

OCTOBER 26, 1961

35¢

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

6TH ANNUAL PIANO ISSUE

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HARRY JAMES



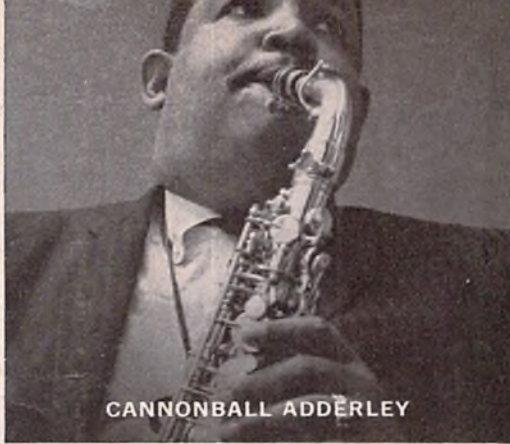
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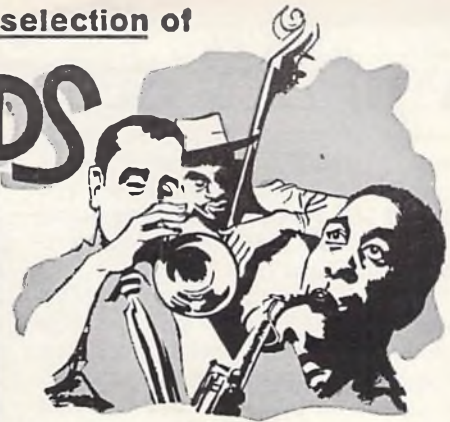
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217. **BILLY HOLIDAY** — Lady in Satin. For All We Know, But Beautiful, etc.

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

220. **SONNY STITT** — Saxophone Supremacy. I Cover the Waterfront, All of Me, Just Friends, etc.

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THE DEMISE OF THE GUILD

After six years of bitterness, recrimination, and jurisdictional rivalry, peace has come at last in the struggle between Hollywood's rebel recording musicians and the American Federation of Musicians (*DB*, Oct. 12).

Though the peace terms drawn between the AFM and the Musicians Guild of America stipulate the latter organization be dissolved, those rebels who set up the Guild—and all musicians active in the field of phonograph recording—are deemed beneficiaries. On

the face of it, at least. The implication of skepticism is not intended in a snide sense. It would be well, however, to bear in mind these facts:

The origin of this dispute lies in alleged maladministration of union money held in trust for recording musicians, with the AFM's stated purpose that of benefiting less-fortunate (i.e., irregularly employed) musicians. Now, the AFM "will seek to negotiate" changes in its contracts with record companies so that the musicians who

make the records will from now on get to keep half the sum paid into the Music Performance Trust Funds.

As an additional AFM "concession," the federation "reaffirms its policy to grant to all instrumentalists employed under its contract jurisdictions the right to ratify the contracts it negotiates." Reaffirmation of so basic a democratic principle is admirable.

The federation also agrees to the creation of a Hollywood recording musicians' advisory committee, a watchdog group to keep tabs on federation negotiations with record companies. No doubt it will comfort working musicians, knowing this committee exists to protect their rights—but whether the watchdog has teeth remains to be seen.

What other concessions are made by the AFM? One. "Full uninterrupted membership rights are *granted* [our italics] by the federation to those expelled or otherwise disciplined because of their Guild activities, and all fines are nullified."

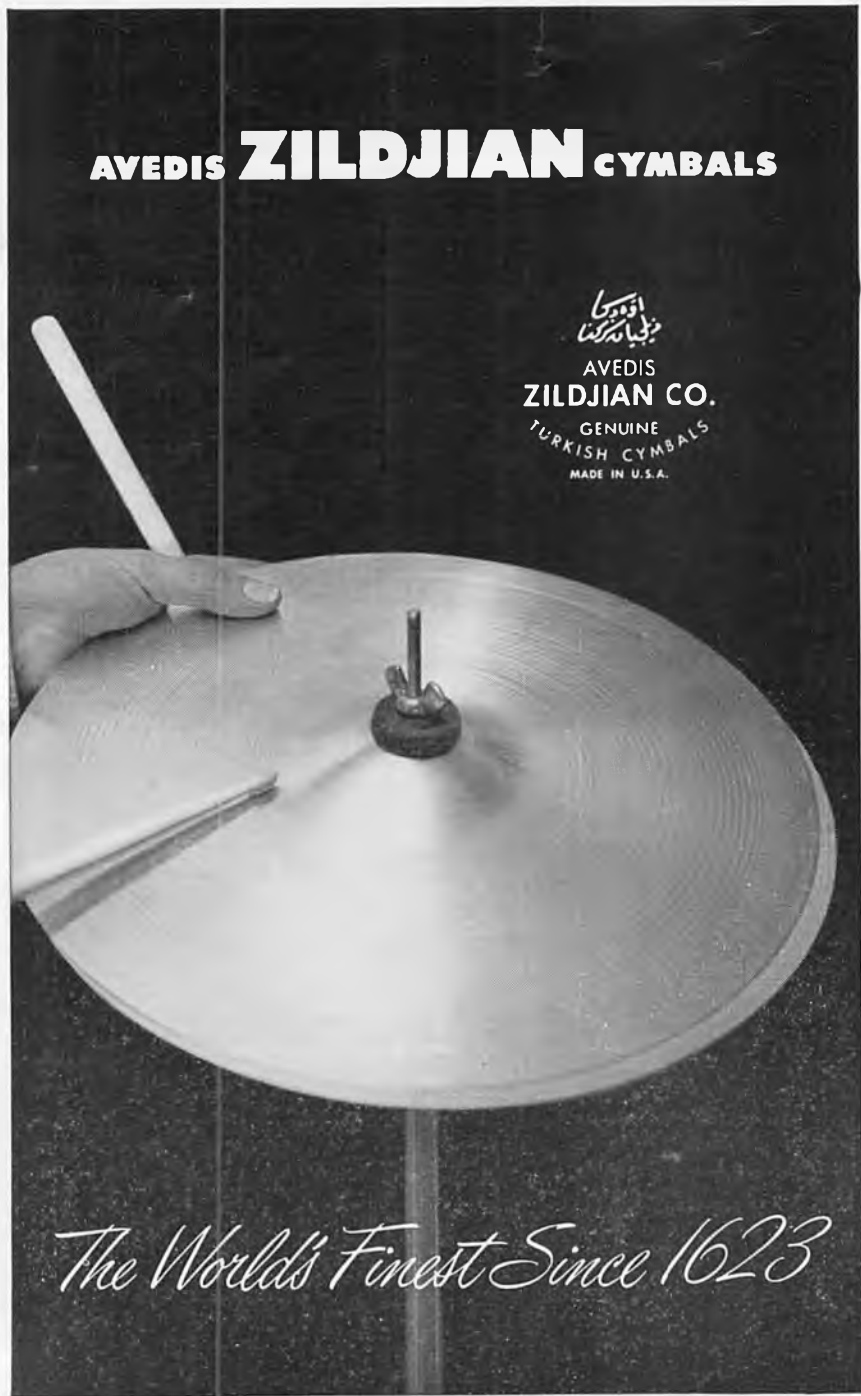
The federation pledges "the continuance and extension of practices and policies approved by the Guild," but such compliant phrases flow easily in the first flush of victory. And a victory it surely is—for the American Federation of Musicians and its president, Herman D. Kenin.

That the Guild forced certain reforms on the AFM is undeniable. But that those who founded it for that basic reformist purpose should have been forced to secede from their parent union to do so is deplorable.

Therefore, let this division of professional musicians, to whom unity in a labor organization is not only an inalienable right but an economic imperative, serve as a severe lesson in common sense.

Individual apathy and day-by-day inclination to accept union bureaucracy, adopting an *ars gratia artis* pose in face of abuses of union power by officials all too often elected almost blindly by this inert membership, willingness to permit intimidation, and unwillingness to disturb the status quo even when reason dictates otherwise—these are human failings. Tragically they often lead to disaster.

The Musicians Guild of America was born of such failings. The act of rebellion was almost as inevitable as it was necessary. Now the rebellion is over. True, the reforms striven for so torturously have partially been achieved. But it is only in the consolidation of those reforms and in the advancement of other improvements that the life and death of the Musicians Guild of America will have a meaning.





down beat

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Readers in 86 Countries
Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

OCTOBER 26, 1961

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ON THE COVER

Jazz piano has never lacked excellent performers, and the list includes musicians whose contributions to jazz extend beyond the keyboard. Starting on page 16, Bill Coss traces the development of the piano in jazz, pointing out the great influence of Earl Hines, Fats Waller, and Art Tatum. From the jazz piano in general we go to jazz piano in particular—in this case, three pianists of contrasting musical approaches: Toshiko Mariano, Cecil Taylor, and Billy Taylor. Another pianist, though better known as an entertainer, Steve Allen, speaks his mind on the social obligations of the artist-entertainer.

THINGS TO COME

If you've been present when jazz musicians relax in conversation, you know what we mean when we say that the next issue of *Down Beat* (Nov. 9) contains something special—a jazz discussion. Participants are George Russell, Hall Overton, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, and Don Ellis. Also in the next *Down Beat* (it goes on sale Oct. 26) will be complete coverage of the Monterey Jazz Festival and a study in depth of Dexter Gordon, one of the important, though usually uncredited, tenor saxophone influences.

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CHORDS

(Continued from page 8)

the house, then Al Hirt must be a great musician, and if Al Hirt is making so much loot that he has to turn down bookings, then Al Hirt is a great musician.

Following this reasoning, the inventors of the Yo-yo and hula hoop must be classified with the greats because their inventions pass this test of greatness—popularity and financial success.

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Los Angeles R. T. Murgatroyd

Frankly, I'm getting pretty disgusted with hearing all this talk pro and con about Al Hirt. His personal manager's letter was the final straw.

I first read of Hirt in a *Strictly Ad Lib* column some months ago. It stated something to the effect that the "big push was on and Hirt was liable to become one of the biggest of commercial jazz stars."

Since then, I have occasionally spotted little inanities in gossip columns that quote something Hirt has supposedly said. The latest appeared in a New York Sunday magazine section that stated Hirt had developed a miracle diet that enabled him to lose four pounds. I really wasn't aware of the power of this type of advertising until some of my friends started talking of Hirt.

Then he appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, hopping up and down, clowning with some monkeys, and generally making a parody of jazz. Next, he was on the *Dinah Shore Show* with more of the same. His appearance at the Evansville, Ind., festival was typical of everything he has ever done, and orchids to Don DeMicheal for calling things as he saw them.

But I really don't deplore Hirt's actions. If he wants to make a living by prancing up and down and blaring into his trumpet, that's okay by me. But why must he call this stuff "jazz"? Worse yet, his program is sometimes labeled traditional jazz, a style that has been knocked around enough these past years. Why not label it what it is—pure vaudeville. And if anyone cares to see him (certainly not hear him, there's nothing to hear), let them go.

I am not a particular fan of traditional jazz—I'd rather listen to John Coltrane and Miles Davis. But I find more emotion, more honesty, and more jazz in one track by Sweet Emma and Her Dixieland Boys than in all Hirt's appearances combined.

I don't want to get involved in a Stan Kenton debate, but really, Mr. Purcell, is Kenton way out and progressive?

This whole thing reminds me of Charlie Ventura and his Bop for the People. Talcottville, Conn. E. J. Brunner

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STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

For more than two years, **Sonny Rollins** has been absent from the jazz scene. Periodically the tenorist's reappearance was rumored. Early this year, he was scheduled to play in Chicago, but the date fell through at the last minute. Rollins rumors have grown in number lately. One of the more interesting ones had Rollins forming a group with **Max Roach** and **Charles Mingus**—but rumors have a way of not coming true. But it looks as if Rollins is ready to emerge from his self-imposed exile; he was scheduled to open at the Jazz Gallery early this month.

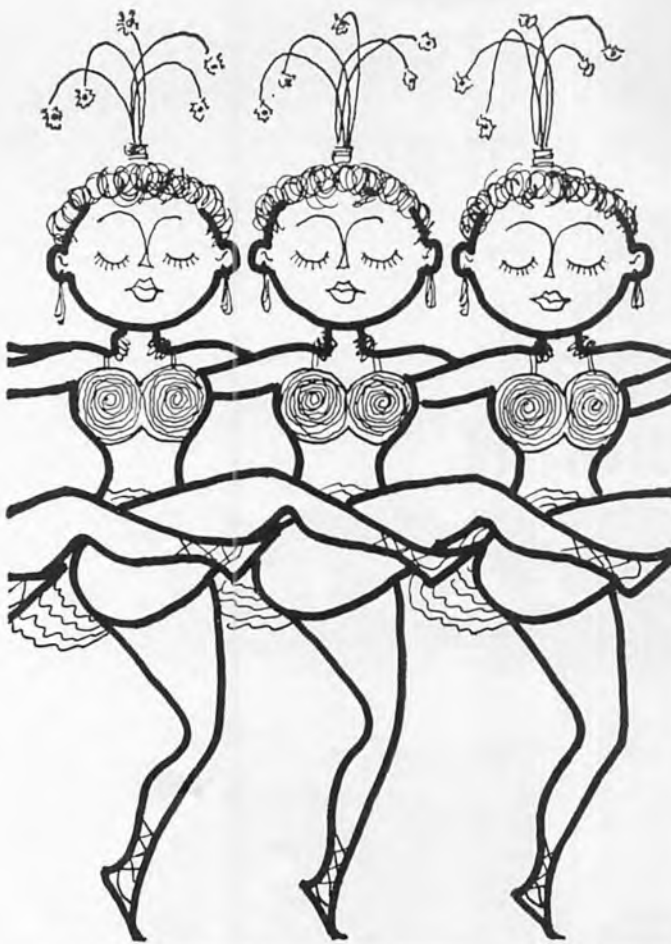
Erroll Garner, currently being tempted with offers to appear with six different European symphony orchestras next year, has a busy current schedule. Late this month he will be in Columbus, Ohio, at the Mirimar, a plush supper club that features such other performers as **Nelson Eddy**. Following that, he'll be at Pittsburgh's Holiday House. And, in November, he has a concert at Boston's Symphony Hall. Still without a title is Garner's second Octave album which will be released this month.

Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues* had its first New York showing at Carnegie Hall last month . . . Veteran trumpeter **Wingy Manone** has moved to New York City . . . **Louis Armstrong** begins a Christmas stay at Basin Street East on Dec. 20 . . . Chances are there will be no more afternoon sessions at the Metropole. Evening sessions will begin earlier if the day shift is cut out . . . **John Coltrane** plans a British tour in October — his quartet with the **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet — leading to concerts through Europe . . . Two hours of music written by **Johnny Richards** was presented in Houston, Texas—the Cullen Auditorium—with Richards as guest conductor. A full orchestra and 16 voices were presented in conjunction with the Houston Guild for Contemporary Composers . . . **Benny Goodman** and orchestra performed at a state dinner in the White House last week.

Clark Monroe, who used to own and manage the famous uptown incubator of modern jazz, Monroe's, is now the manager of **Count Basie's** club, Basie's Place . . . Arranger-conductor **Buddy Bregman** has written a musical titled *Too Good for the Average Man*. Its New York debut is at the new Camelot night club. The songs are all **Rodgers** and **Hart** . . . Vocalist **Nancy Harrow** dropped by to sit in at a Paris night club (the Mars). She was hired immediately and now moves off to other clubs in the French capital . . . Alto saxophonist **John LaPorta** and trumpeter **Rusty Dedrick** have formed a quintet and plan to work around New York . . . **Mercer Ellington** is no longer musical director for **Della Reese**.

New York's Speakeasy Room has pianist **Frank Signorelli** and guitarist **Carl Kress** for good-time jazz spirit . . . Guitarist **Joe Puma** plays discreetly at the Blue Angel . . . Ex-**Duke Ellington** tenor saxophonist, **Skippy Williams**, has a quartet at Gene's, a supper club on Long Island . . . **Ray Charles** headlined a recent week of vaudeville at the Palace Theater. **Sarah Vaughan** and comedian **Larry Storch**

(Continued on page 48)



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JAZZ FESTIVAL PLANNED BY PRESIDENT'S MUSIC COMMITTEE

Washington, in the form of the State Department, has sent many jazz groups overseas to make friends for the United States. Taking cognizance of jazz' success in other countries, the President's Music Committee plans what is being titled the First International Jazz Festival, to be held in Washington, D.C. in the spring.

The series of concerts, which will take place over several days, will explore the entire spectrum of jazz. Major jazz artists will be featured. In addition, the festival will include a concert combining symphony orchestra with leading jazzmen, an evening of jazz ballet and dance, a children's concert and a chamber-music segment.

Several jazz compositions, commissioned by Broadcast Music, Inc., will be premiered at the event. There also will be a display that will include original manuscripts, items of historical interest in jazz, art, and photography. Panel discussions are planned, as well as screenings of motion pictures dealing with jazz.

CHET BAKER'S TROUBLES CONTINUE UNABATED

According to reports, Chet Baker almost collapsed when he heard from a Florence, Italy, judge that he would have to return to his cell in Lucca prison to finish his sentence for illegally importing drugs into Italy and falsifying medical prescriptions. He will be released in three months.

