

SEPTEMBER 28, 1961

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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## 9<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL SCHOOL MUSIC ISSUE

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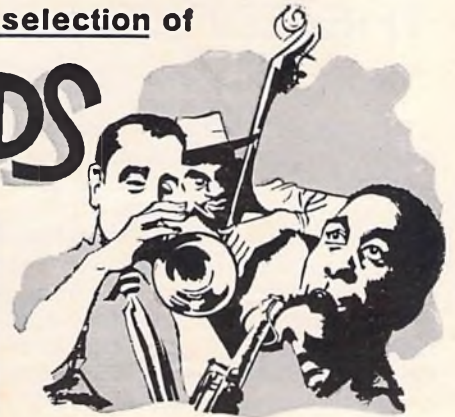
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213. **LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS SING ELLINGTON** — Caravan. Main Stem. Midnight Indigo. What Am I Here For?. Cottontail, etc.

214. **STAN GETZ** — Cool Velvet. Nature Boy. Born to Be Blue. The Thrill is Gone. Early Autumn, etc.

215. **JIMMY GUIFFRE** — In Person. The Crab. Two for Timbuctu. Wee See, etc.

216. **OLATUNJI** — Drums of Passion. Chant to the God of Thunder. Flirtation Dance. Cult Rhythm, etc.

217. **BILLY HOLIDAY** — Lady in Satin. For All We Know. But Beautiful, etc.

219. **BOB BROOKMEYER** — The Blues Hot and Cold. Sunny side of the Street. I Got Rhythm, etc.

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# THE NEED FOR PROFESSIONALISM

The term "professional musician" means more than that a man is paid for performing music. At least, it used to.

To be known as a professional musician meant that not only did you earn a livelihood in music but that you also were a member in good standing of the music profession. There was pride attached to this standing. Musicians conducted themselves on stand in such a

manner that no one could find fault with the profession as a whole. Or at least the large majority of musicians did so.

There always have been a few who did not abide by this unwritten code of professionalism. Unfortunately, the number, though still small, seems to be growing. Or it may be that the bad behavior of the few—and it seems it's the same few who are involved in most

unprofessionalism of late—gets more attention in the daily press and is talked about more often on the music-gossip circuit. In any event, the taint of unprofessional behavior is getting darker.

When we speak of unprofessionalism we do not mean only late arrivals and last-minute contract cancellations. As unprofessional as these are, there have been incidents in the last year that make these infractions seem mild.

It's true that working conditions in many clubs are far from ideal—long hours, short money, sometimes-sadistic managers, noisy crowds, bad pianos, inadequate sound systems, filthy band rooms (if any at all), hired-help treatment, and a you're-a-musician-so-keep-your-place attitude. And who thinks he knows more about music and "what the public wants" than an ex-hoodlum manager?

Then there are bad bookings. Too often jazz performers are booked into clubs that expect the jazzmen to provide background music for light chitchat and heavy drinking. The performer loses; the club loses; the profession loses.

There is no denying musicians have grievances, but no list of complaints, no matter how long, can be used as an excuse for unprofessional conduct of the sort that hurts all musicians:

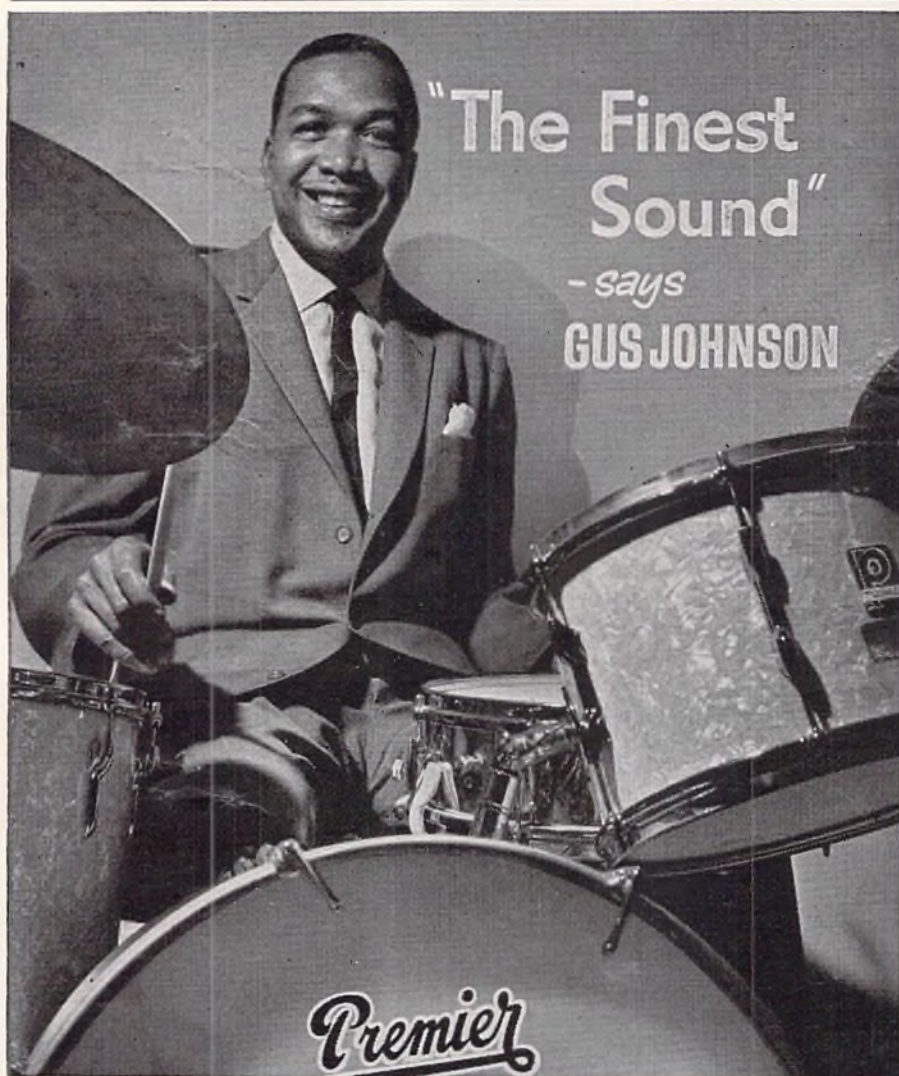
Rolling-on-the-floor brawls among band members, on the stand, before an audience; walking out on a job after one set because of bad working conditions, without giving the management opportunity to correct, or even discuss, the grievances; starting hours late and then refusing to fill in for the alternate band that had disappeared—a double dose of unprofessionalism; interrupting and almost disrupting an important concert by a fellow musician; destroying a club's piano by brute force.

Perhaps it's that too many musicians are termed artists when they're not artists. It may be that this title — one which should be reserved for those who earn it—implies to the unprofessional and immature musician a license to behave in an untrammelled, unfettered manner.

But an artist is aware of those around him, is sensitive to them. He knows that to the layman he represents his profession, his art, at all times. What he does or doesn't do in public is taken as representative of his class as a whole.

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It's time for the unprofessionals to straighten up. It's time to take care of business.



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# down beat

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SEPTEMBER 28, 1961

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### ON THE COVER

This is *Down Beat's* Ninth Annual School Music issue. Ray London's cover drawing, we feel, catches the spirit and vigor of stage-band musicians, a spirit and vigor remarkable to behold. Starting on page 22, Gene Lees writes his impressions of these youngsters in action at the Stan Kenton Clinics held this summer at the National Band Camps. Pianist Marian McPartland, on page 16, tells of her experiences playing jazz for grade-school pupils. For musicians everywhere, in school or not, there is a big-band arrangement of Benny Golson's *Killer Joe* included in this issue's *Up Beat* section.

### THINGS TO COME

The Oct. 12 *Down Beat* (on sale Sept. 31) is focussed on the late Clifford Brown, whose influence has been one of the strongest among young trumpet men. Although Brownie met his death at an early age, he established himself as one of the important musicians in modern jazz before he was 25. The two stories in the next issue on the late trumpeter are the results of much research and several interviews by Barbara Gardner and Marc Crawford. Also, Bill Coss will write on trumpeter Fats Navarro in relation to Brown. The first ballot for *Down Beat's* 26th annual Readers Poll will be in the Oct. 12 issue.

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*Stan Kenton*

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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

### BG Nostalgia

As a faithful *Down Beat* reader and ardent Benny Goodman fan since 1941, I was elated to see the coverage of BG's recent Disneyland one-nighters in your July 20 edition.

I realize music has changed along with the times, but I have been disappointed in recent years at the absence of coverage extended Goodman's recordings and personal appearances.

Granted, BG said most of what he had to say musically in the 1940s, but he still has his share of fans among us balding curators of 78-rpm Victor and Columbia discs who recall his impact on popular music and who drift into nostalgia each time we hear *Don't Be That Way* or *Air Mail Special*.

Burlington, Iowa

Dan Bied

### Fresh Air

There are periodicals for practically every subject. To be informed a person must find the best periodical on the subject he can. . . .

A little research has shown me that your reviewers are among the best in North America. . . . The critics are the foundation of *Down Beat*.

Ottawa, Ontario

John M. Forsyth

### Darts Hitting Mark

Your article about Sid Mark (*DB*, Aug. 3) irked me somewhat. It is true that he has been a jazz pioneer in the Philadelphia area, but he and his fellow disc jockeys, with the exception of Ted Arnold, are lowering the standard of jazz being played.

Whenever I turn on my FM radio, I can be sure that in over two-thirds of the cases Sid is playing either a vocalist (Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Chris Connor, and June Christy are his favorites) or, worse still, a ballad. He won't play ballads by such artists as John Coltrane, Art Farmer, and Red Garland, though. It's usually a string orchestra, backing George Shearing or Stan Kenton. . . .

The only reprieve from bland programming is to turn off my radio, since there is no other jazz show on the radio during the day.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Vernon Kendricks

I was pleased to see local DJ Sid Mark properly commended in *Down Beat* for his contributions to jazz. However, I must take exception to some of his remarks that are indicative of the shallow thinking found in too many so-called jazz fans today.

In the article he is quoted as saying, "I am familiar only with the music of the '50s and '60s . . . I know little or nothing about traditional or swing music, so I don't program it."

Well, bully for the self-appointed dic-

tator of taste, but if I were to build a house and ignore the foundation, my house would be as weak as some of Mark's programming. To me, one of the most impressive things about jazz is the fact that you can play Bix and Miles back to back and find enjoyment in both.

Ironically, WHAT's most popular DJ, before he went on to Riverside and Prestige, was Chris Albertson, who played both modern and traditional. Like Mark, he wasn't around in the beginning, but he did take the trouble to learn. A true jazz fan usually does.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Joseph C. Zawacki

### Hodes and Sideman

*Down Beat* consistently has excellent writings on all aspects of jazz, but a piece of writing such as that by Art Hodes (*Sittin' In*) in the Aug. 17 issue is indeed rare. With deftness and simplicity, Hodes drew an engaging and emotion-filled picture of the musician's life. It's unerring universality really hit home.

Great!

East Orange, N. J.

Robert Hecht

### A Slip of the Pen

In the Aug. 17 issue, your Los Angeles correspondent stated that Stan Kenton recently recorded with Nat Cole and that this was the first pairing of the two on or off record.

Tracing through my collection of 78 rpm's, I found a copy of *Jam-Bo*, a Shorty Rogers composition, featuring the Kenton band with Cole at the piano. Both received equal billing on the record. The other side featured *Orange Colored Sky* with Kenton and the Nat Cole Trio.

Either the L. A. correspondent erred or else Messrs. Kenton and Cole wanted to forget they cut these two sides.

Norfolk, Va.

L. B. Matthews

*We were in error; Kenton and Cole had recorded before.*

### The Barber Editorial

Several weeks ago in *Down Beat*, Chris Barber was criticized in *The Editorial* for his views on the American trad scene.

In Britain, Barber is the top traditional-jazz bandleader. He is good, and he is respected for it. But how he could rate British trad higher than American completely escapes my comprehension.

Today in Britain, traditional jazz is a mockery. There are dozens of small-time groups all over the country, stuffed to the teeth with gimmicks, pouring out 10th-rate imitation jazz like water—some of it a downright insult to the name it bears—and, worst of all, being highly successful with it.

If the American's idea of jazz is, as

(Continued on page 8)



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## RICHARDS MUSIC CORPORATION

Elkhart, Indiana



### CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

Barber says, "remarkably hazy," then the Briton's idea is buried in the thickest cloud of all time. The exceptions to this rule are few, but it is a point to note, that Barber himself is one of these exceptions. Lanarkshire, Scotland John Angus

#### You're Welcome

I wish to express my appreciation to your magazine, for through a *Down Beat* scholarship to the Stan Kenton Clinic at the National Band Camp, I had my first chance to study the how and why of jazz. It was a very enlightening experience.

Thank you very much.

Omaha, Texas

Jarrol Davis

#### When Words Fail

Time and time again, I return to Bill Coss' review of Stan Getz' stay at the Village Vanguard (*DB*, June 8): "There was a hush in the club, and that is so because Getz is so eloquent a voice that words must surely fail." What with the sheets of sound so preponderously fashionable today, these are mighty brave words. And mighty welcome words, too.

Words might fail Coss, but his feelings did not. And so I will always thank Bill Coss for saying what he felt, and not what he thought he should feel. But above that I will forever say: Bully for Stan Getz, for being Getz and no one else.

His eloquence will never be in eclipse. Time and time again, I shall return to this eloquence. Words might sometime fail. Getz' horn never will, for his is a brave horn.

Brookline, Mass.

David S. Caldwell

#### Ellis Replies

**Editor's note:** The following letter from trumpeter Don Ellis is in answer to critic John Tynan's review of Ellis' recent album *How Time Passes*. We do not agree with the trumpeter's conclusions concerning critics, nor as a rule do we print letters of this length—especially when an answer to a review runs longer than the review. But we do feel that many points in Ellis' letter are of great interest to our readers. We depart from policy; following is Ellis' letter in its entirety.)

John Tynan is to be complimented for his apparently sincere attempt at evaluating my album *How Time Passes* (*DB*, Aug. 3). It must have been a difficult task, because up to now this is the first time some of the techniques used in the album have been recorded in jazz. The critic, therefore, is entirely on his own, with no pre-established patterns of opinion upon which to rely.

It is interesting to notice that three other important reviewers facing the same problem have not had to be so tentative in their opinions of the album. The July issue of *Hi Fi/Stereo* magazine calls it the best jazz album of the month, and Peter J. Welding says, "The playing is wholly effective—delightfully pulsant, lyrical, and sur-

(Continued on page 66)



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# STRICTLY AD LIB

## NEW YORK

Oscar Peterson's finger was burning to the point of no musical return, so he could not make his opening night at the Village Vanguard. The finger is now all right, but on that night **Charles Mingus** filled in with admirable ease, presenting a group of Mingus Marauders—bassists **Wilbur Ware** and **Knobby Totah**, drummer **Danny Richmond**, trombonist **Jimmy Knepper**, and others. Mingus played the piano all evening. Most critics were amazed at Mingus' pianistic ability. All had a basic comment: a latter-day **Duke Ellington**, a compliment Mingus deserves and desires, as is evident in his compositions but more obvious in his piano.



MINGUS

**Jimmy Giuffre** will be in Germany on Oct. 20, starting a five-week tour . . . **Ruddy Rich's** sister, **Rosette Shaw**, is now singing at the Living Room . . . **Ornette Coleman** is now set for European tours in 1962 and '63 . . . The **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer** group that received many critical plaudits in New York also included **Eddie Costa**, vibes, piano; **Joe Benjamin**, bass; **Osie Johnson**, drums.

**Art Blakey** now has a sextet: **Curtis Fuller**, trombone; **Freddie Hubbard**, trumpet; **Wayne Shorter**, tenor saxophone; **Cedar Walton**, piano; **Jymie Merritt**, bass.

Ex-Blakey sidemen, trumpeter **Lee Morgan** and pianist **Bobby Timmons**, will form their own groups. Timmons will have a trio; **Albert (Tootie) Heath** is set on drums. Morgan is undecided about personnel and size.

**Neil Hefti** will write the score for a new musical, *O'Malley's Nuns* . . . **Al Hirt** and his group will make a four-week concert tour of Europe next year . . . **Noble Sissle**, veteran bandleader, was the emcee of a jazz-dance show produced by **Mura Dehn** . . . Both trombonist **J. C. Higginbotham** and singer **Babs Gonzales** were injured last month. Higginbotham was mugged in an elevator for the small amount of money he carried. Gonzales claims that he was assaulted by members of a Nazi party clan because of his current integration record.



BLAKEY

**Horace Silver** is looking for models who fit titles of songs he has written. If, as a female, you think you represent *Sister Sadie*, *Juicy Lucy*, *Shirl*, *May-Reh*, *Sweet Stuff*; or, if as a male, you think you look like *Senor Blues*, *The Preacher*, *The Outlaw*, *Filthy McNasty*, or *Hippy*, mail photos to **Henry Dormann** at 59 E. 54 St., New York City. Winners will receive a collection of Horace's Blue Note records and a jazz club evening with the pianist.

The first Harlem Jazz Festival, originally scheduled for June and on and off again since, is now set for Oct. 27-28 and is to be produced by **Sid Bernstein** at the 369th Armory . . . The **Adderley** brothers, **Julian** and **Nat**, have formed a production company, **JuNat Enterprises**, that will produce records, concerts, and television pilot films.

More than one jazz festival was indoors this year. **Dick Ridgely's** on Long Island, a steak house, had its second annual weekend, featuring a house group and many

(Continued on page 66)



## THE END OF TRAD IN GREAT BRITAIN?

There never has been a parallel in the United States to the jazz popularity now swinging in England.

Nobody seems to know how it happened, but traditional jazz now rivals every other form of established musical style on records, in concerts and clubs in the British Isles.

But instead of being happy about it, many are complaining. Modern musicians, of course, are disgusted and envious. Song publishers and record company officials find themselves in a market place where the signs are indistinct. "Where do we go from here?" they ask, suspecting that trad, as it is called, will not last and concerned because it seems to have hastened the demise of rock and roll.

Some feel that show music is the best bet until the next thing comes along, but none are sure in which way British popular-music tastes will swing.

Even the trad men are confused and suspicious. The general feeling among record executives and promoters is that trad will lose its hard core of fans because it has become so popular and, since the popular fan is fickle, will eventually lose all its audience. In the process, they point out, record companies and night clubs, which have rushed into the trad business and, as a consequence perhaps, hurried the balloon's bursting, will be hurried themselves into bankruptcy.

Clarinetist Acker Bilk, a leading trad musician, said: "It all happened too quickly. The boom has brought out bands not really ready for public appearances."

Another trad leader, trumpeter Ken Colyer, said his music is becoming a victim of the popular market. He warned fellow musicians that "a lot of overzealous and inexperienced promoters are taking a hold on trad jazz and, if we are not careful, will beat it to death in six months."

A non-trad British musician, who asked not to be named, suggested, "Six months is a long time to wait."

## ARRANGERS SEMINAR A SUCCESS AT EASTMAN

For the third straight year, Ray Wright, chief arranger at New York City's Radio City Music Hall, has conducted a two-week session for arrangers at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y. What once was newsworthy because classical conservatories normally do not schedule classes in jazz arranging has become a

focal point of the school's summer session, drawing students from among professional arrangers as well as teachers.

Wright, with assistants Fred Karlin and Don Hunsberger, emphasized the practical in the intensive seminar held last month. Projects were planned so students learned from one another's experience.

Last year, for its closing concert at the school, each member of the 22-student class wrote arrangements of *Camptown Races*. Each was assigned a particular style, for instance, that of Count Basie or Stan Kenton. This year's concert centered around the scope of the blues, student arrangements ranging in styles from television and dance-band writing to Duke Ellington and Third Stream.

Among the compositions were *Monotonous Blooz*, a jazz ballet by Art Lang; Karlin's *Jazz Concertino* written for



Karlin, Wright, Hunsberger

solo cello, trumpet, and alto saxophone with chamber orchestra; and *Bop, Bartok, and Blues* by Gary Sherman.

Each year, summer-session director, Dr. A. I. McHose, does a turn-around for the concert, generally taking a jazz-associated tune and changing it into a Bach-styled composition. This year he played *Blues in the Night* as an *Arioso* for organ. The finale was the same song arranged by Hunsberger for organ and 50-piece orchestra.

For Wright, the seminar's success was further sweetened this year by the presence of arranger-teachers from the school field, "all of whom reported regular-meeting, full dance bands in their schools, showing the tremendous impact of the stage-band movement in American high schools and colleges."

## AUTHENTICITY IN CRESCENT CITY

Friends and fans of New Orleans jazz are a hardy lot. Practically nothing stays them from proselytizing. And if

a chance to present their favorite brand of jazz arises, they have been known to sacrifice income, family, and friends for the cause.

Two of the more ardent N.O. buffs are Ken Grayson Mills and Barbara Glancey Reid. Besides recording the aged veterans still active in the Crescent City, Mills and Miss Reid gathered together a group of fellow enthusiasts and formed the Society for the Preservation of Traditional New Orleans Jazz.

This summer the society opened Preservation Hall (named for a 1920s dance hall). Featured six nights a week are such New Orleans jazzmen as George Lewis, Slow Drag Pavageau, Kid Thomas, Emanuel Sales, Punch Miller, Billy and Dede Pierce, Emil Barnes, Louis Nelson, and Charley Love.

The French Quarter hall is unique. No admission is charged, and no beverages or food are served. The musicians share equally in a collection taken up among the audience.

Tacked on a wall is a sign telling the intent and purpose of the hall and the society: Authentic New Orleans Jazz.

## HEFTI NAMED A&R HEAD AT REPRISÉ

Arranger Neal Hefti, permanently settled in Los Angeles since late last year, has found a full-time berth in the recording industry there.

Moe Ostin, general manager of Frank Sinatra's Reprise records, recently announced the signing of Hefti to the post of chief artists-and-repertoire man for the label. The arrangement, Ostin said, is on a non-exclusive basis, which means Hefti is at liberty to work with other record companies.

Hefti's alliance with Reprise immediately led to speculation that Frances Wayne, Hefti's wife, would come out of retirement to record once more. Reports to that effect on the one-time Woody Herman vocalist's plans have been circulating in the music business. Miss Wayne left music several years ago to devote her time and energy to her family.

## OF BUTTONS, BOWS, BELLES, AND BULL

It is almost too much to bear and/or report, but last month's Randall's Island Jazz Festival outdid itself in the kinds of press-agentry available to such an event.

As the days grew fewer before festival time, a flood of improbable but positive press notices appeared.

Times Square was renamed Jazz



Square on Aug. 21, for one week. Mayor Robert Wagner proclaimed that week to be New York Jazz Festival Week. Horace Silver, it was said, had composed new songs for the festival, to add to the 75 of his compositions already recorded. Two Miss Randall's Island Jazz Festivals were elected (a tie). They were Joan Murray and Mary Jane Enlich. By latest count, 10 *Down Beat* Readers Poll winners (1961) were involved, representing a total of more than 28,000 votes.

