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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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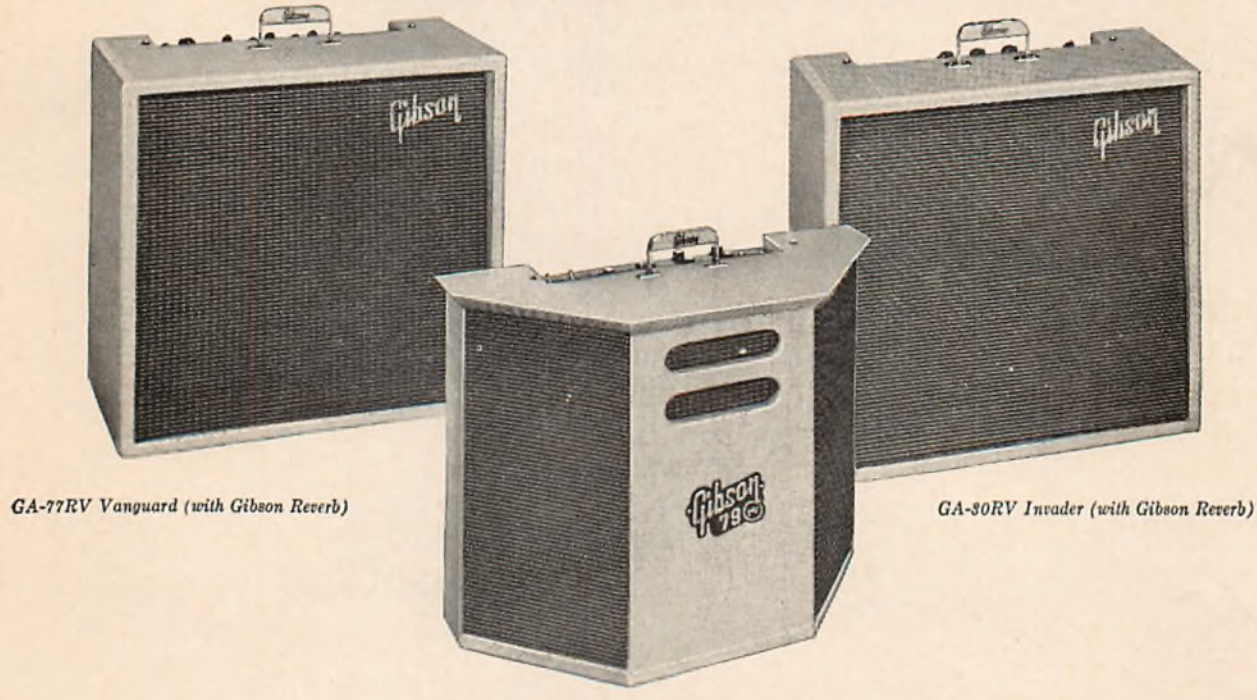

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—by Dave Brubeck

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Dave Brubeck

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE
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THINGS TO COME The May 24 *Down Beat* is the annual issue devoted to reed instruments and their players. Richard Hadlock has written a knowing feature on the "miscellaneous" reed instruments — all the way from manzello to stritch. Other popular *Down Beat* features will be included also. The issue goes on sale Thursday, May 10.

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NEWS

FEATURES

CRITICISM

DEPARTMENTS

Cover photograph by Ted Williams. Photograph on page 16 by Pete Caine.

p. 19

p. 14

p. 22

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Racial Prejudice in Jazz

No other Down Beat *feature in recent years caused as much reader comment as did the two-part discussion* Racial Prejudice in Jazz *(DB, March 15 and 29). It is impossible to print all the letters received, but this issue's* Chords and Discords *is expanded in order to print a representation.*

I was one of the many who heard Abbey Lincoln and Max Roach perform the *Freedom Now Suite* at the NAACP convention in Philadelphia. At that time I formed an opinion which your article makes necessary for me to express.

Miss Lincoln quite obviously makes an attempt to be as unattractive as possible in order to emphasize the poor "black woman" (her words) in an effort to disguise her own personal insecurity and misguided race pride.

Her opinions and attitudes are not winning her many fans, Negro or white, and I believe she has badly influenced her husband's thinking. A few years ago Max Roach had the reputation of being a liberal, really swingin' guy.

Poor Abbey — she must indeed be a miserable woman. If Negro musicians possess all the feeling for jazz that she spoke of, what is *her* excuse?

Incidentally, I am a member of the "black" race, but my mind thinks in all colors.

Fort Wayne, Ind. Gay Eddson

I thought the convocation to discuss reciprocal race prejudice topically interesting. After reading all the comments, I was especially impressed by what Miss Lincoln said. I cannot understand why Mr. Gitler would call her a "professional Negro," when, in fairness to all members of the panel, he could have offered the epithet to Nat Hentoff.

All I can conclude from what Miss Lincoln's statements brought out is that she is animatedly aware and proud of her genetic heritage. It seems as though Mr. Hentoff is not proud, or aware, of his. With his facile altruism, he commits the same errors in logic as those Caucasoids who feel all Negroes are stupid.

Seattle, Wash. G. Zygmunt

I have just finished reading the soul-baring discussion between Ira Gitler, Abbey Lincoln, and company. Although Gitler seems to have his hands full defending himself against what appears to be almost intangible charges, there is one point which has me stumped. That is his remark in his review that African Negroes don't give a "fig" about American Negroes.

To state my argument in clear terms, let me first say that I could not refute that argument for the same reason he can't make the statement factually.

I have not conducted an opinion poll among all African Negroes, and neither has Mr. Gitler, I'm sure. However, I have a very close relative who recently returned from a cultural festival in Nigeria to which some 30 or so Negro artists were invited. I'm sure Mr. Gitler would be surprised and informed to know the degree to which we Afro-Americans and native Africans feel a sense of unity. The fact that the Africans extended the invitations is some indication.

Los Angeles George W. Goodman

Re: *Racial Prejudice in Jazz:*

1. You deserve credit for bringing this into the open, but the sensationalist front cover design of the issue took something away from the article.

2. I quite like these discussions (I enjoyed the *Inside the Cannonball Adderley Quintet* one) but feel Gitler should not have to explain his criticism, which I feel was sincere criticism. This practice of defense could inhibit critics.

3. I would like to see good come of the discussion, but from the way it is going, I doubt it.

New York City Lennie Metcalf

Some good already has come of the discussion: Ira Gitler was a guest at the recent wedding of Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln.

After reading the panel discussion, I felt compelled to write of my experience, through working with numerous mixed groups, with the two Jims.

Unaware of what was slowly building up inside me, under pressure and remarks not from musicians but from others to whom the color of my face seemed important, I found myself with a profound disgust for everything that "white" seemed to stand for. I'm afraid I became an emotional advocate of what is called Crow Jim, though I didn't know it had a name. I would have gladly changed the color of my skin to stop people from trying to make me choose sides.

I literally have been spit on by both "sides," but my reactions were quite different. While walking in Boston with a fellow bass player, I suddenly got it full in the face from a young girl. My shocked tears were quite different from the seething hatred I felt for some white sailors while learning my job in Washington, D.C.

It wasn't until a dear friend of mine, a nonmusician much older, wiser (and darker) than I, quietly explained to me that the hatred I felt for my own race was in reality quite as sick as the prejudice I hated. I couldn't possibly hate (he named mutual friends and musicians) simply because they were white?

I began to understand that the Negro is called upon to be a super-human being in order to rise above cruelty, injustice, and stupidity with a wisdom and understanding (and sometimes with a sense of humor) that few humans reach in this lifetime.

I no longer express myself in loud noises and frustrated tears when speaking of what I believe. By quietly saying what I think, I leave my listeners not in anger but in thought.

I will also teach my two young sons the beauty and wonder of the differences *and* the sameness of all people. Ignorance and fear are terrible and have no place in any life.

At the outbreak of the hypothetical race war mentioned in the article, I would find myself sitting, unarmed, dead center, in the line of fire from both sides.

Vancouver, Wash. Bonnie Wetzel Carroll

In my opinion both Abbey Lincoln and Max Roach should confine themselves to singing and drumming respectively and shut up about this racial business.

There is no room for this kind of talk in this world—particularly in the world of music.

Hollywood, Calif. Bob Yeager

I would like to commend you on the fine article on racial prejudice. In my opinion, it is the most enlightening article that I have ever read. Max Roach and Don DeMicheal seemed the most sensible to me. Ira Gitler and Miss Lincoln seemed a little extreme in their points of view, although I feel Miss Lincoln has every right to hers.

Los Angeles Joel Whitebook

I read with growing interest your panel discussion. It was enjoyable to see Ira Gitler confronted with Abbey Lincoln. But it seemed that not Miss Lincoln was on the defensive but Mr. Gitler. It was good to see that he had to defend his review, of which there is nothing to say because you can say nothing about something not being there.

I found something else worth talking about: Don DeMicheal's remark that there is no propaganda in art. Does he know something about art and artists? Max Roach was right when he said an artist is a propaganda organ. Namely for his own art.

Igor Stravinsky once said that there is an imperious need for an artist to induce other people to participate in the artist's feeling. Is there really no propaganda in art, Mr. DeMicheal?

Solingen, West Germany Rainer Blome

I was particularly unimpressed by the fuzzy thinking exhibited by almost everyone concerned. It seems that no one had a clear idea of what art is and what it can and cannot do in attacking our most urgent social problem.

I strongly object to Miss Lincoln's confusion of art with propaganda. That art must inevitably reflect the artist's point of view is obviously true; that it must be a vehicle for propaganda is as obviously fallacious. As Hentoff suggests, art is "an object in itself." No serious 20th century person concerned with any

form of the arts would make art subservient to an institution or an idea. Yet Miss Lincoln would have us believe that "art must be propaganda," that is (to quote my pocket Webster), an idea disseminated to support a doctrine.

Art is rarely propaganda, and propaganda is even more rarely art. Homer sang the *Odyssey* to entertain and educate his listeners, and we call it high art. But Homer had no ax to grind. On the other hand Picasso's *Guernica* and Bessie Smith's *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* might be utilized as propaganda. But both are high art because they draw on the artist's life experience to express the artist's emotional response to a universal (and ugly) truth: expression of an emotion; they are only secondarily works of protest.

This is a subtle distinction, but it lies at the heart of the nature of art. Moreover, it bears directly on the question: should jazz be used directly and aggressively to solve the race problem? That neither the artists nor the critics appeared to be aware of this distinction and the implications indicated to me that they had failed to think the question through, and greatly nullified, I think, the force of their discussion.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Michael N. Berger

Along with many of my friends, Negro and white, musicians and laymen, I was saddened and disheartened by your "great debate" on racial prejudice in jazz.

Not once did I get the feeling from Max and Abbey that jazz was something they take pride and joy in creating. Not once did anyone say that jazz, after all, is first and foremost *music*. Not once was it pointed out that the miracle of jazz—the one great fact that makes it such an important part of today's ambiguous world—is that it is universal; that it is loved and appreciated by people of all colors, creeds, and nationalities; that it is the only art which speaks to, and is heard by, all men. What a great thing the American Negro has given to the world! How proud he should be of this gift. And how well he should know that when you give, people take.

It is true, very true, that due credit has not been given, that too often whites have reaped the benefits of what the black man created. But was it in a spirit of hatred and willful exploitation that Benny Goodman hired Fletcher Henderson to write for his band? Did Benny have any way of knowing that he would be catapulted to fame because the jazz message had powers that no one had hitherto suspected? Wasn't the very fact that jazz, the music of the American Negro, became the music of America a major victory?

Sure, there are economic and social injustices still rampant in the jazz world. It is the duty of every person connected with jazz to fight against these. But not with reverse prejudice, guns (even rhetorical ones), and hatred. Hatred is only a mask for one's own deeply rooted feelings of inadequacy, and prejudice is ignorance as well as economics. Hatred and prejudice immobilize the creative potentials of the individual; they work against him as well as against others.

Jazz isn't propaganda or a vehicle for secondhand African nationalism or a manifestation of social unrest. Jazz is music—great music. Music consists of many elements, and many human emotions enter into it, but one thing it can't do without is beauty.

Nat Hentoff claims that hatred and ugliness may be legitimately expressed in music. No doubt they can. But spare us from these sounds! There is a surfeit of hate and ugliness in the world, and beauty is not an escape from this but a weapon against it. Jazz has the power to move people in their souls, the power to bring them together, to uplift them, to cure them of the sickness of hate. That is the great gift of jazz, and jazz musicians forget this at their own peril.

Jazz has something to offer the world, and who knows if it is not a better means toward creating a better environment than the old slogans of socialism and negative expressions of frustration.

The artist has a rare gift of which no ignorant prejudice can rob him. With this gift goes a responsibility to himself and to the world. Only if the artist remains true to himself will he be able to save himself—and all of us—from madness and destruction.

Yes, Abbey, we do "expect more of you." As a Negro, you know firsthand the evils created by prejudice and ignorance and greed, and as an artist you have the power to move others. That's why we expect more of you. We do not choose our roles in life—they are given. But we must live up to our abilities, and we can choose between knowledge and ignorance, between right and wrong.

The American Negro, precisely because of his bitter (and proud) history, is in a unique position to guide, and perhaps even redeem, his fellow men. It is no accident that American Negro writers like James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison are among the few true moralists of our day. American Negro history and heritage is also the true wellspring of jazz, America's great music, and the American, *not* African, Negro's gift to the world.

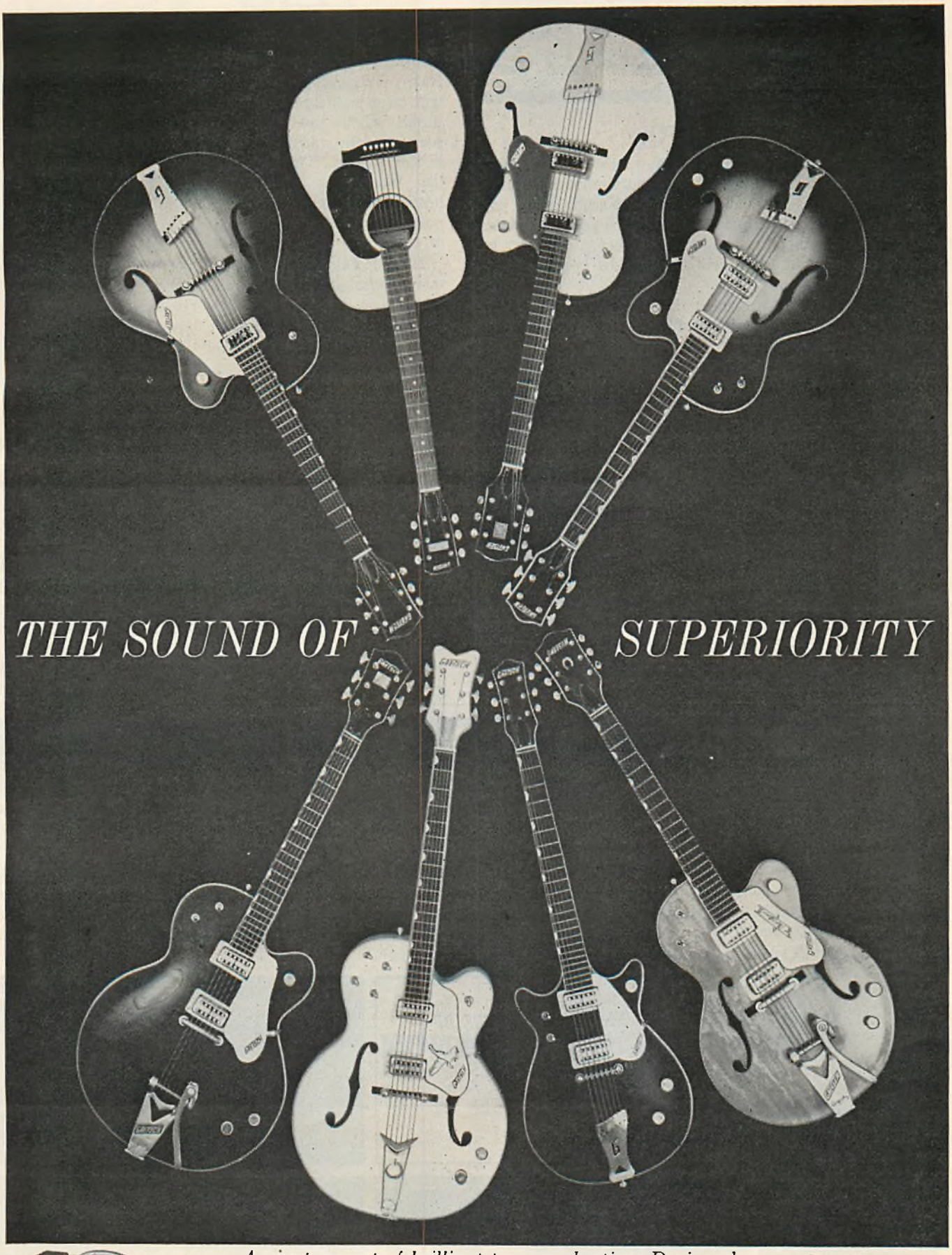
I say this as a European-born Jew who also knows what it means to be, in the eyes of those blinded by hatred, not a human being but an object to be despised. In spite of the horrors of our century, it is possible for different human beings to understand each other and to communicate feelings and experience. Jazz is among the few things we have to work with that are true and sane and beautiful. Don't sell it short!

New York City Dan Morgenstern

I am concerned as much as anyone else about this Jim Crow-Crow Jim thing, but I don't care to have a magazine I subscribe to devote nearly all of two issues to an open discussion between eight people, all of whom have little to offer in the way of solution. They offered only opinion.

I'm sure the salvation of jazz is not in the offense-defense shuffle of Miss Lincoln or Mr. Gitler.

East St. Louis, Ill. Tom Palmer



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STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

Ella Fitzgerald, lately accused of not being a jazz singer, during her recent European tour was questioned by French critics about the accusations. She is, she said, not a jazz critic nor a musician. Singer she is. But, she added, she does not consider herself a jazz figure. Whether jazz singer or not, Miss Fitzgerald performed to overflow crowds everywhere she went on the tour.

The concerts staged to benefit the Musicians' Clinic (*DB*, March 29) did much to offset the $4,500 owed by that organization to psychiatrists. The first concert, held at the Jazz Gallery, earned more than $3,000 for the clinic. The total will be larger when all figures are compiled. Bands led by **Count Basie** and **Si Zentner;** comedian **George Kirby;** trios led by **Billy Taylor** and **Bill Rubenstein;** singers **Carol Sloane** and **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross; Art Farmer, Benny Golson,** and **Dizzy Gillespie** were among those who entertained. There were fringe benefits also: three one-year, $1,000 fellowships in narcotics therapy for young doctors, donated in the names of **Kay Norton** (the Jazz Gallery), **Oscar Goodstein** (Birdland), and **Art D'Lugoff** (the Village Gate)—the first three clubowners to offer their premises for the benefit concerts, which will continue through April and, perhaps, into May.

Miss Fitzgerald

Also on the benefit kick: A **Billie Holiday** benefit is to be held on May 7 at Carnegie Hall. As we went to press, no artists had been announced, but sponsors ranged from Mayor **Robert Wagner** to such musicians as **Mal Waldron** and **Randy Weston.** In addition to boxoffice income, revenue will be gained through sales of records at the concert. All profits will be used for "the benefit of a city-administered social therapy and rehabilitation center, the first of its kind in this country." The over-all sponsor is the West Side Narcotics Committee, headed by **Leonard Cohen,** recently appointed New York deputy commissioner of marine and aviation.

Schuller

Harold Pendleton, president of Britain's National Jazz Federation, recently returned to England from New York and told British writers, "Modern Jazz is a death-wish culture. It's killing the business in America."

Four more works have been commissioned for the first International Jazz Festival, to be held in Washington, D.C., May 31-June 3. In addition to those already requested from **Jimmy Giuffre** and **George Russell** (*DB*, April 12), **J. J. Johnson** will write a composition for trombone and orchestra, and **André Hodeir,** will write one for vibes and orchestra. (In both cases, the orchestra will be the National Symphony.) A committee of ministers has commissioned **Ed Summerlin** to write a liturgical service to be performed during the festival. **Gunther Schuller** is writing a composition for chamber orchestra and narrator; **Nat Hentoff** is writing the narration for this special feature of the festival's children's concert.

Erroll Garner had to turn down an appearance at the

(Continued on page 43)

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LACEY CRAWFORD
Jamal

THE FORTUNES OF AHMAD

Ahmad Jamal has been much in the news lately. Late last year he closed his club, the Alhambra in Chicago, after struggling for seven months to make a go of the no-alcohol establishment.

On March 7 of this year his wife, Maryam, obtained an uncontested divorce from the pianist on grounds of desertion. Following the divorce, Jamal broke up his trio and was reported planning to travel and study.

On April 2 Jamal's attorney, Lincoln T. Beauchamp, called a press conference in Jamal's behalf and announced that the pianist was suing Johnson Publications for $1,000,000 for libel. Spokesman for Jamal said that articles dealing with his divorce in the March 15 and March 22 issues of *Jet* had "implied that Jamal was financially irresponsible" and implied that he was reckless and careless and had sacrificed his home life, among other things. The spokesman said the articles had hurt Jamal's business enterprises which include music publishing and exporting and importing, but most of all they had hurt sales of his "music playing," both personal appearances and records.

Attorney Beauchamp said that Jamal's trio (Israel Crosby, bass, and Vernel Fournier, drums, worked with the pianist) had been only temporarily disbanded and that Jamal broke up the group in order to give his attention to business matters. According to Beauchamp, the trio could be called back together at any time. In the meantime, Crosby had joined George Shearing.

A SIGNIFICANT JAZZ FIRST IN MEXICO

Jazz broke through longhair barriers in Mexico City recently when the Chilo Moran Sextet performed the first modern jazz concert ever held in the Palace of Fine Arts. The break-through was the more significant in that the event was sponsored by Enrique S. Gual, head of the National Symphony Orchestra board; Luis Herrera, the orchestra's director; and Mario Shapiro, musical director of classical-oriented Radio Universidad.

Hailed by Mexican music critics as "pioneers of jazz" south of the border, the Moran group was made up of Pablo Jaimes, Humberto Canel, Salvador Agiieros, Jesus Aguirre, Juan Ravelo, and Moran. The sextet's presentation at the concert followed the familiar "history of jazz" format, tracing the evolution of the music from 1900 to the present.

