

JUNE 6, 1963

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# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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**THINGS TO COME:** The June 20 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, June 6, will focus attention on the jazz combo. Among the features will be a penetrating study of the Horace Silver Quintet and an examination of the Jazz Crusaders. Don't miss *Down Beat's* exciting annual Combo Issue.

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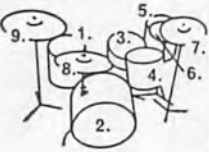


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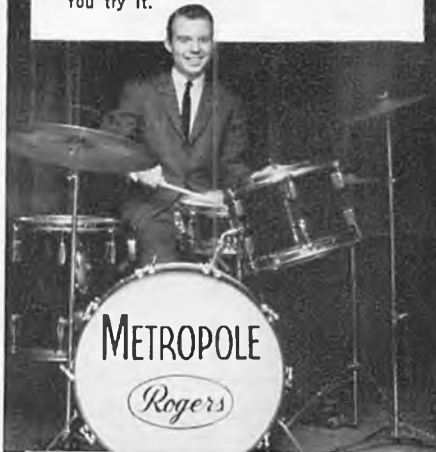
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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## 'Racial Unity'—Pro

Concerning *The Need for Racial Unity in Jazz*, it could not have been better discussed. I really feel that unity in the music field, such as in jazz, would help the prevailing situation greatly. To this extent racial prejudice would be considered a foolish thing by the Caucasian and Negro races along with many other minority groups.

I'm sure many others feel the same as these great jazz artists feel. And, along with them, I praise the manner in which the problem was discussed. Keep up the good work!

Pfc. Carl Winkley  
Nuernberg/Fuerth, Germany

## 'Racial Unity'—Con

As a jazz fan for many years and an amateur trumpet player, I felt the necessity of your recent *The Need for Racial Unity in Jazz* discussion (*DB*, April 11) was, at the least, nauseating. But, like the first discussion (*Racial Prejudice in Jazz*) I enjoyed the article.

Born and schooled in the South, I think I understand the reasons that cause the feelings that are so imbedded in young southern minds. My parents, for some reason, forgot to teach me prejudice. In fact, I was taught to be the opposite. They played Louis Armstrong records like he was "it." That was at an early age and my first introduction to jazz. By 14 I was familiar with very major jazz player and through your publication am forever discovering more.

I now live in New Orleans, and the groups I would like to see seldom make it to this segregated scene. I saw Miles Davis in New York but don't expect to see him here. I am not that optimistic.

Latitudinarians aren't known to exist very abundantly around here. Maybe this section of the country isn't ready for them. But I know jazz will suffer from this. Ironically, jazz is no longer accepted in its birthplace in its freest forms.

Pat Larkin  
New Orleans, La.

## Ellis In Wonderland?

Don Ellis has approached the problem facing jazz drummers in a rather limited way (*DB*, March 28). He has failed to recognize the difficulties facing the drummer himself and has been content to discuss the problem with respect to top-flight musicians only. After all, not all the jazz being played in this country is being played in New York.

The artistic realm of the drummer is one of rhythm. His knowledge of time is required to be more extensive than that of any other musician. Being a drummer, I can appreciate the difficulties the drummer faces when he attempts to use this knowledge in groups led by horn men who equate the good with the mainstream. To these leaders, a good rhythm section is one that either sounds like Count Basie's or

the Chambers-Garland-Jones triumvirate.

The only way to excite these regressive and imitative soloists is to drop bombs a la Philly Joe. When a drummer tries to exploit the complex rhythmic possibilities of a chart, he is met with comments like, "Hey, man, let's just swing this one."

Perhaps Mr. Ellis is ignorant of the shortcomings of his own group of musicians—the horn men. While his own knowledge of rhythmic variation is excellent, he is not typical of the breed. The average New York trumpeter may be able to handle unusual rhythms, but how about the ones in Des Moines, Denver, and Sacramento? I could play 5/4, 7/8, 3/4, and 7/4 all night long, but how many horn men could solo comfortably in these meters?

David Zehring  
Kansas City, Kan.

## Heckman Hits Home

Many thanks for Don Heckman's April 25 article on big bands. Articles of this sort continually restore my faith in *Down Beat* despite the dreary succession of articles in which Filbert Funkmeister tells how he "expresses emotion" by copying Cannonball Adderley or Norbert Newthing explains how he "communicates" by quoting at length from the latest Ornette Coleman record.

Too many jazz listeners — especially young jazz listeners — regard jazz as their private emotional Tinker Toy and seemingly resent any effort to extend its emotional range beyond primitive excitement or sniveling self-pity. More's the pity that a number of musicians seem to feel the same way. We have all the more reason to be grateful for our Coltranes, Russells, Monks, et al., who seem to cherish jazz for what it demands of them and not the reverse. They deserve articles as serious in intent as Heckman's.

J. Michael Barrier  
Chicago

## Rally 'Round The Flag

As in years past, I looked forward to the big-band issue (*DB*, April 25), for I can remember when every *Down Beat* was a big-band issue. Yeah, I still believe the bands will make it. Don Heckman is not going to make me change my mind. I don't think he understands the problem at all. Abe Turchen makes more sense to me.

Like everything else, bands are a business—and that means dollars and cents. The public has to be sold bands. It's madness to even imagine that they will buy talent such as George Russell and Charlie Mingus. Remember that a good big band doesn't have to be a jazz band. There is still such a thing as good popular music. Si Zentner is a fine example. Another one is Jimmy Henderson out in California.

It's going to take identification of a sound, promotion of singles by record companies, a general shake-up of bookers and ballroom operators, publicity of an educational nature and some hard-hitting

articles in *Down Beat* about the many problems. Let's hear from Ray McKinley, Sam Donahue, and Lee Castle on how they feel about leading ghost bands. Give the bookers and operators a chance to air their views. Perhaps some of the disc jockeys and record companies have some ideas on the subject.

America needs bands — jazz, dance, popular, or otherwise. Many fine, young musicians need the experience, the joy, the fame, the loot of playing in a big band. I think more things can be done, and the time is now.

Randy Taylor  
Dayton, Ohio

### Maynard Misunderstood

As a regular reader of *Down Beat* and a fan of big-band jazz, I had been awaiting your annual big-band issue (*DB*, April 25) with great anticipation. But after reading a certain record review by John A. Tynan, the issue seemed to degenerate into a study in hypocrisy.

The review in question was the Maynard Ferguson Orchestra's *Maynard '63* L.P. in which Ferguson and orchestra were given a highly derogatory review and a 1½-star rating. How, in all sincerity, could such a rating have been given an album that contained some of the best recorded work Ferguson has produced in years?

What is the matter with Tynan? *Maynard '63* represented a big change for Ferguson, and Tynan did not take in the full scope of what the orchestra was trying to do—simply to keep the screeching and long, drawn-out extravaganzas to a minimum while emphasizing well-constructed arrangements based on a stated melody, solid section work punctuated by Maynard's trumpet, and contrary to Tynan, fine solo work, particularly by Ferguson and Willie Maiden (I imagine) on tenor.

I would suggest that Tynan play this record once again, paying particular attention to *Antibes*, *In Retrospect*, *Let's Try*, and *Hate Notes* to show the various moods the orchestra is capable of generating.

Bruce Armstrong  
Annadale, Va.

### Word From Shihab

I wish to thank *Down Beat* and Jack Lind for the article about me in your March 15 issue, but there are a few things I would like to understand—and have understood.

First, this word "expatriate." In my book, this word means one who is banished, and I don't think that I've been banished from America, at least not yet. I am an American, and I'll never forget it, nor do I wish to.

Secondly, a correction: the band that I worked mostly with while in Sweden was under the leadership of Putte Wickmann, not Arne Domnerus. I really would like to make this point clear, because of all the bands that play jazz in Sweden, Domnerus' is the best. I never had a chance to work a long engagement with them, although I wish that I had. I only worked one night with this group.

Third, I am right-handed, and it was my left hand that was out of commission, so, therefore, I could write a little music.

Sahib Shihab  
Copenhagen, Denmark

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# STRICTLY AD LIB

## NEW YORK

**Mel Powell**, long a mainstay of **Benny Goodman** groups and bands during the 1940s, seldom plays piano now but spends most of his time at serious composition. A member of the Yale University faculty and a director of the university's recently established electronic studio, he recently said he is "very much out of the jazz field. I very much enjoy listening to good jazz, but, as far as participating in the field, I leave that to others." And his ex-boss, Goodman, who has already been signed for a **Jerry Lewis** ABC television show in the fall, is now in the process of filming a 20-minute picture called *Adventures in Sharps and Flats*, produced by Reid H. Ray Film Industries for the H. & A. Selmer instrument company.

*Black Aphrodite*, a revue that consists of Negroes performing all the contemporary art forms, including jazz, begins its professional life in Mexico City on June 24. will tour all the Southern Hemisphere until its European opening in September, and expects to have one performance in New York City some time in between. Its major jazz attraction, trumpeter **Ted Curson**, is off on a similar tour but will join the troupe before it begins formal engagements.

**Charlie Mingus**, who seems always in the news, is in again with a big default case against United Artists Records.



POWELL

He claims that the company owes him more than \$18,000, for a Town Hall concert (*DB*, Oct. 12). So far, no one from the company has contested the claim. In the meantime, work reportedly is going on to make an album from the concert.

**Sonny Rollins** played Birdland accompanied by bassist **Henry Grimes** and drummer **Clarence Moffett**. **Herbie Mann's** group and singer **Chris Connor** shared the stand with the tenorist. Previous to that bill, **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet, singer **Pat Thomas**, and the **Cal Tjader** group (with pianist **Clare Fischer**) played a two-weeker at the club . . . Rollins caused a stir at the recent benefit for the Village Aid and Service Center at the Village Gate when he appeared with flutist **Prince Lasha** and altoist **Sonny Simmons**, along with Grimes and Moffett. The group played free, new-thing collective jazz. Others at the benefit were tenorist **Booker Ervin** with pianist **Randy Weston**, guitarist **Jimmy Raney** with vibist **Teddy Charles**, and tandem tenors **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** with fluegelhornist-trumpeter **Clark Terry** and a rhythm section of drummer **Elvin Jones**, bassist **Gary Peacock**, and pianist **Billy Taylor**. Soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy's** group also appeared, as did singer **Sheila Jordan** and pianist **Don Friedman**. **Nat Hentoff**, Taylor, and **Dan Morgenstern** did the emcee work . . . Miss Jordan opened earlier this month at a new club, the Robbers' Roost, located on Madison Ave. between 67th and 68th streets. She is accompanied by guitarist **Rudy Stevenson**, who worked with pianist **Barry Harris** at the Five Spot recently, and bassist **Dave Sibley**.



ROLLINS

*The Lively Ones* will return to ABC-TV this summer with much jazz and **Vic Damone** as host . . . **Rolf Ericson**

(Continued on page 40)

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# down beat

June 6, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 13

## INTERDISC TO BOOK EUROPEAN TOURS BY LEADING JAZZMEN

Following closely the efforts of national radio networks in France, Belgium, and Sweden to produce European concerts that would be taped for further broadcast in those countries (*DB*, April 25), another, more extensive, program is being planned.

Interdisc, a European distribution firm representing several independent U.S. jazz labels overseas, has sent its general manager, Alan Bates, to the United States to contract talent for engagements in Europe, to include concert, night-club, television and radio, and festival appearances.

Last year these tours were thought of in terms of promotion for the individual record companies, according to Bates, but the success of the 1962 tours resulted in an expansion of the company's activities to include regularly scheduled tours by U.S. jazzmen.

The European touring season lasts from October through November, Bates said, indicating that there would be several Interdisc tours during that upcoming period. The first tour, in October, will be by the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, which will tour extensively. The second, in November, will feature guitarist Wes Montgomery, probably with pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Monk Montgomery, and drummer Jimmy Cobb; the Montgomery tour will include another group.

"In January," Bates said, "we should have Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Blakey, I would say, is the most steady and reliable drawing power for Europe. Les McCann who is getting quite popular in Europe, will be our fourth tour, in February."

Last season Interdisc brought over Charlie Byrd and McCann for its initial concert-and-promotion tour, and most recently, the company booked the Adderley sextet for a quick two concerts in Sweden and an appearance at the San Remo, Italy, Jazz Festival.

Bates went on to outline two other methods Interdisc hopes to use increasingly to gain exposure for jazz artists. The first is television shows featuring the artists, this for more subtle musicians. The other, and perhaps the best for semi-name jazzmen, is a night-club tour during which a U.S. horn man works with a local rhythm section

for two or three weeks at each of several clubs—for instance, the Blue Note in Paris, Ronnie Scott's in London, the Montmartre in Copenhagen, and the Golden Circle in Stockholm.

"European jazz clubs are much different from American clubs," Bates said. "They're not so lavish—or dark. And they can't afford to pay acts American prices. So a trend has developed where individual jazz artists go over to Europe and work for about \$300 a week. Working several clubs also cuts down on transportation costs."

In all, it would seem the Interdisc plan augurs nothing but good for U.S. jazz musicians.

## CONFERENCE OF JAZZ PAYS BOSSA NOVA BRIEF NOTICE

The beleaguered Conference of Jazz, an organization dedicated to the music and its artists, finding it difficult to produce effects from a good cause (*DB*, March 28), held another meeting last month, trying, as chairman Arnold Shaw said, "to hold the group together with provocative talks at luncheons until we can hold all of us together again for our purpose."

At this luncheon, pianist-composer Lalo Schifrin, who was ostensibly there to talk about the evils of bossa nova, interrupted himself to say, "Jazz is having children all over the world. American records go everywhere and performers try to combine their native music with the beat and improvisational approach of jazz, just as the Brazilians did with the samba."

Schifrin went on to explain that b.n. was not jazz: "It is polyrhythmic rather than syncopated, but it has a syncopated sound because the repetitive patterns of several Brazilian carnival drummers are synthesized at once in the basic

rhythms of the bossa nova."

Quincy Jones, the other speaker at the luncheon, agreed that the purist approach to bossa nova was silly in that it claimed pure Brazilian parentage and wanted not what its proponents call "bastards."

As Jones put it, he saw no reason for that kind of special chauvinism. "I heard," he said, "the Brazilians playing the blues in 1952 and I didn't get violent."

## BERNARD PEIFFER SIGNED BY COLUMBIA ARTISTS

Bernard Peiffer, the French-born jazz pianist who has been a U. S. resident since 1954, last month played an audition concert in New York City to announce his signing with Columbia Artists Management. It's one of the nation's



PEIFFER  
Technique reminiscent of Tatum

leading booking organizations handling classical concert artists and one that has only rarely in the past booked jazz groups, pianist Don Shirley and the Modern Jazz Quartet being exceptions.

Working only with bassist Gus Nemech, the bespectacled Peiffer, who said he does not use a drummer because "they normally do not play their instrument the way we play ours," displayed again at the concert the prodigious technique that has caused some critics to hail him as the musical heir apparent of the late Art Tatum.

The pianist is already being booked by CAM into small community concert and town halls across the country, following much the same itinerary and procedure used to season and develop young classical performers.

The tour, a lengthy one, will continue through 1965, but since the audition concert, Peiffer has been requested by Skitch Henderson to appear on the NBC-TV late-evening *Tonight* show.

Peiffer, born in 1922 and a thorough-

### Encounter

Attending to her appointed rounds recently, jazz publicist Pat Willard found herself attempting to "plant" a picture of the Modern Jazz Quartet, booked to appear at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood, in the *Los Angeles Times*.

The picture editor, reported Miss Willard, glanced at the photograph and handed it back.

"The *Times*," he announced, "does not support the beatnik movement."

"But," protested Miss Willard, "John Lewis is no beatnik. Why, he is even criticized for being *too* restrained in manner and dignified when the quartet plays."

The editor was unmoved.

"If John Lewis ever shaves," he retorted, "you may bring this picture back."

ly conservatory-trained musician, made his professional debut in Paris in 1943 and over the next several years worked with such leading French jazzmen as Django Reinhardt, Hubert Rostaing, and Andre Ekyan, as well as visiting U. S. stars, among them Rex Stewart, with whom Peiffer recorded in 1947. Peiffer later embarked on a career as piano soloist in various French jazz clubs.

Emigrating to the United States in late 1954, the pianist, admitted technical prowess and a number of impressive recordings notwithstanding, has had a difficult time making a dent on the jazz public. In recent years Peiffer has kept—and worked—fairly close to his Philadelphia, Pa., home.

### ... AND WHAT BETTER PLACE TO CELEBRATE?

There probably was no better way to celebrate one's birthday.

Johnny St. Cyr, one of the pioneers of New Orleans jazz, spent the 73rd anniversary of his birth in a Hollywood recording studio—and he couldn't have been happier.

The session of five sides was the banjoist's first major date under his own name in a lifetime of sparking traditionalist rhythm sections from the Tuxedo Band and Kid Ory in his native Crescent City to Louis Armstrong's Hot Five in Chicago.

Helping St. Cyr celebrate his birthday with music—and for money—were his fellow members of the Young Men from New Orleans, the combo he has been leading at southern California's Disneyland the last three summers: Mike DeLay, trumpet; Sam Lee, clarinet; Harvey Brooks, piano; and Alton Redd, drums. Augmenting the Young Men for the date were trombonist John (Streamline) Ewing, and string bassist Chuck Hamilton. St. Cyr has lived in

Los Angeles for the last nine years.

Recorded under Leonard Feather's supervision, the sides cut at the date will be featured as part of *The World of Traditional Jazz*, a combination of textbook and album for release to educational channels. The Feather-produced package is being published by Irving Mills' American Academy of Music. Plans call for release soon of the package to libraries, schools, and colleges. Also in the future is a similar package, *The World of Modern Jazz*, due next year.

Asked how it felt to be recording on his 73rd birthday, a hale and hearty St. Cyr replied, "Wonderful, just wonderful."

"I hope," he added, "we'll all be together next year at this time."

### THEODORE BIKEL AND OTHERS REVIVE NEWPORT FOLK FEST

To restore a festival to life, a group of dedicated folk artists will revive the Newport Folk Festival this year at Newport, R.I.

All performers will work for scale, donating profits to the newly formed Newport Folk Foundation, a nonprofit body with a board of directors composed entirely of folk performers.

These and other details were outlined recently in Hollywood by Theodore Bikel, folk artist and actor. Bikel said that though "millions" are being made today in the folk field, the field itself needs development by those who benefit from it.

Bikel, one of the most successful and popular folk performers, declared, "We owe the field a lot of things."

The NFF he said, was "inspired" about six months ago by George Wein, original promoter of the Newport Jazz Festival and "nonvoting chairman" of the NFF board of directors; banjoist-singer Pete Seeger; and Bikel himself.

Board members in addition to Bikel and Seeger, are Peter Yarrow of the Peter, Paul & Mary group, Clarence Cooper, Jean Ritchie, Eric Darling, and William Clifton.

Plans for the July 26-28 festival, Bikel



BIKEL, BASSIST JIMMY BOND  
Folk music needs development by those it benefits

said, call for, among other features, three days of workshops of instruction in banjo and guitar playing as well as instructional films on the performance of these, and other, instruments.

The previous Newport Folk Festival was canceled as one of the side effects of the riots at the jazz festival there in 1960.

### TORME'S TOO MANY TALENTS BRING HIM UNION TROUBLE

Tanned and slim, Mel Torme breezed into New York in early May for an appearance on *The Garry Moore Show* and two weekends at the Red Hill Inn in Camden, N.J. The singer's expected engagement at Basin Street East evaporated, however, when he and the club did not agree on several important points. Also canceled was his one-man show, scheduled for May 15 at Town Hall, but the concert may end up at Carnegie Hall in the fall.

Torme, also known for his abilities as a drummer and pianist, found that his instrumental talents had got him in hot water during the Moore show's rehearsal. When he sought to accompany himself on a baritone ukulele, AFM Local 802 stepped in and placed the uke back in its case.

Torme formerly was an AFM member but had been advised to resign because his act is more than 50 percent vocal; and because he was a member of the American Guild of Variety Artists, he could continue to play instruments at his performances, he was told. What he wasn't told was that this only applies to appearances at night clubs, not on television shows, for which the AFM still holds sway in this particular matter.

So Torme, caught between Scylla and Charybdis, may be looking for a third union friendly to singing ukelele players. Maybe Arthur Godfrey. . . .



ST. CYR AND WELL-WISHERS  
Left to right: Ewing, Lee, Hamilton, DeLay, St. Cyr, Redd, Feather, Brooks

# VICTOR FELDMAN

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## A LONG WAY FROM PICCADILLY

By JOHN TYNAN

THE SHOCKED-HAIRED kid in the white shirt presented an appealing picture to the packed house as he mounted the stool behind a set of drums almost as tall as he was. Around him the tested veterans of Glenn Miller's famed AEF orchestra nudged one another. Waiting for Major Miller's downbeat, they watched the youngster heft the sticks. They smiled encouragement. Then, as the kid slammed the band into the opening measures of the first number, audience and sidemen alike knew suddenly that Victor Feldman, aged 10, had arrived.

"It was easy to see that the kid had a whole lot of talent," said an ex-Miller sideman recently. "We knew then that his future in music was going to be an escalator up."

From the huge city on the Thames, where Feldman was born on April 7, 1934, to the bucolic suburbia of Woodland Hills, Calif., where he now lives with his wife, Marilyn, and infant son, Joshua, stretches a highway of musical aspiration and achievement unusual in jazz.

With a plethora of dues-paying in his wake, Feldman at 29 is considered by those alert to what is vital in contemporary jazz as one of the more fertile pianists now active and a vibraharpist of strength, skill, and an inventiveness almost on a par with his piano prowess.

But what today of the drumming that caused him to be heralded at 7 in England's music press as "child genius," "Kid Krupa," and like superlatives?

Recently, after a 2:30 p.m. breakfast of hotcakes and honey at his home (he works with his trio nightly at The Scene in Hollywood until 2 a.m.), he discussed at length the chain of circumstances that led him virtually to abandon drums in favor of piano and vibes. Feldman delved back to beginnings.

"I started playing when I was about 6," he began, his English-accented voice still furred from sleep. "I started on drums."

His older brothers, he went on, were "always rehearsing, having group re-

hearsals. I got brought up in that environment. I guess I had some kind of natural ability, and I started to play.

"What happened was that my uncle had been a very prominent and fine drummer. He came around to the house and heard me play and decided it would be good if I played in public with my brothers. Bob played clarinet and Monty played accordion . . . and later piano."

The Feldman trio was to endure as a working and celebrated jazz group from 1941 till '48, years during which it played in a variety of settings and for wartime causes such as Red Cross benefits and Aid-to-Russia fund drives.

