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THE EDITORIAL

We would like to refer you to Don DeMicheal's report (on page 16) on the third annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, held recently at the University of Notre Dame.

We suspect there are among our readers those who have the same reservations about the quality of jazz possible in colleges that DeMicheal had prior to attending the festival.

There is a certain irony in the fact that those who have fought most for the recognition of jazz as an art form should be dubious exactly at the time when it is getting recognition and, with it, the trappings of recognition—acceptance in the academic institutions of the land.

Perhaps it is a habit of mind. Those who admired or played jazz in the past were aware that their cause was outside the mainstream of American academic-cultural thought. Theirs was a minority opinion, and they fought for it, and suddenly it is less necessary to be an iconoclast in order to proclaim the seriousness of purpose of jazz, and therefore there is not so much to fight. But fighting gets to be a habit . . .

Then, too, there was—and, in many quarters is—doubt in the minds of jazz lovers whether jazz could be learned in an atmosphere of ivy. Here, too,

there is irony; if the academicians were skeptical about jazz, jazz was skeptical about the academicians.

The results of the Notre Dame event would seem to indicate that at this point the colleges have embraced jazz with far more sincerity and depth than jazz has embraced the colleges.

Not that all the colleges offer bona fide courses in jazz music and the performance thereof. In most cases, jazz is an extra-curricular activity. But it is an activity that is more than tolerated; it is encouraged. It exists in the schools primarily because of the enthusiasm of those young men who want to play it, want to improve their playing of it.

We are not enthusiastic about the festival because we cosponsored it; we cosponsored it because we are enthusiastic about it and what it implies.

The Collegiate Jazz Festival exists only because there is this vast movement toward jazz in our colleges and universities, a movement that the slouching, tennis-shoe-clad hippy (often less a friend to jazz than a bringer of bad reputation) doesn't even know exists. The future is likely to see a broadening of the movement, for it is beginning to feel pressure from below, pressure from those youngsters now in high school bands who will soon be moving on to college.

Do not make the mistake of thinking

that the jazz being played in our colleges is polite and quiet. It is as current as jazz you will find anywhere. Indeed, if a fault is to be found, it lies in the modish imitateness of most of the players. They are young, of course, and early records by many of our best musicians indicate how normal this is for youngsters. Those whose talent runs deep will find their own way as they grow older; others will drop out.

Even as it was, there were a few original talents among this year's participants in the festival, particularly David Lahm, the pianist who won in his instrumental category and, to a lesser extent, baritonist Les Rout.

There is another thing that is deeply significant about the Collegiate Jazz Festival. It intimates how strong are the roots of jazz. These college musicians aren't playing jazz for money, to run up big record sales, or because it is the best way they know to make a living. They are playing it for the sheer wish to play it, for the appeal of jazz as an expressive medium.

This in turn offers strong reassurance that, whatever the vicissitudes of the record business or nightclub operations or the antagonism of those who don't understand jazz, this music will go on in the foreseeable future. It will go on because all over America, young musicians want it to go on.

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ON THE COVER

The soaring success of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet in the time lapsing since the alto saxophonist's appearance on *Down Beat's* Oct. 15, 1959, cover, has been one of the phenomena of the music business. What forces go into the making of this group? Beginning on page 19 is Part I of a roundtable discussion by the members of the quintet.

THINGS TO COME

The cover subject will be one of the most controversial figures in jazz—Dave Brubeck. Admired by many, with perhaps the largest lay following of any jazzman, Brubeck is damned by others. Brubeck is the subject of a closeup by Gene Lees in the June 22 issue, on sale June 8. Also in the issue will be *Down Beat's* annual combo directory, Part II of the Adderley group's roundtable discussion, and an article on the driving group co-led by Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Johnny Griffin.

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STRAIGHT TALK

FROM TEDDY CHARLES:

In our first column, I gave you a general introduction to Warwick's five brand new Jazz albums, each one of which I suggested as being worthwhile investments for your record collection.

Now, in more detail... NAT WRIGHT... "THE BIGGEST VOICE IN JAZZ", Warwick 2040.

Your reaction to this title will be, "Man, is he kidding? This I've got to hear!" And that was exactly our intention in so naming the album, for Nat is truly one of the biggest voices you will hear in a field ordinarily characterized by voices which can't carry across a room with a microphone. Nat can blow walls down! Bigness alone isn't enough, of course. Nat's sensitivity to lyrics represents a more meaningful approach than most Jazz singers. Not only that, but you'll enjoy it too.



Nat Wright ("THE BIGGEST VOICE IN JAZZ", WARWICK 2040) and Teddy Charles, Director, during the recording of Nat's album.

I remember when we completed the take on MY MAN'S GONE NOW (from Porgy & Bess), the musicians, COLEMAN HAWKINS, BENNY GREEN, WYNTON KELLY, PAUL CHAMBERS, and JIMMY COBB, applauded sincerely. As a playing veteran of at least fifty vocal recording sessions, I can tell you truthfully, I have seen this happen only once before.

On Nat's other tracks, he is accompanied by JIMMY GIUFFRE, JIMMY RANEY, TOMMY FLANAGAN, RON CARTER and RONNIE BEDFORD, so that not only is Nat's singing worth hearing but the quality of Jazz playing is equally superb, with HAWKINS, KELLY, GREEN, GIUFFRE and RANEY contributing exciting solos.

In 1957 I was privileged to be the first to record the new trombone sensation from Detroit, Curtis Fuller on Prestige. It isn't surprising, therefore, that for one of my first new albums on Warwick, I would choose to present the Curtis Fuller of today. You have to be pretty hip to understand the significance of the album title, CURTIS FULLER... "BOSS OF THE SOUL-STREAM TROMBONE". Warwick 2038, but that's what he is. Cash Box says, "The best of the new Trombonists, and the most exciting new star... since J.J. ... thrillingly puts across his soulful blues statements."

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WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG—DEPT. C

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Things Aren't That Serious

In your April 27 issue, you printed a rather unusual news story titled *Like, Stay Straight—Give Up Dancing*. I don't understand why you print such erroneous material. The author has, obviously, no idea what he is talking about. If jazz is "one of the five major causes of juvenile crime in the United States," why did the Eisenhower administration sponsor American jazzmen abroad? Why did the former President himself say, "Jazz is one of our best diplomats"? Besides who, in his right mind, would give up one of the oldest recreations in the world just because one person happens to think it (dancing) is lurid and lewd?

Dedham, Mass. Sloan Auchincloss

We printed it because it happened and because it was funny, and interesting, and thought our readers would be as amused as we.

Big Band Issue

Heartiest congratulations on the April 27 issue of *Down Beat* . . . wonderful. I also want to commend you for printing the two letters from Robert S. Hollingsworth and Frank L. Silloway Jr. It is real democracy when you print letters in opposition to your policy like this, and I think you answered their complaints with this issue. However, I must admit that up to this point, they were correct in their complaint that the big bands had been ignored somewhat and that groups and soloists were getting all the attention. Undoubtedly, the "clique" will disavow their letters, but more of the music fans scattered around the country will agree . . .

The only drag was, once again, the record reviews. It seems to me that these writers, particularly Ira Gitler and John S. Wilson, have heard so many records that they have lost all taste . . . It has actually gotten to the point now that if Wilson or Gitler praises a record, I avoid it, and if they pan one, I run out and buy it.

As an example, Wilson panned *Swinging at the Opera*, and I bought it, and it wasn't bad big-band music. He panned Bill Holman, and it was great. Gitler raved about *Mingus Plays Mingus* and a Cecil Taylor LP. One of my friends bought them. And when we played the two records, we found them the worst we had ever heard—full of out-of-tune saxophones and racial hatred on the Mingus, and thoroughly confusing music on the Taylor. I have been a musician for 20 years and try to be broadminded, but I will never admit that this undisciplined chaos is music.

But nevertheless, despite the record reviews, the magazine should be praised to the sky for this issue.
Devon, Conn. Wayne Kregling Jr.

Down Beat has no anti-big band policy. On the contrary, DB has been a prime mover in developing big bands in colleges and high schools throughout the country.

What readers Silloway and Hollingsworth took to be a failure to cover big bands results from the scarcity of big bands to cover. Of those big jazz bands that do exist, and work with something approaching regularity, virtually every one has been featured in Down Beat in the last year.

What musicians struggling with big bands would like to know is this: If there are as many big-band fans as a few readers claim, where are they when the bands go out on tour, hungry for audiences? Where are they when the big-band LPs go on the record shop counters for sale?

Having read Robert Hollingsworth's letter in the April 27 issue, I would like to say that I think *DB's* reviewing staff does a marvelous job, providing such a variety of viewpoints as it does.

If Mr. Hollingsworth wants happy entertainment from jazz, he should dig the commercialized acts with their funny hats, loud jackets, vaudeville hokum, etc., and leave serious music (and publications) for those of us who look upon jazz as more than musical comedy.

Several issues ago, a reader expressed the opinion that records from 1952 or 1953 should not be used in the *Blindfold Test* but only the latest releases. This smacks of the modern pop music scene . . . If a record from eight years ago, or even 30, still demonstrates value today, then it is worthy of consideration as the most modern recordings. After all, the yesterdays of jazz helped spawn the jazz of today.

Leland, N. C.

Harry L. Field

Struggling with Si

Your article by John Tynan entitled *The Struggles of Si*, in the April 27 issue, amused and irritated me at the same time, and I must take exception to Si Zentner's remarks about agents being lazy, order takers, and so forth.

In the 23 years I have been active in this business as a personal manager and as an agent, I can truthfully say, that while I was managing such names as Ted Weems, Henry Busse, when these bands were signed to MCA, GAC, William Morris etc., I never met a lazy agent or an order taker.

I don't believe that Zentner realizes that agents try hard to sell and are anxious to make a sale, not only for the benefit of their clients but for their own benefits as well. However, the salesman, whether he is selling music or coffee, must have a salable product.

Just because Zentner is a fine musician, has excellent arrangements, and a group of musicians who will travel doesn't mean that he can be sold. And when and if he is sold, will he do any business? Will he be able to play a repeat date? On Zentner's fairly recent tour of the middle west he played a couple of promotional dates to less than 100 people. Zentner will prob-



TO CANNON BALL

. . . whose first 'first' in the *Down Beat* poll is fitting tribute to an imaginative musician who is an articulate spokesman for the world of jazz and music generally. We tip our hat to Cannonball Adderley, proud that his alto saxophone is and has been a King Super-20.



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ably blame this on the promoter, and it's possible that the promoter was at fault, but I don't think so. Promoters are just as anxious as any agent or bandleader to make money, but they also need a product that will bring in some business.

When Zentner develops such a product, possibly he will think better of agents in the future. Until then, he will probably keep on griping about agents and agencies. Chicago, Ill. William T. Black

Deceived?

Your staff has been deceived in their evaluations of musicians such as Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy as innovators.

In my estimation, one of the best examples of Indian music is *Vrindabani Saranga* on a record no longer issued by Westminster records entitled *The Indian Raga*. To those fortunate enough to hear this music and who have heard Coleman . . . it would seem as if Coleman had heard traditional Indian music and had borrowed selected passages from it from which he fashioned his so-called style.

Even if Coleman happened upon his style quite by "accident," he should still not be considered an innovator, since the music he plays belongs to the traditional music of India and, therefore, is not new.


Coleman's rise to fame seems to be the work of a good publicity agent plus the ignorance of so-called modern-jazz authorities who apparently have no knowledge of exotic music ("exotic" meaning not Western) . . .

Exotic musicians and musicologists can no longer recognize modern jazz as a pure art form, since Coleman has been accepted as an innovator.

In my estimation, the complete list of modern jazz saxophone innovators . . . are Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, J.R. Monterose, and John Coltrane.

On a record entitled *Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus*, no credit is given to Arabic music, from which the music on this record has been influenced. It may be that these musicians have not heard Arabic music and are producing it "accidentally." In either case, another so-called innovator, appearing on this record, Eric Dolphy, is not an innovator, since Arabic music is also not new.

Exotic musicians and musicologists are glad that modern jazz musicians have taken their recent influence from exotic music or else "accidentally" play it. We only ask that proper credit be given to exotic music, and that musicians playing it are no longer called innovators. Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Richard Chand

In a review in Dec. 10, 1959, DB, Gene Lees pointed out that tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris was a student of Middle and Far Eastern music and said that, to describe his playing at that time, "the closest reference is . . . Ornette Coleman." In an article in the Sept. 29, 1960, Down Beat, John Coltrane said: "I like Eastern music; Yusef Lateef has been using this in his playing for some time. And Ornette Coleman sometimes plays music with a Spanish content, as well as other exotic-flavored music." Countless such instances can be cited. 

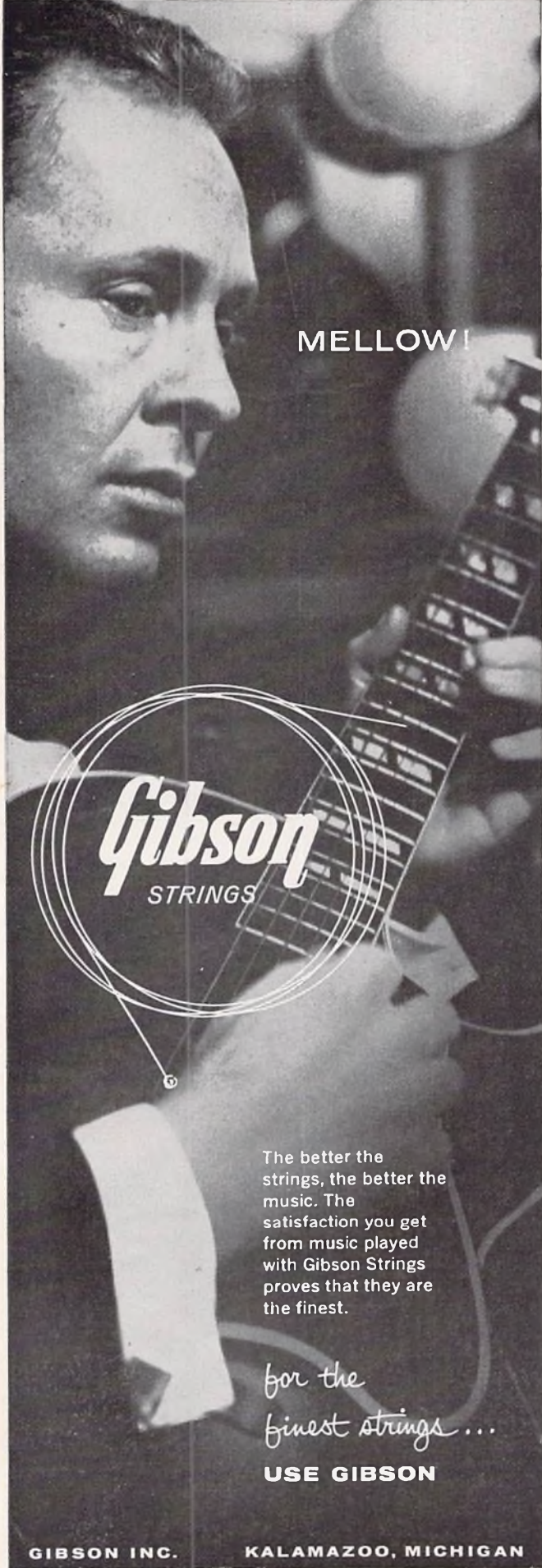
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NEW YORK

As a result of the several legal hassles over the estates of deceased jazz musicians, the late **Billie Holiday's** remains will be moved to a "better" part of St. Raymond's cemetery in New York's Bronx. A memorial stone will be put on the new grave in the St. Paul section of the cemetery. Details will be announced in the near future.

Miles Davis was named "Fashion Personality for the Month of May" by *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. The magazine printed a photo of Miles wearing a jacket of his own design . . . Tenor saxophonist **Budd Johnson** joined the **Count Basie Orchestra** . . . **Jimmy Giuffre** works Tuesday nights only at the Five Spot. His trio consists of **Paul Bley**, piano, and **Steve Swallow**, bass . . . A benefit for veteran pianist **Pete Johnson** was held early this month at the Jazz Gallery. One of the most famous of the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, victim of a stroke, can no longer play . . . Insiders claim **Duke Ellington** has completed a musical play, *Man with Four Sides*, and hopes for a Broadway production this fall.



DAVIS

For eight months trumpeter **Chet Baker** has been serving time in Lucca, Italy, awaiting trial for the possession of narcotics, and implicated with a further charge of smuggling narcotics. A variety of others, including his wife, several doctors and druggists, were also arrested on the same charge. Last month they were all brought to trial. The prosecution asked that Chet be jailed for seven years. After five days of trial and more than seven hours of judicial deliberation, Mrs. Baker was dismissed. Chet was found guilty of three narcotics charges, fined \$128 and sentenced to one year, seven months, and 10 days, with eight months credit for the time that he had already spent in the Lucca jail.



JONES

Quincy Jones, unhappy with the problems of keeping a big band intact and in the money, has suggested that two or three of his contemporary leaders should pool resources and form their own booking and public relations agency. In any case, he intends now to make Switzerland, probably Geneva, home base for the band. As he explains, the band spends almost six months each year in Europe. the tax situation is infinitely better there, "and the people swing there. But," he added, "I don't want to cut myself off from New York. This is the place where the important jazz things happen."

When Quincy came home from his recent European tour, trumpeter **Benny Bailey** and baritonist **Sahib Shihab** stayed behind—to live in Sweden.

Another bandleader made proclamations and news this month. **Marshall Brown**, variously described as the leader of a sextet, a big-small, and a big-big band, announced that he had "officially" disbanded the Newport Youth Band for two reasons. "First," he said, "there is no more patronage from the Newport Jazz Festival, and no more national or international platform. Secondly, the purpose of the band was to develop young musicians for the professional orches-

(Continued on page 48)

down beat

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June 8, 1961

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THE STILLED TROMBONE

The war in Europe seemed far away to Americans in 1914. It seemed especially far away to the bespectacled 16-year-old trombonist playing in the pit of a silent movie house in Brooklyn. It was Irving Milfred (Miff) Mole's first music job. The job was a part-time one—he still helped his father paint houses in the daytime. But paints, turpentine, and brushes were not for Miff.

Soon after the sensational opening of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in New York in 1917, Mole, trumpeter Phil Napoleon, and clarinetist Jimmy Lytell formed the Original Memphis Five. Based on the style of the ODJB, the Memphis Five (none of the members had ever seen that Tennessee city) worked its first job at New York's Coney Island, during the time a big-nosed pianist was working the amusement park—Jimmy Durante.

By 1919, Mole was working with Sam Lanin at the Roseland ballroom. But the Memphis Five continued cutting discs for many of the post-World War record companies. The group did not always use its original name. The sometimes-humorous band names found on these records—for instance, Cotton Pickers, Tennessee Tooters, Original Tampa Five—puzzled early record collectors as they made the rounds of junk shops in the '30s, but all were by the Memphis Five.

In the middle-'20s, after cornetist Red Nichols and drummer Vic Berton got him a job with Donald Voorhees, Mole formed with Nichols one of the most prolific recording groups of the '20s—Red Nichols and the Five Pennies. Besides Mole and Nichols, the personnel, at various times, included Jimmy Dorsey, Frank Teschemacher, Pee Wee Russell, Gene Krupa, Joe Sullivan, and many other well-known jazzmen of the '20s.

Mole also made records during this period as a sideman. The most famous was *Singin' the Blues*, under the leadership of cornetist Bix Beiderbecke and saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer. Mole also recorded with Bix on Gennett.

During the early and middle '20s, Mole was one of the most widely imitated trombonists in jazz. One trombonist who felt the weight of his influence was Tommy Dorsey. Dorsey once said



THE DRUM BATTLE

Every year, the Gretsch drum company holds a "drum battle" at New York's Birdland—the admission pass being a Gretsch snare drum. Taking part in the drum marathon last month were Philly Joe Jones and Art Blakey (seen above), Charlie Persip, Pete LaRocca, and Sam Ulano. Blakey was master of ceremonies.

that Mole was the "Babe Ruth of the trombone." Mole's style, however, went out of fashion with the ascendancy of Jack Teagarden and Jimmy Harrison in the late '20s.

In the early days of the depression, Mole left jazz to take a radio staff job in New York. During his more than 10 years at NBC, he performed mostly non-jazz music, even playing under Toscanini in the NBC symphony.

But the studio life, as the house-painting life of his youth, was not for Miff. He left the studios, and in 1942-43, he played with Benny Goodman's big band. But big bands, seemingly, were not to the trombonist's liking either. He formed a Dixieland group and played at Nick's, in Greenwich Village, for the next four years.

By 1948, Mole had settled in Chicago. He was a member of the first band to play the Blue Note in that city. During his five years in Chicago he also worked at the Bee Hive (before it was a modern-jazz room) and at Jazz, Ltd., where he stayed 26 months.

In March 1953, he returned to New York, but he soon was hospitalized with a hip ailment, which was to plague him and cause him to undergo many

operations. His finances depleted, the trombonist who helped set the style of white jazz in the '20s, hobbled about on crutches, unable to play his horn for a living.

Late last year, he was reported selling pretzels in New York. Friends heard of his plight and arranged a benefit for him, to have been held May 22.

The trombonist will never receive any benefits from the event. Miff Mole died after a stroke April 29.

TWO NEW BILLS ON NARCOTICS

Senators Jacob K. Javits (R-N.Y.) and Kenneth B. Keating (R-N.Y.) introduced two bills in the Senate late in April that reflect a new approach to the narcotics problem.

One would distinguish between addicts and criminals, meaning federal narcotics violators who are narcotics addicts and those who are nonaddicted peddlers. It would send the addicts to hospitals, not to jail. The other bill seeks to establish a federal-state program for construction and operation of new hospital facilities for the treatment of addicts.

Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy

has taken an interest in the proposed legislation and is known to favor both bills in general.

The two senators also introduced a resolution calling on President Kennedy to call a White House conference on narcotics.

Senate Bill 1694, introduced by Keating, reads, "In the administration and enforcement of federal penal laws dealing with narcotics, individuals whose violation of any such law is attributable to the fact that they are victims of narcotic addiction would be afforded an opportunity for treatment and rehabilitation, and individuals whose violation of such laws is not so attributable should be dealt with as criminals deserving of severe punishment."

Co-sponsored by Senators Javits, Prescott Bush (R-Conn.), Clifford P. Case (R-N. J.), Philip A. Hart (D-Mich.), Estes Kefauver (D-Tenn.), Thomas H. Kuchel (R-Calif.), and Hugh Scott (R-Pa.), the bill would permit the civil commitment of narcotic addicts to the custody of the U.S. surgeon general. Addicts would not be eligible for commitment if they were charged with the sale or other transfer of narcotics.

Section 3 of the bill, a key part, reads, "Any eligible person charged with a violation of a federal penal law relating to narcotics, other than the sale or other transfer of narcotics, shall, upon being brought before a committing magistrate, be informed that the prosecution of the criminal charge will be held in abeyance if the eligible person chooses to submit to an immediate examination to determine if he is a drug user. He shall be further informed that if he makes such an election and it is found that he is a drug user, and the court so orders, he shall then have to submit to a mandatory civil commitment."

Senate Bill 1693, introduced by Javits and co-sponsored by Keating and most of the aforementioned senators, reads, "Existing hospital facilities for the treatment of narcotic addicts are inadequate in size and number to meet present and future needs . . . It is necessary that greater stress be placed on the medical, as distinguished from the penal, approach to solving the problem of narcotic addiction."

The bill seeks to assist states financially to build and maintain special narcotics hospital facilities and to furnish technical assistance as well.

The proposed White House narcotics conference, in the words of the resolution introduced by Javits, "should undertake to recommend ways and means of securing more uniformity in state and federal enforcement of narcotic statutes and their penalties and to

delineate more clearly federal, state, and local authority."

Richard A. Kuh, administrative assistant to New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan, was praised by Javits for his help in preparing the bills.

Keating said, "The objective of the bills is to permit more flexibility in the treatment of innocent victims of drug addiction. The keynote of the entire program is hospitalization and after-care supervision of those drug addicts who should be civilly, rather than criminally, committed."

The bill dealing with the courts, No. 1694, is now in the hands of the Senate judiciary committee. The bill proposing federal aid for new state hospitals, No. 1693, was referred to the labor and public welfare committee. Similar bills are expected to be introduced in the House of Representatives by four New York representatives.

A POLICY OF BIG BANDS

The payola scandals of last year have not had the completely salutary effect on radio music programming that had been hoped for. Much of the recorded sound on the air today is the same Top-40 rock-and-roll tripe associated with the greased palm of day before yesterday. And though some stations



Paisley

With pro-band mail

reformed, or tried to, after the scandals broke, the backsliding has been marked.

In the face of such widespread catering to tastelessness, it is a surprise to find one radio station — AM, at that — that refuses to knuckle under and featurizes, of all things, "the sophisticated sound of the big bands" 24 hours a day.

What makes the policy even more unusual is the fact that the station is WRCV in Philadelphia, the home of Dick Clark, Bill Haley, Fabian, Chubby Checker, Bobby Rydell, Frankie Avalon, and so many other rock-and-roll

pushers that the Quaker City might be regarded as the center of the sickening sound.

WRCV once was at or near the top in Philadelphia radio. (When it had the call letters KYW, born in Chicago and since moved to Cleveland, the station launched the Jan Savitt Band.) But, since the advent of rock and roll, its ratings slipped badly. Formerly small independents, such as WIBG, took over the top spots with Top 40.