Commenting on the historic concert, director Shapiro later declared, "Justice was done to jazz. And the event was more of a triumph than we had expected. This first essay has proven that there are many lovers of jazz in Mexico."

The Moran group's music at the concert was recorded by Radio Universidad, and an LP of the event will be distributed in the U.S. to radio stations with cultural programing and with which Mexican radio outlets have exchange agreements. Leading figures in U.S. jazz will also receive copies of the LP.

JEAN GOLDKETTE DIES IN CALIFORNIA

The dwindling roster of jazz' living pioneers was further diminished March 24 with the death by heart attack of onetime name bandleader Jean Goldkette. He was 69.

Goldkette was stricken while on a visit to Santa Barbara, Calif., where he planned to lay the groundwork for formation of a chapter of the National Artists Foundation of Detroit, of which he was honorary president. The foundation assists promising young performers in various fields of the arts.

Born in Valenciennes, France, the bandleader was reared in Greece and studied classical piano in Russia. In 1911 he came to the United States, and by 1923 he had opened Detroit's Graystone Ballroom and organized the band that later included such jazzmen as Bix Beiderbecke, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Frank Trumbauer, Jimmy McPartland, Hoagy Carmichael, and the Dorsey brothers.

Equally active in organizing and booking bands other than his own during the 1920s, Goldkette launched McKinney's Cotton Pickers and the Casa Loma Orchestra. He was credited as the discoverer of the Dorseys, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, and Glen Gray. At one time he was booking 65 dance bands of various sizes in the Detroit area.

In 1927 Goldkette disbanded his own orchestra in New York and returned to Detroit. Most of his top musicians joined Paul Whiteman at that time.

Goldkette emerged from retirement in the 1940s to travel the concert circuit as pianist. He performed in Carnegie Hall and with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and remained active in classical music until 1955.

Retired since then, Goldkette lived in Detroit until early last summer, when he moved to Santa Monica, Calif. He was a widower and childless.

Pallbearers at Goldkette's funeral March 30 in Los Angeles were Horace Heidt, Art Kassel, Ted Lewis, Freddy Martin, and Orrin Tucker.

A JAZZ STATION URGENTLY IN NEED OF FRIENDS

Contrary to previous accounts, radio station WJZZ, the Fairfield, Conn., station informally advised by Dave Brubeck, is in serious financial trouble. The only all-jazz station in the New York City area, it is making appeals on the air for support, asking listeners for at least 3,000 gifts of $10 each by April 30, so the station can break even during the next 12 months.

Owner Kenneth Cooper said he can't see any other way out. "If we can't raise the $30,000 by April 30," he said, "we'll have no choice but to take the station off the air."

AN ARRANGERS' HAVEN ON 42nd ST.

In the view of some, jazz musicians are an infantile lot, devious, and given to the pursuit of unorthodox pleasures. It has followed, then, that when many of the criticizers are shown one of the many exceptions to the stereotype, they count the exception as a "sell-out," one who has become "commercial."

There is a strong argument for the other side. It has no name, though it has an address, 244 W. 48th St. in New York City, and plush quarters. It has been in existence for three years; lost one charter member, Manny Albam;

HERB SNITZER

Brookmeyer out of closet

expanded; bought wall-to-wall carpeting; installed intercom systems; and now includes Al Cohn, Bob Brookmeyer, Billy Byers, Gary McFarland, and a host of friends.

What has happened is that several of the busiest arrangers in New York have combined with a superlative copyist, the man who takes original scores and transcribes them into all the parts needed for the playing of the score (and if he is sharp-eyed, he catches the writer's mistakes). In this case, the copyist is Emil Charlap. He is sharp-eyed. He is an exceptionally busy copyist whose biggest account is Ralph Burns, and he sometimes hires another two or three assistants to help him.

It was to his advantage then, three years ago, to form a kind of office for arrangers and their friends. He did, and, despite the expansions now going on there, nothing has really changed the old place. The reason for any of the changes is because each of the persons involved needs a different kind of atmosphere.

"Bill Byers," said Charlap, "for example, only needs a place where he can sit and write. Gary is our new one, very much concerned with pure jazz. Brookmeyer is one of those guys who wants to be locked in a closet so he can write. Al Cohn writes at night. He's said, 'I only write when there's absolutely nothing else to do.'

"So, we have different rooms for people. See, here, there's a closet with a piano. And, here, there are just desks. Out there, we have room for three or four copyists. Sometimes we need them. Someone came in here one day, when everyone was here, and Ralph was here and Manny, and a lot of other people, and he said, 'You have the market cornered here.' I think we do.

"Most often, we work completely alone, but we can do anything, because of the people who are here . . . from motion picture scores to jingles. But anyone who really wanted a complete package, could find it here. We can write, arrange, copy, contract the musicians, conduct the music, and do anything but sell it, I guess."

A visitor can wander around what represents sort of a five-room apartment, see a secretary; a messenger, who is also a musician; people crouched over the latest score for Richard Rodgers or Count Basie; tape recorders; pianos; air-conditioners; collections of paintings; a dog, known as "a jazz dog," that knows enough to stay out of the inner sanctum; and collections of musicians who feel comfortable in such surroundings.

Over there, for example, is Cohn, sleeping on his own desk after a night of writing.

"I did three pages," the saxophonist told Charlap, "and tore them all up."

Charlap had hired an extra copyist for the morning to deal with the Cohn arrangements. "That," said Charlap, unruffled, "is the way it goes. Gary will be in here around noon. He ought to have some things for us to do."

Then, Bill Potts calls to say he is coming in. Charlap takes the jazz dog downstairs and is met outside by a policeman, who appears from next door and says, "You got anything swinging upstairs?" Suddenly it's jazz copyist, jazz dog, jazz policeman, jazz writer, jazz block. . . .

MAN WITH A MESSAGE

Drummer Art Blakey dropped into *Down Beat's* New York offices to complain about "the big money market in America" and *Down Beat's* panel on *Racial Prejudice in Jazz* (*Down Beat* March 15 and 29).

Of the first, he claimed short money and even smaller imaginations have caused U.S. producers of films, radio, and television to avoid jazz, except for shock, "never when it is exactly called for."

As a consequence, he said, there will be "a runaway of jazz musicians to Europe," where they will be used for productions ultimately shown in this country. Blakey has such a European committment—a score for the Italian film *Eva.*

He said it is silly for him to have to go to Europe to record for a film, but that it is necessary because Americans "ignore jazz as an art form. . . ." Blakey feels this is mostly so because "payola still exists; it is money, not the public, making a hit, because the public has no choice in the matter."

About the racial prejudice panel, he was as impassioned. He objected to the space given it:

"Let's not give it any ballyhoo; the enemy can make so much out of this. We can solve those problems ourselves. Anyway, I don't see how they can play jazz if they feel that way. Like Bird said, 'It comes out like what's in the man.' So, the whole thing gets more upset because of these articles."

About the whole scene, including his own European trip, he said, "Don't run away. All of us are suffering the same way. Still, it's so much better now.

"Anyway, don't fight that way. Just play. That's kind of like knocking on a door. Somebody will let us in."

JAZZ NEARBY FOR FAIR VISITORS

A string of top-flight talent has been signed to play for jazz fans visiting the Seattle World's Fair this spring, summer, and fall.

With the fair expected to attract a flood of tourists, Charlie Puzzo's Penthouse—the Northwest city's principal jazz club—has opened up the hatches in readiness.

Already signed by Bill Owens, the club's manager, are Buddy Greco, who opened April 19; the Oscar Peterson Trio, due in April 30; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Johnny Griffin, who play for two weeks starting May 28; Dizzy Gillespie, booked for one week from June 11; and Carmen McRae from Aug. 27. Other attractions are to be signed.

Meanwhile, in the 5,000-seat arena at the fairgrounds, the bands of Count Basie, Benny Goodman, and Lawrence Welk have been signed to play during the run of the fair.

OR HOW TO GET A CLEAN TONE

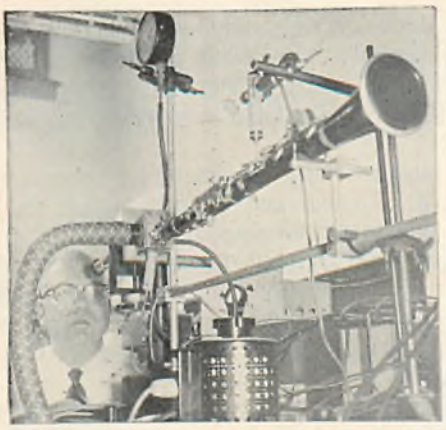
When a musician is given $19,000 so he can play around with a clarinet and vacuum cleaner in one of the nation's major universities, something—somewhere—must be kookie.

But to Dr. John Backus, a physicist with a master of music degree, his clarinet and cleaner add up to at least $19,000 in scientific experiment on the acoustic behavior of orchestral instruments.

Dr. Backus whiles away the hours at the University of Southern California blowing air from the cleaner through the clarinet thanks to a grant from the National Science Foundation. This is an extension of a similar grant made three years ago for the same purpose.

Bassoon-playing Dr. Backus explains that virtually nothing has been done in recent years to study the physics of musical instruments with modern equipment. He described his air-blowing as basic research in acoustics and added, "The primary objective is just to understand."

Dr. Backus said he hopes his findings



Dr. Backus, his clarinet and vacuum

on the behavior of the reed and of the vibration of the air column inside the clarinet will help instrument manufacturers make their products simpler and more reliable. His work, he explained, may even make the difficult bassoon "less cantankerous and easier to play" after similar experiments are conducted on it.

He is in no hurry. He describes his work at the university as "long-term research."

JAZZ WEEK IN OKLAHOMA

Should it be doubted that jazz is reaching college students, a rundown of the recent Jazz Week held at the University of Oklahoma at Norman should dispel such doubts. Scheduled from April 2 through April 7, the program ran thus:

Monday—A review of the history of jazz was presented. The production was written, directed, scored, and acted by students with an all-student band providing the musical illustrations.

Tuesday—Ray Charles, his band, and the Raelets appeared at the university in concert.

Wednesday—Pete Fountain and his group played a concert in conjunction with the university's "pops" series.

Thursday—Following a luncheon for guest Leonard Feather, a seminar on jazz was conducted. In the evening, Feather sang for his supper, at it were, by delivering a jazz lecture at the Oklahoma Memorial Union in Norman.

Friday—With clarinetist Buddy DeFranco presiding, clinics were held for various college bands from all over the country. In the evening, DeFranco judged the bands in a contest.

Saturday—Winding up the week, the Ray Sharpe Band played an all-campus dance.

According to a university spokesman, this was the first year an event of this nature had been attempted. Following its success, he said, plans are now to make Jazz Week an annual event.

HEAVY, HEAVY HANGS THE TALE

It has been suggested many times that musicians were a breed unto themselves and should only be judged by other musicians, and it is true that most musicians wish, at times, for blue-ribbon musical juries when in trouble.

That was certainly the wish of trumpeter Jame Parette of Scranton, Pa., who filed a lawsuit that could be called the Case of the Unmusical Chair. He tried to explain to the jury that a neighbor's faulty chair, through which he fell, caused him a spine injury that made the difference between a first- and second-trumpet section job for him.

"There is terrific pressure on your bottom when you're going for the high notes," the 300-pound trumpeter said, "and since my accident, I have to take the second chair."

The jury felt neither pity nor concern about chairs. It adjudged that any section chair was a good share.

Editorial

Payola, Thy Sting Is Everywhere

Payola, that business of paying disc jockeys for preferential treatment, is as prevalent today as it ever has been. This, despite all the trials, committees, and Boy Scout pledges to the contrary.

This can be discovered by sitting in front of a radio, say, in San Francisco. Or by listening to radios in various other cities. Or almost without ever hearing a radio, recalling words said to *Down Beat* during 1961. "The absence of payola," said an otherwise reputable record company official then, "has hurt our business badly. After all, how can any of us really exploit a record without controlling the number of plays it has."

The record-promotion business had been done in a particular way. It was a successful way. The courts interfered with that way. But business had to go on. Was there another way?

The record companies, most of them anyway, said no. If, as they assumed, some sort of payola had to go on for the health of the business, "business as usual" would determine what was happening.

Somewhat suspicious, we viewed the possibilities of different kinds of payments, private loans, and more-than-liberal entertainment. We found all these.

Then two incidents occurred that jogged memories of the payola scandals, mostly because they got into courts or headlines.

The first is relatively simple and, in its overt form, hardly anything damning. Many disc jockeys now appear at "record hops," where they play records for dancing. Most of those with major names in major markets are visited by record artists who perform, usually by mouthing their latest records as they are played. Jockeys who do this, of course, are paid on the basis of the crowds they draw. Those who draw most are generally those who draw the most live artists. One manager of a vocal group has lately complained, however, that this is part of a covert plan: You pay me by appearing at my hop for free, and I will play you later. The manager insisted this was only another form of payola. In New York, the realistic viewpoint of managers is: For a new artist, this is appearing free for promotion reasons; but for an established artist, it is either a benefit, friendship, or some kind of payment. It still ends up as a payment, whether by new or old artist.

The second incident that permits no niggling over the purity of motive is a recent case in which an individual tried to bribe an employe of an independent time-logging firm. The individual was a music publisher. The logging firm, in this case, was one that listens to stations to discover what songs are being played and then reports to BMI or ASCAP on its findings. On the basis of those results, composers are paid royalties.

Obviously it is advantageous to know which stations are being logged, for then it is possible to bribe jockeys on them to play certain records as often as possible during the logging time.

This particular case is to come up in court for a decision, but the implications of such an attempt are quite aside from—and vastly more significant than—any decision.

The wise money in New York says payola is now being paid by a syndicate, rather than by individual distributors, mostly to rock-and-roll disc jockeys, for exactly the same reasons as in the bad old days.

The wise money also says this practice has to go into other areas of the music business, including jazz, that this is the way it has been and has to be, so why don't you grow up, why don't you shut up your big mouth?

FRED KAZ DEDICATED MUSICIAN

JIM TAYLOR

DEDICATED MUSICIAN FRED KAZ

By GENE LEES

When Fred Kaz was in his late teens, he studied at the music school of Chicago's DePaul University. He was spending most of his time on composition, but he was a piano major, and had never considered his life in any terms other than those of a classical pianist.

One day a machine in a paper-box factory, where he worked at a day job, caught his left hand, chopped off one finger and part of another, and smashed the rest of his hand.

That ended the career of Fred Kaz, concert pianist.

But it probably started the career of Fred Kaz, dedicated musician.

The accident and its consequences, including Kaz' psychological recovery, are worth considering in a little more detail, though not necessarily as a story of courage—heroism is often cheap, and anyway it's usually the result of necessity. Besides, Django Reinhardt was more seriously handicapped than Kaz. With a left hand burned in childhood, Reinhardt executed his passages of remarkable speed and dexterity with only two fingers. And in England there is a pianist named Bill McGuffie, an excellent technician who is minus a finger on his right hand. Pianist Horace Parlan's right hand is crippled, the residue of a polio attack.

Kaz' accident and recovery are important because they are now having a technical and esthetic impact on jazz that could turn out to be far-reaching.

But who is Fred Kaz? If you've heard his Atlantic LP, *Eastern Exposure*, you probably think of him as a musician of striking technique who experiments with Near Eastern effects in jazz, and projects a feeling of darting, plunging energy.

If you live in Chicago, you may know of him as one of the city's most respected pianists.

If you're a Chicago musician, you probably think of him as something unique—a Force, a vital Force. And perhaps a direction. Certainly he is an influence. Some of his innovations and devices are beginning to turn up in the work of other pianists. It would be a shame if, a few years from now, someone were to say of one of Kaz' devices, "Oh, yeah, he got that from so-and-so," when in fact so-and-so copped it from Kaz.

"I've seen a musician all hung up in a problem, and Fred straightened him out in five minutes," one musician said.

"That applies to psychological problems as well as musical problems," another said.

A good-looking young man of 29, Kaz is usually taciturn, but he is capable of surprising bursts of eloquence when he is in company toward which he feels communicative. One of the things he doesn't like to talk about is his accident if the inquiries emphasize the drama and horror of it. If the subject is to be discussed in terms of its musical consequences, then he is more likely to open up.

The accident took off his ring finger at the middle joint, and the middle finger at the lowest joint. Of the five fingers, only the index finger escaped damage.

"Today," Kaz said, "I have three damn good fingers and one more that I can use at times. It isn't too much of a handicap.

"But it ruined me for classical piano, where you have to deal with written chords."

To enlarge a bit: the classical repertory often involves passages in which the pianist often needs all five fingers of his left hand to execute them. In jazz, the pianist determines his own distribution of notes. Thus, in jazz, Kaz was able to adjust to his handicap and, in the process, was even led into valuable and original things.

But immediately after the accident, Kaz did not foresee that he would find a life in jazz. He had listened to and liked jazz as a matter of personal interest. "But interest was as far as it went," he said.

In the days and weeks following the accident, "I figured that was all," Kaz said.

"For a year and a half, I literally woke up screaming. We had to move twice. After a while, it didn't happen so often.

"As my mind began to get back into things, I began to think in terms of trumpet. A week with a cornet cured me of that. I realized it was the piano or nothing. Or rather it was the piano *and* something" Kaz referred to composition "—or nothing.

"Then I began to have a feeling for jazz, and guys let me sit in now and then. I was 19 by this time.

"I had lots of flash in the right hand, though it wasn't jazz flash.

"I called a conga drummer I knew and a bassist. My left arm was still in the cast, and we tried some things out, with me playing with my right hand only.

"They were some funny months. It sounded so bad! So terrible. Oh, God! And the guys were so nice about it.

"I cried for a week straight, I think.

"A guy was opening a new club, Easy Street. The bassist called me in. We auditioned, and something just happened. By this time my arm was out of the cast, and I was able to put in an occasional kick with the index finger of my left hand.

Anyway, something began to happen musically. We got this thing going on *Crazy Rhythm*, with those Chinese fourths. It was a gimmick, but it worked, and we got the job."

HEARING KAZ today, it is difficult to imagine that he was ever handicapped—or, for that matter, that even now there is anything unusual about his hands besides their surprising skill. He has developed a rich variety of pianistic effects, some because of his injury and some in spite of it, that one hears rarely, if at all, in the work of other pianists. They contribute to a highly personal style that, once heard and received, is never forgot and is often instantly recognizable.

These include repeated notes (though they differ in sound and execution from classical repeated notes), slides, chromatic figures, octave grace notes, accented graces with unaccented principles, that are all curiously his own.

"There are sounds that haven't been drawn out of the piano but are available and have been proved valid on other instruments," he said. "And they're valid not just in terms of the sound of that instrument but can be used elsewhere.

"Like any man, I want my wife to be perfect, and piano is my wife—not to put my real wife down, you understand.

"The piano is an enormously comprehensive instrument. It has the range and the response to facility which can, as only a keyboard instrument can, give its operator the potential to carry out a broad musical thought.

"What I missed in jazz when I became interested in it, was basically two things that are very important in coloring a piece of music:

"No. 1, the slide. On piano, you have distinct notes, and you can't slide as you can on stringed or embouchured instruments.

"However, you can't make a picture move, either. And I found myself creating in sound on the keyboard something that I feel can be best paralleled in motion pictures, where you use a series of still pictures to create the illusion of motion, which is as real as you allow it to be.

"No. 2, the ability to swell a note. That's available on all other instruments, including organ. I found in this instance that I was developing—subconsciously and through necessity—a technique which I had neglected when I was a classical pianist. I use it to create the illusion of a swell. It's a rapid-fire repeated note. I often think of these notes as swelled, although sometimes I use them like triple-tonguing on a brass instrument. But it becomes important chiefly because I can swell and die under my volition, rather than the piano's.

"Thus you find that a swell *is* inherent in the instrument.

"It's only through love that you can explore the instrument, not through challenge.

"Another device I use a lot is selection after a cluster."

In this device, Kaz plays the cluster and then selects a few notes from it, holds those notes and releases the rest, damping those he doesn't want.

"Selection of the fittest, let's call it," he said.

"I don't understand how anyone could expect to explore all the capabilities of a two-ton instrument with an 88-note range and a pedal that has infinite possibilities for overtones.

"And the soft pedal is one of the unique softening devices in music because it softens by selection: it excludes some of the strings. It's like chess: it eliminates the flanking men."

But the essence of Kaz' playing can't be described strictly in musical terms.

Arranger and composer Bill Mathieu, with whom Kaz has developed a close friendship in the last year, says that the chief characteristics of Kaz' playing are "honesty, above all. And rhythmic drive and precision. And he has a way of taking short phrases of a pregnant nature and carrying them to their utmost variation."

Mathieu grew thoughtful on the subject and said, "The thing I know about Fred is subjective: how he's influenced me.

"Aside from learning about the validity of rhythm *qua* rhythm—which I never would have gotten into for a long time, if at all—I learned about an approach to music wherein you let the emotions subdue (or perhaps seduce is a better word) the intellect.

"This isn't a heirarchy, with intellect more important than emotion.

"To be very general about it, Fred showed me a way to approach music emotionally and let the intellect be drawn out by the emotion. I always knew it should be this way, but Fred gave me the courage to do it.

"It's a funny thing about Fred—he has this ability to immerse himself completely in the spontaneous. But when he does sit down to write, the gem is polished.

"Fred will probably write very little music, but it will be on a very high level. Fred works in a different way than most composers. He never writes until he has to work on a specific piece, until he has a specific idea to put down."

Kaz puts it more succinctly: "My music has what my life doesn't have—emotional freedom."

The *Eastern Exposure* album, including such compositions as *Fez*, was "a period interest but a permanent influence." That is, Kaz has moved beyond that phase of his development since the album was made, but vestiges of the period are and will continue to be obvious in his work.

"The most important thing to me today is my toccata," he said. The toccata is a composition he completed recently. In it, he said, "I think I'm trying to present a valid piece of music that can be played by an accomplished classical pianist and still communicate the jazz feeling to an audience.

"I think that all music can be graphed and reproduced basically as it was originally conceived. Not only that, but most of it should be."

DESPITE THE fact that Kaz came comparatively late in his life to jazz, few indeed are the people who have questioned his music's validity *as* jazz. It's rather hard to argue with Kaz' powerful rhythmic drive. Musicians say that he has rhythmically what might be crudely equated with absolute pitch—unerring time.