The trumpeter, who was arrested in Lucca in August, 1960, had hoped for a release after a court of appeals had reduced his one-year-seven-months-10-days sentence by three months and five days and reduced his fine from \$448 to \$224.

To add to Baker's troubles, his wife, Halema, has returned to the United States to obtain a divorce.

HANK GARLAND SERIOUSLY INJURED IN CAR CRASH

Hank Garland, noted country-and-Western guitarist but also a jazzman of talent, was seriously injured in an auto accident last month. He was returning to his Nashville, Tenn., home when the rear tire of his 1951 station wagon blew. The car, out of control, veered into a ditch, and then bounded 30 feet through the air. Garland was thrown through the windshield.

He suffered severe head injuries and

a dislocated shoulder and was unconscious for 10 days. Doctors, however, were optimistic about his recovering.

DUKE OBJECTS TO JAZZ AS A TERM

It sounded as if a press agent had run short on legitimate copy:

Duke Ellington was widely quoted last month as being against the word "jazz." Actually, this is an annual occurrence, as predictable as the arrival of the first robin.

However, after one learns of the current Ellington projects — and they are always interesting — and wades through the by-now familiar Ellington objections to the word (the music has grown up so



Ellington

much; the line-drawing has become nearly impossible: there is little relationship even between current Dixieland and the old-time Dixieland), there were still two elements of importance to be learned.

One was the basis for his speaking in such manner: he has consistently insisted that he is not a jazz musician but a musician who happened to write music fitted into the jazz category. The second gave insight into an attitude that many feel has made him the most artistically successful of American composers: it also was the most interesting part of this year's set of interviews: "Today, with the experimental music and the academic approach, the music needs a new name, unless jazz has just come to mean American music."

AFRICAN MUSIC INFLUENCE TO BE TRACED IN CARNIVAL

The African Research Fund, which sponsored the Miles Davis-Gil Evans Carnegie Hall concert in May, again is involved with the world of jazz—or

at least its fringe. The organization presents *African Carnival* at New York City's 69th Regiment Armory Nov. 24-26.

The show (it runs for "seven or eight hours," and even the directors are hard pressed at this time to give the exact length) will be staged by Pearl Primus, who is returning from Africa particularly for this assignment.

It will present 60 dancers, singers, and drummers and will, in essence, be a story of the spread of African music, particularly through Trinidad, Haiti, and Cuba.

BURKE QUILTS AS NARAS PRESIDENT

Resignation of the president and election of six trustees to the national board of the National Academy of Recording Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences highlighted the organization's fall activities.

Sonny Burke, the outgoing president, was temporarily replaced by first vice president Margaret Whiting pending an election of a new head for NARAS by the board of governors. Burke said his resigning the post was prompted by "increasing executive responsibilities as West Coast head of Decca records." He will continue to serve as a national trustee and as a member of the board of governors.

Named new trustees to the national board were Paul Weston, Sonny Burke, Jim Conkling, Margaret Whiting, Elmer Bernstein, and Mack David. Six additional trustees elected by the New York chapter and two by the Chicago branch will be named shortly.

BUT WHAT DID WESTERN UNION SAY?

Never let it be said that Frank Sinatra makes no news.

The center of the thin singer's latest escapade is David Susskind and his *Open End* television panel show, which began the fall season with a two-hour gabfest on Sinatra's overcelebrated *Clan* or *Rat Pack*. Susskind's panel included such commentators as comedians Jackie Gleason, Joe E. Lewis, and Ernie Kovacs and magazine writer Marya Mannes.

Apparently this lineup wasn't strong enough for moderator Susskind. He wired Sinatra:

"We are preparing an *Open End* program on the 'Clan.' . . . I would like to invite you to participate in the

discussion. Will you please advise us of your interest and availability. . . ."

Sinatra responded immediately, "Could make myself available," he wired back, "for submitted date on *Open End*. My fee for one hour, \$250,000."

Susskind apparently failed to see the humor—if any. He tartly responded with this telegram: "Presume the stipulated fee of \$250,000 per hour is for your traditional program of intramural ring-a-ding-dinging with additional fillip of musical lyrics mounted on teleprompter. Please advise price for spontaneous discussion on how dear your fee."

Shot back Sinatra: "Apparently your original wire was misconstrued by telegraph company. The \$250,000 fee is for my usual talent of song and dance. However, now that I understand the picture a little more clearly, I must change it to \$750,000 for all parasitical programs. If your credit is good, or perhaps you have some friends who might lend it to you, please notify me within an hour after you receive wire if you can meet price. If not, go bother somebody else. I'm a busy man."

From New York all was silence. And so far as could be determined, the rehubarb ended right there.

THE ANNUAL FALL SIDEMAN SHAKEUP

Key personnel changes this fall grace the lineups of two of the country's busiest bands, Harry James' and Stan Kenton's.

James, set to reopen at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev., on Oct. 19 following a nationwide tour, replaces drummer Tony Di Nicola with Eddie Grady, onetime leader of his own band, the Commanders. Other changes saw Red Kelly, formerly with Stan Kenton, replace Russ Phillips on bass (Phillips joined Billy Eckstine); Sam Conte in place of Bud Billings on trumpet; Dave Madden for Modesto Brisenio on tenor saxophone; and Joe Riggs in for Pat Chartrand on alto saxophone.

In the Kenton band Gene Roland left the mellophonium section's jazz chair to be replaced by Ray Starling. Allen Buetler took Wayne Dunstan's tenor sax chair, and Dee Barton joined the trombones in place of Jack Spurlock. Pat Senatore took over the bass spot from Pete Chivily in the rhythm section.

LAND AND MITCHELL FORM GROUP IN L.A.

Tenorist Harold Land and bassist Red Mitchell, two of the most respected talents in jazz, have joined forces.



MITCHELL

LAND

The group, in addition to the leaders, includes trumpeter Carmell Jones, pianist Frank Strazzeri, and drummer Leon Petties.

According to Ray Linn, trumpeter-turned-manager of the quintet, an album for Atlantic records is in the works, although a possible conflict with the Pacific Jazz label was foreseen. Trumpeter Jones is exclusively signed with Pacific Jazz, and, it was learned, an album under his leadership not yet released features the same instrumentation as the Land-Mitchell group—and the identical personnel sans Mitchell.

As to the quintet, Mitchell told *Down Beat* it is no fly-by-night group. "We're going to try to keep it together indefi-

IMPRESSIONS—2

LOVE, HATE, AND JAZZ

The smell of raked leaves smoldering. Crisp air and tweeds. Quiet, childless playgrounds. Closed windows and hearty meals. Autumn. Nostalgia.

Maybe I'm getting old. More likely it's the weather. Anyway, I've found succor in thoughts of things that used to be.

Perhaps this wave of remembrance was all started the other day when I dug out some old Lester Young records—the ones Pres made before the Army near killed him. *Lady Be Good*, *Shoe Shine Boy*, *Evenin'*, *Boogie Woogie*—the Blue Five, Count Basie's Blue Five—the first records. Then there were those wonderful things under Teddy Wilson's name with Billie Holiday singing as if everything must be said today. Pres was on a lot of those Wilson records, too. *I Must Have That Man*. Remember Lester's solo on that? They say Benny Goodman was so shaken by what Pres played that he couldn't get into his own solo.

Yesterday.

No, day before yesterday. Yesterday Dizzy was making those records that a lot of us memorized within a week's time. *Hot House*, *Shaw Nuff*, *All the Things You Are*. Bird was there, too. Bird and Diz. *Congo Blues*, *Slam Slam Blues*, *Hallelujah*, *Get Happy*. Bird and Diz and Teddy and Red Norvo and Slam Stewart, Flip Phillips, J. C. Heard, Specs Powell. Then there was *Koko*. That one took a lot longer than a week to memorize.

It seemed there was a way of playing in the summer, another way in the spring and winter. Autumn was special. That's when you listened to ballads. Love jazz. Stan Getz and Chet Baker. Warm jazz, warm love jazz. Milt Jackson. Sweaters and flannel.

All of which brings us back to now.

I've been more than a little disturbed by some of the things we've heard lately. Is love passé? Hate seems to be creeping into jazz. Don't love your neighbor, hate him. Not all jazz, but some. How?

"Ah, we're reflecting life in our music," the angry child says. No, hate is not life. It may be the world, but it's not life. Life means something only if it is built on love.

"But the world, then, is full of hate," says the angry child. True. But if hate were given full vent the world over, there would be no world. Hate destroys. And hate will destroy jazz.

"Oh, you talk about Pres and Bird and the others—they lived in a different time," snaps the angry child. Not really. It was hardly a love-perfect world in the '30s. The '40s? We were so full of hate and venom, we spilt blood and stunted youth and warped the old.

"Everybody hates something!" the angry child flings. Perhaps. Surely most men do. But the artist must love to create. He must bring love to his art if it is to live. He can hate, but if this becomes all-consuming, his creativity dies.

Surely, Lester Young hated the Army. Perhaps Charlie Parker hated himself more than anything else. Art Tatum may have cursed his blindness. And Teddy Wilson, Stan Getz, Milt Jackson, Coleman Hawkins, and most others the angry child might name more than likely have hated something at some time. They are men as well as artists. Hate did not dominate their playing, however.

Maybe yesterday and the day before, jazzmen got rid of their anger and hate *through* the music, not *in* the music.

But the air grows cool. Winter and the dead earth are not far off. Cycles. Spring, then life. The same with jazz. As hate dies, life begins.

—DeMicheal

nately," he said. "And we're going to go on the road." Linn said he is negotiating with Associated Booking Corp. to line up such work.

Mitchell admitted leaving the Hollywood recording scene for a time would mean financial sacrifices, but, he added, "It'll be well worth it for me. Naturally, it will be a sacrifice for Harold, too. For example, he had to disband his own group."

In view of the writing abilities of all concerned, Mitchell said, the quintet will feature many original tunes. Also, he pointed out, the writing will utilize the bass in ways untried heretofore.

BOSTON JAZZ LOVERS SUCCEED IN CONCERT

Boston's north shore is an area that runs from a gaudy resort area, through a supersuburbia, to a collection of graceful mansions, cup-race yachts, and hunt clubs. Aside from the gaudy playland—and its inclusion is merely a matter of geography—it is an area whose major radicalism would be conservative Republicanism.

It has lately been invaded by Fred Taylor, John Sdoucos, Robert Gibeley, and Patricia Sweeney, pre-middleagers who met as teenagers in the early days of Boston's Club Storyville and now call themselves the North Shore Concert Society. Their aim is to awaken and arouse the citizenry, a solid Massachusetts tradition. Their method is to present established jazz artists in company with bright local musicians. Their first concert, held recently, did just that: Count Basie and His Orchestra and the local-based Joe Bucci and Joe Riddick Duo. (See *Caught in the Act*, page 38, this issue.)

The citizenry was aroused right from the beginning. It feared at least a mild riot. But the concert originally was planned for the outside quarters of a commercial dance hall, and no one could foresee that, at the last moment, it was to be moved into the Harry Agganis Memorial Auditorium in Lynn. That was not because of smart maneuvering but because of driving rain.

What riot there was, was confined to the stage. It was Basie's birthday (57th), and there was celebration in the air, climaxed by a cake and a loudly dissonant chorus from the band on *The Old Gray Mare*.

For the guiding foursome, the concert was an unqualified success. Each said he believes that many lukewarm jazz inquirers became full-scale enthusiasts, that Bucci and Riddick developed a substantially larger audience for their future engagements, and that the society is a going concern whose future invasions will be more frequent and increasingly substantial.



FESTIVAL IN MONTREAL

You can lead jazz musicians to an audience, but you can't make them swing. This was demonstrated forcefully in the jazz week of the Montreal Festivals Aug. 26-31 in the Comedie Canadienne Theater. It marked the first time in the 26-year history of the festivals that jazz was given some billing.

A full house opening night heard Belgian-born but Montreal-residing guitarist René Thomas with bassist and drummer play one-half the program, the Modern Jazz Quartet the other. Thomas is about the best jazz musician around Montreal.



The MJQ

His group came back on the Wednesday evening concert, but both his choice of tunes and his performances were much better on opening night. He's strictly a modernist and even plays Django Reinhardt tributes in a modern vein. His bassist, Freddie McHugh, and drummer, Pierre Belus, can be impressive but weren't here.

The Modern Jazz Quartet was as varied as ever, inserting Ornette Coleman's *Lonely Woman* in its program and receiving much audience reaction. The *Original Sin* ballet suite was represented—and in much more interesting a form than on John Lewis' Atlantic LP, wherein he leads a symphony orchestra.

Sunday evening's performances by the Ted Elfstrom Octet and the Oscar Peterson Trio were the most disappointing of the series.

Elfstrom's group plays little or no jazz and had no business in a jazz festival. All his musicians are competent, and many play excellent jazz elsewhere. But the atmosphere of this group is stifling. It consists of five woodwinds and three rhythm. Elfstrom plays a fine trombone but didn't here; he conducted.

Peterson looked fit to be tied when he came on stage, minus any glad-to-be-back-in-my-home-town feeling. He played a set you might expect to hear in a noisy night club but far off his usual concert par.

The Arleigh Peterson dancers performed on Tuesday, sharing billing with the drum-heavy Herbie Mann Afro-Jazz Sextet.

Mann's men were exciting to behold, particularly Senegalese drummer Chief Bey. A big disappointment was Toronto's Hagood Hardy on vibes. It must be frustrating to play an instrument other than drums in a group of this type.

The Mitchell-Ruff Trio (drummer Charlie Smith, formerly with Billy Taylor and others, is now with them) was a distinct pleasure to see and hear. The three look as if they're enjoying what they're playing, a big factor.

Montreal's Paul De Margerie Quintet, with De Margerie on piano, Yvan Landry on vibes, and Tony Romandini on guitar, were the only local group other than the Thomas trio to swing. They also served as the accompanying group for the Double Six of Paris, the



Mimi Perrin

highlight of the week.

Mimi Perrin, who directs the group, must surely be the best singer in jazz for vocalese, other than Annie Ross. Miss Perrin, red-haired Monique Guerin, and the four male members, Claude Germain, Jean-Claude Briodin, Louis Aldebert, and Eddy Louis, have the advantage of being able to utilize the possibilities in harmony and unison that six voices offer, over the L-H-R's three. Their lyrics are in French, but you'd need a lyric sheet to follow them even if they were in English.

Their approach is that of L-H-R; they vocalize on famous jazz instrumentals, mostly by Quincy Jones but others by Bill Russo and Gil Evans. Their performance on the 1949 Miles Davis *Boplicity* was an unexpected and unusual insert. —Henry F. Whiston

JAZZ PIANO-

THREE FOUNTAINHEADS HINES / WALLER / TATUM

BARRY ULANOV tells the story of an uptown New York party, where Nat Cole, Erroll Garner, and Art Tatum were trading brilliant musical phrases. The three finally came to the subject of influences. Cole was quick to say his major influence had been Earl Hines. He expected Tatum to say the same, but Art said, "Fats Waller, man. That's where I come from. And quite a place to come from." Through all the conversation, Garner bounced away at the piano, showing his own distillation of Hines and Waller.

Earl Hines, Fats Waller, and Art Tatum. Those are the three magic names of the piano.

In the beginning, there were two words, one easily forgotten, and it was Storyville. The other word was ragtime. Its heroes were Tony Jackson, Porter King, James Scott, and Thomas Turpin. It reached its final development, through Scott Joplin, in the playing of James P. Johnson.

Differently oriented, closer to jazz, were Cripple Clarence Lofton, Meade Lux Lewis, and Pinetop Smith, the early boogie-woogie pianists, and Jelly-Roll Morton, perhaps more important to jazz' development as a composer than as a pianist.

But it was not until 22-year-old Earl Hines arrived in Chicago from Pittsburgh in 1927 that jazz piano developed a voice equal to what could be heard on other instruments. At the same time, Thomas Wright (Fats) Waller, burst onto the New York scene. The hereditary lines were set. From Hines came the Dixieland-based pianist, such as Joe Sullivan, Jess Stacy, and Bob Zurke and such original swing pianists as Mary Lou Williams and Teddy Wilson. From Hines and Waller came the late Art Tatum, whose playing reached into the bop era and beyond through Bud Powell.

Three major pianists then, with Bob Zurke as a culmination of the Dixieland school and Teddy Wilson as the major master of the swing school, and the three were greater than everything that went before and seem to be part of everything since.

IF AMOUNT OF progeny makes for a value judgment, Hines, the only one of the three still alive, is the fatha indeed. At 9 he wanted to be a trumpeter, but his mother forced him to the piano. Perhaps that has something to do with the fact that his right-hand style (it seems to play what could be called a trumpet's melodic line) has always been called trumpet style. Whatever the value of that, his left hand has always been vigorous, splashing large chords, setting up counterrhythms, and pulling tremolos from the keyboard. Unlike most others of his generation,

Hines has remained fresh, speculative, almost modern in the sense in which that word is usually used.