In January, 1960, the National Broadcasting Co., which owns and operates WRCV, sent in Dick Paisley from its New York City spot sales staff to take over as WRCV radio manager. Paisley's assignment was to build up the ratings and sales.

A native Philadelphian and a one-time trumpeter, Paisley thought he had the formula: appeal to a quality, mature audience by programming big-band music. The policy began on Jan. 4, 1960, and went all the way with big bands. There were no vocals, unless they were by singers with the bands.

In April, 1960, a request for mail brought in 1,100 letters and cards backing the policy. Gradually, the restrictive policy was refined. A selected list of "approved vocalists" was compiled. On the list were such singers as Frank Sinatra, Mel Tormé, Nat Cole, Perry Como, Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Eydie Gorme, Dinah Shore, and Dean Martin. All vocalists still had to have big-band backing.

On the first anniversary of the big-band sound, WRCV decided to make another check of listener reaction. Each of the station's five full-time disc jockeys made a simple appeal for mail. No prizes, no gimmicks, no incentives were offered. Listeners were told the big-band sound would continue in 1961 but that "bucking the trends is not easy, and your support is both the prime inspiration and the commercial means by which we continue bringing you what you like." The fans were asked to write "to show the Doubting Thomases how many people really enjoy good music."

In eight days, 11,624 listener letters and cards were received. Mail continued coming in for more than a month, and the total has exceeded 13,000.

Paisley is encouraged by the surprisingly large amount of mail received from teenagers who abandoned rock and roll and are "discovering" big-band music.

Yet Paisley is confused. WRCV sales during the first year of big-band programming were up by 20 percent, 30 percent nationally and 12 percent locally. But, at the same time, reports from the rating services were not encouraging.

Pulse, a rating service, even shows a decline for WRCV's audience since the big-band programming started. The Nielsen rating is somewhat better, and Hooper shows the station to be moving up. But Paisley insists that none of the rating services shows "anywhere near the improvement borne out by the listener response."

As much as he dislikes the Top 40 format, Paisley admits it is exciting. Since big-band music is exciting, he said he feels he is giving listeners the invigorating quality of Top 40 with none of its musical vulgarity or tasteless commercials.

All of the disc jockeys pick their own records, using a balanced format of the swing era bands (Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, the Dorsey brothers, Glen Gray); the newer big bands, (Ted Heath, Si Zentner, Siravo); several vocalists, and a scattering of vocal groups such as the Modernaires and the Four Freshmen. Combos with a "full sound" also are a recent addition. There is not too much of the Mantovani type of music and little Lombardo-Kaye music. Paisley and program director Bob Benson watch the programming carefully.

Cynics may point to the rating services and put down WRCV and its big-band format. But Paisley looks at stacks of mail and says, "Thirteen thousand people can't be wrong."

NEW GROOVE FOR L.A. JAZZMEN

For jazzmen, the financial rewards of working in Hollywood are not restricted to playing horns. Through the years, bandleaders and sidemen have done their bit in motion pictures, though not always to the credit of their music.

The boom of the television film industry now appears to be opening an entirely new field of livelihood for the Hollywood jazzman—that is, if one is to judge from the casting of a recent segment of the series, *Adventures in Paradise*, a South Seas saga.

Making their debut as television actors in the 60-minute play *Wild Mangoes*, televised over the ABC network May 1, were drummer Shelly Manne and two members of his quintet, Richie Kamuca and Conte Candoli.

The trio essayed roles of members of a jazz group on a luxury liner (an oddity in itself), who, having been fired off the gig, were stranded penniless on the Pacific isle of Bora Bora. Their loyal wives, who continued to Tahiti, sent for hero Adam Troy and his schooner Tiki to rescue the hip husbands from their sticky pickle. A fellow castaway of the three jazzmen was played by actor Tige Andrews, who was cast as the band's pianist.

The casting of a professional man as the piano player provoked in the minds of many music business observers the

disquieting thought that possibly a jazz-pianist-doubling actor was not to be found in all Hollywood.

Lest all be lost, however, one judge of acting talent commented, "Well, they can always call Harry the Hipster."

SINATRA'S LABEL OFF AND RUNNING

An independent record company entering the industry today has got to debut with a bang, if it is to stand a fighting chance in a fiercely competitive business. Some three months following the initial announcement by Frank Sinatra that he was forming his own recording firm, Reprise records, the company hit the market with a multi-album package calculated by veteran record men to be strong enough to boost the new label off to a racing start.

The first five albums on Reprise's release list were Sinatra's *Ring-A-Ding-Ding*, conducted and arranged by Johnny Mandel, Sammy Davis Jr.'s *The Wham Of Sam*, Mavis Rivers' *Mavis*, Ben Webster's *Warm Moods*, and comedian Joe E. Lewis' *It Is Now Past Time*.

Due for early release are two diverse albums now in the can, Mort Sahl's *The New Frontier* and Jimmy Witherspoon's as-yet-untitled big-band LP under direction of arranger Bob Florence. Both Sahl and Witherspoon are now exclusive Reprise artists.

FESTIVAL AT ESSEN

By JOACHIM E. BERENDT

Thelonious Monk and Roland Kirk—the man who plays three saxophones at once—were the high points of this year's German Jazz Festival in Essen. It was the biggest jazz festival ever held in Europe, attended by jazz fans who came from all over the continent.

More than 13,000 of them listened in ultramodern Gruga Hall in Essen, one of the biggest cities in Germany's industrious Ruhr country.

The planning and programming of the Essen festival was quite different from other European festivals. Essen used not only some U. S. attractions, then touring Europe, but gave also a living survey of the contemporary jazz scenes, as well.

Blues singing was represented by Jimmy Witherspoon, modern jazz singing by Rita Reys, the girl from Holland who has recorded with Art Blakey. Big-band jazz came from Europe's leading orchestra—that of Johnny Dankworth, from England. George Wein's Newport All-Stars (including Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson, and Ruby Braff) and Buck Clayton's group (with Dicky Wells, Ruddy Tate, Earl Warren, and Emmett Berry) took care of the mainstream. The new Jackie McLean-Art Taylor combo played hard bop.

Hans Koller, Germany's leading jazz musician, confronted his tenor saxophone with five trumpets, while some of Kurt Edelhagen's international musicians (from six countries) did it vice versa, confronting Yugoslav Dusko Gojkovic's trumpet with four saxes.

Lou Bennett preached on organ a la Jimmy Smith. J. J. Johnson was superb, as always, and pianist Bud Powell, once again, showed that during these last years in Paris, he has become as good as he was in the best of his earlier period. Kenny Clarke was omnipresent at the festival, playing with Bennett, Powell, Johnson, the Edelhagen group and Kirk.

Kirk was fascinating to watch and to listen to. In addition to his three saxes, he now plays two flutes. He is like one of the old blind street musicians of the south, transplanted into the world of modern jazz. After his set with Clarke, he played one number on three saxes without rhythm section, and he swung as I have never heard anyone swing without a rhythm section.

Thousands of fans were fascinated. Four German newspapers mentioned Kirk's name in headlines. German television videotaped him for a special show right after the festival.

Judging from the thousands of fans streaming into Essen for the weekend of the festival, one would think that the event was as successful commercially as it was musically. But travel expenses from the U. S. to Europe for the many U. S. musicians who came especially to the festival, in addition to the normal fees, ran so high that the city of Essen had to help the festival organizer to get his budget balanced.

Essen, fortunately, is one of the richest cities in Germany.



AN ART SHOW AT A DRUM CENTER

Among the 2,400 shows per year at art institutions throughout southern California, the Hollywood Art Group's exhibition early this month was probably the most unusual in a long time. The week-long show was held at Drum City percussion store in Hollywood.

Understandably, there was a connection with the music business. Patti Hendrickson, leading light of the art group and apparently its most prolific member, is the wife of guitarist Al Hendrickson. Some 20 of her canvases were on display in the percussion emporium, three of which sold at the show for \$350 each. Other Hendrickson paintings, ranging from still lifes and Parisian street scenes to a long, horizontal oil titled *Jam Session* (which sold for \$200), included works in private collections of such well-known musicians as drummer Nick Fatool, trombonist Herbie Harper, bassist Ted Hammond, pianist Jimmy Rowles, and singer-band-leader Bob Crosby.

Painter Hendrickson, whose work has been viewed in over 30 exhibits here and in Europe, is a winner of an American Artists award.

Other painters exhibiting included the husband-wife team of Whiting and Merrill Fettinger; drummer Dave Coleman of Seattle, Wash., who has exhibited at that city's art museum and other galleries; singer Jeanne Garcia; W. King Driggs, father of the King Sisters vocal group; drummer Jill Roberts. Also on view were wood sculpting by Clyde Wilson, enameled copper pieces and jewelry by Sylvia Tate Bates, sculpted pieces by Merrill Fettinger, and photographs by Lois Lee Mandel.

Drum City proprietor Roy Harte, who agreed to house the exhibition when a Los Angeles downtown bank, originally selected as site of the show, became unavailable, said he now plans to make it a yearly event. Next year, said Harte, invitations to participate will be extended to a broader group of artists in the diverse media.

COLLEGE JAZZ IN CALIFORNIA

Every Easter week for the past decade the Lighthouse Cafe in Hermosa Beach, Calif., has been the site of inter-collegiate jazz festivals for small groups from colleges and universities throughout southern California.

This year, for the first time and in co-operation with *Down Beat*, the Lighthouse selected one outstanding musician who received a scholarship from this magazine paying tuition at one of the Stan Kenton band clinics to be held this summer at Indiana University.



WINNERS RECEIVE AWARDS

Proudly displaying their awards as leaders of first- and second-place combos in the 10th annual inter-collegiate jazz festival held Easter week at the Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, Calif., are (l. to r.) drummer Bill Goodwin and pianist Darneill Pershing, both of Los Angeles Valley College. Howard Rumsey, bass-playing leader of the Lighthouse All-Stars and one of the judges in the event, presented the plaques.

The winning musician was pianist-arranger Jim Gilliam, of North Hollywood, Calif., a member of the Bill Goodwin group from San Fernando College, one of three combos from that institution and the winning group.

Combos from 20 colleges and junior colleges throughout the southern California area participated in the week-long festival that saw almost 100 young musicians participating in the event. Goodwin's winning group competed against four other finalists in the Easter Sunday climax to the festival. Runners-up were from Chaffey Junior College, East Los Angeles Junior College, Compton Junior College, and a second group from Los Angeles Valley College.

Acting as judges were Howard Rumsey and his Lighthouse All-Stars—Bob Cooper, reeds; Joe Gordon, trumpet; Dick Johnston, piano; Nick Martinis,

drums. Selected by the judges for recognition as outstanding instrumentalists were Mike Henderson (El Camino College), baritone saxophone; Dave van de Pitte (Westlake College), trombone; Eddie Chacon (East Los Angeles Junior College), conga; Mike Deasy (El Camino), guitar; Larry Janes (Chaffey), accordion; Bob SESCO (Westlake), clarinet; Dave Hayward (UCLA), pocket trumpet; Mike Rudolph (Compton), vibes and flute; Willie Arriola (East Los Angeles), timbales.

Others winning awards included Rob Faulkner (Valley College), trumpet; Richard Torres, (East Los Angeles), alto saxophone; Louis Shapero (Valley College), tenor saxophone; Gilliam, piano; Mel Lee (Valley College), drums; Lani Merritt (Valley College), bass.

Of the 26 young composers in the festival, the following received notice: Gilliam, best composer; Darneill Pershing, best ballad; Bob Freeman, most unusual arrangement; Warren Luening, best jazz waltz.

Emphasizing the scholastic nature of the event and portending shades of things to come in following years, a special series of outstanding high school dance bands kicked off each evening's proceedings throughout the week.

MOMENT OF TRUTH

Heard on New Orleans' Bourbon St. as an excited tourist read the sign advertising Bobby Hackett's quintet at the Dream Room:

"Oh, look, Bobby Hackett's there!" And then, his voice dropping disappointedly, "Oh, but that's not *Buddy* Hackett, is it?"



DON ELLIS

By BILL COSS

Two years ago, Ornette Coleman burst into the jazz world, arousing controversy because of what was thought to be a new and unorthodox way of playing.

This year, trumpeter Don Ellis has arrived, and at first listening, it seems as if we are in for more of the same kind of thing. Both musicians make extreme use of some early advances made by bop—disregarding the bar line, playing only bits of a phrase, and so forth.

But the differences between them are far greater than the similarities, beginning with the fact that Coleman says he plays as he does because he "feels" it that way, while Ellis is more deliberately constructive, and his influences run from Louis Armstrong to Karlheinz Stockhausen. It is his amazingly wide background and varied experience that set him apart from most so-called experimenters and makes his future development seem provocatively certain.

Ellis was born near Los Angeles in 1934. His family was interested in music, and his music listening began at an early age. "Mostly, I remember being interested in rhythmic music," he said. "I would spend hours listening just to marches.

"When I was old enough to differentiate between things, Harry James was the first instrumentalist who caught my ear. He was very big in pop music then."

Suddenly, Ellis was a trumpeter, and his influences began to expand. "I was interested in any kind of trumpeting," he said. "The first records I bought were a Louis Armstrong Hot Five and Dizzy Gillespie's *Manteca*. I didn't know about jazz. I just knew that these were good trumpeters. Kids don't have musical prejudices as to styles. That comes later."

By the time he reached the sixth grade, he was practicing out of Rex Stewart's book ("I was intrigued by the devices he used") and was the leader of the Jive Five, which played for

school dances ("we didn't get paid though, until the seventh grade").

Then, after high school, he switched coasts and, in 1956, was graduated from Boston University with a bachelor of music degree.

The two years that followed in the army were especially productive. Ellis was stationed in Germany and attached to the Seventh Army 2 and 3 Orchestras. "We were able to play jazz every night and write our own arrangements," he recalled. "We had complete freedom to experiment as much as we wanted." Jazz 3 was, as he remembers it, an amazing 17-piece orchestra, including such musicians as Eddie Harris, Leo Wright, Cedar Walton, and Lanny Morgan.

Back in New York in 1958, Ellis played through big bands and small groups led by Herb Pomeroy, Ray McKinley, Charlie Barnet, Kenny Durham, Sam Donahue, Claude Thornhill, Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson, Lionel Hampton, and George Russell. In 1960, he caught critical attention at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass.

This year, Ellis made his formal debut as a leader of a trio at the Village Vanguard in New York City, has had one album released on Candid, and is working on a second.


On that first album, writer-musician Gunther Schuller notes that Ellis' biggest contribution in the race for synthesis may be his expansion of rhythmic patterns not normally used in jazz be-

cause they resist swinging. It is impressive, though, that despite the experimental nature of his writing and playing, the rugged essence of jazz is unmistakably there.

The rugged essence is not too often found in the work of those who are trying to change rhythm sections in midstream. But it does come naturally to this young man, who lists Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and the late Fats Navarro as his favorite trumpeters; is bored by most of modern jazz, and really prefers to listen to such musicians as Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Hilton Jefferson, and Jack Teagarden.

If there is a weakness in him, it would exist because he insists on living up to the oldest of jazz myths—he does play a composition differently each time. This, he admits, may take the polish off a performance, but he said he feels that the creative freshness more than makes up for that.

Currently, he's caught in the circle of business practices. "Last year they (businessmen) told me that I had to have an album out before they could do anything for me," he said. "Now that I have an album, they tell me that I need a couple albums."

He worked with a trio at the Vanguard. He'd like to play with groups of all sizes, "but I suppose that economic factors will determine that for me." It is, however, unlikely that they will do more than slightly delay the progress of this determined, disciplined jazzman. 



COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL 1961

By DON DeMICHEAL



Northwestern U. vocalist Karen Roewade



The North Texas Jazztet



The Rev. George Wiskirchen with Melodons



Tenor Saxophonist Don Menza

Having had a traumatic experience at a tender age with Kay Kayser and his Kollege of Musical Knowledge, about college bands I've always been skeptical. My reservations were not modified by more personal contacts later in life, with colleges and college jazz groups.

Considering this background, I approached the third annual Collegiate Jazz festival with some trepidation. My thoughts went back to Kayser, Ish Kabibble, childhood, exams, and stern instructors, as I drove to South Bend, Ind., and the festival last month.

As I entered the huge University of Notre Dame fieldhouse, in which the festival was held, I noticed the university guards (or are they police?) patrolling the entranceway, and the downy-faced young men, some overly serious and others who appeared dangerously close to the let's-liven-up-this-drag-with-a-beer-can-throwing-contest stage of psycho-sexual development.

I glanced nervously at the judges stand, which was peopled by George Russell, a gentlemanly scholar of jazz and a composer of earth-shaking potential; Bill Evans, a scholarly looking gentleman who also plays scholar-shaking piano; Johnny Richards, a salt-of-the-earth writer of music that swings both gentleman and scholar; Bob Share, scholar, gentleman, teacher, administrator of the Berklee School of Music in Boston, a scholarly institute for gentleman, and Charles Suber, publisher of *Down Beat*, both gentleman and scholar.

I took my seat and waited while the Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band mounted the stand, horns in hand, as if prepared to battle all comers. I tried to look intelligent and interested as Ken Bartosz, leader of the band, kicked off the tempo for the first tune of the first afternoon of the third festival run entirely by students under the direction of Dave Sommer.

The band hit. I hit the floor, dazed by what I heard.

I continued to be dazed and amazed by what I heard throughout my stay at the festival. By Friday night, my long-held reservations had been dispelled. And by Saturday afternoon, I was enthusiastic about college bands, college students, and college music instructors.

There were boring moments, of course. Some of the small groups were quite weak; the youths had not

developed enough musically or emotionally to produce jazz of value. But from the 25 groups competing for prizes in various categories came an amazing amount of professional-level jazz. Some of it was above this.

Three youths who won in their respective instrument categories could twist the ears of many listeners—and musicians: David Lahm, piano; Les Rout, baritone saxophone; Don Menza, tenor saxophone. The other instrumental winners were all excellent, but these three stood out.

Lahm, of Amherst College in Amherst, Mass., was scheduled to appear with his quintet, the Amherst College Five. But all the other members except him and the bassist had unbreakable commitments elsewhere.

The young pianist and John Brasher, the bassist, went on anyway. Almost lost on the large stage, the duo was hampered first by nonworking microphones and then by a nonlistening audience. They were into their second tune, *Django*, when Johnny Richards, a passionate man, stomped from the judges' stand to the stage. He stopped Lahm in midchorus and berated the audience for its rudeness, concluding his remarks, "If you don't want to listen, get out!"

To resounding applause (rude audiences have a habit of greeting castigations with enthusiasm) Richards returned to his judges' place, and Lahm took up where he left off. What the audience heard was the most individual performance of the festival. Lahm, who has studied with George Russell, some day, if his performance that Friday night was truly indicative, will be among the best of jazz pianists.

Rout, a Loyola student who substituted for the regular baritonist in the Paul Winter Sextet, a group made up of Chicago-area college students, caught fire in his solos with the group. Playing in the present-day Chicago style—a rough, ready, ruddy style that derives from the old Chicago style of jazz—the baritonist drove the rhythm section and the Saturday-afternoon audience to feverish pitch.

When Suber, who made the presentation and was unaware that Rout was a substitute, announced that Jim Spaulding, the original baritonist of the Winter sextet, had won as best baritonist, Rout rushed forward, accepted the award wide-eyed, and asked, "Can I keep it?"

Suber said, "Of course. Why do you ask?"

Rout blurted, "But I'm not Jim Spaulding!" He was told that he could keep the horn since he was the baritonist who won, no matter what his name.

Menza, who has worked with the AI

Belleto Sextet, took charge of the excellent big band, College Jazz Workshop, made up of students from State University of New York. His full-bodied tenor work was featured on most of the band's numbers. He also wrote one of the band's feature numbers, *Straight Out*.

On the whole, the big bands were better musically than the small groups, but this was to be expected. There is less demand, emotionally, from the individual in a big-band setting.

A guest big band illustrated this succinctly. It was the Niles, Ill., Notre Dame High School Melodons, directed by the Rev. George Wiskirchen, which made a guest appearance Friday night. Father Wiskirchen had rehearsed the group until it sparkled. Made up of students ranging in age from 12 to 17, the band did a more-than-adequate job on some of the arrangements available to such bands. The band received a standing ovation from both judges and

audience. It was the most heart-warming moment of the festival.

If big-band fans have lamented the demise of their favorite kind of jazz, they can back away from the wailing walls. Big bands are still very much with us—on college campuses across the country. There are few bands traveling the road today that have the fire, guts, and originality of the bands heard at the festival.

The competition was fierce. All three big-band finalists — the Houstonians, from Sam Houston State Teachers College in Huntsville, Texas, under the direction of Jerry Coker; the aforementioned College Jazz Workshop; North Texas Lab Band, last year's winner as well as this year's in both Finest Jazz Group and Best Big Band categories, from North Texas State College in Denton, Texas, Leon Breeden, director—could compete on equal ground with Count Basie, Stan Kenton, or any other big band.

What I heard was a long way from the Kollege of Musical Knowledge. **ES**

THE WINNERS

THIRD ANNUAL COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL

GROUP AWARDS

FINEST JAZZ GROUP: North Texas State College Lab Band, Leon Breeden, director. **PRIZE:** trophy presented by Associated Booking Corp.

BEST BIG BAND: North Texas State College Lab Band. **PRIZES:** appearance at Indiana Jazz Festival, Berklee School arrangement, 19 scholarships to Stan Kenton Clinics at National Band Camps. Scholarships were provided by the following Associated Booking Corp. artists: Dukes of Dixieland (3), Les Brown (2), Louis Armstrong (2), Al Hirt (2), Maynard Ferguson (2), George Shearing (2), Dave Brubeck (2), Gene Krupa (2), John Levy Enterprises (2).

BEST COMBO: Omar Clay Trio, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich. **PRIZES:** engagement at the Half Note, New York City; Berklee School arrangement.

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

OUTSTANDING INSTRUMENTALIST: Don Menza, tenor saxophone, College Jazz Workshop, State University of New York. **PRIZES:** \$200 scholarship to the Berklee School of Music, Boston, Mass., from Associated Booking Corp.; V-M tape recorder and Koss headphones.

MOST PROMISING SOLOISTS: Bob Pierson (tenor saxophone), Bob Pierson Quartet, University of Detroit, Detroit, Mich; Omar Clay (drums), Omar Clay Trio; Jim DiPasquale (tenor saxophone), Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band, Evanston, Ill.; Loren Binford (trombone), Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band; Morgan Powell (trombone), North Texas Lab Band. **PRIZES:**

Scholarships to National Band Camp from Broadcast Music, Inc.

MOST PROMISING ARRANGER: Jim DiPasquale, Northwestern University Jazz Lab Band. **PRIZE:** Scholarship to National Band Camp from *Down Beat*.

MOST PROMISING LEADER: Steve Willis, College Jazz Workshop, State University of New York. **PRIZE:** Scholarship to National Band Camp from Willard Alexander, Inc.

OUTSTANDING ORIGINAL COMPOSITION: *Festival Suite*, by John Mason and Earl Dhus, Al Beutler Sextet, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich. **PRIZE:** Publication of composition by Leeds Music, New York City.

OUTSTANDING SOLOISTS:

Trumpet: Tom Wirtel, North Texas Lab Band. **PRIZE:** Dizzy Gillespie trumpet from Richards Music Co. (Martin Division).

Trombone: Dee Barton, North Texas Lab Band. **PRIZE:** Super-400 trombone from Buescher Band Instrument Co.

Alto saxophone: Gary Grey, Indiana University Jazz Ensemble, Bud Baker, director, Bloomington, Ind. **PRIZE:** Selmer (Paris) alto saxophone from H.&A. Selmer, Inc.

Baritone saxophone: Les Rout, Paul Winter Sextet, Chicago-area colleges. **PRIZE:** Conn baritone saxophone from C. G. Conn, Ltd.

Bass: Toby Guynn, North Texas State Lab Band. **PRIZE:** Maestro string bass from Kay Musical Instrument Co.

Piano: David Lahm, Amherst College Duo, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass. **PRIZE:** Portable electric piano from Wurlitzer Co.

Drums: Paul Guerrero, North Texas Lab Band. **PRIZE:** Set of Zildjian cymbals from Avedis Zildjian Co.

Guitar: Don Gilliland, North Texas Lab Band. **PRIZE:** Harmony guitar and amplifier from Harmony Co.



Judges Evans, Russell, Richards, Share



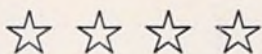
Les Rout with Suber



David Lahm accepts prize



Menza, ABC's Freddie Williamson, Suber



STAR ON THE RISE

By JOHN TYNAN



JOHN TYNAN

Recognition comes slowly to arrangers in jazz. A new trumpet star may rise overnight: an Ornette Coleman may blast onto the scene and, by sheer impact of daring and unconventionality, become the darling of the hip.

For arrangers, though, the road is rougher.

In terms of public acceptance and/or notoriety, an arranger's crawl to fame is easy to understand. There seems to be a lack of what might be termed "color" in the average arranger. To the jazz public, he is a shadowy figure, hunched over scorepaper. His name seldom appears on single records, and on album liners his credits usually are reduced to small type and buried. Moreover, he is unknown to the public as a person, a human entity. Unless he holds down a sideman's chair in a band, audiences never get a glimpse of him, and the arranger in turn is rarely confronted by an audience.

Clare Fischer's case has proved no exception. Buried for four years as staff arranger for the Hi-Lo's, Fischer only recently emerged from the cocoon he never made. Since the release of Dizzy Gillespie's album, *A Portrait of Duke Ellington*, Fischer's work is attracting further attention in a new Cal Tjader LP of music from the show *West Side Story*. In preparation is a second Tjader record of Harold Arlen songs, plus another album written for trumpeter Donald Byrd (the Byrd set still lies on a shelf at Warner Bros., apparently unwanted by that company).