Eschewing the easy pose of modesty, Kaz said, "If there is a difference between me and the rhythm section over time, they're *wrong*. Because *I'm not*."

Kaz admits to few specific influences in jazz. Mathieu, viewing the thing from an opposite perspective, finds the influences on Kaz many, complex and diffused, so that none is specifically identifiable.

"King Kolax was my mother in jazz," Kaz said. "I used to go to the old Paris Club when I was studying at De-

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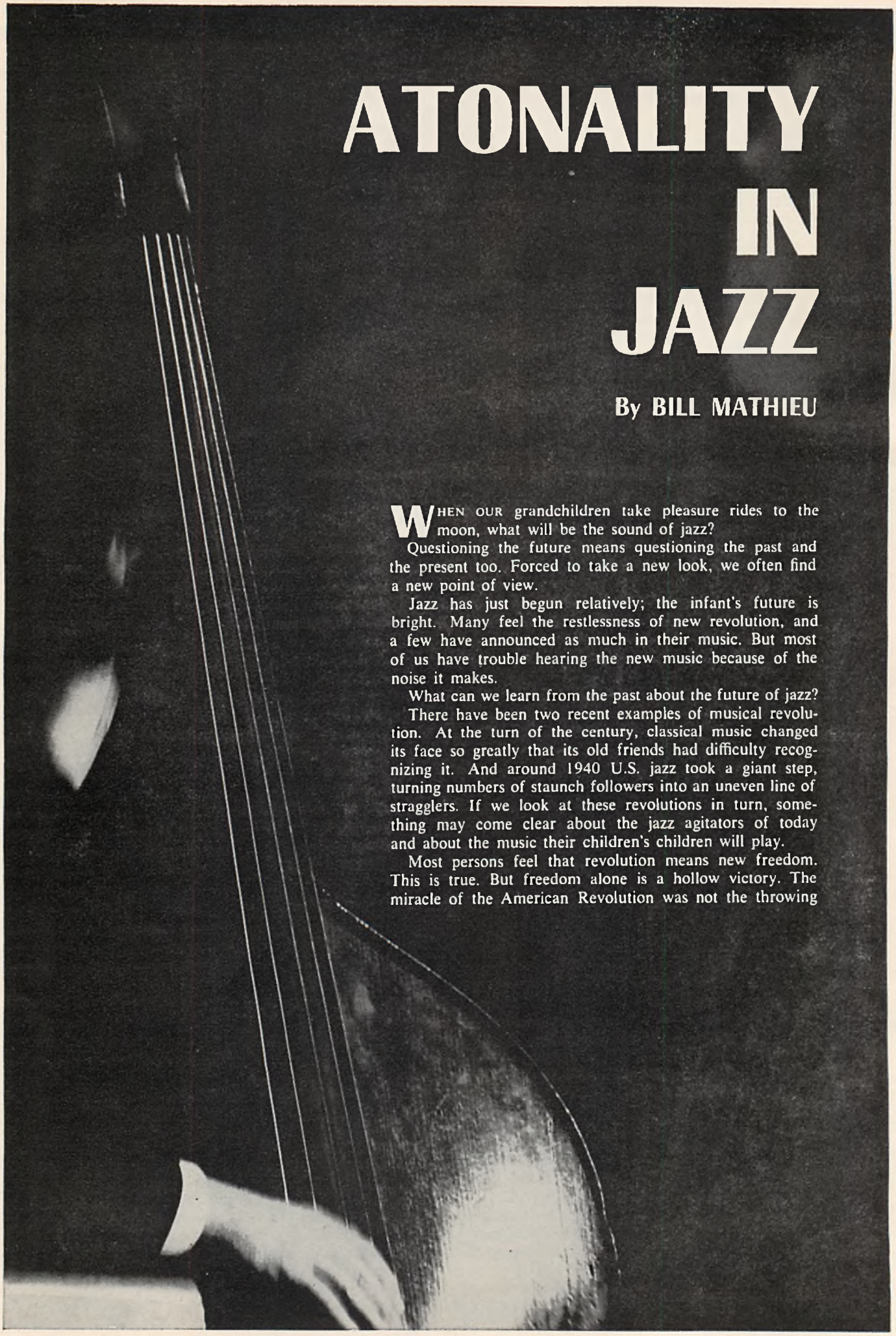

ATONALITY IN JAZZ

By BILL MATHIEU

WHEN OUR grandchildren take pleasure rides to the moon, what will be the sound of jazz?

Questioning the future means questioning the past and the present too. Forced to take a new look, we often find a new point of view.

Jazz has just begun relatively; the infant's future is bright. Many feel the restlessness of new revolution, and a few have announced as much in their music. But most of us have trouble hearing the new music because of the noise it makes.

What can we learn from the past about the future of jazz?

There have been two recent examples of musical revolution. At the turn of the century, classical music changed its face so greatly that its old friends had difficulty recognizing it. And around 1940 U.S. jazz took a giant step, turning numbers of staunch followers into an uneven line of stragglers. If we look at these revolutions in turn, something may come clear about the jazz agitators of today and about the music their children's children will play.

Most persons feel that revolution means new freedom. This is true. But freedom alone is a hollow victory. The miracle of the American Revolution was not the throwing

off of English rule but the formulation of the Constitution. Freedom was gained, but the new government gave life and order to it.

When, shortly after 1900, classical music threw off the yoke of tonality; a new freedom was gained. But new disciplines also were born to make this new-found freedom work. The most important of these disciplines is the tone row, and the music that employs this device is termed serial music.

The tone row consists in arranging the 12 notes of the chromatic scale in a special order of the composer's own choosing, and retaining this order—with certain strict rules of variation—throughout the piece. The purpose is to give all the tones equal weight—precisely opposite from the purposes of tonality, which ascribes to the 12 tones a rigid hierarchy of function. The tone row assures equal stress: no tone can be repeated until the 11 others have been used. A severe disciplinary price to pay for the escape from tonality. In fact, too severe. Recently composers have begun to sidestep serial music, retaining the purposes of atonality through other, more subtle, disciplines.

But atonality is not chaos. Webster defines atonality as "intentional disregard of key." The word "intentional" tells the whole story. To disregard is negative, implying a thing *not* to be done.

Atonalists keep their music free of tonality because tonality inhibits the very kind of order that inspires them. Going after this "new order" is the positive act, a thing to be *done*. "Disregarding" the old is incidental.

Changes in melodic thinking followed in the wake of changes in tonal thought. Once harmonic dependence was gone, there was, for example, no more cadencing the first melodic phrase on the dominant. The new melodies had to tell their own story now that the old harmony was gone. Organic unity became much greater; melodies became more self-contained. Composers found (and are still finding) new disciplines to unify their melodies: more attention to the use of intervals, various kinds of inversion, more concentration on the slowing and speeding of the melodic flow, more concern with contour—the shape of the melodic line.

The same happened to meter and rhythm. Regular, repeating meters no longer had to underlay the music. Rhythmic order began to come from within the music itself, not from the device of regularly recurring bar lines. New disciplines were found: new rhythmic groups and combinations, new emphasis on the tone color of the percussion instruments—indeed, anything that would chain the beast was tried and retried until composers learned to discipline their rhythms without the help of regular meter.

These elemental changes were reflected in the over-all architecture of the music: the musical form.

So difficult was it to digest all the new freedoms and their subsequent disciplines that at first composers barely could think in terms of complex interrelated works. Most of Schönberg's pieces are only a few minutes long. Webern tried to write music that was *perfectly* put together, and he succeeded; but many of his best works last only a few seconds. Composition of the scope of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* was not accessible to the atonalists. The key relationships of sonata form are out the window. Dance forms—minuet, scherzo, rondo, and the like—are somehow not the most suitable.

But the atonal work goes on, and the atonalists are learning how to channel their new freedoms into the most difficult discipline of all, symphonic form. (Hear William Schuman's *Sixth Symphony* to see how far they have come.)

The already 50-year-old revolution in classical music left the freedom of passion to the dying Romanticists and replaced it with the discipline of precision. More than ever, the concepts of freedom and discipline became entwined.

CHARLIE PARKER started more than he probably realized. In the late '30s and early '40s, jazz turned sharply. The men involved knew they were stretching toward new freedom, and they strove mercilessly for new disciplines to control it.

Jazz harmony was extended by piling tone after tone over the basic triads and by adding colorful auxiliary chords—though the basic thought remained the tonic, subdominant, and dominant movements of the church hymn and work song. The new complexities brought new rules: careful handling of the added tones, clearer bass lines with more attention to their relation with the melody, fiercer observance of the chordal rhythm. The sophistication of the new harmony made playing strictly by ear more and more difficult, and the well-schooled jazzman was no longer rare.

Melodic thinking was extended also. Eighth notes and passing tones became common currency, and that meant sterner use of voice leading to give an unending flow of fast-moving melodic ideas. Jazzmen, especially Thelonious Monk, began consciously to use intervals to gain melodic order.

The new freedom turned the mind of jazz from isolated phrases to long, whole solos. The better the player, the more consistently could he weave the thread of his story over the ground laid by the rhythm section.

And the rhythm section—the timekeepers became the foremen. Rhythms became wilder and freer. But the attached discipline was strict. There emerged a metric "groove," a narrowing band of tolerance from which the meter could not budge without destroying the emotional and unifying effect of the music. It boiled down to this: the more complicated the rhythms, the more agreement there *had* to be as to where the beat lay. Somewhere between 4/4 and 12/8 (depending in part on the tempo), there grew by common wish a line so thin yet so strong that if he could not walk it evenly, a musician was out of step. As time goes on, the line seems to grow thinner and stronger. It is somehow the most difficult discipline to learn, yet the easiest to apprehend by intuition. Those who apprehended it best were the swingers, and theirs was an exclusive club. Jazz grew to be synonomous with them.

There was no apparent outward change in the formal construction of most jazz during that 1940s revolution, nor has there been since. The form of the music still follows what in classical terminology is called "harmonic variations": new melodies over repeated harmonies.

But the freer harmonies and melodies were giving rise to more organic notions of form. For example, Benny Golson wrote a tune, *Stablemates*, with a 14-bar phrase. It "comes out right" only because the organic interplay between melody and harmony is powerful enough to outweigh our expectation of the old 16-bar discipline.

In the revolutions of modern classical music and of bop (the latter best called, perhaps, "evolution") the art changed radically, but the *balance* between freedom and discipline remained.

FUTURE JAZZ will discover its own new freedoms and its own new disciplines. The question becomes: which ones? On the basis of what we know about the past and the present, some predictions can be made.

HARMONY. There will be a school of atonal jazz, but it is a long way off and will be preceded by a more thorough disgestion of the tonal materials at hand. Most so-called atonal jazz of today has been at best inconsistently so. There have been some notable exceptions, especially in the work of Lennie Tristano, and some of the newest music, all of which I haven't heard. On the whole, jazzmen today are not eager to master the vast new disciplines necessary to gain the freedom of "intentional disregard of key." Not

on account of laziness or dislike of the discipline, though. We are still digesting what we began to learn 20 years ago.

Remember that classical atonal techniques, in fact almost all modern classical techniques, were born of Central European parents, grew in Central European soil, were nurtured by Central European climate. When they came out of their homeland, they were already healthy striplings. When the language of classical music emigrated to the United States, it was learned slowly, and U.S. composers spoke it with an unnatural accent. The dependence of this country on foreign musical language leaves us with little classical music to claim as our own. The "American school" doesn't yet exist.

It is probable that jazz will not make this mistake. It has too much of its own to offer; its language is already strong. Jazz need not borrow atonality from Vienna. It takes longer to grow it than borrow it, but the results are better.

Contemporary jazz is held together largely by the relationship of the harmonies to one another—by the harmonic rhythm. When tonal harmony disappears, what will keep the music together?

One thing that will *not* keep it together is the tone row. It is doubtful if jazzmen by and large will burden themselves with such a nonspontaneous device. Too paperworkish. And besides, the discipline is not native to us. The tone row might fly in Vienna, it might even get an impressive distance off the ground at Eastman, but it will bomb at Birdland.

Not that experiments haven't been valuable. But those who have experimented with "serial jazz" probably would be the first to agree that techniques imposed on jazz from a distant time and a far-off climate are less fruitful than those born of jazz here, jazz now.

What, then, will serve as discipline?

MELODY. Melodic development will become less rhapsodic, more organically unified. Thematic fragments will not be forgotten after eight bars but will exert their influence throughout long, long phrases to hold the music in line. Sheer direction of melodies and their density (concentration of notes in a given space) will acquire new importance. The work of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane shows the possibilities of these last two disciplines. Jazzmen are becoming more conscious of intervals as a constructing force, and when—or rather, if—jazz becomes atonal, this awareness may develop into a sophisticated technique.

Finally, as an alternative to the tone row, it is possible that jazzmen will develop an ear for "finding the freshest tone." Atonality means equal gravity for all the tones. To assure freedom in this respect, players will learn to seek "naturally" the tone that at a given moment has received the least stress. For instance, if G# has been neglected overlong, the ear will naturally desire the sounding of a G#. We do not think this way now. The tone row is a technique of forcing this discipline. But it can grow without force. In the future it may become as natural to the jazzman as improvising over strings of tonal harmonies is for him today.

METER and RHYTHM. Our contemporary ideas of meter may meet slow death. Even now, 4/4 is no longer the password—3/4 is common.

Recently in a small southern town a group of teenagers were improvising easily in 5/4. Nobody ever told them it was supposed to be difficult.

But anything that can be expressed in a time signature, like 11/8 or even 7/8+9/16, is still a regularly recurring meter. This may disappear in favor of some new system. What could take its place is an uneven pulse with unpatterned accents. As in the case with atonal melody, the metric order would have to come from within the phrase, rather than being imposed from outside.

Imagine contemporary jazz meter as the boxlike structure of a molecule of crystal—small regular patterns making larger regular patterns. A higher level of unity is attained in an organic molecule of, say, protein, wherein the order is less apparent, serves a different purpose, but is nevertheless complex and highly unified. Such may be the metric "molecules" of future jazz.

Over regular meters there exist today angular, syncopated, often savage rhythms. The characteristic feel of these rhythms is their adherence to that "line" somewhere between 4/4 and 12/8; that unique two-contained-in-three-and-three-contained-in-two phenomenon called swing. If this quality disappears from jazz rhythm, then jazz won't be jazz, at least not as we know it now. It is doubtful that it will disappear, but if it does, perhaps a new kind of rhythmic swing, even more satisfying, will come to pass.

FORM. The formal architecture of jazz is the element that will remain most constant. Jazz pieces probably will continue to consist of stated themes and their subsequent improvised variations, just as it is today. But this will no longer be "harmonic variation" if there is no longer any underlying tonal harmony.

The new kind of variations will be of varying lengths, no longer restricted by the length of the theme. Each variation, or solo, will explore certain aspects of the theme.

Organic discipline of the most stringent nature will evolve naturally. The incoherent rambling of pure expression, undisciplined, will find no place in the main stream.

Larger forms, like the sonata, never have found a comfortable place in the main stream of jazz and probably never will, because a successful sonata requires a long pencil and a good eraser. The jazz improviser has room for neither. Symphonic jazz will more than likely find no solution in the main stream of jazz. Hence the potential growth of a new music that is not in the main stream but is a hybrid: the already familiar Third Stream.

ONE THING will not change. Jazz' main stream always will be a music of honest reactions among personalities searching for identities. The honesty, the searching, will never leave jazz. Whatever musical techniques best allow for this expression will survive.

There is merit to the theory of artistic survival of the fittest. It is not always the fish with the brightest fins, but the one best adapted to its environment that survives in the sea. If atonal and ametric jazz are well adapted to feed the hunger of the jazzman's search, they will grow and prosper.

One thing is certain: No new artistic freedom will grow if it is not tended. It is not enough "intentionally to disregard" the past. Mere rebellion creates a vacuum. The artist's discipline fills it. db

LIONEL HAMPTON

BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED

By BILL COSS

LIONEL HAMPTON is currently fronting one of the best bands of his career and supporting a mammoth grouch at the same time. The grouch quotient is high, wide, responsible, and to an extent understandable.

It begins with Hampton's assumption concerning the general critical attitude about him:

"They all leave me out of their books. And they leave a whole section of jazz history out when they do that."

In terms of the actual history of jazz, a cursory search of jazz books shows, however, that critics have written much about the early Hampton days. For example, from at least seven different sources:

Lionel Hampton was born in Louisville, Ky., on April 12, 1913, his father an entertainer disabled by wounds suffered in World War I. His parents were separated when he was a child. His mother took him to Birmingham, Ala., and then to Chicago. Richard Gehman reported some of the next years in a 1954 edition of *Nation's Business*, a curious place to find an article about a jazzman perhaps, but John Hammond had written earlier about Benny Goodman for the magazine, and after all, Hampton had grossed $1,000,000 during 1953. Hampton told Gehman there was a minor juvenile crime wave in Chicago shortly after he got there, and, as a consequence, his mother sent him to a Roman Catholic school in Wisconsin. A nun at the school taught him to play drums. "Man," he told Gehman, "I don't remember her name, but she was strict. I wanted to play the skins left-handed, and she'd take the sticks and beat my knuckles. Man, she was a hard nun."

(Apparently this experience caused no soul-lesions for young Lionel. One of the less-publicized areas of Hampton's general exuberance is the amount of religious-oriented work he does. He has raised more than $1,000,000 for Catholic boys' homes and visited Pope John XXIII last year, receiving a personal message of appreciation. A Christian Scientist himself, Hampton also raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for Israel. He has a trunkful of citations from many charity-dependent organizations, including the Catholic Youth Organization of Indianapolis, Ind., and the National Jewish Hospital in Denver, Colo.)

After the Wisconsin school, Hampton attended such Chicago schools as St. Monica's and St. Elizabeth's, meanwhile playing drums in a newsboy band sponsored by the Chicago *Defender*.

In 1928, he moved to California, working with local bands and finally with Les Hite. In 1930, Louis Armstrong, then in Los Angeles, fronted the Hite band. At the recording session that produced Armstrong's *Confessin'*, Hampton discovered a set of vibes in a corner of the studio. He used the new instrument for a brief introduction to the record. A career was born. (But, it will probably always be a moot point whether Hampton or former bass saxophonist Adrian Rollini first used the instrument in jazz on a regular basis.)

After four years with Hite, Hampton left that band and organized his own orchestra, remaining in comparative obscurity until Benny Goodman heard him in Los Angeles in 1936, added him to the quartet within his band, already joined by Teddy Wilson the year before.

For four years thereafter some of the greatest of swing-era performances occurred with Hampton in person and on record. For, in addition to his Goodman-led appearances, there were all-star sessions recorded by Victor. Enlightened management allowed him a choice of the best jazzmen in the country. Among the sidemen on these collectors' items were such as Johnny Hodges, Harry James, Cootie Williams, Chu Berry, Lawrence Brown, Benny Carter, and Herschel Evans.

In 1940 Goodman disbanded. Harry James and Gene Krupa took out their own bands. Also backed by Goodman, Hampton organized his own band. The first months were sheer horror financially and socially, but success followed

They knock me for trying to get to the people.

soon, and, by the time the band came to New York City, the critics praised it for "excitement, crackling brass" and such soloists as Joe Newman, Dexter Gordon, Fred Beckett, Illinois Jacquet, and Jack McVea. Jacquet made his and Hampton's name famous in 1942 with the first big-band recording of *Flying Home*.

It is after that year that Hampton's criticism of critics becomes legitimate. It is then when he began being dismissed, disregarded, and became himself disgusted with jazz writers.

French critic Hughes Panassie still calls him "one of the all-time greats of jazz . . . the only jazz musician who has extracted genuine marvels out of this [the vibraharp] unrewarding instrument."

But, Hampton said, "after 1941, new writers came into jazz in search of geniuses."

Whatever they were in search of, Lionel Hampton rarely qualified. Some of his playing was praised but with qualifications. His bands, and the way in which he presented them, were roundly damned, although some of the soloists were credited with brilliant futures.

Hampton says he feels he and his place in jazz have been unjustly dismissed because "the new critics" misunderstood his attempts "to get his message across."

In the critics' favor it should be noted that his performances have often been at a pitch only barely removed from hysteria. At one time the band was dressed in bermuda shorts, wore space-type helmets, and shot flying saucers into the audience. Often the band marches around the night club in hoary tradition. Richard Gehman tells a probably apocryphal tale of a Hampton concert in Washington, D. C., aboard a barge. According to Gehman, *Flying Home* concluded with the reed section diving into the Potomac River, uniforms, instruments, and all.

Hampton laughs at the mention of any of those stories, pointing out that he is much more sedate nowadays. But he says he doesn't understand why writers "don't give a guy credit for being creative in showmanship. And, anyway, it's always swinging."

He told his own kind of story as an answer to the criticism.

"Booker T. Washington," he recalled, "wanted the State of Alabama to give him a university where he could educate his people. The government wouldn't give it to him. You know, the same old jazz. So, instead, he asked for a school where he could teach planting and things like that. They gave him that kind of school, and, years later, Booker T. would laugh and say he knew that if he could teach their fingers, he could teach their minds. Sometimes, you know, you have to do one thing first.

"We draw audiences, big audiences, wherever we go. We go to Little Rock, Ark. Some young professional people there have a private club. They chip in their money, and they buy three different jazz attractions each year. Then we go to Las Vegas. I get $12,500 a week in Vegas. It's practically the last city in the country that's a big-band city. But the owners couldn't care less about what we do. They'd book an elephant in Vegas if it made money for them. There they count on me bringing in the crowds—just into the place, you understand, so they can get them to the tables. So, my first show is very heavy on the showmanship. But did you ever catch my last show? Harry James does the same thing there, and we both do well on the road too.

"I do the way I think it should be done. Musicians should act with courtesy, service, and eloquence, the way anyone who entertains the public should. How about all the concert artists? They may do it in different ways, but they do it. How about Leonard Bernstein? I see him everytime I can. I wish I had half the showmanship he has. He grabs me.

"But how about all those people? That's what I mean about the jazz critics. They knock me for trying to get to the people. This is the knockin'est business I ever saw. And, while they knock, they forget all about the Hamp and all my musicians.

