AUGUST 30, 1962 35c

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Condition Red – Allen, That Is

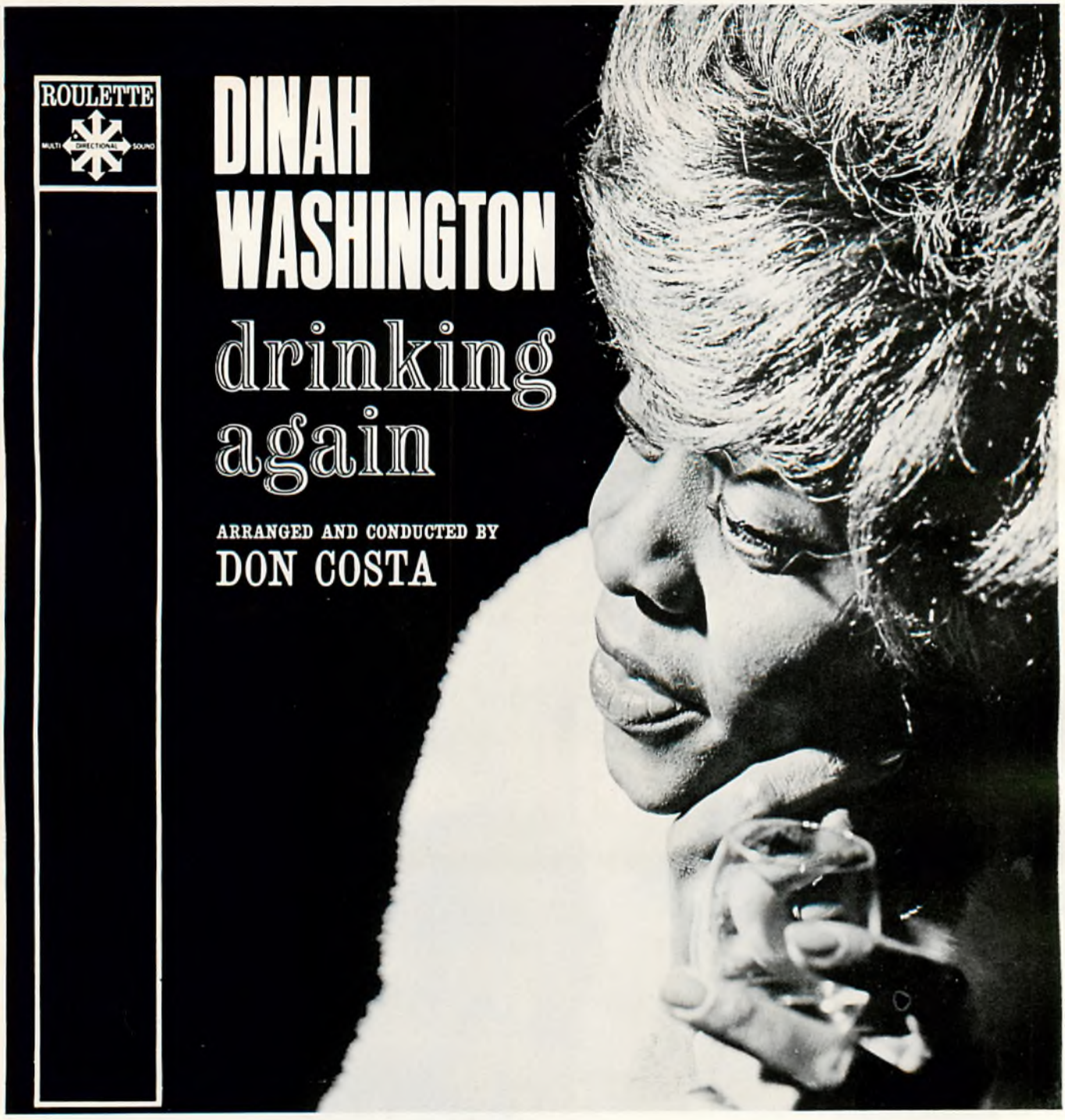
Trumpet On The Way Up · Ted Curson

Revolt In The Goodman Band – What Really Happened

MILES DAVIS X 3 = EVOLUTION OF AN ARTIST

A Toast to the Queen on her new Roulette album

DINAH WASHINGTON



DRINKIN' AGAIN SR 25183

Together for the first time with arranger and conductor Don Costa.

NOW RECORDING EXCLUSIVELY ON ROULETTE

OFFERING MORE THAN MONEY CAN BUY...

EPIPHONE

Every Epiphone instrument incorporates a host of extras... extras that money can't buy. The pride and dedication of craftsmen combined with the constant searching for the new and better. These are the major ingredients in products honored with the name Epiphone. But the proof is in the playing. So examine Epiphone instruments closely. Listen to them. Play them. Epiphone, Inc., 210 Bush St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

GUITARS

BASSES

AMPLIFIERS

For leadership and quality in guitars and amplifiers... look to EPIPHONE

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE
ON THE NEWSSTANDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD EVERY OTHER THURSDAY

READERS IN 86 COUNTRIES

AUGUST 30, 1962 VOL. 29, NO. 23

PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER

EDITOR
DON DeMICHEAL

ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETE WELDING

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
BILL COSS
JOHN A. TYNAN

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
LEONARD FEATHER

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
GLORIA BALDWIN

BUSINESS MANAGER
WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN

THINGS TO COME

The next exciting issue of *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Aug. 30, will contain Barbara Gardner's perceptive word portrait of vocalist Carmen McRae, as well as informed articles on young trumpeter Carmell Jones, and the vocal-piano team of Jeanne Lee and Ran Blake, plus *Down Beat's* many regular features.

CORRESPONDENTS: John Gottlieb, Boston; David B. Bittan, Philadelphia; Tom Scanlan, Washington, D.C.; Bob Archer, Detroit; Dick Schaefer, Cincinnati; Douglas Ramsey, Cleveland; Don Gazzaway, Dallas; Charles Suhor, New Orleans; Jack Eglash, Las Vegas; Russ Wilson, San Francisco; Helen McNamara, Toronto; Jack Lind, Denmark; Roy Carr, London.

OFFICES: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. PLaza 7-5111, Mel Mandel, Advertising Sales. 6269 Selma Boulevard, Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOllywood 3-3268, Raymond Ginter, Advertising Sales.

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1962 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,107. Published by-weekly; and daily on March 1; June 21, 25, 26, 27, 28. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Subscription rates are $7 for one year, $12 for two years, $16 for three years, payable in advance. Bundle subscriptions (five or more one-year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution) are $4.00 for each individual subscription. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add $1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; MUSIC 1962; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. DAILY.

NEWS

FEATURES

CRITICISM

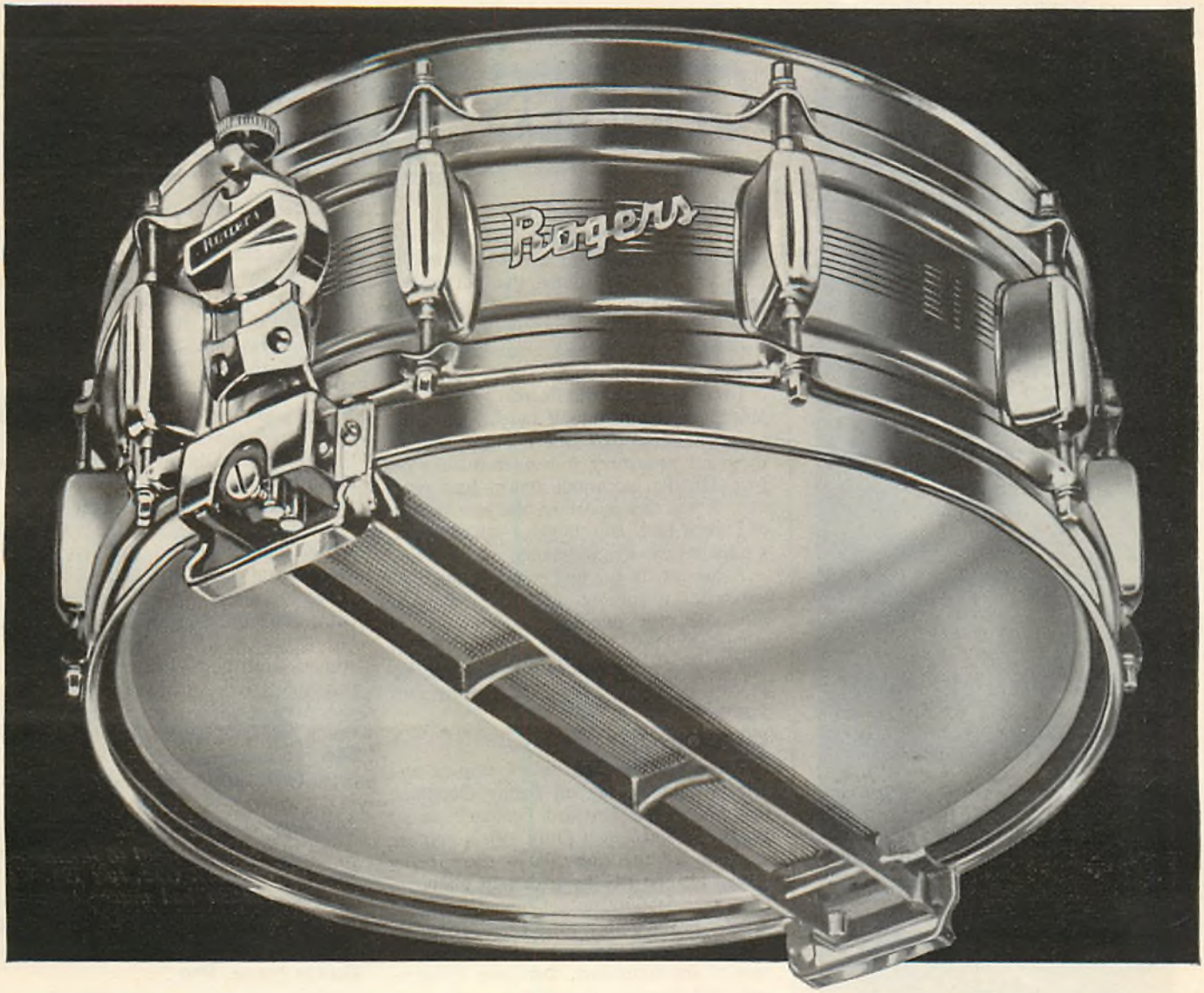
DEPARTMENTS

Cover photograph by Ted Williams

p. 14

p. 20

p. 16



6 REASONS WHY YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR YOURSELF ON dyna-sonic

1. Pinpoint Definition . . . power without distortion. Your snares ride with the snare head. They're always in position for your fastest stroke. There's never a snare slap. You hear each beat — even at full power — crisp and clean, never running together.

2. Choke-Free Sound . . . the revolutionary floating snares eliminate distortion completely. The snare frame holds the snares in perfect alignment and in full contact with the snare head. You get instant response over the entire head area. The choking nightmare disappears because snares can be tightly tensioned without pressure against snare head.

3. Perfect Feel . . . you enjoy increased stick rebound and added speed with half the effort. A natural result when each component of the drum is working in precise, coordinated relationship. Never before has a snare head been able to respond so freely — in perfect coordination — to the batter head. You can feel it in the way your sticks fly off the head. The head feels solid, not mushy.

4. Full Power . . . the unrestricted coordinated vibration of heads and snares gives you full power and response with less effort — over the entire head area. There are no dead spots. Your sound projects easily — from double pianissimo to triple fortissimo. Always with sharply defined snare action. Always without distortion. Always crisp.

5. The Sound of Music . . . this drum has true musical sound. The tone quality is beautiful. The drum sings. This comes from the new matched relationship in weight and measurement between floating snares, heads, custom-processed shell and other components.

6. Simplest Adjustment . . . You get the simplicity of one-point uniform tension adjustment. A single tension screw does it. The new snare frame doubles as a protective guard for the snares.

Buddy Rich **Cozy Cole** **Louis Bellson**

This trio and scores of other top-flight drum stars confirm the fact: Dyna-Sonic's got it! New floating snares and custom-built shell make the difference. $150 and worth more, in pearl or metal. Have you tried Dyna-Sonic for yourself? See your dealer. Quickly.

Write for free 100-page catalog on all Rogers drums and details on Dyna-Sonic.

Rogers DRUMS

740 Bolivar • Cleveland 15, Ohio

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Feather's Nest A Tickler

Orchids to Leonard Feather! When one picks up a *Down Beat*, one can expect to read of discords within the entire jazz scene, with the exception of the music itself, and if one is in sympathy with it, one inevitably winds up with a sad shake of the head.

I was delighted with *Feather's Nest* (*DB*, July 5). Finding myself laughing heartily at anything in *DB* was a crazy change, though I remember it happened once before. On that occasion, almost four years ago, it was the report on the jazz festival at French Lick, and though I can't be sure, I think it was Feather again.

A big "szank ju" tu Lenörd Fedör. Hau uanderful it uud bi if d dzez szin kud aför mor pipel mor lefs.

Ridgefield Park, N. J. Dorothy Farr

Yes, it was Feather who wrote the humorous account of the 1958 French Lick festival.

Let Benny Be!

When are the disgruntled snipers and gripers going to lay off Benny Goodman and his music? Leonard Feather's recent article in *Down Beat* (July 19) is another example of the guerrilla warfare being waged against BG by a certain clique in jazz. (Incidentally, to get material for the article, Feather must have been invited by Benny to attend those rehearsals. The nasty tone of his comments, therefore, indicates very bad manners, in addition to all else.)

The Russian tour has been a field day for anti-Goodmanites. Their criticism of Goodman's brand of jazz as "old-fashioned" is nonsense. What has that got to do with its validity as music? Chronologically, Mozart is old-fashioned compared to Webern, but you don't hear modernist criticism of Mozart by serious music buffs.

Classicists listen to Bach and Bartok and don't measure music by its age. Why can't we dig both Benny and Monk? Why can't the modernists live and let live?

New York City John Lissner

Since Leonard Feather has been writing for wire services as well as *Down Beat* on the Benny Goodman trip, I think it might be well to get some misconceptions straightened out.

Leonard was only in Moscow during the first three days of the band's trip to Russia. These were the three most hectic days of the entire trip. Nobody knew what to expect, nor what was going to happen. The band itself had flown in from Seattle and went right to work after arrival.

Goodman did what he should have done regarding the program. He played what he thought was best for the audience. And the receptions were excellent indeed. When the band hit the road, after Feather had gone home, the music changed in each city: Joe Newman's *Midgets*, Tom Newsom's *Titterpipes*, John Bunch, Tadd Dameron, and John Carisi arrangements. The program was varied, indeed.

So far as the comments on the music from the boys in the band, it's hard for me to believe that any leader ever made up a program by conferring with his sidemen. Basie doesn't do it, Ellington doesn't do it, Bernstein doesn't do it. The leader decides what to play—and the band plays it.

After all, the boys were playing for Benny Goodman—not John Coltrane.

The important thing to remember is that only Goodman could have accomplished the major breakthrough on the diplomatic, as well as public, front. Goodman has pioneered in many areas for many years, and he pioneered in Russia. Guesses about what would have happened with anybody else are pure guesses—just that.

We are discussing an extremely complicated situation. Superficial analysis is easy but hardly rewarding. There will be lots of second- and third-hand guff printed about this trip. The truth of the matter is that it was a great success on all levels. And it was a fine professional band playing at a high professional level.

New York City Hal Davis

Mr. Davis, who has been closely associated with Benny Goodman for some time, refers to Feather's report of the Goodman band in the USSR (DB, *July 19*). *We do not feel Feather had misconceptions; for comments, direct and indirect, from the band members, see page 13.*

Guitar Issue, Pro . . .

Your sixth guitar issue (*DB*, July 19) was simply suberb.

New Eagle, Pa. Willie Shull

. . . And Con

I was greatly disappointed with the guitar issue—no guitar music, no *Upbeat* section, no hints for guitar players. It was a great disappointment.

Los Angeles Elijah J. Drew, Jr.

Of Coss!

Bill Coss' articles and interviews that I read in your magazine are deeply human, understanding, real, and beautiful. He follows no "line," trends, current fashions, things of today, etc. Instead, there is truth in his writings. It is delightful to read something so real and good.

Honolulu, Hawaii Tommy Vig

On The Right Track

I wish to thank *Down Beat* for its report concerning Bert Fisher's and my lawsuit against Herman Kenin, president of the AFM (*DB*, July 19). It was presented most fairly and factually. I was given much publicity by the AFM upon assuming my position as assistant to Mr. Kenin, but since my dismissal, they have been mute. By your bringing the full story to light I am assured that my associates in the music business are hearing my side of the story. This also applies to Mr. Fisher's position.

You might be interested to know that we are also suing Mr. Paul Grossinger for $500,000 for defamation of our characters.

New York City Georgie Auld

impulse!

THE NEW WAVE IN JAZZ FEEL IT ON IMPULSE

the new force in jazz recording

Setting the pace for Fall with its greatest release ever, IMPULSE brings to the jazz connoisseur the new sounds of tomorrow. Giants of the new jazz at the zenith of their art—Basie, Roach, Manne. Pioneers of tomorrow's music reaching for newer and greater heights—Coltrane, Albam, Fuller, Haynes, Tyner, Paris. This is the new sound of tomorrow—this is IMPULSE!

COUNT BASIE AND THE KANSAS CITY 7 Impulse/A-15

MAX ROACH — HIS CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA: IT'S TIME Impulse/A-16

JACKIE PARIS: THE SONG IS PARIS Impulse/A-17

ROY HAYNES QUARTET: OUT OF THE AFTERNOON Impulse/A-23

McCOY TYNER TRIO: INCEPTION Impulse/A-18

CURTIS FULLER: CABIN IN THE SKY Impulse/A-22

JOHN COLTRANE: COLTRANE Impulse/A-21

SHELLY MANNE: 2-3-4 Impulse/A-20

MANNY ALBAM AND HIS ORCHESTRA: JAZZ GOES TO THE MOVIES Impulse/A-19

All stereo numbers preceded by AS—

impulse! RECORDS | A product of ABC-Paramount Records, Inc., 1501 Broadway, N.Y. 36.

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

When it was proposed that **George Wein,** producer of this year's Newport Jazz Festival, put together a festival in Cincinnati, the reaction in the Ohio River town was mixed. A city commissioner tried to block the festival because the grandstand of Carthage Fairgrounds, where the festival would be held, would not, he said, withstand the excessive foot stamping he associated with jazz audiences. It was quickly and clearly pointed out in local newspapers and by Wein that the commissioner was confusing jazz with rock and roll. It became a cause celebre, and, according to Wein, "The fight between rock and roll and jazz took over." Jazz won out, and the festival will be held at the fairgrounds Aug. 24-26. **Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong,** and **Dave Brubeck** will appear on Aug. 24; **Gerry Mulligan, Joe Williams, Horace Silver, Roy Eldridge-Coleman Hawkins,** and the **Newport Festival All-Stars** (that's **Ruby Braff,** trumpet; **Pee Wee Russell,** clarinet; **Marshall Brown,** valve trombone; and Wein, piano) are set for the following night; **Jimmy Smith, Ahmad Jamal, Sonny Rollins, Jack Teagarden,** and **Carmen McRae** will be the closing-night features. At this last session Teagarden and Russell will play a reunion set.

ROLLINS

After all the much-talk about the breakup of the **Sonny Rollins** group, subsequently denied, the newest bit is a substitution of trumpeter **Don Cherry** for guitarist **Jim Hall.** Rollins is scheduled to go to South America late this month, with a tour of Britain planned for November, and a trip to Japan early in 1963.

Erroll Garner, only just returned from a tour of Europe, already is sought there again. Britain's **Harold Davison,** was in New York in August to negotiate a new tour, on which Garner will play in seven different countries, including the British Isles, and a great deal of television. The tour will probably occur next spring.

BAILEY

The Charlie Parker Music Co. has filed suit in New York Supreme Court against several defendants, including three record companies, charging that they all used the score from the film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* without authorization from the company, which publishes it, or **Duke Jordan,** who composed it. CPM is asking $500,000 in damages plus court-given authority over the music. The defendants claim they were assigned the tunes by Jordan in 1959.

July was **Buster Bailey's** 60th birthday, and that means, since he began playing at 10, he is 50 years a clarinetist. He is more modest—calls it 45 years—and he intends to write about it as he has seen it. The working title of his book is *I Was There,* and he is asking all his friends to supply him with documentary material and photographs, since his own collection was stolen many years ago. His address is 341 Washington Ave., Brooklyn 5, N.Y.

RCA Victor will almost certainly release a two-package set of music recorded by **Benny Goodman** in Russia. Goodman is the producer of it. The only thing halting production is his signature. It would be the first time in 20 years that

(Continued on page 43)

down beat®
August 30, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 23

JACKSON
Leader of nationwide rehearsals

ANOTHER JAZZ SHOW ADDED TO FALL TV SCHEDULE

The increase of tasteful music shows on television continues as still another 30-minute program is readied for national viewing this fall.

Titled *Rehearsing with Calvin*, the new show stars pianist-composer-conductor Calvin Jackson. The pilot program for the series was taped this month in color at NBC-TV studios in Burbank, Calif. Present plans call for national syndication beginning either in September or October.

Produced and directed by NBC's Don Davis, with Al Saparoff as executive producer, the new show features Jackson narrating and leading a large studio orchestra in a half-hour devoted to the music of various contemporary composers and songwriters. The studio setting is informal, and the entire program is patterned on a rehearsal. All arrangements played on the show are by Jackson who also is featured as solo pianist on some of the numbers.

The musical premise of the show was summed up by Jackson in his commentary on the pilot program, devoted to the music of George Gershwin. "Since I play both the classics and jazz," Jackson said, "I have been asked many times which I prefer. My answer is music. All types of music is my life."

JAZZ CONFERENCE OUTLINES PLAN TO HELP MUSICIANS

Jazz musicians soon may gain a better understanding of the rest of the world —and the world of them—if plans of the Conference of Jazz materialize.

The conference, an outgrowth of producer-booker Sid Bernstein's plea for immediate action during the Newport Jazz Festival's panel on the economics of jazz, held its first meeting in July. It was an informal event, during which 10 of the industry's figures discussed in depth a 10-point program designed to orientate jazz musicians to their overall rights and obligations and to promote better working and living conditions for them.

