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THE EDITORIAL

One of the more heartening signs of a social organization evincing real interest in solution of a chronic social problem was the recent announcement by John Tranchitella, president of Los Angeles Local 47 of the American Federation of Musicians, that his union is establishing a committee of social services to investigate and deal with the growing problem of narcotics addiction in its membership.

As an initial step in seeking a solution and possible cure to an evil affecting all strata of society and all profes-

sions, the Los Angeles union recently co-sponsored with this magazine a benefit concert in Santa Monica, Calif., the proceeds from which were donated to the Synanon Foundation, the rehabilitation center for addicts in that city.

The union's action was precedential. It signaled a new awareness of the narcotics problem by union officialdom and, more importantly, it marked the first time practical steps were taken to do something about it.

While the narcotics problem is by no means confined to the music profession, musicians have always been first to make lurid headlines in the daily press when arrested for violation of the health

and safety codes under which narcotics violators are prosecuted.

In the past, and up to this writing, that unpleasant fact is very clear. Thanks to such sensationalism in the press, the public has had forced on it an image of the jazzman as a "hop-head." Thus, any employment advances sought by the union for its jazz-playing members (and in many cases for a broader segment of membership) are prejudiced in advance in the public eye.

In the past, the musicians' union has taken a don't-want-to-know attitude about the problem of addiction in its membership. Because of the seeming hopelessness and psychological complexity of the disease, this is relatively easy to understand. However, social cancer by its very nature grows in malignancy; it does not wither and die. As the menace of narcotics addiction increases among the public at large, so also does it increase in the music profession. Finally a point is reached where the disease cannot be ignored any more.

There are those who argue against the union acting to combat narcotics addiction on the grounds that further identification with it will result in a deeper public image of the musician-narcotic relationship. Such thinking is hopelessly grounded in Victorian prudery and a lack of a sense of social responsibility.

Others ask, "What good will a union committee do?"

Such a body, in the first place, will continue to focus both union and public gaze on the necessity of taking direct action to fight the narcotics menace. In the case of the Los Angeles local, the committee, moreover, will work in close collaboration with Synanon in rehabilitating addicts. And there is a third function incumbent on the Local 47 committee: to work continuously to educate its membership and the public at large on the true nature of the social sickness that is narcotics addiction.

In a way, the Los Angeles local is fortunate. Its social service committee members are but some 40 minutes by car from Synanon. Thus, there is a focal point for its activity. If other locals in, say, New York City or Chicago are moved to appoint similar committees, they will not have such a haven to turn to with musician addicts who want to stop using drugs. Not for the present, at any rate.

Plans are now under way to put Synanon No. 2 in business in New York. It is hoped operations can get under way this summer. With the foundation established in the No. 1 addiction rehabilitation center of the United States, it is further hoped that New York's AFM Local 802 will follow the example set by its sister union in the west.

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VOL. 28, NO. 11

Readers in 86 Countries
Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

May 25, 1961

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ON THE COVER

Another in *Down Beat's* series of David Stone Martin drawings marks this Fifth Annual Reed Issue, and like so much of Martin's work, it tells a story. In the issue, you will find a wide range of reading on contemporary reed men, including Dizzy Gillespie's exceptional reminiscence about Charlie Parker, which begins on page 21.

THINGS TO COME

Can you imagine the problem of trying to interview five men simultaneously? Don DeMicheal tackled it and came up with a provocative and revealing profile of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet—the members' views on music and the divergences in those views. Don't miss it in the June 8 issue, on sale May 25.

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STRAIGHT TALK

FROM TEDDY CHARLES:

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Pepper Adams, Bill Evans, Mal Waldron, Ed Shaughnessy, Armando Peraza, are some of the players. It is almost as great on Mono.

Pepper Adams and Donald Byrd have been enjoying considerable success with their Quintet in personal appearances across the country. We are proud to present what is surely their best playing on records in a new album OUT OF THIS WORLD (Warwick 2041).

Young Curtis Fuller, the BOSS OF THE SOUL-STREAM TROMBONE (Warwick 2038) has cut a tremendously cooking album for us. This is Curtis at his best, with virtuosity, lyricism, deep feeling. Aiding Curtis are Yusef Lateef, Freddie Hubbard, Walter Bishop, and others. Though there are many good jazz singers, a great jazz voice arrives only once in a generation. Nat Wright, THE BIGGEST VOICE IN JAZZ (Warwick 2040) combines a soaring tone with true lyric understanding. He is swung by Coleman Hawkins, Benny Green, the Miles Davis Rhythm Section (Kelly, Chambers, Cobb), Jimmy Raney, Jimmy Giuffre, and Tommy Flanagan. Nat is destined for stardom.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

The Percussion Issue

I've just finished reading the March 30 issue. I want to thank you in behalf of the young drummers in this section of the country for this percussion issue.

Thanks especially for the article *Evolution of the Drum Solo*. Don DeMicheal did a swell biographical job and wrote out the solos well.

There is only one place to get written information about music and musicians, and this is in *Down Beat*. . .

West Orange, N. J. Bob Friedman

The David Stone Martin Cover

Chalk up a few chords of praise for David Stone Martin's cover on the March 30 issue. This man is an artist of no mean ability, and I would certainly enjoy seeing more of his work in future issues.

I also enjoyed his drawings in the *Down Beat* yearbook *Music 1961*.

Keep up the fine work. . . .
Canton, N. Y. Charles W. Freeman

Answers to Hollingsworth

An open letter to Robert S. Hollingsworth:

Your letter (*Chords and Discords*, April 27) was one of the most asinine and narrowminded I ever read. How can you say *Down Beat* is prejudiced toward big bands when it devotes an entire issue to them?

You say that "most of the critics are very poor." Would you have them be men easily swayed by the opinions of people like you?

"Bring back the big bands and to hell with the egotistical soloist who blows and bores all night," you scream. Do you consider Dizzy Gillespie egotistical and boring?

"Show some appreciation for the many talented arrangers and composers," you say. If you will turn to the *Up Beat* section of every other issue you will usually find an arrangement or original composition. How can you say to forget about narcotics and racial problems when they are serious problems in jazz today?

One last thing: You call jazz "a happy form of entertainment" and say that it is not a serious art form. A musician who will practice many hours a day, study at music schools, and study the works of great composers is pretty serious about this "happy form of entertainment."
Midland, Texas Scott Stripling

The only people who ruin jazz are egotistical jokers like Robert S. Hollingsworth. A few million less people like him and a few more people who understand the import of jazz and we wouldn't have to put up with the Top 40 and rock and roll.

Mr. Hollingsworth apparently pages through *Down Beat* for the express purpose of finding something to complain about. I'd like to see him write a column about this "Happy entertainment that is not a serious art."

It seems to me Mr. Hollingsworth is a

master of the art of being a soloist who blows and bores all night. He has managed to contain in a few words the most complete amount of unintelligent I-know-more-than-you dribble that any "bad" musician ever pushed through a horn. Next to his honking anyone would look good.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Beverly Mason

More on Narcotics

I have subscribed to and read *Down Beat* for about six years. I am a practicing veterinarian, and as I do not have the opportunity to get to New York City to hear live jazz as often as I would like, I find your magazine very helpful in keeping abreast of the trends.

The recent editorials and letters to the editor pertaining to narcotics addiction have prompted me to suggest a new tack. I don't pretend to have any first-hand knowledge of the treatment of narcotics addiction or the sociological and economic problems of the jazz musician. However, preventive medicine is an indispensable part of the overall control and eradication of any disease problem, animal or human, and I have not yet read of any one applying it to the problem of narcotics addiction in jazz musicians.

It is true that we need better methods of treating and rehabilitating the addict. Synanon may well prove to be one of the answers. From past experience, however, it is unlikely that we are going to come up with any treatment regime in the near future that comes even close to 100 percent effectiveness. Not that we should stop trying, but I think it logical that an effort should be made to try to apply some preventive medicine to the problem.

I don't pretend to be the man to "lead the fight," but I can suggest a method of attack. First, I suggest that *Down Beat* (the AFM doesn't seem very interested in the problem, except to cover it up) form a committee (perhaps including musicians and rehabilitated addicts) better to learn why and how musicians first start using narcotics. If the "how" and "why" were completely understood it would be possible to begin work to correct the conditions that lead to addiction. The life of a jazz musician is not an easy one, what with racial tensions, lack of home life, late hours, economic uncertainty, rejection, artistic frustrations, poor working conditions, and the human scum that they often have to deal with. Perhaps little can be done to correct or eliminate many of these predisposing conditions, but is this any reason for not trying?

I seem to get the idea that jazz musicians themselves are not as concerned about the problem of narcotics addiction as they might be. A case in point is Duke Ellington's recent comment about asking a pusher for his pilot's license. Shortly thereafter, four members of his band were arrested on narcotics charges. It is inconceivable to me that he could not have

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known that the men involved were using narcotics, if indeed they are guilty as charged. If every non-using musician were to report to the authorities every time they were approached or saw their colleagues being approached by a pusher (or hit him with a brick), it seems to me that before long the pushers would be pushing elsewhere. Perhaps the musicians just don't care. Perhaps the role of informer would be distasteful. Perhaps a little "moral rearmament" is in order in the ranks of the non-addicted. Unfortunately, it seems easier to convict an addict than a pusher. Perhaps here is an area where legislative progress can be made.

At the present time, jazz, crime, immorality, and narcotics are being equated in the public mind. On *Peter Gunn* we see a jazz trumpet player (who looks more than a little like a certain baritone player) portrayed as an addict and murderer. On *Route 66* we see a jazz trumpet player (who looks to my guilty conscience like the trumpet player who once played with the baritone player), who is portrayed as a psychopath. Certain people who are playing jazz must be made to realize that if they want to be recognized by the public as legitimate artists during our lifetime, it would help if they grew up, shaved the beards, dropped the hip vernacular, assumed their responsibilities to themselves and their art, and cleaned up the narcotics problem.

Every time I read about another narcotics arrest of a jazz musician I see red. When it is a chronic problem I say the man is sick and needs medical and psychiatric help. When it is a musician taking his first fix I am less charitable. Other people have had terrible problems and have not turned to narcotics. Why do these supposedly intelligent men start? Every one of them must be aware of what it is likely to lead to.

I have no sympathy with the other members of the profession when they complain about lack of public acceptance of jazz as a maturing, evolving, dynamic, truly American art form, when they will sit back and tolerate this social cancer in their midst. Tastes differ and most people never will really enjoy listening to jazz. Even though not enjoying it, many people would have more respect for it as an art form if certain of its exponents were more respectable. If any other profession had an occupational hazard which was holding it back to the degree that narcotics addiction is holding back jazz, something would be done, and quick! I love Bird (present tense intentional), and I love Miles—I never spoke to either—but it is getting to the point where I listen to my records with the shades drawn.

Now I am ready for the comments about how naive and idealistic I am. What is wrong with idealism? Incidentally, you should check with a pathologist before you print any more of that nonsense about scar tissue and extra nerve endings in the brain. The gross scientific inaccuracies detract from the rest of your fine effort along these lines.

Torrington, Conn. C. A. Hjerpe, D.V.M.

See the editorial on page 4.



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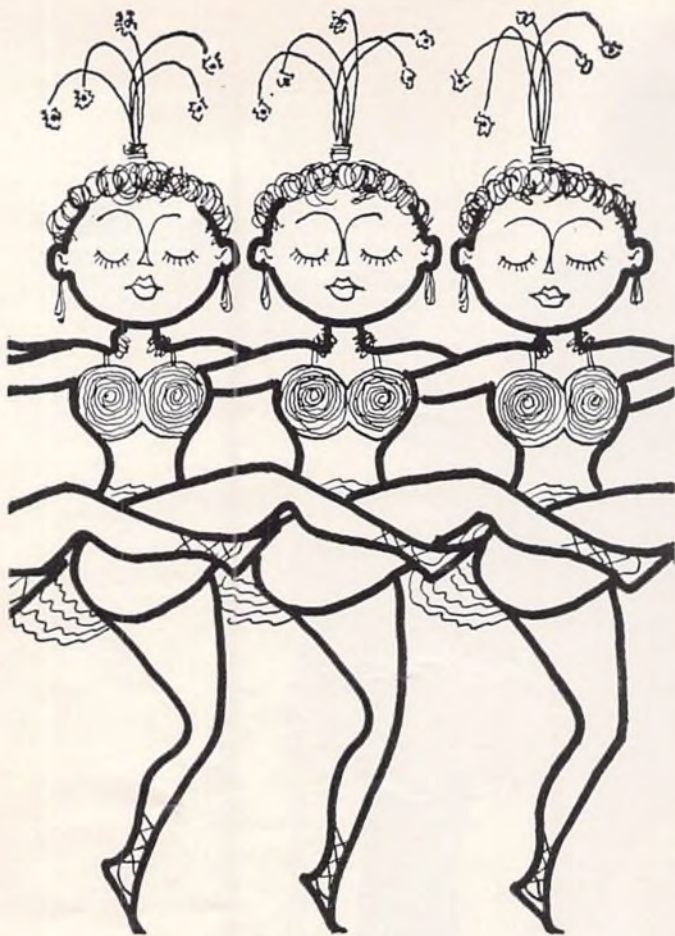
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NEW YORK

Three different persons called to say, "Don't tell them who told you, but . . ." They were talking about the most carelessly kept musical secret in recent times. No one connected with it will admit that it happened, but the **Louis Armstrong** All-Stars have recorded for Roulette, playing a program of music by **Duke Ellington**—with Duke playing piano, substituting for **Billy Kyle** . . . **Gerry Mulligan's** band has completed a Verve album accompanying **Judy Holiday** . . . **Quincy Jones** has just returned from Hollywood, where he wrote the arrangements for a new all-blues **Peggy Lee** album . . . **Ida Cox** made her first record in 22 years. Riverside brought her to New York for the date . . . **Tony Bennett** recorded for Columbia with a large, very swinging band, arrangements by **Ralph Burns**, and considerable soloing by tenor saxophonist **Zoot Sims** . . . **Randy Weston** recorded his *African Suite* for Roulette . . . **Toots Thielemans**, who has been in Europe for some months, has done his first European record as a soloist, accompanied by the **Kurt Edelhagen** Orchestra. The disc is titled *Road to Romance* . . . Coral has reissued the "hip" fairy tales written by **Steve Allen** and read by **Al Collins**. The record had been dropped from the catalog, but Collins played it over San Francisco's KSFO, and listener response was loud and long . . . **Jim Hall** will do a solo guitar album for Candid . . . **Benny Carter** is writing two more suites for the **Count Basie** Orchestra, to be recorded by Roulette. The first on that label was the *Kansas City Suite* . . . Verve's *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Harold Arlen Song Book* has no name or title on its cover. Instead there is a drawing of Ella by Matisse.



ARMSTRONG



MISS FITZGERALD

Miss Fitzgerald is the most reportable lady in jazz today. With pianist **Oscar Peterson**, she has been touring the world. In Tel Aviv, the Israel Philharmonic objected to the concert subtitle *at the Philharmonic*, claiming that it was misleading. The objection was dropped when it was pointed out that the title had been in use for some time. Peterson was the big surprise to Israeli critics. They had heard Ella's records, but not Oscar's. He made a profound impression . . . In London, Ella and Oscar did a jazz spectacular with the **Johnny Dankworth** Band, then she came to New York, won three different Grammy awards, and opened at Basin Street East.

Calvin Jackson writes the music for the televised *Asphalt Jungle*, though the theme is by **Duke Ellington** . . . CBS' *Hennessey* will be replaced this summer by a musical series starring the **Ray McKinley** Orchestra . . . Besides being heard on his aforementioned album, Toots Thielemans is being seen on European television and heard on RIAS, the American-owned radio station in Berlin . . . **Irving Townsend** of Columbia Records will produce a half-hour **Mahalia Jackson** series for Television Enterprises Corp. Each show will feature an important guest star who will depart from a regular act to perform in the Gospel spirit of the program. Miss Jackson's salary will go to the Mahalia Jackson

(Continued on page 47)



down beat

Down Beat

May 25, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 11

NEW NEWS ON NEWPORT

For the past year, Newport's jazz festival has resembled an elementary problem in chess: everyone thought he was being rooked; nobody could decide on the right knights; bishops were pounced for prey; the queen had cut out; and the king, though not mated, had certainly been checked from any possibility of producing a 1961 festival.

Further complications abounded. Newport Jazz Festival, Inc., was suing the city of Newport for damages. Various creditors, to the tune of \$90,000, were waiting to sue anyone who exhibited signs of money or indications that they would like to produce a Newport festival.

Nothing daunted, several persons tried to become producers, but the Newport City Council encouraged none, and granted no permits, until late last month, when an organization called MAN, Inc., (*Music at Newport*) reported through B&M, Inc., that it had secured a permit from the city. B&M, through spokesman John Miller, claimed that MAN consisted of four men from Newport and one from Boston. Miller said that he would book the talent for a five-day festival. Problems multiplied for fascinated reporters. B&M was not listed in any telephone book, telephone operators had no new listing for it, and Miller could not be found.

Then it was discovered that there is such an organization as MAN, Inc., but it is an independent group of Newport businessmen. And it does have a permit to produce a festival at Newport. But it has turned over the production to three New Yorkers—Sid Bernstein (who usually produces rock-and-roll shows), John Drew, and Abe Margolies.

These three will book and pay all the musicians for the four-evening, three-afternoon festival, which will run from June 30 through July 3. They have given MAN a check for \$10,000, which MAN turned over to the Newport government, earmarked for special police forces.

MAN has already directed that no parking lots will be located near Freebody Park, and that ticket booths will be some distance from the park gates. Both measures are intended to preclude large crowds congregating for any length of time. Beaches will be lighted

all night, and drinking on the streets will be firmly prohibited.

MAN describes itself as a non-profit organization, and said that whatever money it may glean from the festival will be used for scholarships for Newport youngsters. Bernstein, Drew, and Margolies are not a non-profit organization, and will take most of the net profit.

While the three New Yorkers were looking for bookable talent, MAN waxed poetic: "One thing is certain, Newport jazz will rise like a phoenix from the ashes, greater than ever."

There were those who were thinking ahead to the next Newport festival while looking back to a sign seen during the Fort Lauderdale riots. It read: "Newport next."

A CHARLIE PARKER RECORD COMPANY

Most veterans of the music world laughed at the recent announcement of a group dedicated to bringing into legal order musical estates of Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday. Such action would be dependent on securing publishing and recording rights from scores of disparate sources, many of them hostile to any wholesale grouping.

The laughter was cruel but, at the time, seemed justified. Yet last month the first step that probably will result in a dozen eventual lawsuits was taken with the forming of the Charlie Parker Record Corp. Its first record was re-

SOMEBODY UP THERE . . .