"You know, I read all about how the tenor saxophone developed in bands. Why doesn't anybody remember the ones I had? Illinois Jacquet, Dexter Gordon, Arnett Cobb, Earl Bostic, Johnny Griffin, and Benny Golson. How about the other reeds? Marshall Royal, Jack McVea, Gigi Gryce. . . ."

Hampton could run on and on about the musicians he's discovered, raised, or supported during their formative years.

His was the first band regularly to use an organist (Doug Duke). He discovered Dinah Washington ("I gave her that name"). Dozens of modernists played with him early in their careers: trumpeters Ernie Royal, Jimmy Nottingham, Clark Terry, Art Farmer, Nat Adderley, Joe Newman, Joe Wilder, Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, Cat Anderson, and Kenny Dorham among them; trombonists Britt Woodman and Slide Hampton (of the late Fred Beckett, also with Hampton in 1941, J. J. Johnson has said he was the first modern trombonist he heard); keyboard men George Wallington, Milt Buckner, Wild Bill Davis, and Bill Doggett. Quincy Jones is a distinguished alumnus. So are all the Montgomery Brothers, Annie Ross, Charlie Mingus, and Joe Comfort.

It is conceivable that the list is longer than it is with any other band. Certainly it is equal in quality to any other's. And it continues today with trumpeters Virgil and Floyd Jones (not related) and trombonist Lester Robertson. ("I sure wish," Hampton wishes, "I could get him to play some piano too. Lester gets something going on piano you never heard before.")

"See," Hampton said, "you're amazed at the list. How many times do you read about that? You're so busy writing about the bermuda shorts and the parades, you don't even know who plays in the band."

Things got personal then for a while, but it bears telling because it reflects Hampton's various attitudes, I disagreed with his criticism, saying I had written about the band praising the trumpeters Jones and trombonist Robinson. At the same time, (*DB*, March 1), I wrote that this was "a band to hear," meanwhile calling the reed section "stereotyped" and accusing Hampton of going too far with the showmanship.

When I told him I had written the review, he jumped up and shook my hand. "That," he said, "was the first good review I've gotten from you jazz critics."

"That's not so," I said.

He paid no attention and said, "You wrote it? Hey, wait 'til I tell the boys I talked to you. Those kids are something, right? Hey, the reed section wants you to come down some night and hear them. You're wrong, you know. They got some fine things to play. Maybe you didn't hear them. What time were you in the club? You remember what I

told you about last sets? You come down again. You wrote the review, huh? You're Coss?"

Of late, Hampton also has had trouble in one place with overseas press. He played a special benefit in Lagos, Nigeria, early this year. Two papers covered the performances. The native African newspaper called Hampton the only success in the two concerts. The British newspaper criticized him for being "a clown." It is interesting to note that *Ebony* magazine reprinted the viewpoint of the British newspaper.

Another glimpse at Hampton's personality are a couple of stories about his dislike of flying. Only real pressure, such as the necessity of fulfilling a particular obligation, convinces him to fly. (In the case of Lagos, his wife urged him with: "Look, you do so much for other people; now it's time to do something for our own people.") And in 1953, when Associated Booking Corp. president Joe Glaser called him to suggest a European flight and tour, Hampton said he was very pleased but added, "Remember I won't fly or go by boat." Glaser asked him how he'd get there then, and Lionel is reported to have said: "If they want me that bad, let them figure it out." Hampton laughs about that story too, but he admits that his wife of 28 years, Gladys, talked him into going. She is reported to have convinced him the band could play *Flying Home* as they came into New York's Idlewild Airport. Lionel just laughs about that story too.

He does not, however, and will not laugh about the stories jazz writers do about him.

"You all have been poor guardians of jazz," he said. "Because of what you've done, nobody can make it today without a gimmick of some kind.

"Look at it this way. I do a lot of traveling. I see a lot around the country. I see that the Twist is helping a lot of musicians. A lot of guys who have been being chauffeurs, mailmen, that kind of thing, good musicians, though, are suddenly out of retirement. Some of them play better than the guys you write about.

"What do you write? You have to find a genius every month. You form cliques. If you're not in the clique, you don't make it. But the clique itself doesn't make it. You have to name it all the time. You call West Coast jazz, this and that jazz, all the others. But the music itself isn't a success. You show me a real success.

"Don't misunderstand me, now. It's not that I think you have to make money to be a success. It's just that you call all these successes, and I don't see anybody making it commercially."

(It should be noted that Lionel Hampton is one of the most indefatigable jazz-club fans in existence. It is doubtful that there is a well-known musician he hasn't heard.)

"I think," he continued, "that you all got too interested in jazz as an art. I think it is too, but you got too impressed thinking about the jazz art as if it were some other kind of art.

"But it's a different kind of art. You keep saying it's American without taking that into account. There used to be a jazz fraternity (you have it now in rock and roll), a fraternity in jazz. We used to deal with each other and admire each other. There's no admiration now, not between the musicians, really, and not the way it used to be between the musicians and critics.

"If I'm commercial, how about you? I can play anything I want on my vibes. What can you do? No, I don't mean musically. I mean, can you write anything and everything, the way I can play? What makes you less commercial than me?

"You look for the geniuses and call the different kinds of trends you name; then you write in that groove. You make the fads, man. You realize there's no band business since the swing era? You make the fads. Everyone interested in money has to be part of a fad. That's your clique. Isn't that commercial?

I think that you all got too interested in jazz as an art.

"It's a drag. Jazz is so good to play, so happy, so much freedom. Why did you decide it had to be a particular way?

"You know what happens? We all stand around and yell about how good we are, how much art we're making. But we have no audience, not in comparison to what we say or what other people have. Are the people who like jazz proud about the fact that they have all to themselves what so many other people don't want?

"I've got two suggestions. First, remember that America is different from all other countries, and, if jazz is America's one contribution to art, maybe you should expect it to be different in lots of different ways. Second, why don't you all cut off your reviews for a while? The patient is sick."

Hampton talked about many other things. He was particularly in favor of Stan Kenton because "he's so honest and never knocks anyone—I'd like to do a tour with him like we did in Australia." Kenton and Hampton took key sidemen from their bands but took turns fronting local musicians. "But," he continued, "Stan convinced me critics wouldn't understand that kind of jazz fraternity in this country."

He talked about his playing for the *Rooftops of New York*, a fine 17-minute film; his proposed score for the Kay Thompson-written *The Pebble;* and his interest in Nigerian Michael Felana, a 13-year-old trumpeter whom Lionel hopes to bring soon into his band.

Hampton, through strong conviction, has made a practice of criticizing no one. Before the interview he felt strongly and asked Phil Leshin of Mal Braverman's publicity office whether he should speak as he felt. Leshin, once a bass player with Buddy Rich among others, and sympathetic to the problems of jazz musicians, advised him that it was about time he spoke as he felt.

As is typical of Hampton, he called no names. As is not typical, he stated his own anguish (a more accurate word than "anger") and, probably, stated feelings possessed by many musicians, jazz or otherwise.

It is my suspicion that if there is a Trane, it is because there was a Lionel, or someone like him.

I, for one, am aghast, at my failure to point out the Lionel training. I, for one, am upset by any concern I have caused this musician, who is among the greatest. I, for one, am re-examining my own attitude about jazz in terms of the American-difference he speaks about. I, for one (and I apologize for this sudden influx of the personal, but I feel it important), will not fail to criticize, hopefully differently now, the times Hampton plays medicine man beyond the point of no return. But for the present, I am pleased this talk happened, pleased that Lionel is part of our human race, and pleased that he continues to lead a band—rich, rare, raunchy, and ripe for the adventure Lionel Hampton convinced me jazz continues to be. db


STAR PHOTO

LAST OF THE NEW ORLEANS RHYTHM KINGS

By GILBERT M. ERSKINE

THE FIRST ventures of New Orleans jazzmen out of the Crescent City probably occurred around the turn of the century and likely were nothing more than short junkets across the Mississippi River to towns such as Algiers and Gretna and to villages in the outlying bayou country. But from 1911 on, increasing numbers of New Orleans groups, attracted by big money, began traveling to more distant points.

The Original Creole Band, with Freddie Keppard, and a Sugar Johnny-Roy Palmer group both went on national tours with vaudeville shows; Bunk Johnson, Clarence Williams, and Sidney Bechet traveled to Texas; Paul Mares and Leon Rappolo played briefly in Mobile, Ala.; and for a decade New Orleans jazzmen were on riverboats that went north on the Mississippi.

Independent of one another, various streams of New Orleans musicians crisscrossed the nation. But during the early 1920s, by design and fortunate chance, many of their paths converged in Chicago, and it was largely through the workings of these men, clustered then in Chicago, that the so-called Golden Age of jazz flowered. Several New Orleans groups had reached Chicago earlier, such as those of Tom Brown and Emanuel Perez, and had been well received. But these were merely the first breezes of the wind that became the hurricane of the Chicago jazz years.

On the south side, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and the Dodds brothers were playing stomps and blues. Jelly Roll Morton and Freddie Keppard had reappeared in Chicago, and Tommy Ladnier and Jimmy Noone were already there. In 1921 the New Orleans Rhythm Kings opened at Friars' Inn in Chicago's Loop, and with this event the stage was set. This was a key band of the era, and this job was the pivot on which the subsequent story of Chicago jazz turned.

It was a key band not only because it had the gifted clarinetist Leon Rappolo but also because it was the first to excite the interest of a generation of young Chicago musicians. It was a key job because leader Paul Mares unhesitatingly directed young musicians who came to hear the band to the great Negro jazzmen on the south side. It is likely that the Chicagoans would have eventually made it there anyway, but the Rhythm Kings speeded the process.

The style of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings stemmed directly from the early white Dixieland of New Orleans, but actually they played more like the Negro bands than had their white predecessors. For one thing, they could swing, and this was a feat that the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and the Louisiana Five could never quite accomplish. For another, the NORK ensemble playing was shed of the jerky vaudeville blare that cramped the ODJB and had taken on the fluid, well-knit phrasing that distinguished the New Orleans Negro groups.

That the Rhythm Kings' trombonist, Georg Brunis, was one of the first important jazzmen on his instrument is sometimes overlooked. He remains today a wonderful jazzman, a performer with undiminished powers.

His playing on the NORK Gennett sides, made in the early 1920s, had guts, power, and control. Despite the fact that his conception of the New Orleans trombone style was easily superior to that of other white trombonists, and that he was a better performer than was, say, Honore Dutrey, the trombonist with King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, Brunis is ignored in many commentaries on early jazz styles.

He is the sole remaining member of the original group of Rhythm Kings that came up from New Orleans. At 62, he has the alertness and vigor of a man 40 years younger, and a chat with him quickly discloses that his zest and enthusiasm for jazz is as keen as it was in his youth.

BRUNIS WAS born Feb. 6, 1900, in the Irish Channel section of New Orleans, at the foot of Jackson St., near the Gretna ferry landing. He was the youngest of seven children, all of whom were given musical training by their parents.

Richard, Henry, Merrit, Abbie, and George (born George Brunies, the trombonist later deleted two e's from his name on the advice of his numerologist) were given instruments, and Georg learned first to play cornet and alto horn.

"I played the alto horn for a long time," he said, "until one day I heard my brother Henry playing rapid figures on the trombone, using the bottom pedal tones. I never heard anything sound so good. I switched to trombone that day."

There was music everywhere in New Orleans in those days, and soon Abbie and Georg, both in short pants, were playing in Mardi Gras parades. Then there were all sorts of jobs: social-club dates, picnics, night clubs, parades, and resorts. It was an era when it seems that functions were invented so there would be an excuse for hiring a band. All the Brunies brothers began working in early New Orleans bands.

"I think the first job I worked with Leon Rappolo was at the Lucky Bucket Club," he said. "It was a dive, but we were both eager to play."

White and Negro musicians did not play together in New Orleans then, but there was plenty of listening to each other on both sides. Georg remembers hearing Louis Armstrong on a horse-drawn wagon advertising a prize fight and remembers many occasions when a wagon with Negro musicians would lock wheels with a white band for a battle.

"Those battles weren't to see who could play the loudest, but who could play the *best*," he said. "The bands didn't blast away at each other, but would take turns playing. The one that lost would pull out fast."

The success of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in New York City made an impression on all the New Orleans musicians, and many began thinking about trying their luck in the northern cities. Cornetist Mares asked Georg to go to Chicago with him. Brunis was interested but didn't want to go without assurance of a job. Mares was from a wealthy family and could afford the trip, so the arrangement was that he would go alone and wire Georg if he found work. The wire came almost immediately, and in a few days the trombonist was in Chicago, playing at the Camel Gardens in a band that included Ragbaby Stephens, Mares, and clarinetist Johnny Provizano.

The group worked several other jobs and added Jack Pettis, a Chicago musician, on saxophone. Through Pettis the band landed a job on the Strekfus boat, the *SJ*, in St. Louis. Brunis remembers being impressed with Fate Marable's riverboat band, which they heard very often in those days, and has a distinct recollection of hearing Louis Armstrong one night on a boat that had come up from New Orleans.

Davenport, Iowa, was one of the points touched by the

St, and here Mares and Brunis ran into Leon Rappolo, who was playing in one of the local clubs. The band was losing Provizano, so they persuaded Rappolo to join them in Chicago for the Friars' Inn job that was then shaping up.

"Friars' Inn was a dive," Brunis said, "and it seemed that every gangster in Chicago turned up during our stay there. It was always crowded. We played sometimes until 4 or 5 in the morning.

"Rap was right for the band. We took his *Rusty Rail Blues* and worked it into the *Tin Roof Blues*. He was a great guy, but he couldn't discipline himself. He finally became so dissipated that he lost his mind.

"I don't remember Bix from those days, but a lot of the Austin High fellows came around."

Brunis continued, "Husk O'Hare arranged to have us make the Gennett records. Mares had run into Jelly Roll Morton, and we worked out his *Mr. Jelly Lord* and *Milneberg Joys*, which we recorded with him. We thought it best to say that he was Cuban, so that's what we did.

"During the first session I blew right into the recording horn, and the needle jumped all over the place, so they turned me around and made me play facing the wall."

Most accounts of these Rhythm King days say that the band worked at Fox Lake before the Friars' Inn job, but Brunis said he thinks they played there afterward. "Whenever it was," he said, "I remember Bunny Berigan coming around to listen and sit in."

In 1924 Brunis joined Ted Lewis' band, and went with the band to New York.

"Bix was playing down the street at the Cinderella Ballroom with the Wolverines," he said. "I used to run down there after we finished work to sit in, playing second cornet. What fun that was! Manny Klein was there, and he would sit in too.

"The Wolverines had a record date and asked me to come along and play trombone with the band. So I made *Sensation* and *Lazy Daddy* with them. I even played a kazoo on *Lazy Daddy*. I never did get paid for making those records, and I was having so much fun that I didn't care then. It kind of riled me later though."

Brunis remained with Lewis through these years and is on all of the Columbia sides made by the band. In 1929 it cut *Farewell Blues* and *Wabash Blues* with Frank Teschemacher, and a few years later made *Royal Garden Blues* and *Dallas Blues* with a personnel that included Benny Goodman, Fats Waller, Bud Freeman, and Muggsy Spanier.

In 1933 Brunis left Lewis and returned to New Orleans to open at the Sangier Theater with his own group. He recalls that people only then were beginning to realize that the depression was going to be a long-run thing and that it was going to be more serious than anyone had suspected. At the end of one week he was out of a job.

The New Orleans Rhythm Kings during the Friars' Inn engagement in Chicago in the early 1920s. Paul Mares, trumpet; Georg Brunis, trombone; Ben Pollack, drums; Steve Brown, bass; Lew Black, banjo; Mel Stitzel, piano; Leon Rappolo, clarinet; Volly DaFaut, C-Melody saxophone.

He went to New York and began playing engagements in the small-band swing places that were then opening on 52nd St.

"I started at the Famous Door," he said. "The original idea was to have an informal place where musicians could come afterhours to play and to listen. All sorts of people showed up, and it became pretty popular."

Wingy Manone cut a series of sides for Bluebird in these years and used Brunis on many sessions. Georg is also heard in many of the traditional groups that were making sides for the then-new Commodore label. "One of the things we did on Commodore was *Ugly Chile*," he said. "This was Fats Waller's tune *Pretty Doll*, which we also did, but the words are from a strain that my father used to sing to me when I was very young."

One of the jobs he played then was at Nick's with Bobby Hackett and Pee Wee Russell. Of the often-heard evaluation of Hackett's style as being a Bix-Chicago style, Brunis said, "I've always considered it a Providence, Rhode Island, style. He's more of an individualist than most people think."

"One night someone kicked off *Jada*, and he was playing out of this world," the trombonist recalled. "You should have heard that. Pee Wee caught my eye, and we blew whole tones behind his choruses. He was playing all kinds of things. It was terrific."

In 1939 Muggsy Spanier formed his famous Ragtime band. Jack Teagarden was slated for the trombone chair, but Brunis went instead in a last-minute switch. The band played for several months at the Sherman Hotel in downtown Chicago, alternating with prominent swing bands.

"I had worked out an overture, with which we opened each of our sets," said Brunis. "One week the Basie band was there, and we stayed around to hear the band. One of the Basie guys had caught my overture, and the whole band had worked out a riff on it. I was knocked out."

During the war years Brunis went to Mobile, Ala., to work with brother Abbie with a shipbuilding firm and returned to New York City after the war. One of his first jobs on returning was with Art Hodes at Childs on Broadway. Outside was a huge sign reading ART HODES AND HIS COLUMBIA FIVE. FEATURING GEORG BRUNIS, THE WORLD'S GREATEST TAILGATE TROMBONE.

Brunis looked at the sign, he said, and then asked Hodes to come outside.

"What's that mean, man?" asked Brunis.

"What's what mean?"

"Tailgate."

Hodes was incredulous and suspected a put-on but explained anyway that the word tailgate was used to describe the New Orleans trombone style and that it had come from the old New Orleans custom of lowering the back gate on the band wagons so that the trombone player would have room to work his slide.

"And you know," Brunis said, "that was the first time I ever heard the word tagged to the trombone."

EARLY IN the 1950s Brunis returned to Chicago to work at the old Blue Note club and has remained to live and work in Chicago since then. His New Orleans horn has always been in demand, and he has managed to work regularly in jazz.

It is a wonderful experience hearing Brunis perform today. The tide of New Orleans jazz is rapidly going out, leaving a residue of crass, foppish revivalist bands that do not bear any essential relation to the original product. Listening to Georg work out the trombone melody in the jazz ensemble is listening to a man who knows how it should be done. His playing has the guts and careless joy that is the mark of all the great New Orleans jazzmen. db

the peripatetic mel lewis

JIM TAYLOR

By JOHN TYNAN

MEL (THE TAILOR) LEWIS has logged so many air miles since the end of 1960 he recently acquired a second sobriquet, Sky King.

The drummer's travels—all on business—have taken him virtually all over Western Europe and across the United States so many times he is thinking of publishing his own *Atlas for Drummers.*

In November, 1960, he made his second trip to Europe with the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band (his first was with Stan Kenton in March, 1956), and last November he flew the Atlantic a third time with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. Between transoceanic jaunts, he commutes steadily to New York City from his Van Nuys, Calif., home for recording dates with a variety of bands. Touring the country on one-nighters is no novelty to him; his most recent tour was with the now-inactive Mulligan band.

The Tailor, a nickname bestowed on Lewis by Terry Gibbs because, the whimsical vibist noted, "he walks like my tailor," has lived in southern California since shortly after he joined the Kenton Band in 1954.

He spent most of the ensuing 2½ years on the road with Kenton. By early 1957 he had decided to settle down in the San Fernando Valley, where he established his wife and two daughters. In spring of 1960 Lewis, who will be 33 in May, resigned a staff job with the American Broadcasting Co. Hollywood studio orchestra to join the Mulligan band.

In Hollywood recently, Lewis sat still long enough for a personal commentary on, among other subjects, including himself, the varied and changing styles of European jazz drummers since his first trip with Kenton six years ago, a tour that included England, France, West Germany, Italy, Denmark, Belgium, The Netherlands, Switzerland, and Sweden.

"That first time," Lewis recalled, "those drummers I heard included Allan Ganley, Tony Kinsey, Phil Seamen, Jack Parnell, and Kenny Clare. They all sounded to me like a combination of Buddy Rich and Don Lamond—and all wrapped up in technique. Technique for its own sake. Their playing was all tight, loud, and stiff. Very sad. Seamen was the only one who seemed to have any swing in his playing."

"But," he cautioned, "these are all good musicians capable of playing all kinds of jobs—big bands, small groups, shows, the whole thing.

"On the Continent I didn't hear anything of interest. The playing was all sloppy and stiff. And that includes Sweden."

Back on the Continent 4½ years later for three weeks with the Mulligan band (England was not on this itinerary but he revisited the other countries), Lewis eagerly listened for improvements or new U.S. influences on European drummers. He found only disappointment.

"Things hadn't changed too much," he said. "They still sounded the same as before. I didn't hear one good rhythm section. In fact, the rhythm section accompanying Bud Powell in Paris was quite sad.

"The best thing I heard on that trip was a little drummer who played with George Gruntz' band in Switzerland."

The tour last November with Gillespie in a package also featuring the John Coltrane Quintet afforded Lewis an opportunity to hear British drummers in person once more. He discerned a marked improvement, he said.

"In England I was able to hear several drummers, mostly in the London area," he related. "This was in Ronnie Scott's club, which is a nice room with good atmosphere.

"I noticed immediately that things have loosened up considerably. Just as here in the U.S., the Philly Joe Jones influence has taken over, except for a few exceptions."

THE GILLESPIE-COLTRANE tour brought along a bonus for drum-conscious European listeners. In Lewis and in Coltrane's drummer, Elvin Jones, they could appreciate representatives of widely varying styles—Lewis with his emphasis on more orthodox rhythmic conception and concentration on laying down the time; Jones with his independent, individualistic innovations and rhythmic experimentation.

"Now that they've all had a chance to hear Elvin," Lewis mused, "I wonder what the British drummers are doing since. Elvin is so fantastic, he must have turned them all around. There could—should—be only one of him!"

Turning his attention to this country,

(Continued on page 40)

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

CLASSICS

Brahms/Arrau

BRAHMS: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1 IN D MINOR—Angel 35892.