Included in the program were such diverse, yet pertinent, problems as a code of ethics, an improved public image, increased participation of jazz in radio and television, more government sponsorship of jazz, an enlightened union policy regarding jazz and its particular problems, a narcotics resolution, a resolution regarding conditions in night clubs, intensified college programs for jazz performers, racial segregation and how to combat it, and encouragement of more jazz concerts and festivals.

It was stressed that this meeting was only the beginning of a much-needed, over-all approach to the problems facing jazz and its performers. Plans call for greatly expanded conferences, including invitations to leaders in all parts of the jazz society to participate directly, plus a full-scale meeting to be held in September.

Attending the first meeting were Bernstein, George Avakian, Willis Conover, John Hammond, Bob Maltz, Arnold Shaw, Bill Simon, George Simon, George Wein, and Russ Wilson.

WANTED: U.S. JAZZMEN TO TEACH IN POLAND

Although there are more than 1,000 jazz groups in Poland, there is a shortage of jazzmen—U.S. jazzmen, that is. This, according to Roman Waschko, leading Polish jazz writer, head of the Federation of Polish Jazz Clubs, and currently touring on a two-month U.S. State Department grant, studying jazz in this country.

"We realize that jazz musicians must be in close touch with the world jazz scene," he said. "We feel cultural exchange is important to improve our musical level. The problem in getting American jazz musicians to come to Poland has been financial. We have a dollar shortage and must pay in zlotys."

Waschko said that he hopes to attract U.S. jazzmen to Poland so that a permanent teaching group can be established to give lectures and demonstrations in Polish high schools, most of which include the study of jazz in music-appreciation courses. The U.S. teacher-performers would also instruct Polish jazzmen in the jazz art, according to Waschko.

He pointed out that, in addition to those interested in teaching, U.S. jazzmen are needed each fall when Poland's annual Jazz Jamboree is staged (this year's, subtitled Jazz '62, will be held the end of October or the first of November). The festival is sponsored by the National Philharmonic, *Jazz* magazine (the only jazz magazine regularly published behind the Iron Curtain), Polish Students Association, and the Federation of Polish Jazz Clubs.

Concerning the formation of a teaching group of U.S. musicians, Waschko said, "Our federation, which acts as a liaison between its member clubs and the government, cannot deal directly with foreign musicians. In Poland there's only one artistic agency that can deal with foreign musicians—Pagart."

Waschko said that any U.S. musicians seeking further information should write directly to this agency at Senatorska 11/13 in Warsaw.

CLUB PLANS TO GIVE JAZZ BACK TO THE PEOPLE

The title is disquieting, but there is nothing drily pedantic about the Evolution of Jazz Club, a relatively new jazz association dedicated to bring jazz "back to the people."

What it amounts to is that club officers—Morty Yoss, president; Charles LaSister, secretary-treasurer; George E. Wanderman, legal adviser—are trying to reactivate the jam session idea, and may if only because the organization already has 750 members. Its headquarters are in New York City.

Yoss is a former musician, now in lithography. LaSister is in the electronics field. Both, almost as a duet, will say: "Jazz has gotten away from being a personal thing, and only by starting a club of this nature could we bring it back to the people."

Neither is a neophyte. Both promoted programs in the 1940s at Lincoln Square Center and Jimmy's Chicken Shack. Now their thoughts are back there but with concern for the present and hopes for the future.

Again the duet: "Jazz has become too much of a business, and this has caused a breakdown in the communication between musicians and audience.

"The jam session prevalent in the '40s, has died out, and now everyone has his own, pat group. What we want to do, in addition to presenting those who are unknown or not known enough, is to get musicians, who are established stars, away from their groups — to play as individuals again and stretch out."

The club already has had three concerts: Billy Taylor, Dexter Gordon, Jackie McLean, and Kenny Dorham at Town Hall (see *Caught in the Act*,

page 34); Gordon and McLean again at the Club Galaxy in St. Albans on Long Island; Zoot Sims and Al Cohn at the same place. Two other sessions at the Galaxy are planned, with dates not yet set.

SIX AND SIX AND HALF AND HALF EQUAL ONE REALIZATION FOR TRIO

Pianist Dwike Mitchell and bassist-French hornist Willie Ruff, long a duo but now a trio with the addition of drummer Roy McCurdy, have realized what many jazzmen have long dreamed of: they will spend six months a year playing in Europe and spend the other months in this country.

It came about after several European trips by Mitchell and Ruff, building to

MITCHELL RUFF

Split between two continents

the point where they had numerous friends in various continental cities. Then, too, their Epic and Atlantic records are distributed there. Finally, Dr. Luigi LaPregna, important in music circles in Milan, Italy, decided they could be booked in Europe on a jazz and/or classical route. In the meantime, Mitchell and Ruff had bought the Playback Club in New Haven, Conn., so, as Ruff said, "We could really get ourselves into the sound and swing we wanted over a length of time."

They've now sold the club and are off to Europe, this trip for four months of concerts. Some will be jazz, some classical, and some a combination, "depending," Ruff said, "on what is required at the time."

FREE CONCERTS SUCCEED IN SUBURBAN SHOPPING CENTERS

The sprawling shopping center, that symbol of suburban plenty, soon may provide jazz a summer home if an experiment recently conducted in several Chicago suburbs catches on.

The Oak Brook and Old Orchard centers, two large modern shopping centers of the mall type located outside Chicago, have initiated an ambitious program of evening concerts utilizing live music, among which are featured jazz groups led by Mike Simpson and pianist Art Hodes.

Concerts are presented on Monday and Thursday evenings after the stores have closed and are held in the mall areas. Attendance, according to Hodes, has been very good, averaging 2,000 to 2,500 a concert. No admission is charged. Musicians' salaries are met equally by the center management and the American Federation of Musicians' recording trust funds.

"We match what the centers spend," said Carl A. Baumann, vice president of Chicago's AFM Local 10. "For every band they hire, we give them one. And the two centers have booked more than $2,600 worth of musicians. So we give them that much free.

"The series is much larger this year. Old Orchard ran about seven or eight concerts last year, and they were so successful that there are 10 this year at each of the two shopping centers.

"The concerts are presenting all kinds of music—popular, brass bands, symphonic, Dixieland, and modern jazz. It means a lot of work for musicians."

The concerts at Old Orchard and Oak Brook have enjoyed so much success that three additional shopping centers—Golf Mill, Park Forest, and Evergreen Park—have initiated similar programs.

Ah, the joys of suburbia.

AFM MAKES PROGRESS IN CANNED TV MUSIC FIGHT

The use of so-called canned music (i.e., pre-taped for unrestricted and unlimited use) in television films recently ran into a roadblock inspired by the American Federation of Musicians, long a foe of the taping practice.

In an agreement between the AFM and the Alliance of Television Film Producers, use of this canned product in TV films made by members of the alliance has been banned.

The contract between the union and the alliance is for three years and contains the same provisions as does the AFM's contract with the Association of Motion Pictures, which also bans use of the tape.

The new agreement is the greatest advance yet in the union's years-old campaign against the taped soundtrack.

Under the terms of the new agreement, each series of 13 TV films will be recorded in a minimum of six three-hour sessions at $57.75 a musician, plus cartage costs for instruments. According to AFM spokesmen, the agreement "is bound to increase employment" in the ranks of recording musicians covered by the contract.

Signatories to the new agreement are Bellmar Enterprises, Bing Crosby Productions, Calvada Productions, Desilu, Four Star, Mayberry Enterprises, and T&L Productions.

Three alliance firms refused to participate in the negotiations with the AFM—Flying A Productions, Brennan-Westgate Productions, and Lassie TV.

Two big production companies—Revue (MCA) and Mark VII—already had signed with the union under terms of the previously negotiated major studio contract. The other major studios are Screen Gems, a subsidiary of Columbia Pictures; Warner Bros.; 20th Century-Fox; and MGM.

An increase in the newly settled minimum for TV-recording musicians hired by major studios will go into effect in November as provided in the contract signed in 1960.

Special Report

Goodman Men Sound Off About Soviet Tour

No one who knows, or even knows about, Benny Goodman imagined that the recently concluded tour of Russia would be an easy one or one without the usual number of Goodman-incidents that always attend trips superintended by Benny.

Still, no one expected the odd disgrace of the performance with classical pianist Byron Janis. And no one could have imagined the virtual mutiny that occurred on the last day of the tour.

It was a bedraggled, self-described as "considerably older," much-disgusted group of musicians who returned to New York City last month.

A meeting was suggested at *Down Beat's* office, but they would have none of it. Some are dependent on Goodman for a series of dates even now going on, though most have quit. A few were ready to discuss things as long as they were not quoted. Almost alone in no desire for anonymity was guitarist Turk Van Lake, who sketched most of the tour.

For those of us at home, the first indication of confusion came with *Time* magazine's report from Leningrad. In effect, it said that the much-heralded performance of *Rhapsody in Blue* by Goodman, his orchestra, and pianist Janis, contained elements calculated to convince Goodman detractors that they had been right about his selection to lead the first U.S. jazz band into Russia.

Apparently the Goodman ray—a state and attitude, combining temperament, other-worldliness, and business

acumen—was leveled on Janis.

First Janis, who is not used to such treatment, claimed he had to accommodate himself to Goodman, delaying his own tour to play *Rhapsody* when Benny wanted to play it. (Hal Davis, who has been Goodman's personal representative on foreign tours for several years, said Janis' claim is ridiculous and that Janis canceled the previously agreed upon date.)

Second, Janis said Goodman would allow only one rehearsal of the composition. (Obviously, Davis said, because Janis suddenly changed his mind and decided to perform on the previously agreed upon date, thus throwing the schedule out of balance.) Van Lake remembers it as being a three-hour rehearsal and not at all satisfactory.

Third, Goodman stood in the middle of the stage (Van Lake said he stood beside the piano during rehearsal) so that Janis could not see him easily and continually had to peer around the piano. (Van Lake said Gooodman waved once at Janis, apparently a gesture of friendship.)

Finally, as usual, Goodman only infrequently conducted the band, forcing Janis to throw cues wildly from the other side of the piano.

Even the kindest critics noted the bad notes and awkward pauses. Janis was crushed. (Van Lake said Janis was a nervous wreck by the time it was over.)

Of Goodman, Janis said, "The man has incredible vanity." (Davis said that anyone who knows Goodman, knows he is a musical perfectionist and that the Janis version must be wrong in most of its details.) The musicians almost unanimously admit the inadequacy of that whole performance. Some insisted that only the competence of the band "bailed Benny out of a bad situation."

The mutiny was something else, but it was dependant on a number of factors, some of them not relating to Goodman.

Its germs, however, were noticeable even before the band left this country. After many delays, most of the sidemen began to realize that they were perhaps not going to get contracts assuring them of some security. This caused suspicion. Many didn't receive their contracts until they were in Russia, and many were seven- or eight-page contracts. Trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell sent his to his lawyer in New York City. Most, like Van Lake, said they felt bewildered by the verbiage and signed on the spot.

Goodman gave a party about then, toasting the men in the band, explaining the many pressures, apologizing for what some of them might have felt was a dictatorial attitude but warning them that it was possible it would reoccur.

SOVIET SESSION

During the Goodman band's Soviet tour many of the sidemen sat in with Russian jazzmen. Seen here at a Leningrad session are (l. to r.) altoist Jerry Dodgion, drummer Mel Lewis, tenorist Zoot Sims (with head bowed), and pianist Vic Feldman. The other musicians are Russian.

In that happy, secure mood, they discovered that the food was terrible and badly cooked.

Van Lake called it "organizational food, served only at given times, which made it hard on us. Shirley MacLaine was there in Moscow, and she gave us the names of three restaurants. We tried one. It was good but very expensive."

Van Lake said the food problem was one of the hardest to overcome. It sapped energy. Another point of concern, according to Van Lake, was that the band "should have shouted every night on the stand. It didn't. That could have straightened most of us, but, maybe, Benny didn't want to start riots. He was there in an official capacity."

In any case the incidents began. The Janis one was unimportant to most of the musicians — even though they didn't like giving a bad performance. Then there was the incident of the booing of vocalist Joya Sherrill in the Province of Georgia when she sang the Russian folk song *Katyusha* in Russian. Van Lake said some official should have reminded them that in Georgia, the home of the now-despised Joseph Stalin, the natives are not generally happy about Russia or Russians, emphatically nationalistic as they are.

More important were such things as these:

Trombonist Wayne Andre, in everyone's opinion a fine, competent member of the trombone section, had most of the trombone solos, while Willie Dennis, with practically no solos, and Jimmy Knepper, with only one in the book, sat mutely on either side of him.

Some sidemen said they felt that a few hipper musicians in the band would have helped, but that seems unlikely because of what happened to the scores.

The band left this country with arrangements by Fletcher Henderson, Eddie Sauter, Edgar Sampson, Mel Powell, and Jimmy Mundy—the old book—plus scores by Joe Lipman, Johnny Carisi, Oliver Nelson, Bobby Bryant, Al Cohn, Ralph Burns, Bob Prince, Gary McFarland, John Bunche, Tom Newsom, and Tadd Dameron.

Van Lake said, "Oliver Nelson wrote the best things. And the Cohn and Burns arrangements for vocals were fine scores. We played them every night. One thing you ought to say right away is that we rehearsed all the new things. As always, Benny paid immediately, rehearsed patiently, and paid attention to what the arrangers were saying. Then he had a right to make up his mind. You've got to give him that right.

"The funny thing is that most of the new things were not that good. I don't like to say it, but that's the way it was."

Whether for that reason or not, Goodman played few of the new things. Occasionally drummer Mel Lewis bugged him into it, complaining loudly from his position. Goodman did play some of the things by Bunche and Newsom, the Cohn and Burns vocal arrangements, and he began the tour, using the *Anthology of Jazz*, an extended piece that Bob Prince had written. None of the musicians was very happy with it. It included representations of Glenn Miller and Paul Whiteman, but nothing, for example, of Fletcher Henderson or Jimmie Lunceford. Goodman dropped that whole project, Van Lake reported, about halfway through the tour.

The veterans in the band seemed more at ease with Goodman's obvious desire "to play the safe things." After all, they argued, Goodman is, and should be, very conscious of the audi-

(Continued on page 36)

condition red (allen, that is)

Martin Williams Observes A Veteran Trumpet Man At Work Recording

LEE E. TANNER

TRUMPETER Henry (Red) Allen Jr. has been recording as leader of his own groups since 1929, but, like many a veteran professional, he still approaches record dates with a bit of apprehension and a slightly nervous determination that everything shall go well. At least he did have such apprehension when he was to do a date for the Prestige/Swingville label recently, using the quartet he has been working with in clubs like the Embers in New York City and the London House in Chicago.

The session had been set up by Prestige's Esmond Edwards for 1 p.m. in the New Jersey studios of Rudy Van Gelder, across the George Washington Bridge from Manhattan Island.

Red Allen, with his group, pulled up in his car in front of Van Gelder's 45 minutes early. He wanted everything to be relaxed and easy. Van Gelder—more used to lateness than earliness—was surprised and a bit dismayed by the arrival. But with a firm reminder that the date would not begin until 1, he opened his door to the quartet. "Early—this group is always early," said drummer Jerry Potter, with a half-smile that didn't exactly reveal his feelings on the matter.

The day itself had held little promise as a day. The sky was overcast, there was a drizzle, and by late afternoon, when the date had ended, a heavy rain was falling. But inside the high-ceilinged, wooden-beamed studio there was plenty of time to set up the drums, plenty of time to get acquainted with the room, and even time for Allen to go over his lyrics and review the list of tunes he wanted to make. He leaned over on the back of the studio piano and scanned his papers, wearing a pair of glasses that gave him a studied air, an air that few who have watched the exuberantly powerful Red Allen on the bandstand would recognize.

As the men waited, there was a casual exchange at the piano bench. Not once did the group's pianist, Lannie Scott, sit down to noodle. It was the bassist, Frank Scaate, who played first, and later Allen played. Musicians take this sort of thing for granted—nearly everyone plays *some* piano and enjoys it—but it is frequently surprising to outsiders.

A little before 1 p.m. Edwards arrived, also a bit surprised that the group was fully assembled. He took his place inside Van Gelder's booth, behind the large glass panel which is broad and high enough to take in the whole barnlike studio at a glance, and laid out his note paper and recording data sheets. Van Gelder soon had his machines threaded with tape and was seated behind his complex control panel. The date was officially ready to begin.

On the other side of the glass, the musicians began running through the first piece, *Cherry*, to warm up and to check the placement of the microphones. Allen was swinging from the first bar, and his very personal, often complex, phrases rolled out of his horn with an apparently casual ease. He was showing his fine control of the horn too. He would begin with an idea at a mere whisper of trumpet sound and develop it to a powerful shout at the end of his phrase—the kind of dynamics that few trumpeters employ.

After the run-through, *Cherry* was ready to go onto the tape. Take 1 had an inventive opening by Allen, but he stopped after his vocal, saying, "I goofed the words all up." Another take, but the bass wasn't balanced. First numbers on a record date usually go that way.

Then—*Cherry* No. 3. Everyone was working, and the group was concertedly alive. Allen was truly inventive, for he used only one brief phrase that he had played in any previous version of *Cherry* that day.

"That man really improvises," someone in the booth said. Edwards and Van Gelder nodded agreement. "I wonder if he could repeat himself, even if he wanted to?"

As the ending rang out through the wooden rafters and across the mikes, warmly echoing the power and drive of the performance, Edwards was laughing and saying, "They don't play like that any more!"

"Can we hear that back?" Allen asked at the end.

A bit later they began running through *Sleepy Time Gal.* Allen's lines were weaving in unexpected but logical directions, and he was beginning to show his command of the full range of his horn, with the perfectly played low notes that are almost his exclusive property. His melodies were still gliding over the rhythm section and the time with sureness and inner drive and no excess notes.

The first take of *Sleepy Time Gal* was much simpler than the run-through, and there was some trouble with the introduction. Allen is still more used to recording for the flat acetate record blanks than for the more recent magnetic tape, and he had been counting off the tempos to the group at a whisper. But with tape it's easy to remove a spoken count-off. "You can count it off out loud, Red," Edwards reminded him.

At the end of another take, Edwards apparently saw something was about to happen, and he reached for his mike to ask over the studio loud-speakers, "How are the chops? Can we do one more right away?"

"Yeah, sure, my man!" Allen said immediately. And then they did the best *Sleepy Time Gal* yet.

This time Allen came into the engineering booth to hear the playback and sat beside Van Gelder's elaborate array of dials and knobs. He raised and curved his eyebrows at a particularly lyric turn of phrase in his own improvising, pretty much the way any listener would in following the music.

By 2 p.m. they were into *I Ain't Got Nobody,* and on his vocal Allen was getting in as many as six notes just singing the word "I."

After the run-through, Edwards suggested Allen blow another trumpet chorus on the final take. Again, Allen's ideas were fresh and different each time they ran the piece down, and he still glided over the time with perfect poise. His trumpet alone might make the whole group swing. He counted them off loudly now for the final take: "One! Two!" And at the end, after the reverberations had settled, there was the inevitable Red Allen genial cry, "Nice!"

Then a short break as visitors arrived. Van Gelder immediately gave them a firm invitation to sit quietly in the studio and stay out of the booth. Drummer Potter came in to ask for a little more mike on his bass drum: "Can you bring it up a little? Then I can relax. I have to keep leaning on it otherwise. Like playing in a noisy club."

"Okay, we'll try ," Van Gelder said. "It's not easy to do."

IN THE studio, a photographer, there to get a shot for the album cover, had his lights and shutters going. Allen wasn't bothered. Nervous or not, he had been taking care of business from the beginning, and he was obviously impatient to get back to work.

Later, they were well into *There's a House in Harlem,* with Allen getting deep growl effects on his horn without a plunger. Again, every version was different. Van Gelder remarked for about the third time that they should be recording everything, including the warm-ups and run-throughs, and again shook his head in appreciation of how well Allen was playing.

Edwards stopped the take, remarking on the intro, and pianist Scott and bassist Scaate worked it out together before the tape rolled again.

They began *Just in Time.* "Everybody plays that thing now," a visitor remarked. "I guess it's become a jazz standard already. I heard Art Farmer do it the other day."

There was some trouble again with the intro so Allen took it himself, unaccompanied. They went through the piece once, and Allen was after Potter: "Let me hear a little more of that bass drum, please."

Another break. This one was officially called by Edwards. Allen still was eager to get back to work, and he toyed around on his horn with the next piece he wanted to do, *Nice Work If You Can Get It.*

"Johnny Hodges has a record of that," remarked Scott. "Did you hear it?"

A bit later, when Edwards suggested they go back to work, Allen had relaxed at least long enough to be showing a visitor a color picture he has of his mother, himself, and his granddaughter—four generations of the Allen family. But he broke off abruptly and went back to his mike.

On the take of *Nice Work,* piano and bass took it partly in "two" (ah there, Miles Davis). "Make it clean," Edwards had encouraged them during the run-through. Allen's variations rolled off easily and with a rare and personal symmetry.

The quartet then began to run down a piece that seemed both familiar and not familiar, a piece that sounded like the blues and was not exactly the blues, and 32 bars. When they got the routine set, Edwards asked for the title. *Biffly Blues,* said Allen—so it was a new version of the first record he ever did under his own name. One take, and for the time being everyone agreed with Edwards' comment, "That's it. It won't go down any better than that."

As they were running through *St. Louis Blues,* there was talk in the booth about "still another record of that one." But Edwards decided that if they did something different with it, then it should be recorded. They did.

It was getting late, nearly 4 p.m., and Edwards did some quick calculations from the timings recorded in his notes on the session.

"Red, why not stretch out with a few more choruses on this," he said into the studio mike. "We'll have enough time for it on the LP."

While the tapes were rolling, Allen suddenly played very low on his horn again, growling out notes for almost two choruses. One take—as usual—did the blues.

The date was nearly over now. Edwards made more calculations on timing, and then stepped into the studio to suggest to Allen they do a longer version of *Biffly Blues.* Agreed.

"What does that title mean, Red?" a visitor asked hurriedly, hoping to get his question in before the tapes rolled again. "My nickname—when I was a kid," he smiled. "My folks used to call me Biffly when I wanted to be a baseball player. You know—biff—hit. Wham!"

After a rough start, occurring because Allen had placed his horn and set his chops too quickly, they got through a long taping of *Biffy Blues,* with Edwards conducting and encouraging through the glass of the booth—waving his arms emphatically at the rhythm section, as Allen concentrated on his solo choruses. (Creative a&r work, it's called.)

