

JULY 6, 1961 35¢

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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THE EDITORIAL

In light of the foreign and domestic furor these days on the condition of U. S. prestige in the world, a recent feature article in a British music news weekly attacking the U. S. jazz scene comes as a mild—but irritating—gust of hot air. In the article, British traditional-jazz bandleader Chris Barber gave vent to some very one-sided views.

Evidently embittered and smarting from his recent U. S. tour, Barber let fly at what he called the “devalued to nothing” U. S. jazz scene. While some of his charges have an air of truth about them, others are quite far-fetched.

For instance: “What we (the British, presumably) have long suspected became abundantly clear. The American’s idea of jazz is remarkably hazy . . . Compared with the Americans, we are remarkably knowledgeable.”

Knowledgeable about what, may we ask? Imitative traditional jazz? Barber’s band is one of the most popular—that does not mean just jazz-fan popularity; it means general-public popularity—in the British Isles. His version of *Petite Fleur* was a best-seller in this country not too long ago. This popularity is well and good—for those who choose to imitate more than create in the

New Orleans manner. But what about Britain’s non-traditional jazz bands? Are they accorded the same acceptance and “understanding” that Barber and other traditionalists receive? Or is it that British modernists and mainstreamers run into walls of indifference thrown up by those whose idea of modern, non-traditional jazz is “remarkably hazy”?

“Jazz is mere background music to drinking in bars,” according to Barber. “American musicians are green with envy when they hear about our flourishing clubs and concerts where many people visit primarily to *listen* to music.”

Continuing on the same tack, he said, “A serious jazz concert over there (the U. S.) is a rarity—and the regular, well-attended jazz concerts that have become a part of our life have no counterpart in the States.”

Evidently, Barber did not have the opportunity to visit many of the best jazz rooms in this country. If he had, he would have seen audiences listening intently—and, in most cases, silently. But the size of the audiences could be larger and the support given jazz stronger, we feel.

He pointed out one of the worst features of a musician’s life in the U. S.—the road. His point is well taken, though his facts are distorted. Speaking of the

horrors of the road, Barber said, “Distances covered between dates are commonly 800 miles . . .”

Life on the road is no bed of roses; some bookers do plan band routes badly, requiring musicians to travel many miles between dates. But an 800-mile distance between one job and the next is quite *uncommon*, especially on a one-nighter tour. And jazzmen are not the major sufferers of Chicago-tonight-New York-tomorrow existence. Dance-band musicians endure this sort of the thing much more often than do jazzmen.

But Barber’s crowning remark makes his others appear as nothing: “The incredible truth is that we now have to undertake the herculean task of teaching the American public what jazz is.”

Although masses of listeners in this country do not flock to the clarion call of jazz, the fact remains that each year sees more and more serious followers of the music. A comparison of the number of those interested in jazz today and the number interested in it 20 years ago makes Barber’s comments ring hollow.

Although we find most of Barber’s comments distorted and smacking of sour grapes, we do feel that jazz is not given the support in this country that it deserves.

Perhaps this was Barber’s point. 

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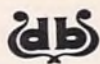


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down beat

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Readers in 86 Countries
Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

JULY 6, 1961

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ON THE COVER

All art communicates. Music and painting are two of the most immediately communicative. This issue's cover, painted by *DB* Art Director Robert J. Billings, communicates the feeling of Milt Jackson the man and musician. And there is little question that Jackson's music is highly communicative. Read about this seldom written-about musician in Don DeMicheal's article beginning on page 18.

THINGS TO COME

The July 20 issue of *Down Beat* is the annual Guitar issue. There will be a special section with articles about the three top guitarists in jazz today—Jimmy Raney, Bill Harris, and Wes Montgomery—each representing a different approach to jazz guitar. Not forgotten is the man whom many consider the father of modern guitar, Charlie Christian. There will be musical transcriptions of some of his best recorded work. Also in the next issue will be the second part of *About This Man Brubeck*. Look for the Guitar issue on sale July 6.

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STRAIGHT TALK

FROM TEDDY CHARLES:

Something very exciting is taking place with our new Curtis Fuller album "BOSS OF THE SOUL-STREAM TROMBONE"—Warwick 2038. With only a few reviews in as yet, it seems apparent that this is



going to be Curtis Fuller's year for stardom. Curtis' manager, Clarence Avant, tells me big things are in the works for Curtis: a tour of Japan, and major concerts in Europe next fall. We are so convinced that this is Curtis' best album yet, that we are already releasing single versions on some of the tunes, particularly "THE CHANT OF THE CONGO" (CHANTIZED).

On the album, you must hear the unbelievable, crackling intensity that Curtis smokes out of "DO I LOVE YOU (DEED I DO)". And with the support of such as Yusef Lateef, Freddie Hubbard, Walter Bishop, Stu Martin, and Buddy Catlett, you can see why I say this is the best album made by the best trombonist in Jazz today.

Recently, we were fortunate in being able to record the hottest Jazz group in the country PEPPER ADAMS, DONALD BYRD QUINTET—"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—Warwick 2041. By special arrangement with Alfred Lion at Blue Note Records, Pepper Adams and Donald Byrd have cut their most requested charts, as the quintet breaks it up in gig after gig all over the country. Pepper



and Donald have produced a true gem of an album. This one I know you'll be playing with as much interest ten years from now, as today. Pepper's "DAYDREAMS" and "OUT OF THIS WORLD", and Donald's treatment of "IT'S A BEAUTIFUL EVENING" and "MR. LUCKY" are sure to become Jazz classics. Everything in the album cooks. It also serves to introduce the exceptional pianistic talent of a newcomer, Herb Hancock, who will scare a lot of people shortly.

In giving ears to Curtis and Pepper, don't overlook "THE SOUL OF JAZZ PERCUSSION"—Warwick 5003, which also features Curtis, Pepper, Donald, Booker Little, Paul Chambers, Philly Joe Jones, and Mal Waldron "JAZZ IN THE GARDEN" featuring Teddy Charles, N.D. Quartet and Nat Wright "THE BIGGEST VOICE IN JAZZ"—Warwick 2040.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Where Is the Union?

Some of us in Local 47 are wondering if you will ever realize the terrible betrayal of hopeful reader-musicians being perpetrated by so-called responsible union officialdom.

While Local 47 and AFM officials stall, while pushers score at will, and while the future becomes increasingly bleak, where is the great union crusade against narcotics addiction? Why are these same officials hopelessly standing by as another nationally known musician (a drummer) disappears into the nether world of hooked unfortunates, skulking around junk alleys while his desperate wife in California begs for information concerning her addicted husband's whereabouts—if indeed he is still alive!

We deplore our past abdication of power to nonthinking and nonacting representatives. We admit having lost much of our collective artistic and social responsibility. We will endeavor to correct the consequences of our faulty judgment in our own way. But we feel that any time and space in *Down Beat* used henceforth by publicity-seeking and do-nothing word-wasters should be deeply resented by all thinking musicians.

While our elected officials turn their backs after preaching hypocritically "for the record," how can we musicians deal with this horrifying problem of addiction that must be dealt with on an official level if it is to have any meaning at all?

Los Angeles (name withheld)

Si's Reply

William T. Black's *Chords and Discords* letter (*DB*, June 8) deserves a rebuttal, if only to keep the record straight. I might have disregarded his entire epic if he had not made reference to my "product." Everything else in his letter is typical since he now speaks from an agent's chair, not from a personal manager's.

He asks several questions which in turn raise questions in my mind. Why, why the wholesale shuffling of artists from one agency to another and back again, ad infinitum? One answer is supplied by a promoter for whom I played during the tour to which Black refers. Tom Archer, who lost money on one of those dates, stated to me in a letter dated Jan. 13, 1961, "I'm not crying about the business we did. However, I can't help but feel that these bookers only do half a job representing the band . . . and why should they make so many rash promises that others will do all these things when they are booking a band, and then forget about it once the contract is signed?" He goes on to say, "Si, I've had this happen to me so often that I've gotten to the place where I just don't believe any of these bookers."

In my letter to Mr. Archer which prompted this reply, I made mention of Walter Brink, manager of one of Archer's

ballrooms. It was my considered opinion that Brink's efforts on behalf of the big band scene would be one of the most contributing factors in the resurgence of that most wonderful era which I'm sure we all would like to see again. Based on Brink's report on my band's appearance at his ballroom, Archer stated that he was sorry he had not gotten to hear the band. He wrote, "But Si, you are like MacArthur—you will return again."

Black would do well to get his facts from a more reliable source before referring to my "product" and to mention that he has never seen or heard my band. If he had, he would know if we would be able to play a repeat date.

To quote John Tynan's quote in *Down Beat* (April 27), "Everybody talks about giving the hand business a hand." I believe the artist is doing his part just by trying. The ballroom operator is doing his part, as is evidenced by Mr. Brink's efforts. Mr. Black shouldn't fight it—he should help.

Hollywood, Calif.

Si Zentner

Blakey and Menshikov

I would like to congratulate *DB* on the Art Blakey article (*Message Received*) in the May 11 issue. Blakey is one of the few musicians I can understand, and I feel he is one of the greatest jazz musicians of our times. I can understand what he means in this article, and I am glad the Messengers have found a place where the people really enjoy them and aren't afraid to show it.

I also enjoyed *The Saga of Jelly-Roll Menshikov*. I am glad that someone is finally relating to the American people that everything was not invented by Americans . . .

Washington, D.C. Sandra E. Butler

Mitchell and Menshikov

Congratulations on your new literary find, Whitey Mitchell. His piece, *The Saga of Jelly-Roll Menshikov* (*DB*, May 11), is one of the funniest things I have read in ages.

His other opus about the society gigs also was hilarious, if painfully realistic.

I hope you will publish this great cat regularly.

New York City

Bill Simon

The Critic's Critic

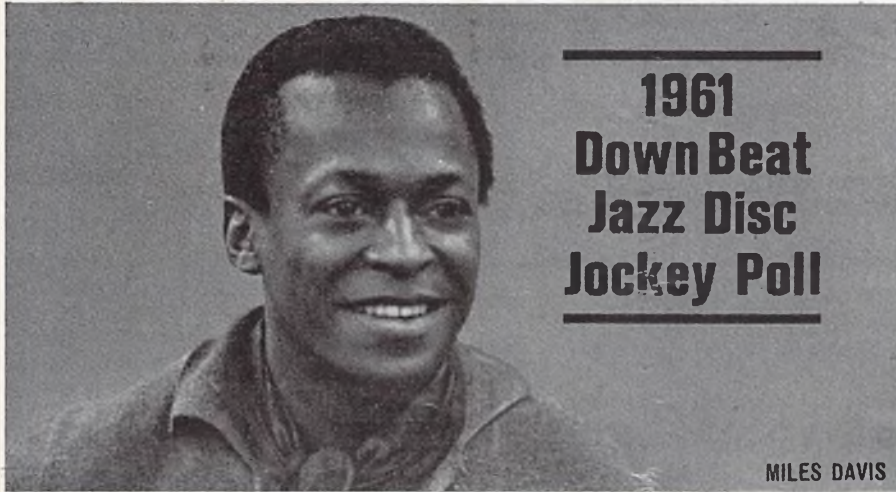
Ornette Coleman is a major jazz artist, and if Don DeMicheal will continue to listen, he also will come to this realization and will regret his foolish one-star rating of Coleman's latest LP (*DB*, May 11).

For originality alone, this LP is an important addition to recorded jazz. His interpretation of *Embraceable You* is a thing of startling beauty. Apparently DeMicheal would have him blow Charlie Parker's version of this tune.

In your Feb. 16 issue, Ira Gitler, whose

(Continued on page 10)

WINNERS ALL!



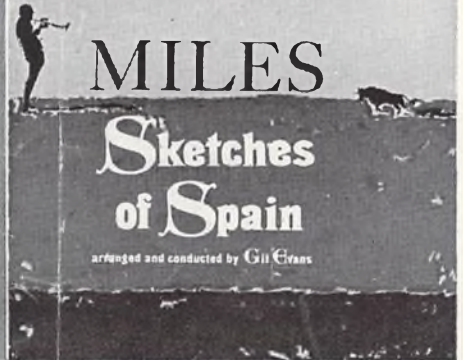
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CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

jazz opinions I respect, attacked Coleman, in *Caught in the Act*, for not playing more conventionally. How absurd. He, too, would prefer another Birdling to be added to the many we already have.

The critics put down everything and everybody from Bird to loud drummers to hard sounding tenors.

Ornette, you and your plastic horn are in good company and on the right wad. Don't let them change you.

Garden City, Mich. Virgil Matthews

The Adderley Group Conversation

I wish to congratulate *DB* in general and Don DeMicheal in particular for Part 1 of *Inside the Cannonball Adderley Quintet* (*DB* June 8). I eagerly await Part 2, but I am deeply moved to comment on several aspects of the first part.

I feel that many printed media would have been too eager to delete many of the comments by Nat Adderley concerning what he articulately suggests as Crow Jim. I feel that his frank discussion of such positions which would develop from his feelings here is commendable for its courage as well as intelligence.

As a teacher in a school of education at the university level intimately concerned with sociological complexities of the racial problems we face nationally and internationally, I am most interested in the development of Adderley's positions. I feel that this attitude in various minority groups has been an area of problem which has in many instances been avoided.

As Adderley implies, whether or not we open our eyes to such problems, they do exist and are sources of harmful friction in an interracial society which hopefully is striving for positive goals for all its citizens.

Unfortunately this bitterness will be eagerly seized by some self-righteous separationists as an inherent negative quality of the Negro in the American scene. Yet many of these same individuals probably dwell in upper-middle-class suburbia and consider themselves without prejudice. Others may deem this as another desperate rationale for justifying some of the barbaric aspects of racial policies in Central and South Africa.

The positive point as I see it here crystallizes itself as follows. If minority groups in our total national setting have developed bitterness akin to what Adderley characterizes as Crow Jim, it is not inherent but resultant from the more desolate ramifications of living as second-class citizenry.

It would seem that real multiracial study of problems and their causes is needed to identify realistic and practical means to solve these areas of problems to the optimum benefit of all human beings involved. The medium of jazz is chronically overlooked as a means area for such study.

I feel that articles such as this one, giving voice to people who have worthwhile information to contribute in these areas, should be a key function of a publication such as *Down Beat*.

Buffalo, N. Y. Conrad E. Toepfer Jr.

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NEW YORK

Music at Newport was shaping up nicely despite a couple of battles being waged by the Rhode Island resort residents: 11 property owners who went to court to prove that the concerts "are a public and private nuisance" were granted no injunction, but three other citizens moved out of town "in a jazz protest." Producers **Sid Bernstein** and **John Drew** were betting that organization would make the big difference. The Chamber of Commerce made many beds available. All beaches and parking lots will be lighted and patrolled. No drinking will be allowed on the streets. Minimum age laws for the purchase of alcoholic beverages are to be enforced strictly. Musicians playing the festival have signed contracts stipulating that, in the event of overflow crowds, they would finish their Freebody Park performances, and then hurry down to Cliffwalk Manor (where last year's rump festival was held) and give a second performance there.

An Afternoon with **Bob Hope** scheduled for July 1 and An Afternoon with **Judy Garland** set for July 3 plus a few other surprises, have raised Music at Newport's talent budget to a level reputed to be the highest ever for a music festival. One of the other surprises is said to center about "an important political figure." And, lest we forget, the "sound of surprise" will be furnished by many of the biggest names in jazz: June 30—**Louis Armstrong, Maynard Ferguson, Cannonball Adderley, Dave Brubeck, Carmen McRae, Lambert Hendricks-Ross, and Ramsey Lewis**; July 1—**Count Basie, Chico Hamilton, John Coltrane, Horace Silver, Gloria Lynne, Slide Hampton, and Bill Henderson**; July 2: **Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz, Anita O'Day, Art Blakey, Jazztet, George Shearing, and Eddie Harris**; July 3: **Duke Ellington, Miriam Makeba, James Moody, Cal Tjader, Oscar Peterson, Quincy Jones, and Sarah Vaughan**.

Meanwhile, in New York, Randall's Island's producer, **Frank Geltman** has admitted to only one surprise so far at his Aug. 25-27 series: **Jon Hendricks** has been named music director of the festival. Randall's Island's program resembles that of Music at Newport's, though there has been no mention of **Judy Garland, Bob Hope, or politicians**. Geltman, however, is someone with whom to reckon when it comes to public relations ideas.

No record company has yet signified interest in recording at any festival. Many have been chosen, but few have called back. Nevertheless, much recording is otherwise going on. Columbia has two albums in the can, made by **Miles Davis** at the Black Hawk in San Francisco. Prestige has cut a super-swing session with **Buddy Tate, Al Sears, Joe Thomas, tenor saxophones; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet, Vic Dickenson, trombone; J. C. Heard, drums; Joe Benjamin, bass; Cliff Jackson, piano; Danny Barker, guitar . . . J. J. Johnson's six-part suite, Perceptions** was recorded for Verve by **Dizzy Gillespie** and 19 musicians (six trumpets, two bass trombones, two tenor trombones, two harps, four French horns, bass, a jazz drummer, and a percussionist).

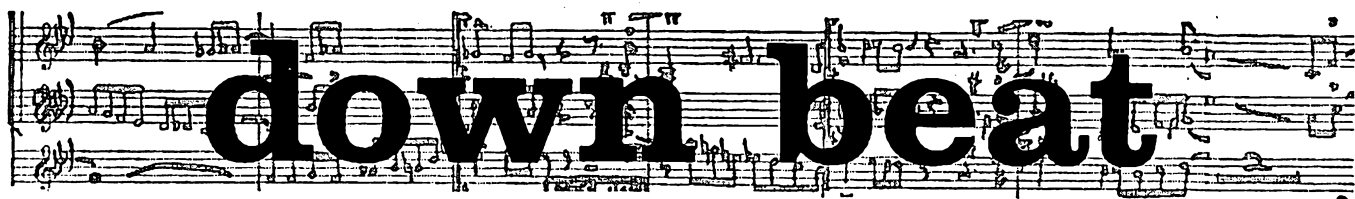
(Continued on page 43)



HENDERSON



RUSSELL



down beat

Down Beat

July 6, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 14

SYNANON'S FATE IN LEGISLATURE

On the agenda of the senate judiciary committee of the California legislature is a hearing on a new bill the outcome of which could spell the fate of the Synanon Foundation, the narcotics rehabilitation center in Santa Monica.

The reform measure, introduced by Assemblyman Nicholas Petris (D-Oakland), would make legal the Synanon operation and program if passed. The legislators have until July 15 to act on it. Petris' bill already has been passed unanimously by the legislature's committees on public health and ways and means, from which it went to the senate judiciary committee for further action.

Last month a delegation from Synanon spoke on the measure on the assembly floor. The legislators passed it by an overwhelming majority. If the bill gets the blessing of the senate judiciary committee, it will go to the senate floor for a vote and, if approved by the senators, from there to the desk of Gov. Edmund Brown for his signature.

Passage of the Petris legislation is vital to Synanon's existence in Santa Monica because of a decision handed down April 14 by Judge Hector P. Baida in that city's municipal court. Baida granted Synanon 90 days' grace "to come up with a workable solution" for the foundation's legal presence in Santa Monica. Last year Charles E. Dederich, Synanon's director, and other board members were convicted in Baida's court on two counts — operating a hospital in the wrong building zone and treating addicts for addiction in a place not specified for same, a violation of the state health and welfare code.

As a result of the Petris measure, the judge postponed sentencing for 90 days. If the bill has not become law by July 15, he warned, the residents must abandon the foundation's premises.

MILES DAVIS TO RETIRE?

From a recent casual conversation in a San Francisco jazz club may shortly stem one of the most startling stories in jazz: the announced retirement of Miles Davis from music.