Personnel: Claudio Arrau, piano; Philharmonia Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Here is another superior recording job lavished on a performance that is no better than average. Giulini and the Philharmonia set the fire going immediately, but the soloist continually throws cold water on their efforts by fussing over phrases and by doing all sorts of interesting but irrelevant things when the music cries out for forward motion.

Arrau, however, is a marvelous technician and contributes many pages of first-rate playing to what is, all in all, not the most convincing Brahms *First* in the catalog. (D.H.)

Gabrieli/Fennell

ANDREA AND GIOVANNI GABRIELI—Mercury SR-90245: *Aria della Battaglia*, by Andrea Gabrieli; *Excerpts from the Sacrae Sinfoniae (Sonata octavi toni, Sonata pian' e forte, Canzon duodecimi toni, Canzon noni toni, Canzon septimi toni, Canzon quarti toni)*, by Giovanni Gabrieli.

Personnel: Tosca Kramer, viola; Anne Labounsky, organ; Eastman Wind Ensemble, Frederick Fennell, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The modernity of this music never fails to amaze those exposed to it for the first time. One reason is that Stravinsky and many others have studied the 16th century works of Andrea and his nephew, Giovanni, with care, often directly imitating their methods of exploiting brass sonorities.

This album, then, is no quaint exercise in antiquarianism but a real service to living music. Fennell's performers are individually competent and collectively superb. The recording site, Christ Episcopal Church in Rochester, N.Y., does not produce the cathedrallike reverberation that suits these pieces best, but there is a clarity and definition that compensates for lack of atmosphere.

The disc was mastered from 35-mm. tape, which is supposed to eliminate hiss but cannot solve the problem of distortion owing to a poor pressing. (D.H.)

Grieg/Rubinstein

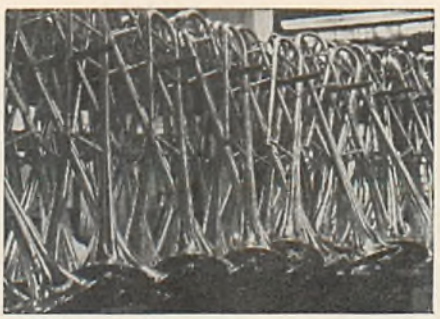
GRIEG—RCA Victor LM/LSC 2566: *Piano Concerto in A Minor*, by Grieg; *Ritual Fire Dance*, by Falla; *Valse Oubliee No. 1*, by Liszt; *Romance*, by Schumann; *March* from *Love for Three Oranges*, by Prokofiev; *Polichinelle*, by Villa-Lobos.

Personnel: Artur Rubinstein, pianist; Alfred Wallenstein, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Grieg's concerto is heard less and less these days, for it seems to be showing its age more than many pieces in the standard repertory. But if you hanker for his music, there is very little competition for Rubinstein's robust stereo performance, as there was very little for his robust mono performance with this same conductor, one of the great Artur's favorite collaborators. Solomon, Fleischer, Gieseking, and Novaes versions all pale before Rubinstein's inexplicable combination of sweet lyricism and virile excitement.

In lieu of another concerto or the Rachmaninoff *Rhapsody*, which often fill out the other side of Grieg records, this one is given over to famous Rubinstein encore pieces. Especially in the Falla and the Prokofiev, the 1962 Rubinstein is more mellow and less fiery than he once was,



though these are still incredible performances of virtuoso works by a 75-year-old pianist. The Liszt "Forgotten Waltz" he may never have played before with such poignance and such meaningful phrasing.

A note regarding the Grieg: the jacket quotes the pianist as believing that "in its rare coincidence of sound, balance, and performance of conductor, orchestra, and soloist, this is the most perfect recording I have made." A large statement, that; but the man has earned the right to an opinion. (D.H.)

Ravel/Mozart

RAVEL: TRIO IN A MINOR/MOZART: TRIO IN E MAJOR—Angel 35630.

Personnel: Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Louis Kentner, piano; Gaspar Cassado, cello.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It has been recognized for some time that stereo recording techniques are particularly well suited to chamber music. On the strength of this Angel disc, I am ready to narrow the area of perfection down to the trio.

As heard in this closely miked recording, with speakers at the optimum distance of about eight feet apart, the violin and cello are spaced so that the piano seems to nestle between them, giving a lifelike quality to the ensemble that I never before have heard quite so beautifully captured. This is one of those discs on which it is not only possible to hear the performers breathing, it is easy to tell which one is catching his breath. The piano tone is particularly full and sonorous.

Unfortunately, Menuhin's intonation is not always on the button, which detracts from the over-all effect, and is stressed mercilessly by the ultrasonic engineering. (D.H.)

Tchaikovsky-Dorati

TCHAIKOVSKY — Mercury SR90279 and MG50279: *Symphony No. 4 in F Minor.*

Personnel: London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Except for some questionable ritards, notably at the close of the slow movement, Dorati's latest bout with this imperishable work is strongly recommendable.

There is ballet music struggling to rise to the surface of any Tchaikovsky score, and it can bring out this conductor's best. In the F Minor symphony Dorati captures a sense of momentum and choreographic sweep that is all too rare. The former leader of the Minneapolis Symphony, now freelancing, here finds himself blessed with one of the finest recording orchestras in Europe. The soloists, notably the oboist and first cellist, perform nobly.

Mercury's stereo sound, miked far enough back to give one the impression of hearing an actual performance, delineates the instrumental choirs clearly, but never loses the homogeneity that orchestral music must have if it is to be more than a high-fidelity demonstration. (D.H.)

Richard Wagner

WAGNER—Angel 3620 D/L: *Tannhauser* (Dresden version).

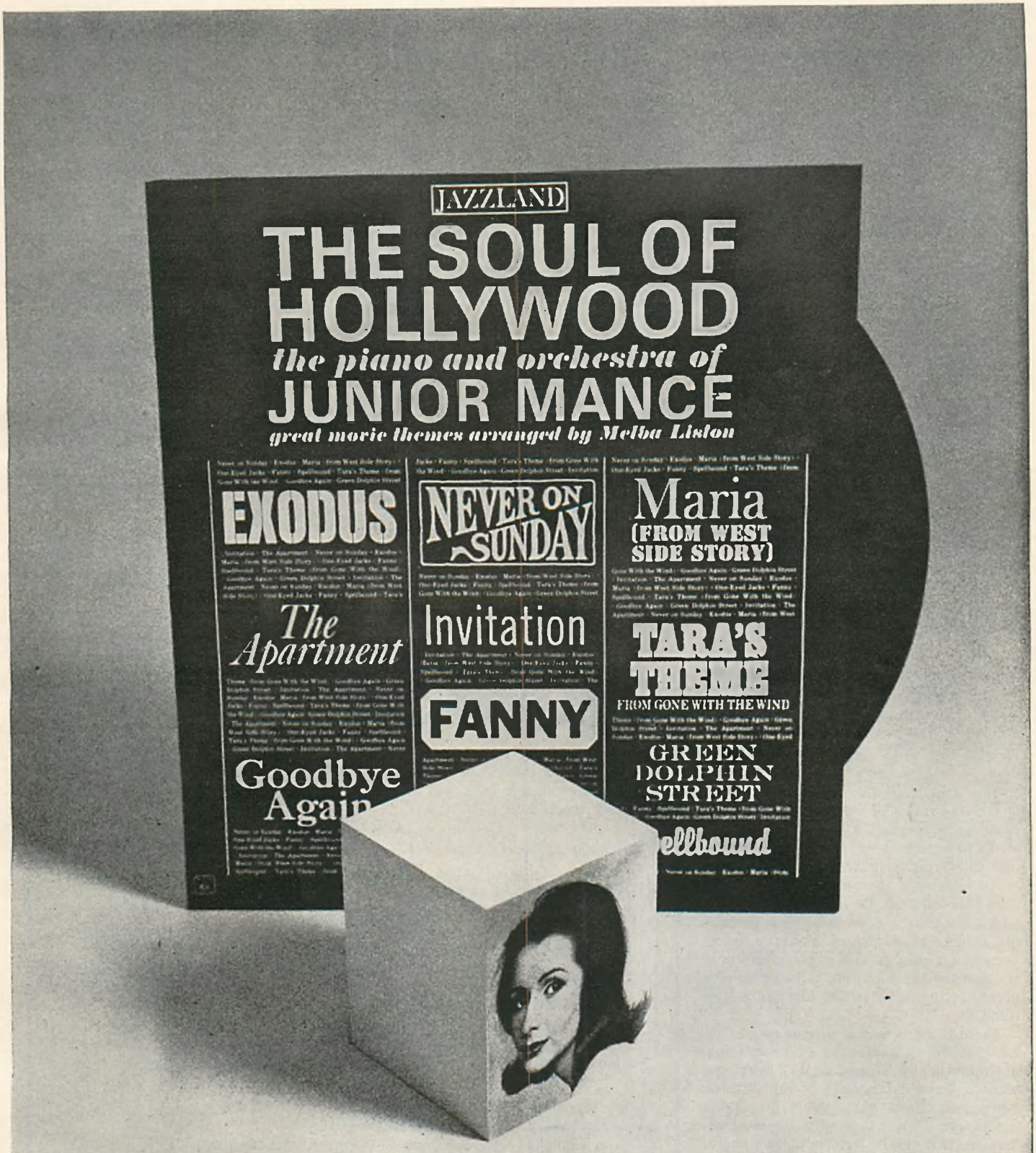
Personnel: Gottlob Frick, Hans Hopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Fritz Wunderlich, Rudolf Gonszar, Gerhard Unger, Reiner Suss, Elisabeth Grummer, Marianne Schech, Lisa Otto; chorus and orchestra of the German State Opera Berlin, Franz Konwitschny, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The current revival of interest in Wagner in this country receives aid and comfort in this welcome recording of the complete *Tannhauser*.

This recording, stunningly engineered, opens with as thrilling a reading of the famous overture as one could hope for and seldom lets down. The cast, headed by Miss Grummer, the matchless Fischer-Dieskau, Frick, Hopf, and Miss Schech, does not offer the final word in vocal opulence, but as a group of Wagner stylists they are fine.

This set far outdistances the old Urania complete recording in almost every way. (D.H.)



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JAZZLAND

JAZZ

Cozy Cole

A COZY CONCEPTION OF CARMEN—Charlie Parker 403: *Prelude; Chorus of Street Boys; Habanera; Seguidilla; Entr'acte (Acts 1 and 2); Gypsy Song; Castanet Dance; Flower Song; Sextet; Entr'acte (Acts 3 and 4).*

Personnel: Bernie Privin, trumpet, fluegelhorn; George Holt, trumpet; Al Klink, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; John Hafer, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet, clarinet; Bob Hammer, piano, glockenspiel; Milt Hinton, Jack Lesberg, basses; Phil Kraus, Doug Allen, percussion; Cole, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

The musicians involved in this mish-mash are capable professionals, and they go about their work in a professional manner. But that—and the cover photo of Cole by Maurice Seymour—are the only professional notes that can be found in this otherwise dismal production.

Viewed as novelty treatments, the arrangements by Dick Hyman and Hammer of Bizet's tunes are competent but, from a jazz viewpoint, limiting. Credit is given in large capital letters for such contributions as "Title" and "Cover Idea," but the soloists are not identified. The personnel listing overlooks the fact that both an organist and a piccolo player are present. Jack Lazare's notes are a model of empty log-rolling.

This whole thing, from the basic conception to the final packaging, is a startling demonstration of unthink. (J.S.W.)

Kenny Dorham-Jackie McLean

INTA SOMETHIN'—Pacific Jazz 41: *Us; It Could Happen to You; Let's Face the Music; No Two People; Lover Man; San Francisco Beat.*

Personnel: Dorham, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The most interesting aspect of this disc is the assortment of views it gives of McLean going through a phase in which he seems to be absorbing some John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy influences.

Remembering the number of years it took McLean to digest the Parkerisms with which he began, it is disturbing to hear the strong but unformed Coltrane reflections in his solo on the opening selection, *Us*. But this, it turns out, is just one of a number of approaches that McLean is now using.

There is more than a suggestion of Coltrane at the root of most of his playing, but there is also a good deal of what has become basic McLean — bright, singing power, sometimes expressed with smooth exuberance (*Music*) or with fervent deliberation that can be tremendously forceful and moving (*People*). This time McLean, now a much more mature musician, seems to be picking up something on the run to broaden his arsenal rather than drowning himself in an outside influence.

Dorham is quietly competent throughout the set but, in the face of McLean's strong lines, quiet competence is easily overshadowed most of the time. (J.S.W.)

Teddy Edwards

GOOD GRAVY—Contemporary 3592: *Good Gravy; Could You Forget?; A Stairway to the Stars; A Little Later; On Green Dolphin Street; Just Friends; Laura; Yes, I'll Be Ready; Not So Strange.*

Personnel: Edwards, tenor saxophone; Danny Horton or Phineas Newborn Jr., piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Milt Turner, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

During the '50s L.A.-based musicians such as Edwards were eclipsed by the cool West Coast clique, but now it appears as though they may be gaining some measure of acceptance.

His phrasing has not changed a good deal over the years, but his tone has softened considerably.

The accent on this album is on medium- and slow-tempo tunes. Only *Friends* and *Strange* are taken at a rapid clip. The latter is the best original on the set, a 40-bar theme based on an unusual chord progression. Some of the other compositions are banal; *Gravy* is an example of overfunk while *Ready* is another of those Gospel-inspired numbers.

Edwards is in excellent form on all the tracks, the gentleness of his sonority acting as a counterbalance on his many-noted lines so that he will probably not offend those people who are normally averse to bop-influenced music.

His solo on *Laura* is as lyrical as anyone could ask. He demonstrates excellent control in the upper register.

Horton and Newborn don't get much opportunity to solo but accompany well. Vinnegar is a standout. He recalls what Walter Page said about Wellman Braud: "When he got ahold of that bass, he hit those tones like hammers and made them jump right out of that box." (H.P.)

Duke Ellington-Count Basie

FIRST TIME—Columbia 1715 and 8515: *Battle Royal; To You; Take the A Train; Until I Met You; Wild Man; Segue in C; BDB; Jumpin' at the Woodside.*

Personal: Duke Ellington orchestra; Count Basie orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The parts remain greater than the whole in this amalgamation of the Ellington and Basie bands. But still the parts are so great that they produce a mighty impressive whole. The mere presence of the two leaders at their pianos almost guarantees that, not to mention the galaxy of star sidemen they bring with them.

The material is divided between the books of both bands with, as a rule, the Ellington rhythm section playing on the Ellington pieces and Basie's on the Basie pieces. However, guitarist Freddie Green works with both sections, and one cannot help being impressed by the swinging, lightening verve that the addition of his guitar brings to Ellington's rhythm section.

Most of these performances depend on the soloists, and the men in both bands acquit themselves well.

Possibly the most impressive factor

down beat's 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. Use this guide as a handy check list.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ Stan Getz, *Focus* (Verve 8412)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- ☐ *Dorothy Ashby* (Argo 690)
- ☐ Benny Carter, *Further Definitions* (Impulse 12)
- ☐ John Coltrane, *Settin' the Pace* (Prestige 7213)
- ☐ Miles Davis, *Someday My Prince Will Come* (Columbia 1646)
- ☐ Red Garland, *High Pressure* (Prestige 7209)
- ☐ *An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet* (Verve 8401)
- ☐ *Listen to Barry Harris* (Riverside 392)
- ☐ Roland Kirk, *We Free Kings* (Mercury 60679)
- ☐ Mark Murphy (vocal) *Rah!* (Riverside 395)
- ☐ Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, *Either Way* (Fred Miles Presents 1)

★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet Plus* (Riverside 388)
- ☐ Kenny Burrell, *Blue Lights* (Blue Note 1597)
- ☐ Brun Campbell-Dink Johnson, *The Professors* (Euphonic 1201)
- ☐ Bill Evans, *Waltz for Debby* (Riverside 399)
- ☐ Don Friedman, *A Day in the City* (Riverside 384)
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *The "Original" Stardust* (Decca 74194)
- ☐ Elmo Hope, *Here's Hope* (Celebrity 209)
- ☐ Clifford Jordan, *Starting Time* (Jazzland 52)
- ☐ Oscar Peterson-Milt Jackson, *Very Tall* (Verve 8429)
- ☐ Roland Kirk, *Kirk's Work* (Prestige 7210)
- ☐ Tommy Ladnier, (reissue) *Blues and Stomps* (Riverside 154)
- ☐ Booker Little, *Out Front* (Candid 8027)
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan, *On Tour* (Verve 8438)
- ☐ Oliver Nelson, *Straight Ahead* (Prestige/New Jazz 8255)
- ☐ Roosevelt Sykes, *Blues* (Folkways FS 3827)
- ☐ *The Essential Art Tatum* (reissue) (Verve 8433)
- ☐ *Cal Tjader Plays Harold Arlen* (Fantasy 3330)
- ☐ Richard Twardzik, (reissue) *The Last Set* (Pacific Jazz 37)

five new ones on Jazzland...and as usual, each has something special to say...

RED GARLAND: The Nearness of You

Long noted for the exceptionally moving, rich-textured quality of his piano ballad style, Red offers for the first time a full album devoted to his wonderful way of treating languorous, lightly-swinging and unashamedly romantic jazz. (JLP 62; Stereo 962)

EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS and JOHNNY GRIFFIN: Blues Up and Down

All blues and a mile *deep!* The celebrated tough-tenor team presents another in their series of toe-tapping Jazzland albums—this one featuring their exciting attacks on blues of all types and tempos. (JLP 60; Stereo 960)

SONNY RED: The Mode

The spotlight is on "modal" jazz, stimulating and truly different, as altoist Sonny Red, new guitarist Grant Green and piano star Barry Harris romp through the long lines of the title tune. *Also:* dig Sonny's unique version of "Moon River." (JLP 59; Stereo 959)

OSCAR PETTIFORD: Last Recordings

Recorded in 1960, just before his untimely death, these eight selections (including five Pettiford originals) movingly demonstrate the great talents of the late bassist, a real giant of modern jazz. (JLP 64; Stereo 964)

DOROTHY ASHBY: Soft Winds

The harp doesn't get a proper jazz workout very often, and certainly not one like this, with the swinging Ashby harp brilliantly counterpointed by the equally swinging vibes of Miss Terry Pollard. (JLP 61; Stereo 961)

JAZZLAND

emerging from this high-level soloing is the manner in which trombonist Lawrence Brown now dominates the Ellington band. In place of the suave, mellow playing that once was his preponderant manner, he is now a lusty swinger who gives the band tremendous momentum. Tenorist Budd Johnson and trombonist Quentin Jackson from Basie's ranks and trumpeter-violinist Ray Nance of the Ellingtonians also have some good spots.

The ensembles, in general, are remarkably clean considering their size and that these were one-shot performances.

This meeting is heard best in stereo because the two channels can handle and separate the mass of sound better than monophonic recording can and because the exchanges between the pianos of Basie and Ellington are much more clearly delineated when they are split between two speakers. (J.S.W.)

Curtis Fuller

SOUL TROMBONE—Impulse 13: *The Clan; In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning; Newdles; The Breeze and I; Dear Old Stockholm; Ladies' Night.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Fuller, trombone; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; G. T. Hogan or Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is a strangely uneven collection, ranging from a superior treatment of *Stockholm*, on which both Fuller and Heath take strong, moving solos, to the completely undistinguished playing that characterizes the entire first side of the record. On the three numbers that make up this side—*The Clan, Small Hours,* and *Newdles*—Fuller and Heath, along with Hubbard and Walton, string out a dismally empty series of solos.

The Clan opens in a distinctly Miles Davis manner but then proceeds to go nowhere under the meandering ministrations of the soloists. *Breeze* and *Ladies* are several cuts above this, largely because of more thoughtful soloing by Fuller, but it is *Stockholm* that lifts the entire level and rating of the set, for this piece has shape, depth, and performance values that are lacking on the rest of the album.

It is collections such as this that make one yearn for the old 78s, on which the padding in evidence on these two LP sides was not necessary. (J.S.W.)

Woody Herman

SWING LOW, SWEET CLARINET—Philips 200-004: *Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet; Rose Room; Sweet Lorraine; Blue Moon; Begin the Beguine; Pee Wee Blues; Don't Be That Way; Someday, Sweetheart; Mood Indigo; Summit Ridge Drive; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Alexandra.*

Personnel: Herman, clarinet; Nat Pierce, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

After more than 15 years of sounding somewhat anachronistic in the groups he has led, Herman here showcases his full-bodied, mellow clarinet in a setting in which it is perfectly at home.

He may not be the most virtuosic clarinetist around, but he plays, as he sings, with tremendous warmth and feeling. The comparison to his singing is not quite exact, for his playing is easygoing and relaxed in a manner that is not always true of his vocal efforts. It's wonderful to hear the dark, nutty sound of honest low-register clarinet once more after all these years when almost all that one could hear were the technicians or the whisperers (with the notable exception of Russell Procope with Duke Ellington).

A great deal of this disc is reminiscent of Herman's "Band That Plays the Blues" with the added polish that comes with the years of experience that have passed since then, plus the backing of an exemplary rhythm section.

This record does not, as it is fashionable to point out, open any new paths, but it does something that, at this point, is much more valuable: It clears away years of accumulated debris under which a delightful and almost forgotten jazz path has been buried. (J.S.W.)

Milt Jackson

STATEMENTS—Impuse 14: *Statement; Slowly; A Thrill from the Blues; Paris Blues; Put Off; A Beautiful Romance; Sonnymoon for Two; The Bad and the Beautiful.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The meaning of this album is made clear in the first paragraph of the liner notes. In one masterful syllogism, Nat Hentoff manages to imply that (a) Jackson doesn't feel comfortable in the formal setting of the Modern Jazz Quartet; (b) the MJQ often makes a fine setting for Jackson; therefore, (c) he sounds much better here.

The fact is, of course, that whenever he plays completely ad lib, Jackson doesn't sound substantially different in or out of the MJQ, as his *Very Tall* LP with Oscar Peterson made quite clear.

The present set, though lacking the unique drive of which Peterson is capable, does have some typically mature Jones piano and admirable support from Kay and Chambers, the latter deserving a heavy share of the credit for the success of *Sonnymoon.* And Jackson swings unquenchably whether it's John Lewis, Peterson, or Jones comping in the background.