From a recent publicity release to *Down Beat's* Hollywood bureau:

"Acclaimed the world's greatest male Gospel singer by critics of St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston and Hollywood, Brother Joe May, who was born in Macon, Miss., of humble parentage, triumphantly returns to his state of birth on April 30 when he is slated to be presented in concert at the Panola High School auditorium in Batesville, Miss.

"Brother May's dynamic vocal delivery is so soul-stirring that during his recent appearance in Chicago, he so moved one listener with his 'sermon in songs' that the listener ran out of the church and rushed blindly into a streetcar. It was only through a miracle he was not injured."

leased: *Cecil Payne Performing Charlie Parker Music*. On the date were Clark Terry, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Ron Carter, bass, and Charles Persip, drums.

Two days later, Carleton Records apparently put its seal of approval on company and concept and became the sole distributor of records produced by CPRC.

"The Parker estate will record live, or collate and produce," according to Joe Carleton. "We'll distribute the product on an exclusive basis here and abroad."

What the company, headed by Doris Parker, can collate and produce is a wealth of tape, most of it not previously issued on records. Mrs. Parker estimated that there is the equivalent of 25 Parker albums on the tape that she has, the equivalent of 15 albums by the late Lester Young, and three by the late Billie Holiday. The first three releases by the new company were the Cecil Payne album, one by Parker (*Bird Is Free*), and one by Young (*Prez*).

THE COPS AND THE FOLK SINGERS

New York City police last month carted off a number of young persons connected with the regular Sunday afternoon folk singing in Washington Square Park. Columnist George E. Sokolsky had raged that there were "Cossacks in Washington Square" and then, in milder tones, asked why something that has been going on in noisy but orderly fashion for 17 years should be stopped. It may be, as Sokolsky said, because former Parks Commissioner Robert Moses, who had wit and a sense of humor, has been replaced by Newbold Morris, who is only handsome and always correct.

But the matter is quite out of hand now, further complicated by Morris' statements to the press, or the press' misstatements of Morris' statements.

He was quoted as having said that public opinion should determine whether permits would be granted to the Social Folk Singing Group, which has been, under different names, granted permits for the last 13 years. Two days later, Morris was quoted as saying that he had been misquoted. He made, he said, no such remark about public opinion.

There were those who wondered whether public opinion had been heavily in favor of the concerts. There were

those who said that Mayor Robert Wagner had lowered a guitar on Morris' head, told him that public opinion was not an issue, and he'd better get out of the mess as quickly as he could.

But the complications quickly multiplied. First, the police didn't really know who should go to jail. In the midst of all that folk music and dancing, it was hard to tell who was insulting you (or, maybe, just singing a valid, though vulgar song), or who was threatening or resisting you (or, maybe, just executing a difficult Bavarian dance step).

There are those who say that the somewhat confused policemen picked with admirable discretion. One of those who does not say that—and one of those they picked—is Harold L. Humes, sometimes called Doc, and always identified as a novelist (whether he is called a "prominent novelist" depends upon which paper you read).

Humes has been in the forefront of every recent New York area fight for civil liberties. He is given to sweeping generalities, apparently calculated to reach magistrates, wrongdoers, and newspapers.

He currently calculates that 15 or 20 lawyers are working independently to prepare court cases against the city. One such petition read: "A park is not a garden nor aboreal sanctuary for its abutting owners . . . A park exists for all forms of recreation and activities and exists for all persons . . . [Morris is acting] arbitrarily and capriciously in prohibiting all expression of ideas through singing and in refusing to grant us a permit . . ."

One thousand persons protested the ban one Sunday. Ten were arrested. A bigger protest was promised for the next Sunday. It rained all day. Five-hundred persons rallied inside Judson Memorial church, making \$1 donations for the defense of those who had been arrested.

Police mounted guard outside in the rain and wind. More police patrolled Washington Square park. No one sang outside. Deputy Police Chief Patrick Clancy, inspecting the expected battleground, said the weather was "fit only for dogs and cops."

THE GRAMMY, THE QUESTIONS

Striving for stature commensurate with a multimillion-dollar annual sales volume, the phonograph recording industry in 1956 took the first steps toward formation of an organization calculated to raise its cultural status in the public eye.

Last month, at dinners held simultaneously in Beverly Hills, Calif., and New York City, the five-year-old National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences held its third awards ceremony

at which the Grammy, emblem of industry achievement, was presented to winners in 39 separate categories.

As on the two previous occasions—in May and November, 1959—the judges' choice of winners in the areas of popular and jazz performances gave rise to a welter of after-the-fact comment in the record business. And there were some pointed, if rhetorical, questions asked.

In the "how come?" department:

- In the category Best Jazz Performance, Large Group, Gerry Mulligan's single record, *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'*, was nominated along with five albums. The winner was Henry Mancini's LP, *Blues and the Beat*.

- In the category Song of the Year, the motion picture *Theme from a Summer Place* was nominated, thus defying the usual definition of a song, since the *Theme* lacks a lyric. The winning song was listed as *Theme from Exodus*, composed by movie scorer Ernest Gold and with added lyric by teenagers' idol, Pat Boone, who dubbed his version, *Song of the Theme from Exodus*.

- In the category Best Performance by an Orchestra (Other Than for Dancing), Henry Mancini's *Mr. Lucky* was deemed by the judges superior in its field to Count Basie's *Count Basie Story* and Gerry Mulligan's *The Concert Jazz Band*. No reason was given for the fact that Mulligan's album, not the single, *Fishin'*, was nominated in this category.

- In the category Best Jazz Performance Solo or Small Group, the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross vocal group was nominated for the album, *Hottest New Group in Jazz*. The winner was Andre Previn for the LP, *West Side Story*. L-H-R was not nominated at all, however, in the category, Best Performance by a Vocal Group, won by Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence for the single *We Got Us*.

- In the category Best New Artist of 1960, the Grammy went to new comedian Bob Newhart who competed in a nominated list of five artists, including opera singer Leontyne Price, African singer Miriam Makeba, new vocalist Joanie Sommers and the Brothers Four group. The artistic criterion used to compare the comedy records of Newhart and the musical genius of Miss Price was left unexplained.

- Finally, in the last category listed, Best Jazz Composition of More Than Five Minutes Duration, the winner was the Miles Davis-Gil Evans album, *Sketches of Spain*. Disregarding the fact that the album title in and of itself is meaningless in the context of the category, the academy did not specify whether the compositional award went to *Concierto de Aranjuez* (16 minutes, 19 seconds) or to *Soelea* (12 minutes, 14 seconds).

On the positive side of the awards, several artists received well-deserved Grammys. Ray Charles got four, making the blues singer the highest individual winner. He placed first for the Best Vocal Performance, Single Record or Track—Male with *Georgia on My Mind*; for the Best Vocal Performance, Album—Male with *The Genius of Ray Charles*; for the Best Performance by a Pop Single Artist with *Georgia*, and for the Best Rhythm-and-Blues Performance with *Let the Good Times Roll*.

Henry Mancini ran second to Charles with three awards, two for *Mr. Lucky* (Best Arrangement and Best Performance by an Orchestra—Other Than for Dancing), the third for *Blues and the Beat* (Best Jazz Performance Large Group.)

Three Ella Fitzgerald records won Grammys, two of which went to the singer, the third to the engineer, Val Valentine, who mixed controls for *The George Gershwin Song Book*. Miss Fitzgerald received two awards for her records, *Mack the Knife* (Best Vocal Performance, Single Record or Track—Female) and *Ella in Berlin* (Best Vocal Performance, Album—Female).

Awards in other categories were the following:

Record of the Year—Percy Faith for *Theme from a Summer Place*.

Album of the Year—Bob Newhart for *The Button Down Mind*.

Best Performance by a Band for Dancing—Count Basie for *Dance with Basie*.

Best Performance by a Chorus—Norman Luboff choir for *Songs of the Cowboy*.

Best Classical Performance, Orchestra—Fritz Reiner with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for *Bartok's Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celeste*.

Best Classical Performance, Vocal or Instrumental, Chamber Music—Laurindo Almeida for *Conversations with Terri Ruderman Lurie*.

Best Classical Performance, Concerto, or Instrumental Soloist—Sviatoslav Richter/Erich Leinsdorf for *Brahms Piano Concerto, No. 2*.

Best Classical Performance, Instrumental Soloist, or Duo (Other Than with Orchestral Accompaniment)—Laurindo Almeida for *The Spanish Guitars of Laurindo Almeida*.

Best Classical Performance, Vocal Soloist—Leontyne Price for *Leontyne Price Recital*.

Best Classical Opera Production—*Turandot* with Tebaldi/Niillon/Bjoerling/Tozzi/Leinsdorf.

Best Classical Performance, Choral (Including Oratorio)—Sir Thomas Beecham for *The Messiah*.

Best Contemporary Classical Composition—Aaron Copland for *The Tender Land Suite*.

Best Sound Track Album or Recording of Music from Motion Picture or Television—*Exodus* (Sound Track), Ernest Gold.

Best Sound Track Album or Recording of Original Cast from Motion Picture or Television—*Can Can*, with Frank Sinatra and original cast.

Best Show Album (Original Cast)—*Sound of Music*.

Best Comedy Performance (Spoken Word)—Bob Newhart for *The Button Down Mind Strikes Back*.

Best Comedy Performance (Musical)—Jo Stafford and Paul Weston for *Jonathan and Darlene Edwards in Paris*.

Best Performance, Documentary, or Spoken Word (Other Than Comedy)—Franklin D. Roosevelt for *FDR Speaks* (awarded posthumously).

Best Country and Western Performance—Marty Robbins for *El Paso*.

Best Performance, Folk—Harry Belafonte for *Swing That Hammer*.

Best Album Created for Children—Ross Bagdasarian for *Let's All Sing with the Chipmunks*.

Best Engineering Contribution, Classical Recording—Hugh Davies for *The Spanish Guitars of Laurindo Almeida*.

Best Engineering Contribution, Novelty—John Kraus for *The Old Payola Roll Blues* with Stan Freberg.

Best Album Cover—Marvin Schwartz for *Latin a la Lee*.

BENEFIT FOR SYNANON

By JOHN TYNAN

To state that the Synanon Benefit Concert was unusual is to put it mildly.

That it was held at all was surprising to many, especially to officialdom of the host city of Santa Monica, Calif., which had striven mightily to block it and had been thwarted only by a superior court order secured by attorneys for AFM Local 47, co-sponsor of the event with *Down Beat*.

With the concert date of April 9 fast approaching, Concerts, Inc., producers of the show, ran into trouble with the Los Angeles social services commission. That bureau denied Concerts, Inc., permission to solicit ticket sales within the city limits on the grounds that the promoter failed to file notice of intention to hold a benefit concert. The result was that ticket sales were restricted to Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, site of the concert. Many persons desirous of purchasing tickets said they were subjected to rude treatment and insult by those handling ticket sales at the auditorium and generally discouraged from attending.

For all the factors working against the success of the benefit, advance publicity in various media rose to a crescendo during the week preceding the show. The Los Angeles *Mirror* ran a four-part series on Synanon by staff writer Art Berman which, despite sensational and misleading headlines, soberly told the story of the foundation and, in the final report, got in a hefty plug for the concert. *Time*, in the medicine section of the issue on sale April 4, printed a balanced and truthful report on Synanon. On radio, disc jockeys and commentators, notably Frank Evans of Los Angeles' KRHM-FM and practically the entire staff of KNOB-FM (the latter station ran plugs every hour on the hour, eight days running in advance of the show) publicized the event heavily. Local television also played a major role in advance publicity. KABC-TV newscaster Lew Irwin scheduled nightly interviews with Synanon residents and hammered home the date of the forthcoming concert.

At 8:20 p.m. on April 9, the curtain rose to a house of 627 persons—of whom 550 were paid admissions—for a gross take of \$2,440.50. After the deduction of costs, (hall rental, advertising, etc.) the balance, donated to Synanon for operating expenses, came to \$492.75.

If the concert was a box office flop, it was a musical blockbuster. Four big bands, two small jazz groups, three top-

rank singers, and a comedian donated their talents to delight the small audience for nearly four hours.

The Paul Horn Quintet (Horn, reeds; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Pete Jolly, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Larry Bunker, drums) was introduced by emcee Frank Evans to open the show. The Horn group was quickly followed by Anita O'Day, who took time out from an appearance at the nearby Lighthouse Cafe that evening to sing two numbers, *I Cried for You* and an up-tempo *Let's Fall in Love*. In the second number, Miss O'Day took over musical direction of her accompanying group and traded breaks with altoist Bob Jung, pianist Bob Harrington, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer John Poole.

The first big band of the evening to appear was that of trumpeter-arranger Gerald Wilson, who led his hard-riding crew through *Milestones*; *The Wailer*, a bluesily moody Wilson original; and *Perdido*. Tenor saxophonist Ben Webster joined in on the latter for a brief solo spot, then remained on stage to back Jimmy Witherspoon who sang four numbers: *I'll Always Be in Love with You*; *Ain't Nobody's Business*; *Big, Fine Girl*, and a final, slow blues that stirred loud applause.

At 9:22 p.m., comedian Lenny Kent did 17 mostly funny minutes that culminated in a takeoff on entertainer Billy Daniels. Kent paved the way for the Terry Gibbs big band, a roaring aggregation that socked its way through four arrangements—*Day In, Day Out*; Bill Holman's *The Limerick Waltz*; Al Cohn's *Nose Cone*; Manny Albam's *The Fat Man*—and a slow version of *It Could Happen to You* which featured Charlie Kennedy on alto sax. Other soloists with Gibbs were Pat Moran, piano; Bill Perkins, tenor sax; Joe Maini, alto sax; and Frank Rosolino, trombone.

After intermission, Shorty Rogers led his big recording band in three numbers: *Saturnian Lullaby*; *Ding Dong the Witch Is Dead*; *Saturnian Sunset*, which featured solos by pianist Pete Jolly, sax men Horn and Harold Land, vibist Richards, and bassist Red Mitchell. The Rogers arrangements stood in apt contrast to Gibbs' powerfully driving charts, Shorty's being subtler, more complex, and generally in a lighter vein.

At this point, the audience was treated to its first surprise of the evening, an unscheduled appearance by singer Mary Ann McCall, who, accompanied by the Rogers rhythm section, did three numbers: *Wrap Your*

Troubles in Dreams, *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe*, and *I Cried for You*. *Happiness* proved a moving and memorable performance, with trumpeter Al Porcino playing the muted background originally written by Neal Hefti for the Woody Herman trumpet section behind Frances Wayne. Following Miss McCall's bow-off, the Rogers band concluded its set with the leader's arrangement of *La Valse* from his album of adaptations from the *Nutcracker Suite*.


The second surprise appearance was by trumpeter Joe Gordon, a former resident of Synanon, who came on stage with altoist Joe Maini, pianist Jolly, bassist Mitchell, and drummer Gary Frommer to play a medium-tempoed and hard-driving *Bags' Groove*. Gordon, Maini, Jolly, and Mitchell soloed tellingly.

As the curtain closed on the Gordon group, emcee Evans introduced Charles E. Dederich, Synanon director, who, in a caustic and eloquent address, excoriated the city of Santa Monica for its obstructionism and thanked the audience for its support. Then, with perfect timing, Dederich asked for the house lights.

"Will all the residents of Synanon please stand," he said. Dramatically, the Synanon ex-addicts stood to sustained applause.

Last attraction of the evening was the Si Zentner dance band. With calculated showmanship, Zentner appeared with the emcee at the microphone, and then, before his men had played a note, he introduced the entire band to the audience. His sidemen justified their leader's buildup and played a program of cleanly executed, well-arranged big-band dance music, standouts of which were an up-tempo version of *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi* with a big-toned tenor solo by Lou Ciotti, a ballad arrangement of *Stella by Starlight* featuring the leader's expert trombone, and a flag-waving *Just A-Wearying for You* with the entire band up and shouting. Vocalist Jilla Webb was heard in four varied and effective songs.

It was after midnight when Zentner finished his long set. The tired audience was now considerably depleted in number.

Despite the poor financial return to Synanon, the Local 47-*Down Beat* benefit concert had established one uncontrovertible fact: If society at large was not ready for responsibility to the Synanon Foundation and the music business, the music business proved its responsibility to society. 

By BILL COSS

Harry Carney has a good-humored unpretentiousness that reminds you of your favorite next-door neighbor. He and his wife have secured a life rich in the better things and alive with interest, carving it out of 36 years of hectic professional musicianship.

I wasn't prepared for their serenity, when I visited them recently. And the serenity did not prepare me for the avid interest they have in everything around them. By any criteria, the Carneys are among the youngest people in jazz.

That amuses Harry because, after 33 years as a Duke Ellington sideman, he is running into a second generation of listeners. "Kids come up to me and say, 'Mother and Dad said to say hello to you'. Almost always they add, 'We thought you'd be an old man.'"

If you browse along Carney's bookshelves, you find a catholic selection: *The Power of Positive Thinking*, *The Prayers of Peter Marshall*, *Hot Discography*, *The Invisible Man*, *Mein Kampf*, *Marjorie Morningstar*, *The Picture of Dorian Grey*, *Star Money*, *Appointment in Samara*, *The Little Prince* — all interspersed with the many *Down Beat* plaques he has won.

But Harry's main relaxation is music. He has most of the Ellington records, a few others, and an extensive classical collection. "I like to listen to the legitimate reed players, so that I don't get too far away from first base," he said. He has the same trouble most of us have in finding a favorite record: "I've been meaning to catalog what I've got, but I never get around to it."

Lack of time is a major problem. The Ellington band practically never sits still. Yet Harry says that this is the reason he's stayed with the band so long.

"There was always something going on," he said. "The music never sits still either. Duke is always experimenting. Even today. I'll call him up and his wife will answer the phone. You can hear Duke banging the piano in the background. He's still rushing into rehearsals with new music. He's always anxious to hear what he's written, and so are we."

Talking about Duke's playing brought up the subject of a proposed solo concert by Ellington. "It would be most interesting," Harry said. "I've heard him do that kind of thing for hours after a job or when he's supposed to be resting in his hotel suite."

That, in turn, turned on the reminiscences. "You know, I began on piano when I was six. I never was any good. I took the lessons and had to practice like a demon, but my brother, who never studied, could sit right down and play."

Several years ago, Harry said the real reason he began playing reed instruments was that he noticed how the girls flocked around a clarinetist in a Boston club. He discovered that by joining the Knights of Pythias band, he could get a clarinet for free.

About the time he met Johnny Hodges (in the seventh grade), he switched to alto. "I found it easier to get a better sound," he recalled. "Johnny and I used to listen to records together. I copied Sidney Bechet, Joe Smith of the Fletcher Henderson

Band, and Coleman Hawkins. He was my ideal. He still is."