Jazz reporter Russ Wilson of the Oakland *Tribune*, covering Davis' ap-

pearance at San Francisco's Black Hawk club, fell into conversation with the trumpeter between sets. Almost casually, Wilson reported, the 36-year-old Davis remarked he was considering giving up playing.

On further questioning, according to Wilson, Davis declared, "I'm not considering it—I'm going to retire. I've got \$1,000 a week coming in now so I don't have to work. And I've been playing for 22 years—a long time."

Wilson, whose pencil now was working overtime, then asked Davis if he planned to continue recording. The answer was "No." What would he do for musical kicks? "I'll buy records," Davis replied.

MUSICIANS GUILD IS BOBBING . . .

The Musicians Guild of America emerged from months-long inactivity to remind its rival, the American Federation of Musicians, that the so-called phony war between them had entered a new phase.

In a "special bulletin" mailed to thousands of active phonograph recording musicians in New York City; Chicago; Nashville, Tenn., and Los Angeles, the guild served notice that it intends petitioning the National Labor Relations Board to hold new elections that would determine labor jurisdiction in bargaining with all the major recording companies.

The bulletin, according to the MGA, is "the first step in a concerted drive by the guild to take over jurisdiction and collective-bargaining representation for musicians in the record companies now held by the AFM."

Spearheading the action, a guild "task force" made up of trumpeter-chairman Cecil Read, saxophonist Justin Gordon, and trombonist Milt Bernhart went to New York City to meet recording musicians sympathetic to their cause—a reform of the much-disputed trust funds. The MGA contends that this reform can be attained only outside the AFM by vesting the guild with full bargaining authority in the phonograph recording industry.

The guild specifically contended there is "widespread dissatisfaction among all professional recording musicians with the AFM and particularly with its policy of diverting the major portion of procurable wage raises and

benefits of the recording musicians to the AFM's trust funds.

"These trust funds," stated MGA, "collect over \$6,000,000 a year in royalties on the work of 3 percent of the AFM membership — the highly skilled recording musicians — and distribute this money through the device of paying over 200,000 nonrecording musicians to play at 'free' public performances or band concerts."

In the Los Angeles local, however, at least a portion of this revenue is distributed among many recording musicians as payment for playing at the public band concerts for which no admission is charged.

Trust fund money thus used may amount to only a trickle, but such use, the AFM contends, reduces the MGA argument's effectiveness a little.

. . . AND WEAVING

When the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus came to Los Angeles in October, 1958, the union battle between Los Angeles AFM Local 47 and the Musicians Guild of America was raging hotly. The guild at that time had won much support in the ranks of the steadily employed phonograph recording musicians who felt they were getting a raw deal from the administration of the AFM's recording trust funds.

Many musicians in the MGA band that worked the first days of that circus' run also belonged to the AFM. The federation succeeded in ousting the MGA band from the circus job but there remained the problem of disciplining those AFM members who also were MGA members. Most were severely fined; some were expelled.

Promoter Ted Bentley sued Local 47 and its officers, claiming the dismissal of those musicians working under the MGA was improper. He also sought an injunction against the federation and damages in the amount of \$150,000, arising from the listing of his name on the AFM's national unfair list.

Late last month, 2½ years after the circus folded its tent at the Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Caryl Sheldon, after a seven-day trial, ruled for the defendants and decided Bentley had no basis for the damages and injunction he sought.

GOSPEL ROOTS WILL SHOW AT EVANSVILLE

Added to its jazz package-tours and CBS-radio human-interest story aimed at housewives, the Indiana Jazz Festival, in the person of Hal Lobree, has added another to its list of firsts. The afternoon of June 25, the last day of the Evansville, Ind., festival, will be given over to the Gospel Roots of Jazz program, produced and guiding-lighted by Gary Kramer of Atlantic records.

The three-hour program will trace the course of Negro religious music from pre-Civil War days to the present. The historical survey is a dramatic-musical production narrated by poet-actor Roscoe Brown. Featured in the cast are the Staple Singers of Chicago; the Stars of Faith, a Gospel group from Philadelphia; Paul Barbarin's New Orleans Band, which will play religious music, not traditional jazz. There will be other church choirs on hand as well.

The Gospel production is scheduled to appear July 20 at the Rockefeller Sculpture Garden in New York's Museum of Modern Art. Kramer also is negotiating to present the Gospel-Roots survey with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

KINGSTONS IN KING-SIZED HASSEL

"It's a simple problem; I wanted the Kingston Trio to read," said Dave Guard, one of the original Kingston members, explaining his decision to leave the vocal group.

Kingston manager and discoverer, Frank Werber, explained Guard's departure differently: "It was a question of whether we should continue the simple, happy thing we started with or get more complicated and educate the public. I wasn't for that."

Guard gave six months' notice in May. He plans to sell his stock in the trio's holding company and corporation (they have numerous assets, including the Columbus Towers building in San Francisco, a night club, and other real estate holdings) and continue his musical career elsewhere.

Guard, who has signed all contracts as leader of the group since its inception, says the name Kingston Trio remains "with the leader" which is, of course, himself.

Werber and the other two trio members, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane, dispute this, saying they have a corporation agreement (each of the four owns 24½ percent of the corporation, with their lawyer, Sid Rudi, holding the other 2 percent) under which the name is one of the assets of the corporation and thus it will remain with them.

"Does Count Basie resign from his band?" Guard asked. "I could have put

them on notice," he added sharply.

Werber, Shane, and Reynolds do not see it that way and indicated they would continue to act for the corporation unless halted by an injunction. Meanwhile, despite the hassel, the trio has agreed to continue its bookings and personal appearances as a unit.

Underneath it all, according to some, is a struggle between Werber and Bert Block and Larry Bennett for control of International Talent Associates, the agency that Block, Bennett, and Werber formed with the trio as the key attraction.

Werber claims to have been promised an equal deal with the other two in the setup and to have been denied his stock. Block disputes this and says he and Guard will have an investigation made into what they assert is the disappearance of \$127,000 from the trio's music publishing firm, High Ridge Music. "We want an accounting," he said.

Meanwhile, Guard has written to Block telling him not to do business with Werber, but Werber said he's the manager and doing business as usual.

MASTER, MASTER—WHO OWNS THE MASTER?

When Erroll Garner's suit against Columbia records was heard a few months ago, the case's course was watched closely by record company executives and recording artists alike.

A second case, due on the calendar of Los Angeles Superior Court this fall, may be equally, if not more, precedential in the record business.

The parties involved, bandleader Rey DeMichel and Challenge records, are disputing one issue: to which party does a master tape belong when the recording artist finances a date himself?

DeMichel contends it is the property of the artist and is asking \$500,000 in damages. Challenge's position is that by virtue of the American Federation of Musicians' recording agreement with all labels making records under its jurisdiction, a finished master belongs to the company under whose license it was recorded.

At face value, resolution of the dispute would appear to be a simple matter resting on the inviolability of the AFM contract between company and artist. In this case, however, there is a twist: DeMichel, through attorney Paul Gilbert, claims the federation is on his side. In effect, this would mean the

ABOUT THIS MAN BRUBECK

In an effort to bring up to date all the activities of Dave Brubeck, the second part of *About This Man Brubeck*, by Gene Lees, has been delayed until the next issue, July 20, on sale July 6.

AFM is contravening its own agreement with a record company. In support of this, DeMichel says he has the federation's position stated in writing in the form of a letter from Harry Zaccardi, assistant to AFM President Herman D. Kenin.

The bandleader's legal action began last Aug. 30 when he petitioned in Los Angeles Superior Court for recovery of 54 tapes cut by his band for Challenge. These recordings, according to DeMichel, represent an investment by unidentified backers of \$28,500 in music, recording-session costs, recording tape, and engineering.

Three LP albums resulted from these sessions: *Cookin' with Rey*, released in April, 1959; *For Bloozers Only*, released in November, 1959; *All's Well That Ends*. The last named was never released by Challenge. DeMichel claimed he has received only \$50 in royalties from the two albums released.

A further contention by DeMichel is that, because the record company failed to promote the two released albums nationally, his contract with General Artists Corp. booking agency was annulled.

As the action stands, according to attorney Gilbert, Challenge is charged with appropriation of private property (i.e., the tapes), using them for profit, and refusing to return them.

SAN FRANCISCO'S LOSS—COPENHAGEN'S GAIN

Brew Moore came to San Francisco in the mid-1950s. He drove from New York City with folk singer Woody Guthrie, playing for eating money in bars along the way.

Slowly the tenor saxophonist took over the role of a sort of elder statesman, counseling young jazz players in town. He worked steadily but not in one place — mostly weekends and casuals and now and then as guest star in one of the local jazz clubs. He cut two albums for Fantasy and had his own groups for a while at various clubs and on concerts.

Last month, Moore packed his horn and took off for Copenhagen, Denmark, with pianist Harold Goldberg.

"I said I'd never drive across the country again, but here I go," he said as he left. Goldberg, part owner of a Copenhagen club offered Moore what San Francisco seemed unwilling to come up with—steady employment at one place under good conditions.

"I figured I might as well go," he said. "It's been 10 years since anyone asked me to go to Europe. And there's a possibility of other things, such as tours, ahead." Moore's wife, Nancy, and their daughter, Marna, will follow soon. Meanwhile, San Francisco is minus one first-class tenor player.

MIFF

By GEORGE HOEFER

Irving Milfred (Miff) Mole, 63, (one in a thousand jazz fans couldn't have told you his first name was Irving) enjoyed a 30-year career in music packed with accomplishment, glamor, money, and fun. That all ended in 1950.

He couldn't have enjoyed—yet no one heard any complaints—the last 10 years of a painful hip infection entailing frequent operations, depleted finances, and worst of all, musical frustration.

Last July, on that fateful Sunday afternoon following the blues concert at the Newport Jazz Festival when the workmen had begun to dismantle the music shell, jazz writer Dan Morgenstern spotted a lone figure with a trombone case standing dazed in the press tent. It was Mole, who had been asked to play on the Sunday evening program, which was to have been recorded and carried on television and radio.

Miff had arisen early that morning in New York without turning on his radio, which was booming with the news of the Newport riots. Carrying his cane and heavy case, he headed for midtown and boarded a bus for his evening gig, a big hopeful one. He arrived at Freebody Park after the blues session that marked the end of the aborted festival and was looking around for John Hammond. He asked Morgenstern where he could find Hammond, who was closeted with the board of directors in an emergency meeting, and what was happening. When told the story, Miff said sadly, "I've been practicing for weeks for this thing. My lip is in good shape, too."

Mole sized up the situation and said, "Well, I guess I'll head for the bus station. I'd been looking forward to this."

Miff, a nickname corrupted from the original Milf, experienced the extremes at both ends of a professional career. He had seen the day, as writer Richard DuPage quoted him as saying, "I could go to the store for a screwdriver and return with a Piercc-Arrow." And he had stood in the snow trying to earn a couple of pennies selling pretzels.

Last March 11, Mole passed his 63rd birthday. He was born in the town of Roosevelt on Long Island, where his middle-class background went back more than 100 years. His father was a contractor, and the only job Mole ever had outside of music was as a house painter when 14 years old.

From age 11, he took violin lessons for three years, taught himself to play the piano, and after hearing a brass band in a circus parade decided he wanted to play a horn. He progressed

from an upright peck alto horn to a mail-order trombone.

This was the beginning of a musician who was ultimately to establish a trail-blazing trombone style and become a virtuoso on his instrument in the fields of both classical and jazz music. He played symphonic music under the direction of Fritz Reiner, Bruno Walter, and Arturo Toscanini.

To the jazz musician and student, Mole's greatest contribution to jazz was his part in making a solo instrument out of the horn. Before Miff Mole and Jimmy Harrison, the trombone was a largely supporting horn whose frequent glissandi furnished punctuation to the phrases played by the melody instruments.

Mole and Harrison approached the



MOLE

trombone as a solo horn from two different inspirations. Mole, who came first, developed what writer DuPage has termed a "violinistic technique," while Harrison, under the influence of Louis Armstrong, played the slide trombone like a trumpet. A fruition of these two early styles has come in the work of Tommy Dorsey and Jack Teagarden, respectively.

For the last several months, two projects have been under way in New York that were designed as tributes to the artistry of Miff Mole.

One was the publication of a special Miff Mole issue of *Record Research* magazine. Editors Bob Colton and Len Kunstadt happily completed the issue in time for Mole to have a copy. The other project, a benefit concert, planned to help raise funds for Mole to move to Arizona, where he felt he could make a living teaching trombone, was scheduled for May 22; the frequent post-

ponements made it too late.

DuPage, a former clarinetist, wrote a complete history of Mole's career for *Record Research*. It is an excellent article tracing the trombonist's life from his first professional job at the College Arms cafe in Brooklyn, about 1914, through his associations with Phil Napoleon and the Original Memphis Five (including the Five's engagement at Frankie Yale's Harvard Inn at Coney Island, where Al Capone was the bouncer); Abe Lyman on the west coast; Sam Lanin's Broadway dance orchestra; Ray Miller's Orchestra (his solos knocked out Bix Beiderbecke); Ross Gorman's Band with the Earl Carroll Vanities (the patrons were invited to dance with the chorus girls on stage during intermission as Mole and Red Nichols played in the pit); the multiple Nichols-Mole recording groups; the Roger Wolfe Kahn period; the WOR house band; the decade with the NBC Symphony Orchestra; Paul Whiteman; his own trombone teaching studio that turned out more than 50 graduates; Benny Goodman, and a stretch of eight years leading his own Dixieland bands.

The Miff Mole night, originally scheduled for late in February, was conceived by Jack Crystal of Central Plaza and cornetist Jimmy McPartland.

They were counting on the participation of Benny Goodman, who had agreed to be present on Central Plaza's handstand to play. Then, up came a Goodman engagement at Las Vegas, followed by other commitments, and the concert was reset for the last week in March, the last week in April, and finally for May 22.

But Miff was more tired than most people realized. The energy that once made it possible for him to manipulate his slide and adjust his glasses with the same hand without missing a note was running out. A hip injury suffered while ice skating in his youth was draining him physically, while his inability to find consistent work playing was dulling his enthusiasm for life.

Mole was a gentle, soft-spoken man with a sharp, wry sense of humor. He once gave this writer a lesson in practical economics on Chicago's N. Clark St. by tabulating in his mind the exact time each saloon featured a cocktail hour when the drink was on the house.

If invited to your house for dinner, he would arrive with a bottle and say, "No thanks, I don't think I care for any right now."

It was a shock when the New York papers announced, "One of the great men of jazz died at his home on W. 88th St. yesterday." It was April 29, 1961.





BIG MILLER AND THE BLUES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Clarence H. Miller, who to many observers is the most impressive new blues singer to enter the scene in the last five years, has slightly heretical views about blues, funk, and soul.

Clarence H. Miller is known to his friends as Big, though it takes a little time before you get used to saying, "Hi ya, Big" or "See you around, Big."

Whence the nickname? "Girls," he replied. "It started when I was playing football; even at that time I weighed about 285 or 290 and was 6 feet 4, so the girls just started calling me Big." (His present weight, recently the subject of a guessing contest launched by Columbia records, can't be divulged.)

Big has investigated the blues sometimes by actual research, sometimes by truly living it.

After having spent almost all his 37 years around soul music of one kind or another, Miller has reached the conclusion that "the soul situation is getting out of hand. If you look through life, you'll find that every race of people has something they can call soul. But now, all of a sudden, there's people saying, 'Well, only such and such have soul, and nobody else can do it,' and if you say it long enough, somebody's going to believe it."

"This sounds good," he said, "but it hurts everybody else when you say it. So I think we ought to learn to equalize ourselves in feelings and understanding and being together, and always remember the word togetherness."

Amplifying this thesis, Big said, "Mel Tormé, Jo Stafford have a lot of soul. Dinah Shore, I think, has a great warmth in her voice. Teagarden started singing a traditional thing which he felt from his locations. He was in the Movement. By being in the Movement, he learned to sing what he had to sing and what he knew, and he has soul also.

"Woody Herman does the same thing. He feels a certain thing. He may not have the same voice structure that I may have or anybody else may have, but what he's singing, that's just what he thinks. And Frankie Laine—he's a *strong* soul brother, very strong. But we forget these people.

"I've worked with many musicians, and I think some are soul brothers, like, say, Zoot Sims. Regardless of where he got it from, he got it. He sounds just like he means what he's saying.

"Take Shelly Manne; he's a very surprising drummer. Scare you to death. Russ Freeman, the piano player. Nat Pierce. All these fellas, they all have soul, they have their own little class. Everybody can't be in the same class, but there's room in the world for all, so let's be in this thing together and work it out, because right now musicians are becoming enemies of one another, the way this soul thing is going, and it's liable to wreck the whole situation."

Miller's right to speak on soul began in his infancy.

"My father was a preacher and my mother was a choir singer in the Holiness church," he said. "I'm the only child. I sang for a while in the church and played tambourines and triangles and what have you. Started studying piano at 8 with a private teacher. Went to school one day, and they had a trombone laying around, so I just picked it up. They started teaching me scales, and I got so's I could play a march and things like that."

He became assistant director of the glee club in school and had a dance band on the campus. All this was in Kansas City, Kan., where his family had moved from Sioux City, Iowa, where he was born. Later, they moved to Wichita, Kan. He continued:

"At one time my father had a church in a small town called El Dorado, Kan., about 30 miles from Wichita. I got my first blues influence there 'cause a lot of people in that town were from Arkansas. I'd sit around the coal chute where the trains stopped to get the coal, and listen to the guys playing harmonicas and guitars and jew's-harps, and I got pretty interested in the old blues songs.

"When my father and mother went to tour with the church on conventions down south, I went south, too. But my family didn't want me to be a musician—they figured I'd be a good doctor. When I finished high school and had started college, I went into the army, and my life's been kind of scattered around since then, first one thing and then another.

"We started playing, when I was still in my teens, around Topeka; sometimes free, just to be playing, a bunch of us youngsters. Harlan Leonard used to come to town, and Nat Towles' Band, and Basic's band with Lester Young and Herschel Evans, and I was listening."

At first Miller was playing trombone; later he picked up bass, and it was about now that he started singing once in a while "if I knew some of the words on a gig. Songs like *Stardust*. For a while there, I thought I was Billy Eckstine or somebody—I was singing most of his numbers, and I did pretty well with them in that territory, around Wichita."

Miller's career was interrupted by 3½ years in the army. He had a band and a show in Honolulu, Hawaii, and took it all the way into Tokyo, the battalion carrying the show with it.

After he got out, in 1946, he went back to Wichita and led a band there—saxophone, trombone, and rhythm—playing all through Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and the south, doing a lot of Louis Jordan numbers.

"In all those areas I always picked up something strange about the blues," he explained. "But I never figured I could sing the blues; I was doing well with ballads.

"Later I came to Kansas City and needed a job. Jay McShann needed a bass player, and I could pick on a bass, so he hired me. Eventually, I got so I could play pretty good. I was still singing ballads.

"McShann just had five pieces then. Jay told me to start singing the blues. I didn't know the first line of the blues, so I sang all the things he had recorded with Walter Brown. I stayed with McShann from '49 to '54; after I quit him, I carried my bass and \$35 to Chicago."

"Everybody there was pretty wonderful," he remembers. He played bass and sang and then later put the bass down and worked the Flame show bar, the DeLisa, and the Cotton Club, emceeing and putting shows together. When things got bad in Chicago, he went to Cincinnati and, with trombonist Al Grey, put a band together and went to Texas for about a year.

"We played all those small towns where you hear all the regular blues—guys playing milk cans and tobacco cans and stuff like that," he said. "So I learned a great deal from this. So I decided to sit down and put on paper what I heard about blues. In Texas I made my mind up I would really be a blues singer."

