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THINGS TO COME Oscar Brown Jr. first gained recognition in jazz circles for his lyrics writing, but his greatest fame came when he lay down his pen and took up the sword of performance. He has captivated audiences across the country in recent months with his volatile singing. Read Barbara Gardner's article on Brown in the Dec. 6 *Down Beat*, on sale Thursday, Nov. 22.

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Cover photographs by Lawrence Shustak (Bill Evans), Jan Asplund (Bud Powell)


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Chords & Discords

To One Lyricist From Another

I am writing this letter in reference to some statements made by Oscar Brown Jr. (*Blindfold Test*, Oct. 11) regarding lyric content in songs.

Mr. Brown's deprecating "it's, you know . . . a love song . . ." showed a startling lack of integrated musical appreciation from one who writes and sings noble pleas for integrated thought and action. How can he seriously desire acceptance if he fails to extend acceptance to the work of others?

Mr. Brown referred to "the jazz lyric writers . . . [who] tend to deal with much broader kinds of themes than Tin Pan Alley has done." He also refers to "some life point." He is to be agreed with regarding the broader theme and the life point, but they should be utilized by lyricists who write with the knowledge of, and reverence for, their craft. The fusion of the two major components, idea and technique, produces such compassionate lyrics as *We Kiss in the Shadow* or *You've Got to Be Taught to Hate*, written by a pretty fair Tin Pan Alley writer, Oscar Hammerstein II.

The broad spectrum of life at which we point contains many emotions—hope, hate, compassion, envy—and out of these one shines, love. Love between races, nations, brothers, men and women.

Mr. Brown needn't ask pardon for the expression when he asks for "more gutsy material." There is room for lots of gutsy material. However, since Mr. Brown justifiedly asks for more room for his kind of lyrics (by performing them and having them performed), he must be prepared, in return, to allow room for "a love song."
Hollywood, Calif. Dory Langdon Previn

More Webbs In Europe

It may be of interest to reader Dave Caldwell (*Chords*, Sept. 13) and others to know that two 12-inch LPs and one EP of Chick Webb's old band are available in Germany. A third LP, containing different titles, for the most part, has just been issued in England.

Also of interest is the fact that nearly all the old Count Basie Deccas are available on microgroove in Germany and many other reissue items as well.
Hanover, Germany Walter Kwiecinski

Heard That Song Before

Leonard Feather's review of *Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall* (*DB*, Oct. 11) finally stirred me to protest against Columbia's shabby practice of releasing different versions of the same tunes on LP after LP. For instance, *No Blues* has been released on Miles' last three LPs, and Columbia even went so far as to change the name of it to *Pfrancing* on the album *Someday My Prince Will Come*. They did the same with *Neo*. And *So What?; All of You; Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, and several others have been released two or more times.

What I object to most is that Miles usually gets the blame for this malpractice, and I'm sure it is not his fault. Miles must have played other tunes at the concert.

George Roberts and his big "O"

George Roberts plays the big, new sound on the bass trombone. A sound that wanders and romps through ballads, rhythm tunes and novelties. The sound of happy music, real happy music, sometimes poignant, sometimes pixieish, sometimes almost chaotic . . . but always new and vital. As much as anything, this sound reflects George Roberts' striving to express his deepest self through music. In his search, George has created a sound which is part of the new horizon.

A mainstay of such Hollywood recording orchestras as Frank DeVol, David Rose and Nelson Riddle, among others. George Roberts has also toured with such outstanding band leaders as Stan Kenton and Gene Krupa.

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You can hear George on Columbia records, his latest release is "Meet Mr. Roberts."

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And the balance problem surely is due to Columbia's engineers.

Your last few issues have been exceptionally good. Keep up the good work.

Flint, Mich. John A. Sinclair Jr.

Base Bass

I have just read the baseless (no pun intended) bass article by Harvey Pekar in the Oct. 11 issue. I was shocked to find no mention of Milt Hinton or George Duvivier.

Hinton long has been an influence and inspiration to many of us. He was one of Oscar Pettiford's influences and, in fact, encouraged Oscar to come to New York. Duvivier is another giant. His technique, tone, and intonation are superb. Both men are truly all-around musicians and should be listened to.

That Pekar has poor knowledge of the bass is wholeheartedly evident in his article. It is extremely doubtful that Scott LaFaro and Charlie Haden "will probably be regarded as twin fountainheads of inspiration for bassists of the new wave." Of course, Pekar has a right to his opinion—just as I do—but this type of writing should be done by either musicians or those in the know.

Never have there been so many capable, talented jazz bassists as now, and with the possible exception of the saxophone, there has been more advancement on bass than any other instrument.

New York City Art Davis

Bird's Embraceable

About Don DeMicheal's remark that Charlie Parker's first four bars on *Embraceable You* were the melodic equal of George Gershwin's in his review (*DB*, Sept. 13) of *Bird Symbols* on the Charlie Parker label:

Gershwin undoubtedly wrote a very good melody, better than most popular songs. But Parker improvised an ingenious melody. The whole 32 bars by Parker is a subtle development of his opening phrase, and the pattern of simplicity, juxtaposed with complexity, is beautiful. That is one of the glories of jazz music: that its players can improvise melodies that are quite beyond our other popular music.

I am puzzled: if this were not so, what possible ultimate defense of jazz could one have? If Louis Armstrong alters Harold Arlen's *I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues*, say, and does not improve it, what possible excuse could we find for his having altered it in the first place? And if Charlie Parker totally abandons Gershwin's piece, but does not come up with something that is at least in some sense more interesting, how can we defend what he has done? Why should we not say it would be better for him simply to play the Gershwin ditty as best he can? The truth is that Parker's brilliance as an improviser surpasses Gershwin's as a composer. If it were not so, jazz would be merely a curious, and perhaps interesting and lively offshoot of American popular music, and there would be no ultimate defense of it as a musical art.

New York City Martin T. Williams

One need not defend jazz or what a jazzman does to a popular tune. It would

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seem enough that an improvisation be merely different from the melody of a popular tune, evoke an emotional response in the listener, be a stimulating musical experience. Music—and art—need not be divided into layers of better, worse, best in order for one to enjoy it and receive from it. It is enough that it is.

Correction Tape, Anyone?

To any fan and/or musician who happens to obtain a copy of Maynard Ferguson's most recent LP, *Si, Si, M.F.*, I'd like to set the record straight by submitting a correct list of both arranging and playing credits.

Contrary to what is stated in the liner notes, none of the arrangements on the album is mine. *Si, Si, M.F.* was composed and arranged by Don Rader; *What'll I Do?* and *Born to Be Blue* were arranged by Mike Abene; *Mimi* and *Straight Out* were composed and arranged by Don Menza; *Morgan-Point* and *Almost Like Being in Love* were by Don Sebesky; *Early Hours* is by Marty Paich; and *Morgan's Organ* is by Ernie Wilkins. Also Roy Wiegand played lead trombone instead of Jack Gale, as is listed in the personnel.

Just in case anyone might wonder how this mistake in personnel could occur, the list that appears on the album's back cover obviously was taken from the W-2 forms filled out at one of our more recent record dates after Jack Gale had replaced Wiegand.

As to the arranging credits, while I must admit it's nice to be on the winning end for a change, I can especially sympathize with Rader, Menza, and Abene in having their initial recorded efforts as writers go completely without even the customary "mere mention." You see, my first recorded arrangements met with the same fate at the hand of the all-powerful record moguls.

When will the record industry's policy-makers realize that giving their artists (composers, arrangers, and sidemen included) all the credit they deserve, is nothing short of good business? Play this one on your phonograph—if you can!

Lack of space denies me the opportunity of listing the solo credits, but then again—what do I have to do around here, answer the phone too?

New York City — Willie Maiden

Sweet Sixten

In the review, some time back (*DB*, July 19) of an album by Harry Arnold's Swedish orchestra with guest soloists, your reviewer asked for the name of the trumpeter who handled the high notes.

The man is the band's first trumpeter, Sixten Ericsson, who played with the Quincy Jones Band when it was in Sweden in the summer of 1960. The arrangements on the Arnold album (*Great Big Band and Friends*, on Jazzland) are for the most part from the pens of Gosta Theselius and bassist George Riedel.

Hudiksvall, Sweden — Anders Widell

VOTE!
See page 44

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Almost everyone has tried to make a bossa nova album in jazz, and now the pop record companies are doing the same. The latest in the jazz field is by **Coleman Hawkins** on Impulse. Bossa nova hit network TV when **Stan Getz** and **Charlie Byrd** appeared in mid-October on *The Perry Como Show* on NBC-TV. In New York the Village Gate has been the site of much b.n., with **Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Mann,** and Byrd, each fresh back from Brazil, performing there in the last year. When Mann appeared, the Brazilian consul and an entourage, including Miss Brazil, arrived at the club to show appreciation for the flutist's interest in the music. On Nov. 21, Audio Fidelity records and *Show* magazine will co-sponsor a bossa nova concert at Town Hall, featuring such U.S. jazz musicians as Getz, **Clark Terry,** and **Bob Brookmeyer,** and such Brazilians as **Joao Gilberto, Antonio Carlos Jobim,** and **Vinicius De Moraes.** The concert will be recorded by the label. **Leonard Feather** will emcee.

MINGUS

The **Charlie Mingus** Concert at Town Hall (*DB*, Oct. 25), listed originally for Nov. 15, was suddenly changed to Oct. 12. The resultant confusion at the performance led almost to mayhem. (See *Caught in the Act* in the next issue.)

Jazz continues to invade the world of the specialized film. Latest of the lot is a 50-minute Maxeva Production, *Ricci and Eve*, only now beginning work, produced and directed by **Ronald Durling** from still photographs done by **Don Loomis,** who recently died in a Los Angeles automobile crash. **Gil Evans** is doing the arranging; the **Miles Davis** group, augmented by woodwinds, will play the music. **Blossom Dearie** is writing original tunes, some of which she will sing on the soundtrack. . . . It turns out the Dec. 2 jazz program at Lincoln Center (*DB*, Oct. 25) will not be the first at the site: **Benny Goodman** played a concert there last month (the first half of classical music, the second jazz, and **Dizzy Gillespie** was scheduled for Nov. 11 (**Mary Lou Williams** also was billed for the Gillespie concert).

GILLESPIE

The Connection, that play dealing with drug addicts, that has been in and out of theaters and courts, and is now a motion picture, has run into almost predictable problems in New York City with the state Board of Regents, which issues licenses to films. The picture, using the addicts' expression for heroin 11 times, opened in early October in New York City without a license and was closed two days later to await a decision by the New York Supreme Court as to whether the Board of Regents could refuse to issue a license for the film after being directed to do so by the court and while the court ruling is being appealed by the board.

From out of the music business has come a group of critics, agents, record company executives, and disc jockeys who have formed a group known as the Conference for Jazz (*DB*, Oct. 11). Its purpose is to improve jazz in all its public functions—not to deal with the music itself. The latest move on the part of this group is to split into two

(Continued on page 51)

down beat®

Nov. 22, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 29

SINGER CHARGES RECORD COMPANY CHEATED HIM

Jazz-oriented singer Gene McDaniels has charged his record company, Liberty, with cheating on royalty payments and has filed suit against the firm in New York Supreme Court.

In his complaint, McDaniels charged Liberty with breach of contract and of "arbitrarily and capriciously" forcing him to record under threat of destruction of his name and reputation if he refused.

Also listed in the complaint is that Liberty illegally charged McDaniels with traveling expenses and other fees so as to assure he would never receive royalties. The action charged the setting up of false and illegal write-offs against the singer's earnings and said the company notified McDaniels of a $35,000 debt to the label and told him he must in effect work it off.

Sought in the suit is a declaratory judgment on the rights of parties to the Oct. 29, 1959, contract between McDaniels and Liberty. Also sought is a court declaration of breach of contract by Liberty on the ground that the company failed to submit a true accounting of royalties due him.

In Los Angeles, Liberty president Al Bennett categorically refuted McDaniels' charges.

"I feel the lawsuit is completely without basis or foundation," he told *Down Beat*. "The action is built around an accounting from Liberty to him. He has a contractual right, as do all our artists, to audit our books at any time he wishes. I repeatedly have told him, his manager, and his attorneys to come in and have a look at our books. They did not choose to do this.

"This is a nuisance complaint more than anything else. There's definitely a conflict between Gene's manager [Al Schwartz, of Sunset Artists] and myself regarding the material Gene should record. But we are answering the complaint, and we feel he will not be successful with it."

Bennett further said that McDaniels "owes Liberty money." He added that he has advanced the singer $20,000 in cash for recordings already made.

The executive noted that McDaniels' contract with the label requires the singer to pay his own recording costs, which, in McDaniels' case, average around $8,000 an album or $2,500 a single. Thus, on the basis of four LPs and five singles recently released by Liberty, McDaniels' costs amount to $44,500. So far as payment of royalties to the singer is concerned, Bennett noted total sales of McDaniels' records stand at some 1,250,000, amounting to "roughly $50,000" in royalties at 5 percent due the artist.

According to Bennett, McDaniels in 1959 was $17,000 in debt to the record company, which at the time, the first year of his four-year contract, was holding two of his albums for release.

"Liberty has spent at least $25,000 in promotion of McDaniels' records," Bennett declared.

"The suit is essentially being brought against us as a means for McDaniels to break his contract. However, we have no intention of releasing him and will continue the contract throughout the remaining two years."

SCRAPPER BLACKWELL, BLUES SINGER, SLAIN AT 65

After almost three decades of neglect and obscurity, things were beginning to look up for 65-year-old blues singer - guitarist Francis (Scrapper) Blackwell.

The guitarist is remembered primarily as the partner of singer-pianist Leroy Carr, with whom he made up one of the most successful blues recording teams of the late 1920s and early '30s. Their many recordings sold well, even during depression times, and gained the pair a wide audience.

Upon Carr's death in 1935, Blackwell retired from music to a life of virtual obscurity in his native Indianapolis, Ind. With changing tastes in popular music, there was little demand for his gentle, sensitive blues, and he supported himself through a succession of jobs, the most recent being that of a municipal laborer.

With the recent revival of interest in folk music, however, the guitarist was "rediscovered" and presented in local concert programs. He recorded one long-play album for the small British label "77" records and last year two more for Prestige/Bluesville.

But the comeback ended suddenly. On the evening of Oct. 6, Blackwell was found dead in an alley on Indianapolis' west side, a bullet in his chest. Robert Beam, 75, was arrested and held without bond on a preliminary charge of murder in connection with the slaying.

FALSE ALARM BRINGS A FEW LYONS' ROARS

There were small storms in New York City last month when columnist Leonard Lyons reported in the New York *Post* that Ella Fitzgerald would not be allowed to perform at Lincoln Center on Nov. 11. Lyons also reported that Norman Granz, the singer's manager, was upset and blamed the plight on misguided center officials. To add to the tempest, Duke Ellington was quoted as saying that if the center was not for Ella, it was also not for him.

In a later column Lyons wrote: "Philharmonic Hall's [that's the center] official position now is that Ella Fitzgerald's manager first must submit a written outline of her program before the hall can be rented for her recital. They 'recognize her as a talented and versatile artist,' but the committee must first 'weigh the appropriateness' of her proposed program. In the meantime, the date Ella requested has been booked by Mary Lou Williams and Dizzy Gillespie."

ELLA
In center of storm at Lincoln Center

The confusing fact is that there are no facts to support Lyons' accusations. The Gillespie-Williams concert was scheduled more than a month before the first Lyons column appeared. The advisory committee on jazz and folk music never had a chance to say no to Miss Fitzgerald's appearance, even if it had so desired. It was never consulted. That date was filled. No one asked questions after that.

Would the committee recommend Ella? "Everything depends on the concept of the concert," one member said. The committee is not interested in what songs will be sung or played, but only in what the program will accomplish. As another member said, "Evenings at the center should be creative evenings,

not just a one-night stand, and that is the commission we have from the center. We feel that the hall should be a challenge to the artist."

CHET BAKER MAKING A MOVIE IN BRITAIN

Currently in London, England, trumpeter Chet Baker has been working in the new Stuart Miller film *Summer Holiday*, which stars Susan Hayward. In the film Baker appears as the leader of a small jazz group in a party sequence.

The score for the film is mostly improvised, though parts have been composed by Tubby Hayes. The performers are tenorist Hayes, Baker, pianist Stan Tracey, bassist Jeff Clyne, and drummer Don Brown.

The proposed Italian film of his career, in which Baker would play himself, has not yet started production, though he had been given an advance of 2,500,000 lire to furnish the musical score.

Baker, who appeared in London six years ago as a singer, has yet to appear in public as a trumpet player. He said he has no immediate plans to return to the United States.

SINATRA WORDS READ INTO 'CONGRESSIONAL RECORD'

Frank Sinatra, a baritone with a talent for making the news columns, recently made the columns of the *Congressional Record* of the United States.

Following wire-service stories from Lebanon and Iraq that Sinatra's pictures and records have been banned in those Arab League countries because of what the Arabs term his "activities" in Israel while on a world tour during April, May, and June this year (*DB*, Aug. 2), Sinatra said of the reports:

"If it is true, I am deeply disappointed that statesmen anywhere would condemn anyone for aiding children of whatever faith or origin.

"In Israel my recent tour there was to raise money for an interfaith youth center in Nazareth, a primarily Arab center, where the recipients will be primarily Arab children.

"My world tour, which included Israel, was dedicated to benefiting children of all faiths. I had hoped that adults everywhere had one thing in common—a love for all children."

In Washington, D.C., Rep. James Roosevelt (D-Calif.) declared he was compelled to "protest the completely unwarranted action of the league in singling out for abuse and damage a prominent American citizen whose only objective was to help needy children."

Roosevelt then read Sinatra's statement into the *Congressional Record.*

A ROUGH YEAR FOR PETRILLO

The recent battle over higher wages and an extended season for members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was not without flair, most of which came from James C. Petrillo, president of Chicago's AFM Local 10. In the prolonged discussions with the Orchestral Association, the orchestra's governing board, there were many news stories of the proceedings in papers throughout the country. In the final stages, Chicago's mayor, Richard Daley, stepped in to get the opposing parties to agree. At one point the mayor couldn't reach Petrillo and called off a crucial meeting of both sides. It was feared there would be no symphony season in Chicago, but fears came to naught when the Orchestral Association finally acceded to most of the union's demands.

But the symphony dispute was just the most public of Petrillo's troubles; there were others, perhaps more important, that received little publicity.

When the board of directors and recording secretary of Local 10 proposed an irrevokable pension for Petrillo, they stirred a hornet's nest. The proposal, which was put to a vote (it lost) at the annual membership meeting in October, 1961, the reaction—pro and con—was vigorous.

Out of that meeting grew an insurgent group of Local 10 members. The group, calling itself Chicago Musicians for Union Democracy, began holding regular meetings. The organization mailed thousands of monthly newsletters to the local's other members—9,000 resident in the Chicago area and 3,000 living elsewhere.

CMUD recently announced a slate of candidates to run in the local's Dec. 4 election against the incumbents. Two of the main CMUD candidates are from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Rudy Nashan for vice president and Sam Denov for recording secretary. Named as candidate for president was Barney Richards, freelance (club dates) bandleader.

This marks the first time since 1933 that Petrillo has been opposed in a Local 10 election. Petrillo, 70, has been the local's head since 1922; he also was president of the AFM for 14 years, during which time he remained as president of Local 10.

At this year's annual Local 10 membership meeting, at which officers' salaries were to be set for the next three years (the term of office), the insurgents proposed that some salaries be cut, others raised. Among those proposed to be cut was Petrillo's, from $26,000 a year to $18,000. After heated debate by many of the 500 members present, Petrillo spoke.

Opposed to the cut, he said he was pleading for the salaries to remain unchanged "not in my behalf but for the union."

"I've been trying to get away from here for three years," he continued, "but you get caught in a web—you dedicate your life to a cause."

He went on to say that he thought elections were healthy, though "sometimes we have too much democracy for our own good." He stated that he had turned down several salary increases proposed by members in the past and that he has received the same salary since 1935.

In closing, Petrillo said, "I'm a dedicated man; I'm not here for money."

Most members present cheered the altruistic statement, and when a vote was taken, a large majority voted down the CMUD proposal.

Following the voting a member proposed that an outside agency supervise the election and that voting machines be used. After the members showed lack of interest in such procedure, Petrillo said he would let the opposition run the election.

After the meeting, Richards, Nashan, and Denov told *Down Beat* why CMUD had proposed the salary changes. The organization had asked for a $13,000 a year salary for the vice president because the present v.p. is paid $30 a week for holding office but receives $315 a week as special assistant to the president, and assistants' and business agents' salaries are determined by the president, who appoints the men to the positions. This and cases similarly controlled lead to one-man rule, they said.

Asked if the recent wage-scale increases for practically all performance categories (for instance, sidemen will receive $30 instead of $26 for three-hours playing at a country club on a Saturday night) was a political move on Petrillo's part, Richards said, "They definitely are. But the whole thing is liable to backfire on Petrillo."

It has been reported to *Down Beat* that Chicago country-club managers, night-club operators, and hotel managers have expressed their intentions of hiring fewer musicians for less time.

As far as CMUD's supervising the election, Nashan said, "We certainly mean to hold Petrillo to his promise."

JAZZ IN SOUTHEAST ASIA

By JOACHIM ERNST BERENDT

TRANSLATED By ERNEST and EVA BORNEMAN

SURABAYA is a small, dirty harbor town on the overpopulated island of Java in Indonesia. No one would think jazz exists in such a city, but in Surabaya lives the greatest of all jazz musicians in Asia: a Chinese, Bubi Chan.

Chan is a kind of Art Tatum of hard bop. If he were sent to the United States, there would be, in a few weeks, a new star among jazz pianists. Yet, as good as he is, everything about Bubi Chan should have militated against his becoming even a mediocre jazz man.

The Chinese, so it would seem, are not especially gifted for jazz; a Chinese living in Indonesia would seem to be in a hopeless situation. Although the best things produced in that country are made by Chinese, it nevertheless is the business of a conscientious dictator—and President Sukarno is a conscientious dictator—to see to it that his own, that is, the Malayan people, are put above all other peoples, and especially above the Chinese. Furthermore, Sukarno is in accord with all his fellow dictators in being against jazz. How, therefore, in Surabaya—of all places—such a first-class jazz musician managed to develop is a phenomenon that can be explained only by citing the all-powerful drive of a music that transcends all limits.

Bubi Chan and Tony Scott

Bubi Chan himself comes from a musical family (his brother is a swinging jazz drummer) and does not seem to care that outside of Indonesia probably only two men have noticed his extraordinary talent: clarinetist Tony Scott, who was the first to discover the wealth of jazz in Asia, and myself.

We hear such a lot of talk about jazz as a "universal language." But actually we speak most of the time of American and sometimes European jazz. The rest of the world, as far as jazz goes, seems to be forgotten. Is that what is meant by "universal"?