"At 9," Feldman continued, "I took piano lessons from a local teacher who taught me kind of farmyard tunes. I think maybe my ear must have been a bit developed then, because I hated to play them. And the effort was enough to learn to read. It was kind of very hard for me to learn to read."

"Meanwhile, I was playing drums all the time," Feldman emphasized. "I was playing concerts and so on. I wanted a set of vibes. I used to go into the drum shop and mess around with the xylophone and marimbas. I used to love it. But I couldn't seem to get my wish. You know, it was a lot of money, particularly in England at that time. It was during the war; money was scarce. I can understand now why I didn't get it at that time. I finally did get a set of vibes when I was about 13. I remember coming home from school and setting them up. It was very exciting."

Study with Carlo Krahmer, a well-known London mallet man, followed, and the teenaged vibist began to blossom under tuition. But for the broader aspects of musical learning, Feldman's parents sent him, when he was about 15, to the London College of Music. Here the youngster came a cropper,

not so much over his studies but because of his teacher's attitudes.

"This guy," he recalled unsentimentally, "used to put jazz down, and he used to bring racial prejudice into it. And that really made me hate him. He used to say something about the colored guys on Tottenham Court Road. I felt resentment swelling in me. I wanted to say something but I didn't have the tools of expression to tell him off. Besides, in England you're the little one and *he's* the big man. Anyway, I went into the harmony class in the middle of the term, and I didn't really get too much out of that. In fact, I quit after a few months."

THE NEW SOUNDS of bebop began hypnotizing younger British jazzmen after the war. By the time Feldman's interlude at the London College of Music had raced its unhappy course, bop had taken firm hold. In the jazz clubs and hangouts throughout London's west end, local trumpeters aped Dizzy Gillespie, Fats Navarro, and Miles Davis. Drummers kloop-mopped with Kenny Clarke and dropped bombs a la Max Roach. And the alto sax men were little Birds to a fledgling.

"My brothers took me down to the Club 11, where everything was changing musically," Feldman said.

For Feldman, his drumming influences up till the entry of bop had been, he said, Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich—and from records, at that. "I'd prefer to say Buddy Rich than Gene Krupa," he confessed in latter-day cognizance. "But by the time I went down to the bebop club, I'd been listening. I'd heard Charlie Parker. I hadn't heard Kenny Clarke yet. That was to come."

In the Feldman home some discord jangled. "My parents wanted me to go into a trade," he said. "You know, something 'in case you can't make a living.'"



With both brothers not dependent on music for a living, the youngest felt himself ill-equipped to argue the point. Besides, he was bogged at the time in a period of adolescent indecision.

"I went and stared," he said somberly, "outside the tailor and cutter on Gerrard St. But I couldn't make *that*. I'd been playing since I was 7, where my brothers started playing when they were 14, 15. So it was harder to make my parents understand that I couldn't do anything else. Yet I understood their point. So it was kind of frustrating."

One day at the Club 11, Tony Crombie, a drummer prominent on London's modern-jazz scene, gave Feldman's burgeoning career a decisive nudge.

"He gave me a chord chart he'd written himself," he recalled and smiled. "I remember he charged me five shillings for it.

"I started voicing chords on the piano. And then somebody else gave me the chords to *Embraceable You* the way Bird used to play it — the altered changes and so on. It took me a long time to figure it out.

"Sometimes when I teach the occasional pupils I have now, I give the chart to them. It seems to help them a lot so far as voicing chords and everything."

Still predominantly a drummer, Feldman became an habitue of the Club 11, a fuzz-cheeked fixture of the bop groups blowing there. Gradually, he said, he turned to comping chords on piano ("It kind of opened up something for me"). Pretty soon he was alternating between drums and piano. Then he began playing vibes.

Feldman believes his father, now deceased, helped him get his first professional band job with pianist Ralph Sharon. (Sharon since 1953 has lived in the United States. He is now music director for singer Tony Bennett.) This meant one-night stands and a trip to Switzerland with the Sharon band in 1949.

Feldman, in company with many another musician, abhors one-nighters and road work in general, but after he left Sharon and joined Roy Fox, the one-night stands continued—as did Feldman's misery with the execrable food, the abominable weather, and the grueling schedule. Now he was paying dues.

Just about the time the sun was setting on the British empire, Feldman was auditioning for the piano chair with Eddie Carroll's band for an extended engagement in India. Then he was summoned for military duty.

"The idea of going to India," he said, "really fascinated me. I wanted to get away from the English weather, and I wasn't very well, anyway. The [Carroll] band was very commercial, and the guys were very nice and good musi-

cians. It was just that that brand of music wasn't my type. But I went along with it and did the audition. About three days later I got called up."

It was as though the bottom had fallen out of his life.

"It didn't seem like I was going to be put in the band or anything," he recalled gloomily. "I hated the army or anything like that. . . ."

"I remember Eddie got me deferred. He had been a lieutenant, I think. I was supposed to report when I got back from India. I didn't report when I got back. You can quote any of that; I don't care. They can't do anything. Some people in America might read it and say, 'Golly, he's not patriotic—he hates the army.'"

**R**ETURNED TO England from India in 1953, Feldman said he was starved for a steady jazz job. He joined Ronnie Scott's band, a modern little-big outfit with trumpet, trombone, four reeds, vibes, and rhythm section.

It was during Feldman's tenure with this band that he made the crucial decision to emigrate to the United States.

He recalled:

"I remember Ronnie saying—and I respected him and still do—one day in a cafe, with a certain look in his face, that Victor ought to go to America. The way he said it, he seemed so *sure*. I had been thinking of it in my mind, and it gave me added confidence."

Feldman after that directed his thinking more and more toward the U.S.

"We played for nothing at an American base," he said of Scott's band, "just so we could hear Woody Herman's band. You see, there weren't any American bands coming over to England at that time. The union ban was still on. So I heard my first American band with adult ears since Glenn Miller. I was just knocked out completely."

Feldman met and became friendly with such Herman sidemen of the time as trumpeter Al Porcino, drummer Chuck Flores, baritone sax man Jack Nimitz, tenor man Bill Perkins, trumpeter Dick Collins, bassist Red Kelly, pianist Nat Pierce, and bass trumpeter Cy Touff. Their brief encounter with the young Englishman was probably forgotten by most of them, but later, in New York, it was to be happily remembered.

In October, 1955, Feldman made the plunge and sailed on the French liner *Liberté*, landing in New York City on Oct. 25. He said:

"I stayed in the Manhattan Towers Hotel on 91st St. Then I went 'round to Charlie's, and I started to meet musicians. They were very, very friendly, I found. It was very nice. If it hadn't been like that, I probably would've gone back in a couple of weeks."

Feldman sweated out his Local 802 union card for the prescribed three months, working casuals; his first in America, he recalled, was with a group led by trombonist Willie Dennis. It was an anxious, frustrating period, a baptism by fire of sorts in the New York jazz jungle. "I had my return ticket in case I couldn't make it here," he said.

Fate, as they say, took a hand in Feldman's destiny. Woody Herman's band was in town, and Feldman ran into Cy Touff.

"Cy asked me if I was interested in going with the band," he recalled. "He said Woody would be interested. Woody spoke to me about joining the band. . . ."

"I didn't want to go on the road. Even as great a feeling as it was—to go with Woody's band—I just didn't want to go on the road, 'cause I know how my physical and mental capabilities work on the road. It's a bit too rough for the kind of personality I am. But naturally I just couldn't turn it down. I wasn't working much in town and Woody was so nice and everything. He made me feel so relaxed.

"I went with the band [playing vibes]. . . . Woody went overboard to make me feel relaxed. He said I could wear whatever I wanted on the stand."

Off and running in his first "name" job in the United States, Feldman found himself on the band bus with many of the Herdsmen he had met in England as well as such men as pianist Vince Guaraldi, tenor man Bob Hardaway, trumpeter John Coppola, and others.

Following nine months with the Herd, on the road constantly, Feldman welcomed a respite from one-night stands when Herman disbanded and took a small group to work in Las Vegas. But Vegas didn't appeal to him. ("To have to live in Vegas is like having to live in a madhouse. It's like a cup of money jingling all over the place. Completely ridiculous.")

Feldman first visited California with Herman's small group.

"I liked the West Coast," he said. "I'd been hearing about it. Vince [Guaraldi] was telling me about it, and he said he thought I'd like it better out here. He was right. I feel there's more of a compromise between the European way of life and the New York madhouse."

**W**HEN HERMAN's small group disbanded for a vacation, Feldman returned to England for a couple of months in 1957. Since then he has been back a half-dozen times.

"The first time," he recalled with a smile, "it was funny to see the smaller roads and the smaller cars. Everything was of different dimensions. After having been in Vegas, when I went back

to England it was like going to a rest home."

Back in this country after his visit home, Feldman rejoined the Herman band and took a medical examination for U.S. Army induction. He passed the medical.

"This thing was haunting me again," he said candidly. "I knew that I'd have to come back to America and serve in the army—or *might* have to serve in the army—or I could just decide not to go back. I decided to come back and take my chance.

"I failed the second medical. I have a chest . . . an asthma thing there." That settled that.

"I was with Woody for quite a number of months," he said of his second



stint as vibist with the Herd. "I just couldn't stand one-night stands anymore. Against the advice of musicians who'd been out to L.A., I decided that I was going to come out here. I rented a car. It was one of those deals where you drive the car out. I got taken on that. I never got the money back at the end of the trip—and I needed the money like mad. I got to L.A. with \$150-\$200."

Before locating a cheap apartment in Hollywood, Feldman stayed at the homes of Monty Budwig and Bob Hardaway. Then he began exploring the jazz scene.

"I met Leroy Vinnegar and played with him. And I met Carl Perkins. Carl showed me a lot. I learned a lot just from watching him play and going around to his house. He didn't know the name of any chord, hardly; he didn't know much more than what a C minor or a C major was, or a major or minor chord. But the way he *voiced* his chords—I never heard anything like it in my life."

At first, Feldman played many jobs around Los Angeles still on drums, working for the rent.

"I was very fortunate," he said, "in

ending up playing at the Lighthouse. I went and played there one day, and a couple of weeks later I got a call to work there. I ended up working at the Lighthouse for 18 months." At the Lighthouse he played both vibes and piano.

"The Lighthouse was what set me on my feet," he went on, "because it was a steady gig. Howard [Rumsey] was very nice to me, and it was a ball playing with Rosolino and Levey and Conte [Candoli]. Bob Cooper, too. It was a very relaxed atmosphere."

While still at the Lighthouse, Feldman began getting more and more calls for a variety of record dates. He got movie studio calls too. Gradually he stopped playing drums altogether.

He finally left the Lighthouse, he said, "because I felt I had been in one place too long and I was getting the feeling I had in England. Musically, you can stay in one place just so long. If it is a jazz gig that's what can happen. If it's a commercial thing, that's something else."

The Victor Feldman Trio began making appearances around the Los Angeles area. Bob Whitlock was the trio's bassist, as now; the drummer at the time was John Clauder. The present drummer is fellow-Englishman Colin Bailey.

While his trio was working at a now-defunct Hollywood jazz room, Feldman first met Marilyn; he married her some nine months later.

"I decided all of a sudden," he said, "that I'd like to take her to England." He had saved some money, and away went the newlyweds. In the three months they were gone, Feldman played at the Blue Note in Paris and appeared with Kenny Clarke on a Dinah Shore TV special.

Before the England-France trip, however, another important jazz element entered his life:

"Cannonball Adderley called me about a month before I went back to England. He called me to make a record with Ray Brown, Wes Montgomery, Louis Hayes, and himself. It completely knocked me out."

Then, while in England, Feldman received a cable from Adderley with a definite offer of a job as pianist-vibist with the altoist's group.

"I was very knocked out about that," Feldman said.

The first job he played with the Adderley group was the 1960 Monterey Jazz Festival. ("I remember we played *This Here* that night, and I got lost on it.")

But life on the road with Cannonball began to be the same old thing after a while, and Marilyn was now pregnant.

He said:

"I was getting that old feeling back

again about being on the road, which I'd been on since I was 15. Although I was having a ball playing, there was this tug of war going on with me. Had I been single, I would have stayed maybe a little longer."

He left Adderley in 1961.

Back in Hollywood, Feldman found things "very slow." It is invariably "very slow" for a musician active in studio work after he returns from a stint of road work; the contacts he's made and the contractors who hire musicians for such work tend to forget about him. Out of sight, out of mind. The musician comes back and starts from scratch.

After a couple of months, however, Feldman had an offer to go with Peggy Lee. The singer was to work for six weeks in England, then head south for the French Riviera for 10 days. So it was back on the jet for Victor Feldman.

After Peggy Lee, Feldman's activity with his trio increased. He recorded the music from the show *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off* for Pacific Jazz, and the score of *A Taste of Honey* for Infinity.

Last summer, in a domestic musical atmosphere curiously clouded with parochial recrimination, the Benny Goodman Band flew off on a special tour of the USSR. Feldman went along.

"There's always this temptation to travel," said Feldman. "There was something about that I couldn't turn down. I take an interest in world affairs. I wanted to see for myself what it was like. I always felt that both sides have such a lot of propaganda. Most of my ideas were confirmed. . . ."

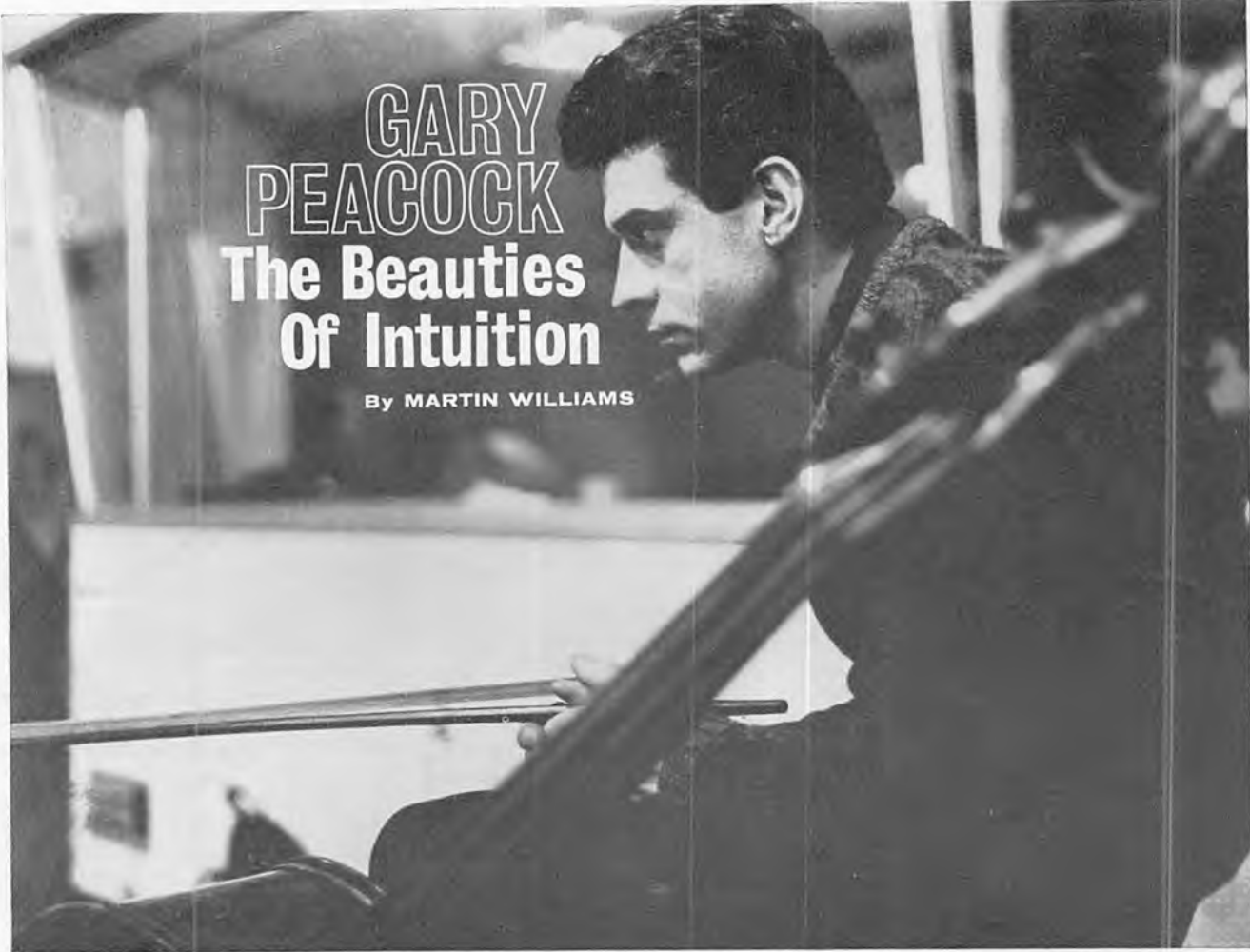
**V**ICTOR FELDMAN is such a busy Hollywood musician these days that his wife frequently despairs at seeing so little of him, as she puts it.

He is now signed to an exclusive recording contract with Fred Astaire's Ava records. One of the first recording projects under the pact was to record an album of compositions by Russian jazz musicians unearthed by Leonard Feather during his trip to Russia to hear the Goodman band. Recently the Feldman trio cut for Ava the soundtrack music from the highly praised picture *David and Lisa*.

"The other day," Feldman said with considerable relish, "I was fortunate enough to record with Miles Davis. When I was 16, I went to Paris with a friend of mine. Charlie Parker was supposed to play; he never did play there. But meanwhile, we'd walk along the Paris streets and I'd be singing Miles Davis solos. We'd learnt them off the records. I'd never, ever thought that I would *record* with Miles."

And it *is* a long way from Piccadilly, isn't it?





# GARY PEACOCK

## The Beauties Of Intuition

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

**A**S RECENTLY AS A YEAR AGO, few persons would have numbered Gary Peacock among the more proficient young bassists in jazz. Today there are few who would not.

Scott LaFaro's unexpected death was a loss in several senses, not the least of which was regarding his contribution to development of the future role of the bass in jazz. Peacock's recent spurt of development is a gain for much the same reason. His playing has come far indeed from that heard on a Bud Shank record released about two years ago. He is sure, incidentally, that "although you may have an idea of where you are in your work, a record will show you where you really are—you and anyone else who hears it."

Truly contemporary bass playing probably can be said to begin with Charlie Mingus—and perhaps Wilbur Ware and Red Mitchell. The most provocative young bassists do not play a quarter-note walk, 1-2-3-4/1-2-3-4—they do not play "time"—and they do not necessarily play a harmonic part. And the horn players know that they do not need them to keep time or provide changes, harmonic reminders. The newer bassists do not merely "accompany" others and take an occasional solo but participate more directly in the music.

In their various ways, truly contemporary bass players are melodists—percussive melodists, lyric melodists, or in

LaFaro's case and Peacock's, virtuoso melodists. Furthermore, like the young horn men, they explore their instruments even beyond what is supposedly their legitimate range and function.

The Peacock who suddenly burst through on recordings with Clare Fischer and with Don Ellis and Paul Bley is a Peacock who is learning to make his way in the most advanced groups and among the most challenging young players in jazz.

He was born in Burley, Idaho, in 1935 and grew up there and in Washington state and Oregon. He studied piano for about six months when he was 13, and in junior high and high school he was a drummer in student bands. He heard a great deal of so-called western-swing music, which is very popular in the Northwest.

One of his earliest conscious exposures to jazz came when he was 16. "A trumpeter I knew played me some of those early records by Bird and Dizzy—*Salt Peanuts* and those things," he said. "I was really amazed, and I asked him who the second alto player was! I could hardly believe him when he answered there was only one."

Peacock left home at 17 and spent a year in Los Angeles, studying vibraharp for several months at Westlake College. From 1954 to 1956, he was in the Army, stationed in Germany. It was then that his interest in music really began to take shape. He found himself the

leader of a group in which he played drums or piano, and occasionally vibes. But then his bass player left, and Peacock picked up the instrument.

Suddenly things were different: "My hands went down right almost from the beginning. The instrument seemed to fall under my fingers. I never really tried to learn bass—it was as if I just started playing it."

**A**FTER THE SERVICE, he went back to Los Angeles, went on the road with Terry Gibbs, and subsequently worked with (as he puts it) "every group in the area except Red Norvo's—Harold Land, Art Pepper, Dexter Gordon, Bud Shank. . . ." In the course of it, his whole approach to the bass changed from the old one to the new.

"I don't know exactly when it happened," Peacock said. "It must have been gradual. Before I realized it, I was there."

It definitely happened later than one evening he remembers when he chanced to end up on the same bandstand with Ornette Coleman. ("When he started to blow, I just froze; I couldn't play.") But it happened.

Then he no longer had any trouble with groups that improvised freely and no longer had to work only with players who go through every piece cyclically and harmonically, ever repeating the basic structure.

"Only for about six months in 1959 did I put in any extra time practicing and exploring my instrument. I had begun to hear things I couldn't execute properly and had to find a way to play them. The rest of the time I learned on the job, just by playing and listening. I grew quite unsatisfied with playing the time. It became redundant, a strait jacket. Along with several other people, I found that if a tempo is simply allowed to exist, you don't need to play it—it's even redundant to play it.

"But it is a personal thing. If it's right for a given player to play time, okay. But if it isn't, it won't feel right to him or sound right to his listeners."

This latter observation reflects an attitude that several of the young players seem to have: an awareness that what is right for them to play or to search for is not necessarily right for everyone. Peacock, for instance, talks readily of his great admiration for Al Cohn and Zoot Sims and for the Modern Jazz Quartet. But the MJQ holds still another lesson for him, for theirs is truly a group music, and future jazz will be truly group music.

"You know the title of that LP of Ornette Coleman's," he asked, "*This Is Our Music?* I think that tells the story. I think, in the future, we will hear a group music by equal participants. Each member is going to have to be a leader to some extent.

"It will have to be that way. In my own experience, we work now with a kind of psychic communication. We just know when a drummer has finished a phrase and when he has finished a solo. We know when a horn player has finished developing his ideas.

"Perhaps this is only the first stage, and we will have different ideas later on. Perhaps we will have more conscious reasons for what we do, but for now, things are evolving this intuitive way."

Peacock has thought about the dangers, delusions, and contradictions in a freer music, however.

"The pitfall in the concept of freedom is that total musical freedom invites chaos," he said. "And I think we should also remember that freedom isn't necessarily valid

unless it produces something. Also, so-called self-expression is not necessarily musical or artistic. I think we should keep those things in mind when we play. And most of all, we have to know when to stop. We must know when we have said it all, or when it isn't happening.