Big had been south for the first time in 1941, when he went to the bayous and talked to people 80, 90, and 100 years old, and "got to the roots. They seemed to know more about things than young people know. For a year or two I did this—Mississippi, Georgia, and later I was in Florida in the army. I went down to all the little towns around Florida and listened to these guys sitting in bars drinking beer and talking and playing guitar. And I'd always visit the Holiness church in any town I went to."

On his new investigation of the blues, Miller got a bunch of records by Walter Brown and Joe Turner; listened, studied, toured Texas and the south again on his own" and, as he says, "had to slum in order to learn some of the things I learned. I stayed raggedy so I could make it into places where you couldn't hardly go—way back in the bayous, where they wouldn't accept you any other way."

"I met people who'd been slaves," he said, "and they told me stories about slavery and the meaning of a lot of things I didn't know. I caught a freight train and rode down the Mississippi. Got to Mississippi, almost got into trouble, but I talked my way out. I got with the people there, and I found out some different kind of blues in Mississippi than there'd been in Louisiana. You go on down to Virginia, and you find another kind of blues. I bummed around these areas a year and a half, trying to learn. Finally, things got pretty rough, and my folks sent for me and I came home. There's different styles of singing and different styles of words in the different areas. Unless you're in the territories, you don't understand what the words really mean."

Next Miller went to visit an uncle in Detroit, walked into

the Flame show bar, got up and sang the blues and stayed 14 weeks.

While there, he heard a lot of things about New York, "so the next thing I know, I'm on the plane," he said.

That was in '57, and soon he found himself stranded in New York, because none of those things he had been told about ever happened. He got a job driving a cab and took odd jobs. Then, he recalled, he got his nerve up and went and got a job as a part-time social worker.

"I like kids very much," he said, "so this was right along my alley. Any time I go back to New York, I can always go back to being a social worker if that's what I want to do. I did a very good job, I think, with children. Summers I worked as a counselor in day camps—especially with problem children. I sang with them, taught them songs, and I still get a lot of calls from camps—mostly Jewish camps—where I've worked.

"Finally got to singing in New York. Bummed my way down to the Baby Grand. Man heard me sing; gave me a week's work. I went to Savoy and did a record for them. I had a song called *All Is Well*, but there was some trouble about the copyright, and they took the record off the market.

"For a while I was staying with Ben Webster on Long Island, and one night he was late for a TV show with Art Ford, so I drove him there. They all told Art Ford to have me sing—a spur-of-the-moment thing—and before I knew it, I was on television. I did his show several times, and this led to other things, like the Great South Bay festival, which gave me my first real opening in New York."


Living in Jamaica, Long Island, he wound up singing and putting on the show and being maitre d' at the Copa City in Jamaica. Then came his first LP, for United Artists, singing a set of blues by Langston Hughes. From that, he went with Nat Pierce's Band into Birdland.

"One night Jon Hendricks came into Birdland," Miller said. "He and I were talking about the tambourine, and everybody was surprised to see me play it while I sang, because nobody ever heard of it in a jazz club.

"Jon and I talked about blues history and how his father and my father were preachers. Next thing I knew I got the message to come to Monterey. So my biggest break was through Jon Hendricks—I got to Monterey. And there I met Irv Townsend of Columbia Records, and he brought me to Los Angeles and I started working Shelly Manne's club and doing concerts with Shelly."

Big's style is unique among blues singers. Among other attributes he has the surprising ability to shift unpredictably from an earthy folk blues style to a sudden fusillade of notes straight out of bop. He knew Charlie Parker "pretty well," he said, but couldn't get too close to him "because I wasn't his type of feller. So I had to steer around this, but I dug him. And at one time I played fast trombone and tried to play like J.J."

He finds singers like the late Big Bill Broonzy "a little too country for my taste. I think the south tends to slow life down by being so warm; perhaps singers slow themselves down to a crawl like the rest of the people. But in Kansas City, Pete Johnson and those fellers always moved things along at a fine pace. So in my blues I try to find a happy medium; have things with a little bounce so you always have something going for you. Sometimes it's rough for the musicians to capture this; they may have started in the middle of the game and they don't know the rudiments. You try to explain it to them, but it's like Greek. This can be rough on singers. I appreciate those who can play right for me; and those who can't, well, I just adjust myself to them and I can do this very easily."

Miller, with an album made for Columbia, hopes, he said, that he's on his way. The years of wandering and obscurity past, he is ready to tell his story to the world. 

Things had gone slightly awry backstage. Serious-looking young men scurried about asking each other if the piano had arrived. The occasion was a recent Modern Jazz Quartet concert at a high school in Ann Arbor, Mich.

There was a grand piano on the stage, but it was neither the size nor brand stipulated in the MJQ's contract — and John Lewis does not play just any piano these days.

Lewis paced, his brow knit. In the dressing room, Milt Jackson calmly spruced for the delayed concert. Peering into a mirror, he scrutinized his face, stroked each cheek four times with his right-hand fingers. Raising his eyebrows and pursing his lips, he seemed satisfied, for the moment, with his appearance. He passed the time chatting with acquaintances and MJQ drummer Connie Kay. Periodically, he stole sidelong glances at the mirror and rubbed his cheek.

Finally, the proper piano arrived. Lewis, now smiling his self-effacing smile, wiped the keys, one at a time, with a towel and salve. The key-wiping completed, the Modern Jazz Quartet was ready to begin the concert.

(Jackson later recalled times when Lewis was forced to play on less-than-ideal pianos, including banged-up, out-of-tune ones. He laughed as he recalled Lewis' reaction and said, "John would get so mad at the piano, he'd play his head off. I used to tell him he ought to play bad pianos all the time.")

The house lights dimmed. Lewis and bassist Percy Heath briskly walked on from stage right. Jackson and Kay strolled in from the opposite side. The concert was under way.

It has been claimed for the MJQ that it has eliminated visual distraction from its performances and that the members "have sought to lose the individual personality within the unit by following close rules of stage arrangement and dress." This according to Jule Foster, who included the information in his liner notes for the quartet's *European Concert* album.

The members may seek this goal, but one of them — Milt Jackson — fails at times.

At the Ann Arbor concert, he appeared to be following the rules, but as the evening progressed, the rules seemed to go out the window. The tail of his tuxedo jacket, which had been unbuttoned from the first, flapped as his movements became more animated. His feet spread farther apart. His wrists, undulating as if on ball-bearings, were graceful blurs as he guided the mallets over his vibraharp. His head bent farther down. When he played a phrase that seemed to delight him, he looked out over his glasses to see if what he had played had struck anyone else as it had him. When it was necessary to move to the upper octave of his instrument, he made a discreet leap as he moved.

His solo over, he retired to the background, but, where before he had stood solemnly, his stance was now relaxed. Smiling, he nodded his head slightly in tempo, his fingers snapping occasionally when the other three played in an especially strong manner.

The concert's finale was given over to a several-part composition written by Lewis, who announced and explained each part. Before the third section, as he was explaining his attractive, but complex, piece of work, a man in the first row shouted, "*Bags' Groove!*" Lewis recoiled as if a bucket of ice water had been thrown in his face. He replied with dignity, "We'll play *that* later. And now in this third section . . ."

When the man had shouted, Jackson threw his head back and laughed a silent laugh. (The next day, he said, "They [the audience] don't always understand the intricacies of music. If a guy calls out for *Bags' Groove*, you have to accept it. That's part of the business. It doesn't bother me.")

As promised, *Bags' Groove*, Jackson's now-standard blues, was played later, as an encore. It was one of the two blues

JACKSON OF THE MJQ

BY DON DE MICHEAL



that the four tuxedoed men played that night. The concert was over.

Walter Milton Jackson is one of the great jazzmen. Yet in the many books written about jazz and jazzmen, he is seldom mentioned, aside from short references to his skill and his importance to the MJQ. In U.S. jazz magazines there has been little written about him. Asked about this, Jackson shrugged and offered, "I guess they just forgot about me."

There is information available, though: born Jan. 1, 1923, Detroit, Mich.; studied at Michigan State University; played with this and that group; with MJQ since its beginning. The dry facts. But Bags—a nickname hung on him during a days-long, little-sleep, living-it-up, bags-under-the-eyes celebration after his release from the army — is far from a dry set of statistics.

"Where Bags really gets his rhythm is that his family's sanctified," Dizzy Gillespie said not long ago. Jackson's family, members of the Church of God in Christ, was musical as well as religious. Son, church, and music met head on when he was quite young. "Why, that's where it all started," the vibraharpist said after the Ann Arbor concert.

Although the vibraharp is used in many churches, it was not the first instrument to catch Jackson's eye — or the second or third. His first instrument was guitar. By age 11, he was studying piano with a private teacher. An asthmatic child, he was unable to take up a wind instrument.

When he attended Detroit's Miller High School, he took a full music curriculum, majoring in drums so he could get in the school band. He had a whole school term in which to finish the drum book assigned to him, but he zealously completed the book before the term was over. This left him with little to do. The school had obtained a xylophone that year, and Jackson's teacher asked him to try learning to play it. After a short while, "I got hooked," he said.

But what really clinched vibes — a metallic descendent of the xylophone — for him was Lionel Hampton's playing with the Benny Goodman Band in the late '30s.

"I had no eyes to play Hamp's way," he said. "I just got hung on the instrument."

His father, who, according to Jackson, aspired to be a professional musician, bought a set of vibes for his son, paying \$130 for it. He had talked his father into making the purchase because the youngster thought he was going to get a chance to play with Matthew Rucker's Band, which worked the Motor City area. "It was a good band," he recalled. "It was made up of good musicians, but it never made it outside Detroit."

There followed a period of playing one-nighters around Detroit. By that time, he had added bass to the list of instruments he played. "On those one-nighters, I might play bass, guitar, drums, piano, or vibes, depending on what I was called for," he said. "At one time, I thought about dubbing all five instruments, one over the other, on a record." The idea never materialized.

As do many musicians, Jackson ran into parental disapproval when he announced his intention of being a full-time musician. "My father said, 'Go out and get a job!'" Jackson said. But then a smile lighted Milt's face. "Now he's one of the proudest cats in the world because I'm a big-time musician," he said.

By 1943, Jackson was gaining recognition. He almost got to go with the 1943 Earl Hines Band — the one with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. The army got him instead. But the opportunity to play with Gillespie and Parker was merely delayed a couple of years.

Jackson's army service was short, but during it he managed to visit New York City for the first time. It made a

lasting impression. When he was discharged in 1944, "I packed my little things and went to New York; I was going to make my fortune in the big city," he recalled.

Jackson joined Gillespie's small group, which included Parker, alto saxophone; Al Haig, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Stan Levey, drums.

Gillespie recently recalled the circumstances of Jackson's hiring: "I wasn't always sure Bird would show up, and that's why I hired Bags. The contract was for only five men. With Bags we were sure to have at least five men on the stand whether Bird showed up or not."

The contract Gillespie referred to was for the group's engagement at Billy Berg's in Los Angeles. The group's west-coast arrival was met with a wall of indifference and non-acceptance, though the band was probably the best small group in the bop chapter of jazz history.

"I remember one night we were playing *Hot House*," Jackson said, "and Bird was playing so fantastic that I came in four bars late in my solo."

Gillespie remembered Jackson's vibes: "They sounded like milk bottles. They used to fall apart all the time."

Jackson, Gillespie, and some of the other members returned to New York. Parker stayed behind. Before they left, however, Jackson recorded for Dial.

Things brightened soon after they returned east. Gillespie formed a big band, the second of several. (The first toured with a show called *Hepsations* of 1945.)

Jackson holds strong sentiments about the Gillespie band of 1946-47. "There's one thing I'll always remember about that band," he said. "It was the only band I ever heard about that the day didn't go by fast enough to get to work — 10 o'clock could never come fast enough. Everybody in the band loved to play. I never thought that band would break up. In fact, a band as good as that shouldn't be allowed to break up. If there were more people backing a band, it wouldn't happen. Just one or two good sponsors would make things so beautiful. But they'd really have to love jazz."

During this time, when the Gillespie band recorded such tunes as *Things to Come*, Jackson's playing had not taken on the maturity and artistry it now has. Even though his playing was sometimes wild, it hinted at his later style, most notably in the use of grace notes and turns. The emotional content of his later playing was also evident, but it was a more extroverted soul in those days. Depth was yet to come.

Jackson stayed with the band until 1947. Before he left, Parker returned from the west. The altoist sat in with the band many times. "You should have heard him play *'Round Midnight*," Jackson said. "He'd play lead alto and make the whole section sing."

It was during the Gillespie big-band days that the seeds of the future MJQ sprouted.

Trumpeter Art Farmer recalled this period: "You know the first time I heard the MJQ? Nineteen forty-seven. John (Lewis) and Milt were with Diz' band. You know how guys are — there's always somebody that shows up late for a rehearsal or something. With a big band there's usually several guys coming in late. When this happened with Diz' band, John, Milt, Ray Brown, and the drummer would play. Just the four of them."

The exposure Jackson received with Gillespie won him the first of many jazz poll awards—the 1947 Esquire New Star award. The other awards were a few years coming, however.

After he left Gillespie, Jackson worked with various groups and men, among them Howard McGhee, Tadd Dameron, and Thelonious Monk. In 1949, he took Terry Gibbs' place with the Woody Herman Band. It was while he was with Herman that one of the several Jackson anec-

notes was born. The band was playing in Cuba. One night, while Jackson was soloing, the legs of his vibraharp started to spread-eagle. The story has it that Bags followed the slowly descending keyboard to the floor, wailing all the way.

Soon after this incident, Jackson found the instrument he still uses, a rare prewar Deagan Imperial, a set he cherishes.

After the Herman stay, he rejoined Gillespie in a group that at one time included Jimmy Heath and John Coltrane. Jackson doubled piano, as did some of the others. He left again in 1952.

At about this time the Milt Jackson Quartet was formed. The group made a series of 78-rpm records for Gillespie's now-defunct record company, Dee Gee. Some of the quartet's records were also issued on Hi-Lo. All have been reissued on Savoy. During this time, the quartet recorded a few sides for Blue Note. The personnel, besides Jackson, was Lewis; Kenny Clarke, drums; Brown or Heath, bass.

The name of the group was changed for a Prestige recording session in December, 1952. The name changed, but the initials remained the same—MJQ. But it was not until two years later that the group became a permanent one. Heath was the regular bassist. The only change in personnel since that time came in 1955 when Clarke left. Kay was his replacement. It has, since its inception, been a co-operative group—each member sharing in duties (“I do the least”) and profit. Lewis became musical director.

The wildness of the Gillespie days was now gone from Jackson's playing. Calm and relaxation had taken its place. His work had taken on the characteristics that were to make him the most influential vibraharpist since Hampton: the slow vibrato, varied to fit the tempo, though he does not always use a vibrato; the use of space; a blues feeling no matter what the tempo or piece; a liking for minor keys; sly humor; a time conception unparalleled; distinct solo form and shape, and a way of implying more than is actually played — the mark of an artist.

In the ensuing years, the MJQ has become one of the leading small jazz groups. Jackson's star rose as the quartet rose in acceptance and popularity. But in the first days of its existence, the group had its share of trouble. “I never thought we could stay together and make money,” he said. “A lot of people tried to crush us — the agencies. Unless you have an agency in your corner, you're sunk. If you get one person in your corner, you can do it.”

There were others who tried to crush the group, but these dissenters came later, after the quartet was firmly established. These were the MJQ critics, made up mostly of musicians, who are the most caustic of critics. The group was too arty and pretentious, according to the detractors. Though there may be some foundation to the charge, it would be a too-hasty or sour-grapes judgment to condemn a group made up of jazzmen of the excellence of Jackson, Kay, Heath, and Lewis.

There are many more supporters than detractors. Art Farmer has pointed out that “without John's writing, Milt wouldn't sound as good as he does. It's like John builds a wall around him, then gives Milt a two-bar break. In that two-bar break Milt knocks the wall down, tears through it like a Sampson. It's the contrast that makes them both sound good.”

There is much of contrast between Lewis and Jackson. It can be seen in the music they write. Jackson's is usually more simple and takes the form of blues or the 32-bar song much more often than does Lewis'. While Lewis appears to like formality, Jackson does not. “I don't feel comfortable in formal clothes or formal settings,” he said. “I dig being completely relaxed — although music has always been a serious thing with me.”

The two men are on opposite sides of the fence when it comes, for another instance, to the merits of saxophonist Ornette Coleman. Lewis was one of the prime forces in the movement to bring Coleman and his group to the attention of the jazz world. Jackson is quite outspoken on Coleman:

“They're afraid to say it (Coleman's playing) is nothing. There's no such thing as free form. We're just getting around to knowing what Charlie Parker was playing. They threw him (Ornette) on the public and said this is it. You can't do it.

“He plays only his own music — except he plays *Embraceable You*, but it's not the *Embraceable You* that I know. They (Ornette's group) do have a nice melodic thing going, but after that, I don't know what's happening. I asked the bass player one time if they followed the chords of the melody — you know like when we play a 12-bar blues. He said, ‘No, after the first chorus, everybody goes for himself.’ Now, how do I know what you're doing if you play 14 bars and two beats?

“I sincerely believe they tried to cash in on a gimmick. I always give somebody the benefit of the doubt. When they (Coleman's group) were up at Lenox (School of Jazz in Massachusetts), I said I know how to convey my own feelings. If he (Ornette) could show me he could play blues and *I Got Rhythm*, I'd say go ahead. How can I tell what they're playing if everybody's going for himself? Why did I go to school?”

Lewis' and Jackson's differences aside, the partnership has been one of the most fruitful in jazz. It would seem they see eye to eye more often than not.

About the MJQ in general, its goals, and Third Streamism, Jackson espoused views similar to those credited to Lewis. “We have respect for tradition,” Jackson said.

“We have to try to make people understand. We can put jazz on another level, create a new audience. This is what jazz needs — cultured people. Rich people's groove is opera and symphony. We (the MJQ) integrate the two. People with the money go to opera and symphony, but now they're interested in jazz because of this new thing (Third Stream). The last album (*The Modern Jazz Quartet and Orchestra*) is what we've been doing with the orchestras.

“Snob appeal? I hope we're really getting to them. You can get an audience to go for anything once — the question is can you get them back again.”

Though some MJQ critics say Jackson is restricted in the group, Jackson said he does not feel fettered. “When it comes my turn to solo,” he said, “I play just like I want to. It doesn't make any difference what we're playing.”

Jackson has a great measure of freedom in the quartet, but he has a good deal more on his own record dates, which are generally loose and informal. He chooses them from a wide variety for his sidemen. Although he has used the other three MJQ members several times, many of the men on his records are from schools of jazz usually considered somewhat removed from the MJQ mode: Horace Silver, Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, Lucky Thompson, Frank Wes, Cannonball Adderley, Joe Newman, Coleman Hawkins, Wendell Marshall, Art Farmer, Benny Golson, Paul Chambers, Oscar Pettiford, Barney Kessel, and Kenny Burrell, among others. Jackson also has recorded with singer Ray Charles, playing vibes, piano, and guitar on the singer's *Soul Brothers* album.

Jackson even sang on one of his albums, *Meet Milt*. In reviewing the record in *Down Beat*, Nat Hentoff wrote that Bags sings “with very much the same kind of vibrato with which he blows vibes. His sound and style is like that of a more restrained Al Hibbler with more taste . . . it's kind of fun to hear him . . .”

Jackson's interest in vocal music extends beyond his own

efforts and accompanying others' efforts; he said he plans to record an album using a vocal group as background to his vibes.

He tried it once before, he said, but the singers were not able to get the feeling he desired. He was doubly disappointed that the date did not come off, because it would have been the first record released for which he wrote all the arrangements. He has not dropped the idea of a vibes-vocal group album, however. While in Detroit recently, he heard a group that he said would work out nicely.