This applies not only to the individual musicians in Asia but also to jazz concerts. Scott was the first, and so far the only, American jazz musician who has played everywhere in Asia. Aside from him there are, at best, four or five others who have played at some time or other in this or that city. In Europe, on the other hand, there have been, during the last 10 years, performances of leading U.S. musicians month after month. Certainly we in Europe are grateful, but why do so few think of Asia?

This is, again, one of those points that show up the disadvantages of the U.S. economic system: only that which appears profitable should be attempted. In Europe, 30 concerts can be set up in as many days, and there is another town every hundred miles to play in. In Asia there are four or five cities in Japan and there is Bangkok, Hong Kong, Singapore, and perhaps Jakarta in Indonesia and Taipei on Formosa. Between most of these places are thousands of miles of ocean.

Yet it is important that jazz should be brought to Asia. The U.S. State Department, with its international jazz tours, has not been too fortunate. Some of those tours, organized in Washington, were relatively successful, but the only real hits were Dizzy Gillespie in Asia and Benny Goodman in Russia.

So if Washington can't do it, I think that a few individual jazzmen should take things in hand. Surely there must be others like Scott. True, one can't expect to find U.S. living standards in Asia, but I'm sure that in Asia is to be found the greatest human and artistic experience on the globe today.

Asia's musical culture is as rich and varied as that of Europe, but so far as rhythm is concerned, there is nothing in the whole of European music that can faintly compare to Indian tabla rhythms. Insofar as sound goes, Balinese music possesses a subtlety that is mindful of the works of Debussy and Ravel. And the wild expressiveness of Chinese opera so far transcends what we are used to hearing that it often seems to us just so much noise.

In Bombay there is an Indian jazz critic, Niranjan Jhaveri, who is deeply aware of how much Indian music can contribute to jazz. Jhaveri wrote me a bitterly disappointed letter because, in the course of a four-month trip through all of Asia, I had visited only Calcutta, Jaipur, and Delhi and did not stay in Bombay. In fact, he said, I stayed far too briefly in India, for, being the first jazz critic to visit that country, it should have been my duty to open up the music of India to jazz. My only reply to this was that such an opening could never be effected by a critic but only by a musician.

There can be no doubt that Indian music would be of great interest to the jazz musician. An Indian tabla drummer in a jazz group could be much more stimulating than the Afro-Cuban bongo and conga drummers encountered so frequently. And I am sure that in the course of time it would be possible to develop a genuine musical fusion of jazz and tabla drumming.

PHOTOS COURTESY TONY SCOTT

Thailand's jazz-loving King Phumiphon

At the same time this would introduce the so-called talas, the rhythmical rows in Indian music, into jazz proper. Quite rightly, Jhaveri says, "I really fail to understand why jazz musicians do not learn talas so as to enrich the whole rhythmic structure of jazz."

Jhaveri has tried, in Bombay, to fuse Indian music and jazz with three Indian musicians from the former Portuguese colony of Goa, a Parsee-Indian drummer, a saxophone player from Nepal, and the arranger Frank Fernand, who, by the way, is a successful musician in the Indian film industry—the second largest in the world.

BUT INDIA is only a beginning. Jazz should then travel to Thailand and from there to Java and finally to the richest of all musical cultures of Southeast Asia, Bali.

All of these cultures have much to offer the jazz musician. We all know

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joachim Ernst Berendt is Germany's leading critic; his *Das Jazzbuch* has sold more copies—it has been translated into several languages—than any other book written on jazz. Earlier this year he toured Southeast Asia and Japan, collecting material on native music and jazz as it is played in the countries of the area.

In the next issue of *Down Beat* Berendt writes of jazz in Japan.

what fascinating music Ornette Coleman, Yusef Lateef, and especially John Coltrane derived from their encounters with Arabic music. But compared with the musical traditions of Southeast Asia, Arabic music is limited. Classical musicians have discovered these musical cultures; jazz musicians have yet to do so.

A beginning was made by Tony Scott. He has improvised with gamelan orchestras in Bali, with koto ensembles in Japan, with classical Thai musicians in Bangkok, and with Chinese in Hong Kong and on Formosa. But a beginning can only bear fruit if others follow it up. The jazz musician who comes to Asia from the U.S. can be certain that many Asian musicians will help him.

When I went to Formosa, Tony Scott was about to rehearse a Chinese big band playing arrangements by Marty Paich and Bill Holman. It was heartening to watch how Scott managed, with his tremendous verve, to mold an orchestra out of this mess of undisciplined and untutored Chinese musicians. The most important soloist of the band was a young guitarist, Timmy Huang. He has played guitar for six years and is, because he could not find a jazz teacher anywhere on Formosa, entirely self-taught. His special influences are Charlie Christian and Barney Kessel. He is without doubt the best guitarist in Southeast Asia, apart from Japan.

As a whole, I think, the Chinese are only just about to become aware of jazz. But because they are by far the best businessmen in Southeast Asia and because their sphere of business influence extends to such countries as Thailand, Malaya, Indonesia, etc., I would suppose that in a few years there will be plenty of Chinese jazz musicians. At this moment, however, Filipinos are the most prominent.

All over Asia, except in Communist China (which for political reasons is inaccessible) and in Japan (which musically as well as in any other way is entirely independent), a traveler will find Filipino musicians. Bars and night spots are full of them, even more so than the bars of Europe are full of Italian musicians.

In the night spots of Bangkok, for instance, I heard only a handful of Thai musicians, but nearly 150 Filipinos. These Filipinos can play everything. But they, too, like many of the best night-club musicians everywhere, secretly long for jazz. Because of this, every night, from about 8 to 9:30 p.m., one can hear jazz being played in Bangkok; only when the crowds arrive for dancing do the musicians change over to pop music.

In Bangkok lives the best of all Filipino musicians I heard in Asia: bass player Roger Herrera, a young musician from Manila who has a wealth of ideas and an astonishingly big tone. It would be a good thing if he could find a sponsor to help him study in the United States. Herrera plays in the band of alto player Ading Dila, the most outstanding of all Filipino ensembles in Bangkok. But other groups are not very far behind. Among them are the combos of trumpet player Neo, trombonist Vic Luna, trumpeter Dado Austria, and alto player Pete Aristorenas.

Above all, there is an outstanding pianist in Bangkok—I heard him called a "Rubinstein of the bar piano"—Narcing Aguilar, who plays at the Key Note Club. A Filipino, Aguilar plays everything from Filipino music to modern jazz and from folk songs of all the countries of Europe to Latin American dance music. But all this he plays with captivating Erroll Garner relaxation and with endless imagination. If Bubi Chan were not in Surabaya, Aguilar would be the best pianist in Asia.

How much better than the Thai are the Filipino musicians in Bangkok can be realized most clearly when, for nationlistic reasons, only Thai musicians are playing, as in the jazz band of King Phumiphon Adundet of Thailand in the Royal Palace in Bangkok.

The king's musicians come from all classes and professions; among them are princes, students, and office clerks. Only the king and the bass player, one feels, would be acceptable in a professional band. Why the king, who is himself an experienced musician, cannot recruit better sidemen from the rich reservoir of musicians in Bangkok can only be explained by social, national, and, of course, psychological motives.

The royal orchestra consists of three brass, four saxophones, and a rhythm section.

The king plays clarinet and saxophone with the same gentle and hesitating sensibility that characterizes him as a man. All his solo passages are expressive and melodic. Sometimes they are interrupted by bursts of a kind of *joie de vivre* that seem alien to the rest of the solo. It reminds one of the king's laughter; this, too, seems to introduce an unexpected element into what he is saying.

There is no doubt that this kind of musicmaking has as much psychological as musical importance to the king. In it, saxophonist and clarinetist Phumiphon Adundet lives what His Majesty the King of Thailand cannot live. One has the impression that the king must play music to be able to be king.

Even with his preference for Dixieland and swing, the king, I feel, would be better served with a few Filipinos. Many of the best Filipino musicians in Bangkok meet every Sunday afternoon to play Dixieland for the newly established Bangkok Jazz Club. In private these musicians confess that they would rather play modern jazz, but the Dixieland music they play swings, is simple, and fulfills its time-honored task of pleasing the young folk of Bangkok, especially the Europeans who dance to it.

It is astonishing to observe how the Filipino musicians are related to one another. The impression is that there are only a dozen families in all who have produced hundreds of Filipino musicians. Bangkok musician Pete Aristorenas' brother, for instance, plays tenor on Formosa; his sister-in-law is a singer in Hong Kong, and his father is a pianist in Manila. It is not much different with other Filipino musicians: if you know one, you are handed on throughout the breadth of Asia by his relatives.

FILIPINOS, it sometimes seems to me, are the most music-loving of all peoples today.

Many of them come from Quiapo, a poor section of Manila. In many of the dirty, primitive houses and hovels of Quiapo there are almost no tables, chairs, or beds, but every second house will boast a piano, and every member of the family will play on it in turn from noon till night. The bars and night clubs of Manila all have big bands. In many of these spots three or four big orchestras play one after the other, so that in the course of one evening and for the price of a Coke or a beer, you can hear some 60 to 80 musicians.

Narcing Aristorenas plays tenor sax in Taipei. His style is a strange mixture of Tex Beneke and Sonny Rollins. He plays in one of the two U.S. military clubs; the band of Rudi Arivano, which plays in the other, has a drummer, Romy Young, who, to my mind, is perhaps the best in all of Asia outside Japan. As is fashionable today for many modern drummers, Young is a disciple of Philly Joe Jones. It's odd to walk along the main street of Taipei, looking at the countless shops and souvenir stalls, watching thousands of young Chinese men and girls pass under the fairy lights of Chinese lanterns and illuminated signs and then suddenly to come across the beat of Young, inspired by Jones, amid all that exotic splendor.

In Hong Kong, too, Filipino musicians dominate. But I feel that jazz in Hong Kong does not do justice to the city's international reputation. Bangkok

(Continued on page 47)

ALL PHOTOS BY JAN ASPLUND

ASK ANY man jack, who was abroad in the byways of Paris in October, 1961, and he'll tell you how it was about the middle of that nightmarish month. None who lived through it is soon apt to forget. It was a time of bloodletting in the streets and alleys, on the bridges and in the market places, at the subway exits and on the platforms down below. It was a case of a good big *Algerie Francais* against a good little *Algerie Algerian.*

God help you if you were a dark-complexioned white or a light-complexioned black and had no identification to prove you were not Algerian. And God help you if you did and were in the path of charging steel helmeted police platoons, their lead-weighted capes and truncheons swinging. It was a time when the skies cried all over the night-bound town and Allah turned his face away from the bleeding Moslem women screaming, "yu! yu! yu!"

It was also on one of these nights, filled with the moans of the maimed that Bud Powell sat down to the Blue Note club's baby grand and played his way to the highest mountaintop, with no mountaintop ever near, recapturing the white hot bit-

By MARC CRAWFORD

BUD POWELL, PARIS AND A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

tersweet thunder many thought he had left behind in his troubled 1940s and tortured '50s, never to come again—ever. It was a time Bud played Bud the way nobody but Bud can play Bud, a time of playing Monk the way Monk has never played Monk. It was Bud hurling himself and all that was in him full speed ahead into womb of the universe, the throttle of his emotions wide open.

Whirring through *Sometimes I'm Happy*, he demonstrated the brilliance of his blinding speed, building, ever building, double-timing, mounting attack upon attack, Captain Ahab at last come upon his great white whale, attacking, attacking, and then attacking again, clubbing, smashing, harpooning, harpooning — "Die damn you whale! Damn whale die you! You damn whale die! Whale damn you die! Damn you whale die!" Whaling and wailing, like nobody master or monster, tearing at him across the no man's water, closing in with all his fury, attacking, attacking, my God! attacking, and pounding, pounding the way the old masters never pounded—because Beethoven was never treated as a black and only died in a thunderstorm while Bud has lived in one every day of his years, because Brahms was never junkie or jazzman, because Bach was never broke, busted, or booted into a nuthouse four times, because kid brother Ritchie is dead, dead, dead, gone and dead forever, never to play piano again, never to compose again, never to arrange again, never to warm the heart of his doting older brother again, dead in a 1956 wheel-spinning auto crash, dead even while a still-grieving Bud waits in the City of Light with too many busted cells in his own battery, with his mother dead, too, with his 7-year-old Johnny speaking better French than English. . . .

And then Bud rose from the piano in one quick motion, arms bent at the elbows, palms cupped and turned to the floor as though about to author a letter of resignation on an invisible typewriter, just holding them there like that, the glazed look in his eyes aimed straight forward, peering through anything game enough to intrude upon his line of vision, and then walked down the aisle, past applauding tourists, past devotees who had come night after night hoping for just such a performance as that was—"fantastique," "magnifique," "marviellieux," "c'est tout!"—past hatcheck girl and checkroom, past bar and barfly, waiter and potted plant, out of doors and into a long, long night, looking, looking straight to his front as if out of the mist any minute will appear the he, she, we, you, or they for whom he seems to be continually searching, and chewing on his tongue even as he does at the piano, wind and rain in his up-turned face, and walking away, away, past neon sign and coupled lovers, faster, faster, past the shrieking big blue-black police vans screaming down Je-ne-c'est-pas Street, almost running to the rhythm of a melody only he can hear, away, faster, past the crepe suzette stand and flower girl, out there, somewhere beyond rhyme and syllogism, where the winds of the spirit blow, where the souls of great men go. O' Jesus Christ! O' Geronimo! O' Martin Luther King!

Bud . . . has lived in a thunderstorm every day of his years. . . .

Bud walking outside the walls of himself, outside the walls, outside himself, invisibly beside himself, tipping hand and hand with the him of him, down any street at all, and them—him and him—laughing at a joke not yet formed, a joke that has never been told; the him leading the invisible him down You-Can't-Hurt-Me-No-More Street because it's only the body one sees, and Bud is outside it, invisibly holding its hand—so that it does not have to look to see where it is he goes—so that he does not have to hear what is addressed in his direction—so that he does not have to do anything. For he appears convinced that the him of him will take care of all that jazz—and Bud tips merrily along.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen—cha, cha, cha. Why does a chicken cross the road? To get to the other side, damn fool!

Wait a minute, move the arm back and pick up that first track. Take No. 1.

IT HAD BEEN almost seven years to a September afternoon in Paris since last I had seen Bud. That was in Detroit when I was a $40-a-week reporter for a small weekly newspaper, and very little had changed in the interim, which is to say I wished I had been making $40 a week in Paris. Or $30 or $20. Hell, I was broke.

I had remarked to a brilliant French writer, Allen Albert, that I very much wanted to see Bud, and we had sat there at a sidewalk table of the Deux Maggots, drinking Ricards, right across the street from the Cathedral St. Germain des Pres. Allen's finger had just fallen from pointing out the apartment of Jean Paul Sartre, a block down the Rue Bonaparte. Then he shrugged a shoulder up Boulevard St. Germain and announced, "There comes Bud now."

Bud's gait suggested that he had never awakened to the new day that it was. My eyes had picked him up coming our way as he passed between the church and the public urinal. A bear of a man he had become in contrast with the slender one of times past. Under that blue beret it seemed as if he had forgotten to turn the lights on in his eyes or as if the switch had been broken long ago. His moustache was long, heavy, and wildly flowing. As he mounted the near curb, I ran to greet him.

"Bud! Hey, Bud! Over here, Bud!"

My hand shot out to take his, and his fat fingers came out to meet it, his palm up, and then he said, "Buy me a red wine, please. Buy me a red wine."

"Sure," I said, "but how are you, Bud?"

"Buy me a red wine, please."

And as he repeated the refrain, I knew that the him of him was protecting him from my intrusion, or anyone else's, and so I gave him my last five-franc note. Without a word, he disappeared into the passing throng, perhaps to find a quiet walnut bar where a blue beret and a glass of red wine could coexist in peace.

THESE observations of Bud had their beginnings at that meeting, but then I could record them only with my mind, my heart—and even my tears. I tried, but not one comma of it could I then get down on paper, for perhaps I was too close to it, and most probably my emotions would have betrayed the truth of it. But make no mistake—I do not fool myself into believing that because my anger has become muted, it is any less anger. Rather I feel, as much as is possible for me, that I have become more objective about it, something which, in any event, has that conviction to recommend it.

Whether that is true or not, I dare anyone to show me an artist who had more personal involvement in his art than Bud in those bebop-filled yesteryears, in Fat Girl's day, in Wardell Gray's day, in that Chano Pozo-bongoing yesterday, or a pianist who left more influence on those who followed.

I submit that Bud was as important to the keyboard as Bird was to the saxophone. Name me an artist who crammed more fire and passion and infinite ideas into a three-minute, 78-rpm than Bud did, for then he was alive, virile, and warm in the blood. He cared in a consuming way. And what other genuis paid as much, suffered as much from the effects of being both black and an artist in a white man's world, one that advertised and merchandised George Shearing, disc after disc, while Bud got the crumbs?

Miles Davis determined long ago to fight for his place in the entertainment firmament, learned how, and did. Today he stands and still survives at the top of the heap, as much on his own terms, if not more, than any performer in jazzdom. Bud only had the musical genius and sorely lacked the stuff of which warriors are made. In any event, the last three years have found him in European exile, largely forgotten and never widely known outside the confines of jazz, unheard by the coming generation in this country, and bearing no resemblance at all to one whom history must one day accord a place at the top in the story of modern jazz.

ONE WONDERS if this New York musician was cursed or credited when his bandleader father, William, led him to the piano at 6. What 6-year-old can say no? But for 32 years, man and boy, Bud has been chained to the piano. It has been the voice through which he speaks, the filter of his tormented experience. Across the span of his 38 years he has never been articulate in any other way. It has been his glory and his shame:

Bud bugging Bird on one of his last gigs on earth; Bird dying and not knowing it, though seemingly wanting it in the worst way; Bird exploding on Bud on the stand at Birdland and Bud looking up with fear-filled eyes and pleading, "Don't hit me, Bird." And Bird, as his own tormented tears welled, promising, "I ain't going to hit you, Bud. Never."

Bud terrified in jail, in the Tombs in New York, and sick, his troubled mind telling him the police were trying to kill him. Bud screaming, "You're trying to kill me! You're trying to kill me!" And the cops adding to, aiding and abetting that terror by dousing him with ammoniated water. And Bud dying a little bit in that unholy process.

It seems now that by 1959 the crucifixion of Bud Powell was an accomplished fact. They took him down from the cross and laid him in his tomb. But somebody forgot to put a stone in front of the tomb, and one day Bud got up, walked out and into Paris, a Lazarus in the City of Light, perhaps come too late.

"Yet," said Chicago guitarist Jimmy Gourley, now based in Paris, "Bud has so much musicianship that, without even being interested or trying, he is still better than anybody in Europe. Ask Ray Brown about that night when Bud played so much that Ray had to get up and walk the floor and had to hold himself to keep from shouting. You see, that's why Bud is still very important. When he's right, there's still nobody who can touch him."

BUD BUTTERCUP

. . . grieving for that something in Bud that wants to go home. . . .

They tell me Bud was in Copenhagen at last report. But wherever Bud is, his wife, Buttercup, is there with him, watching out for him, protecting him from schemers and that army that has never given up trying to exploit him for its gain; and wherever Bud is, Buttercup is there loving him and keeping him alive and as well as he can be; and wherever Bud is, Buttercup is there grieving for that something in Bud that wants to go home, despite all that it has done to him, because it is home nonetheless; and wherever Bud is, Buttercup is hoping that one day he can go home again, to be regarded, to be respected, to be loved. She feels we owe him that much, and that makes two of us.

ABRUPTLY, Jimmy Witherspoon broke off his half-formed remark and swung around in the car seat. "Look at that, baby," he shouted, pointing out the window to our right.

From the Chicago lakefront yacht basin, with its geometric rows of moored boats, several cabin cruisers and a small sloop were proceeding into the blue vastness of Lake Michigan, the power craft skittering jerkily across the dimpled surface, the sloop, with its billowing sails, moving slowly, even majestically, in comparison. The day was warm and brilliant, with the promise of approaching summer in the air. The sky was a cloudless blue, transparent in its purity.

"Yeah," the singer continued, "that's it. That's the way to live on a day like this. What a gas! I'm gonna get me one of them. Go sailing out on the coast."

"Wonder what something like that costs?" he mused, indicating the sloop, sails taut, now moving briskly. He lapsed into a discussion of the probable costs of various-sized boats with the automobile driver, Billy Boy Arnold, a young Chicago blues singer and harmonica player.

I sat, silent with my thoughts, listening abstractedly to the conversation, which now had moved into a sharp argument about some of the blues singers of the 1920s and '30s.

Witherspoon, with his warm, expansive manner and that all-embracing enthusiasm that accompanies everything he involves himself in, seemed slightly larger than life. I had liked him immediately, responded to his direct, outgoing personality from the start, when, several days earlier, we had met for a long bull session in his Chicago southside hotel. But, still, there was something about the very force and largeness of his personality that puzzled me. I couldn't put my finger on it.

The day before, he had called and asked if I'd like to go along while he recorded a soundtrack for a television documentary. (Even if I'd not wanted to, it would have been impossible to be unswayed by his torrential enthusiasm.) As it was, I was eager to go, and we agreed to meet early the next afternoon.

Now we were driving north along Chicago's lovely Lake Shore Dr., past the tarnished and sooty opulence of the Gold Coast, and finally we turned off into a solid, old residential section, where the recording studio was located, next to a small neighborhood theater. We parked in front of the place and were admitted by an intense, bespectacled young man, who introduced himself as Bill Friedkin, producer-director of the documentary.

We had arrived early, for Friedkin was still involved in recording a newspaper reporter, who, prominent in the story the film detailed, was narrating. His lengthy part was being recorded that day and would be transferred onto videotape that evening. While the engineer guided the reporter through countless retakes, Friedkin sketched the outlines and the purpose of the documentary, as we stood in the control booth.

The film dealt, he told us, with convicted murderer Paul Crump, who had rehabilitated himself while in prison awaiting execution. Appeals had resulted in several stays of execution. He had been in death row some nine years. Public interest in the case was high, and the film, which would dramatize the facts of the case, was an attempt to marshal this interest into a mass movement to have the death penalty commuted.

It was a moving story, and, as it was related, Jimmy's excitement mounted. He interjected questions and punctuated the account with exclamations of disbelief and indignation. By its end he had been won over to Crump's side and was chafing to get on with the recording. "This film," he said, "do you think it might possibly save him? If there's any chance at all, man, I want to do my part.

"This is a great thing. These guys are fighting to save a man's life. They feel he's a changed man, and look what they're doing about it. I sure want to do all I can to get him off. You know, I figured this'd just be another job—man, I sure never expected anything like this. I mean, I've never done anything like this before. The idea that this thing can keep a man from going to his death! It kind of scares me."

By this time the reporter had finished, and Witherspoon rushed up to commend him for his role in bringing Crump's case to the public's attention.

While the engineer set up microphones for the singer and the young guitarist who would accompany him, Jimmy prowled nervously around the studio, talking distractedly to each person in turn. I remembered what he had told me several evenings before: "Man, I get nervous *every* time I go on. Don't matter if I've been playing at the same club for a couple of weeks, I'm still nervous each time I go out there to sing. Some nights it's so bad, I just have to shake my head."