From all this came the earliest pianists, mentioned before, and then Nat Cole, George Shearing, Oscar Peterson, and Phineas Newborn (those last two also influenced by Tatum).

Waller's talent became obvious in 1922—though he was only 18. He was a piano school unto himself. Most of the pianists who came under his influence were also influenced by Hines (as with Erroll Garner and his host of imitators), so that much of his special contribution is not as easily seen as it is in those who followed Hines and Tatum. He brought the easy, legato conception of piano to jazz, something confined usually to the most exceptional classical pianists. Another contribution was the perfection of the stride style.

Tatum borrowed that and added to it. He also took the peculiar touch that was so classically disciplined. To that he added all his flashy technique and ornamentation. It is that part of his over-all style that brings on the critical onslaught that preaches against Tatum piano. There is no question that Tatum bred a whole new school of cocktail and intermission pianists. His use of runs, arpeggios, changing tempos and bass line can be heard in lounges throughout the country.

But he also can be heard in the playing of dozens of important modernists. From him, came the most important progression, Bud Powell. In Powell can be heard the use of harmonic and melodic pattern explored and emphasized by Tatum.

Teddy Wilson developed independently of Tatum. To the Hines influence he added bass in 10ths, as Tatum did to Waller. Like Tatum, he also added ornamentation, though it was more spare, less frivolous.

Others of Hines musical family have been able to develop more with current jazz trends. The late Nat Jaffe, Jimmy Jones (who also combines Tatum and exceptional articulation), and Cole are outstanding examples of that.

The traditionalist branch of the school has not, though. Jess Stacy has remained its most lyrical and simple-styled member. Gene Schroeder; Dick Carey, most particularly; Mel Powell, and Joe Bushkin find the Hines-Stacy combination an interesting one but never bring it to the highest level.

Aside from Wilson, the two other Hines-ites most important are Cole and Mary Lou Williams. Cole brought Hines most clearly into the modern era, with the result that some pianists today (Oscar Peterson, Phineas Newborn, and, until recently, André Previn) actually seem influenced by the Cole version of Hines more than the original. Miss

Williams always has been unique, almost as unique as Hines, because she has spanned three distinct eras of jazz, making each one productive for herself, as well as adding to each, whether in playing, or through her writing, or by the formal and informal teaching of modernists she has done.

In 1949, Mary Lou, who is a sometimes outspoken critic, said, "Today, Lennie Tristano is about the only original pianist around, Lennie and Bud Powell. You've got to credit Bud. . . ."

Tristano's contribution was one of highly personal approach and of *space*, but his major impact has been in the influence he has had on musicians who played other instruments. But Bud Powell founded one whole half of what could be called modern piano and shares with Thelonious Monk the parenthood of the other half.

The direct descent from Tatum through Powell is heard in the playing of Hank Jones, Dave McKenna, Roland Hanna, and such pianists. There is no sprawling of harmonies or the typical and erratic changes of time, but the touch is generally soft, and the Tatum fullness is there, even with the distillation that Powell brought to the style.

THE SECOND group, and it seems by far the largest in recent years, seems to draw on early Powell and eternal Monk. That is, there has come about a retrenchment of style, a strong return to rhythmic piano, leading first to funk, and then to soul and other regions. It was persistently rapid fire, flashing, and studded with a variety of rhythmic phrases reflecting a predominately eighth-note conception. Even on ballads, there was no lessening of intensity, no softness of mood, nothing different from the crash program of this general swing back into hard swing. Hamp Hawes, Tommy Flanagan, Red Garland, John Williams, Barry Harris, and Dwiki Mitchell were all hardcore members of this group.

The boss of the later development of the same thing has been Horace Silver who had an earlier, more romantic period. His more recent approach, joined by other kinds of instrumentalists, has been essentially a return to that music generally associated with the Sanctified churches, a natural ethnic return, as the sociologist would say. It is a style now played by nearly everyone except the masters, and it, too, like the style that spawned it, is short on shading, loud and long on swing and be swayed.

The general evolution of the first part of this style has been placed with Thelonious Monk because of his startling chord conceptions and eccentricities of time and harmony. Actually, it must have some relationship also to the

early bop pianists, those who came from the swing era, such as Cyldre Hart, Al Haig, and Dodo Marmarosa. They had the emphatic quality of swing. Or to Milt Buckner's innovation, the locked-hands style of playing chords, that brought a ferocity in its playing.

It may be this return to the roots that has made Monk go currently popular after years of obscurity. He is, in the best sense of that word, a primitive, an eccentric who can be imitated but not duplicated.

On the other hand, that other original, Erroll Garner, also primitive and eccentric, gets little official critical blessing today but is probably the most copied of all pianists and a direct line to most of those modernists who follow the Hines-Waller approach.

Those are the major lines. There are, of course, so many individual musicians who can be added: Herbie Nichols, who draws on the Duke Ellington orchestral sense and Monk's angularity; John Lewis, who has moved from the Bud Powell line to an individuality, emphasizing restraint and simplicity; and Dave Brubeck, who is more clearly seen from his compositional approach than as a standard jazz pianist. There are, as well, such as Billy Taylor, who combines rhythmic daring with very personal improvisation; George Wallington, little heard today but one of the outstanding bop pianists with a profound ballad sense; Herbie Brock, a pianist whose talents and individualism are awesome.

IT IS A LONG and noble list. For a late-starter in the jazz world, the piano has come a long way. Its possibilities for the future seem almost limitless. The little orchestra that its keys present to the technician offers a wide horizon.

Two pianists most often mentioned in reports of new developments, though neither seems likely to influence schools, are Cecil Taylor and Bill Evans. Evans is a fully accepted member of the jazz fraternity, although he once was not. Taylor seems a maverick to most, a purveyor of unwanted complexities to others.

Like Taylor, Evans is much given to note clusters and dissonances. Unlike him, Evans has beguiling gentleness, even when he is his most firm. Another major Evans characteristic is a sound that seems exactly to be that of a note being bent. But the outstanding quality is lyricism caught up in a compelling swing.

Who else is at this moment beginning to boil is the continuing and the happiest question common to jazz. Anything seems possible in a tradition as rich and varied as has been the life of jazz piano.

—Coss



EARL HINES



FATS WALLER



ART TATUM

FOCUS ON TOSHIKO AND CHARLIE MARIANO

BY MARIAN MCPARTLAND



TED WILLIAMS

IN THIS country the musician has to be so *strong*." The words were in the soft voice of Japanese jazz pianist Toshiko Mariano, whose playing demonstrates her understanding of their meaning. They could, in fact, be called the keynote to her success, for her playing is strong, her beliefs are strong, her desire for acceptance of her music is strong. She has had strength of purpose to carry her through years of study and practice in jazz, an unfamiliar art in her native country, and strength of will to continue study and practice in this country.

Toshiko always has seemed to have her own organized inner drive to sustain her, and now that she and her husband, altoist Charlie Mariano, have their own quartet (an impressive merging of two major talents), her playing has become even more forceful, more driving.

Her style and conception seem different from the Bud Powellish ideas of a few years back, her playing seems to have outgrown the similarity it once had to Powell, and she plays in a more personal style, clean lines, clearly executed with fire and intensity.

Nor can Charlie still be identified, as he once was by some, as another Charlie Parker imitator. Fresh jets of sound, emotional, yet with a dry-ice quality, spurt from his horn. His ideas are fresh, the feeling lyrical yet full of virility. Charlie and Toshiko seem to inspire one another to play excitingly.

When Toshiko plays, she puts her whole being into the effort. It is interesting to see this small, slim woman perform

with such furious power and concentration. She is uncompromising on stage. No designing crowd-pleaser, she bends over the keyboard, lost in what she is doing. She does not look up or smile until the end of a number. Then she does smile, delightfully, and occasionally will announce numbers in her soft, halting English.

She dresses tastefully and with a certain flair. Her hairdo and make-up are simple, yet individual. She does not attempt to court her audience with flashy gimmicks. She is positive about not wanting to wear traditional Japanese clothes, having taken it much to heart when John McLellan, a Boston jazz writer, criticized her for doing this. "I do not want to give anyone an excuse to say I capitalize on being Japanese," she declared. "I feel very good in my Japanese dress, very much at home, but to work in—no. I want my playing to speak for me, not what I am wearing."

TOSHIKO AND CHARLIE formed their group, the Toshiko Mariano Quartet in the fall of 1960. Already it is well established. Its first record album for Candid has received nothing but praise and good ratings. It is well produced and organized, consisting of five tunes, two of them written by Charlie and two by Toshiko, with the fifth a somewhat brooding arrangement of *Deep River*.

Toshiko scorns the routine "blowing" approach to a tune and uses some rather abrupt staccato rhythmic introductions and interludes in many of her pieces, one of her trademarks. Her use of these rhythmic devices is unique. The drums invariably play the line with the other instruments, which is effective and different. In her *The Long Yellow Road*, that is used to good effect in the early part of the tune, and when finally the group falls easily into the first solo chorus, it seems to swing that much harder and sound that much more relaxed, contrasted as it is with the uneven, jagged-sounding introduction. This music will not appeal to the jazz dilettante, but those more serious cannot help but be moved by the wild, surging passages played by the Marianos and their two excellent sidemen.

Toshiko and Charlie's sidemen are Gene Cherico on bass and Eddie Marshall on drums. Toshiko met Cherico at the Berklee School of Music in Boston when she started studying there in 1956, and he has worked with her much of the time since. He was with her original trio (with Jake Hanna on drums) and has been a member of the present group since its start. It is a tribute to the Marianos that whether the group works steadily or not, Cherico has refused lucrative offers to leave.

Certainly one of the notable things about the group is that the members of it know one another's playing, are used to playing together, and do so with evident enjoyment.

Things are building slowly but surely for the Marianos. They are well received and play to good crowds in jazz rooms such as New York's Half Note and Birdland and Chicago's Birdhouse.

"But they don't like us in some of the supper clubs," Toshiko said. "In places like that they always think a horn is too loud. We were playing in Canada once, and Charlie was ill and had to stay home. I apologized to the owner for Charlie not being there, but he said he liked it better that way." She laughed ruefully.

"I guess Charlie and I aren't too businesslike, or too commercial. We don't have an agent—we've been getting our own bookings. But sometimes it's hard, because we can't talk too well for ourselves."

THESE TWO charming people, shy, but strongly individual, met me for coffee recently. They were soon happily involved in telling me of their work, and their apartment in Leonia, N. J.

They spoke fondly of their recent trip to Japan.

"I wanted to go home so badly," Toshiko said. "So I wrote to this promoter over there that I know, and he

arranged a tour for us. It was wonderful—we played a lot of little towns as well as the big cities like Tokyo, and even in the very small places at least a thousand people would come to hear us. Some of these people had never heard jazz, but they came and they enjoyed it. And they couldn't do enough for Charlie! He loved the country and the people. Someone even gave him a whole Japanese outfit.

"All my friends wanted to buy me things, and I would say, 'No that's not necessary.' So then they would say, 'Well, how about some things for Charlie?' It really was a wonderful trip for us and very successful. We want to go back again real soon." Charlie, smiling, nodded an agreement.

Who is the leader of the group?

"She is," Charlie said with a grin. "I'm not leader material. I just want to be one of the guys and let her run the band."

Toshiko smiled and said, "You know, if I ask Charlie to say something to the boys, or tell them something about playing, he won't do it. So it ends up that I'm the fussy-budget, and they hate me and love him." They both broke up laughing.

Toshiko's reaction to the statement made so often to women musicians—"you play like a man"—is one of flattery. "But I never even thought about it till I came to America," she added. "That's when I first heard this 'woman' business. All the years I played in Japan with a group no one ever thought about such a thing—we played together, went to movies together, stayed up all night listening to music together. I don't think it ever occurred to anyone to say anything about it. You know, in the classical field, people just don't say that. The teacher teaches you to play the music the way it should be played, man or woman, to get the most out of it, and to play strong."

Then she said with an impish grin, "I think it is the younger musicians coming up who make the objections about women musicians—they want to keep things in the family."

As a young girl in Manchuria, she studied at Dairen Conservatory. Looking at her, it is hard to believe that she has been playing piano for 27 years. "Yes, I'm 31 years old," she said. "I like to tell people my age. I want them to know I just didn't learn to play overnight."

"I'm a newcomer in the business," Charlie kidded. "I've only been playing for 20 years—in fact, there should be a new category in the jazz polls for people like me. Old star."

Toshiko talked wistfully about her family in Japan: "I lost my father eight years ago, but my mother and my sister are over there. My sister, she's not married, works for a textbook company. My mother has never been to America. She wouldn't be happy here—we would be going on the road, and she would be alone without her friends; and it's very important to be with your friends. So she stays in Japan. Things are pretty much the same there as they are here though—families I mean. Inside the house, I believe all families are the same, the only difference is outside, because of custom."

THE MERGING of this talented pair has created the kind of emotional and musical climate in which both can flourish. Such growth, for the foreseeable future anyhow, will be done in the confines of the present quartet.

"We don't plan to change the group," Toshiko said, adding that both she and her husband expect to do more writing because "I like the tunes Charlie writes ('and I like her things,' he responded). Maybe we'll make it in a big way some day . . . But to have a big hit—it takes the right people, the right time, the right tune, these three.

"You have to do all these things—and even then maybe it doesn't happen."



By BILL COSS

CECIL TAYLOR'S

STRUGGLE

Portrait of the Artist as a Coiled Spring

FOR

EXISTENCE



CHARLES ROTMIL

CECIL TAYLOR believes, "Your contribution to jazz is your whole life—before, now, and after. You're in love. That's why you're there."

This has to be a personal story, because I have been involved with it for several months.

One night I sat and watched Norman Mailer dance bursting, or burst dancingly, into a club where Taylor was playing, announcing, as if he were the village voice, that Taylor "is the only interesting piano player in town."

Mailer thinks of New York City as town.

Cecil Taylor thinks of New York City as the place where he is seldom hired and less often allowed any prolonged engagements. That night, the special coil within the tight, tense spring that sings "Cecil" up and "Taylor" down, must have tightened again. He had just been told that he and his group were being replaced the next night.

Whether Taylor is really "the only interesting piano player in town," is hard to discover, considering his lack of employment. And that lack of employment appears to be caused by three sources of information.

It is generally considered by one source, the jazz fan, that Taylor's music is too cerebral. But I have seen his audiences grow, as in this last engagement, grow over a 30-day period—it takes that long to build an audience for something out of the ordinary—and I saw this audience put mind to mind and then beat feet, nod heads, and clap hands.

This talk has been reinforced by critical assessments. Taylor has been written off as a pianist who is "stylistically

limited," a phrase more exactly used almost anywhere else. For if any special thing has hurt his commercial possibilities, it is that he plays so many kinds of music and in so many kinds of ways.

What Taylor might be accused of is the special failing of being consistently different. It is an area hard to judge, and that, in itself, quite understandably, calls up a special wrath, or a special support.

HE IS, AND I feel this from my own, and often negative, involvement with Lennie Tristano in the early 1950s, cast up hard against those who say jazz must be a la a particular mode or a la a particular king.

No comparisons are meant, but it is interesting to speculate on the colossal failure that might have been Duke Ellington's if he had played only with a quartet. This would have been so, not because of his failure necessarily, but because larger musical ideas are more easily portrayed and accepted when played by a large orchestra.

Not so strangely, Taylor leans on Ellington when times are bad. ("I play Ellington and decide things are all right.") Not so strangely because Cecil is more closely allied to Ellington and to Thelonious Monk (which means also to Jimmy Yancey) than most of his detractors realize. His interest in and studies of such contemporary composers as Igor Stravinsky and Bela Bartok have made him a prey of those who guard jazz with vestal-virgin care. It has clouded the issue. Percussive, dissonant, and highly personal as his playing may be, those are words only expressing the technique, the way of playing, not the content of what he plays.

His friend, and bassist, Buell Neidlinger, says that the techniques "may produce playing sounding *like* some Stravinsky piano music," but the main source of material is from the blues.

In the main, Taylor agrees with this, but he said that he feels his music, certainly blues-oriented, represents New York City, "the energy that built these ugly buildings. Well, they're dirty, so they look ugly—I never realized how lovely Carnegie Hall was until they cleaned it. And the tempo and the people . . . well, they're here, but most of them have been beaten by the system. The most interesting ones are those who fill you with surprise, not necessarily charming, and it's hard to find those who are not destructive."

The third factor in the unemployment is caused by his fellow musicians. This is not a paranoid judgment. Taylor does not talk about it, but he knows that many musicians strongly dislike the way he plays, and he knows clubowners and record executives are strongly influenced by what musicians say. He knows he has been hurt by this, and he considers it only another irritant in the major battle. "The hardest thing about being original is trying to stay alive," he said.

TAYLOR OFTEN deals in such cryptic phrases as, "We get little breaks every five years or so." Or, "Cliques are comforting, but deadening." Or, "Monk is a hero and a teacher of mine, even though we don't talk." And, "I watch a musician's body movements to see whether the feeling is real." Or, "The Charlie Parker story today is like the old-time New Orleans brothel story. Why not tell the rest, the real evaluation, that he was a modern Negro, reflecting the tremors of society?"