His most recent release, *The Ballad Artistry of Milt Jackson*, was a departure from his usual free-blowing albums and ballad collections. Quincy and Jimmy Jones scored string backgrounds for Jackson's vibraharp. The session gave rise to another Jackson anecdote: At the same time he was playing for the recording, he was watching a boxing match on television. "It was an important fight," he said, an impish light in his eyes.

Then he grew serious. "In Europe," he said, "they have a different outlook than we do in this country; they're more responsive to art. We are just getting around to listening. Like if you go to a theater. You're not there to listen — you're there to see. Americans have been taught to go see, not to go hear. Illinois Jacquet was hot not because of what he was playing but because he was jumping around. If you go through those gymnastics, how're you going to play? Your instrument demands your whole attention. If you don't give it, you'll be nothing but a jive musician."

Although deeply involved in his music, Jackson is not other-worldly. An expert Ping-pong and billiard player, he said he brings his experiences at what usually are considered hobbies into his scheme of life. "I learn things from Ping-pong and billiards," he said. "No matter what I try to do, I have to be the best I can — to be accepted by those who know something about it."

Not only his hobbies and relaxations but everyday existence and minor occurrences, he said, enter into his music.


"Some days are better than others," he said. "I always know when I'm not cool. They say that one of the traits of an artist is that he's never satisfied. I can pick up my mallets, and after four bars, I can tell you what kind of night I'm going to have.

"When you make your approach, you've got to have something in mind. I walk up there, and I know, say, the first note I'm going to hit is a B \flat . But suppose I don't look right (at the instrument) and hit something not a B \flat . I have something in mind, and I'll be going in a different direction, and I don't want to go that way. But what can you do? Mingus is the only one I know who'll stop something, go back and start over. Looking at it from a conventional standpoint: you're there to entertain. If you stop and go back, they say this is an unfinished product."

To present something incomplete or unfinished would be difficult for a man of Jackson's make-up. To try to put something over on his fellows would be out of the question, he said.

"My religion is live right within yourself and don't hurt anyone else; it's all what you feel here," he said, touching his chest.

"I have a simple philosophy of life," he continued. "I don't believe in the complicated things in life. The real things — that's what is important. But this is just the way I feel; somebody else can feel something else. I won't do anything complicated unless it's absolutely necessary — then what can you do? But you have to conform to social pressures to a degree. You just can't shut out society and say to hell with it."

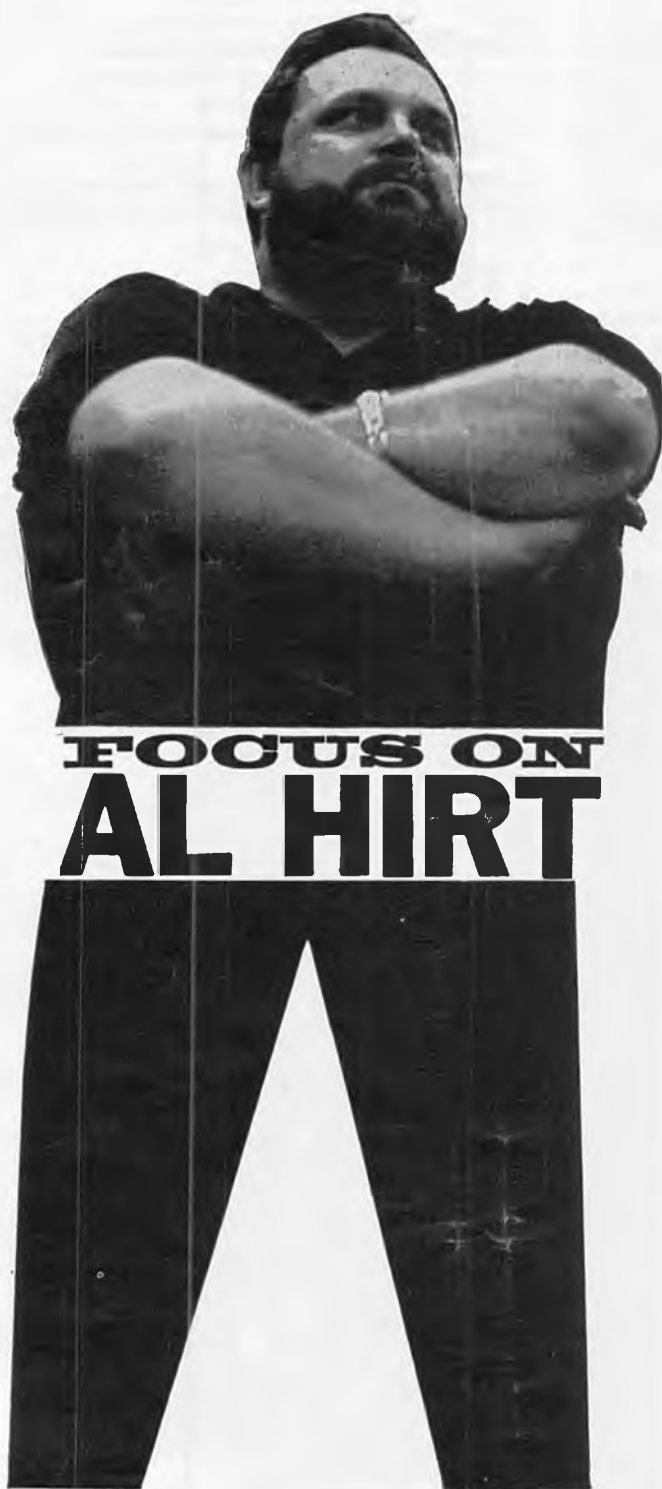
His closing comment perhaps best summed up how he looks on music and life: "You can fool people, but you can't fool yourself." 



STAN LEVEY-DEGAN



LEE FRIEDLANDER - ATLANTIC



FOCUS ON AL HIRT

By **BILL COSS**

Al Hirt, press-agented as "The Greatest Horn in the World"—the title of his latest album—is a mild-mannered, thoughtful, giant citizen of New Orleans. "I couldn't pronounce the name of my album," he said in New York City recently. "It embarrasses me."

The embarrassment is real. Hirt has no illusions about his talent. He has admirable facility, but his showbusyness can be deplorably distracting.

Several RCA Victor executives, while conscious of his fine record sales figures, have enthusiastically accepted suggestions that Hirt needs a challenge to show more than what has been constantly on view in recent months. Several seem to feel that Hirt's image as a Dixieland trumpeter has to be destroyed.

As for Hirt, he'll blow whichever way the wind blows, as long as he feels comfortable in the breeze. And, he'd adapt his showmanship to it. "Jeez, I think you can embellish a point," he said.

Would he cut back on the show business, if he felt secure?

"You mean, would I stop the dancing?" he asked. "No! Anyway, I'd probably do something like that. You have to make inroads. As great as Miles is, suppose he tried to gather the audience to him? Like Diz. He's such a great player. But he goes out to the audience, too. That's for me. I want to hear and feel the static from the people. I work for that. And I play my horn."

That is an attitude much disregarded and misunderstood in these days of instant entertainment. All successful artists are entertainers in some sense of that word. But a too-obvious attempt to please may cut into the art and certainly will cut the art lover from his audience, though it may please a more general audience.

Hirt comes naturally by his inclinations. Billed for years as "The King," he is a trumpeter of large proportions, starting with a height of 6½ feet and a weight of 299 pounds. Born in New Orleans, he studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and still is featured occasionally on programs played by the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra.

After four years in the service, he worked with bands led by Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Ray McKinley, and Horace Heidt. For the last 15 years he has lived in New Orleans, seldom leaving that city, his wife, and their eight children.

The big bands obviously left their impression on him. "You know," he said, with relish, speaking of his recent TV exposure, "those Dinah Shore shows are fantastic. You know who they have in the studio trumpet section? I should pay her for the privilege of playing with them."

That is the way he feels. He speaks strongly and glowingly about Gillespie and Davis, Don Fagerquist, the late Clifford Brown, and Harry James. He has reservations about many other trumpeters because "the bottom register is so neglected nowadays."

His two favorites are evidently Davis ("he plays—and so well in a way that is really hard to play in") and Gillespie ("he's a blower"), but he likes "my own style, because of the changes it allows me. It sustains my interest. The audiences', too, I guess. I like change and challenge. I like to swing from every direction."

At his best, that is Al Hirt. His current group is really a Dixieland deception. He and his musicians are far more flexible than that. At his worst, there are the dance steps, the pat music, the sloppy playing from one who has no excuse for such.

It's difficult to excuse any of that, but it's not difficult to be in favor of this giant of a man who is thoroughly capable of transmitting that power and glory into the jazz trumpet. Thus far, he has allowed only a glimpse of what he can do.



By any standards, it's a harrowing job. His education may have fitted him for it—he has a degree in psychology. By some standards, a&r work should require some musical training. This he has — his playing experience encompasses many bands and groups since his grammar school days.

Born in Virginia in 1929, schooled there and at Duke University, he began playing trumpet in his grade-school orchestra. By the time he graduated from high school, he was working steadily in local society bands. At Duke, he played in the symphony orchestra, used the dance book Les Brown and his Blue Devils left at the university, and led his own group.

"Up to then," Taylor recalls, "my interest was pretty much tied to the popular bands. But, one summer, I had a five-piece group at Bop City in Virginia Beach. I began to listen to (disc jockey) Symphony Sid. It was my indoctrination into modern jazz."

Drafted into the Marine Corps in 1951, Taylor tried to get into one of its bands, but because of his college degree he was put to work as a teacher. He did, however, work weekends in Charleston, S. C. And while stationed in Korea, he had opportunities to play. "There were a lot of fine musicians there," he said. "Hamp Hawes is one I remember."

In 1953, he returned to Duke for one semester, then left for New York City. He had had some ideas of making music his career, but "one look at the musical competition, and I settled down to looking for a job in psychological testing."

Instead, he became one of the guiding stars of Bethlehem, then a fledgling record label. After two years there, he left and went to ABC-Paramount.

Later he was a&r man with that company's jazz subsidiary, Impulse. Now he is at Verve and filled with expansive plans.


Verve's recording, he said, will revolve around five basic categories or series, as Taylor calls them. The first is historical, titled *Jazz Essentials*. It will be represented by one album issued each month. The first releases will be a compilation of the best of the late Charlie Parker's Verve tracks (such as *Repetition*) and the 1956 Billie Holiday Carnegie Hall concert.

The Contemporary Music series will include Dizzy Gillespie's leading of J. J. Johnson's six-part suite *Perceptions*. Stan Getz will record with a big band for which Quincy Jones will do the arranging. Trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Mel Lewis have a quartet album due. Jimmy Giuffrè's new trio fits this category.

The Popular Jazz series will release *Ella Back to Berlin*; albums by Anita O'Day; a special LP featuring David Rose, 30 strings, and the Oscar Peterson Trio; an album by a Gene Krupa big band, with three other percussionists included, playing old Krupa hits such as *Valse Triste* and *The Galloping Coneydians*.

The World of Wit department at Verve will release albums by Shelley Berman, Jonathan Winters, and Phyllis Diller. The Folk-Blues series will include releases by Lightnin' Hopkins "and all the usual names." Finally, there will be a popular label, not titled Verve, "and very much kept away from the Verve image."

Image is a big and good word in conversations with M-G-M and Verve executives. All insist that there is only the loosest connection between the larger label and the company it bought from Granz. All are convinced that Verve's already large image will grow much larger in the immediate future.

In this present and that future, Creed Taylor expects to supervise directly all recording, no matter where it is done. His own recording philosophy is entirely flexible. "I try to move with every individual situation," he said, "and no two recording situations are the same. In any case, the major aim is to make each record the very best possible." 

PRODUCER'S CHOICE

Creed Taylor chose six out of the many records he produced as being the most artistically rewarding to him as an a&r man.

Chris Connor (Bethlehem). "It was the first record I ever did. Chris' first, too. And it was a very good one."

Sing a Song of Basie by Lambert-Hendricks-Ross (ABC-Paramount). "That was the first of its kind. It took 60 hours of studio time to finish."

Zoot Sims with Four Altos (ABC-Paramount). "Another first. Zoot just blew solos. Then George Handy scored the improvised choruses and Zoot played four parts."

This Is How I Feel About Jazz by Quincy Jones (ABC-Paramount). "This was one of the first soul records by a big band."

Out of the Cool by Gil Evans (Impulse). "He's a totally individualistic arranger and composer. We feel alike on not categorizing music. This record is beautiful proof of that."

Genius + Soul = Jazz by Ray Charles (Impulse). "Not much to explain here. I just enjoy him. He's the most important contemporary vocal stylist."

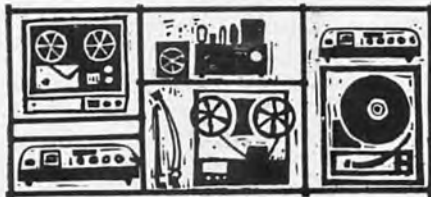


CREED TAYLOR



Taylor with Quincy Jones (l.).

Polite, soft-spoken Creed Taylor fits no stereotyped conception of the modern, aggressive, bustling artists-and-repertoire man. But, then, he's only secondly an a&r man. He's actually in charge of the whole Verve label (purchased from Norman Granz by M-G-M late last year) and an executive who feels strongly that he must personally supervise all Verve recording sessions.



By CHARLES GRAHAM

Vibraharpist Teddy Charles has been more active in recent years as an a&r man than as a performing musician. He does get a chance, however, to work with his own combo several times a year. His early career as a sideman (he played drums and piano, too) included work with the big bands of Buddy De Franco, Chubby Jackson, and Artie Shaw, in addition to playing with Benny Goodman and others. He has won numerous awards for his vibes work, including *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics poll New Star award in 1954.

As a working a&r man, Charles is vitally concerned with the technical sound of records as well as with their artistic content. He has had a good monophonic setup at home for some time but recently converted to stereo. Commenting on his decision to convert, he said, "I decided I ought to be able to hear the records I produce in stereo just as well as the people who buy them."

His monophonic phonograph system was built around a Scott Model 99 amplifier, a sturdy and flexible 20-watt unit. He used it originally to drive a medium-size Goodmans speaker placed in a modest bass-reflex cabinet. Later, to increase the bass response as well as the maximum sound-power level, Charles added a larger Altec-Lansing co-axial speaker. The arm and turntable were imported units. In the viscous-damped arm he used a Pickering magnetic cartridge with a diamond stylus.

When Charles discussed new components for the conversion to stereo recently, he brought along new test pressings—in mono and stereo—of one of the latest LPs that he produced. He said he had rejected a previous test pressing of the stereo version for noise in the pressing because it had a few barely audible "pops" in it. He was eager to hear the new stereo pressing.

After the record had played awhile, Charles picked up the tone arm and set it back a few grooves. He listened again, and then picked up the arm and put it back once more—two faint



JACK BRADLEY

"pops" came from the left-hand channel during a quiet passage in which only piano and bass were playing.

He then played the mono pressing. In the same passage on the mono pressing, the "pops" were missing. He said that he would have to reject the stereo pressing again.

Following this demonstration of an a&r man in action, Charles tried the controls of a couple of amplifiers set up in the studio. After becoming familiar with the various controls on stereo amplifiers, he asked for advice on buying and building the Scott LK-72 all-in-one stereo amplifier kit. He said he had heard that amplifiers usually were easier to build than tuners. Also, he had read that the Scott tuner was easy to assemble and gave good results. He was assured that what he had heard and read was correct. What clinched Charles' decision to build the Scott amp was the fact that he had used his Scott monophonic amp for a couple of years and enjoyed trouble-free performance from it. The LK-72 kit costs \$149, ready to assemble. He decided to stay with Pickering for his new stereo cartridge. He chose the Pickering Model 381, the so-called Calibration Standard, because until recently, it had been sold only to broadcast and recording studios.

Since his present tone arm and turntable were satisfactory, it remained only to rewire the arm for two sets of signal leads needed for the stereo cartridge (in mono only one pair of wires is required). Pickering has a simple conversion kit—the Kablekit—which costs less than \$5.

Charles was undecided whether to supplement or replace his present loudspeakers. To help resolve his indecision, he intends to participate in a musicians' loudspeaker-listening panel. Until then, he said he will feed one stereo channel into the Altec-Lansing speaker system, the other into the smaller Goodmans speaker. This will provide fairly good sound. It will get across the major stereo illusion, once the speakers have been spaced properly in his listening room.



STEREO SHOPPING WITH TEDDY CHARLES

Q & A

Q & A

(Questions pertaining to audio equipment and its use should be addressed to Q&A, Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill. Questions will be answered by Charles Graham, DB's High-Fidelity Editor. Individual answers may be given.)

ECONOMY STEREO HI-FI

I'm very interested in building a stereo setup for as little money as possible. Will you please tell me where I can get information regarding kits, parts, and prices, along with your own recommendations?

Toronto, Ontario Thomas J. Manoy

The least expensive stereo listening setup would be one of the cheap, so-called hi-fi sets (portable) that have three or four tubes, come with a speaker in the lid and one in the small main cabinet.

They actually range as low as \$35. Of course, they have little or no bass response, considerable distortion, and a poor needle, which won't last long. But they do furnish stereo of a sort.

I assume you're interested in the least expensive stereo setup that might reasonably be considered high fidelity. If so, see *Down Beat's Picks of the Year* in the issue of Dec. 8, 1960. Other articles of interest along these lines appeared in issues on April 14, and Sept. 1, 1960. Kits are discussed in the issue of Jan. 21, 1960. In that issue most kit makers are listed with their addresses. They'll be pleased to send literature on tuner and amplifier kits.



Excellent catalogs listing virtually all components, with prices, may be had, on request, free from Allied Radio, 100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, as well as from Lafayette Radio, Jamaica 33, N.Y., and Radio Shack Corp., Boston 17, Mass.

FM RADIO FOR CARS

I've heard that car radios for FM are now being made, but the only one I could find information about was an FM-AM model, which is made in Europe and costs almost \$200.

Isn't there anything less expensive that'll provide the advantage of static-free FM reception and pick up the good music and jazz stations that in some areas are on FM only?

Atlanta, Ga.

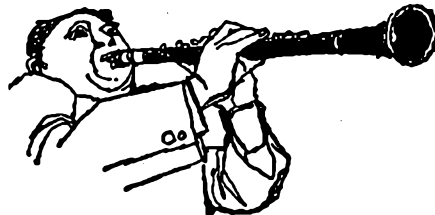
Paul Adams

Motorola Radio, probably the largest maker of car radios, has an inexpensive FM-only car radio that is available in most larger cities. Call up the Motorola radio distributor and ask for a dealer who carries it.

Other companies who make FM auto receivers or units to convert regular AM car radios to FM are the Radio Shack Corp., Boston 17, Mass., and Granco Radio, Long Island City, N.Y. All are priced at about \$50-60.

Although they'll provide reception of FM stations in local areas often superior to any but the strongest AM stations, it is possible to drive away from the service of any FM station.

Don't expect FM reception beyond 20 to 50 miles away on a car FM set. When an FM station is being received properly, it will be static free.



MONO AND STEREO AND . . .

I understand that mono discs can be played with stereo pickups, and stereo discs can also be played with stereo pickups, but can stereo discs be played . . . What did I say? Maybe it's the other way around. How can I remember which it is when I take my records to somebody else's set? And how can it be a stereo pickup if the rest of the set is still mono? I'm confused!

Highland Park, Mich. John Caswell

Remember that stereo pickups, being a newer development than mono ones, can play both new (stereo) and older LPs (mono). Mono pickups must be used only on mono discs, for they often

are too stiff to play stereo discs, which have more complex grooves.

One or two playings of a stereo disc with most mono pickups won't immediately ruin the stereo grooves. But if repeated enough, any mono pickup can produce deterioration of the high frequencies and/or loud passages. Best to play it safe—use only new type (stereo) of pickups for both kinds of discs.