In 1927, Carney moved to New York. "Those were the days, even when I wasn't working. I'd go to Mexico's on 131st St. and listen all night. They'd have all-piano nights. You'd get Duke and Art Tatum and Seminole, lots of others, all in one night. I remember they even had tuba nights. You could hardly move around in the place for all that hardware."

Just 17, he had played with a half-dozen groups by the time he met Ellington on the street and was hired for a tour through New England. He's never been out of the Ellington reed section since. On that tour, he tried a baritone saxophone for the first time, liked the sound, and added it to his collection of instruments. He carries baritone, bass clarinet, and clarinet nowadays, but he used to carry alto, soprano, and flute as well. The latter is the only one he regrets giving up, but the lack of a practice mate made it impossible for him to remain proficient on it.

Carney is often referred to as the father of the baritone—as Coleman Hawkins is of tenor. But he claims to have been influenced by Joe Garland, Toby Hardwicke, and, again, Hawkins. Strangely enough, what influenced his sound most was the sound that Adrian Rollini got from the bass saxophone.

There the reminiscences stopped. Carney much preferred to talk about other people:

"I remember when Pepper Adams' mother used to bring him to dances

(Continued on page 45)

AN EVENING WITH HARRY CARNEY



By LEONARD FEATHER

Dizzy Gillespie, Erroll Garner, Lester Young, J. J. Johnson, Louis Armstrong, and Pete Rugolo all voted for him in 1956 as "Greatest Ever" on alto saxophone.

Yet in the last *Down Beat* Readers' poll, Benny Carter was in 12th place with 68 votes, while Ornette Coleman attracted the votes of 369 readers. It is the fan, not Carter, who suffers in this monstrous inequity, since the fan is passing up some of the most beautiful music ever made on the instrument, while subscribing to some of the seamiest.

To place the Carter story in perspective, an odd coincidence is worth citing. On March 14, 1933, in a New York recording studio, Benny cut his first sides as leader of his own big band. On the same day, in a Chicago hospital, Quincy Jones was born.

This puts Benny a generation away from Quincy by the calendar but by no other standards. They are good friends, mutual admirers, and have often worked on record dates together. Both have been mixed-band pioneers and opponents of all forms of discrimination. Though originally rooted in swinging big-band jazz, both are broadminded enough to enjoy working in the commercial studio world and have no time for the snobbery of jazz purists. Both are instrumentalists whose writing assignments lately have kept them too busy to do much playing.

"Benny is just beautiful," says Quincy. "I dug his record of *Malibu* when I was in high school and he's been my idol ever since. He's the high potentate of jazz."

The high potentate has had many identities. In the 1920s he was a respected sideman, playing alto saxophone. The 1930s saw him emerge as a bandleader, trumpeter, and composer-arranger. Since the mid-1940s, he has been a Hollywood resident, concentrating more and more on studio writing and playing.

Born Bennett Lester Carter, he was raised in what was known as the San Juan Hill district in Manhattan; his parents, musically inclined but not members of the profession, lived on West 63rd St. near Amsterdam.

The trumpet was his first love. He carried the horn of a neighbor, the late Bubber Miley, to the subway on Bubber's way to work, and he admired the work of a cousin, Cuban Bennett, a powerful player in his day.

"I worked in a laundry after school and saved up \$33, at one dollar a week, to buy an old cornet I'd seen in a

hockshop window. When I brought it home, I couldn't get anything but horrible sounds out of it, so after two days I took it back and changed it for a C-melody. I'd been told saxophones were much easier to play. Right after that I got an alto.

"I was attracted to the saxophone by an old record of Frankie Trumbauer with the Benson Orchestra of Chicago, playing *You'll Never Miss the Sunshine*. After a while, when my mother realized I really wanted to be a musician, she bought me a brand new horn."

Alto was the only instrument Benny studied formally; he had a private teacher for a year or so.

Benny went to Wilberforce University in Xenia, Ohio, but never actually enrolled there, leaving after a few weeks because he had become involved with the college band, most of whose members, including the leader, pianist Horace Henderson, were graduating. He went out with the band and soon found himself a full-time professional.

"My first big-band job was with Billy Fowler on the Strand Roof; then I was with Billy Page's Broadway Syncopators at the Palace, and later with Charlie Johnson at Small's Paradise. I made my first record date, I think, with some singer for Perry Bradford around 1925, but I've no idea whether it was released."

Benny soon began to experiment with arranging, using the trial-and-error system, a couple of books, and no teachers at all. In the late '20s and early '30s, he wrote and played for Fletcher Henderson (Horace's elder brother), McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Duke Ellington, and Chick Webb.

In 1932 he decided to take up trumpet. Barely a year later he recorded his first trumpet solo, a memorable, lyrical performance called *Once Upon a Time* with a recording group, the Chocolate Dandies. During the same year, his bandleading career began. His men included pianist Teddy Wilson, drummer Sid Catlett, and the first jazz flute soloist, Wayman Carver.

In 1935, Carter went to Paris to join Willie Lewis' international band—as a trumpeter—and in '36 to London, to write for Henry Hall's BBC Dance Band. Union regulations precluded his playing though he was allowed to make a series of big-band record sessions. On the initial date (for which Ted Heath was a sideman) Benny cut a lovely original, *Nightfall*, his first record as a tenor sax soloist. On

THE ENDURING BENNY CARTER



later recordings, he played alto, clarinet, trumpet, or piano and sometimes sang. (Perhaps just to prove that nobody's perfect, Benny occasionally used to demonstrate that he was a terrible singer.)

The BBC gig was Benny's first experience in writing for strings. In 1937, tired of Britain's playing restrictions, he led a remarkable band at a summer resort in Holland, comprising American and West Indian Negroes, English, Scottish, and continental musicians. He returned home in 1938, picked up a band again and in the next five years had such sidemen as Eddie Heywood, Tyree Glenn, Vic Dickenson, Jonah Jones, J. C. Heard, Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, Max Roach; also Art Pepper, Joe Albany, Hal Schaefer, and Buddy Rich (at a time when white sidemen in Negro bands were unheard of in the U.S.).

It was rough trying to keep a Negro band together in the U.S. After the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem (at \$33 a week for the men and \$66 for Benny) and a few one-night stands, where could you go? Yet the band, for all its scuffling, always had the mark of distinction, chiefly through the sax section passages, which were as quickly identifiable as any sound in jazz. Even the Mark Warnow Orchestra on *The Hit Parade*, when Benny wrote for it in 1941, was immediately transformed from a routine studio outfit into a sonorous Carter facsimile.

Benny's west coast career began in 1943 when, after being booked into the Swing Club in Hollywood, he was called in to work with Alfred Newman on a film called *Stormy Weather* (with Cab Calloway, Fats Waller, et al.). He tracked some trumpet jazz and did part of the scoring.

At that time Hollywood didn't look like much of a scene. There were Jim Crow hotel problems, a Jim Crow local, and the pace of living seemed too slow. But by 1945 Benny had bought the Hollywood hilltop house in which he lives today and had begun to make inroads in the studio world.

"Alfred Newman believed in me, and I worked on quite a few things with him. I'm very grateful to him," Benny said recently.

"Benny is an amazingly underrated talent," Newman has said. "When I called him in to do some ballad backgrounds for Lena Horne on *Stormy Weather*, he'd had hardly any experience in string writing, and none in movie work; yet he came up with some of the best string writing I'd heard in years.

"Some years later, on a film called *No Way Out*, there was some writing needed for Eddie Miller. It had to sound improvised but for technical reasons it had to be written. Benny did this so superbly that you would have sworn Eddie was ad libbing. The studio band broke into spontaneous applause."

Although Benny has worked on dozens of pictures, he has never received screen credit for any of his writing. He played and scored for *The Sun Also Rises*, was seen in *An American in Paris* and *The View from Pompey's Head* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, tracked the pseudo-Jimmy Dorsey sounds while Ray Anthony played J.D. on camera for *The Five Pennies*, and recently did some orchestrating for *The Pleasure of His Company*, *The Flower Drum Song*, and *Town without Pity*.

The first writing credits came at last in 1959—on the TV screen. He was one of three writers for *M Squad*. The following season, when he had this show to himself, he became too busy conducting to play. The alto work was assigned to a very Carterish soloist named William Green.

Benny is complacent about the movie credit confusion. "The big names help to sell the pictures. It's a common practice, and after all, the music is done under the supervision of the man who gets the credit. He composes the

original music and often lays it out. If he doesn't give you an actual sketch of how he wants it orchestrated, you still do it as he tells you to do it."

He has been less conciliatory about other matters. Once a member of the board of directors of Los Angeles Negro Local 767, he was active in expediting its fusion with Local 47. In 1959 and '60 he was a trustee of Local 47.

Although his film writing lately has encompassed ambitious projects for full symphony orchestras, Benny has flown no Third Streamers. His TV and film work, jazz and non-jazz, remains basically functional. He says that J. J. Johnson's *Poem for Brass* "greatly outclasses" all the other works of this type by jazz writers that he has heard to date.

Benny today is a happy and successful man. Having known him as a good friend for 25 years, I find it admirable that he has more work offers than he can accept, that he and his attractive wife Margaret are among the most popular people in Hollywood music circles, and that he is still young enough in mind to want to continue learning (in the past couple of years he has been studying orchestration for the first time, with Al Harris, an old friend from England).

Yet there is a lingering frustration at the infrequency of his blowing gigs. At times he wishes he could afford the luxury of leading a band again. Last year, more for kicks than for the loot, he took a quartet to Australia and then went to Europe with Jazz at the Philharmonic.

In answer to the loaded question "Do you think, among the recent crop of saxophonists, there has been a tendency to neglect good tone quality in favor of fast execution?" Benny said: "There's no doubt about it. This is true of trumpet players too; they have been getting a sound that lacks warmth. But then, maybe they're trying to; perhaps they haven't neglected good tone but actually want a sound like that.

"I still like the sound of a Ben Webster, or, in a different way, the sound of a Babe Russin. I like Cannonball; I liked the sound he got on the album with Richard Hayman and strings. I like the sound and style of Herb Geller; you don't hear enough about him.

"I use a medium 3 or 3½ reed; I used to use a 4 and play with a very wide mouthpiece. But I can't advise anybody how to play; who am I to say what is the right sound?"

A little record research will provide an eloquent answer to Benny's modest question. Collectors with a thirst for Carteriana will find the earliest available set on London LL 1387 under the name of Spike Hughes, a visiting composer from England to whom Benny turned over his band for some dates in 1933. This contains *Firebird*, Benny's only record on soprano sax. A choice rarity is his only trombone solo, with the late Julia Lee on an old Capitol 78, *All I Ever Do Is Worry*. His best known trumpet solos, *More Than You Know* for Vocalion and *I Surrender, Dear* for Capitol, are hard to find, as is his most famous clarinet record, *All of Me* (Victor-Bluebird). But there are dozens of albums of Benny's alto, most of them for Verve with his own and various other groups. His recent LPs are a combo date, *Jazz Giant*, for Contemporary, and a big-band session, *Aspects*, on United Artists. On his own or other artists' records you'll find examples of his compositions, among them *When Lights Are Low*, *Blues in My Heart*, *Key Largo*, *Melancholy Lullaby* (his old band theme), *Blue Interlude*, and *Take My Word*.

Benny Carter represents all the things one should look for in jazz: lyricism, emotion, extraordinary technical facility, beauty of sound, perfection of intonation and execution—all the qualities that are most woefully lacking in some of the new run-before-you-walk pseudo-experimentalists.

Miles Davis, who played in Carter's last big band, once said, "Everybody ought to listen to Benny. He's a whole musical education."



CHARLIE ROUSE— ARTISTRY & ORIGINALITY

By DON DeMICHEAL

Charlie Rouse is a musicians' musician. And like many other musicians' musicians he is generally unrecognized outside the small sphere of jazzmen. A few critics have added their praises to those of musicians, yet Rouse remains relatively anonymous.

He has not been overrecorded. Two LPs under his own name and a few co-lead with Julius Watkins, plus a handful with such luminaries as Fats Navarro, Tadd Dameron, Donald Byrd, and Thelonious Monk hardly adds up to prolificacy.

While there have been other musicians' musicians, little-known players, and infrequently recorded tenor saxophonists, Rouse differs from these others—Charlie Rouse is one of the handful of original tenorists in the present era of jazz. Of course, it is possible to hear past masters in his playing, just as it is possible to hear Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins in John Coltrane, but Rouse, like Coltrane (and Hawkins and Young and Sonny Rollins) is at all times playing himself.

One of the parlor games of jazz is finding influences of others in a man's playing. Rouse has been subjected to this in his career. Some critics think they hear large doses of Sonny Rollins in Rouse's playing. "I don't think I sound like Sonny," he said recently. "Somebody's always saying I was influenced by this or that guy, but they never mention the guy who really influenced me—Ben Webster. I dug his sound so, the warm sound he got on ballads."

Even though there are traces of Webster discernible in his playing, Rouse has altered them, digested them, transformed them until they are no longer traces of Webster but qualities of Rouse: a sparing use of notes above the normal range of the horn, a slight growl, and above all, warmth, urgency, and taste.

Rouse has more qualities than these which set him off from other tenor saxophonists. Most noticeable is his unsentimental—almost sardonic—conception. Never one to grandstand, he seems to sculpture his solos out of granite, eliminating all unnecessary curlicues. His time conception is unique among horn men. At times, especially when he is playing with Monk, he cuts himself off, as it were, from the time keeping of the rhythm section and plays on another rhythmical plane, at once with the time but not anchored by it. It is as if he were suspended above the time.

Another characteristic of Rouse's work is his choice of notes. He has his own way with the chord changes, his own way of getting from one change to the next.

"That was one of the troubles I had when I first started

playing jazz," he said, "making a smooth transition from one chord to the next. Actually, no notes are 'wrong'—there are passing tones. The way you come out of something makes the difference whether you go right or wrong. You can hit any note, but how you come off it, that makes the difference—what you turn it into. That's the beauty of it—you stumble up on something, you think of something, and the rhythm section and you hit it together, and it comes off beautiful."

Rouse tells about the time he heard Charlie Parker with Dizzy Gillespie at New York's Three Deuces to illustrate his point on the beauty of the unexpected in jazz:

"I was sitting on one side of the room listening intently. They were playing *52nd Street Theme*, I believe—when Bird played something, and I know he hadn't thought about it first. What he played made me jump up and run across the room. I didn't even realize what I was doing. Bird was digging me. He grinned and bent down from the stand and touched me right here, between the eyes, with his finger, as if to say, 'Don't lose your wig.' It was beautiful."

Rouse, for all his nonrecognition, is not a newcomer to jazz. Born in Washington, D.C., 37 years ago, he has had a varied background. His playing experience includes big-band work with Billy Eckstine and Duke Ellington, rock-and-roll jobs, co-leading with French hornist Watkins the *Jazz Modes*, and small-group work with Bennie Green and, presently, Monk.

He broke into the big leagues in 1944 when he joined the Billy Eckstine Band—the band that at one time or another was home base to most modernists of the '40s.

"I was lucky enough to come up when Parker was it," he recalled. "I sat next to him in the Eckstine band. There was a school of thought in that band and later in Dizzy's band. When I first started working with the band, that was the time that things [bop] were starting to happen. It was coming from the Earl Hines Band. It was a new vein—a modern vein."

Sitting next to Parker gave the young tenorist insight into the artistic qualities of jazz. The ever-raging argument of artistry vs. entertainment that has become the dilemma of jazz was partly resolved in Rouse's mind by his contact and appreciation of Parker.

"Bird had artist in him," he said. "That's what made him so different from Dizzy Gillespie. Diz was an artist, too, but he also had it in him that he had to entertain people. Parker was all artist; he'd perform, and that was it. He didn't especially care what people thought or said about his playing. You know, Miles was playing with him during the '40s, and some of this rubbed off on him. But Diz thinks more in terms of entertainment, while Bird thought more of playing his horn and getting off the stage. But Diz feels the entertainment thing; he's the kind of person who has to do that."

After his tenure in the Eckstine band, Rouse joined Gillespie for a short while. Milt Jackson fondly recalls the band, which included Rouse, that played in Washington, D.C., shortly before Gillespie, Jackson, and Parker made their ill-fated trek to California in December, 1945.

During this post-Eckstine period Rouse made his first records. His debut, he said, was on a Tadd Dameron date, which also included trumpeter Fats Navarro; his second date was under Navarro's leadership. "Then I had five years in which I didn't do much," he said. "I was in another bag completely. I was married at 18 and hadn't adjusted."

During this time, Rouse commuted between Washington and New York City. He played with Louis Jordan and Eddie Vinson ("and can he play! *Four* and *Tune Up* are his numbers, though Miles got credit for them.")

Rouse said that Milt Jackson told him later, "I didn't know what side you were on—rock and roll or jazz." And

jazz almost lost Rouse; in those days if you were tagged a rock-and-roll man you didn't get jazz work. You stayed in the r-and-r field.

But Rouse was not meant for oblivion.

One night in 1949 Duke Ellington heard the tenor man who had been attracted to former Ellington star Ben Webster's playing. Taken with Rouse's sound, Ellington offered him a tenor chair in his band. Rouse spent 10 months in 1949 and '50 with the Ellington organization.

When he first came on the band, Jimmy Hamilton, who, according to Rouse, thought of himself as "the teacher," was after him to change his tone, make it more "legit." Just being in the band was such an enthralling experience, Rouse recalled, that he turned down suggestions from no one.

"I was getting weaker and weaker," he said of the time when Hamilton wanted him to change his tone. "I was changing from mouthpiece to mouthpiece trying to change my sound. But Harry Carney called me over one night and said, 'Duke wouldn't have hired you if he didn't like your sound. So why change it?' He was right, and I straightened out. I'll never forget Carney for that."

But the Ellington stay was cut short when the band was booked to play Europe. Rouse, of course, was scheduled to go along, but, after filling out the questionnaires necessary to obtain a passport, Rouse ran into a snag: he couldn't locate his birth certificate. No birth certificate, no passport; no passport, no Europe, no job. "There I was standing on the dock waving goodbye to them," he said.

He jobbed around New York City. In 1955, he joined trombonist Bennie Green's group. The following year Rouse and Julius Watkins founded what has proved to be an on-again-off-again group, which at the moment is at one of its off stages, Les Jazz Modes. ("Les" has become "the" with the passing of time.)

The group had an intimate sound, a soft texture. Experimentation was to be one of the group's cornerstones. "Our idea in the beginning was to get a nucleus," Rouse said, "and then build from there, using our approach. It had to be musical, but it seems anything musical isn't accepted too readily. Maybe people are too emotional. The group didn't make it. Everything just stopped—bookings, records, everything. Agents told us the sound was too new. But when we went before people, the people dug it. We wanted to get it up to eight or 10 pieces. We wanted to add voices."

