' *Honky Tonk*, recorded for Paramount in 1929. His choruses have sparkling drive and inventiveness, and he has the rare ability to create an immediate mood. This track makes you reflect, somewhat bitterly, that what would have been the many important, musically rewarding years for Lewis were spent driving taxis and washing cars.

This Riverside package has been put together with careful attention to detail. The piano solos and vocal solos are intelligently interspersed with the instrumentals so that there is never a lag in interest. This album would make a good rounding out for collections that already have the basic New Orleans-Chicago items. (G.M.E.)

VOCAL

Ray Charles

■ GENIUS HITS THE ROAD—ABC-Paramount ABC 335: *Alabama Bound; Georgia on My Mind; Basin Street Blues; Mississippi Mud; Moonlight in Vermont; New York's My Home; California, Here I Come; Moon over Miami; Deep in the Heart of Texas; Carry Me Back to Old Virginia; Blue Hawaii; Chattanooga Choo-Choo.*

Personnel: Charles, vocals; accompanied by orchestra directed by Sid Feller.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

In one of the most powerful speeches in motion picture history, Victor McLaglen told Wallace Ford in *The Informer* why it is that he's confused. "Sure and the

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Irish think I'm with the English, and the English think I'm with the Irish, and betwixt and between the two of them," McLaglan said, "the wurld is in a turrible state of Chassis (to mix the Irish quotations)."

The situation for us Ray Charles fans is somewhat the same. The British critic Albert J. McCarthy thinks Ray Charles is a "phony blues singer," for one thing, and for another, I haven't been able yet to work out the proper course to follow to fit in with the party line as laid down by the Leslie Fiedler of jazz in the recent *Esquire*.

Am I wrong to dig Ray Charles because he has only been on the scene a few years, or am I wrong not to give the newcomers a break and to go on digging Jimmy Witherspoon, instead? For the life of me I can't figure out which way to go. Nobody will give Ornette Coleman a break because he's new, and nobody will give Ben Webster a break because he's been around too long, it seems.

Anyway, since there is really no point in any of this unless it's kicks, throw away your labels and your guns and just dig in and enjoy, enjoy, enjoy.

Ray Charles already is indicted for having recorded (some of the greatest vocal records in years) with a string section—another example of the treacherous exploitation of the musician by the a&r men, or by public faddism, I guess, even though the cat may dig strings. So a couple more discs with similar accompaniment can't hurt.

Now what Charles is, of course, is Mr. Soul himself, as authentic a voice of jazz as was ever heard, and it doesn't make any difference if he's 10 years old or 100. The point is that he has absorbed, has that thing, and can do it. Genius makes its own rules, and the genius in jazz cuts through all brackets, categories, and labels.

Charles' Atlantic records are absolutely indispensable. This one is, too, even though there are some things on it that are a real drag. (*Blue Hawaii* and *Deep in the Heart*, for instance.) But *Georgia* and *Moon over Miami* all by themselves are worth the price of any LP I ever heard.

Some people can sing a song and make it live. Charles can do that. His phrasing, his intonation, his feeling, and, above all, the shine and shimmer of reality (as Elia Kazan calls it) that he brings to his best performances, make everything he records of primary interest, like the work of Miles or Monk or Duke. If it happens that sometimes he fails, apparently the victim of bad advice in selection of material, this can easily be forgiven in view of the magnificent vocals he has made.

The fact that in his first few recordings he was a Nat Cole follower or a Charles Brown fan is irrelevant now (though I hear this thrown up regarding his authenticity). What is important is that, as a singer, he found his milieu at a relatively early age, dug in, and has produced. He is the opposite of a Harry Belafonte. Check the audiences at any performance of either, and the point is graphically made. Ray Charles is a folk artist in the true sense. We're lucky to have him around and on records. (R.J.G.)

Marge Dodson

NEW VOICE IN TOWN—Columbia CL 1458: *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; *Out of This World*; *Angel Eyes*; *You'd Be so Nice to Come Home To*; *Speak Low*; *'Round Midnight*; *This Can't Be Love*; *By Myself*; *The Thrill Is Gone*; *No Moon at All*; *Dearly Beloved*; *Alone Together*.

Personnel: Miss Dodson, vocals; unidentified band and chorus under direction of Coleridge T. Perkinson Jr.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the first new voice since the advent of Ernestine Anderson that hit me right where I live and made me feel "this voice has got it." I never really knew what "it" was, even when I was sure Miss Anderson had it, but it was that indefinable stuff of which a star is made. When mismanagement and Miss Jinx put Miss Anderson on a detour, I watched unenthusiastically the steady parade of female hoaxists who appeared on the horizon. For the first time in several years, I feel that someone has come on the scene who can adequately entertain those people not completely addicted to the trinity of Fitzgerald, Vaughan, and O'Day.

Just listening to Miss Dodson is a pleasure. She is at once everyone important and individually herself. She manages to make that special brand of unconscious bedroom hush common to the Christy ilk sound completely natural. She occasionally trails her phrases off into that Lurlean Hunter lushness; yet it doesn't sound imitated. She employs the identical Ernestine Anderson technique of lagging slightly behind the beat on the up tunes, although you don't feel the urge to yell "cop." In fact, she incorporates many of the best characteristics of many good vocalists. She has been fortunate enough to be born with them, or wise enough to learn them as tools with which to project her own personal message.

Unfortunately, at the moment, the message sounds incomplete. She must contain more depth of feeling and interpretation than captured here.

On this album, a vocal chorus has been added. I would have preferred to hear Miss Dodson singing with a good solid band. The voices do not always blend; consequently, you hear an alto, a tenor, or a soprano voice jutting out in spots. She does not need the vocal support. Her voice is steady and as clear as a bell. She roams the full range of it easily and professionally and with taste.

Another minor (but seldom-heard) annoyance is her occasional lapse into the girlie bit. *No Moon at All* perhaps is the best example of this practice, and the mannerism is in stark contrast to the maturity evident elsewhere.

Please hear this one. In a few months, I have a hunch that a lot of people will be yelling for discoverer rights. (B.G.)

John Lee Hooker

THAT'S MY STORY—Riverside RLP 12-321: *I Need Some Money*; *Come On and See About Me*; *I'm Wanderin'*; *Democrat Man*; *I Want to Talk About You*; *Gonna Use My Rod*; *Wednesday Evenin' Blues*; *No More Doggin'*; *One of These Days*; *I Believe I'll Go Back Home*; *You're Leavin' Me, Baby*; *That's My Story*.

Personnel: Hooker, vocals, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Hooker may well be the most important blues singer of our time. True, others are

glorying in the title and reaping its subsequent financial and social rewards; however, this very fact may be the added little something which gives sincerity and realism to the blues of John Lee Hooker.

There is no denying that one must really stretch a point to qualify such tunes as *Doggin'* and *Democrat Man*. *Doggin'* is plain, unvarnished rhythm and blues, and *Democrat Man* is a social commentary slyly conceived in an urban environment where this particular brand of blues would not survive a day.

Most of the remaining tunes, however, are authentic blues renditions. By this, I do not mean to imply that Hooker reflects accurately any other blues tradition. I mean that the messages he sings are well expressed and that he manages to communicate true emotional experiences in a convincing fashion.

This is an area that much of this country is totally in ignorance of. At best, a clinical interest exists that is seldom receptive and responsive to the completely unclinical and soul-bearing outpouring of the underprivileged, misused, unschooled, rural American Negro. Hooker is the spokesman. Hear him. (B.G.)

Bev Kelly

LOVE LOCKED OUT—Riverside RLP 328: *My Ship*; *Lost April*; *Lonelyville*; *I'm Gonna Laugh You Right Out of My Life*; *Weak for the Man*; *Love, Look Away*; *Thursday's Child*; *Love Locked Out*; *Away from Me*; *Fool That I Am*; *Gloomy Sunday*.

Personnel: Miss Kelly, vocals; Jimmy Jones, piano; Harry Edison, trumpet; Jerome Richardson, flute, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, Johnny Cresci, or Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

Miss Kelly is well known to jazz-loving Chicagoans, both for her work with the Pat Moran Quartet from 1954 to 1958 and for her stands as a single in Windy City clubs. She is a good singer, with flexible range, on-the-button infonation, intelligent phrasing, and clear diction.

This is not a jazz album, nor does it pretend to be, so there's no point going into whether Miss Moran is a jazz singer. It is, rather, a mood album, and the mood is that of unrequited love. It is, also, a rather monotonous album with very little variation of mood, tempo, or even songs.