"But for myself at this stage, I know that generally my best playing comes when I don't think too consciously about what I'm doing, and frankly that doesn't bother me too much. You can be specific about logical causes and about emotional causes, but about intuition there are no reasons. You just do what the intuition says. Incidentally, I think Ornette Coleman plays by intuition, too, not just feeling, as some people say. Anyway, I think that now we just have to play out the intuitions and see what happens. After all, if you go so far wrong, you'll eventually get back to what's right. And the only way to find out about some of the things we're working on is just plunge in and do them."


About the attitude that it is up to each player to explore the possibilities of his instrument, Peacock said, "Musicians tend not to regard their instruments as a whole. They take only a section of what can be done. The bass has two worlds. At the bottom, it affects everyone, especially in rhythm. At the top, you are into the piano's range and are more of a horn. There you can't upset the time and rhythm.

"The thing to do is ask, 'What can I do with texture? Dynamics? Timbre? What can I do with one note? What can I do with the whole range? And can I extend it?' These ideas are reaching a lot of players, and particularly bass players—especially, I should name Steve Swallow in this. They are asking these questions, and asking how the answers affect the group music. But a player should work these things out at practice, not on the job. A job is a place to play, not experiment.

"Take Ornette Coleman. He takes a note, bends it, twists it, even spits it out. It's beautiful; it gives the instrument a new life. Jimmy Giuffre is doing the same sort of thing with the clarinet."

Peacock has substituted for Swallow in Giuffre's current trio on a couple of occasions and considers the experience among the most musically exciting he has had. "Jimmy and Paul [Bley] don't need anyone keeping time—in fact, it would get in their way. But playing with them is very exacting. They have really broken through recently. Their new Columbia record tells the story."

If Bley is not working with Giuffre, he and Gary Peacock can probably be found together. They worked recently at a Sunday session at New York City's Five Spot, with trumpeter Don Cherry and drummer Pete LaRoca, after which Bley moved over to the Take 3 coffee house to take his place with Giuffre and Swallow. Peacock and Bley also have made a television appearance on New York's educational Channel 13, and Peacock recently played a weekend with tenorist Archie Shepp and trumpeter Bill Dixon. But players of their persuasion don't get much of the work yet.

Nevertheless, it is very important to Peacock to be in New York now. "It only took me one day here to know that this is the place," he said. "In Los Angeles, the first thing you think of doing is relaxing. In New York, we play things and work things out—things that need to be worked out. This is the place—the music, the quality of the music, and the interest in it." 

# BRINGING UP 'FATHA'

By RUSS WILSON

**B**ACK NOW in the musical groove that he helped form, 57-year-old Earl (Fatha) Hines, one of the first great style-setters on jazz piano, is looking at a future flavored by memories of the past.

Heading a mainstream swing sextet, which is sailing high in the San Francisco Bay area and may go on the road, and with a new big-band album in the works at Capitol records, Hines seems to be in position to move into the forefront of the current jazz scene. One factor that could steer him that way is the experience he gained for years as an orchestra leader—a period on which he looks back fondly, and longingly.

Sitting in the comfortable family room of his big, stylishly furnished home in a quiet Oakland, Calif., neighborhood, Hines let his memory roam through the years he headed one of the country's widely known orchestras.

The offer of leadership came to Hines while he was in New York in 1928 recording piano rolls for the QRS company.

"I'd just come out of a little Chicago club, the Apex, where I'd been working with Jimmy Noone," Hines related. "There was a guy named Percy Venable—he's living out on the coast now—who was producing shows at the Sunset Cafe in Chicago. After it closed, he was hired to open the Grand Terrace, and he was looking for a 'name' attraction. Well, there weren't any 'names' there at the time; Louis was in New York and so was Fletcher Henderson, and the only person that was living in Chicago then was me—though I was in New York making those piano rolls.

"Venable sent the offer to me in New York through Lucius Millinder, who was working for him (he didn't become Lucky Millinder till after he got in the band business some years later). Lucius said, 'Earl, we'd like you to come back and open a club,' and I said okay. He told me it would be called the Grand Terrace and asked if I had a band. As a matter of fact I had been rehearsing a band back there for some time. When I got back to Chicago, I got the guys together, and we started working on the first show. That's how I actually got started in the band business for the Grand Terrace."

In making his offer, Venable was aware of the fact that Hines had played with Louis Deppe's big band in Pittsburgh and had been music director of the former Carroll Dickerson Band, with which Hines and Louis Armstrong had been playing, after Armstrong had succeeded Dickerson as leader.

"That gave me the experience of directing a band and accompanying vocalists and all that, so when I got my own band I knew my way around," Hines said.

The orchestra made its debut on Dec. 28, 1928, a date Hines always will remember—it's his birthday anniversary.

Hines identified its members as trumpeters Walter Fuller, George Dixon, who doubled alto and baritone saxophones, and Charlie Allen; trombonists Louis Taylor and Billy Franklin, who also sang; reed men Omer Simeon, who played alto and baritone saxophones as well as clarinet; Darnell Howard, clarinet, violin, and alto saxophone; Cecil Irwin, clarinet and tenor saxophone; Lawrence Dixon, who doubled banjo and cello; Quinn Wilson, bass and tuba; and Wallace Bishop, drums, who utilized chimes, gongs, tympani, and a variety of tom-toms in addition to the standard bass and snare drums.

As the years went on, there were additions to the orchestra as well as other changes of personnel. Many of its instrumentalists and singers who later became names were musical nonentities when they joined Hines, he said.

"I had to make my stars rather than buying them," he said. "I was working with a man that just wasn't going to put out too much money. So I just stayed with my guys, coached 'em, and built the things for them I thought they could handle. Then they began to acquire greater ability and confidence.

"And I've always made mental pictures of my bands and vocalists. I just see my band on stage, and I hear them play certain things, and if it doesn't sound good to me, I know it doesn't sound good to the audience, and if they don't look good to me, they don't look good to the audience. I've pictured certain numbers for Billy Eckstine and Sarah Vaughan and Madeline Green and given them to them and then gone off to one side and watched them and realized that isn't the way they should look or sound. So those numbers went out.

"I've done the same way with my present group and with the Dixieland band I had before it. For instance, I'd show [trombonist] Jimmy Archey and [clarinetist] Darnell Howard what I wanted from them, the type of endings and so on. In doing this, I'd know how to direct it, how to sell that person because I knew what he was going to do."

Of his Grand Terrace band, Hines said:

"It never was a typed organization because I didn't want it to become such. That's why I used a variety of arrangers from all over the country—so there'd be no one certain style. And I'd exchange arrangements with Fred Waring, Tommy Dorsey, and Jimmy Dorsey. The only time the listeners knew it was my band was when they heard my piano.

"We got a lot of different sounds, but we needed them for the shows we played. Why, the first section of the shows was an hour and a half long, so you know how much music we had to play.

"In those days we worked seven nights a week, and the hours were rather long—we'd start at 10 p.m. and go to 3:30 and 4 a.m. every day except Saturday. On Saturdays we went 'til 5. [*Editor's note: the hours are the same today.*] No matinees, though, thank goodness."

The band's first out-of-town trip, for an engagement at the Earl Theater in Philadelphia, is another of Hines' bright memories.

"We didn't know what it was all about," he said. "We went there because it was touring for us, and we were just a bunch of kids. Fox [theaters] gave us a dinner on the train, and we thought that was wonderful."

A little later, on a trip to Washington, D. C., Hines' path crossed that of Jimmy Mundy.

"Guys were telling me that Mundy was one of the best arrangers in the area. So he brought me five arrangements, at \$5 apiece. I tried them out, and one of them was this tune *Cavernism*. He was working in a place in Washington called the Crystal Cavern, playing sax. We put the tune in our book and used it as a closing theme while we were broadcasting."

Mundy, who later was to become famed as an arranger, joined the Hines band in 1929.

"At that time," Hines said, "Cecil Irwin—who was way ahead of his time—was doing all the arrangements for the band. Mundy worked with him, and what happened is that Jimmy got a lot of his ideas from Irwin. It was during this time that Benny Goodman and a lot of other bandleaders used to come in and listen to the band, and the arrangements that Benny heard and thought were Mundy's tunes were Irwin's tunes, but Jimmy never did tell him anything different.

"When Jimmy went with the Goodman band (in 1936), why naturally Mundy got the publicity and this other boy





Hines at the 1962 Monterey Jazz Festival;  
Jimmy Rushing in the background

was never thought of; but actually this boy, Cecil Irwin, did an awful lot. When Cecil was killed in a bus accident, we had Mundy get all of the books that he, Irwin, was studying from Cecil's wife. But Mundy was a great arranger—he was always a good arranger—but there were some great ideas that this kid had.”

Washington also was the city from which Hines obtained trombonist Trummy Young.

“Somebody told me about him, and I heard him play,” Hines said. “But there was the problem of the size of my band. Trummy and his wife cried because they thought I wasn't going to take him. I finally put him in the bus and brought him into Chicago, and my manager at the Grand Terrace, the owner, said, ‘What are you trying to do? You're going to have more men in the band than you've got coming in the club.’ I had to pay part of Trummy's salary out of my own pocket—like I'd had to do with Mundy. But a little while later we were doing so much business the owner finally gave them a salary.”

Hines said he was as adventurous with vocalists as he was with instrumentalists. He singled out a few singers:

JIM TAYLOR

“So many people told me about Arthur Lee Simpkins, when he first came on, that I brought him from Augusta, Ga. I found Herb Jeffries in Detroit—they talked so much about him—that's how I got him. Ida James had just won an amateur contest in Philadelphia, and Madeline Green, she was supposed to go out with Benny Goodman, but they had some kind of hassel—I don't know what—and I took her with me.”

**T**HE MOST FAMOUS male singer to work for Hines was Billy Eckstine, who joined in 1939 and later became known as something of an instrumentalist.

“I got Billy started as an instrumentalist because of a union hassel,” Hines said. “In those days almost all the bands were coming out with vocalists and were actually taking advantage of some of the clubs that had singers. That is, some of these clubs wouldn't hire a singer if the band had a vocalist. The singers were under AGVA [American Guild of Variety Artists], and it was getting left out of the picture. So AGVA decided that all vocalists with bands had to join the organization.

“The way I got around it, when Billy joined the band, I had him take a trumpet when we did *Jelly, Jelly* and play one note—B flat—because he didn't have to push a finger down or anything, just blow. I brought the other trumpets out front and put Billy right in the middle of them, and when they played the last chorus, he just held that one note. When AGVA asked about that, I said, ‘He's a musician with a card in the musicians union,’ so they couldn't say more about it.

“The same way with Sarah Vaughan. I had her sitting at a piano, and she'd play it a little while I was out front directing the band on some things. Then when she got ready to sing, AGVA couldn't say anything.”

Hines said Eckstine began to like the trumpet so much that he got Dizzy Gillespie and the other horn men in the band to coach him to play it. Later he shifted to valve trombone.

What about those stories that Gillespie and Charlie Parker were creating a ruckus while they were members of the Hines' band in '43?

“No, no,” Hines replied. “That's a lot of stories. They had fun, but they didn't do anything that any other person hadn't done. They were kids at the time so they didn't care.”

The leader attributes the stories about these men to writers whose chief interest was sensationalism, not factual reporting.

It should be pointed out, however, that (1) jazz history, in regard to the innovations of Parker and Gillespie, does not bear Hines out, and (2) he, naturally, is biased in favor of his own musicians. Like all leaders, he had plenty of problems in this field. Or, as he puts it:

“You've got to study each man in the band, because each has a different disposition. Actually, you've got to use a lot of psychology because they all have different temperaments and habits. You have to holler at some guys — others you have to joke with. Another you may have to take across the street to the bar to get your point across. You must impress them that to be a musician you've got to do the things that are required of a musician—look the part, play your horn: also time-making.”

Touching upon another phase of individual idiosyncrasies, Hines said:

“Some guys didn't aspire to be soloists; others wanted to. Trummy Young was one of the latter. He was always venturing out, always wanting to play his horn. Everywhere he went he carried his horn with him. The same with Benny Green. These men later turned out to be outstanding. Like Walter Fuller, he was another, and there are several others

(Continued on page 37)



Left to right: Pete Brown, Gulda, Dizzy Gillespie, Jim Hall at Village Gate benefit

**I**N 1956, a 26-year-old pianist made his jazz debut at Birdland. Two things, aside from his phenomenal technique, marked him as unusual: he was a European (and Americans were still a little surprised on encountering Europeans who played jazz) and he was an internationally famous concert pianist, already on his way to a position as one of the ranking interpreters of Beethoven.

The man was Friedrich Gulda, who proceeded to record a jazz album for RCA Victor and, in a panel discussion with various musicians at that year's Newport Jazz Festival, to sound off on what was wrong with jazz.

U.S. jazzmen are particularly touchy about strong opinions from Europeans on the subject of their native musical art. Guitarist Eddie Condon once dismissed an opinion of French jazz critic Hugues Panassie with the oft-quoted crack: "Do we go over there and tell those people how to jump on a grape?"

But the irritation resulting from Gulda's opinions and his LP was unprecedented. Composer and pianist Hall Overton (who functions in both jazz and classical music) wrote a withering essay on Gulda for *Down Beat*. Overton's friend and sometime co-worker, vibraharpist and composer Teddy Charles, wrote an equally acid article for *Metronome*.

Gulda was accused by some of typically "German" thinking. (Actually he is Viennese.) What seemed to add validity to the diatribes against Gulda was that his jazz LP was rather bad—still and inflexible.

Gulda left the United States. Jazzmen dusted their hands and arrived at the satisfied consensus that they'd fixed that Kraut. But such was not the case. Gulda was (as he still is) in demand in concert halls all over the world, and he had commitments elsewhere.

Before long, Gulda and his disc were forgotten in jazz.

But if jazz had forgotten Gulda, he hadn't forgotten jazz. Quite unintimidated (it is hard to imagine Gulda being intimidated by anything), he continued to study and play it. In his off-hours in his hotel room, Gulda was practicing jazz on the baritone saxophone he had taken to carrying on the road or else writing arrangements for jazz groups in Austria.

A few weeks ago, the denizens of New York's jazz world were startled to find Gulda again in their midst, his passion for U.S. music undiminished, his intention to play it unimpaired, and his status as one of the great musical odd-balls of our time quite beyond challenge.

Gulda said he was in New York on vacation only. He had come to listen to jazz. And during his month-long stay, he haunted the sundry watering places at which jazz is heard.

He went to Birdland to hear tenor and alto saxophonist Sonny Stitt. He went to the Village Vanguard to hear the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. He spent hours in conversation with Dizzy Gillespie. And he sounded off about jazz—and classical music—to anyone who was interested.

A good many jazzmen walked away from such conversations shaking their heads. The shock of Gulda can be great. He not only says he thinks jazz is dying but he also says that nothing much of importance has been written in classical music since the time of Beethoven.

**G**ULDA IS A STOCKY, square-faced, and bespectacled man of 32. His views can be fascinating, whether one agrees with all of them or not. They also are highly democratic; there is something for everybody—something to irritate people of all possible musical persuasions and tastes.

Gulda started by roasting Third Stream music and its two principal figures, jazz pianist John Lewis and classical French horn player Gunther Schuller.

"There is a big difference," Gulda said, "between what classical music is and what John Lewis and Gunther Schuller think it is. They talk about it a great deal and don't really know what it is. There is nothing worse than half-knowledge. Complete ignorance of classical music is infinitely preferable to the half-knowledge that filters down by way of watered-down biographies. If one is interested in classical music, I suggest that he go into it for 20 years, and then he may know what it is.

"What disturbs me is not that they try to get hold of classical principles but the incredible superficiality with which they do it. Their view of classical music is like the view of the long-hair about jazz. With no knowledge, they are ready with opinions just the same. One of my classical colleagues opens his mouth and speaks astonishing nonsense about jazz. It is comparable to what John Lewis does when he talks about classical music.

"The man in the middle is the white American musician, who has neither a deep European tradition nor a deep Negro tradition. He is always borrowing (if you are polite) or stealing (if you're not). Negro music has a blood, a tradition, a heritage, roots, just as European music does, and when the white American indulges in either kind of music, he is borrowing."

Gulda said he is intrigued by jazz and likes to play it but admits its deepest secrets will always be inaccessible to him because he does not have the heritage or tradition.

"John Lewis has enough tradition and roots in jazz," Gulda continued, "but he defies them. When he plays the

blues, he has all that he requires. When I play a Beethoven sonata, I have all that I require.

"The harmonic structure of jazz is a development of European achievements. What appears to be particularly Negro about it is the rhythm and the form—the complete naturalness with which it contents itself with the form of the variation.

"The jazz musicians started thinking about other forms when they encountered those of European music. If they hadn't encountered them, I don't think it would have occurred to them to break out of the variation form.

"To me personally, jazz has been a certain salvation, because in my opinion European music has been dying for the last 140 or 150 years. If we must have a date, I would say since the death of Beethoven. It became sick. It died. The sickness? Age, a natural thing."

**W**HEN HE FIRST KNEW JAZZ, Gulda said, it seemed to him to speak the language of things lost—"of natural musicianship, improvisation, rhythmic zest, all the wonderful things European music was in possession of 200 years ago."

Gulda's first and strongest jazz impressions, he said, were of the bop era, hearing Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. In this idiom, the music seemed to him young and healthy and, therefore, formed an unforgettable contrast to what was happening to classical music. Gulda said it would take a long time to analyze the decline of European music.

"Chopin, along with Tchaikovsky and Grieg and the French and Spanish musicians," Gulda said, "was involved in the nationalization of music, which was a special feat of the bourgeois after the decline of the nobility, which is marked by the French Revolution.

"In the old days, a nobleman was a nobleman first and only secondarily a Frenchman or a German. The nobility was international and wanted an international standard of music.

"After their passing, we see the setting up of an emphasis on national music. Wagner was a German nationalist in the purest sense. Wagner contributed to the process of German nationalism. Of course, it is impossible to say whether the man makes history or history makes the man. Whichever,

### GULDA-BILITY

Around a talented person with the volatile opinions of a Friedrich Gulda, choice stories always abound. When the controversial pianist left New York City recently, he left the following story in his wake:

After a rehearsal with a big band in Philharmonic Hall, Dizzy Gillespie, in company with saxophonist James Moody, returned to the hall to take care of some forgotten business. They left Gulda and arranger-composer Lalo Schifrin in the car to watch the instruments and the music.

When, after a half hour, Gillespie hadn't returned, Schifrin went looking for him and promptly got lost in corridors with doors opening into other corridors. "Everything was white and new, and I felt like I had wandered into a scene from Kafka," Schifrin said afterwards. Worried, he started looking for an exit.

He opened a door that looked promising and walked through. Coming out of his daze, he saw several thousand people staring at him. He was on the stage, and, a few feet away, Claudio Arrau was playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*.

Two guards hustled Schifrin outdoors. He told Gulda what had happened.

"Claudio Arrau is playing the *Moonlight Sonata*?" Gulda asked and then added, dead-pan, "I must go and help him. He will never get through the third movement."

Wagner was deeply involved with the growth of German nationalism, and we all know what a historical disaster that was.

"The decline of jazz comes about by this damned half-knowledge of European music.

"An interesting comparison occurs to me. A highly civilized people gets in touch with a more natural, younger people. And the first things the younger people take from the older and more experienced people are the worst features of their culture.

"This is exactly what has happened with jazzmen coming in contact with European music—they are taking the worst things, the worst aspects of the decline, as being the whole character of the music."

Gulda says the same thing happened to him—only in the opposite direction. When he met jazz, which he calls in some ways better than classical music, he started by imitating the worst of it, the easiest, the most accessible, the clichés, he said.

Now, he said, he has the feeling that by taking on some of the worst features of European music, jazz is on its way to committing suicide, and what makes him doubly sad is his certainty that by knowing classical music thoroughly, jazz could only gain. But with half-knowledge, jazz gets the poison, not the vitamins, and this poison may kill it, he said.

"I flatter myself that I've gotten to the point where I know jazz so thoroughly that it will be a boon and not a poison to my general musical outlook," he continued. "I'd give this advice to jazz people, from my own experience:

"I would rather they didn't touch classical music. But if they are going to, they must go into the heart and soul of it and really know it, and then they might gain. Three months at the Juilliard School of Music can give only a superficial sense of it. Ignorance is a boon. Knowledge is a boon. But half-knowledge is terrible."

**J**AZZ HAS NOT, he insisted, actually changed his approach to classical music—a term he says he dislikes. It may have augmented his sense of responsibility toward it—and to jazz, too, of course, he feels—but he says he could have learned it from classical music alone. He just learned it faster through jazz.


Gulda is obviously not given to false modesty and said that as far as his jazz playing is concerned, he thinks he is playing much better now but that, "unfortunately, I always will be judged in this country by that record I did six years ago. It was a student record. I've learned a great deal since then."

He is writing a great deal of jazz—for a big dance band in Vienna and for a small combo. In the last few years, he said, he has been learning to play baritone.

"My baritone playing isn't to be taken seriously yet," he said. "But it is coming. Why baritone? Because I'm very good at playing second lines. That's the first reason. The second is that on baritone there is not so much competition as on alto or tenor. I chose a relatively easy instrument. It was my only chance to get anywhere. I hope to be a good saxophonist some day, but I'm not learning it for virtuoso purposes."

A few days after delivering himself of these views, Gulda left for Vienna. But it is unlikely that the jazz world has seen the last of him. He admitted before leaving that he really was surveying the scene.

He wants to record jazz again, with a U. S. rhythm section. A few musicians heard him playing jazz informally and affirm that his jazz playing has indeed improved. He sat in with the group of vibraharpist Joe Roland, who said, "He played very well."

When Gulda will be back is anybody's guess. But it's unlikely that the jazz world has heard the last of him. 

As of the middle 1940s, even strong alto saxophone players retreated before the pre-eminence of Charlie Parker and his spirit. Several became tenor players. Two—Cecil Payne and Leo Parker—became baritone saxophonists and, with Serge Chaloff, became the three modern exponents of the burly horn. Of the three, only Payne is now alive.

Cecil Payne was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1922. He grew up in a house ringing with music. His mother still plays piano. His father used to play tenor saxophone. Two uncles played, too, and his sister, Cavril, is a professional singer.

As he remembers it, his change from playing guitar and singing to the world of the saxophone occurred when, just before his high school years, he heard a Count Basie recording of *Honeysuckle Rose* with a solo by the late tenor saxophonist Lester Young. That, he knew, was the horn he wanted to play, and his father, listening as a tenor saxophonist might to Young's light sound, agreed that it was a good sound and went out and bought his son an alto saxophone.

Cecil was disappointed when he discovered he had the wrong horn, but before he could brood long, he had begun taking lessons.