A better title than *Statements* would have been *Comments;* the set is informal to the point of formlessness, leaning heavily on the blues. There are some tender moments in the two Dave Raksin themes and in Jackson's own pretty *Romance.* There is, however, a slight disagreement about the changes at the 24th bar in the first chorus of *Slowly.*

Minor faults like this aside, there is nothing to complain about in this amiably unpretentious example of Bags at his best. (L.G.F.)

J. J. Johnson

A TOUCH OF SATIN—Columbia 8537: *Satin Doll; Flat Black; Gigi; Bloozineff; Jackie-ing; Goobye; Full Moon and Empty Arms; Sophisticated Lady; When the Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Victor Feldman, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Frankly, I was scared by the name of this album. LP titles involving silk, satin, chiffon, and Shantung tend to conjure up pictures of huge mountains of strings playing thick piles of lushly padded arrangements. *Caveat emptor;* there is more than nylon in this set, and the only strings in sight are in Feldman's piano.

This is nothing more than a simple

blowing date by Johnson with Cannonball Adderley's early-1961 rhythm section. All hands pull their weight, the results being contingent entirely on the individual merits of the four participants, since material and routines are of secondary importance.

There are two slight Johnson originals, the simple *Bloozineff* and the moody up-tempo *Flat Black*. Thelonious Monk's *Jackie-ing* is well suited to Johnson's laconic sound. Of the ballad tracks, the most interesting is *Gigi*, which starts as an unaccompanied muted trombone solo and then adds Jones' pedal points, followed by drums and celeste.

After the formidable success of *Perceptions*, which shifted the J. J. Johnson image to one of a gifted composer and orchestrator, it is agreeable to hear him in his original role, back to essentials. He is as important and influential in 1962 as he was when, in 1945, he gassed us as the first modern jazz trombonist.

One reservation: I could have done without *Saints*, the longest track; I think the previous total of 1,549,836 versions was adequate, and I would like to suggest a 10-year moratorium on records of this public-domain nuisance. But even here there are admirable moments, notably in Feldman's fluent solo and the spirited eights by Johnson and Hayes. (L.G.F.)

Quincy Jones

THE QUINTESSENCE — Impulse 11: *The Quintessence; Robot Protrait; Little Karen; Straight, No Chaser; For Lena and Lennie; Hard Sock Dance; Invitation; The Twitch.*

Personnel: Jones, conductor. Tracks 1, 4, 7—Snooky Young, Thad Jones, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Melba Liston, Curtis Fuller, Paul Faulise, Thomas Mitchell, Billy Byers, trombones; Julius Watkins, James Buffington, Earl Chapin, Ray Alonge, French horns; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Phil Woods, Oliver Nelson, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Gloria Agostini, harp; Patricia Bown, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; James Johnson, drums. Tracks 2, 3, 6—Thad Jones, Young, Freddie Hubbard, Al DeTisi, trumpets; Miss Liston, Byers, Rodney Levitt, Faulise, trombones; Watkins, French horn; Woods, Nelson, Richardson, Eric Dixon, Frank Wess, reeds; Miss Bown, piano; Hinton, bass; Bill English, drums. Tracks 5, 8—Jerome Kail, Clyde Reasinger, Clark Terry, Newman, trumpets; Miss Liston, Byers, Faulise, trombones; Watkins, French horn; Woods, Dixon, Richardson, reeds; Bobby Scott, piano; George Catlett, base; Stu Martin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Quincy Jones is too often underestimated as a bandleader. When he was struggling to keep a big band working, many thought of him as a fine Basie-style arranger fronting a large group of star sidemen. What some of us missed (me included) was that Jones was more than an arranger-front man; he is one of the few jazzmen able to pull a band together and get it to produce something more than the sum of its parts.

I realized this when I began listening to this record.

There are three different bands here, each made up of a different personnel and instrumentation; yet the performances vary but a mite from track to track. The big constant factor is Jones. As evident on this album, he has the ability to get musicians to pull together with precision and power in a minimum amount of time —there is little time for rehearsal at a recording date.

In addition to his organizational powers, Jones contributed some fine arrangements. His writing for the brass on *Quintessence* and *Invitation*, a lustrous, exotic tune, should serve as an object lesson to those who would write for large brass sections without getting swamped in unswinging pretension.

Robot gets a good heavy feel with touches of Duke Ellington. On the other hand, Jones' treatment of Benny Golson's *Karen* is properly gentle (the tune was inspired by a child) and smooth-textured. *Sock* is one of those catchy tunes that Jones seems to think up with little effort. *Robot*, *Karen*, and *Sock* use a favorite Jones device, the small band within a big band.

Wilkins arranged *Straight*, though he receives no liner credit. His score builds from a theme statement by what sounds like muted trumpet and trombone over strong Hinton bass to a roaring ensemble. Solos by Fuller and Newman are followed by an ensemble bristling with power.

The only other track not arranged by Jones is *Twitch*, done without credit by Byers. Byers also uses a small band (with Terry's trumpet adding much to the ensemble) within the large ensemble. The most striking part of the arrangement is Byers' use of bass in opposition and in harmony and unison with the other instruments. Catlett is excellent in the part.

Most of the soloists measure up to the arrangements. Woods' fiery jazz-cry alto peppers *Quintessence* tastefully. Woods also is heard in contrast to Nelson on *Invitation*—a sort of sour-sweet exchange. Nelson does some tall preaching on tenor on *Robot*, but Dixon takes tenor honors for his virile work on *Karen*. Hubbard is fine on *Robot*, contributing an easily swinging, melodic solo. Newman is heard on several tracks; his *Twitch* effort is particularly joyous.

There are weaknesses in the album, most of them minor (for instance, not *all* the solos are of high order), but one is serious—the Martin-Scott-Catlett rhythm section sounds shaky, especially on *Lena*.

Nonetheless, this album is an essential for the collections of big-band fans.

(D.DeM.)

Shelly Manne

LIVE! SHELLY MANNE & HIS MEN AT THE MANNE-HOLE — Contemporary 3593/4: *Love for Sale; How Could It Happen to a Dream?; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; The Champ; On Green Dolphin Street; What's New?; If I Were a Bell; Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye; A Gem from Tiffany.*

Personnel: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is nothing distinguished about this double-pocket set; on the other hand, it is certainly not *bad* playing.

The underlying feeling, thanks to the close-knit rhythm section, is always there, but the material consists mostly of standards that have become a little worn, and nothing startling is done to inject new life into them. An exception is *Dream*, a Duke Ellington-Johnny Hodges song of some 16 years ago. This piece of material has not been overdone, and the players respond to it.

Kamuca is an inconsistent soloist. He reminds of Zoot Sims, in places, but this is not the rub, for essentially he has his

own voice. He can vacillate, however, between a flowing, thoughtful set of choruses as on *Green Dolphin* and the highly repetitive, overlong outing on *Champ*, where even his usually good time suffers along with his articulation.

On *Champ*, the Dizzy Gillespie blues, Candoli also runs into trouble. He plays mechanically, and his breaks are sloppy. In general, his work shows traces of Miles Davis and Kenny Dorham without actively copying them. He seems to have fallen into an anonymous style, lacking the fire he had in his earlier days. Even when he was closer to Gillespie, years ago, he was more of an individual, paradoxical as that may sound.

On *Love for Sale*, both horn men sound in need of a good laxative.

The best and most consistent soloist is Freeman. He even makes it where the others fail on *Champ*.

If the level of the set had been up to *Dolphin*, on which everyone, including newcomer Berghofer, has fine solos, this would have been successful. As it stands, it is just another album. (I.G.)

Dodo Marmarosa

DODO'S BACK!—Argo 4012: *Mellow Mood; Cottage for Sale; April Played the Fiddle; Everything Happens to Me; On Green Dolphin Street; Why Do I Love You?; I Thought About You; Me and My Shadow; Tracy's Blues; You Call It Madness.*

Personnel: Marmarosa, piano; Marshall Thompson, drums, Richard Evans, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is a return that has been overdue for many years.

A name-band pianist throughout the 1940s, Marmarosa, during that time, was a key man on several memorable record dates, notably with Charlie Parker on Dial and Lester Young on Aladdin. He also made a single date of his own for Atomic (whatever became of *those* masters?) and was greatly respected back in the days when you didn't have to play open fourths and sixths to prove you had soul.

After a decade of obscurity, in his native Pittsburgh and more recently in Chicago, Marmarosa emerges, playing much the way he did in those days, but better recorded and on an excellent piano.

He has an articulation that is as personal as his choice of notes. His chordal style is not quite like that of any of the innumerable others who use this approach today; his single-note blowing style is close to that of the other neglected progenitor of that era, Bud Powell.

The most interesting tracks, not surprisingly, are the two originals. *Mellow Mood* is as mellow now as when he cut it on the Atomic session; *Tracy's Blues* (named for ex-*DB* editor Jack Tracy, who produced the new date) is a minor, moderately fast 12-bar blues.

On the other tracks one can only recommend Marmarosa's very personal improvisation and regret that he didn't choose more attractive material. After hearing it on every other LP that arrives in the mail, I am heartily sick of every step along *Green Dolphin Street;* but at least Marmarosa changes the feeling a little by taking it faster than is customary. There is no excuse, it seems to me, for using one of Jerome Kern's dullest songs, *Why Do I Love You?* as a vehicle, even though the changes are adequate. *April* is the only pop song of the eight employed that hasn't been worn thin through repetition.

Most typical and effective as an example of Marmarosa's approach to a ballad is *I Thought*, a superior song he manages to restore meaningfully to life.

The rhythm section does an efficient job, though there is no attempt to make this sound like a unified trio. Evans has a couple of good solos, notably in *Tracy's Blues.*

Joe Segal's notes do a fine job of explaining, for the under-30 crowd, who Marmarosa was and is. His words are required reading, just as the LP is required listening, for anyone with a serious interest in the history of modern jazz piano. (L.G.F.)

Jack McDuff

GOODNIGHT, IT'S TIME TO GO—Prestige 7220: *Goodnight, It's Time to Go; Sanctified Waltz; McDuff Speaking; A Smooth One; I'll Be Seeing You.*

Personnel: McDuff, organ; Harold Vick, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Joseph Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

This album is surely one of the most abysmal of efforts in the already sorely overworked "soul" organ genre.

Spontaneous (meaning unrehearsed) to a fault, the music put forth by the heavy-handed McDuff and his accomplices is the nadir of unreflective, undemanding blowing. The other three men are tied down to McDuff's organ, yet not one of them is apparently musician enough to challenge its stolidity—not even guitarist Green, who elsewhere has evidenced a solid, fundamental, swing-rooted approach of warmth and imagination. No, everyone is under wraps here, and their work—singly and collectively—might stand as a compendium of dull, funk-ridden clichés of the most automatic sort.

Someone should have tacked one of those IBM "Think" signs on the studio wall. From the desultory rock-and-roll opening number, it's all tedious going. (P.W.)

Dwike Mitchell - Willie Ruff

THE CATBIRD SEAT—Atlantic 1374: *The Catbird Seat; Street of Dreams; So in Love; Con Alma; Gypsy in My Soul; I'll Remember April.*

Personnel: Mitchell, piano; Ruff, bass; Charlie Smith, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Mitchell and Ruff gained attention in 1959 when, as members of a touring Yale University chorus, they gave some impromptu demonstrations of jazz to the Russians. Both have a good academic background in music.

Mitchell is primarily influenced by some of the prominent hard-swinging pianists of the last 15 years—Bud Powell, Horace Silver, Oscar Peterson—though part of his bass line on *April* is almost identical to the one Bill Evans conceived on *Peace Piece* a few years ago.

He is, like Ramsey Lewis, a popularizer rather than a creator; his solos have more manner than matter. He swings through-

out, but most jazzmen can do that these days. The trick is to come up with a new device—harmonic, melodic, or rhythmic freshness, for instance.

Ruff is a powerful bassist with a fine technical command of his instrument, but his lines, too, are not very subtle or interesting.

Smith's brushwork, however, is superb throughout the album. He is an ideal drummer for a group like this. (H.P.)

Frank Rosolino

TURN ME LOOSE!—Reprise 6016: *Too Marvelous for Words; Come Rain or Come Shine; Watcha Gonna Do on Monday?; Sometimes I'm Happy; Sweet Georgia Brown; Pennies from Heaven; I Cover the Waterfront; You're a Sweetheart; Please Don't Bug Me; It Had to Be You; That Old Black Magic; How Many Hearts Have You Broken?*

Personnel: Rosolino, trombone, vocals; Victor Feldman, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Irv Cottler, drums.

Rating: ½ ★

It is difficult to conceive of a more tedious album than this one.

Rosolino is featured as "vocalist" on every selection. The word is put in quotes in deference to those who sing and who are frequently identified by this word. His "vocal" efforts are dismal beyond belief. He semi-talks them in a harsh, unpleasant voice and with a flat, monotonous intonation.

The common pattern for all the pieces is "vocal," muted trombone solo, piano spot, muted trombone. They are uniform in every way, including their banality. (J.S.W.)

Gunther Schuller-Jim Hall

JAZZ ABSTRACTIONS — Atlantic 1365: *Abstraction; Piece for Guitar and Strings; Variants on a Theme of John Lewis (Django); Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk (Criss-Cross).*

Personnel: Ornette Coleman, alto saxophone (tracks 1, 4); Jim Hall, guitar; Scott LaFaro, bass; Alvin Brehm, bass (track 1); George Duvivier, bass (tracks 3, 4); Sticks Evans, drums (tracks 1, 3, 4); Alfred Brown, viola (track 2); Eric Dolphy, flute (tracks 3, 4) bass clarinet, alto saxophone (track 4); Eddie Costa, vibraharp (tracks 3, 4); Bill Evans, piano (tracks 3, 4); Contemporary String Quartet (Charles Libove and Roland Vamos, violins; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Joseph Tekula, cello). Schuller, conductor (tracks 1, 3, 4); John Lewis, conductor (track 2).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

There is a variety of approaches represented on this LP. Hall's *Piece* is variations on a simple lyric idea for a string group and guitar, with as much a debt to certain kinds of concert music as to jazz. Schuller has used two jazz pieces as points of departure and has written a piece in strict classical form but which is to include jazz improvising in performance.

The latter is *Abstraction*. It is a brief contemporary serial composition for augmented string quartet. It was written for Coleman, who improvises against its first and second parts, and provides a cadenza in between.

The writing and group playing do not necessarily intend to swing, but Coleman's swing is sustained throughout. I think one reason for the success of the piece is that neither Schuller's nor Coleman's part in it would make much sense by itself. Yet together—in their emotional, technical, and tonal relationship—they form a compelling whole. I am aware that on paper *Abstraction* may seem nothing but an interesting, perhaps curious, experiment, but the results are far more than that. And the brief piece is perhaps the most important coming together of jazz and concert music yet. At any rate, it gave Coleman a very strong challenge.

The Monk variants owe little directly to classicism, but the composition is a surging jazz arrangement of a superb Monk piece. (There is some quibbling in the notes about the second variant, but there seems to me enough precedent in jazz for such rhythmically suspended interludes.) The strong improvising in the first section, by Coleman, Dolphy, and Costa comes in a kind of relay form, making it partly "solo" and partly simultaneous.

Coleman and Dolphy are fascinating together. The basic differences in their phrasing are, here at least, tellingly dramatic. And the portions where Coleman's freely intoned lines veer obliquely from the piece are particularly effective, I think. Also effective and Monkish, of course, is the personal way Coleman uses the theme proper in his solo—a moment also recommended to anyone who does not hear order and logic in his playing.

It would take too much discourse for a mere record review to praise Bill Evans' accompaniments, LaFaro's interplay, and the contributions of Sticks Evans and the rest. The cadenza by Dolphy and LaFaro in the third part should command several paragraphs in the most meager discussion.

The variants on *Django* are perhaps not quite so successful in either the writing

or the playing, but there is still much to enjoy and much to praise.

Hall states the theme beautifully in the first part, and the interplay of Hall, Duvivier, and LaFaro that follows is delightful. The second part begins with a viola solo and is a bit schmaltzy for any kind of music, except maybe Viennese operetta.

I am sure that some people will feel there is some rather surging, almost turbulent playing here, that is out of context for so lyric a piece as *Django*, but careful listening may convince one that the implications are there as Lewis first wrote it.

There was a rather obvious question of rehearsal in this performance of Hall's *Piece*, but I think the problem goes a little beyond that. We know that very few concert string players can swing, or care about swinging, and their phrasing comes out corny. But there is a further problem that there are too many concert pieces and cowboy sound tracks, written in a kind of derivative Dvorak, that actually require a corny phrasing.

Now, did you notice that I got through this review without saying Third Stream once? (M.W.)

Gerry Wiggins

RELAX AND ENJOY IT—Contemporary 3595: *Narcissus; Frankie and Johnny; One for My Baby; The Lady Is a Tramp; Serenade in Blue; My Heart Stood Still;* Medley—*Just Squeeze Me* and *Satin Doll; Blue Wig.*

Personnel: Wiggins, piano; Joe Comfort, bass; Jackie Mills, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Though Wiggins has been a professional musician for more than 20 years he has not, on the basis of this album, forged an identifiable style. His guitarlike left hand, at slow and medium tempos, and some of his chord formations are derived from Erroll Garner.

On *Lady* he sounds like Oscar Peterson, though his touch is much less percussive.

Aside from this lack of originality, Wiggins isn't a bad pianist. He has a restrained, tasteful approach and is inventive enough to keep things interesting. His good-natured treatments of *Squeeze Me, Serenade,* and *Heart* make for pleasant light listening.

Comfort and Mills provide Wiggins with solid support. It is good to see these two fine veterans, who haven't been very active in jazz over the last few years, making this kind of gig. (H.P.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Lester Young

LESTER YOUNG AND THE KANSAS CITY FIVE—Commodore 30014: *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; I Want a Little Girl; Countless Blues; Pagin' the Devil; I Know That You Know; Laughing at Life; I Got Rhythm; Three Little Words; Four O'Clock Drag; Jo-Jo; Them There Eyes; Good Mornin' Blues.*

Personnel: Young, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Buck Clayton or Bill Coleman, trumpet; Eddie Durham or Dickie Wells, trombone; Durham, guitar, vocal; Walter Page or John Simmons, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If masterpieces exceed excellence, then there are not enough stars for the Lester Young represented on this LP.

A 1938 session (tracks 1-6, 11, 12) produced the masterpieces: his delicate contrapuntal clarinet improvising behind Buck Clayton and his tenor solo on *Way Down Yonder,* his delicately original clarinet invention on *Girl,* and his lovely variant of a traditional blues line on *Pagin'.* These are masterpieces.

Excellence comes with his clarinet solo in the faster *Countless,* his interplay and tenor invention on *Eyes.*

Surely no horn man between Louis Armstrong at his 1933 peak and Charlie Parker beginning in 1945 produced more original or more beautiful work than the best of Lester Young, and these solos are among the best. And as surely as the best jazz does survive its time and period, these do. Astonishing. He was a great tenor player, yet for the way he handled the clarinet's sound alone, he would be an exceptional clarinetist, and of the handful of clarinet records he made almost all are gorgeous creations.

The other four titles, with Coleman and Wells, come from 1944. They are very good on the part of all participants; for Young they are even better than good. But what a different sensibility Young carried after his Army experience!

There are other things to notice on the 1938 sides: Clayton is fine, for instance, on *I Know* and *Laughing,* which do not have Prez—almost as fine as current Buck Clayton, which is fine indeed. Durham, the leader and a good arranger, has such a very different and older sense of time on guitar from the other men. And notice the group: horns and rhythm with no piano—the idea has been tried since and less casually than this but not really more successfully.

But then, masterpieces never are surpassed. The only thing to do with masterpieces is hear them and treasure them and—if they are jazz—be thankful they got recorded. (M.W.)

VOCAL

Ernestine Anderson

MY KINDA SWING — Mercury 20496 and 60175: *My Kinda Love; Trouble Is a Man; See, See, Rider; Moonlight in Vermont; Land of Dreams; Black Moonlight; All My Life; Mound Bayou; I'll Never Be the Same; It Don't Mean a Thing; Lazy Afternoon; They Didn't Believe Me.*

Personnel: Miss Anderson, vocals; Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Frank Rehak, trombone; Yusef Lateef, reeds; Tate Houston, baritone saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Mac Ceppos, violin; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Art Davis, bass; Charlie Persip, Willie Rodriguez, percussion.

Rating ★ ★ ★

If this album is a reliable indicator—and I hope that it is not—something vital has gone out of Miss Anderson's singing. The voice does not offend, but there is a kind of superficiality about these 12 selections that is at best discomforting.

Part of the trouble lies in the absurdly short duration of each song (eight of the tracks, apparently designed for disc jockey use, run less than 2¾ minutes each), but a deeper problem is what I can only take to be musical ennui on the singer's part. These performances simply do not come to life, despite an admirable program of interesting tunes.

Take the beautiful song *Black Moonlight,* for example. Miss Anderson all but

wrecks the melody in the fourth bar by substituting a bland B♮ where a moody B♭ (the lowered ninth of the chord) was called for by songwriters Johnston and Coslow. Mistakes like that reveal that a singer is not getting into her material as she should.

To make matters worse, Miss Anderson's shallow breathing, which actually intrudes upon her phrasing at times, is distressingly audible throughout most of the record, adding to the feeling that she ran all the way to the studio, dutifully blurted out her even dozen and dashed off again.

There's an extra half-star in the rating for Ernie Wilkins' attractive, if truncated, arrangements. (R.B.H.)

Erma Franklin

HER NAME IS ERMA—Epic 3824: *Hello Again; Ev'rytime We Say Goodbye; What Kind of Girl?; Don't Blame Me; Detour Ahead; Time after Time; It's Over; Never Let Me Go; Each Night I Cry; Saving My Love for You; Pledging My Love; The Man I Love.*

Personnel: Miss Franklin, vocals; unidentified accompaniment.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss Franklin is an older sister of Aretha Franklin. How the talent scouts missed her when they were discovering Aretha is puzzling, for on the basis of this record, she has both a voice and an interpretive range that are far more potent than her sister's.

Erma's singing is rich-timbred, open-throated, and excitingly lyrical. Her voice

has a limber quality that allows her to go wherever she wants with no evidence of straining. And she really stretches her voice out, reaching pitches of Gospel fervor in some selections, flowing with warm tenderness on others. It's a voice that is rare in its combination of range and complete control.

Her program on this disc appears to have been carefully calculated to hit as wide an audience as possible. Most of it is done over a strong backbeat that will give teenage listeners a sense of security.