The most distinctive departures in the song department are the opening *My Ship*, the oldie *Fool That I Am* and the final number, *Gloomy Sunday*, only because, one suspects, they are better known than the others. In any event, the beat is down throughout, and, while it is no reflection on Miss Kelly's fine performance, the album's appeal probably will suffer because of it. Certainly the appeal will be very limited.

Accompaniment is excellent throughout, restrained and tasteful and tailored in the demanding manner of pianist Jones, who did the arrangements. (J.A.T.)

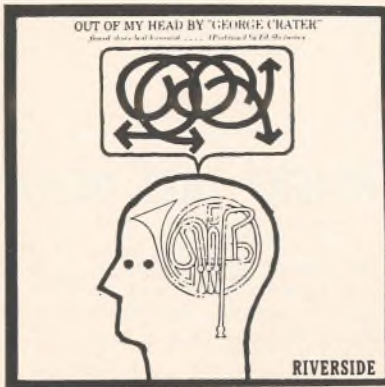
Jimmy Reed

FOUND LOVE—Vee Jay LP 1022: *Baby, What You Want Me to Do?*; *Found Love*; *Meet Me*; *I Was So Wrong*; *Going by the River* (Parts 1 and 2); *Big Boss Man*; *Hush-Hush*; *Where Can You Be?*; *I'm Nervous*; *I Ain't Got You*; *Come Love*.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Reed is a 32-year-old blues singer from

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Leland, Miss., who deserves a far wider celebrity than he's received, for despite two previous LP collections to his credit, he's surprisingly little known. A former Gary, Ind., steelworker, Reed has been a professional blues singer since 1950, working mainly on Chicago's south and west sides. He signed with the independent Vee Jay in 1953 and has been with them ever since.

The group format on all three of his albums is essentially the same: Reed, lead guitar, harmonica, and vocals; Eddie Taylor, bass guitar; Earl Phillips, drums, and, on some tracks, a rhythm guitar. In other words, an instrumentation not too different from that used by any number

of groups working the rhythm-and-blues field. It has this crucial distinction, however: Reed is a performer—singer, instrumentalist—with both feet planted in the strong country-blues tradition of his Mississippi forebears and his childhood years.

His performances, most of them of original compositions, ring with the unmistakable urgency of the dateless essence that is the blues.

His voice is not an especially good one—more a high-pitched, lazy-seeming drone than anything else. His songs are half-sung, half-crooned in an oblique and toneless sort of drawl devoid of artifice, functional and subservient to the music.

Yet conviction, intensity, and strength pulse through his performances, despite the truth of Barry Hansen's observation in *Record Research* that Reed has a good deal of trouble in carrying a tune.

He punctuates, underlines, complements his singing with guitar and harmonica work of great earthiness—the harmonica deep, hoarse, shrill and shrieking in turn, both instruments oozing blue tonality. I might conclude by saying that the only thing preventing Reed from becoming a truly impressive blues artist is the low emotional content of the tunes he works with. But for this factor, the rating for this album would have been a bit higher. (P.W.)

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RECENT 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*.

Louis Armstrong and the Dukes of Dixieland, *Louie and the Dukes of Dixieland* (Audio Fidelity **M** 1924, **S** 5924)

Georgie Auld, *Good Enough to Keep* (Top Rank **M** 333)

Bob Brookmeyer, *Portrait of the Artist* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1320)

Les Brown, *Bandland* (Columbia **M** 1497, **S** 8288)

Ray Bryant Trio, *Little Susie* (Columbia **M** 1449, **S** 8244)

June Christy, *The Cool School* (Capitol **M** and **S** 1398)

Slide Hampton Octet, *Sister Salvation* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1339)

Eddie Heywood, *Eddie Heywood at the Piano* (Mercury **M** and **S** 60248)

Jazz, Ltd., Band, *Jazz at Jazz, Ltd.* (Atlantic **M** 1338)

John Lewis, *The Golden Striker* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1334)

The Modern Jazz Quartet, *Third Stream Music* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1345)

Russ Morgan, *Russ Morgan and His Wolverine Band* (Everest **M** and **S** 1095)

Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, *Phil Napoleon in the Land of Dixie* (Capitol **M** and **S** 1428)

Ronnie Ross/Allan Ganley, *The Jazz Makers* (Atlantic **M** and **S** 1333)

George Shearing, *On the Sunny Side of the Strip* (Capitol **M** and **S** 1416)

Dakota Staton accompanied by Benny Carter Orchestra, *Softly*, (Capitol **M** and **S** 1427)

Various Artists, *Jazz Scene 1* (Epic **M** 16000) and *Jazz Scene 2* (Epic **M** 16001)

Sarah Vaughan, *Close to You* (Mercury **M** and **S** 60240)

Ernie Wilkins, *The Big Band of the '60s* (Everest **M** 1104) **db**

MAYNARD FERGUSON THE BLINDFOLD TEST

By Leonard Feather

The original edition of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* claimed that Maynard Ferguson "enjoyed a great vogue while with Kenton, owing to a fantastic technique and screaming style on high notes, but rarely played any real jazz on records."

Needless to say, this assessment, like many others, has been substantially altered and amplified in the new edition. This is the result partly of a change in my own attitude toward Ferguson's work and partly because of a considerable modification in his approach to music.

As Ira Gitler pointed out (*Down Beat*, Sept. 29), Ferguson today has a "young gutsy outfit that generates a lot of excitement without the hysteria often present in the previous band." He is not only playing some powerfully effective trumpet but has continued to double diligently on valve trombone and to take occasional outings on baritone horn, for which I meant (but forgot) to vote for him in the miscellaneous category of the last International Jazz Critics' poll.

While in New York City recently for one of his frequent Birdland dates, Ferguson dropped by for his first *Blindfold Test* in almost three years. He was given no information about the records played.

The Records

1. Henry Mancini. *All Right, Okay, You Win* (from *The Blues & the Beat*, Victor).

Well, I guess that's *Okay, You Win, Something or Other*—it sounds like a dance-band gimmick, which is forgivable, and it sounds like a studio trombone section to me. Everybody plays in fairly good time except when the trombones operate as a section, and then they seem to get a little ahead. On that last ensemble you can see the lead trombone sticking out, which is a problem.

I think in stereo, in general, I seem to notice that—I notice it on our own quite a bit; and then there's the old problem where you get a lot of heat going in the band, and the drummer starts hitting the cymbals and distorting the brass sounds a little bit, which is unfortunate, because in the room itself that's when the band sounds its greatest.

I guess this is a good rhythmic record and good for dancing. If it was meant for just that, then it's a very good record, and if it wasn't meant for that, then it's a very bad jazz record. I'll give it three stars, because I don't know how they intended it.

2. Les McCann, Ltd. *The Shout* (from *The Shout*, Pacific Jazz).

My first thoughts are "humor and religion"—everybody's starting to get both of it.

All the groups are doing things of a religious connotation, with a sense of humor, and I guess we do the same thing. I don't know who the group is—there's a new one from San Francisco, but I don't know if that's the one. Is that Les McCann or one of those guys? I don't know because I've never heard him.

It's very entertaining, and I guess we're just judging a record and not the group, as I don't suppose they play like this all night. I've heard so much of

this sort of thing, and if I'm a part of it or in the audience, I enjoy it very much, so I'll give it three stars, or possibly four stars if I was just looking for entertainment.

3. Harry James. *Undecided* (from *Harry James Today*, M-G-M). James, trumpet; Rob Turk, lead trumpet; Sam Firmature, tenor saxophone; Willie Smith, lead alto saxophone; Ernie Wilkins, arranger.

First of all, that's a very, very well-rehearsed band, and the lead trumpet player is really excellent—both lead players are; the lead saxophone player plays this style that I call feminine type of alto saxophone playing, which is not criticizing him—it's a very warm type of lead alto saxophone playing.

The thing just swings right along; because of the precision I would think of it maybe being somebody like Ted Heath, but on the other hand I don't hear as many drum fills and things as he normally has . . . I really don't know who it is, it's just an excellent band, recorded beautifully.

The muted trumpet played in a sort of Harry Edison vein; very nice. The tenor player sounded to me like he was trying just a little bit too hard to be relaxed—he was trying to see if he could come out of the band, which was hollering at the time, with an extremely relaxed feeling, and he just seemed to get too far that way for this number.

On performance, rather than my own taste, I'd give that four.

4. Basso-Valdambrini Octet. *How About You?* (from *New Sound from Italy*, Verve). Oscar Valdambrini, trumpet; Gianni Basso, tenor saxophone; Lars Gullin, baritone saxophone, arranger; Jimmy Pratt, drums.

Well, the first thing I didn't like was that I felt the thing was unsteady all the way through—I didn't ever feel the thing was swinging.