"You know," offered Potter at the end, "that *Biffly Blues* is the kind of piece that could hit."

"It is," said a visitor. "Anyway, it sounds just as fresh as when he first did it 30 years ago."

"No, fresher," said another onlooker softly. "Because Red is fresher. You can't date that kind of talent. And he's himself, and that means he's got things nobody else could pick up on."

MILES DAVIS TIMES THREE

MILES DAVIS THE EVOLUTION OF A JAZZ ARTIST

MILES DAVIS

By DON HECKMAN

ERNEST HEMINGWAY once said that what an artist knows he need not write about. Like an iceberg, only a small portion of what he has to say is visible while the balance rests beneath the surface to provide an unshakeable foundation. There is, of course, no special virtue in economy for its own sake. Rudimentary as Hemingway's style may seem, it has never been successfully duplicated or imitated. The unwritten part of his work is filled with accumulated experience and richly gifted imagination, making it possible for him to state only the important facts, those that have universal meaning.

While making specific analogies between the arts is never without peril, the elements of this principle seem to be reflected in the playing of Miles Davis. Like Hemingway, Davis is wry, epigrammatic, witty; he minces neither words nor phrases, seldom plays notes that are unnecessary. And like Hemingway, he employs a mythic imagery that reaches down into the collective unconscious of contemporary society.

This is both a strength and a weakness. Davis' music, like Hemingway's writing was for his time, is so precisely right for ours, so reflective of the lonely nihilism that courses through so many lives that it may some day fade, like a spent flower.

Intangible as all of this may seem, it is an important part of the Davis gestalt—a part that cannot be notated or accurately described but that nonetheless has its importance.

Jazz is a music that requires first of all a personality. Technical considerations are meaningless without an appreciation of the importance of the individual player. It is this very subjectivity that gives the music its originality. This is not to say that jazz cannot be notated. More accurately, certain *elements* of the jazz creative act cannot be notated. It would take a system of unbelievable complexity to depict accurately the fine rhythmic nuances, the variegated attack devices, and the endless array of dynamic shadings that a soloist of Davis' stature employs in the construction of a solo. Even if this were possible, the transcription would still lack an explanation of the catalytic relationship between soloist and rhythm section—the shifting and alternating of accent and emphasis that is ever new, always different from the previous time, making each performance definitive. But no matter how inadequate, a notated example of the work of an important jazzman has much to offer: in combination with the actual recording it furnishes a meaningful insight into the method and techniques by which an artist fashions his work.

One of the persistent myths about Davis concerns his ability to play the horn. Musicians have said, "Miles is a great jazzman, but he just doesn't know how to play the trumpet." Recorded evidence, however, indicates that this conclusion, though fairly wirespread, is quite mistaken.

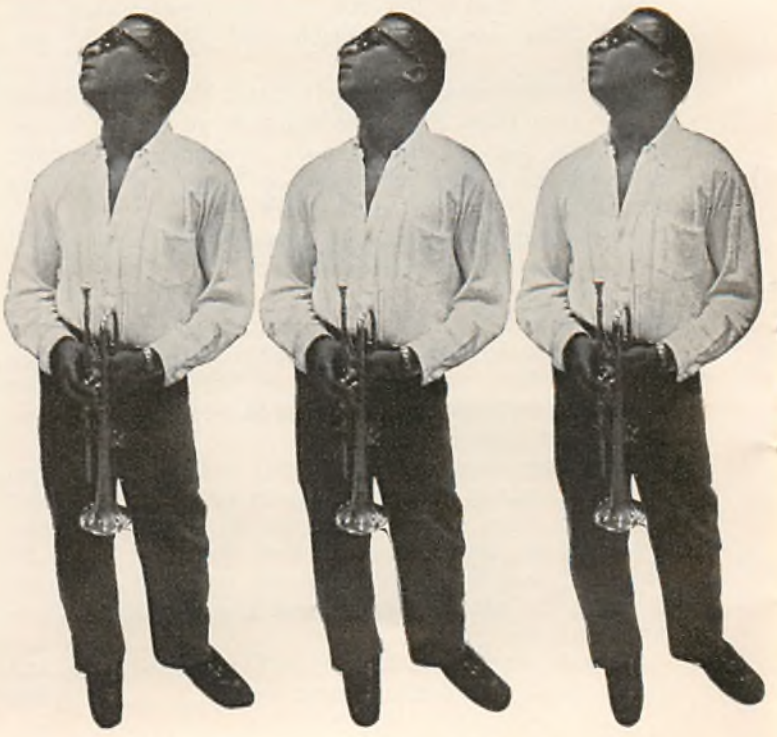
Davis does play his share of clams, a high percentage having appeared in his work with Charlie Parker. This is hardly surprising when one considers that Davis was still a teenager when he made his first recordings with a man who was, for musicians at least, one of the giants.

Close listening indicates that his mistakes often stemmed as much from uncertainty over his choice of notes as from any special technical failings. In an often tortuous attempt to find a personal voice, his ideas would come pouring forth too fast for his fingers. Without a model to fall back upon, a player with original ideas is forced to develop his own methods and procedures.

Too often, as with Thelonious Monk and Ornette Coleman, these new procedures, although perfectly suited to the artist's individual needs, suggest to the listening audience ineptness and even lack of talent. Despite its difficulties, Davis chose the rough road of artistic innovation. It is nothing short of amazing that he did not fall completely under the then-dominant spell of the Dizzy Gillespie style. There is little in the early Davis recordings to indicate that he ever chose to be anything except his own man.

The division of an artist's work into periods results in a haphazard categorization at best. Too often the chronicler is faced with a work that doesn't compartmentalize into a neat sequence of "early," "middle," and "late." Yet the temptation remains and in one sense can be justified by the fact that such a categorization, if not applied inflexibly, can be a genuine help toward proper appreciation of the artist's total work. Rather than attempt in this article to formalize areas that are at best vaguely defined, "aspects," or different phases of what is a singularly complex musical personality, have been delineated for this purpose.

DAVIS' FIRST recording period is almost completely circumscribed by an association with Parker. From his first record date (1945) to the Metronome All-Star date (1949), Davis made few recordings other than those with



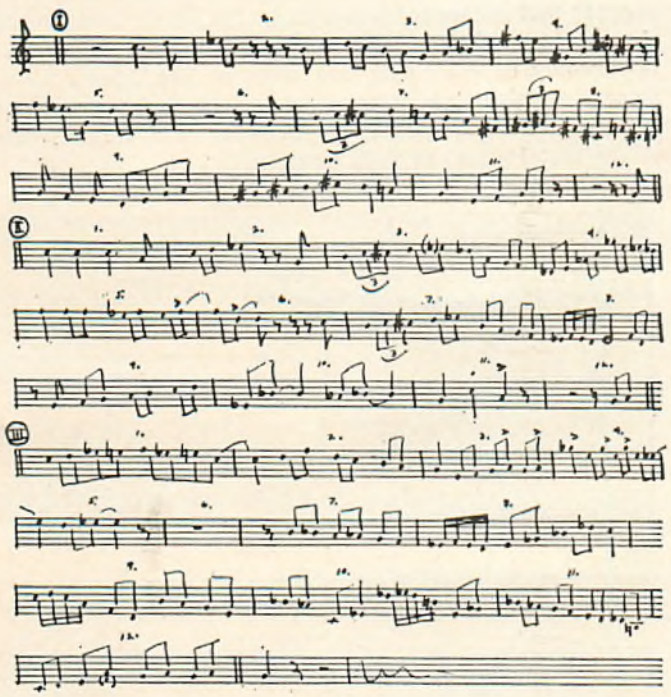
Parker. Having completed this association, Davis returned to his mentor only twice—once in a 1951 session that introduced *Au Privave, She Rote, K.C. Blues,* and *Star Eyes* and again in a date for Prestige in 1953.

That this period of Davis' creative life should have been dominated by Parker is not surprising since Davis obviously reflected and complemented Parker's music to perfection. In this sense the relationship was valuable for both. Recordings such as *Now's the Time, Chasin' the Bird, Dexterity,* and *Embraceable You,* for example, are classics not only of the decade, but of the history of jazz.

Davis did not stand still during this period. His hesitant, but nonetheless startling, chorus on *Now's the Time* is a distant cry from the thoroughly professional craftsmanship of *Bird Feathers, Bongo Bop,* and *Ah-leu-cha,* recorded in late 1948. A comparison of the work at the opposite ends of this period shows that a major artist had developed in the interim, with an improvement apparent in almost every session. The five 1947 dates, in particular, show an almost unbelievable development in style, technique, and maturity.

Even during this early stage, Davis' outlook encompassed wide areas, ranging from the lonely introspectiveness of *Out of Nowhere* and *Don't Blame Me* to the Niagara-like stream of notes on up-tempo numbers such as *The Hymn* and *Bird Gets the Worm.*

An especially interesting recording from June, 1947, and one that includes many of the characteristics of his work at that time, is *Cheryl,* in which he plays three excellent blues choruses, as transcribed below:



CHERYL, BY CHARLES PARKER, © SAVOY MUSIC

The unique Davis tone is evident from the beginning. Then in the fourth bar he plays one of the most typical devices (and one that was eventually discarded)—a substituted chromatic chord change in place of the normal blues modulation to the IV chord. Although one note is missed and played as an F♮, it was almost certainly intended to be a D# (in parenthesis), thereby preserving the natural sequential progression of the melody.

Interestingly, the first two *Cheryl* choruses are remarkably similar in phrasing and shape. Both use on-the-beat figures based on a minor third in the first two bars. Bars 3 and 4 of chorus 2 are a further development of bars 3 and 4 of chorus 1 and use an identical descending chromatic chord sequence. Again, bars 5 and 6 of chorus 2 are a freer-swinging development of bars 5 and 6 of chorus 1. Bar 7 is almost identical in both choruses. Bars 8 and 9 in chorus 2 are a simplification, both rhythmically and melodically, of the harmonically derived melody in bars 8 and 9 of chorus 1. Bars 10 and 11, while not necessarily related in the first two choruses, both end on the third beat of the 11th bar, allowing an open space at the end of the chorus.

Chorus 3 is the most interesting, since—with the exception of the last four bars, which are typical of the way Davis often ended his choruses, almost rushing the beat with long curlicues of altered chords—it is not as harmonically bound as the first choruses.

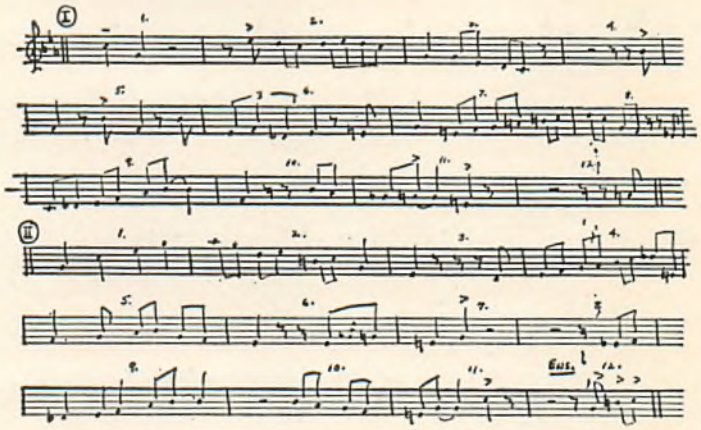
In this last chorus Davis uses the chord changes to further his own expression rather than respond—as in the first two choruses—with ideas that, although interesting, satisfy more a musical idea than a musical expression.

The first five bars in particular are excellent, leading with clear, direct certainty to the brief turn on E♭ in bar 5. Once again a typical Davis pattern is included, one that appears constantly in his solos from this period and that has been widely imitated by trumpet players ever since. It is basically a rhythmic figure ♫ ♪♫ with a heavy upbeat accent, and Davis characteristically uses it in a manner similar to the last two beats of bar 3 and the second and third beats of bar 4 of chorus 2. Davis' rhythmic playing is rather conservative in this solo. At this time he generally played fairly close to the beat, depending upon simple eighth-note accents for rhythmic contrast and drive.

The 1949-50 Capitol dates with Gerry Mulligan and Gil Evans were, symbolically, Davis' liberation from the status of sideman and the first expression of musical ideas that extended beyond the vistas of his own playing abilities.

He has spoken of the difficulties of adjusting to playing both an ensemble lead and a solo voice and having to switch abruptly from a written to an improvised passage. But his difficulties are not especially apparent in the recordings, for he succeeds not only in making the transition but also in finding a relevant relationship between his solo and the cushion of composed sound that envelops it. Undoubtedly the experience of making this adjustment had some effect upon his growing feeling for the proper use of space.

Johnny Carisi's *Israel,* one of the finest compositions recorded at the session, includes an exceptionally concise and well-thought-out solo by Davis:



ISRAEL, BY JOHN CARISI, © BEECHWOOD MUSIC

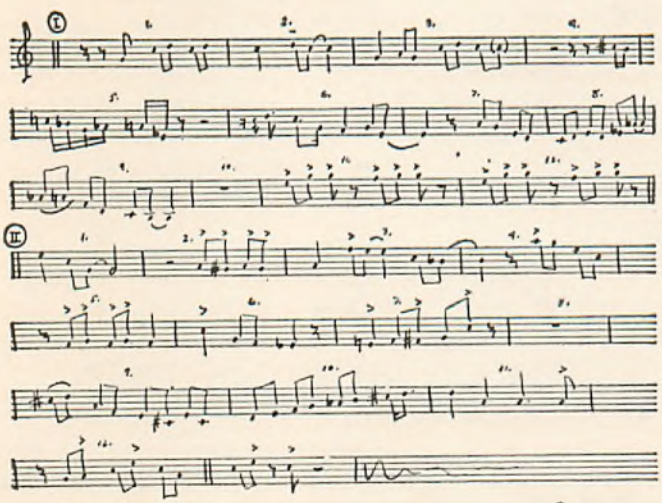
Its most striking feature is that it fits so well with what is happening in the accompaniment. Davis consistently (especially in bars 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 10 of chorus 2) opens up with phrases to let the ensemble ring through. The second chorus starts with a beautifully declamatory statement that paraphrases the main theme and ends with just the right amount of space before Davis' re-entry with the ensemble. Once again he projects a strong phrase relationship between the two choruses; bar 9 is almost identical

both times, and bars 10 and 11 of chorus 2 are very similar to the same bars in chorus 1. It is also interesting to note the sureness of Davis' playing throughout this date. Despite the demands made upon him as leader, trumpet soloist, and lead trumpet, he is stronger and more controlled than ever before.

THE SECOND PHASE of Davis' playing is not so clear cut or easy to identify as the first. It extends generally from the 1949-50 Capitol recordings to the establishment in 1955 of a quintet that included John Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones. It is a period of rich artistic growth in which Davis molded the experience from his years with Parker into an altogether original playing style.

Perhaps its most readily identifiable feature is his rejection of harmonic limitations. He became a completely melodic player, disregarding chordal restrictions in favor of long, clean-flowing lines much the way Lester Young did. Davis, however, relied less on short, riffllike patterns and more on extended statements. By the time of the late 1954 date with Thelonious Monk and Milt Jackson, Davis was a masterful player, with every element—swing, economy of statement, melodic variation, soloistic development—under control. He also began in this period to experiment with sound. In his earlier playing, tonal expression had been limited to playing with or without a mute. At this time he began an exploration, still uncompleted, of the varieties of sound possible from a trumpet—and, later, a fluegelhorn.

Fairly representative of the early stages of this period is a recording made in his next-to-last date with Parker entitled *K.C. Blues*. (Examples are confined as much as possible to blues choruses in the hope that this will give an accurate picture of Davis' development through a basic and easily understandable jazz form.) The difference between this chorus and the chorus on *Cheryl* is rather interesting, not in what is played but in the manner employed. The use of time is completely different; instead of remaining close to the basic pulse by playing a regular pattern of eighth-notes, Davis uses a heavy staccato to emphasize a lag-behind rhythmic feeling not unlike the postwar playing of Lester Young. As a result, this example is less accurately notated than the first two, for so many of the notes are attacked somewhere between the beats.



K.C BLUES. BY CHARLES PARKER. ©JATP MUSIC

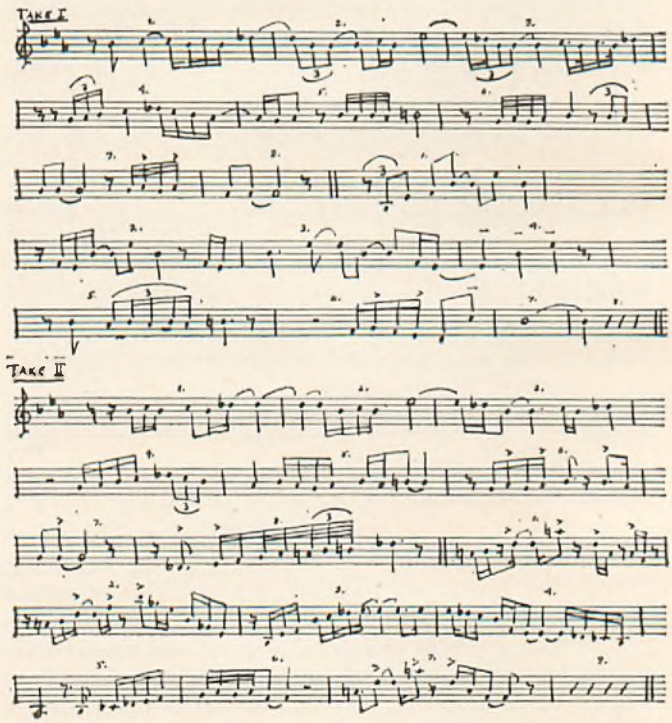
The emphasis upon melodic development is noticeable in bars 1, 2, and 3 of chorus 1. Bar 3 is a partial displacement, partial repetition of the phrase Davis uses to open the chorus. The second chorus has no direct connection to the first; Davis is instead concerned with a further development of his opening phrase, which he repeats on the third beat of bar 3 and alters slightly to make the

CHARLIE PARKER AND DAVIS IN 1947

chord change. Only in bar 9 of chorus 2 does he refer back to chorus 1 with a phrase that is quite similar (except a third higher) to the phrase used in the same bar of chorus 1.

The lack of chromatic substitutions is obvious; Davis no longer is intersted in harmony for its own sake. His solo is a highly distilled version of what is basically a rather complicated musical thought. But since he uses only notes that are important to the thought, it becomes direct and to the point.

Davis' work in this period also reflects an interest in pop ballads such as *My Old Flame, It Never Entered My Mind, You Don't Know What Love Is, Easy Living*. All of these, of course, emphasize the particular sort of romantic urgency that is expressed so well by the Davis tone. In the date made with Monk and Milt Jackson we are given the opportunity of examining two takes of *The Man I Love*. Since these give such an excellent insight into the development of an improvised solo, following is a transcription of the first 16 bars of both versions.



THE MAN I LOVE. BY GEORGE GERSHWIN.
©CHAPPELL & CO., GERSHWIN PUBLISHING CO.

The first eight bars of both are similar, although take No. 2 has a stronger rhythmic emphasis and relies less on sequential repetitions. The second eight bars of take No. 1 are concerned almost completely with a variation consisting of open fourths and fifths. The second eight bars of take No. 2 are more interesting. Davis departs from the tonic and fifth and builds a series of brilliant calls using the flat fifth, ninth, and major seventh and culminating in the crisp B♭ in bar 10. The next phrase is a long swooping figure

that descends to the very bottom of the horn, and finally, near the end of the phrase, he refers once again, in somewhat altered form, to his initial motif.

Davis' assertion that Monk's comping is of negligible value is somewhat curious. ("I love the way Monk plays and writes, but I can't stand him behind me. He doesn't give you any support." *Jazz Review*—December, 1958.)

When Monk lays out (*Swing Spring*, for example) Davis' playing occasionally seems unsteady and lacks the strong assertiveness of his excellent choruses on *Bemsha Swing*. It's easy to second guess, of course, but it's possible that Monk was important to the excellence of the date.

At the time of the session, Davis was deeply involved in a style that emphasized the subtleties of implication and suggestion. Such an approach to improvisation depends upon the taste and timing of the piano player and, in fact, of the whole rhythm section. While this section does not have the sinuosity of the later Garland-Jones-Chambers trinity, it has other advantages. Instead of resting upon an enveloping cushion of sound and rhythm that permits him to understate, sometimes to the point of sparseness, Davis is obligated by the irregularity and unexpectedness of Monk was important to the excellence of the date.

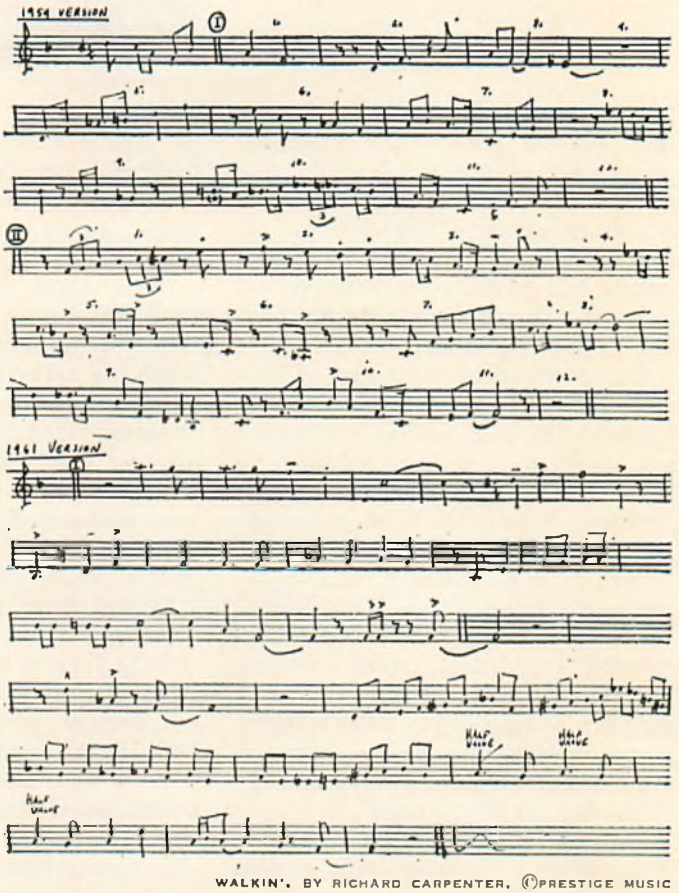
IN LATE 1955 Davis made his first recordings with the group that became a classic in modern jazz (Coltrane, Garland, Chambers, Jones). This was the beginning of the phase of his career that continues into the present.