Fischer is a 32-year-old native of Durand, Mich. Brisk of manner, businesslike and an animated talker, he exudes self-assurance, is quick to smile and appears as a young man very much on the go.

"My mother," he said, "played piano, and my father the banjo. He wound up as international board president of the Society for Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America." Thus, young Fischer's background held promise.

From 1946 until 1952, he studied at Michigan State university for his bachelor of music degree, returning in 1955 for his master's. The intervening years were spent as arranger with the Military Academy Band at West Point. "I was the first draftee to be accepted in that band," he said.

With two years of study in instrumental conducting, piano, cello, and clarinet behind him, he took a graduate assistant

professorship at his alma mater. Then, in 1955, he hied to Detroit, where, two years later, he formed a trio to accompany the singing Hi-Lo's.

The vocal group was on the rise at that time, and, observing unusual talent in Fischer's accompaniment and writing, the leader, Gene Puerling, asked the young arranger to join the group on the road. "Which," smiled Fischer, "was what I'd wanted in the first place."

Four years and a quartet of Hi-Lo's albums later, a light of sorts began to dawn on the arranger. "I finally got it through my head," he said, "that nobody was going to give me credit for what I was doing." (He was, however, credited with arranging two originals, *Agogically So* and *Mayforth*.) It was then he decided he would be better off as a freelance writer.

As his recorded work attests, Fischer's attitude toward his craft is firmly rooted in originality of conception and thought. He believes ideas become outmoded and trite as they become more widely disseminated and imitated. Therefore, he concludes, "Seek to avoid your own clichés as you progress and regard your work as composing rather than arranging."

Though he professes great interest in arranging from a harmonic standpoint, Fischer said he does not believe classical techniques are outmoded. Nor does he believe it necessary to develop new approaches to writing, such as George Russell's pan-tonality or Ornette Coleman's ultra-free conception. He noted, however, that the arranger's approach to conventional instrumentation may well become more flexible, more imaginative than that now employed.


"I find some musicians rebel at this notion," he observed, "because they're so used to playing in a certain groove." In addition, he noted that this demand on his own imagination not only presents a personal challenge, it also challenges the contractor whose responsibility it is to hire suitable musicians for a record date. The recording engineers are involved as well. In view of the recorded evidence of inept engineering on the aforementioned Gillespie album, the latter observation would appear to be well founded. In that connection he noted, "Diz and I were disappointed with the balances on the album. Many times it was naive . . . Which brings up the point that if you're going to have a good product, you've got to handle it all yourself."

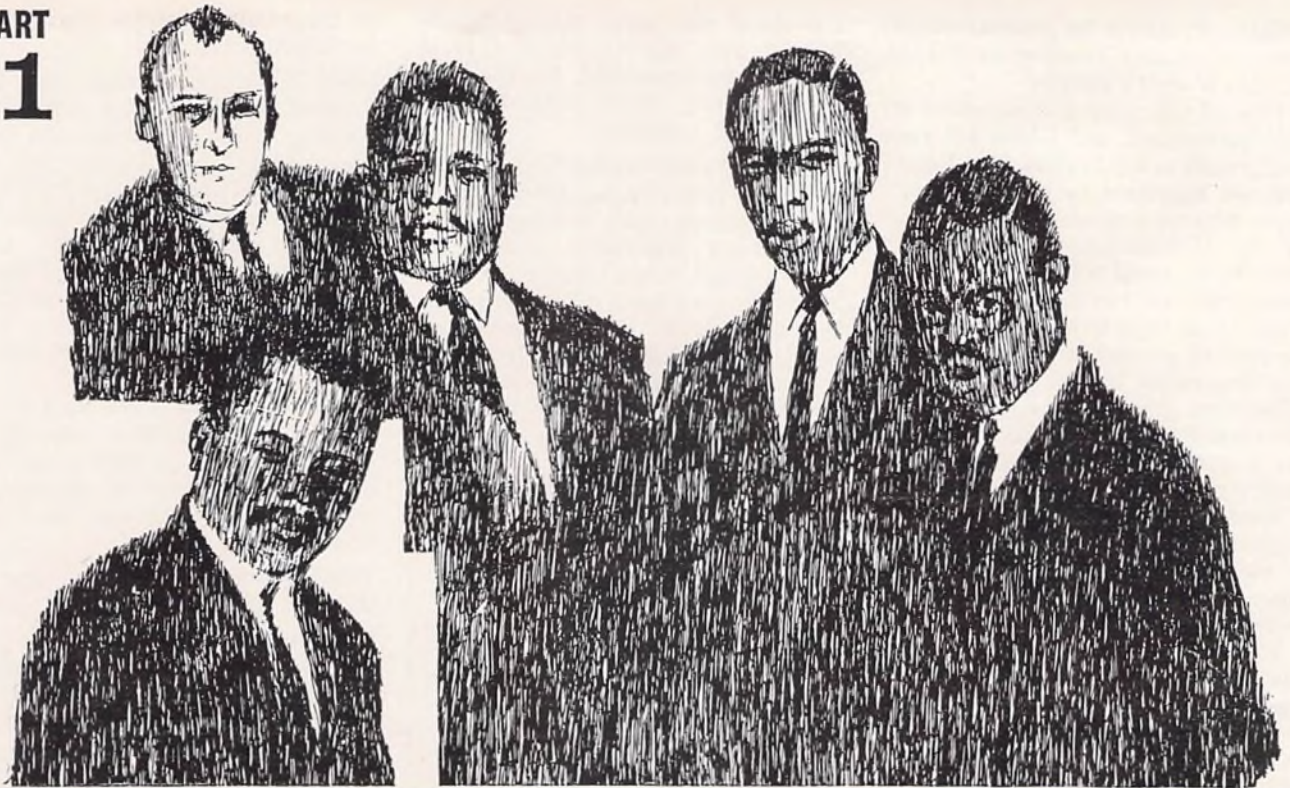
Though Fischer is now settled with his wife, Zoe Ann, in a roomy apartment above Hollywood's Sunset Strip, he is far from wholly content.

"The one thing I detest here," he commented, "is the show-biz attitude toward background writing, that is the idea that the only way to write backgrounds is not to detract from the soloist. The idea should be for the arranger to work with the soloist so as to enhance his contribution. If they want a lackey behind them, okay; but if they want a musical background, then they should expect the background to be *musical*."

Clare Fischer is young, ambitious, talented, and apparently better adjusted emotionally than many of his jazz contemporaries. He seems to want success badly. Yet, one senses that once it is within his grasp, he is not likely to succumb to the bitch goddess, though men of bigger talents and aspirations have found the spot at the top of the totem pole too dizzying to cope with.

Not that Fischer's aspirations are modest. "I want to do what André Previn does," he confessed. "Playing, writing, conducting. I love to play. The one thing I do *not* want is to be pegged into one arranging style. I'm a jazz musician, but music to me is more than one particular thing. I get interested in Mozart piano pieces, and I love the hell out of Bach."

If this period is a new era for jazz arrangers, an era during which the hoary screen of anonymity will be ripped away, then clearly this era should be Clare Fischer's. 



INSIDE THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET

There have been several group discussions transcribed in the course of jazz journalism. Most of them have been published during the last few years. On the whole, these discussions have brought together men holding opposing ideas, musicians with similar problems, or philosophers concerned with weighty problems facing jazz.

There has not been, at least to my knowledge, an attempt to capture through group discussion that illusive human bond that makes a given number of musicians a group, or a compound, as opposed to an aggregate of players. This was one of the reasons for this discussion. It deals, for the most part, with men instead of ideas.

It was, to a great degree, an un-directed, five-way interview — or, rather, four-way — since Cannonball Adderley, who was not scheduled to be included originally, dropped in during the first part of the conversation and stayed only a few minutes.

The atmosphere of the discussion was as relaxed as possible. The men gathered in Nat Adderley's hotel room one afternoon last February during the group's engagement at Chicago's Birdhouse.

(The discussion is divided into two parts. The second part will appear in the June 22 issue.)

—DeMicheal

DeMicheal posed the question of religiosity in jazz—not meaning the current Gospel-style rage—but the origin of the ability to play jazz, or any other kind of music. Is there something beyond us that guides our hand, so to speak?

Nat: I don't think I fully understand the question, but . . . As a matter of fact, I never even thought of it. I've been so busy trying to play, trying to think of something to play and when to play it that it never occurred to me to think one way or the other where it was coming from. Personally, I never thought about it.

DeM: What about you, Sam?

Sam: I never thought about it either. I've been trying to play the ax, play my instrument.

DeM: Louis?

Louis: I think it comes from within. If you get a chance to play, whatever is within comes out.

DeM: How did it get there?

Louis: From environment. Hearing things, hearing different people. And you develop a thing from that.

Vic: Was your family musicians, besides your brother?

Louis: Uh-huh.

Vic: You mean it goes back in your family? Then it's inherent, too.

Louis: You can inherit the whole thing.

As long as you're born where there's jazz.

DeM: How can you inherit an ability to play jazz?

Louis: I don't think you can inherit an ability to play jazz.

DeM: What about musical ability?

Louis: I think you can inherit musical ability.

DeM: And it comes out in whatever form you happen to be thrust into environmentally?

Vic: You might be right . . . At the same time, the people who started that subject seem to have come to two conclusions: it's partly . . . in fact, a lot of it is environment, but there's something about it that is hereditary, too. I think partly both.

DeM: Nat, you were a sociology major, what do you say?

Nat: I thought about this thing before. But strictly on a racial level.

Dem: What about the racial level?

Nat: I don't think anybody is better qualified in the medium solely because of race. However, I *do* find certain inherent qualities that seem to be more natural to Negroes than to white musicians. This thing seems to me to be environmental, rather than inherited or a group characteristic or an in-group thing. Theory, though, is only so good.

What is it? About 90 percent correct? You can't make a broad generalization, but this is what I believe:

First of all, when I think about my own background, and I have the same background as my brother, then I know why we happened to get into jazz. I know why we happen to play the way we do. I don't know what anybody else's background was, what their environment was, but I do know that in order for us to go to elementary school, we had to go past a section of town that was called the juke-joint section. When you go past these joints in the morning, they're all closed. But when you're coming home in the afternoon, they're all blasting out with the blues. T-Bone Walker, Muddy Waters, and the blues singers of the day. You come by there every day and you learn these tunes—they're playing the same tunes every day.

When you go to a dance when you're a little older, the band is playing these kinds of tunes. When the old man used to take us to see big bands, he took us to see Jimmie Lunceford and Andy Kirk, I remember. This is what we grew up on. When we eventually bought records, these were the kinds of records we bought. First record we ever bought was a Coleman Hawkins record.

Probably another musician, who was a white musician, living somewhere else, maybe his old man was a Paul Whiteman fan, if he liked jazz at all. Maybe he didn't like jazz. And this kid not having to walk through the juke-joint section and not ever hearing this kind of music, might never have had the occasion to enter jazz until maybe he went to college and studied classical music and *then* discovered jazz. He had already developed this classical technique, so that when he came into jazz, he came in through another door. Not the door I came in, because I came in through the door with T-Bone Walker and these people.

I don't know . . . History will say which is better. Maybe he's got the better of it. But I do believe that the feeling I would put into a particular composition would probably have more jazz feeling for *now* than what he would put into it, for he wouldn't have the background that I have. I shouldn't have used myself in the example, but that's the only one I really know.

DeM: This kind of gets into another question I've been thinking about: Why did you go into jazz?

Nat: Wait a minute, I wanted to say that this theory doesn't hold true because I don't know everybody's background. I know that Victor surely didn't have to walk through the juke-joint section of London, and if he did,

I doubt if they were playing Muddy Waters. This doesn't mean a racial thing; it's environmental. But even that theory doesn't always work out. But this is what I believe.

Sam: My family background was the same. My father played piano, drums. An aunt played organ in church. There was always instruments around the house—guitar, piano. I played the guitar in church when I was a kid. We always had a stack of records, Lunceford, Basie, and a phonograph. They called it Graphophone then. You'd wind that

PERTINENT INFORMATION

The Adderley group was formed in 1959. All participants in the discussion, with the exception of Feldman, who joined in late 1960, are charter members of the quintet.

Julian (Cannonball) Adderley, leader and altoist, was born in Tampa, Fla., in 1928. His father was a jazz cornetist. In the discussion, his remarks are prefaced **Cannon**. *Nat Adderley*, cornet, was born in Tampa also and is three years younger than his brother. His remarks are prefaced **Nat**.

Victor Feldman, piano and vibraharp, was born in London, England, in 1934. He first came to this country in 1955. Feldman has since left the Adderley group to be at home with his wife, who is expecting a child. His remarks are prefaced **Vic**.

Louis Hayes, drums, the youngest member of the group, was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1937. He began studying drums with his cousin at an early age. His remarks are prefaced **Louis**.

Sam Jones, bass, is the oldest member of the group. He was born in Jacksonville, Fla., in 1924. His remarks are prefaced **Sam**.

Don DeMicheal, *Down Beat* managing editor, conducted the interview. His remarks are prefaced **DeM**.

fella up . . . So I always heard music, and liked it.

In the school I got a chance to get into the band. That was it for me. I played bass drum in the marching band.

I just came up liking music and liking jazz. I was never too fond of that real . . . that gutbucket music too much. 'Cause in those days when Sam Donahue . . . in the days when they used to have the Coca-Cola hour, my parents used to put me to bed. But I had a little radio by my bed, and I used to sneak and turn that fella on and listen to the Coca-Cola hour. They used to have Andy Kirk one night, then different big bands used to come

on . . . Cab Calloway. That's how I got into jazz.

Louis: I'm a little younger than Sam. I started when jazz . . . I really started listening to Charlie Parker and Lester Young. They were already into their thing. That's when I started listening, more or less. Always heard blues. You can't get around that no way. Going to school, dancing. Naturally, you go through an age, 14 or 15, when you go through that. During that time I was going through it, I was still listening to jazz.

The fellows I was playing with were playing jazz. Sometimes the gig you had, you'd have to play a few blues tunes in order to hold the job. But everybody preferred jazz, so I knew what I wanted to play.

DeM: Cannon, was your experience the same as Nat's?

Cannon: I started listening a lot longer before he did. There was even more to it than that. In fact, some things Nat didn't remember. When we hardly knew how to read, we knew how to sing. We would sing for company and all like that. Pop would go get us just as proudly. "Come on, boys! Sing WPA!" So you know how long that's been.

DeM: The Mills Brothers.

Cannon: That's right. I had a scrapbook with the Mills Brothers in it. I had their autographs because they visited our town when I was . . . You don't remember, do you, Nat? See, that's what I'm talking about. It's been



TED WILLIAMS

CANNON

that long. Well, I had their autographs and some girl's who won a Maj. Bowles amateur contest — Mary Perry, Diamond Tooth Mary Perry.

And like that church thing . . . We were Episcopalians, but we'd go down on the corner on Sunday night and listen to them get into it. Tabernacle Baptist Church. Sunday night after church they'd have a fish fry. We'd go down there to get some of that fish. They'd be inside poppin'—Hey! Jumb! Hey! Jumb! Be swinging. And we'd dig it. We'd be outside dancing and carrying on. We didn't consider it sacrilegious.

DeM: Victor? That leaves you. Since

you're from a different country a slightly different culture . . .

Vic: I was fortunate, because my brothers were musical. I had three brothers, and the youngest of the three is still nine years older than me. So when I was around 6, they were already playing, getting together rehearsal bands. They're called semiprofessionals in England. They'd have rehearsals at the house every weekend.

I'd like to say right here that Nat, Cannon, Sam, Louis, their general environment outside the home, too, led to the buildup of the jazz feeling. While naturally in England, outside the house, there was nothing. In fact, jazz was like a dirty word, practically. My mother, it was just a drag for her to have this "noise" every weekend, but my father was musical. He never played when I was old enough to realize that someone was playing an instrument, but he did play when I was a baby. He used to play cello.

Anyway, my three brothers used to have rehearsals, and I would hear them every weekend. Finally, after a few months of that, I wanted a set of drums for my birthday. My father bought me one of those—what do you call them? Woolworth's? Two cents . . . ?

Nat: Five-and-dime.

Vic: He bought me one of those sets of traps. You know, with the snare drum on the bass drum and those little cymbals. I used to practice on this thing. My brother would be playing when they weren't rehearsing. One



VIC

brother played the piano and accordion; another played trumpet. After I practiced a few months, they were having a rehearsal . . . this is getting away a little bit, but it's just to illustrate how much environment can do something to a person . . . and the drummer couldn't figure out the introduction. My brother was going mad trying to explain it. So my brother said, "Come, Victor, you show him how to do this," I could *hear* how it went; I could hear what he was supposed to be doing. But at that age, I didn't want to embarrass the guy. For if he saw a 6-year-old kid showing a

24-year-old guy how to play something, it would be a drag, so I wouldn't do it. The following week when they rehearsed and he still couldn't do it, my brother insisted. So I got up and played it right, I suppose.

I also had lessons a couple of years later when I started to get a name—a so-called "discovery." (Note: Feldman was known as a child prodigy.) The teacher said he couldn't teach me anything technically. That's when I was 7, so he didn't want to teach me anymore. Another thing: he was trying to teach me how to read, but I was very slow at that.

So environment in my case was my brothers. They opened one of the first live jazz clubs in London. I went down there every weekend or, whenever I could talk my mother and father into letting me—which was quite often.

As far as the radio—the music—in England is concerned, it's still what I heard a comedian refer to as "nymphs and shepherds style music." It's, you know, very nice and everything . . .

That's the environment I had. But I wish I could remember things like Nat—like going to school hearing music.

Nat: Well, that's just a random illustration. The point I'm really trying to make is that basically the major thing the Negro child had that could be construed as an advantage if you're going to play jazz is, first you've got a race-ride thing. The original Dixieland musicians like Louis Armstrong and even before that, King Oliver and those other people, naturally this was something Negroes could take pride in because this was something the whole race could look up to and say, "These guys are doing something; they're big people to look up to." So that if anybody bought a record or made a move toward going to hear something, it would be to hear these people. Then it becomes like a strictly racial thing—whether you like it or not. The point is that you're going to hear it, whether you like it or not.

Then by the time you grow up, all this rhythm . . . I can't describe the rhythm that comes out of the Tabernacle Baptist church; if I tried to describe it, I'd come out second best. But with all those tambourines going and the people shouting—it's a rhythmic thing I'm getting to. What it boils down to is that if you grow up where everything you have something to do with has some sort of *rhythm*, then, of necessity, if you have any ability inherent you've got to pick up some of this rhythm thing. You don't necessarily have to be a great jazz musician.

Vic: Then you do agree there is something inherent in it?

Nat: I agree that there is something in *individuals* that makes them able to play so that . . .

Vic: Pick up and use what they, what the environment gives them.

Nat: Right. Right. So what I'm trying to say, Vic . . . say, in your case: maybe you're a guy with a tremendous amount of inherent ability, so much so that you can override the fact that you had less influence rhythmically when you were a child than Sam, because maybe you got more inherent ability to *absorb* what you do hear than Sam has. But on the other hand, Sam was playing guitar in the church with the tambourines going—the same thing I was sitting outside listening to, Sam is inside banging a guitar with. So all this rhythm being thrust at you all the time you've got to absorb something if you have any kind of—of course, some people just can't absorb anything at all; some people have no ability toward music whatsoever. But if you have any sort of ability, it should come out. I think it would be easier to play jazz if you had to go through this thing . . . Well, naw. I'll put it this way: I think you would have a more natural pulsating beat to your playing and that you would swing better if you had to go through this thing than if you, as a child, if you only had dance-band music of . . . who was the king of jazz? Paul Whiteman. Or if you had heard Al Jolson sing all the time. I say this not as a racial aspersion so much as the way I look at it.

DeM: Nat, when I first talked to you about our getting together, you suggested as one of the topics for discussion Crow Jim. What you have said about environment is not what I'd call Crow Jim. But there's an element in jazz which says that only the white guys want everything correct, the way the whites say is the right way to do things. I've seen letters in which the writers take pride in misspelled words and bad grammar simply because they feel that this is showing white guys that to be soulful, or whatever you want to call it, you don't have to do things "correctly." This attitude I would call Crow Jim.

Nat: Don, you see, companion to the feeling of Crow Jim is bitterness. It's much easier to dislike someone if you're bitter toward him anyway. The thing that involves this whole movement—the soul music thing—could be construed as a racial thing. It can very well be construed that way, and a lot of people construe it to mean that if you got soul, or to have soul, you've got to be a Negro.

This is because, first of all, no one can define this term. I don't know who originated it, but the first person I

ever heard use the term was Milt Jackson. And I don't think he was using the term at the time in any manner that could be construed as derogatory toward somebody else. But it's come to mean that if you went to a Negro church when you were a boy, and you recognize Gospel music and this sort of thing, then you've got "soul." Which is a drag really, because I don't think it was meant to be that way.

Now, what's happening with this Crow Jim thing, the way a lot of Negro musicians are looking at it—and I'm using this only as a line for thought—if the term soul music has a leaning toward meaning Negro music, then the term cool or west coast music had a leaning toward being white. And the whole thing behind this thing is that there were a whole lot of guys—a whole lot of good Negro musicians who weren't working very regularly when the vogue was the cool west coast sound, because everybody who was cool and west coast was white.

So you get a thing 10 years later that is a big commercial gimmick, soul music, and everybody involved in it is colored. So naturally you get a thing back; you get the same regardless of what happens, one way or the other.

I'll give an illustration: say, there is a guy sitting up in Harlem who's been trying to get a gig now for five years. He may be good, he may be bad, but he's a musician. And the way he's looking at this thing is, "They didn't say anything about the west coast music—they let the cool music run for 10 years. Now we got something to go; we got the soul music. And finally, I've got a job. I can work in the clubs, and already, they're trying to kill it." So this guy is standing in front of Birdland—he's moved downtown. He's saying, "Everybody's against me. They trying to kill off my music, but they can't kill it."

He's going to fight to the bitter end. To preserve what? This name. This label—soul music. He feels it has a racial implication that can keep him working. To go along with this, he feels like he's felt for a long time. He feels, "Aw, them ofays can't swing. None of them ofays. I don't want to hear nothin' about no ofay. I wouldn't have no ofay in my band. I don't want to play with none. And you a drag if

you do. You a drag. You bringin' down the race. 'Cause you know he can't swing, or they can't swing, or how many there happens to be can't swing."

He feels that you shouldn't work with a white musician, because "they're stealin' our music." Now, this is bitterness, and this is Crow Jim.

You can try to explain to this guy how you feel about it. You can try to explain how the *facts* are. And he's not going to hear you. Because he's got a *job* now; this is the primary thing. He's eating, regularly, and he wasn't before. He didn't have a gig, couldn't get a job. As far as he's concerned it was all taken away from him, and now somebody has gotten a label, soul music, put it out there so that he can go out on a job and call himself "Joe Blow and the Eight Souls."

It's like it was before—if you'd put out "cool," you got a whole lot of people, and now if you put out "soul," you get a whole lot of people. He feels like now he can do something. He doesn't want to hear anything about Jim Crow, he doesn't want to hear anything about Crow Jim—he's bitter. And he doesn't want *any kind* of threat to his employment. This is his major concern. He's worried about how he's going to work, how he's going to do something so he can still play his instrument. And he feels sincerely that what he's playing is valid, is in good musical taste, that he's swinging—above all else he feels that he can swing and the white boys can't swing.

So he's justified in his thinking for what he's actually thinking about. But he's bitter and prejudiced. He's just as prejudiced as the guy down in Georgia who just doesn't want to go to school with us.

This same guy will read *Down Beat*. He's made a record; he was never able to make a record before. Chances are it might even sell. He might make himself some money. So he makes the record, and it's reviewed in *Down Beat*, and the critic says this record's not any good. Then right away he says the critic is prejudiced. He says the critic just doesn't know that he's *swinging*. "He can't understand; I'm swinging. Why can't this man see that I'm swinging? He can't see 'cause he's white.

He just can't understand." So the thing builds up in this fellow so that he thinks that all white people are no good, can't swing, and are against him.

So he's bitter and he's prejudiced. There's a logical reason for his being that way; it's tied up with the whole thing. It isn't right, but what can you do? The guy's of such a nature that you can't talk to him. Can't explain anything to him. And you'd be a fool to try. So you get this guy who says, "I'm never going to hear Cannonball again 'cause he's got that white boy playing with him."

DeM: Has this happened?

Nat: Not to my knowledge, but . . . When Miles had Bill (Evans), cats came up to him (saying), "Miles, what you doing with that white boy up there? You know he can't swing." The only thing you can do in a case like that is turn your head and walk away.

When you got a guy like Victor, you haven't got him because he's white; you've got him because he can play. There's a lot of guys who can play—Zoot Sims can sure play. But you hire a guy because he's the best available, and in some cases, the best that there is. You don't do a thing because of what color you are.

Sure, there are advantages and disadvantages to it. But the whole thing you should be interested in is getting up on the bandstand and making good music. The rest is all exterior. The primary concern of the jazzman is supposed to be to get up there and play, improvise, and play good jazz. If I could get me an all-white band, and everybody could play and swing, why it would be fine. Doesn't matter. And I feel that a lot of white musicians feel the same way. But I do believe there are some white musicians that are prejudiced. I know there are. And there are some colored musicians who are.

You can't take prejudice out of people; you can't legislate it out; you can't even explain it. The only thing you can do is go along and follow your own little path and hope that eventually everybody will see the light.