You could have a stereo amplifier driving only one loudspeaker, and it would still be a stereo amplifier, capable of driving two speakers if they were connected to it. In the same way, a stereo pickup can be used with a mono setup, thereby protecting stereo records, even though you'll hear them only in mono if the rest of your system is still mono.

Later, if you convert your system to stereo, your discs will have been protected against the possibly damaging mono pickups.

PORTABLE TAPE RECORDERS

I'd like to get a small tape recorder, one that's truly portable, for recording interviews, and even to pick up some music occasionally. I know that it won't be high fidelity if it's a very small one. And I can't afford the price of a unit capable of broadcast quality. Are such recorders available?

Memphis, Tenn.

James L. King

With tape recorders, as with most other things, you get what you pay for. There are now a substantial number of cheap, pocket-size recorders that run on a flashlight type of battery. A few of these are reasonably reliable.

Most of those costing less than \$75 aren't worth trying.

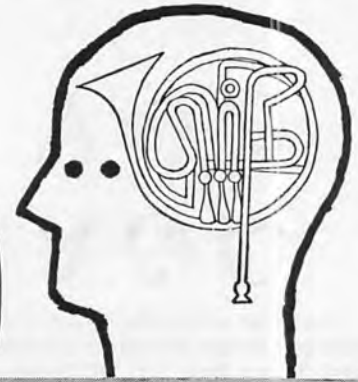
One excellent portable recorder is made by Steelman Radio, of Mount Vernon, N.Y. It sells for between \$150 and \$200. Another one, which I haven't tested, is the new Webcor Microcorder. It weighs 4½ pounds and has a list price of \$175.

In the Sept. 18, 1960, issue I discussed a number of miniature tape recorders, along with general considerations for selecting other tape machines. In the fall I plan to report in detail on several miniature and small-size portable recorders.

DB



OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

So . . .

For some strange, unearthly reason, people have been asking me where I've been lately. This leaves one with a very groovy feeling, but it also requires an answer that will satisfy the cat and lead him into an off-handed, "Oh." To handle this problem, I got up a list of stock answers to, "How come you're not in *Down Beat* lately?" Whenever I was asked, I'd just pick one of them out and lay it on the cat. So if there's anybody else out there who's still interested in why the *Out of My Head* column's been missing lately, take your pick:

1. Charlie Mingus has been holding me as a hostage in an attempt to get Prestige Records to give him back soul music.
2. I was working a new process for making plastic saxophones out of old picnic forks.
3. I married Cyd Charisse. Naturally, for publicity reasons, I'm still letting Tony Martin pose as her husband.
4. I was recording a *Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln at the UN* album.
5. Ira Gitler paid me to lay out a few issues so his record reviews would look better.
6. I was cataloging all the new jazz critics in the field. (I still have a few more months' work ahead of me.)
7. I was covering a breakfast dance Kai Winding played in Beaver's Falls, Ohio.
8. It was trying to get *out of* Beaver's Falls, Ohio.
9. I got lost on an MJQ-with-strings record date. So did the MJQ.
10. There was this chick . . .
11. The clutch on my Birdcage Maserati went in Sheasville, Ariz.
12. Somebody put bowling machine powder in my Scotch one night at Charlie's.
13. Somebody at the John Birch Society found out I dig Redd Foxx.
14. Roland Kirk was teaching me how to eat watermelon—without slicing it.
15. I was up at Riverside checking on my album. ("Your mother reordered . . .")
16. I've been scouting for Junior's softball team.
17. Junior's been scouting for *me*. (Some silly thing about a tab . . .)
18. I was caught in a vice squad raid while watching an Al Hirt performance.
19. I took a gig as Monk's road manager.
20. I've been counting ex-Sonny Dunham band members.

21. I lost the ticket on my typewriter.
 22. I broke my arm while trying to slide down a slide playing a guitar and singing a folk song in a New York City park.
 23. Cannonball Adderley accidentally sat on me at a cocktail party.
 24. I went for my cabaret card.
 25. You see, I had this martini for breakfast and . . .
 26. My mother told me to get a *legitimate* job.
 27. I've been teaching Dick Gregory how to up-date Henny Youngman jokes.
 28. I lost my memory and woke up at a Nina Simone concert.
 29. I sat through *La Dolce Vita* twice.
 30. I've been getting my sport shirts and calamine lotion ready for the festival season.
 31. *Down Beat* found out that *Esquire* was paying me 15 beans a week to promote Nat Hentoff.
 32. I contracted a rare disease that confined me to Charlie's, on a strict diet of Scotch, Lowenbrau and hard-boiled eggs.
 33. As far as *I* knew, her old man was in Akron with Buddy Morrow . . .
 34. I just called Chicago and demanded a paid vacation!
 35. You see, I was in the Lincoln tunnel, and I wanted to see if the Jag could hit 130 miles an hour . . .
 36. I figured Willis Conover needed the exposure.
 37. Lionel Hampton was teaching me how to leap on tom-toms.
 38. I was counseling the Maguire Sisters on why they aren't making it with the jazz audience, despite the fact they made the *Playboy* jazz poll.
 39. I was signed by the Willard Alexander office to sit in all the clubs Ray Bryant works and go, "Oh yeah, oh yeah!"
 40. Annie Ross turned my proposal down so I entered a Buddhist monastery.
 41. I met Martha Glaser at a cocktail party and asked her, "What's happening with Erroll?"
 42. I've been writing a jazz musical for Broadway based on *Death of a Salesman*.
 43. I've been trying to convince Harry Carney that he's got a future with Duke's band.
 44. There was this chick . . .
- At any rate, everything's straight now. At least I *think* so. Numbers 10, 25, 32, 33 and 44 panic me.





● 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.

CLASSICS

Britten/Dello Joio

CHORUS, ORGAN, BRASS AND PERCUSSION—Kapp KC-9057: *To St. Cecilia*, by Norman Dello Joio; *O God, Thou Art My God*, by Purcell; *O, Clap Your Hands*, by Ralph Vaughan Williams; *Eternal Father*, by Gustav Holst; *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, by Benjamin Britten.

Personnel: Columbia University Chapel Choir, conducted by Searle Wright.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Reviewers of records get gun-shy after a while. This disc, judged from its title, promised to be another of those stern tests of the human ear's ability to withstand transient strains. But no. Thankfully, we find some delicate and unfamiliar things here, especially the two paeans to St. Cecilia (patroness of music, you remember) by Britten and Dello Joio, and the Holst anthem.

Williams' *O, Clap Your Hands* is the only really full-blown work; it sounds like the soundtrack for *Ben Hur*.

The choir's work is adequate, and so is the engineering, which features fine stereo separation. (D.H.)

Poulenc/Riegger

FRANCIS POULENC and WALLINGFORD RIEGGER—Concert-Disc CS-221: *Sextet for Piano and Woodwind Quintet*, by Poulenc; *Concerto for Piano and Woodwind Quintet, Op. 53*, by Riegger.

Personnel: New York Woodwind Quintet (Samuel Baron, flute; Jerome Roth, oboe; David Glazer, clarinet; John Barrows, French horn; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon); plus Frank Glazer, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

It is fascinating to compare the NYWWQ's version of the Poulenc *Sextet* with the one issued recently on Columbia (MS-6213) featuring the Philadelphia Woodwind Ensemble and the composer himself at the piano.

Poulenc's own interpretation is much brisker in all three movements, but the New Yorkers' more leisurely treatment is nevertheless full of brio and stands up well against its formidable competition.

Though Poulenc, unlike Stravinsky, insisted that only he holds the key to correct interpretation of his scores, the Columbia disc still has to be considered the definitive one. After the *Sextet's* long absence from the catalog, however it is pleasant to be confronted with two such superb versions as these.

The late Riegger's terse little chamber concerto makes an oddly effective companion piece for the Poulenc, and its performance outranks the only previous one on records.

Caution: the labels on the review disc were reversed, a particular misfortune in the case of two such instrumentally similar pieces. (D.H.)

Taffanel/Francaix

WOODWIND QUINTETS—Concert-Disc CS-222: *Woodwind Quintet*, by Claude Paul Taffanel; *Woodwind Quintet*, by Jean Francaix.

Personnel: New York Woodwind Quintet (Samuel Baron, flute; Jerome Roth, oboe; David Glazer, clarinet; John Barrows, French horn; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For those whose ears are attuned to the charms of the woodwinds, this record may be recommended wholeheartedly.

The Francaix is a jaunty and constantly entertaining piece, full of the witty touches so characteristic of the contemporary Frenchman's style.

Taffanel (1844-1908) was one of the prime movers in establishing the French school of wind playing, and his quintet is a freely flowing work in the light romantic manner of the last century. Performances and recording could hardly be better.

(D.H.)

Alec Wilder

THE NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET PLAYS ALEC WILDER—Concert-Disc CS-223: *Woodwind Quintets Nos. 3, 4, and 6*.

Personnel: New York Woodwind Quintet (Samuel Baron, flute; Jerome Roth, oboe; David Glazer, clarinet; John Barrows, French horn; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There may or may not be a third stream between jazz and classical music, but there certainly is and always has been one between classical and popular music.

Wilder usually has worked comfortably in the latter idiom, but his woodwind pieces, written in close collaboration with the New York Woodwind Quintet, are deeply serious in intent, without losing a certain lightweight tone of voice.

Wind players, especially, will enjoy this record for the virtuosity and tightly joined ensemble work of the NYWWQ.

Others, including this listener, may respectfully decline to agree that Wilder, even at best, is a composer worth taking seriously. The purely musical material in these quintets is not impressive. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Berklee School Students

JAZZ IN THE CLASSROOM, VOL. V: A TRIBUTE TO BENNY GOLSON—Berklee Records 5—*Reggie of Chester*; *I Remember Clifford*; *Killer Joe*; *Haasan's Dream*; *Where Am I?*; *Four-Eleven West*; *Blues It*; *Thursday's Theme*; *Along Came Betty*; *Blues March*; *City Lights*.

Personnel: Herb Pomeroy (faculty), conductor; Everett Longstreth (faculty), Robert Bockholt, Paul Kelly, Fred Lesher, Dan Nolan, Alan Ware, trumpets; Keith Davy, Michael Gibbs, Kenneth Wenzel, trombones; Dick Johnson (faculty), Ted Casher, Steve Marcus, Robert Senstrom, Jack Stevens, Barry Ulman, reeds; Gary Burton, piano, vibraphone; Edward (Dizzy Sal) Saldanha, piano; Pearson Beckwith or Tony Teixeira, bass; Francis (Butch) Axmith or Tom Check or Peter Spassov, drums; William Fitch, conga drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If this album is judged apart from the fact that it was made by students, it stands up as a five-star album with vitality and depth. But if you take into consideration the conditions under which it was made, the rating soars astronomically.

There isn't a single element in this record that doesn't meet (or surpass) the challenge of the big boys. The soloists are more than just interesting, the ensemble playing is superb, and the writing is on a uniformly excellent level.

...Rather than invent superlatives, let me only point out a few things that gave me special delight (or temporary pain), with the added fillip: if you want to gladden your life, listen to this album.

Incidentally, the arrangements are available for purpose of study and performance from Berklee Press Publications, 284 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. Most students could learn something from a short perusal of these scores. They are not perfect. In fact, there are occasional awkwardnesses in voicing or formal content. But some of them—*Killer Joe* and *Reggie of Chester* especially—are well worth study.

Reggie, a straightforward piece of writing by Don French, makes clever, developmental use of a small motif and contains a variegated use of percussion instruments, all very well worked out. The arrangement compares favorably with the best of the Bill Holman work included in the Stan Kenton book of five or six years ago. The final ensemble, however, left me wanting more—too much more. It could have been extended considerably. There is a good trumpet solo by Kelly. If French writes this way as a student, what's going to happen in 10 years?

Clifford is played with great sensitivity by vibist Burton: simply, not too many notes. The arrangement is good (again by French) but here, as in several of the other arrangements, the ending is dependent on a sad harmonic cliché that is not worthy of the body of the piece.

Haasan's has some good drumming by Spassov. *Where Am I?* is a little dull, but it sustains its mood.

Killer Joe I found to be the finest piece in the album. Not only is the tune one of Golson's choicest little masterpieces, but the arrangement by Gibbs also demonstrates formidable talent. To call this a student piece makes no sense at all, unless one uses "student" in the largest possible sense of the word. The economy, the controlled power, the ensemble playing, the weaving of the formal web, the blowing, the balance, all these are on the highest possible level, and this track, more than the others, bears repeated listening. I

can't speak for other arranger-composers, but Gibbs scares me.

Blues It displays some delightful voicing techniques by Teixeira and beautiful unison and ensemble playing by the band. Listen to the identity of feeling on all the *blues* figures. Here again, though, the last bars are disappointing. They should ban final flatted-fifth chords at Berklee.

Betty, one of my favorite Golson tunes, starts out beautifully, but Cliff Weeks, the arranger, doesn't quite retain the lightness that the beginning promises. The Latin part is a little awkward. But as a whole, the arrangement is excellent.

City Lights features the emotional playing of Stevens, a very promising altoist. Gibbs gives even more indication here of his talent. But if I may give a little unasked-for advice: extended final ensembles are hard to figure out, and they take a ridiculous amount of writing time in order to yield just a few seconds of music. But in a case like this, I feel that the effort would have been well spent. We can all take our cue from Holman, Bill Russo, and Gil Evans, all of whom know the value of a well-placed, roaring ensemble. This track wants it.

An open remark to Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson, and all other bandleaders who periodically hunt talent: go to Berklee for young talent, because if this record is an indication, that's where it's at. (B.M.)

Bob Brookmeyer

JAZZ IS A KICK—Mercury 20600: *Air Conditioned; Exactly Like You; This Can't Be Love; Green Stamps; The Things I Love; Only When You're Near; You're My Everything; Co-operation.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 3, 5—Brookmeyer, Curtis Fuller, trombones; Thad Jones, Joe Newman, trumpets; Hank Jones, piano; Ed Jones, bass; Charlie Persip, drums. Tracks 4, 6, 7, 8—Brookmeyer, Fuller, trombones; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There was a time when the intermittent meetings of high-caliber jazzmen to make records would produce a joy and fire that never could be disguised; nowadays, these sessions are part of the formula, something that is expected and done even if there is no binding idea or purpose behind it all, and now it's the boredom that can't be disguised.

If this album does not belong in the last category, neither does it belong in the first. It is, as a matter of fact, a fairly good album, but it should have been great.

Brookmeyer is responsible for all the arrangements, which are mostly long, west-coast, choirlike brass lines put together competently but without the preponderant sweep and care that the situation would seem to warrant. *Green Stamps*, a minor-key blues, has the best writing. The theme is stated in a provocative interplay of trombone passages where, like a simultaneous paraphrase, the second trombone picks up the melody of the first in echoes running for two choruses.

Of the soloists, the two stars, Brookmeyer and Fuller, are disappointing for different reasons. Fuller seems more interested in experimenting with the sound and the shape of the phrase than in turning in solos that have over-all logic and cohesiveness. Brookmeyer, perhaps because of the burdens of leader-composer-arranger, just never gets off the ground.

Both have undisputed power and ability, and both could probably shake the speaker apart, but it doesn't happen on these tracks.

Thad and Hank Jones, Newman, and Kelly all have brief spots, and it may have been better if there had been a more equitable division of labor among the soloists. (G.M.E.)

Buck Clarke

DRUM SUM—Argo 4007: *Woody'n You; Don't Get Around Much Any More; Funk Roots; Darben, the Redd Foxx; Bags' Groove; Blues for Us; Georgia on My Mind; Drum Sum; Buckskins; I Got Rhythm.*

Personnel: Clarke, bongos, conga drum; Charles Hampton, piano, flute, alto and baritone saxophones; Clemont Wells, vibraharp; Fred Williams, bass; Roscoe Hunter, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Clarke, a 28-year-old Washingtonian, has worked with an Arnett Cobb small group and in New Orleans, and that would appear to be the extent of his musical exposure outside his home town. After gigging around D.C. for several years, he formed his own trio in or about 1958 (the notes are not explicit on that point) and then expanded to quintet size the next year when multi-instrumentalist Hampton joined.

Because of the leader's chosen instruments, there is, understandably, more than a touch of the Afro-Cuban about the group. Not all the tracks here are in that

groove, however, but in those that are Latin-flavored the quintet comes on like east-coast Cal Tjader. Taken in toto, there is much versatility to the combo, and it shows its mettle in both jazz and more commercial repertory that should enhance its appeal to clubs of the AC-DC musical variety.

In the jazz department the strong man is Hampton. He plays an alto strongly in the Charlie Parker-influenced vein but proves he knows his way around on baritone, too. On alto he solos best on *Woody'n* and *I Got Rhythm*. He is heard in some honestly swinging baritone work on the medium-tempoed *Blues*. On piano, Hampton favors a somewhat flowery, Ahmad Jamalish style, effective in its way but inconclusive as jazz. His flute playing is adequate and inclined to be thin-toned.

Happily, the bongoist-leader doesn't intrude too much. On the Latin numbers the Afro touch fits; in the jazz things it doesn't quite make it.

Perhaps because of its very versatility, this group doesn't seem to be headed in any definite direction. (J.A.T.)

Maynard Ferguson

MAYNARD '61—Roulette S2064: *Ola; New Blue; Blues for Kapp; Ultimate Rejection; The Pharaoh; Goodbye.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, trombone; Chet Ferretti, Bill Berry, Rolf Ericson, trumpets; Ray Winslow, Kenny Rupp, trombones; Lanny Morgan,

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.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Bell *Contemporary Jazz Quartet* (Columbia 1582)
John Coltrane, *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic 1361)
John Coltrane, *Lush Life* (Prestige 7188)
Hank Crawford, *More Soul* (Atlantic 1356)
Gil Evans, *Out of the Cool* (Impulse 4)
Art Farmer, *Art* (Argo 678)
Charlie Parker, *Historical Recordings, Vols. 1-3* (Le Jazz Cool 101-3)
Lem Winchester, *Another Opus* (Prestige/New Jazz 8244)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Louis Armstrong, (reissue) *A Rare Batch of Satch* (RCA Victor 2322)
The Bix Beiderbecke Legend (reissue) (RCA Victor 2323)
Jon Hendricks, (vocal) *Evolution of the Blues Song* (Columbia 8393 and 1583)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightnin' in New York* (Candid 8010)
George Russell, *Jazz in the Space Age* (Decca 9219)

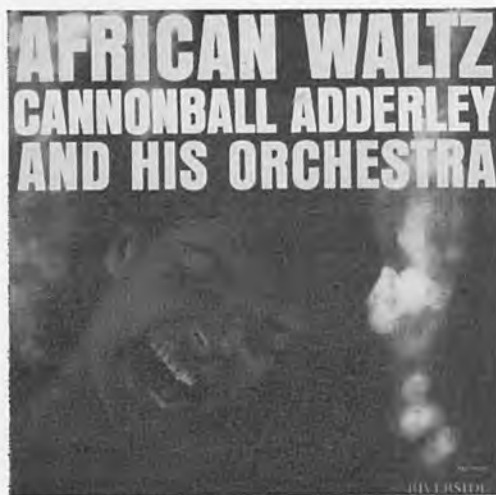
★ ★ ★ ★

Benny Bailey, *Big Brass* (Candid 8001)
Donald Byrd, *Byrd in Flight* (Blue Note 4048)
Teddy Edwards, *Sunset Eyes* (Pacific Jazz 14)
Bill Evans, *Explorations* (Riverside 351)
Aretha Franklin, (vocal) *Aretha* (Columbia 1612 and 8412)
The Bud Freeman All-Stars (Prestige/Swingville 2012)
Curtis Fuller, *Boss of the Soul-Stream Trombone* (Warwick 2038)
Tommy Gwaltney, *Goin' to Kansas City* (Riverside 353)
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) "Lightnin'" (Prestige/Bluesville 1019)
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)
Toshiko Mariano *Quartet* (Candid 8012)
James Moody with Strings (Argo 679)
George Russell Sextet at the Five Spot (Decca 9220)
Roosevelt Sykes, (vocal) *The Honeydripper* (Prestige/Bluesville 1014)
Buddy Tate, *Tate-a-Tate* (Prestige/Swingville 2014)
Various Artists, (vocal) *The Newport Folk Festival 1960, Vol. 1* (Vanguard 2087)
Mal Waldron, *Impressions* (Prestige/New Jazz 8242)
Leo Wright, *Blues Shout* (Atlantic 1358)

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

proudly announces
a truly distinguished group of
new albums...