Cryptic he is, and enigmatic. He is not inclined to talk about his past. His friends say that they know of at least five different birthdates he has assigned himself. According to Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, he was born in New York City, March 15, 1933, studied privately and at the New York College of Music and the New England Conservatory.

According to Taylor, he has been playing piano since he was 5, comes from a family (there is some familial relationship with drummer Sonny Greer) that was always tak-

ing him to hear music (his father plays guitar and knows old-fashioned shouts).

According to Neidlinger, who has been a one-man publicity force for Taylor since 1955, there is much more. Before he had met the pianist, Neidlinger worked with the late Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Kansas City trumpeter who was fronting a Dixieland group. Taylor had worked in an earlier Page group. Neidlinger recalled that Page kept telling about "that strange piano player I hired once."

Since he has met him, Neidlinger has noted that Taylor reads a great deal—mostly sociology and philosophy—lives on very little ("takes jobs in department stores sometimes when things are very rough"), walks through New York a great deal, has friends from all walks of life, likes cats and spicy foods (last month he was hospitalized with an ulcer condition), writes quality prose, and is very interested in theater and dance. (Taylor accompanied *The Connection* for five weeks late last year. Buell says his playing should have been recorded: "It was fantastic . . . it overpowered the generally weak play.")

Taylor readily acknowledges his involvement with dancers and actors (he introduces thematic material in a way that reminds me of a play), although he limits that interest to those who are "as involved with improvisation as we are."

BUT HIS major involvement, of course, is with music. He doesn't study formally anymore, but he does practice hours each day and devotes much of the rest of his time to composition. He has made himself a concise and purposeful work world. He is like a monk, but without a cloister, or, perhaps the cloister is his outer-self, and within the gates, besides his daily sacrifices, he has the time and need to meditate. Those thoughts are as much an explanation of his music as anything could be. In fact, they sound like the music itself. Following is a condensation of several conversations:

"The pride in playing has been lacking since 1955. Now jazz is recognized as a money maker. Now the young Negro musician *can* play it safe. Right now, in that place we were talking about, there are two groups. They're playing exactly the same way; even the same tunes. All the people I've admired always play hard. When they don't, it's because they can't. So you wait; wait for Duke, Coltrane, Ornette's group and Ornette, Monk and Miles, those people and Billie Holiday. You wait, and when they do, it's worth waiting for.

"I think we frighten some people. I know that they work harder when we are playing opposite them. You know, music isn't only supposed to satisfy you. It's also work. If it intimidates you, that's good, too. That makes you work harder. But I haven't heard anything for a long time that intimidated me, frightened me. I should explain that. Music that does that is my fault. It means I've forgotten my ears. It makes me angry, not afraid—angry because I couldn't hear it.

"The first modern pianist who made any impression on me was Dodo Marmarosa, with Barnet. In 1951, I heard Tatum, Silver, Peterson, and Powell. Oh, I guess Bud was the first. He and Dodo were the first I heard. Then I heard lots of Tristano, Mary Lou Williams, and Brubeck. Brubeck made an impression because of the horizontal approach he made, the harmonic sounds, the rhythm—not so jazz oriented, but academic. What I said before about music being your whole life is germane here. You can't expect Dave Brubeck, who grew up in a rural area, to play like a guy from 118th St.

"In any case, the greatness in jazz occurs because it includes all the mores and folkways of Negroes during the last 50 years. No, don't tell me that living in the same kind of environment is enough. *You* don't have the same kind of cultural difficulties I do. I admire someone like Zoot

Sims, because he accepts himself. He is unique. He tries to come to grips with *everything*, musically, not socially. But even Zoot, and Lennie Tristano, only simulate the feeling of the American Negro—the way American composers concern themselves with Stravinsky, Webern, and such.

"Jazz is a Negro feeling. It is African, but changed to a new environment. It begins in the Negro community, and it is the only place for Negro hero worship. Economic pressures did away with the Negro tap dancer. The Negro actor has no historical perspective—I'm very interested in historical perspective. Sidney Poitier is more related to Marlon Brando than he is to Bert Williams. But jazz has had the continuation.

"Still Lennie made a real contribution. His linear concept had space in it—the openness and its implications got to me. But it ended up being a swing concept. The rhythm section was a la Basie.

"I suppose counterpoint in rhythm sections must be the new reality. That's the reason why Ornette has been so important.

"That reminds me. Since 1957, a change has begun—Ornette, Jackie Byard, and Eric Dolphy. Of course, there's one constant. Duke Ellington. Since for always. He's written through all those categories, including the ones you're making up now. If he would only rescore *Diminuendo and Crescendo*, all the young musicians would know. But the band always sounds fresh, so far as the jazz heart is concerned. Woody and Diz had great hands, but they were limited. They couldn't get to the ultimate the way Duke did.

"The reality is that what I play is jazz. Anything happening after is fine. Somehow my comping has become a matter of put-down. It's not nervous. I try to provide a full orchestral background. That causes a horn player to really play. He'll respond, if he can. You look at the reviews. See what happens when Coltrane and I play together. He and Dolphy can hear me.


"The sad thing is the fact of how much nonmusical forces have to do with the music. Not only in the business itself, but the musicians themselves reflect the greedy society. Contemporaries impose on you, impress you with the futility of doing things. Really, they are emphasizing death as such. Our whole society seems to be based on cutting down flight. Communication has become a lost art. Maybe that's why we have psychiatrists.

"It *is* important, wholly important, to fulfill yourself. It is your life. If you do that then you are doing something for someone else, even if it's only one someone else. Even then, it's all right. That's my life. My particular battle is fighting for the cultural beauty spots of different peoples. In my case, of the Negroes. I have made my contribution the way others have done and I want it recognized as that.

HE SAID more than that—much more. About his admiration for the musical language Miles Davis built ("He is an organizer of sound"), about his respect for some others, his understanding of jazz history, and the people important to it, his realization that the piano is not an instrument as easily identifiable with for an audience as is a horn, his resignation that "we have a small percentage of an already small audience."

Nothing he said is lessened by his total lack of economic success, an unwelcome fact. Since 1957, he has probably worked a total of 30 weeks. He has made albums for Transition, two for United Artists, one-half of one for Verve, and has a contract for three with Candid—one of which has been released.

Candid he is, this wiry young man, who speaks softly, concisely, distinctly, sometimes sardonically, always honestly.

Artist he is, too, in thought, word, and action. 



CHARLES ROTMIL

NICE GUYS finish last." Leo Durocher's phrase comes unfortunately close to describing the circumstances of pianist Billy Taylor, a man who, despite enormous talent, a pleasing bandstand disposition, and a varied collection of good to excellent sidemen, has been to the popular world of jazz a bridesmaid but not a bride.

His records sell but never enough to get him a gold disc. His performances draw but never enough to establish him as a hot boxoffice property. His trios click but have become to the up-and-coming sideman more a temporary haven than a home, so much so that when bassist Earl May left him to become music arranger for Gloria Lynne, and drummer Ed Thigpen quit to join the trio of Oscar Peterson, Taylor decided to try another groove.

Where before his groups had primarily spoken as stars of the same magnitude, frequently deserting ensemble work for displays of individual brilliance, Taylor, on the breakup of the Thigpen-May trio, declared, "It is frustrating to lose good men . . . to have to build again, sometimes with men whose abilities vary from those in the group before. This time, I'll orient the group around myself in an effort to achieve some sort of performance in the public mind."

THAT TAYLOR is a rather impermanent image in the jazz mind seems odd in the face of his obvious ability. Firmly established in the world of musicians, the 40-year-old music graduate of Virginia State College, in Petersburg, Va., has worked as a sideman with Ben Webster, Stuff Smith, Cozy Cole, Machito, Slam Stewart, and Don Redman.

His first group, a quartet, was fronted by Artie Shaw as the one of the clarinetist's Gramercy 5's. In 1951 Taylor was a fixture at Birdland, working with combos led by Georgie Auld, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Slim Gaillard, Terry Gibbs, Howard McGhee, Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Pettiford, Kai Winding, Charlie Parker, and others.

Since 1952, with his own trios, he has recorded for Roost, Atlantic, Riverside, Prestige, and ABC-Paramount, cutting more than 20 albums ranging from the early *Taylor Made Jazz*, with Charlie Mingus and Charlie Smith, to *Know Your Jazz*, a potpourri type of album with Tony Scott, Oscar Pettiford, Donald Byrd, Gigi Gryce, Jimmy Cleveland, Charlie Rouse, Earl May, Percy Brice, Al Cohn, and Mundell Lowe.

Already too big for a break to make him, Taylor has played the world around; is the author of four books on music instruction in bebop, Dixieland, mambo, and ragtime; has written numerous magazine articles; is in demand as a lecturer at music schools; has served as a jazz workshopper; and appeared many times on TV. Yet, he has flourished only among a small coterie of listeners, never reaching the heights of popularity attained by, say, Erroll Garner and Ahmad Jamal.

Between sets recently, Oscar Peterson puzzled over an answer to why this should be before finally declaring, "I think it's a matter of ego. A man can be ever so good a musician, but without that ego he may never reach the audience. The listener, after all, does not have the responsibility to come halfway. The artist should extend himself to reach the audience, and ego is the thing that makes him do it, makes him say, 'I'm up here. I have something to say. Listen!'"

"Part of Billy's trouble, I'm sure, has been bad handling," Peterson continued. "But aside from that, there has been something in the nature of his groups which has kept them from getting across. Ahmad, for example, is a soloist plus accompaniment. Our group is in the middle ground. And Billy, who by nature is reticent, has been

A MATTER OF EGO

BY FRANCIS H. MITCHELL



TED WILLIAMS

almost at the other end of the scale.

"Trios need musical discipline, and part of it comes in your projection as a leader. Co-op groups don't work."

Across the table, Ed Thigpen, who joined Billy in 1956 and left him in 1958, was also striving to assess the reasons why Taylor trios have never been mass-listener favorites.

"Billy," he said, "is one of the best two-handed pianists in the business. He has a full insight into music, he has taste, and a marvelous understanding of programming. It was with him that I learned about the Afro-Cuban rhythms, and he taught me about the full beauty of the ballad.

"But while there were all these things with him, with Oscar there is an almost hypnotic excitement and intensity which encompasses everything musically. Ego, I think, might explain the difference between the two."

IN NEW YORK, Billy Taylor was considering the question as a belated postscript to his decision to weld future groups around himself.

"You know," he said, after considering the Peterson and Thigpen statements, "that's an interesting theory. I've given the idea some thought over the past two years, and there may be some validity to it. For instance, I've always wanted to be a pianist, but I've found myself, instead, a jack of all trades.

"Whenever I couldn't express myself on the piano, I would turn to other things—writing articles, delivering lectures, doing books—when if I had forced myself to find expression on the piano, it might have made a difference in my playing."

On his hiatus, Taylor explained that losing Thigpen and May was more than losing two accompanists. "Both of them are great," he said, "not only on the bandstand but off as well. There was never a night with them that I didn't feel like playing. Not all good musicians feel like giving fine performances, you know. But with Thigpen and May there was always some spark. If one of us didn't have it, another did, and we could always feel each other. They are part of the most memorable years of my career.

"After they left, I decided not to do much for a while. The night-club scene was falling apart, with club owners feeling they were not compelled to provide good listener facilities. We had to put up with bad public address systems, bad acoustics, and sometimes we'd be playing on top of a bar."

Going into limited exile, the pianist did little outside New York and has no immediate plans to do more soon. His current trio, including Joe Benjamin on bass and Ray Moscow on drums, is not working regularly while Taylor, a New York disc jockey now, gives radio his full attention. And, oddly enough, radio may be the thing that will bring his career to full flower.

Considering the last few months, Taylor said, "I think I'm playing better now than in the last five years," admitting that it may not be the result altogether of his musical reorientation in terms of trio approach, but partly because his 25 hours a week as a disc jockey for WLIB, and, again, the matter of ego.

"I had decided," he said, "not to play for a while and concentrate all my efforts on the radio show. Before I took it, I somehow knew that by the strength of my own personality, I could do something to change New York radio. Not that someone else couldn't have done it, too, but I felt I could. And I have succeeded. One of the high-watt stations just last week started a jazz show opposite me. This, I think, was a matter of ego."

While he said show business has given him "excellent treatment," for which he credits John Levy, looking back,

Billy could still find considerable dissatisfaction with his career as a whole—sufficient to take him off the road while he tried to find himself.

"I was disenchanted with the record people," he said, "wondering why my records didn't sell, and I found that each time I had a record that could have made a difference in my career, it was mishandled. Take the *My Fair Lady Loves Jazz*, for example. It was introduced at an all-cast party, and the stars liked it. The record company was supposed to get Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews for the cover, leaning on the piano while I played. Well, that fell through, and it might have been the thing that would have sold the album.


"In addition, record distributors haven't plugged jazz much. I'm heard on Chicago radio more than I am in New York, which is home. In Chicago, distributors plug jazz just like they do pops. When you get to town, they have TV and radio shows lined up for you. This is not true in 80 percent of places I've played."

With John Levy handling him now, Taylor said he feels that he will have better management than before. He admitted, however, that "John, on occasions, had plans for me, but I think I got in the way."

Taylor has a one-shot Mercury disc in the works, as well as an unreleased Prestige album. He said he also thinks that there may be room in television for the kind of thing he would like to do in the future.

Speaking about and recognizing the problem of breaking through the patrons' sound barrier, Taylor was generous about their behavior. "All of them don't necessarily come to hear you," he said. "Some come to drink and talk, and to them the music is only incidental."

He said he feels that on radio, TV, and in clubs, the audience for good jazz has always been there but was being ignored by record firms in the race for the fast money from rock and roll. "Jazz lovers were buying FM radios to get away from the things that were being fed to them on AM," he said. "Here were the people who could best afford to buy LPs being ignored and registering their protest."

EGO, AS Peterson suggested, may be the answer to the Taylor riddle. If so, there may be a new Billy Taylor in the making, for he firmly believes he has found himself at last. 



STEVE MAN OF PRINCIPLE ALLEN



By JOHN TYNAN

Four acquaintances were having lunch in a Hollywood restaurant, and during the course of the meal, the conversation got to the subject of Steve Allen, first in terms of his musical proclivities and then in a broader sense.

"What the hell happened to him, anyway?" said Al, who makes his living as a music editor in one of the major studios.

There was silence at the table for a moment, because Al was not actually asking a question. In that moment all four undoubtedly were thinking of Allen's continuing outspoken position on, for example, the execution of Caryl Chessman or on the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE), which Sen. James O. Eastland (D-Miss.), chairman of the Senate judiciary committee has declared was being infiltrated by Communists.

What Al really meant he put into words a little later after another person in the lunch group, a movie composer, commented on the circumstances surrounding the dropping of Allen's weekly television show last year. It has been widely bandied in the entertainment industry that Allen lost his program because of his public stands on Chessman, SANE, and similar issues. The sponsor, it is alleged, couldn't digest that kind of strong meat even though served by so proved a TV salesman as Allen.

"I may seem old-fashioned," said Al, "but in my opinion it's not an entertainer's business to get involved in matters like capital punishment or our nuclear policy. Allen is a public figure, a celebrity. He should've kept quiet."

Al had stated a position on a matter that is a basic issue confronting all responsible persons in the entertainment industry: is it the place of the actor, the singer, the musician to entertain and uplift the public by his or her art but to ignore broad social issues of our time?

Because multitalented Steve Allen is probably uniquely representative of the entertainment industry today and because he has become a center of dispute regarding this question, the answer to "What happened to Steve Allen?" was sought from the man himself.

Wearing an old blue-and-white robe, his hair still rumpled from sleeping, Allen greeted the early Las Vegas, Nev., afternoon with the morning-after huskiness of a man who has stayed up too late.

Allen had had good reason to linger into the desert dawn. The night before, the Flamingo Hotel had seen the opening of his stage show, a variety romp co-starring his wife, Jayne Meadows, that was paying the entertainer \$35,000 a week for its month-long run. Whatever had "happened to Steve Allen" was not what could be termed financial disaster.

As the subject of his television troubles was broached, it was recalled how consistently he had programed good music and regularly featured jazz musicians in choice spots on the program. Allen's affinity for jazz and its exponents extends beyond the faddishness of many other show-business figures.

He denied that he had been forced off television, as trade gossip had it. "There definitely was a problem with the Chrysler-Plymouth people," he admitted, "but there was no particular problem with NBC—they merely felt they couldn't sell the show."

Nor did he feel his problem with the sponsor could be laid solely to his activity in SANE; his opposition to capital punishment, he said, notably in the Chessman case, also militated against him in the opinion of Chrysler-Plymouth executives.

"It's remarkable," he commented, "what effect a few letters of protest can have on the men who run corporations that sponsor TV programs."

Allen's crisis with the sponsor and NBC did not develop overnight, however. In his autobiography, *Mark It and Strike It*, Allen reveals the difficulties arose initially in November, 1959, when he became affiliated with the SANE committee.

Publication of a feature story by a Hearst newspaperman on Oct. 31 of that year attempting to link Allen and others with what headlines labeled pro-Reds "caused considerable consternation among officers of the Plymouth division of the Chrysler Corp.," he said. After an investigation of SANE by the sponsor, according to Allen, the organization was found to be untainted by Communists. Still, the sponsor protested and there ensued an uneasy truce between star and bankroller.