Sam: Color don't mean a thing to me. A man's a man to me. If he swings, he swings.

(To be continued next issue)



NAT



LOUIS



SAM

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Looking For Loud-Speakers

By CHARLES GRAHAM

Though alto saxophonist Paul Desmond is seen in the picture on this page listening to stereo from a high fidelity system, he's not getting set up for stereo at this time. He came to the studio to talk about high fidelity but primarily as it relates to the tape recorder he's hoping to get.

While he was here, he listened "blind-fold" to almost two dozen loudspeakers as part of a musicians' listening panel rating the sound of loudspeakers. (The words "loudspeaker" or "speaker" used in this article refer to a complete speaker system, including cabinet, since that is the way they usually are supplied today.)

The most frequently asked high fidelity question by many musicians and music listeners is, "What loudspeaker is best?" or, "... best for my setup?" And in letters received by this department the advice asked for most frequently concerns the choice of this important part of the home-listening systems.

Today there are more than 50 companies making loudspeakers for use in components setups. About half these products are nationally available, and they offer from three to 10 models apiece. Most range in price from \$50 to a little less than \$300, though a few are even more costly than that.

Because of the widespread interest in selecting speakers, and also because of the great variety of units to choose from, we recently decided to test a number of them.

Because judging their sound is such a personal matter, less subject to scientific measurement than are other parts of the home-music system, we decided to ask a number of prominent musicians to do the listening and rating.

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Next month we will report the results of *Down Beat's* loudspeaker listening test panel.

Many well-known musicians will listen to and judge the sound of these speakers, which have been connected into a high-quality components system in a good-sized living room. J. J. Johnson, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Roy Eldridge, and others have already agreed to participate.

The musicians will be able to switch from any loudspeaker to any other at any time, and they will be able to change the volume and tone controls on the amplifier. They will choose their own listening material from among their own recordings and high-quality disc and tape recordings, both jazz and classical, supplied by record companies for the tests.

Two amplifiers will be used. One, the Scott Model 299B is a medium-price amplifier rated at 34 watts a channel. The other test amplifier will be a more expensive two-unit amplifier



PAUL DESMOND

consisting of the Fisher 400-CX audio control unit and the Fisher SA-300B power amplifier. This is an amplifier rated at 45 watts a channel; the stereo combination costs \$400 complete.

Several different high-quality pickups, including a Pickering Calibration Standard Model 381, previously available only to broadcast stations and recording studios; the new Electrosonic C99, Empire 108, and the Shure Model M3D pickup each will be mounted in a different colored cartridge shell, which can be plugged into the ESL Gyro-balance arm in less than two seconds.

Each musician will decide by listening which pickup he prefers, since some pickups sound more brilliant than others, while others emphasize mellowness, or "round" tone. Thereafter that particular pickup will be used through the balance of his judging.

Companies that are co-operating in these tests by supplying loudspeakers include Acoustic Research, Advanced Acoustics (Biphonic), Altec-Lansing, Audax (Rek-O-Kut), Bozak,

Electro-Voice, Fisher Radio, Goodmans, Hartley, Janszen, Jensen, James B. Lansing, Klipsch, KLH, Scope (EMI), University, and Wharfedale.

Some experts question the advisability of letting performing musicians test listening equipment. A prominent electronic engineer and speaker designer, Saul White said, "Consciously or unconsciously, musicians feel that high fidelity reproduction is a competitor and threat . . . They (musicians) cannot tolerate an extended high response.

"Tests in the past have shown them consistently selecting low-fi systems. This may be because musicians are extraordinarily sensitive to even minute amounts of distortion (which appear more in the high frequencies). Thus they are willing to give up the extended range in exchange for purity . . . less distortion."

Many will agree with him. It is possible that musicians, being accustomed to hearing the music from inside performing groups, would be likely to prefer the most brilliant, perhaps even harsh, (by comparison) type of sound.

There is no way to prove the validity of this criticism or to disprove it. But since many *Down Beat* readers are musicians, it is they who will judge the loudspeakers.

There is a great deal of disagreement among so-called experts in most fields, and high fidelity is no exception. It is because of the wide variety of opinion that these tests are being made. It may be that out of 20 different musicians, there will be almost 20 different opinions as to which speaker sounds best. It is possible that many of the judges will not be able to decide among several speakers. If this happens, this is what will be reported.

Another expert, Paul Klipsch, inventor of the famed Klipschorn, pointed out, "The speaker closest to a corner will be rated as having better bass than others against a wall . . . preference may be slanted . . ."

True though these and other observations of potential pitfalls may be, the tests will be made, as carefully as possible.

Because of the difficulty in controlling the many different factors in such a testing setup, the tests will be made monophonically. It would become impossibly difficult and unwieldy to check on a stereo speaker setup using, say, Acoustic Research speakers against another stereo setup, for example, using Fisher loudspeakers.

Most loudspeakers to be tested fall into a price category between \$250 and \$100. Most are of the so-called bookshelf variety, following the trend away from big-horn loudspeakers of a few years ago.

Q & A

HOW TO CARE FOR DISCS?

Two questions: First, should discs be stacked flat, or stood on end, vertically, which is so much more convenient? Won't they warp this way? Seems to me the weight would keep them flat if stacked on top of another? Second, what's the best way to keep dust out of the grooves and to clean it out if it's already there?

Memphis, Tenn. Johnathan David

There's no harm in stacking them vertically, for serious warping is unusual except in temperature extremes. Slight warping is no problem with modern arms. Stacking flat at the same time that you mix 10-inch and 12-inch records or let any size lie at an angle may produce warping. Careful flat stacking is all right.

Over the last 10 years, scores of cloths, preparations, and brushes have been developed to clean or keep clean the grooves. Most of these are too much trouble for most people. Two things will help: (1) consistent use of a brush *while* the record is playing and (2) light wiping with a damp soft cloth, using a circular, groove-following motion. If you're brave enough, you may wash very dusty discs in tepid water with a little detergent. Dry with chamois.

I have found two types of brushes particularly good. One is a camel's-hair brush about four inches wide, mounted adjustably on a heavy metal base so it can be swung over the record each time after the disc is put on the turntable.

The other, even better (and easier to use) is the Electro-Sonic Dust Bug. This light brush is mounted with a rubber suction cup next to the turntable and is dropped onto the first grooves just the way the needle is set down on the opposite side of the disc. The grooves carry the Dust Bug along, ahead of the needle.

ESL supplies an electrostatic fluid, which should be applied to the felt brush every few records to cut down the static attraction of the disc for dust, but I've found I rarely use it and no dust problem arises.

The Dust Bug costs \$5.75, and a model for automatic changers costs only \$4.75.

TAPING LIVE PERFORMANCES

We plan to make some reference recordings of our trio in the club with a medium-price recorder. Is the inex-



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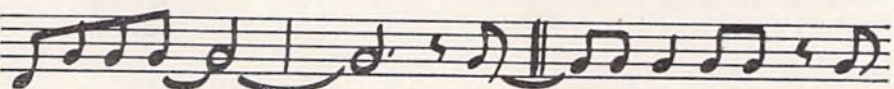


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pensive microphone that came with the machine good enough? Can we get much better sound from use of a microphone mixer and two or three mikes? And is there any reason we should use the faster 7½-inch speed instead of the slower 3¾ speed?

Cheraw, S. C.

James Lyons

If a trial recording shows that the tone provided by recordings made with the recorder's own microphone is acceptable, use it. Place the microphone reasonably close to the group (no more than six to eight feet away) and experiment with distance from piano or rhythm for best balance. A medium-price microphone (Shure and E-U have excellent ones priced at \$50-65, which will work well with home-style recorders) will often improve the bass sound of a live recording, as well as providing cleaner, more extended highs.

Using a microphone mixer and two or three microphones isn't necessary, though professional recording by professionals often requires it—for professional results.

The better home recorders provide excellent sound from the slower speeds. For reference playback only, the 3¾ speed may be entirely acceptable.

LONG-DISTANCE FM

I live 80 miles from the FM station I want to receive. Should I get a very sensitive FM tuner or should I plan to get an elaborate FM antenna, or what? Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ben McDermott

FM reception is subject to most of the rules about television pickup. You wouldn't think of getting TV that distance without the best antenna and a very sensitive set. Get a good tuner—not a cheap one—and then try out progressively better antennas, putting them up as high as is practical on your house.

The nature of the terrain between you and the radio station will determine how hard it'll be to solve your problem.

The better tuners, at \$150 and up, combined with a good yagi antenna (about \$30 to \$40) usually can receive signals up to a distance of 80 miles with consistency. Often they'll go more than 100 miles. Height is important.

PLAYING AND COPYING 78s

How am I going to get the best sound from my old 78s? I want to copy them onto tape. Should I stick to the higher (7½ inches) speed or is the lower speed all right?

New York City

L. G. Wald

Any modern pickup cartridge with a sapphire or diamond stylus for 78s (3 mil is acceptable—2.5 or 2.7 mil may be better) will do the job well.

Because of the restricted frequency response of most 78s, a very fine cartridge is not desirable. The restricted re-

sponse of an ordinary cartridge will work, along with whatever scratch filter or tone controls your amplifier offers for cutting down the treble (scratch). Don't use an LP stylus; its 1-mil diamond will ride in the bottom of the grooves and provide lots of extra scratch.

For the older 78s, you'll probably notice little if any difference in the treble response of sides copied onto tape at the slower (3¾) speed. Try it; if you can't hear any loss of highs, the slower speed actually will act as a slight additional scratch filter, cutting out a fair amount of scratch without reducing the actual treble sound appreciably.

The 78s made just before the advent of LPs, in the late '40s and early '50s, may have more treble and less scratch and should be treated like LPs with just a little background noise. That is, use the treble control a little but don't eliminate the treble as much as you would on older 78s.

DETERIORATING TAPE?

I've just started to buy stereo tapes. On my stereo system, they really gas everybody who hear them. But I read somewhere recently that "acetate tapes can dry out, become brittle and break in a few months." Is this true? Will mylar tape prevent this? And are recorded tapes available on mylar as well as on acetate?

Washington, D.C.

Blythe Price

If tapes are kept in their boxes, there'll be no drying out in normal, temperate climates, particularly if they're kept indoors, away from the sun in the summer.

If tapes are left around out of their boxes, particularly in hot climates or in the summer in the hot sun, they can dry out and become seriously damaged in a week or so.

If you're in the desert or tropics, keep them in boxes when not in use. The best possible care, for preservation over many years, is to get metal cans used for 8-mm movies. Every photo supply store has them.

Pre-recorded tapes are usually on acetate. This is because mylar, though tougher than acetate (doesn't break as readily), stretches under unusual tension. Once it's stretched, the music is ruined. However, should acetate tape break under improper handling, it can be spliced in a few seconds, with no loss of music.

MONO PLAYBACK

I understand that stereo discs should not be played with a mono pickup, although I've been told that mono discs may be played with a stereo pickup. But won't I get better sound from my

mono discs if I use a mono pickup for them? And will they last longer?
 Denver, Colo. R. Van Caddell

When stereo pickups were first designed, the best mono pickups were perhaps capable of slightly better playback of monophonic discs. Today's stereo pickups are vastly improved; most are better than mono pickups. There's no reason now for buying or using a pickup designed just for mono LPs. Any high-quality stereo pickup will provide excellent sound from good stereo and mono discs alike.

It is to be assumed that you have a turntable or changer with little or no audible rumble. Stereo pickups can sometimes pick up rumble in playing mono discs that a mono pickup might minimize. The way to correct this is to use a record player with less rumble.



BASS REPRODUCTION

We've heard that you have to have a big speaker cone to get the very best bass sound. Is this so? Some of our friends have big loudspeakers in their setups—15-inch woofers. Others don't know what size the speakers are. What's the story?
 Chicago, Ill. Britt Norrman

It was true some years ago that the bigger the speaker cone, the better the bass would sound. Although only two U. S. companies have made larger speakers, most companies have until recently offered 10-, 12-, and 15-inch cones. (Electro-Voice has an excellent 18-inch woofer and is also producing a fantastic 30-inch woofer!)

With the advent of the acoustic suspension principle a few years ago and the consequent trend away from big speaker enclosures, the size of the woofer cone is no longer an indication of the quality of the system. Many excellent speakers use woofers only 10 inches in diameter, and good results have been obtained from even smaller units in special situations.



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TEDDY CHARLES

Teddy Charles has come a long way since his days as a drummer boy in Chicopee Falls, Mass. Now a vibraharpist who has worked with the groups of Benny Goodman, Chubby Jackson, Buddy DeFranco, and Artie Shaw, and his own groups, he has directed and produced records for Prestige and Bethlehem, and now is jazz a&r man for Warwick records.

That may seem a long list of credits, but it can go on longer, encompassing his experimental work with Hall Overton, and his years with the iconoclastic Composers' Workshop. All of this has combined to produce a music director—a title to which few a&r men can lay claim.

"I expect," Charles said recently, "that an album will turn out the way a musician would like it, that it will sound the way it *should*."

To this end, he has developed his own approach: "Stereo, especially, demands a great deal from composer, arranger, and musician. But it offers so much more. I've been able to convince my artists that the machines can take part in what is being created. You can use the machine to do some things you can't just do with your pen, but mostly to make the things you do be—not just seem—much better because you are using everything at your command." (The trade press has praised his *Soul of Jazz Percussion* for being, as one critic put it, "more than just an exhibition, but, instead, excellent jazz which takes advantage of the stereo potential.")

Charles is brash enough to make his own rules. "The a&r man has to make the rules," he said. "I don't know a



CHARLES

sound engineer around who really knows what must happen for a record. It isn't his job. I am the one who should tell him what I want. He should be able to do what I want done. But there you have your problem. I don't believe in that old bromide that musicians are hard to work with. Nuts to that. It's

PRODUCER'S CHOICE

Teddy Charles is especially proud of eight albums he has produced, ranging from the most expressive to the most experimental.

Baritones and French Horns with John Coltrane (Prestige). Charles says, "This was Coltrane's first recorded efforts in his new, explorative style."

New Directions (Prestige, Vols. 1-4), "Each of them made important musical contributions, many of which are just getting wide acceptance today."

Detour to the Moon (Jubilee), sung by Mary Ann McCall. "A great singer in unusual settings."

Down Home with the Great Zoot Sims (Bethlehem). "One of the most swinging albums ever made."

The Soul of Jazz Percussion (Warwick): "It takes up where *New Directions* left off, and it also made a tremendous advance in stereo recording."

the tone-deaf, immovable engineers who are hard to work with.

"One guy, who is so famous, is the worst of the lot. He won't take directions from anyone. Everything has to be the way that he *thinks* he hears it. As a consequence, all his records, whatever the company is, always sound alike, and sound dull.

"Now, I have a way of recording a

rhythm section that is totally different from anyone else. I did that. I told the musicians. I told the engineer. You know me, I'm not being ego-ridden. That's really my job. When I did my job and the engineer did his, then the musicians could do their job.

"We're always working for art—I want to think that any record I make will be as good 10 years from now as it is today—but the art takes some craft. That's my job, making the composers know what they can do, the engineers knowing what they have to do, and the musicians knowing what they can expect if they co-operate with the rest of us.

"There are four engineers I know who are the kind of flexible guys who can make a record date into something that might end up as I would want it to be: Peter Ind, Peter Bartok, Tony Brainard, and Bob Bloom. They are guys who know how important, but how singular, their job is in co-operating for the work of art we are supposedly trying for."

Charles is incorrigible, in addition to being invigorating and brash. He says that "Warwick jazz records are, as a whole, better than 95 percent of the jazz records on the market today."

He expects them to be because he finds himself "evolving an approach to recording which will attempt to encompass a more unified and artistic approach to the record as a unity.

"That means that the music, the playing, the engineering (which should be used by composer and performer as a tool), the sales and the promotion should be thought of as part of a creative thing that will last, something that's honest and intelligent. They really are the same thing, aren't they?"





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

George Russell

JAZZ IN THE SPACE AGE—Decca 9219: *Chromatic Universe* (Part 1); *Dimensions*; *Chromatic Universe* (Part 2); *The Lydiot*; *Waltz from Outer Space*; *Chromatic Universe* (Part 3).

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 4, 6: Ernie Royal, Alan Kiger, trumpets; Frank Rehak, Dave Baker, trombones; Jimmy Buffington, French horn; Dave Young, tenor saxophone; Walt Levinsky, alto saxophone; Sol Schlinger, baritone saxophone; Bill Evans, Paul Bley, pianos; Barry Galbraith, Howard Collins, guitars; Milt Hinton, bass; Don Lamond, drums. Tracks 2, 5: Add Marky Markowitz, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; substitute Hal McKusick, alto saxophone, for Levinsky; Charlie Persip, drums, for Lamond; drop Collins, Buffington, and Bley.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

GEORGE RUSSELL SEXTET AT THE FIVE SPOT—Decca 9220: *Sippin'* at the Bells; *Dance Class*; *Swingdom Come*; *121 Bank Street*; *Beast Blues*; *Moment's Notice*.

Personnel: Russell, piano; Kiger, trumpet; Baker, trombone; Young, tenor saxophone; Charles Israels, bass; Joe Hunt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Russell shows in these two albums that he is potentially one of the significant writing talents in jazz, though the music suggests that he has not yet come to full bloom.

His ability stems, I believe, from two sources. One is his concept of jazz. I don't profess to understand wholly his Lydian chromatic concept, but I can understand that Russell has developed a way of thinking about jazz that produces music of great interest and validity. The roots in the past are retained; even the three-way horn collective improvisation of early jazz is revitalized in Russell's concept. And like most pre-Charlie Parker jazz, Russell's music is linear, or rather, multi-linear. Post-Parker jazz, however, is dominant in his writing: the choice of notes and intervals, chromaticism, and particularly rhythmic complexity.

But Russell's second source of ability is by far the more important: he, like Thelonius Monk, Duke Ellington, and Charlie Parker, creates a musical atmosphere so pervading that most of the players he selects—and on these records he selects carefully and wisely—subordinate their own musical personalities to his. One result is that men such as Evans play quite differently in a Russell atmosphere. The total effect is a continuity of thought that few composers or players in jazz have been able to achieve.

Russell's music is heard in two contexts on these albums. I feel he gets his ideas across better in the large group than in the small one. Both records contain plenty of solo space (that's another

of Russell's principles: a jazz performance must have stretching-out room) but the *Space Age* album gives him more instruments, sections, with which to apply his line-think.

The three-part *Universe* mostly features Evans and Bley, playing together and solo. Each part begins with an Evans-Bley duet improvised with no Russell-dictated chord pattern. The pianists play sometimes-wild but exciting abstractions that are fascinating. The tension the two create in a loose 4/4 is added to by Hinton and Lamond playing a 5/2 combination pedal and anchor. The tension of the first part is not resolved until the beginning of *Dimensions*. (It is noteworthy that, while the *Space Age* is divided into tracks, the album is a whole, all its parts relating to and feeding on each other.)

Young and Hinton are effective in the slow, restful first section of *Dimensions*, creating a peaceful interlude before the intensely swinging second section. This section contains some of Russell's best arranging. Especially striking is his use of guitar with the reed and brass sections. The third section of *Dimensions* is given over to solos by Evans, Kiger, and Young. Evans' playing is very strong—possibly the most virile he has recorded. Kiger shows here, and throughout both albums, that he, more than any other musician thus far, has digested Russell's concepts. His playing is quite chromatic, but, like Russell, he appears to use chromaticism not as a tawdry device but as a way of thinking.

The first side closes with the second part of *Universe*. This part begins again with the Evans-Bley pianos snapping and snarling at each other for a predetermined length of time. The rest of the track, according to the liner notes, is written, and it is in this written section that Russell's line-think is most apparent. The track builds to an exciting climax with the horns echoing the piano lines.

Lamond and Hinton could qualify as the best 5/2 rhythm team around these days, judging by their excellent work on *Universe* and especially in the 5/2 section of *Lydiot*. On this track the time dissolves into 4/4 behind a boppish sax passage brilliantly led by McKusick, followed by solos. Kiger and Evans are again outstanding.

Young, who frequently gets hung up in the sheets of John Coltrane on both records, is at his best in the first album on *Waltz*, a gentle, almost exotic composition. The ensemble passages are bi-linear, with guitar again well voiced with the horns.

The album ends in the same mood in which it began—Evans and Bley improvising with Lamond and Hinton providing the gravitational center.

The *Space Age* album must stand as a major accomplishment by Russell, though I believe that he will surpass it, that he has not fully applied his concept to his pen, and that there is more to the concept than is heard on this album. Besides these major considerations to hold the rating to four-and-a-half stars, there is a minor one that should at least be mentioned: strings of beads are scraped across tuned drums in the opening of *Lydiot* and in the first and third parts of *Universe*. Supposedly intended to set the mood of an outer-space jazz album, it sounds like gimmickry to me.

While I feel that Russell's path to full expression leads to large contexts, there are moments of excitement in the *Five Spot* album that are missing—or not needed—in *Space Age*. Like his *Stratusphunk* album, this is mainly a blowing session. But it is not a blowing session in the usual sense. This is a George Russell blowing session. There's a difference. Here, even when the sextet is not playing Russell's or his students' music, most of what is heard remains Russell music. For instance, the line of *Sippin'*, a Miles Davis tune, is played in what sounds like three different keys by the horn men—simultaneously, that is.

The most compositionally complete tracks are Carla Bley's *Dance Class* and *Beast Blues* and Russell's *Swingdom Come*, *Class* and *Come* have similarities in rhythmic construction. *Class* contains an Ornette Colemanish slow section used in solos as well as ensemble. It's an effective device, as is the tri-linear fast section. Carla Bley's *Beast Blues* is also well written, employing bi-tonality—if you listen to the bass' tonality, you are pulled toward one tonal center, if you listen to the trumpet-tenor lines, toward another. *Beast* is reminiscent of Russell's *Stratusphunk*.

One of the album's most exciting moments come in *Sippin'*. After the solos, the horns exchange fours, twos, and finally, ones. Then they overlap into a twisting, tumbling collective improvisation ensemble that retains the fire of traditional-jazz ensembles, yet is abstract in concept. I only wish the few instances when the rhythm section lays out had been extended to a whole chorus of horns without rhythm.

The three main soloists, Kiger, Baker, and Young, should be considered among the more promising young men in jazz, especially Kiger and Baker. Kiger is the

most chromatic of the three, Young the least. Baker plays especially well in a stop-time section of *Moment's Notice*. All three are effective on *Class*, with Kiger and Baker revealing similarities of construction in their solos. Young has his best solo on *Swingdom*. Kiger, besides his delightful use of chromaticism, is possessor on an exquisitely "sad" tone. Russell, in the solo space he allows himself, proves to be a far stronger writer than player, though he plays a fine, dissonant solo on *Beast*. Israel's and Hunt are good section mates and add much to the album.

These, then, are two valuable additions to anyone's collection. A word of caution, though: Russell's music is not assimilable in one hearing. It takes many listenings to get down into it. It's worth the effort.

(D.DeM.)

CLASSICS

Dvorak/Piatigorsky

DVORAK: CELLO CONCERTO—RCA Victor LM-2490.

Personnel: Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Charles Munch.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Piatigorsky and the Dvorak concerto are a familiar package, but it still comes as a surprise to find the gargantuan Russian playing the work with such fluency and tonal security at this stage of his career. Munch and the Bostons back him up marvelously, too, and the result is a Dvorak concerto that fills anyone's bill of particulars.

For those who merely want a fine recording of a masterwork, this can definitely be recommended. However, as a record of Piatigorsky's present abilities, it is suspect. Rumor has it that the engineers worked overtime on this one. It seems to have been *Concerto for Cello and Tape Splicer*.

(D.H.)

Graffman/Chopin

CHOPIN *Concerto No. 1 in E Minor* and MENDELSSOHN *Capriccio Brillante*—RCA Victor LM-2468.

Personnel: Gary Graffman, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Charles Munch.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It is a wise pianist who refuses to betray his own instincts. Graffman is not by temperament a highly romantic pianist, so he does not try to fake his way through the Chopin *E Minor* in the end-of-the-century manner. This is a carefully thought out, beautifully realized interpretation, always cool and understated.

In lieu of the authentic Artur Schnabel approach, I much prefer this to the heavy-handed ones that give the impression of breaking a butterfly on a wheel.

Munch and the Bostons fall right in with the Graffman plan and contribute a sensitive accompaniment. The piano sound is sometimes oddly subordinate, but that is probably more the soloist's intention than the result of the engineer's tinkering.

(D.H.)

Stern/Oistrakh

FOUR VIVALDI CONCERTOS FOR TWO VIOLINS AND ORCHESTRA—Columbia ML-5604 (mono) and MS-6204 (stereo); *Concertos for Two Violins, Strings, and Cembalo in D Minor (F.I. No. 100)*; in *C Minor (F.I. No. 12)*; in *G Minor (F.I. No. 98)*; in *D Major (F.I. No. 41)*.

Personnel: Isaac Stern and David Oistrakh, solo violins; William R. Smith, cembalo; members of

the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Following up their collaboration in Vivaldi's *A Minor* double concerto, Stern and the elder Oistrakh lavish their enormous talents on four more of the more than two dozen works in this form composed by the busy Venetian.

It is not likely that ever in history have these concertos had two such virtuosos in the leading roles nor such exceptional performances. The sound, especially in stereo, which is *de rigueur* in this case, is spacious and bright.

(D.H.)

JAZZ

Curtis Amy-Frank Butler

GROOVIN' BLUE—Pacific Jazz 19: *Gone Into It*; *Ansome*; *Bobblin'*; *Groovin' Blue*; *Beautiful You*; *Very Frank*.