The co-leaders did add the sound of the human voice in their latest recording (*The Jazz Modes*, on Atlantic), but the group still is not permanent; both Watkins and Rouse are currently with other groups—Watkins is with Quincy Jones, and Rouse is with Thelonious Monk. "Eventually, we want to make it work," Rouse said. "It's a very musical group. Since I've been with Monk, my thinking has changed. Monk's made me more aware of rhythm. If we try again, it will be more rhythmical. That was one of our shortcomings. It will still have to be underneath the horns, but it will be strong."

Working with Monk (he has been with the pianist since 1959) has had a strong effect on Rouse. "Monk's music is masculine," he said. "You can't play soft with him; you have to be as strong and dynamic as he is. When I first came with the band he said, 'Rouse, you're not playing with a French horn now. You're out there alone.' He'd swallow me up if I didn't play strong."

"Monk gives you freedom. A lot of times he lays out, and I stroll with bass and drums. If he doesn't want to solo, he'll just tell somebody else to take it."

"With Monk," he continued, "I've changed not my style but my conception. All musicians have to adjust themselves to where they are playing. If I'm playing with Monk, I have to play out and full. If I'm playing with Watkins, I realize

I have to play under the French horn. I have to blend. If you are going to play music, you have to get the best out of the music. When I was with the Jazz Modes, people would say I was holding back, but I was playing like I knew it should be. You can't be too individualistic. It was two different things; I couldn't play the same way with the Jazz Modes as I do with Monk. You have to play the way your surroundings are."

The Rouse-Monk relationship is not limited to musical matters. The tenorist holds the pianist in high regard not only as a musician but as a person.

"Monk'll do what he wants to no matter where he is," Rouse said. "Sometimes, if the mood hits him, he'll jump up from the piano and dance—right there on the stand. He just digs what's going on so much he feels like dancing. But he's always listening; make no mistake. It's just that he's a spontaneous-type person. He's kind of out of society. I guess it's because Monk is *creative*. He's not concerned with the people. He does what he feels."

"Monk and Duke are so much alike in the way they run the band. If some guy's missing when Duke's band is ready to go on, it doesn't bother him. Monk's in the same vein. Nothing excites either one of them."

The sum of Rouse's experience with such strong personalities as Monk, Ellington, and Parker and finding himself in different situations is an almost wholly artistic approach to music and a strong belief in the validity of that approach. He said:

"People don't stop to think whether what they're hearing is good or not. They want to hear what they like, what they're used to. If it's music, then that's all that's necessary. I appreciate all kinds of music. I see beauty in all kinds. I love to hear concert guitar. But some people, if they don't hear the wham! wham! wham! wham!, then they don't dig it."

"I'm always trying to hear different things. Searching. But I'm not trying consciously to be just different. I have a style, but I want to play different, in different ways. I want to learn and retain as much as I can from Monk, but I'm changing all the time. You're always going to sound yourself. I might change my style some, but it's going to come out me."

He said he feels that younger musicians think as artists, but older ones do not, that booking agencies and bands led by older musicians want exhibitionism in the form of acrobatics, dancing, and hand-clapping more than they want artistry.

But "jazz is getting your feelings across," he said. "If somebody listening digs it, then, 'thank you'—if not, well . . ."

Some musicians are not blameless, according to Rouse. "If jazz musicians would carry themselves as artists," he said, "it would make a big difference. That's one of the things that make it hard for jazz to be accepted as an art form. But jazz has to win out. It will, because it's *right*."

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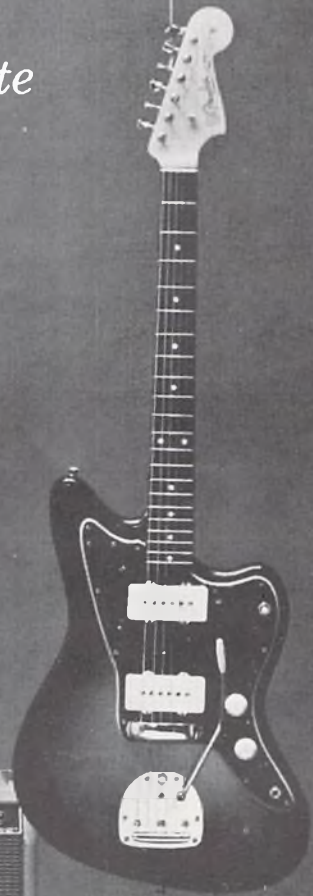


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SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA



By **DIZZY GILLESPIE**
(With Gene Lees)

It's very hard for me to believe that Charlie Parker has been gone six years. To tell the truth, it doesn't seem to me that he is gone.

And in fact, he isn't gone. It sounds like a cliché to say that his music will be here forever, but that is the truth. And there are precedents for believing this.

The same thing could be said of Charlie Christian and Lester Young. They are not gone either. These three men left a heritage; they set the rules. Therefore, they are still with us.

I haven't heard an alto player who wasn't close to Bird. Of course, the closest to him that I have heard is Sonny Stitt. When I hear a record sometimes, I won't be sure at first whether it's Sonny or Yard. Sonny gets down into all the little things of Charlie Parker's playing. The others just play his music; Sonny plays his life. If they ever make a movie about Charlie Parker, Sonny Stitt is the man to play the part.

It's hard, too, to remember when I first knew Bird. It seems to me that I always knew him, as far back as I can recall, though that isn't true, of course.

In South Carolina, we heard none of the Kansas City bands. They didn't come through that part of the country. We heard only the bands from the east coast.

But I knew little Buddy Anderson, the trumpet player. Later, he developed tuberculosis and had to quit playing, but he was a fine trumpet player.

When I joined Cab Calloway's Band, we went to Kansas City. This was in 1939. Now, Buddy Anderson was the only trumpet player I knew who had the idea of exploring the instrument through piano. I played piano, too, and sometimes we'd spend the day at the piano together, never touching a trumpet. And he kept telling me about this Charlie Parker.

One day while we were in Kansas City with Cab, Buddy brought Charlie Parker over to the Booker T. Washington hotel and introduced us. We understood each other right away.

Yard had brought his horn with him. The three of us played together, in the hotel room, all that day. Just the three of us. You didn't find many musicians who could show you on the piano what they were doing. But Charlie Parker could, even then. He was only a kid. We were both only kids.

I returned to New York, and then Charlie Parker joined Jay McShann's Band and came to New York, too.

In 1941, I left Cab. I played two weeks with Ella Fitzgerald and then with Benny Carter, at Kelly's Stable. In the band was Charlie Drayton on bass, Sonny White on piano (he's with Wilbur DeParis now), Kenny Clarke,

drums, and Al Gibson on tenor. Nat Cole and Art Tatum were playing opposite us. Did we hear some piano playing!

After that, I went out with Charlie Barnet for three weeks in Toronto, then rejoined Benny, then went with Coleman Hawkins. This was getting on toward 1942 or 1943. I worked with Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine in 1943-44. Then, in late 1944, Oscar Pettiford and I formed a group, as co-leaders. And we immediately sent Charlie Parker a telegram asking him to join us.

By the time we heard from Yardbird, we'd been in there for several weeks, Don Byas had come in to work as a single, and Oscar Pettiford and I had broken up the group. In fact, I was co-leader across the street from the Onyx with Budd Johnson, and Bird *still* hadn't showed up. Budd and I were there six weeks. By then, Charlie Parker was just getting into town . . . and I no longer had a group for him to work *with!*

But Yard was in New York, and that was the main thing, and a number of us were experimenting with a different way of playing jazz . . .

There has been a lot of talk about where and when so-called bebop started.

But a simple answer to the question is impossible. It depends on your viewpoint and on what you consider were the important contributing factors.

If you consider that Charlie Parker was the prime mover, then bebop started at Clark Monroe's Uptown House, because that was where Yard used to go to jam. If you consider that Thelonious Monk was the prime mover, then it was Minton's, where Monk was playing after hours with Joe Guy, Nick Fenton, and Kermit Scott. I was in an odd position: I was jamming at both places, and ducking the union man at both places!

Bird used to come to Minton's to play, too, but he was jamming mostly at Monroe's.

Who do I consider was the prime mover in the bebop movement? I would answer that with another question: what is the most important ingredient in spaghetti sauce?

But this much I can say: it is true that we used to play unusual substitute chords and extensions of the chords to throw some of the other musicians who came up to sit in. That did have a lot to do with it.

I can remember when nobody except us played the chord progression A-minor seventh to D seventh to D_b. That was one of the chord progressions I showed Monk. But Monk was the first to use E-minor seventh with a flatted fifth, or as some call it an E half-diminished. Monk just called it a G-minor sixth with an E in the bass.

By this time, Bird and I were very close friends.

He was a very sensitive person, in the way that many creative people are. Everything made a profound impression on him. He also was very loyal, and he had a terrific sense of humor.

I remember one incident that illustrated all these characteristics.

It was after the period of Minton's and Monroe's Uptown House. We were with the Earl Hines Band. I was sitting at the piano one night in Pine Bluff, Ark., and some white fellow came up and threw a quarter on the bandstand to me and said, "Hey, boy! Play *Darktown Strutters' Ball*." I paid him no mind and kept playing.

When the dance was over, I went to the men's room. As I came out, this guy hit me on the side of the head with a bottle. Blood was spurting, and I grabbed for a bottle myself. Some people grabbed me, before I could crown him with a bottle of Seltzer.

They took me off to the hospital. I remember as they were taking me out, Charlie Parker—he wasn't very big—was wagging his finger in the man's face. I'll always remember

his words. He told the guy: "You cur! You took advantage of my friend!"

He was such a wonderful person, and I have seen so much written about him that is false or unimportant. I remember him as a person as much as a great musician.

I was the first one to join Earl Hines, though Yard came with the band right after.

I had been with the Lucky Millinder Band. He fired me in Philadelphia, in 1942. I worked a club there for a while and then joined Hines in '43. We all started asking Earl to hire Bird. Unfortunately, there were already two alto players in the band. That didn't stop us. Billy Eckstine said, "Let's get him anyway—he can play tenor."

So Yard joined the band right after that, on tenor.

He played superbly with that band. I remember Sarah Vaughan would sing *This Is My First Love*, and Bird would play 16 bars on it. The whole band would be turned to look at him. *Nobody* was playing like that.

We stayed with Earl Hines until Billy left to form his



Parker sitting in with Gillespie's big band, Pershing hotel, Chicago, late 1940s.

own band. Sarah left, too. Yard and I joined Billy. Gale Brockman and Benny Harris were in the brass section with me, and Billy Frazier, Dexter Gordon, Lucky Thompson, John Jackson, Charlie Rouse, and Gene Ammons were in the sax section at one time or another with Bird. That was a radical band. It was the forerunner of all the big modern bands. But a lot of ballroom operators didn't dig it. They thought it was just weird. But it was a very fine band, very advanced.

I can't recall whether Charlie Parker and I left the band together. We must have, because from the band, we went into the Three Deuces. That was in early 1945. The group was in my name, and the members included Stan Levey, Al Haig, Curly Russell, and Bird. We were there for several months. In December, 1945, we went to Billy Berg's club on Vine St. in Hollywood. Ray Brown had replaced Curly Russell, and Milt Jackson had been added on vibes.

I wasn't always sure Bird would show up, and that's why I hired Bags. The contract was for only five men. With Bags

we were sure to have at least five men on the stand whether Bird showed up or not. Later, Billy Berg said we needed more body! And he had us hire Lucky Thompson on tenor. That gave us up to seven pieces.

We stayed there eight weeks. Ah, it would be nice to work eight weeks in one club again. The musicians out there were all over us. We had a ball, but we didn't do too well as far as the public was concerned.

But by now, bebop was well established. Fats Navarro, Howard McGhee, Wardell Gray, Freddie Webster, and, if memory serves me, Miles Davis were all on 52nd St. in New York when we returned from California in 1946.

Bird had stayed on to gig on the coast. Bebop was getting lots of publicity, there had even been articles in *Life* magazine.

Clark Monroe, who owned the Uptown House, helped me put together a big band in 1946. When we got back to New York, the Three Deuces wanted us, and Clark wanted us for his new Spotlite club—he'd moved downtown, you see. He offered us a deal. If we didn't go into the Three Deuces,



Gillespie and Parker, Massey Hall, Toronto, May 23, 1953. Note Parker's plastic alto.

we could come into the Spotlite for eight weeks with a small band and then eight weeks with a big band. He said we could build it from his club.

At one time, for a one-week date in the Bronx, I had Yardbird, Miles, and Freddie Webster in that band. That was only temporary, of course. While I had the big band, Bird had his quintet. He had such people as Miles, Max Roach, and Duke Jordan with him.

I didn't know it, but the job in Hollywood had been the last time Bird and I were ever to work together in a permanent group.

Bird's contribution to all the jazz that came after it involved every phase of it. He sure wasn't the beginning, and he wasn't the end—but that middle was *bulging!* But even he had his influences.

You see, Charlie Parker had a Buster Smith background. And, of course, there was Old Yard—an old alto man—in Kansas City. He had that same feeling. Charlie came up under the aegis of Lester Young and Buster Smith. Regard-

less of what anyone says, there's so much music out there in the air, all you have to do is get a little bite of it. Nobody can get more than a little bit, but some guys get more than others. Charlie Parker bit off a *big* chunk—I'll tell you! Still he had influences—Lester and those others. But he added to it.

One thing he added was accent—the way of stressing certain notes. And a different way of building melodies. When he was playing a B chord, he was playing in the *key* of B.

Another thing was rapidity with sense—not rapidity just for the sake of rapidity, but *melody* rapidity. He was so versed in chord changes and substitute chords that he was never lost for melody. Regardless of what chord was being played, he never lost melody. He could play a blues and sound just like a blues singer, just like he was talking.

I saw something remarkable one time. He didn't show up for a dance he was supposed to play in Detroit. I was in town, and they asked me to play instead. I went up there, and we started playing. Then I heard this big roar, and Charlie Parker had come in and started playing. He'd play a phrase, and people might never have heard it before. But he'd start it, and the people would finish it with him, humming. It would be so lyrical and simple that it just seemed the most natural thing to play. That's another important thing about Charlie Parker—his simplicity.

And Charlie Parker was an accompanist. He could accompany singers like they never had been accompanied. He'd fill in behind them and make little runs. He could make a run and make it end right where it should. This is very hard to do. What a mathematical mind he had.

I remember one record date for Continental especially. It was with Rubberlegs Williams, a blues singer. Somebody had this date—Clyde Hart, I believe. He got Charlie Parker, me, Oscar Pettiford, Don Byas, Trummy Young, and I don't remember the drummer's name. The music didn't work up quite right at first. Now, at that time we used to break inhalers open and put the stuff into coffee or Coca-Cola; it was a kick then. During a break at this record date, Charlie dropped some into Rubberlegs' coffee. Rubberlegs didn't drink or smoke or anything. So we went on with the record date. Rubberlegs began moaning and crying as he was singing. You should hear *those* records!

Yard used to come and play with my big band. He'd never heard the arrangements before, but you'd think he'd written them. The brass would play something and cut off, and bang! Charlie Parker was there, coming in right where he was supposed to. It's a shame that when he was making those records with strings that the music wasn't up to his standards. There should have been a whole symphony behind him.

I doubt, though, whether he knew *everything* he was playing. I'll bet that 75 percent of his playing he thought of, and the other 25 percent just fell in place, fell under his fingers. But what he did was enormous. You hear his music everywhere now. And yet it's still hard for me to talk about him—not because he's dead because he's not really gone to me, but because it's hard for me to think where my life ends and his begins; they were so intertwined.

You hear so much about him that I don't like to hear—about his addiction and all sorts of irrelevant nonsense. What kind of man was Beethoven? Perhaps he wasn't a very admirable individual, but what has that to do with listening to his music?

Not that I didn't think Bird was admirable. He was. But people talk too much about the man—people who don't know—when the important thing is his music.

The Negro people should put up a statue to him, to remind their grandchildren. This man contributed joy to the world, and it will last a thousand years.



in review

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

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Ralph J. Gleason, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, Marshall Stearns, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Charlie Parker

HISTORICAL RECORDINGS, VOL. 1—LeJazz Cool 101: *Ko Ko*; *'Round Midnight*; *Cool Blues*; *Ornithology*; *Move*; *White Christmas*; *Ornithology*; *Hot House*; *Groovin' High*; *52nd Street Theme*.

Personnel: Parker, alto saxophone. Other personnel unlisted but probably: Tracks 1, 7-9—Miles Davis, trumpet; Al Haig, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, drums; Track 6—Kenny Dorham, trumpet, for Davis; Tracks 2, 5, 10—Fats Navarro, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Potter, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

VOL. 2—LeJazz Cool 102: *Cheryl*; *Salt Peanuts*; (two takes); *How High the Moon*; *The Street Beat* (wrongly labeled *Riffide*); *Big Foot*; *Out of Nowhere*; *Perdido*.

Personnel: Parker, alto saxophone. Other personnel unlisted but probably: Tracks 3, 5-7—Davis, Haig, et al.; Tracks 1, 2—Dorham, et al.; Tracks 4, 8—Navarro, et al.

VOL. 3—LeJazz Cool 103: *Be Bop*; *Hot House* (two takes); *Barbados*; *Groovin' High*; *Slow Boat to China*; *Oop Bop Sh Bam*; *Scapple from the Apple*.

Personnel: Parker, alto saxophone. Other personnel unlisted but probably: Dorham, et al.; except *Hot House* (first take), Davis in place of Dorham.

Rating: ★★★★★

If five stars for all three volumes implies to you that this is a flawless set of records, forget it. There are plenty of dispar moments, some splices, and the recording balance is far from perfect. But the overall impact of the music and its relation to jazz history makes each and all volumes a necessary part of any listener's library.

The notes give no information as to who, when, and where, but certain things I know from firsthand experience, and others my ear is sure of. There are other points based on conjecture drawn from facts.

First of all, the notes state, "Charlie played at a series of jam sessions at which a disc recorder was present. Until now these discs have passed privately from hand to hand . . ." I don't know about all the tracks in these three volumes, but *White Christmas* and *Slow Boat to China* are from a broadcast from New York's Royal Roost about Christmas time, 1948. I strongly suspect that many of the other tracks that feature Dorham and Davis are from the Roost, too. Mort Fega has said someone told him that the Navarro-Powell sides come from an engagement at Cafe Society Downtown.

The men my ear feels sure of are the three trumpeters and the two pianists. Potter was with Parker almost continually from 1947 through 1949, so that is a safe guess. Roach was with Parker from 1947 and definitely was with the Dorham edition that played at the Roost that December and at the Paris Jazz Festival in 1949. The speculation on the Navarro-Powell

bassist and drummer stems from the fact that both Fats and Bud recorded for Blue Note in August, 1949, with Potter and Haynes. Some of Powell's ideas on *Ornithology* correspond exactly with thoughts he played on his Blue Note trio version.