Miles Davis, according to R.I. releases, designed three special outfits to wear for the occasion. Before the concert, Davis was seen in "a single-breasted (one button) beige pongee suit, combining the French and Italian influence on pants and jacket." On stage, Davis wore "a double-breasted gray imported silk (two buttons), featuring only two pockets to create an extra-slim line." After his performance, he relaxed "in a pink, single-breasted [we didn't get close enough to see how many buttons] seersucker jacket with matching pants, hand-made loafers of doeskin and a white sports shirt worn with a pink silk square."

#### JAZZMEN TO TAKE RIDE ON ROUTE 66

Making her first television appearance in two years, Ethel Waters will star in *Goodnight, Sweet Blues*, a segment of the 60-minute adventure series *Route 66* to be shown over the CBS network during October.

Miss Waters, who plays a dying jazz singer wishing to be reunited with some of her former sidemen from bygone days, will be traveling in good jazz company on the program that regularly features the sport car-addicted duo, Martin Milner and George Maharis. Cast as the singer's ex-sidemen from the good old days when she headed her own band



Eldridge and Hawkins

will be Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and Jo Jones.

In addition to hanging colorful names on the jazzmen—Hawkins plays Snooze Mobley, Eldridge plays A. C. (Ace) Gilder, Jones plays Lover Brown—

producer Leonard Freeman and director Jack Smight added some refinements: Eldridge plays a drummer, and Jones is cast as a trumpet player. Hawkins retains his tenor for the cameras, however.

Also featured will be Juano Hernandez as a trombonist, Fred O'Neal as a bassist, and Bill Gunn as a guitarist.

Written by Will Lorin from an original story by Lorin and producer Freeman, *Goodnight, Sweet Blues* was filmed on location in Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### AAMESCO AND LINCOLN CENTER

The most recent musicians brotherhood association is the Afro-American Musicians Eastern Seaboard Conference. Its launching committee, through chairman Randy Weston, announced its formation late last month, along with a partial list of committee members: Melba Liston, Ray Bryant, Jerome Richardson, Mary Lou Williams, Art Davis, Spaulding Givens, and Bobby Timmons.

The immediate aim of the association is to convince New York City's Lincoln Center officials to include jazz in the panorama of performing arts the center has pledged to the public. Every other art form is represented in some way.

Weston and friends are visiting "all those who make money out of jazz," asking for donations to help them wage battles on several fronts. The committee's address is 2305 Seventh Ave., New York City.

#### BANJO-STRUMMING PRIEST RECORDED

The Rev. Joseph Dustin is another member of a fast-growing association loosely titled "The Jazz Priests." Most are listeners only, though remarkably perceptive critics and even more perceptive and welcome friends in an art field more than ordinarily receptive to the spiritual.

Father Dustin, who has been a Roman Catholic priest, of the Redemptorist order, since 1938, is one of the JPs who is a musician. Banjo is his instrument, and he has been playing it for 20 years in St. Louis, where he was born and educated, and Detroit, where he serves in Holy Redeemer parish.

Father Dustin takes his banjo with him on preaching tours (the Redemptorists do much traveling and teaching). He practices at least an hour or two daily (a florist across the street from the church lets him use a back room so that he won't disturb the other priests of the parish).

Recently Father Dustin was recorded by Riverside. The title of the

album, and some wag must have planned this carefully, is *Songs Father Taught Me*.

His father, who had been a vaudeville performer, taught him the value and joys of the creative life. His



Father Dustin

mother taught him the rudiments of music. An accomplished musician herself, she doubled as housekeeper and church organist, choir directress, and leader of a 15-piece jazz band. Father Dustin attributes his own musical leanings to his home environment—the house rang continually with some kind of musical fest, organized by his mother and encouraged by his father.

His own message, aside from the undeniable excitement of his playing, reflects those days of his childhood. He bemoans the passive life of today. "Our young people," he said, "would rather receive than give, even to the point of paying a price. Everything is a 'package deal' made available to them at the flick of a switch or the twist of a dial, and they have no desire to cultivate any talents they might have."

#### A GAMBLE ON GOOD MUSIC

Even today \$50,000 is a lot of money. Especially to bet on the success of a new dance band. Nevertheless, Charles Hardwick, a Jacksonville, Fla., management consultant is backing the new Leo Andrews Band with that amount. The band is playing its first extended engagement in Dallas at the new Hi Ho Ballroom.

Andrews, a Floridian, has been a bandleader since his high school days. After graduation from Florida State University in 1952, he broke in a 17-piece band in Pensacola. The band played at colleges, military posts, and ballrooms in Mobile, Ala., and Tallahassee, Fla., and all over the Southeast.

Charlie Spivak and Tommy Wright, a former arranger for Glenn Miller, were urging Andrews to continue the band when Hardwick, himself a musician, heard the group and provided the back-



ing necessary to promote Andrews on a national basis.

Its stand at the Hi Ho started in June and ends Sept. 17. It's a big orchestra, usually 17 or 18 pieces. Andrews is aiming at the dancing public but said he believes people are more musically literate than they once were. "Hi-fi and stereo have tuned up peoples' ears," Andrews said. "People expect more color and texture in a band these days. That's why we have such things as two baritones, bass trombones, vibes, and piccolo. We want to keep a beat to dance to. We want to stay solvent."

The band uses all sorts of arrangements, from those in a Stan Kenton vein to those in Ralph Marterie's. Emphasis is on section work and an overall sound although there are several good soloists in the ranks, including Dee Barton, Herb Porter, Archie Wheeler, and John Crews, all former members of the North Texas State Lab Band.

When the band leaves Dallas on Sept. 17, some recording sessions are in prospect on the West Coast. After that, the band expects to take the one-nighter route across the country.

"We intend to play a lot of colleges and military posts," Andrews said. "The

kids seem to like us. I mean college and young adults. I don't think the high school crowd supports many bands."

### PALLADIUM BUBBLES OVER WITH WELK

Drifting skyward like an iridescent cloud, the multitude of soap bubbles swam above Sunset Blvd. They danced over the heads of waiting thousands, bobbed amid traffic tied up for 15 blocks. They came flooding from a bubble machine working overtime on the sidewalk outside the Hollywood Palladium, and each little shimmering globe symbolically bore the happy message "Lawrence Welk . . . Champagne Music . . . Lawrence Welk . . ."

Inside the refurbished Palladium, glamorized with a \$400,000 facelift, the Champagne Maestro beamed from a new, 65-foot stage at a record audience.

At the rear of the bandstand, one of nine bubble machines and blowers now installed in the dance hall spewed its shimmering shower. These machines, according to the Palladium flackery, are capable of producing an estimated 26,433,102 bubbles a minute, ranging in size from two inches to 10 inches in diameter.

On both Friday and Saturday evenings of the opening weekend, some 15,000 disappointed persons were turned away. Still, this left the count of customers at 6,740 for Friday and a whopping 7,900 for Saturday at \$1.75 a ticket. The attendance set a record at the spot since the current admission price was established.

Though Welk does not, as is generally supposed, hold a controlling interest in the Palladium, he is the owner of 4 percent of the stock and the possessor of a life-time contract with the dance hall.

Welk's business associate, telefilm producer Don Fedderson, owns a controlling interest in the Palladium, however. For his part, Welk is guaranteed \$2,250 a night against 60 percent of the gate. Thus, for the opening of the new Palladium, the leader went deep into percentage. In addition, he profits from his long-established souvenir stand.

At the height of Saturday night's festivities, the box office spurted suddenly under the onslaught of 900 members of the National Secretaries Association, who arrived in a fleet of taxicabs to dig the champagne sounds.

## IMPRESSIONS

# IN THE BEGINNING WAS EVIL

By DON DeMICHEAL

Once upon a time there was an awesomely gifted young musician in Chicago who played jazz as easily as he breathed. But Promising Young Musician couldn't seem to get anywhere. Hardly a businessman or self-promoter, P.Y.M. sought out friends who could help him find outlets for his talent.

Small-potato entrepreneurs fed on his flesh for years, bolstering his ego ("man, there isn't anybody who can cut you; you just wait—we'll make it"), paying him below scale ("well, you know, the crowd was small tonight—would seven bucks be all right?").

Then one day our hero woke up to the fact that he was well known but not well known. He was a legend. A starving legend. A few critics and editors said kind things about him, but they couldn't make it for him.

"I've got to make it," said Promising Young Musician. "I'm going to straighten up. No more junk. I'm going to make it. Make it. *Make it.*" So Promising Young Musician found an old friend who had connections. Connections. Old Friend had gone to grammar school and high school with our hero . . .

I know and like Promising Young Musician. I'm very interested in his getting the recognition he deserves. The other day I met Old Friend who knew the right connections.

We met in the run-down office of a run-down record shop in a run-down section of Chicago's Loop. The owner of the shop (a friendly and struggling young man) and I were talking. The conversation turned to Promising Young Musician. In the middle of the conversation, Old Friend with connections moved into the room and began to talk:

"I told him when he came to me—three times he came to me, *begged* me to help him—that first he had to

straighten up his private life. 'Promising Young Musician, you got to be clean,' I tell him. 'Now, baby, I've got a record yea long, and I can't have no heat on me. You've got to *show up* when I set up meetings. You just take care of the music end and leave everything else to me.' I told him that—used to wake me up at 6 in the morning, knocking on my window, begging me to handle him. Jeez!

"So I set up an appointment with a friend of mine on LaSalle St. One of those cats with a little extra money who wants to invest it, make a little return. You know. P.Y.M. doesn't show up. Look, I've been in this business a long time—I do some promoting for the Lions and places like that; they make some money; I make some money—I can see P.Y.M. coming a block away, and know what story is. Well, P.Y.M. doesn't show.

"I tell him if he wants me to do anything for him, he's got to be more responsible. Hell, I'm no 10 percenter—I get a *lot* more than that. I knew P.Y.M. for a long time. Why, when he was just a kid, 16 years old, I heard him at a school dance. I says to myself, 'This kid's got something.' Why, he used to come over to my house when he was a kid. I used to hold in-person Bird record concerts. I used to tell, 'Sonny, you just roll up a dollar bill, put it in here and get with it . . .'"

"Pardon me," I broke in, "what do you mean, roll up a dollar and . . .?"

"Man, don't you know?" was the reply of Old Friend with connections, a broad smile covering his face. "I turned him on."

I felt a revulsion sweep over me. "You did what?"

"Baby, I was the guy who got him started on heroin." The smile never left his face.

And that face was *Evil*.

"Yeah, P.Y.M. has got to get more responsible—got to straighten out."







# MIDSEASON FESTIVALS

By mid-August, the jazz festival season was about half over. Evansville, Newport, Virginia Beach, and several others had been and gone. Each had scored some sort of musical success, but none had broken any financial records.

At presstime, two of the most important festivals, Randall's Island and Monterey, lay in the future. But this year's festival season was not made up only of Newports, Randall's Islands, and Montereys — it seemed more the season of small- and medium-sized jazz festivities. Though promoters continued, usually, to pack as many acts as possible into their programs and budgets, quality of performance maintained a high level.

Three of these not-too-large but quality festivals were held at Buffalo, N. Y.; Detroit, Mich., and Saugatuck, Mich. And one of the most unusual was held at Lorton Reformatory in Virginia, 20 miles from Washington, D.C.

## LORTON

In spirit and purpose, the Lorton festival is unlike any other annual jazz show in the world. There are no beered-up teenagers. There is no grumbling over billing or who is being paid how much, because no one is paid anything. Even the sound equipment is donated. The musicians who took part this year were not even heard to complain about the piano, which was plainly out of tune.

The Lorton jazz show also can claim the most receptive, most attentive, most appreciative audience imaginable. Every musician who takes part is a hero to the crowd of 1,700.

The show is held once every summer on the reformatory baseball field.

This is no boy's reformatory. It is Washington's major prison, in which are lifers as well as 200 to 300 men serving sentences ranging from 30 to 40 years.

The Rev. Carl J. Breitfeller, an energetic and popular prison chaplain, who originated and produces the program, explained, "Jazz is a definite art form and an aid to rehabilitation, a reminder to the inmate that he is a human being."

Father Breitfeller has personally signed up the big-name jazz talent for each of the six annual shows. In past years, Sarah Vaughan, who began the whole thing by volunteering to sing for the prisoners after Father Breitfeller got her autograph on a picture for an inmate; Jack Teagarden; Louis Armstrong; Count Basie; Lambert-Hendricks-Ross; Art Blakey; Oscar Peterson; Kai Winding; Stuff Smith, and many others have donated their talent for the project.

As Felix Grant, the Washington disc jockey who has been emcee of the show for the last four years, told the inmates this year amid laughter, "Father Breitfeller might become the new Joe Glaser of jazz. . . ."

Aside from the musicians, only a handful of outsiders have been invited to attend. And in this regard, Grant reached the audience last year by explaining that many jazz fans have asked him if there is any way they can get in to see the Lorton festival. "I told them sure there's a way to get in," he said. "Only it's not so easy to get out."

The performers vary each year, but the special character of the event is predictable: enormous cheers for the visiting outsiders and rapt attention to their music, a spirit of excitement and good will, a day for prisoners and musicians alike to remember.

This year one of the inmates said: "Yeah, we look forward to this day all year. As soon as one festival is over, we start thinking about the next one. I'd say 90 percent of the men here are jazz fans." This may well be an exaggeration based on the enthusiasm of the moment, but having attended the last three Lorton festivals (as an extern, happily), I would not debate the point.

The star of the show this year was Ella Fitzgerald. She sang a dozen tunes superbly, and her rhythmic support from Gus Johnson, Herb Ellis, Lou Levy, and Wilfred Middlebrooks was impeccable and inspiring. Others appearing were the Ramsey Lewis Trio, the Charlie Byrd Trio, and a big band from Washington led by Joe Bovello. It was Miss Fitzgerald's second appearance and Byrd's fourth.

Singing under a canopy on the prison baseball field (a dugout serves as backstage), Miss Fitzgerald had the prison-

ers proving they were a rare audience on up-tempo tunes (this audience keeps time when it claps and finger-snaps) and a whisper would have been heard if anyone whispered during *I've Got a Crush on You* and other ballads. One of the loveliest ballads she sang, incidentally, was *Lady, Be Good*, slow all the way and in contrast to her well-known scat version.

Ramsey Lewis demonstrated how Gospel music and jazz team up to come out funky; Charlie Byrd proved again that the guitar is, after all, a two-handed six-string instrument, and the Bovello band—though somewhat ragged on two difficult avant garde selections (one seemed to be an experiment in mixed meter)—came to life on *Sleigh Bells*, a Bill Potts piece featuring the Zoot Sims-like tenor sax of Al Seibert, and *The Tiger*, a swinger written by Harvey Leonard.

Father Breitfeller is quick to point out that the annual show would be impossible without the enthusiastic support of the District of Columbia prison director, Donald Clemmer, who says he believes that rehabilitation, not retention, is the major business of a prison.

Once a year the generosity of major jazz musicians encourages inmates to understand that life vibrates on, that all is not lost, no matter what.

Tom Scanlan

## BUFFALO

A high degree of professionalism, both by performers and producers, contributed to a mild financial success in Buffalo. And the fans added a further note of quality during the city's second annual jazz festival at War Memorial Stadium, which is also the baseball park.

The bandstand was in short right field the nights of July 28-29, and a total of more than 11,000 persons comprised an enthusiastic, receptive, and attentive audience.

If the crowd failed to reach the 15,000-plus proportions at last year's event—and from a standpoint of continuation, the festival gross did no more than pay the bills—the second Buffalo effort still must stand as an important contribution by performers, producers, and fans to a criteria of taste, conduct, and performance.

Adding a further touch of luster was the support again this year of Buffalo city officials and agencies. The advisory board included Mayor Frank A. Sedita; Josef Krips, conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra; Franz T. Stone, president of the Philharmonic Society; and Dr. Joseph Manch, superintendent of the city's schools. The portable bandstand was furnished by the department of parks. Co-producers



were George Wein and Ed Sarkesian.

Plaudits must go to Joe Rico, assistant promotion manager of WGR-TV, whose missionary efforts for jazz in Buffalo over the past 13 years are credited with most of the appearances of live performances here.

Spotlighting the magnetic professionalism of the groups playing the festival were the opening-night performances by the Kai Winding Septet, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, Joe Williams with the Harry Edison Quintet, and Gloria Lynne with the Earl May Trio.

Winding, with his trombone-trombonium group, had the misfortune of opening the festival before a wide-spread and thin audience. A good part of the crowd was still filtering in. His selection of a program in the face of this scattered audience was perhaps not the best.

It was a man from San Francisco, little heard on the eastern shore, who snapped the crowd alive on that warm, humid night. Something about Lambert-Hendricks-Ross being slightly delayed was announced over the speakers. Coming on stand was their accompanying group, the Ike Isaacs Trio, with saxist Pony Poindexter.

When Poindexter rooted out with a



LHR

rock-solid version of *Sack o' Woe* on soprano sax, the audience warmed up. From that point, and for the remainder of the festival, the audience was on, and it was a down-hill romp for the eight or nine acts to follow.

Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross, the vocal trio which has raised juvenile kidding to an art, were instant crowd pleasers with their often-heard festival programming and fashionable Esperanto.

Joe Williams, the Count Basie expatriate, joined the trio for his thoroughly worked *Every Day* and went on to finish his segment.

The Horace Silver Quintet, with Blue Mitchell's resourceful trumpet, rounded out the first night's program, deftly performing fascinating and sometimes equally obscure arrangements.

The four Freshmen, a festival tradition, opened the second evening. And their performance was equally a tradition—*Paper Moon*, *Day by Day*, and *Route 66*.

By the time the Dave Brubeck Quartet moved on stage, a full moon was edging over the top of the stadium. It

was time for the foot-stomping *St. Louis Blues*, Paul Desmond tidily stepping through *Ragged Waltz*, and Joe Morello's deft and thoughtful drum specialty, *Take Five*. The Cannonball Adderley Quintet, which followed Brubeck, played only two numbers before closing with the expected *Sack o' Woe*. Both the Adderley and Brubeck groups performed completely and thoroughly but expectantly.

It remained only for Dinah Washington to sing her recordings and for Maynard Ferguson's big band to provide some clear-cut rocking numbers, and the second Buffalo Jazz Festival came to an end.

If the festival "proved" anything, it could be that a combination of production, performance, and receptivity produces something of value for all.

—Garth Minegar

## DETROIT

Bad weather has hurt many festivals in past years. Ed Sarkesian, the ubiquitous promoter of Detroit's American Festival of Music, held the weekend after the Buffalo event, is not a man to take chances with rain watering the take; he held the festival in cavernous Cobo Hall—14,000 upholstered seats, air conditioning, and a limping sound system. (Emcee Willis Conover's witty remarks were almost inaudible to those on the main floor.)

Both performances of the festival were opened by localite Jack Brokensha's group. Each night the vibist played the same opening tune, *And Then I Said*, written by the group's bassist Nick Fiore. Pianist Bess Bonnier played with power and assurance in both Brokensha outings. Drummer Dick Riorden kept the pace moving with a strong but unobtrusive beat.

The first night of the festival, the Rev. Joseph Dustin, Detroit's banjo-playing priest, followed Brokensha on the program. Father Dustin appeared with a Dixieland group and broke up the audience, especially with his vocal on *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?*

The Four Freshmen's program that night was about the same as it was a week earlier in Buffalo, as was the Dave Brubeck Quartet's stage stint—*St. Louis Blues*, tidy Desmond, crowd-rousing Morello.

Wes Montgomery and brothers came on strong with a blues and closed with *Caravan*. Unfortunately, the brothers fell victims to the sound system. The guitar sound was heard coming first from the hall's speakers and then from Wes' amplifier. The split-second difference was disturbing.

Bobby Troup swung through *Thou Swell* and *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*, but his rendition of *Try a*

*Little Tenderness* was diabetically saccharin. Mrs. Troup, Julie London, demonstrated what could be done with a ballad. Her *Don't Smoke in Bed* kept the ever-attentive audience silent until the last note. Then the applause seemed to explode. Three encores later the crowd was still cheering.

The ovation for Pete Fountain started before he reached the microphone. His tone and technique were in good form; his arrangement of *Avalon* was Goodman.

On Sunday night the recent illness of Nina Simone was not reflected in her performance as she held the audience in rapt attention. The appearance of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet was the highlight of the festival. Brother Nat's solo on *Autumn Leaves* was the ultimate in taste.

The appearance of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross was preceded by the Ike Isaacs Trio with Pony Poindexter, who played soprano saxophone and did a scat vocal that showed him to be imaginative and humorous. Then came L-H-R, with talent and showmanship, and Jonah Jones with some more, though his of a considerably more predictable nature.

Count Basie wrapped up the festival



Gene Wright, Brubeck

in a rousing fashion. Solo honors belong to saxist-flutist Frank Foster. It was standard Basie bill of fare though—*Li'l Darlin'*, *Blues in Frankie's Flat*, *April in Paris*, and a close with *Old Man River*.

Generally, the music was good.

—Bob Archer

## SAUGATUCK

Of these three not-big, not-small events, the Saugatuck Jazz Festival, held a week after the Detroit event, was the one coming closest to what many feel a festival should be—stimulating programming, workshops, and afternoon sessions (held, in this case, in city parks and on boat docks).

For those who want jazz festivals to be more than just musical montages, Saugatuck, a resort town with an artistic bent located on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, provided art exhibits and sport car races. But most persons came for the music.

The evening performances were begun by the Dixieland Kings, a young, inexperienced group. Next was the Paul

(Continued on page 65)





# JAZZ GOES TO GRADE SCHOOL

By MARIAN McPARTLAND

**I**T WAS Will Moyle who first gave me the idea. Moyle, a disc jockey on station WVET in Rochester, N. Y., came to see me when I was playing at a club there in 1956. He asked me if my bassist and drummer (Bill Britto and Joe Morello, at the time) and I would play an afternoon concert for a local high school.

"This is one of my special projects," he said. "The kids would love to hear the group—will you do it?" I had never played for an audience this young before, and I was a little dubious about the reaction we would get.

"Are you sure they will sit still for jazz?" I asked.

"Certainly they will," he said. "You'll see. So I agreed to go, feeling that this might be a challenge and fun, though in my heart I was a little doubtful that the children, many of whom would probably already be slaves to rock and roll, would listen to and enjoy our music.

Moyle introduced us, and we played as we would at a regular jazz concert or night-club date. Every tune was received with tumultuous applause, and, needless to say, a long drum solo brought the house down.

After the concert, we sat around backstage and talked to some of the children. Joe demonstrated some of his ideas on drum technique for them and let a few of them sit down at his drums. The whole thing made us all feel good.

**B**ECAUSE that concert was such an inspiration and because I feel it important for youngsters to hear jazz played live, my trio has done several similar concerts for children, notably at the Ohio School for the Blind; the In-

dustrial School for Girls in Ohio; Key Biscayne Elementary School in Florida; Bay View Elementary School in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; and the Freeman Elementary School in Detroit. At all these concerts we found the children extremely receptive, eager to listen and learn, and quite enthusiastic.