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; Amy, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Amy and Strazzeri are given the assignment on this disc of balancing two newcomers, Jones and Hutcherson. Neither of them, however, yet has a sufficiently forceful musical personality—not, at least, in these pieces—to carry the tentative, undeveloped playing of Jones and Hutcherson.

Amy has provided the group with a set of basic lines. All the selections are Amy originals. They are pleasant but lack variety, except for one ballad, *Beautiful*, which plods a listless path brightened only by a brief, lyrical appearance by Jones, his best spot in the set. Everybody seems happiest at a strong, swinging tempo, but this occurs only twice—*Bobblin'* and the short *Very Frank*.

On the other pieces, Strazzeri, in his few opportunities, shows ideas and a sense of construction, Amy plays with a sinewy sound and a muscular attack but relies on a limited set of runs, while Jones and Hutcherson both indicate potential but do not seem to have sufficient assurance yet to step out and commit themselves to a forceful expression.

(J.S.W.)

Benny Bailey

THE MUSIC OF QUINCY JONES—Argo LP 668: *The Golden Touch*; *I'm Gone*; *Jones Beach*; *The Midnight Sun Never Sets*; *Meet Benny Bailey*; *Plenty*; *Plenty Soul*; *Fallen Feathers*; *Count 'Em*.

Personnel: Bailey, trumpet; Ake Persson, trombone; Lennart Jansson, baritone saxophone; Bjarne Nerem, tenor saxophone; Arne Domnerus, alto saxophone; Gosta Theselius, piano; Joe Harris, drums; bass, unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Cut in Sweden while the Quincy Jones Band was touring there, this set features three QJ sidemen (Bailey, Persson, and Harris), with local musicians rounding out the group.

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)
Hank Crawford, *More Soul* (Atlantic 1356)
Gil Evans, *Out of the Cool* (Impulse 4)
Mance Lipscomb (vocal) (Arhoolie 1001)
Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic 2-603)
Charlie Parker, *Historical Recordings, Vols. 1-3* (Le Jazz Cool 101-3)
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)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightnin' in New York* (Candid 8010)

★ ★ ★ ★

Benny Bailey, *Big Brass* (Candid 8001)
Walter Benton, *Out of This World* (Jazzland 28)
Charlie Byrd, *Charlie's Choice* (Offbeat 3007)
Donald Byrd, *Byrd in Flight* (Blue Note 4048)
Conte Candoli, *Little Band—Big Jazz* (Crown 5162)
Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, *You'n Me* (Mercury 20606)
Bill Evans, *Explorations* (Riverside 351)
The Bud Freeman All-Stars (Prestige/Swingville 2012)
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)
Harold Land in New York (Jazzland 33)
Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Waiter, Make Mine Blues* (Verve 2145)
Jimmy Smith, *Home Cookin'* (Blue Note 4050)
The Ira Sullivan Quintet (Delmar 402)
Roosevelt Sykes, (vocal) *The Honeydripper* (Prestige/Bluesville 1014)
Buddy Tate, *Tate-a-Tate* (Prestige/Swingville 2014)
Various Artists, (vocal) *Southern Folk Heritage Series* (Atlantic HS 1)
Mal Waldron, *Impressions* (Prestige/New Jazz 8242)
Leo Wright, *Blues Shout* (Atlantic 1358)

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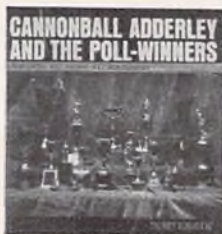
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RIVERSIDE RECORDS

It's a generally satisfactory bunch of performances, but it's very hard to rate. Intrinsically, the musicians' work rates at least three stars, but the recording must be considered (Jansson is way off mike), plus the purely comparative fact that Jones himself has recorded superior versions of most of these numbers. The ensembles, too, have a lackluster, going-through-the-motions sound at times.

On the other hand, if you dig Bailey, as I do, or would care to compare Persson's reading of *Midnight Sun* here with earlier treatments by Domnerus and Phil Woods, well then, be Argo's guest. (L.G.F.)

Sidney Bechet

BECHET—Riverside 149: *Wild Cat Blues; Ain't Misbehavin'; Blue, Turning Grey over You; Black and Blue; Charleston; Sensation; Sugar; Dear Old Southland; Love for Sale; St. Louis Blues; Sweet Lorraine.*

Personnel: Bechet, soprano saxophone. Track 1: add James P. Johnson, piano. Tracks 2, 3: add Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Georg Brunis, trombone; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Danny Barker, guitar; Pops Foster, bass; Fred Moore, drums. Tracks 4-7: Muggsy Spanier replaces Davison; Baby Dodds replaces Moore. Tracks 8-10: Jimmy Archey replaces Brunis; Joe Sullivan replaces Johnson. Tracks 11, 12: Edmond Hall replaces Nicholas; Ralph Sutton replaces Sullivan.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The Bechet discography is amplified by 12 selections with the release of this album, made up of performances taken from Rudi Blesh's 1947 radio series *This Is Jazz*, which have not been issued before.

The set suffers from erratic balancing and recording that varies all the way from uncompromisingly flat to boombingly tubby. Most of it passes muster, however, and this is fortunate, for there is a lot of bright, swinging mainstream playing in these pieces.

Bechet, of course, is never anything less than fervent, and there are some fine samples of his overwhelmingly full-bodied playing here, notably on the bright, rippling *Wild Cat* with Johnson and a treatment of *Love for Sale* that is an absorbing instance of his deeply blue romanticism.

But there is much more than Bechet in this set. Hall is in such drivingly exuberant form on *St. Louis Blues* that he cuts Bechet decisively. Davison is in his lustiest, most devil-may-care mood on the same tune, while Spanier turns up with a top-drawer plunger solo on *Black and Blue*.

Barker sneaks in a charming little unamplified guitar spot on this track. Sullivan comps brilliantly behind Bechet on *Sugar*, and Archey's gitty trombone fills embellish several numbers. There are also pieces that are routine. Possibly for strategic reasons, most of the best numbers are on the first side. (J.S.W.)

Johnny Dankworth

COLLABORATION—Roulette 52059: *Ebony Concerto; Improvisations for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra; Rendezvous (Highlife); One-Way Street; Variaciones Peruvianas; South Bank; Rondo Cubano*.

Personnel: Dankworth, Peter King, alto saxophones; Art Ellefson, Danny Moss, tenor saxophones; George Tyndale, baritone saxophone; Dickie Hawdon, Kenny Wheeler, Gus Galbraith, Derrick Abbot, trumpets; Tony Russel, Ian McDougall, Eddie Harvey, trombones; Ronnie Syned, tuba; Dudley Moore, piano; Spike Heatley, bass; Kenny Clare, drums. Track 1: add Ronnie Ross, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Deuchar, trumpet; Denis Wilson, horn; Gervaise de Peyer, clarinet; Ray Dempsey, guitar; Michael Jefferies, harp. On remaining selections, Dankworth band is accompanied by London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Hugo Ringold.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It came as somewhat of a surprise to discover that this is the only jazz-oriented album containing Igor Stravinsky's 1946 composition for the Woody Herman Band, *Ebony Concerto*.

The *Concerto* has been recorded twice previously, however, the best version to my mind being the first, cut with Stravinsky conducting the original Herman herd. Initially released on 78-rpm records, it was subsequently repackaged with several of the composer's shorter works on Columbia ML 4398. A second Herman performance, recorded approximately a decade later, can be found, together with Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements*, on Everest 6009.

This is not a score that permits much flexibility in interpretation. Dankworth's attempt is a bit inferior to the earlier versions, for his band does not muster the same unity and razor-sharp precision characteristic of either of the two Herman aggregations.

I suppose the *Concerto*, were it being performed for the first time in 1961, would be lumped in the general category of Third Stream music. Judged thusly, there are several works in this area of greater value. (A number of these are contained on the now-out-of-print *Music for Brass* album. Given the current interest in Third Stream music, one could hardly think of a more propitious time for Columbia to re-release it.) Nor is it likely that this piece will be remembered as one of Stravinsky's outstanding compositions. *Ebony Concerto*, however, continues to be of interest, as much for historical as for musical reasons.

The remainder of the compositions are less ambitious and much less successful. Although it has its brighter moments, *Improvisations* comes across essentially as a farrage of clichés and banalities as if one of the less imaginative studio big bands were to plow head on—a la Charles Ives—into a motion-picture symphony orchestra.

Rendezvous, as its subtitles indicate, attempts to suggest the music of five different "exotic" locales. The work is alternately insipid and ponderous, and the only portion that did not require forced listening was *One-Way Street*, a slow Ellington-style blues that features a very nice tenor saxophone solo. (F.K.)

Teddy Edwards

SUNSET EYES—Pacific Jazz 14: *Tempo de Blues; Vintage '57; I Hear a Rhapsody; Up in Teddy's New Flat; Sunset Eyes; Teddy's Tune; Takin' Off.*

Personnel: Edwards, tenor saxophone; Joe Castro or Amos Trice or Ronnie Ball, piano; Leroy Vinnegar or Ben Tucker, bass; Billy Higgins or Al Levitt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Edwards plays a warm, manly brand of saxophone, which, if it doesn't say anything startlingly new, does impart an over-all feeling of rightness. With full, steady rhythmic support, he maintains an accomplished level throughout. On *Teddy's New Flat*, a sequel title to his old Dial side of *Blues in Teddy's Flat*, he plays with inspiration. On *Takin' Off* he really does.

Tonally, Edwards is in the hard groove. He may be mindful of Sonny Rollins at times, and, on *Eyes*, he is close to Dexter

Gordon in places. Essentially, Teddy is his own man, however, with much personal strength.

Castro, while not yet a player of great scope, has relaxed to a much greater degree than he has in the past. He shows improved time in his phrasing and, in general, no longer seems to be saying, "Look, I'm playing jazz!" At his best, he achieves a healthy, Hampton Hawes-ish type of swing that moves right along.

Vinnegar and Higgins are a strong duo but the bassist's sound seems muddy a lot of the time. Perhaps it is the recording, but Tucker, in his one track (*Tempo*), cuts through more effectively. His solo is the best bass solo in the album. Ball and Levitt are fine, too. This first track has the best sound definition in the set.

Edwards can play the blues. He has a veteran's way with a ballad, as his dramatic rendition of the lovely *Rhapsody* shows. This album has its feet, or roots, in the ground. It will grow on you, too. (I.G.)

Art Farmer

ART—Argo 678: *So Beats My Heart for You; Goodbye, Old Girl; Who Cares?; Out of the Past; Younger Than Springtime; The Best Thing for You Is Me; I'm a Fool to Want You; That Ole Devil Called Love.*

Personnel: Farmer, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Tommy Williams, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is art. Farmer is a mature, personal, sensitive, lyrical trumpet *artist*. His sound, delicate and strong simultaneously, is integrated perfectly with the beautifully phrased content of his playing. His support is of the finest. Flanagan is an equally melodic, flowing player, and Farmer's Jazztet-mates, Williams and Heath, are the perfect accompanists.

Farmer's choice of tunes is especially astute, but it is his rendition that really justifies them. He is the epitome of tenderness on *Girl*, wears his heart on his sleeve without becoming maudlin on *Fool*, is appropriately nostalgic on Benny Golson's lovely *Past*, flows with facility but not glibness on *Who Cares?* I am particularly fond of his revival of *Devil Called Love*, a song that Billie Holiday sang so memorably. Several moments in his second solo here will have you putting the tone arm back again.

Farmer's interpretations are so far ahead of the so-called "jazz singers" of today (and there is a comparison here) who do similar material. Without the use of words, he sings poetry every time.

There are a lot of records being issued today. Through sheer volume, we hear a lot of good ones among the mediocre but even many of the good ones are not necessary to own. This superior example of jazz art is! (I.G.)

Tommy Gwaltney

GOIN' TO KANSAS CITY—Riverside 353: *Hello, Babe; An Old Manuscript; Kansas City Ballad; The Jumping Blues; Walter Page; Midnight Mema; John's Idea; Steppin' Pretty; Dedicated to You; The New Tulsa Blues.*

Personnel: Buck Clayton, trumpet; Bobby Zottola, trumpet, peck horn; Dickie Wells, trombone; Gwaltney, alto saxophone, clarinet, vibraphone, xylophone; Tommy Newsom, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Charlie Byrd, guitar; John Bunch, piano; Whitey Mitchell, bass; Buddy Shutz, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Gwaltney is an interesting and energetic musician who has never received the attention he deserves. He was an impressively

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MOSE ALLISON

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- 7137—YOUNG MAN MOSE
- 7152—CREEK BANK



GENE AMMONS

PRLP 7192

Although he has been neglected by many writers on jazz, Gene Ammons holds an important place in the history of the tenor saxophone. He was the first to employ the new ideas of phrase and rhythm advanced by Lester Young, while still retaining the virile sound of Coleman Hawkins. This combination of styles that seemed incompatible has influenced an entire generation of saxophonists—most notably Sonny Rollins. But Gene is not a man to put down a phrase in the history books. He is still a young man, very much on the scene, and playing better than he ever has before. The best proof of that is his newest LP, a casually swinging session call "Jug".

OTHER GENE AMMONS LP'S ON PRESTIGE

- 7039—THE HAPPY BLUES
- 7050—WOOFIN' AND TWEETIN'
- 7083—FUNKY
- 7132—THE BIG SOUND
- 7146—BLUE GENE
- 7176—THE TWISTER
- 7180—BOSS TENOR

We know we spoke about Red Garland just a few issues ago, and there are several things we want to say about several different people, but we couldn't resist taking this space to tell you about Red's new LP, *Rojo*. It features the conga drum of Ray Barretto, and some splendid one-time-only up-tempo performances of numbers that Red has made famous as ballads. We know that Red is renowned as one of the most sensitive and delicate interpreters of ballads in jazz, but the presence of the conga drum called for a swinging session, so that is how it worked out. With the inclusion of one tune, *Ralph J. Gleason Blues*, Red and Prestige pay belated thanks to one of Red's staunchest supporters. As they say in the movies, a new thriller from the man who gave you Mantecca.



RED GARLAND

PRLP 7193

OTHER RED GARLAND LP'S ON PRESTIGE

- 7064—A GARLAND OF RED
- 7086—RED GARLAND'S PIANO
- 7113—GROOVY
- 7139—MANTECCA
- 7148—ALL KINDS OF WEATHER
- 7157—RED IN BLUESVILLE
- 7170—RED GARLAND AT THE PRELUDE
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versatile member of the unusual group that Bobby Hackett led at the Henry Hudson hotel in New York City several years ago. At that time he doubled clarinet and vibes (while Dick Cary was playing piano, trumpet, and peck horn and writing). For the last few years, he has been living in Norfolk, Va., and is the guiding force behind the Virginia Beach Jazz Festival.

He produced this disc, besides playing on it, and, by exercising some imagination, has created an evocation of Kansas City jazz that avoids the stereotypes that such projects usually fall into.

This is no attempt to play like the Count Basie Band (or anybody else, for that matter). Rather, the performances grow out of the riff-based, swinging style commonly associated with Kansas City and applied to tunes from the Basie, Benny Moten, Andy Kirk, and Jay McShann repertoires along with some effective new material.

The performances are easy and unpretentious, given pungent accent by Clayton's clean, biting trumpet, a gentle lyricism supplied by Byrd's guitar, dark Dickie Wells trombone slurs, and some surprisingly appropriate piano work by Bunch.

Gwaltney's versatility gets a thorough workout. He plays a strikingly gutty clarinet on *New Tulsa Blues*, a limpid alto solo on *Dedicated to You* and some lovely xylophone (quite Red Norvoish) on his original, *Walter Page*. The arrangements, are direct and uncomplicated.

It's a very relaxed set, brimming with pleasant solos that swing along easily over the riff-based backgrounds. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Harris

EXODUS TO JAZZ—Vee Jay 3016: *Exodus*; *Alicia*; *Gone Home*; *ATC*; *A.M. Blues*; *Little Girl Blue*; *Velocity*; *WP*.

Personnel: Harris, tenor saxophone; Joseph Diorio, guitar; William Yancy, bass; Willie Pickens, piano; Harold Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The first title, of course, achieved hit status via its truncated release as a single. It's by no means the track most representative of Harris' work.

The Chicago multi-instrumentalist, who plays many other horns well but prefers to stick to tenor, says he wants to play like a trumpet. There are times when he makes it sound more like a soprano sax; his control in a register abnormally high for tenor is quite remarkable.

The sound of Harris himself, and that of his quintet, evoke memories of the 1950 Stan Getz and of the combo Getz had, with Jimmy Raney in the role played here by Diorio. This is not a very fashionable sound nowadays, but it's a welcome change from tenor players who use beginner's tone to rub in their roughhewn message.

The four Harris and two Pickens originals are more valuable for the blowing than for any intrinsic melodic qualities; this is true even of Harris' very pretty *Alicia*. *ATC* is constructed like one of those early Shearing originals. In a couple of tracks Harris reveals that he can be funky (*Gone Home*) and exciting (*Velocity*) as well as cool.

Pickens, once you get past the Jose Melis intro to *Exodus*, is a capable soloist and Diorio a very promising one, of whom we should hear more. (L.G.F.)

Woody Herman

THE NEW SWINGIN' HERMAN HERD — Crown 205: *Montmart Bus Ride*; *Aruba*; *Darn That Dream*; *Crown Royal*; *I Can't Get Started*; *The Grind*; *Off Shore*; *Single O*; *Afterglow*; *Hermosa Beach*.

Personnel: Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone; Don Lanphere, Larry McKenna, tenor saxophones; Gus Maas, tenor saxophone, flute; Jimmy Mosher, baritone saxophone; Bill Chase, Paul Fontaine, Don Rader, Jimmy Bennett, Rolf Ericson, trumpets; Jimmy Guinn, George Hanna, Kent McGarity, trombones; Martin Harris, piano; Larry Rockwell, bass; Jimmy Campbell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Recorded on March 22, 1960, this is a good, swinging dance band whose jazz lacks significance.

Essentially, this Herd is doing what the great 1947-49 Herd did, but it is a much paler version. The Four Brothers sound is in evidence on *Montmart* and *Single O*. *Aruba* is a pretty piece of exotica but is no *Bijou*. According to the notes, it and all the other numbers except *Shore*, *Dream*, and *Started* are from the pen of Ralph Burns. All are at least good if not exceptional. *The Grind*, however, with Herman sounding as if he is playing for a stripper in the first and last sections, seems at once both a put-on and lure for the teenage set. The middle band section, with its heavy backbeat and key changes, obviously is supposed to inspire a new dance (or fit one already in existence).

Afterglow, featuring some Bill Harrisish trombone, is reminiscent of some of Burns' *Free Forms*. *Hermosa Beach*, a typically Burnsian melodic theme, actually did appear on his *Free Forms* album (Verve) as *Vignette at Verney's*. Lanphere blows nice tenor here. There are two trumpet solos. The first one is muted and, I suspect, the work of the talented Ericson. Lanphere and Ericson also solo well on the happy riffer, *Crown Royal*.

Mosher has most of *Single O* to himself. He is under the persuasion of Serge Chaloff and is a wailer. Because no exact solo credits are given in the notes, it is a guess that it is Maas on the *Montmart* tenor solo and Chase's trumpet on *Started*.

There are no surprises in this set, but it is good listening—and dancing. Campbell is a spirited helmsman, and the stereo is effective. (I.G.)

James Moody

JAMES MOODY WITH STRINGS—Argo 679: *Dorothee*; *Love for Sale*; *Another Day*; *All My Life*; *I'm Old-Fashioned*; *Fools Rush In*; *Somerset*; *I Remember Clifford*; *Love Walked In*; *A Song of Love*; *Dorian Mood*.

Personnel: Moody, alto, tenor saxophones, flute. Tracks 1, 4, 8, 10: large string orchestra with Hank Jones, piano; John Beal, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Tracks 2, 5, 7, 9: brass ensemble with Torrie Zito, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Tom Gillen, drums. Tracks 3, 6, 11: woodwind and horn ensemble, with Tommy Flanagan, piano; Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Though intended as a mood album (whatever the devil that is—all good music is capable of evoking some emotion), this LP makes it solidly as jazz for listening. More than just pleasant, it stands up very well under repeated playings.

The title isn't particularly accurate, however, since only four of the 11 tracks are recorded with strings. Backgrounds on the remaining selections are provided by either a brass ensemble or a group of woodwinds and horns. The arrangements

are by Zito, and he also contributed five originals and handled piano chores on the tracks with brass. Uncomplicated but not uninteresting, they add just the right complement to Moody's spare lyricism.

As for Moody himself, his straight-ahead-swinging approach is always a groove, and he also knows what to do with a ballad (remember *Moody's Mood*?). He is, moreover, one of the few who sound equally at home on more than one instrument.

There is some evidence that, without diluting the individuality of his style, Moody has been listening to other tenor players, notably, John Coltrane. On *I'm Old-Fashioned*, which Coltrane recorded on his *Blue Train* album, Moody appropriately unfurls some sheets of sound. He does the same on *Dorian Mood*, as well as toying briefly with the two-notes-at-once bit, and the tag on *Somerset* likewise employs some Coltrane figures. (F.K.)

Oscar Peterson

OSCAR PETERSON PLAYS PORGY AND BESS—Verve 68340: *I Got Plenty o' Nuthin'*; *I Wants to Stay Here*; *Summertime*; *Oh, Day's So Fresh and Fine (Strawberry Woman)*; *Oh, Lawd, I'm on My Way*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York*; *Bess, Oh, Where's My Bess?*; *Here Come de Honey Man*; *Bess, You Is My Woman Now*.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Although it is in a different instrumental category, Peterson's *Porgy and Bess* naturally invites comparison with jazz versions issued previously because it essays the same material. With its many good moments, this still comes in a distant third to the Miles Davis-Gil Evans and Bill Potts versions.

Peterson is at his best on the slow tempos: *Where's My Bess?* and *I Wants to Stay Here* (better known as *I Loves You, Porgy*) are played with sensitive beauty; *Strawberry Woman* is also beautiful but, like *Honey Man*, is done in a very brief version and not explored.

While *Summertime* is swinging and shows thought in the phrasing of the improvised section, *Nuthin'* is extremely monotonous. The same type of contrast occurs in comparing *Boat with I'm on My Way*. The former is a model of how to build a piece dynamically. Peterson happily refers to Hampton Hawes in the first portion. After Brown's fine solo, he really comes on to climax the number effectively. On the other hand, *Way* is an exercise in the mechanical, complete with Carmen Cavallaro-type glissandos.

This is Peterson at his best and worst. For Peterson and/or *Porgy and Bess* collectors only. (I.G.)

Freddie Redd

SHADES OF REDD—Blue Note 4045: *This*; *Blues-Blues-Blues*; *Shadows*; *Melanie*; *Swift*; *Just a Ballad for My Baby*; *Ole*.

Personnel: Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Tina Brooks, tenor saxophone; Redd, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Redd's quintet works largely in the hard-driving, Horace Silver manner, lashed by ex-Silverite Hayes' drumming, lifted by sharp, astringent ensemble voicing, and riding on the penetrating saxophone attack of both McLean and Brooks.

Redd's piano playing is oddly gentle in all this slam-bang eruptivity, and yet it is

never out of place. He uses a simple, spare style that becomes highly effective as he works his way along in a solo. The merits of such an economy of expression are constantly illustrated in the work of the two saxophonists.

McLean has become a knowing selector of what is essential, and by keeping his lines free and open, he swings readily in almost any circumstance. Brooks, on the other hand, is so busy getting in a lot of notes that his playing is almost devoid of expression, and, lacking shading, it becomes lumbering even when he is driven by the powerful rhythm section that plays with him here.

Except for a plodding ballad, the basic themes are pointedly fresh and attractive. (J.S.W.)

Charlie Rouse

YEAH!—Epic 17012 and 16012: *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Lil Rousin'*; *Stella* by *Starlight*; *Billy's Blues*; *Rouse's Point*; *There Is No Greater Love*.

Personnel: Rouse, tenor saxophone; Dave Bailey, drums; Peck Morrison, bass; Billy Gardner, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Rouse never has been heard to better advantage than in this unpretentiously agreeable session. Certainly his playing has been more exploratory but never more listenable.

The ballads are especially satisfying. Of the three simple, functional originals, I was most intrigued by *Lil Rousin'*, a blues rhumba theme that gets a happy groove going throughout.

Rouse's fellow cooks are the old Gerry Mulligan rhythm section (Morrison is a long-underrated bassist), plus an impressive new pianist, Gardner, a psychology and criminology major at City College of New York, who, it seems, has listened long and earnestly to Red Garland but does well enough here (notably in his chorded solo on *Stella*) to make this a noteworthy debut.

Epic (a Columbia dependent) seems to be the only major label now taking the trouble to record less-than-major names in this type of combo jazz. More power to Mike Berniker, whose taste in talents appears to coincide almost exactly with mine. (L.G.F.)

Zoot Sims

CHOICE—Pacific Jazz 20: *I'll Remember April*; *There Will Never Be Another You*; *Red Door*; *Flamingo*; *You're Driving Me Crazy*; *Brushes*; *Choice Blues*.

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone. Tracks 1-4: add Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone, piano; Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone; piano; Jon Eardley, trumpet; Red Mitchell, bass; Larry Bunker, drums. Tracks 5-7: add Russ Freeman, piano; Billy Bean or Jim Hall, guitar; Monte Budwig, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is a rag-tag, odds-and-ends feeling about this collection, as though Dick Bock had been sweeping out the Pacific Jazz studio and found a few things lying around that might be good enough to keep.