Allen's association with an amicus curiae brief seeking clemency for Chessman resulted in further mutual irritation. The SANE issue once more raised its controversial head. Allen began receiving letters accusing him of being a Communist, a pink, and a dupe of the Reds. Finally, there was the bitter dispute about production of a special television program conceived by Allen, to be titled *Meeting of Minds*, a round-table discussion revolving about world problems in which the words of great thinkers through the ages would be spoken by actors portraying philosophers ranging from St. Thomas Aquinas to Ralph Waldo Emerson. After a legal battle with NBC, the program died aborning.

Allen's stormy relationship with sponsor and network led to the end of their association and the end, for the moment, of Allen as a network television personality.

Allen said he then began receiving letters of sympathy from admirers protesting the attitude of his antagonists. He appreciated the sentiments expressed in his behalf, particularly so because his correspondents "seemed to have gotten the impression that I gave up a lot of money and a livelihood and all the rest of it."

But "I never gave up all that," he said with a smile.

After a year's absence, the *Steve Allen Show*, hewing to the comedy-variety format that proved successful in the past, once again is being televised on Wednesday evenings over the American Broadcasting Co. network. The unreluctant sponsors include the Pepsi-Cola Co. and the United

States Time Corp. An important feature of the new show, most of whose programs will originate live from Hollywood, will be presentation of youthful and fresh talent.

What of *Meeting of Minds*? As Allen expressed it in his autobiography, perhaps some day the program will find a network with the imagination and sense of responsibility to produce it.

With the question of his "sacrifices" out of the way and the matter of his being "squeezed out" of television rebutted, Allen spoke with candor about his reasons for playing public target.

"It's simply a question of principles," he explained. "The importance of free speech is the issue here, too. Frankly, I'm fortunate to be in a position economically where I *can* speak out."

In answer to the oft-voiced charge that the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy advocates unilateral atomic disarmament, i.e., that the United States ought to lay down its bombs first in hopes the Russians will follow, Allen was emphatic in his denial.

"That's just the point," he said heatedly. "We want a full inspection every inch of the way. Our position is: you can't trust the Russians? Fine. Then that's all the more reason to disarm them."

Part of Allen's work with SANE is a lecture he delivers to civic groups titled *Morality and Nuclear War*. In this connection, he observed that there is practically no attention paid in the public and official mind to the morality involved in nuclear warfare. "I happen to consider it immoral," he declared, "to burn hundreds of millions of people alive. And this is what must inevitably be involved in such a tragedy."

And to further the SANE position on the immorality of an atomic holocaust, Allen said he is shortly publishing a book consisting of collected articles by religious leaders on the subject.

Asked why many more influential persons don't take the outspoken stand he does, Allen replied simply, "People are afraid of being called Communists. Now, in our contest with the Russians we are constantly being reminded that they are a very tough-minded group. Well, we ought to be tough-minded, too. But not hot-headed."

It is this "hot-headedness," he said, that results in careless charges of communism against persons like himself.

Allen feels strongly that it is his responsibility, and the responsibility of others in the entertainment industry, to take an active interest in the society about them. As to the opinion expressed that entertainers ought not to become involved in social issues, he remarked, "I don't see that this rule—if it *is* a rule—applies to me. After all, I was a citizen before I became an entertainer. I'm still a citizen, and what I do for a living is beside the point. It just happened I could do some tricks—play the piano, tell some jokes, and so on.

"But it's really a matter of the world being more important than an individual. It's more important than me. Now, the world *does* take advantage of an entertainer in selling a lot of things—soap, toothbrushes, cars. Well, why should not an entertainer sell democracy as well? It really boils down to this question: can certain entertainers make a contribution to their fellows? I believe they can."

The one contest, Allen said, between communism and democracy that can be intelligently waged is in that for men's minds. In the fight of the democracies to win over the world's uncommitted peoples, he sees no reason why personalities in the entertainment industry, known and often loved the world over, cannot and should not become involved.

In view of Steve Allen's concern with the problems of society, it is unsurprising that he should be interested in the social and human blight of narcotics addiction and stand

as a staunch friend of the Synanon Foundation (*DB*, March 16). Allen agreed to head a committee of influential individuals to function, he said, "primarily as a psychological selling aid and, secondly in an educational capacity."

"One of the main problems," he continued, "is to counter the idea in the public mind of the 'dope fiend.' It's almost a medieval attitude; it's almost as if addicted persons were possessed of the devil. In the 12th century, lepers were accorded the same treatment as is meted out to narcotic addicts today.

"Nobody can make the flat assertion that Synanon is *it*. But the people there are doing *something*."


Because of his outlook on life and his activities, Allen has become the object of some cynical ridicule in and outside the entertainment industry. He has been called a do-gooder, the ultimate epithet of the go-for-myself boys. This is his answer to them:

"I think the time has come to say something aloud about those who habitually employ words like 'bleeding hearts' and 'do-gooders' in a bitter and critical sense. The time has come to call these men what for the most part they are: *dry-hearted do-nothings*. If we learn anything from history, it is that truly significant progress has often been achieved by those rare individuals whose hearts *do* bleed for their fellow men and who effect what material or spiritual good they can for them as a result of this tender concern, this rage for universal justice. Let it be recognized that the man who sarcastically calls others 'bleeding hearts' thereby brands himself as the unfeeling boor that he is."

Allen's heart bled for the late Billie Holiday. In *Mark It and Strike It*, from which the foregoing words are quoted, he writes of his final encounter with the singer and one feels a sincerity and an emotion concerning her passing that may strike some as odd, coming as they do from the flip, jaunty comedian of television farce:

"A few days later (Billie) was dead at the age of 44. I'll tell you something about free will. I have it, so I believe in it. But *she* didn't have it, Charlie, not in recent years. And her city, New York, did her no favors. The narcotics pushers, the dirty bastards, took her money, and the police forgot that she was a human being. If the good Christian policemen of this world ever get it straight in their minds and souls that there is a universe of difference between a narcotics *victim* and a narcotics *trafficker*, things will swing a little better."

"I don't know where the idea originated," Allen has written, "that just because a man tries to be amusing from time to time in front of a TV camera, he is obliged to be amusing 24 hours a day."

Steve Allen clearly has stated his case: an entertainer (or artist, if you will) has a social responsibility to his fellow men, not just because it is morally desirable but because every man is his brother's keeper. 



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brasswinds and woodwinds are renowned for their excellence. Conn engineers and acousticians, backed by the world's finest craftsmen, combine their efforts to create musical instruments which are musically, mechanically and acoustically superior to all others. The tonal beauty, responsiveness, carrying power and superb intonation of Conn instruments have set the standards in quality. Small wonder so many leading artists will play only Conn. Artists like versatile JACK TEAGARDEN, for example. One of the all-time jazz greats, Jack is internationally known for his distinctive interpretations, tonal beauty, and technical virtuosity. His instrument? Conn trombone, of course!

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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 initialed by the writers.

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

CLASSICS



Farrell/Verdi

EILEEN FARRELL IN VERDI ARIAS — Columbia ML-5654 and MS-6254: *Ritorna vincitore* from *Aida*; *Ma dall'arida stelo* from *Masked Ball*; *Salce, salce* from *Otello*; *Come in quest'ora bruna* from *Simon Boccanegra*; *Tacea la notte/D'amor sull'ali rosse* from *Il Trovatore*; *Pace, pace, mio Dio* from *Lo Forza del Destino*.

Personnel: Eileen Farrell, soprano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Farrell comes a good deal closer to the mark in these heavy-to-lightweight arias than she did in her recent Puccini enterprise.

Especially suited to her considerable talent are *Pace, pace, mio Dio* and *Ritorna vincitore*, which she delivers in lusty tones.

Some of the other selections, however, find her out of her interpretative depth. The *Willow Song* and *Ave Maria* from *Otello* provide an opportunity for a wide variety of emotional and vocal nuances (resignation, fear, reverence, childlike reminiscence, and many more), but Miss Farrell, while making acceptable sounds in most places, seems not to comprehend what she is singing about. In dismissing her maid, Emilia, she does sound convincing, but here she resorts to a particularly hard and ugly tone that dilutes the effect greatly.

Unless this recording was done at a time when Miss Farrell was not up to par, it would seem that her voice is becoming less pliant in many places and considerably harsher in forte than it was a few seasons ago.

It also is more and more evident how much she relies on a few vocal effects, such as a sudden darkening of tone owing to chest vibrato, a la Maria Callas. So few voices of this potential come along that one cannot help being annoyed to hear Miss Farrell's being used so frequently with little imagination. (D.H.)

David Nadien

THE VIRTUOSO VIOLINIST—Kapp KC-9060 and KC-9060-S: *Scherzo-Tarantelle*, Op. 16, by Wieniawski; *Habanera*, Op. 21, No. 2, *Zapateado*, Op. 23, *Caprice Basque*, Op. 24, *Introduction and Tarantelle*, by Sarasate; *Caprice No. 20 in D*, Op. 1 (Kreisler arrangement), *Moto Perpetuo*, Op. 11, by Paganini; *Largo*, by Veracini; *Præledum*

and *Allegro, Recitative and Scherzo*, Op. 6, by Kreisler; *Regrets*, Op. 40, by Vieuxtemps; *Variations on a Theme by Corelli* (Kreisler arrangement), by Tartini.

Personnel: Nadien, violin; Boris Barere, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

George Bernard Shaw, who was an astute music critic in his younger days, once wrote, "I am always inclined to believe in a violinist who can play Wieniawski. Beethoven and Mendelssohn were great composers of music for the violin, but Wieniawski was a great composer of violin music. There is all the difference in the world between the two."

All the music on this record is violin music, unashamedly so, and I must say that after several listenings, I firmly believe in Nadien. His success with the Paganini *Caprice No. 20* alone would put him at the head of the class. But he is no mere athlete, oblivious to the beauties of the tone and phrasing. His gods, obviously, are Kreisler and Heifetz, which means that he is not of the tribe of scratchers and whiners.

As it stands, this is an exceptional group of performances of incredibly difficult pieces. In several places, however, what sounds like faulty tape splicing suggests that artistry has gone into the engineering as well as the bowing and fingering. (D.H.)

Schumann/Bernstein

SCHUMANN — Columbia ML-5656, MS-6256: *Symphony No. 4 in D Minor*, Op. 120; *Manfred Overture*.

Personnel: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Schumann's orchestrations have been doctored by everyone and his concertmaster for more than a century, beginning with Von Bulow.

While there is some excuse for correcting Schumann's most flagrant lapses or miscalculations, many existing versions of his scores are far from faithful to his intentions. Bernstein goes back to what is called the "original orchestration" for this record, actually Schumann's own final revision of 1851 (the first version included such romantic experiments as a guitar part in the slow movement).

The surprising thing is that the 1851 scoring is not nearly so ineffective as generations of conductors have thought, at least in Bernstein's hands. He no doubt has had to balance choirs delicately, and be careful with accents, but the result is not the amateurish botch that tinkers like Gustav Mahler contended.

The performance, which is not intimately miked (perhaps that is part of the secret of its success), sings out Schumann's themes lustily and dances when it ought to. A good Bernstein interpretation of a fine Romantic score. (D.H.)

JAZZ



Sweet Emma Barrett

SWEET EMMA AND HER DIXIELAND BOYS—Riverside 364: *Bill Bailey*; *Chinatown*; *Down in Honky Tonk Town*; *The Bell Gal's Careless Blues*; *I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll*; *Just a Little While to Stay Here*; *Tishomingo Blues*; *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

Personnel: Miss Barrett, piano; Percy Humphrey, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Willie Humphrey, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles, banjo, guitar; McNeal Breau, bass; Josiah Fraser, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Although this band has touches of Bourbon St. blare—a particular kind of monotony and noise devised for the New Orleans tourist—there is much that is of interest in this album. Most of the playing is predictable, although in W. Humphrey's clarinet and Robinson's trombone, and occasionally in Sayles guitar work, there are moments of ear-pricking surprise.

Willie Humphrey, who was in Chicago with King Oliver before the Creole Jazz Band was formed, has a fine, clean style in the Jimmy Noone-Lorenzo Trio tradition. With this in mind it is curious that he builds his elegiac chorus on *Careless Blues* with phrasing typical of Johnny Dodds. His ensemble playing is very good.

Robinson's gutty tailgate kicks as it always has, and his sense of timing, which was never bad, seems even to have gotten better. All things considered, he is probably the top man for tailgate ensemble trombone; and, if his solo work is not as interesting, he shows, as on *Just a Little While*, that he can be formidable when he puts his heart to it.

Percy Humphrey, on the other hand, has a grating tone and a manner of playing that seems to me merely to simulate hotness. More than anyone else, he seems to have been affected by the stifling boredom that comes from playing continuously for an undemanding, uncomprehending audience.

Miss Barrett, a product of top Negro bands in New Orleans of the '20s and '30s, plays and sings adequately. Sayles plays banjo on most of the tracks, but when he switches to guitar, he finds his best groove. His guitar solo on *Tishomingo* is one of the high points of the album.

With some changes in programing and personnel this group could make an outstanding album. (G.M.E.)

Walter Bishop Jr.

SPEAK LOW—Jazztime 002: *Sometimes I'm Happy; Blues in the Closet; Green Dolphin Street; Alone Together; Milestones; Speak Low.*
Personnel: Bishop, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; G. T. Hogan, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The production and packaging of this album is one of the sloppiest jobs I've seen this year. The polite thing to say about this is that "you can't judge a, etc. . . ." Generally, though, any company allowing such slipshod work to go uncorrected on the exterior pays little attention to that inside. Bishop is the victim here—a pity, for this release contains, even so, some of his best recorded efforts, discernible through the inexpert engineering.

The uninformative notes contain several errors. The recorded sound seems unnecessarily diffuse. Either the trio was separated too much in the studio or there has been a bad job of mixing. Bishop, Garrison, and Hogan lack that tight unity, and this could have been detected and corrected in the control room.

Bishop continues to develop his own direction. He has two good hands, and he uses them. He is able to build excitement and release it, as in *Closet*. He also can sustain a high level of movement, and he exhibits good pacing, as in *Milestones*.

Garrison soon should emerge as a contributing bassist. His performance here is commendable throughout and startling in spots.

Hogan relies on his brushes, something many drummers are doing with increasing frequency. He uses the overworked rim-shot technique for a change of pace. There is no denying that he handles both with some skill. There are moments, however, when I feel a oneness of mind with an established percussionist, who expressed the wish that most drummers leave excessive rim shots to Philly Joe Jones.

The material here is varied and fresh. The individual performances are fine. There is evidence of preparation for this recording on the part of the musicians, but they could have been presented much better. (B.G.)

Ray Charles

THE GENIUS AFTER HOURS — Atlantic 1369: *The Genius After Hours; Ain't Misbehavin'; Dawn Ray; Joy Ride; Hornful Soul; The Man I Love; Charlesville; Music, Music, Music.*

Personnel: Charles, piano; David Newman, tenor saxophone; Emmott Dennis, baritone saxophone; John Hunt, Joseph Bridgewater, trumpets; Roosevelt Sheffield or Oscar Pettiford, bass; William Peoples or Joe Harris, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If one picture is worth a thousand words, then one Ray Charles LP is certainly worth a hundred of those ersatz soul items now so heavily upon us. Charles is, as Ralph Gleason so accurately put it, Mr. Soul himself.

With Charles, as with Miles Davis, how he does it is at least as important as what is being done. Still, a survey of his instrumental work (there are no vocals in this album) refutes the often-held assumption that soul can be equated with primitiveness. A typical blues line laid down

by Charles may not have harmonic complexity of a 12-tone composition, but rhythmically it is a very highly sophisticated body of music.

As Leonard Feather points out in an excellent and informative set of liner notes, Charles is a jazz musician who also sings, not the converse. It is hardly surprising, then, that his piano solo on *Man I Love* should here convey the same profound sense of sorrow and longing that one finds in his best ballad vocal performances, such as *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Cryin'* and *Georgia on My Mind*.

For the rest, we have the kind of relaxed, good-feeling session the title indicates: lot of piano-with-rhythm blues and a few solos by Newman and Hunt. The only thing that could be a bigger gas in this groove is Charles recording with his own small band. I hope we'll get more of that soon, too. (F. K.)

Arnett Cobb

BALLADS BY COBB—Prestige/Moodsville 14: *Willow, Weep for Me; Hairy Home; P.S. I Love You; Blue and Sentimental; Darn That Dream; Why Try to Change Me Now?; Your Wonderful Love.*

Personnel: Cobb, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano, celeste; George Duvivier, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In the hullabaloo and razzle-dazzle excitement and exhibition of the Lionel Hampton crew, the fact that Cobb was a good tenor saxophonist was somehow lost in the shuffle. He has never quite lived down those roof-raising days and the time when he was billed as the "World's Wildest Tenor Man." This album, however, brings to the fore the hushed, velvety tone and good taste so reminiscent of the best horns in the Ben Webster tradition.