Chronologically, it would seem that the Davis tracks come from 1948, the Dorham tracks from late 1948, and the Navarro tracks from 1949. It is very possible that my guesswork and the Cafe Society story are wrong. The Navarro-Powell tracks could come from 1948. I remember being at the Three Deuces one night when they came in and replaced Davis and Duke Jordan in Parker's quintet for one set.

One thing is indisputable. Contained in these three volumes is a fund of Charlie Parker, one of the handful of geniuses to play jazz. There is much great Parker already on record. Contrary to some opinion, Bird was not really intimidated by microphones and studios; he usually played up to his best standard even when restricted by a stop watch. But since these are "live" recordings, the air of freedom that prevails only at these times is present here.

Then, too, you can hear the many different sides of Parker. Most alto players who have come after him, in his style, have managed to capture a piece but not the totality of this great musician. At various times, you can catch glimpses of where Jackie McLean, Phil Woods, and Cannonball Adderley come from.

Of the supporting personnel, Dorham is the weakest. His technique had not caught up to his ideas, and even his thinking was far from the mature, polished performer heard today. On the second *Hot House* take, he comes through with some fine work, however.

Davis, while far from his full potential, had some good things to say. It is interesting to hear how much closer he was to Dizzy Gillespie and Navarro in those days, even though his own distinct personality had already emerged.

Technically, Navarro was the most advanced of the trumpeters. His hard, tight sound and fluid drive are in evidence on the first *Ornithology* and several other places, but on *Cool Blues* and portions of *Street Beat* he sinks into clichés. Davis wasn't, and probably never will be, the trumpeter that Navarro was, but, even then, he was out-thinking him.

Haig plays in his impeccable, highly pianistic style. His lower-register comping, especially apparent when he is soloing, is a trademark and very effective. While he did not have the intense swing of Powell, there is no denying his firm jazz pulse. The lighter-touched, bop-influ-

enced pianists, such as Tommy Flanagan, definitely owe a debt to Haig. Even Hank Jones, who has influenced some of the same men, was strongly moved by Haig in the early days on 52nd St.

Powell is something else. His solo on *Midnight*, with its Monkish touches and the beautifully timed, typically Powellian runs, is a classic. The unrelenting drive and continuity of his *Ornithology* excursion are amazing. Powell is without doubt the piano giant of the modern era.

The material consists mostly of the best originals conceived in the 1940s. Tadd Dameron's *Hot House* stands up beautifully. The variety of its construction makes this a composition rather than just a tune, even though it is only 32 bars long. All its versions here are excellent, and Parker is exceptional on the two in Vol. 3. Bird's inventiveness with the blues themes—*Cheryl*, *Big Foot* (recorded on Dial as *Drifting on a Reed* but correctly titled here), and *Cool Blues*—is demonstrated.

Other composers are well represented: Monk by *Midnight* and *52nd Street Theme*, the latter with diamond-hard Parker; Benny Harris by *Ornithology* and his line on *Perdido* (the Tizol melody never appears); Gillespie by *Groovin' High* and *Salt Peanuts*.

White Christmas is fun, with Parker interpolating *Jingle Bells*, adding to the obviously festive mood. On the subject of quotes it is interesting to note how many times he plays that favorite bit of his from *Carmen* during the three volumes. Once he wishes he had the *Wings of an Angel*. Because you know he is not leaning on these quotes, the musical punning is humorous. Another Parker trademark is the *Country Gardens* ending on *Out of Nowhere*. *Nowhere*, incidentally, is treated at medium tempo; *Midnight* is the only ballad. *How High the Moon* is given a Latin beat during its melody statement and receives the same ending as its first cousin, *Ornithology*. *Street Beat* harks back to a date that Parker made with Sir Charles Thompson on Apollo. Listen to Parker in last chorus of exchanges with Navarro here—he is at his mercury-minded best.

Parker's rhythmic sense is something continually to be admired. His sound could warm your heart and soul or, sometimes, chill your marrow. (I would not say that he never played out of tune, but recording speed seems to have victimized him on *Slow Boat*.) Although he knew the chords inside out, his melodic heritage and feeling for the blues, made his playing vitally personal and intensely human.

In listening to these three albums, you can see how jazz has changed. For in-

stance, drummers are now less busy, and pianists play less "comp."

Jazz is constantly in evolution and is a reflector of its time. It never goes back to the past except for bits and pieces. I wish it would recapture the combination of spirit and musicality that Charlie Parker represented. (I.G.)

CLASSICS

Bartok/Haitink

BARTOK: CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA AND DANCE SUITE—Epic LC-3772 and BC-1129.

Personnel: Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Bernard Haitink.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Haitink, the young co-conductor of the Concertgebouw, is someone to be reckoned with, at least as a Bartok exponent.

The *Concerto for Orchestra* recorded here comes off potently and would be out-ranked among currently available versions only by the Reiner-Chicago and Fricsay-Berlin Radio efforts. A comparison of Haitink's incisive touch with the comparatively crude Leonard Bernstein recording, for example, is not favorable to the American.

The *Dance Suite* is earlier and lesser Bartok but still masterly. Haitink gets some rousing playing out of the Netherlands in the course of its five folksy sections. The Dutch orchestra under the late Eduard Van Beinum was one of the world's finest, and its level of performance seems to be holding up very well. (D.H.)

Richard Yardumian

THE MUSIC OF RICHARD YARDUMIAN—Columbia ML-5629 and MS-6229: *Passacaglia, Recitative, and Fugue for Piano and Orchestra; Cantus Animae et Cordis; Chorale-Prelude*.

Personnel: Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

Rating: ★ ★

Yardumian, a 44-year-old protege of Ormandy, is awarded the honor of an entire record of his works in this Columbia release. Since this is not often done in the case of fairly unknown composers, one's interest is piqued, to say the least.

What Yardumian has to offer, in the three pieces recorded here, is something like what we get from a talented forger of old paintings.

The most vital work is the *Passacaglia, Recitative, and Fugue*, but much of its interest derives from the fact that it is based on Bach's *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor*—or, rather, on Ormandy's orchestral transcription of that great organ work. That Yardumian was inspired by the transcription instead of the original perhaps tells all we need to know of him.

The Yardumian-Ormandy-Bach *Passacaglia* bows to the keyboard by giving a major part to piano (the work was first called a piano concerto, in fact).

Those who know the music of Alan Hovhaness will be struck by the similarity of Yardumian's oriental melismatic music to his. Both are of Armenian descent, incidentally, so the sound may be something native to their upbringing. Hovhaness, however, is imitating nobody (except himself, in some recent works).

Further adding to the aura of the ancient in Yardumian's scores is his use of church modes and other ecclesiastical de-

VICES, none of them in any very arresting way. It is no surprise to discover that the *Chorale-Prelude* on this disc was commissioned by the millionaire Edward F. Benjamin for his Restful Music Project.

There may be customers for music of this toothless sort, but Muzak now services them more than adequately. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Svend Asmussen-Ulrik Neumann

DANISH IMPORTS—Warner Bros. 1408: *Cherokee; Summertime; Honeyuckle Rose; Blue Orchids; California, Here I Come; It Ain't Necessarily So; Flamingo; Hallelujah; Yesterdays; Tea for Two; The Blue Room; Liza*.

Personnel: Asmussen, violin; Neumann, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

For years, Asmussen has fiddled amiably and skillfully on the edge of jazz, showing that he is capable of a compellingly swinging style when he wants to but spending most of his time moving between lush romanticism and politely jaunty excursions into show tunes. There is something of all three aspects of Asmussen in this set with the inevitable results that, from a jazz point of view, it is of only casual interest.

It is, however, much more varied and even, occasionally, stimulating than most background music. Asmussen is a deft man with a bow and he knows his way around the area in which he specializes.

Guitarist Neumann devotes himself al-

most entirely to accompaniment, weaving an unobtrusive but helpful background. There are moments when this combination is reminiscent of Stephane Grappelly and Django Reinhardt, but the impression does not last long since Neumann's role is so completely subsidiary and solitary that the strong drive provided by the secondary members of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France for Reinhardt and Grappelly is never even approached. Nor, needless to say, is Reinhardt's commanding artistry on the guitar. (J.S.W.)

Benny Bailey

BIG BRASS—Candid 8011: *Hard Sock Dance; Alison; Tipsey; Please Say Yes; A Kiss to Build a Dream On; Maud's Mood*.

Personnel: Bailey, trumpet; Julius Watkins, French horn; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass, Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

After seven years in Europe, mostly in Sweden, Bailey came home last fall with the Quincy Jones Band. His return to America is marked by this LP on which he is joined by four of his colleagues from the Jones band (Woods, Watkins, Spann, and Catlett).

Bailey has a straightforward attack, varying between a rich, mellow open tone and a crisply conceived muted style, that is constantly refreshing. He has that strength of personality that can bring a routine piece suddenly alive—something he does beautifully on *Maud's Mood*

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

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

★★★★★

John Coltrane, *Lush Life* (Prestige 7188)
Mance Lipscomb (vocal) (Arhoolie 1001)
Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603)
Max Roach, *We Insist! Freedom Now Suite* (Candid 9002)
Various Artists, (vocal) *Country Negro Jam Sessions* (Folk Lyric 111)

★★★★½

The Modern Sound of Betty Carter (vocal) (ABC-Paramount 363)
Dizzy Gillespie, *A Portrait of Duke Ellington* (Verve 8386)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *The Rooster Crowed in England* ("77" Records 77LA 12-1)
Robert Pete Williams/Hogman Maxey/Guitar Welch, (vocal) *Angola Prisoners' Blues* (Folk Lyric A-3)

★★★★

Walter Benton, *Out of This World* (Jazzland 28)
Donald Byrd, *Byrd in Flight* (Blue Note 4048)
Charlie Byrd, *Charlie's Choice* (Offbeat 3007)
Conte Candoli, *Little Band—Big Jazz* (Crown 5162)
Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, *You'n Me* (Mercury 20606)
Toni Harper, (vocal) *Night Mood* (RCA Victor 2253)
Coleman Hawkins (Crown 206)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)
Helen Humes, (vocal) *Songs I Like to Sing* (Contemporary 3852)
The Many Angles of John Letman (Bethlehem 6053)
The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance (Jazzland 9305)
Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus (Candid 8005)
Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Waiter, Make Mine Blues* (Verve 2145)
Buddy Rich, *Playtime* (Argo 876)
Jimmy Smith, *Home Cookin'* (Blue Note 4050)
The Ira Sullivan Quintet (Delmar 402)
Otis Spann *IS the Blues* (vocal) (Candid 8001)
Buddy Tate, *Tate-a-Tate* (Prestige/Swingville 2014)
The World of Cecil Taylor (Candid 8006)
Various Artists, (vocal) *Southern Folk Heritage Series* (Atlantic HS 1)
George Wein, *Jazz at the Modern* (Bethlehem 6050)

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lar, Evans and Teddy Wilson have a great deal in common. They avoid extremes of any sort, finding all the range they require within a relatively small, middle-ground area. And both are neat, polished musicians with a perceptive sense of the extraneous. Their performances are usually lean, cleanly limned cameos that are given added clarity by their avoidance of pointless decoration.

The eight selections that Evans plays on this disc are not going to compel the casual listener's attention, for he is no musical lapel-grabber. But the willing listener will be held by their charm, grace, beauty, and imagination. Evans has a talent for avoiding the obvious without taking a "Look, Ma, no hands" attitude, a talent that is exposed on *Beautiful Love*, *How Deep*, and *Sweet and Lovely*, which he reworks with freshening ideas without departing from the essential feeling of the originals. He works very closely with LaFaro, who moves through some of the pieces as a second melodic voice and, on *Nardis*, even seems to trade places in the normal piano-bass relationship. (J.S.W.)

Gil Evans

OUT OF THE COOL—Impulse 4: *La Nevada*; *Where Flamingos Fly*; *Bilbao Song*; *Stratusphunk*; *Sunken Treasure*.

Personnel: John Coles, Phil Sunkel, trumpets; Keg Johnson, Jimmy Knepper, Tony Studd, trombones; Ray Beckenstein, Eddie Caine, Budd Johnson, Bob Tricarico, reeds; Evans, piano; Ray Crawford, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Bill Barber, tuba; Charlie Persip, Elvin Jones, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Here we see Evans plain—not concerned with creating suitable settings for Miles Davis, not reworking old jazz standards, but expressing himself with his own band. And it's quite a musical sight. For Evans is a full-fledged member of that select group of jazz composer-arrangers who have completely distinctive musical personalities—a group in which Duke Ellington still remains head man and which includes, at the very least, Jelly Roll Morton and John Lewis.

Evans has put together a varied program—two of his own pieces: *Sunken Treasure*, an atmospheric bit, and *La Nevada* (previously recorded in a shorter version on World Pacific as *Theme*), a long, loose, swinging piece resplendent with excellent solos by Coles, Studd, Carter, and, particularly, Crawford; a ballad, *Where Flamingos Fly*, that is set as a beautifully conceived, superbly executed solo vehicle for Knepper; George Russell's avant garde *Stratusphunk*; and the newly popular Kurt Weill tune, *Bilbao Song*, which Evans gives a fascinatingly brooding treatment.

The band he leads is, except for the addition of Jones and Barber, the exciting group he had for several weeks at the Jazz Gallery in New York in the fall of 1960. They respond to the Evans idiom brilliantly.

One of the charms of this set is Evans' use of soloists as contributing elements to the over-all arrangement instead of as ends in themselves. This approach adds immeasurably to the total effect (since a total effect is actually possible under these circumstances) and makes the role of the soloists much more effective. (J.S.W.)

Bud Freeman

THE BUD FREEMAN ALL-STARS—Prestige/Swingville 2012: *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*; *S'Posin'*; *March On, March On*; *Shorty's Blues*; *Love Me or Leave Me*; *Something to Remember You By*; *Hector's Dance*; *But Not for Me*.

Personnel: Freeman, tenor saxophone; Harold (Shorty) Baker, trumpet; Claude Hopkins, piano; George Duvivier, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There are moments in this unusual album when the soloists seem to waver and grope (Freeman and Hopkins on *Heart*), or even are nettled by a lack of ideas (Baker on *Blues*), but these faults are all washed away in the swinging, surging flood tide of song that is achieved on most of the tracks.

The Baker-Freeman opening ensembles are, in themselves, of considerable interest, but they are often just decoys for splendid solo work.

Heart opens with casual unison phrases that swing pleasantly and attractively, and these qualities carry over in a more vital way to Baker's great chorus. The simple structure of *March* is an effective springboard for rousing choruses by all three solo men. *Leave Me* has poignant, lovely duets by Baker and Freeman that show sensitive regard for the inherent beauty of the tune. On *Not for Me* the pretty, lambent ensemble yields to a probing chorus by an aroused Baker, and this, in turn, to a volcanic one by Freeman.

One reason this session is successful is that these soloists all have something to say and are given room to play. Baker fans, especially, will be pleased with the unhurried way his motifs build to fetching climax. Another reason is that these soloists have the magnificent support of Duvivier and Heard. (G.M.E.)

Benny Goodman

BENNY GOODMAN SWINGS AGAIN—Columbia 1579: *Airmail Special*; *Slipped Disc*; *Gotta Be This or That*; *Where or When?*; *I Want to Be Happy*; *After You've Gone*; *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee*; *Bill Bailey*; *Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Sing, Sing, Sing*.

Personnel: Goodman, clarinet; Red Norvo, vibraphone; Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone; Murray McEachern, trombone; Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Russ Freeman, piano; Jim Wyble, guitar; Red Wooten, bass; John Markham, drums; Maria Marshall, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Two decades have passed since the heyday of swing, yet someone seems to have decided that the bulk of Goodman's activity in jazz must continue to be shackled to material from that era. So we have again *Sing, Sing, Sing*; *After You've Gone*, etc. The implication is that Goodman's jazz talent is some kind of relic and that for all practical purposes, his career was truncated by World War II and the attainment of bop.

Unfortunately, it is probably true that Goodman did deliberately turn away from the influences of modern jazz and that he has not really applied himself to jazz for some time.

His playing on these tracks, for example, has the mellow sound and verve typical of Goodman, but the compulsion and concentration of expression that mark his best work are missing. And many of his ideas seem mere exercises in consonance, or mechanical resurrections of prior achievements.

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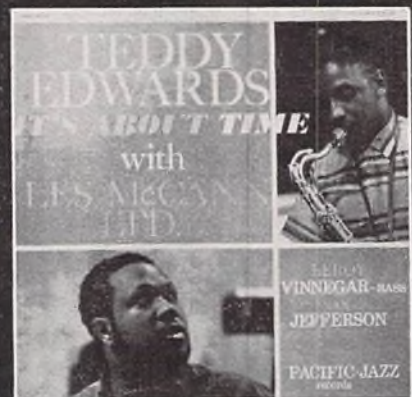
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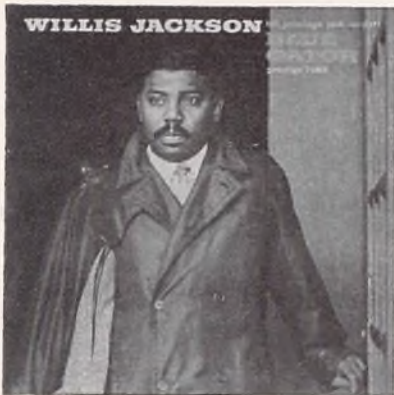


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F.I.B.

(Festival Information Bulletin)

Volume No. 1, 1961

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But Goodman has a career that was exposed in the beginning to the vital voices of early jazz in Chicago—King Oliver and Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings—and he has had a continuing association with excellent jazzmen from every school. So if he really decided to play, he is probably more eminently equipped than anyone for major activity in contemporary jazz.

In spite of his manipulations and experiments with embouchure, Goodman's sound is fine and his control remarkable. The melody of the brief rendition of *Where or When?* unfolds in luminous beauty, and Goodman handles the rapid passages of the up-tempo tunes with stunning technique.

Most solo space goes to Goodman, but there are several excellent solos by Norvo, Sheldon, and Phillips. The arrangements for these tunes are archaic, but the band swings, sparked by Markham's fine drumming. (G.M.E.)