"One day when I was in high school," he said, "my father was walking along the street and heard someone practicing alto. He walked into the house and introduced himself and arranged for me to begin taking lessons. The guy was Pete Brown. He was a wonderful teacher. I owe a lot to Pete Brown."

Meanwhile, Payne followed the path of most young musicians. He and friends played what stock arrangements they could afford or find. And, for the rest, Payne joined some of the others in trying to copy from records.

"It sounded pretty terrible," he says now.

Soon he was in the Army (1943-46) and playing clarinet with an Army ground forces band in such places as Marseilles, France, and Okinawa. It was mostly light classical music and parades, but it gave him a chance to develop writing skills.

Immediately after the Army, he worked with a few local bands, most notably with Clarence Briggs. "We didn't get paid very much," Payne said, "but at least it was professional playing. And then was when I bought a baritone saxophone. It was just for one arrangement on *Ain't She Sweet?*"

"And I did a lot of playing at the 78th St. Taproom in New York City. I'd played there before the service too. I played mostly with Max Roach, but I met a lot of famous players like Charlie

# CECIL PAYNE

## Baritonist By Choice

By BILL COSS

Parker and Lester Young.

"Out of that came my first two big-time jobs. Max recommended me to J. J. Johnson in 1946 for a recording session. I played alto on the date. Then Clark Monroe—he worked at the Taproom—sent me to a Roy Eldridge big-band rehearsal. It turned out that Roy didn't need an alto player, but he wanted someone to play baritone. I told him I couldn't—then I changed my mind and went home for my horn."

Dizzy Gillespie heard him with Eldridge and hired him for his big band. "That band," Payne said, "was the best I ever worked with—for every reason: the music, the whole atmosphere, the guys. I have always appreciated dedicated guys, and they're normally the

best guys.

"Besides, it was when the most important thing happened for me. Now that I look back at it, I can see what my influences were. On clarinet I listened to Artie Shaw. On alto I was mostly concerned with Lester Young and Charlie Parker. And, on baritone, the whole thing was Charlie Parker.

"I suppose the influence was always there, but I really saw it for the first time on the Gillespie band. We were playing at the Spotlight on 52nd St., and Charlie Parker came in, sat in with the band, playing my baritone. He turned me upside down. I knew then that that was the way I wanted to play the horn."

Payne remained with Gillespie from 1946 until '49. Then he spent three years in New York freelancing with groups led by such as James Moody, for which band he also did some writing, and Tadd Dameron. Then he toured with Illinois Jacquet for two years, until 1954.

It has been only recently that he has been again working regularly in jazz. For nearly six years he played only occasionally, devoting himself to working in real estate with his father.

Now he's back full time and with a vengeance. He has two albums already issued by Charlie Parker records, one more due soon, a sideman appearance with Horace Silver, and the strong possibility of a big-band set featuring him with arrangements by Benny Golson.

"I'm starting to write again," he added. "You know, I never studied it formally. And I did some live broadcasts from the Gaslight Club for Allen Grant. There were a couple on tape with Mundell Lowe.

"I think I'd like something like that for a group I have in mind to start—you know, with guitar and baritone. It's a nice sound. And I'd play some Latin things. That's a good feeling with jazz. Still, with things the way they are, you get your best experience playing baritone in a big band, where you get a chance to blow out."

Payne hardly needs the experience at this point, but he is regularly working with a big band, playing Latin things, with Machito ("with that kind of band you have to play hard notes because Spanish music is that way").

Nor does he really need any more special experience with life. Like most big men, he has matured into a kind of gentleness that includes a little naivete and a lot of amusement with self.

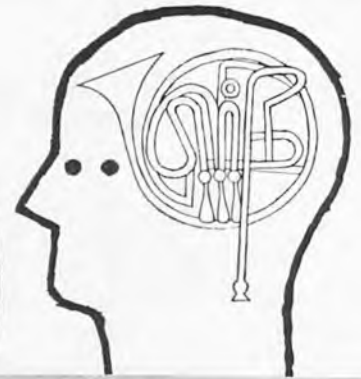
When he was informed that he had won last year's new-star award for baritone saxophone in *Down Beat's Inter-*

(Continued on page 40)



DON SCHLITEN

# OUT OF MY HEAD



**BY GEORGE CRATER**

I wonder:

If *Down Beat* would pop for enough scratch to allow me to present *The George Crater Coloring Book* ("I have a white plastic saxophone. My music has been a mystery to nearly everyone. Color me vague").

If you ever got the feeling after leaving a Coltrane set that you had just witnessed a soundtrack audition for *The Longest Day*.

If Thelonious Monk's theory about getting to work on time can be summed up in whoever shows up must be put down.

Why H. B. Barnum and Dave Bailey haven't got around to recording *Circus*.

If John Lewis ever attempted to conduct a Sunday crowd at Yankee Stadium.

Whatever happened to Bonnemere.

If you get the impression that Chico Hamilton thinks Les McCann, Ltd., really is.

If there is a chick somewhere for the Jolly Green Giant.

If jazz musicians who are conned by clubowners into playing for less than scale find themselves gigging more now and enjoying it less.

What it would feel like if the editor of *Down Beat* ever decided to take that horn Out of My Head.

If Johnny Carson really knew beforehand that Cannonball Adderley was not a carnival act.

Why Bill Crow and Gary Peacock haven't been asked to do a joint *Blindfold Test*, since we all know that birds of a Feather. . . .

If J. J. Johnson is looking for a bridge.

Why the Brothers Candoli still sound like a Douglas Fairbanks Sr. epic.

Will Mingus be billed in the future as "My Son, the Folkslinger."

Whatever happened to Slim Gaillard.

How many green stamps Herbie Mann wants for Brazil.

Is there any chance that Olatunji might turn out to be Sal Mineo.

What would happen if Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, Don Ellis, Charles Lloyd, Cecil Taylor, and Teo Macero were locked in a closet with the Dukes of Dixieland.

Is there any truth to the rumor that Delmar records has acquired the original soundtrack to the French and Indian War.

Why Mose Allison hasn't opened a club called Allison Wonderland.

If Dave Brubeck is entertaining ideas of fooling around with new times, such as central standard and daylight saving.

If that \$200,000 contract Jimmy Smith was reported to have signed has small print saying he must be on 24-hour call for weddings, funerals, and roller rinks (see below).

Sometimes, after I finish a column and re-read it, I kinda get the feeling there's no such cat as George Crater. The whole thing's sorta creepy. It's like waiting for Roland Kirk to throw away his horns, grab the microphone, and blow eight choruses of *I'll Remember April* only to have him cop out at the last moment because the mike cord makes a lousy neck strap.

More jazz musician trading cards:

The Curtis Amy card (#33) tells how many fights the saxophonist had in the Army after those last-name-first roll calls.

The Herb Pomeroy card (#92) discloses what it's like to be banned in Boston for not playing tea parties.

The Cal Tjader card (#19) tells how he has liberated more Cubans than that New York lawyer.

The Whitey Mitchell card (#70) not only tells why his bass is equipped with a piggy-back refill but also why he treasures wallet-size photos of Dorothy Kilgallen, Frank Rosolino, and Westbrook Pegler.

Has anyone noticed the growing trend of disagreement between *Down Beat* writers and jazz musicians (Pekarr-Mingus, Coss-Terry)? I guess I'll have to tell Eddie Harris what I really think of *Exodus*.

If I had a hammer, I'd really give it to Peter, Paul, and what's-her-name. . . . The lyrics to *Cast Your Fate to the Wind* should be torn up in little pieces and tossed into a strong one . . . and Mel Torme. . . .

PHOTO/JOE ALPER



"Okay, cats, when I count three I want you all to go back and put on your skates . . ."

# record reviews

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

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

## BOSSA NOVA —STILL COMING

### Luiz Bonfa

**BOSSA NOVA**—Verve 8522: *Samba de Duas Notas; Vem So; Sambalamento; Tristeza; Manha de Carnaval; Silencio do Amor; Domingo a Noite; Ilha de Coral; Adeus; Quebra Mar; Amor que Acabou; Chora Tua Tristeza; Bossa Nova Cha Cha.*

Personnel: Bonfa, guitar, vocals; Oscar Castro-Neves, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

### Bud Shank

**BRASAMBA!**—Pacific Jazz 64: *Brasamba; Otem a Note; Autumn Leaves; Sambinha; Gostoso; If I Should Lose You; O'Barquinho; Serenidade; Elizette; Samba de Orfeu.*

Personnel: Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Joe Pass, guitar; Clare Fischer, piano; Larry Bunker, vibraphone, drums; Ralph Pena, bass; Milt Holland, Chuck Flores, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

### Laurindo Almeida

**OLE! BOSSA NOVA!**—Capitol 1872: *Recado Bossa Nova; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; O' Barquinho; What Kind of Fool Am I?; Aca-pulco 1922; Heartaches; Fly Me to the Moon; Satin Doll; The Alley Cat Song; Meditation; Walk Right In; Days of Wine and Roses.*

Personnel: Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; Justin Gordon, flute; Jimmie Rowles, organ; Almeida, Howard Roberts, guitars; Max Bennett, bass; Shelly Manne, Chico Guerrero, Milt Holland, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Bossa nova is supposed to be a blend of U.S. jazz and Brazilian music, and the group leaders on these albums have more than a passing knowledge of Brazilian music. Even so, the results of the three sessions vary greatly.

Bonfa wrote the excellent score for the film *Black Orpheus*. His album is the least touched by the jazz influence. Its first side highlights his singing, the second his guitar playing. On some of the tracks he is backed by an orchestra or by vocal effects. Lalo Schifrin wrote arrangements for the large group, and Bonfa provided the others. None of the tracks is taken much above a medium tempo.

Nine of the compositions are Bonfa's, and he is co-composer of two others. If they are representative of his output, then he must be a Brazilian Cole Porter. Evidently he is a prolific writer of lovely melodies. I found *Tristeza* particularly pretty, and *Bossa Nova Cha Cha* is a simple and beautifully resolved tune, the kind that stays in your head for days after you hear it.

As a singer, Bonfa is a fine musician. His vocal equipment is ordinary, but he makes the most of it. He has a small voice and sings in an intimate, soothing manner. I have heard relatively few vocalists with a more personal style.

The selections on the second side are slightly less consistent in quality. *Coral* and *Adeus* are marred by Schifrin's syrupy ar-

rangements and come off as background music. However, Bonfa is a fine guitarist with a warm tone and clean technique. His playing, like his singing, is tasteful and relaxed, but he plays with sufficient forcefulness when the occasion demands it—as on *Quebra Mar*. *Chora Tua Tristeza* has a good example of his single-string style and also demonstrates his nice sense of solo construction.

The Shank album, as one would suspect, has a strong jazz flavor. He and Fischer have contributed some attractive originals to the program, which also includes two U.S. standards and two excellent Brazilian compositions (*Barquinho* and *Orfeu*). I don't know who did the arranging, but it too is admirable. The instrumental versatility of Shank and Bunker gives a wider range of color than a group of this type generally has at its disposal.

Shank's alto work is very pleasant, cool,



and easygoing, marking a return to his approach of the '50s. His flute spots are innocuous.

Fischer performs commendably. He displays a beautiful touch: luminous and full but not excessively heavy. All his solos are interesting. He fingers so gracefully on *Serenidade* that even when double-timing his playing doesn't seem agitated. He shifts accents brilliantly on this track.

His rich melodic imagination is in evidence on *Otem a Note*. His *Gostoso* solo is influenced, directly or indirectly, by Lennie Tristano. It's good to hear that some latter-day pianists are aware of Tristano.

The notes mention that Pass had never played bossa nova before this date. But he is as inventive and tasteful as ever. I think Pass is becoming to the guitar what Hank Jones is to the piano.

The Almeida record seems to be an attempt to take advantage of the commercial success of bossa nova. In addition to the inclusion of some ordinary pop tunes, which do not lend themselves particularly well to a Latin treatment, the producers have enclosed a booklet on how to dance the bossa nova.

Rowles plays well, but the organ adds an unwelcome heaviness to the music and sometimes partly nullifies the effect of a good rhythm section.

Most of the interesting moments on the album are provided by Fagerquist and Cooper, both of whom are in good form. Unfortunately, neither gets much room to stretch out. (H.P.)

### Oscar Castro-Neves

**BIG BAND BOSSA NOVA**—Audio Fidelity 5983: *OMenina Desce O Morro; Desafinado; Nao Faz Assim; Chora Tua Tristeza; Chega de saudade; Zelao; Samba de Uma Nota So; Outra Vez; Patinho Feio; Menina Feia; Doralice; Aula de Matematica.*

Personnel: Castro-Neves, piano; Helio Marinho, Ze Bodega, Emilio Genaldo, saxophones; Clelio Ribeiro, trumpet; Norato, trombone; Henri, guitar; Iko Castro-Neves, bass; Roberto, Chico Feitosa, Gilson and Llsom, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★

For more than two decades, Brazilian musicians in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo have turned to jazz for pleasure and inspiration, and occasionally some pretty good players have come along. Combining jazz with native rhythms was never considered especially unusual, but it has, as everyone knows, become the thing to do recently.

Behind the popularity of jazzy samba—bossa nova—was a sudden rash of talented tune writers and the interest of fledgling Brazilian musicians like composer-pianist Castro-Neves and his friends, some of whom appear on this record.

The orchestra assembled around these youngsters reveals a basic flaw in the Brazilian approach to jazz: the lethargic, yawning style that fits Portuguese-Brazilian melodies so well just doesn't make it in a jazz setting. This group pokes along in the soggy fashion that characterizes, say, many U.S. high-school dance bands. (To be honest, I've heard a number of high-school outfits that can easily outswing Castro-Neves' orchestra.)

Occasionally a well-played jazz solo brightens the proceedings, but the rest is labored part-reading over an ordinary Brazilian rhythm section.

"Authentic—recorded in Brazil," it says on the album sleeve. If this represents "authentic" bossa nova, I'll stay with Stan Getz, thank you. (R.B.H.)

## INSTRUMENTAL

### Ahmed Abdul-Malik

**SOUNDS OF AFRICA**—New Jazz 8282: *Wahida Hana; African Bossa Nova; Nadusilma; Out of Nowhere; Communication; Suffering.*

Personnel: Richard Williams or Tommy Tur-rentine, trumpet; Edwin Steede, alto saxophone; Taft Chandler or Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; Bilal Abdurahman, clarinet, darubeka; Rupert Alleyne, flute; Calo Scott, cello, violin; Abdul-Malik, bass, oud; Rudy Collins or Andrew Cyrille, drums; Montego Joe, conga, bongos; Chief Bey, African drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

What starts out in this album as an interesting melding of African and Middle Eastern musical practices with those of jazz soon degenerates into a tedious

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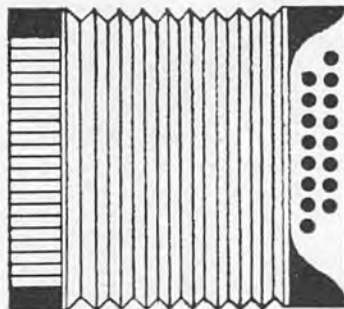
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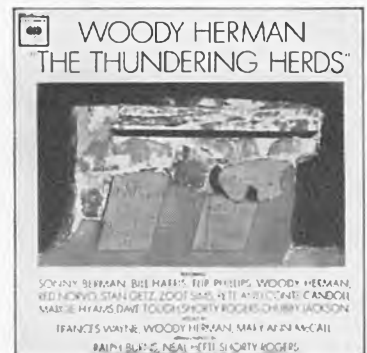
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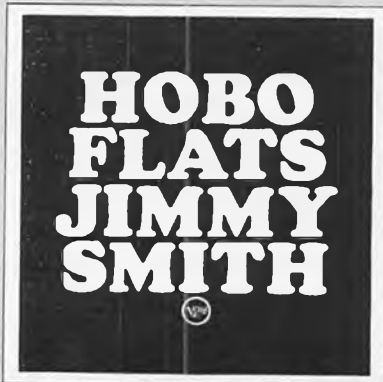
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rhythm exercise that is only sometimes arresting.

That the union of jazz and the more exotic disciplines that have been Abdul-Malik's wont to explore can have fructifying results is best seen in the one piece on which the bassist switches to the oud. *Nadusilma* (the theme voiced by muted trumpet and oud in unison, the horn taking advantage of the half-valve effects available to it), and the lengthy *Suffering*, where Scott's violin takes on the nasal, pinched sound and ululating phrasing (like a small animal being strangled) of the flute playing of the Middle East.

What harms this set is its aimlessness and purposelessness, the air of being neither fish nor fowl, and that many of its participants are at odds with the music and its philosophy. Some of the group members have an understanding and appreciation of what Abdul-Malik is trying to do, but others do not—and notably so. Trumpeter Williams, for example, never once gives the impression that he feels comfortable in his surroundings or that he has the least idea of what is going on around him; most of his solos are as inapposite to the music and its goals as complete misunderstanding can make them. This holds true for Steede and Chandler as well, neither one of whom is a particularly venturesome jazzman.

But even more damaging than any individual shortcomings is the music's being so discursive and incompletely assimilated; it doesn't know what it is. Perhaps that's badly expressed—but *Wakida Hena* is an example of what I mean. The piece is of a type of contemporary African music known as "high life"—the cafe music of Ghana and Nigeria. "The arrangement," it is stated in the liner notes, "is authentic in structure [whatever that means], with the proper blending of calypso and Latin music." In short, the style itself is a kind of dilute, Westernized African music.

But whatever *Wakida* was intended to be—whether an authentic re-creation of the high-life music or a jazz piece using the structure and character of the native music as points of departure—it turns out to be merely a jaunty piece of effluvia that has neither the strength and charm of ethnic authenticity nor any real validity as jazz to recommend it. It's neither real high life nor good, sturdy jazz; it's just a tepid musical hybrid that's at best pleasant.

The same applies to the other selections. *African Bossa Nova*, for example, seems like a truncated version of the old spiritual *I'm on My Way to the Canaan Land* over bossa nova rhythm; other than a fine, purposeful bass solo by Abdul-Malik and a shorter cello segment by Scott, not much of moment occurs in it, with even less occurring in *Communication*.

*Out of Nowhere* consists of straight jazz blowing by Turrentine and Dixon in their sole appearances in the album, but even here nothing untoward takes place. The same types of solos have been blown countless times before.

Sounds of Africa? Hardly. More like just a bad afternoon in Rudy Van Gelder's studio. (P.W.)

## Roy Burns

SKIN BURNS—Roulette 52095: *You Are My Sunshine*; *Cute*; *Abalon*; *Swingtime*; *Living Time*; *Gypsy in My Soul*; *Live at Five*; *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*.

Personnel: Burns, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

As annotator Louis Bellson puts it, "when it's the drums turn . . . wail." Burns wails, all right. He's certainly one of the foremost drummers, though not one of the favored in the current jazz camp.

In this album he proves his sense of time, his technique, and his percussive imagination take a back seat to very few drummers in jazz. The thing is: he proves it and proves it and proves it.

The other inhabitants of this proving ground for Burns consist of three good, staunch, true yoemen of the mainstream. The record company chose not to identify the tenor saxophonist, the pianist, the bass player, which is a (familiar) pity. In any event, they serve well and strongly, filling the gaps between Burns' solos with verve and conviction.

Recommended especially for drummers not yet Elvined, Phillied, or Maxed.

(J.A.T.)

## Dukes of Dixieland

THE DUKES AT DISNEYLAND—Columbia 1966: *Original Dixieland One-Step*; *Wolverine Blues*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *The Saints March*; *Canal Street Blues*; *New Orleans Ceremony*.

Personnel: Frank Assunto, trumpet; Fred Assunto, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Jae Assunto, banjo; Herb Ellis or Al Hendrickson, guitar; Gene Schroeder, piano; Bob Casey, bass; Charlie Lodi, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The tracks are from the 1962 Dixieland Jazz Festival at Disneyland, an event that, judging from the unusual kick and drive of the band, found the Dukes ready and waiting. There is a minimum of musical horseplay and some surprisingly tasteful handling of these warhorse tunes.

Anything could have easily gone wrong on *New Orleans Ceremony*, the music and narration of a New Orleans funeral, but Frank Assunto brings it off with the right touch. The closing ensemble of *One-Step* gets out of hand in spots, but this track has a swinging solo by Ellis and an unusual stop-time chorus by Fuller.

*Wolverine* moves briskly, with Schroeder and Hendrickson sharing solo honors. Schroeder opens *Royal Garden* with some remarkable figures and plays some pleasingly original passages on *Saints*.

One of the best things throughout is Frank's trumpet, which swings, is flexible, and is salted with a Kansas City sound, like an early Buck Clayton or Harry Edison.

All in all, a pleasing album. (G.M.E.)

## Easy Riders Jazz Band

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ—UPTOWN STYLE—Jazz Crusade 1001: *Doctor Jazz*; *Ice Cream*; *Chimes Blues*; *Joe Avery's Piece*; *You Always Hurt the One You Love*; *Sometimes My Burden Is So Hard to Bear*; *When My Dreamboat Comes Home*; *Willie the Weeper*; *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*; *I Shall Not Be Moved*.

Personnel: Bob Fargo, cornet; Bill Bissonnette, trombone; Bill Connell, Noel Kalet, clarinets; Bill Sinclair, piano; Earl Capron, banjo, vocals; Dick McCarthy, bass; Art Pulver, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The Easy Riders is an amateur group from Connecticut that quite obviously plays for the fun of it—which is as it



should be. The group's prime inspiration is the Bunk Johnson-George Lewis style.

The Riders' primary asset is enthusiasm. What they may have in addition to that is largely obscured by recording that manages to sound as archaic as the music—it has the mushy, nebulous quality of an early acoustical disc. Most of the pieces are taken at a fast clip, are largely ensemble, and, from what can be heard through the murky recording, are fairly chaotic. However, the group manages to stay together on *Willie*; Kalet and Bissonette cope successfully with a slow treatment of *Dreamboat*; and there's a fine, walloping ensemble on the last part of *Moved*.

This is the kind of band that probably sounds best in the midst of what Ferd Morton called "everything in the line of hilarity." It is scarcely in its proper element when it is fuzzily reproduced on a cold piece of vinyl. (J.S.W.)

### Sammy Gardner

**BLUES BY GASLIGHT**—Norman 104: *Parade of the Gaslight Squares*; *Milneberg Joys*; *Beale Street Blues*; *Lonesome and Sorry*; *Blues by Gaslight*; *Clarinet Marmalade*; *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*; *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?*; *I'm Confessin'*; *Basin Street Blues*.

Personnel: Don Gumpert, trumpet; Jim Haislip, trombone; Gardner, clarinet; Alfred Ware, piano; Don Summers, tuba; Ralph Pellegrino, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

Ever wonder why many contemporary musicians distinguish between jazz and Dixieland? Bands such as this one furnish a few of the answers.