We usually feel a sense of pride and accomplishment in the jazz produced at Riverside, but we cannot recall any previous group of releases in our history to equal the total impact, variety and importance of these, ranging (in size) from two remarkable large orchestras to two brilliant trio sessions:



African Waltz: CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Orchestra—The compelling, surging, burstingly-big sound that excited everyone on the hit single of "African Waltz" is now an album-full of earthy, incredibly powerful jazz—with Cannonball's soaring alto leading an 18-man all-star orchestra (arrangements mostly by Ernie Wilkins). (RLP 377; Stereo 9377)

Smooth as the Wind; BLUE MITCHELL—The warmest and most beautiful trumpet sound of our times belongs to Blue Mitchell! A bold claim, but fully substantiated on this memorable LP, whose firm and deep-textured scores for a large string and brass ensemble—by the incomparable Tadd Dameron and Benny Golson—provide rich settings for Blue's wonderfully lyrical mastery. (RLP 367; Stereo 9367)

MORE ➔

alto saxophone, flute; Willie Maiden, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Joe Farrell, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Frank Hittner, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Jaki Byard, piano; Charlie Saunders, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Ferguson, who penned the liner commentary, points out that this is a cross section of the new book being played by his band this year. Three of the selections are by trombonist Slide Hampton (*Olé, New Blue, The Pharaoh*); *Kapp* is Marty Paich's; *Rejection* is by Farrell, and *Goodbye* was arranged by Don Sebesky.

If the set is representative of Ferguson's current repertoire, the trumpeter is vending varied and stimulating jazz. While not all the tunes fit into the danceable category (*Olé* and *The Pharaoh*, for example), *New Blue, Kapp*, and *Rejection* are eminently satisfying both from jazz and dancing standpoints.

In *Blue*, altoist Morgan's heated solo reaches out and grabs you by the lapels; his exchanges with Ferguson make for a rousing climax on the take.

Kapp is relatively gentle in conception and showcases the ensemble drumming of Jones, a solid yet precise percussionist who obviously knows how to handle this band. *Rejection* is taken at medium tempo and lightly rides through good solos by pianist Byard and Morgan. In this, Farrell's writing appears subject to strong early-Kenton influence.

Olé is bullfight music with Maynard going at it with stratospheric ebullience. Latin, not Egyptian, feeling dominates *The Pharaoh*, which features reed man Farrell on flute, soprano and tenor saxophones. On the latter instrument Farrell plays in strong and bruising manner and stands recognized as a jazz soloist of high rank. His tenor is again up front in the old Benny Goodman theme *Goodbye*, fleet but tough-toned, highlighting what is more than a mere mood piece or routine dance arrangement.

On the basis of this offering alone, Ferguson's band continues to proffer much jazz excitement on a high level of musicality. (J.A.T.)

Grant Green

GRANT'S FIRST STAND—Blue Note 4064: *Miss Ann's Tempo; Lullaby of the Leaves; Blues for Willarene; Baby's Minor Lope; Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do; A Waa Bit o' Green.*

Personnel: Green, guitar; Baby Face Willette, organ; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The three musicians involved in this session all come out of a rhythm-and-blues background. The only one who seems to have been overly affected by this is Willette, but possibly this can be attributed to the fact that he is saddled with an electric organ, an instrument that requires a great deal of skill and taste to be made palatable or useful.

Willette's organ succeeds in muffling and shadowing a great deal of Grant's playing and in imbuing the record as a whole with dreary monotony. This is unfortunate because Green apparently has a good deal of potential.

He plays long, easygoing, single-string guitar lines that have a warm, sinuous quality on a slow blues like *Bit o' Green* and flow brightly on the up-tempo *Miss Ann's*. Interestingly enough, he turns

Leaves into a very effective blues; at least he invests it with a proper blues feeling. This seems to be his best metier. And he's an honest blues man; the down-home thump of pieces like *Minor Lope* and *Will-arene* fail to inspire him.

For those who can stand organ—and in all fairness, Willette is considerably less obnoxious than some—this may prove an effective introduction to Green. Others may prefer to wait until he can be heard in less muddled surroundings. (J.S.W.)

Freddie Hubbard

GOIN' UP—Blue Note 4056: *Asiatic Raas; The Changing Scene; Karloha; A Pack o' Sec.; I Wish'd I Knew; Blues for Brenda.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Hubbard's flaring, electrical charges on trumpet crackle all through this disc, sometimes effectively, sometimes pointlessly. He gives the impression of having developed an attention-getting style without having considered that it must be put to some valid use to be of any value.

Tyner, a churningly rhythmic pianist who is exciting within a limited range, frequently cuts Hubbard here, and despite the repetitious quality of his playing, he is the most consistently successful of the three solo voices. The third, Mobley, is, like Hubbard, erratic, showing evidence of a strong, swinging attack on occasion and then reverting to the drab mulling that has characterized so much of his recorded work.

In a way, this is a provoking set. Much of it is good, and then the rest has the potential to have been good if a little more work had been done in advance. As it is, the over-all result is slapdash and haphazard. (J.S.W.)

Duke Jordan

FLIGHT TO JORDAN—Blue Note 4046: *Flight to Jordan; Starbrite; Squawkin'; Deacon Joe; Split Quick; Si-Joya.*

Personnel: Dizzy Reece, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Jordan, piano; Reginald Workman, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Jordan is one of the most inexplicably neglected musicians of the postwar jazz world. He was a striking figure in the mid-'40s bop movement, striking not because of flamboyance but because he always moved calmly, cleanly ahead amidst a sea of turbulence.

He and Al Haig were possibly the most fitting of the pianists with whom Charlie Parker worked. Since then Jordan has followed a relatively obscure path and now may be known best as the composer of *Jordu*.

An adequate LP showcasing of Jordan is long overdue. This one is far more than adequate even though, as ever, his consistently workmanlike contributions tend to be overshadowed by flashier elements (in this case, the flashiness is meritorious).

All six compositions are Jordan originals, and, one and all, they are several steps above the customary "originals" that are normally found on such sessions. At least two, *Flight to Jordan*, a swinger, and *Starbrite*, a ballad, should be around for a while.

Throughout the set, Jordan's piano work

is marked by swinging simplicity and directness. He is an impressively honest pianist and one with taste. Even on *Deacon Joe*, which skirts the Gospel-funk rut, he disdains any of the common, panic-button clichés.

But there is considerably more than Jordan on this disc. There is also Reece, playing crackling, big-toned solos that seem much more effortlessly effective than most of those on his own Blue Note LPs.

Even more importantly, there is Turrentine, a tenor saxophonist who increases in stature with each record. Here he swings, he lifts, he bites, he charges, and, on the balladic *Starbrite*, he exhibits an overwhelming romanticism that has strong shades of Ben Webster but, in the end, turns out to be individually Turrentine. For all of Jordan's warming contributions to this disc, Turrentine has now reached a stage at which he has that facility that both Coleman Hawkins and Webster have of dominating any group with which they play. And at this point, Turrentine's surging, vital freshness gives him an advantage over the two older men. (J.S.W.)

Les McCann

LES McCANN, LTD., IN SAN FRANCISCO—Pacific Jazz 16; *Oh, Them Golden Gates; Red Sails in the Sunset; Jeeps; Creepers; Gone on and Got That Church; Bug Jim; We'll See Yaw'll after While, Ya Hear?*

Personnel: McCann, piano; Horbie Lewis, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: see below

It always has been my aim to be just another writer rejected or respected according to the taste of the reader—but just another writer. The last two years have made this position difficult to maintain. In listening to and reviewing records, I have attempted to listen as objectively as possible. At the moment, I am fed up to here with objectivity, and just for this one review permit me to be a Negro reviewer—not a New Negro, but an ordinary one with just over a quarter of a century experience at the game.

This album, along with other McCann albums and a deluge of spirited, up-tempo gook, is supposed to occupy some sort of space as being representative, in part, of the American Negro heritage.

That McCann chooses this method of expression is his prerogative and literally his business. That this brand of music is indicative of anything other than McCann's prerogative is poppycock.

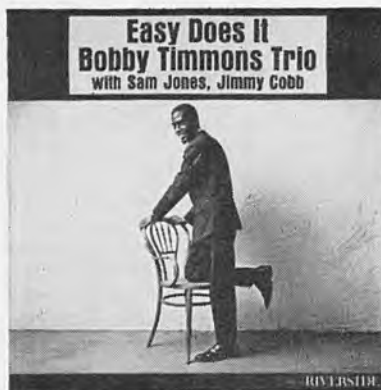
In the first place, as this album clearly indicates, McCann has not the musical discipline or the technical skills to express anything as encompassing as the Negro heritage. His ideas are inconclusive and repetitive, as well as imitative. His technique is careless and uneven. Both these limitations seem to be of his own choosing. Perhaps he is feeding on all the hogwash about his "groove."

Second, if McCann lives long enough to express segments of the Negro heritage truly, it can be assured that the work will not be so quickly recognized and understood.

And finally, I am not sure that McCann has the sympathetic understanding of Negro culture to begin with. If he

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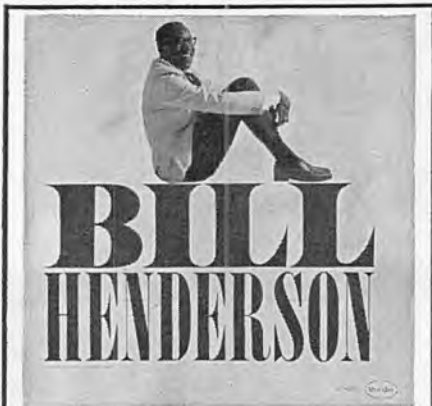
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has, I cannot, for the life of me, understand how he can make such a complete mockery of this way of life. The expressions he casually tacks onto his "originals" are the life blood of generations who never had the opportunity to learn more Western and grammatical ways of being understood. Perhaps McCann knows this. If so, then his music should reflect that knowledge with honest and meaningful creativity tempered with warmth. Instead, his piano bleats fire and fury.

See *Yaw'll*, for example, is an old expression currently re-entering the jazz circuit, revitalized by such groups as the Ray Charles Orchestra and the James Moody Band, which play the deep south frequently; yet these men never chose to exploit these down-home phrases. They understand the sincerity with which the little knots of southerners stand waving goodbye to the band bus as it pulls out of their towns.

With this background presented, I can now express my opinion star-wise. As a jazz album, this is worth two stars on the basis of portions of *Big Jim* and *Jeebers*. *Red Sails* has some arresting moments; it passes over them and goes on and on. The spirit of the album is good. It swings usually.

Its best chance for artistic life is to fly under the pop or entertainment banner. McCann is an entertainer—a fine, pitch-building group-pleaser. He represents no one but McCann. In all fairness, he, personally, makes no claim to do otherwise. As an entertainment album, 3½ stars would be my grant. (B.G.)

Lee Morgan

LEEWAY—Blue Note 4034; *These Are Soulful Days*; *The Lion and the Wolff*; *Midtown Blues*; *Nakatini Suite*.

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

There are only four selections on this LP, which, simple arithmetic tells us, means that each piece is fairly long. Further arithmetic suggests that each of the soloists is on for a long stretch in each piece.

One thing arithmetic does not divulge, however, is that McLean was having an uninspired day when this set was made. His playing throughout is flat and wan.

Nor does arithmetic tell us that Morgan was in almost equally dire straits. Not quite as dire as McLean's, however, for Morgan comes to life on *Nakatini*, bursting out of a lively, swinging ensemble with a dashing, soaring solo accented with flashing, low-register slurs. This piece and *Soulful Days* are by Calvin Massey, who, on the basis of this slight evidence, appears to have a flair for ear-catching, off-beat themes.

The guiding line to this collection is Timmons, who plays on roughly the same level all through the album. On the first three pieces, this makes him appear to be a brightening influence, but on *Nakatini*, in which Morgan comes to life, Timmons sounds scampering and empty.

(J.S.W.)

Cal Tjader

LIVE AND DIRECT—Fantasy 3315; *Autumn Leaves*; *Raccoon Straits*; *Mambo Terrifico*; *The*

Continental; *You Stepped Out of a Dream*; Theme from *The Bad and the Beautiful*; *My Romance*.

Personnel: Tjader, vibraharp; remaining personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is a reasonably average sampling of Tjader's quintet on this disc: several Latin types of things in which a flute is strongly in evidence and several lightly swinging pieces in non-Latin vein in which Tjader's vibes and a strong, digging piano predominate.

The Latin stuff may be suitable dance material, but it makes tedious listening. The other pieces, however, have a lot of lithe, swinging charm, particularly in the work of the pianist.

Ralph J. Gleason, who surely has suffered through enough ambiguous or uninformative liner notes to know better, has written a liner that is a warm and affectionate essay on the merits of the Black Hawk in San Francisco and of live radio pickups but carefully skirts the disc itself. He tells us absolutely nothing about it—not a word about any of the tunes, any of the performances or any of the performers.

Since Tjader's name is on the album, one assumes he is playing vibes. Presumably the rest of the musicians are friends of Shorty Patterstein's. Except for the flute player, who is probably all right if you have a stomach for flutes, they are all fine, and the pianist is better than that. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Rev. Gary Davis-Pink Anderson

GOSPEL, BLUES AND STREET SONGS—Riverside 148; *John Henry*; *Every Day in the Week*; *The Ship Titanic*; *Greasy Greens*; *Wreck of the Old 97*; *I've Got Mine*; *He's in the Jailhouse Now*; *Blow Gabriel*; *Twelve Gates to the City*; *Samson and Delilah*; *Oh, Lord, Search My Heart*; *Get Right, Church*; *You Got to Go Down*; *Keep Your Lamp Trimmed and Burning*; *There Was a Time That I Was Blind*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-7: Anderson, vocals, guitar. Tracks 8-15: the Rev. Davis, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a valuable reissue of a collection Riverside had deleted from its catalogs some time ago. It's probably been brought back because of the resurgence of interest in Blind Gary Davis, whose recent LP on the Prestige/Bluesville label is surely one of the most important Afro-American folk music albums of the last several years.

However, both these singers are among the last practitioners of the dying art of the street singer. This disc would be valuable if only for the fact that it preserves 15 selections of this fast-disappearing idiom. Yet it offers far more than this.

Davis' singing and playing are, for me, the major points on this album. He is a performer of religious material, yet the astonishing drive, passion, and vigor he generates show how closely related are Negro sacred and secular song. In fact, the chief difference would appear to be a textual one alone. Otherwise, they share the same musical devices: a propulsive "swing" rhythm, a dramatic and sensitive use of blue tonality, and an expressive employment of free improvisation.

Davis' is a gripping, emotion-charged

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Album titles are not usually given to understatement, but we feel that to call Etta Jones' new album *Something Nice* represents the understatement of the year. Etta's first LP caused a considerable stir in the music world. It was intended to be a jazz vocal set, and we were just as surprised and delighted as anyone when the title tune, *Don't Go To Strangers*, wound up on the pop charts. Success has affected Etta in the best possible way. She is more relaxed and more assured, and her new album reflects that relaxation and assurance. What has resulted, we think, is the best jazz vocal album of the year.

**OTHER ETTA JONES ALBUMS ON
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STRANGERS

In the past few years, jazz organ has finally come into its own. Long an instrument looked on with some suspicion by jazz fans, the organ has finally taken its place as an instrument in full standing on the jazz scene. Who knows, maybe *Down Beat* will someday have an organ category in its poll. But whether they do or not, its position is assured. One of the biggest reasons for this is a young lady named Shirley Scott. Starting out as a member of the Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis group, she quickly became a star in her own right, and today she is undisputedly a member of the inner circle of jazz organists. Her new album, *Shirley's Sounds*, is an excellent reason why.



SHIRLEY SCOTT
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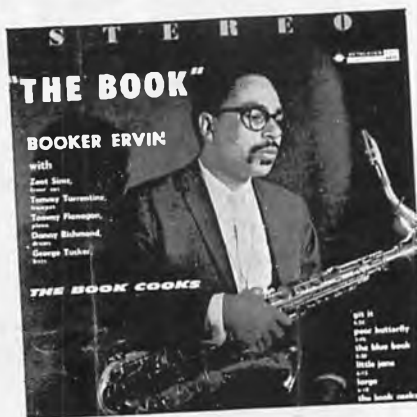
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approach—his songs are spat out in a hoarse, rasping voice filled with anguish, and this is underlined and accentuated by one of the most brilliant, exciting guitar styles in all of folk music. His guitar style is a classic example of the instrument's use as a "second voice," for its flashing, multinote lines provide answers and parenthetical comments to his vocal lines. A fantastic antiphonal effect is developed in the interplay of rough, gasping sung lines and the fleet, charging instrumental lines.

Anderson, for 40 years a singer on the streets of the urban centers around his native Spartansburg, S. C., is not nearly the virtuoso performer Davis is.

His material does not contain the emotional intensity of Davis' (true, the bulk of Anderson's selections are ballads or entertainment songs), nor is he anything like the consummate instrumentalist the "singing reverend" is.

Anderson performs with a great deal of warmth and good humor, sets up a fine rhythm, and plays in a fairly simple chordal guitar style not too far removed from white country playing styles. His work is generally interesting, however. (P.W.)

VOCAL

Big Bill Broonzy

THE BILL BROONZY STORY—Verve 3000-5; *Key to the Highway; Mindin' My Own Business; Saturday Evening Blues; Southbound Train; Tell Me What Kind of Man Jesus Is; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Joe Turner Blues; Plowhand Blues; Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad; Makin' My Getaway; Stump Blues; See, See, Rider; I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town; This Train; Hush Hush; Backwater Blues; Slow Blues; It Hurts Me, Too; Kansas City Blues; In the Evenin'; Worried Life Blues; Trouble in Mind; Take This Hammer; Glory of Love; Louise Blues; Willie Mae Blues; Alberta; Old Folks at Home; Crawdad Song; John Henry; Just a Dream; Frankie and Johnny; Bill Bailey; Hollerin' the Blues.*

Personnel: Broonzy, vocals, guitar; Bill Randle, interviewer.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

In July, 1957, Broonzy, in what was to be his last recording session, spent almost 10 hours in a Chicago recording studio putting on tape a remarkable summary of his life and his art.

Mississippi-born Broonzy, who was to die of lung cancer in the early summer of the next year, was one of the nation's most prolific blues artists from the standpoints of recording and writing (for himself and other blues singers), and the results of this studio session, the cream of which is contained in this monumental five-disc set, are a powerful evocation of Broonzy, the man and his music.

The expenses of the project were underwritten by Cleveland disc jockey Bill Randle, a sociologist and long-time blues aficionado, who has been catering to adolescent tastes in the field of popular music these past several years. It is rumored that



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Randle financed the session with the profits from a "tribute" album to the late James Dean that he had assisted in preparing. Randle's royalties from the sales of this Verve set will be donated to the Broonzy estate.

The album is most attractive in programming and packaging. The format consists of Broonzy's talking—prodded by Randle's deft questioning—about his career as a blues singer and guitarist, his early life, development of his interest in music, his friends and cohorts, discussions as to the nature of the blues, differences among blues styles, the comments in each case leading to and climaxing with one of Broonzy's distinctive performances.