Now he was working himself up to the proper pitch of tension for the performance that would follow and into which all the nervous energy would be poured.

Jimmy had moved over to the far wall, where the guitarist, a small, thin youngster, toothpick set jauntily between his teeth, a cloth hat pushed back

on his head, was quietly running through some chord changes.

Jimmy began to croon the lines of the song he was to sing; the guitarist picked it up, his face screwed in concentration, and began a chordal accompaniment—at first hesitantly, then more boldly, as he fixed the changes in his mind. Jimmy said he was ready.

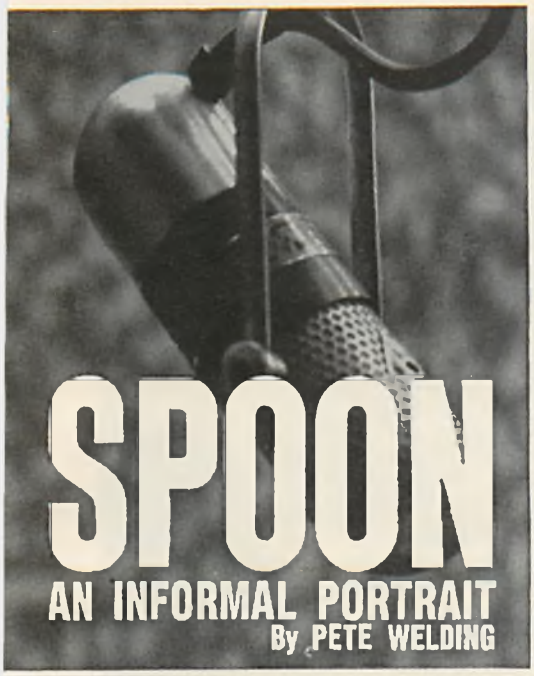
The engineer ushered all but Jimmy and the guitarist out of the studio. In the control booth there were the usual starts and stops as the engineer sought a balance between voice and guitar, but finally he obtained a sound agreeable to Friedkin and himself. All was set.

The percussive shuffle of the guitar established the minor mood of the song. Jimmy leaned back, filled his lungs, and began to sing. The lament of a man wronged filled the small control booth. Its cadence was the steady, fixed pulse of a work song; it rose and fell with the hypnotic regularity of a gandydancer's track-lining song or a prison gang's chopping dirge. One could almost feel the stifling heat, the dust-choked air, see the axes rise and fall.

Jimmy stood transfixed, eyes closed, one hand cupped over an ear, his body rigid, immovable. His mouth shaped the words softly or spat them out venomously, his head snapping forward in a whiplash of fury. Men, blood, swinging hammers, tears, sweat, caked dirt on aching muscles, hearts bursting in the fetid heat, menacing guards—all flashed before the mind's eye in a rush of detail.

There was an aching sadness, a piercing loneliness, to his singing that summoned up the desolation, frustration, and despair of caged men, those without love or dignity or hope.

The song had come alive; no longer



SPOON

AN INFORMAL PORTRAIT

By PETE WELDING

was it a series of rhymed words and black dots on a sheet of scored paper. It was now a real, human experience.

"Most every blues I sing," Jimmy had said, "I have lived some part of it. It has to be something everyone has lived. When you're singing the blues, you can say a few words and the people are going to holler—because it's something they can identify with. It's something that's happened to them, or they know somebody it's happened to. And they'll know what I *mean*. They know it's true, because these are things you just can't get around." This was what he meant.

THE SONG ended, Jimmy stood quietly by the microphone, withdrawn, until a squawking request for a retake shattered the mood.

At once, he became the expansive, joking extrovert, shouting for approbation, showering compliments on the guitarist, and exploding into a sudden flurry of activity that brought him rushing into the control booth to listen to the playback, to which he attended with furious concentration.

After a short, intense discussion as to how the song might be improved, Jimmy rushed back into the studio and, whispering some hasty instructions to the guitarist, resumed his place at the microphone. Again came the plangent chunking of the guitar and again rose the plaint — forlorn, gentle, mordant, and anguished in turn.

Jimmy seemed possessed, not so much shaping or manipulating the song as allowing it to find expression through him, permitting it to play upon him as upon a sensitive instrument. Its moods, its emotions, its feelings worked upon him in a subtle and dramatic way; he took them on, and his expressive baritone registered the quicksilver changes from sullen anger to brooding despair through which he moved, as he lived the song.

Here was Jimmy Witherspoon, I suddenly realized; only here, in a moment such as this, was the full measure of the man, the sum of the experiences that had shaped him, at last realized. Here was the artist calling into play all faculties, summoning all the reserves of experience and knowledge and talent and humanity his 39 years had accumulated. Here was the man operating as he must.

For such moments did Jimmy exist, for here was life lived at its height, here could a man gain the sweet feeling that he was giving of his best, doing what he alone could do.

These were moments dearly won.

Half-forgotten were years of scuffling to gain a foothold in the entertainment world; years of washing dishes in an Owl drugstore by day while hanging out with Art Tatum and Slam Stewart at night; cooking on the railroad; the war years and the merchant-marine convoy runs; sitting in with Teddy Weatherford in Calcutta's Grand Hotel in India while the ship was repaired, and the Chicago pianist's praise and encouragement; the return to the States at war's end and an audition with Jay McShann's band; the 3½ years spent with him, working in the shadow of Walter Brown but, with McShann's encouragement, finding his own way; going out with his own six-piece band; years of one-nighters, blues-and-rhythm concerts and dances; years of recordings that just missed. Then there was the sudden success of *Nobody's Business*. ("We only cut it once, because the arranger and I had an argument," "He said, 'Spoon is angry, so let's forget it.' And when we left the studio, McShann, who played piano for me on the date, said, 'Man, you've got a hit and don't know it.' And that was it. Well, I was angry and you can hear it on the record because I'm cutting my words off short and sharp. And that's what sold the tune.")

The money came in quickly—almost too quickly. Then there were *No Rollin' Blues* and *Big Fine Girl* and more money and a valet and two cars and a home in Los Angeles; then success fled as quickly as it had come. Family troubles; a double-dealing manager who stole nearly $40,000; and rock and roll administering the coup de grace. ("That really did it. I have nothing against it, but I couldn't do it. I still can't. So for about 4½ years I starved. I went all over the country, still working. I could still gig around, enough to keep going, but I didn't have anything. I'd lost my home. I'd been with Victor, Atlantic, Chess, and other record companies, but nothing happened, and finally I went back to Los Angeles in 1957 and cut an album with Rip records.")

The slow swelling of success began again, for, though Rip went out of business, the album was acquired by World Pacific records and issued as *Singin' the Blues*, becoming a big seller. The jazz festival at Monterey, Calif., following, with its critical and popular acclaim of his singing; a contract with Hifirecords; engagements at top clubs; a tour with Ben Webster; a Carnegie Hall blues concert; a European tour with Buck Clayton and a prominent role in a Belgian-made jazz film; an appearance at the Newport, R.I., Jazz Festival; the new-star vocalist award in the 1961 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll; a contract with Reprise records; and a recent happy second marriage.

It was all there in the singing. Everything—Gurdon, Ark., and the church solos at 6, the Bessie Smith and Blind Lemon records on the wind-up Victrola in the parlor; the adulation for Joe Turner ("a lot of people say he doesn't have the personality or something, but this man can stand flat-footed and sing all night long if he wants to, and the lyrics he writes are—amazing"), Jimmy Rushing, Bill Broonzy, and Lowell Fulson; the hanging out with musicians at Lovejoy's Breakfast Lounge; the years with McShann; the years flush with success and big money, and the lean hungry ones; the victimization; and the disappointments in human relationships.

The man in front of the microphone —head back, eyes closed, features contorted with the emotions he voiced— was Jimmy Witherspoon, open, all defenses down. Here was the complement to the exuberant, outgoing Witherspoon I had met a few days before. This was a side he reserved for his work, kept to himself, guarded and nourished.

This explained the protective veneer. Behind it, he marshaled the deeper recesses of his humanity, his feelings, sensitivity, and integrity and kept them intact and healthy for those moments— as now — when he would call upon them. He was simply securing that which he held dear and had cost him so much.

"I just found myself in the last year or so," he'd said the other night. Now I knew exactly what he'd meant.

The take finished, Friedkin shouted, "Great, that's it!" into the studio and, half-hugging, half-dragging the guitarist with him, Jimmy rushed into the control booth, a wide grin on his broad face. "What'd you think, baby?" he shouted. db

Inside The New Bill Evans Trio

By GENE LEES

SOMEBODY SAID recently of Bill Evans, "It's as if a gray cloud followed him, haunting him."

There is a measure—but only a measure—of truth to this. Evans' fortunes this fall began to take a distinct turn for the better, but his career *has* been plagued by disappointments, ill health, financial problems, mishandling by some of the business people in jazz, and outright tragedy.

Despite it all, he has left along his route a sprinkling of albums that constitute what may prove the most important body of jazz piano recordings since Art Tatum. Those recordings have spread his influence throughout the world.

It is an approach that, once heard, is as easy to identify as it is hard to describe. One can call it exquisitely lyrical, superbly thoughtful, highly imaginative, rhythmically unique . . . but these terms don't fix for examination a kind of jazz piano playing which, for its admirers, has the flavor and emotionality of a personal letter.

Martin Williams has said, in a *Down Beat* record review, that Evans seems to have a communication problem. And perhaps he has. But obviously he gets through to all those people who care enough about jazz to listen genuinely, including Williams, whose review was highly favorable. Recently, checking through Bill's scrapbook, I was astonished to discover that he also had received rave reviews from Nat Hentoff, Frank Kofsky, Ralph Gleason, John S. Wilson, Don DeMicheal, and myself. I know of no other subject on which you could get all of us to agree.

Evans communicates equally well to musicians, one of whom is 23-year-old Chicago pianist Warren Bernhardt, who now lives in New York City. The young pianist offered this comment on Evans' playing:

"Everything he plays seems to be the distillation of the music. In *How Deep Is the Ocean?*, he never once states the melody. Yet his performance is the quintessence of it. On *My Foolish Heart*, on the other hand, he plays nothing but the melody—and you still receive that essence of the thing.

"Pianistically, he's beautiful. He never seems to be hung up in any way in doing anything he wants to do—either technically or harmonically. You can voice a given chord many different ways, but he always seems to find the *correct* way. When he's confronted with a choice on the spur of the moment of improvisation, he doesn't have to wonder which voicing is best, he *knows*. And he is physically capable of executing it immediately. It's as if the line between his brain and his fingers were an unusually direct one.

"You see, a given voicing will have different effects in different registers, especially when you use semi-tones as much as he does. So he constantly shifts voicings, depending on the register. Yet he doesn't seem to have to think about it, because he's *been* thinking about it for years."

Evans' own comments corroborate and complement this view. Of chord voicings, he said recently:

"It's such an accumulated thing. The art lies in developing enough facility to voice well any new thought. It's taken me 20 years of hard work and playing experience to do as well with it as I can. There's no short cut. It takes a lot of time and study."

Various observers have noted the apparent influence of certain classical composers in Evans' voicings, particularly Ravel, Debussy, and Chopin. Was the influence absorbed directly and deliberately? "No more than from jazz," he said. "It's whatever I've liked the sound of. I've built it by my own study, never consciously looking at a voicing in a score and saying, 'Gee, this would be nice to use.' "

However arrived at, Evans' voicings are an important part of his style. But there are other parts. For one thing, he has magnificent time. He thinks so far head of what he is doing that he phrases in whole choruses, and his phrases always come out right. His way of swinging is one of the most

subtle in jazz. And the swing is so self-generated that he and guitarist Jim Hall, performing without rhythm section, were able to set upon astonishingly powerful pulse on the *My Funny Valentine* track of the United Artists album *Undercurrents* a few months ago. Many New York musicians think the track is a classic of jazz. (*Ed. note: see record reviews, this issue.*)

Finally, there is his tone, one of the loveliest jazz piano has ever known. It can be hard and muscular, as on the *Valentine* track. But usually it is soft and round, so soft in the ballads that a TV director, hearing him for the first time, exclaimed, "Good God, the man must have fur-tipped fingers!"

Whatever they're tipped with, they are remarkable fingers and lately they are conveying to those who know Evans' music a rising morale and improving health. A year ago, they were communicating the pianist's despair over the death of bassist Scott LaFaro. The death of LaFaro left Evans so broken in spirit that he didn't play publicly for six months.

TO UNDERSTAND why, it is necessary to consider the history of the Bill Evans Trio. Paul Motian, Evans' drummer almost from the beginning, recalled:

"After I got out of the Navy late in 1954, I entered the Manhattan School of Music. I completed a semester and a half. But by then I was working gigs about six nights a week, and I was falling behind in my studies, so I left. I started playing with different people, including George Wallington. That summer—the summer of 1956—I worked in a sextet with Jerry Wald. The piano player was Bill Evans.

"After that, somehow, Bill and I seemed to work together in a lot of bands. We both worked for Tony Scott and Don Elliott. And we worked on a George Russell album together.

"Bill was living on 83rd St. at the time, and we used to play together a lot—almost every day, in fact. Then Bill went with Miles Davis, and I worked with various people, including Oscar Pettiford and Zoot Sims.

"After leaving Miles, Bill formed a trio. He had Kenny Dennis on drums and Jimmy Garrison on bass. That sort of petered out. In the latter part of 1959, he went into Basin Street East. He had a lot of trouble, and he changed rhythm sections several times. . . . On drums, he had Philly Joe Jones for a few nights and Kenny Dennis for a few more

PAUL MOTIAN

"I knew we could continue where we left off when Scott died"

SCOTT LAFARO

CHUCK ISRAELS

and me. He must have gone through about eight bass players.

"Scott LaFaro was working at a club around the corner. I'd first heard him some time previously, when Chet Baker was forming a group. Chet called me and Bill, and we worked out. I wasn't too impressed by Scott's playing at that time. Anyway, Scott used to come around to Basin Street East and sit in with Bill. And I *was* impressed.

"From Basin Street East, we went to the Showplace, with Scott. That was actually the beginning.

"It's hard to describe what Scott's death last year did to us. Bill telephoned me. I was sleeping. It seemed like a dream, what he told me, and I went back to sleep. When I woke up, I was convinced it *was* a dream. I called Bill back, and he told me it was true.

"When it began to sink in, we . . . we didn't know what to do. We didn't know if we'd still have a trio. We'd reached such a peak with Scott, such freedom. It seemed that everything was becoming possible.

"We didn't work for six months—between the last two weeks of June, 1961, until Christmas. Then we went to Syracuse, N.Y., to work a gig. Chuck Israels went with us on bass.

"That must have been a difficult time for Chuck. It had taken us two years to get to the peak we had reached with Scott, and now we had to start all over."

Rapport between Israels and the other two members of the trio didn't happen overnight.

"Because everyone was looking at Chuck with Scott in mind," Evans said, "he was in a very sensitive position. He did admirably, but he had many things on his mind—things of a technical nature, concerning the musical means with which we work.

"I think that this, coupled with replacing a man of great talent who had taken part in the development of the group, was all happening during the engagement we played earlier this year at the Hickory House. And though there were many encouraging aspects of it, I had slight apprehension about whether his self-consciousness would prevail for a long period, obstructing or misdirecting the natural way the group could develop.

"About the time we left the Hickory House, Chuck had a big overhauling job done on his bass, and we didn't have a chance to find out what effect it would have on the sound of the group. But obviously, during the month-long layoff,

many of the problems, musical and otherwise, must have settled or resolved themselves for Chuck.

"Opening night at the Vanguard last July, we felt. . . . Well, it's difficult to describe the amount of difference that we all immediately felt as a result of his ability to play within the group with such a natural flow. Now I have no apprehension about the ability of the group to develop in its own direction and no hesitation about performing for anyone anywhere."

Recalling that Vanguard opening, Motian said: "It started to jell. We could feel it immediately. I thought, 'Oh, oh, we've reached that point again.' I knew we could continue where we left off when Scott died."

To this Evans added: "Not that we're trying to duplicate the point of development we reached with Scott. Chuck is a strong, intelligent, and accomplished talent in himself. It's a different trio now.

"And I'll say this. This is the first time I've been genuinely excited about the trio since Scott's death. Not only about the prospects, but what we've already arrived at."

IN VIEW OF the rich textures Israels, Motian, and Evans are capable of weaving, it is probably not without significance that all three of them had childhood groundings in nonjazz musical cultures.

In Evans' case, it was a double background. Of Welsh and Russian descent, he was surrounded with the traditional

STEVE SCHAPIRO

BILL EVANS
"I want to communicate, I want to give"

Welsh love of vocal music, and with Russian Orthodox church music. Though his mother was born in this country, she speaks Russian and is steeped in the music of the church. One uncle was a choral director, and so is Bill's cousin, Peter Wilhausky, who was a choral director for Arturo Toscanini and is now head of the New York Secondary School of Music. "I think what I got from that environment," Bill said, "was a true and humble love of music."

Israels' background is strikingly similar, though derived from another culture, Jewish. One of his uncles is a member of the music faculty at the University of California in Berkeley. His maternal grandfather was an amateur musician and an officer in the musicians union local in Yonkers. His stepfather, whom Israels said "had a monumental influence on the life of my family," is Mordecai Baumn, a cantor and an influential figure in music education.

In Motian's case, the childhood musical influence was Armenian. "I heard a lot of Armenian music at home," he said. "My parents had a lot of it on records, and I used to dance to the rhythms. I still like Armenian music very much. The rhythms are interesting and some of them swing along nicely. They have a lot of rhythms in 5/4 or 7/8 or 9/8."

It is interesting to speculate how much these "alien" musical influences may have contributed to the trio's musical freedom. Certainly the three men have shown a remarkable ease in handling material in time figures other than the traditional 4/4 of jazz. The group is notably able to dispense with forthright and heavyhanded statements of the underlying rhythmic pulse of a work, all three taking off in individual and yet beautifully interrelated directions without ever losing their bearings. The word "freedom" crops up constantly in their talk.

Israels, who has dedicated himself to music only for the last two years (he has been a photographer, sound-equipment salesman and repairman, recording engineer, and an experimental engineer for a hi-fi components manufacturer), says that "only with Bill have I begun to realize my conception of music. It's a melancholy thing to say, but, in a way, if Scotty hadn't died, I'd be struggling still to find a situation in which I could play what I want to play. I like to make the bass sound good. If playing time in a deep and firm and flowing way sounds good, then that's the way I like to play. If playing more delicate counterlines and fill-ins sounds right in a situation, then I want the bass to sound light and clear."

"What's a groove about the trio is that there's never a hassel," Motian said. "It's never, 'Do this or do that.' It's just three people playing together."

Only once since Israels joined the trio—and this was immediately after he joined—has the trio held a formal rehearsal. New material is simply introduced and then allowed to evolve on the job. Consequently, the group is simply not a piano-accompanied-by-two-rhythm trio. Its music has a true conversational quality, each member contributing what he feels is appropriate. This is a remarkable thing, in view of the individuality of its leader's playing.

It is this newfound group strength, which dates back only to July, that is the main cause of Evans' brighter outlook. "He seems like his old self again," Motian said, "as witty as he used to be. He can be a very funny guy, you know."

All of which leads us right back to the communication problem noted by Martin Williams.

"This isn't a problem I'd deal with directly," Evans said. "I find that when I'm feeling my best, spiritually and physically, I project. For example, I think the record on which I project most is the *Everybody Digs* album. I'd had hepatitis, and I went to stay with my parents in Florida to get over it. When I came back, I felt exceptionally rested and well. I made that album at that time. And I knew I was communicating the way I'd like to communicate.

"Right now, I'm starting to gain some weight that I'd lost, and I'm getting into a more secure financial period, and believe me, it's raising my morale 12,000 percent.

"I think it's making a real difference.

"Remember how Miles suddenly came out? The fact that musicians and critics had known about him for years didn't dispel the fact that he was saying, in effect, 'Here I am, I know what the quality of this work is, and if you want to know, you'll have to come and get it.' Yet eventually he succeeded in communicating.

"All of this is a social-personality question. It takes a profound personality evolution to affect it. I want to communicate, I want to give. But I'm not foolish enough to think I can go to a teacher to learn how to communicate."

With that, one can only ask if Evans has any advice for aspiring younger musicians.

"Well, there was a shipwreck, and the only man who survived was the bass player from the band. He floated on his bass for days, burned by the sun and half frozen at night, and at last he was sighted off Long Island. The press and TV people rushed down to the shore to interview him, and as he waded out of the water, dragging his waterlogged bass, they asked him, 'As the survivor of this terrible tragedy, do you have anything to say?' And the guy says, "Ooooh, m-a-an, later for the music business.' "

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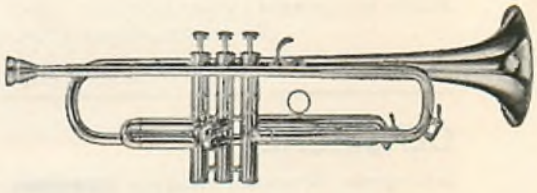

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record reviews

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

CLASSICAL

Klemperer/Bruckner/Wagner

BRUCKNER—Angel S-3626B: *Symphony No. 7*; WAGNER—*Siegfried Idyll* (chamber orchestra version).

Personnel: Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is by all odds the best-sounding Bruckner *Seventh* on records, for the Philharmonia's soloists—particularly the horns—play with exceptional competence for Klemperer in this release.

The conductor's tempos, usually the most prominent feature of his performances, do not seem especially slow or drawn out in this case, but that may be only because Bruckner lends himself to slow tempos especially well and Klemperer's pace sounds natural for this music. Still preferable for this reviewer is Rosbaud's version, though the Vox sound does not come up to Angel's. The booklet included with this two-disc album indentifies the movements incorrely; the adagio takes up all of the second side, and the scherzo and finale share the third side.

The extra side contains an expansive performance of the *Siegfried Idyll* in its chamber version, marred at the start by some surprisingly shaky playing by the Philharmonia's first-desk violinists. (D.H.)

Lhevinne/Chopin/Schumann

CHOPIN—Vanguard VSD-2111: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11*; SCHUMANN—*Overture, Scherzo, Finale for Orchestra, Op. 52.*

Personnel: Rosina Lhevinne, piano in the Chopin; alumni of National Orchestral Association, John Barnett, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Mrs. Lhevinne, now 82, recorded the Chopin concerto last year, along with a Mozart concerto (for Columbia) after having been in retirement from the concert stage since 1944.

Her years of teaching at the Juilliard School of Music have not blunted her artistic instincts, obviously. In concept, this is an utterly satisfying Chopin *E Minor*, smaller in tone than we are accustomed to hearing from today's virtuosos but lucid, unhurried, and phrased with the loving touch of one who has felt this music deeply and studied its technical problems as intensively as any pianist alive.

The orchestra, while not of top quality, plays decently enough (Chopin's orchestral requirements are not fearsome anyway) and restrains itself so that the soloist's most delicate inner voices can be heard. Listen to the left hand throughout this performance; there are a dozen rather startling details here, all convincing. Not a perfect performance but a cherishable one.