Al Grey

THE THINKING MAN'S TROMBONE—Argo 677: *Salty Papa; Don't Cry, Baby; Stranded; Rompin'; King Bee; When I Fall in Love; Al-Amo; Tenderly.*

Personnel: Grey, Benny Powell, trombones; Joe Newman, trumpet; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Charlie Fowlkes, baritone saxophone; Ed Higgins, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One mark of a truly great jazz orchestra is the number of recordings made by its members assembled in offshoot groups. This has been true of all the top bands throughout the history of jazz—Ellington, Herman, Kenton, and Basie, to name just four. (Of course, the Whiteman boys did it too; but there's always an exception to the rule.) This octet, under the leadership of trombonist Grey, is a contingent from the Basie band before Newman, Grey, and Mitchell left. Higgins, the Chicago Nat Pierce, is on piano.

It goes almost without saying that any album by Grey must be a lusty, hearty, Kansas City-style affair. The leader's muted trombone is very much in the foreground, of course, and there are fine solos by Newman, Mitchell, and Fowlkes. Grey takes time out for some kidding on *King Bee*, an opus that opens with Payne's tomtoms and features the drummer throughout to little avail musically. This is the one weak track in the album.

When I Fall is a break in the dominating rocking pattern and proves quite a pleasant surprise as the normally roughhousing trombonist accords the lovely Victor Young ballad a treatment that is distinctly sensitive and moving. The arrangement is by the absent Nat Pierce.

All the charts—by Thad Jones, Frank Foster, Pierce, Grey, and Clare Fischer—share in common a sparely functional approach that proves ideal for the three brass-two saxes instrumentation. The arrangements cut cleanly and right to the heart of swinging. Fischer's conception of *Tenderly* is an *capella* treatment for the three brass, unusual as it is effective, but a poor choice for the final track. An album like this should go out with a roar. (J.A.T.)

Louis Hayes

LOUIS HAYES—Vee Jay 3010: *Hazing; Rip De Boom; Tee!; I Need You; Back Yard; Sassy Ann.*

Personnel: Hayes, drums; Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Barry Harris, piano; Sam Jones, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Philly Joe Jones once discussed three of the young drummers he considered to be outstanding. Two of them were his students. The third was Louis Hayes.

Of course, it does not come as a complete surprise that Philly Joe should single out Hayes for praise. For one thing, Hayes is among the cream of the younger men, and for another, he has obviously been influenced by Jones.

But the influence is more profound than what is usually meant by that word. It is not only that Hayes occasionally plays one of Philly Joe's phrases—he has actually captured some of the essence of Jones' style, in particular the ability to lay down a crisp, strong beat while punctuating the interstices with fascinating little rhythmic figures.

Still, there's a difference between being a good musician and being a good leader, a difference that I suspect consists at least in part of what Jones calls "seasoning," the acquisition of sufficient experience to confer authority.

The group here is the Cannonball Adderley Quintet—pre-Vic Feldman edition—with Lateef replacing Cannonball. Although Hayes is given credit for the date, he does not fuse these men into a unit that projects any unique musical identity. What we get instead are two horns and a first-rate rhythm section at a blowing session. By way of contrast, compare this LP with *Philly Joe's Beat* (Atlantic 1340): there you will hear a group in which the drummer-leader has successfully imbued the other musicians with his own conception.

This does not mean the album is a washout. The solos are generally of value, and Hayes, as expected, has plenty of room to demonstrate why he is rightly regarded as a comer. (F.K.)

Harold Land

HAROLD LAND IN NEW YORK—Jazzland 33: *So in Love; Triple Trouble; Slowly; On a Little Street in Singapore; Okay Blues.*

Personnel: Land, tenor saxophone; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Amos Trice, piano; Clarence Jones, bass; Joe Peters, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

It is ironic and not a little inaccurate (no doubt unintentionally so) that this album be subtitled *Eastward Ho!* If there are truths other than the geographical, it must be recognized that Harold Land was an "eastern" musician long before it became fashionable, Los Angeles residence notwithstanding.

Be that as it may, Land has yet to receive the recognition he deserves, even though he has not lacked opportunities to record on the coast. In addition to dates with Thelonius Monk, Wes Montgomery, Curtis Counce, and others, Land has cut three LPs under his own name. (The most outstanding of these is *The Fox*, whose release on Hifjazz last year was accompanied by a drought of publicity. Despite the fact that the album promptly disappeared from view, it is well worth own-



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Lookofsky, though he is not an outstanding jazzman, has excellent deep-toned violin solos on the first side. On *Sigi* he sounds as if he uses a tenor violin. His phrasing and attack overshadow his melodic ideas, however.

Williams is much more impressive in this set than he was in his recent Candid debut (with Wright as one of the sidemen). His work on the title tune is outstanding. (It's interesting to note that both Williams and Wright on this track uncover their roots in the past.)

Mance, though he has a relatively small amount of solo space, gives a good account of himself—strong and incisive when he needs to be, restrained at other times.

But of the sidemen, Davis deserves the most praise. Some of the things he plays on the first side are almost unbelievable especially on *Angel* and *Indian*, on which he and Wright play what can only be termed ducts. His intonation and time are practically faultless, his skill awesome his ideas tasteful, his tone one of the finest. Generally overlooked, he, along with another overlooked bassist, George Tucker, should be given the utmost attention.

Wright's first album is a stunner. Definitely recommended. (D. DeM.)

VOCAL

Lightnin' Hopkins

LIGHTNIN' IN NEW YORK—Candid 8010: *Take It Easy; Mighty Crazy; Your Own Fault, Baby, to Treat Me the Way You Do; I've Had My Fun If I Don't Get Well No More; The Trouble Blues; Lightnin's Piano Boogie; Wonder Why; Mister Charlie.*

Personnel: Hopkins, vocals, guitar, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Hopkins' absorbing talent for creating and holding a mood with his voice and guitar is made strikingly evident on this album. The subtle nuances of his phrasing, complemented by his light, spidery guitar patterns, are artistry of the most compelling sort. His singing of *The Trouble Blues*, *Wonder Why*, and *Take It Easy* are masterful performances, the latter in a vein that is closer to Bill Broonzy's than one usually hears from Hopkins. The lithe, limber quality of his voice also makes him a flexible and dramatic raconteur on *Mister Charlie*, a mixture of story and song.

Hopkins plays piano on a few of these selections. His piano accompaniment to *Your Own Fault, Baby* is very similar to his use of the guitar, although it provides less deft support than he gives himself with guitar. On *Take It Easy* he moves between guitar and piano as accompaniment, at one point actually playing both instruments together for a few bars. However, his only piano solo, *Lightnin's Piano Boogie*, is an elementary, undistinguished effort. This collection has its routine moments, but its high spots are of such caliber that it should not be missed by anyone with an interest in blues. Or in basic artistry. (J.S.W.)

Memphis Slim-Willie Dixon

SONGS OF MEMPHIS SLIM AND WILLIE DIXON—Folkways 2385: *Joggie Boogie; Stewball; John Henry; Kansas City Medley; Have You Ever Been to Nashville Pen?; Roll and Tumble; Beer Drinking Woman; Chicago House Rent Party; 44 Blues; Unlucky.*

Personnel: Slim (Peter Chatman), vocals, piano; Dixon, vocals, bass.

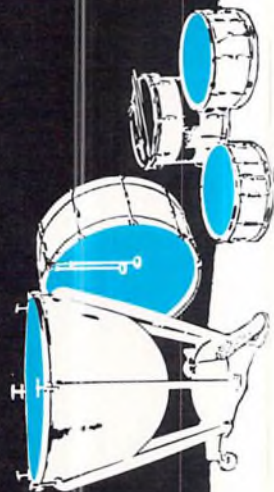
Rating ★ ★ ★ ½

Slim is joined on this disc by Chicago bassist-singer Dixon (long a fixture of the Muddy Waters blues band, for which he wrote a good number of tunes), and between them they turn out some delightful, infectious, warm, and affecting performances of traditional songs, most of them blues.

Slim is a more-than-adequate boogie woogie pianist, whose style might best be described as more functional than ornate. Dixon is a strong, propulsive bassist. Both are earnest, full-blown blues shouters.

Slim has the bulk of the vocals, and he delivers them in an easy, off-hand manner that at times reminds me of Jimmy Rushing. Dixon possesses a darker, thicker-

most famous name on drums





BARRY FEINSTEIN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Miles Davis has one more talent than he is known for. Beyond the catalytic style as a soloist and composer and aside from his often-discussed taste in clothes and sports cars, Davis is a talent scout.

You only have to look through the ranks of his combo in the last few years to find the evidence. As the LPs remind you, Cannonball Adderley, John Coltrane, Philly Joe Jones, and Bill Evans have taken off from the Davis combo's launching pad to individual prominence.

Paul Horn, though never a member of the Davis group, has been for years a musician greatly admired by Miles. It was as a result of his constantly enthusiastic reports about Horn that the 31-year-old flute and saxophone soloist was given a contract by Columbia Records.

Horn, an alumnus of the Manhattan School of Music ('53), the Sauter-Finegan Band ('56), and Chico Hamilton's Quintet ('58), has been leading his own resourceful quintet off and on at The Renaissance on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. The following *Blindfold Test*, edited from a broadcast, was his first.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST ■ PAUL HORN

The Records

1. Johnny Hodges. *Saturday Afternoon Blues* (from *Blues-a-Plenty*, Verve). Hodges, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone.

Well, they really started to cook a little behind the alto chorus toward the end—it got a good feeling. I'm pretty sure it was Ben Webster, but I'm not sure about the rhythm section—it sounded like Sweets on trumpet and the trombone sounded like Trummy Young, but I haven't heard too many things of his; I remember some things he did with Bird.

They got a good groove going . . . I'll give it three stars, because it's not really part of my past experience; I enjoy this type of music, but it's not really what I grew up on, and I haven't spent that much time with it, but I enjoyed the feeling they got very much. Is that alto player Benny Carter?

2. John Coltrane. *Spiral* (from *Giant Steps*, Atlantic). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Well, of course I recognized the main soloist—that was John Coltrane, one of my very favorites, and McCoy Tyner on piano.

I'm not sure of the rhythm section because it's changed a few times since I've seen John, on his different recordings. I know Billy Higgins was with him, but that didn't sound like Billy to me, and the bass player I'm not sure of, but I enjoyed it very much for the composition and for Coltrane, especially, who I think is really one of the giants today.

The composition was very interesting, for the changes and also the interlude which was part of the tune—the six-bar interlude.

I think Coltrane possesses many qualities in an original manner, that's what gases me so about him. His melodic approach certainly is different and his harmonic conception is different, but what is most important to me is that his rhythmic conception, at least in the last few years, has developed into an original thing. So on all three points I think he's really a leader today, and I always enjoy listening to him.

He's very exciting in person, too. Five stars.

3. Rolf Kuhn. *Istanbul* (from *Be My Guest*, Panorama). Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Henry Grimes, bass; Kuhn, clarinet.

The rhythm section got an awfully good feel on that, Leonard . . . I think the balance, at least recording-wise, could have been stronger for the bass—it was a very good bass player, and if it had been a little more prominent, I could have recognized the player, but he played nice notes.

The trumpet player was in the Miles idiom, but it wasn't Miles; the clarinet sounded a little like Tony Scott, but it wasn't Tony—I'm a little baffled on him, too. It's an old pop song, but I can't recall the name of that, either.

It got a good groove, and I enjoyed the clarinet player very much. Wish the trumpet player had a chance to play a little more—he left me wanting more, which is good, too. I'd rather be left that way than having had too much. I liked that very much; I'll give it four stars.

4. Chico Hamilton. *How Lovely to Be a Woman* (from *Bye, Bye, Birdie*, Columbia). Charles Lloyd, flute; Henry Pope, guitar; Nat Gershman, cello; Bobby Haynes, bass.

Well, that was the Chico Hamilton Quintet, Leonard—my alma mater. That was probably a Warner Bros. album . . . I think that was Eric Dolphy on flute, Nat Gershman on cello, and I believe Bull Reuther was with him at that time, but I'm not sure that is he . . . I don't know who the guitar player is.

Again, as far as recording techniques are concerned, I didn't hear nearly enough bass to suit my taste. I didn't get too much of a feel from that particular track—it didn't seem to get off the ground.

If that was Eric, I have a lot of respect for him; I think he's one of the up-and-coming reed players in the country, but I don't think he proved himself to the best of his ability here.

It doesn't seem to me that it's fair for these groups to go in and record show tunes that they are probably not familiar with from playing them on the job. Two stars.

5. Buddy Rich. *Lulu's Back in Town* (from *Playtime*, Argo). Mike Moinieri, vibes; Sam Most, flute; Rich, drums.

The vibes player really stretched out on that one. I got the feeling that he could have taken one or two choruses less, though, because he built up my interest to a certain point, then left me.

I should know flute players, shouldn't I? I like the things he did. He had a lot of facility, and his chorus was good, but I'm not sure who he was. The ensemble feeling was good. The drummer was very fine. Again, he's someone I can't recognize. Three and a half stars.

6. Teddy Edwards. *Scrapple from the Apple* (from *Teddy's Ready!* Contemporary). Joe Castro, piano; Billy Higgins, drums; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Edwards, tenor saxophone.

That sounded like some boys from out here—like Frank Butler on drums and Leroy Vinnegar on bass, and the tenor sounded like Teddy Edwards. I hear him playing the blues so much that I really associate him with the blues. He's such a wonderful blues player.

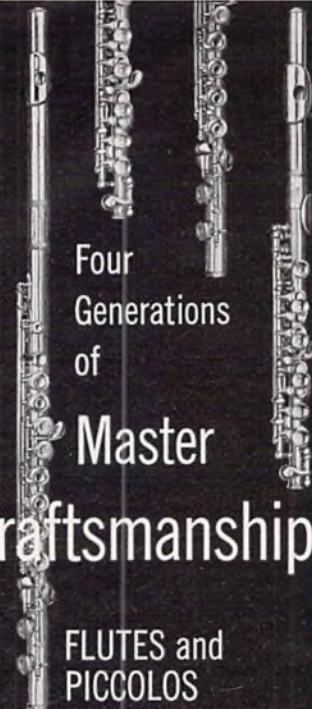
They got a good feeling. The rhythm section was excellent. I liked the piano, but I have no idea who it was. They've got a good groove going—especially Frank. He's one of my favorite drummers. He's one of the most experienced drummers on the west coast—with an east-coast flavor. I don't really like to categorize by coasts. I'm doing it here as a sort of identification. Four stars.

7. George Wein. *September in the Rain* (from *Metronome Presents Jazz at the Modern*). Pee Wee Russell, clarinet.

I didn't particularly enjoy that. I didn't feel anything happening for myself. I don't think I'd be able to give it a rating, because I didn't enjoy the soloists, and the whole sound was swimmy on it; it generated nothing at all.

The whole thing was strictly negative. I didn't feel any musicianship there as far as what was said and how it was said. I don't think it was a good clarinet player. At least, on this recording, it wasn't. Idea-wise, there was nothing. Half a star—only because it exists.





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Caught in the Act

LEM WINCHESTER MEMORIAL CONCERT

Pep's Musical Bar, Philadelphia

As is usual in such events as this afternoon concert, there was a good deal of confusion concerning who followed whom, setting up on the stand, and so on, but as the afternoon went on, things improved. For one thing, there were too many musicians (true, an indication of the esteem in which vibist Winchester was held locally) to be heard in the course of the program, a fact that seemed to result in too little being heard of the good men and too much of the not-so-good.

The octet of local drummer-arranger Jimmy DePriest began festivities with three capably executed numbers: *Gray Flannel*, *One Hundred Years from Today*, and *Rose Room*. Nothing much happened in the course of the three tunes, however, all of which (solos included) were wholly predictable. The personnel included Red Rodney, trumpet; Mike Gabriel, valve trombone; Sam Reed, alto saxophone; Wilbur Campbell, tenor saxophone; Billy Root, baritone saxophone; Artie Mintner, bass, and Ron DeStephano, drums.

It seemed as if pianist Bernard Peiffer, who appeared next, had scarcely stepped onstage than he was whisked off. He was given time enough for only one number, an unannounced Afro-Cuban tune. Backed by bassist Skip Johnson and drummer Butch Ballard, Peiffer romped through the piece with sprightly wit, gusto, and invention.

Next onstage was Winchester's own group, which came up from Wilmington, Del., for the concert. The pianist was Gerald Price, and James Jefferson was on bass, Bill Davis on drums, and B. Allen on conga drum.

Johnny Lytle sat in on vibes, and he charged excitedly through two extended numbers with a sharp, incisive, driving attack that allowed for little subtlety, receiving firm support from the quartet for the most part.

One of the high spots of the afternoon (for me, at least) was the appearance of the powerful little blues band of tenor saxophonist Red Prysock, long relegated to the field of rhythm and blues. A really fiery, cooking septet of battle-scarred veterans, they stomped through their four numbers with an

earthy, swaggering assurance at full blast all the way, generating considerable heat and excitement.

They led off with a steamy, charging blues, followed by *How Am I to Know?* and an original, *Quick as a Flash*. The audience demanded an encore, and Prysock obliged with Duke Ellington's *Crescendo in Blue*, through which the tenorist tore with an unrestrained, gutty ebullience and propulsion.

The young vibist with this group, Monty Stark, is a surging, swingingly emotive player who holds considerable promise. Members of the group, besides Prysock and Stark, were Eddie Glover, trumpet; Dennis Miller, trombone; Zack Wright, baritone saxophone; Herb Gordy, bass and arranger, and Eddie Piper, drums. If you ever get a chance to hear this exciting, visceral, no-holds-barred outfit do so.

Philadelphia pianist Jimmy Wisner's Trio (Ace Tesone, bass, and Dave Levin, drums) backed singer Norma Mendoza through five pleasant but mannered vocals.

Robert Green's Chamber Trio lived up to previous enthusiastic reports. Green is a fine, sensitive pianist of considerable lyric freshness with a deft, sure touch and a rush of fertile ideas. In his one number (unannounced) he was alternately funky and discreetly ornate. Excellent support was provided by bassist Donald Moore and an astounding drummer, Richard Easley.

The Donald Byrd Quintet, which was appearing at the time at the New Showboat, appeared next but played only one tune, Byrd's own *Ghana*. An exciting, well-integrated group, its members dug right in, producing some of the most charging and emotionally forceful music of the afternoon.

Teamed with Byrd was fellow Detroit Pepper Adams on baritone saxophone and a young rhythm section composed of pianist Herb Hancock, bassist Layman Jackson, and drummer Teddy Robinson.

The last group I caught was Jimmy Heath's Quartet, with guest tenorist Oliver Nelson, a close friend of Winchester's, who had come from New York City especially for the concert.

Heath and Nelson served up some surging, coruscating tenor work, with Heath's playing a bit more thoughtful and reserved than the blistering, hell-for-leather Nelson. Supported by pianist Sam Dockery, bassist Charles Williams, and drummer Specs Wright, the pair traded solos on Heath's own *CTA* and a pensive and arresting *Green Dolphin Street*.