But Miss Franklin has the vocal capabilities to raise what is usually little more than desperate fervor to a revealing art. Moreover, her program is a mixed bag that includes, along with ordinary pop material, such standards as *Ev'rytime, Detour, Time,* and *Man I Love,* each approached with a thoughtful adaptation in style, although the basic rhythm remains fairly constant throughout.

Still more interest is added to her work by the instrumental group behind her, built around a string section that makes very effective use of the rich colors of cellos (these set up a riff on *Ev'rytime* that is a fascinatingly swinging mixture of old Vienna and contemporary Nashville).

Unfortunately, Miss Franklin has been handed an overload of routine material in this set, and eventually its limitations become more than even her flexible voice, zest, and imagination can cope with. But

all through this disc there is ample evidence that she is a remarkably endowed singer—a singer with a well-developed voice, forthright presentation, tremendous vitality, and apparent taste even in areas where one rarely expects taste. (J.S.W.)

Nancy Wilson-Cannonball Adderley

NANCY WILSON - CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET—Capitol 1657: *Save Your Love for Me; Teaneck; Never Will I Marry; I Can't Get Started; The Old Country; One Man's Dream; Happy Talk; Never Say Yes; The Masquerade Is Over; Unit Seven; A Sleepin' Bee.*

Personnel: Miss Wilson, vocals; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Miss Wilson who sings on six of the album's 11 tracks, has a reasonably good range, excellent control, and a fresh, unselfconscious manner. Her style falls somewhere between Sarah Vaughan's and Dinah Washington's, not as blues-tinged as the latter nor as polished and harmonically sophisticated as the former.

Her best moments on this album occur on *Marry*. She begins quietly but increases her volume until a mood of almost wild abandon is reached. Few vocalists have the grasp of tension-release techniques she displays here. She also gives a moving performance of *Save Your Love*, Buddy Johnson's composition; catch the way she builds as the melody ascends. She does well by *Old Country* (a Hebrew folk song), but the lyrics, unfortunately, are inane.

Her infectious treatment of *Happy Talk* is a highlight of the second side. She gets her teeth into the rhythm by delaying her phrasing and then accenting hard on the beat.

Cannonball's playing is still in the same funky rut he established after leaving Miles Davis. His lack of improvement over the past few years is certainly one of the big letdowns in recent jazz history. He stresses swinging as hard as possible to the exclusion of practically everything else and has not developed the rhythmic and harmonic devices he derived from John Coltrane.

But there is no denying that he rates as one of the 10 best alto men to have come along since 1945; historically, he's the link between Charlie Parker and the "new wave."

His solos on *Teaneck, Dream, Never Say Yes*, and *Unit 7* are indifferently constructed but crammed full of interesting ideas. *Started* is not one of the better tracks on the LP.

Cannonball rarely varies the intensity of his attack anymore, and it doesn't help his ballad performances. He could also afford to follow the advice of his old boss, Miles Davis, and leave some empty spaces once in a while.

Brother Nat is a fiery, if erratic, trumpeter. Some of his better spots come on *Teaneck* (where his soft, fat sound recalls Clark Terry) and *Never Say Yes* (where his short phrases and on-the-beat accents suggest Miles.)

Zawinul is a sensitive accompanist but his solos aren't particularly distinguished.

Miss Wilson gets four stars, Cannonball three, hence the rating. (H.P.)

BLINDFOLD TEST

BARBARA DANE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Two years ago (*DB*, March 31, 1960) there appeared in these pages an article entitled *The Meaning of the Blues*, by Barbara Dane. It was a deeply sympathetic and extraordinarily sensitive analysis of the subject from every standpoint—discussing its form, its sociological content and meaning, its value as folk music.

Miss Dane, trained as an operatic contralto in her high school days, has been active in folk music and traditional jazz circles for 15 years, first in her native Detroit and then in San Francisco and Los Angeles, not only as singer and guitarist but also as a passionately dedicated researcher, devotee, friend of forgotten pioneers, sponsor of unpopular causes.

Aware of her strong and honest views on every type of music, I knew she would turn out to be a first-rate record reviewer. The records selected, with one exception, featured songs or singers from the field in which she is mainly interested. One day, though, I hope to give her an all-modern-jazz test. That should be something else.

THE RECORDS

1. Little Brother Montgomery. *Saturday Night Function* (from *Chicago: The Living Legends*, Riverside). Montgomery, piano.

I don't know what accounts for the low fidelity, because it sounds to me like one of those recordings of the current old-timers in New Orleans. Though their time was kind of raggedy and they were out of tune, they were thinking as they were playing, not playing in a self-consciously smooth manner; therefore, I liked it.

It got a little draggy, as if it was the last tune of the night, but I approve of their attitude, and I'm sure they've made better records. I'd rather not rate this.

2, 3. Ida Cox. *Cherry Picking Blues* (from *The Moanin', Groanin' Blues*, Riverside). Recorded 1924. Tommy Ladnier, cornet.
Ida Cox. *Cherry Picking Blues* (from *Blues for Rampart Street*, Riverside). Recorded 1961. Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Sammy Price, piano.

That was Miss Ida. I'm more familiar with the new recording than the old one. I'm glad they had her come and do a final session.

I don't think, for those people who are not already convinced about people like Ida Cox, that it would do any convincing. She was obviously having her difficulties. But there's such a difference in motivation between singers of her kind and the singers of today, who have a calculated idea of what people will like, rather than what they feel. With all her difficulties here, Ida was saying what she *had* to say, not what she thought someone would buy. This attitude is vastly superior, no matter what your vocal equipment.

It was hard to hear the background on the first version. I liked the trumpet very much. But on the new one I can't understand why they added Coleman Hawkins. He sounded far too modern in concept—modern in quotes, mind you, because I'm not going to knock anything just for being up to date. He was playing around with ideas for the sake of technical considerations instead of trying to help along the idea that was being expressed.

And Roy Eldridge has a tendency to make tricky effects instead of just saying something; I'd have said no if they'd asked me whether to use him on that date, but Sammy Price, or whoever played piano, did a very nice job.

I see nothing wrong with taking these old tunes and playing them the way you feel them in 1962. I'd like to do something like that myself. But I don't think it should be done with a conflict of the understanding of music. To me, the concept of jazz is people getting together and making something happen co-operatively. This concept has been given up to the composers, arrangers, and tricky-effect players in present-day jazz.

Miss Ida is a straightforward, honest singer, and for that, all kinds of stars.

4. Chris Connor. *Baltimore Oriole* (from *Witchcraft*, Atlantic). Richard Wess, arranger.

I'm sure the arranger thought the extra fiddles and all that would help sell the record. That's the kind of overly self-conscious thing that bores me very much.

I'm not able to distinguish between several singers of this kind, but that sounded to me like June Christy. She has a better equipment than some of the others; it's a pity she didn't feel free to do what she felt like doing, instead of all that contrived vocalese bit. And there's a certain style of diction that always goes with this kind of singing—a smart way of saying your consonants that bugs me.

That's what you'd call mood jazz, I guess, and it's like some forms of interior decorating—it puts me in a mood to get out of the place. Stars? Oh well, I guess a couple for technical proficiency.

5. Muddy Waters. *I Feel So Good* (from *Muddy Waters at Newport*, Chess).

That sounds like Muddy Waters' group; definitely a south-side Chicago blues band and recorded under the strain of working at a festival, apparently, which may account for the fact that the time gets pretty erratic.

However, I would 10 times rather hear somebody just having a good time like that—particularly on this tune which is so joyous in every way. That's a perfect answer to people who say that the blues is a sad, tragic thing. "I feel so good, I feel like balling the jack"—what could be more positive and happy than that?

Anyhow, I'd rather hear this kind of a performance than the record you played just before it, any day of the week, but this is an inferior performance of a kind of thing I like very much, so I'd rather skip the rating.

6, 7. Louis Jordan. *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* (Decca).
Josh White. *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* (Decca).

Well, fortunately Josh White had a rhythm section there to keep the time good. I heard him do that song live not long ago—to my way of thinking it was a great mistake on his part. It was at the Gate of Horn in Chicago. Mama Yancey and Tampa Red were in the audience, and both got up to perform; I don't think Tampa had been on a stage in 10 years.

Josh followed them, and did a completely out-of-time rendition of this, milking every phrase, stopping and starting for effect. I must say he got a tremendous hand, and some people say you can't fight success. But I'm sorry—I would 10 times rather have heard Tampa Red out of practice than Josh with the ever-present problem of his ego getting in the way of his communication.

I'm not familiar with the voice in the first performance, but it had a certain poignancy that belongs with the song; it came through in spite of the smooth, contrived intro and ending. It came across with the message of the song much more than Josh with all his mannerisms.

One of the saddest things about Josh is that he has always had a tremendous potential; he can do amazing things on the guitar and has a fantastic vocal quality, but he's never completely and freely given of himself—he's always in control, always posturing and worrying about what will sell.

I'd give the first version the higher rating—I don't know whether I agree with the whole system of ratings though.

8. Lonnie Johnson and Victoria Spivey. *Idle Hours* (from *Idle Hours*, Prestige).

I was mystified until I heard Lonnie come in. I know that's Lonnie, so it must be Victoria Spivey with him. Of all the people they've rediscovered and recorded again, Lonnie is the most deserving; his vocal quality is magnificently moving. There's a guy with no pretensions whatsoever—he is what he is, and he is all the way.

His musicianship is tops, his ideas are fresh and free, his time is glorious. If I were ever to add another piece to our group, I would like it to be Lonnie Johnson. Give that all the stars. [db]

Caught In The Act

JOE THOMAS

Cinderella Club, New York City

Personnel: Thomas, trumpet, vocals; George Stevenson, trombone; Cliff Jackson, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; Tommy Benford, drums. Roosevelt Sykes, piano, vocals.

Late in March, jazz photographer Jack Bradley opened up a way station on jazz' long road from Storyville to Minton's.

It was, in essence, a jam session held on a pier located in the mainstream. The actual locale was the Cinderella Club in Greenwich Village, and if the participating musicians were too young to have marched in a New Orleans funeral procession, they were also too old to flat their fifths.

Joe Thomas, 52, was the leader, tune caller ("We're in the key of F, man"), and trumpeter-vocalist.

His unique, mellow-toned, relaxed horn style was heard with Fletcher Henderson in 1934 and 1936-37, and in the Benny Carter Band of 1939-40.

The lyric quality of Thomas' trumpet, as heard on many recordings, was heard at Bradley's session in solos on *All of Me, Talk of the Town, You Can Depend on Me, Royal Garden Blues, Ballin' the Jack,* and *Struttin' with Some Barbecue.*

Baltimore-born Stevenson, 55, is a veteran of the Charlie Johnson (1932), Fletcher Henderson (1935), Claude Hopkins (1936), and Lucky Millinder (1940-43) bands. His virile growl soloing proved to be one of the hits of the session. There were times when his phrasing reminded one of Charlie (Big) Green's playing behind Bessie Smith.

Pianist Jackson, 59, whose Krazy Kats Band at the old Lenox Club in Harlem during the late '20s was considered to be one of the hottest jazz bands in town, and who went to New York from Washington, D. C., in 1923 with Lionel Howard's Musical Aces, favored his 1962 audience with the Harlem stride piano style that brought back memories of James P. Johnson and Fats Waller. He also was featured on his well-known version of *Liza.*

It was not necessary to go so far back to remember bassist Ramey, 49. Texan Ramey went to New York with Charlie Parker in the Jay McShann Band in 1942. During the days of bop he was a familiar figure in the small groups on 52nd St. and worked with Hot Lips Page, Ben Webster, and Parker, as well as in the Count Basie Band (1952-53) and with drummer Art Blakey (1954).

Benford, 57, hails from Charleston, W. Va. His career goes back to service with Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Edgar Hayes, Eddie South, and Muggsy Spanier.

The special guest star, Roosevelt Sykes, the original "Honey Dripper" from Chicago, was introduced by Thomas as "the man who started all this rock 'n' roll."

Sykes played many of his own compositions, pointing out the year he first recorded them and, then, how many times they were later recorded by someone else (without royalties to Sykes). The blues-singing pianist ranged in program from his slow lament *Lonely Day* to his title song *The Honey Dripper,* and for at least one of his listeners brought back fond memories of Chicago's south side, when Cripple Clarence Lofton, Jimmy Yancey, Big Bill Broonzy, Tampa Red, Washboard Sam, Lonnie Johnson, and Sykes gave that area a unique earthy blues sound.

Bradley hopes to make the Sunday afternoon sessions a regular series.

—George Hoefer

ANITA O'DAY

Birdhouse, Chicago

Personnel: Miss O'Day, vocals; Bob Corwin, piano; Leroy Jackson, bass; John Poole, drums.

An evening with O'Day is alternately exhilarating and disconcerting. Her impressive singing easily affords immediate pleasure, yet it inevitably palls and oppresses under the weight of the stylistic gimmickry with which she lards practically every song.

Miss O'Day's years of experience have taught her just about every trick in the vocalist's book—both a strength and a weakness, for she yields far too often to the temptation to turn each number into a virtuoso showpiece, whether it demands such treatment or not. Embellishment eventually becomes the show, and each succeeding pyrotechnic display must be topped by yet another. It soon proves shrill, pointless, and somewhat pathetic, yet there is a sort of compelling drama in her frustration at her own hands.

The musical parallel with the later days of Billie Holiday is evident. Miss O'Day's voice has not disintegrated as did Miss Holiday's, but it is showing signs of wear. So it is quite natural for her to fall back on the prodigious technique acquired in more than two decades of professional singing.

There's no denying it's a brilliant display. Few indeed can challenge Miss O'Day's mastery of the instrumental usage of the voice, as she is at great pains to demonstrate—in just about every number. This preoccupation with virtuosity is well displayed in a brisk up-tempo piece such as her rousing version of *Tea for Two* (always one of her tours de force) but is less successful in the lengthy ballad explorations. In fact, the longer Miss O'Day has to stretch out on a number, the more heavily gimmicked she allows it to become.

On several shorter pieces, as in the medley selections, the brevity of the individual numbers imposes a restraint. On these she is her relaxed, unself-conscious best, sure and swinging, with a deftness and grace that few vocalists can match. These tunes she pares to the bone and then refleshes (and refreshes) with just enough substance to bring out hidden and unsuspected delights in them. Ideally, this is how she might best employ her high art all the time.

In the final analysis, artifice, however skillful, is no substitute for art. Technique for its own sake cloys rather than satisfies, leaving one yearning for subtance. Miss O'Day offers, alas, too much of shadow.

—Welding

The Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

An open letter to Leonard Feather:

I have read your singular *Feather's Nest* column in the Feb. 15 *Down Beat* on John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, and George Russell. My reason for writing is that you have involved me in the piece (only incidentally and not unflatteringly) in such a way that some people may misconstrue what I have said. So, I hope without setting very much importance on what I have said or what I think, I should like to make some comments.

In the first place, my opinion of John Coltrane's current work in no way reflects my opinion of Ornette Coleman's. Basically, Coltrane's playing is conventional and traditional in its point of departure; Coltrane plays improvisations based on chord changes. So does Eric Dolphy, although Dolphy's fleeting departures from harmonic-orientation seem to come more often than Coltrane's.

Coleman's playing, on the other hand, is predominantly modal, occasionally atonal. Such a basis for improvisation is just as legitimate and potentially just as artistic and controlled as any other. Incidentally, there already *are* some fakers pretending to the "new thing," who are blowing incoherent musical gibberish, and at least one of them has a couple of LPs. But I think they help one realize Ornette's solidity and importance. Names on request.

The really important thing about Ornette's playing is his original phrasing and his rhythm, and these things were the really crucial thing in Louis Armstrong's and Charlie Parker's contributions as well.

With his phrasing, his melodic rhythm, the way he uses the time, Coleman is able to restore a sense of orderly and disciplined melody in jazz. And it seems to me that the more advanced conventional players, with a more rigid sense of phrasing and rhythm, are inevitably involved in a barrage and clutter of notes, a passionate, compulsive, and, therefore, tense disarray and disorder, which may sometimes have only a mathematical logic to recommend it.

I should say something about Coleman's intonation, since the question comes up so often. (By the way, did you ever notice how often Charlie Parker played sharp? Quite often.) Ornette Coleman does not play "out of tune" any more than Miles Davis' "off" pitches and "vocalized" notes are out of tune. And one would not say that about a third of a good Sarah Vaughan vocal is out of tune—obvious nonsense.

Ornette sometimes does make frank use of the fact that as the middle range of the alto is in tune, the upper and lower ranges will not be. However, there are key phrases and notes in his solos that should indicate that he knows perfectly well where middle C is and where E♭ is. What he has done is to raise the traditional vocalized inflections —not just the "blue notes" but all the off pitches, the slurred, bent, and inflected notes, the vocalized tones, which have always been so crucially and expressively a part of jazz—raise them from the level of occasional "effects" of certain notes, into the level of first principles, of whole phrases and lines.

One may approve or disapprove of Ornette's step as he wishes, of course, but it is not really a matter of intonation. And a legitimate part of the jazz tradition is involved.

And it is the jazz tradition that Coleman's formative music is developing. It seems to me that, for all his newness, Coleman would sound to an outsider more obviously like a jazzman, playing with jazz meters and swing, than, say, Lennie Tristano often does (and I don't mean this as a criticism of Tristano) and than several other "new thing" players do. I have heard it said that Ornette "sounds like Lightnin' Hopkins." The speaker may intend it as either a compliment or an insult, depending. But as a testament to Ornette's authenticity, it is beautiful.

At one point I wondered if your column was not contending that the "new thing" was, ipso facto, chaotic and perhaps contemptible but that if one wanted to know all about it and its importance, he could learn about it from George Russell.

Now, it happens that I don't know that Russell's theories deal fully with Ornette, and I don't know that they deal fully with Coltrane or with Don Ellis. But I think I know what their value is. And I know that many an artist has evolved very helpful theories as an impetus to creativity for himself and others. Russell's concepts have allowed him, and many another player, both within and without his "school," replenished careers. So much the better; that is all some theory needs. And perhaps the writer of *All About Rosie* needs no theory at all.

As long as you brought up the subject, may I ask you—not in the spirit of recrimination—to reconsider before again proclaiming in print your own early recognition of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker?

In late 1944, by which time the originality of their work might have been clear to a really involved observer, you were not voting for them in the 1945 *Esquire* critics' poll, whereas Mal Braveman, Dave Dexter, John Lucas, Frank Stacy, and Barry Ulanov did vote for Gillespie. (Your "new star" choice on trumpet was Jesse Miller. Nobody voted for Parker.) And I think your comments on Thelonious Monk in 1949 in *Inside Bebop* indicate that you considered him a relatively minor contributor to modern jazz, whereas he's coming up in the world in the 1955 *Encyclopedia of Jazz*. And he has come up even more in the 1960 edition.

All well and good. Yearly polls have their ludicrous and frustrating aspects as well as their usefulness. Certainly no one wants his past votes thrown back in his face (at least I don't). My point is that an argument about who first proclaimed whose importance becomes rather giddy when we consider, say, the reactionary nature of John Lucas' current opinions.

Of course, none of this matters one bit. My approval or disapproval of John Coltrane or George Russell or Ornette Coleman, or yours, really does not matter. Jazz criticism by and large does not have that kind of respect—nor does it deserve to have, in my opinion. There would be no point whatever in someone's marshaling a panel of established musicians to praise Coleman in counterpose to the musicians who recently have put him down.

What really matters is something like this: A friend of mine recently spoke to an 18-year-old Detroit musician and, asked him, inevitably, about Coleman. The answer: "Man, are you kidding? His things are standards at all the sessions in Detroit nowadays."

What I say or you say may have little to do with that fact, and with whatever consequences it will have.

Or shall we employ the remark of Duke Ellington's that you so often quote (but which I confess I find inadequate as a critical principle) and say that, if it sounds good to these young men, it *is* good?

Sincerely,

Martin

P.S. As long as you recommend a book of musical analysis, may I recommend one? There is now in print a collection of Coleman's pieces, with some of his solos. These transcriptions, and the essay included (unsigned, but written by Gunther Schuller), are decidedly enlightening and instructive and they have deepened my own appreciation of Ornette's work—but I would take exception to some of the remarks about musical education in the first part of the introduction.

mel lewis *from page 24*

Lewis said, "Over here, you hardly hear anybody with a style of his own anymore. That's bad for the future. The one thing I'm extremely sorry about is, what has happened to the big-band drummer? There aren't any.

"Of course, there are really no big bands to serve as training grounds. But there's a great need for the big-band drummer — for recording purposes, for example—and he's become a rare commodity. Today, there are only five or six in the whole country."

Reverting to his resignation from the ABC staff orchestra to join the Mulligan band, Lewis noted philosophically, "The security of it didn't mean that much on the job if I couldn't get to play. Then, along came Bob Brookmeyer who got me to come with Gerry's band. The decision really wasn't as difficult as you may think. I'd been working semi-regularly with Terry Gibbs' big band, but that was only maybe one night a week."

Between tours with Mulligan, Lewis played a lot with Gibbs. "This was very good experience for me," he declared. "The variety of music in both bands necessitated that I take a different approach with each one. And this has made a better drummer of me.

"Actually, the past year has been one of the most musically rewarding I've ever spent."

Capping 1961 for him came the four weeks with Dizzy Gillespie when the trumpeter's previous drummer, Chuck Lampkin, was recalled into the Army. Gillespie needed a new drummer in a hurry, a musician who could learn the quintet's not uncomplex book quickly. He called Lewis. "Fortunately, I was able to get the book down without too much trouble," Lewis said.

"Those four weeks," he said gratefully, "were worth a year in training. I learned so much from Diz."

Lewis returned from Europe to another steady job on a staff orchestra—at the National Broadcasting Co. Hollywood television studios.

"This gives me more time," he commented, "to put to good use all I've learned during the past few months."

"That is," he added cautiously, "whenever and wherever possible."

Will not steady studio work affect his jazz prowess adversely? Lewis denies this vigorously.

"Why should it?' he asked. "It seems to me that too many young drummers seem to believe this. I'll just say this to them—and to anyone else who believes studio work hurts a jazz musician:

"Studio work will hurt a man's jazz playing only if he lets it. Just look at Clark Terry!"

KAZ *from page 15*

Paul. He had the house band. Joe Williams was on the house bill, doing the tunes he's made famous recently."