The Schumann, a short and seldom-encountered work, fills out half the record side. The composer thought it had "a light, pleasant character," and so it had. Hardly one of his great efforts, it is worth hearing occasionally. The orchestra under Barnett plays it without any special distinction, however. (D.H.)

Menuhin/Mozart

MOZART—Angel S-35745: *Violin Concertos No. 3 in G Major, K.216; No. 5 in A Major, K.219.*

Personnel: Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra, Menuhin, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Menuhin long ago decided, evidently, that the life of the virtuoso violinist who runs around the world playing three or four 19th century concertos was not for him. At the Bath Festival, as in England generally, he has found an atmosphere congenial to his unconventional nature, and these two Mozart performances fairly exude the geniality of a man playing among friends.

Unfortunately, Menuhin has carried the commendable ideal of relaxation and intimacy a bit too far in this case. There is an air in both performances that suggests tentativeness as well.

Menuhin himself plays rather fuzzily at times, and lets his affection for the music betray him into self-indulgent cuddling of phrases, sugary ritardandos, and other stylistic oddities. The cadenzas — by Franko, in the *G Major*, and by Menuhin, in the *A Major* — are tasteful and well played. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt

SOUL SUMMIT—Prestige 7234: *Tubby; Dumplin'; When You Wish Upon a Star; Shuffle Twist; Sleeping Susan; Out in the Cold Again.*

Personnel: Ammons, Stitt, tenor saxophones; Jack McDuff, organ; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The best way to appreciate Ammons and Stitt in tandem, I've found, is to warm up on a few early Lester Young solos; this gets you in the right mood. This may seem strange to those who think of A&S as only slightly removed from a honking rock-and-roll act, but despite the team's leaning toward the romp-stomp school, they both are Youngsters at heart. Don't let their virility and overtness fool you.

This is not the team's best album, but it is a solidly swinging, enjoyable exposition of the unfettered let's-just-blow school of which Ammons and Stitt are the deans. The two horn men are relaxed to the extreme: there is no wasted motion by either, though at times both grope for ideas when solos stretch out a bit too long, as on *Tubby*, which is marred also by a clomping clatter set up by McDuff and Persip.

The difference between the two is perhaps best shown on *Star*: Ammons pushes and pulls his way through his solo while Stitt spryly leaps from phrase to phrase. But the crucial characteristic of each man's work is a tremendous swing, particularly in Ammons' playing—he can get more time going in a swelled note than lesser men can in a whole chorus.

And it is Ammons who is the dominant member of the team. True, he sometimes lacks invention, but one should not come to Ammons seeking intellectual stimulation; one should come to be moved and warmed and occasionally lulled with the honeyed milk of an Ammons' ballad exposition, like *Out in the Cold*. (D.DeM.)

Count Basie

THE LEGEND—Roulette 52086: *The Trot; Easy Money; Amorosa; Goin' On; The Swizzle; The Legend; Who's Blue?; Turnabout.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Sonny Cohn, Thad Jones, Al Aaron, trumpets; Henry Coker, Quentin Jackson, Benny Powell, trombones; Frank Wess, Benny Carter, Frank Foster, Budd Johnson, Charlie Fowlkes, reeds; Sam Herman, guitar; Basie, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One of the drawbacks involved in creating to certain specifications is that the specifications can become a limiting factor. Benny Carter showed in the recent *Kansas City Suite* on Roulette that he knows the essential style of the Basie band well and that he can write readily in that vein.

This disc, like that earlier one, is made up of a group of Carter originals written specifically for Basie. In almost every case, Carter has established the essential Basie setting—a riff stated smoothly and mellifluously by the saxophones that is then worked over by Basie and other soloists. Taken individually, any one of them could be cited as a fine exhibition of Basieism. But because they are all cut from the same pattern, they soon lose their effectiveness.

This particular Basie band lacks the individual personalities that give the necessary variety to a standard foundation — something the original Basie band could do. A band that counts polish and finesse as its strong points, as this band does, has to have stronger material with which to work.

The title piece, *The Legend*, stands out largely because it does break away from the limiting pattern of most of the pieces. There is an Ellingtonian touch in its moody harmonies, and Thad Jones' trumpet solo has more character than the solos of the present Basie sidemen are usually likely to have. Basie himself gets away from his customary solo style on *Who's Blue?*, and Johnson adds an invigorating solo style to the band on *Turnabout*.

High professional competence is evident all through the set, in Carter's writing and in the performance of Basie's band and his soloists. What is missing most of the time is creativity and originality. (J.S.W.)

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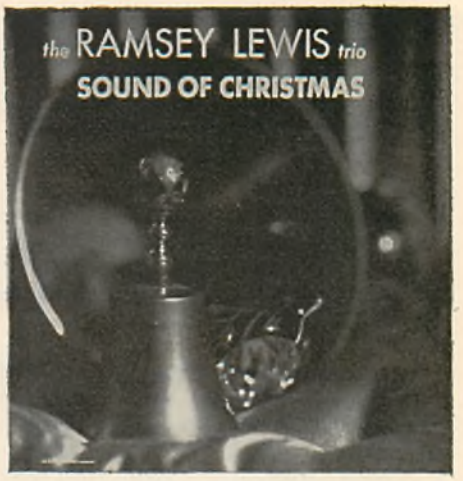

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Eric Dolphy

FAR CRY—Prestige/New Jazz 8270: *Mrs. Parker of K.C.; Ode to Charlie Parker; Far Cry; Miss Ann; Left Alone; Tenderly; It's Magic.*

Personnel: Booker Little, trumpet; Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Jaki Byard, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There are notable points in this record, for example, the writing by Byard (*Mrs. Parker* and *Ode*) and Dolphy (*Cry* and *Ann*). There are some not-so-notable moments, however, such as the rushing of the rhythm section, particularly on *Mrs. Parker*.

There should be little doubt of Dolphy's importance or talent by now, though he certainly has his detractors. He has musical problems too, as do all who are trying to escape Charlie Parker's ghost, but I feel he is steadily overcoming these problems—one of the more obvious being an occasional overdependence on fingers as a substitute for imagination, which still leads him to use what have become Dolphyisms. There is less of that on this record, however. Perhaps his greatest stumbling block now is how to make his point, how to bring a solo to a climax. Most of his solos here strike me as being questions instead of statements. This may be intentional, since Dolphy's humor sometimes gets the upper hand. But the listener is left up in the air at such moments.

The method Dolphy uses to construct solos, so it seems to me, is not an easy one. He appears to depend on phrases instead of individual notes. A clarification: if it can be said that in the work of Ben Webster, for instance, each note means something in relation to the preceding and following notes and are the primary units of the total, then in Dolphy's case each phrase, which generally stretches over several measures, has a relation to the phrases preceding and following, the notes within the phrases being secondary to the whole. That he generates excitement with this method is obvious; that he always makes sense is something else again.

His writing for this album is more together than most of his playing. Both his originals are similarly constructed: generally ascending or descending figures separated by focus points, either an accented dissonance or a rest, a pause.

Byard's writing is well done also, and his two originals are quite contrasting. *Mrs. Parker*, named for Charlie Parker's mother, is undulating, and the lines snarl and snap; *Ode* (to Charlie Parker) is almost pastoral, a lovely ballad, though the ending is a bit sticky. Byard, by the way, is the most consistently satisfying soloist; though he does not have the amount of blowing room given the horn men, he manages to get across strong, jagged statements, particularly on *Miss Ann*, during which he builds to a high tension with opposing lines.

Little's solos are lyrical for the most part, though there are several instances of his busily skittering up and down, a habit that marked much of his playing, though he seemed to be overcoming it. He is heard only on *Mrs. Parker, Ode* (his best work on the date), *Cry*, and *Ann*.

Dolphy is most lyrical when playing flute (*Ode* and *Alone*) and at his most involved on alto (*Cry, Ann*, and *Tenderly*). It is on bass clarinet that he performs best, I feel. His *Mrs. Parker* solo is very good; he achieves the illusion of playing a duet with himself on this track by switching registers, his upper register resembling the sound of an alto. The sound of his bass clarinet and his phrasing of the melody of *Magic* is a high point; it's interesting to listen to his first *Magic* chorus with Johnny Dodds in mind—the similarity between the two in this instance is striking; both use a rough, almost primitive approach and a dark, throbbing tone.

Dolphy plays *Tenderly* without accompaniment. He begins promisingly—sometimes, surprisingly, sounding like Benny Carter—but he soon falls into a series of arpeggios, which show how well he can get over his horn, but there are no sustained ideas; it sounds like someone practicing.

Still, this is an interesting album, though not a wholly successful one. (D.DeM.)

Bill Evans-Jim Hall

UNDERCURRENT—United Artists 14003: *My Funny Valentine; I Hear a Rhapsody; Dream Gypsy; Romain; Skating in Central Park; Darn That Dream.*

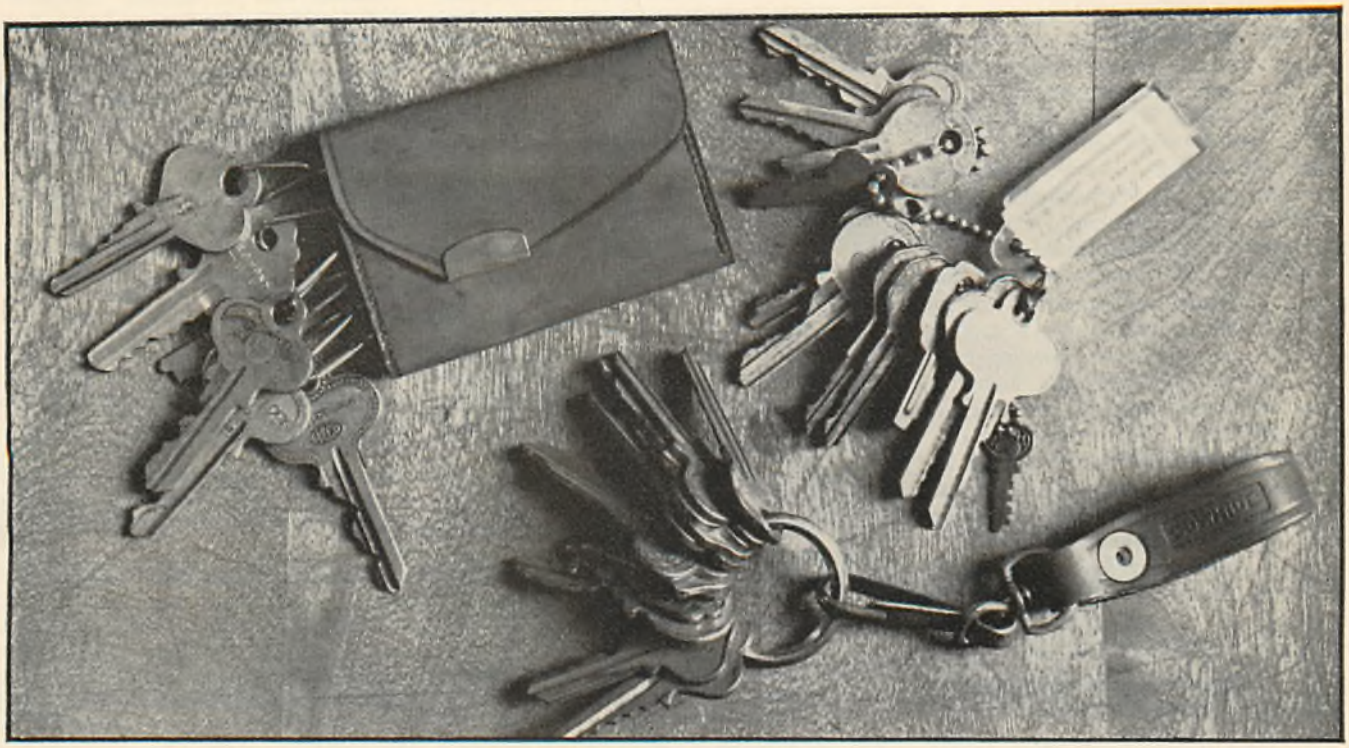
Personnel: Evans, piano; Hall, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This collaboration between Evans and Hall has resulted in some of the most beautiful, thoroughly ingratiating music it has been my pleasure to hear—now or any other time. Each of the selections is suffused with a lyric charm, a tenderness, an elegance, an unabashed romanticism that take one's breath away. These joint inventions have the stamp of inevitability about them, the ring of utter verity in every line and note—the result of a perfect meeting of minds.

Yet not only is the music remarkable for its delicacy and subtlety of interaction, it is immediately appealing for its manifest loveliness. Of the six selections, five are warm, ardent ballads. They are afforded reflective, luminous performances that emphasize to the utmost the lyricism of the songs, yet are never cloying or overdone. It would be difficult to imagine more perfect realizations of the songs—especially *Dream Gypsy* and Hall's attractive *Romain*—for on every one there are any number of moments of glowing, unalloyed beauty, as Evans and Hall spin out their shimmering entwining lines.

The sixth song, *Valentine*, is something of a dark horse. Reportedly, United Artists wanted an entire collection of ruminative ballads on the order of the first five; but after the session at which the ballads were recorded, Evans and Hall continued to play for their own satisfaction.



3 Sets of Keys to Great Jazz...on Riverside, of course

It's a pun, we must admit—but a most accurate one; for one set of keys are vibraharp keys and the other two are on piano keyboards, in these remarkable new albums:

BIG BAGS: MILT JACKSON ORCHESTRA The unsurpassed master of the vibes spurred to new heights in his first big-band LP, showcased by rich and swinging arrangements by Tadd Dameron and Ernie Wilkins (including a magnificent version of 'Round Midnight!). (RLP 429; Stereo 9429)

MOONBEAMS: BILL EVANS TRIO One of the finest pianists of our day, Evans is above all a deep and wonderfully lyrical artist. This is his first album devoted entirely to ballad-tempo selections. It is a rare and hauntingly beautiful experience. (RLP 428; Stereo 9428)

SWEET AND SOULFUL SOUNDS: BOBBY TIMMONS The acknowledged king of soul piano scores several more earthy triumphs, including two new tunes in the Moanin' tradition and a striking treatment of Richard Rodgers' The Sweetest Sounds; plus some truly moving ballads. (RLP 422; Stereo 9422)

Fortunately, the tape machines were left running. Fortunately, because *Valentine* is sure to assume the status of a classic.

Taken at a medium-up tempo, the track is a truly astonishing display of collective creation, with two of jazz' foremost lyrical players at peak form, responding to each other's inventions in a ceaseless, probing, restless, and powerful rush of extemporization, producing a seamless whole of force, intensity, and impassioned fervor.

On this track Evans plays in a harder, more jabbing, and extroverted style than has been his wont, supporting Hall's lead lines with a series of fragmented, angular, broken-rhythm chord patterns, and phrasing in his own solos in a lithe, muscular, fiery manner. It's an explosive, highly exciting performance, one that never lets up and which builds to a strong climax.

In the face of such blazing beauty, any attempts at description or analysis are bound to prove fruitless. This music *must* be heard, and I cannot recommend it highly enough to jazz fans of all persuasions. You can't help but respond to this, for music of this high order knows no age or school. Real art never does. (P.W.)

Al Grey

SNAP YOUR FINGERS—Argo 700: *Nothing but the Truth; Three-Fourth Blues; Just Waiting; R.B.Q.; Green Dolphin Street; Minor on Top; African Lady; Hi Fly.*

Personnel: David Burns or Donald Byrd, trumpet; Grey, trombone; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Floyd Morris or Herb Hancock, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Eddie Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One selection in this set, *Just Waiting*, is given over completely to a superb performance by Mitchell. The tune, a lovely ballad by Melba Liston, is blown in a beautifully relaxed and gentle fashion that completely captures and conveys the understated mood of Miss Liston's tune. Mitchell ought to be able to live on this one for years.

The remainder of the disc is relatively laconic. Three of the selections—*Minor, Lady,* and *Fly*—were recorded at Birdland, a situation that does not seem to have influenced the musicians one way or another. Mitchell comes on strong on both *Lady* and *Fly,* but his solo on *Minor* is repetitive.

The other pieces, studio recorded, tend to be unadventurous explorations of the expected. There's the Gospel bit, the swinging waltz, a vibes showcase, and a polite swinger that is distinguished only by Mitchell's tiptoeing around the bass.

Grey is present, of course, growling through his mute, playing some slippery open horn, and executing an unexpectedly suave solo on *Lady.* But the point of merit on the disc is entirely Mitchell's with, needless to say, an assist from Miss Liston. (J.S.W.)

Duke Jordan-Sadik Hakim

EAST AND WEST OF JAZZ—Charlie Parker 805: *Yes, He's Gone; Dexterity; I'm Gonna Learn Your Style; Like Church; Tall Grass; Impulse; Gabriel; Buch's Blues; Goodies for the Goodies; Little Lou.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5—Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Johnny Coles, trumpet; Jordan, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Walter Bolden, drums. Tracks 6-10—Hakim, piano; Eddie Wright, guitar; Lloyd Buchanan, bass; Kuhil Madi, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These are two pianists from the same musical area and time (the 1940s) of modern jazz, but they exhibit different styles.

Hakim, who as Argonne Thornton recorded with Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Dexter Gordon, and Eddie Davis in the '40s, used to play in a strange, dissonantly arpeggiated manner that seemed to put everything in the minor but which was quite individual. Today, he is much more conventional, although he is still his own man. Those little runs from the past occur only occasionally now.

Wright is not an extraordinary guitarist but has a nice easy way that, in turn, is easy listening.

All five of his tracks are originals by Hakim. *Impulse* has pleasant, minor changes, and *Gabriel* is a pretty, reflective ballad. *Buch's Blues* is a relatively short track that features a solo by bass man Buchanan. *Goodies* has a spirit close to some of the things George Wallington did in the early '50s. *Little Lou* is a minor-key theme that fades out after Hakim's solo.

Ever since his mid-'40s recordings with Parker, Jordan has been held in high esteem by his fellow musicians but has never achieved a deserved popularity among the average jazz listeners. His spare, high melodic style is always a delight. He is a master at introductions—listen to him on *Church.*

Payne is in his most spirited form in a long time, and this means top-flight baritone by one of the best. His written contribution, *Church,* is not a soul blues as the title may imply but an attractive line in the general tradition of *Woody'n You.*

Coles' warm sound is in evidence on

BUD SHANK
PACIFIC JAZZ

BUD SHANK has been credited (and properly so) for having been instrumental, together with Laurindo Almeida, in pioneering what is now called "Bossa Nova" and/or "Jazz Samba." His first recordings with Almeida were made in 1954 ("Brazilliance" Volume I, WP-1412) and in 1956 their second co-effort was released ("Brazilliance" Volume 2, WP-1419). Now, with Bossa Nova taking America by storm, it is appropriate that Shank should produce an **entirely NEW album,** this time in collaboration with the brilliant pianist Clare Fischer. We are certain that you will discover "BOSSA NOVA JAZZ SAMBA" to be the most refreshing album of its kind.

PJ-58/STEREO-58

PJ-35/STEREO-35 "BAREFOOT ADVENTURE"
WP-1419/STEREO-1419 "BRAZILLIANCE" VOLUME 2
WP-1412/STEREO-1412 "BRAZILLIANCE" VOLUME 1

A DECADE OF PACIFIC JAZZ • 1952/1962

Style, a Jordan ballad. His muted work on Joan Moskatel's *Gone* is also effective. He reads Jordan's stately ballad *Grass* sensitively with mute too. Usually, he leans toward Miles Davis, but on *Church*, he is reminiscent of Kenny Dorham.

Parker's *Dexterity* really whip-cracks along with good solos and exciting drumming by Bolden.

The East-West idea seems to be a bit labored by the producers. While *Impulse* and *Lou* are in minor keys, there is far less of Egypt and Arabia in Hakim's work than the notes would have one believe. However, this will not detract from enjoyment of the music. (I.G.)

Yusef Lateef

INTO SOMETHING—Prestige New Jazz 8272: *Rasheed; When You're Smiling; Water Pistol; You've Changed; I'll Remember April; Koko's Tune; P Bouk.*

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe; Barry Harris, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is an eclectic album and yet it is not disturbing, because Lateef puts enough of himself into it, and whatever he does is full of feeling. In the end, his own ideas and emotions dominate in a way that no mere imitator's ever could do.

The eclecticism occurs on the five tracks in which Lateef plays tenor. *Smiling* and *Pistol* lean toward Sonny Rollins, much like the *Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me* track Lateef did in *The Three Faces of Yusef Lateef* for Riverside. Here, he works without piano, as Wright's solid bass and Jones' fluid, dynamic drums support him. There are spirited exchanges between Lateef and Jones on both numbers.

Changed, Koko's Tune, and *P Bouk* are in a Dexter Gordon groove to varying degrees. It is interesting to compare Lateef's *Changed* to Gordon's version in *Doin' All Right* on Blue Note. They are not the same, but in places the mood is very similar. *Koko's* line is very close to Gordon's *Long Tall Dexter* (*Dexter Rides Again* on Savoy), a paraphrase as it were. Lateef also echoes Gordon in some parts of the improvised section but much more so on *Bouk*. Both are extremely virile performances.

His flute on *April* is full-bodied, warm, and agile, but this is Harris' track, and the pianist really shines in his swift, single-line manner. *Rasheed* is a slow blues wherein Lateef's anguished oboe sound fits the mood perfectly.

Incidentally, New Jazz lists "flue" as one of Lateef's instruments. He did some work with a Seven Up bottle a few years ago, but a large horn like the flue is better left to Roland Kirk. (I.G.)

Lloyd G. Mayers

A TASTE OF HONEY—United Artists 14018: *A Taste of Honey; Desafinado; The Good Life; Going Up North; The Golden Striker; For All We Know; Jackie-ing; Alone Together.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Bernie Glow, Doc Severinsen, Snooky Young, trumpets; Urbie Green, Paul Faulise, Britt Woodman, Tommy Mitchell, trombones; Don Butterfield, tuba; Mayers, organ; Barry Galbraith, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Ray Barretto, bongos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Oliver Nelson gives further evidence of his remarkable skill as a big-band arranger in his work on this album.

Working with an attractively unhackneyed program and an excellent band, his writing is fresh and full-bodied, bristling with interesting turns and twists. His only difficulty is that the entire set was conceived as a big-band-with-electric-organ affair. The organ, as played by Mayers, is a disconcerting intrusion, moaning or whining disruptive lines in what might otherwise be absorbing performances. Only in a superb arrangement of *Jackie-ing* is Nelson able to keep the organ sufficiently under wraps to avoid damage.

Since part of the premise was to use the organ in an integrated fashion, these are fortunately not just settings for organ solos, and there are areas in every arrangement where Nelson's writing can be heard undefiled. For these, the album is well worth hearing. (J.S.W.)