Many of the teachers, far from being antagonistic to jazz, were often avid fans, familiar with our work and that of most jazz groups. One teacher, Marjorie Fritz at the Bay View school, organized the two concerts we played there. It was one of the most fascinating of our experiences at the schools.

Many of the children were only 5 years old, and because of this we decided to play two short concerts, one for the children aged 5 to 8 and a longer one for the 9-to-12 group.

I think some of the teachers present doubted our ability to hold the attention of the youngsters—when we were ready to play, we noticed that some of the teachers ranged around the walls of the room, almost as if expecting to have to quell a riot. But they relaxed when they saw that the children were entranced. Their anxiety turned to pleased surprise when they realized that the children were going to be happy and absorbed for the next 45 minutes.

The kids smiled, they laughed, they loved everything, especially the bass and drum solos. I had no difficulty getting them to clap hands on 2 and 4 (and maintain it) when we played *St. Louis Blues*. Our program also included *Lullaby of Birdland*; *Cherokee*; *Greensleeves*; an extended version of *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*; a slow blues, which we later doubled in tempo; and, in answer to a request, *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

I developed *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star* into a production number, beginning with the melody played one-finger style, explaining to the children how we would take the tune and sort of toss it around as we went along. We wound up swinging hard, all stops out, with the kids clapping and carrying the tempo perfectly.

They all seemed eager to participate, and it was a joy to see how easy it is to stimulate these bright, wonderful little minds. It made me realize that, even at this tender age, children can be led much further musically than many adults realize.

Between numbers I talked informally to the children, asked how many of them were studying an instrument (a great many of them were), whether they listened to jazz, what their favorite tunes were. The replies were bright and forthright. I asked one boy of about 6 if he knew what a blues was. He thought a minute and then said, "I think it's a sort of sad-like tune."

We also talked to some of the parents who came. Their reaction to the concert was enthusiastic. One couple wrote to me later, "All parents have a responsibility to expose their children to this wonderful medium of pleasure, recreation, entertainment, and possible livelihood. . . . Jazz produces a strong family bond in our home, where we constantly read about it, discuss it, listen to it, and play it. At the drop of an E-flat, we can start a family jam session, including (with some doubling) four pianists, one drummer, two guitarists, and one sax-clarinnet man, and though quantity exceeds quality—it's fun."

A day or so after the concert I received several charming notes from the children:

"Dear Miss McPartland: Thank you for playing all that jazz. I take piano lessons, too."

"My favorite song that you played was *St. Louis Blues*, but what I am puzzled with is how did you figure out how to play *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star* so jazzy? How can the man on the drums play with his feet and hands going at the same time?"

"I always wanted to be a jazz piano player."



"I had never seen a bass violin before in my life, and at the concert I saw one."

**T**HE next concert we played was at Key Biscayne Elementary School a week or two later. We got the same wonderful reaction from the children.

Fred Sherman, whose son, Stuart, is a pupil there, had this to say about the concert: "It is only through such flesh-and-blood contact with jazz that children will respond. The only music they know are the TV commercial jingles, but after the McPartland concert, Key Biscayne's youngsters knew deep inside that music was something to tap your foot to, to make you smile, something that made you clap your hands. It was more than a flushing agent in the television pipeline stuffed with oats, toothpaste, and detergents."

At the Freeman school in Detroit we played in a large auditorium to about 400 children. As Jim Rockwell, disc jockey from WKMJ, who was there to introduce us, described it:

"... It was such a delight to watch the reaction of these youngsters to the music. These were children as young as 5 years old, and every age up through 12, and the youngest seemed the most responsive. The older children, the 12-year-olds, had already begun the conformity business of rock and roll and the thinking that all else is square. . . . But those young ones seemed to accept more eagerly the excitement of the music and the fun of improvisation. They were thrilled.

"I think it is significant that Marian didn't talk down to them or play as if playing for children. She treated them as an audience and played the same jazz for them she plays in clubs, and they loved it. There seemed to be none of the inhibited, adult thinking of 'let me hear the melody.' . . . They heard an improvised chorus as 'playing' with the melody and they responded beautifully. They laughed when Marian played passages that were meant to be fun, and laughed in all the right places. Nothing escaped them.

"During a blues Marian got the children to clap in tempo, which I thought was surely to be disastrous. One can't hope to get a room full of adults to maintain this for more than four bars without half the room being ahead of the

beat and the rest behind it. But these kids carried the tempo for chorus after chorus and without a goof. When Marian was playing fours with her drummer, he occasionally would lay out for his four and the kids carried it. It was enormous fun.

"The whole experience seemed to teach us something as adults. . . ."


The principal of the Detroit school said, "I think it was a wonderful experience for the children. Many of them had thought that there were symphonies, which they didn't like, and that there was rock and roll, and that that was all there was to music. Miss McPartland taught them in a hour that there is a great deal of good music that they can appreciate and understand. . . ."

One comment from a small boy was priceless: "I never knew a mother could play so good."

**I** AM sure that all over the country, in the elementary schools and in the high schools, there is a great deal of latent talent waiting to be nurtured. Most of the music teachers I have met in various parts of the country are warm, interested, and receptive to jazz, and many of them, like William Fields in Fort Lauderdale, include jazz instruction as part of their pupils' musical education. To me, this is significant.

The children are receptive. The music is available for them. Now let the educators, music teachers, and parents of children start thinking of the possibility of presenting jazz groups and jazz history as a part of the regular school curriculum. Educating the children through radio and TV is a lost cause; it has done perhaps irreparable harm to their sense of taste and discrimination in music. To give them a jazz education might serve to inoculate them against the rock-and-roll germ.

It is evident that 5-year-olds are not too young to be educated in jazz. Why should they wait until they are in college before they get to hear Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Duke Ellington, Oscar Peterson, and other jazz greats? Why not now? (I would love to see Dizzy Gillespie handle these kids.)

Why can't their education in jazz start right along with the three R's, adding a fourth—rhythm? 



Art Magyar, Miss McPartland, Russell George



Bounce



Blues



Ballad





# ARETHA FRANKLIN



PETE WELDING

By PETE WELDING

The dimly lit, smoke-filled jazz club was taking on the aspect of a revival tent.

The slight, attractive girl at the piano was rasping out a fervent cry, much in the manner of a preacher exhorting his congregation. The audience — sophisti-

cated city-dwellers all — was responding, picking up the leader's lusty calls and answering them with exciting, spontaneous antiphonal replies in the best call-and-response tradition of Negro songs. The young girl's propulsive, Gospel-tinged piano and the crowd's surgingly infectious handclapping further added to the emphatic church-music feeling.

The lissome preacher was Aretha Franklin, perhaps the most gripping and individual vocal stylist in some time. She was roaring with fervid abandon through her show-stopping *Won't Be Long*, a powerfully rhythmic blues-based tune that can sweep the audience up in its ardent, compelling intensity.

Virtually unknown a year ago, her sudden arrival on the jazz scene has caused a flurry of excitement among jaded critics and casual listeners. In slightly more than 12 months, this 19-year-old singer-pianist — billed (not without reason, it would appear) as the "New Queen of the Blues" — has become the darling of the jazz-club circuit, has had several fast-selling single records, and has had an impressive LP debut on Columbia. To top it off, she was picked as the new-star female vocalist of the year in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll.

There is reason enough for Miss Franklin's acceptance — undeniable talent. Barbara Gardner, in her review of the singer's album, *Aretha*, called her "the most important female vocalist to come along in some years" and then went on to enumerate reasons. Chief among them are Aretha's impressive vocal equipment and the innate feeling for the blues that enable her to use her voice to best advantage in projecting conviction and honest, direct emotion.

Miss Gardner points out that Miss Franklin's success in the Gospel-rooted blues idiom (a recently developed form) could not have been possible without Ray Charles' pioneering efforts in this area. In some respects, however, Miss Franklin would seem to have gone Charles one better. Anyone who has followed Charles' career from his early King-Cole-patterned trio work to his present eminence knows that the Gospel influence crept in slowly, almost cautiously.

Miss Franklin, on the other hand, comes with a style fully shaped by Gospel music, for her approach to popular material is dictated almost entirely by her background in Gospel singing.

She has not really had a chance to develop a conscious "pop" style; her manner of treating the blues-based material in her current repertoire is almost pure and simple the Gospel style, from

which stems the ardor and conviction evident in her singing.

In a real sense, then, her mastery of this material shows how intimately related are Negro secular and sacred song styles.

In this vein, a Gospel-music disc jockey recently pointed out that several of the currently top-selling pop records among the younger Negro audience are merely remakes of Gospel songs; a few words had been changed, thus making a religious piece into a secular one. The striking resemblance that critics claim to have found between her style and the characteristic approaches of both Dinah Washington and Ray Charles is purely coincidental. Aretha is indebted to no popular singer—she is wholly a product of the Gospel world.


Miss Franklin comes by her Gospel roots naturally, being one of five children of the Rev. C. L. Franklin, pastor of Detroit's New Bethel Baptist Church and a prominent minister, with a dozen of his sermons recorded on the Chess label.

Aretha, who was born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1942, was reared in industrial Detroit and was early exposed to the infectious music of her father's church services. She sang in choirs from the time she could carry a tune and, since she was 14, had been the featured soloist with her father's touring Gospel troupe.

It was on the long travels over the Gospel circuit, in fact, that she gained the considerable experience and polish that helped her make the switch to secular music about a year ago, a seasoned entertainment veteran at 18.

A close family friend, Major Holley, bassist with Teddy Wilson, encouraged Miss Franklin to try pop music and arranged an audition with Columbia records' John Hammond. He was so impressed with her delivery that she was signed to a contract, and arrangements immediately were begun for recording sessions. The first date took place last August.

There is an ironic aspect to her recent jazz triumphs—she does not consider herself a jazz singer at all and was surprised to hear of her selection as new-star vocalist. Her own personal preference—and bear in mind that she is still a teenager with more-or-less typical teenage musical tastes—is for the commercially successful pap dispensed for the adolescent mother.

If she has her way, she said, this is the direction in which she'll move. Still in all, and almost in spite of herself, she is potentially one of the most original and compelling jazz singers on the horizon. 



Turn the page  
for Gene Lees'  
report on the  
Stan Kenton Clinics  
held this summer  
at the National  
Band Camps.



**KENTON CLINICS**







Donald Byrd holding brass rehearsal at camp.



Eddie Safranski, bass; Ray Santisi, piano.



John LaPorta demonstrating a reed passage.

**T**RUMPETER Donald Byrd said it was one of the most moving experiences of his life. Bassist Eddie Safranski was at the edge of tears. Guitarist Johnny Smith said it sent chills up and down his back.

And if I may add a personal word in support of such enthusiasm, the Stan Kenton Clinics of the National Band Camp—held on three university campuses this year—served largely to restore my faith in the future of jazz. It had been sinking—until I saw the fire, the passion, and in many cases phenomenal talent, among the 500 kids who attended the camps this year.

Started in 1959 to supplement *Down Beat's* stage-band clinics, the camp was held that year at Indiana University in Bloomington, Ind. By this summer, it had expanded to two other universities—Michigan State at East Lansing, Mich., and Southern Methodist, in Dallas, Texas. Next year, the University of California at Santa Barbara may be a fourth site.

Many educators consider the band camps to be the most important school music movement in years. So do I.

Said Kenton, "It's exploding into something very big."

Said Byrd, "It's turned my musical thinking around. The two weeks I was teaching at Michigan State and Indiana U. were maybe the most inspiring of my life.

"The hip set in New York ought to know what's going on. The dedication of both the guys who were teaching and the students was something to see.

"And that North Texas State College band is fantastic. One of their trumpet players showed me some things on the horn that I didn't know about. And the writing! Some of the arrangements are unbelievable. They're using serial technique and everything else. They're way out in front."

The North Texas State Lab Band members were involved in the camp not as students but as section clinicians and counselors, working with students whose average age was 16.

**T**HIS WAS the faculty of the camp:

Ken Morris, president. Morris is an Indiana ballroom operator who, concerned by trends in the music business, talked to *Down Beat* publisher Charles Suber about the possibility of a summer school for young musicians. Out of it came the band camp.

Dr. Eugene Hall, associate professor of music, Michigan State University, is dean of the camp. Matt Betton, widely known and respected clinician from Manhattan, Kan., is assistant dean.

The trumpet faculty was Don Jacoby, Donald Byrd, Jim Maxwell.

Trombones: Buddy Baker and Buddy Morrow.

Saxophones: Sam Donahue, John LaPorta, Leon Breeden, Coles Doty.

Clarinet: Buddy DeFranco.

Accordion: Tommy Gumina. The addition of accordion was an experiment. Gumina taught only at the Michigan State camp. Kenton said later, "I had my doubts, but Tommy proved that accordion can swing and has a place as a jazz instrument."

Percussion: Charlie Perry and Clem DeRosa.

Piano: Ray Santisi, from the Berklee School of Music.

Bass: Eddie Safranski.

Guitar: Johnny Smith and Jack Peterson.

Vocal: Phil Moore. This, too, was an experiment that turned out to be enormously successful. Arranger Moore, who is perhaps the best-known vocal coach in the jazz and pops fields, may teach at the camp again next year.

Arranging and theory: Russ Garcia and Phil Rizzo.

(Next year, Terry Gibbs will be added to the faculty to teach vibraharp.)

This is how the camp operated:

As the students arrived, they were auditioned and classified according to degree of development and ability. Then they were organized into bands—eight of them at Michigan State.

During the following week, the youngsters were drilled thoroughly. During the mornings, four bands were put through two hours of full-band rehearsal. From there, they went to an hour's theory class. Meanwhile, the other four bands were in section rehearsals. In the afternoons, they switched—the first four going into section rehearsal while the second four were in full-band rehearsal.

At 11 a.m. each day, all the students came together for what was dubbed "the Kenton hour." Here, they heard various demonstrations. One day, Johnny Smith played for them. Another day, DeFranco and Gumina performed—and, incidentally, broke it up.

(At Bloomington, there was a special extra course for music educators, who received a one-hour course credit from I.U. for participation in camp.)

Page 21 photo indentifications, top to bottom, l. to r. Stan Kenton; students at attention; students in action; bassist in mood; Sam Donahue with seven-year-old drummer; North Texas State Lab Band in rehearsal. (Photos by Gene Lees and Arthur Siegel.)

BY GENE LEES



At the end of the week, the bands performed at a public concert. At Dallas, where the concert was co-sponsored by the Dallas Jazz Society, they drew a crowd of 3,000; at Michigan State (where the last half of the concert was rained out), 1,800; and at Bloomington, 2,200.

There were also supplementary concerts by the North Texas State band. At Bloomington, Sam Donahue sat in and soloed on Duke Ellington's *In a Mellow-tone* and elicited a standing ovation from the audience.

The ranks of the North Texas band were decimated by participation in the camp. Kenton took four of the band's musicians—Allan Beutler, baritone and tenor saxophones; Marvin Stamm, a brilliant young lead trumpeter; trombonist Dee Barton, and trombonist Morgan Powell, who is perhaps the best arranger in North Texas' battery of gifted writers. DeFranco and Gumina walked away with the band's drummer, Paul Guerrero.

Nobody at North Texas was worried; there are four bands at the college. This was the A band; just waiting for a chance to play with it are the members of the B, C, and D bands, all of whom are student musicians with developing potential.

Several other band members were offered jobs but turned them down, because they want to complete music studies at the college. Pianist Lanny Steele, who is working on his M.A., has decided to resign from the band, though he will continue studying at the college. His reason? "There are too many good guys behind me at the school who aren't getting a chance to be heard."

Steele's kind of thinking is typical of that which infuses not only the North Texas band but also the band camps.

**T**HOSE ARE the facts of the camp. But they do not tell the story. This was the first time I had attended one of the camps, even though *Down Beat* is a sponsor. I had reservations. But the students and teachers disencumbered me of doubt.

I no longer have even an indirect connection with the camp. And so I ask you: *please* believe me when I say that this camp is a movement of deep significance. It will probably be several years before we all understand just how deep.

Stan Kenton? You're dubious because you haven't dug all his bands? Neither have I. Yet Stan Kenton stands revealed, to me, as one of the most dedicated men in American music, after his work with the youngsters at the nonprofit band camp—for which he makes no money.

There was at the camps a sort of honesty of teaching, a lack of airy-fairy esthetic theorizing, that seemed to cut away the fog that has begun to close in chokingly on jazz. These men were there to teach the youngsters how to play their horns, not to tell them *what* to play or to instill esthetic dogma.

This, I believe, is what pulled the students to the camp, this is the reason youngsters went away with vastly increased command of their instruments, and why their eyes shone. Nobody was brainwashing them to think according to any jazz fad.

During one class, a young tenor player asked John LaPorta what he thought of John Coltrane—indicating that he himself didn't care for Coltrane.

LaPorta told him, "Don't ask me for opinions. What you think is your business. Your tastes are your own concern. But I'll tell you this: listen to John Coltrane with respect, even if you find his music a little hard to grasp. I think you'll eventually get the message. But listen with respect, because you can learn a great deal from this man."

This is a far cry from the esthetic tyranny that has afflicted jazz of late—the tendency to eulogize this "man" or that "man" as "boss" this year and neglect him next year for somebody else who is now asserted to be preaching the real jazz truth.

Jazzmen have become too preoccupied with their status as artists, instead of the problem of communication, which is the fundamental of all art. Jazz has developed an almost narcissistic occupation with its own "beauty." A woman is most beautiful when she is not preoccupied with her own beauty. So is art.

We have been going through a period of "roots" during which anybody who isn't "roots" gets pruned away. Jazz does indeed need roots. But it also needs branches. In the life of a tree, the branches are as important as the roots.

In the Kenton clinics, what I saw was a tolerance of branches and a watering of the roots.

This is why the camp is healthy and necessary.

There were 521 enrollments at the three camps. These were kids who can play, who want to play, who are determined to play. They will not be denied the chance to play.

That is why I think they will be a revitalizing force in jazz. Watch out for these kids. Many of them will scare us all.



Phil Moore instructing a group of vocalists.



Johnny Smith makes a point at guitar class.



Gumina, students play for Kenton, DeFranco.



# THE EMERGENCE OF ART DAVIS



VALERIE WILMER

By BILL COSS

**A**rt Davis, bassist, a sideman in ascendancy, provides a lesson in perseverance and an example of the inequities of the world of jazz.

Eight years a bassist, first with his own group and then with Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie, Gigi Gryce, and John Coltrane, should indicate how major talents feel about him.

In addition, he was voted second place among new-star bassists in the 1961 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll—despite the fact that he has rarely taken a solo until recently, has never made a record on his own, and is the most consistently left-out name in both record and in-person reviews.

Twenty-eight years old and never been hissed (just disregarded), Davis is rather calm about it all, perhaps because he knows how highly he really is regarded by those who know.

He said he was surprised when he discovered that he had six lines in the latest *Encyclopedia of Jazz* and was pleased that so many critics had voted for him in the poll. He is not really used to that. And yet, though he would not say it, he knows that he deserves more. Happily, he suspects that he will get more.

He realizes that his eight-year anonymity was predictable. "I spent almost four of those years with my own group

in Harrisburg, Pa.," he said. "We wouldn't play rock and roll, so there weren't even many people in Harrisburg who heard us."

The year with Max Roach in 1958 and the two succeeding years with Dizzy Gillespie left him almost similarly unheard. Davis said he believes that the bass is usually the last instrument of interest in most groups, and in those two groups there were so many others who soloed.

This year, he has begun to be noticed, first with Gryce, now with Coltrane, with whom he plays cellolike parts quite apart from what the regular bassist is doing. The saxophonist has been using two bassists of late.

Coltrane has been especially encouraging in this last year, Davis said. So, in the past, were two other bassists, George Duvivier and the late Oscar Pettiford.

Davis lists those two, plus Eddie Salfanski, Milt Hinton, and the late Jimmy Blanton as the bassists who impress him the most.

"I tried to assimilate all that they could teach," he said. Coltrane is only one of the many who are coming to believe that the accumulation of this learning has resulted in a rich and individual sound and style.

**D**avis is hardly satisfied with what he has accomplished. He said he intends to continue studying and prac-

ticating and believes that the bass is at a point now, "with so many fine performers—more so than at any other time—more so than on any other instrument," where it might be developed in many different directions. He means to take part in those developments.

Jazz does not exist in the best of all possible worlds. All brotherhood fantasy aside, much of the jazz world resembles a very exclusive fraternity, a restricted hotel or a political organization. The hostlers, hustlers, and hucksters who perform the fringe services are bad enough, but many times the membership is worse.

To remain and thrive in New York, a jazz musician must become very involved with the recording scene. Davis knows few leaders in that circle. Will other musicians hire him for their recording dates, knowing that he will have none of his own on which to use them? Will the average a&r man use him when others who are established or cheaper or more conservative are available? Will other musicians, particularly bassists, encourage him?

The question, in short, is: Will Art Davis be frozen out?

A soap opera? Well, perhaps. But in those stories, the hero always wins, at least after 13 weeks. It will take longer than that for Davis, but it's to be hoped that the outcome will be nearly as certain.





**That special sound** is from Johnny Smith's guitar and the listening is easy . . . easy, exciting and deeply moving. Johnny is a musician with a creative sensitivity which deepens and enriches the music he plays . . . and dramatically communicates his feelings to the listener. The Johnny Smith sound was first heard in New England, it soon reached New York and ranged from the Ed Sullivan Show to the Dave Garroway Show to appearances with Dmitri Metropolis. Johnny has also made many hit records, including *Moonlight in Vermont*, "the best jazz recording in 1953" . . . he's played and arranged for Benny Goodman and Frances Langford . . . and worked the "big" spots across the country including Storyville, Birdland, The Blue Note and The Embers. But Johnny Smith's quest for expression did not end with a sound, it extended to a guitar . . . a treasured Gibson\*. This dynamically different instrument offers the rounded, balanced, resonant tones as well as brilliant sustain, fast action and easy handling that are truly

**Gibson**

*easy  
listenin'*

**Johnny Smith**



\*The all-new Gibson electric acoustic "Johnny Smith Model"

Gibson, inc., Kalamazoo, Mich.



# OUT OF MY HEAD



By IRA GILTER

**Editor's note:** *George Crater has been seriously ill—seriously. The reports filtering from his bedside (“Ughh! Pshpt! Ung! Gaagh!”) indicate that George is approaching his normal state of health. To speed his recovery—we think—Crater antagonist Ira Gilter dropped the suffering columnist a few lines—and sinkers and hooks.*

Dear George:

I am really sorry to hear that you are ill—physically, that is. (Let's face it—if your mental problems ever cleared up, there would be no more *Out of My Head*.)

The last time I wrote you a letter was in 1959, when you were leaning on me heavily with your typewriter and I didn't dig it. Then we had a feud. *Down Beat* wanted us to extend it into a Fred Allen-Jack Benny kind of thing. So we did. It was cool until they asked me to buy a polar bear and a Maxwell and hire Rochester as my valet. Besides, by that time, I had got to know you for the fink you really are and decided that you weren't really a bad fink.