Failure to identify with the blues, missing many of the less obvious changes, ill-

timed use of dramatic devices (slurs, growls, sforzando notes, etc.), overlooking even the simplest ways to achieve balanced ensemble counterpoint, choosing hack tunes, pandering to the lowest stratum of audience taste, refusing to take musical chances, and not swinging together are some of the factors that lead sincere jazzmen to write off groups like Gardner's.

Trombonist Haislip is the only member of this company who seems well above the amateur level. But, alas, he fails to temper his impressive technique with taste or restraint.

Gardner's crew may generate a good-time spirit in person, but on records, where attention to musical detail is unavoidable, it comes out closer to dime-store Dixie than to jazz. (R.B.H.)

### Red Garland

**WHEN THERE ARE GREY SKIES**—Prestige 7258: *Sunny Boy*; *My Honey's Lovin' Arms*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Nobody Knows the Trouble I See*; *I Ain't Got Nobody*.

Personnel: Garland, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Garland is one of the most important figures in recent jazz piano history. His method of block-chording has influenced many other pianists. Also important is the way he establishes a groove with his left hand by punctuating the first and third beats of the bar.

During the last several years, Prestige seems to have been trying to put Garland across as a purveyor of background music. Certainly a few of the albums he has made

in this period have not shown him to the best advantage.

The program here includes several ordinary pop tunes, and it is a tribute to Garland's ability that the session produced gratifying results.

He plays close to the melody on *Sunny Boy*, his tasteful approach and beautiful touch making even this tune palatable.

*Lovin' Arms* finds Garland spinning long, single-note lines containing an abundance of good ideas. Persip's excellent drumming adds to the excitement here.

*I Ain't Got Nobody* is given a sprightly treatment, and *Baby* and *St. James* are taken at medium tempos and have relaxed, melodic Garland solos.

*Nobody Knows* is probably the best track on the album as well as one of his most plaintive recorded performances. The tempo is quite slow, and in the beginning of the track Garland uses his left hand often, if discreetly, to keep things alive. The track is quite long, taking up most of the second side, and Garland is creative enough to sustain a high level of improvisation most of the way. He uses single-note lines and chordal techniques during the performance and is not afraid to make references to the melody. (H.P.)

### Johnny Gilbert

**THAT'S ALL**—Imperial 9225: *Sweetheart*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *Love for Sale*; *Easy to Love*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *Get Out of Town*; *Just Friends*; *This Can't Be Love*; *What More Must I Say?*; *She*; *That's All*.

Personnel: Gilbert, piano, vocals; Jim Ates, bass; John Eplen, drums, vibraphone.

Rating: ★ ★

Gilbert's trio is primarily a commercial

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group built around his highly mannered vocalizing. He strains for styling in his singing without helping either the songs or himself. Instrumentally, the group works on a jazz foundation and swings pleasantly, but the conception is again aimed at an indiscriminating popular market and is held to thoroughly unadventurous limits.

(J.S.W.)

### Al Grey

**NIGHT SONG**—Argo 711: *Blues in the Night*; *Stella by Starlight*; *The Way You Look Tonight*; *Through for the Night*; *Star Dust*; *Night and Day*; *Laughing Tonight*.

Personnel: Dave Burns, trumpet; Grey, trombone; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Earl Washington, piano; Herman Wright, bass; Otis Finch, Phil Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Grey's big, broad-shouldered trombone swagers all through this disc, sometimes jauntily, sometimes tenderly, sometimes cynically. It is primarily his session, and, largely because of this, it suffers from an overdose of trombone. It need not have been this way because, after one full side of performances that are all done with more or less similar trombone texture, he plays in more varied and more interesting fashion on the second.

As things stand, Mitchell, who has a relatively minor role on the album, is actually more impressive, since he comes through in provocative fashion whenever he appears. He plays a magnificent verse on *Star Dust* that sets the stage for an excellent Grey solo that is followed by some lustrous muted trumpet by Burns.

The four pieces that make up this side suggest what the entire disc might have been if a little more imagination had been used. Putting Grey's trombone out alone for long stretches with nothing for it to rub against tends to dilute the very qualities that make his work interesting.

(J.S.W.)

### Bobby Hackett

**JAZZ VERSION OF OLIVER**—Epic 16037: *Who Will Buy?*; *Where Is Love?*; *Food, Glorious Food*; *I'd Do Anything*; *As Long as He Needs Me*; *It's a Fine Life*; *Oom-Pah-Pah*; *Consider Yourself*; *Pick a Pocket or Two*; *Oliver*; *My Name*; *Be Back Soon*.

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Dick Hyman, organ; Don Friedman, piano; Jimmie Mitchell, bass or gut-string guitar; Carmen Mastren or George Barnes, guitar; Vinnie Burke, bass; Ray Mosca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Hackett has recorded about three memorable things in jazz—the inventive, delicately wrought *Embraceable You* in 1938 (Commodore); *I Must Have That Man*, a strong flight in lyrical imagination, done in 1944 (Commodore); and the yearning, impassioned *New Orleans*, on which images dance and whirl in his improvising, in 1944 (Commodore).

In addition to these, he has recorded an interminable number of solos that have delighted many because of his pretty tone and musical ideas but which do not weather well because the man seems to lose his jazz guts somewhere along the way.

This album is a good illustration of this. It was intended to be nothing more than a tasteful interpretation of the tunes of a current Broadway show, but jazzman Hackett is always playing bits and pieces of things that seem ready to develop into

something with the old fiery magic, but they never make it.

*Pick a Pocket* is good, with a mellow cornet obligato passage. *Who Will Buy?* lends itself to Hackett's sound and is one of the better tunes of the show.

Hyman's background arrangements are generally in good taste, but his organ playing is often distracting and not always a good jell with Hackett's cornet.

This album should please the *Oliver!* people immensely.

(G.M.E.)

### Chico Hamilton

**A DIFFERENT JOURNEY**—Reprise 6078: *Sun You Son*; *Voice in the Night*; *A Different Journey*; *The Vulture*; *One Sheridan Square*; *Island Blues*.

Personnel: George Bohanon, trombone; Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Albert Stinson, bass; Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Though Hamilton heads this group, Lloyd probably has much to say about its musical direction. He has contributed all the compositions on the album. His chord progressions are sometimes advanced, but the melodies are economically written, tightly constructed, and should not be too difficult for most fans to appreciate.

Among the better compositions are *Sun*, which has an interestingly fragmented melodic line; *Voice*, a lovely ballad; and *Sheridan*, which is marked by abrupt tempo changes. *Journey* is a delicately happy piece with Lloyd playing flute.

His tenor playing is not as original as his composing—he owes a great deal to John Coltrane. However, he is one of Coltrane's better disciples—an inventive and forceful soloist. For soul, listen to his playing on *Voice*, on which his instrument sounds like a pain-filled cry.

Bohanon seems to have been influenced by J. J. Johnson. His solos are calm and well-ordered, and he is a fine technician; even the very fast tempo of *Vulture* doesn't bother him.

Szabo is one of the best guitarists to come on the scene in recent years. He articulates single-note lines cleanly and strongly, and his voicings are unique, sometimes suggesting the human voice. His best solo is probably on *Sheridan*. Here he plays at fast and slow tempos, displaying a variety of techniques.

Hamilton's drumming is superb. His playing has grown increasingly complex in the last several years, but he has sacrificed none of the taste and dynamic sensitivity that were his trademarks.

Stinson is a powerful rhythm-section man and has good solos on *Sun* and *Sheridan*.

(H.P.)

### Ahmad Jamal

**MACANUDO**—Argo 712: *Montevideo*; *Bogota*; *Sugar Loaf at Twilight*; *Haitian Market Place*; *Buenos Aires*; *Bossa Nova do Marilla*; *Carnival in Panama*; *Belo Horizonte*.

Personnel: Jamal, piano; unidentified orchestra, Richard Evans, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is really more arranger Evans' disc than Jamal's although Evans seems to have been limited by the presence of the pianist. All the compositions and arrangements are by Evans, reflecting various aspects of South American music. He also conducted the orchestra.

Evans has created a group of genial



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ist, but there are good solo spots by Starling on mellophone; Andy Marsala, the onetime boy wonder of Marshall Brown's youth bands who has developed a tight, stabbing alto saxophone style; and baritone saxophonist Nick Brignola, who rips through a fast treatment of *All the Things* quite commendably until he runs out of ideas and staggers through to the finish in meandering fashion.

Wilcox makes several attempts to do something with guitar-baritone saxophone unison passages, but while they suggest an interesting coloration, they are not strong enough to give the band the positive character it needs.

A girl vocalist, heard singing two selections, may have been included on the date as a friendly gesture, but the injection of this kind of amateurism implies little consideration for those who put out good money for this disc. (J.S.W.)

## Sy Zentner

**WALTZ IN JAZZ TIME**—Liberty 7284: *The Sweetest Sounds; Paradise; A la Mode; Belle of the Ball; Cassandra; Gonna Go Fishin'; Waltz in Jazz Time; Green Fields; Willow, Weep for Me; Lover; Wild Honeysuckle; Magenta.*  
Personnel: Zentner, trombone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ½

Despite this misleading title, this is not a jazz record. There is no improvisation, and the band "swings" in the sterile, well-fed way often associated with New York and Los Angeles studio orchestras.

The arrangements are, by and large, stiffly commercial. At their best, these scores sound rather like bloodless imitations of some of the things Sy Oliver used to write for Tommy Dorsey.

Speaking of Dorsey, Zentner himself calls to mind the tone and control of the late trombonist. Except that he seems less jazz-oriented than Tommy was! (R.B.H.)

## OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

### Lester Young-Nat Cole

**NAT (KING) COLE MEETS LESTER YOUNG**  
—Crown 5305: *Indiana; I Can't Get Started; Jumpin' at Mesner's; Sunday; Jammin' with Lester.*

Personnel: Shorty McConnell or Howard McGhee, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Young, tenor saxophone; Cole or Dodo Marmarosa or Wesley Jones or Argonne Thornton, piano; Fred Lucey, guitar; Red Callender or Curtis Counce or Rodney Richardson, bass; Henry Green or Johnny Otis or Lyndell Marshall, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Five tracks originally issued on 78s don't seem like enough to fill a 12-inch LP. This may have occurred to the producers of this record, for some of the tracks have been artificially lengthened by repeating portions of the record. For instance, just as Marmarosa is about to go into the last quarter of his chorus on *Mesner's* he is interrupted by Lester Young's playing the first chorus of the selection again, and the complete performance then follows.

Still, I have given the record five stars because the selections on it are masterpieces and, in my opinion, priceless.

Cole is actually on only two of the tracks: *Started* and *Indiana*. These were recorded in 1942 as trios with Young and Callender, but an unidentified drummer has been dubbed in on the latter. (Happi-

ly, his playing is unobtrusive.)

Both tracks should remind listeners what a great pianist Cole was. Earl Hines' influence could be heard in his playing here, but he was an original stylist. He used a variety of voicings and had a razor-sharp sense of building and releasing tension. He could play forcefully, as on *Indiana* (his solo is repeated later on the track) or reflectively, as on *Started*.

In his method of accompaniment he was a precursor of modern jazz. Note his sparsely effective comping for Young on *Indiana*, which allows the bass to come through strongly. Some of his voicings were popularized five to seven years later by Bud Powell and Oscar Peterson. In 1944 Cole recorded a solo on a Jazz at the Philharmonic version of *Tea for Two* in which he employed a two-chord bass figure similar to those which became Powell's trademark.

Young's solos on these two tracks are gems of melodic gracefulness. He paces himself beautifully. His first choruses, in which he subtly alters or departs from the theme, are worth hearing again and again. And what a lovely tone he has!

The remaining tracks are from later dates. *Mesner's* was recorded in 1945 and *Sunday* in 1947. Both are taken at fast tempos and have irresistibly swinging Young solos. His playing on *Sunday* is particularly rich melodically. *Mesner's* has a fine solo by Marmarosa, one of the most brilliant bop pianists. Here his playing still had some traces of swing-era influence as the closing quarter of his solo (which is eventually fitted in) illustrates.

*Sunday* is wrongly titled *S.M. Blues* on the album. Errors like this are all too common and sometimes tend to perpetuate themselves, causing a great deal of confusion for listeners. I recently have discovered that two other titles from the *Sunday* date—*Sax-O-Be-Bop* and *No Eyes Blues*—were reversed on an Aladdin LP and later on a Score LP.

The underappreciated McConnell has a piquant spot on *Sunday*, and Thornton, whose name now is Sadik Hakim, has a fair solo.

*Jammin' with Lester*, a blues, is perhaps the least memorable track on the album but contains good playing by Young and McGhee. (H.P.)

## VOCAL

### Betty Carter

**'ROUND MIDNIGHT**—Atco 33-152: *Nothing More to Look Forward To; Who, What, Where, When; Heart and Soul; Call Me Darling; When I Fall in Love; 'Round Midnight; I Wonder; Theme from Dr. Kildare (Three Stars Will Shine Tonight); The Good Life; Everybody's Somebody's Fool; Two Cigaretts in the Dark.*

Personnel: Miss Carter, vocals; Oliver Nelson or Claus Ogerman, conductor; orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There is not a doubt in the world: Betty Carter is one of the best singers in the United States today.

She possesses an uncanny power of communication with the listener whether, in the instance of this album, the song be a pop-oriented *Nothing More* or an almost incredibly sensitive *'Round Midnight*—with its jazz obligato by a very good, unidentified tenor saxist.

Miss Carter is gifted with a voice like warm plum-colored velvet. She doesn't merely sing to you, she envelops your consciousness with soft, caressing subtleties of phrasing and harmonic grasp. She is, in truth, a singer's singer, a musician's singer . . . everybody's singer.

This set, on the whole is quite subdued and demonstrates in repertoire the ballad side of Miss Carter. Fine ballads they are, to be sure.

Garbed in the empathetic, gently swelling folds of Nelson's arrangements, Miss Carter's voice emerges as a magnificent contralto instrument. It's all there: distinctive quality, tonal drama, range, unforced phrasing, impeccable diction. It's all Betty Carter. Watch out for this woman.

(J.A.T.)

### Champion Jack Dupree

**CABBAGE GREENS** — Okeh 12103: *Cabbage Greens, No. 1; Gambling Man Blues; Morning Tea; Chain Gang Blues; Big Time Mama; Warehouse Man Blues; Jackie P. Blues; Black Woman Swing; Dupree Shake Dance; Junker's Blues; All Alone Blues; Angola Blues; Bad Health Blues; Weed Head Woman; Heavy Heart Blues; Cabbage Greens, No. 2.*

Personnel: Dupree, piano, vocals; Wilson Swain, bass; Tampa Red, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Recorded over an 18-month period in 1940 and '41, these 16 selections offer a representative sampling of the unpretentious, easy singing and playing of New Orleans' Jack Dupree.

There is an unforced warmth and a personable charm to Dupree's singing that carries over nicely on these simple, direct pieces, the bulk of which are original compositions. Among them are a number of fine texts, including *Warehouse Man* (which deals with the WPA), *Junker's*, *Chain Gang*, and *Angola*.

The vocals are capably supported by piano accompaniments in an uncomplicated barrelhouse style of little distinction, subtlety, or variety; rather, it is functional and to the point.

The liner notes suggest that guitarist Tampa Red is added on five of the selections: it sounds very little like Red's playing. (P.W.)

### Pete Franklin

**GUITAR PETE'S BLUES**—Prestige/Bluesville 1968: *I Got to Find My Baby; Lonesome Bedroom Blues; Prison Bound; Black Gal; Grieving Me; Rocky Mountains; Six White Horses; Sail On; My Old Lonesome Blues; Guitar Pete's Blues.*

Personnel: Franklin, guitar, piano, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Indianapolis resident Franklin is a young blues performer who accompanies his pleasantly gritty singing with a robust, easily swinging barrelhouse piano or with a virile guitar style that is a rougher, less-complex version of the late Scrapper Blackwell's, the stylistic pacesetter for many blues men in Indianapolis.

Like most young blues men, Franklin's biggest shortcoming is a lack of originality. He has learned the greater portion of his repertoire from recordings, and though he gives the impression of a unified personal style, just about every one of his sources can be traced in his singing. Still, he's no mere imitator; he is, rather, an eclectic who has subjected his borrowings to a simple kind of reworking. His singing and playing (he's equally adept on

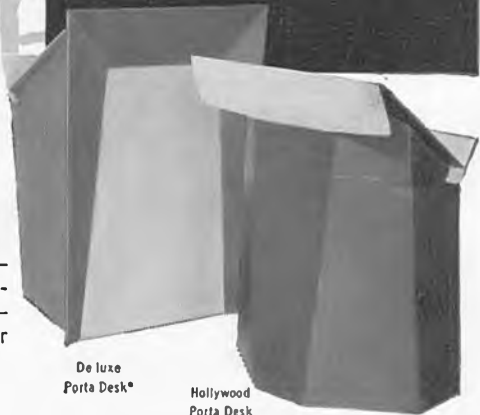


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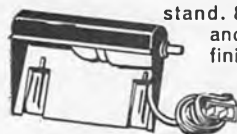
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both piano and guitar) are direct, unforced, and possessed of a great deal more raw power than many other young urban blues men. (P.W.)

**Anita O'Day-Three Sounds**

ANITA O'DAY AND THE THREE SOUNDS  
—Verve 8514: *When the World Was Young; Some Day My Prince Will Come; All Too Soon; My Heart Stood Still; My Ship; Leave It to Me; Whisper Not; Blues by Five; In Other Words; You and the Night and the Music.*  
Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Miss O'Day, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Every bit of the rating on this record, except for a slight sliver, is for Miss O'Day. The sliver goes to Eldridge, who pops up very briefly only on *Whisper*.

Why Miss O'Day should have been paired with the Three Sounds is not readily apparent, although they provide an adequate background for her singing. But she sings on only half the numbers. The rest are instrumentals by the Sounds in that bland, churning, anonymous manner with which they seem able to grind out one piece after another with scarcely any change of expression or idea.

This is very much too bad because Miss O'Day has rarely been recorded singing in



such easy, unforced fashion. Her voice is warm and pliant, her personal mannerisms are not exaggerated, and she swings. On top of that, her songs, except for *Ship*, have been chosen perceptively. She was making what could have been one of her very best discs. But, because of the monotony of these Sounds, it is only half a disc. (J.S.W.)

**Jimmie Rowles**

KINDA GROOVY!—Capitol 1831: *I Can't Resist You; Your Mind Is on Vacation; Maybe You'll Be There; My One and Only; A Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid; Me and You; Miss Brown to You; I Wish I Knew; How Can We Be Wrong?; So Far, So Good; When I'm with You; Sugar.*

Personnel: Rowles, piano, vocals; Howard Roberts, guitar; Max Bennett, bass; Nick Martinis or Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Here is the latest in a line of low-pressure "singing" pianists, a line that gained wide currency with the arrival of Nat Cole (or was it Hoagy Carmichael?) and has been carried on since by Bobby Troup, Bob Dorough, and Mose Allison, among others.

I suppose it really began with songwriters who, despite the lack of good singing voices, found ways of putting over their latest numbers. Rowles has the same sort of off-beat appeal, up to a point, that some of those men developed, but it should not be confused with that of a real singer.

More instrumental work, at which Rowles excels, could have lifted this set above the mediocre. Two or three vocals would have been fun, but over a 12-track stretch this sort of quaint diversion loses most of its charm.

Or to put it another way, the nonsinging singer must learn to quit while he's ahead. (R.B.H.)

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# COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

BY DONAL J. HENAHAN

Igor Stravinsky, regardless of the eventual fate of his music, is likely to be looked upon as the leading musical polemicist of this century. In his 80s, he still is firing broadsides in every direction, and by the elegance of his intellectual style as well as by the weight of his musical authority, he manages to function as a superior critic. Often he seems a contradictory and capricious one, but that should disturb no one who understands the function of criticism. In his most recently published thoughts, the composer notes: "I do not understand the composer who says we must analyze and determine the evolutionary tendency of the whole musical situation and proceed from there."

Denying that he has ever consciously analyzed any "musical situation," Stravinsky claims that he can follow only where his musical appetites lead him. He is, he says, a composer "still considered to be capable of development," and yet "recently, trying to read an essay on current



techniques by a foremost scholiast of supra-serial music, I discovered I understood hardly a word—or, rather, hardly a diagram, for the essay looked like an IBM punch card. Whether I am a forefront or rear-guard or road-hog composer is beside the point, which is the disparity between the doer and the explainer."

This is an astonishing admission from music's reigning artist and intellect. It will come as comfort to many musicians who have puzzled over similar articles in music journals and have gone away humbled at their failure to penetrate the obscurities. It takes a man of Stravinsky's stature to make such an admission, but it may well be the explainer, not the doer, that will be recognized as inadequate.

Today's experimenters with punch cards and graphs are, of course, not the first composers ever to have baffled their contemporaries. Thomas Mann, the late German novelist, tells of coming away from a performance of *Tristan* in his youth with a well-known conductor who could only say sadly of the evening's experience, "This isn't even music anymore." Is the case of 1963's punch-card virtuosi the same, or does the situation today differ qualitatively from that in Wagner's day?

The comforting fact is that time will decide, no matter which group of controversialists wins this year's propaganda battle, or next's. This we do know, however: no matter how incomprehensible any great composer of the past may have seemed to his immediate contemporaries his ac-

ceptance was rarely delayed beyond the next generation. Bartok, Prokofiev, Debussy, Stravinsky, Berg, Webern—all the seeming radicals of our century either lived to see their music come into vogue or barely missed out on that pleasure. Webern, for instance, died in 1945, and within 10 years his music had made a tremendous and lasting impact on all serious composition, including jazz.

As for Prokofiev, the 1963 public's acceptance of that iconoclast of the '20s and '30s would surely startle anyone who had seen his score for the ballet *Chout* flabbergasted the musical world with savage and incomprehensible dissonances. While *Chout* has never come into favor, most of Prokofiev's mature works are today in common circulation and are heard on records, on radios, and at concerts. He may prove to be a minor figure in the long view, but he currently is being given his full say, and no composer can ask for more.


Testimony to his present status comes from every side these days. Perhaps the most notable is contained on Angel's 35981, on which the Russian conductor Rudolf Barshai presents his own skillful transcription of 15 pieces from Prokofiev's piano work *Visions Fugitives*. Like the best transcriptions, this one makes ideas in the original score leap into life as if they were latent in it all the time but unrecognized. (Among similar instances are some piano works by Granados, Albeniz, and other Spaniards that forever strike one as grotesque on the piano once they have been heard in guitar transcriptions.) Besides Barshai's remarkably effective transmuta-

tion, this record contains Michael Tippett's *Concertino for Double Orchestra*, a work dating from 1938, which ought not to be let lie unperformed. The separation, brilliance, and instrumental delineation in both works put most heavily advertised stereo sound to shame.