The first side, some tracks of which have been issued previously, is made up of clips from a concert at San Diego in 1954 at which Sims played with Mulligan's quintet; the second consists of instrumental pieces made after an Annie Ross session in 1959.

Sims swings along in top form on the concert side, lithe and liftingly lyrical as only he can be, and he has the good fortune to be working in front of a rhythm

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section that is just as buoyant as he. Brookmeyer and Mulligan alternate at piano. Eardley appears on one number, *Red Door*.

The only drawback to these pieces is that two of them, *April* and *Flamingo* are cut off abruptly and applause is jammed in with jarring unreality. However, on the other two, *Never Be* and *Red Door*, there is the bonus of strong, unfettered swinging by Brookmeyer and Mulligan.

The post-Ross selections are much less satisfying. *Crazy* is badly balanced, over-emphasizing Bean's uninspiring rhythm guitar, while *Brushes* puts equally unfortunate emphasis on Lewis' drums. Freeman does well on both pieces, but Sims never catches fire. He makes up for this on *Choice Blues*, which finally achieves a rational balance. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Stitt

SONNY STITT SWINGS THE MOST—Verve 8380: *Lonesome Road; The Gypsy; That's the Way to Be; There Is No Greater Love; Jaunty; Blue Sunday; The Way You Look Tonight*.

Personnel: Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones, vocal; Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Because he is a thorough-going professional, a man who plays with amazing consistency, the succession of albums featuring Stitt and a rhythm section is reaching a stage at which new albums in this vein become relatively pointless. Enough, already.

As always, Stitt ambles through these pieces with polish and swinging ease, and if much of his playing is predictable, it must be admitted that it is predictability of a high order.

Three items that vary from the generally bland programming here are a slow blues, *Blue Sunday*, on which Stitt plays with more sense of involvement than usual; his debut as a vocalist on *That's the Way*, revealing him as a forthright but toneless singer, and a demonstration of the gentle art of keeping a slow ballad swinging on *The Gypsy*, although his almost mechanical balancing of slow melody passages with fast fills is no help. The rhythm section gives him capable, unobtrusive accompaniment. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

MORRIS GRANTS PRESENTS JUNK—Argo 4006: *Jumping with Symphony Sid; Gone with the Wind; Le Tap; Lonesome Road; Mack the Knife; Drumarama; Making Whoopee; Creative Love; However; 'Round Lunchtime; Frenesi; C Jam Blues*.

Personnel: Morris Brewbeck, Thelonious Plunk, or Morris Garner, piano; Sol Desman, alto saxophone; Miles Morris, trumpet; Can-E-Ball Naturally, alto saxophone; Gene Blooper, drums; Merry Julligan, baritone saxophone; Bet Taker, trumpet; Ornette Morris, alto saxophone (plastic); Mon Cherie, trumpet (pocket); Morris Ferguson, trumpet.

Rating: see below

Almost 17 years have passed since Norman Granz made a revolution in the presentation of jazz with his earliest Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts.

This memorable, indeed historic, recording must be described as *the* counterrevolution. And there is little doubt that Morris Grants has picked up where Norman Granz left off.

No rating is possible, let alone desirable, for this album. In fact, it might be said that it defies rating or even evaluation. It is, in short, a most remarkable recorded

document of jazz at the crossroads. For that is where jazz finds itself today. It is poised in the intersection, hesitating, glancing apprehensively at the traffic light while the Mack trucks and trailers of the idiom rumble by, secure in their horsepower and impetus. Then there are the Volkswagens and Toyopets of jazz. They, too, are beeping into the intersection, inching forward cautiously, probing for a true direction.

The artists in this album display no such doubts, though they be neither Mack nor Toyopet. The fact that they are all unknowns is of no moment; they have chosen their direction, and they march toward their goal with conviction and unwavering courage. That goal is CHAOS.

Without exploring in detail the philosophy of the CHAOS principle in jazz, let it be summed up thus: You, like, blow. Then, when all the engrenms have been expelled from the cortex via the horn, you have realized the CHAOTIC principle. Further, you have achieved the pinnacle of your art.

The musicians assembled for this recorded concert at Boston's Grove Hall Philharmonic are past masters at evicting engrenms. All have much to offer the discerning ear; let it suffice to cite a few of these pioneers.

There is Ornette Morris, lonely and proud, truly the Fuehrer of jazz' New Order, towering monolithically above the pygmies snapping at his ankles while his adoring followers bay, "Heil!" And there is the introverted Morris Brewbeck, an artist lost in his own web of creation. At the opposite extreme is the extroversion of Morris Ferguson, his trumpet and his solid-fueled rocket, which only serve to reiterate that there is a place in our music for good, clean, healthy, uninhibited CHAOS.

This, then, is Jazz University's New Kicks, already well established by initials. Is it truly JUNK? You're damn right it is. (J.A.T.)

Lem Winchester

ANOTHER OPUS—Prestige/New Jazz: *Another Opus; Blues Prayer; The Meetin'; Like Someone in Love; Both Barrels*.

Personnel: Winchester, vibraharp; Frank Wess, flute; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Winchester's playing on this album makes his untimely death seem all the more tragic. The rating is *not* one of those posthumous gifts—this LP is the best the vibist produced in his short career. I don't know if Prestige has any more tapes of sessions like this one, but I hope there is more of Winchester's latter-day playing to be issued. His work on this album indicates that he finally had his Milt Jackson-derived style shaped to his own measurements.

In Winchester's playing, there were qualities of jazz excellence: originality, power, and passion. He employed devices most other vibraharpists rarely, if ever, used: parallel fourths and fifths, played in swooping phrases; octaves and rolls, but not in the way Red Norvo uses octaves and rolls—Winchester used them earthily, more as a blues pianist would than in the xylophone-technique-applied-to-vibes manner of Norvo. Winchester's use of octaves,

fourths, and fifth puts me in mind of Wes Montgomery's guitar playing—both have used similar devices to get their blues-rooted messages across. Besides the devices, there is another strong parallel that can be drawn between Winchester and Montgomery: Lem stood in relation to Milt Jackson as Montgomery stands in relation to Charlie Christian. Each is an extension of his instrumental predecessor. It's regrettable that Montgomery and Winchester never recorded together.

The other opus implied by the album title is *Opus de Jazz*, recorded by Jackson a few years ago on Savoy. The tenor of the two albums is the same—unpretentious blues-based playing. Both albums have a good standard ballad (in this case, *Like Someone*; in Jackson's album the ballad was a breathtaking *You Leave Me Breathless*). The personnel overlaps between the two *Opuses* also: Wess and the two Joneses play on both. But the greatest similarity between the two LPs is that both contain some of the best results produced at blowing sessions.

The outstanding track is the extremely mournful *Blues Prayer*. It is one of those slow blues that a lot of musicians attempt but few carry off. Winchester and colleagues not only carry it off but have given us one of the *bluest* performances recorded in the last few years. Winchester's blues playing is on a high level—as high as Jackson's heralded blues feats. Wess' flute seems to weep in an intensely emotional solo following Winchester's. There is no double timing on the track, giving the performance a continuity it might not have had had there been extensive doubling up.

The other blues track is the title tune. It is faster than *Prayer*, but the essentially blue characteristic of the slower-paced track is retained, although the feeling is lighter. Winchester, Wess, and Hank Jones all seem to dance through their solos—Winchester tumbles and cascades, Wess whirls like an evil spirit, and Hank bobs and weaves. There is a novel interlude on this track when the vibist plays rhythm vibes—if there is such an animal—for 24 bars of Eddie Jones' solo: four-mallet chording on each beat, as rhythm guitar is played. Eddie and Johnson provide firm support for all the soloists throughout the album but especially on this track.

The album is an utterly satisfying emotional experience. By all means, get it.

(D.DeM.)

Kai Winding

THE INCREDIBLE KAI WINDING TROMBONES—Impulse A-3; *Speak Low*; *Lil Darlin'*; *Doodlin'*; *Love Walked In*; *Margos*; *Impulse*; *Black Coffee*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *Michie (Slow)*; *Michie (Fast)*.

Personnel: Winding, Johnny Messner, or Jimmy Knepper, tenor trombones; Tony Studd or Dick Lieb, Paul Faulise, bass trombones; Ross Tompkins or Bill Evans, piano; Bob Cranshaw or Ron Carter, bass; Al Beldini or Sticks Evans, drums; Ray Starling, mellophone; Olatunji, conga drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Like most of his albums since the formation of the Winding septet, this is almost all bone but not without marrow. Winding wrote all but two of the arrangements, and while he may be inclined occasionally to write off the top of his pen (witness the cliché 3-4-5-5-6-7-8-9 final phrase on *Blackbird*) his scoring generally is func-

tional and puts the instrumentation to pleasant use.

Coffee, one of three tracks on which Bill Evans is heard, comes off particularly well, with some plangent, plunging bass trombone by Faulise. *Impulse*, a piece that goes back to the Jay-and-Kai days, is a bristling reworking of the *I'll Remember April* changes; *Speak Low*, scored by Starling, gains considerably from the presence of Olatunji. *Michie*, Winding's dedication to his youngest daughter, is provided with an intriguing twofold treatment, the second partly in long meter. Winding blows some fine blowsy blues on *Doodlin'*.

This modestly agreeable LP deserved a more fitting title. Webster defines incredible as "too extraordinary and improbable to admit of belief." I'm sure Winding would be the last to make this claim for his team. (L.G.F.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Louis Armstrong

A RARE BATCH OF SATCH—RCA Victor 2322: *I Got a Right to Sing the Blues*; Medley (*When You're Smiling*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Dinah*); *There's a Cabin in the Pines*; *I Hate to Leave You Now*; *Mahogany Hall Stomp*; *High Society*; *That's My Home*; Medley (*You Rascal, You*; *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*; *Nobody's Sweetheart*); *Snoozeball*; *Laughin' Louie*; *Hobo*; *You Can't Ride This Train*.

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals. Accompanying big bands vary in personnel but include Zilmer Randolph, trumpet; Keg Johnson or Charlie Green, trombone; Edgar Sampson, alto saxophone; Scoville Brown, alto saxophone, clarinet; Budd Johnson or Elmer Williams, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Mike McKendrick or John Trueheart, guitar; Chick Webb, drums.

Ratings: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Even though the accompanying bands are terrible on these tracks which date from 1932-33, Armstrong rises above his surroundings and displays the artistry of his youth in its golden fullness.

These Victor sides generally have been looked down on by Armstrong connoisseurs, and his early big-band work does suffer when compared with his playing with the Hot Five and Hot Seven, but there is no denying the sweep and grandeur of some of his work in this later period. Nor can the dark beauty of his tone—maybe even fuller and darker than in the '20s—be ignored. All these qualities are evident in this album.

The charge that Louis has gone commercial in the last decade is nonsense. As these examples and all that went before them show, Louis was *always* interested in the commercial value of his work.

The tunes he recorded in his so-called classic period—the '20s—were for the most part novelties and dog tunes. This collection is no different. *But* the beauty of Armstrong is that he turned these trivialities into gems. Nor does it seem that he particularly cared, in any phase of his career, with whom he was playing. It would appear that Armstrong became the artist that he was—and still can be on occasion—despite himself. But this is beside the point; the point is that this album contains magnificent trumpet work

The best tracks, I feel, are *Basin Street*, which approaches his earlier version with Earl Hines; *Cabin*, with an indescribable sadness about the trumpet solo; and *I Got*

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a *Right*, which illustrates Armstrong's ability to construct a chorus, bring it to a spine-shaking climax. All the tracks in the album are notable for Louis' work, both instrumentally and vocally, but these three stand out.

Although the bands don't make it at all—one exception would be McKendrick's group on *Mahogany Hall*—there are good solos by the Johnson brothers, Keg and Budd, and Green sprinkled about. Keg Johnson is especially worth hearing. His work shows the impression of the Jimmy Harrison-Jack Teagarden trombone style and is more flowing than most other trombone playing heard in the early '30s. Budd Johnson has some notable Coleman Hawkins-like moments.

If you don't have these tracks, or if you've never heard Armstrong when he was a more consistent and satisfying artist than he has been of late, be sure to get this album. (D. DeM.)

Bix Beiderbecke

THE BIX BEIDERBECKE: LEGEND—RCA Victor 2323: *Clementine*; *I Didn't Know*; *Sunday Changes* (Take 1 and an excerpt from Take 2); *Lonely Melody* (Take 3 and Take 1); *From Monday On*; *There Ain't No Sweet Man That's Worth the Salt of My Tears*; *San*; *Dardanella*; *You Took Advantage of Me*; *Barnacle Bill the Sailor*; *I'll Be a Friend with Pleasure*.

Personnel: Beiderbecke, cornet. Tracks 1-3: Jean Goldkette Orchestra with Fred Farrar, Ray Ludwig or Tex Brusstar, trumpets; Bill Rank, Lloyd Turner or Tommy Dorsey, trombones; Don Murray, Frank Trumbauer or Doc Ryker, George Williams, saxophones; Joe Venuti, violin; Irv Riskin or Paul Mertz, pianos; Eddie Lang, guitar or Howdy Quicksell, banjo; Steve Brown, bass; Irish Henry, tuba; Chauncey Moorehouse or Charlie Horvath, drums. Tracks 4-12: Paul Whiteman Orchestra with Henry Busse, Charles Margulis, Bob Mayhew, trumpets; Boyce Cullen, Wilbur Hall, Tommy Dorsey, Rank, Jack Fulton, trombones; Chester Strickfadden, reeds; Venuti and others, violins; Harry Perrella, Tom Satterfield, Bill Challis or Harry Barris, piano; Austin Young or Eddie Lang, guitar; Mike Pingitore, banjo; Steve Brown or Mike Trafficante, bass or tuba; Harold McDonald or George Marsh, drums; Rhythm Boys, vocals. Track 13: Hoagy Carmichael Orchestra with Bubber Miley, trumpet; Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Jimmy Dorsey, alto saxophone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Venuti, violin; Irving Brodsky, piano; Lang, guitar; Harry Goodman, tuba; Gene Krupa, drums; Venuti and Carson Robison, vocal. Track 14: Same as 13, except Miley and Freeman out; add Ludwig, trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Wesley Vaughn, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

One of the more curious facts in jazz is that there never has been any sort of consensus regarding Beiderbecke. All other early jazzmen have fallen into more or less recognized niches in jazz history, but assessments of Beiderbecke over the years have continued to shift haphazardly between extremes.

There is not a definitive pattern, but the high point seems to have been reached in the unbridled enthusiasm in the '30s, the low point in the heedless ridicule in the '40s, when all traces of Beiderbecke's influence seemed to have disappeared from jazz. The pendulum of opinion has been swinging back in his favor in recent years with the discovery that a great deal of contemporary jazz is rooted in Beiderbecke—and with Lester Young's announcement that the Beiderbecke-Trumbauer sides were paramount influences in his style.

In spite of this, there is, even today, considerable dissent and a widespread reluctance to express anything more than a tentative, contingent judgment regarding Beiderbecke. I don't pretend to know

why this is, unless it has something to do with the long-standing theory that the Beiderbecke influence has not yet been fully absorbed into the mainstream of jazz.

A factor that never has helped Beiderbecke is that much of his life was shrouded in fable. Jazz scholarship was excellent up to a point, but there were times when fiction seemed so apt and glorious that it was confused with fact. Only recently has the cumulative dissatisfaction with the vague loose ends of Beiderbecke's life forced a few dedicated fans back into the dog work of research that has turned up new evidence (including the discovery of the *I Didn't Know* track in this album).

The new findings don't give us a new Beiderbecke, but they help clear the smoke and bring the old, familiar one into sharper focus.

When Beiderbecke left the Wolverines late in 1924, both Jimmy Hartwell and George Johnson stated that they *thought* he went to join Goldkette. Since it had been established that Beiderbecke was in Charlie Straight's orchestra after leaving the Wolverines, and had spent a year with Frank Trumbauer in St. Louis before joining Goldkette in 1926, these statements were disregarded.

Now it turns out that Beiderbecke *did* join Goldkette and had been fired for fluffing a solo during a recording session in Detroit in November, 1924. (Charles Edward Smith's liner notes say there were five masters made and that the one with the fluff was pressed for this album—I can't hear it).

"Bix," says pianist Paul Mertz, "was stunned and heartbroken."

This experience must have left a scar, and his subsequent actions in this period show that he was not quite the carefree, fun-loving jazz kid that writers have described. From Goldkette he went to Straight's second-string band at the Rendezvous in Chicago.

Then there were other gigs and the awful Sioux City Six session for Gennett in December (*I'm Glad* and *Flock o' Blues*). In February, he registered and lasted a mere 14 days as a student at the University of Iowa. Then there were more Chicago gigs and, in March, another terrible date at Gennett, this one played through a drunken haze (*Davenport Blues* and *Toddlin' Blues*).

This behavior points more to the desperate restlessness of a creative musician than to that of a capricious lark of a jazz adolescent. A man in this frame of mind could not have had the trumpet duels that he was supposed to have had then with Louis Armstrong on Chicago's south side. Earl Hines, for one, does not remember anything like them taking place.

In September, 1925, Beiderbecke joined Trumbauer in St. Louis, and this job and the one at Hudson Lake, Ind., during the summer of the following year seemed to have pulled him out of his slump.

At Hudson Lake, Bix, Tram, and Pee Wee Russell were all in a Goldkette unit, and we are told that Beiderbecke would sit night after night with his foot anchored on the bandstand rail and, oblivious to the glare of the big white light on the

band, play the best choruses of his career. This may be part of the fable, but what is not is that his best records—especially the series with Trumbauer—were made immediately following this period.

The 1924 *I Didn't Know* track was made several weeks after Beiderbecke had made the *Tia Juana* and *Big Boy* sides with the Wolverines in New York. His pretty 16-bar chorus is constructed with the same rambling ease that marks his playing on the Wolverine records, and it rises like a phoenix out of the stilted, jerky movements of the band ensemble.

Clementine, recorded in 1927, and the two takes of *Lonely Melody*, recorded in 1928, have some of the greatest lyrical solos in jazz. The classical beauty of Beiderbecke's conception on these is matched only, in my opinion, by the magnificent 1946 Charlie Parker solos on *Ornithology* and *Yardbird Suite* on Dial.

The remaining tracks of this album are not quite as interesting. There is an excellent Bix-Tram chase chorus on *You Took Advantage*, but, for the most part, the breaks and solos taken by Beiderbecke are not any better than just good.

The arrangements by Bill Challis and Tom Satterfield, reflecting Bixian imagery, were considerable improvements over the stilted jangle of sound that was common in band work in that day, but there are too many tedious, elephantine stretches.

Smith's notes and George Avakian's comments are excellent. I think, though, that the use of the "legend" image to promote this album is in bad taste. (G.M.E.)

Various Artists

BOOGIE WOOGIE REVISITED—RCA Victor 2321: *Boogie Woogie Revisited* (Tommy Dorsey); *Yancey's Bugle Call* (Jimmy Yancey); *Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar* (Glenn Miller); *Chicago Breakdown* (Big Maceo); *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues* (Earl Hines); *Hesitation Boogie* (Mary Lou Williams); *Honky Tonk Train Blues* (Meade Lux Lewis); *Little Joe from Chicago* (Andy Kirk); *Walkin' the Boogie* (Albert Ammons-Pete Johnson); *Cow Cow Blues* (Bob Zurke); *The Honeydripper* (Oscar Peterson); *St. Louis Boogie* (Count Basie).

Rating: ★ ★

If the rest of the tracks in this album had been of the quality of the Yancey and the Big Maceo, this would have been a five-star album. These two tracks show how powerful (Maceo) yet subtle (Yancey) boogie woogie can be.

When the big bands got hold of it in the boogie-woogie craze of the late '30s and early '40s, what was once an attractive, but limited, style of blues piano was distorted into a vapid, lusterless novelty. It became formulaized. The result was a spate of inanities like *Beat Me, Daddy* and *Cow Cow Boogie* (which didn't have much to do with one of the masters of this style, Cow Cow Davenport, unfortunately not represented in this collection).

Some of the masters or journeymen are present here: Lewis, Johnson, Ammons, and, of course, Yancey and Maceo. But the examples of Lewis, Johnson, and Ammons are not the best of their work. Lewis' *Train* is not as powerful as his earlier versions of the tune; the Ammons-Johnson duet is slow building up steam but does let fly a few sparks toward the end of the track.

Yancey, whom I never considered just a boogie woogie man, is excellent on his track. Coming as it does after the Dorsey

effort with pianist Paul Smith mechanically going through his paces, its stark simplicity is even more noticeable. The difference between art and show business could hardly have been more clearly drawn—nor could there be a better example of how boogie woogie was distorted.

Maceo, while not as subtle as Yancey, shows how powerful this music can be. His left hand is especially strong and urging during the climax of *Chicago*.

The other tracks are of little interest. Nothing seems more incongruous to me than to hear Earl Hines playing boogie woogie. His *St. Louis* is nothing but a novelty with screams. The Williams and Peterson tracks have their moments—but not because of their boogie woogie content.

On the whole, a disappointing collection. (D. DeM.)

VOCAL

Jon Hendricks

EVOLUTION OF THE BLUES SONG—Columbia 8383 and 1583: *Introduction; Amo; Some Stopped on de Way; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; New Orleans; I Had My Share; Please Send Me Someone to Love; Sufferin' Blues; That's Enough; Aw, Gal; See, See, Rider; Jumpin' with Symphony Sid; Sun Gonna Shine in My Door; WPA Blues; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*.

Personnel: Hendricks, narration, vocals; Hannah Dean and unidentified chorus, Big Miller, Jimmy Witherspoon, vocals; Pony Poindexter, Ben Webster, tenor saxophones; Gildo Mahones, piano; Ike Isaacs, bass; Bobby Gibbons, guitar; Jimmy Wormworth, drums; Eddie Gale, piano, for Miss Dean.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Recorded in a Hollywood studio a week later, this is a reconstruction of the presentation devised by Hendricks for the Monterey Jazz Festival last fall. He narrates it, in verse, sings like Chano Pozo on *Amo*, King Calypso on *Some Stopped on de Way*, and toward the end, in *WPA Blues*, practices what he has been preaching for a half-hour by hollering like Joe Turner.

Subjectively, even for those of us who were not at Monterey, the whole 44 minutes constitute a deeply moving experience. Objectively, it is a curiously fragmented story that can easily be picked apart.

It is bound to antagonize certain theorists and purists (especially since at one point Hendricks observes, "This ain't gonna be no intellectual baloney, so you know it ain't gonna be phony"); it will disturb others on racial grounds (surely Jack Teagarden, who is not mentioned, had more to do with the essence of the blues than Lester Young who is mentioned); and it will strike some as a rather turbulent interpretation of blues history with its complete omission of themes vital to the evolution of the blues song (*Frankie and Johnny* and *St. Louis Blues*, for example), plus its gratuitous reference to Napoleon Bonaparte, the Louisiana Purchase, and Storyville, the closing of which is mentioned without any previous reference or explanation.

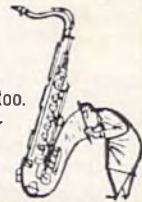
To reject the result on these grounds, however, would be to sidestep the main issue, which is the emotional impact of the singing and of Hendricks' talent for linking the songs together with a story that, for all its inaccuracies, often is poignantly

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beautiful. (It would have been just as beautiful without "more better" and "it go this way"; Jon's deliberate grammatical errors smack of pseudo-rusticity.)

The first side takes a while to get effectively under way. It is not until the magnificent Miller steps in with *I Had My Share* that the mood is firmly and warmly established; everything that precedes this is an extended prolog with little direct bearing on the subject. Miller's entrance is the point at which the blues takes hold.

The most stirring moment on the second side is Miss Dean's jubilant *That's Enough*. An important and majestically endowed new voice, she conveys an impression of controlled hysteria that mirrors the church-Gospel-blues truth as no cabaret contralto ever can. As Hendricks remarks somewhere along the line here, it came from the church, "I ain't no liar; didn't Dinah and Sarah come right out the choir?"

Witherspoon is below his best form on all but the last of his three tracks, seemingly achieving complete control only as he sobs his way superbly through *The Sun's Gonna Shine*.

The inclusion of Poindexter, who narrates one track and plays another, seems somewhat arbitrary, and *Jumpin' with Symphony Sid* was not exactly the most immortal blues framework that could have been chosen, even assuming that an instrumental had to be included at all in what is presumably a story dealing with blues singing.

The instrumentalists get a sympathetic blues groove. Webster's obligato and solo lend their formidable strength to *Sufferin' Blues*. Pianists Mahones and Gale—the latter a perfect Mildred Falls-style foil for Miss Dean—should have been given billing for their important contribution; their names are not mentioned.

A choir that opens and closes the story with hummed, long-held D's and F's provides a simple, stirring backdrop for Hendricks' voice. What emerges from the mood sustained throughout is an impression of intense sincerity that compensates thoroughly for the occasional naiveties, irrelevancies, and distortions of the script.

You don't look for the facts in a story like this any more than you look for photograph-like faces in a Picasso. This is the blues truth according to Hendricks, and a man with his gifts should be granted a maximum of poetic license.

The cover shows him reading his story to a group of children of all races, as he did at Monterey. Children will dig this album, as a matter of fact; I hope you will play it for any in your family, and I hope none of the misgivings of any carping adults will mitigate their enjoyment of a unique socio-musical event.

(L.G.F.)