After all, we played at a session together, and you let me cut you by not playing anything out of your Ted Nash book on high harmonics or your Vido Musso fake book. And then you caught a doubleheader for Junior's softball team and followed my managerial instructions to the letter, except for the time you were eating an ice cream bar on that close play at the plate. Come to think of it, maybe your illness goes back to that day. You were so covered with Central Park red dust, you looked like a fugitive extra from *Journey to the Center of the Earth*.

But I figured I'd write you because since you've been off the scene, a lot of things have happened, and I'm sure you're eager to know all the details.

First of all, Fidel Castro has been hijacking shipments of conga drums headed for the N.Y. Palladium. He also lifted articles on Candido and Machito from U. S. jazz publications. He wants to trade for the groups of Herbie Mann, Cal Tjader, and George Shearing.

One of those “music circuses” in New Jersey closed early this summer. Yusef Lateef and Ahmed Abdul-Malik played a concert there, and in the morning the tent was gone.

I guess you dug the David Stone Martin cover on the critic's poll issue. Didn't the critic and the bass player look like brothers? H-m-m-m-m. And what critic was that with a cup of coffee in front of him?

This is beautiful. I saw an ad in the *Times* for a concert at the Long Island Arena. It read:

“Jazz in person—one night only. Armstrong & His Band — Brubeck Quartet fea. Desmond — Ferguson & 14 Pc. Band.”

I figured they were saving money on advertising space,

but then it dawned on me. What if this was Jack Armstrong, Morris Ferguson, Morris Brewbeck, and Sol Desmond?

Don't laugh (I know it hurts only when you do), but I recently did a guest shot on *Luncheon at Sardi's*. Arlene Francis was on vacation so Bess Myerson interviewed me. But I found out the truth about her; she gets high on Ajax. You've got to admit it's a clean habit.

What else have I been doing? I heard the MJQ at the Village Vanguard, and they sounded the end. John Lewis had his own piano brought in especially for the engagement. That was a great idea, but it was a drag that he made Max Gordon carry it on his back down that steep, narrow stairway.

Zoot Sims just got back from that tour Monte Kay sent to South America. Zoot says he's glad to be back in New York because the maracas players down there all 'comped on 1 and 3. He couldn't find any bowling machines either. Oh, and speaking of bowling machines, that cat who was out under the one at Charlie's the last time you stopped in for a taste? Well, he's still there. They're thinking of having him bronzed and made into a coat-rack in the fall.

What I really want to tell you is to hurry up and get well. If you don't, I'm going to send your name to Nick Kenny's *Cheer-up Club*. And whatever you do, don't cack. This letter won't seem funny, somehow. Besides, you can't cack now, just when Nat Hentoff is starting to dig you!

Love and used Rico reeds,

Ira

P. S. I'm coming up to do a *Caught in the Act* on you and your nurse.





# (\*JAZZ SOUNDS THE GREATEST!!!)



Voted best new vocalist in Down Beat poll.



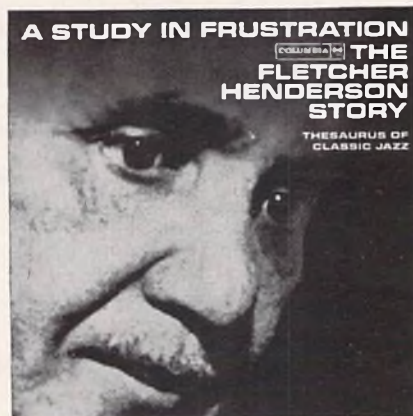
Brubeck's first full-length ballet score.



Original tunes by unique vocal threesome—Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.



As Miles Davis says, "He plays horn the way it should be played."



Long-overdue tribute to a jazz giant, documented in 4 LPs and a 20-page book.



Rare recordings by the legendary Delta guitar-playing blues singer.

# (\*ON COLUMBIA RECORDS )



# record reviews

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, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

## CLASSICS

### Beethoven/Jochum

BEETHOVEN OVERTURES—Epic BC-1128 and I.C.-3770: *Leonore No. 3*; *Consecration of the House*; *Egmont*; *Namensfeier*; *Coriolanus*.  
Personnel: Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Eugene Jochum, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Jochum is the rock-steady *kapellmeister* type of German conductor who never does anything surprising but always can be relied upon to give an honest account of any score he is in sympathy with.

His Beethoven is often graceless and far from charming—still a full record of varied works such as these leaves an impression of integrity. Much of the value of this disc lies in the Concertgebouw's homogenous tone and disciplined tutti playing.

The fairly rare *Namensfeier* (*Name Day*) overture is played for all it is worth, which is really not a lot. However, such minor overtures of Beethoven retain enough interest so that a complete collection ought to be got out by some expert Beethoven interpreter. (D.H.)

### Karajan/Strauss/Tchaikovsky

RICHARD STRAUSS *Don Juan* and TCHAIKOVSKY *Romeo and Juliet*—London CM-9278 and CS-6209.

Personnel: Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert Von Karajan, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

For sound and sleekness of performance, this one is a wow. Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic work together like well-oiled gears.

Still, there is more meat in both pieces than Karajan's glamorous approach brings out. *Don Juan*, especially, has a tragic substratum that this soap-opera version never reaches.

I wonder whether, for all his undoubted command of the conductor's craft, the "musical director of Europe" is not the most overrated musician of our hero-hungry age. (D.H.)

### Stokowski/Wagner

THE SOUND OF STOKOWSKI AND WAGNER—RCA Victor LM-2555 and LSC-2555: *Overture and Venusberg Music from Tannhauser*; *Prelude to Act III from Tristan and Isolde*; *Ride of the Valkyries from Die Walkure*; *Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla from Das Rheingold*.

Personnel: Symphony of the Air, Leopold Stokowski, conductor; chorus directed by Margaret Hillis.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The sound of Stokowski and Wagner, in that order, of course. The 80-year-old conductor has himself a winner here, bringing out a mauve velvet tone from the Symphony of the Air and receiving instrumental and vocal work of unblemished first-rateness. All the music on the disc is heavily dramatic or sensuous, categories in which Stokowski loves to run around barefoot.

In each case, the reading is highly personal and individualistic—to the point where it is difficult at times to remember that Stokowski is not composer, conductor, and hero all rolled into one.

Best selections are the heavy-lidded *Prelude to Act III of Tristan*, in which the English horn soloist, Henry Schuman, makes a noble contribution, and the *Venusberg Music*. (D.H.)

## JAZZ

### Cannonball Adderley

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY AND THE POLL WINNERS—Riverside 355: *Au Privave*; *Yours Is My Heart Alone*; *Never Will I Marry*; *The Chant*; *Lolita*; *Azule Serape*.

Personnel: Adderley, alto saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano, vibraharp; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This sounds like a gathering of strangers. No one seems at ease—with the tunes or each other. Though there are good solos (Adderley on *The Chant* and *Serape*, Feldman on *Alone* and the last half of his *Marry* solo, Montgomery on *Marry* and *Serape*, Brown on *Privave*) not any one track catches fire.

At the time of this recording (spring, 1960) Feldman's piano left something to be desired, though according to the notes it made a profound impression on Adderley, who later hired Feldman to play piano with his group. Feldman's best playing at this date was on vibraharp. His piano on this set is a combination of Red Garland and fundamentalist church.

If the record as a whole fails to come off, there are several scattered points of interest: Brown's sensitive accompaniment to Feldman's first 16 bars on *Alone*, Montgomery and Brown chording together at the beginning of *Marry*, Adderley's "conversation" with himself on *Privave* and a 16th-note run at the end of his *Lolita* solo, Feldman's playful dampening of the vibraharp bars on *Alone* and *Marry*. It's too bad there weren't more of such moments. (D. DeM.)

### Art Blakey

A NIGHT IN TUNISIA—Blue Note 4049: *A Night in Tunisia*; *Sincerely Diana*; *So Tired*; *Yama*; *Kozo's Waltz*.

Personnel: Blakey, drums; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The five tracks in this set allow blowing room aplenty to Art the Thunderer and his Messengers. Blakey's groups through the years have long been a proving ground for rising jazz talent, and this quintet is no exception. There seems to be something in the drummer's leadership that brings the best out of his sidemen.

Here, Morgan sounds particularly good, though in the ensemble passage of *Yama* his intonation is doubtful. For the rest,

though, he plays cleanly and with passion, showing a big tone and extending himself with clearly expressed ideas.

Shorter plainly is reaching out into new avenues. His playing is frequently staccato, laconic, and tough-sounding; note his long solo on *Diana*. On *Yama*, too, he heads off along an exploratory road.

Timmons is at his most relaxed, always tasteful and digging in. His solo on *Diana*, moreover, acts as a delicate bridge between the long, hard horn statements, and on his own *So Tired* he strides out with vengeance.

*Kozo's Waltz* opens with a blaze of Blakey's drums, and he dominates the fast three-quarter piece written by Morgan. His solo is truly a remarkable demonstration of modern drumming. This is searing passion and astounding energy, not to mention impeccable time. (J.A.T.)

### Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin

GRIFF AND LOCK—Jazzland 42: *The Last Train from Overbrook*; *Hey, Lock!*; *Midnight at Minton's*; *Second Balcony Jump*; *I'll Remember April*; *Good Bait*.

Personnel: Davis, Griffin, tenor saxophones; Junior Mance, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a third helping of those round-house swingers, Griff and Lock, as they ride high and handsome on a good rhythm section, enhanced by the counterbalancing piano of Mance.

It's hearty, full-blowing jazz of the type now associated with this partnership of contrasting tenor styles. The tunes are, as usual, mere skeletons for wailing with just the barest framework erected by the horn men.

*Balcony*, written by Jerry Valentine for the Earl Hines Band of the early 1940s, sounds like a cross between Thelonious Monk's *52nd Street Theme* and *Moonlight on the Ganges*, if such a blend can be imagined. *Good Bait* is almost a put-on, and the humorous ending reveals the smile in much of this Griffin-Davis output. (J.A.T.)

### Walt Dickerson

THIS IS WALT DICKERSON—Prestige/New Jazz 8254: *Time*; *Elizabeth*; *The Cry*; *Death and Taxes*; *Evelyn*; *Infinite You*.

Personnel: Dickerson, vibraharp; Austin Crowe, piano; Bob Lewis, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Dickerson's vibraharp is unique. Expect no warmed-over Lionel Hampton, Red Norvo, or Milt Jackson from this man; his approach is his own. I was especially intrigued by the metallic sound he achieved by the use of seconds on several of the tracks. Many vibraharpists seem to have forgotten, if indeed they ever thought about it, that the instrument is made of metal, not velvet or sponge or rubber. And Dickerson plays the whole instrument, not just part of it.

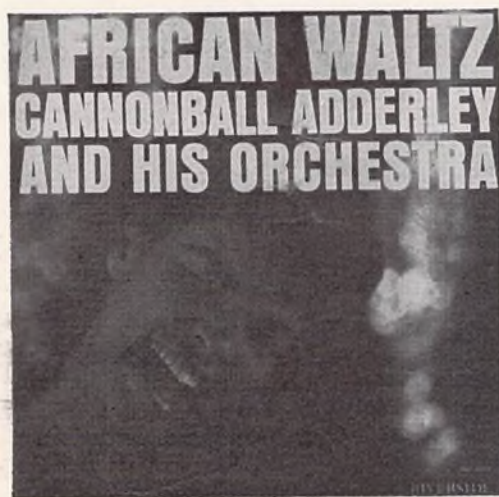
But more important than his approach to the instrument is Dickerson's approach



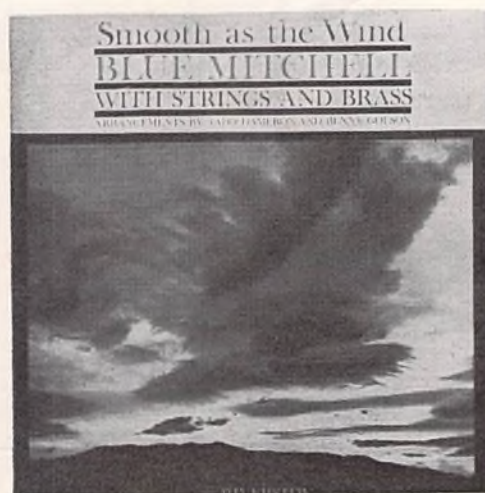
# RIVERSIDE RECORDS

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*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, burblingly-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)



to music. The challenge he throws at himself and the listener outweighs other considerations one might have, such as the lack of leavening or lightness in this sometimes-severe collection. In most cases he succeeds in meeting his own challenges, which are exacting.

His solos keep the spirit of his writing (Dickerson authored all the compositions), at times spiraling asymmetrically in tangled, biting swirls of notes flying like sparks from a pinwheel, as in *Time, Cry*, and *Taxes*. On the ballads, *Elizabeth* and *Evelyn*, he softens his jaggedness but never becomes saccharin or melodramatic. His work, no matter the tempo or mood, is strong and masculine, progressing in logical, though not necessarily expected, form from beginning to conclusion.

This is not to say that Dickerson comes to us fully developed; I don't think he is. Nor do I feel he has found exactly what he wants (there is a slight hint of indecision from time to time), but what he offers in this album is certainly far above the usual.

The men Dickerson has gathered about him for his first album sustain, in varying degrees, his musical ideas. Though the liner notes make mention of the contrast between Dickerson's playing and that of pianist Crowe, who, according to the notes, uses blue tonality more than the vibraharpist, I found the two musicians more complementary than contrasting. Crowe is excellent in his solos, though at times he appears to be uncertain which way to go.

This album is experience-giving and provocative. (D. DeM.)

### Eric Dolphy

OUT THERE—Prestige/New Jazz 8252: *Out There; Serene; The Baron; Eclipse; 17 West; Sketch of Melba; Feathers*.

Personnel: Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet, B $\flat$  clarinet; Ron Carter, cello; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There is a major revolution now going on in jazz, and Dolphy is obviously one of the most talented, dedicated players of "the new thing."

This LP shows striking developments in his playing, and at least one track, *Feathers*, is excellent. Certainly a major improvement is in Dolphy's bass clarinet work heard here on *Serene* and *Baron*, which is far less riddled with bebop clichés than it once was and is now almost as good as his alto. Dolphy's alto itself has become warmer and, as he wants it to be, more like speech.

The melody of *Out There* is a bit forced, and both Dolphy, on alto, and Carter get hung up on a single motif in their improvising. Discreetly used, such a device can give order to a solo, of course, but here each man comes rather close to monotony. Both, however, play with commendable freedom on this piece.

*Serene*, a blues line that sounds surprisingly like a 1930s ballad, has excellent work by Duvivier and Carter. Both pizzicato solos are fine melodic creations. Oddly, Carter's ideas sound both earthier and more musically sophisticated than Duvivier's.

*Baron* is for Charlie Mingus and has a Mingus-like melody. Carter's solo is

rhythmically almost fascinating; Dolphy is very good, but about halfway through he again gets hung up on a single idea.

Both Dolphy's *17 West*, a less forcedly far-out melody, and a good one, and Randy Weston's *Melba*, with a theme statement that is for me somewhat over-ripe, have Dolphy on flute, and when he applies his ideas to that instrument, he becomes one of the few uncléhd flute players in jazz. On *17 West* there also is a recurring motif, but it is effectively written into the piece, and the players must improvise around it. Carter (bowed) is good; Duvivier is lovely. Dolphy and Carter skirt sentimentality for strong lyric melody on *Melba*.

As I say, Dolphy is most impressive on *Feathers*. There his increasing warmth is most obvious and most appropriate, and under the general air of double-timing, he actually uses an impressive and exciting variety in rhythm and phrasing. An individuality in rhythm and phrasing is the

surest sign of a jazzman's growing maturity.

Haynes' participation throughout—and especially his discretion behind the quiet strings—is commendable. (M.W.)

### Jazz Brothers

HEY, BABY!—Riverside 371: *Hey, Baby!; Bags' Groove; The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; Givin' the Business; Wha's Happ'n in?; Just You, Just Me; Old Folks; The Bassett Sound*.

Personnel: Chuck Mangione, trumpet; Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Gap Mangione, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

When its first album came out, I felt this group was a fashionable, but basically rather pedestrian, collage of Cannonball Adderley, Art Blakey, Miles Davis, Horace Silver, etc. This record is better done but doesn't impel me to revise my original opinion radically.

I conceded that these men are talented for their years, but their solos have an element of absolute predictability. There is certainly no comparing them to their artistic models.

## 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.

★★★★★

Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter and More Cole Porter, (vocal) (Verve 4049 and 4050)

The Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band (Verve 2151)

Dizzy Gillespie, Gillespiana (Verve 8394)

Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *Swing Classics* (RCA Victor 2318)

Montgomery Brothers, *Groove Yard* (Riverside 326)

Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard (Verve 8396)

Frank Sinatra, (vocal) *Ring-a-Ding-Ding!* (Reprise 1001)

★★★★½

Ted Curson, *Plenty of Horn* (Old Town 2003)

*Steamin' with the Miles Davis Quintet* (Prestige 7200)

Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants (Riverside 343)

Blue Mitchell, *Smooth as the Wind* (Riverside 367)

Bill Russo, *Seven Deadly Sins* (Roulette 52063)

Various Artists, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion* (Warwick 5003)

Various Artists, (vocal) *Blues 'n' Trouble* (Arhoolie 101)

Randy Weston Live at the Five Spot (United Artists 5066)

Big Joe Williams, (vocal) *Piney Woods Blues* (Delmar 602)

★★★★★

Pepper Adams-Donald Byrd, *Out of This World* (Warwick 2041)

Cannonball Adderley, *Cannonball En Route* (Mercury 20616)

Red Allen Plays King Oliver (Verve 1025)

Johnny Coles, *The Warm Sound* (Epic 16015)

Victor Feldman, *Merry Olde Soul* (Riverside 9366)

Johnny Griffin, *Change of Pace* (Riverside 368)

Slide Hampton, *Somethin' Sanctified* (Atlantic 1362)

Coleman Hawkins, *Night Hawk* (Prestige/Swingville 2016)

Al Hibbler Sings the Blues (vocal) (Reprise 9-2005)

John Lee Hooker Plays and Sings the Blues (vocal) (Chess 1454)

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)

Jazz Renaissance Quintet, *Movin' Easy* (Mercury 20605)

The Carmen Leggio Group (Jazz Unlimited 1000)

Jackie McLean, *A Long Drink of the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8253)

Roy Palmer/Ike Rogers, (reissue) *Gut-Bucket Trombone* (Riverside 150)

Django Reinhardt, *Djangology* (RCA Victor 2319)

Pee Wee Russell, *Swingin' with Pee Wee* (Prestige/Swingville 2008)

Pee Wee Russell-Coleman Hawkins, *Jazz Reunion* (Candid 8020)

*Gemini: Les Spann* (Jazzland 35)

Bobby Timmons, *Easy Does It* (Riverside 363)

Ben Webster, *The Warm Moods* (Reprise 2001)



# Jazzland is really on its way!

A favorite advertising device of not too long ago was a series of "teaser" ads, each one of which would give you a small piece of information, or a single clue. The idea was to

train you to keep paying attention, to (as the actual phrase often put it) "watch this space for future developments." Well, it may not be in exactly this space, but it will be in

Down Beat and it will be about JAZZLAND, and the "future developments" will really be something to hear about, and listen to!

**JAZZLAND'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN ITS SHORT LIFE SPAN TO DATE ARE ALREADY SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF. WE ARE PROUDEST OF THE EXCITING, FAST-RISING QUINTET CO-LED BY EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS AND JOHNNY GRIFFIN; AND OF THE RAPIDLY ACCELERATING SUCCESS OF JUNIOR MANCE (INTERNATIONAL CRITICS POLL CHOICE AS "NEW STAR" PIANIST OF 1961). WE ARE PROUD ALSO OF ALBUMS BY SUCH AS BENNY GREEN, DEXTER GORDON, HAROLD LAND, LES SPANN, PAUL GONSALVES, WOODY HERMAN, CHARLIE ROUSE, CHET BAKER, CLIFFORD JORDAN, SONNY RED AND OTHERS. WE HAVE INTRODUCED SUCH HAPPILY SWINGING JAZZ TALENTS AS TENOR-MAN WILD BILL MOORE AND VIBIST JOHNNY LYTLE.**

*And we intend to be even prouder in the future. The developments to be announced will be on the breathtaking side, we assure you. As a starter, here are two significant events that belong in the "very-near-future" division of that "future developments" category:*

**RED GARLAND** has joined Jazzland! The remarkable, swinging piano star is now a key member of the label's rapidly expanding team. His first album, a romping effort with Sam Jones and Charlie Persip, has just been recorded and will be released in short order.

*Jazzland is pleased to announce the creation of a*  
**"CLASSICS OF MODERN JAZZ"**

*Series, which will kick off very shortly with the issuance of an album of great, previously unreleased performances by a late-'40s*

★★★ **TADD DAMERON** group featuring **FATS NAVARRO!** ★★★

**There'll be more significant developments, lots of them—as big and bigger. Just keep watching! Meanwhile, to keep you listening, here is a very partial list of current Jazzland highspots (for complete catalogue write to Dept D, Jazzland Records, 235 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.):**

GRIFF & LOCK—"LOCKJAW" DAVIS-JOHNNY GRIFFIN QUINTET.....	(JLP 42; STEREO 942S)
JUNIOR MANCE TRIO AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD.....	(JLP 41; STEREO 941S)
GLIDIN' ALONG—BENNY GREEN, WITH JOHNNY GRIFFIN.....	(JLP 43; STEREO 943S)
GEMINI—LES SPANN, FLUTE AND GUITAR.....	(JLP 35; STEREO 935S)
GETTIN' TOGETHER—PAUL GONSALVES, WITH NAT ADDERLEY, WYNTON KELLY.....	(JLP 36; STEREO 936S)
WEST COAST BLUES—HAROLD LAND, WITH WES MONTGOMERY.....	(JLP 20; STEREO 920S)
TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS—CHARLIE ROUSE, WITH BLUE MITCHELL.....	(JLP 19; STEREO 919S)
WILD BILL'S BEAT—WILD BILL MOORE, WITH JUNIOR MANCE.....	(JLP 38; STEREO 938S)
HAPPY GROUND!—JOHNNY LYTLE TRIO.....	(JLP 44; STEREO 944S)
A STORY TALE—CLIFFORD JORDAN AND SONNY RED.....	(JLP 40; STEREO 940S)
THE RESURGENCE OF DEXTER GORDON.....	(JLP 29; STEREO 929S)

# JAZZLAND RECORDS





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The fault lies not so much with the Brothers — who, with experience, may come to have something of their own to say—but with the irrational ethic of the Acquisitive Society: profit first and every other consideration be damned. This dictates that tyros be hailed as "new stars," and, in order to keep their name in front of the buying public, recorded at frequent intervals, whether or not there has been any development in their career to merit this.

The result? Young artists do their woodshedding in public, receive indifferent reviews, put down the critics, and the chain of musician-critic-audience alienation is maintained.