There's been so many groups that have used that form of big-band-little-band, or little-band-big-band, sound, and there've been very few that have made it pay off the way I think they themselves mean it to . . . The drummer still sounds like he's playing with a big band on this record date, and at times the other instruments do.

These things always come off better, I've found, with musicians who have played predominantly with small groups that enlarge, whereas this record sounds like a big band that just doesn't have enough men or something, and they just don't get the very relaxed feeling that, say, the Miles Davis group years ago on Capitol got . . . The beautiful thing about that was the feeling that Miles and all the guys got on those recordings.

I would never purchase this record. I'll have to give this two stars out of kindness . . . I just don't like it.

5. Gerry Mulligan. *Out of This World* (from *Concert Jazz Band*, Verve). Don Ferrara, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Bill Holman, arranger.

This is *Clear out of This World*, or whatever that title is . . . Of course, my guess is that it's the new Gerry Mulligan Band with Bobby Brookmeyer on trombone, and Bobby probably wrote the arrangement. It's a very good record. I hope a lot of exciting things come from Gerry's big band. There's not much more I can say—both Bobby and Gerry sound great, and, incidentally, the trumpet sounds kind of exciting . . . possibly I would like to have heard him play just a little bit more.

If I could find one remark to say against this, it would be that I'm not crazy about this style of writing, but this is done so well I've just got to say very, very good. Four stars. 

MOVIE REVIEW

THE SUBTERRANEANS (M-G-M), produced by Arthur Freed, directed by Ronald MacDougall, based on the novel by Jack Kerouac. Starring Leslie Caron and George Peppard, with Gerry Mulligan, Carmen McRae, Andre Previn, Shelly Manne, Red Mitchell, Buddy Clark, Dave Bailey, and Art Farmer. Music by Previn, recorded by the above musicians, plus Art Pepper, Bob Enevoldsen, Bill Perkins, Frank Hamil-

ton. In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

For all the program blurb about North Beach in San Francisco evoking "the spirit and color of America's New Renaissance," for all the CinemaScope, Metrocolor, and Panavision photographic lenses that occasionally catch the loveliness of the bay city, this is a shoddy film conceived in unreality and executed in utter naivety.

The picture has to its credit only

Previn's excellent underscore, a mere smidgin of improvised jazz by Mulligan, Previn, and company, and a flash of Miss McRae singing *Coffee Time*, before cameras and mikes impatiently turn away to capture a slice of inane beatnik dialog.

The story, such as it is, concerns a pampered young writer seeking The Answer in Beatdom and his infatuation with a confused young woman, who, in her own words, has been "in and out of the state hospital a dozen times."

Through the one-way corridor of their lives parade the darnedest collection of nuts, freaks, and weirdos ever to grace the screen. Roddy McDowall, all grown up and many leagues removed from *How Green Was My Valley*, is oddly effective as a sort of Dostoyevskian idiot hanging around the necks of the mixed-up lovers. In his part of a beatnik minister, Mulligan brings to the role a verisimilitude bolstered considerably by an oversize crucifix dangling on his chest. His part is a small one, and he doesn't abuse it.

Peppard essays the writer role in appropriately immature style and is creditably cast. Alas, poor Leslie; one may as well imagine *Macbeth's* three witches played by the Gabor sisters. Miss Caron's fragile beauty, with its broad hint of the exotic, is debased by gunging close-ups and schizophrenic sulks. And, by the by, wasn't Kerouac's heroine Negro? Ah, well, biz may be boffo south of the Smith and Wesson line . . .

The use of jazz, however adventurous, in films such as this seems not only a waste of everybody's time except the musicians employed but damaging to chances of wider public acceptance of it. In his scenes in *The Subterraneans*, Previn impressed me as concurring in that. As he sits at the piano, a more disconsolate and bored-looking participant in Beatsville would be difficult to imagine.

But there are many meritorious musical interludes in the underscore, notably Pepper's moving, mood-evoking alto work and Farmer's incisive trumpet. Mulligan's and Previn's blowing scenes are passed over so quickly for the sake of what is known (in this case, laughingly) as "dramatic action" that full enjoyment of the music eludes one.

As for Previn's score, when the inevitable soundtrack album is released, it may be enjoyed without the on-screen distraction. While the picture assuredly is unworthy of such talent and writing, it may be well to remember that pearls, even cast before swine, are still pearls.

—Tynan

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feather's nest



By Leonard Feather

A few weeks ago I was reminded, in a startling fashion, that you can't go home again.

The occasion was a nostalgic one. Josh White was opening for a week at One Sheridan Square, the same basement club that was once known, in the days of his triumphs there 20 years ago, as Cafe Society.

The only trouble was that, except for the location, it wasn't Cafe Society. The stage in the corner, where the combos of Joe Sullivan, Teddy Wilson, and Edmond Hall once reigned, had gone; the artists worked on a flat, cold, bare floor. The tables, with their white cloths, had given way to hundreds of cheap collapsible chairs, clustered together and all facing the same way. The Hoff cartoons on the wall were long gone. The room was bare walls, bare ceiling, bare floor. Even the liquor license was gone; you paid a \$2 music charge at the door, and if you were at one of the few seats near a table, you could buy grenadine or some other vile potion for a quarter. Where Manhattan once had had its hippest and most jazz-oriented club, there was now, in effect, a beatnik coffee house.

Everything, indeed, had changed except for two items. Josh was his own indomitable self, and for a few minutes, while the lights were low enough to conceal the dank bleakness of the room and Josh was lashing out *Sam Hall* or gently intoning *Waltzing Matilda* or getting audience response to *One Meat Ball*, you could almost imagine for a moment that time had stood still. And Ivan Black, the agreeably garrulous press agent of the old club (for whom I once worked as assistant at \$15 a week), was back at the old stand.

But Barney Josephson, that unique boniface who was a gentleman and a scholar and honest with his talent, had long since been chased out of the place by premature McCarthyism. And John Hammond, to whom Cafe Society was virtually an adopted child from 1938 until '45, was not on hand, as he was when his proteges, Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, did their three-piano boogie-woogie act, and Lena Horne, whom he'd recommended to Barney, closed her eyes in youthful nervousness to avoid seeing the audience.

But it wasn't just nostalgia that brought this wave of regret. It was the sense that some of the values we should still treasure, the warmth and rapport and decorousness that can be part of


a visit to a night club, are disappearing. When Cafe Society had the tablecloths and the genial waiters and the delightful murals, I was proud to take my parents there. Today, though it's the same Josh White, I wouldn't dream of steering them near the place.

The point is, if good music is to be peddled in night clubs, even in theater-clubs or coffee houses or whatever they want to call them, it still can be done in a manner that may satisfy your maiden aunt, it can still be achieved in a manner that offers charm and courtesy and, incidentally, may impress your normally jazz-shy aunt from Dubuque.

At present, imaginative decor, reasonable prices, tables bigger than post-

age stamps are deemed expendable as long as the top name is a sure draw. In New York the east side clubs make a partial effort, but they draw audiences whose noisy demolition of barbecued spareribs makes the music hard to hear. In Los Angeles the prices are the highest, the service the lowest; in Chicago not one spot is remotely comparable with Cafe Society; in Detroit Baker's Keyboard lounge comes commendably close.

I'm not one of those who believe in taking jazz out of the clubs and confining it to concerts and festivals. I'm just in favor of retaining a little color, intimacy, and personality.

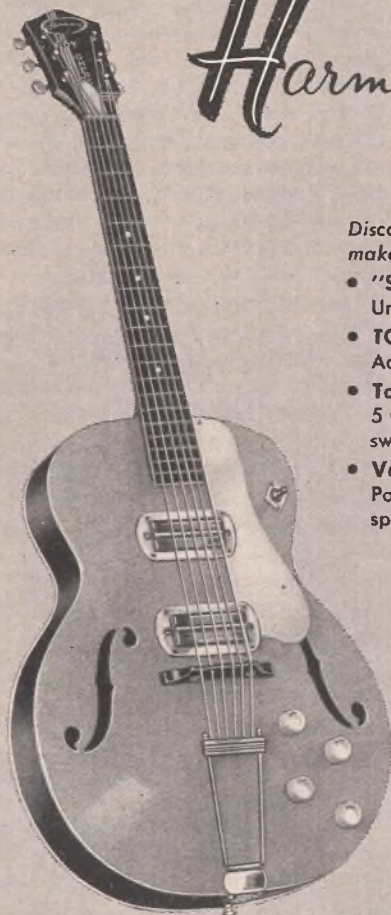
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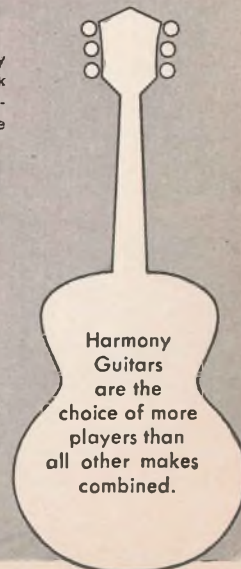
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FRANZ JACKSON-GEORG BRUNIS

The Red Arrow, Stickney, Ill.