During the course of the afternoon, a lot of music had been heard, much of it good. Everyone seemed to have a ball. Lem would have dug it.

—Pete Welding 



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UP BEAT SECTION



By **BILL MATHIEU**

Some critics and musicians feel that jazz is about to burst its boundaries.

Speculation takes many forms, but probably the most accurate take proper account of the limits of jazz. The staunchest devotees of the art claim that jazz is the freest of idioms and has virtually no limitations. Most of us, however, know better. Jazz, like any easily identifiable art, has many limits, some working in favor of its "development," some hindering it. An examination of these limits helps tell us what the future holds.

Meter. Meter limits and frees jazz. Most jazz is in a special kind of 4/4 meter in which the accented after-beats (the second and fourth beats of the bar), plus mysterious, elusive fluctuations throughout the rhythmic phrase, lend the music its swinging quality.

Other time signatures have been tried with varying degrees of success, notably 3/4, 5/4, 6/4, and 12/8. But the mainstream depends on four beats to the bar.

To stray from the 4/4 pattern is either a mistake or an innovation, depending on how it's done.

Harmony. The harmony that jazz employs is essentially that of the Bach chorales. (That is not to say that jazz came up the Rhine from Mannheim.) But jazz has developed this harmony in two ways:

1. By the addition of relatively dissonant tones piled onto the basic, consonant triads.

2. By the interpolation of "foreign" harmonies into the chordal flow (gen-

erally related to the parent harmonies by chromaticism).

To abandon Bach's harmonic basic tenets is to stray outside of what we recognize as jazz.

There have been many attempts to distort the basic harmonic vocabulary without losing sight of the mother tongue. In the work of all but a few exceptional cases the shape of Bach's tonality is easily recognizable.

These exceptional cases are Bob Graettinger, Lennie Tristano, John Coltrane, plus a few others. But the exceptions are conspicuous by their infrequency.

Melody. Melody is the least limiting element. It depends largely on the rhythms and harmonies that support it. But in certain areas it is independent of these—for instance in respect to contour (shape)—and, therefore, free to dictate its own laws.

After thinking about the boundaries that jazz has prescribed for itself, it becomes increasingly clear that jazz can't advance too much further in the direction that it's going. That doesn't mean that fresh music won't emerge. As long as there are devoted, vital musicians, their music will reflect that devotion and vitality. But the idiom will not change significantly unless the limitations change. The chances are that they will change. But how?

Meter. Are there other possibilities besides 4/4 meter?

More jazzmen are beginning to employ complex rhythms and superimpositions of rhythms—but they are usually over the basic 4/4 meter. The challenge of the future does not lie in the elaboration of this meter but in the quest for new ones.

Another alternative is the rapid alternation of meters. For instance a bar of 5/4 might be followed by a bar of 7/8, followed by a bar of 3/4, followed by a bar of 5/8.

Whether jazz musicians eventually will be able to "feel" these irregular meters, or create order out of their irregularity, remains to be seen.

Another possible direction is "a-metric" music, or an absence of any discernible beat. The most interesting experiment in this direction so far was made by Tristano a dozen years ago in a piece called *Digression* (Capitol EAP 1-491). Jazzmen seem to shy from this concept, because on the surface it appears to be a denial of jazz. My own opinion is that beneath the surface there is affirmation.

Harmony. By the turn of the century, classical tonality had gone through nearly every possible distortion, but it still paid tribute to the basic concepts that had preceded it by two centuries.

Some composers, notably Arnold

Schoenberg and Igor Stravinsky, became so restless with this progressive process of distortion that they finally took the ultimate step and abandoned tonality altogether.

Roughly the same chain of events can be expected in jazz. But it won't happen tomorrow. The beginnings will be slow. The first experiments in this direction by Tristano and Graettinger have been all but ignored by the mainstream. Even in classical music, progress is slow. Contemporary atonal composers have a 60-year history behind them, but there are at present only a thin handful of completely atonal symphonies. Atonal jazz is a long way off and must be preceded by a more complete exploration of the tonality on which it now is based.

What has come of our investigation? An art idiom takes a vital step forward when one of its boundaries is broken through. In order to break through the conventions that bind contemporary jazz, we will have to abandon meter as we know it, or tonality as we know it, and replace these with some new way of thinking that satisfies the unrest which is beginning to make itself heard.

The least analyzable element in jazz is the emotional directness that motivates it. Will this emotional strength, which gives jazz its life, "develop" or "progress"?

Yes and no. When artistic concepts change, a certain change of emotional attack must concur with the new reign or the advance will not sustain itself. There is little New Orleans jazz today partly because the emotional climate has changed in the last 50 years.

But to the extent that the emotions that motivate jazz are universal and enduring, as certainly many of them must be, we can expect jazz to remain unchanged.



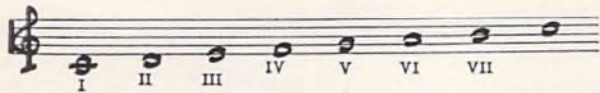
CLINICIAN'S CORNER

This is the first of a series of four lessons adapted from material contained in the 25 lesson correspondence course offered by the Berklee School of Music. Although the course includes a complete coverage of harmony, improvisation, arranging, and orchestration, this series will be confined to a discussion of one of the most essential and least-understood subjects in contemporary music, modern chord progression.

A. TERMINOLOGY

For the purposes of this study, all chords will be named in relation to their position in the major key scale.

Let us assume that we are composing (or analyzing) a chord progression in the key of C Major:



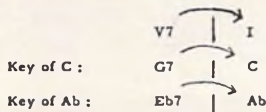
Diatonic (i.e.: using scale tones only) seventh chords built on the scale degrees assume these structures:



B. PRINCIPLES OF MODERN CHORD PROGRESSION

1. ANY "I" CHORD MAY BE PRECEDED BY ITS V7. (Dominance Cadence)

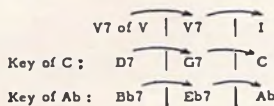
This usually occurs over the bar line.



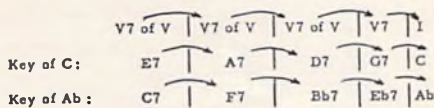
2. ANY V7 MAY BE PRECEDED BY THE V7 OF V. (Extension of the dominant cadence.)

Again, this usually (but not always) occurs over the bar line.

Note: Whenever a dominant seventh structure is used as a V7 (i.e.: moves to another chord a fifth below), the V7 will be named in relation to its forward tendency. The symbol → will be used to indicate the resolution of the V7 chord.

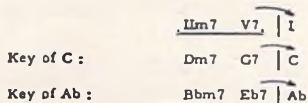


This same principle may be further extended as:

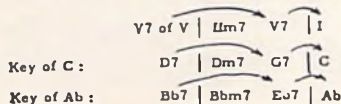


3. ANY V7 MAY BE IMMEDIATELY PRECEDED BY THE RELATED IIIm7.

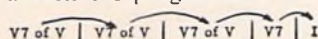
This usually occurs within the bar.



The use of the above does not affect the V7 of V relationship as established in Principle No. 2.

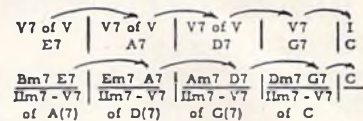


Using as a basis the progression:

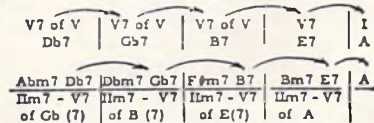


This same principle may be developed as follows:

Key of C:



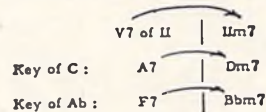
Leading into the key of A, the preceding progression would appear as follows:



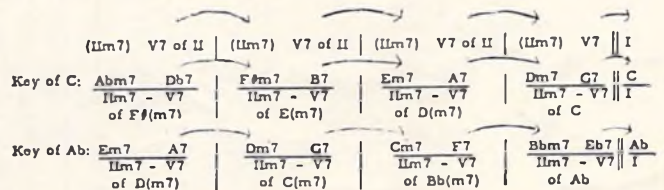
Note: changing from sharps to flats is permissible but always over the bar line rather than within the bar.

4. ANY IIIm7 MAY BE PRECEDED BY THE V7 OF II.

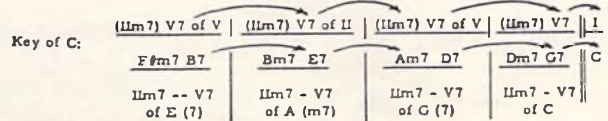
This usually occurs over the bar line.



A further development of this principle when combined with those preceding would lead to the following:



All principles discussed thus far may be intermingled in a harmonic progression with the forward tendency in each bar consisting of either the V7 of V or the V7 of II.



ASSIGNMENT

1. Work out each of the following chord progressions in every key. (In each case work back from the "I" chord.)

a.

b.

c.

d.

e.

f.

g.

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SOME GREAT REED SOLOS

It can and has been said that modern jazz has produced a greater number of outstanding reed men than it has other instrumentalists. Since the 1920s when Coleman Hawkins first startled fellow musicians with his for-that-time daring improvisations, the saxophonists have been at the core of jazz evolution. In the '30s and '40s, tenor men looked to Lester Young for inspiration—at least, those who did not follow the Hawkins path. The Young example included in this section, *Undercover Girl Blues*, was recorded for Mercury in the early '50s. It shows his generally linear approach.

The clarinet has not advanced far since the heyday of swing. Benny Goodman, who had learned from such outstanding early clarinetists as Jimmie Noone, Leon Rappola, and Frank Teschemacher, set the pace and style for the instrument. Goodman's solo, *After You've Gone*, was recorded for Columbia with his sextet in the late '40s.

The alto saxophone has had three distinctive and distinguished originators: Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, and Johnny Hodges. Each is represented in this section.

The Hodges example, *Going out the Back Way*,

is a blues. It was recorded for Bluebird (Victor) in the early '40s by a small group of Ellingtonians under Hodges' name.

Benny Carter's *Cocktails for Two* was recorded for the same label at about the same time.

Charlie Parker was, without any serious doubt, the most influential of any post-Carter-Hodges altoists. His influence is heard today in all who followed him. His two solos, *Groovin' High* and *Relaxin' at Camarillo*, are from the middle '40s. *Groovin' High* was issued on Savoy. *Camarillo* is a blues recorded by Parker in 1946, soon after his release from Camarillo hospital in California. It was originally issued on Dial.

(Berklee School of Music, Boston, transcribed all the solos except the two by Parker.)

Musical score for Charlie Parker's *Relaxin' at Camarillo*. The score is in 4/4 time and consists of six staves of music. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The chords and measures are as follows:

- Staff 1: Chord A, measures 1-4 (4)
- Staff 2: Chord D9, measures 5-8 (8)
- Staff 3: Chords Bm7, E7, A, measures 9-12 (12)
- Staff 4: Chords A, A7, D, Dm, A, A7, measures 13-16 (16)
- Staff 5: Chords D9, A, Bbdim.7, measures 17-20 (20)
- Staff 6: Chords Bm7, E7, A, Bm7, E7, A, measures 21-24 (24)

CHARLIE PARKER

RELAXIN' AT CAMARILLO

CHARLIE PARKER

GROOVIN' HIGH

Musical score for Charlie Parker's *Groovin' High*. The score is in 4/4 time and consists of five staves of music. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The chords and measures are as follows:

- Staff 1: Chord Bb, measures 1-4 (4)
- Staff 2: Chords Bb, Ab7, G7, measures 5-8 (8)
- Staff 3: Chords C7, F7, measures 9-12 (12)
- Staff 4: Chords Dmi7, Dbmi7, Cmi7, B7, Bb, measures 13-16 (16)

Two-Bar Pickup to Solo

"GROOVIN' HIGH" By Dizzy Gillespie
Copyright 1946, 1951 by Leeds Music Corporation, 322 W. 48th St., New York 36, N.Y.

CARNEY

(Continued from page 14)

the band played in Rochester. He used to stand in front of the band for hours. You know, that's one of the things I miss. I don't have much time to listen to musicians outside of the band. That's especially so now, because there are so few places where kids can play. I do hear a bit, though, and I'm pleased with most of it. I don't care what era it comes from. I heard Thelonious Monk and Edmond Hall the last time we were in Boston. Music is only good or bad. That's all I worry about."

We listened then to Carney's Verve record (it has been reissued under the title *Mood for Boy and Girl*). He said he'd like to record again, "with a whole baritone section. But you can't find enough rehearsal time, and I wouldn't want to do it if it wasn't going to be right."

The rightness of things is very important to him, which certainly explains his pre-eminence. But the insistence is tempered by a realistic philosophy. "There are so many things you can do," he said, "and so many you just can't do, no matter how hard you try. I remember one time when I was really bothered by a mouthpiece problem. You can get into an amazing panic over that, if you're a reed man. Finally, I sat myself down, talked to myself, and went back to the mouthpiece I had been using. It worked out."

These days Harry is most pleased with his comfortable apartment, when he can get there ("my wife doesn't travel with me any more; the road is tough enough on a man"), his glistening Imperial ("the guys in the band are always kidding Duke because he doesn't like to fly, but he can go to sleep in my car at the speed I drive"), and, of course, with the Ellington band. He'll be with it, he says, as long as he's "qualified." He couldn't get away from it ("I live with it more than I do with my own family").

Has it been worth it? "I still look forward to going to work each night."

Mrs. Carney agreed. A man can't ask for much more than a good job, an interesting life, acclaim and respect, his own business (he owns a music publishing firm, Release Music), and a good hobby (she showed some excellent color shots Harry had taken of Gerry Mulligan and Zoot Sims). She interrupted herself to get me some cough drops. "That's the way she is," Harry complained in mock aggravation. "Every time I sneeze, she's got the medicine out."

A man can't ask for much more. Carney has it. He deserves it. It pleases your sense of justice. Harry Carney is a titled human—a Gentleman of Jazz.



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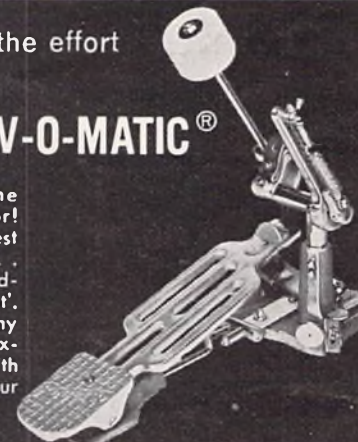
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Musical score for Johnny Hodges' "Going Out the Back Way". The score is written for a saxophone in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of 12 staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' in a circle) and a 'BEND' instruction above a note in the seventh staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final note on the twelfth staff.

JOHNNY HODGES
GOING OUT THE BACK WAY

BENNY CARTER
COCKTAILS FOR TWO

Musical score for Benny Carter's "Cocktails for Two". The score is written for a saxophone in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of 12 staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' in a circle) and a 'BEND' instruction above a note in the seventh staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final note on the twelfth staff.

"COCKTAILS FOR TWO" by Arthur Johnson and Sam Coslow
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

Temple, which is being built in Chicago.

Miles Davis, another Columbia artist, promises innovations galore at his May 19 Carnegie Hall concert, among them a flamenco guitarist in the hall's bar during intermission . . . **Count Basie** is the first American jazz artist signed for the July 17-23 Riviera Jazz Festival.

The Candid-**Charlie Mingus** press party at Copa City promised to reveal something called "rotary perception, a new musical concept." What it did reveal was Mingus' reluctance to be associated with much that is called jazz nowadays, as well as his canny perception that, as long as the term *jazz* is held in low esteem by some and strangely defined by others, it is better to change the title of the music that jazz musicians play. In any case, the rotary perception that came that evening from a duet between Mingus and **Max Roach** was art by any name . . . Rumors persist that **Artie Shaw** will front a big band in the fall. (Interviewer: "Mr. Shaw are you going to have a big band this fall?" Shaw: "Jazz is a young man's business." Interviewer: "Well, if you do decide to have a band, will you let me know?" Shaw: "If I decide to have a band, I'll be too busy to let you know.") . . . Negotiations are under way for an Anglo-American exchange this fall: **Maynard Ferguson** for **Johnny Dankworth** . . . **Carl Henry** and **Jim Mendes**, both with jazz shows on Providence, R. I.'s WPFM, are inviting musicians to contact them at the station. Both plan special celebrations on their programs with live concerts, "the most exciting since Newport" . . . Scandinavia is filled with American jazz these months, including the music of **Lionel Hampton**, **Eric Dolphy**, and **Cannonball Adderley** . . . **Victor Feldman** is leaving the Adderley group after its European tour . . . **J. J. Johnson** and **Lucky Thompson** appeared at the Essen (Germany) Festival, playing in front of the large Kurt Edelhagen Orchestra. Johnson went on from there for a four-week engagement at the Blue Note in Paris, accompanied by the house band led by **Kenny Clarke** . . . Pianist **John Mehegan** is now listed in *Who's Who* . . . Singer **Julie Wilson** is going to change her way of living. **Joe Glaser** will book her now and will place her in such places as Basin Street East—she'll be there with **Louis Armstrong** on May 22. And, as if that weren't enough, the former star of the most chic east side clubs has already changed her hair style, type of songs, arrangers, and is obviously thinking in terms of jazz styling. More than one shrewd observer has noted her move toward some of the trademarks of the late **Billie Holiday** . . . In Massa-

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chusetts, there are no cabaret cards, but there are "true name statements," which any performer has had to secure from the commissioner of public safety since 1948. This month, a \$2 fee was assessed for the first time "to defray costs of administering the act." The receipt issued for filing, and paying, acts as an I.D. card for the entertainer. It's the cabaret card, with some modifications and another name. Boston lawyers with some courage, the rest is up to you . . . The **Oscar Pettiford Memorial Fund**, collected and administered in Copenhagen, amounts to about \$4,913. The late bassist's widow, Jacqueline, is complaining about the handling of it. Its supervisors are complaining that she should get a job. They claim that if she doesn't she will have exhausted the trust's capital within four years because of the \$14.45 she draws from it each week for the support of her three children . . . **Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fairchild**, avid jazz enthusiasts, and owners of the Fairbrook hotel (Holden, Mass.), present jazz concerts there each Sunday night. With the advice of ex-Kenton sideman **Boots Mussuli**, the two have presented such as **Bobby Hackett, Woody Herman, Teddy Wilson, Buck Clayton**, plus much local talent . . . Ten miles away, the Worcester Art Museum continues its practice of presenting live concerts, some of them jazz.

Recently the **Mitchell-Ruff** duo plus drummer played there to about 1,000 listeners . . . The **Don Ellis Trio**, recently at the Village Vanguard, soon to be on *Candid*, consists of trumpeter Ellis, pianist **Paul Bley** and bassist **Steve Swallow** . . . The newest New York trio includes **Hal Gaylor**, bass; **Walter Norris**, piano, and **Billy Bean**, guitar . . . Trumpeter **Booker Little** and man of many reeds **Eric Dolphy** have formed a group . . . Ex-bandleader **Tommy Reynolds** is a director on Mutual's television.