Not that I expect my kvetching here to accomplish any changes. To change would mean that record manufacturers voluntarily would limit their releases. Who's going to start? (F.K.)

### Jazz Five

THE HOOTER—Riverside 361: *There It Is; The Five of Us; 'Pon My Soul; The Hooter; Autumn Leaves; Still Life.*

Personnel: Vic Ash, tenor saxophone; Harry Klein, baritone saxophone; Brian Dee, piano; Malcolm Cecil, bass; Bill Eyden or Tony Mann, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The British, so advanced politically and in many other respects, are apparently still dependent on the Yanks for the great majority of stylistic changes in their jazz. Thus, *The Hooter*: all soul and 12 inches wide. One can, of course, understand how this comes about; nonetheless, the most respected European musicians have been those who forged their own personal muse, for instance Django Reinhardt.

Of the Jazz Five, the horns are rather the most capable, and Klein could probably cut more than a few U. S. baritonists. On the other hand, the rhythm section seems to play with a slight awkwardness—just enough to keep one from feeling completely relaxed. However, I think we scrutinize European sections much more than American. I would like to see what responses this LP would obtain on a *Blindfold Test*.

Without any disparagement of the Jazz Five intended, I really can't say that I see the utility in importing this type of material when we are already buried under such a huge surplus. Oh, well. The Anglo-philites are sure to dig it. (F.K.)

### Milt Jackson-John Coltrane

BAGS & TRANE—Atlantic 1368: *Bags & Trane; Three Little Words; The Night We Called It a Day; Be-Bop; The Late Late Blues.*

Personnel: Jackson, vibraharp; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½


The first meeting of Jackson and Coltrane, as far as I know, was in a Dizzy Gillespie small group (which also included Jimmy Heath playing alto) in the early 1950s. Unfortunately, that group did not record; it would be interesting to compare how the two got on musically then and on this date. For in this album, while the two are not incompatible, things do not jell. Both have played better on other occasions.

The fault of this session seems to lie more in the playing of the rhythm section than in that of the co-leaders. Cham-

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bers and Kay are at odds on most of tracks; the time conceptions of the two become so conflicting on *Be-Bop* that it hangs up Bags in his solo, or so it appears. On this same track, Coltrane overcomes the differences going on behind him and pulls off a good series of squirming choruses. In fact, Coltrane is the most consistent soloist on the date; his snapping, gnashing solo on *Words* is excellent, imparting a strange mixture of violence and gaiety.

The *Words* track also contains some humorous, no-holds-barred playing by Jackson. On the two blues tracks (*Bags & Trane* is a blues) Jackson plays as you would expect, excellently, though there have been so many blues recorded by Jackson that it would be refreshing to hear an album by him in which there was not one.

Jones does well by his limited solo space. On his *Words* solo he throws in a scale that is indicative of his sense of musical humor. All his solos are light in texture, buoyant in concept, and deft in execution. One of the brightest spots in the album is his and Chambers' broken-chromatics introduction to *Day*.

But as fine as isolated moments in the album are, the general impression is one of a session that could have been better, though it is still above the just-good mark. You expect more from Bags and Trane. (D. DeM.)

#### Stan Kenton

**THE ROMANTIC APPROACH**—Capitol 1533: *When Your Lover Has Gone*; *All the Things You Are*; *I'm Glad There Is You*; *Say It Isn't So*; *Imagination*; *Sweet and Lovely*; *Fools Rush In*; *You're Mine, You*; *Once in a While*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *I Understand*; *Oh! You Crazy Moon*.

Personnel: Eric Bernhardt, Larry McGuire, Bob Rolfe, Sanford Skinner, Dalton Smith, trumpets; Jim Amlotte, Bob Fitzpatrick, Paul Heydorff, Dave Wheeler, trombones; Dwight Carver, Gordon Davison, Keith Lamotte, Gene Roland, mellophoniums; Gabe Baltazar, Sam Donahue, Wayne Dunston, Paul Renzi, Marvin Holladay saxophones; Kenton, piano; Clive Acker, tuba; Peter Chivily, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums.

Rating: (see below)

This is the first recorded sample of the new band and the new Kenton sound, and it is an auspicious debut, to be sure. As a straight, nonjazz ballad set, it rates five stars for the imaginative writing, the richness and depth of velvet brass sounds, and the over-all sensitivity of feeling for the material.

A glance at the titles should be sufficient to impart the mood and tone of the set. It is lush, romantic, and very, very relaxed. Tonally, there are moments approaching musical ecstasy as the mellophoniums rise within the arrangements, bringing to the music an effectively created feeling of rapture. Used in section this is a remarkable instrument for ballads.

While this is hardly an album for hipsters, there is much in the music that stands on merits apart from jazz.

(J.A.T.)

#### Junior Mance

**AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD**—Jazzland 41: *Looptown*; *Letter from Home*; *Girl of My Dreams*; *63rd Street Theme*; *Smokey Blues*; *9:20 Special*; *Bingo Domingo*; *You Are Too Beautiful*.

Personnel: Mance, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Mance's second trio album is something of a letdown after the first one (*The Soul-*



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ful Piano of Junior Mance). Not that his playing ever falls below a high level of competence. But that is the basic trouble with this set—much of it is quite competent without being particularly interesting. The opening *Looptown* is a case in point. This is a very fast piece that is played with polished skill. But it is all surface and lacks emotional drive. The conveyance of a provocative musical personality was an essential element in making Mance's earlier LP of more than passing interest. That personality is glimpsed only occasionally this time.

Too much of this disc has that impersonal, anonymous quality that can be—and is—produced by any number of competent pianists. (J.S.W.)

### Red Mitchell

REJOICE—Pacific Jazz 22: *Jim's Blues; Oh, You Crazy Moon; Rejoice; Black Eyed Peas; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; Night in Tunisia.*

Personnel: Mitchell, cello; Jim Hall, guitar; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Mitchell shows that he can pluck out some raw, gutty lines on cello in this set. But, just as Ray Brown made evident on a recent disc, he also shows us that a pizzicato cello can get to be pretty tiresome when it is featured through an entire LP.

Not that there aren't other things going on here—Hall plucks out some guitar solos and Bond plucks some bass solos. It's a plucky crew, relieved only by some attractively stark, driving piano excursions by Strazzeri and a long drum solo on

*Tunisia* by Butler that can't quite be counted as relief even though it is a change of sound.

Despite the limitations of his instrument, Mitchell's plucking is well constructed, swinging, and positive in contrast to Hall's somewhat vague meandering.

When you come right down to it, this is really a novelty set, and after you've heard the first couple of numbers, the novelty wears off. (J.S.W.)

### North Texas Lab Band

NORTH TEXAS LAB BAND—90th Floor Records 904: *Old Devil Moon; Waltz of the Prophets; Reflections; Spring Sketch; Dee Day; Vino for Doris; Moon Bag; Gold Road; La Procesion de Los Esclavos.*

Personnel: Archie Wheeler, Allen Solganick, Jerry Keys, Ray Kireilis, Herb Porter, reeds; Morgan Powell, Dee Barton, William Barton, Larry Moser, Jerry Schulze, trombones; Marv Stamm, Ron Towell, John Crews, Tom Wirtel, John Inglis, trumpets; Lanny Steele, piano; Toby Guynn, bass; Paul Guerrero, drums; Don Gilliland, guitar; Ken Fears, flute; David Irving, Bill Pickering, French horns; John LaForge, tuba; Leon Breeden, director.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

"There is hardly an aggregation in professional music today," said Stan Kenton, "that can compare with this band." He is right.

This album is meant to be a showpiece for the pride of North Texas State College, and if it is an accurate indication of the band's work (and it probably is), then this group is as exciting, as driving, as swinging, and *more* creative than any group now working.

The blowing, though impressive, is not the outstanding feature nor is the ensemble playing, though that, too, is excellent. The real creative brilliance is in the writing.

Though the nine pieces recorded here all have a certain youthful surge that sometimes swells beyond control, though they lack the wise constraint of older, more seasoned minds, they are nevertheless so potent, so positive, so new that the listener feels caught up in a bounding swirl of energy. The writers represented here are Tom Wirtel, Dee Barton, Morgan Powell, Larry Cansler, and Jim Knight.

Note especially Barton's *Waltz of the Prophets*, which contains a final ensemble of hair-rising intensity. And if you are looking for the biggest put-on of the era, a brilliantly controlled satire, listen to Powell's *Moon Bag*. Satire cannot be successful unless the satirist is in complete control of the idiom involved. It gave me pleasure to understand Powell's joke: his compositional command is great enough that there is room for play.

I think that one fact hit me hardest: this is not a commercial enterprise, the record label says boldly FOR LISTENERS ONLY, and the rule is No Compromise. Even in the fattest days, Kenton had to play *Intermission Riff* every night, Duke Ellington was stuck with *Perdido*, and Maynard Ferguson plays that extra dance chart, just for luck.

But here is proof that *carte blanche* pays off. The specter of the ballroom boxoffice doesn't exist, and the result is consistently creative art. I'm not saying that the big boys are selling out. Sometimes choices are not your own. But this album is like a controlled experiment to answer the question, "What happens when the economic pressure is lifted?"

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Incidentally, the rating does not take into account the fact that this is a relatively unseasoned, inexperienced college band. I tried to listen to it employing the same criteria I would listening to the most ruthlessly seasoned road band. If I had taken circumstances into account, the rating would run clear off the page.

Most of us were brought up in an atmosphere that, at best, judged jazz askance. Somehow we were always breaking the unwritten law by playing jazz, associating with less than desirable elements, and, in most cases, defensively fighting for our dignity. *We* knew we were straight, but what about *them*, the fathers who much prefer that Johnny become a respectable astro-physicist, the daily press that jumps at any pretext to point up the sensational aspects of the jazzman's life.

Now, all of a sudden, under an academic gown, we are confronted with sanction, respectability, and acute anesthetic awareness all in the shape of the North Texas School of Music. It will take a good heap of bad novels based on the life and times of Charlie Parker to undo the good work that the school has done.

Cheers for a healthy blow. I hope it is merely the beginning. (B. M.)

#### Charlie Parker

**BIRD IS FREE**—Charlie Parker 401: *Rocker; Sly Mongoose; Moose the Mooche; Star Eyes; This Time the Dream's on Me; Cool Blues; My Little Suede Shoes; Lester Leaps In; Laura.*

Personnel: Parker, alto saxophone; rest unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

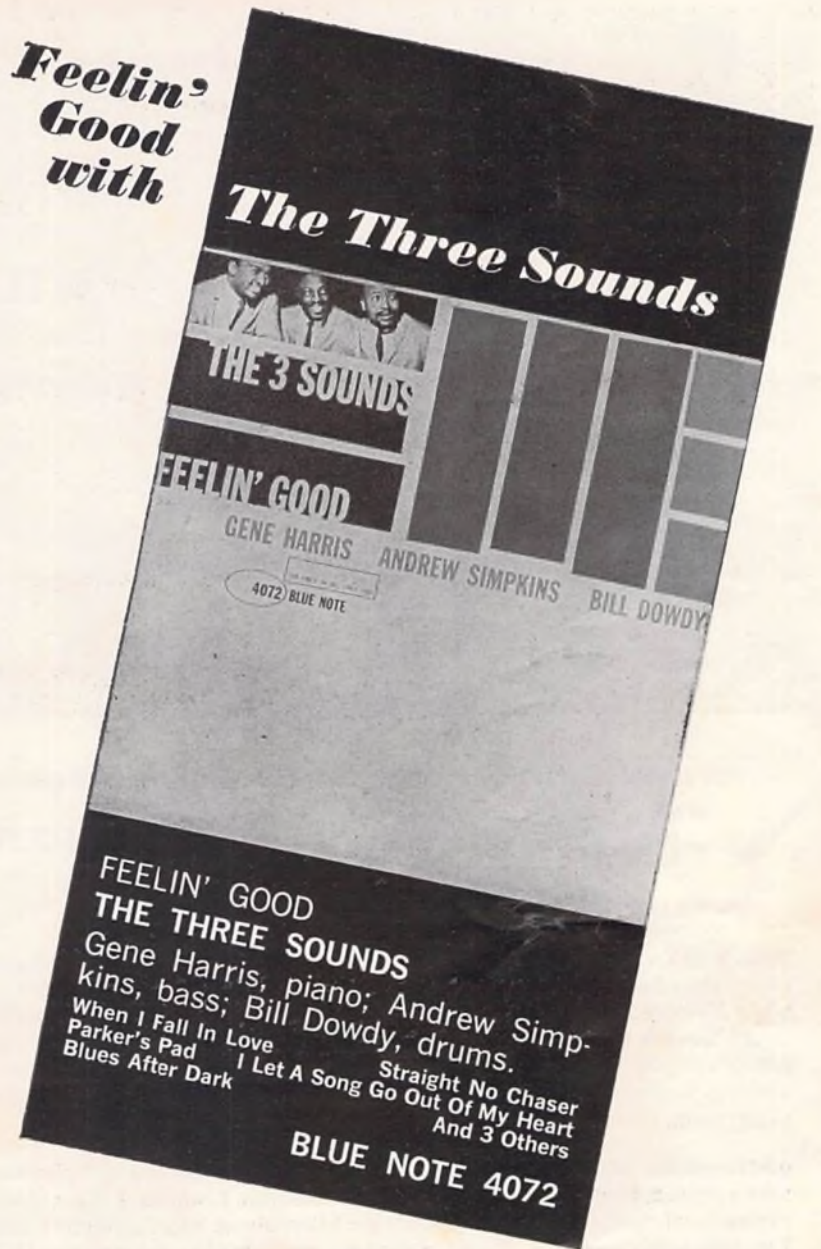
Parker was, to these ears, the greatest musician ever to play jazz. Therefore, any recording of his must be considered important. This location taping, for all the bad balance, is still essential.

Parker, himself, is captured faithfully by the microphones for the most part, even if the others are most often not. Occasionally, there are places where there seems to be a change of key. I imagine it is the home tape recorder. On *Dream*, the wavering of the tape is obvious. *Star Eyes* contains some abrupt stops and starts resulting from splicing.

When Parker begins to play, however, you will forget about all distractions. These performances are even freer than the *Jazz Cool* sides. Done at a concert-dance at New York's Rockland Palace in 1950, it does not even impose the fetters of radio broadcasts as the *Jazz Cools* did. There is brilliant, boiling, poetic Bird in a variety of attitudes here. Strings are present on Gerry Mulligan's *Rocker* and the tender *Laura* but are not well recorded, as you might expect.

*Cool Blues* is anything but cool as Parker blows the devil out of the augmented blues changes he helped popularize. *Lester* is a truly amazing display of emotion and virtuosity at a fantastic tempo. Even the overloud drums cannot take away from Bird's wondrous flight.

The notes do not commit themselves as to the personnel. I recognized Walter Bishop Jr. immediately, and he, in turn, volunteered the information that it was Max Roach on drums but that he didn't even remember a guitarist being there. The latter likes Charlie Christian and, at times, sounds like Barney Kessel. It is all



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conjecture, however. Tommy Potter is a good guess for bass.

Bishop solos on *Rocker, Mongoose*, and *Dream*. His Bud Powell-derived style sounds good but sometimes is barely audible. The guitarist comes through loud and clear on *Mooche, Dream*, and *Cool* but is muffled on *Shoes*.

This one is not for dilettantes—you've gotta dig it to dig it. (I.G.)

### Cecil Payne

CECIL PAYNE PERFORMING CHARLIE PARKER MUSIC—Charlie Parker 801: *Cool Blues; Shaw 'Nuff; Cheryl; Bongo Bop; The Hymn; Communion; Bongo Beep*.

Personnel: Payne, baritone saxophone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Payne is a player I've long admired, but this is a disappointing effort by him.

If you heard a Signal album that he made a few years ago (now reissued on Savoy, I believe) you will find that in his solos here, he is repeating many of the patterns he played then. This is especially true on the blues-based numbers: *Cool Blues, Cheryl* (wrongly labeled *Relaxin' at Camarillo*), *Bongo Bop, The Hymn*, and *Bongo Beep*.

The same phrases and patterns keep recurring, and even when Payne shows some spirit, this makes him sound tired. His best playing is on his own, 16-bar, minor-key *Communion*, the only non-Parker song in the set. Payne never has been a raucous player, but he always has had an inner drive. This shows through only occasionally in this album.

Randy Weston's notes laud Parker's ability as a composer. It is true that his lines were exceptional. But they led to a particular kind of playing, extensions of the feeling of the melodies as it were. The solos by Payne here could have followed any repetitive blues riff type of "original".

When the Parker melody ends after the first chorus, a curtain seems to drop and rises again only when Jordan solos. He easily provides the best moments on the recording. This is not to say that Terry does not play well, but he is not as consistent as Jordan, and doesn't really get his teeth into Parker's music.

I don't know who chose the tempos, but the characters of *Bongo Bop* and *Bongo Beep* were harmfully altered by speeding them up. Too, *Cool Blues* does not flow in a Bird-like manner because of the staccato way it is phrased here.

Incidentally, didn't Dizzy Gillespie co-write *Shaw 'Nuff*? (L.G.)

### Dave Pike

IT'S TIME FOR DAVE PIKE—Riverside 360: *Cheryl; On Green Dolphin Street; It's Time; Hot House; Forward; Solar; Little Girl Blue; Tendin' to Business*.

Personnel: Pike, vibraharp; Barry Harris, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

I'm more excited by Pike than the rating for this album might indicate to those who mistake ratings for reviews.

This young (23) vibist is among those few who are doing more than imitating Milt Jackson. To me, Pike's ingratiating quality in his spirit, his joyous *feel* for jazz. His execution is rough at times, but this roughness gives his playing a vigor missing from more polished performances.





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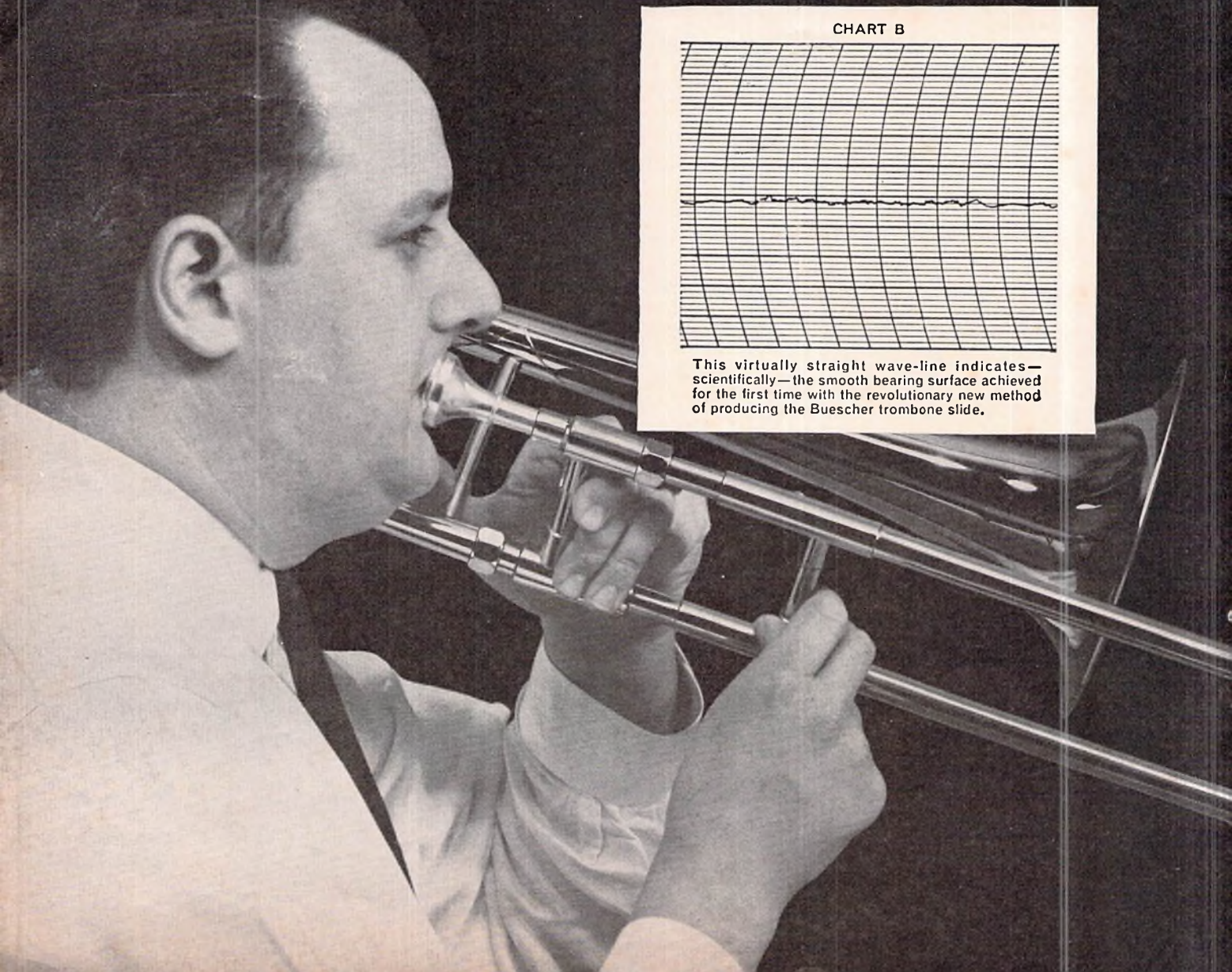
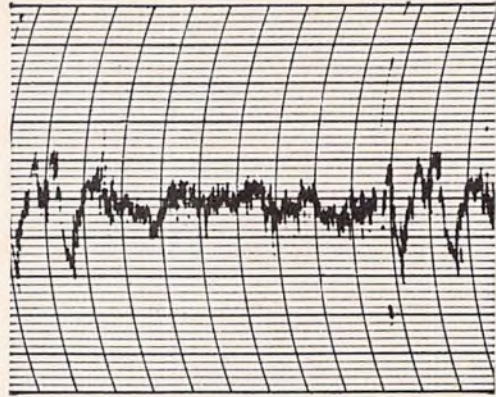
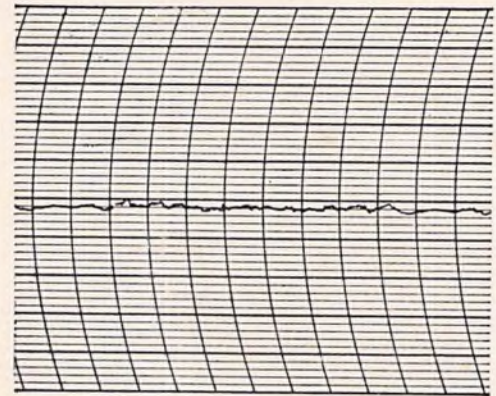


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You will notice that the slide tested on Chart A is more than 3 times rougher or more uneven than the slide tested on Chart B. This is because one slide (Chart A) has an uneven surface on both the slide stocking and the interior of the outside slide while the other slide (Chart B) is more than 3 times smoother.