Personnel: Jackson's Original Jazz All-Stars: Jackson, clarinet; Bob Shoffner, trumpet; John Thomas, trombone; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums.

Brunis' group: Brunis, trombone; Ed (Jug) Berger, clarinet; Jack Ivett, trumpet; Joe Johnson, piano; Claude (Hey Hey) Humphrey, drums.

A visit to Otto Kubick's Red Arrow club is like a step into the past of jazz.

The two groups playing the club (Brunis, who has since left, on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and Jackson on weekends) represent the twin streams that spring from one source: New Orleans. The Brunis band is of what can be termed the Dixieland (with no negative connotations intended) branch of jazz development, stemming partly from the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and more directly from the superior New Orleans Rhythm Kings, of which Brunis was a charter member.

The Jackson group, on the other hand, is in the Joe Oliver tradition—not that it's a duplicate of the Creole Jazz Band, but it is representative of the Oliver spirit. If you want (and I detest this type of categorization), Brunis is white tradition and Jackson is Negro tradition.

Both groups are excellent representatives of the two schools; neither is a re-creation. Both fairly bristle with life and authenticity; neither is in the least antiquated.

The Jackson group's ensembles rock like a juggernaut, the leader's Omer Simeon-like clarinet work embroidering Shoffner's lead and Thomas' trombone slipping in and out of the rock-solid rhythm section.

The outstanding soloist in the Jackson band is Shoffner. Although he is 60 years old, he plays with all the beauty and touching conception that has marked his playing over the many years he's been active in jazz. His playing smoldered on every tune, fragily laced with inner sadness. Truly, Shoffner is one of the overlooked players. He has never received the

recognition that he's deserved as one of the best trumpet men in traditional jazz. This is a situation that should be remedied.

The Brunis group was consistently satisfying in both ensemble and soloing but showed some lack of preparation and integration beyond first-chorus ensemble followed by strings of solos—always in the same order—then fall in and ride out.

Brunis is the sparkplug of the group and the best soloist, as well as still being the most powerful trombonist in jazz. On the night reviewed, he alternated lustiness with softness in his solos and ensemble work, sometimes effectively, at other times to distraction. The New Orleans hokum he indulged in on the stand was amusing, though excessive. But Brunis, above all, is a first-rate traditionalist and a very swinging musician.

The two groups handsomely carry on the tradition and add much to the variety of jazz that can be heard in the Chicago area. The Windy City should consider itself doubly blessed.

—DeMicheal

SLIDE HAMPTON OCTET

Half Note, New York City

Personnel: Hampton and Charles Greenlee, doubling trombone, euphonium; Richard Williams and Hobart Dodson, trumpets; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Jay Cameron; baritone saxophone; Larry Ridley, bass; Stu Martin, drums.

There are times when this octet sounds like a big band with all the unnecessary sound filtered out. When not playing, the leader conducts with one hand as he waves his trombone in the other. Hampton's directorial enthusiasm sometimes approaches the intensity of the Newport Youth Band's Marshall Brown.

Leader Hampton does most of the arrangements himself; he became well known for his original arrangements for the Maynard Ferguson Band. Trumpeter Williams and drummer Martin also have written some arrangements for the group. All are designed to give each brass and reed men featured solos, as well as to put them in various combinations for different tonal effects.

Hampton's euphonium solo on Dizzy Gillespie's *Ow* has a sound similar to that of Miles Davis' trumpet. Other outstanding solos were by trumpeter Williams doing a beautifully executed *I Remember Clifford*, tenor saxophonist Coleman playing *Milestones*, and trombonist Greenlee on *Fox Head*.

All the arrangements include melodic and rhythmic ingredients without compromise or the use of clichés.

—Hoefler



Once a musician is mature, he is what he plays. This simple statement was voiced by a record company executive as a personal theory regarding the jazz musician as an artist.

Miles Davis is an excellent example. There has been an image of trumpeter Davis that has been formed from the effects of his frustrations, unhappiness, and problems, among other things.

This is a secondhand evaluation and not valid. It is more realistic to judge Davis upon the contributions these same factors have made to his art. After all, so much of jazz is based on the blues, and there is not a more creative, ever-seeking, and expressive voice in jazz today than Miles Davis'.

Davis has been criticized (frequently by club owners) for his attitude toward listeners and for walking off the stand while not playing. He has a logical answer to the disappearing act: "I feel silly just standing around." The musical format of the Davis group, with long solos by its members does not require the leaders' constant presence.

The strange result of this conduct is that, in actuality, it is one of the most potent psychological acts of showmanship seen in a modern jazz group.

Davis is a fascinating artist to watch. His concentration, his stance, and the way he handles his horn constitute an intriguing sight. It would seem that the vaudeville adage, "Leave them while they're happy," could be applied in this situation. Davis' return to the stand is looked forward to with anticipation. Miles' temporary retirement from the spotlight could also be construed as an act of courtesy to other soloists in the group.

Which all brings us to the Miles Davis press conference held recently. His new album, *Sketches of Spain*, arranged and conducted by Gil Evans, was due for release. Peter Long, assistant producer of Randall's Island Jazz festival, arranged for the press conference to be based upon questions regarding the new album.

Everyone was aware of Davis' sensi-

tivity and probably thinking to himself, "Miles is not going to dig this."

In fact, the conference almost blew up before it started, when Long, in order to start things off, asked a reporter if he had any questions regarding the album. The reporter answered he did not, for he had not heard the album. Miles then got up from the table and said, "That's it. Back to the bar. Nobody has heard the records, and this conference does not make sense."

Several of the questioners present had heard the work, and the conference got under way. Then came the inevitable question:

"Mr. Davis, do you feel this new work of yours is jazz?"

There was an almost imperceptible bristling visible in the Davis visage as he answered, "It's music, and I like it. I'll play anything I take a fancy to, if I feel it is possible for me to do it. Gil and I worked together on the concerto for two months in preparation for the recording."

Then Davis was asked if there was any relation between flamencan music and the blues.

Miles replied, "Flamenco (gypsy music) is the Spanish counterpart of our blues."

At this point, flamencan guitarist Augustin DiMello, who was entertaining at the party and had been on the record date, was asked to come forward. He added, "The flamenco dances and music do have the same connotation and emotional content to the Spanish people that the blues have to Americans." He also said the results obtained by Davis and Evans on the recording were authentically valid.

Davis, who was articulate as well as polite, continued, "I found the hardest parts for me were the trios, where, as I improvised, I had to watch out for the red and green lights used in recording. In the little trio part at the beginning of the concerto it was hard for me to stay in balance with the other players. The work was originally written for guitar."

Evans mentioned at this point that they had spent three recording dates perfecting the concerto, but on the other tracks they took one take only.

When asked if this work meant he was taking on a new direction, Miles said smilingly, "If you mean am I going to Madrid to live and marry a Spanish girl, the answer is no. Gil and I are interested in doing an African ballet album. I think that will be the next direction."

Long said Davis had told him he had enjoyed the conference very much and had remarked, "Now I am a speaker."

Good. Maybe he'll start announcing the tunes.

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UP BEAT SECTION

CLINICIAN'S CORNER

By JOHN LaPORTA

The question I've been asked most by aspiring musicians is: "How do I go about learning to improvise?" This is followed by a question such as this:

Could I improvise if I learned my chords or should I get together with a piano player or guitar player?

Learning chords and having a piano player or guitarist available will certainly help, but to answer these questions properly, it first is necessary to examine the activities that are co-ordinated in an improvised chorus.

1. The player must know where he is; he can't think he's in the seventh bar when he actually is in the ninth.

2. He must be playing something that is related to the chords and as they occur. He can't be playing an idea on a C6 chord that will fit beautifully on a

F7 chord.

3. His chorus must have rhythmic drive. He shouldn't be playing between when he means to play on the beats.

4. His rhythms should have some form and occur in regular sequences.

5. Last but not least, the total improvisation should have definite melodic continuity.

It is tremendously helpful to practice these requirements separately. The most basic one is the rhythmic factor. Write and play a rhythm that is no longer than two measures (this is usually the space of the smallest musical idea). Follow this by a contrasting rhythm of two measures.

These four measures together form a phrase (the most common complete idea in music.)

Besides this rather simple rhythmic exercise, there are several general practice procedures listed below that will help in learning the tools of improvisation.