As a leader, Davis was confronted with more complex problems. Whether or not this affected his playing is questionable. Many of the quintet recordings in the last six years have had a similarity in approach and programing.

On the other hand, Davis has shown, through his association with Gil Evans and in his own experiments with the use of scales for improvisations (well documented on the Columbia album, *Kind of Blue*), that he is far from being a moss-backed conservative. His solo on the saeta from the *Sketches of Spain* album is not really very different from the point of view and instrumental technique found in the music of Ornette Coleman. It is not surprising that the playing on *The Man I Love* should have evolved into the playing on *Sketches of Spain* or that the scalular line, *Swing Spring*, should have led to *So What?*, *Blue in Green*, and *All Blues*.

What is surprising is that there has been such a notable disparity between his recorded work and his club and concert playing. This difference is apparent in a comparison of any recent studio work with the location recording *Friday and Saturday Nights at the Black Hawk*. The Davis on these recordings is so much livelier, so much more prone to take chances than the Davis on the studio recordings that he sounds at times like two different players.

A brief example from this recording helps to highlight this but only partially indicates the fiery, driving quality of the playing. Since he has recorded *Walkin'* before, in early 1954, the first two choruses of both versions have been transcribed:



WALKIN', BY RICHARD CARPENTER, ©PRESTIGE MUSIC

The first is considerably slower and deceptively simple in structure. Its most important asset is a consistent, rocking rhythm.

Solos such as this—outlining the bare skeleton of the blues—were copied extensively in the late 1950s by many other, lesser musicians who mistook Davis' refinement of the technique for the whole thing. They failed to understand that Davis plays this way only in terms of specific accompanying rhythmic factors and that the musical facts that Davis *suggests* are easily as important as those he *states*.

The later version is executed at a rapid clip, making the stream of eighth notes throughout bars 5, 6, 7, and 8 especially impressive. Since the transcription only includes the first part of a long solo, it fails to include the subsequent development of some of the motives. Bar 2 of the second chorus, for example, is a favorite Davis phrase, which he develops at some length later in the chorus. While not necessarily the best solo from this two-record set, it is a good example of the kind of brilliant improvisation Davis displays in his live appearances.

As he has matured artistically, the range of his interests has correspondingly broadened resulting in some outstanding successes and a few disappointments. Hemingway was often plagued in later years by critics who said he should be writing another *The Sun Also Rises* instead of *The Old Man and the Sea*. It would be just as foolish to criticize Davis because he no longer plays the way he did in 1954. A young, still productive artist, Miles Davis will have much more to say.

DISCOGRAPHY

Solo examples cited in Heckman's article were transcribed from the following 12-inch LP recordings: *Cheryl*, Savoy 12001; *Israel*, Capitol 762; *K.C. Blues*, Verve 8010; *The Man I Love* (both takes), Prestige 7150; *Walkin'* (1954 version), Prestige 7076, (1961 version), Columbia 1669. The other selections mentioned in the course of the article may be found in the following albums: *An Privave, She Rote, Star Eyes*, Verve 8010; *Now's the Time*, Savoy 12001; *Chasin' the Bird*, Savoy 12000, 12001, and 12014 (alternate takes); *Dexterity, Bird Feathers, Bongo Bop, Out of Nowhere, Don't Blame Me, The Hymn*, Baronet 107; *Embraceable You*, Roost 2210; *Ah-leu-cha*, Savoy 12000; *Bird Gets the Worm*, Savoy 12000, 12009, 12014; *My Old Flame*, Prestige 7013; *It Never Entered My Mind*, Blue Note 1502; *You Don't Know What Love Is*, Prestige 7076; *Easy Living*, Fantasy 6001; *Swing Spring, Bemsha Swing*, Prestige 7150; *So What?, Blue in Green, All Blues*, Columbia 1355.

trumpet on the way up TED CURSON

By LEROI JONES

HERB SNITZER

TED CURSON is known in jazz circles as one of those "very promising young men" as well as one of the "dynamically promising of the new wave" of young trumpeters. Though one might reasonably have some misgivings about one or two of the young men usually included under these appellations, Curson is not one of them.

Curson always is taking care of business — musical business and business business. He is a brilliant technician and constantly intriguing soloist, and he is also something many a brilliant jazzman is not—a wise hand in the nonmusical aspects of the music business.

Born in Philadelphia in 1935, Curson attended Mastbaum High School, which has a justified reputation for incubating jazz talent. John Coltrane, Lex Humphries, and Buddy DeFranco are a few of Mastbaum's other swinging alumni. It is easy to see how a youngster might succumb to jazz at an early age in such an environment.

Curson's father could be credited—in a manner of speaking—with starting his son on a music career, but only indirectly on trumpet. His father wanted him to play alto saxophone. "He even offered to buy me a brand new alto," Ted recalled, "if I would learn to play it. But I chose the trumpet for some reason. I don't know why. I had to get an old, broken-down trumpet because my father wouldn't buy me a new trumpet. He just liked the alto. But I didn't dig the kind of alto he wanted me to play anyway."

After taking on his self-selected horn, Curson availed himself of the excellent musical connections that seem present in Philadelphia. Not only did he profit by the theory and composition courses at Mastbaum, but he also got together with other burgeoning talents —such as the Philadelphia Heaths. Curson lived around the corner from the Heath brothers, Albert, Percy, and Jimmy, and, characteristically, he put this stroke of fortune to good use.

"I met everybody there," he said. "One week John Lewis, the next, Miles. Lewis taught me some things about diminished chords that I didn't even know existed. He gave me the chords for *Lullaby of Birdland* a long time ago. And Tootie [Albert Heath, the youngest brother] and I used to play together all the time."

During summer vacations from Mastbaum, Curson organized a small band. And judging from the personnel, even in high school, it must have been a good organization: pianist Bobby Timmons, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and Al Heath are today names well known to people who follow jazz.

Curson's first big break was a summer gig with Charlie Ventura at the Red Hill Inn in New Jersey. Curson was trombonist Benny Green's replacement, and happily, the job lasted most of that summer. Curson had just been graduated from high school. It was about this time that he heard what were to become his major early influences. He lists them as Johnny Splawn, a trumpeter who still plays around Philadelphia, and Clifford Brown.

From Splawn and Brown, Curson inherited his wide, bright lyric sound. He also is capable of dazzling the listener with pure pyrotechnics, just as Brown could do, but Curson is always trying to get as much pure feeling into his solos as he is able, and no amount of bare techniques can do that.

"I first heard Clifford at [Philadelphia's] Town Hall, playing for a high school dance," Curson said. "I was on a prom date, and we were supposed to be going to hear some r&b groups. I still don't know what happened to my date. She wanted to go hear the Orioles or something. But once I heard Clifford, I wasn't leaving. He was really tearing up. Jimmy Heath had told me about this wild cat from Wilmington, but I'd never heard him before that night. It was something else!"

Curson went to New York in 1956 to study at the Costello trumpet school. He figured that some of the people he knew in New York, especially some of the Philadelphia clan, would know of a few jobs. It didn't work out that way, of course. New York City never has been especially gentle with any musician, no matter how talented or ambitious. Sticking it out there—or anywhere—is most of what paying dues is all about. Curson did hang on through the lean times (though they're still pretty lean) and finally got his first job in New York at Brooklyn's Continental with Duke Jordan. He then went with Mal Walron for a while.

Perhaps the turning point of Curson's professional career came when he happened to hear avant garde pianist Cecil Taylor at a session.

"I really dug what he was doing," Curson said. "Cecil is one of the great innovators of the day. But people will have to stop to listen to what he's doing. You've got to listen, and listen more than once. And you can't compare him with anyone else. He's doing quite a separate thing."

Curson's first record date was as a sideman on Taylor's *Love for Sale*. He also played a few concert dates with the Taylor group. "I felt quite comfortable with Cecil's music," he said. "I only wish I could have gotten into it more. My mind wasn't completely open to all the channels on that record date. I was glad I had a chance to play his music again on that Gil Evans album [*Into the Hot*]. The whole album is made up of Cecil's tunes and Johnny Carisi's."

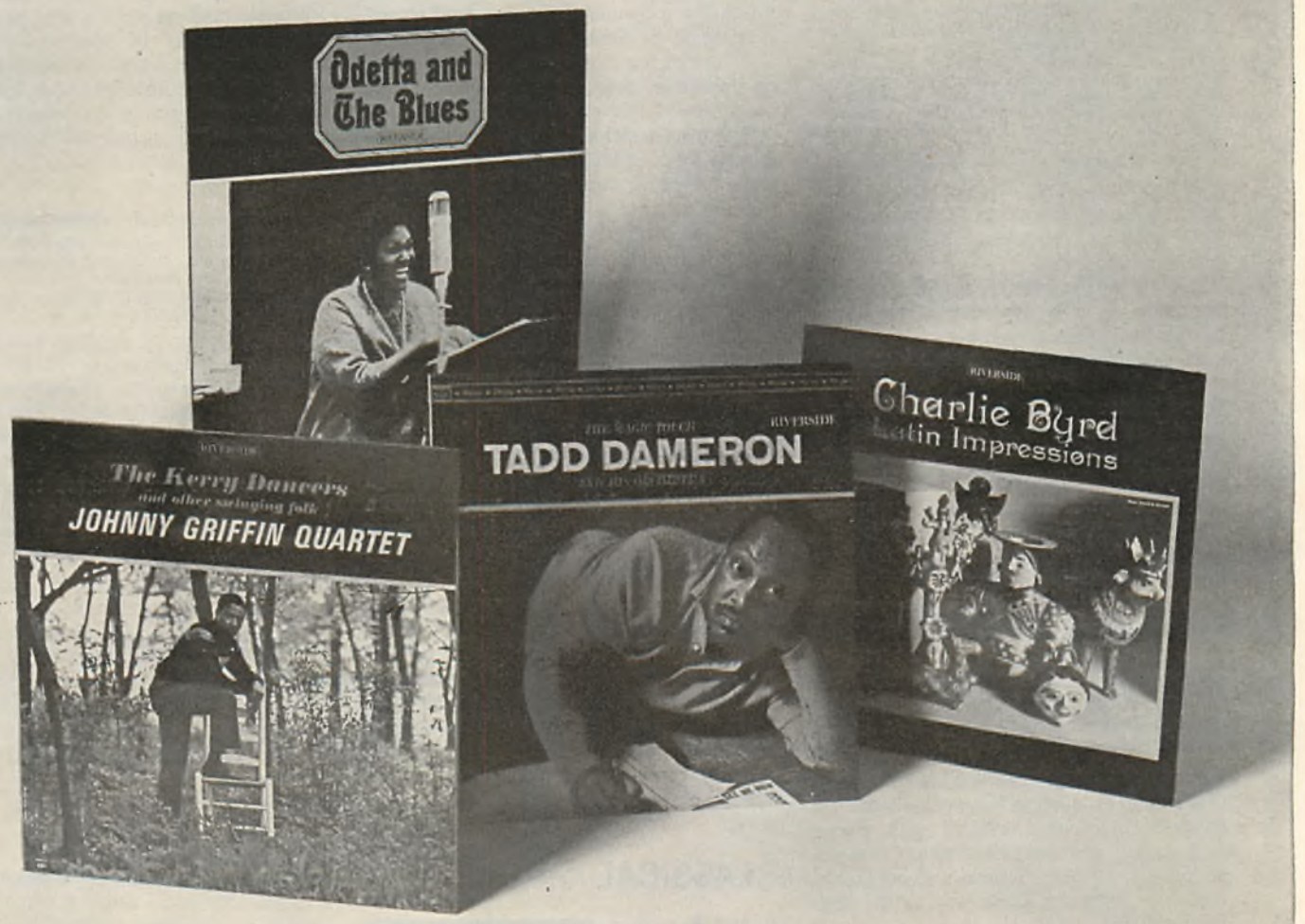
Curson got his first consistent employment shortly after working with Taylor when he joined one of the Charlie Mingus groups. He opened with Mingus at the Half Note in New York City (after a short haul with Philly Joe Jones at the Showplace) and went with the group when it settled at the Showplace for the next year. Altogether, Curson was with various Mingus groups for a year and a half.

"The group was constantly changing; I expected a change every night," he said. "I could say, every set. The drummer, Dannie Richmond, was the only person I expected to see. Leo Wright, Elvin Jones, Wilbur Ware, Jimmy Knepper were a few of the people who were in the group at one time or another while I was there. You really had to have control over your instrument to play with Mingus, because you had to play the impossible every night."

Mingus has enormous influence on many young musicians, as Curson learned during his lengthy stay. He explained: "I

(Continued on page 37)

Four remarkable Riverside releases that just about speak for themselves...



The Magic Touch: Tadd Dameron
A full orchestra (featuring Bill Evans, Johnny Griffin, Joe Wilder, Philly Joe Jones) conducted by Dameron, in new Dameron arrangements of ten notable Dameron compositions, old and new. A rich, rare experience! (RLP 419; Stereo 9419)

The Kerry Dancers: Johnny Griffin
You've never heard old songs so swinging, so meaningful, so up-to-date as in these unique Griffin versions of Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair, Kerry Dancers, etc. Plus a very mean new blues called 25½ Daze. (RLP 420; Stereo 9420)

Odetta And The Blues
The great folk-singer turns the vast power, drama and richness of her remarkable voice to a dozen ageless, emotion-stirring blues: Go Down Sunshine, Pallet on Your Floor, Weeping Willow Blues, etc. (RLP 417; Stereo 9417)

Latin Impressions: Charlie Byrd
In his first Riverside album, this exciting and most versatile of guitarists goes Latin, offering the theme from "Black Orpheus", Amor Flamengo and 10 others. North and South America are sure to shout ole! (RLP 427; Stereo 9427)

RIVERSIDE

record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Henahan, Bill Mathieu, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Charlie Mingus

TIJUANA MOODS—RCA Victor 2533: *Dizzy Moods; Ysabel's Table Dance; Tijuana Gift Shop; Los Mariachis; Flamingo.*

Personnel: Clarence Shaw, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Curtis Porter, alto saxophone; Bill Triglia, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums; Frankie Dunlop, various percussion; Ysabel Morel, castinets; Lonnie Elder, vocal effects.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This album stems from a 1957 record date, and it is difficult to understand why RCA Victor chose to sit on it five years before releasing it.

It may be the best record Mingus ever has made, as he is quoted as describing it on the back liner. As for me, I wouldn't know—I haven't heard all of Mingus' records. I do know, however, that seldom have I been moved to shout with the music as I was in portions of this album.

Though it is divided into tracks, it is perhaps best to listen to and consider the album totally: there are similarities among *Dizzy, Dance, Shop,* and *Mariachis* that are striking, though I don't know if intentional. (According to Mingus' liner notes, the album's originals were inspired by his going to Tijuana, Mexico, to forget a wife. Each original is descriptive of a place, an occurrence, a state of mind connected with Tijuana, so the similarities are probably intentional.)

In Mingus' music here there is a combination of the primitive and sophisticated that enhances much of his work—sort of a controlled looseness, evoked with power and searing emotion most times, but occasionally with a tenderness and poignancy that is as shattering in its way as the boiling sections.

None of his compositions here—and though they may not be written down, they are compositions nevertheless — is simple; most are made up of two, three, or more sections, each with a mood of its own but each an integral part of the whole. In this respect Mingus is not unlike Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, or his own contemporary, John Lewis, but Mingus conveys much more urgency, as if the music must be created—and heard—right *now*.

The urgency of Mingus' music is also related to his and Richmond's section playing—together they are like a power plant —and the collectively improvised ensembles, in which horns shout, cry, laugh, and do many of the other things human beings do, all tumbling in a wriggling, undulating mass of sound. When all elements come together, with a few human hollers thrown in, the effect is overpowering, to say the least. This is brought off best on *Dance,* the most exciting portion of the album.

Rolling ensembles are used effectively on *Mariachis* also, with much of the motion coming from Triglia's piano, though the second section is made up of a lilting song, much like a Spanish folk song, and played caressingly by Shaw.

Although the album puts more emphasis on ensembles than solos, the work of the horn men should not be ignored.

Knepper, a melodic player, is often reminiscent of Lawrence Brown, especially when he gets a throaty sound in the upper register, as on *Dizzy,* a tune, by the way, based on Dizzy Gillespie's *Woody'n You.* Porter, also known as Shafi Hadi, plays with great fire; his most satisfying work is on *Dance,* in which he builds his solo to a climax, falls reflective, and then builds to an even more exciting climax.

It is Shaw, however, who deserves most praise for his work. He is the most sensative of the soloists, carefully building his solos, turning phrases lovingly. In the middle of his *Dizzy* solo he blows air through the spit valve of his horn, which gives a not unpleasant effect, though it may appear a strange thing to do. There also are poignant moments on *Mariachis* and *Flamingo* when Shaw and Mingus play short duets. And Shaw's work on *Flamingo,* in general, is touching, his ending like a small prayer. In all, a remarkable player, though at the moment a missing one—in the notes Mingus says that no one has been able to locate him recently.

But I ramble. The main thing is that this is one of the best albums released this year. (D.DeM.)

CLASSICAL

Carter/Kirchner

CARTER-KIRCHNER—Epic BC-1157: *Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras,* by Elliott Carter; *Concerto for Violin, Cello, 10 Winds, and Percussion,* by Leon Kirchner.

Personnel: Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano; Gustav Meier, conductor in the Carter. Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; Aldo Parisot, cello; Leon Kirchner, conductor in the Kirchner.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

It would be hard to imagine a record of avant-garde U.S. music more scruplously prepared or more perfectly carried out than this latest release in the Fromm Music Foundation 20th Century Series.

Purely as technical achievements, the recordings are prime examples of what stereophonic sound can do for music that is suited to it. Like Bela Bartok's *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta,* the Carter *Double Concerto* specifies antiphonal arrangements for the instrumentalists, and the sonorities that result from the improbable marriage of harpsichord and piano are as invigorating as a needle-point shower at times. Those who know Carter's complex *Second Quartet* will appreciate that this is a work that will not be easy to assimilate at one sitting.

Kirchner's work is more immediately graspable, and its sounds tend to be mindful more nearly of traditional (not the same as conventional) music. Both works are significant efforts by major U.S. artists, and the performing personnel is of a quality seldom heard on contemporary recordings. (D.H.)

Benno Moiseiwitsch

MOISEIWITSCH—Decca DL-10,042: *Pictures at an Exhibition,* by Modest Moussorgsky; *Carnaval,* by Robert Schumann.

Personnel: Moiseiwitsch, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Piano-playing of another era is represented here, perhaps not at its best but in recognizable form. Moiseiwitsch is not scrupulous about following expressive or dynamic markings, being of the school that believes the composer may sometimes be wrong. He also changes tempos more than is currently acceptable and is actually not up to such things anymore as the *Davidsbundler March* at the close of *Carnaval,* where he is forced to slow down to the point of anticlimax.

Elsewhere, however, the Schumann is marked by remarkably sensitive performance, for Moiseiwitsch knows what many latter-day pianists don't: *Carnaval* is a fantasy, not a drag strip for hot-rod keyboard technicians. The Moussorgsky, unfortunately, pales beside the Vladimir Horowitz or Sviatislav Richter versions. (D.H.)

Stokowski/Luboff

INSPIRATION — GREAT MUSIC FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—RCA Victor LM-2593: *The Heavens Are Telling,* by Beethoven; *Deep River; Largo,* by Handel; *Evening Prayer from Hansel and Gretel,* by Humperdinck; *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring,* by Bach; *Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow,* from the Doxology; *Pilgrim's Chorus* from *Tannhauser; Sheep May Safely Graze,* by Bach; *Pater Noster,* by Tchaikovsky; *O, Saviour, Hear Me,* from *Orfeo ed Euridice,* by Gluck.

Personnel: New Symphony Orchestra of London, Leopold Stokowski, conductor; Norman Luboff Choir.

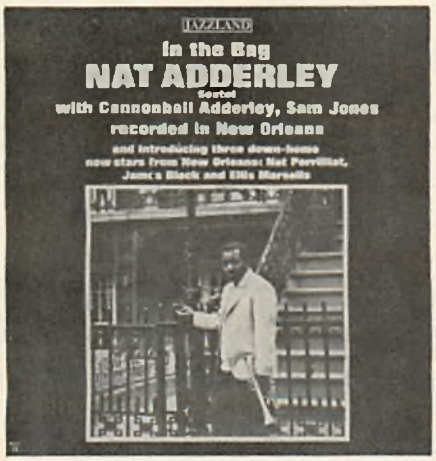
Rating: ★

Inevitably, as two great, muddy rivers flow to their predestined confluence, it was certain that Leopold Stokowski and Norman Luboff would join forces. The results are all that fans of either gentleman could ask.

Simplicity, taste, feeling for historical style—none will be found here. Instead we get overorchestrated, overarranged distortions of great music. Even Wagner, the master of the craft, is transmogrified—by someone named Walter Scott.

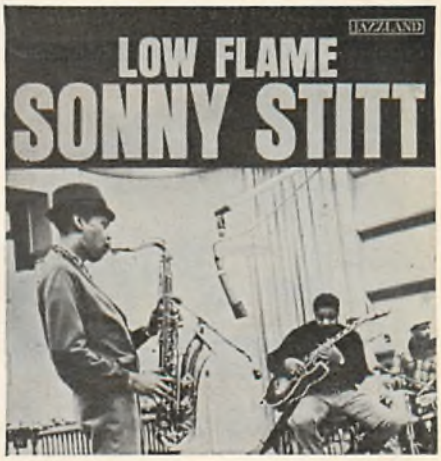
That other favorite victim of Stokowski, J. S. Bach, now has to bear the added burden of Luboff. (D.H.)