Leopold Stokowski also turns to Prokofiev in his latest Everest release (3108), pairing *The Ugly Duckling* and *Cinderella*. Unfortunately, the sound is nothing to perk up one's ears, and neither work commands attention. But Stokowski's attention to these lesser works is evidence of the currency Prokofiev's music has attained today.

Further testifying to the boomlet are Joseph Szigeti's recording of the *Violin Sonatas* Nos. 1 and 2 (Mercury 90319). Columbia's on-the-scene report of Sviatoslav Richter's all-Prokofiev recital two seasons ago, the latest and in many ways the best release in this series, also is worth noting.

Finally, besides others that this reviewer has not been able to hear, the Prokofiev flood includes his *Sonata for Two Violins, Op. 56*, played dazzlingly by the Oistrakhs, David and Igor, on Monitor's MCS-2058, along with duo-sonatas by Honegger, Haydn, and Spohr. The Russians, at least, are not letting the Prokofiev side down. (It is too bad that Copland, say, does not receive similar attention from his country's virtuoso performers.)

In the end, of course, all debating and sword-play over new music is not decisive. The public either accepts it or not, in its own good time. For Prokofiev, obviously, that good time has come. 

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# HERBIE MANN

'When somebody doubles, and doesn't play flute all the time, the sound is blocked slightly. I don't know the exact technical reason why. Maybe it's because sometimes you're playing with a reed and a mouthpiece and sometimes you're not . . . .'



## THE RECORDS

1. Roland Kirk. *Time* (from *Domino*, Mercury) Kirk, flute; Andrew Hill, piano; Vernon Martin, bass; Henry Duncan, drums.

That kind of attack . . . I don't know . . . it's either Roland Kirk or Yusef Lateef. I think it's Roland, because it sounds more animalistic than Yusef. Beautiful tune—celeste, bass, drums, and flute.

At first I thought it was Paul Horn, but I stopped thinking that very fast. Nice melody. . . . Should I rate it? Four stars for the flute player's control. I think the drummer was a little forced, for the mood. . . . I don't think it needed that steady kind of time. . . .

2. Quincy Jones. *On the Street Where You Live* (from *Big Band Bossa Nova*, Mercury). Jones, arranger, conductor; soloists as guessed.

That was Quincy's band, and Phil Woods, and I think Rudy Collins was the drummer, and Jose Paulo and Carmen Costa—when this date was made, it was just before I left before Brazil, and people were saying this was the closest thing to real bossa nova. Actually this tune, it's not really bossa nova, it's carnival rhythm, it's like the old-style samba.

Quincy writes beautifully—no question of that—but I think the album was loaded with gimmicks; but he can't write badly.

Jose Paulo, not long before this, was ready to go back to Brazil. The day before he was to leave I said to him, "Join my group. You play a little guitar, you play pandeiro—stay around. You'll probably get record dates and things—there's nobody else playing." I convinced him. Two weeks later, he started getting dates all over the place. He quit my group!

It's not a great, fantastic jazz achievement. Let me rate it for what it is—a big band, bossa nova, commercial—five stars.

3. John Coltrane. *All or Nothing at All* (from *Ballads*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

I know that's supposed to be Trane's group, but it seems to me Elvin was recorded louder than Coltrane. Unless he wants to get an equal kind of feeling among all the instruments. . . . Elvin plays beautifully, but he's doing so many things. . . .

# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Given the prerequisite of talent and the seemingly unavoidable element of chance, it could have happened at any time in the last decade, but it didn't until 1962. Herbie Mann, after several years of scuffling, followed by three years of modest success leading his own Afro-Cuban combo, came up with a hit album and emerged as a front-rank, best-selling artist, courtesy of Atlantic records (with a touch of United Artists on the side).

Mann's success happened to coincide with the emergence of bossa nova. It is interesting that despite the enormous commercial impact of Getz-Byrd and of Laurindo Almeida, many Brazilians feel that the only musician within our borders capable of translating and transmitting the authentic bossa nova feeling is Mann. The album he made some months ago during a visit to Brazil (*Do the Bossa Nova*) strengthened this conviction.

This was Mann's first test since the issue dated Nov. 12, 1959. Now, as then, I used both Latin and non-Latin, flute and non-flute performances. The Buddy Collette record and the Carlos Lyra have not been released in this country. Mann was given no information about the records played.

Of course, it was a short record: it's as if they said, "Let's play a couple of choruses and do a single."

If it was Trane, then it's not one of his major things. 2½ stars—for Elvin's introduction and ending.

4. Carlos Lyra. *Influencia Do Jazz* (from *Brazilian Bossa Nova*, publisher's demonstration record).

That was Carlos Lyra, singing his tune *Influencia Do Jazz*. Funny thing—when the song was originally written, it was a put-down of how jazz has influenced the samba. Since then, I think Carlos has changed his feeling a little bit, because he came up here, and he's taking out papers.

The wild thing is, this record is no indication of the way he sings. They recorded a quality of his voice that's very deep—since then, he started singing much lighter, like Gilberto, and he comes across so much better. Of all the Brazilians I've met, I think this is the one that could make it here. He speaks English, he's good looking, he projects to the audience, and he writes beautiful tunes.

I've heard him sing better, so give this one three.

5. Duke Ellington-Charlie Mingus-Max Roach. *Wig Wise* (from *Money Jungle*, United Artists). Ellington, piano; Mingus, bass; Roach, drums.

Haven't the faintest idea *who* that is, or *what* that is. At first I thought maybe it's an arranger playing piano. . . . Then the bass player—sometimes it sounded like he's leaning back too far. . . . And then I started listening to the drummer, and I figured maybe you're putting me on. . . .

It doesn't sound like somebody who normally plays piano. It sounds like an arranger or somebody who can play piano, or a guy who plays another instrument. (I'm going to make a lot of enemies!)

It did nothing for me. No rating.

6. Ted Curson. *Falling in Love with Love* (from *Fire Down Below*, Prestige). Curson, trumpet.

I've heard that same kind of trumpet playing somewhere before. . . . I can't think of who it is. Kenny Dorham? Nice relaxed kind of thing. Didn't knock me out. . . .

Don't know who it was—but three stars.

7. Buddy Collette. *Room with Skies* (from *Collette in Italy*, Ricordi). Oscar Valdambri, trumpet; Collette, flute.

At first, I thought it was Yusef, but some of the sound in the upper register reminded me of Bud Shank. Trumpet player could be Carmell Jones; if it was Bud Shank it was probably Carmell, but if it was Yusef it was probably Freddie Hubbard!

Nice mood, nice thing—the flute player has a good sound. Four stars.

8. Dave Newman. *Unchain My Heart* (from *Fathead Comes On*, Atlantic). Newman, flute; Edgar Willis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums.

That's part of that Ray Charles-Spanish *Unchain My Heart* book. Leo Wright, I think. He's one of my favorite flute players. . . . He's got his own little thing, which is difficult to get . . . but when somebody doubles, and doesn't play flute all the time, the sound is blocked slightly. You can hear it when Leo plays. I don't know the exact technical reason why. Maybe it's because sometimes you're playing with a reed and a mouthpiece and sometimes you're not, but the bottom notes don't come out as strong as they should.

Boy, if Leo would play just flute, he would be fantastic! But some people dig his alto playing more. I think that was Rudy Collins and Ron Carter. . . . 4½ stars.

9. Dizzy Gillespie. *Chega De Saudade* (from *New Wave!*, Phillips). Gillespie, trumpet; Charlie Ventura, bass saxophone; others as guessed.

What do they call that—*No More Blues?* or *Chega De Saudade?* Where did they find Charlie Ventura? That's the wildest thing of all: out of a clear blue sky he's making a record with Dizzy.

He sounded good, but the recording was lousy. I don't know what the engineer was doing there, but there was no presence on anybody—it was all muffled.

Dizzy always sounds good. . . . Is Carmen Costa or Jose Paulo on that? Or is Bola Sete on it? Four stars for Charlie Ventura, four stars for Dizzy, half a star for the engineer for being in the studio. Over-all, about 3½ stars



# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## CANNONBALL ADDERLEY

Reynolds Coliseum, Raleigh, N. C.

Personnel: Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Yusuf Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Jazz concerts in a university setting are beginning to increase in number and to attain a dignified status of maturity.

Adderley, whose springtime appearance at North Carolina State College here in Raleigh brought out more than 1,000 appreciative students, said his group has played more than 25 concert dates during this last school year and that the number of requests for jazz combos to participate in college entertainment programs gets larger each year.

The saxophonist added that many Negro colleges and universities in the South also are asking for his band to perform for concerts. Then followed his dry humor: "You know, we'd really be hung if they asked us to play for dances."

(The N.C. State program was the last of a series set up by New Arts, Inc., an entertainment organization sponsored by the college union and the intra-fraternity council. Dave Phillips, social director of the project, said that previous appearances during the 1962-63 year included the Weavers, Josh White, Ferrante and Teicher, and classical guitarist Rey De La Torre. Next year's schedule will present Stan Getz, the Dukes of Dixieland, Julie London, Odetta, the Chad Mitchell Trio, and the Phoenix Singers.)

From the opening moment—Jones' bass solo introducing Thelonious Monk's *Straight, No Chaser*—until the closing *Sack o' Woe*, the Adderley men had a rapt student audience applauding in all the right places.

Adderley's presentation probably was responsible in large part for this favorable reaction. His short, humorous announcements told the listeners everything they needed to know about who was who and what to listen for in each selection.

Another noteworthy aspect of the concert's format had to do with pacing and variety. The exciting opener was followed by the intriguing melody and rhythm of Nat Adderley's composition *Jive Samba*. Pianist Zawinul was especially impressive on this number and showed beautiful rapport with bassist Jones.

The next number, *Angel Eyes*, featured Lateef on flute. The result was a moody and beautiful improvised solo with sensitive piano fill-ins. At one point Lateef produced an organlike sound on the flute.

Lateef was again kept busy on his own tune, dedicated to his friend Coltrane, *Brother John*. On this, the multi-instrumentalist soloed on oboe and also played it in ensembles with the Adderley brothers. *Brother John* is written in 3/4, but as Cannonball pointed out, it was not a waltz.

The first half of the concert came to an end with Oscar Pettiford's *Bohemia after*

*Dark*, featuring a long, but rhythmically interesting, drum solo by Hayes.

After intermission, Cannonball stepped up the pace with a lively rendition of Quincy Jones' *Jessica's Birthday*. Then he brought back memories with the tune that helped to put his group on the way—Bobby Timmons' *This Here*. Next came a feature for bassist Jones. Announced as a down-home version of *Falling in Love with Love*, the bassist performed a well-phrased melodic solo accompanied by piano and drums.

The two-hour concert came to an end with the round-robin solos and plaintive ensemble-playing of *Sack o' Woe*.

The Adderley group has shown that it would be worthwhile for all jazz bands to give some attention to developing an interesting and exciting presentation specifically for use on the university circuit. The demand is growing constantly.

—George Hoefer

## JAZZ SUPPORTS THE SYMPHONY

Civic Opera House, Chicago

Personnel: Stan Getz with large orchestra, Gary McFarland, conductor; Lurlean Hunter, Gildo Mahones Trio; Teddy Wilson Trio; Muddy Waters; Jack Teagarden Sextet, Bob Scobey; Getz Quartet; Carmen McRae; Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, Pony Poindexter, Mahones Trio; Count Basie Orchestra; Willis Conover.

This miniature jazz festival, held on two days last month, must be termed a musical success—at least what was heard at the concerts. But the two three-hour performances, sponsored by Mayor Richard J. Daley's Committee on Economic and Cultural Development, were filmed by television station WBBM for CBS-owned stations' contribution to the *International Hour* series and will be edited down to an hour of TV fare. How the final program will hold together is anybody's guess. (The show is being shown on CBS-owned stations this week.)

The outstanding performances were by Getz, both with the 14-piece orchestra of Chicago musicians arranged for and conducted by the extremely talented McFarland and with his own quartet. Getz was in the best of forms, playing with an ease and a lyricism that leave one in awe of the man's imagination. That he plays with fervor when the occasion calls for it was made clear in his booting *C Jam Blues* solo with the orchestra and a marvelous stop-time chorus on *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To* with his quartet.

McFarland's arrangements for the orchestra were superb. Two of the scores, *Street Dance* and *Melancolico* were from the big-band bossa nova album that Getz did with McFarland, but the outstanding piece of writing heard at these performances was his handling of *I Want to Sing a Song*; his use of woodwinds in dissonant passages was particularly lovely.

Steve Kuhn, who has worked with Getz' quartet on and off for more than two years, played several sensitive piano solos in the large-group context and also with the quartet, which has drummer Al Harewood and bassist Tommy Williams to recommend it too. Kuhn, seemingly now free of the machinegun approach he used a couple of years ago, now leans more in

Bill Evans' direction; the change in approach is certainly for the better.

Miss Hunter seemed just a trifle ill at ease, perhaps because she was working with a trio other than the one (Larry Novak's) she had been using for several months in Chicago. She sang well, as usual, turning in a musicianly and professional performance, but the unfamiliarity between singer and accompanists caused more than one faulty spot, particularly on *The Lady Is a Tramp*.

Wilson's trio won the audience almost immediately with impeccable and humorous versions of *Love, Stompin' at the Savoy*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, and, on the second day's concert, *Shiny Stockings*. The performances' humor came from the irrepressible Jo Jones, whose drum solos were at times hilarious. Chicago bassist Jim Atlas, who had worked with the two veterans during their recent engagement at the London House, rounded out the trio and played several well-constructed solos.

Muddy Waters and his band appeared before a somewhat distasteful backdrop of a Mississippi steamboat (backdrops were provided for the small-group offerings), but even this did not cool the heat of Waters and the other musicians. His most exciting number was *Got My Mojo Working*, which in addition to Waters' vocal featured a rollicking harmonica solo by James Cotton, the rhythm section rolling like a steam engine behind him.

Teagarden's group played well but never got off the ground, even when pianist Don Ewell, recently returned to the band, soloed. Still, it was good to hear Teagarden do his paper-cup version of *St. James Infirmary*. Trumpeter Scobey joined the group for *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?* and *South Rampart St. Parade*.

Carmen McRae, standing atop a contraption that raised her 12 feet above the stage and her accompanying trio, maintained her poise even under what must have been trying circumstances and sang beautifully. Miss McRae is probably the most telling singer of lyrics since Billie Holiday—and there certainly is a difference between merely singing a song and projecting the meaning of words while retaining superior musicianship. This was perhaps most notable in her version of *Just in Time*, in which she made the humorous verse an integral part of the song.

Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan sang several songs — *Avenue C*, *Shiny Stockings*, *Swingin' till the Girls Come Home* — with glitter and jumping tongues. Poindexter and his soprano saxophone backed the trio on *Avenue C*.

The Basie band played only at the second concert and was its usual driving self, climaxing its performance with drummer Sonny Payne's *Old Man River* ordeal.

Both concerts, well emceed by Willis Conover, ended with a finale that would have done producers of Hollywood musicals in the 1930s proud: all performers on stage playing disjuncted versions of blues, most of the musicians perched on a platform raised 30 feet above the stage, with the large orchestras below them.

But, then, that's television. —DeMicheal

## FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Moscow—The cultural life of Leningrad, traditionally the most Western-oriented of Russian cities, has been hard hit by the Communist Party's drive against modernist trends in art and literature. . . . Leningrad's party leader, Vasily S. Tolstikov, laid down the line at a meeting with writers and artists. . . .

"Tolstikov told the assemblage that Leningrad songwriters were not doing enough to counteract 'musical trivia that penetrate to us through the air from capitalistic countries.' Yusef Veinstein, the jazz-band leader who has been criticized for imitating the style of the American quintet of Cannonball Adderley, was said to have a repertory 'relying almost entirely on flashy and cacophonous foreign samples.'"—New York Times.

This report was written by Ted Shabad, the *Times* man whom I last saw when we went to dig the modern sounds at the Aelita Cafe in Moscow.

It brings disturbing confirmation of a development I had half-expected for many months. The brief era of comparative cultural freedom in the USSR, the couple of years that saw the rise of the jazz clubs and festivals and that culminated in the Benny Goodman visit, has perhaps reached its gloomy finale; the sun of reason has dimmed once

again.

At this writing there is no word from my friends in Leningrad, though a couple of weeks ago I received some remarkable tapes, presumably recorded at a recent concert, with Andrey Tomosyan on cornet, Nikolay Gromin on guitar, and a couple of the others I had heard in person last spring. Three of the four tunes were originals, though one bore the distinctly Westernized title *On the Up and Up*. The last track though was a 14-minute investigation of *Straight, No Chaser*, written by a no-doubt flashy and cacophonous perpetrator of musical trivia.

Veinstein's repertoire, according to some tapes I brought home from Leningrad, included *Take the A Train*, Miles Davis' *Walkin'*, a Nat Pierce arrangement, and the like. I wonder whether Veinstein and the rest of them will toe the line meekly or will at least make an attempt to explain their artistic principles.

What is most pathetic about the report is that it shows how incredibly slow men like Tolstikov are in catching up with the realities of Western society. Thank heaven, the day when jazz was publicly criticized in the United States as cacophonous has long passed; moreover, the criticism always came from sources such as the press, or classical musicians and critics, who were not empowered to make life uncomfortable for us if we chose to ignore their disapproval.

The Tolstikov attitude, equating the

work of men like Adderley and Thelonious Monk and Duke Ellington with "musical trivia," is decades behind the times; even the Goodman visit and Khrushchev's presence at his Moscow premiere did not, it now turns out, carry a lasting or helpful seal of approval.

The only conclusion one can now draw is that the recent refusal to accept Ellington or Count Basie in a cultural exchange was another manifestation of the new line. Perhaps the next thing we'll read about will be the jamming of Willis Conover's "trivial" broadcasts. And my alto-playing friend in Leningrad may have to take down Cannonball's picture from its place of honor on his living-room wall, right next to that of N. Lenin.

There is one gleam of hope, though, in Shabad's report.

Leningrad's liberal intellectuals, he observed, are engaged in a passive resistance campaign against the new strictures. If there is freedom to spout nonsensical speeches about formalistic tendencies, at least there seems nowadays to be some chance to object: several recalcitrants at the meeting, Shabad wrote, stood fast and demanded greater freedom of expression in art, music, and theater.

Let us hope they will not be silenced. And while we're about it, let's be thankful that whatever our problems may be over here, at least we don't have to wait for word from a Tolstikov before deciding how and what we can play.

db

## TAKE FIVE

By JOHN TYNAN

Hadley Harold Caliman is another new jazz musician now being recorded on the West Coast, southern California division.

At 31, Caliman strikes one on first meeting as being rather reserved. Were it not for life's scars clearly etched on his face, one might wonder why he had not in the last decade made a name for himself as a tenor saxophonist. If he is any good at all, one would think, why haven't I ever heard, or ever read, about Hadley Caliman?

The question is readily answered by Caliman himself. "I've been in and out of jail," he explained. "I'm a former dope addict."

So we hear an achingly familiar tale:

When you are hooked on heroin before you are 20, your future in music is not exactly promising. The informal case histories of the jazz life tend to bear this out despite the case of Charlie Parker.

Anyway, that is what happened to

Caliman. The decade during which he could have been realizing himself as a distinct musical personality became instead 10 years of hell. Today, cleaned up, he and his wife for 13 years are buoyed by hope.

A native of Idabel, Okla., he arrived in Los Angeles in 1941, accompanying his father, whose marriage had just broken up.

"I started to play," he said, "at about the age of 14. Guess you could say I was inspired by hearing Johnny Griffin with the Lionel Hampton Band. He was only 16 himself then, and I remember sitting in the theater, watching him, and thinking: man, he's only 16."

Spurred by the example of Griffin, young Hadley was on his way. The first instrument was a clarinet.

"I despised it," he said, and one could feel the remembered distaste in his words.

Next came the alto saxophone. "I didn't like that either," he said. "But then I got a tenor in the school band. My idol was Dexter Gordon. I used to go everywhere he played."

At 16, Caliman, like Johnny Griffin, was on the road. He played with different bands, he said, and then, in 1949,



CALIMAN

he joined Roy Porter.

"That was an L.A. band of young guys," he recalled, naming Eric Dolphy, Sonny Criss, Joe Maini, and Art and the late Addison Farmer among the personnel. He remained with Porter until 1951. By that time, it was too late.

"I started using drugs while I was on the band," he said. "After that, I lost interest in music. All I was interested in was dope."

So began the long term of trial. Caliman, living the junkie's bitter excuse for existence, saw the insides of the

federal penitentiary at Terminal Island, Calif., for one year. "Then," he said, "in 1956 I went into [the U.S. Public Health Service facility at] Fort Worth. I got out in 1960."

At Fort Worth, Hadley met and became a friend of another inmate, guitarist Joe Pass. Their paths were to cross once more following Caliman's discharge—at Synanon House in Santa Monica, Calif.

"I lived at Synanon for two months," Caliman said.

Why such a brief stay?

"Well," he said, "I wanted to be with my wife. I felt she needed me. She had the same trouble as me. But together I feel we can make it okay."

Synanon's directors, and the other residents of the rehabilitation center, Caliman said, disapproved of his decision to leave the house.

"They get pretty negative," he remarked, "when an addict decides to leave like that. But I had to join my wife."


The "negativism" of the Synanon residents in a case such as Caliman's is founded on sad experience. They know better than most the likelihood

that well-intentioned addicts can put drugs behind them for good. They have seen too many come and go; they have heard too many passionately expressed good intentions.

Caliman said he feels he can make it. "So far as the law is concerned," he said, "I have no strings now." He is not on parole, on any form of probation, nor does he have to report for a regular naline test, a method whereby it may be determined whether a narcotic drug is present in the human system.

Caliman is encouraged about his music too. Not long ago he made his recorded debut on Pacific Jazz records with trumpeter Carmell Jones, pianist Frank Strazzeri, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer Frank Butler. His bread-and-butter living is earned nightly with a rhythm-and-blues group. This is not soul satisfying, but it's a gig.

"I'm waiting on this album," he said of the Pacific Jazz session, and from the way he said it, it was apparent that there is more involved in this waiting than his reactions to jazz critics' judgments.

What may be involved, in fact, is his future. 

would like to get back in the big-band milieu.