1. Be able to play all major and all minor scales from memory (play in triplet, quarter- and eighth-note forms).

2. Learn chord symbols. Take guitar sheets and translate the symbols into music notes.

well suited to the sustained quality of an early classical piece, for the ear tires more quickly of brass than of strings.

Let's look at the rhythm of the notes. In the jazz score there are ties across every bar line (—) except one. These ties are indicative of a certain kind of syncopation that is totally absent in the Beethoven (—). Nearly every important note in the jazz score falls in between the beat, whereas in the Beethoven, every important note, without exception, falls directly on top of the beat.

Now let's look at the notes themselves. There are many more sharps, flats, and naturals ($\#$ b \natural) in the jazz score than in the Beethoven. These signs indicate a plurality of rapid little dissonances, called passing tones. Most of the jazz phrases begin with these passing tones and end with regular tones, whereas Beethoven's tones are, without exception, consonant.

Finally, notice that above the jazz notes there are marks (for instance, $>$ \cdot) indicating sudden shifts in emphasis. Beethoven wrote none of these, because he did not want small, sudden ideas to detract too strongly from the larger momentum of the music.

With all these differences, is there any room for similarity? Well, the *basic* harmony is the same, although in the jazz score the harmony is more dissonant and, therefore, weaker as *harmony*.

Each score begins with only some of

3. Practice two- and four-measure rhythms as above.

4. Take off standard jazz compositions from records and learn how to perform them properly.

5. Memorize standard tunes and transpose them (by ear) into at least three other keys.

7. Practice moving smoothly from one chord to another. Take the first chord of a tune and play into the second chord. Then start with the second chord and go into the third chord, etc.

8. Practice comping (playing) chords on piano.

9. Listen to records and players as much as possible. Besides listening to them esthetically, find out *why* they swing: length of notes, the method in which they pass through the chord progression, etc.

10. Take very common musical ideas, such as familiar riffs, and play them, changing the last note and allowing them to go wherever they will.

11. Practice in all keys. You have to be at home in every key because many songs modulate frequently.

12. Play every minute you can!

(The second and third parts of this series will be written by the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.)



By BILL MATHIEU

In order to demonstrate some of the differences, and some of the similarities, between jazz and classical music, I have arranged the opening theme of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* (see opposite page) in the style of a modern jazz orchestra.

Let's start with the differences. (Incidentally, you don't have to be able to read music to get the gist of this discussion.) Pick up a copy of the original Beethoven and look at the opening 21 bars (two of his bars equal one of mine). Notice the instruments listed on the side of each score. For Beethoven: flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, two French horns, two trumpets, and a full string section, usually upwards of 30 players. For the jazz score: five saxophones of various sizes, five trumpets, five trombones, one bass fiddle, and a drummer.

The strings are predominant in Beethoven's orchestra; the jazz orchestra abounds in brass. Generally, strings cannot supply the percussive, forceful brashness that big-band jazz demands. Conversely, brass instruments are not

the instruments and ends up the passage with all of them. Each score contains what is essentially one melody tossed about among different members of the orchestra. And the over-all up-and-down quality, the contour, of this melody is the same in each case. Furthermore, the most important melodic notes in each score are identical.

So basically, harmony and melody in the two scores are similar. By adding certain ornaments and dissonances, the jazz score loses the straightforward strength that is the beauty of the Beethoven. But the jazz score makes up some of this loss by its many sudden, split-second changes, which flash by like fireworks.

Although we can't expect too much from this cursory look, it does bring to mind an important difference between jazz and classical music. Most classical music depends heavily on the listener's memory and expectation; that is, in order to get something out of a given passage, you must somehow be cognizant of the music stretching out on either side of it. It seems that this is less true in jazz, where the real kick in a passage is relatively self-contained.

Of course, there are a lot of fireworks in classical music, too, and there is a lot of extended, formal thinking in jazz. But it seems to me that one prime interest in the Beethoven work is what is *about* to happen; interest in the jazz piece is generated primarily by what is going on at the moment.



Example of jazz scoring of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony by Bill Mathieu

(See explanation on previous page.)

The musical score is arranged in 15 systems, each with a specific instrument label on the left:

- ALTO I 1st SAX.
- ALTO II 2nd SAX.
- TENOR I 3rd SAX.
- TENOR II 4th SAX.
- BASSONE 5th SAX.
- 1st TPT.
- 2nd TPT.
- 3rd TPT.
- 4th TPT.
- 5th TPT.
- 1st TROM.
- 2nd TROM.
- 3rd TROM.
- 4th TROM.
- 5th TROM.
- BASS
- DRUMS
- PIANO

Key features of the score include:

- Dynamic markings:** *mp* (mezzo-piano), *f* (forte), and *OPEN* (likely indicating a specific performance technique).
- Articulation:** Numerous accents and slurs are used throughout the score.
- Complex Rhythms:** The saxophone parts feature intricate rhythmic patterns, often with syncopation and sixteenth-note runs.
- Instrumentation:** The score utilizes a full jazz big band complement, including five saxophones, five trumpets, four trombones, bass, drums, and piano.

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**SCHOOL
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The National Band Camp has accepted the offer of Michigan State University at East Lansing to hold its Stan Kenton clinics there next summer. The camp schedule calls for one-week clinics on four different campuses—Indiana University at Bloomington (the camp's home campus for the past two years) plus sites in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area and California.

MGM records will soon issue its College All-Star album, performed by 17 college musicians from as many colleges and conducted by Don Jacoby. Charts are by Glen Osser. Leeds music will simultaneously release the Osser arrangements to the school field . . . Capitol has just released an album by the *Seven Teens*, a group of students from various high schools in the San Fernando Valley area of Los Angeles. Arrangements are by Matty Matlock. Capitol has indicated they will release albums by both the National Band Camp and Collegiate Jazz festival (Notre Dame) groups.

Don Fisher, president of the American Jazz Society of Long Beach, Calif., reports membership among 140 schools throughout the country. This is the group that had an all-star high school band performing at the Monterey Jazz festival . . . Sandra Shelley, student arranger at the recent National Band Camp in Bloomington, writes that she had "never experienced such a deep dedication in so many people my age (17)." She adds that since returning home (Greentown, Ohio) she has been "working hard on writing . . . plus a lot of theory. I'm grateful that I 'discovered' the opportunities in arranging."

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Minor Mannerisms, composed and arranged by Manny Albam is scored for a conventional five part reed section plus rhythm. This work is one of eleven original woodwind compositions that Albam was commissioned to write for the Berklee School of Music LP, *Joe Viola Plays Manny Albam* (Berklee Records BLP III).

Tempo should be about quarter note = 160, and close attention should be paid to all expression and dynamic markings. This is a transposed score and parts may be copied for rehearsal and performance purposes.

J = 160

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Drums
BRUSHES

Bass

Piano

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Drums

Bass

Piano

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Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Drums