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He displays some lack of direction — he doesn't always follow through on ideas, cramming too much into one solo. He has a little trouble bringing his solos to a conclusion. His out-of-tempo playing on *Dolphin* (first chorus) and *Blue* (a vibes solo) tends to be too arpeggiated and too dependent on the instrument's upper half. But there is in this record evidence that, given maturation of musical concept and determination of musical purpose, Pike will be a musician of importance. The evidence is abundant on *Cheryl* and *Forward* (*I Got Rhythm*). As I said before, the most important quality is there — spirit.

The album has a hell-for-leather atmosphere. I don't know if it's because of the inclusion of *Cheryl*, and *Hot House* but there's an early-bop air to the album — the edge to ensembles in some cases; the on-top feel of the rhythm section, and early bop had a special on-top feel; the straight-ahead soloing. And then there's Barry Harris, who's in fine fettle.

Reservations aside, this is an exciting album. (D. DeM.)

#### Various Artists

NEWPORT REBELS—Candid 8022: *Mysterious Blues*; *Cliff Walk*; *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*; *Tain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do*; *Me and You*.

Personnel: Track 1—Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Charles Mingus, bass; Jo Jones, drums. Tracks 3, 5—Eldridge; Flanagan; Mingus; Jones; Track 2—Booker Little, trumpet; Julian Priestler, trombone; Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; John (Peck) Morrison, bass; Max Roach, Jones, drums. Track 4—Abbey Lincoln, vocal; Dolphy; Benny Bailey, trumpet; Kenny Dorham, piano; Morrison; Jones.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is one of those sessions that result from a seemingly good idea, in this case the bringing together of older musicians with younger, more musically radical ones, but somewhere things go awry. One of the not-insignificant faults of this album is a looseness that induces sloppy playing. There is no doubt that looseness at a recording session is desirable, but here things are so loose that a couple of times the session almost falls apart.

This is most easily discernible on *Dreams*, where there is much time trouble, and *Me and You*. Quite a bit of the blame for the failure of these two tracks must fall on the shoulders of Jones. Jo is usually the tastiest of drummers, but his work on *You* detracts from some fine Eldridge blues playing in the first half of the track. It's as if Jo got too excited to contain his enthusiasm. The result is not good. Nor do he and Mingus, who plays some excellent solos, make an ideal rhythm team. The three tracks with Jones and Mingus were made at a different date than the other tracks; perhaps it was just a bad day for Jones.

But it was a pretty good day for Eldridge. His playing on *Mysterious* and *You* is, on the whole, well done. Trouble arises on both tracks, however, in the last part of the trumpeter's second solos. Both solos degenerate, on *Mysterious* to blandness, on *You* to screaming.

It is certainly interesting to hear Dolphy follow Eldridge's opening solo on this track. He picks up the trumpeter's closing

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phrase, toys with it, and transforms it by the end of 12 bars. Dolphy's work on this track and *Bizness* is more conservative in approach than is his usual wont. Sometimes he even sounds like Cannonball. Knepper also solos well on *Mysterious*.

The track by Roach's group with Jones (*Cliff Walk*) is interesting for Little's composition and the drum solos. The other solos are adequate, though Little's is a bit more than that. Unfortunately, the tempo picks up on this track.

Bailey's trumpet solo on *Bizness* is outstanding, the most satisfying solo in the album. His playing, even behind Miss Lincoln's only-average-for-her vocal, is flowing, relaxed, and controlled.

Unfortunately the rest of the album wasn't as rewarding as Bailey's contribution. (D. DeM.)

**VOCAL**

Ida Cox

**BLUES FOR RAMPART STREET—Riverside 374: Blues for Rampart Street; St. Louis Blues; Fogysm; Wild Women Don't Have the Blues; Hard Time Blues; Cherry Pickin' Blues; Hard, Oh Lord; Lawdy, Lawdy Blues; Death Letter Blues; Mama Goes Where Papa Goes.**

Personnel: Miss Cox, vocals; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Sammy Price, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Cox was one of the prominent blues singers in the Golden Age of jazz. She made nearly 80 sides for the old Paramount label in the '20s, singing poignantly of love, death, and trouble, and though the timbre of her voice did not have the power or majestic quality of a Bessie Smith or a Ma Rainey, she did have conviction and authority.

This past January, Riverside's Chris Albertson found Miss Cox living in Knoxville, Tenn., and persuaded her to go to New York and make this new album, a "final statement" of the blues.

Her singing still has conviction, but much of the authority has drained away over the years. The power of the blues, of any art, lies in the urgency and intensity of expression, and it is not surprising that, after having been inactive all those years, Miss Cox doesn't feel compelled to moan and groan forcibly about the hurts and humor of earthly love and hard times.

With the exception of *St. Louis, Fogysm*, and *Mama Goes*, all of the tunes have been recorded before by Miss Cox. The temper of her singing is still sure, but the tone slurs and quick switch from pathos to sly humor on things like *Cherry Pickin'* and *Lawdy, Lawdy* aren't as clear-hewn here as they are on the originals.

Riverside has provided a distinguished personnel for Miss Cox' accompaniment, and each of these gentlemen seems to take care in not playing anything that would put Miss Cox in a shadow. Eldridge's customary brilliant fire is a soft luminous glow in the background, and Hawkins' horn is on a short leash. Price is perfectly at home here—he is, by training and inclination, an outstanding blues accompanist. (G.M.E.)



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# THE BLINDFOLD TEST HORACE SILVER



By LEONARD FEATHER

Since the *Blindfold Test* went on the air in Hollywood some months ago, there have been a few slight changes in the approach to these interviews, on my own part as well as that of those interviewed.

In the first place, I have found out that it is now more important than ever to choose an intelligent and uninhibited subject for the interview. When the tapes never got beyond the privacy of my living room it was possible, in the case of a redundant or inarticulate subject, to edit judiciously so that the printed results without changing in any way the essence of what had been said, had better continuity than when the comments were first uttered.

Now, of course, musicians who tend to be hesitant or boring are automatically ruled out. Those musicians who are interviewed find the immediacy of the radio audience an added challenge to make their comments succinct, fluent, and interesting.

This is a major reason for my eagerness to latch on to Horace Silver any time he's in town—along with my musical and personal respect for him. Silver, as usual, was given no information about the records played.

## The Records

1. Chet Baker. *For Minors Only* (from *Picture of Heath, Pacific Jazz*). Jimmy Heath, composer. Baker, trumpet; Art Pepper, alto saxophone; Phil Urso, tenor saxophone; Carl Perkins, piano; Curtis Counce, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

I'm not familiar with anybody on the record, but they played very well together. It sounded like the West Coast . . . The composition was a nice little thing—it sounded like something Elmo Hope did on an album with Lou Donaldson and Clifford Brown, something Elmo wrote a few years ago.

I didn't recognize any of the players; no one person stood out, but the over-all thing was good—a good feeling and everything. I'll give it three bells.

2. Stan Getz. *Pammie's Tune* (from *Getz at Large, Verve*). Getz, tenor saxophone. Recorded in Stockholm, Sweden.

There's no doubt at all . . . that was Stan Getz. Stan was the first name band I went with just after I switched from playing tenor. In fact, one night at a dance in Hartford, we played tenor together. I liked him on this record very much. He sounds beautiful, as usual.

I take it for granted that this was recorded in Europe, and he still sounds as great as he always did. The composition here sort of sounds like a folk tune. Years ago when I was with Stan, he went to Stockholm and brought back this record date he did with *Dear Old Stockholm* on it. This tune reminds me—not of *Dear Old Stockholm*—but of the same sort of thing, like it might be a folk tune he put to jazz.

The rhythm section backed him up nicely, but Stan was outstanding. Three bells.

3. Ramsey Lewis. *Around the World in 80 Days* (from *More Music from the Soil, Argo*). Lewis, piano; El Dee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums.

I don't know who this is, but it sounds like it was recorded live in a night club, and the piano is very badly out of tune, which tends to distort things from the start.

I don't hear any originality on this record. It sounds like another Ahmad Jamal impersonation. Ahmad has been a tremendous influence on piano players, which

is a good thing because Ahmad plays so wonderfully himself, but it becomes a little tiresome to me, listening to so many records with everyone playing the same Ahmad clichés—the same type left hand, the same type right hand, the same type rhythm accompaniment with the drums clicking on the offbeat in the back. It's monotonous.

Here, you don't hear the subtlety or finesse Ahmad has, either. Sometimes when somebody gets a certain hit with one type of interpretation or one type of tune, they tend to try to find another tune in the same vein—the same type of arrangement—trying to repeat it with another hit. You can overdo that and run things right into the ground.

Sincerity is the most important thing. It's going to come out in your music. Two bells.

4. Stanley Turrentine with the Three Sounds. *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?* (from *Blue Hour, Blue Note*).

The tune's *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*, and I think I know the artists, but this record strikes me like the last one. There's no style here. I go for originality in jazz, and I go for stylists—musicians who have something of their own going on. When you hear them, you can tell them by their style. And here you have more Ahmad Jamal-ism.

I think this is the Three Sounds with Stanley Turrentine on tenor. I know they just did an album for Blue Note. I think it's a shame because I know these fellows, and they're all heck of good musicians. The bass player can play! Gene Harris is an excellent drummer. The one thing they're lacking is style to their group.

That's what's wrong with young musicians today. In every city you go to, there are more young guys playing really well than ever before, but with so little originality. Of course, if you're real young, you have to have a starting point—like I started from Bud and Monk. When you start making records, you're supposed to have found yourself—at least somewhat. Not that I begrudge anybody his records, but I think too many records are being made too soon today. A few years back, you had to have a little more to say before

you could get a record date. There's just not enough young, original material around the country, even though there are a lot of good technicians.

When I was getting started 10 or 11 years ago—and before my time—guys were playing fewer notes, but there was so much more originality, and everybody had a style. That's why the men who have something of their own right now are doing so well. For the excellent musicianship here, two bells.

5. Toshiko Mariano Quartet. *When You Meet Her (Candid)*. Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone, composer; Toshiko Mariano, piano

Frankly, I found that one sort of monotonous listening. I have no idea who it is, but it sounds like it could be someone influenced by the Ornette Coleman movement.

It didn't seem to have too much depth for my particular taste. The composition sounded like an attempt at something abstract—way out. One bell.

6. Freddie Redd Quintet. *Melanie* (from *Shades of Redd, Blue Note*). Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Redd, piano.

I have no idea who's on this record except that the alto player could possibly be Jackie McLean or somebody influenced by him. It's a cute little tune. Two bells.

7. Hank Crawford. *Sister Sadie* (from *More Soul, Atlantic*).

I've heard this record before. It's Hank Crawford, who plays alto and baritone with Ray Charles and does most of Ray's arranging.

They did this at a little faster tempo than I intended, but then that's their interpretation—the way they hear it. I like what they did with it. They were swinging, and they had a little groove going there. Their conception of it is not quite as modern—or shall we say hip—as we would interpret it.

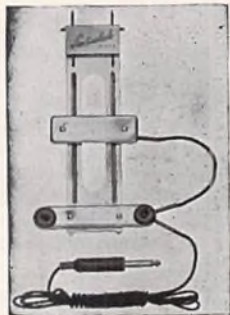
I presume all the musicians on this date are from Ray Charles' band, and it's more of a blues-band-type interpretation.

Rating it for real hip, modern jazz, two bells, but rating it in the strict blues vein, as I would rate Ray Charles, three bells.





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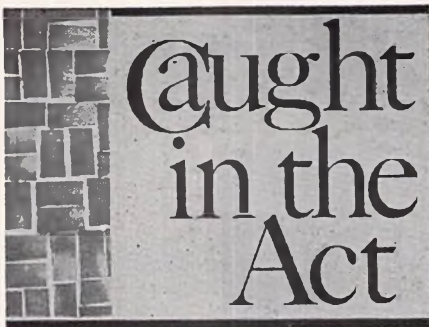


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**GENE McDANIELS/CURTIS AMY**  
The Renaissance, Hollywood

**Personnel: McDaniels, vocals; Amy, tenor saxophone; Martin Banks, trumpet; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Joe Peters, drums.**

McDaniels is ready to break loose. The big 26-year-old singer from Omaha, Neb., is rapidly reaching the point in his career where ability and talent may no longer benefit by recording company and managerial pressures under which it manifestly has been dollar-directed for some time.

It would seem to an objective observer that these pressures have unnecessarily bottled up McDaniels in the adolescent musical bag of *100 Pounds of Clay* and the like. The singer can do much better with quality material. He amply demonstrated this during his recent Renaissance engagement.

To say McDaniels' voice is good would be gross understatement. To say it is remarkable would be exaggeration. It is true, though, that this singer, given free rein with good songs and the arrangements they merit, could develop quickly into one of the finest popular singers of our time and a boxoffice draw of great scope.

At the Renaissance, McDaniels worked with sympathetic, though rather inadequate, musical backing by Amy and his group. More rehearsal time would have made a marked difference. Yet the singer showed his great flexibility and vocal control in the by-now almost drearily common *Autumn Leaves*. He had a new twist up his sweater sleeve for this standard — double-time scatting on the second chorus, which, far from deteriorating into the trite groove to which most scatting seems doomed, lent new vigor to the song.

*Angel Eyes* afforded one opportunity to appreciate his wide range, and his medium-up-tempoed *By Myself* proved an excellent example of the manly art of belting a song.

He caressed *Goodbye* in a coaxing baritone with just a hint of broken-voiced huskiness that evoked evident emotional repercussions in listening fe-

males. Then, to change pace and close the set, he took off on a medium-up *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, romping into scatting for a riding finale. But at the windup of the song he spoiled an otherwise perfect score by arriving home, alas, out of meter.

McDaniels has the equipment and individuality of a first-class singer. He also possesses the showmanship (the quiet kind) to back this up. Moreover, he uses decided jazz phrasing in conception of lyrics and melody, reinforcing the contention that performance on a hip, adult level, not in the pandering to teenage musical fancy, is truly the path he must follow if this singer is to realize his potential.

The most that can be said for the Amy group as a unit is to praise the fresh blend achieved by the front line —tenor, trumpet, and vibes—and in the imagination of much of the writing. This was evident in the treatment of *Close Your Eyes*, played at medium-up tempo and with angular feeling conveyed in the melody line.

Individually, the prowess of the six men is oddly variegated from mediocre to brilliant. Vibist Hutcherson clearly is the strongest, clearest voice in the group, an emerging jazzman of fine promise. His solo on the ballad *You Leave Me Breathless* was quite impressive, though the closing cadenza was a bit overdone.

Tenorist Amy is a big-toned horn man with a built-in sense of musical showmanship that does not always complement his jazz sense. He tends to overextend himself in the hard-sell department, and his audible grunting, however involuntary, as he blows adds up to a sort of vaudeville bonus.

He appears to have abandoned the influence of Harold Land. This is somewhat of a pity, for the sincerity of obvious influence was more commendable than its not-so-convincing and ironically less original substitute.

Trumpeter Banks also proved disappointing. He does not lack daring in what he sets out to do; unfortunately, what he tries to accomplish all too frequently fails to come off. Similarly, the rhythm section failed to measure up. Strazzeri, a very competent pianist and a jazzman of conviction and proved inventiveness, fought a stubborn piano to the bitter end. The cantankerous keyboard won.

Bassist Bond, though he soloed well on the blues fashionably titled *One Mo' Ham Hock, Please* (where, oh, where does all this end?), failed to penetrate in the rhythm section and sounded weak because of this. Peters, the drummer, proved adequate, albeit a trifle too busy at times. But most importantly, he kept the time in its place. —Tynan

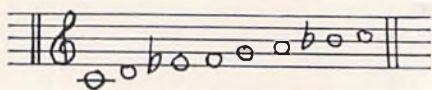


# UP BEAT SECTION



By BILL MATHIEU

When a student improviser reads a sheet of chord symbols, he is faced with the problem of which scale to play against which chord. If there were a proper scale for each chord regardless of where the chord occurs, the problem would be simple. In fact, most published teachers tend toward this oversimplification, and too often we see in print: "The scale for the chord of the Cmi7 is:



This inaccuracy obscures one of the basic concepts on which tonal harmony (jazz and nonjazz alike) is built.

To explain further, let's examine the chord mentioned above. The designation "Cmi7" means .

Standing by themselves, these four notes have very little meaning. They are neutral enough in quality to be placed in any number of different harmonic situations. In each case the chord will take on a different color and a different functional meaning. Below are four more-or-less standard situations where Cmi7 appears:

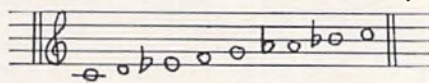
- As the diatonic seventh chord built on the *sixth* degree of an Eb major scale.
- As the diatonic seventh chord built on the *second* degree of a Bb major scale.
- As the diatonic seventh chord built on the *third* degree of an Ab major scale.
- As the diatonic seventh chord

built on the *fourth* degree of a G minor scale (we will use the harmonic minor in this discussion).

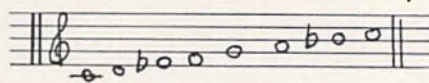
Thus we see one simple chord in four different contexts. The chord itself doesn't change—it remains a common Cmi7. But its use changes, and so the proper scale in each case is different.

What determines the proper scale? The principle is not hard to grasp. Chords do not stand alone but are part of a larger order. They tend to be heard in groups of two or more, and these groupings indicate a kind of goal that the harmonic movement has reached up to that point: a specific tonal area. These tonal areas *do* have proper scales, and usually they are easy to figure out. In Example A, friend Cmi7 found itself in Eb major, so the improviser knows to employ an Eb major scale for the duration of the chord. In Example B, Cmi7 occurs in Bb major, so the Bb major scale is appropriate, and so on. Here are the scales written out:

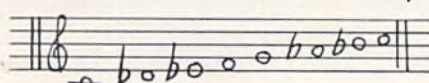
Scale for Ex. A in framework of Eb major



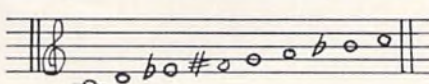
Scale for Ex. B in framework of Bb major



Scale for Ex. C in framework of Ab major



Scale for Ex. D in framework of G minor



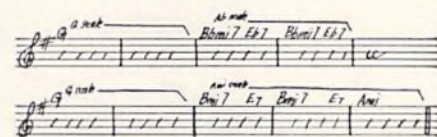
At first glance, it may appear that we have only complicated the improviser's job by supplying him with many different scales for each and every chord in the harmonic vocabulary, but in reality the chord-grouping approach simplifies matters considerably.

Let's assume for the moment that every piece is in a specific, well-defined key that we will call the "principle tonality." Within this framework there are possible many temporary shifts to other tonal areas more or less related. (Remember, though, that the principle tonality always "wins out" because the piece ends with a triumphant return to it.) Properly speaking, these shifts are not always *modulations*, because often the new tonalities are not established but only alluded to. It takes a fierce training and/or a delicate ear to discover all of these implied tonal areas.

As a new tonal area is approached, the scale that defines it is the one to be

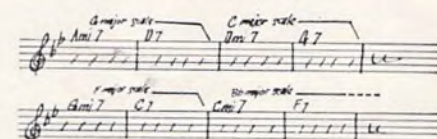
used. It should now become clear that it is not every new chord that has its own appropriate scale but every tonal area. And since there are fewer possible tonalities than there are possible chords, understanding of the fundamental principle reduces almost all harmonic movement to a few simple laws.

Let's take an example: the first nine bars of *Out of Nowhere*:



In this example there are five different chords in all, but only three scales should be used. The reason is that Bbmi7 - Eb7 taken together form a grouping that indicates an approach to the tonality of Ab major. Similarly, the grouping Bmi7 - E7 indicates an approach to A minor (which is actually gained in the next bar).

Here is another example: the bridge of *I Got Rhythm* (and many other tunes). The main tonality is Bb major.



In this example there are eight different chords but only four indicated tonalities. Hence there are only four scales involved.

To summarize: tonalities, not chords, have related scales. Usually a chord-grouping, rather than a single chord, indicates or solidifies a tonal area, and the proper scale to find must be related to the tonal area.

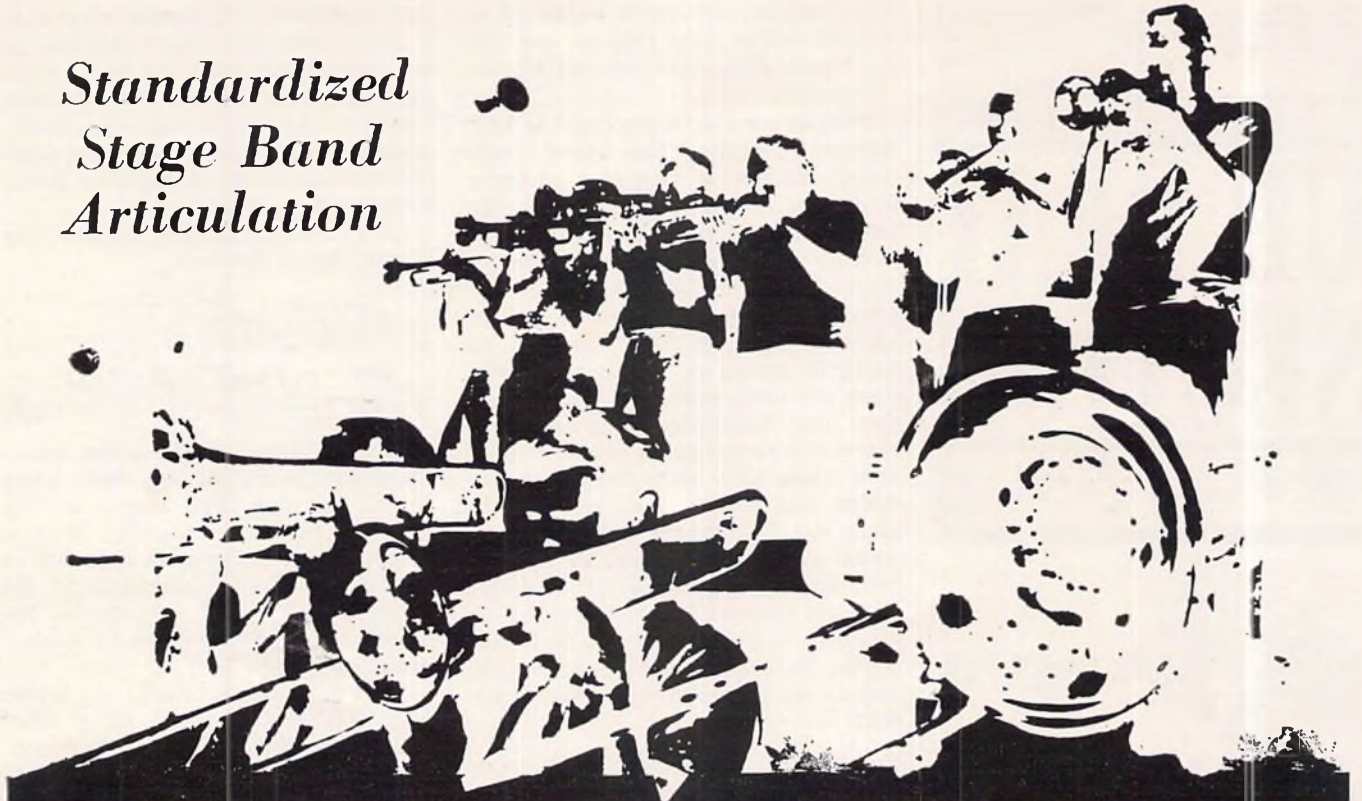
The next question is how chords combine to indicate tonal areas.