It's all done with a good deal of taste and sensitivity. Broonzy, it must be admitted, was not nearly so colorful a character as the flamboyant Jelly-Roll Morton, yet the recounting of his life's adventures and his opinions on the art of the blues makes for a stimulating and consistently interesting listening experience.

The value of this set will be determined much by how many of Broonzy's previous LPs a potential buyer has. If he already owns the three albums on the Folkways label (*Big Bill Broonzy: His Story*, FG 3586; *Folk Music—Blues*, FS 3864, and *Blues with Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee*, FS 3817), in which Broonzy talks at some length about his life and music, covering generally the same ground as does this set, then its value as a documentary is diminished. Another point—if you've read his autobiography, *Big Bill Blues*, you've got this same material in much greater detail and in proper chronological order.

This set presents a series of episodic narratives rather than any sort of developing life story. And finally, there are only a handful of songs in the total 34 presented here that are new to LP. And moreover, a number of them are available in several (and better) versions by Big Bill elsewhere. Nor is he in especially good voice on these selections.

These negative points are brought up to explain what one should not expect of this album: the introduction of a great deal of new autobiographical data or a series of definitive performances of these tunes he's been long associated with.

The value of this set resides in the sincerity, honesty, and taste of its presentation; the glimpses it affords one into the shaping of one of the few truly original and creative blues artists this country has produced, and the consistency of mood that pervades all the offerings.

It is tempting in a situation such as this to discover in the artist's last recorded work some sort of foreshadowing of death, and I suppose there are some who will find this in Broonzy's dark, reflective, near-brooding singing in this collection. I prefer to consider these five discs an accurate summation of Broonzy's accomplishments and a fitting memorial to the man and his work.

If you don't have a great number of his recordings, this set is a splendid introduction to his unique and powerfully introspective blues style. If you're a staunch blues, or Broonzy, fan, you'll want this col-

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lection just for the fact that it contains a series of previously unissued versions of some of Broonzy's more forceful and feelingly executed blues. And it is his last recorded work. (P.W.)

B. B. King

KING OF THE BLUES—Crown 5167: *I've Got a Right to Love My Baby*; *What Way to Go*; *Long Nights*; *Feel Like a Million*; *I'll Survive*; *Good Man Gone Bad*; *If I Lost You*; *You're on the Top*; *Partin' Time*; *I'm King*.
Personnel: King, vocals, guitar; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Blues shouter King's work on this disc is considerably less forceful and urgent than usual. Here there's little trace of the shrill, driving intensity — in fact, near ferocity — that characterized his earlier work. Of course, it's less erratic now, too. Like a number of other bluesmen in the rock-and-roll ranks (especially the more commercially successful ones), King has pretty well settled into a well-worn groove—even a rut—and it takes a real effort for him to depart from it.

King is backed here by the Basie-styled outfit he usually works with. The riffy arrangements are simple and uncluttered, adding quite a bit to the effectiveness of these numbers. The band plays cleanly, working wholly in a supporting role (none of the sidemen solos).

King's extremely bluesy, single-note guitar lines, far guttier than his singing here, have the only solo spots, and he plays in his accustomed blazing, whining, and much-imitated down-home style.

Over the last couple of years, King has brought a good bit of control and discipline to his singing. He has his own bag of stylistic gimmicks (falsetto shout, octave jump, etc.) with which he tricks out his tunes. But he does use them sensitively for the most part, with the result that they rarely seem overdone or merely tacked on for effect. And they do add a good bit of drama and intensity.

King works in the standard 12-bar format most of the time, except for an occasional ballad like the ill-conceived *If I Lost You*. His lyrics, somewhat sophisticated as might be expected, are put together with real taste and sensitivity. They rarely sound unconvincing. (P.W.)

Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry

BLUES IS MY COMPANION—Verve 3008: *Talking Harmonica Blues*; *I Need a Lover*; *Crazy Man Blues*; *Doctor Brownie's Famous Cure*; *Sonny's Easy Rider*; *Walk On*; *Rockin' and Whooop-in'*; *I Was Born with the Blues*; *Jet Plane Blues*; *I'll Put a Spell on You*; *Hound Dog Holler*; *Fighting a Losing Battle*.
Personnel: McGhee, vocals, guitar; Terry, vocals, harmonica; unidentified pianist.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is another capable collection by the omnipresent team of McGhee and Terry, this one recorded in 1959 in London, while they were on a tour. Again, it's marked by the fine sense of give and take that has characterized their work over the last few years—and by the same essential vacuity.

It's almost unfair to put them down for working together so smoothly, for their work is consistently high level—in comparison with that of other blues artists, that is. They have few peers, and as a result they seem to be merely coasting on past laurels most of the time. No matter how attractive their albums are, one al-

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ways comes away from them feeling that he's been somehow cheated. The pair haven't come across with the really powerful and compelling blues singing and playing that they could.

This disc brings home the fact that McGhee's style has gradually, yet completely, dominated the pair's approach (listen especially to *Hound Dog*, a remake of *Fox Chase*, to see what I mean — Brownie has almost completely taken over what used to be a real showpiece for Terry).

Everything is very correct: tempos are strict; bar structures rigidly adhered to; every note in place; all loose ends are tied. One can find no fault with anything —with the exception of spirit. Terry's is pretty much a subsidiary role. His harmonica is generally used to embellish and fill out McGhee's vocal lines only. Yet Terry's is the truly valid approach here.

Of 10 vocals, Terry has only three of them, and one of these is a duet. To put it as nicely as possible, I would have preferred that the ratio were reversed, with Terry having the majority. Perhaps then this collection would be the alive, moving experience it could be.

The sound on this set is completely botched up. The singing is distorted by a mike that is too close, and the piano is just barely audible most of the time. (P.W.)

Memphis Slim-Willie Dixon

BLUES EVERY WHICH WAY—Verve 3007: *Choo Choo*; *4 O'Clock Boogie*; *Rub My Root*; *C Rocker*; *Home to Mamma*; *Shaky*; *After Hours*; *One More Time*; *John Henry*; *Now Howdy*.

Personnel: Slim (Peter Chatman), piano, vocals (Tracks 1, 9); Willie Dixon, bass, vocals (Tracks 3, 5, 6, 8, 10).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album by the team of Slim and Dixon is a relaxed, easy session that is a real joy to listen to, making few demands on the listener. The pair work very well together: Slim plays a straightforward, if somewhat uninspired, simple, boogie-woogie blues piano, and Dixon generates a fine pulse on bass.

There are seven vocal tracks, of which Slim has two. This is as it should be, for Dixon's husky, buoyant singing is much more attractive and expressive than Slim's higher-pitched crooning.

Of Dixon's five vocals, at least two are of more than routine interest. These are *Mamma*, a poignant and moving low-keyed lament, sort of a combination of Brownie McGhee's *Sporting Life* and St. Louis Jimmy's *Going Down Slow*, and *Rub My Root*, a nice tongue-in-cheek tribute to the fabled good-luck charm, the John the Conqueror root. His *Shaky* is grotesquely interesting, too.

If this collection sounds slightly familiar, there's good reason for it. *Choo Choo* was recorded by Slim as *The Train Is Gone* on Folkways FG-3535, *4 O'Clock Boogie* as *Four O'Clock Blues*, and *C Rocker* as *Walkin' the Boogie* on Folkways FG-3524; *John Henry* was done on two previous Slim Folkways discs, FA 2385 and FG 3535, and Dixon previously recorded *Shaky* as *Nervous* on Prestige/Bluesville 1003. Still, this is an attractive collection of good-humored, earthy, and unpretentious urban blues. (P.W.)



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By LEONARD FEATHER

Mose Allison is an anomaly. Though his piano playing often has reflected strong modern influences (in fact, he seemed perfectly well suited to membership in the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet last year), he is best known as a performer who, as Don Gold once wrote, "draws directly on his own background . . . He is more pastoral in his approach than hot or cool."

Allison's first LP, the *Back Country Suite* released on Prestige in 1957, earned a five-star rave in these pages from Dom Cerulli, who heard in it Mose "looking back on his boyhood in Tippecanoe, Miss., and re-creating the dusty, mid-August feel of the land and its people. Mose sings in a rather plaintive voice, phrased as tartly as his piano style." Allison's voice, Cerulli could have added, bears a remarkable resemblance to Hoagy Carmichael's.

Because of the intriguing admixture of modern and folk influences in his work, and because of his reputation as both instrumentalist and vocalist, the records for his first *Blindfold Test* were drawn from the variety of areas he represents. His comments were tape-recorded during a broadcast.



THE BLINDFOLD TEST MOSE ALLISON

The Records

1. Junior Mance Trio. *The Uptown* (from *The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance, Jazzland*). Mance, piano.

That's more or less in the same vein in which I'm supposed to be working—superficially, at least. If I'm supposed to relate this to the best jazz, it really wouldn't be worth much, but if I were going to relate it to just incidental or background music for TV or something, I would have to give it a pretty good rating.

It's a trifle. Not much imagination. The intervals are kind of monotonous . . . Same thing harmonically all the way through. There's no development, and there's not very much improvisation. I suspect that it's probably Les McCann although I haven't heard Les enough to be sure. Two stars.

2. Betty Carter. *What a Little Moonlight Can Do* (from *The Modern Sound of Betty Carter, ABC-Paramount*). Miss Carter, vocal.

I'm pretty sure that's Betty Carter because I've heard her. I've been to Washington a few times. I like her very much, but this record isn't anything up to what she can do. The take just doesn't seem to be as good as it could have been. She's got a lot of vitality and a lot of facility. She's really coming. I'd like to rate it on the basis of Betty's ability as a singer. Four stars.

3. John Handy III. *Tales of Paradise* (from *No Coast Jazz, Roulette*). Handy, alto saxophone.

One of my first reactions would be: how languid can you get? As music, it really doesn't appeal to me much. Again, as incidental music, or along with a pantomime or a scene with Beulah Bondi, it might be very effective.

It does capture a mood; in fact, it submerges you in a mood. At first I thought it was this Swedish fellow, Arne Domnerus, but the intonation seemed a little wavery in a couple of places, and I know that he's a very good instrumentalist. It could be him on a bad day or it could be somebody lousy on a pretty good day.

It's not really that bad, but that sort of a mood is only good for maybe 20 bars. This really seems to be a rerun of Bill

Evans' piece called *Peace Piece*—two changes or maybe three . . . just ambles along . . . Two stars.

4. Lonnie Johnson. *Haunted House* (from *Blues & Ballads, Prestige/Bluesville*). Johnson, electric guitar, vocal; Elmer Snowden, guitar.

This is a combination of ballad style and blues style. I wouldn't say this is really blues—certainly not country blues. It's kind of a hybrid thing.

The guitar sounds more like country blues than the singer, although it could be the same fellow. So in relation to my favorite blues singers, who are fellows like Muddy Waters, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Sonny Boy Williamson, who are much more earthy than this, this doesn't really strike me too much, although this guy is a good blues singer.

It's got a certain type of blues feel, but it lacks the loose time thing that I like from these other guys. This is kind of a borderline case—almost what I would like but not quite. Two stars.

5. Lightnin' Hopkins. *How Long Have It Been Since You Been Home?* (from *Down South Summit Meetin', World Pacific*). Hopkins, guitar, vocal.

That's one of my favorites! Unless I'm badly mistaken, that's Lightnin' Hopkins.

I was in doubt at first because this is a little more morbid than he usually gets, although he came out of it on the end there. I associate him with very humorous things, which I think he excels at.

He's the best of all as far as mother wit goes, and, also, I like his guitar playing. It's got more variety to it than most. He really can swing. Five stars.

6. Helen Humes. *I Want a Roof over My Head* (from *Songs I Like to Sing, Contemporary*). Miss Humes, vocal; Shelly Manne, drums; Marty Paich, arranger, conductor.

I like the vocalist. I don't know who she is. I'm not that familiar with Bessie Smith, but that's what I imagine the Bessie Smith style is similar to.

The vocalist gets a very true sound. She sails into it, and it sounds like one of those war-bond songs. For her, I would give it four stars, but for the whole thing I'm gonna have to give it three because that drummer, man, just ruined that rec-

ord. People try to stretch themselves to get some sort of special effect on these things. It's just music, man.

You shouldn't play it in any kind of ricky-ticky way. That after-beat rim shot all the way through is like a peg-legged man walking down the road.

7. Dexter Gordon. *Home Run* (from *The Resurgence of Dexter Gordon, Jazzland*). Gordon, tenor saxophone; Richard Boone, trombone; Charles Green, bass; Marlin Banks, trumpet; Charles Coker, piano; Lawrence Marable, drums.

That falls into a category which I would call loosely "uptown anonymous." I don't know who it is. They're probably all good players, but in relation to the best of this type of thing, this is really not too much. It stems from *One Bass Hit* and *Two Bass Hit* . . . but there's nothing very new in the harmonics nor in the improvising nor in the chart. It's just a band.

I'd say it's the bass player's date, because nobody would let the bass player play that much if it wasn't. He's a good bass player, but the record is a pretty mediocre thing. If I had to rate this in relation to Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Ray Brown, Kenny Clarke, and Al Haig, it would have to be pretty low. However, in relation to the whole music scene, taking into consideration Lawrence Welk and so forth—two stars.

8. Josh White. *Sometime* (Decca). White, vocals; Sonny Terry, harmonica; Brownie McGhee, guitar.

I s'pose that's Josh White singing. I like the vocal, but I don't care too much for that supplementary yell in the background, and I've heard much better harmonica players. This type of playing I associate more with the white folk singers of the south than with the colored folk singers of the south . . . because of the feel, the two-beat um-ting, um-ting, y'know . . . I've heard a lot of white guitar players do that. It's more like the hill thing. It's a little unusual for Josh. It doesn't turn up too often.

I heard one thing of Muddy Waters' called *Can't Be Satisfied*, which was that way. It came as a shock to me because I'd never heard him do anything like that before. For Josh White, three stars.

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Caught in the Act

STAN KENTON

Riviera Lounge, Las Vegas

Personnel: Kenton, piano; Ernie Bernhardt, Larry McGuire, Bob Rolfe, Sanford Skinner, Dalton Smith, trumpets; Jim Amlotte, Bob Fitzpatrick, Paul Heydorff, Jack Spurlock, Dave Wheeler, trombones; Gabe Baltazar, Sam Donahue, Wayne Dunstan, Marvin Holaday, Paul Renzi, reeds; Gene Roland, Dwight Carver, Keith Lamotte, Gordon Davison, mellophoniums; Pete Chivily, bass; George Acevedo, Latin drums; Jerry McKenzie, drums.

Not since the Innovations in Modern Music slogan of 1950 has a Kenton band enjoyed such a publicity sendoff as has the white-haired leader's present 23-piece orchestra, now in the midst of a road tour.

The new banner read, A New Era in Modern American Music, and when all is said, the primary reason for proclaiming a fresh face is in the four-man battery of mellophoniums around which most of the present book is written.

Unquestionably, this is a "different" band. The mellophoniums are utilized to telling effect, both in section and in the jazz solo work of Roland. So far, their presence is felt most in the ballad arrangements.

The odd-looking horns are capable of achieving a unique blend, as was evidenced in the arrangements of *Body and Soul* and *Maria*, but the execution of the mellophonium section men in an a cappella arrangement of *Clair de Lune* was pretty ragged. As might have been anticipated, the other sections—particularly trumpet and trombone—are polished and crackling.

In the presence of tenor saxophone veteran Donahue the band has a soloist who combines hairy guts and visual excitement with solidly grounded and extroverted jazz blowing.

Alto man Baltazar and baritonist Holaday shoulder the bulk of the balance of the sax solos and acquit themselves well if not remarkably.

Roland demonstrates that the mellophonium may have a promising future as a jazz solo instrument. Occasionally he ran into trouble, manifested in clams and aborted ideas, but he demonstrated clearly that the instrument's singular sound is well suited to jazz.

On the debit side, there is no shining jazz trumpet to be heard. And there is also an old Kenton bugaboo—a weak rhythm section. It is a truism among drummers that swinging the Kenton aggregation is a near impossibility. Certainly this band is top-heavy in the brasses, but this hardly excuses drummer McKenzie's inability to drive the team and bassist Chivily's lack of strength.

Still, this "new era" orchestra is an exciting outfit and should improve during the long term on the road.—*Tynan*

MILES DAVIS

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; 21-piece orchestra directed by Gil Evans.

Davis has never played more brilliantly than on this May night. Criticisms of his group can be made—Mobley was hardly more than a boppy intrusion; Kelly seemed overcome by Erroll Garner's success at Carnegie; Chambers and Cobb were only adequate—none of which is important in terms of what Miles played.


Even the names of the selections are unimportant. The trumpeter felt and paced his program differently from what had been announced. It caused some consternation, but his decisions were based on firm musical judgment regarding one composition, based on a judgment of his own emotional strength in terms of two other listed songs. (He left the stage at intermission with barely enough strength remaining to get to his dressing room.)

The concert was marked by excellent taste, an improved sound system (though it had its faults), gifts of red roses to the ladies, a cloth backdrop to enliven the bare stage, and artful lighting.

Evans' rich, somber scores were, as usual, perfect complements to Davis' middle-register brooding. The combo's playing (the program was evenly divided between large- and small-group selections) was as usual, and as criticized; it was at its best on a fast blues highlighted by two-bar challenges between Davis and Cobb.

But all the impressive features of the concert were insignificant in the face of Miles' performance. He soared away from his usual restraint and limited register, playing high-note passages with tremendous fire, building magnificent solos that blazed with drama. The ballad *I Thought About You* was an open, emotional experience.

Few jazz performances have touched the heights of that evening. It was jazz at its finest.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Interdisc, the British subsidiary of Riverside, is on a talent hunt for jazz groups for promotion in England and the U.S. . . . Some jukeboxes in East Germany now have as many as 30 jazz records in them . . . Cannonball Adderley made his first big-band album for Riverside. **Ernie Wilkins** wrote the arrangements . . . **Harry Belafonte** has formed a recording division of Belafonte Enterprises, Inc. It will produce the singer's records and those by other artists such as African vocalist **Miriam Makeba**. RCA Victor will distribute.

Woody Herman has been at New York's Waldorf Astoria for several weeks with a specially written revue starring himself, singer **Norma Douglas** (she gets billing as the "Jet-Hot-Momma"), and dancer **Steve Condos**, and some Woodchoppers . . . **Gene Krupa** has signed a contract for 16 weeks a year at the Metropole . . . Singer **Joe Williams** goes to the London Palladium in mid-July . . . Trumpeter **Clark Terry** left the **Gerry Mulligan** Concert Jazz Band; **Zoot Sims** replaced **Al Cohn** in one of the tenor chairs . . . **Walter Bishop** took **Victor Feldman's** place on piano with Cannonball Adderley but soon left . . . **Roy Eldridge's** group at the Vanguard included **Ronnie Ball**, piano; **Peter Ind**, bass; **Eddie Locke**, drums . . . **J. J. Johnson** joined the **Miles Davis** group in Philadelphia. There is, however, no assurance that it is a permanent move . . . Vibist **Dave Pike** left the **Herbie Mann** group and formed his own trio with **Ben Tucker**, bass, and **Billy Higgins**, drums. They play Sunday's at Cafe Rasio.

Peggy Lee goes to England Aug. 12 for a one-hour television show . . . **Johnny Desmond** will be the emcee on *Glenn Miller Time*, the summer replacement for *Hennesy* on CBS-TV. **Ray McKinley** will be the featured band-leader. The show will be built around entertainers and entertainment representative of the late Miller . . . Duke Ellington's four songs written for the movie *Paris Blues* are titled *Unclothed Woman*, *Big Bash*, *Amour Gypsy*, and *Paris Blues*.