(3 Great Names 3 Great Albums)



NAT ADDERLEY
In the Bag . . . It's a blues "bag" of course, with Nat's cornet in a richly earthy, down-home groove. Featured on this unusual and blues-filled treat are brother Cannonball and Sam Jones—plus the fresh playing and writing skills of some highly stimulating New Orleans newcomers! (JLP 75; Stereo 975)

SONNY ROLLINS
Sonny's Time . . . Here are seven notable examples of the deep and robust Rollins sound—standards and originals, ballads, swingers and the blues. His remarkable all-star support includes Max Roach, Kenny Dorham, Paul Chambers, Hank Jones and others. (JLP 72; Stereo 972)



SONNY STITT
Low Flame . . . On low flame and high flame, it's cooking all the way, by the exciting group with which Stitt has been breaking it up in-person. Organ, guitar and drums back Sonny's happy and wonderfully swinging performances on both tenor and alto. (JLP 71; Stereo 971)

JAZZLAND **the fastest-growing label in jazz**

JAZZ

Eddie Davis

EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS COOKBOOK, VOL. 3—Prestige 7219: *Lucky So and So; Heat 'n' Serve; My Old Flame; The Goose Hangs High; Simmerin'; Strike Up the Band.*

Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone, flute; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Here's another serving of Davis' emotional but melodically limited work. He repeats his pet slurred licks and honks over and over but plays with such vigor and enthusiasm that it sometimes doesn't matter. On the up-tempoed *Goose* and *Strike* he swings in an insinuatingly powerful manner. He also takes a well-developed solo on *Simmerin'*.

Richardson's flute playing provides a pleasant, if not particularly moving, contrast to Davis' husky tenor sound. His battering baritone solo on *Heat*, however, is as forceful as any of Davis' spots.

Duvivier's name is often forgotten when lists of the top bass players are compiled, but there aren't many of his caliber. His time and intonation are near perfect, his sonority full and pure in all registers. More important, he is an extremely tasteful musician, always listening to the soloist and responding to his needs. Listen to his restrained and melodic playing under the flute solo on *Goose* or his tension-building, ascending lines on *Strike*.

Duvivier's work plus the crisp drumming of Edgehill provide the soloists with a solidly swinging base for improvisation. (H.P.)

Walt Dickerson

A SENSE OF DIRECTION—Prestige/New Jazz 8268: *Sense of Direction; Ode to Boy; Togetherness; What's New?; Good Earth; Why?; You Go to My Head; If I Should Lose You.*

Personnel: Dickerson, vibraharp; Austin Crowe, piano; Edgar Bateman, bass; Eustis Guillemet Jr., drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is new-star vibraharpist Dickerson's second album, and if it is only slightly less adventurous than his initial recording, it is still an ardent collection—primarily of ballads—treated with unflagging invention and restraint.

Dickerson's attack is extraordinarily fluid, feather-light, and cleanly incisive, with each note fully articulated, no matter what its position in the long lines he spins with ease. His ingratiating solos have a supple grace and a limpidity of construction that impart to them the stamp of inevitability. They move forward with a rush of logic, yet the dominant note of his improvisations (and his rounded sound too) is their affecting emotional intensity and the depth of feeling they reveal, as witness the impassioned beauty of his work on *Boy, New,* and *You,* as well as the other ballads.

One of the most distinctive qualities of his playing, however, resides in its thoughtful deliberateness. It is not a studied or indecisive feeling, but rather that his solos are always controlled with a sure sense of direction, and in this the collection is more than aptly titled. Intellect properly channels, but never restricts, emotion.

This collection does not possess to the same degree the quality of daring originality that characterized Dickerson's work in his first album. Here the Milt Jackson influence is more overt, perhaps because of the predominance of ballads. But even in the up-tempo Dickerson original *Togetherness* (built on the harmonic structure of *I Got Rhythm*), there is extensive borrowing from Jackson; in fact, the line and contours of the composition are particularly Jacksonian, and the whole piece, but only this one, bears the impress of the Modern Jazz Quartet in approach. But the greatest difference between Dickerson and Jackson is in harmonic approach: Dickerson's is more daring and open.

The title piece has a modal quality to it and is rooted in a repeated motive built around but three notes; *Why?* is characterized by a sensitive use of dissonance and unusual intervals; *Good Earth* is a strikingly original multi-themed jazz waltz. It is Dickerson's unfettered imagination and original harmonic sense that energize each of these compositions.

The rhythm section members, while relatively unknown, furnish more than capable support, and pianist Crowe's imaginative powers lie in the same direction as do the vibraharpist's. A fine rapport is developed.

Were it not for the slight conventionality of some of the numbers, the rating would have been five stars. (P.W.)

Dutch Swing College Band

DIXIE GONE DUTCH—Philips 200-010: *South Rampart Street Parade; Apex Blues; Ory's Creole Trombone; King of the Zulus; Opus 5; Freeze and Melt; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; Carry Me Back to Old Virginny; Weary Blues; Jazz Me Blues; Way Down Yonder in New Orleans.*

Personnel: Oscar Klein, cornet; Dick Kaart, trombone; Jan Morks, clarinet; Peter Schilperoort, baritone saxophone, clarinet; Arie Ligthart, banjo, guitar; Bob van Oven, bass; Martin Been, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

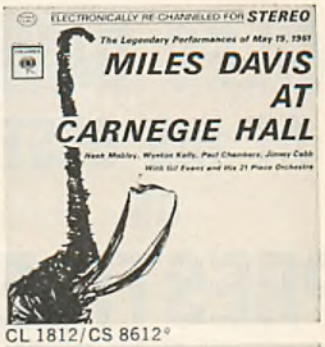
In a recent interview in the Chicago *Daily News,* British trumpeter Kenny Ball (who was appearing in Chicago) stated, "European jazzmen may not have the creativity of the Americans, but I think we've been successful in capturing the spirit of jazz." There are notable exceptions to both parts of his statement, but generally his observation is accurate.

As applied to this album, it is entirely true. The Dutch Swing College Band will never be a great jazz band because of the lack of any vestige of originality; but, as these tracks show, this is not to say that this group is incapable of a satisfying jazz performance.

All of these men are well prepared musically, and they play with a warmth and zest that is quite different from the hollow, contrived enthusiasm of other trad groups. Their approach is overtly honest: the old *Apex Blues,* for example, is done with such obvious enjoyment that you are immediately convinced that it wasn't included merely because it is an old Jimmie Noone tune.

There are many flavors of jazz running through these tracks. *King of the Zulus* is a Louis Armstrong Hot Five item, but it runs more Duke Ellington's way than Armstrong's. Schilperoort's baritone, especially on *Please Don't Talk,* has a decided and pleasant Bud Freeman flavor.

PICK UP ON MILES



CL 1812/CS 8612*

CL 1656/CS 8456*

C2L 20/C2S 820*

CL 1041/CS 8633*

CL 1480/CS 8271*

CL 949/CS 8649*

HIS NEWEST HIS GREATEST EXCLUSIVELY ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

*Stereo

On *Ory's Creole Trombone* Kaart plays all of Ory's awkward phrases, but it is impossible to be annoyed, because it isn't that he didn't know better, or that he was trying to mimic Ory—he simply did not want, out of respect, to change the breaks.

All things considered, this is another portent of the healthy state of jazz in Europe. (G.M.E.)

Vince Guaraldi

JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF BLACK ORPHEUS—Fantasy 3337: *Samba de Orpheus; Manha de Carnaval; Musso Amor; Generique; Cast Your Fate to the Wind; Moon River; Alma-Ville; Since I Fell for You.*

Personnel: Guaraldi, piano; Monte Budwig, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The first four selections are from the prize-winning Brazilian film *Black Orpheus.* There isn't much Spanish flavor, however, in Guaraldi's handling of them. Even on *Samba* he goes into straight 4/4 swinging after the opening theme, stated by Budwig over Bailey's Latin drumming.

Guaraldi is a talented musician with more than one emotional face. His fertile imagination, excellent sense of rhythmic displacement, and driving single-note style are displayed on *Samba* and *Generique* and *Musso Amor,* and he plays well-constructed, reflective solos at the slower tempos of *Manha de Carnaval* and *Moon River.*

He has a tendency, however, to employ hackneyed pseudo-funky voicings. I found this tendency particularly irritating during his improvising on *Cast Your Fate.* The corniness of these chords is underlined when contrasted to the lovely folk song-like melody.

Budwig and Bailey turn in competent, technically clean performances. (H.P.)

Jimmy Heath

TRIPLE THREAT—Riverside 400: *Gemini; Bruh' Slim; Goodbye; Dew and Mud; Make Someone Happy; The More I See You; Prospecting.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Julius Watkins, French horn; Heath, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This Heath-ful (count 'em) session presents the Philadelphia brothers-in-arms in a muscular get-together heightened by some intelligent writing by the tenorist and a wealth of good-to-excellent solo work.

Two of the tracks—*Happy* and *More I See You*—are vehicles for the leader supported by the rhythm section. The tenorist does not have a particularly big sound; instead he achieves a sometimes snarling tonal effect on his horn. He is an effective improviser but somehow fails to reach anticipated heights. The listener keeps waiting for it to happen, but it doesn't.

Hubbard is the strong man here in the solo department. He fairly rips into his chorus on *Slim,* attacking the changes with unabashed brutality.

Watkins is more effective in ensemble than as a soloist. His horn makes for an unexpected mellow blend with tenor and trumpet, more delicate than a trombone yet with enough brassy vigor to fill out the front line to strong effect.

Walton and Percy and Albert Heath make for a blissful combination together. They tie the time down with taste and complete assurance. (J.A.T.)

James P. Johnson

FATHER OF THE STRIDE PIANO—Columbia 1780: *If Dreams Come True; Fascination; Lonesome Reverie; The Mule Walk; Blueberry Rhyme; Snowy Morning Blues; All That I Had Is Gone; Worried and Lonesome Blues; Weeping Blues; Carolina Shout; How Could I Be Blue?; Swingin' at the Lido; Havin' a Ball; Hungry Blues; Old-Fashioned Love; Memories of You.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-10—Johnson, piano. Track 11—Johnson, Clarence Williams, pianos. Tracks 12-15—Red Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Gene Sedric, tenor saxophone; Johnson; Sid Catlett, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Although the most recent of the performances in this set were made 23 years ago, 10 of these 16 selections are being released for the first time in this album.

The liner notes are surprisingly vague about the recording dates (in view of the careful and minute discographical details given with other releases in this *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz* series), attributing 10 indefinitely to 1939, one to 1930, and five, with generous lack of specification, to "the hectic '20s."

The solo performances emphasize Johnson's light and easy sense of rhythm and his strong feeling for melody. He is not, in most of these selections, a striking pianist (as Fats Waller, for instance, often was), but his playing is always pleasant and engaging.

The only occasion when he stretches out a bit and shows off his virtuosity is in the duet with Williams (1930) that opens with a dreadful (and, on Johnson's part, understandably half-hearted) bit of stereotyped Uncle Tom dialog before the pianists, with apparent relief, turn their attention to the keyboards.

Five pieces (1939) are by a small band that, despite a stellar lineup, is only sporadically exciting. The best man in the group is Allen, who produces a probing solo on *Memories* and a brilliantly pungent one on *Hungry Blues.* The latter, from Johnson's one-act opera *De Organizer,* written with Langston Hughes, is a lovely, haunting tune sung extremely effectively by Anna Robinson in a style that has strong reflections of early Billie Holiday and occasional suggestions of Ivie Anderson. (J.S.W.)

Steve Lacy

THE STRAIGHT HORN OF STEVE LACY—Candid 8007: *Louise; Introspection; Donna Lee; Played Twice; Air; Criss Cross.*

Personnel: Lacy, soprano saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; John Ore, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

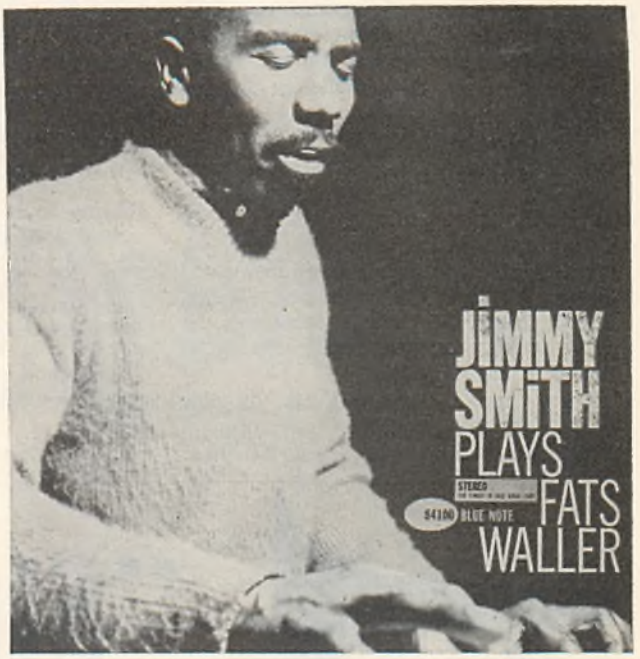
Rating: ★ ★ ★

Lacy is a constantly moving jazzman who remains recognizably himself through his various phases of development. This set documents his current efforts to expand the range and expressive possibilities of the soprano in modern jazz. The results are, to put it delicately, not unmixed.

For this listener, the chief fault in Lacy's work is a singular kind of emotional detachment. His floating, long-lined, and otherwise satisfactory solos sometimes take on the unreal, impersonal quality of speeded-up tape. (Play a ballad by John Coltrane—on tenor—at 45-rpm, and you'll hear the effect I mean.)

Lacy has pretty well in hand the

A New Album By THE FABULOUS JIMMY SMITH on BLUE NOTE



JIMMY SMITH PLAYS FATS WALLER BLP 4100*

WITH QUENTIN WARREN, GUITAR; DONALD BAILEY, DRUMS. EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY, SQUEEZE ME, AIN'T SHE SWEET, AIN'T MISBEHAVIN', LULU'S BACK IN TOWN, HONEYSUCKLE ROSE, I'VE FOUND A NEW BABY.
Jimmy on this album pays due respect to Fats and the compositions closely associated with him, and he subtly blends a texture of modern touches in his renditions of these famous tunes.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL
JIMMY SMITH BLP 4078*

HOME COOKIN'
JIMMY SMITH BLP 4050*

GRANTSTAND
GRANT GREEN BLP 4086*

GRAVY TRAIN
LOU DONALDSON BLP 4079*

HEADIN' SOUTH
HORACE PARLAN BLP 4062

HOOTIN' 'N TOOTIN'
FRED JACKSON BLP 4094*

HERE WE COME
THE 3 SOUNDS BLP 4088*

DOIN' THE THING
HORACE SILVER BLP 4076*

MEET YOU
ART BLAKEY BLP 4055*

LEAPIN' AND LOPIN'
SONNY CLARK BLP 4091*

DEXTER CALLING
DEXTER GORDON BLP 4083*

STOP AND LISTEN
BABY FACE WILLETTE BLP 4084

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

BLUE NOTE

*ALSO AVAILABLE IN STEREO

43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N.Y.

chronic intonation problem that goes with sopranos, and he avoids contemporary cliches. But there is something vital missing. Something as simple as human warmth.

This shortcoming is all the more perplexing because it seems to grow more noticeable as Lacy's musicianship improves. I recall a recording of *Peg o' My Heart*, made nearly a decade ago, on which the young sopranoist communicated piquant wit and real tenderness. Today, judging from the present recording, he seems more concerned with the horn than with the message.

There are cheerful aspects of this record, nonetheless. Lacy's *is* an original mind, and that is worth nurturing these days. His program of tunes, mostly by Thelonious Monk and Cecil Taylor, is commendable, and his choice of supporting rhythm players, particularly Haynes, is excellent. There also are some provocative moments of collective improvisation between the saxophones. (R.B.H.)

Johnny Lytle

NICE AND EASY—Jazzland 67: *But Not for Me; Soul Time; That's All; 322-Wow; Coroner's Blues; Nice and Easy; Old Folks.*

Personnel: Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Lytle, vibraharp; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Lytle and his colleagues seem to have taken the title of this LP a little too literally.

The performances are quite competent and would pass pleasantly and unnoticed in the course of an evening in a club. But on a record they just meander on listlessly and monotonously.

A recording, one would think, would be an occasion when something positive is to be attemped. But nobody seems disposed to do anything but pass the time in this set. Lytle is an amiable but anonymous vibist while Griffin is in remarkably subdued form.

As background music, this might pass muster but not by any other standard. (J.S.W.)

Oliver Nelson-King Curtis-Jimmy Forrest

SOUL BATTLE—Prestige 7223: *Blues at the Five Spot; Blues for MF; Anacruses; Perdido; In Passing.*

Personnel: Nelson, Curtis, Forrest, tenor saxophones; Gene Casey, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In the wholesale circling, back-to-the-roots trend in the last few years, many jazzmen seemed to have shucked inventiveness and substituted a way of playing that is safe and funky and that has finally become little more than a weary recital of cliches.

What a pleasure it is, then, hearing this trio of tenor men wean themselves from the shoddy habits of funk and come to grips with what is after all the primary problem of a jazz performance: immediate, vital improvisation; the esthetic response of the individual, not the tiresome running by rote funk phrases.

Things begin happening early on *Five Spot*, and all three men score in their solos. Forrest and Curtis both go to work developing sequences of response to early statements in their improvisations; Nelson, on the other hand, toys with ideas all over his horn until he plays a phrase that hits him right, and he spends the rest of the solo wringing variations of that phrase dry.

These operations carry over to *MF* but become most telling in the performances on *Anacruses*, a track that moves to the very rim of adventure.

These tenor men are not any less forceful on *Perdido* and *Passing*, but the excessive length of these two tracks puts a damper on their effectiveness.

The rhythm section drives on every track. Dig Haynes and Duvivier on *Anacruses*. (G.M.E.)

Phineas Newborn Jr.

A WORLD OF PIANO—Contemporary 3600: *Cheryl; Manteca; Lush Life; Dahoud; Oleo; Juicy Lucy; For Carl; Cabu.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Newborn, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Tracks 5-8—Newborn; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

There is every indication in this stunning album that Newborn is well on the way to fulfilling the great promise he showed when he first burst on the jazz scene some seven years ago. His first recordings were favorably received — primarily on the basis of his prodigious technique—but a certain lack of warmth and emotional depth in his music prevented his attaining the first rank of jazz improvisers. And always there was the temptation to turn everything into a

virtuoso showpiece, to which he yielded far too often.

The last several years, however, have seen a decided maturation in the pianist's approach. The runaway technique has been harnessed and is now used as a means to expression rather than as an end in itself. But far more important than the tempering of his virtuoso proclivities are Newborn's assured and mature conception, the deepened emotional thrust of his playing, and the unfailing sense of ordered direction that course through his work on this recording, his first disc as leader in some time, though his brilliant work on two recent Howard McGhee collections gave indications of his new authority.

Here Newborn's technique never once obtrudes but is guided by a mind that is ever sure of its direction and moves to its goal with sureness, economy, and telling power. Moreover, Newborn's playing is marked by a passionate intensity and a healthy emotional spontaneity that were too often absent in his earliest work. As a result, his playing now has about it a *total* human quality, with heart and mind in balance. Coldness has fled; now warm blood courses.

All of the eight pieces are fully realized seamless jazz improvisations, but three stand out: *Manteca* has some superb pianism, with fleet single-note lines in both hands moving away from each other in a magnificent contrapuntal display; *Lush Life* is breathtaking in its delicate impressionistic loveliness, replete with Ravel gleanings; and there is a powerful *Oleo* that never once lets up and is jam-packed with a rapid succession of ideas, but it is not overdone—it is merely a powerfully compressed piece of work and a remarkable piece of musical economy.

The two bass-drum teams — Miles Davis' and Cannonball Adderley's—offer the sensitive, sure work we have come to expect of them. They add much to the effectiveness of the collection and support Newborn wherever he ventures.

This is one of the most arresting jazz piano achievements in some time. (P.W.)

Clark Terry

ALL-AMERICAN — Prestige/Moodsville 26: *What a Country; Same Language; If I Were You; I've Just Seen Her; Once Upon a Time; Nightlife; It's Fun to Think; The Fight Song.*

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; George Barrow, baritone saxophone; Lester Robertson, trombone; Eddie Costa, piano, vibes; Eddie Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Some of the tunes on this album, taken from the Broadway show of the same name, are pleasant, but it is doubtful whether they will enjoy much subsequent usage by jazz musicians.

Arranger Oliver Nelson deserves praise for reworking their harmonic and rhythmic frameworks to make them suitable vehicles for improvisation. On *Fight Song* a blues progression is used after the theme statement.

Johnson's playing is consistently brilliant. He is a phenomenon in the realm of jazzmen. The styles of most remain almost unchanged after they have reached the age of 35 or 40, but not Johnson's. He has been open-minded enough to listen to and learn from younger musicians. Today his playing is modern in most senses yet as original as ever.

He eats up the changes on *Country* with torrid, multinoted passages. His relaxed, well-paced playing on *Nightlife* and *Fight Song* is reminiscent of Lester Young's, which influenced him strongly in the middle '40s.

Terry takes melodic, solidly constructed solos at the medium tempos of *Nightlife* and *If I Were You*. His rhythmic ease is remarkable. I've never heard anyone produce the good natured, incredibly loose feeling that he does in slurred phrases. His fat, warm sound comes across well on *Time*, and he controls his vibrato extremely well, producing a sonority that is voluptuous but never corny.

Costa was having an off day on piano. However, his vibes solo on *I've Just Seen Her* is very pretty. (H.P.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Lester Young

THE ESSENTIAL LESTER YOUNG—Verve 8398: *Up'n Adam; Back to the Land; New DB Blues; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Encore; Lester Leaps In; Sunday; Thou Swell.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 4, 5—Young, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums. Track 2— Young; Nat Cole, piano; Rich. Track 3—Young; Jesse Drakes, trumpet; Gildo Mahones, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; Connie Kay, drums. Track 6—Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Tommy Turk, trombone; Young; Charlie Parker, alto saxophone; Jones; Brown; Rich. Track 7—Young; Lou Stein, piano; Herb Ellis,

guitar; Brown; Mickey Sheen, drums. Track 8—Young; John Lewis, piano; Ramey; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It is on records such as this that the rating system is misleading. The worst tracks in this reissue are far below 3½ stars, and the best are somewhat above. For this is a collection of post-Army Young, and Prez was, if anything, inconsistent after his wartime experience.

He is at his worst on *Sunday;* he misses notes, plays as if he were in a stupor, and turns in one of the sloppiest performances he ever recorded, though through the haze it seems as if he were trying to say something of beauty. There's a neat muted trumpet solo by what sounds like Harry Edison; whoever it is is not listed in the personnel.