Kaz seldom listens to records.

"Why not?" he responded. "I'm not sure. Perhaps I was always too interested in what I had going.

"In the beginning, my indoctrination was fairly secondhand from people who'd picked up off records. That's probably why I never got off into a false style.

"I don't think I've ever gotten into anyone else's bag—not because I sought my own. I just never did.

"The first jazz record that I dug that I can say I still dig was Erroll Garner's *Penthouse Serenade*. Thereafter, I'd occasionally imitate it directly, as a put-on, more or less, but a put-on with respect, because I think the man is one of the greatest pianists on the scene.

"For clarity of execution, I've never heard anyone like Tatum. The cat whose conception of ideas, without clarity of execution, who impressed me most was Bud Powell.

"But on the subject of Garner:

"At an early stage, I thought of him as a palatable bridge between jazz that was meaningful and jazz that was publicly palatable. As I listened more closely, however, I realized that I was wrong: his music was actually both things.

"There are a dozen pianists for whom I shave and dress and go out to hear. But if I had to write names on a blackboard that isn't going to be erased, Garner's name would be up there, and some of these cats' wouldn't."

Needless to say, it is mostly Chicago audiences who are exposed to his music. Kaz has played little in other areas, working either as a single (which he enjoys, finding it presents its own challenge) or as the leader of a trio. He appeared, more or less unheralded and consequently more or less unnoticed, at a Detroit jazz festival a couple of years ago.

For all the thoughtfulness, psychological complexity, and background that go into Kaz' playing, his purposes seem to be essentially humble. He once told a friend that one of the most transporting experiences he'd found in music was to note that a previously lukewarm audience had begun patting its feet.

Of the foot-tapping, he said, "I may not notice it for a half-hour after it's started—which is probably the reason it happened in the first place, because I was unaware of it."

Somewhere in that thought, you'll find the essence of the honest approach of Fred Kaz. db

AD LIB *from page 10*

Washington festival because he will be in Europe from May 10 through June 15. Meantime, at the songwriting bench: **Langston Hughes** is writing a lyric for Garner's *The Way Back Blues;* **Peggy Lee** is writing lyrics for his *La Petite Mambo;* and **Eddie Heyman** (lyricist of *Body and Soul* and *Out of Nowhere*) is working with Garner's ballad *Shadows*.

The Beaulieu, England, jazz festival, recently canceled by **Lord Montagu,** is back on again, scheduled for June. Only this time it won't be held at the ancestral castle, twice in the past damaged by unruly hoodlums present at the festivals. This year's event will be held indoors in Manchester.

Jackie Paris is singing at Sniffen Court Inn at 36th St. and Third Ave. . . . **Howard McGhee** is back from a 10-day tour in Bermuda. His new quartet includes **Ronnie Mathews,** piano; **Ted Sturgis,** bass; **Candy Finch,** drums.

Jon Hendricks has an album of his own ready on Columbia, and the entire group, **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross,** is recording an album that includes two Twist tunes, one of them, *Twist City*, by **Matthew Gee** . . . **Dan Terry,** now represented with his big band on his own record label, Cinema, with an album titled *Good Feeling Blues*, may become the next music director at Basin Street East. He's done some shows there already . . . There were recent Kansas City performances of **John Lewis'** *Three Little Feelings* and **Gunther Schuller's** *Concertino for Jazz Quartet and Orchestra* . . . After 11 years of residency, **Wilbur DeParis** took a vacation from Ryan's, replaced by equally entrenched jazz veterans such as **Danny Barker, Henry Goodwin,** and **Cecil Scott.**

The **Talley Beatty** dance company performed last month to recorded music written by **Dave Brubeck, Charlie Mingus, Miles Davis,** and **Dizzy Gillespie** . . . Brooklyn's Showplace often has jazz these nights. Drummer **Don Michaels'** group is currently there, featuring tenorist **J. R. Monterose** . . . **Ed Summerlin** will go to the University of Wisconsin this year to premiere a new work commissioned by the Wesley Foundation . . . **Lionel Hampton** will travel to Argentina this year . . . **Cal Massey** is recovering from a nervous disorder at the Pilgrim State Hospital in Brentwood, N.Y. . . . **Roy Haynes** now has his own trio with **Richard Wyands,** piano; **Eddie DeHass,** bass.

The **Duke Ellington** Jazz Society will present its annual concert at the New School (66 W. 12th St.) on May 6. It will include such musicians as **Hil-**

ton Jefferson, Clark Terry, and **Bob Brookmeyer** . . . **Tony Bennett's** one-man show at Carnegie Hall on June 9 will feature an hour-long segment in which he will be backed by a jazz group . . . The **Clara Ward Singers** were headline performers at the Newspaper Guild's Page One Ball at the Hotel Astor . . . Vibist **Walt Dickerson's** group includes **Austin Crowe,** piano; **Ahmed Abdul-Malik,** bass; **Andrew Cyrille,** drums . . . **Len Kunstadt,** co-author of the newly published *Jazz, A History of the New York Scene,* is already working on another book, devoted entirely to the life of blues singer Victoria Spivey.

WASHINGTON

Drummer **Freddy Radcliffe,** 44, died here Feb. 27 of pneumonia and complications. He was with **Lionel Hampton's** band from 1943-47. He came to Washington five years ago and had worked regularly with the traditional-jazz band led by pianist **Booker Coleman** at the Charles Hotel Lounge. Radcliffe started as a song-and-dance man and emcee in his native Detroit and then taught himself to play drums, emulating his close friend, the late **Sid Catlett.**

The most respected jazz piano player in town, **John Malachi,** is working regularly at the Showboat Lounge, guitarist **Charlie Byrd's** home base. Malachi handles intermission chores as they have never been handled before at the city's most famous jazz club and joins the Byrd trio frequently to solidify things in that area too. Malachi is perhaps best known nationally as the former accompanist for singers **Sarah Vaughan, Pearl Bailey, Dinah Washington, Al Hibbler, Billy Eckstine,** and others. **Buddy Deppenschmidt,** the best drummer ever with the Byrd trio, according to most in town who have followed the group's work for the last five years, is no longer with Byrd. The group's new drummer is **Billy Reichenbach,** who has worked with innumerable local groups and, for a while, **Tommy Dorsey.**

DETROIT

Harpist **Dorothy Ashby** took a four-week break from the Drome. **Frank Morrelli** filled in, during her absence . . . **Leo Cheslak** has Pacific Jazz interested in some **Phyllis Kent** tapes . . . **Sarah Vaughan** packed Windsor's Elmwood Casino for two weeks recently . . . **Si Zentner** was in town for a one-nighter at Wayne State University . . . Drummer **Roy Brooks** is recuperating from nervous breakdown at a hospital here.

Ray Sajor has been added to the staff at Cadet Distributing to assist in jazz record promotion . . . The group vibist **Jack Brokensha** has with him at Baker's consists of **Howard Lucas,** piano; **Dan Jordan,** bass; and **Bob Pinterich,** drums.

CHICAGO

The closing of Birdhouse did not signify the end of jazz in Chicago by any means. The Sutherland, for one, continues to swing; the groups of **Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt** and **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** have been among those featured, along with such local stalwarts as pianist **Jodie Christian** and singer **Amanda Ambrose.** The **Cannonball Adderley** group is currently on stand, and **Miles Davis** is to follow on May 1. And McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge, for another, was the site of some of the hardest swinging jazz heard in Chicago for some time when **Dexter Gordon** returned to cross tenors with Ammons for three weeks. **Hank Marr's** organ trio supported the two. Organist **Jimmy Smith** is now there. **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers are booked into the club for two weeks beginning May 23. There's a possibility that **Sonny Rollins** will follow Blakey. Gordon went to New York City from here and will work out of the big city until returning to his home in Los Angeles.

Promoter **Ken Morris,** head of the National Stage Band Camps, which include the **Stan Kenton** Clinics, announced there will be jazz festival on the campus of Indiana University. The dates of the event are Aug. 17-19, which is the weekend between the Bloomington National Stage Band Camp's first and second weeks. The festival, to be called the Midwest Jazz Festival will be co-sponsored by the camp and the university. The Kenton band is definitely set for the festival.

Word comes from Birmingham, Ala., that trumpeter **Joe Guy** died there late last year. Guy was quite active in the early days of bop and was closely associated with **Billie Holiday** in the mid-'40s.

The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet and **Carmen McRae** play a concert at the Civic Opera House on April 28. Brubeck will be featured at the summer-long Ravinia festival on Aug. 1 and 3. **Benny Goodman** also is scheduled for a Ravinia appearance . . . **Joe Segal** is conducting another jazz course at the Central YMCA on Tuesdays . . . There has been jazz of varying quality at the Living Room on Rush St. lately. Singers **Sylvia Syms** and **Frances Faye** were recent features. **Tony Bennett** opens tonight (26th) for two weeks and is followed by **Al Hirt. Louis Armstrong** may play the club in June if a European tour doesn't interfere.

Art Hodes, with **Bob Koester's** assistance, will present a living jazz documentary at the Park Forest Unitarian

Church on May 20. In addition to Hodes, there will be blues singers (both urban and rural) and a washboard band . . . **Joe Segal** has instituted midnight sessions on Fridays at the Town Theater. For $1.50 patrons will be able to catch the last movie of the night in addition to the two-hour jazz concert. Segal has moved his Modern Jazz Showcase series to the Gate of Horn on Sundays.

Frank Tirro's *American Jazz Mass* will be performed at the Kansas State University Fine Arts Festival on May 13. The work will be performed as part of a regular Lutheran service. The performance is sponsored by Gamma Delta, a Missouri Synod Lutheran college group . . . The Drake University Jazz Club in Des Moines, Iowa, is sponsoring its first jazz concert on May 9. The bill will include the **Phi Mu Alpha Jazz Workshop,** the **John Beyer** Quintet, vocalist **Barbara Black,** and the **Jim Hall** Quartet from Iowa State University in Ames.

LAS VEGAS

The big news in town is the preparation of the Las Vegas Jazz Festival. The following artists are set: **Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, Nancy Wilson, Buddy DeFranco, Benny Carter** (with a 25-piece orchestra). **June Christy, Mel Tormé,** and the **Hi-Lo's.** The Las Vegas AFM local, which is sponsoring the festival, also is hoping to get **Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Oscar Peterson,** and **Lennie Tristano** for the early-July event. A feature of the festival will be a jazz ballet choreographed by **Barry Ashton** with original music by **Louis Bellson,** who will conduct and appear in one of the performances.

LOS ANGELES

Miles Davis seems set to play the swan song for **Ben Shapiro's** Renaissance Club late this month. Shapiro must vacate by May to make way for the wreckers and construction of the new Playboy hotel and bunny hutch on the Sunset Strip. It was learned that Shapiro will not reopen the Renaissance at a new Hollywood location. Instead, he reportedly will head the new West Coast branch of International Talent Agency, handling top jazz artists in coast bookings.

Shorty Rogers will be heading east soon with a new Giants group, according to his new personal manager, **Jules Losch.** Rogers wrote several arrangements for **Peggy Lee's** new Capitol album. **Benny Carter,** who conducted the sessions, penned the rest of them. Losch added that Rogers will write **Mel Tormé's** new album on Atlantic.

After umpteen years with **Nat Cole's** night-club and recording group, drummer **Lee Young** left the singer to return to his home here. He was replaced by **Leon Petties,** a San Diego drummer who had been working here with the **Red Mitchell-Harold Land Quintet.** Cole, meanwhile, formed his own record company, K.C. records, with offices in New York and Chicago. Already signed are singers **Sue Raney** and **Barbara McNair** . . . The **Hi-Lo's** departed Columbia records after five years to join the Reprise label . . . Guitarist **Nappy Lamare** is recovering from injuries suffered in a recent auto crash.

TEAM OF THE FORTNIGHT: **Stan Kenton** and **Tex Ritter,** who just recorded a new Capitol album of western ditties together. Kenton did the arrangements for trombones and mellophoniums of such songs as *Cool Water, Wagon Wheels, High Noon, Home on the Range,* etc. **Charlie Mariano** rejoined the Kenton band here March 30. He'll take the jazz tenor chair. This means finis for the **Toshiko-Mariano** Quartet with Charlie on alto.

Trumpeter **Bob Rolfe** didn't take to the road this term with the Stan Kenton Band, choosing instead to remain here for studio work . . . **Marcie Miller** is the new vocalist with the **Chuck Marlowe** big band. **Jay Hill** wrote her arrangements. **Vivian Mason** handles the singing chores with Marlowe's septet . . . The **King Sisters,** working the Las Vegas-Reno-Lake Tahoe circuit, are now backed by a swinging new group consisting of two trombones (**Kent Larsen** and **Bill Halberson**) and a rhythm section consisting of **Morrey Dell,** piano; **Pat Senator,** bass; **Roy Roten,** drums. The singers' new music director is **Allyn Ferguson. Jack Fierman** took Ferguson's place as m.d. with **Johnny Mathis** after the singer's stand at Miami Beach's Eden Roc.

Marty Paich, with arranging completed for **Sammy Davis Jr.'s** Broadway album on Reprise and **Frances Faye's** LP on Verve, is working on a new **Carmen McRae** package . . . **André Previn** will play a series of combination orchestral Gershwin-and-jazz-trio concerts beginning May 23 in Fresno, Calif., followed by dates in Sacramento, San Francisco, Berkeley, and San Jose. **Irv Cottler,** the drummer on **Frank Sinatra's** world tour (*DB*, April 12), did not leave NBC. He is only taking leave of absence.

Musicians' Wives, Inc., adopted a Vietnamese girl refugee. The organization also supports New Horizons Center here, a school for mentally retarded children. MWI is now organized nationally with a second chapter in San Francisco and other branches planned for New York, Philadelphia, Las Vegas, and Fresno, Calif. **Donna (Mrs. Terry) Gibbs** is national president. db

In The Next Issue

DOWN BEAT'S ANNUAL REED ISSUE

The May 24 *Down Beat* goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, May 10.

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

After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): **Teddy Charles,** *tfn.*
Basin Street East: **Peggy Lee** to 5/2.
Birdland: **Gerry Mulligan** to 5/3.
Condon's: **Max Kaminsky,** *tfn.*
Coronet: **Sonny Rollins** opens 5/1.
Half Note: **Stan Getz** to 4/29. **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims,** 5/1-27.
Hickory House: **Bill Evans,** *tfn.*
Left Bank: **Cecil Young, Dottie Reid, Andy Heyman,** to 5/7.
Metropole: **Gene Krupa** to 5/10.
Moulin Rouge (Brooklyn): **Ted Curson** to 5/20.
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison,** *tfn.*
Page 3: **Shelia Jordon, Steve Swallow,** Mon., Wed.
Ryan's: **Danny Barker, Don Frye,** *tfn.* **Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton,** Mon.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): **Billy Bauer,** wknds.
Teddy Bear: **Gil Melle,** *tfn.*
Village Gate: **Lightnin' Hopkins** to 4/29. **Carmen Amaya,** 5/1-6/3. **Chris Connor, Herbie Mann,** 6/5-7/1. **Sonny Rollins, Thelonious Monk,** 7/3-29.
Village Vanguard: **Miles Davis, Bill Evans,** to 4/29. **Anita O'Day,** 5/1-20. **Dave Guard, Stan Getz,** 5/22-6/10.
Wells: **Don Ellis, Shelia Jordon,** 4/27-5/11.
20 Spruce Street: **Ahmed Abdul-Malik,** Sat.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony DeNicola,** Mon. **Tony Spair,** *hb.*
Club 13: **Elmer Snowden,** Fri., Sat.
El Condado (Trenton): name groups, wknds.
Krechmer's **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Simms,** *hb.*
Midtown (Trenton): **Johnny Coates Sr.,** Mon-Thurs. **Johnny Coates Jr.,** Fri., Sat.
Open Hearth: **Ted Arnold-Don Michaelson,** *tfn.*
Paddock (Trenton): **Capitol City 5,** Fri., Sat.
Picasso Room: **Johnny April,** *tfn.*
Red Hill Inn: **George Shearing,** 4/20-22.
Show Boat: **Redd Foxx,** 4/23-28.
Sunnybrook (Pottstown): **Stan Kenton,** 4/28. **Les Brown,** 5/5.
The Mark (Morrisville): **Don McCargar,** Mon., Fri., Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt,** *tfn.*
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Sharkey Bonano, Santo Pecora,** *tfn.* **Leon Prima,** Sun., Mon.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain,** *tfn.*
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton,** *tfn.*
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby,** *tfn.*
Prince Conti Motel: **Armand Hug,** *tfn.*
Playboy: **Al Belletto, Dave West,** *hbs.* **Rusty Mayne,** Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Silver Frolics: **Paul Ferrara,** *hb.*, afterhours.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: **Red Allen** to 4/29. **Dukes of Dixieland,** 4/30-5/13.
Caucus Club: **Bobby Laurel,** *tfn.*
Chappie's: modern jazz, Tues., Thurs.
Club 12: **George Bohanan,** wknds.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby,** *tfn.*
Earle's Bar: **Jim Stefanson,** *tfn.*
52nd Show Bar: **Ronnie Phillips,** *tfn.*
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard, Johnny Vann,** *tfn.*
Momo's: **Mel Ball,** *tfn.*
The Stables: **Frank Morelli,** afterhours, *tfn.*
Topper Lounge: **Danny Stevenson,** *tfn.*
Un-stabled: **Sam Sanders,** afterhours, *tfn.*

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey, Art Hodes,** *tfn.*
Civic Opera House: **Dave Brubeck,** 4/28.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff,** Mon., Tues. **Cliff Nlep,** Wed.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas,** *tfn.* **Franz Jackson,** Thurs.
Living Room: **Don Cornell** to 4/25. **Tony Bennett,** 4/26-5/9. **Al Hirt,** 5/10-23.
London House: **Ramsey Lewis** to 4/29. **Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak,** *hbs.*
McKie's: **Jimmy Smith** to 4/29. **Art Blakey,** 5/23-6/3.
Mister Kelly's: **Mort Sahl** to May 6. **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo,** *hbs.*
Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters,** wknds.
Sherman Hotel: **Chet Roble,** *tfn.*
Sutherland: **Cannonball Adderley** to 4/29. **Miles Davis,** 5/1-13. **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross,** 5/15-27. **Moms Mabley,** 5/29-6/10. **Ramsey Lewis,** 6/5-17. **Joe Williams-Harry Edison** open 6/19.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier,** *tfn.*

LOS ANGELES

Bahama Inn (Pasadena): **Vikki Carr, Bob Harrington,** *tfn.*
Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner,** *tfn.*
Cascades (Belmont Shore): **Vince Wallace, Lou Ciotti, Chiz Harris,** wknds. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell, Southland Seven,** *tfn.*
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): **Edgar Hayes.**
Comedy Key Club: **Ernestine Anderson, Les McCann,** to 5/15.
Crescendo: **Arthur Lyman,** 5/2-13. **Ella Fitzgerald,** 6/6-7/5.
Flower Drum: **Paul Togawa,** *tfn.* Sun. sessions.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Andy Blakeny, Alton Purnell, Alton Redd,** *tfn.*
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos, The Saints,** wknds.
Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell,** Thurs.
Jesters (El Monte): **Doug Sawtelle, The Uptowners,** to 5/20.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey,** *hb.* Guest groups, Sun.
Long Beach Municipal Auditorium: **George Shearing, Les Brown, Limelighters, Chuck Marlowe,** 6/14.
Losers: **Saudi Garner, Charlie Shoemake,** Sun.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): **Johnny Lane,** wknds.
Marineland (Palos Verdes): **Big Tiny Little** to May.
Marty's: **William Green, Tony Bazeley,** *tfn.*
Melody Room: **Kellie Greene,** *tfn.*
Michael's (East Washington): **Johnny White, Ira Westley,** *tfn.*
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band,** wknds.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh,** *hb.*
PJ's: **Eddie Cano,** *tfn.* **Terry Gibbs,** Sun.-Tues. **Danny Long,** Tues.-Sun.
Red Carpet Room (Nite Life): **Kittie Doswell, Richie Goldberg, Vi Redd,** Mon.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown,** *tfn.*
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin,** *tfn.* Mon. sessions.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne, Ruth Price,** wknds. **Red Mitchell-Harold Land,** Mon. **Vi Redd,** Tues. **Buddy Collette,** Weds. **Jimmy Woods,** Thurs.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer,** *tfn.*
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sun. sessions.
Statler Hilton: **Skinnay Ennis,** *hb.*
Storyville (Pomona): **Roy Martin, Tailgate Ramblers,** *tfn.*
Summit: **Bob Rogers. Dizzy Gillespie** opens 5/4.
Torrance Municipal Auditorium: **Bud Shank, The Eligibles,** 4/27.
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): **John Alfano, Earl Trelchel, Rick Mattox,** Fri., Sat. Sun. sessions.
Winners: **Don Randi,** *tfn.*
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue,** *tfn.*
23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five,** *tfn.*

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Oscar Peterson** to 4/29. **Modern Jazz Quartet,** 5/8-20. **Dizzy Gillespie,** 5/22-6/10. **Miles Davis,** 6/12-7/1.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines,** *tfn.*
Burp Hollow: Dixieland combo, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, Clancy Hayes,** *tfn.*
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez,** *tfn.*
Fairmont Hotel: **Pearl Bailey** to 5/2. **Joe E. Lewis,** 5/3-23. **Dick Shawn,** 5/24-6/13. **Lena Horne,** 7/26-8/15. **Sarah Vaughan,** 8/16-9/5.
Hangover: **Marty Marsala, Ralph Sutton,** *tfn.*
Jazz Workshops: **John Coltrane,** 5/1-20. **Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt,** 5/22-6/10. **Cannonball Adderley,** 9/4-23.
Palace Hotel: **Red Nichols** to 6/30.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales,** *tfn.*
Sugar Hill: **Virgin Island Steel Band** to 5/19.
San Marco (Oakland): **Fred Cummings,** *tfn.*
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Al Zulaica,** *tfn.*
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups, Sun.-Thurs. **Jack Taylor,** wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): **The Group,** *tfn.* Sun. sessions.
The Palate (Sausalito): **Bryce Rohde,** *tfn.*
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi,** wknds.
Zack's (Sausalito): **Jim Purcell,** wknds.

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