This question is almost as big as music itself. It is difficult for a student to see how the grouping Fmi7 - Bb7 - Cmi7 indicates the tonal area of Eb major even though the chord Eb Major does not appear. The answer is that an Eb major scale is the *only* one encompassing all the tones of all the chords in the grouping. But the answer is more complex than that, and in the next *Inner Ear* I'll try to write some sense about it.





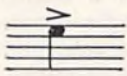
# Standardized Stage Band Articulation



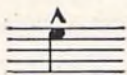
The problems of writing arrangements for the modern dance band or jazz band involve more than the selection and positioning of notes. One of the thorniest obstacles the arranger-composer must hurdle is the clear communication to the players

of the effects he is striving to obtain. In the past, it usually has been every arranger for himself. Last summer, at the National Band Camp at Bloomington, Ind., arrangers Matt Betton, Johnny Richards, Stan Kenton, Russ Garcia, Robert Share, Dr. Eugene Hall, John LaPorta, and

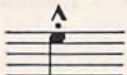
Coles (Bud) Doty set up a standardized set of articulation markings. The men reached agreement early this year. Betton, assistant dean of the National Band Camp, working in association with *Down Beat* magazine, compiled the set of articulations as shown below.



*Heavy Accent*  
Hold full value.



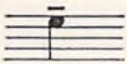
*Heavy Accent*  
Hold less than full value.



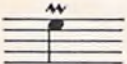
*Heavy Accent*  
Short as possible.



*Staccato*  
Short—not heavy.



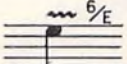
*Legato Tongue*  
Hold full value.



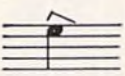
*The Shake*  
A variation of the tone upwards—much like a trill.



*Lip Trill* Similar to shake but slower and with more lip control.



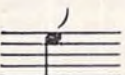
*Wide Lip Trill* Same as above except slower and with wider interval.



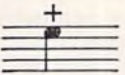
*The Flip Sound note*, raise pitch, drop into following note (done with lip on brass).



*The Smear Slide* into note from below and reach correct pitch just before next note. Do not rob preceding note.



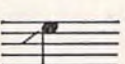
*The Doit Sound note* then gliss upwards from one to five steps.



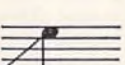
*Du*  
False or muffled tone



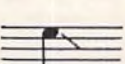
*Wah*  
Full tone—not muffled.



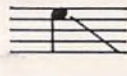
*Short Gliss Up* Slide into note from below (usually one to three steps).



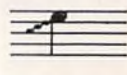
*Long Gliss Up*  
Same as above except longer entrance.



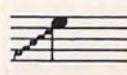
*Short Gliss Down* The reverse on the short gliss up.



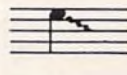
*Long Gliss Down* Same as long gliss up in reverse.



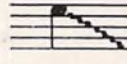
*Short Lift* Enter note via chromatic or diatonic scale beginning about a third below.



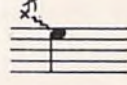
*Long Lift*  
Same as above except longer entrance.



*Short Spill* Rapid diatonic or chromatic drop. The reverse of the short lift.



*Long Spill* Same as above except longer exit.



*The Plop* A rapid slide down harmonic or diatonic scale before sounding note.



*Indefinite Sound*  
Deadened tone—indefinite pitch.

*Note: No individual notes are heard when executing a gliss.*







**DEVELOPMENTAL TECHNIQUES FOR THE SCHOOL DANCE BAND**, the Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C. Published by Berklee Press Publications, 212 pages. \$5.

Here at last is an accurate and comprehensive text deeply sympathetic to the problems of the high-school dance band. In preparing his book, Father Wiskirchen has drawn from some of the most erudite minds in the musical community, including professional musicians, scholars, teachers, and theorists. The result is a readable and definitive book.

The author discusses the general problem of communication in the presentation of this advanced material. Then he objectively reviews all the existing literature. Next he gets down to concrete consideration of over-all phrasing, style, intonation, balance, and dynamics. There follows an extremely detailed excursion into the problems confronting the student saxophone section, brass section, and rhythm section. There is an additional chapter on improvisation, and a very valuable addenda called "Random Afterthoughts and Hints." The book concludes with a complete bibliography of all related materials, plus a glossary of terminology and notational symbols.

The chief value of this book, however, is that Father Wiskirchen has

been able to smell out in advance great numbers of problems that are specific to the development of the high-school dance band. These problems range from the smallest technical questions to over-all considerations of communication and even include discussion of discipline in a class-room situation. And for all these he suggests practical, comprehensive solutions.

A few quoted sentences will give an indication of the range and depth of the text.

Speaking of balance in the sax section, the author cautions: "Frequently the saxes will become too enthusiastic in playing a fill part behind a trumpet or especially a trombone solo."

On developing musical awareness of the part of the students: "A very enlightening experiment can be worked out in this regard if, at a rehearsal, the sax section is turned around to face the brass section."

A submerged but important detail concerning ensemble glissandos: "If because of notational uncertainties, the player is in doubt as to whether to employ chromatic or diatonic fingering in the gliss, the following rule may be helpful. If a small interval is involved—a third or a fourth—use chromatic fingering; if a larger interval is involved, use diatonic fingering."

Here is a brilliant paragraph on intonation, showing the breadth of the author's experience and the understanding it has brought him:

"Another cause of bad intonation (on the trombone) is laziness on the part of the student in getting the slide out far enough in sixth and seventh positions. Yet another cause is a mental block or fear that the student has built up concerning some of these notes in the 'out' positions. Since they feel insecure on these notes they will tend to 'duck' the notes, or to protrude the lips excessively. They may feel uncomfortable on the note, feel as though they were losing the note, and so compensate

by overblowing and thus forcing the note out of tune. A good diagnostic test to determine the cause of bad intonation is to have the student play a descending scale with the mouthpiece alone. This will indicate whether the problem is in the ear or elsewhere."

And another suggestion showing that the author knows that music is made by human beings: "Tape band rehearsals from time to time in order to keep track of progress and in order to bring some of the band members down to earth. Nothing is more humbling to a high school 'big shot' than disillusion contained in the usual poor-quality 'home' recording."

I find that the final chapter (on improvisation) is weak because the emphasis is placed too heavily on standard (and often unhelpful) techniques of learning chords and scales and does not stress the compositional aspect of improvisation, which, in my opinion, should be stressed even before the technique. This book is not the place to delve into the deepest problems of improvisational composition, but I do feel that this aspect should be indicated more strongly if high-school students are to be most benefited.

The standard list of "scales against chords" are given as a series of exercises. I have never found these lists helpful to students and suggest that they be abandoned for a broader functional understanding of harmonic machinery. But by including this material in his book, Father Wiskirchen is committing a sin no greater than the authors of all other published "guides" to improvisation.

Aside from these relatively minor weaknesses, then, *Developmental Techniques for the School Dance Band* is the perfect book of its kind and is essential to everyone in the field of jazz interested in communication between teacher and student.

— Bill Mathieu

## KILLER JOE

ARRANGEMENT BEGINS ON NEXT PAGE →

Jazz arrangers have come from some unlikely places but none more unlikely than Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, the home of arranger Mike Gibbs, who arranged Benny Golson's *Killer Joe*.

Since arriving in Boston in January, 1959, to study at the Berklee School of Music, Gibbs has developed into one of the most promising young arrangers currently on the jazz scene. During the last year he has been trombonist-arranger for the Berklee International Jazz Septet and Quintet and the Herb Pomeroey Orchestra.

The arrangement opens with a four-bar conga drum solo, which sets the

mood of the piece. Trumpet, tenor saxophone, trombone (the instrumentation of the Golson's and Art Farmer's *Jazztet* front line) state the melody and are joined by a sustained modal sax figure. The "two-change" harmonic structure of the A theme lends itself well to modal treatment.

In the last chorus the melody is stated by two unison tenors and then becomes secondary to the strong accented attacks in the trombone section. The tonal basis is now completely controlled by the scale, and the piano and bass improvise freely using scale tones. Trumpet attacks enter in rhythmic contrast to the trom-

bone attacks and rhythmically dominate the melody as stated by the sax section.

The last bridge uses the same melody as in the first chorus for four bars, and then a typical Golson device is used—the scale passage with two trombones in thirds. In the last eight bars the melody is voiced for brass with answering figures from the sax section.

The piece ends simply with soft diatonic triads played by the trombones.

*Killer Joe* is copyrighted by Andante Music, Inc. Gibbs' arrangement was recorded by Berklee students and is available on Berklee Records BLP 5, *Jazz in the Classroom*, Vol. 5.



BY BENNY GOLSON

# KILLER JOE

ARRANGED BY MIKE GIBBS

Medium

[A]

This system of the musical score includes parts for Alto I, Alto II, Tenor I, Tenor II, Bari, Tpt I, Tpt II, Tpt III, Tpt IV, Tpt V, Tbn I, Tbn II, Tbn III, Bass, Drums, Conga, and Piano. The tempo is marked 'Medium'. A rehearsal mark '[A]' is placed above the first measure of the second system. The Conga part has a handwritten note 'Solo No Lsg' above it. The score shows various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

[A]

This system continues the musical score for the same instruments as the first system. It features a rehearsal mark '[A]' above the first measure of the second system. The Conga part includes a handwritten note 'Solo' above it. The Drums part has a handwritten note 'Rhythm' above it. The score continues with various musical notations and dynamic markings.



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**A11**

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Drums

Conga

Piano

*Handwritten notes in Bass staff: C13, Bb13, C13, Bb13(b9)*

*Handwritten notes in Drums staff: Cym, No L.O.*

**A12**

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Drums

Conga

Piano

*Handwritten notes in Bass staff: WALK, A7(b9), C13, Bb13(b9)*

*Handwritten notes in Drums staff: RHYTHM*



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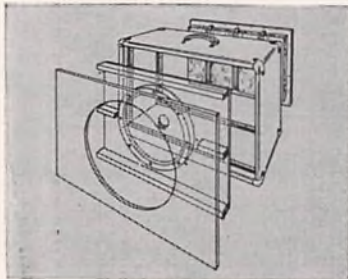
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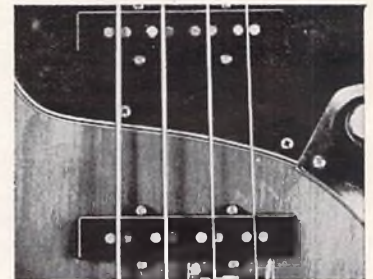
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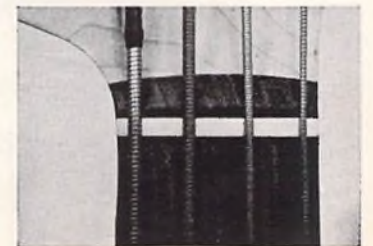
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**B**

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Drums

Conga

Piano

**B9**

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Drums

Conga

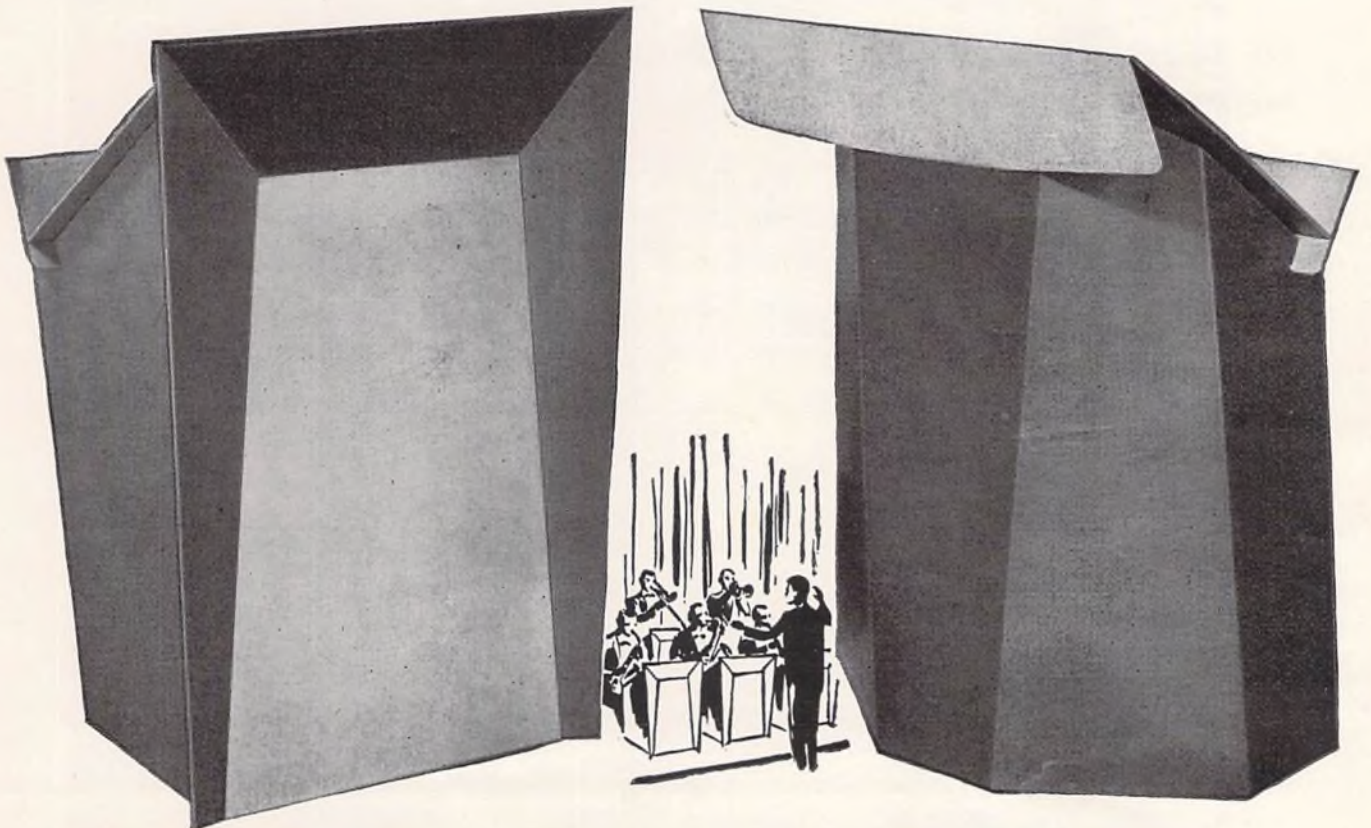
Piano



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**B17**

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II *Solo* E-7(b9) A7(b9) Eb-7 Ab13

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V C13 Bb13(b9) C13 Bb13(b9)

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass C13 Bb13(b9)

Drums *CTM* *AD LIB*

Conga

Piano C13 Bb13(b9) E-7(b9) A7(b9) Eb-7 Ab13

**B25**

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II A13 Ab13 E-7 A7(b9) C13 Bb13(b9) C13 Bb13(b9)

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass A13 Ab13 E-7 A7(b9) *WALK* C13 Bb13(b9)

Drums *AD LIB* *Bary Tpm*

Conga

Piano A13 Ab13 E-7 A7(b9) C13 Bb13(b9)



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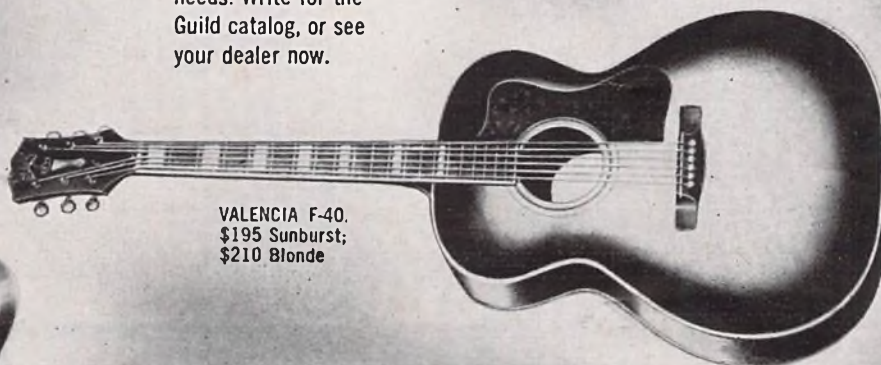
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**69**

Alto I

Alto II COL ALTO I

Tenor I

Tenor II COL TENOR I

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Drums

Conga

Piano

**70**

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Drums

Conga

Piano



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**C14**

Alto I  
Alto II  
Tenor I  
Tenor II  
Bari  
Tpt I  
Tpt II  
Tpt III  
Tpt IV  
Tpt V  
Tbn I  
Tbn II  
Tbn III  
Bass  
Drums  
Conga  
Piano

Alto I  
Alto II  
Tenor I  
Tenor II  
Bari  
Tpt I  
Tpt II  
Tpt III  
Tpt IV  
Tpt V  
Tbn I  
Tbn II  
Tbn III  
Bass  
Drums  
Conga  
Piano



**FESTIVALS**

(Continued from page 15)

Winter Sextet, all of whose members soloed very well, notably Les Rout on baritone. Also worthy of mention are self-taught trumpeter Dick Whitsel and classically trained pianist Warren Bernhardt.

Singer Carmen McRae hop-scotched from up-tempo tunes to ballads with ease. *Skyliner*, her opening number, was her best. She moved with the crowd with *Summertime* and her encore number, *Stardust*.

Bob Pierson, from Detroit, led a quartet consisting of himself on reeds and flute; John Griffith, piano; Nick Fiore, bass; Joe Patton, drums. As a flutist he won the most-promising soloist award at the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame this year, and at Saugatuck he showed why he was honored. Their numbers included *The Lamp Is Low*, *Satin Doll*, and a Fiore original, *Tribulation*.

The Brubeck quartet was at this festival, too, and its performance was flawless. The crowd cheered so loud and long that Paul Desmond, who had his alto saxophone in the case, had to re-assemble it onstage to do the last encore. Miss McRae joined the group.

Al Beutler opened Saturday night's show with some tasty baritone saxophone work with his well-rehearsed quartet, which, unfortunately, soon will be broken up when he joins Stan Kenton.

The Al Belletto Sextet seemed quite weak in its solo spots but made up for it with some good arranging. It stayed onstage to back the Kirby Stone Four, who did a straight night-club act. Jokes and all. A jazz festival can get along without them.

Duke Ellington opened after intermission and sounded better than ever, but the weather turned quite chilly, and the audience started going home. The band stayed on too long and when Ellington got off the stand, about half the crowd had left.

By the time singer Ann Richards reached the stage, the temperature had dropped to 46 degrees. John Griffith and Al Beutler backed her excellently, though they had had little rehearsal time, and the 500 or so in the audience who had remained in the cold were warmed a bit by the good performances of both Miss Richards and her support.

—Bob Archer

There wasn't a blockbuster among these festivals, but all maintained a level of professional competence and engendered a receptive spirit in their audiences. Perhaps gargantuan proportions really aren't as necessary as some promoters think.



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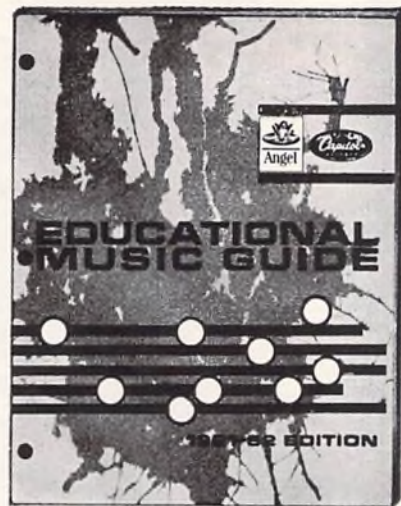
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
1770 WEST BERTEAU AVENUE



always be bound to and relate ONLY to its heritage? One of the things that has made jazz grow, up to now, was courageous men making use of material that was not in the "jazz heritage." That is one of the reasons why Duke Ellington sounds different from King Oliver. This indicates a serious limitation of Mr. Tynan's scope if he really believes that jazz may only make use of past materials (its heritage).

He brings up the standard old question "Is experimentation-for-its-own-sake justified?" This is experimentation for *music's* sake. I do not consider what I do experimentation except in the broad sense of creation always entailing an element of experimentation. In whatever I do, I strive to experiment with the materials rather than use them in ways already formulized. Creation by its nature includes experimentation. You can not create something already old. And, by the way, just what is wrong with experimentation for experimentation's sake? Most advances in every field have come about by intelligent experimentation. Does Mr. Tynan believe that experimentation might *not* be justifiable?

The last sentence of the review seems utterly incomprehensible and absurd: "Perhaps this concept of music reflects in part the face of the future; perhaps it is a manifestation of a deteriorating culture."

This music is "NOW." Perhaps the future will reflect this music, but it is impossible for it to happen the other way around. Perhaps it is a manifestation of a deteriorating culture; but also, possibly it is the manifestation of a new, more vital culture trying to be recognized and lift itself from the ashes, stagnation and putrefaction of an already deteriorated culture.  
New York City Don Ellis 

### AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

guests. Leading the house men was bassist **Bob Haggart**. He brought along **Doc Severinson**, trumpet; **Peanuts Hucko**, clarinet; **Bob Alexander**, trombone; **Buddy Weed**, piano; **Bob Haggart Jr.**, drums.

More than casual listeners to radio and television have come up with a surprising amount of jazz this summer. The scope has been wide: all the way from trumpeter **Ted Curson** on **Joe Franklin's** show, through **Joe Williams** on *Moods in Melody*, and the various bands on *Dance Time*, to the more off-beat, but interconnected, presences of vocalist **Mabel Mercer** and composer **Bart Howard** on *The American Musical Theatre* . . . **Anita O'Day** taped a British television show with **Diana Dors** and **Malcolm Mitchell** . . . **Peggy Lee** will play a dramatic role this fall on the *Dick Powell Mystery Theater*.