Lester Leaps In is from a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert. The atmosphere is hectic, a JATP characteristic. For the most part, Young dispenses with melodic construction and gives way to the raucous atmosphere, playing "rhythm" tenor. Even in such a battering-ram surrounding and in a generally tasteless solo, Young occasionally throws in one of those singing lines of his, and for a moment there is light in the murk. Even Parker in this milieu fails to bring much inspiration to his solo. And Turk's trombone solo is dismal—a collection of repeated cliches and crowd-rousing devices. Eldridge begins his solo promisingly but by the second chorus is grandstanding in the upper register. There's a good solo by an unlisted tenorist who may be either Illinois Jacquet or Flip Phillips.

The other tracks are several cuts above *Sunday* and *Leaps In,* though Prez seldom is at his best.

His chorus and a half on *Polka Dots* is poignant and lyrical, played with the aspirate tone he often used in the last years.

Young's wide-open phrasing, humor, and lyricism are evident on *Adam* and *Encore,* both blues and both similar in concept and tempo (no recording dates are listed, but these may be alternate masters). Rich is a little heavy, but his drive is admirable. Hank Jones playing boogie woogie, as he does on *Adam,* is pretty funny.

On *DB,* a blues with an *I Got Rhythm* bridge, Young is off and running from the start. The relaxation he was known for is there, but so is a time strictness that seldom left him no matter how relaxed he was (*Sunday* was one of those rare exceptions). There's bright Drakes and Mahones solos on this track too.

The highlight of the album is the blues *Back to the Land.* It's a temptation to say Prez crys on this track, but there was little self-pity in his work. Young never cried; he *sang,* sadly at times it's true, but it was singing not sobbing. His three choruses are peerlessly constructed, the third an affirmative yet poignant statement. Cole's solo is most interesting for what he does with his left hand; he plays a walking bass line that is anything but monotonous, its shifting accents and figures drawing away from what his right hand plays. Rich's use of brushes on this track is the epitome of taste.

If for nothing save *Back to the Land,* this collection is recommended, though it is regrettable that Verve saw fit to include the inferior material on the second side. And the recording data should have been more complete. (D.DeM.)

VOCAL

Lightnin' Hopkins

WALKIN' THIS ROAD BY MYSELF—Prestige/Bluesville 1057: *Walkin' This Road by Myself; How Many More Years I Got to Let You Dog Me Around?; Worried Life Blues; Happy Blues for John Glenn; The Devil Jumped the Black Man; Black Cadillac; Black Gal; Baby, Don't You Tear My Clothes; Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl; Coffee Blues.*

Personnel: Buster Picken, piano; Billy Bizor, harmonica; Spider Kilpatrick, drums; Hopkins, guitar, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is one of Hopkins' less impressive collections, and oddly enough, part of the reason for this may be because it is, in one sense, quite authentic.

On six of the 10 selections he is backed by three musicians with whom he frequenty works in Houston, Texas, dance halls. It is a group that may lay down a satisfying beat for dancers, but here it succeeds in muddying Hopkins' singing much of the time and exhibits very little creativity of its own.

The four selections on which Hopkins provides his own support on guitar (*Gal, Clothes, Girl, Coffee*) are much more lucid instances of his talent, for he establishes an intimate rapport with the listener that is almost impossible when the other musicians are lumbering along with him. On his own he is able to project a sly and sinuous image on his coaxing *Schoolgirl* and to point up his cynicism on *Black Gal.*

One selection, *John Glenn,* which is the subject of most of Mack McCormick's liner notes, is not particularly memorable as a song or as a performance, but it is of peculiar interest, for, as McCormick points out, this is the kind of topical song that Hopkins and other blues singers constantly create on the spur of the moment and, when the moment has lost its spur, forget completely. Normally such songs have evaporated before a singer gets into a recording studio, but in this case Hopkins was scheduled to record immediately after Glenn's flight so he faced the microphone in full creative ferment. (J.S.W.)

Big Miller

BIG MILLER SINGS, TWISTS, SHOUTS, AND PREACHES—Columbia 1808: *Am I Blue?; Chattanooga Choo Choo; A Whole Lot o' Woman; I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues; Water Boy; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?; Sam's Song; Near You; Blues in the Night; Blues Theme from "Reprieve"; I'm Gonna Go Fishin'; Runnin' Wild.*

Personnel: Miller, vocals; Jules Chaikin, Johnny Audinox, Tony Terran, Bob Edmondson, trumpets; Bob Pring, Herbie Harper, Gail Martin, trombones; Bud Shank, Bernie Fleischer, Bill Perkins, John Lowe, reeds; Ray Sherman, piano; Bill Pitman or John Pisano, guitar; Buddy Clark, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

As a commercial entry, this LP has a lot going for it—superficial excitement and frequent use of a heavy, dogged beat. To achieve this, both Miller and arranger-conductor Bob Florence have had to dilute their talents, but they also have shown enough of their true mettle to escape the danger of being judged solely on their

deliberately hackneyed efforts.

Florence wrote the arrangement of *Lazy River* that has proved to be a springboard and a stylistic foundation for Si Zentner's band. He uses the same style in many of these arrangements, which means that about half of the disc has an extremely limited and monotonous outlook.

The saving grace on these selections is that Miller sometimes builds an outgoing projection that catches fire, and the band, whenever it is on its own, really roars. Miller puts a tremendous amount of energy into his performances, and what merits they have are generally the result of this energy rather than of any vocal quality (on *Blues Theme* he shows the vocal depth and quality of which he is capable).

Although the band is theoretically a secondary quantity, it constantly draws attention away from Miller. Florence's arrangements, when he gets away from the stolid thud, are very craftsmanlike (and in their own way, the thudders are too). But this set makes so many compromises it rarely rises above superficiality. (J.S.W.)

Doug Quattlebaum

SOFTEE MAN BLUES—Prestige/Bluesville 1065: *Sweet Little Woman; Whisky-Headed Woman; Trouble in Mind; You Is One Black Rat; On My Way to School; You Ain't No Good; Come Back Blues; Mama Don't Allow Me to Stay Out All Night Long; Big Leg Woman; Love My Baby; Black Night Is Falling; Baby, Take a Chance with Me; So Sweet; Worried Mind Blues.*

Personnel: Quattlebaum, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Quattlebaum is one of the more surprising rediscoveries in the current resurgence of blues men. His reappearance is surprising because his earlier reputation was so limited that only as devoted a blues follower as Pete Welding, who was the rediscoverer, might have known of him.

He made only a few singles for the Gotham label in the early '50s and then disappeared. Welding found him in Philadelphia, working on a Mister Softee ice cream truck.

Quattlebaum's rediscovery is also surprising in that it is incredible that as directly communicative a singer as he is should have been in obscurity these years. He has a strong, vibrant voice that can soar with passion or cut strongly into a lyric. He provides his own accompaniment with simple, slashing chords on guitar, a style that gives percussive emphasis to his singing.

Quattlebaum is firmly grounded in the country blues with the urban surface that is to be expected of a man who has lived in Philadelphia most of his life. In many respects his singing is in the vein of Bill Broonzy, although he has not yet reached the state of highly organized freedom that Broonzy developed. He is on his way, however, for this is a strikingly assured set of performances.

Quattlebaum seems to know what he wants to do, and he has the techniques to achieve his end. It is interesting to find that he is strongly cognizant of the traditions of the blues field, for he includes pieces by Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup, Sonny Boy Williamson, Johnny Temple, Memphis Minnie, and Jazz Gillum as well as the classic *Trouble in Mind*. (J.S.W.)

Blues 'n' Folk

By PETE WELDING

Two recent long-play collections raise interesting questions as to the focus, value, and validity of the recording activity that has been taking place as a result of the strong renewal of interest in the blues. The two discs are *South Side Blues* on Riverside 403, in that label's *Chicago: The Living Legends* series, and *Songs We Taught Your Mother* on Prestige/Bluesville 1052, which contains the work of Alberta Hunter, Lucille Hegamin, and Victoria Spivey, accompanied by a bevy of jazz veterans.

The major focus in both these collections is on blues artists who either achieved their greatest successes in the 1920s and '30s or who perform in the older styles associated with that bygone era.

Mama Yancey, widow of the pianist Jimmy Yancey, is heard on the Riverside set in a program of four archaic-styled numbers. Never much of a performer even in her best days (as, for example, her earliest recordings, made in 1943 with her husband accompanying her), her inclusion in this collection is inexplicable in that her performances are extremely poor. Delivering her selections in a cracked, high-pitched voice that alternates between a whine and a yelp, Mama demonstrates a complete disregard for the sense and content of her lyrics, has pitch problems, and sings in a near monotone most of the time.

In the cases of the other three female singers (all heard on the Bluesville album in four selections each), vocal deterioration has not been so marked, but it has taken its toll. The performances are of varying degrees of pleasantness but of no special brilliance, with Miss Hunter contributing the most consistently satisfying singing. Her voice has retained a certain throaty suppleness and resiliency, but Miss Spivey tends to flat, wooden delivery (despite attempts at perkiness), and Miss Hegamin sings in a thin, quavering manner. The accompaniments, however, are generally sensitive.

Attractive exercises in nostalgia, yes, but anything beyond that, no. None of the 12 pieces has anything of the power or sheen of either the original versions or the original style. The disc remains essentially an attempt to re-create the music of an era that can neither be re-created nor has any need to be.

Which brings us to the central question: Just what is the purpose and intent of these and like collections? Is it to entertain the average jazz or blues fan? Entertainment values are not very high, for one has to contend with performers whose vocal equipment is in various stages of disintegration. Is it to recapture the flavor or aura of a time and singing style long since past? The results offer only the slightest hints of the "golden age of the blues." Is it deemed to be of particular folkloristic significance? The folklorist would rather have the original recordings, since they are the direct products of an age. And artistically the originals are far superior to these pale copies. What then?

Since it looks as if we will not get many reissues of the originals, we must perforce settle for the second best that these re-creations are. And this would seem to be their major function.

Of the two, the Bluesville is the more valuable. It is a much better balanced and prepared collection than the other. Its musical content is much higher, and after all, music is the basic consideration.

South Side Blues, on the other hand, bears the earmarks of a hastily assembled melange. The four pieces by Walter Vinson, the "Mississippi Sheik," are by far the best things in the collection, for singer Vinson and his two confreres, lead guitarist Sam Hill and pianist Jesse Coleman, manage to project their conviction and involvement with the blues. Little Brother Montgomery on his one solo number fails to generate any of the excitement of which he is capable, and his "topical" song is ill-advised, if not plain corny.

As a survey of the rich south-side Chicago blues traditions—which the album by implication purports to be—it is disappointing. It gives not the slightest indication of the thoroughly staggering amount and variety of blues activity that exists in the Chicago area. Producer Chris Albertson's idea of including one unknown performer in the collection is a good one, though it seems hardly likely he could have chosen a less interesting or unoriginal performer than the Henry Benson who is given two tracks in the album. One may only hope that this is but the first disc of an intensive blues survey of Chicago's teeming south and west sides, for there is a spate of excellent material to be mined. *South Side Blues* barely nicks the surface.

It would appear, in view of the increasing number of blues discs being issued with each passing month, that the market for this material is a decent-sized and growing one.

But blues collections should be given—yet rarely are, it would seem—the same thought and attention to detail that are lavished on the best modern-jazz recordings. In fact, they should be given even greater attention, for they are harder to sustain. These releases prove that—and how. db

BLINDFOLD TEST ETTA JONES

"Singers can do other people's material when they have something special going and can give it an altogether different treatment."


DON SCHLITTEN

By LEONARD FEATHER

The arrival of Etta Jones in the LP best-seller lists last year was a stunning illustration of the role chance plays in dominating talent and delaying success.

Miss Jones first came to my attention in the 1940s. Though very young, she was singing almost as well then as today. Between '44 and '47 I produced a series of dates—first for Black and White, then for National, and then for RCA Victor—that certainly revealed her as a potentially important artist, but nothing much happened with them commercially.

There was a long period of obscurity, broken briefly by a stint with Earl Hines' sextet in 1952. Then came a Prestige contract and *Don't Go to Strangers,* and suddenly a neglected artist was a name vocalist.

Her reaction to the Billie Holiday record below makes it clear where she found her main source of inspiration. This was her first test. She was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Gloria Lynne. *This Little Boy of Mine* (from *This Little Boy of Mine,* Everest). Fred Norman, arranger.

That was Gloria Lynne. The recording and sound and arrangement are all good, and they got a lot of things happening in there, and her voice seems to be clear . . . but I heard the record by Ray Charles, and I liked his much more.

Singers can do other people's material when they have something special going and can give it an altogether different treatment. It's all right if it doesn't remind you of the other record too much. Three stars.

2. Sam Cooke. *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* (from *My Kind of Blues,* RCA Victor). Sam Lowe, arranger.

I liked this one very much. This is Sam Cooke, isn't it? It's an old tune, and I believe Louis Jordan did it. Now this is what I meant when I talked about the first record.

Even though I remembered Louis Jordan's version, to me this got something new going. It had a swinging beat—you can also dance to it—it's got a soulful feeling, and I liked it very much altogether. The arrangement was wonderful. Four stars.

3. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. *Farmer's Market* (from *High Flying,* Columbia).

I can appreciate this kind of thing, but I also would tire of it. This is Annie Ross, by the way, a very talented singer, but I can't imagine anyone listening to this type of music for an hour or two.

I couldn't understand a lot of the lyrics, either—I know she was talking about beans, but somehow a lot of it didn't make sense. You can appreciate what she's doing, from a musician's standpoint, but for the average layman, wow! Let's give this one two stars.

4. Ann Richards. *You Go to My Head* (from *Ann, Man!,* Atco).

It was good, but it wasn't the type of thing that I'd particularly care to play myself. I wanted it to go into tempo, and it never did. It just didn't get to me—and I couldn't recognize who it was. Give it three stars.

5. Anita O'Day. *Trav'lin' Light* (from *Trav'lin' Light,* Verve). Johnny Mandel, arranger.

Well, we've got a toss-up going on this one—it sounds like either Chris Connor or Anita O'Day. It didn't particularly impress me.

The arrangement was good, but I could hear spots where something sounded a little out of tune, to me. Flat. Maybe I'm thinking about the singer. And then again, I associate this tune with Billie Holiday, and I was a fan of hers. I wouldn't say it was just . . . blah, and that's what fair means, doesn't it? So let's give it a not-very-good-but-good rating—three.

6. Charlie Mingus. *Weird Nightmare* (from *Pre-Bird,* Mercury). Lorraine Cousins, vocal.

I'd rather not comment on this one, because I think I have an idea who it is, and it's a friend of mine. Is it Helen Merrill? This was too complicated and too weird for me to understand what it was. I'll pass on this one.

7. Pearl Bailey. *Come Rain or Come Shine* (from *Pearl Bailey Sings Harold Arlen,* Roulette).

Well, of course I knew who that was—Pearl Bailey—and I would give it four stars for this reason. To me, Pearl has never been like a singer, but when you hear her, you can just see her, and then you *have* to appreciate her, because you can visualize just what she is doing if you've ever seen her. All the little tricks and things.

She handles the song well, with so much grace, and you can just picture all the hand movements and everything. So to me it was very good.

8. Ruth Price. *Crazy He Calls Me* (from *Ruth Price with Shelly Manne & His Men at the Manne-Hole,* Contemporary). Russ Freeman, piano; Manne drums.

I'd give this one four stars. I liked the music; it was relaxed . . . and I liked the singing—I could understand every word.

Now this sounds like Carmen McRae to me, though I'm not sure. If it is, she gave the tune a little different—she strayed a little, I think, from her usual style. She fooled me; I'm not sure . . . but I liked it *very* much. The piano introduction was beautiful too.

9. Della Reese. *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* (from *Special Delivery,* RCA Victor).

I couldn't give this more than two stars. From the git-go it was singing all the way through; too much singing, too frantic. No up-and-down, no contrasts. To go straight through at that pace leaves no chance for any variety. It was Della Reese.

10. Chris Connor-Maynard Ferguson. *That's How It Went All Right* (from *Double Exposure,* Atlantic). Don Sebesky, arranger.

Five stars! That was swinging, and the arrangement was crazy. It had variety and it got a good groove all the way through. I think it was Chris Connor. I didn't recognize the band, but it was swinging, whoever it was.

11. Billie Holiday. *Yesterdays* (from *The Unforgetable Lady Day,* Verve). Oscar Peterson, organ; Paul Quinichette, tenor saxophone.

I'd give Billie *six* stars if I could. Nobody will ever again get out of a song what she did. She puts singing in a different category altogether; like nothing else I've ever heard.

Was it Paul Quinichette on tenor? I didn't know the organist. A beautiful record. Five stars. ☆☆☆☆☆

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

DEXTER GORDON-KENNY DORHAM-JACKIE McLEAN ALL-STARS/BILLY TAYLOR

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Dorham, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Kelvin Knowles, vibes. Taylor, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

The music presented at this concert is a much-needed antidote to the sometimes boring, sometimes ugly sounds that have become more and more prevalent.

There was a slim crowd in attendance. The officers of the Evolution of Jazz Club, under whose auspices the concert was presented, conceded that their promotion had not been all that it should have been.

But if the turnout was disappointing, the music was not. It was vigorous and lyrical and, in the case of the horn men, swung with intense heat.

Taylor, who emceed the program with low-key charm, played the first half of the concert with his trio. The three interacted beautifully. They opened with *Paraphrase*, as Taylor explained a "paraphrase of a Gershwin melody" (*They Can't Take That Away from Me*), and continued with *Impromptu*, a bi-sectioned piece that moved from Latin to a balladic transition into loping swing, back into Latin and finally to up-tempo 4/4. *At the Carousel* was played with excellent dynamics, and *Theodora*, a ballad named for Taylor's wife, created warm pools of sound. The closer was an effective *Three Views of the Blues* — three separate pieces played in close proximity. The first had a marvelous solo by Tucker; the second was a fly, little blues that grew in intensity; the third was in a Latin vein.

After a brief intermission, the all-stars took the stage. It was a group that deserved this often misapplied title. Gordon and Dorham combined on *Wee Dot;* Gordon was featured on *The End of a Love Affair* and Dorham on *Solar*. McLean came out for *Let's Face the Music and Dance*, and newcomer Knowles played *Just Friends*. Following this, all the horns and Knowles were brought together for *Jackie's Blues*. Knowles, who displayed talent but seemed nervous and a bit out of his league on *Friends*, did not solo on the blues. The three horns excitingly explored *A Night in Tunisia* as a rousing finale.

McLean's tone was mellower than usual, but his lines were just as incisive as ever. Dorham was having lip trouble that occasionally led to ragged articulation, but even this could not offset the intricate beauty of his lines or the insistence of his swing. As he has been in all his appearances since coming to New York City recently, Gordon was the embodiment of jazz vitality. He created wide, sweeping vistas of sound and melody that were especially stimulating during his extended solos on *Jackie's Blues* and *Tunisia*.

The rhythm section played heatedly throughout. Haynes, one of the top drummers in jazz, was a fountain of controlled but penetrating artistic energy; Workman worked hard; Bishop, who has become a much more personal pianist, spun articulate solos with an ease that belied their meticulous construction. —*Ira Gitler*

BILL HENDERSON

Archway, Chicago

Personnel: Henderson, vocals; John Young, piano; Sam Kidd, bass; Phil Thomas, drums.

It's about time Bill Henderson left the singers' singer category. He's deserving of much wider recognition as one of the outstanding male vocalists—perhaps the only one who can sing with equal grace, conviction, and authority a tender ballad, a stomping blues, a semi-rhythm-and-blues tune, a show tune, a novelty tune—you name it. And Henderson's ability is truly a diversified one and not of the chameleon type encountered in others who perform a wide variety of material.

At medium and up tempos, Henderson usually injects humor into his easy-going but fiery delivery. Also notable is his control and awareness of what the lyrics mean, no matter the tempo. If at times he pulls out all stops, as on *That Old Black Magic*, he also underplays masterfully when the occasion calls for it, and it did on a medium slow *On Green Dolphin Street*. The majority of his nonballad work, however, is heated and driving, most often the result of a Hendersonism —a sustained quarter-note phrase building in volume and emotional intensity.

But it is on ballads that Henderson shows his stature as an artist. His voice, normally husky, becomes even darker, thicker, his vibrato more expressive as he winds himself in a cocoon of feeling. His tenderness and grasp of lyric meaning were exemplary on *Angel Eyes*, which he ended on a falsetto note.

TED WILLIAMS

HENDERSON
Humor, relaxation, control, quarter notes

And all this with tasteful stage presence and adroit showmanship.

Young's trio adequately backed Henderson during his three-week stand at the Archway. On its own portion of each set, however, the trio failed to jell as a tightly knit group, though individually the members were excellent. Young, one of the most sought-after Chicago pianists, was especially satisfying in his performance on *Theme from Spartacus, Take Five*, and *This Could Be the Start of Something*, each invested with sprightliness and technical assurance. —*DeMicheal*

REFLECTIONS

FATS WALLER

By TIMME ROSENKRANTZ

I had known Fats Waller since 1934 when I paid my first visit to the United States. He was one of the most wonderful and talented men I ever met. There were many persons in the music world I wanted to meet at that time, but Fats was No. 1 on my list.

I expected to meet a little fat fellow, but Waller turned out to be a giant, more than 6 feet tall and weighing more than 300 pounds.

On the memorable day that I first met him, he invited me to his radio broadcast. Fats had three weekly broadcasts, and I never missed a single one. It got to the point that if I didn't sit in the studio, Fats wouldn't play. Needless to say, this made me quite proud.

I often visited Fats in his apartment, and he showed me almost all the places in Harlem where you could buy a drink. I dare say he really contributed unwittingly to my first stomach ulcer.

This was shortly after repeal. You could get whisky anywhere, but it wasn't good. You had to drink it with your eyes closed and your feet together. We often went to a small afterhours place. It was really a private apartment that belonged to Fats' brother, Lawrence. This gentle soul served whisky the whole night long. He made it himself. He was a skilled carpenter.

I'll never forget one night. There were quite a few of us there—Benny Carter, Mezz Mezzrow, Floyd O'Brien, Bud Freeman, Eddie Condon, and I. We consumed a lot. I believe Fats drank a couple of quarts all by himself before he got to the piano. Then he played *Hallelujah* for at least an hour. It was fantastic! But when he tried to get up he fell right on his face, quietly, convincingly, and without a word.