Elmore James

BLUES AFTER HOURS—Crown 5168: *Dust My Blues; Sunnyland; Mean and Evil; Dark and Dreary; Standing at the Crossroads; Happy Home; No Love in My Heart; Blues before Sunrise; I Was a Fool; Goodbye, Baby.*

Personnel: James, vocals, guitar; other personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

James is one of a group of young singers who have patterned themselves

after the phenomenally successful blues shouter B. B. King. This is a most welcome disc—for it is a collection of lusty, rocking, and unpretentious tunes, all initially issued as singles on Crown's various labels. At \$1.49, it is a bargain.

On half these numbers, James is backed by a loose, flexible, small, Basie-patterned band, and this arrangement works as satisfactorily for him as it does for King.

On the other five tracks he is heard with his usual rhythm section, the Broom Dusters. With both groups he hammers his message home with hoarse, shouting insistence in a heavy, rasping voice—at peak volume all the way. His voice is a darker, rougher version of King's and he plays, if possible, an even blues-ier, more down-home guitar than his model does.

It must be admitted that there's not a great deal of emotional content in these tunes, but on the other hand they're no better or worse than the majority of texts used by today's urban bluesmen. They are delivered, however, with considerable force, vigor, and conviction. If you're a more than casual collector of blues, you'll want this disc. (P.W.)

Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry

BLUES ALL AROUND MY HEAD—Prestige/Bluesville 1020: *Blues All Around My Head; East Coast Blues; Muddy Water; Beggin' and Cryin'; My Plan; Trying to Destroy Me; Everything I Had Is Gone; Jealous Man; Understand Me; Blues of Happiness.*

Personnel: McGhee, guitar, vocals; Terry, harmonica, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a pleasantly engaging album, mixing nondescript, polished verses with the more raw elements of the blues.

McGhee's well-spaced, well-modulated shouts and howls are openly contrived and openly intended to be more the stuff of entertainment than the force of jazz. Yet, occasionally, McGhee seems to forget his tidy routine and sings with power and feeling, and these moments are worth waiting for.

Terry is a dependable anchor, and he leaves a strong impression that it is he who saves these tracks from becoming quasi-blues. His harmonica hovers over McGhee's verses, and, at times, entwines the chorus when it seems headed toward mere conceit. He also sings *Blues All Around*.

The guitar-harmonica duets that crop up on several tracks are highly satisfying, and the one on *Destroy* is outstanding. The instrumental rapport between these two is such that several of these duets seem, in fact, to take on the entity of a solo (as on *Destroy*) rather than being the divergent voices that they are. (G.M.E.)

Nutty Squirrels

BIRD WATCHING—Columbia 1589 and 8389: *Bird Watching; Flamingo; Cool Canary; Sparrow in the Treetop; Red, Red Robin; Yarbird Suite; Diced Bird; Skylark; Bye, Bye, Blackbird; Blue Feather; Bob White; That's Owl, Brother!*

Personnel: Don Elliott, Sascha Burland, voices. Other personnel unlisted. (See below.)

Rating: ★ ★ ★

John Hammond produced this album, but you'd never know it. Along with just about every other relevant fact, this information is omitted from the liner notes.

Clarinetist Rolf Kuhn, whose considerable gifts as an arranger are almost unknown, wrote the orchestrations for the (Continued on page 42)

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

ART FARMER



CHUCK STEWARD

By LEONARD FEATHER

During the year or so that has elapsed since Art Farmer's previous *Blindfold Test*, he has consolidated his reputation as soloist and co-leader. The Jazztet, which had many personnel problems during its early months, seems to have settled into a fine groove under its two leaders, and Farmer, like his partner Benny Golson, has imposed on it his own personality—firm and assured but never wildly extrovert or melodramatic.

In the introduction to the previous interview, I observed that Farmer speaks softly but carries a big verbal stick. This time there were fewer opportunities to wield the stick, since most of the records made a favorable impression, but his quiet frankness still came through.

The Quincy Jones record was chosen partly because it was written by a composer whose music Farmer played in the film *I Want to Live* (Art observed later that he is an admirer of composer Johnny Mandel and that this track was not typical of him) and partly because it included four trumpet solos, played in order by Conte Candoli, Pete Candoli, Jack Sheldon, and Harry Edison, the second and fourth muted.

Farmer, of course, was given none of this information. His comments were tape recorded and are reproduced here as they were heard on the broadcast.

The Records

1. Teddy Charles. *Cycles* (from *Jazz in the Garden*, Warwick). Mal Waldron, piano, composer; Addison Farmer, bass; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Booker Little, trumpet; Charles, vibes.

That was Teddy Charles and Mal Waldron; and knowing that they are now working in a group with my brother Addison, I would say that was Addison—in fact it did sound like him. I have no idea who the tenor was, but the trumpet player sounded like Donald Byrd. The tenor was someone who's been listening to Coltrane.

I've never heard the tune before, but Mal is one of my favorite writers. He's not afraid to *not* sound like everybody else around. This was a pleasant piece, and it was well played from the standpoint of the ensemble. Teddy's playing has improved, too; I understand better now what he's doing. Four stars.

2. Count Basie. *Jackson County Jubilee* (from *Kansas City Suite*, Roulette). Benny Carter, composer; soloists not credited.

That sounds to me like something Benny Carter would write. I worked in California with Benny's big band off and on for a while. I remember at one point we used to spend a lot of time just rehearsing the music of Bob Graettinger. . . . So I guess this is Count Basie's Band playing something Benny wrote. The tenor didn't sound to me like either of the Franks, and the trumpet must have been one of the new guys, because it didn't seem to be either Joe Newman or Thad.

The band sounded good, but it didn't sound as if they'd been playing that music very long. They hadn't settled into it the way they do most of the best-known Basie things.

By the standards of a studio band it sounded very good, but not if you judge it

by the standards of Basie. It didn't sound like his rhythm section either. I guess it was just that they were playing something different for a change. Three stars.

3. Johnny Letman. *Tina* (from *The Many Angles of John Letman*, Bethlehem). Letman, trumpet; Dick Wellstood, piano, composer; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Peck Morrison, bass.

This sounded like a Dixieland trumpet player—am I right? . . . He sorta has that Metropole sound to me. But it's not at all a Dixieland tune, though it was played a little bit too hot for me. I don't know how to say that better—a little bit too dominating, perhaps, the way the line was played.

Bass player sounded like it might have been my brother. The guitar player sounded like Ray Crawford. I'd say two stars.

4. Art Taylor. *Epistrophy* (from *A.T.'s Delight*, Blue Note). Dave Burns, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Patato Valdez, conga; Thelonious Monk, composer.

I know the tune but not the title. Is it *In Walked Bud?* Or *Epistrophy?* Monk's tune—a nice tune. They got a pretty good feel on that, but the drums were too loud for me. Were there two sets of drums there?

The tenor player sounded very faintly like he might be Jimmy Giuffrè. I liked the bass solo very much. The trumpet didn't sound like he was trying to imitate anyone, which is a good thing, and he sounded fairly good. Three stars.

5. Montgomery Brothers. *June in January* (Fantasy). Wes Montgomery, guitar; Buddy Montgomery, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass.

That octave effect on the guitar playing where they were playing the fours made me think of Wes Montgomery. This was well played, but the piano solo sounded a

little tense. Recording didn't have too much presence. The piano was moving all over the place but was a little too hurried, or harried.


When you record, or any time you play, you sort of set up problems for yourself. And sometimes you resolve them, and sometimes you don't. They set up the problems here, and I'm a little doubtful that they were satisfied with the way it worked out. But it's worth three stars.

6. Maynard Ferguson. *That Old Feeling* (from *Swingin' My Way Through College*, Roulette). Bill Holman, arranger.

That sounds like it was written for a band to play at a high school prom or something. Dance band, you know. I didn't really hear anything in there that I liked. Sounded like they were pretty good musicians.

At one point it sounded like it might have been Maynard Ferguson; but it seemed to be geared to a certain segment of the record-buying audience. Written for people who really don't listen with any depth. I don't think the guys playing it cared for it too much themselves.

I think that the most commercial a person can be is to be as *good* as they can be. Everybody doesn't feel that way, but it happens again and again. Leonard—you see someone come up who really believes in what he's doing, and is doing it very well, and he is commercial as a result.

Of course, there are many subtle little pitfalls when you try to hold a band together, try to sell some records, you find yourself slipping into these things. It never works, though; it just can't work. I can't rate this; well, give it one star. 

(Ed. note: *The Blindfold Test* next issue will be by Farmer's Jazztet partner, Benny Golson.)

entire LP. The large band has violinist Harry Lookofsky (heard solo on *Canary*) as concert master with 12 strings.

The small band comprises Hal McKusick, Bobby Jaspas, Sam Most, Sol Schlinger, Romeo Penque, and Cannonball Adderley on saxophones and woodwinds, with Most and Jaspas doing the flute work and Cannonball prominently featured in *Yardbird Suite*, the best side in the album.

Kuhn's arrangements are excellent. Both Burland and Elliott—the Squirrels—show a keen flair for melodic invention in their originals.

The notes say Burland is on the left channel and Elliott on the right, in the stereo version, but that isn't much help to monophonic auditors. Elliott begins his solos with "shoo" and Burland leans to the hard consonants for openers, generally b and d. Both bop voices, as in the Squirrels' earlier releases, are souped up to roughly double the speed at which they sang (the instrumentalists, of course, are all heard at the normal velocity).

With so much concentration on deadly earnestness in jazz all around us, there may be a tendency to dismiss this set as trivial or childish. Come off it, fellas—the album is good swinging fun, which is just what it was intended to be.

While the sound is too monotonous for continuous listening, a track played at random among friends is delightfully hip and hiply delightful listening at a party. If people like Quincy Jones, a confirmed squirrel fancier, can dig it (not to mention Adderley, who had himself a ball), why should you be ashamed to admit your enjoyment? (L.G.F.)

Arbee Stidham

ARBEE'S BLUES—Folkways 3824: *Good Morning, Blues; Falling Blues; Blue and Low; Misery Blues; My Baby Left Me; In the Evening; Walking Blues; I've Got to Forget You; Standing on the Corner; Careless Love; Tell Me, Mama.*

Personnel: Stidham, vocals, guitar; Memphis Slim, piano; Jump Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This, Stidham's initial LP collection, is generally disappointing. Though he sings with a certain conviction and, at times, ferocity, he only rarely seems to get off the ground vocally or instrumentally. He intones his songs in a flat chantlike manner that soon proves tedious.

Tell Me, Mama, a tune popularized by Little Walter several years ago, is about the most successful track, even though Stidham has a good deal of trouble with time on it. At least his singing here takes on a measure of urgency and drive.

One thing really disturbed me throughout the album—Stidham's guitar was out of tune, both with itself and with Slim's piano. With this kind of music it may seem as though I am carping over an insignificant or unimportant detail—but as far as I am concerned it sheds considerable doubt on his credentials as a musician. Furthermore, in years of listening to blues recordings—no matter how "primitive" or untrained the performer—I've never heard anything so egregiously sloppy as this.

I just can't take this disc seriously at all. It has all the earmarks of a rushed and ill-advised session.

Stidham is provided capable support by pianist Slim and drummer Jackson; the rating is mainly for their efforts. (P.W.)

Various Artists

THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL, 1960, VOL. 1—Vanguard 2087: *East Virginia Blues; In the Evening; Hieland Laddies; Hobo Blues; Maudie; Tupelo; A si mon moine voulait danser; Le reel du pendu; I Know an Old Lady; La bastingue; Brian Boru; Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye; The Whistling Gypsy; Old Joe Clark; The Unfortunate Man; Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms; The Man of Constant Sorrow; Foggy Mountain Top.*

Personnel: Track 1-3: Pete Seeger, vocals, banjo. Tracks 4-6: John Lee Hooker, vocals, guitar; Bill Lee, bass. Tracks 7-10: Alan Mills, vocals; Jean Carignan, fiddle. Tracks 11-13: Tommy Makem, vocals. Tracks 14, 15: Jimmy Driftwood, vocals, guitar. Tracks 16-18: New Lost City Ramblers (Mike Seeger, Tom Paley, John Cohen), vocals, various instruments.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL, 1960, Vol. 2—Vanguard 2088: *This Little Light of Mine; Wayfaring Stranger; You Can Tell the World; Well, Well, Well; Railroad Bill; The Cat Came Back; Hush, Little Baby; The Lavender Cowboy; Blood on the Saddle; Handsome Molly; Willie Moore; Lang Agrowing; The Ballad of Springhill; Salty Dog Blues; Before I Met You; Cabin on the Hill; Jimmy Brown.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4: Bob Gibson Trio, Bob Camp, Tracks 5, 6: Cisco Houston, vocals, guitar. Tracks 7-9: Ed McCurdy, vocals, guitar. Tracks 10-13: Peggy Seeger, vocals, banjo; and Ewan MacColl, vocals. Tracks 14-17: Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, Foggy Mountain Boys, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These two discs present a good slice of the folk music festivities at Freebody park last year. (This is not the complete run-down of performing artists, either, and mention might be made of a third disc, 1960 *Newport Folk Festival*, Elektra 189, which contains performances by artists under contract to that label.) These two are much better balanced collections and maintain a more consistent level of performance than do the three albums of the 1959 festival, which Vanguard released last year. This is primarily the result of a more judicious editing job.

The first volume leads off with some rousing singer and banjo work by Seeger, dean of American folk artists, in his compellingly authoritative manner. His version of the old blues *In the Evening* is a trifle embarrassing at times, doubly so inasmuch as it's contrasted with the three intense and impassioned numbers by Hooker, which follow.

The four tunes by Canadian singer Mills and fiddler Carignan are lusty, spirited, and wholly exuberant offerings. Side 2 maintains the high level with strong, assertive vocals by Makem (whom many consider to be America's Ewan MacColl). Two tracks by Arkansas balladeer Driftwood recorded during the 1959 festival, for some unexplained reason have been included. Both, unfortunately, are hoked up by gratuitous mannerisms and grandstanding. (It's all rather inexplicable, for Driftwood doesn't need this kind of phonicness to put over his songs.) The New Lost City Ramblers rip off some charging examples of old-timey mountain string-band music.

The second volume is somewhat less successful.

The high spots in this album are in the powerful, passionate, and assured performances by the team of Scottish singer MacColl and U. S. singer-instrumentalist Peggy Seeger (listen especially to their topical song, *The Ballad of Springhill*,

which memorializes a 1958 Nova Scotia mine disaster) and in the fleet, supercharged, and pyrotechnical bluegrass music of Flatt, Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys.

This type of music is the latter-day descendent of the hill-country styles, which the New Lost City Ramblers re-create.

The remaining performances by the team of Gibson and Camp, McCurdy, and Houston are merely routine items, as far as I am concerned.

The rating for this disc represents a median—the work of MacColl-Seeger and Flatt-Scruggs is consistently of four-star caliber or better. (P.W.)

Sarah Vaughan

THE DIVINE ONE—SARAH VAUGHAN—Roulette 52060: *Have You Met Miss Jones?; Ain't No Use; Everytime I See You; You Stepped out of a Dream; Gloomy Sunday; What Do You See in Her?; Jump for Joy; When Your Lover Has Gone; I'm Gonna Laugh You out of My Life; Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams; Trouble Is a Man.*

Personnel: Miss Vaughan, vocals; accompanied by rhythm section and Harry Edison, trumpet; woodwind accompaniment, and small band, all unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

For a combination of a youthful, impressionable singer and a wise, mature vocalist, this album is a must. It leaves much to be desired as far as the full exploitation of Miss Vaughan's technique and skill is concerned, yet there is much truth in the belief that the real artist seldom pulls out all the stops.

This is a relaxed date. Miss Vaughan calmly swings her way through an even dozen quickies without letting the interest drop a single minute. The ballads and pop tunes are not surprising. For years Miss Vaughan has swept through the tunes of Broadway and Tin Pan Alley as well as jazz standards. Her treatment of *Ain't No Use* indicates that blues is not beyond her province.

Edison's trumpet is sensitive and imaginative in the tunes on which it is heard. He plays a penetrating contribution to the singer's rendition of *Gloomy Sunday* (a dark-toned Miss Vaughan has elected to present the absorbing tune simply, adding nothing but understanding).

Laugh You Out of My Life and *Somebody Else's Dream* were the other two winners for me: *Laugh* for her skillful injection of jazz phrasing and coloring, *Dream* for the compelling tenderness and co-ordination of vocal and trumpet talents. *Wrap Your Troubles* and *Jump for Joy* reveal a youthful sounding, light-toned singer almost lost in the deep-throated, mature vocalist of *You Stepped out of a Dream* and *Trouble Is a Man*. But it will require a deaf ear to ignore the obvious, coy beginning of *Everytime I See You*—lyrics have a way of eluding Miss Vaughan at times. *Wrap Your Troubles* has its clumsy moments, also.

This is not a perfect album; it isn't even the best this vocalist can do. But it is an artistically provocative one without a single bad tune in the lot. (B.G.)



Caught in the Act

STAN GETZ

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Steve Kuhn, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

More than just music lovers crowded the Village Vanguard during the Getz New York re-debut, his first in several years.

There also were in attendance the haters, musical and otherwise, who came to find out whether the young white man, who had long ago lengthened the already legendary and unorthodox Lester Young line into something of his own, could stand up against what is, in current jazz, at least a revolution from it (or a revulsion about it).

The young man can, does — seems almost as if he always will — measure up.

The still broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, bland-faced young man met musicians backstage, and they tried him with words and with Indian-hold handshakes of questionable peace and unquestionable war. The young man out front was his arrogant best, holding his audiences with strong quotations from his past and much stronger assertions of his version of the newest (but much older) sound.

Kuhn, Garrison, and Haynes were also there, and they played excellent, standard quartet music behind him.

But I am tired (and don't tell me—I know the problems of forming a working group) of interminable solos, even by good musicians. They were good, they can be good, they will be good (and, again, I know the only way to keep them that way is to let them solo). But no one should have done anything that night, or most nights, when Stanley Getz played his ballads (and don't forget, oh, brother, that those are a special kind of blues). Hope that he plays for you *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* or *Someone to Watch over Me* in the way that he did then—in every timbre, register, with every adjustment of reed, tender, bittersweet, but strong.

There was a hush in the club, and that is so because Getz is so eloquent a voice that words must surely fail.

—Coss

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BOOK REVIEW

THE SOUND, by Ross Russell. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. \$3.95.

The author of this novel about jazz musicians was at one time the producer of Dial Records, a label that gave us some of the most valuable early bebop performances in 1946-7. He was also the writer of a number of essays on bop musicians that seemed to be among the most perceptive works published in their day.

Knowing his background, I looked forward eagerly to this book. Perhaps at last we were to be confronted with that elusive, often-attempted achievement, a completely informed and sensitive jazz-oriented work of fiction.

These expectations made the result doubly disappointing. The story Russell tells clearly was inspired by his relationship with Charlie Parker; in fact, the author has let it be generally known that he had Parker in mind for the central character. What emerges in the portrait of Red Travers, a trumpet player who lived like Parker but died more like Chano Pozo, is a travesty of reality, accurately set in the milieu of modern jazz but virtually destroyed in a farrago of pseudo-philosophical reflections and wildly exaggerated hip talk.

All the dreadful clichés and stock characterizations that were churned out in earlier "jazz" novels, *Somewhere There's Music*, *Solo*, and *Sideman*, are back again: the misunderstood genius who turns to narcotics, his slightly square friend who tries to fit into the scene but doesn't quite make it, the ultrahip girl who digs musicians and turns to narcotics.

To anyone familiar with the fiction approach to jazz (i.e. jazz-and-narcotics), it will not even appear to have the excuse of having been written, with good intentions, from the outside. Clearly Russell has been more a part of the scene than any previous writer and has a very well-developed awareness of the struggle between art and business; yet because of the cardboard characters with whom he has peopled his work, it becomes nothing more than a bore.

Russell's evaluations of the personalities of Travers and the other principal characters will seem superficial and synthetic to musicians. What is disturbing is that, to many outside the jazz scene or on its fringes, the air of authenticity may be convincing. So much has been written and said, and conveyed through

Hollywood and television, about the typical jazz musician, that Russell's dialog may well give the impression of accuracy.

Perhaps the most embarrassing moments of all are provided in some of the lines credited to a drummer named Hassan, who talks like a heavily caricatured combination of Wingy Manone, Babs Gonzales, and the first edition of Cab Calloway's *Jive Dictionary*. A couple of samples should suffice:

"Like, man, if Hitler and Mussolini had of been heads, there never would have been no Big Scuffle on the other side. Us cats wouldn't have been hung up with this un-cool Uncle Sam action no way. I mean, the main studs could have called a conference and set down and worked the whole thing out over a few sticks of this mellow jive." And later, "The Koran don't say one single thing against the weed, or 'hash', on account of that's the cool way. Yes, Bernie, those Moslems are *real* cats. Them countries over there is *whole nations* of hipsters." Had enough?

Aside from the incessant jive talk, there are many minor but nagging irritations that reflect a surprising lack of knowledge on the author's part. Marijuana at one point is described as "a greenish tobacco," the equivalent of calling an apple a red orange. Musicians will find many curiosities, such as the statement: "Like, I been playin' in three and four flats lately. Real weird keys, man." *Jelly, Jelly*, a 12-bar blues, is credited with a "channel." Then this puzzler: "The shift over the first major chord change was particularly adroit, a twist around the augmented sixth."

These questionable attempts to sound knowledgeable could be overlooked were they not symptomatic of the writer's attempt on several levels, musical and sociological, to appear better informed than he is.

Similarly, the sleaziness of the setting, the tiresome inevitability of the reiterated link between jazz and narcotics, would be justified had the result probed deep into the marrow of the characterizations and provided some new insight into the protagonists' motivations and compulsions. This clearly is what *The Sound* attempted to do. All it succeeded in doing, at least for me, was remind me that Charlie Parker understood much more about Ross Russell than Russell understood about Parker.

If the real jazz novel is ever written, it will have to be written from the core, by a jazz musician who has lived it and who has the literary gift that enables him to transmit it. Will it also be necessary for him to have been a junkie? I doubt it.

—Feather

SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

A group of us are standing around, talking—a mixed group, usual chatter. A couple of new faces come by, and there are introductions. "You know Art Hodes?" This to a young girl singer, who turns to me and says, "Should I know you?" Couple that with another phenomenon I've noticed lately. You're playing for an audience, with the usual crowd noises, night-club sounds. You can't tell whether people are listening or not. No applause. Just sounds in the night. The very next time you play, to the same audience, there's an introduction, a buildup. Now there's a difference. You feel as if you have an audience. They let you know, applaud before you start and after you finish. This brings out my question: do people listen to music? Has this become such a hoopla age that we only buy books and records because of come-on covers? Are we listeners because of a buildup?

I recall Baby and Johnny Dodds and their wonderful combo at a club in Chicago, on the near north side — Kelly's Stables. The joint looked like a stable. It was a two-story building. Nothing on the first floor but a cleaned-out stable. You went upstairs to a big room (I'd guess 200 people could get in). Red table cloths, no decor, swinging waiters who sang on occasion. Plus music. When you walked in, you pulsed. No buildup or announcements. A six-piece band, stretched straight across a bandstand, with a piano at one end, drums at the other. But absolute togetherness. When money was scarce, we'd sit on the curb across the street, (weather permitting) and listen. The windows were open, and the music came on. No one asked, "Who's on piano." You listened. Later you asked. The music claimed you.

Today, it's a visual business. Maybe television did it; it certainly helped. The fact is that people *look* at musicians (you really don't think some of us wear red coats because of taste or inclination). The visual is upon us. Take recording as a for-instance. Years ago the record-buying market was chiefly concerned with the product, the music. Today, the business of "cover design" is a big deal. I venture to say you could record peanut-brittle, put a gone cover on it, and it'd sell.

I remember one of the last albums I cut came into being this way. I was doing a concert date with a group of name musicians from New York City. The thought struck me: here we were, altogether, and as a group we'd never recorded; this was a golden opportunity; transportation (a big item) was already paid. So I talked to the a&r man at a record company. He agreed—musically it made sense . . . but (let's have a big But) the thing didn't get off the ground until I came up with a "cover idea," a gimmick, and he could visualize the date from inception to sales as a commercial success. What a far trip from the day when the a&r man of old heard some music he "just had to get on record." First came the music, then the sales.

Jazz is a big business today. The proprietors are businessmen. They provide a service. They make a profit. They'll record it if it sells. So who you going to blame if you can't just pick yourself up with a group, a few guys who would get kicks playing together? Who would come up with some music that would last through the years? Who to blame? The record companies? Musicians? A&r men? We holler about what the youngsters are listening to, but who buys the single records, with no fancy covers? Which brings me to my favorite subject, adult delinquency . . . All right, I'll go back.

Ten years ago . . . Chicago . . . the Streamliner . . . The House of Rising Stars. Date? Let's see . . . Lurlean Hunter, Ernie Harper, Les Strand. They were there at the time. Early '50s. The audience was a "real hip" one, although I would recognize musicians (pros) drifting in for a listen. I was there on business. Local 10 had passed a five-day work-week provision. Most clubs closed on Sunday, but that still left one extra day's work for some musician. Fred Williamson was the agent who provided the talent, and Fred and I were long-time friends. So I got the call.

"Now, dad," he said, "this is the House of Rising Stars: you've already risen; but it's two steady nights a week." So I gave it a try. Now, if you can imagine my style of playing and then picture me in a "cool, progressive" room (remember, those were the days when you chose up sides). It had to be a walking-on-egg-shell-style. All I had to do (I proved this time and again) was to play some tune like *Ballin' the Jack* or *Bill Bailey*. Man, you want movement? They (audience) just couldn't sit still. It moved them . . . outside, to and fro . . . away . . . elsewhere. On the other hand, if I remained "melodic" and played show tunes . . . No blues, man. But I could play *Washboard Blues* by Hoagy Carmichael, and they sat around. The point is that the customers were

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listening. Sure, all one-sided, but they were listeners, not viewers.