TORONTO

Artie Shaw, who gave up clarinet playing seven years ago, spent most of his time on a recent *Music Makers* TV Show reminiscing with columnist **Alex Barris** about the swing-band era. He stopped playing professionally, he said, because he felt he couldn't live much of a life as a person and also work as a professional musician. "I got to where it had to be me or the clarinet," he said. (See Los Angeles *Ad Lib.*)

After their packed house reception at The Town, **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** were followed by the **Bobby Hackett**

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CHICAGO

Art Farmer's and Benny Golson's Jazztet recorded its first "in-person" album during the group's recent two-weeker at Birdhouse. On hand to help out with recording problems was Jazztet manageress Kay Norton. Argo will release the Jack Tracy-supervised session. The group has signed for a 10-week package tour with Ray Charles and his band . . . Singer Abbey Lincoln, visiting last month, signed with former Blue Note owner Frank Holzfeind. Associated Booking lined up six months' work for Miss Lincoln.

Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, and Bourbon St. moved from N. State St. to Rush St. early this month. The club will occupy the site of Swing Easy, which closed this spring . . . Entrepreneur Joe Segal added another club to his list of regular sessions. The latest is at the Blind Pig. His other sessions are at the Sutherland Tuesdays and at Roberts Thursdays. All three weekly sessions feature trumpeter Ira Sullivan, who is definitely set for Evansville's Indiana Jazz Festival . . . Singer Lurlean Hunter also is scheduled for Evansville.

The Ravinia Festival Association has announced the summer program for that north shore park. The only jazz performances listed were those of the Dukes of Dixieland (July 26 and 28) and Duke Ellington-Sarah Vaughan (Aug. 9 and 11).

Things are happening up Milwaukee way. Evidently taking a cue from Macy's recent jazz event, Milwaukee's Boston Store held a similar get-together early in June. The music ranged from traditional to modern . . . Also in Milwaukee, Jabbo Smith, a trumpeter long sought by those familiar with his sometimes-astonishing Louis Armstrong-styled work during the 1920s, was featured in concert with the Scat Johnson Quintet at WTMJ auditorium early this month.

DALLAS

Texas Wesleyan College in Ft. Worth has become the second college in the area to institute a laboratory jazz band. The 15-piece band is intended as a permanent group and is organized as a regular part of the music department of the school.

Meanwhile, the North Texas State lab band—the first laboratory band in the area—has cut its first LP on the local 90th Floor label. The album is made up of original compositions by band members.

The Dallas Public Library is laying plans for a summer series of jazz concerts and lectures meant to appeal to teenagers. The project will be a joint

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effort of the library and the Dallas Jazz Society. Films and records illustrating the history and essence of jazz will be presented in the series. Visiting artists will appear also. The library has ventured into jazz before, the most recent instance being a program with **Buster Smith** April 21.

Before his concert early last month, **Louis Armstrong** was impressed enough with singer **Melba Moore** to let her sit in with his group during the program at the State Fair Music Hall. As a result Melba was booked for two one-week engagements at the Twin Tree Inn. Armstrong also expressed interest in **Jewel Brown**, who played the last week in May at the Chalet.

The Riviera Club continues an occasional jazz policy; **Conte Candoli** played there April 29, and **Ann Richards** is set for June 26 . . . **Stan Kenton** will play at Southern Methodist University June 27 and the Chalet June 29 . . . The **James Moody** Band played the Empire Room recently and was followed by singer **Jimmy Reed** . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** is coming in for a State Fair Music Hall concert June 23 . . . The Longhorn Ranch had blues man **B. B. King** for one night last month.

LOS ANGELES

With **Warren Covington** striking out with a new band under his own name, the Willard Alexander agency offered leadership of the **Tommy Dorsey** crew to **Si Zentner**. Zentner turned down the deal; his own band's doing all right . . . Tenor man **Curtis Amy** and organist **Paul Bryant** split up with Amy forming his own group consisting of **Carmell Jones**, trumpet; **Bobby Hutcherson**, vibes; **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **George Morrow**, bass; **Jimmy Lovelace**, drums. The new sextet is debuting at the Renaissance.

A&r man **Ed Yellin**, scheduled to run operations of Capitol's proposed new jazz subsidiary, quit the label to freelance . . . **Red Clyde**, former a&r head of Bethlehem, Mode, and other labels, produced a jazz date for Reprise with **Marty Paich** on organ (a first for the arranger), **Jack Sheldon**, trumpet; **Joe Mondragon**, bass; **Johnny Markham**, drums, playing a set of tunes made popular by **Ray Charles**. Sheldon was the leader.

Blind Orange Adams, the unique southwestern blues singer and guitarist, has been spotted in Los Angeles strolling incognito along Jefferson Blvd. Every a&r man in town would bid for his services if B. O. would agree to record . . . Former **Artie Shaw** sideman, **Ace Hudkins**, in recent years a Palm Springs disc jockey, secured permission from Shaw to present the Gramercy 5 at the Springs' Chi-Chi club starting June 4. Hudkins offered the clarinetist

\$1,500 a week and plush accommodations to come to the coast and lead the group that consists of such top sidemen as **Murray McEachern**, alto saxophone, trumpet, trombone; **Eddie Miller**, tenor saxophone; **Johnny Best**, trumpet; **Herbie Harper**, trombone, in alternating weeks.

Stuff Smith and **Rex Stewart** are working together in a group called the Internationals presented by **Dave Nelson** Enterprises at Maxie's on W. Pico and Sunday nights only at Manhattan Beach's Lococo room. Nelson also signed singer **Carl Mathis**, trumpeter **Bobby Bryant** and **Stuff** the fiddler . . . **Ruth Olay** will play the role of Julie in Showboat at Sacramento's Theater in the Round production of the musical next month . . . Chicago Dixieland clarinetist **Johnny Lane** took a group into the Roaring '20s comprising **Dor Kinch**, trumpet; **Al Jenkins**, trombone; **Marvin Ash**, piano; **Doc Cenardo**, drums.

Down San Diego way, drummer **Dave Maxey** started the first of a series of jazz concerts May 27 under the general title Jazz at the Hayloft, in Chula Vista. Maxey's first event featured guest **Gary LeFebvre**, tenor saxophone and flute; **Daniel Jackson**, tenor saxophone; **Charlie Caudle**, trumpet; **Mike Wofford**, piano; **John Witt**, bass; himself on drums. An additional attraction was the folk team **Mike and Ebba**.

The **Jazz Crusaders** group from Texas that caused some excitement last month at the Renaissance here will have an initial album in release next month on the Pacific Jazz label. It's personnel is drummer-leader **Nesbert Hooper**, tenorist **Wilton Felder**, pianist **Joe Sample**, trombonist **Wayne Henderson**, and guitarist **Melvin Douglas**. Hooper had been striving for recognition here for the last three years since the band first appeared at the defunct Jazz Cabaret.

SAN FRANCISCO

Grover Mitchell's big rehearsal band goes into the Talk of the Town for a series of Saturday night concerts. The first was scheduled for June 17 . . . **Herb Barman's** big band was presented in a concert by the Actor's Workshop late in May at the Marines Memorial Auditorium. Trumpeter **Dick Collins** was guest soloist. **Jay Hill**, **Nat Pierce**, and others have contributed arrangements to the band's library.

Dick Saltzman's group now works at the Piano Bar on Sundays in addition to Wednesday and Thursday stints . . . **Con Hall** has two trios going. With one he works Friday and Saturday at the Shamrock, and with the other he's at the Jug on Tuesday and Thursday . . . **KHIP** disc jockey **Dick Crommie** may direct *The Connection* when it is produced in San Francisco.



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
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The Contemporary Dancers Foundation recently presented a program of rare jazz films, including ones by Bessie Smith, Duke Ellington, Albert Ammons, Louis Armstrong, and Gjon Mili . . . Pianist **Vince Guaraldi's** group (**Monte Budwig**, bass; **Benny Barth**, drums) opened at the Yacht Dock in Sausalito playing weekends. The **Kingston Trio** members now own the club . . . **Rene Touzet**, **Tito Puente**, and **Machito** all played Sunday afternoon gigs at the Sands ballroom in Oakland in May and June . . . **Harry James** drew 2,300 paid admissions to the El Patio ballroom in May for a one-nighter.

Howard McGhee, now with the **James Moody** Band, has signed for an LP with Contemporary. He plans to use

drummer **Frank Butler** and tenorist **Harold Land** . . . **Argo** flew **Paul Gayten** out to record the **Moody** band at the Jazz Workshop.

While she was at Fack's, singer **Ernestine Anderson** cut two shows for a new coast-to-coast Westinghouse TV show, *PM West*. She was accompanied by the **Vernon Alley Trio** (Alley, bass; **Ray Fisher**, drums; **Shelly Robbin**, piano). The trio is the house band at Fack's . . . The Neve closed in May after a disastrous series of bookings. It's been rumored sold to **Bill Miller** . . . **J. J. Johnson's** decision to join **Miles Davis** left the **Black Hawk** with a June date to fill. **Jeri Southern** was signed to fill the breach. **Terry Gibbs** and **Mary Ann McCall** were to follow. 

WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Mort Sahl**, *Limelinters*, to 7/2. Club closed 7/3 to 8/20.
Birdland: **Count Basie**, **Junior Mance**, to 6/28. **Buddy Rich**, **Slide Hampton**, 6/29-7/12.
Cafe Rialto: **Dave Pike**, Sun. afternoons.
Copa City: **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis**-**Johnny Griffin** to 6/25. **Jimmy Witherspoon**, **Red Garland**, **Philly Joe Jones**, 6/27-7/9.
Coronet (Brooklyn): **Ted Curson**, *tfn*.
Embers: **Jonah Jones**, **Cecil Lloyd**, 6/26-7/1. **Red Allen**, 6/17-29.
Five Spot: **Cecil Taylor**, *tfn*.
Half Note: **Zoot Sims**-**Al Cohn** to 7/2. **Toshiko**-**Charlie Mariano**, 7/4-16. **Herbie Mann**, 7/18-8/6.
Hickory House: **Don Shirley**, *tfn*.
Metropole: **Sol Yaged**, **Cozy Cole**, *tfn*. Metropole Upstairs: **Roy Liberto** to 6/29. **Gene Krupa**, **Cozy Cole**, 6/30-31.
Roundtable: **Red Nichols**, **Tyree Glenn**, to 6/25. Versailles: **Morgana King** to 7/2.
Village Gate: **Cal Tjader** to 7/9. **Leon Bibb**, 6/27-7/9. **Aretha Franklin**, 7/11-8/8.
Village Vanguard: **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, **Bill Evans**, to 6/25. **Miles Davis**, 6/27-7/9.
The Vine: **Ted Curson**, Sun. afternoons.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha**, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: **Les McCann**, 6/28-7/8.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *wknds*.
Empire: **Jimmy McPartland** to 7/1.
Kevin House: **Bill Richards**, *tfn*.
Mermaid's Cave: **Eddie Bartel**, *tfn*.
Minor Key: **Montgomery Bros.**, 6/27-7/2.
Roostertail: **Bobby Hackett**, 7/3-16.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *tfn*.
Dream Room: **Santo Pecora**, *hb*.
Famous Door: **Murphy Campo**, **Mike Lala**, *tfn*.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.
Joy Tavern: **Alvin Tyler**, *wknds*.
Paddock: **Octave Crosby**, *tfn*.
Prince Con'i (motel): **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.
River Queen: **Last Straws**, Sat. midnite sessions, *tfn*. **Albert French**, Sun. sessions.
Vernon's: **Melvin Lastee**, *wknds*.

CHICAGO

Birdhouse: **Buddy Rich** to 6/25. **Nancy Wilson**, **Three Sounds**, 7/5-16. **Ramsey Lewis**, 7/19-30.
Black Eyed Pea: **Pat Manago**, *tfn*.
Bourbon St.: **Bob Scohey**, **Art Hodes**, *tfn*.
Cafe Continental: **Dave Remington**, *tfn*.
Easy St.: **Rick Frigo**, *tfn*.
Gate of Horn: **Odetta** to 7/9.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, **Jo Henderson**, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: **Marian McPartland** to 7/9. **Audrey Morris**, **Eddie Higgins**, *hbs*.

Mister Kelly's: **June Valli** to 7/9. **Marty Rubenstein**, **Dick Marx**-**John Frigo**, *hbs*.
Pigalle: **Lurcan Hunter**, *tfn*.
Red Arrow: **Franz Jackson**, *wknds*.
Scotch Mist: **Tom Ponce**, *tfn*.
Sutherland: **Ira Sullivan**, Tues.
Walton Walk: **Steve Behr**, *tfn*.


LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
Black Bull: **Gus Bivona**, *tfn*.
Digger: Name grps. *wknds*.
Excusez Moi: **Betty Bennett**, *wknds*.
Geno's Bit: **Richard (Groves) Holmes**, *tfn*.
Green Bull: **Johnny Lucas**, *wknds*.
Holiday House (Malibu): **Betty Bennett**, *wknds*.
Honeybucket: **South Frisco Jazz Band**, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*.
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): **Edgar Hayes**, *tfn*.
Knotty Pine: **The Associates**, *wknds*.
Le Bistro: **Jackie Fontaine**, *tfn*.
Le Crazy Horse: **Pia Beck**, *tfn*.
Le Grand Comedy (theater): Sunday morning after-hours sessions.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. **James Moody**, 6-18. **Eddie Cano**, 6/25.
Lococo's (Manhattan Beach): **Stuff Smith**-**Rex Stewart**, Sundays.
Melody Room: **Tito Rivera**, *tfn*.
Maxie's: **The Internationals**, **Stuff Smith**, **Rex Stewart**, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
Parisian Room: **Jess Stacy**, *tfn*.
P. J.'s: **Dick Whittington**, **Don Prell**, **Jerry McKenzie**, to 6/19. **Eddie Cano**, Mondays. **Scott Smith**, back room. *tfn*.
Raffles: **Vince Wallace**, *tfn*.
Renaissance: **Bessie Griffin**, **Gospel Pearls**, Sundays. **Curtis Amy** to 6/30.
Roaring '20s: **Johnny Lane**, *tfn*.
Rosie's Red Banjo: **Art Levin**, *tfn*.
Rumble Seat: **Dr. Jack Langles**, *tfn*.
Shaps (Pasadena): **Loren Dexter**, *tfn*.
Sherry's Barn: **Vince Wallace**, after-hours sessions, *tfn*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, *hb*, *wknds*.
Helen Humes, *wknds*. **Frank Rosolino**, Mon., Tues. **Russ Freeman**-**Richie Kamuca**, Wed. **Teddy Edwards**, Thurs.
Town Hill: Monday sessions.
Zebra Lounge: **Jay Miglioire**, Sunday morning sessions. **Nina Simone**, opens 6/29.

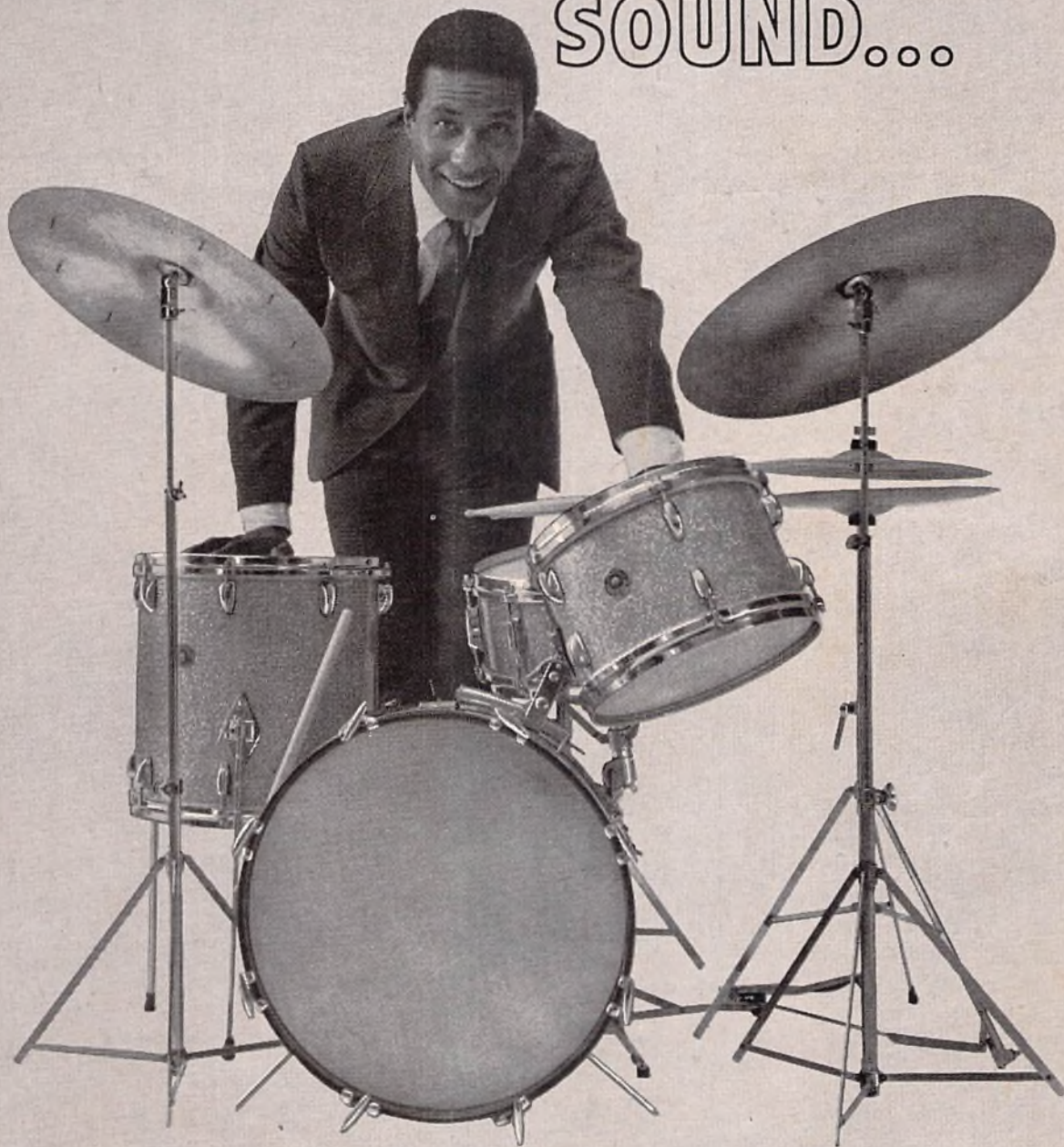
SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Jeri Southern** to 6/25. **Terry Gibbs**, **Mary Ann McCall** open 6/27. **Cal Tjader** opens 7/11.
Jazz Workshop: **Dizzy Gillespie** to 7/3.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, **Joe Sullivan**, *tfn*.
On-the-Levee: **Kid Ory**, Fri., Sat.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Pat Yankee**, *tfn*.
Dante's Inferno: **Richie Crabbtree**, *tfn*.
Fairmont (hotel): **Four Freshmen** to 6/21.
New Fack's: **Buddy Greco** to 7/3. **Don Rickles** opens 7/5.
Stereo Club: **Pony Poindexter**-**Atlee Chapman**, *tfn*.
hungry i: **Clancy Brothers**, **Dick Gregory**, to 7/20.
Other Room: **Frank D'Rone** to 7/12.

JAZZ FESTIVALS

Indiana (Evansville): 6/23-5 (five performances).
Music at Newport 1961 (Newport, R. I.): 6/30-7/3 (six performances).
Virginia Beach (Virginia Beach, Va.): 7/14-15 (two performances).
Randall's Island (New York City): 8/25-27 (three performances).
Monterey (Monterey, Calif.): 9/22-24 (five performances). 

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