Dick Ruedebusch

DICK RUEDEBUSCH REMEMBERS THE GREATS—Jubilee 5015: *Wild Man Blues; And the Angels Sing; My Funny Valentine; Peg o' My Heart; What's New?; I'll Be a Friend with Pleasure; This Is Me; Sugar Blues; Autumn Leaves; Singin' the Blues; I Can't Get Started; Undecided.*

Personnel: Ruedebusch, trumpet; Sunny Sievert, trombone; Chuck Hedges, clarinet; Ron Martinson, piano; Lee Burrows, bass; Al Praefke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Ruedebusch must be the zillionth trumpeter put through the self-defeating paces of playing a program made up of other trumpeters' specialties. That's what he's faced with here. He takes it with enough appearance of good grace to try to think of ways of performing these tunes that get away from the originals, and in most cases he succeeds. (*Started* is an exception, which may indicate that Bunny Berigan simply did it in the only way possible.)

As if playing other trumpeters' tunes weren't enough of a problem, Ruedebusch also has been given a string setting on some of the pieces. The result is a cross between an Al Hirt showoff set and one of Bobby Hackett's efforts for Jackie Gleason.

There are two glimpses of Ruedebusch on his own territory when he scampers happily through *Friend* and *Undecided*. He has a nice, fat, glossy tone for the mood stuff and carries it off well, but the jazz qualities in an album conceived as this one is can only be (and are) tepid. (J.S.W.)

Chuck Sagle

SPLENDOR IN THE BRASS—Reprise 6047: *When Sunny Gets Blue; A Taste of Honey; Bernie's Tune; Man with a Horn; Playboy's Theme; On Green Dolphin Street; Love for Sale; A Night in Tunisia; Easy Living; The Moon Was Yellow; Brassanctified.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-8, 10, 11—Conrad Gozzo, Shorty Sherock, Ray Triscari, Cappy Lewis, A. D. Brisbois, trumpets; Lew McCreary, Thomas Shepard, George Roberts, Lloyd Ulyate, trombones; Dave Wells, bass trumpet; Dick Nash, baritone horn; Sinclair Lott, James Decker, George Hyde, and Gale Robinson, or Vince DeRosa, John Cave, and Alan Robinson, French horns; Sam Rice or Red Callender, tuba; Chuck Gentry, Bill Perkins, Bill Calkins, Harry Klee, Buddy Collette, reeds; Lou Levy, piano; Joseph Gibbons, guitar; Al McKibbon, bass; Emil Richards, Milt Holland, and Norman Jeffries, or Larry Bunker and Earl Palmer, percussion. Track 9—Gozzo, Sherock, Vito Mangano, John Best, trumpets; Tommy Pederson, Bill Schaefer, Milt Bernhart, Ed Kusby, trombones; Ted Nash, Jules Jacob, Wilbur Schwartz, Gene Cipriano, Gentry, reeds; Ray Sherman, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; Louis Singer, Alvin Stoller, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Like books, albums shouldn't be judged by their covers. For example, this one: a too-cute title, a photo of a French horn

with a mixed bouquet of flowers stuck in its bell, and a leader whose name failed to ring any bells. It had the earmarks of another one of *those* albums—you know, the showoff, hooray-for-Hollywood spectacular kinds, instruments shifted from one channel to the other, heavily arranged melanges. Dreadsville. Happily, it ain't always necessarily so.

Sagle, now in the a&r department at Reprise in Los Angeles, according to the album's notes, is an arranger of long standing and varied experience. His arrangements for this release are generally very good and show an imagination and taste sometimes lacking on studio dates of this sort, though there are occasional lapses into studio devices such as the use of tympani for novelty effects (why do arrangers insist on writing glissandos for tympani when there are so many other, more musical ways to use these instruments?). But these moments are few and easily outweighed by the quality of the rest of Sagle's writing.

His use of French horns and his saxophone voicings are quite deft, and his juxtaposing various small groups of instruments with sections and full orchestra (*Bernie's*) reveal a fertile imagination at work. Sagle also is versatile: he uses a short floating vibes-flute-piano unison and ensemble-in-layers well in *Honey;* on *Man* he employs a touch of moving voices in conjunction with full, nonlayered ensembles. On *Tunisia* he has the trumpets play 16 bars of a Dizzy Gillespie solo in unison.

The arrangements are well played, though there are a few sloppy moments, such as the end of *Living*. On some of the tracks one of the trumpet men climbs an octave above the section to add an attention-getting bit of brilliance.

There are several solos sprinkled throughout. Richard's vibes are heard most often and heard to advantage, especially on a *Tunisia* bridge. There are other short solos by Levy, Collette, Perkins, Sherock, Lewis, and Nash, and there are a few gusty trombone solos, but the notes fail to say by whom, as they neglect to name the trumpeters heatedly dueling on *Yellow*.

In all, a satisfying album. Next time, though, it is hoped that Sagle will make an album of fewer tracks, allowing himself and the soloists to stretch out more.

(D.DeM.)

Horace Silver

THE TOKYO BLUES—Blue Note 4110: *Too Much Sake; Sayanora Blues; The Tokyo Blues; Cherry Blossom; Ah! So.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; John Harris Jr., drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The Silver group still remains the most consistently rewarding purveyor of the hard-burning, blues-drenched brand of modern jazz (usually labeled "funk" or "soul jazz") that the pianist was in large measure responsible for crystallizing in the early and mid-1960s. From the early quintet with Kenny Dorham and Hank Mobley, there has been a kind of continuity in the Silver group, most likely the result of his strong musical direction and the fact that like players have succeded

each other in the band.

This is borne home in this release, for there are hints of earlier tunes (in the song structures, manner of phrasing, and in certain similarities in the harmonization for the horns, most notably) in the pieces here, and in the over-all style (extended, extroverted blowing is still its core), which has not changed much.

Not that the group has stood still. For this set, recorded after the group's Japanese tour earlier this year, Silver has fashioned a number of attractive themes, most with a Latin base.

The title piece possesses the most overt Oriental flavor, though this is soon dissipated in the solo passages that follow. Silver's solo is the most interesting, lithe and muscular.

Ronnell Bright's *Cherry Blossom* is a piano solo, a light spare improvisation that is beautifully ordered and paced and which makes knowing use of rests, something that Silver does exceedingly well.

Ah! So, a typically Silverish theme, places an out-of-tempo serpentine line for the horns over a piano-bass ostinato, and Mitchell constructs a long flaring solo, followed by a bright, splashing one by Silver.

The gently whimsical *Sake* offers a gruff, hard-sounding tenor solo by Cook and a more thoughtful one from Mitchell.

Sayanora (sic) is an appealing, low-keyed mood piece. An interesting effect is Silver's accompaniment in a modal style while the horns in the theme and the solo sequences imply the harmonic structure. Cook takes his best solo of the date on this track, a pensive and dark-hued statement, and Silver's graceful, direct one is among his best efforts.

The album, while exploring no new ground or striking into unfamiliar territory, offers stimulating work from one of of the strongest, most virile, and exciting groups in jazz. In this area they have few peers. (P.W.)

Jack Teagarden

THE DIXIE SOUND—Roulette 25177: *Jazz Me Blues; Clarinet Marmalade; Mahogany Hall Stomp; Atlanta Blues; The Pearls; Tap Room Blues; Runnin' Wild; Milneberg Joys; Somebody Loves Me.*

Personnel: Don Goldie, trumpet; Teagarden, trombone; Henry Cuesta, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Stan Puls, bass; Barrett Deems, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Beautifully seasoned—that's the product on this disc. Before Goldie's and Ewell's departures, Teagarden's group had coalesced into a well-integrated ensemble that worked together in an easy and unforced manner with the kind of mutual respect that gave their performances a creative spark. And a creative spark is certainly needed when some of the war-horses in this collection have to be faced.

The interesting result in this situation is that on this record this band makes such pieces as *Marmalade, Jazz Me,* and *Milneberg* sound fresh and attractive after all these years, partly because they are sufficiently interested to think while playing, partly because they know each other's capacities so well that they don't go to desperate extremes in their efforts to find fresh approaches.

Teagarden and Goldie are an excellent and complementary team as they spur and respond to each other. Although Goldie played this date with an infected jaw, which he clutched with one hand while he played with the other, he has rarely been as consistently good with Teagarden's group, both leading ensembles and in his solos.

Teagarden is thoroughly ingratiating, and, while Cuesta and Ewell are relatively pale as soloists, they maintain the general standards of the group.

Considering the low state of Dixieland these days, Roulette is doing Teagarden no favors by making the album appear to be just one more Dixie set. It isn't that at all. It's a pretty special jazz set that has the lustrous patina of aged wood. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

JAZZ MISSION TO MOSCOW—Colpix 433: *Mission to Moscow; The Sochi Boatman; Midnight in Moscow; Let's Dance; Russian Lullaby; Red, White, and Blue Eyes.*

Personnel: Jimmy Maxwell, Marky Markowitz, trumpets; Willie Dennis, trombone; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone, flute; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone; Eddie Costa, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Fresh from their trip to Moscow and environs last June with Benny Goodman, eight members of Goodman's band, with Costa and Markowitz filling in for John Bunch and Joe Newman, sat down to some arrangements by Al Cohn and produced a set that shows that the swinging instinct is still vitally alive.

Cohn's arrangements are full of bright, imaginative ideas, accented with sly touches of humor. He has revitalized four chestnuts —*The Volga Boatman (Sochi), Dark Eyes (Red, White, and Blue), Midnight,* and *Lullaby* — with treatments that are often fascinating not only in themselves but also in the unusual manner in which they reflect the originals.

The band swings with light, airy ease all through the set, riding on a superb rhythmic foundation laid down by Lewis and Crow. Woods, playing both alto and clarinet, is a consistently stimulating soloist, and the late Eddie Costa produces some of his finest rumbling ruminations on piano.

One of the most interesting aspects of the set is the opportunities it provides to hear Markowitz and Dennis in comfortable settings. They have not had frequent solo opportunities on records, but they show true individuality in their work on these pieces. Dennis is particularly impressive on *Lullaby* and *Eyes.* (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Morris Lane

KICKIN' AND WAILIN'—Continental 16001: *Leapin' on Lenox; He's a Real Gone Guy; Ravin' at the Heavens; Minton's Madhouse; But Beautiful; Huckle Bug; Music Goes down Round; After Hours Bounce; Big Trees Sellout; Summertime.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-7—Davis, tenor saxophone; others unidentified. Tracks 8-11—Lane, tenor saxophone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

Originally released on Continental 78s around 1945-46, this set shows its age in no uncertain terms. One might say it is pre-JATP in style and general approach, i.e., in the unabashed frantic go-man-go blowing of Davis and Lane.

The Davis group includes a trumpet player, who according to Harry Lim's commentary, "judging from his style, might have been Benny Harris."

There's a plethora of Davis' honking through most of the tracks and one quite tender ballad, *But Beautiful*, with the tenorist revealing his Coleman Hawkins roots. It is the only track worth more than passing comment. The rest are hand-me-down bebop.

The Lane tracks are of the same stripe —effective in the manner of the day which called for tenor men to squeal for effect, to drop on one knee, gyrate, and, above all, to generate frenzy. But the Lane group ("These sides might have been made with the help of some of Hamp's boys," Lim notes) displays more finesse and a general sense of purpose.

The pianist is quite good; in fact, he is *the* impressive musician of the selections. *Big Trees* is a mediocre blues vocal merely serving to fill out the LP; *Sellout* is a riffish blues framework for some fair solos. *Summertime* is just as much program relief in the Lane group of numbers as *But Beautiful* is in the Davis collection. Lane's tenor is gentle, even caressing, and the side adds up to tasteful interpretation.

(J.A.T.)

Charlie Parker

BIRD LIVES—Continental 16004: *Dream of You; Oh, Oh, My, My, Oh, Oh; Sorta Kinda; Mean to Me; What's the Matter Now?; 4-F Blues; That's the Blues; I'd Rather Have a Memory; I Want Every Bit of It; What More Can a Woman Do?; Seventh Avenue.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-3, 11—Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Trummy Young, trombone, vocals; Parker, alto saxophone; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Clyde Hart, piano; Mike Bryan, guitar; Al Hall, bass; Specs Powell, drums. Tracks 5-7, 9—same personnel; Rubberlegs Williams, vocals. Tracks 4, 8, 10—Gillespie; Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone; Parker; Nat Jaffe or Tadd Dameron, piano; Bill D'Arango, guitar; Curly Russell, bass; Max Roach, drums; Sarah Vaughan, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is not essential Parker by any stretch of the imagination, but this album has a flavor, a novelty interest, missing from many more-valuable Bird collections. For this is Parker (and Gillespie) playing the role of sideman and playing it well.

It is really a vocal album and a good one — Young's soft-edged rhythm singing on *Dream, Oh, Seventh*, and *Sorta;* Miss Vaughan, sounding quite young, fighting her way through *Memory*, as if she (and the musicians) had never heard the song before, but doing a fine job on *Woman* and an excellent one on *Mean;* Williams, obviously in high spirits, wailing, sometimes screaming, on the relaxed, fun-filled date that produced *Matter, 4-F, That's the Blues*, and *Bit*, surely one of the more amusing sessions to come from the middle '40s, when all the album tracks were recorded.

There are short, well-put-together solos by Gillespie (the ones on *Mean* and *4-F* are particularly glistening) and fine Parker bits on several tracks, his eight bars on *Mean* standing out from the others. But it was Byas I found most moving of all the instrumentalists: his solos on *Oh* and *Matter* flow like fresh cake batter, notes slipping from his horn with seemingly no effort on his part, all wrapped in a warm, sensuous tone.

The rhythm sections, especially the one on the first three and last tracks, sound

stiff compared with other, more supple sections of the those times. Some of the arrangements are a bit heavy too.

So, no earthshaker this, but a nice offbeat Parker item. (D.DeM.)

Ethel Waters

ETHEL WATERS—Continental 16008: *Taking a Chance on Love; Cabin in the Sky; Dinah; Man Wanted; Am I Blue?; You Took My Man; Boston Bounce; Edna; Jumping Jack Special; Little Girl from St. Louis; Schubert's Boogie Woogie; The Beat.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-6—George Treadwell, trumpet; Dickie Harris, trombone; Ray Perry, alto saxophone, violin; Reginald Beane, piano; Mary Osborne, guitar; Al McKibbon, bass; J. C. Heard, drums; Miss Waters, vocals. Tracks 7, 8—Eugene Caines, trumpet; Maceo Bryant, trumpet, trombone; Jimmy Tyler, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Bill Dorsey, baritone saxophone; Sabby Lewis, piano; Al Morgan, bass; Eddie Feggans, drums. Tracks 9-11—Dorothy Donegan, piano; Carl Wilson, bass; Oliver Coleman, drums. Track 12—Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas, tenor saxophones; Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; Cozy Cole, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Despite this disc's unqualified title, *Ethel Waters,* only one side is devoted to Miss Waters. She is heard singing on recordings that were presumably made in the mid-'40s. Her voice had lost some of its power, but it was still pliant, and she was able to cover a considerable range.

Most importantly, she still had the lilting lift that was very much like Mildred Bailey's (when she sings the blues on *You Took,* her similarity to Miss Bailey is startling).

The program is good—two of her tunes from *Cabin in the Sky,* two of her old successes, *Dinah* and *Am I Blue?,* a blues, plus a feeble comic bit. Perry gets in a couple of moments of strong alley fiddle as well as a bursting alto solo, and Treadwell can be heard backing Miss Waters very tastefully on *Taking a Chance.*

The second side is a weird mess. There are two excellent pieces by Sabby Lewis' band of 1946, a bright, strong Basie-influenced group, which include superb, soaring alto solos by Tyler, some excellent trumpet in the Buck Clayton manner, presumably by Caines, and an interesting sample of Gonsolves churning through a solo in almost the same manner that he uses today. This is a tightly knit, lively, and very worthwhile band.

The Lewis band is followed by three typical Dorothy Donegan efforts, built on the familiar and routine. And finally there is a single piece by a Cozy Cole group, *The Beat,* notable for a strong bit of Hawkins and an increasingly dreadful tape transfer job. This same performance is also included in the Hot Lips Page-Cole album on Continental 16007. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Barbara Dane

ON MY WAY—Capitol 1758: *Take It Slow and Easy; I'm on My Way; Draggin' My Heart Around; Crazy Blues; Goodby; Cakewalking Babies from Home; Wild Women Don't Have the Blues; This Little Light of Mine; Hurry Up, Sundown; Good Old Wagon; The Hammer Song; Mama Don't Allow No Twistin'.*

Personnel: Kenny Whitson, trumpet, piano; Billy Strange, guitar; Wellman Braud, bass; Jesse Sailes or Earl Palmer, drums; Miss Dane, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Dane is a pretentious singer who has picked up the surface qualities of some of the classic blues singers but does not seem to have bothered about acquiring any of their emotional communication. She swaggers through these songs in an empty and meaningless fashion.

However, she has in her accompanying group a pianist-trumpeter, Whitson, who is absolutely electrifying at times, particularly when he is playing trumpet. Part of his ability to electrify may be the result of the mediocre surroundings in which he finds himself. But when he starts to blow after Miss Dane's drab rendition of *Wild Women,* the whole world suddenly lights up. He gets his best showcasing on *Crazy Blues,* first playing pungent trumpet behind the singer, then shifting to piano, and finally moving out with a superb trumpet solo. He turns up all through the set and is worth wading through Miss Dane's vocal efforts to hear. (J.S.W.)

Shelley Moore

FOR THE FIRST TIME—Argo 4016: *For the First Time; I Want to Be Happy; Twilight; Thanks to You; So in Love; The Thrill Is Gone; Dancing in the Dark; Summer Love; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; Lonely Seasons.*

Personnel: Eddie Harris, tenor saxophone; Plas Johnson, flute, alto, tenor saxophones; John Collins, guitar; Ramsey Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums; Miss Moore, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Resident in the United States since 1960, Miss Moore is a British vocalist with decided jazz orientation and the happy faculty for singing in tune. Here she finds herself in good musical company, and the whole adds up to a good vocal album and the debut of a promising singer.

Miss Moore is at her best on the ballads,

and one of the best of these is Doreen Rozelaar's haunting *Twilight.* Another quite appealing medium-swinger is Joe Bernhard's and Leon Walls' *Thanks to You.*

Vocally, her quality is light and almost wistful. So far as style is concerned, however, she does not show much originality; indeed, at one point, she uses a descending phrase that's been June Christy's property for years. In *I Want to Be Happy,* Miss Moore follows Harris' jazz solo with the device so successfully employed by her fellow countrywoman, Annie Ross: an original lyric line to a jazz solo. It's not entirely successful, but it is effective.

One of the album's chief merits lies in the musical accompaniment. This type of small group fits a singer of Miss Moore's bent admirably, and the individual instrumental performances are of uniform quality. One of the best solos in the set arrives to a cha-cha-cha beat (of all things) to *I Hadn't Anyone* when Johnson jumps in with a slashing solo full of good humor. In fact, he sounds as if he's grinning all the while at the exaggerated cha-cha. But he cooks.

On the basis of this initial outing, Miss Moore will bear watching. (J.A.T.)

Anita O'Day-Cal Tjader

TIME FOR TWO—Verve 8472; *Thanks for The Memory; It Shouldn't Happen to a Dream; Just in Time; Under a Blanket of Blue; That's Your Red Wagon; Peel Me a Grape; An Occasional Man; The Party's Over; I Believe in You; Mr. Sandman; Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year; I'm Not Supposed to Be Blue Blues.*

Personnel: Tjader, vibraharp; Lonnie Hewitt or Bob Corwin, piano; Freddy Schreiber, bass; Johnny Rae, drums; Miss O'Day, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

It was around 1941 that Miss O'Day began to delight the public with her cool timbre, relaxed rhythmic conception, and graceful way of bending notes. She still is one of the most youthful performers in jazz.

Miss O'Day is backed here by Tjader's group which provides both Latin and straight swinging accompaniments. The meeting is a happy one. Miss O'Day offers characteristically ingratiating vocals on *Occasional Man* and *Memory.*

Her ballad singing, always warm and knowing, is made more interesting by her alteration of note lengths and dislocation of accents. An infectious sense of humor underlies almost everything she does. Witness the closing of *Blue Blues.*

Tjader's group performs capably. Schreiber is a pretty good bassist; his relentless, throbbing lines can be heard opening *Just in Time.* (H.P.)

Frank Sinatra

SINATRA AND SWINGIN' BRASS—Reprise 1005: *Tangerine; Ain't She Sweet?; At Long Last Love; I'm Beginning to See the Light; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Pick Yourself Up; Don'cha Go 'way Mad; Love Is Just around the Corner; I Get a Kick Out of You; Serenade in Blue; I Love You; Goody, Goody.*

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Neal Hefti, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

There was a fairly sustained period when Sinatra was with another label when he could be relied upon to produce one musically absorbing album after the other.

I say "absorbing" critically, for while his product was not always musically excellent, it was imbued with a Sinatra conviction and interpretation that lent personal identification and credence to the entire performance. His releases on his own label have not been so successful to date.

This one is perhaps one of the least interesting Sinatra sets I have ever heard. From the hodgepodge liner notes to the often rinky-tink arrangements by Hefti, the album smacks of nothingness. Here is not an untalented performer surrounded by pickup handymen; rather, here is a casual, almost lazy Sinatra, managing to hit his stride only occasionally and then seemingly by accident.

It's time somebody at Reprise tried to take the boss in hand and turn him back to the direction he is most capable of following.

This off-hand, uncaring behavior may be appropriate for the leader of a rat pack, but for a major entertainment talent, it's for the birds. (B.G.)

TAPES

Gene Norman Presents Lionel Hampton (Music Tapes, Inc., MGN-15) seems the most issued of all recorded jazz performances.

Recorded in the late 1940s, it has been reissued through the different speeds and onto tape and now to the point where it is available on four-track stereo, where it may belong but does not really qualify, for some electronic process has separated these sounds only enough to make it *seem* like stereo.

For those who may not have heard it before, this is Hampton with Charlie Shavers, Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran, Milt Buckner, Slam Stewart, and Jackie Mills or Lee Young. There are, of course, a Hampton piano solo—*Hamp's Boogie*—a series of marvelous Stewart duets, and a wild and different version of *Flying Home,* Shavers and Smith doing much to change the style if not the scene.

Shirley Scott's Hip Soul, originally issued on Prestige and, according to Miss Scott, the best session she has made, also is on Music Tapes, Inc. (MP-7205). With Stan Turner (Miss Scott's husband, Stanley Turrentine) playing tenor saxophone, bassist Herbie Lewis, and drummer Roy Brooks, the organist avoids most of the obvious "couples only" sounds of the organ and swings selectively and strongly.

Turrentine is a wide-open style of musician. The husband and wife have much musical affinity for each other. This is much more than the usual tenor-organ combination because of the affinity and because of Turrentine's moderate, but not mediocre, modernity.

Sam (The Man) Taylor's *The Bad and the Beautiful* (Music Tapes, Inc., MPM-24) is not the first of the titles, and sometimes is the second, among the eight movie title songs that comprise this tape.

What is represented is a popularized version of the Coleman Hawkins sound, closer to what Taylor sounds like in public (because he is with a small group here) than he usually does on record or tape but still with the kind of ecstacy he breathes into any song he plays.