The rest of us just sat there, overwhelmed by the beautiful music and the strong whisky. No one said anything for at least 10 minutes. Then it suddenly dawned on us that Fats had passed out. Just then, Lawrence brought some more "soup" and said, in a loud whisper, "Here's that man again." Fats got up for a moment, took a little snack from the tray, and then reclined again—this time more comfortably on his back.

But he had played *Hallelujah* like nobody before or since!

In those days, Fats was making a name for himself. He already had written numerous songs for various shows. Several of them became hits, and the music world became aware of this young composer's talents. His songs came out on records, and people all over the world came to know *Honeysuckle Rose, Ain't Misbehavin', My Fate Is in Your Hands, Squeeze Me,* and the many other Waller tunes.

Fats was one of the most prolific songwriters the United States has had. He wrote hundreds of tunes, and in many cases he is not even given credit as composer. Of course, times were bad in those early days of his career, and it was hard for a young Negro to make it financially. Many times Fats sold songs to more well-known, established writers for as little as $10.

Fats made two visits to Europe. The first time was about 1930. He came to Paris with his old friend, songwriter Spencer Williams, who wrote, among other songs, *I Ain't Got Nobody*. The idea was that the two should play together in a big London night club. But first they wanted to spend a holiday in Paris, taking in art galleries, museums, and such other attractions that Paris might offer. On their last evening in the French capital, they sat in a Montmartre bistro honoring the finest in French wines with some Parisian colleagues. After having almost drowned himself in the delectable liquids, Fats suddenly exclaimed, "It's so wonderful, and it's not even imported!"

Spencer finally went home to get a little sleep, since they were scheduled to leave for London early in the morning. Fats promised to meet him at the boat train. But when Fats woke up the next day, he was rocking on the waves of the Atlantic, on a ship heading for the United States. He had made a mistake and forgotten all about London and his appearance with Williams.

On his next visit to Europe, Fats made it to London, but this time he was more careful of his wine consumption.

He stayed at the Dorchester Hotel, and one evening, when he came back from one of the big theaters where he was working, he invited a few friends up to his suite. Later he entertained his guests by playing for them. It was very late at night when a porter appeared and told him to be quiet and stop the music. The other guests were trying to sleep, the porter said, and were not to be disturbed any further.

So Fats stopped playing, but it wasn't long before someone knocked on his door. It was a committee of hotel guests. They came in their pajamas and night gowns and begged Fats to continue—a wish which he granted while they all sat down. Later, when the porter returned to repeat his plea for peace and silence, he was ill received, to say the least. I heard he almost got fired the next day.

The last time I saw Fats was in New York City during World War II. I'll never forget that summer evening. It was my birthday, but I had decided to stay home since I somehow had run out of money and that made a celebration of the event virtually impossible. This rather sad state of affairs was soon changed by an unexpected phone call. It was a friend of mine who asked if I felt like going to the Hurricane Club where Duke Ellington and his orchestra were appearing.

Of course I felt like it, I replied. I'm always in the mood to listen to the Duke but . . . and I explained my precarious situation. With the promise to buy me a drink, my friend persuaded me to accept. Fifteen minutes later, as I entered the club, I discovered to my great delight that all my friends had arranged a surprise party for me—all you could drink and a birthday cake nearly as big as Columbus Circle. All this plus the music of Duke Ellington! It was indeed a celebration.

As the stage lights went on again after the intermission, they revealed yet another surprise. There, seated at the piano, was Fats Waller. He made a little speech that brought tears to my eyes. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I will play my latest composition for my good friend Timme Rosenkrantz, who's turning 100 today. The title is *Messy Bessy, Take Your Big Legs off Timme Rosenkrantz.*" After this his fingers touched the keys, and he played so angels danced on our tables.

That evening at the Hurricane Club was the last time I saw Fats. Naturally I think of him very often, especially when I sit down by my record player and put on one of his wonderful, happy records. When I close my eyes, I can see the great big, jovial man in front of me. I can see him and hear him laugh and laugh, his huge body wiggling. My mind wanders back to all those wonderful days and nights I spent with him.

That was all a long time ago, and I sometimes wonder, will we ever again have such a musician and magnificent human being among us?

GOODMAN *from page 13*

ence. He watched the applause, and he followed it as a guide to what to play.

"Actually, the best city we were in was Leningrad," Van Lake said. "The people there talk about the city as the cradle of the revolution. Whatever the reason, it was the best Russian city I was in. The food was the best there, there were more English-speaking people, the audience seemed more responsive, and the band played especially well there. Incidentally Phil Woods played with the best Leningrad alto player during that time and shot him down in one chorus. But I think it really helped the guy. He learned more in that one chorus than he's probably learned in his whole life."

The mutiny? Oh, yes.

The band was suddenly notified during its last week that its last week's salary would be held until the tour was over. Most of the musicians had counted on that salary for buying souvenirs in Moscow, not having wanted to carry them from city to city on the tour. That apparently was some kind of last straw. To a man they told tour manager Jay Finegold that they would not play. He told them that he would straighten it out before the last concert.

The last concert was really two concerts—one in the afternoon and one in the evening. To avoid causing too much embarrassment, and to make their demands seem more reasonable, the musicians said they would play the afternoon concert but not the one in the evening—until they received their checks. All but one man played that evening. Each one stopped in the wings before going on stage to receive his check from Finegold.

The one who didn't play was trumpeter Joe Wilder. From his check was deducted about $60 for the 44 pounds of excess baggage he had carried through the trip. The musicians were nearly evenly divided on this matter. Some felt Goodman could afford it; others felt he could, but why should he? In any case, it was enough to incense Wilder. He did not appear in the trumpet section that night.

Mel Lewis and vibraharpist Vic Feldman, back in Los Angeles after the tour, shed further light on the ill feeling between band members and Goodman.

"All those newspaper stories about discord in the band," Lewis said, "that was nonsense. We got along fine; the only trouble was between all of us and Benny."

"Between all the tension and the bad food and catching a cold," Feldman said, "I wound up in a hospital in Kiev. I was literally sick and tired of the whole thing."

JIM TAYLOR

MEL LEWIS
Bugged Benny from the back row

About the modern arrangements, Feldman said the band was not given sufficient time to rehearse them.

"Benny himself sounds strange and ill at ease playing modern tunes," he continued. "The odd part is he's a snob; he points out that he's a classical musician. He's played Debussy and Ravel, so modern harmony doesn't impress him. Once we ran over my number *New Delhi*, and he said, 'I don't like minor tunes.' And during the concerts, he'd noodle during solos, or hum while Joya Sherrill was singing. He has so *many* different ways of getting people tense and upset.

"The audience reacted just as well to the new tunes as they had to the old things, so he might just as well have pleased us by playing a few of them all along."

How about the idea he discussed in Moscow of helping some of the young Soviet jazzmen by letting them perform with the band?

"He never even went to hear them," Lewis said. "We jammed with Soviet musicians three or four times; Benny not once."

Did anyone try to get through to him, to tell him about the discontent?

"I tried once," Feldman said, "but it was futile. He doesn't care how the men feel about him anyway. He doesn't care about his band or even care for any other bands; like he put down Duke Ellington as being 'too much of a band of stars'."

Lewis said, "That's because he doesn't like sidemen to shine too much. After I got a big hand with my *Sing, Sing, Sing* solo, he took the solo away from me. After Phil Woods took a solo one night on *Greetings to Moscow* and got a great hand, the same thing happened."

"But let's face it too," Feldman said, "he paid us good money, and I accepted the deal, and I'm glad I made the trip."

When Lewis was asked what he would do if he had it to do over again, his reply was succinct:

"Sure, but next time I'd take Dizzy along as leader." db

CURSON *from page 20*

got not only musical experience playing with Mingus, but I learned all about the music business. Mingus is a shrewd businessman and a showman. He really knows how. He also expected everybody in the group to play as well as he did. He put so much pressure on you, like a piece of coal, he turned you into a diamond. He always expected more from you. Nobody could play the same solos or a lot of cliches with him. He really knew what he wanted to hear. But Mingus is a very warm and sensitive man . . . and very alert to what's going He'll always try something new."

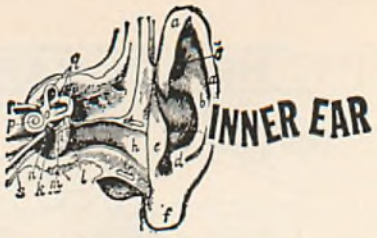
Curson made four record dates with Mingus, as sideman, but it was not until he left the group that he made a record as leader, *Plenty of Horn*. Although the record received critical acclaim from almost all quarters, it was less than a world-beater over the counter. Old Town, the label, is predominantly a rhythm-and-blues company, with which Curson signed for a year after leaving Mingus. He left recently, at the expiration of the contract period.

Right now, Curson is trying to keep a young band together, and he admits frankly that he is having a great deal of trouble doing it. He has had to gig any place he could, even at bar mitzvahs and the Palladium. But recently, he's been working at places like Small's in New York City and a few of the Monday sessions at Birdland and the Jazz Gallery—before the latter folded.

"To keep a group together you have to mix it up," he said. "Show the people you can do everything. I've been writing sometimes in a slightly commercial vein . . . and you have to do standards, Latin type tunes, and then we play very modern also. You can't do just one thing.

"People ask where is jazz going? It's not *going* anywhere. There's nothing really new under the sun. Just new conceptions and individual ways of looking at things. But there's more things in the world besides finger-popping. People who want to make a lot of money in music should get another job. Be a doctor or something. Music is an art that is very much alive. Musicians too often play down to people, but there are a lot of intelligent people listening to jazz. You can sell a funky fad . . . but it'll pass.

"Radio and records mostly try to keep people as ignorant as possible. Right now I'd like to find a record company who thinks like I do, who'll give me a free hand to record what I want, and I'd like to keep a group together. It's not an easy thing." db



By BILL MATHIEU

I would like, occasionally, to depart from the usual format of this column to consider more casual ideas about music in general and jazz in particular. These are thoughts, not necessarily technical in nature, that concern the thinking musician.

* * *

I think it is becoming increasingly evident how very different classical music is from jazz. Each solves different problems and serves different ends. Classical music is not about to become less cerebral or less a result of its sophisticated tradition. That tradition is older than the jazz tradition, and the direction of classical music is more firmly entrenched.

If there is ever a jazz-classical synthesis, jazz will have to become more cerebral, more a result of that learned evolution upon which classical music is based. This isn't about to happen either. In fact, jazz probably will go in another direction —that is, its own— and grow progressively more remote from the mainstream of classical music.

This doesn't invalidate the Third Stream, however. This music of synthesis will always be interesting and valuable and probably will have a wide appeal. It is neither fish nor fowl— but this is good. Many people are growing disenchanted with hard jazz; others are lost in the "new" atonality adventures. Perhaps the Third Streamists can satisfy this demand for more accessible music.

* * *

One of the things the people who are trying to perfect jazz notation have to keep in mind is that musical notation is never perfect and always requires immersion in the idiom on the part of the performer. Playing Brahms well from the printed page requires previous knowledge of Brahms. And playing Thelonious Monk well from the page requires knowledge of Monk.

Jazz notation could be better, of course. But to deduce style from notation is ultimately impossible. The simplest Haydn minuet sounds terrible when played exactly as written. So does the simplest blues line. Notation is only an imperfect guide for those who already have a sense of the musical style. It can't teach style.

* * *

It seems no coincidence that the two essential timekeepers in jazz—the bass and the cymbal—share something in common: their delayed response. The bass sound reaches its highest point an instant after the string is plucked, and the cymbal's sound takes a split second to spread and reach its peak. Perhaps this microscopic delay gives a clue to the motive power of swing.

The riddle of swing is a mystery in the finest sense, and it's likely never to be well understood intellectually. Nor need it be. But certain facets of swing certainly need investigation. Has electronic research been done on this?

* * *

Composers should try to write criticism, and critics should try to compose. The prevailing attitude implies that good critics are just like everybody else except that they recognize a lot of music, have good intuition, facility with words, and access to publication. My opinion is that to "recognize" is the wrong word. A good critic should do more than recognize. I wonder how many critics of, say, Beethoven, know a Beethoven symphony note-perfect? How many jazz critics can reproduce the changes of *I Got Rhythm* in the styles of Shearing, Monk, and Garner?

A jazz critic need not be a good player or a good composer. But to understand best the ins and outs of composition and performance, he should be able to take a decent stab at both.

We need better-informed critics who write less, know more.

* * *

Speaking of knowing music, I wonder how many persons there are who *really* know a long piece of music through. I don't mean mere memorization. Too many pianists, for example, learn music note by note, without a deep understanding of it. To *know* a piece is not simply to play the notes and the expression markings by memory.

Here is a test to see if you really know a piece: close your eyes and hear it in your head note-perfect without the slightest ambiguity or mental pause. Don't sing it, *hear* it. Chords must be heard as structures of individual notes. Counterpoint must be heard with complete independence. Harmonic movement must be understood on the local level, and the overall harmonic scheme must be clear. If all this is in his head, a musician is hearing with total accuracy.

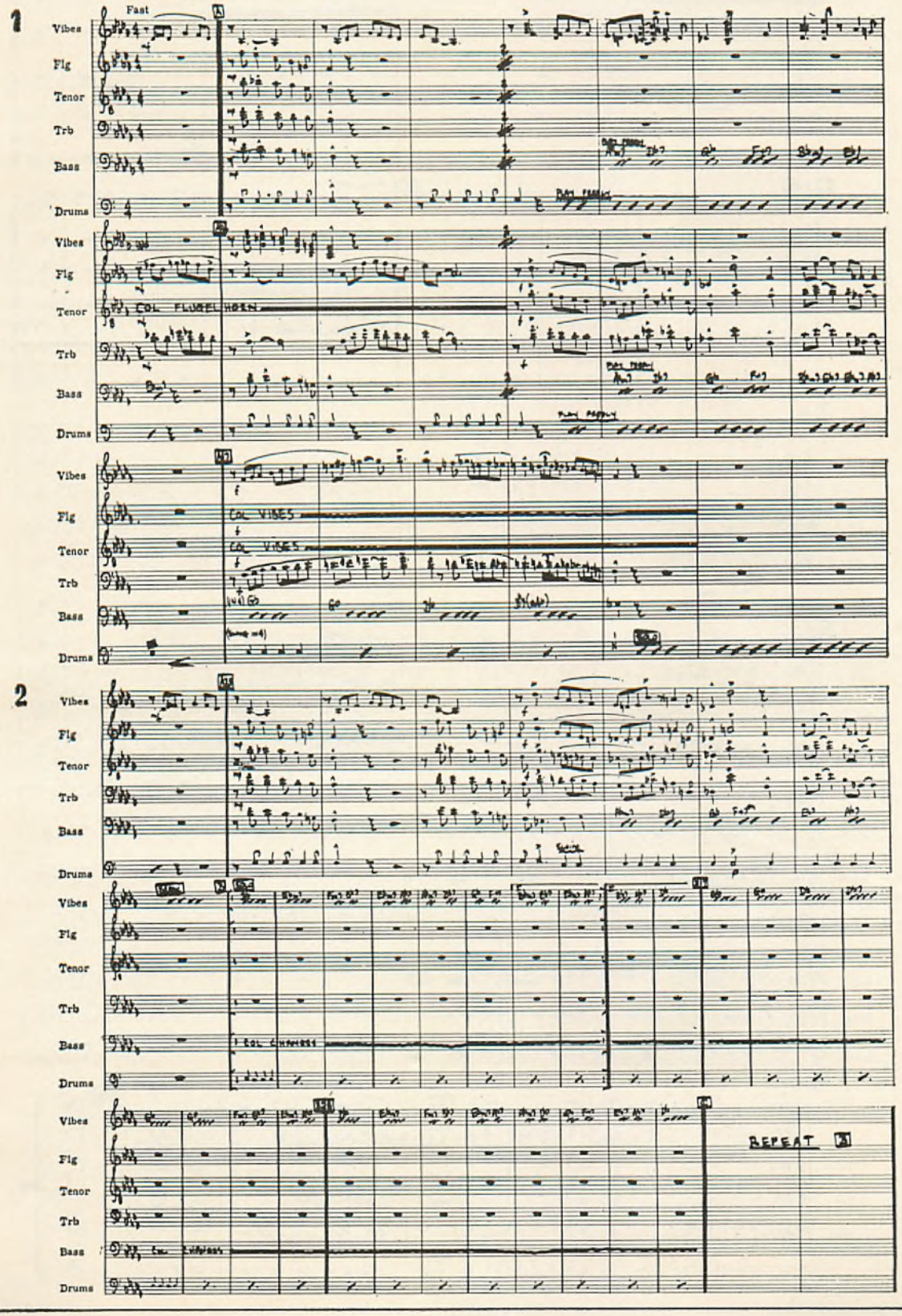
Not many can do this, but it doesn't take too much training. However it often requires extreme mental anguish, because one has to force one's mind into a new, "cleaner" way of thinking. It's worth it though. Hearing more in your head means hearing more through your ears. DB

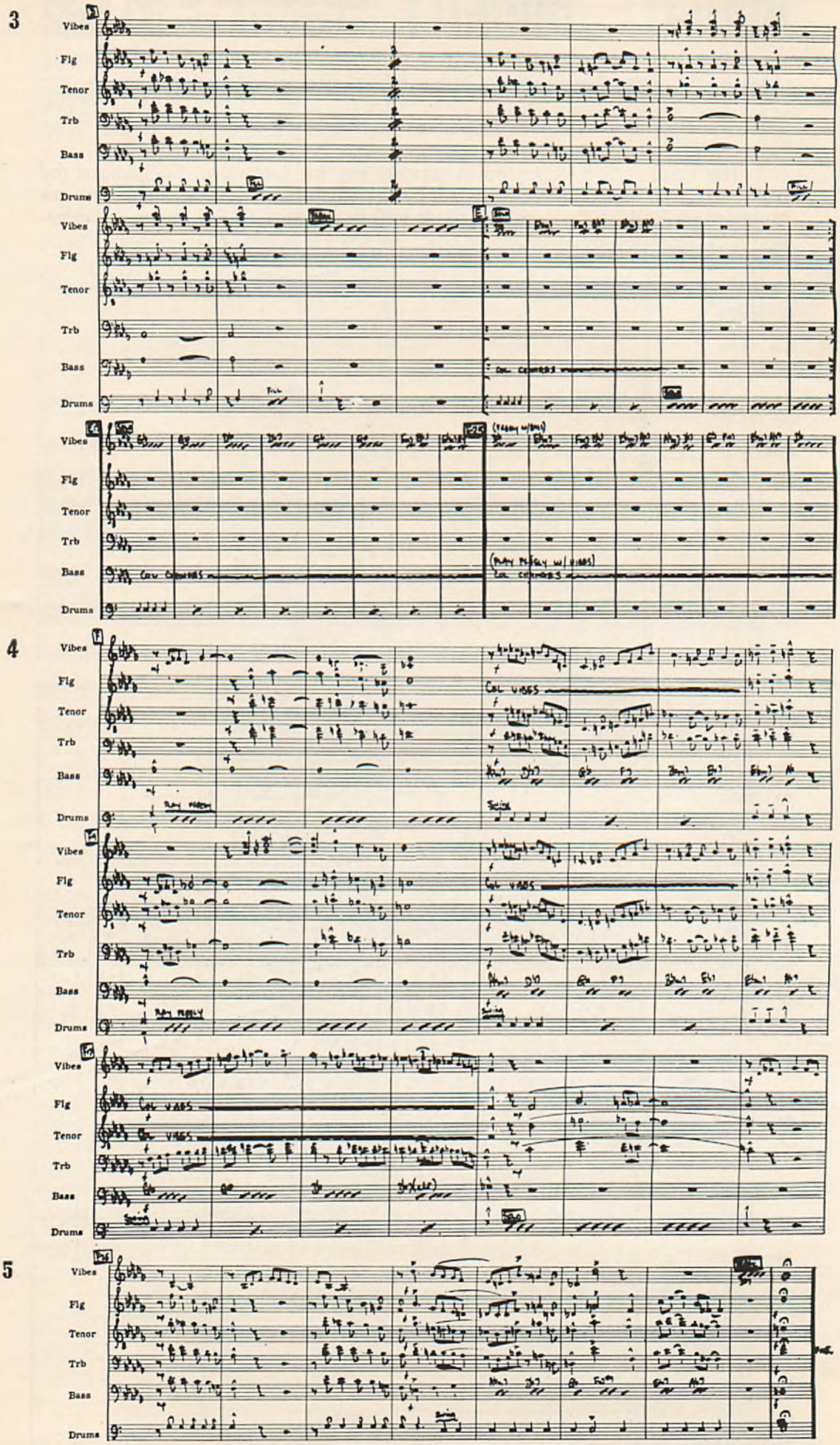
BOOGITY BOOGITY

COMPOSED BY QUINCY JONES
ARRANGED BY MIKE GIBBS

Mike Gibbs, who arranged Quincy Jones' **Boogity Boogity,** is a 22-year-old student at the Berklee School of Music whose first playing experience in jazz came after he won a scholarship three years ago to the Boston school. Born and reared in Southern Rhodesia, trombonist Gibbs had played only in marching bands before coming to this country.

The composition is scored in concert key for vibraharp, fluegelhorn (or trumpet), tenor saxophone, trombone, bass, and drums. Gibbs' arrangement can be heard on Berklee Records' **A Tribute to Quincy Jones,** BLP 6. Jones' composition is copyrighted by Silhouette Music; the score is published by Berklee Press.




3
4
5
Vibes
Flg
Tenor
Trb
Bass
Drums
Col vibes
Swing

AD LIB *from page 10*

Goodman has been represented with new material on Victor. . . . Pittsburgh's radio station WJAS had an all-day Goodman spectacular last month, playing only Goodman records, interspersed with five-minute interviews recorded with Goodman in New York City before he left for Moscow. The interviews covered his career from the time of his first appearance at 12 in a Chicago synagog to the present. The Goodman words actually lasted two hours in total, produced by **Bill Schwarz,** program director of New York's WNBC.

At the fifth annual membership meeting of the American Society of African Culture, held at the Statler-Hilton, Washington, D.C., was the **Randy Weston** Quintet, with pianist Weston; **Ray Copeland,** trumpet; **Booker Ervin,** tenor saxophone; **Michael Mattoes,** bass; **Clarence Stroman,** drums.