"I think all of us who had big bands have that feeling," he said, "because there's more to work with; the sound is bigger, and it's more enjoyable. But in the early days we were young and wild and didn't care; if we worked, all right; if we didn't, so what? You're off a month or so; you laughed about it. You can't do that today, let's face it. I've got a family, and my expenses go on.

"So I like the big bands, and I want a big band, but if conditions won't allow it, I just can't have it, that's all."

The family to which Hines referred includes his wife, whom he met in California in the 1940s and who, as Janie Moses, sang for two years with his band, and their daughters Janear, 12, and Tosca, 9.

As for his present happy musical state, it began early this year, when Hines opened a three-month stay with his new sextet in the Churchill Room of Oakland's Hotel Claremont, which nestles in the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay.

Dancers and listeners alike were intrigued by the group's pulsating swing and persuasive solos. The mainstream format is far removed from the six years Hines put in as leader of a Dixieland combo, much of that time at the now-defunct Hangover Club in San Francisco.

"It's a relief," Hines said of his current group. "I can work out my own ideas, and I'm working with young musicians who are willing to learn."

## HINES from page 19

I can name—Omer Simeon, Darnell Howard, and, of course, Budd Johnson and Jimmy Mundy, though it finally turned out he didn't want to be a soloist—he wanted to arrange—but he played a good horn. In the trumpet section, Dizzy stood out so much.

"Other guys didn't want to be soloists; they got their kicks out of sitting up there and playing their horns and listening to the other guys playing solos."

As for the entire era, Hines summarized:

"Of course, the big-band days then were more enjoyable because you found musicians were closer together. They all used to help each other, and it was a pleasure for them to go to rehearsal; they got such kicks out of rehearsing, getting new numbers and any idea at all could be brought up—playing different instruments, singing, or what not. In anything pertaining to the band they all worked as one.

"It wasn't until years later, when the recording companies began to get involved, that all of them decided they wanted to be bandleaders; that's what caused quite a number of the big bands to break up. By the time you got numbers written for certain members, they were gone, and that group of tunes was just lost."

The fun and pleasure must have evened up the headaches and heartaches, however, for Hines says he still

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# SPOTLIGHT ON SCHOOL JAZZ

## MANNE SERVES AS JUDGE AND PERFORMER AT FESTIVAL

Southwestern College, a new southern California school that doesn't even have its own campus yet, recently sponsored its first jazz festival—featuring college jazz talent and the drums of Shelly Manne—"Jazz at Southwestern," an unqualified success.

Manne, with Bob MacDonald, Los Angeles Valley College instructor and band director, was judge and clinician during an all-day session with stage bands and combos from prep schools and colleges throughout the regional area of Southwestern. In an evening concert, Manne also starred.

in young musicians, Manne later commented on the improvement in Deneau's playing during the last year and called him a "young man on his way up in professional jazz."

Jim Merrill, Southwestern music instructor, gave most credit for the successful festival to the participation of Manne and MacDonald. College officials, it was learned, are now discussing a two-day festival to accommodate more bands. In addition, the college's film festival date may be shifted to coincide with the jazz festival.

Southwestern, located in the southern corner of San Diego County, across the border from Mexico, is a public junior college serving the south-



Clinician Shearing

given by faculty members will concentrate on various topics vital to jazz. A concert on the final evening of the workshop will feature groups developed during the course.

Those wishing further details of the program may write to Hepworth at the Music Department, 301 Music Hall, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 12, Utah.

## SCHOOL OF JAZZ REVISES SCHOLARSHIP REQUIREMENTS

Several changes in the awarding of musical scholarships have been announced by the New York School of Jazz of the Jazz Arts Society.

Chief among the changes has been the expansion of the school's scholarship program to include youths of limited means between the ages of 18 to 20, as well as the 12 to 18 group that had previously been eligible. The geographical area from which the students are selected also has been expanded to include all of the Greater New York metropolitan area. Moreover, attendance at day school is no longer required of applicants, nor is prior musical training.

The changes were deemed necessary so that the great number of applicants who had been turned away may be accommodated.

The music scholarships are being offered by the Jazz Arts Society's teenage musical scholarship committee. The scholarships consist of a tuition-free two-year program of comprehensive musical instruction, with emphasis on performance. The course of study includes elementary theory, instrumental instruction, harmony, conducting, ensemble instruction, voice instruction, arranging, music appreciation, and form and stylistic analysis.

Scholarship applications are available at a number of locations, among them all New York City schools, youth board centers, settlement and rehabili-



Judge Manne (center) and student combo

San Diego State College won the Sweepstakes Trophy and best-band award. Hilltop High School took honors in the high-school division, and Escondido's Del Dios school topped the junior high-school participants.

The host school, Southwestern College, conquered on its home ground, taking the trophy for collegiate bands, barely edging the University of San Diego Band.

Commenting on the characteristics of the winning San Diego band, Manne pointed out the "excellent ensemble quality." The drummer singled out for special commendation the performance on drums of 20-year-old Jim Plank.

MacDonald evaluated the Sweepstakes Trophy band as "truly outstanding for a college band." Trombonist Clark Gault, student leader of the state college group, also was praised.

After the clinics and contest, the evening concert at the college saw spirited audience response particularly to the performance of tenor saxophonist Dave Deneau of the Southwestern combo with Manne on drums.

Displaying a characteristic interest

ernmost strip of the Pacific coast. When its permanent \$6,000,000 campus is completed in 1964, Merrill indicated, "Jazz at Southwestern" may become an important part of the national swing to the stage jazz band.

## UTAH SCHEDULES SECOND SUMMER JAZZ WORKSHOP

Plans are proceeding for the third annual University of Utah Workshop in Jazz, to be held June 10-14. According to Loel Hepworth, director of the summer workshop, George Shearing and members of his quintet, along with jazz musicians Bob Fitzpatrick, Conte Candoli, Lennie Niehaus, Wes Bowen, and Sheldon Hyde will serve as instructors and clinicians during the five-day program.

The workshop program will encompass classes in harmony (beginning or advanced), jazz-appreciation group workshops, instruction classes in various instruments, group rehearsals, improvisation laboratories, classes in beginning and advanced arranging, rehearsal of the 18-piece band, and listening labs as individual schedules permit.

In addition, a series of three lectures

tation centers, and from the New York School of Jazz, located at 100 W. 77th St., or the Jazz Arts Society, Inc., 16 W. 55th St.

Total enrollment of the school now numbers 154 students. Its second term began in February. Professional jazz musicians, men with a hard-won knowl-

edge of the field and its requirements, staff the faculty. Listed among the faculty members are Sonny Rollins, Pete LaRoca, Lawrence Lucie, Louis Mucci, Marvin Holladay, and Mercer Ellington.

By fall, 1964, it is expected that some 650 youths will be attending the school.

stage band. Some school boards are already making this a hiring prerequisite.

All a musician has to do is to hear some of the current high-school stage bands under the direction of supposedly competently trained music instructors to be aware of the lack of knowledge and training in jazz. We like to boast of the number of high schools throughout the country that have stage bands, but we must realize that the majority of them are poorly trained. With all the activity on the college level, what is the reason for this? How does this fact affect the philosophy of a college jazz lab?

College jazz labs today simply are not reaching the average music education student.

At one Midwestern college with a good jazz lab band the experience and instruction in jazz is being given only to the 18 men in the band. The several hundred other music majors have no contact or experience with jazz. The band rehearses for its own benefit and advancement. Other students do not attend the rehearsals. They will graduate as supposedly well-trained music educators, go into schools as band directors, and proceed to run poor stage bands in most cases.

A way must be found by the colleges to increase the base of their influence.

The purpose of the college jazz lab cannot be totally speculative, since the students must be prepared to earn livings in the teaching profession. Neither can its purpose be totally professional, since most present-day college music students will not be professional musicians. Finally, its purpose cannot be totally educational, since certain professional standards must be maintained. A combination and a compromising approach must prevail.

The curricular approach to the college lab, with its theory courses, is the most satisfactory in the long run. It will provide the necessary knowledge and stimulation for creative activity. If sufficiently high professional standards are maintained, professional musicians will be produced from this educationally orientated atmosphere. Thus, this method, and others insofar as they approach it, best seem to satisfy the complex of elements described here, and from this approach might come the "creative, educated, disciplined, and dynamic new stream in college jazz."

## index of down beat '62

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## Jazz On Campus

By GEO. C. WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Should a university be directed primarily toward the theoretical, the speculative—toward a savoring of the best from the past with a view to theoretical progress through the developmental, the experimental, the emphasis on the new? Or should the university be primarily practical with emphasis on professional training or teacher training?

These questions are not open to quick and easy answers. They have plagued the minds of philosophers and educators for centuries. With regard to college jazz, they were raised in the minds of many once again by the 1963 Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame.

The program of the CJF characterized the music to be presented in this manner: "... moving out in a more creative, educated, disciplined, and vibrant but free flowing, dynamic swingin' current — The New Stream in College Jazz."

Now, admittedly, musicians are not expected to be at the height of their creative and self-expressive powers while still in college, but does this explain or excuse the lack of real excitement, drive, and swinging punch on the part of many of the bands and combos at the CJF? There certainly were groups that had drive and did produce exciting listening, but most of it was a rehash of what had happened before — and in some cases, long before — in the world of professional jazz.

All six groups chosen for the finals of the festival were exciting and dynamic, but only a couple were in any way original.

If a college jazz lab is to be professionally orientated, then its primary purpose will be to train musicians for their future livelihoods, to train them to be competent professional, working musicians. If a college jazz lab program is to be educationally orientated, then its primary goal is to train teachers.

More and more music schools are becoming schools of music education. Currently, no one can deny that it is fast becoming a necessity for the future music educator to be conversant with jazz and to be able to teach a school

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city \_\_\_\_\_ zn \_\_\_\_\_ state or prov \_\_\_\_\_

instrument \_\_\_\_\_ age \_\_\_\_\_

## PAYNE from page 22

national Jazz Critics Poll, he said he found it understandable that *Down Beat* had never discovered how to award a jazz veteran, who previously had not been honored, except by citing him as a "new star."

"Let's face it," he said. "I was very gratified to get it. It was proof that something was happening for me again. Funny thing, though, I met Roy Haynes on the street after I got the plaque. He got one too—the same thing, and, you know, he's been around a long time too. We had a laugh about it because he said, 'I'm glad to have company.'"

Things do seem to be starting to happen for the baritonist, even though, with that, he still says he feels that he hasn't been heard enough. Steady employment helps, but perhaps more important is his new-found belief that the baritone has barely been exploited.


As he sees it, the lack of baritone saxophonists is relatively simple to explain: "It is the most expensive of the usual jazz instruments. Practically no one just starts out on one. Practically everyone who has ever played it doubles from some other instrument after they start making money, or switches to it after they start making money. It just isn't natural for a kid to begin on baritone, just because of the money problem.

"Then you have the fact that there are so few baritone players for the kids to follow, and so few big bands where they can develop. And eventually you get to the sound. It's something that's pretty abused.

"Still, I suppose I shouldn't complain about the lack of them. I really don't understand why more tenor players don't experiment with it, but like I say, I should probably be happy that there is so little competition."

To change things, Payne said, the baritone has to be presented in a new light. That's his job.

Two things have to be watched closely, he said: "If you don't play it right, it gets a very fuzzy tone, and if you play it evenly through all the registers, you won't get the honking sound that some people object to. Actually mastering all that would make the baritone more a reasonable part of the small group. And, if more people like Benny Golson hear the baritone for what it can do in the largest context, then there will be even more room for guys who play the horn, and that will begin to attract more of the new players."

Payne's view of the possible good life ahead for the baritone saxophone and its players is a characteristically generous one. Hopefully it would include a widening of the fame of Payne. 

## AD LIB from page 10

has joined the Duke Ellington trumpet section . . . Danny Moore is now a member of the Count Basie trumpet section . . . At Basin Street East, accompanying Vic Damone, was a band filled with such jazz musicians as Jerome Richardson, Snooky Young, Bobby Bryant, Willie Dennis, Jimmy Knepper, Jerry Dodgion, and Sid Bulkin . . . Cliff Jackson, eminent pianist at the new Jimmy Ryan's, last month suffered a heart attack but is now out of Roosevelt Hospital . . . Pianist Walter Bishop Jr. is back from Sweden . . . Tenor saxophonist Sam Margolis is now playing in New York again.

Luther Henderson and Ralph Burns did the orchestrations for Judy Holiday's *Hot Spot*, the Broadway musical . . . Ralph Hawkins, a drummer with Harry James in the '40s, now has a trio at the Neptune Lounge in Washington, D.C. . . . It is of special note that Lena Horne will have a special show on NBC-TV on Aug. 14.

Addenda to the Villanova Jazz Festival (*DB*, April 11): Lavere records may issue an album of the competition; Bob Curnow, trombonist-leader of the Criterions of West Chester State Teachers College, Pa., will join the Stan Kenton Band as of May 27; pianist Mike Micheles, an individual winner in that contest, will bring his trio to join bandstands with Kenton at Lake Compounce, Bristol, Conn., on July 12.

Gunther Schuller's concert, *Recent Developments in Jazz*, at Carnegie Recital Hall, was devoted to works by Andre Hodeir, George Russell, Duke Ellington, Lalo Schifrin, and Eric Dolphy. The music was performed by such as Don Ellis, Nick Travis, Benny Golson, Phil Woods, Richard Davis, Dolphy, Britt Woodman, Jimmy Knepper, Jim Hall, Schifrin, and vocalist Susan Belink. Schuller, incidentally, was the recent recipient of a grant to write a new musical work from the Serge Koussevitzky Music Foundation in the Library of Congress. Two other composers, Ernst Krenek and Seymour Shifrin, also received grants, Krenek for an orchestral composition, Shifrin for a chamber work. Schuller will compose a work for small orchestra . . . The Bronx unit of the New York City Cancer Committee presented last month at Thwaite's (a supper club on City Island) a group consisting of Teddy Charles, Hall Overton, Zoot Sims, Jimmy Raney, Teddy Kotick, and Ed Shaughnessy, with singer Judy James . . . Pianist Paul Knopf, back in New York City, played the Embers early this month and is scheduled to return in June.

Paul Gonsalves was the most recent guest at the New York chapter of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society. On June

16, at Town Hall, the society will present Clark Terry with a 10-piece band playing compositions by Manny Albam, Luther Henderson, Gary McFarland, Lalo Schifrin, and Bob Wilber. In the band will be Zoot Sims, Hinton Jefferson, Quentin Jackson, Lawrence Brown, Jimmy Jones, Wendell Marshall, Taft Jordan, and Sonny Greer . . . Ellington and Jimmy Smith shared a billing last month at the Apollo Theater . . . Don Elliott wrote the music for a new Broadway show, *The Beat in Me*, starring Kaye Ballard and Richard Hayes . . . When trumpeter Dizzy Reece has recently played in and around New York, he has been accompanied by tenorist Joe Farrell, pianist Gil Goggins, bassist Wilbur Ware, and drummer Lex Humphries.

The latest *Jazz Scene* television program, taped by WNTA in New York with possible syndication to other educational television stations and seen in late April in New York, was called *Adventures in Improvisation*. The half-hour program featured narration and playing by Don Ellis with Joe Farrell, Don Heckman, Ed Summerlin, Frank St. Peter, reeds; Garnett Brown, trombone; Lalo Schifrin, piano; Barre Phillips, Jim Stevenson, basses; Ed Shaughnessy, Howard Hart, drums; John Matylin, spontaneous painting . . . Charles Mills wrote the score for the film *Tracks in the Sand*. Playing was done by Max Roach, Tommy Flanagan, Jimmy Knepper, Richard Williams, Yusef Lateef, and Arthur Phipps . . . Charlie Byrd did the background score for a crime film, *Dead to the World*, photographed in Washington, D.C.

RECORD NOTES: Vibist Walt Dickerson signed an exclusive contract with Audio Fidelity . . . Cameo-Parkway records begins its new jazz division with an album by Maynard Ferguson, now under exclusive contract to the company . . . Savoy is currently releasing albums by Jimmy Cleveland and the Bill Dixon-Archie Shepp Quartet and *The Bird Returns*, some newly discovered tracks by the late Charlie Parker . . . Verve has several projects in the offing, including one album with Count Basie playing songs Frank Sinatra made popular; another featuring Basie vocalist (the first female singer he has had in 20 years) Irene Reid; still another of songs from hit musicals, arranged by J. J. Johnson for five trombones (including Urbie Green and Lou McGarity) and rhythm; and one by Cal Tjader, which will consist of songs dedicated to Jungle Gardenia, a perfume manufactured by Tuvache. The album cover will be impregnated with the scent.

Detroit's Workshop Jazz label has recorded pianist Kenny Cox . . . Fantasy

is issuing an album by **Brew Moore** recorded when the tenorist was living in Denmark . . . Some American company may secure lease-rights for distribution here, but as of now *Jatz von Jestern* (loosely, *Jazz of Yesterday*) is available only in parts of Europe. The album, produced by Electrola's Extra-Produktion of West Berlin, includes 23 examples of jazz played in five European countries between 1919 and 1946. Musical historians, it is said, will be fascinated with the German tracks made during Nazi domination, when it was supposedly against the law to play "decadent Anglo-Saxonian-Jewish music," as the Nazis described jazz.

Most know that the days of the 78-rpm record are not even being numbered any more. But they are being pressed. How to be the first to get one in your neighborhood? Be Spanish. For example, Tico records has a single called *El Watsui* by **Ray Barretto**. The company discovered that record shops in Spanish areas in New York had many demands for the record, but the customers wanted it at 78-rpm because most have only the now almost-obsolete machines. Tico had problems finding a pressing plant that still produced 78s, but found one, ordered 10,000 copies, and is happily selling them uptown in New York only.

Tenor saxophonist **Flip Phillips** will make one album for Capitol's new jazz series . . . Prestige signed **Roy Haynes** and **Jimmy Witherspoon** to contracts . . . **Sarah Vaughan** has returned to Mercury after several years with Roulette . . . Decca Records will reissue a two-record set of **Count Basie** performances.

**Frank Sinatra's** Reprise label lost a second round in its legal battle with Capitol records when the U.S. District Court in Los Angeles recently dismissed Sinatra's suit against Electrical and Musical Industries, Ltd., of Great Britain. EMI is owner of Capitol and was named defendant along with Capitol Records, Inc., and Capitol Records Distributing Corp. Judge E. Avery Crary upheld EMI's contention that the parent firm did not do business in California and, further, that the corporation had not been lawfully served . . . **Ford Lile**, former San Francisco disc jockey now resuming his singing career, cut some sides with **Russ Garcia** conducting.

#### EUROPE

The election of a European "Miss Cannonball" was announced recently. She is described as a "raving blond Dutch photomodel," and she represents the many Cannonball Adderley fans in Europe . . . At the recent San Remo Jazz Festival in Italy, the Adderley group shared the bill with **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers. Blakey, on a

spring concert tour of France, Holland, and Italy, played to packed houses all the way. In Amsterdam 3,500 Blakey fans jammed the Apollo Hall to hear the Messengers at a midnight concert . . . Adderley also toured. His sextet was heard in a week of TV programs and concerts in Germany, Italy, and Sweden. While in West Germany, the sextet was recorded by **Joachim-Ernst Berendt** for the monthly jazz television program on Sudwestfunk, Baden-Baden. Adderley returns for another three-week swing through Europe in October.

Latest news from Germany, where singer **Jeanne Lee** and pianist **Ran Blake** have been scoring a phenomenal success with both critics and fans, is that the duo will range north to Bergen, Norway, for a two-week engagement beginning June 3 at the Hotel Neptun. This follows a concert appearance in Bremen for **Horst Lippmann**, a Rome television appearance, and two weeks at the ENAL Club in the Italian capital.

Pianist **Kenny Drew** made a short trip through Holland recently, playing at the Modern Music Club '54 in Amsterdam. He was accompanied by **Ruud Jacobs**, bass, and **Cees See**, drums . . . During their appearance at Amsterdam's Apollo Hall, **Art Blakey** and his Jazz Messengers had a great deal of trouble with some large flies that remained in the hall after a recent fruit exhibition . . . **Oscar Peterson** will receive an Edison award for his *Live in Chicago* album . . . **Ray Charles** and his show are slated for a concert appearance at the new RAI building in Amsterdam, a hall that accommodates 7,000 people.

**Dexter Gordon** is booked solid in Denmark. He is scheduled to play at the Montmartre, the Copenhagen jazz club, for three months straight (June, July, and August). His comrades-in-arms are drummer **William Schioppfe**, bassist **Niels Henning Orsted**, and pianist **Bent Axen** . . . Danish bassist **Erik Moseholm** takes a sextet to Russia during July. It will be the first Danish jazz invasion of the Soviet Union. Included in the planned group are U.S. tenor man **Ray Pitts** and pianist **Niels Jorgen Steen** . . . **Sahib Shihab**, who is living in Denmark, is lining up sidemen for the proposed big-band European tour by **Quincy Jones** this summer. Shihab was with the previous band and stayed in Europe when it disbanded.

**Norman Granz** is reported to have bought a Copenhagen restaurant, which he plans to convert into a jazz den as a link in a European night-club circuit. He will book performers from his JATP stable . . . **Harold Goldberg**, former co-owner of the Montmartre, has produced a jazz film for German TV. **Dexter Gordon** stars in the show with Danish movie actress **Hanne Borchsenius**.

#### NEW ORLEANS

The Music Haven dropped its jazz policy. The **Ellis Marsalis Quartet**, which held sway at the club with avant-garde jazz for seven months, has appeared at several concerts since leaving the club . . . **Dan Levy Jr.** of Dan's Pier 600 Club imported trumpeter **Don Jacoby** and his combo for a pre-Easter engagement while **Al Hirt** and his regulars fulfilled television and road commitments. The Jacoby group's success has sparked plans for a return date in September, possibly alternating with the **Dukes of Dixieland** . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club's anniversary party featured several interesting traditional groups, including **Sweet Emma's Band**, the **Onward Brass Band**, **Louis Cottrell's** group, and vocalist **Blanche Thomas**. The club's *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* series has been thriving, with recent concerts by the **Ferguesen-Crawford Band** and the **Original Celestin Tuxedo Band**.

**Pete Fountain**, who seldom used local sidemen on TV and recording dates in the past, has been carrying pianist **John Probst** on his major engagements. Probst is an excellent modern pianist who played for many years in Mobile and Biloxi.

#### CLEVELAND

**Rick Kiefer** has reorganized his big band, which, like previous editions, features some of Cleveland's best jazzmen, including **Ismael Ali**, **Gary Barone**, and leader **Kiefer**, trumpets; **Haydn (Jiggs) Whigham** and **Allan Jaborcky**, trombones; **Dave O'Rourke** and **Weasel Parker**, tenor saxophones; **Bud Wattles**, piano; **Bob Sykora**, bass; and **Bob McKee**, drums. The group plays a large number of arrangements from the book of the **Maynard Ferguson Band**, as well as many originals. The band is rehearsing Sunday evenings at AFM Local 4.