Here there are special additions—bassist Art Davis and drummer Ed Shaughnessy—but the major victory is that Taylor is one of the few who can triumph over the theme-song sciatica. —*Coss*

"The art of improvising is still growing. Jazz has brought it back; it's now even playing more of a part in contemporary classic performances."

DON ELLIS Part 2

CHARLES STEWART

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

As might be expected of a musician who has been trying to find escape routes from many of the inflexible conventions of jazz, Don Ellis has strong feelings about the anomalous relationship of jazz to folk music, to art, and to entertainment.

Pointing out that a lot of jazz, to him, is still folk music, he said, "Folk music is art in a sense, but I'd hate to call it serious art. The serious artist is a man who spends his life gaining more technical control, more knowledge, more mastery, as opposed to the simpler type who may be even more artistic, but who just gets out his guitar every once in a while and performs for people.

"That doesn't mean I think jazz should move entirely to the concert stage. In night clubs you can extend yourself longer; you can play things that are perhaps not as perfect as they would have to be for a concert stage; the very fact that people aren't listening so intently gives you a certain leeway; so clubs can be fun. Concerts give you more intensity; you're forced to edit your material to what is best, forced to a higher standard."

THE RECORDS

1. Eric Dolphy, *17 West* (from *Out There*, Prestige). Dolphy, flute, composer; Ron Carter, cello; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

I wish Eric Dolphy would stop and take more time to think. I get the feeling sometimes that he wouldn't stop at all if he didn't have to take a breath.

Eric is one of the most important musicians right now in "the new thing," and I have really enjoyed playing with him. . . . Eric has worked out, especially on bass clarinet, some of the most beautiful effects and sounds that anyone has done so far, to my knowledge. . . . His playing is quite emotional and should be easy to understand for anyone acquainted with jazz, but I would like to hear him get more conscious shaping of his melodic lines and general over-all shape of his solos. . . . Too often it is just start here and end there without any particular reason for doing it.

He has one phrase on the bottom of his horn, which he plays on flute, alto, and bass clarinet. On every solo he's played I have heard this every four bars, sometimes even twice, and this is simply the result of letting your fingers guide you rather than your mind.

This brings up a problem in playing jazz, especially at faster tempos: a certain amount naturally is under your fingers, but it seems to me the more you can create spontaneously and the less you have to rely on your fingers, the better you will be. I think there are ways to get out of this rut so that you create each time you play. The creative improviser uses all the chords, scales, or intervals in a different way each time.

I have a feeling the art of improvising is still growing. Jazz has brought it back; it's now even playing more of a part in contemporary classic performances. If jazzmen are to evolve, they have to get out of their rigid thinking of just playing eighth notes on a given chord progression, because music is much more than just eighth notes.

Ron Carter, I guess, has the title of being the only jazz cellist who really plays the cello. Every other cellist, Ron says, tunes the cello like a bass. To me, his playing was the most creative in this album. I thought he played a wonderful cello. He made the record by providing the necessary contrast to Eric's playing. The best parts of the whole album were the little interludes behind the bass solo. Ron, of all the mainstream musicians on bass or cello, to me, is the most capable, and, of course, he is very adaptable to almost any style.

The drums in this kind of music present a very big problem. In fact, in the whole new school I think it is the drums which are furthest behind. Horn players are forging ahead, but drummers somehow still haven't got out of the bebop school.

I have played with quite a few of the drummers on the New York scene and some in Los Angeles, and their conception is not compatible with "the new thing" yet, and this is a problem.

The only drummer I know who has started to solve this, and he is not basically a drummer, is the vibes player Al Francis. He understands what has to be done.

The polyrhythms of an Elvin Jones are a vital thing, but the volume level is something that has to be controlled. The drums on this album pointed this out to me. They should have done much more than play the brushes in the standard way and the hi-hat in the 4/4. There just has to be another way.

I guess for the cello solo I would have to put the rating above an average—four stars.

2. Gil Evans. *Barry's Tune* (from *Into the Hot*, Impulse). John Carisi, composer.

Whatever it was, the whole track was extremely mechanical; everybody played well but nobody played anything you haven't heard hundreds of times. The Latin section in the end was kind of nice, but not enough to save the piece. I didn't care for it, but you have to give them credit for playing well. I guess you give it an average one star.

3. Gil Evans. *Bulbs* (from *Into the Hot*, Impulse). Cecil Taylor, piano, composer; Henry Grimes, bass; Jimmy Murray, drums.

That is one of the best piano solos I have ever heard Cecil Taylor play. The first part up through the piano solo was tremendously exciting and very beautiful.

There is a problem here we touched on in the discussion of the Dolphy album, and that is the first section of the record, where the time is not so definite, more rubato. I think it is very effective. . . . The things that happen are wonderful, and Cecil uses a lot of space . . . quite effective, but once the other soloists start playing it gets boring. The same old problem of too much of any one thing. I find the same problem in Ornette's group.

One of the things Cecil does is play patterns rather than actual notes, and I think this is good. We need more thinking along these lines in jazz. When you reach a point where you have to be sensitive of the notes you are playing — the notes within the pattern are still related to one another, and your ear has to be sensitive to the relationships of these notes.

In most of Cecil's work I find that most of his things should be limited. If you could extract a minute's work of Cecil Taylor's and round that out, I think you would have something tremendously moving, but Cecil loves to play, and he loves to extend himself, and it reaches the point where it loses any continuity.

The problem may lie partially in the bass and drums. The bass is very interesting in the beginning, but when we get into the blowing section, it might as well have been the old bebop section, because the drums here weren't even playing the polyrhythms that Elvin Jones was playing. . . . The bass was just walking. This isn't in character with the music that Cecil is playing or Ornette is playing, and I think both Cecil and Ornette should really stop and think about the over-all effect they're trying to achieve, because both groups have this problem, and the bass players and drummers are the ones that have to find the way out of it.

You can't just tell someone how you want them to play their instrument. You can give them an idea, but it's up to the bass players and the drummers to figure out their own approach. . . . What we need right now in the whole movement is a greater sensitivity to the whole.

Over-all, up through the piano solo, this was the most exciting thing I have heard today, but I have those reservations I mentioned, so I guess four stars. db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

DIXIELAND AT DISNEYLAND

Disneyland, Anaheim, Calif.

Personnel: Louis Armstrong—Armstrong, trumpet; Billy Kyle, piano; Trummy Young, trombone; Billy Cronk, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums; Joe Darensbourg, clarinet. Special guests: Kid Ory, trombone; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo.

Teddy Buckner—Buckner, trumpet; Arthur Edwards, bass; Caughey Roberts, clarinet; Jesse Sailes, drums; Willie Woodman, trombone; Chet Lane, piano.

Young Men from New Orleans — Harvey Brooks, piano; Paul Barnes, clarinet; Michael DeLay, trumpet; Alton Redd, drums; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo.

Dukes of Dixieland—Frank Assunto, trumpet; Fred Assunto, trombone; Jac Assunto, banjo; Gene Schroeder, piano; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Bob Casey, bass; Charlie Lodice, drums; Herb Ellis, guitar.

Firehouse 5 + 2—Ward Kimball, trombone; Danny Alguire, trumpet; George Probert, soprano saxophone; Franklyn Thomas, piano; Edgar Forrest, drums; Donald Kinch, tuba. Richard Roberts, banjo.

New Orleans All-Stars — Waldron (Frog) Joseph, trombone; Thomas Jefferson, trumpet; Paul Barbarin, drums; Raymond Burke, clarinet; Stanley Mendelson, piano; Chink Martin, bass.

Clara Ward Singers.

Albert McNeil Choir.

The improbable spectacle of Walt Disney as a godfather to traditional jazz is slowly taking solid shape. The third annual Dixieland concert at the amusement park turned out to be one of the most spectacular and best-produced events of its kind ever presented.

During the two nights on which Anaheim and New Orleans joined hands, six of the eight groups hired for the occasion could be heard in the course of the evening at one or other of the indoor and outdoor bandstands and simulated saloons: Buckner at the Space Bar in Tomorrowland, Firehouse Five at the Golden Horseshoe in Frontierland, Young Men from New Orleans doing their usual nightly gig on board the riverboat Mark Twain, New Orleans All-Stars on the Delta in Frontierland, Dukes of Dixieland at Plaza Gardens, and Armstrong at 20,000 Leagues in Tomorrowland.

All the groups, moreover, were featured at the special mid-evening show on the Delta in Frontierland. Thousands of rows of seats were ranged around the curve of the river, and an authentic turn-of-the-century atmosphere was created.

Linked by a concise and effective narration by Frank Bull, the show opened with the McNeil Choir, accompanied by members of the riverboat group, establishing the atmosphere with a spiritual. The choir and the combo were on an island facing the levee. The rest of the show took place on the river.

Each of the combos floated into view on a raft about 25 feet square, moving back and forth slowly along the river bank during its short set.

The Buckner group was notable for the two-fisted stride piano of Lane; the New Orleans All-Stars, specially assembled for the occasion by Joe Mares and flown to Disneyland direct from the Crescent City, were less remarkable for their music than for the fact that they consisted of three Negro and three white musicians, who in their home town would never be allowed to perform on the same bandstand. Jefferson's trumpet was a competent, consistently swinging feature.

The Clara Ward Singers, though hampered briefly by microphone failure during the show, were as irresistibly dynamic as ever. The Firehouse 5, appropriately costumed and even equipped with hoses (though nobody succeeded in putting out the river), offered a good-humored, though somewhat heavy-handed, set.

The Dukes of Dixieland provided the best music of the evening. Augmented by Ellis on guitar, as it is for recordings and West Coast dates, the group started out with a tremendous advantage in the form of a modern, supple, swinging rhythm section. Frank Assunto and Fuller, as well as Ellis, offered first-rate solos.

Preceded by a long Bull narration about his place in jazz history, Armstrong then hove into view around the bend. After playing a few numbers with his regular group, he stopped while his raft moved over to the island, where Ory and St. Cyr stepped on board. Thus three members of the original Hot Five that made a little of jazz history 37 years ago were reunited as the Armstrong combo, augmented by St. Cyr and Ory, played *Muskrat Ramble*, which the Kid had written and recorded for one of his early sessions with Louis.

As Armstrong receded momentarily into the background, the finale was announced. It turned out to be one of the most extraordinary sights and sounds ever seen or heard at a jazz festival.

Preceded by Armstrong's group on its own raft, the Mark Twain, Disney's three-deck riverboat, sailed in and revealed all the other musicians who had appeared during the evening, now ranged round the front of the boat as the entire company played, inevitably, *When the Saints Go Marching In*. While this unbelievable pandemonium was going on, hundreds of Disney employes stood leaning over the rails of the Mark Twain's three decks holding out sparklers; meanwhile, the river and the entire area was lit up by a huge aerial fireworks display. It didn't mean too much musically, but it was quite an experience.

Dixieland at Disneyland, now an annual institution, seems likely to grow with the years and with jazz. It can only be hoped that Walt Disney, encouraged by its success, may initiate a similar series dedicated to contemporary jazz. —*Feather*

RAY AVERY

YOUNG BUCKNER ARMSTRONG

Unbelievable pandemonium coupled with sparklers equaled quite an experience

PAGE CAVANAUGH

Page Cavanaugh's, North Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Cavanaugh, piano, vocals; Bob Jung, alto, baritone saxophones; Dave Wells, Lew McCreary, trombones, bass trumpets; John Pisano, guitar; Jim Bates, bass; Nick Martinis, drums.

For years leader of a cocktail type of trio, Cavanaugh has changed his stride drastically since the beginning of the year.

Now proprietor of a fashionable San Fernando Valley restaurant and cocktail lounge, the pianist-vocalist finds himself in the enviable position of being his own boss so far as a music policy is concerned. The result is one of the most exciting little bands to emerge on the West Coast in many years. Cavanaugh established his septet in the cocktail lounge in February, and things haven't stopped swinging since.

A flexible instrumentation and a propulsive jazz drive are the secrets of Cavanaugh's triumph.

He has done most of the writing himself and made full use of the potential offered in these instrumental combinations: two trombones and baritone saxophone; two trombones and alto saxophone; two bass trumpets and alto or baritone saxophone; and trombone, bass trumpet, baritone or alto saxophone. The range of coloration, therefore, is wide; the use Cavanaugh makes of the possibilities is always interesting.

Another pleasing aspect of the septet is that it is replete with good soloists. Jung is more than just capable on either baritone or alto. He confines most of his solo work to the latter, however, and reveals himself to be a hard-driving blower, owing much to the Johnny Hodges and Charlie Barnet traditions.

Wells and McCreary are proficient on either trombone or bass trumpet and split the solos about equally. Both, in addition, carry their weight in the jazz department as well as in exuberant section work.

Pisano, of course, is one of the better jazz guitarists, though his solo role in this band is somewhat restricted insofar as straight and extended blowing is concerned.

Cavanaugh himself is the surprise element in the package. He is not an outstanding jazz pianist and doesn't attempt to prove that he is. Instead, he confines himself to solos where they fit the arrangement; otherwise, he comps. His vocals are quite fetching, and in numbers such as *So Long at the Fair*, he sings with intimacy and feeling.

On the night of review, Martinis was subbing on drums. Considering his unfamiliarity with the book, he kept the band on an even keel and as the evening went on and his confidence grew, he worked more closely in rapport with

bassist Bates, an excellent rhythm man.

Though the septet's repertoire is varied (it veers from well-crafted ballads to *The Preacher* to *Ja-Da* and, believe it or not, *When the Saints Go Marching In*), the arrangements never pander. *The Saints* is a good example; that warhorse will never be the same.

Above all, there is the verve of the band's attack. This seven-piecer comes on like a big, block-busting crew, thanks to the exceptionally full-bodied front line. When McCreary and Wells cut loose on trombones, with Jung snorting below them, it's party time for all. —*Tynan*

AHMAD JAMAL

Minor Key, Detroit, Mich.

Personnel: Jamal, piano; Richard Evans, bass; Abdallah Zuhri, drums.

The offerings of the new Jamal trio grab you by the lapels, sit you to attention, take command of body and senses, and then abruptly release with the stern admonition: "And don't you ever forget it!"

A recent two-handed admission into the fraternity of heavyweights, the Jamal of today can best be described as a dynamic commitment, whose sole raison d'etre is taking care of business. He does—with no time left for the lightness and breeziness once said to be his hallmarks. The power of his statements hook to the belly, definite in a defiant way, seething with conviction, and manufactured with authority.

Six nights at the Minor Key were five more than needed to convince even the infidels that he has at last emerged as a major force in the idiom, daring, audacious, and unafraid. The strength of his newly revealed might lies in a multiplicity of factors, two of which are the bass of Evans and Zuhri's drums. This pair is the greatest complement Jamal has ever had to his piano. It provides Jamal the assurance, permission, or carte blanche to explore every cranny of new places, romping down unmarked streets, finding before set's end that exact place where reality and imagination intersect.

The inventive Evans has the pleasing penchant of filling up every line with a wide assortment of goodies and sweet meats, and Zuhri by sheer virility makes himself an equal voice in the trio, forcing recognition upon his vitality and cache of rhythmic ideas. No one in his right mind will ever call him a cocktail drummer. He duels often and well with Jamal in the battle of fours, each seeming to feed off the other's inspiration. The Evans-Zuhri combine also has ample opportunity to show off its members' solo wares.

On closing night Jamal played the whole of his once best-selling album *But Not for Me*. The audience was moved and audibly marveled at the new depth with which the pieces were invested. They bore little or no resemblance to the earlier edition.

Jamal did not touch his piano in the nearly six months of his recent hiatus. But it is evident that he did a lot of thinking and came to some concrete conclusions in the process. He now seems to know what the meaning of the 21 years he has spent as a professional musician should be, but he can show you better than tell you. Jamal and jazz are the better for it. —*Marc Crawford*

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

MOSCOW POSTSCRIPT: First an important historical fact that has been widely ignored. Benny Goodman's was *not* the first modern U.S. jazz orchestra to play in the Soviet Union.

In the summer of 1960 a combo led by Idrees Sulieman, the former Dizzy Gillespie trumpeter who was featured at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1956, arrived in the USSR on an official visit and played, among other gigs, for Alexei Batashev and his jazz-club members in Moscow. With him were the former Lionel Hampton pianist Oscar Dennard, who died a few months later (Nov. 22, 1960) in Egypt; Earl (Buster) Smith on drums, and Jamil Nasser, also known as George Joyner, a bassist formerly with Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins, and Phineas Newborn.

In addition, of course, the visit of Dwike Mitchell (piano)and Willie Ruff (bass and French horn) is an important event that has been clouded by the storm of Goodman publicity. In June of 1959 they gave the first official concerts of modern jazz ever played by Americans in Moscow and Leningrad.

Let the history books not forget facts like these.

Aftermath excitement produced by the Goodman visit has, as was predicted, proved valuable to the cause of Soviet jazz. It may be a coincidence, though I doubt it, that an official jazz department of a music school in Leningrad was due to be opened to students last month.

According to an official announcement, some of the principal musicians of the leading Leningrad jazz bands will give courses in saxophone, trumpet, trombone, piano, guitar, drums, bass, and arranging, as well as lectures on harmony and on jazz history in the Soviet Union and abroad.

Anyone is permitted to take the course, provided he can play an instrument well enough to pass an audition. Posters around town state that the course will run three years. A similar project is under way in Moscow.

More remarkable news, for which I am indebted to my faithful Leningrad correspondent Valeri Myssovsky, is that at long last the very first jazz LP is being released in the Soviet Union. It will be a 10-incher comprising performances taped about three years ago by the orchestra of Joseph Weinstain, a remarkable big band, some of whose tapings I brought from Leningrad.

The chief soloist of the Weinstain band is a remarkable young alto player, arranger, and Cannonball Adderley fan, Gennady (Charlie) Golstain, for whom life will be a little more beautiful if he receives that Adderley mouthpiece he asked for. (Did you mail it, Cannon?)

Along with Myssovsky and others like him in Leningrad and Moscow, I feel that, now that the tide has turned, it is vitally important that the next band sent by the United States be one completely representative of jazz as it is played today and preferably one whose leader is well versed in contemporary happenings. If he doesn't have the time, or the linguistic facility, to learn and speak Russian, he should at least be extrovert, articulate, and affable enough to mingle freely with those Soviet fans who speak English and explain to them the many things they are eager to know about the U.S. scene.

A number of the Goodman sidemen, of course, performed this function; but it is even more important that the leader be an ambassador and that his portfolio be filled with today's intelligences rather than yesterday's gardenias.

Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, or Quincy Jones would be ideal representatives on all levels. Whoever it is, he will probably find that even the wild acclaim accorded to Goodman will be a limp handshake compared with the kind of reaction that will greet the next group. db

SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

"Man, what that cat needs is to go to work in some joint for the next 10 years."

The speaker, a musician, was referring to a musician he'd just heard play and—a minute later—talk. The statement was the result. Unkind? Untrue? I don't know. It seems to me a lot of musicians could stand "joint" training.

Recently I read an article by a name musician, a knowledgeable fellow, who seemed to think that sometime soon the high schools and colleges would provide the training ground that was needed. From the schoolroom to the ballroom. Well, being somewhat of a mixed-up reader (I glance at westerns, mysteries, sport stories, nonfiction, educational reading, etc.), I recalled where boxing bemoans the passing of the small fight club, where a young fighter on his way up gets the necessary training. I remembered that baseball men were fighting to preserve the minor leagues. And it seems to me that the night club that provided work for a piano man or a trio—the joint, upholstered sewer—this place was a necessary schoolroom. Allow me a backward glance. . . .

The Liberty Inn wasn't the kind of spot you'd invite mom to visit, what with a floor show that consisted of an emcee, several strippers, and the make-the-rounds-of-the-tables singers. The piano player was a busy boy.

You hit at 9 p.m., go to 4 or 5 a.m. every night. Start with a dance set (they had saxophone and drums). About a 20-25-minute set—let's not overdo it. You don't make money for the house with the customers on the dance floor. After the first set, you roll the "little" piano out on the floor and the "singers" go to work (on the customers). Okay. Piano off the floor, another dance set, short. Floor show . . . dance . . . singers. First break around 1 a.m. But if you take a break now, you're nuts; now is when the crowd loosens up with the buck. If there are any tips loose, it's now. So figure five or 5½ hours of continuous playing. All this time you're doing a bit of music reading for the floor show (they can be very important about "their act") and some faking too. You're getting floor-show experience. Some of the singers aren't as dependent on melody as others. You can take liberties, improvise. You learn a lot of tunes, develop a memory. Pretty soon you are dependable, needed.

Usually, after 1 a.m. musicians who worked early club dates would drop in and sit in, and each blower would bring out of you your best; your comping would improve; you seemed to rise to the occasion. The various drummers would either liberate you or tie you in knots; in either case the experience was invaluable. If a piano man sat in (this was rare, maybe because good piano men stay busy), you listened and learned. If he was great, you learned about going on after being carved; you were inspired to try harder. No question about it—that joint job was a big factor in my musical education.

And where do you think leaders went, looking for talent? On the union floor? Not our kind of music or musicians. No one wanted to buy sound unheard.

"What does he sound like?"

"How does he play?"

"Can he swing?"

How do you answer that? You go hear the cat, you sit in. You know how I got to play with Wingy Manone? How I played with Bix Beiderbecke? Just that way. Bix liked to play. I was visiting Wingy at My Cellar. It was Tut Soper's piano job. I sat in. So did Beiderbecke. We got to liking it so much so that we were there into the morning. The sweeper swept us out. I remember almost getting run over by daytime people go-to work.

You know how I knew Dave Tough could play the drums? We played together at some joint job. Dave made that Liberty Inn scene rather regularly. Playing with him forced me to make certain adjustments in my style. Earl

FINAL BALLOT 27th Down Beat Readers Poll

With this issue, the 27th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll voting enters its final phase. Until midnight, Nov. 11—*Down Beat* readers will have an opportunity to support their favorite jazz musicians. One firm way to express your appreciation of those musicians whose work has given you pleasure during the past year is by casting your vote for them in the *Down Beat* Readers Poll.

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

☆☆☆☆☆☆ VOTING INSTRUCTIONS ☆☆☆☆☆☆

1. Vote only once. *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at its discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that his supporters have stuffed the ballot box in his favor.

2. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Sunday, Nov. 11. This is the final ballot.

3. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names legibly.

4. In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the jazz performer who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. This does *not* mean living persons cannot be voted for.

Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, and Bix Beiderbecke (who won the 1962 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll).

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

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

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

7. Vote for only one person in each category.

Wiley the regular drummer at the Liberty Inn, had a different style. Wiley was a product of the riverboats, carnivals, cootch dancers, road shows. You learned alongside of him. The Liberty Inn gave me a place to learn.

Appearing before people. Learning to put in a night's work. Getting along with the help and the boss. So we grew up and matured, both as musicians and as people. At least we had the opportunity and the time. Put in seven hours' work nightly and played for various singers with varying styles. Played for "guest" vocalists. Learned to pick up fast on new tunes, transpose. You had to grow musically. There is no school like it.