The Newest New York jazz club is the Lounge in Jackson Heights on Long Island, in the space formerly occupied by Copa City. Current groups are led by **Roy Haynes** and **Barry Harris** . . . **George Russell** and **Kenny Dorham** were part of the panel choosing youngsters for jazz scholarships promoted by the Jazz Arts Society. . . . *Voice of America* will send almost all of the music performed at the Newport Jazz Festival overseas. **Willis Conover** will present the series over a six-week period, 45 minutes a night. . . . **Cannonball Adderley** played for one week during the Kansas City, Mo., Mardis Gras in July. . . . There is now a **Jackie McLean** Fan Club and it presents concerts by him and others. Its most recent was in late July at Judson Hall.

Out of My Head's **George Crater** is hospitalized with a serious stomach disorder at Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx. Crater, less well known as **Ed Sherman,** would like to hear from his friends and enemies.

Two overseas festivals: At Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium, now in its fourth year, **Joe Napoli's** festival includes such as **Frankie Avalon** within the usual jazz performances. The festival at Loosdrecht, Holland, ran for six weeks into mid-August, also starring popular and jazz performers.

And, meanwhile, in Australia, *Pix* magazine, has brought together seven of the top Australian jazz leaders to form an all-star band. That magazine has now produced three albums by various national musicians, hoping the total may make one album of jazz from Australia for the whole world.

In the locale: Music Barn in Lenox, Mass., has Cannonball Adderley and **Nancy Wilson,** Sept. 1; the **Modern Jazz Quartet,** Sept. 2. And a new place, Cane Ridge Music Hall in Westboro, Mass., has **Woody Herman** on Sept. 2 and the Modern Jazz Quartet on Sept. 3.

Sonny Stitt's first Atlantic album will have arrangements by **Jimmy Mundy** and **Tadd Dameron,** featuring a brass choir of three trumpets, two trombones, one French horn, and rhythm. . . . Atlantic's **Herbie Mann** now joins such as **Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley,** the **Jazztet, Jimmy Smith, Horace Silver,** and **Eddie Harris,** jazz musicians all, whose records have shown in the pop music charts. Mann's is *Herbie Mann at the Village Gate.*

Charlie Parker Records, now 16 albums into the field—seven new albums currently—is now able to sell to markets around the world through its distributor, MGM. Two records by the late **Charlie Parker** lead the recent list: *Bird Symbols,* previously released on Dial (including sides cut in 1945 and 1946), and *Historical Masterpieces,* composed of monitored broadcasts put on tape during 1949-1951.

LONDON

The British Broadcasting Corp. announcement that it was discontinuing modern jazz on its weekly *Jazz Club* radio broadcasts has been met with a storm of protest, petitions, and letters. *Jazz Club* producer **Terry Henebery**

stated that he had been instructed by network officials to feature only the more popular forms of jazz, Trad and some mainstream. That things are unlikely to change back may be seen in the fact that BBC-TV has initiated a six-week series of 15-minute jazz programs featuring the New Orleans styled bands of **Acker Bilk, Chris Barber,** and **Kenny Ball.** Granada-TV, on the other hand, has just started a series, *One Man's Music,* in which altoist **Johnny Dankworth** and his orchestra, singer **Cleo Laine,** and pianist **Dave Lee** perform the works of composers such as **Jerome Kern** and **Hoagy Carmichael.** ATV's *All That Jazz* has begun to dilute its presentation with various rock-and-roll singers and vocal groups though some good combo jazz has been featured, among them the groups of Dankworth, **Ronnie Ross, Tubby Hayes, Joe Harriott, Johnny Hawkesworth,** and **Terry Lightfoot.**

WASHINGTON

Singer-pianist **Clara Lewis Bow,** 41, died on July 2 of pancreatitis. She had studied with **Art Tatum,** and in 1941 she was accompanist for **Ella Fitzgerald.** During the last 15 years, she appeared at many D. C. clubs and also was house pianist at the Howard Theater. Since February, she had been working at the Place Where Louie Dwells. Born in Kansas City, Mo., she worked in Los Angeles and New York before coming to Washington after the war.

With little hullabaloo, things continue to change at the Shoreham Hotel. The **Buck Clarke** Quintet, in the Premise Room on weekends, and local pianist **Tee Carson's** trio in the hotel's cocktail lounge, broke what amounted to a color line in entertainment at the hotel, and the management has announced that **Pearl Bailey** will be on the hotel's open-air Terrace Aug. 21-Sept. 1, with **Lena Horne** in for two weeks beginning Sept. 25.

Washington continues to be a center for guitar buffs, who shouldn't overlook the solos of **Bill Leonhart** in the George IV room of the fancy new Georgetown Inn . . . With **Charlie Byrd** on a three-week vacation from the Showboat Lounge, **Mose Allison** moved in for two weeks, with **Matt Dennis** following for a week.

CINCINNATI

The sudden resurgence of live jazz here has been sparked by the Living Room. Successful appearances by **Mark Murphy, Buck Clayton, Don Goldie,** and **Cozy Cole** have set the stage for future bookings of **Jackie & Roy** and **Ramsey Lewis.** The **Dee Felice** Trio, with bassist **Jack Prather** and pianist **Frank Vincent,** has received much praise during its nine-month tenure as the house group at the club. Vocalist **Judy James** and pianist **Saul Striks** also share feature billing.

Stan Kenton's brassy 22-piece outfit played to large crowds at Moonlight Gardens. Kenton was followed by **Les Brown, Maynard Ferguson,** and **Chris Connor** . . . The Surf Club recently has spotlighted comedians **Lenny Bruce** and **Dick Gregory.** Bruce's act was toned down to comply with police instructions.

King records, located here, has re-released reed man **Roland Kirk's** first album, recorded in 1957. It appears on Bethlehem, a subsidiary of King. It's titled *Third Dimension.*

CHICAGO

When **Sid McCoy,** one of Chicago's leading AM-radio jazz disc jockeys, inaugurated his weekly half-hour series *Sid McCoy and Friends* on WTTW, the city's educational television station, it was meant to be merely an offbeat summer show. The reaction from viewers and the press was overwhelming; the show received more letters and critical praise than any other program ever shown on the station. There is little doubt that it will continue in the fall; it may be seen on one of the commercial TV outlets, however, since several potential sponsors are interested in it. Included in the initial 13-week series have been **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers, the **Ramsey Lewis** Trio, **Frank D'Rone, Nancy Wilson, Eddie Higgins, Oscar Brown Jr.,** and **Gloria Lynne.**

A political struggle within AFM Local 10 is shaping up. An insurgent group, made up mostly of younger members, is gathering strength for an election of officers on Dec. 4. Calling itself Chicago Musicians for Union Democracy, the group has issued a campaign platform that calls for, among other things, the union to "emphasize the educational and cultural aspects of jazz...." A slate of CMUD candidates to run against **James C. Petrillo,** president, and other officers, all of whom have been ensconced for several years, will be announced late this month.

Erroll Garner, who did extremely good business at the London House last month, became the first act ever to be held over at the club. **Jonah Jones** was scheduled to follow the pianist but asked to be let out of his contract in order to take a lucrative two-week engagement with comedian **Danny Kaye** at Los Angeles' Greek Theater; the club, as a result, held over Garner and brought in young Chicago clarinetist **Bob Gordon** for the other two weeks of Jones' engagement. **George Shearing** is at the club now and will be followed on Sept. 11 by the **Oscar Peterson** Trio, in for three weeks.

Maynard Ferguson's big band is booked into the Sutherland for two weeks beginning Aug. 20. **Oscar Brown Jr.** is set to come in after Ferguson. The **Al Grey - Billy Mitchell** Sextet shared the Sutherland stand with singer **Arthur Prysock** recently . . . The **Windjammers,** a Dixieland group made up of youths whose average age is 14, won the teenage band contest sponsored by Goldblatt Auto World, a local car-wash concern. Late this month the group is scheduled to perform at the American Music Festival at Detroit. The first record by the youngsters is now on the market; the label is Monomoy.

In addition to **Stan Kenton,** the **Four Freshmen, Johnny Richards, Franz Jackson,** and **Cannonball Adderley,** the Midwest Jazz Festival, to be held this weekend on the Indiana University campus at Bloomington, will star **Donald Byrd, Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina, Al Cobine,** and **Johnny Smith.** All groups and soloists will appear at each of the three concerts but will perform different material each night.

The Archway brought in tenorist **Eddie Harris** after **Bill Henderson.** Vibist-pianist **Charles Stephany** headed the supporting group. It was a reunion of a sort for Harris and Stephany; they had worked together at the Archway for a long stretch about three years ago. **Louis Jordan** was scheduled to follow and will be there until Aug. 26 . . . Trumpeter **Pete Daily,** who led a highly successful Dixieland group on the West Coast a few years ago, has returned to the Chicago area; he is living with his mother in Gary, Ind.

DALLAS

The Sunday afternoon sessions at the American Woodman Center have been going since April 7, 1954, without missing a single Sunday. Promoter **Tony Davis** charges $1 a person admission, and rarely are there fewer than 200 listeners. The sessions have helped many Dallas musicians get a start toward national recognition — among them **James Clay, Jewel Brown, David (Fathead) Newman, Sol Samuel,** and **LeRoy Cooper.** It has become an institution, as its ads claim it to be, and provides—along with the **North Texas Lab Band** — some of the best jazz schooling in the Southwest.

Ray Charles canceled a show and dance at Louann's last month, but **Jimmy McCracklin** appeared there the following week. **Euel Box's** big band also has begun a regular Sunday night dance session at the establishment . . . Tenorist **John Hardee** is leading a trio at the Chalet on Sundays . . . Two Dallas bookers are lining up **Pete Fountain** and **Louis Armstrong** for equal, but separate, early fall dates.

LOS ANGELES

Neal Hefti jumps into his first motion-picture scoring assignment with his music for the upcoming **Frank Sinatra** comedy *Come Blow Your Horn* at Paramount. The arranger-composer also scored the title song for *Who's Got the Action?* at the same studio. **Dean Martin,** starring in the picture with **Lana Turner,** sings the ditty in the picture.

Paul Horn is the subject of Wolper Productions' *Story of a Jazz Musician,* a 30-minute television documentary produced and directed by **Ed Spiegel** for Ziv-United Artists. It will be seen on network TV later this summer . . . **Bobby Darin** left Atlantic and signed a contract with Capitol records; he already has recorded two LPs for Capitol.

CBS-TV is considering a series of 26 half-hour shows with composer **Elmer Bernstein** as the host. The series would be based on Bernstein's recent two-part program *Music for the Screen* . . . **George Shearing** will take his quintet to Mexico City for a Dec. 3 date at the Fine Arts there . . . **Billy Eckstine** will play the Las Vegas, Nev., Flamingo Hotel for a total of 13 weeks in 1963 in addition to 12 weeks split between the Harrah's clubs in Reno and at Lake Tahoe.

There is quite a collection of Dixielanders at Disneyland these summer days. Banjoist **Johnny St. Cyr,** pianist **Harvey Brooks,** trumpeter **Mike DeLay,** drummer **Alton Redd,** and vocalist **Monette Moore** are all swinging for Walt . . . Trumpeter-trombonist **Johnny Lucas** reorganized his group; it's now known as the *Original* Dixieland Blueblowers . . . **Johnny Catron** and band will play the Los Angeles County Fair again this year when it gets under way Sept. 14 at the Pomona Fairgrounds.

Al Pellegrini will compose and conduct the underscore for actor **Gene Barry's** independent production *The Fix,* a picture dealing with narcotics addiction. Barry will star. Pellegrini has been Barry's music director for the last 18 months . . . **Leonard Poncher, Eddie Cano's** manager, reports an error in listing Cano in the recent combo directory (*DB,* June 21): Cano is not affiliated with Associated Booking Corp., Poncher said, but books freelance through his manager. The pianist, who records for Reprise, has a single, *A Taste of Honey,* and an LP, *Eddie Cano at PJ's,* now in release.

SEATTLE

Promoters **Ben** and **Ed Laigo** were happy over the musical success of their Aqua Jazz Concert on Seattle's Green Lake, though there were enough empty seats to put the event slightly in the red. The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet was the featured attraction. Local musicians heard during the three-day festival included **Bud Schultz, Don Ober, Paul West, Terry Spencer,** and **Teddy Ross.** More name groups will be featured next year, and the program may be extended to four or five days.

A recent local newspaper account of **Ernestine Anderson's** being held by Hong Kong police under "mysterious circumstances" was explained by the singer as a mixup in finances. There was a delay in transfer of funds from her Hollywood agent, and Miss Anderson, stranded in Hong Kong, missed her engagement at the Penthouse in Seattle. Local singer **Judy Sone,** backed by the **Joe Klose** Trio, filled in. Miss Anderson was booked into the Palomar Theater when she arrived in town, and from there she proceeded to Denver with the Klose trio, which she will keep "until further notice."

Bill Owens, manager of SRO Productions, has signed **Anita O'Day** to a personal-management contract and tentatively plans a 10-city tour for the fall. The **Dick Palombi** Trio will back her. After the tour, the singer will go to Poland as the featured U.S. attraction at the Warsaw Jazz Jamboree. DB

WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin St. East: **Gerry Mulligan, Joe Williams, Herbie Mann**, 8/16-18. **Brothers Four** open 8/23.
Condon's: **Tony Parenti**, *tfn*.
Embers: **Ahmad Jamal** to 9/1.
Five Spot: **Roland Kirk**, *tfn*.
Harout's: **Steve Lacy**, *tfn*.
Hickory House: **Marian McPartland**, *tfn*.
Kenny's Steak Pub: **Herman Chittison**, *tfn*.
The Lounge: **Barry Harris**, *tfn*.
Metropole: **Woody Herman** to 8/30.
Museum of Modern Art: **George Russell**, 8/23.
Randall's Island: **Nat Cole, Duke Ellington**, 8/18. **Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Miles Davis**, 8/25.
20 Spruce Street: **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, wknds.
Village Gate: **Thelonious Monk** to 8/31.
Village Vanguard: **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** to 8/23. **Miles Davis, Blossom Dearie**, 8/28-9/9.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Bobby and Tony DeNicola**, Mon., Fri.
Music Circus (Lambertville, N.J.): **Duke Ellington**, 8/20. **Gerry Mulligan**, 8/27. **George Shearing**, 9/2.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capitol City 5**, Fri., Sat.
Picasso: **Bernard Peiffer**, *tfn*.
Red Hill Inn: **Jimmy Wisner**, Fri., Sat.
Show Boat: **Oscar Peterson** to 8/18.
Venus Lounge: **Vince Montana**, *tfn*.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: **Big Bill Decker**, *hb*.
Bohemian Caverns: **JFK Quintet, Shirley Horne**, *tfn*.
Brass Rail: *unk*.
Charles Hotel Lounge: **Booker Coleman**, Thurs.-Sat.
Shoreham Hotel: **Buck Clarke, Tee Carson**, *tfn*.
Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd, John Malachi**, *tfn*. Folk music, Sun.

NEW ORLEANS

Caverns: **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *tfn*.
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Mike Lala, Santo Pecora**, *tfn*. **Leon Prima**, Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*. **Leon Prima**, Mon.
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell**, *tfn*.
Pepe's: **Lavergne Smith**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **Al Belletto, Dave West**, *hbs*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Royal Orleans: **Armand Hug, Edmond Souchon**, 8/19.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Alex Kallao**, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: **Shelly Manne** to 8/26.
Checker Bar B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar; **Johnny Vann**, *tfn*.
Kevin House: **Bob Snyder**, *tfn*.
Minor Key: **Miles Davis** to 8/18. **Junior Mance**, 8/21-25.
Momo's: **Mel Ball**, *tfn*.
Topper Lounge: **Danny Stevenson**, *tfn*.
Trent's: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.
The '20s: **Monroe Walker, Joe Robinson, Willie Anderson**, *tfn*.
The Un-stabled: **Sam Sanders**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Archway: **Louis Jordan** to 8/26.
Black Eyed Pea: **Judy Roberts**, wknds.
Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey**, *tfn*.
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *tfn*.
Guest House: **Leon Sash**, Sun., Mon.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**, Mon., Tues. **Cliff Nlep**, Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *tfn*. **Franz Jackson**, Thurs.
London House: **George Shearing** to 9/9. **Oscar Peterson**, 9/11-10/7. **Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak**, *hbs*.
McKie's: **John Coltrane** to 8/26.
Mister Kelly's: **Julie London, Bobby Troup**, to 9/2. **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo**, *hbs*.
Pigalle: **Lurlean Hunter, Larry Novak**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **Gloria Smyth, Peggy Lord, Phyllis Branch**, to 8/29. **Clancey Hayes, Barbara Russell**, 8/30-9/19. **Tony Smith, Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Hots Michels**, *hbs*.
Red Arrow (Stickney): **Franz Jackson**, Sat.
Sahara Motel: **John Frigo**, Thurs., Fri.
Sutherland: **Maynard Ferguson**, 8/29-9/9. **Oscar Brown Jr.**, 9/12-23. **Modern Jazz Showcase**, Mon.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier**, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): **Hank Messer**, *tfn*.
Beverly Cavern: **Andy Blakeney**, *tfn*.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): **Jack Lynde, Joe Lettleri, John Lassonio**, *tfn*. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell, Southland Seven**, *tfn*.
Crescendo: **Oscar Brown Jr., Earl Grant, Jonah Jones**, Oct. 17-28.
Comedy Key Club: **Curtis Amy**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Disneyland: **Johnny St. Cyr, Harvey Brooks, Alton Redd, Mike DeLay, Monette Moore**, *tfn*.
Dynamite Jackson's: **Richard Holmes**, *tfn*.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): **Ben Pollack**, *tfn*.
Encore Restaurant: **Frankie Ortega**, *tfn*.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Original Dixieland Bluebloweers**, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos, The Saints**, wknds.
Intermission Room: **Three Souls**, *tfn*.
Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell, Henry Franklin, Steve Clover**, Thurs.-Sun. Sessions, Thurs.
Joanie Presents: (Lankershim): **Stuff Smith, Ira Westley, Dick Cary**, Weds.-Sun.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Marty's: **William Green, Art Hillary, Tony Bazeley**, *tfn*.
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): **Johnny White**, *tfn*.
Millionaire's Club: **Mike Melvoin, Gary Peacock**, *tfn*.
Montebello Bowl: **Ken Latham, Hank Henry**, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, wknds.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*. **Barney Kessel, Trini Lopez**, Sun., Tues. **John LaSalle**, Tues.-Sun.
Red Carpet Room (Nite Life): **Vi Redd, Laverne Gillette, Richie Goldberg**, Mon.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace, Buddy Prima, Jim Crutcher, Clyde Conrad**, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown**, *tfn*.
Roaring '20s (Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**. Sessions, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shorty Rogers, Betty Bennett**, Thurs.-Sun. **Shelly Manne** opens 8/31. **Clare Fischer**, Mon. **Jack Sheldon-Frank Capp**. Tues. **Paul Horn**, Weds.
Signature Room (Palm Springs): **Candy Stacy**, *tfn*.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer**, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): sessions, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers**, *tfn*.
Summit: *unk*.
Winners: **Don Randi**, *tfn*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Cal Tjader** to 9/9. **Ramsey Lewis**, 9/11-30.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, *tfn*.
Burp Hollow: **Frank Goulette**, *tfn*.
Coffee Gallery: **Horace Benjamin**, wknds.
Dock (Tiburon): **Steve Atkins**, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Claire Austin**, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Lena Horne** to 8/15. **Sarah Vaughan**, 8/16-9/5. **King Sisters**, 9/6-26.
Jazz Workshop: **Les McCann** to 8/19. **Jimmy Smith**, 8/21-9/2. **Cannonball Adderley**, 9/4-23.
Mr. Otis: **Jim Lowe**, wknds.
Palate Restaurant (Mill Valley): **Lee Konitz**, wknds.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, plus **Frank Erickson**, wknds.
Sugar Hill: **Clara Ward Singers** to 9/1.
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Gus Gustavson**, wknds.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups, Sun.-Thurs. **Jack Taylor**, wknds.
Tsuho (Berkeley): **George Kimball**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sun.-Mon.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *tfn*.

ART BLAKEY

that great GRETSCH sound

It's the perfect match. The blend of Art's creative drumming and Gretsch quality construction. You hear it when Art sits down at Birdland with his Jazz Messengers or cuts his newest album for Blue Note. The hard driving Blakey style comes right through solid and strong. Art knows and you'll see that a Gretsch drum gets the most from your style. Discover the Gretsch sound at your dealer.

And for an exciting experience listen to Art and the Jazz Messengers on their latest Blue Note LP Mosaic (Blue Note 4090). The first album by Art Blakey's new sextet who are an amazingly talented group.

Art's "Burgundy Sparkle" outfit contains: 20" x 14" bass drum; 12" x 8" and 14" x 14" tom toms; 14" x 5½" snare; plus exclusive genuine K. Zildjian cymbals (made in Turkey).

MOSAIC BLP 4090.

GRETSCH write for the new exciting 4-color catalog. Dept. AD-8.
THE FRED. GRETSCH MFG. CO., 60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

FLAT/JACKS

STAGE BAND OUTFIT

These drums are not only new . . . they're absolutely new! Acoustical principles employed in the design of FLAT/JACKS are very recent discoveries. The rim-shell, all-metal construction with free floating head is unique. And, their sound, response and feel are so good you will wonder why drums were ever made any other way. FLAT/JACKS need far less room to set up and use . . . and far less space to haul around. Metal parts are all finished in heavy, hi-lustre chrome for the "flash" and durability demanded by drummers. For a real surprise thrill, try FLAT/JACKS . . . modern drums for modern drummers.

MODEL DO-10 PROFESSIONAL OUTFIT $695
MODEL DO-20 STAGE BAND OUTFIT (Illus.) $575
MODEL DO-30 STUDIO OUTFIT $450

FOLD FLAT IN A JIFFY!
Tom-toms may be folded down for easy portability. Complete outfit stores in only two cases that easily fit into the trunk of a standard-size automobile.

EXCLUSIVE ZOOM SWIVEL
The simplified construction of this universal ball swivel lets you make positive adjustments faster because there is *only one lock screw!*

FREE-FLOAT HEAD
Extra sound crisp respons FLAT/JACK due to the u method of suspension. sion is adju *upward*, ins of pulling c

Richards

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, INC.
Elkhart, Indiana