**Weasel Parker's** current group at the Lucky Bar has been the nucleus for some delightful impromptu sessions at the club. Among the sitters-in have been **Kiefer**, **Jaborcky**, drummer **Leon Stephenson**, and tenorist **Joe Alexander**. **Alexander's** recent group at the Club 100 had as a Saturday afternoon guest drummer **Elvin Jones**, who sat in with the tenor man for two stimulating and well-received sets. **Alexander**, long a favorite among Clevelanders and with many name jazzmen, is currently working in Elmira, New York . . . The Music Hall was the scene of recent concerts by **Benny Goodman** and **Ray Charles** . . . A number of local musicians have been impressed by the exciting improvisations of Greek bouzoukist **Elias (Eddie) Mazakoulos**, featured with the group at the Athenian Restaurant, one of two Hellenic night clubs in the downtown area. **Mazakoulos** is also a jazz guitarist

of prodigious technique, and suggestions of both jazz and flamenco styles sometimes appear in his solos, which are often in the unusual and driving rhythms (7/4, 9/8, etc.) characteristic of Greek and Middle Eastern music.

The Jazz Temple, which opened in the University Circle area last fall, has been the only club with a consistent name policy since Leo's Casino, which was gutted by fire during the winter. Featured have been, among others, **Art Blakey**, **John Coltrane**, **Les McCann**, **Stan Getz**, **Ramsey Lewis**, **Max Roach**, **Gloria Lynne**, and **Sonny Rollins**. Most recent guests were the Prophets, a new group featuring **Jimmy** and **Albert Heath**, **Donald Byrd**, **Herbie Hancock**, and **Spanky DeBrest**.

#### DETROIT

Contemporary records artists **Prince Lasha** and **Sonny Simmons** were in town last month and appeared at the jazz workshop at Mr. Kelly's. Singer **Frances Burnett** has been making regular appearances at the Sunday afternoon sessions. **Ed Love**, modern-jazz disc jockey on WCHD, has been handling the workshop production chores since **Lee Baron Taylor** moved to Cleveland. Taylor has a record show on Cleveland's WABQ . . . Grand Bar management has plans to open a plush nonalcoholic club to give Detroit's population another spot to become acquainted with big-name jazz groups.

Drummer **Jerry McKenzie** has joined the Detroit police force . . . Vibist **Jack Brokensha's** Savoy album is scheduled for a June 1 release. A second album will be cut about that time . . . **Earl Grant** played to capacity crowds at Windsor's Elmwood Casino . . . The Raven Gallery seemed to be a perfect room to showcase **Dorothy Ashby's** harp and vocal talent . . . Rhythm-and-blues singer **Lloyd Price** was the star of a recent show at the Grand Bar. Also featured was **Erma Franklin**. Price had with him the big band he has used as accompaniment for the last couple of years. Trombonist **Slide Hampton** currently is the group's music director.

#### CHICAGO

Among recent happy events in the Windy City was the opening of a new club, the Bear, on E. Ontario St., that will offer simultaneously a variety of musical experiences as a regular house policy. Among the opening attractions, for example, were Gospelite **Bessie Griffin**, folk singer **Bob Dylan**, and two local performers who will be more or less resident musicians at the club, classical guitarist **Roy Ruby** and jazz pianist **Fred Kaz**.

Prior to his recent appearance with his own quartet and an orchestra under the direction of **Gary McFarland** at the

Jazz Supports the Symphony programs at Chicago's Opera House, **Stan Getz** made an appearance at Valparaiso University in nearby Valparaiso, Ind. . . . Featured performers in a recent Tivoli theater stage show were **Pearl Bailey** and drummer **Louis Bellson**, who led the accompanying orchestra . . . **Maynard Ferguson** and crew followed two nights at Club Laurel with a return one week later to the El-Sid (formerly the Trianon) Ballroom on Chicago's south side. Count Basie's crew also played at the ballroom in recent weeks. Blues shouter **B. B. King** will bring his band into the spot June 28 for a one-nighter . . . The organ trio of **Bobby Buster** has been holding forth at the Algiers Lounge . . . Vocalist **Barbara McNair** was the featured attraction at the recently held Freedom Fund Dinner Show at McCormick Place. The event was sponsored by the Chicago branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Tenor saxophonist **John Coltrane** took his quartet into McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge for two weeks following **Jack McDuff**. Tenorist **Johnny Board** with organist **Eddie Buster's** group currently hold sway, until they are succeeded, maybe, on June 12 by **Sonny Rollins**.

**Joe Segal** is once again presenting Chicago jazz talent in his Modern Jazz Showcase sessions at the Sutherland on Tuesday nights. Tenorist **Joe Daley's** trio began the series . . . **Ira Sullivan**, one of the leading lights of contemporary Chicago jazz, still is absent from the city; he now lives in Florida . . . New Orleans pianist **Joe Burton** heads a jazz trio at the Sherman House. The group, which may expand into a quartet with the addition of vibes, plays from 6-10 p.m. and is signed to a one-year contract.

The series of Tuesday night blues concerts at the Fickle Pickle, which have featured, among others, **Big Joe Williams**, **Sleepy John Estes**, **Muddy Waters** and band, **Sunnyland Slim**, and **Little Brother Montgomery**, has been discontinued. No business blues.

• • •

MIDWEST RAMBLINGS: Three programs have been set for the 10th annual summer jazz series of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, Minn. The series is initiated May 27 with a concert by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** at the Guthrie Theater. The MJQ last was heard in the Minneapolis area in 1961, when it appeared in joint concert with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Two subsequent programs will feature the **Sonny Rollins Quartet** on June 24, and the **Preservation Hall Band**, a seven-piece New Orleans outfit directed by **Kid Thomas** and featuring **George Lewis**,

on July 22 . . . At the recent Midwest Labor Press Conference held at Indiana University in Bloomington, Ind., the **Indiana University Jazz Lab Band** led by pianist **Tom Hensley**, a winner at the Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival, presented a concert for the trade union publications editors attending the two-day event . . . **Stan Kenton** will again hold forth at Michigan State University with his band clinics, to be held on the school's campus, Aug. 4-10.

#### LOS ANGELES

During his recent stand at Shelly's Manne-Hole here, **Miles Davis** objected to picture-taking by a *Time* photographer. When the photographer persisted, Davis ordered him out of the club. *Time* retired in disorder. The last of the old Davis sextet personnel, drummer **Jimmy Cobb**, finally left the trumpeter. Cobb joined ex-Milesmen **Wynton Kelly** and **Paul Chambers** as the third corner of **The Trio**. This newest of modern jazz trios now is managed by **Dave Nelson**, based here, who booked it into San Francisco's Jazz Workshop earlier this month with a followup date at McKie's in Chicago June 26 to July 7. The trio will record for MGM-Verve.

Synanon's jazz group, now billed as Sounds of Synanon — featuring **Joe Pass** (its guitarist), fills a date at the University of Oregon on May 24. The personnel consists of Pass, trumpeter **Dave Allen**, valve trombonist **Greg Dykes**, pianist **Arnold Ross**, and drummer **Al Mannion**. Pass fills the bass spot too — on bass guitar. The newest Synanon House, incidentally, is a 19-room mansion in San Diego, Calif.

**Onzy Matthews'** big band filled a Hollywood Palladium date on a bill with singers **Della Reese** and **Lou Rawls**. The band backed Rawls on his latest Capitol album . . . During a recent booking with partner **Buddy De Franco** at San Francisco's Sugar Hill, accordionist **Tommy Gumina** commuted daily to the bay city from Hollywood's ABC-TV studios, where he is featured each weekday afternoon on that station's *Around Town* program . . . **Steve Allen** and singer **Jennie Smith** fly out of here for dates May 25 in Dallas, Texas, and June 1-2 at Seattle University . . . **Rene Bloch** now maintains a house band of 12 men at his Havana Club on Sunset Blvd. He has material in the book, moreover, that's a jazz knockout.

Arranger **Dick Grove**, whose rehearsal band has been one of the more interesting features of the local jazz scene for some time, was commissioned by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. to write a jazz version of the *West Side Story* score to be featured on **Dave Robbins'** weekly 60-minute *Jazz Workshop* radio program . . . The Swing,



Inc., teenage band lost trumpeter **Jules Vogel** and trombonist **Ron Myers** to **Stan Kenton** and trombonist **Randy Aldcroft** to **Ray McKinley**. Says SI inspirer **Ollie Mitchell**: "The object of our teenage bands is to maintain a farm system for the working bands—and it's starting to pay off."

**Leith Stevens**, founder and first president of the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America, was honored by the organization at its eighth annual banquet here. He retired from the presidency last December . . . Pianist **Peter Nero** has been signed by Seven Arts to score three films, starting with MGM's forthcoming *Sunday in New York* . . . **Jimmy McHugh** jets to London next month for an appearance on a BBC special TV show honoring him. Britain's top singers will warble McHugh's songs.

#### SAN FRANCISCO

The **Trio**, made up of pianist **Wynton Kelly**, bassist **Paul Chambers**, and drummer **Jimmy Cobb** (the former rhythm section of **Miles Davis**), was booked to follow **Shelly Manne's** quintet into the Jazz Workshop. Manne's tenorist, **Richie Kamuca**, who has been living in Los Angeles since 1956, left for New York City following Manne's engagement here. His replacement is **Joe Maini**, who doubles alto-saxophone and flute.

**Gerald Wilson's** highly acclaimed big band was scheduled to make its first bay-area appearance at the Ali Baba Ballroom in Oakland for a concert-dance sponsored by a San Francisco social club . . . During his trio's month-long stay at the Black Hawk, pianist **Oscar Peterson** conducted three weekly afternoon piano seminars for aspiring (and well-heeled) students . . . Trombonist **Frank Rosolino**, of Los Angeles, was the latest **Stan Kenton** alumnus to be guest at the Gold Nugget concerts presented by the **John Coppola-Fred Mergy Octet**.

Pianist **Sonny Donaldson**, who came here some two years ago with the **James Moody Octet** and shortly thereafter became an S.F. resident, heads the house trio at the rejuvenated afterhours club **Soulville**, operated by **Ronnie Wilkinson**. The pianist's associates are drummer **Smiley Winters** and bassist **Charles Burrell**, who was the first Negro instrumentalist to become a regular member of the **San Francisco Symphony Orchestra** (in 1961) . . . When **Count Basie's** orchestra plays New Fack's later this month after returning from Japan, home folks will get their first chance to hear Berkeley trombonist **Grover Mitchell** with the band, which he joined last fall.

The **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gmina Quartet** made its first appearance

here when **Sugar Hill** obtained the combo to fill an open date between the **Arthur and Red Prysock** and the **Carman McRae** engagements . . . Tenorist **Danny Patiris** was hospitalized in Oakland with a kidney stone attack that hit just as he completed rehearsing for his Sunday night stint at the **Gold Nugget** with the **John Coppola-Fred Mergy Octet**. At press time, doctors had reached no decision concerning surgery . . . **Stan Gilbert** is the new bassist with the **Les McCann Trio**, replacing **Herbie Lewis**, now a full-time student at Pasadena State College where he is majoring in history.

Baritone saxophonist **Virgil Gonsalves** is leading a quartet (**Webster Young**, trumpet; **Jerry Coker**, piano, tenor saxophone; **Terry Hilliard**, bass; **Kenny Shirlan**, drums) on weekends at the **Colony Club** in Monterey . . . Satirist **Dick Gregory** and singer **June Christy** starred in a benefit show staged by the University of California's Men's Glee Club to help finance the club's summer tour of Europe . . . Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham's** brother, **Joel**, a timbales player, who lives in Berkeley, heads a Latin quintet that is playing casuals in this area . . . Singer **Nancy Wilson** headlined the dance and concert presented by the **Crystals**, a social club, on Easter Eve at the **Fairmont Hotel Grand Ballroom**.



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# 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; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

## NEW YORK

Absinthe House: Herman Chittison, *t/n*.  
 Avital: Don Friedman, Sun.  
 Basin St. East: Benny Goodman to 6/1. Lmeliters, 6/3-29.  
 Birdland: Horace Silver, John Coltrane, The Group, to 6/5. Big Maybelle, King Curtis, 6/6-19.  
 Bobbing Inn (Rockland Lake, N. J.): jazz, Sun. Cafe Who?: *unk*.  
 Carnegie Hall: Maynard Ferguson, Chris Connor, Herbie Mann, 5/24.  
 Central Plaza: sessions, Fri-Sat.  
 Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): sessions, Tue.  
 Club Cinderella: Ephraim Resnick, Sun.  
 Condon's: Edmond Hall, *t/n*.  
 Embers: Ahmad Jamal, *t/n*.  
 Five Spot: Thelonious Monk, tentatively, to 6/30.  
 Fountain Lounge (Fairview, N.J.): jazz, Mon.  
 Half Note: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer to 6/2.  
 Junior's: Don Friedman, Thur., Fri., Sat.  
 Metropole: Dukes of Dixieland, *t/n*.  
 The Most: Chuck Wayne, *t/n*.  
 New Yorkshire Terrace (Brooklyn): jazz, Thur.  
 Nick's: Sol Yaged, *t/n*.  
 Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.  
 Playboy Club: Jaki Byard, *t/n*.  
 Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, *t/n*.  
 Robbers' Root: Sheila Jordan, *t/n*.  
 Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *t/n*.  
 Jimmy Ryan's: Danny Barker, *t/n*.  
 Take 3: Jimmy Giuffre, *t/n*.  
 Thwaitie's (City Island): Teddy Charles, wknds.  
 Village Gate: Lightnin' Hopkins, Jimmy Smith, *t/n*.  
 Village Vanguard: Bola Sete, Woody Allen, *t/n*.

## NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Nirt, *t/n*.  
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
 Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, *t/n*.  
 500 Club: Leon Prima, *t/n*.  
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *t/n*.  
 Joy Tavern: Red Tyler, wknds.  
 Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *t/n*. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
 Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, The Four More, Snooks Eaglin, Fred Crane, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.  
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
 Sobu: name big bands.

## ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, *t/n*.  
 Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, *t/n*.  
 Bob & Ollie's: John Pierre, wknds.  
 Crystal Palace: Jimmy Williams, *t/n*.  
 Dark Side: Quartette Tres Bien, *t/n*.  
 Fallen Angel: Bob Thaler, Bob Graf, *t/n*.  
 Gino's: Dizzy Gillespie to 5/25.  
 Golden Eagle: Singleton Palmer, *t/n*.  
 Islander: Don Cunningham, *t/n*.  
 Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: Moe Lemen, *t/n*.  
 Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, *t/n*.  
 Sorrento's: Herb Drury, *t/n*.  
 Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, *t/n*.  
 Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.

## DETROIT

Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, *t/n*.  
 Cote's: Leo Marchionni, *t/n*.  
 Duchess: T. J. Fowler, *t/n*.  
 Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob Pozar, *t/n*.  
 Gold Door Lounge: Frank Fontana, Mark Richards, *t/n*.  
 Grand Bar: *unk*.  
 Hobby Bar: Charles Rowland, Mon.-Wed.  
 Left Bank: Ted Sheely, *t/n*.  
 Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
 Menjo's West: Mel Ball, *t/n*.  
 Minor Key: Herbie Mann to 5/26. Charlie Byrd, 5/28-6/2.  
 Nite Lite Lounge: Vince Mance, Nick Flore, *t/n*.  
 Trent's: Terry Pollard, *t/n*.  
 20 Grand: Charles Rowland, Mon.-Wed.

## CHICAGO

The Bear: Fred Kaz, Roy Ruby, *t/n*.  
 Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *t/n*.  
 Fifth Jack's: sessions, Wed.  
 Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *t/n*.  
 Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Wed-Sun.  
 Hungry Eye: The Jazz People, *t/n*.  
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *t/n*. Dave Remington, Thur.  
 London House: Erroll Garner, 7/5-28. Oscar Peterson, 7/30-8/18. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/20-9/8.  
 Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *nos*.  
 McKie's: Eddie Buster to 6/9. Sonny Rollins, 6/2-23. The Trio, 6/26-7/7.  
 Mister Kelly's: Nancy Wilson, 7/22-8/11. Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.  
 Pepper's Lounge: Muddy Waters, Wed., Fri.-Sun.  
 Playboy: Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Farnello, *hbs*.  
 Plugged Nickel: Little Brother Montgomery, Fri-Sat.  
 Sherman House: Joe Burton, *t/n*.  
 Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.  
 Sutherland: Gloria Lynne to 6/2. Miles Davis, 6/5-16. Redd Foxx, 6/12-23. Lurlean Hunter, 6/19-23. (All tentative.) Sessions, Tue.  
 Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *t/n*.

## LOS ANGELES

Barefoot Inn (Laguna): Bob Russell, Eddy Euston, Southland Six, Sat.  
 Bar of Music (El Cajon): Dave Maxey, *t/n*.  
 Beverly Cavern: Andy Blakeney, Young Men from New Orleans, Wed.-Sat.  
 Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, *t/n*.  
 Blue Port Lounge: Bill Beau, *t/n*.  
 Bourbon Street: Jim Hubbard, Delta Rhythm Kings, *hb*. Sun. sessions.  
 Breakers International Hotel (Long Beach): Al Sanad's Serranaders, *t/n*.  
 Caesar's (Torrance): Bob Martin, *t/n*.  
 Gay Nineties Room (Compton): The Astronuts, Frank Glosser, Steve King, *t/n*.  
 Davy Jones': Keith Shaw, Thur.-Sat.  
 Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Dixieland All-Stars, Fri.-Sat.

Gay Cantina (Inglewood): Leonard Bechet, N.O. Dixielanders, wknds.  
 Grape Vine: George Jackson, *t/n*.  
 Handlebar: Wally Holmes' Dixieland Band, Fri.-Sat.  
 Hermosa Inn: Johnny Lucas' Blueblowers, Fri.-Sat.  
 Highway Supper Club: *unk*.  
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner All-Stars, *t/n*.  
 Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Col. John Henderson, Dixie Rebels, Fri.-Sat.  
 Intermission Room: Three Souls, *t/n*.  
 Jester Room (Elaine Hotel): Frank Patchen, *t/n*.  
 Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl ((Downey): Johnny Lane's Dixielanders, *t/n*.  
 Keg and I: Kid Kenwood, Good Time Levee Stompers, Carol Leigh, Fri.-Sat.  
 Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.  
 Marty's: William Green, *t/n*.  
 Metro Theater: afterhours sessions. Fri.-Sat.  
 New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Bisso's Dixieland Band, Fri.-Sat.  
 Mr. Konton's: Mike Melvoin, Leroy Vinnegar, Wed.-Mon., *t/n*.  
 Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.  
 PJ's: Don Randi, Ronnie Brown, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, *t/n*.  
 Pizza Palace (Torrance): Johnny Lucas' Dixieland All-Stars, Wed.-Thur.  
 Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Beal-Streeters, Thur.-Sat.  
 Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, *t/n*.  
 Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, *t/n*.  
 Rose Bowl (El Segundo): Tommy Walker, Gene Lels, Fri.-Sat.  
 Royal Tablitan (Ontario): Stuff Smith, Tue.-Sun. Smith-Rex Stewart, Fri.-Sat.  
 Rubalvat Room (Waltham Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Lou Levy, Al McKibbin, *t/n*.  
 Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, Sun.-Mon.  
 Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tues., Wed., Sat.  
 Scene: Victor Feldman, *t/n*.  
 Shellv's Manne-Hole: Charlie Byrd, 6/21-30. Shellv Manne, Fri.-Sun. Various jazz groups, Mon.-Thur.  
 Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, *t/n*.  
 Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): Gene Russell, Jazz Couriers, Thur.-Sat. Sunday sessions.  
 Soicot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.  
 Storville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, *t/n*.  
 Tender House (Burbank): Jovee Collins, Sun.  
 Thun'erbug (Inglewood): Chuck Flores, Jim Whitwood, Pee Wee Lynn, Sun. afternoon sessions.  
 Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *t/n*.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, *t/n*.  
 Bassi's (Redwood City): Burke Carter, *t/n*.  
 Bit of England (Burlingame): Dave Hoffman, *t/n*.  
 Black Hawk: Ahmad Jamal to 6/2. Ramsey Lewis, 6/4-16.  
 Brass Rail (Sunnyvale): Gerry Gilmore, *t/n*.  
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Woody Herman, 5/23-26. Sam Donahue's Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, 5/27-28. Shep Fields, 5/31-6/9. Lionel Hampton, 6/15-22.  
 Club Unique: Cuz Cousineau, sessions, Sun.  
 Coffee Don's: Jim Harper, afterhours.  
 Copenhagen: Chris Ibanez, *t/n*.  
 Derby (Redwood City): The Royals, *t/n*.  
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, *t/n*.  
 Ebb Tide (Miramar Beach, Half Moon Bay): Con Hall, afterhours, wknds.  
 Gladiator (Oakland): Paskie Vela, *t/n*.  
 Gold Chips: Pete Tully-Herb Rosne, *t/n*.  
 Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola-Fred Mergy, alternate Sundays.  
 Gold Rush (San Mateo): Lionel Sequeira-Rudy De Sousa, wknds. Session, Sun.  
 Jack's of Sutter: Paul Bryant, wknds.  
 Jazz Workshop: Paul Horn, 6/4-16.  
 Jenna's Jazz Cove (Oakland): Don Santos-Vicki Hamilton, Fri.-Sat.  
 Jimbo's Bop City: Jane Getz-Flip Nunes, afterhours.  
 McGowan's West: John Price-Perry Lind, *hb*.  
 Mesa (San Bruno): George Lee, wknds.  
 Mike's Place: Pat Yankee-Sinners, *t/n*.  
 Miramar (Miramar Beach, Half Moon Bay): Jimmy Ware, wknds.  
 Off Broadway: John Mosher, *hb*.  
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, *t/n*.  
 Ronnie's Souville: Sonny Donaldson, afterhours.  
 Shelton's Blue Mirror: Eddie Thomas, Sun.  
 Sugar Hill: Virgin Island Steel Band to 6/15.  
 Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 6/17-29.  
 Tin Pan Alley (Atherton): Tommy Beeson, Mon. Modernities, Tue. Bernie Kahn, Wed.-Sun. Con Hall, Sun. afternoon.  
 Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, *t/n*.  
 Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Smiley Winters, Wed.-Thur. Jack Taylor-John Handy, Fri.-Sat. Jeff Ford, Sun. Sonny King-Louis Ware, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.  
 12 Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins, *t/n*.  
 Ye Olde Firehouse (Colma): Tommy Martin, Wed., Sat.

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