The names who would have a fit if they were printed:

One important leader admits to friends that the reason for some of his bad publicity is that he is so bored with the playing of his sidemen that he can't be bothered working some evenings. He may fire them all, but he's fairly sure he can't do much better. Another leader is in the same boat, but the one sideman he should replace has become such a close friend that he can't bring himself to drop him . . . A third leader's periodic explosions could be explained by his doctor: he's under medication, and one of the side-effects of the drug causes extreme irritability . . . One record company has reportedly used up most of its initial investment . . . Another company, supposedly foundering, is afloat again after a major investment

by a labor union leader . . . Finally, if the musician's union really cracks down on tracking (the use of a previously-used background for another soloist), several companies will suffer. One booming minor record company has set itself up for a major lawsuit.

TORONTO

Toronto's first Jazz and Folk Music Festival was held April 28-29 at Castle Frank, with **Brother John Sellers, Art Hodes**, nine jazz bands, and eight folk singers taking part. The festival, held on the three floors of the ancient mansion, featured the modern jazz playing of groups led by **Don Thompson, Ron Collier, Bud Hill, Paul Hoffert, Ed Bickert, and Don Simmons**. Traditional jazz was played by **Mike White's Imperial Jazzmen, Jimmy Scott's Band** and the **Limestone City Jazz Band** of Kingston, Ontario.

Maynard Ferguson, one of the stars of the ill-fated jazz revue *Impulse!* stayed on to appear in a special CBS program dedicated to the late **Jack Kane**. Kane had been the star of a weekly TV show that featured big-band arrangements. Renamed the *Music Makers*, the program will carry on the remainder of the season with an imposing list of guest names, starting off with **Mel Tormé** . . . Among recent CBS guests were **Oscar Brown Jr.** and the **Charlie Mingus Quartet**; both ap-

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peared on *Q for Quest* . . . Erskine Hawkins was in for a week's engagement at the Brown Derby recently.

PHILADELPHIA

Saxman **Billy Root**, formerly with **Stan Kenton** and **Dizzy Gillespie**, acted and played in a Hedgerow theater production of *The Connection*. Billy led a quartet which included his brother, **Frank**, on drums; **Ace Tesone** on bass, and former **Herb Pomeroy** pianist **Danny Kent** . . . Jazz pianist **Jimmy Wisner**'s rock-and-roll hit *Asia Minor*, which he recorded under the name of **Kokomo**, continues its rise in the Top 40 listings. The disc is a version of Grieg's *Piano Concerto in A Minor* . . . **Art Lund** is playing one of the leads in the Broadway-bound musical **Donnybrook**, which opened here recently.

Local jazz fans still are putting the pressure on City Representative **Fredric R. Mann** to approve some kind of jazz concert this summer at Robin Hood Dell . . . Promoter **Sid Bernstein**, who did so well with his Atlantic City Jazz Festival last summer, is having trouble finding a site for this year's bash. The Warren theater, which was packed for the 1960 series, is being torn down. Bernstein is one of the men attempting to stage a jazz festival at Newport (*DB*, May 11).

Gerry Mulligan brought his concert band into the Red Hill Inn for a week-end. Other jazz attractions in Jersey recently have included **Slide Hampton**, **Joe Williams-Harry Edison**, and **Buddy Rich** . . . Recent groups to play the Show Boat included **Philly Jo Jones**, **Horace Silver**, and **Donald Byrd**.

DALLAS

A tumultuous audience response called back the **Modern Jazz Quartet** for four encores at the group's April 8 concert for the Dallas Jazz Society at McFarlin Auditorium . . . **Duke Ellington** will definitely not play his concert tentatively set for early May. **Louis Armstrong** will appear instead. May 2 is the date. The place is State Fair Hall. **Red Nichols** will appear there June 6.

The dance bands are still passing through, stopping usually at the Hi Ho ballroom or the Chalet, or both. **Warren Covington** with the **Tommy Dorsey** orchestra played the Hi Ho April 1, and the Chalet had **Billy May** April 10-11.

Dallas Jazz, Ltd., has yet another new owner as well as a new name—The Levee. It retains some jazz interest although the emphasis is on sing-along entertainment. The music is provided by owner **Ed Bernet's** banjo band.

A new club, **Carousel**, has opened. Featured is **George Mosse** and his Dixieland Chain Gang . . . **Dick Harp** has reopened his 90th Floor and is appearing there with a trio . . . Tenor man **John Hardee** is beginning his fifth month of weekend stints at the Eighth



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Day . . . James Clay and David (Fat-head) Newman played a concert for the Dallas Jazz Society in early April. Clay is leaving the Dallas area in early June for New York City and the Manhattan School of Music.

After an April 11 concert, Leon Breeden's NTSC Jazz Band left for the Notre Dame Jazz Festival, held April 21-22. The band will defend trophies won last year at the event. Back in Dallas, the band will premiere original compositions by north Texas area composers at the American Music Forum May 15 . . . In Fort Worth, the Harvey Anderson Quartet is enjoying good patronage weekends at the newly opened Roundtable.

CHICAGO

If the Ray Charles and Dave Brubeck concerts held last month are any indication, things are getting better for jazz business in the Windy City. The clubs still are not doing too well, but the concerts were financially successful. Charles gave two concerts, one on a Saturday, the other the following night. The singer filled the 5,000-plus-seat McCormick Place auditorium both nights. The Charles concerts reportedly grossed over \$34,000 . . . Ella Fitzgerald will concertize in the same auditorium June 16. The event will be sponsored by the University of Chicago Cancer Foundation. The organization raised funds for cancer research with Brubeck and George Shearing last summer . . . Other organizations are finding jazz a good fund raiser. The DePaul University of Mu Phi Epsilon, the national professional music sorority, presented the Ramsey Lewis Trio in concert last month. Proceeds from the concert will provide tuition funds for deserving students attending the university's music school.

Chicago is home to many folk-blues-Gospel artists. But the singers find the city a hard place to find work. Many have discovered they are welcomed with open arms in Europe. Two who have made the transatlantic jump recently are blues man Memphis Slim and Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson. Slim played a successful engagement in the British Isles. Miss Jackson, with her accompanist, Mildred Falls, made a six-week tour of Europe. The tour included visits to Britain, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and France. The singer stopped off in Rome for an audience with Pope John XXIII.

The Dick Long Band, a 15-piecer, virtually a perennial at the north side Club Laurel, will play the club every fourth weekend during the summer. The first engagement is May 26-27 . . . The Limelighters, folk and comedy specialists, were heard in concert at staid Orchestra Hall late last month. Lou Gottlieb, the bassist with the group, is



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MISCELLANEOUS

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LOS ANGELES

The Verve Records operation is reported moving in toto to New York City, with Creed Taylor leaving ABC-Paramount to assume the post of a&r head for the former Norman Granz enterprise . . . Drummer Roy Haynes, on the coast recently with Stan Getz, talked (recording) business with Contemporary Records' Lester Koenig during his stay . . . Leonard Feather's new column, *Life with Feather*, is now syndicated in daily newspapers. Its home-base paper is the San Fernando Valley Times . . . Jimmy Witherspoon is back from an 18-day tour of Europe during which the blues singer played in Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, France, and England. He toured with Buck Clayton's All-Stars.

The Toshiko-Mariano Quartet is making a flying visit to the coast. It played a concert May 9 at UCLA's Royce Hall with John Anderson's big band . . . Following the success of Tommy Bee's and Jack Rose's after-hours sessions at Le Grand Comedy theater every Saturday a.m., similar events are now under way at the Zebra Lounge and Town Hill south side rooms . . . Dave Nelson hosts regular Monday night sessions at the T.H., 95th and Main, featuring name talent. He kicked off with the Miles Davis rhythm section of Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums, with blues singer Big Miller as guest. Art Hillary is resident on piano there.

Tony Newman of Capitol Records wrote and produced the recent jazz edition of television's *Hollywood Record Room* aired over KRCA April 20. The program starred host Bobby Troup and featured Carmen McRae, Al Hirt, the Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena Duo, and disc jockey Frank Evans. The band included Phil Sobel, tenor saxophone; Joe Howard, trombone; Rolly Bundock, bass; Jack Sperling, drums.

Harry Klusmeyer's Promotional Productions has set the Chuck Marlowe Band for school events May 20 at Santa Monica's Monica hotel and June 15 at the Beverly Hills hotel. The office also set Buddy DeFranco for educational clinics May 13 at Olympic College, Bremerton, Wash., and May 18 at San Diego Junior College . . . The Joe Castro Trio continues to gas the imbibers at PJ's on Santa Monica and Crescent Heights. The establishment, owned and operated by a quintet of Chicagoans, is the latest haunt of the hip set . . . Musicians Wives, Inc., is still going strong. The organization



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staged an Easter Sunday brunch for the kiddies at the Glen Aire Country club.

Don Erjavec, leader of the American Jazz Society's school dance band, is on tap at Capitol as educational consultant . . . The **James Moody** group is currently playing a return stand at **George Alford's Zebra Lounge** . . . **Stan Kenton's** new band hopped down to Hollywood from Las Vega's Riviera hotel to complete recording of music from the Broadway show *West Side Story* . . . And Kenton's arranger, **Johnny Richards**, says he is by no means through with plans for another big band of his own. Never say die.



WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Apollo: **Carmen McRae**, 5/19-25.
 Basin Street East: **Sarah Vaughan**, **Al Hirt**, to 5/20. **Louis Armstrong**, **George Shearing**, 5/22-6/3.
 Birdland: **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Sarah McLawler**, to 5/24. **Sarah Vaughan**, **Olatunji**, **Junior Mance**, 5/25-31.
 Copa City: *unk*.

Coronet (Brooklyn): **Playhouse Four** to 5/23.
 Embers: **Erskine Hawkins**, **Teddy Wilson**, to 5/20. **Jonah Jones**, **Lee Evans**, 5/22-6/10.
 Five Spot: *unk*.
 Half Note: **Joe Newman** to 5/15. **Wes Montgomery**, 5/16-6/4.
 Jazz Gallery: **Abbey Lincoln**, **Max Roach**, **Mal Waldron**, *tfn*.
 Metropole: **Sol Yaged**, **Cozy Cole**, *tfn*.
 Roundtable: *unk*.
 Versailles: **Andy and the Bey Sisters** to 6/6.
 Village Vanguard: **Oscar Brown Jr.** to 6/4.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *tfn*.
 Dream Room: **Santo Pecora**, *tfn*.
 Famous Door: **Murphy Campo**, **Mike Lala**, *tfn*.
 French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*.
 Jazz Room: **Ellis Marsalis**, *wknds*.
 Jazz Woodshed: **Buddy Prima**, *wknds*.
 Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.
 Joy Tavern: **Alvin Tyler**, *wknds*.
 Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, *tfn*.
 Prince Conti (motel): **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.
 River Queen: **Leon Prima**, **Fri-Sat**. **Last Straws**, **Sat**, *midnite sessions*. **Albert French**, **Sun**, *sessions*.
 Spotty's: **Ditymus**, *wknds*.

PHILADELPHIA

Sahara: **Jimmy Heath**, *tfn*.
 Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony Spair 4**, *tfn*.
 Penn Lounge (Camden, N. J.): **Ben Ventura**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Birdhouse: **Jazztet**, 5/10-21. **Bill Henderson**, **Eddie Harris**, 5/24-6/4.
 Black Eyed Pea: **Pat Manago**, *tfn*.
 Bourbon St.: **Bob Scohey**, **Art Hodes**, *tfn*.
 Cafe Continental: **Dave Remington**, *tfn*.
 Gate of Horn: **Clancy Bros.**, **Tommy Makem**, to 5/14. **Shoshana Damari** to 5/21. **Brock Peters**, 5/16-5/21. **Bob Gibson**, **Granison Singers**, 5/23-6/18. **Odetta**, 6/20-7/9.
 Jazz. Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, **Jo Henderson**, **Tut Soper**, *tfn*. **Franz Jackson**, **Thurs**.
 London House: **Cy Coleman** to 5/28. **Audrey Morris**, **Eddie Higgins**, *hbs*.
 Mister Kelly's: **Bill Dana**, **Dan Sorkin**, to 5/28. **Marty Rubenstein**, **Dick Marx-John Frigo**, *hbs*.
 Orchid Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, *wknds*.
 Pigalle: **Lurlean Hunter**, **Gene Eposito**, *tfn*.
 Red Arrow: **Franz Jackson**, *wknds*.
 Roberts: **Dinah Washington**, *tfn*.
 Scotch Mist: **Tom Ponce**, *tfn*.

Sutherland: *unk*.
 Walton Walk: **Steve Behr**, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
 Black Bull: **Gus Bivona**, *tfn*.
 Black Orchid: **Gloria Smythe**, *tfn*.
 Digger: **Name grps.**, *wkends*.
 Excusez Moi: **Betty Bennett**, *wknds.*, *tfn*.
 Frascati Chale: **Jess Stacy**, *tfn*.
 Geno's Bit: **Les McCann, Ltd.**, *tfn*.
 Gilded Rafters: **Joe Darenbourg**, **Nappy Lamare**, *tfn*.
 Green Bull: **Johnny St. Cyr**, **Johnny Lucas**, *wknds*.
 Honeybucket: **South Frisco Jazz Band**, *tfn*.
 Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*.
 Jimmy Diamond's (San Bernardino): **Edgar Hayes**, *tfn*.
 Le Crazy Horse: **Pia Beck**, *tfn*.
 Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *tfn*. **Name grps.**, *Sundays*.
 Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
 PJ's: **Joe Castro**, *tfn*.
 Raffles (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace**, *tfn*.
 Renaissance: **Red Mitchell-Joe Gordon**, *wknds*.
 Bessie Griffin, **Gospel Pearls**, **Sun.**, *tfn*.
 Rosie's Red Banjo: **Art Levin**, *tfn*.
 Rumble Seat: **Dr. Jack Langles**, *wknds*.
 Shaps (Pasadena): **Loren Dexter**, *tfn*.
 Sherry's: **Pete Jolly-Raloh Pena**, *tfn*.
 Shelly's Manne Hole: **Shelly Manne**, *wknds*. **Red Mitchell**, **Mon.**, **Tues**. **Russ Freeman-Richie Kamuca**, **Wed.**, **Joe Maini**, **Thurs**.
 Sherry's Barn: **Vince Wallace**, *aft. hrs. sessions*.
 Summit: *unk*.
 Town Hill: **Art Hillary**, *tfn*. **Monday sessions**.
 Zebra Lounge: **James Moody**, *opnd*. **May 9**.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Stan Getz** to 5/21. **Oscar Peterson** opens 5/23.
 Neve: **Axidentals** to 5/21. **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** open 5/23.
 Jazz Workshop: **John Coltrane** to 5/7. **Bill Henderson** opens 5/9. **James Moody** opens 5/23.
 Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, **Joe Sullivan**, *tfn*.
 On-the-Levee: **Kid Ory**, **Fri.**, **Sat**.
 Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*.
 Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, *tfn*.
 Fairmont (hotel): **George Gobel** to 5/10. **Andy Williams** opens 5/11. **Four Freshmen** open 6/1.
 New Fack's: **Earl Grant** to 6/6. **Buddy Greco** opens 6/7.
 hungry i: **Betty Bennett**, *tfn*. (Other Room) **Mort Sahl** to 5/13. **Irwin Corey** opens 5/15.



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Afterthoughts

By GENE LEES

In the event that you don't yet know what a Grammy is, it is the record industry's equivalent of Hollywood's Oscar. In mid-April, the Grammys for 1960 recordings were awarded (see page 12).

There appears to be improvement, compared with last year, in the quality both of the nominations and the winners. But the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences is still a long way from its stated ideal of voting on the basis of "sheer artistry, and artistry alone." It is obvious that commerce and politics still have much to do with the voting.

The voting system is fundamentally inequitable. A small firm like Argo records has three voting members of NARAS while a firm like Columbia or RCA Victor will have many, many more. You figure out how much chance an Argo LP (assuming it to be meritorious) would have of winning a Grammy.

This is not to portray Columbia as deliberately taking advantage of the system. In fact, Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia, is the one man who has thus far stepped forth to criticize the Grammys. He blasted last year's awards with eloquence and, I think, accuracy. Too many NARAS members dismissed his comments as sour grapesism.

Some of this year's awards are funny, and some are merely sad. It is amusing to see Henry Mancini's *Mr. Lucky* chosen over Gerry Mulligan's *The Concert Jazz Band* as best performance by an orchestra. It is sad to see André Previn's *West Side Story* called the best jazz performance, solo or small group, when John Coltrane's significant LP *Giant Steps*, didn't even reach the final nominations stage, and the fair-minded Previn would probably be the first to admit it.

Still, the whole thing is an improvement over last year's jazz awarding. At that time, Jonah Jones' *I Dig Chicks* was called the best jazz performance by an orchestra. At that time, jazz wasn't even separated into large-band and small-group categories.

Some of the thinking that went into this year's voting—questions of industry politics and commerce aside—was fuzzy.

It would seem odd that I should kvetch about the awards to *Sketches of Spain*, in view of the fact that I consider it the most beautiful album of music ever to arise out of jazz.

And I don't dispute one of the decisions: its selection as the best jazz

performance by a large group.

But it seems strange to see it called the best jazz composition of more than five minutes duration. For *Sketches of Spain* isn't a composition at all, it's an album title. The album contains a number of compositions, one of them a guitar concerto which Gil Evans reorchestrated for performance with the solo trumpet of Miles Davis. The concerto is by Joaquin Rodrigo, whose name was not co-credited with that of Evans and Davis.

In some of the other categories, the nominations were just ridiculous.

It was disconcerting to see an Elvis Presley single (*Are You Lonesome Tonight?*) nominated as the best performance by a pop single artist. (Ray Charles' *Georgia on My Mind* won, fortunately.) But it was downright shocking (that's what Goddard Lieberson called the nominations last year) to see Presley's *G.I. Blues* nominated as the best album vocal performance, male, when *Mel Tormé Swings Schubert Alley*—one of the best albums of its kind by a male singer in the past five years—didn't get a mention. Here, in the area of pop vocals, the commercial thinking in the NARAS nominations was most manifest.

The idea of the NARAS awards—to encourage the best in American music—is a fine one. And there is evidence that the organization is getting itself together. It is well to consider the flaws and faults and foolishness in this year's nominations and awards, with a view to a more just celebration of the good in future awards. But, to keep things in perspective, we should also note how much more meaningful the awards were this year than last year.

Some progress appears to have been made.



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