Young egos rebel and quit jobs and learn about the joys of being in between engagements. Learn that there's nothing worse than not playing. Learn about making adjustments and maybe begin to see the other guy's point of view. Realize that if there were no boss and there were no joint to work in, where would you be? This was the school.

I still believe there should be a school for bosses, but that's another problem and another column. Thank goodness we're getting a few musician-bosses, guys who've been through it themselves. That helps. But if they're not successful, there's no job. And what an owner believes makes for success, sometimes rankles the sideman. If I had never worked in a joint, never had the background to my thinking this gave me, I would find it hard to understand front-office. Experience is still the greatest teacher.

The lowly joint job—where you pound away, play, experiment—this is invaluable to a growing musician. There are some who can go from the classroom to the top of the heap in one leap. But there are many of us (many, many more of us) who need that gradual growth, the experience, the learning by trial and error that we can only get at that night-in-night-out-go-to-work experience.

We who matriculated from this school stand up and salute our alma maters: the Ball of Fire, Cass Club, 606, Rainbow Gardens. Strange titles for places of learning. All different locations but so same-like inside.

Tell you what—let's take one of these joints put it in a school, create the same conditions. It was just a thought. db

S. E. ASIA *from page 18*

steals the show from this city, which has been too glamorized by Hollywood. The best Filipino band in Hong Kong is that of vibist-arranger Celso Carrillo, whose speciality is a cool, Tristanolike use of folk tunes from the Philippines. But he works sporadically, and I believe the abstract sensibility of his music has something to do with this. Carrillo, too, is one of the many musicians in Asia who one day should be allowed to play in an atmosphere congenial to his talent and where the public would honor him accordingly.

There is no lack of employment for the Italian band of Gian Carlo in the Paramount in Hong Kong. It is a versatile orchestra that plays many of the new themes of Benny Golson, Sonny Rollins, and even Ornette Coleman—when there are not too many people who want to dance. Mario, the band's trumpet player, is an excellent artist of the Miles Davis-Chet Baker persuasion.

Hong Kong is the only city in Asia where one can hear European musicians at all times. Above all, of course, are the English, who, there, as elsewhere, prefer Dixieland.

A few musicians hail from Macao, the neighboring Portuguese colony, and from the Portuguese populations in Hong Kong and Shanghai. Perhaps the best Portuguese jazz musician in Asia is guitarist Frankie Vonseca. He is remarkable too, because, having lost an arm as a child, he plays with one good hand and an artificial one; nevertheless, he plays with a cool fluidity that reminds one of Tal Farlow and Jimmy Raney.

If one considers that Hong Kong is a Chinese city of 4,000,000 inhabitants of which barely 300,000 are Europeans, the part played by Chinese musicians is relatively small. The best Chinese jazz musician there is the alto player Kenny Lee of the Lu Kwok Hotel, in the midst of Suzie Wong's famous Wanchei red-light district.

THE NAMES I have mentioned are only the most important of a wealth of musical talent. But those I mentioned could, without hesitation, play in any international concert in Europe as well as in the United States. Some of them would be successful if they lived in America, above all Bubi Chan in Indonesia, but also Roger Herrera and Vic Luna in Bangkok, or Celso Carrillo in Hong Kong and Romy Young from Formosa.

All of Asia is undergoing a tremendous development, and there is no doubt that the political, economic, and social progress taking place will be followed by a corresponding development in jazz, repeating a pattern that has been occurring all over the world. In a few years Asia, from the standpoint of jazz, will be even more interesting. The Filipino domination will have ceased, and on the same level—or nearly on the same—will be members of Asia's other races. db

INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

The following letter is typical of several I've recently received from readers:

"Could you devote a few columns to techniques of arranging for small combos or other things pertaining to small- and medium-sized groups?"

New Eagle, Pa. W. Shull

My thoughts about small-group writing are somewhat rebellious. To my ears, an awful lot of it sounds the same. This shouldn't be. One important goal for combo writers and combo leaders should be the development of an original style. This takes extra effort.

Dozens of small jazz groups sound alike because rarely do musicians take the time to explore thoroughly all the means at their disposal. It's true that improvisers feel more relaxed in easily assimilated forms—I should say *routines*—but often the total effect of the group suffers from this point of view. In the end, jazz suffers.

Arrangements for small groups usually follow this pattern: the tune is stated by the horn, or by the horns in unison, harmony or simple counterpoint; next come blowing choruses, the horns first and then the rhythm section (the bass is usually last) followed by eights and/or fours and/or twos with the drummer, followed by a fairly exact recapitulation of the tune. This is sometimes spiced with introductions, tags, and interludes.

This order is a good one, but it is not the only one. The question is, how can it be made fresh without losing musical coherence?

The first idea that comes to mind is not new, but it is not too well established. That is, a reversal, or a mix-up in the solo order. It's often effective to let the bass, or even the drums, solo first, then perhaps the piano or guitar and then the horns. Or perhaps a rhythm instrument then a horn, another rhythm instrument, a horn, etc. Obviously effectiveness will change from group to group. The point is the group should not be allowed to slip unconsciously into an unvarying solo order.

Another possibility: why play the opening and closing choruses the same? Arrangers can devise a sense of development by letting the tune be stated by the quieter instruments at the beginning, to be followed by a building to the final statement. (Big-band writers know this secret.)

Less tried-and-true is the idea of beginning with a few improvised choruses, leaving the first real statement of the tune till later, thus shifting the weight of improvisation away from the middle of the piece. This makes a new kind of balance. And when the tune finally does come for the first time, it is all the more welcome for having been withheld.

Solo order is not the only thing that can stand re-examination. Combos rarely incorporate tempo changes. I don't mean half-time, or double time, or even a two-part work where a ballad tempo contrasts with a brighter tempo. I mean tempo changes of lesser magnitude, say from quarter note = 120 to quarter note = 160 to quarter note = 212 to quarter note = 160. Or a certain part of the tune, like the bridge, could be played, each time around, at a contrasting tempo.

A slightly bolder idea is to abandon the constantly recurring form of the standard tune. For instance, instead of trading fours at the end of a tune like *I Got Rhythm*, it makes sense to trade bridges—that is, have everyone play his own version of the eight-bar cyclic harmony before ending the piece.

All the aforementioned ideas are of the same type: they take existing material and rework it in more-or-less simple ways. There are, however, more challenging avenues to explore.

The most sophisticated contemporary classical music does not have "form" in the textbook, first-you-do-this-and-then-you-do-that sense. The music evolves rather than develops, each musical thought somehow generating the next. Gross repeats are rare. Each piece creates its own formal rules, and those rules hold good for that piece and none other.

Of course, no part of this music is improvised; on the contrary, it is meticulously figured out down to the last vibration. Nevertheless, jazz might learn something here. Why can't the "form" of a jazz piece evolve, just as the "form" of a Schoenberg piano piece evolves, or indeed the way the "form" of a good John Coltrane solo evolves?

Granted, this is not easy. To bring off such a fancy idea, three or four improvisers must impose on themselves a rigid set of controls, or the result will be chaos. These controls can only be found through experimentation and intimate intragroup experience.

A good rule of thumb for experiments of this sort: for every formal device abandoned, some new species of rule must be found to take its place. Recently jazz has experimented with such different disciplines as the tone-row, improvisation over scales (as opposed to chord changes), and strictly motific improvisation, to name a few. The challenge to the small-group writer today is to dream up new ones that will inspire the players and yield fresh musical results. db

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By REV. GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Since many of the college music departments are busy with strutting and prancing up and down the football fields across the country, they have not given too much thought to the organization of their jazz bands for this year.

However, things are off to a good start at North Texas State, where they have 118 students from 17 states enrolled in their jazz program. Preliminary figures indicate that they have 22 drummers and 28 saxophone players signed for the lab bands. North Texas will have four lab big bands this year. The director of the program, Leon Breedon, will have three assistant teachers.

The program at North Texas also will include a faculty jazz group this year with Breedon and Wally Roberts, reeds; Lanny Steele, Morgan Powell, trombones; Tom Wirtel, trumpet; Don

Gililland, guitar; Toby Guynn, bass; Charles Baxter, piano; Gary Peyton, drums.

Ralph Mutchler, director of the jazz workshop at Olympic College at Bremerton, Wash., reports that he will be starting more or less from scratch this year, for he lost many of his players through graduation.

However, enrollment is up this year, and he will have two workshop big bands with many college dance dates and concerts planned, along with a spring tour. Besides its regular music courses, Olympic College continues to offer courses in jazz arranging and improvisation.

At Michigan State University, whose representative band was the Collegiate Jazz Festival winner in 1962, it is a question as far as a big jazz band is concerned. This because of the transfer of Dr. Gene Hall to the new College of the Desert in California, a junior college.

Indiana University will continue its jazz workshop band and the classes in jazz theory under the guidance of Buddy Baker.

The Collegians of Quincy College in Quincy, Ill., are planning a continuation and expansion of last year's jazz pro-

(Continued on page 51)

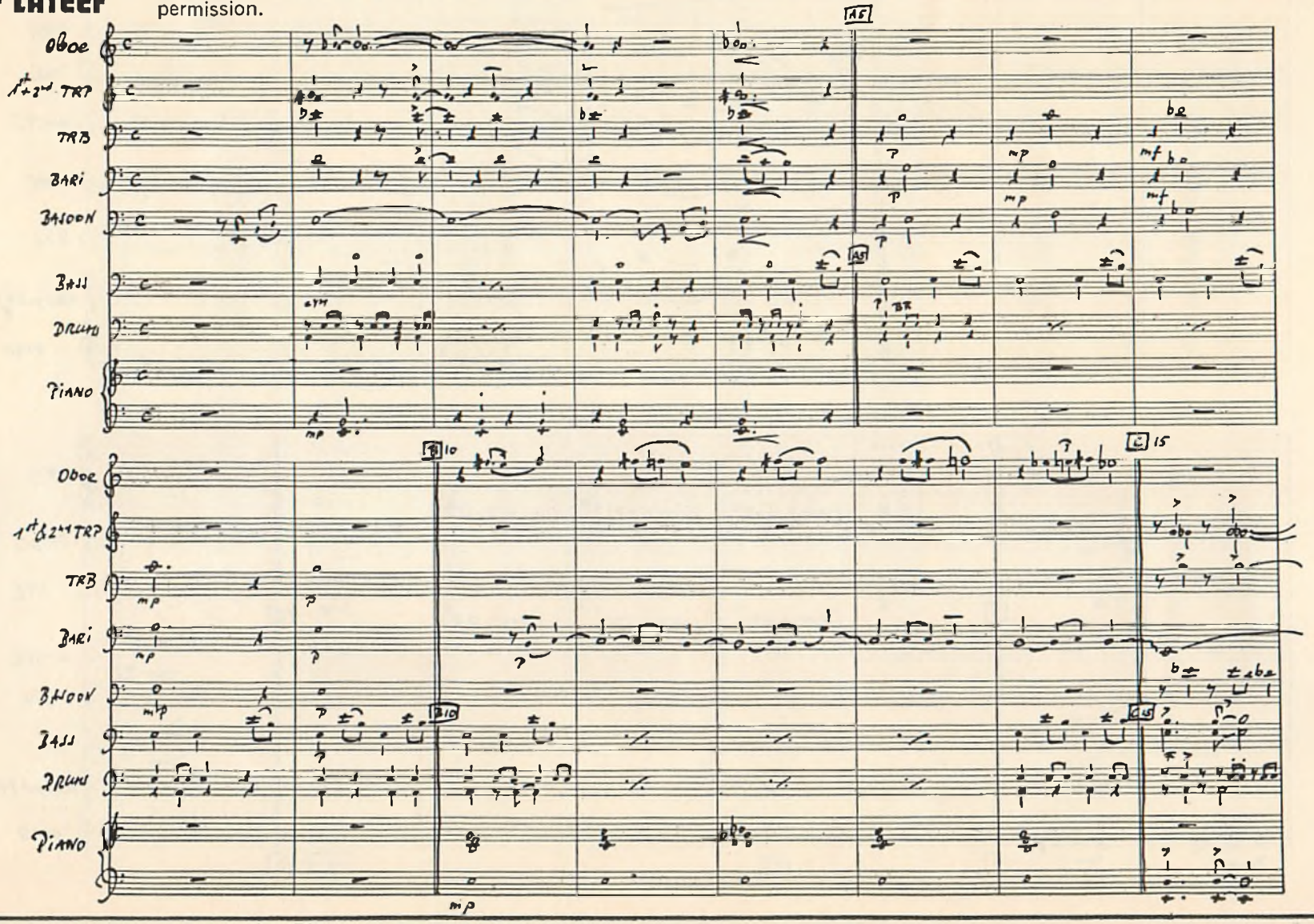
IQBAL

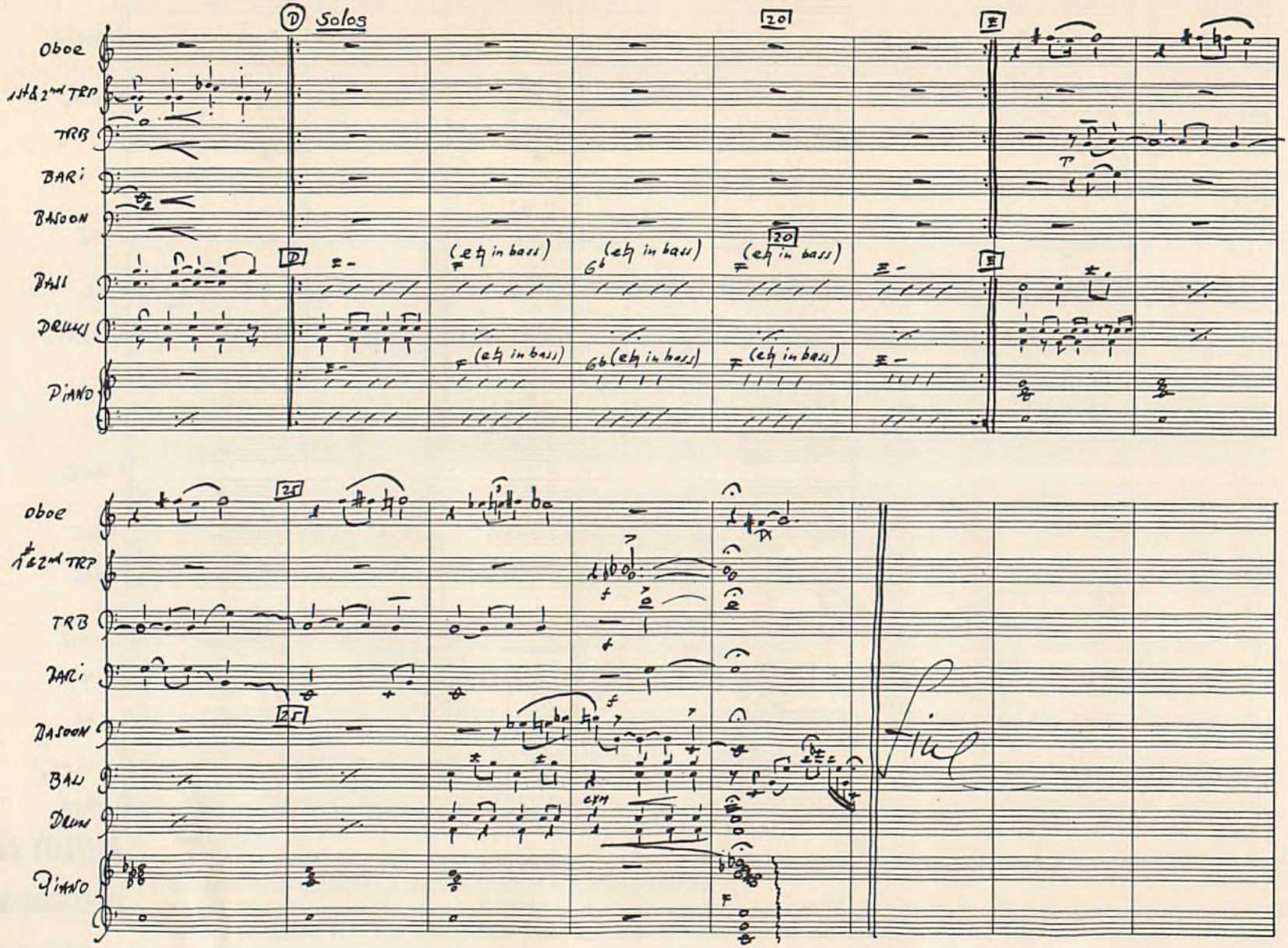
By YUSEF LATEEF

Yusef Lateef, one of the most versatile reed men in jazz, has been writing jazz compositions with an Eastern flavor, such as **Iqbal,** for some years. **Iqbal,** the name of Lateef's daughter, is a Moslem word meaning flourishing and eminent.

The composition, one of Lateef's loveliest, is scored by the composer for two trumpets, trombone, oboe, bassoon, and rhythm; it should be played at a slow tempo with close attention given dynamics and blend, since the ensemble sections are quite dissonant. The 20-bar solo section at D may be repeated as often as desired. The arrangement, peaceful and reflective, derives much of its charm from the bass part, particularly the sustained E at the solo section.

This arrangement can be heard in Lateef's album **The Centaur and the Phoenix** on Riverside 337 and is published with the composer's permission.




D Solos
20
E
Oboe
1st & 2nd TRP
TRB
BARI
BASSOON
BALI
DRUMS
PIANO
(eb in bass)
Gb (eb in bass)
25
27
cym

CAMPUS *from page 48*

gram under the guidance of Hugh Soebbing. Randy Snyder who attracted the attention of Quincy Jones and Hank Mancini at last year's Collegiate Jazz Festival is attending Quincy as a freshman on scholarship and gives promise as a writer.

The Northwestern University jazz workshop under the direction of C. B. Wilson, who also is assistant band director to John Paynter, has gained an added degree of official acceptance—its formal concert this year has been included in the music department calendar and has been scheduled for the university auditorium, rather than the smaller music department recital hall.

There will be two bands again this year at Northwestern, and the top band will be sparked by returning sidemen and former Collegiate Jazz Festival soloist winners trombonist Loren Binford and tenorist Jim DiPasquale. Arrangements will be by trumpeter Ed Imhoff and DiPasquale. Mike Price will be back leading the trumpet section, and Jim Gillespie will be back on baritone saxophone.

Millikin University in Decatur, Ill., once again will sponsor a stage-band festival for high-school bands in the area. The contest is set for Dec. 1. db

AD LIB *from page 14*

sections—one to deal with the public and business image, the other to convince musicians of the importance of the committee and what the musicians can do to help.

Certainly unique among tours is the already-begun music-and-baseball package that will run through next April. On the tour will be the **Tommy Dorsey** Orchestra directed by **Sam Donahue.** It will play something approximating a concert date. Sometime during the evening, one of five baseball players—**Jimmy Piersall, Bill Skowron, Clete Boyer, Bill Stafford,** or **Tex Clevenger**—depending on the locality and other bookings, will talk about baseball for 20 minutes and then conduct a question-and-answer period.

Count Basie's first album for Verve, with arrangements by **Neal Hefti,** will be titled *I'm Back, and I'm Shoutin' Again* . . . **Shelly Manne** will record with **Stan Getz** for Verve . . . Before leaving for a State Department-sponsored tour of Africa, **Cozy Cole** made a record for Coral with drummers **Gene Krupa, Ray McKinley,** and **Panama Francis.** Cole will tape native drummers during his tour for possible release here . . . **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** is back with Prestige, now under the a&r supervision of **Ozzie Cadena.**

Don Ellis and his wife are in Europe . . . **Alvino Rey** is touring U.S. air bases in Spain and Germany . . . **Jimmy Giuffre,** now touring Germany, has recorded for Columbia . . . **Cecil Taylor** will be touring Europe for the next 10 weeks . . . **Gerry Mulligan,** touring Europe, opened the weekly Olympia jazz shows in Paris last month.

Even the Spaniards are now getting a chance to hear U.S. jazz, and they love it, judging from the attendance at the Jamboree Club in Barcelona, where **Brew Moore** and **Lars Gullin** recently opened a long engagement.

San Francisco tenor man Moore played in Denmark for more than a year but finally decided he needed a change of pace. He moved to Spain with his wife, **Nancy,** and their daughter, **Marna,** for an indefinite period. Before leaving, he recorded an LP with Gullin, the Swedish baritone player, **Sahib Shihab** on alto, and Danish vibist **Louis Hjulmand.** The disc is scheduled to hit the U.S. market early next year.

USSR

The Moscow Jazz Club was closed recently by government officials. The reasons are not known . . . In Leningrad, **Vladimir Feyertag** will teach a course in jazz history at Leningrad's Music School (see *Feather's Nest,* page 43). Fevertag co-authored *Jazz* with

Valeri Myssovsky . . . Leningrad's **Joseph Weinstain** Orchestra—it plays arrangements of compositions by **Gil Evans, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis,** and **Cannonball Adderley**—has been invited to take part in the Congress of Creative Workers of Light Music and Jazz in the Soviet Union . . . Altoist **Gennady Golstain** received an invitation from the American Federation of Musicians to visit the United States, but he said he doubts that the Soviet government will honor a personal invitation; such things are normally handled through official government channels.

DENMARK

Sahib Shihab, who completed a successful engagement at Copenhagen's Montmartre Club, said he plans to settle down in Denmark to study composition between gigs around Europe. He hopes to study with **Niels Viggo Bentzon,** a widely known modern classical composer . . . **Cecil Taylor** and his group have finally been signed to play at the Montmartre. Taylor was expected to follow **Dexter Gordon** late in October . . . The **Horace Silver-Gerry Mulligan** package was a smash success in Copenhagen. The Silver Quintet with **Blue Mitchell** and **Junior Cook** and Mulligan's quartet with **Bob Brookmeyer, Bill Crow,** and **Gus Johnson** played in the concert hall of the famous Tivoli Gardens.

Danish jazz fans are looking forward to the opening of the new Danish "melody" radio after the first of the year. The staff at the station is to include three former jazz musicians, which augurs well for the programing . . . Danish authorities, apparently believing in the purity of music, have banned the sale of **Duke Ellington's** *Peer Gynt* LP in Denmark on the ground that it is disrespectful treatment of **Edvard Grieg's** music.

Lucky Thompson, living in Paris for a few years, has moved to Denmark, where he said he plans to spend time writing and playing.

GREAT BRITAIN

Trad-band leader **Acker Bilk** has been very much in the news here recently. After the success of his first motion picture *Band of Thieves,* a low-budget comedy, plans are proceeding for Bilk and his Paramount Jazz Band to star in a lavish, full-color, wide-screen musical next spring. In the meantime, the band is making a short film, *Four Hits and a Mister,* in which he performs four of his biggest record successes, including *Stranger on the Shore.* Over the Christmas holidays the group will appear in a special stage production at the Prince of Wales Theater in London's west end. Bilk also was involved in a court action against jazz record producer **Doug Dobell** concerning the reissue by the latter of some vintage Bilk material. The clarinetist claimed the recordings were made before he became successful and don't compare favorably with his recent releases. For the time being, Dobell is winning.