Bass

Piano

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Drums

Bass

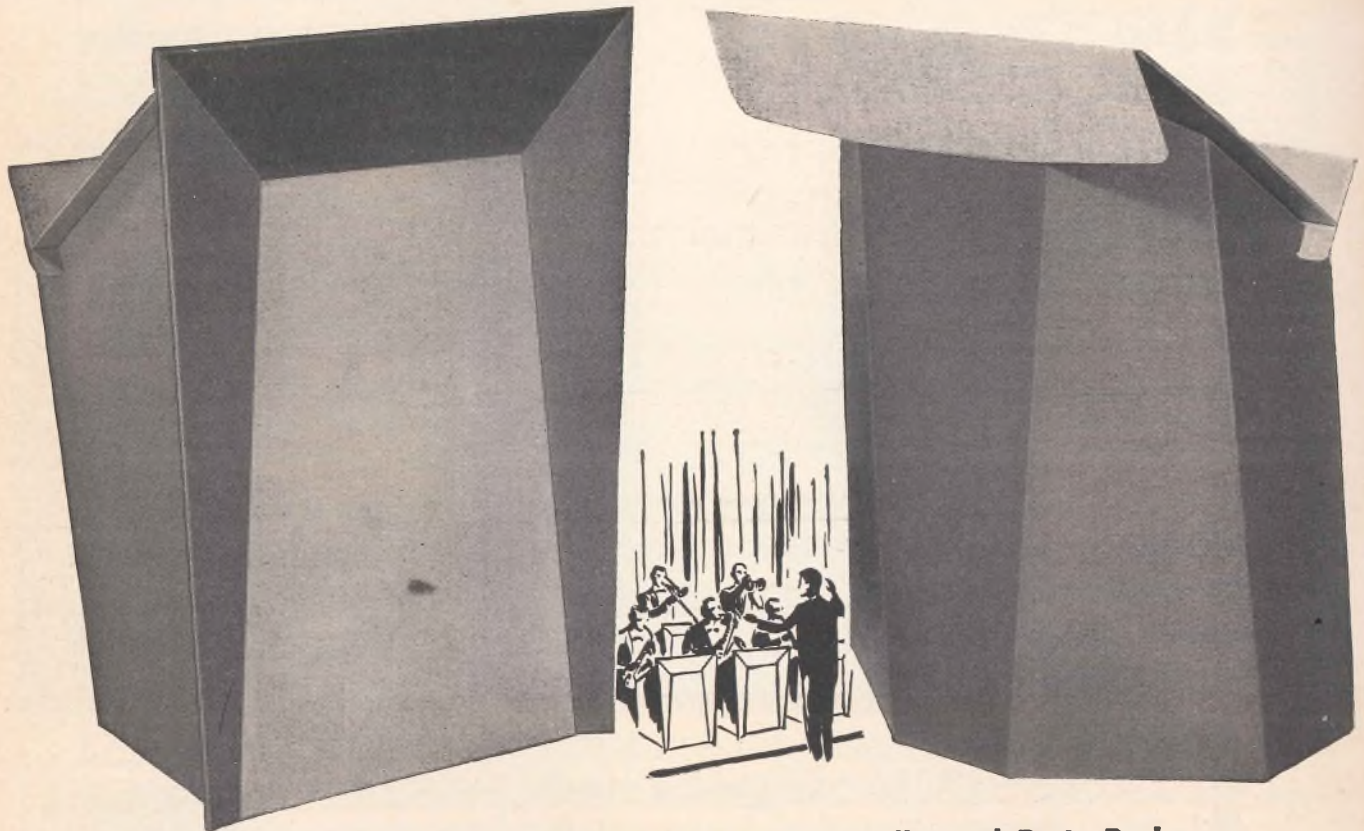
Piano

(Continued on page 64)

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DOWN BEAT'S → 24th ANNUAL READERS POLL

Send only ONE ballot: all duplicates are voided. Do not vote for deceased persons except in the Hall of Fame category.

It's poll time. And *Down Beat* readers will find it easier to vote than ever before.

At the left of this page, thrust out from between the pages, you will find your ballot. It is printed on a stamped, pre-addressed postcard, so that all you need do is tear it out, fill in your choices in the various categories, and drop it into a mail box.

All *Down Beat* readers, whether lay listeners or members of the music profession, are urged to vote in order to ensure the largest participation in the history of the poll. A poll is most meaningful when the broadest possible representation of opinion is attained.

A word on procedures:

In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in this century. Previous winners are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, and Lester Young. They are not eligible to win in this category again.

This does *not* mean those still living are not eligible to win in their respective instrumental categories, or that their

bands are not eligible to win—only that they cannot win again in the *Hall of Fame* category. It should also be noted that the *Hall of Fame* category is not limited to living musicians.

Readers should take note that *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at our discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that overzealous fans have attempted to stuff the ballot box in his favor. Thus, the fan who tries to rig the poll may put his favorite in the position of being bounced out of the poll altogether.

The ballot should bear a postmark not later than Nov. 10.

Because of its seniority and because *Down Beat* readers have such a deep and generally well-informed interest in music, this is the most important of the jazz polls. For this reason, the poll has an influence in the earning power of musicians. By neglecting to vote for your favorites, you do them a disservice.

Readers are urged to reflect their true tastes in voting—that is, by voting the way they think, not the way the latest fads tell them to think.

Vote.

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Alto II
Tenor I
Tenor II
Bari
Drums
Bass
Piano

Alto I
Alto II
Tenor I
Tenor II
Bari
Drums
Bass
Piano

G9 F9 E9 Solo Gm Gm7 E9 D7(b9) Gm D7(b9)

Alto I
Alto II
Tenor I
Tenor II
Bari
Drums
Bass
Piano


Gm G7 Cm C#7 D7 Gm Cm7 E9 D7 G7 C7 F7 D#7 E#7 A#7

57

Alto I
Alto II
Tenor I
Tenor II
Bari
Drums
Bass
Piano

Gm Solo Gm Gm7 E9 D7 Gm D7(b9) Gm G7 Cm C#7 D7 Gm D7(b9)

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MAINIERI

(Continued from page 22)

pened, you have to realize that the crowd was full of all those characters who hang out in the Village. Well, when Mike played that ballad, you could've heard a pin drop.

"The next set, I called up a real fast tune. I wasn't through testing this guy yet. He played for 35 choruses, and I couldn't wear him out, and he never repeated himself!

"At intermission, I called him over to my table and asked him if he wanted a job. I could barely hear him say yes. My first instructions were to get a haircut and some decent clothes."

The first work Mainieri did with Rich was a recording date two days later for Mercury. (The album is yet to be released.) Ernie Wilkins wrote the arrangements for the eight-piece group on the date, and according to Rich, they were tough scores. So tough, in fact, that the studio men on the date had more than a little trouble running the charts down.

"But not Mainieri," says Rich. "He read them like they were the *Daily News*. He read them a couple of times, then laid them aside. He didn't need them anymore."


Buddy signed Mainieri to a five-year personal management contract.

"But I told him anytime he wants to pull out of my group, or if he's not happy with the way I'm handling him, I'll give him back the contract," the drummer said.

There was no doubting his honesty when he said this, nor is there any doubt that Mainieri has done something for Rich, too. And not just musically, either. Buddy is now a man happy in his role as mentor, sincerely dedicated to helping the youngster. He has protected him from hasty record dates and booking offices that Buddy feels would exploit him and then drop him. He intends to keep Mainieri away from the hippies and band followers who have ruined so many young talents and wrecked so many lives. Protect him by force if necessary.

Rich recently received confirmation of a London TV show and a four-week continental tour for himself as a single. He is taking Mike along, at his own expense, so that the vibraharpist will get some international recognition.

But of all the things that Buddy has done and plans to do for the young man, none reveals what he feels more than his statement: "I take nothing away from Sam Most and the other guys in my group when I say that Mike is the real star of the band. I think of it as Mike's group; I'm just the drummer in the band."

Coming from a man of Buddy Rich's stature, not to mention his temperament, this is the highest of praise. 



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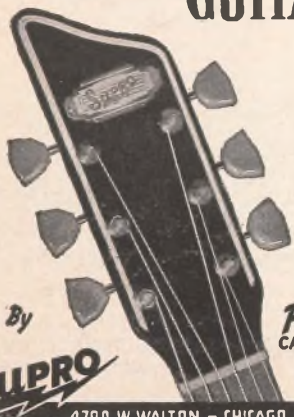
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CHORDS

(Continued from page 12)

in Copenhagen last month, recently had teamed up with vocalist **Grethe Kemp** in writing music and lyrics of a new song, *I Get the Message*. They were scheduled to record it with Pettiford and Miss Kemp singing a duet.

Mahalia Jackson turned down a part in the **Langston Hughes** play *Tambourines of Glory* for religious reasons. Gospel singer **Clara Ward** was signed instead . . . WNEW-TV has a future show devoted to tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** in preparation . . . Columbia will issue a **Billie Holiday** memorial collection in three volumes. Reissued sides will include accompaniments by **Teddy Wilson, Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, and Buck Clayton**.

DeDe Daniels has replaced **Tom Wilson** as head of Communicating Arts Corp., which features five hours of jazz nightly over WNCN-FM . . . **Gene Feehan** returned to the air Oct. 6, marking the beginning of the third consecutive year WFUV-FM has aired his *Speaking of Jazz*.

Louis Armstrong will turn over half of his profits from a Southern Rhodesian tour in November to Nyatsime College near Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. The tour is jointly sponsored by the U.S. Information Service and the college, which is administered by a predominantly African board of governors . . . **Ulysses Kay**, distinguished young American composer, was in Trieste, Italy, to serve on the International Music Jury of the Prix Italia early this month. The annual awards of the Prix Italia are made for outstanding international radio and television achievement in the categories of music, literature, and documentaries.