Columbia's **John Hammond** reports that **Olatunji's** new album sold 10,000 copies in one month, and he announces, with "great satisfaction," that he has signed pianist **Herbie Brock** . . . A

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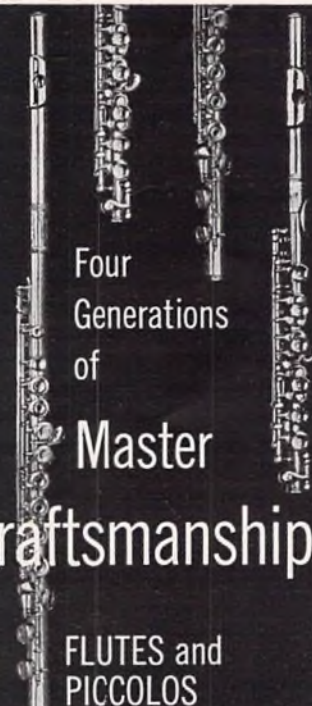
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small label not to be disregarded is Baronet (at 356 W. 40th St., New York City, 16). It has available *Pair of Kings*, 1951 tracks by **Stan Getz**, mostly with Horace Silver and **Jimmy Raney**; *A Handful of Modern Jazz*, a collection of early **Charlie Parker**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Miles Davis**, nine out of 14 tracks including Parker; *The Early Bird*, scarce Parker sides, nearly all of them with Davis . . . Am-Par's subsidiary, Impulse, will be issuing albums by **John Coltrane**, **Bill Evans**, **Art Blakey**, and **Max Roach** . . . Roulette has released its *Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington*, **Sarah Vaughan's After Hours**, **Maynard Ferguson's Straightaway**, and a various-artist sampler . . . Mercury has signed **Roland Kirk**, the blind saxophonist who plays three horns at once . . . Riverside now has a pop record line, Pop-Side . . . Victor has an October release set for a deluxe Duke Ellington reissue package . . . Columbia is doing the same, with copious notes, for **Fletcher Henderson**.

**John Levy**, long a personal manager of such as **George Shearing**, Cannonball Adderley, and **Billy Taylor**, has started an independent record production company. His first singles were produced for Riverside and feature **Yusef Lateef** and vocalist **Ernie Andrews**. Vocalist **Shirley Horn** will be next in order of production.

Vocalists have been a strong jazz point on Westinghouse Broadcasting's *PM East-PM West*. The interview-performance show has featured Cannonball Adderley, Buddy Rich, and Gerry Mulligan, but its concentration has been on such vocalists as **Ernestine Anderson**, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, and **Meg Wells** . . . Trombonist **Wilbur DeParis** was the star of one of the three-part series on music shown by CBS' *Camera Three*. The second show featured classical music, the third, **Nina Simone** . . . *Sound Track '61*, is a new jazz radio program on WNCN-FM on Saturday and Sunday evenings, emceed by **Bob Douglas**, covering the full scope of jazz (from **Bunk**, past **Monk**) . . . **Harry James** played guest star in WABC's production of *Trumpet Man*, a story that skirted several real-life stories of big-time musicians who lost faith in themselves and then made a comeback.

**PHILADELPHIA**

**Jimmy DePreist** is not joining the Peace Corps, as reported. He is going on a lecture-conducting tour of the Far East for the State Department early next year . . . **Joe DeLuca**, who didn't do too well with Dixieland when he tried it last year with **Red Nichols**, will gamble again in October — this time with the **Dukes of Dixieland** . . . The



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Underground, pushing its jazz policy, brought in **Clark Terry** to play with **Billy Root**.

**Jack Wellington** had **Kai Winding** and **Bobby Hackett** in for several Mondays at the **Chez Odette** in New Hope . . . **Gloria Lynne** was in for two weeks at the **Show Boat**, following **Oscar Peterson** . . . **Tommy Flanagan** was featured on piano with **Lionel Hampton** at the **Lambertville Music Circus**.

**WASHINGTON**

**Abart's Internationale**, a small upstairs club near **Ninth & U** streets northwest, which has been presenting name modern jazz groups since May, has booked **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Oscar Peterson** for fall dates. Recently the club has had some rough weeks. Some of its finest acts have not drawn too well. A case in point: the **Montgomery Brothers**. **Wes Montgomery** played some amazing guitar solos, but only a handful of the city's jazz fans heard him. Another important guitarist, **Herb Ellis**, has been a welcome visitor to **D. C.** **Herb** shared the bandstand at the **Showboat Lounge** with **Charlie Byrd** before taking over the bandstand during a **Byrd** vacation in August . . . The combo at the **Bohemian Caverns** with the timely name, the **JFK Quintet**, is winning new friends. It is composed

of **Andrew White**, alto saxophone; **Walter Booker**, bass; **Ray Codrington**, trumpet; **Harry Kilgo**, piano; **Mickey Newman**, drums. Classical guitarist **Bill Dockens** also has been featured at this cellar club, built to resemble a cave.

Clarinetist **Owen Engel** is seeking State Department backing to tour world trouble spots. He has the active support of **Sen. Jacob Javits** (R-N. Y.), who introduced Engel in the rotunda of the Old Senate Office Building recently. The unusual half-hour show had Engel teaming up with drummers from the Indian and Indonesian embassies. Ghana Ambassador **William Halm** also played drums briefly. **Javits** said, "Jazz is a culturally important element in American life. I appreciate its tremendous drive and excitement. (It is) something we relish and the whole world enjoys." . . . Clarinetist **Joe Rinaldi**, leader of the **Gaslight Club** combo, will be the featured soloist for an upcoming concert by the **National Symphony Orchestra**.

Few Washingtonians are aware of one of the city's finest jazz trumpet players: **Sgt. First Class Dick Mains**, a former **Benny Goodman** sideman, who has been with the **U. S. Army Band** (stationed at nearby **Fort Myer, Va.**) since the late '40s. Now 37, **Mains** also had the jazz chair in bands led

by **Teddy Powell**, **Raymond Scott**, and **Bobby Byrne**. He was with **Goodman** for about eight months in 1946 . . . **Dick Bailey** is still giving accordion lessons at the **Crescent Restaurant** . . . Guitarist **Bill Leonhart** is studying classical guitar with **Sophocles Papas** at **American University** . . . The **Lennie Cuje Quartet** is developing a following at the **Bowery**.

**TORONTO**

The **Duke Ellington** Band drew a capacity crowd at the **Club Kingsway** in early August. The club, which reinstated a big-band policy this summer, enjoyed equal success with the **Count Basie Band**.

Recent headliners at the **Town Tavern** were **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral**, **Phil Nimmons**, **Stan Getz**, **Henry (Red) Allen**, and **Terry Gibbs** . . . Open-air concerts, sponsored by the **Toronto musicians union**, have been drawing large audiences to local parks. Featured so far this summer have been **Trump Davidson**, **Mike White**, **Rob McConnell**, **Moe Koffman**, and **Gordon Delamont's** rehearsal band . . . The city's newest jazz club was scheduled to open **Sept. 9** at **Larry's Hideaway** in the **Prince Carlton Hotel**. **Jimmy Scott's** and **Mike White's** bands will alternate, with **U. S.** musicians to be imported from time to time.

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**CHICAGO**

It appears that the annual jazz renaissance is about to begin in Chicago. The Sutherland Lounge, which dropped its name-group policy after an almost-disastrous winter season, was scheduled to try names again.

At press time, contracts had not been signed, but if all goes well, the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet will have opened there Sept. 6 Horace Silver canceled his engagement at Birdhouse (he was to play the north-side spa in early September) and is to follow the Jazztet at the south-side Sutherland. Birdhouse management, somewhat taken aback by Silver's cancellation, booked the Toshiko Mariano Quartet for the first week of the Silver gap and the Oscar Peterson Trio, which closed at the London House in early August, for the second week. It looks like another round of hot competition between the north and south.

Mercury records appears to have re-entered the jazz field (the company's jazz policy was becalmed for some time) with vigor, much of which stems from a&r director Jack Tracy. So far the firm has signed accordionist Tommy Gumina, French hornist Julius Wat-



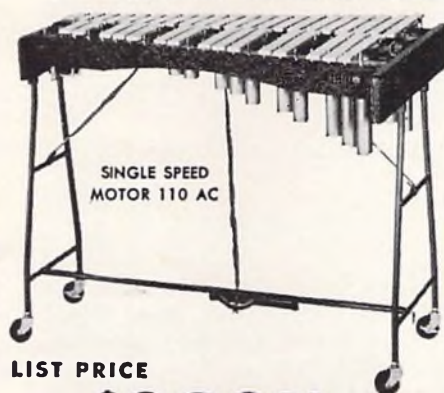
kins, and pianist Billy Taylor. Watkins will record an album featuring eight French horns and a big band . . . Bob Koester's Delmar label acquired part of Transition records' catalog. Delmar plans to reissue Transition masters by Sun Ra, Donald Byrd-Yusef Lateef, and Johnny Windhurst.

Tenor man Dick Krohl inaugurated Saturday morning concerts at the Gayety Theater. Krohl rented the theater, which is a burlesque house, for after-hours sessions — after the exotics have ground to a bumpy halt — the first set beginning at 2 or 3 a.m. Ira Sullivan was scheduled to work with the Krohl quartet . . . Nina Simone was a recent feature at Robert's Show Lounge.

Jazz critic-authoress Barbara Gardner married concert promoter-public relations man Carl Proctor late in July. Proctor was formally associated with C. B. Atkins and Sarah Vaughan and promoter Don Friedman . . . Columnist-composer-pianist Bill Mathieu's opera *Big Deal* opened to mixed reviews at the Playwrights Theater last month. The opera, written in musical comedy form, is based on characters from John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* . . . Clarinetist Jack Maheu took over the leader-

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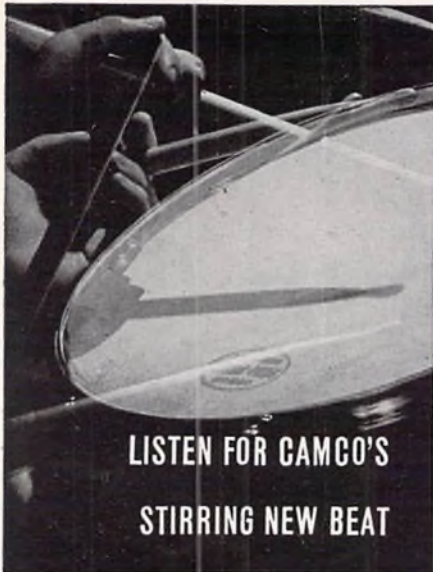
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ship of the **Salt City Six**. **Jimmy McPartland** is not fronting the group as reported earlier; his sextet's having several former members of the Six led to the mixup.

A strong rumor about town is that the old Grand Terrace Ballroom is to reopen as a jazz-supper club. **Joe Glaser** owns the property. **Finis Henderson**, singer **Bill Henderson's** brother, is re-reported set as manager if it does open.

### DALLAS

The Dallas Jazz Society held its first birthday party last month at the Playbill. A capacity crowd of more than 400 listened for four hours to the groups of **Jon Hardee**, **Cliff Brewton**, and **Jerry Hunt**. The society has not yet decided whether to hold a concert series this season.

The Jazz for Young People series, held in the public library, was highly successful. It drew large teenage crowds for the eight weeks running. Programs varied from a discussion of big bands by **Leon Breeden** to a program titled "The Role of the Rhythm Section." The **Paul Guerrero Quintet** highlighted the latter program . . . Reed man **James Clay** was given a benefit concert on Aug. 22 at the Playbill to help pay his expenses while he waits out his New York City union card . . . The Dallas-based 90th Floor record company is increasing its output. The firm has several albums due for release this fall, among which are *Again Dick and Kiz Harp*, *Four at the 90th Floor* (the four being the **Harvey Anderson Quartet**), and a **Mal Fitch** album as yet untitled . . . **Duke Ellington** will finally make it down here. After several false alarms, he was booked for the Fair Park Music Hall on Sept. 7. **Al Hirt** will follow him there on Sept. 13 . . . Blues singer **Lightnin' Hopkins** played a one-nighter in the Shriners' Auditorium early last month. After a stay in the Texarkana area, he will be back in Dallas in the fall.

### LOS ANGELES

There's a new, youthful look to the **Terry Gibbs Quartet**. The volatile vibist headed east on a road trip with, he says, "my three children" — **Bill Henderson**, 21, piano; **Al Stinson**, 17, bass; **Mike Romero**, 18, drums. Henderson and Stinson double vibes, too, and Romero doubles bass. The young drummer is being hailed as a coming heavyweight.

Clarinetist **Joe Darensbourg** joined the **Louis Armstrong All-Stars**, replacing **Barney Bigard**, who fell ill . . . That deal to bring the **Kenny Dorham All-Stars** into the Renaissance fell through at the last minute. Dorham and confederates went into the south-side Town

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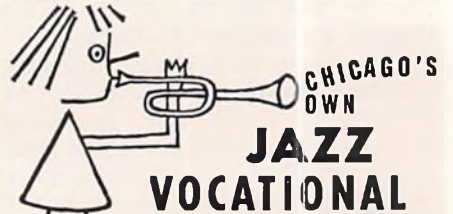
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Hill under the wing of manager **Dave Nelson**. **Ben Shapiro** of the Renaissance, at presstime, was negotiating with comic **Lenny Bruce** to share the bill with a quintet comprising **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Ben Webster**, **Jimmy Rowles**, **Joe Mondragon**, and **Mel Lewis**. The group will be recorded at the club by Verve records, with which Brookmeyer is signed.

Trumpeter **Stu Williamson** arranged a vocal album for new singer **Gayle Andrews** on the Stereocraft label . . . **Stan Furman** (ex-GAC) and **Anne Fulchino Freels** (ex-RCA Victor) formed a new talent agency, Beverly Artists Corp., with Beverly Hills offices . . . The latest addition to hip radio in town is *The Jazz Corner* on KBCA-FM. It's for the insomniac fringe or confirmed night people from 3:30 a.m. to 7 a.m. Tuesday through Sunday. Pilots of the show are **Jay Rich** and **Tak Yagade**. The latter claims to be the first disc jockey in L.A. radio of Oriental descent.

**Les McCann** (who, incidentally, dropped 60 pounds via Metrecal) signed for another three years with **Dick Bock's World Pacific-Pacific Jazz** label.

Despite an admitted slump in the record business, Capitol showed a \$2,000,000 jump in sales for the fiscal year ended June 30. Sales increased to \$48,364,719 over \$46,368,096 for the preceding year.

**Gene Lees**, who resigned recently as editor of *Down Beat* to embark on a singing career, will make his west-coast debut before the end of the year. According to **Ben Shapiro**, owner and operator of the Renaissance beer-wine-and-coffee house in Hollywood, the singing editor will play the club during November. Lees kicked off his new career this month with a four-week engagement at Chicago's Scotch Mist . . . Singer **Ann Richards** started divorce proceedings against **Stan Kenton** last month in Los Angeles Superior Court. In her complaint Miss Richards charged the bandleader caused her "grievous mental and physical suffering."

### SAN FRANCISCO

**Dizzy Gillespie's** nine-week stay at the Jazz Workshop (*DB*, Aug. 17) has been postponed by the trumpeter . . . Semanticist **S. I. Hayakawa** of San Francisco State College prepared and organized a lecture and seminar on *Jazz as Communication*. The session, held Aug. 8, took place at the Sugar Hill, **Barbara Dane's** blues club. Hayakawa conducted the seminar at the request of **Dr. Breitrose** of Stanford University . . . Blues veteran **Mama Yancey**, widow of pianist **Jimmy Yancey**, may work an engagement at the Sugar Hill this month in one of

Third Year! . . . Third Success!



The National Band Camp, presenting the Stan Kenton clinics, has completed its third annual summer season with camps at Southern Methodist, Michigan State and Indiana universities.

Students, faculty, and guests were unanimous in their praise of the modern curriculum and the fresh musical spirit of all concerned.

Applications are now being accepted for the 1962 clinics. But, as in the past, a limit has to be placed on enrollment in order to assure a balanced instrumentation for the camps' bands and combos.

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
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her rare public appearances. **Tampa Red** is due there in October . . . **John Bryan** is the new jazz writer on the San Francisco *Examiner*.

The **Vance Guaraldi Trio** (Monte Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums; Guaraldi, piano) signed for two months at the Trident, the new club opened in Sausalito by the **Kingston Trio** . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** will play a one-night

concert at the Berkeley Community Theater on September 30 . . . **Johnny Coppola, Danny Pateris, Al Plank**, all alumni of the **Woody Herman Band**, are working in the house group at the **Moulin Rouge**. **Tom Douglas** is the drummer . . . **Gene Ammons** filled in a quickie date at the **Jazz Workshop** in August and did solid business. He's signed for a return gig. 

## 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; *tjn*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

### NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Stan Kenton, Chris Connor, Oscar Peterson**, to 10/4.  
Birdland: **Count Basie** to 9/18.  
Bon Aire Lodge: **Sol Fisch**, *tjn*.  
Condons: **Eddie Condon**, *tjn*.  
Copa City: *unk*.  
Embers: **Joe Bushkin** to 10/6.  
Five Spot: *unk*.  
Half Note: *unk*.  
Hickory House: **Don Shirley**, *tjn*.  
Hide-Out: **Ted Curson**, *tjn*.  
Jazz Gallery: *unk*.  
Metropole: **Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole**, *tjn*. **Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton**, to 11/19.  
Nick's: **Johnny Windhurst**, *tjn*.  
Roundtable: **Dorothy Donnegan, Belle Barth**, to 10/4.  
Ryan's: **Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry**, *tjn*.  
Versailles: *unk*.  
Village Gate: **Nina Simone**, tentatively.  
Village Vanguard: **Miles Davis, Shirley Horn**, to 9/24.

### PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony Spair**, *hb*.  
Chez Odette (New Hope, Pa.): **Peanuts Hucko**, Mon.  
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer**, *hb*.  
Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): **Derf Nolde** 5, Fri., Sat.  
Paddock (Trenton): **Capitol City** 5, wknds.  
Pep's: **Nina Simone**, to 9-16.  
San Souci (Camden, N.J.): **Vince Montana**, *tjn*.  
Second Fret: Various folk artists.  
Show Boat: *unk*.  
Woodland Inn: **Bernard Peiffer**, *tjn*.

### NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: **Nat Perrillat**, wknds.  
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, 8/22-9/13.  
Dream Room: **Santo Pecora**, *hb*.  
Famous Door: **Murphy Campo, Mike Lala**, *tjn*.  
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tjn*.  
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tjn*.  
Joy Tavern: **Alvin Tyler**, wknds.  
Lee Roy's: **Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams**, *tjn*.  
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, *tjn*.  
Pretty Acres Lounge: **Buddy Prima**, wknds.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

### DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha**, *tjn*.  
Baker's Keyboard: **Hi-Lo's** to 9/23.  
Checker Bar-B-O: **Ronnie Phillips**, *tjn*.  
Corbin's: *unk*.  
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tjn*.  
Empire: *unk*.  
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tjn*.  
Kevin House: **Bill Richards**, *tjn*.  
Mermaid's Cave: **Eddie Bartel**, *tjn*.  
Minor Key: **Horace Silver**, 9/19-9/24.  
Roostertail: **George Primo**, *hb*.  
Tami-Ami: **Bourbon Street Paraders**, *tjn*.  
Trent's Lounge: **Bobby Laurel**, *tjn*.

### CHICAGO

Alhambra: **Ahmad Jamal**, *tjn*.  
Basin St.: **Muggsy Spanier** to 9/17.  
Birdhouse: **Cannonball Adderley**, 9/13-24. **Miles Davis**, 9/27-10/8. **Thelonious Monk**, 10/11-22.

Blind Pig: Jazz session, Mon. Blues session, Tues.  
Bourbon St.: **Bob Scobey, Art Hodes**, *tjn*.  
Cafe Continental: **Dave Remington**, *tjn*.  
Gate of Horn: **Lionel Stander**, 9/12-24. **Studs Terkel**, Mon.  
Ivy Lounge: **Rick Frigo**, *tjn*.  
Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt, Clancy Hayes**, *tjn*. **Franz Jackson**, Thurs.  
London House: **Paul Smith** to 9/17. **Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak**, *hbs*.  
Mister Kelly's: **Felicia Sanders** to 9/17. **Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo**, *hbs*.  
Red Arrow: **Franz Jackson**, Sat.  
Sutherland: **Jazztet** to 9/17. **Horace Silver**, 9/20-10/1. **John Coltrane**, 10/11-22.


### LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tjn*.  
Bit: **Teddy Edwards**, wknds.  
Black Orchid: **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, *tjn*.  
Blue Beet (Newport): **Vince Wallace**, wknds.  
Brown Derby (Wilshire): **Jess Stacy**, *tjn*.  
Club Havana: **Rene Bloch**, *tjn*.  
Crescendo: *unk*.  
Digger: *unk*.  
Encore: *unk*.  
Green Bull: **Johnny Lucas**, wknds.  
Holiday House: **Betty Bryant**, *tjn*.  
Hollywood Palladium: **Lawrence Welk, hb**, wknds.  
Honeybucket: **South Frisco Jazz Band**, *tjn*.  
Hermosa Inn: **The Salnts**, wknds.  
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): **Edgar Hayes**, *tjn*.  
Jim's Roaring 20's (Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *tjn*.  
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey, hb**. Name grps., Sun.  
Limelight (POP): **Delta Rhythm Kings**, *tjn*.  
Losers: **Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena**, *tjn*.  
M Club: *unk*.  
Melody Room: **Ronnie Brown, Tito Rivera**, *tjn*.  
Maxie's: *unk*.  
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, wknds.  
Paris Theatre: Sat. and Sun. morning sessions.  
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tjn*.  
Renaissance: **Bob Brookmeyer, Ben Webster, Jimmy Rowles, Joe Mondragon, Mel Lewis, John Coltrane**, 10/3-8. **Miles Davis**, 10/12-22.  
Roaring 20's (La Cienega): **Wild Bill Davison, Warren Smith, Johnny Tartola, Bill Campbell, Nick Pelico, Pud Brown, Joe Durham, Ray Bauduc**, *tjn*.  
Rosie's Red Banjo: **Art Levin**, *tjn*.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin**, *tjn*.  
Sheraton West: **Cal Gooden**, *tjn*.  
Sherry's: **Yvon Pershing**, *tjn*.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne, Conte Candoll, Richie Kamuca, Russ Freeman, Chuck Berghofer, hb.**, wknds. **Helen Humes**, wknds. **Frank Rosolino, Mon. Dexter Gordon, Tues. Paul Horn-Emil Richards, Wed. Barney Kessel**, Thurs.  
Storyville: **John Henderson, Dixie Rebels**, *tjn*.  
Summit: **Joyce Collins, Bob Bertaux**, *tjn*.  
Town Hill: *unk*.  
Village: **Conjunto Panama, Tues.-Thurs. Johnny Martinez-Cheda**, wknds.  
Ye Little Club: *unk*.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Slappy White, Ink Spots**, to 9/25.  
George Shearing opens 9/26.  
Jazz Workshop: **John Coltrane** to 10/1. **Cannonball Adderley** opens 10/10.  
On-the-Levee: **Joe Sullivan**, wknds.  
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tjn*.  
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee**, *tjn*.  
Fairmont Hotel: **Mills Bros.** to 10/26.  
Soulville: **Atlee Chapman, Cowboy Noyd**, *tjn*.  
Sugar Hill: **Barbara Dane, Wellman Braud, Ken Whitson, tjn. Uncle Tiny McClure**, Sun.

### JAZZ FESTIVALS

Monterey (Monterey, Calif): 9/22-24 (five performances).  
Wisconsin Union (Madison, Wis): 10/6-7 (two performances). 



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