Bill Russo, composer-arranger-trombonist and nemesis of complacency, has been engaged in feverish activity ever since his arrival in London. For the last several months, Russo has been rehearsing an orchestra once a week in performances of his own compositions. A number of the top British jazzmen have been participating in the sessions, among them **Keith Christie, Allan Ganley, Tommy Whittle, Johnny Scott,** and **Ronnie Ross.** The band soon will record an album of 10 compositions Russo originally wrote for **Stan Kenton;** the works—among them *Frank Speaking, Sweets,* and *23° North/82° West*—have been made into two five-part suites. Russo also recorded a talk on Third Stream jazz for the BBC's *Third Program* and is preparing another. Russo is further negotiating with the BBC to present his orchestra in several concert programs.

AMERICAN VISITORS: Singer **Joe Williams** and the **Junior Mance** Trio were last-minute replacements for **Sarah Vaughan,** who had to withdraw from her British tour because of illness. Williams and Mance shared the bill with the **George Shearing** Quintet . . . During his four weeks at the Ronnie Scott Club, tenorist **Dexter Gordon** scored a resounding success. He was supported by the **Stan Tracey** Trio . . . A recent two-performance blues concert program at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester included such blues artists as **Helen Humes, Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee, Memphis Slim, Willie Dixon, Shakey Jake, John Lee Hooker, T-Bone Walker,** and **Jump Jackson.** Slim will stay behind for a series of personal appearances. Another blues singer-pianist, **Champion Jack Dupree,** also is expected in England shortly.

Johnny Dankworth opened his own club in England at the London Dance Institute. It is really two clubs in one—one for dancing to the Dankworth full-sized band, the other for listening to smaller groups. Dankworth expects this to be the largest jazz club in London. He has two other rooms available to him in the building when he wants to expand the establishment.

TORONTO

Getting into fall-season stride, the Town Tavern has been offering a variety of jazz groups. On display this month are **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan,** and **Marian McPartland's** trio, following the debut of **Pee Wee Russell's** newly organized quartet, with **Marshall Brown, Russell George,** and **Ron Lundberg.**

Les McCann's trio, the **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina** Quartet, and **Bill Butler's** trio, with singer **Jack Duffy** (who now appears on the *Perry Como Show*) also have been recent visitors.

Dick Ruedebusch's band played for two weeks at the Colonial, followed by the **Earl Hines** Sextet for three weeks . . . **Lil Hardin Armstrong** went into the Club 76 for four weeks, after finishing a two-week engagement at the Club 76 in Winnipeg . . . The First Floor club, which caters to a weekend crowd, has extended operations to Monday night, called Blue Monday, with the accent on the blues . . . A growing attraction at the House of Hambourg is the big band led by **Al Stanwyck,** who has played trumpet with **Lionel Hampton, Ralph Marterie,** and the **Glenn Miller** Orchestra.

Get on Board the Jazz Train, an all-Negro revue which enjoyed considerable success in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and South America, came to a halt three weeks after it started its North American tour in Montreal. By the time it reached Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theater it was decided to take it off the road.

WASHINGTON

The nation's capital is fast becoming its guitar center as well, with at least a half-dozen guitarists that should be heard by any guitar buff visiting the city. One is **Bill Leonhart,** 24-year-old student of **Aaron Shearer.** Leonhart works regularly in the George IV Room of the swank new Georgetown Inn. Though the room is acoustically poor, causing Leonhart to use an amp for his solo guitar performances, his skill is apparent and his repertoire is wide, ranging from classical pieces to jazz and even to Japanese music. Shearer is a major figure in D. C. guitar circles and has some fascinating ideas about how the instrument should be taught and played, some dealing with muscle control and the biological aspects of proper playing. He is one of the city's two most prominent guitar teachers, the other being **Sophocles Papas,** best known to *Down Beat* readers as **Charlie Byrd's** teacher.

Tenor man **Buck Hill** is guest star at the Sumpt'n Else Lounge several nights a week. Some modern jazz sessions have taken place at this small new club recently with musicians working the occasional jazz shows at the Howard Theater taking part . . . **Les Williams,** the singer-pianist-dancer who was featured performer at the Old New Orleans here for many years before it became a key club (since closed), is now

working regularly at the Black Sheep Lounge.

DALLAS

Though the Dallas Jazz Society has been dead more than a year now, the impetus it gave to a renewed jazz movement in Dallas has lived after it. With the slogan "good music is coming back," the Lower Society of Basin St. has begun a series of 10 annual concerts featuring many of the stalwarts of Chicago-style jazz. **Bobby Hackett,** backed by **Garner Clark's** Dixieland band, led off the series in October at the Chalet, a medium-sized club-ballroom the society expects to use extensively to achieve an atmosphere of intimacy usually absent in the concert hall. Probable entries within the next few months are such as **Jack** and **Charlie Teagarden, Bud Freeman, Eddie Miller, Ray Bauduc, Red Camp,** and **Eddie Condon.**

Mel Torme, in something of a surprise booking, drew large audiences for two weeks at the Statler-Hilton Hotel in mid-October . . . A new spot, Omar Khayyam's, has begun Dallas' only afterhours policy, presenting the **Willie T. Albert** Quintet on weekends from midnight on. Minors are allowed.

CINCINNATI

The Surf Club has begun its second season of Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon. Under the direction of **George Reising,** local talent is spotlighted in addition to name groups. The **Dizzy Gillespie** Quintet will play the club Nov. 13-18 . . . Vocalist **Mark Murphy,** a frequent and popular visitor to the Queen City, worked three weeks at the Living Room accompanied by the **Dee Felice** Trio. Also on the bill were altoist **Curtis Peagler's** quartet and the **Dukes of Dixieland,** on a one-weekend stint.

Unable to establish a permanent base of operations, the **Modern Jazz Disciples,** a group also led by Peagler, have been shifting among the Cotton Club, J.K.'s, and the Misty Lounge . . . Seven Cities has temporarily abondoned its weekend jazz policy in favor of Arabic and folk music, while the Whisper Room has begun to swing with a recent three-week engagement by singer **Ada Lee** and the **Sonny Cole** Quintet . . . Tenor man **Paul Plummer** is back in town after a recording session with **George Russell's** group in New York City.

CHICAGO

The theory that drummer **Joe Morello** has a small motor imbedded in his left hand, making it possible for him to achieve fantastic speed, was shattered recently. During a recent **Dave Brubeck** concert in Des Moines, Iowa, the drummer was in the middle of a tom-tom solo when a bone in his left hand cracked. The physician who treated the hand advised Morello not to use the hand for three months. Morello, however, decided not to heed the advice and at presstime was preparing to go to Britain with the Brubeck group.

Sonny Stitt stayed an extra two weeks at McKie's to fill in the open date left when the **Stan Getz** engagement, scheduled for last month, though no contracts were signed, was postponed . . . **Gene Ammons,** who was supposed to work with Stitt at McKie's for the first two weeks of Stitt's stint but didn't, was replaced at the Sutherland, where he was to begin an extended engagement in early October, by the **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** Sextet for three weeks.

The **Staple Singers,** the Gospel singing group that won *Down Beat's* 1962 International Jazz Critics Poll as new-star vocal group, will fly to Toronto, Ontario, on Nov. 20 to film three 20-minute TV programs for CBC-TV. The shows will be shown Nov. 21-23 on the network's *Guests* show . . . Organist **Bobby Blevins** and tenor saxophonist **Bobby Miller** have been working the nights-off at McKie's . . . Singer **Joya Sherrill** closed a few days ago at Mister Kelly's, where she worked opposite the funny Prof. **Irwin Corey. Mamie Van Doren** and **Steve DePass** are currently at the Rush St. spot . . . Dixieland trumpeter **Bob Scobey** underwent much-needed stomach surgery in mid-October; acting as substitute in the leader's Bourbon Street house band was **Bobby Lewis,** while he awaits the call to join the **Jack Teagarden** Sextet.

LOS ANGELES

Ace drummer **Frank Butler,** active once again here, formed his own quintet to work Monday nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole. The group includes tenor man **Walter Benton,** trumpeter **Freddy Hill,** and pianist **Frank Strazzeri,** and its first local appearance was on **Frank Evans'** weekly jazz TV show over KTLA, *Frankly Jazz* . . . Butler occupied the drum chair with the **Onzy Matthews** big band on blues singer **Lou Rawls'** recently cut second album for Capitol. All arrangements were Matthews' work . . . The newest wrinkle at Shelly's Manne-Hole is a series of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts produced by disc jockey **Chuck Datillo.**

On arrival here to record another **Casa Loma** Band album, **Glen Gray** revealed he may re-form the band to play engagements, mostly in the West. He lives in New England. Gray organized the original Casa Loma orchestra in 1929. The new band—if it gets started—will consist of Hollywood studio men. He last played live engagements in 1950.

A&r man **Dave Axelrod** was shortchanged again. When the new **Jimmy Witherspoon** LP, *Roots,* was recently released by Reprise, Axelrod's production credit was omitted from the liner. This happened also on Witherspoon's last LP, *Hey, Mrs. Jones* . . . the folk-singing **John Hammond,** working at Hermosa Beach's Insomniac coffee house, is the offspring of *the* **John Hammond.** The youngster plays pretty good guitar too.

Stan Kenton has been appointed a director of the newly formed Divorced Men's Club, Inc., the organization's founder-president, **Al Dorfman,** announced here. DMC's national headquarters is located in Hollywood's Continental Bank Building . . . Set for the *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* TV series are **Big Miller** with **Ben Webster, Cannonball Adderley, Cal Tjader, Curtis Amy** with organist **Paul Bryant,** and the **Firehouse Five + Two.**

The **Paul Horn** Quintet set out for a swing through a series of college concerts, including dates at Southern Oregon College, the University of Oregon, Oregon State University, Humboldt State College in Arcata, Calif., among other schools.

SAN FRANCISCO

Regularly programed live jazz has returned to bay area radio, after a long absence, with a 20-minute daily segment by the **Chris Ibanez** Trio on the KCBS **Dave McElhatton** show. The French pianist's group, with **Gerry Good** on bass and **Forrest Elledge** on drums, plays two tunes on each show . . . The Black Hawk staged a benefit for the annual United Fund campaign, with all door receipts going to the civic agency . . . Drummer **Benny Barth,** pianist **Al Plank,** and bassist **Don Prell** backed singer **Mark Murphy** during his stay at Sugar Hill, after which Barth and Prell did three weeks at the club with **Mose Allison.**

Ella Fitzgerald's new accompanists are pianist **Don Abney,** drummer **Jo Jones,** guitarist **Dale Olinger,** and bassist **Jimmy Hughart.** The quartet was making only its second appearance with Miss Fitzgerald at her recent concert in Berkeley, so it was not surprising there were a few instrumental and vocal hang-ups. A bad sound system did nothing to enhance the production, but even so, the 2,700 listeners gave the vocalist an ovation. Following Berkeley, she was scheduled for two weeks in Las Vegas, Nev., two in Chicago, and two in Philadelphia, Pa., preceding her gig at the Fairmont Hotel Venetian Room here.

Max Roach's engagement at the Jazz Workshop was his first booking here in four years. The occasion marked the S.F. return of Roach's bassist. **Eddie Khan.**

WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Peggy Lee** to 12/1.
Birdland: **Stan Getz, Horace Silver**, to 11/14. **Louis Bellson, Cannonball Adderley**, 11/22-12/5.
Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): guest stars, Tues.
Condon's: **Tony Parenti**, *tfn*.
Embers: **Jonah Jones**, *tfn*.
Five Spot: **Sonny Rollins, Roland Kirk**, *tfn*.
Half Note: **Ronnie Scott** to 11/14.
Hickory House: **Marian McPartland**, *tfn*.
Judson Hall: **Jackie McLean**, 12/1.
Kenny's Steak House: **Herman Chittison**, *tfn*.
Metropole: **Dukes of Dixieland** to 11/15. **Gene Krupa**, 11/16-12/6.
The Most: **Chuck Wayne**, *tfn*.
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison**, *tfn*.
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): sessions, wknds.
Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis. Rose Murphy, Slam Stewart**, *tfn*.
20 Spruce St.: **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, wknds.
Village Gate: **Larry Adler, Paul Draper, Nina Simone**, to 12/2.
Village Vanguard: **Gerry Mulligan** to 11/11. **Miles Davis**, 11/13-25.

TORONTO

The Fifth Peg: **Clara Ward Singers**, 11/27-12/9.
First Floor Club: **Don Thompson, Rob McConnell, Wray Downes**, wknds.
George's Spaghetti House: **Charlie Rollo** to 11/10. **Moe Koffman**, 11/12-17; **Dave Hammer**, 11/19-24; **Graham Topping**, 11/26-12/1.
House of Hambourg: **Al Stanwyck**, 11/10. Various modern jazz groups, wknds.
Town Tavern: **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** to 11/17. **Marian McPartland**, 11/19-12/1.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: **Vince Fabrizio**, *tfn*.
Bayou: **Foggy Bottom Six**, *tfn*.
Bohemian Caverns: **JFK Quintet**, *hb*.
Charles Hotel Dixieland Lounge: **Booker Coleman**, *hb*. Thurs.-Sat.
Georgetown Inn: **Bill Leonhart**, *tfn*.
Mayfair Lounge: **Will Bill Whelan, Wally Garner**, Fri.-Sat.
Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd, John Malachi**, *tfn*.
Sumpt'n Else Lounge: **Lawrence Wheatley, Donna Jewell**, *tfn*.

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: modern jazz, wknds.
Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *tfn*.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Dynasty Room: **Armand Hug, John Butler**, *tfn*.
Famous Door: **Mike Lala**, *tfn*. **Santo Pecora**, *tfn*. **Leon Prima**, Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*. **Leon Prima**, Mon.
Music Haven: **Ellis Marsalis**, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell**, *tfn*. **Marvin Kimbell**, Wed.
Pepe's: **Lavergne Smith**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, The Four More, Snooks Eaglin**, *hbs*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

CLEVELAND

The Brothers: **Bud Wattles**, wknds.
Club 100: **Joe Alexander**, *tfn*. Sessions, Thurs.
Leo's Casino: name jazz artists. Matinees, Sun.
Montmarte: **East Jazz Trio**, *tfn*.
Monticello: **George Quittner**, Fri. **Ted Paskert**, Sat.
Music Box: **Jose Harper**, *hb*.
Sahara Motel Lounge: **Ray Raysor**, *hb*.
Theatrical: **Fran Warren** to 11/10. **Lee Evans**, 11/12-24.
Tia Juana: name jazz artists.
Watson's Motor Hotel: **Bill Gidney**, *tfn*.

DETROIT

AuSable: **Alex Kallao**, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: **Jack Brokensha, Ursula Walker**, to 11/5. **June Christy**, 11/16-24.
Cliff Bell's: **Eddie Webb**, *tfn*.
Charleston Club: **Leo Marchionni**, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q (downtown): **Charles Robinett, Bob Pierson**, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q (uptown): **Ronnie Phillips**, *tfn*.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob James**, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: **Johnny Vann**, *tfn*.
Kevin House: **Jerry McKenzie**, *tfn*.
Left Bank: **Ted Sheely**, *tfn*.
Red Mill: **Joe Perna, Mark Richards**, *tfn*.
Sammy G's: **Ronnie Phillips, Jean Pierson**, *tfn*.
Trent's: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey, Art Hodes**, *tfn*.
Club Alex: **Muddy Waters**, wknds.
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**, Mon.. Tues. **Cliff Nlep**, Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *tfn*. **Franz Jackson**, Thurs.
London House: **Ahmad Jamal** to 11/24. **Jonah Jones**, 11/27-12/19. **Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak**, *hbs*.
McKie's: **Lou Donaldson** to 11/4. **Max Roach**, 11/7-18. **Jack McDuff**, 11/21-12/2.
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo**.
Playboy: **Lorez Alexandria** to 11/22. **Tony Smith, Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris**.
Sahara Motel: **John Frigo**, Thurs.. Fri.
Sutherland: *unk*. **Modern Jazz Showcase**, Mon.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier**, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

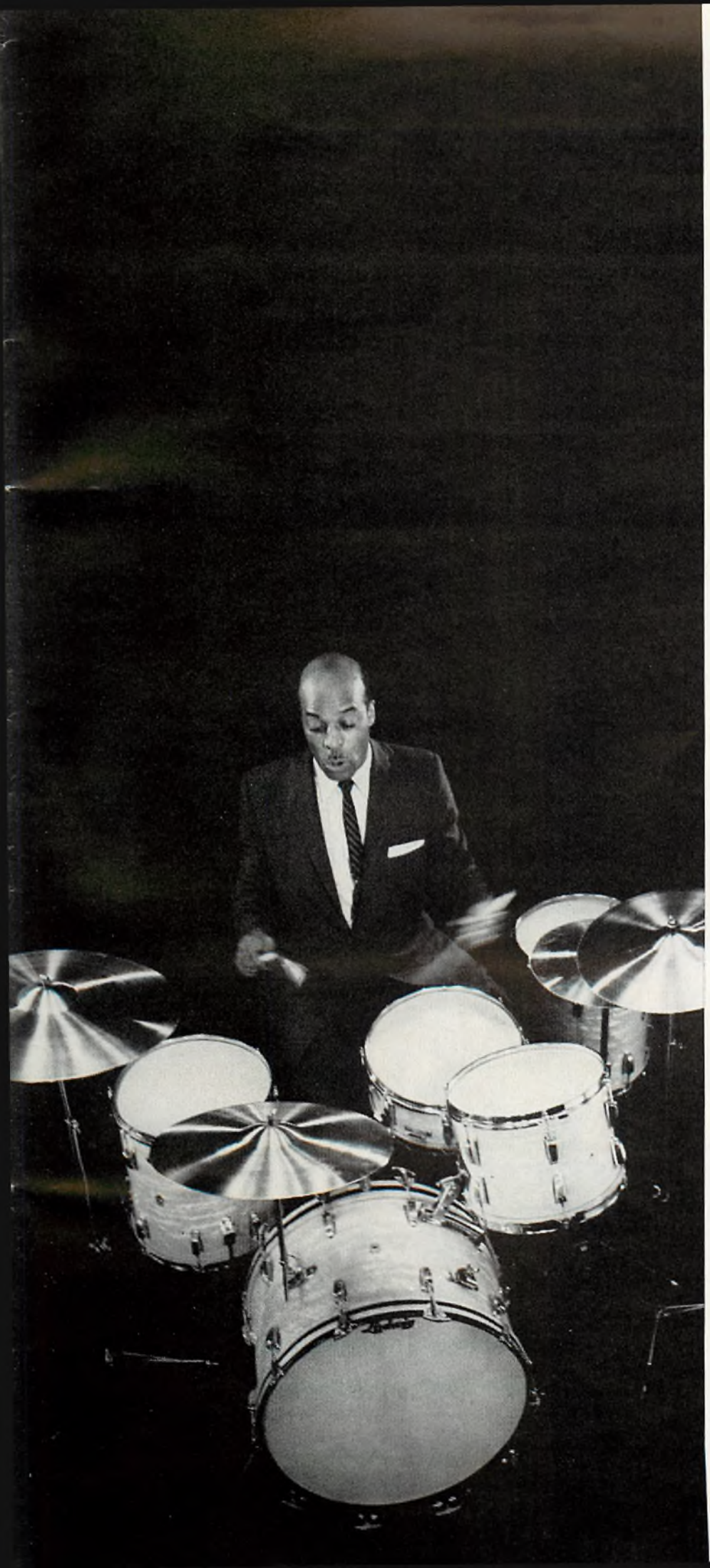
Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): **Hank Messer**, *tfn*.
Blue Port Loung: **Bill Beau**, *tfn*.
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell, Southland Seven**, *tfn*.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): **Ben Pollack**, *tfn*.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Johnny Lucas, Original Dixieland Blue Blowers**, *tfn*.
Handlebar: **Wally Holmes**. Fri-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos, The Saints**, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
Intermission Room: **Three Souls**, *tfn*.
Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell**, Thurs.
Jester Room (Stanton): **Doug Sawtelle, The Uptowners**, to Jan. '63.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane, Arthur Schutt**, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Marineland Restaurant: **Red Nichols** to 12/1.
Marty's: **William Green**, *tfn*.
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): **Johnny White**, *tfn*.
Montebello Bowl: **Ken Latham**, *tfn*.
Mr. Adams': **Curtis Amy**, *tfn*.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette**, Tues.-Sun.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace**, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown**, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Phineas Newborn**, Thurs.-Mon.
Rubin's (Newport Beach): **Edgar Hayes**, Sun.-Mon.
Rubin's (Tustin): **Edgar Hayes**, Tues.. Wed., Sat.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne, Irene Kral**, Fri.-Sun. **Frank Butler**, Mon. **Phineas Newborn**, Tues. **Paul Horn**, Weds. **Teddy Edwards**, Thurs. Sun. afternoon concerts.
Signature Room (Palm Springs): **Candy Stacy**, *tfn*.
Sheraton West: **Red Nichols** opens 12/2.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer**, *tfn*.
Sinbad's (Santa Monica): **Betty Bryant**, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): **Jay Miglori**, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers**, *tfn*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Cal Tjader** to 1/13. **Vince Guaraldi**, *hb*.
Burp Hollow: **Frank Goulette**, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's **Turk Murphy**, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Ray Bolger** to 11/28. **Ella Fitzgerald**, 11/29-12/1.
Jazz Workshop: **Jimmy Smith** to 11/25.
Mark Hopkins Hotel: **Ralph Sutton**, *tfn*.
Mr. Otis: **Jim Lowe**, wknds.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*., plus **Frank Erickson**, wknds.
Sugar Hill: **Mark Murphy** to 11/10. **Mose Allison**, 11/12-12/3.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Willie Francis**, Wed., Thurs. **Freddy Gambrell**, wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): **John True**, Tues.-Thurs. **Buddy Montgomery**, Fri.-Mon.
Trident (Sausalito): **Richie Crabtree**, *tfn*.

SEATTLE

Ali Baba: **Dave Lewis**, *hb*.
The Door: **Elmer Gill**, *tfn*.
Gaslamp (Bellevue): **Bill Ramsay**, *tfn*.
Ginza: **Frank Roberts, Soul Bros.**, *tfn*.
Party Line: **Paul West**, *tfn*.
Penthouse: **Buddy Greco** to 11/17. **Oscar Peterson**, 11/19-12/1.
Pete's Poop Deck: **Neil Sherman, Floyd Standifer**.
Weathervane (Bellevue): **Chuck Mahaffey, Connie Lee**, *tfn*.



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

Jo was born in Chicago in 1911, and name Jonathan. His light, subtle rhythms and th big Jones grin achieved national prominenc during a long stint with Count Basie, fro 1936 till 1948.

He starred as a featured drummer in Jaz at the Philharmonic Concerts, and with Illi nois Jacquet, Lester Young, Joe Bushki and other top-flight people.

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