The Capitol lounge stood next door to the Chicago theater, but don't look now—it's gone. It thrived (off and on) up to the mid-50s. Usually, the music featured was rock and roll or modern jazz. One day somebody (in control) decided to change policy, and I got the gig. By this time I was featuring the Dixie format, trumpet, trombone, clarinet, three rhythm. The room had been weaned on the Bostic sound; the change was too much. We were playing "traveling" music. We hit a tune, out went the audience (it was summer). It was a frustrating two weeks—the band, the bosses, the people. No togetherness—unless we played something melodic, medley style.

PERSPECTIVES

By RALPH GLEASON

The good singers, it always seemed to me, are divided neatly into two camps.

On the one hand there are the Sarah Vaughans, the Mahalia Jacksons, the Ella Fitzgeralds, and the Ernestine Andersons, who are equipped with magnificent vocal instruments and have the ability to do many incredible and exciting things with them.

Then there is the once-in-a-generation, the rara avis, the singer who is also essentially a tragedienne and who makes each song a vignette of real life of which she has had (or convinces you she has had) some deeply personal experience.

Singers like this transcend jazz. Edith Piaf, La Niña de los Pienes, Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith, and a few more make up this category. They might not have the equipment of the others, but they make up for that with something else and what they do is, in the fullest sense, not comparable.

Carmen McRae has become such a singer. Her performances have all the dramatic validity of a great tragedienne as well as the beautifully right taste and the slightly salty wit and sweetness of jazz.

When you say "she brought tears to my eyes," it's corny, but corn, like cliches, is only the truth overworked, and it is literally true that when Miss McRae sang *I Loves You, Porgy* one night recently, she brought tears to my eyes. And I wasn't alone.

She did a set that included *Baby, Baby, All the Time*, and she sang the songs as if they were the story of her life. When she finished, one of the wait-

The point I'm making is that these people were listening. They didn't come to view. This is good. Here we start. Years, years ago, I can remember a gambling joint. Twenty-five stairs up, and you were peeped at before you got in. The piano player had invited me. We dug each other's style (I know I would have followed him anywhere). Inside was a lunch counter, farther on, a gambling room with piano going. Jackson spotted me, and there I was at the piano. Suddenly, the room was quieter, and I could feel people around me, and, man, it's like no other feeling I can describe... Everyone with you, and you're it... But then came awareness, and there went my audience... Yeh, but there for awhile, I had 'em... they were listening.

resses murmured, "How can she know so much?"

She sang as if she were the hard-luck chick of all time and had walked from New York to Frisco in her bare feet over hot coals dragging six no-good old men on her back. You got so wrapped up in what she was singing that there was only that song and her telling you that story. The club and the people and the rest of the whole thing disappeared.

"She's been breaking me to pieces every night," the waitress said, and if you know these girls, you know they are the ultimate judges of things like this. They know about how it is in life from experience at the world's second oldest profession. When you reach them as Carmen reaches them, you're telling it like it is.

I have never heard Carmen sing this well before. It's not there on any of her albums (the suggestion of it is but not the reality). It may be that all of a sudden something has happened to her. Bill Rubinstein, her accompanist, says she's been singing like this for quite a while now. I envy him. I haven't had the opportunity to hear until lately.

I'm glad this has happened to Carmen McRae. She's the right one for it, and this isn't to rank any of the other singers today. We haven't had such a vocal tragedienne since Billie Holiday, and jazz has needed it.

Carmen's phrasing and the reality of the life she breathes into these songs is going to make her a legend in jazz. It also may make her rich—if it can get on wax. Because when she sings like this, the songs are no longer songs. They are raw slices of life she tells you about because they are true. Because they have happened to her, and this is how it is.

We get singers like this but once in a generation, and they are not comparable to anyone else.

FEATHER'S NEST



By LEONARD FEATHER

I suppose none of us should be surprised that the recording industry has reached a stage at which it is impossible for one observer to keep track of what's going on. For this and other reasons, a remarkable phenomenon of the last year eluded us until recently. It's important enough, though, to rate two columns: one to place the facts before you and the other to analyze their significance.

The main fact is that dozens of records have been released on the Crown label (a subsidiary of Modern Records of Los Angeles) that re-creates performances of the swing era.

These records are amazingly low-priced, selling for \$1.49 mono and \$2.98 stereo, officially, and for less than that if you shop around. Their main outlets are the drugstores and supermarkets, where jazz fans don't normally look for additions to their libraries.

The nostalgia aspect of big-band enthusiasm that has kept these LPs selling steadily is quite remarkable when you look back on the situation that existed when Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and the rest were on top. LPs were nonexistent, and nobody released jazz albums of any kind. Their entire sales were on single 78s, and when you consider that an LP is equivalent to half a dozen singles, the consumption of these revival records probably exceeds by far the sales of the original versions by the original artists themselves.

The Crown list is wild. Everybody is saluting everyone. There's *Salute to Stan Kenton* (CST 128), *A Toast to Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey* (104), *Tribute to Artie Shaw* (134), *A Salute to Tommy Dorsey* (201), and the more vaguely titled but similarly assembled *Compositions of Lionel Hampton and Others* (139), *Compositions of Duke Ellington and Others* (183).

On all these an orchestra was assembled by Maxwell Davis, an arranger gifted with what must be a photographic pen. The original arrangements are copied off the old records so exactly that the only way you can tell the difference, in most cases, is that the recording now is far superior and, of course, you have the option of hearing it all in stereo in an excellent pressing on colored plastic vinyl with sound quality equal to the best.

Most of the LPs are billed as featuring "Members of the Stan Kenton Orchestra," "Members of the Artie Shaw Orchestra," etc., and in every instance the claim is legitimate. Because so many veteran big-band sidemen,

after their touring careers, settled down to the studio life in Hollywood, it was possible to assemble a band composed almost entirely of alumni, and to top it all off with a superior soloist to impersonate the leader. Dick Noel or Tommy Pederson handled most of the Tommy Dorsey solos, Larry Bunker out-Hamped Lionel, Bob Keene played Artie Shaw. Bud Shank, Bill Holman, the Candolis, Milt Bernhardt, Frank Rosolino, Laurindo Almeida, Mel Lewis, and even Vido Musso made the pseudo-Kenton scene.

Perhaps the most curious set is a trio of albums respectively known as *Salute to Benny Goodman* (121), *Tribute to Benny Goodman* (123), and *A Toast to Benny Goodman* (129), allegedly played by two personnels, one of which comprises "Members of the Brussels World's Fair Orchestra," but both of which have Mahlon Clark at his most convincing in the clarinet role.

Another oddity is that although *Tribute to Charlie Barnet* (131) is played by ex-Barnet men without their leader, Barnet himself appears, to assure utter confusion, as leader of *A Tribute to Harry James* (146) and *A Salute to Harry James* (160).

One of the most exciting sets is *Tribute to Woody Herman* (133), in which men such as Al Cohn, Joe Romano, Don Lanphere, Marty Flax, Frank Rehak, Billy Byers, Eddie Costa, and Bill Potts roar as convincingly as the early Herds that handled these memorable pieces (*Apple Honey*, *Four Brothers*, *Wildroot*, *Northwest Passage*, etc.), while the clarinet part is handled with remarkable accuracy by John La Porta.

One wishes the same accuracy could be found in the work of the type-setter, who has scattered errors throughout all these album notes. La Porta comes out as LaForte, Claude Williamson's piano solo on *Claude Reigns* in the Barnet salute is credited to Chuck Williamson, and so on.

A few of the LPs have track-by-track solo credits, but most are very sketchily handled, and you have to guess, for example, who plays which tenor solos on the Herman set.

The James sets have no personnel listings at all. The Duke set turns out to have only two Ellington alumni, Ben Webster and Juan Tizol, yet the band sounds amazingly like the original. Red Callender's job on *Jack the Bear*, in stereo, heard subjectively, is at least the equal of the historic Jimmy Blanton creation of 1940.

Are all these bargain-price LPs worth buying? Do these tributes and toasts make moral or musical sense? I'll get into these questions (and discuss a few nontribute types of Crown items) in the next column.

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(Festival Information Bulletin)

Volume No. 1, 1961

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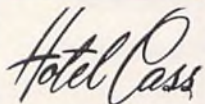
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(Continued from page 10)

tras. Then I discovered that it was impossible to place the students. With few exceptions, the Newport band was better than what they would be going to. What had happened was that I had created a Frankenstein. It was like running a school for blacksmiths." Brown is now concentrating on two groups: the sextet, which he co-leads with **Ruby Braff**, and a new, 10-piece band, which has three trumpets, two trombones, two tenors, baritone and rhythm, plus Brown's valve trombone. Actually, the two reeds, two trombones, and baritone saxophone play as a front section. "I've done away with the alto," he says. "In a jazz band, it will eventually go the way of the banjo. It's completely dated. It destroys modernity. No matter what you do with it, it comes out the Andrews Sisters."

Another big-small bandleader, **Slide Hampton**, has written a ballet, *The Cloister*, choreography by **Matt Maddox**. Thus far, he has had no performance offers... Two Australian jazz groups are touring this country. One is the **Three Out Trio**, the other the **Bryce Rohde Quartet**. Bryce was the pianist with the **Australian Jazz Quartet**... **Teddy Wilson's** latest engagement at the Embers marked the celebration of his 30th year in jazz. Actually, the pianist was playing professionally before 1931, but his engagement then, as part of a sextet at Chicago's Gold Coast club, is the one he believes began his career in earnest.

Sal Salvador, doubling as the leader of a quartet and a big band, has sent his chief arranger, **Larry Wilcox**, into a wilderness lodge where "he will do nothing for three weeks except concentrate on writing new things for the band. He's already completed a *Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra*." Both of Sal's groups record for Golden Crest, a Long Island firm, long inactive, suddenly sprung into violent activity. Among its products is a new line called Jazz Unlimited.

Contemporary is releasing a two-record sampling of previously issued tracks by **Kid Ory**, a new album by pianist **Don Ewell**, and one featuring interpretations of **Shelly Manne's** film score for *The Proper Time* played by a Manne-led group... Warwick's recently released LP by singer **Nat Wright** has aroused a controversy along the east coast, because its title is *The Biggest Voice in Jazz*. The company has been deluged by mail and telephone calls from those irately insisting that Wright is not a jazz singer. Warwick, now wondering if it may have a hit pop singer on its label, hopes that the pop disc jockeys will agree with jazz fans and jazz disc jockeys.

WBAI's **Les Davis** is having his own kind of fun. For the last month, he's been running a contest: "Which musician would you like to see on the first moon shot?" The reader response has been large, sometimes funny, sometimes cruel. Not so strangely, **Ornette Coleman** has the most votes. One listener wrote that Miles Davis was the only choice, "because he knows the way."

Arthur Godfrey continues to feature an occasional jazz musician on his CBS radio morning show. The format calls for a few minutes of jamming with results which range from jelly to marmalade.

Sid Bernstein, one of the three producers of Music at Newport, announced that his total budget would be about \$160,000, though only half that amount will be for talent... The Virginia Beach Festival has produced a market for jazz in that Virginia resort. The city never had a full-time jazz room. This summer season it will have three. Festival producer **Tommy Gwaltney**, with quartet and singer **Ann Rayburn**, opens the Keyboard Lounge June 2. The **Newton Thomas Trio** begins at the Surf Rider in June, then moves to the Breakers for July and August... Jazz will be featured at the June 28 druggists' convention at the Waldorf-Astoria. **Bud Freeman** will lead a 12-piece jazz-dance band there.

CHICAGO

Jazz returned to church early last month when **Frank Tirro** presented his jazz mass, written for the Lutheran service, at Bond chapel on the University of Chicago campus. Tirro wrote the jazz mass for a five-piece group in a choral setting. Jazzmen playing the work were **Bill Brian**, trumpet; **Ted Robinson**, alto saxophone; **William Brannen**, baritone saxophone; **Bill Merrill**, bass; **Joe Zawiarucha**, drums.

Don Menza, outstanding soloist at the 1961 Collegiate Jazz Festival (see page 16), will take **Joe Farrell's** tenor chair with the **Maynard Ferguson Band**, according to Ferguson. The red-headed tenorist will join the band upon his graduation from State University of New York... Pianist **Jodi Christian's** trio has been working at the Sutherland. The club, once the most thriving name-group club in the city, has reportedly dropped its policy and will use local groups only... **Sonny Stitt** reappeared on the Chicago scene briefly last month at McKie's, a south side club... Pianist **Warren Bernhart**—a chemistry major at the University of Chicago—is knocking out musicians and critics at Easy Street. Drummer **Rick Frigo**, son of bassist **John Frigo**, is the leader of the trio.

Eddie Harris has a hit in his first LP, with single sales of *Exodus* moving up

on the *pop* sales charts. He's put two more albums in the can and has been booked to play the new Newport Jazz Festival. Some musicians are debating whether he played tenor or alto on the *Exodus to Jazz* LP. It was tenor all the way . . . Valve trombonist **Eddie Avis** has fulfilled the ambition of many musicians to own a club. It's a small bar on the north side, at Broadway and Dakin. It has a hip juke box, and word-of-mouth is making it an after-the-gig rendezvous for many Chicago musicians . . . **Ira Sullivan** probably will play the Indiana Jazz Festival at Evansville in June . . . Rumor has it that legendary blues singer **Blind Orange Adams** will be recorded soon by one of the large independents. Adams, whom many more successful singers led around the streets of East Lansing (his birthplace), is reported living in one of Chicago's northern suburbs.

LOS ANGELES

Narcotics charges against Ellingtonians **Willie Cook** and **Fats Ford**, arrested Feb. 9 in Las Vegas, Nev., have been dismissed. But **Ray Nance** and **Paul Gonsalves**, arrested with Cook and Ford, come to trial Oct. 2 and Nov. 4, respectively.

Look for a leading west coast independent label to fold its tent in the not-so-distant future. Artists exclusively signed with this company are already looking for new berths . . . It's not every day that Music Corp. of America is told to jump in the lake by one of its agents, but that's what **Bob Wilding**, a band booker for the last eight years, told his agency to do when the talent behemoth proposed he transfer to the Chicago office. Wilding quit rather than go east. He's launching his own management office in Hollywood.

Manny Klein reports he's seriously considering opening a new club across Cahuenga from Shelly's Manne-Hole. The name? Manny's Shell-Hole, of course . . . Clarinetist **Matty Matlock** suffered a second stroke. He was hospitalized at Braewood in South Pasadena . . . Before the end of the year, the Cloister club and adjacent property on Sunset Strip will be razed to clear a site for construction of a 140-room hotel, office building, and key club operated by *Playboy*. The new construction, calculated to cost \$3,500,000 (the real estate alone ran to a reported \$1,200,000) also will house the magazine's west coast offices and bunny hutch. Word is that the Chicago entrepreneurs behind the deal had eyes to buy **Gene Norman's** Crescendo, Interlude, and business offices on the next-door site, but the property owner turned down the offer.

Vic Damone takes off July 20 on a two-week tour of Brazil, Argentina,

and Venezuela theaters and stadiums . . . Piano man **Al Pellegrini** signed as music director for **Gene** (Bat Masterson) **Barry** . . . Cast in the same slot for **Marie Wilson** was pianist **Lou Pagani** . . . **Dizzy Gillespie's** return to the coast the end of this month will permit very little leisure time. In addition to filling a 12-day stand at the Summit, the trumpeter is to make three consecutive Sunday appearances at Hermosa Beach's Lighthouse.

A half-million-dollar music center is planned by Drum City's **Roy Harte** for construction on Santa Monica near Vine in 1963. Designed in the shape of a mammoth drum (so help us!) the center will house a new Drum City, instrument repair businesses, a music school, and business offices. Harte already has bought the land . . . The **Max Roach** group (perhaps with **Abbey Lincoln**) is scheduled for a long-awaited return to the coast beginning May 23 at the Zebra Lounge.

SAN FRANCISCO

Miles Davis recorded two LPs on location at the Black Hawk during his April gig there. He was originally set for four weeks but canceled out of the first one at the last minute. Nevertheless, he did capacity business throughout his stay. **Irving Townsend** headed a Columbia field team for the recordings . . . **Barbara Dane** had great hopes to get her club, formerly El Bordel, on Broadway open by May 15, but all sorts of license and other troubles beset her at the last minute. . . . **Bill Henderson** made his San Francisco debut at the Jazz Workshop in May. He brought out **Frank Strozier** to accompany him and worked with a local rhythm section, the **Vince Guaraldi Trio** (**Monte Budwig**, bass; **Benny Barth**, drums; Guaraldi, piano).

Champ Butler bought the old Opus One in North Beach in April and was scheduled for a grand opening in May . . . The new trio at the Can Can room of the Boule Noir includes **George DeFord**, piano; **Al Obidinski**, bass; **Sonny Wayne**, drums . . . **Sammy Simpson** took a trio into the 2Cs on Mission St. **Brew Moore** did a month there and is scheduled for a return date this summer . . . Drummer **Russell Lee** is organizing his own combo . . . The Other Room at the hungry i was closed in April and is now set to reopen in June.

Vernon Alley now has a trio at New Fack's with **Shelly Robbin** on piano . . . **Benny Harris** still is gigging around the territory . . . **Cal Tjader's** date to do his *West Side Story* music with **Clare Fisher** conducting the **San Francisco Symphony Orchestra** was canceled . . . **Al Hirt** planed in for a local television shot on the **Dick**

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Chico Hamilton
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
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FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST

Stewart KPIX show . . . **Red Nichols** closed after six weeks at the Sheraton Palace, and **Anson Weeks** opened May 29 for an extended engagement. This is Weeks' fifth year at the hotel . . . Pianist **Al Plank** is in town . . . The **Kingston Trio** is set for a two-night series of concerts at the end of May in San Francisco and Berkeley with the **Australian Jazz Quartet** on the bill with them. The AJQ worked with the KT in Japan and Australia early this spring and is now being sponsored in the United States by the Kingston's manager, **Frank Werber**.

Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the Monterey Jazz Festival, is doing an after-dark four-hour show on KFRC, a 50,000-watter . . . **John Lewis** was in town briefly en route to Japan and a **Modern Jazz Quartet** Far Eastern tour . . . Pianist **Bill Erickson** has a trio Tuesday's at Pier 23 with **Jim Carter**, drums, and **Frank (Big Boy) Goudie**, clarinet . . . Trumpeter **Jim Clark** has

a group Friday and Saturday at the Gilded Cage with **Devon Harkins**, piano; **Jim Leigh**, trombone; **Dick Hadlock**, clarinet; **Jim Carter**, drums . . . Miles Davis may do a west coast repeat of his N.Y. concert with **Gil Evans**. It would be an NAACP benefit here in October.

Richie Kamuca, **Frank Rosolino**, and **Conte Candoli** flew up from Los Angeles to play with the **Vince Guaraldi Trio** at the first annual San Francisco State Jazz Festival May 14. The group did an early evening show concert. The afternoon was devoted to bands from northern California colleges . . . The **Gerry Mulligan** Black Hawk date fell through, and the club is working out summer bookings. **George Shearing** probably will return to the club in the fall . . . **Terry Gibbs** did a quickie four days in town at the Neve—subbing for **Peggy DeCastro** who canceled out after bombing the opening two nights. 

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; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

NEW YORK

Apollo: **Eartha Kitt**, 6/9-15.
Basin Street East: **Louis Armstrong**, **LaVern Baker**, **Julie Wilson**, to 6/3. **Mort Sahl**, **Lime-liters**, 6/5-30.
Birdland: **Sarah Vaughan**, **Olatunji**, **Junior Mance**, to 5/31. **Buddy Rich Sextet**, 6/1-7.
Copa City: **Slide Hampton** to 6/4.
Embers: **Jonah Jones**, **Lee Evans**, to 6/10. **Jonah Jones**, 6/11-7/1.
Five Spot: **Barry Harris**, **Yusef Lateef**, **Cecil Taylor**, to 5/31.
Half Note: **Wes Montgomery** to 6/4.
Jazz Gallery: **Thelonious Monk**, 6/1-30.
International (restaurant): **Doc Cheatham**, *t/n*.
Roundtable: **Adam Wade** to 6/11.
Versailles: **Andy and the Bey Sisters** to 6/5.
Village Gate: **Josh White** to 6/11.
Village Vanguard: **Les McCann** to 6/4.

CHICAGO

Birdhouse: **Bill Henderson**, **Eddie Harris**, to 6/4.
Black Eyed Pea: **Pat Manago**, *t/n*.
Bourbon St.: **Bob Scobey**, **Art Hodes**, *t/n*.
Cafe Continental: **Dave Remington**, *t/n*.
Easy St.: **Rick Frigo**, *t/n*.
Gate of Horn: **Bob Gibson**, **Granison Singers**, to 6/18. **Odetta**, 6/20-7/9.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, **Jo Henderson**, **Tut Soper**, *t/n*. **Franz Jackson**, Thurs.
London House: **Cy Coleman** to 5/28. **Red Allen**, 5/30-6/18. **Audrey Morris**, **Eddie Higgins**, *hbs*.
Mister Kelly's: **Shelley Berman**, **Judy Lee**, to 6/18. **Marty Rubenstein**, **Dick Marx-John Frigo**, *hbs*.
Orchid Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, *wknds*.
Pigalle: **Lurlean Hunter**, *t/n*.
Red Arrow: **Franz Jackson**, *wknds*.
Roberts: **Dinah Washington**, *t/n*.
Scotch Mist: **Tom Ponce**, *t/n*.
Sutherland: **Ira Sullivan**, Tues.
Walton Walk: **Steve Behr**, *t/n*.

NEW ORLEANS


Cosimo's: **Jazz Disciples**, *wknds*.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *t/n*.
Dream Room: **Santo Pecora**, *hb*.
Famous Door: **Murphy Campo**, **Mike Lala**, *t/n*.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *t/n*.
Jazz Room: **Ellis Marsalis**, *wknds*.
Jazz Woodshed: **Buddy Prima**, *wknds*.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *t/n*.
Joy Tavern: **Alvin Tyler**, *wknds*.

Paddock: **Octave Crosby**, *t/n*.
Prince Conti (motel): **Armand Hug**, *t/n*.
River Queen: **Last Straws**, Sat. midnite sessions, *t/n*. **Albert French**, Sun. sessions.
Spotty's: **Dilymus**, *wknds*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *t/n*.
Black Bull: **Gus Bivona**, *t/n*.
Crescendo: **Erroll Garner** opens 6/8.
Digger: Name groups, *wknds*.
Excuse Me!: **Betty Bennett**, *t/n*.
434 Club: **Fern Vachon**, **Carl Carter**, **Eddie Atwood**, **Ann Dee**, *t/n*.
Gilded Rafter's: **Joe Durensbourg**, **Nappy Lamare**, *t/n*.
Green Bull: **Johnny St. Cyr**, **Johnny Lucas**, *wknds*.
Holiday House (Malibu): **Betty Bryant**, *wknds*.
Honeybucket: **South Frisco Jazz Band**, *t/n*.
Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*.
Jimmy Diamond's (San Bernardino): **Edgar Hayes**, *t/n*.
Knotty Pine: **The Associates**, *wknds*.
Le Crazy Horse: **Pia Beck**, *t/n*.
Le Grand Comedy (theater): Sunday morning after-hour sessions.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*; **Dizzy Gillespie**, Sundays 5/28, 6/4, 6/11.
Melody Room: **Joe Loco**, **Dick Sparks**, **Tito Rivera**, *t/n*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
Parisian: **Jess Stacy**, *t/n*.
P.J.'s: **Joe Castro**, *t/n*.
Raffles: **Vince Wallace**, *t/n*.
Renaissance: **Jazz Crusaders**, *t/n*; **Bessie Griffin**, **Gospel Pearls**, Sundays.
Rosie's Red Banjo: **Art Levin**, *t/n*.
Rumble Seat: **Dr. Jack Langles**, *t/n*.
Shaps (Pasadena): **Loren Dexter**, *t/n*.
Sherry's: **Frank Strazzeri**, **Red Mitchell**, *t/n*.
Sherry's Barn: **Vince Wallace**, after-hours sessions, *t/n*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, *hb*, *wknds*.
Helen Humes, 5/19-20. **Frank Rosolino**, Mon., Tues. **Russ Freeman-Richie Kamuca**, Wed. **Joe Mahli**, Thurs.
Summit: **Cal Tjader** to 5/28. **Dizzy Gillespie**, 5/29-6/11.
Town Hill: **Art Hillary**, *t/n*. Monday sessions.
Zebra Lounge: **Max Roach**, opened 5/23.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Oscar Peterson** to 5/23. **J. J. Johnson** opens 6/13.
Neve: **The Axidentals**, **Johnny Adamao** to 5/21.
Mel Torme opens 6/20.
Jazz Workshop: **James Moody** to 5/23. **Dizzy Gillespie** opens 6/16.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, *t/n*.
On-the-Levee: **Kid Ory**, *wknds*.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *t/n*.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Pat Yankee**, *t/n*.
Fairmont (hotel): **Andy Williams** to 5/31. **Four Freshmen** open 6/1.
New Fack's: **Earl Grant** to 6/6; **Buddy Greco** opens 6/7.
Jazz Room: **Junius Simmons**, *t/n*.
Stereo Club: **Atlee Chapman**, **Pony Poindexter**, *t/n*. 



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