IN PERSON

- Apollo theater—**RAY CHARLES** until Oct. 13.
- BROOK BENTON**, Oct. 14-20.
- Basin Street East—**CHARLIE BARNET** Octet, **BILLY ECKSTINE, DON RICKLES** until Nov. 3.
- QUINCY JONES** Band, **GEORGE SHEARING** Sextet, **JOHNNY RAY**, Nov. 4-Dec. 1.
- Birdland—**BUDDY RICH** Sextet, **FARMER-GOLSON** Jazztet until Oct. 26.
- HORACE SILVER** Quintet, **ART BLAKEY'S Jazz Messengers**, Oct. 27-Nov. 9.
- Camelot—**TONY PASTOR** until Oct. 22.
- Central Plaza—All-Star jam sessions, Fridays and Saturdays.
- Condon's—**WILD BILL DAVISON** Band.
- Copacabana—**NAT (KING) COLE**.
- Downstairs at the Upstairs—**ROSE MURPHY** Trio with **SLAM STEWART**.
- Embers—**DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio, **ERSKINE HAWKINS** Quartet until Oct. 30.
- DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio, **JOHN LETMAN** Quartet, Oct. 31-Nov. 7.
- Five Spot—**JOE JONES** Quartet until Oct. 17.
- Half Note—**JOHN COLTRANE** Quartet.
- Hickory House—**MARIAN McPARTLAND** Trio, **JOHN BUNCH-HENRY GRIMES** Duo.
- Jazz Gallery—**GIL EVANS** Big Band until Nov. 6.
- Metropole—**TONY PARENTI** Trio, **HENRY (RED) ALLEN** Giants, **SOL YAGED** Quintet.
- Nick's—**PEE WEE ERWIN** Dixieland Band.
- Prelude—**WILD BILL DAVIS** group until Nov. 2.
- ROY HAYNES** Trio, Nov. 3-16.
- Roundtable—**JERRY COLONNA** Dixieland Band until Oct. 29.
- Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band.
- Sherwood Inn (New Hyde Park, Long Island)—**BILLY BAUER** All-Stars, Fridays and Saturdays.
- Showplace—**CHARLIE MINGUS** Quintet.
- Village Vanguard—**AHMAD JAMAL** Trio until Oct. 30.
- Modern Jazz Quartet, **ORNETTE COLEMAN** Quartet, Nov. 1-13.

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TORONTO

Jazz students from as far away as Sweden, Switzerland, and Belgium are sending applications to attend pianist **Oscar Peterson's** Advanced School of Contemporary Music. Peterson said he expects between 50 and 100 students to enroll this fall. The teaching staff includes Peterson, his bassist, **Ray Brown**, and drummer, **Ed Thigpen**, plus Toronto musicians arranger-composer **Phil Nimmons**, trumpeter **Erich Traugott**, and trombonist **Butch Watanabe**. The Peterson trio and the Nimmons' band have been asked by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. to appear on its first television jazz show of the 1960-61 season, set for early November.

Anne Marie Moss, back in town for a week at the Town Tavern, appeared in a CBC-TV film, made at Niagara Falls. The **Hagood Hardy Quartet** and **Dave Robbins** 17-piece orchestra also were featured . . . **Patty Leeds**, who sang at the Buffalo Jazz festival, was appearing at Le Cabaret the same week . . . **Woody Herman's** big band was in for a four-nighter at Le Coq Dor . . . The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** followed **Buddy Greco's** two-week stand at the Town . . . French Canadian singer **Monique Cadieux** is now at the Barclay hotel's Wunderbar with **Bernie Black** at the piano . . . Ragtimer **Charlie Young** is back at the Club 76.

BOSTON

Duke Ellington's Orchestra opened **George Wein's** Storyville at the Bradford hotel as a season starter. Other attractions booked for following weeks are singers **Dakota Staton**, **Miriam Makeba**, **Chris Connor**, and **Nina Simone** . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** was presented for a one-night concert at Symphony hall late in September. She was backed by the **Lou Levy Trio** . . . Trumpeter **Buck Clayton** was the featured guest artist at Connolly's Star Dust room with **Jimmy Tyler's** regular group for one week . . . A Dixieland policy prevails at the Brown Derby with **Mel Dorfman** and **Tom Kennedy**. The New Desert lounge in Roxbury presents a group nightly that includes **Joe Abramo**, **Johnny Vacca**, **Sonny Tacloff**, and **Frankie Michaels** with vocals by **Bob Amaru** . . . Chez Freddie lounge continues with the **Maggie Scott Duo**.

WASHINGTON

Nationally known trombonist **Earl Swope**, formerly with **Boyd Raeburn**, **Buddy Rich**, **Woody Herman**, and other name bands, was sentenced to 360 days in jail for possession of narcotics. At the time of his arrest he was working in the house band at the Lotus restaurant.

The 17-piece School Masters dance band, led by drummer **Frank Toperzer**

and made up almost entirely of D. C. public school music teachers, both white and Negro, received considerable praise for its first public appearance, a Watergate concert. The band played a 12-tone composition by trumpeter **John Stephens** as well as a review of big band styles which ended with a "things to come" idea by arranger **Charlie Frankhauser**. Organized as a rehearsal band, for kicks, early this year, the band's only previous appearance was at the annual musicians dance where it was encored for a half-hour. Engagement offers followed but individual summer commitments of most members ruled them out. The band hopes to appear in public more often this winter.

The International Jazz society (no teen-age group this; members range from around 30 to 50 years of age) recently sponsored an evening of music in a restaurant garden by Washington-born stride pianist **Cliff Jackson**, singer **Maxine Sullivan**, and the local Dixieland band of pianist **Booker Coleman**. The Coleman band, sparked by the fat-toned trumpet of **Kenny Fulcher** and veteran trombonist **Slide Harris**, performs regularly at the Charles hotel.

CHICAGO

Partners **Al Grossman** and **Art Sheridan** have come up with what they believe is a novel twist for their new northside jazz club, Birdhouse. After paying a nominal admission charge, patrons are assured that once they are inside, nothing will cost more than 25 cents. There will be no tip-hungry waiters, waitresses, or bartenders pushing for drink sales. How come? Vending machines. Non-alcoholic vending machines. If the idea works—and there is reason to believe that it will—the virtually untapped teenage market could be opened to jazz. The club opened Sept. 28 with the **Art Farmer-Benny Golson** Jazztet. Birdhouse makes five clubs currently trying for the jazz buff's buck with name jazz groups. The others are the Cloister, the Sutherland hotel lounge, London House, and Cafe Continental. This plus the fact that jazz groups are booked occasionally by Roberts Show lounge, the Regal theater, and Lake Meadows restaurant.

Traditional jazz is getting wider exposure in some of the more plush clubs than has been the case recently. **Eddie Condon's** group, which just closed at the London House, included such stalwarts as **Pee Wee Russell**, **Lou McGarity**, **Gene Schroeder**, and **Johnny Windhurst**. And the Cafe Continental, which has had a traditional policy for some time, has gotten away from using Chicago Dixiecats and has featured out-of-town groups for the past few months. The first was the Saints and Sinners with **Vic Dickenson** on trombone. **Jack Tea-**

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garden's Sextet just closed. **Earl Hines**, with the same group he's fronted at the Hangover in San Francisco, is currently onstand until Nov. 5.

State fairs are usually square affairs as far as music goes, but the hoedowns and square dances lost out to **Duke Ellington, Ahmad Jamal**, the Dukes of Dixieland, and **Les Brown** at the Indiana State Fair this summer. Business was so good that fair officials are considering repeating next year. There may be a real straw hat circuit for jazz yet.

IN PERSON

Cafe Continental—**EARL HINES** Sextet until Nov. 6.
The Cloister—**ART BLAKEY** Jazz Messengers until Oct. 16. **CONNIE MILANO** Trio with **IRA SULLIVAN**, house band.
Jazz, Ltd.—**BILL REINHARDT** Band; **TUT SOPER**, intermission piano.
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Mister Kelly's—**DICK HAYMES** and **FRAN JEFFERIES** until Oct. 30.
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LOS ANGELES

Following the sun like several other music luminaries lately (**Leonard Feather**, **Neal Hefti**, etc.), **Ray Charles** is now a Los Angeles resident and owner of a home down the street from **Ella Fitzgerald's** house on Hepburn Ave. . . . **Marty Paich** wrote the scores for the latest **Charles LP** for ABC-Paramount, a session part-strings, part-brass. Paich also clefted **Helen Humes'** new Contemporary album.

The word is that **Jimmy Rushing** may be **Joe Williams'** replacement with the **Count Basie** Band. Williams is due to leave after the Christmas holidays. Rushing was an unexpected visitor to a recent Basie dance at the Zenda ballroom and took over with the band for the final set of the evening. Basie recorded **Benny Carter's Kansas City Suite** for Roulette during his stay on the coast.

Don Barbour is leaving the Four Freshman, and will be replaced by **Bill Comstock** (late of the **Ken Erriair** group). Reports from the road indicate internal difficulties within the group led to his departure. He'll now work as a single and record for Capitol. . . . **Louis Bellson** signed with Roulette on expiration of his Verve contract. One of the first projects at hand, he reports, is a "Mr. and Mrs." album with **Pearl Bailey**. . . . **Frank Sinatra's** first straight musical in a long time will be in **Mel Shavelson's** and **Jack Rose's** original opus, *Walking Happy*. It's due to roll at Paramount early in the spring. **Sammy Cahn** and

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Jimmy Van Heusen will write the songs. That anti-Sinatra poison-pen campaign erupted again in September with KRHM-FM disc jockey **Frank Evans** receiving batches of letters attacking the singer and the DJ as "un-American rats," etc.