Perhaps it is because of a permanent lease he has in Moodsville, but Garland here is revealed as subdued and mellow. He, Duvivier, and Heard conceive a comparatively tight and level background for the saxophonist.

Garland is particularly effective in his accompanying role on *Hurry Home*. His most touching and sensitive solo work is in his opening passages of *P.S.* Although Cobb is generally on an even, above-par keel, he uses *P.S.* for a couple of his old burps. Heard drags the beat in spots here.

There is a little too much relaxation in *Darn That Dream*, and the tune begins to lag. Some of the responsibility for this lull must rest with Heard who drops the tempo or plays just a fraction too far behind the beat occasionally.

The celeste was not particularly an in-

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.

★★★★★

Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *Swing Classics* (RCA Victor 2318)
Montgomery Brothers, *Groove Yard* (Riverside 326)

★★★★½

Steamin' with the Miles Davis Quintet (Prestige 7200)
This Is Walt Dickerson (Prestige/New Jazz 8254)
Benny Golson, *Gettin' with It* (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)
Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants (Riverside 343)
Blue Mitchell, *Smooth as the Wind* (Riverside 367)
North Texas Lab Band (90th Floor Records 904)
Charlie Parker, *Bird Is Free* (Charlie Parker 401)
Bill Russo, *Seven Deadly Sins* (Roulette 52063)
Various Artists, *The Soul of Jazz Percussion* (Warwick 5003)
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)
Red Allen Plays King Oliver (Verve 1025)
Art Blakey, *A Night in Tunisia* (Blue Note 4049)
Johnny Coles, *The Warm Sound* (Epic 16015)
Booker Ervin, *That's It!* (Candid 8014)
Gigi Gryce, *Reminiscent* (Mercury 20628)
The Chico Hamilton Special (Columbia 1619)
Slide Hampton, *Somethin' Sanctified* (Atlantic 1362)
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)
Dave Newman, *Straight Ahead* (Atlantic 1366)
Django Reinhardt, *Djangology* (RCA Victor 2319)
Pee Wee Russell-Coleman Hawkins, *Jazz Reunion* (Candid 8020)
B. K. Turner, (vocal) *Black Ace* (Arhoolie 1003)
Lem Winchester, *With Feeling* (Prestige/Moodsville 11)
Ben Webster, *The Warm Moods* (Reprise 2001)
Phil Woods, *Rights of Swing* (Candid 8016)

Every album *should* have its own story to tell...

We at Riverside like to think that most (possibly even all) of our albums have something to say that's worthy of your attention...

Here are five of the newest Riverside releases—and their “stories”:

Wes Montgomery: So Much Guitar!

One of the most important (*and* intriguing, *and* listenable) jazz guitarists of all time picks out some meaty tunes (including two of his own superb originals) and some first-class support (including Hank Jones, the piano players' favorite pianist). The result of such excellent ingredients is, of course, a very hard-to-beat album. (RLP 382; Stereo 9382)

Bill Evans Trio: Sunday at the Village Vanguard

The most widely, highly and deeply praised addition to the piano jazz scene in many a year is playing in one of the country's best 'listening' clubs, particularly noted for the awareness of its Sunday matinee audiences. It's surely a perfect setting for his first “live” date (a worthy successor to his recent *Explorations*—RLP 351—which critics voted best piano album of the year). (RLP 376; Stereo 9376)

Elmo Hope: Homecoming

An unusually gifted and challenging pianist-composer-arranger comes back East after several years on the West Coast. What better way to celebrate his homecoming than by assembling a most talented and appreciative all-star cast (Percy and Jimmy Heath, Philly Joe Jones, Blue Mitchell, Frank Foster) for a most intriguing album. (RLP 381; Stereo 9381)

The Trio (Gaylor, Norris and Bean)

Three really swinging young musicians determine to stick together, come what may, and to build a real jazz rarity—a truly unified, flowing-together group. We heard them once and agreed this new bass-piano-guitar unit really has something—and that it's something you'll want to be hearing again *and* again. (RLP 380; Stereo 9380)

Dick Morgan: Settin' In

It almost always takes time for a young artist to “settle in”—to gain full self-confidence, to gradually build a responsive audience, to find his best groove. This fluent and earthy young pianist has been growing for some time now; this is his third album, his “settin' in” album, and one that sounds as if he has really hit full stride. (RLP 383; Stereo 9383)



RIVERSIDE RECORDS

teresting addition. With Garland's slivery, shimmering pianistic approach, he produces a much more "heavenly" effect at the piano.

Willow swings loosely and well. Duvivier turns in a fine, steady job here. And for more hushed and appealing Cobb, *Sentimental* is recommended.

This album comprises ballads, and for this reason, no adequate measure can be taken of Cobb's handling of the up tunes. This area is important, for it is in this tempo that he is most guilty of lapsing into honks and squeals. Should Cobb produce an up-tempo album approximating the conviction and simple mastery displayed in this area, it would increase his chances for recognition of his prowess.

(B.G.)

Firehouse Five Plus Two

AROUND THE WORLD—Good Time Jazz 12044: *Isle of Capri; Japanese Sandman; Hindustan; Panama; When Irish Eyes Are Smiling; China Boy; Russian Lullaby; Sheik of Araby; It Happened in Monterey; Lady of Spain; My Little Grass Shack in Kealahou, Hawaii; California, Here I Come.*

Personnel: Danny Alguire, trumpet; Ward Kimball, trombone; George Probert, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Frank Thomas, piano; Dick Roberts, banjo; Don Kinch or George Bruns, tuba; Eddie Forrest, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

When the Firehouse Five started out in the late '40s, they were presented and accepted as a good-time band, playing strictly for fun and with no inhibitions about decorating their work with musical gags, as opposed to the solemnity of the serious traditional revivalists.

Now, ironically, most of the dedicated revivalists have lumbered off to obscurity, the lighter-minded Dixielanders have diluted themselves to a numbing diet of banal clichés, and the Firehouse Five, without changing their basic policy noticeably, have become one of the more sparkling traditional bands around.

This is a fine ensemble band with an excellent lead trumpet in Alguire and a rhythm section that has weight but is not, as so many tuba-infested rhythm sections have been, muscle bound. It moves lightly, largely because Kinch has an easy, fluent way with a tuba.

Alguire, a crisp, versatile soloist, shares most of the solo work with Probert, who has a lively and personal (i.e., non-Sidney Bechet) style on soprano saxophone.

The tunes are tied to the around-the-world gimmick, which proves serviceable up to a point. But even the bright ardor of the Firemen is finally dampened by *Monterey*, *Lady of Spain*, and *Little Grass Shack*.

(J.S.W.)

Don Goldie

BRILLIANT!—Argo 4010: *Soon; I'll Be Around; Hand Me Down My Walkin' Blues; Someday You'll Be Sorry; Look for the Silver Lining; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; 'Tis Autumn; Toy Trumpet; Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?; They Didn't Believe Me.*

Personnel: Goldie, trumpet; Eddie Higgins, piano; Fred Rundquist, guitar; Richard Evans, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Emerging from the somewhat limiting surroundings of Jack Teagarden's group, Goldie shows off various facets of his clean, singing trumpet work in this collection.

He has a beautiful, lustrous, open tone,

a crisp muted style and an easy, pleasant fluency.

Unfortunately, a series of relatively straightforward, unadorned trumpet solos, even played as capably as these are, begins to pall before the first side has been played through. Another horn or two would have made a great deal of difference and, one suspects, would have given Goldie a more effective showcase.

(J.S.W.)

Percy Humphrey

CRESCENT CITY JOYMAKERS—Riverside 378: *Milneberg Joys; Over in Gloryland; Lonesome Road; We Shall Walk Through the Streets of the City; Weary Blues; Bucket's Got a Hole in It; All the Gals Like the Way I Ride; Rip 'Em Up, Joe.*

Personnel: Humphrey, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Albert Burbank, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles, banjo, guitar; Louis James, bass; Josiah Fraiser, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Burbank is, to my mind, the most moving and exciting clarinetist playing today. His slightly sour-toned, agitated flights bristle through these performances, bubbling around the ensembles and leaping out into slashing, searing solos that jump with vitality. But although Burbank is the most consistently interesting man in this group, Humphrey's dark-toned, caustic trumpet serves as a strong balancing voice and sparks some wonderfully lusty ensembles.

Nelson's smooth-voiced trombone seems relatively subdued in the electric company of Burbank and Humphrey, although he fits in well in the more reflective approach to *Lonesome Road*. On this piece, incidentally, Sayles takes a lovely chorded solo on unamplified guitar (he plays banjo on all the other selections except *Bucket's Got a Hole in It*, on which his guitar solo is a charming single-string development).

Humphrey may well be the best of the current New Orleans trumpeters (he has great driving power but is sometimes slapdash), but even he is overshadowed in this set by the unflinching brilliance of Burbank.

(J.S.W.)

The Jazztet

THE JAZZTET AND JOHN LEWIS—Argo 684: *Bel; Milani; Django; New York 19; 2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West; Odds against Tomorrow.*

Personnel: Art Farmer, trumpet; Thomas McIntosh, trombone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Thomas Williams, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Lewis wrote the arrangements of his own compositions and conducted the Jazztet in its performances of them on this disc. Except for *Bel*, written for this album and a slight framework for a series of solos, all the pieces are familiar Lewis works.

The most interesting, from the point of view of Lewis' changes in interpretation, is *Django*, which is played considerably faster than the Modern Jazz Quartet takes it (even though the MJQ has also speeded it up slightly over the years). In this new treatment, it emerges as a fiery performance instead of the swingingly reflective piece that the MJQ makes of it.

Golson and Farmer have strong solos that build in intensity over the urgent background Lewis has written. It is a more overtly exciting piece in this form, but the very elements that help to create

that excitement drain *Django* of the individuality it once had.

Aside from *Django*, this is a quiet, subdued collection, spotted with pleasant ensemble writing and brightened by some of the most consistently warm and thoughtful solos that Golson and Farmer have recorded as members of the Jazztet.

Yet, because so much of it is on one level, the set gives off a rather pallid feeling that even the emotionally strong playing of Golson and Farmer cannot completely dissipate.

(J.S.W.)

Peter Ind

LOOKING OUT—Wave 1: *Blues at the Den; Arak; Yesterdays; Renee; Love Me or Leave Me; Patricia; Double Bass Blues; Ind-Imp.*

Personnel: Ind, bass; Ronnie Ball or Sal Mosca, piano; Al Schackman or Joe Puma, guitar; Dick Scott, drums; Sheila Jordan, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album is refreshing because it is not a "commercial" record as such but an obvious labor of love. It is the first issue of a new company headed by bassist-recording engineer Ind, and while not calculated to blow any walls down, it does contain some superlative moments and, in general, is a diversified, diverting excursion.

Several of the players involved come from the Lennie Tristano school. Ind and Ball, emigres from England in the early '50s, studied with Tristano as did New Yorker Mosca. All have played with Lee Konitz at one time or another. Scott also has worked with Tristano and Konitz.

Both pianists (each has a track to himself) were once strongly influenced by Tristano but, as these selections show, now are individuals. Mosca does have some traces left, and this is not bad either.

Ball plays some rich blues with several piquant high spots on *Den*, recorded live at that now-defunct night club. Ind and Shackman also sound very good here.

Mosca's feature, *Love Me or Leave Me*, is the longest track in the album. He develops his solo well, in a completely improvised manner. Ind's solo has good ideas but sounds muddy. He is cleaner in the exchanges with Scott.

One track is given over to singer Sheila Jordan. Although she has performed more impressively in person, *Yesterdays* indicates how personal and intimate her style is. Her timbre and inflection mark her as a jazz singer who could be very important. Both she and Mosca deserve record dates of their own.

The only tangible link to Tristano on this record is the overdubbing technique used by Ind in his self-duets on *Arak*, *Patricia*, *Double Bass*, and *Ind-Imp*. The idea comes from the experiments with tape that Tristano did in his Atlantic album of several years ago. One bass plays the rhythm while Ind's other bass is a speeded-up recording of an improvised line. This sounds like a cello. I doubt if he could improvise with the same dexterity if he were actually playing at the tempos represented by the speeded-up tape, but the results are worthwhile even if the method is questionable.

Renee is a straight bass solo backed by Puma's rhythm guitar.

In some ways, this album is a peek

major new albums on JAZZLAND ...the label that's really growing

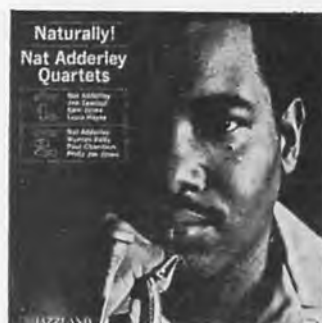


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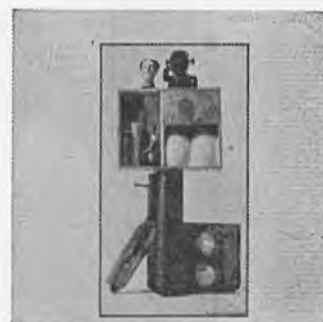
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behind the scenes, somewhat like owning a private tape. None of the tracks was recorded with public issue in mind. The result is offbeat and certainly a kind of record different from today's general output. (I.G.)

Jack Sheldon

A JAZZ PROFILE OF RAY CHARLES — Reprise 9-2004: *Am I Blue?*; *Just for a Thrill*; *Cherry*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *'Deed I Do*; *Basin Street Blues*; *When Your Lover Has Gone*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *There's No You*; *One Mint Julep*; *Georgia on My Mind*; *Rosetta*.
Personnel: Sheldon, trumpet; Marty Paich, organ; Joo Mondragon, bass; John Markham, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Several jazzmen have effectively transformed the foreboding, stately organ into a semi-swinging jazz voice, but apparently Paich is not bucking to have his name included among them. As if an unsure trumpeter were not handicap enough, the album also is afflicted with the clod-like solemnity of soap-opera organ.

Sheldon belongs to that school of trumpeters whose detached, cool tone is their trademark and prize possession. But his range is quite limited, his imagination is taxed once the difficult task of stating the theme is out of the way. He does not possess the greatest ear for intonation, as *Mint Julep* will bear out.

On *Just for a Thrill* Sheldon takes his most imaginative solos in the album. But Paich plods along, weighing him down with that grinding organ. Perhaps Mondragon is there. If so, he is lost in the section. A strong bass line could have constituted some help for Sheldon.

In spite of the contrived, commercial-sounding liner notes, supposedly written by Ray Charles but sounding as authentic as the Gettysburg address over Castro's signature, the album remains less a tribute to Charles than an illustration of how far a good musician can be led in the pursuit of the right gimmick to make it big. (B.G.)

Various Artists

THE BIRDLAND STORY—Roulette BB-2: *Exotica*; *One and Four*; *Simple Like*; *Suspended Sentence*; *Minor Strain*; *A Bid for Sid*; *Subtle Rebuttal*; *Tip Toe*; *H & T*; *Somebody Loves Me*; *Hershey Bar*; *Embraceable You*; *Lean on Me*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *Confirmation*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Tracks 4-6—Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jimmy Rowser, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Tracks 7-9—Thad Jones, trumpet; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Al Grey, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Track 10—Bud Powell, piano, leader; curly Russell, bass; Max Roach, drums. Track 11—Stan Getz, tenor saxophone, leader; Al Haig, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Track 12—Charlie Parker, alto saxophone, leader; Miles Davis, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Potter, bass; Roach, drums. Track 13—Harry Belafonte, vocal; Brew Moore, tenor saxophone; Machito, conductor; other personnel unlisted. Track 14—Johnny Smith, guitar, leader; Getz, tenor saxophone; Sanford Gold, piano; Eddie Safraniski, bass; Don Lamond, drums. Track 15—Parker, alto saxophone; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; other personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This handsome two-LP set is divided into four parts: the first side (tracks 1-3) is by the Coltrane quartet as it was last fall; the second side (tracks 4-6) features a Jazz Messenger splinter group; the third side (tracks 7-9) under Thad Jones' leadership looks like a Basicless Count Basic group but is really much more

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ANDRE PREVIN

By LEONARD FEATHER



In the 10 years since I started the *Blindfold Test* series in *Down Beat* there have been 220 persons involved in these interviews. Many have been completely articulate and informative in the expression of their views. The Adderley Brothers, Gerry Mulligan, and Quincy Jones spring immediately to mind. Many have been highly provocative, notably Charlie Mingus and Willie (The Lion) Smith.

If, though, I were asked to name the one person out of these 220 who has most completely combined all the virtues of a good record reviewer (which essentially is what the person interviewed must be), I would unhesitatingly name André Previn.

There are three main reasons. First, he is, of course, thoroughly informed and articulate. Second, he knows no sacred cows, is not concerned with being diplomatic, and never pulls a punch. Third, he has a sense of humor, a quality increasingly rare in this era of some of the driest writing (both musical and journalistic) in the history of jazz.

For those who keep *Down Beat* archives, it may be interesting to note that Previn previously took the test in the issues dated July 29, 1953; May 30, 1957; Jan. 8, 1959. The following, originally heard as a radio interview in Hollywood, is the first of two parts.

The Records

1. Gil Evans Orchestra. *Bilboa Song* (from *Out of the Cool*, Impulse). Evans, piano, arranger; Ron Carter, bass; Kurt Weill, composer.

I think that's a tune from a Broadway show . . . what is it—*Bilboa* . . . from *Won't You Come Home, Bilboa?*

It's either the arranger's date or the bass player's date. Some of the sonorities were very interesting from an orchestration point of view. That bass marimba—or whatever it was—was a lovely idea. There's a habit nowadays of referring to a thing like this as having two or three movements because it changes tempo and mood, yet they are too short to make any kind of impact individually.

This is too much for too little. Any one of the ideas, had it been developed a little longer, might have gotten someplace, but this kind of vacillates back and forth between Gil Evans and a couple of other people that write those kinds of heavy, curtains sounds in the orchestra. Frankly, it didn't impress me too much.

If this is in an album where not too much is said about the writing, it would impress me; if, however, I were to pick up an album and read all kinds of pretensions that it's the new this and the new that, and listen to the development, etcetera, then I would feel cheated.

As just another orchestration within an album, it's a very nice idea. If it's more than that, then I say no. Subjectively, I'll give it two stars.

2. The Jazz Couriers. *Too Close for Comfort* (from *The Message from Britain*, Jazzland). Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophone; Tubby Hayes, vibraharp, tenor saxophone; Phil Seaman, drums.

This is a curious record; it sounds like one of the bebop records around 1952. It's recorded miserably. You know, when

a record has a front chorus that's that uninterestingly written, it usually compensates by having sensational solos . . . so I didn't press the panic button; I kept waiting.

This proves I've been away from clubs too long, because I haven't the faintest notion who it could be. So many of the tenor men now are interchangeable. I hope that instead of royalties, they get paid by the note . . . in which case, they can retire. If you play that many notes, it has to be something like Coltrane, who, at least, harmonically is fascinating.

This was just a string of totally meaningless solos. I don't know whether this is Volume 84 of the Messengers, or what, but it did absolutely nothing for me. One star.

Later: Well! I played with Tubby in England, and I was knocked out by him. And Phil Seaman is one of the really remarkable all-around musicians I've ever run into.

3. The Modern Jazz Quartet and Guests: The Beaux Arts String Quartet. *Sketch* (from *Third Stream Music*, Atlantic). John Lewis, piano, composer.

I'm quite positive that is John's composition rather than Gunther's, because it is in John's favorite century. Quite on purpose, I'm sure, it's harmonically archaic—the writing and the changes—which is something Gunther never does. I sometimes wish the two of them would hit on an in-between groove. I would give this all stars possible for the playing, the execution, the blowing, the time, the recording, the whole thing—a marvelous record.

My only objection, and it seems funny after praising it so highly, is that I don't see anything terribly adventurous. I find it very mild. It makes a wonderful point in that this kind of juxtaposition of the strings and the group is feasible and even

a very good thing. I just don't see where they get off proposing that this is so adventurous that they have to give it a new name. *Third Stream Music*. It's just MJQ with a string quartet, and that's it . . . nothing *outré* or *avant garde*.

Now when Gunther writes his pieces, they lose me, because I don't think he knows quite yet which side of the stereo speaker he's writing for. Here, I would give them four, or even eight, stars for the ideal they had in mind, although I think it gets bogged down in a quicksand of pretentiousness.

Just to hear this record without reading the liner notes—and, thank God, it's still possible to hear music without reading that drivel—I'll rate it all the way.

When I'm not working with my group or writing pop albums or jazz albums or movie scores, I write music meant for the concert hall. Last year I finished my first symphony, and I've written several quartets and quite a lot of chamber music. I've never been pulled into the direction of trying to combine the two. If there is a new direction, it's going to have to come from this combination. But if I'm going to write something serious . . . so far in my life, anyway, I've been more inclined to write a string quartet.

I would dearly love to do something the MJQ would deem worthy of playing, but to play both at the same time is an amalgam that doesn't come off yet. I haven't yet formulated in my mind, from a composer's point of view, what will eventually work, but to write a kind of 1922 12-tone string quartet, and then have Percy Heath walk in four, isn't the answer.

I never mind being told that I sound like every pianist since James P. Johnson, but if somebody were to say that I'm imitating Gunther Schuller, I'd quit the business. [E.S.]

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EDDIE CANO'S AFRO-JAZZ QUARTET

PJ's, Hollywood

Personnel: Cano, piano; Leon Cardenas, bass; Carlos Mejia, bongo, conga drums; Freddie Aguirre, drums.

Rotund, dark, and heavy-featured, Cano is leader of one of the happiest-sounding, most unself-conscious groups in jazz. Long a leading exponent of the Afro-Cuban groove, heretofore he has centered his activities in the Los Angeles area; now he's getting ready to take his group into some choice bookings in New York, Miami, and other points east.

Rhythmically, the foremost quality to catch one's ears in this quartet is the almost uncanny sense of unity between Mejia on the Latin drums and Aguirre on the standard percussion set. These two blend as one while Cardenas, a sober and quiet-looking bassist, exudes reliability and a big, strong sound.

From the first measures of the opening *Take the A Train* the vigor of Cano's piano attack was immediately evident. He is a decidedly two-handed and frequently angry-sounding pianist with built-in pulse and rocking swing sometimes reminiscent of Oscar Peterson. Nor is Cano's forte all sound and fury. He featured, as well, such milder-paced tunes as the moody theme *A Taste of Honey* and Paul Togawa's *Japanese Lullaby*, the latter a many-faceted opus ranging from the slow and Orientally reflective to a bongo-beaten Latino at wailing up tempo.

Cano has a way with a ballad, all right; yet he chose to handle *They Can't Take That Away from Me* at a swinging medium tempo and in the aggressive vein that seems intrinsic in his style.

The quartet regularly features two Duke Ellington medleys, one in Afro-Cuban manner, the other more conventional. On the evening of review, the leader chose the latter. *Satin Doll* was vested with a slightly new look in some offbeat voicings in the melody line that proved attractive; *Squeeze Me* rocked; *Chelsea Bridge* came on slow and easy, and the color in the chording was very rich. Appropriately—one might say, inevitably—*C Jam Blues* closed the medley.

With his colleagues working hard behind him and a standing crowd jammed

around the piano bar, Cano gave the hoary blues a memorable working over.

The real secret of this group's ability to create an indefinite atmosphere of excitement in performance was made clear in the closer, a catchy ditty with a Spanish title uninhibitedly chanted by all four. Literally translated, according to Cano, it is *Frances the Barbarian*. For freer jazz purposes, however, let it stand as *Frances, You're Too Much*. That's what the man said. —*Tynan*

JOE BUCCI/JOE RIDDICK

Harry Agganis Memorial Auditorium,
Lynn, Mass.

The North Shore Concert Society presented two Massachusetts musicians in company with the Count Basie Orchestra (*See page 15, this issue*). The two, organist Joe Bucci and drummer Joe Riddick, who constitute the regular group at Allston's Starlight Lounge, seemed, at first, to be a strange choice because of the huge contrast in volume.

Any such fears were immediately laid to rest. Bucci plays like a full band on a good day. Riddick is a secure member of that group of drummers called melodic, though the concept, it would seem, is more clearly defined by understanding that it is merely applying the techniques of established professional percussion, as produced by symphonic sections, to that one-man section, the proficient jazz drummer. Add to that the all-important factor that Riddick swings.

They've never thought of adding another instrument ("we'd just be another organ trio"), and their approach is carefully unstudied, the most casual of head arrangements as a rule, in another attempt to avoid the "just-another" category.

Bucci, from Malden, Mass., has played with every kind of musical group in the East. West Medford drummer Riddick is more specific. He has worked with Sabby Lewis, Red Prysock, and Jimmy Tyler.

Together they form a powerhouse much based in the mainstream of jazz but with all the contemporary advantages. It is a duo that can be heard from a long distance and a pleasure to hear from any distance.

—*Paul D. Coss*

VOTE



See page 52



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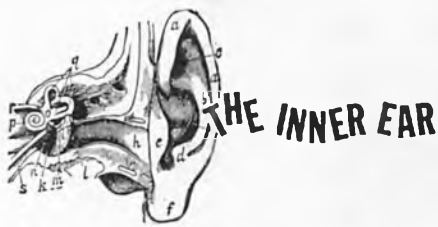


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UP BEAT SECTION



By **BILL MATHIEU**

This column won't be readily understandable without last month's *Inner Ear* (DB, Sept. 28), which was a prelude to this one. Here is a brief summary of that column.

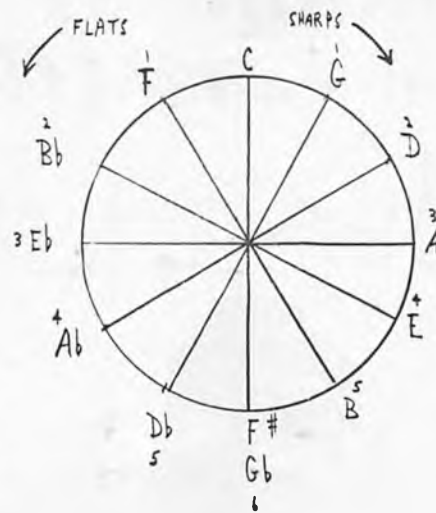
The last *Inner Ear* dealt with "scales related to chords" and the difficulty students have in ordering the great selection of notes at their disposal when improvising. The central idea was that a chord standing by itself does not have enough meaning to establish accurately one scale unique to it—the chord requires a harmonic context. *Tonalities*, not chords, have related scales. Usually a chord *grouping*, rather than a single chord, indicates or solidifies a tonal area. The proper scale must relate to the tonal area as a whole.

The next question is how chords combine to indicate tonal areas. The answer requires full musical training. In this column, however, I will try to point the way to a practical method of approaching the problem.

The first concept to understand is a strange kind of motion called "harmonic motion." This kind of motion is not up or down or sideways. It is difficult to understand for the non-musician.

There are 12 possible tonal areas, corresponding to the 12 tones in the chromatic scale. The relationship of these tonal areas can be made analogous to spatial relationships by draw-

ing a wheel around which we place the 12 tones in a very special order.



Notice that the keys with sharps go one way adding one sharp at a time (the key of G has one sharp, the key of D has two sharps, etc.), and the flat keys go the other way adding a flat each time. (A word to those who are already a step ahead and anticipate modal problems: let's confine this discussion to the major mode only.)

This is a hypnotic wheel, and if you stare at it long enough, all kinds of relations become apparent. The first is that the keys that are closest together are the ones with the most identical key signatures (number of sharps or flats). For instance, D and A are very close, because they differ by a single sharp. On the other hand, C and F# are as far apart as they can be—that is, six sharps (or six flats, depending how you spell it. Cf. Sir Donald Francis Toney's great line: "Harmonic space is curved, and the tri-tone is its dateline.") Certain ratios are also easy to see: G is to Db as B is to F—straight across the wheel. A is to C as Eb is to Gb—three keys away. And so on.

Tonalities are defined by the scales unique to them. A simple chord, say, a major triad, gives us only three notes to work with; but certain *groups* of chords outline a given scale and hence establish a tonality.

Here is what I mean. The simplest harmonic progression is IV→V→I in the key of C:

If you extract the notes from these chords in ascending order you will get

or a C major scale, and no other.

Hence, when you see F G C in a chord progression, you know that the C major scale is the most proper scale to use over this chord group.

Here are some other examples:
A mi 7→E mi 7→D mi 7=

A mi 7→E mi 7→B mi 7=

C maj 7→G maj 7=

In the last example, even though one tone is missing (A) from the G major scale, there is no other major scale to which these two chords could point.

Here is a trickier example:
G maj 7→E mi 7→B mi 7=

This last progression is ambiguous, because we do not know whether C# or C# is intended. The former would imply a G scale, the latter a D scale. In this case more chords are needed to get the full harmonic sense of the phrase.

After a while, the eye and the ear begin to recognize certain chord groupings. For instance D m 7→G7 is in the key of C (plus all 11 transpositions of this harmonic phrase). This is the most common and most useful progression and should be learned every way in every key. There are a few others (not very many) that also must be learned with dexterity around the harmonic circle. When these are mastered, reading a long string of chord symbols will become second nature to the improviser.

Music often is painful to talk about—the greatest part of learning comes through exposure. I have not mentioned, for instance, minor modes, with their contingencies of chromatic alteration and have not begun to go into the higher levels of harmonic unities to discuss the overlapping of chord groups with their inherent possibilities for multi-tonality.

The way of thinking about music implied in this column has been valuable to my students and myself, because it keeps in sight always the real *functions* of harmony and tonality.

(Address all mail concerning *The Inner Ear* to Bill Mathieu, c/o Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.)



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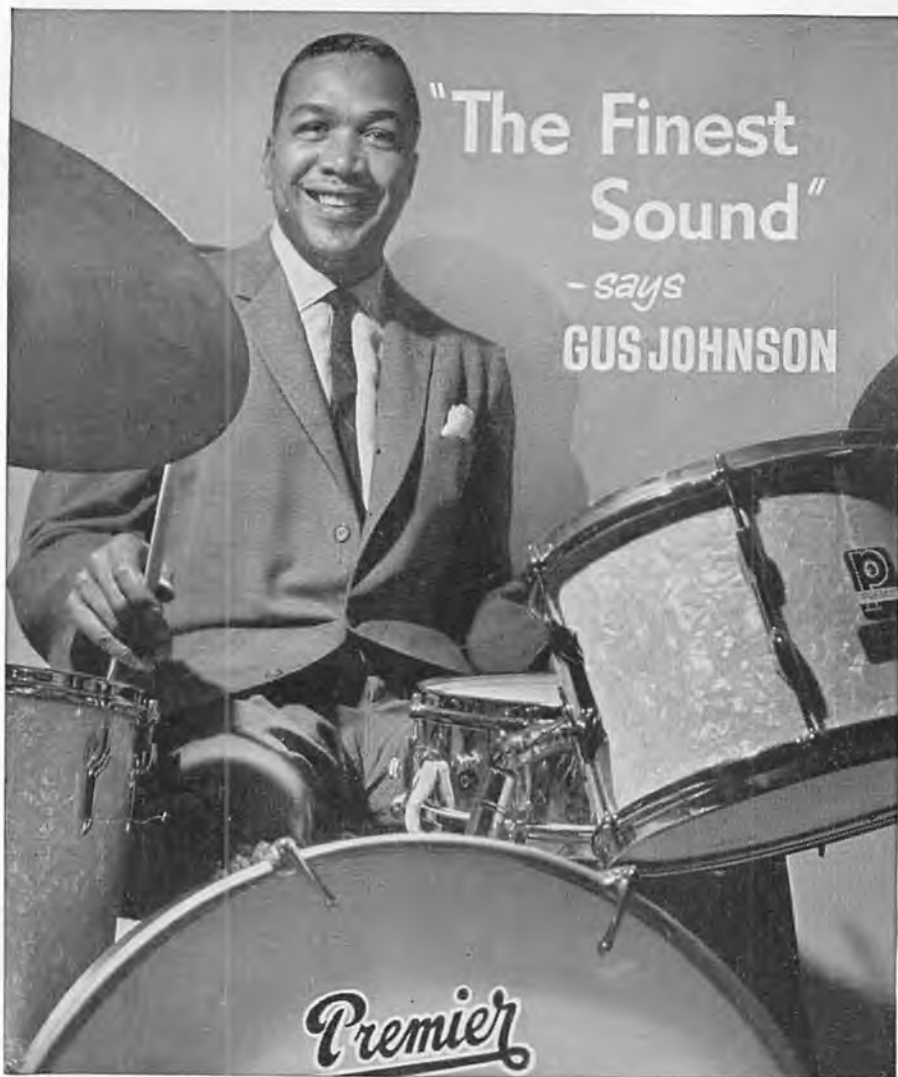
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SCHOOL JAZZ

With the 1961-62 school year begun, many organizations are planning stage-band festivals and clinics.

This year's activity is expected to surpass previous years' by a good margin. This increase is in line with the growing number of high schools that have a stage band as an integral part of their school music program.

It is estimated that the number of high-school stage bands in the United States this school year is 5,500.

Here are some of the activities, planned with *Down Beat's* assistance, for the coming months.

Oct. 21: Milwaukee, Wis.; Wisconsin Stage Band Clinic (educators only); the Rev. George Wiskirchen, clinician; Beihoff's music store, Milwaukee Jazz Society, sponsors.

Nov. 4: Creston, Iowa; Stage Band Clinic for Band Directors; Tony Rulli, clinician; Don Moore Music Store, sponsor.

Nov. 18: Decatur, Ill.; Stage Band Festival and Clinic; the Rev. George Wiskirchen and Tony Rulli, clinicians; Thompson-Kramer Music Co., sponsor.

Nov. 24: South Charleston, W. Va.; Stage Band Festival and Clinic; Richard Schory, clinician; Gorby's Music Store, sponsor.

Dec. 7-9: Memphis, Tenn.; Mid-South Band Clinic, including Stage Band Clinic for Educators; Art Dedrick, clinician; Tennessee Band Masters Association, sponsor.