Bill Richmond, long-time drummer with **Jerry Lewis** and with many bands and studio outfits in Hollywood, has turned screenwriter. He's at work on the comedian's newest picture (as yet untitled) at Paramount . . . Bassist **Red Kelly** and drummer **Kenny Hume** went to New York with the Gotham version of the play *The Taste of Honey*, which broke in here at the Biltmore theater. Tenorist **Bill Perkins**, who blew onstage with the featured jazz trio, remained in Hollywood, working days at United Recorders.

IN PERSON

Ben Pollack's—**RAY BAUDUC** and the Dixielanders.
 Boom-Boom (Santa Barbara)—**JAY MIGLOIRE** Quartet, every other Sunday.
 Bravo—**GENE RUSSELL** Trio.
 Corbin Bowling Alley—Monday night sessions.
 Crest—**HOWARD ROBERTS**, Sunday night sessions.
 Digger—Name jazz groups, weekends.
 Dragonwyck (Pasadena)—**CHARLIE LLOYD** Quartet, weekends.
 Drift Inn (Malibu)—**BUD SHANK** Quartet, weekends.
 Excusez Moi—**BETTY BENNETT**, weekends.
 Geno's Bit—The Three Sounds. **PHINEAS NEWBORN** Trio opens Oct. 26.
 Huddle—**BETTY BRYANT**, piano.
 Insomniac (Hermosa Beach)—International Jazz Quartet, weekends.
 Jimmy Diamond's lounge (San Bernardino)—**EDGAR HAYES**, piano.
 Kismet club—**ART DE PEW** big band, Mondays only.

Renaissance — **BEN WEBSTER**, **JIMMY ROWLES**, **RED MITCHELL**, **FRANK BUTLER**, **JIMMY WITHERSPOON**, **BESSIE GRIFFIN** and the Gospel Pearls, Sundays only.
 Sanbah — **ORNETTE COLEMAN** Quartet until Oct. 31; **RAMSEY LEWIS** Trio, Nov. 9-28; **EDDIE CANO** group, Nov. 30-Dec. 12; **SHIRLEY SCOTT**, Dec. 14-Jan. 2.
 Zebra lounge—**JAMES MOODY** group.

SAN FRANCISCO

New jazz clubs sprang up wholesale this fall. Fack's II reopened under new ownership and with new name (Neve: San Francisco) with **Duke Ellington** on Sept. 26; **Turk Murphy's** new club, Earthquake McGoon's, got under way in late September with the Murphy band planning a long run; the Cellar, burned out in a fire this summer, reopened with additional space and the **Cellar Jazz Quartet** under the leadership of pianist **Bill Weisjahns**; **Boule Noir**, with the **Benny Barth** Trio opened in late September, too . . . **Cannonball Adderley** is booked for a return to San Francisco, this time opening March 21 at the Black Hawk. He is to follow **George Shearing**, who opens there Feb. 21 . . . **Howard Rumsey's** group at the Black Hawk features **Frank Rosolino** and **Bob Cooper** . . . Singer **Mary Stallings** has signed with Fantasy for a series of LPs. **Cal Tjader** accompanies her on her first one.

Ella Fitzgerald went into the Fairmont hotel for six weeks . . . **Johnny Mathis** opened his show at the Geary theater in mid-September . . . The

Hi-Lo's did a quick fill-in of **Nat Cole's** third week at the Fairmont in September when Cole left for New York . . . Pianist **Larry Bukovitch** is subbing for **Vince Guaraldi** at Outside-at-the-Inside in Palo Alto, while Vince is on the road with **June Christy** . . . The Kewpie Doll, a Dixie club for the last several years with the **Marty Marsala** Band, closed and became a restaurant again. **Trumpeter Marsala**, who still is unable to play after an operation, had not been leading the band since last spring. **Ernie Figueroa** had taken over for him . . . **Meyer Davis** flew out a band in September for two society casuals in Burlingame.

IN PERSON

Black Hawk—**HOWARD RUMSEY** until Oct. 23; **SHORTY ROGERS**, Oct. 25-Nov. 6; **CAL TJADER**, Nov. 8-27; **EARL BOSTIC**, Nov. 29-Dec. 11.
 Jazz Workshop—**ORNETTE COLEMAN** until Oct. 9; **JAMES MOODY** opens Oct. 25.
 Fairmont hotel—**ELLA FITZGERALD** until Nov. 23; **MILLS BROTHERS** open Nov. 24.
 Hangover—**EARL HINES** all-stars until Nov. 5.
 Coffee Gallery—**PONY POINDEXTER/BEVERLY KELLY** until December.
 On-The-Levee—**KID ORY** indefinitely. Weekends only.
 Neve: San Francisco—**RED NORVO** through December.
 Ondine (Sausalito)—**VERNON ALLEY**, **SHELLY ROBBIN** indefinitely.
 The Tropics—**ALLEN SMITH-BREW MOORE** indefinitely.
 2Cs—**BOB FERRERA** Quartet indefinitely.
 Zack's (Sausalito)—**JIM PURCELL** Trio indefinitely.
 Left Bank (Oakland)—**RICHARD LEWIS** Trio.
 Blue Note (Oakland)—**LEROY PHELPS** indefinitely.
 Outside-at-the-Inside (Palo Alto)—**TOMMY CONINE**, **JOHN MOSHER** indefinitely. **RS**

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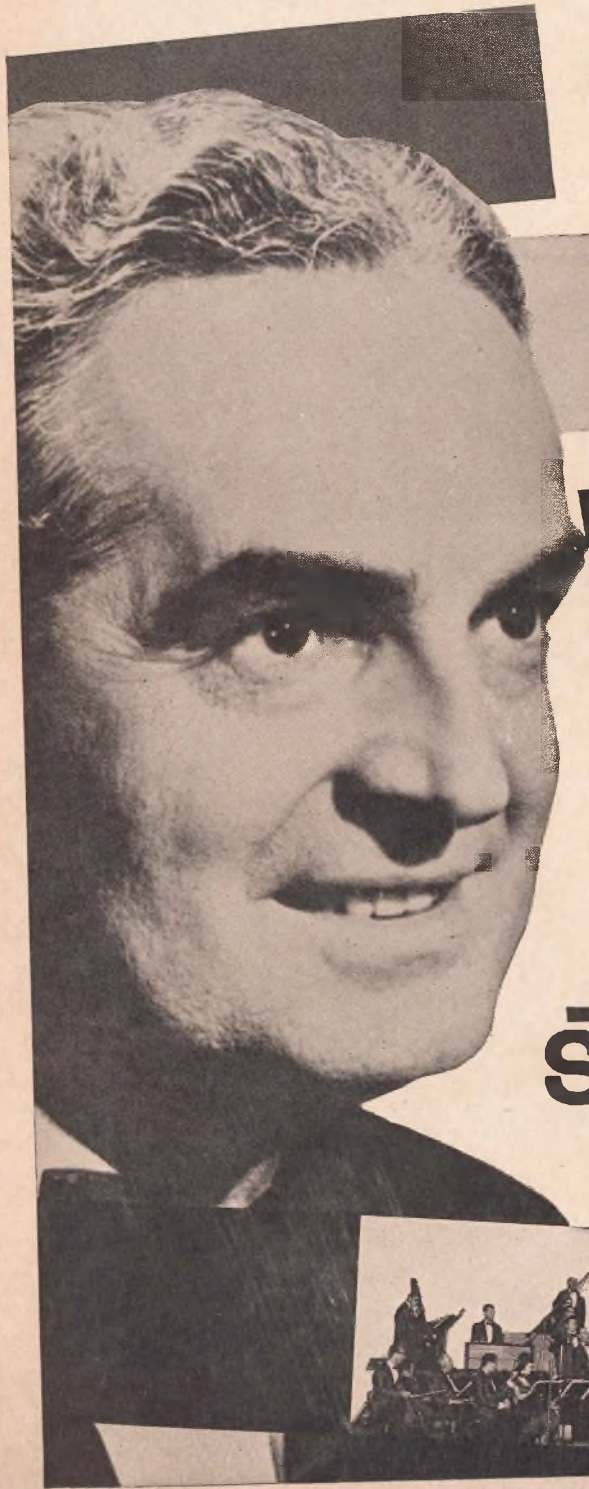
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