Dec. 23: Chicago; Midwest Band Clinic, including Stage Band Clinic for Educators; H. V. Nutt and Ted Buenger, clinicians; Lyons Band Instrument Co., sponsor.

Scheduled for after the first of the year are festivals and/or clinics at the Music Educators National Conference in Chicago, March 19; Chicagoland Stage Band Clinic, Feb. 3; Carbondale, Ill., Jan. 5, 6; Creston, Iowa, in February; Duncan, Okla., in January; Florida A&M University, in February; and the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame, April 6, 7.

* * *

Carl Post, head of the educational department of Capitol records, is finishing up an 80-day tour of the country introducing Capitol's new educational music guide to distributors and educators. Post is also planning new album packages specifically designed for the school educational market.



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EARLY BIRD

By BILLY TAYLOR

Moderato

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure contains a treble clef, a B-flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass clef accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The system ends with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5. The bass clef accompaniment continues with quarter notes D2, E2, and F2. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef continues with quarter notes G5, A5, and B5. The bass clef accompaniment continues with quarter notes G2, A2, and B2. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef continues with quarter notes C6, B5, and A5. The bass clef accompaniment continues with quarter notes C3, B2, and A2. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef continues with quarter notes G5, F5, and E5. The bass clef accompaniment continues with quarter notes G2, F2, and E2. The system ends with a double bar line.

As Francis Mitchell points out in his story on Billy Taylor in this issue (page 22), Billy Taylor is reluctant to talk about himself or his music. Such was the case when the pianist was asked for comment about *Early Bird*, the composition beginning on this page and continued on page 46.

"This is the second of two pieces I wrote for Charlie Parker," he said. "The first was *Bird Watcher*, a blues. As far as I know, he never played them, except with me. You see, they were really not written so much for him to play, but he was the inspiration. They were the result of my working with him."

The first system of musical notation for 'Early Bird' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some grace notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features similar melodic and harmonic textures to the first system, with the upper staff carrying the melody and the lower staff providing accompaniment. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff has more complex rhythmic patterns, and the lower staff continues with its accompaniment. The piece maintains its 4/4 time signature and one-flat key signature.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the composition. The melodic line in the upper staff shows some rests and longer note values, while the accompaniment in the lower staff remains active. The overall style is characteristic of mid-20th-century jazz piano.

The fifth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. The melody in the upper staff comes to a final cadence, and the accompaniment in the lower staff provides a concluding harmonic structure. The piece ends with a final chord in the bass clef.



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Second system of the musical score, continuing the melodic and harmonic development. It includes slurs and dynamic markings. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of the musical score, showing further melodic and harmonic progression. The notation includes slurs and dynamic markings. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fourth system of the musical score, featuring a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fifth system of the musical score, containing a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Sixth system of the musical score, featuring a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings. The system ends with a double bar line.

Seventh system of the musical score, showing melodic and harmonic development with slurs and dynamic markings. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Eighth system of the musical score, featuring a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings. The system ends with a double bar line.

Ninth system of the musical score, containing a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Tenth system of the musical score, featuring a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings. The system ends with a double bar line.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

were also on the program . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson's** quintet includes **Bill Barron**, tenor saxophone; **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Bill Wood**, bass; **Walter Perkins**, drums . . . Pianist **Dick Wellstood** presented a **Fats Waller** program at the Museum of Modern Art. Waller alumni included were trumpeter **Herman Autrey** and clarinetist **Gene Sedric**. Completing the group were bassist **Buell Neidlinger** and drummer **Dave (Panama) Francis**.

On Sunday evenings at Lazar's in Huntington on Long Island, **Bruce Bernard**, who plays tenor saxophone and vibes, leads such as pianist **Joe Smith** and drummer **Joe Vicola** (the personnel changes often) through relaxed, tasteful jazz . . . Wakefield, a jazz club in Newark, N. J., now presents jazz Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons in addition to its usual Monday night sessions, presided over by the New Jazz Quintet—**Nat Phipp**, piano; **Charlie Mason**, trumpet; **Bill Phipps**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Bob Darden**, drums; **Ed Lightsey**, bass.

Columbia records is combining much of its jazz talent in a special package. **Dave Brubeck** will record with **Louis Armstrong's** All-Stars. Armstrong's regular pianist, **Billy Kyle**, will probably play organ on some of the tracks. **Lambert-Hendrick-Ross** and **Carmen McRae** will also join in the production . . . **Thelonious Monk** is supposedly leaving Riverside records. Several record companies have bid for him, Columbia and Victor among them . . . Riverside has bought the Washington and Offbeat record firms, the first a classical line, the second its jazz and specialty subsidiary. Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** is the major jazz talent on Offbeat . . . Candid records is recording **Memphis Slim** . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Sweets Edison** will move to Reprise records . . . United Artists has an album by **Billy Strayhorn**, *The Peaceful Side of Jazz*, compositions by Strayhorn and **Duke Ellington**, recorded during the filming of the forthcoming UA motion picture *Paris Blues*.

The CBS-TV special, *Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny*, included a performance by the **Benny Goodman Sextet** . . . **Meade Lux Lewis**, veteran boogie-woogie pianist, has a steady job with ABC-TV's *The Roaring '20s* playing and occasionally speaking . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** (his full name is **Pierre Dewey La Fontaine Jr.**) was the first jazz guest on the new *Steve Allen Show*, on ABC-TV . . . **Luther Henderson** wrote the music and **Tom Hansen** choreographed a "jazz" version of *Peter and the Wolf* on the **Victor Borge** CBS-TV special . . . ABC-TV

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, AND JUNE 11, 1960. (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF DOWN BEAT MAGAZINE published every other week at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: Charles Suber, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.
Editor: Don DeMicheal, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois
Business manager: William J. O'Brien, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more, of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960, to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue) 38,124

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plans a spectacular on Feb. 23 titled *Winter Carnival at Sun Valley*, a musical variety show with eight skiers, one comedian, an unspecified number of singers, and **Louis Armstrong** . . . The NBC-TV *Here and Now* series featured the **Rev. John Gensel**, now being called "The Jazz Pastor," speaking on religion and jazz. Also on the show were pianist **Randy Weston**, bassist **Charles Mingus**, and drummer **Max Roach**. Rev. Gensel will hold a seminar in January at the Village Gate on the subject of the church and jazz. Meetings will be during the day, and there will be, he says, "field trips at night."

NEW ORLEANS

Several New Orleans stations have expanded their programming of modern jazz in recent months. **Dick Martin** now spins six hours of subdued jazz from midnight till dawn on WWL. The public schools' station, WNPS, has scheduled a half hour of modern jazz daily as well as a Tuesday night program with commentary by pianist **F. A. Cassanova**. WYLD's **Bob Hudson** continues his four-hour Saturday session of funk and soul-centered jazz. The only live offering at present is **Joe Bur-**



ton's new WJBW spot, featuring an hour of the **Burton** trio at 11:30 nightly.

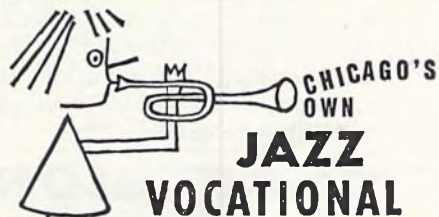
Al Belletto will lead the house band at the New Orleans Playboy Club. Belletto also will book bands and entertainment for the plush Bienville St. key club . . . **Armand Hug** was the victim of a summer business lag at the Prince Conti Motel . . . Banjo-playing **Rev. Joseph Dustin** appeared at the New Orleans Jazz Club last month on the program with another plectrist-by-avocation, New Orleans' **Dr. Edmond Souchon**.

Mike Lala's Dixie crew was put on notice at the Famous Door a few weeks after rejecting an offer from the Metropole in New York City. **Sharkey Bonano's** band followed Lala into the perennial Bourbon St. jazz spot . . . Ex-New Orleanian **Tony Bazley** is drumming at Marty's in Los Angeles, and has been active on West Coast recording sessions with bassist **Leroy Vinegar**, guitarist **Wes Montgomery**, and tenor saxophonist **Teddy Edwards** . . . **Buddy Prima** has migrated to California to do graduate work at UCLA . . . Pianist **Freddy Nesbitt** hopped to Dallas with a trio for a two-week engagement at Earl's . . . **Dizzy Gillespie**

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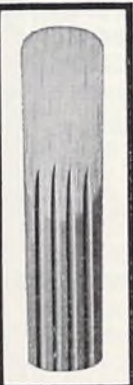
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DOWN BEAT'S 26th ANNUAL READERS POLL

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

It's time for all good men (women, too) to support their favorite jazz musicians—the 26th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll is under way.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, pre-addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, write your choices in each category in the spaces provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Use only this official ballot; letters and regular post cards will not be accepted as ballots.

Last year the number of ballots cast in the Readers Poll exceeded previous years'. We anticipate an even larger return this year. We urge *all* readers, whether lay listeners or musicians, to vote—the larger the number of ballots cast, the more indicative the poll will be of the jazz world's tastes.

The *Down Beat* Readers Poll has come to be more than a popularity poll: it not only reveals which jazzmen, bands, and singers are satisfying the emotional needs of the greatest number of listeners, but it also is watched closely by those who hire jazz performers. Again, we urge you to support the performers you believe in.

VOTING INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Vote only once. *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at its discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that his supporters have stuffed the ballot box in his favor. Don't disqualify your choices by misdirected zeal.
2. Vote early. The poll closes Nov. 13.
3. Use only the official ballot. Print names legibly.

4. In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the jazz performer who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which both deceased and living persons are eligible.

Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, and Coleman Hawkins. A scholarship to the Berklee School of Music is given in the name of the Hall of Fame winner.

5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.

6. The *Miscellaneous Instrument* category has been expanded this year. There can be more than one winner in this category. The instrumentalist who garners the greatest number of votes will, of course, be declared winner on his instrument. But those who play other miscellaneous instruments can also win: **if a musician receives at least 15 percent of the total vote in the category, he will be declared winner on his instrument.** For example, if there are 10,000 votes cast in the Miscellaneous Instrument category, an organist, say, with 1,500 or more votes will win also, provided there are no other organists with a greater number of votes.

(Note: a miscellaneous instrument is any instrument not having a category of its own. Two exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category) and cornet (votes for cornetists should be cast in the trumpet category).

7. Vote for only one person in each category.

WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Billy Eckstine, Don Rickles, to 10/31.
Birdland: Joe Williams, Harry Edison, Toshiko Mariano, to 10/18. Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin, Junior Mance, 10/19-25. Dizzy Gillespie, Olatunji, 10/26-11/8.
Bon Aire Lodge: Sol Fisch, *tfn*.
Condon's Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.
Embers: Jonah Jones, 10/15-11/15.
Five Spot: Sonny Rollins, Donald Byrd-Pepper Adams, open 10/18, tentative.
Hob Nob: Noreen Tate, Walter Stafford, *tfn*.
Hickory House: Don Shirley, *tfn*.
Jazz Gallery: Sonny Rollins to 10/17.
Metropole: Lionel Hampton to 10/19.
Nick's: Kenny Davern, *tfn*.
Roundtable: Harold Austin, Sir Charles Thompson, Joan Shaw, Leontyne Watts, *tfn*.
Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.
Versailles: Blossom Dearie, Jim Hall, *tfn*.
Village Vanguard: Chico Hamilton to 10/22.
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, Aretha Franklin, to 11/19. Guest stars, wknds.
White Whale: Sonny Clark, wknds., tentative.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair, *hb*.
Krechner's: Billy Krechner, *hb*.
Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): Delf Nolle 5, wknds.
Latin Casino: Harry Belafonte, 11/16-12/10. Ella Fitzgerald, 1/2-10.
Paddock (Trenton, N. J.): Capitol City 5, wknds.
Pep's: Joe Williams-Harry Edison to 10/14.
Red Hill Inn: Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 10/13-22; Dukes of Dixieland, 10/27-29.

San Souci (Camden, N. J.): Vince Montana, *tfn*.
Second Fret: Various folk artists.
Underground: Butch Ballard, *hb*.
Woodland Inn: Bernard Peiffer, *tfn*.

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: Nat Perrillat, wknds.
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.
Dream Room: Sam Butera, Santo Pecora, *hb*.
Famous Door: Sharkey Bonano, Murphy Campo.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *tfn*.
Joy Tavern: Alvin Tyler, wknds.
Lee Roy's: Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, *tfn*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DETROIT

Au Sable: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.
Earl's Bar: Frank Isola, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Corbin's: Bob Pierson, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.
Empire: Bourbon Street Six to 11/5.
Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
Kevin House: Bill Richards, *tfn*.
Mermaid's Cave: Eddie Bartel, *tfn*.
Minor Key: Junior Mance to 10/15. Les McCann, 10/17-22.
Roostertail: George Primo, *hb*.
Topper Lounge: Bobby Laurel, *tfn*.
Trent's Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.
20 Grand: Workshop Sessions, Mon.

CHICAGO

Alhambra: Ahmad Jamal, *tfn*.
Birdhouse: Thelonious Monk to 10/22. Art Blakey, 10/25-11/5.
Blind Pig: Jazz session. Mon. Blues session, Tues.
Bourbon St.: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Clancy Hayes, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Barbara Carroll to 10/29. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Dexter Gordon-Gene Ammons to 10/22.
Mister Kelly's: Jerry Lester, Sandu Scott, to 10/15. Marty Rubenstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo, *hbs*.
Pigalle: Lurlean Hunter, *tfn*.
Red Arrow: Franz Jackson, Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Ash Grove: Lightnin' Hopkins opens 10/17.

Jack Elliott, 11/28-12/24.
Beverly Cavern: Kid Ory, *tfn*.
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, *tfn*.
Crescendo: Cannonball Adderley, Nancy Wilson, open 11/2.
Green Bull: Johnny Lucas, *tfn*.
Hollywood Palladium: Lawrence Welk, *hb*, wknds.
Honeybucket: South Frisco Jazz Band, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): Edgar Hayes.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Name grps., Sun.
Limelight (Pacific Ocean Park): Delta Rhythm Kings, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.
Paris Theatre: Sat. and Sun, morning sessions.
Pasadena Civic Auditorium: Dave Brubeck, Four Freshmen, 10/21.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*.
Porpoise Room (Marineland): Red Nichols, *tfn*.
Renaissance: Miles Davis, 10/12-22; Horace Silver opens 11/2.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *tfn*. Sessions, Mon.
Sheraton West: Cal Gooden, *tfn*.
Sherry's: Vaughan Pershing, *tfn*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Conte Candoli, Richie Kamuca, Russ Freeman, Chuck Berghofer, *hb*, wknds. Helen Humes, wknds.
Frank Rosolino, John Pisano, Stan Levey, Mon. Paul Horn, Emil Richards, Paul Moer, Jimmy Bond, Milt Turner, Wed. Teddy Edwards, Thurs.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Carmen McRae, 10/22.
Jazz Workshop: Cannonball Adderley to 10/29.
Black Sheep: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.
On-the-Levee: Joe Sullivan, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoons: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee.
Fairmont Hotel: Mills Bros., to 10/25.
Soulville: Atlee Chapman, Cowboy Noyd, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: Barbara Dane, Wellman, Braud, *tfn*.



You've heard Jo Jones...

"Jo's been up there for a long time—and he gets better every year!" An international jazz authority so described Jo Jones recently—and fans by the thousands agree.

Jo was born in Chicago in 1911, and named Jonathan. His light, subtle rhythms and the big Jones grin achieved national prominence during a long stint with Count Basie, from 1936 till 1948.

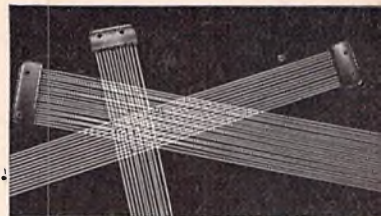
He starred as a featured drummer in Jazz at the Philharmonic Concerts, and with Illinois Jacquet, Lester Young, Joe Bushkin and other top-flight people.

Now on tour with his own four-man combo, he continues to stand high on anybody's list of the Top Ten drummers.

And everywhere Jo Jones goes, LUDWIGS go. Jo says LUDWIGS get better every year.

He's right. They do.

Listen to
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perfection in
snare tone...



Many quality features add to the tonal beauty of Ludwig snare drums... among them, the exclusive Snappi-Wire Snares. Each wire is solidly embedded in a plastic snare plate to provide maximum surface contact with the drum-head for that sharp, clear, brilliant tone. Compare the modern tone of Ludwig and hear for yourself why LUDWIG is unquestionably... THE MOST FAMOUS NAME ON DRUMS!

Here's the **Ludwig** combination
Jo Jones prefers:

1. and 5. 14" x 14" Tom Toms
2. 14" x 22" Bass
3. 5" x 14" Snare
4. 9" x 13" Tom Tom
6. 14" Hi Hat Cymbals
7. 18" Ride Cymbal
8. 20" Ride Cymbal
9. 22" Sizzle Cymbal



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PLAY IT YOURSELF! The very same Lowrey Organ featured by Fred Waring is now on display at your nearby Lowrey Organ Studio.